

AWA POWER HOUR

MARCH 25, 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 to black...

...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 gold sleeveless dress with a black belt cinched at the waist. 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 sixty minutes 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: The fans are excited, I'm excited, and you better believe the two men who will be calling the action here tonight are excited as well. Ladies and gentlemen... 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. Tell El Presidente to break out his checkbook because we're about to drive the electric bill through the roof over the next hour of action! Dee Dub, the World Television Champion - Callum Mahoney - is in the house and the Fighting Irishman has an Open Challenge to deliver!

DW: There's a lot of guys in that locker room tonight that'll hand Mahoney his lunch and make him eat his vegetables, Big Sal! I can't wait to see who gets the chance to do it!

SA: Two weeks ago, we saw the debut of the masked man known as Downpour as he teamed with "Cannonball" Lee Connors to defeat the American Idols. Tonight, we've got a rematch of sorts as Chaz Wallace and Downpour go one-on-one!

DW: It was anything but cloudy skies for the fans when they saw Downpour and Connors in action. This rematch tonight should be something else!

SA: Plus, we've got Margarita Flores in action! Mickie Cherry's finally going to reveal the talent he's been hyping up all these weeks! Julie Somers is here! We've got tag team action with Ringkrieger and so much more... but let's kick things off up in that ring with "Flawless" Larry Wallace in action!

[We fade to the ring where two competitors are standing, a graphic placed over them.]

**"Flawless" Larry Wallace
vs
Kip Pratt**

[On one side of the ring is the man we know as Larry Wallace, a pair of royal purple trunks with white kneepads and boots making up his ring ensemble as he hands a gold chain off to a ringside attendant. Across the ring is Kip Pratt, a chunky, bleached blonde (with a dark beard) in black trunks and white boots. Pratt is berating a ringside fan as the bell rings.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Singles action here to kick off the Power Hour with Larry Wallace... no longer Flawless from what he's telling people... taking on the grizzled old vet, Kip Pratt. Pratt's been working these Southern towns for many a year, Dee Dub, looking for that big break.

[At the sound of the bell, Wallace slides sideways out of his corner, circling around Pratt a few times before they come together in a collar and elbow.]

SA: Tieup in the center, jockeying for position...

[The well-defined upper body strength of Wallace gives him an edge as he slips into an overhand wristlock, shoving back on Pratt who gives a quick "nononono!" to the referee who stands at the ready.]

SA: Pratt looking for a way out...

[He gestures to his curly blond hair to the referee who goes to check for a hairpull...

...which is Pratt's cue to tug Wallace's hair, yanking him down to the mat to jeers from the AWA fans.]

DW: Did you see that? He pulled the man's hair!

SA: While complaining about someone pulling his. Not quite as ironic as rain on your wedding day but it's gotta rank up there.

[Wallace grimaces as he gets to his feet, watching Pratt strikes a pose to show off his flabby biceps.]

SA: Wallace looks a little agitated at that - of. course, fans... we now know that Larry Wallace will team with Jack Lynch - imagine that - to take on the Soldiers of Fortune next weekend in San Francisco.

DW: Not by choice if I'm hearing right.

SA: What do you mean?

DW: I heard that Javier Castillo made that match WITHOUT talking to Jack Lynch. He's making the Iron Cowboy team with Larry Wallace!

SA: Wallace came to the aid of Lynch last weekend in Los Angeles...

DW: But that doesn't mean that Lynch wants to team with him, Sal!

SA: It most certainly does not.

[The two men tie up again, Wallace easily pushing Pratt across the ring, shoving him back against the buckles. The referee calls for a break and Wallace obliges, stepping back and burying a right hand into the ample midsection.]

SA: A little payback there for the hairpull perhaps.

[With Pratt reeling from the right hand, Wallace squares up and pops him with a left-handed uppercut that sends a wad of saliva into the air.]

DW: Whoa-ha! Big left leaves Pratt checking his dental work!

[Wallace grabs the arm of Pratt, whipping him from corner to corner where Pratt slams into the buckles, staggering out towards Wallace who uses a snapmare to flip him over into a seated position before...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Boots him right in the back like he's playing for Arsenal!

DW: Arsenal? Huh?

SA: Place kicking for the Georgia Bulldogs perhaps?

DW: Oh... oh yeah!

[With Pratt grimacing on the canvas, Wallace takes aim, leaping high in the sky and buries the point of his elbow down into the kidneys!]

SA: High flying elbow by the... well, I was about to say the Flawless One but Wallace has told a lot of people recently how flawed he's felt as of late.

[Wallace flips Pratt onto his back, applying a lateral press for a two count before Pratt escapes.]

SA: Two count right there - not enough to keep the veteran down.

[Wallace gets to his feet, bringing Pratt up to join him. He again whips him to the ropes, setting his feet...]

SA: Hiptoss on the way...

[But the skilled and wily Pratt reverses the hiptoss, landing on his feet alongside Wallace...

...and FLATTENS him with a high impact clothesline!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Pratt smirks, pointing to his temple before applying a lateral press.]

SA: Pratt gets one! He gets two! He gets- no!

[Pratt shouts at the referee - “Whaddya tryin’ to pull, huh?” while slapping his hands together three times quickly.]

SA: The veteran Kip Pratt less than thrilled with the count...

[The chubby veteran gets up, stomping Wallace a few times to draw some jeers from the Center Stage crowd...

...and then drops a fistdrop down between the eyes!]

SA: Another cover... and another kickout at two by Larry Wallace!

[Wallace grabs at his forehead as Pratt climbs off the mat. He dusts his hands off, lumbering into the ropes where he bounces back...]

SA: Off the ropes... ELLLLLLBOOOOOOOOW!

[...but the leaping elbowdrop finds nothing but canvas as Pratt slams to the mat and Wallace rolls to safety!]

SA: The big dive off the board and the pool is empty for Kip Pratt!

[Pratt grabs at his lower back as he climbs to his feet, shaking his head at the near-miss. With Wallace rising, Pratt pulls him the rest of the way up, flinging him towards the ropes...]

SA: Off the ropes... clothesli- ducked by Wallace!

[Wallace slams on the brakes, spinning around as an off-balance Pratt does the same...

...and leaps high, extending his legs in picture perfect form!]

SA: DROPKICK CONNECTS!

[The blow knocks Pratt of his feet, sending him toppling to the mat where Wallace scrambles up, grabbing both legs, and flips into a double leg cradle.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT IS!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Wallace rolls from the ring at the sound of the bell, a smile on his face as the referee raises his hand.]

DW: Many have called it the best dropkick in the world, Sal... and he racks up another win with it here tonight on the all-new Power Hour.

SA: Incredible height... impactful extension... and a win in the record books for the second generation superstar who is standing by with Theresa.

[We cut up to the interview desk where Wallace is indeed standing by with Theresa Lynch who looks less than thrilled about being by his side.]

TL: Larry Wallace, a victory here tonight on the Power Hour... you must be excited to get back on the winning side of the record book.

[Wallace grimaces, nodding at Theresa.]

LW: I know you're not happy to have me here. You can say it.

[Theresa arches an eyebrow.]

TL: I can say it? I can say that my brother and I had words last week after they announced he was teaming with you next week?

LW: It's not his fault.

TL: I know. It's...

[She pauses, biting at her lower lip.]

TL: Whoever's fault it is. I told Jack that he shouldn't do it. That he couldn't trust you.

LW: He can.

TL: You expect me - any of us - to believe that? Because to me, you're the guy who set up Bobby so...

LW: So Supreme could break his arm?

[Wallace's pointed question seems to hit home with Theresa who looks away.]

LW: I get it. I did stuff... not that long ago even... that I'm not proud of. And yeah, that's one of them. Look...

[He runs a hand through his hair.]

LW: I was jealous of Bobby.

TL: Jealous?

LW: That's right. Remember, Bobby and I grew up together. We were friends. Our dads used to go on hunting trips together... fishing... camping... and they'd always bring us along. We came into this BUSINESS together. We came into this company together. It was supposed to be us together, rising through the ranks to the top.

TL: And?

LW: And within no time at all, our team was split up by the office. And Bobby was... he was who they wanted. The office. Carver. And your family. Bobby was... he was like a brother to you, right?

TL: Still is. Even if the suits won't let him be here with us.

[Wallace nods.]

LW: You know what that did to me? To sit there and watch him embraced by your family... by the Martinez family too. Don't get me wrong. I loved my time with Team Supreme. I loved my time with Mr. Graham. But there was always a piece of me watching Bobby fighting guys like Caleb Temple... or being by your brother's side against some of the best teams on the planet... and I wondered why that wasn't me.

And now I know.

TL: Well?

[Wallace sighs.]

LW: Because while Bobby was willing to put in the work... was willing to make sacrifices... I was looking for the shortcuts. I expected everything to be handed to me because of who my father is.

That ends. No more.

[Wallace nods.]

LW: I spent a lot of time in empty locker rooms all over this country since SuperClash... wondering what went wrong... wondering what comes next. And I realized that if I wanted to succeed in this business, I needed to make some changes. And the first thing I needed to do is I needed to show appreciation for the people who've helped me and I needed to give something back to them.

[He turns back to Theresa.]

LW: And that's why I came to your brother's side in Los Angeles.

Because Supreme would want me to.

Because Bobby would want me to.

[Wallace nods again, his eyes locked with Theresa.]

LW: And that's why your brother - and you - can trust me.

[The former Flawless One turns to exit, leaving Theresa speechless and to a sprinkling of cheers from the crowd...

...and 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."

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on Theresa Lynch standing next to "The Spitfire" Julie Somers behind the interview podium. The crowd is cheering as we come back from commercial. Somers smiles at their reaction, sporting a red T-shirt with the Wonder Woman logo on the front and a pair of blue jeans. Her long, wavy brown hair falls around her shoulders.]

TL: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour where I've been joined by Julie Somers. Julie, you and Victoria June defeated The Serpentes on the Anniversary show. Given the success the two of you had that night, is it possible we might see the two of you teaming up on a regular basis?

JS: Theresa, I have told Victoria that I will always stand by her side... and I would be happy to have Victoria by my side. But right now, she and I have other problems to deal with.

