

POWER HOUR

Saturday, February 24th, 2018
Center Stage Studios
Atlanta, Georgia

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

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

A voiceover.]

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

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[Back to black for a moment...

...and then up on a highly-filtered crowd shot from an AWA event. The footage is in slow motion, showing fans reacting to unseen action in the ring. A rhythmic beat starts up, building... building... building...

...which turns into "HandClap" by Fitz and The Tantrums.]

#I can make your hands clap#

[The slow motion shot speeds up, showing Michelle Bailey in the ring flattening an opponent with a Britney Spear... cut to a young fan in her Bailey t-shirt going wild.]

#Said I can make your hands clap#

[A flashing transition goes to Jordan Ohara standing on the top rope, leaping into the air which freezes... moving into slow motion... and then back to full speed on impact... to a father and son high fiving at Ohara's victory.]

#That I can make your hands clap#

[Another flash takes us to Daniel Harper coming off the top of The Brig at SuperClash... again with the slow motion in the middle... and back to full speed on impact, sending Charlie Stephens crashing down to the canvas below...

...to a pair of fans in Next Gen t-shirts going wild, clapping for their heroes.]

#That I can make your hands clap#

[Another flash to Polemos spiking a victim with a chokeslam as Omega applauds in slow motion... to a fan in Omega cosplay in the concourse before the show, striking a pose with everyone's favorite Neptunian.]

#(Turn it up)#

[Another flash to show a series of shots at a recent meet and greet session of Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell posing with a trio of young girls with cat ear headbands on...

...to Margarita Flores kneeling next to a young fan giving her a hug, a big smile on both of their faces...

...to Supernova posing alongside an entire family all with their Supernova face paint on... yes, even Mom.]

#That I can make your hands clap#

[And with that, we spiral out to a shot of the cheering crowd inside Center Stage Studios.

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.

Behind the interview podium, dressed in bright red scoop top with a gold chain dangling around her neck and a pair of black pants is the host of the Power Hour, Theresa Lynch.]

TL: Hello everyone and welcome to the Power Hour. I'm Theresa Lynch, your host for the next two hours... of power.

[Theresa grins.]

TL: And the hype machine says this is one of the most loaded episodes of the Power Hour that we've ever put on and who am I to disagree with that. We've got tournament matches... we've got grudge matches... we've got the hottest stars in the AWA Galaxy and here on the Power Hour, you just never know what might happen next...

[Theresa winks... and waits...

...and on cue the sirens and keyboards of Nas' "Hero" blare over the PA system and the Power Hour fans explode with cheers as Jordan Ohara, the National Champion, makes his entrance.]

SA: Wow! We didn't even get a chance to get introduced yet but just listen to this place erupt, Dee Dub! The National Champion making a rare appearance on Power Hour and the fans are loving it!

DW: And why shouldn't they? This kid is special and so is Power Hour. It's a match made in Heaven!

SA: Welcome to the Power Hour - I'm Salvatore Albano alongside Dylan Westerly for the next two hours of action here in Center Stage Studios in Atlanta and we knew it was going to be a big night of action but we didn't know a thing about this!

[A grinning Ohara pauses by the interview podium to trade a high five with the bride-to-be as she gestures towards the ring. He gives a slight salute, the crowd getting louder as they realize he's heading down the steps towards the ring, garbed in shiny white $\frac{3}{4}$ tights and his custom Air Jordan 11s with the black soles. The National Title is strapped around his waist and he wears an impressive Carolina blue winged jacket made of rings and faux feathers. He twirls so the crowd can see it all as he steps up into the ring, taking an offered mic as he does.]

SA: Well, the champion is dressed to compete, Dee Dub, but it looks like he's got something to say first.

[Ohara grins at the roaring Atlanta crowd as he raises the mic.]

JO: What's up POWER HOUR! WOOO!

[The crowd ROARS even louder in response as Ohara nods.]

JO: It's an extra special Power Hour here tonight in Hotlanta so I figured we might as well start things off in an extra special way.

[Ohara unclasps the title belt, holding it up slightly.]

JO: They tell me the Power Hour isn't all-new anymore... so I thought maybe y'all could use a little bit of the oldest AWA championship in the house!

[Another big cheer goes up as Ohara holds the belt aloft for all to see.]

JO: So, I'm here... the title is here... and you all are here... so I think we've got all the ingredients for the latest installment of the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge!

[And still the crowd grows louder, bringing a big smile to the good-looking Ohara who nods approvingly.]

JO: That's what I like to hear. Now, before we put this mic down and wait and see who's gonna walk that aisle and take their shot at the champ... let's talk about the first two times I've put this title on the line.

[The crowd buzzes a little as Ohara shakes his head.]

JO: I know, I know... I've read the Internet chatter... I know what they're saying. They're saying that if it wasn't for a hope, a prayer, and a referee overturning TWO decisions, I'd be a FORMER champion already. Me? I say that justice won out. Some of you may not like the official restarting the match against Donovan but even the big man himself can't deny my foot was on that rope and the pin shouldn't have been counted.

And Osborne? Well, Sin City Sid tried to cheat his way to wearing this...

[He holds up the title again.]

JO: ...but the referee made the right call again, restarted that match, and look who is standing here with the gold!

[The crowd cheers once more.]

JO: So, you can forget all that controversy talk... if those two want this belt, they're gonna have to do it right and beat me clean in the middle of the ring to get it. And believe me, I'm going to be watching their match in Chicago next week because as far as I'm concerned, the winner of that match will be the official Number One Contender for the National Title.

[Ohara pauses.]

JO: But that's the future. Right now, we're in the present... and we're not looking past tonight because if the last two times I've defended this title has taught me anything, it's that at any given moment, any person who comes through that locker room door to challenge you can take you out. That's the level of competition in this company... and that's the level of competition surrounding this title.

[He holds up the title again.]

JO: Tonight, I'm sending a message to anybody out there who might think that I'm not the rightful champion because of the controversies in my defenses so far.

Tonight, you will have no doubts.

[Ohara turns towards the entrance.]

JO: So, whoever wants to answer this challenge, come on out here and let's do this thing!

[Ohara lowers the mic, watching the entranceway.]

SA: Impromptu Phoenix Rises Open Challenge with the National Title on the line, Dee Dub... one heck of a way to kick off our show tonight but the question turns now to - who's gonna answer the challenge?

DW: You mean who is gonna fight Jordan Ohara for the National Title right here on the Power Hour! I can't believe this is happening!

[Ohara waits a few more moments before the music cues up, drawing a confused expression on Ohara's face.

The music in question?

"Centuries" by Fall Out Boy.]

SA: I don't quite... we know this music, Dee Dub.

DW: This music is for another set of champions - the tag champions, Next Gen!

SA: Daniel Harper is here tonight to take on Takeshi Mifune a little later though, right?

DW: Sal, what if it's not him?

[Westerly's observation proves astute, because the man who comes out from the back is Howie Somers. He is dressed in his wrestling attire, a white singlet with the letters "NG" in navy blue, block lettering, navy blue tights, white kneepads and white wrestling boots. He also wears a navy blue vest.]

SA: Of course... it's the other half of Next Gen, Howie Somers! I didn't know he was in the building!

[Somers walks across the entrance stage, throwing a wave at a shocked Theresa Lynch as he heads down the staircase to the arena floor. He looks up at a still-surprised Ohara with a grin before taking the ringsteps up, climbing through the ropes with his own mic in hand as the music fades.]

HS: First of all, Jordan, congratulations on your successful title defenses. It's good that the AWA has a National Champion worthy of the belt.

[The fans respond positively.]

HS: As you know, my tag team partner is busy tonight, though we do have a title defense to prepare for in the future. But I'm not the type who likes sitting on the sidelines while my partner has a match.

And seeing as how you have an Open Challenge...

[Somers pauses, letting the crowd anticipation build a little.]

HS: ...and I don't have a match tonight...

[The crowd is getting louder now, assuming they know what's coming next.]

HS: ...I'm here to accept that Open Challenge.

[The fans cheer that announcement! Somers lets the noise die down a little before continuing.]

HS: But while I don't blame anyone for being confident in their ability to win a match - certainly not you, my friend - I will remind you that being confident in their ability is exactly what I'm all about.

So while I can't blame you for believing that you'll be waiting for the winner of that match between Robert Donovan and Sid Osborne, let it be known that I have

something to say about that... that I'm confident I'll be the one waiting for that winner.

[He extends his hand to Ohara.]

HS: Now let's do this.

[We can see the referee slide in behind them as Ohara looks at the offered hand.]

SA: We've got our challenger for the National Title! Jordan Ohara will face one half of the World Tag Team Champions, Howie Somers!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers as two of their favorites come together center ring for a quick handshake and a grin.]

SA: A nice show of sportsmanship here to start this one off - an unscheduled National Title match here tonight to kick off the Power Hour..

DW: I got a feeling our esteemed host knew it was comin' though, Big Sal.

[Cut to a smirking Theresa who shrugs innocently.]

SA: I do believe you're right, Dee Dub... and... let's do this!

[On cue, Ohara and Somers lunge at one another, engaging in a collar and elbow tieup.]

SA: Right into the lockup and immediately you see these two side by side for a quick size comparison - the champion checking in at five foot ten, about 225 pounds and his challenger is six foot five and 265 so Ohara giving up a lot of size in this Phoenix Rises challenge encounter, Dee Dub.

DW: Absolutely. Not as much as he gave up to big Rob Donovan a few weeks ago but he's definitely outmatched in the size and power game in this one.

SA: Ohara's deceptively strong, possessing a lot of upper body strength and don't forget those powerful legs as well... but right away, you see Howie Somers absolutely power him back across the ring in that tieup... right up against the ropes where referee Koji Sakai calls for a clean break...

[Somers immediately obliges, straightening up and taking a few steps back with a grin on his face. He curls an arm up into a single bicep pose as Ohara chuckles, nodding his head as the crowd cheers.]

SA: A little fun to be had right off the bat by these two friends as Somers backs to the middle of the ring, inviting Ohara right back out to join him...

[Ohara takes him up on the offer, marching to mid-ring and diving right into another tieup...

...but immediately spins out of the hold before Somers can use his power, twisting the arm around into an armtwist...]

SA: Nice move by Ohara, going after the arm, trying to neutralize a little of that power here in his third televised title defense... hoping to avoid any controversy here tonight after his first two defenses had the Internet buzzing...

[Somers grimaces, looking for a way out... and simply uses his power advantage again, pushing Ohara back into the ropes where he promptly throws him out of the armtwist across the ring...]

SA: Somers shoots him off... Ohara ducks one clothesline...

[The champion hits the ropes a second time, building up speed as he races back towards Somers who throws a second clothesline...]

SA: ...ducks a second clothesline, off the ropes again...

[...and this time, Ohara leaps into the air, throwing herself into a crossbody...]

SA: ...CAUGHT!

[...which winds up with Ohara trapped in the powerful arms of Howie Somers who nods his head at the cheering crowd, turning to show Ohara off as the champion struggles to get free of his friend's powerful grip...]

SA: Ohara trying to get loose but Somers is showing him for all to see...

DW: Like a prized fish you'd mount on the wall.

SA: Something like that, I suppose. Now, the question is... what's he going to do with him?

[Somers turns towards the hard camera, holding Ohara aloft...

...and then flips him back over, depositing him down on his feet. He grins at the champion who looks surprised at first...]

SA: Well, that's interesting.

DW: Somers maybe just showing off a little for these fans here in Atlanta?

SA: Perhaps trying to show Ohara that he had him where he wanted him and let him go out of respect?

[...and there's a slight fashion of irritation on Ohara's face as he drops back into the ropes, bouncing back off towards a surprised Somers who draws back his right hand...]

SA: Ohara off the far side... baseball slide between the legs!

[The National Champion pops back up as Somers swings around, grabbing his arm as he does...]

SA: And one of Ohara's favorite moves, the armdrag takes one-half of the World Tag Team Champions off his feet and puts him down on the canvas!

[The Center Stage crowd cheers as Ohara pops back up, Somers quickly behind him as he charges the Phoenix again...]

SA: And a second armdrag takes him down as well!

[...and the challenger comes up again, moving in fast...]

SA: Make it a thir-

[...but this time as Ohara goes to the well once too often, Somers snatches an inverted facelock with the off-arm to block the armdrag, swinging his other arm down in a clubbing blow across the sternum!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Ohara collapses to the canvas, grabbing at his chest as Somers grimaces, shaking out the arm he used to smash the chest of the champion.]

SA: Tremendous counter by Howie Somers, avoiding the third armdrag attempt... and you can see the first two did a little damage as Somers shakes out that arm...

[Somers stands back, grabbing at his elbow as Ohara tries to get up off the canvas...]

SA: The National Champion working to get back to his feet...

[...and Somers promptly smashes a double axehandle across the shoulderblades of Ohara, sending him falling chestfirst into the corner!]

SA: The power of Somers on display, that clubbing blow with great impact and effect.

[Somers approaches the corner as Ohara tries to turn around to face him. The challenger promptly lowers his head, driving his shoulder into the midsection of the National Champion.]

SA: Somers going downstairs on Ohara, trying to take some of that stamina advantage away. Somers will bring the power, Ohara will bring the speed, the quickness, the stamina in this champion versus champion battle here kicking off the Power Hour.

[A few more shoulders to the midsection follow, leaving Ohara in a bad way as Somers straightens up, whipping him across the ring...]

SA: Ohara hits the corner... Somers is there waiting for him...

[...and as Ohara stumbles out, Somers lifts him up into the air...

...and then takes away one arm before executing a one-armed bodyslam on the champion to impressed cheers!]

SA: The powerhouse of Next Gen drives Ohara down... and Dee Dub, Howie Somers likely came here tonight to support his partner when Daniel Harper takes on the Shadow Wolf, Takeshi Mifune, later tonight... but now he finds himself with a huge opportunity to score his first piece of singles gold here in the AWA.

DW: It's a big shot and Somers is going to do what he can to take advantage of it.

[With Ohara down on the mat, Somers bounces off the ropes, leaping high...]

SA: ELBOOOOW!

[...but Ohara rolls clear, causing Somers to crash down on the canvas!]

SA: Somers with the cannonball but the pool is empty, the elbowdrop hitting nothing but canvas here in Hotlanta!

[Somers sits up on the mat, grabbing at his arm again, a grimace on his face.]

SA: Somers again checking on the arm... and that brings a different consideration into this match, Dee Dub. Last weekend, we saw the Soldiers of Fortune survive a brutal four way battle between four of the top tag teams in the AWA to win the first shot at Next Gen. We don't yet know when that tag title match will take place but we know that Harper's facing Mifune tonight and Somers is taking on Ohara and both of those matches sound like a chance someone comes out of Atlanta with an injury. Are they putting their titles at risk in singles action here tonight?

DW: Absolutely, Big Sal. You're ALWAYS putting your body at risk every time you get into the ring. And yeah, Mifune... Ohara... they can hurt someone and if Harper or Somers get hurt tonight, it could have a major impact on their tag title reign.

SA: Ohara back on his feet, grabbing that wrist and bringing Somers back up to his feet...

[Ohara twists the arm around in an armwringer, hanging onto the hand and wrist as Somers grimaces, reaching for his arm with the other hand...]

SA: ...and right back after the arm goes Ohara, trying to take away the power just as Somers tried to take away the wind.

DW: Seems like a sound strategy, Big Sal.

[The referee checks to see if Somers wants to submit and when Somers refuses, Ohara twists the arm around a second time...]

SA: More pressure being applied to the limb, cranking on it, trying to knot up that bicep and tricep...

[Somers' face is covered in pain now, up on his tiptoes as he looks for a way out.]

SA: The arm being worked over by Ohara as Somers tries to find a way out of this before the Phoenix can do more damage.

[Holding the wrist and nodding to the cheering crowd, Ohara goes to twist a third time, going very slowly as Somers cries out in pain...]

...and Ohara swings an overhead chop down across the twisted arm, breaking the hold and sending Somers stumbling backwards towards the rope.]

SA: The chop across the arm breaks the hold but not the momentum of the champion as he stays right on Somers, grabbing the arm again...

[Ohara goes to whip Somers off the ropes but the powerhouse reverses it with ease, shooting the National Champion across the ring...]

...where Ohara deftly leaps, landing on the middle rope, and springing back with a twist, catching Somers across the chest with a crossbody, knocking him down to the canvas!]

SA: CROSSBODY CONNECTS!

[Ohara reaches back, snatching a leg...]

SA: OHARA GETS ONE! GETS TWO!

[...but Somers powers out, tossing Ohara off him!]

SA: Wow! Big knockout by Somers, sends Ohara for the the ride... Somers getting back up off the mat and- just like that! Ohara with another armdrag, taking Somers down again!

[And hanging onto the arm, Ohara snatches it in an armbar, kneeling down next to Somers on the mat as Somers grimaces, grabbing at the bent arm as the official checks to see if Somers wants to submit.]

SA: Right back on the arm... and again, Howie Somers refuses to quit and as Ohara continues to target that limb, if I'm Daniel Harper in the locker room here at Center Stage, I might be getting a little nervous about my partner's ongoing health, Dee Dub.

[Ohara gives a little more torque on the arm, causing Somers to cry out again as Ohara shouts "ASK HIM!"]

SA: Still no submission on the part of Howie Somers, hanging on with all he's got.

DW: And if you saw SuperClash and that crazy Boot Camp match, you know he's got a lot, Sal.

SA: You better believe it. One of the toughest and wildest fights I've ever seen... and it was a big night on Thanksgiving for both of these men with Next Gen regaining the World Tag Team Titles and Jordan Ohara recapturing the National Title from Jackson Hunter.

[Somers works his way to a knee, removing some of the pressure on his limb as Ohara goes to his feet...]

SA: Somers trying to fight his way up now, desperately needing a way out of this...

[...where Somers promptly POPS Ohara in the jaw with a stiff forearm smash, breaking the armbar and sending Ohara down to a knee. Somers gives his arm a quick shake to try and get the blood flowing.]

SA: ...and he finds a way out with that forearm!

[Somers snatches Ohara off the mat, lifting him up for a back suplex, bringing him down on a bent knee...]

SA: Atomic drop connects! AND OVER THE TOP GOES OHARA!

[Somers doubles over, shaking his arm again as Ohara does indeed go over the top...

...but catches himself on the way over, using his upper body strength to pull himself back over the ropes...]

DW: Skin the cat! Skin the cat!

[...and snatches Somers' head between his legs, dragging him over the ropes to the outside with a headscissors that gets a big cheer from the AWA faithful!]

SA: AND OHARA TAKES SOMERS TO THE OUTSIDE!

[The crowd cheers loudly as Ohara sits on the apron for a moment, taking a breather as Somers lies sprawled across the ringside mats.]

SA: We're over five minutes into this twenty minute time limit here on the Power Hour and the National Champion, Jordan Ohara, has got things well in hand at this point of his latest Phoenix Rises Open Challenge.

[Climbing to his feet with the aid of the ropes, Ohara measures Somers as the Boston native tries to get up off the floor...]

SA: Ohara's up... Somers is getting up... and as was once sung, I got a feeling that tonight's gonna be a good night for the Phoenix as he... takes... FLIGHT!

[...and Ohara leaps into the air, bringing an overhead Tomahawk chop down between the eyes of Somers, putting him right back down on the floor!]

SA: Flying chop connects! Somers goes down! And this Atlanta crowd is fired up for Jordan Ohara who says after he defends his title tonight, he's heading to Chicago because he wants to see Donovan and Osborne go at it for a future rematch with him.

[Ohara reaches out, slapping the hand of a young fan in an Ohara t-shirt that says "PHOENIX RISES" in script with a burning Phoenix as a backdrop. The National Champion gives a shout to the cheering crowd, nodding his head with a grin as he turns back to the downed Somers.]

SA: Ohara pulling Somers off the floor, shoves him back in, and now you've gotta think Jordan Ohara is looking for a way to put Somers down and keep him down with something like the Phoenix Flame.

[With Somers down on the mat, Ohara uses the ropes to pull himself back up on the apron in the middle. He looks around at the cheering crowd, watching as Somers struggles to get up off the canvas...]

SA: Somers trying to get up but when he does, he's gonna find Jordan Ohara waiting for him!

[...and as Somers gets to a knee, Ohara puts one foot up on the second rope... then one on the top...]

SA: Ohara climbing the ropes in the middle, showing off that athleticism...

[...and springs into the air, launching himself into another flying overhead chop, putting Somers down again!]

SA: ...and another flying chop connects! Ohara with the cover!

[A two count follows before Somers kicks out again.]

SA: Another two count there for Ohara... trying to find a way to finish off his challenger here tonight in this unexpected battle here on the Power Hour.

[Pulling Somers off the mat again, Ohara twists the arm around...]

SA: Back to the armwring- ohhh!

[...and the crowd echoes that reaction as Ohara hooks a kick back, knocking Somers off his feet!]

SA: Hook kick connects! Ohara covers!

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

SA: And Somers kicks out at two again! The big man from Next Gen - one half of the World Tag Team Champions - showing the same level of resiliency we saw out of him at SuperClash when he was fighting for the World Tag Team Titles in this brutal Boot Camp match.

[Ohara moves quickly to his feet, not giving his challenger a moment of recovery time as he goes to drag him off the mat...

...and gets a one-handed shove that sends him falling backwards, buying Somers a moment of time...]

SA: Somers trying to get a breather and- ohhh! He slips the back elbow up under the chin!

[Ohara stumbles backwards, falling to his knees as Somers grimaces, shaking the arm again...]

SA: Somers continues to struggle with that arm though - Ohara working on it earlier in the match has paid dividends so far in this one.

[The challenger clenches his jaw, clasping his hands together as he brings a big double axehandle down across the back, knocking Ohara down to all fours...]

SA: Heavy hammer blow!

[...and again...]

SA: And now Howie Somers continues to drive that hammer home as Ohara fans around the globe shout "please hammer, don't hurt him!"

[...and again, dropping Ohara down on his chest on the mat...]

SA: Somers over and over again with those double axehandles...

[...and this time, Somers grimaces, shaking his head as he lays down a heavy clubbing forearm to the back...

...and again... and again... and again... and again...

...and finally, Somers breaks away, giving a roar of exertion as many in the crowd cheer the Next Gen big man. He grabs at the hurting limb, taking a little walk around the ring, around his downed opponent as the fans buzz with excitement over what they're seeing.]

SA: And with a flurry of offense, Howie Somers has turned the tide in this one and now it may be Somers looking for a way to finish off Ohara and make himself a double champion!

[Trying to fight down the pain in his arm, Somers uses a handful of hair to drag Ohara up off the mat before he promptly smashes his skull into Ohara's, sending the champion falling back into the corner.]

SA: Ohara's stunned by that headbutt!

DW: He may be out on his feet, Sal!

SA: He sure could! Jordan Ohara has had three televised defenses of that National Title since regaining it at SuperClash. In two of them, there were moments where we believed we had a new champion crowned... could we be on the verge of seeing a new champion crowned for real this time?

[Somers takes another walk around the ring, breathing heavily as he swings his right arm around and around a few times...

...and then comes barreling into the corner!]

SA: CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER CONNECTS! CRUSHING OHARA AGAINST THE BUCKLES!

[Somers backs off, moving to mid-ring where he balls up his fists, pounding his chest a couple of times before charging back in...]

SA: AVALANCHE! 265 POUNDS IN THE CORNER!

[Somers backs off again, waving Ohara towards him. The Phoenix staggers out as Somers twists to the side, lifting Ohara up under his arm...

...and DRIVES him down with a ring-shaking side slam!]

SA: SLAMS HIM DOWN! SOMERS HOOKS THE LEG!

[The referee dives down to count!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

[But Ohara's shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the pin attempt!]

SA: ...AND OHARA GETS THE SHOULDER UP IN TIME!

[Somers smacks a hand down on the mat in frustration, rolling onto his knees as he looks down at Ohara.]

SA: Somers up off the mat, bringing Ohara up with him...

[One-half of the World Tag Team Champions pulls Ohara into a front facelock, setting for a vertical suplex...]

SA: ...suplex on the way from Somers...

[...and powers Ohara up into the air...

...almost.]

SA: Oh! He couldn't get him up!

[Somers steps back, grimacing as he shakes his arm...

...and then yanks Ohara back into the front facelock a second time, determined to get him up this time...]

SA: SUPLEX!

[...and he does but as he reaches the peak of the lift, Ohara twists, landing on his feet behind Somers, wrapping his arms around the 265 pound torso...]

SA: OHARA HOOKS HIM AND-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: GERMAN SUPLEX! ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[With the bridge, Ohara holds Somers' shoulders down...]

SA: He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[...until two and change when Somers shifts his body, breaking out of the bridge and escaping the pin attempt!]

SA: And this time, it's Somers who escapes the pin attempt! Back and forth they go... the Atlanta fans letting them hear their appreciation for this one.

[With both men down on the mat, the Power Hour audience climbs to their feet, cheering for both competitors!]

SA: Jordan Ohara and Howie Somers tearing down the house in the early moments of tonight's Power Hour as-

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

SA: And you heard it there, fans. Halfway home in the time limit for this one as Somers and Ohara do battle over the oldest prize in the American Wrestling Alliance - the National Title. The title held by names like Scott, Vasquez, Broussard, and so many others. It was May 24th, 2008 when Marcus Broussard defeated Mark Shaw at the very first Memorial Day Mayhem in the finals of a tournament to become the first man to wear the National Title. And nearly a decade later, Howie Somers is looking to become the 18th National Champion in that title's esteemed history.

[Somers pushes up with one arm, getting to his knees as Ohara sits up on the mat, shaking his head...]

SA: Both men trying to get up off the mat - fighting their way to their feet...

[...and as Ohara gets there, he finds Somers just a few seconds behind him...]

SA: Both men up... both men standing... both men-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -AND OHARA LIGHTS HIM UP WITH A KNIFE EDGE CHOP!

[Somers goes stumbling backwards from the impact of the blow across the chest as Ohara steadies himself, stepping forward and winding up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OHARA CONNECTS A SECOND TIME!

[...and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: And that one puts Somers back on the ropes!

[Grabbing the powerful arm of Howie Somers, Ohara looks to whip him across the ring...]

SA: Irish whi- reversed by Somers...

[...but the reversal from the big man sends Ohara across the ring instead. The champion bounces off the far side, rebounding back...]

SA: ...ducks the clothesline by Somers...

[...and hits the ropes again, bouncing off with more speed...]

SA: ...off the far side and...

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd reacts as Somers leaps off the mat, driving his shoulder into the rapidly-approaching Ohara, wiping the National Champion out with it!]

SA: COVER! COVER FOR THE TITLE!

[The referee dives down to count!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE!

DW: WE’VE GOT A NEW CHAMP!

[But Ohara’s shoulder comes flying up off the mat JUST before the three count falls!]

SA: Ohhh! So close right there! Howie Somers was a half count - maybe less - away from the National Title here on the Power Hour and these fans thought they were about to see the title change hands, Dee Dub!

DW: They’re not alone, Big Sal! I thought he had it won too!

[Somers pushes up to his knees, grabbing at his shoulder in pain, nodding his head at the cheering crowd...]

SA: Somers got close but couldn’t get all the way there but he’s got a shot now. He’s got an opportunity with Ohara stunned and hurting to finish him off and become a double champion here in Atlanta!

[...and climbs to his feet, nodding his head, reaching down to pull Ohara back to his feet...]

SA: Somers wasting no time! Looking to end it!

[...and with a shout, he reaches out with both arms, gripping Ohara under the armpits...]

SA: RYDEEN BOMB!

[...but in mid-lift, Somers cries out and has to drop Ohara back down to the mat. Somers throws a desperation clothesline that Ohara ducks under, wrapping his arms around Somers’ waist...]

SA: Waistlock by Ohara! Another German perhaps!

[...but the weary Ohara rushes forward instead, smashing Somers’ upper body into the turnbuckles...]

SA: TO THE BUCKLES! ROLLING BACK.. CRADLE!

[...and rolls Somers into a rolling reverse cradle!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

[The crowd reacts as Somers kicks out hard, sending Ohara flying forwards, crashing facefirst into the turnbuckles!]

SA: OHH! OHARA HITS THE CORNER!

[Somers scrambles up as Ohara staggers out, spinning towards his challenger who grips him under the armpits again...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RYDEEN BOMB PLANTS HIM! SOMERS HITS IT ALL!

[But the effort exerted on the powerbomb takes too much toll on the hurting arm of Somers who falls back onto the mat, grabbing his shoulder, wincing in pain...]

DW: He's gotta cover, Big Sal!

SA: He might win the title if he does! Somers down! Ohara down! Who can get up first and try to win this thing?!

[Somers rolls onto his hip, still grabbing at his shoulder as the weary National Champion rolls the other way, rolling right under the ropes to the apron where he ends up on his back, staring up at the lights as his chest heaves with exertion.]

SA: We're approaching the fifteen minute mark of this total battle for the National Title! Ohara's trying to recover on the apron... Somers is trying to smack some life into that arm and shoulder to see if he can finish off the Phoenix in this open challenge and win that title!

[Somers goes from his hip to his knee, looking out on Ohara as the crowd cheers both men on. With a nod, the Boston native climbs to his feet, slowly approaching the ropes where Ohara is still down on his back...]

SA: Somers trying to get Ohara back in... he's gotta be in the ring to beat him for the title...

[...and reaches over the top, grabbing for Ohara...]

SA: ...pulling Ohara back up off the-

[...but Ohara grabs the wrist of Somers, yanking down hard as he jumps off the apron while holding it!]

SA: OHHH! HE SNAPS THE ARM OVER THE TOP ROPE!

[Somers staggers backwards, crying out as he grabs the arm that Ohara worked on earlier. In a flash, Ohara is back on the apron near the corner and he's climbing...]

SA: Ohara's going for it! The Phoenix rising up the buckles in the corner!

[...and steps to the top rope, arms raised over his head as Somers slowly turns back towards him...]

SA: THE PHOENIX SOARS!

[...and Ohara leaps into the air, pumping his arms and legs as he catches Somers across the torso with a flying crossbody off the top!]

SA: PHOENIX FLAME! PHOENIX FLAME OFF THE TOP!

[Ohara snatches a leg, cradling it tightly as the referee drops down to count!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: HE GOT HIM!

[Somers kicks out a bit too late as Ohara slides off him, the crowd cheering the successful title defense loudly.]

SA: It was one heck of a battle but in the end, Jordan Ohara retains his title in this third televised defense of that crown.

DW: He's beaten Donovan, he's beaten Osborne, he's beaten Somers - this kid's on fire, Big Sal!

SA: You heard my partner, fans - Ohara es en fuego here in 2018 as he looks to restore some grandeur to the oldest title in the American Wrestling Alliance after it spent much of 2017 in the hands of that snake Jackson Hunter.

[Ohara regains his feet, grimacing as he holds the title over his head.]

TG: Your winner of the match... and STILL the AWA National Champion...

...JORRRRRDANNNNNN OOOOOOHAAAAA!

[Ohara grins at the crowd's reaction, nodding at the cheering Atlanta fans before making his way over towards the recovering Howie Somers who is grabbing at his arm.]

SA: Ohara walking over to Somers now... and there you go... another good show of sportsmanship.

[The crowd cheers as Ohara extends a hand to Somers who glares at it a moment before sighing, accepting the help back to his feet. He falls into an embrace with his friend.]

SA: We've seen these two team up before in six man tag team action and tonight, we've seen them go to war with one another. But through it all, their friendship remains and you love to see it.

[Somers grimaces as he lifts Ohara's hand in the hand, pointing to him and drawing more cheers for both fan favorites.]

SA: A great moment and one heck of a match to kick off what should be a tremendous night of action here in Atlanta on the Power Hour... and it looks like the champ is heading over to Theresa for a few words.

[Having exited the ring, Ohara is making his way up the stairs as we cut to Theresa.]

TL: Thanks, Sal... the champ is on his way, we'll give him a few moments to catch his breath but what a match that was - lemme hear it for them, Atlanta!

[The Center Stage fans erupt once again as a grinning Theresa nods.]

TL: Jordan, come on in here... that was quite a match we just witnessed.

[Breathing heavily and drenched in sweat but still smiling, the National Champion takes his spot on the stage at the interview podium with Theresa.]

JO: Thank you, Theresa. And I want to thank Howie Somers!

[Ohara points to the ring, clapping his hands as the fans do likewise.]

JO: You and I go way back and we've trained together hard! I appreciate you showing these people why you're one-half of the World Tag Team champions and why I am the AWA National Champion!

[Ohara grins, clapping for Somers again as Somers returns the favor from inside the ring.]

JO: We tore it up! And I look forward to tearing it up with you again.

[The champion turns back to the camera.]

JO: And anybody in the back who is thinking about answering the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge, this is the kind of competition I want. This is the kind of competition you should want!

[Jordan doubles over, holding his chest.]

JO: Howie man... damn... that was a helluva fight. Respect due. I almost feel sorry for Flint and Stephens.

[He straightens up, wincing.]

JO: Almost.

[The crowd laughs as Ohara grins.]

JO: Atlanta, I love you all... Chicago, I'll see you next weekend!

Oh, and Howie... do me a favor?

[Ohara smirks.]

JO: Stick to the tag team division please... I don't know if I can take another singles match with you.

[Somers chuckles inside the ring, giving a shrug as Ohara's music starts up and he makes his exit, leaving Theresa at the podium.]

TL: Jordan Ohara with a big win over Howie Somers... and while Jordan's looking ahead to a rematch with either Robert Donovan or Sid Osborne, Howie Somers is looking ahead to Next Gen's first title defense of 2018 when they take on the Soldiers of Fortune. Now, we've got a little news about that match later tonight but right now, let's talk about what else we're going to see here tonight - although I don't know if we can top what we just saw but we're sure as heck gonna try!

[A graphic comes up promoting the AWA Women's World Tag Team Title tournament.]

TL: This is the big one, right? The final two first round matches in the tournament to crown the first Women's World Tag Team Champions. The first match will see the veteran duo of the Serpentes take on the always-dangerous Seductive and Destructive. And in tonight's Main Event, we'll see the Country Punks take on the brand new squad of Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey... speaking of Kimmy Bailey...

[Theresa grins as the camera cuts to reveal AWA superstar Michelle Bailey sitting in the crowd amongst the fans to a huge cheers.]

TL: ...my good friend Michelle Bailey is in town promoting her new movie and said she wouldn't miss her chance to see her daughter in action later tonight plus who would want to miss the Power Hour!

[Theresa chuckles as the camera cuts back to her.]

TL: We've also got singles action with Odysseus Allah taking on Polemos... we've got the Women's Division on display with Betty Chang meeting Casey Cash... we've got the Run The Rankings with "Golden" Grant Carter taking on Omega. Plus so much more, I'm tired just thinking of it all...

[Theresa pauses.]

TL: Or maybe I'm just tired thinking about what's coming up right now. At this time...

[Theresa takes a deep breath, preparing for what's about to happen.]

TL: I'll be joined by a group with a big night ahead of them... E-Girl MAX.

[A loud squeal from young female fans is quickly drowned out by lower-pitched boos, as we see all four members of E-Girl MAX appear from behind the curtain. As they stand there posing and preening, we see P*WIN tag team and occasional AWA preliminary wrestlers, The Thompson Sisters, appear. The twins, dressed in identical pink E-Girl MAX Under Armour tracksuits, their brown hair tied in low pigtails with ribbons and wearing tiny succubus horns, literally roll out the red carpet for the quartet, leading up to the interview podium.

As Harley Hamilton and Cinder walk past them, the twins hand them their AWA Women's World Tag Team champions of the Universe title belts and their Golden Grapple awards for Best Female Tag Team. Harley's strawberry blonde hair looks a lot more ginger than usual as it cascades down to her shoulders. She is dressed like the hipster Ariel, wearing black framed glasses without any lenses, a purple corset top, and a sheer, metallic green dress that has sea-green ruffles at the bottom to resemble a mermaid's fin.

Cinder's hair is about as ginger as usual, but looks like it's been curled, making it look even more wild and out of control; over her red leather and black velvet ring gear is a dark green-blue plaid flannel shirt knotted around her waist like a kilt.

Kelly Kowalski is wearing a black leather jacket over a plain white t-shirt, and a pair of black Under Armour leggings. Her red hair is worn loose, but with a black ribbon around her hair tied in a bow at the top.

Casey Cash is wearing the official E-Girl MAX Under Armour hoodie over her ring gear, a pair of pink-rimmed heart-shaped sunglasses rests on the crown of her head, and her long, wavy brown hair gently rests on her shoulders. As the four reach the podium, Harley reaches out and runs her fingers through Casey's hair, causing Casey to giggle.]

TL: Who are they?

[Theresa points to The Thompson Sisters.]

KK: Pets.

[Harley pinches Kelly, who jumps and rubs her arm.]

KK: I mean... new friends.

CC [in a sing-songy voice]: Harrrrrrmony and Mellllllody...

[Casey smiles at the twins, who try not to giggle.]

CC: The Thompson Sisters, from P*WIN! Someday, they might have what it takes to run with us in the AWA.

[Harley pokes at the horns on one of the twins' heads.]

CC: Aren't they just the cutest? I dressed them myself. I made them horny today!

HH: You're so good at that!

[Theresa's jaw drops as she quickly steers the mic away from Cash.]

TL: I think that's enough about The Thompson Sisters for now. There are two big feature bouts containing your group tonight, but Casey, let's start with you. You're going up against Betty Chang in a challenge match.

[Casey rolls her eyes.]

TL: And by that motion, I can tell you're not exactly thrilled about it.

CC: Should I be? I mean, really. You know, there were some very rude people on Twitter who said that I just attacked Betty all unprovoked, and that I've been bullying her...

[Casey holds up a finger in protest.]

CC: But as I recall, it was Betty who attacked ME first! Right here, in this very studio, back in October! I was just doing what a good friend does; I came here as moral support for my friends, and she not only attacked me...

[Casey's eyes narrow as she leans in close to Theresa.]

CC: She ruined that Sailor V cosplay that took me weeks to prepare. Weeks!

[Harley gives a reassuring pat on the back as Cinder rubs Casey's shoulder. Kelly keeps her arms folded in the background.]

TL: Casey, you blatantly interfered in a-

CC: I did no such thing! And if we hadn't just switched television providers and weren't tangled up in clearance issues, I could show you the footage that proves it!

[Casey shrugs.]

CC: But we did. So I can't. Lost to history and YouTube bootlegs that get copyright striked all to heck.

TL: That is definitely not true. You could have talked to the producer to call it up.

[Casey shakes her head, laughing softly.]

CC: Oh, if Under Armour Digital Rights can't get me the footage, I don't know if Jeff could.

TL: His name is Michael.

CC: ... are you sure?

TL: I work directly with him. I think I'd know his name.

[Casey gives an unsure glance.]

CC: I have my doubts, Theresita. [Shakes her head.] Look, what does it matter? Betty attacked me first and I'm the one treated like I come from... from... Pittsburgh or something!

TL: What's wrong with Pittsburgh?

[Casey looks at Theresa in horror, then to Harley, who shakes her head, saying "It's okay, she doesn't understand". Casey looks back, trying not to sigh.]

CC: Here's what's important. That black belt bozo has no idea what's about to run her over in the ring. I've been training hard at the Under Armour Performance Center, and with the rest of E-Girl MAX with me, there's no way Betty Chang stands a chance!

[Harley and Cinder give each other a worried look, and Harley steps up to the microphone.]

HH: Casey, you do know we won't be out there with you, right?

[And with those words, all the arrogance in Casey's face drains out, as she stammers "You... you won't?"]

HH: Cindy and I have the tournament tonight and we need to concentrate on that.

C: An' I keep suggesting' we need nothing more than some lighter fluid, a box o' matches, an' an absolute, rock-solid, airtight alibi.

HH: Shhh! Don't give away our strategy!

[Cinder zips her lip, locks it, and throws away the key. Casey's bottom lip starts to quiver, and she bites it to stop from looking nervous.]

KK: Hey Pinkie... I ain't got nothin' goin' on tonight. So I got no problem goin' out and givin' Case' a hand, if ya want.

[There's a hopeful look on Casey's face, but Harley shakes her head.]

HH: Are you kidding me, Red? Are you trying to offend Casey or something? This is Betty Chang we're talking about. My sexy, firm, and toned right thigh is bigger than her! Do you actually think Casey needs help against the likes of her? She'll be fine!

[Harley grabs Casey by the shoulders.]

HH: Look, Casey, you can totally beat someone like Betty Chang on your own. There's no way she can handle an athlete of your caliber. Just go out there and do what we taught you, okay? We all believe in you!

[Casey nods, not seeming confident in herself in the slightest.]

HH: *I* believe in you.

[Casey starts to say something, but nods her head and shuffles off to the background. Theresa looks confused for a brief moment, before continuing on.]

TL: Well, um... Harley, you mentioned it, you and Cinder will be in the Women's World Tag Team Title Tournament quarterfinals against the Serpentes tonight as well and...

[Harley waves her hands.]

HH: Hey, before I speak my mind...

[She stares into the camera.]

HH: Listen up, Mister TV Director Man, before I say anything else... I want my name shown in chyron!

[Right on cue, a chyron reading "Harley Hamilton" appears on the screen.]

HH: And it better say "Founder of E-Girl MAX AND The Slam Sorority" underneath my name!

[The chyron disappears for a moment before it returns reading: "Harley Hamilton" with "Founder of E-Girl MAX and The Slam Sorority" written beneath it.]

C: An' I would appreciate "Made o' Solid Adamantium and 110% Certified Pure Dead Brilliant," if ye dunnae mind it, Mr. David Letters Man.

[The gang in the truck gets as far as, "MAD" before giving up and just adding, "Cinder."]

TL: "AND The Slam Sorority"?

HH: If they're gonna give us the credit for creating their little group, you better believe we'll take it! And believe me, Theresa, we DESERVE the credit. After all, the only reason this tag team tournament exists in the first place is because of us!

TL: That's a bold statement, Harley.

[Harley laughs.]

HH: Is it, though? Read the writing on the award, Theresa.

"Female Tag Team of the Year"

[She holds up her Golden Grapple to Theresa's face. Cinder does likewise.]

C: An' my dear Harley an' I should've been named tag team of the decade or century or millennium falcon, bytheway!

[Harley nods.]

HH: Cindy and I, singlehandedly legitimized the AWA Women's Tag Team Division and now all these Jenny-come-latelys want to swoop in like a bunch of vultures and piggyback off our hard work?

C: "Oh, the tag team titles have always been our dream! Oh, we've always wanted to team with each other!" Awwwww, is it, aye?

HH: Before Seductive & Destructive existed, the AWA Women's World Tag Team titles were just a dream...

C: ...and weh proved that there is nae a step quite like takin' things a wee step beyond!

[The duo simultaneously hold up their "AWA World Tag Team champions of the Universe" title belts into the air.]

HH: Where would the rest of the women of the AWA be without our brilliant guidance? Where would they be without us to constantly inspire them? Do you honestly think the likes of Trash Wallace or Laura Davis could ever come up with an original idea with those shriveled prunes they call brains?

CC: Usually they eat prunes, now they're thinking with them!

TL: I noticed you didn't mention Carolina Colton.

HH: Who?

KK: Ya know, that scrawny 98 pound powerlifter.

C: Aye, thing-a-ma-jig wot dresses like a Super Nintendo game box.

[Harley rolls her eyes and sarcastically claps.]

HH: Oh, her. Bra-vo. "Look at me, I'm special because I'm from Canada and I've worked all my life to be as strong as a normal-sized person!" That's about as useless as being the smartest Peach Pit or the best looking Rage.

TL: Carolina Colton is not 98 pounds. And she's quite a bit stronger than a "normal-sized person".

HH: Theresita, I say this with all sincerity... no one cares.

C: What are ye, sookin' up tae Caroleena Coco Butta' now?

[Casey nudges Harley.]

CC: Hey Harley, do you know what they call the best looking Rage?

HH: No, what?

[Dramatic pause.]

CC: Adopted!

[The quartet, along with The Thompson Sisters burst out in laughter. Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: All joking aside, you and Cinder still have to get past The Serpentes, who hold quite a size and power advantage over you two.

HH: Really? We're gonna do this?

TL: What? It's a valid statement.

HH: You're going to tell me that we should be worried about The Serpentine's size "advantage"? Their power "advantage"? Why aren't we discussing their brain DISADVANTAGE???

CC: They have, like, half the brain you do!

C: Aye, they were once mates with Lorne Rake; that establishes a baseline of them being nothin' less than absolute, weapons-grade, knuckle-brained bampots!

HH: If we put the two of them together, they'd still be one and a half brains down! Let me remind you, we were the minds brilliant enough to outrun, outgun, outman and OUTPLAN the entire Women's Division!

C: An' in all fairness, that is nae a high bar to clear.

HH: And besides their massive brain disadvantage, I haven't even gotten to the absolutely HUMONGOUS advantages Cindy and I hold over those two in skill, speed, technique, toughness, body odor, style, outward beauty, inner beauty, and... and...

[Harley snaps her fingers repeatedly, trying to come up with one more.]

HH: Cindy... name something else we're better at than The Serpentine's!

C: Cuddling!

HH: Hell yeah! No one gives cuddles better than we do!

[Casey perks up, nodding her head vigorously, with a series of "mm hmm!" to affirm Harley's statement being heard from her. Harley then turns to the camera.]

HH: Listen up and listen good, people! This is Day 147 of the never-ending, eternal title reign of your undefeated, unpinned, unsubmitted, undisputed World Tag Team champions of the Universe! And you better believe these are the most relevant and important titles in the AWA! Why? Because Seductive & Destructive, the most relevant and important tag team in professional wrestling, holds them! And thank your lucky stars, when we win this tournament, when we unify the AWA World Tag Team titles with our own, they'll become the most relevant and important titles in the history of professional wrestling!

KK: Even bigger than the IIWF World title?

HH: WAY BIGGER!

[Kelly makes a low whistle.]

TL: Well, I guess that answers that. Well, Harley... Cinder, good luc-

[Just then, Harley cuts Theresa off.]

HH: Woah there, Reese baby, we're not quite done here.

[Harley holds out her hand as one of the Thompson twins hands her a wrapped gift with a card. She hands it over to Theresa, who holds it with some apprehension.]

TL: What's this?

HH: An early wedding gift!

CC: Surprise!

TL: You're kidding, right? A gift from all of you? Am I going to open this and get hit in the face with a glitter bomb or something? No, seriously, am I going to open it and see a dead bird?

[Harley rolls her eyes.]

HH: Oh my goooosh... just open it!

CC: Yeah, open it!

[E-Girl MAX, The Thompson Sisters, and surprisingly, even the crowd begin to chant "O-PEN IT! O-PEN IT!" at Theresa, who sighs and relents.]

TL: Fine.

[Theresa cautiously tears open the wrapping paper and lifts the lid from the box. Her eyes open wide and a shocked expression appears on her face before she quickly shuts the lid and carefully puts the gift down.]

TL: You didn't.

HH: We did!

TL: You couldn't have...

CC: We could!

TL: But how?

[Harley twirls a strand of hair around her finger, acting coy.]

HH: Oh, I just asked a close, personal friend of mine. You might know him. After all, you're going to be marrying him!

TL: He didn't.

C: Heh did!

TL: I'm going to kill him.

CC: Oh! Oh! Read the card!

[Casey and The Thompson Sisters start chanting "READ THE CARD!"]

TL: Alright, alright... I'll read the card.

C: I wrote it me'self!

[Theresa makes a face, as she takes the card out of the envelope and begins to read it. After moment, she puts a hand to her mouth and blinks away tears.]

TL: Oh my god... this is beautiful.

C: Aye, I'm pretty handeah wit a writing stick when et mattahs!

