



June 9th, 2018 - SAP Center - San Jose, California

HOUR TWO
HOUR THREE

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

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

A voiceover.]

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

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[Back to black for a moment...

...and we fade up on footage marked "MOMENTS AGO." It was captured backstage at the SAP Center - more precisely in the trainer's room. Lauryn Rage sits on the table, bent slightly forward, pulling her own knee to her chest and rotating her hips, trying to stretch out the aching muscles in her lower back.

Each pull makes her wince, her jaw tightening, lips curling as she exhales through her nose like she's daring the pain to stop her. She flips her head to the side, eyes sharp, almost rolling them at the trainer hovering nearby. A sheen of sweat glistens on her skin despite the cool air.

She wears a hot pink Savage x Fenty sports bra, cutoff denim shorts, and black and gold soon to be released Nike Air Force 270 Gold Standards, with her Fenty makeup sharp and flawless - even as little grimaces break through her forced poise.]

After a moment, the associated trainer helping her gets a clap on the back before being guided away. Dr. Bob Ponavitch, AWA Head Trainer and Physician, steps in front of her holding a file clearly marked "RAGE, LAURYN." He sighs as he taps the file on the table, calm but firm.]

DBP: In all my years with this company, I don't know that I've ever encountered someone quite as stubborn as you.

[Rage smirks.]

DBP: It's not funny. Not at all. I don't know how many times we can have this conversation. How many times now, Lauryn? How many times have you been in my office having a discussion just like this one?

[He sighs again, shaking his head.]

DBP: You NEED to stop. The scans...

[He slaps the folder again.]

DBP: ...you've got contusions in your lumbar spine... inflammation around your sacrum...

[Lauryn Rage leans forward and presses her palms against the table, forcing her back to arch. Her teeth grit, her eyes narrow into a daggered glare. She smirks through the pain, then shakes her head in mock disbelief.]

LR: You done? Or you gonna read me the whole anatomy book?

[Ponavitch grimaces in frustration.]

DBP: You HAVE to listen to me this time. I told you already... while the injury you suffered on Showtime wasn't enough to medically disqualify you from being here tonight, you NEED to let your body heal. If you try to push through this-

[Rage waves him off, turning her head sharply, the smirk pulling into a sneer.]

LR: Save it. I sat on the sidelines nine months once already 'cause of a partially-torn ACL and everybody else ate while I starved. Nope. Ain't doin' that again.

[She twists, stretching her neck and back with a series of sharp hisses. The doctor goes to interject but she cuts him off with the quickness.]

LR: What, you gonna scare me? What about tomorrow? What about today, Doc. Tape me, ice me, I'll fight through it. Pain's pain. And pain don't beat me today. Tomorrow gon' come. It won't beat me then, either.

[Ponavitch throws a glance off-camera, clearly frustrated.]

DBP: I'm not talking about pain, Lauryn. I'm talking about your career. After the way that car door impacted your spine, you're lucky nothing's broken.

I have to repeat my recommendation that you not engage in any sort of-

[Rage again cuts him off through gritted teeth as she continues trying to stretch her upper back.]

LR: Not happening. I've felt worse. I'm still breathing. Still standing. Still Lauryn Rage.

DBP: You NEED to understand! If you try to push through this, you risk permanent damage! This is your health, not just another-

[Rage AGAIN cuts him off.]

LR: With respect, Doc, this is my career. You don't know a d-

[A voice booms off from off-camera.]

"ENOUGH!"

[Rage snaps her gaze towards the voice and instantly regrets it. Her lips peel back in defiance and challenge, but Interim President Zharkov's presence is heavy. His voice is low and sharp.]

MZ: "Still breathing? Still standing? Still Lauryn Rage?"

[Zharkov gives a derisive snort.]

MZ: Still reckless, I think. You sit here ignoring doctor, mocking him... like you know better.

[He gestures to her.]

MZ: Like you are... made of stone. You are not.

[Rage goes to interrupt but Zharkov waves a hand to silence her.]

MZ: You push? You break.

[He stares at her, fire building. Suddenly, he digs his thumb into her back, sending waves of pain shooting through her. Rage tries to stifle a yelp but her body folds and she lays her head on the desk, gasping for air.]

MZ: Hm.

[Rage snaps her head up, her eyes flashing with anger.]

MZ: Look at you. Hurt. And not listening to doctor. Well, you listen to me, yes?

[Zharkov doesn't wait for an answer, gesturing to the sitting Ponavitch.]

MZ: I was you. Ignoring doctor. Mocking doctor. Telling doctor I fight through neck problems... too many important matches... couldn't... wouldn't give up National Title.

And then come Jackson Hunter.

[He exhales slowly, the breath whistling between his teeth as the bitterness simmers underneath.]

MZ: And now I carry clipboard.

[He lifts his signature clipboard up, showing it to her.]

MZ: You ignore doctor for... what? Revenge. You risk EVERYTHING for... some list that never shrinks.

[He shakes his head in disgust. Rage bites her lip as she sits up. Her bright hazel eyes flash with defiance and flicker with unease. She swallows it back, squaring her shoulders.]

LR: Yeah.

[Zharkov sneers.]

MZ: You are not invincible. You were first AWA Women's World Champion. You carried the Women's Division on back when nobody thought you could.

And you let yourself get dragged down to parking lot games by the Slam Sorority.

[Zharkov lets that one sit.]

MZ: You had opportunity at the Rumble to get back all you've lost... and you would throw it away on revenge, chasing Laura Davis around the ring like a fool. It got you nothing but more failure.

[Rage is fuming.]

MZ: Then you run into superior numbers without care.

[Lauryn shakes her head, a bitter smirk forming even as her nostrils flare.]

LR: They made it personal.

[Zharkov bellows.]

MZ: YOU! YOU MAKE IT PERSONAL!

[Zharkov's anger is evident.]

MZ: YOU chase rage not strategy. YOU seek vengeance not championship glory.

You want revenge?

[Zharkov shrugs.]

MZ: Fine. But be smart.

[He taps his temple.]

MZ: Or you lose everything.

[He shoves the clipboard towards her, gesturing at her with all of his authority.]

MZ: So hear me n-

[Rage cuts him off, forcing the bravado into her voice.]

LR: You can say what you want, Zharkov. But this is Rage 24/7. I'm gonna wear them asses out. That's all I know how to do.

[Zharkov doesn't flinch. He leans in close.]

MZ: Then learn something new. Or you will end same as me. Broken.

[Zharkov stabs his meaty finger at her.]

MZ: You should want your career to last. Protect it.

[Rage shakes her head, defiant til the end.]

MZ: I see you are too stubborn. Too arrogant. Too wild.

And I always thought it was your brother who was like your father.

[Rage starts to respond but the words die on her lips.]

MZ: Truth hurts.

[Lauryn's eyes pop. But her left eye is starting to shine. She responds with a bitter tone.]

LR: To Hell with you, Zharkov. It's on sight. That's what it is.

[Zharkov nods in resignation.]

MZ: Yes. Truth hurts me too. I told doctor we would try again but I knew better. You give me no choice but to protect you... from you.

[Rage arches an eyebrow.]

MZ: You initiate any physical contact with the Slam Sorority tonight, I will end this myself. I will suspend you...

[Rage starts to get up.]

MZ: ...until the doctor says you can return. Understood?

[Rage slumps back down, that shine in her eyes getting brighter.]

MZ: They slammed a damn car door on my back and you did nothing, but you want to punish me if I get mine back?

[Zharkov sternly looks down on her.]

MZ: If I must.

[Lauryn starts fanning her face and then claps three times to regain her composure.]

LR: Aight, bet. I'll play your game, Zharkov.

But I promise you this war with Laura Davis and her Slam Sorority, I'm finna end it.

[Zharkov nods, his eyes narrowing... his voice low.]

MZ: As I would expect. But listen this time.

Make smart plan. You threw away your Rumble chance fighting Laura Davis instead of fighting for the title. Now Hamilton benefits. That's on you. Don't let it happen again.

Tonight, you keep your promise?

[The tension lingers. Lauryn sits there, stewing. Her eyes are shining. Her expression is a sour mix of pride, anger, and doubt. The camera closes in on her face, her eyes shimmering as her smirk fades to something raw.]

MZ: I am glad I am understood.

[He gestures to Dr. Panovitch to follow him out. The camera lingers on Lauryn as tears finally spill down her cheeks. She hawks and spits hard in the direction of the men's departure. Lauryn stares into the distance, eyes watery, a trail of saliva hanging from her lip. The scene slowly fades to black...

...and then back up on a star-filled sky. So dark and so perfectly clear that it must be shot out in an empty desert somewhere. The stars are picture perfect pinpoints of illumination...

...that slowly start to pulse with the rhythm of music playing.

It's "All The Stars" from the Black Panther soundtrack by Kendrick Lamar and SZA.

Those pulsing stars burn brighter as the lyrics kick in.]

#This may be the night that my dreams might let me know#

[The pulsing stars get a little bit brighter, revealing the shape of what appears to be a constellation in the sky...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...and that constellation warps into Supernova flying through the air, about to hit someone with a Heat Wave splash...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...back to a different constellation...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...that turns into Julie Somers uncorking a moonsault onto a prone victim...]

#This may be the night that my dreams might let me know#

[Cut to a superimposed shot of both Supernova and Somers holding their respective titles aloft...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to a shot of Next Gen turning from stars into hitting Charlie Stephens with a flying clothesline off the top of the Brig at SuperClash IX...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to a shot of Jordan Ohara turning from stars into soaring through the air with the Phoenix Flame...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to a shot of Odin Gunn turning from stars into a monstrous beast of a man planting a helpless foe with a devastating standing spinebuster...]

#Tell me what you gon' do to me#

[Cut to Ryan Martinez staring down Hannibal Carver from their battle at SuperClash VII....]

#Confrontation ain't nothin' new to me#

[...to Michelle Bailey barreling over Laura Davis with a Britney Spear...]

#You can bring a bullet, bring a sword, bring a morgue#

[...to Supreme Wright smashing a stiff elbowstrike into the jaw of Casey James...]

#But you can't bring the truth to me#

[...to Ricki Toughill wrapping up Kerry Kendrick's leg in a Spinning Toehold...]

#You and all your expectations#

[...to James Lynch attempting to push his brother, Jack's face into a strand of barbed wire...]

#I don't even want your congratulations#

[...to Derrick Williams snapping off a Future Shock on Martinez after WarGames...]

#I recognize your false confidence and calculated promises all in your conversation#

[...to Jackson Hunter berating the crowd while holding up the National Title he once held...]

#I hate people that feel entitled#

[...to Harley Hamilton, Cinder, Kelly Kowalski, and Casey Cash celebrating after Steal The Spotlight at SuperClash IX...]

#Look at me crazy 'cause I ain't invite you#

[...to Shadoe Rage sailing off the top of the super-sized steel cage to land a double axehandle on Torin The Titan...]

#Oh, you important?#

[...to a sneering Sid Osborne glaring into the camera...]

#You the moral to the story, you endorsing?#

[...to AJ Martinez and Cain Jackson hurling Paris Crawford over the ropes to the outside...]

#Motherfu- I don't even like you#

[...to Ayako Fujiwara hurling Trish Wallace overhead and into the turnbuckles with a suplex...]

#This may be the night that my dreams might let me know#

[...to Raphael Rhodes delivering a skin-blistering chop in the corner...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to Max Magnum hurling a battered foe through the air with a Bombshell...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to the Slam Sorority tossing two helpless foes to the mat with a pair of bodyslams as Laura Davis looks on approvingly...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to Lauryn Rage driving a right hand into the jaw of an opponent...]

#This may be the night that my dreams might let me know#

[...to the American Idols delivering a double superkick on Bret Grayson... then another one on Omega before run down with a double clothesline from Curt Sawyer...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to Victoria June getting a surprise rollup and loss at the hands of Molly Bell...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to Atlas Armstrong applying the torture rack on a foe...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...and then back to a shot of Supernova holding the World Title aloft at the end of his title victory at SuperClash...]

...and with a flash of light, we are ON! THE! AIR! A swirling shot showing off over 18,000 fans in attendance screaming and shouting, hooting and hollering, waving the homemade sign all in support of their favorite professional wrestlers on the planet - the stars of the American Wrestling Alliance. The music is still playing over the arena's loudspeakers as a burst of pyro races towards the sky. The crowd is roaring for the pyro and for the return of AWA action to their hometown.]

SA: IT'S TIIIIIIIIIME FOR SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING!

[Another burst of pyro rockets goes off as the crowd cheers even louder.

The shot pans a little, showing off the usual setup - a massive steel structure serving as the entrance stage standing almost ten feet off the concrete floor with a video wall hanging above it that is just about as wide as the stage and looks to be about twenty feet tall to boot.

From there, we see a royal blue roped ring with matching ring apron and steel ringposts. Protective blue mats encircle the ring, leading to the barricades beyond which the AWA faithful are seated. A pair of wooden tables are at ringside - one with our timekeeper and ring announcer's seats, the other near where our announcers are standing as we cut to them.]

SA: San Jose, California is known as the capital of Silicon Valley but tonight isn't about microchips and software... it's about the best professional wrestling anywhere in the world coming to you right here from the sold out SAP Center! Hello, fans, I am Salvatore Albano... Big Sal if you're nasty... and standing right here by my side for the next three hours is the former World Champion himself, the great Colt Patterson!

[Sal is in his standard black suit, white dress shirt, and very basic tie while Colt Patterson is anything but basic in a red leather jacket with the sleeves cut off over a shirtless oiled-up chest that has a few gold chains sporting the logos of some of the Silicon Valley's biggest companies.]

CP: From hard drives to hard slams... from processors to powerbombs... the AWA has come to Silicon Valley and we ain't leavin' until we've knocked every iPhone in a ten mile radius into Recovery Mode, jack!

SA: You keep making jokes like that, the only bar we'll be headed to after the show is the local Genius Bar, Colt! We are just about two weeks removed from Memorial Day Mayhem - one of the biggest nights in AWA history - but this train never stops, Colt.

CP: The show must go on each and every week. Boyle Heights got shaken to the core last weekend by Showtime right here on ESPN and now it's San Jose and the entire Bay Area that's about to get shook stronger than a 7.3 on the Richter!

SA: And the AWA has gone big here tonight in our return to the Bay Area with one of the biggest Main Events in AWA history as the AWA World Champion Supernova defends his title against two-time former World Champion Ryan Martinez in what should be a battle for the ages!

CP: Two of the most popular men in the company... two of the best in-ring competitors in the company... and a certain Son of a Badass has a chance to make his own AWA history tonight.

SA: Martinez will be looking to become the first THREE time World Champion in AWA history but he's got a tall mountain to climb to get the job done. But in addition to that, tonight is all about the backlash from Memorial Day Mayhem - we'll hear from Jordan Ohara fresh off his title defeat... we'll hear from Michelle Bailey after her controversial loss as well... and we'll hear from Raphael Rhodes fresh off the biggest win of his life.

CP: You're burying the lede, Albano.

SA: I am?

CP: What about E-Girl MAX featuring the 2018 Rumble winner Harley Hamilton promising a HUGE announcement here tonight? Of course, I know what it is already I'm not at liberty to say.

SA: I see. In addition to that, we've got Julie Somers defending the World Title against an opponent still to be announced - more on that to come. We've got a special satellite interview with Hall of Famer Stephanie Harper. The new National

Champion is here! And so much more but tonight got started before we even came on the air, Colt.

CP: Well, we already saw Lauryn Rage having a hard chat with the Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov about what's in store for her here tonight. She says it's on sight but Zharkov says no. If she comes after the Slam Sorority, she's getting herself a suspension!

SA: It's for her own good. There's also been a lot of chatter since Memorial Day Mayhem about the men's World Tag Team Title picture. Of course, the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad won those titles in controversial fashion from Next Gen... and we quickly learned that Next Gen would NOT be getting a rematch anytime soon as they deal with some injuries... which leaves a wide open opportunity for all the teams in the division as they try to earn themselves a spot at the champs. Let's take a look at what went down before we came on the air tonight.

[We get a flash of the ACCESS 365 graphic before fading to footage backstage recorded earlier in the evening where we find the Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov in his standard attire, gripping a clipboard with white-knuckled hands, a pencil tucked behind his ear...

...absolutely besieged by several of the tag teams that make up the AWA men's tag team division. Their voices are loud and layered, talking over one another as they try to get Zharkov's focus.]

MZ: Hold it! ENOUGH!

[Zharkov's bellow silences them for the moment as he rubs a hand across a furrowed brow.]

MZ: I know you all want your shot at Team Supreme but...

[He shows the clipboard.]

MZ: We have contenders list!

[He looks around the collection of teams in front of him - Tizona and Yoshi Fujiwara, the Desperadoes' duo of the Texas Ranger and Pedro Perez, the Aces In The Hole, The Band, Masks For Money, the Fawcett Family, and Nueva Generación Oscura - and then points to one of them...]

MZ: And only one of you are on it.

[The Golden Grappler and Ultra Commando 3 beam proudly... or you would assume but can't confirm since they're both in their signature masks.]

GG: That's right, Comrade Zharkov - out of everyone here, WE'RE the team that's ranked, and that means any shot should come to US before it comes to anyone else. Unlike most others here, we've been winning matches, and that lines us up for the shot!

[The golden masked man jerks a thumb at himself.]

GG: And as everyone knows, the Golden Grappler is KING in the Pacific Northwest so when we're in Portland and Seattle, I expect to see OUR names on the card fighting for the tag titles, Zharkov!

[The very enthusiastic Ultra Commando 3 supports his partner with a nod, adding his gruff voice to the mix.]

UC3: You tell 'em, partner! You guys want a shot? GET IN LINE behind us and after we take those belts off Team Supreme, you'll be facing us!

[UC3 turns his focus onto the Interim President.]

UC3: Masks For Money have been ignored by the suits that run this joint for far too long and we're not gonna take it anymore. One way or another, Zharkov... these masked men are about to get paid!

[Before Zharkov can respond, Jimi Jam Jester jabs himself through, getting right next to the Interim President.]

JJJ: Yeah, yeah, yeah... the contender's list is one thing, baby doll, but do you REALLY want to see the titles on two goofs who are so ugly they gotta wear a mask to keep the people from pukin' up their ten dollar hot dogs?

[The Golden Grappler makes a move towards Jester but big Laredo Morrison cuts him off, shaking his head stoically as UC3 backs up his man and it seems a fight may break out at any moment...

...which is when Curly Bill Webb speaks up.]

CBW: Now that's all well and good, but if you wanna take the belts off Team Supreme, you need a team that get down n' dirty and be just as ruthless as'em! And while I see a lot of willing bodies here...

[He looks around the room.]

CBW: ...I also see a lot of willing victims. Rest assured, Perez and The Texas Ranger aren't here to be just a couple of bodies outlined in chalk. They're get the job done.

[A smirking "Cowboy Casanova" Billy Givens shakes his head, slapping a friendly hand on the shoulder of Curly Bill... one he quickly shrugs off in disgust.]

BG: It's been so long since we've seen these two do anything other than be Odin Gunn's thugs, I honestly forgot they even work here, Bill. You and I go back a bit... and you know they ain't worthy of nothin' but a ham sandwich and a thanks for stoppin' by after me and Davey Boy here run 'em ragged.

[Layton agrees with a solemn head nod.]

DL: We would totally dominate and defeat them. No question.

BG: You said it, partner... and that goes for the rest of y'all too. We're ready for any of ya.

[The camera pans to "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett, who smiles coldly.]

"D"HF: Man has often felt that way. That they are ready for anything.

[Fawcett looks to his left, as The Lost Boy stares at Givens. He bares his teeth as a low guttural growl escapes his throat.]

"D"HF: But then man walked face to face with a sabretooth tiger.

[Porter Crowley finally stops admiring himself in the shard of mirror glass in his hand for a moment.]

PC: Sometimes you don't know what you're looking at. Sometimes you think it's just another day. Sometimes that day is your last day. Sometimes what you're looking at...

[Crowley balls his hand into a fist, surely cutting his palm on the mirror glass.]

PC: ...is your end. I've seen that threat you all aren't prepared for... every time I look in a mirror.

[La Nueva Generación Oscura and "El Niño" Vengador V, in his mask of silver, with black trim around the eye holes and mouth, step forward into shot. They all have on black T-shirts, with "LEGADO" in green and "DE" in a white block font and "LUCHA" in a similar red font, but stylized, so that the bottom of the letters appear to be dripping blood, across the front. They also have their wrestling tights, knee pads and boots on, presumably ready for action if called upon. The black-masked, with smoke gray trim around the eye holes and mouth, Guerrero Oscuro speaks for the trio.]

GO: And what threat is that exactly? The same threat of violence that you and your perro pal have been trying to sell the AWA on for how long now? That's the problem isn't it, Porter? Mad dogs and horror movie monsters like yourselves? We see you coming a mile away and we hear you from even farther away! You have the twisted genius of Señor "Doctor" here to guide you, but where has it gotten the two of you?

[Vengador V nods in agreement, not giving Fawcett a chance to respond before adding his two cents.]

VV: You want to speak of not being prepared? This division has proven itself woefully unprepared for the combined legacies of Rey Fuerza, Guerrero Oscuro and Vengador V. This division has shown itself willfully ignorant of the achievements of La Nueva Generación Oscura and "El Niño" Vengador V.

[He gestures at his allies and himself.]

VV: Lesser men might take offense at such a snub... But not us... Not Legado de Lucha... We have no problems building our own legacies anew, from the very bottom, here in the AWA! We have no problems proving ourselves night after night and, tonight, Señor Presidente, we are ready to step up once more! Just give us the word-

[We see Tizona put his index finger and thumb in his mouth and whistle, getting everyone's attention, as well as causing Yoshi Fujiwara to cover his ears and wince.]

T: Yap, yap, yap. That's all you people got, a bunch of talk. There's three people here who have been in the ring with Team Supreme...

[Tizona points to Pedro Perez, who glares.]

T: This schmuck, who got absolutely rinsed...

PP: WE ALMOST PUT JACKSON AND MARTINEZ OUT OF COMMISSION FOR GOOD, DAMNIT!

[Tizona makes the "Yap yap yap" motion with his hand as The Texas Ranger holds back his fellow Desperado as Tizona waves a thumb back and forth between himself and Fujiwara, who keeps an eye on Perez and drops back to his heel in case he needs to fight.]

T: And us!

CBW: Yeah, and y'all got clobbered!

[Tizona rolls his eyes, holding up his hand dismissively.]

T: Because they jumped us when we weren't ready, Tex.

[Tizona spins around to Zharkov.]

T: Look, you want contenders that can go after all of Team Supreme? Let me remind you that the only person who's ever fought Supreme Wright's weapon, Paris Crawford, and walked away instead of being taken to the hospital issss...

[He drags it out to a dramatic conclusion before double pointing to Yoshi... dramatically.]

T: ...The Yo-man!

[Tizona slaps Fujiwara on the back as Fujiwara rubs the back of his head bashfully. Suddenly, he's very aware of the many eyes on him.]

YF: Hey, don't put a target on my back like that.

T: Relax. If you can walk away from Crawford without any broken bones, these guys can't do anything to you.

YF: That's not how it works...

[Tizona's not listening.]

T: But all of you don't have to believe my words. Let us show you what we can do. Put us in the ring and watch us go.

[Fujiwara mouths "Us!?" as Zharkov points to the underdog duo.]

MZ: Now that is plan I like. I will send you opponents. Go. You open the show right now.

[Tizona looks stunned for a moment, as though his bluff got called. Fujiwara looks at him with eager eyes.]

YF: Right now?

MZ: Right now.

YF: NOW now?

MZ: Da.

[Tizona snaps out of it and spins Yoshi around.]

T: Right now!

YF: Aw jeez.

[And the upstarts bolt out of the room, with a "I TOLD YOU, YO-MAN!" heard in the distance... and as the other teams start to protest about not getting their own match on the show...

...we fade from the pre-taped backstage footage to a live shot of the ring where ring announcer Rebecca Ortiz is standing in a shimmering jade green dress showing off her well-tanned skin.]

RO: Our opening contest on Saturday Night Wrestling is a tag team match set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first... already in the ring... at a total combined weight of 463 pounds, from Phoenix, Arizona and Houston, Texas respectively... KYLE HARRIS AND JACOB SEGOVIA!

[A mild response for the pair in the ring, both dressed in nondescript red and black tights and black boots. The Caucasian Harris has sandy blond hair and little muscle definition, and the Latino Segovia appears to have some bulk in his arms, but has a bit of a gut.]

RO: And their opponents... weighing in at a total combined weight of 378 pounds... from Fujinomiya, Japan and Savannah, Georgia respectively...

YOSHI FUJIWAAAAAAARAAAAAAA AND TIIIIIIIIIZOOOOOOONAAAAAAA!

[A metal cover of "Bloody Tears" from the Castlevania video game series begins to play, as the crowd erupts with applause and cheers. Yoshi Fujiwara steps out from behind the curtains, pumping his fists in the air as the crowd's cheers grow louder. Fujiwara is dressed in a sukajan bomber jacket embroidered with golden dragons over his wrestling gear. He wears a pair of wrestling tights with one red leg and one white leg, with matching boots. He has a chiseled physique with well-defined muscles. Despite his impressive physique, Yoshi is still growing into his body, giving him a thin, almost lanky look.

Alongside Fujiwara is Tizona, the Southern-fried luchador wearing unorthodox attire, with a sleeveless black T-shirt featuring his trainee Katrina Coleman riding a wave, along with faded jean shorts frayed at the hem, black kneepads, and black boots. His mask is half his usual black mask with a white faceplate and blue and purple kabuki-esque swirls, and the other half is now red with a white faceplate and a golden dragon roaring along his head.]

SA: Fans, you might not want to look away for this match! Set your DVRs! Yoshi Fujiwara is one of the quickest, most inventive wrestlers out there, and Tizona is no slouch either!

CP: You could've fooled me, Albano - what's with the masked goof's attire?

SA: I'm not a fashion reporter, Colt, I leave that up to you.

CP: Slovenly. Shameful.

SA: Appearance aside, these two are two of the fastest wrestlers in the AWA, and if they're serious about pairing their skills together, I think there's a lot for Team Supreme to fear in the future.

[There's a snicker from Patterson as Fujiwara leaps up onto the apron upon reading the ring, vaulting over the top rope and landing squarely in the ring, with a pose for the crowd. Tizona, gesturing to the crowd, shouts "watch this!", then steps through the ropes as normal, pumping his fist as Fujiwara shakes his head.]

SA: Not as much showmanship entering the ring for Tizona.

CP: I'll give him credit for that much, he doesn't waste energy on his entrance.

[As the two high-flyers submit to the pre-match check from the officials, Tizona can be seen looking at Rebecca Ortiz, shouting "IT'S FUJIZONA!" Referee Rebecca

Daniels arches an eyebrow as she pats Tizona's hip, then reaches into Tizona's pocket...]

CP: Okay, maybe I like the goof a little more.

SA: You've got to be kidding! The brass knuckles?! That's the second time he's tried to smuggle those knucks that Raphael Rhodes gave him into a match!

CP: Hey, Zharkov did just throw them out here moments ago, how do you know he didn't forget they were in his pocket.

SA: That seems to be what he's pleading...

[The crowd roars again as the referee checks Tizona's kneepad and pulls out a chain, much to a disapproving glance from Fujiwara.]

SA: A chain! Now a chain!

CP: What business is it of this referee to check the kneepad like this?

[The referee continues her inspection, shaking her head as she makes Tizona unlace his boot. Tizona mutters as Fujiwara yells "seriously?!"]

SA: You've gotta be kidding me - a fork?!

CP: This company pushed that Juan Vasquez's legacy will last a lifetime and now we're judging people for taking inspiration from him, huh?

[The referee frowns as she takes the assortment of weapons and hands them over to the ring announcer. Fujiwara looks disappointed in his teammate, who holds up his hands and says he has no idea how all that got there.]

SA: A meeting of the Rebeccas here, as one of our new referees, Rebecca Daniels, showing that she's very thorough in her work and handing over a bounty of weaponry to our ring announcer, Rebecca Ortiz. We might be ready to get this one started, Colt.

[Fujiwara motions for Tizona to step out, and Tizona can be heard saying "you got it, Yo-man" to an eyeroll from the younger Fujiwara. On the other side, Kyle Harris awaits as Jacob Segovia clutches the tag rope. The bell sounds as Fujiwara goes to lock up with Harris in the middle of the ring.]

SA: Here we go, Yoshi Fujiwara to start things out against Kyle Harris! Don't blink, Colt!

[As soon as Fujiwara and Harris touch, Fujiwara pulls Harris down with an armdrag. Harris quickly gets to his feet, not wanting to be on the mat with the technically-strong Fujiwara, and Fujiwara meets him with a dropkick to the shoulder that sends the Arizona native scrambling to the ropes.]

SA: And look at that quickness by Fujiwara! As soon as he's standing, he's right in the air with a dropkick!

CP: But he also didn't leave much room for error either, Albano. If this Kyle Harris kid had taken a step back, he would've hit nothin' but air on that dropkick.

SA: A fair point, as Tizona yelling for "Yo-man", as he calls Yoshi Fujiwara, to stay on him.

CP: Yeah, and this goody-goody isn't gonna listen, is he?

[Fujiwara eagerly waits in the center of the ring as Harris gets to his feet. Harris charges at Fujiwara, who sidesteps him, leaping into the air and connecting with another dropkick, this time to Harris's back, sending Harris to the mat with a resounding thud as the audience laughs and cheers.]

SA: Another quick dropkick by Yoshi Fujiwara!

CP: Yeah, but he's not in there with the caliber of competitor like Bret Grayson, is he?

SA: No, I think he'd need a bit more maneuvering to dropkick Bret Grayson in the back.

[Harris, seething, slaps the hand of Jacob Segovia, who steps into the ring. Fujiwara motions for Segovia to come forward...]

SA: Armdrag!

[... Segovia scrambles to his feet, but Fujiwara is waiting for him!]

SA: Another armdrag!

[Segovia looks to get to his feet, but soon finds his arm grabbed once more!]

SA: Make it a trifecta!

[And as Fujiwara rises, he sees a red-faced Harris charging into the ring. Fujiwara leaps into the air and catches him with a dropkick right to the face!]

SA: And a dropkick trifecta for Harris!

[Fujiwara grabs Segovia in a headlock, taking him over to the waiting Tizona, who has his hand out for a tag. Fujiwara slaps the luchador's hand, and then takes a step over to the middle of the ropes, where he sends Segovia off with a whip. As Segovia returns...]

SA: A drop toe hold by Fujiwara!

[Tizona rushes off the ropes, driving a leg into the back of Segovia's neck! As soon as he does so, Fujiwara rolls forward and puts Segovia in a rear chinlock, and Tizona sprints off the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[... catching Segovia on the chin with a dropkick! Fujiwara quickly leaves the ring as Tizona covers Segovia.]

SA: Some great double-team work there by the team of Fujiwara and Tizona! Segovia is able to kick out though, just at the count of two.

CP: Yeah, they used as much of the referee's five-count as they could. You know, they got two things working against them. They're not a seasoned team, and they have a ref that's new to them in there. They haven't gotten used to the ref's cadence yet on her counts.

SA: That's very important if you want to know when you need to kick out.

CP: The heck with that, that's important for knowing how much leeway you're gonna have when you want to cheat!

SA: Always a role model for the children, that's Colt Patterson.

[Tizona can be seen smirking through the mouthhole of his mask as he picks Segovia up. He looks out to the crowd and shouts "you wanna see more of the Yo-man?!", then upon their raucous cheers, tags Fujiwara and holds Segovia as Fujiwara looks surprised.]

SA: Short shift there by Tizona.

CP: Wait a minute, Albano, aren't you always talking about the importance of quick tags?

SA: Well sure, to keep a fresh man in the ring at all times.

CP: Imagine how fresh Tizona's going to be like this!

[As Fujiwara enters the ring, he looks at Tizona, holding Segovia, and simply takes hold of Segovia's head, placing him in a headlock.]

CP: And now Fujiwara's too much of a goody-two-shoes to take advantage of a double-team, huh.

SA: I don't think that's the case, Colt. I think Tizona strayed off the gameplan.

[As soon as Segovia struggles, Fujiwara converts the headlock into a spin around to Segovia's other side, scissoring Segovia's leg and dropping him with a drop toe hold! Wasting little motion, Fujiwara gets back to his feet, holding Segovia in place, and...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

SA: Oh goodness! What a brutal soccer-style kick right to Segovia's arm!

CP: I didn't think the kid had it in him!

SA: Colt, I think we all know the Fujiwara family tradition is that dreaded Fujiwara Armbar. Every attack on the arm has to be a step in the direction of the Fujiwara Armbar.

CP: I'll give you that one, Albano. There have been a lot of people who have used that hold over the years, but it's a family original for Fujiwara.

[As Segovia gets to his feet, holding his arm in pain, Fujiwara clasps his hands together...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO! WHAT A SHOT BY YOSHI FUJIWARA!

CP: What do you even call that?!

SA: It's like he did a double axehandle as an uppercut... Colt, I understand he calls that the "Ohtani"!

[Fujiwara, smelling blood in the water, grabs a groggy Segovia by the chin, leaping backwards over him...]

SA: Tizona just slapped Fujiwara's back! The referee is signaling a tag!

"THUDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!"

[... as Fujiwara drops Segovia hard with a backflip inverted DDT! Tizona, climbing the turnbuckles, makes eye contact with his teammate, motioning for him to move.]

CP: I don't think Fujiwara knows he got tagged, Albano!

SA: I don't think he does either, but I think he'd better moooooooooove!

[As Salvatore Albano says "move", Tizona jumps through the air... doing a flip, but carrying through another motion... Fujiwara scooting backwards to get out of the way...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!

SA: 630 SENTON! TIZONA WITH HIS 630 SENTON! SEND US TO BERLIN BECAUSE THAT'S GONNA TAKE MY BREATH AWAY!

[The momentum of the 630 senton causes Tizona to bounce forward a foot or two, and he quickly scrambles to hook both of Segovia's legs in a deep cover. Fujiwara looks at the stunned Harris, his eyes wide with surprise, as Harris makes no move towards the ring.]

SA: Rebecca Daniels to count! That's one! That's two! Mamma mia, that's three!

[The bell sounds as Tizona gets off of Segovia, dusting his hands as though to say it was nothing. Fujiwara, still wide-eyed, joins his partner as the referee raises both of their hands.]

CP: Albano, did you know the masked goof had that in him?

SA: He has done that move a few times in the past, it's called Salpicadura, which is Spanish for "splatter".

CP: I'll say it's aptly named.

[As Fujiwara asks Tizona "where did that come from", Tizona shrugs and simply says "it's nothing". The luchador raises Fujiwara's hand again as the crowd cheers once more.]

SA: Colt, I think the fans are going to take to this team like a duck to water.

CP: Look, I say I don't impress easy. That move is somethin' else. Here's the problem though... you save that kind of move for a big moment. Now that he's uncorked it, there's going to be a lot of people who will know how to scout it.

SA: Another fair point by Colt Patterson, as the tag team scene is heating up here in the AWA, and Fujizona is just the beginning!

[As the young tag team celebrates their big win, we cut to the interior of Maxim Zharkov's office for the evening where he's gathered AWA backstage workers Adam Rogers and Kevin Slater. There's a monitor on the wall where they've just watched the opening match, the Tsar nodding with approval at the just-ended action.]

MZ: Impressive. Very impressive.

AR: Let's get them in another match on Showtime and see if they can get a winning streak going.

MZ: A good idea. Gentlemen... this night is already starting off in chaos. The tag teams are all hungry for title matches. And Lauryn Rage... do not get me started on her.

[Slater chuckles.]

KS: Can't blame the kid for wanting payback, can you?

[Zharkov glowers at Slater.]

MZ: We are three men who have all suffered serious injuries in our careers, yes? Three men who have potentially had their careers shortened or greatly impacted by injuries, yes?

[Slater nods.]

MZ: Then do not encourage this... payback.

[Slater nods again, a little more solemn look on his face this time.]

MZ: That said, it is a big night tonight and we-

[A knock on the door interrupts Zharkov who frowns.]

MZ: What now? Yes... yes, come in!

[The door swings open and the fans inside the arena ROAR at the arrival of the AWA's White Knight - two-time former World Champion Ryan Martinez - who will be looking to make history by becoming the first ever three-time AWA World Champion later in the evening.]

MZ: Mr. Martinez...welcome...

[He gestures for Slater and Rogers to step aside as Martinez strides across the office, shaking his hand.]

MZ: We all wish you great luck in tonight's Main Event. Should be outstanding match.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: I've been dreaming about facing Supernova for the World Title for a long time now... and it kills me that I can't even put one hundred percent of my focus on it.

[Zharkov frowns.]

MZ: I'm not sure-

[Martinez interrupts.]

RM: Supreme. Wright.

[Zharkov grimaces, nodding.]

MZ: Ah... yes... well, I knew this conversation was near.

[He gestures again to Slater and Rogers.]

MZ: Gentlemen, please excuse us.

[The two former EMWC World Champions depart, leaving Martinez and Zharkov alone. Martinez starts to speak again but Zharkov cuts him off with a raised hand.]

MZ: Please. Before we discuss further, you should know I went to management after Memorial Day Mayhem with this subject.

[Martinez raises an eyebrow.]

RM: And?

MZ: You will not like answer. I have been told that under NO circumstances can that match be allowed.

[Martinez glowers at him.]

MZ: The Towel Match? Very dangerous. Very violent. Everything around Team Supreme... very out of control.

[The White Knight shakes his head.]

RM: That sounds like your problem, not mine.

[Zharkov shrugs.]

MZ: Is your problem now too. Considering your history with the crowd and incitement and...

[Martinez shakes his head, angrily responding.]

RM: This is a load of CRAP, Zharkov! You tell Jon and Todd and whoever else needs to hear it that I WANT this match and I DESERVE this match!

[Zharkov pauses, his voice taking on a more soothing tone as he speaks again.]

MZ: Mr. Martinez, much like Lauryn Rage earlier, I advise you to think differently about this. I know you want vengeance on your former friend... but look at what Team Supreme has done since coming together at the...

[Finger quotes!]

MZ: ..."Red Wedding." Howie Somers? Injured. Brian James? Injured. We do not even talk about Johnny Detson's injuries which may be career-ending. Your friend Jack Lynch? Completely missing and no one knows when or even if he will be back. Max Magnum? On the shelf indefinitely with a BROKEN SKULL!

[He shakes his head again.]

MZ: You are the face of this company. You are a hero to children. A true White Knight.

And Supreme Wright is too dangerous right now to risk that.

[Martinez is fuming mad now.]

RM: You think I don't know how dangerous Supreme Wright is?! I've been in the ring with him and against him. We took each other to hell and back in the Main Event of SuperClash! I know EXACTLY what he's capable of...

[He trails off.]

RM: How can I be the face of the company when I can't look the people in this locker room in the damn eye because I let that snake in the house? I stood by his side, put my arm around him, and told the world that he was a good man... a man worthy of my friendship and their love. And I was wrong.

A hero to children who have to see the office protecting me so that I won't get hurt... to children who have to wonder when someone is going to stand up to Supreme Wright and the rest of Team Supreme and put a stop to this... and have to wonder why that "someone" isn't me.

[Martinez shakes his head.]

RM: I... I can't do this right now. I've got... this is arguably the biggest Main Event in Saturday Night Wrestling history and I've got to get my head straight. So, I'm going to walk out of here... get in the right mindset... and then go out and do everything I can to become the World Champion for the third time...

[He points at Zharkov.]

RM: ...and then you and I WILL continue this conversation. Understood?

[Zharkov glares at Martinez for several long moments before nodding.]

RM: Good.

[And with that, the two-time World Champion exits as Zharkov looks after him thoughtfully... with perhaps a touch of disdain on his face...

...as we fade through black to a shot of retired AWA wrestler Eric Somers, who is dressed in a three-piece suit and wears eyeglasses. He is walking down a well-lit hallway and we can see what appear to be framed painting lining it.]

ES: In order to truly appreciate this world, you have to learn to respect your heritage... that is, what those before you have left to be appreciated by ongoing generations.

[He then stops and gestures to a painting over his shoulder.]

ES: For instance, why we should remember the Alamo.

[Indeed, the painting is of The Alamo. He then walks over to the next framed item.]

ES: Or why we should remember the importance of the men who led our great nation.

[He gestures to said item, a painting of Mount Rushmore. Somers continues to walk to the next framed item.]

ES: Or why we should appreciate the wonders of nature.

[He gestures to yet another painting, this one featuring the Grand Canyon.]

ES: Or even why we should not forget those who came before us.

[He then reaches into his pocket and pulls out a packet, which he then opens.]

ES: Especially those who have graced the rings of the AWA.

[He then pulls out trading cards from the pack and fans them. We then hear a voiceover as we cut to a sample of the cards.]

VO: It's the inaugural release of Topps Heritage AWA trading cards... cards that use the design of the 1952 Topps baseball set.

[The sample of cards does, indeed, feature that style, with the subjects including Supernova, Ryan Martinez, Supreme Wright, Michelle Bailey and Ricki Toughill.]

VO: Collect the AWA stars of today...

[The next sample of cards includes Julie Somers, James Lynch, Cinder and Atlas Armstrong.]

VO: ...and the AWA stars of the past.

[The next sample of cards includes Adam Rogers, Marcus Broussard, Mark Shaw and Ron Houston.]

VO: Plus, look for special parallels, event-used relic cards and autographed cards!

[We then get a gold parallel featuring Harley Hamilton, a black-bordered parallel featuring Sid Osborne, a relic card featuring Raphael Rhodes and an autographed card featuring Shadoe Rage.]

We cut back to Somers as he displays the trading cards in his hand.]

ES: Because nothing could be finer than a way to remember your heritage... without having to step inside an art gallery.

[He raises his eyebrows and grins as we cut to a shot of a box of Topps Heritage AWA trading cards and hear that voiceover again.]

VO: Topps Heritage AWA trading cards are available wherever trading cards are sold or you can find them at AWAShop.com!

