

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

VASQUEZ VS RHODES

[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...

We open on a shot of the inside of Greensboro Coliseum on September 7, 2009. Surrounding the ring are a dozen workers, hoisting and assembling a steel cage for that night's event. A few feet away stands Jon Stegglet, a worried look in his eye. Bobby Taylor walks up to him, sipping from a paper cup of coffee, and the two look at the cage with a mixture of pride in their staff and concern for the events about to unfold. Stegglet looks over to Taylor.]

JS: After what happened with that car a few months ago...

[He gestures to the cage.]

JS: ...think that'll hold them?

[Taylor looks up at the cage, rubbing the side of his mouth with his free hand.]

BT: God help us if it doesn't.

[We cut to a shot of the outside of the building, the sign greeting the fans, marked with "Greensboro Coliseum Complex", and a rotating electronic board of events. As it holds on one - "AWA PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING NO ESCAPE - J. VASQUEZ VS R. RHODES STEEL CAGE MATCH - TONIGHT 8PM - SOLD OUT!" - we hear the voice of legendary actress Sigourney Weaver.]

"Professional wrestling welcomes all - from all walks of life, all ages, creeds, colors, genders."

[We see a shot of fans walking through the turnstiles of the Coliseum, chattering and murmuring about the event.]

"A highly anticipated event becomes a hot ticket, drawing together thousands from all walks of life to see the fiercest of clashes. The most anticipated bring forth faces from the past, eager to feel the electricity that once coursed through their bodies."

[We cut to unseen footage from backstage, and Lori Dane's eyes opening wide in gleeful surprise.]

LD: Oh my God! It can't be!

[She rushes past the camera operator, who just barely follows her movements, into the arms of a guest for that night's event - Michelle Bailey. Michelle is taller, not as lean, her body still to experience the effects of her complete transition, but the joyful grin on her face remains the same. Lori grasps her friend with a hug, laughing and smiling, clearly having not seen her in years.

A few feet away stands someone completely unrecognizably from her current day form. Fans familiar with 2018's Kimmy Bailey - the brash, muscular, rookie dynamo - would not recognize 2009's Bailey Martinelli, a meek, reed-thin seventh grader standing up to Michelle's elbow. Lori looks at the 12-year-old and gasps, breaking her hug with Michelle.]

LD: Is that Bailey?! That can't be Bailey!

[A shy wave from the youngster, who then immediately hides behind her mother's back.]

LD: She's gotten so big!

[If she only knew. As Lori greets mother and bashful daughter, we cut to more guests from the past milling around the backstage area, as we see quick cuts of Billy Classon, Luke Kinsey, Tommy Stephens, Devon Case, and more. We then cut to Kinsey joking with Juan Vasquez, clearly enjoying a moment together as we hear Weaver's voice again.]

"In many ways, an event of this caliber is a reunion of family, both chosen..."

[And a cut to Raphael Rhodes, taping his wrists.]

"...and blood."

[As we pan back, we see his uncle, Jeremy Rhodes, staring coldly.]

JR: You're breakin' that man tonight, right?

[A grunt from nephew to uncle, as we hold on this shot, Jeremy watching over Raphael with a tenseness common with the Rhodes family.]

"September 7, 2009 will see two men who have battled for months, locked in combat, surrounded by steel, with the hopes of finally settling their rivalry."

[We cut back to the inside of the Greensboro Coliseum, the cage assembled, all fans inside, and the participants waiting to be introduced.]

"What would follow would leave them with..."

[And with a title superimposed over the cage...]

"...Unfinished Business."

[We cut to unseen footage of the match, shot from a handheld camera at ringside, as we are approximately twenty minutes into the match. Juan Vasquez flies through the air with a moonsault, but a bloodied Raphael Rhodes manages to roll out of the way, causing Vasquez to crash hard onto the canvas. Rhodes covers, but Vasquez just barely kicks out, leaving an incredulous Rhodes to stare at referee Marty Meekly. In voiceover, we hear Michelle Bailey.]

MB: Jeez, that was close.

[We cut backstage, where we see several figures surrounding a monitor. Michelle Bailey stands next to the men who trained her, Jeremy Rhodes and Billy Classon, as Shane Destiny - freshly showered after his match earlier in the night against Tumaffi - stands with a towel over his head. Shane has picked Kimmy Bailey up, as the 12-year-old is clearly emotional, her face buried into his shoulder.]

BC: He's lucky he moved.

SD: Yeah, but he's losing his cool.

[As the elder Rhodes glares at the monitor, the younger Rhodes screams "SAY IT WAS THREE!" at Marty Meekly, then grabs the referee's belt after headbutting him. Michelle looks over to Shane and motions at Kimmy, and Shane turns the girl over to her mother, who cradles Kimmy's head and shields her eyes. We cut back to the handheld camera, where we see the footage of Raphael Rhodes whip Juan Vasquez with Meekly's belt.]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[And back to the backstage area, where several wrestlers are reacting at the monitors scattered throughout. Yelps of pain, shouts of anguish, a "JESUS CHRIST!" for good measure. Shane Destiny frowns, as does Billy Classon, while a grin forms on Jeremy Rhodes' face. Michelle Bailey keeps Kimmy Bailey's eyes shielded, as another crack can be heard echoing through the Coliseum, before Raphael Rhodes starts to lace the belt around Vasquez's neck. Michelle gets a look of concern in her eyes and walks away from the monitor, staying a few feet away, talking to her daughter. Shane and Billy, recognizing the upset child standing feet from them, lower their voices.]

BC: This is going too far.

[A frown from Shane.]

SD: This is where you have to go to beat Juan Vasquez.

[A gruff nod from Jeremy Rhodes, as we cut back to the handheld footage. Raphael Rhodes, a crazed look in his eye, attempts to hang Vasquez by climbing up to the top rope and using the leverage to pull upward on the belt wrapped around Vasquez's neck. Vasquez, however, throws Rhodes off the ropes...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[...and into the canvas, leading to a cheer from the fans, and from several in the backstage area.]

JR: DAMN IT!

[Classon slaps the shoulder of his business partner and friend, then aggressively points to the upset Kimmy Bailey. Jeremy Rhodes sighs, then fixes his eyes back on the monitor. Back to ringside footage, as Vasquez lashes Raphael Rhodes with the belt.]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[And back to backstage, as Jeremy Rhodes, fists trembling, shouts "GET BACK UP AND FIGHT!" at the monitor.

Back to ringside, and Vasquez lifts the younger Rhodes into position for the City of Angels, but Rhodes slides out, carrying Vasquez down into a sunset flip, with

Vasquez just barely escaping by punching Rhodes with the belt wrapped around his fist. Surrounding the monitor, Jeremy Rhodes is practically apoplectic.]

JR: STAY ON HIM! DON'T GIVE HIM A MOMENT TO BREATHE!

[Destiny and Classon exchange a look of concern, as Michelle Bailey continues to calm the emotional Kimmy Bailey. We cut back to the handheld footage, as Vasquez climbs the ropes...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH”!

[...only for Raphael Rhodes to shove Marty Meekly into the ropes, causing Vasquez to lose his balance and land straddling the turnbuckles. The fans emit a panicked buzz as the younger Rhodes scales the turnbuckles, lacing Vasquez's arm across his neck, then lifts him into the air for his superplex. The footage slows as Sigourney Weaver picks back up in narration.]

“When the body and mind experience a traumatic, high-stress event, psychologists deem the slowing of time that the memory experiences in recollection as “tachypsychia”. Another term for it is the time dilation effect.”

[The bodies of Raphael Rhodes and Juan Vasquez crash to the mat, a low-pitched groan coming from both, as Rhodes slowly covers Vasquez. Marty Meekly slaps the mat for his first count.]

“Whether the stress or trauma occurs due to the actions of others...”

[The second count.]

“...or is self-inflicted...”

[But just before the third, Rhodes pulls up Vasquez, a smirk coming across his blood-soaked face.]

“... does not appear to matter to the unconscious mind.”

