

AWA POWER HOUR

JULY 30TH, 2017

[We start on a black screen as most shows do. We fade up into a royal blue screen with a glittering silver Fox Sports logo in the center of it. A fanfare plays in the background as a voiceover begins.]

"Home to the World Series. The NFL. The GFC. The Daytona 500. The US Open Championship."

[A quick clip from each sport flashes by during the voiceover.]

"The world's biggest events are on Fox Sports."

[The logo and fanfare fade...

...as a giant robot appears, holding up a different version of the Fox Sports logo with the audio bug...]

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades...

...and then comes up to a black screen. As "We Are Legends" by Hardwell, Kaaze, and Jonathan Mendelsohn starts to play, the black screen is lit up by an electrostatic burst... then another... and another...]

#We are living on the run
Like a legacy undone
Shining brighter than the sun
'Cause we are legends#

[The screen fills with bolts of electricity flying across it until the black screen “shatters” into quick-cut shots of AWA action. We see top stars blended with some of the young up-and-comers on the roster as the music continues.]

#And we'll live on in memories
On the pages of history
Forever you'll remember me
'Cause we are legends!#

[The synth sounds get faster and faster, the cuts coming quicker and quicker until...]

#'Cause we are legends!#

[...and the beat drops, launching into an instrumental section of the song that accompanies more clips until we see Jordan Ohara sail off the top rope, crashing down onto a prone foe with a Phoenix Flame as the Power Hour logo fills the screen. Another cut takes us into the Center Stage Studios in Atlanta, Georgia, the crowd cheering the AWA's return to studio wrestling as the instrumental of the song is pumped into the building.

An initial wide shot of the makeshift arena shows the expected ring with the black ringside mats all around it. There are no signs of barricades though, leaving an empty space between the ringside area and the front row of fans that are seated on bleachers that stretch up several rows towards the rafters where flags from countries around the world are hanging.

The shot pans across the crowd and ring to land on the stage where we see a standard announce table set up on one side and an interview set on the other.

We dissolve from the wide shot to a closeup of the interview set where we see Theresa Lynch in a forest green top with a silver trimmed scoop cutout paired with a black skirt. She is all smiles as the Power Hour takes the air.]

TL: The all-new Power Hour is ON! THE! AIR! Hello everybody, I'm Theresa Lynch, and I'll be your host for the next two hours of action right here in the heart of the South - the Center Stage Studios in Atlanta, Georgia!

[The crowd cheers the mention of them in the introduction as Theresa smiles.]

TL: That's right, I said TWO hours. July has been one of the biggest months on record for the American Wrestling Alliance and how could we not supersize our final show of this epic month? And with a supersized show - you gotta have a supersized Main Event and indeed we do as we'll see the National Champion, Jackson Hunter...

[Boos rain down from the Center Stage crowd.]

TL: ...taking on the World Television Champion, Terry Shane...

[And in contrast, the cheers are loud for the Power Hour regular.]

TL: ...in a champion versus champion, title versus title matchup! One of these two men are walking out of Atlanta as a double champion and that's going to be a wild one for sure. Plus, we've got Landon Grant in action... Trish Wallace is here... Michelle Bailey... Michael Aarons... and so much more! We're not going to waste any more time in fact... but before we head up to the ring, let's head over to the two men who will be on the call here tonight - Big Sal himself, Salvatore Albano and his partner-in-crime, good ol' Dee Dub - Dylan Westerly!

[We cut to the other side of the stage where the two men are seated behind an announce table. Big Sal lives up to his name with a rotund frame shoved behind the table. He grins at the camera with a slight salute.]

SA: Good evening and salutations AWA fans and it's so good to be back here in Atlanta. As Theresa said, July has been one of the hottest months on record for the AWA and we just keep on keepin' on... isn't that right, Dee Dub?

DW: You better believe it ! Hide your kids, hide your wives, 'cause the AWA's come to town and these guys and gals got mud on their boots! Woooo hooo!

SA: I have no idea what that means but wooo hoo indeed as we head to the ring for tonight's opening matchup!

[We fade from Sal and Dee Dub over to the ring where ring announcer Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, weighing in at 206 pounds and hailing from Newport News, Virginia... Kid Falcon!

[Kid Falcon, fresh face and clean cut, wears an ultramarine blue jumpsuit with yellow "KF" lettering on the right breast. He has one black boots and sports his brunette hair in a clean parted set. Falcon ascends the top of the nearby turnbuckle and raises his hand before landing a backflip back down to the mat.]

TG: And his opponent...

[The studio lights dim as the first strings of Whiskey Myers' "Mud" sound out.]

TG: Hailing from Louisville, Kentucky and weighing in at 230 pounds...

[Red spotlights whip around the studio before centering on the entrance.]

TG: LLLLLLLLLL LONDONNNNNNNN GRRRRRRRRRRRRRANT!

[The 6'5" frame of Landon Grant makes his way out of the entrance with a big smile on his face as he greets the crowd, who return with a louder cheer than in his previous single match outings. Grant thanks the nearby fans, slapping some of the fans' hands as he passes.]

Grant's decked out in his normal black based pleather bodysuit with Cardinal red splashes, gloves, and boots. He holds in his right hand a large sized black Kentucky's Pride t-shirt, waving it around he gets to the ring. Once in, he puts the shirt down in the corner and kneels down and closes his eyes for a moment before popping up with both arms raised for another crowd cheer.]

SA: Landon Grant back here on the all new Power Hour and I gotta say, he looks... well, a little more comfortable out here tonight.

DW: Comfortable, at ease... definitely, Sal. Being out there at the Battle of Saskatchewan, playing an important part in Kentucky's Pride improbable run, the young man certainly learned something.

SA: And it was a run that saw City Jack hang 'em up and pass the torch to his son Landon and that sort of thing can really change a man! But tonight, he's up against a real high flyer in Kid Falcon!

DW: Scouting report is fast and flies high, so it'll be another test for Grant here.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Grant goes in for a lockup, but the quick Kid Falcon ducks under and flips with an impressive Pele kick that stuns the bigger Kentuckian to the ropes.]

SA: Amazing! Kid Falcon with the need for speed, buzzing right past Grant for a surprise kick!

DW: Kid's come to play tonight!

[As Grant tries to shake the cobwebs out, Kid Falcon zips by with a leaping leg lariat that sends both men up and over the ropes to the floor.]

SA: Huge crash out there on the floor, both men hitting hard as Kid Falcon hit Grant with reckless abandon!

DW: This is his shot at maybe catching some time, making his moment, he's going all out.

[As the ref gets to the count of three, Kid Falcon's the first to his feet and he quickly gets back in the ring. As Grant stirs to his feet, Kid Falcon rebounds off the opposite side and quickly steps up the corner before launching himself down onto Grant.]

DW: Whoa! Whatta dive!

SA: Soaring like a falcon, crashing like a great ball of fire onto Landon Grant! This maverick is really giving his all and the son of City Jack is in trouble early!

DW: Maybe occupying all his time with Kentucky's Pride caused Grant to not scout this match properly because it's all Kid Falcon so far in this one.

[Kid Falcon pumps his fists as he pops back up to his feet. He rolls Grant back into the ring and slaps the apron with excitement, letting out a loud "woo!". Kid Falcon climbs the apron to the top turnbuckle and looks down at Grant, raising his hand to pose to the crowd.]

DW: Spending a little too long up there - you haven't won it yet, Kid!

SA: That's right, Dee Dub. You don't have time to celebrate up there. If you do, you're beat.

[Kid Falcon makes a flipping motion with hands and then launches himself, tumbling over and over until he lands... onto the knees of Landon Grant!]

SA: Oh the humanity! Grant with the knees up into the midsection of Kid Falcon and he's now revved up!

[A little pissed - at himself or the situation - Grant clutches Kid Falcon and rapidly hits him with forearm strikes that put the Kid down to the corner.]

SA: Metropills grounding Kid Falcon! Grant is not having it anymore and he's taking control of this match!

DW: There's the intensity, Sal!

[Grant whips Kid Falcon in the ropes and puts him down with a big scoop slam. Grant covers.]

SA: Kickout at two - a close call there for Kid Falcon.

DW: Grant not letting up - keep at him!

[Grant whips Kid Falcon into the corner and follows with a crunching shoulder into the sternum that is immediately followed with a bulldog that puts the Kid down.]

SA: Nice chain by Grant but no cover, he's got Kid Falcon back up!

[Grant gives a little signal to the crowd before hooking the Falcon in a submission hold.]

SA: Cobra clutch applied!

DW: Kid Falcon losing steam... Grant has that move locked in!

[Sensing a lack of fight, the ref lifts Kid Falcon's hand and it goes down once. He lifts the Kid's hand again, but this time Kid Falcon holds it high, showing some fight left.]

DW: Not fading yet... Kid Falcon-

[Not wasting a second, Landon Grant transitions and crashes Kid Falcon down with a cobra clutch suplex.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Blood Runs Deep! It's over, there's the cover...

[The referee drops down to deliver the count.]

SA: ...and there's the three! Landon Grant gets another win here on the Power Hour!

"DING! DING! DING!"

TG: Your winner of the match... LLLLLLLLLLONDONNNNNNNN GRRRRRRRRRRRRRANT!

[A loud cheer from the fans sounds as Grant rises with his hand raised by the referee.]

SA: It started off a little rocky for the rookie but Landon Grant is victorious again.

DW: Despite the start, Grant did look better and showed some more to come back from fighting out of a hole. Nice win against a game opponent.

SA: Landon Grant picks up the win here on the Power Hour - now let's hear from the man himself as he's standing by with Theresa.

[Cut to the desk area as Grant steps onto the stage next to Theresa Lynch.]

TL: Congratulations on another victory on the Power Hour, Landon!

[Grant lets out a big exhale.]

LG: Whoo! That was... I got to say, closer than I thought. Shame on me for not, well, not being prepared I guess.

TL: Dylan Westerly even pointed it out on commentary that you seemed a little off, getting caught by surprise. Was that the case? Was there enough time to prepare for tonight?

[Grant cracks a smile at the hard hitting questions.]

LG: Heh, yeah... I simply was - hey, my headspace the past couple weeks has been something else. Being out there at the Stampede Cup, helping my dad and uncle out there at the ring, seeing them wrestle in person. I was so proud. So proud! They fought with all their heart and battled like two men half their age! But the loss-

[Grant catches himself, shaking his head at the way the Cup ended for Kentucky's Pride.]

LG: The end of the run and just... I kind of had it in my mind that it may have come, that my dad was having just that one last run. But I wasn't prepared. That hit me, hit me right in the heart. Still...

[Grant pauses, lowering his head as he gathers himself. Theresa notices and fills the air to give Grant some time.]

TL: What your father did, laying down the boots and hanging up a storied career, it took everyone in the arena by surprise. City Jack has been one of the most charismatic, fun, lovable people ever to step foot in AWA and Tin Can Rust has been a true professional as well. I think I can speak for everyone here on the Power Hour that we'll miss seeing Jack and Rust around here.

[Grant looks back up at Theresa, her words cracking whatever hurt he was feeling.]

LG: Miss Lynch, like I said, it hit me in the heart cause they'll always be there... but I have a feeling they won't be too scarce none.

[Grant grows a smile and gives a City Jack-like wink before nodding to Lynch and exiting the stage.]

TL: Landon Grant with the win to kick off this super-sized edition of the all-new Power Hour as we send July off in style... and the stars are out here tonight in Hotlanta. Not only do we have that big title versus title showdown between Hunter and Shane later tonight but when we come back, it'll be a State Of The Soldiers address from the 2017 winners of the Stampede Cup tournament - the Soldiers of Fortune and I know you don't want to miss that so stick around and we'll be right back after this short break!

[We fade from a grinning Theresa to black.]

Cut to a college library where two students have a physics textbook open.]

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

STUDENT #2: "Matter that produces and/or emits ionizing energy can be described by what adjective?"

[Student #1 looks up from the book and slams it shut. Cutaway as he stands up, now suddenly wearing Derrick Williams' gold "Future" coat from SuperClash VIII through the miracle of editing. He takes out his phone and presses a "play" button.]

[A wide shot of the entire library as the student spreads his arms to the chorus of Imagine Dragons.]

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

[Cut to a sushi chef with a white towel over his head and a kimono with a Claw Academy logo. To Volbeat's "A Warrior's Call," he bursts through curtains to serve a platter of sashimi to a table.

In a gym, a woman does sit-ups in and out of frame to "You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest. After her third sit-up, her face is spontaneously painted with a black and yellow 'S'. She cups her hands to her mouth and howls.

A man and two school-aged children step through the automatic glass door of a big box retailer to "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West. They are all in hooded fighter's robes, and they stoically nod at the camera in unison as they pause by the shopping carts.

A woman prances through a maze of cubicles to "I'm The Best" by Nicki Minaj, twirling a red braid and balancing a cup of coffee.

A civic worker in a visibility vest tries to move a dead tree branch into a truck to "Brian Boru's March" by The Chieftains. With part of the branch under his arm and his other hand, you'd swear he was giving the branch an armbar.

On a playground, a little girl with a distinct scowl stomps up to home plate to "Another One" by Night Club. She swings her bat wildly at the ball resting on a tee.]

STUDENT #2: [voice] Yeah, I think that's right.

[Cut back to library. Student #1 still has his arms open, but now to the sounds of library ambience. Someone in the background coughs. He sits back down.]

STUDENT #1: Okay... uh... Question 11?

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

"The Official AWA Playlist, available now on Apple Music and Spotify."

Click The Link!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to the Center Stage Studios where in the ring stands two podiums, both of which have the Soldiers of Fortune shield prominently displayed on the front.]

SA: Folks, we're getting ready for the... State Of The Soldiers address. The Soldiers of Fortune made it known at the Stampede Cup that they are a force in the AWA to be reckoned with.

DW: The whole thing was a big disgrace, Sal, especially after the Soldiers defeated Next Gen in the finals.

SA: Indeed, but...

[A loud buzzing starts, as the crowd starts booing.]

SA: This buzzing has gotten this crowd acting like an angry hornets nest, they know what's coming next,

[The buzzing continues as the all-too familiar distorted voice starts crackling over the buzzing.]

Land where my fathers died!

Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

[The buzzing and crackling grow louder and louder, then slowly fades into the opening guitar wailing from the Damn Yankees' "Don't Tread On Me." The booing only gets more and more intense as the Soldiers make their appearance. Both men are dressed in their familiar combat fatigues, this time not carrying their flagpoles with them.]

SA: "Captain" Joe Flint and "Corporal Punishment" Charlie Stephens are here, and this crowd is letting them know that the way they won the Stampede Cup is unforgivable!

DW: They don't care, Sal. They got their money, they don't care how they won, they don't care who helped them win, and I hope Next Gen gives them what they have coming to `em!

[The Soldiers make their way to ringside, and climb onto the apron. They enter the ring and make their way to their podiums. Both men stand behind the podiums, looking out over the booing crowd.]

SA: The State Of The Soldiers address is about to start, and I'm sure the wrestling world has a lot of questions for the most controversial tag team in the game right now.

JF: Before we talk about the World Tag Team Champions, we've got unfinished business from the Cup to discuss...

[Flint grimaces.]

JF: ...and I'm talking about you, Ryan Martinez.

[The crowd "oooooooohs" at that.]

JF: Me and Charlie wanna give you and your boy, Carver, all the credit in the world. The two of you are as tough as they come and then some... and any time you two want to go another round, you give us a shout... and this time, we'll make sure it's a fair fight. Understood?

[Flint nods as the crowd cheers that idea.]

JF: In this business, you say a lot of things about people. Sometimes it's to get under their skin, sometimes it's to put a set of cheeks every eighteen inches in the arena. And most of the time, whatever is said about ya, you just have to shrug and let it roll off you or you'll go crazy.

[Flint grimaces, shaking his head.]

JF: And sometimes, you can't do that.

This... this is one of those times.

Because at the Battle of Saskatchewan, in the heat of the Canadian night, Ryan Martinez make an accusation against Charlie and myself that cut us to the damn core... and we just couldn't go on like business as usual unless we took a second to address it.

[Flint nods.]

JF: Ryan Martinez implied that Charlie and I might not think a guy named Martinez from the West Coast is what we'd consider to be a "real American."

[Flint strokes his chin.]

JF: But lemme tell ya something, Martinez. You couldn't be more wrong if you tried.

Kid, I know your old man. We never got in the ring together but we've been in some locker rooms together and I know him well. And I respect him. I respect the man he became, fighting from the bottom to the top. Fighting from the streets to being a champion... a legend... in the ring. A kid like you coulda just coasted through life on the name of your old man, like so many others that me an' Charlie have encountered in our own lives.. but you didn't. You're a former champ, an' ya don't get to be a champ coastin' through life. Like I said at the Stampede Cup, you'd crawl through broken glass just to fight.

[The crowd politely cheers, catching Flint by surprise. Flint pauses, collecting his emotions.]

JF: When Charlie and I talk about the "real America"... we don't mean it like some of those scumbags... those pukes... those MAGGOTS... out there mean it. We have plenty of issues with what those turds go on television about every night on these.. opinion shows the media dare calls news, an' not even a whole entire Saturday Night can cover what we gotta say about that. That ain't "real America".

But I digress. This isn't about race. This isn't about who you love. This isn't about your religion or what country you're from or any of that to us.

None of that makes us hate you, kid.

[Flint shrugs.]

JF: When Charlie and I get in this ring to kick some tail, we ain't worried about the color of your skin, kid... we're worried about the content of your character. Whether you play video games in the locker room like some kind of a punk brat! Whether you put those little suction cups on your back after a hard match instead of drinkin' a beer and grabbin' some pizza! Whether you rush back to the locker room to check your... what do they call 'em, Charlie?

[Stephens leans in.]

CS: Twitter mentions.

[Flint cringes like he's been punched in the eternal soul.]

JF: Yeah. Those. That's what we care about. That's what the Real America is all about, kid. But as far as the rest goes?

[Flint straightens up, holding up a fist.]

JF: Charlie and I are Equal Opportunity Ass Kickers... and don't you forget it, punk. Now then, I mentioned somethin' earlier about coastin' through life on a family name.

[The crowd, knowing who Flint is about to mention, breaks out in a "WE WANT NEXT GEN" chant. Flint pauses, soaking in the chants.]

JF: Heh, we want 'em too! We've already told the world at this point how we feel about those kids, our opinions haven't changed... at this time. I know everyone

here in this buildin', an' everyone at home's at the edge of their seats, hopin' to see the Soldiers of Fortune and Next Gen's war start to kick in.

Unfortunately, I hate to disappoint ya here, but tonight ain't gonna be the night.

[The crowd starts booing, disappointed that there won't be a fight tonight.]

JF: We've been goin' through the back all throughout the day, knockin' on some doors, lookin' under every rock we can find in order to get what we want. Unfortunately, everyone we spoke to told us the same thing. To take it up with Castillo.

[Stephens audibly snorts.]

JF: We can wait another week. We've waited this long. We know Castillo's gonna be in Winnipeg next week, settin' up his little party, thinkin' he got one over on Martinez and Carver. Unfortunately for him, the Soldiers are gonna have to crash that party. He owes us, and he knows why.

Next week, AWA Saturday Night Wrestling... ya thought our fireworks before our match with Next Gen were somethin'.. well, we got a lot more where that came from.

[Flint grins.]

JF: At ease.

[Flint and Stephens salute, as "Don't Tread On Me" kicks in again to a chorus of boos.]

SA: There you have it! A combustible element in the tag team division is certainly going to kick off in a week's time on AWA Saturday Night. The Soldiers of Fortune and Next Gen seem destined to collide in the very near future and you better bet that one's going to be a battle when it goes down, fans.

DW: But that's not all that's comin' up in Winnipeg, Sal. That show is stacked!

SA: It certainly is. We learned at the Battle of Saskatchewan that Jeff "Madfox" Matthews -a former World Champion and Hall of Famer - has asked for time inside the ring to address his recent betrayal of Supreme Wright. You wanna know why? You gotta tune in to find out. Plus, we also learned that Casey James - under his brand new AWA contract - has been ORDERED to appear in Winnipeg by Korugun...