[We fade to black...

...and hear a voiceover.]

"Who would have thought it would have led me here?"

[Fade up on Wade Walker, backlit, his impressive physique outlined by bright light, as "Whatever It Takes" by Imagine Dragons plays. His voice carries over cinematic footage of his in-ring career over the past few months.]

"Coming back from Japan to end up at SuperClash in New Orleans..."

[A quick cut succession of slow motion spears...]

"Lost my team..."

[Black and white footage of Walker being stitched up after the Dogs of War were betrayed by Pedro Perez and the Desperados...]

"...and found myself a contender."

[Wade Walker levels Odin Gunn with a double axehandle Mjolnir, and a half-a-dozen more to other opponents. Cut to Sweet Daddy Williams.]

SDW: You thinkin' about investing in an AWA star, get in on the ground floor of Wade Walker, daddy – that stock's only going up.

[Cut to Wade Walker posing with a confident smirk for a ringside fan's selfie with the AWA Television Title belt he had assumed he had won for one night. Cut to Marcus Broussard.]

MB: I'm going to say, when we look back, 2018 is going to be the pivotal year for Wade Walker as a future dynastic AWA Champion.

[Cut to Wade Walker squaring off with the then-KAMS under the wide open sky at 2017's Battle of Saskatchewan.]

"There are some demons that the fans want to see slain..."

[Cut to Walker in a sit-down interview.]

WW: Guess what? I want to beat them down too.

[Another series of cinematic bone-breaking slow-motion spears to opponents. Voiceover from Lori Dane...]

LD: Coming up short against Odin Gunn in such a bitter back-and-forth and surviving what he survived, I think, proves to me that wasn't just a well-fought challenge, but it's Day 1 to prove to the AWA that Wade Walker is willing to do whatever it takes to accomplish his goals and shift into that next gear...

[Cut to an epically framed shot of Wade Walker, alone and powerful, walking down the aisle at Saturday Night Wrestling.]

LD: ...and the unspoken challenge to him is to BE that breakout star of 2018.

[Fade to Wade Walker standing on the turnbuckles, facing out to fans, as Dan Reynolds of Imagine Dragons sings the last line of the song...]

"I'll do what it takes."

[...and we fade through black back to live action with Sweet Lou Blackwell backstage in the arena, sporting a navy blue suit, white dress shirt, and royal blue tie with one heck of a smile.]

SLB: Wade Walker is returning soon to AWA television and we can't wait for that. Walker, of course, is recovering from injuries he suffered during that absolutely brutal battle with AWA World Television Champion Odin Gunn during Showtime in Reseda recently... and speaking of Gunn, it just seems like he can't keep from getting into these crazy brawls! If you watched Showtime last weekend - and if you didn't, you truly missed out on an exciting night - you saw Odin Gunn defeat Odysseus Allah to retain the TV Title... but that wasn't the only action he saw that night as he ended the evening in a brutal battle with another wild-eyed brawler, King Kong Hogan. Let's take a look back at the closing of that show... and when we come back, we'll have an update on both men's conditions as well as some words with the manager of Odin Gunn and the leader of the Desperadoes, "Curly" Bill Webb.

[We fade from the live footage backstage to footage marked "SHOWTIME - ONE WEEK AGO" where we get clips from the show-ending brawl that broke loose. We

start with 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 at 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!]

We cut as we hear the voice of Lori Dane proclaiming "we thought our night was over but Odin Gunn and King Kong Hogan had other plans!"

We see the duo trading blows before crashing into equipment cases...

...and then Gunn lowers his head, charging the brawler...]

LD: LOOK OUT!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[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 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!

[We cut again, showing the duo battling near a stairway, Gunn smashing Hogan's head into the steel railing...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Dane's voice comes through as Gunn delivers a headbutt to Hogan.]

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!

[Hogan hits Gunn over the shoulder with a chair as Ben Waterson proclaims "this is a fight! They're gonna destroy The Temple!"

We cut again to Gunn battering Hogan on the staircase in a mount position...

...until 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.

[We cut ahead to the duo fighting on an elevated walkway, surrounded by the screaming fans, beer cups flying as Gunn and Hogan continue to trade blows...]

LD: ...my goodness, did we not have any security to break this up or does no one back there give a damn?!

[A quick cut as 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!

[We cut to Hogan laying in some brutal shots with a leather belt, whipping the champion across the back...

...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.

And we cut again, this time showing Hogan as he 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!]

CBW: But let me make one thing crystal clear, Blackwell, when Odin Gunn heals up, dusts himself off and walks back into the AWA, there'll be hell to pay.

HELL. TO. PAY.

The kind of hell that makes the devil himself take a step back and pray for mercy!

[He turns and points to the camera,]

CBW: And you listen good, King Kong Hogan, you miserable, flea-bitten son of a mule! I curse the day you ever set foot in my world! You're a walkin' curse, Hogan, a plague on this Earth, and I swear on my mama's soul, I'll see you buried!

[Sweet Lou nervously adjusts his tie.]

SLB: Alright, Bill, we get it! You've got bad blood with Hogan that runs deeper than the Rio Grande... but what's next for the Desperadoes? Odin Gunn's got the TV Title, he's on top of the mountain and he'll be back sooner or later, but what about the rest of your crew? What's the plan?

CBW: What's next? Lou, I think my crew have been ridin' a little too easy for a little too long. While Odin Gunn's been carryin' The Desperadoes on his back, winnin' wars and holdin' gold, the rest of us... well, maybe we've gone a little soft.

[His face twists into something ugly and cruel as his voice raises.]

CBW: But that ends now! I think it's time for the Desperadoes to pull their weight and remind the whole damn AWA why we're the meanest, nastiest group of killers to ever step foot in these rings!

SLB: Pull their weight? What exactly does that mean, Bill?

CBW: It means The Texas Ranger and Pedro Perez are done sittin' on the sidelines! Those two are wolves starving for blood, and they're fixin' to hunt. We're settin' our sights on the AWA World Tag Team Titles, Lou! Those belts are gonna shine real pretty around the waists of my boys, and we ain't askin' permission... we're takin' 'em! The Desperadoes are comin' to burn this place to the ground and ain't no team in this company are gonna stand in our way!

[He leans into the camera, his voice dropping to a low, menacing growl.]

CBW: And one last thing... King Kong Hogan, you miserable jackass... you may have walked away from that roof, but you won't walk away from what comes next. When all's said and done, when we send your bloodied and battered carcass back to the hell you came from, you're gonna wish you'd stayed buried in that rubble!

[And with that, Curly Bill shoves Blackwell out of the way and storms off.]

SLB: Ominous words there on the part of Curly Bill Webb as he says the Desperadoes are comin' for all the gold here in the AWA in the very near future. Sal, Colt... back to you.

[We fade from backstage back to our announce duo seated at ringside.]

SA: Thanks, Lou... you know, Colt, there really does seem to be some serious jockeying for position as of late with all the groups in the AWA looking to be the top dog. You've got Team Supreme of course... the Westerly Dynasty... the Desperadoes... and Generation Lost and that's just on the men's side of things.

CP: That's right. The women bring their own batch of chaos with E-Girl MAX, the Slam Sorority, the Peach Pits...

SA: Every group has their ups and downs... but there's one group in that mix that seems to be experiencing more downs than ups as of late and I'm talking about Generation Lost who seem to be absolutely reeling after their loss at Memorial Day Mayhem against Hannibal Carver, "Cannonball" Lee Connors, Omega, and Polemos.

CP: It's hard to blame 'em, Big Sal... they're a well-oiled machine that got broken down by the Island of Misfit Toys.

SA: Well, tonight, that quartet is looking to get back on track as one of their members is set to go in one-on-one action. Take it away, Rebecca!

[We crossfade up to the ring where Rebecca is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Oakland, California... weighing in at 263 pounds... JAMAL BOONE!

[Boone raises a beefy arm to a few cheers from the local crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... being accompanied to the ring by Jayden Jericho and representing Generation Lost... weighing in at 283 pounds from Fairbanks, Alaska...

...JUSTINNNNNNNNN GAAAAAAAAAAAAAINES!

[The PA crackles to life with a voice.]

"Slates are never clean. And respect is never assumed."

[The staccato rhythm of "All My Life" by Foo Fighters plays.]

All my life, I've been searchin' for somethin'
Somethin' never comes, never leads to nothin'
Nothin' satisfies, but I'm gettin' close
Closer to the prize at the end of the rope
All night long, I dream of the day
When it comes around, then it's taken away
Leaves me with the feelin' that I feel the most
Feel it come to life when I see your ghost

[The music kicks into overdrive as out steps Justin Gaines, clad in a black hat, his ring gear of black briefs, black knee pads, a black leather vest personalized with his name, and black boots personalized with his initials near the ankle. The music continues without the vocal as Jayden Jericho takes up the hype man position, walking behind his ally and telling the crowd just how badly Gaines' opponent is going to take a beating.]

SA: Half of Generation Lost heading to the ring here, Colt, and what's it going to take for this unit to get back on track after their tough loss in Dodger Stadium at Memorial Day Mayhem?

CP: There's no better cure to a losing streak than a winning streak. Gaines needs to send a message to the crowd, to the locker room, and to the office... this group is the future and everyone better get ready to acknowledge it.

SA: You can see Jayden Jericho on his way out here with his partner... and people tell me that of all the members of Generation Lost, Jericho might've taken that loss

the hardest and has been telling anyone who will listen - and even those who don't want to - that Generation Lost needs to make a major impact here tonight.

[Gaines reaches the ring. He discards his leather vest and black hat, handing them to a ringside attendant. He bounds from ropes to ropes a few times, making the crossing in few steps due to his tall stature as Jericho stands on the apron, shouting across the ring at Jamal Boone.]

SA: Jayden Jericho is never one to lack words, Colt, but it's his running buddy Gaines that has to back up those words right now.

[Jericho turns to face the jeering crowd, shouting a few words in their direction too before the camera zooms in on a pair of African American men standing at the railing in black athletic pants and Oakland Raiders t-shirts... whose mere appearance gets BIG cheers from the Bay Area crowd!]

SA: Hey! Jayden Jericho better watch his mouth around those two! That's Khalili Carr and Shamar Price... both former members of the Oakland Raiders and currently tearing up the tag team division down in CCW as a duo known as The Line!

[Carr is all over Jericho, laying the badmouth on him as Jericho hops off the apron, gesturing to the ringside duo...]

SA: Jericho's mouth may be writing a check his body can't cash with those two, Colt.

CP: I've seen some matches from The Line down there in CCW and... yeah, they're big, they're strong, they're athletic, they're explosive. If I'm Jericho, I might just go sit down in the corner and stay out of their business.

[...and as the brash Jericho peels away from the developmental superstars, the bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: In the meantime, the bell has sounded and-

[Gaines goes barreling across the ring, aggressively making a charge on Jamal Boone who sidesteps, sending the fourth generation grappler crashing into the turnbuckles!]

SA: -OH! Nice dodge in the corner by Boone, a former collegiate football player in his own right... peppering Gaines now with short right hands... and a big left has the six foot seven big man reeling early!

[Jericho is bellowing out suggestions to his ally as Boone grabs the wrist, whipping Gaines across the ring. He lowers down into a three point stance, shouting out a few playcalls before sprinting out...]

SA: THREE POINT CLOTHES-

[...but the powerful Gaines catches the 263 pounder under his arm, allowing Boone's own momentum to swing him around into a ring-shaking sidewalk slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WOW! What a show of power out of Justin Gaines, Colt!

CP: The kid's got the goods... unlike his old man.

SA: Oh, come on... Gunnar Gaines is a Hall of Fame talent who competed all over the world - he worked in Portland, Los Angeles... heck, he even worked here in the AWA before his retirement, Colt.

CP: Yeah, but when I was on top in the E, guess who he ducked so he could work in Portland against a butcher.. and I ain't talking about Otto, jack!

SA: Old rivalries live forever in this business, fans... and Justin Gaines may be done already. He's on his feet, pulling Boone up there with him... look at this now...

[Jericho is shouting "GET HIM UP! ALL THE WAY UP!" at his ally as Gaines does exactly that, muscling Boone up into a crucifix powerbomb position...]

SA: WAY! UP! HIGH!

[...and then DRIVES him down into a spine-shaking hangman's neckbreaker!]

SA: The Denali Death Drop and Sweet San Angelo, it is effective! One. Two. And three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

CP: The kid don't get paid by the hour, Albano, and he just made short work out of the San Francisco kid.

SA: He may have left his heart in San Francisco but his spinal column may be left in San Jose after that one. Impressive victory for Gaines over what looked to be a game opponent in Jamal Boone but Gaines was ready for him and showed the entire AWA that Memorial Day Mayhem may just be a bump in the road for this young man in his career. Let's make it official.

[The voice of Rebecca Ortiz calls out.]

RO: Here is your winner-

[Ortiz is cut off as Gaines motions for the ring microphone, which is quickly offered to him. He jerks it away.]

JG: Give me that!

[He pulls it away and paces to mid-ring. He looks down as if trying to suppress his own anger - then lets loose.]

JG: Did you people - did you just see - THAT!?

[He pauses as some boos ring out. He delivers a kick to his downed opponent.]

JG: What you just saw was pure destruction! The Lost Generation is done messing around! And particularly, Justin Gaines is done! Messing! Around!

[More boos cascade.]

JG: Update your coverage. Lower your deductibles. Things are about to get expensive for your medical plan if you cross paths with me, because my moves are elevated and lethal! The Denali Death Drop? It doesn't get more painful! It ends matches and it's gonna start ending careers!

[He turns to the fallen opponent, rolling him out of the ring with his foot, delivering one final kick to knock him off the apron.]

JG: I grew up with wrestling. My father before me did. His father before him did. And his father before him as well. My mother and grandfather on the other side too. But talk about them all you want. Just realize - I have all their skills, but I'm not here to follow their path! I'm here to follow mine! I got here the first time with my dad - but the second time on my own, and it was earned. So if you're wondering where Generation Lost is headed, consider what you just saw a demonstration of what I - of what WE - can do!

[Gaines turns to his ally - Jayden Jericho - who is standing there with his arms crossed looking upset. He is wearing a pair of black jeans with a plain black tee shirt and a gold chain around his neck.]

JJ: You know big guy, I keep hearing that Gen Lost is off track, needs a spark, find its way. The way I see it, Generation Lost slays! We constantly had Carver down and then he gets all his cheugy friends to help him and sneak attack us? People like Connors want to get involved in Gen Lost business; they need to learn the hard way!

[Gaines nods.]

JG: I agree. They surely do. So let's get it booked. You and Connors... two weeks from tonight in Portland after he's gone through a whole bunch of tables in there with Allah next week...

[Jericho waves a hand but Gaines speaks again.]

JG: Come on, I know the place like the back of my hand and I'll have your back. That's two weeks out. Let's just be patient, call our shot, and make him pay.

[Jericho pulls the mic back towards him.]

JJ: No, I'm not here to wait. My whole career has been about waiting! So the people back there can make their jokes at my expense.

I am NOT a joke, I am a generational talent!

[The crowd jeers that assessment which just seems to anger Jericho more.]

JJ: And I want Connors TONIGHT!

[The boos turn to cheers at the idea of that match going down for the San Jose crowd.]

JJ: He'll find out how funny it is to be constantly sticking his nose in our business!

[With that, Jericho storms off leaving Gaines alone. Gaines smirks at his hot-headed ally as he speaks.]

JG: We are Generation Lost, and we'll be lost no more! Nobody sticks their nose in our business without paying a price!

These are my boys, this is my gang - and just know, our time is coming!

[Gaines slams the mic down as his music plays.]

SA: Well, Colt... we talked about Justin Gaines and the rest of Generation Lost wanting to send a message...

CP: I think they did exactly that.

SA: I'd have to agree... and what about the challenge laid down by Jayden Jericho? "Cannonball" Lee Connors is just seven days away from what is likely to be the most brutal match of his career when he meets Odysseus Allah in the legendary Seven Tables of Fear match... and now Jayden Jericho wants Connors BEFORE that goes down? Do you think Connors will actually accept that challenge?

CP: Not if he has a single functioning brain cell... so, yeah... probably.

[Sal chuckles as we fade from the ringside area to the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet standing alongside the Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov.]

MS: Thanks, Sal... Mr. Zharkov, it's already been an exciting night of action here on Saturday Night Wrestling in San Jose... and earlier tonight, we heard you talking to Ryan Martinez about how dangerous Team Supreme is these days. They certainly are racking up quite the body count as of late. We know Brian James is out with that broken wrist... we know Max Magnum is now out as well... and that doesn't even begin to-

[A shrill whistle cuts off Stegglet, causing him to cringe as Zharkov winces. Moments later, Marty Meekly comes stomping into view - whistle in mouth and wearing a camo tanktop and army green khakis. He's trailed by Charlie Stephens and the masked muscle of the team, Mr. Stars and Stripes.]

CS: Attention!

[Zharkov and Stegglet don't react.]

CS: Mark Stegglet, you're over here trying to scare everyone talkin' about how big and bad, how rough and tough Team Supreme is.

[He laughs harshly and loudly before hocking up something to spit at the feet of Stegglet who has to move to avoid it.]

CS: That's what I think of those scum... those maggots! They're a disgrace to the titles that we once held with pride! And you...

[He gestures at Zharkov.]

CS: You let them make a mockery out of OUR titles by letting any of 'em defend the titles whenever the heck they want. It's embarrassing! Ain't that right, big man?

[The masked Mr. Stars and Stripes nods, slowly raising his arms up to show off his muscles as he lets Stephens do the talking.]

CS: See, even Stars and Stripes thinks it's a joke and believe me, he doesn't find ANYTHING funny. He's all business in the ring and I'm all business out here so let's get down to business, Zharkov.

[Zharkov shrugs.]

MZ: What do you... have in mind?

[Stephens nods.]

CS: We heard ya tell Taylor and Donovan that they got bumped... so we want their spot! We want the shot at the gold that we never should've lost to begin with! You're looking for tag team title challengers, Zharkov... well, you're lookin' right at your guys! We're former World Tag Team Champions! We're former Stampede Cup winners! We're-

[Zharkov raises a lone finger.]

MZ: But you're not.

CS: What the hell are you talking about?! I got the Cup to prove it! Hell, I got a half million in my bank account to prove it!

[Zharkov shakes his head.]

MZ: You misunderstand. Yes, Charlie Stephens... you are former champion... you are former Cup winner. But he...

[He points a finger at the masked man.]

MZ: ...is not. Joe Flint is these things.

[Stephens starts to protest but gets cut off.]

MZ: Problem has easy solution. Bring me Joe Flint... and I make title match.

[Stephens grimaces.]

CS: I don't know if I can do that.

[Zharkov shrugs.]

MZ: Then you need to EARN title match with your new partner.

[Stephens looks at the masked man... then back to Zharkov.]

CS: I'll get ya Flint. Mission accomplished.

[The masked man tilts his head, appraising the situation as two more men step into view - former champions in their own right.]

MZ: Mr. Taylor, Mr. Donovan... welcome to San Jose.

[He looks at Stephens again.]

MZ: We're done here.

[Stephens grumbles as he slaps Meekly and Stars and Stripes on the shoulders, leading them out of view.]

WT: We're here to make sure you get our title match date locked in.

[Zharkov gives Taylor a thoughtful look... then one to Donovan as well.]

MZ: Mr. Taylor, I must say once more... Mr. Claw - claiming to be your representative - turned down the title match...

[Taylor turns slightly, glaring at Tony Donovan who doesn't back down from the stare.]

WT: Yeah, I know... but like I said, Tiger Claw does not represent us. He's not our manager. He's not our agent or advisor or anything like that. Tiger Claw has got absolutely nothing to do with us, boss man. In fact, we all saw the footage on Showtime... if he gets his way, he's going to track down some stone cold killers in Budapest or Colombia or something to take us out.

[Taylor smirks as Donovan looks anxious at his partner.]

WT: Claw's wrong. We want our shot and we'll take it as soon as we can get it.

[Zharkov nods, consulting his trusty clipboard.]

MZ: Mmhmm... okay, two weeks from tonight... Portland, Oregon... it'll be the two of you challenging Team Supreme for the World Tag Team Titles.

[Taylor grins, clapping Donovan on the shoulder who musters up a smile of his own.]

WT: That's what I'm talking about! Us against AJ Martinez and your old friend, Tony... Big Cain.

[Zharkov shakes his head.]

MZ: No, no... I cannot guarantee who you will be facing. Remember...

[Taylor sighs.]

WT: Team Supreme makes that call. Got it. Alright. Well, no matter if it's Martinez and Jackson... or Mifune and Grayson... or whoever else Wright wants to throw at us, just put the streamers in the ceiling, get the pyro loaded, and put the champagne on ice because those tag team titles are coming back home to us in Portland!

[Taylor excitedly slaps his partner's chest, leading him out of the ring as Donovan throws a nervous look at Zharkov as we fade to black...]

We see a station wagon pulled over at a gas station off Route 14. A tired couple in their 30s, both wearing sunglasses, argue while refilling the car. Their two kids squabble in the back seat.]

MOM (through gritted teeth): We forgot the snacks, again.

DAD (sighing): We've got like, an old granola bar in the glovebox?

MOM: We need real food. Something good. Something not-

[Suddenly, the trunk FLIES OPEN. Shadoe Rage surges out from inside the luggage pile like some mythical beast in fuchsia and gold spandex, holding two fists full of turkey jerky.]

SR: (bellowing) Wanna feel sensational? Bored of bland road snacks!? TIRED of trail mix lies!?

TEAR INTO MR. BERKELEY'S TURKEY JERKY!

[Mr. Berkeley's Turkey Jerky explodes into frame. Rage rips into a pack with a feral growl. The parents GASP. The kids freeze. Then - INSTANT TRANSFORMATION: leather jackets, sunglasses, the daughter's hair turns PINK. The wagon pulses with rock music.]

SR: The signature herbs and spices! The smoky flavor! The lean turkey jerky! It's the perfect snack! This ain't your gas station jerky! It's lean, it's mean, it's seasoned like a champion!

DAD (biting in): This is... actually amazing.

MOM (amped): We don't need GPS. We've got RAGE.

SR: OH MAN THAT'S GOOD! When I get my hands on Mr. Berkeley's Turkey Jerky, I feel... I feel... I feel...

ALL TOGETHER: SENSATIONAL!

SR (lunging into the camera):
And so will you!
So will you!
SO WILL YOU!

TEAR INTO IT!

MR. BERKELEY'S TURKEY JERKY... IT'S SENSATIONAL!

[Cut to a final shot of Rage leaning out the window of the speeding wagon, wind blowing through his dreadlocks...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we cut backstage inside the arena on Saturday Night Wrestling with the chyron reading "EARLIER TONIGHT."]

"Just let me do the talking - I know how he thinks."

[Cut to Shadoe Rage and Jackson Hunter approaching the Chimpanzee area. Interim President Zharkov is hunched over a monitor, silently observing the night's proceedings.]

JH: And no breaking the furniture while we're talking. He's practical like that.

[Shadoe Rage, his head on a swivel, brow furrowed and every muscle in his body tense like a coiled spring replies with a...]

SR: If he doesn't let me get my hands on Paris Crawford there might be some furniture MOVING round here. So do whatever it is you do to persuade him. Dig it?

[Hunter puts on his least fake smile and tries to approach his former protege.]

JH: Heyyyy! Big guy-

[The AWA Interim President wheels around dramatically, as though he sensed their approach.]

MZ: I presume you also wish to speak to me regarding a match for the World Tag Team Championship.

[Hunter's grin is frozen in fear. Rage, the bolder of the two, sneers at Hunter as he shoulders the man aside.]

SR: Yes.

MZ: I see two former AWA title holders before me. Your credentials speak for themselves.

SR: (smiling) Right.

[Zharkov scowls down at Hunter.]

MZ: ...Forged or not.

[Hunter's eyes dart nervously as he maintains his fake smile. Rage fidgets impatiently. He regards Hunter with less than supportive enthusiasm. Much much less.]

SR: So, we get the shot? You're going to give me Paris Crawford, right?

[Zharkov shakes his head.]

MZ: As a tag team, you are unranked. Fortunately, there is an opening tonight for a tag team exhibition match. A chance to impress the Championship Committee... and me. Do that and I shall take your request under consideration.

[Rage is fuming. He looks expectantly to Jackson Hunter, waiting for him to say something.]

JH: ...

MZ: Anything else?

JH: ...

MZ: Good. That is all.

[Zharkov nods to Shadoe Rage before coldly turning his back away to Jackson Hunter.]

SR: [under his breath to Hunter] You know how he thinks? Let you do the talking? Maybe from now on I do the talking... Biff.

[And with that, we go to live action in another part of the backstage area where we find Mariah Wolfe is standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

MW: Team Supreme suddenly finds themselves with a whole world of potential challengers gunning for them and I can't wait to see them all get their shot... starting with Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan - former two-time champions themselves - two weeks from tonight LIVE on ESPN in Portland, Oregon!

[Wolfe grins.]

MW: Memorial Day Mayhem may be in the books, fans, but the ripples of what went down that night in Dodger Stadium are still being felt... including from the shocking appearance of a woman who hadn't stepped into a wrestling ring in 12 years... Hall of Famer "Superstar" Stephanie Harper was the final entrant in the 30 woman Rumble match and her appearance certainly excited the fans on hand in Los Angeles and left the wrestling world buzzing!

Tonight, I am fortunate to have the chance to interview the Hall of Famer herself... she is joining us live via satellite from her home in El Paso, Texas, to talk about what went down and why.

[We then cut to another shot of Stephanie Harper herself. She is seated in a recliner in her home and is dressed in a light blue women's polo shirt and blue jeans. Her light brown hair comes down just to her shoulders.

We then cut to a split screen shot with Wolfe on the left and Harper on the right.]

MW: Stephanie, thank you so much for joining me tonight!

SH: [nodding] Thank you, Mariah, I'm glad to do so.

MW: Let me start by saying that your appearance in the Memorial Day Rumble came as a big surprise to a lot of people! What was it that prompted you to get back into the ring after not having wrestled for 12 years?

[Harper is quiet for a moment.]

SH: I'd say the main reason is because of my daughter... as everyone knows now, I got married and have a daughter now... she's eight years old... but somebody mentioned to me that she has never seen me wrestle... except for a YouTube clip of a match from the past.

[A smile forms on her face.]

SH: I guess I just wanted my daughter to get a chance to see me wrestle firsthand, even if it was in a Rumble match, even if it was for just one night.

MW: Well, you definitely thrilled the AWA faithful with your appearance! What was that like to hear the crowd respond to you that way?

[Harper again pauses, pressing a hand to her chin, almost like she's trying to keep her composure.]

SH: Oh my, that reception I got... it was the most amazing thing. I knew from talking to fans at AWA fanfests that they enjoyed watching me in the ring, but I never imagined I'd get a response like that.

[She pauses again and takes a breath.]

SH: That's a moment I am never going to forget. I am so grateful for those fans who let me know how happy they were to see me back in the ring.

MW: Well, as we all saw, you didn't just make a surprise appearance, but you played a key role in the outcome of events when you tossed out Casey Cash and spoiled the possibility of three members of E-Girl Max at the end of the Rumble. The two of you even got into an altercation after you were eliminated. What do you have to say about that?

[Harper is quicker with a response this time.]

SH: First of all, Mariah, I do want to congratulate Harley Hamilton on winning the Memorial Day Rumble. I look forward to seeing her in the Women's Title match at Girls to the Front against whoever the champion might be.

And I know that my friend Julie Somers intends to be the champion by that time, but she knows enough to not look too far ahead when you have other challengers coming for her in the meantime.

[Harper pauses.]

SH: As far as Casey Cash is concerned, I did get caught up in the heat of the moment after I had been eliminated. The thing is, once I stepped between the ropes, the adrenaline kicked in and I was still feeling it at that moment. I just let my emotions get the better of me.

[Wolfe grins.]

MW: Well, it seems Casey is not simply upset about you attacking her after your elimination, even if she did play a hand in helping Harley to eliminate you from the Rumble. She's challenged you to face her in the ring, one on one.

SH: [nodding] I heard her challenge on Showtime, Mariah... but the thing is, when I agreed to make the appearance in the Memorial Day Rumble, it was to be for that night only unless I won the match, and if I did, I would fulfill the obligation to face the Women's World Champion at Girls To The Front. Obviously, I didn't win, so I have no further obligation to wrestle for the AWA.

[We can hear boos coming from the fans in the arena in San Jose.]

MW: So what does this mean for Casey's challenge to you?

[Harper pauses for a moment again.]

SH: Let me first say that Casey could have talked about her excitement for her friend Harley winning the shot for the Women's Title at Girls to the Front... or how Cinder still has her own shot secured thanks to the Steal the Spotlight contract. Casey could talk about how either one of them could become the first woman to hold two separate titles in the AWA, assuming they remain tag team champions going into Girls To The Front.

Casey could even talk about how long she lasted in that ring, how she proved she could match up with the best the AWA has to offer.

Instead, she spends her time complaining about how, in a match where it's everyone for themselves, I was spoiling the opportunity to make the Rumble all about her and her friends being there at the end, as if they are entitled to that.

[She stops for a moment, like she's trying not to raise her voice.]

SH: As for me, while I am truly grateful that I got one more moment in the wrestling ring, I have no intentions of getting back into the ring again. There is a lot of great talent in the AWA Women's Eivision and I'm content to see that talent perform. My career may have ended earlier than I would have liked, but I had a great career and I'm content to have that one moment my daughter could appreciate. I don't want to keep chasing moment after moment.

So, Casey... no, I'm not going to face you. There are a lot of talented women in the AWA and, if you want to show how great E-Girl Max is, you get in the ring against those women and prove that, like your friends have already proved and may further prove, you are worthy of being a champion, too.

[There's silence for a moment, after which Wolfe nods.]

MW: Well, there you have it. Stephanie, is there anything else you would like to add?

SH: All I can say about Memorial Day Mayhem is... thank you to all the fans who were so excited to see me. I'll always appreciate your support.

MW: Stephanie, thank you for taking time to visit with me.

SH: [nodding] Thank you, Mariah.

[We fade from the split screen back to a shot inside the arena, the crowd on their feet at their chance to be on camera...]

SA: Hall of Famer Stephanie Harper making it clear that her one night appearance at Memorial Day Mayhem was exactly that... a one night appearance, Colt.

CP: Sure.

SA: You don't believe her?

CP: I believe she believes it. But what I believe is that there's a reason that this sport attracts the best of the best, Albano. This sport can be addictive. The money, the fame, the stardom... the women... the rush. Whatever it is that drives you, this business has it. It's why guys like me with a serious injury risk permanent damage to push an aging body back inside the squared circle for one more run... or even one more match. How many people have we seen come back to the ring for "one more match?" time and time again? Stephanie Harper can tell the world she's done... she can tell herself she's done... but best of luck in keeping her word on that.

SA: She mentioned Casey Cash and the rest of E-Girl MAX... who we are moments away from seeing out here in the ring. Of course, Harley Hamilton and Cinder retained the Women's World Tag Team Titles in Dodger Stadium against the Country Punks... Casey Cash had one of the longest Rumble runs of the night... and Harley Hamilton became the winner of the 2018 Rumble, locking herself in as the challenger on August 18th in Madison Square Garden.

CP: Between all that and Cinder still holding that Steal The Spotlight contract, it truly is the year of E-Girl MAX, Sal.

SA: As much as I hate to admit it, you could be right. And all week long on their social media accounts, these women have been hyping up a huge surprise for here tonight in San Jose. You said you know what it is, Colt... care to shed some light on this.

CP: Oh, come on... it's almost time! You were the kind of kid sneaking downstairs to peek at Christmas gifts on Christmas Eve, weren't you?

SA: No comment on that one but-

[The gritty, soulful opening riff of "Ball and Chain" by Janis Joplin crackles through the speakers as the camera cuts to the back, where we see a sleek black limo rolling into view, its chrome glinting under the night sky. The limo doors swing open with a dramatic flourish as Harley Hamilton steps out first, wearing a subdued outfit for her standards, consisting of a velour Under Armour tracksuit.

Cinder, with her crazed Cheshire cat grin follows closely behind, looking fresh off another "Dolls Kill" spending spree wearing a sleeveless black t-shirt with an incomprehensible-looking black metal logo on it, tucked into black leather shorts-- it's her turn to carry EGM's trophies tonight, with two belts slung under either arm, Cinder's sticker-encrusted Steal the Spotlight binder in one hand, and Harley Hamilton's "Girls To The Front" contract encased in an ornate frame in the other.

"Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash steps out next, wearing an oversized royal blue Under Armour hoodie with a yellow logo over her customary Maryland flag print ring gear with black kneepads and black boots, and a pair of heart-shaped sunglasses with royal blue frames resting on the crown of her head. The Thompson Sisters, Harmony and Melody, step out in sync, chattering excitedly, as Riley Campbell backs out of the limo slowly, snapping away with her camera at whoever or whatever remains inside.]

SA: That limo just pulled up backstage... and that's E-Girl MAX, Colt! They promised a surprise tonight. Colt is silent on this one but... it could be a big name, a new ally, something to cement their chances to carry all the gold by the end of the summer.

CP: I'm all in for this, Albano. Wait til you see what they've got in store for us!

[It's then that the crowd absolutely ERUPTS as Steph Curry steps out last, fresh off Golden State's NBA title win just 24 hours ago, rocking a sleek Under Armour tracksuit with one of his championship rings catching the light.]

SA: Wait-WHAT?! STEPH CURRY? One day after the NBA Finals, and he's with E-Girl MAX!?

CP: Are you kidding, Sal? That's the Splash King! Casey Cash's Under Armour connections hit the jackpot!

SA: I thought you already knew.

CP: I... I did! I do! I did!

[The group begins their walk from backstage to the ring, emulating the iconic, unhurried strut of a classic rock entourage...

...and after several moments, the camera pans low to capture their boots hitting the ramp in unison as the cheers turn into a deafening roar.

The group walks toward the ring, with Curry lingering on the ramp, waving to the fans chanting "M-V-P!" as golden pyrotechnics burst overhead.]

SA: What an ovation!

CP: This is real star power, Sal! This is a gathering of champions!

[Once inside the squared circle, Harley snatches a microphone, while Cinder spins around like a manic dervish, letting all her championship gold helicopter around her, and Casey leans coolly against the ropes. The Thompson Sisters hold the ropes open for Steph Curry, as he steps through the ropes. Casey Cash meets Curry first, the two exchanging a rather complicated series of high fives and fist bumps as Riley Campbell's camera flashes in the background, capturing the moment. Surprisingly, Curry then greets Campbell with the same complicated series of high fives and fist bumps, which she flawlessly matches. Casey Cash turns to a nearby camera...]

"THAT'S THE UNDER ARMOUR SECRET HANDSHAKE!"

[Harley chuckles, before turning her attention to the crowd.]

HH: Who needs a parade? I think we're doing a pretty dang good job of celebrating right here in San Jose!

[Shockingly, Harley is greeted with a massive ROAR from the decidedly starstruck crowd.]

HH: For months, Cindy and I, have been the most dominant tag team the AWA has ever seen. And Casey Cash, the marathon woman of the Rumble, the Iron Maiden... she's the fastest-rising star in the sport!

So, it's only fitting that we roll with another champion, the Splash King himself, Steph Curry!

[The crowd erupts with a massive ROAR, shaking the arena. The Thompsons do a "We're not worthy" bow towards Curry, who meets Harley with a fist bump.]

HH: We've cleaned out the tag team division... every team worth defeating, we've defeated! There's no doubt, Seductive & Destructive are the greatest tag team in the world! And now, with the tag division conquered, our sights are set on Julie

Somers' AWA Women's World title. Her reign's on its last legs, and it's only a matter of time before Cindy or I take that gold right off her waist!

[Harley hands the microphone off to Cinder.]

C: Aye, cop a load o' us! Ah'm gettin' a proper workout from haulin' these trophies aroun'! Pure dead brilliant we is! Maybe the AWA needs tae invest in rings, but then we'd all get arthritis like all th' other women in th' Maymorial Day Merman Rumble...

[Casey Cash interjects.]

CC: There's a reason our names are on everyone's minds, trending worldwide! There's a reason everyone is jealous of us and wants to tear us down! It's because we're not cowards like Stephanie Harper! It's because we don't complain non-stop like the Country Punks! We make a plan, put it in motion, and follow through! We're winners!

[The trio high-fives as Curry takes the mic, the crowd going ballistic.]

SC: Man, San Jose, what a night! We won another world title last night and now I'm here with the baddest crew in professional wrestling. I've seen these ladies dominate inside this ring like I dominate on the court! They're building a dynasty of their own and their performances?

[Curry pauses and mimics his signature shot with a flick of his wrist.]

SC: Almost as pretty as one of my three balls! Girls, you're rewriting the game!

HH: Aw, you're making me blush, Steph. From one point guard to another-

["Blood on the Blue Grass" interrupts Hamilton as the crowd in San Jose crowd also cheers the cue for the arrival of the Country Punks!]

SA: Oh yeah! The Country Punks have heard enough of this self-congratulation party!

CP: How do you think our friends at ESPN feel about Steph Curry being cut off by these two? Huh?!

[Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol comes out first, garbed in her shearling coat, but over her Daisy Duke shorts and turquoise cowboy boots she wears a number 35 Kevin Durant Warriors T-shirt. Behind her stomps Victoria June. The Afro Punk isn't in a celebratory mood. She is dressed in her ring gear: black leotard, torn fishnet stockings, Doc Martens and Hot Topic long fingerless armwarmers. The Spider-Woman's makeup is done up in Afro Punk style by Fenty makeup, her lips black, her eyeliner looks like it could cut a woman with its sharp designs. Her coarse blonde hair is pointed into a helmet of Liberty spikes.

As the duo approaches the ring, they each grab microphones from ringside before rolling under the ropes. June comes up hot, looking to storm the champions who backpedal as Cristol grabs June by the arm, shaking her head as she steers her backwards... for now.]

SA: The Country Punks are in the ring... and if Steph Curry values his physical wellbeing, he should start looking for the exit.

CP: Are you saying these two are going to assault an NBA legend?!

[Cristol grins at the cheering crowd, firing off a finger pistol as June looks to get around her to get her hands on the champions. "The Pistol" raises her mic as she continues to restrain her partner, looking across the ring at E-Girl MAX and a nervous-looking Steph Curry.]

KC: Mr. Curry, don't worry. You're in no danger here tonight...

[She smirks.]

KC: ...unless Ayesha doesn't know about you hanging out with these chicks.

[The crowd oohs at the remark as Curry mouths "Oh she knows. I'm not crazy."]

KC: We came to talk to the "champions" here.

[Cinder takes umbrage at the tone of Cristol, shouting something off-mic at her that "The Pistol" ignores.]

KC: Mr. Curry, you know what it takes to win a championship.

[Curry nods.]

KC: And you know what it means to defend those championships. So congratulations on holding off LeBron. But you're not going to run away and hide from him, right? If he makes the Finals again next year you're going to face him again. Like a champion, right?

[Curry looks puzzled by the question as Cristol continues.]

KC: Because that's what champions do. Right, Harley? Right, Cinder?

[Harley rolls her eyes before responding.]

HH: Oh, please, ladies, we've beaten you every single time it's mattered, and quite frankly, it's getting boring. As far as we're concerned, you're yesterday's news. You don't deserve another shot at our titles!

[June raises her mic, fire in her eyes.]

VJ: Oh, we ain't askin' for a title shot tonight. We askin' for a fight. Ah'm mad as Hell right now and ah need to hit somethin'.

[Casey Cash looks alarmed, leaning over to whisper into Hamilton's ear.]

VJ: And it looks like y'all are out here and y'all got some punchable faces. So how about we punch you out tonight? What you say we go head up like it's open runs at UCLA?

[The crowd celebrates that idea.]

HH: Are you serious? You hear them?

C: I cannae believe anyone would DARE... WOULD DARE... suggest anything that inflict violence on the angelic faces of Casey Cash and Harley Hamilton. I dare ya to come an' have half-a-go at punchin' my face again, Vekki June!

[June makes a lunge at her longtime rival only to be cut off by Cristol again, shaking her head at her partner as Cinder continues to try to antagonize the Afro Punk.]

C: Ye kin punch me in the face all ye please, but for threatenin' my crew, I'll bite 'em off at the wrist. You'll live your life with no hands, Vekki! Bloody stumps is all you'll have, so get THAT right roon ya!

[Casey Cash raises her own mic now to add her two cents as Steph Curry starts to look like he's wondering what he got himself involved with.]

CC: Just more ego. They went off making defenses for your belts before the match was even held, and now they're out here thinking they can beat all of us up when they lost yet again to Harley and Cindy.

[Harley smirks.]

HH: Sorry, out of the goodness of our hearts, we're going to have to turn down that challenge. There's but only two of you and three of us, and Cindy and I have already proved the two of us are already way too much for you two to handle. You're outgunned.

[Cristol shakes her head.]

KC: Outgunned? Oh, we're never outgunned. In fact, we've been in the back auditioning for someone to join us if you were brave enough to take this match. Let's just say wrestlers were jumping out the window to get their hands on y'all.

[June nods.]

VJ: But the one we picked kinda needs a little pick me up tonight. She's been lookin' for a fight and ah reckon we should be kind enough to give her one. And she been itching to get a piece of y'all too...

[June lowers the mic, a smirk of her own on her face as the E-Girl MAX gang turn to look down the aisle...]

#I GOT/ I GOT/ I GOT LOYALTY GOT ROYALTY INSIDE MY DNA#

[The crowd erupts at Kendrick Lamar's iconic opening line as the first Women's World Champion Lauryn Rage steps out onto the entrance ramp.]

CP: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me! Where the heck is Zharkov when you need him?!

SA: It's Da Kid herself! Lauryn Rage has arrived in San Jose and if I heard that right, she's looking for a fight! Colt, Interim President Zharkov told her she couldn't get involved with the Slam Sorority tonight but he didn't say a word about tangling with E-Girl MAX and this is a date that Rage has been looking for for a long, long time now!