[Cut back to the monitor, and the previously-animated Jeremy Rhodes calmly rubs his temples with his fingertips, as Destiny and Classon stare at the monitor in disbelief. The elder Rhodes, with disappointment in his voice, turns to Classon.]

JR: Tell the lad I'm in his room.

[Destiny continues to watch the monitor as Rhodes starts to walk away. Classon looks at Rhodes in confusion.]

BC: Why? Aren't you going to finish watching the match with us?

JR: Ain't no point now.

[He juts a finger to the screen, where Raphael Rhodes is climbing the turnbuckles.]

JR: He just lost.

[The elder Rhodes leaves, Michelle's eyes following him. Destiny smirks as Classon shakes his head.]

SD: He's in a mood.

BC: Tell me about it.

[We see more handheld footage, as Raphael Rhodes dives off the top turnbuckle, driving his head into Juan Vasquez's, but ricochets a few feet away from Vasquez and is unable to cover. Back at the monitor, the young Kimmy Bailey has calmed, but is sitting feet away, as Michelle Bailey joins Destiny and Classon with a concerned look on her face. After about twenty seconds, Rhodes manages to cover, but Vasquez barely gets the shoulder up, and we see a close-up of Rhodes' exhausted face. Our narration starts back up.]

"In 1860, Sarah Whitman wrote a book detailing the life of her former partner Edgar Allan Poe, in an attempt to rehabilitate the poet's image after his death in the face of debates over his methods, as well as accusations of plagiarism. In the book, she states that the following was written to her in a letter dated November 24, 1848."

[In the footage, Rhodes digs into his pants and produces a pair of brass knuckles. At the monitor, Michelle Bailey's eyes open wide, and she screams "RAPH, NO!"]

"I have absolutely no pleasure in the stimulants in which I sometimes so madly indulge."

[Rhodes, a maniacal look in his eye, aims a punch squarely at Vasquez.]

"It has not been in the pursuit of pleasure that I have periled life and reputation and reason."

[Rhodes throws the punch, but before it can connect, Vasquez swings a foot upward, connecting directly into Rhodes' groin.]

"It has been in the desperate attempt to escape from torturing memories... "

[Vasquez takes the brass knuckles, then connects with his own punch, causing Rhodes to fall to the canvas.]

"...memories of wrong and injustice and imputed dishonor..."

[A shot of Vasquez climbing up to the top rope...]

"... from a sense of insupportable loneliness..."

[...and then climbing to the top of the cage, the crowd roaring...]

"...and a dread of some strange... "

[..Vasquez leaps off the cage...]

"... impending doom."

[...landing onto Rhodes' prone body with a diving splash. The screen cuts to black, leaving only the sound isolated from Marty Meekly's count.

One.

Two.

Three.

A few moments pass with the screen black, in total silence, before we return to an image.

The image of a chaotic backstage environment, staff shouting for medics, and Juan Vasquez being helped into his locker room by stagehands. He immediately collapses onto a bench, and is followed into the room by Michelle Bailey, who has her phone out.]

MB: When do you want me to call Marisol?

[There is a groan from Vasquez, as we hear a meek, childlike voice just outside the locker room door.]

"Is he gonna be okay, Uncle Shane?"

[Michelle pokes her head out the door, where she can be heard reassuring Kimmy Bailey, and telling Shane Destiny to keep an eye on the 12-year-old for a few minutes. There is another groan from Vasquez, and he raises his hand.]

JV: Water.

[Then his hand falls back over his chest. Michelle pokes her head back out, and can be heard saying "she can come in, as long as she has a bottle of water". A few moments pass and Kimmy shyly enters, carrying a large bottle of water. She walks over to the bench, then looks back at Michelle. Michelle motions to the bench with her head.]

MB: Go ahead. He's thirsty.

[Kimmy takes a few more steps and takes the cap off of the water, then offers it out to Juan. He wearily looks over at Kimmy, her hand trembling, and smiles.]

JV: Thank you, little one. Help me drink it?

[Kimmy sits down next to Juan, carefully positioning the water over his mouth and slowly pouring it in before Juan gently pushes her hand up to cause more water to flow into his mouth. When he takes his hand off of hers, she lets out a sigh of relief and takes the water bottle down.]

JV: Was it scary?

[Kimmy nods slightly.]

JV: I'm sorry. Do you still want to do our trip tomorrow?

[Out of the corner of his eye, Juan makes eye contact with Michelle, who mouths "aquarium".]

JV: To the aquarium?

[The preteen Kimmy beams.]

KB: Heck yeah I do! They got penguins that'll untie your shoes if you let 'em!

[Juan slowly sits up, trying to hold in a groan of pain as he does so.]

JV: If they untie my shoes, will you help me? I might have trouble tomorrow.

[Kimmy nods and offers the water again, as Juan smiles.]

JV: You're trained really well.

KB: You just seem like you need an awful lot of water.

JV: I do. Can you go get me another bottle?

[Kimmy leaps off the bench and runs out of the room as Michelle takes out her phone from her purse.]

MB: Anything feel broken?

[Juan moves his feet and wiggles his fingers.]

JV: Nope.

MB: Good. I'm going to call Marisol so we can keep it that way.

[Juan gives off a weary grin.]

JV: What else are you going to assist on tonight?

[As Michelle looks through her phone for Marisol's contact, and without looking up, she answers...]

MB: That steakhouse I was telling you about agreed to stay open for you.

[Juan lets out a happy sigh as Michelle hits send on her phone.]

JV: Attagirl.

[And as Michelle says "hello, Marisol? He's good, he won", and Kimmy returns with another bottle of water for Juan, we cut to the other locker room.]

"BLOODY DAMN HELL!"

[A chair crashing against a wall.]

"YOU LET THE WHOLE BLEEDIN' FAMILY DOWN!"

[A trash can kicked.]

"HOW COULD YOU LOSE TO HIM? HOW?! YOU HAD HIM BEAT AND YOU LET IT SLIP THROUGH YOUR USELESS FINGERS!"

[A suitcase thrown. All while Raphael Rhodes sits, motionless, a towel over his head. His uncle, Jeremy Rhodes, continues berating him.]

JR: You pin your ears back and you bleedin' listen next time, lad, when you got the man beat, beat him!

[The younger Rhodes mutters... "there won't be a next time". Jeremy's eyes dart towards his nephew, and he grabs Raphael by the shoulders.]

JR: Say that again.

[Raphael removes the towel from his head, his eyes reddened.]

RR: I said there ain't a next time.

JR: What do you mean, there ain't a next time? He's only beat you once, right? Of course there's a next time.

[Raphael frowns and gives a brief shake of his head.]

RR: They ain't gonna schedule another one. This was it.

JR: How in the name of Christ...?

[Jeremy kicks another chair.]

JR: So it don't matter? You could win the National Title tomorrow, and he ain't goin' to get a shot?

RR: They told me they ain't schedulin' another one.

JR: I already know you ain't gettin' a crack if he wins it, but not the other way around? I find that hard to believe. Ain't nobody come close to puttin' that man on his back for three seconds since Shane did it a few years back, not until you just did, and they won't do nothin'?

[Raphael shrugs.]

RR: That was my shot.

JR: And you blew it, you did.

[Jeremy scowls as he points to the wall, presumably at the interior of the arena, where you can hear the crowd cheering.]

JR: So you can't blow anythin' else, you understand? The bleedin' show's named after your match and they put that pillock Stevie Scott out there after you, and then you go and blow the match too. You ever want to fix this, you got to make them look you in the eyes and admit they can't deny you.

[Jeremy grabs his nephew by the arm.]

JR: You've got a long way to go to get yourself on the right path, lad. And since you blew it with my advice, you better start figurin' out how to do it on your own, because I ain't wastin' my time on you anymore.

[Jeremy walks out of the room, slamming the door behind him, as Raphael remains stonefaced, not looking towards where his uncle left. A few moments pass before he grabs his towel, wipes his face, and says quietly to himself...]

RR: Guess I better take that first step then.

[We cut to black, then a few moments later, simple words on a black screen...

"UNFINISHED BUSINESS - VASQUEZ VS. RHODES"

...then back to sunlight, and the voice of Sigourney Weaver.]

