

AWA POWER HOUR

JUNE 17, 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 red top with silver trim and a heart-shaped cutout and 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. Two hours of AWA action is coming your way... a special super-sized edition of the all-new Power Hour hot off the heels of the events of MEMorial Day Mayhem

And with our giant Main Event already on deck - we're heading right to the ring so it's my pleasure to introduce you to the two gentlemen who will be calling all the action for you here tonight - Salvatore Albano and 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: Thanks, Theresa, and it is my pleasure, of course, to be right back here in the A-T-L for another night of Power Hour action. Dylan Westerly - Dee Dub, my old friend - it's good to see you as well.

DW: Always a pleasure, Big Sal... and these fans here in Atlanta are ready to kick off this Summer Sizzler tour in style! We've got a lot going on here tonight.

SA: You said a mouthful there, my friend. Of course, we've got this big double Main Event with Shane Locke battling Jim Colt with Colt's ten grand on the line... plus Michael Aarons taking on Downpour. The American Idols are here... Margarita Flores is here... Atlas Armstrong is here... this is going to be an exciting night and right now, we're ready for the tag team debut of what might be the AWA's oddest couple now...I'm talkin' about Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley III.

DW: It's been over a month now since Sawyer apparently sold out to that rich snob, so I guess we're about to see what's come of that. Personally, I hope Curt punches Kingsley right in the mush. Pow!

SA: That'd make them the shortest-lived tag team ever. Let's get to the ring!

[To the ring we go, where Tyler Graham stands in the center with a pair of fresh-faced competitors to his right.]

TG: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a 10 minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right, Bobby Judge and Roddy Rio!

[Judge, the blonde with red tights with "JUDGE" on the ass, smirks with an arrogance he probably shouldn't have. Rio, the dark-haired partner with a shadow beard, just raises his arms emphatically.]

TG: And their opponents...making their tag team debut...first, from Dallas, Texas, weighing in at 260 pounds...CUUURT SAWWWYYEEERRR!

[Angus Young's opening guitar riff from AC/DC's "Money Talks" fills the arena. As Graham does his schtick, Sawyer steps out flanked on his left by his partner, Alexander Kingsley III.]

TG: And his partner...from Beverly Hills, California, weighing in at 242 pounds...ALEXANDER KINGSLLEEEY THE THIIIIIIIRD!

[Sawyer glances at AK3, perhaps a bit unsure of himself, but Kingsley simply nods in encouragement and pats Sawyer on the shoulder before they begin walking toward the ring. Kingsley remains in similar ring attire to the last time he was seen in the AWA, wearing emerald green tights with white dollar signs on each side. Sawyer, however... well, he's a bit different.]

SA: And take a look at Curt Sawyer! He looks like he's a complete transformation since the last time we saw him, Dee Dub!

DW: Yeah, I dunno, Sal. This smells rotten if you ask me.

[Sawyer indeed DOES look different. First, he appears to have trimmed up with a bit more definition and most notably, the absence of his beer belly that is now flattened out significantly. His hair is also trimmed and styled neatly instead of the unkempt mullet he had six weeks prior. Finally, he's replaced his ratted "Members Only" jacket with a shiny black leather jacket with "SAWYER" etched on the back in gold.]

SA: A brand new look for Curt Sawyer and I gotta say... he looks great! This partnership with Kingsley may have been the very thing he needed!

DW: He's still got his axe handle with him at least. May be the only thing left from the old Curt Sawyer I knew and liked.

[Kingsley and Sawyer climb into the ring, Sawyer lifting his axe handle in the air to a good reaction from the crowd. AK3, meanwhile, appears to be all business as he

retreats to their corner. Sawyer removes his jacket and converses briefly with his partner, then steps through the ropes to let Kingsley start things off.]

SA: So it'll be Kingsley in first for his team, and Judge for his. There's the bell and let's get this baby rolling!

[Kingsley and Judge circle momentarily before tying up. The jostle for position ends when AK3 yanks Judge over and to the mat with an armdrag.]

SA: Deep armdrag there by Kingsley! This is his first time in an AWA ring in about two years, I believe, so you know he's looking to impress.

DW: As I recall, things didn't end too good for him last time he was here.

[AK3 quickly leaps up to a vertical base, nodding toward Judge who is slow to rise. The two go to tie up again, but this time Judge gets the edge with a kneelift.]

SA: Bobby Judge buries the knee into Kingsley's gut! Quickly into a headlock but Kingsley shoves him off to the far side... Judge on the rebound, and Kingsley drops him with a shoulder block!

[AK3 motions for Judge to get back up. Judge does and charges at AK3, who sidesteps and shoves him toward the ropes. Judge rebounds and heads back toward Kingsley.]

SA: Kingsley with the dropdown, Judge over the top and rebounds again off the far side... and Kingsley catches him and PLANTS him with a spinning spinebuster!

[AK3 looks toward Sawyer and points, then grabs Judge by the hair and pulls him toward the corner.]

SA: And there's the tag to Sawyer! Let's see what he's learned in his time training with Kingsley!

[The crowd cheers at the sight of the tag as Sawyer steps through the ropes. Kingsley lifts the left arm of Judge, giving Sawyer an opening to drive a hard right hand into.]

SA: Whoa baby, a hard right hand from the rejuvenated Curt Sawyer and now we get to see what he can do in the ring after almost two months' worth of training with Kingsley's resources!

[Moving with a newfound quickness, Sawyer rapidly scoops Judge up and easily deposits him back on the mat with a bodyslam. Without hesitation, Sawyer leaps into the air and drives an elbow into his chest as a follow-up.]

SA: Look at the height on that elbowdrop, Dee Dub! That ain't the Curt Sawyer we knew before.

DW: I have to admit, Sal, he looks great. I still don't trust that Kingsley character farther than I can throw him, but at least right now, Sawyer's trust in him seems to have paid off.

[Kingsley claps for his partner on the apron while Sawyer - again working at a quick pace - grabs Judge's right leg, hooks it under his arm, and turns him over.]

SA: ANKLE LOCK! I've never seen Curt Sawyer use a submission hold before...ever!

DW: Must've learned it in training with Kingsley.

[Judge extends his arm, reaching for the ropes, but is not within reach. He grimaces and shakes his head "no" emphatically.]

SA: Nowhere for Judge to go...and here goes Rio!

[Roddy Rio, seeing his partner's dilemma, steps through the ropes and blitzes Sawyer with a running clothesline, forcing him to break the hold.]

DW: That's one way to get out of it!

[Sawyer staggers back as Rio lays in right hands, and he's soon joined by Judge. Referee Davis Warren yells out an unheeded warning as the tandem positions on each side of Sawyer and takes him down to the mat with a double hiptoss.]

SA: Judge and Rio find a way to get Sawyer off his feet.

[Rio stands guard over Sawyer while Judge climbs to the top rope. As Judge perches, Rio hits the far ropes and drops a leg across Sawyer's throat.]

DW: Here comes the Judge!

[Westerley chuckles at his joke as Judge dives off the top rope and connects with a frog splash!]

SA: FROGGIE SPLASH! And the cover, it could be...it might be...

[As Warren's hand hits the mat for the second time, Sawyer HOISTS Judge into the air and out of the cover.]

SA: But it's not! Sawyer powers out of the pinfall attempt, and now Rio comes in off the tag as the legal man.

[Rio puts the boots to the downed Sawyer as Kingsley encourages his partner from the apron. Sawyer pushes back to his feet but gets shoved into the corner by Rio, who then goes to the opposite corner and dashes in.]

SA: Here comes Rio...RIGHT INTO A BOOT!

[Rio staggers back, giving Sawyer the opening he needs...and he EXPLODES out of the corner with a brutal clothesline, receiving a big cheer from the Center Stage crowd!]

DW: What a clothesline! Sawyer always had power, Big Sal, but now he's added some speed and that's gonna make him more dangerous.

[Sawyer moves in already, pulling Rio up and hooking him in a gutwrench, then lifting him up only to drive him down across his knee!]

SA: Gutwrench backbreaker!

[But Sawyer doesn't let go, still holding the gutwrench. He then power lifts him up over his shoulder and PLANTS him into the mat!]

SA: Into a gutwrench powerbomb! That's gotta be all for Roddy Rio!

[Sawyer doesn't go for the cover, but stands up and looks to Kingsley, nodding his approval. AK3 claps and reaches out for the tag as he yells to his partner.]

"LET'S SHOW 'EM HOW WE FINISH IT!"

[Sawyer nods again and tags in Kingsley, then grabs Rio and lifts him up into a torture rack position while AK3 climbs to the middle rope.]

DW: They're setting him up, Sal! This looks bad for Roddy Rio!

[Kingsley points to his partner, who spins sideways to position Rio in the perfect spot for AK3 to leap off the ropes and deliver a neckbreaker!]

SA: THAT'S GOTTA BE ALL! There's a one...a two...and a three!

[Kingsley looks toward the floor camera and says "That's what we like to call a Market Crash!" followed by a wink. As we cut back to the hard camera, we see Sawyer celebrating a bit more than he should for a win over two local talents.]

SA: There's your winners in their tag team debut, Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley III! And I just got handed this note, Dee Dub...it seems that Sawyer and Kingsley have secured a spot in the Stampede Cup.

DW: How'd they do that? They just became a team!

SA: You know the old saying, Dee Dub - money talks. My source tells me that Kingsley lined El Presidente's pockets and bam! They got a spot. And you know what? They might just make some noise in that tournament next month in Canada. Right now, let's go over to Theresa who has herself a special guest. Theresa?

[We cut from the ring over the interview podium where Theresa Lynch is standing alongside Larry Wallace who is in a pair of blue jeans and a dress shirt with a few buttons undone.]

TL: Thanks, Sal... and as you can see, I've been joined here on the Power Hour by Larry Wallace... and Larry, it's been a while since we've seen you. What's been going on with you?

[Wallace nods, his gold chain dangling around his neck.]

LW: Theresa, it's been a rough month or so for me. I had some nagging injuries that weren't healing up so I had to take a bit after teaming with your brother to get those under control. But I'm happy to say that mission's accomplished and I'm feeling better than ever... physically at least.

[Wallace's face twists into a frown.]

TL: What's that mean?

LW: It means, Theresa, that there's a lot of stuff happening in the AWA these days that's gotten under my skin. First off, let's talk about Memorial Day Mayhem... let's talk about what happened to Wes Taylor. Now, look... it's no secret that I really wanted to be a part of that Tower of Doom - injuries or not - and if Wes wasn't in there, I might've gotten the call. But to see what happened to him in there... that's not what this business is about, Theresa.

And of course... Supreme...

[Theresa winces.]

LW: I know. I'm sorry. But you know that Supreme and I have been friends for a long time. Once you're Team Supreme, you're always Team Supreme, you know? And seeing Hogan go after him like that. I just have to say that Hogan... I know you've suddenly got your hands full with the Madfox... and I know sooner or later,

Supreme will be back to get his own brand of payback... but if you and I cross paths, Hogan, I'll be more than happy to stick these feet right up in your ugly face.

[The crowd cheers as Theresa smiles.]

LW: And then there's my brothers. Like they weren't a big enough pain in the... neck... on their own. Now they're hanging out with Michael Aarons who thinks he's God's gift to wrestling. Well, I've been there with that attitude, Theresa... and I know it's a crock. And if Michael Aarons thinks he's gonna be the hottest thing since sliced bread, he knows where to find me to get turned into burnt toast.

[Another cheer from the crowd.]

TL: Larry, I gotta point out... you're not currently ranked for an AWA title.

[Wallace smirks.]

LW: Thanks for rubbing it in, Theresa.

[Laughter from the crowd.]

LW: But I know what you're saying. You're talking about Javier Castillo's magical opportunity... about the Running of the Bulls in MSG. Well, you're right. I'm not ranked... and for the first time ever, I'm pretty happy about that. Because we all know that Larry Wallace is better than what you've seen lately... and if I get the chance to go to the Mecca of Sports and fight it out for a shot at the World Title, I'm going to take full advantage of that chance. I'm gonna give it everything I've got, Theresa... and don't be surprised if you see Larry Wallace versus Johnny Detson on your TVs from Philly!

[Wallace turns to exit as the crowd cheers.]

TL: Larry Wallace certainly appears to be ready heading into New York City and Fight Night... but will he get the call? We'll find out in just one week's time but right now, fans... we're going to take our first break of the evening. When we come back, it'll be time for Women's Division action with second-generation superstar Harley Hamilton in action so don't you dare go away!

[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 we fade back up to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... weighing in at 138 pounds... from Columbus, Ohio... Heather Mayfield!

[A perky looking brunette in a purple leotard raises her hands into the air to some scattered applause.]

TG: And her opponent...

[The lights in the arena dim as "Flashing Lights" by Kanye West begins to play over the PA system. Bright gold flood lights fill the entrance way and dry ice smoke rises as we see Harley Hamilton coming into view, wearing big movie star sunglasses, dressed in a full length, hooded white Arctic fox fur coat over her wrestling attire. She turns and lets the fur coat slip slightly to bare a little skin as she strikes a sultry pose. White lights then immediately flash all around her, as if paparazzi were taking photos of her.]

TG: ...she hails from Kansas City, Missouri...weighing in at 145 pounds...

HARLEYYYYYY HAMILTOOOOONNNNN!!!

[Harley sashays her way down the aisle. Reaching the ringside area, she shimmy's out of her fur coat, revealing her wrestling attire underneath: a black vinyl mock neck sports bra top with the image of a gold crown across her chest, a pair of almost obscenely low-rise boy shorts, black wrist tape and knee-high wrestling boots. She has the powerful build of an elite athlete, her shoulder length strawberry blonde hair styled with tight side braids on one side and curls on the other.]

SA: Here's a young lady that's rubbed just about everyone the wrong way since she's first stepped foot in the AWA, Harley Hamilton!

DW: I'd say she's about as rotten on the inside as she is pretty on the outside, Sal!

SA: Like the immortal Bell Biv Devoe used to say, Dee Dub... that girl is poison!

DW: You never trust a big butt and a smile. Not that I'm saying she has... a... uhh... well... let's go the ring!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Hamilton and Mayfield lock up in the middle of the ring as Harley easily backs her opponent into a corner. The referee administers a five count, as Hamilton releases Mayfield and holds her hands up in the air to signify a clean break...]

SA: Oh! Harley Hamilton tried to cheapshot Heather Mayfield right there and Mayfield's turned the tables on her!

[Spinning her back to the corner, Mayfield lights up Hamilton with a series of chops.]

SA: And Mayfield is wearing Hamilton out!

DW: Yeah! Get her!

[Mayfield grabs an arm and launches Hamilton across the ring towards the opposite corner. However, right before she hits the corner, Hamilton ducks down and flips forward, hitting the turnbuckles back-first and using her momentum to land safely onto the apron.]

DW: Woah! How'd she do that??

SA: Say what you will about her attitude, but Harley Hamilton knows her way around a wrestling ring!

[From the ring apron, a smug Hamilton mockingly gives Mayfield a little wave, before the raven-haired brunette charges at her. However, as she does so, Hamilton is there to meet Mayfield with a big boot through the ropes!]

DW: That oughta rattle some teeth!

SA: A big mistake by Heather Mayfield there and it may cost her dearly!

[With Mayfield stunned, Hamilton quickly steps back in through the ropes and runs to the far end of the ring, rebounding off the ropes and nearly sending Mayfield flipping over with a running clothesline!]

"SMMMAAAACCKK!"

SA: Hamilton almost takes Heather Mayfield's head off with that clothesline! Considering the recent war of words between her and Margarita Flores, that might've been a message sent to the Texan!

[Dropping to her knees, Harley crawls over to the ropes and looks into the camera, pointing to her downed opponent laying in agony behind her.]

"You see that, Flores!? I can do anything you can do and I can do it better!"

SA: There's no maybe about it, Harley Hamilton did that on purpose.

DW: Harley can try all she wants, but that wasn't nearly as good as Flores' lariat, Sal!

SA: But it was darn effective. Hamilton with the cover now: One...two...

[The studio audience breaks out into a chorus of boos as Harley suddenly pulls Mayfield's head off the canvas!]

SA: ...Hamilton breaks the pin! She's not done with Mayfield, yet!

[Wagging her finger at the crowd, Hamilton pulls Mayfield to her feet and doubles her over with a boot to the gut. She sets Mayfield up for a vertical suplex, lifting her opponent up high into the air before dropping her gut-first heavily onto the top rope and using the momentum of the rope bounce to take her back over into a vertical suplex!]

SA: Slingshot suplex with a beautiful floatover into a pin! ONE! TWO! T-

[Big time boos as Hamilton pulls Mayfield off the mat again!]

DW: Aw, come on! What's this girl's problem!?

SA: I don't know why she's acting like this, but Harley Hamilton is making no fans here in the studio!

[Smirking, Hamilton whips Mayfield hard into the far corner, following her in...]

"SMMMMAAACCCKK!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and absolutely OBLITERATING Mayfield with a leaping high knee! With her knee still pressed against Mayfield's chin, Hamilton stands up on the bottom rope and blows a kiss to the crowd...]

DW: Is that necessary? What's with all the show boating and-

[...before turning around and grabbing Mayfield into a side headlock, running out of the corner with her and diving forward, DRIVING her face-first into the canvas with a bulldog!]

DW: OHHH!

SA: Bulldog headlock and a beauty. But Harley Hamilton probably had this match wrapped up minutes ago.

DW: Yeah, she might have all the talent in the world, but her ego's out of control! Where does she get off acting like this?

[Backing up into a corner, Harley slams her fists down into the canvas, demanding Mayfield to get to her feet. As a weary Mayfield pushes herself up to her knees, Hamilton sprints out of the corner and steps off her kneeling opponent's back, before descending with a double stomp that drives both of her feet into the back of Heather Mayfield's skull and sends her face into the canvas!]

"THHHUUUUDDDD!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

SA: SHE CALLS THAT HAIL TO THE QUEEN AND THAT'S GOTTA BE IT!

[Hamilton lays back on Mayfield's unmoving body and superfluously hooks a leg, using her free arm to count along as the referee counts to three!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

TG: Your winner of the match...

HARLEEEEEYYYY HAMILTOOOOOON!!!

[The announcement is met with heavy boos, as Harley snatches the microphone out of Tyler Graham's hand.]

HH: Hey! Hey, cameraman! Make sure you get my good side while I'm talking.

[She tosses her hair and turns presumably to her "good side".]

HH: You know, ever since Memorial Day Mayhem went down, I've seen a lot of these girls in the AWA talking a good game about Kurayami, but not a single one of them is actually stepping up to the plate and challenging her. Well, I don't just talk a good game, I back it up with action. Consider ME in the batter's box, people. And you better believe when Harley Hamilton takes her swing at the Queen's head, she's not gonna' miss!

[An audible shout from a female voice screaming "I hope Kurayami destroys you!" can be heard from the crowd. Harley ignores it.]

HH: I was born great and I've been Number One Contender since birth. It's the truth and I don't give a damn who doesn't like it. Whether it be your precious Wonder Woman wannabe Julie Somers, that little bimbo Skylar Swift, that doofus Molly Bell, raggedy Victoria June or even that big ol' slab of nothing, Margarita Flores!

[Harley looks mighty proud of herself as the crowd jeers.]

HH: I'm not blind, deaf or dumb. I hear all the chatter about me.

"Oh, she's too young."

"Oh, she's soooo arrogant."

"Oh, I hope someone puts her in her place!"

[Harley laughs.]

HH: Sweethearts, the only "place" this natural born legend belongs is where she's always been.

At the very top!

[Hamilton literally drops the mic for all to see before she approaches the corner, stepping up on the middle rope to jeers from the crowd.]

SA: Well, you don't have to like her attitude, fans... but you have to respect her talent in the ring.

DW: And her courage. She just called out half the Women's Division - and some heavy hitters at that!

SA: She certainly did... and I can't wait to see any and all of them step to the challenge of facing Harley Hamilton inside that squared circle. Fans, we'll be right back after this break!

[We fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for

the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

“Wow! I wish I could be the champion!”

[There’s a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can’t be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don’t think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women’s World Championship.]