TL: I might mention that Margarita Flores - who we'll be seeing in action in just a few moments - spoke highly of you as well. Would you give any thought to working alongside her in the future?

JS: I was definitely impressed with Margarita and I think she's going to have a great future here. She's somebody I'd be happy to have by my side, too. When you look at some of the things that are happening in the Women's Division, I'm always happy to have somebody who believes in what I do, and that's always doing the right thing and fighting the good fight.

TL: That brings me back to what you mentioned -- the other problems you and Victoria have. I take it you are referring to Cinder and Erica Toughill?

JS: Theresa, I've had a lot of talks with Victoria and she's asked me to let her take care of business with Cinder. I'm going to let her address that as she sees fits, but I told her I would be there for her if she ever needs me. Don't get me wrong -- I

wouldn't mind getting Cinder in that ring and teaching her a few things, but I'm going to respect Victoria's wishes here.

TL: So where does that leave things with you and Erica? I take it you saw what has been happening between her and Kerry Kendrick?

[Somers bites her lip.]

JS: Do I like what Kendrick is doing to Erica? No, not one bit. Especially when Kendrick is the type of person who does a lot of talking, but still hasn't been able to back it up most of the time.

However, while I don't like what he's doing to Erica, that doesn't mean I feel sorry for her.

[She shakes her head.]

JS: There's a difference between knowing something is wrong and feeling sympathy for that person. Especially when that person has hurt you so much and keeps trying to put one over on you.

Because all the things that Kendrick is doing to Erica, don't change the fact that Erica was responsible for that attack that Cinder pulled on Victoria and I weeks ago. Let's not forget how Cinder keeps referring to Erica as her "mummy." That tells me all I need to know about who is really pulling her strings.

And because Erica was responsible for that attack, and is pretty much responsible for everything Cinder has been perpetrating, it's clear I need to finish this, once and for all.

[She gestures toward the camera.]

JS: Erica, I want you in that ring one more time. You can get the terms you want, just like you got at SuperClash, and this time, there will be no excuses, no passing the blame, and no complaining about things not going your way.

Because when you do accept, Erica, I plan on beating you, just like at SuperClash, and proving beyond any doubt who is the better woman.

TL: So when do you expect this match to take place, Julie?

JS: The sooner, the better. In fact, I'd say it should go down April 15 on Saturday Night Wrestling in Portland, Oregon -- that is, if Erica wants to settle things faster.

Because I've got plenty of other things on mind that I want to address and...

[She pauses, then reaches toward her back pocket, pulls out a smartphone and stares at it.]

TL: What's this all about, Julie?

JS: [looks back at Lynch] Sorry, Theresa -- as I was saying, because there's a guest I'll have that night and nothing would make me happier than her seeing me in the ring, taking down my biggest rival right now.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to visit with her. Sorry I can't confirm right now, but I will say you can bet you'll find out April 15.

[With that, Somers walks off the set.]

TL: A little bit of mystery out of the Spitfire, fans, who has made some major news here. She wants a SuperClash rematch and she wants it three weeks from tonight in Portland, Oregon! Now, let's go down to the ring for more action!

[A graphic comes up as we fade to the ring.]

**Margarita Flores
vs
Tasha Harvey**

SA: Alright, Theresa... thanks for that. And we've got Women's Division action set to go, as Tasha Harvey, one of the Combat Corner's recent Australian signees, is in the ring.

[Harvey is an athletically-built, fair-skinned brunette, with straight, shoulder length hair, and who has on a halter-style sports bra, shorts, knee pads, and boots, all in black. She paces the corner, awaiting the arrival of her opponent. Cue Santana's "Warrior."

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 Tasha Harvey with her right hand extended in front of her.]

SA: A show of respect and sportswomanship...

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And here we go, Dee Dub!

DW: They lock up. Now, Harvey might be outweighed and outsized, but she's showing that Australian tenacity that made her such a standout in the Corner, not allowing Flores to get the upper hand.

SA: Indeed. And it's Flores who forces the break.

[The women circle each other and go into another collar-and-elbow tie-up. Flores uses her size and strength to gradually shift Harvey towards the corner. At the last moment, though, Harvey whips herself around and traps the Texan against the turnbuckles.]

DW: Harvey making full use of the referee's count and-

SA: Whoa! The Aussie with a bit of the proverbial smack talk, shoving Flores in the chest as she backs away. Flores might be laughing it off, but we know it does not take much to rile up the Texan.

[Flores stomps right out of the corner into another tieup, this time using her size to shove Harvey right back into the ropes. She immediately breaks, whipping Harvey across...]

SA: Shoots Harvey across, the Australian off the far side and...

[The two women collide mid-ring, Flores not budging an inch on the impact.]

SA: I don't think Flores felt that. She's telling Harvey to try again.

[The Australian turns, dashing to the ropes at top speed, bouncing back towards the waiting Flores who holds her ground on another solid collision.]

DW: Not an inch! Margarita Flores is showing that it's gonna take a lot to get her off her feet, Big Sal.

[Flores wags her right index finger in Harvey's face and tells her to do it once more. Harvey does, a loud smack the only result of their bodies colliding.]

SA: Third time's NOT a charm for the young Australian... and Flores says it's her turn now.

DW: I hope they carry collision insurance down under, mate!

[Flores charges the ropes, coming back strong...

...and flattens Harvey with a big running tackle that draws cheers from the fans!]

DW: Whooo boy! Did someone get the license plate on that big rig 'cause that was a HIT! AND! RUN!

[Harvey does not stay down though, coming right up to her feet, charging Flores who scoops her up, spins her around, and slams her down hard on the canvas.]

SA: Big scoop and an equally big slam on the part of Margarita Flores!

[Flores cranks her arm around, dropping a heavy elbow down across the chest before rolling into a cover.]

SA: Flores with the early cover gets one... gets two... that's all.

[The Texan gets back to her feet, holding up a finger to the crowd as she dashes to the ropes.]

DW: She might be going for that elbow again!

[Getting a little jump in this time, Flores goes up...

...and then down hard as the Australian rolls clear in time.]

DW: Swing and a miss! It's Spring Training down in Florida and over in Arizona right now, Big Sal, but Flores just struck out swinging right here in the heart of Atlanta!

SA: Just like back in the days of Maddux, Glavine, and Smoltz, my friend. And with that big miss, Tasha Harvey seizes an opening... opening up with a pair of forearms

across the face as Flores get to her feet. There's a third one, really driving Flores back with those heavy blows.

[The blows knock Flores back into the corner where Harvey stays on the attack, doubling over to drive her shoulder into Flores' midsection.]

DW: Those'll have you thinking about a liquid dinner.

SA: Over and over down into the breakbasket... and there's a pair of right hands to the gut as well.

[Harvey drags her from the corner, the referee barking about how close she came to being in the corner for a five count.]

SA: Harvey trading some words with our official... ohh! Hammer blow down between the shoulderblades, driving Flores down to a knee.

[With Flores kneeling on the canvas, Harvey backs off, takes aim, and runs in with a hard stomping kick to the same area between the shoulders, knocking Flores down on her face.]

DW: And this is what Harvey needs to do, Sal. She needs to keep her larger opponent down on the mat where all that size don't matter a lick.

SA: A sound strategy, Dee Dub, let's see if it pays off for her.

[Flores has crawled to the corner, using the ropes to try to pull herself up as Harvey slowly approaches from behind, shouting at Flores to get to her feet.]

SA: This brash Australian showing the confidence and the edge that has won her so many fans in the Combat Corner. There's a belief she just might be a future star, Dee Dub, and this is her chance to prove it.

DW: It's a tough climb for the Aussie but she's giving it to her right now.

[Harvey grabs the ropes, laying in a stomp to the chest to knock Flores back down to a knee. Two more land, forcing her down onto her rear as a few fans give her the attitude for the questionable tactics.]

SA: Not an out-and-out breaking of the rules but enough to draw the ire of these Atlanta fans.

[Harvey takes a tongue-lashing from the referee as well as she's backed off, allowing Flores time to get back to her feet.]

SA: Flores is up but Harvey's right on her... snapmares her over... and down into a chinlock. The Australian perhaps deciding that wearing down her larger opponent is a sound strategy.

DW: She's got it locked on tight, too, Big Sal. Flores is struggling.

[It doesn't take long for the Atlanta crowd to rally behind the young woman from La Feria, Texas as they starting clapping and stomping in rhythm, urging her to escape the hold.]

SA: Harvey trying to hang on but she's no match for the size and strength of Flores who is fighting her way up to her feet.

[Back standing, Flores uncorks a back elbow to the gut of Harvey, loosening her grip.]

SA: Harvey still managing to keep that hold on... not for long though! Another elbow by Flores breaks her free!

[Flores takes the opening, falling back into the ropes to build up some speed. She comes charging in on Harvey...

...who sidesteps, lassoing an arm around Flores' neck as she leaps up onto her back, cranking on a sleeperhold!]

SA: Sleeper! The sleeperhold applied by Tasha Harvey!

[Harvey clenches her jaw, nodding her head rapidly as she tries to crimp the neck and send Flores into Dreamland.]

SA: That sleeperhold is sunk in deep, fans, but Flores is still on her feet. She stretches out those long arms... looking for the ropes...

DW: So far though, she can't get there! She's trying!

[Flores stretches out an arm again, looking for a way out...

...and as she starts to walk, Harvey on her back, towards the ropes, the Australian hops down, shoving Flores off into the ropes where she bounces back...]

SA: Flores off the-

[...and OBLITERATES Harvey with a lariat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BOOM! GOES! THE CANNON!

[Flores drops to the mat, settling across the downed Harvey.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Santana's "Warrior" starts to play as Flores pushes herself up to one knee and she pumps a fist in the air with jubilation.]

TG: Here is your winner...

MARGARRRITAAA FLORES!

SA: Folks, we have to take a break, but when we return, Theresa will try to get a word from Margarita Flores, so stay tuned!

[Flores has her arm raised by the official as we fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...before fading back up to Theresa Lynch at her podium. She is joined by Margarita Flores, who, once again, has her cowboy hat atop her head and the bullrope draped across the back of her neck.]