KK: You mean a pen?

C: That'd be it.

HH: I knew she'd love it! Well girls, we have matches to get ready for. Let's go!

[E-Girl MAX walks off as a teary Theresa calls out to them.]

TL: Hey! You can't just do this to me and walk away like that! This isn't fair!

[The scene fades out...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we're back at the interview podium where Theresa Lynch is standing by with Rory Smythe - all golden tanned skin, hazel eyes and wavy, dark brown hair, closely-cropped around the sides and back. His muscular physique fills a black suit, over a white shirt and black tie.]

TL: Welcome back to the Power Hour.. and Rory Smythe, despite your apparent reluctance to return to in-ring action here in America, I guess a welcome back is still in order—

RS: Reluctance, Theresa? That's not true at all! I am a young man at the PEAK of physical fitness, an athlete on his ascendancy... One opportunity away from being at

the top of this sport! I'm never - and have never - been one to shy away from in-ring competition!

All I did was to suggest ... To Interim President Zharkov ... To the Championship Committee ... To the powers that be that one of London's own should be a marquee attraction for The Battle of London.

[Smythe shrugs.]

RS: Sure, someone like Raphael Rhodes gets the honor of being Juan Vasquez's opponent for his retirement match, but Rory Smythe?

Rory Smythe is the name ... Rory Smythe is the face ... Rory Smythe is THE MAN who can help the AWA sell out Wembley Stadium... never mind the Wembley Arena or the O2!

[The fans get on Smythe's case a bit for his arrogance.]

RS: Which is not to say I consider myself above an appearance on the Power Hour. After all, who better personifies power than "Great Britain's Greatest" Rory Smythe?

And now, after a far-too-long absence, you, Theresa, and all these fans get to behold that POWER that I plan to indiscriminately exercise on that poor soul in the ring right now!

[He holds up a finger.]

RS: But, before I do that, to go back to the subject of The Battle of London just for a moment: last week saw the announcement of something called the Royal Crown tournament which will take place just over two months from now when the AWA returns to good ol' England.

Now, I don't know about you, Theresa, but if the suits are having difficulty planning a Main Event around yours truly at The Battle of London, then I'll just have to find some other way to headline the show!

I don't know what the Royal Crown tournament will entail, but I WANT IN!

[Smythe's tone softens as he smirks at the camera.]

RS: After all, you don't get any more ROYAL than "Her Majesty's Might" ... Rory ... Smythe!

[And just like that, Smythe turns and leaves the stage.]

TL: Rory Smythe making his return to the AWA and making a bold proclamation as well - he wants in that Royal Crown tournament at the Battle of London and now he steps into the ring to show if he deserves to be there. Tyler, my friend... it's all yours.

[We cut to the ring, where Tyler Graham is standing by alongside a lean and lanky young man with pale skin and shoulder-length reddish-brown hair. He is dressed in red tights and white boots.]

TG: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, hailing from Lexington, Kentucky and weighing in at 210 pounds... Bryan Byrd!

[We barely hear Graham's announcement, as the crowd is abuzz due to the arrival of Rory Smythe at ringside. He hastily unbuttons his suit jacket and the cuffs of his

shirt, and, grabbing hold of the suit lapels, tears the suit and the shirt apart, to reveal his bare torso. Smythe then grabs the waist of his pants and tears them off, leaving him in his ring attire of a plain pair of black trunks and matching knee pads and boots. He sprints up the ring steps, wipes the soles of his boots on the canvas and, without waiting for Tyler Graham, steps through the ropes and charges towards Byrd, who tries to rush Smythe, but gets knocked down with a shoulder block for his trouble.]

DW: Tyler Graham's getting out of dodge and the official calls for the bell!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Here we go! Rory Smythe was in there like a house on fire and... Sweet Santa Maria, now he's just laying the boots on young Bryan Byrd!

[Getting tired from stomping the life out of the young man, Smythe motions for Byrd to get up, which Byrd does not seem capable of doing at the moment. Instead, Her Majesty's Might reaches down, grabs an arm and pulls Byrd to his feet. He pulls him into a front facelock and, with some assistance from a handful of tights, lift Byrd up, so that he is held upside down and vertical in the air.]

SA: Pure power on the part of Rory Smythe, muscling his opponent up into the air for... a vertical suplex, I think.

DW: He's just holdin' him there, Sal! Look at the strength!

SA: He called himself Great Britain's Greatest here tonight but in the past, we've referred to him as Her Majesty's Might... and it's that might that's on display right now as he keeps holding and holding...

DW: We've gotta be at about ten seconds now! All the blood rushing to the head of Bryan Byrd!

SA: ..and DOWN they finally go hard on the canvas. Impressive power on the part of Smythe, floating into a cover here...

[But Smythe pulls Byrd up in mid-count, yanking his shoulder off the mat and wagging a finger at the official.]

SA: I don't know if he could've gotten the pin off that one suplex, Dee Dub, but he wanted to make sure of it... and now he's telling referee Scott Ezra that he's not done quite yet.

[Pulling Byrd up off he mat, Smythe smirks at the jeering crowd as he picks his opponent up, pressing him overhead into a gorilla press and then starts stomping exaggeratedly around the ring, pausing each time to lower and lift Byrd in an overhead press.]

SA: Glory to Hanuman! Yet another show of might by Her Majesty's Might with these overhead gorilla presses...

[He steps to mid-ring, pressing to full extension one final time...

...and then DROPS Byrd gutfirst across a bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Right down on the midsection... that'll knock all the wind out of the sails of Bryan Byrd, I do believe. This one could be on the verge of ending already, Dee Dub.

DW: I think it's all over but the shoutin', Big Sal. Smythe's got this one well in hand.

[Staying on one knee, Smythe flexes his arms, showing off his physique to the crowd getting more agitated by the moment. He throws loving looks at his own well-developed biceps as he puts his muscles on display and then throws his arms out to the his sides, holding out his hands in two thumbs up. With a grin, he moves his arms up and down and shouts "Who's up for the Hayden Hoist? Who's up for the Hayden Hoist?"]

DW: Come on now, Rory! He's done! Just put him away already!

SA: I believe that's his intent right about now, Dee Dub.

[Smythe gets to his feet and suddenly his face is grim. He points at Byrd, who has rolled onto his hands and knees, and snarls, "This fool is!"]

SA: Smythe is stalking Byrd, looking for the Hayden Hoist, named, of course, after his first trainer and mentor, "Prince" Colin Hayden.

DW: Smythe has Byrd on his feet— Oof! An errant elbow catches Smythe by surprise!

SA: Byrd takes a wild swing! Smythe ducks!

[Byrd's wild swing has him spun around, which leaves him vulnerable to a waistlock from behind. Smythe picks him up and, as he does so, hooks Byrd's inside leg with one arm, before falling backwards into a bridge.]

SA: Belly-to-back cradle suplex bridged into a pin! That's one! That's two!

"DING! DING! DING!"

DW: Rory Smythe gains a victory in his return to Stateside. Here's Tyler Graham to confirm it!

[Graham's voice rings out.]

TG: Your winner, by pinfa-

[Graham's announcement is interrupted by the horns introducing "The World is Not Enough" by Garbage, from the 1999 James Bond movie of the same name.]

DW: What's this now? Who's mu-

SA: Over there! At the top of the aisle, Dee Dub! Look! That's...

DW: Big Sal, that's Xenia Sonova!

[Indeed, Sonova has emerged through the entranceway. She has on a long red dress, embroidered with a floral motif. Sonova stands at the top of the aisle, one hand on her hip, looking out at the ring where Rory Smythe has his arm raised by the referee.]

SA: Sonova's been acting very mysterious as of late around her friend Margarita Flores... could this be why? Does she have some connection with...?

[Smythe roughly yanks his arm away from the official, walking over to the side of the ring closest to the entranceway. He rests his elbows on the top rope and smiles

at Sonova. She returns the smile ever so slightly, and nods, which seems to cue Smythe to step through the ropes, walk down the ring steps and up the aisle towards her.]

SA: Xenia Sonova channelling Sophie Marceau as Elektra King ... She's been talking about guiding a new client, Dee Dub. More importantly, she's mentioned a new love, breaking the hearts of so many Sonovan shippers! Is Rory Smythe the client? Does Her Majesty's Might have a different queen of his heart?

[Sonova and Smythe stand at the top of the aisle. They stare into each other's eyes, before turning away to look out at the fans, Smythe with a sly smirk. Even as "The World is Not Enough" continues to play, we fade to black...

...and then fade back up on a very opulent looking room. Chandeliers of crystal hang from the ceiling. Artwork lines the walls. A red carpet runs from one end of the room to the other where we see an extravagant golden throne with someone not quite visible seated in it.

The sounds of some unknown light classical music play in the background, they kind you might expect in a restaurant that costs way more than you thought it might.

Cut to a shot over the throne, showing a poof of white hair in view as someone steps before it, clearing their throat...]

"Ahem... and so it is declared on this day at this time that Saturday, April 28th, the American Wrestling Alliance will come forth from the United States to put on a professional wrestling event here in London at the famous O2 Arena - an event to be known as "The Battle of London."

[There are mutters of assent from around the rule.]

"It is further declared that on that night - some of the greatest professional wrestlers in the world will gather for a one night tournament.

And to the victor goes... The Royal Crown."

[We cut to another shot of a dazzling gold, ruby, and diamond crown being placed on a marble pedestal. There are more mutters of approval from around the room...

...and the white-haired woman sitting on the throne rises from her seat, raising her arms for silence before speaking in a voice that a wise-eared person might think is at least a passable imitation of the Queen of England.]

"Let the battle begin."

[We get a quick montage of shots of AWA wrestlers in action...

...and then cut to a black screen with the logo for "The Battle of London" along with all the information about the coming event...

...and as we fade back up on the interview platform and Theresa Lynch, she begins speaking.]

TL: Rory Smythe with an impressive return to action here on the Power Hour.. and with the apparent revelation that Xenia Sonova is his new guiding light, that makes for a very daunting threat for many in the AWA. And of course, he made it clear that he would like to be a part of the Royal Crown tournament on April 28th in London, England... just about two months away at The Battle of London. But-

"WHEEEEEEEEEEE DOGGY!"

[Theresa puts her hand on her forehead, muttering something indecipherable under her breath.]

TL: I suppose I'll be joined in a moment.

[Theresa looks off-screen and sighs, as Smasher Salazar walks onto the set, wearing a tattered black duster, black T-shirt, and jeans heavily stained with dirt, paint, and what one suspects to be blood. He also wears black motorcycle boots, and carries a wound bullwhip on his left shoulder, along with a noose worn around his neck to go with his black bandana. He has long, stringy black hair, and he has a taped glass bottle with a visibly worn Dr Pepper logo on the front, and he spits into it as he nods at Theresa.]

TL: Smasher, I'm surprised to see you.

SS: Well I don't know why you goldanged would be, lil' Reeseey. I told you I'd be here to start collectin' some scratch.

TL: But you're also not scheduled to participate on today's card.

[Smasher cackles, a little dribble of tobacco spit running down the corner of his mouth.]

SS: Like I'm goin' to let that stop me from showin' up! You name a time some kind of dadgum lawman...

[Smasher looks towards the camera.]

SS: Or lawlady, I ain't goin' to judge how some lady makes her greenbacks.

[And back to Theresa.]

SS: ... is goin' to stop me from doin' what business needs doin'!

TL: Didn't you just serve time in the, as you put it, "clink"?

[Smasher's eyes narrow.]

SS: Don't you bring up no dadgum uncomfortable memories, girlie. I'm an upstandin' citizen. Don't you see me wearin' my tie?

[Smasher points to the noose, then stares at Theresa and spits into the bottle. He continues to stare as he loads up his lip with more tobacco. It's clear his feelings have been hurt by being reminded of being a common criminal.]

TL: Well, um... okay, let's try this. There seems to be a stark increase in bounty hunters around the AWA. You show up, then Masks for Money have been attacking Ryan Martinez. Is there a connection?

[Back to the cackle from Smasher, and a fresh stream of spit down the chin.]

SS: Shoot, no. Not like there ain't a lot of money in that gig, I bet you. I don't got much trust in people who got to wear no goldurn masks, though. Besides, I ain't all that interested in Ryan Martinez. Most of the people who stick their snotbox in his business end up on a missin' poster. That ain't good for my business to be messin' in his business, at least it ain't yet. If someone coughs up the right stinkin' cash, though? Then we're talkin'.

TL: So what is good for your business?

[Smasher smiles with tobacco-stained teeth.]

SS: Hurtin' the right kind of people. And you know what the best dadgum quality to have when you're a man like me is?

[Smasher spits into the bottle, as Theresa looks at him.]

SS: Bein' patient and waitin' for the nibble on the hook. You take care of yourself, Reese. But if'n you need someone to take care of some things...

[Smasher nods at Theresa again.]

TL: Right, right, get in touch with you. I don't have your number, though.

SS: Oh, that ain't no problem. Just shout for ol' Smasher to bust up some dadgum fool and it'll get to me.

[Smasher cackles to himself as he walks off screen.]

TL: ... I guess that's a small comfo-

"HEY! YOU SHUT YOUR STINKIN' PIEHOLE!"

[We hear a whip crack and a man shout in pain as Theresa sighs.]

TL: Well, it WAS a small comfort. Fans, let's go back down to the ring.

[We fade from Theresa who is shaking her head to the ring where a beaming Tyler Graham gets to work.]

TG: The next match is scheduled for one fall with a 10 minute time limit. Introducing first... to my left, from Sparks, Nevada and weighing 235 pounds... here is Victor Brown!

[A man with a lean build, long blonde hair and dressed in a pair of red tights with black trim raises his arms in the air and smiles.]

"The Man" by The Killers starts up over the PA system and, on the video wall, we see a red Ford Mustang convertible driving down a street. As it comes closer, we see the driver's face, it freezes, the song kicks in full and the shot is replaced with these words in white lettering:

"BIG MAN ON CAMPUS"]

TG: And his opponent... accompanied by his manager, "The Professional" Dave Cooper, hailing from Ann Arbor, Michigan, and weighing 325 pounds... he calls himself "The Big Man On Campus"...

TREY CARSON!

[Dave Cooper is first to come out, dressed in a light blue button-down shirt and a pair of brown slacks. Right behind him comes Trey Carson, the same man you saw driving the Mustang. Carson has dark brown hair cut into a flat top and a goatee. He wears a black singlet with the words "BIG MAN ON CAMPUS" in white lettering, black tights and wrestling boots. He also wears black, fingerless gloves on both hands. Carson also wears sunglasses.]

SA: Trey Carson, the man who calls himself The Big Man on Campus, has certainly been that thus far, as he remains undefeated on the Power Hour.

DW: Trey has looked really impressive, but the question is what happens when he steps in the ring against some of the more experienced members of the AWA roster.

SA: I do look forward to that day, Dylan, but for now, it's going to be this young man from Nevada who gets his shot at Trey Carson.

[Cooper leads Carson down the aisle, the two taking a methodical pace. When the duo reaches the ring, Cooper ascends the ring steps and ducks between the ropes, while Carson grabs the top rope and uses it to pull himself up to the apron. He keeps his grasp on the top rope and steps over it.]

SA: As always, Trey just steps over that top rope, as if he's trying to intimidate his opponent.

DW: Give that young man credit from Nevada credit, though. I don't see any indications that he's backing down.

[Indeed, Brown's smile is gone, but his eyes remain focused on Carson walks to the center of the ring, raises his right hand, curls into a fist, and extends his pointer, letting the crowd know who is number one. Cooper applauds Carson, who lowers his arm and turns to face his manager, then the two men bump fists. Carson then removes his sunglasses.]

SA: You were asking a couple of weeks ago who could be the first to step up to the challenge that Trey Carson presents. What if it were to be Victor Brown?

DW: Wouldn't that be something, Sal?

SA: Let's find out what happens as this match gets underway.

[Cooper steps through the ropes as Carson turns to face Brown. The bell rings and Brown immediately charges Carson, firing off several shots.]

SA: And look at this! Brown taking the fight right to The Big Man!

[But Carson just stares back at Brown, then grabs him by the hair, bends him over and drives a blow right to his upper back.]

SA: And that didn't last long.

DW: Look at Trey delivering more shots to the back! Brown goes right down to his knees!

[Cooper applauds his charge, then points into the ring and speaks to Carson.

"Show 'em how it's done, Big Man."]

SA: Carson now picking up Brown... drapes him over his shoulder.

[Carson then walks around the ring with Brown still draped over his shoulder, the smaller wrestler trying to squirm free.]

DW: Look at the power, Sal! He's carrying him around like he's weightless!

SA: Carson putting on quite a show and...

[Carson then stops, taking Brown and delivering a hard slam right to the canvas.]

SA: ...he puts him down the hard way!

[Brown rolls on the canvas in pain and Carson kneels down, grabbing his opponent by the hair.]

SA: And now Carson dragging Brown up again... he's got him set up now...

[Carson bends Brown forward, hooking him around the waist, then hoisting him up and over.]

SA: ...and it's a gutwrench suplex! He took him over with ease!

DW: Again, like he was weightless! It's like the baker who just picks up a bag of flour and throws it right onto the pile!

[Outside the ring, Cooper nods in approval and motions to Carson.

"Put him over the rope!]

SA: And Cooper directing his charge... Carson shoving Brown chest first over the second rope and... LOOK OUT!

[Carson then runs to the opposite side of the ring, comes charging back, leaps into the air and drops his weight across Brown's back.]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! That's 325 pounds right across the back!

DW: This one might be over already!

[Carson shoves Brown to the mat, rolls him over, then makes the cover.]

SA: It could be... it might be... it...

[But after a two count, Carson grabs Brown and pulls him off the mat.]

SA: It would have been, if not for Carson pulling Brown up! What is he doing?

[Outside the ring, Cooper chuckles and nods his head.

"That's right, it's not over until we say it's over."]

SA: Cooper might want The Big Man to leave an impression, but hasn't he done enough already?

DW: Trey Carson is an impressive man, but there's something to be said about not being a bully!

[Carson lifts Brown off the mat and holds him perpendicular in front of him.]

SA: What could Trey possibly have planned now?

[That's when we find out, as Carson drops down to one knee, bending the other forward and driving Brown's back across it.]

SA: Backbreaker! More damage done to the back and spine!

[Carson shoves Brown to the canvas, then drops down to both knees but doesn't cover.]

SA: What is he doing now? He could cover him right now if he wanted to!

[Carson then lifts up a hand and slaps it right across Brown's face.]

SA: Now he's just humiliating Brown!

DW: And Brown's in no position to resist! Like I said, there's something to be said about not being a bully!

[Outside the ring, Cooper chuckles again, then points to the ring.

"Come on, Big Man! Show them another one!"]

SA: And Dave Cooper is taking pleasure in how Carson is just humiliating this young man! What more could Carson possibly want to do?

[Carson drags Brown to his feet, then shoves him into a corner.]

SA: Now Carson has Brown in the corner and... oh, come on, the referee has to stop this!

[Carson has stretched his right leg and shoved his boot into Brown's face.]

DW: The referee putting that count on him... Carson better watch the count!

[At the count of four, Carson pulls his foot away and his leg down, but then is quick to lift the leg back up again.]

SA: Come on! Carson taking complete advantage of the situation! I don't like this one bit!

DW: The feeling would be mutual, Sal!

[Once again, the referee puts the count on Carson, who breaks at four, then steps forward, reaches out with his hand and slaps Brown in the face.]

SA: Once again, Trey Carson is humiliating his opponent! Completely uncalled for!

[Outside the ring, Cooper laughs, smiles and speaks to his charge.

"Put him out of his misery, Big Man!"]

SA: One can only hope that Carson is going to do exactly what Cooper says.

[Carson then grabs Brown by the throat and drags him to the center of the ring.]

DW: If what's coming next is what I expect it to be, Carson may be doing what Cooper says.

[Carson holds Brown around the throat for several seconds, then wraps his other hand around the throat, lifts him up and releases him into a sidewalk slam position and drives him into the canvas.]

SA: And there's the Bottom Line, at long last.

DW: As you might say, boom goes...

SA: Apologies for interrupting, Dylan, but I won't dignify it with that saying.

[Meanwhile, Carson covers his opponent and, this time, the three count is delivered.]

SA: Mercifully, this one is over.

[The bell rings and Cooper heads over to the ring steps, ascending them as the decision is announced.]

TG: The winner of the match... "The Big Man on Campus" Trey Carson!

[Carson then drags Brown off the canvas by the hair.]

SA: He's still not finished with him? Come on, the match is over!

[Carson then takes Brown and hurls him over the top rope to the floor.]

SA: It's not enough that you've beaten Victor Brown, but you want to humiliate him some more?

DW: One can only hope that somebody will step up and do something about this, Sal! I can only imagine what some of the guys in the back are thinking right now!

[In the ring, the referee admonishes Carson, who returns a hard glare. Cooper stares at the referee and waves him off, then raises The Big Man's hand, the fans booing.]

SA: Trey Carson picks up another win but, as talented as he is, I don't like his attitude one bit. And I agree, Dylan, that I can only imagine what others in the AWA are thinking. Well, one man who I have absolutely no desire to know what he's thinking is the Shadow Wolf, Takeshi Mifune, who has been tormenting wrestlers in and out of the ring for decades now. Tonight, we're going to see him here in singles action against one-half of the World Tag Team Champions, Daniel Harper... and like it or not, Mifune-san has decided to let us all know exactly what's on his mind before he faces that stiff challenge. Take a look...

[The scene opens somewhere backstage, where we see Takeshi Mifune, sitting in front of an empty black void. He is dressed in his usual ring attire: plain black trunks and wrestling shoes. The top of his head bears the still healing cut he suffered during the brawl between nearly all the AWA tag teams on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. The grizzled veteran grappler has a stern expression on his face, staring menacingly into the camera.]

Mifune: Daniel Harper. Young. Arrogant. Ignorant. I trained you. I blessed you with the gift of rising above your pathetic vessel to become something greater than you ever were. And it took you to heights and success you would not have achieved on your own. Yet you repay that kindness with disrespect. But my eyes...

[He points to his eyes, which despite Mifune's weathered, battle-scarred form, remain vibrant and filled with fire.]

Mifune: ... these eyes that have witnessed so much violence and brutality, they can see clearly through you, Harper-san.

You lack the soul of a true warrior.

[Mifune leans forward, his voice dripping with disdain.]

Mifune: You judge me by your standards, but I cannot be judged like a pitiful normal human. We are not the same. You. Your friend Somers.

WE ARE NOT THE SAME!

None of you can even begin to comprehend what I am.

I only live and breathe to fight!

It is my existence! I only exist for battle! For victory! TO WIN! You do not know how I live! You could never understand it! You could not survive the way I live!

[Mifune's eyes narrow as he locks his gaze into the camera.]

Mifune: It is a fact that you cannot escape. In this world, where the strong eat the weak, a lamb protesting to a wolf that they are not prey does not mean they can do anything to avoid their fate. And you, the young lamb in wolf's clothing... you will be devoured like all the rest, Harper-san.

[With a smug grin, Mifune leans back in his chair, exuding confidence.]

Mifune: No one can touch me, and certainly not a pitiful sheep like you.

[Mifune leans forward one last time, his eyes burning with intensity.]

Mifune: So, Harper-san, prepare yourself. Accept your fate as my prey, because when we step into that ring, this predator will claim his rightful place. I am Takeshi Mifune...

...and I am ichiban!

[The camera slowly zooms out as Mifune's intense gaze remains fixed on the camera as we fade out.

After a moment, the ESPN 30 For 30 logo comes up on the screen with the words "COMING IN EARLY 2018."

We come up on a shot of Lori Dane - a talking head shot.]

LD: They told me repeatedly - "there's no room for women's wrestling in the AWA." It wasn't even up for debate really. I mean... I wasn't surprised. Look at what happened in the E.

[We get a brief still photo publicity photo shot of "Luscious" Lori Dane holding the EMWC Women's Title.]

LD: Yeah, I held the title but for the life of you, could anyone remember who I beat for it? Or if I even defended it on TV? I was a house show gimmick. Someone they could trot out there to get whistled at and make the guys drop money for bikini 8X10s at intermission.

[Cut to a talking head of former AWA competitor Melissa Cannon.]

MC: Most of the talented women's wrestlers in the 80s and 90s were in Japan. There were a handful here but for every Jessica Starbird, you had an "Erotic" Erin. For every Lori Dane, a Satin Sheets. The women in the States were being treated as a sideshow and everyone knew it. The Throbbing Mattress Kittens? Give me a [BLEEPING] break!

[Cut to Laura Davis with a smirk on her face.]

LD: The UWF took it pretty seriously but very few other places did. Even the so-called biggest promotions on the planet didn't give us the time of day. Hell, some

of the best women were better in the ring than the top men at times... but you'd never know it by the way they promoted us.

[Back to Dane.]

LD: I was a friggin' co-owner of the company and I still couldn't get it done for a long damn time. But when it changed...

[Dane raises her eyebrows as we fade to a graphic that says "THE BIRTH OF THE AWA WOMEN'S DIVISION."

The "Coming Soon" graphic returns for a moment...

...and then back to black. As we come back up from black, we are back at the Power Hour interview podium where we find Theresa Lynch with Daniel Harper. The Next Gen member is dressed in his wrestling attire, a white singlet with the letters "NG" on the front in navy blue lettering, plus navy blue tights, white kneepads and wrestling boots. He also wears a navy blue vest. He wears his half of the AWA World Tag Team Titles around his waist.]

TL: Daniel Harper, in just a matter of moments you will be facing Takeshi Mifune in singles action. After what happened on Saturday Night Wrestling last week, some are wondering what prompted you to lash out at Takeshi Mifune. What do you have to say about that?

[Harper nods.]

DH: Theresa, I've heard from more than one person saying I got hot under the collar -- that I opened my mouth without thinking. That I shouldn't have been disrespectful of a man like Mifune. And maybe I did get mouthy... but you have to understand a few things first.

You see, when Howie and I trained with Bret Grayson, then with Takeshi Mifune, I heard more than once that Mifune had his doubts! That he doubted we were up to the task at SuperClash! That he doubted we could beat the Soldiers of Fortune on their terms! That he doubted whether or not Howie and I could ever get the tag team belts back!

Well, Mifune, we took that training seriously and you saw exactly what went down at SuperClash! I thought that might have settled those doubts, even as I know that you and Bret looked forward to having the first crack at our tag team titles!

[Harper shakes his head.]

DH: But what Howie said to you wasn't about looking ahead. It wasn't about cockiness or arrogance. It was about confidence! And even though my friend didn't beat Jordan Ohara earlier tonight, all you had to do was listen to him, then watch him in the ring, and that told you all you needed to know about his confidence!

And the same goes for me! I'm confident that Howie and I will find a way to prevail against the Soldiers of Fortune when that rematch comes! I'm confident we'll go from there to beat any other challengers that come our way! And I'm confident that there will be a day when we meet you and Bret, and it will be Howie and I defending those belts against you!

And I'm just as confident about winning tonight's match! Because as talented as you are, as much as you've seen in your career, I've learned more about what it takes to be one of the greats in wrestling, and to have confidence that I'll make that a reality!

But if you're still having doubts, I can promise you this, Mifune... after our match tonight, I will have silenced those doubts!

[He then departs the interview set.]

TL: You can tell Daniel Harper is fired up, but the question is, will he be up to the task of a singles match? Tyler, the floor is yours, my friend.

[We fade to the ring to Tyler Graham.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time... from Yokohama, Japan... weighing in at 235 pounds... he is the Shadow Wolf..

...TAKESHI MIIIIFUUUUNEEEE!

[Mifune stands in his corner, a black towel hanging around his neck as he glares towards the entrance steps where Daniel Harper is approaching.]

TG: And his opponent... making his way towards the ring... from El Paso, Texas... weighing in at 230 pounds... he is one-half of the AWA World Tag Team Champions...

...DANIELLLL HARRRRRPERRRRRR!

[Harper is all business as he heads towards the ring, slapping a hand or two but keeping his eyes on his very dangerous opponent.]

SA: Daniel Harper getting set to take on the Shadow Wolf, Takeshi Mifune... and this should be a very interesting battle.

DW: Maybe a little sneak preview of the eventual showdown between Next Gen and the Gold Standard we've been promised.

SA: Harper and Mifune crossed paths on last week's Saturday Night Wrestling and... this singles match tonight is the result of that conflict.

[Reaching the ring, Harper jogs up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes where he quickly removes his entrance vest, tossing it aside as he points a threatening finger at Mifune who smirks... and then hurls his towel across the ring at Harper. The crowd "oooohs" as Harper throws the towel down, looking to step out of his corner and attack before the official cuts him off, forcing him to stay back in the corner.]

SA: The hot temper of Daniel Harper and the stoic sadism of Takeshi Mifune are set to collide... and this one seems like it might boil over at any moment.

DW: You get the feeling someone might get hurt in this one, Big Sal.

SA: The referee trying to keep control until the bell rings. And at that point, all bets are off.

[The official forces Harper into his corner, giving him a few final words before stepping out to the middle of the ring where he takes a deep breath and then signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, the two competitors step from their respective corners out to the middle of the ring, locking eyes with one another.]

SA: Eye to eye, face to face... one-half of the World Tag Team Champions, Daniel Harper, is set to take on Takeshi Mifune, the Shadow Wolf here tonight... and there's a chill in the air between these two, Dee Dub.

DW: Well, look, Big Sal... Takeshi Mifune isn't an easy guy to get along with. Yeah, he helped trained Next Gen for SuperClash alongside Bret Grayson... but every former Mifune student hates the guy! I don't know how he has his own faction since everyone hates him!

[Sal chuckles as Mifune glares at Harper, eyeballing him up and down...

...and then lowers his arms, sticking out his chin in invitation.]

SA: How about this now? Mifune wants Harper to take the first punch. One of the toughest pro wrestlers on the planet, Takeshi Mifune knows how to take a shot - even someone's illest shot - and he's ready for one right here and now in Atlanta.

[Mifune sticks out his chin again, pointing to it as Harper looks on suspiciously. The crowd cheers him on as Harper looks around at the fans...]

SA: The fans want him to do it! Mifune wants him to do it!

[...and then DRILLS Mifune with a forearm shot to the jaw of Mifune!]

SA: And Harper fires one off!

[Mifune turns his head slightly on impact... and then turns back, a sneer on his face.]

SA: He wants another one! Mifune not backing down!

[Harper grimaces... and then throws a second one...]

SA: Another forearm up under the chin! A little bit of pepper on that one!

[Mifune jerks back towards Harper again, a laugh escaping the Shadow Wolf this time.]

DW: He's laughing at him, Sal! Mifune's laughing at him!

[An embarrassed Harper shakes his head, shouting something off-mic at the head of Mifune-gun... and then lunges at him, wrapping his left arm around Mifune's head, holding it tightly as he opens fire, throwing forearm after forearm after forearm to the jaw of one-half of the Gold Standard!]

SA: And Harper's letting 'em fly now! Blow after blow, shot after shot like a frat boy on Spring Break!

[The barrage of blows sends Mifune back up against the ropes as Harper breaks off the attack, grabbing the arm...]

SA: Harper whips him acr- no, reversed by Mifune!

[...and as Harper rebounds back, Mifune takes aim and DROPS one-half of the tag champions with a stiff forearm shot on the jaw!]

DW: DOWN GOES HARPER!

[Harper is flat on his back on the canvas, eyelids fluttering a bit as Mifune stands over him, a foot on either side of Harper's lower body as he leans over, a wide smile on his face...]

SA: Mifune's laughing at him again! He put him on his wallet and now he's rubbing salt in the wound.

DW: Remember, the reason we're getting this one instead of Next Gen defending against the Gold Standard is because Bret Grayson suffered an injury during training and Mifune decided to go it alone here tonight on the Power Hour and- whoa!

[The crowd has a similar reaction as Harper scissors the ankle of the laughing Mifune, tripping him up and taking him down on the mat with a drop toehold...]

SA: Harper takes him down out of nowhere... quick to his feet and- elbowdrop to the back of the head!

[Harper scrambles up to drop a second... and a third before rolling Mifune on his back, diving across and hooking a leg...]

SA: Harper with the cover! Harper gets one! He gets two!

[...but Mifune escapes with ease as Harper gets shoved off, going right back to his feet and not wasting any time in pulling Mifune up with him...]

SA: Up goes Mifune... Harper hooks 'em up...

[...and with a snap suplex, Harper takes Mifune up and over, sending a jolt down his spine!]

SA: ...and snaps him over! Perfect execution on that suplex!

[Harper rolls back to his feet, takes aim, and drives the point of his elbow down into the throat of Mifune before hooking the leg again...]

SA: Back to the cover... and another two count. Harper working fast here, trying to wear down Mifune before the Shadow Wolf has a chance to get back on track.

[Dragging Mifune off the mat by the arm, Harper whips him into the turnbuckles. He turns to the crowd, giving a wave of his arm to the cheering fans before turning back and charging in...]

SA: To the corner goes Har-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: MOUTHFUL OF LEATHER THANKS TO MIFUNE!

[The raised boot sends Harper staggering backwards as Mifune moves quickly from the corner, hooking a side waistlock, lifting Harper before he has a chance to react, and violently DUMPS him on the back of the head and neck!]

SA: And that'll completely turn this thing around as Mifune DROPS Harper like a bad habit on the head!

[Mifune shows that Harper isn't the only one who can work quickly, scrambling to his feet, snatching the wrist of Harper...]

SA: CROSS ARMBREAKER! MIFUNE TRYING TO LOCK IT IN!

[...but Harper extends his frame as far as he can, dropping a foot over the bottom rope, avoiding Mifune's arm submission!]

SA: Ohhh! Harper escapes before the hold can even get locked in...

DW: Smart move by Daniel Harper though, Sal. Mifune's got submission skills for days and if he locks it in on ya, it may be just a short ride to Tapout City.

SA: But Mifune's not breaking the hold! Stretching the arm, trying to hyper-extend that elbow!

[The referee swiftly starts a count, laying down a four and change before Mifune lets go, earning some boos from the AWA faithful.]

SA: Mifune taking advantage of the rulebook there to do a little damage to the arm before the referee makes him break the hold. Referee Koji Sakai in there for this one, letting Mifune have it right now...

DW: In Japanese too. The advantage of a multilingual referee, I suppose.

SA: ...and while Sakai and Mifune have a discussion, Daniel Harper rolls to the outside, grabbing at that arm... remember, it was his tag team champion partner Howie Somers in our opening match here tonight, battling for the National Title in the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge against champion Jordan Ohara and Somers had his arm worked over by Ohara as well.

DW: The Soldiers of Fortune looking on with great interest, you better believe that.

SA: Absolutely. Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens will take advantage of any and all physical shortcomings when it comes time to challenge for the World Tag Team Titles again. We know that match is coming but we don't know when... not yet at least.

[Harper takes a little breather on the outside, shaking his arm with a grimace a couple of times before he climbs back up on the apron, eyeballing a waiting Mifune before stepping through the ropes into the ring.]

SA: Harper back in now... Mifune's ready and waiting for him...

[The two come together in a tieup that the Shadow Wolf quickly converts into a rear hammerlock, cranking up on the arm that he damaged moments ago.]

SA: ...right back to the arm goes the Shadow Wolf, torquing on that limb... Mifune is a sadist in there, he loves causing pain and you can bet that he's loving this.

[Harper reaches back with the free arm, trying to hook Mifune for a snapmare but Mifune tucks his chin into the shoulderblades of Harper to avoid the attempted counter.]

SA: Harper looking for a way out of this one but Mifune's got it applied in expert fashion... a student of both Roosevelt Wright and Prince Izumi, Mifune's wrestling pedigree is second to none.

[Shifting strategy, Harper attempts to throw an elbow back at the head of Mifune but whiffs on that way out as well...

...which is when Mifune straightens up, throwing a sweeping kick at the back of Harper's knee, sending him falling to his back with his arm still twisted behind him!]

SA: Mifune takes him down again... and does a little more damage to the arm in the process...

[With Harper down and his arm pinned under him, Mifune leaps up, dropping a knee down on the shoulder, causing Harper to cry out as his arm is pinned under him again. He stays kneeling on the shoulder, grinding his kneecap back and forth on it as Harper grunts in anguish which is when Mifune winds up...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: He slapped him like he insulted his mother!

[Mifune looks down coldly as Harper reaches up with the free arm, trying to dig into the face of the Shadow Wolf...

...who pulls his arm up tight to his chest, dropping forward and DRIVING his forearm down onto the bridge of the nose!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Pinning Harper to the mat, Mifune cruelly grinds his forearm bone back and forth on Harper's nose, trying to break it as the referee orders him to back off.]

SA: Mifune showing the mean streak that he's made a thing of legend over the past three decades that he's been inside a professional wrestling ring.

[Mifune again holds until a little beyond a four count by Sakai before pushing up to his knees, a sadistic grin on his face as Harper rolls around from him, grabbing at his face this time.]

SA: Takeshi Mifune may be looking to become one-half of the World Tag Team Champions in the very near future... but tonight, he's just looking to hurt one of the men who already wear that gold.

[Climbing to his feet, Mifune grabs a handful of Harper's hair, hauling him to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a hard overhead chop, sending Harper falling back into the turnbuckles!]

SA: You talk about hard-hitters in the AWA locker room - men like Ryan Martinez, like Raphael Rhodes... you cannot forget this man for a single second.

DW: Heck, he helped TRAIN Ryan Martinez, Big Sal.

SA: He sure did. Mifune's had some of the sport's all-time greats under his learning tree... and he's punished and tormented them all equally.

[Harper throws a weak forearm to try and get out of the corner but Mifune keeps him there with a stiff short forearm to the cheekbone, sending Harper spiraling away. Mifune snatches him by the hair, flipping him over and out of the corner with a snapmare into a seated position...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and KICKS him right in the spine!]

SA: Killer combination out of the Shadow Wolf who seems like he may smell a weakened prey right now and is moving in for the kill. A singles win by Mifune over Harper might not get the tag titles around his waist but it'll certainly ring in the mind of Daniel Harper when that title match does eventually go down.

[With Harper still cringing from the boot to the back, Mifune yanks him up by the hair again, pulling him into a side waistlock again...]

SA: He's going for that back suplex again and-

[...but as Mifune lifts him off the ground, Harper unleashes a series of short right hands to the skull, forcing Mifune to set him back down on the mat where Harper throws himself to the ropes, trying to find an equalizer...]

SA: Harper escapes, to the ropes and- under the big chop... off the far side... and Harper scores with a dropkick, right on the chest and through the ropes to the floor goes the leader of Mifune-gun!

[A surprised Mifune starts to gather himself back to his feet on the outside as Harper tries to regroup inside the ring, dashing to the ropes again...]

SA: Off the far side goes Harper and...

DW: Ohhhh! He's safe!

SA: The baseball slide dropkick to the heart and Harper may be safe but Mifune's not as he spills out into the front row here in Center Stage Studios.

DW: If I were these fans, I'd get the heck out of there... fast.

[The fans are scrambling out of the way as Harper slides to the outside, coming for Mifune who is now sitting in the front row, leaning back against the bleacher seats above him...]

SA: We knew there was bad blood in this one and the hot-tempered Daniel Harper is taking the fight to the stands here in Atlanta!

[Harper grabs Mifune by the head, pulling him out of the front row to bury a forearm into the jaw...

...but Mifune fires back, rocking Harper with one of his own, sending the young fan favorite down to a knee...]

SA: As our pal, Gordon, would say... "Good grief!"

DW: Someone call Harper a dentist after that one!

SA: You do not want to trade shots with Takeshi Mifune... what's he doing now though?

[Pulling Harper off his knee, Mifune tugs him right back into the side waistlock he's attempted twice before...]

SA: Wait one second!

DW: Don't do this, Mifune!

[...and lifts Harper into the air, falling backwards with him...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AAAAABUUUUNAAAAAI! YOU TALK ABOUT DANGER, TAKESHI MIFUNE IS BRINGING THE DANGER IN TERRIFYING FASHION HERE IN ATLANTA!

[Mifune lays on the bleachers, a pain-filled expression on his face as Harper lies alongside him, having had his back jammed violently into the wooden bleachers lining the walls of Center Stage Studios!]

SA: Mifune with one heckuva suplex on Daniel Harper, right out into the crowd and... Dee Dub, I don't know if this one can continue after that.

DW: If it can or if it should?! Harper's laid out! Mifune's completely reckless out here, putting his own body at risk if he can hurt Harper a little bit more. And I don't even know if he really dislikes Harper that much! I think he just likes to hurt people in general!

SA: Sounds like a good name for his autobiography some day. "I Just Like To Hurt People In General" by Takeshi Mifune coming to an e-reader near you!

[Mifune sits up on the bench, looking up at the official whose count has progressed pretty far.]

SA: The referee's count is at six and... Mifune's not going to let this end in a countout if he can help it.

[The Shadow Wolf climbs to his feet, dragging Harper by the ankle out of the stands... which ensures the back of Harper's head will hit every bench on the way down the bleachers before flopping off and cracking down on the padded floor.]

SA: A sadist til the end, Mifune's got Harper in a bad way, tossing him back inside to break that count... and now the Shadow Wolf's coming in after him. You know he's looking to finish Harper off and seeing both of Next Gen's members lose in singles action here tonight would certainly do wonders for the confidence of the Soldiers of Fortune heading into their tag title rematch in the near future.

[With both men back inside the ring, Mifune takes two steps towards Harper who is crawling away to create some distance...

...and drops to his knee, burying a kneedrop in the lower back of Harper, causing him to cry out again!]

SA: Right back on him though. No chance for Harper to regroup and...

[Mifune reaches out, pulling Harper by the hair to tug him into a makeshift bow and arrow that has Harper groaning in pain as the referee orders Mifune to release the hair...

...which he does by sinking his fingers into the nostrils of Harper and pulling back hard!]

DW: Ahh! Ahhhhh! Mifune's trying to snap him in half!

[A four count follows before Mifune lets go, sneering down at Harper as he wipes his fingers on his trunks.]

SA: Takeshi Mifune has this match well in hand... and for Daniel Harper who is used to tag team matches, he may be regretting signing on to this one. He's got no one

to tag to get a breather and Takeshi Mifune is not about to give him a breather on his own.

DW: No chance. Harper's gotta create his own escape. He's gotta find a way to land an attack, a counter, something to give him a second to recover and figure a way back into this match.

SA: We're crossing the ten minute mark in this one. Five minutes left in the time limit as Harper tries to find a way to turn this thing around.

[Dragging Harper up off the mat, Mifune lays in another overhand chop across the chest, sending Harper falling back into the corner...]

SA: Harper's in the corner again... not where you want to be against Mifune...

[...and winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[..and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

SA: Mifune's chopping Harper's chest into a mess of red welts!

DW: Those aren't machine gun chops, Big Sal - those are Gatling gun chops!

[Mifune backs off at the referee's order, nodding with a chuckle at the angry Sakai. But then he steps right back in, reaching out for Harper...]

...who suddenly snatches Mifune, spinning him around to put his back against the buckles to a big cheer!]

SA: Harper turns it around and-

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[He lays in a brutal European uppercut that snaps Mifune's head back!]

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[And again, Mifune's arm hooking the rope to stay on his feet...]

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and again as his knees start to buckle from the impact. Harper ducks low, boosting Mifune up to place him on the top turnbuckle.]

SA: Uh oh! And Harper's looking to level this one up, putting Mifune's up top...

[Grabbing Mifune by the back of the head, Harper leans him forward...]

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and scores with one final leaping European uppercut that has Mifune grab hold of the top rope to prevent falling backwards from his perch.]

SA: Harper's got him dazed!

DW: This is his chance, Sal!

SA: It sure is! Harper steps up to the second rope... grabs him, hooking him...

[The crowd is buzzing as Harper snatches Mifune in a front facelock, looking for a potentially match-ending superplex...

...but Mifune grabs Harper by the shoulders, recklessly slamming his skull into Harper's!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Harper's eyes glaze over as Mifune slips from his perch, dropping back down on his feet underneath Harper, moving behind him. He reaches up, grabbing the back of Harper's tights...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and lights him up with clubbing blows across the back!]

SA: And just like that, it's Harper who's in trouble once more!

[The referee orders Mifune to step back again and the Shadow Wolf obliges, hands raised as he backs several feet out of the corner as Harper leans forward, struggling to keep his balance...]

SA: Mifune coming back in and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a mule kick from Harper catches Mifune FLUSH on the chin, causing his eyes to roll back as he staggers away from the corner!]

SA: Harper caught him!

DW: And he caught him good! Mifune doesn't know what city he's in!

[The fans are roaring as Harper steadies himself, turning around to stand on the middle rope!]

SA: Harper on the second rope and... CLOTHESLIINE!

[The crowd ERUPTS at Harper using the flying clothesline he used to help regain the titles at SuperClash!]

SA: HARPER CONNECTS! COVERS!

[The crowd counts along with the official enthusiastically.]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOoooooooooooooooooooo!"

"THREEEEEEEEE- OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KICKOUT! MIFUNE KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[A weary Harper rolls Mifune over onto his back, throwing his leg over him in the mount...]

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

[...and smashes his fist down between the eyes of Mifune!]

SA: Three minutes and counting on the clock as Daniel Harper taking out a little bit of his emotions here tonight on the Shadow Wolf! Big right hands, raining down on the leader of Mifune-gun!

DW: And him without an umbrella.

[Harper lands blow after blow on Mifune, the referee ordering him to stop... and after a few more, Harper obliges, climbing off the Shadow Wolf with a roar for the AWA faithful.]

SA: Harper's got Mifune in trouble really for the first time in this match and with under three minutes left on the clock, he's gotta find a way to take advantage of it, Dee Dub.

DW: What's it gonna be? He hit the flying clothesline already!

[Harper reaches down, dragging the struggling Mifune up off the mat...]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and the crowd ROARS as Harper lays in another big uppercut, sending Mifune falling back against the ropes again...]

SA: One of the trademark moves of his mother - the legendary Hall of Famer, Stephanie Harper - connects as Mifune goes falling back into the ropes...

DW: And look at Mifune hanging onto them, trying to stay on his feet.

SA: While Daniel Harper tries to knock him off his feet and right out of this matchup as he takes aim and...

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

SA: HARPER SENDS HIM TO THE OUTSIDE!

[The crowd is going nuts for another big blow, this one flipping Mifune over the top rope where he SMACKS his face on the apron on the way to the outside!]

SA: A long, hard fall to the floor for the Shadow Wolf... and Harper's going after him!

DW: He doesn't have a choice, Big Sal. Time is tickin' for this one and if Harper wants to win this, he's gotta-

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN!"

SA: Two minutes left on the clock... Harper grabs Mifune on the outside, bringing him to his feet...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and RAMS his face down into the apron!

[Harper hangs onto Mifune who is struggling to stay on his face, rearing back again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Down into the mat a second time! Harper trying to finish the job here in Atlanta!

[Looking around at the cheering fans, Harper gives a nod as he pulls a dazed Mifune back a third time...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Three times Harper drives his face into the ring apron and three times Mifune looks like he's out on his feet!

[An angry Harper shoves Mifune back under the bottom rope into the ring.]

SA: Harper puts him back in... climbing back up on the apron now. Mifune inside the ring... Harper on the outsi-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MIFUNE WITH A BIG BOOT TO THE CHIN!

DW: Where the heck did that come from?! He looked like he was totally out of it and he came out of nowhere to kick Harper right in the mouth!

SA: And now it's Harper who looks like he's out on his feet, Dee Dub!

[Mifune shakes the cobwebs, approaching the ropes where Harper is hanging onto the middle rope, trying to prevent a fall to the floor after the hard head kick.]