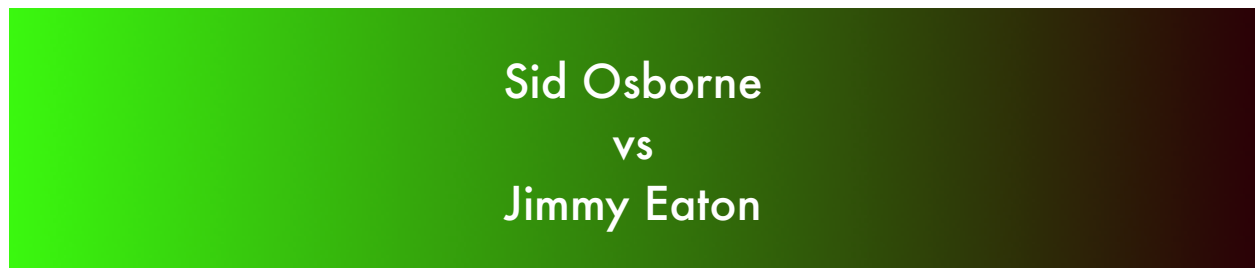
“I can be a champion too!”

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up on a graphic introducing the next match.]



SA: Alright, fans... we are back here in Atlanta, Georgia for the all-new Power Hour and this is a treat for us, Dee Dub... the Power Hour debut of one of the hot young superstars in our business, Sid Osborne!

DW: The Sin City Savior’s in the house! Oh yeah!

[As the graphic fades, we see the two competitors inside the ring. Eaton is tugging off a neon green nylon jacket, tossing it outside of the ring to reveal a slender, muscular frame. Osborne pulls off his leather jacket, dropping it over the ropes to an attendant as he tugs his double-strapped singlet into position...

...and then charges across the ring, leaping up to drive a knee up under the chin of a shocked Eaton!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: KNEESTRIKE CITY! And the bell hasn’t even rung yet!

[Osborne shouts “RING IT!” to the referee who obliges as Osborne pulls Eaton out of the corner towards the middle of the ring. As the bell sounds, the Sin City Savior flips Eaton over into a seated position, dashing to the ropes...]

SA: Osborne moving quickly here and... ohhh!

[The crowd cheers as Osborne hits a sliding clothesline on the seated Eaton, knocking him flat. Osborne quickly gets back up, rolling Eaton onto his chest.]

SA: The Sin City Savior isn’t wasting any time at all here... setting up that wheelbarrow...

[Osborne lifts Eaton up into the air in the wheelbarrow...

...and then sits out, driving Eaton facefirst into the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: He calls that Into The Pit and...

[Holding onto the legs, Osborne rolls over, sitting on Eaton’s torso as he pulls back on both legs.]

SA: It could be. It might be. It is! Victory for the Sin City Savior!

[Osborne gets to his feet, jerking his arm away from the referee who tries to raise his hand.]

SA: And that chip on the shoulder of Sin City Sid is about a mile wide right now. Sid’s leaving the ring, making his way up there to talk to Theresa and... well, I’m not sure he’s really in the mood for conversation, Theresa.

[We cut to Theresa at the desk again as Osborne stomps up the stairs to the stage to stand beside her.]

TL: Congratulations on an impressive win on your very first outing here on the Power Hour, Sid!

[Osborne smirks, rolling his eyes.]

SO: Sure. Thanks. Since I was a kid, I dreamed of being a Not Ready For Prime Time Player.

[Theresa is taken aback. She blinks, taking a second to register the sarcasm she just received.]

TL: Aren't you happy with the win? You've finally made it to the AWA, that alone is a huge accomplishment.

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: Sorry, but you're wrong. I get it, I wasn't lucky enough to be born into a wrestling family. I didn't wake up one day and say to my dad "Hey, I think it'd be fun to be on TV" and just like that--

[Osborne snaps his fingers.]

SO: -- there you are with a microphone in your hand. I have worked, I have starved and I have bled. But I have not done it to be HERE. I didn't sacrifice everything for THIS. If I wanted to wrestle in front of a crowd this size, I'd be back home at the American Legion Hall and saving myself a ton of gas money.

See, they don't want this said or to be known, but there is actually a world outside of this company. I didn't exactly have my first match the day I stepped foot into the Combat Corner. I worked my way up in CCW for a purpose:

[Osborne extends his index finger.]

SO: To show everyone that I am the best in the world.

[Osborne frowns.]

SO: And knocking around a bunch of broken down old men on the B show isn't proving that to anyone.

[Theresa shakes her head in strict disagreement.]

TL: The talent here are every bit as good as in any other show! Everyone here is fighting for the same chance you are.

[Osborne laughs.]

SO: I hope you don't really think that. With all the gabbing your brother does on Saturday nights, I hope he spent a fraction of that hot air letting you in on some basic facts. As for me?

[Osborne nods, ignoring the mix of boos and cheers he's receiving for his disrespect towards Theresa and her family.]

SO: I get it. I got tired of waiting for my chance, so I took it. The suits didn't like that. Castillo especially didn't like that. Do you really think it was dumb luck that I pulled number one for the Rumble? No. They were trying to teach me a lesson.

Except I've listened to enough "teachers" here already. I took their lesson and shoved it in their faces. I went the distance.

[Osborne points down towards the ring, and then motions to the crowd.]

SO: So here's their latest attempt at teaching me to know my place. Kicking me down to the Power Hour. The problem with that is simple. I'm not some goody two shoes soldier boy that will take the abuse and say thank you.

[Osborne points towards the camera.]

SO: I told you all to feel free to shut me up, but you couldn't get it done. Castillo, you couldn't get it done. So I'm still here and still talking loud. I'm not going to shut up either... not until you give me the chance I've earned. I want in the running. I want to knock all your little toy soldiers down to take what's mine.

A shot at Johnny Detson in Philadelphia for the World Championship.

[The mixed reaction turns mostly to cheers.]

SO: Until then, as always?

Step up. And shut me up.

[Osborne abruptly turns away from Theresa, walking to the back.]

TL: A defiant attitude from Sid Osborne here tonight on the Power Hour... and well, it appears he's less than pleased with not being scheduled for Saturday Night Wrestling. How rude!

[Theresa cracks a smile.]

TL: Fans, the AWA's Summer Sizzler Tour is burning up America's highways and by-ways. We've hit Chicago! We've hit Detroit! We're coming to New York City next weekend and of course, later this summer, we'll be coming to Mexico for the very first time! Guadalupe, Mexico on Monday, September 4th for an event we're now being told will be called Estrellas En El Cielo! And for those fans who are unfamiliar with the world of lucha libre, we will be hosting a series of segments to get you introduced to it brought to you by one of the competitors we'll be seeing in just a bit - the Shooting Stars' Downpour. Take a look...

[We fade from Theresa.

Looking off slightly to the viewers left we open on a black background. Adorned in a full face mask, teal blue seemingly dripping down over silver, is Downpour.]

D: After what's sure to be a momentous AWA Summer tour, we are coming to Mexico on September 4th and what an absolute event it will be!

[Though speaking in plain, clear English, Downpour's somewhat stifled voice hangs with a strong accent.]

D: But before we talk about what is about to happen, it's really important we talk about what happened. And we can't talk about the beautiful history of lucha libre without talking about where it all began and more importantly, in this discussion, the legend that made Lucha Libre, and perhaps the father of all professional wrestling...

[The camera switches from Downpour to old, clicking black and white footage. Fists on hips, cape billowing behind him, is an athletic young man, draped in full pants and more importantly, masked with a sharp nose and strong chin jutting out from his light colored, silver mask.]

D: El Vengador de Plata. The first of us. The greatest of us.

[More grainy footage is played, this of El Vengador battling other luchadores in front of packed crowds across Mexico.]

D: Pantera... Gemini... Pedro Ortega Jr...

[Each name is accompanied by a shot of the wrestler in quick action.]

D: Young talent joined El Vengador to make OMLL, Organización Mexicana de Lucha Libre, a powerhouse within the young world wide wrestling community,

[The crowds get bigger and bigger on subsequent shots, showing their location. Some are outside Mexico, including Arizona and Southern Texas.]

D: It was truly a time of heroes. El Vengador was beyond the wrestling ring. He became a national... an international sensation! Comic books, movies, he was everywhere and for everyone! He was beloved by all in Mexico! Oh, the stories I have heard at my grandparents and great grandparents laps of El Vengador battling the likes of El Barbaro Cortez - a savage, animalistic brawler with hideous facial scars from a childhood car accident - and Guerrero Oscuro, lucha libre's "Dark Warrior." It was Oscuro that presented his greatest challenge and in 1953, in front of tens of thousands in Mexico's most important match of all time El Vengador battled Guerrero Oscuro in the first ever Mascara contra Mascara...

[The two opponents stand dramatically apart as a beheld crowd awaits with baited breath.]

D: ...Mask versus Mask.

[Another black and white scene of battle, the two exchanging vicious blows, Oscuro trying to rip the mask from a bloodied hero.]

D: For seventy minutes, the two battled. My heroes. My heroes forever. My father's heroes. His father's heroes. For seventy minutes they battled in one of the most important matches in Lucha Libre history. Until...

[Hitting his famous flying elbow drop, El Vengador covers Oscuro for the three count.]

D: ...the mask came off and history was made.

[The view fades out from black and white, slowly into color.]

D: And on September 4th, the AWA comes to Mexico looking to write history once again. The spirits of these legends will be looking down upon them and I am sure the AWA will do them proud!

[With a triumphant look, obvious despite his full face mask, and a tightened fist, a declaration is made...

...and we fade through black out to the Center Stage Studios once more where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following contest is one of tonight's featured attractions! It is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[And with that, the lights go down in the studio and cutting blue lasers "drip" from above with a rain like effect as a smoke machine starts jettisoning a white cloud. A crash of thunder and then an electronic-synth beat hits, rising in crescendo and drops...]

TG: He hails from Puerto Vallarta, Mexico... weighing in at 206 pounds...

DOOOOOOOWNPOUUUUUUUUR!

[The heavy synth sounds of some unknown original music is heard as Downpour rises from the gathering fog, his masked head bowed and as his upwards motion tops, he snaps up an arm to the sky, accompanying another crash of thunder.]

SA: And there he is, fans - one-half of the duo known as the Shooting Stars but there will be no partner waiting to tag the enigmatic Downpour here tonight... this is singles action and this should be a very interesting matchup, Dee Dub.

DW: It's a very important match - especially for Michael Aarons. Aarons has got a lot of hype on his shoulders right now - a lot of people wondering if he might be the next big thing in the AWA. He's the Number One Contender for the World Television Title and we know he's got his eyes set on that... but tonight, he's got quite the roadblock in front of him and I don't know if any of us know about Downpour to know just how big of a roadblock he's gonna be.

[Downpour is dressed in a full shimmery dark blue body suit, cut through with silver jags. His mask is full face, silver eyes and a full "hair" of silver and black tassels coming from the back and down onto his shoulders. He has similar tassels hanging from his boot tops and wears a paneled "skirt" that looks like water drops of varying sizes. Downpour makes his way down to the ring, reaching out to exchange claps with fans of all ages.]

SA: Downpour stepping up in there now... remember, this match was set up by a challenge from Michael Aarons last weekend after the Shooting Stars ripped those masks off the so-called American Dreamz to reveal the American Idols.

DW: To the surprise of absolutely no one.

[Sal chuckles as Downpour tugs at the ropes and the lights return to normal.]

TG: AND HIS OPPONENT...

["My Type" by Saint Motel begins to play and the fans begin to boo... loudly.]

TG: ...weighing in at two hundred twenty five pounds... from Carson City, Nevada...
MMMMIIICCHHAAEEEELLL AAAAAAARRRROOOOOOONNNNSSSS!!!

[Skipping out from the back comes Michael Aarons to a fairly big negative reaction. He is wearing long red tights with patterned pink and purple shapes scattered throughout. He also has on a black leather vest sans shirt.

...and those boos only get louder as they see who is with him.]

DW: Now what the heck is this all about?!

SA: The American Idols are out here with their new ally and... well, I suppose we shouldn't be surprised by that at all, Dee Dub.

DW: They've got no business being out here!

[The Wallaces are all grins as they exchange high fives with their new partner-in-crime, the trio making their way down the steps. Halfway towards the ring, a laughing Aarons pauses as he starts gyrating and dancing to the music, clapping his hands as the crowd boos. The Idols are swinging their hands over their heads, clapping along with him.]

SA: Well, this so-called Experience is certainly not one that the fans in the A-T-L are enjoying, Dee Dub.

DW: Not one bit.

[Aarons climbs the ringsteps, dancing and strutting one step at a time. He slingshots himself over the top rope into the ring, arrogantly reclining back in the corner, chomping on his gum as the referee gives some final instructions.]

SA: This one is just about set to go here on the all-new Power Hour... remember, fans, we've got a super-sized show here tonight so we'll be with you for a bit longer than usual. Make sure you stay with us.

[Referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller takes one final look at both competitors and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Aarons jumps out of the corner, faking a lunge at Downpour who strikes a defensive posture. The former tag champion points at the masked man, laughing loudly as his allies on the floor clap.]

SA: Michael Aarons with a little bit of mindgames to start us off... the two competitors circling one another here... and there's our first lockup of the match...

[Aarons grabs the wrist, spinning out into an armtwist.]

SA: Aarons cranking on that arm, putting on the pressure...

[Downpour pats his shoulder a few times before he quickly snaps off a front somersault out of the pressure before back rolling up to his feet, and yanking Aarons off his with an armdrag!]

SA: Wow! A lightning quick counter from the man from Mexico... giving us a little sneak preview of the type of action we might expect to see at Estrellas En La Cielo on September 4th when the stars of the American Wrestling Alliance and SouthWest Lucha Libre are in action.

DW: I'm hearing that we may get to see some of Tiger Paw Pro's stars there too, Sal.

SA: An international incident breaking down in Mexico for sure.

[Aarons slowly gets to his feet, nodding to Chaz Wallace who is shouting advice to the former Air Strike member.]

SA: Aarons seemed a little caught off-guard by that, Dee Dub.

DW: Maybe taking Downpour a little too lightly, Big Sal.

SA: You could be right. Both men up and circling now... looking to get back into it...

[They go right back into the tieup, Aarons pushing Downpour back towards the ropes but going right back into an armwringer before they get there.]

SA: Aarons taking aim at the arm again... perhaps he knows something about the mysterious Downpour that we don't, fans.

[Aarons cranks the arm again, nodding to the jeering crowd as Downpour grabs at his trapped limb, looking for a way out...]

SA: Downpour on the hunt for an escape here... Aarons putting more pressure on that arm and wrist...

[Downpour reaches out, wrapping his hand around the top rope, and snaps off a standing somersault out of the pressure...

...and armdrags Aarons down to the mat where he slides under the ropes out to the floor!]

SA: AND OUT GOES AARONS TO THE FLOOR!

[Downpour grabs the top rope, slingshotting up and over to the apron. Aarons makes a wild lunge at the legs but Downpour leaps up, causing Aarons to whiff on his grab...

...and then SLAMS his foot back into Aarons' mouth, sending him stumbling backwards!]

SA: Oh! Boot to the mouth and-

[Sliding down the apron, Downpour snaps off a thrust kick into the face of Chaz Wallace!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Chet charges at Downpour, grabbing at his legs as Downpour leaps over them, spinning around and running at Chet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS him with a running soccer kick between the eyes! The Wallaces stumble back next to a dazed Aarons as Downpour grabs the top rope, leaping into the air, springing off the middle, twisting into a somersault onto all three members of the Experience to a HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

SA: AND DOWNPOUR PICKS UP THE SPARE! EVERYBODY'S DOWN AFTER THAT ONE!

[Downpour climbs to his feet, throwing his arms into the air to a big cheer from the Atlanta crowd before he pulls Aarons off the floor, chucking him back under the bottom rope.]

SA: Downpour shoots him in... back up on the apron now...

[He slingshots over the top rope, corkscrewing through the air before landing down across the chest of a prone Aarons!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HIGH FLYING, HIGH RISK, HIGH REWARD, HIGHER THAN 'ALL EYEZ ON ME' SOARING AT THE BOX OFFICE THIS WEEKEND!

[Downpour scores a two count before Aarons kicks out to groans from the AWA faithful.]

SA: And in the spirit of the late, great Tupac Shakur who that movie is about, Downpour might be looking to show Michael Aarons how HE hits 'em up, fans!

[Climbing to his feet and dragging Aarons up with him, Downpour winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

SA: High impact overhand chop by the luchador! For those unaware, Downpour competed down in Mexico for SouthWest Lucha Libre before making his way to the AWA... some tremendous matches down that way you can check out online.. ohhh! Another hard chop sends Aarons falling back against the ropes.

[Stepping up, Downpour throws a big double chop down across the sides of the neck.]

SA: Downpour trading in his Mexico background for a little bit of outer Mongolia right there!

[Grabbing Aarons by the arm, Downpour shoots him across the ring, ducking his head for a backdrop...]

...but Aarons pulls up, driving a boot up into the skull of the masked man, straightening him up and sending him staggering back towards the ropes.]

SA: Downpour gets his bell rung right there, Dee Dub.

DW: He looks like he doesn't have a clue where he is right now.

SA: And Michael Aarons looks to take advantage of it, to the ropes he goes, coming off strong...

[But as Aarons approaches, Downpour sidesteps him, swinging a foot into the back of the knee, sweeping the legs, lifting Aarons into the air where he flies feet-first between the ropes before hitting the canvas!]

SA: Downpour cranking out a little classic lucha libre for Michael Aarons there, sending a shout-out to his fans, family, and friends back home who will certainly be looking to see him on September the 4th!

[Downpour dashes to the far ropes, springing back as Aarons recovers on the floor...]

SA: DOWNPOUR LOOKING TO TAKE TO THE SKY!

[...and steps up on the middle rope, then to the top where he turns around, facing the ring...]

SA: MOOOOOONSAULLLLLLLLLT!

[...and WIPES OUT Michael Aarons and the Wallaces with a king-sized moonsault that ends with Downpour sitting on the stage steps, the crowd roaring for his efforts!]

SA: INCREDIBLE DIVE TO THE FLOOR BY DOWNPOUR!

[Pumping a fist to the cheering crowd, Downpour shoots Aarons back under the ropes into the ring, looking to take advantage of his downed and disoriented opposition.]

SA: Downpour puts him back in... and... wait a second!

[Chaz Wallace scrambles up on the apron, making a move towards Downpour...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: SUPERKICK ON CHAZ!

[Wallace goes crumpling down on the apron as the referee runs over to shout at him...]

...which gives Michael Aarons just enough time to swoop in, throwing a thrust kick between the ropes into Downpour's midsection!]

SA: Oh! Aarons goes downstairs... two hands full of mask...

[Aarons pulls Downpour in between the ropes, the masked man's ankles resting on the middle rope...]

...and drops to his knees, SLAMMING Downpour facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Innovative offense by Aarons - flips him over! He gets one! He gets two! No! Kickout!

[Aarons grimaces out at his allies as Chet helps his brother to his feet on the floor. Chet shouts "STAY ON HIM!" to Aarons who nods as he grabs the mask again, smashing his fist down into the skull once... twice... three times!]

SA: Aarons pulls Downpour off the mat, shoving him back into the corner...

DW: He's going to town on him now, Sal! Get out of there, Downpour!

[Hanging onto the ropes, Aarons laces boot after boot into the midsection of Downpour, kicking him repeatedly in the gut.]

SA: Aarons grabs the arm, sending him for the ride...

[Aarons charges from corner to corner, landing a big flying forearm smash to the jaw! He promptly grabs the arm, whipping him back the other way, barreling in after him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and THROWS himself backwards in a leaping back elbowsmash that snaps Downpour's masked head back!]

SA: As my old pal, Gordon Myers, would say - good grief!

DW: Aarons is quick as a cat in there, Sal.

SA: He certainly is... front facelock... hooks him up... and SNAPS him over!

[Aarons floats through the snap suplex into a lateral press, getting a two count before Downpour kicks out again.]

SA: Two count for Aarons... still not enough to keep the man from Mexico down for three.

DW: But Aarons has just scratched the surface of everything in his arsenal, Sal.

[Aarons climbs to his feet, reaching down to haul Downpour up with him. He scoops him up, slamming him down in the middle of the ring before dashing to the ropes, leaping to the second, springing backwards...]