[Rage stands on the ramp for a little, looking supremely pissed off and still in pain before she gathers herself and sets off down the aisle, powerful stride on full display. She steps through the ropes, glaring at everybody before throwing up her fist in the air. As the music fades, she takes control of June's microphone before taking center ring, the EGM crew now huddling back in the corner with Steph Curry looks on puzzled...]

LR: First off, congratulations to you, Steph.

[Curry grins, nodding at the newest person in the ring.]

LR: I know Under Armour is paying you a grip to pretend you like these skanks.

[Harley is quick to hold Cinder back, as she yells bloody murder at Lauryn for the insult as the crowd cheers as Cristol cups a hand over her mouth.]

LR: I'm glad you got you another ring and a nice little paycheck, too. But right now ain't about you. And I'm pretty sure you know, being married to a Toronto girl, yourself, that when a Canadian woman is pissed off that you should probably take a step back and get the Hell outta Dodge.

[Rage steps closer to Curry, the crowd starting to buzz.]

SA: Hold on now... he's an invited guest, Lauryn.

[Rage jabs a finger in the air at him.]

LR: In fact, take your little Under Armour gear and get out of my ring, because this Nike girl got something to say to your little brandmates here and I promise you don't wanna be anywhere near it!

[There's a mixed reaction to that... the San Jose fans showing their loyalty to the NBA champion as Casey Cash turns to Steph Curry, telling him "You don't have to take that from her!" as he holds up his hands in mock surrender and backs up, moving to the safety of standing behind The Thompson Sisters and Riley Campbell. The cameras turn back to a very pissed off Lauryn Rage.]

LR: Now back to you. The Punks said it right. I'm in a mood for a fight tonight because Zharkov is putting me in handcuffs. He said I can't touch Laura Davis. He said I should throw away my list. Well, maybe I should. And maybe I should focus on being the one to take that title from Julie Somers.

[The crowd cheers again as Hamilton shakes her head, shouting "SHE'S OURS!" as Cinder insistently shoves her Steal The Spotlight contract in the air.]

LR: But then the Punks asked me to be their partner tonight. And Zharkov didn't say nothing about putting paws on you.

[Another big cheer rings out as June nods, clapping for Rage.]

LR: He didn't say nothing about that. So tonight I'm gonna get in this ring next to these two fine women and we're gonna stomp you out, you know what I'm talking about? We want all that smoke.

Because the three of you been sitting on my List since SuperClash. I ain't forgot about you settin' me up. I want you to remember, I don't do it first... I just do it worse. And when you're looking up at the lights, wondering what the Hell just happened. Lauryn Rage just wore your asses out. That's what happened. And it's like that because that's the way it is!

[Harley Hamilton glares at Lauryn but then smirks and giggles, drawing a confused look from Rage and The Country Punks.]

HH: Oh, you probably thought you'd catch us unaware, huh? Thought you'd sneak up on E-Girl MAX and start a little brawl while we're out here celebrating? Well, newsflash, ladies...

[Harley grabs the zipper of her tracksuit and yanks it down, shrugging it off her shoulders to reveal a cropped halter top.]

HH: ...after all the times Zharkov has unfairly stuck us into impromptu matches, trying to screw us over left and right... this time, we're prepared!

[She kicks off her pants next, revealing the wrestling trunks she's wearing underneath, stepping out of them and doing a full spin to show she's fully ring-ready, the crowd roaring with anticipation.]

HH: Lauryn, you can go ahead and want "all the smoke" because we're not just the smoke... we're the fire that's gonna consume you and burn you to ash!

You want a match?

You've got it!

[The SAP Center erupts in massive cheers, the energy electric as E-Girl MAX squares up, ready for war, while The Country Punks and Lauryn Rage nod with fierce determination.]

SA: Is this really happening? An impromptu trios match right here in San Jose? This is insane... someone get President Zharkov on the line!

CP: Insane? This is gold, Sal! EGM's geared up and ready to dominate! Let's get this party started!

[The scene fades to commercial as officials rush to ringside, the crowd chanting "LET THEM FIGHT!" while the two teams stare each other down.]

We open to a plain white room, and a smiling Michelle Bailey, who has changed out her glasses for safety goggles. She is identified with a graphic, reading "Michelle Bailey - Expert Consultant".]

MB: Hello, and welcome to the AWA Technologies testing lab! When the team here, in collaboration with 2K Games, asked me to tell you at home about the upcoming AWA 2K18, I was faced with a dilemma. I hardly know anything about video games!

[We cut to Michelle holding a Sega Genesis controller, surrounded by smart-looking people in labcoats, with the sounds of ToeJam and Earl playing in the background. She looks up with a shrug, saying "this is the only game I know how to play". We then cut back to Michelle in the white room with a slight frown.]

MB: So obviously, we needed to call in a pro to help me.

[We pan back to see Kimmy Bailey holding a controller. She is identified with a graphic as well, reading "Kimmy Bailey - Video Game Genius".]

KB: Mama, you ain't gonna believe what they've done with this game! I thought last year's was somethin'...

[Kimmy lets out a low whistle.]

KB: But take a look at this!

[Kimmy presses a button, and the room transforms into a digital representation of the Saturday Night Wrestling arena packed with fans, with the mother and daughter standing inside of a ring, Michelle looking around in confusion.]

KB: Have you ever wanted to play through the storied career of Juan Vasquez?

[Michelle tilts her head.]

MB: But I was there for most of it...

[Kimmy ignores her mother.]

KB: With the new Showcase mode, you can!

[Kimmy presses a button, and her outfit changes to a replica of Juan Vasquez's, along with an AWA 2K18 T-shirt. Michelle looks on in surprise as Kimmy flexes.]

KB: You can take on practically everyone my daddy's faced! You can even play as the West Memphis Assassin!

[Kimmy presses another button, and the West Memphis Assassin's mask covers her face. We hear snarling in the background, as the camera pans to see digital representations of all the big opponents in Juan Vasquez's past - among them, Stevie Scott, Calisto Dufresne, Luke Kinsey, Shane Destiny, and Ryan Martinez - with a digital version of Raphael Rhodes standing in front of them. Michelle gets a worried look in her eyes.]

MB: You have to face all of them?!

[Suddenly, from the side, Juan Vasquez steps beside Kimmy, shaking his head.]

JV: I think you better let me handle this one. Hold down the left trigger and hit X.

KB: Sure thing, Daddy!

[Kimmy does so and Juan transforms into a digital version of himself, charging into a fight against all his famed foes. Michelle looks on in amazement as Kimmy holds up the controller.]

KB: That ain't all! If you want to be in control of the AWA, just put yourself in Maxim Zharkov's shoes with the new Galaxy Mode!

[Kimmy presses another button, and her outfit turns into a button down and slacks, pencil behind her ear, holding a clipboard in one hand and the controller in the other. The arena also repeatedly transforms, from Showtime, to Memorial Day Mayhem, to Power Hour, to the Crockett Coliseum, to SuperClash.]

MB: You mean I can make the matches?

KB: Of course, Mama! There's over 150 stars from the AWA's past and present, plus more than 25 different arenas to choose from, with over 20 different match types from your basic singles match to War Games! You can even make E-Girl MAX fight themselves!

[We pan to the other side, where Harley Hamilton, Cinder, and Casey Cash stand, glaring.]

HH: That'll never happen!

KB: Oh yeah?

[Kimmy holds down the right trigger and presses B, and all three turn into digital representations of themselves, with digital Casey wearing a referee shirt.]

KB: Oh, and there's a new special referee mode, too! Now get to work, you three!

[As the digital versions of EGM loudly complain, we see Maxim Zharkov himself enter the frame.]

MZ: I think you might want to let me handle this.

KB: Oh! Sure, Interim Boss!

[Kimmy hands Zharkov the pencil and clipboard, and he turns into a digital representation of himself, walking towards the fussing digital EGM as we close back in to Michelle and Kimmy.]

KB: And if that many stars ain't enough for you, they beefed up the creation suite to make as many as your hard drive can hold, or even modify the existing roster!

MB: Baby, don't...

[Kimmy holds down the left and right bumpers, pressing A, and turns Michelle into a digital version of herself. The camera whips around to see a seven foot tall version of Ayako Fujiwara, eyes glowing with a heavenly light, as Molly Bell happily purrs beside her. The digital Michelle looks across the ring in horror.]

MB: Reset the game right now, young lady!

[Kimmy pouts.]

KB: All right, fine. Sheesh. She was on your side.

[Kimmy presses the home button, as Michelle turns back to normal, and we're back in the white room. Michelle puts her hand to her chest, gasping.]

KB: And you can even take AWA action with you on the go!

[A Nintendo Switch is thrown into the frame, as Kimmy catches it without looking.]

KB: We got a version of AWA 2K18 on the Switch!

[And an iPhone gets thrown into the frame, again with Kimmy catching the device without effort.]

KB: Plus exclusive iOS and iPadOS versions!

[Michelle puts her hands on her hips with a sigh.]

MB: I'm really glad I asked you.

KB: Sure thing, Mama! That's AWA 2K18, coming this fall to practically everywhere! PlayStation, Xbox, Switch, Apple mobile devices, Windows, and Mac!

[Kimmy narrows her eyes.]

KB: But not Android, bless their hearts.

[We cut to the AWA 2K18 logo, and logos of the platforms underneath...

...and as we fade back up to live action in the SAP Center, we see the six women ready for action as the crowd buzzes at the addition to the night's card.]

SA: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on ESPN... and as you can see, during the break our esteemed AWA President made this one official and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: We're underway in this impromptu trios encounter. It's already like a powder keg in here and it's waiting to explode!

CP: A powder keg? This is a masterclass in the making, Sal. EGM's synergy is unmatched. If you ask me, The Country Punks and Rage are in over their heads here.

SA: That remains to be... OH! They're going right at it!

[The bell's echo has barely faded before Lauryn Rage, Victoria June, and Kayla Cristol launch a coordinated assault, charging right at E-Girl MAX in the corner! Lauryn Rage opens with a calculated Perfect Punch that catches Casey Cash square on the jaw, staggering the "Charm City Cutie" and sending her through the ropes and to the floor!]

SA: There goes Casey Cash! She might be out cold!

[Victoria June follows with an explosive shoulderblock, using her broad-shouldered, country-strong frame to bowl over Cinder like a punk-rock battering ram. Kayla targets Harley Hamilton, catching her unawares with a leaping high knee right between the shoulder blades. The early attack pays off, with the trio clearing the ring, as all three members of E-Girl MAX are sent tumbling to the floor amid a chorus of cheers from the San Jose faithful.]

SA: What an explosive start! Rage and The Country Punks' opening bell ambush have E-Girl MAX on the back foot early!

CP: Ambush is right, Big Sal! Cheap tactics right from the get-go because they're not confident enough in their own abilities to get the job done fairly.

SA: I don't quite agree with that, but EGM's proven enough times that they're too savvy and resourceful to stay down for long.

[As The Country Punks and Rage celebrate inside the ring, EGM regroupes in a tight huddle at ringside, with Harley barking orders while Cinder nods fiercely and Casey rubs her jaw. Steph Curry leans in, animatedly gesturing as if diagramming a play, as Riley Campbell captures it all on her camera.]

SA: E-Girl MAX is in a group huddle, but why is Steph Curry in the middle of it? This isn't a timeout in the NBA Finals, it's professional wrestling!

CP: Why not, Sal? Curry's the biggest winner in the NBA these days and he's just sharing some championship-winning advice. I bet EGM's about to turn this around.

[The huddle breaks and EGM slides back in with renewed focus. Harley Hamilton, elects to start off the match, zeroing in her focus on Kayla Cristol.]

"I WANT HER!"

[Cristol frowns, before being encouraged by Victoria June and Lauryn Rage to step up to Hamilton with a "get her, girl!" from the former champion and a "you got this!" from her Afro Punk ally. Cristol gives a confident nod, stepping towards the 2018 Rumble winner.]

SA: It looks like Harley Hamilton wants to start things off and she's gesturing that she wants Cristol the Pistol. No doubt wanting payback for earlier.

CP: It's not just that. These two have a history that dates back all the way to Harley's debut in the AWA. Cristol called out Harley Hamilton then and it's Hamilton who's dominated and defeated her any time they've faced each other since then. If anything, Harley knows she's living rent free in Cristol's head!

[They lock up in a collar-and-elbow tie-up, Hamilton transitioning seamlessly into a side headlock, grinding down with torque, complete with a smug, drawn-out "Yeaaaaahhhh!"]

SA: Headlock by Harley Hamilton and she's got this one cinched in tight!

[Cristol counters with precise elbows to the midsection, shoving Harley into the ropes for a potential backdrop, but Hamilton anticipates, executing a fluid cartwheel evasion and reapplying the headlock from behind...]

SA: Hamilton with that athleticism, getting that hold back on...

[...and sending Cristol to the mat with a headlock takedown as Cinder yells encouragement in her thick Scottish accent...]

"Put dae clamps on'er, Harley! Break `er!"

SA: Hamilton's dictating the pace here, keeping Kayla Cristol grounded and neutralizing her.

CP: Exactly, Sal! She's outclassed on the mat against someone with Harley Hamilton's pedigree. It's like watching a Chess grandmaster toy with a checkers player!

[Cristol fights vertical, slamming more elbows to Hamilton's midsection before lifting and dumping her with a textbook back suplex.]

SA: A big back suplex by Cristol... and the Pistol breaks the headlock!

[Both rise to their feet, Hamilton grabbing at her back as Cristol presses the advantage, using a whip to send her into the neutral corner before charging in after with a back elbow up under the chin...]

SA: Cristol pushing the pace now... ohhh! Short-arm kneelift, right to the abdomen takes Hamilton down onto her knees... but Cristol pulls her right back up, going for the early off-

[An Irish whip attempt is reversed by Hamilton, following in after with a leaping step-up kneelift...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: You could hear that one in Oaktown! Cristol might need to get her dental work checked after that!

[Cut to Steph Curry out at ringside, rubbing at his jaw in perhaps mock sympathy as Hamilton pauses for a moment standing on the second turnbuckle, blowing a kiss to the crowd before transitioning into a running bulldog headlock out of the corner that drives The Pistol into the canvas!]

SA: There's the Bulldog out of the corner and it looks like Harley Hamilton might be setting up for "Hail to the Queen" early on in this one!

[Running out of the corner, Hamilton goes for her signature double stomp curbstomp, but Cristol rolls out of the way just in time!]

SA: Nobody home! Cristol moves out of the way at the last moment!

[Hamilton winces, grabbing at her ankle as Cristol surges up off the mat, lunging towards her for a clothesline...]

...but Hamilton hooks her arm and grabs her into a front-facelock, spinning her over and dropping to one knee, jarring Cristol's neck with a reverse neckbreaker, before spinning back around and driving Cristol into the canvas with a DDT!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHE SPIKED HER GOOD RIGHT THERE!

CP: Harley Hamilton calls that combination "Sad, Beautiful, Tragic" and it just might end in tragedy for Kayla Cristol!

SA: The 2018 Rumble winner makes the cover... but Cristol kicks out at two!

[Hamilton slams her fist into the canvas as Cristol kicks out, as Cinder screams "Lemme have a go at 'er!" She tags in Cinder, who enters with a high-pitched shriek, unleashing a flurry of overhand chops and elbows that drive Kayla into the corner.]

SA: Cinder in now and things may have just gone from bad to worse for Cristol the Pistol!

[Cinder throws her head back and screams, "LET'S DAAAANCE!" before she drives The Pistol into the canvas with a barrage of stomps in the corner.]

SA: Those stomps are just wearing out Kayla Cristol in the corner!

CP: After all the battles they've had, I think Harley and Cinder just might have The Country Punks all figured out at this point, Sal.

SA: You may have a point, but can't the same be said for The Country Punks? They were a heartbeat away from winning the titles less than two weeks ago!

CP: But they didn't! It doesn't matter how close they get, because they can never seal the deal! And in this and any other sport, all that ultimately matters is who wins and who loses.

[Cinder goes back to her corner and tags in Harley Hamilton, the two setting up for a double team move...]

SA: What do we have here out of the World Tag Team Champions?

[A Hamilton whip sends her own partner into the corner, Cinder catching Cristol with a high impact crossbody across the midsection...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then rolls off, landing on the canvas on her knees, leaving her in perfect position as Hamilton comes charging in again...]

CP: We've seen this before! First comes the destruction and then comes the seduc-

[However, Colt gets cut off, as Harley leaps off Cinder's back for her Superwoman forearm smash to complete the combo...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but finds nobody home and smashes chest-first into the turnbuckles!]

SA: OH! Kayla Cristol moves out of the way! Hamilton comes up empty!

[Cristol turns her focus on the corner, looking to make a tag but Cinder scrambles up quickly, moving to intervene...

...but Cristol spins past her, throwing a desperate dropkick to the back, the feet crashing between the shoulderblades and sending Cinder crashing into her own partner in the corner!]

SA: OHH! And there's an opening right there for Kayla Cristol! Can she make the tag?!

[Stumbling to her feet, Cristol staggers across the ring towards her waiting partners as Casey Cash screams for someone to "STOP HER!"]

SA: TAG!

[Kayla Cristol dives to her corner, slapping the outstretched hand of Victoria June to a big cheer from the crowd!]

SA: Here comes Victoria June! In comes the Afro Punk off the tag!

[Victoria June tags in, the AfroPunk juggernaut looking to shift the momentum. Casey Cash comes in, looking to help her allies but the powerful June runs her right over, cutting her down with a clothesline!]

SA: CLOTHESLINE ON CASH!

[A fired up June swings around to catch a stunned Cinder trying to land a sneak attack, lifting her up across her chest...]

SA: SHE'S LOOKING FOR THE FRONT SLAM! LOOKING TO END THIS ONE RIGHT HERE!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and with Cinder PLANTED beneath her, June hooks a leg and shouts "COUNT IT!" to the official!]

SA: It could be over but-... no! No! The referee is pointing to Hamilton, Harley Hamilton is the legal woman in this match!

[A frustrated June comes off the mat, her hands buried in her spiky hair...]

SA: June's emotions might've gotten the better of her there, losing track of who was legal... I know I forgot for a moment as well.

[...and then goes barreling towards the ropes, looking to build up speed for an attack on Hamilton...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[SHOCKINGLY... Steph Curry extends a hand from the outside and trips Victoria June mid-stride! The SAP Center erupts in unexpected cheers, the local hero's involvement overriding his dastardly deed!]

SA: Outrageous! Steph Curry just interfered, tripping up Victoria June! What the heck is going on?!

CP: Under Armour bonds run deep, Sal. Curry's protecting his people!

SA: I can't believe that just happened! The referee is saying they didn't see a thing as-

[Lauryn Rage, coiled with fury, leaps off the apron and runs toward Curry, but the NBA star retreats swiftly.]

SA: Whoa, whoa, whoa! We're going to need some help out here! The NBA season may be over but Rage is looking to put Curry on a LITERAL hot stove, people!

[Rage pursues Curry relentlessly...

...until she runs into the Thompson Sisters on the outside!]

SA: The Thompsons are-

[The crowd ROARS as Rage unleashes a headbutt on one of them...]

CP: Something happened and she's head over heels!

SA: That's not... oh, never mind.

[...and then drops the other with a big right hand, pointing a finger at the defenseless Curry who backpedals again, shaking his head.]

SA: Lauryn Rage wants a piece of Steph Curry and-

[The referee shouts at Rage from inside the ring, drawing her attention enough for Curry to make a quick getaway safely back to EGM's corner as the crowd laughs and cheers the mayhem.]

CP: The Thompson Sisters are screening for Curry better than Draymond Green ever could!

[Inside the ring, EGM exploits the chaos as Hamilton grabs an also-distracted Victoria June, twisting her around and spiked her down with a running tornado DDT that sends June crashing right into her Liberty spikes!]

SA: Right down on top of her head again... and it's hard to forget that it was Hamilton and Cinder who put June on the shelf with a concussion earlier this year. Perhaps Hamilton hasn't forgotten that either with the second high impact DDT of the night!

[With Cristol still recovering on the outside and Rage trapped in an argument with the official, Cash and Cinder haul June off the mat, tossing her into the corner where they begin rocking her with synchronized machine gun chops, Casey's tribute to Ryan Martinez adding flair as Riley Campbell leads Steph Curry through a chant of "CA-SEY-CASH!" with each strike.]

SA: Unbelievable. I thought Steph Curry was here under contractual obligation but it seems like he's actually thrown in his lot with these... d-delinquents!

CP: Delinquents? This is the most dominant force in the Women's Division! They rule with pure wrestling IQ!

SA: Along with every underhanded tactic in the book!

[Isolating Victoria June in their corner, Casey Cash officially tags in before lifting June into a fisherwoman's suplex complete with the bridge...]

SA: Look at that!

CP: Absolutely perfect.

SA: But June kicks out at two again! The fight in this woman is truly something else, Colt. And I have a feeling that when the Country Punks get Hamilton and Cinder back in the ring with the titles on the line, it'll be that fight that's the difference.

CP: Follow the product, Albano! E-Girl MAX made it crystal clear these two aren't getting another shot at the titles!

SA: That's not their decision to make!

[Coming off the mat, Cash delivers a kneedrop, earning another two count on the Afro Punk as Harley Hamilton cheers from the apron, throwing her head back and doing her own rendition of the "CA-SEY CASH!" chant.]

SA: E-Girl MAX is relentless. This is like watching a pack of wolves circle their prey! And look at Lauryn Rage... finally back up on that apron, itching for a tag. She hasn't gotten officially into this match at all.

CP: Wolves? More like queens ruling the jungle, Sal! Victoria June's tough, but EGM's precision is wearing her down.

[Cash pulls June up by her Liberty spikes as Harley Hamilton tags in. She takes the Afropunk down with a single-leg, holding onto her ankles and sneers at her.]

"You're done, Vicki... time to tap or snap!"

SA: It looks like Harley Hamilton is going for her trademark Indian Deathlock!

CP: That's the Indigenous People's Deathlock, Sal.

SA: Well... yes, it probably should be. Whatever you want to call it though, if she hooks it in, she may be one hundred percent right when she says it's either "tap or snap."

[As Hamilton tries to tie up Victoria June's legs into her dreaded submission hold, the Afropunk grits her teeth and with a surge of power, kicks Hamilton off from her!]

SA: Oh! June powers out of it! Trying to get to her feet before Hamilton can get to hers!

[It's a race that June loses by a hair as Hamilton rushes her...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and runs right into a hiptoss powerslam that shakes the ring!]

SA: Sweet San Lorenzo! Victoria June almost put Harley Hamilton through the mat with that one!

[June stays down on the mat, pushing up to all fours as Hamilton writhes in pain on the canvas...]

SA: Victoria June looking to her corner, looking to her partners... and while Kayla Cristol is trying to recover, Lauryn Rage looks ready as can be to make that tag, Colt!

CP: I'm sure Doc Ponavitch would disagree but...

SA: June on her hands and knees, crawling across the ring, the San Jose crowd cheering her on...

[VJ crawls toward her corner, the crowd rallying behind her as Lauryn Rage extends her fuchsia-gloved hand, pounding the turnbuckle.]

SA: Victoria June's fighting through the pain... she's inches away!

[But just before she can make the tag, Hamilton grabs the ankle, holding on for dear life with a furious "NOOOOO!"...]

...that June answers by rolling to her back and SMASHING her boot down between the eyes of Hamilton, breaking free...]

SA: SHE'S LOOSE! SHE'S LOOSE ANNNNNNNNNND...

[...lunging forward to slap Lauryn's hand. The tag connects, and Lauryn Rage EXPLODES into the ring like a tempest, barreling forward with unbridled fury!]

SA: WE'VE GOT A TAG! AND DA KID IS IN!

[Rage tags in as a house of fire, lifting the rising Hamilton off the mat over her shoulder, rushing forward...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...slamming Harley Hamilton spine-first into the turnbuckles with a Buckle Buster!]

SA: That might take Harley Hamilton out of the match right there, Colt!

[Hamilton is stunned and looking for the exit but Rage is having no part of it, yanking Hamilton towards her, taking her up into the air for a back suplex...]

...but swings her around into a sitout face-first powerbomb, dropping the number one contender on her face to a massive ROAR!]

SA: LAURYN RAGE IS DISMANTLING HARLEY HAMILTON!

[Rage holds onto the legs, rolling Hamilton over onto her back, hanging on as the referee drops down to count...]

SA: WE'VE GOT ONE! WE'VE GOT TWO! WE'VE GOT-

[...but Cinder comes charging in, causing Rage to let go of the pin to come to her feet, burying a boot into the gut of the incoming Scot...]

SA: SNAKEBITE!

[The impact of the stunning maneuver snaps Cinder backwards, sending her flying through the air before crashing down on the canvas...]

SA: Cinder's down and-

[Casey Cash charges in as well, throwing a wild lariat that's ducked and as she turns around...]

SA: MAKE IT TWO!

[...and Cash goes flying through the air, bouncing off the canvas as well!]

SA: Lauryn Rage is dismantling E-Girl MAX here in San Jose!

[The swagger is in full effect as Rage comes back up, stomping around the ring to dispatch both Cinder and Cash to the floor with some boots, talking trash to the Thompsons... to Riley Campbell... and ESPECIALLY to Steph Curry...]

SA: The former Women's World Champion is letting EVERYONE know that she's got this one going her-

[...but with Rage running her mouth, Hamilton seizes the chance to swing her around into a boot to the gut...]

SA: Are you...?

[...and DRIVES Rage down with stunning impact of her own!]

SA: THE HOT GIRL STUNNER! Harley Hamilton caught Lauryn Rage by surprise!

CP: She took her eyes off the prize and it cost her!

[The effort of the attack and the impact from it leaves both women laid out on the canvas, the crowd buzzing at the action as the referee initiates a ten count.]

SA: They're both down after that one! Rage laid out everyone... ALMOST everyone... but Harley Hamilton gets the last laugh with the Hot Girl Stunner but she can't take advantage of it!

[There's several moments where we can see the referee's count growing as more bodies get back off the mat...]

...and when Cinder rolls back into the ring, looking to attack, Kayla Cristol comes charging across!]

SA: Uh oh!

[Cristol is lighting up Cinder with right hands for several blows before Casey Cash and Victoria June get into the mix as well!]

SA: It's breaking down here in San Jose! We've got a fight on our hands!

[June gets Cash backed into the corner, hammering her with right hands as Cristol and Cinder trade hard blows across the ring...]

SA: Hamilton's back up... and now she's getting involved as well!

[With the World Tag Team Champions doubleteaming Kayla Cristol, it's only a matter of time until Rage comes off the canvas, throwing a look around...]

...and then comes charging across the ring, yanking Cinder backwards by the hair, throwing her down to the mat, flipping backwards across to a big cheer as Rage swings Hamilton into another slugfest!]

SA: This is total anarchy! They're fighting all over the ring and... wait a second!

[The crowd reacts negatively at the sight of a new individual at the top of the aisle on the entrance stage...]

SA: That's Laura Davis! She can't be out here!

CP: Why not?! Zharkov said Rage couldn't come after Davis and the Slam Sorority, he didn't say a thing about the other way around!

SA: What?! That's ridiculous!

[Rage peels off of Hamilton, obviously distracted as she shouts down the aisle at a smirking as the action continues to unfold behind Da Kid...]

...who goes from shouting down the ramp to walking down the ramp to a shocked response from the crowd!]

SA: Wait a second! Where is she doing?! Lauryn Rage saw Laura Davis on the stage and she's seeing red right now! She wants her a piece of the #1 Athlete and the leader of the Slam Sorority and she doesn't care what she's going to sacrifice to do it!

CP: She can't put her hands on her or she'll be suspended!

[With Rage stomping down the aisle after Davis, the three-on-two inside the ring takes a turn back in the E-Girl MAX direction with a series of running attacks - an elbow from Cash, a leaping back elbow from Cinder, and a Superwoman forearm from Hamilton - that has June slump into a pile on the mat...]

SA: No! Laura Davis has managed to lead Lauryn Rage away from the match!

CP: E-Girl MAX's chances of winning just shot straight through the roof!

[Inside, Harley regains control on Kayla Cristol, striking her down with a big boot to the jaw that Cain Jackson would be proud of.]

SA: That big boot might have spelled the end of any chance for a comeback. Kayla Cristol is laid out!

CP: That's a familiar position she's in. Looking up at the lights, completely at the mercy of Harley Hamilton.

SA: This match is far from over, Colt.

CP: Is it? Lauryn Rage just bailed, Cristol is trying to pick her teeth off of the canvas and Victoria June is totally laid out on the mat right now!

[A taunting Hamilton watches as Cash tosses June to the outside before signaling her intent to go out after her. Hamilton nods her head proudly, dragging Cristol off the mat...]

...but Cristol leaps up, throwing an enzuigiri!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hamilton ducks the blow, the kick crashing into the skull of Cinder, sending her falling through the ropes to the outside!]

SA: THERE GOES CINDER!

[But as Cristol comes off the mat in a hurry, Hamilton stuns her with a stiff forearm to the jaw, grabbing the arm as she signals to the outside...]

SA: What is she...? Irish whi- reversed!

[Harley then whips The Pistol into the ropes, but Kayla reverses the Irish whip, sending Harley rebounding...]

...unbeknownst to Steph Curry, who accidentally trips Harley mid-stride!]

SA: WHAT?! WHAT!? CURRY TRIPS HAMILTON AND-

[The crowd gasps in shock as Kayla Cristol capitalizes, rolling Harley into a small package pin! The referee slides in.]

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

[The crowd ROARS at the sound of the bell as Curry throws his hands up in the air at the sight of Cristol scoring the victory for her team!]

SA: Unbelievable! Steph Curry tried to interfere again and trips his own ally! The Pistol pins Harley Hamilton for the first time ever! What a shocker!

CP: Shocker? This is a travesty! That's all on Steph Curry... LeBron wouldn't botch like that!

[The SAP Center cheers as Kayla Cristol basks in her milestone victory, motioning for the tag titles alongside a slowly-recovering Victoria June who joins her in her celebration.]

SA: Cristol pins one-half of the tag team champions and if you ask me, that means they deserve a rematch!

CP: No way, Albano! It was a Trios match! It's a controversial ending! Cristol didn't win this on her own!

SA: Are you kidding me right now?! How many times have we see E-Girl MAX use some kind of plot... some kind of shenanigans to win a match... well, this time it backfired on them and the team of the Country Punks and Lauryn Rage... wherever she is... gets the win!

[EGM reels in disbelief outside, Harley and Cinder fuming, while Casey Cash confronts an apologetic Curry. The Thompson Sisters limp away, while Riley Campbell sadly films the fallout.]

SA: What a match... Kayla Cristol's pinfall win on Harley Hamilton changes everything.

CP: No way! This is all Steph Curry's fault! Cristol got lucky!

[As Cristol and June celebrate and E-Girl MAX commiserates, we cut to the top of the ramp where we see Lauryn Rage standing, a grin on her face as she applauds her partners...]

SA: Lauryn Rage back in the arena after chasing Laura Davis out of here... just in time to be announced as a winner of this one, Colt.

CP: For what?! She left her team when it mattered the most! She abandon-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts at the sight of Laura Davis storming back from the backstage area to SLAM a short forearm into the injured lower back of Rage!]

SA: Davis from behind!

[She slams a clubbing forearm down on the back a second time before signaling to the backstage area, bringing Carolina Colton and Trish Wallace into view.]

CP: The whole Slam Sorority is out here!

[Colton and Wallace step to the forefront, nudging their leader aside as they each grab a hurting Rage under the armpit...]

SA: What are they...?

[...and in a showcase of their tremendous power, the duo lifts Rage into the air by the arms, THROWING her down to the metal entrance stage with a horrifying impact!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! That was... that was essentially a DOUBLE spinebuster on the ramp! A standing spinebuster, BOUNCING the already injured back of Lauryn Rage off solid steel and...when we came on the air, we heard Dr. Ponavitch concerned about the back injuries of Rage.

CP: If he was worried before, he's gotta be freaking out right about now because that was a DEVASTATING doubleteam slam by the Sorority, jack!

[As Rage writhes in pain on the ramp, the Slam Sorority seems ready to do more damage...

...but the crowd's cheers alert them to Victoria June and Kayla Cristol running down the aisle in their direction!]

SA: And here comes some help for Lauryn Rage... I don't think the Country Punks had a clue what was going on up there until that horrendous noise on the steel stage and... and of course, the Slam Sorority is running away like thieves in the night at the order of Laura Davis.

[Colton and Wallace bail out reluctantly, ready to fight the Punks too but Davis' shouts have them on the retreat to the disappointment of the fans. The Slam Sorority vanishes through the curtain just as Dr. Ponavitch and Maxim Zharkov shove their way into view, rushing over towards the laid-out Rage.]

SA: We've got the doctor out here... the AWA President as well... and this is a bad scene in San Jose, fans. From the jubilation of victory to the agony of... well, not defeat but an ambush by the Slam Sorority that has left Lauryn Rage motionless on the entrance stage.

[The shot holds on Ponavitch and a pair of his staff tending to Rage, a concerned look all around as Zharkov shakes his head in disgust at a passing E-Girl MAX who are quite amused at this development, taunting Rage as they walk by.]

SA: No class. No class at all right there. Fans, as you can see, we've got medical personnel on the scene working on the already-injured back of the former World Champion and... we're going to take a break but when we come back, we'll hear

"Just you ask the cat and the mouse who's dance is as old as time... they share a love that will never die. Sometimes they're on top. Sometimes they're on the bottom."

[Fade to a snake slithering through dead leaves... backwards.]

"That's what the gators taught me. And you, AWA Soo-per-star: You're on the bottom."

[Fade back to him... haunting hazel eyes, thick eyebrows, moustache and patch of hair under his mouth... He whispers the last words of his monologue.]

"...Welcome to the food chain..."

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids staring blankly at you, holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where we find Mark Stegglet standing backstage in the SAP Center.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE right here on ESPN, AWA fans, where moments ago we saw Lauryn Rage the victim of yet another brutal assault by the Slam Sorority. We just saw her led past this area, taken to Dr. Ponavitch's medical office... Interim President Zharkov was there as well, an obvious look of concern on his face and...

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: ...and you just have to hope Miss Rage is okay after being warned of potential serious injury earlier tonight. Also, fans... moments ago, the news came down that "Cannonball" Lee Connors has accepted the challenge. Just seven days before he does battle with Odysseus Allah in the uber-dangerous Seven Tables of Fear matchup, he'll collide with Jayden Jericho in our third hour in what should be a tremendous battle of two very athletic superstars. And speaking of athletic superstars...

[Stegglet grins as the camera pulls back to reveal Stegglet is standing next to the AWA Women's World Champion, "The Spitfire" Julie Somers. She is dressed in her wrestling attire, a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. Somers also wears a red cap and the Women's World Title belt is strapped around her waist.]

MS: ...I'm here with "The Spitfire" Julie Somers, who is coming off a successful title defense at Memorial Day Mayhem, although not without controversy.

[Somers grimaces for a moment at that remark.]

MS: Julie, I understand you've had the chance to watch the match again and you know what went down in your match against Michelle Bailey. I take it you had a chance to talk to Melissa Cannon about things?

JS: [nodding] Yeah, I sat down with Melissa and we talked. I told her I understood why she came down to ringside and I understood why she wants to have my back. But I told her that I need to show I can handle things myself, even if somebody like Cinder tries to get involved. She and I have an understanding that she won't get

involved in my title defenses. That doesn't mean we won't be there for each other if the need arises, but she understands I want to show everyone I can overcome the odds, like I have before.

MS: Despite what went down, Julie, Michelle did shake your hand after the match as she promised. Have you had a chance to talk to her about how things transpired?

JS: [shaking her head] I haven't. Didn't see her at Showtime and I haven't seen her tonight either. And I appreciate her showing that there aren't any hard feelings about what happened, but given what went down...

[She glances down at the title belt for a moment.]

JS: I've always wanted to defend this title with honor. I don't think I did that at Memorial Day Mayhem, even if Michelle wasn't upset about what happened. I really need to sit down and talk to her as well, because I want to make things right. It's not that we didn't have a great match, but the way it ended... it's just not right, Mark.

MS: You are set to defend the title tonight, but as I understand it, your scheduled opponent is not here.

[Somers nods.]

JS: Yeah, it was supposed to be Ayako Fujiwara. Unfortunately, we all saw what happened to her at Memorial Day Mayhem at the hands of Kurayami. I feel bad that she's not here, because she's a great competitor and she's worthy of a title shot.

MS: So who will be your opponent tonight?

[Somers shrugs.]

JS: I don't know who it will be yet. President Zharkov said he was going to draw out a name among the women's wrestlers who weren't scheduled to have a match tonight. Whoever it is, though, well...

[She bites her lip.]

JS: I mean, I always want to go out and defend my title with honor, but again, I really need to talk to Michelle about what happened and how I want to make things right with her. I don't like that things ended the way they did at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[She brushes back a loose strand of her hair.]

JS: But until then, I'm going to give it my best in that ring against whoever it is that challenges me for the title tonight.

[She then walks off the set.]

MS: There you have it, fans... the AWA Women's Champion is clearly conflicted over what happened at Memorial Day Mayhem. How might that affect her focus tonight? We'll find out a little later but right now, let's head back down to the ring.

[Stegglet grins as we fade back up inside the SAP Center...

...where we can hear the steady drumbeat and twangy guitars of 7Horse's "Meth Lab Zoso Sticker" along with the jeers of the San Jose crowd as the Westerly Dynasty has taken over the ring. Veronica Westerly, the leader of the pack, is

dressed to the nines in a crimson suit jacket and matching skirt, a gold necklace hanging around her neck as she applauds her men.

The newest addition to the group - the Silent Assassin, Nenshou - lurks nearby behind her in a pair of karate-style pants. His torso is bare, revealing his still well-toned physique. The lower half of his face is covered with a draping black cloth, leaving the upper half exposed, his eyes constantly on the move searching for any approaching threats.

Atlas Armstrong wears a sleeveless double-breasted blazer vest with no shirt underneath to show off his impossible upper body musculature and massive arms, black leather pants and black loafers. His hair is tied up in a top knot and his black beard has been freshly oiled and combed.

The black sheep of the Lynch clan, James Lynch, is the final member of the Dynasty in the ring. Lynch has opted for black jeans and a tattered Lynch family t-shirt from the early days of the Lynch family in the AWA. Those with a keen eye will notice that "someone" has blacked out the faces of every wrestling member of the family except James on the shirt.

Westerly sweeps a hand across the air, calling for the music to be cut and the production team obliges, leaving the jeering crowd the soundtrack for one of the AWA's most hated group of competitors. Westerly smirks at the reaction, raising the mic to her painted lips.]

VW: Yes! Yes! If I were you, I'd be booing too!

[The crowd starts to quiet a little, obviously puzzled at Veronica agreeing with them.]

VW: Believe me, there is PLENTY to boo about... you've got lots of options. You could be booing the fact that my husband's BASTARD child appears to be just as bad at choices as his deadbeat dad, refusing my generous offer to make him a superstar.

You could be booing because the AWA saw one of its greatest returns at Memorial Day Mayhem when this man right here - Nenshou - made the dreams of AWA fans around the world come true when he finally came home to the place where he made his wrestling name... right here in the AWA... thanks to me and yet these idiots in the front office have yet to see fit to put him in action.

You could be booing the fact that despite putting Supernova through the fight of his life, James Lynch was not able to walk out of Dodger Stadium with the World Title.

[The crowd cheers that one as Lynch looks around agitated.]

VW: I know, I know. I was looking forward to a new beginning for the AWA World Title too... one where that formerly face-painted goof Supernova wasn't ducking and dodging the top contenders anymore... a new era where James Lynch would show the world that he's the best of his family and has been all along as he holds the World Title with dignity, pride, and honor.

[More boos rain down as Lynch smirks at the description.]

VW: I know you're not booing the fact that the Westerly Dynasty stands stronger than ever with Atlas Armstrong... the Almighty himself... as the ONLY undefeated AWA superstar who matters. He tamed the Alpha Beast... he proved to be Kryptonite for the Modern Day Man of Steel... and now that Team Supreme has picked the bones of Max Magnum and sent him packing, Atlas Armstrong stands along as THE undeniable force in this industry.

[Armstrong reacts to the hype with a double biceps pose and a most muscular crunch. The man's vest strains to hold its seams together.]

VW: You are booing because the World Title does not rest within the grasp of the most dominant unit in professional wrestling - the Westerly Dynasty. You are booing because that World Title does not sit on the shoulders of one of these three men. But don't worry... because that day WILL come.

[She gestures to the trio.]

VW: Where once there were two men taking aim at the World Title, now there are three... three who are unified in their focus... determined in their vision... to bring the World Title to the Westerly Dynasty at all costs. And I promise you again, that day will come...

[She trails off, her face twisting in disgust.]

VW: ...but unfortunately, that day will not be tonight. Because instead of that intellectually deficient Zharkov doing the right thing... the proper thing... and putting one of these three men in a title match with Supernova, he bowed to the pressure of the suits and put everyone's favorite golden boy, Ryan Martinez in the match.

[The crowd ERUPTS at that!]

VW: Ryan Martinez who twisted and shattered my husband's mind and body and left him the empty shell that remains. Ryan Martinez who burrowed his way into my daughter's heart and became the man she calls "brother." Ryan Martinez who claims to be a White Knight for you people but only cares about himself.

That man gets an opportunity to make history tonight...

...and it makes me SICK!

[The fans boo, but before Westerly can get another word in...

...the lights go down, the fans' boos turning to cheers... and said cheers only get louder when we hear the opening notes of Van Halen's "Runnin' With the Devil."

The horns sound, you hear the strums of the guitar as a red light blinks at the entranceway in time with them, and the image of a sun up on the video wall grows larger, and as you hear the keyboard and the guitar riff kick in, the image bursts into a sea of red and one word appears that causes the crowd to roar.

"SUPERNOVA"]

SA: And it looks like the World Champion has heard enough!