"Eight and a half years since that night in Greensboro, North Carolina, and much has changed."

[We see dashcam footage of a truck rumbling down a dirt road, and a graphic marking "APRIL 4, 2018".]

"Medina, Minnesota is formally classified as a city, although visitors will note the rural nature to its land. It is approximately 15 miles west of Minneapolis, and houses several farms within its boundaries."

[The dashcam footage continues, with one of the passengers of the truck asking "are we sure we're going down the right road?"]

"It is also approximately 3,850 miles from the borough of Wigan in the United Kingdom, making it very far from home for Raphael Rhodes."

[We switch to handheld camera footage of the thermostat within the truck, noting that the outside weather is 11 degrees Fahrenheit, and the time is 7:57am. Within a moment, though, a homestead appears on the horizon; a two-story house, a barn, and a fenced in area with a chicken coop, and a well-bundled man standing on top of the coop.]

"Jesus. Is that Rhodes?"

"How in the hell could you tell?"

[The truck approaches the homestead as a dog, an Alaskan malamute, rushes up to the truck, barking and wagging its tail. The man climbs down from the coop's roof, and can be heard through the truck's windows...]

"OI! SELENE!"

[The shout gets the dog's attention, and she rushes over to the man, who puts a hammer into the toolbelt strapped around his waist. He pulls down his facemask, and it is indeed Raphael Rhodes, who looks at the people exiting the truck in confusion.]

RR: Is it eight o'clock already?

[Rhodes gets a look of worry in his eyes.]

RR: Do you mind goin' in? Dana's waitin' for you. I got maybe ten minutes left in fixin' that roof.

[One of the producers seems surprised by this.]

"You didn't strike me as the kind who had a chicken coop."

[Rhodes smiles, an unusual sight for him.]

RR: You see where we live, right, mate?

[Rhodes pats the dog on the side, then points towards the house.]

RR: Show 'em the house, lass.

[And the malamute takes off towards the house as Rhodes gestures.]

RR: Go ahead and follow her. I'll be in once I patch that hole.

[We cut to the inside of the house, as Dana Kaiser pours the producers cups of coffee.]

DK: This is the Kaiser family farm, it's been in my family for close to 150 years now. My brother Jake maintains it when we're away. Normally Jake would be the one to try and patch up a chicken coop, but Raph wanted to do it.

[The door to the kitchen can be heard creaking open, and we hear barking in the background, followed by Raphael Rhodes' unmistakable accent.]

RR: Settle, lass. That's a good girl.

[Kaiser leans over to the producers as Rhodes can be heard taking off his boots and jacket.]

DK: I've had Selene for six years now, but she just loves Raph. Whenever we're home, she follows him everywhere.

[Rhodes walks into the kitchen and is immediately handed a cup of coffee by Kaiser.]

RR: Thanks, love.

DK: How's the coop?

RR: Patched up. Chickens will be nice and warm.

[Rhodes takes a sip from his coffee as Kaiser smiles.]

DK: Jake could have fixed it, you know.

RR: Right, right.

[Rhodes motions to the camera with his head.]

RR: Might as well tell 'em too. In my family, you're either a fighter or a laborer, and I always looked at swingin' a hammer as failin' at fightin' instead of a useful skill for life.

[Rhodes puts down his coffee.]

RR: So I don't mind fixin' the coop and givin' Jake one less thing to do. Somethin' I need to do for myself.

[One of the producers asks Rhodes a question.]

"How have you adjusted to the temperatures here? We couldn't believe how cold it was."

[Kaiser gives a slight smile as Rhodes shrugs.]

RR: They say you get used to it, mate, but I don't know how true it is. It's a lot like pain, yeah? You don't ever actually get used to pain, your threshold for what you can take changes, and eventually you learn to live with it. If it's bad enough, you get numb to it. You just got to protect yourself from it, or it can take you out.

[Rhodes sips from his coffee as Kaiser tries to lighten the mood.]

DK: We also bought him a good parka.

[We cut to b-roll of Kaiser and Rhodes giving a tour of their modest home - no more than 2,000 square feet, two bedrooms, two bathrooms, an office that both use. Sigourney Weaver picks up the narration.]

"For Raphael Rhodes, life in Minnesota represents a sense of normalcy that he didn't have growing up. Part of the fourth generation of an expansive wrestling family, his father was home approximately 25 days out of the year, in between his wrestling engagements and the travel necessary to fulfill them. His uncles, cousins, and extended family all were involved in wrestling. To succeed in wrestling was to succeed in life. Anything less was an unforgivable failure."

[We see archival footage of Rhodes being helped from the ring on June 26, 2010, moments after being expelled from the Southern Syndicate.]

"A month after his greatest victory, winning the Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem in 2010 - and marking a measure of revenge against Juan Vasquez, no less - Raphael

Rhodes began a slow fall from grace that eventually led to his departure from the AWA in January 2012."

[We see Rhodes in a Japanese ring, at the famed Korakuen Hall, in December 2012.]

"It began a new quest for Raphael Rhodes. Without the opportunity to fully gain revenge on Juan Vasquez, and without the guidance of Jeremy Rhodes - who refused to return to his role as his nephew's advisor after No Escape, and passed away in April 2012 - Raphael Rhodes felt aimless, unsure of his next steps."

[In their shared office, Kaiser takes out a scrapbook, showing the producers pictures from a few years ago.]

"It was fate in February 2013 that stepped in and helped him find a map."

[We pick the audio back up from the tour.]

DK: I had a bodybuilding competition at Tokyo Dome City Hall, and I was just about to get to the elevator. I figured I had missed it, the door was closing, but I saw a hand hold it open and say come in. It only took about 15 seconds before I knew I had to know more about this guy.

[Rhodes shakes his head.]

RR: My head was wrapped because I had gotten thrown into a ringpost. I had no idea if I had blood oozin' out or nothin'.

DK: It's not every evening that someone with a head wound holds an elevator for you. He pointed to his bandage and said "occupational hazard", and I pretended I had a room on his floor just so I could talk to him for longer.

[More leafing through the scrapbook with the producers.]

"Dana Kaiser, a bodybuilding coach and nutritionist, started dating Rhodes long distance immediately following that chance meeting. The two became engaged at the end of 2013, with Rhodes moving to Minnesota, and the two married one year later."

[Back to Kaiser's audio.]

DK: I asked him what he wanted to do with his career, and he told me about the AWA, and how he wanted to come back and eventually face Juan Vasquez again. Really, to beat Juan Vasquez.

RR: The problem was, I had gotten hurt a couple of times in 2011, and my reliability was in question. I had to prove myself all over again, prove to the AWA that I belonged in their ring.

DK: It wasn't going to be easy. The AWA had grown significantly since Raph had left, and he needed to prepare for the best of the best, with the best of that as his mission.

[Kaiser takes out a dog-eared notebook as Selene, the family malamute, rests her head on Rhodes' lap.]

DK: And you can see, this was our plan we put into motion on January 1, 2015, with an end goal of being back in the AWA by January 1, 2018. We wanted to get to a reasonable size, build appreciable strength, and have practically limitless stamina. As you can see, we beat our goal by about seven months.

RR: There was one problem.

[Rhodes frowns.]

RR: There was no Juan Vasquez.

[We fade from the frowning Rhodes to black...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[He points down towards the field.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fade to black...

The camera opens on the sleek, sunlit, futuristic-looking interior of Juan Vasquez's huge training compound, nestled in the hills of Malibu. Floor-to-ceiling windows frame the Pacific Ocean, and the gym is a blend of modern equipment and gritty wrestling relics - a worn ring in one corner, championship belts displayed on a wall. The sound of rhythmic breathing fills the air. Sigourney Weaver's serene voice introduces the moment.]

"In the hallowed arena of professional wrestling, few names resonate like Juan Vasquez. A seven-time World Champion, revered by many as the greatest to ever step into the squared circle, he is a man of power, passion, and unrelenting heart. Now, in the twilight of his career, he prepares for one final battle - a grudge match against Raphael Rhodes in his hometown of Los Angeles, under the lights of Dodger Stadium."

