

POWER HOUR

Saturday, March 10th, 2018
Center Stage Studios
Atlanta, Georgia

HOUR ONE **HOUR TWO**

[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 a solid gold shimmering dress with a scoop neckline showing off a golden jeweled crucifix is a grinning Theresa Lynch.]

TL: Hello everyone and welcome to a very special night here in Atlanta as we get set to bring you the final episode of the Power Hour!

[The crowd reacts with a mix of cheers and boos, causing Theresa to chuckle.]

TL: Now, now... we're not truly going anywhere. But we ARE getting a facelift. It's been nearly two years since I first came on the air and said welcome to the Power Hour...

[She looks around with a smile.]

TL: ...and this is a sight difference from back then when we were producing the show from outer space or whatever that was. And two weeks from tonight will be different too when we bring you the very first episode of Showtime on ESPN. And one of the things that'll be different that night is the announce team that will join me. For the last time, folks, please help me welcome to the Power Hour the men who will be calling all the action here tonight - Salvatore Albano and Dylan Westerly!

[We cut over to the announce desk on the elevated stage where we find our duo, grinning widely. Salvatore Albano is living up to the "Big Sal" name as he sits in a very large charcoal grey suit and Dylan Westerly is by his side in a dark purple polo with "AWA POWER HOUR" stitched on the breast in yellow script.]

SA: Thank you, Theresa... and as you said, it's a very special night here in Atlanta for the Power Hour as this will be the final night here for me in Center Stage Studios as-

DW: You got the call, buddy! You're goin' to the show!

[Big Sal smiles.]

SA: And thank you for that as well, my friend. Dee Dub, we've had a lot of fun at this desk together over the past year as we ushered the "all-new Power Hour" through some growing pains to become the can't miss TV that it is today... and while I'll certainly miss calling the action with you, I know you're going to do a great job in your new role on Showtime.

DW: Just like you're going to take over the world on Saturday Night Wrestling.

SA: Well, I certainly have some very big shoes to fill but as I said last weekend, I will do my very best to not let anyone down. But that's enough of that for now, Dee Dub, because if we're going out tonight, we're going out in a big way. Have you seen the lineup for this show?!

DW: It's incredible, Big Sal! So many AWA superstars wanted to be a part of this farewell Power Hour... we've got title matches... we've got a huge trios match for the Main Event and... wow. I don't even know where to start.

SA: I do! Let's head up to the ring for our opening match!

[And on that note, we do exactly that as we fade to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: Tonight's opening contest is a tag team match set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 452 pounds... the team of TRICK PERRY and ACE BROOKS!

[The crowd politely claps at the two average men in the ring, distinguishable with Perry having a mullet and black trunks while Brooks has a bowl cut with white trunks.]

TG: And their opponents...

[The boos pick up right away as the theme to "For A Fistful Of Dollars" plays out over the PA system. The curtain opens...]

TG: ...at a total combined weight of 575 pounds... from Parts Unknown... the team of ULTRA COMMANDO 3 and THE GOLDEN GRAPPLER... MASKS! FORRRRRRR! MONNNNNEYYYYYYY!

[...and the boos get louder as the hulking form of Ultra Commando III steps into view first. Standing well north of six foot six inches tall and weighing in just short of 300 pounds, the Commando wears long tights in a dark urban camo pattern with a matching balaclava style mask.

The Golden Grappler follows him into view in a full black bodysuit trimmed in gold with his trademark golden mask up top. The Grappler is full of venom today, barking and shouting at the ringside fans as the dastardly duo make their way down the ringsteps.]

SA: Masks For Money heading down the aisle towards the ring and these two have certainly made some headlines lately, Dee Dub.

DW: That'll happen when you set your sights on backjumping a former World Champion ever chance you get... not to mention going after "The Future" as well.

SA: These two have made no secret of the fact that they're being paid... and paid well I might add... to attack Ryan Martinez and Derrick Williams and put them on the shelf. They're bounty hunters - plain and simple - and someone has put a high dollar target on Williams and Martinez.

DW: Apparently that money also pays for their silence, Sal... 'cause whoever is footing the bill for these two, they're not talkin' about it.

[The masked duo climb up on the apron...]

SA: And with the roll they've been on as of late, they're also starting to make some waves when it comes to the World Tag Team Title rankings. I'm sure they'll be watching next weekend in the Superdome of New Orleans when Next Gen defends the titles against the Soldiers of Fortune inside a steel cage.

DW: That's gonna be something to see, Big Sal.

SA: It sure is.

[Now inside the ring, the Grappler loops an arm around the shoulders of his masked compatriot, whispering to him.]

SA: A little pre-match planning on the part of these two... and Dee Dub, you said before we came on the air that you actually talked to the Golden Grappler earlier tonight. How did that go?

DW: He's a professional, Sal. A businessman. He made no apologies for what they've been trying to do to Martinez and Williams... but he did mention that their benefactor was quite unhappy with what happened on Saturday Night Wrestling in Chicago when they got chased off by Martinez and Williams.

SA: I'd imagine so... and we're just about ready to start this one as referee Koji Sakai is ordering one of these men out of the ring. And it looks like it'll be the big man - the Ultra Commando - starting things off for his squad in this one against Ace Brooks.

[The bell sounds and the Commando rushes forward, throwing a boot into the midsection of Brooks.]

SA: Right out of the gate, Masks For Money are bringing the attack... the Commando hammering away across the back of Ace Brooks here, driving him down to a knee.

[But even kneeling, Brooks is not out of range for the Commando who lifts him by the nostrils...]

DW: He hooked him good there!

[...and pulls him right into a scoop slam, sending Brooks bouncing off the mat with the impact.]

SA: Big slam by a big man... the Commando with more than a few inches of height and quite a hefty bit of weight on Brooks who is struggling to even get going in- ohh! Fistdrop by the Commando! Right down between the eyes!

[Staying on his knees, the Commando grabs a handful of hair and absolutely clobbers Brooks across the face with a series of right hands.]

SA: The Commando showing off that aggressiveness that this team is known for.

DW: They don't get paid by the hour and it shows, Big Sal. They like to hurt people and they like to do it quick.

[The Commando glares at the official warning for the closed fists...

...and opens up his hands around the throat of Brooks instead!]

SA: Choking away at Brooks down on the mat... the referee counting here...

[And just before five, the masked man lets go, raising his arms and leaving Brooks gasping for air down on the mat. He glares up at the official again...

...and then hooks the chokehold a second time!]

SA: Another choke!

DW: Come on!

SA: The Commando with a flagrant disregard for the rules AND for the referee in this one... and just before four, he breaks again.

DW: These two are absolutely vicious inside the ring, Sal, and with their sights set on Martinez and Williams, they seem to have gotten even MORE vicious!

SA: They're going to have to be if they hope to take out those two, Dee Dub. That's no easy night at the office.

[Dragging the coughing Brooks off the mat, the Commando tugs him into a front facelock, lifting him into the air...]

SA: The Commando's got him up... holding strong...

[The masked man leaves Brooks dangling for several seconds before dropping down, his spine jamming violently into the canvas.]

SA: ...and brings him down hard on the canvas! Textbook vertical suplex there by UC3... and there's a tag to the Grappler, bringing him into the ring for the first time in this one...

[The Golden Grappler steps in, takes aim, and drops a knee down across the sternum of Brooks, causing his legs to kick up into the air as the Grappler kneels on the canvas...]

SA: Kneedrop across the chest... and if Brooks was having trouble breathing before, you can double it now.

[The Grappler climbs off the mat, yanking Brooks into a seated position with a handful of hair. He winds up, smashing the point of his elbow down into the top of Brooks' head!]

SA: A Brazilian Elbow Jab!

DW: A what now? Is that a real thing?

SA: Ahhh, I'm gonna miss you, Dee Dub.

[A few more "elbow jabs" land before the Grappler drags Brooks off the mat with two hands full of hair, locking his arms around the waist before delivering a gutwrench suplex.]

SA: Another suplex - this one of the gutwrench variety - by Masks For Money... and Brooks is in desperate need of a tag if he wants to survive this onslaught by the two mysterious masked men.

[Trick Perry gives a shout of encouragement to his partner, sticking out his arm as far as he can... which gets the Grappler to throw a kick at it. The crowd jeers as Perry jerks his arm back with a "Ref, what the heck was that?!" The official warns the Grappler who shakes his head innocently...

...and then throws a signal to his partner who drops off the apron, stomping around the ring unnoticed by Perry or Koji Sakai...]

DW: Over there! He's comin' for ya!

[...and with a handful of tights, the Commando yanks Perry off the apron to the mat where he promptly grabs the tights again, throwing him into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH"

[The shoulderfirst crash into the steel sends Perry down on the ringside mats, the referee shouting at the Commando who backs away with his hands raised...

...and the Grappler wastes no time in dragging Brooks off the mat again, hooking his head with both hands, turning around so that the back of Brooks' head is over Grappler's shoulder, then he drops straight down in a Hangman's Neckbreaker]

SA: And Grappler going right for the kill!

DW: I've heard him call this the Cash Out.

SA: And a nonchalant cover...

[We see the referee turn back to the action, diving to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice...]

SA: ...but he still gets the three count here in this one.

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Masks For Money with the quick win, putting another team down for the count, and these two are headed for the pay window once more, Dee Dub.

DW: Yeah, but it looks like maybe they're hoping to earn a little overtime now.

[Rolling into the ring, the Commando joins his partner in putting the boots to the downed and defeated Brooks as the fans let them have it...]

SA: These two masked thugs stomping away at Brooks who is all alone in there, his partner laid out on the floor...

[The boos are pouring down as the Grappler pulls Brooks off the mat, holding his arms back as UC3 throws heavy hooking blows to the body.]

SA: And now Masks for Money are furthering their attack, they're sending a statement, they're sending a message, they-

[The crowd explodes as someone comes flying into the ring from the entrance area and immediately starts throwing hands at Masks for Money!]

SA: WILLIAMS! DERRICK WILLIAMS IS HERE!

DW: What the heck's he doing here?!

SA: And he's right to work on Masks For Money! Rights and rights!

[The fans in Atlanta are roaring as The Future stuns the two masked men with haymakers, leaving them prone as he dashes to the ropes, looking to attack...]

SA: CLOTHESLI-

[...and ducks under a wildly-swung clothesline by a surprised UC3, slamming on the brakes and going into a spin...]

SA: OHH! ROLLING ELBOW! RIGHT ON THE JAW OF THE BIG MAN!

[The Commando goes stumbling backwards, falling into the ropes as Williams finds himself jerked around the shoulder...]

SA: The Grappler back into the mix now!

[...and drills Williams with a right hand who responds in kind...]

SA: They're trading right hands!

[...and back and forth they go, blasting one another with big haymakers that have the Power Hour crowd on their feet!]

SA: We've got a fight on our hands in Hotlanta!

[The Grappler reaches out, raking his fingers across the eyes, sending a blinded Williams staggering backwards. The fans jeer as the masked man grabs him in a front facelock, spinning him over...]

SA: He's looking for that neckbreaker again!

[...but Williams keeps right on spinning, pulling the Grappler along with him until he winds up in a three-quarter nelson...]

SA: FUTURE SH- NO!

[...and feeling the Future Shock setup, the Grappler shoves Williams off, sending him right into a boot to the midsection by the Commando who snatches a front facelock, SPIKING Williams' skull into the canvas with a DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: And just like that, Masks For Money cut Williams off cold!

[The Grappler is right over him, taunting the downed Williams before stomping down into his sternum once... twice... three times, the fans jeering all the while.]

SA: Derrick Williams - from what I know, he was NOT scheduled to be here tonight on the final Power Hour but here he is and...

DW: He may be regretting that decision right about now.

[Climbing back to his feet, the Commando joins the attack, helping his ally put the boots to The Future....]

SA: And don't look now, fans, but Masks For Money may be getting an unexpected chance to please their mysterious benefactor as they go to work on Derrick Williams in the middle of the ring here in the Center Stage Studios!

[The Commando has a few words for his ally who nods, stomping Williams a few more times before he leans down to pick him up...]

SA: The Grappler dragging him to his feet... into the front facelock... gesturing to the Commando now...

DW: We've seen this before, Big Sal!

SA: We sure have! Masks For Money using the numbers advantage to get the edge on Williams and now they're looking to collect that all-important Pay Day!

[But as the Commando moves forward to grab the legs of Williams, the crowd ERUPTS a second time!]

SA: Are you...?! That's Martinez! RYAN MARTINEZ IS HERE!

[The AWA's White Knight dives under the bottom rope at a full sprint, popping up to his feet and throwing himself into a full body tackle on the Commando, driving him back into the corner and away from the in-danger Williams.]

SA: MARTINEZ PUTS HIM IN THE CORNER!

[And while there may be no time to play to the crowd, that doesn't stop the White Knight from unleashing the impact of his Machine Gun Chops...]

"WHAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAACK!"

SA: MARTINEZ IS CHOPPING AWAY AT THE COMMANDO!

[The Grappler slings Williams' arm over his neck, trying to adapt from the lifting DDT attempt into a suplex...]

...but as he lifts him up, he doesn't get more than halfway up as Williams wriggles free, shifting to hook a three-quarter nelson as he heads back down to the mat...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FUTURE SHOCK ON THE GRAPPLER!

[With the Atlanta crowd literally jumping up and down, the Grappler rolls to the outside as Williams stays down on the mat for a moment, watching from a seated position as Martinez abandons his chops for an Irish whip attempt...]

SA: Martinez shoots him acr- no, reversed!

[But as Martinez hits the corner, he comes charging right back out...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS the Commando with a flying Yakuza kick that sends the Commando into the air before crashing down on the mat where he too rolls to the outside to avoid further punishment!]

SA: EXCALIBUR! EXCALIBUR IS DRAWN AND USED ON THE ULTRA COMMANDO TO CLEAR THE RING!

DW: Excalibur by Martinez! Future Shock by Williams! Wooooo doggie, what a way to kick off the last Power Hour, Big Sal!

[The crowd is wild as both Williams and Martinez stand near the ropes jawing at the retreating Masks for Money!]

SA: RYAN MARTINEZ AND DERRICK WILLIAMS STAND TALL! We have to take a break, we'll be right back!

[We fade away from the fired-up duo inside the ring...]

...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 on the ring, we see Ryan Martinez and Derrick Williams... standing on opposite sides of the ring as Theresa Lynch has made her way to the squared circle to join them as the crowd is still cheering their heroes.]

TL: Well... what a way to kick off the final Power Hour and... as you can see, I've come down here to the ring to try and get to the bottom of this situation. Ryan, Derrick... neither of you were expected to be here tonight and... well, here you are. Care to explain?

[Martinez seems about to walk towards Theresa in mid-ring to respond but Williams gets there first, causing Martinez to smirk, shaking his head as The Future begins speaking.]

DW: To be honest, Theresa, I wasn't expecting to see HIM...

[He points at Martinez]

DW: ...either. Looks like we both had the same idea, and that's not to wait around for those two jackals to strike but to give them a taste of their own medicine.

And yeah, Martinez, fair is fair... for once, I'm happy to see you.

[Martinez nods his head as he approaches, Theresa steering the mic in his direction.]

RM: There's a whole lot of things no one expected around this whole situation. Before a few weeks ago, I don't think anyone would've expected to see the Golden Grappler or Ultra Commando 3 gunning for either one of us... but here we are. And I'm quite sure no one would've expected to see the two of us on the same side trying to get them off our backs... but again, here we are.

So, you didn't expect to see me here tonight... and the feeling is mutual.

[Martinez shrugs.]

RM: But you're right about one thing. I was sick and tired of waiting around for those two masked thugs to jump me from behind... so I decided to come some place where I knew they'd be and give them a taste of their own medicine.

[He gestures to Williams.]

RM: And it looks like I wasn't alone in that.

[Williams nods in agreement.]

DW: We don't agree on much, but getting those two out of our hair and dealing with whoever is pulling the pursestrings is something we can reach common ground on... and I'm about ready to skip to the end.

[Theresa puts a hand out.]

TL: Do you have any idea who is behind this?

[Martinez shakes his head.]

RM: I've got a lot of enemies in my past, Theresa.

[Martinez grins.]

RM: A LOT... and I know Derrick does too. So it could be just about anyone... but right now, that's not important to me. Right now, what's important to me is making sure that Masks For Money know that this back they've been jumping...

[He jerks a thumb at his back.]

RM: ...isn't an easy target.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: Does this mean that you two are allies now?

[Williams throws up his hands with a "whoa, whoa whoa!"]

DW: Let's not get ahead of ourselves, Theresa. I've got no problem with watching his back if he's watching mine against these two...

["The Future" steps forward, sticking a finger out towards Martinez.]

DW: ...but don't forget, White Knight... you and I... somewhere down the road... we've got a date with destiny. "The Future"...

[He smirks as he gestures to Martinez.]

DW: ..."The Past"...

[Martinez shakes his head with a slight smile.]

DW: ...the very destiny of this company... of this sport... hanging in the balance. So, yeah... we're allies...

[He surges forward like he's going to attack Martinez who swings his fists up to defend himself...

...and then Williams pulls up short, a grin on his face, wagging a finger at Martinez.]

DW: ...for now.

[And with that, he drops to the mat, rolling under the ropes, and starts walking back up the aisle as Martinez stands, hands on hips, in the ring with Theresa.]

TL: Well, there you have it, fans. An uneasy alliance between Derrick Williams and Ryan Martinez has been formed tonight here on the final Power Hour! Now, let's go backstage where my broadcast colleague, Mariah Wolfe, is standing by!

[We fade from the ring to the backstage area just before what appears to be the entrance/exit to Center Stage Studios. Mariah is in a black dress with a gold belt, smiling at the camera as it finds her.]

MW: Thanks, Theresa... and hello, AWA fans... I'm Mariah Wolfe backstage here at Center Stage Studios where I've been given the special assignment of talking to one of the newest superstars here in the AWA - a highly-anticipated superstar who recently made her debut in tonight is already in the Main Event! I'm talking - of course - about Amber Gold who-

[The door swings open to the building abruptly, cutting Mariah off... and her welcoming grin shifts dramatically as it's not Amber Gold who she sees but instead the ladies of E-Girl MAX. The quartet are looking as smug as ever, following their triumph on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling.

Harley Hamilton, is dressed in an over-sized, pale peach-colored crewneck sweater with "SBU" in giant white letters on the front and "St. Bonaventure University" in smaller type above it. Her hair is done up in a double Dutch crown braid.

Casey Cash is wearing an oversized pale orange hoodie with the 1970s Baltimore Orioles logo on the chest, along with black Under Armour leggings and black and orange Under Armour sneakers. Her hair is styled in loose curls and worn in a side ponytail draped over her left shoulder, and she has heart-shaped sunglasses with white plastic rims resting on the crown of her head.

Cinder, as usual, looks like she was bitten by a radioactive Hot Topic employee in a black and white striped tube top and oversized cargo pants with far too many superfluous buckles and zippers.

Kelly Kowalski is in black leather, wearing a jacket with silver studs along the arms and shoulders, a pair of black leather pants that lace up in the front and have silver buckles along the outer legs, black fringe hanging from them. She is slightly "on-brand" with the pink tank top visible beneath her open jacket, while her red hair is pulled back into a tight ponytail.]

MW: E-Girl MAX... what are you doing here?

HH: What are we doing here?

[Harley tries not to laugh.]

HH: Hey girls... get a load of Faux-resa over here asking us "What are you doing here?", like we aren't the ones single-handedly responsible for turning Power Hour into the monstrous runaway success it is today.

C: Yer welcome for the extra hour bytheway!

[Mariah looks doubtful at Cinder.]

MW: It's rather presumptuous to say you're the ones solely responsible for this show's success.

[Hamilton scoffs.]

CC: Well, it sure isn't because of that nerd Westerly!

KK: Wait, are ya' talking about Dylan or Rhoni?

CC: Does it matter? They're both losers!

[They all have a good laugh at the besmirching of the Westerly family's reputation.]

HH: Anyhow, to answer your question, we're here on official business, Mariah.

MW: "Official business"?

CC: Of course, official business! Sheesh, keep up.

[Casey rolls her eyes.]

CC: A couple of little birdies told me that Charity Rockwell was planning on teaming up with Betty Chang tonight, and there's something I need to address with Betty. I mean, I could've written some kind of silly note or tweeted it out, but I dunno...

[Casey puts her finger to her lips in thought.]

CC: That's not good for anyone, right? I'm here for all of us, Mariah! I'm here for the good of the AWA!

C: An' after gevin' Vekki Joon and Thistle Pistle the doin' that their dad an' mum shoulda laid on 'em, it's time for the business at hand, aye?

MW: You mean the AWA Women's World Tag Team titles.

HH: No, we mean the EMWC Triple Crown title... of course we mean the AWA Women's World Tag Team Titles!

[Cinder turns to Kelly in an aside.]

C: Dunno... I saw that in a case at th' SuperClash fan expo – might look right braw hangin' from yer rear view mirror, aye?

[Harley shakes her head.]

HH: Now, while Cindy and I have earned a well-deserved rest before the finals, after performing at the absolute peak of athletic ability last Saturday night, our opponents, The Peach Pits, have decided their best course of action is to let Donna Martinelli, wrestle with a busted wing and further aggravate her injury before The Anniversary Show.

CC: They sure aren't the sharpest spoons in the drawer!

[Mariah mouths "Spoons?" to herself as Kelly Kowalski rubs her ribs.]

KK: And after last Saturday... well, I'm lookin' forward to puttin' my eyes on Bailey and Toughill. They got somethin' comin' to 'em. And maybe that'll be tonight.

HH: So as you can se-

[Suddenly, Mariah takes the microphone away from Harley, listening to someone speaking in her earpiece.]

MW: Sorry to cut you off, but I'm receiving word that Amber Gold has just arrived!

HH: What? We're not done talk-

[Mariah and the camera quickly leave E-Girl MAX behind as the door swings open again and we see Amber Gold, who is carrying a duffel bag over her shoulder.]

MW: Amber Gold!

AG: Oh! Hey Mariah!

MW: Now, I know you have that big Main Event coming up tonight, but I just wanted to-

"YAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

AG: AHHH!

[Before Mariah can even finish her sentence, we suddenly see the lithe form of Cinder running into the picture, taking a handful of Amber Gold's hair and yanking her off her feet, causing her to hit the ground hard!]

MW: NO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?

C: Aw, away an' raffle your donut, Skinny Ma-Linky Longlegs!

[Cinder grabs Amber Gold's duffel bag by the shoulder strap and swings it over her head, before smashing it down onto its owner! We then see Harley Hamilton and the rest of E-Girl MAX converge on the scene, as Cinder throttles a defenseless Amber Gold!]

C: Oh, ain't Ma-Randy Dandy intae talking to you instead o' us. Ain't you th' height of special, ya weapons-grade roaster!

MW: Harley! Do something about this!

[Harley gives Mariah an incredulous look.]

HH: "Do something about this?" You want ME to do something about this? Fine.

[A beat.]

HH: GET HER, CASEY!

MW: What!? No!

[Casey Cash looks at Harley with a confused look on her face for a moment, before Harley nudges her head towards the beating going on. Casey quickly gets a look of realization on her face, breaking into a wide-eyed grin, before she runs over and begins putting the boots to Amber Gold!]

KK: Hey Pinkie, why we lettin' them have all the fun?

HH: Knock yourself out, Red! She's all yours!

[Kelly Kowalski slams her fist into her palm and grins, as Cinder and Casey hold up Amber Gold. The Jersey Devil walks over to the former Dallas Cowboy cheerleader and folds her over with a brutal bodyshot.]

HH: That's right! That's what you get! You think you're so great just because you were on the cover of Sports Illustrated? You've never even played a real sport! You're not so special! March 16, 2015! I was on the cover! "Harley and St. Bonny are revving up for March Madness!" Look it up!

[Casey turns to Harley with a look of awe on her face.]

CC: You were?

HH: I was!

CC: Oh my gosh, that's so cool! If I get a copy, would you sign it for me?

[Harley makes a "Grace face" pose.]

HH: Of course.

[Her expression hardens.]

HH: As for YOU, Amber...

[Harley motions for Amber to be picked up off the ground. Kelly Kowalski drags a barely conscious Amber Gold to her feet, holding her up by the arms. Harley walks up to her, looking ready to deliver a finishing blow. However, she instead smooths out Gold's hair and parts it, sweeping it behind her ears and takes a step back to admire her handiwork.]

HH: Oh darling, now you actually do look like a star.

[Harley makes a motion with her hand and Kowalski grins before...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[...throwing Gold into the studio door, sending her smashing through and flopping out onto the asphalt outside the building. Kowalski theatrically dusts off her hands before shouting "AND STAY OUT!" as Gold lies lifeless on the ground. E-Girl MAX then begins to walk away from the scene, but Harley stops in front of a shaken Mariah Wolfe, before they leave.]

HH: A little bit of advice, sweetie...

[She leans in close and whispers to Mariah.]

HH: ...Theresa would've waited until we were done talking.

[And with a disrespectful toss of her hair, Harley Hamilton and the rest of E-Girl MAX walk off. Wolfe looks stunned by what she's seen...

...and then snaps out of it, shouting "HELP! WE NEED SOME HELP BACK HERE! GET A DOCTOR!" as we abruptly cut back out to our announce duo.]

DW: What in the heck was that, Sal?!

SA: A vile attack back there on Amber Gold who did nothing... NOTHING... to E-Girl MAX except walk past them!

DW: They're just jealous! Mariah wanted to talk to her and not them and-

SA: Well, whatever the motivation, Dee Dub... I'm suddenly very concerned for our Main Event here tonight. Amber Gold... I don't know how badly she's hurt but it certainly didn't look good from where we're sitting.

DW: Not at all.

SA: And if she can't compete tonight, what in the world happens to our Main Event?! It's supposed to be Amber Gold teaming with Ricki Toughill and Michelle Bailey to take on the Peach Pits and...

[Sal shrugs.]

SA: ...and I don't know what happens if Gold can't go at bell time.

DW: Me neither. Let's hope it doesn't come to that.

SA: Well... it's a hectic scene here, fans... we can...

[He gestures to his headphones.]

SA: ...we can hear all sorts of stuff going on backstage now, requests for medical assistance... AWA officials on the scene.... we'll... well, we'll definitely keep you up to date on all the happenings as we get updates and... uhh... okay, I think we're about to go to the ring to...

DW: You're gonna have to get used to this one, buddy. I hear on that other Saturday Night show, Gordon's gotta deal with chaos all the time.

[Sal grins.]

SA: I suppose you're right. Let's head up to the ring for...

[He checks his format sheet in front of him and chuckles to himself.]

SA: ...an old friend of Theresa! Tyler, take it away.

[We cut up to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: Our next contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... weighing in this evening at 221 pounds... from Rome, Georgia... this is Marshall Buckley!

[Relatively polite local reaction for the pasty Caucasian man with a receding hairline who looks more like a mechanic than a wrestler. He's wearing blue tights and white boots, both of which look like they've seen better days.]

TG: And his opponent... weighing 279 pounds... he's from Cut and Shoot, Texas...

SMASHERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR SAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALAZARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

["What A Beautiful Day" by dead horse starts to play to a chorus of boos from the Center Stage faithful, as the grimy bounty hunter ambles his way from the entrance, spitting into his taped-up glass bottle with a visible but faded Dr Pepper logo. His long, stringy hair is wet (from sweat, grease, or water, we don't know), and he is wearing a black sleeveless T-shirt and a pair of absolutely filthy jeans with a kneepad over the right knee, and dull, scuffed black leather boots.]

DW: Sal, I don't know how this guy got a license to wrestle here in the AWA. So far he's pummeled one preliminary wrestler and seemingly just been around looking for bounties to collect.

SA: While that's true, Dee Dub, the AWA has had more than its fair share of goons and brawlers in its midst. No real surprise that Smasher Salazar has found his way into the AWA, all things considered.

[Salazar places his bottle on the desk of Sal and Dylan, along with a warning...]

"DON'T YOU LET NOBODY TOUCH THAT, OR IT'LL BE YOUR DADGUM HEADS!"

[Salazar cackles as he wanders over towards the ring, with the commentators looking disgusted.]

DW: Oh good grief, that bottle! It stinks to high heaven!

SA: He's been spitting his tobacco juice into this thing. Don't let it spill on us, Dee Dub.

[Salazar steps between the ropes, then shouts...]

"RING IT!"

[...at Koji Sakai, running at Marshall Buckley and punching him squarely between the eyes!]

DW: Oh come on, what a cheap shot!

SA: Salazar told referee Koji Sakai to ring the bell and immediately sideswiped this poor unfortunate soul!

DW: And he's not stopping, Sal!

SA: He sure isn't, as he bounces Buckley's head against the turnbuckle!

[Salazar slams Buckley head-first into the buckle, causing Buckley to flop down to the mat, grasping at his forehead. Salazar laughs, loudly and maniacally, as he casually prods Buckley with the toe of his boot, trying to nudge him to his feet.]

SA: And it doesn't appear like the second match of Smasher Salazar is going to be a technical classic either, Dee Dub.

DW: It sure doesn't. But I guess if he wins, that's all he cares about.

SA: I think as long as he gets paid, he cares about that way more.

DW: You get paid more for winning though, Big Sal.

SA: You sure do.

[Buckley struggles to get to his feet, appearing dizzy from the punch and being slammed into the buckles, and the moment he gets to his feet, he's met with a headbutt from Salazar, flooring him once again. Salazar looks out to the crowd with a shrug, then shouts...]

"THE BOY AIN'T THAT GOLDURNED GOOD, IS HE?!"

[...then punctuates it with a stomp right to the jaw, causing the crowd to boo loudly.]

SA: I think this one may be a mismatch to say the least.

DW: Definitely, and I wonder if Koji Sakai might want to consider stopping it.

[Buckley offers no resistance as Salazar hoists him to his feet, then slams him down to the mat with a bodyslam. Salazar holds up his thumb and squints, appearing to measure the distance between Buckley and the turnbuckles.]

DW: What's he doing now?

SA: No idea. There's hardly any information about this man's wrestling history out there. Even Theresa said she only knows of him coming into territories to collect bounties.

[Salazar steps out onto the apron, a grin breaking out on his tobacco-stained teeth, then he steps onto the bottom rope.]

DW: Oh no. Ohhhhhh no.

SA: This might not end well.

DW: For who?

SA: Well, definitely for Marshall Buckley. Can you imagine this guy coming off the top?

[Salazar climbs onto the middle, then the top, before sitting down on the turnbuckle and shouting to the crowd...]

"HE AIN'T WORTH THE TOP!"

SA: I guess the man knows his limits.

DW: I didn't know he had limits.

[And suddenly, he stands back up, jumping off the middle rope and kicking out his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[... crashing down back-first onto Buckley's chest! Salazar sits up, giggling to himself, as he rests his elbow on Buckley's shoulder.]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA!

DW: A senton?! Off the middle rope?

SA: I'd say that's a lackadaisical cover, but after nearly 280 pounds crashing down, he's going to get the fall easily!

[And sure enough, Koji Sakai counts, and Buckley does not move as the count reaches three. The bell sounds, and Salazar dusts his hands.]

SA: What a brutal way for Marshall Buckley to be put away, Dee Dub!

DW: That was almost like a video of a hydraulic press crushing something, Sal

SA: You can see here on the replay, he landed flush onto the sternum of Buckley. There was no way Buckley was kicking out of that.

[We hear a clank in the background, and Sal faintly saying "thank goodness", as we presume that Salazar has picked up the glass bottle off-screen as the replay plays.]

DW: This poor kid might have a collapsed lung.

SA: And um... Theresa, you sure you don't want Mariah to handle this one?

[We cut over to Theresa Lynch, a stern look on her face.]

TL: No, Sal, thank you. I think I can handle this one.

[With a whoop, we see Salazar come into frame, putting his bullwhip over his shoulder, but the moment he sees Theresa's face, he holds up a hand in protest.]

SS: Well hey now, Reeseey! Why the face? You ain't too happy with ol' Smasher?

[Theresa takes in a sigh, then points a finger at Salazar.]

TL: You've got a lot of nerve. Miss Sandra Hayes, Smasher? Really?

[Salazar shakes his head.]

SS: There ain't nothin' wrong with spreadin' out my net when it comes to jobs, Reeseey! I don't even see what you got against her. She's a fine young lady.

[Theresa's jaw drops as she tries to find the words.]

TL: She's paying you to cause problems at my wedding, Smasher! You don't see the problem with that?

SS: Now you lookie here, Reeseey, I got bills to pay. I can't pay them with no dadgum invites to no dadgum weddings and I didn't even get one to yours!

[Theresa mutters "you don't even have a mailbox" under her breath.]

SS: You think I'm about to trust the post office?! Them jackals at the government are always on my case. But anyway, look, it ain't nothin' but a job for me, Reeseey. I'm sure it'll be a lovely weddin', but gettin' paid to bust it up's what I'm s'posed to do.

[Salazar loads up his lip with some tobacco as Theresa glares at him.]

SS: Though I s'pose there's ways around it.

TL: Smasher, please. It's my wedding. You can take any number of jobs. It doesn't have to be this one.

SS: Well sure. After all, there's times when I go to collect a bounty and these dadburned fools go "whatever they're payin' you, I'll pay you more"...

[Salazar nods his head at Theresa.]

SS: You pickin' up what I'm puttin' down, Reeseey?

[Theresa shakes her head.]

SS: Is that a no?

TL: Smasher, of all the lowdown, rotten tricks you've pulled in all the time I've known you... trying to extort me before my wedding? Really?

SS: I ain't doin' nothin' of the sort, Reeseey...

[Salazar spits into the bottle.]

SS: ... just offerin' to do some dadgum business.

[Theresa points off screen.]

TL: This interview is over. Please leave.

SS: Think it over, Reeseey. I'll be seein' ya next week.

[Theresa points a little more emphatically.]

TL: LEAVE.

SS: All right, all right, don't get your goldanged britches twisted, I'mma goin'...

[Salazar cackles to himself as he departs. Theresa sighs, practically with her whole body.]

TL: I swear, this wedding is going to be the death of somebody at this rate. Fans, we'll be right back.

[She shakes her head in disgust at Salazar 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't

[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...]

...and we fade back up on a black screen, the sound of a drum corps in the background building slowly. A voiceover begins.]

"At the Battle of Saskatchewan, the Soldiers of Fortune fired the first shot."

[And the blackened screen fades into the closing action from the Finals of the 2017 Stampede Cup tournament. We see Howie Somers lifting Joe Flint off the mat in a bearhug as Daniel Harper prepares to strike, nodding to the roaring crowd!]

GM: They're looking for the Soldiers' own finisher! They're looking for the Second Amendment - formerly the Patriot Missile!

[And at this sight, Stephens REALLY loses it, screaming and shouting. He comes through the ropes to intervene...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets DRILLED with a Harper right hand that sends him spilling over the ropes to the apron!]

GM: OH! Stephens gets clocked!

BW: He landed on the apron though! He landed on... what's he doing?!

[The crowd is watching Harper lean against the ropes, measuring up what could be a match-ending strike, roaring their support for the World Tag Team Champions as Stephens grabs hold of the Don't Tread On Me flag adorning one of their flagpoles, ripping it off...]

GM: Stephens is- he just threw that flag in the ring!

BW: Why?!

GM: I don't know!

[Harper looks confused at Stephens but ignores him as he bounces back against the ropes as Davis Warren goes to kick the flag out of the ring so no one slips on it.]

GM: Harper to the far side... here comes the clothesli-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

[The crowd ERUPTS in shock as Charlie Stephens SLAMS the wooden flagpole on the back of Harper's head, cracking the flagpole in HALF on impact! Harper falls forward, collapsing on the canvas as Stephens throws down the flagpole, ducking through the ropes...]

...and THROWS himself at the back of Somers' knee with a clip just as the official turns around!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE CLIPPED HIM! STEPHENS WAFFLED HARPER AND HE JUST CLIPPED SOMERS!

[Somers falls to the mat, grabbing his knee in pain as Stephens spins around, pulling up Harper, throwing him to Flint who lifts him up in the bearhug...]

GM: Wait, wait, wait!

[Stephens charges the ropes, bouncing back off with momentum...]

GM: NO!

[...and leaps up into the air, DRIVING his arm into the collarbone of the barely-conscious Harper, dragging him down to the canvas!]

BW: SECOND AMENDMENT!

[Stephens rolls out, watching as Flint drops down onto Harper, wrapping up his legs...]

GM: YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!

BW: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ROARS with a mix of shock... dismay... disdain... take your pick as Joe Flint wearily rolls off of Harper...]

...and nearly gets tackled to the mat by Charlie Stephens who rushes in, falling to his knees as he embraces his partner!]

GM: I... after all this, that's how it ends? With Charlie Stephens and that damn flagpole?!

BW: It ends with the Soldiers of Fortune as the 2017 Stampede Cup Champions, daddy!

[The shot fades back to black as the Soldiers celebrate their Cup victory. The voiceover continues.]

"At Homecoming, to the victors went the spoils..."

[And then back from black on footage from Homecoming where we see Daniel Harper laid out on the floor while AWA medical and fill-in referee "Mickey Meekly" is checking on him...

...and then inside the ring, Howie Somers lifts Joe Flint into the air by the armpits, dropping him out in a sitout powerbomb!]

GM: OHHH! SOMERS PLANTS HIM! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[Somers stays in position, leaning over to plant a hand on the midsection as the crowd counts "ONE!" "TWO!" "THREE!"]

GM: Where's the referee?!

[The crowd jeers as the referee is kneeling on the apron, looking down on Harper and the ringside medical people as Somers slaps the canvas himself three times.]

GM: Somers has him beat! Somers makes his own count!

CP: Which means absolutely nothing! The only count that matters is the one of the referee assigned to this match - Mickey Meekly!

GM: Get in there, Meekly!

[A fired-up Somers gets to his feet, throwing up his arms in frustration as he looks around for the official, spotting him out on the apron. With an angry shout, Somers stomps across the ring.]

GM: Somers is coming over, trying to get Meekly to get back in the ring and... whoooooa!

[The crowd "ohhhhs" as Somers reaches over the ropes, grabbing Meekly by the hair, pulling him up to face the ring. The official shouts at Somers, slapping his hand away as Somers points to the downed Flint, slapping his hands together three times.]

GM: Somers is letting him know that he had him beat! Letting him know he had Flint pinned in the middle!

[As Somers shouts at Meekly, Charlie Stephens comes charging back into the mix, smashing Somers with a leaping knee between the shoulderblades, knocking him into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Stephens with the sneak attack from the blind side! Just like they did to Daniel Harper just after the bell rang on the outside!

[Stephens is raining down blows on the staggered Somers as the referee steps into the ring, waving for the match to continue.]

GM: Stephens is all over Somers... and of course, he's the legal man but the referee didn't put Flint out when he wasn't!

CP: You sound totally confused, Myers!

GM: I FEEL totally confused, Colt! I have no idea what's going on out here!

[With Stephens pounding the dazed Somers into the corner, Joe Flint joins his partner on his feet, lacing a boot into the midsection...]

GM: Kick to the gut by Flint... overhand right by Stephens - they're doing a number on Somers now... and this is a blatant two-on-one with referee Mickey Meekly not doing a damn thing about it!

CP: Hey, Somers just tried to rough up the ref! Can you blame Meekly for not wanting to protect him?!

GM: I want him to do his damn job, Colt! Is that so tough?!

[Flint and Stephens drag Somers out of the corner, whipping him across the ring and taking him down with a double back elbow under the chin...

...as Meekly again turns to check on Harper.]

GM: Ohhh! Down goes Somers... and what is Meekly doing now?!

CP: He's checking on Harper! Maybe he's thinking of stopping this match since Somers is by himself out here. He'd certainly be at his discretion to do that!

GM: If he was going to do it, wouldn't he have done it long ago?!

CP: I'm not Mickey Meekly... thank god... so I can't answer that, Gordon.

[With the referee's back turned, Stephens and Flint take turns stomping Somers into the canvas...]

GM: This is a damn mugging!

[Flint drags Somers to his feet, nodding his head at Stephens as he wraps his arms around the upper thighs, lifting Somers up as Stephens dashes to the ropes, building up speed... then hitting the ropes again to get even faster...]

GM: Stephens off the far side! They've got him set and-

[Stephens leaps into the air, whipping out his arm for a bulldog lariat, dragging Somers down to the canvas!]

GM: SECOND AMENDMENT CONNECTS!

[With Somers prone on the canvas, Stephens crawls on top, Flint standing guard...]

GM: Not like this... please not like this!

CP: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THEY GOT 'IM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

CP: WE'VE GOT NEW CHAMPIONS!

GM: Are you kidding... this is a shame... a damn crime is what it is!

[Stephens pushes up to his knees, a huge grin on his face as Flint throws his arms up in triumph as the overwhelming majority of the Dallas crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: A robbery! Thievery at its worst! Describe it however you want but the Soldiers of Fortune just STOLE these titles!

CP: How do you figure?!

GM: Daniel Harper's been laid out since the opening bell! Flint hit him with that flagpole and Harper's been down ever since! And what in the world is wrong with Mickey Meekly?!

CP: Hey, he's just a little out of practice.

GM: Out of practice?! He let the Soldiers doubleteam almost the entire time! He missed the count completely when Somers hit that powerbomb! I don't like to criticize the officials because they've got a hard, hard job but... but I'm at a loss, fans. I truly am.

[The referee hands the title belts over to Stephens and Flint who are in full celebration now, Stephens jumping up and down with a loud "YEAAAAAAH!" as Flint grins madly, slapping the title belt down over his shoulder...

...and we fade back to black where the voiceover begins again.]

"At SuperClash, Next Gen fought their way back onto the battlefield and beat the Soldiers at their own game."

[And then back to footage, this time from the tag team Boot Camp match where we see Daniel Harper trying to scale the ropes to get atop the small cage known as The Brig while Charlie Stephens tries to pummel him with weak shots to prevent the climb.]

GM: Stephens is trying to keep him down but there's not much on those shots! Charlie Stephens' tank is running on fumes right now and- OH! Harper with a right hand of his own sends Stephens down on top of that cage!

[With Stephens down, Harper climbs the rest of the way up, standing over him as the crowd rises to their feet again, anticipating something bad coming Charlie Stephens' way.]

GM: Harper's got Stephens in a bad spot, putting him back... we saw a superplex off that thing earlier - could we see another one here and now?

[But as Stephens gets to his feet, he desperately jabs a thumb into the eye of Daniel Harper, forcing Harper to stumble back to a near fall off the cage that has the crowd gasping in horror!]

GM: OH! LOOK OUT!

BW: Harper just barely caught his balance there! He almost took a really bad fall off the top of that thing to the floor!

[And with Harper momentarily blinded, Charlie Stephens decides to get the heck out of town, starting to climb back down off The Brig into the ring...]

GM: And Stephens wants no part of this! He wants no part of being up on that cage any longer!

[But as Stephens climbs down, Howie Somers slides in behind him, ignoring the official as he takes up a position... right... beneath... Stephens...

...whose eyes go wide as his descent abruptly stops and he finds himself atop the powerful shoulders of Howie Somers who backs away from the cage, hanging on for dear life as Stephens looks on helplessly!]

GM: SOMERS HAS GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP ON HIS SHOULDERS!

the titles as Harper gets his and the two friends fall into an emotional embrace in the middle of the ring...

...and back to black. The voiceover continues.]

"At the AWA's Tenth Anniversary Show... the final battle takes place. Who will win the war? Find out next weekend in New Orleans."

[And the drum corps fades as we fade back to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Biloxi, Mississippi... at a total combined weight of 543 pounds... the team of Willie Jackson and Lamar Morris!

[Two African-American men in matching orange and white tights raise their arms to a small reaction from the crowd! One is slim and well-defined... like a swimmer's physique. The other is over 300 pounds easy and looks more likely to punch you in the mouth than slap on a hold.]

TG: Annnnnnd their opponents...

[The Atlanta crowd cheers at the sound of "This Is How We Roll" by Florida Georgia Line ringing out over the PA system.]

TG: ...from the great state of Texas... weighing in at 522 pounds... David Layton... the "Cowboy Casanova" Billy Givens...

...THE ACES IN THE HOOOOOOOLE!

[The cheers pick up as the new tag team comes through the curtain. Givens is the first one through, giving a loud whoop as he throws the "hook 'em horns" up into the air, a huge smile on his face as he stands in violent trunks with gold trim and a matching cowboy hat. A golden glittering vest is over his well-tanned and oiled torso. He turns to show the rump of his trunks with a pair of lips stitched on one cheek... and then shifts his cargo from side to side to a high-pitched pop from some appreciative fans.

David Layton follows his partner into view in simple black trunks and short boots. He puts his hands on his hips, giving an appreciative nod to the cheering crowd before his partner shouts "LET'S DO THIS THANG, DAVEY BOY!" and the duo starts making their way down the staircase towards the ring.]

SA: The Aces In The Hole making their tag team debut here tonight after Billy Givens made his singles debut a few weeks back against the World Television Champion Odin Gunn and impressed AWA management so much, he earned a contract for himself and his young partner as well.

DW: Sal, tell me we're gonna talk about the Devil shaped elephant in the room.

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: My partner, of course, is referring to the fact that David Layton is the son of former AWA superstar, Anton Layton... the man known as the Prince of Darkness. But young David says not to judge him by his father and I think that's a good idea, Dee Dub.

DW: Alright, let's give the kid a chance.

[Upon reaching the ring, Givens slingshots over the top with a flourish, doing a somersault and landing on his feet with a big whoop. David Layton takes the easier way in, climbing up on the apron and ducking through the ropes. Layton is all business as his flamboyant partner two-steps around the ring, swinging an imaginary lasso over his head towards the cheering crowd.]

SA: The Aces In The Hole getting the fans on their side early on here... and when you look at this team, Dee Dub, you're looking at one of the most successful tag teams on the independent scene of the past couple of years.

DW: But now they're in the big time, Big Sal, and that cranks up the difficulty level in a major way.

SA: It certainly does... and the team they're debuting against tonight - Willie Jackson and Lamar Morris - are no slouches in their own right. They've been very impressive on the Southern independent scene over the past year or so and after seeing competitors like Pink Cashmere, Moxy Hart, and, of course, the Aces In The Hole win contracts in recent weeks by impressing the front office - you know Jackson and Morris will be looking to do the same tonight in this one.

[As the music fades, Givens and Layton huddle up. On the other side of the ring, Jackson and Morris trade a double fistbump as Jackson stays in the ring, hopping up and down, showing some pretty good leaping power as Morris lurks on the apron, glaring across the ring...]

SA: Willie Jackson in on his side and it looks like it'll be the Cowboy Casanova in on the other side for his squad...

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: ...and there we go, the bell rings and tag team action on the final Power Hour is underway!

[Jackson wastes no time in sprinting across the ring towards the far corner, leaping into the air for a flying forearm smash but Givens sidesteps, causing Jackson to slam chestfirst into the Aces' corner...]

SA: Off to a quick start too... Givens spins him around...

[Crouching low, Givens throws some hooking rights and lefts to the ribs of Jackson, the referee calling for a break...]

...and Givens obliges, snapping a big uppercut off the chin, putting Jackson down in a seated position in the corner...]

SA: ...and the fists of Givens are flying early on in this one!

[Givens gives a whoop as he backs across the ring, leaning forward and slapping the back of his trunks to cheers as Morris seethes...]

...and then charges back in, leaping high, seemingly hanging in the air before smashing his feet into the jaw of the seated Jackson!]

SA: Floating like a butterfly, the feet sting like a bee out of Billy Givens!

[Givens rolls to a knee, a grin on his face as he reaches up to slap his partner's hand...]

SA: And there's the tag to bring in big David Layton. No taller than his partner but built like the proverbial brick house. We don't know a ton about Layton but we

know he excelled on both the gridiron and the wrestling mats at West Texas State where he met his partner.

[Layton steps in as Givens pulls Jackson off the mat and away from the corner, scooping him up and slamming him down...

...and then Layton snatches his own partner, lifting him up for a belly to back suplex, twisting around, and shoving him several feet through the air to crash down on Jackson with a senton!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: The Aces breaking out some innovative offense early on in this one as Layton tosses his own partner like a basketball, sending him crashing down on top of Willie Jackson!

[Givens rolls to the outside as Layton nods to the cheering crowd, crouching low as he watches Jackson struggle to get back to his feet...

...and then lunges in, wrapping his powerful arms around the torso of Jackson, tossing him effortlessly halfway across the ring with a released Northern Lights Suplex!]

SA: LAYTON TOSSES HIM ACROSS THE RING!

DW: We’d heard his suplexes are second to none, Big Sal!

SA: And it appears that reputation may be well-earned because that was impressive...

[Layton comes back to his feet, reaching back to slap his partner’s hand.]

SA: And another tag brings Billy Givens back into the ring...

[Givens grabs Jackson by the ankle, preventing his effort to get to the corner, dragging him back to the middle of the ring...]

SA: Givens cuts off the tag, showing off those tag team skills...

[Pulling Jackson to his feet, Givens winds up a right hand...

...but Jackson lashes out with a stiff-fingered blow to the throat, cutting off the attack and sending Givens stumbling backwards, gasping for air as he grabs at his throat.]

SA: To the throat!

DW: Cheap shot by Jackson and... there’s a tag!

[The 300+ pound Morris comes through the ropes, letting loose a bellow as he charges across the ring, connecting with a shoulder tackle that sends Givens flying and spinning through the air before crashing down in a heap on the canvas!]

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO! What a tackle by the big man!

[Layton slaps the buckle from the outside, shouting in “COME ON, BILLY!” to his partner as Givens lies on the canvas.]

SA: Lamar Morris with that huge tackle completely turns the tide in this one... and now he’s pulling the Cowboy Casanova up, looking to go to town on him...

[Morris lifts Givens under the armpits, flinging him across the ring and back into the corner where Jackson steps to the side, giving room to hit the buckles...]

DW: That's power right there, Big Sal!

SA: Morris tossing him like a sack of garbage... and here comes Morris!

[A running splash in the corner crushes Morris against the turnbuckles as Morris backs off, beckoning Givens out towards him...]

SA: Givens stumbling out of the buckles...

[...and Morris lifts and shoves, popping him up into the sky...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

SA: ...POP! UP! SAMOAN DROOOOOP!

[Morris stays down, pressing his shoulders into the torso of Givens!]

SA: We've got a cover! Morris gets one! Gets two! Gets- no! Givens is out at two!

[Morris sits up, clapping his hands together angrily before climbing to his feet and slapping the offered hand of Willie Jackson.]

SA: And this time, it's Morris with the tag, bringing in Jackson who...

[Jackson grabs the top rope, slingshotting over, twisting around in mid-air to land a big splash on the downed Givens!]

SA: Jackson with the slingshot splash - and now it's his cover for one... for two... and that's all! Givens kicking out again.

[Morris is back out on the apron, waiting eagerly as Jackson climbs off the mat, looking over to the big man...]

SA: They're looking for another tag, working incredibly well together.

DW: Don't look now, Big Sal, but I smell an upset in the making...

SA: It certainly could happen - all bets are off here on the final edition of the Power Hour. It's moving day here in the AWA as well as this is the final show that the two of us will be on the call for. We both want to thank all of the fans out there who've supported us and we hope you'll tune into Saturday Night Wrestling to hear more of me and be right back here in two weeks for the premiere of Showtime to see Dee Dub.

[Jackson grabs the arm of Givens drawing him to his feet as he reaches out to tag Lamar Morris into the ring...]

SA: There's another tag... Jackson holding the arms...

[...and Morris drops back into the ring, building up momentum as he comes charging back in...]

...but Givens slips free, causing Morris to BLAST his own partner in the mouth with a running forearm smash, sending Jackson flipping backwards across the ring as Givens falls into the nearby ropes!]

SA: ...Gives gets loose and Jackson pays the price!

[An angry Morris spins to attack Givens, swinging a hefty right arm that the Cowboy Casanova ducks under... and a swinging left arm comes up empty too as Givens drops down a second time...]

...and then leaps straight up, striking out with his feet, catching Morris in the chest and sending him stumbling backwards...]

SA: Givens on the move!

[...and Givens turns to his corner, moving swiftly towards the corner...]

...but a grasping Morris reaches out, snatching the back of the violet-colored trunks, keeping Givens from getting to his corner despite Layton stretching out his arms to tag as well...]

SA: Givens trying to tag Layton but Morris is blocking it!

[...and a mighty yank pulls Givens by the trunks back to Morris who lifts him into the air for a back suplex...]

...but the athletic Givens flips right over the top, landing on his feet behind Morris. He immediately drops to his knees, crawling between the legs of the surprised Morris...]

SA: AND THERE'S THE TAG!

[The crowd cheers as David Layton comes rushing into the ring, peppering the larger Morris with rights and lefts!]