[Indeed, the spotlight hits the entranceway and out walks the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Supernova. He is dressed in a black trenchcoat, with the image of a yellow and orange, exploding star on the back, over a black singlet with the same image on the front, plus black tights and black wrestling boots. His brown hair hangs just past his ears and he wears a pair of shades. The AWA World Title is around his waist.]

CP: He's gotta be out of his mind, Big Sal! He's walking down here all alone with three of the most dangerous wrestlers in the business waiting for him.

SA: Supernova's never been a man to back down from a challenge... no matter the odds, Colt.

CP: Well, I hope we've got Ponavitch on standby 'cause I got a feeling we're going to need him.

[Supernova walks down the ramp as the lights come up. He happens to have a mic in one hand, stopping about halfway down the aisle.]

SA: The champion not coming all the way out here, Colt.

CP: Maybe he's smarter than I thought.

[The champion raises the mic.]

S: Let me see if I got this straight...

Veronica Westerly, you're telling everyone that you have three men who are unified to bring the World Title to your Dynasty at any cost...

[Westerly nods, beaming proudly.]

S: ...but what seems to be the problem is... you can't figure out who the next man is going to be, can you?

[The crowd reacts as Westerly looks surprised, throwing a look back and forth between the members of her group.]

S: Let me spell it out for you, Veronica...

At Memorial Day Mayhem, James Lynch got his chance to show everyone, as you put it, that he's the best in his family and has been all along, and what exactly happened?

He LOST... that's what happened!

[The crowd cheers as Lynch angrily slams his arms down on the top rope, shouting an impromptu challenge to the World Champion, inviting him inside the ring on the spot.]

S: The way I see it, Lynch... you had your chance and you didn't get the job done!

[The crowd cheers again as Lynch does the belt gesture at Nova.]

S: And you're not gonna get another shot just because you or anyone else talk about it!

[Lynch is fuming now as he turns to talk to Westerly.]

S: Oh, but then, Veronica, you decided to bring back not just a name from the past, but a name from MY past...

[He gestures at Nenshou.]

S: Yeah, Nenshou, you and I crossed paths before and you DID get the better of me then... but that was a long time ago and much has changed!

I'm no longer that young kid who was just happy to be here... I'm a little older, a little wiser, maybe a little meaner, and more than a little angry about you attacking me after my match!

[Nenshou is sudden, clearing the distance to the ropes in a blur, hopping to the middle rope and threatening to hurl himself over onto Supernova who shakes his head, confident he's at a safe distance...]

S: But what's happened in the past... recent or not... doesn't matter when you haven't been in the AWA for some time and you need to get in line behind a lot of guys who have been here for a while and proven themselves!

[He then turns his gaze toward Armstrong.]

S: Like the man I'm looking at right now!

[Supernova nods, perhaps out of respect.]

S: Congratulations, Atlas! You got yourself a big win... one that I'm sure plenty would say demonstrates that you deserve a shot at this title.

[Off-mic, we can hear Armstrong shout "You know this, Supernova. I'm the man who deserves that shot!" The champion smiles, tilting his head slightly before responding.]

S: There's just one problem...

You had the opportunity to appear at Showtime and let everybody know exactly what you wanted!

But it looks like you let yourself get distracted... you thought more about your manager's newest recruit and less about the title!

[Armstrong throws a hard look at Nenshou.]

S: Meanwhile, somebody who could have easily let other things distract him, didn't... and that man, Ryan Martinez, came out on Showtime and he issued his challenge!

And I accepted, knowing full well that the White Knight has proven time and time again that he deserves the shot!

[Supernova shrugs.]

S: So the way I see it, Atlas... you snooze, you lose!

[The fans cheer as Supernova grins... but only for a moment. Atlas is glowering with anger.]

S: But after tonight's defense, I'll be more than happy to have a discussion about who's next in line for a title sh-

[The voice of Veronica Westerly breaks through.]

VW: ENOUGH! I've had enough out of you! You just came out here to prove I was right about every single thing I said... you're out here to make excuses as to WHY you won't fight James Lynch again... about WHY you won't step in the ring with Nenshou... about WHY you won't take on the Almighty.

You know, Supernova... you used to come out here with your face painted yellow... but now the only yellow I see is the stripe running down your back!

[The crowd jeers as Supernova grimaces... and then takes a couple of steps towards the ring.]

VW: Now?! You want to do this now?! You want to step in here against the collective might of the Westerly Dynasty?!

[Supernova pauses in the aisle, then nods.]

S: You're right... the odds are not favorable.

[He then grins again...]

S: That is to say... they're not favorable for you!

[...and reaches into his trenchcoat, slowly pulling a wooden baseball bat into view to a HUGE ROAR from the San Jose crowd.]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA, SUPERNOVA IS LOOKING TO KNOCK ONE OUT OF THE PARK!

CP: Hey, Sal, we're not in Dodger Stadium any longer!

SA: I think someone forgot to tell Supernova that!

[With the crowd ROARING, Supernova tosses the mic aside, diving headfirst under the ropes, coming to his feet as Westerly frantically calls for her team to get the hell out of the ring...]

SA: THE CHAMP'S HERE FOR BATTING PRACTICE AND-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the San Jose fans react to Supernova burying the end of the bat's barrel into the midsection of James Lynch, doubling him over...]

SA: DOWNSTAIRS ON LYNCH!

[...and then comes up high, smashing the barrel into the sternum of the attacking Nenshou, knocking him off his feet where he promptly rolls to the outside where Veronica Westerly is waving her arms, calling her men to the outside...]

SA: NENSHOU'S DOWN AS WELL!

[...and as Supernova pivots, he takes aim at the only man not coming on strong - the Almighty Atlas Armstrong who stands his ground as Nova winds up, swinging it down like an axe towards the big man...]

SA: LOOK OUT!

[...and Armstrong's mighty arms come swinging up, his powerful hands grasping the barrel of the bat, preventing it from crowning him between the eyes!]

SA: WHAT?! WHAT?!

CP: HE CAUGHT THE BAT!

[Armstrong RIPS the bat out of a shocked Supernova's hands, sneering before he raises it overhead. The Champion drops back in a defensive posture, arms raised to block a blow...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Armstrong SNAPS the bat in half in his mighty grasp, throwing the splintered halves aside...]

SA: OH! HE BROKE IT! BROKE IT RIGHT IN HALF!

CP: LOOK AT THE POWER!

[...and a shocked Supernova takes a reflexive pair of steps backwards, his jaw dropped and eyes wide in disbelief...]

SA: Atlas Armstrong broke that wooden baseball bat like it was a toothpick, Colt!

CP: And from the look on his face, Supernova might be next!

[The World Champion shakes the shock and awe, lashing out with a right hand... and another... and another...]

SA: Supernova was as surprised as the rest of us at Armstrong breaking the bat but he's not done yet! He came to fight and that's EXACTLY what he's going to do!

[The barrage of blows from Supernova sends Armstrong falling back into the corner where the fists come faster, battering a defenseless Armstrong into the turnbuckles before grabbing him by the arm...]

SA: Irish whip across! HERE... HE... COMMMMMMMES!

[...and Supernova goes barreling across the ring, leaping into the air, soaring through the sky for his signature Heat Wave splash in the corner...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the Bay Area fans collectively gasp as the uber-powerful Armstrong YANKS Supernova out of the sky, catching his flying 260 pound frame in his muscular arms in a body-crushing bearhug!]

SA: HE CAUGHT HIM! ARMSTRONG CAUGHT HIM ON THE FLY AND... THE BEARHUG IS ON!

CP: In Dodger Stadium, he broke the streak of Max Magnum... and tonight, he's looking to break the BODY of the World Champion!

[Supernova starts raining down right hands on the head of Armstrong!]

SA: NOVA TRYING TO BREAK FREE!

[The Big Sur powerhouse steps out of the corner, holding Nova in the air as the champion continues to try to get loose of the rib-crushing grip...]

CP: Armstrong won't let go! The squeeze is on!

[...and Armstrong starts shaking Supernova, ragdolling the World Champion back and forth in his mighty grasp...]

SA: Supernova's starting to fade! His arms are starting to slump!

[Nova throws another right hand, weaker than before...]

SA: The champion still fighting!

[...and another...]

SA: Nova's gotta get out of this hold!

[...and another but Armstrong will not relent, shaking Nova back and forth again, his grasp getting tighter and tighter...]

CP: I don't think he can! Armstrong won't let go!

[...and suddenly, Supernova is completely limp in the arms of Armstrong, the crowd buzzing with concern...]

SA: He's out! The World Champion has passed out!

[With the crowd stunned into near-silence, Supernova is slumped backwards now, dangling from Armstrong's grip, a trickle of blood coming from the corner of his mouth...]

SA: Oh... oh no! Supernova is bleeding from the mouth!

CP: The champ's been busted open from the inside!

[...and with the referee and a few AWA officials in the ring pleading with Armstrong to let go, he shows no signs of doing so.]

SA: And he STILL won't let go! He STILL won't let the World Champion out of that body-crushing vice grip!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of former World Champion Ryan Martinez charging from the back, tearing down the ramp towards the ring...]

SA: HERE COMES THE WHITE KNIGHT!

[...and Martinez hits the ring at full speed, diving under the ropes, coming to his feet desperate to come to the rescue of his opponent for the evening!]

SA: MARTINEZ IS IN AND-

[But before he can get his hands on Armstrong, James Lynch and Nenshou rush the former World Champion, catching him with a barrage of kicks before holding him by the arms, a struggling Martinez being forced to watch as Armstrong ragdolls Supernova back and forth again...]

SA: Martinez trying to help! The White Knight trying to come to the aid of the man he'll challenge later tonight for the World Title but the Westerly Dynasty will NOT allow it! Lynch and Nenshou are holding the arms, making him watch as Armstrong continues to crush the ribs of the World Champion!

[...and finally, Armstrong flings Nova's lifeless form aside, standing over him as the crowd jeers loudly.]

SA: And finally... FINALLY... he breaks the hold, leaving Supernova a motionless pile on the mat!

[Armstrong grabs the World Title belt off the mat, holding it over his head to even louder jeers...]

...before flinging the title down onto the torso of the World Champion. At the order of a smirking Westerly, Nenshou and Lynch release Martinez who falls to his knees,

crawling over to the champion to shield him from any further attacks with his own body.]

SA: Martinez willing to sacrifice himself, willing to shield Nova from any more of a beating...

CP: That's all well and good now, Big Sal... but it's too late! Supernova's down and I'm not sure he's getting up!

SA: The Westerly Dynasty leaving the ring, leaving Supernova out on the mat... and here comes our medical team. Dr. Ponavitch and some of his aides on the way out here... this does NOT look good, fans! It does NOT look good at all... and while we let the medics do their job out here, we're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling right here on ESPN.

[The camera holds on the Dr. Ponavitch kneeling alongside Ryan Martinez, checking the condition of Supernova...

...as we fade to black.

And then back up to a shot of a darkened room, a filtered spotlight shining down in the middle of it. We can hear footsteps in the background.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

The steps are drawing closer it seems.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

And they come to a stop revealing the face of Ryan Martinez, still battle-weathered from his bloody war at SuperClash IX.]

"They call me the White Knight."

[A quick shot of Martinez delivering brutal chops to the chest of the King of the Death Match, Caleb Temple.]

"The son of a Hall of Famer."

[A shot of House Martinez - father and son - standing in the ring with Gunnar Gaines.]

"The former two-time World Champion."

[A shot of Martinez standing over Juan Vasquez with the World Title in his grasp.]

"And I am AWA."

[We get an almost identical shot in the darkened room but this time with Supreme Wright standing center stage.]

"The greatest professional wrestler on the planet."

[Cut to footage of Wright cranking on the arm of Casey James.]

"A two-time World Champion"

[Wright holds the title overhead with a defeated Dave Bryant in the background.]

"I am AWA."

[Wright is replaced by Julie Somers.]

"The Spitfire."

[A shot of Somers flipping off the top rope, crashing down on top of Kurayami with the moonsault.]

"The Women's World Champion."

[To SuperClash IX and Somers holding the title over her head.]

"The heart and soul of the Women's Division."

[Somers trading blows with Lauryn Rage inside a steel cage.]

"And I am AWA."

[Somers is replaced by Jordan Ohara, the National Title slung over his shoulder.]

"The Phoenix."

[Ohara dives off the top rope, smashing down with a Phoenix Flame splash.]

"The National Champion."

[Ohara stands on the midbuckle, holding the title up over his head.]

"A once in a millennium talent."

[A series of quick chops lighting up Juan Vasquez.]

"I am AWA."

[The champion is replaced by a grinning Michelle Bailey.]

"The Platinum Princess."

[Bailey tears across the ring, smashing home a Britney Spear on Laura Davis.]

"Former EMWC champion."

[A quick still photo comes up of Bailey holding a championship title aloft.]

"The heart and soul of the- Julie said that?! Grr!"

[A playful Bailey plants her fists on her hips, striking a pose.]

"And I am AWA."

[Bailey is replaced by the face-painted Supernova, the World Title secured around his waist.]

"The icon."

[We get footage of Supernova way back in the day, trading blows with Mark Langseth.]

"The franchise player."

[Supernova using the Heat Wave splash on Shadoe Rage.]

"The World. Heavyweight. Champion."

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

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

Jack Lynch.]

"I am AWA."

[Shadoe Rage.]

"I am AWA."

[Hannibal Carver.]

"I am AWA."

[Howie Somers.]

"I am AWA."

[Daniel Harper.]

"I am AWA."

[Harley Hamilton.]

"I am AWA."

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

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

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

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

"I am AWA."

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

Fade to black.

And we fade back up on footage marked "MOMENTS AGO" where we can see Ryan Martinez and Dr. Bob Ponavitch jogging alongside a stretcher headed through the

backstage area, the World Champion resting on it, clutching his ribcage in extreme pain as a voiceover begins.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling where we are looking at footage from just moments ago where the World Champion, Supernova, was taken from the SAP Center first by stretcher...

[...and we cut to a shot of Supernova being loaded into the back of an ambulance, the forms of Ponavitch and Martinez joined by President Zharkov, all with concerned looks on their faces.]

SLB: ...and then by ambulance to a local hospital where we're assuming he'll be undergoing treatment. We'll be sure to update you on the champion's condition as soon as we know more but our thoughts and prayers are with Supernova right now after what looked to be a very bad situation inside the ring.

[The camera opens to live action backstage where we see "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing by with Supreme Wright. The two-time AWA World Heavyweight Champion is dressed impeccably in a slim-fitting navy and light blue checkered tweed suit, white dress shirt, and a stark yellow necktie. As usual, his visage provides an utter lack of emotion: no smile, no warmth... just a cold, unsettling detachment that chills the air.]

SLB: Supreme Wright, I'd love to get your comments on what we just saw but before that... we're ten days removed from Memorial Day Mayhem and the AWA is still reeling. You dismantled Jack Lynch in that brutal Towel Match rematch, you've shattered Max Magnum into pieces, and Team Supreme has thrown the entire tag division into absolute chaos. Supreme... what's next for you?

[Wright's gaze locks onto Blackwell. He doesn't blink. His voice is low and filled with menace.]

SW: What's next, Mr. Blackwell? My focus is on the same thing it's always been: The AWA World Heavyweight title.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: I figured, but the competition in the World Title scene is hot and heavy right now. You've got the entire Westerly Dynasty gunning for the gold and after the job they JUST did on Supernova, you have to believe he's going to want his revenge. And don't forget about Ryan Martinez, the man who was scheduled to get his shot at the title tonight.... and we still don't know what's going to happen with that. He's still in the thick of things though no matter what. With so many viable contenders, how do you navigate that kind of field?

[The mention of Ryan Martinez causes Wright to visibly react with a subtle tightening of his jaw and a narrowing of his eyes, before his expression hardens back to cold indifference. He steps closer to Blackwell, invading his space and causing the interviewer to slightly shrink in response.]

SW: "Contenders", Mr. Blackwell?

[A beat.]

SW: I respectfully disagree. There are no other contenders. None. The ONLY contender to the AWA World Heavyweight Title is the one currently standing in front of you.

Supreme Wright. The Number One Contender. The uncrowned champion.

[He straightens, his tone turning glacial, each word deliberate and dripping with disdain.]

SW: Maxim Zharkov and the heads of the AWA... they've denied me for far too long. The fact that...

[A pause, before he practically spits the name out.]

SW: ...RYAN MARTINEZ was set to wrestle Supernova for MY World Heavyweight Title tonight, before The Westerly Dynasty intervened is inexcusable. But I should be used to it. Because this isn't anything new. For years, they've tried to bury me under endless excuses and distractions and obstacles.

Why?

Because they know. They know the moment Supreme Wright wraps his hands around the AWA World Heavyweight Title... I'm never letting it go. Never again.

[Supreme's eyes narrow, his voice rising just enough to intimidate without shouting.]

SW: There is no stopping destiny. I will not be denied. The Westerly Dynasty. Ryan Martinez. Supernova. Tell them all. WARN them all. The day will come when I will stand inside MY ring to reclaim MY title and on that day, I WILL become the first-ever three-time AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

[The "White Knight" leans in impossibly closer to the camera, his cold stare piercing through the lens, his parting words serving both as a promise and a cruel, twisted taunt.]

SW: Count on it.

[He turns sharply, brushing past Blackwell without another word. Blackwell stands frozen for a second, then shakes his head as we fade through black back to the ringside area.]

SA: We are back down here at ringside... and Colt, the people of San Jose are still buzzing over what they just saw. A brutal assault on the World Champion, leaving him unconscious and bleeding... sending him out of the SAP Center on a stretcher and in an ambulance... presumably ending any chance of Ryan Martinez challenging him for the World Title tonight.

CP: Which might be good news for everyone because Supreme Wright seemed pretty annoyed that was on the table at all.

SA: A whole lot of things seem to annoy Supreme Wright and the rest of Team Supreme lately... and speaking of Team Supreme, it's not often that we see a member of Team Supreme aside from Mr. Wright himself in singles action, but I suppose we're going to be graced by the appearance of Paris Crawford, Colt.

CP: I have it on good authority that the AWA's liability insurance won't allow for Crawford to go solo that often.

SA: Really?

CP: Can you blame the underwriters? Especially after Crawford's cracking performance last week on Showtime. Ha!

SA: I'm sure you're talking about that heinous attack with the telescoping baton that seriously injured Max Magnum. Yet another wrestler put on the shelf thanks to the KAMS member and Supreme Wright's "weapon."

CP: Lots of people underestimate how dangerous Paris Crawford is, Albano, and that's a really big mistake.

SA: In all fairness, they snuck in under the radar late last year. They were a model and a flagbearer for Mifune-gun, for crying out loud.

CP: You don't think someone like Mifune just lets someone hang around because they look good, do ya? Mifune had to have seen something in this kid from the get-go and beat it into them in order for them to stick around that group of killers.

SA: That's a really good point, Colt. I have to admit, I didn't think about that.

CP: You gotta think about what's between the lines sometimes, and this one's got a lot of dangerous stuff lurking between the lines.

SA: Well, I hope for their opponent's sake, they don't take them lightly. Rebecca, it's all yours!

[We cut to the ring, where a somewhat anxious Rebecca Ortiz awaits.]

RO: Our next contest on Saturday Night Wrestling is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, weighing in this evening at 263 pounds and hailing from Brookings, Oregon... TRISTAN WHEELER!

[A well-muscled Caucasian flexes as he is announced, receiving a polite reaction from the San Jose crowd. His long black hair is slicked back, and he wears black leg-length tights with his last name printed down the right leg in white lettering, along with white boots.]

RO: And his opponent...

[Ortiz takes a moment to look at her cards, frowning as she does so. "Elegia" by New Order's slow introduction starts to play as she begins to read from the cards.]

RO: Stating to hail "from the nightmare you thought was a dream", and claiming to weigh, and I quote, "the emotional weight of realizing you have made a mistake"... they are the "weapon" of Team Supreme, a member of the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad, and part of the AWA World Tag Team Champions...

... PARISSSSSSSSSSSSSS CRAWWWWWWWWWFORRRRRRRRRRRRRRD!

[The crowd roars with dissatisfaction as Paris Crawford calmly strides from the entrance, followed closely by Takeshi Mifune, who appears to be barking instructions at his former flagbearer. Crawford is sporting dark brown hair this week, in a simple ponytail, and their eyes are tinted purple. They wear a black peacoat buttoned only at the sternum with pink, purple, and green stripes that start horizontally at their left shoulder, then make sharp turns to become vertical throughout the coat. Underneath the coat, they wear a black sleeveless top and leather shorts, along with black kneepads and laceless boots. Around their waist is one of the AWA World Tag Team Title belts.]

SA: It's still hard for me to believe that Team Supreme got away with that swindle where every single member gets to call themselves the champions, but here's Paris Crawford now with one of the belts.

CP: You call it a swindle, I call it ingenuitive. I'm not one to praise lawyers all that often, I think they should keep their noses out of wrestling, but if Team Supreme managed to sneak that into the contract and nobody noticed, good on 'em for it.

SA: It's really lit a fire under the tag teams here in the AWA, Colt, and I don't blame them one bit. They feel like they're being mocked.

CP: Then they better do something about it, and they better bring an army depending on which two Team Supreme feel like fielding.

[As Crawford reaches the ring, they unbutton their coat and can be heard telling the ringside attendant to "be careful, it's vintage". They unstrap the Tag Team Title belt and place it over the shoulder of Mifune, who scowls and points towards the ring. As Crawford steps through the ropes, they look across the ring at Tristan Wheeler and a slight smirk comes across their face.]

CP: Seems like Crawford likes the competition.

SA: Crawford is coming into this very much at a disadvantage in terms of size. Their weight is a total mystery, but it's easy to tell they give up three or four inches in height and at least 50 pounds to this Oregon native.

CP: Reminds me a lot of a kid named Simon Ezra, back in the day. I never saw someone as fierce or as mean at such a small size as Simon Ezra until now, with Crawford. And you know, Albano, you could probably find out their weight. I hear it's on their modeling website if you subscribe to the right tier.

SA: I don't think I should do that.

CP: Because you're a cheapskate.

[The bell sounds over the sounds of Albano's sighing as Wheeler approaches Crawford, unsure of how to attack the demure member of Team Supreme. Crawford tilts their head quizzically as they look at Wheeler's unsteadiness.]

CP: I can already tell this kid's mentally beat. Crawford's reputation of hurting people combined with their appearance is throwing him off already.

SA: I was thinking about what Tizona said earlier, Colt, about how Yoshi Fujiwara is the only one to cross paths with Paris Crawford and not go to the hospital. It didn't pass the smell test at first, but I think he might be right. Wade Walker got a broken nose, of course we know what happened to Johnny Detson in a Toronto parking garage, Jackson Haynes and Max Magnum were injured in matches Crawford wasn't even in, Brian James had a broken wrist... Raphael Rhodes was rumored to have visited the medical team after his match with Crawford as well.

CP: So for once that masked goofball might have been telling the truth?

SA: Well, we'd need to confirm what happened with Rhodes, but Tizona may indeed have been telling the truth.

[As Crawford waits for Wheeler and referee Shari Miranda looks on, Wheeler looks at the crowd for inspiration, when...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: Sweet Santa Maria! What a dropkick by Paris Crawford!

CP: Tristan Wheeler took his eye off the ball, and he's gonna pay for it!

SA: Wheeler wasn't sure of how to go after Paris Crawford and Crawford... are they yawning?

[Crawford lets loose a yawn as they grab two fistfuls of Wheeler's hair, yanking him into a bent over position, and smashing a shin into the Oregonian's face!]

SA: They were! That was a yawn!

CP: I've never seen someone look bored as they kick an opponent right in the face, Albano!

SA: Paris Crawford is a very unique athlete, but this is taking it to a whole new level.

[As Crawford shakes out the sleepiness from their head, they drive another kick into Wheeler's face, then a third. Mifune can be heard from ringside, shouting "HARDER!" Crawford nods and throws a kick so hard they fly a foot or so into the air, causing Wheeler's knees to buckle.]

SA: Mifune telling Crawford that he wants stronger kicks, and I think Wheeler would have dropped from that last one if Crawford didn't have a firm grip on his hair.

CP: I love how Crawford's doing this, too, keeping firm control of the man, keeping him exactly where they want him.

SA: Well, it's not exactly legal, Colt, and Shari Miranda is warning them about using the hair.

[Crawford drives in one more kick before letting go of Wheeler's hair, and Wheeler collapses face-first onto the mat. Crawford gives a slight shrug and pokes Wheeler with their toe as Mifune shouts something in Japanese at them.]

SA: Mifune is staying adamant about something here.

CP: He wants Crawford to stay on top of their opponent, Albano. You know how many people want a piece of Paris Crawford? Crawford can't afford to play with an opponent even if they think they have them beat.

SA: We heard earlier how much that Jackson Hunter and Shadoe Rage want to get the members of KAMS back in the ring-

CP: Yeah, but those two are unranked as a team, and at the back of the line, I bet.

SA: We'll see, Colt.

[Crawford waits for a standing Wheeler, and with a mischievous gleam in their eye, they perform a pirouette...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

CP: Good lord!

SA: A roundhouse kick right behind the ear! Wheeler is down!

CP: Yeah, but Albano, look at the look in Crawford's eyes!

[As Crawford's pirouette comes to a stop, the look in their eyes becomes one of murderous intent, glaring down at the body of Wheeler. They lean back against the ropes, then run towards Wheeler's prone form, leaping into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Tristan Wheeler is gonna be drinking stracciatella for weeks! We've seen Paris Crawford with that lethal forearm crush before, Colt, but usually it's off the top rope! That's the first time they've done it leaping from the ground!

CP: And they got really good air, too!

SA: What's this that Mifune is shouting at ringside?

[Crawford's eyes dart towards Mifune, who shouts "AGAIN! DO IT AGAIN!"]

SA: He's telling Crawford to land the forearm crush again!

CP: Mifune wants another one going to the hospital, Albano!

[Crawford nods, backing up to the ropes once more as a wave of panic comes over the crowd, screaming for Miranda to stop the match. Crawford looks at Wheeler's prone form, charges, and leaps...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...DRIVING another forearm into Wheeler's jaw!]

SA: Crawford with a sec- no, not again!

[Crawford immediately bolts to their feet, running off the ropes, rebounding off and leaping into the air...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...only this time, after the sickening crack of diving forearm connecting with jaw, the crowd falls silent. Wheeler's eyes half-closed as he moans in pain, and Mifune cackles loudly at ringside.]

SA: Colt... is that...

CP: Yup, I think so.

[Crawford looks down at their opponent, rolling their eyes, then gently lays down next to Wheeler, resting their elbow against Wheeler's chest to prop up their yawning head.]

SA: Paris Crawford may have broken this young man's jaw and looks as bored as when they do their laundry, Colt.

CP: Let's be real, Albano, they don't do their own laundry.

SA: Shari Miranda down to count, and I don't think this is in question. That's a three count after three forearm crushes from the utterly deadly Paris Crawford.

CP: If anyone in the back is watching the monitor, think real carefully about whether or not you really want a piece of Paris Crawford after this.

[The bell sounds and Crawford pats the side of Wheeler's face, eliciting a muffled scream, as Shari Miranda tries to signal for medics to attend to Wheeler. Before she can do so, though, Takeshi Mifune is in the ring holding a microphone, as Crawford

snaps to attention, quickly rising to their feet to look him in the eye. Mifune looks down at Wheeler, then back at Crawford.]

TM: ...acceptable.

[He hands Crawford the microphone, then pounces on the injured Wheeler, putting him in the Japanese Stranglehold, only digging his forearm against the side of Wheeler's damaged jaw! Crawford smirks, holding the microphone to their lips as they kneel beside Mifune and Wheeler.]

PC: Awww. Does it hurt?

[Crawford holds the microphone in front of Wheeler, who can only emit a yelp of pain as Mifune torques the Japanese Stranglehold and cackles with fiendish glee. Crawford looks towards the camera with a shrug.]

PC: Quel dommage.

[The crowd boos as Crawford rolls their eyes once more.]

PC: Should I worry about what men say of me?

[Crawford holds the microphone out to the audience, who again respond with loud boos for the Team Supreme member. Content, Crawford brings the microphone back to their lips.]

PC: Should I worry about their threats? Should I worry about their claims of what they will do to me?

[A slight shake of the head, as Crawford points to Mifune continuing to torture Wheeler, now unconscious, with the Japanese Stranglehold as Shari Miranda now has Andy Dawson, Pete Miller, John Shock, and Kevin Slater attempting to pry the madman loose.]

PC: What can you do to me that is worse than what he did?

[As Mifune releases the hold and is pulled off by the referees and agents, Crawford smiles.]

PC: I was forged in the fires of Hell to become Supreme Wright's weapon, and my edges are razor-sharp. I will cut you through the bones, from one side of the flesh to the other. If you wish for me, be warned.

[Crawford's eyes turn dark once more as Mifune puts the World Tag Team Title over their shoulder.]

PC: You may just get what you asked for.

[As Crawford drops the microphone, Mifune guides the model from the ring as Shock and Slater point towards the exit. We cut over to Albano and Patterson, as Patterson shakes his head.]

SA: Strong words from Paris Crawford, Colt.

CP: And they can back them up, too. You'd have to go back to MY career to find someone that pretty who's that dangerous.

[Colt flexes as Big Sal frowns.]

SA: I don't think you'd have as many subscribers to a modeling website as Paris Crawford is stated to have.

CP: I'll have you know plenty of ladies would shell out for prime cuts of beef, even to this day.

SA: Give me a-

[Albano abruptly stops, grabbing his earpiece.]

SA: We have a situation in the back, fans. We have- let's go...

[And just as quickly, we cut to the Chimpanzee Position where we can see a concerned Interim President Zharkov staring at the monitor where Paris Crawford has demolished his opponent...]

MZ: Ponavitch left with Supernova. He's not here. If this young man needs-

[A loud voice shouts from off-camera.]

"ZHARKOV!"

[Zharkov grimaces as he looks up...

...and then promptly finds himself SHOVED hard backwards, nearly knocking over a production staff member before falling back against a monitor. He angrily sweeps an arm across, slapping away the hands on his chest before pushing back to his feet and getting right up into the face of the man who shoved him...

...Ryan Martinez.]

MZ: WHO DO YOU-

[Martinez shoves him again, sticking a finger in his face.]

RM: What are YOU going to do about this?! Supernova - YOUR World Champion - is on his way to the hospital in the back of a damn ambulance... the World Title match - YOUR Main Event - is obviously off...

[Martinez shakes his head, burying his face in his hands for a moment.]

RM: They took away MY shot, Zharkov! MY SHOT!

[Zharkov glares a burning hole through Martinez.]

MZ: I understand you're-

[Martinez shouts him down again.]

RM: I don't think you understand a DAMN thing, Zharkov! The suits took away my shot at Supreme Wright... the Westerly Dynasty took away my shot at the World Title...

[Martinez grimaces.]

RM: I can't just stand back here and...

[He throws a look at Zharkov... perhaps remorse?]

RM: You gotta help me. You gotta... give me the Dynasty... tonight.

[Zharkov eyeballs Martinez thoughtfully for a long moment.]

MZ: Fine. Which one?

[Martinez returns the stare.]

RM: Any of them. All of them. I don't give a damn. Make it happen.

[Zharkov gives a curt nod.]

MZ: Done.

[Martinez nods in response, turning to exit... but Zharkov's iron grip on his shoulder stops him.]

MZ: And understand me when I tell you... if you EVER put your hands on me again, I will do to you what I did to your father.

[The crowd in the arena "ooooohs" as Martinez' eyes flash but before the White Knight can respond, Zharkov strides away...

...and we fade to black.

The shot opens on Jordan Ohara standing to the left of the screen. He wears a white ringer T-shirt with the words "BE A HERO" printed on it in orange lettering. On his right is a graphic of the same orange words: "BE A HERO!" In the background, Ohara's themesong plays, Nas' "Hero."]

JO: To all my fans, don't be a bully. Be a hero. Stand up for everyone and be respectful of everyone's feelings. You don't have to like everyone you meet, but you should always try to be kind and think about where they are coming from.

We all want to laugh and joke. We all like to point out each other's differences. But sometimes words hurt as much as being hit. Sometimes they make someone feel like an "other." And that isn't fair. You wouldn't like to feel left out. So why would anyone else?

Bullying can feel overwhelming, relentless and make people go to desperate lengths for it to stop. You don't want to hurt somebody for the sake of a joke, do you? I didn't think so.

So don't be a bully. Be a hero. Please.

Only together can we stop bullying in all its forms. Join me and the AWA in the 2018 Be a Hero campaign because we need heroes. Like you.

[The camera fades out on Ohara giving the viewers and encouraging nod and little clasped hand bow before he fades from view as "Hero" fades out, leaving only the orange words:

BE
A
HERO.

And with that, we fade back to live action on ESPN...

...where the lights in the SAP Center dim, and the first pulsing notes of Nas' "Hero" hit the PA. The crowd comes alive with a respectful cheer - part sympathy, part curiosity.

The curtain parts, and Jordan Ohara steps out, not in wrestling gear but in street clothes: dark jeans, an untied pair of Air Jordan 3 Retro Black Cements, and his Carolina blue "Phoenix" ringer T-shirt. His top knot is loose, his Van Dyke beard is ragged, his cheeks are covered in stubble, and his eyes are heavy as if he hasn't slept much in the intervening days since Memorial Day Mayhem.]

SA: Listen to this reaction, Colt - San Jose on their feet for Jordan Ohara! This man gave his heart and soul at Memorial Day Mayhem to retain the AWA National Title against Sid Osborne only to be cheated out of the belt by that dastardly Kerry Kendrick.

CP: You call it cheated, I call it outsmarted, outmaneuvered, outflanked, and outclassed in every way!

CP: You're right, Big Sal. He doesn't look like the same guy at all. But I got a bone to pick with you - how can you call it... what did you say... "contractual shenanigans?"

SA: That's right.

CP: He made the Open Challenge himself!

SA: Weeks ago! Before the match with Sid Osborne was locked in!

CP: So, you have video evidence that he CANCELED that challenge?

SA: Of course not... but who would ever believe that Ohara WANTED to defend his title twice in one night? That's ridiculous!

CP: What's ridiculous is that that hothead Ohara was so enraged, so out of control, so desperate to get his hands on the Sin City Savior that he walked himself right into a trap set by Sandra Hayes and Kerry Kendrick and now he's paying the price! He wanted to be the greatest National Champion ever... how about a two-time loser who just can't seem to help but being outsmarted by people wanting that title off his waist?

[Ohara walks down the ramp, shoulders slumped, then slides into the ring. He paces slowly, gripping the microphone like it's heavier than it should be. The crowd settles into a low hum of anticipation.]

JO: A lot of people thought they were going to hear from me at Showtime in the Temple. They thought I'd be standing there spitting fire, swearing bloody vengeance on Kerry Kendrick and Sandra Hayes for what they pulled at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[The crowd boos at the mere mention of their names.]

JO: They thought I'd swear an oath to get my National Title back.

And I could've done that. I could've stood there and given you all the speech you expected. But when I got back to my hotel room that night... I didn't feel vengeance. I didn't feel fire. I felt... doubt.

[The crowd murmurs in shock and sympathy. Ohara lowers his eyes, unable to look at them. He rubs his beards, his voice dropping lower and getting thick with shame.]

JO: I felt that maybe... maybe the National Title... is cursed.

[The crowd boos loudly, surprise at the accusation as some of the crowd can be shouting "NO!"]

JO: Hear me out! Let's go back to Zharkov.

On the shelf for almost a year with a neck injury. Still hasn't returned to the ring.

Travis Lynch? Injured again.

And me? You saw it. You saw what chasing and carrying that belt did to me. It broke me down. Because none of my opponents ever tried to win that belt honorably. Because it isn't a title that attracts honorable men.

So... so...

[Ohara struggles with the words.]

JO: So... maybe it's time to let it go. Maybe it's time to tip the cap to Kerry Kendrick on a plot well-plotted and move on with my life.

[More boos rain down, the San Jose crowd pleading with the Phoenix to reconsider.]

SA: I can't believe what I'm hearing, Colt. We assumed Jordan Ohara was having a hard time with this shocking title change when we didn't hear from him on Showtime but... not this. Is he talking about giving up? About quitting?

CP: He's certainly feeling sorry for himself. Two times now Ohara has been outsmarted for that belt because of his so-called "honor." He's a great talent, Albano, but the kid was stupid. You don't throw open challenges around someone as cunning as Kerry Kendrick. You don't forget to cancel them when you decide to wrestle another match on pay-per-view. That's reckless, and that recklessness cost him everything. So if he wants to take his ball and go home, who am I to say 'no'?

[Ohara leans against the ropes, then suddenly looks up, his voice rising with conviction.]

JO: Or maybe... maybe it's time to stop looking down.

[He points skyward, and the crowd buzzes as he lifts his gaze.]

JO: Maybe it's time to look up.

[The crowd buzzes with confusion.]

CP: What the heck does that mean?

[Ohara nods.]

JO: Names like Supernova. Supreme Wright. Ryan Martinez. The ones at the very top of the mountain. Maybe it's time... that Jordan Ohara stops clinging to curses... and finally makes the leap.

[There's a big cheer for that... but also a smattering of boos for Ohara not looking to get payback on Kerry Kendrick.]

SA: A bold statement by Jordan Ohara who may be looking to upgrade the gold around his waist in the near future. He's not going to quit... he's daring to set his sights higher than ever!

CP: Higher? He's just trying to distract himself from the fact that Kerry Kendrick outsmarted him. You don't get to say Supernova and Martinez in the same breath as your name when you just lost the second-biggest title in the company because of your own stupidity!

[Ohara raises the mic, ready to speak once more...

...when suddenly he's interrupted by a voice calling out.]

"I know just what you mean, old friend."

#WHOAAA OHHH OHHHHHH#

[And with the opening of Imagine Dragons' "Radioactive," out comes "The Future" Derrick Williams.]

SA: Well, this is unexpected! Derrick Williams is in the house and apparently he feels like he's got something to say to his former tag team partner.

[Williams walks toward the ring, holding a mic in his hand as the music fades and he begins to speak while still walking down the aisle]

DW: You know J, I'm wondering what I'm hearing from you. We all know that you and I... our paths keep crossing. When we both started, our first big SuperClash singles match, our rises into relevance, fighting off monster corporations. We're friends, brothers sometimes, rivals sometimes. Sometimes even enemies, but once again we find ourselves linking back up.

[Williams gets closer to the ring, Ohara looking out at him.]

DW: In this case, it's coming back together in a "What's next?" And no, I'm not joining all the chaos backstage and suggesting we make a run at the tag titles... although I wouldn't mind taking a shot at Team Supreme.

[Williams strokes his chin thoughtfully before continuing.]

DW: I've been listening to you talk and you're talking about jumping up and taking your big shot against the big names. And you're talking about doing what I just did. You were doing your thing with the National Title, and I took my shot. And when everything was said and done in LA, one thing was true.

We both lost.

[Ohara grimaces at the memory, nodding his head.]

DW: And while we both proved that we belonged in the spotlight, we both ended up dropping the ball and losing.

However, you have something... well, two somethings that I don't.

That's the fact that you're the TWO time National Champion while I've yet to win any singles title in my career.

[It's Williams' turn to grimace.]

DW: That... well, that's gonna start eating me up and we can't have that.

[Ohara nods in understanding but gestures at his empty waist, smirking at Williams.]

DW: Oh, I know... you're missing that piece of hardware now. Like usual, I have to help myself. So while you're sitting here wondering who to jump up on and get yourself on track, I'm going to do a little line jumping of myself and...

...well, make it known that while you're searching for your next triumph, I've picked mine.

Kerry Kendrick and the National Title.

[The crowd ROARS at that idea.]

DW: The oldest prize in the AWA - the National Title.

Because while you kept raising it's stature after the last year, I'm aiming to take it into the Future.

[There's another big cheer from the crowd until...]

SA: Of course.

["Juno" by Tesseract blares to life as the AWA National Champion Kerry Kendrick emerges on the entrance stage, flanked by the lovely Miss Sandra Hayes who is possessively holding the new National Title belt across her chest. The jeers from the crowd let everyone know that these two have certainly put a damper on San Jose's party.]

KK: I don't wanna have to be a jerk about this... but there is a certain hygiene issue in the ring. What did you describe it as, gumbdrop?

MSH: Smells like sour grapes to me!

[Kendrick snaps his fingers, the duo walking and talking their way down the aisle.]

KK: Sour grapes, that's what I'm hearing from two old friends turned rivals turned friends who spent more time fighting each other than fighting to climb to the top of the pile.

See, Ohara, it's not your decision to make to leave the National Title scene - you're not the champion.

[Ohara bristles at the brash Kendrick as Hayes smirks.]

KK: The decision was made for you. Just like your namesake, you need to spend some time playing Double A ball before you come back and wear that number 45 for a while before anyone considers you a heartbeat away from a three-peat.

[Kendrick steps through the ropes. He smirks to his presumptive next challenger, Derrick Williams.]

KK: And you... weren't you supposed to have held this belt already? How long are we waiting for The Future, Derrick? Weren't you supposed to have overtaken Martinez and put the Dumb Old Kids out to pasture at Memorial Day Mayhem?

Out of the three of us in this ring... I'm the one with the belt.

[Williams shakes his head, walking towards Kendrick...]

DW: I appreciate that you think you have the power in this situation...

But you see, you don't. They do.

[He points to the San Jose fans who ROAR in response.]

DW: Oh, and someone else. Let me think...

[He taps his temple.]

DW: Oh! Another friend of mine and former running buddy. He's walking around backstage, clipboard and all, making serious decisions. Everyone calls him Interim President Zharkov. I call him Max.

[Kendrick looks anxious at that, throwing a look up the aisle.]

DW: And while I may not be the best friend in the world... just ask Jordan here... bI do like to do things to make my friends' lives easier when I can. So, well... let me help Max make a decision...

[Williams suddenly drops the mic, twisting to snare a three-quarter nelson on Kendrick to the ROAR of the San Jose crowd...]