DW: By Hardin, Sal! By Hardin!

SA: Indeed. John Wesley Hardin - Korugun Vice President of Special Projects - has demanded that Casey James appear in Canada, likely to answer for his actions at Eternally Extreme when James assaulted Hardin. And if that's not enough, we know that Javier Castillo - the AWA President - has declared that he has a special announcement of his own that'll go down in Winnipeg. It promises to be another hot night in the Great White North. But right now, we're going to keep things going down here in Atlanta as we head over to Theresa who is standing by with some special guests. Theresa?

[We fade over to Theresa at the interview desk where has been joined by The Summit. All three have on the same white T-shirt, with a stylized image of three mountain peaks, in sky blue, across the front, and the word "SUMMIT" in a blocky font, also in blue, above the image. All three also appear ready to compete - we see that Mahoney has his singlet on below the T-shirt, Smythe his white tights, with the coat of arms of Ireland - a gold, silver-stringed Celtic harp (cláirseach) on an

azure field, over his left thigh, and Sweeney his black trunks. The redhead looms over Mahoney's shoulder furthest away from Lynch, while Smythe stands on the other side of Mahoney, slightly behind him.]

TL: Thanks, Sal. Gentlemen, we saw The Summit come together in the lead-up to the Stampede Cup. Unfortunately for you, your involvement in the Cup ended in the first round as you came up short against the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad...

CM: Wow, Theresa, well done you for not choking on that name. Fine, last week, the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad proved themselves the better team. There's no shame in admitting that. They even took down the Dogs of War... Something we were looking forward to doing ourselves.

RS: You see, Theresa, as far as The Summit are concerned, Mr. Castillo put his money on the wrong trio. The Dogs of War... they're mercenaries... they're grunts... a blunt instrument... but unwieldy... and they don't always hit their mark. They lack the finesse that The Summit possesses... and they don't always know what's best for business... not what's in their best interest, but what's best. For. The. Business. They don't have the business acumen like we do...

[He is interrupted by a sharp, derisive expulsion of breath from Sweeney. Smythe, Mahoney and Lynch turn to look at Sweeney, expecting him to say something, but Sweeney merely glowers at them.]

RS: Well, like Callum and I do. Big Red there is our blunt instrument. Sure, Korugun has its monsters, but after the failure of the Dogs, El Presidente might want to consider diversifying his portfolio and backing some new thoroughbreds instead. After whatever it is happened with Johnny Detson... after Callum's old running buddy fell short in taking the championship off Detson, Señor Castillo might want to consider sending [points to Mahoney] this man to get the job done instead.

TL: Well, those are certainly interesting propositions, Rory Smythe, but hardly offers that Javier Castillo cannot refuse. I am sure, though, that you gentlemen won't be sitting around waiting for El Presidente to throw you a bone, so, what's in the works for The Summit in the immediate future?

CM: My, my, Theresa, aren't you a smart one? Of course The Summit has plans upon schemes upon strategies mapped out in our playbook, but how stupid do you think we are that we'd reveal any of it right here? Besides, it's probably too complicated for these morons out here and most of the boys in the back to wrap their heads around, so we won't go into that.

But what I will say is this: we are here to ensure that The Summit is more than just a name. The Summit is destiny, and we are here to install ourselves at the very pinnacle of this company and of this sport. That includes the AWA tag team division, of course.

[Smythe nods.]

RS: No doubt, we've our sights set on the current champions. But we've also got our eyes trained on the Number One Contenders and winners of the Stampede Cup who we saw out here just now. You see, Theresa, I haven't forgotten how the Soldiers of Fortune used the Bashers to assert themselves as a unit. Well, Flint... Stephens... If you feel like starting another international incident, my brothers and I look forward to that opportunity.

CM: But, Theresa, as a former World Television Champion, a former Irish National champion, I will also be watching tonight's main event closely, because we could

see one man installed as both Television and National champion at the end of the night.

[Smythe points at the camera.]

RS: Which makes it that much easier for The Summit to acquire both those titles at some point in the near future. And the sooner we acquire some gold, the sooner we establish our glory... and the sooner we take our rightful place... as The Summit.

CM: Now, if you'll excuse us, Theresa, I believe the fellas and I have two unfortunate souls looking to make a name for themselves waiting for us in the ring.

[The Brian Boru Irish Pipe Band's rendition of "The Pikeman's March" starts to play, as Mahoney turns and leads Smythe and Sweeney away from the podium.]

TL: The Summit there, being quite clear about what they've got their sights set on, as they make their way to the ring for tag team action! Sal, Dee Dub... back to you!

[Cut to a wide shot of Center Stage Studios as the members of The Summit arrive at ringside. Mahoney turns to his comrades and holds up his right arm in front of him, bent at the elbow, forearm at a seventy degree angle to the mat. Sweeney, then Smythe, hold their forearms up to Mahoney's.]

DW: That's right, Theresa, and their opponents, I believe, are two local prospects who are no strangers to this Atlanta audience here at Center Stage. Let's go to Tyler Graham for the introductions.

[Tyler Graham is standing in the ring, alongside an athletically-built young man, with lightly-tanned skin, dirty blond shoulder-length hair and a scruffy beard, who is dressed in black tights, with red, yellow and orange flames airbrushed onto the legs, and a pair of red boots, with white trim, and a muscular African-American man, his hair shaved into a flat top, and dressed in plain red trunks, black knee pads and black boots.]

TG: This tag team contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten-minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring, hailing from Atlanta, Georgia...

[Cheers from the hometown fans.]

TG: Weighing in at a combined weight of 480 pounds, they are the team of...

"HOT SAUCE" JOHNNIE MOSS...

[The long-haired man steps onto the bottom rope and leans against the top rope, while holding up the metal horns on his right hand to the Center Stage crowd.]

TG: ...and CLIFTON CONNER!

[The African-American man wipes the soles of his boots on the mat, as if preparing to charge, then claps his hands in front of him.]

TG: And their opponents, hailing from the Republic of Ireland, they are...

MALCOLM SWEENEY...

CALLUM MAHONEY...

...and RORY SMYTHE...

THE SUMMIT!

[All three members of The Summit are still on the outside, as Mahoney and Smythe appear to still be discussing who will compete in the match.]

SA: All three announced as The Summit, Dee Dub, but we know that only two can be in the match. This is a tag match, not a handicap match.

DW: Be that as it may, the team of Johnnie Moss and Clifton Conner will nonetheless find themselves at a disadvantage, no matter which two members of The Summit they find themselves facing. We've got the power of Sweeney and Smythe and the technical acumen of the Armbar Assassin.

SA: I don't know about that, Dee Dub. Johnnie Moss is no rookie. He's been a staple of the independent wrestling circuit not just in Atlanta, but all over Georgia as well. And Conner has been impressing folks 'round these parts with his smooth transition from collegiate athlete in football and track at Savannah State University to professional wrestling. Sure, Sweeney and Smythe would outweigh Moss and Conner combined, but I hear the kid can hit hard, hit fast and hold his own in a fight, and I would not necessarily give Mahoney the experience edge over Moss.

[In the meantime, referee Scott Ezra is leaning over the top rope and telling The Summit to stop stalling and to name which two men will compete, while Moss paces his team's side of the ring, trying to keep the fans fired up. With a nod from Mahoney, which is reciprocated by Smythe, Sweeney and Smythe step towards the ring and climb onto the apron. Wiping the bottom of his boots on the canvas, Smythe steps through the ropes.]

SA: And The Summit decide to go with the power combination.

DW: The combination might not have been successful at the Stampede Cup, Big Sal, but we know the kind of destruction both Sweeney and Smythe, who it looks like will start things for his team, can unleash.

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: We've also got Mahoney staying out here at ringside, so who knows how he'll be involved. And it looks like Moss will start for his team, as they lock up... Moss with the go-behind... he tries to pick Smythe up, but Smythe just will not allow it.

[Smythe reaches over and tries to catch Moss in a side headlock, but Moss shoves him away and towards the ropes, slipping out as he does so. He springs off his feet, trying to catch Smythe on the rebound with a dropkick, but Smythe manages to hold on to the ropes.]

SA: Ohh! A hard fall after the missed dropkick... but he's quick to his feet, trying to stay on-

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -but Smythe is a step quicker and just FLATTENS Moss with that running European uppercut!

[Smythe is relentless, yanking the smaller competitor off the mat, whipping him across the ring...]

SA: The man we formerly referred to as Her Majesty's Might sends Moss for the ride and... now he REALLY sends him for the ride... up... and DOWN!

[The crowd groans as Moss gets HURLED down to the canvas in a standing spinebuster. Smythe rises to his feet, striking a double bicep pose to jeers from the crowd before he calmly makes his way to the corner, slapping the offered hand.]

SA: The tag is made and that'll bring in Malcolm Sweeney off the exchange...

DW: I hear they call this guy "Mad Sweeney," Big Sal.

SA: A witty take on his sparkling disposition no doubt as Sweeney pulls Moss up by the back of the head...

[With one hand still holding the back of the head, Sweeney uncorks a headbutt that sends Moss falling back to the corner.]

SA: Somebody get this kid some Tylenol after that one... and get him out of the corner while you're at it because this is NOT where you want to be against any of the three members of The Summit... Sweeney just unloading on him now... lefts and rights and lefts and rights to the ribs...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Sweet San Lorenzo! That knife edge chop sent reverberations throughout Center Stage Studios!

DW: That sounded like a gunshot, Sal! Sweeney backing away from the corner... He's going for it!

[With a yell of "DIE! NOW!" Sweeney comes running towards the corner.]

SA: BIIIG BOOT! MISSED!

[Moss manages to drop and roll out of the way of the running big boot, causing Sweeney to crotch himself on the top rope!]

SA: A big mistake made by Mad Sweeney... and that creates an opening for Jonnie Ross!

[Rolling to his team's corner, Moss tags in Conner. Sweeney gingerly frees himself from the ropes, but turns right around into a...]

SA: Northern Lights suplex! Bridges for the pin...

[The Atlanta crowd is fired up now, sensing an upset...

...but Sweeney kicks out... with strength... at one.]

SA: Not a chance there. It looked good for Moss and Conner but that suplex wasn't enough to keep the big Mad Sweeney down...

DW: Conner's not done though! He's up and... and now he's dropping down in that three-point stance..

DW: Sweeney kicks out at one! It's going to take more than that to keep Sweeney down, it would seem.

SA: Conner looks like he's got something in mind, as he goes for the three-point stance...

[Sweeney pushes himself onto one knee, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs, before getting quickly to his feet. As he does so, Conner comes charging in, perhaps for a football-style shoulder tackle...]

SA: Conner charging hard!

[...but we will never know, as Sweeney sidesteps the tackle, shoving him towards the corner where he hits chestfirst before stumbling back in a circle.]...

DW: Conner hits the buckles... and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A leaping kneestrike lands flush, causing Conner's eyes to roll back in his head as Sweeney reaches out, wrapping his arms around the waist of the doubled-over Connor....]

SA: SWENEY POWERS HIM UP..

[The crowd roars for the show of strength...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and DOWWWWWWWWN HARD ON THE CANVAS!

DW: That's gotta do it, Sal.

SA: I've gotta agree with you. Mad Sweeney with the cov-, no check that.. they're not done and there's the tag to Rory Smythe.

[Smythe is swiftly in, pulling Conner right off the mat and right up into a fireman's carry...]

SA: We've seen this before, Dee Dub!

DW: We sure have. Formerly the Power Hoist and...

[Smythe shoves Conner over his head and HURLS him down in front of him with a ring-shaking slam.]

DW: ...SUMMIT SLAM!

[Smythe drops to his knees, planting his palms on the chest as he applies a lateral press.]

SA: An arrogant pin attempt there... but after that slam, it's en-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[An attempted save from Johnnie Moss is cut off by a running big boot from Sweeney as the referee counts three!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Tyler Graham makes it official as Callum Mahoney applauds his allies, rolling into to join them. He lifts an arm on each, the crowd jeering loudly.]

SA: Well, we thought Moss and Conner would put up more of a fight than that but the Summit run them right over... and the Summit makes it clear that their loss in Mosaic Stadium has not taken the fight out of this elite trio, fans.

DW: Whether it's the Dogs of War, the Soldiers of Fortune, or even Johnny Detson, these three are looking to make an impact in the days and weeks to come, Big Sal.

SA: You got that right... and while the celebration continues inside the ring, we're going to take another break but when we come back, it'll be the AWA Women's Division on display so don't you dare go away!

[The shot holds on the Summit celebrating their win as we fade to black...

...and then fade up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and as we come back up, we see a hastily set up shot - presumably an iPhone aimed at a heavy bag swinging in a gym. A voice calls out.]

"Watch this one!"

[A female figure springs into frame, leaping and twisting around to bury a spinning back kick into the side of the bag, falling to a knee. She pumps a fist triumphantly before climbing to her feet with a grin, bouncing over to the camera to reveal the enthusiastic form of Betty Chang.]

BC: I knew I could do it! You guys... I want to thank you all so much for all the cards and letters and Tweets and mentions and- ahhh! It's just too much for a girl to believe. I always wanted to be a big star, have the love of the fans behind me but... I never thought it could happen... for real.

[Chang shakes her head.]

BC: But after I got hurt... you all...

[She clasps her hands to her chest, smiling sweetly.]

BC: It means so much to me. Your love... your support... and I want to show the world how much I appreciate it. So, again... I'm calling you out, Kurayami! You hurt me once... but not next time! After spending time with the Coltons and down here in Mexico, I'm in the best shape of my life... I'm competing at the highest level I've ever been at... and I'm ready for you!

[She points emphatically at the camera, grinning as we fade to black...

...and then come back to the interview platform where Theresa Lynch is standing.]

TL: Betty Chang, recovered and ready for action. She wants Kurayami to which I say... well, join the line, girlfriend! The hottest division in wrestling has the most elite competitors in the world lining up to take their shot at the AWA Women's World Champion. We saw Skylar Swift oh-so-close to winning the gold in Regina just last weekend... and we know Julie Somers is looking for the next shot. But they're not alone in that. Kurayami has been a strong, dominant champion... in fact, I understand that Javier Castillo will be throwing her a celebration next week in Winnipeg, saluting her sixth month as the champion. But if I were her, I wouldn't party too hard because any of these magnificent competitors can end her reign-

[Theresa smirks as she snaps her fingers.]

TL: -like that... including the woman we're about to see in action. So, let's head down to the ring for more action!

[Back in the ring, where one competitor already awaits. "Oblivion" by M83 plays through the arena. The helpful caption reminds us that this is Jean Stokes. She wears a deep red leotard, black knee pads and black boots. Most of the fans are cheering the woman approaching the ring: Trish Wallace moves with a predatory power that shows her strength. Her long brown hair is braided into two pigtails that hang down behind her head. Thick arms and legs emerge from a halter-neck leotard covered in a dark blue and magenta galaxy print with gold trim. She climbs onto the ring and wipes her short white wrestling boots on the apron, stepping onto the bottom rope to boost herself high enough to step over the middle rope.]

SA: Back for in-ring competition, and this young lady has been making an impact, often quite literally, on the AWA Women's Division.

DW: She is somethin', isn't she?

[T-Bone Wallace turns her back to the camera, balls up her fists, and bumps her knuckles together over her head. She pulls her arms down into a double-bicep pose, and looks back over her shoulder. Wallace gives the viewers at home a friendly smile and wink while flexing.]

SA: T-Bone Wallace has been on a tear in the AWA, and the lion's share of credit can be given to one particular maneuver, and that has been her earthshaking powerslam.

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Jean Stokes, a young grappler out of South Carolina... Trish Wallace, of course, the junior member of the venerable Wallace house of Minnesota. Collar-and-elbow tie-up. Stokes with the go-behind, controlling the waist.

[Wallace looks to her left and right, trying to glimpse her opponent out of the corner of her eye. Before Stokes can decide on her next move, Wallace reaches back and wraps her thick arm around her opponent's skull!]

SA: And some solid pro wrestling instincts on the part of Trish Wallace!

DW: Chip off the old block, I'd say! People forget that Burt Wallace was a rough-and-tumble grappler!

[Stokes shoves Wallace off, and into the ropes. "T-Bone" rebounds back and Stokes drops down, with Wallace leaping over top. Wallace rebounds again, and Stokes attempts a leapfrog...]

SA: Oh... Ma... DONNA!

[...and is caught in the arms of Wallace!]

DW: T-Bone stomped her foot on the brakes!

[Trish Wallace charges toward the nearest corner and rams Jean Stokes between herself and the turnbuckles. Stokes slumps in the corner.]

SA: A supersized T-Bone and Turnbuckle sandwich coming up!

[Wallace struts out of the corner proudly, her arm in the air as the fans cheer her on. She lines herself up in the opposing corner and charges in with a head of steam...]

DW: Oh, look out, nobody's home!

[Stokes sees Wallace coming and rolls out of the way, but Wallace stops herself by grabbing on to the top rope with both hands and flipping over to the apron, landing on her feet!]

SA: T-Bone Wallace with rapid-fire awareness on her side!

[Stokes stumbles around, not finding her opponent where she was expecting her. After a couple of tense seconds, she spots Trish Wallace on the ring apron, both hands on the top rope. T-Bone pulls back on the top rope...

...and springs on top of it, diving onto her opponent with a springboard clothesline!]

SA: SWEET JONI FROM SASKATOON!

DW: Are you kiddin' me?!

SA: Listen to these fans in Center Stage as the Pocket Powerhouse became an ICBM for a split second!

[Wallace rolls her shoulder with a playful smirk on her face. Then she picks up both of her opponent's feet, tucking them under her arms.]

DW: They wanna see the Giant Swing, Big Sal!

SA: Call the late, great Jerry Nelson, because it's time to visit with The Count!

[Jean Stokes tries to plead with Wallace, but T-Bone wants to please the crowd. She pulls back, and Stokes is cleared for takeoff as the crowd counts along...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

"ELEVEN!"

DW: We could be here a while, Big Sal!

"THIRTEEN!"

"FOURTEEN"

"FIFTEEN!"

"SIXTEEN!"

"SEVENTEEN!"

"EIGHTEEN!"

"NINETEEN!"

"TWENTY!"

[Wallace releases her opponent, who goes skidding off to the apron. T-Bone takes a deep inhale of oxygen and pounds her chest for the cheering fans.]

SA: Twenty times around on this hot night in Atlanta, GA!

DW: And she made it look easy, Big Sal!

[As Stokes wobbles, using the ropes to pull herself upright, Wallace is already on the move.]

SA: And T-Bone Wallace looking to suplex Jean Stokes back into the ring!

[Wallace reaches over the top rope and hoists Stokes into the air with ease.]

DW: And in case anyone had any doubts about how strong Trish is!

SA: Trish Wallace may not be paid by the hour, but she likes to dawdle and procrastinate when performing a vertical suplex!

[Wallace cockily puts her arm out in front of her, as though she is looking at an invisible watch on her wrist.]

DW: She's still got her up, Sal!

SA: The human body is not meant to be inverted for that long! The blood rushes to your head, it gets harder to breathe and you get dizzy and disoriented.

[Finally, Wallace kicks her legs out from beneath her and lets Stokes fall to the mat. This time, Wallace isn't wasting any time in following up: she pulls her opponent upright.]

SA: One gets the feeling that when Trish Wallace was a child she didn't play with dolls very much because she kept breaking them!

[Wallace cinches her opponent across the chest and back, and arcs backward...]

DW: HALFWAY ACROSS THE RING, DID YA SEE THAT!

SA: Trademark T-Bone Suplex! The Pocket Powerhouse with a huge explosion! Trish Wallace spent her formative years learning how to do that to protect herself from her own older brothers, and now she's putting that sibling rivalry to good use!

[Wallace scoops the limp Stokes off the mat and carries her around on her right shoulder.]

SA: And now setting up for that huge, stampeding Running Powerslam. Every match she has won has been right after this particular move!