[The camera focuses on Juan Vasquez, mid-push-up on a padded gym floor. His muscles strain, sweat beads on his brow, but his focus is unbreakable. Beside him, Kimmy Bailey, his adopted daughter and a rising wrestler in her own right, matches him push-up for push-up. Her youthful energy contrasts with Juan's seasoned grit, but her determination mirrors his. The count climbs - 40, 41, 42 - and suddenly, Juan collapses onto the mat with a dramatic groan, laughing as he rolls onto his back.]

JV: Alright, Bailey, you win! When did you get so strong?

KB: Aw, come on, daddy, you're supposed to be the greatest! Can't even keep up with me? If you keep it up, Rhodes is gonna eat you alive!

[Kimmy giggles, tossing a towel that lands on his face. Juan removes it and rolls onto his stomach, getting into a seated position.]

JV: Watch it, kiddo. I still got enough left in the tank to drop Rhodes and anyone else with one Right Cross. You just worry about not eatin' concrete in the Rumble.

[Kimmy laughs as she skips out of the room. The camera follows as Vasquez pushes himself off the mat and walks across the gym, his stride purposeful but carrying a subtle weight, a man aware of the end approaching. He passes a familiar punching power measuring device, its digital display dark. He pauses, glances at it, then, with a flicker of his old fire, rears back and delivers a thunderous punch. The machine lights up, registering 2300 PSI. Juan smirks, a quiet satisfaction in his eyes, and walks off, shaking out his hand.]

"Juan Vasquez is a force of nature, his power undimmed by time. Yet beneath the strength lies a man grappling with the end of an era. The ring has been his life, his legacy etched in sweat and sacrifice, but the call of family and the uncertainty of what lies beyond pull at his soul."

[The scene cuts to Juan outside the facility, standing on a balcony overlooking the ocean. He's now in a white Adidas tracksuit, the breeze ruffling his hair. His hands rest on the railing, his gaze distant, lost in thought.]

JV: I never thought I'd walk away from this sport. Wrestling... it's in my blood, my bones, my soul. Seven World Titles, crowds chanting my name, the feel of that canvas under my boots. For the last three decades of my life, it's all I've known.

[His voice trails off as he drops his head, his voice soft and quiet now.]

JV: It's who I am.

[He looks up, staring off somewhere into the great wide beyond of the Pacific.]

JV: This match with Rhodes, in Dodger Stadium, in my city... it's the last piece of business I have in this sport. I've literally done everything else. Got closure. Tied up every loose end...

[Juan pauses and cracks a wide grin.]

JV: Hell, I even stuck around long enough to see Bailey become a wrestler. My little girl, out there throwin' lariats and dropping people on their heads?

[A chuckle.]

JV: Never saw that coming.

[A pensive smile.]

JV: I'm leaving the business just as she's coming in, and that's tough, but knowing I got to be there for the start of her career - watching her grow, training with her, seeing her light up a crowd - it's everything to me as a dad. Being there for her first steps in this sport... that's honestly a bigger win than any title I ever held.

[He pauses, his jaw tightening, his eyes tracing the horizon. His fingers grip the railing a little harder, betraying the conflict within.]

JV: But this grudge with Rhodes, that's something that's been left brewin' too long. I need to settle this. But when I think about what's next...

...I don't know what the future holds and that scares me. That's the truth. Leaving this behind, it's like losing a piece of myself. But then I think about Marisol, my girls... my family - and they need me. Not just as some famous wrestler, but as a husband, a father and someone that'll always be there for them. It's hard, man... walking away from the only thing I've ever known. But I know I gotta be there for them, no matter what.

[He exhales, his shoulders slumping slightly, the weight of his words settling. The camera lingers on his face - a man standing at a crossroads. He's silent as we're left with the sound of waves crashing below.]

SW: Juan Vasquez is a legend preparing for his final stand, driven by a grudge that demands resolution. Yet in his heart, the seeds of a new chapter are taking root.

The ring may define his past, but his family will shape his future, as he steps toward a destiny unwritten.

[The camera pulls back, capturing Juan against the vast ocean, a solitary figure framed by the fading light. The scene fades to black, as the sound of waves merge with Sigourney Weaver's closing words.]

"For Juan Vasquez, the final bell looms. But in the quiet moments, he begins to see that his greatest victories may lie beyond the ropes."

[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 Shadoo Rage hurling himself off the top of a super-sized steel cage... to a blood-covered Hannibal Carver wielding a steel chair as we hear Terry Shane Jr's voice.]

"They were men without fear."

[Cut to a shot of Blackjack Lynch standing in the ring, raising a hand in the air as if saluting the crowd as we hear his voice. We can actually see a ghost-like vision of cheering fans around him...]

"I can still hear the echoes cheering my name."

[...but when we cut to the opposite angle, we can see he's all alone in the ring.

And we cut again, this time showing the legendary Hamilton Graham standing outside the ring, a hand draped over the rope, a hungry look upon his face, wishing for one more moment of glory as we hear his familiar voice.]

"Today... I cheer for them."

[And as we fade to black, a graphic comes up promoting "AWA LEGACY" before we fade all the way out...

...and fade back up into the living room of the Kaiser farmhouse, where we see one of the production assistants unfolding a laptop onto the coffee table in front of the sofa. Raphael Rhodes sits, fingers tapping a notepad, as the family malamute Selene jumps onto the couch and lays her head on his lap. Off-camera, we hear the producer.]

"So how many times have you watched this match?"

[Rhodes shakes his head.]

RR: Never.

[Dana Kaiser walks into the room, carrying a pair of glasses, which she hands to Rhodes. He puts them on and clicks the top of his pen.]

“Never?”

RR: Ain’t ever wanted to watch it. It plays in my head every day, mate. Multiple times, whether I want it to or not.

[We hear Kaiser from the kitchen.]

DK: Sometimes it wakes him up in the middle of the night, thinking about it.

[More clicks of the pen.]

RR: I ain’t ever figured out if it’s better to let it live in my head or not. Thinkin’ about it motivates me and haunts me all at the same time. After all these years, actually seein’ it, I don’t know if it’ll match up to what was in my head.

[The production assistant plugs in the laptop to a power source, and we hear the producer once more.]

“What do you remember from it?”

[Rhodes scowls, his clicking of the pen becoming more rapid. In the background, Kaiser looks over to the sofa, concerned.]

RR: I hit him with the superplex. I had him beat. I pulled him up before three.

[The clicking becomes more manic.]

RR: I had him beat and I pulled him up. Then I went for the headbutt off the top, he moved, and he beat me.

[The production assistant tilts her head and mouths “is that right?” to the producer off-camera.]

RR: It always plays that way in my mind. Superplex, pulled him up, diving headbutt, miss, he beats me.

“Do you remember how he beats you?”

[The clicking slows as Rhodes thinks, then stops.]

RR: No. It all goes black after I miss the headbutt.

[The room goes quiet, aside from a grunt from Selene, readjusting herself on the sofa so she can get closer to Rhodes. Rhodes pats the faithful dog on the side of the head, as Kaiser walks into the room.]

DK: Are we sure this is a good idea?

[Rhodes adjusts his glasses, hitting the top of the pen one more time and putting the notepad in front of him.]

RR: Hit play.

[The production assistant takes out a flash drive and inserts it into the laptop, then clicks on a video file - VASQUEZRHODESCAGE.mp4 - causing the match to launch. Rhodes looks up at the assistant, asking how to pause if he needs to, and she tells him that she'll pause it for him if he signals. The file starts with Rhodes attacking Vasquez outside of the cage, throwing punches with heavily-taped hands into his head.]

"One thing we noticed right away was the tape on your hands and the boots you were wearing. Why did you opt for that?"

[Rhodes frowns.]

RR: No disqualifications, mate. You tell me back then that we can't be disqualified, then I was wearin' those boots.

[We hear the sound of Vasquez taking control and throwing Rhodes into the cage, as Kaiser cringes in the background. Rhodes' eyes stay fixed on the laptop's screen, writing notes without looking at the notepad. The producer seems interested in this, and can be heard asking Kaiser...]