SA: MOONSAULT FROM AARONS! HOOKS THE LEG!

[The referee dives down to count.]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

[Downpour's shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the count!]

SA: Still not enough! Downpour slips that shoulder up... and Michael Aarons looks like he's in shock, Dee Dub.

DW: I can't blame him. That moonsault looked good - impactful, right on target!

[Aarons climbs up, pointing to the corner...]

SA: And it looks like Michael Aarons is about to radio the tower because this man is ready for take-off!

[Aarons steps out to the apron, climbing onto the second rope...]

SA: Aarons has got that flying elbow off the top in his repertoire - that may be what he's thinking about here.

DW: If he hits that, I think it's over, Sal!

[But as Aarons gets to the top rope, he finds Downpour on his feet and approaching the corner quickly...]

SA: DOWNPOUR IS UP AND...

[The crowd roars as Downpour approaches the corner, leaping to the second rope, springing up to snatch Aarons' head between his legs, flipping him halfway across the ring and down to the mat!]

SA: ...FLYING RANA OFF THE TOP!

[Aarons SLAMS down on the mat as Downpour rolls to all fours, scrambling across the ring, and DIVING across Aarons' chest, wrapping up both legs!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... NO! NO! AARONS GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

[Downpour grabs at his masked head, burying his face in the mat for a moment as the crowd buzzes for the near fall.]

SA: Downpour thought he had him!

[The masked man gets to his feet, dragging Aarons off the mat.]

SA: Oh! Palm strike... another!

[A spinning back chop to the side of the neck stuns Aarons, sending him falling back into the buckles...]

SA: Aarons to the corner...

[Downpour backs across the ring, giving a shout as he barrels across, taking flight about three-quarters of the way there, stiffening his body...]

SA: SPEAAAAAAAAR IN THE BUCKLES!

[The impact on the ribcage shakes Aarons from head to toe as the crowd ROARS for the move!]

SA: Aarons is in trouble, fans! Downpour snapmares him out... ohhh!

[The crowd ROARS for a rolling sole butt right to the mouth of Aarons!]

SA: HE KICKED HIM IN THE TEETH! CALL YOUR DENTIST, MICHAEL AARONS!

[Downpour rolls through into a back press, cradling both legs!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: KICKOUT! AARONS SLIPS THE SHOULDER FREE!

[Downpour rolls to his knees, slamming his balled-up fists down on the canvas before hopping to his feet. He leans down, grabbing Aarons by the hair, dragging him to his feet...]

SA: Downpour’s looking to finish him off!

[Aarons desperately lashes out with his arm, sticking a well-aimed thumb right into the maskhole and into the eye of Downpour!]

SA: OH! HE GOT HIM IN THE EYEBALL!

[Downpour grabs at his eye, rubbing frantically as Aarons falls back into the ropes, bouncing back quickly...]

...and Downpour catches him coming in, snaring him around the head and neck, leaping into a backflip while taking Aarons with him!]

SA: OHHHH! WHEN IT RAINS, IT DOOOOOOOWNPOURRRRRRRRS!

[Having completed the backflip uranage slam, Downpour dives across Aarons’ torso...]

...which is when Chet Wallace scrambles up on the apron, shouting and pointing and generally causing a ruckus which gets the referee’s attention!]

DW: BLUE SHOES, COUNT! COUNT!

SA: The referee is distracted by Chet Wallace... and look out! Chaz is in!

[Chaz rushes at Downpour who ducks low, coming to his feet as the crowd ROARS.]

SA: LEE CONNORS ON HIS WAY! CONNORS TO THE RING!

[Clearing the stage steps quickly, Connors slides under the ropes, rushing at Wallace who throws a clothesline that Connors ducks under, hitting the ropes as Downpour steps in, shoving him skyward!]

SA: METEORA SHOWERRRRRRR!

[With Wallace pinned under his knees, Connors rushes across the ring, leaping high enough to clear the top rope where he snares the headscissors...]

...and THROWS Chet off the apron with a rana!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd is ROARING now as Downpour turns his attention to Chaz Wallace, kicking him under the ropes...]

...which is when Michael Aarons rushes in from behind, snatching the inverted facelock...]

SA: WHAT?!

DW: NO!

[...and TWISTS him into a cutter!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SHATTERSHOT! SHATTERSHOT!

[Aarons flips him over, shouting to Blue Shoes who dives to the mat.]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! HE GOT HIM!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Aarons promptly gets the heck out of the ring at the sound of the bell, rushing to claim his fallen comrades as they stagger back up the steps, the crowd jeering loudly.]

DW: Don't look now, Sal, but we were just witnesses to highway robbery!

SA: The American Idols getting themselves involved in this one and... well, Michael Aarons picks up what I'd have to call a tainted victory, Dee Dub.

DW: That's putting it nicely, Big Sal. I think they're a bunch of crooks!

SA: Downpour and Connors in the ring, trying to figure out what just happened and we'll be right back with more of the all-new Power Hour with the in-ring return of Xenia Sonova! Stick around - won't you please?!

[As Connors helps Downpour to his feet, we 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 women 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 another 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 with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo across the screen, we find ourselves face to face with Betty Chang. Her dark hair is tied tightly back, perspiration driving down her face. She is in selfie mode and behind her appears to be a spartan gym. She is standing in a wrestling ring, leaning against the ropes, a towel draped beside her.]

BC: Hey, AWA! I miss you guys already. I'm here in Mexico, in Puerto Vallarta training with SWLL trainer and star, my pal Downpour's old partner, Warhawk. He and his students, including an amazing crew of girls.

[She exhales deeply, the kind where your cheeks puff out.]

BC: Yeah, I am tired. It's hot. It's humid. And I am getting beaten up every day. But believe you me because I will be in better shape than ever. I will be stronger, faster and better in every way thanks to Warhawk.

And then I'll come back.

[She halts with a single finger, smirking.]

BC: Actually... you super people are coming to me. The AWA is coming to Mexico and me and my new finishing move are going to be there.... and it's an awesome move, everyone!

[Her veneer turns harder.]

BC: And, well, I have business I need to finish up when the AWA comes to Mexico City on September 4th.

[She nods with renewed confidence, rubbing a hand over her once injured eye.]

BC: I can feel myself already getting better. Just think where I'll be after I wrestle in Mexico night in and night out against some of the toughest women in the world. And I need to be doing this. I need to know when I get there I'll be ready

And I'll tell you awesome people in AWA land where I'll be.

I'll be in the stadium ready to fight.

You hear that.

I am coming to fight...

[She pauses.]

BC: ...Kurayami.

[And it isn't a fade. It's instantly to black.]

And then back up on a shot of the ring with Sal speaking over it.]

SA: Welcome back, fans. During the break, the competitors for the next match made their entrances. It's going to be Xenia Sonova taking on South Carolina's Jean Stokes.

[Both women in the ring are brunettes, with shoulder-length wavy hair. Sonova is dressed in a black sports bra, black tights, black boots, and a pair of MMA-style fingerless black gloves. She also has her hair tied in a ponytail. Stokes has on a deep red leotard, black knee pads and black boots.]

SA: Stokes and Sonova lock up... Sonova turns around for the go-behind waistlock... reversed by Stokes...

[Stokes is hanging on, looking for a takedown when Sonova slams her elbow back into the side of Stokes' face, sending her spiraling backwards.]

DW: Whoo boy! What a shot by Sonova!

SA: Sonova's striking skills have always been on the plus side for her, Dee Dub, and that elbow sent Stokes looking for the snooze button no doubt.

[Sonova snatches the rear waistlock on the stunned Stokes, lifting her off the mat and tossing her down to the canvas...

...but she doesn't follow up, instead backing off.]

SA: But Sonova doesn't stay on top of her opponent and allows Stokes back to her feet.

DW: Bit of a surprise there. Sonova's known for having a killer instinct in there but that time, she just backed off.

SA: Maybe her time on the shelf has made her rethink her attitude in that ring.

[Stokes get to her feet, squaring up with Sonova and throwing a wild right hand.]

SA: Sonova almost gets caught there... ohh!

[Ducking under the wild swing, Sonova drives a fist into the ribcage.]

SA: A good counterstrike there by Sonova who has been on the shelf for nearly three months, Dee Dub. This is her first match back, so there's some ring rust to work through for sure.

[Sonova grabs hold of Stokes' arm and tries to whip her into the corner, but Stokes reverses and Sonova gets sent into the corner instead.]

DW: That might be that ring rust right there, Sal. A reversal by Stokes... comin' in hot!

[But a charging Stokes gets caught as Sonova gets a leg up and catches her with a vicious kick to the jaw!]

SA: High kick by Sonova! Right on target!

[Stokes flops backwards to the mat as Sonova steadies herself, waving for her opponent to get to her feet...]

SA: Stokes struggling to get up off the mat...

[A hard leg kick nearly puts her back down as Sonova targets the hamstring!]

SA: Sonova nearly kicks the leg out from under her... and one to the other leg for good measure!

[Sonova snatches Stokes around the head and neck, flinging her back into the corner where she lunges in, driving a knee up into the midsection!]

SA: Sonova's working her way up and down the body with those strikes, Dee Dub.

DW: Kicks to the legs, knees to the gut, and don't forget that big ol' whopper to the mush!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Sonova pulls Stokes out of the corner and right into a standing clothesline!]

SA: Ohhh! She pulled her right into that - almost a short-arm clothesline but more of a... short hair clothesline? That's not right.

DW: Not at all.

SA: Stokes trying to sit up off the mat, leaning on her elbow and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SOCCER KICK! RIGHT TO THE CHEST!

[The big kick flattens Stokes as Sonova drops to her knees, applying a pin attempt.]

SA: Sonova covers for one... she gets two... but that's all.

DW: And I gotta wonder, Sal... we just heard Betty Chang saying that after spending weeks on the injured list thanks to Kurayami, she wants a shot at the champion in Mexico. Do you think Sonova feels the same way?

SA: From the looks of things in Chicago, the entire Women's Division is gunning for Kurayami right now, Dee Dub! And who can blame them? The AWA Women's Division is the hottest division in all of sports these days. So many top flight competitors. So many new competitors being added to the mix. It's the division to be in and I'm betting Xenia Sonova would love to get her hands on Kurayami with that title on the line.

DW: Yeah, but probably not as much as Kurayami would love to get her hands on her.

SA: You could be right about that, Dee Dub. The Hunted has become the Hunter according to the Women's World Champion and... Sonova dragging Stokes up to her feet and- oh! Hard forearm by Stokes!

DW: You said it, Sal! This lady's still got some fight left in her!

[A second forearm lands, causing Sonova to stumble back as Stokes tries to muster up a comeback.]

SA: Stokes trying to string together some offense and-

[Sonova fires back with a forearm of her, blasting Stokes in the jaw, snapping her head back. But before she can fall, she gets grabbed by the wrist and yanked into a short-arm knee to the midsection by Sonova...]

SA: Whoo! Another forearm by Sonova with some salt and pepper on it!

[The blow knocks Stokes back into the ropes as Sonova grabs her by the arm, yanking her away from them towards the center of the ring where she places her leg behind Stokes' near leg. With one hand planted firmly on Stokes' chest, Sonova pushes her backwards, leaning forwards and sweeping Stokes' leg out from under her as she does so, throwing Stokes down on the back of her head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Osotogari! Xenia with the side leg trip takedown! And the cover!

[The official drops down for the count...]

SA: It could be! It might be! It is!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And with that pinfall, Xenia Sonova wins her first match back from injury at the hands of Kurayami!

[Sonova gets up, smiling as the referee raises her hand and there's a mixed response from the crowd.]

DW: It was a good showing by both competitors, Sal.

SA: Absolutely. Jean Stokes didn't have a ton of offense but she had plenty of fight in her... and-

[Abruptly, the ripping metal sounds of "Demonizer" comes across the PA as the crowd literally leaps to their feet in surprise.]

SA: WHAT THE-?!

DW: Oh my god!

[The entrance stage soon is overwhelmed by the arrival of the Women's World Champion, Kurayami, who stands on it, staring into the ring at a shocked Xenia Sonova!]

SA: THE HUNTER IS HERE!

[Kurayami drops the title belt on the stage, making her way swiftly down the steps, diving under the bottom rope...

...where Sonova leaps onto her back, clubbing away with forearms down across the broad shoulders!]

SA: SONOVA HAS ATTACKED! SONOVA'S ON THE OFFENSIVE!

[A smattering of blows land as Kurayami gets a knee under her, Sonova hooking a handful of hair as she switches to forearm strikes to the jaw!]

SA: SONOVA'S ALL OVER HER! TRYING TO BEAT DOWN THE QUEEN OF KAIJU!

[But Kurayami absorbs the blows, reaching up to palm Sonova's face, and HURLS her backwards across the ring with a massive bellow!]

SA: KURAYAMI SHOVES HER DOWN, DEE DUB!

DW: This woman is incredible, Sal!

SA: The Women's World Champion has been on the hunt since Memorial Day Mayhem...

[Sonova springs to her feet, running in at her, throwing a pair of lunging blows to the jaw before switching to leg kicks...

The American Idols
vs
Bubba Morton and Jorge Ramirez

...and Kurayami abruptly spins around, FLATTENING Sonova with a spinning backfist!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MADOOOOOONA!

[Sonova collapses in a heap as Kurayami stands over her, staring down at her now-motionless frame...]

DW: And we just talked about Sonova coming off the injured list... she might be fixin' to go right back on it, Big Sal!

SA: You've got that right! Kurayami is... oh no!

[The Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo rips Sonova effortlessly off the mat, yanking her into a standing headscissors...]

SA: She's going for that powerbomb! That dreaded Hinotama!

[...but as she starts to lift, a new figure emerges from the entrance tunnel that causes the Center Stage Studios crowd to LOSE IT!]

SA: FLORES! THAT TALL DRINK OF TEXAS WATER IS IN THE HOUSE!

[Margarita Flores wastes no time in rushing down the steps, Kurayami shoving Sonova aside at the sight of a new challenge!]

SA: FLORES IS IN!

[Kurayami rushes forward, putting the boots to her as she gets into the ring, stomping her viciously as the crowd jeers.]

SA: Kurayami's all over her!

[The Women's World Champion rains down some clubbing forearm blows as Flores pushes to her knees...]

SA: Pounding away at the woman from La Feria, Texas and-

DW: SHE'S GETTING UP ANYWAYS, SAL! DO IT, GIRL! DO IT!

[Flores pushes to her feet as Kurayami's eyes go wide. The big Texan loops a right hand into the jaw of Kurayami, the crowd shouting "OHH!" on the blow... another one lands...]

"OHH!"

"OHH!"

"OHH!"

SA: FLORES IS BACKING HER ACROSS THE RING, FANS!

[With Kurayami stumbling back, Flores snatches her by the wrist, whipping her to the ropes as she draws back her powerful arm...]

SA: LAAAAAARIAAAAAATOOOO... NOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd groans and then jeers as Kurayami hooks the ropes, quickly pulling herself to a halt...]

...and then bailing from the ring at the sight of the Lariat arm drawn back and in position!]

SA: And there she goes, Dee Dub! She wants no part of that lariat again!

DW: She felt it in Chicago and she don't wanna feel it again for sure!

[Kurayami makes her way up the steps, snatching up her title belt as she glares at Flores in the ring who has mounted the midbuckle, waving for Kurayami to get back in the ring as the A-T-L crowd rocks and rolls for the confrontation...]

SA: Flores comes to the aid of Xenia Sonova and she chases the Women's World Champion right out of the ring!

DW: Maybe the Hunter wants to keep her eyes open for this particular prey!

SA: Fans, we'll be right back with more of the all-new Power Hour so don't go away!

[We fade to black...]

...and then up as The Tragically Hip's "Blow At High Dough" plays in the background as we fade to a field. A wrestling ring rests in the golden wheat as deep as the

apron. The horizon in the distance spans the entire length of the screen in a straight line, and the setting sun paints the sky in a vivid mixture of blues, oranges, and yellows. Fade to a closer shot of the ring where the silver Stampede Cup stands, reflecting the vibrant prairie sunset. The instantly recognizable voice of Gordon Downie keens...]

"They shot a movie once..."

[Fade to System Shock, Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter, at the 55-yard line of the empty Mosaic Stadium, site of the Battle of Saskatchewan. They stand back-to-back, their right arms extended outward, palms open to the vibrant sky.]

"...in my hometown..."

[Fade to Daniel Ross and MISTER, both in "Ringkrieger" apparel. They stand in the middle of a gravel road that stretches in a straight line to infinity, hands clasped behind their back.]

"...Everybody was in it..."

[Fade to the War Pigs in full regalia and face paint on either side of a barbed wire fence; Havoc behind, Ripper in front. Ripper pounds his fist into his palm while Havoc unfurls his tongue.]

"...from miles around..."

[Bret Grayson slowly descends the steps of a small jet; his partner Takeshi Mifune is already on the tarmac, scanning the infinite horizon with his steely gaze.]

"...Out at the speedway..."

[In front of a rusted and ancient tractor, "Cannonball" Lee Connors and Downpour both kneel, eyes closed, deep in meditation.]

"...some kind of Elvis thing..."

[Chet and Chaz Wallace both stand in silhouette, posing against the setting sun.]

"...Well, I ain't no movie star..."

[Charlie Stephens extends his arm to light the cigar clenched in Joe Flint's teeth. As the lighter sparks, nine Snowbirds (Canada's answer to the Blue Angels) roar past in the sky behind him.]

"...But I can get behind anything..."

[Fade to Next Gen, Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, emerging from the hip deep wheat field to enter the ring in which the Stampede Cup rests... along with every other AWA team...]

"...Yeah, I can get behind anything."

[Just as the brawl is about to begin...]

V/O: The Stampede Cup returns this summer! The AWA in association with Mooselips Beer and Tourism Saskatchewan presents the Battle of Saskatchewan, live from Regina, Canada, July 22 and 23rd, only on Pay-Per-View!

[We fade from the promotional material...]

...and to a graphic shouting to the rooftops "WHERE ARE THEY NOW?" We cut from the graphic to Theresa Lynch standing in the midst of the starfield that once made up the set for the Power Hour.]

TL: Hello, fans, and welcome to a new segment here on the all-new Power Hour where we take a look at the current whereabouts surrounding AWA stars from the past - Where Are They Now?

[We circle wipe to a shot of former AWA World Tag Team Champion Hercules Hammonds effortlessly lifting up a large opponent over his shoulder and violently throwing him facefirst to the canvas in dominating fashion.]

TL: On today's edition of Where Are They Now, we're taking a look at former tag team champion and the strongest man in ALLLLLLLLLLL the lannnnnnnd... Hercules Hammonds.

[Cut to a shot of Hammonds delivering a running tackle that lifts the opponent off his feet, sending him sailing across the ring.]

TL: Hammonds, a second generation star, made an impact on AWA fans as first the hired muscle of Skywalker Jones... then later as his tag team partner in the duo known as SkyHerc... and finally out on his own as a singles competitor.

[Cut to another shot, this time of Hammonds absorbing a battering of blows from a smaller competitor before simply staring him down.]

TL: Hercules Hammonds left the AWA in late 2015 after a feud with the also-departed Jericho Kai. Hammonds was sent to Tiger Paw Pro by AWA officials in the always-evolving talent trade agreement between the two companies where Hammonds had mixed success before his contract expired in early 2016... at which point, he shocked professional wrestling fans by announcing his intent to compete in GLORY - a Mixed Martial Arts company based out of Japan.

[We cut to a still photo that reads "COURTESY OF GLORY MMA" with Hammonds clad in MMA trunks and gloves, in the middle of a devastating right hand to an opponent wearing a gi.]

TL: To the surprise of many, Hammonds flourished in GLORY and quickly racked up an impressive winning streak with some highlight reel knockouts.

[Another still photo shows Hammonds taking a MMA opponent down with a big German Suplex style throw.]

TL: While still working for GLORY, Hammonds also found himself working part time for Total Japan Pro Wrestling where he quickly become one of the most popular non-native performers - gaijin to use their term - in the entire country.

[Cut to footage of Hammonds appearing on a Japanese game show, throwing pulled punches at someone in a large panda suit. Then to footage of Hammonds on the streets of Tokyo, towering over the fans as he signs autographs.]