...but Kendrick is ready for it, shoving Williams out of the Future Shock attempt, sending him pitching forward...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and crashing into a surprised Ohara, knocking Ohara off his feet and sending him down onto the mat as the new National Champion bails from the ring, diving out to the floor, holding his title belt in the air to big jeers!]

SA: Ohara gets flattened by his friend, Derrick Williams and-

[Williams is hot under the collar, twisting around to shout at Kendrick who is now backpedaling down the aisle with Sandra Hayes in tow, holding the belt over his head as Williams bellows threats in his direction...]

SA: Derrick Williams is furious over what just happened out here... and you better believe that his goal of getting his hands on Kerry Kendrick just got personal!

[Climbing up off the mat, Jordan Ohara dusts himself off before stomping across the ring...]

...and swings his friend around, getting right up in his face!]

CP: Oho! This just got REAL interesting, Big Sal!

SA: Jordan Ohara with some fire in his belly as well after getting knocked down by Williams... thanks to Kerry Kendrick!

[And as Williams and Ohara argue in the ring, we cut to a smirking Kerry Kendrick in the aisle, Sandra Hayes retaking possession of the gold and showing his newly-won title belt to the San Jose crowd as we fade to...]

...the backstage area where the braintrust behind the Westerly Dynasty - Veronica Westerly - is standing, tapping a manicured fingernail against her chin thoughtfully as she watches the previous scene unfold on a nearby monitor. After a moment, the hulking form of Atlas Armstrong steps in behind her, towering over her as he watches the same scene.]

AA: You know something, Rhoni? That National Title is a nice looking piece of gold. It would look pretty good on James after I take the World Title from Supernova.

[Westerly's grimace is slight... but it's there as she turns to face him.]

VW: Atlas, this is only going to work if all three of you are a united front against Supernova. I want a triple barrel of Westerly Dynasty violence aimed right at him and when we fire, we fire as unit to break him down, beat him down, and take his crown. Are we clear?

[It's Armstrong's turn to grimace before he gives a slight nod. "Just saying."]

VW: Good. Now, I wanted to see you to talk about this Ryan Martinez thing. You heard him after what we did to the champion tonight, right? We took away his title match... now he's out for blood... and he wants one of you in the ring with-

[Armstrong calmly and confidently interrupts.]

AA: Me. It won't be anybody else but me.

[Westerly grins.]

VW: That's what I wanted to-

[Westerly is interrupted by the incoming duo of James Lynch and Nenshou bursting into the scene.]

JL: Good, good... you're all here. I was looking for you. Did you hear what Martinez had to say?

VW: That's what we were just talking about. I think-

JL: Great! It's pretty obvious who should face this guy, right? I mean, I had to deal with that little punk for YEARS while he was palling around with my brothers. I had to deal with everyone talking about how he and Jack were as close as family and... he's not! He's not family! Not to me! And I want the shot tonight to show him that!

[Westerly suddenly seems conflicted.]

VW: Well, I-

[Lynch interrupts.]

JL: In fact, I was talking over here with Nenshou and he'd like a chance to get into the ring tonight to and remind these people in San Jose exactly what kind of international superstar talent he is.

[Armstrong mutters "he talks?" under his breath as he gives Nenshou a long look.]

JL: And seeing as though the big man here already did some much-needed heavy lifting for the Dynasty tonight, I think the right play to call, Madame QB... is to send me and Nenshou out there against Ryan and whoever he can find that's dumb enough to get in OUR way.

[Westerly eyeballs Lynch and Nenshou thoughtfully as Armstrong stares right down at her.]

AA: Rhoni, before we were interrupted. You were about to say something about me and Supernova?

[Westerly is about to respond when Lynch interrupts.]

JL: I'm sure she was about to say that as the leader of this here gang, _I_ call the shots...

[Armstrong visibly bristles at that but stays silent.]

JL: ...and she agrees with me.

I'll go let Zharkov know what WE decided. Come on, Nenshou.

[Lynch sweeps an arm towards the Silent Assassin who walks off after him, leaving Armstrong to glare a silent Westerly as we fade...

...back up to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following match is a tag team contest set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... currently in the ring... at a combined weight of 414 pounds, Shawn and Michael Wigglesworth!

[The grungy sound of Neil Young starts up as "Dirty Old Man" rocks the PA and the former World Television Champion erupts through the curtain to a huge ROAR from the San Jose crowd!]

RO: Their opponents... from Canada... at a total combined weight of 460 pounds... first, he is a former AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION... JAAAAAACKSONNNN HUNNNNNNTERRRRRRR!

[There's a decent amount of cheers... perhaps even a surprising amount.]

RO: And his tag team partner... a former AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

...SENNNNNSAAAAAATIONALLLLL...

...SHAAAAAADOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage comes stomping down the ramp, a little confused by what is apparently Jackson Hunter's choice of entrance theme. Hunter replies with a cheesy grin and a double "thumbs up."]

SA: And they say "better late than never."

CP: Two vets taking one last stab at immortality... both middle-aged and crazy. I dunno, Albano, maybe these Space Cowboys know more tricks of the trade about wrestling than half that locker room.

SA: Both of them have held championship gold in the AWA, but that was singles – I can't imagine a more odd pairing, but like Anthrax and Public Enemy, they could really Bring The Noise to their opponents.

[Rage perches on the top and middle ropes, making sure to point to each fan cheering him on in the crowd. Hunter, meanwhile, skulks on the apron, throwing his hands in the air in his distinctive double peace sign.]

CP: Well, woulda, coulda, shoulda, Albano: what matters happens between the bells and we gotta see 'em in action before declaring them contenders to the champs.

SA: That's exactly what Maxim Zharkov said as well. The World Tag Team Title scene is hotter than a pistol and if these two want the shot at Team Supreme - and we know they do - they gotta put together some wins as a team.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, the San Jose crowd is buzzing, chanting Shadoo's name already as he paces the apron, coiled like a jungle cat. Jackson Hunter leans on the ropes, chewing invisible gum, smirking at the locals. In the ring, Shawn Wigglesworth adjusts his wrist tape and glares across at Hunter, trying to look brave. The fans know what's coming.]

SA: And here we go from the SAP Center, folks - Jackson Hunter starting things off against Shawn Wigglesworth! The AWA is the big leagues and the Wigglesworth boys have walked into a lion's den tonight!

CP: More like a cage full of wild animals, Sal. You got Hunter - the mind games guy, always smirkin', always schemin'. And then you got Rage - unpredictable, dangerous, but the crowd loves him. This is gonna get ugly fast!

[Hunter circles. He raises his hands like he's about to lock up, then fakes out Wigglesworth, juking left and flicking the man's nose.]

SA: Oh, come on! Hunter just flicked him right in the face!

CP: Psychological warfare, Sal! That's vintage Jackson Hunter. He's in no hurry. He wants this guy to beat himself before Rage even tags in.

[Wigglesworth charges in, embarrassed. Hunter side-steps, tripping him with a drop toe hold and slapping the back of his head.]

SA: He's toying with him! Look at Hunter - just bullying this poor kid!

[Hunter struts, snickering at his guileless opponent. There's a bit of a mixed response but he soaks it in as Shadoo Rage slaps the turnbuckle, motioning for the tag.]

CP: You can see Rage there - he doesn't like this cute stuff. He's all business, Sal. He wants to fight, not clown around.

[Hunter fakes a tag toward Rage just to frustrate him, then whips Wigglesworth into the ropes. Wigglesworth ducks a back elbow, hits the far side again, but runs straight into a knee lift to the jaw.]

"THWACK!"

"OHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! What an impact! Instant Karma out of the gate! I've seen him use that knee-lift as his bread-and-butter back in Chinook, but that's just overkill! Wigglesworth is out cold already!

[Hunter poses, brushing imaginary dust off his shoulders, and covers lazily with one foot. One! Two! Michael Wigglesworth storms in to break it up. Hunter rolls off and smirks again.]

CP: That's what I mean about the arrogance, Sal. Hunter had him but didn't respect the count.

SA: You gotta think that's gonna drive Shadoo Rage nuts watching from that corner!

[Hunter tags Rage, almost mockingly slapping his shoulder. The crowd cheers as Rage steps in, eyes wild, flexing his muscular arms. He waggles his wrists and

yanks on the top rope to get loose as he keeps those burning hazel eyes locked on his prey.]

SA: Listen to that crowd! Shadoe Rage has really won over these fans since last SuperClash, Colt. A year ago, these fans would have had a very different reaction to this man entering the ring. Now he's got their support and he's got Shawn Wigglesworth right where he wants him!

[Shawn stumbles to his knees where Rage grabs him by the hair, yanks him up, and smashes a knee lift into his gut.]

SA: Rage working him over, loves using those knees and elbows to his advantage... going downstairs with that knee again... and now sends him into the ropes...

[He charges Wigglesworth off the rebound and drags him down to the mat with a left-handed bulldog lariat.]

CP: Albano, Rage hits like a truck and moves like a dancer! I don't know how Rage still wrestles at this speed after all the wars he's been through! The man was on one leg for months after leaping from the top of a 20 foot cage! His dedication to working out and staying healthy is extremely underrated.

SA: Health is a relative term there though, Colt. No one can doubt Rage's physique... but the man is a human cannonball who is almost always nursing some kind of injury.

[Rage drags Wigglesworth up again, whips him to the ropes, and catches him with a spinning spinebuster that rattles the ring.]

SA: That's pure power! Rage just planted him! Cover now - one! Two! No! Wigglesworth somehow kicks out!

CP: Give the kid credit, he's hanging on by instinct. But Rage looks like he's just getting warmed up.

[Rage slaps the mat and gets the crowd clapping before he drags Wigglesworth toward his corner, eyes Hunter like a man measuring trust.]

SA: You can see the look, Colt. Rage wants to tag him, but he doesn't trust him yet.

CP: Would you? Hunter's the kind of guy who writes the checks and expects somebody else to cash them.

[Rage finally deliberately tags Hunter bringing him through the ropes, adjusting the waistband of his baggy ring pants.]

SA: In comes Hunter... well, sort of. He's taking his time getting in there, allowing his opponent to crawl across the ring towards his brother..

[But before Wigglesworth can get there, Hunter pounces, grabbing his ankle and dragging him backwards...]

SA: Nice job of cutting the ring off there by Jackson Hunter and... now what's he doing?

[...but he doesn't follow up. Instead, he grins and waves at Michael Wigglesworth like he's inviting him in.]

SA: What's he doing? Why is he waving at the other brother?

CP: He's playin' mind games again. Look - he's gonna let the fresh man tag in just so he can embarrass him too.

[Shawn makes the tag and Michael Wigglesworth rushes in, quickly greeted with a deep armdrag out of Hunter who pops up and hits a second in no time at all...]

SA: And there's the athleticism of Jackson Hunter that once made him one of Canada's most must watch competitors... snapmare here annnnnnd...

"THUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...RUNNING KNEE TO THE BACK! That'll knock the wind right out of you! Hunter's mixing the old-school psychology with that quickness!

CP: Yeah, but look - Rage isn't happy. He wants this done. He's pacing the apron like a tiger in a cage.

[Rage shouts, "Finish it, man!" Hunter laughs, pretending not to hear. He struts to the hard cam, mugging for the audience.]

SA: That's the ego, Colt. He's playing to the crowd instead of staying on his man!

CP: He also wants Interim President Maxim Zharkov to see how good he is. You know the Interim President has a big decision to make about who becomes the Number One Contender to the tag team titles.

[Michael Wigglesworth recovers enough to grab a waistlock before Hunter elbows free, turns, and fires off rapid jabs, channeling that old-school scrapper vibe. The crowd reacts with "OHH" after each shot. He finishes with a wild right hand that drops Michael to his knees.]

CP: Those punches are no joke, Sal. Hunter's slower than he used to be, but he knows where to put 'em!

[Hunter looks to Rage and motions for him to climb the ropes. Rage hesitates, then steps to the top turnbuckle as Hunter hooks Michael in a suplex position.]

SA: Looks like a little teamwork finally!

[Hunter lifts - but halfway up, he lets go to throw his hands up like he's posing. Rage, mid-flight, adjusts and lands an awkward flying forearm on Michael instead of the planned crossbody block. The crowd cheers but the look on Rage's face says he's fuming. He rises from the mat, flexing his forearm.]

CP: He dropped him! He just left Rage hangin' in midair!

SA: That could've gone bad - but Shadoe Rage made it work! He saved Hunter from his own ego there!

[Hunter looks proud, pointing to his head as if it was all part of the plan. Rage's eyes narrow.]

CP: Sal, I don't think Rage finds that funny.

SA: No, but these people are on their feet for him anyway! Shadoe Rage just turned got handed a lemon and made lemonade!

[Rage pulls Michael up and cinches Wigglesworth up for a teardrop suplex that shakes the mat. Rage pops up, twirling his finger in the air as the crowd roars.]

SA: He's feelin' it! Rage is takin' over in San Jose!

[Rage tags Hunter, slapping him hard across the chest. Hunter cringes at the impact.]

CP: That's a tag and a message all at once, Sal!

SA: Oh yeah - Rage is sayin' 'If you're gonna write the check, at least pay attention when I cash it!' These two seem to have a relationship like Jay-Z and Kanye West.

[Hunter rubs his chest as he steps through the ropes, shouting at Rage "OUCH!"]

SA: Some obvious tension between these two... and I'm not sure this is the tag team wrestling showcase these two were hoping for although they are certain in control at the moment.

[Hunter picks up the near-limp Michael Wigglesworth, mock-applauds him, and drops him again with a swinging neckbreaker. Cover — one, two, kick out.]

CP: That was close - but not enough.

SA: Hunter needs to stop messin' around! And Rage knows it. You can see it in his eyes. He's itchin' to finish this!

[Hunter drags Michael toward their corner. He fakes a tag as he slaps his own chest like he's pretending Rage did it. Rage throws his hands up, exasperated.]

SA: You see that? That's just disrespectful. I don't even think Hunter's trying to win - he's trying to prove a point!

[Hunter grabs Michael by the hair, sets up for another suplex - but Michael counters with a surprise small package!]

SA: ROLLUP OUTTA NOWHERE GETS ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!

[A collective sigh of relief rings out as Hunter escapes from the pinning predicament, rolling to a knee. Hunter looks rattled and promptly rolls to his corner where Rage extends his hand again, shouting, "Tag me!"]

SA: Hunter with perhaps a reluctant tag there... and here comes Shadoe Rage again - and listen to San Jose come alive!

[Rage storms in, hits a clothesline...]

SA: CLOTHESLINE TAKES HIM DOWN!

[Wigglesworth battles up, getting immediately dropped with another one!]

SA: Shadoe Rage coming on strong in this one! Perhaps looking to finish this team off himself...

[He wheels around, catching a rising Wigglesworth with a kneestrike that sends Michael falling back into the corner, bouncing back off into a scoop slam that plants him down on the mat...]

...and then Rage points to the turnbuckles, sending the crowd - who knows what's coming - into a ROAR!]

SA: He's headin' up top! You know what that means!

[Rage climbs his corner, pausing at the top rope. He spreads his arms, chest glistening under the lights...

"TAG!"

...then drops a perfect top-rope elbow drop - the Angel of Death Drop!]

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON! Angel of Death Drop! That's gotta be it! Cover him, Shadoe!

[But before Rage can cover, Hunter rushes in, pushes him aside, and throws himself on Michael Wigglesworth for the pin.]

SA: Oh, come on! Hunter just stole the cover!

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice... and three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd erupts in mixed boos and cheers. Rage sits up, glaring at Hunter.]

SA: Hunter just stole that win right outta Rage's hands! Classic Jackson Hunter - opportunistic, arrogant, and totally oblivious to the partner that bailed him out!

CP: But it's in the books, Sal! Jackson Hunter and Shadoe Rage get the victory here in San Jose - though I'm not sure they're gonna celebrate together tonight!

[Hunter rolls out, pointing to his head again, yelling to the hard cam, "I told you - smartest man in the room! Number one contenders, Mr. Interim President! Book it!" Rage remains in the ring, kneeling beside the fallen Michael Wigglesworth, shaking his head.]

CP: You can feel that tension, Sal. Rage isn't mad they won - he's mad about how they won... which is pretty ridiculous if you ask me. A win's a win.

SA: These two want to be the Number One Contenders to Team Supreme's AWA World Tag Team Titles, but unless they figure out how to coexist, that road's gonna be rough!

[Rage finally stands and looks toward Hunter who's already halfway up the ramp celebrating solo. The fans chant "SHA-DOE! SHA-DOE!" as he nods, takes a deep breath, and exits to his own applause - all swag, all fire, but alone.]

CP: They may have won tonight, but Sal - if I'm Team Supreme, I'm watching this closely. Because when Rage and Hunter finally get on the same page? Somebody's gonna get hurt.

SA: No doubt about it. The story of Shadoe Rage and Jackson Hunter is just beginning - and San Jose saw the first spark here tonight!

[Camera fades on Rage looking back toward the ramp - half pride, half warning as we fade to black.

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

RT: Oh hey.

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

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

"ONE!"

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

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

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

C: Wow, she knows your order?

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

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

RT: Mind if I take a seat?

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

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

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

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

[And we fade back to live action inside the SAP Center where we find Sal and Colt seated at ringside...]

SA: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans... where it's been an exciting night of action here in the Bay Area LIVE on ESPN... and where the impact of the events of Memorial Day Mayhem continues to be felt. That night was a very emotional one for Michelle Bailey. From the controversial conclusion to her match against Julie Somers, to finishing as the Rumble's runner-up, all the way to the retirement of one of her closest friends Juan Vasquez, from start to finish she was taken on a rollercoaster.

CP: Yeah, and what did she end up with in the end? Squat, that's what. Actually, I guess the crutch she probably needs isn't squat.

[Albano sighs and moves on.]

SA: I suppose Colt could use a more delicate way to put it, but Michelle did suffer a knee injury during the course of the event, of which she entered with a sore neck while competing against Seductive and Destructive just nine days prior. Michelle has been resting at home since Memorial Day Mayhem, but thanks to our friends at Apple and their FaceTime technology, our own Mariah Wolfe was able to catch up with her.

[We cut to footage marked with "EARLIER TODAY", as Mariah Wolfe sits in front of a Macbook Air. We then go to a split-screen, with the view from her camera on the left side, and a "Michelle Bailey" contact card on the right side. We see a mouse pointer click the camera icon, then FaceTime's distinctive ring. After five seconds, the contact card disappears, and Michelle Bailey's smiling face appears on the screen. She has a new pair of glasses, her two-toned eyes covered by pink cat-eye frames.]

MB: Hi Mariah!

MW: Michelle, it's good to see you! I'm sorry you weren't able to make it to San Jose this week.

[Michelle nods, biting her bottom lip.]

MB: I was really hopeful that I would be able to get there, but my doctor said I should rest my knee for another few days at home. In a way, it was a blessing in disguise, considering how emotional things have been with Juan retiring, and how everything unfolded throughout the course of Memorial Day Mayhem.

MW: You know, before we get to your in-ring matters, I did want to get your thoughts on the incident with Theresa Lynch betraying her family to join up with Supreme Wright. As I think most fans know, you were close with Theresa, having met her when she was just a child as you wrestled for Blackjack Lynch. How did you feel seeing what unfolded during the towel match?

[Michelle shakes her head.]

MB: I don't know if I will have a very popular opinion on this, Mariah.

MW: Oh?

MB: I will say that I don't like seeing families having trouble with each other, first and foremost. I know there is history there between Supreme and the Lynch family, and I don't fully understand it, but I hope they can come to a more amicable solution than where they're at now. I haven't had a chance to talk with Theresa since what happened at Memorial Day Mayhem, so I don't know what her logic is, but she isn't the first to choose love over family, and she won't be the last. She's an adult, she can make adult decisions, and while I wish things hadn't unfolded the way they had, I think she deserves the chance to explain why she made that decision.

[Mariah nods her head, writing down some notes.]

MW: I have to admit, that is the nuanced take that I'd expect from you. That actually brings me to your recent run-ins with Melissa Cannon, because I think you've had a similarly nuanced reaction. A lot of wrestlers would be upset over how your match with Julie Somers ended at Memorial Day Mayhem, with Cinder and Melissa Cannon's fight over the AWA Women's World Title belt resulting in you being struck with the championship and knocked out, but you seem to have taken it in stride. Why is that?

[A sigh from the "Platinum Princess".]

MB: Can I give you a peek into my mental state? Just how I regularly think?

MW: Of course.

MB: I know a lot of what people have seen of me has been looking back towards my past, but in my day-to-day life, I try not to live that way. Like I can look at the

past and try to learn from what happened, but I can't dwell on it. I can't change what happened in the past, I can only try to make the future better.

[Michelle nods her head.]

MB: So let's take what's happened with Melissa. Before Memorial Day Mayhem, she hit me in Reseda. Then at Memorial Day Mayhem, she hit me with the title belt. I can't go back and change what happened at those two events. She certainly seems like she didn't mean to do those things.

MW: But what about her attacking your knee during the Rumble?

[Michelle shrugs.]

MB: It was a match. I came in with a hurt knee and she attacked it. Practically any wrestler in that situation is going to do the same thing. Melissa wanted to win the Rumble and go on to Girls To The Front, and I was in her way. I can't really fault her for attacking what I told everyone to attack moments before the match. Remember what I said? That if they thought they could stop me, my knee was the target?

[Michelle smirks.]

MB: Melissa listened. How can I be upset about that?

MW: Have you had a chance to talk to Melissa since that night?

[Michelle shakes her head.]

MB: We've tried to connect but just keep missing each other. Unfortunately my schedule with clients has been so busy that I've been hard to pin down. It's my fault. I don't want her to think that I'm avoiding her or anything, I just...

[Another sigh.]

MB: I have a lot on my plate.

MW: I'm sure people can understand that, as you maintain your social work practice while you wrestle in the AWA. Let's go back to the Rumble, though. A lot of people openly speculated about your potential of joining E-Girl MAX, and how friendly you have been in the past to Harley Hamilton. I'd like for you to clear the air, if you could - what exactly is your relationship with Harley Hamilton and the rest of E-Girl MAX?

[Michelle thinks, the post of her tongue piercing exiting from the left side of her mouth and sliding across her lips before going back in on the right side of her mouth, a common reaction from her when she is deep in thought. After a few moments, she answers, albeit hesitantly.]

MB: Again, I don't know if this will be popular. I've said this before, but I personally think highly of all the members of E-Girl MAX. I think if you're here in the AWA, you have to be a very capable wrestler, and all of them are able to hold their own. I also think that they're misunderstood, in a way. I think that people see their personality and decide they must be bad people, and instead of trying to win favor from people who have already decided about them, they lash out.

[Mariah seems surprised by this.]

MW: So you're sympathetic to them?

MB: I suppose you could say that, Mariah. I think they have good hearts, but they apply their energy in the wrong direction. I think it may be because I have a daughter of similar age, but I think I can understand them better than most.

MW: Does that mean you would join them? The way the Rumble ended, it seemed like Harley firmly believed that you were a part of the team.

[Michelle frowns.]

MB: I would never say never, but I doubt that would happen. If you remember, I was once asked about how I felt regarding the ending of the Steal the Spotlight match. I said that Harley and Cinder earned the right to do as they wished at the end of the match, because they had beaten everyone else in the match. When Harley said that E-Girl MAX was going to do it again at the Rumble, to try and make sure that it was just E-Girl MAX at the end so they decided the winner, I knew I had to do something. I wanted her to understand that the best wrestler should win this sort of match, just like when Ayako Fujiwara and I went up against each other at the end of the Royal Crown.

MW: But obviously Harley didn't listen, and she beat you pretty harshly for it.

[Michelle nods.]

MB: I understand her viewpoint. Really, I do. I respect her admiration for her friends, but sometimes you improve by wrestling people that you don't commonly wrestle, who know so much about you that it would be difficult to beat them. Wrestling against Ayako Fujiwara made me a better wrestler, because Ayako knows me so well and knows how to stop me. I think someday Harley will understand the same. Maybe she feels she gets that sort of experience in sparring, but I think I can appeal to her athletic senses when I tell her that real game experience is always more valuable than a scrimmage.

[A shrug.]

MB: But I guess we won't see that, will we?

MW: I suppose we won't. Michelle, before I let you go, I do have to ask you about the match with Julie Somers. Obviously, with the match ending in so much controversy, the AWA Galaxy has been clamoring for a rematch. The big talk on social media is that you deserve another opportunity at the title. How do you feel about that? Are you petitioning for another shot?

[Michelle shakes her head.]

MB: No. After losing at Memorial Day Mayhem and finishing as a runner-up at the Rumble, I don't think I have an argument for it. Also, to be honest, the last few weeks were really difficult for me. One thing I was always told by Juan, Luke, and Shane is that when you reach the upper echelon of this sport, it gets lonely. Everyone wants to unseat you. I think as much as I like the thought of finally being a World Champion, I also have to think about who I am as a person.

[Michelle holds up a hand, almost in apology.]

MB: Now I'm not saying you have to be cutthroat to be a champion. Julie Somers is a genuinely kind person, one who is extraordinarily skilled. Look at how everyone I came in with has retired. Sure, I had a long layoff, but that doesn't change the date on my driver's license, or how I feel in the morning when I wake up. Part of the way I think, about not looking at the past, is thinking about the future. Thinking about the lives I've touched, the great people I've worked with... the impact that I make.

[She bows her head.]

MB: People like me, we get forgotten in the pages of history, taken out, erased. This is Pride Month, and I think a lot about the people like me who didn't make it to the age I am now, people whose names aren't remembered but should have been. I think about how fortunate I am to have carved my name on what I have.

[She looks back up at her camera.]

MB: But I don't know if another shot is worth it, if it means damaging the relationships I've built. Relationships with Julie, with Melissa, with Ricki...

[A sigh.]

MB: ...with Harley, Cinder, and Casey.

[Another shake of the head.]

MB: So while I think I could get another shot at the title, I also worry about what it does to my legacy, win or lose. Mariah, people like me just don't get to leave legacies. I hope that makes sense.

[Mariah nods, softly speaking her reply.]

MW: Thank you, Michelle. We appreciate your words.

[Michelle just nods back, as we cut back to Salvatore Albano and Colt Patterson.]

SA: Wow. Some VERY interesting words there from-

CP: What a load of garbage, Albano!

SA: I'm sorry?

CP: Michelle Bailey is a professional wrestler the last time I checked. It may be a cliché to say it at this point but if you're not in this business to be on top... to be the World Champion... then you should go home!

SA: Colt, I'm a little shocked by-

CP: You WOULD be, Albano. Michelle Bailey was given a gift... an opportunity to be remembered as one of the greatest of all time... in fact, she was given a gift again to be in this position after being away from the sport for YEARS! I was cut down physically in my prime! And when I came back, I was NOTHING like what I once was... and I would've KILLED to be back at the top of my game physically, mentally... and to sit there and go "boo hoo, what about my legacy? I don't want another shot." It makes me sick, Albano... so I'll say it again... if Michelle Bailey doesn't want another shot at the AWA Women's World Title, then she should leave her boots in this ring, walk away, and leave the opportunities to people who would do ANYTHING to have them.

SA: Wow... uhh... Colt, that's quite the reaction... and while I can certainly understand your point of view in this, I think we also have to respect Michelle Bailey's view as well. She made her feelings there quite clear. She is NOT looking for another title shot at the champion, Julie Somers... who we're about to see defend the title against an opponent to be drawn at random thanks to the injuries suffered by Ayako Fujiwara at Memorial Day Mayhem. In fact, we're going to the ring right now for this matchup - our Hour Two Main Event!

[We fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is our Hour Two Main Event! It is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORRRRRRRRRRLD WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Ortiz lowers the mic as the voice of Shakira comes in over the PA system.]

"Oh oh oh oh oh"

[That signals the start of her song "Try Everything" from the movie Zootopia. Then you see one word flash up on the screen, red lettering on a white background.

"SPITFIRE"

That's followed by three words, also in red lettering.

"LIVE THE DREAM"

The fans are loud as the words flash, interspersed with action clips of the woman about to be introduced.]

RO: Introducing first... she is the AWA WOMEN'S WORLD CHAMMMMMPIONNNNN...

From Boston, Massachusetts and weighing 135 pounds...

"THE SPITFIIIIIIIIIRE"... JUUUUUUUUUULIEEEEEEE SOMERRRRRRRRRS!

[And the AWA Women's Champion emerges from the entranceway. Julie Somers wears a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads, and white wrestling boots. Somers also wears a red cape with the words "LIVE THE DREAM" across the back in white glitter. She has the AWA Women's World Title belt strapped around her waist.]

SA: And there she is, Colt... the AWA Women's World Champion who successfully defending the title through controversy in Dodger Stadium but now finds herself with a giant bullseye on her back.

CP: That's right, Big Sal - she's got Cinder - Little Miss Steal The Spotlight herself - with her sights on her... and if she survives that, she's got Harley Hamilton, the 2018 Rumble winner, waiting for her in about two months' time in New York City.

SA: Harley Hamilton will face the World Champion - whoever it may be - on August 18th in Madison Square Garden at the first EVER AWA all-women's event, Girls To The Front. You know Julie Somers wants to be in that Main Event with her... but can she survive until that big, big night with the title around her waist? Tonight is the first step in answering that question.

[Somers stands at the top of the ramp, then spreads her arms diagonally, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans' cheers. After a moment, The Spitfire heads down the ramp, reaching out to slap hands with the ringside fans.]

SA: The fans in San Jose are solidly behind the Spitfire, one of the most popular competitors in the locker room no matter where we go... and San Jose is no different, Colt.

CP: Somers is a big hero of the people, no doubt about that... right up there with Martinez and Supernova.

SA: And... I could be wrong but there seems to be something just a little bit off about the champion coming out here. And I have to wonder if it has anything to do

with the interview we saw with Michelle Bailey moments ago. She couldn't have been happy about what we heard, Colt.

CP: I'm sure she wasn't. We heard it on Showtime... we heard it here earlier... she doesn't like how things went down in Chavez Ravine... and Bailey seems set to move on and live with it.

[When she reaches the ring, she slides underneath the ropes and rolls to her feet...

...and forgoes her usual trip to the corner to salute the fans, pulling off her cape as we cut to the rapidly-filling entrance stage.]

SA: And now you see the competitors who are hoping to have Lady Luck on their side here tonight... along with the Interim President himself who has had a very busy night here so far in San Jose...

[The SAP Center pulses with energy, as Julie Somers stands tall in the center, her AWA Women's World Title belt gleaming over her shoulder. We then see AWA interim President, Maxim Zharkov appear at the entrance stage, a silver bowl of names in front of him, flanked by many members of the night's untapped women's roster: Betty Chang, Charity Rockwell, Kimmy Bailey, The Rhodes Dynasty, Pink Cashmere, Moxy Hart, The Thompson Sisters, Skylar Swift, The Peach Pits, and the Slam Sorority. The women eye each other warily, tension crackling in the air.]

SA: Remember, fans... Julie Somers is ready to defend that Women's World Title, but with Ayako Fujiwara out of commission after a brutal assault at Memorial Day Mayhem, interim President Zharkov is about to draw a mystery opponent from that bowl!

CP: Zharkov's practically got the whole women's roster up there and all of'em are itching for a shot at Somers' title. Just imagine if someone like Laura Davis or Skylar Swift gets a title shot on no notice to the champion... heck, Kimmy Bailey would be a tough out as well...the Rhodes girls...

[Interim President Zharkov grabs the mic, stirring the bowl dramatically. He reaches in, pulling out a slip of paper, and unfolds it with a smirk.]

MZ: Ladies... and San Jose! Tonight, destiny picks the challenger. And the woman who will face Julie Somers tonight is...

[He pauses for dramatic effect.]

MZ: ...BETTY CHANG!

[The crowd erupts with a loud cheer! In the ring, Julie Somers raises an eyebrow, nodding with respect at the choice. On stage, Betty Chang is frozen with shock. Her mouth drops open, hands flying to her face as the reality sinks in.]

CP: Betty Chang?! Oh, come on, Somers is gonna feast! This kid's had multiple shots at that title and got destroyed every single time!

SA: Whoa, easy there, Colt! Betty's only had one shot at the gold and that was against Kurayami last year. And let me tell you, the Betty Chang standing up there now? She's a far different wrestler. Sharper strikes, tougher, and a fire that Kurayami never saw. This isn't the same underdog!

[Beside her, Charity Rockwell explodes with joy, jumping up and down and pulling Betty into a bear hug, screaming "You got this, doll! Bring home the gold!" Kimmy Bailey shouts, "GO GET'EM BETS!" as she slaps Betty hard on the back, nearly

knocking the stunned martial artist off her feet. Betty stumbles forward with a laugh, catching herself.]

SA: And you love to see that. The rest of the women on stage showing their support.

[Not quite. As the rest of the roster files out, the mood shifts as The Rhodes Dynasty scowls, clearly annoyed. Sophie Rhodes rolls her eyes and deliberately bumps Betty's shoulder hard on her way out, muttering under her breath.]

SA: Ouch! Sophie Rhodes with the shoulder check. The Rhodes Dynasty are clearly unhappy they didn't draw the golden ticket.

CP: Who wouldn't be? That geek Betty Chang gets the opportunity of a lifetime... again!

[Zharkov steps aside, gesturing her toward the ring.]

MZ: Miss Chang, congratulations. And if you would...?

[Breaking out of her delirium, Betty steels herself and nods, turning her attention towards the champion and the ring. The camera zooms in on her determined face, catching her words.]

"You got this, Betty. You got this. YougotthisYougotthisYougothis! RAAAAAH!!!"

[Betty slaps her cheeks and lets out a defiant roar, firing herself up as she strides down the ramp with purpose. She slides into the ring and points right at the title belt resting on Julie Somers' shoulder, before making the "I want the belt!" gesture, drawing a huge cheer from the crowd and a grin at the young challenger's confidence from the champion who pats the title belt one more time before handing it off to referee Shari Miranda.]

SA: The champion in the ring... the challenger as well... and we're just about set to see the Women's World Title on the line! The champ looks as ready as ever... but this could turn out to be a bigger chance for Betty Chang than we thought because Somers has GOT to have Michelle Bailey's words on her mind.

CP: Tonight's not about Michelle Bailey... and apparently it may NEVER be about Bailey again for Somers so she needs to shake it off, get her mind right, and be focused or we're going to have one hell of an upset and a brand new Women's World Champion.

SA: Betty Chang has seen her stock slowly rise over the past few months - especially over on Showtime and at our arena events where she's been a big hit with the fans, putting together a solid win-loss record both in singles and alongside her partner, Charity Rockwell...

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell sounds in San Jose and it's title match time!

[There's a brief circle around before Somers extends a hand, showing some sportsmanship towards her challenger who accepts to cheers.]

SA: Mutual respect from the jump of this one, Colt.

CP: Chang shoulda thumbed her in the eye right there. A missed opportunity.

SA: You're too much.

[The circling ends in a collar and elbow that Somers quickly turns into a side headlock, using her size advantage to take Chang up and over, pushing her shoulders down to the mat for a quick one count...]

SA: Headlock takeover puts Shari right to work, counting one and that's all...

[...and with Somers seated on the mat in the headlock, Chang swings her legs up to snatch a headscissors, dragging Somers down to escape...]

SA: ...a nice counter by Chang... and both women out and up...

[A small grin from Somers and a quick nod of respect brings a smile to Chang's face as well.]

SA: ...and you can't help but notice these two having a good time in there. A nice exchange to start the match and the Spitfire looks to be impressed with Chang already in this one.

[Somers waves Chang in, moving into another tieup and this time, Chang gets the edge with an armtwist around into a hammerlock...]

...that lasts a split second before Somers counters into one of her own, wrenching the arm up as Chang reaches back to grab the head, running up the ropes, kicking up and over Somers...]

SA: Whoa!

[...and uses an armdrag to pull Somers down to the mat, hanging onto the limb...]

SA: Hold and counter there, Chang taking Somers down...

[...but Somers kips up off the mat, using an armdrag of her own to toss Chang back down to the canvas...]

SA: ...whoaaa! And down goes Somers again! These two are-

[...Somers comes up quickly, ready to strike, but Chang is a step quicker, leaping into the air, corkscrewing 360 degrees for a head kick that Somers just narrowly avoids, the blow glancing off her shoulder instead, knocking her down to the mat as Chang scrambles up and the crowd "oooooohs!"]

SA: You talk about a near miss! Betty Chang lands... or almost lands... the Rolling Thunder kick and if that foot hit the mark, we might be looking at a new World Champion right now.

CP: The kick hit the shoulder, Somers saw it coming - just barely... Chang's speed is unreal, Big Sal - she's like a hummingbird with brass knuckles.

SA: What an... unusual description... but I can't disagree with the praise for her speed. The champion's seen it all in her time here in the AWA but you can tell this kid's got her thinking about how close a title change was right there.

[Somers rubs her shoulder thoughtfully as an energetic Chang gets to her feet, advancing on Somers...]

...but Somers slows her down with a sidestep, shoving her into the turnbuckles where she buries a knee into the midsection once... twice...]

SA: Somers muscles her in and laying down the thunder..

[...before stepping back and lighting her up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BIG CHOP BY THE SPITFIRE!

[A second chop lands... and a third before Somers grabs the arm, whipping Chang across...]

SA: Irish whi... what in the...?

[...and as Somers rushes across after her, Chang leaps to the middle rope, balancing before blindly leaping backwards, landing on the shoulders of the advancing Spitfire before spinning around, snapping Somers over with a rana, getting a big cheer as Somers slides to the outside...]

SA: ...wow! What a move out of Betty Chang... and she's got the champion looking to regroup in a hurry!

[Chang grabs the top rope, looking to slingshot over the ropes onto the World Champion...]

SA: Here she comes... SLINGSHOT!

[...and Somers bails clear, causing Chang to change her attack in mid-flight, landing on the apron! Somers makes a lunge at the legs but Chang leaps up, dropping off the apron into another rana on the floor!]

SA: WOW! Betty Chang off to a hot start in this one... both women on the outside... but not for long. Chang staying on the attack, recognizing the opportunity in front of her as she tosses Somers back inside...

[Chang advances on Somers who is trying to create some space.]

SA: Somers trying to get away and- OH! Back elbow on the chin! Buying herself some time!

[She twists around, hopping up on the middle turnbuckle, taking a seat for a moment...

...which is a moment too long for the speedy Chang who rushes in, leaping to the middle rope herself, and using an armdrag to fling Somers halfway across the ring!]

SA: Betty Chang is absolutely DOMINATING the opening moments of this one... and I gotta wonder if Somers' feelings about the Michelle Bailey situation is affecting her focus, Colt.

CP: Somers was telling people backstage earlier that she felt weird about even DEFENDING the title tonight with that controversy hanging over her head. If she keeps this up, she won't have to worry about defending the title again after this one because we'll have a new champion!

[Chang gets to her feet, again advancing on Somers as the crowd is buzzing at the underdog's early momentum, snapping off a spinning back kick that pops Somers in the sternum, sending her falling back into the corner...]

SA: Chang on the move... to the far corner...

[...and with a tumbling handspring across the ring, Chang propels herself into an enzuigiri!]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The kick snaps off the back of Somers’ head, sending her stumbling out of the corner to a knee...]

SA: Chang cracked her good! Somers is seeing stars and...

[...and getting right back up, Chang clears the ring on a charge, bouncing back with a shotgun dropkick to the chest of the kneeling Somers, knocking her flat on her back and nearly out of the ring again!]

SA: OHH! Right in the heart of the champion! Right in the fighting heart!

[And suddenly, a fairly strong “BET-TY!” chant breaks out from the San Jose crowd. Chang is up with a grin at the reaction, waving her arms up, getting an even louder roar from the AWA faithful!]

CP: Don’t celebrate now, kid - you ain’t done nothin’ yet!

SA: Chang’s ready! She’s set!

[And as Somers struggles to regain her feet, Chang feints a low kick, suddenly changing direction, whipping her leg around in a circular motion for a head kick... but Somers throws herself backwards into the ropes, narrowly avoiding it!]

SA: OH! Chang went for the Dragon Flash but Somers saw it coming!

CP: I don’t think she was worn down enough for it yet. Chang’s got kicks that can end a match in a heartbeat, especially that one, but Somers had enough gas in the tank to bail clear.

SA: The champ’s GOT to slow this pace down - Betty Chang is absolutely BLITZING her right now, Colt!

CP: Somers staying down on a knee in the ropes, doing exactly that... she’s not running scared but she’s resetting because this kid’s running on adrenaline and that can be a dangerous fuel to run on... for both champion AND challenger.

[Chang shows a little frustration at the missed kick, grabbing Somers by the arm, whipping her across...]

SA: Irish whip sends her in...

[...but Somers grabs the ropes, watching Chang go up for a leapfrog before charging in and KNOCKING her out of the sky with a leaping clothesline!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ...AND SWEET SAN ANGELO! Somers caused a break in Chang’s rhythm and timing and made her pay for it!

CP: She swatted her right down like a bug with that leaping clothesline!

[Somers takes a moment to regroup before hauling Chang off the mat, hooking her up, and snapping her over with a suplex!]

SA: Suplex connects! Somers floats over for one... for two... but that's all!

[Somers rolls to her knees, again taking a moment to catch a breather before climbing to her feet...]

SA: The World Champion has opened a crack in the window and now she's looking to push it open the rest of the way and climb through to victory. Julie Somers needs to keep her focus strong and the rest will follow.

[The Spitfire brings Chang up off the mat, snatching another front facelock...]

SA: Another suplex perhaps?

[...and SNAPS her over in a swinging neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Somers busting out the high impact offense, a big shot right down on the neck of her challenger...

[Somers gets another cover, hooking a leg... but a two count goes down again.]

SA: Julie Somers striking hard, working over the challenger..

[Somers grabs the arm, pulling Chang up and whipping her across. The champion flattens out, forcing Chang to hurdle over her, hitting the ropes...]

...and Somers pops up, leaps up, and drops the challenger with a flying forearm!]

SA: FOREARM FLATTENS THE CHALLENGER!

[The champion dives into another pin attempt, hooking the leg...]