[Wallace steadies herself, making sure Stokes is unable to escape, then points at her opponent with her left hand.]

TW: "KURAYAMI!"

DW: Wow, making no secret who she wants next!

[Wallace starts circling the ring...

...faster and faster...

...until leaping forward and planting Jean Stokes in the middle of the canvas!]

SA: BOOM! ...goes the cannon! Trish "T-Bone" Wallace with the lateral press...

DW: You can count to a hundred; it won't make a difference! She put 'er in the ground!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: A win, a palpable win for T-Bone Wallace.

[The referee raises Wallace's arm; she flexes the bicep on the other with a confident smirk.]

DW: I gotta ask... is Trish Wallace the most powerful woman in the AWA?

SA: The competition is close, Dee Dub, but I gotta say the argument could be made for her right here. And as Theresa mentioned, the competition in wrestling's hottest division continues to get better each and every week as Trish Wallace puts the world on notice that she's coming for the AWA Women's World Champion as well. And you talk about shifting gears, fans... Theresa, I hope you're ready for some mental whiplash as we go from the always-fun Trish Wallace to... Ringkrieger.

DW: Oh brother.

[We fade over to Theresa who is grinning at Sal's comment as she's joined by two wrestlers, both in black t-shirts with art deco "RINGKRIEGER" logos: the weathered Daniel Ross and the hulking MISTER are standing by her side.]

TL: Well, Big Sal, Dylan... the wrestling world is still buzzing about the Stampede Cup, and the controversy surrounding the Soldiers of Fortune who we saw here earlier tonight as well as the Semifinals. I know that my guests at this time were disappointed at their early exit from the tournament.

MISTER, you and Daniel Ross settled the debate about whether Ringkrieger or the War Pigs were the dominant team in the opening match of the tournament, but a lot of fans felt you were the victims of an unlucky draw when you were knocked out of the Stampede Cup tournament by Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver. What are your views now that we're a week removed from the Battle of Saskatchewan?

[MISTER folds his gangly arms and furrows his sloping brow.]

M: Our opinion has not changed: Ringkrieger should have vanquished Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver. But the facts do not change either, and the fact is we did not vanquish them. So, the question becomes: what did we do wrong?

Mr. Ross and myself, we returned to the dressing room ready to take notes as we watched Carver and Martinez advance through the round, but then we saw what was referred to as... what was it that took place in their semi-final match, Theresa?

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: "The Saskatchewan Screwjob."

[MISTER nods.]

M: A vulgar term for a vulgar act. We were greatly disappointed that the honor of our great sport was cheapened like that. Carver and Martinez defeated us, so rightfully they should have been allowed to continue forth to the Finals.

Ringkrieger does not play politics. All that matters in wrestling belongs on the canvas between the bells. We will not protest; we will find our own resolution.

[Daniel Ross hands MISTER a stack of folders.]

M: There are 21 other teams that qualified for the Stampede Cup that Ringkrieger did not share the ring with. So we have here 21 open contracts!

[MISTER firmly stacks the folders on the podium.]

M: We will be sending one to every team represented in the tournament. To the American Idols. To the Soldiers of Fortune. To the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad. Landon Grant, we will be sending one to you on behalf of Kentucky's Pride.

Next Gen, we will politely decline a title shot if it will encourage you to join us in the ring.

And Mifune... it looks like we may finally be forced to cross paths, you and I.

We are Ringkrieger, and we will always...

[Ross and MISTER both clasp their hands behind their back, chests out.]

M: ...Respect the canvas.

[They exit off-screen, leaving Theresa to marvel at the stack of folders that have been left on the interview podium.]

TL: There it is, fans. Ringkrieger have thrown down the gauntlet to the tag teams of the AWA... twenty-one of them in all, in fact! Who will be first to accept a daunting challenge like that? Perhaps it'll be the team who the man in our next match represents. Let's go back down to the ring now for singles action!

[The PA system comes to life with the sounds of "BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!" being chanted repeatedly before Beef Bonham emerges to a loud and surprised reaction from the Center Stage crowd, while some instrumental music escorts him down the aisle.]

RO: Introducing first, from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 302 pounds... BEEF! BONNNNHAM!

[Beef Bonham, a rotund man with his black hair shaved in a mohawk, and dressed in a black singlet with "BEEF" across the gut in white block lettering, hooks a thumb to himself and shouts "BEEEEEEEF!" much to the delight of the Center Stage crowd, many of whom shout along with him.]

SA: It's Beef Bonham back in an AWA ring for the first time in...well, a while, and these fans sure seem like they missed him, Dee Dub!

DW: He definitely was a popular competitor before President Castillo came on the scene and got rid of a lot of guys. It's great to see him back here tonight!

RO: And his opponent...

["Still Unbroken" by Lynyrd Skynyrd cranks up over the PA.]

RO: From Dallas, Texas, weighing in at 262 pounds...

CUUUUUURT SAWWWYEERRR!

[As Ortiz finishes her intro, Sawyer emerges onto the entrance ramp with his tag team partner, Alexander Kingsley III, two steps behind. Sawyer wears his red ring jacket with his "CS" initials embroidered in script on the left chest, the jacket buttoned halfway exposing some of his barrel chest and copious amounts of chest hair.

Kingsley is decked out to the nines, wearing a grey three-piece suit and a pair of round Thom Brown sunglasses with a gold frame that glistens underneath the Center Stage lights. Kingsley looks smug; Sawyer looks pissed.]

SA: And Bonham will face off against Curt Sawyer who, as you know Dee Dub, is coming off a mistake in the first round of the Stampede Cup that ended up costing him and his partner a victory.

DW: Yeah, and he knew it, but did you catch what Kingsley said to him after the match? Sawyer told Kingsley that he'd make it up to Kingsley and to someone else he referred to as "him." Who's he talking about, Sal?

SA: No clue, Dee Dub, but maybe we'll find out before long. For a man like Kingsley with his money and his connections, there's no telling. He could even be talking about Javier Castillo for all we know!

DW: These two working for Korugun? I hate to even imagine that one.

[Sawyer, barely acknowledging anything but the ring in front of him, climbs up on the apron and steps through the ropes, removing his jacket and tossing it aside...

...and immediately rushing Bonham, taking him down with a hard clothesline!]

SA: OH MY! Sawyer wasting no time here tonight, taking the fight right to Beef Bonham before the bell even rings.

DW: He seems really unhappy tonight, Sal. I hope Bonham is ready for a fight.

SA: Sawyer immediately mounts Bonham, wailing away with punches and-

?: Doing exactly what he's been trained to do.

[We get a quick cut to the announce table, where we find that voice belongs to Kingsley who has apparently invited himself to join the commentary team.]

SA: Well, it seems we have an unexpected guest joining us. Welcome, Alexander.

AK3: The pleasure, as they say, is all yours, boys.

[Back in the ring, Sawyer has finally stopped his barrage of right hands while Bonham desperately tried to cover his face. Perhaps that just set Sawyer off even more, as the former Rusty Spur owner violently yanks Beef to his feet and shoves him hard into the corner.]

SA: I can tell ya right now that the pleasure certainly isn't Bonham's. Beef looks stunned from that series of right hands from Sawyer, maybe already out on his feet in the corner.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

DW: OUCH!

SA: Good lord... man, what a knife-edge chop from Sawyer!

[Indeed it was, Sal. The sound of hand on flesh reverberates through Center Stage, the impact slightly lifting Beef off his feet and sending him staggering out of the corner, a red handprint on his chest quickly developing.]

AK3: Yeah, there's no need for machine gun chops, Sal. It only takes one of those bombs to do the trick.

[Wasting little time, Sawyer stays in pursuit, grabbing Beef's right arm and yanking it down hard three straight times.]

SA: And now Sawyer's trying to pop Beef's arm right out of its socket! I tell ya, Dee Dub, I've known Sawyer for a few years now, and I've never seen him act like this.

DW: Me either, Sal, and I think we know who's to blame for that.

AK3: I think you mean who deserves the credit, Westerly.

[Bonham immediately grabs his shoulder with his left hand but Sawyer doesn't relent, switching into a hammerlock before scooping Beef up and dropping his full weight back down to the canvas on top of his now-injured arm.]

SA: Curt Sawyer is really laying it in on that right arm of Beef Bonham! Bonham wasn't necessarily known for having much offense, but he did have a strong right hand...and Sawyer's quickly neutralized that weapon.

[Sawyer stays on the offensive, yanking Bonham up and backing him into the ropes, then sending him for the ride.]

SA: Here comes the Irish whip... and here comes Bonham...

[...who gets sent feet over head with a brutal clothesline from Sawyer!]

DW: And there goes Bonham! Geez, Sal!

AK3: Take note of where that blow was delivered, boys. Not the head or the neck, but right across the chest. It's designed to knock the wind right out of your lungs, to make your heart skip a beat, to make you think if you really want to risk taking another one of those shots or to get the hell out of there before you need a defibrillator.

[A stunned Bonham rolls to his side, the close-up shot of the camera zeroing in on his glassed-over eyes.]

SA: Beef Bonham is on dream street right now, Dee Dub, and finally... finally Sawyer gives him a little space.

AK3: Don't let up, Curt. No mercy.

[After a few seconds for Sawyer to perhaps ponder his next move, he assists Bonham in returning to a vertical base before locking on a front chancery. Sawyer turns and shoots a very intense glance the way of his tag team partner before hoisting Beef into the air...

...and driving him right back down into the mat chest-first!]

SA: GOURDBUSTER! So simple and yet so effective, Dee Dub.

DW: Yeah, and that's over 300 pounds Sawyer just lifted into the air like it was nothing!

AK3: Again, boys, pay attention to the plan. First we neutralized the right arm, Bonham's only real option to attack with. Now we're taking the wind out of his overly-obese sails.

[The camera cuts again to a tight shot of Bonham on the mat, presently gasping for air.]

AK3: Literally.

SA: No question it's been all Curt Sawyer so far, really spoiling the return of Beef Bonham. Sawyer again drags him up...but Bonham's fighting back! There's a shot to the gut! And another! And a third!

[Bonham finally gives the Center Stage crowd a reason to cheer as he's got Sawyer doubled over, allowing Beef enough of a gap to get to his feet. With a second wind, Bonham starts throwing left jabs into the jaw of a staggered Sawyer.]

DW: Oh yeah! Keep it going, Beef!

SA: Bonham stays on the attack, using his left arm instead of his right thanks to that earlier attack from Sawyer.

[With each jab that lands, the Center Stage crowd chants along.

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

Four land in succession, putting Sawyer on his heels, but before the fifth gets thrown Curt manages to regain his footing and drive a hard knee into the gut of Bonham.

"BOO!"]

SA: A big knee from Sawyer slows Beef down! He had it going for a brief moment, there, Dee Dub.

DW: He did, but you have to admit that was a nice counter from Sawyer.

AK3: You expected anything less? Remember the training he's been getting. He's not your friendly neighborhood bartender any more, boys.

[Sawyer bends down, placing the top of his head underneath Beef's chin, then drops down to his knees while keeping the arrangement of their skulls in place.]

SA: Oh my, jawbreaker from Sawyer!

DW: Bonham's gonna be eating soup for a week. No beef for Beef!

AK3: Sal, is this kid seriously the best management can do for you?

DW: I might ask Curt Sawyer the same thing about you, Kingsley!

AK3: Careful, Westerly. With the decimal in the right place, I'm sure I could convince the brass to send you back to Texas permanently.

SA: Some control, gentlemen... please.

[Bonham's offense has officially ended. Beef has scooted on his knees into the corner while holding his chin and jaw while Sawyer gets back to his feet and resumes pursuit. He jerks Bonham out of the corner and sends him for the ride,

catching him on the rebound in a front waistlock, using Beef's momentum to turn them both the opposite direction, and driving him into the mat!]

SA: SPINEBUSTER! That's gotta be it, Dee Dub!

DW: Yeah, but Sawyer's not going for a pin.

[Instead, Sawyer stands over the downed Bonham, facing the hard camera. He extends his index finger on his right hand, grits his teeth, and slowly runs it across his throat in a slashing motion.]

AK3: Good, good. Let the viciousness flow through you, Curt. No mercy.

DW: By the way, Alexander, who is the "he" that you've referred to, like after your loss in the Stampede Cup?

AK3: It's cute that you think I'd answer that question, Westerly... especially to the likes of you.

SA: How about me?

AK3: Sorry, Big Sal. All in good time though... all in good time.

[Back in the ring, Sawyer has pulled a mostly-limp Bonham back to his feet and applied a front facelock. With another look at Kingsley, Sawyer throws all 262 pounds of his weight backward, taking Bonham with him into a DDT.]

SA: SAWYER SPIKES HIM! A spinebuster followed by a DDT! Sawyer finally with mercy and a cover...and that'll do it. A very impressive win for Curt Sawyer here on Power Hour tonight.

[Sawyer quickly pops back to his feet as the referee raises his hand in victory, then goes to check on a badly beaten Beef Bonham. Curt continues to stare into the void of the crowd, not paying attention to the boos raining down from the crowd. Instead, he again looks to Kingsley, who makes a breaking motion with his hands.

Sawyer seems to know what that means. Curt shoves away the referee from beside Bonham, then lays in the boots to his vanquished opponent!]

SA: Oh, come on now! Curt already got the win, there's nothing left to prove here!

AK3: Ah, but there is, Sal. There is.

[The timekeeper rings the bell repeatedly but it, of course, makes no difference. Bonham feebly tries to protect himself to no avail. Having had enough of the stomps, Sawyer pulls Beef back to his feet, locks on a front chancery and SPIKES him with a second high impact DDT!]

SA: This is uncalled for! Alexander, you've got to tell him to stop this unprovoked attack!

AK3: Unprovoked? How do you know it's unprovoked? Have you considered that Beef might have had an unpaid tab at the Rusty Spur?

SA: I thought everyone had an unpaid tab at the Rusty Spur.

AK3: Exactly, Sal.

[Sawyer glares down at the fallen Bonham, as if he's trying to decide whether he should stop or continue the post-match assault. The answer he settles on is the latter.]

SA: We're going to need some help out here... he's pulling the man up again and...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Another DDT! Bonham's going to be in a neck brace for a month at this rate!

DW: Come on, ref! Go get some help. I bet you're loving this - aren't you, Kingsley?

AK3: We're getting there, Westerly.

[Bonham lies motionless on the mat just as a swarm of officials hit the ring and put themselves between Beef and Sawyer. Curt pauses, possibly considering if it's worth it to take out a few officials in order to get another shot in, but ultimately climbs out of the ring where Kingsley - who has left commentary - joins him.]

SA: What a brutal assault by Curt Sawyer after he already won the match, and he may have just made Beef Bonham's return to the AWA the shortest in the history of the company, Dee Dub.

DW: I don't like it. I don't like what Kingsley has done to him. He's poisoned Curt's mind, I tell you!

SA: It's certainly not the Curt Sawyer everyone in the locker rooms and the office knew and loved back in Dallas, that's for sure. Let's see if Theresa can grab a word with him and understand just what has gotten into him.

[The camera cuts to the entrance area where Theresa Lynch has indeed intercepted Sawyer and Kingsley on their way to the back.]

TL: Curt Sawyer, I have to echo what Sal and Dylan just said. What in the world has gotten into you? Why are you listening to this man?

[Lynch extends the microphone toward Sawyer who pauses...thinking for a moment about how to answer the question...but instead shoots a glance at Kingsley. His smug partner shrugs his shoulders.]

TL: Curt, I'm asking you as a friend. What is wrong with you?

[This time, Sawyer doesn't hesitate. Gently but yet forcefully, he pushes Theresa's hand holding the microphone away from him but it still picks up the one sentence he says in response...]

CS: [faintly] Get that damn thing out of my face.

[...before he turns and walks away into the back, Kingsley in tow.]

TL: Sal, Dylan...I still can't believe what I'm seeing out of Curt Sawyer.

[She looks at the exit to the stage.]

TL: We're going to try and get more from him over this horrible, horrible scene that we just saw in the ring... and while the medical team tends to Beef Bonham, let's... what do we...

[She trails off, listening through her earpiece.]

TL: ...got it. Let's go backstage and hear from one-half of tonight's title versus title Main Event - the AWA National Champion, Jackson Hunter!

[Fade backstage to pre-recorded comments from Center Stage's green room. Jackson Hunter is in a black denim jacket with a wool collar, the National title belt clutched to his chest. The massive, sasquatch-like Blake Colton looms behind him, in a sleeveless flannel shirt and weathered blue jeans.]

JH: I've been out of this ring for so long, I forgot two of the things I'm best at:

FIRST, defying the odds. With the entire Colton family against me, and the entire wrestling world thinking that I have been blackballed for life... the Axis of Evil uncorked that lamp and set me free to do with the AWA what I will. I'm a man in his mid-forties with nothing in the tank except for a pile of old scores to settle.

And doesn't that just scare you to death?

[He smirks, holding up a second finger.]

JH: And SECOND, I love making history. The most days as Commonwealth Champion in Chinook Wrestling's history, and that accolade is carved into stone. Chew on that the next time you see me with my belt that I earned, in my very first one-on-one match in the AWA. And tonight, I can go home with another title in my second singles match? That's another day at the office for me.

So after claiming the National Title and after tonight, the AWA Television Championship, what's left for me to do? Maybe I'll roll back to Saturday Night Wrestling and renew acquaintances with my old pal Johnny Detson. I'm sure he'd love to be staring across the ring from me again, and I can have one belt for my waist, and one for either shoulder.

BC: In fact, Jax... you and Johnny shouldn't be adversaries in the first place. You two and Kurayami should hold a palace coup and form a Small Council. You can sit up in the Red Keep and look down and laugh at the locker room flinging poo at each other like King's Landing. That would really yank El Presidente's chain.

[Hunter chuckles, waving a hand at his young protege.]

JH: Well, I'll get to that in my own time, Death Star. It doesn't take much for me to get under people's skins it seems. I don't care if you're a Korugun executive, or a third generation star who chose to take the long way round.

Terry Shane, I've watched you sputter and stammer for years until last year, it all seemed to click. And you may think that coming off being knocked out of the Stampede Cup that I'm rattled and MY National Title is easy pickings. But here on Power Hour, there's no tag partner to bail you out. It's one-on-one for the title, kiddo. There's no bitter Jeremiah Colton in your corner. There's no preening Derrick Williams waiting in the wings to bail you out. I'm leaving tonight with two belts, and if anyone out there has anything to say about that, I'll fight my way through you like I fought through 40,000 treacherous fans at Mosaic Stadium!

Just watch me.

[Cut from the pre-recorded footage to the backstage area of the Center Stage Studios...]

TL: Fans, I'm backstage here on the Power Hour, trying to track down Curt Sawyer... trying to find out what in the world-

[Lynch rounds a corner and finds Sawyer, this time without Kingsley. Sawyer remains in his ring gear, his red jacket back on. He also remains looking like he's pissed off at the entire world.]

TL: Curt, as someone who has considered you a friend for years...you know your connection with my family...I have to ask you, what is going on with you?

[Curt visibly exhales through his nose, loud enough for the microphone to pick it up. With a grimace, he decides to answer this time.]

CS: What's going on with me? You wanna know what's going on with me, Theresa?

[He pauses, a very determined look crossing his face.]

CS: I finally got myself RIGHT, that's what.

TL: You call what you did out there RIGHT? Continuing to assault a man after you beat him convincingly?

[Sawyer snorts and laughs sarcastically.]

CS: Oh, so you want to talk about doing what's right, huh? Is that it?

Was it right for Todd Michaelson to talk me into training at the Combat Corner, barely doing a damn thing for me, then throwing me out there before I was ready so I could make a fool of myself and get injured?

Was it right for damn near every member of AWA personnel that walked into the Rusty Spur to expect I'd just let them drink what they wanted and pay me when they felt like it?

"Hey, Curt, left my wallet in the car. I'll get you next time."

"Hey, Curt, how about a round of drinks on the house for the boys, huh?"