SA: Layton's in and he's bringing the fight!

[The blows seem to stun Morris but do not take him down as Layton continues to throw them...]

SA: Layton's all over him! He's got Morris dazed!

[Morris throws another hooking right that Layton ducks under, popping up to snatch a bodylock...]

DW: Are you kidding me?!

[...and with a pop of his hips, he HURLS Morris overhead and down to the canvas with a thunderous belly-to-belly!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Layton pops up with a loud "OHHH YEAAAAAH!" and throws his powerful arms apart as the Atlanta crowd cheers the show of strength!]

SA: LAYTON SENDS THE BIG MAN FLYING!

[Layton turns to Givens, pointing to him as he marches to the corner, slapping the offered hand...]

SA: And now it's the Aces with the tag...

[...and as Layton pulls Morris off the mat, Givens starts to climb the turnbuckles...]

SA: ...look at the power again!

[Layton lifts the 300+ pound Morris into a fireman's carry, boosting him up... and with a loud whoop, he starts running in place before moving into a rapid airplane spin...]

SA: AIRPLANE SPIN!

[...and Givens steps to the top rope, giving it a moment before his partner comes to a halt, muscling Morris over his head and down into a big slam on the canvas...]

SA: SLAMS HIM DOWN AND...

[...which is Givens' cue to leap into the air, flipping in a somersault...]

SA: ...LEGDROP OFF THE TOOOOOOP!

[Gives scrambles into a cover, Layton standing guard as the referee counts once... twice... and three times!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[With a huge grin on his face, Givens comes up to his feet, leaping to wrap his arms around his partner from behind. Layton stays stoic, staring across and pointing a warning finger at Jackson.]

SA: The Aces In The Hole pick up the win here tonight in their AWA debut and as promised, we saw the athleticism of Givens and the power of Layton... and they're making their way up to talk to Theresa.

DW: That last move... that was impressive, Sal!

SA: It was. Theresa, maybe you can find out what they call that.

[We cut over to a nodding Theresa at the interview podium.]

TL: I'll do my best, Sal. and as you said, an impressive win by the Aces In The Hole here tonight in Atlanta as they head up here to join me. The AWA tag team division will be one of the focal points of the Anniversary Show in seven days' time when we see Next Gen defend the World Tag Team Titles against the former champions and 2017 Stampede Cup winners, the Soldiers of Fortune, inside a steel cage! I can't wait for that one... and gentlemen, I'm sure you'll be watching that one as well.

[Givens and Layton step into frame, catching their breath from their debut victory as they flank Theresa Lynch.]

BG: You know we will, Miss Theresa! The Aces In The Hole... we're here to take on the best in the world in this division and we're here to BEAT the best in the world in this division. Now, we may be a long way from gettin' in there with the champs or the challengers but we're going to be watchin' next weekend because we want to know what they can do when the bright lights are on and everybody's got their eyes on 'em. Ain't that right, Davey Boy?

[Layton nods.]

DL: Theresa, you saw just a glimmer... just a glimpse of what we're capable of in the ring tonight.

TL: Very impressive.

DL: Thank you. But that wasn't the point. We weren't in there to impress anyone... we were in there to win a match and that's what we did. And that's just the first time we're going to do it. We're going to come out here week after week... we're not hard to find... anyone who wants to sign that dotted line to take us on... The Band... the Idols... Crowley and The Lost Boy... Taylor and Donovan... you name 'em, we want 'em.

[Givens grins.]

BG: That's right. We'll beat 'em... and we'll put on a show doin' it.

[Layton glowers at his partner.]

BG: Come on, buddy. Lighten up a little. We just won our debut... next stop, the sky's the limit, baby!

[The duo is about to exit when Theresa speaks up.]

TL: Hey! Sal and Dylan want to know what you call that last move.

[Givens grins.]

RG: Oh, that? That's a little nod to AWA days gone by, Theresa. It's the Last Stampede.

[The crowd cheers as Givens gives another whoop, looping an arm around his partner's shoulders and leading him out of view.]

TL: The Last Stampede indeed! And that devastating finisher claims its first victims here in the AWA tonight on the final Power Hour as the Aces In The Hole make a big first impression, fans, and...

[Suddenly, the fans are booing loudly. Theresa throws a puzzled look off-camera and then nods in understanding.]

TL: ...well, we're going to head right back to the ring for more tag team action.

[The shot cuts away from Theresa and over to "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis who has already earned the ire of the fans in the stands just by her mere presence. Davis is dressed in her red, white and blue track suit, over which she wears her Indiana State University letterman jacket.]

TG: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, at a combined weight of 308 pounds...

[Two other women step into the ring. Both are in letterman jackets, one from "MINNESOTA," one from "CALGARY." The more toned of the two women drops to one knee and spreads her arms wide in a "how good am I?" gesture while the stockier woman stands behind her in the classic bicep curl flex pose.]

TG: ..."T-BONE" TRISH WALLACE...

[Wallace is THICK: 166 pounds of solid muscle and bad attitude. Her hair is colored a titanium blonde and hangs loose halfway to her waist. She is dressed in a black sleeveless leotard with neon green and orange paint splatter detailing and pounds her fist aggressively into her palm as she paces the ring.]

TG: ..."STARKILLER" CAROLINA COLTON...

[Colton, while not as jacked as her partner, is nonetheless very buff herself. She is also dressed in black with neon green and orange paint splatter detailing: her halter top and tight shorts showing off her tight abs. The Starkiller seems amused by her partner's pent-up rage, but seeing her mentor and coach in a similar mood, she refrains from expressing it.]

TG: ...SLAAA-

[Colton and Wallace swarm across the ring to attack their competition before the bell. Poor Tyler Graham can't even finish his match intro, to say nothing of being able to introduce Slam Sorority's opponents.]

SA: And we're off before the bell even sounds! Dominique Whitaker and Alice O'Reilly not even getting a chance to lock up!

[Wallace throws Whitaker through the ropes to the floor, and Colton does likewise to O'Reilly, following them out.]

DW: T-Bone and Starkiller all offense on the start here. Davis has got herself some attack dogs here.

[The second and third generation grapplers deliver a few stomps, kicks and knee drops to both their ambushed opponents before grabbing O'Reilly and tossing her into the ring.]

SA: Throwing them out just to throw them right back in again; these Daughters of Devastation may not always be on the same page, but it's a winning book they've been writing.

[With the official trying to regain order in the ring, Davis stalks Dominique Whitaker, who is still recovering from the ambush on the outside. She waits until she sees her coming, then grabs the back of her head and rams her face-first into the nearest ringpost.]

DW: And Laura Davis has been in a rotten mood all week, hasn't she? C'mon ref, she should be outta here for that!

SA: The All Around Athlete has been noted to be prickly as a porcupine at the best of times, but since the interdiction of Lauryn Rage caused her squad's elimination in the tag tournament semi-finals, she has been especially volatile.

[Back in the ring, Wallace has moved to the apron, while Colton is wrenching O'Reilly's arm.]

SA: Alice O'Reilly just helpless against The Starkiller – and there's those shoulderbutts, going to dissect her opponent early on!

[Over and over, Carolina Colton jams her upper body into O'Reilly's shoulder, before waistlocking her.]

SA: ...Into the pendulum backbreaker, and a tag is made to "T-Bone" Wallace.

DW: Wallace looks like she could rip a phone book in half, don't she?

SA: Forget the phone book, she could rip a phone booth in half.

[While still controlling O'Reilly's weakened arm, Colton whips her to the ropes. On the rebound...]

DW: Double back body drop!

SA: To get airtime like that, you'd need to be regulated by the FAA!

[O'Reilly did manage to land right in front of her corner; she weakly reaches up to tag in a still-dazed Dominique Whitaker. Whitaker charges in, but gets caught with a low dropkick to the knee that staggers her.]

SA: Tag made, but again, Dominique Whitaker can't even get any offense in. Trish Wallace chopping the vertical base out from under her opponent.

[Wallace smacks her meaty forearm across the upper back on her opponent, knocking her face-first to the mat. She repeatedly pounds the back of her opponent's neck, earning the ire of the official.]

DW: And now what's Davis doing?!

[With the referee distracted, the camera catches Laura Davis with her arm wrapped around Alice O'Reilly's throat as she's trying to recover on the ring apron.]

SA: Slam Sorority looking for their Honors degree in "Pain 101!"

[Trish Wallace tags in Carolina Colton as Laura Davis innocently returns back to her corner of the ringside area.]

SA: The Starkiller and T-Bone are so competitive with each other, but while that would hurt some teams, it seems to work wonders with this duo; fast tags, efficient teamwork... everything about these two is so measured. You'd have to wonder how they'd fare against veterans like the Serpentes...

DW: LARIATOS, Sal! LARIATOS!

SA: Well, I'm not going to turn that one down. Four powerful women beating the heck out of one another is just another reason why the AWA Women's Division is widely considered the hottest division in all of professional wrestling... and with us being seven days away from crowning the very first AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions and with teams like these two and the Country Punks - who we'll see in action later tonight - looking for their shot at the champions, it may only get hotter.

[Wallace has Whitaker's legs gripped under her arms and is rotating through a giant swing. Colton has backed up into a corner, and like the mountain lion tattooed on her forearm, is coiled up to pounce...]

SA: Trish Wallace with the Giant Swing—we've seen this from her before—

DW: Four... Five... Six—

[Colton springs from the corner with a low dropkick to the swinging Dominique Whitaker.]

SA: Oh! Unlucky seven!

DW: Whittaker got laid out bad on that one... but Colton's not done with her. These two are sending that locker room a message tonight.

SA: Absolutely. And with the Punks in the building... with Seductive and Destructive in the building... with the Peach Pits in the building... with the Lariatots in the building... you just know all eyes are on that ring right now seeing what Laura Davis and her Slam Sorority are capable of.

[Yanking her opponent off the ground, Colton gets a couple of quick and desperate elbows into her ribs but she just ignores them.]

SA: Trying to mount a defense to catch a breather here, but Dominique Whitaker having no effect on this third-generation prodigy.

[Colton whips Whitaker to the ropes, and on the rebound, Colton catches her and arches her overhead with a belly-to-belly suplex that sends her sailing!]

SA: And the secret strength of Carolina Colton is that she is so quick! She has a lot of power, but so much explosiveness!

[Colton scoops up Whitaker onto her shoulder like she were a doll and circles the ring.]

SA: We've seen this from Carolina Colton... The basis of the Slam Sorority name coming up...

[Colton pauses as she sees Wallace's outstretched hand, she reaches out and reluctantly tags her partner in before...]

SA: Running powerslam from the Starkiller, and now Trish Wallace wants to see if she can earn a higher score from the judges.

[Wallace scrapes Whitaker off the mat and does her own running powerslam.]

DW: Gosh, you talk about the strength and explosiveness of Carolina Colton, how 'bout the destructiveness of Trish Wallace?

SA: T-Bone Wallace becoming an absolute wrecking machine in that squared circle, not unlike "Battlin'" Burt Wallace so many years ago.

"Mine was better."

[Carolina Colton's patronizing voice stops Wallace from following up with a cover. Wallace tosses her opponent to her corner, essentially encouraging her opponent to tag a fresh victim in. Reluctantly, a wobbly Alice O'Reilly steps into the fray.]

DW: Well, this game of "can you top this" is gonna hurt these two at some point down the line.

SA: I'm inclined to agree, Dee Dub, but we've yet to see it...

[O'Reilly throws some open-handed strikes to the face of Trish Wallace, who shrugs them all off and responds with a knee-lift. She is about to scoop O'Reilly up into another powerslam, but...]

"ENOUGH."

[...the terse voice of Laura Davis at ringside makes her and Carolina Colton snap to attention.]

"The T-Killer."

[Wallace nods her assent, and reaches in to tag Carolina Colton.]

SA: Laura Davis has got these two young ladies trained. Davis on her own was bad enough; can you imagine the havoc all three of them will wreak?

DW: What did she call for? "The T-Killer?"

[Wallace cinches her arms around O'Reilly's midsection and hoists her into the air.]

DW: There's that devastating bearhug that put Molly Bell on the shelf last year.

SA: Carolina Colton in motion and...

[Colton rebounds off the ropes and leaps up, wrapping her arm around the face and neck of her elevated opponent. Wallace releases the bearhug and O'Reilly crashes to the mat.]

DW: Oh, what impact!

SA: Sweet Santa Maria, THAT is the T-Killer! Referee in position for the count, which could be to a dozen for all that matters!

[As the bell rings, Wallace charges across the ring to shouldercheck Dominique Whitaker to the floor.]

SA: Another win in the books for Slam Sorority and the predatory proteges of the All Around Athlete.

[The presence of said All Around Athlete prevents Colton and Wallace from celebrating. Davis rolls into the ring and begins circling their vanquished opponent on the mat. She directs Wallace and Colton to positions around O'Reilly.]

SA: ...oh, I don't like the look of this at all.

[The referee senses trouble is brewing and tries to intercede, but Davis answers with a palm to the official's face, sending her to the floor.]

DW: Oh! She pushed the ref out! Shari Miranda gets knocked to the floor and-

SA: That's gonna be a few bucks out of Davis' pocket for sure when Interim President Zharkov sees it.

DW: I don't think she even cares! Davis is livid!

[Davis grabs O'Reilly's ankle, Colton takes her arms, and Wallace clasps her arms around her midsection.]

SA: This Slam Sorority Stretch Session! Davis with the Heel Hook! Starkiller with the Cuffs! T-Bone Wallace with that monster bearhug!

DW: They took out poor Skylar Swift with this!

[O'Reilly shrieks in agony at the triple submission as officials pour from the locker room into the ring.]

"Enough!"

[But it's the command of Laura Davis that finally gets her allies to break the hold. She rolls to the floor and Trish Wallace and Carolina Colton obediently follow her.]

SA: And I'm sorry to say, Theresa, it looks like Laura Davis and her sinister sisterhood are coming your way!

[The Slam Sorority approaches Theresa Lynch, who is standing at the entrance stage.]

TL: It looks like you're right, Sal, and-

[Wallace smacks her beefy arms down on the podium, causing Theresa to jump backwards.]

TL: HEY!

[Wallace shoulders past Lynch, bumping her as a smirking Colton joins her and lastly, Laura Davis walks into sight as Theresa tries to compose herself.]

TL: Laura Davis, I have to ask you... what on earth has gotten into the three of you? That assault was completely...

[Davis gives Lynch a hard stare and raises her hand up, causing Lynch to stop her question. After a moment, Davis lowers her hand.]

LD: What has gotten into us?! Did you not see what happened a week ago?! Lauryn Rage put her nose where it doesn't belong! It should be the Slam Sorority wrestling for the Women's World Tag Team Titles on the Anniversary Show!

TL: But maybe you could explain why-

LD: [interrupting] I'll explain everything, Lynch, if you keep your mouth shut and let me do the talking!

For weeks, I kept hearing about 'Lauryn is coming' this and 'Lauryn is coming' that! She had the gall to just grab the first wannabe she saw all so she could get herself a spot in the tag tournament! She even had the gall to jump Carolina backstage! Meanwhile, the Slam Sorority sent a message that she refused to heed, so we made sure the message got sent more directly as we took out that wannabe!

Now Lauryn wants to keep playing this game about how she's coming... but the fact is, this is no longer about her! This is certainly no longer about how she will never, at any point of her life, get anyone's trust because all she can ever think about is herself and her Instagram feed!

No, this is about what's happening now and it's as simple as this, Lynch... Laura is coming! And I can promise you this... Laura isn't coming alone!

[She jerks her thumbs back, one to Colton and one to Wallace.]

LD: Because these ladies and I... we are a team! Unlike Lauryn, who thinks it's her against the world, but is gonna find out... the world's gonna come crashing down upon her, and the one who's going to make it crash down...

[She now hooks a thumb to herself.]

LD: You are looking at her!

[She gestures to Colton and Wallace...]

TW: When Coach Davis is mad, I'm mad. Which is okay, because I like being angry. I like having that link to that destructive impulse within me. What you saw in the ring just didn't scratch the itch, though; I needed more time to wreck those girls. Someone's gonna pay for disappointing Coach Davis, and if we can make Lauryn Rage pay in full...

...Coach has promised to teach me a few techniques on her mangled carcass.

[Carolina Colton leans in over Wallace and gently but rudely brushes her away from the microphone.]

CC: Oh yah no fer sure, T-Bone. You'll give'r, no doubt. But y'know it's not just Coach Davis who wants to settle the score, right? The Coltons and the Rages have never really seen eye to eye as far as the top wrestling family in Canada goes. Ten million square kilometers from sea to sea to sea and the country isn't big enough for their egos. Y'know, I remember a couple Christmases back when your big brother Shadoe sent my big brother Blake home in an air cast. And I remember a couple weeks ago when I was blindsided by Lauryn unprovoked.

I may talk like nothing gets under my skin, but if there's something you can depend on someone from out west to do... it's keep score.

[Carolina winks to camera with her wry smirk. Wallace folds her meaty arms grumpily behind her.]

CC: Later, Lauryn.

[At that point, Davis gestures to her teammates to head to the back. She then turns to Lynch.]

LD: We're done here, Lynch. Enjoy your wedding.

[For the first time, you see a slight smirk on Davis' face, but it goes away as she, Colton and Wallace depart.]

TL: Lauryn Rage has been warning people for weeks now that Lauryn's coming... but now...

[Theresa frowns.]

TL: ...Laura's coming? And she's bringing those two brutes with her? Lauryn Rage better watch her back, fans. We'll be right back.

[Theresa shakes her head 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 we come back up on the ring where we see that we've got two wrestlers and an official already inside the squared circle. Tyler Graham is already exiting the ring as we go live.]

SA: Welcome back, fans... and as you can see, one of tonight's featured matches - a one on one clash between Jayden Jericho and Justin Gaines is set to begin as our referee has some final words for both.

DW: Two young lions here in the AWA... both looking to make a big impression on the final Power Hour.

SA: It's an important match for them both so I expect them both to bring it and bring it hard here in Atlanta tonight.

[At the sound of the bell, the two young lions come together in a collar and elbow tieup, the smaller Jericho struggling to try and force Gaines backwards while the Alaskan holds his ground...]

SA: Justin Gaines standing firm at the outset of this one, not allowing the Son of the Playboy to gain any ground on him in this lockup...

[...and then with a powerful shove, Gaines sends Jericho sprawling on the canvas, crashing down hard to the mat to cheers from the Center Stage Studios crowd!]

SA: ...and down goes Jericho off that powerful push by Grizzly Junior.

DW: Better not call him that where he can hear you, Big Sal. I get the feeling that Justin and Gunnar aren't on the best of terms lately.

SA: The son of Gunnar Gaines, the grandson of Larry Gaines, the great-grandson of Ebenezer "Geezer" Gaines - this young man has the world of professional wrestling in every single drop of blood in his body. A fourth-generation competitor is so rare to come across but that's Justin Gaines who is looking to rewrite his AWA story here in 2018 and beyond.

[Down on the mat, Jericho looks up at Gaines for a few moments, his larger opponent waving him back into the ring...

...and then promptly rolls to the outside, glaring out at the jeering fans.]

SA: And then you have the son of the infamous Playboy, Ronnie D, who does something like this.

DW: Can't blame the guy for doing what his daddy taught him.

SA: I'm glad to see the notable absence of "Playboy" Ronnie D in his son's corner these days... perhaps now Jayden Jericho can strike out on his own and put the athleticism he's been gifted to proper use.

[Jericho takes a lap around the ring, allowing referee Ricky Longfellow to lay a count on him. He pauses near the entrance steps, throwing a glance up them.]

DW: What's this about? Is he thinking about taking a walk?!

SA: Sure looks that way.

DW: I didn't know a yellow streak was genetic.

[Jericho looks at the exit to the ringside area for a few more moments as Justin Gaines approaches the ropes, sitting down on the middle to wave his opponent back in as the crowd urges Jericho to do exactly that.]

SA: These fans want to see this one go on even if it seems like Jayden Jericho may be having second thoughts.

[Jericho stares up at the inviting Gaines, waving him back. The official obliges, forcing Justin Gaines to step back from the ropes...]

SA: Gaines stepping away... and now Jericho's up on the apron...

[The referee tells Jericho to step in but the young man shakes his head, standing on the apron, eyeballing Gaines from several feet away.]

DW: Come on, kid. Show a little backbone, will ya?

[Having had enough, Justin Gaines stomps across the ring, reaching out towards Jericho who grabs the top rope, swinging his legs up to catch the incoming Gaines with a kick between the eyes!]

SA: Oh! He caught him on the way in - smart move by Jericho sends Gaines staggering back...

[Still holding the ropes, Jericho uses them to slingshot over the top rope, snatching a front facelock on the stunned Gaines...]

SA: ...SLINGSHOT DDT!

[...but the larger and more powerful Gaines stands tall, preventing Jericho from putting him down with the move...]

SA: He blocked it! Justin Gaines showing some strength there as he blocks the DDT and- OHHH! INVERTED ATOMIC DROP!

DW: Good, good. The AWA needed more sopranos in the show choir.

[...and then uncorks a devastating standing clothesline that flips Jericho back over the ropes, flopping down on the thinly-padded ringside mats!]

SA: Out to the floor goes Jericho thanks to that clothesline... and it looks like this time, Justin Gaines is in no mood to wait for Jericho to get back in because he's going after him, Dee Dub!

DW: Alright! Let's do this!

[Gaines steps to the apron, dropping off to the floor as Jericho struggles to regain a knee on the ringside mats...]

SA: Gaines on the outside, moving in on Jericho who is trying to get to his feet before Gaines gets to him...

DW: Right to the eyes! Jericho rakes the eyes!

[Gaines again goes tumbling backwards, swiping an arm across his eyes to try and clear his vision as Jericho goes on the attack, grabbing Gaines by the hair...]

SA: Gaines can't see straight right now and-

[The crowd "oooooooohs!" as Jericho tosses Gaines towards the ringside bleachers, sending the crowd scattering as he crashes into the wood and metal seating area!]

SA: -RIGHT INTO THE BLEACHERS HE GOES!

[Jericho looks pleased with himself as Gaines lies sprawled across the wooden benches, the fans giving him grief for putting them on the move. He climbs up on the apron, nodding confidently as Gaines grimaces in pain, a few fans trying to help him up to his feet...]

SA: Jayden Jericho playing a little dirty here in this one, using everything in his arsenal to get an advantage over Justin Gaines... and right now, he's certainly got one.

DW: He sure does. Gaines is down, Jericho's on the apron, and who knows what else he's got in mind!

[Gaines struggles to his feet, the crowd cheering him on as the referee continues to count from inside the ring...]

SA: The count up to five on the inside... Justin Gaines needs to get back in there...

[As he staggers towards the ring, he makes a lunge at Jericho who is standing on the apron, sending the agile Jericho leaping into the air, crashing down with a double stomp between the shoulderblades, driving Gaines' sternum down into the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Impressive counter by the Son of the Playboy... and now Justin Gaines is REALLY in trouble. That count keeps getting higher and...

[With a little strut in his step, Jericho moves down towards the ringpost, taking aim and charging in, sliding into a dropkick to the exposed ribs on Gaines, sending him down on the floor once again, clutching his ribcage...]

SA: ...sliding dropkick connects! The count is at seven and...

[But Jericho rolls in from his spot on the apron before rolling right back out to break the count...]

SA: That'll break the count and force the official to start all over. Jayden Jericho has gone from someone who looked like he was about to take a walk and take the loss in this one to someone who isn't satisfied with a countout and wants to pin Justin Gaines.

DW: You know, you look at all the action surrounding the World Television Title... all those contenders for Odin Gunn - Omega, Whaitiri, Odysseus Allah, Atlas Armstrong... these two are fighting to be right there in the mix for that. And I don't know who the heck is beating Odin Gunn for that title but I know everyone wants a shot at it.

SA: Just ask Billy Givens.

[Back on the floor, Jericho pursues the crawling Gaines, ending up over by the entrance stairs again as he catches him, dragging him to his feet...]

SA: Handful of hair and Jericho puts him into- no! Blocked!

[The crowd cheers as Gaines extends his arms, preventing his face from being slammed into the ring apron...

...and promptly buries an elbow into Jericho's midsection!]

SA: Gaines goes downstairs with that elbow!

[A second and third one land as well, leaving Jericho gasping for air as Gaines grabs a handful of his hair...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND JERICO'S FACE MEETS THE MAT!

[Jericho staggers back from the faceslam, stumbling alongside the ring but Gaines snatches a handful of hair again, shaking his head...]

SA: Jericho was trying to get away after that but Gaines has other ideas!

[...and HURLS Jericho off his feet, sending him flying onto the entrance steps to a loud crash that gets the Atlanta fans on their feet!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: GAINES THROWS HIM INTO THE STAIRCASE OVER HERE BY US!

DW: A little bit of payback for Jericho throwing him into the bleachers earlier.

SA: I would certainly think so... and as Jericho is laid out on the steps and Gaines is trying to recover near the apron, you get an idea of just how hard these two are taking it to one another. This one's about six minutes into the action but it's been a very physical six minutes, Dee Dub.

DW: They're beatin' the heck out of each other and these fans are lovin' it!

[Pushing off the apron, Gaines wobbles towards the staircase where Jericho is still down. The crowd is cheering, urging Gaines to do more damage as the referee starts his count again...]

SA: The official giving both of these young competitors some leeway here on the final edition of the Power Hour and this is one heck of a way to go out, my friend.

DW: It's been a great year here on the Power Hour and while we're sure gonna miss you, Sal, we're so proud of what you're moving on to do.

SA: Right back at'cha, buddy.

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Gaines smashes a fist down between the eyes of Jericho once... twice... three times, the crowd cheering louder for each blow as Gaines lets loose a loud "COME ON! LET'S GO!"]

SA: Justin Gaines is fired up here in Atlanta, looking for one last win here on the Power Hour before it's Showtime two weeks from tonight. Right now, he's got things well in hand it seems with Jericho having taken that hard and sudden landing on the staircase right in front of us.

[Gaines is standing on the stairs as he pulls Jericho up to his feet, winding up and drilling him with another right... and another...]

SA: Gaines putting those fists to good use as he hammers Jericho up on the stairs... but the count is still going...

[A well-placed haymaker between the eyes knocks Jericho down again, putting him down on his back on the steps as Gaines stands a couple of steps below him...]

...which allows Jericho to easily swing a leg up, driving an upkick into the chin of Gaines, snapping his head back and sending him stumbling down the staircase onto the ringside mats...]

SA: Just when we thought Gaines was in control, Jericho strikes hard with that kick to the face... and he turns things around for the time being.

[With Gaines rubbing his jaw down by the ring, Jayden Jericho drags himself the rest of the way up the stairs to end up on the entrance stage.]

DW: What the heck? He's up here by us, Big Sal!

SA: I can see that, Dee Dub... I'm just hoping the Son of the Playboy doesn't get too much-

"DON'T CALL ME THAT!"

[An angry shout from Jericho punctuated with a stab of his finger towards Albano brings the announcer to an abrupt halt.]

DW: I warned ya, Big Sal!

SA: Jayden Jericho taking issue with being called... well, you heard what I called him...

[Jericho waves an angry hand at the announce table, turning back towards the ring...]

SA: Wait a second... hang on now... I don't know what this kid is thinking but-

[...and then breaks into a sprint, clearing the stage at top speed before...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIIIIIIIIAAAAAA!

[...and the crowd ROARS as Jericho hurls himself into a somersault dive off the stage, flipping through the air to crash down onto the shocked Justin Gaines! The referee grabs his own head inside the ring, looking on in disbelief at the suicidal dive by the young Son of the... well, you know.]

SA: JAYDEN JERICO MAKING HIGHLIGHT REELS HERE ON THE FINAL POWER HOUR AS HE PUTS IT ALL ON THE LINE WITH THAT DIVE! THAT INCREDIBLE DIVE!

[Jericho is slow to get up off the mat, hearing a new count started by the official before he does, dragging a laid out Gaines off the floor and shoving him back under the ropes into the ring...]

SA: Jericho puts him in and don't look now but I think the kid is about to pull one out of his father's playbook and break the hearts of Gaines' fans around the world!

[...and with Gaines laid out on the canvas, Jericho pulls himself up on the apron, pointing towards the corner, grinning as he starts to climb...]

SA: Jericho to the top rope! Young Jayden Jericho looking out on this Hotlanta crowd! Justin Gaines is still down and...

DW: HEARTBREAKER!

[...and leaps into the air, tucking his leg up into flying kneedrop position...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! GAINES MOVED AND JERICO CAME OFF THE HIGH DIVE BOARD ONTO SOLID CONCRETE!

[Jericho flips onto his back, wailing in pain as he grabs the knee that just slammed into empty canvas!]

SA: Jericho's hurt and hurt badly and just like that, this turns into the direction of Justin Gaines - back and forth this one's gone, Dee Dub!

DW: It's a seesaw of momentum but this might be Gaines' shot to put that seesaw on his side for good!

[Gaines rolls over from his stomach onto his back, looking up at the lights of the Center Stage Studio as the referee starts to count down both competitors.]

SA: Gaines is hurting! Jericho's definitely hurting after coming up empty on the Heartbreaker flying kneedrop!

[Gaines winces as he slides his arms underneath him, pushing himself up onto his elbows as he looks across at the laid out Jericho who is cradling his knee to his chest.]

SA: Gaines starting to stir and if he can make it to his feet first, this one may be his to lose, fans. Justin Gaines trying to battle back to a standing position so he can put the big bop on Jericho and get the one-two-three.

[The crowd is cheering him on as Gaines regains his uneasy footing, moving slowly towards the downed Jericho who is frantically trying to scoot away from his advancing opponent...]

SA: Gaines reaching out... he's got the foot! He grabs the ankle, pulling Jericho in...
BOSTON CRAB!

DW: Not yet! Not yet! Jericho's fighting it!

[...and as Gaines struggles to flip Jericho over onto his back, Jericho writhes and wriggles, trying to jerk his legs free from Gaines' grip!]

SA: Jericho's stopping Gaines from turning him over - for now at least!

[There are signs of frustration on the face of Gaines as he tries to get Jericho onto his stomach where he can lock in the Boston Crab on the knee that his opponent just drove into the mat...]

SA: Gaines can't get him over and-

[...and Gaines abruptly gives up, kicking off the mat, flipping over into a double leg cradle...]

SA: HE'S GOT ONE! HE'S GOT TWO! HE'S GOT THR-

[...but just before the three count drops, Jericho manages to push up off the mat, bridging out of the cradle...]

SA: JERICO WITH THE BRIDGE! ON ONE BAD LEG TOO! INCREDIBLE WILL TO WIN ON THE PART OF JAYDEN JERICO!

[Once on their feet, Jericho twists out of the bridge, and then spins right back around to secure a backslide attempt...]

SA: Jericho's going for the backslide! Gaines is trying to fight it! They're fighting over control of the backslide and-

[...and with Jericho trying to bring him down, Gaines shifts his grip, hooking the arms, and pulls Jericho down to the mat instead!]

SA: -GAINES GETS THE BACKSLIDE! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT
ISSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Jericho's last second knockout comes a split second too late as Gaines pops up to his knees, arms raised over his head to cheers from the fans.]

SA: Gaines gets the win!

[Justin Gaines climbs off the mat, a big grin on his face as he looks out on the cheering Atlanta crowd. Jayden Jericho takes a knee, looking up at the official, holding up two fingers but the official waves him off, showing three.]

SA: Jericho almost kicked out in time but came up a little bit short... and there's some obvious frustration on his part here.

[Jericho comes up off the mat, angrily kicking the bottom rope as he glares out on the crowd while Gaines celebrates his win.]

SA: Justin Gaines on the other hand is very happy to have gotten the win here tonight, a nice win for him as he continues to show the wrestling world that he's more than just Gunnar's son.

[Gaines lowers his arms, looking across the ring thoughtfully at Jericho's exposed back. He nods to himself as if making a decision, walking towards him...]

DW: This may not be done yet, Big Sal.

[Gaines reaches out a hand, touching Jericho on the shoulder...

...and the Son of the Playboy whips around, fist drawn back but Gaines raises his own hands, taking a step back, shaking his head "Not that... it's over."]

SA: Jayden Jericho nearly took Gaines' head off there but... I'm not really sure what this is about but...

[Sal trails off as Justin sticks out his hand towards Jericho.]

SA: ...oh, wow... a little post-match sportsmanship on display there for Justin Gaines, offering that handshake.

[Jericho looks wary as he stands with his back to the ropes, eyeballing Gaines up and down...]

"It was a heck of a match, Jayden... I've got no problem with you."

[...and Gaines' offer of a handshake seems to have Jericho confused as he looks out at the fans imploring him to accept it.]

SA: Justin Gaines offering a show of respect to Jayden Jericho here after... well, very few people have shown Jericho any respect since he debuted in the AWA.

DW: But is he gonna take it?

[Jericho looks at Gaines again... and then with a nod, he accepts the offered hand to cheers.]

SA: There you go. A show of MUTUAL respect now.

[Jericho lets go right away, ducking through the ropes and making his way back up the aisle, shaking his head all the while as Gaines claps a few times for his exiting opponent before raising a triumphant arm again...

...and suddenly, the heavy bassline kicks in as Jon Spencer Blues Explosion's "Greyhound Part II" blares through the studio and Shadoc Rage appears at the top of the ramp dressed in what passes for street clothes for him: wide-legged magenta pants, scuffed, scraped and cracked silver combat boots and a belted double-breasted blazer in a lighter shade of pink. He is bare-chested underneath. His chiseled pecs and abs show through as the crowd cheers loudly for the unexpected appearance of the Savior of the AWA.]

SA: Well, this is a surprise!

[Rage's dreadlocks spill down his shoulders tied off his face by a black lace head scarf. He removes his sunglasses to reveal his kohl-lined eyes. Rage stares out at the studio audience as he walks down the aisle, stepping past an exiting Justin Gaines. Gaines pauses, giving Rage a brief staredown. Rage nods his head, pointing a finger at Gaines and giving him a thumbs up before walking past him. He grabs a microphone from ringside, climbing the ringsteps and ducking through the ropes into the ring.]

SA: Shadoo Rage has arrived here on the Power Hour and Atlanta is Rage Country once more!

[Taking the center of the ring, Rage looks around at the Center Stage crowd before a smile crosses his lips.]

SR: POWER HOUR! IT'S A FREAK OUT!

[The crowd cheers Rage.]

SR: The final Power Hour in AWA history! This show, this audience meant a lot to me. We made history in this ring week after week as I set the record as the longest reigning AWA World Television champion in history.

[Rage kinda lowers the mic as he stage whispers: "Damn you, Ryan." Before he breaks out into a smirk.]

SR: I was obsessed with the World Television championship back then. It was my everything. And I decided that Power Hour was where I was going to showcase my talents each and every other week.

This is where I could be the Main Event.

[The crowd cheers that memory.... even if they didn't necessarily like it at the time. Rage nods at the cheering fans.]

SR: This was the show I loved and this was the audience I loved.

[He mutters "that's right", tapping his fist to his heart as the fans cheer again.]

SR: Forget twenty thousand fans inside an arena. You all here in this studio... you made me go. Maybe I was too aggressive for you, maybe I was too intense but this was MY show. You kept me going even if you were booing me.

[The crowd rumbles approvingly.]

SR: Congratulations Big Sal on your promotion. I'll see you on Saturday Night Wrestling, but you know how special it is here. You got to see it live... all the up and comers. All the future legends. Me. Yeah, me. You got to watch me!

[Cut to a shot of Sal chuckling, nodding. Then back to Rage who grins.]

SR: This is the home of the AWA World Television Champion!

[Rage pauses, lifting a muscular arm, finger extended.]

SR: And speaking of the AWA World Television champion...

[The crowd buzzes at what come next.]

SR: Odin Gunn, treat that title right because as much as I have promised to wear gold in 2018...

...I would die to wear silver. You hear me?

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of that showdown as Rage nods again.]

SR: Let's see... thanks... threats... got it, check 'em off...

[He shrugs.]

SR: That's my time, people. I had to stand out here one more time before Power Hour becomes Showtime.

On behalf of me and the AWA, thank you very much! GOOD NIGHT, ATLANTA!

["Greyhound Pt. 2" plays as the crowd ROARS for the surprise appearance as he exits the ring, heading up the aisle as he takes the time to slap some offered up hands.]

SA: Shadoe Rage coming to Atlanta tonight to say good night and thank you to the fans here in Center Stage for all of their support of the Power Hour...

DW: And to show you a little love.

SA: Shadoe Rage showing me love is not something I had on my Bingo card here tonight, Dee Dub. But it'll be an honor to call his matches on Saturday Night Wrestling. Theresa, this has been one heck of a night and we've got plenty more still to come.

[We cut over to Theresa Lynch at the interview podium, smiling and nodding.]

TL: That's right, Sal - a whole lot more still to come... the World Television Title on the line, the Run The Rankings final, that huge trios match Main Event with the Peach Pits taking on the team of Ricki Toughill, Michelle Bailey, and... we hope Amber Gold. I'm told that right now, Amber's being examined by AWA medical and there's a possibility she may have suffered a concussion when Kelly Kowalski threw her into the door backstage. That's just rumor at this point and we don't know for certain but...

[Theresa shrugs.]

TL: ...like was said earlier, we'll continue to update you as we get more information on Amber Gold's condition and her status for tonight's Main Event. But right now, we'll be-

[Suddenly, Theresa is cut off by a shout.]

"YOU WILL BE NOTHING!"

[Theresa looks off-screen, then looks up slightly in surprise.]

TL: What on earth...

[Walking into the frame is the squirrel-masked luchadora La Ardilla, along with her associate, the otter-masked La Lutra Nippon. Directly behind them is a large man, approximately 6'8" and at least 300 pounds, wearing a bear mask and military fatigues. La Ardilla motions with her fingers for Theresa to come closer, and Theresa does so.]

TL: La Ardilla, you and the Menagerie are not scheduled to be here today. Who on earth is that?

[Theresa points to the man in the bear mask, and La Ardilla dismissively waves.]

LA: You know who else is not scheduled here today? That chica Japonesa! Her muscle-bound associate! That gato was supposed to be here - ALONE!

[Theresa holds up a finger and shakes her head.]

TL: Wait just one moment. Now, I know it was advertised that Molly Bell would be in action two weeks ago, but it was not stated what kind of action. If Interim President Zharkov has scheduled her to team with Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey-

[We hear quite a few fans shout "LARIATOS!" upon hearing the names of Ayako and Kimmy.]

TL: ...then that is his decision.

LA: Pure cowardice, you mean! The gato knew we would be here today, and knew we would be coming for her! She surrounds herself with muscle because she is afraid! Scared! It is not fair!

TL: Are you saying that it's not fair that Molly has people here to help her from a potential two-on-one-

[Theresa again looks at the man in the bear mask.]

TL: Excuse me, three-on-one attack?

LA: Otters are naturally passive. La Lutra Nippon is no threat to the gato unless provoked.

[The crowd boos this blatant lie from the most devious rodent.]

TL: You can't seriously expect us to believe that.

LA: I don't care what you believe. I know what I believe... with the chica Japonesa and the bodybuilder present, it is not safe! Fear not - I am brilliant! I knew the gato would come intimidated, and I came prepared.

[La Ardilla slaps the man in the bear mask on the chest.]

LA: I bring a bodyguard! This man will protect us in case Ayako Fujiwara and her tank decide to attack us. No lariat can take down a savage bear like this! Major Ursa has come home to the Menagerie, and if that filthy gato and her associates dare to lay a finger on us?

[La Ardilla clenches her fists together, then mimes bending.]

LA: Major Ursa will bend them until they break! The Menagerie is well protected, human!

[La Ardilla laughs loudly as she walks away, followed by the rest of the Menagerie, as Theresa stares into the distance dumbfounded.]

TL: Sometimes this job is more ridiculous than I anticipated. Let's go back to the ring.

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

TG: Our next contest is a tag team match in the Women's Division, set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my left, at a total combined weight of 274 pounds, both hailing from Macon, Georgia, the team of Melody and Harmony... THE THOMPSON SISTERS!

[The sisters, both in matching pink Under Armour hoodies, raise their arms triumphantly into the air, as the crowd boos them. They then unzip their hoodies, revealing matching black "E-Girl in Training" cutoff cropped tees, which draw even

more boos from the crowd. Melody(or Harmony) makes the shape of an L on her forehead and yells, "Don't be jealous!" as Harmony(or Melody) backs up her sister, leaning over the ropes and yelling "Come say it to our face!" at a particularly vocal section of fans.]

SA: It appears that The Thompson Sisters' affiliation with E-Girl MAX have made them quite unpopular around these parts.

DW: Well, you know what they say, "you will be judged by the company you keep". And considering what E-Girl MAX did to Amber Gold earlier, that's some baaad company!

[Graham continues.]

TG: And their opponents... they weigh in at a total combined weight of 242 pounds, from Seattle, Washington and Baltimore, Maryland... BETTY CHANG AND CHARITY ROCKWELL!

[Betty Chang's theme, "Blue Water Blue Sky" by Daisuke Ishiwatari, begins to play as we see Chang and Charity Rockwell, appear from behind the curtains to a decent sized roar of cheers from the crowd. Chang 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. Rockwell wears a short, form-fitting, red fringe dress adorned with sparkling beads and sequins. A feather boa hangs around her neck, along with several glass bead necklaces. Around her head, she wears a red, sequined headband with a red plume sticking straight into the air. As they pose at the front of the entrance, Charity removes her headband and places it on Betty's head, much to the young martial artist's amusement.]

SA: And here are Betty Chang and Charity Rockwell, who may be looking to make some noise in the tag team division with this new pairing.

DW: They're both young and inexperienced, but after that beating Betty gave Casey Cash two weeks ago, I'm not ruling anything out!

SA: That's right, Dee Dub, I think we were all shocked by how easily Betty Chang handled Casey Cash. That was a side of Betty that none of us have ever seen.

DW: If she keeps it up, she can take on anyone in the Women's Division! And I mean it! She was ferocious!

[Betty and Charity slide into the ring, where Charity whispers something into Tyler Graham's ear.]

TG: Ladies and gentlemen, I have been informed that the team of Betty Chang and Charity Rockwell are to be known as... THE FLAPPER DOODLES!

[Upon announcing the duo's new name, The Thompson Sisters react with outrage, with Melody(or Harmony) yelling, "They can't have a name!" and Harmony(or Melody) exclaiming, "They've never even teamed before!"]

DW: You know Big Sal, this match is going to be a heck of challenge to call. I can't tell which Thompson sister is which!

SA: From what I've been told, Melody is the one with red wrist tape and Harmony is the one with blue.

DW: Well, at least they're color coded. I hope I can remember!

[Charity rolls her eyes at the twins and makes a yapping motion with her hand as Betty just shakes her head at them.]

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: It's kind of amazing how quickly Under Armour has become an integral part of the AWA family.

SA: Well, Dee Dub... the elite athletes of the AWA require an elite product. Something Under Armour is more than up to the task to provide.

[As the announcers continue their shameless shilling, the Thompson Sisters suddenly attack!]

DW: WOAH!

SA: The Thompson Sisters aren't waiting for the bell to start this one!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The twins pound away at Betty and Charity in opposite corners, before they both grab an arm, looking to whip the Flapper Doodles into each other. However, as they do, Chang and Rockwell turn the tables on them, reversing their Irish whips and sending the Thompson Sisters colliding into each other!]

"SMAAAACCKKK!"

"SMAAAACCKKK!"

[And then both sisters turn right into stereo roundhouse kicks from Chang and Rockwell, that send them both to the canvas and rolling to the outside!]

SA: This may be the first time they're teaming up, but so far Chang and Rockwell are showing their teamwork is in perfect harmony!

DW: Aren't they both martial artists?

SA: That's right, Dee Dub. We already know Betty has an extensive background in several martial arts, but some might be surprised to know Charity Rockwell holds a black belt in Tae Kwon Do.

DW: Talk about not judging a book by its cover... who would have ever thought these two are the ones you wouldn't want to meet in a dark alley?

[The Thompson Sisters point at Chang and Rockwell, yelling at Shari Miranda to keep them away as the crowd boos them mercilessly.]

Harmony: "THEY'RE USING ILLEGAL MOVES!"

Melody: "YEAH, THEY'RE CHEATERS!"

Harmony and Melody: "TELL THEM TO STOP CHEATING!"

[Inside the ring, Betty and Charity look on in disbelief, as Harmony and Melody continue to stall. Finally, after taking their sweet time walking around the ringside area and milking the referee's count as long as possible, Melody Thompson, rolls back into the ring to lock up with Betty Chang.]

DW: The Thompsons sure are bratty, aren't they?

SA: You grew up with two sisters, Dee Dub, I'm sure you have some stories to tell.

DW: Not if I want to ever want to go back home for the holidays, I don't.

[We can hear Sal chuckling, as Betty and Melody go into a collar-and-elbow tie up. Betty quickly goes behind Melody and shoves her into the ropes, rolling her into a reverse rolling cradle. Shari Miranda barely gets a count of two, before Betty is shoved off into the ropes by Melody. She then leaps over Melody and bounces off from the other side, ducking a clothesline...]

"THHHUUUDD!"

[...and tossing Melody over with a judo shoulder throw!]

SA: There's Betty putting her judo to use with a Seoi Nage!

[Holding onto Melody's arm and wrist, Betty rolls through on to canvas and back to her feet, pulling Melody up with her and tossing her shoulder with yet another Seoi Nage!]

DW: I saw Betty do this to Casey Cash, but I can't believe someone that tiny can throw people around like this.

SA: Leverage and technique. Betty's spent nearly her entire life mastering moves like this. I'm sure she could toss us around just as easily.

DW: I'll take your word for it. I don't wanna find out!

[A dazed Melody Thompson gets to her feet...]

"KI-YAAAAAH!!!"

[...and is punched right in the solar plexus, sending her to her knees in pain!]

SA: And there's Betty Chang's devastating striking power on display! Melody Thompson collapsed like a house of cards!

DW: She folded faster than Superman on laundry day!

SA: There's a tag to Charity Rockwell!

[The crowd gives a cheer as the flapper leaps over the top rope and into the ring. The duo then pull Melody Thompson to her feet, setting her up for a double suplex. However, as they hold her up into the air, they suddenly drive forward, dropping Thompson onto her front with a double gourdbuster!]

SA: Thompson lands right on her face! Charity Rockwell makes the cover! There's one! Two! NO! Harmony Thompson makes the save!

[As Charity Rockwell kneels on the canvas, trying to shake off the elbow she just took the back of the head, Melody Thompson rolls out of the ring, falling onto the outside in a heap. She rolls underneath the ring, as we see Harmony Thompson do the same on the other side of the ring.]

DW: Hey, wait a minute! What the heck are they doing?

[Charity goes to the outside of the ring, looking for her opponent. Betty points out Melody was last seen, as Rockwell pulls up the ring apron, pulling Thompson by the leg and dragging her out from underneath the ring.]

DW: No way, that's not Melody! Look at the wrist tape!

SA: I think you're right, Dee Dub! The Thompson Sisters are trying to pull a fast one with a twin switch!

[Charity rolls "Melody" back into the ring. However, just as she tries to step through the ropes, she's quickly snatched and rolled up into a small package!]

SA: OH! Thompson's got Charity Rockwell rolled up!

[However, at the last second, she kicks out to much to the relief of the crowd!]

SA: Melody or Harmony or whoever that is, is beside herself!

["Melody" Thompson tries to quickly press her advantage, whipping Rockwell into the ropes. However, her attempt at a superkick is rolled underneath by Rockwell, who pops back up...]

"SMAAAACCKKK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: THE BEE'S KNEES! Thompson is stunned!

[Rockwell scoops up "Melody" Thompson in a fireman's carry and quickly tags in Betty Chang. Betty measures up Thompson, before landing a Question Mark Kick that nails her in the back of the head as Rockwell then swings her in front of her and driving her into the canvas with a sitout scoop slam.]

"THHHUUUDD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Which is followed almost immediately by a standing moonsault double kneedrop by Betty Chang!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

SA: WHAT A SERIES OF MOVES BY THE FLAPPER DOODLES!

DW: That's gotta' be it!

SA: Betty Chang's got the pin! Could it be? It is! The Flapper Doodles win!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers, as Shari Miranda raise Chang and Rockwell's hands in victory. We then cut to a camera shot where we see "Harmony" Thompson with 3/4ths of her body sticking out from under the ring, trying to crawl back out from underneath the apron, but is ultimately too late.]

SA: The Thompson Sisters tried to steal the win with some trickery, but they were simply overmatched by Betty Chang and Charity Rockwell tonight.

DW: These two can go far, Big Sal. They've got a lot of potential.

SA: I'd agree with that, Dee Dub. And we'll be hearing from them up next!

[The camera pans the cheering crowd, before we then fade to Theresa Lynch standing at her podium, now joined by Betty Chang and Charity Rockwell.]

TL: Congratulations, you two! What an impressive victory. You guys looked great out there.

BC: Thanks, Theresa!

[Charity primps her hair.]

CR: Doll, my ears are burning from all that sweet talk. But don't stop... spifflicate me with some more lines about how wonderful we are.

[Theresa chuckles.]

TL: Now, Charity, I know we were interrupted the last time you were up here, but...

[Suddenly, there is a high-pitched scream from the teenage girls in the audience, followed by loud, lower-toned boos, as "Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash walks out to the interview podium, her hands held up in apology.]

CR: Is this dizzy dame serious?

TL: Casey Cash, this is the second time you've interrupted Charity Rockwell and Betty Chang, this is not your time!

[Casey frowns, putting her hands on her hips.]

BC: What do you even want?

CC: I'm not here to fight or argue, promise. I just... you know, I had an epiphany last week, and I wanted to share it with you.

[Casey looks at her former classmate.]

CC: I suppose with you too.

[Charity pouts.]

CC: You know last week, I got a chance to hold the Empress Cup. Even though I got a chance to compete for the Empress Cup back in December, to actually hold it in your hands, to feel how it feels, to understand what it means and have the physical manifestation of hopes and dreams of women around the world right there, in my hands? Well, it really made me think.

BC: Yeah, it made you think about smashing it over Victoria June's head!

CR: You got that right, Betty. Any thoughts coming from her are as rotten as a dozen eggs left out in the sun.

[Casey rolls her eyes.]

CC: Okay, before all of that! I did this thinking before I did that! And it made me think about our match a few weeks ago and... well...

[Casey hesitates, looking sheepishly away from Betty and Charity.]

BC: Well?

CR: Now isn't the time to be bashful. Either say what you're feelin' or scram!

[Casey takes in a deep breath, eyes closed, building up the determination, before she nods her head and looks back at Betty.]

CC: It made me realize that I should have taken you more seriously when we wrestled, Betty. If I ever want to be a wrestler as great as Cinder and win that Empress Cup, then I need to be a little bit better about respecting my opponents. So... okay, okay, I want to make things right, okay? In two weeks, when AWA Showtime debuts, how about you and I have a match and we make it right? I'm sure you want a win over me that isn't a disqualification, and I want to prove that I'm capable... not to you, or to these people, but for myself!

[Betty and Charity look surprised at Casey's offer, and the two look at each other.]

BC: Should I do it? Can I even trust her?

CR: I don't think she's taking you for a ride, this time. I think might actually be on the level.

[Betty looks back at Casey.]

BC: Okay, you know what? Fine, you're on! But no more funny business. If we're going to have a rematch, I want you at your best. I don't want you shoving the referee or making me chase you around or any other weird stuff.

[Casey smiles, looking relieved.]

CC: Good, good, thank you! That means a lot to me that you considered it, and of course I won't do any weird stuff. I'd never! But there's something I want you to consider too, okay?

[Casey reaches into the kangaroo pocket of her sweatshirt and takes out a folded bundle of papers, with pink highlighter throughout.]

TL: What on earth is that?

CC: Those are selections from the Southern Championship Wrestling rulebook of 1964, sections 3, paragraph 6. If you note, that's the jurisdiction we're still under in the state of Georgia, and the foundation the AWA rulebook is written under. You'll note...

[Casey nudges Theresa with her elbow with a grin.]

CC: I highlighted it for them, Charity always liked when I highlighted things for her in school.

[Charity sighs as she reviews the paper.]

CC: It EXPLICITLY states that strikes in a karate-like manner are illegal.

[Casey can't help but let a cackle escape her lips as Betty shouts "AW COME ON!"]

TL: You can't be serious, Casey, that's a rulebook that's almost 55 years old!

CR: Do you think we're a bunch of dumb Doras? Who would ever believe that load of baloney?

[Casey's voice takes on a sing-songy tone.]

CC: And it's neeeeeever been repeaaaaaaaled...

[Casey's giggles aren't constrained this time.]