SA: Harper trying to hang on... Mifune coming in on him...

[With both hands on the middle rope, Harper sees Mifune closing in on him and slingshots himself forward...]

SA:ohhh, Harper goes downstairs with the tackle!

[...and with Mifune doubled over, Harper grabs the top rope, giving a mighty yank...]

SA: Up and over and... SUNSET FLIP!

[...flipping over Mifune, dragging him down to the mat, slipping his legs over the Shadow Wolf's arms as the crowd counts along.]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Harper lets go on the three count, Mifune rolling clear as the crowd cheers loudly for one-half of the tag champions!]

SA: Daniel Harper with the sunset flip over the top rope, catches Mifune in a cradle and get the win here in Atlanta!

DW: Look at Mifune though! You’d think someone just slapped his mama!

[Mifune rolls to his knees, fire in his eyes as he watches Harper get up off the mat, his hand being raised by the official...]

SA: Harper is your winner and-

[...and surges up off the mat, wrapping his arms around the head and neck of Harper!]

SA: -WHOA! WHOA! MIFUNE HOOKS HIM IN A JAPANESE SLEEPER!

[Harper’s arms immediately start pumping madly as Mifune tries to strangle the life out of him as the crowd jeers loudly!]

SA: Mifune attacks after the bell, after the match! He’s got that rear naked choke locked in and Harper’s in trouble!

[The official complains loudly at an uncaring Mifune whose eyes are glazed over with homicidal impulses as he continues to constrict the flow of blood to Harper’s brain!]

SA: We’ve got a problem here! Mifune’s trying to choke out Daniel Harper and the official seems powerless to stop him!

[The referee frantically turns towards the entryway, waving his arms wildly...]

SA: The referee waving towards the back, maybe looking for some...

[And Sal trails off as we see a few preliminary competitors come running into view, heading towards the ring where the Shadow Wolf flings Harper aside, greeting the first competitor through the ropes with a running punt kick to the skull, knocking them back to the outside!]

“OHHHHHH!”

[Mifune rears back and fires on the next two in...]

“SLAAAAAAAP!”

“SLAAAAAAAP!”

[...and then grabs one by the hair, flinging them over the top to the outside!]

SA: Mifune is cleaning house!

[Turning back towards the downed Daniel Harper, Mifune yanks him back to his feet by the tights, wrapping his arms around the head and neck again...]

SA: And right back to the choke on Harper! Mifune will NOT be denied!

[Harper’s arms are pumping a little slower this time as the Shadow Wolf tries to put him out...]

...and the crowd suddenly ROARS!]

SA: SOMERS! HOWIE SOMERS!

[Harper's championship partner comes dashing into view, wearing a pair of sweats with a bare torso and his hair covered with soapy suds.]

SA: Howie Somers heading for the ring! He's coming to save his partner!

[Somers slides under the ropes, coming to his feet as Mifune bails from the ring, smirking up at Somers who grabs at his arm, glaring angrily down at Mifune.]

SA: And thankfully, Howie Somers clears the ring of Mifune!

[Mifune starts backing off, watching Somers as he takes a knee next to Harper who grimaces as he sits up on the mat...]

SA: Harper picks up the win but-

DW: This ain't over, Big Sal.

SA: I'd have to say you're right about that, Dee Dub. This one's not over at all. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but before we do, let's go backstage where Mariah Wolfe is standing by with the Dogs of War.

DW: I hope they're on their best behavior after last week, Sal.

SA: You're not alone in that. And I'm sure Mariah agrees with you. Mariah?

[We fade backstage where Mariah Wolfe is standing in the hallway, looking a little anxious.]

MW: Thanks, Sal... and it would be hard NOT to be a little nervous here tonight after what these gentlemen were responsible for two weeks ago on this very show.

[Isaiah Carpenter approaches the interviewer, followed closely by a stern-faced Wade Walker. Carpenter looks like a million bucks in a white leather jacket with a thick collar of black fur. Walker, meanwhile, looks like he has developed a serious allergy to sleeves in a tank top and midnight blue urban camo combat pants. Mariah recoils slightly, the Dogs' volatile reputation preceding them.]

IC: Nah nah nah. Me and the big man, we're playing it "nice" for you this week. Nice guys get ahead in the AWA now, right? Yeah, no more vague messages from undisclosed locations, right?

`Cause, the Dogs... we're just like anyone else now; ain't that right, Thor?

[Walker, the silent powerhouse of the Dogs of War, just slightly shakes his head.]

IC: `Cause if the Dogs were special... we'd be ripping through all four teams that Main Evented last week on Saturday Night Wrestling. If the Dogs were special, we would not be losing to a team that's been together less than six months like Omega and Plemos. Imagine that: the Dogs of War losing.

So, we'll just step up and do an interview with you, Mariah, like we were anyone else in the AWA. `Cause I got a message from our brother and our blood and our heart... one Mr. Pedro Perez.

[Mariah cringes as Carpenter grins.]

IC: Don't worry; Im'ma paraphrase for you so I don't suspend myself: When the Dogs win, they win together. When they lose, they don't take the loss alone. Pedro doesn't like to lose, and he's more... pleasant company when he's winning. And since he's back from suspension next month, it's in our best interest to keep our boy 'Dro on the straight and narrow. And what would make him happy would be a rematch from last week: the Dogs of War against Omega and Polemos to counter that 'L' from the record books.

Let's give you some time to figure it out... Say that big Tenth Anniversary, it'll be six-man style. So boys... scroll through your contacts and call up Nick Fury to find you someone, 'cause as far as you're concerned...

...We ain't letting up and the Dogs will have their day.

[Carpenter gives a nod at Mariah before walking away. Wade Walker however stays in position, glaring into camera, intensity dripping off him as he looks ready to put his fist through the screen as we fade to black...

...and then back up on a shot of Ryan Martinez walking down the aisle. From the scenery around him, we can see this slow motion footage is from right before WarGames at SuperClash IX.]

#When you wish..#

[Dissolve to the White Knight throwing knife edge chops at the towering form of Torin The Titan...]

#...upon a star#

[...to Martinez and Derrick Williams working together to use a double clothesline to take the giant off his feet...]

#Makes no difference who you are...#

[...to a closeup of a bloodied Martinez, looking up in shock as a hobbled Shadoe Rage joins him in the cage...]

#Anything your...#

[...to the White Knight driving Vasquez' skull into the canvas with his signature brainbuster...]

#...heart desires will...#

[...to Martinez hooking John Law in a crossface, wrenching back with all his might as Law struggles to hang on...]

#...come to you.#

[...to a crowd shot of a group of young fans holding up a banner that reads "THE WHITE KNIGHT FOREVER!" as a voiceover begins...]

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

[Cut to a shot of a bloodied but smiling Ryan Martinez standing triumphant with his teammates...]

"...Team AWA just won the Main Event at SuperClash! Now what are you gonna do?"

[...to a regular speed shot of Martinez still in the double cage, looking into the camera's lens with a grin...]

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

[...and we fade to a shot of the Disneyland logo before fading to black.

And as we fade back up, we find Theresa Lynch back at the interview podium.]

TL: We're back on the Power Hour... and it was on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, where the Olympic gold medalist, Ayako Fujiwara, named the sensational rookie, Kimmy Bailey, as her replacement partner in the Women's Tag Team title tournament. While it's uncertain how the two will mesh together, their potential seems to be sky high. Here's a special look at the duo of Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey as they prepare for their match against The Country Punks...

[We fade into a look at the clear blue skies, before the camera pans down onto a sunny, grassy field somewhere in the great wide world. A cover of Quiet Riot's "Bang your Head" performed by The Chelsea Girls, begins to play as we see Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey performing squats with an obscene amount of weight on the bars. Fujiwara is dressed in a sleeveless, cropped compression tanktop and red dolphin shorts with white trim. Bailey is in a neon pink BATTLE♥DREAM sleeveless crop top and black compression shorts with pink accents. Looking up, Kimmy puts down her weights and approaches the camera.]

KB: Hey there, y'all... this is the amorous, glamorous, carnivorous "Muscle Mommy" Kimmy Bailey! I'm here with the "Poison Fist of the Pacific Rim" Ayako Fujiwara...

Ayako: Hey, are you making up weird nicknames for me again?

[Kimmy ignores Ayako.]

KB: And we're here to welcome you...

[Suddenly, Kimmy does a "most muscular" double biceps pose, as Ayako comes up behind her and does a double bicep flex. As they do so, a massive series of explosions go off behind them.]

"BOOM!!!"

"BOOM!!!"

"BOOM!!!"

[A beat.]

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!"

[The final explosion unleashes several huge colored plumes of smoke behind them, with all the colors of the rainbow rising into the air behind them.]

KB: ...TO THE GUN SHOW!

[Kimmy and Ayako stick out their tongues as we cut to a montage of the duo working out in some extremely unorthodox ways, as "Bang your Head" continues to play over the footage. We see Kimmy walking forward, performing lunges with what appears to be an entire section of a bleacher on her shoulders. We then see Ayako performing push-ups with Kimmy seated on her back, as Kimmy herself is doing hammer curls with barbells. Finally, we cut to a shot of Kimmy standing before a row of brick tiles before she goes down the row, breaking each tile with a strike from her bare hand, before she reaches a bench where a row of beer bottles are

lined up in a row. She proceeds to break the first three bottles over her head, but the fourth merely thuds off her skull. Suddenly, we see Ayako run up to her and Kimmy smashes the bottle right over her tag team partner's head, breaking it. Kimmy and Ayako then exchange a high five, before Ayako turns to the camera, beer still dripping from her hair.]

Ayako: Konnichiwa! Hallo, everybody! Bailey-san and I are training at the secret Vasquez training compound here in Malibu, California!

KB: Ayako... the location's supposed to be a secret!

[Ayako shrugs.]

Ayako: We're training every single day and we have only one focus on our minds... becoming the AWA Women World Tag Team champions! They doubt our chances, they doubt our cohesiveness, they doubt our ability to exist as a team, but every single day, we become stronger, faster and better than before!

[Cut to a shot of Kimmy doing pull-ups, as Ayako strikes her in the abdomen with a series of fast strikes.]

Ayako: We have trained to extremes that others dare not even fathom! We devour fear and breathe enlightenment! Know our name and tremble before it!

WE ARE THE LARIATOS!

[Cut to a shot of Kimmy rocking CCW wrestler Gabriel Cordova with a leaping clothesline.]

Ayako: THE LARIATOS!

[A shot of Ayako running up to a surprised Juan Vasquez and bodyslamming the Hall of Famer into a nearby pool of water.]

Ayako: THE LARIATOS!!!

[Kimmy and Ayako are seated at a fancy restaurant devouring steaks, as we see a pile of plates in front of them. A slightly concerned-looking Marisol Vasquez, looks away and drinks from her wine glass.]

Ayako: THE LARIATOOOOOSSSSS!!!

[There's an extreme close-up on Ayako's face and the background has become a flashing bright red light as we suddenly cut to a far-off shot of Kimmy Bailey jogging on the road, running right at the camera. As she gets closer, her right arm rears back for a lariat.]

KB: AHHHHHHHHH COUNTRY
PUUUUUUUUUUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNKKKKKKKKKKSSS!!!

[Right before impact, the screen goes black. After a moment, these words pop up:

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MICHAEL BAY

...and we fade back into the studio, where a stunned and confused Theresa Lynch stares blankly into the camera.]

TL[To herself]: What the hell...

[Theresa's shocked back to reality, as Kimmy Bailey's head appears over her shoulder and rests itself on it.]

TL: OH! Everybody, I'm joined now by Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey... I guess you two are calling yourself The Lariatos?

[The crowd hoots and hollers as Kimmy and Ayako have joined Theresa at the interview podium.]

KB: You better believe it, Reeseey-baby!

TL: And how did you two exactly come up with that name?

Ayako: It is not just a name, Theresa-san... but a promise.

TL: A promise?

Ayako: A promise to our opponents...

[Ayako swings her arm and loudly slaps her bicep.]

Ayako: ... of the pain yet to come.

TL: Oh.

[Kimmy yells into the camera.]

KB: YOU'RE IN THE JUNGLE BABY.. YOU'RE GONNA DIEEEEEEEE!!!

Ayako: We're not killing anyone, Kimmy.

[Kimmy lets out an exaggerated sigh.]

KB: Yeah, yeah, I know... don't hurt 'em too bad. "The Pistol" just got off the injured list and we don't wanna send her back.

[Kimmy thinks for a second, then grabs Ayako's shoulder.]

KB: So like... 40%?

Ayako: Oh, no. 60% should be fine.

[Kimmy claps in delight.]

KB: Wonderful!

Ayako: Victoria June can take it. I hear she's strong.

KB: Well golly...

[Kimmy rubs the back of her head.]

KB: If she's strong, I bet she could take 75%!

Ayako: Very good point.

TL: Why not 100%?

[The two stare at Theresa in horror.]

Ayako: Theresa, if we hit someone that hard, someone could get really hurt!

KB: And I don't need that on my conscience! I ain't Catholic, but even if I was, I don't think they got a confession thing for that.

[Ayako shakes her head.]

KB: Ain't enough Hail Marys to get out of throwing a 100% lariat, even if it ain't in anger!

TL: Well, you two seem well prepared for this match.

[Suddenly, Kimmy Bailey spins Ayako around and chops her right across the chest.]

"SMAAAAACCKK!!!"

[Theresa gasps in shock, but Ayako doesn't even blink. She pats Kimmy on the head and turns her attention back to Theresa.]

Ayako: Very prepared.

[Kimmy rubs her hands in glee.]

KB: This is gonna be fun!

[Ayako walks off as Kimmy skips after her.]

TL: The Lariatos, everybody!

[As the crowd applauds, Theresa lets out an exasperated sigh.]

TL: Oh boy. That Main Event is going to be something else. Let's head up to the ring to see Justin Gaines in action!

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

TG: Wrestling fans, our next matchup here on the Power Hour is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from Santa Barbara, California, weighing in at 225 pounds... Todd Brockett!

[The chorus of "Rocket" by Def Leppard is playing but Brockett is already in the ring, dressed for action in short black tights that end mid-thigh, knee pads and white boots, and oiled up almost to the point of looking drenched. Hopping from foot to foot, he loosens up while shadow boxing a bit, as his shoulder-length, sandy blond locks wave freely. He beams a smug smile out to the crowd, while flexing beefy pecs, defined biceps, and abs that almost want to be a thing.]

SA: Todd Brockett, making his debut for the AWA here this evening. Know anything about him, Dee Dub?

DW: Well, evidently he's responsible for Johnson and Johnson's stock price ticking upward. I don't recall the last time I saw that much baby oil on a person.

SA: Well, if you suddenly remember, please don't tell us about it.

DW: What?

[Graham continues.]

TG: And his opponent...

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

All my life I've been searching for something
Something never comes, never leads to nothing
Nothing satisfies, but I'm getting close
Closer to the prize at the end of the rope
All night long I dream of the day
When it comes around, then it's taken away
Leaves me with the feeling that I feel the most
Feel it come to life when I see your ghost

[The song goes full instrumental from there, leaving out the vocal as it continues to play.]

TG: From Fairbanks, Alaska... six feet seven inches tall and weighing in at 253 pounds... JUSTINNNNN... GAINES!

[Gaines steps out through the entrance portal, making his way determinedly to the ring. Slender but definitely muscled, Gaines has blond hair just past the shoulder, and is clean shaven this time. He has black trunks, a T-shirt with leather vest, and black leather boots with "JG" in white lettering. He climbs the steps.]

SA: The Alaskan prodigy Justin Gaines certainly was impressive in his return to the AWA, scoring the win against the wily "Joltin' Jack" Staffenson from Seminary Falls, Mississippi. Now we see if he can follow up here, against the debuting Todd Brockett from Santa Barbara.

DW: And this is a whole new Justin Gaines, Sal. This is a Justin Gaines who is trying to be his own man. Workin' to build his own career outside the shadow of his famous... or maybe infamous father, Gunnar Gaines. You know, my family's been around this business for a long time so I know the Gaines clan pretty well and one thing you can take to the bank is that there aren't a lot of neutral opinions on ol' Gunnar. You either love him or you hate him... and there are a lot that hate him. He reached the top but he did it at a price... burnin' some bridges, takin' no prisoners... but now his son looks like he's trying to walk a different path.

SA: That's for sure. When Justin Gaines made his return to the AWA, the first thing he did was apologize to Ryan Martinez for instigating their feud, which culminated in a family vs. family, fathers and sons blowout at SuperClash some years back.

DW: And I'm not sure that apology was necessary. This is professional wrestling, not shuffleboard. Things happen. People fight. But Justin went out of his way to get right by the White Knight. To me... it showed character you don't always see in this sport.

[Gaines discards his leather vest at ringside, then rolls into the ring and stands. He crosses arms to take off his T-shirt, bobbing up and down while his opponent, Todd Brockett, fixes a wary eye on the much taller Justin. The ref calls the opponents to the middle and the bell rings. They tie up.]

SA: And here we go!

[Gaines quickly pushes Brockett to the ropes, then Irish whips him across. Gaines prones himself to the mat as the rebounding Brockett zips over, past, and off the other ropes. Gaines catches him on the rebound with a hiptoss!]

SA: And just like that, Gaines takes Brockett up and over with that hiptoss... and whoooo! Up and over a second time with a Japanese-style arm drag, tossing him overhead!

DW: Brockett showing some quickness but Gaines slowing him down with some strong fundamentals.

SA: Brockett not staying down though, back on his feet... but Gaines shoots him into the corner, charging in after...

[But Gaines comes up empty, hitting the buckles as Brockett slips out of the corner in time...]

SA: ...and nobody home! What were you saying about speed, Dylan?

DW: Well, Todd Brockett is fast, as we saw there! Maybe all that baby oil helped him slip right out of the corner.

[Sal chuckles as Gaines staggers out. Brockett chooses this time to show off his athleticism, slingshotting to the top rope in a single bound like a cat...

...and then springs right back off, aiming both boots at Gaines' face, and they connect!]

SA: And Todd Brockett with a missile dropkick off the top! Impressive!

DW: He's kind of like an oiled-up rocket up there.

[Brockett runs to the opposite corner, hopping to the top in one bound again. He times another missile dropkick just as Gaines is rising, hitting him right in the chin with both feet a second time!]

SA: A pair of missile dropkicks?! Brockett bringing the high impact offense with a flash here early on in this one.

[Brockett covers, scoring a one count before Gaines kicks out with authority, sending the much lighter Brockett mildly airborne.]

SA: Gaines having no trouble kicking out there... but Todd Brockett senses he's got a chance here to pull off a surprising upset. He's staying right on Gaines, dragging him to his feet...

[Keeping a hand on his hair, Brockett busts out a standing dropkick on the much taller Gaines, who falls to one knee.]

SA: ...nice dropkick as well... and Dee Dub, after Gaines had that big return win two weeks ago on this show, I think most of us thought this one would be a walk in the park for him tonight. Todd Brockett is proving that not to be the case though and...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A short superkick to the kneeling Gaines causes him to crumple to the mat where Brockett poses over him a moment before laying in some big stomps to keep the kid grounded.]

SA: The fans starting to get on this guy's case... and I think we might need to do a little more research on this competitor, Dee Dub, because he's come to impress here tonight, ringing Justin Gaines' bell with that superkick.

DW: If you only get one chance to make a first impression, you better make it.

[Brockett pulls Gaines to his feet, then standing perpendicularly to his side, drapes one of Justin's arms over his shoulder and hoists him into a high-impact teardrop suplex!]

SA: Well, I believe Mr. Brockett here is making the impression he needs. This is an impressive arsenal of moves we're seeing. Justin Gaines has stalled completely out of the gate and he's gotta figure out a way to get back into this one in a hurry or we'll be looking at Upset City here on the Power Hour.

[Gaines tries to push up off the mat, forcing himself into a seated position as Brockett hustles over into position behind him, throwing himself into a somersault to snap the neck down! Gaines is recoiled backwards, the back of his head hitting the mat behind him!]

SA: Rolling neck snap! Stretching out that neck...

DW: AND he hit his head on the way back down to the mat.

SA: He certainly did... and Justin Gaines is in some serious trouble right now. Todd Brockett is on the verge of something major here tonight in Atlanta.

[Brockett delivers a pair of stomps on the back of the neck as the referee checks with Gaines to see if he can continue.]

SA: Brockett targeting the neck right now with that suplex and then that rolling neck snap, bringing Gaines back to his feet...

[And suddenly, Brockett leaps up, hooking him while scissoring his legs around the trunk of Gaines and clinching the sleeper in tighter.]

SA: SLEEPER! SLEEPER!

DW: We saw this out of Mifune earlier and we saw how effective it was on Daniel Harper... can Brockett use it as effectively to put down Justin Gaines. Tightening it up - they don't let cops do this move for a good reason. It constricts blood to the brain.

SA: It's sound strategy. If you shut down the control center, the power and the size just don't matter.

[Brockett looks smug and pleased as Gaines struggles in the hold, trying in vain to slip out of the hold, or flip Brockett over onto the mat, but to no avail as Brockett has it cinched in well.]

SA: Gaines may be starting to fade! Brockett hanging on with all he's got!

DW: Gaines has gotta stay on his feet, if he goes down to the mat, the leverage will be too much to overcome...

[Suddenly, out of desperation, Gaines backs three steps into the corner, sandwiching Brockett between himself and the turnbuckle. Brockett releases his grip and crumples backwards in the corner, falling to a seat against the turnbuckles.]

SA: Gaines couldn't find any other way out but fortunately for him, that did the trick!

DW: A little bit of desperation there, I think, but you do what you gotta do.

[Gaines stumbles out of the corner, then turns to look back at his opponent seated in the corner, and sees an opportunity that wakes him up. He turns and charges in, driving the knee right into Brockett's face!]

SA: OHH! RUNNING KNEE BY THE YOUNG MAN!

[And a second time! A third!]

SA: Punishing knee strikes from Justin Gaines!

[Gaines raises Brockett to his feet, ducks his head under an armpit, and lifts Brockett into a seated position on the top turnbuckle.]

SA: The knees do the damage but Gaines isn't done yet, putting Brockett up top... and now he's climbing up after him...

[He climbs to the second turnbuckle himself, draping Todd's arm behind his neck. He methodically lifts Brockett from a seated to standing position on the top, then lifts him into vertical suplex position and falls back.]

SA: ...SUPERPLEX!

[Gaines floats over for a cover, the referee diving down to count as the crowd counts along...]

"ONNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEE-"

[The crowd groans as Brockett manages to kick out at the last moment, saving himself from defeat!]

SA: Oho, a near fall there for Gaines as Brockett escapes just before that three count comes down. This is quite the surprising battle here in what we thought would be an easy night at the office for Gaines.

[Gaines pushes up to his knees, pounding the mat in frustration, his anger rising.]

SA: Justin Gaines showing some emotion here... obviously this night isn't going the way he planned so far.

[Climbing to his feet, Gaines pulls Brockett up with him, promptly whipping him across the ring. He backs up, then charges forward into the rebounding Brockett.]

SA: HIGH IMPACT TACKLE!

[The big shoulderblock sends Brockett sailing through the air, crashing down in a heap on the canvas...]

SA: And now it looks like Justin Gaines may be building some momentum. We saw the knee strikes... the superplex... the big tackle... and while Brockett is still going, Gaines might be looking towards Victory Road right now.

[...and Gaines pulls Brockett out of the heap, tossing him into the ropes again...

...and catches Brockett on the rebound and quickly turns him over!]

SA: A powerslam PLANTS Todd Brockett! Gaines might be looking to finish him off!

[Gaines doesn't even attempt a cover though, climbing off the mat again. He looks out on the cheering crowd, swooping his right arm around once before pulling Brockett off the canvas once again...]

SA: Brockett's in a daze... and again, Gaines put him on the move...

[Another Irish whip, a rebound, and Gaines, accelerating suddenly, strikes with a violent forward motion of the arm, knocking Brockett for a full loop, where he lands on the mat in a crumple.]

SA: KODIAK LARIAT! KODIAK LARIAT!

DW: Todd Brockett will probably still be feeling that next week, which is where Gaines just knocked him!

SA: This one could be over... but it looks like Gaines isn't done quite yet.

[A groggy Brockett reaches out for objects that aren't there to steady himself, and appears not to know where he is.]

SA: And after that world-shaking lariat, Justin Gaines has gotta be on the verge of ending this, pulling Brockett out to the middle of the ring...

[Gaines yanks his tougher-than-assumed opponent into a standing headscissors, looking out on the cheering crowd... and then pumps both fists out to the side, making a "T" to signal for what's next.]

SA: Todd Brockett's lights may be on, but not even the pet sitter is home. I'm not sure why Justin didn't just go for the cover.

DW: The reason is, Justin Gaines wants to serve notice on other wrestlers in the AWA. He's may be sportsmanlike, but he's also serious. He wants to show people exactly what they're in for if they get in the ring with him.

[Gaines hoists Brockett up and over his back in a crucifix powerbomb position, then drops him straight down, catching him on the way down with a reverse hangman's neckbreaker and spiking his opponents head into his shoulder and the mat at once!]

SA: DENALI DEATH DROP!

[Brockett bounces, kicks and thrashes on the mat as Justin rolls over into a cover and hooks the leg.]

SA: And that's gonna do it.

[The ref's hand hits the mat with three beats: One! Two! Three!]

SA: Justin Gaines with another decisive victory here on the Power Hour. He set his mission to come here and work his way up, and he's looking good so far.

DW: I have to say, that was impressive. Justin is a big kid just growing into that large frame and developing a ring presence. He has wrestling in his blood — four generations of it. He struggled at first but once he got there... it happened fast and it was all over.

SA: That finisher is nasty stuff, one of the most debilitating moves I've seen in a while. Truly, it all really does come crashing down like a high elevation avalanche, when you're hit with the Denali Death Drop.

DW: That's a move ANY opponent would do well to avoid.

[“All My Life” plays as Justin Gaines celebrates his win, climbing a corner and calling out to the crowd, receiving cheers back in return. He hops down, pacing over to the next corner. Meanwhile, a dazed Brockett at center ring sort of paw-slaps at his own face to try to clear the static from his brain. Justin stops, then turns to the fallen Brockett, offering a hand up.]

SA: Justin Gaines, offering a display of sportsmanship.

DW: That's something his dad was not known for. We all learn from our parents ... but sometimes it's what to do, and sometimes it's what not to do. We can't predict the lessons.

SA: I'd say he learned both.

[Gaines pulls Brockett to his feet, offering a pat on the shoulder and words of encouragement.]

SA: Evidently Gaines sees something in Brockett and I did too. I think we all did. Brockett may not have scored the win today, but he shows potential and-

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[A huge CRACK echoes through the arena as Brockett suddenly lays into Gaines with an open-handed slap to the face!]

SA: -and Todd Brockett REJECTS the gesture of sportsmanship!

[The crowd is stunned, then starts to boo as the music cuts.]

DW: Huh... I don't know what that's about. It was a clean win.

[A miffed Gaines, his feet still anchored exactly where they were pre-slap, turns his head from it slightly and clenches his jaw, shaking his head...]

SA: And that might not have been the best idea by Todd Brockett...

[...and then suddenly reaches in, grasping Brockett by the neck!]

DW: You were saying?

SA: He's got him hooked!

[Brocket immediately starts begging off mid-air as he is hoisted. Gaines then dive-slams his defeated opponent to the mat, performing the chokeslam-uranage hybrid his father was famous for, dead center of the ring.]

SA: GRIZZLY SLAM! WITH AUTHORITY!

[Justin hops up to his feet and, grabbing Brockett by the hair and head, runs him to the ropes, tossing him out over the top! The crowd cheers as Justin goes back to ascending corners and playing the crowd!]

DW: Maybe that slap was a bad idea - a rookie mistake.

SA: I think the real lesson we learned today is to never reject the sportsmanship of Justin Gaines. He's not here to make enemies, but if you make him one, you may live to regret it.

[“All My Life” plays a bit, and Gaines continues to celebrate his win as he exits the ring, heading up the entrance steps.]

SA: And it looks like Theresa Lynch is standing by to get some words from this triumphant young man. Theresa?

[We cut to Theresa at the interview podium.]

TL: Thanks, Sal... and as Justin makes his way up here, I’ve gotta say that match was a stronger performance from Todd Brockett than any of us expected but in the end, it’s this guy right here... come on in here, Justin...

[The fourth generation competitor enters the frame, giving a wave at the cheering crowd.]

TL: ...another impressive win there, Justin. Justin, you’re no stranger to the competition level here in the AWA from your time here before but now that you’re back, what do you think about the level of competition here in 2018?

[Justin cocks his head slightly in thought, but not for a long time.]

JG: You know, it’s competitive! Joltin’ Jack Staffenson is certainly that, because he packs a punch, and Todd Brockett, man, he’s a blur out there. Hard to get a handle on. But I managed to defeat them both. Really, though, I’m just glad to be out here competing. It’s the spirit of competition that drives me forward.

TL: And so what’s next?

[Justin shrugs with a bit of a grin.]

JG: More competition. More matches. I would like to hope that I’m doing my father, my mom of course, my uncle George, and my grandfather proud. The Gaines family legacy runs four generations deep and it’s a lot to live up to, but I’m here, I’m fighting and I’m not going away.

TL: Thanks for your time, Justin.

[Gaines nods, giving another wave to the crowd as he makes his exit, leaving Theresa behind.]

TL: Justin Gaines continues to be impressive, picking up another win, continuing to extend the legacy of the legendary Gaines family... and as a member of a pretty storied wrestling family myself, I know the pressure that comes with it. A whole lot of eyeballs on Justin and I wish him the best of luck. And speaking of second generation talent, let’s go right now to some pre-recorded comments with the man who won the Battle Royal at SuperClash and will be making his singles debut here tonight - Odysseus Allah!

[The cameras open on the brash young superstar, Odysseus Allah. He stands alone backstage in the Chimpanzee position. He is dressed in his wrestling gear, fatigues, combat boots and an Amiri shearling lined trucker jacket. He holds his lapels, shaking his head from side to side and smiling at the camera as he flashes his gold fangs.]

OA: Polemos... okay, it’s time for my debut. I know this match should be on Saturday Night Wrestling but the suits say I gotta be here so here I am. They say that the office and ESPN are trying to make the Power Hour something special.

[Allah nods.]

OA: Well, this will be the match that MAKES it special. You and me, scary man. Interim President Zharkov thinks he's punishing me with this match. Sebastian MacIntyre thinks he's getting one over on me by making this match. Yeah, it kinda pissed me off that you stuck me with a monster my first match. Polemos. I know what you're thinking, MacIntyre. The giant. The scary man. The physical representation of War.

[Allah rubs his hands together.]

OA: Well, War, I'm your soldier. I was born for war. I was born for the struggle, Big Man.

[He looks up and down, grinning.]

OA: So bring all your fire. Bring all your pain and violence. Bring it. Break it on me. Let it all out. Because all eyes are on us. We're going to make a spectacle in that ring and everybody will know who is the greatest wrestler in the world today. Yeah, I make my mark on AWA television tonight and Interim President Zharkov will see what he got on his hands.

Tonight, I'm going to end the War. I'm going to bring peace on you by putting you down in front of all these people. And the suits are going to see that Odysseus Allah is money and eyeballs. And they'll be begging to put me up against the World Champion. The National Champion. The World Television Champion. The World Tag Team Champions.

And don't worry, P. You'll get famous, too. You'll be the answer to the question. Who was the first man in Odysseus Allah's ascent to the top.

[Allah stares up in the sky, considering the answer.]

OA: Ummmm ... Polemos.

[Allah clicks his teeth and points the finger gun at the camera.]

OA: Polemos, as big and bad as you are, I'm ferocious. I'm dangerous. I'm vicious. I'm Supreme Wright. I'm James Monosso. I'm Ebola Zaire. I'm cut from their cloth. I'm their lineage. I'm the most. I am HIM. I'm going to tear you apart. My skills are too sharp. My defense is too overwhelming. I'm going to put you face down on the canvas and tear you apart. This'll be decide. And that's Word to Allah!

[A crazed smile spreads over Allah's lips. He claps to the camera, turning towards the entrance curtain before we cut to black...

...and then back up on a shot of two boys sitting in front of a TV playing video games. The shot is over the TV so we can see the living room behind them. The boys are very into the action on the screen which we cannot see but we can hear the explosions and gunfire of the latest hot first person shooter type game. The girls sitting behind them look bored to tears as the boys trade jabs like "GOT YOU!" "YOU'RE TOAST!" and "GRENADES FOR DAYS, FRIENDO!" A voiceover begins.]

"Feeling left out of the action?"

[The girls look up, nodding.]

"Looking for your next video game to trade bullets for bodyslams?"

[The girls nod more emphatically.]

"Tired of just another boring shoot 'em up?"

[The girls get up from their seats on the couch now, looking eagerly at the screen.]

"Wish there was someone who looked like YOU that you could control?!"

[A white light shines down from the living room ceiling on the two girls...

...and with a burst of shattering glass, the room fills with light.

As the light dies down, we find the grinning form of "Spitfire" Julie Somers in wrestling gear standing in front of the now-smoking television set.]

JS: Step aside, boys... it's Ladies Night.

[And we cut to a series of shots of video game pro wrestling action: Michelle Bailey delivering a Britney Spear to Kelly Kowalski. Charisma Knight and Skylar Swift trading blows. Harley Hamilton and Cinder making their entrance. The voiceover continues.]

"It's AWA 2K17 coming your way just in time for the holiday season. Play as your favorite wrestlers..."

[Victoria June drops Xenia Sonova with a front powerslam.]

"...create your own shows in our new El Presidente mode..."

[A digital Castillo is on stage making a match.]

"...take your created superstar from rookie to SuperClash Main Event!"

[A face we don't know is trading blows center ring with Trish Wallace before hoisting her into a Jackhammer suplex.]

"All in one tremendous game!"

[Cut scene of the digital Julie Somers standing on the turnbuckles, flipping off onto a prone Kurayami...

...and then to a shot of the real Julie Somers.]

JS: Now that's what I like to see.

[Somers looks over at the boys now huddled in the corner of the room.]

JS: Aww, we didn't forget about you two.

[Somers snaps her fingers as we get a barrage of shots from other characters - Supreme Wright using Fat Tuesday on Jeff Matthews. Jack Lynch applying an Iron Claw on Muteesa. Hannibal Carver using a Blackout on Derrick Williams. And finally, Ryan Martinez causing Johnny Detson to pinwheel through the air with an Excalibur. The voiceover continues.]

"AWA 2K17 drops October 26th at game shops, retail stores, and online! Available for your favorite gaming system and on PC!"

[Back to a shot of all four kids playing excitedly now, a tag team match on screen pitting Julie Somers and Victoria June against Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell. The

on-screen Somers takes a German Suplex from Fujiwara as real life Somers grimaces, grabbing at her neck.]

JS: That had to hurt.

[And with that, we cut to a graphic promoting the release of AWA 2K17 as we fade to black...

...and then back up to live action with Theresa at the interview podium. We can hear the sounds of "Snakes" by Ol' Dirty Bastard playing over the PA system in the background starting to fade as Theresa speaks.]

TL: We're back here in Atlanta for the Power Hour and we're just moments away from the in-ring singles debut of Odysseus Allah as he takes on the mighty Polemos. Before we went to break, we heard from Allah and now...

[Theresa gestures off-camera.]

TL: ...please welcome my guests at this time who will both be in singles action tonight - unlike last weekend in Milwaukee when they teamed up to defeat the Dogs of War... you can call them the High Council of Justice if you please but tonight, we call them the God of War, Polemos and his partner, the Neptunian Hero, Omega!

[The glittering blue-caped Omega heads to the podium, but he appears engaged in conversation with his taciturn, towering partner, the hide-cloaked Polemos.

O: ...I mean, don't get it twisted, Po-le-mos-def... I think I'm in for a tough match too, but I'm just describing the elemental qualities here.

[Omega turns back to the podium and the microphone.]

O: Sorry. Wwwwwwwwhat's up, Center Stage!

[Big cheer from the fans for the smaller partner of the masked duo.]

TL: Did I catch you in the middle of something?

O: Yeah, sorry about that, but if I don't at least make the effort to get the last word in when me and Polemos are having one of our arguments, Ol' Foghorn Dragonbone here will just 'yak-yak-yak' your ear off. I'm sure I'll never hear the end of it once we're done here and he'll still try to convince me he's right up until bell time.

[An indignant grunt is heard behind Polemos' imposing mask.]

TL: What were you two bickering about this time?

O: Well, we were talking about our respective opponents tonight. I was giving Polemos the skinny on Odysseus Allah from when I faced him as O.D. Brown. I mean, what kind of weirdo just powers up by inventing a new persona for themselves, am I right, people?

[The crowd laughs as we cut to the ring where Allah glares up, shouting something off-mic at Omega.]

O: Ouch. Was it something I said?

[Theresa stifles a laugh before continuing.]

TL: And of course, you saw what happened to your good friend and my colleague Sebastian MacIntyre two weeks ago on the program.

O: Ohhhhhh... I dunno... Sebastian is probably a lot tougher than he comes off.

TL: I'll bet.

O: But speaking of 'tougher than he comes off,' I will be keeping him in mind when I face my opponent tonight, "Golden" Grant Carter. In fact, that pretty much brings us to what me and the big man were talking about. I mean, let's talk 'Gold.' It's durable, relatively rare-excellent conductor of electricity! And it's a noble metal, like Grant Carter. But it's malleable, soft-not really all that useful in a hand-to-hand battle sense. And... let's face it, you guys have been making them into little discs... wearing them around your necks... making toilets out of them apparently... it's kind of tacky when it's overdone.

So what I was suggesting to Polemos-and I think he knows that I'm right on this-is another nickname that I think would be better. What's one of the most important elements on Earth? What forms some of the hardest and sharpest elements in the universe...?

"Carbon" Grant Carter!

[Polemos's gloved hand rubs the forehead of his mask just below the horns in exasperation. The reaction of Center Stage is probably not as approving as Omega had anticipated.]

O: CGC! I mean, that rolls off the tongue just as much as GGC, and we have that alliteration that everyone around here seems so obsessed with-

TL: It... uh... it might catch on. But...

O: I'll bring it up if it comes up in conversation with him during the match. I know he'll go for it.

TL: Well, gentlemen, before you head off, I'm sure you heard the challenge earlier from your opponents last week. The Dogs of War are looking to settle their issue with you in a six-man contest at the Tenth Anniversary show: I take it you're not going to back down from that.

O: Never, Theresa! Myself and Polemos still remember when those malevolent miscreant mercenaries jumped us from behind last year at Fright Night.

[Polemos eagerly slaps his fist into his gloved palm.]

O: The High Council of Justice has triumphed over the Dogs of War already! And tonight, the Gauntlet for the Gold goes through Neptune, and Polemos will demonstrate his true, unshackled power to Odysseus Allah! Those Dogs will seem like mere Pound Puppies to the two of us!

[Polemos' unshaven chin moves, as though he mouthed the words, "Pound Puppies?" quietly to himself.]

O: But if it's three-on-three, maybe we should reform... TEAM POW!

[A few cheers from fans who remember that obscure reference from last year.]

TL: Team POW... that was the name you attempted to give your team at SuperClash last year. Polemos, Omega, and...

O: WHAITIRI! Mate, if you are free on March 17, hit us up! Until then...

...Omega, out!

[With a whirl of his cape, Omega leaps out of frame. Polemos follows close behind, popping his neck, readying himself for some mayhem of his own as he trades a double fist bump with his partner who departs as the big man heads towards the ring where Odysseus Allah awaits.]

TL: It looks like we're ready for action but a challenge has been answered! The Anniversary Show - the Dogs of War back together taking on the team of Omega, Polemos, and Whaitiri! Will Whaitiri accept the offer? We'll find out soon enough, I'm sure, but right now, let's head down to the ring for more action with Sal and Dylan! Boys?

[We cut to the ring where Allah is waving both hands at the approaching Polemos, crouching over and glaring at the seven foot masked man as the crowd buzzes with anticipation for the battle to come.]

SA: Thanks, Theresa... and that's a six man match I can't wait to see if it gets signed but let's not get ahead of ourselves because this should be quite the showdown as well.

[Polemos steps over the top rope, tugging a gloved hand as he stares across at Allah who looks anxious to get going.]

SA: The bell's about to sound in this one - the official singles debut of Odysseus Allah here in the AWA after a few weeks of politicking and maneuvering by the man who won the Battle Royal back at SuperClash, cementing himself as a future challenger for the World Television Title currently held by Odin Gunn. But Dee Dub, Allah's got his work cut out for him here tonight when he takes on the massive masked man, Polemos.

DW: Seven foot tall, over three hundred pounds... yeah, I'd say that little punk Allah's in for a rough night... and if you ask me, he's got it coming.

SA: Not a fan?

DW: Not a fan of what he's had to say about the show we call home, Big Sal. A lot of top AWA talent feel the same way about him so I expect Allah to have his work cut out for him tonight and beyond.

[Allah looks a little anxious as he stares across at Polemos who is shedding his animal fur cape, revealing a moderately muscular torso to go with his massive frame.]

SA: This match, of course, was made by Interim President Zharkov last weekend as punishment for Allah's actions on this show a week ago when he assaulted our broadcast colleague Sebastian McIntyre.

DW: Yeah, and if you ask me, he's lucky he didn't get shown the door.

SA: Sebastian requested this match instead and...

[The referee signals for the bell as Polemos tugs a glove in place...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and breaks into a sprint across the ring towards a surprised Allah who tucks his head, dipping into a front somersault to avoid the grasping arms of the God o' War.]

SA: Polemos trying to get off to the quick start but Allah using his speed and quickness to get out of his warpath.

[Polemos jerks around, rushing Allah again who has backed to the opposite corner, a pleading hand up as the referee tries to cut off the giant to no avail...

...so Allah ducks his head between the top and middle rope, hanging between them and shouting at the official to make Polemos step back!]

SA: Polemos wants to get his hands on Allah but so far, Allah's using his ring smarts to avoid him...

DW: So, we can add "coward" to the list of words to describe him.

SA: Ouch. Strong words from our own Dylan Westerly.

[Allah continues to protest as Polemos tries to reach over the ropes to grab him but is finally backed up by referee Andy Dawson.]

SA: The official gets Polemos back... not for long!

[Polemos brushes past Dawson, making another lunge at Allah who ducks right back between the ropes...]

SA: Allah back in the ropes, the Atlanta fans letting him hear it...

DW: They came to see a fight too, Big Sal... not Allah's duck and cover routine.

[The referee is ordering Polemos to step back, positioning his body between the giant and the ducking Allah...

...which is when Polemos lifts the official under the armpits, turning around and setting him down on his feet to a big cheer!]

SA: Well, that removes that obstacle and- OH! Allah sticks a thumb right in the eye!

DW: Most of Polemos' face is covered by that mask... but the eye was exposed and Allah went right after it!

[Grabbing one of Polemos' long arms, Allah cranks it around in an armtwist and promptly kicks the back of Polemos' knee a few times, forcing him down onto that knee...]

SA: Allah taking him off his feet and- perhaps not for long! Polemos shoves him right off into the corner!

[But as Polemos surges to his feet, Allah leaves his, lashing out with a dropkick to the other knee of the giant, causing him to stumble backwards as Allah says on the mat, rolling under the ropes to the apron...]

SA: Allah strikes hard with that dropkick and now he's on the outside, perhaps trying to create a little space from Polemos who is right back on the attack!

[...where Polemos reaches over the ropes with his arm, making a grab for Allah who grabs the grasping hand, dropping down off the apron and snapping the arm across the top rope!]

SA: Allah going from the arm to the leg to the leg to the arm and... well, we've heard him talk about his "A-L-L-A-H" offense in some interviews and I guess we're seeing it in action here.

DW: Guess the last thing to do is-

[Allah pulls himself back up on the apron, leaping up to pop Polemos in the back of the head with an enzuigiri!]

SA: Ohh! Kick to the noggin by Allah, Polemos perhaps seeing the stars in the sky over Mount Olympus after that!

[Slipping through the ropes, Allah races past a staggered Polemos, hitting the far ropes as he rebounds back...

...and ducks under a wildly-thrown off-balance clothesline, grabbing the arm as he goes by, twisting and wrenching it into a hammerlock...]

SA: Wow! Nice counter-wrestling by Allah, trapping the arm and-

[Still holding the arm, Allah viciously stomps down on the back of the knees of Polemos, breaking down the giant and putting him down on his knees.]

DW: Arm, leg, leg...

[Grabbing the other arm, Allah steps back out to the apron, yanking the arm behind Polemos and hooking it over the middle rope...]

SA: Back to the arm now as advertised...

[...and while holding the top, Allah violently kicks and stomps the trapped arm, Polemos hooked in the ropes to prevent an easy escape from the attack!]

SA: The referee ordering Allah to back off... and surprisingly, he does...

[Only to leap into the air again, striking the trapped arm with his feet!]

SA: ...and then dropkicks the arm! Allah showing a very unique - pun perfectly intended - ring style here in this one as he works over the giant... and Dee Dub, I gotta say I'm very surprised to see Allah solidly in control of this one.

DW: You're not the only one. I thought this one would be over by now with Polemos taking his head as a trophy!

SA: Polemos finally free from the ropes, down on all fours...

[Right where Allah wants him as he slingshots over the ropes, dropping an elbow down on the back of the masked skull!]

SA: ...and down with an elbow, right on target! Allah turns him over, Allah with the cover!

[But a mighty kickout follows shortly after, barely getting a one count before Polemos sends Allah flying off him...

...and right through the ropes, crashing down to the floor to a huge cheer from the AWA faithful!]

SA: Holy... ! Sweet Santa Maria, what a kickout by the God O' War! And Allah looks like he's seen a ghost!

[Out on the floor, Allah kneels, looking up in shock at the ring where the powerful Polemos is climbing up off the mat, looking to engage in more violence...]

SA: Polemos shaking off the offense of Allah, coming for more!

[Polemos nears the ropes when Allah surges to his feet, reaching under to grab the giant by the ankles, trying to yank his legs out from under him...]

...but instead, the big man reaches over the top, grabbing Allah by the throat with a mighty gloved hand!]

SA: Polemos hooks him by the throat!

[And in a show of sheer power, Polemos lifts Allah right up off the mat, putting him down on the apron...]

...which is when the desperate Allah goes to the eyes again, this time raking across!]

SA: Back to the eyes!

DW: I'm sick of this guy's cheating already, Sal.

[Polemos stumbles backwards, wiping at his eyes with his arm as Allah runs down the apron, quickly scaling the turnbuckles...]

SA: Allah's on the move... Allah's up top!

[...and leaps off, arms over his head...]

SA: OFF THE TOP...

[...and ends up getting caught by the throat by Polemos!]

SA: ...AND CAUGHT!

[Allah gasps, batting at the clutching hand and arm, trying to find a way out but this time, Polemos will not be denied as he lifts him right back into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CHOOOOKESLAAAAAAM!

[Polemos drops to his knees, leaning forward in a lateral press...]

SA: COVER! HE'S GOT ONE! HE'S GOT TWO! HE'S GOT-

[...but the referee abruptly stops his count, pointing down at Odysseus Allah's foot resting on the ropes!]

SA: No! Allah gets the foot on the ropes!

DW: Polemos was too close to the ropes on that chokeslam! He should've moved Allah away from the ropes before he covered!

SA: A little too late for that now as Allah saves himself with that foot on the ropes and...

[Polemos looks up at the official who points to the foot again, holding up two fingers as Allah again rolls under the ropes to the outside.]

SA: ...Allah rolls out to the floor now, trying to get a little recovery time. Allah's had a good showing so far in this one but even with all his offense, it seems like it's done little to wear down the giant.