TL: Congratulations, Margarita. Last week, we saw you make your AWA debut at the Anniversary Show, and this week, you chalked up another win with that impressive lariat. At the Anniversary Show, you also said that there's a new sheriff in town. Is that your plan going forward? To restore some semblance of order to the Women's Division?

MF: You know, Theresa, I'm very much aware, compared to CCW, things work a little differently under the Castillo regime. Things tend to get a little wilder. A little more out of control. But last week, we also saw Victoria June and Julie Somers beat down the Serpentes and stand up to Cinder. We saw Medusa Rage come to the aid of Lauryn and knock down Kurayami.

So, this is not a call to arms...

[She holds up her right arm, the lariat arm.]

MF: After all, this is all the arm I need. So, instead, what's going to happen is, the competition's going to keep getting lined up and I'm going to keep knocking them down... Until I get to the big one. Until I get to the champion, knock her down and take the Women's Championship for myself.

That's all the planning that needs to happen, Theresa.

[With a tip of her hat, Flores walks away from the podium, leaving a grinning Theresa behind.]

TL: I see a bright future ahead for Margarita Flores, fans. Now, let's go down to the ring for our next match!

[A graphic appears on screen.]

**Ringkrieger
(Daniel Ross and MISTER)
vs
Touch Cornwall and "Broadway" Billy Lytes**

[Cut to the ring where action has just gotten underway. In one corner is a bronzed, weathered man in his mid-forties, and a doughy man in his late twenties. Both have magnificent mullets: Cornwall's is peroxide blonde, Lytes' is red, with an equally red, fuzzy, moustache-less chinstrap beard.

Opposite them are Ringkrieger: Daniel Ross has the lean, vascular definition of Bruce Lee and the face of a hockey goon. His partner MISTER is not similarly defined, but he is huge by almost every definition. His face is framed by a short haircut and cro-magnon sloping brow. Both wear basic black trunks and black boots.]

SA: Back to in-ring action on the Power Hour, and we are being joined by Ringkrieger. Daniel Ross made his AWA debut on this program late last month and set an all-time Power Hour record with his victory of 18 seconds; his opponent Billy Lytes had better be cognizant of that.

DW: This Ross doesn't say a lot. He says it all in the ring.

[As the bell sounds, we see Daniel Ross lunge into a collar and elbow tieup with Billy Lytes, jostling him hard, shoving him back and forth before wrenching his limb into an armtwist moved swiftly into an armbar.]

SA: Ross has that sunk in DEEP. Dee Dub, one quickly begins to surmise that Daniel Ross is a man with a serious chip on his shoulder coming in to the AWA. He's joined with Ringkrieger, who terrorized the AWA during the summer of last year on our European tour.

[With Lytes doubled over in an armwringer, Ross lays in some harsh overhead elbow strikes.]

DW: Wow, those are vicious!

SA: Daniel Ross, not just an accomplished technician and submission master, but can also strike like some of the best brawlers in the business. A single shot and it could be "lights out" in an instant!

DW: A really useful guy to have on your side.

SA: The leader of Ringkrieger, Der Ringmarschall MISTER certainly seems to think so, and now Ross is tagging the big man himself in.

DW: This guy has to weigh 300 pounds.

SA: Der Oger aus Innsbruck has certainly earned his reputation all over the world as one of the toughest competitors in any locker room.

[Ross and MISTER quickly swap positions on the wristlock. MISTER straightens Lytes upright.]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The sound of MISTER's palm smacking across Billy Lytes' chest ricochets through Center Stage.]

DW: Good gosh, Big Sal! Did you hear that?!

SA: BOOM goes the cannon! Boom goes the artillery on that one!

[MISTER snapmares Lytes to the canvas, then hits the ropes.]

SA: And watch this big Austrian in motion... that's 300 pounds moving like a cruiserweight!

[MISTER leaps into the air and lands across Lytes's ribcage with a vertical splash.]

SA: 300 pounds across the chest and all the air escapes from your lungs! When you are this big, they have to call you MISTER.

[As MISTER flings his arms into the air to try and change the sporadic booing from the Center Stage fans into cheers, Lytes crawls to the friendly corner and tags in Touch Cornwall.]

SA: Tag is made, and now MISTER sizing up Touch Cornwall... Cornwall a veteran of the Florida Panhandle wrestling scene, looking to lock up.

[Cornwall and MISTER both gesture for a test of strength and slowly lock hands. Once they lock both hands, they press together, with MISTER slowly but surely powering Cornwall backwards.]

SA: Test of strength here and I don't know if that's the best way to start out with an ogre like MISTER.

DW: Cornwall looks to be around 255, 265 pounds. He's no small man!

[MISTER sees an opening when he forces Cornwall to take a knee.]

SA: ...Into a side headlock.

DW: Very basic, but very dangerous.

SA: You said it, Dee-Dub. Ringkrieger have mastered the basics to the point of turning them into deadly weapons. MISTER and Daniel Ross can beat you with an armbar, or a lariat, or a simple slam as readily as other wrestlers using the most complex, modern, state-of-the-art offense. And a tag is made...

[Ross fluidly steps through the ropes and catches Cornwall with a snap mare.]

SA: And if MISTER is Ringkrieger's composer of pain, Daniel Ross is their virtuoso!

[Ross rains half-a-dozen unanswered elbow strikes to the shoulders and neck of his seated opponent.]

DW: Good gosh!

[Ross drops down, trapping one of Cornwall's arms in a half nelson, and continues laying in elbow strikes with his free arm.]

SA: Ross just punishing his opponent and...

[The referee calls for the bell and Cornwall frantically nods.]

SA: ...And this bout is over! Ringkrieger leaves their opponents decimated in their wake.

[Ross releases the hold and catches a scarf MISTER tosses to him. He holds it up for the fans to see.]

SA: If you can't see that, fans, that reads, "RESPEKTIERE DIE LEINWAND."
"Respect the canvas." And as artists in the medium of pain, that mat is sacred to Ringkrieger. We'll hear more from Ringkrieger shortly, so let's take it over to Theresa Lynch. Theresa, you're up!

[Transition to the interview area, where Daniel Ross and MISTER enter, "RESPEKTIERE DIE LEINWAND" scarves over their shoulders.]

TL: Thanks, Big Sal. And I have to say, Daniel Ross and MISTER... Ringkrieger does not get paid by the hour, do they?

[MISTER takes the mic, while the taciturn Ross stands to one side, hands clasped behind his back.]

M: Money should not be the objective when it comes to the art of pro wrestling. Some people are obsessed with money. Others are obsessed with a political agenda. Others are desperate for approval. We are Ringkrieger. All that matters to us... is wrestling.

Myself and Mister Ross, we are here to bring dignity to the sport of wrestling. We train for it, we shape ourselves for it. There is no other team in the AWA that does that.

TL: Well, you have to have some respect for your opponents.

M: We do, because without respect for your subject, you can't make art. But, let's take for example the War Pigs.

[There is a cheer through the crowd for mention of the revived legendary team.]

M: They are two intensely gifted athletes. Two athletes who have an unlimited ceiling. And what do they do?

They waste hours painting their faces. Shaping their mohawks. Practicing making scary faces in the mirror. Time that they should spend training.

They are good athletes, but... they don't take it seriously. Myself and Mister Ross, we can guarantee our intensity is backed with the highest skill level we can attain. \We are Ringkrieger, and we... Respektiere die Leinwand.

[MISTER and Ross both stand stock upright at attention, hands, clasped behind their backs.]

TL: Alright, fans... Ringkrieger with some words directed at another team we'll see in action later tonight - the War Pigs - as the AWA Tag Team Division continues to heat up here in 2017. Now, right now... let's go back to footage that I'm told was captured shortly after we went off the air last weekend in Los Angeles.

[We crossfade to footage marked with "LAST WEEK AFTER 'SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING.'" Mark Stegglet wanders the backstage corridors of Staples Center.]

MS: Fans, we've been seeing competitors from all over the world joining the action here in the AWA, and usually we're on top of them and their histories. But earlier tonight in the Double or Nothing Battle Royal, we saw the surprise debut of the mysterious newcomer Omega. And in this case, we're stumped. We've never seen nor heard of this Omega before. Where he trained, who he was trained by, where he competed previously... all unknown to us. You might say his origin and purpose are still a total mystery. So, I'm going to try to sit down with Omega to...

[From behind Stegglet, the AWA's cub reporter Sebastian McIntyre opens a door, calling to the unknown person in the room behind.]

SMC: [calling behind him] Don't worry, Omega: your secret is safe with me!

[Seb Mac turns and sees a somewhat flabbergasted Mark Stegglet.]

SMC: Oh, hi Mark! Wwwwwhat's up?

MS: Seb! You... You got exclusive access to Omega! Who is he? Where did he come from?

SMC: Oh, don't worry, Mark. Omega is still trying to get acclimatized to how we do things in the AWA, so I'll be saving most of this material for an exclusive five part, in-depth series we're doing-

MS: Aw, come on, Seb; you gotta tell us something about him! Like... where can fans go to see some of his early matches?

SMC: Welllllll... That's the tricky thing, Mark. Omega... heh heh... he claims he's from the planet Neptune... heh heh heh... Which is completely ridiculous, right, Mark? Though, uh...

...Wouldn't that be something if he actually was from Neptune? That would be pretty awesome, buddy.

MS: So, Seb, do you mind if I ask Omega a few questions of my own-

[Seb Mac blockades entrance to the door behind him.]

SMC: OHHHHH. So now suddenly the AWA production team has time for Seb Mac. That's a flat 'NO,' Mark. Nyet, nein, bangō, hayi, no, Mark. This is MY exclusive, buddy.

[McIntyre goes through the door behind him and slams it shut.]

MS: Fans, I-

[It momentarily opens again.]

SMC: Seb Mac out!

[SLAM. And we quick cut to black before fading back up on the Power Hour ring where we find "Lone Wolf" TJ Cassidy already in the ring, ready for his match. He paces the far side of the ring, a snarl on his face, as "Run Like Hell" by Pink Floyd starts up over the PA.]

SA: Alright, fans, coming up here we've got a big return to the AWA. You may best remember him as the owner of the ol' Rusty Spur near the Crockett Coliseum. He's here to try to give it one last chance to make it in the business...it's Curt Sawyer!