CC: See you at Showtime, hon.

[Casey walks away as Betty looks at Charity in exasperation.]

BC: There's no way that can be true, can it? Karate is illegal?

CR: This sounds like a bunch of horsefeathers to me. She's not going to get away with this.

BC: I don't know... it seemed pretty official.

CR: Don't let that hooper get to you, Betty. I know that when you're hitting on all sixes, there's no way she can beat you. With or without your martial arts! You've got a lot more up your sleeve than just that.

[Betty has a uncertain look on her face.]

TL: Don't worry about it, Betty, I'm sure Interim President Zharkov will research it with you as he sanctions that match for Showtime in two weeks. And Charity, once again, I'm so sorry. Hopefully you'll be able to speak on this show someday without Casey Cash's rude interruptions.

[Betty seethes.]

BC: Oooo... that Casey Cash...

[A concerned look forms on Theresa's face.]

TL: Betty? Can you spare our wall this time? Please?

[Betty closes her eyes and takes several deep breaths, before walking away in a huff, with Charity Rockwell following closely behind her. Theresa breathes a sigh of relief.]

TL: Casey Cash issues the challenge for Showtime's premiere in two weeks and Betty Chang accepts... but what about these rules she's proposing?

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: When E-Girl MAX is involved, we're never lacking in shenanigans. Fans, we'll be right back here on the final Power Hour after this!

[Theresa grins as we fade 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.]

“Get AWA 2K17 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 AWA 2K17 as we fade to black...

We fade through black to footage starting with a graphic that reads "SUPERCLASH IX" where we see Jordan Ohara leaping off the top rope, pumping his arms and legs before raining down a Phoenix Flame on a prone Jackson Hunter moments before capturing the AWA's oldest prize. Back to black with a graphic.]

"A TITLE WAS WON."

[The text fades and is quickly replaced.]

"A CHALLENGE IS ISSUED."

[The graphic stays on screen as we hear audio from Super Saturday - the voice of Jordan Ohara.]

"I won't be satisfied with just being the National Champion. I need to be the best National Champion of all time."

[And then we fade back up showing the champion doing battle with Robert Donovan, landing big chops on the very big man...

...then to Sid Osborne...

...then Howie Somers...

...then Damian DeVille...

...and then to a shot from the last Saturday Night Wrestling where a triumphant "and still" National Champion holds the title aloft. The shot freezes, the crowd still cheering as the shot slowly fades to black and one last line of text comes up.]

"THE CHALLENGE CONTINUES!"

[And we fade back to Theresa Lynch standing at the interview podium.]

TL: The National Champion continues to put his gold on the line week after week and while the Phoenix couldn't be here tonight for the final episode of the Power Hour, he WILL be at the Anniversary Show next weekend in New Orleans and I'm told he's got a very special Phoenix Rises Challenge in store for the world on that very special night. But it was last weekend in Chicago when Ohara put the title on the line again against a...

[Theresa's brow furrows a little.]

TL: ...hand-picked challenger in the form of the debuting Damian DeVille. DeVille came up short against a competitor at the level of the National Champion but tonight, he gets another shot to compete... so let's head down to the ring and see him in action!

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

TG: AWA fans, our next match here on the final Power Hour is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit.

Introducing first...

[The lights go down, and the piercing two-note guitar intro to Horrificed's "Deus Diabolus Inversus" rings out. The words "BAD SEED" flash on the screen.]

TG: From Black River Falls, Wisconsin.... Weighing in at 213 pounds...

He is "THE BAAAAAAD SEEEEEEEEEEEEED"...

DAAAAAAAAMIAN...

... DEVILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLE!

DEUS

[DeVille steps out from behind the curtain and into the aisle, his face utterly devoid of emotion. His long black hair, shaved at both sides, is pulled and tied back. His lean, muscular upper body is a portfolio of dark tattoo work, befitting of a young man who once fronted a black metal band. He wears plain black fight shorts, knee pads and boots, and a sleeveless black leather jacket.]

DEUS DIABOLUS INVERSUS

[He stalks slowly down the aisle as the growled, repetitive mantra of the song continues.]

DW: This kid is creepy, Sal. Chills! I'm gettin' chills!

SA: Are they multiplyin'?

DW: Dunno, but I'm losing control.

[Reaching the ring, DeVille slips off the jacket, lays it on the ring steps and slides into the ring on his belly, springing to his feet.]

SA: He's what you could politely call a "unique" individual, I will grant you that. We've only seen DeVille in action once so far, but he displayed a ruthless aggression and a rather... unorthodox fighting style when he went down in his debut to a vastly more experienced AWA National Champion in Jordan Ohara.

[Graham continues.]

TG: And his opponent, already in the ring, hailing from Left Hand, West Virginia, weighing in at 234 pounds... Mark Davidson!

[A pale, pudgy, somewhat average-looking young man raises his fist. He's got short, crew-cut sandy hair and stubble, and wears a light blue singlet with a large yellow "MD" on the front.]

SA: Dylan, any background information on young Mark Davidson?

DW: It's great that he managed to get the night off from his job at the Piggly Wiggly to be here tonight. This is going to be quite a challenge for the kid. But hey, debuts are where legends are born, right? Unless you're dumb enough to call out the National Champion on your debut, that is.

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: I won't be calling this young man "dumb" for sure... I'll go with... "recklessly bold." How's that?

DW: That's why you got the promotion and I got shoved backstage, buddy.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell rings, and the match is underway. Young Davidson cautiously approaches the center of the ring, his eyes locked on DeVille, who exudes an eerie aura as he grins at the country kid.]

SA: Mark Davidson is showing some understandable nerves. This is his first time in the big league, and he's up against an individual who, although new to the AWA himself, has already shown a dangerous side.

[DeVille takes a step forward, almost inviting Davidson to make the first move. The rookie lunges in for a collar-and-elbow tie-up, but the "Bad Seed" effortlessly sidesteps and delivers a swift kick to the rookie's midsection.]

DW: Damian DeVille's striking ability, honed by his time on the kick-boxing circuit, is on full display here. That kick could be felt in the cheap seats!

SA: Aren't all the tickets the same price here?

[Davidson winces in pain but quickly tries to shake it off. He charges at DeVille again, attempting a clothesline, but DeVille ducks under and responds with a crisp snap back suplex that sends Davidson crashing to the mat.]

SA: Oh, what a suplex by DeVille! This kid from West Virginia might be questioning his life choices right about now.

DW: A suplex right on the back of the head THAT quick into the match. If he'd done that against Ohara, we might've had a very different outcome in Chicago.

[DeVille doesn't waste any time, pulling the young man up and whips him into the ropes. A desperate Davidson wraps his arms around the ropes, trying to buy himself a moment of recovery.]

SA: Davidson hangs on and-

[Rushing his prey, DeVille leaps into the air, attempting to hit a flying knee strike but Davidson lunges to the side just in time, causing him to miss and get tangled in the ropes momentarily.]

SA: Oh! He missed! Rookie mistake by DeVille and he's all wrapped up in the ropes!

DW: Davidson showing just enough agility and awareness to avoid that!

[Davidson is too slow to attack though, giving an embarrassed DeVille time to extricate himself from the ropes, driving his foot up into the bottom rope as some in the crowd laugh at the youngster's error.]

SA: An embarrassing moment for this young man from Wisconsin... but he's gotta shake it off and get back in there.

[Instead, it's Davidson who makes the lunge forward for a lockup, sending DeVille sidestepping with lightning quick speed, causing his young opponent to stumble. DeVille capitalizes, striking with a vicious roundhouse kick to his midsection. The impact echoes through the building, and Mark collapses to the mat, clutching his ribs in pain.]

SA: What a devastating kick! Damian DeVille's strikes are on a different level.

DW: Absolutely, and Mark Davidson is realizing that first-hand. He needs to regroup quickly.

SA: DeVille showing off speed, quickness, and devastating impact with his striking... more of what we saw in Chicago against the National Champion in his surprising debut match.

[Davidson struggles to his feet, his face etched with determination. He charges again, this time attempting a running clothesline, but DeVille evades effortlessly, ducking under the outstretched arm. As he turns around, DeVille seizes the opportunity, grabs him around the head and delivers a thunderous knee strike to Davidson's jaw.]

SA: This young man is a master of timing and striking. Davidson can't afford to make any mistakes against him.

DW: And it's fascinating to see what he's capable of against an opponent closer to his experience level. It really shows what a mistake he made climbing in there with the National Champion for his debut.

SA: You miss one hundred percent of the shots you don't take, Dee Dub.

DW: Michael Scott is a wise man.

[DeVille isn't done yet. He grabs Davidson by the arm, Irish whipping him into the ropes. As Mark rebounds, DeVille lunges forward with another leaping knee strike, this one just grazing past his face. The impact is still enough to send him sprawling to the mat, a little disoriented.]

DW: That knee strike could've knocked the kid out cold if it had connected fully!

SA: This is turning into a one-sided affair.

["The Bad Seed" turns to play to the crowd, his arms extended out to his side, waving them up for them to react...]

SA: DeVille trying to get these fans to cheer him... or boo him... it's not clear that he cares quite yet.

DW: Yeah, but remember, he didn't hit Davidson flush with that knee... the kid's getting up and DeVille's looking the wrong way!

[...and as DeVille continues to look out on the Atlanta fans, Davidson seizes the opportunity to hit him in the back with a dropkick, finally gaining some momentum.]

SA: A dropkick sends DeVille crashing into the corner!

[Davidson scrambles up, swinging him around to lay in some hooking right hands to the ribs of the former kickboxer...]

SA: Davidson's all over him in the corner!

[...and grabbing the arm, he whips DeVille across the ring into the opposite turnbuckles. DeVille hits the corner hard, stumbling back out as Davidson snaps off an impressive spinning heel kick that knocks him off his feet to some cheers from the crowd!]

SA: The kid from West Virginia takes Damian DeVille down - and it looks like that Piggly Wiggly teaches their employees how to fight, Dee Dub!

DW: Alright, alright... I may have misjudged what this kid was bringing to the table... but so did DeVille!

SA: Davidson showing some serious heart and fight in this one... and could this be his chance to turn this thing around?

[Davidson, with the fans cheering him on, points to the corner...]

SA: And now Mark Davidson is looking to swing for the fences, stepping through the ropes...

DW: He's climbing, Big Sal! Looking for an upset!

SA: We don't know a ton about DeVille either - maybe it's not an upset at all!

[Climbing to the second and then to the top, looking to capitalize on the shift in momentum, Davidson wastes no time leaping into the air...]

SA: ELBOW!

[...but hits nothing but canvas as DeVille rolls clear in time, leaving the rookie to crash and burn on the mat!]

SA: Big swing and a big miss for the rookie from West Virginia!

DW: A near-miss for Davidson. High-risk moves can pay off big, but they can also backfire spectacularly.

[DeVille capitalizes on the opening. He scissors Davidson's arm with his legs, grabs his wrist and wrenches it upwards, hyperextending the shoulder and elbow at a painful angle.]

SA: Ashigatame! Perfectly applied!

[The kid from West Virginia grimaces in pain but manages to spin just enough that he can reach the rope with his boot, forcing DeVille to break the hold.]

SA: Davidson gets out!

DW: And I call that another mistake by DeVille... that hold was sunk in deep but he put it on too close to the ropes and Davidson got there before DeVille could even fully crank it!

SA: A valid point as DeVille climbs back to his feet, stalking his prey...

[Davidson pushes off the mat, grimacing as he favors his injured arm...]

SA: DeVille might be looking for the big spinning back roundhouse!

[But as he goes for it, he telegraphs it a bit too much, allowing Davidson to drop down to all fours to avoid it, catching the off-balance DeVille in a schoolboy rollup, pulling him down to the mat!]

SA: DAVIDSON GETS THE ROLLUP! HE'S GOT ONE! HE'S GOT TWO! HE'S GOT-

[But DeVille kicks out with authority, narrowly avoiding a potential upset.]

SA: NO! NO! DeVille kicks out... both men trying to get up first and-

[DeVile is quicker on the draw and delivers a devastating knee strike to Davidson's midsection.]

DW: These knee strikes are a game-changer. Davidson needs to find a way to neutralize that weapon and quickly!

[The blow takes Davidson off his feet, putting him down on a knee as DeVile backs off, measuring his man...]

SA: What's he...?!

[...and charges in on Davidson, perhaps looking to finish him off but the West Virginia rookie, fueled by adrenaline, leaps into the air to catch DeVile off-guard with a surprising dropkick to the chin!]

SA: OHH! Dropkick by Davidson does damage!

DW: Incredible athleticism by this young man! He's not out of this just yet, Sal!

[With both wrestlers down on the mat to recover, the crowd cheers the athletic battle they've seen so far...]

SA: And this... this right here is the kind of match that the Power Hour has been known for, Dee Dub. We've got two rookies... one of whom is a total unknown... but they know this is their moment... this is their opportunity with the eyes of the wrestling world on them. How many competitors have used the Power Hour as a springboard to titles... to Main Events... to Pay Per Views? This show has always been about showcasing the future of this business - the young, the hungry, the overlooked, the underappreciated... and I have every confidence that Showtime will pick up right where we leave off here tonight, fans.

[And as the crowd continues to cheer the two young men, Davidson slowly rises to his feet, determination etched across his face. He waves a hand at DeVile, calling his fellow rookie back to his feet...]

SA: DeVile slow to get up this time... maybe getting a tougher fight than he expected here tonight...

[...and as DeVile regains his feet, Davidson charges him, looking for a clothesline but DeVile proves a step quicker again, ducking the outstretched arm, leaping up with his knees in the back of Davidson as they fall back to the mat!]

SA: DEVILLE STABBING DAVIDSON BETWEEN THE SHOULDERBLADES!

DW: You gotta look at this and think that it's a showdown between the skill of DeVile and the heart of Davidson. His enthusiasm is admirable, but he's up against a seriously elite fighter in Damian DeVile, who might not have much experience in pro wrestling, but he knows his way around a ring.

SA: Indeed he does, Dee Dub. As we've already mentioned, he competed at a very high level in kick-boxing, after his musical career came to a somewhat premature end, and compiled an impressive win-loss record in that discipline.

[DeVile kneels on the mat, wincing and breathing heavily.]

SA: Again, DeVile showing that he's had a lot taken out of him in this match. Back to back tough battles for this young man and he's learning the hard way what it takes to compete inside a ring for the American Wrestling Alliance.

[Climbing off the mat, DeVille leans down, grabbing a handful of hair to drag the weary Davidson off the mat...]

SA: Davidson looks to be out on his feet...

[...and DeVille leaps into the air, snapping his foot into the side of the head, knocking Davidson flat in a heap!]

SA: ...OHHH!

DW: HEADKICK CONNECTS!

SA: A Gamengiri by the former kickboxer - Davidson crumples to the mat... and DeVille's gotta cover him!

[But the young rookie has other ideas, tiredly getting up off the mat, waving his arms apart in a gesture that implies that it's over.]

DW: No cover though, Sal. Could this be another rookie mistake?

SA: He's made a few of them in this one that's cost him. Could we be on the verge of seeing another one?

[DeVille stands back, crouching low, measuring his man as he waves his arms for him to get to his feet...]

SA: DeVille beckoning him to get up... calling for him to get on his feet...

[DeVille stalks his fallen opponent, his gaze chilling. He taunts Mark to get up, almost toying with him. Mark struggles to his feet, using the ropes for support.]

SA: Davidson's on wobbly legs now, but this fighting spirit is refusing to let him stay down!

[Sensing an opening, DeVille moves in with lightning speed, delivering another lightning fast kick to his chest. The impact is like a sledgehammer, and Davidson collapses to the canvas, his chest heaving in pain.]

SA: DeVille's strikes are a force of nature. He's still learning how to translate that into pro wrestling, but he's showing a dangerous edge which will serve him well while he develops.

[DeVille leans down, grabbing Davidson by the hair and forcing him to his knees. He locks eyes with him, a sadistic grin spreading across his face. With a sudden burst of strength, the youngster shoves DeVille away, surprising both DeVille and the fans.]

DW: Wait, what's this? Could Davidson be finding his second wind?

[Davidson lifts one leg, putting himself on just one knee now...

...which is when DeVille goes charging in wildly, leaping into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHOWTIME COMES TWO WEEKS EARLY! SHIIIIIIINING WIZARRRRRRD!

DW: He calls it The Omen!

[The leaping kneestrike flattens Davidson - his knee connecting perfectly with the kid's face. The impact is bone-jarring, and Davidson collapses to the mat, out cold as DeVille makes the cover and the referee drops to the mat and counts out a perfunctory One... Two... and Three!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

DW: Damian DeVille secures the victory after a surprisingly back-and-forth battle! Young Davidson put up a valiant fight, but in the end, DeVille's killer instinct and his considerable kick-boxing experience prevailed.

[As DeVille's music plays, he stands victorious over the fallen Davidson, pulling his hand away when the ref attempts to raise it, eliciting some boos from the fans in attendance.]

SA: Well, that's just plain poor sportsmanship. Not a great way to make a good impression on these fans.

DW: A bold assumption that DeVille gives a damn what the fans, or anyone else, thinks of him. We're talking about a kid who had the world at his feet when he had his band, and then went and blew it all because he couldn't control his demons.

SA: A good point, Dee Dub. We've seen some of those clips prior to DeVille's arrival here in AWA, and we know he's had to deal with some personal issues in his past, but from what little we've been able to gather, he does appear to have managed to keep those "demons" under some kind of control in more recent times. Perhaps we'll be able to get some more information from Theresa Lynch, who is standing by to get some words from young DeVille after his first win here in AWA. Theresa?

[We cut over to the interview area where Theresa is standing alongside DeVille, who rolls his head to one side and then the other, stretching out his neck muscles.]

TL: Thanks, Sal. "Bad Seed" Damian DeVille - congrats on picking up your first AWA victory tonight. I'm sure you're relieved to have a win under your belt after what many people thought was a surprising choice of debut opponent, when you were outclassed by our National Champ, Jordan Ohara.

[DeVille's eyes narrow.]

DD: "Surprising?" You don't think I gave a good account of myself against Ohara?

TL: I... I mean... it just seemed like a strange decision, that's all. Making your LITERAL pro wrestling debut against an established veteran, AND in a title match to boot, whereas tonight's opponent might have been more... appropriate, that's all I'm saying.

DD: Let me ask you a question, lady. Are you implying that I had someone pulling strings to get me that match?

TL: Well, there were some odd, ambiguous remarks being made backstage, and then of course Zharkov told Ohara that you were, and I quote, "hand picked." So, I mean, if you want to call that "pulling strings", then...

[DeVille snarls.]

DD: Listen, I've worked my ass off to get here. Nobody, and I mean, nobody, has had to go through what I have to get here. Win, lose or draw, I deserved that match. And I deserve to be here.

[Theresa seems to be caught a little off-guard by the anger in DeVille's tone]

TL: What does that mean? "What you've had to go through?" Are you referring to your well-publicised personal struggles, or about your re-

DD: Enough. Shut your damn mouth. This interview is over. Get the hell out of my way.

[He barges past her, leaving her dumbfounded. She tries to shrug it off and composes herself.]

TL: What the hell? Rude!

[Theresa frowns as we fade to footage marked with an "EARLIER TODAY" graphic, as Theresa Lynch stands beside Paris Crawford outside of the Mifune-gun locker room. Paris looks rather subdued and low-key, wearing a Mifune-gun tracksuit and no makeup. Their hair this week shows approximately four inches of brown roots, then the rest of the shoulder length look is a platinum blonde. The hair is styled in a shaggy bob cut with side-swept bangs so their right eye - this week, hazel - is partially obscured. They stare at Theresa, who faces toward the camera.]

TL: I'm standing beside Paris Crawford, who tonight we will see for the first time in singles competition against Yoshi Fujiwara, and your first match altogether since SuperClash.

[Theresa turns to Paris, who simply nods their head.]

PC: Charmée, j'en suis sûre.

TL: I can't help but notice the... how can I put it, less glamorous approach to your appearance today. Is that a sign about the seriousness in which you're taking this match?

[A slight smirk forms on Paris' face.]

PC: You are quite observant. Do you know, Mademoiselle Lynch, that there are many that make assumptions about me based on my appearance?

TL: I'm sure there are. I didn't mean to assume.

[Paris holds up a hand. Warm, friendly, not dismissive.]

PC: I am not offended by your question. You see, there are many who ask of me why I look the way I do, or act the way I do. It is like asking an eagle why it soars proudly through the air, or a shark why it swims through the ocean.

[Paris shrugs, turning their hand to look at their nails, painted pastel purple.]

PC: I appear the way I do because it is in my nature to do so. Sauf, bien sûr, si l'on m'incite à faire autrement.

[Paris rubs their index and middle fingers against their thumb, and Theresa nods her head.]

TL: I may not be fluent in French, but I think I understood that. You know, I put it out on social media that I was interviewing you, and one of the most common questions I was asked about you is about your gender.

[Paris rolls their eyes.]

PC [under their breath]: Cette question est très fréquente.

TL: Especially after what aired last week, involving Takeshi Mifune and Bret Grayson arguing with Cain Jackson about whether you were a boy or a girl. You didn't really give an answer.

PC: I did, ma chérie.

[Theresa tilts her head in confusion.]

TL: You did? You said "je suis Paris".

PC: Oui, c'est bien vrai. Je suis Paris, et je suis une fantaisie.

TL: But what does that-

[Paris, shaking their head, cuts Theresa off.]

PC: Pourquoi ne pas m'interroger sur Yoshi Fujiwara?

TL: You want me to ask about Yoshi?

[Paris nods firmly.]

PC: Oui.

TL: Okay. Obviously, you are familiar with him. How do you feel about your first singles encounter being against him?

[Paris grins, placing their hands gently behind their head.]

PC: Once his name was selected from the hat, I took to studying him. He is indeed quite interesting, this handsome boy. A strong lineage of athletes, his sister a modern marvel, yet he is cast in the shadow of them all, is he not?

[Paris gives a sort of whimsical shrug while keeping their hands behind their head.]

PC: He knows of me quite well. He mentioned my fame to you, oui?

[Theresa nods.]

TL: He did.

PC: But he did not mention what I can do. You see, there is quite the difference between the handsome boy and myself, is there not? People look at him and they see overwhelming potential, only to be shrouded in the darkness by l'ombre de la grande sœur. They look at me, and what do they see?

[Paris brings their arms back down, resting their chin on their hands.]

PC: A pretty face, packaged to sell. Once you open the package, what do you find inside?

[Paris stares at Theresa, who looks unsure of how to answer. They place their hands on their hips with a slight pout.]

PC: You go to Wade Walker and you ask him what it is like when he opens la boîte de Pandore. Ask him if he breathes properly from his nose, all these months later. Yoshi Fujiwara is no Wade Walker. He will not take me lightly, as Monsieur Walker did. He knows of my fame. But does he know of what happens when he unwraps

the gift he has received tonight? What will he do as he nervously opens the box and sees what is inside? Is he prepared for what may come?

[Paris clicks their tongue against the roof of their mouth.]

PC: Because, Theresa, I leave people with something to remember me by.

[Paris turns towards the camera, pushing their bangs out of their eyes.]

PC: Comment te souviendras-tu de moi, Yoshi?

[We hold on Paris' stare for a moment, as their smile fades and their expression turns cold. Theresa stands beside them, looking uncomfortable. After a few moments, we fade back out to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first in the ring ... weighing 148 pounds ... from Stone Mountain, Georgia ... Carla Jackson!

[Carla Jackson is a 5'6 African-American woman with a high blonde ponytail and yellow and red pleather shorts and top. She throws hands, shadowboxing in the centre of the ring.]

TG: And her opponent...

[The crowd cheers as Kendrick Lamar's "DNA" plays over the PA system.]

TG: She weighs in at 160 pounds... from Halifax, Nova Scotia...

...LAURYNNNNNNNNNN RAAAAAAGE!

[Lauryn Rage walks out onto the stage in her high cut black sleeved unitard, knee brace, single black glove and short black wrestling boots. Her head is covered by a black leather hooded vest.]

SA: And yet another competitor who made a special request to be here tonight, Dee Dub. The very first woman to hold championship gold in the AWA - the first AWA Women's World Champion - made her debut here on the Power Hour so long ago and now she's here in Atlanta to help us bring this show to a close ahead of the debut of Showtime right here on ESPN in a couple of weeks.

DW: Well, welcome to Center Stage, Lauryn!

SA: Miss Rage if you're nasty.

[As she stalks down the aisle, we can see the back of the vest which has the WHMIS Health Hazard symbol and DNA written beneath it. Rage marches up to the ring, wiping her boots on the apron before she steps through the middle ropes. She throws back her hood, mounting the corner turnbuckles and saluting the crowd with a boxing combination that leads to one fist raised in the air. The crowd cheers the presence of the youngest Rage.]

SA: Lauryn Rage might have had a sentimental reason for choosing to be here tonight... but I bet the presence of Laura Davis and the Slam Sorority didn't hurt in making that choice. She's been on a collision course with that trio for quite a while now and at this point, it seems only a matter of time before they get their hands on one another inside the ring, Dee Dub.

DW: And I only can hope I'm there to see it 'cause Lauryn's coming, Big Sal!

SA: She sure is.

[Rage hops down from the buckles, flexing her braced leg a few times as she looks across the ring, giving referee Shari Miranda a nod of her head.]

SA: It looks like the former champ is ready to go and...

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: ...and we're underway in this one.

[Rage and Jackson move to circle one another...]

SA: Lauryn Rage certainly different these days since she came back from injury. She started off on Power Hour as an intolerable brat...

DW: And then Harley Hamilton and the E-Girl Max took it to a whole other level of entitlement.

SA: You won't hear me argue that point.

[...and come together in a collar and elbow tieup, jockeying for position as they shove each other around the ring until Rage is able to secure a side headlock.]

SA: But when Rage came back from the injuries suffered in her title loss to Kurayami, she seemed a different person at times, Dee Dub. There was some self doubt... there were some concerns about re-injuring the leg... but she came out of that a more focused Lauryn Rage and in many ways a more dangerous Lauryn Rage as well.

[Jackson struggles in the side headlock before countering first into a top wristlock and then into a side headlock of her own, cranking on the former champion's head and neck...]

DW: Jackson counters into the side headlock... and Sal, I gotta think that the Slam Sorority and Laura Davis had a lot to do with this change in Lauryn Rage. In fact, that whole mess that went down with her at SuperClash in Steal The Spotlight seems like it really got under her skin.

SA: Her whole team betraying her... causing her elimination from that match... it took Lauryn Rage from someone obsessed with getting her title back to someone obsessed with getting payback...

[Jackson is smirking at the crowd at her reversal and control of Rage... but that doesn't last long as Rage reverses in the same fashion, getting the side headlock again before deliberately turning her back to Shari Miranda and BLASTING Jackson with a stiff right hand between the eyes, dropping her down to the mat with a smirk of her own as the crowd cheers.]

DW: A little bit of underhanded tactics by Rage there but the fans certainly seemed to enjoy it.

SA: Just like her big brother, Lauryn's really enjoyed a change in the opinion of the fans towards her over the past year... to the point where she's actually one of the more popular members of the Women's Division these days. And part of that is thanks to the Slam Sorority.

DW: Those egg-sucking cats lit a fire under her and I don't know if they can handle the heat, Big Sal.

SA: Lauryn certainly got that Fahrenheit. She's at 450 degrees and rising!

[As Jackson goes to get off the mat, Rage snatches the side headlock again, wrenching in as tightly as possible with the blade of her forearm across Jackson's ear. As Jackson is forced down to one knee Lauryn Rage begins to scream at the crowd, the camera, and through the screen to one certain viewer.]

"Laura, I'm coming for you! You think you can steal from me?"

[Rage grinds her forearm across Jackson's temple, causing her to hop in pain.]

"You think you can hide from me?"

[Rage takes Jackson down to the mat with a side headlock takeover. She keeps grinding on Jackson's head as she shouts out.]

"You can't steal from me! You can't run from me! Lauryn's coming!"

[She wrenches on the headlock, torquing hard on Jackson's neck.]

SA: Well, one thing hasn't changed. Da Kid is vocal!

DW: And vicious. That poor girl is going to have cauliflower ears after this match.

[Jackson struggles for relief from the pressure of the headlock. She fights to her knees, grabbing Rage's waist and thigh and tries to leverage her into a pin. Shari Miranda only gets a one count before Lauryn rolls through, maintaining the side headlock.]

"Laura, you got anything better than that? The All-Around Athlete? Let's see what kind of athlete you are when I rip your head off!"

DW: She's hot tonight, Big Sal!

SA: Sweet Santa Maria is she ever! And notice how she is keeping this match down on the mat, showing off her technical skill. Almost like she's trying to show the Slam Sorority that she's better on the mat than they are.

DW: Good point, Sal. I didn't notice that but I think you're right. She is controlling that woman with a side headlock. That is fundamental wrestling.

[Rage gets bored with the side headlock on the mat and drags Jackson up into a standing position. She switches from the headlock to a hammerlock, wrenching the arm behind Jackson's shoulder for a bit until she settles on a series of arm wringers, finally forcing Jackson to her knees with a wristlock.]

"You know I can do what you do, Laura! You ain't sh-"

SA: Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Can we turn the microphones down around ringside? Lauryn Rage getting a little colorful here on her last appearance on Power Hour.

DW: Might have to wash her mouth out with soap. Think her old man ever did that?

SA: I don't think Adrian Rage spent a lot of time disciplining his kids, no. The wild man of Canada, Adrian Rage was the stuff of nightmares for many a young fan throughout the Great White North...

DW: The States too, Sal. Puerto Rico. Parts of Mexico. Japan. He left a trail of screaming fans and bloodied canvas everywhere he went. When he worked for my

dad in Texas, my dad's company got kicked out of two buildings for the bloodbaths Rage was in.

[While we get a little history lesson, Lauryn maintains control of the wristlock as Jackson struggles back to her feet. She tries to yank back towards the ropes to escape but Rage keeps the hold on, even as Jackson grabs the top rope, screaming "BREAK IT! BREAK THE HOLD!" to the referee who obliges.]

SA: Jackson makes the ropes and Shari Miranda calling for a break here...

[Rage lets go at four, watching as Jackson grimaces, shaking out the arm...

...which is when Rage lunges back in, grabbing the sore arm to whip her across the ring into the corner...]

"Yo, Laura, watch this!"

[Lauryn charges in with a shoulder block to the midsection as Jackson gets folded in half.]

"You like that, Colton? Huh? How 'bout you, T-Bone"

SA: I suppose it's no secret who is on Lauryn Rage's mind here tonight.

DW: It's all Slam Sorority, all the time.

[Ducking down, Rage boosts Jackson up to a seated position on the top turnbuckle, snatching a handful of hair to pull her over...]

"OHHHHHHH!"

[...and drills her with a high kick to the head, causing Jackson to limply slump backwards. Rage urgently grabs her, preventing a hard fall to the outside.]

"Hold still."

[The studio audience chuckles as Lauryn orders Jackson around in the ring.]

SA: Rough and tough with her two afro puffs. Lauryn Rage making a statement as to who is the true Lady of Rage tonight.

DW: She's got Jackson's foot. What's she up to?

[The crowd reacts as Rage yanks the foot, pulling Jackson from her perch and sending her awkwardly falling to the canvas...]

"THUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The AWA faithful gasp in shock as Jackson hits the mat.]

SA: There's no surf in Atlanta but we just saw a WIPEOUT!

[Rage confidently walks away from the heap of Jackson on the mat, swiping her hands together before throwing her arms apart.]

"This is your future, Laura! Best believe Lauryn's coming!"

[The crowd applauds Rage's threats to the leader of the Slam Sorority.]

DW: That was a vicious move by Lauryn Rage right there. And Jackson might have had her bell rung.

[A replay at the bottom of the screen shows Lauryn grabbing Jackson's foot and yanking hard, sending Jackson to the mat in a nasty spill.]

SA: Her head may have hit the turnbuckle there.

DW: You can practically see cartoon birdies circling her head as she tries to shake off the cobwebs.

SA: Referee Shari Miranda in there talking to Jackson, seeing if she can continue. Meanwhile Lauryn keeps chatting to anybody who will listen!

"Laura, Trish, whatever the Colton's name is, this is you! Everything she feels you're gonna feel. Hey, get up, woman!"

[Turning back towards the corner, Rage pushes past a protesting Miranda to yank Jackson up by her ponytail...]

SA: I sure hope she's okay to continue because Lauryn Rage doesn't know and doesn't care, dragging her out to the middle of the ring...

[...and uses the hair to flip her over in a snapmare...]

SA: ...takes her down...

[...and then sits down on the back of Jackson, using the hair to pull her back in a makeshift camel clutch!]

SA: ...and into a submission hold! Well, sort of. She's not getting a submission by pulling the hair but...

[Miranda starts a count as Jackson screams "get her off me!"]

DW: Carla Jackson begging for help here. The woman is overwhelmed!

[At the count of four, Rage lets go, climbing to her feet before stomping Jackson in the lower back.]

"This chick ain't done nuthin' to me, Laura. So imagine what I'm going to do to you and your girls!"

SA: More trashtalk aimed at the Slam Sorority and... OHHH! She drops it all, all her weight down across the back of Jackson in a seated senton! Dropping it like it's hot and if it is, it's burning the spine of Jackson as-

[She grapevines her legs around the head and neck of Jackson, smashing her face down into the mat once... twice... three times...]

SA: This is a beating of legendary proportions. You'd think Jackson owes her money with a beating like this.

"What haven't I showed you, Laura? Huh?"

[Rage answers her own question by waistlocking Jackson from the mat...]

SA: You've gotta be kidding me!

[...and muscles her up off the mat, holding her in waistlock position...]

DW: And maybe a little side message being sent to Miss Germany... she was involved at SuperClash too, you know.

[...but at the top of the lift, Rage lets loose a yell, reversing her momentum, and hurling Jackson facefirst down to the canvas! She rushes forward into the ropes, leaning through them as she shouts into the ringside camera.]

"I'm gonna break each and every one of your faces!"

SA: That sounds like a spoiler not a threat.

DW: We were just talking about Adrian Rage... and just like him, the Rage family isn't known for their cool heads and gentle natures. They often forget their manners.

[Rage twists around from the ropes, marching to the corner, hopping up to take a seat on the top turnbuckle as she waits for Jackson to recover.]

SA: Rage taking a little timeout here... waiting for her opponent to get back to her feet.

DW: That may be a while. Jackson's still reeling after that face-first slam.

[An impatient Rage hops down off the turnbuckle, dropping into an exaggerated athletic stance as she screams at Jackson who is struggling up off her knees.]

SA: Jackson doesn't know where she is but look at the look of concern on Shari Miranda's face.

[As Jackson wobbles to a standing position, Rage charges in, lowering the shoulder grabbing up Jackson in a double leg tackle. She drives her forward and into the turnbuckles with her bucklebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON! WHAT AN IMPACT!

"What do you got, Laura? What do you got for that?"

[Jackson comes staggering out of the corner, clutching the back of her neck.]

"OR THIS?"

[Rage slams her foot into Jackson's solar plexus and as Jackson bends forward, Rage snares her in a three quarter Nelson and drops to her seat. Jackson follows her down... her sudden drop halted by her jaw crashing into Lauryn's shoulder!]

SA: SNAKEBITE! SNAKEBITE! SWEET SAN ANGELO, WHAT A SNAKEBITE!

[The crowd explodes as Jackson goes flying back in the air to crash into a heap on the mat as Lauryn sits up, staring into the camera.]

"Lauryn's coming, yo!"

[She crawls backwards into the cover as Shari Miranda dives into position and makes the three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Rage sits up, a confident smirk on her face as she dusts her shoulders off with a "ain't no thang, A-T-L!" and climbs to her feet, allowing Miranda to raise her arms into the air.]

SA: And mercifully, Lauryn Rage puts an end to this one with the Snakebite, getting the pin and putting another notch in her win column as she continues her march back towards the Women's World Title...

DW: But first, she's gotta make a stop at the Slam Sorority house.

SA: She definitely does. Earlier tonight, we heard from Laura Davis, Carolina Colton, and Trish Wallace about Lauryn Rage... so now we've got Mariah Wolfe making her way down to the ring to get Rage's thoughts on those three.

DW: Didn't we hear her thoughts all match long?

[Sal chuckles as we see Mariah Wolfe climbing inside the ring, mic in hand as she makes her way towards Rage who is leaning against the ropes, a bitter expression on her face. Rage seems annoyed at Wolfe's presence, turning her glare on her.]

MW: Thanks, Sal... Lauryn, I...

[She trails off as she looks at the former champion.]

MW: Wow. For someone who just won her match, you look pretty steamed still.

[Rage actually smirks at that, nodding with a "you catch on quick, girl."]

MW: I do what I can. Lauryn, that was quite a display you just put on. Just an absolute drubbing of your opponent and a whole lot of trash talk with one clear message - Lauryn's coming for the Slam Sorority.

[The mic is stuck in Lauryn's face as she glares at it before speaking.]

LR: Good, I like to be clear.

[Wolfe waits for more for a moment... but then, sensing the answer is over, she pulls the mic back.]

MW: Your message was clear... but it also wasn't the only message we've heard tonight. Did you hear what Laura Davis had to say earlier tonight?

[Rage arches an eyebrow.]

LR: Oh, what's she got to say on the subject? Lauryn listening.

[Wolfe suddenly seems like she might regret this line of questioning as she shrugs.]

MW: She said to make sure you got this message. "Laura's coming!"

[Lauryn Rage starts to laugh.]

LR: No points for originality then, huh?

Listen, Laura's coming don't mean nothing to me. Don't mean much to anybody the way I understand it.

[A determine Rage looks into the camera.]

LR: Laura Davis, come on if you're coming. Oh, I welcome it. Because you've got to pay for what you did to me. Oh, you got to g-

[Wolfe lets out an exclamation of surprise as Rage suddenly goes pitching forward thanks to a well-placed forearm to the back of the head by Trish Wallace. Carolina Colton is in the ring immediately after her partner, diving onto the downed Rage with a double axehandle to the neck!]

DW: We've got a fight on our hands!

[Laura Davis is the last to join the fray, stomping the lower back of Rage as Colton rains down clubbing forearms to the back of the head and neck and Wallace smashes her balled-up fist into the ribcage over and over...]

SA: This isn't a fight, Dee Dub! It's a mugging!

[Davis steps away, shouting "PICK HER UP!" and Wallace and Colton oblige, each holding an arm as Davis grabs an irate Rage by the face...]

"YOU WANT TO THREATEN ME!? LAURYN'S COMING?! LAURYN'S COMING?!"

[...and then steps back, delivering a running kick to the mouth that snaps Rage's head back and to the side!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: A running kick to the face by the All-Around Athlete!

[Colton and Wallace put the boots to the downed Rage who covers up with her arms, trying to defend herself as Davis shouts instructions, leading her allies to a pummeling of their rival.]

SA: So much bad blood between these four women and the former Women's World Champion is taking a pounding here!

DW: And you heard Davis talking about her earlier tonight. Rage doesn't have friends! She doesn't have allies! She's one heck of a lonely island out here and she's facing Hurricanes Colton and Wallace without shelter!

SA: And this lonely island isn't about a lazy Sunday... she's all about a painful Saturday right now as-

[Suddenly, the AWA faithful burst into hopeful cheers!]

SA: Here comes Pink Cashmere!

[The young rookie with the pink afro comes charging into view, steel chair gripped in anxious hands as she runs down the steps towards the ring!]

DW: And she's got a score to settle with these three as well, Sal!

SA: She sure does... into the ring she comes and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[She gets in one solid shot on the back of Trish Wallace, sending her staggering away before Davis calls for a retreat, pulling Wallace and Colton to the outside to stand by her side as Cashmere swings the chair overhead shouting "COME ON!"]

SA: Pink Cashmere and that steel chair just clean house, sending the Slam Sorority running for it... and perhaps we're wrong about Lauryn Rage not having any allies, Dee Dub. Maybe Pink Cashmere is not the ally Rage wanted but she's the one she needed... and the one she's got!

[The Slam Sorority opts to retreat up the aisle as Cashmere angrily throws the chair down on the mat, pointing a threatening finger at them.]

SA: Pink Cashmere is running red right now, fuming mad at the trio that assaulted her backstage recently and ended up leading to the elimination of Rage and Cashmere from the tournament.

[Cashmere turns towards her former partner, leaning over to check on her...]

SA: Rage being helped up off the mat and-

[...and the crowd reacts in shock as Rage SHOVES Cashmere away, sending the youngster flopping down on her butt mid-ring!]

SA: What in the...?!

[Cashmere looks up with a surprised expression as Rage straightens up, shaking her head at her.]

SA: Pink Cashmere made the save... helping Lauryn Rage when she needed it the most and this is the thanks she gets?!

[Rage grabs the back of her neck, grimacing as she looks down on Cashmere. She grabs Mariah's hastily dropped mic off the mat, smacking it a few times to make sure it's live before speaking.]

LR: I told you I don't need your help. I don't need you in this. This is between me and Laura Davis and Colton and Wallace. You just... you stay out of my way.

[Cashmere climbs off the mat, looking even angrier now as she grabs the mic away from her to an "oooooh" from the crowd.]

PC: Stay out of your way?! STAY OUT OF YOUR WAY?! YOU GOT ME INTO THIS! YOU GOT ME INTO THIS WHOLE THING - REMEMBER THAT?!

[Rage grimaces, rubbing her neck in pain.]

PC: You remember when I was backstage, minding my own business when you came back there and dragged me out to that ring?! Right then... right there... YOU put me in your way! And ever since then... every time I've gotten my butt kicked, it's been because of you... right?

[Cashmere's question goes unanswered as Rage looks away.]

PC: And I just put it on the line to bail you out... AGAIN!

[Still no response as the crowd buzzes at this confrontation.]

PC: I see how it is. I get it.

[She pauses, glaring at Rage.]

PC: You ungrateful BITCH!

[Rage's head snaps back up to stare at Cashmere, her eyes flashing with anger!]

PC: You heard me! Just like I heard you... that I don't matter to you... that I'm nothing to you. You used me to get into that tournament and then when things were down... you were out? That right? That cover it?

[Rage holds her gaze, leaning over the mic.]

LR: That's right.

[Cashmere nods.]

PC: Yeah, it's right. It's damn right.

[Cashmere turns away, grabbing at her pink hair.]

PC: You know what, Rage? I'm sick of this!

[Rage smirks, mouthing "you and me both" at her.]

PC: You think I'm nothing... dirt under your press-on nails, huh?

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Rage flashes her well-done nails at Cashmere.]

PC: I think it's time to prove to you exactly what I am, girlfriend.

Two weeks from tonight... you and me... the very first Showtime...

[The crowd buzzes as Cashmere nods.]

PC: Let's give 'em something to talk about.

[She shoves the mic into Rage's chest with a loud "THUD!" before turning to exit the ring, ducking through the ropes and hopping to the floor as Rage grabs the mic, glaring out after her.]

LR: I always feel like hitting something.

You want to prove to the world that you're an expert at getting your ass kicked? You're on!

[Rage spikes the mic to cheers from the crowd as Cashmere lets loose a "YEAH!" as she backs down the aisle.]

SA: Wow! We've got ourselves a match! Two weeks from tonight, the first episode of Showtime... it'll be former partners going to battle when Pink Cashmere takes on Lauryn Rage in one-on-one action!

DW: Cashmere's got something she wants to prove to her ol' buddy... and in two weeks, she gets the shot to do exactly that!

SA: That's going to be a wild one, fans... but perhaps not quite as wild as the tag team match we've got coming up in just a little while when we see former World Tag Team Champions Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan taking on this team... Doctor Harrison Fawcett's squad of The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley... who are backstage with Sweet Lou Blackwell. Lou?

[We open to a large navy blue AWA backdrop, where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by.]

SLB: Thanks Sal... and for you folks at home, I'm about to be joined by a group that hasn't been seen in person at an AWA event for quite some time.

[Off-camera, a deranged voice singing a very off-key rendition of "Reunited" by Peaches & Herb can be heard as in walks "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. Fawcett smiles coldly at Blackwell, who's clearly uncomfortable at the sight of the singing voice: Porter Crowley. Crowley is attired in a pastel blue pair of dress pants and a matching pastel blue sport jacket with the sleeves rolled up nearly to his elbows. He continues singing as he gazes into a shard of mirror he holds in front of his face, seemingly singing for an audience of one.]

PC: Ree-ee-united and it feels so good. Reunited...

[Crowley pauses, his calm demeanor seeming to shatter as he turns his gaze to Blackwell. He turns the mirror shard sideways, almost brandishing it as a weapon.]

PC: Because we understood.

[Blackwell backs up, looking incredulously at Fawcett.]

SLB: Hey, come on now! I'm just here to do my job!

[Fawcett chuckles, gently slapping a hand on Crowley's shoulder. Crowley lowers the mirror shard, eliciting a sigh of relief from Blackwell.]

"D"HF: As are we, my friend. However, ours is a vocation of violence. So, you'll have to forgive Porter's excitement.

SLB: Well, now that we're here... I think it's time for the explanation you promised this man would give, Fawcett. Why he left the beautiful island we last saw him on to be at your side. In fact, the last time we saw him he said the two of you had--

[Fawcett stops speaking mid-sentence, as Crowley leans in dangerously close.]

PC: Didn't I just say... we understood?

[Fawcett laughs, nodding reassuringly at Crowley. Crowley eases a step back.]

PC: I know what you saw. I know what I said.

[Crowley turns to Fawcett.]

PC: Does he really not get it?

[Fawcett shrugs, rolling his eyes.]

PC: Who do you think sent me to that island in the first place? Who do you think set it up so I was the one to lead Martinez to the KING?

[Fawcett smiles deviously at Blackwell.]

"D"HF: All part of the plan, my good man. A plan which you still reap the rewards of: continued employment.

[Blackwell clears his throat.]

SLB: That may very well be, but it wasn't so long ago that you were side by side with Anton Layton. A man with quite a storied past with your "Doctor".

[Crowley nods.]

PC: Yes, when Uncle Harrison was at his lowest... Layton used me as a weapon when I was spiraling and directionless.

[Crowley points an index finger upwards.]

PC: He's hardly the first. My whole life, people have used me as a weapon. Drilled into my head that I'm not normal, that my face means I'll never be anything but a freak and a monster.

[Crowley shakes his head with agitation, gritting his teeth. Fawcett pats him on the back, eventually calming him.]

PC: Except for one man. This man. He taught me the truth of reality. That every time they jeer at me with chants of "Pretty Porter" it isn't because I'm ugly.

[Crowley violently jabs an index finger towards the camera.]

PC: It's because they are! Their own jealousy makes them throw all their own insecurities at me, at anyone they can see is truly beautiful in a way they can't even dream of. And that's fine. Because I'm going to take all of those insecurities...

[Crowley's eyes go wide with rage, as he makes a strangling motion with both hands.]

PC: ... and cram it down their stinking throats!

[Fawcett nods approvingly, as Blackwell desperately tries to steer the conversation in a new direction.]

SLB: Speaking of the fans, tonight will be your first time in front of them in a long while... as you face off against the team of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan.

[Crowley nods.]

PC: Taylor and Donovan. Those are two names that carry a lot of weight around here. Two strong families in a business that cares so much about families. Hell, as soon as those two bought wrestling boots they were a big deal. Everyone couldn't wait to see what heights they'd reach.

Me on the other hand... not only did they all not jump for joy, they did whatever they could to sweep me into a forgotten corner. Like their dirty secret. I didn't come into this with a family...

[Crowley nods at Fawcett.]

PC: ...but I sure have one now. And tonight, we turn this round of Family Feud...

[Crowley stares, eyes blazing, into his mirror shard.]

PC: ...into a killing room floor.

[Blackwell gulps, tugging in his collar.]

PC: Speaking of family, where-

[Blackwell is once again cut off mid-sentence, as a steady stream of inhuman barking sends him back-first into the backdrop. The backdrop falls, and Blackwell throws his hands up exasperated. His frustration quickly turns to fear, as he's face to face with The Lost Boy.]

SLB: N-nice doggy. Maybe I've got a Milk Bone...

[Blackwell frantically checks his pockets, but he's saved as The Lost Boy jerks back when the chain attached to his spiked collar is yanked backwards. We hear a further rustling of chains as Harper Hannigan walks into view, loudly admonishing The Lost Boy with the chain wrapped around their fist.]

HH: What'd I tell you about biting strangers, Boy? You don't know where they've been!

[Hannigan sniffs.]

HH: Especially this one. Smells like a distillery.

SLB: Fawcett, this is completely out of control!

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: As is often the case when Family gets together. We are overjoyed to bring our family to you, the assembled crowd and beamed onto everyone's home. More overjoyed to face two men so steeped in family tradition. I am truly pleased those two have such a connection, and I'm fact hope they celebrated joyously their last birthdays.

[Crowley nods, sneering.]

PC: Because it was your LAST BIRTHDAY!

[Crowley and Fawcett explode with maniacal laughter as The Lost Boy rears his head back and howls at the proverbial moon. Harper Hannigan nods excitedly, letting some of the chain loose from their fist before sinking their teeth into the steel links. Blackwell attempts to shout over the mayhem.]

SLB: As usual with this Family, I've got to get out of here! Back to you!

[We fade from the backstage area out to inside the wrestling ring at Center Stage, as the crowd roars with boos at the sight of Curly Bill Webb, standing there with a microphone in hand. Beside him stands the AWA Television Champion, Odin Gunn, grim and full of menace. Curly Bill is dressed in a green hunting jacket, a blue flannel shirt and black slacks, along with a black Stetson hat. Gunn is wearing his a weathered mauve and gray pancho with Southwest native patterns on it, a battered and worn cowboy hat on his head and grips the AWA Television title in his massive right hand by the center plate.]

CB: Folks, I know y'all came here to witness a glorious slaughter by the most dominant Television Champion the AWA has ever had the pleasure of knowin', but I've got some terrible news. When our designated victim saw who he was steppin' into the ring with tonight, he grabbed his bags, turned tail and got the hell outta' Dodge as quick as he could!

[The crowd boos, disappointed by the turn of events.]

CB: Now, I ain't gonna' fault a man for havin' enough sense to value his own life, but Odin Gunn, just might be a little less forgiving. The champion came here tonight for a fight! And if he ain't gonna' find one in the ring, then he might just go lookin' for one somewhere else. And believe me... y'all don't want that.

[Curly Bill smirks as he scans the audience and then points toward the entrance ramp.]

CB: So I've got a proposition for all the boys in the back. Hell, the ladies too!... I seen a few of you throw a lariat that would split a lot more than a dang brow!

[He cackles.]

CB: If there's anyone back there who thinks they've got what it takes to face Odin Gunn, then I want you to step up and be a real man or woman, and come on down to this ring right now! The champ's ready to put the title on the line! He's ready for a scrap and he'll make sure you'll regret ever stepping into the ring with him!

[Bill grins, twisting his mustache like a bad movie villain.]

CB: That is... if you'll even remember you were foolish enough to step into the ring with him after he gets through with ya'.

[Curly Bill tosses the microphone aside and Odin Gunn stands there, an imposing presence, his cold gaze fixed on the entrance ramp, waiting for someone to accept the challenge. The crowd's excitement grows as they wait to see if anyone will answer and then...]

#Oshiete yo hito wa naze sagashi tsuzukeru nooooo#
#Kagirinaku setsunai ashitano#
#Yume woooooooooooooo#

[... "Kaze Ni Nare" by Ayumi Nakamura, begins to play over the PA system and the crowd becomes unglued at the sight of Takeshi Mifune bursting through the curtains!]

SA: TAKESHI MIFUNE! THE SHADOW WOLF IS ANSWERING THE CHALLENGE!

DW: Are you kidding me? Odin Gunn versus Takeshi Mifune!? This is like a tidal wave taking on a typhoon! No one in this building is going to be safe!

SA: Odin Gunn has dominated the competition ever since he's stepped through the doors here in the AWA, but he hasn't faced a wrestler as violent, chaotic or dangerous as Takeshi Mifune! Curly Bill may have made a huge mistake here!

[Mifune is wearing simple black trunks and short black boots with white tape on his wrists. On his head is a porkpie hat and in his hands is a black towel. There's a sadistic grin on his face as he points at Gunn inside the ring, before he draws his arm back in and runs his thumb across his throat. Inside the ring, Curly Bill is beside himself, clearly not expecting a wrestler of Mifune's caliber to step through those curtains. He turns to Gunn, audibly yelling, "What are you waiting for? Go get 'im!" as the 330 pound Samoan cowboy tosses off his hat and pancho, exiting the ring and charging right at Mifune!]

SA: The champion is going right after Mifune...

"SLAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAP!"

SA: ...and Mifune's leveling with those trademark slaps of his!