[And with Allah on the outside, Polemos steps over the top rope, dropping down to the floor in pursuit.]

SA: The masked mighty giant on the outside, looking to finish the job perhaps and-

DW: Uhh... where did he go?

[Polemos seems to be wondering the same thing as he rounds the ringpost, looking for Allah who appears to have vanished.]

SA: That's... that's an excellent question, Dee Dub. Where DID he go?

[Polemos looks around at the crowd who are pointing.]

SA: The fans are saying he went under the ring!

DW: Like the coward he is?

SA: I'll refrain from commenting on that one as Polemos is... he's looking under the ring now, trying to find him... did he get... nope, that's a toolbox... look out!

[The crowd buzzes as Polemos tosses the toolbox down on the ground next to him, sending its contents spilling out on the floor as he jerks the apron up again, looking under the ring...]

SA: Polemos is searching under the ring as the referee starts his count on both of these competitors. Where in the heck did Odysseus Allah go?

DW: Maybe he got a head start and he's crawling up to Chi-Town, Big Sal.

[Sal chuckles as Polemos pulls the apron up, his masked head scanning underneath the ring on the hunt...]

...but somehow misses Allah as he crawls out from under the ring on the adjacent side of the ring...]

DW: There he is! He's over there, Sal!

SA: I see him but does Polemos?!

[...and Allah rushes forward, running alongside the apron, grabbing the ringpost as he leaps and swings his legs around the steel...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CONNECTS with a two-legged kick to the back of Polemos, sending him sprawling forward into the ropes and apron!]

SA: Allah using the post for leverage, delivering that swinging kick to the back of the big man...

[Allah drops down to his knees, crawling towards the underside of the ring again...]

SA: Now what is he...?

[...and snatches a roll of duct tape off the floor!]

SA: He's got tape!

DW: It must've fallen out of that toolbox!

[And with the tape in hand, Allah quickly wraps it around the left ankle of Polemos while looping it around something under the ring as well.]

SA: He's... is he taping Polemos to the ring?!

[Allah swings the tape around over and over, making several full circuits around Polemos' ankle and whatever under the ring he's trying to connect him to.]

DW: He is! Hey, ref! Stop this!

[But the tape job is out of the official's view as he continues counting both competitors. As the count reaches six, Allah pops up off the floor, grabbing the masked man by the back of the head and SMASHES his face down on the ring apron to jeers!]

SA: The masked face meets the mat... and Allah's back in!

[Allah rolls under the ropes, waving at the official to finish his count...]

DW: You've gotta be kidding me!

SA: The referee's count is up to seven... make it eight...

[Polemos can be seen trying to yank his ankle free from the tape.]

DW: He can't get loose! This is ridiculous!

SA: The count is up to nine!

[A smirking Allah is on his knees now, waving for the official to keep counting as the jeers get louder and louder...]

DW: Ref, he's tied up! He can't-

[...and the count hits ten as the official wheels to signal for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

DW: What a... this is garbage, Sal. Total garbage!

SA: The official couldn't see that Allah had taped up the ankle of Polemos... taped him to something... perhaps the ringpost or one of the ties that support the ring... I don't know. Whatever it is, it held Polemos in place until-

[Sal is cut off by Tyler Graham.]

TG: The referee has counted Polemos out of the ring... therefore your winner... as a result of a countout... ODYSSEUS ALLLLLLLAAAAAH!

[Allah climbs off the mat, a huge grin on his face now as he holds his arms up over his head.]

SA: You heard it, fans... Odysseus Allah picks up the win here in his AWA singles debut and... this is the very definition of "by hook or by crook," Dee Dub.

DW: It's a sham is what it is. I want a rematch and I want to see this cheating punk get what's coming to him. But not on our show, nuh uh... if he don't want to be here, I don't want him here!

SA: I don't think that decision will be up to you, Dee Dub... or him for that matter. But whether we like it or not, he has won this match by countout and-

[The crowd suddenly erupts!]

DW: HE'S LOOSE! HE'S LOOSE!

[Having been freed by a ringside attendant, Polemos - tape still hanging from his leg - climbs up on the apron, stepping over the top rope...]

SA: Allah doesn't have a clue he's there!

[Allah looks a little puzzled at the crowd's loud reaction, jerking a thumb at himself, proclaiming himself to be "the man in this company."]

DW: Get him, big man! Let him have it!

[The noise is a little too loud now as Allah's eyes go wide, suddenly jerking around, his fist at the ready...]

...but Polemos hooks him by the throat!]

SA: HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED! POLEMOS GRABS HIM ANNNNNND...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...OHHHHHHH, THE CHOOOOOKESLAAAAAAM!

[Allah BOUNCES off the canvas on impact, Polemos thrusting an angry fist down at him as the crowd cheers loudly!]

SA: Well, that probably made Polemos feel good but it does little to dull the sting of losing this match here tonight to Odysseus Allah who chucks up a notch in the win column here in his AWA singles debut.

[Allah rolls out to the floor, falling to his knees as Polemos bellows down at him.]

SA: Allah's got a future shot at the World Television Title in his back pocket... and you have to imagine it's just a matter of time before he cashes that in.

DW: This guy against Odin Gunn? Oh man, I'd pay to see that.

SA: Maybe it'll go down right here on the Power Hour and you won't have to, Dee Dub. Speaking of things coming up on the Power Hour, we have a lot more still to come here tonight and right now, we're moments away from action in the hottest division in our sport - the AWA Women's Division - where we're going to see Betty Chang take on E-Girl MAX's Casey Cash! We caught up with Betty moments ago so let's hear what's on her mind moments before this matchup as she speaks to Mariah Wolfe. Mariah?

[We open to a shot backstage, where we see Mariah Wolfe standing by with a determined-looking Betty Chang. Betty is wearing a white martial arts gi jacket

over her wrestling attire, which consists of a short red vest that comes up to her ribcage with two eastern dragons embroidered on the front, a black unitard underneath, and white wrestling boots.]

MW: Thanks, Sal.... and as you can see, I'm backstage here with Betty Chang, who will be taking on Casey Cash tonight. After the events on the last edition of the Power Hour...

BC: *Sigh* Mr. Stegglet says if I break another wall, it's coming out of my paycheck.

MW: Well... yes, Betty, you've been on something of a rampage, lately. And you've did some heavy duty damage to our studio set.

[Betty shakes her head.]

BC: I don't mean to do it, it's just that every time I see Casey Cash, she just gets me so angry!

[She pounds a fist into the palm of hand, causing Mariah to jump slightly.]

MW[Nervously.]: We get the picture.

BC: I'm sorry, Mariah! You don't have to be nervous around me. I've been practicing martial arts since I was four years old and maybe I haven't looked like it lately... but I've got plenty of discipline and self-control. You're safe around these fists and feet.

[Mariah raises an eyebrow.]

MW: But when you get into the ring with Casey Cash... all bets are off?

BC: No, Mariah. I don't intend to hurt Casey. Maybe teach her a lesson. She's gotten a lot more arrogant and a lot more annoying ever since she showed up with E-Girl MAX and someone needs to knock her off her high horse. Just because she feels invincible with her friends around, doesn't mean she can keep getting away with treating people the way she's treated me.

MW: And what sort of lesson will you be teaching her?

BC: One that any bully would understand...

[Betty holds up her hands and slowly balls them into fists.]

BC: ...a lesson in pain.

[Suddenly, Betty throws out a punch towards the cameras.]

"KI-YAAAAAAH!!!"

MW: Eek!

[The sudden outburst causes Mariah to jump again, this time dropping her microphone.]

BC: Ohmygosh! I'm so sorry, Mariah!

[And on that note, we fade out...

...and back up to what should be a familiar sight on this show - Theresa Lynch standing by to interview a wrestler. But it's a slightly different scene this time, as instead of standing at the Center Stage podium, she's at one end of a bank of ringside seats, leaning over slightly to properly be in the shot with her seated guest.

You saw him briefly on the last episode, a mid twenties white man overdressed for being a wrestling fan for the night in crisp khakis and a salmon dress shirt with the sleeves rolled way, way up on his arms. He's smirking - or smizing, maybe? - at the camera, waiting for Theresa to tee him up.]

TL: My guest right now is a man you know well if you love reality TV, and a man soon to debut here in the AWA. Ricky Heartbreaker, my understanding is that you're set to debut on our next episode. So why are you here in the crowd right now? Is this simply a scouting trip?

[Heartbreaker doesn't exactly convey the intense concentration of a man trying to scout opponents as he answers.]

RH: I'm a very picky man, Theresa. My standards are sky high. Did you watch me on The Bachelor?

TL: Well, I'm really more of-

[Clearly not even pretending to listen, Ricky cuts her off mid sentence.]

RH: Of course you did. I saw the ratings, everyone was watching me. So you know, and everyone at home knows, that I don't commit to anything lightly. I had twenty five of the most beautiful women in America put out in front of me - and they weren't just beautiful, they were accomplished, charismatic, funny, charming... They were an unattainable dream to almost anyone else. And yet, I didn't pick a single one. I bet on myself.

So if I'm here, not just to work here but really paying attention, if this company gets my attention, isn't that a real compliment?

TL: I suppose it is, from a certain perspective.

[Heartbreaker smiles broadly, the smile of a man who enjoys being agreed with.]

RH: Great answer, sweetheart.

[Theresa grimaces at the unasked for pet name and pauses before continuing. Ricky misreads this pause, perhaps intentionally and perhaps not.]

RH: Don't be nervous, you're doing a great job.

[Now the professionalism really kicks in, and Lynch plows through the condescension to conclude the interview.]

TL: We're going to see you compete next week, and many fans will make up their mind about your credentials based on what you do in the ring then... sweetheart.

[Theresa's gaze burns a hole in Heartbreaker whose jaw drops slightly.]

TL: But for now, you've come down to this seat just moments before a big matchup between Casey Cash of E-Girl Max and Betty Chang. Is there anything particular about that contest that drew your attention?

RH: It should be a great match. It takes a lot to get me to come to Atlanta...

[Heartbreaker is continuing to speak, but as he does a young man who's sitting right behind him and is apparently quite proud to be a Georgian waves his hand at the former Bachelor in a "Screw you, Yankee!" gesture.]

RH: ...but I'll do it now, and I'll do it again in two weeks to put on a show in that very ring the likes of which you've never seen before. And for the fans here, as well as the fans around the world watching...

... You're welcome.

[That's as good an out line as any, so Theresa stands up straight to end the segment.]

TL: Alright, let's go to the ring!

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

TG: Our next match is in the Women's Division, set for one fall with a 20 minute time limit! Introducing first...

[Graham reads from his card and shakes his head.]

TG: Hailing from "the greatest city in the world", Baltimore, Maryland, she weighs 141 pounds... she is a member of E-Girl MAX, and she is the "Charm City Cutie"...

CAAAAAAAAAAAAAASEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY
CAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASHHHHHHHHHHHH!

WOOOOOOOOOOO!

["1 of 1" by SHINee plays over the sound system as once again, the customary mixed reaction of a loud high-pitched cheer followed by a deeper chorus of boos rings through Center Stage. Casey Cash walks from the entrance, looking a little unsure of herself, and she glances behind her for a brief moment before looking back towards the ring. Her facial expression changes towards one of feigned confidence and arrogance as she rolls her eyes at a group of booing men.]

DW: I think someone just let her mask slip a little, Big Sal.

SA: I'll say, Dee Dub. Casey Cash debuted just months ago, and while she's come a long way in those months, she's had Harley Hamilton, Cinder, and in recent weeks Kelly Kowalski by her side. This is the first time she's flying solo, and she doesn't have an autopilot to take this ride into the danger zone!

DW: Especially with Betty Chang causing our damage insurance to go up by punching holes in walls left and right. Sheesh.

[Before she hops into the ring, Casey removes her E-Girl MAX Under Armour hoodie, and the camera's microphone picks up her warning to the ringside attendant...]

"These haven't been officially released yet! You better be careful! If it ends up on eBay, we'll get you for breaking street date!"

[The crowd boos a little more as Casey climbs into the ring. She's clad in a matching sports bra/tights set designed like the Maryland state flag, along with black kneepads with a prominent Under Armour logo and black wrestling boots. She's also wearing black Under Armour sweatbands on her wrists and is carrying an

Under Armour water bottle. Referee Shari Miranda checks her over, with Casey rolling her eyes, as the music fades.]

SA: I see Miss Cash is keeping the brand strong as she tries to protect this house tonight.

DW: I guess for us it's lucky that when it comes to Baltimore-area businesses, her father is with Under Armour and not Lockheed Martin.

SA: I don't know, we've seen a few bombs in our day.

DW: Touché.

[Graham continues.]

TG: And her opponent... hailing from Seattle, Washington... she weighs 112 pounds...

BETTTTTTTTTYYYYY CHAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNG!

["Blue Water Blue Sky" by Daisuke Ishiwatari, from the Guilty Gear X2 soundtrack begins to play over as the crowd cheers at the appearance of Betty Chang. The young martial artist is dressed in the same attire we saw her in earlier: A white martial arts gi worn over her wrestling gear which consists of a short red vest that comes down to her ribcage with embroidered dragons on the front and a black unitard underneath. Her hair is styled in Chinese "ox horn" buns and tied in red ribbons. As she walks past the camera, we see the back of her gi, which reads "CHANG ACADEMY" over a logo of a phoenix and dragon depicted as yin and yang. Betty slaps the hands of the fans as she makes her way down to the ring.]

SA: And here comes Betty Chang, who's looking to settle the score with Casey Cash, tonight.

DW: Let's hope she does... I don't think our walls can handle any more damage!

[Betty slides into the ring, where she immediately begins to perform a martial arts kata. Casey Cash grabs Shari Miranda and points to Betty, loudly saying, "You better make sure she doesn't do anything illegal!" as Betty finishes off her kata with a resounding straight punch.]

SA: And before we begin tonight's match, I like to remind our viewers at home that this portion of the show is brought to you by our friends at Under Armour. Under Armour. Unleash your will.

DW: They sure do make a superior product, don't they, Big Sal?

SA: Their shoes are very comfortable.

[An Under Armour logo pops up at the bottom right corner of the screen, as Shari Miranda signals for the bell to begin the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And here we go!

[The two competitors approach each other in the center of the ring, but before they can lock up, Casey Cash backs away, exclaiming, "I'm not ready yet!" to a chorus of boos.]

SA: It looks like Casey Cash seems a bit reluctant to get this match started.

DW: Just tell it like it is, Big Sal... she's scared!

[Casey does some stretches, before rolling her shoulders and nodding and once again approaching Betty Chang for a lockup. However, just like before, Casey backs away before they can even touch, yelling, "Wait just a minute! Not yet!" drawing even louder boos than before. Casey goes to her corner, where she makes sure to take her time taking a sip from her Under Armour water bottle.]

SA: This is ridiculous. Casey Cash doesn't seem to want to wrestle at all.

"SHUT UP! HYDRATION IS VERY IMPORTANT!"

DW: I think she heard you, Sal.

[Shari Miranda admonishes Casey, telling her to start wrestling, as the Baltimore native rolls her eyes and puts down the water bottle. She throws her hands up in the air and yells, "FINE! I'm ready now!" However, as she approaches Betty Chang this time...]

"KI-YAAAAAH!!!"

[...Betty Chang strikes her with punch directly in the solar plexus, driving all the air out of Casey as her eyes grow wide in shock and she falls to her knees!]

SA: Betty Chang has seen enough of Casey Cash's stalling tactics and she just took matters into her own hands!

DW: Gooooo Betty!

SA: We've seen Betty Chang punch a hole through the AWA logo here at Center Stage, so you can just imagine how hard Casey Cash just got hit.

DW: Look at her eyes! Casey doesn't even look like she's still on this planet, Sal.

[With Casey doubled over in pain, Betty grabs the Charm City Cutie by the wrist and roughly yanks her back to her feet. Before Casey can even register what's happening, Betty pivots and throws Casey over her shoulder and onto her back!]

SA: There's a Seoi Nage! A judo shoulder throw!

[Holding onto Casey's arm and wrist, Betty rolls through on to canvas and back to her feet, pulling Casey up with her and tossing her shoulder with yet another throw. She repeats this once more, throwing Casey for a third time!]

SA: As shocking as it is to say... Betty Chang is ragdolling Casey Cash in there!

DW: I know she knows karate... but she knows judo, too?

SA: Betty Chang knows several martial arts, Dee Dub. She's a black belt in Karate, a black belt in Taekwondo, a brown belt in Judo...

DW: Woah there, Big Sal! If you keep going, we might just miss the entire match!

SA[Chuckling]: Well... just know that Betty has a VERY extensive background in martial arts.

[A dazed Casey Cash gets to her feet on very wobbly legs. Betty Chang backs up and falls into a stance, measuring up Casey. She then slides her feet towards the E-Girl MAX member, raising her right leg into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and BLASTS Casey Cash through the ropes with a side kick!]

DW: BETTY KICKED HER SO HARD, SHE FLEW OUT OF THE RING!

SA: I don't think we've ever seen Betty Chang this determined or focused before. She's completely dominating Casey Cash!

DW: Casey Cash couldn't have expected this from Betty. This isn't the same shy, bashful wallflower Betty Chang that we're used to.

SA: I don't think any of us expected this. Betty Chang has always shown flashes of skill, but she's never been this aggressive.

DW: I just think Casey pushed Betty too far with her bullying and now she's getting her just desserts!

[On the outside of the ring, Casey Cash lays facedown and prone. After a moment, she begins to stir, pushing herself up to her hands and knees. She rises to her feet and as she does, Betty Chang runs into the ropes. She charges at Cash, impressively leaping up onto the top rope in a single bound.]

DW: WOAH!

[However, as Casey shrieks and ducks, expecting a suicide dive of some kind, Betty drops down and bounces her legs off the top rope, using the momentum to backflip back into the ring!]

SA: Betty Chang fakes her out!

DW: I think she could've dived on her if she wanted to, but Betty did that just to put a scare on Casey Cash. She's in complete control of this match and she knows it!

[As the studio audience laughs at Casey's reaction, the Charm City Cutie angrily spins around to yell at them, screaming, "THIS ISN'T FUNNY!" She turns to a section of the crowd and makes another shriek, as she sees Charity Rockwell and her three identical quadruplet sisters in the front row, booing her!]

SA: And there's Casey Cash's old schoolmate, Charity Rockwell, who won an untelevised match earlier tonight.

DW: I'm seeing double, Sal... 8 Charitys!

SA: As you can see, Charity Rockwell is indeed 1 of 4 identical quadruplets.

DW: I don't know about you, but twins were always kind of creepy to me. Imagine having a clone of yourself running around. But three clones of you? Yikes!

[As Casey jaws with Charity and her sisters, Shari Miranda's count has already reached 7!]

SA: And Casey Cash is in some serious danger of getting counted out!

[Charity Rockwell points at the ring, as Shari Miranda's count reaches 9! Casey Cash, finally realizing she may be counted out, stumbles towards the ring and rolls back under the ropes just right before Miranda counts 10!]

SA: That was a close one! Casey Cash almost got counted out there!

DW: With the way this match is going, she might've been better off if she was.

[Betty Chang rushes towards Casey, ready to continue her attack. However, just as she's about to throw another strike...]

DW: OH COME ON!

[...Casey yanks Shari Miranda in front of her!]

SA: Casey Cash hasn't had a defense for Betty Chang's strikes all night, but she finally found one way to defend herself.

DW: And she's risking disqualification doing it!

[Cash then shoves Miranda aside and attempts to throw a punch at Betty, only to be side-stepped, grabbed and tossed over with a judo hip throw!]

"THUUUDD!"

SA: Casey Cash is completely clueless against Betty Chang.

DW: And Betty Chang has all the answers against Casey Cash!

[Holding her back in pain, Casey Cash suddenly grabs Shari Miranda yet again.]

DW: HEY! Get your hands off the ref!

[She then shoves Miranda right into Betty Chang! Miranda has a look of disbelief and then spins around, calling for the bell as the crowd roars with boos.]

SA: Referee Shari Miranda is calling for the bell! Casey Cash just got herself disqualified!

DW: You can't put your hands on the ref and Casey Cash did it twice!

TG: REFEREE SHARI MIRANDA HAS DISQUALIFIED CASEY CASH. THEREFORE, YOUR WINNER.. BETTY CHANG!!!

[As an annoyed-looking Betty Chang gets her hand raised in victory, the crowd boos Casey Cash, who rolls out of the ring and immediately makes a beeline for the backstage area.]

SA: And Casey Cash is getting out of here as fast as she can.

DW: She wanted no part of this match with Betty Chang and it was obvious from the moment the bell rang.

SA: Betty Chang will get her hand raised in victory, but I'm sure this isn't the way she wanted to win! Fans, I get the feeling we haven't seen the end of this particular rivalry. Right now though, we're heading backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell - who I understand has some major breaking news for us.

[We get a big "BREAKING NEWS" chyron on the screen before we cut to a shot of Sweet Lou Blackwell standing backstage. He has an earpiece in his left ear and seems to be listening intently as the shot comes up on him.]

SLB: Hello, fans... and I'm Sweet Lou Blackwell here with some breaking news that is so hot off the presses, we're still getting all the details right now. But here's

what I have for you so far... as has been rumored and reported for weeks now, the investigators hired by the AWA to look into the Johnny Detson situation are nearing the end of their investigation. We're told that there are still a few final points to determine... and we're also now being told that those points should be resolved in time for the AWA to make an official announcement of the findings shortly after the Anniversary Show.

[Blackwell pauses.]

SLB: It comes as no secret that Brian James has been the lead suspect since SuperClash... and we're told as of right now, nothing has changed that. There has been some complications with James appearing on AWA shows and at AWA events with this hanging over his head and...

[Blackwell gives a slight shake of his head.]

SLB: ...and James has officially been suspended pending the official announcement of the results of the investigation. That means James will NOT be at Saturday Night Wrestling in Chicago in two weeks' time. It means James will NOT be scheduled to compete at the Anniversary Show. Brian James has been suspended from any and all AWA appearances until this investigation comes to a conclusion in the next few weeks.

[He bites his lower lip.]

SLB: It's a stunning piece of news to announce - to think that a man who is a SuperClash Main Eventer... a man who competed for the World Title at SuperClash IX back on Thanksgiving Night... to think he may now be facing not only the end of his AWA career but...

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: ...there's no telling what other punishment may be in store for the son of the Blackheart. Fines? Suspensions? Arrest and criminal prosecution? We just do not know but... what we DO know is that when we saw Brian James last weekend in Milwaukee... that COULD be the final appearance of Brian James on AWA television.

[Blackwell's voice and expression are quite somber at this point.]

SLB: We'll have more for you on this breaking news as it develops but right now, let's go back out to Theresa!

[We fade back to the interview podium where Theresa Lynch is standing.]

TL: Thanks, Lou... some huge news there for sure and as Lou says, if we get any more information on this situation, we'll be sure to bring it to you... but right now, my guest is someone who pulled out a victory last Power Hour, but then didn't have anything to say. Let's see if he feels like talking today. Jayden Jericho!

[There's no music as Jericho walks out from the back with a sour look on his face. He is wearing a pair of jeans and a plain black tee shirt with a gold chain around his neck. He stands next to Theresa with his arms crossed, looking as though he'd rather be anywhere else.]

TL: Jayden, thanks for the time.

[Jericho doesn't even look at the interviewer as he shrugs.]

JJ: Well, this is where they told me I had to be so...

[Jericho trails off.]

TL: I see. Jayden, you seemingly haven't had much to say since...

[Theresa pauses, trailing off. Jericho suddenly looks up at Theresa, a coldness to his stare.]

JJ: Since what, Theresa? Since I was made to look like a fool in Toronto at SuperClash? Made to be the punchline in everyone's little joke? You want to bring me out here and what? Maybe get another laugh?

[He points an angry finger.]

JJ: I'm not giving you the chance to make a joke out of me!

[Theresa raises her hands defensively.]

TL: That's not what I'm doing at all!

[Jericho looks at Theresa suspiciously and then slightly nods his head.]

JJ: Yeah, well, okay... maybe. Maybe you're not. But I'm not about to give people something else to laugh at.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: That's not my intention either, Jayden. In fact, I was going to say that you seem refocused here in 2018. What do you think of the current competition in that locker room?

[Jericho pauses, nodding.]

JJ: The last few months... heck, maybe even the last year... have been really eye-opening for me. But I am more than confident that I can hold my own out there in that ring.

[He points to the ring.]

JJ: That Run the Rankings for the TV title shot? That's definitely something I should be involved in, and if something like that comes around again, I won't let that pass me by! There's people talking about this Royal Crown tournament and that's something I'd like to be involved with too, Theresa.

But besides that, I know what the competition is like here - it's tough. But if you step in the ring with me, you're getting the very best fight you've ever seen!

[Theresa grins at Jericho's change in demeanor.]

TL: What do you think about some of the newer competitors here in the AWA, Jayden? Maybe some of the legacy talents like yourself... like Brett Bryant and Odysseus Allah... the returning Justin Gaines...

[Jericho snorts a derisive laugh.]

JJ: Justin "have I mentioned my father is Gunnar" Gaines?

[Jericho gives a dismissive way.]

JJ: See, Theresa... I'm not a legacy talent. I'm A talent. I'm THE talent.

And I'm certainly not gonna be compared to someone who is running around making sure everyone gets told he wants to make a name for himself and in the same breath makes sure everyone knows what his last name is.

[Jericho rolls his eyes.]

JJ: But yeah sure, other than that we're the same.

[Jericho now looks rather annoyed as he shakes his head and mutters "Justin Gaines" and walks towards the back away from the interview area.]

TL: I guess that interview is over. It seems like I hit a sore subject.

[Theresa shrugs.]

TL: A lot on the mind of Jayden Jericho, a second generation star here in the AWA... and speaking of multi-generational stars, gentlemen...

[Theresa gestures off-camera and with a decent amount of cheers from the Center Stage Studios crowd as former World Tag Team Champions Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan come striding into view. Both are dressed to compete but are wearing matching jackets over their bare torsos.]

TL: Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, welcome to the Power Hour...

[Taylor looks around appraisingly.]

WT: Nice place you got here, Theresa.

[Donovan nods in agreement.]

TD: Hey Theresa... I just wanted to say congratulations to you and Supreme and best of luck at your wedding.

[Theresa arches an eyebrow.]

TL: Is that a threat?

[Donovan looks shocked.]

TD: Threat? No! Why would I...?

[Theresa interrupts.]

TL: Sorry. Between Sandra Hayes and my brother and... it just seems like a whole lot of people would like nothing better than to ruin the whole thing so I just...

[Theresa shrugs.]

TL: Again. Sorry.

[Donovan shakes his head.]

TD: Not a problem. I get it. We're not the biggest fans of your brothers and... well, I guess there's always going to be some bad blood between the Lynches and the Donovans. It's just... Supreme did a lot for me when I was just getting started and... anyways... congrats again and...

[Donovan waves his hand.]

TD: ...I'm sure you've got questions for us or something.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: Absolutely. First, I want to ask... you heard moments ago the news about your friend Brian James' suspension and-

[Taylor interrupts, an edge to his voice.]

WT: That's what you want to ask? Not about how one week ago, the two-time former World Tag Team Champions wrestled their first match together in a year... not about how we were a Joe Flint away from winning that match and earning a shot at OUR tag team titles... those aren't the things you want to ask about?

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: Of course I want to ask about those things too, Wes, but... since this Brian James story broke just minutes ago, you're the first ones able to give your thoughts on it.

[Taylor nods, a frown on his face still.]

TD: Look, Theresa...

[Donovan trails off at the sound of "This Is What You Came For" by Calvin Harris playing over the PA system. Donovan frowns as Taylor throws up his hands in frustration...

...and after a moment, Chaz and Chet Wallace emerge from the locker room onto the stage, also dressed for action but sporting t-shirts and headbands rather than those lovely satin windbreakers.]

WT: What the hell do you two want? I would've thought you two would be done with us after we kicked your asses in Milwaukee.

[Chaz sneers.]

Chaz: Kicked OUR asses? Chet, I must've passed out from exhaustion at the end of that four way match last weekend... I must've just been all sorts of delirious because I seem to remember laying on that mat and seeing Flint and Stephens getting their hands raised and not these two chumbawambas.

[Chet grins.]

Chet: That's strange, Chaz. I remember the same thing. It must be one of those... shared delusions I think they call it. Because I remember these two telling us how they were gonna beat everyone... and then... just... not.

[Chet smirks in Taylor's direction.]

WT: That's funny. Real funny. It's so funny in fact that I think the two of you oughta go back to your locker room, change into street clothes, and drive down the street to the Improv because that's your true calling.

TD: It must be because it sure isn't wrestling.

[Taylor nods, resting an arm on his partner's shoulder.]

Chet: Wise guys, eh? Well, Fool And The Gang, if you two think you're the ones to beat here on the Power Hour tonight, why don't you carry yourselves on down to

that their ring and the American Idols will show you why the Wallace twins are THE hottest tag team on the scene in Japan... America... Mexico...

Chaz: ...and all points in-between!

[And with that, the Idols make their way towards the ring as Taylor and Donovan huddle up.]

TL: A challenge issued here by the American Idols and... well, it looks like it's a challenge accepted! Impromptu tag team action set to go down here on the Power Hour, Sal!

[We cut over to Sal and Dylan sitting at the announce table.]

SA: Everyone's coming to the Power Hour to be a part of this one! Jordan Ohara out here earlier for the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge to defend the National Title and now the former World Tag champs are here, looking to take on the American Idols...

DW: And they're not wasting any time about it either, Big Sal! They're running down the steps here in front of us...

[With the Idols already in the ring, Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor come jogging down the entrance steps, yanking off their entrance jackets and tossing them aside, sliding under the bottom rope...]

SA: Let's do this thing!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Chaz and Chet are ready for the former World Tag Team Champions, dropping to their knees to pummel Taylor and Donovan with clubbing forearms across the back and shoulders...]

SA: The Idols are all over Taylor and Donovan! The referee already called for the bell to start the match!

[...but the undersized Idols don't have enough to keep Taylor and Donovan down as the former Kings of Wrestling battle their way up to their feet, throwing fists as fast as they can!]

DW: We've got a fight on our hands now!

[The crowd's cheers pick up as Taylor and Donovan are both throwing big hooking blows to the jaws of Chaz and Chet, driving them back to opposite corners!]

SA: Taylor on Chaz! Donovan on Chet!

[With the crowd getting even louder and the referee protesting wildly, Chaz and Chet are getting their jaws jacked by the former tag team champions!]

SA: These two are letting the fists fly!

[Taylor and Donovan grab an arm each, whipping their opponents towards one another...]

...but Chaz slides low while Chet jumps into a front somersault, hitting the mat and rolling up to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where both Idols get greeted with a pair of stiff uppercuts on target, snapping their heads back!]

DW: The Idols might have finally got their mouths shut with those punches!

SA: I don't think we're that lucky, Dee Dub.

[With the Idols staggered, Taylor and Donovan put their focus on Chaz, a double whip rocketing Wallace across the ring, locking their hands together to take Chaz down with a double clothesline!]

SA: Ohhh! Nice doubleteam by the former champs!

[Turning their attention to Chet, they fire him across again, doubling over...]

SA: EXCUSE CHET WALLACE WHILE HE KISSES THE SKY!

[...and LAUNCHING him through the air and down onto the canvas with a ring-shaking double backdrop!]

SA: Chet may be in all sorts of a purple haze after that one and...

[Chet comes off the mat, grabbing at his lower back as he staggers towards the ropes...]

...and a second double clothesline connects, sending him flipping over the ropes and out to the floor!]

SA: ...if he wasn't before, he sure is now! Chet Wallace sent to the outside... and here come Chaz!

[But Chaz' sneak attack goes awry as the former champions launch him through the air, sending him crashing down on the mat with a double hiptoss that sends Chaz WAAAAAY up in the air!]

SA: Taylor and Donovan are tossing the Wallaces all over the ring right now - and we thought after the rough time of things the Wallaces have had as of late... they looked better in that four way on Saturday Night Wrestling, Dee Dub.

DW: They did... they still lost though... but they looked better.

SA: But so far, they're right back in a bad space against Taylor and Donovan as-

[With Chaz sprawled out on the mat, Taylor and Donovan approach, both leaping into the air from opposite sides...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -FOUR KNEES, NO WAITING!

[The double two-legged kneedrop rocks the already-stunned Chaz, causing him to flail violently on the mat before rolling under the ropes to the outside as the crowd cheers the early offense for the former champions.]

SA: This one has been chaotic since the bell - no legal competitor established yet and we've already got both Idols out on the floor after Taylor and Donovan have controlled the early moments of this one.

[The official has some words for the former James Gang members who shrug...

...and then slide out to the floor after the Idols who are still trying to regroup only to find themselves back under assault!]

SA: On the outside and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Wes Taylor whips Chet Wallace into the staircase coming down off the stage...]

SA: Right down on the steps in front of us! Chet Wallace gets a rude introduction to those wood and metal stairs!

[...and the camera cuts to the other side of the ring where Tony Donovan's got Chaz Wallace by the hair, looking to slam his face into the ring apron...]

SA: Chaz' face hits the- blocked!

[...but Wallace blocks with extended arms before snapping an elbow back into the midsection, cutting off Donovan...]

SA: OHHHH! AND DONOVAN EATS THE APRON INSTEAD!

[Grabbing the ropes, Chaz pulls himself up on the apron, giving a glance at the stunned Donovan...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and with a little shuffling sidestep, he buries his boot into the underside of the chin of Tony Donovan!]

SA: Shufflin' superkick by Chaz!

[Donovan goes stumbling backwards, keeping his feet as Wes Taylor comes around the corner to his partner's aid...

...just in time for Chaz to come rushing down the apron, leaping high and far into a leaping cannonball on both opponents!]

SA: CHAZ GOES AERIAL AND DOWN GOES TAYLOR AND DONOVAN ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Chaz comes to his feet on the floor, giving an excited fistpump before dragging Tony Donovan off the mat, shoving him back into the ring.]

SA: And just like that, it looks like it'll be Chaz Wallace and Tony Donovan as our legal competitors...

[Chaz grabs the top rope with both hands, slingshotting over the ropes into a somersault and dropping his leg down across the collarbone of Donovan!]

SA: ...INCREDIBLE OFFENSE BY CHAZ WALLACE! The American Idols are starting to build some momentum here, starting to get things going after an incredibly rough start! The twin sons of Battlin' Burt... the younger brothers of "Flawless" Larry Wallace and-

DW: He's gonna cover!

[A two count follows before Donovan kicks out.]

SA: Two count there but Donovan's out... and you talk about family legacies, you gotta talk about Tony Donovan as well. His father, big Robert Donovan... his grandfather and namesake "Tough" Tony Donovan... his uncles in the business as well and-

[Back on his feet and in Chaz' control, Donovan gets whipped into the corner where he slams into the turnbuckles. Chaz backs to the opposite corner, pointing across with both hands...]

SA: Chaz on the move - from corner to corner...

[...and then sprints in, leaping high to drive his feet into the chin of Donovan, snapping his head back, causing him to slump down a little further in the corner...]

SA: ...ohhh, what a dropkick by Wallace!

[...and gets right back up, running back to the far corner again, spinning around and taking aim...]

SA: It looks like it's a Dropkick Party and only Tony Donovan is invited!

[...and charges across a second time, leaping into the air...]

SA: RIGHT ON THE CHIN! DONOVAN DOWN IN THE CORNER!

[...and lands a second dropkick which causes Donovan to slump into a seated position against the turnbuckles, scrambling up again, running back to the opposite corner...]

SA: Donovan's down! On the mat! Wallace takes aim annnnnnnnd...

[...and on the final charge, Wallace leaps high into the air, seemingly hanging there before DRIVING both feet into the face of the seated Donovan!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: He got all of that, Big Sal!

[Chaz grabs Donovan by the ankle, dragging him from the corner before diving into a cover...]

SA: Chaz makes the cover for one! For two!

[...but Donovan muscles out again, breaking the pin in time!]

SA: Donovan's out at two! Not enough to keep him down!

[Chaz claps his hands together angrily as he gets to his feet, reaching down to drag Donovan up with him. He tucks his head under Donovan's chin, grabbing the back of his head...]

SA: JAWBREAKER BY WALLACE!

[...and drops to his knees before immediately popping back up, snaring Donovan's head between his legs...]

SA: AND A RANA AS WELL! Great combination offense on the part of Chaz Wallace, leaving Donovan laid out on the canv-

[Sal is cut off by Chaz running to the ropes, leaping to the middle...]

SA: -MOONSAULT!

[The crowd ROARS as Donovan rolls to the side, causing Chaz to crash down on the empty canvas!]

SA: He missed! Chaz misses the moonsault!

[And with Chaz down on all fours, Tony Donovan continues rolling to his corner, reaching up...]

SA: And in comes Wes Taylor on the tag!

[The crowd cheers as the son of the Outlaw comes rushing into the ring just as Chaz gets back to his feet, smashing the son of Battlin' Burt with a left hand... a right hand... a left hand... a right hand...]

SA: The fists are flying from Wes Taylor!

[Grabbing the arm, Wes Taylor whips Chaz to the ropes... and then promptly runs right in behind him, hitting the ropes a few moments after Chaz does. Chaz slams on the brakes, turning around...

...right into a running lariat from the Arizona native!]

SA: AND TAYLOR HITS A BIG CLOTHESLINE ON CHAZ WALLACE!

[Taylor pumps a fist as Chaz hits the mat hard...

...and then turns as he sees Chet Wallace springboard off the top rope, diving into the ring towards him...]

SA: CHET OFF THE TOP!

[...but Taylor sidesteps the attack from Chet who lands on his feet, stumbling as he does. Taylor promptly leaps up, snaring him around the head...]

SA: AND A LEAPING NECKBREAKER OUT OF TAYLOR!

[Chet grabs the back of his neck, flailing about on the mat as Wes turns his attention back towards the rising Chaz Wallace...]

SA: Chaz is back up... big right hand blocked by Taylor!

[...and CRACKS Chaz with a brutal uppercut, snapping his head back...]

SA: Chaz got rocked with that right hand! He hooks him!

[...and then lifts the dazed Chaz for a belly to back suplex, flipping him over into a facefirst slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CHAZ GETS A FACEFUL OF CANVAS!

[And with Chaz and Chet in trouble, Taylor drops back and slaps the offered hand.]

SA: Donovan tags back in! The former champions showing the world exactly why they held those titles on two occasions. Taylor whips Chaz to the corner... clothesline!

[Taylor holds him there as Donovan comes barreling in after him!]

SA: BIG BOOT IN THE CORNER! That charging big boot that Cain Jackson once taught to the former Team Supreme member!

[Taylor and Donovan take a few steps backwards, watching Chaz stagger out towards him...]

SA: DOUBLE LIFT...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...FLAPJACK!

[Chaz bounces off the canvas to cheers as Taylor and Donovan come right back up, spotting Chet on the move towards them...]

SA: The referee having trouble keeping control of this one!

[...and catch him on the chin with pair of jabs... and again... and again... and again...]

SA: Double boot downstairs! What's this now?

[Donovan steps forward, snatching Chet in a standing headscissors, wrapping his arms around him as Taylor nods approvingly...]

SA: Donovan with the lift!

[...and as Donovan goes to powerbomb Chet, Taylor leaps up, snatching a neckbreaker for the ride down!]

SA: OHHHH! WHAT A DOUBLE TEAM BY THE FORMER CHAMPION!

[Chet grabs at his neck, bouncing up and down before rolling under the ropes to the outside. Donovan turns his attention back to Chaz Wallace as Taylor obliges the referee's demands, exiting the ring...]

SA: Taylor's out, Donovan's in...

DW: Or not! Another tag!

[...and as Chaz comes up in a daze, Tony Donovan rushes to one set of ropes as Wes Taylor goes to the opposite set...]

SA: The former champs on the move and-

[...and as Taylor goes low to roll at the legs of Chaz Wallace, Donovan goes high with a running back elbow. When they hit together... it was murder.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: The doubleteam wipes out Chaz Wallace...

DW: ...And that might be it right there!

SA: Taylor with the cover! It could be! It might be! It-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans at a diving save by Chet Wallace breaking up the pin!]

SA: CHET WALLACE MAKES THE SAVE!

[An agitated Tony Donovan comes back into the ring, snatching Chet Wallace up by the hair, tossing him into the corner...]

SA: Tony puts Chet in the corner... CLOTHESLINE BY DONOVAN!

[...and after delivering the body-rockin' clothesline, Donovan snatches a side headlock, charging out of the corner...]

SA: AND A BULLDOG FOR GOOD MEASURE!

[Donovan gets up, pumping his fists as Taylor climbs off the mat, dragging Chet up by the hair, booting him in the gut...]

SA: And we saw this on SNW! Taylor with the double underhook... LIFT!

[...and DROPS Chet across the bent knee!]

SA: THE REVOLVER CONNECTS!

[The backbreaker sends Chet rolling under the ropes to the outside as Tony grabs the downed Chaz, flipping him to his stomach while hooking him in a wheelbarrow lift...]

SA: Here it comes! Donovan with the lift... Taylor with the hook!

[Taylor gives a shout as he holds Chaz in the front facelock...]

...and the duo SPIKE Chaz skullfirst into the canvas with the elevated DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Taylor flips him over, rolling into a protective stance to keep Chet at bay as Tony Donovan dives on top of Chaz!]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Taylor grins, pumping a fist as Donovan gets up, arms over his head to celebrate the win. The duo embraces as Chaz Wallace rolls out to the floor and Tyler Graham makes it official.]

TG: Here are your winners... the team of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan!

[The former champions trade a high five, nodding out at the cheering crowd before they exit the ring...]

SA: Big win for Taylor and Donovan... and things just can't get out of neutral for the American Idols lately. They dropped the fall in Milwaukee, they lose again here tonight. Something's gotta change for the Idols and soon. But in the meantime, it

looks like Taylor and Donovan might want to finish that interview with Theresa Lynch because the former champs are heading your way, Theresa!

[We cut to Theresa standing at the podium.]

TL: Yes they are, Big Sal...

[Taylor and Donovan reach the podium, sharing another high five as Theresa nods approvingly.]

TL: An impressive win, guys... and now... before we were so rudely interrupted, we were going to talk about-

[Theresa is cut off by the crowd reacting to the sight of Brian Lau racing into view, shoving his way through the curtain and walking swiftly over the interview podium to surprised looks from all three standing there.]

TL: Brian Lau... welcome to-

[Lau cuts her off, addressing his former charges.]

BL: Wes, Tony... you heard the news.

[Tony nods.]

TD: We did, Mr. Lau. I think everyone's heard it by now.

BL: Well, what are we going to do about it?

[Donovan looks confused.]

TD: I don't know if there's anything-

[Lau jabs an accusing finger at the duo.]

BL: I just spoke to Jon Stegglet. He says the final decision is being handed down at the Anniversary Show so we've got a couple of weeks to turn this thing around. I asked for an opportunity to speak on Brian's behalf to the panel who will be making the final judgment and I asked for the chance for the two of you to do the same.

[Donovan nods.]

TD: Well, of course we'll-

WT: No.

[Lau's gaze turns onto Taylor as Donovan looks surprised at his partner.]

BL: Did you say...?

WT: I said "no," Mr. Lau. I won't speak on his behalf. Tony, you do what you think is best but I won't do it.

[Lau shakes his head in confusion.]

BL: I don't understand. He's your friend.... your brother... your-

[Taylor interrupts.]

WT: He WAS those things, Mr. Lau. Not anymore.

Look, you know Tony and I have all the respect in the world for you, Mr. Lau... and we appreciate everything you've done for us and for our careers.

But you want me to stand up in front of people and say that Brian didn't do it... that he's innocent... that he'd never...

[Taylor trails off.]

WT: I can't do it, Mr. Lau.

[Lau looks shocked.]

BL: You actually think he-

[Taylor interrupts.]

WT: I don't know.

What I DO know is that there's exactly one person around here who gave a damn about Johnny Detson and that's me.

Johnny was... is my friend... and now he's laid up in a bed, suffering through physical therapy and wondering if his life will ever get back to anything close to normal. Getting in the ring... that's the last thing on his mind these days... he just wants to be able to walk on the beach with his wife... to hang out with his family without laying in a hospital bed.

He's my friend.

You saw him as a means to an end... a way to take over this company like you've done everywhere you've ever managed.

Brian saw him as a rival... an enemy... from Day One.

But he's my friend.

[Taylor pauses.]

WT: And until I know who the hell did this to him... no, I won't tell the world that Brian James is a damn saint. He says he didn't do it... I hope he's telling me the truth. Not long ago, I could've looked him in the eye and known he was telling the truth but that's not the same man... not anymore.

The Brian James I knew and loved and treated like a brother... he would've put Korugun blood on his hands for what they did to us last year.

[Lau tries to plead his case.]

BL: He didn't have a choice.

[Taylor nods.]

WT: He had one. And he made it. And now I'm making mine.

[Taylor turns and walks away, leaving Lau, Donovan, and Theresa behind.]

TD: I'm sorry, Mr. Lau... I'll talk to him... see if he-

BL: No. He's right. He's made his choice.

[Lau glowers after the departed Taylor.]

BL: Now he'll have to live with it.

[Lau shakes his head, exiting the scene as well.]

TL: A tension-filled scene here in Atlanta, fans, and when we come back from this break, it'll be Yoshi Fujiwara in action!

[Theresa remains as we fade to black...

...and fade back up as the quintessential American family of four walks up and down the snack aisle of Anyplace grocery store in Anytown USA. The father wears khaki dockers and a golf shirt that would make him look like a State Farm agent if it weren't navy. The wife is in jeans and a quilted jacket. Her curly hair drops a little bit. The kids, a daughter and a son, trudge along behind them, seemingly on the verge of a meltdown tantrum. The mother searches the snack aisles, picking up chips, candies, candy bars. She sighs in exasperation.]

M: Kids, I know you're hungry. But none of this stuff is right. It so bland. It isn-

[Suddenly, the racks of candies fly apart and Shadoe Rage bursts onto the scene dressed in fuchsia and gold. He holds up two handful of jerky sticks.]

SR: Wanna feel Sensational? Tired of bland cured meats? Tear into Mr. Berkeley's Turkey Jerky!

[Rage tears a chunk of jerky from the pack in his hand. The sound reverberates through the screen. The family is suddenly transformed and energized into hip looking versions of themselves.]

SR: The signature herbs and spices! The smoky flavor! The lean turkey jerky! It's the perfect snack!

[Rage hands out the packs of jerky.]

SR: Ohhhh man, that's good. When I get my hands on Mr. Berkeley's Turkey Jerky, I feel SENSATIONAL!

[Rage tears into another bite along with the family. Everybody seems even more amped as Rage turns towards the camera.]

SR: And so will you.

So will you!

SO WILL YOU!

TEAR INTO IT!

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

[Rage savages the remaining piece of jerky before he stares straight into the camera, smiling as we fade to black...

Black screen. White text appears. "Claws of Life" by Last Rites. Copyright 2015 Nocturnal Records. Text fades.

At staccato black metal guitar riff with a slow drum beat plays, invoking images of bleak, frostbitten landscapes. We fade in on the band playing the song. The singer is a young man who looks to be in his late teens or early twenties. His hair is shaved at the sides, long on top but tied back. His face is adorned with black and white "corpse paint" makeup. His anguished screams are subtitled.]

The Father gives the Child the choice to die

[As the music continues, we cut to another shot of the band playing onstage. The young singer is involved in a scuffle with an over-enthusiastic stage diving fan and appears to headbutt him square in the nose, sending blood spattering everywhere. He puts his hand to the fan's bloodied face, and then slaps it to his own bare chest, leaving a smeared, bloody handprint.]