DW: That's right, Sal! I talked to Curt just a couple of hours ago and he told me this is it for him. He got in the best shape he could to give this one more whirl in the AWA to take care of his family the best he can.

[Sawyer, his axe handle in hand, pauses as he emerges into view and raises it into the air to a decent reception from the crowd in Center Stage Studios. After letting out a primitive howl, he marches down to the ring, pointing the piece of lumber at an unimpressed Cassidy.]

TG: The next match is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, coming down the aisle and making his return to the AWA...from Dallas, Texas, weighing in at 272 pounds...CUUUUURT SAWWWWWYEEEEERRRRR!

[Another decent pop as Sawyer aggressively climbs through the ropes and again raises his axe handle in the air before smashing it down across the top turnbuckle.]

TG: And his opponent, already in the ring..."LONE WOLF" TJ CASSSIDDDDDDDYYYYY!

SA: Alright! Curt Sawyer's back in the American Wrestling Alliance and he'll get tested right out of the gate with the "Lone Wolf" himself, TJ Cassidy. Here's the bell and we are underway!

[Cassidy and Sawyer circle each other carefully before tying up in the middle of the ring.]

SA: Here we go! Collar and elbow tie up...and Sawyer wins the battle of strength!

[Indeed, Sawyer is able to shove Cassidy away into an adjacent corner. Sawyer lets out another excited yell, soliciting a cheer from the crowd.]

SA: The crowd here in the A-T-L appear solidly behind Curt Sawyer... and who can blame them, Dee Dub?

DW: Not me, Sal. Curt's a good guy. A real good guy. He's out here trying to live his dream, trying to take care of his family. You gotta respect someone like that.

SA: Especially when he's had so many attempts to make it in the AWA fall short due to injury. His determination is unparalleled in my book.

[A scowling Cassidy comes out of the corner, locking up a second time. Sawyer again uses his power edge to push him back but Cassidy slides swiftly into a side headlock.]

SA: Cassidy with a side headlock, wrenching hard at the skull of Curt Sawyer.

[Sawyer, though, uses his power to pull Cassidy back into the ropes and then shoves him off to the far side. The Lone Wolf rebounds and barrels toward Sawyer, who drops him with a shoulder block!]

SA: Big shoulder tackle lays TJ Cassidy on his back flatter than a pancake!

DW: Wow, Sal! Curt Sawyer looks great so far!

SA: No evidence of ring rust yet, Dee Dub, but of course, it's still early.

[Sawyer slaps his deltoids and motions for Cassidy to get back up. Slowly, Cassidy gets to his feet and then gets up in Sawyer's face with a few choice words for the big man.]

SA: Uh oh, some smack talk coming out of the mouth of TJ Cassidy. Maybe he's gotten a bit more than he bargained for so far.

[Sawyer gives it right back for a moment, leading to a shove from Cassidy. Sawyer pauses, then shoves him HARD in return, sending Cassidy staggering backward a few steps.]

SA: Whoa! Cassidy does NOT want to go toe-to-toe with a fired up Curt Sawyer!

[Cassidy is clearly pissed off now, as he briskly marches toward Sawyer and this time slaps him across the face.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: He didn't! That low-down, no-good...

SA: He sure did, Dee Dub!

[Sawyer rubs his cheek and glares at Cassidy, who is still running his mouth...

...and fires back with a hard right hand to cheers!]

SA: Oh yeah! Biiiig right hand from Sawyer!

DW: Yeah! Whip him good, Curt!

[Sawyer follows the first blow with a second, then a third, driving Cassidy back to the ropes. The former Rusty Spur owner grabs an arm and whips him to the far side...]

SA: Irish whip!

[...but Cassidy ducks a clothesline attempt and rebounds off the far side, heading back toward Sawyer where he leaps into the air with a cross body attempt...

...and gets caught in the air by Sawyer!]

SA: He caught him! Sawyer's got Cassidy right where he wants him!

[Sawyer, still holding Cassidy prone, motions up with the thumb of his right hand...and then down to draw a roar from the crowd!]

SA: BIG STANDING POWERSLAM FROM CURT SAWYER!

[Sawyer wraps a leg as he stays on top for the pin attempt, but only gets a two count.]

SA: Oh so close! Cassidy barely gets the shoulder up in time!

[Sensing momentum, Sawyer pulls Cassidy back to his feet, only to take a thumb to the eye as the Lone Wolf breaks free. Heel pop!]

DW: Come on, ref! Cheap shot!

SA: Cassidy buys himself some space and time as this match has been all Curt Sawyer so far.

[Cassidy sizes up his opponent, still trying to regain his bearings, and drives a boot right into his mid-section. The Lone Wolf follows with a pair of clubbing forearms to the back before applying a front chancery and hoisting Sawyer up and over with a vertical suplex.]

SA: Suplex by Cassidy! The Lone Wolf finally getting some offense in against Sawyer.

DW: Yeah, Sal, but he had to cheat to do it!

[Cassidy quickly gets back to his feet, puts a boot across Sawyer's face, then leaps into the air and drives a leg across the windpipe of a prone Curt Sawyer.]

SA: Legdrop! And a pin!

[TJ's pinning combination is lackluster, and Sawyer easily kicks out at an early two count.]

SA: Sawyer kicks out! A bit of an arrogant pinfall attempt by the Lone Wolf there, but he remains in control.

DW: That might come back to bite him later, Sal. Hee hee. Get it? Bite him? Lone Wolf?

SA: Comedy ain't your thing, kid.

[Sawyer tries to get to his feet but gets cut off by Cassidy, who scrapes the laces of his boot across the eyes of Sawyer. TJ then pulls Sawyer up by the hair, shoves him back into the ropes and sends him for the ride.]

SA: Irish whip, reversed by Sawyer! Here comes Cassidy...
SPIIIINEBUSTAAHHHH!

DW: Yes sir!

[The crowd cheers again as Sawyer plants Cassidy with a powerful spinebuster. Curt pops back to his feet, spreads his arms and yet again lets out a loud yell to the reaction of the crowd. TJ holds his back as he slides toward a corner.]

SA: Here comes Sawyer in hot pursuit!

[Sawyer yanks Cassidy to his feet and leans him in the corner where he begins unloading with forearms to the side of TJ's head.]

SA: Forearm barrage by Sawyer!

DW: Cassidy's gotta be on Dream Street, Sal!

[After five or so (who's counting?), Sawyer matches to the opposite corner, sizing up a dazed Cassidy. He raises an arm in the air, drops into a three-point stance, and dashes across the ring.]

SA: Sawyer comin' in hot!

"OHMMMMMM!"

SA: NO! Cassidy moved out of the way!

[Sawyer's chest hits HARD in the corner, hard enough for him to bounce out a couple of steps...

...and into a schoolboy roll-up by Cassidy.]

SA: Cassidy rolls him up!

DW: He's got the tights! C'mon, ref, stop the count!

[However, the count doesn't stop, as the hand hits the mat a third time to a fair amount of jeers. Cassidy quickly lets go and rolls out of the ring while a stunned Sawyer realizes that he just lost.]

SA: Cassidy gets the win with a handful of tights after the mistake by Sawyer! Man, what a tough way to make your return to the AWA, Dee Dub.

DW: That match oughta be thrown out!

TG: The winner of the match...TJ CASSSIDDDDDDDDDYYYYYY!

[A smirking Cassidy raises his arms into the air and smirks as he backpedals up the entrance steps. Sawyer, meanwhile, rests on his knees with a clear look of despair on his face.]

SA: Woulda, coulda, shoulda, unfortunately for Sawyer, it doesn't matter, because it's TJ Cassidy who's going to the pay window tonight.

[Sawyer slams his fists into the mat in frustration before getting to his feet and climbing out of the ring.]

SA: A tough loss there for Curt Sawyer whose dreams of an AWA comeback take a blow here tonight. Fans, let's go up to Theresa who is standing by with another returning competitor here to the AWA - I'm talking about Alexander Kingsley. Theresa?

[We cut to Lynch standing in the traditional interview space where she is joined by the man we saw in the front row on the last edition of Power Hour, the man known as Alexander Kingsley III. Kingsley is dressed as dapper as always in a dark gray Armani suit, his face sporting a thin beard that's slightly darker than his blonde hair. And, of course, the smirk of arrogance.]

TL: Yes Sal, I am standing here with Alexander Kingsley, and it gives me no more pleasure today than it did when I had to talk to you last time when you were in the crowd. You told us then that you were set to sign a new contract with the AWA. So since we're doing this, I have to figure that's been done.

[A smug Kingsley curls the corners of his lips ever so slightly, trying to fight the amusement gained from Lynch's ire.]

AK3: You would be correct, Theresa. The ink is dry, the contract is signed, and Alexander Kingsley the Third...

...is BACK in the American Wrestling Alliance!

[That draws jeers from the Center Stage Studios crowd and an eye roll from Lynch.]

TL: As we all know, your last time here didn't end so well. Why should you expect this time to be any different?

[Kingsley chuckles this time.]

AK3: We learn, Theresa. And things do not remain the same. Case in point: look at where Travis is now.

[More boos for bringing that up.]

AK3: Not too long ago, he was on top of the word. Longest reigning AWA National Champion ever. But now, what's he doing? Riding four-wheelers in the Texas woods while downing a case of lite beer and a fifth of vodka every day?

[Lynch's anger is palpable at this point.]

AK3: The only constant in life, my dear, is change.

Take me, for example. I may still be custom made...

[He slowly does a 360, flaunting his outfit.]

AK3: ...in a Giorgio Armani suit that costs the equivalent of three months' worth of your paychecks. But!

[He taps over his heart with his right hand.]

AK3: What's in here, what you can't see...that's different.

TL: If you expect us to believe for one second that you're a changed man, you-

[Kingsley holds up a hand and cuts her off.]

AK3: Don't get ahead of yourself. I'm not here looking for forgiveness or redemption.

I'm here because last time, I gave up too easily.

Not that any of you would know but it doesn't matter how many luxury cars you own, how many servants are on your payroll, how many vacation home you can fly to across the world at a moment's notice...none of that matters when you can't look at yourself in the mirror...