TL: For a long time, professional wrestling experts predicted that Hercules Hammonds had a bright future and would someday achieve great success... and now it looks like that success has come to the second generation star in Japan. Congrats, Herc... and best of luck to you in the future!

[We circle wipe from a posing Hercules Hammonds back to the ring where a graphic comes up for our next match.]

[We fade back to the ring where we can see the American Idols discussing strategy as the bulky Bubba Morton steps out to the apron, leaving a grizzled looking Jorge Ramirez behind.]

SA: Tag team action set to go here on the all-new Power Hour as the American Idols who we saw play a role in the match between their Experience comrade, Michael Aarons, and Downpour earlier tonight - helping Aarons secure victory.

DW: You know, Sal... the jealousy these two goofballs have for the Shooting Stars is absolutely over the top. They'll stop at nothing to try and get at Lee Connors and Downpour!

SA: It does seem that way... and there's our bell to start this one off...

[Chaz Wallace comes barreling out of the ring, shouting loudly as he does. Jorge Ramirez sees him coming, drawing back a fist as Wallace slides between the legs, pops up to his feet behind him...

...and pokes him in the eye Three Stooges style.]

SA: Chaz Wallace going right to the eyes...

[Chaz swings around to face Bubba Morton, throwing his arms down in a crotch chop. An angry Morton comes through the ropes as Chaz spins back the other way... and gets dropped with a Ramirez right hand!]

SA: Big right hand by the man from Monterey, Mexico where we'll find ourselves later this summer!

[Ramirez pulls Chaz off the mat, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle before he slaps the hand of Bubba Morton.]

SA: There's the tag - in comes big Bubba Morton...

[Grabbing Chaz by the arms, the veteran duo brings him out of the corner and then throws him back in!]

SA: Ohh! And that'll shake your tailfeather like Nelly in 2003!

[Chaz tries to stumble forward but Morton shoves him back in, throwing a big uppercut to the chin.]

DW: Check his fillings after that one!

[Morton pulls Wallace out of the corner by the hair, turning him into a big scoop...

...but Chaz slips out over the top, landing on his feet behind the veteran brawler. Wallace extends his arms straight out, trying to balance...]

SA: Chaz Wallace channeling his inner Daniel LaRusso!

[And as Morton turns around, Wallace leaps up, throwing a sloppy kick to the chest that knocks Morton back a few steps...

...and Wallace tears in, leaping up, snatching the head, and coming down in a hard neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Whooooa Nelly! Chaz Wallace getting up in his Air Force Ones!

[Chaz pops up off the mat with a loud "WOOOOOO BABY!" before marching across and slapping his twin brother's hand. Chet slingshots over the top rope, landing on his feet. Chet rushes towards Chaz, leaping up for a rana on his own brother...

...who powerbombs Chet down backfirst onto the downed Bubba Morton!]

SA: INNOVATIVE OFFENSE ON THE PART OF THE IDOLS, DEE DUB!

DW: Chaz using his own brother as a weapon!

[Chaz steps out as Chet rolls over into a pin, getting a two count before Morton lifts a shoulder.]

SA: Just a two count there... and with the Idols no longer able to get another match with the Shooting Stars, you've gotta wonder if their focus has shifted to the Battle of Saskatchewan and the Stampede Cup tournament!

DW: No doubt, Sal! A million smackers ain't nothin' to sneeze at!

[Chet climbs off the mat, grabbing at his back as he pulls Morton to his feet, whipping around into a rolling sole butt, doubling up Morton where he leaps up, snatching the hair, and SLAMS his face down with a split-legged slam!]

SA: Ohhh! Chet with a major impact there - he gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[Morton again slips the shoulder, breaking up the pin. Chet gets up, slapping his hands together quickly in the direction of the official who holds up two fingers.]

SA: The American Idols - no doubt looking to pull their weight and show they belong in this new Experience alongside Michael Aarons.

[Chet pulls Morton off the mat, shoving him into the neutral corner. He reaches out, slapping his brother's hand as he heads to the opposite corner, charging in, leaping up...]

SA: DROPKICK IN THE CORNER!

[Chaz comes tearing in after him...]

SA: MAKE IT A DOUBLE FOR BUBBA MORTON!

[The Wallaces back off, measuring their man...

...and come charging in with a double running dropkick this time!]

SA: AND THE THIRD TIME MAY BE THE CHARM FOR THE IDOLS!

[Morton slumps to the canvas in a heap as Chaz jumps on top, shouting "COUNT! COUNT!" to the referee who obliges and delivers another two count.]

SA: Two count again for the Idols...

[Chaz gets to his feet, glaring at the official.]

SA: The Idols expressing some displeasure with the referee's count.

DW: That sounds like a bunch of malarkey to me, Big Sal. That was a good count.

[Chaz walks across the ring, tagging his brother again.]

SA: Another quick tag for the Idols...

[Chet jogs down the apron, going to the top rope as Chaz pulls Morton towards the corner, hopping up to the middle rope, springing back with a twisting senton...

...and Chet leaps off the top with a full flip!]

SA: FROM THE PENTHOUSE! OHHHHHHH!

[Chet stays on Morton, hooking a leg for the one... two... three.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: And the Idols pick up the win here on the Power Hour!

[Chet gets up, wincing a bit as he grabs at his ribs. Chaz joins him, raising his brother's hand as the crowd jeers.]

SA: A nice win here in tag team action for the Idols... and if I'm correct, they're going to make their way over to Theresa right now. Theresa?

[We cut to Theresa standing behind the interview platform.]

TL: Thanks, Big Sal. The American Idols are victorious, staking their claim on a spot in the upcoming Stampede Cup tournament coming up at the end of July. In fact, there are rumors that the full field for that tournament may - in fact - be announced in the very near future and you have to imagine the Idols will be involved.

[Cue Chaz and Chet sliding into view, sneering at the jeering crowd.]

Chaz: You better believe that the Idols will be involved, Theresa! We have no doubt that Javier Castillo - in his infinite wisdom - will take one look at the field and say, "I've gotta have the Wallace boys because from Osaka to Ohio and Tokyo to Topeka, they're the greatest tag team walking!"

[Chet speaks up.]

Chet: Everyone wants to talk about Next Gen and System Shock being the top team in the AWA Tag Team Division... even those fine folks at Mooselips are blinded by the hype... but take a look at us! Take a look at the American Idols!

Chaz: That's right. The Stampede Cup needs more than great teams, Theresa... they need... AN EXPERIENCE!

[Theresa nods.]

TL: And how about that - your new group with Michael Aarons - the Experience?

[Chaz nods.]

Chaz: You know, it's a thrill and an honor to be alongside right proper villains again, Theresa. For too long, we wasted our time with FORMER friends who only cared about themselves... but as you saw earlier, we were there to support Michael during his match with that hooded freak, Downpour!

Theresa: To interfere, you mean?

[Chet cups his hand to his mouth.]

Chet: How DARE you, Theresa?! We were there to provide moral support for Michael as he took on those two... those two...

[Theresa interjects.]

TL: Fantastic competitors who you weren't able to beat and now you can never face them again?

[Chet is fuming as he stares at Theresa and then sighs, throwing up his hands.]

Chet: Heh. You're right.

TL: I am?

Chaz: She is?

[Chet nods.]

Chet: Yeah. You're right, Theresa. We gave it our all against the Shooting Stars and... well, we blew it.

TL: You did?

Chaz: We did?

[Chet glares at his brother.]

Chet: Yes. We. Did. Look, the Shooting Stars are obviously a great team - otherwise they wouldn't have beaten us. But we made a deal. We signed a contract. No more shots at them and... well... that's it. The best of luck to them and maybe we'll see them at the Cup.

[Theresa looks puzzled.]

TL: That's it?

[Chet nods.]

Chet: That's it.

[And the Wallaces exit, leaving a shocked Theresa behind.]

TL: Well, that... uhh... well, that certainly didn't go the way I expected. Uhh, okay... well, fans... we are just one week away now from AWA Fight Night On FOX - the premiere of a brand new show for us that will air on occasion on the FOX Network. We're so excited for this big event and we hope that you are too. And going into tonight, we already knew about the three big matches on the bill - Bailey vs Ayako, Hair vs Hair between Cinder and June, and the Running of the Bulls. And now, we've got even MORE big news! In a match added moments ago, we'll see a preview of two matches from Liberty Or Death when Jordan Ohara teams with the World Tag Team Champions, Next Gen, to take on the National Champion, Maxim Zharkov, and System Shock!

[There are cheers from the Power Hour crowd as Theresa grins.]

TL: In addition, we just learned that Javier Castillo plans to be on hand in New York City specifically to address the request made of him by Kerry Kendrick last weekend. We still don't know what that request is but we'll get an answer to it in NYC. And finally, after years of separation, we're being told to expect a face-to-

face interview between brothers Shadoo and Derek Rage in a meeting that certainly could make Fight Night live up to its name! It's going to be a huge night in the Big Apple and we can't wait for you to join us in one of our favorite buildings - Madison Square Garden! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back on the all-new Power Hour, it'll be the in-ring debut of the son of an AWA Original when Landon Grant shows us all what he can do! Don't you dare go away!

[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...

...and then back up to live action where we see someone is already standing in the ring by Tyler Graham.]

SA: We are back here on the all-new Power Hour in the A-T-L, fans... and Dee Dub, we're here for some history as Landon Grant makes his official AWA debut!

DW: You got that right, Sal! And it is history right here, the debut of the son of an AWA original, City Jack. That's gotta be a first!

[Tyler Graham makes his announcements.]

TG: Introducing first... already in the ring... from Birmingham, Alabama and weighing 220 pounds, High Octane!

[The athletic built man in the ring wears a black and red singlet with a huge fireball that wraps around his torso. He wears a pair of black and red miner goggles and has hair in a high top fade. Octane looks no slouch, but gets no respect from the crowd as he mouths off to some nearby fans.]

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: LLLLLLLLLLONDONNNNNNNN GRRRRRRRRRRRRRANT!

[Grant steps out of the entrance and excitedly looks around, taking in his debut. The fans give him a nice enough reaction, but obviously they need to see more.]

Landon certainly has the face of his father, City Jack and also his hallmark smile. Grant's blond hair is short and neat and his face is clean shaven. Landon wears a black based pleather bodysuit with Cardinal red splashes around the shoulders, knees, and elbows. He also wears Cardinal red gloves and boots.]

SA: Son of City Jack, former Louisville football all conference, and a ton of potential.

DW: And with all that potential comes a whole lot of pressure too, Sal. He's very inexperienced in that ring... and we'll just have to see if the training of his father and his father's connections can overcome a lack of in-ring time here in his debut tonight.

[Grant cups his mouth and gives a howl to the crowd before making his way to the ring. He excitedly slaps and shakes the hands of all the nearby fans, thanking them as he passes. Before getting to the ring, Grant stops and looks on in awe, inhales a big breath, and climbs up and through the ropes.]

SA: Jitters and all, but with lots of promise, we'll see what the kid has as he goes against a ready High Octane tonight!

DW: A double debut, Sal! And one could say High Octane might be a slight favorite since he's had more time in the ring on the Southern circuit.

SA: New to the AWA but certainly not to this business as High Octane has made quite a name for himself down this way, Dee Dub.

[The bell rings, bringing Grant and Octane to circle each other in the ring. Octane pauses stops, takes off his goggles, and throws them at Grant to a shocked reaction from the crowd.]

SA: What's that all about?

[High Octane stomps across the ring, getting up in the Kentuckian's face with a loud "YOU PUNK ASS!" as he shoves him in the chest.]

DW: High Octane seems like he's got a beef with this kid, Sal.

SA: He certainly is heated... right up in his face and-

[Grant, confused, tries to talk back but gets a sucker punch to the face instead!]

SA: Oh! Cheap shot by High Octane... and a boot downstairs as well.

DW: Welcome to the big time, Landon Grant.

SA: Octane getting the quick upper hand and you have to wonder if that was all just show to unsettle Grant.

DW: Seems like it's working, Sal.

[Octane grabs the wrist and wrings Grant's arm..]

SA: Octane backing Grant into the corner and - oof! Shoulder after shoulder into the midsection and he really gives it his all!

DW: There's no wasted energy there, Big Sal.

[Octane whips a shell-shocked Grant into the opposite corner and quickly follows up with a clothesline.]

SA: High Octane living up to his name with an impactful running clothesline in the corner and-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd jeers as High Octane laughs after going upside the face of Landon Grant with an open-handed slap.]

DW: Now that was uncalled for!

SA: Uncalled for and maybe backfiring cause look at the eyes on Landon Grant!

DW: I'll say! Some wake up call for Grant!

[With similar eyes to when we saw Grant at Memorial Day Mayhem when meeting his father's nemesis, Grant's eyes are all fire now as he points his finger at Octane, walking towards him...]

SA: And High Octane may suddenly be rethinking this, backing across the ring, ordering the referee to help him out...

[Octane ducks through the ropes, shouting again at the official who does indeed intervene, getting between he and Grant.]

DW: A veteran move by High Octane... not a popular one... but a veteran one to buy himself some time to get the situation back under control.

[Grant backs off, holding his hands high...

...which Octane tries to take advantage of, charging towards him...]

SA: Octane coming on str- scoop and a slam by Grant!

DW: Quick and smooth with that one - smooth as silk!

[Grant, still afire from the disrespect earlier, picks up Octane and whips him into the corner and follows with a hard charging shoulder into the midsection.]

SA: Grant with a big tackle to the gut of his own... and that looked like it hurt, Dee Dub!

DW: The man was hard-hitting on the field, so it definitely translated to the ring!

[Straightening up, Grant loops an arm around Octane, snatching a side headlock. He gives a twirl of the wrist, getting a cheer from the Atlanta crowd before he charges out of the corner, leaping into the air and DRIVING his opponent facefirst into the canvas!]

SA: BULLDOG OUT OF THE CORNER! GRANT MAKES A COVER!

[The referee dives down to count.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Shoulder up! High Octane got the shoulder up!

DW: That was a close one, Sal!

SA: It certainly was... and Landon Grant, the young man showing some signs of frustration as he gets to his feet...

[Grant angrily claps his hands together as he goes to pick up Octane...

...and gets a thumb stuck in his eye!]

SA: Ohhh! High Octane going to the eyes of the rookie!

DW: Dirty tactics by High Octane - and I suppose that's how he made his name down here on the Southern scene, Sal.

[Octane laughs as Grant clutches his eye, yelling "I see ya like ya poppa now!" as the crowd jeers.]

SA: Octane making a crack about City Jack and-

[Grabbing the arm, a cackling Octane whips Grant across the ring.]

SA: Grant off the far side and...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: METROPILL! Huge lunging forearm smash by the big kid and-

DW: He's not done, Sal!

[As Octane comes up off the mat, Grant is ready for him and opens up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: THERE'S THE FIRE! Grant's raining forearms down on High Octane!

[The rapid fire forearm smashes back Octane into the ropes and Grant doesn't stop until the ref pulls him back.]

SA: The signature move his dad, City Jack, and I'd say Grant certainly put some of his own spice on them.

DW: Definitely, Big Sal - City Jack had the power but his kid's got some power AND speed behind 'em and that's scary!

[Octane, dazed from the barrage of forearms, wanders to the center of the ring where Grant catches him in a cobra clutch.]

SA: Cobra clutch applied! And High Octane's struggling to get out, but Grant has that locked in deep!

[Grant keeps the hold in for a few moments more before lifting Octane back and dumping him overhead.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: RIGHT ON THE TOP OF HIS HEAD!

SA: AND THERE IT IS! The cobra clutch suplex Grant calls Blood Runs Deep! Cover - ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOO! THREEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The fans in the Center Stage Studios crowd cheers as Grant excitedly pounds his fist down to the mat. As he stands and gets his hand raised, Grant lets out a huge breath and pumps his other hand in the air.]

TG: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner... LANDON GRANT!

DW: Big win for Landon Grant in his debut right here on Power Hour! And I'll say, just from what he saw of those Metropills and that Blood Runs Deep? Grant's got a future here.

SA: Looks like Grant's headed over to the interview area, so let's take another look at the end of that one.

[Slow motion replay of Grant locking in the Cobra Clutch runs.]

DW: Big Sal, honestly, Grant had the match won right there. Octane was already faded from the forearms and if you look at his eyes, he was gone. But see here-

[Replay shows the cobra clutch suplex and cover.]

DW: Going for his finisher, his most powerful weapon at that point? That shows he had good enough training to know go the extra mile and get the sure thing for the cover. And, man, that landing on the Blood Runs Deep is nasty!

SA: Well, let's go over to Theresa Lynch and the man who's now 1-0 in AWA, Landon Grant.

[Cut to the interview area where an elated Grant stands by.]

TL: Thanks Sal and congrats to you, Landon Grant, on your win here in your AWA debut!

[Grant smiles wide as he catches his breath a bit and nods in Lynch's direction.]

LG: What an honor, Miss Lynch! What an honor-

[Grant pauses, collects himself, and lets out one more deep breath.]

LG: Wow, this here? To compete - to win! - in my first AWA match like my dad did, in this here studio? Come on, can't make it better! And-

[Grant stops for a moment, shakes his head and laughing a bit.]

LG: Look, I'm sorry, I - I just got this rush right now, this is just more than what I thought it would be! Tongue tied, stomach tied, brain tied - I don't know, but what all I got to say?

[Grant looks at the crowd, points to them all...]

LG: Thank you!

[And then turns to the camera, points right into it.]

LG: Thank you! And most important...

[Lynch looks into the camera more, a serious look over his face.]

LG: Thank you.

[Grant turns, nodding to Theresa as he makes his exit.]

TL: An excited young man right there... and rightfully so and I think many of us are equally excited to see what the future holds for him here in the AWA. Right now though, we're headed right back to the ring for more action!

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

TG: The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first... from Stone Mountain, Georgia... weighing 210 pounds... Earnest Barnes!

[Barnes is a smallish, but well-muscled Afro-American man with a lot of curly chest hair, bushy beard and a nappy afro. He wears dark red spandex bicycle short style trunks. He does the Ali shuffle and flashes surprisingly quick hands.]

SA: We've seen Earnest Barnes before. This young man facing a big challenge here today as we get our first look at Atlas Armstrong since his Memorial Day Mayhem face off with Alphonse Green.

DW: I hear he was still steaming mad backstage. Armstrong is used to being the big bully, Big Sal, but Alphonse Green certainly stood up to him.

SA: That match went to a double count out. So Atlas Armstrong still technically undefeated here in the AWA, but that can't be the result he was either hoping for or expected.

[Graham continues.]

TG: And his opponent... from Big Sur, California... weighing in at three hundred and four pounds and accompanied to the ring by Mickey Cherry... he is the Impossible, the Incredible, the Uncanny, the Astonishing, the Amazing...

THE ALMIGHTY... ATLAAAAAAAAAAS ARRRRRRRRRMSTRONG!

[The opening strains of Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Jesus Christ Superstar" play melodically over the PA system as Mickey Cherry emerges on stage, dressed to the sevens in an all white tuxedo with a turquoise shirt and bolo tie. He swaggers with a silver-topped walking stick in hand as Atlas Armstrong emerges behind him. The giant man is wrapped in a floor-length silver cape. Dark-haired with bright hazel eyes, the bronze-skinned brute of a man looms over Cherry as the slender manager undoes his cape and reveals Armstrong to the world...

...and then beelines his way towards the elevated announce desk as Armstrong heads for the ring.]

SA: What's this? Mickey Cherry coming over here?

[A high-pitched squeak of "Move, Westerly!" is heard off-mic followed by an audio squeal as Cherry puts on a headset.]

SA: Pull up a seat - why don't you make yourself comfortable?

MC: Shut your mouth, Sal, because I am NOT in the mood for you today. I'm here for one thing and one thing only - to talk about the travesty that happened at the Preview Power Hour!

DW: Oh brother.

MC: That no account midget, Alphonse Green, cheated! He cheated to get that double count out! There's no way that ever happens again! Do you hear me, baby?!

DW: Of course I hear you, you're screaming right in my ear!

MC: I'm screaming in everybody's ear! But I'm especially screaming at Alphonse Green.

[As Mickey Cherry rants, the bell sounds and we see Atlas Armstrong lumbering across the ring towards his opponent.]