Either do as I say or live an eternal lie

[We cut to a montage of clips as the song continues. The young singer being led handcuffed to the back of a police car. A shot of him training in some form of kickboxing art, launching a series of quick, high kicks at a heavy bag. A clip of him stumbling out of a club and into the back of a waiting car.]

Now I scream your name into the winter sky

[A video taken from a cellphone of the young man, obviously wasted and nodding out. A screenshot from TMZ reading "DeVillie Kicked Out of Last Rites!". Tabloid shots of him in cuffs again. A video of him being led into a rehab clinic.]

Abandoned at the claws of life

[The young man sits alone in a darkened room, his head in his hands. He looks to be in poor health. He looks up. His skin is pale. There are dark circles under his eyes. As we fade to black, we hear his natural voice as he makes a phone call.]

"I have nobody left to turn to. I need your help... I need... just... help me. Please."

[Caption: "The Bad Seed. Damian DeVillie"]

And as we fade from black, we find ourselves with a wide shot of the Center Stage Studios, slightly elevated to pan across the excited crowd... and then coming to rest on an addition just to the side of our interview podium. Theresa Lynch is nowhere to be seen, Sal and Dylan are craning their necks for a look at this new addition - a small desk - something between a news desk and one of those late night TV talk show desks is set up with a lounge chair next to it. Tyler Graham's voice is heard.]

TG: AWA fans, your host for the debut edition of The Front Page...

[With a "POP!", a large banner unfurls over the and behind the desk with "THE FRONT PAGE" written on it in annoyingly bold print.]

TG: ..BRYYYYYYSONNNNN PAAAAAAAAGE!

[The funky sounds of Prince's "Controversy" jam into life over the Studios' sound system as a man we have not seen in the AWA in a long time, Bryson Page, walks into view holding a microphone. He's wearing brown dress shoes with blue jeans, with a white button up shirt under a brown tweed sports jacket. The crowd - the ones who remember him from his last (brief) AWA stint or that recognize him from his work elsewhere - give him a mixed reaction. Page looks on on the crowd, nodding with approval before plopping down behind the desk, giving a tug on his lapels before speaking.]

BP: I gotta say, I gotta say, I gotta say... thank you for all that!

[He waves his hand around a bit madly.]

BP: When you're in this business, it's not just what have you done for me lately, it's also "HAVE YOU DONE ANYTHING LATELY?!" and I wouldn't be surprised if all of you thought ol' BP here had done jack SQUAT! Not on this show anyways and if it didn't happen in the AWA, it just didn't happen, right? Or was that the other place with the overbearing boss and penchant for censorship? Hmm?

[Page snaps his fingers by his ears a few times, jerking his head to the side each time to give a very... unsettling... feel.]

BP: Toxic water under the crumbling bridge, my friends. It's a whole new day here in the AWA they say now that the big bad corporate types have been put away. See ya in 10-15, Jay Dub... hope ya like your kitchen slop well done.

[Page gestures up at the banner above him.]

BP: Welcome... to The Front Page.

[He pauses for a crowd reaction... and really doesn't get one. He seems affronted for a moment before moving on.]

BP: For those of you who don't know me - and believe me, that'll change quick - I am the Voice of a Generation, the teller of truths, the exposé of hypocrisy, and general all-around pain in the ass of authority, Bryson Page.

For those of you that do know me... You're Welcome.

[Now he gets a reaction, the boos starting to come down a little. He grins at that, nodding more frantically this time, his eyes darting around the makeshift arena.]

BP: Good, good... now, you're probably asking yourself...

[He pauses, waiting...]

BP: No. We don't do that here.

[...and then continues.]

BP: "Why has Bryson Page come back to the AWA and why in the world has some stuck a live mic in his hand?"

[He grins madly, tapping a finger on the mic.]

BP: Good. Question.

See, I could sit here and talk to you all about how some people in that locker room are still employed by... questionable means.

Or maybe how I spent the last however long BANNED from TV and podcasts and the Internet and carrier pigeon and basically any form of communication that might carry my message from this golden throat to your muddy ears. We could talk about that, we could... we could talk about why that happens - that one little incident that I'm legally not allowed to talk about. It's in my contract, I swear, honest engine.

We could talk about how the Lynches - all of 'em - are all egg-sucking frauds who only keep their jobs because the AWA is afraid of what that ol' decomposing fossil might do if they showed 'em the door. How their so-called talent is derived from

their genetics and not from any real display of anything resembling being worthy of being on the airwaves...

[He pauses, the boos interrupting him as he looks off-screen.]

BP: Oh, sorry Terry, forgot, not supposed to do that.

[He slaps his own wrist before pointing off-camera.]

BP: Don't worry, sending you and Supreme a nice meat fork off your Registry. Little pricy but then again, I got a nice new deal.

[He turns back to the camera.]

BP: And like the people that "survived" the previous management, I won't disclose how I swung that. Suffice to say that when you know where the bodies are buried, there is a strong motivation to keep you happy.

But speaking of people who don't disclose things... there's a mystery in the air around this company these days. A big, grand mystery... and no, it's not how Jordan Ohara can still call himself a Once In A Millennium talent when he's out here droppin' falls to a guy best known for bleeding well.

The big mystery is "WHO KILLED JOHNNY DETSON?!"

[Page waves a dismissive hand.]

BP: Of course, ol' John Boy isn't really dead - just his title reign, his career, his legacy, and any positive memories we had of him as a champion and not a bloodied and broken body laid out on an asphalt.

But someone came for him and came hard.

Now, considering how many people hated Johnny Detson, you'd think the list of suspects would be as long as my...

[He trails off, looking down...

...and then pops his head back up.]

BP: ...list of clauses in my contract of things I shouldn't do and say! But surprisingly, even with a top notch, overly-paid investigative team brought in to do the dirty work, the name on everyone's lips is the son of the Blackheart and persona non grata lately, Brian James.

[Page lightly taps his chin... then his temple...]

BP: I can see why you'd see that but I'm not sure I'm thinking what you're thinking. It's the easy answer! It's the reddest of herrings! It's nice and tidy, no muss no fuss, and easy to clean up. Send James packing. Let him go.. engage in Combat.

[He raises an eyebrow with a smirk.]

BP: And we all live happily until the next big conflict that is likely to occur on a Saturday night. But you're all missing the big picture! The big picture that someone's been running around trying to tell everyone what he's seen and no one will listen.

Well, I'll listen. Because these ears have heard things and if these ears could talk.

But I recognize I'm a rare breed and a truly exceptional man which brings us to the real question here - "Why?"

Why won't they listen? Why won't they let him speak? Why do they mysteriously cut off his microphone when he's trying to speak his truth?

[Page squints his eyes, furrowing his brow.]

BP: Because it's what THEY do. THEY don't want you to know their dirty little secrets. THEY don't want you to listen. And most of all,, they don't want you to THINK. THINK FOR YOURSELVES! THINK ABOUT WHAT MATTERS!

Brian James? Sure, he had motive. And maybe he had opportunity. But he's hardly alone in both of those things. Let's look at this suspects, people... and use that hunk of tissue in your cavernous skulls for a moment.

Wes Taylor's out here talking about "oh, my friend, Johnny! I'm his only friend!" - how many times is it the friend that does the deed, hmm? Or maybe a certain overprotective father who once called himself the Outlaw is reliving his glory days - again - by taking out a threat to his boy's bright, shiny, and politically-enhanced future.

For that matter, how about sweet, innocent, once in an Internet-fueled sinking ship Tony Donovan. One moment, he's sacrificing himself for love and singing Disney songs and the next, he's all business as his lady is polishing someone else's Royal Crown.

[Page smirks as the crowd buzzes at that.]

BP: What about the White Knight? How many times could Ryan Martinez not get the job done against Johnny Detson? How many times did he FAIL THIS CITY? The White Knight methinks has gottest thyself the slightest bit sullied.

But they don't want to talk about that... they don't want you to THINK about that. Heaven forbid that the greatest hero turns out to be the villain you never dreamed of.

So many names, so many names...

...and I don't have the answer. Not yet at least. But there's someone who does and since the AWA won't let him talk, Bryson Page WILL!

[Page rises from his seat, spreading his arms.]

BP: Welcome to The Front Page the man who knows all and will tell all... right... about... now... my dear old pal... JACKSON HUNTER!

[The boos really pick up now as the former National Champion comes creeping out of the entrance tunnel, looking around at the jeering crowd. He's wearing a cheap suit and tie that sharp-eyed AWA viewers might have seen him wearing when he managed Zharkov three years ago. Page gestures him into the lounge chair alongside the desk and Hunter takes a seat, looking a little anxiously at Page as he does.]

BP: Jackie baby, it's been a while. You and I, we go waaaay back, don't we?

[Hunter nods.]

JH: Back to Saskatoon almost ten years ago when you were first trying to get your start.

[Page grins.]

BP: Ah, the good ol' days... to be young, dumb, and full of... ambition. Like the blonde that sang "O Canada" all night with the two of us in-

[Hunter clears his throat, giving a curt shake of the head.]

BP: Oh, come now, Jackie... tell me you haven't gone soft like all these snowflakes here in Atlanta!

[The crowd jeers fully-throated now.]

BP: Look, I know you've had a rough go of it lately. Between this stuff with Brian James and Jordan Ohara and the-

[He tips his hand back like he's having a drink.]

BP: -plus, those comments online... on the socials... you've been getting an earful, ol' King of the Seven Second Delay, over some comments you made back in the day that were problematic...

[Hunter clears his throat again, interrupting as he looks around nervously.]

JH: MAY! MAY have been problematic, Bryson... ah...

[He waves a hand.]

JH: ...but that was a long time ago. 2005. Anyways, aren't we out here to-

[Page interrupts.]

BP: "May"... "May have been problematic." Sure, sure... we can go with that if it makes your media team feel better about cashing those paychecks and you're right, it WAS a long time ago and how can you really expect good taste from an era that brought us The Pussycat Dolls and those spinning chrome things on hubcaps.

Although I liked that "football team a day habit" line and I think you stick by that.

[Hunter's eyes dart around again.]

JH: I don't think we're here to talk about-

[Page steamrolls right over him.]

BP: But you're upstanding! You have nothing to not be proud of, Jackie! You stand up for what's right. You're just like me: when ya smell something, you say something.

Like how you won the Chinook Commonwealth Championship back in the day... remember that?

[Hunter sits up a little straighter.]

JH: How I won it?

[Page nods several times quickly.]

BP: Right, you remember, right? The champ was ducking ya... so you went after him to expose every single hypocritical thing he ever said and did, right? Listen up, people, you're gonna love this...

[Hunter starts to lift a hand, seeing where this is going.]

BP: ...and then when that didn't work, Jacko Boy here went after his GIRLFRIEND... can you believe that?

[Page cackles madly as Hunter tugs at his collar anxiously.]

JH: Those were different times. I didn't-

[Page keeps going.]

BP: They were! They were! They were more... whaddya wannna call it, Jackie? "Socially acceptable" times where a man could be who he is and say what he feels. And what you said? Oh, brother... I guess now they'd call it...

[Page snaps his fingers a few times rapidly.]

BP: Nuts and bolts, Jacko... I guess we're screwed on that one, that word's not allowed in my contract but let's just say... "something-shaming" was in full force and that got the champ comin' for ya, right?

[Hunter speaks up.]

JH: L-like I said, it was 2005, and it might have been a exaggerated misrepresentation-

BP: But you weren't even done there! Remember the line you dropped about her father? Classic! I've always respected you for that...

[Page taps at his temple again.]

BP: ...I mean, sure... he was in hospice but...

[The crowd jeers Hunter loudly, causing him to look around wildly.]

BP: ...but that didn't matter, Jackie Baby, because you... you believed strongly in your convictions, right? And I know you... you did it before and you'd do it again, Jax! Because that's the kind of integrity that gets you ahead in pro wrestling and made you the man you are today.

Tell 'em, Jackie. Tell 'em what you know.

[Hunter looks nervous as he speaks up now.]

JH: W-well. Heh. Uh. Heh-heh. That might have been a little more... More from my, uh... brazen days.

BP: Who's talking about Saskatoon? We're talkin about Toronto here.

[Hunter looks surprised by the sudden change in topic.]

JH: Oh. Right. Toronto... uh... SuperClash. You do believe me on this, right, Bryson?

[Page waves a dismissive hand.]

BP: Absolutely, absolutely... I know the truth and you're a man who speaks the truth... usually... sometimes... when it benefits you at least. Although, I guess we can say you weren't exactly speaking the truth when it came to what happened with us, huh?

[Hunter glares at Page across the table.]

JH: This isn't what we agreed on.

[Page nods, returning the hard stare.]

BP: Oh, that much we DO agree on, Jax. It wasn't what we agreed on after SuperClash VII when you said you could get me a job here... a "big gig," I think you said... a reunion between us... two outspoken bastards with the chance to set the world on fire... any of this sound familiar, Jax?

JH: Look, I tried, Bryson... and you had your shot, right? If it hadn't have been for you and that-

[Page raises both hands.]

BP: Whoa, whoa, whoa... I'm not the one we're here to talk about. We're here to talk about you and exactly what - or WHO - you say in that parking lot in Toronto. Come on, Jax. Time is money and you're wasting both.

[Hunter looks irritated at his "friend" now.]

JH: Well... I was still steamed about the ending of the National Title match - which as far as I'm concerned is still disputed. And so I went straight-

[Page interrupts, looking off-camera.]

BP: What do you mean we're out of time? What do you mean "wrap it up?" Do you even know who I am?!

[Page slams his fist down on the desk, knocking over a coffee mug that has its contents rapidly spreading across the wood.]

BP: No, no, no, no, no, no, NOOOOOOO! This is MY contractually obligated time! We're not done yet, you mental miscreants! We're done when I say we're done!

[Page pauses, listening perhaps.]

BP: No, I don't give a damn! You tell Fujiwara to go hide in his sister's shadow and we'll let him know when we've got time to see him in the ring!

[He pauses again.]

BP: NO! Tell Flag-chan that if I want their opinion, I'll give 'em one!

[Another pause.]

BP: The Women's World Tag Team Titles?! Wait. I thought Hamilton and Cinder already have those. I'm confused.

We're not done yet!

[He turns back to the camera.]

BP: This is exactly what I mean! We're on the verge of the truth! They're trying to cut me off, they don't want you to hear it! They don't want you to know! They don't want you to THINK!

NO! I AM THE VOICE! AND WILL NOT BE SILENC-

[Page's mic is cut off, but that doesn't stop his yelling at the production crew as we abruptly go to black...

...and then opens back up on a pre-recorded shot. The footage is in black and white and begins with the end of the Supreme Wright/Jeff Matthews match at SuperClash where we see Wright dumping Matthews on his head with a cobra clutch suplex. A voiceover is heard.]

"Some people go about their entire lives without having something to hold onto or to believe in. They scatter like leaves in the breeze and some just travel with the wind at their backs. They struggle through their everyday lives with the thoughts of not being good enough, not living up to the hype or having no direction."

[The shot cuts to Matthews sitting on the mat, seemingly shell-shocked by his defeat at the hands of the two-time World Champion.]

"Some hold onto what they can and use their names to live on prior accomplishments. Some go running when they see the hint of money thrown their way. And some go wherever the calling takes them."

[Fade through black to a shot of Matthews sitting on a wooden bench in the locker room post-SuperClash. The camera holds on a vacant expression... a man who is lost... without direction.]

"My whole life has been one journey after another. Twenty years in the business and I've seen and been through so many wars and back. But something changed..."

[Cut to a shot later in the evening where Matthews is greeted backstage by his wife, Debbie, and their twin daughters. All are smiling, embracing their father and uttering what we assume are comforting words to him.]

"I became a husband and a father. I became the man I was meant to be but the wrestler in me had to take new avenues and tread carefully. I made deals with the devil and nearly sacrificed my family for this sport I love."

[The camera zooms in on Matthews walking towards the exit of the Rogers Centre, his cross-shaped scar on his forehead clearly on display.]

"I became everything I hated. I became everything I thought I wasn't. I became a name. "Madfox", "Career Killer", "Hall of Famer." But that name has lost its luster. It's lost its shine. Taking that Korugun money allowed the business to take control of me. I let the broken promises mount up as long as the paychecks kept clearing.

I sold out."

[Matthews pauses on his way towards the door of the arena, shaking a few hands.]

"Instead of forging forward and adding to my legacy, I became a shadow of what I was as a man. I became a shadow of the wrestler that I was. I started to become far removed from the man who stared into the eyes of men like Caleb Temple and Alex Martinez and didn't blink. That's the Jeff Matthews I need people to remember."

[Matthews reaches the door of the arena, pushing it open so this family can exit before him. He takes a long look back over his shoulder, inhaling deeply as if "taking it all in."]

"So I've decided to rewind things a bit. I've decided that I'm not just going to sit on my laurels, on my name, and just expect things to happen for me. I've never been one to be too proud to admit when he's wrong or when he's come to a fork in the road and needed to make a brash change."

[Matthews runs his hand on the arena wall, feeling the Rogers Centre underneath his fingertips.]

"So from here on out, you will see Jeff Matthews on every Power Hour.

You're going to see Jeff Matthews rework his way to the top because that's what made him a Hall of Famer.

You're going to see Jeff Matthews like never before."

[Matthews' expression changes - sure of himself once more, dedicated, determined.]

"Reborn, reinvigorated and focused on getting back to where I belonged.

I will show everyone that Jeff Matthews still has it."

[And with one final confident nod, Jeff Matthews walks through the door of the Rogers Centre out into the November night. We fade to black...

...and then back up on an establishing shot of the Center Stage Studios where some quick-acting stagehands managed to get the desk and banner clear during the promo.]

SA: Well.

DW: Yeah.

SA: Look, I had no idea Bryson Page was going to be here tonight. That wasn't on our formats for tonight's show and I'm assuming that's intentional because as you could see... he's trouble. I spent some time in my early days of my career in Canada in the same territory with Page and... he's talented in the ring no doubt... he's got the gift of gab as you saw... but the attitude... the toxic personality... the unpredictable nature of what he'll say or do at any given time... this is the reason he was fired from the AWA last time and no doubt the reason he'll be fired again.

DW: Not more needs to be said than that, I think.

SA: Shifting gears though, let's talk about Jeff Matthews - the former World Champion, the Hall of Famer. Now, the video you just saw also aired two weeks ago when we promised that the Madfox would compete on this show tonight. However, due to Matthews being unable to get medical clearance, that Power Hour debut has been delayed. I am told though that Matthews expects to be cleared later this week and if all goes well, we'll see Jeff Matthews in action right here in two weeks' time on the Power Hour.

DW: I'm definitely looking forward to that.

SA: Just like I'm looking forward to seeing our next match featuring a competitor who is actually a big fan of Jeff Matthews from what I hear. Let's go to the ring!

[Cut to Tyler Graham standing center ring.]

TG: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Rowland Heights, California... tonight, he weights in at 208 pounds... Gabriel Cordova!

[There's a loud cheer from the crowd, who recognize Cordova from CCW. Cordova is a dark olive skinned male of Puerto Rican descent with a sinewy build. His head is shaved in a faded buzzcut and he has a youthful babyface look, making him look more like a teenager than a young adult. He leaps up onto the second turnbuckle and makes an "X" with his arms, before hopping down off the ropes as a metal cover of "Bloody Tears" from the Castlevania video game series begins to play, drawing more cheers from the crowd.]

TG: And his opponent... from Fujinomiya, Japan... he weighs in at 186 pounds... YOSHI FUJIWARA!!!

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

SA: Yoshi Fujiwara made an impressive debut on the last edition of Power Hour, but he's up against a familiar face in Gabriel Cordova, who has been making quite a bit of noise in the AWA's developmental promotion, Combat Corner Wrestling.

DW: This oughta be a good one, Big Sal!

SA: Fujiwara's out to make a name for himself in the deep pool of talent that is the AWA and Cordova's a prospect who's shined whenever we've seen hi-SWEET SAN ANGELO!

DW: WHAT THE HECK!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[Sal doesn't get to finish that thought, as Cordova suddenly sprints across the ring and launches himself over the top rope and the ring post, taking out Fujiwara by surprise with a somersault plancha!]

SA: A SPECTACULAR DIVE BY CORDOVA WIPES OUT YOSHI FUJIWARA!

DW: You said Fujiwara's trying to make a name for himself, but I think Cordova sees this as an opportunity to get a call up to the big leagues!

[With the crowd still buzzing over what they just saw, Cordova grabs Fujiwara by the collar of his ring jacket and drags him to his feet, throwing him into the ring...]

"DING DING DING!"

[...where referee Shari Miranda calls for the bell to signal the match to begin. Cordova quickly grabs Fujiwara in a waistlock and lifts him off the canvas in a wheelbarrow position...]

"OHHHH!"

[...before dropping to the canvas and raising both his knees into the air, driving them into Fujiwara with a Backstabber!]

DW: What do you even call that!?

SA: Cordova hitting Fujiwara with some of his trademark innovative offense and trying to get the quick win! He's got One! Two! NO! Fujiwara gets the shoulder up!

[Cordova slams his hands down on the canvas in frustration, before he pulls Fujiwara up to his feet. He whips Fujiwara into the ropes, but the Japanese wrestler ducks under a clothesline, rebounds off the far side, and is lifted into the air for a backdrop, only to land on his feet.]

SA: Whooooa! Athleticism on display by Fujiwara now and-

[An unknowing Cordova turns around and receives a kick to the face for his troubles, as Yoshi Fujiwara connects with a gamengiri!]

SA: That leaping kick catches Cordova right in the mouth and someone call Vin Diesel, because the action so far has been fast and furious!

[Cordova rolls out of the ring after taking the kick in the face, trying to recover.]

SA: He goes to the outside to regroup and-

[Not giving Cordova even a moment of reprieve, Yoshi quickly grabs onto the top rope and leaps up onto the top rope. He takes a split-second to balance himself, before diving onto the California native with a corkscrew plancha!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

SA: SPRINGBOARD CORKSCREW PLANCHA!

DW: Are you kidding me?

SA: Gabriel Cordova and Yoshi Fujiwara are going all-out here in Atlanta! This has to be one of the hottest starts to a match on the Power Hour that I've ever seen!

DW: It hasn't been this hot in Atlanta since General Sherman came to town!

[Rising to his feet, Yoshi Fujiwara is finally able to take off his ring jacket, which he tosses deep into the crowd, giving a roar as he works the crowd up into a frenzy!]

SA: Fujiwara throws Cordova back into the ring. He's got him set-up... belly-to-belly suplex and a beauty! He's got One! Two! No! Cordova kicks out with time to spare!

DW: I know his big sis Ayako is the one known for throwing suplexes, but that one was impressive.

SA: Ayako isn't the only member of the Fujiwara clan that has impressive amateur wrestling credentials. Yoshi was one match away from making the 2016 Japanese Olympic team!

[Yoshi pulls Cordova up to his feet and whips him into the corner. However, Cordova sprints up the turnbuckles, before backflipping over a charging Fujiwara!]

DW: WOAH!

[Landing on his feet behind Fujiwara, Cordova spins him around and catches him with a boot to the gut, doubling him over. He then sets Yoshi up for a vertical suplex, lifting the Japanese grappler high into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

SA: Gabriel Cordova just dropped Fujiwara head-first across his knee!

DW: In all my years of watching wrestling, I've never seen that before!

SA: I thought he was going for a normal suplex, but he drove him right into his knee! Cordova with the pin!

DW: This could be it!

SA: Shari Miranda with the count... ONE! TWO! THR-OH! He almost had him!

DW: That was as close as it gets!

[Cordova pulls Fujiwara to his feet, blasting him across the chest with a hard roundhouse kick.]

SA: Hard kick to the chest by Cordova sends Yoshi into the corner. Yoshi's looking a little woozy in there.

DW: I don't blame him! Cordova's been hitting him with stuff we don't even have names for!

SA: Cordova lifts Fujiwara up onto the top rope. It looks like he's going for something big here.

[Climbing up to the second rope, Cordova tries to hook Fujiwara for a superplex. However, Yoshi fights back, throwing several punches to the midsection and then switching to forearm strikes, in an effort to avoid being suplexed.]

SA: Yoshi's fighting back! He knows if he gets hit with something up that high, it might be lights out for him!

[With Cordova stunned, Fujiwara then executes a sunset flip over the CCW star, landing onto his feet.]

DW: Oh! A slick escape by Yoshi!

SA: And that's not all, Dee Dub... because now Cordova's the one in real trouble!

DW: This might be real bad for Cordova!

[Indeed. Holding onto Cordova's tights, Fujiwara repositions himself and yanks the former Indy superstar off the turnbuckles, before going into a full run...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUDDDD!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

SA: A RUNNING POWERBOMB BY YOSHI FUJIWARA! In the great words of Tone Loc, "HASTA LA VISTA, BABY!" ONE! TWO! THRE-

"OHHH!"

DW: No way! I thought that was it!

SA: I don't know how, but Gabriel Cordova, found enough reserve to kick out of that hellacious powerbomb!

DW: It might not matter, because Yoshi's signaling for the end!

[Fujiwara pulls a limp Cordova off the canvas and double-chickenwings his arms behind his back, setting him up for a Tiger Suplex. However, Cordova fights it, managing to wiggle out of it just as Fujiwara lifts him into the air. Landing on his feet, he doubles over Fujiwara with a rolling sole butt.]

SA: Cordova manages to stop that suplex attempt!

[Cordova then whips Fujiwara into the ropes. However, as he catches Yoshi rebounding off the ropes, the young Japanese wrestler counters into a spinning headscissors...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUDDDD!!!"

[...which he converts into The Fujiwara Armbar!]

SA: THE FUJIWARA ARMBAR FROM OUT OF NOWHERE! Cordova's trapped!

DW: He's in the middle of the ring and the ropes aren't anywhere near him! There's no escape!

SA: AND CORDOVA'S TAPPING OUT!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Yoshi Fujiwara releases the hold and rises to his feet, as the crowd gives both men a round of applause for the amazing six minutes of non-stop action they just gave them. Shari Miranda raises Fujiwara arm into the air as Tyler Graham makes it official.]

TG: Your winner of the match... YOSHI FUJIWARA!

[Fujiwara walks over to Cordova, who is holding his left arm in pain. The two give each other a nod of respect, before Yoshi turns to the crowd and raises his arm into the air to acknowledge their cheers.]

SA: A very hard fought victory for Yoshi Fujiwara, who got all he could handle from Gabriel Cordova.

DW: Those two fought their hearts out and no one should have any complaints about that! Whatta match!

SA: And from what I understand, Theresa has some important news relating to Yoshi. Theresa?

[We cut over to Theresa Lynch, who is motioning Fujiwara towards her interview station.]

TL: A great win by Yoshi Fujiwara, and Yoshi, if you don't mind...

[Yoshi walks over, a grin on his face.]

TL: Yoshi, congratulations on your win, but there is a piece of footage I wanted you to look at. Last night, I was doing an interview, and, well...

[Yoshi looks confused.]

TL: You'll see. Can we roll that interview, please?

[As Theresa and Yoshi look at a monitor, we cut to footage noted with a "LAST NIGHT" graphic. Theresa is on the left side of a split screen, as Mifune-gun and Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad member, Paris Crawford, is on the right, filming from their laptop so we can only see them from waist up. Paris is blonde this week, with crystal blue eyes, opting to go without makeup. They are wearing a black and white striped top. In the background of their location, we can see a group of trainees performing various calisthenic exercises. They quickly adjust the AirPods in their right ear before looking back at the laptop's camera with a smile.]

TL: Paris Crawford, it is great to see you.

PC: A delight to speak with you once again, ma chérie. Vous semblez très bon.

TL: That is very kind of you. I understand that on Monday, you board a plane to return to America, is that right?

PC: Correct. Today is my final training session here in Japan. Just prior to the start of my session, I am speaking with you here.

TL: That's right, it's late in the evening here, but it's the morning where you are.

PC: Oui.

TL: I understand that while you will be appearing at Saturday Night Wrestling on March 3, you actually have news for us regarding the Power Hour on March 10. Is that correct?

PC: Oui, c'est le cas. You know, just yesterday, I spoke with Maxim Zharkov, Président par Intérim de l'AWA. He told me, "Paris, we look forward to seeing you, but not just by the side of AJ Martinez and Cain Jackson! The fans, they wish to see you compete."

TL: Did he?

PC: Perhaps I rephrased his statement, but that was his intent, oui.

[Paris nods their head.]

PC: So I say, Monsieur Zharkov, if my fans wish to see me, let us not disappoint them. He provided me with a list of potential opponents, and my fans will see me compete against one of them.

[Theresa looks surprised.]

TL: That is big news, Paris! But who? Who will you face?

PC: I look over the list, et pour être honnête, it does not matter to me. Any of these opponents would be suitable competition for me to display my talents. There is but one fair way to make such a selection.

[Paris waves off-screen, and a Mifune-gun trainee appears by their side.]

TL: What is that?

PC: I shall select at random.

[The Mifune-gun trainee holds out a Yomiuri Giants hat to Paris, who recoils slightly.]

PC: Ce chapeau était-il sur votre tête il y a un instant?

[The trainee tilts his head.]

T: Ehrrrrr?

[Paris sighs, rolling their eyes.]

PC: Was that...

[Paris points to the hat.]

PC: ... on there?

[Paris points to the trainee's head.]

T: Ah! Hai, hai.

[Paris shakes their head.]

PC: Les malheurs que je dois endurer.

[Theresa holds up her hand.]

TL: At random? Paris, wait, your first singles match on the AWA, and you're going to randomly select your opponent?

[As the Mifune-gun trainee places over a dozen strips of folded up paper into his hat, Paris smirks at the camera.]

PC: I shall not do the selection, ma chérie.

[Paris points a delicate finger, painted with light blue and white chevrons, at the trainee.]

PC: He will.

[A small look of disgust comes across Paris' face as they hold their nails to the camera.]

PC: I will not place my hands in that filthy hat and ruin my manicure. Very few are worthy of touching my hand, you know.

[The trainee shakes the cap and reaches in, pulling out a slip of paper and unfolding it. He reads it, letting out an expression of surprise, and shows it to Paris, who clicks their tongue against the roof of their mouth.]

TL: Who is it?

PC: Yoshi Fujiwara.

TL: Wow! You know, Yoshi is quite a young star here in the AWA, that will be a great challenge for you, Paris.

PC: And he is quite handsome too, is he not?

[Theresa seems unsure how to answer that question.]

PC: A shame to damage such a handsome boy.

[Paris shrugs, with a slight sigh.]

PC: Eh bien, quoi qu'il arrive, arrive. Please notify Monsieur Fujiwara of his selection, s'il vous plaît.

[Paris stares at the camera. It is more troubling than we are used to seeing from them.]

PC: J'ai hâte de le rencontrer.

[We cut back to the interview area, as Theresa and Yoshi stand by.]

TL: Well there you have it, Yoshi ...you have been selected to face Paris Crawford in their debut singles match on the next edition of The Power Hour! Your thoughts?

[Yoshi seems a bit overwhelmed by the news. He stammers, with a blush on his face]

YF: H-h... HANDSOME!?

TL: I'm sure you're very flattered by the compliment.

YF: Well, Flag-chan is very famous in Japan...

[Theresa seems a bit confused.]

TL: "Flag-chan"?

YF: Sorry, it's what we call Paris Crawford in Japan. They're kind of a big deal. So when someone like that compliments you... you can't help but feel a little happy.

TL: Be that as it may, they did select you to be their opponent. So I have to ask... do you accept their challenge?

[He snaps out of his daze and puts on a serious face.]

YF: Of course I do! Two weeks from now, Theresa-san, I guarantee you that I will not be starstruck or in awe of anyone or anything, once that bell rings. I'm not just some geek off the street here to be selected for slaughter. And if that's what Paris Crawford thinks, then I'll make sure they'll live to regret it. Crawford-san may think they're the star attraction, but you better believe by the end of the match, my star will be the one shining brightest!

[And with that, Yoshi exits the scene.]

TL: There you have it folks, in two weeks, Yoshi Fujiwara takes on Paris Crawford! It's sure to be a good one! Shifting gears though, fans, two weeks ago, we were stunned when La Ardilla returned to the AWA, encouraging new associate La Lutra Nippon to bash Molly Bell with a large rock. Those two were scheduled to be here today to explain their actions, but they sent a message to AWA officials and Interim President Maxim Zharkov stating that, and I quote...

[Theresa looks down at her podium, reading from her statement.]

TL: "As Ayako Fujiwara and her musclebound goon of a substitute partner will be present, there is no guarantee of security that you can provide us that would be suitable enough to ensure our appearance. Our response is enclosed."

[Theresa looks up, rolling her eyes.]

TL: That note was accompanied with a USB drive containing a video, which... well, fans, it's not up to our usual broadcast standards, so I apologize in advance, but we have a duty to air it. Let's go now to that video.

[We cut to somewhat grainy footage clearly being shot from an older cell phone in a dimly lit room, light only provided by a single light bulb hanging from a ceiling, with two figures - one seated on a bench, one standing - somewhat obscured from the light.]

"Miranda Montenegro, I have failed you, for that, I am sorry."

[The standing figure reaches up to steady the light bulb, and we see that it is La Ardilla, clad in a black leather jacket, black top, black pants, and her squirrel mask. The figure on the bench is La Lutra Nippon, dressed in similar fashion except in her otter mask, clutching her rock to her chest and rubbing her forearm.]

LA: A thousand times I say those words, and they fall on the deaf ears of the walking mountain that crushed me. I begged of her... "Miranda Montenegro, I have failed you, forgive me", but she paid me no heed. I pleaded with her... "Miranda Montenegro, I have failed you, give me one more chance to redeem you".

[A scoff escapes from the most devious squirrel.]

LA: She didn't listen. She gave me a beating unlike any I ever had before, then cast me aside like garbage. I was responsible for permanently staining her reputation. I was responsible for ruining everything she had built, decades of fear, terrorizing the sacred mats of lucha libre. Gone.

[La Ardilla points at herself.]

LA: Responsible.

[She waves her hand.]

LA: I can't say I didn't deserve my castigation. I did something that I could not have expected to walk away from, but a thousand times I beg and a thousand times denied, and I paid for my sins with my body being demolished. My career being ended. I thought it was all over. I thought there was no home for me.

[A point towards the camera.]

LA: And you were the cause of it all, gato. You chase me, you humiliate me, I try to stand up for myself, and look what I endure. Look what I suffer for your selfish ways. I had no home, gato. I had no place to lay my head, not until weeks ago.

[La Ardilla motions around her.]

LA: When they found me, they took me in. They said they understood me. They said they knew what filth of the world had driven me to such depths. Not only did they accept me for the failure that I was, but they would rebuild me, and they would help me get the revenge I desperately need.

[La Ardilla places her hand on top of La Lutra Nippon's head.]

LA: I found Lutra. And Lutra showed that she is capable of rendering pain upon you far, far greater than any humiliation you placed on me. We hurt you, gato. Lutra sacrificed of her personal treasure to hurt you, and we will do much worse to you. This time, you can run to your madre, the chica Japonesa, and whoever she can find. I am far more powerful this time, gato.

[A grin forms underneath the squirrel mask.]

LA: I cried a thousand times. You will cry a million before we are through with you, gato.

[La Ardilla removes her hand from La Lutra Nippon's head, as Lutra stands. The two walk together towards the door of the room, with La Ardilla walking as she talks.]

LA: This time, I do not fight for a lioness or a mountain. This time, I fight for us. And who are we?

[La Ardilla flips a switch, as the room fills with light. The camera on the old phone struggles to rebalance for the increased brightness, rendering the room a white flare of light for a few moments.]

LA: We are the Menagerie of Evil.

[We hear a squirrelly cackle from La Ardilla and a chirping laugh from La Lutra Nippon as a door slams. The light balance corrects itself, and we see that the walls are papered with portraits of Molly Bell. There is the phrase "THE MENAGERIE WILL HUNT YOU DOWN GATO" in red paint sprawled across one wall's worth of portraits, and the other walls' portraits have individual threats written on each one. Whoever is holding the phone drops it as we suddenly cut back to Theresa Lynch, who looks horrified, her hand over her mouth.]

TL: Fans, I...

[Theresa takes a moment to compose herself.]

TL: I want to apologize, I had heard about the content of that video, but seeing it is much different than hearing about it.

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: Well, I guess in good news for the fans - and bad news for this "Menagerie of Evil" - in speaking with Ayako Fujiwara earlier today about matters aside from the Women's World Tag Team Title Tournament, Molly Bell is recovering nicely and will return to action right here on the Power Hour in two weeks.

[A high-pitched cheer from the kids in the audience rings out.]

TL: And after seeing that, I'm sure that the AWA's Top Cat will be, dare I say, pawsitively ready for revenge. And speaking of the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament, that event is set to continue... right now. Tyler The Announcer, take it away!

[We fade from Theresa to a grinning Tyler Graham.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a first round match in the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament! Introducing first...

[The sounds of "Money, Power, Respect" by the LOX starts up over the PA system to jeers.]

TG: Fighting out of New York and New Jersey... at a total combined weight of 380 pounds... Mamba and Copperhead... the SERRRRRPENTIIIIIIINESSSS!

[The music continues to pulse as Mamba and Copperhead emerge from the entryway, making their way towards the ring with intimidating expressions on their faces.]

SA: Two of the roughest, toughest women in this division... looking to make a major impact on this tournament by knocking out the squad that many have considered the odds-on favorite to win this thing.

[The duo climb up the steps, ducking through the ropes into the ring. Copperhead is already laying the badmouth on the crowd as Mamba stands mid-ring, striking a double bicep pose to show off her physique as the music starts to fade.]

TG: And their opponents...

["E.V.O.L" by Marina and The Diamonds plays as an intimate burst of high-pitched cheers are then drowned out by deeper pitched boos at the appearance of Harley Hamilton and Cinder.

The duo now known as "Seductive and Destructive" are dressed in what we saw them previously earlier: Harley Hamilton dressed like hipster Ariel, with black framed glasses without any lenses, a purple corset top, and a sheer, metallic green dress that has sea-green ruffles at the bottom to resemble a mermaid's fin. Cinder with wild hair like Merida, from the movie "Brave" and over her red leather and black velvet ring gear is a dark green-blue plaid flannel shirt knotted around her waist like a kilt.

Standing at the entrance way, Harley Hamilton holds up her hand, pinky finger outstretched. Cinder then proceeds to link her pinky with Harley's and the two raise their locked pinkies into the air in a show of their "unbreakable" bond as the crowd boos them. The two then proceed to raise their faux title belts, the so-called AWA Women's World Tag Team titles of the Universe. In the crowd, we can see some young girls raising their replica titles in kind.]

TG: Introducing now, they weigh in at a combined weight of 264 pounds... the team of HARLEY HAMILTON AND CINDER...

SEDUCTIVE AND DESTRUCTIVE!!!

[Upon hearing that introduction, an annoyed Hamilton makes a sprint towards the ring and slides in, whispering something into Graham's ear. He gives her an incredulous look, before she yells, "SAY IT RIGHT, TYLER!!!" Graham sighs and picks his microphone back up.]

TG: They are YOUR AWA Women's World Tag Team champions of the Universe and...

SEDUCTIVE AND DESTRUCTIVE!!!

[And with that, Cinder undoes the flannel shirt around her waist and Harley rips off her dress skirt, revealing that she is in fact wearing metallic green wrestling trunks underneath. Harley twirls her skirt into the air like a lasso and tosses it out of the ring, while Cinder merely tosses the shirt over the top rope, before they both climb up on opposite corners and raise their "titles belts" into the air once more.]

SA: The first of two first round matches in the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament here tonight, fans. We know that the Slam Sorority and the Peach Pits are already waiting in the Semifinals... and now we're going to see if it'll be Seductive and Destructive or the Serpentes joining them there.

[In the ring, the two teams are in their respective corners, going over some final strategy points as referee Shari Miranda tries to get things going.]

SA: Dee Dub, any predictions in this one?

DW: My prediction is that the fans are going to boo their hearts out at all four of these women. Talk about a clash between two teams the fans don't like one bit? Whoo, doggie!

[With urging from Miranda, we see Harley Hamilton staying in the ring as Cinder departs, leaving the second generation competitor staring across the ring where the smaller half of the Serpentine, Copperhead remains.]

SA: Harley Hamilton and Copperhead... and this should be a very interesting clash, Dee Dub. Hamilton at five foot six and 145 pounds... the daughter of the legendary Hamilton Graham out of Kansas City... and Copperhead at five foot ten, 160 pounds out of Brooklyn, New York.

DW: And Copperhead is the SMALLER member of the Serpentine - incredible!

SA: Hamilton and Cinder are definitely outsized in this one... overpowered. They've got some skills though - whether you love 'em or hate 'em and if you're anyone outside of a teenage girl, you probably hate 'em... you can't deny that they've got talent and they've got cohesion as a unit.

DW: Well, they definitely have talent. Not many people are happy with how they did it but Cinder DID win Steal The Spotlight back at SuperClash with Hamilton's help. You know, that contract gives her the right to challenge anyone for any match she wants... and I'm wondering if she's got her sights set on the Women's World Champion, Julie Somers.

SA: If she doesn't, she should step right out of that ring and go find another gig because there's no point in being in this sport if you're not here to face the best in the world.

[After speaking with both teams, Shari Miranda takes mid-ring and signals.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell sounds and we're off in this one... and Copperhead is wasting no time in starting her usual barrage of trash talk aimed at Harley Hamilton.

[Hamilton scrunches up her face, looking over at Cinder with a "ew, gross" comment as Copperhead lets her have it from several feet away.]

SA: The Serpentine earning a spot in this tournament based off their history however they haven't looked at the top of their game as of late. Many have wondered if they've been dealing with nagging injuries or something like that... but you knew they wouldn't miss a chance to compete in this tournament.

DW: They're the original women's tag team here in the AWA so no, they're gonna fight, Big Sal.

[Hamilton closes the distance between she and Copperhead who is... to the shock of no one... still talking.]

SA: Copperhead's got a lot to say apparently... and she doesn't care who hears it as long as Hamilton does.

[Hamilton steps right up to the still-talking Copperhead...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and SLAPS her right upside the head to some surprising cheers from the AWA faithful in the crowd!]

SA: Thank goodness for that.

DW: Just like the fans her in the A-T-L, I was getting sick of hearing all that.

[Hamilton smirks at the crowd’s reaction - and at Copperhead’s as the five foot ten competitor makes a lunging grab for her legs...

...but the athletic Hamilton leaps into the air, avoiding the grasp with a leapfrog of sorts, tucking her head to drop into a front roll, somersaulting to her feet..]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and POPS Mamba with a forearm shot to the jaw, sending Mamba dropping off the apron to the floor!]

SA: And Hamilton gives a cheap shot to Mamba out on the apron!

[Hamilton is all grins as she whips around to spot a charging Copperhead, sidestepping and shoving Copperhead chestfirst into her own corner, sending her staggering backwards...]

SA: Into the corner and... now into the schoolgirl! Hamilton looking for the quick win!

[But from the floor, the upright Mamba snatches Hamilton’s ankle from under the ropes, giving a mighty yank to drag Hamilton to the outside...]

SA: Mamba breaks the pin, pulling her to the- ohh! Mamba with a forearm shot of her own!

[The crowd is enthusiastic for a breakdown brawl on the floor, watching eagerly as Mamba and Hamilton trade blows!]

SA: We’ve got a fight on the outside! The six foot Mamba and the daughter of Hamilton Graham trading heavy forearm shots!

[Copperhead regains her feet, watching the action on the outside...

...which means she doesn’t see Cinder step into the ring, charging hard to smash Copperhead with a forearm smash to the back of the head, knocking her down to the mat to... again... some surprising cheers.]

SA: Cinder strikes from behind!

[Back on her feet, Cinder stomps and kicks at Copperhead, shrieking as she does, the crowd buzzing for the wild action early on in this big tournament matchup!]

SA: Cinder on Copperhead, Hamilton and Mamba going to war on the floor! It’s breaking down in Hotlanta, fans!

[Shari Miranda gets up in the face of the 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner, forcing Cinder to back off, her hands raised defensively as she sneers at the downed Copperhead...

...as Harley Hamilton gets the better of Mamba on the floor, driving her facefirst down into the ring apron!]

SA: Hamilton smashing her face into the apron! That'll take Mamba out of things for the moment as Hamilton gets back up on the apron, looking to get back inside the ring...

[But Copperhead gets off the mat, coming angrily for Hamilton who gives a little tug on the top rope, slinging herself into a hard forearm shot!]

SA: Oof! What a shot by Hamilton! Copperhead may be seeing stars after that one!

[Copperhead is leaning on the ropes for support as Hamilton throws a glance back, spotting an incoming Mamba who makes a grab at her legs...

...but Hamilton shows off her athleticism, leaping over the grab, landing back down on the mat, and snaps a back kick into the mouth of Mamba, sending her stumbling backwards...]

DW: She's taking them both on, Big Sal!

SA: Hamilton impressive so far, grabs the top rope and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Hamilton yanks the top rope towards her, snapping Copperhead over the top rope in a somersault that sends her flipping onto her own partner on the outside!]

SA: -HAMILTON SENDS HER ONTO MAMBA!

[Hamilton turns to face the hard camera, striking a pose with a hand on her hip and a smirk on her face as the crowd gives a mixed reaction to the E-Girl MAX member.]

SA: Harley Hamilton sure is proud of herself after that and... it's hard to blame her for that, Dee Dub.

DW: It WAS impressive for sure. And it puts both Serpentes on the outside as Hamilton struts her way across the ring.

[She is doing exactly that, giving a little strut as she approaches the corner, grinning at her partner as she slaps the offered hand.]

SA: The tag is made and Cinder will be in - officially - for the first time now.

[The wild-eyed Cinder goes sprinting across the ring after the tag, sliding out under the ropes to the floor where she promptly snatches up Copperhead off the floor, smashing her face down into the ring apron before raking it back and forth, grinding her skin into the mat...]

SA: So much for posing and strutting, Dee Dub.

DW: Harley Hamilton likes to go the mall... this one likes to go to the maul.

SA: I... I'm not sure...

DW: M-A-U-L. Maul.

SA: Oh! Okay, sure. That joke works better on paper probably, my friend.

[Yes it does.]

SA: Cinder shoving Copperhead back inside now, crawling in after-

[But before she can get into the ring, the Scotland native gets grabbed by the six foot Mamba who promptly drags her right back out to the outside!]

SA: Cinder trying to get in but Mamba's got other plans as she-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -BOOM, SHAKE, SHAKE... SHAKE THE ROOM! MAMBA WITH A SPINE-ROCKING SLAM ON THE OUTSIDE!

[The bodyslam on the barely-padded concrete stuns Cinder who cries out, grabbing at her lower back in pain as Harley Hamilton bellows at the official, loudly complaining about the outside interference.]

SA: Never one for self-reflection, Harley Hamilton is letting Shari Miranda have it for that slam on the floor even though it was Seductive and Destructive who got this whole mess started by attacking Mamba off the apron and Cinder interfering from the outside.

DW: The referee IS warning Mamba, Big Sal, but the damage is done.

[Mamba seems to agree, backing off with a sneer down at Cinder as Copperhead rolls to the outside to pick up where her partner left off.]

SA: And if you want to talk about being outsized - talk about the six foot Mamba doing battle with the five foot four, 119 pound Cinder fighting out of Kilmarnock, Scotland. Young 20 year old Cinder who seems like a grizzled young vet at this point in her career has got her work cut out for her against these two much-larger competitors.

DW: You know, Sal... everyone talks about Hamilton's pedigree in this business and rightfully so but Cinder's got quite the family legacy in pro wrestling as well.