"Is this how he watches footage usually?"

DK: It is. It's impressive how his notes are coherent considering he never looks at the page as he writes them.

[Rhodes keeps writing, as the assistant asks Rhodes a question.]

"You were 203 pounds for this match, and now you're about 20 pounds heavier. Does that extra weight help?"

[Rhodes holds up his hand, and the assistant pauses the match.]

RR: It ain't just about weight and strength, it's knowin' how to use it, yeah? Even when I was 203 pounds, I still hit hard because I knew how to hit exactly in the right spots. Throw all my weight into it and the right places to do it, and how to do it.

[Rhodes holds up his hand.]

RR: When I slap you, I ain't slappin' you with this.

[Rhodes lines the fat pad of the hand right under his fingers.]

RR: Most people slap with that. I'm hittin' you with this.

[Rhodes circles the heel of his palm.]

RR: It's a more rigid part of the hand, yeah? And I can put more force behind it because there's more of my hand to hit you on the followthrough.

DK: Think of this this way. You know when a baseball player hits the ball more towards the grip of the bat, they pull it foul? For a slap, that's good, because he can not only hit you hard, but as he follows through, there's more pressure from the force of the blow.

[Rhodes nods.]

RR: It's why that Right Cross of Vasquez is so bleedin' dangerous. He ain't just hittin' you with his fist, and he ain't punchin' your face. He's throwin' his whole arm into it, and he's punchin' through your head. You either avoid it or you go down.

[He shrugs.]

RR: Simple as that.

[Rhodes motions to the assistant, who starts the match again, just as Rhodes sacrifices a cut on his own head to smash Vasquez with a headbutt.]

"You've been noted for your headbutt. How does it make you feel when you end up cutting yourself with a headbutt you deliver?"

RR: Acceptable damage.

[Kaiser sighs in the background.]

RR: You can't win if you're always tryin' to avoid damage. Sometimes you have to risk yourself to hurt someone else.

[Rhodes motions to the screen, showing a closeup of a bloodied version of himself from nine years prior.]

RR: A couple of months prior, yeah, we took each other off a ledge and through the roof of a car. So by this point, a cut from a headbutt ain't nothin'.

[As everyone continues to watch the match, we move ahead, with Sigourney Weaver stepping back in on narration.]

"It was in journals from 1843, that Danish philosopher and theologian Søren Kierkegaard wrote about self-reflection. Translated into English, he states that "it is really true what philosophy tells us, that life must be understood backwards. But with this, one forgets the second proposition, that it must be lived forwards. A proposition which, the more it is subjected to careful thought, the more it ends up concluding precisely that life at any given moment cannot really ever be fully understood. There is no single moment where time stops completely in order for me to take position to go backwards."

[As the assembled group watches the match, Kaiser, the producer, and the assistant watch in horror, seeing the vision of Rhodes from a decade ago grind Vasquez's face into the cage, bite at the cut, and spit his opponent's blood into the air. Rhodes,

meanwhile, breaks the visage of his unemotional approach, frowning at what he sees. It is not unnoticed by the producer.]

"As you watch this, how do you feel? Do you see yourself today as someone who can bite another man's cut, to spit his blood into the air?"

[Rhodes asks for the assistant to pause, and she does so. He thinks for a moment, scratching the malamute behind the ear, causing a thumping noise from the happy dog's wagging tail against the sofa. After a moment, Rhodes has his answer.]

RR: I hated him. I think I forgot just how much I hated him, but I hated him. I hated him so bad, I think I lost sight of my humanity.

[There is quiet in the room, broken once more by the producer.]

"If you have to find that part of yourself again, just to beat Juan Vasquez, would you do it?"

[The question hangs heavily in the air, as Rhodes frowns. Kaiser looks on, a worried look in her eye, as Rhodes motions for the video to start again. The producer holds up his hand.]

"I can't let that go unanswered, I'm sorry. If you have to go to these lengths again, would you?"

[Rhodes looks at his notes, unable to speak for a second. Kaiser starts to speak up.]

DK: Can we ask a different ques-

[But Rhodes holds up a hand, shaking his head. As Kaiser stops, Rhodes speaks up.]

RR: I don't know if that man exists anymore, but if I get pushed to it, I'll find out. Beatin' Juan Vasquez has been a goal of mine for a decade. Not by disqualification, not by winnin' a Rumble. Pinnin' his shoulders or makin' him quit.

[Kaiser's eyes water as she looks at her husband in shock. Rhodes seems to be absorbing that he's saying this about himself.]

RR: If I don't give it my all, I ain't goin' to be able to live with myself. If my all means doin' that... then that's my all.

[Kaiser sighs, again noticed by the producer.]

"Can you live with that if it happens, Ms. Kaiser?"

[Kaiser glares at the producer. Rhodes starts to speak, but Kaiser cuts him off.]

DK: I won't be happy, but I'll understand. There's a lot about wrestling I don't like. I think things go too far sometimes. I think that...

[Kaiser points at the laptop.]

DK: That was too far. But if it means this ends, then that's what it means.

[Rhodes motions for the match to start again, and the assistant hits play once more. As we see the reactions as the room watches the match, we hear once more from Sigourney Weaver.]

"For years, Raphael Rhodes had operated under the belief that he had failed against Juan Vasquez on that night in North Carolina. That his dive from the turnbuckles missed, his headbutt not true, that his misaimed attempt caused his downfall. On this day, he discovers the reality."

[On the laptop's screen, we see Rhodes climbing up the buckles, having knocked Vasquez from his perch by pushing Marty Meekly into the ropes, causing Vasquez to lose his footing. Rhodes climbs up to the top, wrapping Vasquez's arm over his neck, then lifting, falling backwards and crashing to the mat with his famed superplex. Rhodes smirks.]

RR: Here we go, pillock of the year award for me coming up.

[Kaiser frowns at her husband's self-denigration as the count is delivered. One. Two.]

RR: Bleedin' idiot.

[On the screen, you see Rhodes lift Vasquez up, breaking the count before three. As there is a smirk crossing his face, Rhodes in the flesh, in the present day, criticizes himself sharply.]

RR: I had the man beat, yeah? You can see he ain't movin'. This is what I have nightmares about. Seein' myself up on them buckles, jumpin' off, now he's goin' to move...

[But he doesn't. Rhodes' memory is faulty, and a look of shock crosses his face as he sees his past self connect with the headbutt. He is so jarred by what he sees that he drops the notepad and pen, his jaw dropped, unable to believe what he sees as both wrestlers are down from the accumulation of damage that they suffered.]

"Do you see now?"

[Rhodes points at the screen.]

RR: I hit it? I hit that bleedin' headbutt?

[Rhodes frantically moves his hand, causing the assistant to pause. He leans forward, his elbows on his knees, as he processes the information.]

RR: All these years of the match playin' in my head and I actually hit the bleedin' thing?

[Kaiser looks on in shock, not able to process it herself. Rhodes leans back on the sofa, as Selene repositions herself after all the ruckus.]

RR: Did you know, love?

DK: No, I never watched it. I took your word for it.

[Rhodes shakes his head.]

RR: How the hell did he beat me then? If I hit the headbutt, how did he beat me?

[The producer motions to the camera, as the rest unfolds - Rhodes pulls out the brass knuckles, Vasquez kicks him low, takes the knuckles for himself, uses the knuckles on Rhodes, then hits a diving splash for the pin. Rhodes sits in stunned silence watching it all unfold, years of perceived memories washing away with the truth of the matter being shown. The match ends, and the file closes. The room remains silent for a moment, Rhodes unmoved from his spot, before the producer speaks up again.]

"Now that you've seen it... does it change your perception of the match?"

[Rhodes just blinks. He absorbs the question for a moment, then cracks a grin.]

RR: Yeah, mate. It does.

[He takes a deep breath, then lets it out, his body relaxing as he does. Kaiser sees Rhodes' body language, and a smile comes across her face as well.]

RR: All these years... the headbutt didn't fail. I failed.