MC: Ya listening to me, you little runt?! Come on, punk! Let's do this again! And let's do it with the whole world watchin'. 4th of July in Philly... Liberty Or Death... you and Atlas... and this time, you won't walk away with your limbs intact!

SA: That's quite the boast there, Mickey... but you DO know your man is in a match right now, don't you? Ernest Barnes is-

MC: Barnes is about to set the land speed record for runnin' for his life, Albano... but don't you worry, my man Atlas is about to catch him any minute now... but speaking of running, in Philly we want to make sure that Green can't run away from Atlas again so this time, we want a match with NO COUNTOUTS, baby!

[Barnes starts trying to break Atlas down with a series of body shots. The crowd cheers each shot. Barnes' fists thud dully into Atlas' midsection, but they have no effect on the Big Sur Behemoth.]

SA: And those body shots are about as effective as a kiss on the cheek. Armstrong didn't even feel those punches.

MC: Have you seen my man's abs? How is a mere mortal going to punch through that wall of muscle? I'm telling you, this is not a mere mortal man. This is a Titan in that ring!

SA: Thank you for the mythology lesson. Atlas Armstrong's strength is indeed astonishing. And I don't know if attacking him head on is the way to go. Difficult to match power with Atlas Armstrong who has got to be up there when it comes to the strongest men in the AWA.

MC: Not "up there", Big Sal. He's there! He's the top! He's the man! He's the-

DW: Can someone stuff a sock in his mouth or something?

MC: You wanna try, Westerly? You name a time and place if you wanna get rowdy!

[And Armstrong does indeed finally get his hands on Barnes, shoving him backwards where Barnes goes flopping down to the canvas.]

SA: Barnes hits the canvas hard... your man's in there flexing now.

MC: He knows how to put on a show.

[Armstrong flexes and roars, charging in on a rising Barnes...

...who does a full flip in the air before crashing down to the mat, Armstrong standing over him and flexing the arm he used to deliver the blow.]

SA: A tremendous clothesline... but these fans are letting him have it, Mickey.

MC: Who cares what they think? They already bought their tickets, Sal... we got their money! Haha!

SA: Barnes is struggling to get up after-

MC: You see, that's what's going to happen to that little Paducah Punk - Alphonse Green - when Atlas Armstrong gets his hands on him! Speaking of hands, do you see the power of Armstrong's right hand? That's it, baby! Tap dance on his jaw!

[As Barnes stumbles up to his feet, Armstrong snatches a handful of hair and throws a big haymaker that lifts Barnes off his feet, sending him flying backwards towards the corner...]

SA: Quite the right hand there by-

MC: Faster than Ali, more power than Tyson!

SA: Are you ever going to let me finish a sentence?

[A rising Barnes gets caught with another one, causing him to fly backwards into the corner, his arms and legs flopping with the power for the blow. Armstrong hooks him under the arm...

...and throws him to the center of the ring with a huge hip toss.]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

SA: Sweet Santa Maria... what a display of power! He just tossed Barnes like he's a bean bag. The strength of this Armstrong is unbelievable!

DW: That's going to send Barnes looking for the chiropractor after the match, Sal.

MC: Alphonse Green, I hope you're watching because this is what you've got coming to you!

[Barnes grimaces as he gets to a knee, cradling his lower back as Armstrong approaches from the blind side...

...and viciously rakes his back to jeers from the crowd!]

SA: And that was completely unnecessary, Mickey! Why does your man do things like that?

MC: Why? WHY?! Because he can! That's why!

[Barnes wobbles in a circle right back to Armstrong who effortlessly lifts him up and then drops him down across a bent knee!]

SA: Ohhh! Backbreaker!

DW: He's not letting go though, Sal. Turning this into a submission hold.

[He continues pushing down on the hold, wrenching Barnes across his knee. The boos come louder with each torque.]

DW: And Barnes howling like a scalded dog. Andy Dawson in there to check for the submission.

MC: If he's smart, he would quit immediately!

DW: I feel sorry for this kid. Atlas is impossibly strong. We see it time after time he gets in there. He's trying to snap this kid in half!

MC: He's just fooling around, Westerly. If Atlas wanted to tear this man in two, believe you me he'd be holding up two pieces of this chump and you guys would need a mop for that ring, baby!

SA: I don't think-

MC: If I tell you he can rip the man in two, you better bet on it!

[Armstrong shoves Barnes off his knee, climbing to his feet where he strikes a double bicep pose to more jeers.]

DW: And Armstrong wasting valuable time to pose and flex. Why does he do this kind of garbage, Mickey? Why can't he just beat his opponent?

MC: Why? Because these stupid worthless trashbags here in the studio deserve to see what a true God looks like! That's why! That's why he poses!

SA: I thought it was his overbearing ego personally.

MC: Nobody asked your opinion, Sal. Ever!

[Armstrong leans down, dragging Barnes up to his feet, whipping him across the ring to the ropes...]

SA: Armstrong shoots him off... Barnes ducks a clothesline!

[The crowd cheers as Barnes comes off the other side, desperately leaping up and lashing out with both legs, catching Armstrong in the chest, and sending him falling back towards the ropes himself...]

SA: Dropkick by Barnes! Trying to find a way to get back into this! But Barnes is still dazed, slowly getting back to his feet.

[Armstrong rubs at his chest, seemingly shocked and... yes, offended... by the dropkick. Suddenly, he explodes off the ropes, pumping his legs as he rushes forward...]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON!

MC: LOOK OUT IN THE FIFTH ROW!

[An explosive bicycle kick flips Barnes inside out before he falls to the mat. Armstrong turns angrily towards the nearest camera, shouting into it.]

"ARE YOU WATCHING, GREEN? COME GET SOME MORE IF YOU GOT THE GUTS!"

MC: He don't have them, Atlas! He don't have the guts at all!

[Armstrong arrogantly steps on Barnes' head as Dawson drops to the mat and counts the three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And Atlas picks up the win, pinning Barnes beneath his boot as he flexes. And again, I say there's no call for this. Beat the man, sure... fine. But don't try to embarrass him too.

[The ring announcer makes it official as the crowd jeers.]

MC: Barnes embarrassed himself the minute he signed on the dotted line against the Almighty Atlas Armstrong. That's going to be Alphonse Green's fate. Now if you'll excuse me, baby, it's show time.

[Audio squeal.]

SA: Thanks for stopping by, Mickey Cherry. What does he mean by show time?

DW: Looks like Armstrong is going to pose.

[Westerly is correct as Cherry heads to ringside and cheers on his man as he poses in celebration of his latest victory.]

SA: Armstrong certainly is full of himself, isn't he? Sweet Nona Lucia, we'll be back after these messages.

[Fade to black...

...and 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 back up as we pan over a wide shot of Center Stage. Many of the fans are booing, some are doing the classic "thumbs down" gesture. At the broadcast location, you can briefly see Theresa Lynch impatiently tapping her microphone into her palm.]

SA: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour, fans, and we'd like to keep going but...

[Fade to the ring, where...]

DW: Daggummit, Atlas Armstrong is STILL posing! Someone get him out of here!

[As Atlas continues through a series of poses to ensure each and every fan in the building and at home sees every inch of his bronzed physique, fade to ringside: the timekeeper, ring announcer Tyler Graham, referee Scott Ezra, a pallid wrestler in a brick red singlet, and The Neptunian Omega cluster together, obviously next. Omega purses his lips as he taps his fingertips together impatiently.]

SA: We were scheduled for Omega to face Roy Schaub up next but it seems Atlas Armstrong has decide to further expand the Power Hour

O: "Microphone Man, would you mind? I wanna see if I can help."

[Omega procures the microphone from the ring announcer. He puts his cape on and rolls into the ring.]

DW: Looks like the kid from Neptune wants to move us along, Big Sal!

O: Excuse me! Hi!

[Omega tries to flag Atlas' attention.]

O: Hey, how's it going? Um... I don't wanna be rude or anything, but, uh... It's my turn to use the ring. If you wouldn't mind, don't wanna be rude.

[Mickey Cherry says, "ignore him, Atlas, baby! Ignore that little pipsqueak!" Omega turns his attention to Cherry.]

O: Uh, you're Mickey, right? Um, I don't wanna be Rude, but... my home planet completes a full revolution around the sun every 165 of your years... so... it might be nice to have my match... before that happens, if you get what I'm saying?

Like, I share a birthday with the Egyptian Pharaoh Hatshepsut, and even I think this taking FOREVER.

[Cherry looks puzzled for a moment before responding.]

MC: Well, you can sit there and watch Atlas forever, you undeserving little nerd! What Atlas wills, Atlas gets! Now stop distracting the Superhuman, pipsqueak!

[Omega stiffens up, obviously offended.]

O: Pipsqueak?! PIPSQUEAK?! Look who's talking!

[Omega lowers his voice, and puts on his "hero mode" cadence.]

O: Listen here, Earthling! I have been blessed with the Kuiper Belt!

[He points to the quite literal "belt" of his ring attire!]

O: I have been graced with it's gifts! Pluto's Power! Triton's Tenacity! Sedan's Serenity! Quaoar's Qu-... Q-... Haumea's Humility! If your bronzed Superhuman and his silly oiled nipples want to push around all these good citizens, you'll have to answer to ME!

[Omega adopts the "Omega Pose" defiantly to the cheers of the fans along with a half-hearted "OIL-ED NIP-PLES!" chant that thankfully dies out quickly. Cherry steps forward, jabbing his cane into the superhero's chest.]

MC: Lemme tell you, geek. Atlas answers to no man from Earth or elsewhere! Go back to Neptune, dork!

[Omega shrugs, starting to turn away.]

O: If I do... any message you'd like me to pass on for you on the way back home?

[Cherry looks puzzled.]

O: Yeah, I'll be passing by your place on the way to Neptune. At least, I think I will...

...Because you sure look like you came from URANUS!

[Center Stage erupts into laughter, with a smattering of groans. Omega raises his hand to his cheek in mock scandal.]

O: OH NO I DIDN'T! OH I WENT THERE!

[Cherry angrily. steps back, gesturing with his cane.]

MC: Atlas! Take care of this dweeb!

[Omega throws his hands up in relief.]

O: Alright, finally we can have an adult conversa-

[Atlas Armstrong leaps into the air and PLASTERS Omega with a Superman Punch. Omega drops like a sack of rocks in mid-sentence.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cherry smirks at the motionless Omega, tapping his cane on the mat near Omega's head.]

MC: Who's laughing now, kid? Who's laughing now? Come on, Atlas!

[Armstrong dusts himself off, stepping over the motionless Omega as he exits the ring behind Cherry.]

SA: Well... uhh... so much for our next match, I guess.

DW: Yeah, I don't think Omega's in any shape to wrestle after that right hand.

SA: We're going to get some... smelling salts or something for Omega. And while we do, fans, let's take a look at these words recorded last weekend in Detroit from Skylar Swift and "T-Bone" Trish Wallace!

[We fade to footage with the caption "Last Week After SNW."

Trish Wallace is still in her ring gear, seething quietly backstage at the Palace of Auburn Hills.. She holds an ice pack to the back of her neck. Mark Stegglet walks up.]

MS: "T-Bone" Wallace, it was an impressive debut, but obviously it didn't end like you would have hoped.

TW: I should've been able to scoop her up! I spent all this time on my cardio and not enough on my strength! I hadn't planned on being ambushed by those f-f-f-FREAKS!

[She throws the ice pack to the ground in frustration.]

TW: Dammit, I can squat 225 pounds; I would think I should be able slam a human mochi ball in a mohawk!

"Because we wore each other out, that's why."

[The owner of the voice off-screen enters the shot. She holds her hand to her sides as though massaging the pain away.]

SS: And I guess after that car wreck out there tonight, I found out why they call you T-Bone.

[Skylar Swift and Trish Wallace eye each other up for an uncomfortable period of time before, both fighting back the pain but not well enough...]

TW: You okay after that?

SS: ...Yeah. I'm fine. You?

TW: Yeah. Kurayami did that to you?

[Wallace points to the spot where Swift is clutching her side.]

SS: Kura- no... you did that to me, Trish.

[Swift points to her back.]

SS: See this?

[Her back is already visibly swollen and discolored.]

SS: This was Kurayami.

TW: We coulda taken her.

SS: I know. It all happened so fast.

TW: We took Dr. Freakface and Hot Topic Charisma out, you and me. And if you hit that Broken Dreams DDT on Kurayami, her little "hunt" goes off the rails at the first station.

SS: You think...

[Skylar pauses for a moment, really reflecting on her thought before she says it out loud.]

SS: ...you think it's time we combine our forces?

[Trish grins and then groans a bit as she stretches out her jaw.]

TW: Yeah, Dream Girl. I think we push our desks together. If you and I are on the same page... their little "divide-and-conquer" strategy goes out the window.

SS: Yeah. Hey, Mark: if anyone needs Trish... [she pauses] T-Bone...

[Wallace nods.]

SS: ...or the Dream Girl, we'll be drafting up a contract for Charisma Knight and Dr. White to sign if they are done playing hide-and-seek and want to settle this once and for all.

TW: But before we do that... I got one question for you, Skylar.

SS: Okay, what is it?

[Wallace holds up her forearms, still tinted with green mist.]

TW: How in the heck do you get this stuff off? 'Cause I've tried everything and it's starting to smell.

[That apparently dredges up some unpleasant memories for Skylar Swift. She cringes, and intakes a deep breath through her teeth.]

SS: Oh, here I go again... You are going to need a pumice stone, and a JUG of white vinegar.

[Wallace closes her eyes and groans as we fade through black back out to the Center Stage Studios...

...where Tyler Graham is in the ring with referee Scott Ezra and an athletically-built African-American woman. The sides of her head are cropped close to the skin and the curls on the top and back of her head are dyed blonde. Her ring attire consists of a purple halter-style sports bra and matching shorts, black knee pads and black boots.]

TG: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten-minute time limit. Introducing first... from Marietta, Georgia... CJ MILLS!

[There's a sprinkling of applause for the home state athlete who waves to the crowd as Graham continues.]

TG: And her opponent...

[Santana's "Warrior" starts to play. About fifteen seconds in, Margarita Flores walks out through the entranceway, a folded over length of bullrope draped across the back of her neck. She is also dressed in a beige cowboy hat, a black bustier top, matching shorts under a pair of blue denim chaps and black boots. With the cowbell in her right hand, Flores winds her arm up and raises it in the air, yelling "YEEEEAAH!!!" as she does.]

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

MARGARRRITAAA FLORES!

[Reaching the ring, Flores removes her hat, placing it on the apron near one of the ring posts. She rolls under the ropes and quickly pops up to her feet, once more throwing up her right arm, cowbell in hand. As the music fades, Flores goes to her corner, lifts the bullrope up from her shoulders and drapes it over the top ring post hook, before turning around and stepping towards the center of the ring, her eyes locked on Mills.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: CJ Mills circles the taller Texan, bobbing and weaving, but Margarita Flores is standing her ground.

DW: She's still keeping her eyes on her opponent though, turning with her, because Flores knows what Mills can do.

SA: Mills, of course, is no stranger to wrestling fans here in Atlanta. She's been working the circuit all over the state and even down in Florida. And, of course, we saw Flores earlier on the show, when she came to the aid of Xenia Sonova, when Kurayami tried to get Sonova for her part in what happened to the Women's World Champion at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Cheers from the Center Stage faithful as Flores holds her right hand in the air, index finger extended, while, with her left hand, she waves for Mills to come at her. Mills does just that, as she lunges for Flores' waist, wrapping her arms around it and attempting to take her over.]

SA: Mills looking for a waistlock takedown here and...

DW: She's too big for her, Sal! Way too big!

[Flores flashes a grin before she grabs Mills by the arm, twisting her hips and breaking the hold, throwing Mills down to the mat all in one motion.]

DW: I told ya! I told ya she's too big for that!

SA: Mills is right back up though, not allowing herself to be discouraged by that counter... and she dives right into a collar and elbow...

[Mills grits her teeth, pushing and shoving hard, trying to budge the 176 pound Flores who holds her ground...]

...and then shoves her off, sending her flopping ass over teakettle across the ring before skidding to a halt. The crowd cheers as Flores gives them a nod and a grin, raising an arm up into a quick pose.]

SA: The tall drink of Texas water is showing off that power that has quickly put her on the map here in the Women's Division... and look at Mills!

DW: You gotta be impressed by her guts and tenacity.

[Mills charges in again, ducking a collar and elbow attempt and throwing herself into a full body waist tackle, trying to shove her backwards...]

SA: Mills changing elevation, looking for a takedown...

[But this time, instead of shoving Mills off, Flores reaches down and wraps her arms around Mills' waist.]

SA: Gutwrench! She's going to throw her down, or up and over... No.

[Flores comes to a halt with Mills up over her shoulder, stepping out to the middle of the ring where...]

SA: She's... She's spinning around with Mills in her arms! Picking up speed! That's five, six, seven rotations!

[The crowd is roaring for the show of strength as Flores gets through a couple more spins before abruptly dumping Mills down on her face!]

DW: I think Mills managed to get her hands and knees under her, but, either way, it was not a pleasant landing.

SA: And the dizzying effect of the spinning, Dee Dub. That must have CJ Mills discombobulated as she tries to get up...

[Mills staggers to her feet, disorientated. Flores grabs hold of her head and pulls her into a side headlock. In one smooth motion, Flores takes Mills up and over with the side headlock takedown, her arms still wrapped around Mills' head and neck.]

DW: Beautiful takedown and Flores has Mills trapped in those long, powerful arms. Scott Ezra is asking Mills if she wants to submit.

SA: If anyone can put an opponent away with the side headlock, Dee Dub, Margarita Flores might be one. But I think Mills still has some fight left in her.

[Indeed, we see Mills bring one leg up and across Flores' throat. With some adjustment, Mills has both legs scissoring Flores' head, forcing Flores to release the headlock.]

SA: And with that head scissors applied, it is Flores who now has to fight out of it.

DW: And she's fighting alright, Big Sal. Flores gets her knees under her. She's on one knee... Are you seeing this, Sal?!

SA: Oh, I see it. Flores is fighting. Flores is pushing... And she's up! And with that head scissors still applied, Mills finds herself in some sort of weird wheelbarrow position!

[With sheer force, Flores breaks the head scissors. She maintains her hold on Mills' legs around the ankles. Applying some downward pressure to keep Mills down, Flores pulls her into an inverted Boston Crab.]

SA: Flores with a modified version of the Boston Crab. Could THIS do it, Dee Dub?

DW: She's trying, Big Sal. She's trying to sit down a bit more, and really apply that pressure to the hamstrings and back of Mills. But Mills is scrappy and Mills is fast and even now, as we speak, she's scrambling, crawling, trying to get to the ropes.

SA: Can she get there before Flores sends her on a one way trip to Tapout City?

[As the official asks CJ Mills once again if she wants to submit, she shakes her head furiously, yelling, "NO!" Half a foot separates Mills' outstretched hand from the bottom rope.]

SA: Mills is fighting for those ropes... she's almost there now annnnnnnnd...

[Mills pushes her upper body up off the mat with both arms and flips herself over, forcing Flores to release one leg.]

SA: That's one way to get out of the hold! Mills has one leg free. She kicks Flores off her!

[Flores stumbles backwards from the force of the kick. Mills uses the ropes to pull herself to her feet, as the crowd cheers loudly. She pumps a fist in the air at the reaction she is getting...]

SA: CJ Mills basking in the cheers, but I don't think she realizes they aren't for her, Dee Dub.

DW: She will as soon as she turns around...

SA: Which is right about... Now!

[And Flores storms forward, swinging the very arm that sent the Women's World Champion running for cover earlier in the night!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON!

DW: Flores nearly took her head off with the lariat. There's the cover.

SA: It could be! It might be! IT IS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The lariat puts another opponent away for Flores and here's Tyler Graham with the announcement.

TG: The winner of this match... MARGARRRITAAA FLORES!

[Santana's "Warrior" starts to play, as Flores has her arm raised by Scott Ezra. She takes a moment to acknowledge the crowd, before grabbing her hat and bullrope and exiting the ring. Flores puts her hat on and heads towards the platform where Theresa Lynch and her podium is set up.]