[He again taps his chest above his heart.]

AK3: ...because you didn't have it in HERE.

THAT is what has changed in me, Theresa. I'm back with a fire and a determination I didn't have before. Last time, I thought I could get by on my money, my looks, and my influence.

I was wrong.

[A nod.]

AK3: And this time? I will do whatever...and I mean WHATEVER...it takes to prove to you...

[He points at Theresa before pivoting to point at the crowd.]

AK3: ...to THEM...

[And then he turns his finger at himself.]

AK3: ...and to ME...

That I have what it takes to make a name for myself in the American Wrestling Alliance.

[Kingsley pauses before grinning and, yes, winking at Lynch.]

AK3: See ya around, kid.

[Kingsley turns and walks away from a recoiling Theresa before we fade to black.

Fade to a shot of a hallway, a Ryan Martinez poster on the wall. A young boy and his father turn the corner, now in the hall.

Cut to a closeup of the boy who points excitedly down the hall.]

"DAD, LOOK! IT'S RYAN MARTINEZ!"

[Cut to Ryan Martinez' back as he walks down the hallway, presumably heading for the ring... and then back to a two shot of the boy and his father who speaks for the first time.]

"You have to be quiet, son. He's getting ready for the big match."

[Cut back to Martinez' back, almost gone from sight now.

Cut back to the young boy who shouts.]

"RYYYYYAAAAAN!"

[Cut to Martinez who slowly turns, a determined expression on his face.

Cut to his boots, turning and walking towards the young man's voice. Step... step... step...

Cut back to the young boy, a nervous expression on his face now. Did he upset his hero?

Martinez' footsteps echo in the hallway as we cut to the young boy's father, looking down at his son and then down the hall at an approaching Ryan Martinez.

Cut to Martinez, still focused as he looks down unsmiling at the young boy.

Cut to the boy who has hero worship in his eyes as he looks up at Martinez and boldly speaks.]

"Go get him, White Knight."

[Martinez cracks a slight smile, reaching up to grab a Ryan Martinez White Knight t-shirt draped over his shoulder. He holds it up for a moment, setting it down on the young boy's shoulder as a proud father looks on. The boy breaks out into a huge grin as Martinez pats him on the other arm, turning to walk away as the opening notes to his music are heard.

We cut to a closeup of the young boy once last time.]

"Wow."

[Then to Martinez, walking through the curtain into a blaze of bright white light. And then cut to a graphic that reads "The AWA: Who's Your Hero?"]

The screen fades to a grainy purple filter. Through the filter there emerges an image of a children's choir. They are all in purple robes. The kids are from various backgrounds and ethnicities. They all hold candles and their eyes are covered by lace headbands. They sing.]

#All the contenders, we will watch them fall! They stand in the way of the Revolution and he will smoke them all!
With his intellect and his savoir faire ... no one in the universe will ever compare!
He will conquer and he will shine
He will reign through all space and time
So don't cry
One day all the contenders will die!#

[The shot changes to a silhouette. From the shoulders we can assume it is a man, but the face is obscured by the outline of a Policeman's hat with chains dangling in front of his face.]

V/O: In two weeks, make sure you're in front of your television set. You've been kept in suspense long enough. The Savior of your Saturday Night will be there. And the Revolution will be televised. Oh yes, the Revolution will be televised.

[The shot fades to black with the smacking sound of a kiss and the ringing out of a guitar..

...and we cut to footage splashed with the ACCESS 365 logo. From the scene, it would appear we're backstage somewhere as the mysterious Downpour appears to be shadowboxing against a wall, getting loose for his upcoming match when a voice rings out.]

"GET HIM!"

[Downpour turns, set to defend himself when he's caught with a running leaping forearm smash, knocking him back into the row of lockers where he was warming up. A loud "CLANG!" is heard, a resulting dent in the metal lockers evident as we now see the attacker clearly as Chaz Wallace. Chet Wallace rushes into the frame next, joining his twin brother in putting the boots to the masked man.]

"YOU THINK YOU CAN EMBARRASS US?!"

[Chet delivers three hard stomps to the chest before pulling him up, shoving him back against the locker with an elbow across his throat. Chaz lays in a pair of the thrust kicks to the exposed torso as Chet shouts again.]

"DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHO WE ARE?!"

[Chet grabs the mask, pulling Downpour's head away from the wall and SMASHING his skull back into the steel. The masked man slumps into a seated position against the lockers as Chaz cackles loudly.]

"We're the American Idols! The sons of Battlin' Burt! We're Dead Man's Party, son! We're Golden Idols! We're-"

[Chaz suddenly rushes forward, delivering a soccer kick to the chest of Downpour who grunts in pain as Chaz grabs him by the mask, delivering blow after blow to the skull...

...when suddenly another shout from off-camera is heard, followed by the sound of someone running into the room.

A moment later, we see it's "Cannonball" Lee Connors who blocks a punch from Chet, felling him with a palm strike to the sternum. Chaz looks ready to attack as well when the floodgates open and a sea of officials, security, and preliminary wrestlers rush into the fray.

There's chaos for a moment and then with another flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we're back to live action with Theresa.]

TL: A wild scene unfolding during our break just now with Downpour, Lee Connors, and the Wallaces... and fans, we're being told that while Downpour is examined by our medical staff, the scheduled singles match between Downpour and Chaz Wallace has been canceled unfortunately. We'll have more on that situation now but...

[The camera shot pulls out a little bit to reveal someone standing alongside Theresa. A smug Mickey Cherry is garbed in white cigarette pants, a pink shirt, piano keyed tie and a zebra-print jacket. The pair stand in front of a large black curtain, walling off part of the set.]

TL: Mickey Cherry, for weeks now you've been saying you're going to change the AWA with your newest protégé. It's been weeks of video packages and boasts from you. Are you finally ready to show us this man you claim will change the game?

[Cherry cackles with an irritating high-pitched laugh.]

MC: Oh, Tee Tee Baby, I know you're a doubter, but I've got just one question for you, baby.

[Cherry holds up a finger to his lips, calling for silence. The crowd surprisingly obliges and when quiet reigns...]

MC: Are you ready?

[Cherry cackles again.]

MC: Are you ready for the greatest reveal in the history of Professional Wrestling?

For the past three weeks, I've been talking about this God amongst men! And Tee Tee Baby, it's time to prove that Mickey Cherry is many things but one thing he isn't is a liar, baby! So now, you've seen him on video and I know you didn't believe it was true, but let me show you live! Let me show you in living color...

The Incredible ... the Astonishing ... the Amazing ... the Impossible ... the Almighty ...

ATLAS ARMSTRONG!

[The curtain lifts and reveals a shape covered in a black shroud.]

TL: What are we looking at here, Mickey?

MC: Don't tease them any longer, Atlas! Give it to them! Drop the heavens on 'em, baby!

[The figure rises to its feet, its back to Theresa Lynch and the cameras. A tearing sound is heard as the sackcloth rips away and sloughs to the ground to reveal a monster of man. Theresa Lynch's eyes pop.]

MC: You see! You see! Atlas! Show em your face, baby!

[Atlas turns to display a chiseled face, surrounded by wavy black hair and stubble. His dark eyes take in Theresa Lynch as he smirks impertinently at her.]

MC: Six feet eight inches... two hundred ninety pounds of pure perfection, baby! Atlas, show 'em what you got! Give 'em the front lat spread.

[Atlas hits the classic bodybuilder's pose. He puts his hands on his hips and rolls his shoulders forward, putting the display of his broad lats, the thickness of his chest, his forearms, quadriceps and calves. The muscles flare.]

MC: Beautiful, baby! Beautiful! You see, Tee Tee Baby! Mickey Cherry doesn't lie! Mickey Cherry doesn't lie!

[Atlas morphs the pose into the double biceps pose. The peaks of his biceps bounce. He then shows the side chest, the rear double biceps, the rear lat spread.]

MC: Tee Tee Baby, come on! Give it up for Superman with the Tan, baby! Atlas, finish them off!

[Atlas finishes the posing routine with an abdominal and thigh and finally the most muscular pose where he clutches his arms in front of his body and flexes and pumps, making his muscles blossom.]

MC: Your next greatest AWA wrestler, Tee Tee Baby! The whole new show! ATLAS ARMSTRONG!

[Theresa Lynch remains silent as she stares up at Atlas.]

MC: Cat got your tongue! Well, wait til next week when you see his debut in the ring! It will be something! I promise you that, Tee Tee Baby! Atlas, let's blow this joint!

[Atlas tilts his head towards Theresa and nods in approval before he moves off. Lynch stares after the two.]

TL: I guess we will have to see what this man can do in the ring, Sal. But right now I'm impressed.

SA: The size of that man, Dee Dub! It's like the Colossus of Rhodes came to life and decided to pay us a visit!

DW: I've gotta say, Sal, that man is really put together. I never believed what Mickey Cherry was saying about him before but seeing him live... wow!

SA: Without a doubt, we just witnessed something special... and now, let's go to the ring!

**The War Pigs
(Ripper and Havoc)
vs**

The Masked Liberal and Construction Bob

[We cut to the ring where we see a big portly man wearing a white hard hat, white tank top undershirt and blue jeans with work boots. To his left is a man wearing a blue mask with blue tights wearing a tee shirt that reads "FREE TUITION, FREE HEALTHCARE, FREE HUGS."

Across the ring stands Ripper and Havoc, The War Pigs. Ripper is about six four and built like a tank. He is shaved bald except his goatee and he has on blue and black face paint. He has a huge chain across his shoulders that drops down to about his waist.

Havoc stands about six two and is muscular as well, though not as broad as his brother. He has a shortly trimmed Mohawk and also has blue and black face paint. He has a midnight blue weight lifting belt around his waist with metal studs and the word HAVOC printed across the back.

Both men have on long tights that are blue at the waist and drop to a point at the front and back of the knee. The bottom of the tights are black that come up to a point around the inside and outside of the men's thighs.]

SA: Well, Dee Dub, we've got the War Pigs back in action - as promised- to take on the Masked Liberal and Construction Bob.

DW: I hope Bob didn't quit his day job if he's going against the Pigs!