[The music continues to play over the PA system as Mifune and Gunn brawl. Mifune grabs Gunn by the head and runs him right into the ringpost, bouncing his skull off the steel. Gunn stays on his feet but is clearly stunned, slumping against the

bleachers of Center Stage as the fans part quickly to give the big and unpredictable man plenty of room. Mifune hops up onto the apron, just in time for him to raise his arm into the air as the crowd joins in...]

"KAZE NI NAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEE!!!"

SA: What an entrance for Takeshi Mifune as- OH NO!

[Mifune's celebration is short-lived, as he's yanked off the apron by a furious Gunn and right into a massive bearhug. Gunn then runs forward, slamming the Japanese grappler spine-first into the ring apron! Holding on, Gunn then pops his hips, before tossing Mifune overhead with a belly-to-belly suplex on the floor, sending him crashing down just before crashing into the wooden bleachers!]

SA: Call the Ying Yang Twins, because Mifune just got shaken like a salt shaker!

DW: In the words of the great Gordon Myers, "Oh my stars and garters!"

[The crowd roars with shock!]

SA: WAIT! GUNN JUST GRABBED A CHAIR! HE HAS A CHAIR!

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Gunn hits the downed Mifune right across the back with the chair! He raises it over his head again...]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: Gunn is a savage! An uncaged animal!

SA: And can you believe this? We've got another tryout official here for this one... what a shake of bad luck for this young man. Simon Miller has made his way down to the ring to restore some order but the damage may already be done!

DW: I don't envy that man one bit, Big Sal! He might as well be trying to hold back a hurricane!

[Gunn rolls back into the ring as Curly Bill cackles in delight at ringside. Miller goes to check on Mifune, who is crawling towards the ring, determined to continue the fight!]

SA: Takeshi Mifune is hurt and it looks like Miller doesn't want him to continue, but he's still trying to get to the ring!

[The camera cuts to a shot of Gunn in the ring, staring stoically at Mifune.]

DW: Look at the eyes on that maniac! Mifune has to be insane to want more!

SA: When we talk about the toughest wrestlers in the business, Takeshi Mifune has to be right there near the top, but he's showing a lot more guts than brains here.

[Mifune climbs up onto the apron, but Gunn charges at him, slamming right into him with a running bellringer that knocks him off the ring and back to the floor!]

SA: WHAT IMPACT! That's 330 pounds slamming right into Mifune!

DW: I've never seen Mifune manhandled like this by anybody!

[Gunn climbs through the ropes and leaps off the apron, going after Mifune once again. He grabs Mifune, taking him back up the entrance staircase.]

DW: Where are they going?

SA: They're going back through the curtains. They're taking this fight to the back and we've lost sight of them. I'm not sure what the heck is going on!

[The camera lingers on the entrance way for a few moments as the crowd goes silent, not sure what is happening behind the curtains. When suddenly, we see Odin Gunn stumbling back out, as a fired up Takeshi Mifune slams a push kick right into his chest, sending him several feet back!]

SA: MIFUNE! MIFUNE IS FIGHTING BACK!

[Gunn goes stumbling backwards, backing down the staircase with Mifune in hot pursuit, murderous intent plastered all over his face as Curly Bill shouts instructions to Gunn and Mifune leans down with a sadistic grin.]

DW: Wait! WAIT! MIFUNE'S PICKED UP THE CHAIR!

"WHHHHHHAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCKKKK!!!"

[The crowd explodes with cheers!]

SA: Takeshi Mifune gets a bit of payback! He just slammed that chair across Odin Gunn's back!

DW: Miller's gotta throw this match out! He's lost all control!

SA: I don't even know if it's started, Dee Dub! I never heard a bell!

[We cut to a shot of Curly Bill with a look of disbelief on his face, as Gunn retreats back into the ring. Miller convinces Mifune to toss aside the chair, as he follows the Television champ back inside. He stomps away at Gunn, before pulling him to his feet. He tries to whip Gunn into the ropes, but the Samoan cowboy reverses it...]

"THUUUUUUUUUDDDDDDDDDD!!!"

[...catching Mifune on the rebound and pivoting 180 degrees, before darn near putting him through the ring!]

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO! WHAT A SPINEBUSTER!

DW: But Gunn's not going for the pin! Curly Bill is telling him to put Mifune out for good!

SA: Again, we never heard a bell... perhaps this rookie referee showing a little stage fright in there with likes of these two.

DW: Can you blame him? I'd be lucky to remember my name if I had to keep these two under control.

[The crowd groans at the sight of the 330-plus pound Odin Gunn climbing up to the second rope.]

DW: Are you kidding me? Odin Gunn is gonna fly! If he hits this, he's really going to put Mifune out for good!

SA: That's 330 pounds of humanity that is about to crush Takeshi Mifune!

[The Television Champion stands on the second rope, the cables sagging under his weight. He then leaps off...]

"OOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and misses!]

SA: Takeshi Mifune rolls out of the way! That may have been a career-saving move right there!

DW: But Gunn is already getting back to his feet! What is this man made of!?

[Mifune is already on the Television Champion, backing him up into the corner with vicious overhand slaps to the chest!]

"SLAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAP!"

SA: Whatever he's made of, it's getting chopped down to size by Takeshi Mifune!

[And then, in this match full of surprises, with Odin Gunn reeling in the corner, Takeshi Mifune does what may be the most surprising thing of all...]

DW: Wait, what the heck is Mifune doing?

SA: There's no way...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!!!"

[...and monkey flips Odin Gunn!]

SA: ...TAKESHI MIFUNE JUST MONKEY FLIPPED ODIN GUNN!

DW: I can't believe what my eyes just witnessed!

[Mifune pops back up to his feet, standing behind Gunn. He crosses both arms in front of his neck, before sticking out his tongue and dragging both thumbs across his throat!]

SA: Mifune is signaling for the end! He's going to choke Odin Gunn out with the Japanese Stranglehold!

[However, before Mifune can lock the champion into his patented rear-naked choke, a masked figure slides into the ring...]

SA: IT'S THE TEXAS RANGER! HE'S HERE TO SAVE GUNN'S TITLE!

[The Texas Ranger hits Mifune with a clothesline from behind, knocking the leader of Mifune-gun to the canvas! As The Texas Ranger pounces on Mifune and starts pounding away on him, more people arrive at ringside...]

DW: AND HERE COMES CAIN JACKSON AND AJ MARTINEZ!

[The crowd is in pandemonium, as KAMS slide into the ring, turning the scene into a full-scale donnybrook! Jackson and The Texas Ranger brawl as Odin Gunn intercepts AJ Martinez with a lariat as the seven footer tries to climb into the ring, knocking him back down to the floor!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Simon Miller has lost complete control of this match and he's throwing this one out!

DW: The match might be over, but the fighting isn't!

SA: ODIN GUNN HAS THE CHAIR AGAIN! CURLY BILL JUST THREW HIM THE CHAIR!

[As Cain Jackson works over The Texas Ranger in the corner, Gunn raises the chair over his head, looking to do some major damage to Takeshi Mifune, who's crawling on the canvas. However, before he can attack the unsuspecting Mifune...]

SA: IT'S WHAITIRI! Waitiri just saved Takeshi Mifune!

[The Maori warrior blitzes Gunn with chops and punches, sending his arch-rival reeling and falling through the ropes and to the floor to escape!]

DW: And he just lit Odin Gunn up like a Christmas tree! Things aren't over between those two! Not by a longshot!

SA: Waitiri's signaling that he wants the Television title back and what a battle that'll be whenever he gets another shot at Odin Gunn!

[However, as Waitiri is talking trash to Gunn, a confused Mifune comes up from behind him and puts him into the Japanese Stranglehold!]

SA: OH NO! TAKESHI MIFUNE!

DW: NO! I think Mifune thinks Waitiri was the one that attacked him!

[However, a fresh Waitiri, has enough power to drive Mifune backwards into the corner, breaking the hold. The two begin to throw hands, much to the crowd's delight.

Meanwhile on the floor, AJ Martinez has returned to his feet and the crowd erupts once again as he and Odin Gunn begin to brawl once more!

The fight between Cain Jackson and The Texas Ranger has also spilled onto the floor, where Jackson military presses the masked man over his head and drops him into the bleachers!]

SA: This is complete chaos!

DW: What did you expect from a match between Odin Gunn and Takeshi Mifune??? This was the only possible result!

SA: Center Stage could barely contain those two! And judging by the results from tonight, I don't think the Championship Committee is going to sanction another match between those two for a very long time!

DW: It would be for the crowd's safety as much as it would be for the wrestlers!

[With three separate brawls occurring at the ringside area, a team of security, referees and preliminary wrestlers converge onto the scene, trying their best to separate everyone.]

SA: Thank goodness that security is here to break this up, but what a wild scene here at Center Stage! We're going to take a break and try to get this under control. We'll be right back!

[With chaos still reigning, 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 then back up backstage where Mariah Wolfe is standing between the former World Tag Team Champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, who are dressed for action.]

MW: Welcome back, fans... and as you can see, I've got a pair of former champions here with me who will be in action later tonight against the unpredictable team of Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy in their AWA return. Gentlemen, what's on your minds before this tag team showdown?

[Taylor smirks.]

WT: Unpredictable hardly seems like a strong enough word for a guy who thinks he's a dog, Mariah... but we'll go with it. The fact is - it's unusual to go into a match where you have literally no idea what the other team's gonna do but that's the situation we find ourselves in. You can't gameplan for the Lost Boy. You can't gameplan for Porter Crowley who - by all accounts - spent the last couple of years on a mysterious island. And most of all, you can't gameplan for "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett who has made a career out of making people expect the unexpected.

But all of that's okay, Mariah... and do you know why?

[Mariah shakes her head.]

WT: It's okay because we're all about doing the unexpected too.

[Donovan nods, grinning.]

TD: That's right, partner. We defied expectations by winning those World Tag Team Titles not once... but twice. We defied expectations when we were the ones to hand the Dogs of War their first loss long before it became a trend. And we defied expectations last year when we both came back from injuries that should've kept us sidelined well into 2018...

[Donovan's grin vanishes.]

TD: ...and what did we get for it, Mariah? We got ignored. I got shoved into a Battle Royal I had no business in at SuperClash. Wes didn't even get a match. The former tag team champions were available and ready for a fight and Ryan Martinez would rather team with the likes of Shadoc Rage or Max Magnum than team with us. And now... instead of being put in the ring with Next Gen for a chance to get our titles back, we're shoved off to the final Power Hour to face these two lunatics.

[Donovan grimaces, nudging his partner.]

TD: See, Wes... this is what Mr. Claw keeps talking about... us getting shoved aside and disrespected and-

[Taylor interrupts.]

WT: I don't want to talk about that... and I definitely don't want to talk about Claw. You heard what my dad had to say, right?

[Donovan shrugs.]

TD: Since when did we start listening to our fathers?

[Taylor shakes his head intensely.]

WT: Look, we'll talk about this later, okay? Right now, we've got a match to get ready for and if we lose focus - even for a second - Fawcett's killers are gonna take us out, put us down, and we'll be at the back of the line to get another shot at OUR titles. Come on.

[Taylor swings an arm around the shoulders of a still-grimacing Donovan, leading him off-camera.]

MW: Well, there appears to be a difference of opinion between those two on just who they should be listening to and why. Sal, Dylan... back to you.

[Mariah flashes a lovely smile as we crossfade back to the announce booth.]

SA: Thank you for that, Mariah... and Dee Dub, as someone who has been in this business for a long time now, you know the history between the fathers of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan and the man who seems quite interested in them as of late, Tiger Claw.

DW: It's a long and bloody history... and more than just a little complicated.

SA: Does it surprise you that Bobby Taylor wants no part of his son being involved with a man he was once allies with?

[The crowd buzzes until "Kabukicho no Joou" by Sheena Ringo starts to pulse through the public address, and a Mifune-gun flag pierces the entrance curtain. Following the colors of their flag marches Paris Crawford, who repositions the flagpole to their shoulder as they confidently walk down to the ring, a smirk on their face as the flag flies behind them, floating in the breeze created by Paris' stride.]

DW: I don't know if I'll ever get over how someone like Paris fits in with KAMS or Mifune-gun.

SA: We know very little about Paris' background, Dee Dub, but from what we know of Takeshi Mifune, he doesn't let just anyone carry his colors. There has to be something to Paris if Mifune's going to let them into his group.

[Paris places the flagpole into its' designated stand up on the stage, then hops up onto the commentary table, taking a seat. Dressed in a lavender tank top with the phrase "KAMS" across the chest in black print resembling spray paint, and with the "A" replaced by an upside down broken heart, along with black high-waisted shorts, black fishnets, black kneepads, shinpads, and boots, they cross their legs and lean back, cooing at Salvatore Albano.]

SA: Uh, hello there, Mx. Crawford!

DW: I think they like you, Sal.

SA: Feelings aside, they're due in the ring for action!

[Paris dismissively waves at Scott Ezra as their music fades, and they can barely be heard saying they will enter the ring in due time. They lean back again as their voice can be heard a little louder.]

"Tout d'abord, je veux admirer ma proie de loin, avant de l'approcher."

DW: Did you get that, Sal?

SA: Got it, sure. Understood it? Nope.

[Paris smirks as they look back to the ring. Ezra gives a signal to Graham, who motions with his hand, and a metal cover of "Bloody Tears" from the Castlevania video game series begins to play, drawing more cheers from the crowd.]

TG: And their 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: And this young man, who also debuted in the AWA at SuperClash, really made quite the impression on us two weeks ago!

DW: That's right, Sal, the younger brother of Ayako Fujiwara looked great. He sure got a surprise after the match, though, when he was selected to wrestle Paris Crawford at random.

SA: We saw them film the selection, a Mifune-gun trainee picked Yoshi's name from a hat for Paris' singles debut.

[Fujiwara removes his jacket and looks over where Crawford gives a shy wave from their seat on the commentary table. Fujiwara, cheeks flushed, motions for Crawford to come into the ring, and Crawford tilts their head with a smirk.]

DW: And Paris Crawford seems content to be out here with us instead of meeting their opponent in the ring.

SA: Well, one thing we know about Yoshi Fujiwara for sure is that he's an eager competitor. As I mentioned, we know very little about Paris as a wrestler, just about their modeling background and their schedule there. In fact, we know nothing about them as a singles wrestler.

DW: Maybe this is their way of controlling the pace.

[Paris leans back once more.]

"L'avenir nous le dira, n'est-ce pas?"

DW: It's really unnerving to talk about someone sitting that close to us.

[Paris uncrosses their legs and hops off the commentary table, turning around with a quick wave with their fingers to Albano and Westerly, before turning back to the ring where Scott Ezra keeps Fujiwara at bay. They brush their hair from their eyes and smile at Fujiwara after coming down the entrance steps and climbing into the ring, as the words "hello, handsome boy" are spoken but not heard. Ezra calls for the bell, and Fujiwara, cheeks still a bright red, starts to rhythmically clap his hands as fans join along with him.]

SA: The bell has gone, and we're underway in this ten minute time limit encounter. Time is not on either of these two competitors' sides on this one, no it's not, so expect a quick pace as both are looking to impress.

DW: You know, I'm so used to seeing Crawford beside Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez, or on tape. You don't really get a good feel for their size, but they're about as big as Fujiwara - and he's not that big!

[The two chuckle.]

SA: You heard it during Paris' introduction, but they refuse to weigh in or be measured. They say their statistics are a closely guarded secret and not even their subscribers for their modeling sites know that information.

DW: Huh. Not used to that from a wrestler.

[Fujiwara goes to lock up with Crawford, but Crawford ducks underneath the collar and elbow attempt, grabbing a rear waistlock in Fujiwara. Crawford positions their head directly against Fujiwara's back as Fujiwara attempts to reach behind for a headlock takeover, but is unable to grab hold of his opponent's head.]

SA: Clever positioning there by Paris Crawford, staying close to Yoshi Fujiwara to avoid that takedown...

[Fujiwara grabs hold of Crawford's wrist, then dives down, prying apart Crawford's hands and using the momentum from diving down to roll Crawford off his back. Crawford quickly rolls to their feet, their face an icy stare forward at Fujiwara.]

DW: That's certainly a demeanor change by Crawford.

SA: We've seen them get serious in their interviews before, Dee Dub, but competition is a different story.

[Fujiwara, undeterred, dives at Crawford's leg, but Crawford just barely sidesteps. Crawford wildly kicks at Fujiwara's head, but Fujiwara deflects the kick and scores with the takedown he originally intended, taking Crawford down to the mat with a

single-leg takedown. He isn't able to take advantage, though, as Crawford quickly scrambles to the ropes.].

SA: And an immediate break for the ropes by Crawford.

DW: I think that might be a smart move, Sal.

SA: Definitely, Dee Dub. Yoshi just barely missed the 2016 Olympic team, so even though we don't know much about Paris' background, and even though they've been training with Mifune-gun, the mat is not where they want to be against a wrestler the caliber of Yoshi Fujiwara.

[Crawford remains calm as Ezra stands up Fujiwara, creating space between them and instructing Crawford to their feet. Crawford nods their head and gently rolls to their feet. We see an inset on the upper left of the screen, as we see Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey watching on a monitor while discussing strategy.]

SA: And the watchful eyes of big sis Ayako, along with her tag team partner in the Lariatos, Kimmy Bailey. Dee Dub, we'll see them in trios action later on today with Molly Bell, which has the Menagerie in quite a tizzy.

DW: I've never seen such a flustered squirrel.

SA: You've got to think that it helps Yoshi to have someone with the knowledge and expertise of Ayako watching over him.

DW: Yeah, but you have to think that puts quite a shadow over him, too. After all, Ayako made the Olympics and he missed the cut.

[As the commentators debate wrestling families and the problems of having an extremely talented older sibling, we see Fujiwara take Crawford down with an armdrag, floating over and scoring with a second, then managing to connect with a third, this time holding Crawford in an armbar as Crawford remains resolute and calm, looking for an escape.]

SA: Wow! With moves like that, as long as Yoshi can stay focused, I think we'll be discussing him on his own merits soon enough!

DW: And look at Crawford, Sal! They are as cool as a cucumber there!

SA: They haven't managed to generate much offense, but they don't appear too bothered just yet.

[Crawford puts their hand under Fujiwara's jaw, pushing up on his chin, and pushes up on the mat to lift themselves up. They then roll forward, releasing the tension on the armbar, grabbing Fujiwara's wrist and twisting, only for Fujiwara to cartwheel! Immediately upon Fujiwara placing his feet on the mat, though...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[... Crawford unleashes a hellacious kick to the back of Fujiwara's thigh, causing him to cry out in pain!]

SA: What a kick by Paris Crawford! That will tense up a quadriceps muscle in a flash!

DW: They have a lot more power in their legs than I expected, Sal!

SA: They have incredibly well developed hip and leg muscles, Dee Dub, and everyone under Takeshi Mifune's guidance has some martial arts training for certain!

[Paris fires another kick at Fujiwara's thigh, but Fujiwara is able to absorb the blow somewhat, throwing a slap at Crawford. Crawford dodges back, able to avoid, and throws a counter slap, only for Fujiwara to ensnare the arm and take Crawford down, looking to wrench the arm back...]

SA: He's going for the Fujiwara Armbar! And look at Crawford rush for the ropes!

DW: Can you blame them, Sal?

SA: I absolutely cannot! If Yoshi gets the Fujiwara Armbar on, it doesn't matter who you are, you're tapping out!

[Crawford wraps their legs around the ropes as Fujiwara shakes their head, disappointed that they couldn't get their finishing hold on the member of KAMS. Again, Ezra backs Fujiwara away to allow Crawford enough room to stand.]

SA: And what a smart move by Fujiwara, throwing that first slap to try and bait Crawford into countering, so he could get that opening for the Fujiwara Armbar.

DW: Similarly smart by Crawford though, getting to the ropes right away.

[Crawford opens and closes their hand, shaking their arm loose, as they approach Fujiwara, only to get taken down by a drop toe hold. Fujiwara quickly grapevines both of Crawford's legs, tucking their foot behind his knee, then arches backward as the crowd roars in recognition, grasping onto Crawford's chin!]

DW: Would you look at that! Shades of the former AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion Nenshou!

SA: And a very smart move, too, going for that Nenshou Lock! Paris Crawford got to the ropes a couple of times, so Yoshi Fujiwara has tangled up their legs to make it even more difficult!

[Crawford wriggles a few times, looking for a way out but remaining calm as Fujiwara retains the bridge in spite of Crawford's movement. As Crawford reaches up, their fingers tense into Fujiwara's forearm, and we hear Fujiwara cry out in pain.]

DW: Sal, what's happening here?

SA: I'm not quite sure, Dee Dub!

[Fujiwara releases the hold, instinctively grabbing his forearm, as Crawford pushes him off. The crowd boos at Crawford, who rises to their knees with a smirk forming on their face.]

SA: You know, when I saw the interviews Paris Crawford did, their fingernails looked longer than your typical AWA competitor. I think they dug their fingernails into Yoshi Fujiwara's forearm!

DW: But wouldn't they have had to pass inspection from an official?

SA: Definitely, Dee Dub. I don't know if it was the fingernails for sure, but they definitely applied enough pressure from their fingers, fingernails or not, to get Yoshi to release the hold!

[Crawford starts to rise from the mat, as Fujiwara leans down, slapping the mat with both hands in a display of sheer emotion...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO! SPINKICK TO THE FACE!

[The blow doesn't seem to catch Crawford flush as they were trying to turn away from it but they stagger in a circle nonetheless to where Fujiwara can secure both arms in a double chickenwing...]

SA: GOT THEM HOOKED ANNNNNND...

[...and lifts Crawford into the air, dropping them back on their shoulders and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: TIGER SUPLEX CONNECTS!

[The official dives down to count!]

SA: It could be! It might be! It is... not!

[The crowd groans as Crawford sneaks their shoulder out, their eyes wide.]

DW: Sal, I don't know if Fujiwara got all of the kick there.

SA: I think you're right. Fujiwara didn't look like he caught them flush... more of a glancing blow across the face...

[Fujiwara gets to his feet, looking to rush at Crawford, as we see Crawford touching their face. Fujiwara's fists shake in anticipation as Crawford's eyes water, and their mouth forms a scowl.]

DW: The kid's not pressing the advantage, Sal!

SA: And look at Paris' face! They look, well..

DW: They look furious!

[We hear Fujiwara shout "COME ON!" as Crawford rises. Once Crawford gets to a standing position, Fujiwara runs at them, looking to grab Crawford around the neck.]

SA: Fujiwara, perhaps going for a reverse STO...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

SA: NO! CRAWFORD!

[The crowd groans as Fujiwara runs right into a high kick from Crawford! Fujiwara staggers backward, as Crawford throws a rush of strikes to Fujiwara's face, connecting with two slaps and an elbow, then throws a rolling savate to Fujiwara's stomach, doubling him over.]

DW: What a series of strikes by Paris Crawford, Sal!

SA: And they look like they have fire in their eyes!

DW: What just happened?

[Crawford again touches their face, grabbing a fistful of Fujiwara's hair, then says, calmly but firmly...]

"Tu ne dois jamais essayer de me blesser au visage, beau garçon."

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[And then drives kick after kick into Fujiwara's face and chest, including his arm as he tries to block, over and over!]

SA: Paris Crawford is kicking away at Yoshi Fujiwara! They are looking for the knockout shot here, Dee Dub!

DW: Where on earth did this come from?!

[Crawford, seeing Fujiwara slump down to the mat, hoists Fujiwara back to a standing position as we see Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey appear at ringside, with Ayako pounding on the mat.]

SA: And now Yoshi has a cheering section out here as the Lariatos are at ringside, but this kid might be in deep trouble!

[Crawford traces an arc into the air, then uses the same finger to slash across their throat. They lace their leg over Yoshi's neck, then roll back, putting Yoshi into a lying position while applying pressure to Yoshi's neck. The move forces his chin into his chest as Paris sits on the back of Yoshi's neck. Paris also maintains grip on Yoshi's arm, hyperextending the arm, and then they suddenly bridge back!]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! The pressure on the arm, the neck, the shoulders!

DW: Sal, what on earth is that?!

SA: I had heard a rumor that Paris has a submission move called the "Arc de Triomphe" in their skillset, I think this may be it!

[Yoshi, screaming out in pain, frantically taps the mat as Ezra calls for the bell!]

SA: Yoshi Fujiwara has submitted the match away!

DW: Sal, they're not letting him go!

[Indeed, Crawford continues to crank the hold as Yoshi continues to tap the mat. The crowd begins to roar as Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey waste no time climbing into the ring...]

SA: The Lariatos have climbed in, looking to help maintain some or-

[The roar gets louder as Kimmy grabs Crawford around the waist, pulling them up from the arc and off of Yoshi, as Ayako separates Crawford's legs from Yoshi's head!]

SA: Or enforce some order, sure!

DW: The Lariatos taking matters into their own hands and pulling Paris Crawford off of Yoshi Fujiwara! Can you believe that, Sal?

[Kimmy deposits Crawford on the mat a few feet away from Yoshi, and Paris gets on their knees, rising to their feet with a smile. Ayako tends to her brother, as Kimmy stares at Paris. Paris looks at Kimmy with a shrug, as a lip reader can pick up...]

"Je suppose que le beau garçon n'est pas aussi puissant que la sœur forte ou son amie."

[Kimmy hooks a thumb out of the ring, shouting "GET OUTTA HERE ALREADY, YOU PRETTY LITTLE MONSTER!" as Paris curtsies and leaves. Kimmy joins Ayako as the two start to help Yoshi from the ring, and we see Dr. Ponavitch arrive on the scene.]

SA: Paris Crawford with a win over Yoshi Fujiwara in their AWA singles debut, but I have no idea what got into them at the end of the bout.

DW: That was kind of scary, Sal.

SA: We'll see if we can get word on Yoshi's condition later in the show, but for now... Theresa, I hear you've got an update for us on some things.

[We fade from the ring to the interview podium where Theresa Lynch is standing.]

TL: I sure do, Sal! What an exciting hour of action we've seen here on the Power Hour so far... the final edition of the Power Hour... and as we look ahead to two weeks from tonight and the big debut of our new show - Showtime - we start to see a very exciting show come together. Moments ago, it was made official as the very first woman to wear championship gold here in the AWA - Lauryn Rage - will go one on one with the newcomer who came out of nowhere to be her partner in the ongoing tag title tournament, Pink Cashmere. We don't know a lot about what Cashmere brings to the table inside the ring but I believe she wouldn't be here in the hottest division on the planet if she didn't pose a serious threat to the former champ.

[Theresa grins.]

TL: In addition to that, we'll...

[Theresa trails off, gripping her earpiece tightly. She pauses a moment and then nods.]

TL: Okay, fans... I'm being told that we unexpectedly have a phone call that we need to take live here on the air. Interim President Zharkov, can you hear me?

[The crowd cheers for a moment before Zharkov's heavily accented voice comes through the PA system.]

MZ: Da. I hear you, Miss Lynch.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: Well, since I was in the middle of previewing the premiere of Showtime when you called in, I have no idea what this call is about so...

[She shrugs.]

TL: ...the floor is yours, Mr. President.

[Zharkov grumbles "Interim President" into the mouthpiece before clearing his throat.]

MZ: Yes. Miss Lynch, I have been home here watching tonight's Power Hour; I prefer to let disputes be settle in the ring, however I must intervene in this situation

[Theresa furrows her brow.]

MZ: I will make only two announcements.

Masks For Money, Ryan Martinez and my old colleague, Comrade Williams... there is a straightforward solution: we have a match.

At the Anniversary Show, I will sanction a tag match between them.

[The crowd in the Center Stage Studios cheers the announcement.]

MZ: But as for tonight's show.

[The cheers turn to a curious buzz.]

MZ: Our Main Event has been disrupted by Harley Hamilton.

Therefore, she is expected to rectify it.

Tonight, it will be the Peach Pits versus Michelle Bailey... Ms. Toughill...

[Dramatic pause.]

MZ: ...and Harley Hamilton.

[The crowd ERUPTS with surprise at the news as Theresa Lynch's jaw drops.]

TL: Wait, wait, wait... we'd heard rumors that Amber Gold's injuries suffered earlier tonight had taken her out of the match - are you saying Harley Hamilton is REPLACING her?!

[There's another pause.]

MZ: Da. If she refuses, that will lead to a one week suspension, which means a forfeit of her Tag Title match in one week's time. And to ensure fairness, her friends in E-Girl MAX are banned from ringside. Should they appear, that will also lead to a one week suspension. Da svidanayi, Miss Lynch.

[And with a "CLICK!", the phone cuts out as the studio audience cheers.]

TL: Wow! How about that, fans? The Peach Pits versus Michelle Bailey, Ricki Toughill, and Harle-

[But Theresa is abruptly cut off by an anguished scream.]

"NOOOOO!!!"

[The camera cuts to the source of the noise, where we see an enraged Harley Hamilton approaching the podium. Casey Cash and Cinder attempt to hold Harley

back, but she drags them along with her. Kelly Kowalski follows behind them, drinking from a 12 oz. longneck bottle of undetermined origin.]

HH: Are you kidding me!? I have to take that little twerp's place in the Main Event? How on Earth does that make any sense?

TL: Well, Harley... this entire situation is kind of your fault.

HH: MY fault!? I didn't even touch a single hair on Amber Gold's goofy little head!

TL: Harley, we saw you smooth, part, and fix Amber Gold's hair. You literally touched every single strand of hair on her head.

[Harley is silenced for a split-second, before giving another angry outburst.]

HH: That's beside the point! This is completely unfair!

TL: It's hardly unfair, Harley. You were the one who encouraged your friends to continue attacking Amber Gold when you could've put a stop it.

[Cinder grabs hold of the microphone.]

C: Awa' an bile yer heid! My darlin' Harley dinnae have the strength to stop mae from rippin' Endor Bold to pieces. I would've kept on smashin' that stoter in the face 'til she was a clatty lassy!

KK: Yeah... what Cindy said. Beatin' blondie black n' blue was way too enjoyable.

CC: Stomping her was pretty fun too!

[Theresa's jaw drops as she turns to Harley.]

TL: Do you even hear your friends, Harley? You've turned them into remorseless, bloodthirsty hooligans!

C: Ye canny win our favor with flattery now, Theresa!

[Harley shakes her head, completely lost in her own thoughts.]

HH: That power mad Bolshevik must be insane if he thinks he can force me to step into the ring and team with Michelle Bailey and Ricki Toughill.

I REFUSE!

TL: Well, we heard it straight from the horse's mouth... you will be replacing Amber Gold in the Main Event, Harley, because if you refuse... you will be suspended! And that means no match on the Anniversary Show which means the Peach Pits will be the first Women's World Tag Team Champions by FORFEIT!

[Harley holds her head in disbelief.]

HH: This is an outrage! A travesty! A mockery! The greatest miscarriage of justice in the history of western civilization! The greatest crime Russia has ever committed against the American people!

[Casey Cash looks right into the camera, sending a message straight to the interim president.]

CC: You're not going to get away with this, Zangief!

TL: Harley Hamilton, despite your protests, it looks like you've got no choice but to wrestle in tonight's Main Event!

[Harley looks completely defeated.]

HH: But... I didn't even bring my wrestling gear!

[Theresa grins.]

TL: Your dad never taught you the first rule of being a wrestler?

[Harley looks at Theresa.]

TL: Always bring your gear.

[Harley's look turns to a glare... and with a off-mic "ARRRRRRRGH!" she walks off, with the rest of E-Girl MAX following behind her.]

TL: A dramatic turn of events here on the final Power Hour, fans, as we now know we WILL be getting our trios Main Event... but in a much different manner than expected as Harley Hamilton will team with Ricki Toughill and Michelle Bailey to meet the Peach Pits! We're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll have the second hour of tonight's big show coming your way and we'll be kicking things off with the Dogs of War in tag team action!

[Theresa grins as we fade to black.]

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 before we go back to black...

...and when we come back up, we find ourselves live backstage, where we see Dr. Ponavitch, tending to Yoshi Fujiwara. Standing in the background, we see Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey staring on with concerned looks on their faces. At Yoshi's feet, curled up in a ball, is Molly Bell.]

KB: You can give it to us straight, Doc, is he gonna live?

[An annoyed Ayako gives Kimmy a small shove in the shoulder.]

KB: Hey! Look, someone's gotta' ask the important questions around here. Might as well be me.

DP: That's the first time I've ever heard someone ask a question like that about a hyperextended elbow.

KB: Look, between you and me, Doc, he's kinda fragile.

[Yoshi sighs.]

YF: I'm right here, you know.

[Kimmy grabs Yoshi by the hand. Yoshi tries to pull his hand away, but shockingly finds himself unable to free himself from her vise-like grip.]

KB: Now look here, Brown Eyes, I don't want you to worry. We're gonna make it through this.

DP: He's going to be fine. Just don't engage in any rigorous activity for a week or two. Remember to keep it iced down.

[And with that, Dr. Ponavitch exits.]

KB: Well hallelujah, Brown Eyes! You're gonna live!

[Yoshi sighs.]

YF: I'm never going to live this down.

Ayako: What do you mean by that?

YF: Not only did I lose, I needed to be rescued by my sister and her weird friend.

Ayako: And what's wrong with that? It's a strong woman's duty to protect a frail boy.

YF: "Frail"!?

[Ayako crosses her arms over her chest and gives her little brother a disapproving look, as Yoshi groans in frustration. Kimmy's eyes narrow and she lets go of Yoshi's hand.]

KB: Lemme tell you, Brown Eyes, you're real lucky you're teeterin' on the edge of life or death, or I might get my dander up about what you just called me.

[Kimmy looks at Ayako.]

KB: Can I pick up your cat? I could use the calmin' influence.

Ayako: Just be gentle with her.

[Molly wakes up, holding out her paws to Kimmy.]

MB: Not like Uncle Yoshi!

Ayako: Yoshi dropped her once and she has never let him forget it.

YF: I didn't mean to!

MB: You're so unreliable, Uncle Yoshi.

[Kimmy scoops up Molly and hoists her onto her back, as Molly yawns and rests her head on Kimmy's shoulder. Ayako shakes her head sadly at Yoshi.]

Ayako: What are we going to do with you, Yoshi? Why do I always have to save you from beautiful supermodels? This is like high school all over again.

YF: I don't know. Crawford-san seemed like they were angry with me for some reason.

KB: Maybe she was jealous of your cheekbones.

[Ayako looks at Kimmy.]

KB: What? You ain't noticed that he's got real pretty cheekbones? Just makes ya want to punch him for being more beautiful than he's s'posed to be.

YF: What!?

Ayako: You're such a delicate boy. What you need...

[In the background, we hear some bickering going on outside.]

Ayako: ...is a girl who can put up with your weakness.

[Just then, we see the door suddenly swing open, as Charity Rockwell can be seen shoving Betty Chang through the doorway. The door is slammed behind her, before Betty can make a quick escape. The martial artist turns around and gives a little wave.]

BC: Uh... hi!

[Awkward silence.]

BC: I'm... Betty. Betty Chang. I... saw what Flag-chan did to you out there...

[Betty brushes past Ayako, Kimmy, and Molly, kneeling by Yoshi's side and staring at him with eager eyes, blushing.]

BC: ...and I just wanted to know if you were okay!

[The camera cuts to a close-up of Yoshi, equally red-faced. He gives a dopey smile.]

YF: That's funny... suddenly I feel much better.

[The camera cuts to Ayako and Kimmy, giving each other suspicious looks as we fade out...

...and then fade back on a grinning Theresa Lynch.]

TL: Ahhh, an enchanted moment.

[She bats her eyelids a few times.... and then waves a hand with a smirk.]

TL: But that's enough of that because joining me at this time are two men who we'll see in action next weekend on the Tenth Anniversary Show when they team with Whaitiri - who has been removed from the building after the fracas involving the Desperadoes and Mifune-gun - in six man action to take on the Dogs of War... but later tonight, one of these men will be in action as well when we once again Run The Rankings for the AWA World Television Title. With his partner Polemos...

[Big cheer from the younger crowd in Center Stage as they appear at the interview podium with Theresa Lynch.]

TL: ...we'll see him in action against the #2 ranked Atlas Armstrong, the man from Neptune, #3 ranked Omega!

[A grinning Omega pops in alongside Theresa as the crowd cheers.]

O: wwwwwwWHAT'S UP, Theresa?! It's not the end of this Hour of Power, Theresa! It's not even the beginning of the end. Rather, it's the end of the beginning of this Hour of Power, Theresa.

[Theresa looks puzzled as Omega continues.]

O: As we say on Neptune: 'it's been a long cold lonely winter and it feels like years since it's been here: here comes the sun!'

[Polemos, as he frequently does in the presence of Omega, slaps his gloved hand over his dragon skull-concealed eyes and mutters something that throws Omega off.]

O: No, it's a Neptunian saying, big man! I don't know what it has to do with beetles! The only Terran insects I know that devised their own system of cliches are The Hive. And all they want to talk about is sports, sports, sports!

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: Well, speaking of the last year, a few months ago when you and Atlas Armstrong last met, you came out on the losing end; how are you preparing for the daunting challenge ahead of you to come out victorious this time?

[Omega nods, slapping Polemos on the shoulder.]

O: Well, I've been tutoring Polemos in the proper application and execution of the choke slam, so I think I've got enough practice that I have that sitch cased. Just in case he gets crossed by Odysseus Allah again.

[Theresa interrupts.]

TL: Since you mentioned Odysseus Allah...

[Omega keeps talking.]

O: The only thing he managed to bruise was Polemos' dignity. And by "dignity," I mean... "sinus cavity." He... caught him with a shot right around the orbital bone and the nose – that hurts. Well, Odysseus, when Whitiri and Polemos and myself take on that cantankerous canine trio, we'll be thinking of you and demonstrating why no one tasks the High Council of Justice!

[Polemos slaps his fist into his gloved hand for emphasis.]

O: And next week, I would hate to be the Dogs of War.

[Omega waves down at the ring before the Neptunian leans in to Theresa in a stage whisper.]

O: I mean, have you smelled them? I don't think they've even rinsed those flak jackets in the four years they've been here! Peeeeeeee-yuuuuuuu! It's worse than the third day of the Wilmington Comic-Con!

[Cut to the ring where Carpenter shouts something up in Omega's direction...

...and then back to Omega as Theresa stifles a chuckle.]

O: Omega and Polemos... OUT!

[The dynamic duo strides out of sight as Theresa looks on, shaking her head.]

TL: Never a dull moment with those two. Like I said, we'll see Omega in action later tonight but right now, let's go down to the ring and see two of the three men who they'll face next weekend in New Orleans in action!

[Cut to the ring where one wrestler tugs off a sparkly vest with a domino tile on the back of it and tosses it out to a ringside attendant before turning back toward the ring. The other is pasty and shapeless, but has a glorious mullet of red hair, which he fluffs up. But they're hardly the focus as Kiss's "War Machine" begins playing in Center Stage.]

SA: Tag Team action up next here on the finale of Power Hour. Domino Dawkins and "Broadway" Billy Lytes to take on two thirds of the terrorizing trio - the Dogs of War.

[Already in the ring, Isaiah Carpenter exchanges a fist bump with Wade Walker and leaps over the ropes to the apron.]

DW: And make no mistake about it, they're no joke, Big Sal.

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: They are not and in one week's time– OH!

[Albano's train of thought is completely derailed by Wade Walker charging across the ring and spearing Domino Dawkins into oblivion!]

SA: The big gun of The Dogs of War must've just been waiting until he saw the whites of Domino Dawkins' eyes, which looked from our vantage point to be the size of dinner plates!

DW: I... I don't think he's getting up, Big Sal! This could be over in seconds!

[Walker doesn't follow through, instead reveling in the carnage with a howl to the moon. The Center Stage fans seem to all come to the same conclusion at the same time: that was pretty cool.]

SA: And in one week's time, the Dogs of War will return with a full roster at the Tenth Anniversary of the American Wrestling Alliance – think of how this Cerberus has shaped Saturday Night Wrestling in the past. They are certainly not done yet.

[Domino Dawkins has been allowed to make the slow crawl over to "Broadway" Billy Lytes, who reaches over the top rope to tag himself in.]

DW: Tag made there, and if this was a singles match I would have put my money on the match being over there and then.

SA: Wade Walker, a former NFL prospect, has been honing that double-leg takedown Spear into a dangerous weapon in his arsenal.

DW: Could be sizing up another victim, Sal!

[Walker spots Lytes entering the ring and starts sizing him up. Like the cliché "deer-in-the-headlights," the mulleted redhead freezes in place as Walker lines up to charge... Or does he just want Walker to think that?]

SA: Oh, playing possum!

[Walker charges in to spear Billy Lytes, but "Broadway" sidesteps him and flings him toward the buckles! Lytes chuckles to himself, congratulating himself on his ingenuity.]

DW: Oh look out.

[But Billy Lytes doesn't realize that Wade Walker has slammed on the brakes by grabbing on to the top ropes before crashing into the turnbuckles or ring post. He turns around to face his opponent a second before "Broadway" Billy Lytes ceases patting himself on the back and realizes he's lined up for...]

SA: ANOTHER SPEAR! Sweet Santa Maria, Wade Walker has demolished two opponents and we're barely a minute into this contest.

[Walker crosses to his corner where Isaiah Carpenter's hand is raised to accept a tag, but stops short.

Carpenter and Walker look at each other...

...they look at "Broadway" Billy Lytes and Domino Dawkins respectively crumpled on the canvas and ring apron...

...then shrug at each other playfully before Wade Walker drops down to cover Billy Lytes, hooking the leg unnecessarily for an easy three!]

DW: Not getting paid by the hour, are they?

SA: That's been the Dogs' way, Dee-Dub: the ends justify the means, and getting paid by any means necessary. And– Theresa, what's going on there?

[Walker doesn't even wait for the referee to raise his hand, rolling out of the ring to join his partner. Carpenter pumps him up with a, "Damn, man! Damn, man! Easy money!" But a voice stops them from heading back to the locker room.]

"Mister Walker, I would have 'yer attention!"

[Cut to the interview podium, where Theresa Lynch looks surprised by the appearance of Curly Bill Webb, who is calling to the Dogs of War.]

TL: Curly Bill! I thought you and The Desperadoes were thrown out the building!

CB: My men may have gotten a little outta' control with Mifune-san and his gang of hoodlums, but I'm just a harmless old man.

[He says with a glint in his eye.]

TL: I'm sure, Mr. Webb.

[The old cowboy cackles.]

CB: Now then, Miss Lynch, if you'd excuse me, I'd just like a minute of these gentlemen's time.

TL: I suppose you're not going to give me much choice. You have the floor.

CB: Thank ya' very much, darlin'. And congratulations on your upcoming wedding.

[Theresa gives a small frown.]

TL: ...thanks.

CB: Mister Walker, if you please...

[Walker and Carpenter both join the interview position, looking cautiously at The Desperadoes' point man.]

CB: Now Wade - if I can call you Wade - I can appreciate a man who knows the value of a dollar and I know that times have been tough for ya' lately, but praise the lord, hallelujah, 'cause happy days are here again! I'm here to give you an offer of a lifetime, with the dinero to back it up. What I'm offerin' ya...

[Bill makes a dramatic pause, before leering in with a twist of his mustache.]

CB: ...is a place in the Desperadoes. Whatta'ya say to that, boy? Ain't that something?

[The two members of the Dogs of War stare at Curly Bill for a moment and when one speaks up, it's Isaiah Carpenter who replies.]

IC: The Dogs don't split, Mr. Webb...

[Carpenter sneers.]

IC: ...if I can call you that.

[Webb gives an amused grin.]

CB: Mister Carpenter, there's no doubt in mind that you are a phenom in the ring and a certified stud... but I'm interested in killers and you sir, no offense intended... are no killer.

On the other hand, your brother-in-arms...

[Bill points to Walker.]

CB: ...is a cold blooded killer. Now then, Mr. Walker: like they say on the TV, this is a limited time offer. So what's 'yer answer?

[Walker stares at Webb again... but again, it's Carpenter who responds.]

IC: I've already said his answer: The Dogs don't split.

[Webb seems a little heated this time as he locks his eyes on Carpenter.]

CB: The question wasn't directed towards you, Mister Carpenter. Why don't we let Mister Walker, speak for himself?

[But again, Carpenter responds, sticking a finger in Webb's face.]

IC: I'm not going to repeat myself again: The Dogs don't split.

[And now Webb's REALLY upset.]

CB: Now look here-!

[Both Curly Bill Webb and Isaiah Carpenter clam up the instant one of Wade Walker's palms touches their shoulders.]

TL: Well, it looks like you have the floor, Wade Walker. What do you make of this offer to join the Desperadoes?

[Aside from a quick glance in the direction of Theresa Lynch, Walker doesn't look at anyone. He emits a weary snort...

...then heads for the locker room. Carpenter and Webb both follow, seemingly still pleading their cases.]

TL: Perhaps that's a discussion for another time... but I think we know Isaiah Carpenter's answer. An interesting proposition for Wade Walker to consider though as the Dogs of War pick up the win tonight heading into their trios battle with Omega, Plemos, and Whaitiri next weekend in New Orleans. It's going to be one heck of a night next weekend and I can't wait to be a part of it. Now, let's go backstage where Mariah Wolfe is with some other folks who'd like to be a part of that big, big night of celebration! Mariah?

[We fade to the backstage area where we find Mariah Wolfe flanked on either side by the Wallace twins. Chaz is on her left in a black t-shirt with Johnny Detson's picture in the middle surrounded by a bunch of other AWA superstars' faces and the caption "WHO KILLED JOHNNY?!" and Chet is on her right in a gold-sequined tank top showing his pipe cleaner arms sticking out underneath. Both have huge grins and obnoxiousness oozing from every pore.]

MW: Thanks, Theresa... and as you can see, I'm backstage here in Center Stage Studios with Chaz and Chet Wallace - the American Idols... and gentlemen, you've been having a rough go of things recently and the fans are wondering if you've got what it takes to get back on track in what has been a red hot tag team division as of late.

[Those huge grins are immediately gone, replaced with frowns.]

CHAZ: Have we got what it takes? That's what the people want to know, huh? Mariah, perhaps "the people" have forgotten who they're dealing with. We're the dynamic duo... the terrific twosome... we've put butts in seats from Atlanta to

Argentina from Texas to Tokyo and all points in between... we've held more gold than Mr. T... and we are YOUR American Idols. Can I get an "amen?"

CHET: Amen!

CHAZ: That's right, my brother... and if "the people" think that Chet and I are backstage shaking in our boots at the sight of the Aces of the Deep-

[Mariah interrupts.]

MW: Aces In The Hole.

[Chaz gives a dismissive wave.]

CHAZ: They're a couple of jokers if you ask me. But we're not worried about them. We're not worried about Omega and Pemos... we're not worried about KAMS...

[Chet puts a hand on his brother's shoulder, grimacing a little.]

CHAZ: Well, okay... maybe a little bit. But the fact is, Mariah, that when you talk about the tag team division being red hot, that's not thanks to Dull and Duller in Harper and Somers... that's not thanks to the U.S. Express in Flint and Stephens or any of the rest of those jackanapes. It's thanks to us. Wallace and Wallace. Chet and Chaz. The straw that stirs your drink. The voltage that gave the Hour its Power. And when you think about a show called Showtime...

[Chaz grins again, spreading his arms wide.]

CHAZ: ...there ain't no one more likely to steal the show than who you've got your pretty little eyes on right now, Mariah.

[Wolfe shakes her head.]

MW: Speaking of tag teams, what do you think about your sister's new-

[Chet cuts her off.]

CHET: We're not here to talk about our sister. Unlike a whole lot of the locker room, Mariah, we're not here to talk about our family at all.

[Chaz smirks.]

CHAZ: That's right. There's a whole lot of people around these parts who know why they've got their jobs and it's because of their last names... and they never waste an opportunity to tell you about their families. Whether it's Jack Lynch rolling Blackjack's bones out for another go... or it's Justin Gaines out here talkin' about good ol' Fartstains and the Alaskan Death Matches or...

[Chet chips in, nudging his brother.]

CHET: Or what about Jayden Jericho who actually brought his dad out with him to the ring for like... a year so that everyone remembered that his dad used to be someone while he's never been anyone?!

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"HEY!"

[Chet turns his head in confusion... and then smirks at the approaching person who walks into view revealing himself to be Jayden Jericho.]

MW: Guys, guys... I don't want any trouble here.

[Jericho has a hard expression on his face as he steps into frame.]

JJ: The next time you want to run your mouth about me, Wallace, I suggest you do it to my face!

[Chet snickers as Chaz nudges him from behind, egging him on.]

CHET: I'd be happy to but I think this is the first time I've seen you on TV in months.

[Chaz giggles this time as Jericho looks sternly at the duo.]

JJ: Right, right... real funny. Look, you can say all you want about guys like Lynch and even Gaines... although after you get in the ring with him, you might have a different opinion on what he's capable of... but you think I'm trying to ride my dad's coattails?

[Jericho looks around.]

JJ: Do you see my dad around anymore? Because I don't!

[Chaz pops his head up to interject.]

CHAZ: That's because after that mess at SuperClash, he decided he never should've admitted you were his to begin with!

[Mariah's eyes go wide as Jericho looks down at the floor backstage, the Wallace twins cackling madly at their own joke...]

MW: Jayden, I-

[...and suddenly, Jericho lunges at Chaz Wallace, smashing a right hand into his jaw, knocking him down on the backstage concrete!]

MW: HEY!

[But Jericho doesn't get a chance to land a second shot before Chet Wallace hits him from behind, knocking him down on his knees...]

"Cheap shot my brother, huh?!"

[...and a hard kick to the ribs causes Jericho to flatten out on the floor with a pain-filled grunt. Chaz Wallace pulls himself off the floor, grabbing at his jaw, his face flushed red with anger and embarrassment...]

...and he joins his brother in stomping Jericho on the backstage concrete!]

MW: Come on, guys! That's enough!

[But the twins ignore Wolfe as they continue to stomp and kick Jericho into the floor.]

MW: We need some help over here! We need-

[Suddenly, a blur of motion comes running into the frame, throwing himself bodily at one of the Wallaces, pulling him out of the assault on Jericho as he smashes him back into the wall, leaving a small dent in the Center Stage Studios hallway!]

Mariah Wolfe scampers out of the way as we now see that it's Justin Gaines who balls up his fists, throwing right hooks into the ribcage of Chet Wallace up against the backstage wall!

A few moments pass before Chaz Wallace breaks off the attack on Jericho to try and save his brother, grabbing Gaines by the hair with both hands and yanking him away from Chet...

...and that's when the shot fills up with backstage workers rushing into the mix, Tommy Fierro and John Shock leading the pack as they start shouting to "BREAK IT UP! KNOCK THIS OFF RIGHT NOW!"

And soon, we have Shock and a few unnamed officials forming a wall between the Wallaces and Justin Gaines as Fierro puts a patting hand on the chest of Gaines, trying to keep him from attacking again...

...and 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 Shadoc 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 then fade up backstage where we find Veronica Westerly standing with her newest client, the Almighty Atlas Armstrong. The big man from Big Sur stands beside his new manager whose bright red hair matches a stunning crimson dress with a black and gold belt around her waist. She has a knowing grin on her face as Armstrong towers over her.

Atlas has traded in his old silver cape for a California blue muscle T-shirt with Atlas holding up the Earth on his shoulders. He looks even more ripped and vascular than ever. He is covered in baby oil, his naturally tan skin glistening and showing each and every muscle. His black beard is closely shaven and his hair is tied into a man bun. He smirks arrogantly at the camera.]

VW: On the final Power Hour, it's only fitting that the man who made this show appointment television for months is being featured. It's only right that this physical specimen...

[She gestures at Armstrong.]

VW: ...is here to show the world exactly why he delivered so much power to the Power Hour that ESPN wanted more time. Because one hour wasn't enough to contain the greatness of this man... the strength of this man... the power of this man.

Just look at him!

[She gestures again, sweeping her arm up and down.]

VW: Look at the arms... the shoulders... the chest... the abdominals... give 'em the back, Atlas...

[Armstrong twists around, striking a pose that's mostly obscured by his shirt but we get the idea.]

VW: ...magnificent... a God in human form. The Almighty Atlas. And when you lay eyes upon this man, there is absolutely no flaws... nothing that could make him better now that he's got me by his side...

[She grins deviously.]

VW: Absolutely nothing except... championship gold.

[Armstrong nods, pulling an arm up by his side to flex.]

VW: When I approached this man after SuperClash, I told him that his physical talents could get him far... very far in this business... but that he needed the competitive edge to put him over the top. And you're looking at that edge.

[She jerks a thumb at herself.]

VW: So, tonight... Atlas Armstrong takes his first step to a whole new level of greatness. Last weekend in Chicago, you saw what he was capable of against the best this sport has to offer...