Was it right for AWA management to cut me loose as soon as they got too big for Dallas and didn't need those free drinks anymore?

[Sawyer spits on the ground, the memories clearly seared into his mind.]

CS: How about all that? Was that right, Theresa?

See, the AWA? They spent years taking food OFF my table. The more the drinks went into their stomach, the less the food went down into the stomach of my wife and kids. You get that?

[Curt shakes his head.]

CS: Well, believe me when I say this, Theresa. Curt Sawyer is nobody's patsy any more. The days of being a nice guy are OVER. See, I finally came across someone who took an interest in ME, not because of what I could do for him. Hell, Alexander Kingsley already has everything he needs. Fast cars, beautiful women, vacation houses in places that you've never been and never will go, Theresa.

But he saw something in me that no one else did. He saw a fire in my eyes that everyone else overlooked.

[And on cue, the camera cuts to a tight shot of Sawyer's face and, indeed, there's a fire in his eyes.]

CS: He helped me unlock something I didn't even know was there and now you're going to see...you're going to see that this fire in my eyes comes from a mind of someone sick and tired of being USED...the mind of someone with nothing left to lose.

CJ: Hey! You ain't got no fire if all you doin' is crying them pity tears!

[The camera whips around to show the man behind that voice, City Jack, along side his long time tag partner Tin Can Rust. Jack, wearing an ornery look on his face, steps into the area while Rust, confused, walks behind.]

CJ: Forgive me Miss Lynch, but I couldn't hear no more of this without saying my peace. Sawyer, this here...

[Jack waves his arms in front of Sawyer, who only incredulously stares straight back.]

CJ: This ain't the man I knew. Stickin' with some scum suckin', lowlife mill-on-aire. You got yourself "right"? You ain't got NOTHIN' right!

[Jack stabs a meaty finger into the chest of Sawyer.]

TCR: Come on, Jack, this ain't the battle, you hung 'em up... and Curt's a good man, just -

CJ: Just NOTHIN', Hugh! I'm used to hearing the belly-aching, woe is me from the guys who just started lacing up their boots, but you, Sawyer?

[Rust, of all people, tries to play peacemaker and gets in between Jack and Sawyer, but Jack pushes his partner aside.]

CJ: You know better! Shoot, you WERE a good man! You WERE a man who knew being rich in heart, heavy with honor meant more than some fat pockets. But now?

[Jack looks over Sawyer, shaking his head wagging his finger.]

CJ: You nothin' but a "fiery" backsliding punk!

[Rust just palms his face as Jack gives Sawyer a stink eye before storming off. Rust walks off after Jack as the camera comes back to a seething Sawyer. Curt pauses, perhaps considering if he's going to go after Jack or not, and apparently decides not to. Instead, he leans in toward Theresa and the microphone. He speaks, not with anger, but rather with a cold, calculating tone that has hereunto been foreign to him.]

CS: Mark my words, Theresa... Jack's gonna regret this day for the rest of his miserable life.

[And with that, Sawyer marches off in the opposite direction.]

TL: Well, that escalated quickly. Back to you, Sal.

[We fade from backstage to a shocked-looking Salvatore Albano and Dylan Westerly.]

SA: Thank you, Theresa... and with all the anger flying around backstage, you should get back out here to your post ASAP.

DW: No kidding.

SA: A surprise appearance backstage here tonight by Kentucky's Pride, no doubt here to see Landon Grant in action and... well, City Jack certainly had some words aimed at Curt Sawyer... and I don't quite know what to make of that. So, uhh... well, while we wait for Theresa to get back into position, let's go out to the ring for our next match!

[We fade to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing once again.]

TG: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Already in the ring... from Stone Mountain, Georgia... weighing in at 210 pounds... Earnest Barnes!

[Barnes is a smallish, but well-muscled African-American man with a lot of curly chest hair, bushy beard and crispy twisted afro. Sharp-eyed viewers will recognize him from previous Power Hour episodes. He has new burgundy bicycle shorts. As usual he does the Ali shuffle, flashing terrifically quick hands. The crowd applauds his dexterity.]

SA: Earnest Barnes, a local product here in the ring on Power Hour. I'm looking forward to seeing more from this young man. He's been a delight in the ring each time we see him.

DW: One thing about this kid is that he has heart, Big Sal. We've seen him face some tough competitors here in the past. He might be in for his toughest challenge yet.

SA: Might?

[Graham continues.]

TG: And his opponent...

[The studio lights turn down as a staticky voice crackles over the PA: "Get in that cell!" The sound of a steel cell door slamming shut turns into the unrelenting drum and piano loop of Public Enemy's "Black Steel in the Hour of Chaos."]

TG: From Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing 340 pounds...

DERRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEK RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[A hush falls over the crowd as Derek Rage steps through the curtains in his black hooded robes.]

DW: Would you look at the size of this hamhock!

SA: Seven feet two and 340 pounds. You're looking at the reincarnation of Wilt Chamberlain here, Dee Dub... if The Stilt was up for the world of pro wrestling that is.

DW: And just like Wilt Chamberlain ... nobody loves Goliath.

[Rage steps over the ropes, throwing back his hood to reveal his permanently scowling face. The Afro-Canadian with the twisted knots of hair and the perfectly trimmed Van Dyke beard stares daggers through Earnest Barnes who blanches at the sight.]

SA: And with one look aimed at Earnest Barnes, Mr. Barnes may have lost control of some bodily functions.

DW: Big Sal, the big man from Nova Scotia is never happy, but after what happened at the Battle of Saskatchewan with his own brother, Shadoe Rage, dropping an elbow on him to cause a loss... I mean, I'd be pretty angry too. Heck, I've got my own problems with how my family behaves.

SA: Don't we all. And unfortunately for Earnest Barnes this business allows you to take out your anger with your fists.

[Rage shrugs off his robes, revealing a massive, muscled body, long powerful arms, long strapping legs and 340 pounds of bad attitude in black togs with purple insets.]

DW: I feel like Earnest Barnes better notify his next of kin.

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell has sounded and we're underway here on the all-new Power Hour as... goodness, Dee Dub... look at the look in the big man's eyes.

[The shot closes up on Rage's murderous hazel eyes.]

DW: I really don't feel good for Earnest Barnes here! Get out, man! Run! Flee for your life!

[Rage lunges towards a cornered Barnes, but the man from Stone Mountain ducks under the dive, causing Rage to hit the corner hard, turning to feel a kick to the midsection.]

SA: Barnes down under and back up... and letting the fists fly now!

[The crowd cheers as Barnes unleashes a flurry of boxing combinations to the chest and body that forces Rage to cover up.]

SA: The fans in Hotlanta are behind this local competitor as he tries for the biggest upset of his life, hammering away at Derek Rage... trying to chop this mighty oak down and-

[But instead, it's Derek Rage who cuts down a much-smaller tree with one stroke of the ax - a single overhand right that sends Barnes tumbling head over heels towards the opposite corner.]

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON! AND LIKE A BOTTLE OF CLEARASIL DEREK RAGE WITH THAT ONE BIG RIGHT HAND HAS CHANGED THE COMPLEXION OF THIS MATCH!

[Derek Rage glares down at Barnes as he struggles to get up the mat...]

SA: Barnes trying to get up... and can you believe that?

DW: Nope. I'd stay down if I were him. Take the KO.

SA: I don't even think Derek Rage would let that happen if he tried.

[Barnes uses the ropes, pulling himself up into the corner. He desperately charges forward, leaping into the air for a crossbody...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd can't help but explode as Derek Rage charges out of the corner and leaps, meeting Barnes in mid-flight with a giant overhand slap known as the Shot Block! Barnes gets rejected back down to the mat, barely moving on the canvas as the Atlanta crowd buzzes at the show of strength.]

SA: MY GOODNESS! DEREK RAGE WITH THE SHOT BLOCK! HE SENT HIM FLYING, DEE DUB! WHAT A SHOT BLOCK BY THE FORMER BASKETBALL PLAYER!

DW: NOW can he stay down?

[The crowd buzzes as again Barnes rolls towards the ropes, looking for support as Derek Rage glowers in his direction.]

SA: Two mighty blows by the seven foot Korugun monster - no sign of Javier Castillo or Veronica Westerly though. Both of them are obviously still in Canada, getting ready for next weekend's Saturday Night Wrestling event...

[Reaching the corner, Barnes hauls himself up, falling limply against the buckles...
...into perfect position for an eager Derek Rage.]

SA: The seven foot Rage on the move!

[Derek Rage charges into the corner, spinning to crush his backside into Barnes who tries to hold his wind.]

SA: And now the Box Out! Derek Rage putting classic basketball moves into killer wrestling moves.

[Rage clutches Barnes by the face and starts ramming the back of the young kid's head faster and faster into the turnbuckle.]

DW: He's dribbling his head like a basketball, Sal. This kid might have a concussion.

[Keeping his grip on the face, Derek Rage drags him out to the middle of the ring, looking out on the jeering crowd...]

SA: And I think we all know what comes next.

[With the claw hold maintained, he hoists Barnes high into the air and spikes him to the mat with the Hammer of God!]

SA: BOOMSHAKALAKA, THERE GOES THE RING ROCKER! DEREK RAGE WITH THE HAMMER OF GOD! AND THIS ONE HAS TO BE OVER!

DW: Derek Rage holding the pin!

[Scott Ezra drops to his knees and then hits the mat with a deliberate and inexorable cadence ... 1 ... 2 ... 3!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The camera focuses in on Derek Rage still down over his opponent, pinning him with the clawhold. The man's expression has yet to change but one thing is evident... he is smiling as Tyler Graham makes it official.]

SA: Derek Rage with the win here in dominant fashion. And I think he... WAIT, NO!

[Rage hops to his feet, ripping Barnes off the canvas and up into air and smashes him down to the canvas with another Hammer of God. The crowd boos sharply as Rage shakes his head in disgust and storms away from the ring.]

DW: There's no call for that, Big Sal. Derek Rage in a foul mood tonight. Somebody's got to teach him some manners.

SA: I have to...

[Big Sal trails off, falling silent as Derek Rage strides past them. Once he is gone, Sal gets his voice back.]

SA: Yes, he does need an attitude adjustment but I'm not going to be the one to tell him that, Dylan. Momma Albano didn't raise no fool. Fans, we're going to take a quick break and when we come back, we'll have the debut of a brand new AWA superstar so don't go away!

[We fade to black on the empty ring...

We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade to black...

...and then fade back up to live action inside Center Stage Studios, a wide shot of the entire building.]

SA: Welcome back, fans! Up next on the all-new Power Hour, we have two men who are making AWA debuts! Let's go to Tyler Graham for the introductions!

[We cut to Tyler Graham, who has two wrestlers in the ring, along with referee Andy Dawson.]

TG: Our next contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, hailing from Hilton Head, South Carolina, and weighing 211 pounds... RUSS ASHLEY!

[A cut to Russ Ashley, a 5'11" white man wearing a green singlet, white kneepads, and white boots. He has closely cropped brown hair, and a slight growth of facial hair. He gets a polite reaction as he simply raises his hand in the air.]

TG: And his opponent... hailing from Wigan, Greater Manchester, England, and weighing 239 pounds... he is "The Wigan Wolf"... NOAH RHODES!

[We cut to Noah Rhodes, who is also white, 6'3", and appears to be much more intimidating. He is wearing black trunks with his first name across the seat in purple print, along with purple kneepads and purple ankle-high boots. He has scars on his right shoulder and along his back. His hair is long and dark brown, with a small patch of blond at the tips in the middle, and his facial hair is in a neatly kept beard. His fingernails are also painted black. He stands stoic, glaring at Russ Ashley.]

SA: So here we see the debut of another member of the Rhodes family, Dee Dub, going up against a mainstay of Southeastern independents in Russ Ashley. How familiar are you with these two?

DW: Well, Russ Ashley has been a pro for about seven years, and has mostly been wrestling in the Carolinas and Florida, so this is a big chance for him to get a break. I have to admit... I'm puzzled to see Noah Rhodes here, though. Didn't Dana Kaiser say a couple of weeks ago that Noah was signed to another organization in Japan?

SA: ...hey, you're right! Maybe that deal lapsed?

DW: Possible! I do know that he's 22 years old, the son of Patrick Rhodes, and of course, the cousin of Raphael Rhodes. I also know that he's one of the largest members of the Rhodes family, and he's also one of the only ones to not be trained by the family itself... he was trained by Shane Destiny, Big Sal.

SA: That's quite a wrestler to be trained by, Dee Dub. The bell has sounded, this one is officially underway, let's see what these two kids can do!

[Rhodes doesn't move from the corner, instead continuing to stare at Ashley, so Ashley starts off by clapping his hands and encouraging the crowd to join in.]

SA: A little fan interaction here by Russ Ashley, good to see someone who likes to get involved with the fans.

DW: Sometimes those cheers can give you just the edge you need, but Noah Rhodes sure doesn't seem to care about that.

[Rhodes remains stationary in the corner, as Ashley slowly approaches. Ashley seems unsure of how to attack someone who hasn't moved.]

SA: Are we sure we didn't bring in a statue of this kid from Japan?

[Both chuckle, then Rhodes raises his hands and motions for Ashley to attack.]

DW: Maybe we brought in a hologram?

[More chuckles. Ashley goes to dive at Rhodes' leg with a single leg takedown, when Rhodes suddenly sprawls out.]

SA: Whoa! Noah Rhodes with some quick reflexes here! He does move after all!

DW: He suckered Russ Ashley in exactly where he wanted him, Big Sal!

[Rhodes drives a knee directly into the sternum of Ashley, causing Ashley to gasp for breath, then wraps his arms around Ashley's waist.]

SA: Rhodes with a waistlock here as he has the back of Ashley... perhaps going to set up something on the ground, Dee Dub?

DW: I think he may have more sinister intentions, Sal, look at that smile!

[Indeed, Rhodes has a grin across his face, as he gets to a crouching position... and lifts!]

DW: WHOA!

SA: Rhodes with the deadlift here... and takes Ashley over with a gutwrench suplex! That's some strength here by this Englishman!

[Rhodes gets to his feet, pushing Ashley's head with his boot.]

"GET UP!"

SA: Noah Rhodes wants Russ Ashley back on his feet, almost taunting him with those boot pushes.

DW: This kid almost seems like he's meaner than his cousin, if that's possible, Big Sal.

SA: Perish the thought.

[Rhodes pushes Ashley's head with his boot again, getting Ashley onto his back, then lands with a kneedrop dangerously close to Ashley's throat, triggering a warning from Andy Dawson.]

SA: Andy Dawson telling Rhodes to keep those strikes away from the throat of Russ Ashley, and Noah Rhodes looks none too pleased with that.

DW: Ashley's rolled over onto his stomach...

[Rhodes looks at Dawson...]

"STAY AWAY FROM HIS THROAT, YEAH? WATCH THIS!"

[Rhodes dives onto Ashley's back, grabbing an arm in a chicken wing and applying a facelock, snaring Ashley in a body scissors as well.]

DW: Chicken wing facelock, with a body scissors for good measure! Dawson's checking to make sure that forearm's not on the windpipe...

[Rhodes glares at Dawson and shouts out again.]

"IT AIN'T ON HIS THROAT, MATE! CHECK HIM!"

SA: Russ Ashley snared in that chicken wing facelock, and Noah Rhodes is wrenching that hold in tight! He's using that body scissors almost as if he was trying to pull Russ Ashley like taffy!

DW: Rhodes is pulling down on the waist and hips of Ashley with his legs, while at the same time wrenching the neck and shoulder with his arms...

SA: And there's the submission, Dee Dub! Russ Ashley can't take any more!

[Ashley is frantically tapping out, as Dawson signals for the bell, then tells Rhodes to let his conquered opponent go.]

SA: A dominant victory here by Noah Rhodes in his AWA debut... Dee Dub, he's not letting go!

[Rhodes continues to yank on the arm and neck of Ashley, as Dawson lays the count down on him. Finally, at the count of four, Rhodes lets go and gets back to his feet, glaring at Dawson.]

DW: Noah Rhodes cutting it very close to getting disqualified, Big Sal, but he will get the win.

SA: And if he's going to bring that level of intensity to the AWA on a regular basis, I shudder to think what he's got coming up next. Theresa, standing by... you sure you want to talk to this kid?

[We cut over to Theresa Lynch at the interview area.]

TL: Guys, after seeing that, I'm not so sure! I am scheduled to talk to the winner though, so let's welcome him in... "The Wigan Wolf", Noah Rhodes! Noah, congratulations on your debut win here on the all-new Power Hour.

[Noah Rhodes walks into the frame and stands next to Theresa Lynch, giving her a curt nod.]

TL: I have to admit, it was a surprise when I saw your name on the format. After all, Dana Kaiser had mentioned that you had been wrestling for Rising Pro in Japan, it really seemed like you were locked in there.

[Rhodes shrugs.]

NR: Well, lass, I ain't. And that place is in my past. This is where I want to be plying my trade in the future, because all I ever heard from my family for years was that all us Rhodeses should aim for is Europe and Japan. If it was up to them, I'd be wrestling in some bog in Germany, or living back in those dojos in Japan, washing someone's back for years until they finally let me be more than just someone's kohai. I came over to this country to learn from Shane Destiny originally, and now I'm back to start working my way up the ladder and make some real money.

TL: I think that's fair. I do have to ask, though...

[Lynch motions to Rhodes' fingers.]

TL: Is there significance to the black fingernails?

NR: Yeah, lass. When I was a little lad, my grandfather told me that in our family, the men used to do two things. Either they fought, or they worked the coal mines. He showed me pictures of the men in our family who failed to be fighters, and how their hands were stained with coal dust.

[Rhodes smiles, but not a comforting smile.]

NR: It's the only piece of information I ever got from my family that was worth it. Because it told me that if I failed as a fighter, I'd be dead common, just like all those coal mining failures in my family. And these fingers... I paint them black to remind myself of what would await me if I fail. I ain't going to be dead common, lass. Breaking bodies is far more satisfying than breaking rock.

[Lynch nods, uncomfortable with the answer.]

TL: Obviously, you're not the only Rhodes here. Your cousin, Raph-...

[Rhodes puts up his hand.]

NR: I ain't talking about him. He ain't got nothing to do with me, and I ain't got nothing to do with him. We're two different people. Our last name ain't nothing but coincidence, as far as I'm concerned.

TL: But he...

NR: ... is irrelevant to my goals, lass. I ain't dealing with this. Learn to talk about who's in front of you.

[Rhodes walks off, leaving Lynch stunned. Lynch sighs in a bit of a huff.]

TL: Well! He sure is charming! Noah Rhodes is here in the AWA, and he clearly wants to be his own man. He clearly wants nothing to do with his cous-

[A loud shout is heard from off-camera.]

"THERESA!"

[Theresa looks startled... then exasperated as she sees the source of the shout. With a sigh, she responds...]

TL: Hey Donna.

[The camera pulls back a bit as Donna Martinelli comes stomping into view. Her bleached blond hair is puffed up a bit, her makeup a little bit to excess. She's wearing a neon green singlet with a sparkly, glittery mesh ballet skirt over it.]

DM: THERESA! You're in charge of this show, right?

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: No, sweetie... I told you... I'm just the host. We've got producers and directors and-

[Donna cuts her off, stomping her foot.]

DM: BUT! YOU'RE! IN! CHARGE!

TL: I'm not... okay... tell me what's wrong.

[Martinelli puts on a pouty face.]

DM: Mr. Castillo - that nice man - said I should come here tonight and he'd give me a match!

[Theresa furrows her brow, turning to look through her format.]

TL: Well, yes. It's on here. You've got a match coming up a little later.

DM: What KIND of a match, Theresa?!

[She crosses her arms for punctuation.]

TL: A... tag team match?

DM: YES! A TAG TEAM MATCH! Do I have a tag team partner that I train with Theresa? Do I have a partner who I've been working with for years - to become one unit like the Soldiers of Fortune or the American Idols?!

TL: I'm guessing... no?

DM: NO! I DON'T! This has gotta be Todd Michaelson's doing. He heard about Mr. Castillo being nice to me and he's... he's...