SA: And Chang's out at two again!

[Chang crawls across the canvas, using the corner ropes to pull herself up as Somers prepares to do more damage, rushing from corner to corner...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RUNNING DROPKICK IN THE CORNER! SNAPS THE HEAD BACK!

[Chang staggers forward but Somers catches her, grabbing a front facelock, swinging her arm around...]

SA: It looks like she's looking for...

[...and Somers runs right up the turnbuckles, kicking off, twisting through the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...TORNAAAADOOOOO DDT!

CP: Chang gets SPIKED right on top of her head and that might do it right there!

[Somers dives across Chang's prone torso, wrapping up the leg...]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...CHANG KICKS OUT AT TWOOOOOOOOOO!

CP: A long two! I thought she had her there but Betty Chang is putting up more of a fight than I think any of us expected!

[Somers angrily pistons a fist into the mat as she pushes to her knees!]

SA: Julie Somers showing some signs of frustration... she might have thought she had it won there too. Getting back up... bringing Chang up with her..

[A scoop slam deposits her on the mat as Somers turns and points to the corner...]

SA: And don't look now if you're a Betty Chang fan because the Spitfire is headed up top!

[Somers steps to the bottom rope... to the middle rope...]

CP: She's taking too long, Sal!

SA: We've wondered all match if Michelle Bailey's in her head... and we might be seeing that here...

CP: Whatever's in her head, she can't let it live rent-free right now because Betty Chang isn't here to make a good impression, she's here to make history!

[...and Somers shakes her head before stepping to the top rope!]

SA: SOMERS UP TOP! SOMERS SET TO FLY!

[The Spitfire HURLS herself backwards, flipping through the air...]

SA: MOONSAULLLLLLLLLLT!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHE MISSED! SHE MISSED! SOMERS WENT FOR IT ALL AND CAME UP EMPTY!

CP: COVER HER, KID!

[Chang, having rolled several feet clear, pushes up to her hands and knees, spotting Somers laid out on the mat, and starts crawling back towards the Women's World Champion...]

SA: Chang on the move! Chang crawling!

[...and pushes Somers onto her back with her head, collapsing on top of her!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! FOR THE TITLE!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SOMERS KICKS OUT AT TWOOOOOOOOO!

[Chang flops onto her back, breathing heavily as the crowd cheers the near fall and near history-making pin...]

SA: Betty Chang was a half count away - maybe less - from becoming the Women's World Champion! It's a perfect storm here in San Jose, fans! The cloud hanging over Julie Somers! The element of surprise in Chang as challenger! The surging skills of Chang in recent months! This could be her night! This could be her moment! And these people are on their feet cheering, Colt!

CP: You know who is cheering even louder?

SA: Who is that?

CP: Harley Hamilton and Cinder!

[Chang sits up off the mat, nodding her head at the cheering fans as she forces her way back to her feet, watching as Somers slowly pushes up as well...]

SA: Somers took that hard fall off the top, missing her signature Moonsault... and you've gotta wonder if Betty Chang can take advantage of it!

[Somers is on her feet, staggering in a circle towards Chang who wraps her arm around the waist, hooking the wrist with the other arm...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and with a pivot and pull, she explosively lifts Somers off the mat with her hip, driving her forward and into the canvas with Chang on top!]

SA: O-GOSHI JUDO THROW!

[Chang holds the wrist, scissoring the arm...]

SA: INTO THE JUJIGATAME!

CP: SOMERS IS IN TROUBLE! She might've had the wind knocked out of her with the judo throw and now the submission hold is locked in!

SA: Somers is fighting it, screaming "NO!" to Shari Miranda! Can she hang on?! Can she save her title?!

CP: She's gotta work fast or Chang's gonna snap the arm!

[Somers grimaces as she rolls to the side, pushing up and forcing Chang's shoulders down on the mat...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!

[...which forces Chang to release the hold, freeing Somers who stumbles backwards, shaking out her arm as Chang scrambles up off the mat. The champion advances, reaching out towards her...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ELBOW UPPERCUT! SHE JACKED HER JAW WITH THAT ONE! SOMERS IS OUT ON HER FEET!

[Chang takes a deep breath, letting loose a shout before she rushes in, throwing a blindingly fast barrage of punches and kicks from all sides...]

SA: MARTIAL ARTS MAYHEM! SOMERS IS TRYING TO PROTECT HERSELF!

[The fans are getting louder, sensing history in the making as Chang lights her up with right and lefts... kicks and knees... battering her wildly as the referee shouts to make sure Chang keeps the fists open...

...and she twists, burying a spinning back kick into the gut, doubling Somers over. She pumps a fist, dashing to the ropes, running right up the turnbuckles and leaping off...]

SA: FLYING THUNDER GOD!

[...but Chang's attempt at a top rope flying kick gets big height... big reach...

...and two feet FLUSH on the chin as Somers leaps into a defensive dropkick at the last moment, causing Chang's head to snap back as she sinks like a stone from the sky!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: THEY'RE BOTH DOWN! SOMERS INTERCEPTS THE FLYING KICK AND BOTH WOMEN ARE DOWN!

CP: This is what the World Championship means... and Michelle Bailey should take notes because NEITHER of these women are giving an inch! They're putting EVERYTHING on the line because they know what it means to be the best damn woman on the planet in this business!

SA: Betty Chang proving she belongs in that ring - win, lose, or draw - tonight!

[Both women are slow to stir off the mat, Somers getting there first as she drags Chang off her knees by the hair..

...and Chang throws a weakened strike that Somers slaps away, spinning her into a lifting back suplex, dumping her challenger down on the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact of the suplex actually rolls Chang right up onto her feet, staggering in a circle as Somers climbs up, takes aim...]

SA: SOMERS...

[...and with a leaping reverse rana, Somers DRIVES Chang down on top of her head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...SPIKES HER!

[Chang is motionless on the mat after the head spike as Somers pushes to her knees... and points to the corner...]

SA: She's heading up top again!

[...and this time, there's no hesitation as she steps from the mat to the second to the top rope in mere seconds, standing up top, pointing out at the cheering crowd...]

SA: MOONSAULT!

[...and CRASHES down across the torso of her challenger, hooking the legs!]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Somers rolls off her defeated challenger, a look of relief on her face as she sits on the canvas for several moments, the San Jose crowd cheering the hard-fought title defense of the Spitfire.]

SA: Whew. You talk about a close call, Colt.

CP: On paper, Julie Somers against Betty Chang would have the oddsmakers picking Somers every time... but that's why they wrestle the matches, Big Sal. On any given night, anyone can beat anyone else. We talked about some the factors tonight - Somers' pre-occupation with Bailey, the element of surprise, the lack of preparation... those all could've played a role in this match being as close as it was but Betty Chang showed the whole world a lot tonight - including the World Champion.

[The belt back in hand, Somers clutches the title to her chest for a few moments before getting off the canvas, holding it up for all to see. The Spitfire slings it over her shoulder, looking down at Chang who is struggling to sit up, clutching her ribs in pain...

...and with a smile, Somers extends her hand down to Chang.]

SA: Oh yeah! You gotta love that!

CP: On the way up, Chang oughta waffle her!

SA: Would you stop?!

[Betty gratefully accepts the hand up as Somers pulls her up into a quick embrace before raising her hand for the San Jose crowd to salute her.]

SA: The fans in San Jose are on their feet, cheering on both champion and challenger here tonight... some might say the present and the future even. Julie Somers is still the champion but Betty Chang just arrived on the big stage tonight. She didn't win the title but she won the respect of a whole lot of people after this one.

[Chang breaks away, giving a slight bow to the champion before dropping to the mat and rolling from the ring as Somers steps to the middle rope, saluting her loyal fans.]

SA: It promises to be a rough road for Julie Somers as she attempts to walk into Madison Square Garden to defend against Harley Hamilton... but on this night, she clears this particular speedbump by defeated Betty Chang in a hard-fought matchup! Fans, we've got to take a break but when we come back, we're going to kick off the final hour of Saturday Night Wrestling with Jayden Jericho taking on Lee Connors... and don't forget tonight's Main Event as Ryan Martinez collides with the Westerly Dynasty in some fashion! Don't you dare miss that!

[With Somers saluting the crowd, the Women's World Title in the air, we fade to black...

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

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

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

LV: I will.

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

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

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

SC: I will.

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

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

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

TB: I will.

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

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

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

HH/C [together]: I will!

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

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

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

"Under Armour - I Will."

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

And as we fade back up, we find ourselves in the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: We are back LIVE from the SAP Center for Saturday Night Wrestling on ESPN... and what a night it's been in the Bay Area but as we kick off the final hour of tonight's show, we're not slowing down because it IS official - tonight's Main Event will see the Westerly Dynasty duo of the returning Nenshou and James Lynch taking on Ryan Martinez and a partner of his choice. I've gotta say though... I've seen Ryan Martinez walking around back here, full of fire... deservedly angry at having

his World Title shot tonight stripped away... and he looks to me like he could take on the entire Westerly Dynasty himself! He looks...

[Blackwell trails off as he looks off to the side...]

MSH: Have you considered that maybe he should have it stripped away?

[Miss Sandra Hayes crosses in front of Sweet Lou, the National Title belt cradled proudly in her arms. Kerry Kendrick sidles up beside her, wrapping his arm equally possessively around her waist.]

KK: Sweet Lou, I'm sure you've felt it... there's a seismic shift happening in the AWA and it's not coming from the San Andreas Fault. Ain't that right, bubblegum?

MSH: Change or fall into the ocean, gumdrop.

[Blackwell sticks his bottom lip out as Hayes and Kendrick nuzzle the tips of their noses together smugly. He tries to change the subject.]

SLB: Well, before we get to the Westerly Dynasty and their impact on the World Championship scene, let's get some clarity on the AWA National Championship title picture. You've got Ohara and Williams both making compelling cases that they should be first in line, and you didn't exactly answer the question. You have a title defense scheduled for two weeks time when Saturday Night Wrestling is in Portland, Oregon - who's it going to be?

[Hayes shrugs.]

MSH: I'm not sure either of them really sold us... what I think the National Title needs is some fresh new blood that can give my Self Made Man a challenge, so he can really look good when he beats them in the middle of the ring.

KK: The sad fact of life is that right now, Derrick Williams and Jordan Ohara would make great opponents, but they're faces in the crowd-

"I can certainly help with that."

[All eyes turn as the head of the Westerly Dynasty, Veronica Westerly herself, sashays confidently into view. Hayes gives her an appraising look on her approach as Westerly only has eyes for the new National Champion.]

VW: Ohara or Williams... who should it be? The whole world is asking... but I've got the answer, champ.

[She punctuates her answer with a fingernail lightly resting on the chest of the new champion.]

VW: Neither.

[The word has barely escaped her lips when Miss Sandra Hayes steps in, placing a hand on Westerly's shoulder and forcing her to step away from her man.]

MSH: Pretty sure we'd already established that without you... now if you don't mind...

[Westerly smirks.]

VW: Oh, but I do mind. I'm not about to let...

[She waves her hand around messily at the duo.]

VW: ...whatever it is you two have going on block a business deal from going down. So, since you seem to want to take charge of this situation, then let me make a proposition for you...

[Blackwell interjects.]

SLB: Girlboss to girlboss?

[The two ladies glare at Blackwell with evident disgust.]

VW: As I was saying, I agree with you. Neither Ohara nor Williams deserve the shot at the oldest prize in the AWA... but I know someone who does.

[Kendrick furrows his brow in response - he senses something is up, but can't put his finger on what. Hayes isn't quite so pragmatic - she senses a challenger.]

MSH: Listen, Veronica Come Lately, I know what you're doing. I'm just as eager as Kerry is to defend my position as...

[She throws a look at Blackwell.]

MSH: ...girlboss of the girlbosses. I might even look forward to playing the game with you one day... but the Self Made Man and I...? The National Championship thrives on fresh blood. Who have you got?

Nenshou? EW!

James Lynch? He didn't exactly set the world on fire at Memorial Day Mayhem either.

Sorry, Ronnie. The National Title calls for fresh and vibrant blood, not the same old recycled names.

[Westerly smiles "sweetly" with a nod.]

VW: You know something, sweetheart? You might want to let your man do the talking for you this time... because I know he's listening... and I know he knows a good offer when he hears one.

[She reaches out towards Kendrick again and gets her hand slapped away by Hayes to an "OHHH!" from inside the arena. Westerly's eyes flash for a moment before she raises both hands defensively, taking a step back.]

Kendrick puts a hand on Hayes' shoulder, causing the anger to pause as moment as they give each other a dubious glance, and without exchanging a word agree upon answering with a curt,]

KK: We'll think about it.

[And with that, Kendrick and Hayes turn to exit, leaving a smirking Westerly behind.]

VW: You do that.

[And we fade from backstage back out to the ring where we find Rebecca Ortiz standing, the ring already holding the competitors in the next match.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... accompanied to the ring by Justin

Gaines and representing Generation Lost... weighing in at 215 pounds out of Toronto, Ontario, Canada...

...JAYYYYYYYYDENNNNN JERICHOOOOOOOOOO!

[Jericho hops up on the middle rope, waving for the crowd to cheer him. Predictably, they do not. A disgruntled Jericho jumps back down, pointing across the ring at Connors as if to blame him for the crowd's boos.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... in the corner to my left... weighing in at 177 pounds and fighting out of Winnipeg, Canada...

"CANNONBALLLLLLLLLL" LEEEEEEEEEEE CONNORRRRRRRRS!

[Connors grins at the crowd's response, going into a quick series of strikes to the air, capping it off with a leaping back kick that causes Jericho to jump back even though he's well out of Connors' reach. Gaines grabs hold of Jericho, leaning over to talk to him as the competitors get set to do battle.]

SA: A final word of warning or perhaps advice from Gaines to Jericho as we get set for what should be a very exciting matchup between two incredibly athletic competitors.

[A warning from the official sends Gaines reluctantly to the outside as Jericho barks something across at Connors who ignores it as the official signals...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Lee Connors looking to build some momentum from his part in the win at Memorial Day Mayhem leading to next weekend in the historic IIWF Coliseum when he meets Odysseus Allah in the legendary Seven Tables of Fear match live on Showtime right here on ESPN...

CP: Believe the hype, Albano... but Connors can't be focused on next week when he's in there with Jayden Jericho tonight otherwise he'll find himself staring at the lights.

SA: Especially with the big man, Justin Gaines, lurking out there at ringside... no, this is a tough mountain to climb for Cannonball Connors here in San Jose.

CP: That's six foot seven, two-eighty three of bad attitude, Sal... and he's not out here to make friends, he's out here to make sure Generation Lost gets back on track after that embarrassing loss at Dodger Stadium.

[After a brief bit of circling, the two athletic superstars rush towards one another into a tieup, fighting for position as Gaines looks on stoically from ringside...]

SA: Jericho spins out into an armwringer, taking the early opening...

[Connors winces, grabbing at his shoulder...

...and then snaps off a standing somersault, landing on his feet and reversing the pressure before snapping a backhand strike to the cheek of Jericho, breaking the hold and promptly BURYING a spinning kick to the gut that sends Jericho falling back into the ropes, gasping for air.]

SA: Whoa ho! An early flurry of offense out of "Cannonball" Lee Connors and he's just so quick, Colt.

CP: Sudden impact and the striking game of Connors is no joke. Jayden Jericho can NOT trade strikes with this kid if he hopes to come out on top of this one.

SA: The fans in San Jose... and really anywhere we go... are solidly behind Connors who has truly become a fan favorite.

[Jericho edges away from the ropes, lunging into another tieup, using his size edge to bully Connors back across the ring. He puts him in the corner, referee Koji Sakai calling for a break, but Jericho pops a knee into the midsection, doubling over Connors.]

SA: No clean break for Jericho - like father like son, I suppose.

[Jericho grabs the arm, attempting a whip but Connors reverses, sending Jericho crashing into the turnbuckles...

...and Connors comes storming in behind him, running right up the torso - a foot smashing into Jericho's face - before flipping backwards, landing on his feet on the canvas!]

SA: Whoooooa! Spectacular offense out of Connors... right into that karate pose and the people love it!

CP: The people might but Generation Lost doesn't. Look at Gaines. He's furious at his partner getting embarrassed like that...

[Jericho comes stumbling out as Connors uncorks a superkick aimed at the chin...

...but Jericho shows off his own speed, diving backwards to avoid the blow, falling from the ring.]

SA: Jayden Jericho wanted NO part of that, Colt.

CP: Can't blame him. Smart move to get out and regroup with the big man.

[Gaines and Jericho share a brief strategy session on the outside as Connors waits for his opponent back into the ring...

...and then walks over to the ropes, grabbing the top...]

SA: Look out below!

[...but Gaines intentionally puts his body between the ring and Jericho, looking up coldly at Connors as the fans jeer loudly!]

SA: Oh, come on! Justin Gaines blatantly getting involved here, already becoming a factor in this one.

CP: If you're Connors, you can't take your eyes off either one of them.

[With Connors loudly protesting, the referee steps in and warns Gaines to stay back. Gaines raises his hands, insisting "I didn't do anything" as Connors talks to the official...

...which is an opening for Jayden Jericho to lunge forward around his ally, yanking Connors legs out from under him, dragging him to the outside...]

SA: Jericho pulls Connors out there and I don't think he wants to be-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -AND JERICO PUTS HIM SPINEFIRST INTO THE RAILING!

[Connors crumples against the steel barricade as Jericho sneers at the jeering ringside fans...]

SA: Jayden Jericho completely turning the tide in this one... putting Connors right back in and he may be looking to end this one before it really gets going. We're just a few minutes into this one, Colt.

CP: Jericho doesn't get paid by the hour and the quicker he finishes off Connors, the quicker he can hit the town... although there ain't much town to hit in San Jose, I'll tell you that.

SA: Jericho hooks him, looking out on these fans... and SNAPS him over with a suplex! Nicely done by Jericho!

CP: Don't sound so surprised, Albano. Jericho's got the goods... and the mean streak! Look at that!

[The crowd's jeers get louder as Jericho floats through the suplex to pummel Connors in close quarters with hard right hands. Sakai's five count comes quickly, forcing Jericho to break off the attack. The Son of the Playboy rises, smirking out at Gaines who applauds slowly.]

SA: Justin Gaines likes what he's seeing... even if these fans do not.

CP: Who cares what these fans have to say about it?! Jayden Jericho wants to win... and he's willing to do it at all costs.

SA: Jericho bringing his opponent up off the mat, shoots him to the corner...

[The athletic Canadian goes charging in, leaping up to SMASH his knee into the jaw of Connors, snapping his head back...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and grabs a front facelock, kicking off the buckles, twisting around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SPIKES Connors with a tornado DDT!]

SA: NO JOKE! HEADFIRST TO THE CANVAS! COVERS!

[The cover gets one... two... annnnnnnnd...]

SA: CONNORS IS OUT AT TWOOOOOOOOO!

[Connors is down as Jericho gets up, a sneer on his face towards Koji Sakai who holds up two fingers...]

CP: You can feel Jericho's swagger coming back. This is the guy who came to the AWA with so much hype and potential. And I really think it's Generation Lost who has brought it out of him. They've got him back to that level.

SA: Not if Lee Connors has anything to say about it.

[...and as Connors struggles to get off the mat, climbing to a knee, Jericho is there to greet him... dragging him the rest of the way up in a double underhook, again looking out at the crowd...]

SA: And long-time fans of our business are quite familiar with this one.

CP: Yeah, I saw that one many a time sitting backstage at an EMWC show...

[Jericho lifts him up, spinning a full circle...]

SA: OH! CONNORS SLIPS OUT!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and POPS the Toronto native with a palm strike uppercut, sending a wad of saliva from Jericho’s mouth into the air!]

SA: WHAT A SHOT! Jericho may be seeing stars after that!

[Connors squares up, lighting up the torso of Jericho with palm strike after palm strike, staggering the Prodigy...]

SA: Jericho’s in trouble!

[...and Connors breaks off, charging across the ring to hit the ropes for momentum as Jericho grabs the nearby referee...]

SA: What’s he...? OH!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Justin Gaines snakes an arm under the bottom rope, tripping up Connors, sending him facefirst down on the mat!]

SA: Justin Gaines getting himself involved again... this time it was behind the referee’s back thanks to Jayden Jericho.

[A smirking Jericho pushes the official aside, ducking through the ropes to the apron as Connors gets off the mat, shouting at Gaines who doesn’t respond, just staring at the young martial artist...]

SA: Connors is shouting down Gaines and I totally understand but-

[...and as Connors whips around, he finds Jericho springing off the top rope, smashing a clothesline across the torso!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SPRINGBOARD CLOTHESLIIIIIINE!

[Jericho wraps up the legs in a tight cover.]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! TH-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: CONNORS IS OUT AT TWOOOOO!

[Jericho smashes his hands down on the mat, shouting at the referee, slapping his hand down on the mat to mimic a three count.]

SA: Jayden Jericho thinks it was a bad count, Colt, but Koji Sakai says it was two.

CP: Jericho might have a point but... he's gotta stay focused. He's not going to change the referee's mind.

[Jericho climbs to his feet, glaring at the official still as Gaines points at Connors, insisting that Jericho stay on him. The arrogant second generation superstar gives a nod, pulling Connors off the mat and dragging him into a standing headscissors...]

SA: Powerbomb on the way!

[...but as he lifts Connors into the air, Connors flips out, grabbing the hair...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CONNORS SPIKES HIM! FACESLAM ON THE MAT!

[Both men are down on the mat, the crowd cheering on Connors as they struggle to get to their feet...]

SA: Who's going to get there first? A big time counter by Connors turns it around again...

[...and as they reach their feet, Jericho goes first...]

SA: SUPERKICK!

[...but Connors front rolls under it, getting to his feet as Jericho stumbles off-balance past him. Connors uses the momentum to hit the ropes, rebounding back towards Jericho...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: METEORA! TWO KNEES, NO WAITING!

[Connors pops back up to his feet, striking a pose to a ROAR from the San Jose crowd who know exactly what's coming...]

SA: STANDING SHOOTING STAR... CONNECTS!

[...and with the fans roaring, Connors wraps up the legs!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: JERICHO KICKS OUT!

CP: And this time, it's Connors who just missed in finishing this one off, Big Sal.

SA: What a tremendous back and forth we're witnessing between two of the most athletic up and coming stars in the entire AWA!

[With Jericho down on the mat, Connors ducks out to the apron, quickly climbing...]

SA: Don't look now but "Cannonball" Lee Connors is headed up top... and he may be thinking about that Atomic Cannonball, Colt!

CP: If he hits it, it's over but... I don't think we have to worry about that!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Justin Gaines climbs up on the apron near Connors, causing a distraction as the referee shouts at Gaines to get down. Connors is adding his two cents as well...]

SA: Connors wants Gaines off the apron! Sakai wants Gaines off the apron!

[...and the momentary delay gives Jericho enough recovery time to charge in, leaping high into the air in a deadleap off the mat...]

SA: WHAT THE-?!

[...and SNAPS Connors off the top rope with a stunning rana!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: HOLY CANNOLI! WHAT A LEAPING RANA BY JAYDEN JERICHOOOOOOO!

[And NOW Justin Gaines gets down, nodding approvingly.]

SA: Some might say that Lee Connors had Jayden Jericho beat right there... and this constant interference of Justin Gaines is ridiculous, Colt! It’s totally out of hand!

CP: That’s the value of a wingman, Albano... but you wouldn’t know anything about that.

[The big fall having taken a bit out of him, Jericho slowly crawls, diving across Connors in a sloppy lateral press...]

SA: Could that be enough?! Koji Sakai down to count annnnnnnnd...

[The crowd breathes a sigh of relief as Connors’ shoulder pops up at two and change.]

SA: ...NO! Kickout in tiiiiime!

[Jericho rolls off, breathing heavily as Gaines pounds his fists into the apron...]

SA: Lee Connors narrowly escapes after that... and with a hard fall like he just took, you have to wonder what his condition will be next weekend in Portland for that big, big match on Showtime!

[...and as Jericho pushes his way off the mat, he glares down at Connors, shouting “YOU THINK YOU’RE BETTER THAN ME?!”]

SA: Jayden Jericho shouting at Connors...

[He yanks him off the mat, tugging him into a snapmare position...]

SA: Hang on here... Jayden Jericho looks to be looking for the Emancipator!

[...and Jericho runs up the ropes, kicking himself off into the air before before he can flip over the top, Connors twists and SHOVES him off, sending Jericho CRASHING down on the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: BIG COUNTER! BIG COUNTER BY CONNORS!

[Connors collapses to his knees, breathing hard as a chant starts to build throughout the SAP Center...]

"CAN-NON-BALL!"

"CAN-NON-BALL!"

"CAN-NON-BALL!"

[...and Connors starts to rise, nodding and pumping his fist to the supportive crowd!]

SA: Connors on his feet! The fans are behind him in San Jose!

[With a bellow, Connors charges across the ring, launching himself into a shotgun dropkick that sends Jericho CRASHING spinefirst into the turnbuckles, his head snapping back on impact before he falls out, collapsing to the canvas...]

SA: And Jericho's in the wrong part of town!

[Connors' eyes light up as Jericho's position, pointing to the corner, rushing into position as he ducks through the ropes...]

SA: Lee Connors is going to climb! Connors looking to get into launch position!

CP: He's going for it! He's going to end this thing!

[...but as Connors is climbing, the crowd is buzzing...]

SA: What in the...?

[...and the camera cuts, showing a man in a hoodie coming over the railing, approaching the ring where a completely unaware Connors is on the top turnbuckle...]

SA: Connors is up top but-

[...and with a mighty shove by the unknown assailant, Connors is sent high into the air in a front flip, CRASHING violently down on the canvas!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers at Connors' hard fall as the hooded man ducks through the ropes, diving on top of Connors, hammering fists down into the face as the referee signals for the bell...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The match is over unfortunately... Jayden Jericho's going to be disqualified, I have to assume...

[After a few more blows, the hooded man gets up, ripping off his sweatshirt, tossing it aside...]

SA: Of course it is! It's Odysseus Allah! The man who will face Lee Connors next weekend in Portland and-

[Allah dives back on top of the defenseless Connors, hammering his fist down into the face... and then choking him with both hands...]

SA: -a brutal attack by Allah, trying to soften up Connors for Seven Tables of Fear and-

[Jayden Jericho slowly gets to his feet, shaking his head...

...and then with a shrug, he joins in, stomping Connors as a cackling Allah gets up, helping with the boot party.]

SA: We've got a two on one in there now! Lee Connors is in trouble, Colt.

CP: He sure is!

[Jericho shouts, "GET HIM UP!" and Allah obliges, dragging Connors to his feet and shoving him into a boot to the gut. Jericho hooks the double underhook...]

SA: This is ridiculous!

[...and lifts, twists, and PLANTS Connors facefirst on the canvas!]

SA: JAYDENPLEX! That's enough! That's enough!

CP: This isn't about tonight anymore - this is about sending a message before next week!

[And the mood in the SAP Center gets chilly as Justin Gaines joins the action in the ring...]

SA: Gaines is in as well now... and this just went from bad to worse for Lee Connors!

[Gaines gestures to Jericho and Allah, telling them to feed Connors to him... and they oblige, putting him into a standing headscissors as Gaines lifts Connors into the air, shifting him into crucifix powerbomb position...]

SA: No, no, no!

[...and DROPS him into a hangman's neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DENALI DEATH DROP!

[Allah is immediately on him, straddling him as he slaps him repeatedly. We can hear Jericho off-mic...]

"You're not making it to Odysseus Allah next week!"

[A sneering Jericho turns, looking into the camera as he wraps an arm around the big man's neck...]

"Generation Lost doesn't lose twice."

[As Allah hammers a few more fists into the face of the motionless Connors...]

SA: OH! OH YEAH!

[...the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Hannibal Carver charging down the aisle, steel chair in hand!]

SA: LEE CONNORS HAD HANNIBAL CARVER'S BACK IN LOS ANGELES AND THE BOSTON BRAWLER IS RETURNING THE FAVOR HERE TONIGHT IN SAN JOSE!

[But as Carver nears the ring, sliding in, the trio of Allah and Generation Lost bails out, leaving a pissed off Carver to swing the chair at the ropes...]

SA: Carver clears the ring... but it may be too late for Lee Connors.

CP: The kid is down and out... and he may be out of Showtime too.

SA: He may be... Carver kneeling down to check on him but... wow. What a scene here in San Jose.

[We cut to the ringside announce table to our team.]

SA: California has been the home of the AWA for a few weeks now, Colt, and we continue to make headlines... but perhaps no bigger headlines were made than in Los Angeles. The Main Event at Memorial Day Mayhem saw the wrestling world come together to say farewell to Juan Vasquez, as he went up against one of his fiercest rivals in his career's history, Raphael Rhodes. Rhodes was on a quest lasting for nearly a decade to finally pin Juan Vasquez, and the tens of thousands in attendance and millions watching around the world got to see that quest come to completion.

CP: I gotta admit, Albano, I'm still a little shocked he pulled it off in the end. Everything seemed like it was lining up for Vasquez to get that Hollywood ending, but the kid from Wigan played spoiler, just like he said he would.

SA: There have been rumors swirling about the health of both men, who wrestled for nearly an hour in their classic encounter. With Juan Vasquez retired, he has all the time he wants to recover, but obviously, Raphael Rhodes has to be looking to capitalize on his momentum and doesn't have the benefit of time. The longer he is away from the ring, the harder it will be to take advantage of the big win.

CP: You and I both said it during the match, Rhodes was wrestling like he didn't have a future to think about. I can speak from experience about what it means to sacrifice it all to accomplish a goal. If that's indeed what Rhodes did, he didn't do it for a title or for a big check, he did it to beat one man.

SA: Well, when you need to get to the bottom of something, there's one man to turn to, and that's our own Sweet Lou Blackwell. Lou?

[We cut backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell, a look of concern on his face.]

SLB: Thank you, Big Sal. We were hopeful that Raphael Rhodes and his trainer and advisor, Dana Kaiser, would be here in San Jose today, but last night we were informed that Mr. Rhodes was not cleared to travel.

[There is a gasp from the crowd in the arena, followed by boos.]

SLB: That said, we do have a remote linkup with Mr. Rhodes and Ms. Kaiser, who are joining us on the program at this time.

[We cut to a split screen, where Dana Kaiser and Raphael Rhodes sit in their home, shot waist-up. Kaiser wears a University of Minnesota T-shirt, and Rhodes has a simple black T-shirt with the sleeves cut off. Rhodes looks weary, his eyes glassy, and Kaiser has a look of concern on her face as her eyes are fixed to her husband, not on the camera.]

SLB: I want to thank both of you for joining us. As we discussed earlier, the fans of the AWA have been asking for an update on Mr. Rhodes' condition after his match against Juan Vasquez, and the best way to pass the message along is to hear from the two of you directly.

[Kaiser nods, turning towards her camera.]

DK: Thank you, Mr. Blackwell, for the opportunity. As you know, the match between Mr. Vasquez and Raph at Memorial Day Mayhem was extremely physical. We expected there to be injuries, perhaps significant, as a result.

[Kaiser grasps Rhodes' hand.]

DK: In the post-match medical evaluation with Dr. Ponavitch, Raph didn't pass the concussion protocol. I was told it was borderline, but that Raph's symptoms were enough for Dr. Ponavitch to call it a failure. He has decided that, for the month of June, Raph is to be prohibited from competition in the AWA, and to be allowed to recover.

[A frown forms on Rhodes' face as Kaiser informs the world of his medical disqualification. Blackwell similarly frowns.]

DK: Once a week, on Friday, we check in with our doctor here in Minnesota. We're hopeful that it will just be the month of June, because Raph really wants to get back in the ring.

SLB: I think that was what was on a lot of peoples' minds, what exactly would he do next now that he has finally cleared the Juan Vasquez hurdle.

[The frown on Rhodes' face turns into a smirk as Kaiser turns back to her husband.]

RR: Bein' honest, mate, it might be a blessin' in disguise. I spent a decade wonderin' what it would feel like to finally beat Juan Vasquez, and you saw how much I gave of myself to do it. I'm a fighter and I want to get back and fight again, but I also have to take a moment to understand what I accomplished, and plan for what comes next. Finally beatin' Juan Vasquez takes a lot of pressure off of me, but that's self-applied pressure, and now new pressure starts.

[Blackwell tilts his head.]

SLB: Such as?

RR: Well, just for starters... I ain't ever touched AWA gold. I've come close a few times, but I made a promise to my country that the next time we go back, I would be defending a title. I intend to keep that promise. Then, you have every single wrestler who would have given anything to not just face Juan Vasquez in his last match, but beat him as well. Me having that kind of accomplishment can't sit comfortably with some people, and I suspect there will be people who want a crack at me, hoping to prove that it should have been their match, not mine.

SLB: I think that is a very honest look at your situation. Considering your stature within the organization as well as your current ranking, a lot of fans are surprised that you have never been a champion within the AWA.

[Rhodes holds up a finger.]

RR: That's somethin' else. I actually owe an apology to the fans.

[Blackwell looks taken aback by Rhodes' statement.]

RR: It's true. I said the only people who wanted to see me beat Juan Vasquez were me and Dana, and I was wrong about that. Since I came back to the AWA, little by little, fans have taken to me.

[He shrugs.]

RR: It never made sense to me until after I beat Vasquez, and after Vasquez he was leavin' the AWA to me, I think it kinda clicked. I ain't been able to train, watch tape, nothin'. Just think. Just think about those words, what they could have meant, and why the fans have liked me so much lately.

[A nod from Rhodes, and a smile from Kaiser.]

RR: I think it's because, deep down, people see a little somethin' in me. They see a man who got determined to finish a goal, a man who finally realized he was bein' stubborn and needed to change. A man who put himself in the hands of another and let her guide him to new heights.

[Rhodes puts his arm around his wife, who can't help but beam with pride.]

RR: I got flaws, and I got weaknesses, but I stopped puttin' on airs to try and cover 'em up, tryin' to be somethin' I wasn't. Every little scar on my body is a story of a mistake I made, but it's okay to make mistakes if you learn from 'em, and I finally started learnin', yeah? And I learned to not feel bitter because I was facin' Juan Vasquez in his hometown, and that might have shaped the cheers. I apologize to the fans who believed in me, but wanted to say goodbye to a man like Vasquez. It weren't personal.

[Rhodes takes a moment with his thoughts, then speaks again.]

RR: I think people appreciate the scrappy little mutt from the kennel that learned some new tricks as well as the purebreds and the popular breeds.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: I think so too. Mr. Rhodes, I wish you good health and a speedy recovery, and we hope to see you and Ms. Kaiser back in AWA arenas soon.

RR: Thanks, mate.

DK: I'll keep him on the right path, Mr. Blackwell. Don't worry. He'll be back, as strong as ever.

[Fade to black.]

We fade up from black onto black and white footage of an empty arena - likely the Crockett Coliseum from the looks of things - with deserted chairs and a wrestling ring with no one in it.

We see Karl O'Connor walking up a set of steps with the aid of a cane, moving slowly and deliberately, putting much of his weight on the cane. He slowly takes a seat, looking down onto the ring as the camera cuts to a closeup of him and we hear his voice.]

"I can still hear the echoes chanting my name."

[A closeup on his eyes, wrinkles showing the years and the mileage on his body.]

Cut to a shot of "Big" Jim Watkins standing in a locker room dressed in an old brown ring jacket, running his finger down the trim as we hear his recognizable voice.]

"Time has not silenced the crowd."

[We get a trio of old pieces of footage - Brett Bryant in his younger days with his arms raised over his head, Cameron O'Connor applying a spinning toehold on an unknown foe, and Blackjack Lynch raising his black glove-covered hand into the air as his gravelly voice is heard.]

"I never did a moonsault..."

[Cut to a modern day closeup shot of Blackjack Lynch's eyes, a notable scar over one of them...

...and then a shot of Terry Shane Jr. in a suit looking out over the empty arena with his voiceover.]

"...or walked the top rope."

[Oliver Strickland sits on a locker room bench, his eyes drifting across the vacant room as he speaks.]

"There were no pyrotechnics..."

[And onto Ivan Kostovich who runs a hand over the links of his old Russian chain now hanging from a hook on a door as we hear his heavy accented words.]

"...no fancy, flashing lights."

[Cut to a series of modern shots of current day AWA superstars in action - Jordan Ohara diving off the top rope with a crossbody to the floor... Julie Somers using a moonsault from the top onto a standing opponent on the outside... and we hear Karl O'Connor's voice again.]

"We never flew through the air."

[Cut to O'Connor sitting in the Crockett, cane in hand as he looks at the empty ring...

...and then old footage of a defiant Blackjack Patterson shaking his head, refusing to submit to a painful hold as we hear Jim Watkins.]

"We were men of courage.."

[Closeup on Watkins' eyes in present day before cutting to Blackjack Lynch wrapping his hand around a foe's head as his voice is heard.]

"...men of steel."

[And then back to modern day shots of Juan Vasquez leaping off the top of the Woodshed, plummeting down... to Shadoc Rage hurling himself off the top of a super-sized steel cage... to a blood-covered Hannibal Carver wielding a steel chair as we hear Terry Shane Jr's voice.]

"They were men without fear."

[Cut to a shot of Blackjack Lynch standing in the ring, raising a hand in the air as if saluting the crowd as we hear his voice. We can actually see a ghost-like vision of cheering fans around him...]

"I can still hear the echoes cheering my name."

[...but when we cut to the opposite angle, we can see he's all alone in the ring.

And we cut again, this time showing the legendary Hamilton Graham standing outside the ring, a hand draped over the rope, a hungry look upon his face, wishing for one more moment of glory as we hear his familiar voice.]

"Today... I cheer for them."

[And as we fade to black, a graphic comes up promoting "AWA LEGACY" before we fade all the way out...

The screen fades in to the sound of crashing waves and the faint strum of "Toxic" (Surf cover) by The Surfrayettes. A golden sunset bathes Sunset Beach, Hawaii, as the camera pans across the shoreline. A lone figure stands in the surf, water lapping at his feet, his silhouette framed against the fiery sky. The camera zooms in, revealing Jay Alana; Six feet three, two hundred and fifty pounds of Polynesian perfection, his long black curls flowing in the breeze, kakau tattoos gleaming on his sun-kissed, tanned. A voiceover begins, with Alana's smooth, Hawaiian drawl.]

"Y'all think you know what's comin' to the AWA? Nah. You ain't ready for THIS."

[Cut to a montage of Alana in action: a slow-motion shot of him delivering a bone-rattling "Deadman's Hand" shotei palm strike, drawing blood from an opponent's nose. Next, the crowd roars as he casually nails a no-look superkick with his back turned, smirking like he's got eyes in the back of his head. A quick flash of him soaring through the air, landing the "Tidal Crush" top-rope splash at Rising Sun Showdown 2015. The impact echoes as the ring shakes.]

"I'm not just a wrestler. I'm a storm. A tidal wave. A force of nature that none of y'all are prepared for."

[The scene shifts to a gritty gym in Southern California, 2012. A young Jay, sweat-soaked, sets up a ring under his father, Kai Alana's stern gaze. Flash forward to Japan, 2014, where Jay dominates in Tiger Paw Pro, catching and tossing an opponent down with a one-armed Uranage slam, the crowd going wild. Cut to him walking away from a diving opponent, letting them crash and burn, as he blows a cocky two-finger kiss to the sky.]

"I was born in the sun, raised in the surf, and forged in the ring. My blood's Hawaiian fire, my heart's pure steel. You think you've seen stars? Wait 'til you see Jay Alana shine."

[Quick cuts of Alana no-selling a headbutt, grinning as he smacks his own skull. A "Wipeout" swinging neckbreaker, with Alana floating over into a cocky pin, winking at the camera. A "Wave Breaker" leaping double stomp to a standing opponent's chest, driving him into the canvas and leaving the crowd gasping. The screen flashes red as the impact lands, the crowd erupting.]

"They call me the Sun King, but I'm not a mere king... I'm the Sun GOD. And your AWA heroes? They're about to bow."

[Cut to a final shot of Jay Alana standing atop a turnbuckle in an empty arena, arms outstretched, tattoos gleaming under a spotlight. He tilts his head back,

letting his curls fall, and flashes a wicked grin. The screen cuts to black as "Toxic" swells, with bold white text fading in:]

JAY ALANA ARRIVES IN AWA. SUMMER 2025.

[A faint sound of waves crashing lingers as the vignette ends...

...and we cut to the backstage area, where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by.]

SLB: Jay Alana, coming soon to the rings of the American Wrestling Alliance... and I'm not gonna lie, fans - love him or hate him, that's exciting news. You just know that the Sun King will have his sights set on championship gold. And speaking of championship gold, folks - we've already seen some major movement in the National Championship contendership tonight. Something that my guest here...

[Blackwell gestures to his left, as in walks Sid Osborne. Osborne is dressed in his usual college letter jacket with a black hooded sweatshirt underneath. The hood is up, obscuring his face above his nose.]

SLB: ...knows a thing or two about.

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: Not quite, Blackwell.

SLB: You don't? You've been in regular contention for that title these past few months, what do you mean?

SO: I'm not an expert at being a contender.

[Osborne waves his index finger in front of Blackwell's face.]

SO: I'm an expert at being the CHAMPION.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Oh brother, not this again.

[Osborne freezes momentarily, before pointing his index finger at Blackwell.]

SO: Pipe down, joker. I know a lot about being the unquestioned and undefeated champ-

SLB: But you just lost-

[Blackwell is silenced as Osborne glares at him.]

SO: Yeah right, we should trust what you think you saw with your twenty-four hour a day beer goggles.

[Blackwell silently fumes as Osborne continues.]

SO: As I was saying... what I'm really an expert at is being robbed. Once again, someone doesn't have a hope in the world of beating me fair and square. Because when it was fair and square, I beat him in the middle of that ring with no controversy.

SLB: No controversy?! You had your feet on the ropes and a handful of his tights!

[Osborne rolls his eyes.]

SO: Ol' beer goggles strikes again. Besides, if the ref didn't see it... it never happened.

[Blackwell lets out an exasperated sigh.]