SA: And it looks like we'll be getting a few words from Flores. Over to you, Theresa.

TL: Thank you, Big Sal. Come on over, Margarita, and welcome. Another win for you tonight...

[Margarita Flores, now with the bullrope draped across the back of her neck, does not wait for Theresa to ask a question.]

MF: You saw what happened earlier tonight, Theresa? You saw how quickly Kurayami ran away from the lariat? She remembers what it did to her at Memorial Day Mayhem. She remembers what I did to her. She wants to declare herself the Hunter? Well, like I said before, there's a new sheriff... Or, ranger, I guess, fits the metaphor better... There's a new ranger around here and she's going to make sure any hunting that's done is done fairly.

[Flores grins at the crowd's reaction to the threat.]

MF: Now, there's one more person I have to address. Harley Hamilton accused me of trying to ride her coattails to make a name for myself. Harley says if her [Air quotes.] greatness offends me, then I am welcome to go get a taste of her boot stuffed down my throat! And Harley calls me a big. Slab. Of nothing.

Well, allow this big slab of nothing to set the record straight, princess, I might not have made a name for myself, but when I do, it won't be through riding your coattails the way you've ridden on daddy's name! As for stuffing your boot down my throat, Harley, I doubt you can get your foot up this high...

[She holds up her hand to indicate how high.]

MF: Stumpy... But keep running your mouth there, real deal... Keep giving me more reasons to knock you down a couple of notches when I lariat that big head. Right. Off! This big slab of nothing ain't going nowhere, Harley. You're welcome to come and try to knock it down... And not just with your yapping, you little handbag Chihuahua.

[And with a firm nod towards Theresa, Flores leaves the interview area as the crowd cheers.]

TL: Margarita Flores putting both Harley Hamilton AND the Women's World Champion on notice... and fans, that is NOT a woman that I'd want angry at me. Don't go away... we'll be right back with more of the all-new Power Hour coming your way!

[Theresa grins as we fade to black...

...and 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 back up to live action in Center Stage Studios where Theresa Lynch is standing at the interview podium.]

TL: We're back on the all-new Power Hour - this special super-sized edition - and my next guest at this time fell short in the Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem, but is looking ahead to navigating through an ever-crowded field of contenders for the Television title. Please welcome Alphonse Green!

[Alphonse Green walks onto the interview set, acknowledging the cheering crowd. Green's wearing a green t-shirt with the Gang Green logo visible in front, and a pair of green and white Zubaz pants.]

AG: Thank ya, Theresa, I kinda wish I was out here tellin' the world that I am once again the King of the Battle Royals, but it was just not in the cards.

[Green frowns.]

AG: There's gonna be a time and place where I can discuss what happened at Memorial Day Mayhem, but there are other matters that I gotta attend to first. Ain't that right, Theresa?

[Theresa nods her head.]

TL: I imagine you were watching Atlas Armstrong earlier tonight as he polished off another opponent. You two look like you have some unfinished business after your match at Memorial Day Mayhem.

AG: I was watchin' the big lug in the back, and I admit, the guy's lookin' more an' more impressive by the week. There's a reason why I said Alphonse Green/Atlas Armstrong would be a money match-up before the first time we fought! Mickey Cherry, though, that weasely little runt ran his mouth all throughout that match., thinkin' that he and Armstrong got one over on good ol' Alphonse Green.

[Green shakes his head.]

AG: As my ol' friend Elton John once said, I'm still standin'. I'd like to think that all these lovely people here, and the millions of lovely people watchin' at home are chompin' at the bit to see me and Armstrong step back in that ring at Liberty or Death - this time with no countouts. It's gonna be standin' room only in Philly, that's for sure. So, Mickey, let's get those I's dotted, those T's crossed, and Armstrong can contribute his X on the dotted line if he wants. At Liberty of Death, it's gonna be time to ride....

[Green pauses, listening to the crowd shout "WITH ALPHONSE GREEN!". With a smile on his face, Green leans back to the mic.]

AG: ...with Alphonse Green.

[With that Green nods his head, then moonwalks off camera as Theresa looks back to the camera.]

TL: Alphonse Green and Atlas Armstrong appears to be on at Liberty or Death! After the first match these two had at Memorial Day Mayhem ended without a suitable conclusion, both men will be looking to get in the win column and getting in line for bigger and better things. Now, let's go back to the ring!

[We go back to the ring where four competitors are set for tag action.]

TG: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, to my right... both fighting out of Savannah, Georgia... Wayne Hull... and Chad Saunders!

[Wayne Hull is a smirking goof in a blue singlet, with hair that seems way too blonde for someone of his complexion. Saunders is a dude with a dad bod in green trunks.]

TG: Their opponents, to my left... Representing Ringkrieger...

[Already drawing some boos from the Center Stage faithful, too]

TG: From Hesperia, California... Daniel Ross! And from Innsbruck, Austria... he is Der Ringmarschall... MISTER!

[Daniel Ross has the lean, vascular definition of Bruce Lee and the face of a hockey goon. He unzips his jacket and removes his white scarf, holding it aloft for the fans to read: "RESPECT THE CANVAS." His partner MISTER is not as similarly defined as his American teammate, but he is huge by almost every definition. His face is

framed by a short haircut and cro-magnon sloping brow. He removes his wine-colored grand coat and lowers it gently to the ring attendant. Both members of Ringkrieger wear basic black trunks and black boots.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: Tag Team action here on the all-new Power Hour. Daniel Ross of Ringkrieger against Wayne Hull. Ringkrieger very discreetly but very decisively making a name for themselves in their current stint with the AWA.

[At the opening lockup, Ross wastes no time in establishing an armbar, the elbow up on his shoulder with Hull’s arm almost straight up and down, reaching towards the sky.]

SA: Expertly applied armbar by Daniel Ross, forcing his opponent down to the canvas with a simple armbar. A very undemonstrative competitor, Daniel Ross is. Some wrestlers have offense that’s a mile wide and an inch deep. Daniel Ross takes the basics and hones them to perfection.

DW: And I like a style like that, Sal. You don’t have to impress me with a bunch of flipping, flying, and slamming to make me think you’re at the top of your game.

[Having forced his opponent to his knees with the skillful application of pressure from the armbar, Ross winds up with a kick...]

DW: Oh, ow!

[...across the spine of Wayne Hull!]

SA: And this is where mechanical excellence and one-point-four thousand pounds-per-square-inch kicking power pays off!

DW: Y’know, Big Sal, with Supreme Wright out of action, some people have been saying that Daniel Ross is the best pure technician in the AWA at the moment. I’m sure guys like Terry Shane and Jeff Matthews among others would beg to differ.

SA: A contentious statement to be sure, as I know some grapplers in the back want that mantle for themselves. With Laura Davis terrorizing the women’s roster, Daniel Ross very well may rule the roost as far as mat technicians go on the men’s side of the locker room.

[Ross waistlocks Hull off the mat and DEADLIFTS him overhead into a German Suplex that crumples his opponent!]

DW: Then again, I don’t see anyone stepping in there to prove otherwise!

SA: You said it, Big Sal. The Mojave Misanthrope is a ferocious competitor.

[Hull rolls to his corner and tags in Chad Saunders. Ross sees the tag and does likewise with his own partner.]

SA: And in comes the mighty MISTER! After watching him rule the ring during the Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem, who would want to square off with him?

[Saunders rushes in with a football shoulderblock. MISTER doesn’t budge, completely absorbing the impact.]

DW: Well, Big Sal, I’ve been hearing from the fans that they want to see the War Pigs step up and teach Ringkrieger some humility. They almost got into it when the AWA was on tour in Dayton, Ohio a few days ago.

SA: Absolutely, Dee Dub: some of the most volatile, exciting happenings of the AWA take place when the cameras are off. There was almost a Pier Six donnybrook that took place between Ringkrieger and the War Pigs when there was an eight-man tag match in Dayton that you would had to have seen to believe. And if the AWA is in your town, as we will be later this week in Buffalo, Boston, and New Haven, Connecticut, make sure you come to the matches because you just never know what you might see go-

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Sal Albano's train of thought is abruptly derailed by a chop from MISTER that drops his opponent to the canvas and echoes through Center Stage!]

SA: Good night! Der Ogor Aus Innsbruck fires the cannon and you could hear that clear out at Peachtree!

DW: Heard some rumors that they're trying to bracket the War Pigs and Ringkrieger together at the Stampede Cup to finally get that two-on-two showdown.

[MISTER adds a pair of giant stomps to Chad Saunders to ensure he stays down, then he hits the ropes.]

SA: Watch out, we've seen this before...

[MISTER goes airborne, leaping onto Saunders' torso with a vertical splash.]

SA: 300 plus pounds onto the ribcage! And MISTER is by no means done here!

[MISTER scrapes his opponent off the canvas and tosses him into Ringkrieger's corner. He tags out to Daniel Ross.]

DW: Some very fluid tagging from Ringkrieger.

SA: Ringkrieger currently unslotted as a unit on the official AWA Rankings; you'd have to think that they are looking to tangle with the War Pigs to improve their standing.

[Ross shoots Saunders to the ropes, who rebounds into a leaping boot to the face from MISTER!]

SA: Chad Saunders should just as well chew on some bricks right now, because that's a more pleasant way to lose teeth than being in the ring with Ringkrieger!

DW: And you know, Big Sal, it's not just the War Pigs that want to square off with Ringkrieger.

SA: You are right, Dee Dub. Callum Mahoney's squad are rumored opponents... The "Dirty Rotten Scoundrel" may want to test his mettle... Raphael Rhodes and MISTER had a barnburner of a showdown at the Rumble that I know they want to expand upon.

[Ross holds Saunders upright, and lays in some serious open handed strikes.]

DW: I heard even the Gold Standard have an interest in challenging Ringkrieger.

SA: That's what I've heard too, Dee Dub. And if Takeshi Mifune wants something, I don't think there is a person alive that can tell him 'no!' And Daniel Ross with some

Mifune-like strikes of his own - he's been compared favorably to Takeshi Mifune, so it's little surprise "The Shadow Wolf" would smell blood in the water.

[Saunders looks like he's about to crumple, so Ross tosses him into the corner of his partner; Wayne Hull reluctantly tags himself in.]

DW: Tag made there. You know, Big Sal, you mentioned Memorial Day Mayhem earlier, but let's not forget how MISTER's night ended.

SA: Ross again, dominating that arm of Hull - absolutely Dee Dub. For all his braggadocio and all his gravitas... that the founder of Ringkrieger would have his night end early at the hands-

DW: Or the socks!

SA: ...Or the socks of Kaz Kanoe is a great irony.

DW: That was hilarious, though.

SA: Kaz Kanoe's more... shall we say... "freewheeling" style triumphed over Ringkrieger's intense training.

[Ross muscles Hull face-first to the mat. MISTER steps through the ropes and heads for the other side of the ring.]

SA: And Ross...

DW: OH MY GOSH, HIS NECK!

SA: Daniel Ross with what I believe is called a "seatbelt" neck crank!

[MISTER boots Saunders off the apron and Hull frantically pounds the mat with his palm.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The human anatomy is not meant to bend that way! Daniel Ross forcing his opponent to tap out!

DW: Let him go!

[Ross holds the neck crank for a couple extra seconds before releasing the hold and joining his partner.]

SA: The Virtuoso of Pain and his conductor MISTER can rack up another tick in the win column. Still undefeated in tag team action, they will be a force to be reckoned with next month at Mosaic Stadium when the Stampede Cup is awarded at the Battle of Saskatchewan!

[Ross and MISTER both stand facing the fans at Center Stage. They both clasp their hands behind their back, and stand at attention, chins held high.]

SA: Fans, we'll be right back with our Ten Thousand Dollar Challenge so stick around, won't you?

[Fade to black...

We fade up from black on a night time shot of Madison Square Garden. The Mecca of Sports is lit up in its blue and gold vertical striped color scheme. The aerial shot rotates around it as 30 Seconds To Mars' "Walk On Water" begins to play.]

#Oh oh, oh oh
Oh oh, oh oh#

[We cut to a shot of the Madison Square Garden sign...

...and with a quick zoom leaving lights trails, we cut to a slow motion shot inside an AWA ring of a bloodied Ryan Martinez leaping into the air, throwing the Excalibur flying Yakuza.]

#Oh oh, oh oh (do you believe?) walk on water
Oh oh, oh oh#

[Grabbing the top rope, Daniel Harper slingshots Howie Somers over the top rope into a flying splash to win the World Tag Team Titles.]

#Can you even see what you're fighting for?
Bloodlust and a holy war#

["Spitfire" Julie Somers runs up the turnbuckles, leaping off, twisting through the air, and driving an opponent's skull into the canvas with a tornado DDT.]

#Listen up, hear the patriots shout
"Times are changing"#

[Victoria June throws herself into the air with a Fierro Press, toppling her opponent.]

#In the end, the choice was clear
Take a shot in the face of fear#

[Takeshi Mifune caves in the chest of a sitting Hangman with a sternum-cracking Penalty Kick.]

#Fist up in the firing line
Times are changing#

[Kurayami throws herself backwards off the top rope, crushing Medusa Rage under her massive moonsaulting frame.]

#Oh oh, oh oh#

[Maxim Zharkov does a full spin, obliterating some poor soul with the Peacemaker Discus Lariat.]

#Do you believe that you can walk on water?#

[Cinder throws back her head, screeching to the heavens.]

#Oh oh, oh oh#

[Ayako Fujiwara SLAMS her head through the glass window in the back of a police car.]

#Do you believe that you can win this fight tonight?#

[We get a final shot of Johnny Detson leaping into the air, driving an opponent's face into the mat with a Wilde Driver..

...and then cut to a shot promoting all the details of AWA Fight Night On FOX coming next weekend on the big FOX Network...

...and fade to black.

We fade back up on the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following match is a special TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR CHALLENGE MATCH!! If the challenger either beats his opponent or lasts ten minutes, then he will receive ten thousand dollars!

[At hearing the stipulation, there's a loud cheer from the audience.]

TG: First, the challenger...

[The first guitar chords hit. Then that voice leading into "A Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams Jr hits over the PA. Almost immediately, pacing in tune with the music is a tall, strongly structured gentleman. He has simple green trunks with double yellow vertical stripes on each side. Black knee pads and tall black boots finish off the simple wrestling ensemble.]

TG: Hailing from Portland, Oregon and weighing in at 258 pounds, this is...

SHAAAAAAAAAANE LOCKE!

[Locke wastes little time heading to the ring, not bothering with exchanging high fives, not bothering with jibes, simply keeping an eye on the ring. Locke's reddish-brown mullet is capped with a heavily worn John Deere cap and his strong looking but not necessarily "jacked" frame is wrapped with a sleeveless flannel work shirt. He has a thick neck, wide chest and back, body hair evident. He has a frame powered by a lifetime of hard work rather than a gym. His forearms as especially thick, capped with gnarled, thick hands and fingers.]

SA: The family man has his eyes on a potentially life-changing \$10,000 and from what we've seen, he might just be the man to take it.

[He takes no time at all to hit the steps and walk on in, wiping his boots on the apron before stepping in and heading right to his corner. He discards his shirt, throwing it to the side, taking off his hat with some reverence.]

TG: And the man putting his ten thousand dollars on the line... from Gun Barrel City, Texas, weighing in tonight at 250 pounds...

"SLIM" JIM COLLLLLLLT!

[The driving guitar beat of Joe Satriani's "Ride" plays over the PA, and immediately Colt strides from the back straight down with a power walk. Colt wears a black leather vest over a bare chest, with black trunks that have the letters "JC" in silver on one hip and a pair of crossed six shooters on the other hip. He wears black cowboy style boots with gold stars on them. In his hands is the silver briefcase that contains his "ten thousand government dollars" that are on the line. The crowd which had been quietly cheering Locke now turns vociferous in their booing of Colt.]

SA: This is going to be a really interesting match up, Dee Dub. Similar size, similar styles. Jim Colt has a lot more experience, but Locke is younger and stronger.

DW: You know, Sal... there are a lot of rumors running around about this guy Locke. I hear he can rip a phone book in half. That can't be true, can it?

SA: It's one hundred percent true. Shane Locke has an uncanny, incredible, and spectacular grip. I've watched him tear a phone book in half and crush an apple in one hand.

DW: Imagine what he'll do when he gets his hands on Jim Colt.

[The referee calls for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The two bulls come quickly from their respective corners, meeting in the middle of the ring in a tight collar and elbow lock up, jostling for position.]

SA: And we are underway as Shane Locke is fighting for \$10,000 which he tells me could have a big impact on his family. Locke coming up hard, pushing with all that country boy strength... and he pushes Jim Colt right back into the corner, instantly showing off his strength advantage.

[And, despite perhaps wanting to go further, breaks off, hands up as the referee warns him back.]

DW: Hey, how about that?

SA: There's been a lot of Internet chatter over Shane Locke's inability to keep his cool in the ring so a clean break there is a bit of a surprise, yes.

[Locke backs off to mid-ring, waving Colt out towards him.]

SA: And here we go again... the two big hounds meeting again and another tight, deep collar and elbow!

[The two dig in, legs back for leverage as they go head to head. The forearms and shoulders on Locke bulge as he pushes back, the two spinning against the ropes and into the corner.]

SA: And again Locke with the advantage here. Colt might need to rethink his strategy.

[And seems to do exactly that as Locke, again, backs away hands up and Colt simply reaches out and slaps him...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Colt quickly bails out, dropping out to the floor as a seething Locke stomps towards the ropes...]

DW: There we go. There's the Shane Locke we all know!

SA: He is rightfully angry and this could get... wait, no. Shane Locke isn't going after him.

[No, he is not. Nose flaring, face red, Locke stays in the ring, pacing, strongly urging Colt back in the ring with a stern wave of his hand.]

SA: There was a persistent rumor this week that Todd Michaelson took Shane Locke aside after his match on Saturday Night Wrestling. Whatever Todd Michaelson said, it seems Shane Locke listened and took it to heart here. Todd has trained so many young stars. He is a big part of the office here in the AWA, part of

it's heart and soul and his heart and soul talk with this young stud seems to have taken.

[Colt takes his time on the floor, looking a little surprised that Locke didn't immediately come after him.]

DW: And as much as I don't like the strategy here, Sal, you gotta admit that Jim Colt is being smart. Just pacing around out there regrouping... but he can't take too long. Precious seconds are ticking off the clock.

SA: And speaking of the clock, can we get that up on the screen to see where we're at?

[A graphic with the clock appears on the bottom corner of the screen, showing "8:23" and ticking down.]

SA: Just about two minutes gone in this one. And remember, Locke needs to either survive ten minutes or he needs to get the win to get that briefcase of ten grand sitting at ringside.

DW: That's right.

[As the referee's count continues, Colt finally decides to get back in the ring, rolling under the ropes.]

SA: Colt back in, avoiding any possible countout... and again, these two lock right back up, pushing and shoving one another around...

[But this time Locke shoots an arm between the legs and lifts, slamming Colt down with force.]

SA: A spine adjusting hard slam by Shane Locke and that one rattled Jim Colt! The force on that simple move was astonishing. You probably won't see Shane Locke lifting more weight than a Blake Colton or Max Magnum or Blaster Masterson, but there is a big difference between strength and power and Shane Locke has real world, farm boy power!

DW: From the looks of it, he's had to do that during a branding a time or two.

[With Locke standing over him, Colt clutches his spine, grimacing in pain before he rolls out of the ring.]

SA: Jim Colt quickly vacating the premises again... and I'm not sure I like this strategy, Dee Dub.

DW: He's trying to get into Locke's head, I think, Sal. But you're right. In a match where he needs to win in a certain amount of time, wasting time out on the floor seems like a mistake to me.

[Colt breathes deeply, stretching his back as he smirks, walking around the ring, the ringside crowd booing and thumbs downing the whole way. The referee, keeping the growing agitation of Locke back, starts the mandatory ten count.]

SA: Again, Jim Colt taking his time, again using his veteran instincts to not only rest but really get into the mind of the much less experienced and much more temperamental Shane Locke.

[And, hesitantly, he rolls in, keeping his hand forward to hold Locke at bay as he stands up.]

SA: Jim Colt back in and it seems his antics are working here. Locke is seething. They meet... SLAM BY LOCKE AGAIN!