[The assistant looks shocked by this, and the producer speaks up.]

"You mean you're not upset about the superplex anymore?"

[Rhodes dismisses the question with a wave.]

RR: Nah. Still furious with myself. I just know that if I hadn't done that, I could have beaten him. If I had been able to cover right away after the headbutt, I could have beaten him.

[Rhodes, a glimmer of excitement in his eye, looks directly at the producer.]

RR: Don't you get it, mate? I can do this. I just got to stick to my plan-

[Rhodes motions to Kaiser.]

RR: -our plan, to intuition. All these years, I thought the headbutt failed because it wasn't any bloody good. It only failed because I used it wrong. Now I ain't goin' to use it wrong.

[Rhodes stands up, a childlike glee in his voice.]

RR: I can't believe this! The answer's been there all along!

[The producer chimes in one final time.]

"You're not mad at yourself for not watching it?"

[Rhodes looks back to the producer, his smile genuine, natural, and enthusiastic.]

RR: I'm sick of bein' mad at myself, mate. I'm sick of bein' a failure. I'm finally goin' to beat the man! I know I can! I know it!

[With Rhodes trembling with excitement, we cut 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.

Fade back up on a sweeping aerial shot of a dense Pennsylvania forest, the trees swaying gently in the early spring breeze. The camera descends toward a modestly large wooden cabin nestled among the pines. Sigourney Weaver's measured, evocative voice begins.]

"In the heart of Pennsylvania's woodlands, far from the roar of the crowd, lives a man who once shared the ring with legends. Shane Destiny, a warrior of the squared circle, now a recluse in a world of his own making. Today, an old friend comes calling, carrying the weight of a final request."

[The camera cuts to Juan Vasquez, dressed in a worn leather jacket and jeans, stepping out of a rental car. His face is determined. He approaches the cabin's front door, his boots crunching on the gravel. He knocks firmly. The door swings open, revealing Shane Destiny's daughter, Jessie Kujawa, a lanky teenager with a sullen expression on her face.]

JK: Ugh.

[She rolls her eyes and turns away for a moment, shouting up the hallway.]

JK: MOM! Dad's dumb old friend is here!

[She turns back to glare at the visitor. Juan glares at Jessie and then looks away, before doing a double take.]

JV: Wow, you've sure gotten...

[He searches for the right word to describe the much changed kid who he hasn't seen in years.]

JV: ...tall.

[He says, lamely. Jessie rolls her eyes again and spins around, walking back inside. Juan chuckles softly, shaking his head. Moments later, Shane's wife, Roxie Kujawa, appears in the doorway, wiping her hands on a cow-patterned blouse. Her smile is warm but tinged with curiosity.]

RK: Juan Vasquez, as I live and breathe. It's been a while, hasn't it?

JV: Yeah, I always mean to visit, but... you know.

[She makes a dismissive wave.]

RK: Don't even worry about it. I know it's not easy to get here. Shane's out back...

JV: On his trampoline?

[She nods in the affirmative.]

RK: On his trampoline. Him and his trampoline. He says it keeps his joints loose. Come on, I'll take you.

[Roxie pushes open the back door, revealing a grassy yard. A large trampoline dominates the space, and there's Shane Destiny - early 40s, wearing a worn anime Michelle Bailey t-shirt and cargo shorts, both knees wrapped in neoprene sleeves. He's bouncing lightly, his movements loose and carefree. He spots Juan and waves, hopping off the trampoline with a lopsided grin.]

SD: Well, I'll be damned... Juan Vasquez in my backyard! What's got you all the way out here in the sticks?

JV: Shane, I'm keeping this short. I'm hanging up the boots on Memorial Day. One last match with Raphael Rhodes at Dodger Stadium. I need you there, man.

[Shane puts his hands on his hips, shaking his head.]

SD: Well, I'm not booked! I don't go somewhere if I'm not booked.

[Juan frowns.]

JV: I don't want you there to wrestle.

SD: Come on Juan, I'm out here living the good life. Bouncing on my trampoline, grilling with Roxie, teaching Jessie and Mark how to fish...

[Juan looks at him incredulously.]

JV: THAT kid fishes?

[Shane smirks and puts up a hand in apology.]

SD: Okay, she watches me fish. But the point is, I don't have the itch for the ring anymore. Hell, I barely remember I used to be a wrestler some days!

[Shane stares Juan in the eye, serious now.]

SD: Don't you remember us talking about life after wrestling? I've got what I want.

[There's a short silence, before Juan meets his gaze.]

JV: Shane, I'm not asking you to wrestle. We both know how things end up in our business. Hardly anyone ever gets to end anything on their own terms. Hell, I'm sure your last match wasn't the way you pictured how you'd end things, but now I've got a chance to do things right and I need you there. I'm asking you to stand with me one last time in the ring.

[A beat.]

JV: Ref my final match.

[Shane tilts his head, staring off at the trees as if searching for an answer in the breeze. His grin returns, softer now, and he shakes his head in defeat.]

SD: Damn it Juan, my first mistake was getting off the trampoline. Should've known I can't listen to a pitch from you.

[He sighs.]

SD: Alright, I'm in. I'll ref your retirement match. But I'm calling it however the heck I want.

[Juan smiles and laughs.]

JV: Shane, why do you think I wanted you to ref the match in the first place?

[He extends a hand, and Shane clasps it, pulling him into a quick, heartfelt hug. The faint echo of a cheering crowd from their Ego MAX days hums in the background, blending with the chirping of forest birds.]

"In the quiet of a Pennsylvania afternoon, a bond forged in the crucible of the ring is rekindled. Shane Destiny will don the referee's stripes for one final night, not for glory, but for brotherhood."

[With footage marked "MAY 16, 2018 - 4:30 AM", we cut to the empty parking lot of a nondescript office park in Minneapolis, and a 1999 Jeep Wrangler TJ pulls into a parking space in front of a building with the word "Elevation" on the door.]

"With days left before Memorial Day Mayhem, Raphael Rhodes enters the final stages of his training camp. He trains close to home, relying on the comfort of his hometown gym. The gym owned by Dana Kaiser. Elevation."

[We see Kaiser step out of the driver's side of the Jeep with Rhodes exiting the passenger's side with a yawn. Before they approach the door, Kaiser looks at the missed notifications on her phone, then looks at Rhodes.]

DK: He's in.

[Rhodes rubs his eyes.]

RR: Shane?

DK: Mm hmm. Juan talked to him yesterday afternoon. He's in.

[Rhodes' shoulders raise and lower with a sigh.]

RR: Marvelous.

[We cut to archival footage labeled "courtesy of Rising Pro Wrestling" of Raphael Rhodes and Shane Destiny grappling at Korakuen Hall in 2014 with our narrator's voiceover.]

"After Raphael Rhodes started his quest in Japan, he found a familiar face. He found Shane Destiny."

[We see a picture dated "July 1999" of a rookie Shane Destiny and a teenage Raphael Rhodes, with Destiny himself taking over the narration from his podcast studio.]

SD: I first met him in 1999, as this kid who came to visit his uncle. Michelle Bailey and I had started our careers a few months prior, and one day we walked into practice to find this gawky kid with a sour face there wanting to hit anything that moved.

[We cut to video of Destiny, sitting at the controls of the studio, a smile on his face.]

SD: I guess he's not so gawky anymore, but not much has changed, has it?

[Back to the video from Japan, where Rhodes has backed Destiny into a corner, hitting him with a chop that is so loud that it sounds like a gunshot. Destiny, wide-eyed, screams "JESUS CHRIST!" as his chest immediately starts to bleed, as the crowd roars in shock. Destiny continues the voiceover.]

SD: I went to Japan at the end of 2010. I could see that the pace of the AWA was picking up as the company was picking up steam, right at the same time as my body was breaking down, and I couldn't see myself being able to keep up with what the AWA was becoming. I got a really good offer to go to Japan... 26 weeks a year, more than enough money to make ends meet. It was the right choice for me when I was trying to put my life and my family back together.

[We go back to Destiny in his studio.]