SO: So what happens? Ohara has the top brass' drinking buddy run down to have the match restarted. And then, after shoving a 20 spot in the ref's hand, he takes the dirty win. But it doesn't matter, because that match was already over. I was the champ.

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: But the little mama's boy scumbag can't handle reality. So he takes a page out of his geriatric buddy's playbook and has me sign up for a match with no rules. It's the only place where he excels, now he can cheat without having to pay off an official for once! Despite all that... he barely escapes with his life and MY title.

SLB: You can't be that mad at Ohara, he doesn't hold the championship anymore.

SO: Either.

SLB: Hmm?

SO: He doesn't hold the championship anymore either. Because the only thing the two of us have in common, is that we've both been the National Champion.

[Blackwell sighs again.]

SO: But yeah, you've got that right. The stupid nobody couldn't even hang on to it. He could barely stand up straight, anyone could've taken advantage of my handiwork. Just so happens it was Kendrick that I paved the way for.

[Osborne hooks a thumb behind the two.]

SO: Yet he's out there talking to Ohara and Williams about getting a title match.

SLB: So, you're upset that you aren't a part of that conversation?

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: No. No! No, are you kidding me? I said it myself, I was sick of that piece of tin. If I had my way, nobody'd be talking about it ever again. I'm being done a favor by finally washing my hands of that garbage.

[Osborne says this last bit through gritted teeth. Indicating that he is, in fact, very upset about this.]

SLB: Speaking of the championship belt. You must admit that you can't be happy about having to pay for a replacement after destroying the original.

[Blackwell looks around quizzically.]

SLB: Speaking of which, where's that damn crown?

[Osborne smiles.]

SO: You catch on quick. I did have to pay up, but I was going to be damned to do it with my own money.

SLB: Then how-

SO: As soon as I got back to my room, I put the crown up on eBay. Hell, it had Ohara's blood on it on top of being a one of a kind item. I ended up selling it for so much, I still made a profit. So I guess I have Zharkov to thank for putting some extra money in my bank account.

[Osborne turns to face the camera directly and nods cheerfully.]

SO: Thanks, you stupid useless moron.

SLB: You seemed very proud of it, I'm surprised to hear you discarded it so easily.

SO: Well, here's the thing. I'm not Ohara and a lot of brain dead dopes around here. I don't need a belt to be champion and I don't need a crown to be king. I don't make my whole personality that I sucked up to all the right suits so they let me have a trinket.

SLB: If you've moved on from the National Championship, what's next?

[Osborne smirks.]

SO: I know what you're getting at. Is Nova on my sights? Am I gunning for the World Title?

[Blackwell nods. Osborne looks at him with intensity...]

SO: Blackwell...

[...before cracking up with derisive laughter.]

SO: ...what are you, drunk? Come on, I'm the Royal Crown winner. The operative word being royal, as in royalty. That painted goof and his strap are miles beneath me. If anything, he hopes and prays that one day I give him the honor of being in the ring with me. Dreaming that he can one day be in there with someone that is actually on top of the mountain. Dreaming that just sharing the same air as me will finally make him mean something.

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: But he's beneath me...

[Osborne looks at Blackwell with disgust as he begins to walk away.]

SO: ...and so are you.

[The Sin City Savior exits, leaving Blackwell to sigh deeply.]

SLB: A regular pocket full of sunshine that one.

[He shakes his head as we fade from backstage out to the ringside area where Big Sal and Colt are seated at ringside.]

SA: Ahh, Sweet Lou... sometimes I don't envy your job one bit.

[Colt chuckles.]

SA: Folks, just a little while ago, we saw Julie Somers defending her AWA Women's World Title against Betty Chang in a shot that was scheduled to go to Ayako Fujiwara. Of course, we know that Ayako was brutalized by Kurayami at Memorial

Day Mayhem during the Rumble, something that her partner, the young Kimmy Bailey, has not taken very well.

CP: I don't necessarily blame her for being upset, but she's running down a really bad road if she gets what she's asking for by demanding a match against Kurayami.

SA: She turns 21 years old eight days from today, on June 17, so we'll see if Interim President Zharkov can give her a big birthday present and make the match happen. For now though, she's about to be in action right here on Saturday Night Wrestling in singles competition! Rebecca, take it away!

[We cut to the center of the ring, where a smiling Rebecca Ortiz stands in front of referee Jennifer Leask, as well as a nervous-looking opponent.]

RO: Our next match is in the Women's Division, a singles bout scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring, weighing 152 pounds and hailing from Tacoma, Washington... CHRISTINA JACOBS!

[A simple arm raise by the pale woman in the plain teal singlet and white boots, her auburn hair tied back in a ponytail. She looks anxiously at the entrance as Leask checks her over.]

CP: Looks like she might be a bit nervous, Albano.

SA: Considering her opponent's strength and current attitude, I can't say I blame her.

[After the check completes, Ortiz announces the opponent.]

RO: Aaaaand her opponent! She hails from Pinehurst, North Carolina, weighing in this evening at 192 pounds...

KIMMMMMMYYYYYYYYYYYY BAAAAAAAAAAILEYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[The crowd roars for a moment, but no music plays for a few moments, until...]

Stand on the bar, stomp your feet, start clappin' #
Got a real good feelin' somethin' bad's about to happen

["Somethin' Bad" by Miranda Lambert & Carrie Underwood pulses through the SAP Center, with the crowd recognizing the beat and clapping along after a few moments. Kimmy Bailey stomps from out the entrance, staring down to the ring as the crowd cheers her arrival, shouts of "LARIATOS!" echoing through the building.]

SA: Oh ho! For fans who didn't keep track of this young lady's Japanese excursion last year, this is the song that Kimmy Bailey walked out to when she wrestled for BATTLE♥DREAM and Universal Punch! for the last few months of 2017! You have to think she's sending a message to Kurayami with this!

CP: I keep tellin' you, Albano, she keeps pokin' the bear like this, the bear's gonna wake up and maul her.

SA: Kimmy Bailey was already on the AWA's radar before her excursion, but it was that Japanese trip, along with a stellar performance in the 2017 Empress Cup, scoring major upsets over previous winners Melissa Cannon and Missy Misawa before being eliminated by Harley Hamilton, that secured her place on the roster.

CP: You forget, though, it was only after Kurayami attacked Melissa Cannon and injured her that the kid got that upset. Kurayami has been a blessing and a curse for her.

[Bailey approaches the ring, dressed in a white cropped tank top over a black sports bra and black shorts, along with black kneepads and wrestling boots. Her hair, long and brown with blonde highlights, is tied back in a ponytail, and she wears a headband with the name "AYAKO" on the front. Like her mother, she has heterochromia, with her right eye brown and her left eye light blue, and she wears a simple eyeliner on her eyes. She steps into the ring where she stares across at Jacobs, who appears to be shrinking to avoid the rookie's glare.]

SA: We've seen Kimmy Bailey operating on emotion before, Colt.

CP: Yeah, we have. She practically had steam shootin' out of her ears after what Kurayami did to Fujiwara.

SA: Unlike most wrestlers, though, that seems to motivate her. She seems like she gets more dangerous when she's angry, and it led to her being tied for most eliminations at the Rumble.

CP: It's a good trait to have, Albano. As a wrestler, if you can't convert your anger into fuel to motivate you, if you let it cause you to make mistakes, you're doomed. She made a few rookie mistakes in the Rumble, one of which led to her elimination, so if she learns how to stay focused, she's going to be a real problem in the division.

SA: That's really complimentary of you, Colt-

CP: -assuming Kurayami lets her live, of course.

SA: And there's the other shoe dropping.

[Jennifer Leask signals for the bell, and Bailey runs across the ring, leaping into the air in perfect form...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...striking Christina Jacobs with a volleyball spike-esque chop to the forehead that flattens her! Jacobs recoils back into the turnbuckles as Bailey steps back, letting Jacobs fall face-first to the canvas.]

CP: Holy...

SA: Right out of the gates! Kimmy Bailey was a three-time All-North Carolina volleyball player in high school, and with spikes like that you can see why! Colt, that move actually has two names! If she wins the match with it, it's called the Match Point, otherwise it's the Set Point!

CP: Well, she doesn't look like she wants Match Point here, Albano.

[Bailey stands beside Jacobs, getting into a deep squat, and wraps her hands around Jacobs' waist. From there, she grits her teeth and lifts!]

SA: Is that a deadlift gutwrench suplex?!

CP: I know the kid's been pumping iron more than usual lately, but do you realize the strength that move takes?

[Bailey hoists Jacobs into the air, as Jacobs' eyes grow wide with realization as to what's happening, and her arms and legs flail as she tries to break free from Bailey's grip, but...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

[...it's no use.]

SA: Colt, I can't believe that!

CP: Live weight is so much harder to deadlift, Albano. Usually when you hoist someone up you get them from a standing position and use leverage to get them up, but Kimmy Bailey just picked up what, 150, 155 pounds from the mat like it was nothing, even when she started to flail.

SA: And now she's at Jacobs' feet, what's this?

[Bailey grabs Jacobs by the ankles, then moves up to the hips, lifting her into the air!]

SA: Wheelbarrow suplex?

[Suddenly, Bailey moves her right hand from the hip and positions it on Jacobs' lower back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

[...shoving her face-first to the mat with an inverted powerbomb as the crowd roars!]

CP: NO WAY!

SA: I had a chance to talk with Kimmy Bailey this afternoon, Colt! She said she was working on some moves with Shane Destiny at the Vasquez Compound after Memorial Day Mayhem! That one is called "Dirt Dessert"!

CP: I'm surprised Shane Destiny is even welcome at the Vasquez Compound after the way he refereed the match against Raphael Rhodes at Memorial Day Mayhem.

SA: We all know how close Shane Destiny is to both Michelle and Kimmy Bailey, Kimmy calls Shane her uncle, and he trained her for the ring alongside the legendary Misaki Ishikawa and Miyuki Ozaki.

[Leask looks to check Jacobs to see if she can still fight, but Bailey steps between the two, grabbing the straps of Jacobs' singlet and yanking her to her feet. Bailey wraps her arms around Jacobs' torso, nodding her head for a moment, and then...]

SA: Belly-to-belly suplex coming up!

CP: You said she worked with Shane Destiny on some moves, ain't nobody better at the suplex than that man was.

SA: You said it, Colt. Up goes Christina Jacobs aaaaaaand DOWN!

[After the successful belly-to-belly suplex, Bailey retains the grip, pulling Jacobs back up to her feet.]

SA: Whoa, and Kimmy Bailey isn't done! Another belly-to-belly suplex coming up!

CP: Watch the way Bailey pops her hips on this, Albano. I noticed on the first one, that hip movement adds more velocity to the throw.

SA: Unquestionably the work of Shane Destiny as the second belly-to-belly connects, and Bailey's still not done!

[Bailey hoists Jacobs to her feet, then switches to a rear waistlock, screaming out "AYAKOOOOOOOOO!", lifting Jacobs up into the air...]

SA: A salute to Miss Germany!

CP: And she's making Jacobs think about it!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

SA: It's not as perfect as Ayako Fujiwara's German suplex, but practically nobody's German suplex is!

CP: And Albano, she still ain't done! She's still got that grip!

SA: She does!

[Bailey, her eyes aflame with fury, drags Jacobs back up to her feet as Leask frantically looks towards Jacobs' eyes, trying to see if there's any life left in the Washingtonian. The crowd, at a fever pitch, cheers along the rookie, shouting for a "LARIATO!"...]

CP: What is this?

SA: Colt, I've never seen this before! Ever!

[...Jacobs weakly and repeatedly slaps her hand against Bailey's grip, and Leask calls for the bell! The crowd murmurs in confusion as Leask grabs Bailey's hands, saying the match is over. Bailey snaps out of her furor, releasing Jacobs, who crumbles to the mat.]

SA: We're going to have to get word on this, but I think Christina Jacobs may have just tapped out to, of all things, suplexes!

CP: In all my years of being around this sport, I've never seen someone tap out to suplexes.

SA: Neither have I. The fans were wanting a Kimmy Bailey lariat as well, but I don't think Christina Jacobs was in any state of mind to hear what was happening.

CP: I gotta admit, I don't think she was either. That referee was lookin' to stop it, you could see her trying to see if there was any life in her, and the only life was what looked like a tapout.

SA: Rebecca Ortiz has gotten word from Jennifer Leask, let's get the official decision.

[We cut down to Rebecca Ortiz, confused, but ready to give the word.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner of the match, by way of submission...

KIMMMMMMYYYYYYYYYYYY BAAAAAAAAAAILEYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[The crowd cheers loudly as Bailey swings her arm, which prompts "LARIATOS!" calls, then shrugs.]

SA: That confirms it, Colt. Kimmy Bailey manages to score a submission win via suplexes over Christina Jacobs!

CP: That's one way to go down in the history books.

SA: And Kimmy Bailey has the microphone, let's hear what she has to say.

[Bailey looks at the hard camera, leaning against the top rope with her right foot propped on the bottom rope. She takes in a deep breath, then...]

KB: KURAAAAAAAAAAAAAYAAAAAAAAAAAMIIIIIIIIIII!

[She SLAMS the microphone to the ground, causing it to bounce several feet into the air and the crowd to roar. She points to her eyes, then at the hard camera, then sticks her thumb out and slashes it across her throat, shouting "SIGN THE DAMN CONTRACT, YOU COWARD!" loud enough to be heard without the spiked microphone. She climbs out of the ring and walks to the back as we cut back to Albano and Patterson.]

SA: I think it's pretty obvious what she wants, Colt.

CP: Look, I admire the guts, but Kurayami ran roughshod over the entire Women's Division for the better part of a year. She's digging a grave for herself, Albano, and she's asking to be put in it.

SA: Certainly she doesn't think so, but time will tell as to whether or not you're right-

CP: I'm always right, Albano... and don't you forget it.

[Colt flexes as Sal rolls his eyes.]

SA: Oh brother. Let's go backstage to Lou.

[And when we cut, we see "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing backstage, mic in hand...]

SLB: Thanks, Big Sal... what a win for Kimmy Bailey as she continues to-

[A voice cuts in from off-camera, drawing an annoyed glare from Blackwell.]

"Ohhh, and you were sayin' it couldn't be done, huh?"

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: I'm kinda in the middle of something here - do you mind?

[He gestures at the camera currently providing the world with a live feed on ESPN as Jayden Jericho and Justin Gaines step into view - the former still in his wrestling gear as well as wearing a cocky smirk, very proud of himself.]

JJ: Look at you now, Lou - feeling real dumb, huh?

[Blackwell looks confused.]

SLB: Uh... excuse me?

JJ: Nah, nah, don't "excuse me" now. I told you - no, WE told you...

[Jericho points between himself and Gaines.]

JJ: ...Gen Lost is lit. We're trending, we're viral, we own this place! But y'all in the back, all these "top guys," keep actin' like we're some kinda meme. You think you can mess with our brand? With our clout?

[Jericho laughs and slaps Gaines on the shoulder.]

JJ: Ask Connors how that worked out for him! Man tried to start a war - I just turned him into content.

[Lou blinks, trying to follow.]

SLB: Didn't you just lose?

[Jericho freezes and stares at Lou like he just said the dumbest thing imaginable.]

JJ: Bro. Don't twist the narrative, alright, Boomer? The winners are the ones still getting screen time at the end. You see me right here, right? You see Connors? Nah. Case closed.

[Jericho smirks.]

JJ: So yeah, I think I earned a little R&R - maybe hit a beach, maybe a spa, maybe a quick collab shoot in Bali - you know, winner things.

[Looks at Gaines, who give a slight nod, before turning back to Blackwell.]

JJ: Because at the end of the day, to the victor go the views, baby.
#ConnorsCancelled. #GenLostNeverLeft. You coming, big guy?

[Gaines grins a little bit, but shakes his head.]

JG: Nah. I mean, I'd love to. But... it's the timing. You see, I have some business to take care of next week in Portland, so I can't be on no beach.

It's personal business. You understand.

[Jericho nods. They fist bump.]

JG: Good.

[And with that, the duo departs, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: What in the world just happened? I'm going to need a translation.

[He shakes his head as we fade to black...

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

#When you wish..#

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

#...upon a star#

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

#Makes no difference who you are...#

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

#Anything your...#

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

#...heart desires will...#

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

#...come to you.#

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

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

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

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

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

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

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

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we come back up to the increasingly busy Chimpanzee Position, where Maxim Zharkov stands face-to-face with the stoic and looming Polemos - they actually look quite cordial with one another. Omega, the masked Neptunian, stands by impatiently, like a child trying to get attention.]

MZ: ...that is a very valid argument you make, Polemos... and very articulate.

O: An excellent argument, and excellently articulate, so if you could just schedule-

MZ: One second, my little Neptunian comrade.

O: Awwwww!

MZ: Polemos, as persuasive as you may be... every other formally ranked team in the division could make that argument.

[Polemos purses his lips and nods gravely in understanding.]

O: Come on, Mr. President... Polemos is the God of War and I'm from a different planet. Not a different country like Russia... The High Council of Justice are in league of our own, guys!

[The President cracks a rare smirk, amused at the Neptunian's naivety.]

MZ: What do you know of great mother Russia, tiny man?

O: It... uh... it may be cold. But it's not as cold as Neptune! You try... uh...

[Omega looks around for something to give his argument some footing, before spotting the clipboard tucked under Zharkov's arm.]

O: ...You try light clerical duties while it's raining liquid methane with a supersonic wind chill on you! Now that's cold!

[Omega cups his hand over his mouth as he turns to Polemos.]

O: [in a stage whisper] I think I'm getting through to him!

[Polemos responds with a disinterested grunt.]

"Jesus wept."

[Zharkov looks to the left, and then shakes his head. Bobby O'Connor, flanked by the Blackjacks, walks into frame and addresses the president directly.]

BOC: I assume what these two...

[O'Connor gestures towards Omega and Polemos.]

BOC: ...do is appreciated by someone. I don't know who that could be, but it can't be the Championship Committee.

[Dustin Sanderson nods.]

DS: We've taken every member of that sinful Lynch Family you've put in front of us and knocked them down. What've these jokers done, aside from help out some drunk?!

[Jason Whittaker nods gravely, eyeing Polemos with malice.]

DS: You've got that right, Jason. Maybe someone would have a chance at making it somewhere around here if this guy...

[Sanderson hooks a thumb at Polemos.]

DS: ...would stop talking your ear off, Zharkov!

BOC: I don't know how many more careers the Blackjacks have to shorten before you realize who really deserves a shot at the tag team champions... but just keep overlooking them, and I promise you...

[Sanderson and Whittaker nod.]

BOC: ...they will do exactly that.

[Zharkov gives the Blackjacks a lengthy look... and then nods.]

MZ: You both made solid points... and both are perhaps worthy of title match consideration.

[Omega offers a high five to Polemos who ignores him as O'Connor grins broadly.]

MZ: So... it is settled?

[O'Connor and Omega both raise a confused eyebrow... or so one might imagine.]

MZ: Two weeks from tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling in Portland, it will be the Blackjacks versus Omega and Polemos.

[O'Connor fumes, Polemos tugs a glove into place as the Blackjacks take a step towards the God O' War and his Neptunian ally...

...and some golf clapping from off-camera is heard as well.]

"Excellent decision, boss man... really good... really, really, really, really... good."

[And you can almost hear the audience sigh along with President Zharkov as the American Idols step into view. Chaz is still clapping as Chet continues speaking.]

CHET: These two... yeah, they might be worthy of a title match at some point. But if you're looking for who's got next after Team Supreme and Taylor and Donovan have their little skirmish in two weeks... well, that answer is as plain as the ugly on Omega's masked face.

[He jerks a thumb at himself... and his brother... somehow.]

CHET: 'Cause that's us. The American Idols. We've held more gold than Fort Knox, daddy-o, and the only reason we've been deprived of putting those AWA World Tag Team Titles around our waists before now is because the suits hear the name "Wallace" and they think of our waste of talent big brother and our scrawny little sister.

[Zharkov's brow furrows at these two pipsqueaks calling Trish Wallace "scrawny."]

CHET: But you don't have to worry about that, Big Boss... because the American Idols are here to solve ALL of your problems... especially your big, bad problem... Team Supreme...

CHAZ: Or as we call them...

[All together now.]

CHAZ/CHET: ...GENERATION LOST LIGHT!

[The Idols break into forced laughter, knee slapping at all as O'Connor whispers something to his charges.]

CHAZ: So, it's simple, Maxy. Make the match. Give us the title shot... and we'll personally remove those thorns from your side in a way that they couldn't...

[He gestures to the Blackjacks, O'Connor holding them at bay now.]

CHAZ: ...and Beast and The Beastier surely couldn't.

[Polemos glares a hole through Chaz as Zharkov looks on.]

MZ: Hm. You ARE quite decorated tag team.

[The Idols beam at that.]

MZ: But you are not top contender... yet.

[Uh oh. I sense a tantrum en route.]

CHET: BUT-

[Zharkov interrupts.]

MZ: But nothing. Every tag team in AWA thinks they are #1... think they deserve shot...

[He sighs.]

MZ: It becomes clear we must settle this...

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: My way.

[Zharkov looks over to his assembled backstage workers.]

MZ: Please inform all tag teams in the division that I will see them out by the ring to address this matter, yes?

[He gets a nod from Adam Rogers who grabs Tommy Fierro by the arm and the duo exit stage right to go deliver the message.]

MZ: Now, if you'll excuse me, the show must go on...

[And with another flash of the ACCESS logo, we fade back out to the interior of the SAP Center.

The crowd is electric, roaring with boos as we see Theresa Lynch standing in the center of the ring, microphone in hand, next to Supreme Wright. The crowd rains down boos, still reeling from Theresa's shocking betrayal at Memorial Day Mayhem.

The camera pans the audience where we see signs that read "THERESA THE TRAITOR", "THERESA MADE A SUPREME MISTAKE" and "WHY THERESA WHY?" amongst others that speak of their disapproval.

Theresa's expression is a mix of defiance and vulnerability. She is dressed in a midnight-navy blue smocked cotton dress with a ruffled high neck, puffed sleeves, cinched waist and a full tea-length skirt flowing over white open toe heeled sandals. She raises the microphone, and the boos grow louder. She waits, letting the noise wash over her, before speaking.]

TL: You can boo all you want. You can curse me, you can hate me, you can call me a traitor. And the world... the world may never understand what I've done. And you know what? I'm okay with that. Because the heart...

[She places a hand over her chest.]

TL: ...wants what it wants.

[The crowd erupts in louder boos. Theresa glances at Supreme, who nods encouragingly, motioning for her to continue on.]

TL: My whole life, I've watched my brothers put family before self.

Every. Single. Time.

[She closes her eyes and shakes her head at the thought.]

TL: They bled for this family, for honor, for loyalty. They fought for what was right, no matter the cost. And I love them for it. I do. But then...

[Her voice cracks slightly, showing a flicker of pain.]

TL: ...then there's my sister, Samantha. She made a choice too, didn't she? She sided with Jackson Haynes. A man who terrorized our family, who brought pain to our doorstep. And you know where Jackson is now? Sitting at our family dining room table every Sunday, breaking bread with the Lynches. Forgiven. Welcomed. Loved.

[The crowd murmurs, some booing, others unsure how to react to Theresa's point.]

TL: And yet, the world looks at me... at US...

[She gestures to Supreme.]

TL: ...and they call him a monster. They paint Supreme Wright as cold-hearted, merciless, a villain who doesn't deserve love, who doesn't deserve loyalty or empathy. They say at Memorial Day Mayhem, I chose a monster over my own blood, my own family.

[She pauses.]

TL: I respectfully disagree.

[The arena explodes in boos, recognizing Supreme's trademark line. Theresa holds her ground, unflinching, as Supreme breaks his stoic visage and allows a subtle smirk, amused by it all.]

TL: You don't know him like I do. You don't understand him like I do. You see the man who orchestrated the attack on Johnny Detson, who stood tall when chaos broke out at our wedding, who tore down The Pillars of the AWA to climb back to the top. But I see the man who loves me, who fights for me, who's willing to take on the world - including my own family - to prove he's worthy. You call him a monster?

I call him mine.

[The crowd really lets her have it, roaring with its loudest boos yet. Theresa's voice becomes softer, almost pleading.]

TL: My family forgave Samantha for choosing Jackson Haynes. They opened their hearts, their home, to a man who once tore us apart. And I know, deep in my heart, that someday they'll forgive me too. They'll see why I did what I did. But I can't...

[Her voice breaks, then hardens.]

TL: I won't put my life on hold for them anymore. I won't sacrifice my happiness, my love, waiting for their approval. I chose Supreme because he's my truth and my future. And if that makes me the villain in your story, then so be it.

[She lowers the mic, her eyes glistening but resolute, as Supreme wraps an arm around her waist, glaring defiantly at the crowd. The boos are deafening. Theresa turns to Supreme, and they share a nod before exiting the ring together, as the crowd's fury echoes behind them...

...and we cut down to ringside to Colt and Sal.]

SA: Colt, are those the words you expected to hear from the woman who trended recently as "Traitorous Theresa" on Twitter?

CP: Love makes people do strange things, don't it? Theresa Lynch says she's not about to put her family above herself any longer... and think about it, Sal. Think about how much better the lives of that family would be if they all went for that.

SA: What's that supposed to mean?

CP: Travis Lynch is laid up after having his knee cut into last week... an injury he suffered trying to get payback for his brother, Jack. Jack Lynch is MIA... nobody's seen or heard from... because he tried to climb Mount Supreme to avenge the Red Wedding. Think about the years STOLEN off the career of James Lynch because he took that piledriver from the Beale Street Bullies trying to fight for family. Can you really blame Theresa for looking around her and realizing someone's gotta carve a better path?

SA: She betrayed her family! Her own flesh and blood!

CP: And embraced her heart.

SA: Oh brother. Fans, let's get out of here and take a look at some footage picked up just a little while ago...

[We get a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo as we cut to footage marked "MOMENTS AGO..."

As the footage goes up, we see Julie Somers pacing anxiously in the Chimpanzee Position, the Women's World Title belt draped over her shoulder as she looks expectantly towards the entrance curtain. After a few moments, we spot Mariah Wolfe slipping into the scene, mic in hand.]

MW: Julie, a quick word?

[Somers is startled, throwing another look at the curtain.]

JS: Uh... sure, sorry... if it's quick.

[Wolfe also looks at the curtain in confusion before moving on.]

MW: Well, first of all, I wanted to congratulate you on another successful title defense, knocking off the VERY stiff challenge from Betty Chang a little while ago...

[Somers nods quickly then forces a smile.]

JS: Thanks, Mariah... I appreciate it.

[She again looks expectantly at the curtain as Wolfe attempts to continue.]

MW: Betty Chang sure showed us something out there, right? Were you expecting a challenge quite that tough out of her when you heard her name called by President Zharkov?

[Somers bites her lower lip as she is silent a moment... and then turns back to Mariah.]

JS: Huh? Betty? Oh, yeah... Betty has come a long way since she first came to the AWA. She might have done a few things I didn't expect, but you know, that happens when you have an opportunity to challenge for a title. I'm proud of how far she's come.

[Somers turns away again.]

MW: Julie, you seem distracted. Is there something-

[Somers sighs, shaking her head.]

JS: I'm sorry, Mariah. But I really am desperate to talk to Michelle... I mean...

[She pauses for a moment.]

JS: It still feels strange to me to be defending this title after what happened at Memorial Day Mayhem. I know I shouldn't dwell too much about it but I really would feel better if I could talk to Michelle and let her know that I...

[At that point, Somers stops mid-sentence and stares off camera. Wolfe turns as well and that's when Kimmy Bailey enters the shot, fresh off her match as she strides through the curtain into Chimpanzee, her eyes - complete with an arched eyebrow - locking on the Women's World Champion.]

JS: Oh, Kimmy, I was... well, I was waiting for you.

[Kimmy's brow relaxes and she smirks as she looks down at a cooler, reaching in for a bottle of water.]

KB: Well, ain't you precious? What could you want with little ol' me?

[Kimmy cracks open the bottle of water, taking a sip, a glare in her eyes as she looks back at Julie.]

JS: Listen, I was hoping you could let me know how your mother was doing... and when she might be back. I'd really like to talk to her.

[Kimmy scoffs with the water bottle at her lips, then re-caps the bottle. She shakes her head, then puts her hands on her hips.]

KB: As far as I'm concerned, y'all ain't got much to talk about. Mama already shook your hand, somethin' you didn't deserve after you stabbed her in the back.

[Julie's jaw drops as Kimmy points at the Women's World Title belt over Julie's shoulder.]

KB: But hey, good job beatin' Bets without crackin' her with that. If it had been Ayako like you were scheduled, it would've been a different story, huh? You would've had to show your true colors to stand a shot against Ayako, otherwise she'd wipe the floor with you.

[Somers holds up a hand to protest Kimmy's accusations.]

JS: Wait a minute! I had nothing to do with what happened at Memorial Day Mayhem! I had no idea that Michelle was hit by the belt!

[A roll of the eyes from the younger Bailey.]

KB: Uh huh. Just like you had no idea that Melissa Cannon was in Reseda, or that she was goin' to punch my mama out.

[Kimmy points at the aghast Julie, and Mariah looks in shock beside her.]

KB: Mama may give you two the benefit of the doubt, and she may tell me forgive and forget, but I don't owe either of you squat. Don't come talkin' to me like butter won't melt in your mouth, because I saw who you were at Dodger Stadium.

[Kimmy turns to walk away, with Julie saying "wait!" Before Kimmy can take a step though, she walks right into a fuming Melissa Cannon. Kimmy licks her lips and grins at the AWA Original.]

KB: Speak of the Devil and she appears. Should have figured Julie Somers ain't goin' to be anywhere without her bodyguard close by.

[Melissa scowls as Julie looks increasingly distressed, but Melissa speaks up before Julie can.]

MC: I wasn't coming this way to see you, Hee Haw...

[Bailey's eyes narrow as Somers interjects.]

JS: Melissa, I don't think we-

[Cannon keeps on talking.]

MC: ...I was coming to see him.

[She points off-camera where we quickly pan to show Interim President Zharkov - with agent John Shock standing at the ready to split up a potential fight.]

MC: But maybe I should've been looking for you because if I heard all that right, it sounds like you got a problem with me, kid.

[Kimmy wipes her nose with her thumb.]

KB: I got the same problem with you that you got with my mama.

[Melissa shakes her head as Julie tries to interject again, upset by how things are escalating...]

JS: Can we just take a second and-

[...but Melissa again cuts her off.]

MC: No, no... let her speak her mind, Julie. The kid's got a problem with us. Coming out here all "aw shucks" while thinking we've got some grand conspiracy going on. Get it through your head, Bailey... what happened with your mom was a misunderstanding.

[Cannon emphasizes "misunderstanding" by stabbing a finger in Kimmy's chest, a motion that causes the powerful rookie to grab at her hand, but Melissa swats Kimmy's hand away. Bailey lets out a groaning sigh, clearly frustrated by this.]

KB: You know what, I ain't goin' to stand here tryin' to figure out who licked the red off your candy. I ain't interested in talkin' to either of you.

[Cannon shakes her head as Bailey starts to walk away.]

MC: No? You sure were interested in talking to me six months ago in Japan after what went down at the Empress Cup.

[Bailey pauses.]

MC: You remember that, rook? You remember how you promised to give me another shot at you when I was healthy?

[Bailey stands, her back to Cannon, listening.]

MC: I was looking for the Boss over there because I was hoping to get myself a match for Showtime next weekend in Portland.

[Cannon winks at Somers who shakes her head.]

MC: And the way I see it - with Ayako still on the shelf and Kurayami not willing to cross an ocean to give you the time of day... you've got nothing to do with yourself.

So, if you don't want to talk to me... and I damn sure don't want to talk to you... maybe we should just shut up and fight.

[The crowd inside the arena cheers this development as Somers visibly sighs. After a moment, Kimmy leans to the side, looking past Melissa.]

KB: Sound good to you, Interim Boss?

[Zharkov nods and gives a thumbs up before jotting something down on his ever-present clipboard.]

MZ: Showtime next week.

[Bailey leans back to look at Melissa, motioning past her. Cannon steps aside as Julie looks on in horror.]

KB: See you next week.

[Kimmy storms past Melissa, as the AWA Original shakes her head.]

MC: "Licked the red off my candy." Who even says stuff like that?

[Cannon claps her friend on the back before exiting, leaving Somers all alone.]

JS: What the heck just happened?

[And as we hold on a bewildered Women's World Champion, we fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and we fade back up to-]

"I WANNA TALK TO HER!"

[Once again, it's pandemonium backstage at Saturday Night Wrestling. Sweet Lou is dragging a camera crew along with him - obviously he wants first dibs on what's taking place...]

"CRAAAAASSSSHHHH!!!"

"HEY! THAT ALMOST HIT ME!"

[... because we see almost all of Team Supreme is gathered in a narrow hallway, blocked by half a dozen members of the backstage personnel.]

"We're not going to fight you."

"I don't wanna fight - I just want to talk to her!"

"Is that why you chucked a wine bottle at me!? You could've disfigured my face! My beautiful face!"

[As the camera finally settles down, it's Ricki Toughill - alone - confronting AJ Martinez, Paris Crawford, Bret Grayson, Cain Jackson, and Takeshi Mifune. Most of them actually seem unsure about what to actually do about Toughill. Maybe it's her refusal to be intimidated, or maybe it's her slurred speech, indicating she's had a bit of liquid courage before making a scene.]

RT: What're you smilin' at?!

TM: Ohisashiburi, Toughill-san.

[Mifune seems to be the only one ready to confront Ricki. His arms are folded and he is snickering down at her.]

RT: Yeah, I bet you're real happy to see me again! You couldn't get enough of me in those intergender matches back in Japan, huh? Really got your jollies slapping me so hard I saw stars and then stomping me until I couldn't stand up, right? You LOVED IT! YOU LOVED IT! The sin of lust, Mifune!

[Bret Greyson side-eyes his Gold Standard partner as though to ask, "Is she for real?"]

RT: In fact... that's all of you! You're not Team Supreme to me any more... You're the Seven Deadly Sins of professional wrestling. And you... SLOTH!

[Grayson's head snaps in shock - he hadn't pegged himself as *that*.]

BG: "SLOTH!?" You're calling ME, lazy???

RT: Yeah, that's right! Mr. Olympic Medalist, what have you done for an encore? I'd kill to have half your ability, and you're SQUANDERING it!

[Grayson points to the AWA World Tag Team title belt around his waist, looking around in confusion as Ricki turns to face AJ Martinez.]

RT: I wish I could kill to get half of Grayson's talent, especially you, GREED.

[The Latinx Khal Drogo shrugs. Guilty as charged.]

RT: Greed... and wrath...

[She points to Cain Jackson, who smirks.]

RT: Yeah, I bet you two are proud of that, but you wear it together... the three of you, along with...

... GLUTTONY!

[Paris Crawford looks genuinely taken aback. They had not been expecting that one.]

RT: It's not always about the champagne and porterhouses... god knows I'm just as guilty when it comes to PBRs and Boston Kremes... It's about excess!

"Enough."

[The ruckus dies down backstage as Supreme Wright makes his presence known.]

SW: If what Miss Toughill has to say is this important, then I say she should be allowed to say her piece.

[A pause, before he speaks again, this time in a firmer tone.]

SW: Let her through.

RT: Well, if it isn't the personification of envy himself. You wanna join the party? Would a six-on-one beatdown of a mildly intoxicated and seriously distraught woman make your night? Impress your old lady?

SW: I nor anyone else here have any intention of laying hands on you, Miss Toughill. There would be no purpose or point in inflicting violence upon you. If you have something to say to my wife, then I suggest you stop wasting time and start talking.

[Supreme nods to the other five members of his squad in the hallway, and they step aside. Theresa Lynch emerges from behind them, and suddenly stands face to face with Ricki Toughill, her SuperClash tag team partner, a neutral expression on her face.]

RT: Uhhh...

[Ricki apparently has not thought this far ahead. She gulps hard, now she's the intimidated one. Ricki takes a deep breath and steadies her nerves.]

RT: I... tried to let you... handle it yourself... but... I see you had a plan. So when did you know?

[Silence.]

RT: I really think... as a friend... that I'm entitled to-

[Theresa cuts her off.]

TL: I heard what you were saying earlier. Aren't you going to call me out for the sin of pride? Do you want me to tell you how proud I am right now?

[Ricki winces, sobering up a little.]

RT: When exactly were you going to-

TL: What exactly did I do to you? Not return a text?

[Theresa chuckles.]

TL: "I played you?" I didn't do anything to you! After all I've done for you, this is the thanks I get? After I got you your job back with the AWA, we put in a good word and got you that World Title shot you thought you deserved. Was that worse than anything Kerry Kendrick ever did to you?

RT: N-no... but... Howie Som-

TL: Was that worse than anything you yourself did when you first arrived in the AWA and started wrecking everyone in sight for your own selfish reasons?

[Ricki's jaw trembles. Theresa Lynch always knows the right questions to ask of her...]

RT: No... no...

TL: Ricki... you've been a good friend... but there's things in my life you are NOT entitled to. And my happiness is one of them.

[Theresa looks Ricki right in the eyes.]

TL: Let she who is without sin cast the first stone.

[Supreme Wright puts his arm over Theresa Lynch's shoulder as she coldly turns her back to Ricki Toughill without another word. Ricki drops to her knees on the floor, her palm covering her eyes as we fade out...]

...and then come up on another part of the backstage area where we find Mariah Wolfe standing.]

MW: An emotional scene backstage here in San Jose on what has been another exciting night of action here on ESPN...

[She smirks.]

MW: ...a little preview perhaps of what we're going to see a week from tonight on Showtime LIVE from the legendary IIWF Coliseum in Portland, Oregon! Let's run down some of what we're going to see next Saturday!

[A graphic comes up.]

MW: E-Girl MAX will be in the house and we're told that Casey Cash will be in singles action fresh off her impressive appearance in the Memorial Day Rumble!

[And changes.]

MW: It'll be tag team action when the duo of Carolina Colton and Trish Wallace, the Slam Sorority takes on Skylar Swift and Pink Cashmere! Swift is looking for payback for the knee injury that took her out of action since earlier this year but can she get it against one of the AWA's top tag teams?

[And again.]

MW: And speaking of tag teams, the Peach Pits will be in action as well! We've got the Soldiers of Fortune in action! We've got Sid Osborne in the house! The return of Bryson Page and the Front Page! The debut of Kelly Woods! The debut of Lady Rebecca Falkingham! And so much more including a match that only takes four words to hype...

Seven. Tables. Of. Fear.

[She winks at the camera.]

MW: Take a look...

[We fade through black to pre-recorded footage.]

Highlights of the Seven Tables of Fear match at IIWF's Ring Wars III play on screen.

The crowd roars as tables explode in splinters before the same sound of cheers fades under low, tense background music.

The shot cuts to a dark tape room where match footage flickers over the monitor.

We see Dirt Dog Unique Allah and his son, Odysseus Allah, watching the match. Dirt Dog leans forward in his chair, a wild grin flashing in the dim light. Odysseus Allah sits beside him - back straight, eyes sharp, arms folded. Dust swirls in the light between them. On the monitor, the legendary Joe Petrow triple-jumps into a crushing table dive on Dirt Dog who laughs loudly, sharply... almost an unhinged bark of a cackle.]

DDUA: DAYUMMMMM! You see that, boy? That right there's the sound of history! Blood, splinters, sweat, muhfu! That night Dirt Dog gave birth to a Empire, feel me? They ain't even know. But they know now... and you bringin' it back, boy! Yeah, you bringin' me back like a funky-ass phoenix!

[In stark contrast to his father's manic cackle, Odysseus' voice is low... steady... analytical...]

OA: When you landed on your shoulder right there, you rolled through it. If you landed flat, you'd've been finished. How did you know to do that with Petrow landing on top of you?

[Dirt Dog snorts, waving a dismissive hand.]

DDUA: Ain't no "know," boy - it's feel! You don't think, you don't plan - you ride the moment, muhfuh. The streets taught me that before the ring ever did. You trust your bones before you trust your brain. See, a college boy like you wouldn't know a damn thing about that.

[On screen, Dirt Dog swings a table like a tennis racket and cracks Petrow mid-dive, sending Dirt Dog into a howl of laughter again.]

DDUA: HAH! You hear that POP?! That's art, baby! That's rhythm! That shot right there is one of the reasons why Dirt Dog still live rent-free in everybody's head!

[Odysseus tilts his head, studying the screen.]

OA: But you already had control. You were up two to zero. Why risk the match with a move like that? You wouldn't play it safe and make him come to you? Make him take the risks and then counter? A table isn't an easy thing to mo-

[With a huge grin and a raspy voice, the father interrupts the son.]

DDUA: 'Cause control ain't the point, boy! Ain't you watchin'? You see how your daddy was out there? You hear that crowd chantin'. Wouldn't be none of this here without me takin' them wild risks. Wouldn't none of y'all be where y'all at without me. I'm the Osiris of this ish. Boy, when you smell blood, you don't coast - you go full speed ahead! That's how you make 'em remember your name!

[We cut back to the screen where a much-younger Allah delivers a powerbomb onto a table with a face painted on it... an iconic image as the table does not break. Odysseus leans closer, his voice measured.]

OA: That should've ended it. You hit dead center. But the table didn't give. When that table didn't break... did that shake your confidence? Did it make you start to doubt yourself? Did you lose track of your gameplan?

[Dirt Dog shakes his head, a chuckle deep in his throat.]

DDUA: This muhfuh right here. When the wood don't break, when your body screams, that's when the people are most invested. They want to find out what kind of man you are.

[Odysseus' eyes burn intensely into the shot on-screen.]

OA: So what did you feel in that moment?

[Dirt Dog leans back, his eyes unfocused... almost dreamy.]

DDUA: Freedom, baby. Pure freedom. Once you've gone past pain - past fear - there's nothin' left but the truth. And the truth is I was the man that night, ya dig?