[She chuckles darkly.]

VW: Just imagine what he'll do to a skin and bones geek like Omega.

[Westerly steps back slightly as Armstrong takes center stage, pointing into the camera.]

AA: Omega... we meet again. I'm sure you remember what happened the last time we met.

I broke you.

And now? With a shot at the AWA World Television championship on the line... I will destroy you, little man.

[Armstrong holds up his huge clenched fist up before the screen.]

AA: Veronica, this Neptunian fool thinks he's going to continue his Run through the Rankings and get past me?

[Armstrong glances sideways at Westerly. She rolls her eyes at Atlas and both burst into laughter.]

AA: Omega, it amazes me that you've made it this far. You obviously have some skill. Maybe you have a lot of luck. But your luck ends here and you don't have the skill to beat my power.

This is not some comic book story where the underdog hero overcomes the odds to defeat the super villain.

Tonight you meet Thanos, Omega.

[Armstrong smirks.]

AA: I am the Alpha. You are the Beta. Omega, take a close look at the supernatural being that is Atlas Armstrong because I am going to end your run tonight and I am going to go on to break Odin Gunn for the AWA World Television title.

[Atlas grips the neck of his T-shirt and rips it from his body, revealing his absolutely shredded form.]

AA: Omega, there's nothing you can do when Atlas Armstrong comes for you.

I am going to break you!

[The camera zooms in and holds on Armstrong as he flexes his most muscular pose, Veronica nodding confidently as we fade through black...

...and back out to the ring where three men stand at the ready. One is Tyler Graham, one is an unfamiliar referee, a slender man seemingly in his early thirties with a shaved head, and the third is a short but powerfully built wrestler wearing trunks featuring prominently the simple white and red flag of England.]

TG: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Already in the ring... hailing from Sheffield, England, and weighing 220 pounds... "The Yorkshire Terrier", Jamie Parker!

[Parker raises a single arm in the air, receiving a smattering of polite applause.]

DW: Looks like we're about to see several newcomers here, Sal. Do you have any inside information?

SA: Well, Dee Dub, Parker here is on his first trip Stateside, so he's a bit of a mystery. Our referee is new too - we're giving a probationary shot to the young man, a veteran of the Southeastern indie scene named Travon Jackson. As for the individual about to be introduced...

[Tyler Graham, with impeccable timing, starts that introduction right now as "Me, Myself & I" by G-Eazy featuring Bebe Rexha begins over the sound system.]

TG: And his opponent... making his way to the ring, originally from Shaker Heights, Ohio, but now residing in Hollywood Florida... at a weight of 196 pounds...

...RICKYYYYYYY HEARTBREAKERRRRR!

[Heartbreaker, who though he has about an inch on his English opponent looks to be giving up a lot of mass to him, strides briskly down the aisle in a black robe with gold trim, twirling it at the bottom as he does in an attempt to draw the eye.]

SA: We've been eagerly anticipating this debut for several weeks now. Anyone who watches The Bachelor on ABC knows this man, the contestant who made himself a viral sensation by claiming none of the women on the show were up to his standards.

DW: Rachel was a sweet angel just looking for love! She didn't deserve the humiliation this jerk gave her!

SA: Dee Dub, I had no idea you were such a fan of reality shows!

DW: You never know, Big Sal... I just might be the next Bachelor with all this corporate synergy these days.

SA: That I would pay to see.

[Heartbreaker walks up the ring steps and ducks between the middle and top rope. He first unties the robe, and then suddenly takes it off with a practiced flourish, folding it over one arm. This reveals his ring gear, gold tights with a red heart placed prominently across his rear. The Yorkshire Terrier starts to advance on him as he takes off his outerwear, but Heartbreaker interrupts by holding a hand out and shouting.]

"I'M NOT READY!"

SA: Ricky Heartbreaker letting the world know he's not quite ready for this match to begin and... hang on, is he reaching into that robe for a phone? What's all this about?

[Ricky is indeed reaching for his phone, which he quickly taps a couple of times while handing off his robe to a ring attendant and then holds in front of his face in selfie position. No, not selfie... He's filming himself. And as he speaks, he faces his own phone's camera and not the ones our television crew is operating.]

"Hey, Heartbreak Kids! It's a historic day, as I'm about to debut in the AWA. In about..."

[Heartbreaker looks over dismissively at his opponent, then back to his own phone.]

"...two minutes, I'm going to beat this scrub and then be back on here to celebrate. Don't forget to hit that like button, subscribe, and leave your comments. I always love your live feedback!"

[Ricky's pointing up and down as he says like, subscribe, and comment, presumably showing those at home where to do each of these things on their own screens. At the same time, both Parker and the referee glower at him impatiently.]

DW: Is this guy really livestreaming his own match?

SA: It would seem he wants to, but Travon Jackson is insisting he put the phone away, and I think we can finally get underway here.

[Indeed we can, as the bell rings and Heartbreaker steps out of his corner to offer a handshake. Parker, fresh off being called a scrub, rejects the insincere gesture by slapping the hand away.]

DW: We can tell one thing about the Yorkshire Terrier... He wasn't born yesterday!

[Annoyed, Heartbreaker starts to circle, looking for a lockup. But Parker beats him to the punch.]

SA: Parker lunges for a double leg takedown...

DW: But Heartbreaker scoots back like a frightened cat to avoid contact! He's hiding in the ropes and the referee has to force Parker back!

[This seems to be an intentional plan, as when the ref is forced to turn his back to make Parker give a little more space, Ricky bounds forward to stomp one of the Terrier's feet.]

SA: Parker hobbled for a moment, and an opportunistic Heartbreaker jumps on him to control with a front chancery.

DW: I don't think the ref saw that cheap stomp, either!

[Ricky's content to stay in control with holds, transitioning to a side headlock to counteract Parker trying to wriggle free. But, this leaves the Terrier with more freedom to use his powerful arms.]

SA: Good counter there, the Terrier is able to push off enough to shoot the smaller man to the ropes. He sets up for a big clothesline... but Heartbreaker ducks in time.

[There's a second pass, and this time Ricky reacts first.]

SA: A glancing shoulder block is enough to knock the Englishman down for just a moment... and Heartbreaker goes right back to a side headlock as he rises to maintain control!

DW: He seems happy just to take things safe here.

[Safe or not, those powerful arms are again free for another shoot off. This time, Heartbreaker's more ready to react to it, timing a leap off both feet perfectly as he returns from the far ropes.]

SA: Great dropkick by Heartbreaker! That's the first thing he's shown us other than ego!

DW: The ego's there too... look at him strut and take his time as he waits for the Terrier to get back up!

SA: Heartbreaker grabs an arm, looking for a whip into the corner... and he gets it, Parker's back hitting the corner hard!

[Grinning widely, Ricky looks to score a big blow as he carefully lines up a charge on the dazed Parker, runs at him full steam...]

DW: FOOT UP!

SA: I hope Heartbreaker's not a picky eater, because he just took boot leather straight in the mush!

DW: There's not enough A1 in the world to make that taste good!

SA: A Texan who uses steak sauce? I'm guessing Jack Lynch might like a word.

[Heartbreaker staggers backwards from the boot right in his face, but Parker gives him no time, running forward to add momentum to a huge European uppercut that takes him off his feet!]

SA: The English do love those European uppercuts, it's a classic of the style there. And Heartbreaker, perhaps smartly, is rolling out of the ring to recover.

[The Yorkshire Terrier pumps his fists in the air, earning a decent amount of cheers for his enthusiasm. Meanwhile, a furious looking Heartbreaker has made it back to his feet outside the ring. He touches his jaw, winces in pain, then angrily complains to the ref.]

SA: What exactly is his complaint here? The referee is just as confused as I am.

DW: Some men just don't like being hit, Sal... looking at that uppercut, I don't blame him either.

[Ricky's reaction gets even more extreme here, as he waves his hands dismissively on the universal wrestling gesture for "screw this". Then, to the crowd's shock, he just starts walking off.]

DW: Is he really taking a walk here?

[It certainly seems so. Parker looks on in bemused bewilderment, and the referee is forced to start a ten count, but Heartbreaker shows no signs of turning back to the ring.]

SA: It would seem so, Dee Dub! And for this self-professed superstar, bailing out after taking a couple of shots is hardly a great first impression!

DW: The count continues... I'm not sure he could make it back now if he tried.

SA: And he isn't trying! The referee's up to eight... nine... and there it is!

[Travon Jackson does his part to make it official by raising Jamie Parker's hand, while Tyler Graham also does his part.]

TG: Here is your winner, as a result of a countout... "The Yorkshire Terrier", Jamie Parker!

[The crowd, a bit deflated by the sudden unexpected finish, politely applaud Parker's win as he shakes the referee's hand. Heartbreaker, for his part, is already out of camera view.]

DW: What the heck do you make of that?

SA: All I know is, if two rookies debut against each other, I'd give future opportunities to the one that wins over the one that bails out when the going gets the least bit tough. We may see this Englishman again, but I suspect our friend from network TV needs to toughen up a bit if he's going to make any impact here in the AWA. Let's go now backstage, where Mariah Wolfe is standing by with, well... at least one of the women in our trios main event tonight. Mariah?

[We cut to Mariah Wolfe, who is standing beside Michelle Bailey, hands on hips and head down, eyes fixed at the floor. She is wearing a sky blue sleeveless crop top with the hashtag "#TeamBride" on the front in navy print, along with a navy skirt, a mismatched set of kneepads with the left pad sky blue and the right pad navy, and her shinpads following the same color scheme. Instead of her trademark "XOXO" down the shinpads, there is a "X♡X♡" in white print instead. She looks up for a moment, and her two-toned eyes are lined with a navy liner, and she has a sheer

gloss on her lips. She has another shirt over her shoulder, which she repositions as it almost slides off.]

MW: That's right, I'm standing by with Michelle Bailey, whose team has certainly been through a change today. Of course, earlier today, Amber Gold was attacked by E-Girl MAX, and Interim President Zharkov replaced her in the match with Harley Hamilton. I can't help but notice you're here alone.

[Michelle lets out a sigh.]

MB: Ricki said she needed a moment to collect her thoughts. We tried to have a discussion with Harley and it... it could have gone better.

[Michelle looks off-screen, and slightly nods her head.]

MB: I think cooler heads will prevail, though.

[And as Michelle bites the inside of her bottom lip, we see Harley Hamilton enter the frame. Hamilton Graham's pride and joy is dressed haphazardly in wrestling attire that clearly isn't her own. She is wearing a shimmering cropped tank/miniskirt colored horizontally in light blue, light pink, and white stripes. Her kneepads and shinpads are mismatched with one pink and one light blue with "XOXO" running down the shinpads in white print. The bewildered look on Michelle's face is amazing.]

MB: Nice outfit.

HH: It was the best I could do on short notice. Casey didn't have an outfit I could borrow this time.

MB: "This time"?

HH: Back on that episode of Saturday Night Wrestling when everyone else got stuck in Mexico, I got thrown into a match with Trish Wallace, against my will and I didn't have my wrestling gear with me; Just like I was thrown into this match against my will!

[Harley laments.]

HH: Why does this keep happening to me?

MB: Well, you know what they say: "Always bring your wrestling gear... you never know when you'll have to be in the ring."

[Harley has a look of disgust on her face.]

HH: Pfft. I already got that from Lynch! Besides, Mark Langseth used to come out on national television week in and week out, wrestling in mom jeans and a swap meet t-shirt. How much does it actually matter?

[Harley examines her outfit.]

HH: Although the miniskirt on this one is insane. The chick that wears this gear must really be desperate for attention, because you can practically see everyt-

MB: That's one of my outfits.

HH: What'd you say?

MB: You're wearing one of my outfits.

[There's a mortified look on Harley's face, before she quickly suppresses the awkwardness welling up inside her.]

HH: Oh. No wonder the chest is all stretched o-...

[Michelle quickly interrupts Harley, her cheeks flushed as she folds her arms over her chest.]

MB: So did you take a moment to calm down?

[Harley rolls her eyes and repeats after Michelle, with a mocking tone.]

HH: "DiD yOu tAkE a mOmENt tO cALm dOwn"?

[Her face scrunches up in anger.]

HH: No, I didn't take a moment to calm down... MOM.

MB: Okay... just asking. Sheesh.

[Harley rolls her eyes yet again.]

HH: I told you, this isn't going to work! I don't want to be in this match, you and Ricki don't want to team with me, so let's just get this over with. [Under her breath] Hopefully without too much bloodshed.

MB: Harley...

[Michelle gently shakes her head.]

MB: I didn't say that I didn't want to team with you. I just said that if we don't talk things out, it will be difficult.

HH: What is there to talk about? You're down a tag team partner because she was beaten into another plane of existence and apparently it's all Harley's fault.

MW: I mean, it kinda is.

[Harley gives Mariah the stink eye.]

HH: You stay out of this, Faux-resa! This is all your fault anyway! You cut me off!

MW: And you totally overreacted!

[Michelle rubs her temples.]

MB: Can we not do this?

[Harley sighs with frustration.]

HH: What does it matter? The three of us should be able to beat the Peach Pits in our sleep! If we just stay out of each other's way, we'll be fine.

MB: I know you think that, but I think you're underestimating them. You know how many people have pinned Laura Davis since she came to the AWA?

HH: Not many. Two?

MB: Three. Ayako, me... and Donna. You know how many people have pinned me since I came here?

[Harley beams with pride.]

HH: I know I'm one of them.

[Michelle shakes her head again.]

MB: Three. Ayako, you... and Donna. If you let your guard down, Donna can surprise you. And that goes without saying that Shannon and Kelly racked up a lot of wins beating a lot of good talent en route to getting to this level. One of them can catch us too. We can feel however we want about each other outside of the ring, but when we're out there, we need to rely on each other tonight.

[Harley rolls her eyes.]

HH: There's only three people in this company I can rely on, and they're not in the match. Not like you'd understand what it's like to go through what we're going through.

[Michelle goes to gently place her hand on Harley's shoulder, which Harley swats away. Undeterred, Michelle's voice changes from a calm yet firm tone to one more soft and reassuring.]

MB: Look, I've been keeping an eye on what's been happening with E-Girl MAX the last few weeks, both your actions and how everyone else is responding to you. I know it's not easy to have your actions be questioned, second-guessed. Everyone's insisting you have some kind of motive, right?

[Harley stares at Michelle, seemingly refusing to answer, while Michelle maintains eye contact and her soft tone of voice.]

MB: I remember what it was like to be young and feel like nobody knew what it was like to be me. It's not easy being misunderstood. And what you're living right now, it may be different than what I went through, but it's not so different that we can't find some common ground, right?

[Suddenly, we hear a door slam in the background, and the third member of the team, Ricki Toughill, walks into frame looking frustrated. She has the same sky blue shirt Michelle wears, although there looks like a stain underlining '#TeamBride' from some sort of food grease—the shirt looks one size too big for Ricki; otherwise she's in her schoolgirl kilt, ready to fight.. Michelle takes a step back to let Ricki and Harley be the focus of attention, but remains between the two - just in case.]

RT: And as for what I'm living through right now...

[Harley lets loose the biggest exaggerated roll of her eyes that you can imagine.]

HH: Oh, here we go with the classic Ricki Toughill "I'm-such-a-victim!" routine again.

[Ricki nods, stabbing a finger at Hamilton.]

RT: Oh yeah, "textbook gasmasking" as that little hellraiser likes to say. How does it feel to be drawn in to cleaning up one of the messes she makes?

HH: It feels freakin' FANTASTIC because unlike some people, I'm a good person that doesn't treat Cindy like some broken toy that needs to be thrown away the first moment our relationship runs into a little adversity..

RT: You have no idea what you're talking about.

HH: I think I do. Just like when I say you're a broken down has-been with a bad case of Main Character Syndrome.

[Bailey tries to interrupt her two bickering partners.]

MB: Hey... can you just stop provoking each other for a minute...

[But Ricki ignores her.]

RT: I was only here because I was going to team with Michelle for the first time, and to stand with Amber Gold – someone who would appreciate a fair fight with a couple of veterans by her side, not some “in crowd” girls who have never had to be accountable for anything in their lives.

[Harley throws up her hands in frustration.]

HH: Accountable for what? For winning a match in a completely legal way and then constantly getting crap over it by a bunch of bitter misogynists and jealous women? For being a great friend and then having my integrity endlessly questioned because scumbags like you can't believe people can be selfless and love unconditionally? Or is it for calling you out on your own crappy behavior and holding YOU accountable for it.

[Bailey tries to interrupt again...]

MB: Harley, come on...

[...but this time, it's Harley who keeps talking.]

HH: How does it feel, Ricki? How does it feel knowing that by this time next week, me and Cindy, the poor girl you used and tossed aside, will be holding AWA gold? Assuming you can get past the Peach Pits without suffering one of your anxiety attacks. But that's just vintage Ricki, isn't it? Julie's right: you're better at excuses than wrestling.

[Ricki merely glares at Harley, not giving her the satisfaction of seeing her words affecting her.]

RT: Uh-uh. Words, Harley. That's all you have: Words. Let's see you later and see how you stack up against the Peach Pits.

[She turns away bitterly.]

RT: Lord knows they're the ones with the most important match of THEIR careers coming up.

[Michelle calls out to Ricki...]

MB: Ricki!

[But it's no use, as Harley grabs Michelle by the elbow and prevents her from walking out to try and calm their teammate down, leaving Michelle to helplessly watch Ricki leave. The door slams again, and Michelle turns back to Harley. Michelle opens her mouth to say something when Harley points to the shirt on Michelle's shoulder, cutting her off before she can utter a word.]

HH: Is that the same shirt you and Ricki are wearing?

[Michelle nods.]

HH: Give it to me. Someone might as well try to take a step towards unifying this team.

[Michelle is slightly taken aback, as though Harley and Ricki didn't just argue in front of the whole world to see. Not wanting to make it worse, though, she goes with the logical reason as to why she shouldn't give up the shirt.]

MB: Well, um... it's Amber's.

HH: So? It's not like she'll be needing it.

MB: I don't think it will fit. She's very petite, you know.

[Harley frowns.]

HH: Are you calling me-

MB: No. I'm definitely not.

HH: Okay. I'm just-

MB: Checking? I'm not that-

HH: Shallow. I know. You seem to have more-

MB: Sense than other people around here? Yeah. I get that a lot. In fact it was the complete opposite. I was going to say-

HH: It's because I'm so much bigger and muscular than her? Thanks for-

MB: Noticing? You've put in a lot of work since SuperClash, I couldn't help but notice.

[Harley proudly flexes her right bicep as Mariah stares at the two, eyes wide and jaw agape.]

MB: This seems oddly familiar.

[Michelle takes the shirt from her shoulder.]

MB: But seriously... the shirt has her name on it.

[She shows the back of the shirt, with "AMBER" printed across the shoulders.]

HH: Does it matter? Wearing a Juan Vasquez t-shirt doesn't make me Juan Vasquez or you Mrs. Vasquez. So I highly doubt anyone is going to confuse me for Amber Gold.

[Michelle starts to answer, but the sounds come out more like incoherent syllables that don't connect into words. Harley holds out her hand, opening and closing her fingers, before Michelle sighs and neatly folds the shirt, placing it in Harley's hand.]

HH: Thanks, teamie. Doesn't it feel good to work together?

[Michelle gives Harley a bewildered look, then gives a small shake of the head.]

MB: Yeah. Let's go win a Main Event, okay?

[And we fade back out to Theresa who is at the interview podium, an amused look on her face.]

TL: Some obvious tension backstage for one of the teams in tonight's Main Event but... well, maybe they can work it out, you know?

[Theresa pauses, looking thoughtful.]

TL: Then again, maybe not. Now, tonight's Main Event is going to feature the hottest division in all of wrestling - the AWA Women's Division... but lately, there's been another division making some noise and that's the tag team scene here in the AWA. With Next Gen on top, looking to take on challengers like the Soldiers of Fortune and the Gold Standard... with teams like the Shot Callers and KAMS waiting in the wings... and with new teams coming in all the time, it seems like the tag team scene is better than it's been in quite some time. And tonight, we're looking to add a little international flair to the mix. Our own Sweet Lou Blackwell caught up with the newest addition to the tag team division - La Nueva Generación Oscura - moments ago so let's take a look!

[We cut to footage marked "MOMENTS AGO" as we come up on the backstage area where veteran backstage reporter, Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing alongside two masked men. The one standing closer to him has on a black mask with smoke gray trim around the eye holes and mouth.

The other also has on a black mask, but with silver trim around the eye holes and mouth. The image of a four-pointed silver crown sits in the middle of his brow. On both sides of the mask, airbrushed in silver, are the symbols that have become synonymous with the name Rey Fuerza: a war hammer smashing a lightning bolt.

Which would make the other one Guerrero Oscuro and, judging by his position in this shot, he will probably do most of the speaking on behalf of La Nueva Generación Oscura this evening.]

SLB: It's an exciting night of action here on the final episode of the Power Hour and... welcome gentlemen to the AWA!

[Blackwell gets a nod from both men.]

SLB: You stand here just moments away from your television debut here in the AWA - do you have anything to say to the AWA faithful? This is your chance to address the Power Hour audience here at Center Stage and those watching at home.

[Guerrero Oscura nods again before responding.]

GO: Thank you, Sweet Lou. Yes, tonight we make our television debut for the AWA. But have no doubt that we have been watching and we know just how crowded the AWA tag team division is right now. We are happy to see the growth of the women's tag teams, but just the me ... This division is stacked.

From the champions on down, mi primo and I? We have so much respect for all these teams and it is an honor for us to finally be here competing in the AWA!

[Rey Fuerza nods in agreement.]

GO: But we also have our own legacy to uphold. Not just our family's legacy, but of our own achievements. And the achievements to come.

We may be young, Sweet Lou, but we are not untested. And we look forward to facing some of the very best that this sport has to offer.

[To Rey Fuerza.]

GO: ¡Vamos! Hermano, let's show these AWA fans what La Nueva Generación Oscura can do.

[With a slap to Rey Fuerza's back, both men exit the shot.]

SLB: There you have it, fans, La Nueva Generación Oscura are on their way to show you what they can do! So, let's not waste any more time and throw you over to Tyler Graham in the ring for the introductions.

[We cut to the ring, where Tyler Graham is standing by with a masked competitor dressed in a white, sleeveless top, with three large, black buttons down the front; loose, white patent leather pants and white boots. The mask is ninja-like, with an orange, carrot-like protuberance on the front.

Alongside the masked individual is 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, weighing in at a total combined weight of 410 pounds ... Bryan Byrd and ...

COLD SNAP!

[Cold Snap throws a handful of confetti in the air, surprising even his tag team partner for this evening, and does some martial arts-like flurry with his hands, before throwing a few snap kicks for good measure, the first of which Byrd has to jump back to avoid.]

DW: Cold Snap! Look, Big Sal! It's the return of the ninja snowman from the Great White North!

SA: Wasn't he tending the bar at the company Christmas party, or did someone steal the costume?

[Westerly doesn't get to respond, as Judas Priest's "Hell Patrol" starts to play. As Rob Halford starts to sing, Guerrero Oscuro steps through the curtains, followed closely by Rey Fuerza.

Besides the black mask with silver trim, Rey Fuerza has on black tights, with the image of a war hammer smashing a lightning bolt airbrushed in silver on the right thigh and the letters "RF" in a Medieval Gothic font, crowned with the same four point crown as on his mask, on the left thigh; black knee pads and black boots.

Guerrero Oscuro has on a black mask with smoke gray trim, and plain black tights, knee pads and boots.]

TG: And their opponents...

[With a nod to each other, Rey Fuerza and Guerrero Oscuro begin making their way towards the ring, Rey Fuerza taking the right side of the aisle, while Guerrero Oscuro takes the other. As they make their way down the aisle, they reach out to high-five and slap hands with as many fans as they can.]

TG: Hailing from Lagos de Moreno, Jalisco, Mexico, and weighing in at a total combined weight of 412 pounds... they are the team of Rey Fuerza and Guerrero Oscuro...

...LA NUEVA GENERACIÓN OSCURA!

[Reaching the ring, Guerrero Oscuro takes a running start and slides under the bottom rope. Popping back to his feet, he climbs a corner on the far side of the ring, and points to the fans, in acknowledgement of their cheers.

Rey Fuerza, meanwhile, climbs the steps, onto the ring apron, grabs hold of the top rope and slingshots himself into the ring, rolling forward towards the center of the ring and takes the knee. He points to his cousin, who points back at him and the two thump their chests with a fist.

As the music fades, Rey Fuerza rises to his feet, while Guerrero Oscuro steps off the ropes. The cousins continue to discuss strategy, even as Rey Fuerza steps to the outside, as they wait for the official to start the match.]

SA: It looks like it'll be Guerrero Oscuro starting off La Nueva Generación Oscura ... And, on the opposing corner we have ...

"DING! DING! DING!"

DW: Cold Snap!

SA: Cold Snap rushing in with a snap kick that Oscuro deftly avoids. Both men to the ropes ... A beautiful dropkick to rival knocks Cold Snap off his feet!

DW: Dare I say that was almost... flawless?

[Guerrero Oscuro almost immediately kips back up to his feet and hits the ropes again. As Cold Snap sits up, he is knocked back down by a low dropkick, as Guerrero Oscuro drives the soles of his feet into the snowman ninja's face.]

SA: Cold Snap might just have had his nose snapped, Dee Dub.

DW: I think the carrot's made out of some kind of flexible plastic, Sal.

SA: Anyway, both men very quickly roll back to their feet, and this time it's Cold Snap running the ropes ... High angle arm drag, which sends Cold Snap hurtling towards his own corner!

DW: And there's the tag to Bryan Byrd ... Cold Snap telling his young protégé to get in there.

SA: Wait ... So you're telling me, Dee Dub, that Cold Snap has taken young Bryan Byrd under his proverbial wing?

DW: His snowman ninja techniques are precious to Cold Snap and the only way to ensure their longevity is to mentor someone else in his snowman ninja ways, Big Sal.

SA: And as Guerrero Oscuro tags his cousin into the match, our ninja snowman-in-training doesn't seem too intimidated ... But perhaps he should be, Dee Dub ... Former tag team champions, former trios champions; Rey Fuerza has been a solid third of the faction known as Legado de Lucha.

DW: And what a show of sportsmanship here, as Rey Fuerza extends a hand and Bryan Byrd completes the handshake. And now they lock up ...

[Byrd and Rey Fuerza jostle for the advantage, with Rey Fuerza taking control, locking on the front facelock and, with the aid of a handful of tights, tries to lever him up and over with a snap suplex. But Byrd slips free at the peak of the suplex, landing on his feet behind Rey Fuerza.]

SA: Byrd with the waistlock ... German!

DW: No! Rey Fuerza rolls through and now he's got Bryan Byrd's arms crossed in front of himself ... Straitjacket suplex into a pinning predicament!

SA: Only two, Dee Dub!

[First to get to his feet, Rey Fuerza motions for Byrd to get up. He backs away towards the ropes, then turns around so that he is facing the outside of the ring.]

SA: Rey Fuerza looks back, waiting for the rising Byrd to turn around ... Springboard moonsault!

DW: Byrd drops down and avoids contact ... Fuerza rolls to his feet, though ...

[Rey Fuerza sprints to the corner and nimbly climbs to the top rope. Bryan Byrd tries to rush the corner, but gets caught with a corkscrew moonsault body press.]

SA: Rey Fuerza landing on top of Byrd ... Hooks the leg ... One! Two! Kickout!

DW: Rey Fuerza asking the referee if he's sure it wasn't three and that allows Bryan Byrd to roll to his corner ...

SA: And here comes Cold Snap ... He gets taken down with a drop toe hold! Such a simple, fundamental move, but it immediately cuts off any momentum Cold Snap had.

[Rey Fuerza beats Cold Snap to his feet and quickly tags in Guerrero Oscuro.]

"SMACK!"

SA: Sweet San Lorenzo! That thrust kick sounded like a firecracker!

[Guerrero Oscuro quickly tags Rey Fuerza back in. The cousins exchange a quick look and nod ...]

"SMA-AAA-ACK!!!"

SA: SANTA MARIA HAVE MERCY! Double thrust kicks and Cold Snap is OUT COLD!

DW: But here comes Bryan Byrd!

SA: I don't think there was a tag, though ...

"SMACK!"

SA: And Byrd gets a serving of thrust kick for himself!

[Even as the referee tries to restore some semblance of order, Guerrero Oscuro motions to his cousin and points to the corner. He goes to pull Bryan Byrd up into a standing headscissors, as Rey Fuerza heads to the corner and climbs to the top rope.]

Guerrero Oscuro lifts Byrd up and flips him over his shoulders, so that Byrd is being held up behind him by his extended arms as if in a crucifix pose. Guerrero Oscuro positions Bryan Byrd so that Byrd is facing Rey Fuerza.]

DW: Rey Fuerza is perched and primed on the top rope ... He leaps off! Dropkick drives his soles into Byrd's chest!

[As the dropkick lands, Guerrero Oscuro hoists Byrd up and over, throwing him down into the powerbomb.]

SA: Darkness Rrrrrreigns! And I think I saw Byrd's soul leaving his body upon impact ...

[Unfortunately, Bryan Byrd is not the legal man, so it's up to Guerrero Oscuro to roll him towards the ropes, dragging Byrd out of the ring, as Guerrero Oscuro slips under the bottom rope himself. Meanwhile, Cold Snap is finally beginning to stir. Rey Fuerza turns his attention to his masked opponent and, as Cold Snap pushes himself to one knee, Rey Fuerza gestures towards him, miming laying the edge of his right hand on either side of Cold Snap's head.]

SA: Oh look, Dee Dub! Rey Fuerza is knighting the ninja snowman from the Great White North ... Arise, Sir Cold Snap!

[Cold Snap finally rises to his feet, but a kick to the gut quickly doubles him over. Rey Fuerza drapes one leg across the back of Cold Snap's neck and, with a leap, drives Cold Snap with his body weight face-first to the mat.]

SA: The King's Decree! Here's one! Two! Three! And this one is over, Dee Dub.

"DING! DING! DING!"

TG: Here are your winners, by pinfall: the team of Rey Fuerza and Guerrero Oscuro ...LA NUEVA GENERACIÓN OSCURA!

[Guerrero Oscuro slips back into the ring, joining Rey Fuerza in the center of the ring, so that the official can raise their arms in victory.]

SA: A successful AWA television debut for La Nueva Generación Oscura and if you've been watching the careers of these young men as closely as I have, Dee Dub, you'll know that that was just a taste of what Rey Fuerza and Guerrero Oscuro are capable of.

[The cousins embrace in the center of the ring, before Guerrero Oscuro raises Rey Fuerza's arm once more to cheers from the Center Stage crowd. Cut from their celebration to Theresa at the interview podium.]

TL: From a debuting international tag team to the welcome back of a legend of the ring. It's truly an honor to have - here on the final Power Hour - the first match back for Hall of Famer Jeff "Madfox" Matthews since his loss at SuperClash last year.

[The crowd cheers the upcoming appearance of the legendary competitor.]

TL: Now, as everyone knows, Jeff Matthews is a former World Champion... and thanks to some recent AWA business dealings, let's take a look back at some highlights from the night when he became a World Champion for the very first time.

[Theresa grins as the shot fades and is replaced by a black screen with a white graphic: "November 30, 2000"]

As the footage from Charleston, South Carolina fades up, we hear the voice of longtime AWA ring announcer Ken Graham proclaiming "this is our MAIN EVENT of the evening!"

We cut ahead to show Jeff Matthews standing in the aisle, looking out on the crowd as Metallica's "One" - Matthews' signature entrance theme - plays over the PA system...

...and then again ahead to show the reigning World Champion Caleb Temple enter the ring, standing across from his longtime rival as we can hear the familiar voices of Jon Stegklet, Brian Lau, and Lori Dane calling the action.]

JS: Whew...you could cut the tension in that ring with a knife, fans. These two men despise one another to their very core.

LD: Of course, everyone remembers Jeff Matthews' stint where he masked himself and tried to pass himself off as Temple for quite some time.

BL: He had a lot of people convinced...Matthews knows Temple inside and out. This should be a fantastic matchup.

[As the crowd noise gets louder, the two men go toe to toe in mid-ring, staring one another down eye to eye... nose to nose...

...and as the bell rings, they lunge at one another, Temple uncorking a series of right hands before Matthews ducks a wild haymaker, using a waistlock takedown to bring the champion down on the mat.]

JS: Nice takedown by Matthews...holding on to the waistlock as Temple tries to sit out...but the Madfox is tenacious, forcing Temple back down to the canvas and-

LD: What's he doing?

BL: Showing Temple who's really in control.

[There's an exchange on the mat that sees both men end up back on their feet, Temple throwing a clothesline attempt that sees Matthews leap up, snaring the arm and dragging his rival down in a Fujiwara Armbar attempt.]

JS: FUJIWAR ARMBA- NO! Temple slips free of Matthews' grasp and rolls out to the floor. The World Champion had that move well scouted and he knows if Matthews slaps it on, the match is all over.

[As Temple exits the ring, taking a walk to regroup, we fade ahead deeper into the match where Temple tosses Matthews over the barricade with a backdrop, sending him flying out into Matthews' own home territory crowd...

...and we cut again to Temple snapping off a breathtaking top rope moonsault that clears the barricade before wiping out Matthews on the outside...

...and then another cut to the champion using a low dropkick on his challenger who is down on all fours on the mat, diving on top of him as he does.]

JS: ONE! TWO! Another kickout! Matthews isn't about to go out that quickly.

[An enraged Temple grabs the Madfox by the hair and begins slamming his head into the canvas repeatedly...

...and we cut deeper, Temple leaping off the official's back to throw himself at Matthews in the corner...

...a snap suplex driving Matthews' spine into the canvas...

...and then we see Temple scaling the turnbuckles once again, looking for an aerial attack to finish off his title defense buuuuuut...]

JS: TEMPLE MISSED THE MOONSAULT! TEMPLE MISSED THE MOONSAULT!

LD: The Madfox on his hands and knees...

[And Matthews lunges forwards, tying up Temple in a three-quarter nelson cradle!]

JS: CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THRE- NO! NO! Temple kicked out just barely!

[The crowd stays on its feet, buzzing at the nearfall...

...which turns into a shot a little deeper into the match, Matthews unleashing a brutal chop across his rival's chest in the corner as we hear the announcers call the action.]

JS: I don't think this one's about their hatred for one another... it's about that gold belt.

BL: Sure it is. Matthews has been working his whole career to take that one last step up the mountain...and Temple damn sure doesn't want to lose in his first defense.

JS: Matthews has been fighting the critics his entire career.. and tonight, he's fighting perhaps the biggest name in the industry.

[We see Matthews reverse a crossbody attempt for a near fall as they scramble off the mat, Temple sweeping out the legs as he attempts to apply his Last Rites submission hold...]

JS: TEMPLE'S GOING FOR THE LAST RITES!!! TEMPLE'S GOING FOR HIS SCORPION DEATHLOCK!!!

BL: If he slaps it on, this is over, Stegglet.

JS: Temple's trying to turn the hold over...but Matthews is fighting it! He's fighting it with everything he's got! He knows what it means if Temple turns that hold over...he knows damn well what it means!

[And as Matthews refuses to get trapped in the punishing hold, Temple decides to take a different path, dropping a leg down between the legs of Matthews...

...and then we cut to the King of the Death Match holding a steel chair in hand.]

JS: Uh oh.

BL: I think our technical showdown is over.

JS: Caleb Temple's got a steel chair...and he's..oh no, he's going up top! The King of the Death Match is going up to the top rope...steel chair in hand...

[The World Champion stands poised up top, gripping the steel weapon in his white-knuckled hands...just waiting for the Madfox to make the unlucky trip back to his feet.]

JS: FOXDEN! FOXDEN!

[Matthews covers off his signature move, the crowd counting to three... and then some as the downed official prevents a title change... for the moment. The referee, however, is starting to show signs of life.]

JS: Look at Matthews...he's totally distraught. He thought he had this match won...but fate was not on his side.

BL: So close...so very close.

LD: It's not over yet!

[But as a few more moments pass by and challenger Matthews works to revive the official, we see Caleb Temple rising to his feet behind him...

...and digging into his boot, pulling a Zippo lighter into view to the jeers of the EMWC crowd.]

JS: NO! Temple's got that damn lighter out again! He's got that [BLEEP!] damn lighter out again!

LD: He won the World Title with a fireball...he's wreaked havoc over this whole company with those fireballs. Jeff Matthews is at Temple's mercy and he doesn't even realize it!

[Matthews suddenly turns around...and Temple lights up!]

"WHOOOSH!"

JS: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! MATTHEWS MOVED!!!

[And the partisan crowd ERUPTS as Matthews snatches the arm of the World Champion, dragging him down to the mat...]

JS: FUJIWARA ARMBAR!!! MATTHEWS SLAPS ON THE FUJIWARA ARMBAR!!!

LD: And Temple's in the middle of the ring! Caleb Temple's got no ropes to put his foot on this time! Matthews has that Fujiwara locked in!

JS: And Temple's screaming! Listen to him! The World Champion's arm is in danger of being snapped right off his body! Matthews is leaning back on that arm...leaning back on-

[The cheers somehow get even louder as Temple frantically begins slapping the mat, looking for an escape.]

JS: TEMPLE'S TAPPING OUT!!! CALEB TEMPLE IS TAPPING OUT!!!

BL: But Barnes is down! Barnes doesn't know!

JS: We should have a new World Champion, dammit! Caleb Temple has given up to this armbar... hell, he's STILL tapping out!

[Matthews releases the hold, tiredly raising his arms in victory.]

JS: Matthews heard the tapping! The Madfox thinks he's won the World Title! He thinks he won!

[A dazed official staggers off the mat, moving towards the man celebrating what he believes to be a title victory, pushing his arm down, waving off the assumed victory to jeers from the crowd!]

JS: Matthews is stunned! The challenger's in shock...he thought he won the World Title. He thought he'd finally made the last step up the mountain.

BL: And Mike Barnes just yanked the rug out from under him! I love it! Matthews is crushed!

JS: He looks like he's about ready to break down...he looks like the world has just been snatched from him!

LD: TEMPLE!

[Seizing the moment, Temple blasts Matthews from behind with a forearm shot from the good arm, grabbing the bad one between blows. He pulls Matthews off the mat, using one arm to whip him across the ring as he doubles over for a backdrop. A rebounding Matthews leapfrogs over Temple and as the King of the Death Match turns around...]

[illegible]

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

JS: FOXDEN!! FOXDEN!! HE DRILLED IT!! ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!! TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
THREE!!!!!!!!!!!!

[The bell sounds as the crowd gets even louder at having witnessed the World Title change hands!]

JS: Jeff Matthews has shocked the world! Jeff Matthews has shocked the world!
Madfox wins! Madfox wins!

[We hear Ken Graham's announcement to make it official as the still-stunned official hands the title belt to a joyous Matthews who clutches the gold like it's the greatest thing he's ever see. The Madfox drops to his knees, holding the gold belt against his crimson covered chest.]

JS: And the Madfox is a ball of emotions tonight in South Carolina... in his home state! For one night...this man is a hero! Jeff Matthews...welcome home!

BL: Unbelievable.

[Matthews continues to kneel in the ring, the roaring crowd near deafening levels now as we get a final shot of him clutching the greatest prize in the business... blood streaming down his face...

...and we fade to black.

And then back up on pre-recorded footage of Jeff “Madfox” Matthews staring at a television monitor showing that final shot of him from over seventeen years prior. A small smile crosses his face as he shakes his head, turning to look at the camera.]

JM: Life has a funny way of correcting our behaviors. Sometimes you must get knocked down repeatedly before being humbled. And it takes a lot of reflection on one's part to be able to comprehend the changes that they need to make.

[He jerks a thumb back at the monitor.]

JM: I've been blessed with so many things in my life and in my career. Every door that has opened for me was due in part to wrestling. Wrestling has been a part of my life for as long as I can remember. Getting tossed around the backyard by my father and brother, who would have thought that I would have the career that I have enjoyed?

[Matthews lowers his arm, looking down at the floor.]

JM: I lost perspective. I didn't train as hard anymore. I didn't study the sport looking for new tricks to learn. I became complacent and the honor of being a Hall of Famer just went to my head. I expected more from a sport that I was not giving much to.

[His eyes slowly come back up, looking into the camera.]

JM: All of that's changed.

[The Hall of Famer nods, reaching a hand up to press into the wall of Center Stage Studios.]

JM: I'm not here to reinvent the wheel. I'm here to reevaluate and reinvigorate a career that still has some mileage left on it. Losing to Supreme Wright sucked but I didn't deserve to win.

I showed up half the time just expecting people to lay down for me. I expected to get back to the top without having earned it. I wanted so badly to be back at the top of the mountain that I took any shortcut I could because I thought I was above it all. I thought I was above wrestling on a live event. I thought all I would do was headline Pay Per Views. And when my chance to reclaim some of my past glory came, I let it slip, and not surprisingly, the fall from grace was hard.

And that's why I'm here.

[He pats the wall of the building.]

JM: I told you all that I will earn my way back. I will not shy away from any challenger. I will not turn my back on this sport that has given so much to me. This sport allowed me to take care of my family and in turn, introduced me to a new family.

This sport brought me closer to the fans and it's to them... to you... that I owe an apology.

[Matthews nods solemnly.]

JM: I know that these words mean nothing without an action backing them up. But to you out there cheering or booing me, I know I have to be better. I know I have to do better. Hopefully, you'll join me on this journey to reclaim all that I've lost. Reclaim my faith in this sport and reclaim my faith in myself.

[The former World Champion slowly inhales, pulling air into his lungs as he prepares himself for the journey to come...

...and then when we fade away, we end up back in the ring where we see Jeff Matthews standing, already ready for action as he looks across the ring at his unknown opposition.]

SA: Some heavy words of self-reflection there by the former World Champion... by the Hall of Famer. Jeff Matthews says that he's starting over - effective tonight - and he's in the ring to do exactly that.

DW: You gotta be impressed, Big Sal - Matthews is already in the ring and I'm told he specifically requested no entrance tonight. He wants no flash... no pomp and circumstance. He wants him in that ring with an opponent and that's it.

SA: Well, he's got an opponent in a young man making his AWA debut here tonight - Paul Liddle... and there's a certain amount of poetry in that. Matthews trying to start over... trying to reinvigorate his legendary career... and Paul Liddle trying to get his career started here tonight in Atlanta.

[The bell sounds at a signal from referee Shari Miranda as Jeff Matthews steps from his corner to the center of the ring, extending a hand towards Liddle whose face immediately is covered with suspicion.]

SA: Huh... I can't say I expected that.

DW: Matthews trying to show everyone he's turned over a new leaf... right?

SA: So he says. But it's hard to forget the kind of stuff that Matthews did last year when trying to gain favor with the Korugun Corporation... let alone some of the things he's done in his career.

DW: Back in his Career Killer days?

SA: That's just one time that Matthews and the rulebook weren't exactly the best of friends. For all we know, this handshake could be an attempt to get that Fujiwara Armbar locked on...

[Liddle seems to be pointing out the same thing. Matthews shakes his head, his hand still held out... but Liddle slaps the hand away, shaking his head to a scattering of cheers.]

SA: Looks like some of the fans here in Atlanta aren't too sure about Jeff Matthews' intentions either.

[Matthews looks annoyed for a moment... then grins, shrugging as he ducks down, circling Liddle who quickly moves to match.]

SA: Paul Liddle with his work cut out for him tonight... and while he's got some mat skills in his game, I'm not sure he's got the level of mat skills that Jeff Matthews has.

[Matthews makes a full circle around Liddle, watching the young man trying to keep up with him, and then lunges in, locking up the collar and elbow... and then quickly spins out into an armwringer...]

SA: Matthews right into the armbar, twisting the limb, torquing on it... and when you look at Jeff Matthews from the glory days, you think of his mat skills... the sweet science... the submission skills.

DW: We talked about the Fujiwara Armbar... but we know he's got the Foxtrap figure four as well, Big Sal.

SA: And while it's not a submission hold, the Foxden is something to watch out for as well.

[Matthews twists the arm again, bending it behind Liddle in a rear hammerlock...]

SA: Hammerlock applied now, bending that arm...

[...and then with a quick movement, Matthews scoops Liddle up, slamming him down onto his own bent arm.]

SA: ...and the hammerlock slam!

DW: I've always loved that move, Sal, and-

[Westerly's cut off by the sounds of a voice shouting out.]

"ANNOUNCE IT, GRAHAM!"

SA: What is...?

[We cut to a shot of Tyler Graham seated at ringside, a confused expression on his face, gesturing up at the ring...]

"I SAID ANNOUNCE IT BEFORE I COME OUT THERE AND MAKE YOU!!"

[...and with a sigh, Graham raises the mic.]

TG: Ladies and gentlemen... THE FRONT PAGE!

[The crowd jeers as-]

"SOUND GIRL, HIT MY MUSIC!"

[A few moments pass before Center Stage is filled with the sounds of Prince's "Controversy." We cut back to the ring for a moment as Matthews kneels on the mat, a puzzled expression on his face as he holds his opponent in a kneeling armbar...

...and a voiceover rings out.]

"Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for the uncensored, unfiltered, uncontrolled sensation that's sweeping all the nation...

...THE FRONT PAGE!"

[Cue fake applause piped in over the PA system.]

"And here is your host... BRYYYYYSONNNNNN PAAAAAAAAGE!"

[And a black curtain behind Sal and Dylan comes flying up, revealing a small wooden desk where Bryson Page is sitting, a huge grin on his face as he sits back with his feet on the desk.]

DW: You've gotta be kidding me.

[A small wooden stool sits across the desk from Page unused... for now.]

BP: Thank you! Thank you all! You're too kind!

[The boos start up now as a distracted Matthews looks up at Page with a questioning glance, allowing his opponent to work his way back to his feet.]

BP: Welcome everyone to the Front Page... and I am, of course, the reason you've all tuned in to the final Power Hour tonight... and you only have to check with ESPN

on that because it's no surprise that the moment I got here, they made it a two hour show and MUCH bigger deal because who wouldn't do that to see the one, the only... yours truly... BRYSON PAGE!

[He spreads his arms wide as boos rain down. At this point, everyone has their attention on Page, including the participants in the match]

SA: What in the world...?

DW: Who the heck is this guy anyways? Two weeks ago, he was out here running his mouth and-

[Page angrily interrupts.]

BP: WHAT DO YOU MEAN RUNNING MY MOUTH, YOU COUNTRY BUMPKIN?!

I was giving a fair and balanced interview during MY ALLOTTED TIME!

[He points to his watch.]

BP: Just like right now is MY... ALLOTTED... TIME!

[The crowd jeers as he shrugs in their direction.]

BP: It's not MY fault that Slater and Rogers can't run a stopwatch...

[Page smirks.]

BP: ...or that someone in production thought we needed a career retrospective about ol' Madfox in there to remind the world why anyone should give a crap about him in 2018!

[The boos get louder as Matthews shouts something off-mic towards Page, getting steered back into the ropes by Paul Liddle.]

SA: The lack of respect for a legend like Jeff Matth-

[Page interrupts again.]

BP: LEGEND? LEGEND?! Another guy from the 90's meat grinder survived and he's a legend?! Does that make Scott Rogers a legend?! Maybe the Meatman! How about Darky Devil?! Is he legendary too?! 'Cause they're all still working the local Elks Lodge this weekend if you want to honor their contributions to this industry, Albano.

[Inside the ring, Jeff Matthews has dropped Liddle with a stiff forearm shot to the jaw and has now turned to glare up on the stage.]

BP: OHOHOHO, looks like someone's feelin' a little froggy.

[Matthews points up at Page.]

BP: Better pay attention to the ring, Foxy, or your 80th comeback might be a bit short!

[Matthews shouts something at Page...

...and suddenly finds himself dragged down in a schoolboy rollup!]

SA: Liddle out of nowhere! He gets one! HE GETS TWO! HE-

[The crowd buzzes with relief as Matthews kicks out of the rollup, breaking up the pin.]

DW: Too close there. He's gotta stay focused and not let this disrespectful jerk-

[Page cries out again.]

BP: Westerly, you run your mouth pretty loud for someone who is the least impressive member of your family. You better be counting your lucky stars you got the last name you do because nobody cares about "whip him like a dog" in 2018! It's no wonder they decided to take your headset... and believe me, it's a short walk from getting shoved backstage to right out the door onto your ass and Rhoni ain't savin' you forever, son!

[Westerly turns angrily towards the interloper, his cheeks flushed as he does. Back in the ring, we see Matthews has secured a side headlock again, trying to grind down Liddle as Page and Westerly bicker on stage.]

DW: Oh yeah? Well, you run your mouth pretty loud for someone who could only cut it for a few weeks last time you got a shot here, right?

[Page smirks at him, nodding his head.]

DW: Seriously, Sal... how the heck is he hearing what we're saying anywa-

[Page interrupts loudly again.]

BP: Earpiece! Modern technology is wild! Try it out sometime and maybe they'll let you sniff a shot at the big time again... ehh, probably not.

[Albano's voice is a bit heated as he speaks up while we get a shot of Liddle shooting Matthews off into the ropes, taking him down with a hiptoss and then dropping a knee down onto his shoulder.]

SA: This is unbelievable. Can we get security out here or something? Surely we can't be expecting Jeff Matthews to try to wrestle while this guy is-

[Page interrupts.]

BP: Don't think you're the safe one, Albano! Just because you're the new golden child of ESPN, I'm guessing they'll put you out of that chair in a heartbeat if you show up to Saturday Night Wrestling with a broken jaw.

[Westerly is fuming mad as Albano looks shocked at having been threatened.]

DW: This guy's out here interrupting our match! He's threatening the two of us! He's-

[Page interrupts with a little "blah blah blah" at Westerly as Matthews and Liddle tangle again, the latter shoving Matthews back against the turnbuckles. Page fakes a yawn as he watches.]

BP: Is this match still going? I must've dozed off for a second - what happened to the Jeff Matthews who used to dive through tables and hit people with chairs? If I have to watch much more of this, I'm going to grab my remote and see what's on FOX these days.

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Page snickers.]

BP: Okay, okay... since you asked nicely, I'll save you all from all...

[He waves a disgusted hand at the ring where Matthews has turned it around, smashing a forearm into the jaw of Liddle.]

BP: ...this. Let's get my guest out here and save this segment rating. Let's pop that demo! My guest this week making headlines on The Front Page... ODYSSEUS ALLAH!

SOUND GIRL, DO YOUR JOB!

[Page leans back in his chair as "Snakes" plays across the PA system. Matthews again turns away from his opponent, throwing his hands up in the air in annoyance. Page laughs hysterically as he comes to his feet, clapping his hands while Odysseus Allah enters to boos, clad in a black Under Armour tracksuit and orange Under Armour running shoes. He smirks at the stunned announce team, giving the fans (and Jeff Matthews) a sarcastic wave before he walks over to Page, giving him a pound and an embrace before taking a seat on the empty wooden stool...

...and then looks down at the ring where Matthews has been hit from behind with a forearm smash, getting knocked down to his knees.]

OA: Oof. Gotta keep your eyes on your opponent there, legend.

[Page cackles, nodding in agreement.]

BP: Odysseus, it's a pleasure, man... big fan of your work.

[Allah bows his head.]

OA: Thank you for having me, Mr. Page. That big Russian - Zharkov - tried to force me to debut on this show instead of Saturday Night Wrestling but if he just said I'd be on something as relevant and valid as The Front Page we wouldn't a had no beef. Feel me? Yo, what up, Atlanta! Your boy is here!

[The fans boo Allah trying to win favor with them as Liddle stomps Matthews a few times before Matthews grabs the leg, using a single leg takedown to upend his opponent while Page and Allah converse.]

BP: SEE! SEE! RIGHT HERE! This is respect! Game recognizes game, as I've heard, and you treat someone with respect, they give respect in return!

Now Odysseus, as we sit down to chat, we have to contend with...

[He gestures at the ring again.]

BP: ...well, whatever is going on in the ring right now. Now, what do you make of ol' Foxy in there? I mean, besides being super stale?

[Allah reaches into his pocket and pulls out a rubber band. He smooths back his short dreadlocks into a pineapple ponytail and secures it with the band as Matthews wishbones the legs, twisting an ankle.]

OA: I mean, he aight, I guess. You know what I mean, one of these 90s guy that's still holding on to past glory and past dreams. "Oh, 20 years ago I did this." "20 years ago I did that." "I'm still using 20 year old moves like nobody has YouTube to scout them or something. I'm sure it'll still work."

[Page smiles, nodding emphatically as Allah continues.]

OA: Those kinda guys like him... like Shadoe Rage ... they're like comedians who wear bowties and suspenders and squirt you with soda water. Funny then. We've moved on now.