TL: Please don't say-

DM: TODD BLOCKING ME!

TL: -it. Okay. So, you've got a tag match. So what? You're still on the show! You've still got your shot to impress the world and show them what you're capable of!

[Martinelli wrinkles her nose.]

DM: I guess but...

TL: But nothing, Donna! This is your chance! This is your moment!

DM: Oh... right. And you know, Theresa... some people wait a lifetime...

TL: Please don't.

[Donna breaks into song, her arms spreading wide as her not-so-pleasant singing voice finishes the lyric.]

DM: ...for a moooooomennnnnt lllllllike THISSSSSSSSSSSSS!

[The fans are on her case now as Donna grins.]

DM: Thanks, Theresa. You really know how to make someone feel special.

[She claps her hands together, bouncing out of view as Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: We'll be right back.

[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 back up on the ring where Tyler Graham is already standing.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

TG: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring from Augusta, Georgia... weighing 350 pounds... Davis Pelly.

[Pelly is a portly wrestler in plain maroon unitard and a bad mullet. He throws slow, stiff punches to loosen up.]

TG: And his opponent...

[The crowd boos as Mickey Cherry emerges from behind the curtains as “Jesus Christ Superstar” plays.]

TG: Being accompanied to the ring by his manager, Mickey Cherry... from Big Sur, California... weighing in at 308 pounds ... he is the INCREDIBLE, the ASTONISHING, THE ALMIGHTY... ATLASSSSSSS ARRRRRRRMSTRONNNNG!

[Cherry is in a tacky powder pink tuxedo with a blue cummerbund and matching bow tie. He swaggers a few steps before he turns and points his cane at the

entrance. A hush falls across the studio audience as the massive figure of Atlas Armstrong emerges from the back. He is cloaked in his gold cape as he makes his way down the aisle following Mickey Cherry.]

SA: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour as we see Mickey Cherry leading the statuesque Atlas Armstrong towards the ring.

DW: What a guy with the size and skill of Armstrong is doing with a pipsqueak like Cherry is beyond me, Sal.

SA: They certainly do make for quite the odd couple.

[Armstrong strides into the center of the ring, dropping into a Thinker's pose as Mickey Cherry unties his cape to reveal the spectacular physique that is Atlas Armstrong.]

SA: I know it's only been seven days since I've seen Mickey Cherry do the unveiling of Atlas Armstrong but goodness gracious, I think he's become even more muscular in that time, Dee Dub.

DW: I gotta give it to the man. He puts in his time in the gym - that much is clear, but Sal, I just can't get behind his attitude.

SA: Atlas does have an opinion of himself as big as his biceps but let's see what he can do with this chunk of beef here in Davis Pelly. Atlas Armstrong has been looking for the biggest men in all the land in the words of current MMA competitor and former AWA champion, Hercules Hammonds. Armstrong wants to show the world that like Sauron in the Lord of the Rings, he rules all the rings.

DW: I want to see what he does with Pelly who is built like a power lifter not a body builder like Atlas. I wonder if he will test Atlas' abilities, Sal. I gotta think we've yet to see the upper limits of Atlas' strength.

SA: You know who else's strength we haven't seen the upper limits of yet? A superhero Atlas Armstrong has been having issues with these past few weeks... the man from Neptune, Omega.

DW: I can't wait for that one, Big Sal.

[As Cherry exits, Armstrong gives a tug on the ropes.]

SA: And neither can Atlas and Omega. That's a confrontation that has been brewing ever since Omega interrupted Atlas' posing here at the beautiful Center Stage Studios right here in Hotlanta, GA. But that's a battle for another time because right now, we're about to see Davis Pelly and Atlas Armstrong hook 'em up!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell sounds and these two behemoths are immediately out of their corners, circling one another and- what's this now?

[Armstrong stops abruptly, pointing at Pelly's ample midsection and breaking into laughter.]

DW: Oh, that's real nice. Bullying and bodyshaming... the Armstrong Special.

SA: Well, Davis Pelly certainly doesn't come into this one with the physique of Atlas Armstrong...

DW: Who does?

SA: Very few to be certain. Just looking at Armstrong, he's got so many abdominals on display, I've lost track. Is it a six pack? An eight pack?

DW: Pelly doesn't have an eight pack, he's got a keg!

SA: But as we've seen in the past, it's not always the size of the man in the fight... it's the size of the fight in the man... or woman.

[Atlas shakes his head in derision as Mickey Cherry laughs hysterically on the outside of the ring. The crowd boos as Atlas starts posing, showing the differences between his physique and Pelly's.]

SA: Armstrong making sure everyone can do a direct comparison here and...

[Pelly simply walks across the ring, winding up in mid-pose...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND DAVIS PELLY GOES RIGHT UPSIDE THE HEAD OF ATLAS ARMSTRONG, FANS!

[Armstrong grabs at the side of his face in shock, falling back into the ropes in disbelief!]

DW: Ha! You got him stunned now get 'im, big boy!

[Pelly continues his aggressive assault, throwing forearms to Atlas' enormous chest. The crowd cheers him on.]

SA: And Pelly certainly is "getting him" so far in this one!

[A furious Armstrong reaches out, shoving him away with a fierce palm to the face. Armstrong shakes his dark wavy locks, marching out of the corner towards the off-balance Pelly...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND ARMSTRONG RETURNS THE FAVOR WITH A LITTLE EXTRA MUSTARD ON THAT OPEN-HANDED SANDWICH!

[Pelly drops flat on his back from the blow as a fuming Armstrong steps on his neck, badmouthing Pelly as he flexes.]

SA: Adding insult to injury here as Armstrong lets the downed Pelly have it... what a slap that was by the big man from Big Sur, Dee Dub.

DW: I hope Pelly's got his dentist on speed dial - lord have mercy!

[The official counts Armstrong for the blatant choke... but Atlas hangs on until the count of four and change, risking disqualification as he turns his focus on Andy Dawson. The high-pitched squeak of Mickey Cherry fills the air.]

"Hey Dawson, you just stay out of Atlas' way if you know what's good for you! Atlas, show him the lat spread!"

[Smiling, Atlas spreads the hood of his back. Andy Dawson pauses, intimidated for a moment before he shakes it off and gets back to telling Atlas to back up.]

SA: Armstrong taking the time to show off even more of his impressive physique... and now he's going to pull the man up off the mat.

[Pelly is still reeling from that slap across the face as Armstrong rakes his fingers across the eyes.]

SA: Right to the eyes!

DW: No reason for that, Sal. He's got the man well in hand... that's just Armstrong being a jerk.

SA: Don't let him hear you say that... and now he's dragging him over to the corner...

[He yanks his head back and rams Pelly's forehead into the corner.]

SA: Big smash off the turnbuckle! Now across the ring again... for another smash off the turnbuckle.

DW: Pelly really shaken up by those turnbuckle smashes. And here's a headbutt from the big man that'll really leave him woozy.

[With Pelly practically out on his feet already, Atlas swoops in behind him, lifting him high into the air...]

SA: Pick up from behind and we know what's coming next... and DOWWWWWN with that patented atomic drop! That'll leave a mark!

DW: I'm not gonna check to see if you're right but he may be in need of an adjustment after that tailbone crusher!

[Peeling a prone Pelly off the mat, Armstrong muscles him back against the ropes, whipping him across the ring...]

SA: Armstrong shoots him in...

[And as Pelly bounces back, the powerhouse lifts the 350 pounder up in his powerful arms... pauses...

...and throws him down in a ring-shaking spinebuster!]

SA: THAT ONE ROCKS THE RICHTER SCALE! DUCK AND COVER, DEE DUB!

DW: Whoooooa nelly. Can we get a replay on that? That was vicious!

[The replay plays as we see Pelly bounce off the ropes and stumble into Atlas' grasp. Atlas tosses the three hundred fifty pound wrestler high into the air before throwing him down to the mat with a vicious one-handed spinebuster. Pelly cringes on the mat at the impact.]

SA: That was one of the most impressive feats of power and strength I've seen from Atlas to date and I've seen plenty. Uh oh, it looks like Atlas is signaling for the end.

DW: He's not getting paid by the hour.

"That's it, Atlas Baby, show em what it's like when you offend the Almighty! Atlas, drop the Heavens on him!"

[And with that exhortation from Mickey Cherry, Atlas Armstrong hoists Pelly up off the canvas and drapes him face up across his shoulders. It seems to take no effort whatsoever. Atlas marches around center ring, torquing the man's back.]

SA: And we've seen this before! Armstrong with Pelly draped across those massive shoulders, pulling down on his arm and neck, wrecking the neck, breaking the back and...

[He stops in the center of the ring, staring into the hard camera and smirks. His hazel eyes are icy as he grits his teeth and brings his arms down to his side, snapping Pelly's back across his shoulders.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: SWEET SISTER SANTA MARIA! HE SNAPPED HIS SPINE! HE SNAPPED HIS SPINE!

DW: Davis Pelly barely able to tap out from the feeling the power of that torque. He might have a spinal injury, Big Sal!

SA: Armstrong racking up another win here on Power Hour. And he did it in impressive and vicious fashion. Somebody has to step up to this man!

[Armstrong shrugs Pelly off his back to the canvas like a sack of... well, it's disrespectful. Atlas hits a double biceps pose, kissing the bellies of each of the 25 calibre cannons as Mickey Cherry stalks outside the ring, shouting off-mic.]]

"Somebody get out here! I got stuff to say!"

SA: Armstrong picks up the win... continuing his undefeated streak which has been rolling on for months now... and now, let's toss it over to our colleague Theresa Lynch... and believe it or not, Mickey Cherry wants to expound on the virtues of Atlas. Theresa, good luck!

[Over at the interview podium, Theresa Lynch tries to mask a look that says, "here we go again," as Mickey Cherry and Atlas Armstrong join her.]

TL: Well, you said it, Big Sal: Atlas Armstrong, still undefeated in the AWA. I have to think that sooner or later, there will come a challenge to-

[Lynch loses her train of thought when she is joined onstage by a weedy young man in glasses and a sharp blue suit: AWA cub reporter, Sebastian McIntyre!]

SMc: Sorry, Theresa. Sorry to interrupt, but...

[He shoots her a very obvious surreptitious wink.]

SMc: ...You're, uh... wanted on the phone. I'll take over if you don't mind.

TL: Oh, well if you insist... "Seb."

[Lynch hands the microphone to Sebastian McIntyre, who grins as innocuously as he can.]

SMc: Wwwwwwwwhat's up guys! Seb Mac on the All New Power Hour and I'm here with Mickey Cherry and Atlas Armstrong. And Mickey, I have to say... that was an okay win. I guess.

MC: An okay win? What are you talking about you little mutanoid? What's the matter, baby? Your glasses too thick? That was a win befitting a man as omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent as Atlas Armstrong!

[While Mickey Cherry is ranting and raving, Atlas Armstrong's eyes narrow, glaring at the interloping cub reporter.]

MC: How dare you, Mutanoid? How dare you insult Atlas Armstrong with a statement like that? In fact, do you remember that pipsqueak phony baloney superhero Omega? He's too scared to be within 50 feet of the Almighty One himself!

SMc: Oh yes. Omega would certainly not even make eye contact with Atlas Armstrong.

[McIntyre flashes a toothy grin at Atlas. Armstrong's eyes narrow.]

AA: Mickey...

MC: Hey, don't worry about it Atlas, baby. I got this, daddy. You said it, little man: if Omega were half the superhero he claims to be, he'd be standing right here, taking a beating from the real Superhuman Superman!

SMc: Ah, but he's not a superhero, obviously! Otherwise Omega would be here!

[The fans have caught on to the joke, and Sebastian McIntyre mimes for them to shush while trying to suppress a giggle.]

AA: But that's-

MC: Atlas, don't waste your words on this little Mutanoid! I said I got this!

AA: Look!

[Mickey Cherry suddenly takes a good look at Sebastian McIntyre for the first time, and the wheels start to turn in his head.]

MC: Say, Jack ... Do I know you from somewhere?

[McIntyre's eyes roll nervously from left to right.]

SMc: Ohhhh, I dunno. I'm a pretty sociable human.

AA: It's Om-

MC: Hold on, Atlas, I'm trying to figure this out. And I know I've seen you somewhere before, Mac Daddy, but anyway... if that little stringbean Omega wants to show up around here again, Atlas is going to make sure that little punk gets booted all the way back to Neptune or wherever he says he comes from. I guarantee that if Omega got within twenty feet of The One, The Only, The Original Almighty Atlas Armstrong, he'd melt in his very presence!

SMc: Welp... I'll pass that along the next time we see the Neptunian. Until then, Seb Mac... OUT!

[With a flourish, Sebastian McIntyre whirls off-camera. Atlas Armstrong shakes his head at Mickey Cherry.]

MC: Atlas, what is eating you?

[Armstrong whispers in Cherry's ear.]

MC: HEY!

[Cherry races after the long gone Sebastian McIntyre with Armstrong following them both as a grinning Theresa Lynch walks back onto camera.]

TL: Huh. Turned out there was no one on the phone for me after all. Oh well. Fans, right now, it's time for "This Week in Social Media" on Power Hour.

[The graphic flies across the screen, quickly followed by a montage of brackets.]

TL: And as you'd expect following the #StampedeCup2017 hashtag, there was massive fallout from the Stampede Cup tournament. Not only did no one pick a perfect bracket... at least, anyone we can certify that filled a bracket BEFORE the show went on air - that's the way it goes, Bucky; we check these things...

[Theresa grins again.]

T L:...but the controversy around Hannibal Carver and Ryan Martinez's surprise elimination from the tournament got the hashtag #SaskatchewanScrewjob trending.

[The screen changes to show a graphic with a Tweet referencing that hashtag.]



TL: I'm sure President Castillo is going to have to answer to some fan hostility for that decision when Saturday Night Wrestling rolls into the MTS Center in Winnipeg, Canada in a week's time. Although that wasn't the only narrative coming out of the Cup. There were some other heartbreaking moments in the Stampede Cup.

[Another Tweet comes up to replace Backslide Driver's.]



TL: Our old friend City Jack went out with his boots on in the Quarterfinals against the American Idols. Thank you, Kentucky's Pride, and thank you too, City Jack.

But one of the most active moments across the AWA Galaxy's social media didn't come from the Stampede Cup... it came from the first half of our double Main Event.

[Cut to footage earmarked, "LAST WEEK." It's a clip from Kerry Kendrick's interview with Gordon Myers.]

KK: Where was she at Memorial Day Mayhem? The first woman to ever enter the men's Rumble match, and how does she prepare? Wasting half her energy in some silly grudge against Gal Gadot.

[Back to Center Stage. Theresa Lynch has something of a sad look on her face.]

TL: Thousands of you sent us messages on Twitter and other forms of social media to let us know that wasn't accurate. Back in 2010, the world was a little different and none of us really knew how to handle when this specific entrant was in the Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem back then.

[Lynch pauses for a beat.]

TL: But the important thing is that she's being rightfully recognized as who she is, and that includes recognition for what she accomplished back when maybe we weren't so sure about that. So to correct the record, the corrections that everyone sent us were about Michelle Bailey being the first woman to enter the men's Rumble. And if you don't believe me, well... take Ricki Toughill's word for it!

[There is some hesitation. Theresa Lynch looks off-camera.]

TL: You can put it up, I'm producing this segment.

[On cue, the graphic comes up on the screen.]



ricki t
@ShrewsFiddle



Flattered you think so highly of me
@SMMKendrick but I was never the first
woman in the Men's Rumble. I know you
don't pay attention to any else's career
but your own, but how dense to you have
to be to forget Michelle Bailey?

TL: Ricki Toughill said it herself. Now, I've spoken to Gordon Myers since then and... well, to say Gordon's disappointed in himself would be putting it mildly. Gordon has many roles in this company but the one he treasures the most is being the voice of truth... the voice the fans and everyone else can rely on. He is disheartened that he didn't correct Kerry Kendrick at the time... but even moreso that he also called Ricki as the first woman in the Rumble back at Memorial Day Mayhem earlier this year. I

know that Gordon has personally apologized to Michelle Bailey for his mistake and hopes to do better - which is all any of us can do - in the future.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: And on that note, we're going to take a break but when we come back, the woman herself - Michelle Bailey - will be in action so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...

Cut to a college library where two students have a physics textbook open.]

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

STUDENT #2: "Matter that produces and/or emits ionizing energy can be described by what adjective?"

[Student #1 looks up from the book and slams it shut. Cutaway as he stands up, now suddenly wearing Derrick Williams' gold "Future" coat from SuperClash VIII through the miracle of editing. He takes out his phone and presses a "play" button.]

[A wide shot of the entire library as the student spreads his arms to the chorus of Imagine Dragons.]

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

[Cut to a sushi chef with a white towel over his head and a kimono with a Claw Academy logo. To Volbeat's "A Warrior's Call," he bursts through curtains to serve a platter of sashimi to a table.

In a gym, a woman does sit-ups in and out of frame to "You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest. After her third sit-up, her face is spontaneously painted with a black and yellow 'S'. She cups her hands to her mouth and howls.

A man and two school-aged children step through the automatic glass door of a big box retailer to "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West. They are all in hooded fighter's robes, and they stoically nod at the camera in unison as they pause by the shopping carts.

A woman prances through a maze of cubicles to "I'm The Best" by Nicki Minaj, twirling a red braid and balancing a cup of coffee.

A civic worker in a visibility vest tries to move a dead tree branch into a truck to "Brian Boru's March" by The Chieftains. With part of the branch under his arm and his other hand, you'd swear he was giving the branch an armbar.

On a playground, a little girl with a distinct scowl stomps up to home plate to "Another One" by Night Club. She swings her bat wildly at the ball resting on a tee.]

STUDENT #2: [voice] Yeah, I think that's right.

[Cut back to library. Student #1 still has his arms open, but now to the sounds of library ambience. Someone in the background coughs. He sits back down.]

STUDENT #1: Okay... uh... Question 11?

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

"The Official AWA Playlist, available now on Apple Music and Spotify."

Click The Link!

[Fade to black...

[We come back from commercial to see Michelle Bailey standing in the ring, loosening up as she looks across the ring to see a woman dressed in a silver bodysuit, mask, and boots.]

SA: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour, fans, and the introductions for this one have already taken place, and the bell has rang. We have the veteran, Michelle Bailey, going up against this woman from parts unknown, the Silver Flash!

[Michelle walks out to the center of the ring to meet the Silver Flash and offers a handshake to her masked opponent.]

SA: Bailey with a show of sportswomanship to start this ten minute time limit encounter off.

DW: Michelle Bailey has always been a proponent of fair pla-... HEY!

[The crowd boos as the Silver Flash has rejected Michelle's handshake in quite a rude manner, by kicking her hand.]

SA: Silver Flash wanting no part of that handshake, kicking Bailey in the hand. Bailey seems sad by that action here by this masked baddie, Dee Dub.

DW: Silver Flash out taunting the crowd... is she aware the bell already rang?

[Michelle inspects her nails with a frown, then lets out a loud shriek.]

DW: Ahhh! My ears, Big Sal!

[Michelle shouts at Silver Flash...]

"YOU BROKE MY NAIL!"

SA: Hell hath no fury like a woman with a manicure ruined, Dee Dub!

DW: I'll say!

[Silver Flash turns around, as Michelle feints a low kick to the thigh, but suddenly...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO! SILVER FLASH BLOCKED LOW, AND MICHELLE BAILEY WENT HIGH!

DW: A question mark kick by Michelle Bailey, and that caught Silver Flash right on the side of her masked head!

SA: Bailey now setting up some sort of leg submission, it appears.

[Silver Flash crumbles to the ground, as Bailey, muttering, grabs one of Silver Flash's legs, stepping through from the inside to the outside to bend it around her foot, then grabs the other leg to be tucked over the bent leg so the calf muscle is against the ankle of the leg she bent. She then turns Silver Flash over and presses her free foot against Silver Flash's shin.]

SA: Michelle Bailey dipping into her bag of tricks, Dee Dub!