[And on the screen, we see the closing seconds of the legendary match as Allah and Petrow crash through a table together... moments before the match would be declared a draw. Odysseus shakes his head, giving a measured reaction...]

OA: If you just twisted backwards when you both jumped. He would have hit first and you would have won that. You would have landed on top of him.

[Dirt Dog claps his hands, leaning forward as his manic grin widens...]

DDUA: Boy, you gonna tell me how to act in that moment? Sometimes it ain't about winning or losing - it's about etching your name in time! You leave a mark so

deep the world can't forget it. That's what I did with Petrow. That's what you gotta do with Cannonball Lee Connors. Take my spirit, boy, and burn that muhfuh down.

[Dirt Dog slowly turns to face the camera - his grin fades into pure intensity as he growls into the camera.]

DDUA: Yo, Cannonball! You lookin'? That night made me! That pain built me! And now me and my boy - we comin' to make the whole damn world remember how wrestling used to feel! The Allahs gonna make this game bleed again!

[Odysseus is still staring at the monitor, now repeating the final moments again and again, nearly whispering as he speaks.]

OA: Every move. Every table. Every hesitation. I'm studying all of it.

[He pauses, his eyes narrowing.]

OA: I promise you, pops. When it's my turn... there won't be hesitation. Only results.

[The monitor is still showing the final crash... over... and over... and over...

...and we fade to a final caption:

"SEVEN TABLES OF FEAR - NEXT WEEK ON SHOWTIME."

And then we fade through black back to Mariah Wolfe.]

MW: Seven Tables Of Fear... seven days away... this is going to be something else, fans. Showtime's gonna be a hot one in Portland, Oregon... and while we are just moments away from our Main Event with Nenshou and James Lynch of the Westerly Dynasty taking on Ryan Martinez and a partner of his choice but speaking of tag teams... ladies, come on in here...

[An obviously disappointed Peach Pits trio steps into view. They're subdued from their usual overwhelming state - Donna Martinelli leads them into view in her peach satin Starter style Peach Pits jacket and peach-colored yoga pants, Kelly Taylor in a pair of peach-colored cut off shorts and a peach tank top, and Shannon Walsh in a peach-colored jacket over a black tanktop and black MMA style shorts. While Taylor and Martinelli look sad, Walsh is obviously angry.]

MW: It was just last weekend in the Temple of Boyle Heights that you had your shot at the Women's World Tag Team Titles and... well, things did NOT go your way.

[Kelly Taylor nods, seemingly on the verge of tears.]

KT: Mariah, we had been waiting for that match for so long... ever since the tournament Finals, we wanted that shot... but we waited... we waited for our sister to get her body right...

[She slings an arm over Donna's neck, pulling her tightly towards her.]

KT: ...and we came close, Mariah. There's no doubt that we came close, right?

[Mariah nods.]

MW: You definitely did... and of course, Kelly... you played a big role in that. For those who weren't with us last weekend, take a look...

[We cut to footage labeled "LAST WEEK'S SHOWTIME" where we see a shot from the aforementioned match, Casey Cash on the ring apron trying to get Harley Hamilton's attention...

...but as Cash tries to toss in the title belt, Donna Martinelli yanks her around by the hair.]

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...

...and WAFFLES her with it, knocking Hamilton flat as the crowd ERUPTS!]

LD: SHE HIT HER! WALSH HITS HAMILTON WITH THE GOLD!

BW: RING THE BELL, MIRANDA!

[Walsh tosses the belt aside, bailing from the ring as Martinelli shoves Cash off the apron, turning around to see the laid out Hamilton. She throws her arms up for a moment and then dives on top, hooking a leg...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE!

BW: You and these idiot fans can count to twenty, Dane, but there's no referee!

[...and with every single person in the arena shouting at Shari Miranda to turn around, she's in the midst of a heating argument with Cinder at ringside who has seen exactly what's unfolded inside the ring!]

LD: Harley Hamilton's out cold! The Peach Pits should be the new champions but-

[Martinelli slaps the canvas herself a few times before getting off the mat, showing her frustration as she stomps her way across the ring to shout at the referee...

...and with her back turned to the ring, Casey Cash tries to seize the day, rolling in with the other title belt in hand!]

LD: Wait a second! Hang on one damn second! Get her out of there!

[Cash is ready and waiting for Martinelli, title belt drawn back to strike and strike hard...

...and as she runs towards her victim...]

LD: OH HOLY HELLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

[...the crowd lets loose an EARSPLITTING ROAR as Kelly Taylor - having sprinted across the roof of the office - HURLS her body into the air, clearing the ringside area, and WIPES OUT Casey Cash inside the ring with a flying crossbody that's sure to light up highlight reels for years to come!]

[illegible]

[Taylor sighs but walks off the set, while Walsh still glares at Davis for a moment, but then follows Taylor.

Davis glances over at Wolfe for a moment.]

LD: I guess you want to eavesdrop... well, you just be quiet and let the grownups do the talking.

[Wolfe rolls her eyes at that remark. Davis ignores Wolfe and turns to Martinelli.]

LD: First of all, Donna, I want to tell you how proud I am of you about how far you have come.

[Martinelli perks up, perhaps a bit surprised at that remark.]

LD: First of all, the way that you fought in that women's tag team title match... you showed everyone that you come right back from injury and give Seductive and Destructive the fight of their lives.

Second, you were the one that tossed me from the Rumble match...

[Martinelli bites her lip, like she's expected a lecture from her mentor.]

LD: ...and I have to commend you on that, because the fact is, you did take advantage of me when my back was turned, when I got distracted by somebody else, but you know that? That is exactly what I would expect you to do, because I would have done the same thing.

The fact is, Donna, you have shown me a lot in just the past two weeks about how much you have learned about what it takes to be one of the best in wrestling. And I think you are ready for the next level.

[Davis nods as Martinelli is now beaming.]

LD: So this is your invitation to come see me again when you are ready to trade in this...

[She touches the Peach Pits jacket that Donna wears.]

LD: ...for something like this.

[She then tugs at her own Slam Sorority jacket.]

LD: I'll be seeing you around, Donna.

[Davis then walks off the set. Martinelli stands there for a moment, as if she's thinking about what Davis had to say...

...and we fade from backstage out to the ring where Interim President Zharkov is holding court. He's standing center-ring, mic in one hand... clipboard in the other... and a disgruntled look upon his face.

Surrounding the ring is almost the entirety of the men's tag team division - sans the champions themselves. As we take the roll, we can spot Pedro Perez and the Texas Ranger, Tizona and Yoshi Fujiwara, the Aces In The Hole, the American Idols, Masks For Money, Nueva Generación Oscura, The Fawcett Family, The Band, The Blackjacks with Bobby O'Connor, the Soldiers of Fortune, and Omega and Polemos are lurking around the ring waiting to hear the words of the AWA President.]

SA: All night long, the tag teams of the AWA have been trying to persuade Interim President Zharkov that they should be next in line for a shot at the titles. Earlier tonight, we found out it will be former champions Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan getting the next shot two weeks from tonight in Portland... but right now, we've got almost every team in the division out here to find out the answer to one simple question, Colt - Who's next?

CP: When Next Gen went down with an injury to Howie Somers, the field became wide open... everyone who wants a shot is gunnin' for it tonight in San Jose and the boss is here to speak his mind about all that.

[Zharkov gestures for quiet before speaking.]

MZ: For weeks now, you all have been... how you say... on my case about who should get the next shot at Team Supreme and the World Tag Team Titles. And even after I announced Taylor and Donovan getting the shot earlier tonight, you still come to talk... to persuade... to complain... to manipulate... to bargain...

[Zharkov throws up his hand.]

MZ: Enough. I have made a decision. And my decision is-

[The crowd explodes in boos as the arena plunges into crimson haze and "Starfighter" by Wice thunders through the speakers. White lasers slice the darkness like blades, converging on the ramp where Supreme Wright emerges first.

Flanking him like a wall of shadows is Team Supreme: Takeshi Mifune, grinning with dark intentions; Bret Grayson, cracking his knuckles; Cain Jackson, AJ Martinez, and Paris Crawford, exuding menace. They advance as one unbreakable phalanx, parting the ringside teams with stares that promise ruin.]

SA: This... could be bad.

[Wright demands a microphone and is given one as his allies surround him...

...and Interim President Zharkov who looks a little anxious at this surprise arrival, throwing a look at Paris Crawford who very obviously tries to slide in behind him. Wright makes a gesture to his squad before raising the mic.]

SW: Not so fast, Zharkov.

This important announcement cannot be made without the tag team champions present.

[He gestures wide, arm sweeping across his legion. The belts catch the light like trophies of conquest. The division teams shift uneasily, sensing the tension filling the air.]

SW: Eyes open, pretenders. You think you're lining up for a shot at some mere tag team? No. You're staring down an army. One that doesn't break. Doesn't bend. And sure as hell doesn't lose.

[Grayson chuckles low, hoisting one of the tag team titles into the air, mocking the teams standing below.]

SW: And you, Zharkov...

[Wright steps closer to the Interim President.]

SW: ...I would advise you choose your next words very... very... carefully.

[The crowd boos lustily as Wright lays a heavily-implied threat on the former National Champion who does not back down from the two-time World Champion. There's an obvious tension in the air as Zharkov and Wright glare at one another...

...before Zharkov raises the mic.]

MZ: My decision is...

[He pauses, looking across the Team Supreme assemblage.]

MZ: ...that while I hope the... best team wins two weeks from tonight...

[Zharkov's tone implies he may have a preference in that one.]

MZ: ...these teams around the ring tonight deserve their chance to prove their worth as well, no?

[The teams surrounding the ring agree as Team Supreme seems less sold on the idea.]

MZ: So... prove it. Prove your worth! Convince me! I am issuing open contracts for every team in the division for the next few weeks. You want to prove you deserve a shot, make a challenge... sign a contract...

And after those few weeks are up, we will take the Top Five contenders...

[Zharkov pauses.]

MZ: ...and we will have a Run The Rankings gauntlet match on the 4th of July at Opportunity Knocks. And the winner of that gauntlet match will receive a shot at the World Tag Team Titles on July 14th in the Scotiabank Saddledome in Calgary on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[There's a loud reaction to that, Zharkov beaming at the popularity of his decision...

...when suddenly, Guerrero Oscurο is up on the apron, leaping to and springing off the top rope...]

SA: OSCURO!

[...and WIPES OUT Bret Grayson and Cain Jackson with a diving crossbody that sends the crowd into a ROAR!]

SA: HERE WE GO, COLT! THIS HAS BEEN BUILDING UP ALL NIGHT AND-

[Vengador V is on the move as well, sliding into the ring, diving into a tackle that takes down Paris Crawford as they trade shots on the mat...

...and Rey Fuerza scales the turnbuckles, leaping into the air...]

SA: CAUGHT!

[...and ends up with AJ Martinez' hand around his throat as Martinez takes a step to center ring, lifting the luchador high into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CHOOOOOKESLAAAAAAAAM! RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

[AJ Martinez pumps a fist excitedly, looking down on the laid out luchador as he rolls out of the ring...

...which is when Jimi Jam Jester hits the ring, hammering a clubbing forearm across the back of Martinez once... twice... three times...]

SA: Uh oh.

[...before an amused Martinez turns around, looking down at Jester who slowly stops throwing, backing off...

...and Laredo Morrison comes tearing across the ring, catching Martinez in the chest with a big boot!]

SA: OHHH!

[Morrison grabs the hand of Jester, shouting instructions at him as they charge towards Martinez...

...and Takeshi Mifune throws himself at their legs, tripping up Jester as Morrison stumbles towards Martinez who hits a big boot of his own, wiping out the Band's muscle!]

SA: Look at Mifune! Digging at the eyes of Jester down on the mat!

[Mifune suddenly finds himself ripped off Jester in a rear waistlock...]

SA: That's David Layton and... OHHHH! GERMAN SUPLEX! ALL IMPACT, NO BRIDGE!

[Mifune rolls out of the ring as Layton pops up, his partner Billy Givens all grins as he embraces Layton...

...but a running double clothesline by Cain Jackson sends Givens and Layton flipping over the ropes to the outside!]

SA: KAMS ON THE ATTACK IN SAN JOSE!

[But before they can strike again, Porter Crowley trips up AJ Martinez from the floor, dragging him to the outside where we can soon hear Martinez shrieking "MY FACE! NOT MY FACE, YOU FREAK!"

The action on the outside becomes a swarm as Pedro Perez and the Ranger, the Soldiers of Fortune, and Masks For Money turn that into a wild brawl...

...which gets even wilder when Tizona and Fujiwara and the Blackjacks get into the mix.

Inside the ring, Supreme Wright and Maxim Zharkov are looking on as Cain Jackson looks to the outside...

...and is joined by Paris Crawford who he presses overhead, flinging Crawford over the ropes onto the pile!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Jackson pumps a fist in triumph, totally unaware of someone else coming in behind him until he turns...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

SA: SUPERKICK BY CHET WALLACE!

[Jackson wobbles but does not fall.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

SA: AND CHAZ WITH ONE AS WELL!

[Jackson is still able to keep his feet as Wright and Zharkov stand clear...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and a double superkick connects, sending Jackson tumbling through the ropes to the outside!]

SA: OH! THE IDOLS CLEAN HOUSE!

[Chaz and Chet share a double leaping high five, turning to taunt the fans...]

SA: WHOOPS!

[...and turn right into a double goozle from the massively masked Polemos!]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: DOUBLE CHOOOOOOKESLAAAAAAAAAAM!

[The Idols are planted, promptly rolling from the ring as Omega quickly scales the turnbuckles, standing tall as he looks out on the mass of humanity around the ring brawling...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and HURLS himself into the air, diving out onto the pile!]

SA: IT’S CHAOS IN SAN JOSE!

[Polemos steps over the ropes, jumping off the apron into the fight as the crowd ROARS for the wild brawl. Supreme Wright points to the outside, saying something the Interim President whose eyes go wide as the crowd noise gets louder...]

...but Zharkov’s eyes are wide for a reason that Wright isn’t quite aware of yet.]

SA: WAIT A SECOND! WAIT A SECOND!

[With the crowd whipped into a frenzy, Supreme Wright is still bullying Maxim Zharkov until...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...Jackson Hunter SMASHES his signature shovel across the back of the two-time World Champion!]

“BRIAN JAMES SENDS HIS [BLEEPIN’] REGARDS, YOU PIECE OF [BLEEP!]”

[Wright falls to the mat, grabbing at his lower back as the Patron Saint of the Seven Second Delay stands center ring...

...and then points with his shovel to the corner!]

SA: Wright's rolling out after that shot by Hunter... looking for safety!

CP: Ain't nowhere safe with that lunatic on the-

[And without letting Colt finish, Shadoe Rage LEAPS from the top rope, smashing a double axehandle down over the head of Supreme Wright!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DEATH FROM ABOOOOOVE!

[Rage is in the middle of a pile of bodies, throwing blows down on Supreme Wright as more and more people swarm into the mix...]

SA: We need help out here! It's broken loose in San Jose! It's out of control in the Bay Area tonight!

[...and with a rush of AWA officials and security on the scene, we cut back to the ring where Maxim Zharkov nods, apparently pleased with the chaotic scene as we fade to the backstage area...

SLB: The tag team division is set to boil over as we just saw and this backstage reporter has to wonder if it's going to boil over two weeks from tonight in Portland, Oregon! It promises to be a special night in Providence Park just a couple short weeks away from Opportunity Knocks on the 4th of July.

[A graphic comes up showing the World Tag Team Titles.]

SLB: Speaking of the World Tag Team Titles, it IS official that former two-time World Tag Team Champions Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan will challenge two members of Team Supreme in Portland, Oregon with the gold on the line! With the division already going wild over who's got next, this match could have MASSIVE implications for the division!

[The graphic disappears.]

SLB: And of course, we'll have much, much more as the AWA says goodbye - finally - to the Golden State and heads to the Pacific Northwest for an exciting few weeks of shows! And now, it's Main Event time here in San Jose!

[We fade to another part of backstage where we see Veronica Westerly speaking to her charges just moments before the big Main Event tag team matchup.]

VW: Stay focused. Stay centered. Stay hungry. This is OUR shot to show Zharkov and all the rest that WE are the power in the AWA... not Team Supreme... not E-Girl MAX... none of them. It's all about the Dynasty.

[Westerly sticks her hand out, Nenshou stacking his taped fingers over it... then Lynch... and finally the Almighty Atlas Armstrong. With a nod, they break and start walking towards the Chimpanzee Position as we can hear the sounds of the steady drumbeat and twangy guitars of 7Horse's "Meth Lab Zoso Sticker" heralding their arrival as the fans jeer...

...and Lynch extends an arm across the broad chest of Armstrong.]

JL: You did the dirty work here tonight, big man. Now it's our turn. Hang back and let us take care of business.

[Armstrong looks prepared to argue that when Westerly places a delicate hand on his shoulder..

...and he relents, giving a nod as the now-trio walks on without him, leaving him behind.]

SA: The Westerly Dynasty walking through the backstage area here in the SAP Center, headed towards the ring for this Main Event battle with Ryan Martinez and... who? Someone? Anyone?

CP: The kid doesn't have a lot of allies left these days, Albano. Jack Lynch is MIA. O'Connor's seen the light.

SA: Hopefully he's found someone because it would be INSANITY to take these two on all alone and- what's this now?

[Westerly and her soldiers come to an abrupt halt, suddenly confronted by a man in a black suit and leaning heavily on a wooden crystal-topped cane.]

VW: Mr. Dane...

[The camera pivots to reveal it is indeed Jason Dane who has arrived to confront the Westerly Dynasty.]

VW: ...if you don't mind, we have business out in-

[Dane interrupts.]

JD: You have business with me.

[Westerly grimaces, giving a nod as Dane locks eyes with another part of the trio.]

JD: Nenshou, old friend... it's good to see you again.

[The Silent Assassin gives a nod of respect to Dane who turns his gaze back on Westerly.]

JD: I know you've got a match so I'll be brief. Veronica, you owe me...

[Dane smiles coldly.]

JD: ...and on Showtime, I intend to collect. Understood?

[Westerly gives another reluctant nod as Dane claps his hands together.]

JD: Fantastic! Good luck to all.

[Dane steps out of their path, clearing the way for the trio to continue walking towards the entranceway...

...and as they're about to go up through the curtain, we cut to an interior shot of the arena bowl where we see the trio enter onto the Saturday Night Wrestling entrance stage.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with TV Time Remaining and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening! Introducing first... making their way down the aisle accompanied by Veronica Westerly...

...the team of James Lynch and Nenshou...

...the WESTERLYYYYYYYY DYYYYYNASTYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[Westerly, having shaken off the backstage confrontation, is all grins as she leads her team down the aisle to deafening jeers from the AWA faithful.]

SA: Well, fans... I don't know what that was all about with Jason Dane backstage... but I suppose we'll find out on Showtime next weekend LIVE from the IIWF Coliseum. But that's next week... right now, we've got Main Event tag team action still to come as Lynch and Nenshou take on Ryan Martinez and a partner of his choosing... and if you're wondering who that is, you are not alone, I promise you that...

CP: Forget about Martinez for a second. I know that's tough for you. But let's talk about the Westerly Dynasty, Albano. The group that is responsible for sending the World Champion to a hospital earlier tonight with... who knows what... busted ribs? Bruised sternum? Internal injuries?

SA: We have yet to get a medical update on the champion of the world but I promise you that if we don't have one before we go off the air tonight, we WILL have one on Showtime! But you're right, Colt. This group ROBBED these fans and this company of tonight's World Title match... and what more, they ROBBED Ryan Martinez of that as well! And if they thought they'd get away with it, they're dead wrong because the AWA's White Knight does not run from a fight... he sprints towards them!

[As the Westerly Dynasty takes the ring, Lynch and Nenshou pose for the crowd as Westerly applauds her men from the corner..

...and we fade back to the backstage area where we find Ryan Martinez standing in Chimpanzee Position, tugging his elbowpad into place. He swings his arms across his torso a few times, breathing sharply...

...and as we can hear the opening tinkling notes of "Vox Populi" in the background with a ROAR from the San Jose crowd, Martinez gives one more deep breath and a nod, walking down the hallway...

...until a loud throat clearing sound from off-camera gives him pause.]

"Yeh are one stupid S.O.B."

[Martinez comes to a halt and the arena crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Hannibal Carver stepping into view.]

HC: Lemme guess... yeh didn't even ask anyone to be yer partner?

[Martinez grimaces, looking away... and then shakes his head. Carver snorts with a derision.]

HC: Uh huh. And did yeh really think ah was gonna sit back here and watch yeh get yer face kicked in... and maybe spat in?

[Martinez' expression changes, a slight smile on his face now.]

HC: Jack may be takin' care of business elsewhere right now but ah made him a promise before he left. To watch yer back.

[Carver nods.]

HC: And that's what ah intend to do.

[He pulls a taped fist into view, cracking his knuckles.]

HC: Startin' now apparently. Let's go, kid.

[And with Martinez fully smiling now, he trails behind his former SuperClash opponent and partner as they head out of view...]

SA: How about that, Colt?! The White Knight's got a partner after all!

[...and inside the ring, James Lynch looks less than thrilled with this development, angrily pointing up at the screen where everyone just saw Martinez and Carver...]

...and then gets even angrier as Carver and Martinez step out onto the entrance stage.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[But Ortiz doesn't get a chance to make the introduction as Carver makes a charge for the ring, Martinez sprinting to keep up...]

SA: HERE! WE! GO!

[...and the duo dives under the bottom rope, Westerly quickly exiting the ring as Lynch and Nenshou surge forward to confront the new threat - Nenshou pairing off with Carver as Lynch and Martinez tangle up!]

SA: LET'S DO THIS THANG, COLT PATTERSON!

[The fists are flying as Martinez hammers Lynch backwards towards the ropes, Nenshou and Carver trading hard blows across the ring as Westerly looks on with nervous concern...]

...and a stiff-fingered blow to the throat of Carver sends his gasping into the ropes as Nenshou gets a running start!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But Carver ducks down, elevating Nenshou over the ropes with a backdrop, sending him flying and crashing down onto the barely-padded SAP Center floor!]

SA: CARVER SENDS NENSHOU TO THE OUTSIDE!

[Martinez backs off, giving himself room as he swings his arm around to signal for a clothesline...]

...but Lynch wants no part of that, dropping to the mat and rolling to the outside to avoid the White Knight's charge.]

SA: And look at James Lynch run! He was all about wanting this Main Event when it looked like it was going to be Atlas Armstrong against Ryan Martinez... but now that it's here, the Texan would rather be back home in Dallas.

[Lynch huddles up with Westerly on the outside, a quick strategy session as Martinez paces around the ring, looking to strike...]

SA: Hannibal Carver to the apron... and it looks like it'll be the Black Sheep of the Lynch family taking on the AWA's White Knight to start this one off...

[Referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller waves Lynch inside the ring and then signals to encourage him...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: ...and there's the bell as Miller tells Lynch he's GOTTA get in the ring now.

[Lynch is hesitant but after a few more moments, he climbs through the ropes, easing away from them...]

...but Martinez isn't about to "ease" into anything, rushing at Lynch to tie up with him!]

SA: Lynch uses Martinez' emotions against him, pulling him right into a side headlock...

[But the headlock is short-lived as Martinez shoves him off with ease, Lynch rebounding off the ropes into a big tackle...]

SA: ...and Martinez doesn't budge!

[Lynch grimaces, shaking his head... and then rushes to the ropes again, rebounding back towards a waiting Martinez...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who knife edge chops Lynch off his feet to a huge reaction!]

SA: DOWN! GOES! LYNCH!

[Martinez grabs the rising Lynch by the hair, running across the ring and SMASHING his head into the neutral corner's turnbuckle!]

SA: Ooof! Headfirst to the corner... and look out here!

[A fired-up Martinez squares up...]

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

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

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

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

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

SA: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan moves to oblige...]

...but Lynch STABS his hand out, jabbing his finger into the eye of Martinez!]

SA: OH! CHEAPSHOT! TO THE EYES!

[Lynch quickly drops to the mat, rolling to the outside again as a blinded Martinez staggers around and Carver shouts bloody murder at the Westerly Dynasty from the ring apron.]

SA: Lynch slips out, sneaking out like a thief in the night again... and right back over there with Westerly.

CP: None of this has gone the way Lynch has expected so far... and yeah, he got out of there in a hurry just like he should. When things aren't going your way, you gotta regroup and replan and that's exactly what he's doing. Smart move if you ask me.

SA: Cowardly move if you ask me... and as Ryan Martinez staggers to his corner, bringing in Hannibal Carver... it looks like...

[Lynch rolls under the ropes in his own corner for a moment, just long enough to slap Nenshou's hand. The uber-athletic Japanese superstar slingshots over the top rope, throwing himself into a series of kicks at the air that has Carver looking on with caution...]

SA: ...and yes, Nenshou is the legal man - his first appearance inside an AWA ring in about four years... and I've been looking forward to this, Colt.

[Carver eyeballs Nenshou for a few moments, circling as Nenshou moves gracefully around the ring, a threat to strike at any moment...

...and he lashes out, swinging a martial arts thrust through the air that Carver avoids...

...and then strings a spinning back kick in combination that Carver slaps aside, reaching out to grab Nenshou by his hair, smashing a fist into the cheekbone!]

SA: OH!

[Nenshou slips a knee into the ribcage, breaking Carver's grasp but Carver stays in close quarters, smashing a forearm into the jaw that sends Nenshou stumbling backwards as the San Jose crowd cheers!]

SA: The fight is on again!

[Nenshou wheels around into a chop aimed with perfect precision, connecting with the side of Carver's neck, sending him on wobbly knees...

...but when the Silent Assassin closes the distance, Carver snatches the hair with both hands before SMASHING his skull into Nenshou's!]

SA: OHH! HEADBUTT!

[Carver keeps the grip on the hair, jerking the staggered Nenshou towards him...

...and HURLS him up and over, throwing him into the corner turnbuckles with shocking impact!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: So much for the feeling out period!

[The crowd is ROARING for Carver's high impact throw as Carver snatches him up off the mat, shoving him back into the neutral corner where he tees off with fists of fury to the face as the referee lays down a rapid count...]

SA: CARVER'S ALL OVER HIM IN THE CORNER!

[...and as Carver steps back, hands raised, Nenshou lunges again but Carver is ready, shoving him back with a fierce piteface, bending his neck backwards as he shouts in his face - "YOU WANNA FIGHT?!"]

SA: CARVER CAME TO FIGHT!

[Carver unloads on him again, pummeling with chops to the chest, lighting up the chest of Nenshou with a series of red welts...]

SA: CARVER WITH THE CHOPS!

[...and totally ignoring the counting referee, Carver switches to clubbing forearms to the head and neck, driving Nenshou down into a seated position in the corner...]

SA: Uh oh! We know what's coming next!

[Carver steps up on the middle rope, ready to finish off his Boston Beatdown...

...but Lynch comes rushing down the apron, drawing Carver's attention as he leaps down, throwing a big right hand at Lynch who gets dropped, falling off the apron to big cheers!]

SA: Carver got one in on Lynch and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Nenshou lashes out, landing a high kick to the temple of the distracted Carver, sending him falling forward...

...and the Silent Assassin rushes in again, lancing out with another kick, this time at the back of the knee, sweeping the leg out from under him!]

SA: We may not be in Reseda tonight but Nenshou's sweeping the leg like he's Johnny Lawrence of the Cobra Kai!

CP: Nerd.

[Nenshou viciously stomps the knee as Carver makes a grab at it, causing the crowd to jeer and Veronica Westerly to beam proudly at the ring...]

SA: Nenshou... look at the ferocity in which he's targeting the knee, Colt.

CP: When you think of Nenshou back in his Unholy Alliance days here in the AWA, there are fond memories of his athleticism... of his high flying skills... but what may be easy to forget, is his brutality... his aggressiveness... his skill in hurting his opponents...

[Pulling Carver off the mat, Nenshou rocks him with a Mongolian chop that sends Carver falling back towards the ropes...

...but as Nenshou moves in, Carver tries to catch him with a kick to the gut!]

SA: Caught! Nenshou catches the-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DRAGON SCREW! RIPPING AND TEARING THE KNEE OF CARVER WITH NO HESITATION!

[The crowd is all over Nenshou as he climbs to his feet, staring dead-eyed out on the San Jose fans, unmoving...

...and then calmly stomps the knee over and over and over...]

CP: This man is dissecting the knee of the Boston Brawler, Big Sal!

SA: Nenshou doing serious damage... and Veronica Westerly and James Lynch love it!

CP: Of course they do! I'm sure getting Nenshou to leave the Land of the Rising Sun and come back to the AWA wasn't cheap... but he's paying big dividends right about now.

[Nenshou grabs the ankle, dragging a struggling Carver across the ring before slapping his partner's hand...]

SA: There's the tag to James Lynch... and now Lynch wants in there, now that his opponent is down and out.

[Lynch stomps the knee a few times...

...and then breaks off, arms wide, smirking at the jeering crowd.]

SA: Look at this guy acting like he did something in there while Nenshou was the one who got Carver down and hurt.

CP: Well, Lynch is the team leader so I'm sure it was his strategy.

SA: Oh, I'm sure.

[Lynch drags Carver to mid-ring, looking to twist the leg...]

SA: He's looking for a figure four!

[...but before he can lock it in, Carver uses the free leg to kick him off, sending relief through the crowd as Lynch smashes backfirst into the turnbuckles!]

SA: Carver gets loose... and now he's trying to get up! That knee slowing him down though...

[Carver struggles to his feet, wincing as he puts weight on the leg... and a shout from Ryan Martinez spins Carver around as Lynch charges out of the corner towards him...]

SA: ...SPINEBUSTER!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who lifts, pivots, and drives the Black Sheep of the Lynch family into the canvas with a ring-shaking spinning spinebuster!]

SA: DOWWWWWN GOES LYNCH!

[The crowd is ROARING for that as an enthusiastic Ryan Martinez starts pounding on the turnbuckle in rhythm, getting the crowd going...]

"HAN-NI-BAL!"
"HAN-NI-BAL!"
"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[...and Martinez paces the apron, pumping his arm to the chant as Carver starts to crawl on his hands and knees towards the corner where the White Knight awaits him, arm outstretched!]

SA: Carver on the move, Carver looking for the tag...

[Martinez is reaching out, stretching with all he's got towards the former National Champion who is headed his way slowly but surely...]

SA: ...can he get there before Lynch gets back to his feet? That spinebuster took a lot out of him and-

[At a shout from Westerly, Nenshou ducks through the ropes, moving in swiftly, spinning gracefully past the blocking official to leaping stomp the knee of Carver, causing him to flatten out, howling in pain on the canvas...]

...which brings Martinez in the other way, rushing at Nenshou!]

SA: IT'S BREAKING DOWN IN SAN JOSE!

[But the referee cuts off Martinez, holding him back to jeers from the SAP Center crowd...]

SA: Oh, come on, Blue Shoes! You gotta get out of the way!

CP: No way! You think it's breaking down now - let that lunatic Martinez in there and this place is likely to break out in a riot!

[Martinez struggles against the official as Nenshou grabs Carver by the ankle, dragging him back across the ring...]

SA: What a tactical move... and I gotta believe that was all Veronica Westerly, Colt.

CP: We heard her call the play, Albano. Right down the road from the 49ers' home stadium at Levi's Stadium and she QB'd that one better than that no talent Garoppolo ever could! That wasn't just tactical though - that was surgical! Right down on the injured knee!

[As Nenshou ducks out, Lynch regains his feet, staring across at Martinez being pushed out of the ring by the official. He points right at Martinez, locking eyes with the White Knight...]

...and then leaps up, dropping a knee of his own on the injured knee, causing Carver to cry out again!]

SA: Talk about surgical! Wow! James Lynch targeting the knee, continuing to do damage following in the deadly footsteps of his partner and newest ally, Nenshou!

[Lynch stomps the knee a few more times before making another tag.]

SA: Lynch brings Nenshou back in... and it looks like we've got a double team this time!

[Each man grabs an arm on Carver, whipping him across the ring...]

SA: Double whip across...

[...and as Carver rebounds, he finds both men doubled over, looking for a double backdrop...

...and he runs right into them, snaring a double front facelock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SPIKES the dastardly duo on top of their skulls with a double DDT!]

SA: CARVER COMES UP WITH THE BIG COUNTER! SPIKES 'EM BOTH!

[Carver lies on his back mid-ring, wincing as he grabs at his knee.]

SA: Both men are down... but so is Carver!

CP: The knee's been punished by the Westerly Dynasty - can he take advantage of that "big counter" as you called it? He's got a shot!

[Martinez again shouts to his partner, looking for a tag as Carver tries to roll over onto his hands and knees, looking to crawl again...]

SA: Martinez is ready for him! He's looking for the tag!

[Carver winces as he drags himself across the ring, Martinez' arm outstretched towards him...]

SA: Can he get there? Can he make it?!

CP: Look at Westerly, pounding the apron - shouting at her men!

[Westerly's focus is on Nenshou, the legal competitor, trying to get him back on his feet...]

SA: Carver's trying to get up! The pressure on the knee on the mat is too much for him and...

[As Carver gets off the mat, stumbling to a standing position, Nenshou pushes up as well, trying to clear the cobwebs...

...and at a shout from Westerly, Nenshou rushes forward towards the unsteady Boston Brawler...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who pivots and FLIPS Nenshou inside out with a desperation lariat!]

SA: HE FLATTENS NENSHOU! TURNS HIM INSIDE OUT AND DUMPS HIM!

[Carver slumps forward onto a knee again but with the San Jose crowd roaring, he pushes back up, slowly turns towards his corner..

...and with James Lynch up and approaching from behind, Carver throws himself across the ring...]

SA: TAAAAAAAAG!

[The San Jose crowd ERUPTS at the tag that brings Ryan Martinez through the ropes on a full sprint...]

SA: CLOTHESLINE ON LYNCH!

[...and ROCKS Lynch with a clothesline that takes him down! Martinez lets loose a shout, pumping his arms as Nenshou struggles back to his feet where the White Knight greets him, shooting him across the ring...]

SA: BACK ELBOW UP UNDER THE CHIN!

[...and with the San Jose crowd roaring, Martinez drags the stunned Nenshou off the mat, snatching a rear waistlock...]

SA: HOOKS HIM UP...

[...and LAUNCHES Nenshou halfway across the ring with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND THROWS! HIM! DOWWWWWWN!

[Martinez rises off the mat, throwing his arms back in a loud ROAR that the San Jose crowd echoes as the White Knight targets a slowly-rising James Lynch, reaching out...]

SA: FULL NELSON!

[...and with Lynch hooked, the two-time World Champion lifts him into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: A GERMAN FOR NENSHOU! A DRAGON FOR LYNCH!

[Martinez pops up off the mat, throwing his arms back with another roar as he salutes the cheering fans...]

SA: This place is ELECTRIC, Colt!

CP: It's literally shaking! These people are going out of their minds!

[...and then walks back towards the recovering Nenshou, dragging him off the mat and right into a front facelock...]

SA: HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED!

[...and looks around at the ROARING crowd with a nod!]

SA: If Supernova is watching in his hospital bed, he's gotta love this!

[Martinez powers Nenshou up, holding him straight up and down as the crowd screams with anticipation...]

SA: He's looking for the Brainbuster!

[...which is when Veronica Westerly gets up on the apron, shouting and waving her arms at her former step-son!]

SA: What the...?!

[A surprised Martinez seems to lose his grip, allowing Nenshou to slip down behind Martinez, delivering a two-handed shove to the back...]

SA: OH!

[...and Martinez JUST slams on the brakes before crashing into Westerly who was covering up in anticipation of the collision!]

SA: Ryan Martinez ALMOST laid out Westerly there! He JUST held on and-

[Martinez swings around just in time to get caught up under the chin with a thrust kick!]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow takes Martinez down to a knee as Nenshou backs off, rushing forward...]

SA: SHINING WIZZZZZARRRRRRRRRD!

[...and springs off Martinez' own knee to DRIVE a knee into the White Knight's skull!]

SA: THAT'S IT! THAT'S GOTTA BE IT!

[The referee dives down to the mat.]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS again as Hannibal Carver throws himself onto the pileup, breaking up the pin JUST in time!]

SA: CARVER MAKES THE SAVE!

[James Lynch stomps across the ring, pulling the hobbled Carver off the mat to toss him through the ropes to the outside...]

SA: OH! Hard fall to the outside for the Boston Brawler!

[...and then turns back towards the White Knight, holding up his hand!]

SA: He's calling for the Claw! He's calling for the Lynch family legacy!

[And as Martinez struggles up to his feet, Lynch surges forward to lock that iron grip around the skull of the two-time World Champion!]

SA: CLAW! CLAW!

[But Martinez swings his arms up, grabbing the grasping wrist!]

SA: BLOCKED! THE WHITE KNIGHT BLOCKS THE CLAW!

[The two men are fighting over it for a moment, the crowd ROARING for Martinez to avoid the hold...]

...and the cheers turn to boos in an instant as Lynch buries a knee into the midsection of Martinez, doubling him over!]

SA: Ohh! Lynch goes downstairs, regains control of this...

[He gives a taunting look at the jeering crowd before breaking for the ropes, rebounding off...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and runs RIGHT into a flying Yakuza!]

SA: EXCALLLLLLLIBURRRRRRRRR!

[The flying kick connects FLUSH on the chin of Lynch, sending him flying through the air, rolling across the canvas to the apron as Martinez sits up on the mat, nodding his head at the roaring San Jose crowd!]

SA: Lynch is down and he may be out... and that leaves the legal men in the mix!

CP: Nenshou’s ready for him!

[Martinez turns back to Nenshou who is on his feet, grabbing at his throat...]

SA: MIST...

[...but the White Knight is ready for it, ducking low to avoid it to a big ROAR from the crowd!]

SA: ...MISSED!

[Martinez BURIES a boot in the gut of Nenshou, snatching him in a front facelock again...]

SA: He’s going for it! He’s going to end this Main Event match in San Jose and-

[...but Martinez suddenly looks down, confusion on his face!]

SA: WESTERLY!

CP: She’s got the ankle from the floor! She’s hanging on!

SA: COME ON, REFEREE!

[As “Blue Shoes” bellows at Westerly to let go, Martinez jerks his leg free, twisting away from the tangle of official and manager to stagger out towards the middle of the ring...

...where - to the shock of all - James Lynch slingshots in off the apron into a somersault, landing on his feet where he throws himself violently into an impactful lariat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The big lariat puts Martinez down as Nenshou scrambles up off the mat, racing across the ring, stepping to the middle rope...]

SA: Wait a second!

[...and then to the top, springing off in a backflip...]

SA: NO!

[...and CRASHES down on Martinez' prone torso with his signature moonsault!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MOONSAULT CONNECTS!

[The Silent Assassin wraps up both legs, the referee spinning around, diving to the canvas...]

SA: NO, NO, NO!

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

SA: This can't be...

[...and a diving James Lynch lands on the back of Carver trying to dive through the ropes to intervene, knocking him down!]

SA: ...gaaaaaaah!

"DING! DING! DING!"

CP: They got it! The Westerly Dynasty picks up the win!

[The fans are dejected at seeing their heroes go down in defeat... and even angrier when they see Lynch hammering blows across the back of Carver after the bell!]

SA: What the...?! Come on! The match is over!

CP: But the fight ain't! Nenshou's up... look at this!

[The boos intensify as Lynch and Nenshou are both battering Carver now as Westerly looks on in delight...]

...and then starts waving towards the back.]

SA: What is this now? Westerly is... oh... oh no.

CP: Here comes trouble!

[The jeers pick up as the Almighty One, Atlas Armstrong, comes striding out of the backstage area towards the ring.]

SA: Hasn't this guy done enough tonight?! Atlas Armstrong and that damn bearhug put the World Champion in the hospital and now he looks like a man who is out for more here tonight, Colt!

CP: Atlas Armstrong is looking to let the whole world know that there's a new dominant force in town! He beat the unbeatable Max Magnum... he put the World Champion in an ambulance... and now he's coming for these two! What a couple of weeks for the Almighty One!

[Armstrong climbs the steps, ducking through the ropes into the ring as Carver is trying to struggle up off the mat... but a hard kick to the side of the leg by Nenshou puts him back down... and with Lynch and Nenshou taking turns stomping Carver into the canvas, we see Armstrong just watching... waiting...]

SA: Armstrong's in there now but thankfully he's not joining in on this...

CP: Not yet at least.

SA: Colt, I... I don't think he's even looking at what's going on with his partners and Hannibal Carver! His eyes are LOCKED on Ryan Martinez!

[The AWA's White Knight, clutching his ribs, is struggling to get up off the mat as Nenshou and Lynch continue to work over Carver...]

CP: I think you're right, Big Sal! I think you're-

[...and as Martinez reaches his feet, Armstrong swoops in behind him, lifting him with ease into the air...]

SA: HE RACKS HIM! HE RACKS THE WHITE KNIGHT!

[...and with the fans pouring down boos on the Westerly Dynasty, Nenshou holds Carver's arms as Lynch batters the Boston Brawler...]

...and Atlas Armstrong is stretching the spine of Ryan Martinez across his broad and powerful shoulders!]

SA: The Westerly Dynasty is looking to take these two out as well!

[The torture rack continues for a few more moments before Armstrong shrugs out of it, sending Martinez down on the mat in a heap... and then Nenshou shoves Carver down. Nenshou and Lynch walk over, flanking Armstrong as Veronica Westerly - beaming with pride - steps in to join her trio...]

SA: We've got bodies down! The Westerly Dynasty is standing tall! They won the match by hook or by crook... and now they've left Carver and Martinez lying after what they did to the World Champion earlier tonight!

CP: Now THAT'S a big night at the office, Albano.

SA: It certainly is... and the Westerly Dynasty has just put everyone on notice that they are stronger than ever and coming for all the gold here in the AWA! Fans, we'll see you next week on Showtime from Portland! So long everybody!

[Armstrong strikes a pose, smirking as Lynch taunts the fans, Nenshou stands silent, and Veronica keeps on clapping proudly...]

...and we fade to black.]