SA: Absolutely. The youngest of four children of Sorell Castle and Davey Castle, two wrestlers in their own right. In fact, Cinder's first professional wrestling match was at the age of 13... yes, you heard me right. They bring their kids up different in those charming foreign ports.

DW: I hear the parents AND the kids spent a whole lot of time in those European carnivals and camps putting on and working for wrestling shows.

SA: All throughout Great Britain, that's right.

[Copperhead smashes Cinder's face into the apron a pair of times before turning her around, her back up against the apron...]

SA: In fact, the UK holds a special place for Cinder's pro wrestling career as well - it was that tournament in the UK that the AWA sponsored looking for the UK's top female prospect that she won which earned her official AWA debut on Saturday Night Wrestling in London back in August of 2016 against Ricki Toughill.

DW: Oooh, Big Sal... I got one for you... what if Ricki Toughill wins the World Title at the Anniversary Show and Cinder uses that Spotlight contract to get her own shot at the title against Ricki in London coming up?

SA: That would be a memorable night for all involved, I'm sure, and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Cinder's lower back is driven into the ring apron by a seething Copperhead.]

SA: Her lower back gets smashed into the edge of the apron... that'll send you to see the chiropractor for sure.

[And with Cinder reeling from the blow, Copperhead hooks her under the arm, lifting her into the air...]

SA: Sweet Santa Maria! A second fall onto the floor by the Serpentes... and that just completely put this match in the favor of the veteran tag team, Dee Dub.

DW: The Serpentes come into this one with the power edge... the toughness edge... and the experience edge. Although Seductive and Destructive aren't too far behind on that front. We've got a lot of new tag teams in this tournament from the Slam Sorority to Bailey and Fujiwara... and we'll be seeing them tonight in the Main Event against the Country Punks.

SA: Can't wait for that one.

[With Cinder writhing in pain on the floor, Copperhead retrieves her off the ringside mats, tossing her back inside the ring before rolling in after her. Mamba can be heard uttering "get her!" to her partner.]

SA: Of course, the Serpentes come to us as pupils of the legendary Medusa Rage's school in Brooklyn, New York... home of another familiar Rage family face, Marissa Monet. Former allies of former Women's World Champion, Lauryn Rage, the Serpentes are on their own now but looking to make an impact in this tournament.

[Back in the ring, Copperhead stomps and kicks the lower back of Cinder as the fans jeer the brutality...]

...and then she pauses to fire off a few words towards Harley Hamilton who throws a dismissive hand at her while looking concerned for her partner.]

SA: Harley Hamilton looking on... obvious concern on her face as they want to avoid the fate of teams like Rage and Cashmere, an early exit.

[Dragging Cinder up by arm, Copperhead whips her into the neutral corner, her spine jamming into the turnbuckles as Copperhead backs off, slapping the hand of her partner...]

SA: The tag is made by the Serpentes... and a doubleteam on the way, it appears...

[Copperhead sprints in first, rocking Cinder with a high impact clothesline before chucking her out of the corner towards the six foot Mamba who grabs the incoming and dazed Cinder, lifting her up, spinning around...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Mamba gives a little hop on impact, punctuating the painful ring-shaking body slam!]

SA: Mamba's got one of the hardest slams in the Women's Division and Cinder is certainly feeling the effects of right now.

[With Cinder still down and rolling to her chest, Mamba backs into the ropes, bouncing back, leaping high...]

SA: ELBOW CONNECTS! Right down on the lower back!

[Mamba sneers at the groaning Cinder as she shoves her back over onto her back, leaning across...]

SA: Mamba makes a cover...

[...but Cinder escapes at the count of two, breaking the count to some cheers.]

SA: The Atlanta fans showing a little love to Cinder... not because they like her, mind you but everyone enjoys a good underdog story and when you look at the physical makeup of these two teams, I'd definitely say Seductive and Destructive are the physical underdogs in this one even if many have picked this duo to win this whole tournament.

DW: Both of these teams looking to break into the Final Four of this tournament tonight... both teams wanting to book their ticket to Chicago to the Semifinals and then on to New Orleans for the Tenth Anniversary Show where we'll crown the first champions.

SA: Mamba back on her feet but Cinder's right at those same feet, taking some hard stomps to the lower back by the six foot beast of the Women's Division.

[Reaching down, Mamba hauls Cinder up off the mat before slapping her partner's hand...]

SA: Another tag by the veteran duo... Cinder's in trouble here...

[A double whip sends Cinder across the ring, bouncing back and running right into the massive duo's double shoulderblocks!]

SA: ...my oh my, it's like running into a brick wall!

DW: If that brick wall can hit the ropes and... ELBOW!

[A crushing double elbowdrop to the chest leaves Cinder's legs flailing in the air before Mamba departs, leaving Copperhead to make the cover for another two count.]

SA: Two count again for the Serpentes, trying to chip away at Seductive and Destructive - the only E-Girl MAX duo in this tournament and see if they can take away their chances of winning these titles. And I'm being told we're approaching the halfway point in the time limit of this one... nearly ten minutes gone, ten minutes remaining as these two teams do battle over a spot in the Semifinals of this tournament.

[Climbing to her feet, Copperhead has words for the official... then the booing crowd... and then Harley Hamilton who threatens to come through the ropes before the referee cuts her off to jeers.]

SA: Copperhead's shouting everyone down out here... even the fans in Center Stage Studios...

DW: Harley Hamilton's gotta keep her cool though, Sal. If she blows her top, it could cost her team.

SA: A good point, Dee Dub... and you can see Cinder crawling, trying to get a breather as Copperhead stalks around that ring. She seems like she's willing to take on Hamilton as well but Shari Miranda's doing a good job keeping Hamilton at bay... so far at least.

[With Cinder managing to drag her torso under the bottom rope, Copperhead steps out on the apron, backing to the ringpost...]

SA: Cinder's gotta get in or out - this is a vulnerable position for her to be... INNNNN!

[The crowd reacts as Sal does, watching as Copperhead drops a big splash on Cinder's exposed torso on the apron!]

SA: 160 pounds DOWN across the chest of Cinder, bending that spine across the hardest part of the ring... and Cinder's in a very bad spot now as the Serpentes are inflicting major damage at this point of the match.

[Copperhead shoves Cinder back through the ropes, crawling through them to apply another cover...]

SA: Again, Cinder kicks out at two! The young woman from Scotland is showing a ton of resiliency here in this one as she's been trapped in the ring for quite some time by these two veteran powerhouses.

[Copperhead pushes off the mat, against talking trash in Harley Hamilton's direction.]

SA: Copperhead's always been prone to this, Dee Dub... always taking valuable time to run her mouth at her opponents and sometimes it's cost her.

DW: A hot temper she can't control is always going to be a dangerous combination... and Hamilton's right there with her though, giving her an earful as well...

[Hamilton throws a glance at Cinder before unleashing a few more words towards Copperhead...]

SA: Surprisingly, I think this might be good strategy out of Hamilton though. She's engaging verbally with Copperhead and in doing so, she's buying Cinder some valuable recovery time.

DW: You don't grow up in the Hamilton Graham household without learning a few tricks from the master, Sal.

SA: You certainly don't. Plus, you add in the training she received from the likes of Roosevelt Wright and Miyuki Ozaki, Hamilton's got the gift of perhaps the best training ever received in our sport.

DW: She spent time in the Combat Corner too!

SA: She sure did.

[...and when Copperhead finally turns her focus back on Cinder, the fiery Scot is dragging herself up off the mat, grabbing at her lower back with her left arm...

...and POPPING Copperhead in the mouth with a forearm smash with her right arm!]

“OHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON! RIGHT IN THE MOUTH!

[Copperhead staggers back, spitting a mouthful of saliva on the canvas...

...and then angrily grabs Cinder by the hair, giving it a hard yank and snapping her back down to the mat!]

SA: Ohh! And she YANKS her back down to the mat by the hair!

[Copperhead sinks to her knees, casually covering Cinder...]

SA: Another cover gets one! Gets two!

[...but a boot between the eyes from an incoming Harley Hamilton breaks the cover, earning a few cheers for the KC native.]

SA: Hamilton breaks it up at two!

DW: Honestly, Sal... I don't even think Cinder was in any real danger of dropping the fall there, I think Hamilton just wanted to excuse to shut up Copperhead!

[Sal chuckles as Hamilton departs, Copperhead on her knees running her mouth as she does.]

SA: So much for that plan. Copperhead again letting Hamilton have it... back on her feet now and it looks like we're gonna get another tag.

“TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!”

SA: There's the ten minute call. Halfway through the time limit in this physical battle for a spot in the Semifinals... Mamba in off the tag...

[With Cinder down on all fours, the Serpentes commence with clubbing, smashing their forearms down over and over on the Scot who hits her belly on the mat, trying to cover up from the barrage of heavy blows.]

SA: Cinder's getting pounded into the mat like a nail into a board... and Harley Hamilton again looking on with concern.

DW: Concern for her partner or concern she might lose?

SA: Always the question with Harley Hamilton despite her protests otherwise.

[With Copperhead departing at Shari Miranda's order, Mamba pulls a limp Cinder off the mat, staring into the eyes of Harley Hamilton as she lifts her up...

...and presses her overhead!]

SA: The power of Mamba! Cinder high in the sky!

[Hamilton grimaces, looking away as Mamba throws Cinder down to the canvas with a loud roar!]

SA: A mighty slam by the six foot Mamba - and there's a cover! It could be! It might be! It-

[Again, Cinder's shoulder pops up, earning a few cheers from the Atlanta crowd and some loud clapping from Hamilton who shouts "COME ON, CINDY! LET'S GOOOOO!" to encourage her partner..

....and then turns to the crowd, pointing to them...]

SA: What in the...?

[...and then starts clapping her hands over her head, shouting "CIN-DY! CIN-DY! CIN-DY!"

DW: Uhhhhh.

[But the crowd will not join in on Hamilton's rallying cry, hitting her with a shower of boos instead. Hamilton puts on a pout, stomping her feet and glaring at the jeering fans with her hands on her hips.]

SA: The fans might be more in the corner of Cinder at the moment than the Serpentes... but don't think for a second that they actually like these two, let alone want to cheer them on.

DW: I think Hamilton just got lost in the moment, Big Sal.

SA: She got lost in something.

[Mamba smirks in Hamilton's direction, clapping her hands together and shouting "CIN-DY! CIN-DY!" a few times as Hamilton glares at her...]

SA: Even Mamba thinks it was funny... I'm not sure I've ever seen her smile before...

[...and then turns to pull Cinder off the mat, still looking at Hamilton as she does...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HEADBUTT! CINDER SLIPS ONE IN!

[Mamba staggers backwards, grabbing at her mouth where Cinder just slammed her skull before collapsing to her knees on the mat.]

SA: The fans certainly liked that one even if they don't want to cheer on Seductive and Destructive!

DW: This is her shot, Sal! She's gotta make the tag!

SA: Cinder on her hands and knees, crawling towards her corner... and look at Hamilton, bouncing up and down on the bottom rope, shoving out that hand, extending her arm as far as it'll go!

DW: Can she get there before Mamba recovers from that shot in the mouth though?!

[And as Cinder stretches out to the corner, still too far away, Dylan's question is answered when Mamba swoops back in, hooking a waistlock and using it to lift Cinder off all fours and back down on her feet...]

SA: Mamba's back in it, pulling her back up and-

"OHHH!"

[A hard back elbow snaps into the temple of Mamba...]

"OHHHHHHH!"

[...and a second, even harder than the first...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the hardest of them all breaks free of the hold, sending Mamba stumbling backwards, swinging her arm at the air in a daze!]

SA: Cinder's loose again! Again, looking for that tag!

[Cinder collapses onto her hands and knees again, stretching and crawling as she inches closer to her friend and partner's offered hand...]

SA: Hamilton's trying to reach her! Cinder's trying to get there!

[...but again, Mamba shakes off the ill effects of the strikes, moving back in to lift Cinder off the mat, pulling her into a side waistlock, lifting her up...]

SA: CINDER FLIPS OVER!

[...and on her feet behind Mamba, Cinder reaches out with both hands, raking her sharp nails across the eyes!]

SA: TO THE EYES! CINDER GOES TO THE EYES WITH THOSE NAILS!

[Mamba cries out, stumbling backwards, rubbing at her eyes!]

SA: A headbutt didn't work! Her devastating elbows didn't get the job done! But the eyerake... maaaaaybeeee....

[And with a lunge...]

SA: ...TAAAAAG!

[The crowd shocking erupts as Harley Hamilton slaps the top turnbuckle before slingshotting over the top rope into the ring where she immediately rushes the blinded six footer...]

SA: FOREARM! ANOTHER! A THIRD!

[With Hamilton rocking Mamba with big forearm smashes, Mamba falls back towards the ropes, throwing a weak body kick in response that Hamilton snatches, catching under her arm...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and promptly spins back the other way, catching Mamba with a brutal looking spinning back elbow!]

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO, WHAT A SHOT!

[Mamba falls back into the ropes, hanging on to stay on her feet as Copperhead comes rushing in to intervene...]

...and runs right into a superkick to the knee by Hamilton, dropping her down into a kneeling position...]

SA: Hamilton goes downstairs!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A roundhouse kick to the noggin follows!]

SA: UPSTAIRS!

[And with Copperhead in a daze, forcing herself off her knees, Hamilton hits the ropes, charging back in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND A KNEELIFT FOR GOOD MEASURE TAKES HER DOWN!

[The crowd is still reluctantly cheering for Hamilton as she dives on top of Copperhead, smashing her forearm down into her mouth repeatedly to the joy of the fans!]

SA: Hamilton's opening up on Copperhead but-

DW: She's not the legal woman!

SA: Exactly right!

[Hamilton regains her feet, pulling Copperhead up with her, tossing her to the outside...]

SA: Out goes Copperhead but Mamba from behind!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...right before Mamba levels the turning Hamilton with a big boot that wipes her out!]

SA: She got all of that! It could be enough!

[Mamba dives into a cover, the fans counting along with the official.]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEE-!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as the referee leaps up, holding up two fingers as Hamilton's knockout just barely beats the three count.]

SA: Wow! The Serpentes almost scored the win right there... and that would've busted a whole lot of brackets out there, fans!

[Climbing to her feet, Mamba buries her face in her hands for a moment before letting loose a horrifying roar, grabbing Hamilton by the hair to pull her off the mat, throwing her back into the corner...]

SA: Into the buckles goes Hamilton, stumbling back out though...

[...and Mamba catches as she comes back, lifting her up...]

SA: ...BIG PRESS... NO! HAMILTON OUT THE BACKDOOR!

[...and a two-handed shove sends Mamba flying forwards, crashing into the corner...

...just a split second before a shrieking and charging Cinder barrels across the ring, throwing herself into a corner crossbody!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: CINDER OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Cinder rolls out of the corner down to all fours on the mat as Hamilton comes charging in after her, springing off her back...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SUPERGIRL FOREARM IN THE CORNER!

DW: There’s the destruction...

[Hamilton strikes a Supergirl pose mid-ring, hands on her hips and chest thrust out as Cinder slithers beneath her legs to join the pose...]

DW: ...and I suppose there’s the seduction!

[A grinning Hamilton pulls her partner up off the mat by the hands, pointing to the downed Mamba in the corner and in unison they both shout “LET’S DANCE!”]

SA: Did they just say...?

[The duo promptly move back to the corner, raining down stomps on the trapped Mamba as the crowd cheers the change in momentum. Referee Shari Miranda insists with authority that Cinder depart the ring but that’s not going so well...]

SA: Cinder and Hamilton working over Mamba in the corner with those stomps and... look out here!

[...until a wild-eyed Copperhead approaches from the blind side, snatching two hands full of Cinder’s hair, yanking her out of the corner...]

SA: Oh! Copperhead pulls Cinder out!

[...and within moments, we’ve got a donnybrook on our hands with all four competitors trading wild shots inside the ring. The crowd is going wild for the fight as Shari Miranda throws her hands in the air, shouting to try and regain some control in this one.]

“FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!”

SA: We’re down to five minutes left in this one! Five minutes for someone to pull it out before BOTH teams are eliminated!

[A well-placed elbow from Cinder catches Copperhead flush, sending her staggering backwards...

...where a charging clothesline sends BOTH competitors tumbling over the top rope, crashing down on the thin ringside mats below!]

SA: THEY'RE BOTH GONE! HARD FALL TO THE OUTSIDE FOR BOTH CINDER AND COPPERHEAD!

[The big fall catches Hamilton's attention. She takes one step towards checking on her partner before Mamba smashes a double axehandle down on the back of the head, knocking her down to her knees!]

SA: Down goes Hamilton! Mamba's got her down in the middle - the two legal competitors in this one...

[With Hamilton down, Mamba clasps her hands together...]

SA: ...and now it's Mamba hammering away, blow after blow, hammer after hammer down across the spine of Harley Hamilton!

[Mamba straightens up, lifting her arms over her head and giving a roar that the crowd greets with jeers...]

SA: Mamba to the ropes and...

[But the rebounding Mamba is moving a little too slow as Hamilton surges to her feet, leaping as she does...]

SA: ...ohhh! Dropkick downstairs by Hamilton takes Mamba down!

[The crowd cheers as Mamba falls to all fours, Hamilton backing off to take aim...]

SA: And don't look now, fans! But it may be time for Mamba to say Hail To The Queen!

[...backing all the way towards the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where Copperhead is trying to get to her feet, swinging up with a wild forearm blow to the lower back!]

SA: COPPERHEAD FROM THE OUTSIDE!

[The blow knocks Hamilton down to her hands and knees, the referee rushing over to yell at Copperhead...

...which allows Cinder to drop something on the mat right by Hamilton.]

SA: What is... ?

DW: It's one of those titles! Those replica belts they carry around!

SA: Where's she going now?! Cinder heading quickly around the ring and-

[With a loud whistle, Cinder tosses the other belt over the ropes on the mat...

...just in time for Shari Miranda to turn around and spot her.]

SA: Cinder got caught! She got caught by the official!

[Cinder begs off wildly as Miranda scoops up the second belt off the mat, warning Miranda...

...while Mamba gets off the mat, moving over to pick Hamilton off the canvas...]

SA: Cinder's getting read the riot act and-

DW: HAMILTON!

[...and Harley UNCORKS a swing of the first replica belt, smashing it between the eyes of Mamba, sending her flopping backwards like she's been shot. Hamilton tosses the title belt out of her hands to the floor, collapsing onto Mamba as Cinder urgently points out the cover to the official!]

SA: Are you kidding me?!

DW: They're gonna steal it!

[And a three count later, that's exactly what they've done!]

DW: Unbelievable!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Hamilton promptly rolls out of the ring, diving into an embrace with a grinning and waiting Cinder as the fans jeer the pinfall.]

SA: Hamilton and Cinder advance to the Semifinals, knocking the Serpentes out of this tournament... and Hamilton may have knocked Mamba out cold with that title belt!

DW: And just like that, everyone's booing these two again... music to my ears.

SA: Three teams are in the Semis in Chicago so far - the Peach Pits, the Slam Sorority, and now Hamilton and Cinder... one more to go though. Will it be the Country Punks or the new team of Fujiwara and Bailey... Kimmy Bailey that is? We'll find out in our Main Event, fans, but right now, we're going to take a quick break. Don't go away because the Power Hour will be right back!

[Hamilton and Cinder celebrate their win at ringside, arms held aloft as we fade to black...

And then back up to a shot of a darkened room, a filtered spotlight shining down in the middle of it. We can hear footsteps in the background.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

The steps are drawing closer it seems.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

And they come to a stop revealing the face of Ryan Martinez, still battle-weathered from his bloody war at SuperClash IX.]

"They call me the White Knight."

[A quick shot of Martinez delivering brutal chops to the chest of the King of the Death Match, Caleb Temple.]

"The son of a Hall of Famer."

[A shot of House Martinez - father and son - standing in the ring with Gunnar Gaines.]

"The former two-time World Champion."

[A shot of Martinez standing over Juan Vasquez with the World Title in his grasp.]

"And I am AWA."

[We get an almost identical shot in the darkened room but this time with Supreme Wright standing center stage.]

"The greatest professional wrestler on the planet."

[Cut to footage of Wright cranking on the arm of Casey James.]

"A two-time World Champion"

[Wright holds the title overhead with a defeated Dave Bryant in the background.]

"I am AWA."

[Wright is replaced by Julie Somers.]

"The Spitfire."

[A shot of Somers flipping off the top rope, crashing down on top of Kurayami with the moonsault.]

"The Women's World Champion."

[To SuperClash IX and Somers holding the title over her head.]

"The heart and soul of the Women's Division."

[Somers trading blows with Lauryn Rage inside a steel cage.]

"And I am AWA."

[Somers is replaced by Jordan Ohara, the National Title slung over his shoulder.]

"The Phoenix."

[Ohara dives off the top rope, smashing down with a Phoenix Flame splash.]

"The National Champion."

[Ohara stands on the midbuckle, holding the title up over his head.]

"A once in a millennium talent."

[A series of quick chops lighting up Juan Vasquez.]

"I am AWA."

[The champion is replaced by a grinning Michelle Bailey.]

"The Platinum Princess."

[Bailey tears across the ring, smashing home a Britney Spear on Laura Davis.]

"Former EMWC champion."

[A quick still photo comes up of Bailey holding a championship title aloft.]

"The heart and soul of the- Julie said that?! Grr!

[A playful Bailey plants her fists on her hips, striking a pose.]

"And I am AWA."

[Bailey is replaced by the face-painted Supernova, the World Title secured around his waist.]

"The icon."

[We get footage of Supernova way back in the day, trading blows with Mark Langseth.]

"The franchise player."

[Supernova using the Heat Wave splash on Shadoe Rage.]

"The World. Heavyweight. Champion."

"And I... AM... AWA."

[We get quick shots now, individual shots...

Jack Lynch.]

"I am AWA."

[Shadoe Rage.]

"I am AWA."

[Hannibal Carver.]

"I am AWA."

[Howie Somers.]

"I am AWA."

[Daniel Harper.]

"I am AWA."

[Harley Hamilton.]

"I am AWA."

[They come quicker and quicker, all repeating the tagline - James Lynch, Victoria June, Cinder, Kerry Kendrick, Ayako Fujiwara...

...and this time, each time they say it, they stay on screen, the framed shot getting smaller as more people are added to it...

Laura Davis. Jackson Hunter. Bret Grayson. Ricki Toughill. And on. And on. And on.

And the photos all disappear, leaving just the tagline behind...]

"I am AWA."

[The graphic fades and is replaced with more text - "The American Wrestling Alliance. Every Saturday Night. ESPN."

Fade to black...

...and then back up to the interview podium, where Theresa Lynch is standing by. She looks none too pleased, but is doing her best to stay professional.]

TL: We're back here live on the Power Hour and... fans, I'm about to be joined by three men that asked... well, really demanded for this time.

Bobby O'Connor and...

[Lynch sighs.]

TL: ... The Blackjacks.

[Out from the back walk Jason Whittaker and Dustin Sanderson to a chorus of boos. A reaction that increases tenfold when they're followed by their manager, Bobby O'Connor. O'Connor is wearing his customary attire, which by now includes a cast inside an arm sling and the latest addition... a walker. O'Connor is helped to the podium by his team, as he very laboriously leans on his walker as Lynch shakes her head in disbelief.]

TL: Forgive me... I know you asked for this interview time, but I really have to ask. What's with the walker? What happened?

[O'Connor responds with a look of shock.]

BOC: Are you kidding me? Didn't you see what your--

[O'Connor stops suddenly and smiles.]

BOC: Oh I understand. The genetic blindness that keeps you from somehow seeing when any of your brothers commits a crime.

TL: A crime?

BOC: The last time I checked, felonious assault was a crime! There I was, just doing what I can to continue to make a living in the sport I love. Now, I'd much rather be in that ring competing, but your soulless brother saw to that. So I was guiding the next generation to the light, and that sinner Jack Lynch caused even more physical harm in my person than before! If it wasn't for these two--

[O'Connor nods at Sanderson and Whittaker.]

BOC: Who knows how much damage he would've inflicted on my innocent frame.

[Lynch's jaw drops, stunned.]

TL: Innocent! If we could look at the footage, we'd see the three of you breaking every rule in the book... and then attacking Jack after the match when his back was turned!

[O'Connor looks at Sanderson who shakes his head, laughing. Whittaker shakes his head slowly and sadly.]

BOC: I think we all know what we'd really see in that footage. CGI. Hollywood tricks paid for by Blackjack Lynch.

[O'Connor hooks a thumb at his team.]

BOC: Not that he even deserves to be called that now that the real Blackjacks are in town.

[Lynch places her thumb and forefinger to the bridge of her nose, perhaps trying to stave off a stress headache.]

TL: Perhaps we can get to the reason you asked for this interview time?

BOC: I'd be delighted. You can tell all the tall tales about doctored footage, but the world saw Jack Lynch cheat to win. He didn't have what it takes, so he used the ropes for an unfair advantage. He won with the most illegal hold this side of Hell!

TL: I take that to mean you're here to demand a rematch?

[O'Connor shakes his head.]

BOC: No, Jack Lynch has already robbed Dustin enough for one lifetime.

[O'Connor slaps Sanderson on the shoulder.]

BOC: Jack Lynch, you want to be a bully. You want to attack injured managers and cheat men that are a million times the athlete you'll ever be. Fair enough. I've tried turning the other cheek time and time again.

[O'Connor frowns.]

BOC: But it's become clear that the devil had his talons so deep in your soul that it doesn't do any good. You want to be a bully? Prepare to be bullied by the powerhouse of the Blackjacks. Jason Whittaker, a machine made flesh straight from your own father's tutelage. And Jack?

[O'Connor clasps his hands together.]

BOC: The lord is on my side. I will not fear: what can man do unto me?

[Whittaker steps forward, slamming his closed fist into his open palm.]

BOC: Sorry to say, the same doesn't apply to you.

[O'Connor slaps Whittaker on the back and nods at Sanderson as the three men depart. Lynch shakes her head with contempt.]

TL: You heard it here, Bobby O'Connor's war with Jack Lynch continues. I can only imagine what the Iron Cowboy will have to say about that challenge. Fans, let's go down to the ring for tag team action!

[We fade from the interview podium to the ring where Tyler Graham awaits.]

TG: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... first, from Marietta, Georgia... weighing in at 214 pounds... DAN EVANS!

[A slender man with brown hair, plain red tights, and white boots raises his hand to polite applause]

TG: And his partner... from West Memphis, Arkansas... weighing 223 pounds... MARK WHITE!

[A slightly taller and stockier man, wearing blue tights and black boots, raises his hand to polite applause that turns into a chorus of boos as their opponents have entered Center Stage]

TG: And their opponents... from Parts Unknown... the team of ULTRA COMMANDO 3 and THE GOLDEN GRAPPLER...

...MASSSSSSKS FORRRRRR MONEYYYYYYYY!

[Entering the ring first is Ultra Commando 3, adorned in fatigue pants in a Woodland pattern, with a matching tight fitting balaclava style mask. He starts jawing at his opponents as following behind is the Golden Grappler, wearing black boots with gold trim along with long black tights with the matching trim... and of course, his signature golden mask.]

SA: Masks For Money making their way towards the ring after quite an eventful couple of weeks for them, Dee Dub. We saw them in action two weeks ago on the Power Hour where they picked up a win and made instant headlines when they said they'd been hired to go to Milwaukee and target someone... little did we know they had TWO targets.

DW: They did what they claimed they'd do, Sal... they made an impact and found their target in Ryan Martinez, although it looks like they also had it out for Derrick Williams.

SA: It's quite the curious situation if you ask me - what's the connective tissue between those two men other than being on the same team at SuperClash? Other than that, those two are like Kevin Durant and Dwight Howard.

[The masked men climb into the ring, sharing a few words in a brief huddle before the Grappler exits, leaving Ultra Commando 3 and Dan Evans as the legal competitors. White is leaning over the ropes, conversing with some pre-match strategy, when the Commando casually strolls across the ring and clubs Evans across the back, knocking him down to his knees with one shot.]

DW: Oh, that no good-

[The sound of the bell thankfully cuts off Westerly.]

SA: A pre-match assault by Masks For Money gets us going in this one... and the Commando is right on him, dragging Evans off the mat by the hair...

[Charging across the ring, the Commando smashes Evans' skull into the top turnbuckle!]

SA: ...and just like that, Dan Evans finds himself trapped in the Masks For Money corner.

DW: A whole lot has been made out of their motivation in the ring, Big Sal, but you gotta admit they're also a top notch tag team capable of defeating anyone they come across.

[Snatching a front facelock, the Commando slaps his partner's hand.]

SA: Quick tag as UC3 holds Evans open for the Grappler who comes in and...

[The Grappler lays in a right hand to the exposed ribcage, taking control over as he lifts Evans up, slamming him down as the Commando departs the ring.]

SA: No wasted time there as they strike quick and hard.

DW: These guys have proven, Sal, they don't get paid by the hour.

SA: They don't... but it's one thing to do this to the likes of Dan Evans but doing it someone like Ryan Martinez or Derrick Williams is something else altogether. And you can bet after what went down in Milwaukee, both of those men will be gunning for the masked men so they're going to need to be on top of their game.

[The Grappler watches Evans pushes up to all fours before he slams down with a double axe hammer repeatedly.]

SA: And pushing Evans like he's driving steel there, these repeated axehandle blows across the back by the Grappler!

[Disdainfully, the masked Grappler pulls Evans off the mat, shoving him towards his own corner where Mike White reluctantly tags in.]

SA: Just inviting the other man in now. Mike White in off the tag...

[The Arkansas native comes in swinging, throwing rights and lefts that the Grappler absorbs before throwing an overhand right of his own, stopping White cold... and a second one puts him down on all fours again where the Grappler lays in the heavy hammer blows once more.]

SA: ...and just like that, he finds himself right where his partner did. You know, the Golden Grappler and Ultra Commando 3 have always been rugged, dangerous competitors, Dee Dub... but with this bounty situation, they seem to have taken things up a level.

DW: Rugged and dangerous is one way to describe 'em... I might go with vicious!

SA: Showing no mercy here as the Golden Grappler - a legendary name in this sport - goes to work on Mike White...

[The Grappler pulls back, signaling the Commando who drapes a long leg over the top rope.]

SA: ...and then comes the teamwork, pulling White up, and HEADFIRST TO THE BOOT!

[The Grappler nods, slapping his partner's hand.]

SA: And that brings Ultra Commando 3 back in. UC3 has been a part of the AWA for a while now but it's just recently that we've seen him really up his game as we were just saying - perhaps it truly is all about the Benjamins, baby.

DW: The old tag team? You think they're under the masks?

[Sal chuckles to himself as UC3 shows off his mean streak, whipping White across the ring and burying a back elbow up under the chin, putting him down on the canvas.]

SA: The confidence is up on the Commando... the mean streak as well...

[UC3 proves Sal's point by digging the point of his boot into White's eyesocket and giving a twist.]

SA: ...ohh, right to the eye! That's a dangerous move - the kind of thing that could rip an eye out or blind someone for life!

DW: And they're not even getting paid extra for this... that we know of at least.

[The Commando takes a slow lap around the ring, absorbing some abuse from the official for the eyegouge. He waves a dismissive hand at him as Dan Evans shoots in a few words from the apron, drawing a glare from UC3.]

DW: That might not be the best idea.

SA: UC3 with some words for Dan Evans who probably would do better to stay on the good side of the big man.

DW: If he has one.

[Lifting White off the mat, the Commando shoves him back into the Masks For Money corner, slapping the hand of the Grappler.]

SA: Both men in... ohh! Big clubbing forearm by UC3! And the Grappler gets one in as well!

[The crowd jeers as the masked men alternate in clubbing the chest of White for the bulk of their allotted five count before the Commando ducks out, shouting something and pointing over at Evans...

...and then the Grappler whips White to his own corner, sending him crashing into the buckles.]

SA: And again, they're just inviting the other man back in... in comes Evans again...

[Evans rushes in at the Grappler, trying to show some fire, but the golden one swings a boot up, catching him in the chest and knocking him flat.]

SA: ...and a bad decision there, rushing into the fray and the veteran masked man takes advantage of it.

[The Commando insistently sticks out his hand and the Grappler obliges.]

SA: Uh oh. Dan Evans may REALLY be regretting getting the attention of UC3 right about now.

[UC3 steps in, lifting Evans off the mat by the hair and then hoisting him up over his shoulder...]

SA: Up on the shoulder... walking back towards the ropes...

...and after a second or two delay, Commando falls back, snapping Evans throat against the top rope!]

SA: ...ohhh! Right down - the throat right down across the top rope.

DW: This has gotta be over, Big Sal... well, if the Masks got their money's worth anyways.

SA: Looks like they might be ready to hit the pay window. We saw this two weeks ago now...

[The Commando slaps his partner's hand and the Grappler steps in, gleefully securing a front facelock as the Commando leans down, lifting by the legs...]

SA: ...a similar move to what helped carry Taylor and Donovan to the tag titles on two occasions, boosting him up and...

[...and the Grappler swings to the side, the Commando giving the twisting assist as the Grappler snaps him down with a swinging neckbreaker!]

DW: Payday, baby!

SA: Payday indeed for one... two... and it's over.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Grappler gets up off the mat, allowing the official to raise his hand. The Commando joins him, jerking his arm away from the referee...]

SA: Masks For Money pick up another win here on the Power Hour and-

[...and uses it to PASTE Mike White with a right hand on the jaw, knocking him flat as he comes in to check on his partner. A series of stomps follows, driving White to the outside.]

SA: -and Mike White takes a post-match shot as well. These two mean business and that business is risky for anyone who steps inside the ring with them.

DW: They come in, they beat people up, they waste no time in doing it, and that Payday move... that's something that can put ANYONE down, Big Sal.

SA: It certainly can... and now Masks For Money are making their way over the interview area to talk to Theresa.

DW: Lucky her.

[Sal chuckles as we cut to Theresa who has a grin on her face.]

TL: Lucky me, indeed. Masks For Money making their way over here to join me after an absolute mugging for White and Evans and...

[The masked men arrive, flanking Theresa on either side.]

TL: ...another impressive win, gentlemen, but I think the world wants a little clarity on what in the world happened two weeks ago in Milwaukee. You said you'd be there for your target and you were... but you went after TWO men! Ryan Martinez AND Derrick Williams - what the heck is that about?

[The Commando shrugs.]

UC3: It's nothing personal.

[Theresa looks shocked.]

TL: It certainly looked personal. You went after those two with a vengeance.

[The Commando points at the camera.]

UC3: We said what we were going to do and we mean what we say. We got paid, we got paid real good money, to make that statement. We got paid to attack Ryan Martinez, and we got paid to attack Derrick Williams.

[Lynch shakes her head.]

TL: But who-

[The Commando cuts her off.]

UC3: And no, we're not going to tell anyone who paid us because we're nothing if not discreet. Whenever our benefactor wants to reveal themselves, it's up to them.

For now, like we said, we're here for money. And whether we make that money beating up Martinez and Williams... or by beating those two scrubs in the ring and working our way up the tag rankings doesn't really matter to us, Theresa.

The front office wants to ignore us. The locker room wants to ignore us.

Two weeks ago in Milwaukee, we were there... and nobody asked us to be in the Main Event to fight for a shot at the titles.

[UC3 shrugs again.]

UC3: That's fine. For now. 'Cause it's only a matter of time before these masked men come gunnin' for Harper and Somers... for Mifune and Grayson... for Flint and Stephens... whoever it is wearing that gold. And when Masks For Money come for gold... you better believe we plan to collect.

[The Grappler leans in as Theresa steers the mic towards him.]

GG: Theresa, my dear, it's a very simple calculus... we rack up wins, we get money. We do the jobs we're paid to do, we get money.

Everyone else is inconsistent. We're reliable. We did what we said last week. Like Commando said, we got paid for the first step. Step one was making them aware they're on someone's hit list. Step two... well, that's next week, reminding them that it's not over.

[Theresa reacts with surprise.]

TL: Are you saying-

[And the Grappler interrupts.]

GG: Yes, how confident are we? We're flat out telling the world - next week, we will be coming after Ryan Martinez and we will be coming after Derrick Williams.

And the pay is just as good as last week.

Hell, there's even a bonus for sending one - or both - to Doc Ponavitch's tent.

[The Commando leans in.]

UC3: And we really would like the bonus.

[The Grappler nods, rubbing his hands together.]

GG: We would immensely like the bonus. So, Theresa, you can tell the precious White Knight we're coming and if anyone gives a damn about Williams, they can tell him we're coming too.

And we're going to get paid.

[The Commando leans in to put a capper on it.]

UC3: Because it's all about the money!

[The two burly masked men stride off to jeers, leaving Theresa behind.]

TL: A warning delivered by Masks For Money here tonight - the Future and the White Knight had better have their guard up when they walk into Chi-Town next weekend. Fans, later tonight in our Main Event, we're going to see the final spot in the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament Semifinals filled when the Country Punks take on the team of Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey. Earlier tonight, we heard from Fujiwara and Bailey - now let's go backstage to Mariah who is standing by with the Country Punks!

[We fade backstage where we indeed find Kayla Cristol and Victoria June flanking Mariah Wolfe. The two women are bouncing foot to foot in anticipation. June stands to the left of Wolfe, dressed in dingy anarchy T-shirt over a black leather studded vest, shredded fishnets under torn up denim jeans and her omni present Doc Marten boots. Her big blonde afro is tufted, just slightly lighter than her near-albino freckled skin. Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol stands to the right. She is dressed in denim Daisy Dukes, stockings and cowboy boots. Her vest is suede with fringe over her halter top. Cristol has her hair in two pigtails. She mimes shooting the camera with both hands.]

MW: Thanks, Theresa. Victoria, Kayla... time is ticking and we're not that long away now from you two meeting the team of Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey in the first round of the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament. The stakes in this one are high with a spot in the Semifinals on the line to meet the team of Harley Hamilton and Cinder next weekend in Chicago. How do you feel with this big match coming up later tonight?

[Cristol grins.]

KC: How do we feel? We feel great! There's gonna be blood on the Bluegrass when we get in that ring tonight. We know that there's nothing but trouble from Ayako and Kimmy, but... honestly, Mariah... I don't know if they got what we got.

[Wolfe furrows her brow.]

MW: What's that?

[June speaks up for the first time.]

VJ: Mariah, we're the realest tag team out there. Look at us, we shouldn't be friends. I'm punk rock and she's so... SO country.

[Cristol rolls her eyes.]

KC: Excuse me? Boggy Creek is a metropolis compared to Jackson.

[June smirks.]

VJ: Girl, please. Ah don't think you know what the word metropolis means.

[Cristol waves a hand at her friend and partner.]

KC: It doesn't matter. We are the tightest tag team in the AWA right now. I won't forget locking eyes with Victoria June in the cafeteria. She gave me this big horsey grin and kicked out a chair for me to sit down. All I saw was this crazy looking woman but she seemed friendly enough. So I sat down and she shared her cornbread with me. We've been best friends ever since.

[Mariah grins.]

MW: All because of the cornbread?

VJ: It's mah mama's recipe. Mariah, if ah ever let you taste it you'd understand.

[Wolfe nods.]

MW: Okay, you say you're best friends, but being best friends will only get you so far in this tournament. I mean, what do you intend to do against Ayako Fujiwara? She might be the strongest woman in the division and the best technical wrestler to boot.

[June smiles.]

VJ: Like we don't know. We're ready for the pain tonight. We know we're gonna get snatched and dumped on our heads by Miss Germany over there. Ah mean Ayako a lot like me, right? On the outside, she seems like a weirdo, running around with a human cat like she's on Red Dwarf or something.

MW: Red Dwarf?

VJ: Old British show. You should watch it.

[Wolfe turns to Cristol.]

MW: Have you watched it?

KC: I've seen a few episodes. I don't get British humor. They present like they're so sophisticated but they love a good toilet joke.

[June nods confidently.]

VJ: That's that dichotomy. Like Miss Germany like ah said. Outside the ring, she's easy to take for a joke. She's easy to overlook. But inside that ring she's all business. You will get suplexed and pancaked and twisted all out of shape if you ain't careful. Good thing ah'm careful. Good thing Kayla's careful. So we're not going to get caught. Nope. We're going to punish Ayako because we're gonna be in and out of that ring lickety split.

[Cristol claps her hands together.]

KC: And when not-so-lil' Kimmy gets in there we'll be even more careful.

[Mariah looks curious.]

MW: More careful?

[June puts an arm on Mariah's shoulder.]

VJ: She might be a rookie to the AWA but that don't mean she's a rookie in the ring. She trained in Japan. You're a veteran at 14 over there, so I hear? Ah been to that Empress Cup and got to see how they train 'em up over there. You saw her throw those chops. They're damn hard.

[Cristol interjects.]

KC: And we know Ayako ain't dumb enough to bring a greenhorn to the ring in a tournament this big. So there's a trick up her sleeve. And that trick is Kimmy Bailey.

[June points to her temple with a grin.]

VJ: Yup. See, ah ain't gonna get fooled by the rookie like ah did with Molly the Cat. That ain't gonna play itself out again. Nope. This time around ah'm gonna have my eyes wide open. And the Country Punks are going to the Semifinals!

[The Country Punks slam their fists together up high. June rubs a hand through her wild strawberry blonde hair.]

VJ: Hey! Ho!

KC: Let's go!

[June nudges Mariah.]

VJ: She knows the lyrics better than me!

[The two laugh raucously before they head out of sight, leaving a grinning Mariah Wolfe behind.]

MW: Those two are in for a rough night at the office, I believe... but I also believe that they just might be the last team standing in tonight's Main Event. We'll find out soon enough but right now, it's time to head back to the ring and run those rankings! Fellas?

[We fade back to a shot of the Center Stage Studios crowd where we can see a graphic has been put over the ring that reads "RUN THE RANKINGS - STAGE TWO - "GOLDEN" GRANT CARTER vs OMEGA." Both competitors are already in the ring as well, getting ready to get going.]

SA: Thanks, Mariah... I can't wait for that Main Event later tonight but right now, I gotta say how eagerly I've been looking forward to this one, Dee Dub.

DW: This Run The Rankings thing has been a wild one to see. We saw it start two weeks ago when ol' GGC turned out the lights of "Slim" Jim Colt... and now we've got #4 versus #3 with Carter and Omega with the winner moving on.

[Omega's music is fading out now as he hops down off the midbuckle, giving a thumbs up to the fans as the referee tries to get the two ready for battle.]

SA: Now, we're told Odin Gunn will be here on the Power Hour two weeks from tonight to defend the World Television Title but this gauntlet of matches is looking

to find his next challenger. Four names left on that list though, Dee Dub - these two men, Atlas Armstrong, and the former champion Whaitiri.

[Having gotten things settled down, the official signals.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: The bell has sounded here in Atlanta for Stage 2 of the Run The Rankings challenge which began two weeks ago when “Golden” Grant Carter defeated “Slim” Jim Colt to get here tonight... now GGC is tasked with taking on the Neptunian Dynamo, Omega with the winner facing the tall task of toppling the undefeated Atlas Armstrong two weeks from now on the Power Hour. Armstrong, of course, made major waves last weekend when he was revealed not only as James Lynch’s partner to face Supreme Wright and Supernova next weekend in Chicago but also as the latest member of Veronica Westerly’s new faction.

DW: Beating Armstrong was already going to be a tough night at the office for either of these guys - Veronica in his corner is going to make it even harder.

[With the bell rung, Carter and Omega draw a cheer with a handshake before the action begin.]

SA: Another nice show of sportsmanship here tonight. Make no mistake, this one isn’t about a grudge or any bad blood... this is competition pure and simple as two of the best the AWA has to offer collide while they attempt to get to the end of the rainbow that is the Run The Rankings challenge and do battle for the pot of gold known as the World Television Title.

DW: Only it’s no leprechaun guarding that pot of gold... it’s the undefeated Odin Gunn who has laid waste to pretty much everyone who has gotten in his way so far since arriving in the AWA.

[The crowd cheers again as Omega and Carter come together in a collar and elbow tieup, GGC’s size advantage immediately on display as they stand side by side.]

SA: You can see the height, the weight, the leverage edge all going to Carter..

[Omega quickly grabs the arm, snatching him down to the canvas with it.]

SA: ...but the speed and agility edge is on Omega’s side as we see right there.

[Omega pops back up, ready to continue fighting but Carter takes a little longer, taking a knee before getting to his feet as he appraises Omega with a nod.]

SA: A lot of mutual respect in this one. Carter not wanting to rush into an early mistake that could prove costly in this very high stakes matchup.

DW: Everyone wants to come out on top of the first Run The Rankings - to show that they’ve got what it takes to climb the mountain and beat all the other top contenders before getting their shot at the big prize.

[Back on his feet, Carter engages in another lockup in the middle of the ring... and then uses an armdrag of his own to toss the smaller man down to the canvas.]

SA: And GGC turns things around, showing it’s not just Omega who can toss an armdrag like that.

[Carter is quickly back up... but this time, it’s Omega on a knee giving an appraising look through his mask, nodding his head as the fans cheer.]

SA: Just moments into this one and it's a stalemate in the early going... but right back into the lockup they go, looking for an advantage... and Carter twists out of it, bringing that arm with him.

[Omega slaps at his trapped and twisted arm, looking for a way out...

...and then front rolls away from the pressure, yanking his arm free before leaping up with a dropkick to the chest of Carter that sends him stumbling backwards. Omega pops right back up to throw a second dropkick that gets the crowd going as Carter hits the mat, rolling right under the ropes to the outside.]

SA: Omega not only escapes the armwringer but sends Carter to the outside with those dropkicks...

DW: He may not be done either, Big Sal.

[Omega looks out to the crowd, pointing at Carter on the outside before dashing to the ropes, building up speed...]

SA: Omega on the move and-

[...but as Carter moves quickly out of Omega's landing zone, the Neptunian comes to a halt, looking out at on the fleeing Carter and striking his signature pose to a big reaction!]

SA: Carter moves, Omega poses, and this crowd is loving it!

[Carter milks the referee's count for a bit, walking around ringside, tossing an occasional glance back up at Omega who is waiting for him back inside the ring.]

SA: Carter regrouping on the outside, trying to figure out how to stop the momentum of the smaller competitor.

[Grabbing the ropes, Carter pulls himself up on the apron and then ducks back into the ring. He eyeballs Omega for a few more moments before going back into a collar and elbow, using his size to push him back.]

SA: "Golden" Grant Carter driving Omega all the way back into the ropes... the referee calling for a break here...

[Carter does break but immediately grabs the arm, whipping him across...]

SA: Shoots him in... big right hand, no! Omega slides through!

[And as Omega slides between the legs of Carter, he comes back to his feet, leaping up to snatch Carter's head as he turns around, taking him over in a rana that draws a big cheer!]

SA: And Omega takes him down with a rana... and right back out to the floor goes Carter!

[Carter slaps the mat in frustration as Omega strikes his pose again, drawing a brief "O-ME-GA!" chant from the Atlanta fans. He nods his head along with it, pumping a fist in rhythm with the chant.]

SA: The crowd is solidly behind the man from Neptune here in this one as the man from New Jersey is on the outside once again.

DW: One is from Neptune, one is from Jersey... turns out they have a lot in common.

[Sal chuckles as Carter slowly grabs the ropes, pulling himself through again, moving to a knee and then up to his feet.]

SA: Both men back inside... Carter looking to find a way to slow the momentum of Omega in this Run The Rankings challenge. Again, the winner will move on to face Atlas Armstrong two weeks from tonight right back here in Atlanta.