[Matthews snatches a side headlock on a rising Liddle as Allah scoffs.]

OA: I mean, geesh, update your headlock a little. Seems kinda loose to me. Whatchu think, Mr. Page?

[Page slaps a hand on the desk...]

BP: YES! YES! You see, you get it, Odysseus! Someone like Matthews... like Rage... like all these oldtimers hanging on for dear life to relevancy... they bring nothing new to the game. Just throwing back to '98 like it's the last time anyone cared about our business. All nostalgia! Everyone in this company is always concerned about nostalgia! Let's name a show after an old show! Let's do an entire Pay Per View to celebrate a company that's been dead fifteen years! It all make me sick... we've got more nostalgia acts and SPAWN of nostalgia acts than you can swing a dead cat at!

[...and the chatter seems to distract Matthews enough for Liddle to shove him off, sending him bouncing off the far ropes where Liddle leaves his feet with a standing dropkick, knocking the Hall of Famer flat...]

OA: Damn, see, this is what I'm talking about. He ain't got no kinda focus whatsoever. Yo, we're doing the same thing the people in the audience doing right now. Having conversations, entertaining ourselves. Do you, man. How you gonna lose focus because two men are having a conversation? Oh I know why. You know that this convo is way better than what you got going on in the ring.

[Liddle takes his chance to grab the legs of Matthews, trying to muscle him over into a Boston Crab as the discussion continues.]

BP: Speaking of, well, potentially better things going on in the ring- Not because of you, but because of, well, that headcase smallfry Omega. I've been seeing that he's been pushing your buttons since you came in. I mean, if he somehow manages to survive Atlas Armstrong tonight, well, what kind of thrashing is he staring down when it's your turn?

[Allah shakes his head as Liddle turns Matthews over, the Hall of Famer crying out at the pressure on his lower back.]

OA: Omega, yeah, that punk is gonna get what's coming to him. He really really thinks I can't see through him? He really think him and his boy Seb Mac are slick. One wants to set me up and the other wants to knock me down. Ain't happening. I scouted this place when I was using the OD Brown identity. I got to get in the ring and see who can really go. Omega, I know your ins and outs. It's gonna be a pleasure putting you down.

[Page nods as Matthews pushes up with both arms, trying to power his way out of the submission hold.]

BP: And that leads me to ask you - you got a famous old man, probably not the "right" kind of famous for the suits here, as they tend to have an "acceptable" list of people who can get their kids jobs. I'm guessing that's the reason you came in to AWA as OD Brown, because if you used the name your daddy gave you, they wouldn't have given you a second look?

[Allah raises a hand as Liddle pitches forward, Matthews having escaped the hold to cheers from the AWA faithful. Page looks down the aisle, throwing another dismissive wave at the ring as Allah continues.]

OA: Now hold on, Mr. Page. You know my daddy changed this damn business with his Seven Tables of Fear match. His name should be good enough to open any door anywhere, feel me?

[Page nods, muttering "of course! of course!" off-mic.]

OA: I could have come in as Odysseus Allah, but then the suits and the fans would have assumed that I was gonna be a clown. Naw, I ain't no clown, feel me? Hell, my daddy wasn't no clown, either, but that was the part of his gimmick that everybody wanted and everybody loved. I wasn't going to get pigeonholed into a clown role.

So, I came in as OD Brown to keep myself separate from my daddy's image. Also, as OD Brown, I got to get the feel of every competitor in this business without them scouting me. Pops always had the idea to get one over on the fans. He was smarter than he appeared. That was his thing. I liked to do the same thing in a little different way. You know, kind of an honor to him.

[Allah turns towards the camera and winks at it.]

OA: We did it, Pops. We got em.

[Page nods again as we cut back to the ring where we see Jeff Matthews hooking an armwringer on Liddle before pulling him into a bodyslam down on the canvas.]

BP: And just to stay on subject of your old man, you and him seem to have never ending beef with one of the big three families terrorizing Michaelson's entrance exam - the Rages. Given how well the brothers of the Prophets get along, I'm guessing things didn't end well between Shadoe and Unique.

[Allah's face darkens as Matthews drops a pair of elbowdrops on the chest of Liddle.]

OA: It ain't no beef, Mr. Page. It's on sight. That's me and them Rages. That ain't nuthin to do with Pops, hear me? Naw, them Rages move mucky. I ain't gonna get into it too too much because it's real personal, but they want to act like they Hall of Famers... like they cool people. They dragged my daddy down in their mess. They had him down and out. Messed up my family with their nonsense. And now here come dude on my body talkin bout 'Let me help you. If you need anything reach out.' Naw, the time for you to help was 20 damn years ago. Get control of your sister. Do that.

[Allah pauses.]

OA: I ain't gonna say no more. But old man, let me tell you this. I get you in that ring, I'm a hurt you.

[Back in the ring, we see Liddle being pulled up by Matthews but scoring with a European uppercut, lighting him up with forearm shots to the jaw, knocking the Madfox back against the ropes...]

BP: That's amazing headline-making stuff there, Odysseus - no clickbait in our world! But the lack of noise in my earpiece here suggests the Golden Voice and Dyly here are missing their jobs and not calling the action...

[The camera cuts to the disgruntled announce team.]

SA: How the heck could we even-

[Page interrupts again.]

BP: Just in case ESPN is having second thoughts after seeing how easily you get rattled, Fat Man... here's my audition... Some Guy there whips Matthews off the ropes.

[In the ring, we see Matthews rebounding back, running right over Liddle with a tackle.]

BP: Shoulderblock, basic wrestling 101, booooooriiiiing.. join in on this, Odysseus.

[Allah smirks, taking on a distinct bad Texan accent as he speaks, obviously trying to mock Dylan Westerly.]

OA: He got his man with the shoulder block. It looked like that made solid contact, Bryson Page. What are they going to do next?

[In the ring, we see Matthews whip Liddle to the ropes and then dash to the adjacent ropes, crossing the ring...]

BP: Oh, ol' criss cross stuff courtesy of every VFW hall from here to Juneau!

OA: Get him! Bryson Page, this sure was exciting in 1997, by Golly!

[Matthews drops down to the mat, forcing Liddle to leap over him to hit the ropes again...]

BP: Oh, sweet Son of Sam what an armdrag! Matthews showing the technical mastery that put him on par with other top 90s talent like Dan "Whooping Cough" Kauffman and Chris "Night Night" Quigley. Wringing the arm now... I can't imagine what he might be doing here!

[Page pauses, giving a moment for Sal to try to interject.]

SA: Well, fans... this certainly isn't going the way any of us expected it to-

BP: If you want to get anywhere, any kind of ahead, you have to always be unexpected like me and Odysseus here! Always buck the status quo, Albano - there's a nickel of free advice, champ.

[Sal sighs.]

SA: I can't even get a few words in without this guy-

[Page glowers at Albano.]

BP: It'll be pretty hard for you to say a few more words with NO FRIGGIN TEETH!

[Matthews lays in a heavy chop in the corner on Liddle, turning to glare at Page again.]

SA: The Madfox looks like these two might be getting under his skin a little bit...

DW: Can you blame him? Do we really have to put up with this?

SA: You're welcome to try to stop 'em, Dee Dub.

DW: If it were just Page maybe...

[Grabbing the arm, Matthews whips Liddle across the ring, sending him bouncing back off the turnbuckles, lifting him into the air and tossing him halfway across the ring with a backdrop!]

BP: OHH! LOOK, THAT'S OFFENSIVE RIGHT THERE!

OA: I haven't seen height like that on a back drop since I don't know... the last time I saw a back drop.

SA: This is a challenging matchup for Jeff Matthews no matter what these two think about it... although I don't know if it would be anywhere near as challenging for him if he wasn't constantly being ridiculed and distracted by Allah and Page.

[Matthews turns again, hands on his hips as he looks back up the aisle at Bryson Page and Odysseus Rage who smirks at the scene unfolding before him, waving a mocking hand at the Madfox...]

SA: Matthews is struggling to keep his eye on-

[...and Liddle jumps him from behind with a clubbing blow to the back of the head, knocking Matthews towards the ropes.]

SA: Liddle with the cheap sho-

BP: There is nothing, and I repeat NOTHING wrong with a little extra-curricular action. If you're not going for every edge you can get, you ain't trying hard enough!

OA: Yup. That's what's up.

SA: Again, no matter what these two might think - hold on, Liddle looking for a suplex here...

[Liddle grabs Matthews in a front facelock, slinging an arm over his neck...]

SA: Liddle about to take him vertical and-

BP: See, Legend? He can't take care of this ham-n-egger here, like he couldn't take care of Wright... just like he couldn't take care of you in there, Odysseus... and definitely like he couldn't take care of me if we got in-

[But as Liddle takes him up, Matthews manages to slip out, hooking the arm on his way down...

...and hooks the Fujiwara Armbar as they hit the canvas!

SA: HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM!

[Liddle survives a few short seconds before tapping out furiously, the referee quickly calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Matthews lets go of the hold right away, climbing to his feet and immediately looking up the aisle...]

OA: Whoa, that arm bar look a little serious. I mean, if you didn't know how to counter that. So basically, if you don't ever watch wrestling or... you know, practice.

[Matthews doesn't wait for his arm to be raised or for the ring announcer to make it official, quickly exiting the ring.]

BP: Uh oh... looks like our show may be coming to an end here, Odysseus.

OA: Looks like it. Maybe he wants to get the last word in?

[Matthews comes up the entrance steps in a hurry, stomping past the announce table towards Page who is out of his seat now, ready for the confrontation. Matthews can be heard off-mic as he shouts at the loudmouth Page.]

"I don't know who the hell you are, kid, but if you EVER pull some crap like this again during one of my matches, you're going to need to learn to hold your mic with a broken arm!"

[Page smirks at the heated Matthews, wiggling his fingers at him.]

BP: Big threat from a has been. Tell me something. How many shots is this office gonna give you before they realize that you're a waste of a spot in the locker room? Look, pal... you were a big name once... a big deal... but even guys like Martinez and Temple knew when it was time to hang 'em up. Why don't you? Huh?

[Matthews shouts something that gets muted by the censors. Odysseus Allah steps closer but Matthews wheels around on him...]

"This has nothing to do with you, kid! Stay out of it!"

[...and turns back on Page who is still talking.]

BP: Why don't you go home to your pretty little wife and play hide the Madfox with-

[A fuming Matthews lunges across the table, wrapping both hands around the throat of Page who looks shocked as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: He went too far! Bryson Page went too far!

DW: He mentioned the man's wife and-

[With Matthews throttling Page whose face is turning more red by the moment, Odysseus Allah snatches up the wooden stool he was sitting on...]

SA: Wait, wait!

DW: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS the seat into the back of Matthews' skull! Matthews immediately lets go of Page who falls backwards, tripping over his own chair to land on his butt on the stage. The former World Champion slumps over on the desk motionless as a fuming Allah grabs him by the hair...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES his head down into the desktop once...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...twice...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...three times before tossing Matthews backwards and leaving him sprawled out on the entrance stage. Allah stands over him, the crowd jeering loudly as Page comes out from around the desk, embarrassed by his stumble, and shouts at Allah to finish him off!

Allah glares at Page for a moment but then grabs Matthews, hooking the Madfox's arm around his neck as he grabs a stretch with both hands, twisting Matthews' head and neck as Page sticks the mic in front of Allah...]

"You the tapout man, huh?! You gonna tap me out?!"

[Allah cranks on the hold, causing a barely-conscious Matthews to slump forward unmoving...

...and then Allah lets go, allowing him to collapse facefirst on the stage. Allah angrily snatches the mic away from a surprised Page, looking down on Matthews.]

OA: You ain't gonna tap no one out no more.

[He smirks, getting his emotions back under control.]

OA: And that's a promise, legend.

[Allah looks out at the booing crowd, a chuckle escaping...]

OA: Guess this time _I_ got the last word.

[...and drops the mic down on Matthews' motionless form, earning more jeers as Page loops an arm across his shoulders, shouting "YEAAAAAH! YEAAAAAH! GET HIM A BODYBAG, YEAAAAAH!" and cackles madly as the duo turns away from the unmoving Madfox as we fade 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.]

"Get AWA 2K17 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 AWA 2K17 as we fade to black...

...and then back up to live action inside Center Stage Studios where we find a somber Theresa Lynch standing at the Power Hour interview podium.]

TL: Welcome back, fans, to the final Power Hour... moments ago, we saw a triumphant return by a Hall of Famer in Jeff Matthews turn into something much, much darker at the hands of Odysseus Allah and Bryson Page and... well, during the break, Jeff Matthews was taken backstage by AWA medical personnel including Dr. Bob Ponavitch. Matthews just recently recovered from injuries suffered back at SuperClash and had been cleared to compete but... our sources are saying he may have suffered a concussion at the hands of Allah out here and... well, when we get more information for you, we'll be sure to bring it your way.

[Theresa shakes her head, her mood brightening slightly.]

TL: And while it's been a heck of a night and I've had a lot of fun this week looking back on the history of this show, it's also tough to not look forward... beyond the Anniversary Show even despite that being a big night for me too...

[She grins as the crowd cheers.]

TL: ...but it's tough to not look ahead to two weeks from tonight and the premiere of our new show, Showtime. It's a name with a long and large legacy and a lot to live up to in the world of wrestling but I'm sure we will all do our best to make those who came before us proud. In fact, I've got a few matches that I'm being told we've locked in for that Showtime premiere that we can announce.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: Just a short while ago, we saw a backstage commotion involving the American Idols, Jayden Jericho, and Justin Gaines. And now, we can make it official that in two weeks from tonight, we'll see those four go at it in tag team action when the Wallace twins take on Jericho and Gaines in a battle of four of the youngest, most promising athletes in the entire locker room. It's going to be an exciting way to welcome Showtime to the AWA world.

[Theresa grins.]

TL: But that's not all we've got... as you heard earlier tonight, Casey Cash issued a challenge - she wants a rematch against Betty Chang and two weeks from tonight, she's gonna get it! We also heard another match in the Women's Division made when Pink Cashmere demanded a shot against the first woman to wear championship gold in AWA history, Lauryn Rage. Those two will meet on Showtime as well!

[Theresa pauses as the crowd cheers.]

TL: That's right! Plus, the showcase championship of Showtime - the World Television Title - will be on the line when Odin Gunn defends the gold. And we'll also see the Finals of the Run The Rankings gauntlet when the winner of tonight's battle between Omega and Atlas Armstrong takes on former World Television Champion and current Number One Contender, Whitiri! Can Whitiri pick up the win and earn another shot at Gunn and the title? We'll have all of that two weeks from tonight and much, much more... but right now...

[Theresa raises an eyebrow, looking off-camera for a moment.]

TL: Now what's this all about? Let's...

[She pauses, her brow furrowing.]

TL: ...let's go to the ring.

[We cut back to the ring, where rookie referee Travon Jackson is standing right in the middle. Presumably, he was sent out early to be ready for a match, but that's not what's currently happening. Instead, he's being waylaid by two people.

One is the man he counted out earlier on this show, the debuting Ricky Heartbreaker, still in his ring gear. The second is a statuesque blonde woman in her mid to late twenties dressed in a cobalt blue power suit. She's holding a clipboard with a few sheets of paper attached in one hand and a microphone in the other, and she seems just about to address our referee with some less than friendly intention.]

SA: We have some kind of developing situation here, but I'm not sure what it is.

DW: Sour grapes from a losing wrestler is my best guess.

SA: Perhaps we're about to find out!

[The woman raises the mic to her lips while also waving whatever paperwork she's carrying in Jackson's face.]

VV: My name is Victoria Valentine, with the firm of Valentine and Leslie. I am the personal attorney of Ricky Heartbreaker. Earlier today, you refereed a match where you counted my client out, did you not?

[Jackson nods yes.]

VV: Then we have a big problem.

[Jackson puts his hands up, demonstrating there's no problem as far as he's concerned. Heartbreaker, for his part, is just smirking at the ref and allowing his lawyer to handle this interaction for now... Whatever this interaction is.]

VV: Oh, we do have a problem. Your decision was flawed, was prejudicial against my client, and it opens this company, this television network, and most importantly you up to huge legal liability.

SA: It does what?!

[Travon Jackson is reacting with the same incredulity as Sal, unclear as to how any legal issue could be at stake. He tries to speak in his own defense, but we can't hear him without a microphone.]

VV: I have here a copy of Ricky Heartbreaker's contract with the AWA. It is, in most respects, a standard contract for a wrestler. But given Mr. Heartbreaker's background in television and his value to the company's media partners, we had one special clause added.

[At this, Ricky grins widely and points to himself. Apparently he's the type of man who enjoys people being reminded of how important he is.]

VV: I have highlighted the pertinent section, and I'll read it to you now.

[Spinning the clipboard around and flipping to a second page so she can reference it, Valentine begins.]

VV: "Whereas Mister Heartbreaker's facial symmetry and empirically tested sex appeal are a key element in his value to any current and future media partnerships or endorsement deals, the AWA hereby undertakes to ensure all reasonable measures to protect the said facial features. No wrestler may, during the course of a sanctioned match, strike Mister Heartbreaker in the face with any part of their hand, arm, foot, leg, or their own head. The punishment for so doing shall be an immediate disqualification of the offending wrestler."

[As she goes on, the Atlanta crowd starts to boo. Whether that's for the implications of the contract clause or the legalese is unclear.]

RH: That English goof stuck his foot right here!

[Heartbreaker points to his chin.]

RH: Then he uppercut me right in the jaw! He can't do that, bro! He can't do that, and you have to disqualify him!

SA: Am I hearing this right? Does Ricky Heartbreaker have a contract that says no one can hit him in the face?

DW: That's certainly what his lawyer is saying, at least!

[Referee Jackson is floored, to say the least. Valentine, sensing an opening, thrusts the contract into his hands.]

VV: Read it for yourself! But know this. The AWA has a great legal department. My firm will be going back and forth with them for months. And as for the House of Mouse... Forget about it, they have legal all buttoned up. So they'll both be looking for a way to make this pesky complaint go away. They'll be looking for a scapegoat.

How's your legal representation, Mr. Jackson?

[This angle clearly hadn't occurred to the ref before, as fear washes over his face.]

RH: I'll own every cent you ever made or ever will make! I'll own every dime your kids every make! Your grandkids will be on a payment plan to me until they have grandkids of their own!

VV: Unless...

[The lawyer leaves that word hanging for a moment while Ricky just gets more and more in Jackson's face.]

VV: Unless you honor the contract. Unless you do the right thing, right now.

[Jackson looks conflicted. He's clearly concerned about the potential legal problems ahead of him, clearly uncertain just how much this Valentine is giving him a warning or snowing him. He looks to her, and she's got the sort patient and expectant look of someone just waiting for everyone else in the room to catch up to what she already knows. He looks to Ricky Heartbreaker, who keeps getting closer and closer to him, a literal looming threat, the former reality star crowing right in his face about all the money he's about to be owed.]

SA: The referee can't actually be considering this ridiculous contract! There's no way he can override a perfectly fair decision!

[Jackson glances down at the contract, still in his hands. As he quickly scans the page he now looks more frustrated than conflicted. After a short time he breaks

away and heads to the outside to speak with Tyler Graham. The two begin a whispered back-and-forth.]

DW: Maybe he's about to! Our ring announcer certainly doesn't seem happy with what he's hearing.

SA: But he doesn't make the decisions, Dee Dub! Only a referee can do that!

[As a slightly restless crowd murmurs, waiting for a decision, Graham raises his microphone while the referee can't even maintain eye contact, with him or with anyone.]

TG: Ladies and gentlemen, the referee has reversed his decision from an earlier match. Your winner, as a result of a disqualification... Ricky Heartbreaker!

SA: Are you kidding me?! You have to be kidding me!

[The fans take a short moment to process this, then begin to boo loudly at this utterly cheap way of getting a debut win. Heartbreaker couldn't care less, though. He vigorously shakes his lawyer's hand, then has her raise his hand as the victor, at least technically.]

SA: I'm not sure I've ever seen a win quite like this!

DW: I'll go one further - it's a disgrace! How can anyone be proud of starting a wrestling career like this?

[Heartbreaker seems not only to be proud but exuberant. He moves to sit on the middle rope while he holds the top one up, to allow his lawyer to leave the ring a little easier. Oh, and not coincidentally given how this gets her to step slowly out to the ring steps, he's also using his vantage point to very intently study that portion of her tailored pantsuit that covers her rear end. Once she's out he quickly follows still holding his mic. He's not done antagonizing the front line employees of the AWA either.]

RH: Now play my music! I'm a winner, damn it, I earned it!

[And so they do, after a short pause. For the second time tonight, we hear "Me, Myself and I" as Ricky Heartbreaker struts back up the aisle.]

SA: Can we please just go to something else? This is terrible. What a joke.

[We fade away from the gloating Heartbreaker...

...and we get our screens overtaken with a shot showing a jammed Center Stage Studios from a recent edition of the Power Hour. The crowd is cheering... the video wall is lit up with the Power Hour logo... Snap's "The Power" is playing over the PA system. The voice of Dylan Westerly is heard.]

"Big Sal, Hotlanta has never been hotter! Every two weeks, we come down here to Center Stage Studios and put on one heck of a show and I'm tellin' you..."

[The sound of Westerly's voice trails off.

Then the crowd disappears, leaving an empty Center Stage Studios behind.

The music fades out, leaving a silent studio with the Power Hour logo still on the video screen.

And with the sound of a master electrical switch being turned off, the logo disappears as well, leaving total darkness.

And so it stays for several moments...

...before a single spotlight lashes through the darkened studio, lighting up the canvas of the ring which is adorned with a brand new logo that reads:

"SHOWTIME"

The lights come back on, the crowd re-appears...

...and we cut to black with a graphic that reads:

"SHOWTIME ON ESPN

THE CURTAIN RISES
MARCH 24th, 2018"

[And we fade from the graphic through black to the ring where Tyler Graham stands in the center, surrounded by an assortment of grappling talent - and a human-sized cat pawing at his microphone cable. He tries to keep a straight face as he performs his introductions.]

TG: Our next match is in the Women's Division, set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, in the corner to my left, all hailing from Fort Knox, Kentucky, at a total combined weight of 436 pounds... the team of the Silver Flash, the Golden Spark, and the Platinum Star, they are The Precious Metals!

[Three masked women unfurl their capes to show that they are wearing full metallic bodysuits coordinating with their namesake colors. The fans give a mild reaction and polite applause, although one of their opponents takes offense to one of the names.]

"HEY! MY MAMA'S THE ONLY ONE AROUND HERE WHO'S PLATINUM!"

[The platinum-masked wrestler looks across the ring and gives a thumbs down, which nets her some boos as Graham starts the introduction of their opponents.]

TG: And their opponents... first, she's from Richmond, Virginia, weighing in at 129 pounds...

MOLLLLLLLLLLLLLLY BELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

[There is a high-pitched scream from the kids in the crowd as the kitty who's been swiping at Graham's microphone cable perks up, waving at the adoring public. Molly is dressed in a matching top and shorts, opting for a red outfit with black kneepads and boots, and the word "MEOW" printed across the seat of the shorts. She also has her catface makeup applied. She wanders over to her teammates, where she is greeted with scratches behind the ear.]

TG: And her partners, 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!!!

[The crowd loudly cheers, with quite a few shouts of "LARIATOS!" ringing out. Ayako 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"

Meanwhile, Kimmy Bailey is wearing a black sleeveless crop top featuring her mother, Michelle Bailey, depicted as the Queen of Cups tarot card. She's also wearing denim cutoffs, black kneepads, and black and white Adidas wrestling shoes. She glares at the Platinum Star with her two-toned eyes, shaking her head. Ayako puts her hand on her young teammate's shoulder, appearing to tell her to calm down.]

SA: It looks like young Kimmy Bailey is taking offense to the name of this newcomer, Dee Dub.

DW: I can understand she's protective of her mother, but this is wrestling, and very few people have exclusive domain over a name.

SA: Oddly enough, we've seen one of the Precious Metals before, and against Michelle Bailey, no less. Michelle beat the Silver Flash a few months ago.

[Referee Andy Dawson signals for one member of each team to be in the ring, and as the Lariatos and Molly go to conference about which team member will start...]

SA: Look out!

[... the Platinum Star rushes across the ring!]

DW: Platinum Star is on the attack! She's taking it to Kimmy Bailey!

[The crowd boos at first, but then laughs start to filter through as the rookie looks around, confused. She asks loud enough to be picked up by the camera's microphone...]

"You feel somethin', Ayako?"

[The crowd's laughter picks up as the Platinum Star fires another forearm into Kimmy's sizable shoulders, but Kimmy doesn't react.]

SA: Those forearms aren't even phasing this kid!

DW: I'm not really surprised! Have you seen how big she is?

[Ayako looks over Kimmy's shoulder, then points over and says "you have someone attacking you", then casually steps from the ring as the Platinum Star jumps on Kimmy's back, trying to wrap her arm around Kimmy's neck. Kimmy turns around, swinging the Platinum Star with her. She points at the Silver Flash and the Golden Spark, then turns back to Ayako.]

"Was it those two?"

[Ayako shakes her head, then motions for Kimmy to check her shoulders as the crowd howls with laughter.]

DW: I've never seen anything like this, Sal.

SA: Kimmy Bailey doesn't even seem to feel this woman, who's around 140, 145 pounds, on her back!

[Kimmy, seeing Ayako's instructions, reaches back and feels the head of the Platinum Star. She shouts "AH HA!", then grabs the Platinum Star and throws her over her shoulder, slamming her to the mat!]

"I GOT HER!"

[Ayako nods and smiles, shouting "you sure did!" Molly Bell, eyes open wide and giddy grin on her face, leaps onto Kimmy's back too, as Ayako holds up her hands to her protégé.]

SA: Ayako warning Kimmy not to slam her cat to the mat, Dee Dub.

DW: Did you ever think you'd say something like that, Sal?

SA: Not really, but you know, I'm getting used to it.

[Kimmy walks over to her corner, tagging in Ayako, then steps out of the ring where she gently pries Molly off. Ayako steps in, where she meets up with the Golden Spark, who has replaced her teammate.]

SA: And thankfully, no miscommunication resulting in a cat accidentally slammed to the mat by a Lariato, as Ayako Fujiwara is now in the ring.

DW: The first time we've seen the Golden Spark, and what a difficult draw she got, huh, Sal?

SA: I certainly wouldn't want to be in the ring against Miss Germany, that's for sure.

[The Golden Spark looks nervously at Ayako, then dives in, trying to take Ayako down with a single leg takedown, but Ayako stands stationary, smirking as she looks down.]

DW: Not a chance.

SA: It's going to take a lot more than that to take down an Olympic Gold Medalist, Dee Dub!

[Ayako reaches down, grabbing the Golden Spark around the waist.]

SA: Oh, this might not be good. Ayako with the Golden Spark... DEADLIFT!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

SA: And a gutwrench suplex! What strength by Ayako Fujiwara!

DW: Watch out, Ayako!

[The Platinum Star, not happy with her treatment earlier, charges at Ayako, but Ayako throws her into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

SA: WHAT A MOVE BY MISS GERMANY! Ayako just threw the Platinum Star into the air, then caught her in mid-air and turned it into a German suplex! A pop-up German suplex!

DW: I've never seen that before!

SA: And here comes the Silver Flash! She's charging at Ayako!

DW: Ayako saw her! She ducks the clothesline!

[And Silver Flash's momentum carries her into the opposing corner, where Kimmy Bailey has stepped into the ring. Silver Flash runs into Kimmy, who stops her, then lifts her into the air, throwing her towards Ayako...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: And another trip to Germany, this time for the Silver Flash!

DW: First a pop-up German, then Kimmy Bailey throws someone at Ayako and she turns it into a German?!

SA: Ayako Fujiwara is incredible, Dee Dub! And now she's going to let her cat get a piece, as she tags in Molly Bell!

DW: Let's see what she's bringing after recovering from another injury, Sal. I understand the reason she's teaming with the Lariatos today is because they wanted to take it slow in bringing her back to action.

SA: A smart move after she was put on the shelf last year by Trish Wallace, and a few weeks ago by La Lutra Nippon. Ayako surely wants to keep an eye out for Molly.

[Molly meows loudly, hips wiggling as she sizes up the Golden Spark, who is slowly rising to her feet.]

SA: Look at the hips swaying on Molly, she's ready to strike on the Golden Spark.

DW: Here she comes, Sal!

[Molly runs at the Golden Spark, throwing an arm out and catching her in the upper chest!]

SA: A Laricat! Nice to see that even with her recent trimming down, she can still throw a mean Laricat!

[The crowd shouts "LARIATOS!", causing Ayako and Kimmy to look around, responding back with "LARIATOS!" calls of their own. They look at Molly, who tilts her head. Ayako motions to her cat, who responds as only she can...]

"... Laricatos?"

[The crowd cheers as Ayako smiles, shaking her head.]

DW: Sal, I hate to be a spoilsport, but I think Andy Dawson's lost control of who's legal in this one.

SA: To be honest, I don't think he ever had it. And I don't think it's about to matter!

[Kimmy grabs the Golden Spark, pulling her to her feet, as she shoves the gold bodysuited grappler to Ayako. Ayako holds Golden Spark steady, then counts aloud...]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA, DEE DUB! WHAT A DOUBLE SHORT RANGE LARIAT BY THE LARIATOS! THEY CAUGHT HER FRONT AND BACK!

DW: I'd ask how Golden Spark is still standing, Sal, but I know how! Ayako's holding her up!

SA: And she's holding her for...

[... an incoming cat!]

SA: POUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUNCE! Molly Bell just Pounced the Golden Spark!

[Kimmy Bailey grabs the rising Silver Flash and throws her between the ropes onto the Platinum Star!]

DW: And Kimmy Bailey just devalued the rest of the Precious Metals!

SA: Hey wait!

[An eager Kimmy dives on top of the Golden Spark, as Ayako covers her partner. Molly sits on Ayako's back, and a flustered Andy Dawson shakes his head, then with a shrug... starts to count!]

SA: It could be... it might be... it is! What a dominating performance by the Lariatos and Molly Bell!

DW: I don't know if that cover was exactly legal...

SA: I don't think it would've mattered if a feather covered the Golden Spark!

[The bell sounds as Molly's eyes dart around, but as the Lariatos rise from the cover, Ayako puts a hand on her cat's back, reassuring her, then giving her a scratch.]

DW: I don't think the Precious Metals would have had much of a chance in this one, Sal, but that was a little out of control.

SA: I don't think the referee ever got much of an opportunity to have it be in control, Dee Dub.

[Speaking of out of control, suddenly, a squirrely voice rings out...]

"STOP! STOP STOP STOP!"

[The crowd boos, as we get a camera shot of Theresa Lynch's interview area, where Theresa looks flustered as she is surrounded by the Menagerie of La Ardilla, La

Lutra Nippon, and their new arrival of Major Ursa. La Ardilla points towards the ring, where Ayako Fujiwara pulls Molly Bell close to her and Kimmy Bailey glares.]

LA: What a travesty of justice that was! Yet again, officials in this organization show clear bias towards the gato! Such flagrant double-teaming! Such attacks! And you!

[La Ardilla points out to the fans.]

LA: You CHEER! You cheer this... this utter despicable act! Why?! Because of a gold medal? Because of a gato? Because of some bodybuilder?

[La Ardilla points at Kimmy Bailey.]

LA: You are the worst enabler of them all! The most deliberate cheater I have ever seen! No respect, no care for the rules, you walk into the ring as you please! Why was this allowed? Do referees fear retribution from your famous parents?! I should fight you and stop your tyranny myself!

[Kimmy rolls her eyes and walks over to the ropes, motioning to Tyler Graham and shouting "gimme the mic, Tyler!" Graham walks over and hands her the microphone, and Kimmy turns around, pointing over to the Menagerie.]

KB: I heard about all I'm gonna take of this. You shut your little yappy mouth and listen up.

[The crowd cheers at Kimmy's directness.]

KB: First time I'm here at this company, I wasn't even supposed to wrestle. My mama couldn't be here, Laura Davis got all hot under the collar and took it out on me. I went to Japan, I tried to get better, I came back, and I figured people would judge me on my own merits. Instead, you know what I find? I find people are tryin' to take out all their grudges they can't satisfy out on me!

[Kimmy looks exasperated, motioning for the crowd to hold their response.]

KB: Hold your horses, y'all, I'm fired up. You see, first time I get a chance to wrestle for a title, I get beat by a small package. I figure that ain't no big deal, happens to everyone, but last week, I hear Kayla Cristol get out there on TV and say Victoria June's been waitin' for a year to beat the kitty cat over here with a small package. She couldn't beat the kitty cat with a small package, but because she beat ME with it, she figures that's good enough and she's done.

[Kimmy shakes her head.]

KB: I spent the last week bein' harassed on social media by a bunch of folks thinkin' I ruined Skywalker Jones' showin' up in the AWA because my daddy wanted me to be at ringside with him. Now I'm standin' out here, tryin' to be a good friend, tryin' to help Ayako and her cat...

[Kimmy points up the aisle.]

KB: And I got a squirrel tryin' to talk down to me. I ain't about to be out here and be sassed by a squirrel. Who's next, huh? The popcorn vendor's gonna come out and say he's mad that the volleyball team rejected him in high school? Hey, how about the guy that puts up the light rig sayin' that his daddy didn't love him enough and he wants to fight me next because my parents love me?

[Kimmy points down at the mat.]

KB: Lemme tell ya, squirrel girl, I'm gettin' real tired of people takin' their personal problems out on me. You want a fight? You got one.

[The crowd roars once more as La Ardilla puts her hands up in a panic.]

LA: Noooooo no no no! No way! If you want to get through me...

[La Ardilla slaps the chest of Major Ursa.]

LA: You must get through my savage bear!

[Kimmy rolls her eyes and sighs.]

KB: Don't that beat all.

[Kimmy looks at Ayako.]

KB: Ain't that a bunch of junk? Don't she know this company ain't goin' to sanction a match between me and a bear?

[Ayako motions for Kimmy to come over, and Kimmy does so. The Olympic gold medalist whispers in her protégé's ear, as the look on Kimmy's face goes from disappointment and frustration to realization and giddiness.]

KB: Hey, that's a good one.

[The two break and Ayako gives Kimmy a thumbs up.]

KB: You're real dang smart, Ayako.

[Ayako blushes somewhat as Kimmy turns back to La Ardilla.]

KB: Hey, squirrel girl, you gonna be in New Orleans next week?

[La Ardilla tilts her head quizzically, then La Lutra Nippon whispers in her ear. La Ardilla nods.]

LA: Tell me your offer, bodybuilder.

KB: If I get myself two partners, how's about you bring that big bear and your little otter pal, and we have ourselves a trios match?

[La Ardilla cackles.]

LA: A trios match! The hallmark of lucha libre! You stand no chance in such an encounter!

[La Ardilla points at Ayako.]

LA: But she cannot be your partner. No. She is a disgrace to the sacred mat of lucha libre. I remember what she did last year quite well. Pathetic.

[The crowd boos this act of cowardice, as Ayako shakes her head with a smirk and Kimmy shrugs.]

KB: Oh, I wasn't thinkin' about Ayako. Wasn't even thinkin' of the kitty cat. So that's a yes?

LA: Si. We accept your offer, but it cannot be that chica Japonesa. Anyone else but her.

[Kimmy reaches back and gives Molly a good scratch behind the ear. As she scratches, she seems to be thinking aloud.]

KB: Well golly, if it can be anyone else... ya know, Mr. Stegglet was tellin' my mama that since it's New Orleans, he'd love to have her on the show. It's her hometown and all.

[Kimmy grins.]

KB: And as far as that bear goes, well... Mr. Stegglet was tellin' me that there ain't an opponent lined up for my daddy yet, and my daddy ain't ever wrestled a bear in his career. So how's about you three against me, my mama, and my daddy?

[The crowd screams in approval at Kimmy's verbal thoughts, as La Ardilla again begs off, saying "not him! It can't be him!" She turns around, but Major Ursa holds up a meaty paw, unleashing a roar.]

KB: That roar sounds like the bear's good to go! See ya in New Orleans, squirrel girl! You bring your bear and I'll bring my daddy!

[The crowd continues to cheer as La Ardilla starts to throw a tantrum, but her microphone goes silent. We cut to Salvatore Albano and Dylan Westerly, the latter of whom is shaking his head with a smile.]

SA: How about that, fans? We need confirmation from the office, but it sounds like we've got a mixed trios match set for the Tenth Anniversary show, as the Menagerie will go against Juan Vasquez, Michelle Bailey, and Kimmy Bailey!

DW: As if that show wasn't loaded enough, Big Sal.

SA: You've got that right. In fact, let's run down the jam-packed lineup for this big event in New Orleans next weekend. Of course, everyone knows about the two non-wrestling match events that night with the retirement of a man many consider the heart and soul of the American Wrestling Alliance, Gordon Myers and the wedding of former World Champion Supreme Wright to our lovely Power Hour host, Theresa Lynch.

[The fans cheer as the camera cuts to a grinning and sort of blushing Theresa who waves in thanks and then waves in embarrassment for the camera to cut away which it does, returning to Sal and Dylan.]

SA: We've got title matches aplenty next weekend with the AWA Women's World Title on the line in a SuperClash VIII rematch when Julie Somers defends the title against Ricki Toughill.

[The crowd cheers as we cut to a young lady in a Julie Somers t-shirt waving her arms wildly at the camera...]

SA: And then the World Tag Team Titles will be at stake when Next Gen defends against the former champions and 2017 Stampede Cup winners, the Soldiers of Fortune, inside the unfriendly confines of a STEEL CAGE!

[...and then to a pair of teenagers shouting into the camera "GET 'EM NEXT GEN! YEAAAAAAH!" before going back to the announce duo.]

SA: We've also got the tournament finals - the crowning of the very first AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions when The Peach Pits meet Seductive and Destructive to see who will make history. Speaking of history, it'll be AWA history come to life in front of our very eyes when the Southern Syndicate - arguably the

greatest faction in this company's history - will reunite in the middle of the ring in a very special scene.

[We cut to another crowd shot, this one showing a young lad in an Omega mask - available at AWAShop.com now.]

SA: That young man will be glued to the sofa to see the big trios match showdown with Omega, Whaitiri, and Polemos taking on the Dogs of War - back together in full force after Pedro Perez served his recent suspension...

[To another teenager in a black leather jacket that he has appeared to self-style with "SIN CITY SAVIOR" written in silver electrical tape on the back.]

SA: ...and that young man may be in for a rough night of fandom when Sid Osborne takes on hardcore legend Robert Donovan in a No Disqualification Bourbon Street Fight!

DW: That punk Osborne may finally shut up after that one.

SA: Why is that?

DW: Because his jaw might be wired shut!

[Sal chuckles as the camera comes back to them.]

SA: Former World Tag Team Champions will reunite when Jack and Travis Lynch take on the Blackjacks with that devious Bobby O'Connor in their corner.

DW: My family has never gotten along with the Lynches but I think even I'm rootin' for 'em in that one after some of the garbage O'Connor's said and done lately.

SA: We've got a little bit of mystery surrounding the night's activities as well when Max Magnum takes on a surprise opponent of Interim President Zharkov's choosing. And finally, it'll be a rematch of the very first match in AWA history when Kerry Kendrick takes on a man we thought was retired until a week ago - Buddy Lambert!

DW: I like a good Cinderella story as much as anyone, Big Sal... but I'm afraid of what the so-called Self Made Man may be out to pull in New Orleans.

SA: Plus, we've got the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge and who knows what else is gonna go down in New Orleans!

DW: I can't wait to find out!

SA: Now, let's go down to the ring for more tag team action!

[Cut to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... at a total combined weight of 380 pounds... they are the Mamba and Copperhead... THE SERRRRRPENTIIIIINESSSSS!

[The LOX's "Money, Power, Respect" plays as the crowd boos. The Serpentes march down the ramp, hissing and threatening the fans.]

SA: The Serpentes looking good here tonight. Copperhead and the Mamba are angry coming off their loss to Seductive and Destructive... and I'd imagine they'll be looking to take that anger out on their opponents here tonight.

DW: Well, it was a slugfest when Hamilton and Cinder toppled the Serpentine... and yeah, the Serpentine have been talkin' a lot about how that win went down for S&D... but if anyone's got a reason to be hot at E-Girl MAX, it's the team that the Serpentine signed on to face here tonight.

[Mamba and Copperhead make their swift to the ring, awaiting the arrival of their opponents as the music fades...]

TG: Annnnnnnnd their opponents... weighing in a total combined weight of 300 pounds... they are...

"THE PISTOL" KAYLA CRISTOL...

...and the "AFRO PUNK" VICTORIA JUNE...

...THE COUNNNNNNTRYYYYY PUNNNNNNNNNKS!

[The fans start cheering as "Blood on the Blue Grass" plays. Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol comes bouncing out from behind the curtain. After a short pause, Victoria June follows out behind her, carrying pieces of the shattered Empress Cup.]

The usually effervescent Afro Punk is straight-faced, her pale freckled face tight. Her make up is heavy black and her straw blonde hair is braided up into a Mohawk. She stares fixedly at the Serpentine as she stalks down towards the ring.]

DW: It's the final night of the Power Hour and Victoria June has kind of been a staple of this show since the beginning, Big Sal... but this ain't the Afro Punk that these fans have come to know and love.

SA: It's certainly not. You know that temper of hers has to be running dead red after what happened last weekend in Chicago in the Semifinals-

DW: When E-Girl MAX stole the win from them?

SA: That's certainly an opinion that a lot of people have. And you add into that the long history that June has with the Serpentine... well, this one could get ugly in a hurry.

DW: With the World Tag Title tournament set to come to an end next weekend, Big Sal, and us showin' the Power Hour the love, I'd like to point out that the Serpentine were actually the first dedicated women's tag team in the American Wrestling Alliance.

SA: They sure were... and you know it stings for them to sit on the sidelines and see these other teams fighting it out to make history and earn that gold next weekend in New Orleans. Of course, that's next weekend... tonight is this showdown which promises to be a very entertaining matchup.

DW: I like this one because they're both coming off a loss... but they both still got their eyes on those titles. So, tonight... someone's gonna get back on track and get back on the path to the gold.

SA: And the other?

DW: They'll have some real soul searching to do if they drop another high profile match here tonight.

[The Country Punks reach ringside, June still glaring at the Serpentine as Cristol slaps some ringside hands. June drops the pieces of the Empress Cup on the ringside mat, shrugging out of her studded leather vest as she climbs the ringsteps.]

Cristol grabs the ropes, hauling herself up on the apron and giving her partner a nudge with a "come on! Show these people the love!" but June is all business much to Cristol's dismay as they climb through the ropes.]

SA: Both teams in the ring now... Tyler Graham stepping out as they go over a little bit of final strategy... and it looks like it'll be Copperhead starting things off for the Serpentes but for the Punks...?

[June and Cristol seem to be in a deep conversation about that topic as Copperhead paces a little impatiently in her corner, glaring across the ring.]

SA: Typically we see Kayla Cristol start things off for her squad but last weekend, it was the Afro Punk who began the match.

[Cristol is animated while June seems quiet and moody. Finally, June nods and steps out onto the apron. A small smile plays across June's lips as she takes up the tag ropes.]

DW: I was about to say maybe they should've sorted this out before they got to the ring but... that seemed easy enough.

SA: They're the tightest of friends, Dee Dub. Harley Hamilton may have taunted them saying that their friendship came together over cornbread but this is a bond unlike most I've seen behind the scenes.

DW: Strange bedfellows for sure but that's a bond stronger than oak. You know, you can't let jealous competitors like Hamilton and Cinder get under your skin. They can't respect anything because their massive egos won't let them acknowledge anybody else might be great, too.

SA: Or perhaps even greater. Many people didn't give the Punks much of a chance going into that match with Cinder and Hamilton last weekend but I think the Punks proved otherwise. Kayla Cristol was at a level we've never seen her at before and June was right there with her, showing off the skills that's made her one of the top competitors in the division for quite some time now.

[As the bell sounds, Kayla Cristol and the much-larger Copperhead begin circling one another before coming together in a lockup.]

SA: Tag team action underway here on the final Power Hour... and while I appreciate Cristol's bravery for trying to get in there and tie up with Copperhead, she's just laughing at her now.

[The Serpentine is quite literally laughing at Cristol trying to push against her and then shrugs before tossing Cristol aside.]

SA: Total disrespect for the Pistol there... and these fans are letting her hear it.

[Copperhead strikes a pose, earning further ire from the Atlanta crowd as Cristol regains her feet...]

DW: Look at the guts, Sal! Right up in her face!

[An annoyed Copperhead shoves her back again, sending her into the ropes where she bounces back...]

"SLAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHH!"

[...and rebounds right back into a slap across the mouth, sending Copperhead reeling to the side as the crowd cheers the feisty Cristol!]

DW: Oh yeah! Get you some, Pistol!

[Copperhead wheels around, swinging wildly for the fences as Cristol ducks to avoid the haymaker, coming back up with a standing dropkick that sends Copperhead falling into the ropes where she stumbles back.]

SA: Nice dropkick by Cristol... and a nice armdrag to go along with it, taking the larger competitor down to the mat and neutralizing that size... well, I thought she was going for an armbar but she lets Copperhead right back up...

[...and takes the overly aggressive Copperhead right back over with a second armdrag!]

SA: A pair of armdrags in there for the Pistol, showing a little of her inner Phoenix right there, and Copperhead is reeling after that one.

[Cristol takes her down with one more armdrag before transitioning into an armwinger and finally an armbar...]

SA: Copperhead forced to bend the knee as Cristol taking control of that left arm. She is controlling her on that mat.

DW: Copperhead slapping the mat in frustration. Cristol's off to a hot start and that's not what the Serpentes had in mind for this one.

SA: Copperhead doesn't stay down for long though, right back to her feet...

[Once standing, Copperhead uses her power edge to shoot Cristol off into the ropes, swinging wildly again...]

SA: Clothesline ducked by Cristol - off the far side now!

[...and Cristol leaps into the air, using a crossbody to topple the larger woman to cheers from the AWA faithful!]

SA: Down goes Copperhead off the crossbody - Cristol gets the count from Shari Miranda of one... she's got- whoooooa!

[The crowd has a similar reaction as the powerhouse shoves Cristol off, pressing her off her prone form.]

DW: Now that's power, Big Sal.

SA: She sent Cristol flying on that one... and Cristol seems a little in shock at that show of strength there.

[On her hands and knees with her mouth hanging open in disbelief, Cristol scrambles up off the mat...]

DW: And Copperhead's actually the weaker of the two Serpentes in the strength department... so Kayla Cristol's gotta watch herself with these two because she's definitely giving up some beef in the size department.

[Cristol lunges at the rising Copperhead, looking to keep the pace up but Copperhead greets her with a rising knee to the gut, snatching a handful of hair as she drags her into the corner.]

SA: Copperhead turning the tide in this one... and in comes the Mamba off the tag...

[The Serpentine's wind up, each driving home a double axehandle to the back, driving Cristol down to all fours again where they alternate the hammer blows, battering her down into the canvas!]

SA: ...and what a mauling by these two powerhouses!

DW: The Serpentine's are never looking for something fancy when a sheer beating will do.

SA: And they're still going!

DW: Come on, ref! Get one of them out of there!

[We cut to a shot of Victoria June on the apron, grimacing as she watches her partner take a beating. She looks about to come through the ropes to intervene when Copperhead exits the ring at the referee's orders, leaving the legal Mamba in there with the downed Cristol.]

SA: The official manages to get Copperhead out of the ring... and just in the nick of time if the look on the Afro Punk's face is any indication.

DW: Oh, she was comin' for Copperhead... or maybe Mamba... whichever snake was in reach!

[The Mamba pulls Cristol off the mat, scooping her up into her powerful arms...

...and SLAMS her to the mat with her ring-shaking body slam that causes Miranda to stumble into the ropes for support as June and Copperhead both hang onto the ropes on the outside.]

SA: Mamba with that slam that certainly ranks right up there with the likes of Wallace and Colton.

DW: You measure a slam like that on the Richter scale, Big Sal.

[Sal chuckles as the Mamba stays on Cristol, hauling her up and tossing her back into the Serpentine's corner...]

SA: The Pistol in the wrong part of town again.

[Grabbing the top rope, Mamba measures her up...

...and DRILLS her across the collarbone with a standing clothesline!]

SA: OH!

[And another...]

SA: MY!

[...and another...]

DW: Get out of the corner!

[...and another...]

SA: The referee's counting!

[...and another...]

SA: Enough is enough!

[...and one final blow that leaves Cristol slumped down on the canvas as June glares into the ring, again seemingly on the verge of running in to help her downed partner as Mamba slaps Copperhead's hand.]

SA: Quick tags showing off the tag team experience of the Serpentine, working well together early on in this one...

[Copperhead grabs the top rope, pulling down on it as she grinds the sole of her boot into Cristol's throat!]

SA: A blatant choke in the corner by Copperhead... and as the referee counts her, she tags Mamba right back in...

[With Cristol down in the corner, Copperhead exits as Mamba rains down stomps on her upper body, the referee immediately counting her again as Victoria June has seen enough, ducking through the ropes to help her friend...]

SA: The Afro Punk is in and-

[...but the crowd jeers as Shari Miranda cuts her off, trying to force her back...]

SA: -no dice there. The referee's in and-

DW: TURN AROUND, SHARI!

[Dylan's cry comes as Copperhead drops to the floor, reaching under the ropes to choke Cristol again as Mamba continues to stomp the torso of the Pistol to jeers from the AWA faithful!]

SA: The fans here in Atlanta letting the Serpentine have it for this doubleteam in the corner but Shari Miranda is tied up with Victoria June who is trying to point out the doubleteam to the official but Miranda is focused on getting her out of the ring first.

[June throws up her hands in frustration and then grabs Miranda by the shoulder, turning the shocked official around to see the infraction...]

...and then Miranda dashes across the ring, starting her five count for the illegal attack!]

SA: Well, that's one way to do it.

DW: I don't know that I've ever seen that before.

SA: Me neither... and I definitely don't condone a wrestler putting their hands on the official no matter the situation.

[Miranda's count gets to four until Copperhead backs off, hands raised...]

"Okay, chica. Calm down, okay? We hear you."

[Copperhead smirks as she climbs back up on the apron, taking the tag from her partner in crime.]

SA: And another exchange for the Serpentine... that's gotta be four or five at this point and zero for the Country Punks so far. Kayla Cristol's gotta find a way to get out of that corner and get the Afro Punk into this match.

[Copperhead drags Cristol off the mat by the hair... and then uses the same grip on the hair to toss Cristol up into the air and down to the mat!]

SA: Ohh! A swinging hair mare by Copperhead and... and again, Copperhead is getting an earful from the referee who-

[As Miranda berates Copperhead, Cristol calls on her hands and knees across the ring...]

SA: Cristol's on the move! Copperhead's tied up with Shari Miranda and she doesn't know it! Cristol's closing in!

[Mamba is shouting at Copperhead who mutters something that probably would get her censored if it was any louder, rushing across the ring to try to...]

SA: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as a pissed-off Victoria June comes through the ropes and charges at the backpedaling Copperhead, swarming her with rights and lefts, driving her back into the neutral corner as the referee swivels to warn her now as well.]

SA: Victoria June had seen enough and she's out for payback now! She's letting out some of the frustrations from their loss last weekend and she's all over her!

DW: Harley Hamilton and Cinder seemed to think maybe getting under June's skin... getting that dark side of her personality out to play was a winning strategy but I don't know how smart that idea was watching this go down!

SA: June hammering away at Copperhead, back in the corner...

DW: She's big, she's strong, she's pretty wild in that ring... and honestly, I'm a little afraid of what would happen if she ever decided just to hurt people.

[Grabbing Copperhead by the hair, June smashes her skull into the Serpentine, causing Copperhead to sway on her feet, grabbing at her face...

...and June rips her hand away, throwing her head forward again...

...and again...

...and again...]

SA: A trio of headbutts by the Afro Punk sends Copperhead back into the corner, hanging onto the top rope with all she's got!

[June grabs Copperhead by the arm, whipping her from neutral corner to corner, sending her crashing into the turnbuckles...

...and as June follows her in, she leaps into the air, throwing herself into a flying splash/headbutt combo!]

SA: MOSH SPLASH IN THE CORNER CONNECTS!

[June steps back to the middle of the ring, throwing the Devil's horns up in the air as she forms her own little mosh pit mid-ring...

...but when she turns back to Copperhead, Mamba comes tearing across the ring with a devastating clothesline that flattens the Afro Punk!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: Totally illegal, Sal!

SA: Absolutely! Right in front of the referee as well! Shari Miranda can't believe it - she's struggling to keep any sense of order in this one at all!