DW: A calf slicer with some added pressure here from the power of Bailey's legs!

SA: And that... oh yeah, that's the submission! Silver Flash has tapped out to Michelle Bailey!

[Shari Miranda goes over to tell Bailey that Silver Flash has submitted, and Bailey immediately releases the hold, rising to her feet with a big grin on her face.]

DW: Big Sal, that's got to be one of the quickest wins we've seen here on the all-new Power Hour!

SA: It's definitely up there, Dee Dub. And with someone with the skillset of Michelle Bailey, you've got to be careful with how you approach her, because she'll pull out some complex moves like that one we saw for the submission.

DW: That kick she used was one I don't think we've seen her do either!

SA: But let's not forget, our colleague Theresa Lynch has been trying to get answers from Michelle for a couple of weeks now about how she feels about her return to pro wrestling. Before she got into the ring, she dropped off a satchel with Theresa.

DW: I'm curious to know what's in that!

SA: Let's take it over to Theresa and see if we can find out!

[We cut over to Theresa Lynch over in the interview area.]

TL: Michelle Bailey with a very quick win here on the Power Hour and... yes, she's heading this way. Hello Michelle!

[Michelle smiles at Theresa as she walks into frame, a barely audible "hello Theresa!" being spoken, followed by "can you believe she broke my nail? I have to get a manicure while I'm here!".]

TL: You definitely do! Speaking of your nails, you made a pinky swear to me to tell me what's been going through your mind... does this satchel you dropped off with me before your match have anything to do with it?

[Michelle takes hold of the satchel and nods her head.]

MB: It does. And I said I don't break those promises, so... here I am, Theresa. I'm ready. Do you want to ask, or should we just talk?

TL: I'm sure you know what question I'm going to ask, so feel free to go ahead.

[Michelle looks at Theresa with a grin.]

MB: Yeah. I do. You know, when I came back to pro wrestling, I didn't know how everyone would treat me. When you came to visit me in Northampton, Theresa, I told you off the record how nervous I was that everyone would reject me. I was really worried about how everything would go. You remember that, right?

[Theresa nods.]

TL: I do.

MB: And do you remember how I also told you, off the record as well, that when you're like me, you feel this extraordinary pressure to be perfect? Because for a lot of people, I was going to be the first representation of people like me, and I felt like I had to get everything right.

TL: I remember you saying that too.

MB: Theresa, I had this constant churning in the pit of my stomach, this screaming in my head that wouldn't stop... this anxiety that I'd be walking the tightrope with no safety net. All because of what I represented, on such a huge stage. And I kind of forgot... people already saw me that way anyway, you know? I just went and confirmed what everyone else knew.

[Michelle laughs to herself.]

MB: Then all the media pressure came... I was told that the AWA was getting coverage from media outlets that wouldn't touch pro wrestling, and it was because of me. That the AWA was getting positive press around the world... because of me. That I wasn't just someone playing a role, I really was what I presented myself as. And Theresa... I hadn't even walked into my first AWA building yet. So I was really thinking, "oh gosh. I have to be better than perfect." And all these years, I thought people had forgotten about me, or that if they remembered me, that it was just as a joke.

[Michelle shakes her head, as Theresa impulsively reaches out to pat Michelle on the shoulder.]

MB: Then I finally got here, I got to Fight Night on Fox, and you know what I realized?

TL: What was that, Michelle?

MB: ... I was wrong. Because when Ayako Fujiwara said she had been a fan of mine for years... when Skylar Swift said she used to watch my matches and want to become a pro wrestler... because of me? I was touched, but Theresa, that only started to scratch the surface. There were so many people who came up to me, and told me that in some way, I had inspired them. And I just... couldn't fathom that that many people felt that way about ME.

[Michelle looks directly into the camera.]

MB: And of course... the reminder from a... certain someone, shall we say?... about being his muse.

[Michelle gives a quick wink and looks back at Theresa.]

MB: And all this time... all this time people I had no idea that people watched wrestling and saw me and felt that way about me. Because I used to think back about how I felt about myself, and I just felt sick, thinking I didn't have the courage to just say who I was. And yet, here I was, with fans who would grow up to become my colleagues, and would someday get to tell me how much they believed in me. Even when I didn't believe in myself. Or I thought I didn't, anyway. That's what these are for, and why I needed time to process it all.

[Michelle opens the satchel, pulling out several notebooks and journals.]

MB: These are my diaries from back then, Theresa. See that one with the pink post-it? Open that up and read it aloud, you might find it interesting.

[Theresa opens one of the notebooks and reads aloud, as Michelle puts the rest back into the satchel.]

TL: "February 5, 2000. I had my first appearance working for Blackjack Lynch since becoming Michelle, and things went really well. Blackjack's daughter, she couldn't have been more than six or seven, came up to me with her tape recorder and said she wanted to interview the new girl in PCW. She doesn't remember who I used to be, thank goodness."

[Theresa closes the notebook and puts it back into the satchel, a little overwhelmed by what she just read.]

TL: ... Michelle, oh my gosh. I can't believe you wrote that down.

[Michelle looks at Theresa, nodding her head.]

MB: I wrote everything that meant something to me down for years. Because...

[Michelle taps the side of her head.]

MB: The memory of a wrestler, it's not that sharp. We go through so much, I knew I'd need to write it down if I ever wanted to remember it later. So I went back and I read all my diaries, years worth of diaries, and it turns out that... I was wrong. There was a part of me back then, screaming to break loose, that whenever I stepped into the ring back then, she got to come out and play. And in those diaries, I wrote down just how much I would believe in myself if I ever got to be that girl all the time.

[Michelle takes in a deep breath and smiles.]

MB: Now I am that girl. So the Michelle Bailey I thought I had to be, when I was coming back? The one who felt she had to be perfect? The one who just wanted to be a good example? She wasn't who I wanted to be. And what's worse, Theresa, she wasn't going to cut it in the AWA. If there was one thing you could always count on from me back then, it was that no matter who I was in the ring against, no matter how outmatched I was, somehow I might be able to pull off that upset. I think... the Michelle Bailey you saw these last few weeks wasn't capable of that. Look at how I thought when I got in there against Ayako. I was just happy to be there. I lost before I even got in the ring.

TL: So what are you saying, Michelle?

MB: What I'm saying is... I got to think about all those years I spent in wrestling before, and how now I get to decide what things mean for me. Something I remembered when I was reading those diaries was that I changed my nickname at one point. I had a lot of bitterness towards wrestling, and I wanted to show the world that no matter how much this sport scratched me or damaged me, I'd never lose my luster. I'd still be a star. Gosh, I was arrogant and angry at the world, huh?

[Michelle smiles as Theresa laughs.]

MB: But now that I get to redefine what it means to be me, I think... maybe I can reclaim my past and redefine it for myself. So Theresa, AWA fans...

[Michelle lowers her head, then looks back up to the camera.]

MB: ... let me reintroduce myself. I'm "Platinum Princess" Michelle Bailey, and I'm not just here to be a feel good story. I'm here to be the Women's World Champion I've always dreamed of being. But to do that, I need to start climbing those rankings, don't I?

[Michelle nods her head, looking at Theresa again.]

MB: I started in one way already, by contacting Dana Kaiser a few weeks ago and getting myself on a new training program. I know I have a few things I need to work on, and she's going to help me rebuild myself into a little more like the Michelle Bailey of old. You wanted to see me fly through the air? She's got me doing, like, SO MANY box jumps to work on my vertical leap. But training's not enough, I have to get it done in the ring too. There's a woman who's around here who's real tough and likes throwing down challenges, so let's see if she'll pick this one up.

[Michelle looks back at the camera.]

MB: Kelly Kowalski, I think you're one heck of a fighter. I've seen you at AWA events, I saw you at P*WIN a couple of nights ago, and I think you're going to be great. But if I want to be Women's World Champion, right now, it looks like I have to go through you, huh? So I'll tell you what... no better way for me to start climbing up those ranks than to knock you down a rung or two. Theresa, do you want to see that match?

TL: That sounds like a really good one!

MB: How about all of you out there? You wanna see that match?

[The crowd roars its approval!]

MB: Then Theresa, the next time you see Kelly, you tell her not to keep a princess waiting, hmm?

[Michelle giggles, then walks off with her satchel in hand.]

TL: A challenge has been issued and if I know Kelly Kowalski, I'm guessing she's on the phone right now looking to accept and I can't wait to see that one. Fans, earlier tonight, we heard from the first half of our big champion versus champion, title versus title Main Event, the AWA National Champion - Jackson Hunter... and right now, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell who is with the other half of that huge showdown. Lou?

[Jump backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands against the Center Stage Studios backdrop with a mic in his hand beside the AWA Television Champion, Terry Shane. Shane's hair is a wild spill of black ink, matted wetly against the nape of his neck and untied or hinged for a change. Beads of water are still dripping down across his shoulders which are adorned by a breathtaking emerald colored robe with white inseams and his initials proudly worn across his chest. The robe is unfastened giving view to the title he has worn so proudly for the better part of the year across his waist, the large gold plaque shining just as brightly as the robe that he wears like armor into battle.]

SLB: Thank you, Theresa. Ladies and gentlemen, I am backstage with a man who is preparing to sail down uncharted territory here in the AWA this evening. Terry Shane, tonight you stand before us with the AWA Television Title around your waist and in just a short time you are not only stepping into the ring with the National Champion Jackson Hunter but you are also stepping into a rarified opportunity to walk out of Atlanta with TWO titles around your waist. Just getting a chance like this has to feel amazing. Champion against Champion, who would have thought you of all the talent would be getting a chance like this. Pinch me, Terry, it must be the fourth of July because I feel opportunity knockin'!

[Shane softly pumps his hand in the air like a foot on the break pedal.]

TS: Slow down, Lou.

[Lou, overjoyed, pauses for a moment to catch his breath.]

TS: You know who thought I would get a chance like this?

[Lou reaches his hand out, offering Shane a chance to answer his own question.]

TS: Not a single person, Lou. Not you. Not Theresa Lynch. Not Bucky Wilde. Not Jackson Hunter or his Canadian Cartel, not Talent Relations, not that kid down the hall sipping out of the water fountain like its 1985, not the Ice Cream man... nobody.

You know why?

SLB: Tell us.

TS: Because nobody feels like I deserve it. Nobody feels like the guy who had everything and threw it all away deserves it. Nobody feels like the guy who has gotten second chance after second chance - whether it be with Television title rematches or just having a job here after I let the company down time and time again - deserves it. Nobody feels like the guy that had the gall to stand toe to toe with the likes of the Boston Madman and look him in the eye and tell him to do his WORST to him and then live to tell the tale deserves ANOTHER chance at life in the ring.

Another moment.

Another milestone.

And you know what?

They're absolutely right, Lou. I deserve NOTHING.

[Lou gives him a bit of a nod.]

TS: I didn't claw my way back to the AWA and fight off insults and ridicule and put the doubters to rest and the haters in the ground because I wanted something handed to me.

No, Lou.

For once in my life...

[Shane holds up a fist.]

TS: I earned it.

I earned it when I retired Steve Spector in the ring.

I earned it when I defeated Callum Mahoney not once but TWICE to wear this title with pride.

I earned it when I stepped into Eternally Extreme and walked into the lion's den of a place I once spoke of so mockingly and still heard them chant my name because people out there understand that while I'm a third generation wrestler, I'm a once in a generation talent and I never stop challenging myself to be better than the next man in line.

I earned it when I retired Shane Destiny because that man knew I would give him the respect and honor that a warrior like him deserves in his final battle.

And I EARNED this shot at Jackson Hunter, Lou. I earned it a thousand times over with my sweat, my body, and my blood in that ring and these people... these people paying their hard earned money here in Atlanta... they earned the right to have a man wear BOTH of the titles on the line tonight that they could be proud of.

No shenanigans.

No playing dress up.

Nobody else fighting my battles for me.

You see me, Lou?

[A nod from Blackwell.]

TS: This is the man that EARNED a night like tonight.

[Shane's eyes are lit up with intensity.]

TS: And this is the man that is walking out of Atlanta with twice as much gold around his waist that he walked in with.

[We fade from a determined World Television Champion back out to the ring where we can see four women assembled accompanied by a large graphic identifying them as "DONNA MARTINELLI and ANGEL SANTIAGO versus SHANNON WALSH and JENNY TAYLOR."]

SA: We are back here live in Center Stage Studios for some tag team action featuring the up and coming stars of the hottest division in all of wrestling - the AWA's Women's Division. And this should be a very interesting matchup, Dee Dub, as Donna Martinelli finally gets her opportunity to compete on the big stage here on the all-new Power Hour...

DW: Not that she'd agree with that. Look, Sal... Martinelli has been following the AWA around for weeks now... presumably on her own dime since she's not under AWA contract yet. But she's been following us around singing the blues. She's mad that Todd Michaelson won't graduate her from the Combat Corner. She's mad she's wrestling on the Power Hour and not on Pay Per View. She's mad she's in a tag team match. Cry me a river, Miss Martinelli - there's a whole lot of women out there who'd kill to be in the spot you're in.

SA: Her partner might be one of them. Angel Santiago, coming to us from AWA affiliate promotion - P*WIN - is looking to make a big impression of her own here tonight... and then you've got the team across the ring. Shannon Walsh who we recently saw in action against Harley Hamilton - a game competitor out of San Francisco who would also like to benefit from the eyeballs on her here tonight... and lastly, young Jenny Taylor... also making her AWA debut.

DW: A whole lot of talent and a whole lot of opportunity here tonight for these four women to be seen and to make themselves a household name down here in the A-T-L.

[Martinelli is glaring at Santiago though as she steps through the ropes to the apron, leaving her partner in the ring with Shannon Walsh.]

SA: It appears as though it'll be Santiago and Walsh starting things off for us here in this one. Santiago standing five foot seven, around 145 pounds... a grappler out of Miami, Florida... and Walsh out of San Francisco, weighing in at 117 pounds...

[As the bell sounds, the two competitors come towards one another, both sinking low in their stance, looking for an opening...

...and Santiago comes in first, diving at the legs and securing one.]

SA: Single leg there, Santiago straightens up... looking for the takedown...

[Walsh struggles to keep her balance, trying to get a grip on Santiago who snakes a foot around the back of Walsh's plant leg, shoving her back and off her feet.]

SA: Nice trip up there by Santiago... and right down into a side headlock, pushing Walsh's shoulders down on the mat...

[A two count follows before Walsh smartly rolls to her side, lifting the shoulder off the mat. Santiago keeps the headlock applied as Walsh battles up to her feet, burying a pair of forearms in the ribs, loosening Santiago's grip...]

SA: Back up and Walsh trying to escape this headlock...

[Grabbing the wrist, Walsh twists out of the headlock, applying an overhead wristlock, forcing Santiago down into a bridge...]

SA: Look at the bridge by Angel Santiago, showing off that neck strength and-

[Walsh uses her left leg to kick the back of Santiago's knee, breaking down the bridge. She swings the same leg over, taking a mount on Santiago who raises her arms to cover up as Walsh rains down forearms and elbows from the top...]

SA: Walsh dropping some bombs here from the dominant position... another big-oh! Santiago caught the arm and she's looking for a triangle choke now!

[Walsh panics for a moment and then lunges to the ropes, wrapping an arm around them which forces referee Shari Miranda to call for the break.]

SA: And that's one way out of the hold as Miranda forces Santiago to give it up... and Walsh rolls out to the floor.

[The Atlanta fans jeer as Walsh takes a walk on the outside, shaking out her arm as Santiago eyeballs her from inside the ring.]

DW: A nice exchange to start this one off, Sal... and it's obvious that these two are mechanically sound for sure.

[Santiago waves for Walsh to join her back in the ring but the San Francisco native takes a walk for a few moments before climbing back up on the apron.]

SA: Walsh on the apron... still not getting back in yet...

[Santiago again insists on Walsh re-entering the ring but gets no response.]

SA: Santiago wants Walsh in... and now she's going to bring her in...

[But as Santiago draws near, Walsh lunges between the ropes, burying her shoulder into Santiago's midsection. She grabs the top rope, slingshotting over into a sunset flip.]

SA: Walsh up and over... gets one... gets two...

[But Santiago clashes her heels together on the ears, breaking the pin attempt.]

DW: That was a solid attempt at getting the win by Walsh but Santiago's loose and-

[On her feet, Walsh goes to pull Santiago up but this time, Santiago drives a shoulder into the midsection before going behind, snatching a waistlock...]

SA: Go behind by Santiago and... OH MY!

[The crowd cheers a big lift off the mat, throwing Walsh chestfirst to the canvas with a waistlock takedown!]

DW: What a takedown, Sal!

[Walsh rolls to her back as Santiago approaches, leaning over to grab at the legs but Walsh kicks her off, sending her back into the neutral corner.]

SA: Santiago hits the corner hard... Walsh off the mat now...

[Getting a running start, Walsh leaves her feet, diving into a back elbow up under the chin that snaps Santiago's head back. From the corner, Donna Martinelli can be heard SHRIEKING in her partner's direction.]

SA: Goodness.

DW: Huh? I can't hear you after that.

SA: Donna Martinelli obviously disappointed with how things are going for her and her partner at this early stage of the matchup.

[Walsh grabs a front facelock, dragging Santiago back to the corner and slapping the offered hand...]

SA: The tag is made which brings young Jenny Taylor into the ring for the first time...

[Grabbing the top rope, Taylor slingshots over the top rope, smashing a forearm down across the back of the trapped Santiago.]

SA: Taylor showing off some athleticism in her debut here... and yes, we'll answer the question everyone is wondering right now - she is the niece of one of the AWA co-owners, Bobby Taylor.

[Backing Santiago into the neutral corner, Taylor lights her up with a pair of chops before grabbing the arm, looking for a whip...]

SA: Irish whi- no, reversed!

[The reversal sends Taylor flying into the air, crashing hard backfirst into the buckles, her head snapping back as she connects. She stumbles right out towards Santiago who catches her around the torso, lifting and dropping her with a Northern Lights Suplex!]

SA: SUPLEX! WITH A BRIDGE!

[A two count follows before Taylor kicks out. Donna Martinelli quickly pitches a fit in the corner.]

SA: Martinelli's in the corner, asking for a tag now...

[Santiago looks annoyed at her boisterous partner as she pulls Taylor up, whipping her over into the corner.]

SA: Taylor right in there by Martinelli now and... oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers as Martinelli flails about on Taylor, battering her head and neck as the referee reprimands her from outside the ring. Martinelli gives her an earful too before finally tagging in.]

SA: Martinelli makes the tag!

DW: Finally! Now let's see what this girl can do in there!

[Martinelli steps through the ropes, still badmouthing the official as she whips around, burying a trio of boots to the midsection of Taylor before dragging her from the corner...]

SA: She pulls Taylor out to the middle of the ring...

[Martinelli points to the fans in the makeshift arena.]

"WATCH THIS!"

[She promptly scoops Taylor up in her arms, spinning around with her...]

SA: Spinning bodyslam perha- NO! SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE!

[A loud shriek is heard as Taylor spins out of the slam attempt, dragging Martinelli down in a small package!]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Taylor breaks away from the cradle, a huge grin on her face as the referee raises her hand.]

SA: And how about that, Dee Dub? A victory for Jenny Taylor in her debut here on the Power Hour!

[The camera cuts to Martinelli who is on her knees on the mat, on the verge of tears from all appearances.]

SA: And a... well, inauspicious start here for Donna Martinelli who got what she wanted... mostly.

DW: She got the match. She got the tag when she asked for it. But I don't know that this will convince Todd Michaelson she's ready for the big time, Big Sal.

SA: Unfortunately for her, I have to agree with that... and... oh brother, I sure hope she doesn't cry, Dee Dub. I hate seeing that.

[She puffs out her cheeks, looking forlorn as Angel Santiago steps into the ring, shaking her head...]

"THIS IS YOUR FAULT!"

[The shouted accusation from Martinelli rings out as Santiago looks on in surprise.]

"My fault?! You wanted the tag, you got it!"