[Jim Colt quickly scrambles back up, clutching at his spine, but he still tries a wild swing that Locke ducks under, hooking him around the waist...]

SA: And a snapping belly to back suplex... and there goes Colt again!

[The crowd boos intensify as Colt rolls out again, arching his back in pain, holding his neck.]

DW: And I think Locke's patience is running this with this guy, Sal. I know mine is!

[Locke, hands on hips in the middle of the ring finally says "Okay, I've had enough!" and drops, rolling to the outside and going after Colt to a chorus of cheers. Spotting the incoming Locke, Colt goes on the run with Locke in hot pursuit...]

DW: Around and around they go...

SA: ...and there's nothing merry for Shane Locke on this go around. Colt slides back in!

[And, up to his feet, stops a charging Locke with stomps to the spine as he enters.]

SA: He lured him in! He used Shane Locke's temper against him and cut him off here in this \$10,000 challenge, an already tough one for Jim Colt!

DW: When you are putting up that sort of money, you do whatever it takes to keep it. We've seen that a lot from him in the past.

[With Locke down on the mat, Colt promptly leaps into the air, dropping all his weight down on the lower back!]

SA: Ohhh! Kneedrop down across the spine... and that's a cover!

[Locke grimaces, easily kicking out at one as the clock ticks down to read "6:04"]

SA: There you see it, fans... almost four minutes gone in this one as Locke kicks out of that pin attempt with ease...

[As Locke is coming up off the mat, Colt wraps him up in a side headlock, cinching it in tightly.]

DW: You know, Sal... I gotta wonder when you're in a match like this... is Shane Locke trying to win or is he trying to survive? Either way, you get the money so do you play offense or defense?

SA: You're right, Dee Dub. Either way, you get the money... but for a guy like Shane Locke, I bet his pride tells him he needs to try and win this match to get it. He'll take the money if he survives - no doubt - but he'd love the victory to start to turn some heads in his direction.

DW: Maybe even a showing in the Running of the Bulls.

SA: Wouldn't that be something for this young man from the Pacific Northwest.

[Colt tries to cinch the headlock a little tighter...

...and seems to be instantly shocked, eyes bugging, as Locke starts separating the arms!]

DW: He's powering out!

[Colt starts to fight it...

...then suddenly twists it to the side out of the referee's vision, breaking his grip as he swings his other hand up!]

SA: Ohh! And I couldn't quite see it from our angle but I'm pretty sure that Jim Colt just thumbed him in the windpipe, Dee Dub!

[Locke goes staggering back, clutching his throat.]

DW: From all that coughing and gasping, I'd say you're right, Sal.

[Colt follows Locke towards the ropes, grabbing him in another loose side headlock, pushing Locke's face down on the top rope...

...and drags his face down the length of it, earning more jeers from the crowd!]

SA: Colt raking the face across the rope, burning the skin of Shane Locke right across the eyebrow and the eyes! Jim Colt is pulling out all the stops as he tries to keep his \$10,000!

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

SA: Five minutes left in this one is the call. Five minutes standing between Shane Locke and a hefty ten grand bonus to take home to the wife and kids.

DW: In the meantime, Sal, the referee is all over Jim Colt, warning him for that ropeburn action. Remember, he can still lose the money even if he's disqualified or counted out!

SA: Absolutely correct, Dee Dub. He's walking a tight rope and he's no acrobat. Right now he's just trying to tame the lion that is Shane Locke.

[Ignoring the referee, Colt grabs the temporarily-blinded young man, dragging him towards him.]

SA: Colt looking for a slam of his own... Locke slips out...

[Dropping down, Locke reaches up to pull Colt down with him!]

SA: SCHOOL BOY! ONE! TWO! NO!

[The crowd groans for the two count as both men struggle to come up off the mat, Locke still rubbing at his eye as he gets to his feet...

...and Colt BLASTS him with a running kneelift!]

SA: OHHH! What a shot out of the veteran!

DW: With his vision all jacked up, he probably didn't even see that coming!

SA: And Colt with a cover now - he gets one! He gets two!

DW: No! Can't keep him down!

[The crowd cheers as Colt angrily complains about the count, slapping his hands together three times.]

SA: Colt with some words for our official... but by the time ticking down off the clock, I'd say he should worry about Shane Locke and NOT the referee, Dee Dub.

DW: Absolutely. Locke's got a lot of fight left in him and... now where the heck is Colt going?

[Climbing backwards to the second rope, Colt waits for Locke to circle up and around.]

SA: Double axehandle... CAUGHT!

[The crowd cheers as Locke simply reaches up with both hands, catching the wrists before the blow lands. Colt shakes his head, eyes wide open in shock...

...and then reaches forward, headbutting the younger man between the eyes!]

SA: Ohh! And Locke wasn't ready for that one!

[Colt takes the momentary advantage to hoist Locke up, slamming him down on the canvas.]

SA: And there's the big slam he was looking for! We're under four minutes... almost three and a half at this point... left in the time limit for this one. Remember, Shane Locke does NOT have to win to get the cash. He only has to survive.

DW: Even after being slammed right there, he's still in a good position to do that to me, Sal.

[Mocking his opponent, Colt walks around him, stalking him and letting him get up under his own power.]

SA: And again, I have to question this tactic, Dee Dub. He's using up valuable time on the clock and he's gotta beat Locke to keep his cash... Locke doesn't have to beat him.

[As Locke staggers to his feet, the clock in the corner reads "3:25"]

SA: There you go, fans. Under three and a half to go. Can Colt do it? Can Locke survive? Those are the questions in front of us and...

DW: He's setting up for something, Sal! Colt's setting up for something!

[With some distance between he and Locke, Colt takes aim, charging in...]

SA: BOOT HILL!

[Colt leaps into the air, pumping his leg for the bicycle kick...

...and the crowd ERUPTS as Locke surges forward, catching the leg...]

SA: CAUGHT! HE CAUGHT THE KICK!

[And with a mighty swing, sends the leg flying backwards, which in turn sends Colt forwards in a faceplant!]

DW: You gotta hurry it up, Shane! You gotta get that money, my friend!

[With Colt at his feet, Locke looks around a bit nervously before leaning down, dragging Colt up off the mat...]

SA: The time continues to drop... Locke shoots him into the corner...

[Locke stampedes into the buckles, rocking Colt with a clothesline that lifts his big cowboy boots off the mat momentarily...]

...and then whips him back the other way to the other corner!]

SA: CLOTHESLINE IN ONE CORNER!

[Locke lumbers back across...]

SA: BACK ELBOW IN THE OTHER! COLT IS ROCKED, FANS!

[The clock graphic shows "2:46" as Colt stumbles out of the corner, running right into a strong hand across his throat!]

SA: Locke has him! We've seen this before! He's about to slap the bad taste out of Jim Colt!

[Locke reaches back...

...hesitates...

...and shifts his grip, grabbing the wrist and pulling Colt into a short armed clothesline that sends him inside out!]

SA: OHHH! COVER HIM! COVER HIM NOW!

DW: GET THAT MONEY, KID! GET PAID TOOOONIIIIIGHT!

[The crowd agrees, urging him on as Locke dives across the prone Colt!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... NOOOOOO!

[The crowd groans at Colt's last second kickout!]

SA: He almost had him, Dee Dub! He almost had him!

DW: Half a second away from big money!

SA: But remember, even without the pinfall, he's still in an EXCELLENT position to win that ten thousand dollars right now! He's got Colt down... he's got him reeling and we've got... what? Just over two minutes left!

[Locke rolls to a seated position, breathing heavily as the crowd implores him to get back to his feet and finish off Jim Colt. With a nod, the Portland native climbs back to a standing position, looking down on Colt who has rolled to his chest and is trying to push up off the mat..]

SA: Colt's trying to get up!

[The voice of the the ring announcer rings out.]

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

SA: Two minutes, fans! One hundred and twenty seconds separates Shane Locke and ten thousand dollars of Jim Colt's hard-earned money! Can he do it? Can he survive?

DW: Forget surviving, Sal! He wants the "W!"

SA: Locke grabs Colt by the wrist, clamped on tight...

DW: Colt's trying to fight out of it!

[Colt grabs the hand, trying to pry the fingers off his wrist.]

SA: We talked about the grip strength earlier! Colt can't get loose! Could this be the Bale Toss?

[But as Locke pulls Colt off the mat, the wily veteran plucks him into a schoolboy, dragging him down to his back...

...and snatches a handful of tights!]

DW: HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS! HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS!

[The referee counts once... twice...]

SA: KICKOUT! TIGHTS OR NOT, LOCKE KICKS OUT!

DW: We're down to about ninety seconds, Sal!

[The two scramble up off the mat but Locke is faster and swings a leg out, knocking Colt's out from under him and sprawling to the mat! Locke leaps forward...]

SA: LOCKE DOWN! HE HAS THE LOCKE DOWN ON!

[Locke, with his arm wrapped around Colt's head and neck, cranks back to the roar of the crowd!]

SA: HE IS A TAP OUT AWAY FROM TAKING HOME \$10,000 TO HIS FOUR KIDS AND EXPECTING WIFE!

[He really wrenches on the bully choke, arching back and wrapping his arms deeper into the side headlock style choke.]

DW: Jim Colt has nowhere to go! He's gotta tap out!

[The crowd cheers it on, a "TAP! TAP! TAP!" chant starting as the crowd knows they are about to see a moment. He lifts his hand as if to tap...

...but the referee points over to the ropes, demanding Locke break the hold!]

SA: Colt's foot was under the rope! I don't even think he knew it was there but what a massive, massive break for the veteran!

[Confused, Locke starts arguing with the referee about what just transpired. Face red, he won't have any of it, his imposing bulk looming over the black and white striped official.]

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! ONE MINUTE!"

SA: Shane Locke's emotions are getting the better of him. If HE gets DQ'ed he loses.

DW: And goes back home in shame. Get Colt. Go get him and get a big pile of government cash!

[All the while, gasping for air and trying to recover, Colt starts crawling. Towards his corner. Where the briefcase is.]

SA: Locke needs to quit arguing with the referee!

[Hearing the one minute mark and realizing the opportunity is fading, Locke pushes around the referee...

...but doesn't realize his own strength and sends the referee into the corner and away.]

DW: Oh no!

SA: OH NO! NOT THIS WAY!

[Ignoring the referee for the moment, Locke charges forward as Colt gets to a knee...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets slammed in the forehead with the metal briefcase, sending him crashing to the mat. Colt tosses it aside as the ref turns around...]

DW: NO! NO!

[Colt hooks a leg as the referee dives to the mat to count, the clock on screen reading ":24"]

SA: I can't believe it!

[And neither can the angry crowd as the referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

SA: HE GOT HIM!

DW: AAAAGGGH!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The boos get louder as Colt rolls off of the downed Locke, throwing his arm up into the air.]

SA: Jim Colt, with seconds left, pins Shane Locke! He was good all match, Dee Dub. But one last show of his temper and it costs Shane Locke not just a match, not just a trip to the pay window, but it cost him \$10,000!

[Not even letting the referee near him, Colt rolls out and grabs his briefcase, clutching it to his chest as he breathes heavily, realizing how close he was to losing it.]

SA: But for the lucky break Jim Colt got with his foot under the ropes, the Locke Down was about to get him a win, but his temper got him a loss.

DW: But we definitely saw a different side of Locke until then. He was keeping it under check and showed a lot of raw talent in that ring.

SA: It certainly won't be the last we see of Shane Locke but I hope we see more of what we saw tonight instead of what we saw in his first few matches. This is the Shane Locke that could go far in the AWA.

[Locke is still down on the mat as the referee kneels next to him, Colt gloating as he backpedals up the entry steps.]

SA: Fans, we've got another break coming up now... but we've got more Power Hour action ahead so don't go away!

[Fade to black...

Fade in to the Schutzmans. In the background, Mooselips' elderly brewmaster Lorne Schutzman stands beside a 15-foot-long red paperclip. "Savory" Avery Schutzman, president and CEO of Mooselips Brewery is in the foreground. Beside him is a whiteboard on an easel. Obviously Mooselips has its own criteria for tag teams, as the whiteboard is covered with team names: 'NEXT GEN,' 'SHOOTING STARS,' 'SYSTEM SHOCK,' 'SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE,' 'GOLD STANDARD,' and, perhaps most troublingly, variations of the letters, 'POE,' 'OPE,' and 'OEP.']

AS: Greetings from Mooselips Brewing, coming to you from Kipling, Saskatchewan; population 1,140! And home of the World's Largest Red Paperclip. Everyone knows the story of how a young man from Montreal was able to barter a single red paperclip to a house right here in Kipling. And soon everyone will know the story of how the AWA, in nine short years, was able to grow from a little studio in Texas into a worldwide promotion that will sell out Mosaic Stadium in Regina in only a few short weeks!

[Avery Schutzman points his marker at the whiteboard.]

AS: And with Howie Somers and Daniel Harper capturing the AWA World Tag Team Championship, that puts them in the lead over System Shock for Mooselips' top team! Myself and my uncle Lorne will be attending the AWA's pay-per-view extravaganza on July the 4th called...

[He checks his notes.]

AS: ..."Liberty or Death"...

[He folds the note up and puts it back in his jeans pocket.]

AS: I'll take the "Liberty," thanks. Uncle Lorne and I will be present to give our official Mooselips sponsored team a special prize. And thank you for your support.

[Lorne Schutzman begins muttering something in the background.]

AS: What? No Uncle Lorne, we can't give them two red paperclips.

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to Theresa Lynch at the interview position.]

TL: The all-new Power Hour is busting at the seams here tonight as we get ready for more tag team action - a match I'm now being told is a Stampede Cup Qualifying Showdown. It started here just over a month ago, when Rory Smythe had his Power Hour debut against fellow Combat Corner trainee Lenny Abraham. It came to a head last week in Detroit, and, now, these men are looking to settle the scores right here tonight! Let's go to the ring, and Tyler Graham with the introductions!

[Tyler Graham is standing by in the ring alongside referee Andy Dawson, Combat Corner trainee Lenny Abraham and Rocco Rolla.]

TG: The following Stampede Cup Qualifying contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from Reno, Nevada and LaGrange, Georgia respectively...

ROCCO "HIGH" ROLLA! And... LENNY ABRAHAM!

[Rolla and Abraham don't even acknowledge the smattering of cheers from the Center Stage faithful, so focused are they on the task at hand.]

TG: And their opponents...

[Jeers, even before the Brian Boru Irish Pipe Band's rendition of "The Pikeman's March" starts to play. Callum Mahoney, sandy-haired with lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway, dressed in a black leather jacket over a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear standing on its hind legs across the front, black knee pads and black boots. He stands with hands on hips and a sneer on his lips, soaking in the reaction from the crowd.]

SA: There he is... the man who orchestrated it all... who secured Rory Smythe a spot in the Combat Corner, and who made sure Smythe got a chance to remain in the United States when the British Bashers were released from their AWA contracts, and, now, he's lured Her Majesty's Might to his side.

[Behind Mahoney, the bearded, strapping Malcolm Sweeney comes striding through the entranceway. Red-haired and pale of skin, Sweeney has on a pair of black trunks, black knee pads, with the image of two crossed single-headed battle axes in silver on the front of each, and black boots. He balls his fists and throws his arms out to either side of him, letting out a battle cry as he does so.]

SA: Mahoney's cousin, who we thought was here to serve as his muscle but as we are about to see, Mahoney now has got two of them backing him.

[Sweeney is followed by the muscular Rory Smythe, who has golden tanned skin, hazel eyes and wavy, dark brown hair, closely-cropped around the sides and back. Smythe has on tights that are white for the most part, except for the Union Jack, which covers most of Smythe's left thigh, blue knee pads and red boots. With Sweeney and Smythe flanking him, Mahoney leads the way to the ring.]

DW: We don't have a name, yet, for this group, or even any real idea what these men have in common. There's, of course, the family connection between Mahoney and Sweeney.

SA: Smythe suggested last week that he's in it because he needs a partner for the Stampede Cup, and Mahoney's an opportunist, so it wouldn't surprise me that he has his eyes set on the Cup, too, and thought two bruisers on his team is bet-

[Sal gets cut off in mid-sentence by the surprise of Lenny Abraham diving off the top rope, taking out both Mahoney and Smythe with a big dive!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ABRAHAM TAKES FLIIIIIGHT!

[And with three men down on the floor, Rocco Rolla takes the fight to Sweeney outside the ring!]

SA: Things are breaking down here in Center Stage!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Rolla FIRES Sweeney into the ringsteps shoulderfirst... and now he's going after Smythe!

[Mahoney tries to get away from Abraham who grabs him by the jacket and tosses him under the ropes. The Fighting Irishman is quickly up, scrambling across the ring, half-crawling, and trying to get the jacket off, as Abraham climbs into the ring after him.]

SA: And we're not the only ones who know that Mahoney orchestrated all of this, fans. Lenny Abraham wants him a piece of Mahoney for it!

[Outside the ring, Rolla rams Smythe into the ringpost!]

SA: Whammo! Right into the steel ringpost...

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell sounds and... wait, is Mahoney in this match?

DW: I thought it was going to be Sweeney and Smythe.

SA: As did I but...

[Mahoney yanks clear of his jacket but Abraham stays on top of him, delivering several clubbing forearms to the back.]

SA: It looks like it'll be Mahoney and Smythe... Mahoney whipped across... no, he hangs on!

[Mahoney, having successfully slammed on the brakes, shouts to his partner, "Rory! Rory, get up here!"]

SA: Mahoney calling for a little bit of backup... and as Smythe comes in, so does Rocca Rolla across the ring!

[A fired-up Rolla rushes to mid-ring where Smythe meets him, both men throwing wild bombs at one another.]

SA: THE FIGHT IS ON IN THE A-T-L!

[Rolls breaks away, hitting the ropes but Smythe drops down, forcing Rolla to hurdle over him. As Rolla comes back, Smythe surprises him by hurdling over him on the run.]

SA: Whoa! Leapfrog by Smythe!

DW: Smythe showing off his agility with that leapfrog, taking Rolla by surprise...

[And as Rolla rebounds again, Smythe BLASTS him with a European uppercut, sending Rolla crashing down to the canvas...]

SA: And now Mahoney wants to be tagged back in.

[Smythe obliges, bringing in Mahoney as the duo shoots Rolla across the ring, dropping him with a double back elbow.]

SA: And a nice bit of teamwork there for the European union, putting Rolla down once more.

[With Rolla down on the mat, Mahoney drops a knee down on the shoulder, grinding his kneecap back and forth on the limb.]

SA: Mahoney may be looked to soften his opponent up for that Cross Armbreaker... another kneedrop down.

[Pulling Rolla to the feet by the arm, Mahoney twists it, ducking as he does to bend the arm into a hammerlock.]

SA: Nice chain wrestling there out of Mahoney... working on that arm...

[Mahoney ducks down, trying to get under Rolla enough to lift him for a back suplex...]

SA: No! Rolla blocks the lift!

DW: He's too big and too strong!

SA: Remember, fans... a spot in the Stampede Cup tournament is on the line here and... Rolla's fighting back!

[The crowd cheers as Rolla rains down elbows on the back of Mahoney who was trying for the suplex lift again, forcing the Irishman to release the trapped arm.]

SA: Rolla breaks free and-

[He throws a wild clothesline at Mahoney who ducks under, grabbing the arm as it goes by, wrapping it around Rolla's neck and tries to draw him into the arm trap shoulder breaker...]

...but Rolla spins right out of the Emerald Cutter attempt, pulling Mahoney into a short-arm forearm...]

SA: OHHHH!

[But both men throw a forearm at the same time, causing them both to collapse to the canvas in a heap...]

"Bzzzzzzzzzz."

SA: Oh, we know what's coming now!

[We sure do. A blinding burst of red light, almost like a laser, that lances across the Center Stage Studios.

The light flickers, the buzzing continues.]

DW: Sounds like someone set a whole hive of bumblebees loose in here!

[Suddenly, a low, throaty voice projects over the speakers.]

"RISE."

"OF."

"THE."

[The red beam grows. It covers the ringside area. The sound is deafening.]

"MACHINES."

[The buzzing pops! The red light blasts out over the crowd and then suddenly it's gone... with Mahoney pulling the referee towards him, complaining about the noise as Rolla tags in Lenny Abraham...]