[Both members of the War Pigs barrel across the ring and begin clubbing their opponents with huge hammering forearms... and then the bell rings.]

SA: Quick start for this one... and I'm guessing if it's free hugs the Masked Liberal is looking for, he's come to the wrong place here in the Peach State.

DW: Not gonna be a whole lot of drop toeholds and spinning twizzler wristgrabs in this one, Big Sal.

SA: Absolutely not. The War Pigs are a power team, looking to pummel their opponents into submission through brute strength.

[With a handful of mask, Ripper chucks the masked man through the ropes to the floor. He circles back to aid his partner with a double whip sending Construction Bob to the ropes.]

SA: The Pigs shoot Bob across... whammo! A leaping double shoulder tackle from the Pigs and Bob gets flattened by that one!

DW: He got hit so hard, his hard hat hit the fifth row! Whoa-ahh!

[The referee steps in, trying to restore control as Havoc reluctantly steps out of the ring, leaving Ripper to lay the boots in on the downed construction worker before leaping high and dropping an elbow down across the chest.]

SA: Elbowdrop finds the target... and there's the tag...

[A hard slap across the chest follows as Ripper points at Bob. Havoc nods, coming through the ropes.]

SA: Looks like another doubleteam on the way for the Pigs... another double whip...

[The two powerhouses wait on Bob to rebound back, lifting him into the air by the legs...

...and DUMPING him facefirst to the canvas with a flapjack!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: The fans liked the look of that one, Dee Dub, as the Pigs toss a near-275 pounder up and down with ease.

[This time, the referee's count encourages Ripper to exit the ring as Havoc bounces off the ropes, leaping high to come across the chest with a flying splash.]

SA: Big splash! And that oughta do it!

[But Havoc hasn't even thought about staying down for the pin, getting up to his feet with a shake of his head towards a protesting referee.]

DW: These two work fast, Sal... they don't get paid by the hour... but they seem like they're drawing this out a little bit tonight. Maybe sending a message to the other teams in the AWA... maybe one specific team who had their names in their mouths earlier tonight.

[Havoc draws Bob back to his feet, whipping him with a "THUD!" into the neutral corner...

...and rampages in with a huge running clothesline that collapses Bob against the buckles.]

SA: The War Pigs coming with more hits than Bruno Mars, Dee Dub... and they're still not done.

DW: Another tag to Ripper...

[Havoc grabs his own brother by the arm, whipping him towards Bob who is struggling to stay on his feet...

...and gets CRUSHED in the corner with a running clothesline from Ripper!]

SA: Simple but effective as one War Pig uses the other's body to devastating effect against their opponent...

DW: Did you see that Sal, did you see that?! He nearly took his head off!

SA: I saw it as clear as day and there's no mystery surrounding the gameplan of the War Pigs, Dee Dub... it's pure power and brutality... and from what we've seen, they may be the most powerful duo in the AWA right now.

[Ripper grabs Bob by the back of the neck, leading him across the ring and tossing him to the corner where his masked partner awaits him.]

SA: And it looks like the War Pigs are going to do a favor to our broadcast partner's parent company and show this Liberal a thing or two.

DW: Some snowflakes melt, Sal... but I got a feeling the Pigs aren't gonna let this masked man off that easy.

SA: The Masked Liberal forced into a tag... and he seems hesitant to get in there with the War Pigs.

DW: Who can blame him? And you may disagree with his political views but he obviously ain't stupid, Sal.

[After a moment, the Masked Liberal reluctantly steps into the ring, charging wildly at Ripper with reckless abandon...]

SA: The masked man is in with rights... and lefts... and rights... and lefts... and... well, this isn't going as he planned.

[The Atlanta crowd laughs as the blows seem to have no effect on the muscular Ripper who almost looks amused.]

SA: Oh, I don't like that look on his face.

[A powerful clubbing double axehandle down on the top of the Masked Liberal's skull drops him like a rock.]

SA: And whenever he wakes up, he might be able to Tweet his feelings on the monarchy because he just got crowned, fans!

DW: He sure did! And now Ripper's just pounding him into paste!

[A rainfall of heavy fists gets the referee to shout in protest.]

SA: A warning from the referee but much like the masked man's offense, I doubt it's going to have any effect.

[Ripper gets to his feet, striding across the ring to again tag his brother.. and again slap him in the chest, pointing to the masked man.]

DW: Ripper's got quite an aggressive streak in him, Sal... even towards his own brother.

[Ripper pulls the masked man up as Havoc steps in, charging forward...]

DW: OHHH! Running boot to the side of the head! He nearly took his head off with that one, Sal! Did you see it?! Did you see it?!

SA: I certainly did and... the end must be near for the masked man!

[Havoc gives his brother a double thumbs up, calling for the finish. He bends down, picking up the Masked Liberal...

...when Construction Bob runs back into the ring, attacking Havoc from behind!]

SA: Oho! We're not done yet, fans!

[Bob lands some clubbing blows to the exposed back of Havoc...

...which brings Ripper storming back into the fray with a running clothesline!]

SA: Running clothesline! BOOM GOES THE CANNON! And he nearly took his head off with that one!

[You can see Ripper took great offense to that sneak attack as he yanks Construction Bob back to his feet before lifting him into air, taking a step back as he presses him over his waist...]

DW: Look at this!

[Ripper gets Bob up over his head to a big reaction.]

SA: Folks, that's close to 275 pounds that Ripper has over his head and he's barely breaking a sweat doing it!

DW: Awesome!

[Ripper holds Bob there for a few seconds before letting him go...

...and in one motion, he catches him in his powerful arms, dropping down with a front powerslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: Construction Bob might need a new set of blueprints to rebuild himself after that one, Sal!

[Ripper pops up and growls, flexing to the crowd as they give their approval. Havoc puts the boots to Bob, kicking him out of the ring.]

SA: Out goes Bob... and up goes the Liberal! Ripper's got him up... up on his shoulders... Havoc climbing to the top rope... we've seen this before and...

[Ripper walks closer to the corner as Havoc leaps from his perch, connecting with a massive clothesline that flips the masked man inside out, dumping him dangerously to the canvas as Havoc covers, pressing his palms into the chest, his tongue lolling out as the referee counts quickly and mercifully.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Havoc climbs to his feet, embracing his brother for a moment as the referee points to the two winners.]

SA: Another victory here on the all-new Power Hour for the War Pigs!

DW: Short and dominant is becoming the War Pigs style, Sal. They got enough power between them to light up the state of Georgia... and after running their mouths out here earlier, you gotta wonder if Ringkrieger was watching that.

SA: Knowing MISTER as I do, I'm sure they were... and I'm sure Theresa is about to find out. Theresa?

[We fade to where Teresa stands at the desk as the War Pigs come over. Ripper is carrying Bob's white hard hat which he flings into the crowd as he reaches the desk.]

TL: Thanks, Big Sal. Ripper... Havoc... another impressive win here tonight!

[Hammer growls into the mic.]

H: YOU KNOW, THE WAR PIGS CAME OUT HERE TONIGHT AND TOOK CARE OF BUSINESS! JUST LIKE WE DO HERE EACH AND EVERY WEEK. JUST LIKE WE'VE BEEN DOING ALL OVER THE GLOBE!

[Lynch nods.]

TL: Earlier tonight, i don't know if you saw, but the two gentlemen from Ringkrieger had some words for the two of you.

[Ripper's eyes flare up at the mention of the name and he growls into the mic.]

R: YOU SEE, LITTLE LADY... IT SEEMS LIKE WE HAVE TWO PIECES OF EURO TRASH FLAPPING THEIR GUMS IN THE WAR PIGS DIRECTION. WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT WE DO WITH TRASH? WE TAKE IT TO THE BACK AND THROW IT OUT.

[Havoc interjects.]

H: ROSS AND MISTER WANT TO TALK ABOUT THE PAINT WE PUT ON OUR FACES? THE WWWAAAARRRRR PAINT WE PUT ON, LIKE OUR FATHER BEFORE US TO PREPARE FOR BATTLE? WELL, THEY DON'T TAKE OUR NAMES OUT OF THEIR MOUTHS, THEY'RE GONNA GET A WWWAAAARRRRR LIKE THEY'VE NEVER SEEN AND THEY DAMN SURE DON'T WANT.

[Ripper leans in and yells in the mic.]

R: THEY HAVE THEIR LITTLE SCARF WITH THEIR LITTLE MOTTO, RESPECT THE CANVAS. WELL, WILL WE RESPECT THE CANVAS WHEN WE SMASH THEIR FACES STRAIGHT THROUGH IT! ROSS? MISTER? YOU WANT SOME? WELL, WE AIN'T TOO HARD TO FIND! WE'LL BE THE ONES BEATING YOUR SORRY CARCASSES BACK TO TO EUROPE. GET READY FOR WAR!

[Havoc leans over the podium, snarling at the camera before storming out.]

TL: Never at a loss for words, the War Pigs say they're ready for Ringkrieger... but is the AWA ready for that clash? I'm sure we're going to find out in the weeks ahead... but right now... joining me out here just moments before tonight's Featured Attraction... he is the AWA World Television Champion... Callum Mahoney!

[The Chieftain's "Brian Boru's March" is met with boos from the crowd, as Callum Mahoney, sandy-haired with lightly-tanned skin and dressed to compete in a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front, approaches the podium. Draped over his right shoulder is, of course, the World Television title. The music fades as Mahoney motions for Lynch to hold out the mic.]

CM: Theresa... everyone, including these goofs out here, knows I'm a fighting champion. So every other week, I'm going to come out here and do what Terry Shane was too afraid to do... come on national television and defend this world championship against the top competitors in this promotion... no, make that in the world today!

[There are some cheers for that idea but Mahoney gotta be Mahoney...]

CM: So I don't want to hear any rubbish out of you, Theresa, or out of any of these people, because I am a TWO-TIME World Television Champion and, whether you like it or not, there's nothing you can do about it.

[And there's the boos.]

CM: Now, a World Television championship open challenge was promised and that's exactly what's going to happen. I could have thrown this out at the Anniversary Show, but the Power Hour is as good an occasion as any to have a world championship match, so, without wasting any more time, without any further ado, I'm going head on to the ring. We're going to get a referee out there, and they're going to send out the unfortunate soul who's going to try to wrestle this title away from me.