[Martinelli gets to her feet, fuming mad now.]

"I DIDN'T WANT TO TAG WITH YOU ANYWAYS!"

[Santiago shakes her head again, turning to make her exit...

...which is when Martinelli rushes forward, clubbing her in the back of the head with a running forearm!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Well, I think this partnership is over, Dee Dub.

DW: I'd say so.

[Martinelli grabs the top rope, stomping and kicking Santiago over and over, driving her under the ropes and out to the floor. She steps on the bottom rope, leaning over to point at her...]

"ALL! YOUR! FAULT!"

[...and hops down to jeers from the crowd, only to find Jenny Taylor and Shannon Walsh looking at her.]

SA: Uh oh. Martinelli's night might not be done, fans.

[Walsh leans over to Taylor, whispering into her ear. Taylor nods, gesturing at Martinelli who looks concerned.]

SA: What's going to happen here?

[After a few moments, Walsh steps forward towards Martinelli...

...and extends her hand.]

SA: What in the...?

[Martinelli looks suspicious at first... then Taylor offers her hand as well.]

DW: What is going on here, Sal?

SA: I haven't a clue, Dee Dub but...

[Martinelli eyeballs them both for a few moments... and then with a huge smile on her face, takes the handshake from Walsh to confused jeers from the crowd.]

SA: Well, apparently Walsh and Taylor were impressed by Martinelli...

DW: Impressed?! She lost the match in a matter of seconds! She didn't even land a single move!

[Martinelli takes Taylor's hand too...

...and yanks a surprised Taylor into a big hug, jumping up and down as she does.]

SA: She certainly seems happy about it though...

[Walsh extracts her partner from the hug, turning to pat Martinelli on the back as the three women exit the ring... together.. to a shower of boos from the Center Stage Studios crowd.]

SA: I have absolutely no explanation for what just happened here, fans... and on that note, I think it's time for us to take a break but when we come back, it'll be Kaz Konoe in action!

[The three women stand atop the stage, raising their arms hand in hand as we fade to black...

We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade to black...

Fade back up to Theresa Lynch, standing by at the interview podium with Kaz Konoe, who is dressed in a white T-shirt, with a graphic mash-up of the Rising Sun flag and the flag of Mexico printed across the front: eight of the rays are colored green, instead of red, and the sun disc is missing, the empty field now occupied by

the coat of arms of Mexico. He also looks ready to compete, as he has on his white boxer-style trunks. Konoe is also holding a folded steel chair in his hand.

Luciana is there too, standing just behind Konoe, one arm draped over his shoulder, as she looks over the other. We can just see glimpses of the white tank top and the pair of camo print pants that she has on. She also has a twisted black bandana tied around her head, knotted at the forehead.]

TL: Kaz Konoe, last we saw of yo-

KK: [Interrupting.] Last time you see me, Theresa, I put TORA Kitty down like he American cartoon cat. Where TORA Kitty now? Maybe he too afraid to show his face here again, but if he does...

[Konoe holds the chair up, flipping it over so that we see, printed on the seat, a graphic of TORA's mask, with concentric circles across it denoting a target, and the words "SMASH" and "HERE" in a blocky red font above and below the mask.]

KK: If he want come at me for what I do, or he get in my way again, I will smack the bad kitty again. And last time you see me, Theresa, I also take out TV champion from the air. Terry Shane? He see what I can do and that why, instead of giving me a shot at the title, Mister Fighting Champion decide to put it on the line against nobodies at Eternally Extreme. What else I need to do to get respect here?

TL: Well, at Eternally Extreme, things also ended up badly for you when you tried to insert yourself into Eddie Van Gibson's celebra-

[Konoe abruptly interrupts, shaking his head.]

KK: No, no, no, Theresa, that was not bad end. That was just a... Bit of fun between drinking buddies. That's right. EVG and I are good friends and he always tell me it is not good night of drinking if nobody get knocked out, so always I get knocked out, which make me best drinking buddy... Numero uno... Ichiban!

TL: [Sighing.] Alright, fine, putting all that silliness aside, it seems like you've got your sights set on the AWA World Television title. How do you plan on getting back on track to achieving that goal?

KK: It's not silliness, Theresa! El Renegado no puede limitarse a lo que la empresa espera que haga. Sí, quiero ser el campeón mundial de televisión. But I will do it my way. I will do it the way of Los Renegados.

Now, tonight? Tonight, Terry Shane will face Jackson Hunter and both titles will be on the line, yes? Which mean one man can end up both National and World Television campeón. Well, he will not be campeón for very long.

[Konoe holds the chair up again, pointing to the image printed on the seat.]

KK: Because, I put target on TORA Kitty here, but aquí [He points to his head.] y aquí [Points to his heart.] I save that for whoever is champion at the end of tonight. And, just like chairshot, my strike may come when he not expect it, but when I strike, for sure, like the chairshot, I will put him down...

And I will become... Two... Titles... Konoe... [To Luciana.] Bien, ¿no?

L: Es perfecto. [To Lynch.] And, if there is nothing else, Theresa, thank you for giving us this time, but, "No, thank you," to your hack journalistic questions – we won't be holding our breaths for you to get your own long-form interview show on YouTube any time soon – Kaz has a match now and, after that, we need to go find a good spot to watch tonight's Main Event. If TORA happens to show his cara fea, feel

free to tell him we've got a seat saved for him, [Pointing to the chair in Konoe's hand.] right here.

[Luciana turns and walks out of shot. Konoe lingers for a while, smirking, as he smacks the chair with the palm of his hand, before sauntering away.]

TL: Hack journalistic questions?! The nerve... Anyway, let's go down to the ring and see if Kaz Konoe has what it takes to keep climbing that ladder towards the World Television Title.

[Theresa grins as music is now blasting over the PA system.]

I JUST CAN'T #
I JUST CAN'T #
I JUST CAN'T CONTROL MY FEET

I JUST CAN'T #
I JUST CAN'T #
I JUST CAN'T CONTROL MY FEET

[In the ring, an athletically-built African-American man with an afro, dressed in a silver sequined vest over a black wide-collared, long-sleeved shirt and a pair of white pants with flared legs, is dancing along to The Jacksons' "Blame It on the Boogie.]

SA: Local sensation - the Atomic Boogie - has got this Hotlanta crowd up and moving along to his funky dance moves!

[Joining him in the ring are Kaz Konoe and Luciana. The latter looks on, looking annoyed and disgusted, but Konoe is actually smiling and even applauds approvingly, as the music fades.]

DW: I can't believe this, Big Sal, but Konoe looks like he enjoyed every bit of that.

SA: Well, Dee Dub, I guess Konoe is just the type of guy who values what it takes to entertain our fans.

[As the Atomic Boogie shrugs off the sparkly vest and removes his shirt, Luciana whispers in Konoe's ear, before exiting the ring, Konoe assisting by holding the top and middle rope apart for her.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

DW: And here we go... Or not...

[Konoe is still applauding the Atomic Boogie. He points at Atomic Boogie and gives him a thumbs up, then attempts, poorly, an imitation of John Travolta in Saturday Night Fever, while yelling, "Show me! Show me!" Atomic Boogie obliges, drawing cheers from the fans, as Konoe claps approvingly.]

SA: The Atomic Boogie is raising the temperature and bringing some Saturday Night Fever to the Power Hour! And Konoe is loving every minute of it!

[Konoe then tries to do a Michael Jackson-esque spin on the spot, but can't quite stick the landing and stumbles, having to grab the top rope to stop himself from falling over. He laughs and points to Atomic Boogie, yelling, "You! You! You do!" Again, the Atomic Boogie obliges, throwing in a moonwalk, before doing the spin. As he completes the turn, however, Konoe runs towards him...]

DW: OHH! THAT'S NOT RIGHT!

[A running flying forearm from Konoe sends the fan favorite Atomic Boogie back into the corner, falling into a seated position as Konoe ducks through the ropes to the outside...]

SA: A sneak attack gets the early advantage for Kaz Konoe who certainly seems to have no shortage of enemies in the locker room as of late... even if you ignore that little showdown with Eddie Van Gibson at Eternally Extreme...

[Konoe grabs the top rope, using it to slingshot over the ropes, hanging on to them to swing back into a dropkick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Innovative offense on the part of Kaz Konoe - showing off the skills that he mastered in Japan and in Mexico... and I'm told that Konoe and Luciana are greatly looking forward to Estrellas En El Cielo coming up in just a few weeks' time in Mexico...

DW: You better bet he'd love to show up back in Mexico carrying the TV Title too!

[Grabbing the arm, Konoe whips the Boogie from corner to corner with enough force to send the Atomic Boogie stumbling out towards him...]

...which is when he leaps into the air, scissoring the head between his legs, and SNAPS him over with a hurrcanana!]

SA: Nice execution there on the hurrcanarana... another move he mastered during his time in Mexico.

DW: Say, Big Sal, with the AWA headed there in just over a month from now, you've got to think that the Black Star would have a spot on the Estrellas En El Cielo card, right?

SA: I'd like to think so, Dee Dub. AWA will have its Homecoming on September 9th, but September 4th would be quite the homecoming for Konoe at Estadio BBVA.

[In the ring, Konoe motions for Atomic Boogie to get up. The Boogie is in the corner, trying to pull himself to his feet with the aid of the ropes.]

SA: The Atomic Boogie had these fans movin' and groovin' at the start of this one but now he's hurtin' for certain as Kaz Konoe has been on offense the whole time so far... charging in now!

[But as Konoe comes barreling across the ring, leaping up with his legs raised, the Boogie sidesteps the charge, causing Konoe to slam kneesfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Big miss in the corner... Konoe grabbing at those knees down...

DW: And that's gonna slow him down for sure, Big Sal. He's hobbling about and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The crowd cheers as Konoe hobbles right into a superkick that catches Konoe up under the chin...]

SA: And all those sparkles that Konoe is seeing right now aren't from the Boogie's disco ball after that one!

[Konoe sits up on the mat, rubbing at his jaw as the Boogie bounces off the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and BURIES a soccer kick between the shoulderblades!]

SA: GOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAL! You see, Dee Dub, when I referred to the Boogie as a local sensation, it isn't just because of the dancing. This exciting young man has been impressing the fans in Georgia with his flashy aerial offense and hard-hitting strikes as well.

DW: The Atomic Boogie is heading to the top. Could we be seeing some of that flashy aerial offense, Big Sal?

SA: No doubt about it, Dee Dub. He might be looking for his signature top rope somersault neckbreaker aptly dubbed the Boogie Wonderland.

[Standing with one foot on the middle rope and the other on the top rope, Atomic Boogie motions for Konoe to get up. Konoe pushes himself up to one knee, shaking his head to try and clear the cobwebs.]

SA: Konoe struggling to get up and the Atomic Boogie is still waiting for him...

[As Konoe gets to his feet, Atomic Boogie steps up onto the top rope. Konoe groggily looks around for his opponent and, not seeing Atomic Boogie, turns around as the Boogie leaps off the top rope...]

SA: DROPKICK! What a magnificent dropkick catching Atomic Boogie in mid-air!

DW: Konoe seemed out of it, but in a split second – and it could have been pure instinct, Big Sal – he's managed to cut off the Atomic Boogie's offense.

[Konoe and Atomic Boogie roll to opposite sides of the ring, both men scrambling to their feet with the aid of the ropes.]

SA: Both men back up... but the Boogie's on the move!

[Leaping into the air, the Atomic Boogie attempts a spinning leg lariat but Konoe dives clear, causing him to crash and burn in the corner!]

SA: That missed kick has major consequences... and look at Konoe now, dragging him up to his feet...

[Konoe snatches a three-quarter nelson like he's looking for a cutter..

...but kicks off the mat, flipping through the air over the Boogie!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DESAAAFÍO!!! He hits the backflip reverse DDT!

[As Konoe covers, the referee counts.]

SA: He's got one! He's got two! He's got... THREE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

DW: The Boogie gave him all he wanted and then some, Sal.

SA: He certainly did... but ultimately, the Atomic Boogie comes up short and Kaz Konoe picks up another win on what he hopes will be the road to crowning him as the World Television Champion.

DW: He's determined and we know he's got the skills... at this point, it may just be a matter of getting the opportunity... which isn't an easy thing to do when the TV Title scene is as competitive as it is.

[Konoe is joined in the ring by Luciana, as the official raises his hand. As he continues his celebration with more poorly attempted dance moves, we fade up to the interview position where Theresa Lynch is standing by.]

TL: Hey folks! With the competition heating up throughout the AWA, many people would say it's hottest within the Women's division, as all the competitors are vying to challenge the ever dominant champion, Kurayami. Joining me now, is one of those women...

[There's a loud chorus of boos from the Center Stage crowd as we see an annoyed Harley Hamilton walking into the shot. The second generation competitor is dressed in an oversized t-shirt that reads "Skip a Straw, Save a Turtle!" with a silhouette of a turtle in front of a rainbow and denim shorts barely peeking out from the bottom of her shirt.]

TL: ...Harley Hamilton. Harley, you expressed some frustration to me earlier about the latest rankings for the top contenders within the Women's Division...

[Harley cuts Theresa off.]

HH: FRUSTRATED ISN'T THE WORD FOR IT! What the Championship Committee has done to me is all a bunch of horse manure! Do they even pay attention to what's going on in this promotion? I'm undefeated! I beat the tall drink of sewage water, Margie Flores at the Battle of Saskatchewan and I'm not even ranked but she still is? This is garbage!

[A shout of "Quit yer whining!" can be heard amongst the boos from the crowd.]

TL: Well, some people might say your win over Margarita Flores was unconvincing.

HH: Are you kidding me? So you're saying it was...

[She rolls her eyes and makes air quotes with her fingers.]

HH: ..."unconvincing" when I left an imprint of my boot on the side of her face and pinned her?

TL: Well, there was a little assistance from Cinder-...

HH: Don't even say her name! I have no idea what she was doing out there.

TL: I find that hard to believe. She was clearly there to help you.

HH: So now it's my fault that someone is obsessed with me, Theresa? I can't help it if Cinder has amazing taste in people!

[More boos. Harley sneers at the crowd.]

TL: Be that as it may, I'm sure there were many people who found your win less than legitimate.

[Harley stares at Theresa with disgust.]

HH: Honey, there's not a single thing about Harley Hamilton that isn't legitimate. I am the daughter of the greatest professional wrestler that ever walked the face of the Earth and he taught me everything he knows. Besides that, I am the ONLY female wrestler to EVER graduate from Roosevelt Wright's Dungeon. Not Kurayami. Not Julie Somers. Not Ayako Fujiwara. And sure as hell NOT Margie Flores. Yeah, that's right. Your little boytoy's grandfather, the man of ten thousand holds, the inventor of No Man's Land, the man you sit down with for Sunday dinners and call "Pops"... he gave ME his seal of approval.

[Now it's Theresa's staring at Harley with disgust.]

HH: Unconvincing? Not legitimate? Please. I am literally a certified badass.

[The reaction from the Center Stage fans is predictably negative. Theresa just shakes her head in disbelief.]

TL: Maybe - and I don't think it's too big of a leap in logic here - you just rub people the wrong way?

HH: Of course. That HAS to be it. Because it sure as heck isn't because this company has made it clear that they have nothing but contempt for my father and my family! Is that the amazing secret to getting ahead in the AWA? By rubbing people the RIGHT way? Or in your case... the WRIGHT way?

[Harley giggles.]

HH: Get it?

[Theresa's eyes almost bug out of her head.]

TL: Oh my god. That's enough out of you! Get out of here!

[Harley walks off the stage to more boos, as Theresa composes herself.]

TL: Fans, it's just about Main Event time here on the all-new Power Hour but before that, we've got our final commercial break of the night so stick around, won't you?

[Lynch shakes her head with disgust at Harley Hamilton we fade to black...

...and then fade up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then fade back up to live action where the camera lands on our announce team.]

SA: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour where it's Main Event time! The big champion versus champion, title versus title match is just about to begin and-

[Big Sal's words are abruptly cut off by the sound of "My Type" by Saint Motel over the Studios' PA system. Sal looks puzzled, Dylan looks annoyed, and Michael Aarons looks agitated as he strides through the curtain onto the stage, clad in a pair of black pants, a white dress shirt unbuttoned to reveal a silver chain around the neck, and silver-mirrored sunglasses. He strides over towards the interview podium where Theresa Lynch stands.]

TL: Michael Aarons, you were not scheduled-

[Aarons snatches the mic out of her hand.]

MA: Gimme that, sweetie. I got something to say and I'm not in the mood for questions.

[Lynch grimaces, shaking her head as the fans jeer his rudeness.]

MA: But you're right, Theresa... I'm NOT scheduled. And therein lies the problem. Because when you look at Michael Aarons... when the wrestling world looks at Michael Aarons, they see the future. They see that the Experience was the hottest trending topic around the world one week ago when the American Idols were the talk of the damn town in Regina. They know that Michael Aarons pops the ratings... that Michael Aarons moves the damn needle...

But that doesn't matter to the suits in this company, does it? Because they look at this show and say we need a Main Event... and the answer is Jackson Hunter whose best days were in a failing territory in Western Canada... and Terry Bleepin' Shane...

[Aarons shakes his head.]

MA: Terry Shane who comes out here and tells everyone how much he deserves this moment. Terry Shane who has been DUCKING yours truly ever since he won that title.

Terry Shane who I'm standing right here... right now.. and telling the world that if he walks out of Atlanta tonight with one title... two titles... every damn title in the sport...

Terry Shane... I'm challenging YOU!

[He points emphatically at the camera.]

MA: And this time, I'm not going to wait for an answer.

[Aarons smirks, walking back through the curtain to the backstage area as we cut back to the announce table.]

SA: Not going to wait for an answer? What the heck does that mean?

DW: I don't have a clue, Sal.

SA: Well... Michael Aarons is making it clear that he wants a shot at Terry Shane... and he wants it soon.

DW: Sounds like he wants it now, Sal.

SA: Maybe he does... but that's not the match we're getting tonight. It's Hunter versus Shane, Champion versus Champion, Title versus Title - and it's going down... right... NOW!

[Big Sal points to the camera as we cut to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: Tonight's Power Hour Main Event is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is a TITLE VERSUS TITLE MATCH!

[HUUUUUUUUGE ROAR from the Atlanta crowd!]

TG: Introducing first...

[Static.]

TG: From Independence, Missouri... weighing in at 212 pounds... he is the AWA WORRRRRRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMMPIONNNNN...

TERRRRRRYYYYYYYYY SHAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

[The Atlanta crowd ROARS to life as Terry Shane strides through the curtain as "Dance Of The Knights" continues to play over the PA system. Shane is dressed as we saw him in his backstage interview earlier, quickly thrusting the TV Title belt into the air with a "YEAAAAAAAAAH!" that the crowd echoes!]

SA: Many would say this is the biggest Main Event in Power Hour history and it would be a hard statement to deny. Much like DJ Khaled all summer long, Terry Shane is looking to show that he's the one here tonight in Atlanta.

DW: And it's no surprise that the fans are gonna be behind Terry Shane, Sal.

SA: No surprise at all... unless you're a time traveler who came from a few years back when Shane and Miss Sandra Hayes were side by side as two of the most hated individuals in all of wrestling.

[Shane comes down the ramp staircase, shedding his robe as he climbs the steps, ducking through the ropes and holding the title belt in the air to another big cheer.]

SA: The World Television Champion has his gold, he's got the fans, and tonight he's hoping to add one more piece of hardware to that collection - the AWA National Title.

DW: And what happens if that happens, Sal? Does he keep 'em both?

SA: History and precedent tells us that an AWA competitor cannot hold two singles titles at the same time. Ask Dave Bryant. But with President Castillo running the show, you never can tell.

[Shane hands the title belt over to Davis Warren, settling back in the corner as he waits...]

TG: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The entryway is bathed in eerie turquoise and magenta lighting as "Vale of Shadows" by Gunship plays through the arena. A lean looking figure in a floor length high-collared suede coat the color of charcoal appears, flanked by a massive man with his arms crossed.]