SD: Raph showed up a year and a half later. Sort of the same situation. It wasn't exactly the same, of course, but we both needed to be there. He had been in Japan before, but for mixed martial arts. He hadn't been through tours before, riding buses, figuring out the Shinkansen schedule.

[Destiny's voice gets wistful.]

SD: Jeremy Rhodes meant so much to me. Without him, I wouldn't have had a career. I owed it to Jeremy to help Raph. Even though Raph didn't want my help, of course.

[More archival footage, this time of Rhodes and Destiny standing together in the corner of the ring, watching the action.]

SD: Every year, on the last show of the year, Rising Pro does what they call a "Global All-Star Final Conclusion". It's the three best Japanese wrestlers against the three best foreign wrestlers - gaijins - who are in the company. For four years, Raph and I were either #1 or #2 on the foreign side, so we were in the match, and we'd have to team up with whatever poor soul was tasked with dealing with us.

[We see pictures of the two - Destiny always with a bright smile, Rhodes always with a scowl - at various sites throughout Japan.]

SD: Eventually he opened up to me. He learned enough Japanese to get by, but when you're on a bus for six hours and you don't want to read your book, you have to talk to someone.

[Back to Destiny in the studio, a smirk on his face.]

SD: And I was the one who knew English. I became his comfort.

[We see contrasting pictures, one of Rhodes and Destiny prior to 2016's Global All-Star Final Conclusion, and one of Destiny with Juan Vasquez, Luke Kinsey, and Tommy Stephens as part of Ego MAX.]

SD: I wouldn't say I have the same relationship with Raph as I do with Juan. If it were music, it'd have the same tempo, but the notes wouldn't be the same. Friends, rivals, distant and close all at once.

[Destiny thinks.]

SD: Huh. Maybe I do have the same relationship with both of them, don't I?

[He rubs his chin in thought.]

SD: Raph's going to hate that I said that. He hates being compared to Juan.

[He grins, and then we cut back to Minneapolis, now inside of Elevation. Rhodes is stretching alongside Kaiser, getting warmed up and loose for his workout. Sigourney Weaver takes back over the narration.]

"Dana Kaiser has trained a litany of athletes to reach the peak of their sport. Initially focusing on bodybuilding, she performs injury rehabilitation training for athletes for the University of Minnesota, the Minnesota Wild of the NHL, the Minnesota Lynx of the WNBA, the Minnesota Timberwolves of the NBA, and Minnesota United of MLS."

[As the two stand, we hear Kaiser ask Rhodes if he's ready, and Rhodes nods.]

"It is only natural that she trains her husband as well."

[We see Rhodes face a device with twelve buttons scattered throughout its metal housing. Kaiser holds a control in her hand.]

"There is more to professional wrestling training than merely lifting weights or using a stair climber. The athletes performing in the AWA require elite hand-eye coordination. Their reaction time must be so accurate that they can protect themselves within the smallest fractions of a second."

[Kaiser pushes the control, and one of the buttons lights up. Rhodes immediately lunges for it, pushing it, which causes another button to light up. As he goes through this process, a scoreboard tallies his correct and incorrect button presses.]

"In a test such as this, an incorrect press of a button can mean the risk of receiving a blow in a match. Against a wrestler with the knockout power of Juan Vasquez and his legendary Right Cross..."

[Rhodes continues to hit button after button, before his sixty second test expires. The score - 78 correct, 1 incorrect. He shouts "DAMN IT!" and shakes his head.]

"...anything less than perfection is fatal."

[We cut to later in the workout, where Rhodes is seen putting plates onto a bar. Kaiser talks in a low voice as an aside to the camera.]

DK: So an experienced weightlifter can typically bench one and a half times their own body weight. For Raph, that would be about 330 pounds.

[She motions to the bar.]

DK: He's going to try and do 450. Double the body weight. That's where high-level lifters are usually at.

[We barely hear the cameraman ask what the most Rhodes has lifted is, and Kaiser thinks for a second.]

DK: In my sessions with him? 380. He may have done more and just not told me.

[Kaiser walks away from the camera as Rhodes lays down on the bench. As Rhodes grips the bar, so does she, but before he lifts, she warns him.]

DK: I'm going to help you if you can't lift this, okay? I don't want you hurting yourself.

RR: I got it, love.

[The two stand in silence for a moment, as Rhodes adjusts his grip on the bar. We see Kaiser then nod, and the two lift together, before Kaiser takes her hands off. Rhodes lets the bar lower to his chest, and we see his face contort with struggle. Kaiser stares down at her husband, who struggles to move the bar. Suddenly, Kaiser shouts out...]

DK: DO YOU WANT TO BEAT JUAN VASQUEZ?! DO YOU?! LIFT THAT BAR!

[Rhodes pushes the bar with all his might, trying to get his elbows to lock so he can get the bar back to the catch. Kaiser keeps yelling.]

DK: THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! PUSH! DON'T LET HIM BEAT YOU! PUSH!

[Rhodes struggles...]

DK: PUSH!

[...and strains...]

DK: PUSH THAT GOD [BLEEP!] WEIGHT OFF YOUR CHEST!

[...until his elbows lock, and he moves the bar back to the catch, where it lands with a loud "CLANK!" Kaiser pumps her fist as Rhodes sits up, a weary look on his face. He's greeted by a hug from his wife.]

"With days to go before Memorial Day Mayhem, Raphael Rhodes approaches the summit of his insurmountable mountain, Dana Kaiser serving as his faithful guide."

[We cut to a series of exercises, each with Kaiser and Rhodes shouting a call and response at each other, and Kaiser mirroring Rhodes' exercises. Starting with mountain climbers...]

DK: I CAN!

RR: I CAN!

[...decline pushups, with both having their feet on a bench to make the pushup more difficult.]

DK: I WILL!

RR: I WILL!

[...pullups, with Rhodes holding a weight plate between his legs to make the exercise more difficult.]

DK: I CAN!

RR: I CAN!

[...hanging situps, with Rhodes hanging upside down from the pullup bar and his feet anchored to prevent from falling, which he does alone so Kaiser can help if he slips.]

DK: I WILL!

RR: I WILL!

[...lunging squats, with each carrying a barbell on their shoulders, making the lunge even more difficult.]

DK: I CAN!

RR: I CAN!

[...and a planche, with Rhodes holding himself parallel to his grips, keeping his body elevated.]

DK: I WILL!

[Rhodes grunts, wobbling slightly, but eventually...]

RR: I WILL!

[Finally, Rhodes is in a full sprint on the treadmill, with the camera peeking over his shoulder to see that the belt of the treadmill is moving at 12 miles per hour. Kaiser is keeping a close eye on Rhodes to make sure he doesn't fall, as the two occasionally call and respond with "I CAN!" and "I WILL!". After the timer hits 20 minutes, the treadmill switches to cooldown, and Rhodes sighs with relief.]

"With his body pushed to its limit, his mind sharp and focused, and "I can" and "I will" as his mantra, Raphael Rhodes enters the biggest night of his life with one important, unspoken feeling in his heart."

[As Raphael Rhodes sips from his Gatorade during his cooldown, Sigourney Weaver says that feeling for him.]

"I must."

[Fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[He points down towards the field.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, the camera sweeps over the grand estate of Juan Vasquez, its lush lawn and shimmering pool glowing in the warm April sunlight. In the expansive backyard, a lively cookout is bursting with energy - tables overflow with barbecue and a smoky grill crackles under a shaded patio. Laughter and upbeat music weave through the air. Sigourney Weaver's poised voice sets the stage.]

"In the radiant embrace of Southern California, Juan Vasquez gathers the anchors of his world. As he prepares for his final wrestling match, this cookout is a sanctuary, a place to hold fast to love while quietly turning toward a life beyond the ring."