[The two fan favorites come back into a collar and elbow for a brief moment before Carter buries a knee in the midsection of Omega, cutting him down to a knee. There is a sprinkling of boos for Carter for that just before he smashes an elbow down across the back of the neck, putting Omega down on all fours.]

SA: Carter using that size and toughness to break the smaller man down... and these fans aren't loving it but that's because of the popularity of Omega moreso than anything Carter did wrong, Dee Dub.

DW: Absolutely. It was a sound strategy that paid off for GGC as Omega is down on the mat for the first time really in this one.

SA: Perhaps not for long though as he tries to push back up off the mat and-

[But before Omega can get up, Carter measures his man and drops a leg down across the back of the neck, smashing the Neptunian down into the canvas again!]

SA: Legdrop connects! Right on the back of the neck... and here's our first pin attempt of the match...

[A two count follows before Omega pops a shoulder off the mat.]

SA: ...and Omega's out at two. We saw his partner, Polemos, drop a controversial countout decision to Odysseus Allah earlier on here tonight on the Power Hour and Omega's trying to avoid the same fate here against "Golden" Grant Carter in this Run The Rankings Stage Two matchup.

[Coming back to his feet, Carter pulls Omega up with him, moving him right into a front facelock as he slowly turns him over so they're both facing the lights in Center Stage Studios...

...and SNAPS him down in a reverse neckbreaker!]

SA: Ohhh! That'll shock the spine of Omega as Carter connects with that neckbreaker... another cover here...

[Another two count follows as Carter kneels on the canvas, nodding his head at the escaping Omega as the crowd cheers both competitors on.]

SA: Carter trying to control the pace of this one... preventing Omega from moving and sticking and using those aerial tactics.

DW: That's the smart way to go against Omega. You don't want that speed and quickness wearing you out.

SA: Carter back to his feet, hauling Omega up as well...

[Grabbing the arm, Carter hurls Omega the short distance chestfirst into the corner, sending the Neptunian staggering backwards...

...and Carter cracks him with a clothesline to the back of the neck!]

SA: Another shot to the neck! Carter obviously working the neck, perhaps thinking about the Gold Strike.

DW: The Gold Strike doesn't need any wear down or setup. You hit that and it's over no matter if it's the tenth minute of the match or the tenth second of the match.

SA: It certainly is a devastating offensive attack... and another two count there for "Golden" Grant Carter off that clothesline. Omega continues to kick out and it MAY take something like the Gold Strike to finish him off.

[Carter claps his hands together as he climbs to his feet again, shaking his head at Omega who is trying to get up off the canvas and get back on offense.]

SA: Omega fighting his way to his feet but he's got Carter there waiting for him... big scoop... and a big slam down on the canvas!

[Carter slaps his elbow a couple of times as he falls back into the ropes, bouncing back with momentum...]

SA: Off the ropes... ELBOW!

[...but Omega rolls to the side, causing Carter to whiff on the big leaping elbow drop, crashing down on the canvas!]

SA: He misses the elbow and that's a big chance for Omega now!

DW: It sure is. He's got a chance to turn this thing around.

[With the crowd cheering him on, the AWA's resident Neptunian battles his way slowly back up off the mat to his feet as Carter does the same...]

SA: Both men up and- right hand by Carter!

[A second haymaker follows, sending Omega sprawling backwards, falling into the ropes where he hooks them to stay on his feet.]

SA: Back on the ropes, not where Omega is looking to be...

[Grabbing the wrist, GGC whips Omega across the ring to the opposite ropes...]

SA: Off the ropes comes Omega... ducks the clothesline by Carter... off the far side... ducks the elbow by Carter..

DW: He's really moving now!

[...and as Omega rebounds back again, he leaves his feet with a crossbody that takes both men down to the mat, Omega hooking a leg!]

SA: We've got one! We've got two! And Carter kicks out at two!

DW: That was closer than I thought he'd get. Omega's gotta find a way to keep it going though.

SA: Omega coming back to his feet, looking around at this cheering crowd...

[The Neptunian rushes to the ropes on his own this time, charging back towards the rising Carter who throws a wild clothesline...]

SA: Clothesline ducked by Omega gain... off the far side...

[...and leaps into the air, hooking his legs around the head and neck of Carter as he twists around in a satellite headscissors...]

SA: Around and around he goes... and down goes Carter to the mat... and all the way out to the floor he goes!

DW: A move like that can be so disorienting. It makes me dizzy just to watch it!

[Back on his feet, Omega gives a fistpump before hitting the ropes, charging back across the ring...]

...and HURLS himself between the ropes with a flying tope dive, shoving Carter backwards, sending him falling back into the aisleway staircase!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OMEGA IS THIS CROWD'S FAVORITE IDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT! The man from outer space connects and it's "Golden" Grant Carter who is likely seeing stars at this point of the contest!

DW: I don't think that was intentional, Sal, but Carter fell right back into those stairs leading down from the stage and that's gotta do a number on your back.

SA: Absolutely. Omega on his feet on the outside, dragging Carter off the stairs you just mentioned, tossing him back inside the ring... and as Omega continues to build momentum, you get the feeling he may be looking for a way to finish Carter off and cash his ticket to come right back here two weeks from tonight and face the undefeated monster known as Atlas Armstrong.

[With Carter back in the ring, Omega pulls himself up on the apron, pointing to the corner...]

SA: Omega down the apron, climbing those ropes as Carter tries to get up off the deck...

[...and reaching his perch, Omega looks out on the cheering crowd before leaping into the air...]

SA: ...DROPKICK!

[...and drives his feet into the chest of the rising Carter, sending him flopping backwards, backrolling onto his chest as Omega connects!]

SA: He got all of that! And could that be enough, Dee Dub?!

DW: He's gotta cover!

[Omega comes up off the mat, nodding his head to the cheering crowd.]

SA: No cover for Omega - looking to pour on the offense!

[He pulls Carter up off the mat, walking him to the corner where he smashes GGC's head into the top turnbuckle... and keeps on going as the crowd counts along...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[Omega steps back, allowing Carter to stagger backwards out of the corner as the Neptunian hops up on the middle rope, holding his arms over his head to cheers as he leaps into the air...]

SA: SOMERSAULT NECKBREAKER!!!

DW: He got him good there! Cover him!

[Omega does exactly that, hooking a leg tightly...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE!! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CARTER GETS THE SHOULDER UP! JUST IN TIME!

[The crowd is still buzzing for the near fall as Omega rolls to the side, looking up in shocked disbelief as the official holds up two fingers.]

SA: Two count only there for Omega after that beautiful flying neckbreaker leaves GGC in a bad, bad way... and now Omega has to find another way - something else in his repertoire to put an end to this match and move on to Stage Three of Run The Rankings.

DW: Yeah, but Stage Three means you gotta face the Almighty Atlas and that's no walk in the park.

SA: A midnight walk in Central Park perhaps but one step - or stage in this case - at a time, Dee Dub.

[Omega is on his feet, sweeping an arm across the cheering fans as his opponent crawls across the ring, using the ropes to try to pull himself up in the corner.]

SA: Omega on one side of the ring, "Golden" Grant Carter on the other as these two fan favorites battle it out to see who can triumph and continue to Run The Rankings here in Atlanta...

[Carter drags himself off the mat, holding the back of his head and neck as he collapses into the corner, grabbing the ropes for support...

...which is when Omega dashes across the ring, leaping up to plant his feet on Carter's upper thighs...]

DW: FLIPPIN' LIKE A MONKEY!

[...but Carter hangs onto the ropes, causing Omega to fly wildly backwards, slamming down hard on the back of his head!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Carter hangs on for dear life and Omega crashes down hard on the canvas... and that could completely turn this around again, Dee Dub.

DW: Omega comin' in, looking for that monkey flip but Carter grabbed the ropes and stopped himself from comin' out. Smart move by him and a bad fall for Omega.

SA: Carter straightening up now, trying to shake his head and clear those cobwebs...

[Omega is holding the back of his head as he fights to get up, struggling to get off the canvas as Carter sizes him up...]

SA: Omega's trying to get up but Carter's right there ready and waiting for him...

[...and as the Neptunian gets to his feet, Carter comes rushing in, snatching him around the head and neck into snapmare position...]

SA: ...GOLD STRIKE COMING! GOLD STRIKE COMING!

[...but Omega twists out of the grip, reaching back to snare Carter's arm with his own...]

SA: OMEGA COUNTERS! LOOKING FOR THE BACKSLIDE ANNNNNND...

[...and then grabs the other arm, falling to his knees, pulling Carter's shoulders down to the canvas as the crowd and referee make the count!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEE!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the three count coming down!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: OMEGA GETS THE WIN!

[Omega leaps up off the mat, throwing his arms over his head in victory as Carter rolls to his knees, smashing a fist down in disappointment on the canvas.]

SA: A tough loss here for Grant Carter after giving it his all in this one... but how do you like that, Omega is moving on to the next stage of Run The Rankings, Dee Dub.

DW: Moving on to face... Atlas Armstrong?! That's not an easy night at the office, Big Sal.

SA: It certainly isn't. It's not the first time those two have collided either. Late last year, Omega and Armstrong met right in this very studio on this show and on that night, the Almighty emerged victorious by submission to the torture rack... a night you remember all too well, my friend.

DW: That night he tried to injure Omega because I dared to try and get him to let him go after the bell!

SA: You're one hundred percent right. A rematch between these two with the stakes raised higher is in the not-too-distant future with this win tonight and... well, that's gotta be on Omega's mind even as he celebrates his victory.

[With Carter back on his feet, Omega and the Golden One share a handshake as the crowd cheers...]

SA: We'll be right back, fans, with one of the semifinalists in our Women's World Tag Team Title tournament in action! Don't go away!

[...and we fade to black.

Cut to some random guy sitting in a recliner. He's got the remote in one hand, a burger in the other. You know the type of man we're talking about.]

RG: Nothing like sitting back to watch Saturday Night Wrestling.

[As he is about to take a bite out of the burger, that's when "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis enters the picture. She is dressed in her red and blue track suit and points to the random guy.]

LD: Excuse me?

RG: [looks confused] Uh, Laura Davis... what are you doing in my living room?

LD: Better question... what are you doing eating another burger?

RG: How did you even get in here?

LD: How did you even decide to eat the same old burger every night? Aren't you tired of that?

[Random guy stares at the burger, then back at Davis, who shakes her head.]

LD: Do we women have to teach you everything?

[We then cut to footage of delicious sandwiches being prepared, like the roasted chicken breast, the meatball marinara and the steak and cheese. Rock music plays and words flash on the screen.]

"Skip the same old burger. Get a sandwich that's different."

[More footage of sandwiches, then these words:]

"MAKE IT WHAT YOU WANT."

[The Subway logo then appears, along with the reminder that they now deliver..

...and as we fade back up, we find ourselves at the interview position with our own host of the Power Hour, Theresa Lynch, a grin upon her face.]

TL: Welcome back to the Power Hour right here live in Atlanta and my next guest certainly caused a stir two weeks ago in this building when Whitire was forced to back out of his World Television Title match due to injury. In his place stepped this man right here... they call him the Cowboy Casanova... Billy Givens!

[The crowd - many of whom were in attendance two weeks ago - cheer loudly for Givens as he emerges from the locker room in a pair of glittering silver chaps, purple cowboy boots, and the Travis Lynch signature medium sized t-shirt that reads "READY TO RODEO" on the front. He's carrying a matching purple Stetson with a feather sticking out of the side in his hand, waving it to the cheering crowd as he approaches the podium and Theresa.]

TL: Billy Givens, welcome... or welcome back, I suppose... to the Power Hour!

[The crowd cheers again as Givens grins, giving another wave of the hat before he tips it in Theresa's direction.]

BG: Ma'am.

[Theresa's brow furrows.]

TL: Did you just "ma'am" me?

[Gives grins sheepishly.]

BG: Sorry. Force of habit, I guess. Mama didn't raise a scumbag, y'know.

[He slaps the hat back down on his head, unable to lose the smile.]

TL: Well, Billy... I suppose it comes as no secret to all our viewers tonight that the front office was quite impressed by you two weeks ago when you came out here unannounced and gave the TV Champion - Odin Gunn - one heck of a fight.

[Givens nods, smiling even wider at the crowd's cheers for that.]

BG: I heard all the ruckus go down with Whaitiri... saw what was happenin'... and yeah, I took my shot, Miss Lynch. I didn't get the job done but you better believe Mr. Gunn and Mr. Webb will think twice before their next open challenge like that.

[Theresa chuckles.]

TL: I believe you're right about that. And as a fellow Texan, I was glad to see what you were able to do out here... and even happier to hear that what you did two weeks ago had earned you a contract here with the AWA!

[A big cheer goes up from the crowd as a sheepish Givens nods a few times.]

BG: Yes, ma'am... it sure did. The front office says they liked what they saw... liked the reaction I got from all these great fans...

[Another cheer goes up.]

BG: ...and want to see what I can do on a regular basis and I was happy to oblige 'em that so starting here and now, Billy Givens - YOUR Cowboy Casanova - is an official part of the AWA locker room!

[He pumps a fist as the crowd cheers.]

TL: But Billy, I hear you had a special request of AWA management to sign that contract...

[Givens grins again.]

BG: I did, I did... that's right, Theresa. See, I was here two weeks ago for a tryout match by myself... and yeah, I've wrestled all over the United States as a singles wrestler but my heart...

[He taps his chest.]

BG: ...my heart belongs to the world of tag team wrestling. I grew up watching some of the greats in our business do exactly that - the Frat Boys, the Down Boys, the EoC... Zokugun Sangai... you name 'em, I saw 'em and studied 'em. So, when I got into this business, I wanted to BE 'em. And when this opportunity came up to join the AWA, I knew I didn't want to do it without my partner by my side. Lucky

for all of us, the AWA knew a little somethin' about my partner and agreed. Can we bring him out now?

[Theresa smiles.]

TL: We absolutely can. But I don't know-

[Billy nods.]

BG: I got this... fans around the world, get ready to rock and rodeo 'cause comin' out here to stand by my side like he always does... from deep down in the swamps of Florida by way of West Texas State University... he'll toss ya, he'll throw ya, he'll make ya forget where ya are... my friend, my buddy, my compadre... my partner... DAVID LAYTON!

[Theresa's eyes go wide as she mouths "Layton?" to herself. After a moment, someone else emerges onto the stage. This young man is about six feet tall but solid as a rock. He comes out wearing a pair of black athletic pants and a t-shirt that is tight enough to reveal a pretty strong physique underneath. His blond hair has been cut short and buzzed on the sides. He claps a hand on his partner's shoulders, a stoic expression on his face as the crowd gives a subdued response.]

BG: Welcome to the AWA, brother!

[Layton nods his head, looking out on the crowd.]

TL: I'll echo that. Welcome to the AWA, David... I'm sorry... did you say Layton?

[Layton nods again.]

TL: But.. surely you're no relation to... Anton Layton.

[Layton pauses.]

DL: Well, not exactly, Miss Lynch... he's my father.

[Theresa responds, disgust in every word.]

TL: Your father?!

[Givens interrupts.]

BG: But we don't talk about Papa Anton because what he is and what he's done, it's got nothin' to do with my boy Davey here. Ain't that right?

[Layton nods.]

DL: He's right, Miss Lynch. My father chose a... unique path to walk a long time ago and I've chosen my own path. A straight and narrow path that leads me and my partner to success without all of the theatrics that my father enjoys. Billy brings the flash, I bring the fire... and together, we've left teams all across the country laying.

Now, the AWA is going to be a big jump up for us in terms of the level of competition... but when I watched Saturday Night Wrestling last weekend and I saw the teams in this division going at it, I was more confident than ever that this is where we want to be... and that we belong here, Miss Lynch. I am not my father... I promise you that.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: I'm certainly no one to judge on the sins of the father, David... and Billy, I hear you've got one more announcement for us.

[Givens grins again.]

BG: That's right, ma'am... 'cause in two weeks, right back here in Atlanta, we're going to get our first tag team match on AWA TV. And we couldn't be more excited about it.

[Theresa looks at the stoic Layton with doubt.]

BG: That's just how he looks. Always. Believe me, he's excited on the inside and when he starts throwin' people 'round that ring and I start flyin' 'round that ring, you and all these great fans are gonna know exactly why the Aces In The Hole are here to stay. YEAH!

[Givens gives another fistpump as the hint of a smile crosses Layton's face. The fans cheer as the duo salutes them before making their way off-camera.]

TL: Alright, fans... The Aces In The Hole are here in the AWA and will be making their tag team debut right here in two weeks... but speaking of making their tag team debut, let's go down to the ring and see one of the Semifinalists in our Women's World Tag Team Title tournament in action!

[And with that, we fade back to Tyler Graham.]

TG: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... now entering the ring, representing Slam Sorority... at a combined weight of 308 pounds... "STARKILLER" CAROLINA COLTON... and "T-BONE" TRISH WALLACE.

[The two powerhouses discard their letterman jackets to reveal Colton in a two-piece crop top and shorts, Wallace in her sleeveless one-piece leotard: both in matching prominent, abstract neon patterns straight out of the 90s.]

Outside the ring is "The All Around Athlete" Laura Davis, who is dressed in an Indiana State University letterman's jacket over her red, white and blue track suit.]

SA: And to the fans at home, please do not adjust your HDMI cables. These two young women seem to be cosplaying as the opening credits to "Saved By The Bell."

DW: I haven't seen day-glo like that since Veronica's last sock hop night!

[Graham continues.]

TG: Their opponents to my left, at a combined weight of 238 pounds... Melody Lister and Vicky Utterhagen!

[You can't really tell whether Melody Lister is the perky one in the tights and sports bra or the feisty one in the pleather singlet.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The match is underway and... wait a second, what's Laura Davis doing?

[Davis has made her way up the entrance stairs and over to the commentator's table. She grabs a spare headset and sits next to Albano and Westerly.]

DW: Sal, it looks like we've got a visitor.

SA: Laura Davis, what brings you here?

LD: Albano, I figured you and Westerly needed a little more insight into what the Slam Sorority is all about, so I'm giving you the privilege to get that insight.

DW: Maybe we can get some insight about your team's color scheme?

LD: Westerly, the color scheme matters not, as long as you get the job done in the ring. And believe me, Colton and Wallace are going to get it done!

SA: Well, sartorial choices aside, from what we've seen over the last two weeks, both of these women are imposing presences in that ring... under the influence of The All-Around Athlete, they could become forces of nature. As we see Carolina Colton starting things off here against Melody Lister.

[Colton locks up with the perky one in the tights and sports bra, quickly cinching her into a headlock, first on one side, then switches to another, before taking her to the mat with a hammerlock, all in a matter of seconds.]

SA: Carolina Colton a rare breed indeed: third-generation grappler, daughter of my good friend Jeremiah "The Sheriff" Colton, granddaughter of the legendary shooter Wayne Colton.

LD: That, Albano, is what you call a great legacy. And that's exactly why I wanted Carolina to be part of the Sorority.

[Colton effortlessly changes the hammerlock to a grounded half-nelson, and Lister scrambles to the ropes to gain a reprieve.]

DW: She's taking to the ring like a fish to water.

SA: Just like her brother Blake, fast learners, but falling in with the wrong crowd if you ask me.

LD: Albano, if you want to talk about falling in with the wrong crowd, just team up with Lauryn Rage. You see what happens there.

SA: I have seen that, but I can imagine Lauryn will have plenty to say in the future about what happened to Pink Cashmere last weekend in Milwaukee and your role in them being eliminated from this tournament.

LD: She got herself eliminated - we just had a front row seat for it.

[Meanwhile, the referee calls for the break after Lister grabs the ropes.]

SA: The first time we're seeing the proteges of The All Around Athlete in action together; we assumed that they would be destined to collide in the near future, but T-Bone and the Starkiller have pooled their resources.

[Colton shoots Lister to the ropes and catches her on the rebound with a tilt-a-whirl side slam that makes her perky opponent arch her back in agony.]

DW: Well, Big Sal, the rumor mill has it that Trish and Carolina ain't exactly best of friends; they're still super competitive about everything.

SA: That's the scuttlebutt I've been hearing too, Dee Dub. "Sorority" implies sisters, and to anyone who has ever grown up with two or more sisters, you know how heady the politics can get there.

LD: Albano and Westerly, hold on a minute. Let me explain something... throughout all of my years in athletics, the one thing you learned in team sports is that you may want to be better than your teammates, but if you want to win as a team, you work as a team. But you also learn that you become better as a team by pushing one another. That's exactly what I see from Trish and Carolina... they push each other and they make each other better.

[Colton applies a standing half-crab, and still straddling her smaller opponent, drags her to the Sorority corner.]

SA: Tag is made, and in comes T-Bone.

[The booing gets louder in Center Stage, as Wallace takes over the half-crab and Colton vacates the ring.]

DW: And I gotta say that was reprehensible what Trish Wallace did last week against poor Skylar Swift.

SA: Our great fans here in Center Stage would certainly seem to agree with you, Dee Dub. That doesn't seem to be weighing on T-Bone's conscience, if she even has one.

LD: None of that would have happened if Skylar Swift had simply accepted my offer. When she chose otherwise, that was the day she was simply in the way of the Slam Sorority.

SA: Well, she paid the price for that decision as we're told that Skylar suffered a severe shoulder injury at the hands of your trio and will be out of action for a significant amount of time.

[Wallace releases the half crab, and quickly runs the ropes, dropping her entire stocky frame across Lister's back in a senton.]

SA: Sweet San Lorenzo, 170 pounds of Malicious Muscle Mama across the back!

[Colton peels her opponent upright and throws her to the ropes.]

DW: Well, okay Big Sal, I gotta ask: Trish said she betrayed Skylar Swift because she thought she had a better shot at the gold with Laura Davis and Carolina – is that worth throwing away everything she and Skylar worked for over the past year?

SA: That's a question to ask her later: the Slam Sorority are heading into the Semifinals of the Women's Tag Title Tournament and knowing these three deadly women, it's tough to pick against them – Trish Wallace with her trademark T-Bone Suplex!

[Wallace sits up with a smirk as Melody Lister lands several feet behind her. She drags her upright with a headlock and drags her over to Carolina Colton, tagging her in.]

SA: Tag is made, and despite seeing some jostling and barbs between these two explosive boreal blondes, these Daughters of Devastation seem to be a cohesive unit.

LD: That goes back to what I was talking about earlier, Albano. You learn to work as a team and you get better as a team by pushing one another. Nothing wrong with a little friendly competition, so long as you keep your focus on the goals ahead.

[Before exiting the ring, Trish Wallace helps Carolina Colton whip Melody Lister to the ropes. With uncanny athleticism, Colton leaps vertically in the air...]

SA: ...There's the headscissors – CAROLINA REAPER! Like a nail driven into a two-by-four, the Starkiller spikes another victim to the mat with the Carolina Reaper.

[Carolina Colton drops to a knee and spreads her arms wide in a "how good am I?" gesture. Wallace glances over to Davis.]

SA: T-Bone seems to think you wouldn't approve of Carolina's showboating, Laura.

LD: You let me worry about that, Albano. Besides, there's nothing wrong with letting people know who's in control.

DW: Carolina's hot doggin' here – that's gonna come back and bite her pretty soon.

[Colton peels her opponent off the mat and hurls her into the corner where her feisty partner in the pleather singlet makes the tag for the first time.]

SA: Our colleague Colt Patterson would argue that on the losing side, it's called "cockiness," on the winning side, it's "confidence."

LD: And that is why Colt is a smart man, Albano. Maybe you should consider an upgrade in your broadcast team.

DW: Hey!

[Carolina Colton snapmares Vicky Utterhagen to the canvas and draws her upright by wringing the wrist. She adds a few short arm shoulderbutts to start working over the second of the Sorority's opponents.]

SA: Raw power there from Carolina Colton... and the only individual in the squared circle right now that may be stronger is her own partner.

[Controlling the arm, the Starkiller leads her victim to her corner, where she tags Trish Wallace. Wallace traverses a short distance along the ring apron and nods to her tag partner.]

SA: And what do the Daughters of Devastation have planned here...?

[Colton grabs onto the top rope at the same time as T-Bone Wallace, and aids her in slingshotting into the ring to lariat Vicky Utterhagen!]

SA: Oh, a coordinated assault! Think of the raw power combining in synchronization. They say, "many hands make light work," Dee Dub – and competitive streak or not – these two are a force to be reckoned with.

DW: I'd love to see Ayako and Kimmy Bailey show 'em down. Or the Country Punks show 'em what teamwork is all about.

SA: Two teams that will be colliding later tonight – both of them fan favorites to go deep into the tournament. You have to think Lauryn Rage would love to issue Slam Sorority a receipt for what happened to Pink Cashmere last week on Saturday Night Wrestling as well.

LD: And all I say to that is... bring your best, but it won't be good enough. Now keep your eyes on the action, Albano.

[Wallace has Utterhagen scooped onto her shoulder and begins circling the ring.]

SA: We've seen this from Trish Wallace before; this Powerslam has won her the lion's share of her matches in the AWA...

[Wallace drives her opponent viciously to the canvas and is about to cover when she looks to her corner, distracted. She shouts at her partner.]

“WHAT’S SO FUNNY, STARKILLER?”

[Carolina Colton is snickering mockingly at her partner.]

“Oh yeah, nah, for sure, Trish. That was GREAT. You’re really good at powerslams.”

[Wallace storms over to the corner and indignantly tags the Starkiller in.]

“Then let’s see YOUR precious ‘Colton Crunch,’ sweetheart.”

[Carolina Colton swaggers back into the ring and peels her no longer feisty opponent off the mat onto her shoulders easily. She dashes a few paces and drives Utterhagen to the mat, popping upright to revel in her own power.]

“THAT’S a powerslam!”

“She’s already softened up, Colton.”

SA: I’ve seen a lot of things in this sport, fans. I don’t know that I’ve ever seen a team start arguing when they were winning handily.

LD: It’s called friendly bantering, Albano. Something you might have learned if you were actually in competitive sports instead of sitting on the sidelines. Why, I hear the only time you got onto the athletic field was when you were running water bottles to the players during a time out.

[Colton seems slightly offended at Wallace clapping back at her, so she throws Utterhagen into her partner’s corner and forces Melody Lister, still dazed from the Carolina Reaper earlier into the match, to tag in.]

DW: I’d say there’s such a thing as being too competitive, but it’s their poor opponents who seem to be coming out the worst on this!

[Colton scoops Melody Lister onto her shoulder and powerslams her emphatically; she doesn’t even bother to cover, and just marches over to her Slam Sorority partner to tag her in. She even holds the ropes open for T-Bone Wallace condescendingly.]

SA: And now Trish Wallace in... this is turning into a Powerslam Party – shades of her siblings who came up on the losing end earlier tonight...

DW: I don’t think she’s going to suffer the same fate.

SA: I’d have to agree with you there.

[Wallace angrily scoops up Lister and handily delivers the fourth consecutive running powerslam of the match. She looks to the third member of the squad.]

“Coach Davis, who’s got the better slam?”

[Davis cocks her head slightly; she’s really making a show about mulling it over.]

DW: Boy, Laura, you’ve got these two wrapped around your finger.

SA: A truly frightening thought, knowing what the All-Around Athlete is capable of.

LD: You seem to be figuring it out, Albano. Now watch what's coming next.

[Carolina Colton decides to enter the ring, picking up Melody Lister onto her shoulder again. She gestures for Trish Wallace to get Vicky Utterhagen...]

SA: I think we're going to see it in stereo, now...

[With one wrestler on Starkiller's shoulder, and the other on T-Bone's, the two Slam Sorority members back off to opposite turnbuckles. They eye each other down seriously...

...then charge directly at one another!]

DW: LOOK OUT!

[Colton and Wallace crush their two opponents between each other before pivoting and slamming them both simultaneously to the mat!]

SA: Boom goes the double-barreled cannon! A Sorority Slam Sandwich!

[Wallace dives over to cover Melody Lister, while Colton shoos Vicky Uterhagen from the ring with the toe of her boot.]

SA: It could be... and it certainly is!

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: And that is how the Slam Sorority gets the job done. I do hope the Peach Pits are taking notes -- in fact, I would expect no less from Donna Martinelli. After all, I did teach her everything she knows.

[With that, she removes her headset and heads up to the ring. Carolina Colton mimes dusting her palms off, while Trish Wallace wipes the sweat from her forehead and flicks it in the direction of the jeering fans. Davis, now in the ring, calls both prospects to join her and they dutifully comply. The All-Around Athlete clasps Colton's right arm and Wallace's left, and raises their hands; T-Bone and the Starkiller curl and flex the biceps on their free arms.]

SA: The All-Around Athlete has picked herself a couple of dangerous right and left hands, Dee Dub.

DW: Oh they looked impressive, Big Sal, but I wanna see them handle themselves in a fair fight, to see them try to hot dog and showboat against someone who knows how to fight back.

[As the threesome exits the ring, one can still hear Trish Wallace and Carolina Colton eagerly badgering Laura Davis to answer which one of them had the more impressive slam. Davis just remains silently satisfied as we cut to the backstage area where Mariah Wolfe is standing.]

MW: I am backstage here in Center Stage Studios, hoping to get a few words with...

[Wolfe smiles.]

MW: ...yes, here he comes now. Come on in here...

[The camera pulls back a little as "Golden" Grant Carter walks into view to stand alongside the AWA interviewer.]

MW: Grant, you had one heck of a match earlier tonight against Omega as you attempted to Run The Rankings but in the end, he came out on top.

[Carter nods, biting his bottom lip for a moment.]

GGC: He did, Mariah... he did. And I gotta give the kid all the credit in the world. He's a hell of a competitor - no matter who wants to point fingers and laugh at him for being... a little different.

[Mariah raises an eyebrow, causing GGC to chuckle.]

GGC: Alright, he's a lot different... but hey, if that's how they breed 'em to fight on Neptune, I'm glad he's the only one around these parts from there.

But look, Mariah... I gave it all I had... and I came up short. I can live with that.

[Carter's face gets serious.]

GGC: But what I can't live with are the people around these parts who are capable of putting on a good fight like Omega and I did earlier... capable of doin' things the right way... but instead, they want to bully people... push 'em around... try to take advantage of 'em... maybe give 'em a little extra beating when it's already over.

[Wolfe looks curious.]

MW: Sounds like you might have someone in mind, GGC.

[Carter nods, clenching his fists.]

GGC: You could say that. See ya around, kid.

[And with that, Carter walks out of view, leaving Mariah Wolfe behind.]

MW: Grant Carter may have lost his match tonight... but he certainly hasn't lost the fight in him that makes him one of the AWA's most popular competitors. Fans, we'll be right back with the Power Hour debut of Amber Gold!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we find ourselves with an establishing shot of the Center Stage Studios crowd, cheering with anticipation for the next match.]

SA: We are back here live in Atlanta as enter the home stretch of what has been a jam-packed night of action here on the Power Hour. Two weeks back, Shannon Walsh of the Peach Pits challenged Amber Gold to come right here onto the Power Hour and show what she can do, and Dee Dub, she's here to take Walsh up on that challenge!

DW: And I see she's taking that challenge seriously! No flashy entrance, no big scene made of her appearance here today. She's here to do some work!

SA: That's right, she's standing by in the ring so let's take it up to Tyler Graham for the introductions!

[We cut to the ring, where Tyler Graham stands in the center, Amber Gold bouncing in place in one corner and a glaring opponent crouched in the opposite corner.]

TG: Our next contest is in the Women's Division, set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, in the corner to my right... she weighs 139 pounds, and hails from Misery Knob, Maine... please welcome Persephone Everhart!

[A polite reaction for Persephone Everhart, who pulls back the hood of her black zip-up hoodie to snarl at the crowd, which turns that polite reaction into some mild booing. She's wearing a black tank top, black miniskirt, fishnets, black kneepads, and black boots, and she has a rust red smokey eye for her makeup along with black lipstick. Her hair is black, with blonde bangs, and she has a lanky frame.]

DW: She looks like she hasn't gotten much sleep recently, Big Sal.

SA: She comes to us from P*WIN, and she looks like she's already ready to visit some of the more nefarious parts of Little Five Points when this is over.

DW: Dare I ask?

SA: Not on this fine family-friendly programming, Dee Dub.

[And Tyler cuts off the discussion before the Mouse House starts worrying.]

TG: Aaaaand her opponent, she comes to us from Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 112 pounds... she is "America's Sweetheart"...

AMMMMMMBERRRRRRR GOOOOOOOLLLLLLLLLD!

[Gold cheers to a positive response from the crowd, with the former Dallas Cowboys cheerleader motioning for the crowd to get louder. She's wearing a red and white striped halter top, a pair of blue bottoms, and white wrestling boots with red, white, and blue stars on the side, and her long blond hair hangs loose.]

DW: A lot of hype surrounding this young woman. We've heard stories about what she can do from the Combat Corner.

SA: And of course, whenever there is hype surrounding a new arrival to the AWA, that always seems to put a target on that new arrival's back. Amber Gold, though, has shown in her first couple of weeks that she doesn't want any special favors or treatment, no matter what Shannon Walsh may claim.

[Scott Ezra goes over final instructions with both Gold and Everhart, as Everhart rolls her eyes and walks away from the offer of a pre-match handshake from "America's Sweetheart" to boos from the crowd. Gold shakes her head and goes back to her corner for one final warmup.]

SA: You know, before we went on the air, I had a chance to talk to Shane Destiny about this kid from P*WIN. You'll never believe who her hero was growing up.

DW: Caleb Temple?

SA: Way off. Michelle Bailey.

DW: You're right, I don't believe that.

[The two chuckle.]

DW: How did someone who idolized Michelle Bailey growing up turn out like that?

SA: Well, Shane did say don't let the appearance or the attitude fool you, and that when the match starts, it'll make sense.

[The referee signals for the bell, and as Gold goes to lock up with Everhart, Everhart snaps off a kick to the leg of Gold!]

SA: A quick kick there to the quadriceps! Persephone Everhart coming in at 5'8" to Amber Gold's 5'3"... height and weight advantage going to the wrestler from P*WIN.

DW: How's her speed though?

SA: I don't think that will compare, but we'll see.

[Gold doesn't look bothered, instead shooting in and dropping to a knee to duck around Everhart, going into a rear waistlock, then stepping on the back of Everhart's knee.]

SA: We hear a lot about Amber Gold's high-flying, Dee Dub, but something that doesn't get talked up is her submission and technical background. You don't come out of the Combat Corner unless you're a polished athlete.

DW: You think maybe that's because her aerial ability is such a big part of her skillset?

SA: Could be. And of course, even a polished athlete - an elite athlete - is going to find it hard to stand out in the hottest division in pro wrestling. You have to get the work done, and just being a flyer isn't going to cut it. Amber Gold seems to know that, and wants to show that technical skill as well.

[Gold tries to get Everhart into a position to get hooks in and take the back, but Everhart rides out, reversing position and getting Gold in a rear waistlock. Everhart gets back to a standing position, then releases the waistlock and shoves Gold, indicating she's given up the position.]

SA: But it's not going to be easy.

[As Gold tries to get to her feet, Everhart kicks at Gold's head, with Gold just narrowly avoiding the strike and getting back to a standing position.]

SA: Especially with attempts at shots like that!

DW: Still not seeing the Michelle Bailey influence, Sal.

SA: Neither am I, at this rate.

[With Gold having backed up, Everhart charges, with Gold grabbing Everhart's right arm, trying to drag Everhart down...

... only for Everhart to plant her left arm to the mat, waiting for the release to cartwheel out of the attempted armdrag!]

DW: ... okay, now what Shane said makes more sense.

SA: I'll say!

[Everhart runs at Gold, who dodges the charge, only for Everhart to spring onto the midpoint of the middle rope, backflipping off and over Gold, and landing directly behind her! Gold, however, hit the ropes right after Everhart, and as soon as Everhart lands, Gold leaps up and catches Everhart right in the shoulder with a dropkick!]

DW: Now it really makes a lot of sense! Michelle was quite the high-flyer herself years ago!

SA: Look at the awareness by Amber Gold though! To see that backflip avoidance from Persephone Everhart and know what to do, and catch her with that dropkick!

[Everhart slithers from the ring, obviously a little startled to have been caught with a dropkick and wanting to regain her wits on the floor.

... she won't get the chance.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! TOPE SUICIDA BETWEEN THE MIDDLE AND BOTTOM ROPES BY AMBER GOLD!

DW: Don't they normally go through the top and middle, Sal?

SA: Maybe with Amber's stature, she feels more comfortable going through the middle and bottom? Either way, she's wiped out Persephone Everhart on the floor!

DW: And look! She's not wasting any time!

[Gold grabs Everhart under the left arm and wraps her arms around Everhart's torso, hoisting the larger Maine native to her feet and pushing her back into the ring.]

DW: Shannon Walsh wanted to see Amber Gold at her best, you've got to think Amber's not going to be happy with a countout win!

SA: Definitely not, and look at how she's pressing the advantage here, Dee Dub!

[Gold hops onto the middle rope, springing off and performing a backflip herself, connecting chest-to-chest with Everhart and holding for a cover!]

SA: Asai moonsault inside the ring, holding for a pin! She's got one, and two...

DW: But Persephone Everhart just barely able to sneak the shoulder out!

[The crowd roars as Gold quickly grabs the arm that burst out, turning Everhart onto her stomach and applying an arm scissor, then placing her forearm against the bridge of Everhart's nose as well as her cheek!]

DW: Would you look at that, Sal!

SA: That's a crossface hold, Dee Dub! And it's locked right in the center of the ring!

[Everhart struggles for a second, as Gold locks her fingers and pulls back a little more. With the extra torque, Everhart taps the mat, signaling a submission.]

SA: And Amber Gold will get a submission victory - who would've thought you'd hear that, Dee Dub?

DW: Not me, Sal! She had a point to prove this week, and she proved it big time!

SA: I think once she saw Persephone Everhart cartwheel out of that armdrag attempt and backflip the way she did, she knew she was going to have to finish this quickly, and that's exactly what she did. And a great show of sportswomanship as well... did you see she released the hold as soon as the bell rang?

DW: I wouldn't expect anything less.

[Gold stays crouched next to Everhart, then offers a handshake once again. This time, Everhart groggily accepts before departing the ring, leaving Gold to soak in the cheers of the crowd.]

SA: The AWA Women's Division has a lot of great role models, and I think Amber Gold can be counted in their ranks as well. We love to see that, Dee Dub.

DW: We sure do, Big Sal.

SA: You have to wonder if Shannon Walsh and the rest of her Peach Pit cronies are impressed with what they saw.

DW: They'd have to be! Amber Gold has been nothing but impressive both in and out of the ring if you ask me.

[We cut from the ring where Amber Gold is celebrating her victory up to the interview podium where a smiling Theresa Lynch is standing.]

TL: Another impressive victory for Amber Gold in her Power Hour debut as she continues to show the world that she's not just another pretty face and-

[Theresa is cut off by an obnoxious golf clap. She frowns, turning to look... and audibly sighs over the mic.]

TL: You again?

[And now, the Peach Pits stride into view in street clothes. Donna Martinelli is leading the pack of proper villains as Shannon Walsh and Kelly Taylor are on her heels. Walsh is glaring up at the ring while Martinelli and Taylor seem to have their focus on Lynch.]

DM: Yes, it's us again, TA-REE-SUH. I know you missed us. And even if you didn't... all of these people missed us.

[Judging from the reaction, the fans in Center Stage Studios did, in fact, NOT miss the Peach Pits.]

DM: And all of the people watching at home missed us... especially my man, Supreme.

[Martinelli smirks at Lynch who shakes her head.]

TL: Your m... you know what? I'm not even getting into that with you. Why are you three out here?

[Walsh speaks up this time.]

SW: We're out here for her, Lynch.

[She points to the ring where Amber Gold has noticed the Peach Pits' arrival and is standing with her hands on her hips.]

SW: In case you've forgotten, Daddy's Girl... we're the ones who invited little Miss Beauty Queen in there to come to the Power Hour and show us what she's got.

TL: Well, I'd say she did exactly that.

[Walsh scoffs.]

SW: Would you? I would think the daughter of Blackjack Lynch might have a better eye for talent than that, Theresa. Yeah, she's got the looks... and she might even have some skill... but she's not ready for prime time. And no matter how many times you shove her down our throats on ESPN, that's not going to change.

[The crowd jeers Walsh's comments as a smirking Martinelli chirps in.]

DM: Hey Theresa... can you let your man know that when I told him to call me on Saturday Night Wrestling, I didn't mean THAT many calls. It's getting a little embarrassing. Everywhere I go, he's blowin' up my phone. The club, the gym, the recording studio... it's all about Supreme and-

[Theresa interrupts, still not looking at Donna.]

TL: Shannon Walsh, if you think Amber Gold doesn't have what it takes, it doesn't surprise me that you hang out with this one...

[She jerks a thumb at Martinelli to a big reaction from the crowd and a shocked glare from Martinelli.]

DM: Why, you little-

SW: Donna's got more talent in her little pinky than that glorified cheerleader in the ring has in her whole perfect little body, Theresa.

[Martinelli beams, puffing out her chest.]

SW: But anytime Overhyped Amber down there feels like proving me wrong, all she's gotta do is sign her name on a contract and we can get this done once and for all and-

[The crowd begins to cheer loudly.]

TL: It looks like Amber Gold is heading up this way right now, ladies... maybe you'll get your wish.

[Walsh glowers at the approaching Gold as Martinelli speaks up again.]

DM: Who the hell do you think you are to question MY talent, Lynch?! It wasn't me who used Daddy's influence to get a featured spot on SuperClash! How much did you have to beg for it, huh? "Oh, please Daddy! I've always wanted to be a wrestler like my brothers but I'm just not good enough! But they can't say no to you and they'll have to put me on the show!" Is that how it happened, girlie?! Is it?!

[Theresa again tries to ignore her but Donna jerks her around by the shoulder.]

DM: Don't you turn your back on me! I'll rip your hair right out of your head right now and send you to your wedding day as bald as Blackwell! You think Hayes is gonna ruin your wedding day or James or... maybe it'll be me, huh?! How would you like that!

[Theresa angrily stabs a finger into Martinelli's face.]

TL: Now YOU look, Donna! I played your little game long enough! I know you're just trying to get under my skin with all this Supreme stuff and now you've done it! You're NOT going to ruin my wedding day and if you even think about it, maybe you should ask Sandra Hayes how SuperClash felt for her!

[Theresa actually balls up her fist to a huge roar from the crowd and a shocked expression from Martinelli who visibly steps back...

...which leaves a spot for the so-far-silent Kelly Taylor to step in.]

KT: You don't get to threaten the Peach Pits like that, I don't give a damn who your Daddy is OR who you're sleeping with!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

KT: Let's see if Supreme still wants you when you show up at the altar with a busted up face!

[Taylor cracks her knuckles, leaning forward...

...which is when Amber Gold steps in.]

AG: That's enough! You're out here to get a shot at me - not Theresa - so leave her out of it!

[Walsh chuckles.]

SW: Oh, look at the prom queen trying to impress the powers that be by saving their little princess. You really think if we wanted to put the boots to Theresa that you'd be enough to stop us?

[The three Peach Pits are now encircling Gold who pushes Theresa behind her...

...and suddenly, the AWA faithful in Center Stage erupt as Michelle Bailey walks out to the interview podium, stepping in front of Theresa and beside Amber.]

MB: How about we take this down several notches and have a conversation? After all, I came here to see my daughter wrestle tonight, not get into a fight myself.

[Michelle looks at Shannon Walsh.]

MB: Now look, I understand how it feels to see someone jump past you on the ladder, or feel like you deserve a spot they have. I get it. But Amber Gold is here in the AWA because she DESERVES to be here.

[The crowd cheers, and Michelle holds up a hand to quiet them down.]

MB: And the moment she shows she doesn't deserve to be here, that's the moment she'll be shown the door. You want to expedite that process? Then you get in the ring with her and you beat her, one on one, in a fair match. Not all this chatter you've been doing with the numbers game by your side. Nobody's impressed by this, Shannon.

[Michelle glares at her cousin.]

MB: And Donna... you, young lady, have got a lot of nerve.

[The crowd lets out a roar.]

MB: I said I didn't want to fight you, but you're really testing my thoughts on that by threatening Theresa the way you have. You've got your own life to live, I'm fine with that, but I'm not going to let you keep embarrassing our family like this. Let me make something clear to you. If you think you're going to do something to ruin Theresa's wedding, well...

... you're going to have to go through me.

[The crowd lets out another roar, and just as it dies down...]

"AND ME!"

[And the cheers get even louder, as Ricki Toughill walks out from the backstage area to the podium. And notably, she stands between the Peach Pits and Theresa, Michelle, and Amber, with her back completely turned to the Pits.]

RT: Awww, MB, I'm reminded of something you either tweeted or retweeted last year when I needed to hear it: you can't expect rational reactions from irrational people. Like... I could stand here and tell the Peach Pits how stupid they all sound and how stupid they all look and how stupid they are to keep showing up uninvited... I could tell that to their stupid faces, but nothing would be gained by it.

DM: Who are you calling-?!

[Without even turning around, Ricki shuts them up with bark.]

RT: I'm not talking to you - I'm talking to my friends. Michelle, Theresa... I have experience with narcissists with zero self-awareness, who have such empty,

shallow, meaningless lives without love or met needs that they have to constantly interfere in the affairs of others as though our lives belonged to them. And they overstay their welcome. Oh... my... Holy Mother of Mary, do they ever overstay their welcome.

SW: Do you know who we–

[Ricki suddenly becomes very irritable.]

RT: Quiet, sweetheart! The adults are talking!

[The Peach Pits get increasingly rankled.]

RT: I would love nothing more than to slap some sense into them and throw them and all their gear out into the parking lot, but again: you can't expect a rational response from irrational people. And I don't want my palm caked in bronzer, false eyelashes and tears. That's the old me... you see, I have a Women's World Title I have to challenge for, and I have to prove to Julie Somers that I'm more than just some street fighting girl who gets off on causing horrible trauma to my opponents. I'm keen to prove that I've turned over a new leaf.

And, y'know... I'm seein' another opportunity here. A chance to share the ring with you after all these years, Michelle?

[A loud cheer as Michelle nods, seeing what Ricki is after.]

RT: I mean, I dunno if we could get those t-shirts you talked about done in time– I'm thinking navy print on sky blue – anyway... I'm thinking...

[Prompted by nothing, Ricki abruptly wheels around in a surprise rage.]

RT: SHUT UP DONNA! NO ONE CARES WHAT YOU THINK!

DM: I didn't say anyth–!

[But Ricki has already wheeled back around and is chatting with Theresa Lynch and Michelle Bailey like normal.]

RT: I'm thinking since I'm not able to attend the ceremony, and since I'm still in Theresa's debt for sticking her neck out for me last year... I think seeing these three psychological preteens get thrown around and stacked up in that ring like logs in a campfire would be enough of a wedding gift, right, Theresa?

MB: I did already buy her that one gift, so really... she'll get two gifts from me.

[Ricki grins and mouths "two gifts! Big spender!"]

RT: Well, Amber, I'm talking to you: I've been hearing talk that you're an elite caliber athlete in waiting, but it's a tough road to break into this industry. Right now, you've got two people who walked that tough road and survived to tell the tale looking to you to have their back: you've got the biggest comeback story in wrestling, one of the toughest, most dynamic competitors to have ever graced the ring... and you've got me too! The Bloody Idol O' Dozens!

[Ricki sticks out her tongue and gives a cheesy double "thumbs up."]

RT: What d'ya say, Amber?

[Amber Gold nods and smiles at Michelle and Ricki.]

RT: Then I guess it's set.

[Toughill finally turns to face the Peach Pits.]