[Miranda is bellowing at Mamba, forcing her back across the ring and out to the apron as Copperhead straightens up, rubbing at her skull, throwing herself onto the laid out June!]

SA: Copperhead makes the cover! Could this be it?!

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

SA: Nooooo! June slips out at two! The Afro Punk kicks out in time and this match continues here on the Power Hour!

DW: This is hard hitting, Big Sal. I don't know how these four women can take it right now.

[Copperhead pushes herself up off the mat, still a bit wobbly from the headbutts as she leans down to grab Victoria June...

...who plucks her into a small package!]

SA: SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE!

[The referee dives to the mat, the crowd counting along...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd deflates as Copperhead escapes the small package just in time!]

SA: That small package is becoming something a signature move for June - she used it to beat Kimmy Bailey and the-

DW: LARIATOS!

SA: ...right. And now she gets a near fall on Copperhead with it.

[June struggles up off the mat as Copperhead climbs back to her feet, arms raised over her head for a double axehandle...

...and June ERUPTS upwards, hand flying fast!]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: PALM STRIKE UPPERCUT!

DW: She just slapped the taste out of Copperhead's mouth!

[With Copperhead dazed but standing, June drops back into the ropes where Kayla Cristol slaps her shoulder...]

SA: Blind tag by the Pistol!

[...and June rebounds back, ducking a wild off-balance swing from Copperhead to hit the ropes again. An unaware Copperhead wheels around to face her and as June goes high, Cristol goes low - a crossbody/roiling leg tackle combo that wipes out the Serpentine to a big cheer!]

SA: What a double team by the Punks!

[June rolls out as Cristol grabs the legs, flipping over in a double leg cradle!]

SA: And now it's Cristol with the cradle - it could be... it MIGHT be... it...

[But Copperhead slips out in time, kicking out of the pin attempt to an audible sigh of disappointment from the crowd!]

SA: ...not enough to hold her down!

[Cristol climbs back to her feet, moving quickly towards Copperhead who is trying to get up off the mat...

...and then hooks the front of Cristol's tights, yanking her towards the corner where Mamba ROCKS her with a stiff forearm shot!]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

[Cristol slumps in the corner as Copperhead reaches up to slap Mamba's hand.]

SA: There's a tag, Mamba in off the exchange...

[Mamba pulls Cristol up, looping her arms over the top rope to keep her there as Mamba winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Big overhead chop by Mamba!

DW: Cristol will be feeling that one for a few days.

[Grabbing the arm of Cristol, Mamba drags her out to mid-ring, whipping her the short distance into the neutral corner before charging in after her...]

SA: MOUTHFUL OF BOOT!

[...and Mamba staggers backwards, her arms pinwheeling around as Cristol steadies herself, hopping up to the midbuckle. She throws the finger pistols in the air before diving off, twisting around!]

SA: And a flying back elbow finds the mark, taking the biggest woman in this match down!

[Cristol rolls to her knees, grimacing as she looks to the corner where Victoria June is waiting, arm outstretched...]

SA: And again, it's Kayla Cristol on the move, crawling on her hands and knees to the corner where her partner is waiting for her!

[Mamba rolls over onto her belly, reaching out to snatch Cristol by the ankle!]

SA: Mamba grabs her! She's keeping her in the ring!

[Cristol rolls to her back, twisting around to swing her boot down into Mamba's head once... twice... three times...]

SA: Cristol's fighting out of it, trying to kick her way free!

[Mamba scissors the ankle with her legs, leaning back far...]

SA: And there's the tag to Copperhead!

[Copperhead charges into the ring, getting a running start and leaping high into the air...]

SA: OHHH! Flying headbutt down onto the ribs of Kayla Cristol!

[Mamba lets go of the ankle, rolling from the ring as Copperhead gets off the mat, stomping the ribs once... twice... three times... and keeps on going until the referee demands a break as Cristol groans in pain on the mat.]

SA: The Serpentes turning their attention back to Kayla Cristol after just a short time out of the ring.

DW: Makes you wonder how smart it was for her to tag back in already.

SA: Cristol's got guts, we all know that. And maybe sometimes she makes strategic errors as those guts drive her decision-making.

[Copperhead hauls Cristol off the mat, grabbing a handful of tights...

...and HURLS her into the corner with a lift so that Cristol's midsection slams into the turnbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cristol bounces back, clutching her ribs in pain as Copperhead buries a boot in the midsection....

...and then gets wrapped up in an abdominal stretch, crying out as Copperhead cranks her backwards...]

SA: Now you talk about old school! Check this one out, Dee Dub!

DW: That loudmouth Bryson Page would hate this but I love it! Reminds me of the good ol' days watching my dad's company growing up.

[The referee leans in to check for a submission as Copperhead starts talking trash...]

"Tap out now, chica! You ain't going nowhere!"

[June paces helpless on the ring apron as her friend and partner is tormented by Copperhead.]

SA: Cristol screaming no - refusing to quit as Copperhead twists and torques the body of the Pistol... and Victoria June is trying to get her partner out of that hold and back to the corner to tag her in...

[June claps her hands over her head... and then starts stomping on the steps, urging the studio audience to encourage Cristol to escape...]

SA: The fans are solidly behind the Pistol! The Afro Punk's cheering her on and so are these fans in Atlanta as they witness another high intensity match here on the final Power Hour!

[Copperhead gives a hard yank on Cristol, glaring over at Victoria June...]

"Lotta noise, Ghosty. Come in here!"

[...and then JAMS the point of her elbow down into Cristol's ribcage, causing her to cry out in pain. June slaps the top turnbuckle in frustration, shouting "COME ON, KAYLA!" as she sticks out her arm as far as she can... which is nowhere near her partner unfortunately.]

SA: Copperhead keeping that hold applied... really working the body of Cristol here as June can do nothing but look on.

[Copperhead looks out on the cheering fans, giving them a little taunt as well as she jams the elbow into the ribs a second time, this time grinding the point of her elbow back and forth, digging into the flesh of Cristol who cries out in agony. June buries her face on the buckle, shaking her head...]

SA: Cristol looks like... I think she's starting to fade, Dee Dub.

DW: If it's been a while since I've seen an abdominal stretch put on, it's been even longer since I've seen someone submit to one.

SA: I'm not sure the Pistol is gonna quit... but she could pass out from the pain which would be just as good for the Serpentine who are fighting to get themselves into position to challenge either the Peach Pits or Seductive and Destructive for those tag titles after next weekend.

[Copperhead looks over to the corner where June is staring in helpless, flickering her tongue towards the Afro Punk as she cranks the hold again...]

"Your girlie's going out, chica!"

[June slaps the turnbuckle angrily again, stretching out an arm even though Kayla Cristol is several feet away.]

SA: Cristol is nowhere close enough to make a tag... June so desperately wants one though.

[June cups her hands to her mouth...]

"LET'S GO, KAYLA! LET'S GOOOOOOO!"

[...but Cristol's head is down, unmoving as Copperhead shouts "CHECK HER, REF!" to Shari Miranda!]

SA: Cristol may be out! The referee giving it a look here!

[Miranda grabs Cristol's limp arm, lifting it into the air...]

SA: The arm goes down once. If it drops three times, this one is over.

[Miranda signals one as she grabs the arm again, lifting it...]

DW: That's two, Sal!

SA: One more and it's over!

[She signals two, lifting the arm again...

...and while it drops, it stays up just before dropping all the way down!]

SA: NO! NO! CRISTOL'S STILL IN THIS!

[June breathes a sigh of relief as the crowd cheers loudly for Cristol's barely holding arm...]

SA: Cristol's trying to hang on, trying to-

[...and Copperhead cranks hard, shouting at June...]

"I'M GONNA RIP YOUR GIRL IN HALF!"

[...and cranks even harder, screaming as she does...]

SA: My oh my! Copperhead ripping and tearing at the body of Kayla Cristol and-

[The crowd ROARS as Victoria June comes charging into the ring, smashing a fist into the jaw of Copperhead!]

SA: OHH! BIG RIGHT HAND BREAKS THE HOLD!

[June grabs her friend before she can fall to the mat, checking on her...

...which allows Mamba to come into the ring behind her, arms raised over her head...]

SA: Mamba from behind and-

[...but June pivots in time, smashing a right hand into the stomach of Mamba before grabbing the back of her head, smashing the haymaker in once... twice... three times... four... a half dozen in total sending Mamba back across the ring as the referee complains all the while!]

SA: June's all over Mamba and- OHHH! Copperhead drills her from behind!

[Grabbing June by the hair, Copperhead HURLS her through the ropes to the outside, shouting "OUT WITH THE TRASH!" as she dusts off her hands...

...and then Mamba joins her in grabbing the downed Kayla Cristol off the mat, tossing her into the neutral corner where they take turns kicking her in the ribs over and over, the fans jeering loudly and the referee complaining just as loud!]

SA: It's a two on one with the Serpentes all over Cristol, trying to break the ribs, I think! Trying to do damage and-

[The crowd ROARS even louder as Victoria June rolls back into the ring...

...clutching the piece of the Empress Cup in her hands, rushing into the fray with it...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Copperhead in the back of the head with it, sending her flying through the ropes to the outside!]

SA: JUNE HITS HER WITH THE CUP!

[The referee takes one look and then waves her arms...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd groans as they realize what just happened...

...and then cheer once more as the pissed-off June smashes Mamba between the eyes with the Cup fragment, knocking her down on the mat where she rolls to the outside clutching her head!]

SA: Victoria June has cleared the ring with that piece of the Empress Cup and... well, I'm pretty sure we know the result of this one but-

[June angrily spikes the Cup over the top rope, breaking another piece off it as she glares out at the Serpentes who are huddled up on the floor backing away.]

TG: AWA fans, the referee has DISQUALIFIED the Country Punks for the use of a weapon...

[The crowd jeers as June takes a knee next to the hurting Cristol.]

TG: ...therefore your WINNERS of the match... THE SERRRRRPENTIIIIINES!

[Mamba raises her arm weakly as Copperhead shouts "YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT! WE WON THIS THING!" as June points a threatening finger at them as they back away.]

SA: The Serpentes pick up the win by disqualification... and Victoria June was just so angry, so frustrated by the end of that match... it's hard to blame her for what she did even though we knew the result.

DW: It's hard to see your friend getting hurt like that, Sal. Can't blame her one bit.

SA: And you get the feeling that we may not have seen the end of this particular rivalry as well. Maybe Victoria June and Kayla Cristol will get another shot at this duo down the road.

[June helps a hurting Cristol to a seated position on the mat, explaining what happened 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're on a black screen with the words "WOMEN'S WORLD TAG TEAM TITLE TOURNAMENT." A voiceover begins.]

"After weeks of battle..."

[Cut to shots of the Country Punks barely surviving their battle with Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey and the Slam Sorority attacking Lauryn Rage.]

"...after weeks of struggle..."

[Shots of Seductive and Destructive outsmarting the Serpentine and Donna Martinelli rolling up Laura Davis for a shocking pin.]

"...we have come to the final showdown."

[A graphic comes up showing Harley Hamilton and Cinder on one side of the screen and the Peach Pits on the other.]

"The first AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions are crowned..."

[A shot of the glittering title belts.]

"...next weekend in New Orleans at the Tenth Anniversary Show."

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on the interview podium where Theresa Lynch is standing.]

TL: Welcome back, fan- WHOA!

[Lynch jumps back as an irate Victoria June smashes an arm down on the wooden podium, spinning away as Kayla Cristol stands nearby, grimacing as she clutches her abdomen.]

TL: Take it easy, Victoria! Please!

[June throws a dismissive wave at Theresa as she storms off, leaving Cristol behind.]

KC: Sorry, Theresa.

[Cristol winces, seemingly having trouble even speaking.]

TL: I understand she's upset but... come on.

[Kayla nods.]

KC: Yeah, you're right. She lost her cool out here tonight and... look, I get it. I was hurtin'. I was in the kind of pain that I ain't felt a lot of in this business and I been injured a bunch. But I was still fightin', Theresa. I was still it... and I need her to know that. I'm not the opening match rookie anymore... I can stand on my own and fight and I think I showed everyone that last week...

[Cristol grunts, clenching her jaw.]

KC: ...and I'm gonna show 'em that on the first Showtime too.

[Theresa furrows her brow.]

KC: Serpentes, I know ya hear me. Whichever one of ya wants to get in that ring in two weeks... ya know where to find me.

[Cristol nods, reaching out a hand to pat Theresa on the shoulder.]

KC: See ya at the wedding, girlfriend.

[She winks, forcing a smile as she hobbles out of view, leaving Theresa behind.]

TL: A challenge issued! Kayla Cristol wants to go one on one with one of the Serpentes on the very first Showtime! As an old friend of ours would say... let's hook 'em up!

[Theresa grins as the crowd cheers.]

TL: Let's go the ring.

[We crossfade from the interview podium to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... to my left, from Jacksonville, Florida, and weighing 235 pounds, this is Jesus Valdez!

[A young Hispanic man with short brown hair and a mustache, dressed in a red wrestling singlet, kneepads and wrestling boots, waves to the crowd.]

"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"...

...TREEEEEEEEY CARRRRRRSONNNNN!

[Dave Cooper is first to come out, dressed in a white 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 remains undefeated here in AWA, but as impressive as he is in the ring - the more I watch him, the more I dislike his attitude.

DW: I'll just cut to it, Sal: This man is a bully and his manager seems to be encouraging that.

SA: We know about Dave Cooper's history in the ring... when he first came to AWA, he was one of the nicest men, but his attitude took a turn for the worse, and that same attitude seems to be shared by 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.]

DW: I know what you mean, Sal... I've talked to a couple in the back who remember Cooper from his earlier years and how he's the type you would look to for advice. But then, he joined up with the wrong people and, ever since, he's been more interested in hurting people and giving out the wrong advice!

[Carson walks to the center of the ring and 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: And one can only imagine what advice Cooper has been giving to Carson, who has yet to offer us any insight into who he is or why he'd associate with Cooper. Earlier tonight, we did catch up with the two men, but as you'll see, it was one person doing the talking.

[We cut to a split screen... on the right, we see Cooper and Carson discussing strategy, and to the left, Cooper and Carson stand next to each other backstage.]

DC: I heard a rumor that some people in the back don't like what they see The Big Man on Campus doing to his opponents. They say he plays too rough. They say he'd rather beat people up than win matches. They say he needs to be taught a

lesson. Well, I say, if that's what you believe, then maybe you should step forward and do something about it. After all, it seems all the people in the back are doing is cowering in fear. And if that's what they're going to do, then the Big Man on Campus will keep doing his thing, and that's dominating those who are foolish enough to step forward! Just witness what happens tonight if you want another example!

[The split screen goes away and now we go to the ring, where Carson is circling Valdez.]

SA: Carson with nearly a 100-pound advantage over Jesus Valdez, who is getting a tryout tonight.

DW: Some might call this a Davey versus Goliath matchup, Sal!

[Valdez goes to lock up with Carson, who immediately shoves the smaller wrestler back into the corner.]

SA: Valdez trying to match strength with Carson... he's game, but that may not be the best idea.

[Valdez then rushes forward, hitting Carson with multiple forearms.]

SA: Those blows are having no effect! Carson's just staring back at him!

[Valdez takes a couple of steps back, then leaps up into the air.]

SA: A dropkick! Now that may be the way! And there's another one!

DW: But the Big Man won't go down, Sal! He only staggered him!

[Carson takes a few steps back and Valdez then runs into the ropes, bounces off and leaps.]

SA: He's trying a cross body block... caught by Carson!

[Carson holds Valdez in his arms, then repositions him over his shoulder and starts walking around the ring.]

SA: Look at this! Carson carrying him around with ease!

[And then Carson stops, grabbing Valdez and slamming him down to the canvas.]

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON!

DW: It may be a simple slam, but Carson does it with authority!

SA: Valdez rolling to the ropes... now what's this?

[As Valdez rolls to the side of the ring, Carson steps toward him, planting his foot on the bottom rope and trapping Carson underneath.]

SA: He's choking Valdez with the bottom rope! Come on now!

[The referee puts the count on Carson, who breaks at the count of four. Meanwhile. Cooper is outside the ring nearby and points at Valdez.]

"YOU ASKED FOR THIS MATCH, YOU GOT IT, SON!"

SA: And Cooper putting the bad mouth on Valdez... now Carson's dragging him up.

[Carson pulls Valdez to his knees, slapping him in the face.]

SA: And Carson adding insult to injury!

[Carson then turns Valdez over, draping him over the second rope, then straddles him.]

DW: Uh oh... we've seen this before from the Big Man, Sal!

[Carson then leaps straight up, driving his weight across Valdez's back.]

SA: That's 325 pounds straight down!

DW: But he's not done!

[Cooper, outside the ring, points to Carson, who nods, then runs to the opposite side of the ring.]

SA: Carson into the ropes... he leaps... DAAANNNGEEERRR!

[Carson leaps right at Valdez, still draped across the ropes, and drives his weight into Valdez's back again.]

SA: Once again, 325 pounds straight across the back!

[Outside the ring, Cooper just smiles and shouts his approval.]

"THAT'S SHOWING 'EM, BIG MAN! SHOW 'EM SOME MORE!"

SA: What else could Carson have in mind?

DW: If it's Cooper giving him the direction, it can't possibly be good for Valdez!

[Carson pulls Valdez off the ropes, drags him to his feet, then lifts him straight into the air.]

SA: And Carson pressing Valdez over his head like he's nothing!

DW: That's just raw power, Sal!

[Carson walks around the ring for a few seconds, then tosses Valdez to the ropes.]

SA: Throat first across the top rope! Valdez is in a bad way!

[Valdez rolls around the mat, holding his throat, while Carson stands over him for a moment...

...then the Big Man on Campus raises his arm and extends his pointer, drawing boos from the crowd.]

SA: And Carson letting these fans know who is in control.

[Outside the ring, Cooper chuckles, then shouts at his charge.]

"NOW FINISH HIM OFF, BIG MAN!"

DW: Uh oh... you heard what Cooper said, Sal.

SA: I heard it and, right now, I'm thankful Carson may be about to end this thing.

[Carson reaches down to grab Valdez, pulling him to his feet and slapping his hands across his throat.]

SA: Carson has Valdez by the throat... he lifts him up...

[Carson takes Valdez off his feet, then releases him into a bearhug, before falling forward and slamming Valdez hard to the mat.]

DW: The Bottom Line, Sal!

SA: The bottom line is... this one is over... or at least, should be!

[Carson then covers Valdez as the referee's hand hits the canvas three times.]

SA: And thankfully Carson takes the pinfall.

DW: And Cooper's rolling under the ropes... what is he doing?

[Cooper points to Carson as he gets to his feet.]

"GIVE HIM ONE MORE!"

SA: Hold on... Carson has won the match! What are he and Cooper trying to prove?

[Carson drags Valdez off the canvas, his hands grasped around his throat, then he lifts him up again.]

SA: Not another Bottom Line! This is uncalled for!

DW: The referee's trying to get in there... wait a minute!

[As the referee shouts at Carson and warns him to stop, Carson promptly grabs the referee and shoves him hard into the corner...]

SA: Carson shoving Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller back into the corner and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Carson throws a big right hand, striking Miller on the ear and sending him crashing down in a heap on the canvas!]

SA: Trey Carson just struck an official! That's going to net him a big fine!

DW: At least! Suspend him, for cryin' out loud!

[Cooper, meanwhile, has just kicked Valdez in the ribs. He then points to Carson and shouts again.]

"Before we were so rudely interrupted... ONE MORE TIME, BIG MAN!"

SA: No, not another time! Somebody has to stop this!

[Suddenly, there's commotion from the crowd, then cheers.]

DW: Somebody heard your call, Sal!

SA: It's "Golden" Grant Carter!

[Carter runs out from the back, down the aisle, and rolls underneath the ropes. Carson is dragging Valdez off the canvas while Cooper is smiling, not noticing Carter...

...that is, until Carter spins Cooper around and hits him with a hard right hand.]

SA: Carter going after The Professional! Look at those right hands!

[Cooper is overwhelmed by Carter's assault and Carter eventually knocks The Professional through the ropes to the floor.]

DW: But Carter better look out... Carson's coming after him!

[By this point, Carson has noticed Carter, shoved Valdez aside, and hits Carter from behind.]

SA: A hard forearm by Trey Carson! Thank the Maker that Carter came out to help, but now, he may be in trouble!

[Carson then knocks Carter into the ropes, then grabs him by the arm and whips him to the other side.]

SA: Carson with the Irish whip... a clothesline... no, Carter ducks it!

[Carter comes off on the rebound, Carson going for another clothesline, but Carter ducks again.]

SA: Second one misses... Carter off the ropes... LOOK OUT!

[Carter has raised his own arm and hits his own leaping clothesline, which staggers Carson.]

SA: Carter caught him!

DW: Carson won't go down, though!

[Carter is quick to run back into the ropes a second time and charges forward.]

SA: Another leaping clothesline! Carter has Carson against the ropes!

[Once again, Carter is quick to run back into the ropes and rushes Carson again...

...and, this time, his leaping clothesline knocks Carson over the top rope.]

SA: Carter just cleared Carson out of the ring!

DW: Carson landed on his feet... but he's still in shock!

[Carson takes a couple of steps back, his eyes wide. Meanwhile, Carter takes up a defensive position, motioning with his hands and shouting at Carson.]

"You want somebody to step up to you? Here I am!"

[That draws cheers from the crowd.]

SA: "Golden" Grant Carter has answered the call! He's daring Trey Carson to get back into the ring!

[Cooper, meanwhile, has picked himself up, brushing off his shirt, then directs Carson to follow him. Carson takes a couple of steps back, but continues to keep his eyes fixed on Carter, his stare now showing less shock and more anger.]

SA: And it doesn't look like Cooper wants Carson to take up that challenge right now!

DW: Does Carson feel otherwise, Sal? Looking at him, he may be ready to take up Carter's offer!

[Carter watches Carson and Cooper as the latter two head toward the aisle. Carter walks toward Valdez, who is down on the mat, and kneels to check him, but keeps his head up, his eyes on Carson.]

SA: Grant Carter coming to the aid of Jesus Valdez and it looks like Cooper and Carson are on their way... hold on now.

[Carson and Cooper have walked toward Theresa Lynch, who is standing at the entrance stage.]

TL: Dave Cooper... we just saw what happened and...

[Cooper looks like he's ready to say something, but Carson raises his hand up, catching Cooper by surprise.

He then gestures toward Lynch and, then, we hear him say something.]

"Give me the mic."

[Lynch now looks surprised. Carson extends his hand, waiting, and Lynch hands the mic over to him. Carson then turns toward the ring and raises his finger toward it.]

"Hey, Carter! You want to mess with the Big Man on Campus! Huh! Be careful what you wish for, because soon, you're gonna get your wish!"

[Carter, who has been tending to Valdez, gets to his feet and gestures to Carson. You can then hear him say...]

"Any time you want, you got it!"

[Carson stares at Carter for a moment, then hands the mic back to Lynch. He turns to walk to the back. Cooper looks at Lynch, then speaks.]

DC: You were waiting to hear what the Big Man had to say, Theresa... well, there you go. I believe that's the end of the discussion!

[Cooper then follows Carter to the back.]

TL: Trey Carson went too far here tonight, fans... too far with his assault on an official... his post-match attack on his beaten opponent... and while his undefeated streak stays intact, it may not for long now that he's gotten the attention of "Golden" Grant Carter! And if I know Grant Carter, that match will happen sooner rather than later, fans!

[Theresa grins as GGC gives her a thumbs up from the ring.]

TL: Alright... fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be more tag team action featuring the former tag champs Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan taking on the Fawcett Family so do NOT go away!

[We fade out on Theresa...

...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 tag team action set to go down inside the ring as "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett stands in one corner, smiling darkly as Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy lurk behind him, the latter getting unhooked from a heavy chain attached to a collar around his neck by Harper Hannigan.

In the opposite corner, we see the former World Tag Team Champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, huddled up to discuss strategy as the referee prepares to start the match.]

SA: Welcome back to the final Power Hour here on ESPN as we're about to see tag team action unfold here in Atlanta as these two teams look to make a big impact and work their way up the list of contention.

DW: That's right, Big Sal. The former champs are currently ranked number four but with that big tag title cage match coming up next weekend, you know they'd like to be the next in line for a shot at the titles.

SA: That's true... but The Gold Standard should be next in line.

DW: IF Bret Grayson's healed up and ready to go... if Mifune's healed up and ready to go after that crazy fight out here earlier tonight for that matter.

SA: Somehow I think Mifune's ALWAYS ready for a fight.

[Referee Scott Ezra steps to mid-ring, waving an arm...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell sounds and here we go!

[Wes Taylor pats his partner on the back as Tony Donovan exits the ring, wheeling around and rushing to throw himself at a surprised Lost Boy, leaping into the air to smash a forearm into the jaw, putting Fawcett's "pet" in the corner.]

SA: Oh! Taylor right at the bell, bringing the fight!

[Taylor rocks and fire, uncorking a series of hard right hands wrapped up with an uppercut that snaps the Lost Boy's head back!]

DW: Somebody call the canine dentist 'cause the Lost Boy just got his jaw jacked!

[The Lost Boy lifts his arms, trying to throw up a sloppy shield to defend himself as Fawcett pounds the mat on the floor and Harper Hannigan paces angrily back and forth, the chain now hanging around their neck.]

SA: Fawcett and Hannigan on the outside... a dangerous combo for sure.

DW: What do you know about Harper Hannigan?

SA: Not a lot, Dee Dub. They're big, they're strong, and they're tough... and that's just from looking at them. But I can't wait to see what they can do inside the squared circle.

[Taylor grabs a handful of The Lost Boy's topknot, guiding the beast out of the corner towards the middle of the ring as Crowley takes an angry swipe at him.]

SA: Crowley and The Lost Boy have gone a long time without teaming together... so you'd imagine that the former champs will have an edge in that department.

[With a scoop of the near 300 pounder, Taylor slams him down with great effort on the mat... and then drops to a knee, grabbing the hair as he pistons his right hand repeatedly into the skull of the wild one.]

SA: Taylor's all over him and-

[The uncontrollable Crowley comes through the ropes, looking to attack but the official throws himself in his path, preventing him from coming any further. There's a big smirk on Taylor's face as he regains his feet, waving a hand at "Pretty Porter."]

SA: Crowley wants in there but the official's not letting that happen...

[Pulling The Lost Boy off the mat, Taylor shoves him back into the corner before slapping his partner's hand...]

SA: ...and there's a tag to Tony Donovan who we saw on Saturday Night Wrestling conversing with Tiger Claw and... that was a very interesting chat, Dee Dub.

DW: It was, it was... and I got the feeling that Donovan wanted it to continue while Wes Taylor had a very different idea.

SA: The Taylor clan not on the best of terms with Tiger Claw these days and Wes certainly let his partner know that.

[Donovan steps in, joining his partner in laying some heavy boots into the midsection of The Lost Boy, leaving him gasping for air in the corner.]

SA: The former champs working him over... two-time champs at that... and when you look back on the history of the tag team division in the AWA as we approach the Tenth Anniversary Show next week, you have to look at this duo as one of the best, Dee Dub.

DW: That's a tough list to crack, Sal. You got great teams like Kentucky's Pride... like the Bishop Boys... like the Blonde Bombers... Jones and Hammonds... Air Strike... VU for crying out loud!

SA: All great teams for sure... and you have to wonder if we'll see any of those teams next weekend in New Orleans when we celebrate that big birthday show.

[Donovan uses a suplex to snap the Lost Boy over to the mat, floating into a lateral press for a two count before a kickout breaks it.]

SA: Crowley looking for a tag...

DW: Maybe he should be waving a doggie treat at him.

[Sal chuckles as Fawcett bellows at The Lost Boy, trying to get him to the corner as Donovan regains his feet, burying a punt kick into the ribs of the brawler, sending him howling onto his back as Donovan glares across at Crowley, Fawcett, and Hannigan who promptly invites Donovan to join them on the floor by whipping the chain down on the apron a few times.]

SA: Look at Hannigan out there. They're not backing down from the thought of fighting Tony Donovan at all.

[Crowley smashes his hand down on the top turnbuckle a few times shouting "HERE BOY! HEEEEEEERE!" at his partner as Donovan shakes his head in disbelief, pulling The Lost Boy to his knees...

...where he lunges forward, smashing his skull into Donovan's midsection!]

DW: Right in the breadbasket!

[From his knees, The Lost Boy grabs Donovan by the hair, smashing his skull into Donovan's sending him flying down to the mat.]

SA: The Lost Boy takes him down... crawling now...

[And he slaps the offered hand of Crowley, tagging into the match...]

SA: ...and there's the tag to Crowley!

[There's the slightest bit of a cheer for Crowley from a few fans in the Center Stage Studios... and the camera cuts to show a row of four fans all dressed in black tuxedos, going wild for Crowley as he smashes Donovan across the face with a clothesline!]

SA: Ohh! Clothesline to the face! Crowley doing damage!

[Donovan promptly rolls to the outside, grabbing the bridge of his nose as he shouts "HE BROKE MY NOSE! HE BROKE MY-" and then quickly cuts the complaining, backing up a step as a cackling Hannigan comes around the corner, chain hanging from their mouth as they bite down on the steel.]

SA: Donovan on the outside - face to face with Harper Hannigan and-

[With Donovan's head turned, Crowley rolls to the outside, grabbing him by the back of the head...]

SA: -FACEFIRST INTO THE APRON!

[Taylor shouts a complaint to the official as Crowley keeps his grip on Donovan's hair, pushing his face down on the mat as he rakes back and forth, cackling madly as he does...]

SA: Crowley's trying to rip Donovan's face apart!

[The official starts a count on Crowley who shoves Donovan under the ropes into the ring, rolling him back in.]

SA: Donovan's down on the mat... Crowley coming in after him...

[Donovan tries to push up off the mat as Crowley rushes in, smashing a knee into the side of Donovan's face!]

SA: Kneelift finds the mark - down goes Donovan again!

[Dropping to the mat with a clubbing forearm across the nose, Crowley starts mauling Donovan with rights and lefts and forearms to the face of the former champion who covers up to defend himself.]

DW: He's all over him, Sal! He's all over Donovan!

[Taylor looks on with concern as Crowley climbs to his feet, a twisted grin on his face as he grabs at his own face, patting himself gingerly.]

SA: Donovan's in a bad way right here and now and he's looking for a way out.

[Up on all fours, Donovan tries to crawl across to his corner but Crowley shakes his head angrily, grabbing two hands full of hair, yanking back on Donovan's head, torquing his neck...]

SA: Crowley won't let Donovan get close to the corner... won't let him get close to Taylor's outstretched hand...

[Crowley uses that grip on the hair, dragging Donovan up and tossing him over into the corner. He drives a knee up into the midsection once, twice, three times, bringing Donovan down to a seated position in the corner...]

SA: Donovan's down in the neutral corner... and Crowley's looking to finish him off!

[Crowley backs off, taking aim on Donovan as he heads straight back into the other neutral corner, his back touching the buckles...]

SA: Hannigan slapping the mat, shouting at Crowley to finish this!

["Pretty" Portersprints across the ring, looking to drive his knee into the face of his seated and cornered opponent...]

SA: RUNNING KNEEEEEEEEE- NO!

[...but Crowley's knee SLAMS into the midbuckle as Donovan rolls out of the way, sliding out to the floor as Crowley misses the mark!]

SA: Donovan gets clear and-

[Donovan reaches under the ropes, yanking Crowley's legs out from under him, gripping a leg on either side of the steel ringpost...]

SA: In the corner and...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Donovan wraps Crowley's knee around the ringpost, causing him to howl in pain!]

SA: ...AND DONOVAN PUTS HIS KNEE INTO THE POST!

[The referee strongly reprimands Donovan who backs off, hands raised pleading his innocence as Crowley writhes in pain on the mat, clutching his leg.]

SA: Tony Donovan puts this match strongly on their side with that vicious attack to the leg... and is that the kind of thing Tiger Claw wants to see out of him?

DW: It's the kind of thing Tiger Claw would do for sure... no mercy at all. But let's not act like Taylor and Donovan are Boy Scouts, Big Sal. We all remember the stuff they pulled as part of the James Gang... am I still allowed to say that?

SA: What are they going to do? Remove you from commentary?

DW: Too soon, my friend. Too soon.

[Back inside the ring, Donovan drags Crowley out of the corner by the leg, reaching out to slap his partner's hand before pinning the ankle down to the mat, stretching out the limb...]

SA: Taylor's back in off the tag and... ohh! Leaping stomp! Right down on the knee!

[Donovan departs the ring as Taylor stomps the knee again... and again... and again...

...and then comes to an abrupt halt, pointing a finger up at the top of the ramp where we see Tiger Claw has emerged and is standing on the stage.]

DW: What's this about now?

SA: Tiger Claw has arrived here on the final Power Hour! The former World Champion... the Hall of Famer... and arguably the most dangerous man in professional wrestling at one point. He's here and he's got his eyes on this ring where Wes Taylor does NOT look pleased to see him.

[Taylor points to Claw again, leaving Crowley down on the mat to recover as he throws a glance at his partner...]

"What's he doing out here, Tony?!"

[Donovan shrugs with a "I don't know, Wes! Stay on Crowley!"]

SA: Wes Taylor obviously distracted by the arrival of Tiger Claw out here... but his partner, Tony Donovan, is trying to keep him on his game.

[Taylor gives a nod, throwing one more look at a stoic Claw before turning back towards a crawling Crowley, grabbing his ankle...]

DW: He got what he wanted... for the moment anyways. Taylor stops the tag and... OH, HE SLAMS HIS KNEE INTO THE MAT!

[The crowd groans as Taylor viciously drives the kneecap down into the canvas!]

SA: That's the kind of move that can rupture a kneecap. Crowley in all sorts of pain down on the mat and... what's Taylor doing now?

[Taylor again approaches the ropes, staring up at Claw.]

"We don't want you here, Claw!"

[Claw has no response for the son of his longtime ally and enemy as he watches the action unfold inside the ring. Donovan walks along the apron, grabbing his partner by the arm who angrily shakes him off.]

"This is all your fault, Tony! You got involved with him and-"

[Tony wildly points across the ring...]

SA: Crowley's almost to the corner! Crowley's-

[...and Taylor whips around, rushing across the ring...]

SA: TAG!

[...and runs right into a haymaker from the Lost Boy that sends him spilling backwards towards the middle of the ring. The wild-eyed Lost Boy steps through the ropes, howling at the crowd as Taylor rushes in again...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the Lost Boy lifts him up in powerful arms, twisting him to set over his shoulder before driving him down in a ring-shaking powerslam!]

SA: POWERSLAM BY THE LOST BOY PLANTS TAYLOR!

[A panicked Tony Donovan comes through the ropes, looking to intervene...]

...and The Lost Boy leaps into the air, throwing his body with arms flailing madly into a crossbody that wipes him out!]

SA: DOWN GOES DONOVAN!

[Donovan rolls to the outside, cradling his ribs as The Lost Boy climbs off the mat, howling again at the fans - some of whom howl along with him this time.]

SA: The Lost Boy's got the former tag champs on the run!

DW: They had this thing under control until Claw showed up!

SA: It sure looked that way and...

[The Lost Boy pulls Taylor off the mat, whipping him into the corner...

...and charges in after with 302 pounds crushing him into the buckles!]

SA: ...AVALANCHE!

[Fawcett nods eagerly as The Lost Boy stumbles backwards, grabbing at his own hair and yanking madly...]

DW: What in the world...?

SA: I'd say this guy's not playing with a full deck but I think he may have only been dealt jokers!

[...and as Taylor stumbles out of the buckles, The Lost Boy grabs him by the ears, leaping into the air to smash his skull down between the eyes!]

SA: LEAPING HEADBUTT!

[Taylor flops backwards into the wrong part of town as a gleeful Crowley slaps his partner's hand, hobbling his way through the ropes. He steps to mid-ring as The Lost Boy grabs Taylor by the hair, flinging him out of the corner...]

SA: Crowley's in and waiting... lifts him up!

[...and Crowley stands in mid-ring, gingerly putting weight on the battered knee as he holds Taylor aloft in a fireman's carry...]

SA: We haven't seen it in a while but we know what's coming next!

[...and shoves him off, swinging his knee up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DAMAGED GOODS!

[Taylor slumps motionlessly to the mat as Crowley dives on top of him and The Lost Boy drops to all fours, snarling and growling at Tony Donovan as he looks to get back inside the ring...]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

DW: Wow! That's gotta be a big upset, Sal! It's gotta be!

[Fawcett pumps a fist excitedly as Harper Hannigan lets loose a howl of their own, smashing the chain down on the ringsteps to cause quite the ruckus.]

SA: Crowley and The Lost Boy take the win here in Atlanta! A big upset - as you said, Dee Dub - here on the final Power Hour! Crowley and The Lost Boy defeat the former World Tag Team Champions... and that's gotta do wonders for their chances of breaking into the ranking of contenders!

[We cut to the ramp where Tiger Claw looks... disgusted?]

SA: Tiger Claw certainly didn't like what he saw here but-

DW: But he caused it, Sal! It's all his fault!

SA: Well, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan certainly fell off the same page when Claw arrived but I don't know if you can say it's ALL his fault, Dee Dub.

[Inside the ring, Wes Taylor is rolling under the ropes, grabbing his head in pain as Tony Donovan loops an arm over his shoulders with a "we'll get 'em next time."]

SA: Donovan trying to console his partner on the outside as the Fawcett Family celebrates their victory inside the ring... a big win as we said... and-

[Taylor shrugs off his partner's attempt to comfort...

...and then angrily steps away from the ring, pointing a finger towards the stage.]

SA: Uh oh! Uh oh!

[Taylor stomps up the steps towards an unmoving Claw.]

SA: We've got a problem here on the Power Hour and-

[The crowd lets loose a collective gasp as Taylor angrily delivers a two-handed shove on Claw, sending him a few steps back. Claw almost looks amused though, not responding in the slightest.]

SA: Taylor put his hands on Tiger Claw and in some eras, that would be enough to earn the beating of a lifetime but-

[Donovan comes rushing up the steps after his partner, wrapping his arms around his torso to prevent him from going any further. Taylor angrily tries to shake free as Claw continues to stare at him.]

"I TOLD YOU TO STAY AWAY! I TOLD YOU WE'RE NOT INTERESTED!"

[Claw doesn't react at all as Taylor shouts at him, Donovan trying to settle him down.]

"We need him, Wes! We need to listen to him!"

[Taylor angrily rips free of his partner's grasp, looking at his friend with disbelief...

...and with a shake of his head, he storms off, leaving Donovan standing alongside Tiger Claw on the stage as the Center Stage Studios crowd buzzes over what just went down...

...and as Donovan and Claw walk out of view together, we fade to Theresa Lynch standing at the interview podium.]

TL: Some interesting developments right there between Tiger Claw and his... perhaps potential allies in Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. You have to wonder how much of that conflict is centered around the situation involving Brian James. Of course, Mr. James was suspended by AWA officials recently for his suspected involvement in the attack on Johnny Detson in Toronto back at SuperClash. We've been told that the final decision in that case as well as any potential punishment for those actions will be announced at the Tenth Anniversary Show next weekend. Tune in for that information... but shifting gears... in just a few moments now, we're going to have the penultimate match in our inaugural Run The Rankings gauntlet with the Number Three Contender to the World Television Title, Omega, taking on the Number Two Contender to that same title, Atlas Armstrong.

[The crowd boos the Almighty One lustily as Lynch grins.]

TL: Atlas Armstrong, of course, is coming off a Saturday Night Wrestling Main Event matchup when he was in the ring with my brother, James, at his side taking on the team of Supreme Wright and the World Champion, Supernova... elite company to be sure. And with the addition of Veronica Westerly to his corner, many are saying that Armstrong is suddenly the man to beat in this gauntlet. When you add his new allies to his already impressive undefeated streak, he certainly seems to have momentum on his side... but if I've learned one thing during all my time at this podium here on the Power Hour, it's never count out the man from Neptune.

[Lynch smiles at the cheering crowd.]

TL: Now, let's go to the ring to see who comes out on top of this one!

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

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is the Semifinal match in the Run The Rankings gauntlet!

[A big cheer goes up!]

TG: Introducing first...

[The sounds of "Superstar" by Andrew Lloyd Webber ring out over the PA system to an explosion of jeers from the AWA faithful.]

TG: ...hailing from Big Sur, California... weighing in at 294 pounds... being escorted to the ring by his manager, Veronica Westerly...

...he is the ALMIIIIIGHTYYYYYY... ATLASSSSSS ARRRRRRMSTRONNNNNNG!

[The boos intensify as the curtain parts and a smirking Veronica Westerly walks into view, striding confidently to the edge of the stage where pauses, fist on her hip which is cocked out to the side as she absorbs the boos from the crowd...

...and then pivots, arms up to welcome the arrival of her charge who walks arrogantly into sight, a silver cape hanging around his massive frame as he joins her at the front of the stage, looking out with a dismissive smirk at the booing fandom.]

SA: There he is, Dee Dub... a man whose name has been on the lips of fans all over the world this past week after he took part in the Main Event of our last Saturday Night Wrestling teaming with James Lynch to take on Supreme Wright and the World Heavyweight Champion, Supernova.

DW: He not only took part, Big Sal... but at the end of the night, he was still fighting with those two and the whole world saw that Atlas Armstrong isn't just some kind running through tomato cans. The Almighty Atlas is unpinned... unsubmitted... and he took everything the champ and Wright had and kept coming back for more.

[Reaching the ring, Westerly enters first standing center ring as Armstrong follows, joining her in the middle where she snatches off the cape, leaving his exposed and powerful torso bare for all to see. He quickly strikes a pose, earning more boos from the fans as his music starts to fade.]

SA: The music coming down for the Number Two contender to the TV Title... now let's see the guy who won two weeks ago against "Golden" Grant Carter to get here.

[There's a buzz in the building as Armstrong awaits his opponent...]

"NO EVIL CAN ESCAPE..."

"...OMEGA!"

[With a flash of light, accompanied by John Barry's majestic "Overture" from "The Black Hole," a caped figure in black, royal blue, and gold emerges from the entrance to a large reaction from the crowd. He crooks his elbows, places his wrists just above his hips, and turns his palms upward.]

TG: And his opponent... from Neptune... THIS. IS. OMEGAAAAAA!

[The weedy Omega charges down the aisle, his cape billowing behind him, occasionally outstretching his hands to slap palms with the adjacent fans.]

SA: Omega may be coming into this one as a physical underdog, fans, but no one can doubt his fighting spirit... his heart... and his intestinal fortitude as he gets ready to take on... as you said, a man who is unpinned and unsubmitted in his time in the AWA so far.

[Omega slides into the ring, leaving his cape on the floor. He climbs onto the middle rope and cuts another of his trademark "Omega poses," before nodding and giving a cool "thumbs up" to the fans.]

SA: Alright, fans... the entrance are done, the hype is over, and it's time to see who will be moving on to the Final Stage of the first Run The Rankings challenge in two weeks on the very first Showtime here on ESPN.

DW: My dear sister there giving a few final words of advice to her man before exiting and we're about ready to get this show on the road.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, Atlas Armstrong arrogantly approaches the Neptunian from across the ring, smirking as he looks across at his much smaller opponent.]

SA: And right away, you can't help but notice the size disparity between these two competitors - Omega giving up about eight inches of height and almost a hundred pounds of weight...

DW: He's gotta run, he's gotta stick, he's gotta move, he's gotta fly... and that's just to survive. I don't know what he's gotta do to stand a chance of winning.

SA: And of course, as I just mentioned, the winner in this one moves on to two weeks from tonight - the Showtime premiere - to face Whitiri in the Run The Rankings finals to see who will move on to face the World Television Champion, Odin Gunn, in the very near future.

[The Almighty Atlas beckons Omega to center ring with a "show me what you got, little man!"]

SA: Omega slowly moving out of the corner... he doesn't want to engage in a test of strength... no tieups, no lockups. Like you said, Dee Dub... stick and move.

[Omega pauses, looking a little uneasy at Armstrong who swings his powerful arms across his muscular torso...]

...and makes a lunge at the smaller man who ducks down, moving swiftly under Armstrong's outstretched limbs!]

SA: Swing and a miss by Armstrong, trying to wrap him up but Omega moves a little bit quicker...

[With a grin, Omega looks to the crowd and points to his temple.]

SA: ...and yes, perhaps outsmarting the bigger competitor in the opening moments of this one. Veronica Westerly - your sister, Dee Dub - at ringside with her newest charge, Atlas Armstrong, and telling him to not lose focus... to keep his eyes on Omega...

DW: She knows what's she doing... and Armstrong made a good move in signing on with her. Much better than that runt Mickey Cherry.

[Omega turns to face Armstrong again who looks a little more angry as he squares up, moving in on the Neptunian again...]

SA: Armstrong trying to get his hands on Omega again...

[But as Armstrong goes high a second time, Omega goes low, ducking under and scampering away...

...and striking his Omega pose to big cheers from the crowd!]

SA: ...and a little pose for Omega and for these Power Hour fans as we tick down the time here on the final Power Hour.

[Armstrong leans against the ropes, fuming now as he glares at Omega. Veronica moves closer to the ropes, muttering to Armstrong who nods his head a few times, listening to her advice.]

SA: And again, we've got Veronica Westerly trying to keep Armstrong on track... Omega's been using that quickness so far but how long can he play keepaway with his own body from the big man?

DW: He's got the move, now he needs the stick.

[Armstrong moves quicker this time, not giving Omega time to use his space to his advantage and when Omega ducks down, Armstrong closes the distance quicker, wrapping his powerful arms around the head and neck in a tieup.]

SA: He gets caught! Armstrong hooks that collar and elbow...

[Omega struggles against it, trying to push back to avoid going back into the ropes...]

SA: ...and Omega's trying to fight his way out, trying to-

[The crowd jeers as Armstrong lets loose a booming laugh at Omega's futile efforts to force him back...

...and with a mighty lift, Armstrong keeps a loose collar and elbow on Omega as he flings him sideways, spinning across the ring before he hits the canvas!]

SA: Whooooa!

DW: Now THAT'S power, Big Sal!

SA: It sure is. Atlas Armstrong tossed him like a Frisbee!

[Armstrong stands over him, lifting those powerful arms, striking a double bicep pose to jeers from the AWA faithful as Omega scrambles to his knees on the mat, looking up in shock at the bigger competitor.]

SA: The fans aren't too happy to see the Gun Show here in the ATL but Armstrong's giving it to them anyways.

[Westerly can be heard shouting "STAY ON HIM! STOP POSING AND GET ON HIM!" from the outside, spurring Armstrong to move in on the kneeling Omega who drops to his back, rolling under the ropes to the floor.]

SA: Armstrong tried to move in on him but Omega's a step ahead, rolling to the safety of the outside...

[Armstrong starts to pursue but the referee steps in, waving him back. The Big Sur native angrily complains, pointing at Omega who takes a little walk around the outside of the ring.]

SA: ...and Armstrong's arguing with Koji Sakai now. He wants Omega back in there and Sakai wants Armstrong to stay in the ring and let Omega get back in on his own terms.

DW: Omega better watch himself out there, Big Sal.

[Omega circles the ringpost, keeping an eye on Armstrong as he takes a moment to regroup on the outside...

...and ends up nearly walking right into Veronica Westerly who confronts the Neptunian with a stream of shouted insults, ordering him back into the ring.]

SA: Veronica Westerly giving Omega an earful out there...

[The crowd breaks into laughter as Omega swings an arm up abruptly, shouting "TALK TO THE FINGERS, MISSY!"]

SA: Talk to the... fingers?

DW: They do things a little different on Neptune, Sal.

[Omega walks away from Westerly who is standing slackjawed as she glares at Omega...]

SA: Well, Veronica Westerly just got put in her place... sort of... and-

[...and now an agitated Armstrong steps past the referee, climbing out on the apron, leaping off with a double axehandle on the surprised Omega, knocking him down on the canvas!]

SA: ...and Atlas Armstrong lowers the boom on the outside, flattening Omega just like that, Dee Dub!

DW: Omega took his eye off the ball, messing around with my sister on the outside and paid the price for it. And now he's in trouble, Sal.

SA: He sure is. Omega's at the mercy of Atlas Armstrong with a spot in the Finals of this Run The Rankings gauntlet on the line.

[Armstrong leans down, pulling the masked man off the barely-padded ringside floor. He scoops him up, lifting him effortlessly overhead in a gorilla press!]

SA: Armstrong presses him straight up! That's over 200 pounds and Armstrong didn't even expend any effort at all!

[A toss of Omega sends him through the ropes, smashing down on the mat as Armstrong turns towards the jeering fans, striking a pose for them...]

DW: He's doing it again, Sal! All that posing is what got him in trouble last time and...

[...and then throws an angry dismissive gesture at them as they continue to boo the big man. Armstrong turns back to the ring, grabbing the ropes to pull himself up on the apron...]

SA: Back up on the apron now and- dropkick by Omega!

[The crowd cheers the surprise attack from Omega who hits the mat, scrambling quickly back to his feet...]

SA: Make it another one!

[...and throws a second dropkick to the chin, staggering Armstrong who clings to the ropes to stay on the apron...]

SA: Omega's right back up, Armstrong wobbly and-

[...and then throws one more to the jaw, leaving Armstrong to sink to a knee, still on the apron.]

SA: Armstrong's down! He didn't go all the way down but Omega's got him shaken... but can he take advantage of it?

[Omega climbs off the mat, giving a swing of his arm to clear the referee out of his way as he races to the corner, leaping up to the middle rope, springing back...]

SA: DROPKICK!

[...and connects with another dropkick, both feet to the face, sending Armstrong flying off the apron and crashing down on the floor to huge cheers!]

SA: OMEGA TAKES HIM DOWN!

[Omega climbs up off the mat, looking out at the cheering fans as the referee starts to count Armstrong out of the ring...]

SA: Omega's got these fans solidly behind him! They want to see him break the undefeated streak and cash that ticket to the Finals! Can he do it? Can Omega make the unthinkable happen here tonight?

DW: Armstrong's not unbeaten, Sal. He's lost by countout before... but nobody's pinned the big man or made him submit.

SA: Could that change tonight? If it does, Omega's got a date with Whitiri!

DW: And wouldn't that make their six man tag next weekend a little more interesting?

[...and with Armstrong trying to get back to his feet on the outside, Omega runs to the ropes, springing back with speed...]

SA: OMEGA ON THE MOOOOOOVE!

[...and HURLS himself between the ropes, diving into a tope on Armstrong that sends the big man sailing backwards, falling onto the entrance steps awkwardly as the fans ROAR for the dive! Inside the ring, we can see referee Koji Sakai throw his arms in the air in shock, grabbing at his own head in surprise.]

SA: AND OMEGA FINDS THE MARK! Omega with the suicide dive through the ropes, driving Armstrong back into the entrance staircase over here by us!

DW: A heck of a dive and Armstrong is shaken up! This is NOT going the way he expected, Big Sal.

SA: It's not going the way Veronica Westerly was expecting either, Dee Dub. She's beside herself out here and I'm sure you've seen that look a few times growing up.

DW: More than a few, my friend.

[With Armstrong stunned and in jeopardy, Omega pumps a fist as he climbs up the entrance steps, getting about two-thirds of the way to the top as he turns back towards the ring, raising his arms over his head as the referee counts both competitors out...]

SA: The fans in Atlanta are going wild for this young man looking to win one for all of them here tonight! Can you imagine this guy versus Whitiri on the very first Showtime battling for a shot at Odin Gunn?

DW: I can't imagine anyone WANTING a shot at Odin Gunn... but it'd be a heck of a match, Big Sal.

[Armstrong pushes up off the stairs, grimacing as he reaches around to grab at his lower back in pain. Veronica frantically points behind him, warning him that Omega is looking to strike again...]

SA: Omega's gonna fly again!

[...and as Armstrong staggers in a circle to face him, Omega leaps off the entrance steps in a crossbody...]

SA: OFF THE STAIRS!

[...but the powerful Armstrong snatches him out of the sky!]

SA: CAUGHT! CAUGHT!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Armstrong stands, facing the entrance stage with Omega's helpless form in his mighty clutches...]

...and then DRIVES him down across a bent knee!]

SA: BACKBREAKER! TRYING TO SNAP HIM IN HALF!

[And the Almighty Atlas rises back to a standing position, still holding Omega across his torso as the referee continues to count, now up to "FIVE!"...]

SA: He's not done either! Armstrong's back up, Omega in his grasp...

[...and then pops his hips, HURLING Omega backwards and over his head, throwing him violently down on the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: FALLAWAY SLAAAAAM!

DW: Just tossed him he was nothing! Like a sack of trash!