TG: Fighting out of the Broken Arrow Ranch, Saskatchewan... weighing in at 220 pounds... being accompanied down the aisle by Blake Colton...

He is the AWA NATIONAL CHAMMMMMPIONNNNNNNN...

JAAAACKSON... HUNNTERRR...

[The look of Hunter's face betrays his antipathy the fans, for the crew, and for pretty much everyone in general. He skulks down the aisle, not in a particular hurry to fulfill anyone's schedule as Colton lurks behind him, ready to strike if anyone crosses his path.]

SA: Dee Dub, you know my history, right? You know how I got my start calling professional wrestling?

DW: Up in Chinook... up in Canada.

SA: That's right. So, believe me when I tell you that in all of wrestling history, there are few - if any - who turn my stomach more than this man right here.

DW: Which one of 'em?

SA: Well, Colton's betrayal of his own family is another story altogether... but I'm referring to that piece of worm-ridden filth known as Jackson Hunter. The stories I heard from the Coltons... the actions I saw perpetrated... Jackson Hunter is a twisted, evil son of a...

DW: Whoa, whoa, whoa... hang on there, Big Sal. I got my own problems with Hunter, you know.

SA: There does seem to be a... history, so to speak... between Hunter and your sister, Veronica Westerly.

DW: Yeah, you could say that... and I don't know all the details, Sal... but I do know that my dad said something about whipping Hunter all the way from the Pecos to the Cypress Hills!

[Hunter uses the ropes to pull himself up to the apron, turning out to face the crowd. He extends his arms upward, flashing a Nixon-ian peace sign with each hand, then steps into the ring, discarding the coat. He wears a sleeveless black and grey rash guard and baggy black and silver snakeskin pants. Blake Colton stays on the apron, applauding as Hunter pulls the title belt from around his waist, holding it high with both hands over his head shouting "THE CHAMP OF CHAMPS!"]

SA: There you hear Jackson Hunter proclaiming himself the Champion of Champions and a victory here tonight would go a long way towards cementing that claim.

[Hunter glares across at Shane as he hands the title belt over to Davis Warren who turns and thrusts BOTH titles into the air to a huge ovation from the Center Stage Studios crowd.]

SA: There it is... there they are, I should say. To the victor goes the spoils and tonight, the spoils are the AWA National AND World Television Title.

[Warren walks across the ring, leaning over to deposit the titles out on the timekeeper's table as Blake Colton grabs his partner by the shoulders, giving him a last second peptalk as Hunter nods his head. Shane tugs at the ropes, staying loose as he gets ready for the fight to come...]

SA: We're just about ready to begin. Ten minute time limit, both titles on the line - don't blink in this one because the action's going to be hot, hot, hot and fast, fast, fast...

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Jackson Hunter lowers his head, charging across the ring towards a waiting Terry Shane who greets the incoming Hunter with a European uppercut!]

SA: OH!

[A second one lands as well.]

SA: OHHHHHHH!

[And a third which lifts Hunter off his feet, dumping him down on the canvas!]

SA: OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Shane promptly grabs Hunter by the hair on the way up, rushing across the ring and jamming his skull into the top turnbuckle, sending Hunter flying backwards into the air before flopping down on the canvas to more cheers!]

SA: Terry Shane, the World Television Champion, caught Hunter coming in and he's taking the fight to him early on in this one.

[Shane quickly pulls Hunter up by the wrist, whipping him to the neutral corner where Hunter slams backfirst into the buckles before staggering out...]

SA: Hunter hits hard, on the move...

[The World Television Champion ducks his head, LAUNCHING Hunter high into the air before he crashes down on his back on the canvas to another big cheer!]

SA: HIIIIIIIGH BACK DROP BY THE CHAMPION - THE TV CHAMPION THAT IS!

[Shane pumps his fists, the crowd cheering louder as Shane circles Jackson Hunter who is struggling to get up off the canvas...]

SA: Hunter back to his feet, Shane slips in right beside him...

[The former Ring Leader lifts Hunter into the air, dropping him down on the back of his head and neck with a picture perfect bridging back suplex!]

DW: SUPLEX! WITH THE BRIDGE!

SA: Shane's going for the win early!

[But Hunter kicks out, breaking the pin after a two count.]

SA: Two count only... Shane's getting right back up, trying to stay on his opponent...

[Climbing back to his feet, Shane is waiting as Hunter gets there to join him, whipping around to bury a spinning kick into the abdomen!]

SA: Shane goes downstairs on him... another back suplex perhaps?

[Shane lifts Hunter into the air, putting him down with an atomic drop, leaving Hunter to highstep across the ring, grabbing at his tailbone with both hands...

...and Shane catches him with a dropkick to the back, sending Hunter spilling through the ropes and out to the floor!]

DW: They're coming out here now, Sal... right under us here on the stage...

[Blake Colton moves quickly around the ring, looking for an up close view of the action as the referee slides out, shaking his head and ordering Colton to back off. As the official and Colton argue, Terry Shane steps out to the apron, dropping down to the floor.]

SA: First, Hunter gets sent to the floor and now Shane's going after him...

DW: And with the referee keeping Colton back, Shane can do whatever he-

[The crowd buzzes as Shane slips a half nelson around Hunter's neck, lifting him into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SLAMS HIM DOWN ON THE APRON! YOU TALK ABOUT YOUR SPINAL SHOCK - OHHHH MY!

[Hunter immediately arches his back in pain, rolling under the bottom rope back into the ring as Shane nods at the cheering crowd...]

...and comes face to face with Blake Colton albeit with Davis Warren standing between them. Shane shouts at Colton who returns verbal fire.]

SA: Terry Shane and Blake Colton having words on the outside... but Shane needs to stay focused.

DW: That's right, Sal. This one's being fought under TV Title rules so that means he's got a ten minute time limit to get that gold added to his collection.

[Shane waves a dismissive hand at Colton, climbing up on the apron as Colton continues to argue with the referee on the outside of the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: LOW BLOW!

SA: Shane was coming through the ropes and Hunter KICKED the middle rope up into his groin! The Shane Family jewels just got jacked!

[Shane crumples into the ring, falling to his knees as a grimacing Hunter drags his body backwards, pulling himself into the corner.]

SA: Hunter's on his feet - the referee saw none of that illegal low blow thanks to Blake Colton on the outside...

[Hunter pushes off the buckles, angrily stomping across the ring to where a kneeling Shane is still trying to recover...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SOCCER KICK TO THE RIBS!

[Shane flops over onto his back, cradling his midsection as he rolls towards the corner. Hunter is right on him, dropping down to his knees with a double axehandle to the midsection... then a right hand... and another...]

SA: Hunter's all over him!

[The National Champion switches to clubbing forearms, smashing his arm down across the gut of Shane over and over...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[With the crowd jeering, Hunter climbs off the canvas, doing a double belt gesture as he rises. Colton nods his head approvingly, slapping his meaty paws down on the ring apron a couple of times.]

SA: Terry Shane - you think back to his times with the Shane Gang... when he so often had a numbers advantage whether it was with the Lights Out Express or Donnie White or even just Sandra Hayes... and now tonight he finds himself very decidedly at a numbers DISadvantage thanks to Blake Colton!

[Hunter pulls Shane off the mat, dragging him by the hair into the corner where he smashes his head into it, twisting around to bury a pair of back elbows under the chin as Shane slides down into a seated position against the corner...]

SA: And this is not where the TV Champion wants to be, fans. At the mercy of Jackson Hunter...

DW: What mercy?

SA: Thank you for making my point, Dee Dub as Hunter plants his foot on the throat - that's a choke!

[The referee is right there, starting his five count as Hunter tugs the ropes, trying to get more pressure on the boot choke as Shane flails about on the mat, trying to get loose.]

SA: Hunter's got him down and... and he breaks that choke JUST in time! The referee really letting him have it now.

DW: He doesn't care, Sal. He just don't care about things like rules!

SA: I can attest to that from my time in Chinook Wrestling when he was one of the most depraved rulebreakers I've seen in all my years in this business... look at this now...

[Planting his boot near the eye of Shane, Hunter RAKES it across the face...]

SA: He scrapes that boot across the face!

[...and again...]

SA: Trying to rip and tear the flesh of Terry Shane!

[...and again...]

SA: The referee trying to get him to back off and-

[Hunter abruptly breaks away, hitting the far ropes, charging back, and leaping into the air with a low dropkick to the side of Shane's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Grabbing the foot, Hunter pulls Shane out of the corner, diving across his torso.]

SA: Hunter's got him down for one! He's got two! He's got-

[The crowd cheers as Shane kicks out at two, breaking up the pin.]

SA: Not enough to keep the third generation competitor down... Terry Shane, defending that TV Title with pride... the title formerly held by the likes of Dave Bryant and Ryan Martinez and Supernova. Will we add Jackson Hunter to that list?

DW: Or maybe we'll add Terry Shane's name to the likes of Stevie Scott and Marcus Broussard and Kolya Sudakov!

SA: A very real possibility as Hunter pulls Shane off the mat... big right hand, right between the eyes sends Shane falling back into the corner again... and again, this corner is not where Terry Shane wants to be against the likes of Jackson Hunter.

[Hunter winds up again, landing a second big right hand, knocking Shane's arms over the top rope to steady himself...]

SA: Shane's in some trouble now, fans... he's gotta feel like the TV Title could be slipping through his fingers here as-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Knife edge chop, hard across the chest by the National Champion! And at a time like this, you've gotta think about who might be looking on. You think about guys like TORA and Callum Mahoney who made their intentions known earlier to challenge the winner of this one... or Michael Aarons of course. But right now, the fate of these two storied championships comes down to these two men - Terry Shane and Jackson Hunter.

[A second and third chop land before Hunter grabs the wrist, whipping Shane across the ring where he SLAMS into the turnbuckles, staggering out and falling to his knees again.]

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

SA: Halfway through the time limit in this one and Jackson Hunter is in complete control, looking for a way to finish off Terry Shane and stake his claim as a double champion...

[Hunter grabs Shane's ankle, planting his foot on the back of the knee, lifting the leg into the air...

...and DRIVES his foot down, smashing the kneecap under it into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: And now you gotta think he's daydreamin' about slapping on that Mindflayer, Big Sal.

SA: It's the most certain way to walk out of Atlanta as a double champion - that's for sure. Both of these men boast submission holds as their signature weapons. The Mindflayer for Jackson Hunter and the Spinning Toehold for Terry Shane - his family's legacy.

[Hunter stands over Shane, leaning over to lay the badmouth on him...]

DW: Hunter running his mouth again - wasting valuable time if you ask me!

SA: No doubt about that and-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Goodness! Hunter goes right upside the head of Shane with that slap!

[Hunter does the double belt gesture again...

...while Shane shoves his torso down towards Hunter's hips, swinging his legs up, and pulls Hunter down in a sunset flip rollup!]

SA: ROLLUP! ROLLUP!

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice... and the crowd groans as Hunter just BARELY escapes in time!]

SA: Another two count - another near fall for- OHHH!

[The crowd echoes Sal's shout as Hunter scrambles up and catches a rising Shane with a short kneelift to the chin, snapping his head back and sending him falling back against the ropes where he stumbles into the closest corner.]

SA: Hunter's got him back on the ropes again after that well-timed kneelift... not the Instant Karma we're used to seeing out of the Hunter clan but an old fashioned kneelift puts Shane in the corner again...

[Hunter pushes Shane's torso back, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

SA: Another hard chop by the National Champion...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

SA: Make it a pair...

[The referee orders Hunter to step back and he does, raising his hands innocently...

...which is when Shane surges forward, grabs him under the arms, and twists him back into the corner...]

SA: Shane turns it around and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[A trio of European uppercuts find the mark, snapping Hunter's head back with every blow...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...and a final one LIFTS him into the air, sending him tumbling over the ropes and landing out on the apron!]

SA: CALL MISSION CONTROL 'CAUSE WE GOT LIFTOFF IN THE A-T-L!

[Shane collapses against the buckles, breathing heavily for a few moments before he leans over, grabbing a kneeling Hunter by the wrist, hauling him up to his feet and into a front facelock...]

SA: And it looks like Terry Shane may have found a second wind now, trying to get Hunter back in the hard way...

[Shane lifts Hunter into the air... but as Hunter struggles and flails wildly, Shane is forced to deposit him back down on the apron...]

SA: Hunter blocks it!

[Hunter spins out of the front chancery to snatch a three-quarter nelson and DROPS down to his tailbone, snapping Shane's throat down on the top rope, sending him falling back inside the ring!]

SA: OHHH! Nice counter by the National Champion!

[Hunter scrambles back up on the apron, propelling himself between the ropes into a lateral press...

...with his feet strategically on the ropes for leverage!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE!

DW: FEET ARE ON THE ROPES!

[But before the three count can come down, Davis Warren peels off, spotting the feet on the ropes. He waves off the count, shouting at Hunter who breaks his pin angrily.]

SA: Hunter got caught and he can't believe it!

[The National Champion stomps towards Davis Warren, giving him a hard two-handed shove to the chest...

...that Warren returns in kind, sending Hunter falling back down on his tailbone to a HUGE ROAR!]

SA: TAKE THAT, JACKSON HUNTER! TAKE THAT!

[An angry Blake Colton gets up on the apron, shouting at the referee as a stunned Hunter is slow to get to his feet...]

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

[...but the timekeeper's warning snaps him out of it, rushing towards a rising Shane, pushing him back into the ropes and grabbing him by the arm.]

SA: Irish whi- reversed!

[The reversal sends Hunter CRASHING into his own partner, knocking Colton off the apron to the floor to big cheers as the National Champion blindly staggers backwards towards Terry Shane who...]

SA: SLEEPER! SLEEPER!

[The crowd ROARS as Shane wraps his arms around Hunter's head and neck!]

SA: TERRY SHANE HOOKS A SLEEPERHOLD IN THE CENTER OF THE RING! COULD THIS BE IT?!

[Hunter's arms are wildly pumping in the air, searching for a way out as Shane holds his ground, crimping the neck and cutting off the flow of blood to Hunter's manic mind!]

SA: Shane's got it sunk in DEEP in the middle of the ring! Colton's down! And Hunter's fading, fans! Jackson Hunter is fading and he's fading fast by my estimation!

[The fans in Center Stage Studios are ROARING as Shane keeps the hold applied as Hunter's pumping arms start to slow down drastically...]

DW: Look at the arms, Big Sal! He's going out! Shane's putting him out!

SA: The fans are going NUTS! They want to see history made right here tonight and they want to see Terry Shane make that history!

[Hunter's arms have slowed even more at this point, one of them fully dropping to his side...]

SA: Hunter's trying to hang on but Shane's got him trapped in the middle!

[Back on his feet, Blake Colton jerks up the ring apron...]

SA: What's he... what is Colton looking for under the ring?

[The referee throws a glance at Colton who is digging under the ring frantically...]

SA: Colton's got a... oh my god, he's got a shovel! He's got Hunter's shovel!

DW: Well, what's he gonna do with it, Sal?! This isn't No Disqualification!

SA: No, but maybe Colton thinks one belt is better than none! The title can't change hands on a disqualification and-

[Colton rolls under the ropes, shovel in hand. The referee peels away from the sleeper to confront Colton...]

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

[...but he's not alone as the Center Stage Studios crowd EXPLODES in cheers!]

SA: HOLD ON! DERRICK WILLIAMS IS HERE TOO! WILLIAMS IS IN ATLANTA AND HE'S-

[The crowd noise intensifies as Williams throws himself at Colton, grabbing the shovel with both hands as Colton and Williams struggle over it!]

DW: I had no idea he was here, Sal!

SA: Neither did I! And neither did Colton and Hunter by the looks of it!

[Shane continues to hang on to the sleeper, the arms of his victim barely moving at all now...]

...but his back is to the referee, Blake Colton, and Derrick Williams fighting over Hunter's signature shovel!]

SA: Hunter's out! Or just about at least! The referee needs to get control again so he can-

[Colton puts his 340 pounds to good use, pushing forward with it...]

...which knocks the referee aside and sends Williams crashing into Shane, knocking him down and breaking the sleeperhold!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: COLTON SAVES THE DAY FOR JACKSON HUNTER!

DW: For now!

[Colton takes a look around, spotting the downed referee...

...and winds up with the shovel!]

DW: NO! STOP HIM! STOP HIM NOW!

[And Derrick Williams obliges, throwing himself at Colton in a tackle, knocking him down to the mat where they both roll to the floor, trading right hands as the shovel falls to the canvas!]

SA: Williams saves Shane from that shovel and...

DW: Oh no... oh no, oh no!

[With Shane and Hunter both down, a dazed Hunter spots the shovel and starts crawling towards it...]

SA: Hunter's going for the shovel now! Jackson Hunter can't even stand right now but he's got his sights set on that shovel and he's making a move for it!

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! SIXTY SECONDS!"

[Getting his hands on the shovel, Hunter plants the edge on the mat, using it to push himself up to his feet, nearly falling down as he gets there...]

SA: Hunter's out on his feet but he's going for it all! He's got the shovel! He's got it in hand!

[Nodding to the jeering crowd, Hunter winds up with the shovel...

...which is when Terry Shane lunges forward, sweeping Hunter's legs out from under him. He lands hard on the back of his head, the shovel spinning out of his hands as he hits the canvas!]

SA: SHANE SWEEPS THE LEGS AND...

[The crowd ROARS as Shane quickly twists the leg around his own!]

SA: ...SPINNING TOEHOLD! SPINNING TOEHOLD APPLIED BY THE TV CHAMPION!

[Shane cranks the leg, Hunter screaming in pain on the canvas as Shane locks in his signature hold!]

SA: SHANE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN! HUNTER SCREAMING SO LOUD, YOU CAN HEAR HIM BACK IN MOSAIC STADIUM!

"THIRTY SECONDS!"

[Shane spins again, screaming himself as he torques the ankle and knee of Jackson Hunter who is flailing about on the canvas, crying out as Williams and Colton continue to brawl on the outside of the ring.]

SA: Hunter's trapped and he's got no one to help him this time!

DW: Come on, Terry!

[Shane twists again, leaning in and screaming "TAAAAAAAAP!" at Hunter who is fighting it with all he can...]

"FIFTEEN SECONDS!"

SA: Hunter's trying to hang on! Hunter's trying to...

[But Shane twists one more time, cranking the leg as hard as he can, screaming down at Hunter as he does...]

"TAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and Hunter frantically slaps the canvas as the Center Stage Studios crowd EXPLODES in cheers!]

SA: HE TAPPED OUT! HE TAPPED OUT!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Shane collapses out of the hold, falling to his knees, slumping forward to press his forehead to the canvas as there are fans literally jumping for joy inside Center Stage Studios!]

DW: SHANE WINS! SHANE WINS! SHANE WINS!

[Outside the ring, Blake Colton's staring on in disbelief as a smirking Derrick Williams backs up the steps, nodding his head in satisfaction.]

SA: Blake Colton got involved! Derrick Williams got involved! But at the end of the day, we've got a BRAND NEW DOUBLE CHAMPION and his name... is TERRY... SHANE!

[The timekeeper slides the title belts in to Shane who picks them up, hoisting them high into the air as the crowd ROARS even louder! Colton rolls into the ring, yanking the prone referee off the mat, shoving him back into the corner...]

DW: The referee was... was he down during all that?

SA: I... well, I didn't notice in all the commotion but I think he was, Dee Dub.

DW: Then who called for the bell?

[Shane mounts the middle rope, holding the titles over his head again as the fans continue to cheer...]

...and Blake Colton has helped Jackson Hunter to his feet, both men now in the corner shouting at Davis Warren who is grabbing at his head in pain, shaking it at them.]

SA: That's a good question, Dee Dub... I'm not... fans, we've... well, controversy has struck here in Atlanta... here on the all-new Power Hour. We've got a new Double Champion...

DW: Do we?

SA: I... I don't know. Fans, we've gotta go! We're out of time! So long everybody!

[Hunter and Colton are still reading the referee the riot act as Shane celebrates with both titles in the background... and we fade to black.]