RT: Hi. I know you don't care about anyone but yourselves, and I'm sure I'll have to repeat everything I said to you... but I'll just sum up by saying: That's Michelle Bailey. That's Amber Gold. My name is Ricki Toughill. We're professional wrestlers. And I give you my solemn word as a good Catholic girl that I will try my hardest not to cripple any of you when we next see each other the ring.

[Martinelli takes a big step backwards as Shannon Walsh glowers at Toughill.]

SW: You want a trios match in two weeks right back here?

[Ricki looks puzzled at Amber and Michelle - "didn't I just say that?" Michelle grins and nods.]

SW: You got it!

[The crowd cheers as Walsh, Taylor, and Martinelli walk away, leaving the fan favorites around the podium.]

SA: Oh my! You talk about a big addition to the Power Hour - right here, two weeks from tonight, it'll be the team of Ricki Toughill, Michelle Bailey, and Amber Gold taking on the Peach Pits! That's huge, Dee Dub!

DW: It sure is! What a big matchup that's gonna be... and just a week before Toughill fights for the Women's World Title in New Orleans.

SA: And who knows, it could be the Peach Pits in the Finals of the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament in New Orleans as well! But this trios match has been agreed upon and I can't wait to see it! Fans, we've got one more break and when we come back, it'll be time for the Main Event as the team of Kimmy Bailey and Ayako Fujiwara take on the Country Punks with a spot in the Semifinals on the line!

[Nearby, we can hear Michelle yell, "GO KIMMY! GO AYAKO!" with a smile and a fist pump.]

SA: Don't you dare go away!

[And with that, we fade to black.]

Cut to the members of Next Gen. Howie Somers is holding a big box in hand, while Daniel Harper is holding what looks like a small packet.]

HS: You know, Daniel, somebody once said that life is like a box of chocolates. You never know what you're gonna get.

[Yes, that would be a box of chocolates that Somers is holding.]

DH: That's a good observation, Howie. But if you ask me, life is more like a pack of AWA trading cards.

[Sure enough, in Harper's hand, that's a pack of trading cards.]

DH: You never know what you're going to get, but chances are, you're going to get something good.

[Somers glance at Harper for a minute, then nods.]

Now in comes a voiceover.]

"It's the premier edition of Topps AWA trading cards. Featuring today's top AWA stars from the men's division."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Ryan Martinez, Supreme Wright and Shadoe Rage.]

"The top AWA stars of the women's division."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Julie Somers, Victoria June and Erica Toughill.]

"The top AWA tag teams."

[Images pop up of cards featuring The Soldiers of Fortune, The Gold Standard and KAMS.]

"The managers and announcers."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Miss Sandra Hayes, Sweet Lou Blackwell and Colt Patterson.]

"The legends of the ring."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Casey James, Marcus Broussard and Shane Destiny.]

"Even the founders of the AWA."

[And, yes, you get images of cards featuring Jon Stegglet, Bobby Taylor and Todd Michaelson.]

"Plus, look for special inserts."

[Images of a "Fantastic Finishers" card features Supernova putting an opponent in the Solar Flare, a "Dynamic Duos" card features Harley Hamilton and Cinder and a "Rising Stars" card features Max Magnum.]

"Along with cards featuring event-used memorabilia."

[Images of such cards, featuring Jack Lynch, Jordan Ohara and Ayako Fujiwara.]

"Autographed cards."

[Images of such cards, featuring Derrick Williams, Gordon Myers and Michelle Bailey.]

"Even dual autographed cards."

[And the image featured, of course, would be Next Gen, with Howie Somers and Daniel Harper's signatures on the same card.]

Cut back to Somers.]

HS: Now that one's a keeper.

[We pull back and see Harper going through the cards in his pack.]

DH: Cool... Hannibal Carver autographed card!

HS: [looks at the box of chocolates, then back at Harper] Um, you want to trade?

DH: [stares at his tag team partner] You call that a fair trade, dude?

[We then cut to an opened display box of the Topps AWA trading cards and hear the voiceover again.]

"Look for Topps AWA trading cards wherever trading cards are sold. Or order them at AWAShop.com."

[We fade to black...

...and we fade back up to live action, this time backstage in Atlanta where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing.]

SLB: The Power Hour is back from break and wow, what a night it's been... but it's not over yet, fans. Joining me right now is Justin Gaines who after speaking with Theresa after his win here tonight asked for a little more time. The floor is yours, Justin.

[Joining Blackwell in frame, a nodding Justin Gaines speaks.]

JG: Yeah, you know, I heard the remarks earlier from Jayden Jericho, or should I say Jayden Deschenes, accusing me of riding coattails.

[Gaines grimaces, shaking his head.]

JG: Look, I don't know if you noticed, Jayden, but I'm trying to do this right. I'm a wrestler. I do have credentials. I was a high school state champion multiple times. I'm also a Gaines. I can't change that. That comes with certain things, good and bad, but I don't run from who I am. I'm me and I'm good with it. I'm here, I'm not going away, and that's that.

[He points an accusing finger.]

JG: So Jayden, if you want to talk about coattails and families, let's see who's riding on what and who's resting on what, and who deserves to be here. I'm not hard to find, and neither is that ring. I don't know about your sense of direction, but most anyone can find the center of an arena unless they just don't want to. I'll be there next Power Hour and I'd love it if my opponent were you. You don't have the guts to be a Deschenes, and I don't blame you, but maybe you might have the guts to face me one on one.

[Gaines strides out of view, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: A challenge issue there by Justin Gaines, looking to take on Jayden Jericho on the next Power Hour and-

[Blackwell abruptly stops, grabbing at his earpiece.]

SLB: What? Where?

[Blackwell sweeps his hand at the cameraman, walking swiftly down the hallway, the cameraman moving in quick pursuit. As they circle around a corner, Blackwell comes to an abrupt halt. The cameraman nearly runs right up on his heels, peering over his shoulder...]

SLB: Oh jeez.

...and revealing the motionless form of the Slam Sorority's Carolina Colton who is laid out on the floor of the backstage area, a badly-dented metal trash can laying a few feet away...

...and red spraypaint on the ground by her unmoving body that clearly state...

"LAURYN'S COMING."

The camera holds on the ominous words for several moments before we fade from the backstage area back out to the team of Salvatore Albano and Dylan Westerly sitting at the announce table.]

SA: A scary scene backstage where it appears as though Carolina Colton was assaulted and left laying and... judging by the redecoration in the area, I think you'd have to assume that Lauryn Rage was behind it. We just have to hope that Colton's injuries aren't severe and that she'll be ready and able to compete next weekend in Chicago when the Slam Sorority meets the Peach Pits in a Semifinals showdown. But right now, it's time to find out the final team moving on to the Semifinals - they'll be facing Seductive and Destructive in Chicago. Let's go to the ring for the introductions!

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

TG: The following contest... is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[A big cheer goes up from the Power Hour crowd.]

TG: It is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is the final first round match in the AWA WOMEN'S WORLD TAG TEAM TITLE TOURNAMENT!

[Another big cheer goes up!]

TG: Introducing first...

[The sounds of the Ramones' punk classic "Blitzkrieg Bop" begins to ring out over the PA system to a HUGE CHEER from the AWA faithful.]

TG: ...at a total combined weight of 315 pounds...

KAYLA "THE PISTOL" CRISTOL!

THE AFRO PUNK, VICTORIA JUNE!

THE COUNTRY PUNNNNNNNNNKS!

[And with the punk music still in the air, June and Cristol come trotting out onto the entrance stage to another cheer. June's got those devil horns in the air, bangin' her head in a fashion that would make Quiet Riot proud. Cristol's got the finger guns firing, giving a whoop now and again...

...when she suddenly stops, putting a hand on her partner's shoulder, cupping the other hand to her ear.]

"Nah, nah... let's do this right."

[And as the Ramones turns off, the sounds of "Blood On The Bluegrass" come up instead, bringing a grin to both teammates' faces - a frenetic mix of banjos, steel guitars, and fiddles. The duo continues their walk towards the ring now, slapping all the offered hands as they head towards the squared circle.]

SA: A change in musical direction for the Country Punks and here they come, Dee Dub... one of the most popular teams in this tournament and a squad looking to cash their ticket to the Semifinals tonight to face Harley Hamilton and Cinder in Chicago.

DW: That's gonna be a tough out for whatever team advances as we saw earlier tonight but right now, they can't worry about that - they gotta stay focused on this unknown team they'll be facing. Bailey and Fujiwara may not be a team on a regular basis but I believe they're gonna be a serious threat to anyone they encounter in this tournament.

[Reaching the ring, June comes in first, throwing a one woman mosh pit as she runs around the ring, bouncing off the ropes, highstepping and stomping her way to getting the crowd going as Cristol grins, hopping up on the midbuckle with a flurry of finger guns and a "COME ON! LET'S TAKE THIS ONE!"]

SA: And these two are fired up and ready for action, Dee Dub.

DW: They better be.

[Cristol hops down, embracing her partner as they settle back into the corner and wait. Their music dies down.]

TG: Annnnnd their opponents...

["The Last Dancer" by Armin van Buuren vs Shapov, begins to play over the PA system. As the relentless beat of the song continues to pick up in intensity, the studio audience whoops and hollers at the appearance of Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey, appearing from behind the curtains.]

TG: They hail from Pinehurst, North Carolina and Fujinomiya, Japan... tonight, they weigh in at a combined weight of 358 pounds...

KIMMY BAILEY!

AYAKO FUJIWARA!

THE LAAAARRRRRIIIIIIAAAAAAAAATTTTTTOOOOOS!!!

[Fujiwara has on a ripped, oversized hooded denim jacket over her wrestling attire. Underneath, she has on a sleek, black and red asymmetrical strap crop top with a corset-like front tied together with crisscrossing red and black string. Her abdomen is now fully exposed and she wears middle waist black motorcycle pants with rivets running up and down the legs with short wrestling boots. She turns her back to the camera and points a thumb to the words on the back of her jacket:

"THIS MACHINE SUPLEXES FASCISTS"

...before spinning back around and throwing a fist into the air and giving a roaring yell of enthusiasm at the crowd, who respond in kind.]

SA: The former Olympic gold medalist has been a part of this tournament since it was announced, slated to team with her longtime ally, Molly Bell. Of course, we all know Molly was injured two weeks ago and her entry into the AWA's concussion protocols medically disqualified her from competing in this tournament. There was a lot of speculation as to whom Fujiwara might select as an alternate partner but I think all of us were surprised at her choice.]

DW: And that's not taking anything away from Kimmy Bailey's present or her future but picking a rookie? Tossing a rookie into the fire like this? I know Bailey's had

tremendous but nothing can prepare someone for the pressure and level of competition involved in something like this, Sal.

SA: I've gotta agree with you there, Dee Dub. Kimmy Bailey physically is ready... but is she mentally ready for this scenario? We're about to find out.

[Kimmy Bailey walks right beside her mentor, wearing a T-shirt with the sleeves cut off all the way to the neck hole, revealing the significant muscle definition in her shoulders and back. She has also cut the shirt's hemline down, revealing her abdominals. On the front of the shirt is a chibi version of Ayako Fujiwara holding up a similarly chibi Molly Bell, an acknowledgement of who Kimmy is replacing. Kimmy also sports black running shorts, black kneepads, and black Adidas wrestling shoes. Printed across the seat of the shorts in white text is the word "WHEYFU". Her long brown hair with chunky blonde highlights is tied back in a ponytail, with several pink and blue ribbons attached to the ponytailer. Her two-toned eyes stand out even more than her mother's, her right eye brown and her left an icy blue. As the camera zooms in on her, Kimmy does a double bicep flex, proudly displaying her guns for the world to admire.]

DW: Speaking of being physically ready, take a look at the gun show on Kimmy Bailey! Wow!

SA: We've got both team up inside the ring now... a little last minute huddle on both sides as referee Shari Miranda tries to get this show on the road. It's been a long night here in Atlanta but these fans are still red hot for this one that they've been waiting all night for.

[The referee orders one woman out on each side.]

SA: And now it looks like it'll be Ayako Fujiwara, the Olympic gold medalist, starting it off for her squad and... well, there seems to be a bit of a disagreement on the other side.

[The camera cuts closer where we can see Victoria June looking across at Fujiwara while Kayla Cristol pleads with her partner to let her start the match.]

SA: And if Kimmy Bailey is the question mark on her squad, you'd have to also say that Kayla Cristol is that for her team. Cristol spent a big chunk of 2017 on the injured list... she hasn't faced the same level of competition as someone like June or Fujiwara has. Many have noted her as the weak link perhaps of the Country Punks and perhaps the Pistol is looking to change that perception early on in this one.

DW: It's a bold move for her. Fujiwara's gonna have a power edge... a mat wrestling edge... a submission wrestling edge. Maybe Cristol's a little faster but if she is, it's not by much.

SA: Fujiwara truly a total package when it comes to a professional wrestler... but it looks like Kayla Cristol has been successful. A reluctant-looking Victoria June exiting the ring, hoping her partner isn't as outmatched as many have speculated she might be against Fujiwara.

[As June steps out, Cristol grins, clapping her hands together as the fans cheer the young lady from Arkansas. She points across at a possibly amused Ayako Fujiwara, nodding her head and shouting "LET'S DO THIS!" as Miranda gives one final check and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: One fall, twenty minutes...

DW: As Kayla said, let's do this, Big Sal!

SA: Cristol wasting no time, right out of the corner to the middle of the ring...

[The Arkansas native dives right into a tieup, Ayako muscling her around a bit before ducking out, snatching a waistlock...]

SA: Waistlock and- ohh!

[...and showing off her Olympic level mat wrestling, Fujiwara lifts her up, throwing her down on her chest on the canvas...]

SA: What a takedown!

[...and without looking to pursue the action, she simply steps back, a smirk on her face as she watches Cristol scramble up to a defensive posture on a knee. Fujiwara extends her arms, beckoning The Pistol back to her feet.]

SA: Fujiwara not following up on that, instead allowing Cristol to get back up... and that attack didn't work so what's Kayla got in mind for Round Two?

[Cristol rubs her chin a couple of times before walking back in towards Fujiwara...

...and with a sudden lunge and change of levels, Cristol throws herself into a double leg takedown attempt that Fujiwara stuffs with ease.]

SA: Perhaps not the best idea to try and takedown an Olympic gold medalist but-

DW: Look out here now.

[And with Cristol down on her knees, Fujiwara hooks her around the torso, throwing her over with a gutwrench suplex!]

SA: Well, if the concern was Kayla Cristol being outmatched by Ayako Fujiwara... the concern seems valid at the moment. Two attempts to tieup, two times Cristol was handled with ease by Fujiwara who certainly has a confident expression on her face right now.

[The smirk is present again as Cristol gets up, smashing her hands together angrily. She glares at Fujiwara who invites her to try again... and then looks over at June who sticks out her hand, offering a tag.]

DW: June's offering to tag in... maybe she should take her up on that, Big Sal.

SA: Cristol seems to be considering it... but no, she shakes her off... she wants to do this!

[The crowd cheers Cristol's fiery side as she squares off with Fujiwara again but this time, she waves Fujiwara in at her, offering to let her opponent attack.]

SA: Cristol looking to play defense this time... perhaps hoping a change in tactics will pay off...

[Fujiwara nods, crouching low as she steps in towards Cristol who strikes a defensive posture...

...and then the Olympic dives in, grabbing at the legs but Cristol is a step ahead, leaping into the air, dropping both legs down on the back of Fujiwara's neck and shoulders!]

SA: Ohh! What a counter by Cristol!

DW: I think she lured her into that, Sal!

SA: I think you're right!

[Cristol promptly shoves her onto her back, diving across, hooking a leg... but only get a one count before Fujiwara escapes.]

SA: Out at one... but look at Cristol!

[A fired-up Pistol dives right back on top of Fujiwara, snatching a side headlock and smashing her fist repeatedly into the head of a shocked Fujiwara who tries to cover up and escape as the crowd cheers!]

SA: Maybe not so outmatched after all!

DW: She's fired up now, taking the fight right to her!

[Pulling Fujiwara off the mat by the arm, Cristol goes to wing her into the ropes but Fujiwara reverses it, firing her in instead...]

SA: Reversal on the whip, Cristol off the ropes...

[...and extends her arm for her first "lariato" attempt of the match but Cristol sees it coming, leaping up, hooking the arm to float over the back, landing on her feet in front of an off-balance Fujiwara...]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and pops her with a stiff right jab that snaps Fujiwara's head back, sending her staggering backwards towards the ropes.]

SA: And I think Fujiwara has been caught off-guard by the fight in this young lady from Arkansas... look at this!

[The crowd reacts as Cristol charges Fujiwara, running right up to scissor her head in an old school headscissor takedown to the mat!]

SA: Oh yeah! The Rockstar Express would be proud!

[Kayla regains her feet, pumping her fists excitedly as a shocked Fujiwara rolls to the outside, looking up in disbelief at Kayla Cristol who invites her back into the ring.]

SA: Fujiwara to the floor looking to regroup and I honestly did not expect those words to come out of my mouth early on in this one as Kimmy Bailey drops to the floor to check on her partn- whoa!

[A fired-up Fujiwara delivers a shove to Bailey's chest, pushing her back as she grabs the ropes, climbing up on the apron to get back in...]

SA: Looks like she needs no part of a strategy session there, Fujiwara on the apron and here comes the Pistol!

[Cristol comes charging towards Fujiwara who yanks the ropes, giving a little extra impact to a forearm to the jaw of Cristol!]

SA: Fujiwara caught her coming in... back inside goes the Olympic gold medalist now, Miss Germany herself...

[Cristol shakes off the effects of the forearm, rushing a second time but Fujiwara sidesteps, snatching a waistlock as the crowd erupts in a buzz...]

DW: Speaking of Germany!

SA: Fujiwara looking for her favorite move, the German Suplex, early on in this one but Cristol grabs the ropes, trying to avoid it!

[Cristol is tenacious, hanging onto the ropes even as the powerful Fujiwara tries to rip her away from them...]

SA: The referee's right there, trying to call for a break...

[...and a break she gets...]

"WHAAAACK!"

"WHAAAACK!"

"WHAAAACK!"

[...and three hard clubbing forearms to the back of the neck is what Cristol gets, causing her to let go of the ropes, allowing Fujiwara to hook the waistlock again...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ALL IMPACT, NO BRIDGE! STRAIGHT DOWN ON THE BACK OF THE NECK!

[Fujiwara kips up off the mat as Cristol rolls to her side, grabbing at the back of her neck in stunned pain.]

SA: Cristol is down and she may be hurt, fans. Kayla Cristol got off to a hot start in this first round tournament match but Ayako Fujiwara may not have just brought her crashing down to the mat... she may have also brought her crashing down to reality.

DW: Victoria June is concerned, kneeling on the apron, trying to talk to her partner...

[Fujiwara glares down at Cristol... and then stomps over to her, snatching a waistlock while she's down on the mat...]

SA: Uh oh! Fujiwara hooks her again... DEADLIFT!

[...but there's no hesitation as Fujiwara promptly takes her right over the top a second time, dumping her violently on the back of the neck again!]

SA: A second German Suplex! Kayla Cristol may be seeing stars after that one!

[We get a shot of Victoria June grimacing on the apron... then glaring at Ayako Fujiwara who she has a few words for...]

"LET HER UP, YOU BULLY!"

[...and Fujiwara responds with a stream of what sound like angry words in Japanese as Cristol tries to roll from the ring to the outside to recover...]

...but Miss Germany steps right over her body, putting herself in Cristol's path to escape.]

SA: Cristol was trying to get out of there for a moment but Fujiwara's not about to let that happen.

[Fujiwara shakes her head, refusing to let Cristol escape as she leans down, pulling the Pistol up off the mat...]

SA: Fujiwara bringing her to her feet now and-

[...and Cristol throws a wild right hook, trying to even things up but Fujiwara ducks it, sending an off-balance Cristol falling down to her knees on the mat again.]

SA: Oh no. Cristol looking a little punch drunk in there. It was a desperation right hook but it came up empty.

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Fujiwara steps towards her again.]

SA: She hooks her again!

[But this time, as Fujiwara prepares to dump Cristol again, Victoria June has seen enough, stepping into the ropes and delivering a thunderous leaping forearm to the back of Fujiwara's head to a mixed response from the crowd!]

SA: June saves her friend... for the moment at least. The referee forcing the Afro Punk to the outside though and...

[Fujiwara grabs at the back of her head, turning to glare at June. She offers a few more angry words in Japanese before spinning back to Cristol who is down on a knee...]

SA: ...and you'd imagine that Fujiwara might take that anger out on Kayla Cristol right about no- OH! SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE!

[But Cristol's desperation pin attempt is missed by the official who is trying to get June out of the ring even as the Afro Punk frantically tries to point it out to Shari Miranda!]

SA: June's interference backfiring now as the referee missed the small package... finally turning around now and-

[The crowd groans as Fujiwara powers out at one.]

SA: Just the one count with the delay in starting the count.

DW: She might've had her there under normal circumstances, Sal... we just don't know.

SA: We sure don't. Fujiwara right back up through, shoving Cristol back into the corner... and there's the first tag to young Kimmy Bailey.

[The crowd cheers the entrance into the match of Bailey who grins at their reaction as she comes through the ropes.]

SA: 20 years old... she'll be 21 in June...

DW: And you know she'd like to celebrate that night by being a champion.

SA: I'm sure she would but it's a long road to get there. Bailey is the very picture of athletic having played basketball, volleyball, and lacrosse in high school... she's also taking up archery as a hobby and even plays paintball from the stories I've heard.

[With Cristol in their corner, Bailey lays in a heavy forearm to the chest followed by an elbowstrike to the jaw, and a palm strike uppercut finishes off the combo, leaving Cristol hanging onto the ropes for dear life...]

SA: Cristol might be out on her feet after that... and with the combined power and striking skill of the Lariatos, this is the wrong part of town for the Pistol to be in, Dee Dub.

DW: She's gotta find a way out of the corner... and at about the five minute mark of this one, she also could use a tag right about now.

SA: She certainly could... Bailey with a boot to the gut, hooks her...

[The crowd cheers as Bailey muscles Cristol up into a vertical suplex...

...and holds...

...and holds...]

SA: Look at the power! We saw Rory Smythe do this earlier as well but Kimmy Bailey showing off her strength in this one!

[...and holds...

...and holds...

...and holds...]

DW: My goodness, Sal!

SA: She's got her up annnnnnd...

[...and finally Bailey falls backwards, bringing Cristol crashing down on the canvas!]

SA: ...and down with spine-rattling impact! And now Bailey with her first cover of the match!

[A two count follows before Cristol escapes to cheers.]

SA: And as much as the fans were split earlier in their disdain for both the Serpentes and the E-Girl MAX duo of Hamilton and Cinder, they're split in their support for the Country Punks and the Lariatos as well.

[Pulling Cristol off the mat, Bailey hooks her under the armpits, lifting and tossing her backwards into the turnbuckles...

...and storms right in after her, rocking her with a heavy clothesline!]

SA: And speaking of lariatos, Bailey lands her first of the match and Cristol is definitely reeling after that. She's suffering the very epitome of high impact offense from the team of Fujiwara and Bailey right now. Victoria June cheering her on, urging her to fight her way out of that corner and get to the Afro Punk to make the tag.

DW: She's gotta do it, Sal. June's got the size and strength to better match up with these two. Cristol's all heart but she needs to make that tag and make it soon.

[Pulling Cristol to mid-ring, Bailey grabs her by the arm, shooting her into the ropes...]

SA: Irish whip by Bailey... another lari-

[...but as Bailey lifts her arm for a second lariat, Cristol sees it coming and hooks the ropes, refusing to bounce back. Bailey taps her forehead, then points to Cristol...]

SA: Looks like the rookie might be impressed by Cristol's foresight there... but here she comes!

[The charging Bailey rushes at Cristol who is still holding the ropes...

...until she suddenly lunges to the side, sending Bailey spilling through the ropes, crashing down on the floor!]

SA: Oh! Cristol avoids her, Bailey to the outside, and here's the chance for Cristol to...

[Spinning around, Cristol grabs the top rope with both hands, stepping up on the middle, springing off and kicking out...]

SA: ...WRECKING BALL DROPKICK ON BAILEY!

[As Bailey falls backwards, holding onto her face, Cristol slips back into the ring, on her hands and knees for a moment as she pushes up, lunging forward with her arm outstretched...]

SA: TAG! THE AFRO PUNK GETS THE TAG!

[The crowd cheers as June gives a fist pump, turning around on the apron...

...and then charges down it, flinging herself off into a flying clothesline on a stunned Bailey!]

SA: JUNE WITH A STAGE DIVE TAKES HER DOWN!

DW: Bailey's rookie side may be showing a little bit here, Sal. She made the mistake telegraphing the lariat, she made the mistake that ended up with her on the outside... and now Victoria June lowers the big boom off the apron, putting her down on the ringside mats.

SA: June's gotta try to take advantage of this situation though...

[On her feet, June throws those devil's horns in the air, banging her head a few times before pulling Bailey off the floor, shoving her under the ropes back inside the ring.]

SA: ...and she's gonna go for it, putting Bailey back in...

[June climbs up on the apron, coming through the ropes as the rookie regains her unstable footing, looking towards the corner...

...and June winds up, clubbing her with a forearm to the back of the head and neck...]

SA: Hard shot by June!

[...and another... and another... all of which seem stunning but aren't taking the rookie off her feet...]

SA: June's just hammering away on her and...

[After another blow, Bailey slowly turns, a determined expression on her face as the crowd reacts!]

DW: She doesn't feel it! No effect!

SA: How is that possible?!

[A surprised June throws a huge haymaker, bouncing it off the skull of the rookie who registers it and then snaps her head back, eyes wide, shaking her head...]

SA: What in the...?

"I HEARD YOU'RE AS STRONG AS MY MAMA!"

[June looks puzzled at the exclamation, starting to wind up again...

...but with a roar, Kimmy Bailey rushes forward, laying June out with a massive shoulder tackle that gets the crowd going!]

"I AIN'T MY MAMA!"

[The crowd cheers as the 20 year old rookie lifts June up off the mat by her afro...

...but the powerful June lifts Bailey over her shoulder on the way up, letting loose a roar of her own as she charges forward, smashing Bailey back into the neutral corner!]

SA: INTO THE CORNER THEY GO!

[Grabbing the middle rope, June delivers shoulder after shoulder to the midsection of Bailey...]

DW: Trying to wear her down with those tackles, take some wind out of her sails...

[Fujiwara is shouting encouragement to her young partner from the outside, urging her on as June backs off at the referee's orders...

...and then charges back in towards her as Fujiwara shouts "BOOT!" and Bailey obliges, swinging her leg up to catch the incoming June under the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHE CAUGHT HER! SHE CAUGHT HER GOOD!

[Fujiwara shouts "60 PERCENT!" and Bailey surges forward, blasting June with a heavy lariat that knocks the Afro Punk down to the canvas!]

SA: LARIAT CONNECTS! JUNE IS DOWN, BAILEY COVERS!

[The crowd counts along with the official.]

"ONNNNNNNNE!"

“TWOOOOOOOO!”

[But June’s shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the pin attempt!]

SA: Two count only... but I get the feeling that Bailey’s not done with her yet either.

[Back on her feet, Bailey signals to the corner, getting a nod from Fujiwara as the rookie pulls June off the mat...]

“OHHHH!”

[...and June BLASTS her with a hard forearm to the jaw!]

SA: CHECK HER TEETH!

[Bailey angrily turns and spits, a tinge of red in the wad of saliva that hits the mat before she cracks June in kind, scooping her up and slamming her down on the canvas before tagging her partner...]

SA: I think that forearm from June just served to make Bailey angry... in comes Ayako though...

[The duo both get a running start, leaping into the air at the same time as Fujiwara drops a senton on June while Bailey lands a legdrop across her collarbone!]

SA: ...ohhh! They told me they call that #1 Crush!

DW: A fitting name, Big Sal!

SA: Bailey’s out, Ayako with the cover now!

[Another two count follows, June escaping just as Cristol comes through the ropes, looking to break it up... a move that draws a threatening gaze and point from Fujiwara as the referee forces Cristol out of the ring.]

SA: Two count... and Cristol being put out. She didn’t get involved there but she was ready to, making sure she was in position to make the save if June couldn’t kick out in time. A sign of a good team for sure.

[Fujiwara’s got fire in her eyes as she pulls June up off the mat...]

“OHHHH!”

SA: What a shot! June with another forearm shot that rocks the Olympian... and we creep close to the ten minute mark of this twenty minute tim-

“OHHHH!”

SA: -SWEET SAN ANGELO, FUJIWARA RESPONDS IN KIND!

“OHHHH!”

SA: JUNE FIRES BACK!

“OHHHH!”

SA: AYAKO!

“OHHHH!”

SA: JUNE!

"OHHHH!"

SA: AYAKO!

"OHHHH!"

SA: AYAKO!

"OHHHH!"

SA: AYAKO DRIVES HER BACK, UP AGAINST THE ROPES!

[Fujiwara backs off, turning to the fans, raising her right arm with a shout in Japanese...

...and then rushes back in towards June...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who LUNGES forward, throwing all her weight behind a forearm smash that knocks Fujiwara off her feet and down to the canvas!]

SA: WHAT A SHOT! WHAT A SHOT BY THE AFRO PUNK! SHE PUT EVERYTHING SHE HAD IN THAT FOREARM SHOT!

[June pushes up off the mat, throwing her arms overhead as she does a little mini-mosh pit!]

SA: June's got the fans rallying behind her! This could be her mom-

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

SA: Ten minutes left in the time limit of this one and now you'll see these two teams crank the pace and intensity even higher as they try to pull off the win and earn their spot in the Semifinals against Seductive and Destructive.

[The time call seems to get June moving in another gear, snatching the legs of Fujiwara...]

SA: CATAPULT!

[...and slingshots her right into a waiting Kayla Cristol who drives a forearm of her own into Fujiwara, sending her falling back onto June's raised knees!]

SA: Nice teamwork there by the Country Punks and-

[Cristol slingshots her way over the top rope, dropping an elbow down across the chest, shoving Fujiwara's back down onto the raised knees!]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: What a doubleteam!

[A furious Kimmy Bailey steps in, trying to intervene on the illegal doubleteam but the referee cuts her off, forcing her back as she frustratedly screams "SHE'S NOT LEGAL, SHARI! COME ON!" as Cristol rolls out to the floor.]

SA: It's breaking down a little here but Miranda maintains control for the moment. Cristol out, Bailey out... it's still June and Fujiwara in the ring as the Afro Punk forgoes a pin attempt, bringing Fujiwara back to her feet... whip to the Punks' corner... and tag!

[Cristol comes in, all fired up as June grabs the top rope...]

"YOU WANT SOME LARIATS?!"

[...and starts throwing standing clotheslines in the corner, rocking Fujiwara with three of them before exiting as Cristol charges in, leaping to the midbuckle...]

SA: Ayako Fujiwara in trouble for the first time in the match... Cristol firing off those finger guns, ready to rock!

[And with the Atlanta crowd cheering her on and counting along, Cristol starts raining down forearms from the middle rope...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

[...and with that, she grabs Fujiwara by the hair, leaping from the middle rope...]

SA: FACESLAM! CRISTOL PUTS HER DOWN! COVER!

[...and another two count follows before Fujiwara powers out!]

SA: Fujiwara out at two! What a battle we're seeing, fans!

[Cristol is all sorts of fired up now, barely able to control her enthusiasm as she pulls the Olympian off the mat, peppering her with rights and lefts, sending Fujiwara back into the ropes...]

SA: Irish whi- reversed! Fujiwara still able to counter the whip, Cristol off the far side and... CROSSBODY! NO! CAUGHT!

[The crowd ROARS as the powerful Fujiwara catches the crossbody coming her way, holding her across the chest for a moment...]

...and then presses her overhead!]

SA: GORILLA PRESS! FUJIWARA WITH THE PRESS! WHAT POWER!

[She turns with Cristol held aloft towards the Country Punks' corner...]

...which is when an already-incoming Victoria June leaves her feet, striking with a one-legged dropkick that catches Fujiwara on the chin, sending her falling back and dropping Cristol to come crashing down on her chest!]

SA: JUNE TAKES HER DOWN!

[The referee rushes at June, reprimanding her and forcing her out as Cristol comes to her feet, stumbling to the corner where she slaps June's hand.]

SA: Another tag by the Punks, showing off the teamwork that many felt would give them an edge in this one. That experience working together, knowing what your partner is going to do before they do it...

[Cristol whips Fujiwara into the neutral corner, rushing in with a leaping back elbow up under the chin before shoving her off towards June who stands center ring. The Afro Punk stops the Olympian, holding her by the hair as she looks dead in the eye of Kimmy Bailey...]

SA: LARIATOOOOOOOOO!

[...and uncorks a standing lariat of her own that drops Fujiwara high on her shoulders. June drops to her knees, stacking up the legs, pushing her down in a folding press!]

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

[But a rapidly-incoming Kimmy Bailey gives a mighty shove to Kayla Cristol who was defending the pin attempt, sending Cristol crashing down onto her own partner to break up the pin!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: -AND KIMMY BAILEY SAVES THE MATCH AND THE TOURNAMENT FOR HER TEAM!

DW: The referee’s gotta get control of this one!

[Bailey ignores the referee’s protests, angrily pulling June up off the mat, swinging her arm back for a standing lariat of her own...

...but Cristol grabs the pulled-back arm, swinging Bailey around into a right hand!]

SA: Cristol lands the right on Bailey!

[Back on her feet, June drills the staggering Bailey...

...and then Cristol hits her right back...]

SA: The Country Punks pinballing Kimmy Bailey back and forth between them!

[Bailey stumbles back from a June haymaker towards Cristol who goes waaaaay back this time, throwing a bomb aimed at Bailey...

...who ducks down, causing Cristol to hit her own partner!]

SA: Oh! Swing and a miss by Cristol!

[Bailey returns fire with a forearm shot that knocks Cristol down to a knee. June grabs her, swinging her around...

...but Bailey ducks down, lifting June up into a fireman’s carry!]

SA: BAILEY’S GOT JUNE UP! THE REFEREE TRYING TO GET HER OUT!

[Bailey turns back towards Cristol who is back on her feet, leaping to attack...

...but ends up on the shoulders of the young rookie powerhouse as well!]

SA: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[The crowd is ROARING at the sight of both Country Punks trapped on the massive shoulders of Kimmy Bailey who steps to the center of the ring...

...and DRIVES THEM BOTH into the canvas!]

SA: STACKED SAMOAN DROP AND SOMEBODY CALL THAT GIRL'S MAMA TO SAY HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR BABY GIRL NOW!

[Kimmy Bailey kips up off the mat, striking a big pose with a roar as the crowd goes nuts!]

SA: KIMMY BAILEY'S GOT THE FANS IN HOTLANTA ON THEIR FEET FOR THIS ONE!

[And finally, the referee is able to force the young rookie out of the ring as the Olympic gold medalist regains her feet...]

SA: Bailey's out... Fujiwara's up and as we're almost to fifteen minutes into this match, Miss Germany's gotta look for a way to finish this!

[Dragging June off the mat as Cristol rolls to the floor, Fujiwara throws up her arms, hooking another waistlock...]

SA: She's got her hook- no! June with a hard back elbow breaks the hold!

[Fujiwara staggers back towards her own corner as June steps across the ring, turning to face her...]

SA: June on the move and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the rampaging Afro Punk gets HURLED overhead, crashing hard into the buckles!]

SA: OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY CONNECTS! RIGHT INTO THE BUCKLES!

[A determined Fujiwara slaps her partner's hand before grabbing June and hauling her out of the corner...]

SA: We've got another tag by the Lariatos and... Fujiwara directing traffic for her young partner here...

[Fujiwara pulls the dazed June off the mat, snatching a waistlock again as Bailey backs off, swinging her right arm around...]

SA: ...oh, you've gotta be...

[...and rushes in, connecting with a lariat, knocking June's momentum backwards as Fujiwara lifts her up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KIDDING ME! A LARIAT COMBINED WITH A GERMAN SUPLEX!

DW: THIS ONE'S OVER!

[Fujiwara bails out as Bailey dives on top and the referee dives down to count, the crowd joining in...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CRISTOL MAKES THE SAVE! A DIVING SAVE BY THE PISTOL SAVES THIS MATCH, THIS TOURNAMENT, THEIR SHOT AT THE TITLES FOR THE COUNTRY PUNKS! AND LISTEN TO THIS CROWD IN ATLANTA!

[The crowd is absolutely ROARING for what they're seeing - a smattering of the much dreaded "THIS IS AWE-SOME!" and "FIGHT FOR-EVER!" chants mixed in amongst the crazy loud cheering and screaming!]

SA: WHAT A BATTLE IN THIS FIRST ROUND TOURNAMENT MATCH!

DW: What the heck is the rest of the tournament gonna be like, Big Sal?!

SA: I have no idea!

[Bailey grabs the rising Cristol off the mat, tossing her to the outside before turing her focus back to June...]

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

SA: You heard it, fans! Five minutes left! Who's gonna get it done? Who is moving on to the Semifinals next weekend in Chicago?!

[Bailey pulls June off the mat, putting her into the neutral corner where she winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: OVERHEAD CHOP!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: KNIFE EDGE CHOP AS WELL!

[A fired up and determined Bailey whips June across the ring, sending her into the opposite corner. She gives a shout, charging in after her...]

SA: LARIAAAAAAATOOOOOO-

[...but June pulls herself clear, causing Bailey to crash HARD into the corner. June scrambles out three-quarters of the way across the ring, barreling in after her...]

SA: MOSH SPLASH IN THE CORNER!

[June backs off, pumping her arms as she watches the staggered Bailey stumble towards her out of the corner, scooping her up...]

SA: She's got her up! Looking for the front slam!

DW: She's won countless matches with that - it could be her ticket to the Semifinals!

[...and DRIVES her down in the center of the ring. She throws her arms apart to a roar, diving across and hooking a leg!]

SA: JUNE COVERS FOR ONE! SHE'S GOT TWO! SHE'S GOT-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND AYAKO MAKES THE SAAAAAVE!

[Shari Miranda throws her arms up, shouting at Fujiwara who backs up, trading angry words with the official as she's forced backwards...

...and drifts a hair too close to the ropes as Kayla Cristol reaches under them, tripping her up and dragging her to the outside!]

SA: CRISTOL PULLS FUJIWARA TO THE OUTSIDE!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND HURLS HER INTO THE RINGSTEPS! HOLY...

DW: This is a fight now, Sal! A struggle to be the best on a night when nothing less is acceptable!

SA: One team moves on, one team goes home and the stakes are through the roof of the Center Stage Studios, fans! You can feel the intensity in the air as these two teams battle for the ultimate prize!

[With Fujiwara down and out of the picture for the moment, Cristol climbs up on the apron...

...and a staggered Kimmy Bailey rushes her, looking to avenge her partner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and catches a foot off the forehead as Cristol leaps up with the aid of the ropes, landing a kick!]

SA: CRISTOL CAUGHT HER!

[Grabbing Bailey by the hair, Cristol drags her into the corner and starts to climb...]

SA: Cristol's not the legal competitor but that doesn't seem like it's going to stop whatever she's got in mind here!

DW: I know what she's got in mind - the Boggy Creek Buster she learned from Jack Lynch!

SA: I believe you're right, Dee Dub!

[Pulling Bailey tight into the corner, Cristol gets to the second rope, trying to get into position for her Calf Branding move that could end the match. The referee is shouting at her, waving her arms, trying to get Cristol from illegally acting...]

SA: Miranda's trying to stop her but Cristol seems determined! I don't know if anyone can stop her!

[Oh, you silly man.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: FUJIWARA FROM BEHIND!

DW: Where the heck...?! She hit the steps! I thought she'd be out of this for a while longer!

SA: So did Kayla Cristol! Fujiwara just cut off whatever Cristol was looking for there and... oh my god, what is she doing?! WHAT IS AYAKO FUJIWARA DOING?!

[The crowd is buzzing with frantic concern as Fujiwara starts scaling the ropes alongside Cristol, both women on the outside as Bailey is still in the corner, her hair being desperately held by Cristol trying to keep her in position...]

SA: We've got Bailey in the corner! Fujiwara and Cristol on the ropes on the outside! We've got-

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

SA: Three minutes left! No time to waste!

[And as Victoria June comes to her feet in the middle of the ring and spots the activity in the corner, she rushes towards the fray, leaping into the air...]

SA: MOSH SPLASH... AGAIN DRIVING BAILEY INTO THE CORNER!

[Tossing Bailey aside, June reaches up to smash Fujiwara with a right hand to the skull...

...and then steps up on the second rope!]

SA: What in the...?! We've got June climbing! We've got Ayako and Kayla still up on the ropes!

DW: And we're runnin' out of daylight, Sal!

SA: We sure are! The biggest enemy of BOTH of these teams right now is time!

[June reaches up from her perch on the second rope, hooking the Olympic gold medalist in a front facelock, slinging the arm over her neck...]

SA: She's looking for the superplex! June's trying for the superplex!

DW: Is she... Ayako's not even the legal competitor, is she?!

SA: I believe you're right, Dee Dub, but I can't be sure at the moment... and perhaps that means Victoria June isn't sure either but I think Bailey and June are legal, you're right!

DW: This could be a huge mistake then!

SA: It certainly could - June hooking her up, getting Cristol out of the way...

[But as June prepares to superplex Ayako, a determined Kimmy Bailey pushes her way back into the corner, ducking low and under June's legs...]

SA: Wait! Wait! Wait! BAILEY!

DW: WHAT'S SHE DOING?!

[...and establishes a powerful grip on the thighs of June...]

SA: AAAAAABUUUUUNAAAAAI!

[...and as June superplexes Ayako from the top, Bailey POWERBOMBS June down to the mat at the same time!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Bailey throws her arms back, letting loose a wild roar that has the crowd doing the same!]

"TWO MINUTES! TWO MINUTES!"

[Bailey - hearing the time call - rushes back into the mix, grabbing her partner and giving her several violent shakes down on the canvas...]

SA: Bailey's trying to wake up Ayako!

DW: She's running out of time!

SA: I think she knows that... she's trying to get her up... trying to get Fujiwara back into this...

[A dazed and staggered Fujiwara falls into the ropes as Bailey frantically points at the downed June, jumping up and down enthusiastically as Fujiwara gives a weak nod...]

SA: Ayako can barely stand right now but she's in! Whatever Kimmy Bailey's got in mind, she's in!

[Crossing the ring, Bailey pulls June off the mat, giving a check on Fujiwara who is still leaning against the ropes. Leaving a staggered and standing June in place, Bailey retreats to the ropes across from Fujiwara, turning back. She shouts as Ayako weakly joins in...]

"1! 2! 3!"

[...and in unison, they both start running, crossing the ring past June to hit the far ropes they were facing, rebounding back...]

SA: COLLISION! THEY CALL THIS AC/DC!

[...and CRUSH June from the front and back with lariats!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Fujiwara staggers backwards, falling to all fours as Bailey dives across the prone June...]

SA: BAILEY WITH THE COVER! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT I-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Kayla Cristol, desperate to save her partner, leaping from the top rope, her body at full extension as she hurls herself as far as humanly possible...]

...and CRASHES down with an outstretched arm across the back of Kimmy Bailey to break up the pin JUST before the three count comes down!]

SA: INCREDIBLE! AN INCREDIBLE SAVE BY THE PISTOL!

“ONE MINUTE REMAINS! SIXTY SECONDS!”

SA: SIXTY SECONDS LEFT! IT’S CRUNCH TIME FOR THESE TWO TEAMS! THERE’S NO TURNING BACK NOW!

[Barely fazed by Cristol’s diving attack, an infuriated Bailey gets up off the mat, grabbing Cristol by the hair..

...and charging the ropes, she HURLS her over the top rope, sending her crashing down HARD on the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: CRISTOL’S OUT OF THE PICTURE! NO TIME TO WASTE!

[Bailey swings around towards the motionless June who is down on her face, her arms up over her head to shield herself from further assault. The young 20 year old rookie pumps her arms up and down, ready to finish off the Afro Punk and book the Lariatos a trip to the Semifinals!]

SA: Bailey’s all alone in there with the Afro Punk, moving in for the kill... we’re down under forty seconds remaining!

DW: She’s gotta go! Gotta go now!

SA: Bailey reaching down, dragging June up off the-

[And in a twisted mirror image of a scene not quite a year ago, Victoria June plucks the enthusiastic and aggressive rookie into a small package, dragging her down to the canvas in a tight cradle!]

SA: CRADLE OUT OF NOWHERE! CRADLE LOCKED IN!

[The crowd counts along!]

“ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!”

“TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

“THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!”

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: SHE DID IT! THEY DID IT! THE COUNTRY PUNKS ARE MOVING ON TO THE SEMIFINALS!

[June lets go of the cradle, slumping down to all fours on the mat in sheer exhaustion. She grabs at her own hair before pushing herself up off the mat, a huge grin on her face as the crowd cheers loudly!]

SA: Victoria June with the small package out of nowhere picks up the win in Atlanta off a very impressive team in the Lariatos and... wow! What a moment for the Country Punks!

[A banged-up Kayla Cristol crawls under the ropes, dragging herself across the ring to fall into a kneeling embrace with her partner, tears in her eyes as the crowd roars for the popular duo!]

SA: An emotional scene here in Atlanta as Kayla Cristol and Victoria June - two unlikely friends and partners - find their way to victory and... this is a tremendous moment for them.

DW: Sal, you think back to last year when these titles were just a rumor. From the moment we heard the buzz building, these two made it clear that these titles were their ultimate ambition... that these titles were what they were fighting for each and every night... and then you add in the obstacles... Charisma Knight and Dr. Leah White... the injuries to Cristol... the injuries to June. But finally, they are together... they are stronger than ever... and tonight, it all became worth it as they overcame what turned out to be a tremendous team in Fujiwara and Bailey... who is certainly disappointed at this loss, no doubt... to move on in this tournament.

SA: It's not over yet. It's just the beginning for them. But this is one heck of a start... and speaking of one heck of a start...

[The shot cuts to Kimmy Bailey, her head down on the top turnbuckle in the corner, her shoulders shaking with emotion as a weary Ayako Fujiwara comes over to put a hand on her back, muttering softly to her.]

SA: ...what a start of a career for young Kimmy Bailey we've seen since her debut... and if this team with Fujiwara becomes a regular thing, then this is one heck of a start for that duo. They were fantastic here tonight. So very impressive and if they stick to it, I'd imagine it's only a matter of time before they've got those Women's World Tag Team Titles wrapped around their waists, Dee Dub.

DW: Absolutely. No shame tonight for either of these teams.

[Fujiwara embraces an obviously-emotional Kimmy Bailey as the crowd is on their feet, saluting both teams as June and Cristol struggle to get up off the mat, looking across at their defeated opponents...]

SA: Fans, it's been an incredible night of action here tonight in Atlanta... and we're just getting started in what promises to be an amazing year of action for the AWA in 2018. Don't forget next weekend in Chicago when we now know we'll see the Slam Sorority against the Peach Pits and these Country Punks against Hamilton and Cinder with a trip to fight for gold on the line. James Lynch and Atlas Armstrong against Supreme Wright and the World Champion, Supernova... and of course so much more... and then right back here two weeks from now, we're going to see Odin Gunn defending the TV Title... the Run The Rankings continues... Gaines versus Jericho... and that huge six woman tag team battle with Michelle Bailey, Ricki Toughill, and Amber Gold taking on the Peach Pits! It's been an amazing night and fans, we've only just begun! For Theresa, Mariah, Sweet Lou, Dee Dub, and myself... so long from Hotlanta!

[June and Cristol start to approach Fujiwara and Bailey as we fade to black.]