["Brian Boru's March" fades back in, as Mahoney walks away from the podium and heads to the ring.]

TL: Well, it looks like it's Main Event time, fans! Sal, Dylan... take it away!

[We cut back to our announce duo - a shot over their shoulders where Mahoney has reached the ring, berating the fans while holding up his title belt.]

SA: Thanks, Theresa. We know this match was coming up shortly but it looks like the champion says it's happening now.

DW: Yeah, but - who is his opponent, Big Sal?

SA: I think we're about to find out from our ring announcer, Tyler Graham!

[The second-generation ring announcer hustles up into the ring.]

TG: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening! It is set for one fall with TV Time Remaining and is for the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[Cheers from the crowd!]

TG: First, in the ring at this time... he is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION... CALLLLLLLUMMMMM MAHOOOOONEYYYY!

[Mahoney thrusts the title belt into the air as a referee comes scampering into the ring, moving to take the title from the Fighting Irishman who makes a show of keeping it before finally relenting.]

TG: And his challenger...

[Graham pauses, shrugging his shoulders at a questioning Mahoney.]

DW: Even Tyler doesn't know who it is!

SA: This all came about in-

[Suddenly.

Static.]

DW: OH YEAH!

[The crowd cheers as the former champion, Terry Shane, has his music playing over the PA system.]

DW: We're gonna see a rematch! Let's get it on!

[Shane emerges through the curtain in his ring gear, ready to challenge for the title he lost...

....but the crowd begins to rumble with concern as they see how heavily Shane's arm is taped.]

SA: That injured arm has quite a bit of tape on it, Dee Dub... and you have to wonder if-

[Shane gets about three steps towards the entrance stairs when a pair of AWA medical team members come dashing out into view.]

SA: Wait a second! Hang on!

[The two crew members block Shane's path, speaking to him and gesturing towards the locker room. Shane angrily points at the ring with his good arm but neither of

the duo seem swayed. With the confrontation ongoing, Theresa works her way over towards them, extending the mic...]

"I'm getting in there! I want my title back!"

"Terry, come on! You know you're not cleared! You know Doc said no!"

[Theresa pulls the mic back.]

TL: Hang on, hang on... are you telling me that Terry Shane doesn't have medical clearance to compete tonight?

[One of the medics nods their head emphatically.]

M: He has not been cleared! He can not wrestle!

TS: I'm going anyway!

[The other medic blocks Shane's path as Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: Terry... TERRY! They said you can't wrestle. I'm sorry but-

[The music abruptly changes to Macklemore's "Can't Hold Us" to a huge cheer!]

SA: Wait a second!

[Shane turns, his eyes boring down on the entrance as Cody Mertz emerges to another big reaction.]

SA: Cody Mertz! Cody Mertz looks like he's going to accept the challenge!

[Shane grimaces as Mertz approaches, speaking to him off-mic.]

SA: Mertz with some words for Terry Shane... perhaps trying to soothe the situation and-

[Shane finally nods with an off-mic, "Kick his ass for me, Cody!" Mertz grins, nodding and jogs past Shane towards the ring as an angry Mahoney kicks the bottom rope!]

SA: And it looks like the Fighting Irishman does NOT want to fight Cody Mertz!

[Mertz scrambles up on the apron, turning to salute the fans...

...which is when Mahoney goes dashing from the blind side, twisting around to land a running back elbow to the back of Mertz' head, sending him flying off the apron and at the feet of the ringside fans!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Mahoney angrily turns to the official with a shout of "RING THE BELL!" The referee looks reluctant but ultimately obliges.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: There's the bell! We're underway! TV Time remaining for the World Television Title and by my count, that puts us just a hair under ten minutes for the time limit of this one.

DW: Just a little bit off of the usual time limit.

SA: Mahoney off to a quick start though, putting the boots to Mertz out on the floor.

[The front row fans are mix of thrilled and nervous as the World Television Champion looms over them, stomping and kicking the former tag team champion.]

SA: Cody Mertz, the current Number Three contender to Mahoney's title behind his old partner Michael Aarons and the former champion Terry Shane who has yet to be persuaded to head back to the locker room.

[We cut to the entrance ramp where Shane is still standing near the steps, a pair of AWA officials joining the medics now in trying to talk him back to the locker room.]

SA: Shane wants to see this firsthand and I suppose you can't blame him for that after the way Mahoney captured the title on this very show two weeks ago.

[Mahoney drags Mertz off the mat, tossing him under the ropes into the ring. The Armbar Assassin gets up on the apron, throwing a glance towards Shane...]

"I'm gonna break his arm like I did to yours!"

[Fury flashes through Shane's face as he takes an aggressive step forward but is blocked by AWA backstage producer Adam Rogers, shaking his head.]

SA: You can see a former World Champion in his own right, Adam Rogers, a backstage AWA employee trying to restrain Shane who looks like he just wants to climb right in there and tear Mahoney apart.

[Mahoney smirks at Shane's reaction, stepping through the ropes. He approaches the downed Mertz, reaching down for a handful of hair..

...and gets pulled into an inside cradle!]

DW: CRADLE! CRADLE!

[The crowd surges to life at the chance of a title change as the referee drops to count the surprise pin.]

SA: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO!

DW: HE GOT HIM!

SA: NO! NO!

[The crowd deflates as the referee leaps up, holding up two fingers.]

SA: That's a two, Dee Dub! Just a two!

DW: Gaaaah! I thought he had him, Sal!

SA: So did a lot of people.

[An angry Mahoney comes to his feet, catching a rising Mertz with a boot to the gut as they both race to get up first. Mahoney snatches the back of Mertz' head, cracking him with a European uppercut that sends him falling back into the ropes.]

SA: The challenger's on the ropes early... another kick to the gut... and another uppercut as well!

[Mertz grabs the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as Mahoney grabs the arm.]

SA: Looking for an Irish whip here... or as Mahoney calls it... a whip.

[Mahoney shoots Mertz across the ring, doubling over for a backdrop. Mertz rebounds back, twisting around and using Mahoney's own back to backflip over him, landing on his feet behind the champion.]

SA: What a counter by Mertz!

[As Mahoney turns, Mertz uses a dropkick to stun him... a second to stagger him... and a third to send him flying from the ring to the floor!]

SA: And now it's Mahoney who goes flying from the ring thanks to the challenger!

[With Mertz in the ring and Mahoney on the floor, the attention of the fans is caught by the arrival of another person on the already-crowded entrance ramp.]

DW: Michael Aarons! What's HE doing out here?

SA: As I mentioned earlier, Aarons IS the Number Two contender to this title and seems likely to get a title shot of his own in short order. Perhaps this is him scouting the competition.

DW: I don't like it, Sal. Not one bit.

[Terry Shane has a few words for Michael Aarons too... as does Adam Rogers. Aarons ignores them both as he saunters past them, standing at the edge of the entrance stage, drawing a hard stare from Cody Mertz.]

SA: Well, if his aim was to distract his former partner, Aarons has accomplished that goal.

[Mertz shakes off the distraction, stomping across the ring to grab the top rope as Mahoney recovers out on the floor.]

SA: Mahoney's on his feet but perhaps not for long as Mertz-

[The crowd roars as Mertz slingshots over the top rope, snatching a headscissors, and flipping Mahoney over to the barely-padded floor with a rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SLINGSHOT RANA TO THE FLOOR BY CODY MERTZ! And could we be sending a brand new World Television Champion direct from the great state of Georgia to the city by the Bay, San Francisco a week from tonight?!

[Out on the ring, Mertz slaps a few outstretched hands before pulling Mahoney off the mat, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

SA: Mertz puts him back in... up on the apron now...

[Mertz grabs the top rope, nodding his head as the crowd surges to their feet behind him, sensing a possible title change. Mahoney is slow to get up, obviously a little disoriented. When he does, he's facing away from Mertz who nods quicker now, sensing his own opportunity...]

SA: Mertz leaps... SPRINGBOARD!

[The high flying challenger springs into the air, fully extending his body...

...and crashes across the torso of Mahoney, taking him down with a crossbody!]

SA: CROSSBODY OFF THE TOP! WE'VE GOT ONE! WE'VE GOT TWO! WE'VE GOT-
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: He kicked out! Mahoney kicked out!

[Mertz claps his hands together in frustration as Aarons edges down the stairs, standing halfway down them now, his eyes on the ring where Cody Mertz looks to stay on the dazed Mahoney.]

SA: Mertz on the attack, dragging Mahoney up... big chop! And a forearm smash to boot sends Mahoney falling back into the corner!

[With Mahoney in a bit of trouble, Mertz ducks down, muscling Mahoney up into a seated position on the top turnbuckle.]

SA: Mertz sets him on the top... saluting these fans... and now he's climbing!

[Mertz steps to the bottom rope... then to the second rope...

...and as he steps to the top, he misses Mahoney slide his own legs down so he can wrap his feet around the middle rope.]

SA: Mertz to the top... looking for that rana again perhaps!

[Mertz shouts to the fans again, leaping into the air, snatching Mahoney's head between his legs...

...but with Mahoney's own legs hooked, Mertz can't manage the torque to flip him off the top turnbuckle, instead crashing down hard facefirst on the canvas as Mahoney shoves him off!]

SA: Ohh! Mahoney with a magnificent - potentially title-saving - counter!

[Mahoney smirks, pointing to his temple as he rises up, standing on the middle rope, and leaps off with a flying stomp between the shoulderblades of Cody Mertz, leaving him down on the canvas.]

SA: Mahoney with a big stomp off the midbuckle... flips him over... arm across the cheek and a cover!

[A two count follows before Mertz slips free.]

SA: The two count there on Mertz and a quick look at the clock shows us with somewhere around five minutes left in this one, fans.

DW: Plenty of time, Sal... plenty of time.

SA: Perhaps.

[The call over the PA makes it official.]

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

SA: And there it is. Officially five minutes to go in this battle to become the World Television Champion!

[Mahoney leans down, pulling Mertz up by the back of the hair...

...and smashes him facefirst into the top turnbuckle.]