[The camera focuses on Juan Vasquez, deftly manning a massive grill, flipping burgers and steaks with a steady hand. He wears a black "Mr. Good Lookin' is Cookin'!" chef's apron over a faded Ego MAX T-shirt, his face warmed by a subtle, content smile. His movements are relaxed, his shoulders already looking looser than in his prime fighting days, hinting at a man already easing into a new chapter. The backyard buzzes with life. Michelle Bailey and her partner Natalie Morales laugh by a cooler, while Kimmy Bailey tosses a frisbee with Juan's younger daughter, Mari. Marisol, Juan's wife and a world famous celebrity in her own right, arranges a dessert tray, joking with their older daughter, Lorena. Edwin Lopez sips a drink, his daughter Catalina Lopez chatting animatedly beside him, as Derrick Williams and Luke Kinsey trade barbs near the pool.]

"Here, Juan Vasquez is not the warrior who will face Rhodes on Memorial Day. He is a husband, a father to his daughters and a friend, his heart tethered to a future he is already beginning to embrace, though the ring calls one last time."

[Juan steps back from the grill, wiping his hands on his apron. His eyes scan the backyard, lingering on Marisol's warm smile, Lorena's confident stride, Mari's playful energy, and Kimmy's adoring glance toward him. His posture is loose, his gaze softer than before, as if the weight of his earlier doubts has begun to lift from his shoulders. He picks up a cold drink from an ice chest and settles into a chair at the head of a long table, the chatter of his family and friends a comforting hum around him.]

"Days ago, Juan stood alone, confessing his fear of leaving the sport that has defined him. His rivalry with Raphael Rhodes, a fire that has burned for years, remains the last unfinished chapter of his storied career. But in this moment, he finds a peace that begins to reconcile his restless heart."

JV: You know, in this sport, even the greats - legends like J.W. Hardin, Casey James, Brody Thunder, Eddie Van Gibson, Luke, Shane... all of 'em - they rarely got more than a few years at their peak. Three, four... maybe five years, where the world's yours, where every arena chants your name, where you can walk the Earth

like a god. And after that...that's it, and then the light fades and you're just another memory.

[A beat.]

JV: But me... somehow, I've held onto that spotlight for 15 years. All that time, I've been Main Eventing arenas and selling out stadiums, from Tokyo to Madison Square Garden. All that time, I've been making crowds roar all across the world and somehow they never got sick of seeing my face. In wrestling, that's a miracle. Ain't no other way to say it. I'm the luckiest person to ever step into a wrestling ring and I'm grateful... grateful for every second of it.

[He pauses, his gaze drifting to his family... Kimmy playfully shadowboxing with Mari, Lorena sharing a quiet smile with Marisol. His shoulders relax further, his voice softening, filled with acceptance of his fate.]

JV: I've climbed every mountain in this life. Now, sittin' here, seein' my girls, my wife, my family... I'm ready to conquer whatever's next. I don't know what it'll be, but I feel it in my bones.

I'm ready.

[He nods to himself.]

JV: Wrestling gave me everything, but this - my family, this love - it's what I'm meant for now. This match with Rhodes... it really is the last piece of unfinished business I have in wrestling. That grudge, it's been sitting heavy in both our hearts for too long, and Dodger Stadium is where we can finally put it to rest.

[A long pause.]

JV: Rhodes can bring all he's got. I know he will. He's probably training his body to its breaking point and beyond. And I don't blame him. When I was his age, I was doing the same.

[A smirk.]

JV: I've been fighting, battling, and warring inside a wrestling ring since I was 18 years old. I don't need to watch tape. I don't need to study film. This body carries the knowledge and memories of 22 years inside the ring. I'm as ready for Rhodes as I'll ever be. We'll settle our business at Dodger Stadium. And I'll walk out with my head held high with no regrets, and step into whatever's next, knowing I got everything I need right here.

[He raises his drink, his smile widening, a man at peace with his path. The camera lingers on his face, the weight of his doubts replaced by contentment.]

JV: No matter what the future holds, I think I'm gonna be just fine.

[The camera pulls back, capturing the vibrant scene - Juan at the heart of his family, the grill still smoking, the backyard alive with love and laughter. Marisol glances at him with a smile, while Mari and Lorena laugh as Catalina Lopez lifts Kimmy playfully over her head, and Edwin Lopez, Derrick Williams, and Luke Kinsey

are mingling while playing a game of cornhole. The music swells, carrying a sense of hope and closure as Sigourney Weaver frames the moment.]

"In the glow of his family's love, Juan Vasquez finds the strength to face his final fight. The grudge with Rhodes will meet its end on Memorial Day, but here, in the warmth of those who define him, he discovers a future brighter than any championship. The ring may fade, but his legacy as a friend, father and husband will endure."

[The camera lingers on Juan, his apron slightly askew, his eyes bright as he watches his daughters. The scene fades to black, the sounds of laughter blending with Sigourney Weaver's words.]

"For Juan Vasquez, the greatest wrestler of his time, the final bell is but a prelude to a new beginning, anchored by the family that will carry him forward, forever a champion in their hearts."

[Fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Kimmy lets out a low whistle.]

KB: But take a look at this!

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

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

[Michelle tilts her head.]

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

[Kimmy ignores her mother.]

KB: ...with the new Showcase mode, you can!

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

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

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

MB: You have to face all of them?!

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

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

KB: Sure thing, Daddy!

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

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

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

MB: You mean I can make the matches?

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

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

HH: That'll never happen!

KB: Oh yeah?

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

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

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

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

KB: Oh! Sure, Interim Boss!

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

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

MB: Baby, don't...

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

MB: Reset the game right now, young lady!

[Kimmy pouts.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

KB: Plus exclusive iOS and iPadOS versions!

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

MB: I'm really glad I asked you.

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

[Kimmy narrows her eyes.]

KB: But not Android, bless their hearts.

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

...and we fade to black.

The shot fades back up to a montage of the documentary's key moments: the chaotic 2009 cage match, with Vasquez and Rhodes trading belt lashes and fury; a young Kimmy Bailey offering Juan water backstage; Raphael Rhodes, shattered under his uncle Jeremy's tirade in a locker room; Juan training with Kimmy in Malibu, their bond unbreakable; Rhodes patching a chicken coop in Minnesota, his dog Selene at his side; Shane Destiny agreeing to referee Juan's final match in Pennsylvania; Rhodes pushing 450 pounds in Minneapolis, Dana Kaiser's voice driving him; Juan at his family cookout, finding peace among his loved ones. Our narrator's voice returns.]

"Juan Vasquez, has defied the ephemeral nature of wrestling greatness. He has conquered all but one final challenge - a rivalry with Rhodes that demands closure. In the love of his family, he has found the courage to face his last fight and embrace a future beyond the ropes."

[The montage shifts to Rhodes: his shock in Minnesota as he watches the 2009 match, realizing his headbutt landed true; his grueling training with Dana Kaiser, chanting 'I can, I will'; his quiet reflection, haunted yet fueled by a decade of perceived failure. The images contrast with Juan's: his thunderous punch on the machine, his standing on the balcony contemplating his life after wrestling, his serene resolve at the cookout.]

"Raphael Rhodes, heir to a wrestling dynasty, has carried the burden of a single night's misstep for eight and a half years. From the rural solace of his Minnesota homestead to the relentless pursuit of redemption, he has forged himself anew, guided by his wife Dana and driven by one unyielding goal: to defeat Juan Vasquez, not by chance, but by design. The truth of his past, unveiled in stark footage, has kindled a fire that burns brighter than ever."

[The split-screen merges into a single shot: an empty Dodger Stadium ring, illuminated by a lone spotlight, awaiting its combatants. Quick flashes show Vasquez's Right Cross in slow motion, Rhodes' superplex shaking the mat, and Shane Destiny in a referee's shirt ready to call it right down the middle. A pulsing orchestral score heightens the tension.]

"On Memorial Day, before a roaring Los Angeles crowd, Juan Vasquez and Raphael Rhodes will collide in a spectacle of heart, will, and unresolved history. Vasquez, the legend seeking one last triumph in the final match of an uncanny career. Rhodes, the relentless challenger, carries the weight of a decade's regret, determined to rewrite his legacy. Their paths - one of closure, one of redemption - converge in a ring where only one can emerge victorious. "Unfinished Business" awaits its resolution, and the world will be watching.

[The camera lingers on the empty ring, the stadium lights flaring to life, then fades to black.]