SA: Abraham is in - we still don't know anything about these Machines and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[As Abraham was shouting at Mahoney to "get up and fight," Malcolm Sweeney slid in behind the official's back...]

SA: Sweet San Lorenzo! Malcolm Sweeney just took Abraham's head off with that running big boot from out of nowhere!

DW: And the official did not see a thing, because he was busy with Mahoney! That was a setup, Sal!

[Sweeney slides out as Mahoney rolls to the corner, slapping his hand.]

SA: Rory Smythe is in...

[But as Smythe drops to a knee, Mahoney lifts a dazed Abraham up on his shoulders...]

SA: OHHH! GUTBUSTER ONTO SMYTHE'S BENDED KNEE!

[And as the referee forces Mahoney out of the ring, Smythe muscles Abraham up onto his shoulders, turning to face Rolla...

...and THROWS him down with an overhead slam!]

SA: HAYDEN HOIST CONNECTS!

DW: That's it!

[The referee dives to count as Malcolm Sweeney yanks Rolla's legs out from under him, causing him to bounce facefirst off the apron as Smythe secures the three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Before Andy Dawson gets the chance to raise Smythe's and Mahoney's arms in victory, before Tyler Graham gets the chance to announce the winners, before even "The Pikeman's March" can start playing, Sweeney shoves Rocco Rolla into the ring, where he is met with stomps courtesy of Mahoney and Smythe.]

DW: The beatdown continues on Rocco Rolla. Smythe has him up... into the fireman's carry... Into the...

SA: Hayden Hoist! The near three-hundred-pounder gets dropped with the Hayden Hoist!

DW: And Sweeney has Abraham.

[Abraham is on jelly legs, as Sweeney picks him up into the crucifix powerbomb position.]

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO! Sweeney just powerbombed Lenny Abraham onto Rocco Rolla! Smythe and Sweeney might just have broken these men!

DW: And look at the glee on Mahoney's face as he surveys the carnage, Sal. He's liking what he's seeing and I imagine he must know this is exactly what he wanted when he put this group together.

SA: I think you're right, Dee Dub, and whatever it is these men have their sights set on, I think we can count on them bringing the same sort of brutality and destruction along the way.

DW: I hope that's not what they're bringing Theresa's way. Watch out there, Theresa, I think they are headed in your direction.

[Cut to the interview area where Callum Mahoney, followed by a grinning Rory Smythe corner Theresa Lynch at the podium, positioning themselves on either side of her. Fortunately, that puts Mahoney between Theresa and a still-seething Malcolm Sweeney. A shot of the ring sees officials and trainers checking on Lenny Abraham and Rocco Rolla.]

CM: Get that garbage out of our ring! Get that garbage out of this studio! Send that one punk back to Reno and ship that other kid back to the Combat Corner; maybe Broussard can find some use for whatever is left of him.

Now, Theresa, I'm going to make this short and simple for all you idiots who are still asking why we're here and what we want – when I lost the World Television championship, I made it clear, as someone born to be champion, all I've got eyes for is gold. And the World Tag Team titles are as good as any to go around my waist. Of course, I can't wear those titles on my own, so I brought in family and, maybe, we'll also do it with a little help from our friend, "Her Majesty's Might" Rory Smythe.

[Mahoney proudly claps Smythe on the shoulder. Smythe grins, clenching his hands together.]

CM: Now, Rory, we might need to find you a better nickname, because this group? We have no need for a monarchy. And, yes, that means we aren't about to proclaim ourselves... Kings... But trust me when I say this alliance is strong. This alliance is firm. This alliance is steadfast. What we did to Rolla and Abraham tonight is just a taster of what we will unleash upon the AWA.

We want the gold and we want the glory, and that includes the honor of winning the Stampede Cup and the accompanying million-dollar purse. Split three ways, Theresa? That's still a heap of gold and a heap of glory.

[With a wave of his hand, Mahoney motions for Sweeney to leave, then does the same to Smythe with a nod of his head. He turns back to Theresa with a smile.]

CM: And thank you, Theresa, for giving us this time. Back to you, Dylan and Sal.

[Mahoney backs away from the podium and turns to leave.]

TL: I'll handle that part, thank you very much. Let's go back to the ring.

[We cut back up to Tyler Graham standing in the center of the ring. One of the competitors is grabbing the top rope with both hands and stretching a bit.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring, from Dearborn, Michigan, weighing 226 pounds... BRIAN ANDERSON!

[Brian Anderson stands about an even 6 feet tall, has short brown hair, brown eyes, and is cleanly shaven. He strides to the center of the ring and raises both hands into the air. Anderson wears a pair of full-length yellow trunks, which have a series of black stripes running down the length, black knee pads, and black boots.]

TG: And his opponent...

["Fall of The Archons" by Danny Cocke begins to play throughout Center Stage Studios and as it does a figure begins to walk to the ring.]

TG: He hails from Osaka, Japan by way of Duluth, Minnesota, and weighs in at 170 pounds...

[TORA stops at the bottom of the stairs and looks to the right and then the left before extending both his arms to the side. The current TPP CAGE Champion is wearing black tight wrestling pants with orange kick pads, the CAGE Championship belt resting upon his waist. Resting upon his right shoulder is a different piece of hardware... another title belt. An orange mask with ragged black stripes covers the majority of his face.]

TG: ...TOOOOOOORAAAAAAA!

[As the name rings out over the PA, TORA throws his head back, absorbing the jeers of the AWA faithful.]

DW: Hey, how about that, Sal - looks like TORA picked up another piece of gold!

SA: He certainly did. And those extra fifteen pounds he picked up Memorial Day Weekend was not from participating in the pie eating contest at the county fair, that's the FUSION-1 Openweight Championship... an independent promotion in Japan... and obviously, TORA struck gold that weekend while back in Japan.

DW: FUSION-1. What about Tiger Paw Pro?

SA: TORA's AWA contract is quite unique from what I understand, giving him the opportunity to compete in many so-called independent promotions around the globe and from what I hear, this young man has turned into quite the trophy hunter in recent times.

[TORA turns towards the fans and pulls off the orange mask, revealing a black mask with ragged orange stripes upon it. He extends the orange mask towards a child in the front row. As the youngster reaches for it, TORA pulls it back and tears it in half, a smile forms upon his lips as he tosses the halves into the crowd.]

DW: I can't believe he's done that again! That poor girl is nearly in tears!

SA: These fans don't pay their hard earned money for a ticket to be disrespected like that! And it truly shocks me how much this young man's attitude has changed in his time away from the AWA.

[TORA slides the F-1 Openweight championship before sliding into the ring himself. He stares at Anderson as he unstrap the CAGE Championship belt, handing it to the referee, turning his back to Anderson as he does so.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, the dual champion, TORA, stares at Brian Anderson for a brief moment before lunging towards his bigger opponent and the two men lock up in the center of the ring. They jockey for a moment but Anderson is able to use his height and weight advantage to push the smaller TORA towards the ropes.]

SA: TORA isn't even two hundred pounds soaking wet and Anderson is taking advantage of that at the moment. He has TORA pressed into the ropes...

SA: Brian Anderson is roughly Terry Shane's size, so we're getting a possible preview of how Shane and TORA would match up - a match we know that TORA has expressed interest in since his return to the company.

DW: Sal, you can't possibly be saying Anderson here is the same caliber of Terry Shane.

SA: In size perhaps... but likely not in talent as the World Television Champion is a top level competitor.

[At the referee's call for a break, Anderson steps back...

...which is an opening TORA is waiting for as he quickly catches the upper thigh of Anderson with a swift kick and then another kick is driven into the other thigh.]

SA: Lighting quick kicks by TO- AAAAAH! PALM STRIKE RIGHT TO THE NOSE!

[Anderson stumbles backwards, falling to a knee, his eyes quickly watering as TORA drops back into the ropes, rebounding out with a running knee strike to the jaw, wiping out his foe.]

SA: Absolutely vicious assault on the part of TORA.

DW: You know, we saw that video back at Memorial Day Mayhem of TORA in Japan and... frankly, Sal... I was shocked by some of what I've seen... what I've heard... this kid with chairs and tables and ladders and...

SA: Luckily, he's brought none of that to the AWA... yet.

DW: I feel like that's the key word there, Sal.

[With Anderson prone, TORA hits the ropes again, throwing a sliding dropkick into the temple before scrambling into a cover.]

SA: TORA looking for a quick win. He gets one! And two! But that's all.

[Anderson slips out as the reigning CAGE and F-1 Openweight Champion failed to hook a leg.]

DW: I'm not sure if TORA was really going for the win at that moment or just letting Anderson know that he is in control of this match.

SA: TORA's staying in control though, pulling Anderson up and whips him... no, reversed!

[But as TORA approaches the ropes, he extends his arms, catching the top rope and kicking himself up into the air as Anderson runs under him, slamming chestfirst into the buckles...]

SA: Ohh! Anderson hits the buckles and-

[TORA grabs both shoulders while jumping up to place both his knees against Anderson's back. Both men fall backwards to the ground, forcing TORA's knees to push up into the back of Anderson.]

SA: TORA drives his knees into the back of Anderson and you can see the air just get blasted right out of Anderson's lungs!

[TORA shoves Anderson off his knees, rolling him onto his stomach as the dual champion climbs to his feet, grabbing a handful of hair to pull Anderson slightly up off the mat...]

SA: No cover here though and...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts to a brutal crossface forearm across the cheekbone of Anderson.]

SA: CROSSFACE BY TORA!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ANOTHER ONE!

[And a third one finds the mark as well before he lets go of his grip on the hair, allowing Anderson to slump facefirst to the mat.]

DW: My oh my, Sal... that last one looked like it could have dislocated the poor kid's jaw!

SA: I certainly hope not... but Anderson does certainly look to be in a bad way as TORA plans his next attack...

DW: We may not like it, Sal, but this new attitude of TORA's is absolutely ferocious... and I can see how he captured the FUSION-1 Openweight Championship!

SA: I guess you can't argue with results... no matter how distasteful they may be.

[Pulling the dazed Anderson off the mat, TORA whips him towards the buckles, the impact causing Anderson to slump into the corner.]

SA: And Brian Anderson hits the corner hard... just completely unable to get out of the gates so far in this one...

[With Anderson sitting against the buckles, TORA charges in at full speed, hurling himself upside down...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CANNONBALL SENTON IN THE CORNER! Anderson trapped between one hundred and seventy pounds of TORA and the corner with no place to go!

[With Anderson stunned and motionless in the corner, TORA snatches a handful of hair, dragging him to his feet...

...and muscles him up across his shoulders in a fireman's carry, stepping out to the center of the ring...]

SA: Could this be...?

[...and then flips him across his chest, twisting to the side, and DROPS him down on the back of his head!]

DW: It is!

SA: THE WANIZAME BOMB CONNECTS!

DW: This is academic now!

[TORA throws his arms apart, diving onto the prone Anderson as the referee brings his hand to the mat three times swiftly and mercifully.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: This one's all over, fans. TORA picks up the win here on the Power Hour... and with the time running down on our clock here tonight, I can only say this was a dominant victory for TORA who is looking to-

[As the referee goes to raise TORA's hand, the dual champion rips his away, glaring at the official as he snatches his titles away from him, marching through the ropes and right up the steps...]

SA: I'm not really sure we have time for this but- well, it looks like TORA is heading over to Theresa. He's obviously got something to-

[We cut to TORA storming the interview area, glaring at Theresa Lynch as he adjusts the two title belts on his shoulders.]

T: Yes, these are what are known as championship belts. I know it's been a while since anyone in your family has had one, so go ahead... soak it in.

[The masked man smirks as Theresa maintains her professionalism and begins to speak.]

TL: It appears your Memorial Day commitments went well.

[TORA nods his head.]

T: That they did, that they did. Back to back nights, I successfully defended the Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Championship, and then last Saturday I traveled to Kyoto City for Fusion-One's third-anniversary show...

[The camera zooms in upon the F-1 Openweight Championship belt.]

T: And walked out victorious, as the new undisputed Openweight champion. But now I'm back in the States and looking to continue what I started just over a month ago.

[TORA pauses for a moment.]

T: Terry Shane, while I was off becoming a double champion... you went and nearly LOST the World Television Championship to The African Nightmare. A man who's been beaten by one of her brothers...

[TORA motions towards Theresa Lynch.]

T: ...and then you needed her oldest brother, good ol' Jackie boy, to save you and the championship belt you wear around your waist.

[Theresa interjects.]

TL: Just a friendly bit of advice. Calling my brother "Jackie Boy" probably won't bode well for your future health.

[TORA casts a momentary glance at Theresa.]

T: Unlike your brother, I'm currently a dual champion in two different promotions. Though you're probably right, Jack does deserve respect for all the accolades he's captured in his time in the AWA.

But unlike Terry Shane, I'm not going to backpedal on everything I've just said.

[TORA nods his head as the fans jeer. He points to them.]

T: I'm not going to pluck the heartstrings of the fans asking for forgiveness now that I've turned over a new leaf. I'm not going to pluck the heartstrings of the guys in the locker room, hoping that they will trust me again...

[TORA glances at the championship belt on his right shoulder and then glances at the one on his left shoulder.]

T: That's the coward's way, not the dual champion's way. You see, Shane... your actions should make the guys in the locker room respect you, whether or not they like the words that come out of your mouth. If you carry yourself like a man, like a champion... you will earn respect.

[The look upon the face of Theresa is one of disagreement.]

T: You can disagree if you want but I know from first-hand experience what won't get you respect, Theresa. I know that slapping the fans' hands, taking pictures and smiling gets you a one-way ticket on an aeroplane and a slap on the back for a job well done.

[TORA looks at Theresa for a moment.]

T: Still don't believe me? Why don't you ask your brother whose name we're not supposed to mention. I'm sure he'll tell you the same things now.

[The Atlanta crowd lets out a loud "ohhh!"]

T: But... but... the night I drove the CAGE Championship into your skull, Shane... that night, respect returned. That night, people slapped me on the shoulder and welcomed me back, strangers on the street congratulated me.

[TORA shakes his head before a smirk can be seen crossing his lips.]

T: But more importantly that night, the World Television Championship became the most talked-about title in the AWA. Not because you dug deep, fought through injuries, and stood with tears in your eyes as the fans embraced you as a two-time champion...

[TORA breaks out into laughter.]

T: NO! Because I cracked your skull open with this title!

[TORA smacks the CAGE Championship belt with his right hand.]

T: The World Television Championship meant something again because of ME! Not because Konoe is walking around shrugging his shoulders. Not because Aarons is finally done with Mertz... because of ME!

Because I drove fifteen pounds of gold into your skull, Terry Shane. Because I made a statement that the World Television Championship belt is a prize to be coveted here in the AWA!

One single action by me and suddenly everyone wants what you have, Terry. But I made my claim on the World Television Championship and I will add it to my collection. That knocking you hear, Terry. That's me coming to collect!

[And with that... static.]

TL: Well, don't look now... but you might be about to get that chance!

[TORA slips the title belts off his shoulders onto the podium, gesturing towards the entrance area where a moment later, Terry Shane emerges, gesturing to kill the music. The AWA World Television Title is firmly strapped around his waist and tonight he seems to have learned his lesson as his ring gear is intact. The former Ring Leader has his wrists taped up, his long green and white tights on, and his boots fastened firmly all the way up his shins.]

TS: TORA, I just want to let you know... that I hear you.

[TORA shakes his head and throws his arms up, just a few feet separating the two men now.]

TS: What I'm hearing is you finally coming to terms with the fact that doing things the right way got you nowhere. That playing by the rules, letting your natural talent speak for itself, and performing to the best of your ability brought you no success. I won't argue with you, I agree...

...your last trip to the AWA was a bit of a failure.

[The crowd "oooooooohs".]

TS: I won't fault you for it either. You did your best. You almost [holds up nearly pinched fingers] made something of yourself.

And then?

[Shane grimaces.]

TS: You did come back with a bang. You did bring your CAGE title with you. You did cave in my skull. You have been a bit of a thorn in my side and you've been crying for attention and kicking and screaming for someone to take you seriously. Are we to believe that the new TORA, the selfish TORA, the big bad, huff and puff your chest out TORA is deserving at a shot of my AWA World Television Title?

[Shane shrugs.]

TS: Perhaps.

In the past, I probably would have ran down those titles you're parading around as some sort of sense of self worth but I'm not going to do that you know why?

Because Tiger Paw Pro wrestling has some serious talent.

F-1 is filled with ridiculously skilled athletes.

But you know what they aren't?

They aren't the AWA, TORA.

[The crowd cheers that statement as TORA looks angrily in their direction.]

TS: Between these walls? You've done nothing. You've achieved... nothing. You've earned... nothing. Even at as the absolute worst version of myself, I walked into Memorial Day Mayhem and won myself a Rumble and a crack at THE World Title. I retired a former EMWC World Champion. I gave a man like Hannibal Carver some of the worst beatings of his life. That was me at my rock bottom, brain-washed, career suicide worst. And now?

Now I'm the best version of myself I've ever been and you...Y OU TORA want to call me out?

[Shane steps even closer now, face to mask with the man who did indeed call him out.]

TS: You don't need to try and drag my name through the mud to get my attention. You want a shot at this?

[Shane holds up the World Television Title.]

TS: All you had to do was ask.

[And then hurls it to the side as he lunges for TORA, shooting at both of his legs and dragging him down onto the entrance stage as Theresa Lynch makes a run for it. Shane quickly floats above TORA's waist and mounts him, rifling fists towards him which TORA tries his best to shield.]

SA: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS NOW, FANS!

[Shane pistons his punches into the surprised TORA's masked skull as the Atlanta crowd cheers him on...

...but TORA reaches up, digging his fingers into Shane's eyes, raking hard!]

SA: OH! TORA to the eyes and-

[Scrambling out from under Shane, TORA grabs him by the hair...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ROCKETS him into the wooden interview podium, knocking it over as Shane's head bounces off it!]

SA: HEADFIRST INTO THE WOOD!

[TORA angrily stomps at the downed Shane, grabbing Theresa's discarded microphone...

...and looping the cable around the throat of Shane, causing the World Television Champion to gasp violently as TORA drags him with the cable towards the edge of the stage!]

SA: TORA'S CHOKING THE LIFE OUT OF HIM!

[With Shane gasping for air, TORA turns back to the wooden podium, kicking it repeatedly until a wooden plank breaks off. He scoops it up in his hands, turning back towards Shane who is trying to get up off the metal stage...]

SA: TORA's got a piece of wood and-

[But as he raises it over his head, TORA suddenly has his legs ripped out from under him again, flopping down onto his back as Shane grabs his right leg...]

SA: SPINNING TOEHOLD!

DW: HE'S GONNA GET IT! GET HIM, SHANE!

[Shane spins around the leg, cranking on the pressure on TORA's trapped limb!]

SA: He's got the hold locked in! Trying to-

[But as Shane goes to wrap it a second time, TORA plants his foot on the rear of Shane, giving a mighty shove...

...which sends Shane flying off the elevated stage and down onto the concrete floor around ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: HOLY-

[The camera pulls back, showing Shane laid out on the concrete, the fans all around trying to scramble out of harm's way as TORA gets to his feet, obviously trying to avoid putting weight on one limb as he walks towards the edge of the stage, looking down on Shane...]

SA: TORA wanted to send a message to Terry Shane and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as TORA goes flying forward, falling off the stage courtesy of a steel chair blow across the back...

...wielded by Kaz Konoe who is standing where TORA was moments ago!]

SA: KAZ KONOE OUT OF NOWHERE WITH THAT CHAIR!

[Konoe looks down off the stage as Shane starts to stir, grimacing as he looks over at the sprawled-out TORA nearby...

...and with a smirk and a shrug...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Konoe leaps forward in a somersault, diving on top of Terry Shane, wiping him out on the floor!]

SA: SHANE IS DOWN! TORA IS DOWN! KONOE IS DOWN! AND WE'RE OUT OF TIME! WE GOTTA GO! WE'LL SEE YOU AT FIGHT NIGHT!

DW: NEW YORK, NEW YORK!

SA: SO LONG EVERYBODY!

[And with the Center Stage Studio crowd roaring, we fade to black.]