SA: Faceslam to the corner...

[With Mertz leaning against the buckles, Mahoney turns his focus to the ribs, battering the body of the high flyer with hooking lefts and rights.]

SA: Mahoney seems to be a little off his usual gameplan here tonight, fans. We're used to seeing Mahoney target the arm of an opponent, looking for one of his signature armbar attacks. Maybe even the neck of an opponent to set up that necktie neckbreaker he likes to use. Heck, in a situation like this, you might even go after the legs of your opponent to neutralize the high-flying game. But to go after the body makes me think that either Mahoney knows something about Mertz' medical condition that we don't... or that he's flustered by Terry Shane being out here and is not quite his usual self.

DW: Hey, wouldn't you be flustered if the guy who you STOLE the title from was out here?

SA: Accusations of larceny aside, I would certainly be keeping one eye on Terry Shane for certain.

[Dragging Mertz out of the corner, Mahoney steers him towards the ropes, showing him to Terry Shane (and Michael Aarons)...]

"NOW I'M GONNA RIP HIS ARM OFF!"

[Shane again tries to step towards the ring as Aarons smirks with amusement. Mahoney extends the arm, grabbing Mertz by the wrist...

...but the lucha libre training of Cody Mertz pays dividends as he front flips away from Mahoney, using the grip to toss him down to the mat with an armdrag of his own!]

SA: Nice counter by Mertz!

[Mertz runs past the rising Mahoney, building up momentum as he leaps up to the second rope, springing back as he twists his body around for another crossbody but Mahoney dives clear!]

SA: Ohhh! The pool was empty for Mertz as he attempts to come off the diving board!

[With Mertz facefirst on the canvas, Mahoney pins his arms to the mat, driving his knee down on the shoulder once... twice... three times.]

SA: And now he's going for the arm, Dee Dub. Now he's showing the focus that we're used to seeing.

[Mahoney leaves the knee on the shoulder joint, grabbing Mertz by the wrist and cranking up on the arm. Mertz cries out in pain, grimacing as the referee checks to see if he wants to submit.]

SA: He said he was going to rip Mertz' arm off... and he's certainly making his best effort at the moment, fans.

[A quick look at the players outside the ring shows that Terry Shane is almost back through the curtain at this point, a concerned expression on his face as he looks at

the torque on Mertz' arm. Michael Aarons on the other hand, looks positively thrilled as he nods emphatically.]

SA: Aarons perhaps hoping that Mahoney will do his dirty work for him.

DW: I think Mahoney's proved over the years that all it takes is a sizable paycheck and he'll do ANYONE'S dirty work for them.

SA: A suitcase full of cash perhaps?

DW: You got it, Big Sal.

[With Mertz refusing to give in, Mahoney abandons his armbar but keeps his grip on the wrist, dropping a leg across the tricep!]

SA: Ohhh! And if Mertz' arm wasn't hurting before, it certainly is now as all that weight comes crashing down over that trapped limb.

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

[Mahoney smirks at the announcement of time, switching back to the knee on the shoulder as he pulls on the wrist.]

DW: In a way, Sal, I think you have to admire Mahoney.

SA: How so?

DW: He heard the time limit. He knows he might not win this match with this armbar here. He could turn up the heat, speed up his attack... but he also knows that if he goes the distance, he doesn't get the win in the record book or the winner's purse... but he keeps the title. And maybe that's enough. Maybe that's a win to him.

SA: A very logical layout of match strategy, Dee Dub. Kudos to you. In a world where the champion gets paid more... gets the spotlight... gets the glory... perhaps keeping the title IS more important than a victory in some cases.

[Wincing, Mertz manages to pull his knees up under him, putting more pressure on his own shoulder as he tries to force his way free of Mahoney's hold...

...which causes Mahoney to abruptly break the hold, leaping up and sitting down on the lower back of Mertz, putting him right back down on the canvas where Mahoney kneels on the shoulder and pulls back on the wrist once more!]

SA: And right back to this hold.

DW: This hold is underrated too, Sal. It might not get the submission... but he's immobilized his challenger. He's doing more damage to the arm. And he's running out the clock!

SA: Which might be the smartest move of all... perhaps not the bravest... but certainly the smartest as the time continues to tick down towards Mahoney retaining the gold here on the all-new Power Hour.

[Mahoney smirks, waving at Terry Shane from the ring as he releases the hold and stomps the arm once... twice... three times. The crowd jeers Mahoney who glares at them, grabbing Mertz by the wrist, hauling him up to his feet...]

"TWO MINUTES! TWO MINUTES REMAIN!"

SA: Two minutes left in this World Television Title clash... Mahoney's got him up though, whips him to the corner...

DW: I don't understand this though, Sal. We talked about it. He had him down, he was running out the clock.

SA: Maybe he thought he has him weak enough to get the win as well.

[Using the weakened arm, Mahoney wings Mertz into the corner. He charges in after him...

...and runs right into two raised boots as Mertz leans back in the buckles!]

SA: Ohhh!

[The crowd roars as Mertz shows signs of life, hopping up on the midbuckle, shaking out the limb as Mahoney staggers back towards him...]

SA: Mertz leaps! SUNSET FLIP!

[But Mertz allowed Mahoney to get too close to the ropes, the Fighting Irishman reaching out to grab the top rope to block the sunset flip...

...and kneels down on the shoulders, hanging onto the rope as the referee drops down to count.]

DW: HE'S GOT THE ROPES!

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[But the referee abruptly gets up, spotting the grasping arm...

...and then kicks it, breaking Mahoney's grip on the rope and allowing Mertz to drag him down into the sunset flip!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: So close! Mertz almost got him! We almost had a new champion!

[Mahoney gets off the mat, spitting mad as he approaches the referee, shoving him in the chest...

...and gets a shove back in response, causing him to fall back into a Mertz schoolboy!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Mahoney kicks out, breaking the pin attempt to the disappointment of the crowd who are on their feet now, cheering on the popular challenger.]

SA: Another near fall for the champion who looks flustered, fans!

"SIXTY SECONDS! SIXTY SECONDS REMAIN!"

[Mahoney, hearing the time call, decides to change his strategy. He boots the rising Mertz in the ribcage, forcing him down on the mat again. Pinning Mertz' wrist to the ground with his wrist, he measures him...

...and then leaps up, looking for a kneedrop on the shoulder!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: He missed! Mahoney misses the kneedrop!

[Mertz scrambles to his feet, looking down at the kneeling Mahoney...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SUPERKICK TO THE JAW! HE DROPS HIM LIKE HE’S HOT!

[Mertz dives across the prone champion, shouting at the referee to count, urgency in his every movement.]

SA: Mertz playing beat the clock now! Can he get him here?!

[A two count follows before the shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the pin.]

SA: No! No! Just a two!

“THIRTY SECONDS! THIRTY TO GO!”

[Mertz scrambles up, pulling Mahoney with him...

...but Mahoney desperately reaches out, raking his fingers across the eyes!]

DW: OH! COME ON! THAT’S BLATANT! RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE REFEREE!

[The referee warns Mahoney for the eyegouge but the Fighting Irishman pays no mind, whipping Mertz across the ring again...]

SA: Mahoney shoots him across, trying to-

[But as Mertz rebounds, he leaps up, snaring Mahoney’s head between his legs, and going into a spin up, around, up, around...

...and finally DOWN to the mat with Mahoney trapped inside a Fujiwara armbar!]

SA: BROUSSARD SPECIAL! BROUSSARD SPECIAL!

DW: MAHONEY’S SCREAMING LIKE A BABY NEEDING HIS BOTTLE, SAL!

SA: Mahoney crying out in pain as that arm is ripped and pulled against the grain!

DW: How’s that for some irony for the Armbar Assassin!?

SA: Mahoney’s trying to hang on but the pain is shooting through that limb! Can he hang on?! Can he make it?!

[Mahoney’s free hand shoots up, hanging just over the canvas as the crowd ROARS in anticipation...

...when suddenly Michael Aarons runs down the remaining steps, leaping up on the apron, shouting at the official. The referee waves him off, staying in position.]

SA: Aarons is- HE’S GETTING IN THE RING!

[Aarons goes to duck through the ropes...

...and THAT draws the referee towards him, cutting him off and forcing him back!]

SA: AARONS AND THE REFEREE ARE TIED UP IN THE ROPES!

[The crowd is roaring as Mahoney starts slapping his hand rapidly against the canvas...]

SA: HE'S TAPPING OUT! MAHONEY'S TAPPING OUT!

[...but the official doesn't see it as Aarons clings to him with all his strength, refusing to allow him to turn around!]

DW: WHAT THE-?!

[The tieup continues, Mahoney still tapping...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and as the bell sounds, the crowd ROARS as Cody Mertz surges to his feet, leaping into the air!]

SA: Cody Mertz thinks he's won! The fans are celebrating with him but... I don't know, Dee Dub.

DW: That snake in the grass, Michael Aarons, got involved! He was in the ring... on the apron... doing whatever he could to make sure the referee didn't see that tapout and-

[Finally free of Aarons, the referee stomps angrily across the ring, grabbing Cody Mertz' raised hand...]

...and throws it down, waving his arms across his chest as the crowd jeers!]

SA: I was afraid of that, fans. Cody Mertz is in shock. He heard the tapout. He heard the bell ring. In his mind, he's the new World Television Champion and-

[Satisfied with his work, a smirking Michael Aarons exits the ringside area, making his way up the entrance steps as Mertz questions the referee and Tyler Graham makes it official.]

TG: Ladies and gentlemen... the time limit for this match has expired therefore it is... a TIME... LIMIT... DRAW!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Mertz buries his head in his hands. A grinning Mahoney sits up on the mat, holding onto his shoulder in pain as the title belt is handed back to him...]

...right upside the head by Terry Shane from outside the ring!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHANE CLUBS HIM WITH THE BELT! MAHONEY RETAINS THE TITLE AND SHANE JUST GAVE IT TO HIM! WE'RE OUT OF TIME! WE'VE GOTTA GO! WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT TIME ON THE ALL-NEW POWER HOUR!

[With Shane glaring at the downed Mahoney, holding the title in his hands, we fade to black.]