[Armstrong climbs to his feet, all business as he glares out at the jeering crowd. He seems about to pose once more but this time, he shakes his head, turning back towards the ring and the downed Omega as the referee’s count hits “SEVEN!”...]

DW: You see that? Right there? It looked like he decided against posing so he could stay on Omega... and that shows me this young man may be learning something under Veronica’s guidance already.

SA: It could be or he might’ve heard the referee’s count which is up to eight now. If both competitors get counted out, Whaitiri would be declared the winner of Run The Rankings and earn his shot at Odin Gunn’s title... the title that Whaitiri’s been trying to get back around his waist since September 30th of last year.

[Reaching down, Armstrong pulls Omega off the mat by the back of the tights, chucking him back under the ropes into the ring. He crawls under the ropes after him, joining him inside the squared circle...]

SA: Both men back inside the ring now - Omega down on the mat as Armstrong climbs to his feet, standing over him...

[As Omega pushes up to all fours, Armstrong lifts his sculpted arms over his head, clasping his hands...]

SA: ...DOUBLE AXEHANDLE HAMMERING DOWN ON THE BACK!

[...and then raises his arms again, watching as Omega tries to push up again...]

SA: AND AGAIN DOWN ACROSS THE BACK!

DW: And if the back wasn’t hurting after the backbreaker... after the fallaway slam on the floor, it’s hurtin’ for certain now, Big Sal.

SA: Omega grabbing at the lower back as Armstrong softens him up, thinking ahead for that powerful backbreaker rack submission of his that we’ve seen used on so many competitors.

[Armstrong slowly walks around the dazed and hurting Omega, looking out on the jeering crowd...]

“This your guy? Your superhero?”

[The big man smirks as he leans down, wrapping his arms around Omega’s torso in a gutwrench...]

SA: Armstrong hooks him and-

[...and with a deadlift, he pulls the two hundred pounder off the mat, tossing him halfway across the ring with a gutwrench toss where Armstrong doesn’t even leave his feet!]

SA: -OHHH! What a throw! Armstrong continuing to toss Omega to and fro across the ring!

DW: And usually when you see that move, the guy giving it throws himself to the mat too for extra impact. Not this guy. He just tossed him. Chucked him like old news.

[And this time, he strikes a pose, flexing the muscular arms as the crowd jeers and Veronica Westerly bellows for him to "finish this now, big man!" Armstrong gives her a nod, turning back towards the downed Omega...]

SA: Veronica Westerly wants Atlas to end this... to lock in his date with Whaitiri two weeks from tonight on the big premiere of Showtime here on ESPN.

[Armstrong again grabs Omega by the back of the tights, dragging his limp body off the mat...

...and right into position to lift him for the rack!]

SA: He's gonna rack him! Atlas gets him into position!

[But as he leans down to lift, Omega starts raining down elbows on the back of Armstrong's neck, over and over and over...]

SA: Omega's fighting it! Omega's fighting back!

[...and breaks free of Armstrong's grasp, rushing to the ropes, leaping to the middle one, springing back as he twists into a crossbody...]

SA: CROSSBOD-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd gasps as Armstrong UNLOADS with a hammer blow to the sternum, spinning Omega out of the sky and down to the canvas in a wrecked heap!]

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO! Omega went for a big move there - a high risk move for sure - and the risk did NOT pay off this time. Armstrong clubbed him out of the sky like a surface to air missile!

DW: It looks like Omega got hit with a missile too! He's laid out, Sal - he might be done!

SA: Omega's down... he's hurt... he's wiped out after that blow and as we close in on ten minutes into this matchup, you've gotta think the end could be near for the undersized and perhaps overmatched Omega.

DW: I'm not sure there's a "perhaps" in there, Big Sal. We all love Omega. He's a crowd favorite and I've never heard anyone - except Odysseus Allah maybe - say a bad word about him. But even his biggest fan might think he's in for a rough night at the office against the likes of Atlas Armstrong.

[Armstrong stands over him, looking out to Westerly who nods confidently, gesturing at him...]

SA: Will he be looking for the rack again?

[...and the Big Sur native leans down to drag Omega's limp body off the mat, holding him aloft by the hair...]

SA: Not this time!

[...and UNCORKS a standing lariat, flipping Omega inside out before dumping him on the back of his head on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: That's gotta be it.

[Armstrong nods, sinking to a knee and then down into a lateral press...]

SA: Armstrong's got him down - it could be... it might be... it is- NO! IT'S NOT!

[The crowd ROARS at the surprising knockout by Omega, narrowly getting his shoulder off the mat before the three count falls.]

DW: I can't believe it, Sal! I can't believe my eyes!

SA: You're not alone in that, Dee Dub! Omega lives! Omega kicks out just in time and he's still in this thing... he's still in this Semifinal battle to see who will move on to face Whitiri in the Finals of this Run The Rankings event.

[Armstrong glares at referee Koji Sakai who holds up two fingers at him. Westerly shouts "forget him - stay on Omega!" A grumbling Armstrong nods again.]

SA: Westerly doing all she can to keep Armstrong's focus on the match, on his opponent, and on his potential future title shot at Odin Gunn after he was in the biggest match of his life last weekend in that Main Event with a former World Champion and the current World Champion.

DW: And James Lynch.

[Sal chuckles as Armstrong drags a barely-moving Omega off the mat again, pulling him to center ring by the hair, holding him up and glaring at him...]

SA: He's gonna do it again, fans!

DW: Omega's head is barely on his body at this point!

[Armstrong flexes his arm he's going to use for the lariat, rearing it back...]

SA: LAAAARIAAAATOOOOO!

[...but as he swings it, Omega slips free from his grasp, leaping up, snatching the powerful arm...]

DW: WHAT?!

[...and scissors the off-arm with his legs, dragging the off-balance Armstrong down to the mat in a crucifix!]

SA: CRADLE OUT OF NOWHERE! HE'S GOT ONE! HE'S GOT TWO! HE'S GOT THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And the crowd ERUPTS in jeers as it's Armstrong's turn to just BARELY escape defeat!]

SA: He almost had him! He almost had him!

[Omega pounds a fist down into the mat in frustration as Westerly clutches at her chest on the outside.]

SA: Omega was a heartbeat away from ending the unpinned streak of Atlas Armstrong and look at Veronica! She knows EXACTLY how close that came! Can you imagine her reaction if she signed this guy as her new client and then he lost his streak right away?

DW: Yes, I can... and it wouldn't be pretty.

SA: Hell hath no fury like a Westerly embarrassed?

DW: Something like that. Just ask my dad.

[Armstrong struggles up off the canvas, moving swiftly towards the still-rising Omega...]

DW: Omega trying to get up and- OH! DROP TOEHOLD INTO THE CORNER!

[The crowd ROARS as Armstrong gets tripped up into the corner, his face bouncing off the midbuckle before his torso slips through the ropes.]

SA: The fans are behind him! The crowd is going NUTS for the Neptunian! He's got a shot, Dee Dub!

[Omega grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the top...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and drops a leg across the back of Armstrong's head and neck, snapping him down over the middle rope before the Almighty Atlas slumps back into the ring, reeling from the surprising offense!]

SA: Armstrong's down and Omega's got the chance of his career right here!

DW: Do it, kid! Make yourself famous!

[Omega climbs up on the apron, wincing with every movement, grabbing at his lower back as he grabs the ropes, looking down at Armstrong who is trying to recover on the canvas...]

SA: Armstrong's down and Omega's going up! Omega's looking to finish this one right here and now, fans!

[Omega puts a foot on the top rope, saluting the cheering fans before stepping to the top as Armstrong regains his feet...]

SA: OMEGA OFF THE TOP!

[...and leaps into the air, driving his feet into the chest of Armstrong, knocking him flat on the canvas! The crowd roars as Omega crawls, diving across Armstrong's massive chest!]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...NOOOOO! ARMSTRONG KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Omega buries his face in his hands as he kneels on the mat, shaking his head as Armstrong tries to get up off the mat.]

SA: Omega's got the Center Stage fans behind him - will it be enough to carry him over the finish line? What's it gonna take to put down Atlas Armstrong in a way that no one else has in his time in the AWA so far?

[Omega pushes up off the mat as Armstrong gets to a knee, raining down rights and lefts on him...]

SA: The Neptunian's all over him, hammering away at the Almighty Atlas!

[...but Armstrong reaches up, blinding shoving Omega away, sending tumbling backwards in a somersault. The big man gets to his feet as Omega scrambles up off the mat...]

SA: Omega coming for him!

[...and rushes Armstrong who wildly swings a baseball bat of an arm at him, Omega ducking under, leaping to the middle rope...]

DW: He tried this before!

[...and springs back, twisting around...]

SA: CROSSBODY CONNECTS! ARMSTRONG DOWN AGAIN!

[The referee slaps the mat, the crowd counting along...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE KICKS OUT AGAIN! ARMSTRONG POWERS OUT AT TWO AND CHANGE AND THE MATCH GOES ON!

[Omega rolls to a seated position on the mat, looking up with disbelief at the official who holds up two fingers, then shows how close it was with the other hand.]

SA: So close for Omega - we're over the ten minute mark in this one but Omega's got plenty of time to try to finish off the big man.

[Omega pushes up off the mat, shaking his head as he does...]

DW: Now's not the time to get caught up on the count or the kickouts. Omega's gotta find a way to finish this.

[...and then raises his hand to the sky, wiggling his fingers...]

DW: Oh no... no, no, no, no!

SA: Is he calling for the chokeslam?! This is NOT a good idea, Omega!

DW: He's got a chance to beat Atlas Armstrong and he's going to try to chokeslam a guy who outweighs him by a hundred pounds?!

[But as Omega tries to get into position, he spots Veronica Westerly up on the apron, shouting at the official...]

DW: Get her down from there!

SA: The referee's trying to do exactly that! Trying to get Veronica off the apron and-

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as someone comes dashing in from out of the crowd, diving headfirst under the bottom rope...]

SA: -JAMES LYNCH! JAMES LYNCH IS IN! THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE LYNCH FAMILY!

[...and swings Omega around into a right hand...]

SA: Big right hand!

[...and Omega fires back in kind!]

SA: Omega returns the favor! We've got a fight on our hands!

[Veronica reaches out her arms, snatching the official around the head, pulling him closer to keep him from seeing the outside interference...]

SA: Omega and Lynch! Omega and Lynch!

[...which gets worse as Armstrong comes into the mix, hammering Omega from behind with a double axehandle to the back of the head!]

SA: Ohhh! Armstrong from the blind side! And now we've got a two on one!

[Armstrong holds the arms as his teammate drives right hands into the midsection of the trapped Omega, the crowd jeering loudly...

...until they're not!]

SA: POLEMOS! THE GOD OF WAR IS COMING TO EVEN THE ODDS!

[Polemos comes rapidly down the staircase, sliding headfirst under the bottom rope. James Lynch gets grabbed by the shoulder and swung around into an uppercut!]

SA: HE GETS LYNCH!

[Armstrong shoves Omega away, coming at Polemos with his arm cocked back...]

SA: AND AN UPPERCUT FOR ARMSTRONG AS WELL!

[Armstrong stumbles backwards as Polemos rushes forward, throwing another uppercut that sends James Lynch flipping backwards over the ropes down to the outside!]

SA: LYNCH GETS SENT TO THE FLOOR...

[Polemos whips around, tugging his glove into place...]

SA: HE HOOKS HIM! HE HOOKS HIM!

[...and with Veronica's eyes wide as the referee is still distracted and the crowd going nuts, Polemos lifts the 295 pounder into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CHOKESLAM! CHOKESLAM ON THE ALMIGHTY ATLAS!

[Polemos quickly bails out as a shocked Westerly lets go of the official who wheels around just in time to see a crawling Omega dive on top of Armstrong!]

SA: IT COULD BE!!!

[The referee slaps the mat once...]

SA: IT MIGHT BE!!!

[...and again...]

SA: IT...

[...but before the three count can come down, James Lynch hooks Koji Sakai by the ankle, dragging him under the ropes to the outside!]

DW: DAMN HIM! DAMN YOU, JAMES LYNCH!

[The crowd is jeering crazily now as the official spills out on the floor, leaving Omega a hair away from victory!]

DW: He had it won, Big Sal! Polemos hit the chokeslam and that unpinned streak was falling tonight!

SA: James Lynch just saved his partner's bacon, I do believe, Dee Dub!

[Polemos comes stomping around the ring, grabbing James Lynch and rocking him with a right hand... and another... and another...]

SA: Polemos is bringing the thunder on the outside to James Lynch! Payback is hell at the hands of the God of War!

[A dazed Armstrong rolls to the outside, smashing a forearm in the back of Polemos' masked head, driving him down to his knees. Lynch straightens up, slamming his boot repeatedly into the chest as Armstrong kicks him in the back.]

SA: And now it's Polemos taking a pounding from Westerly's men!

DW: Armstrong's still got a match!

[The referee retreats to the ring, starting a ten count on Armstrong as he grabs Polemos' mighty arms, holding them as Lynch continues to pummel the masked man's head...]

SA: James Lynch is doing a number on him with the help of Atlas Armstrong outside the ring... the crowd is going wild - this whole scene is nuts, Dee Dub!

DW: The Power Hour is going out with one heck of a bang, Big Sal!

SA: You got that right... wait... hold on now! Don't do it!

DW: Don't do this, kid!

[The crowd is buzzing as Omega is back on his feet and is climbing...]

SA: Omega climbing the ropes, climbing to the top!

[...ignoring the protests of the official as Omega gets closer to the top, stepping one foot up on it as he looks over near the entrance staircase where his partner and friend is being assaulted by Lynch and Armstrong!]

SA: OMEGA'S UP TOP! HE'S ON THE TOP HERE ON THE POWER HOUR!

[Omega stands tall, arms raised over his head...]

DW: Don't do it, kid!

[...and HURLS HIMSELF into the Center Stage Studios sky, soaring through the air with his body at full extension...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and WIPES OUT everyone on the floor with a crossbody off the top rope, toppling Armstrong, Lynch, and even his own partner down on the barely-padded floor!]

SA: LET THE BODIES HIT THE FLOOR HERE ON THE POWER HOUR!

[The crowd is ROARING for the death-defying dive as everyone lies sprawled out on the floor, Veronica Westerly looking on in shock as the referee steps towards the ropes, taking a look to make sure no one's seriously injured...]

SA: Everyone's down! Lynch is down! Polemos is down! And most importantly, Armstrong and Omega are down because like you said, Dee Dub - we've still got a match!

DW: And a damn important one too because the winner of this one faces Whitiri two weeks from tonight on the premiere of Showtime to see who wins this Run The Rankings challenge!

SA: We've got bodies all over the place out here... all over the floor down here at ringside...

[The official takes one more look and then calls out... "ONE!"]

SA: ...and we've got a count being laid down by referee Koji Sakai... remember, if both men are counted out, Whitiri wins! Whitiri gets the title match!

DW: I don't know if anyone's getting up after that, Big Sal.

"TWO!"

SA: Veronica's over there, shouting at Armstrong, demanding he get up off the floor... he took the brunt of that crossbody by Omega though...

DW: He may have hit his head on the floor, Sal.

SA: It's certainly possible.

"THREE!"

SA: But Omega slammed right down on the floor... his back had already been punished throughout this match...

DW: The ultimate sacrifice for his friend there.

"FOUR!"

SA: Referee Koji Sakai checked to make sure both men could continue and then - to his credit - he did his job. He got in there and started counting whether we like it or not. No one wants to see this match end like this... no one wants to see Run The Rankings end like this but...

"FIVE!"

DW: Halfway there.

SA: And neither one of them have moved an inch towards the ring. We've still got people down... some movement now but no one's heading towards the ring. Not yet at least.

"SIX!"

[And with a grunt of effort, Omega rolls out of the pile, throwing his arm up into the air to a ROAR from the Atlanta crowd!]

SA: Omega's got the arm up! He's pointing to the ring but pointing ain't crawling!

"SEVEN!"

[The crowd jeers as Armstrong sits straight up with an anguished roar, his eyes locked on the ring and the counting Sakai as Westerly shouts at him "GET UP! GET UUUUUUUP!"]

SA: Westerly screaming at her man!

"EIGHT!"

[Omega crawls on his hands and knees towards the ring, clearing a few feet towards the squared circle as Armstrong struggles to roll to a knee, looking up at Sakai through weary eyes...]

SA: The count's still going! Neither man is close yet! Neither man is there!

"NINE!"

SA: Nine! It's at nine!

DW: Come on, kid! Get there!

[Armstrong pushes up to his feet, stumbling forward, catching his hands on the apron as he falls to a knee again...

...which is when Omega surges up, rushing forward, stepping on the shoulder of Armstrong, and throws himself through the ropes in a rolling somersault to a shocked reaction from all!]

"TEN!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! OMEGA BEATS ARMSTRONG! OMEGA BEATS ARMSTRONG!

[The camera closes on the shocked face of Atlas Armstrong as he looks into the ring, eyes wide as he sees the referee march over to grab Omega' hand, raising it into the air to a thunderous ROAR from the AWA faithful!]

TG: YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH BY COUNTOUT... MOVING ON TO THE FINALS OF THE RUN THE RANKINGS GAUNTLET...

[Graham takes a deep breath, a grin on his face...]

TG: ...OOOOOOOOOOMEEEEEEEEGAAAAA!

[Omega has an exhausted but giddy expression on his masked face as he allows the referee to help him to his feet, throwing his arms into the air over his head!]

SA: He couldn't pin him! He couldn't tap him out!

DW: No one has!

SA: But on this night, Omega will take the countout, fans! Because that means he's one step closer to getting a shot at the AWA World Television Champion!

[As Omega celebrates his victory and Atlas Armstrong and Veronica Westerly complain loudly on the outside, 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 on a shot of the empty ring in the middle of our studio audience. The crowd is buzzing over the night's action and what's still to come when suddenly...

...the familiar voice of Freddie Mercury echoes throughout Center Stage.]

Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time..
I feel AIIIIIIII--IIIIII---IIIIII-vvvveee
And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.
I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.
Don't. Stop. Me.. !

["Don't Stop Me Now" plays to a fairly mixed reaction from the crowd.]

SA: It's Alphonse Green! The former AWA Television Champion is here to see off Power Hour as well!

[Green is dressed in a bright blue suit, that seems to be a little too big for him, but he doesn't care. He grins as he heads towards Theresa at the interview podium.]

SA: The fans here in Center Stage do remember the last few times Green appeared on AWA television. The former leader of Gang Green didn't go out on the best of terms with the AWA faithful before reaggravating his foot injury.

DW: I remember when he tried to muscle in on the Down Boys and the Epitome of Cool at Eternally Extreme 2, Sal. It was their moment! Some of these fans don't seem to have forgotten that.

SA: Green saw red that night, and they made his heart spill out on the floor.

[Green seems to be in high spirits despite the mixed reaction, and he shakes Theresa's hand excitedly.]

TL: Well, this was out of nowhere but it's good to see you back on AWA television, Alphonse Green!

[Green nods his head.]

AG: Thank you, Theresa, and congratulations on your upcoming wedding!

[Theresa beams, but as a professional, she's curious about the sudden appearance of the former Television Champion.]

TL: And thank you, Alphonse. We're all wondering though - what are you doing back on the Power Hour?

AG: Well, this is the final Power Hour, ain't it? I've had all sorts of ups and downs on this very program over the years, an' the last time y'all saw me, the downs for your old pal couldn't get much lower. The reason for one of those downs... well, I can't lie to ya, Theresa. What happened to Mickey Cherry couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

[The crowd surprisingly boos at that statement. Green raises his eyebrow in confusion.]

TL: While it's true Cherry had cost you a chance to get back in the hunt for the AWA Television Title, Atlas Armstrong went way too far when he split from his long time manager. You've seen what happened to him.

AG: [Nodding.] I get it, I get it..

[Green lets out a sigh.]

AG: Havin' that no-good varmint cost me a match right when I was gettin' the victory kinda put me in the headspace I've been in for quite some time. I ain't got sympathy for that guy.. took a little bit of time to try to pick up the pieces, an' right when I had that last piece picked up.. I banged up my foot again. Foot injuries, folks, don't get 'em, trust me.

[Green chuckles.]

AG: Anyways, Theresa, I'm out here to see if this ol' kicker..

[Green points to his foot.]

AG: ...can resume it's butt kickin'. If so, maybe I can get back in that AWA Television Title picture.. or maybe.. just maybe..

[Green rubs his chin.]

AG: I can take one of them Jordan Ohara National Champion open challenges...

[The crowd buzzes at the idea of that showdown but Green holds up a finger.]

AG: But.. first things first. We got this Tenth Anniversary Show comin' up, right?

TL: That's right.

[Green nods his head.]

AG: Ya see, I had an idea. I wanted to put somethin' together for the show. I felt like it was kind of a long shot 'cuz I imagined the big wigs and Zharkov were busy puttin' everything together, dottin' Is, crossin' Ts, makin' phone calls, burnin' the midnight oil to get the best possible show ready.

Still, I made a call, an' I was surprised that they listened to my idea! I actually pulled some strings! I couldn't believe they went for it, considerin' what's on their plate right now.

[Theresa looks curious.]

TL: Well, don't keep us in suspense!

[Green grins.]

AG: They gave me the go ahead to come out here in front of all y'all beautiful fans and announce that at the Tenth Anniversary Show, we're gonna have an Alphonse Green Invitational Battle Royal!

[The crowd cheers at this announcement, and Green smiles a wide smile.]

AG: Anyone on the AWA roster that's not in a match is eligible! Anyone who doesn't have a contract and wants to impress the AWA brass? Also eligible! Heck, get some legends to show up! Everyone's invited to the biggest party of the year in New Orleans!

And.. get this. It's not a battle royal unless Alphonse Green's in it! That's right! I'm declarin' myself the first entrant in the battle royal! I've lost my crown, an' it's time to get it back! So whaddaya say?

Would you like to ride... with Alphonse Green?

[There's a decent sized reaction for the catchphrase and with a wide smile, Alphonse Green slides off to the side, exiting stage right as Theresa turns back to the camera.]

TL: Apparently a new match was announced for the Anniversary Show! The Alphonse Green Invitational Battle Royal! I'm excited to see who may be taking part in it - maybe we'll see people we haven't seen in a long time on AWA Television... but right now...

[She sighs.]

TL: It's just about time to put this ol' Power Hour into mothballs. But we've got one more match to go and before we go to the ring, let's hear from the other team in this big trios Main Event. Mariah, better you than me, girlfriend!

[We cut backstage where Mariah Wolfe stands, a bemused smirk on her face.]

MW: Thanks, Theresa. You owe me big.

[She clears her throat, getting her professional on.]

MW: I am backstage here at Center Stage Studios where we are now just moments away from the final Main Event in Power Hour history - a trios match pitting Ricki Toughill, Michelle Bailey, and their one night only partner Harley Hamilton against my guests at this time... the Peach Pits!

[On cue, the trio of Shannon Walsh, Kelly Taylor, and Donna Martinelli slide into view. All are wearing some combo of peach and pink with glitter aplenty.]

MW: Ladies, first of all, congratulations on your big win last weekend against the Slam Sorority which earned your spot in the Women's World Tag Team Tournament Finals next weekend against Cinder and one of your opponents tonight, Harley Hamilton...

[Martinelli makes a disgusted face while Taylor feigns gagging in the background. Walsh does not participate in said shenanigans, her hands gripped together tightly in front of her as she nods with anticipation.]

MW: ...and secondly, thanks for taking a break from getting ready for-

[Martinelli utters a "UM!" as she throws up her hand to cut off Wolfe.]

DM: Tut, tut, tut... Theresa Lite, there's no reason to get ready... when you stay ready. And make no mistake about it, the Peach Pits are ready... ain't that right, girls?

[Taylor nods as Walsh speaks up.]

SW: We're ready. We're ready for next weekend against Cinder and Hamilton and we're ready tonight for this so-called team that's on the verge of collapse before the bell even rings.

[Wolfe arches an eyebrow.]

MW: There's no doubt that they may have some teamwork issues but-

[Martinelli throws up her hand again, Wolfe getting a little annoyed this time.]

DM: Speaking of "no doubt"... do you know how the world's greatest trio celebrates a win like we had last weekend, Mariah? Do you?

[Wolfe shrugs.]

DM: I called up my good friend Gwen Stefani...

[Wolfe gives an incredulous look at Martinelli.]

DM: ...and I told her that the Peach Pits were coming her way and we wanted to party like we'd never partied before. And of course, she was happy to oblige because I AM her Hollaback Girl.

[Taylor pipes up.]

KT: And this girl is BANANAS... B-A-N-

[Wolfe interrupts.]

MW: Please, no spelling.

[Taylor scoffs, mouthing "how rude" as Martinelli continues.]

DM: Don't worry your pretty little head, Mariah. We won't make you think about the tough stuff like spelling and math. You can focus on the matter at hand which is how we're going to slice and dice those three girlies tonight... we're going to break 'em down... we're going to divide and conquer... we're going to turn them upside down, sideways, over and under... and when we're done, they'll all be fighting with each other AND us.

[Wolfe nods.]

MW: A sound strategy, I'm sure... but they're not the only ones with some hard decisions to make going into this one. Donna, we all saw your conversation with your cousin Michelle Bailey last weekend and-

[Walsh interrupts.]

SW: We don't need to talk about that, Wolfe.

MW: We don't?

SW: No. The Peach Pits have discussed it amongst ourselves and we know EXACTLY what Bailey was trying to pull last weekend. She was trying to get into Donna's head... just like you're trying to do. Because the fact of the matter is that Michelle Bailey doesn't give a DAMN about Donna.

[Donna looks a little uneasy about this talking point.]

SW: If she did, it wouldn't have been Laura Davis who used her stroke to get Donna out of CCW... it would've been her loving cousin. It would've been Bailey who has known Michaelson for YEARS who went down there in person and got Donna sent to this locker room. But it wasn't. Because Michelle Bailey doesn't give a damn about anyone but herself... her pipsqueak daughter...

[Wolfe's eyes go wide.]

SW: ...and of course, her silly schoolgirl crush, Juan Vasquez.

[Walsh glares into the camera.]

SW: And if Michelle Bailey thinks I'm wrong... she can come out there tonight and prove it, Wolfe.

[Martinelli awkwardly nods in agreement.]

DM: That's right! And I'd just love to see her try! And while Shannon is taking care of my selfish cousin, Kelly and I are going to make Ricki Toughill wish she'd taken the week off before her title match.

[Wolfe waits... and waits...]

MW: And Harley Hamilton?

[Taylor leans in, grabbing the mic.]

KT: Oh, we're saving the best of us for her, Mariah... because we want her to go back to the E-Girl MAX locker room with her tail between her legs and tell Cinder...

[Taylor suddenly speaks with a weird accent.]

KT: "We can't do this. We mustn't try! We shall forfeit immediately and deliver all the gold upon the greatest tag team in all of professional wrestling history - THE! PEACH! PITS!"

[Taylor grins as Wolfe shakes her head.]

SW: Get ready to deliver a message, Hamilton...

[And Donna smirks.]

DM: ...and welcome to the tragic kingdom...

[Dramatic pause.]

DM: ...bitches.

[She suddenly puts on a fake shocked look, covering her mouth bashfully as she shuffles away with a giggling Kelly Taylor and a focused Shannon Walsh.]

MW: No shortage of confidence in the Peach Pits as they get set for trios action here on tonight's Power Hour Main Event! Now, let's head out to the ring for the introductions!

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

TG: The following trios contest is scheduled for one fall with TV time remaining and is the final MAIN EVENT in Power Hour history!

[The crowd cheers big for that!]

TG: Introducing first...

[The sparkly pop sounds of Carly Rae Jepsen's "Cut To The Feeling" bounces across the PA to mostly jeers from the AWA faithful.]

TG: ...from Beverly Hills, California... SHANNON WALSH, KELLY TAYLOR, and DONNA MARTINELLI.... THE PEEEEEEEEEEAAAACH PITSSSSSS!

[The announced trio comes through the curtain - Martinelli and Taylor coming first, a bounce in their step as they enter in their matching peach-colored windbreakers. Walsh is the last one through, a more serious expression on her face. Martinelli's in booty-hugging peach-colored spandex shorts with "PEACH PITS" written across the rump in silver glitter as she trades an excited high ten with Taylor who is dressed in similar attire. Walsh goes with long tights instead, her hair tied back in a tight ponytail as she brushes past her partners, making a beeline for the ring.]

SA: Now this is a trio who has been on a serious roll so far in 2018, Dee Dub.

DW: They beat Rage and Cashmere... they beat the Slam Sorority last weekend with Martinelli pinning Davis in a huge shocker... they're a week away from the biggest match of their lives... and before they do that, they're going to be in the OTHER biggest match of their lives!

SA: They've gone from being a team that many considered a laughing stock last year to a unit that has proven to be effective and quite dangerous... as those two teams you mentioned can testify to. But it remains to be seen if they can get the rest of the way up the mountain. Can they beat this All-Star team of women's wrestling here tonight AND go on to win those titles next weekend in New Orleans?

DW: We're about find out the first half of that.

[Hitting the ring, the Peach Pits go their separate ways, mounting turnbuckles to play to the fans... well, Taylor and Martinelli do. Walsh hits the corner, shadowboxing against the buckles as the music starts to fade. Center Stage is buzzing with excitement as the crowd eagerly awaits the entrance of Ricki Toughill, Michelle Bailey, and Harley Hamilton.]

TG: And their opponents...

["Slide" by The Goo Goo Dolls, begins to play, as Ricki Toughill and Michelle Bailey, emerge from the entrance way to a loud roar of cheers from the crowd. The confusion on their faces is almost immediate, as soon as they hear the music playing over the PA system. As they give each other questioning looks, we see Harley Hamilton, sneaking up behind them and putting an arm over their shoulders, asking them, "Do you like it? I picked out the music, myself!" Toughill shoots Harley a dirty look, immediately shrugging Hamilton's arm off her and starts walking to the ring. Meanwhile, Michelle gently takes Harley's arm off her shoulder and says, "Let's walk to the ring."]

SA: It seems like the last second addition of Harley Hamilton has added a lot of turmoil to this team.

DW: You're not telling us we didn't already know, Big Sal. Toughill absolutely hates E-Girl MAX and you better believe the feeling is mutual. I'd bet anything that Harley Hamilton is doing as much as humanly possible to get under Ricki Toughill's skin.

SA: Well, Interim President Zharkov did say that Harley Hamilton had to wrestle or else she would be suspended, but he didn't say she had to be a good teammate or cooperative.

[The three members of the team are each wearing a sky blue "#TeamBride" shirt over their wrestling gear, with Hamilton in Amber Gold's shirt, which is about three sizes too small for her, having the sleeves cut off and a precise cut down the middle of her neckline, turning it into a v-neck. Hamilton, wearing a spare outfit of

Bailey's, looks like a palette swap of Michelle, who wears sky blue in comparison to Hamilton's light blue, light pink, and white stripes. Meanwhile, Ricki Toughill, is in the "#TeamBride" shirt and her schoolgirl kilt.

Reaching the ring, Michelle Bailey, hops up to the ring apron and turns to the crowd, waving at them. However, to her shock, she is then joined by Hamilton, who puts her arm around her shoulder and sings along with the song, singing the lyric "What you feel is what you are and what you is beautiful!" to her. Michelle blushes with embarrassment and quickly steps through the ropes and into the ring. As Hamilton turns to the ring, she is met by Toughill's icy gaze and returns it with an equally nasty glare, before she too steps between the ropes.]

SA: I'm not exactly sure what's going on with Harley Hamilton here but... this is a plot line to keep an eye on through this one no doubt.

DW: Speaking of No Doubt... do you really think Martinelli knows Gwen Stefani?

SA: Highly unlikely, Dee Dub. Even in the early days of No Doubt, I don't think they played the same shopping mall circuit that Martinelli did as a teen pop sensation.

[The music fades as the trios quickly retreat to their respective corners, huddling up... well, Toughill is very deliberately a step or two back from Hamilton making less of a huddle on that side. The referee calls for the discussions to end, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The final Main Event in Power Hour history is underway and I've been waiting with baited breath for this one, Dee Dub.

DW: You think you got one more Power Hour match left in ya, friend?

SA: I think I do. How about you?

DW: As our good friend Sweet Lou would say - one more for the road!

[With the bell rung, the two teams have their final discussions before exiting, leaving Shannon Walsh on one side and Michelle Bailey on the other.]

SA: Now this is an interesting pairing here... and it's a matchup I know Shannon Walsh was looking forward to.

DW: Walsh has got that MMA background - she's trained in the grappling and submission arts.

SA: But so is Bailey who trained under the watchful eye of Billy Classon and Jeremy Rhodes, two of the best on the mat you'll ever encounter. This should be a fascinating test of skills between two top flight artists on the canvas.

[The two grapplers circle each other once, sizing up the opposition before finally coming together in a collar and elbow tieup in the middle of the ring, their respective partners cheering them on from their corners.]

SA: Bailey and Walsh with the locker... Bailey's got a little bit of a strength advantage here, I think, and right away, we see her pushing back, powering Walsh back a pair of steps...

DW: Harley Hamilton in the corner clapping, shouting "COME ON!" to her partner - you buying any of that, Sal?

SA: Well, I believe that Harley Hamilton ALWAYS wants to win... so if encouraging her one-night-only partner gets her to the pay window, I believe she's forthright in that.

[Bailey's power edge is being put to good use when Walsh suddenly slips out of the tieup, sliding into a go-behind, snatching a waistlock on her opponent...]

SA: Nice move by Walsh and-

[...and promptly lifts her off the mat, twisting as she throws her facefirst to the mat with a takedown!]

SA: -WAISTLOCK TAKEDOWN BY WALSH! She got Bailey up high for that one, Dee Dub... and she stays right on her, wrapping up the legs, pushing down on the ankle to stretch out the ankle, the knee... working those legs here early on.

[Bailey grimaces, clawing at the mat as Hamilton slaps the top turnbuckle a few times, drawing an annoyed glare from Ricki Toughill.]

DW: Look at that... Ricki doesn't even like the way Hamilton cheers, Big Sal.

SA: That situation seems like a powderkeg set to blow at any moment. Of course, we know Ricki Toughill is a week away from getting another at Julie Somers and the Women's World Title... and Harley Hamilton and E-Girl MAX have done their level best to make Ricki think that there's something going on between the Spitfire and everyone's least favorite mean girls. And I'll tell you... when it comes to Hamilton and her gang causing problems, the limit does not exist.

[Bailey smashes a hand down into the mat as Walsh torques the limb a little more, nodding her head as the referee checks to see if the Platinum Princess wants to quit.]

SA: Referee Shari Miranda checks on Bailey who refuses to give up early on in this one... but that hold is well-applied and she's having difficulty escaping it.

[As Bailey refuses to give in again, Walsh pushes back to her feet, moving to shift her grip on the legs...

...which allows Bailey to roll to her back, bridging up off the mat to wrap her legs around Walsh's head, flipping her over and down onto her back with a headscissors takeover to cheers!]

SA: Oho! A nice counter there by Bailey... and now it's Walsh who is down on the mat trapped in a submission hold.

[Bailey quickly transitions from the headscissors to a grounded side headlock, putting Walsh on her back... but immediately lets one arm slip, trying to hook it around Walsh's right arm...]

SA: And now she's taking a page out of the MMA game of Walsh, looking for a head and arm choke or perhaps an Anaconda Vise!

[Walsh struggles against the grasping arm, trying to keep it far enough from her head to prevent the hold from being secured...

...but Bailey brings up her legs, scissoring the defending arm to isolate it while she reaches across for the off-arm!]

SA: Bailey getting closer! Going for the other arm now and-

[But as she reaches for it, Walsh swings her free arm up in a brutal open-handed strike driven into the bridge of Bailey's nose to an "OHHHH!" from the AWA faithful.]

SA: -right to that formerly broken nose!

[The single strike causes Bailey to abandon her attempt, rolling away from Walsh and out to the floor, grabbing her face with concern as Walsh takes a knee on the mat, smirking at her.]

SA: The nose was broken last summer by Kelly Kowalski and it wasn't until the fall that Bailey was cleared to compete without protective gear. You know that injury isn't far from her mind and obviously, it wasn't far from Walsh's either as she went right for that weak spot at her first opportunity.

[Walsh climbs to her feet, demanding Bailey get back into the ring as she takes a long walk around the outside, frequently putting a hand up on her nose.]

DW: Walsh might just be trying to get into the head of Bailey too, Big Sal.

SA: It looks like she did just that.

[Bailey grimaces, standing her corner looking across the ring at the still-waiting Walsh. She smashes a hand down into the apron in annoyance before rolling back in... and then slaps the offered hand of Ricki Toughill.]

SA: Our first tag of the match brings in the challenger for the Women's World Title in one week's time in New Orleans...

DW: And is it just me, Sal, or is it a bad idea to take a match of this magnitude a week before a title shot like that? What if she gets hurt?

SA: That's gotta be a concern for most competitors but someone like Ricki Toughill just goes full steam ahead at all times. I doubt it's even crossed her mind.

[Toughill steps into the ring, glaring across at Shannon Walsh who has no interest in tagging either of her partners at this point. She waves Toughill forward.]

SA: You gotta be impressed with the guts of Shannon Walsh who wants to test herself against two of the best this division has to offer. She wanted Bailey all along and now a completely different sort of challenge in Toughill.

[As Toughill aggressively approaches, Walsh changes levels, diving in and snatching the legs of the brawler, taking her off her feet easily.]

SA: Nice double leg by Walsh... into the mount, again showing off that MMA background as she rains down punches on Toughill!

[Toughill throws up her arms, trying to defend as Walsh lands blow after blow to the head, the referee complaining all the while.]

SA: Gotta watch the closed fists there, ladies... and Toughill slips out from under her as Walsh stopped to argue with the official.

[Toughill is on her way back to her feet when Walsh snatches a Thai clinch on her, looking to do damage in close quarters...

...but a desperate-to-escape Toughill responds with a big headbutt, sending Walsh staggering backwards as Toughill falls back towards her own corner...]

SA: Was that... it looks like Harley Hamilton just tagged herself into this match!

DW: That was quick.

[Toughill turns, glaring at Hamilton as she steps into the ring. The next challenge for the Women's World Title has more than a few words for Hamilton that end up getting muted by a quick-triggered censor.]

DW: Eeeps. She kiss her momma with that mouth?

SA: We apologize for the language there from Ricki Toughill but emotions are running high in this one and-

[Meanwhile, as Hamilton and Toughill continue to argue, Shannon Walsh has fallen into her own corner to make a tag to Kelly Taylor who ducks in, charges across...]

SA: Ohhh! Split-legged dropkick by Taylor!

[The blow sends the duo flying, both going through the ropes to the outside to a mixed response from the AWA faithful...]

SA: Taylor sends them to the outside - you know, Dee Dub... Kelly Taylor is kinda the forgotten member of the Peach Pits these days being the odd woman out in this tournament but make no mistake, she is a gifted athlete and a talented high flyer.

DW: She's the risk taker of the Peach Pits for sure and-

SA: And we may be about to see that!

[Taylor dashes to the far ropes, building speed as Toughill and Hamilton regain their feet on the outside...]

...and she flings herself sideways between the ropes in some cross between a tope and a crossbody to the outside, wiping out Toughill and Hamilton!]

SA: AND DOWN THEY GO AGAIN!

[The fans are cheering for the big dive as Taylor gets back to her feet, giving a celebratory fistpump as Michelle Bailey stands in the corner, cheering on her two teammates in this trios matchup.]

SA: Taylor with the death-defying dive, taking out Hamilton and Toughill and the Peach Pits - perhaps to the surprise of many - have been in control from the bell in this one as they look to add just a little more momentum on their side heading into the biggest match of their lives next weekend in New Orleans.

DW: The Peach Pits are definitely the underdogs going into the Tenth Anniversary Show, Big Sal. I think Hamilton and Cinder were the odds-on favorite going into the tournament so it's no surprise to see them in the Finals but the Peach Pits?

SA: They've surprised a lot of people with their wins in the tournament so far, knocking off Rage and Cashmere and then the Slam Society to make it to the Finals with Martinelli shockingly pinning Laura Davis to get them there. Those wins have made their confidence higher than ever before and when you talk about a team perhaps poised for one more upset in New Orleans, I gotta think they're in a great spot.

[Pulling Hamilton up off the floor, Taylor rolls the legal competitor back into the ring. She grabs the ropes, pulling herself up on the apron as well...]

SA: Taylor puts Hamilton back in, looking to follow up on her and- Toughill from the outside!

[...and the crowd responds with a mixed reaction as Toughill grabs Taylor's leg on the outside, preventing her from climbing back into the ring. A surprised Taylor looks down, smashing her forearm down into Ricki's ear, trying to fight her way free.]

SA: Taylor's trying to get loose from Toughill and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Harley Hamilton delivers a running big boot over the ropes on Taylor, staggering her but a boost from Toughill keeps Taylor on the apron...]

SA: What a kick by Hamilton with the unlikely assist from Toughill... and that's got Taylor suddenly in a bad spot as Hamilton looks to bring her in the hard way...

[...where Hamilton lifts her into the air, taking her down with a textbook vertical suplex.]

SA: Nicely done.

DW: Looks just like ol' Hammy back in the day.

SA: Not sure I'd let him hear you call him "ol' Hammy" or even at his age, you might get a busted eyebrow, Dee Dub.

[Hamilton floats into a lateral press, earning a two count before Taylor kicks out.]

SA: Two count off the suplex... Hamilton looking to-

[She pulls Taylor into a seated position and then absolutely creams her with a headbutt, knocking her flat before making another cover.]

SA: Right back to the cover - and a two count again!

[Hamilton glares down at Taylor as she gets back to her feet... and then viciously stomps Taylor between the eyes. Bailey grimaces at the blow as Harley turns to her "got her good for ya!"]

SA: Is Hamilton implying that stomp to the head of Taylor is somehow retribution for Walsh's attack on Bailey's formerly broken nose?

DW: Oh, whatever. It's just her being sadistic.

[Backing away from Taylor, Hamilton hits the ropes for moment before dropping a knee down on the skull of Taylor, sliding into another lateral press.]

SA: Another two count... and you get the feeling that perhaps Harley Hamilton would like to end this as quickly as possible.

DW: Well, I think ALL wrestlers should be trying to end their match as quickly as possible, Sal... but Hamilton's got extra motivation to do so because she didn't want to be in this match at all... and she DEFINITELY didn't want to be teaming with Bailey and Toughill here tonight. Team Bride or not.

SA: Are you on Team Bride, Dee Dub?

DW: My dad would disown me if I said yes so... no comment.

[From the corner, we can hear Donna Martinelli shouting "LET'S GO, KELLY! COME ON, GIRL!" Hamilton slowly rises to her feet, a smirk on her face as she looks over at Martinelli, putting on her best mocking face...]

"LET'S GO, KELLY!"

[Martinelli glares at her as she claps her hands over her head.]

"COME ON, GIRL!"

[Martinelli shouts a weak response as Hamilton throws a dismissive wave at her before slapping the hand of Michelle Bailey.]

SA: Hamilton taking a moment to taunt Martinelli before making the tag and in comes Michelle Bailey off the exchange.

[Hamilton gestures to Bailey who looks a little puzzled as Hamilton pulls Taylor off the mat, backing her into the ropes...]

SA: Looks like a double team here... and I'm a little surprised to see this...

[...where Bailey joins her for a double whip, sending Taylor across the ring into the far ropes where she rebounds back. Hamilton ducks down for a backdrop, forcing Taylor to attempt a leapfrog over her but she jumps right into the waiting arms of Bailey who twists around before slamming Taylor down on the canvas.]

DW: Whoa! That's good tag team wrestling right there.

[Hamilton grins at Bailey, dusting off her hands as she exits, leaving Bailey to throw a surprised look in her direction as Toughill glares at them both, hands on her hips.]

SA: And I don't think Ricki Toughill enjoyed Harley Hamilton and Michelle Bailey working that well together.

[With Taylor down on the mat, Bailey leans forward, planting her hands on the canvas in a handstand as she twists into a legdrop across the torso, causing Taylor's legs to kick up into the air on impact!]

SA: Razzle dazzle offense out of Bailey with that handstand legdrop... cover!

[Bailey's lateral press with leg hook gets a two count before Taylor slips out again.]

SA: And Kelly Taylor's showing she's got that fight in her like her legendary uncle does.

DW: And her dad?

SA: Scorchin' Shane IS a former Steal The Spotlight winner so perhaps.

[Bailey throws a glance at the opposing corner where Donna Martinelli bellows "KELLLLLLLLLYYYYY, HIT MY STUPID COUSIN!" Bailey shakes her head as she shoves Taylor back into the ropes, rearing back...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Oof! A solid clubbing blow across the sternum of Kelly Taylor, leaving her hurting up against the ropes...

[Bailey steps back as the official warns her to get off the ropes. Taylor, hanging onto the top rope with one arm, staggers along the ropes towards her corner where Donna Martinelli promptly short-arms a tag, looking anxiously at her cousin...

...who snatches Taylor by the back of her peach-colored trunks, pulling her back into a side waistlock, shaking her head before muscling Taylor up into the air...]

SA: Ohhh! Bridging back suplex connects! Miranda down to count! It could be! It might be!

[But again, Taylor lifts the shoulder off the mat, breaking up the pin.]

SA: Two count again! Taylor continues to keep on fighting in this one, kicking out after every move this trio is throwing at her... and you've gotta be impressed, Dee Dub.

DW: Absolutely. These Peach Pits have a come a long way since they came together - you only have to look at this Main Event matchup and their spot in the Finals of the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament to know that.

[On her feet, Bailey draws Taylor to her feet by the arm, whipping her into the #TeamBride corner.]

SA: Taylor in the wrong part of town now...

[Bailey steps to the corner, slapping Ricki Toughill's hand.]

SA: ...and it's about to get tougher as Toughill's in on the tag.

[With Taylor trapped in the buckles, Toughill and Bailey take turns laying in the heavy blows - Bailey with a forearm to the chest, Toughill with a right hand to the jaw... and so it goes.]

SA: It's a mugging in the corner there, the referee trying to get one of them out of there...

[And a chuckling Bailey exits as Taylor staggers out of the corner, ending up in the neutral corner as Toughill measures her from afar, charging in along the same set of ropes...]

SA: ...and a big running right hand by Toughill connects!

DW: Just a running punch. No jump... so it's not a Superman punch. What would you call that, Sal? A She-Hulk Smash?

[Sal chuckles as Toughill steps out of the corner, taking an earful from Miranda for the closed fist as Taylor staggers out behind her...

...and Ricki blindly swings an elbow back, catching her under the chin to take her down!]

SA: Toughill takes her down with the big back elbow...

[Measuring her again, Toughill drops back into the ropes...]

DW: She tagged her again, Sal!

[...and has her shoulder slapped by a smirking Harley Hamilton. The fans jeer as Hamilton steps through the ropes, waving her hands at Toughill to "excuse" her from being in the ring.]

SA: So, we've got Harley Hamilton pulling off doubleteams with Michelle Bailey... and doing her level best to get under the skin of Ricki Toughill.

[And again, Toughill and Hamilton are trading angry words as the referee orders the next challenger for the Women's World Title out of the ring...]

SA: Shari Miranda is telling Ricki she's gotta get out of there... and of course, that's true but I don't blame Toughill for being hot under the collar here.

[Toughill's angry words turn to angry actions as she gets up in Hamilton's face, barking at her and stabbing a finger into her chest as Bailey tries to play peacemaker from the outside, pleading with her partners to co-exist for one night...]

SA: Bailey's trying to calm them down...

DW: I'm not sure anyone's calming Ricki down right now, Sal.

SA: I think you're right about that and-

[Suddenly, Hamilton delivers a two-handed shove to the chest of Toughill, sending her spilling backwards into the ropes as Hamilton breaks into a sprint across the ring to where Kelly Taylor has been crawling towards her corner...]

SA: Smart move by Hamilton who saw Taylor trying to get out, getting there to grab her by the ankle in time, preventing that tag...

[She drags Taylor back across the ring as Miranda forces a fuming Toughill out to the apron where Bailey resumes trying to talk her down, placing a calming hand on her shoulder that Toughill angrily shrugs off.]

SA: Some tension now between Bailey and Toughill as well it seems. Toughill's just so angry at how things have gone as of late between her, Julie Somers, and E-Girl MAX... she's taking it out on everyone around her.

[Including Harley Hamilton who slips her foot in the crook of Taylor's knee, lifting her leg off the mat, and STOMPING the kneecap into the canvas to groans from the Atlanta fans!]

SA: Ohhh! And Hamilton is going after the knee now!

DW: Hey, love her or hate her, you gotta respect Hamilton's skill inside the ring, Sal. She knows Taylor's strengths is that high flying attack. Take out the knee and you greatly weaken that.

SA: No doubt about that, Dee Dub. Hamilton's a tactician with few at her level. We saw that at SuperClash... we see it on a weekly basis.

[Flipping Taylor over onto her back, Hamilton grabs the ankle, giving a nod to the fans...]

SA: Looking for a figure four here and-

[...but Taylor scores with an upkick, catching Hamilton on the jaw, sending her staggering back across the ring!]

SA: -Taylor lands the big kick! She's bought herself an opening, trying to get to her corner... trying to get back to her feet...

[But as Taylor struggles up to a standing spot, Hamilton throws herself at her back, burying her shoulder into the back of Taylor's knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and she CLIPS the knee from behiiiiind!

[Taylor goes down hard on the mat, crying out in pain as she grabs at her knee while a concerned-looking Donna Martinelli watches and Shannon Walsh paces, waiting to get back into the match.]

SA: The Peach Pits looking on with concern for their partner as-

[Hamilton climbs to get feet, feigning crying as she rubs at her eyes with big exaggerated sobs aimed at Martinelli.]

SA: And again wasting valuable time mocking Donna Martinelli, one of the women she'll be facing in one week's time with the Women's World Tag Team Titles on the line.

DW: Martinelli hasn't even been in this match yet, Sal, and you have to wonder if Hamilton's trying to lure her into changing that.

SA: I'm sure Harley would like a crack at Donna's injured arm that Laura Davis tormented during the Semifinals last weekend. We're told that it's definitely not one hundred percent but it's something Martinelli felt she could wrestle with.

[Hamilton is still fake crying as she pulls Taylor back to mid-ring, looking at Martinelli with a twinkle in her eye and a smirk on her face as she applies a spinning toehold...]

SA: Going for it again!

[...which is when Donna rushes through the ropes towards her exposed back.]

DW: Donna's in!

[But Hamilton jerks around to face her before she can strike, causing Donna to slam on the brakes. Hamilton lets go of Taylor, pointing at Martinelli and waving her forward...]

SA: Hamilton's telling her to bring it on! She wants a shot at Martinelli like we said and-

[The referee steps in Donna's path, trying to get her to back off as Hamilton stands right behind her, waving her on...]

SA: -it looks like Miranda's going to keep this under control... for now at least.

[With Hamilton's back turned, Taylor struggles back to her feet...

...but as Hamilton jerks back the other way, she lashes out with a superkick to the knee, causing Taylor to cry out as she sinks down to a knee...]

SA: Superkick - a surgical strike to the knee of Taylor!

[...and then CRACKS Taylor with a brutal roundhouse to the ear, causing Taylor to slump down to both knees, barely able to stay up as Hamilton steps forward, grabbing two hands full of hair...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and drills her with a brutal kneelift to the jaw, snapping Taylor’s head back as she folds backwards onto her back, trapping her legs under her! Hamilton points at Taylor, backing away as she shouts at Martinelli...]

“TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT YOUR FUTURE!”

[...and walks right back towards her own corner where Ricki Toughill tags herself in.]

DW: Uh oh.

[The crowd cheers as Toughill comes through the ropes, ready to barnstorm the downed and hurting Taylor...]

...but Hamilton grabs her by the wrist, shaking her head...]

SA: We’ve got a problem here!

[...and jerks Toughill back towards her, shouting at here as Toughill shoves her hard in the chest with a “GET OFF ME!”]

SA: A BIG problem!

[Toughill and Hamilton are quickly nose to nose, shouting at one another, seemingly ready to throw down at any moment...]

SA: Bailey’s coming in now, trying to channel her inner punk rocker and keep ‘em separated.

[But as Bailey puts her hand on Toughill’s shoulder, Ricki angrily turns and shoves her down to the mat!]

SA: OH!

[The crowd echoes that surprised exclamation as Bailey hits the mat on her butt, looking up in shock at Toughill. Harley Hamilton covers her mouth, pointing down at Bailey...]

“LOOK WHAT SHE DID!”

[...who gets up off the mat, taking a step towards Toughill with flushed cheeks and a little fire in her belly, delivering a two handed shove of her own to Toughill!]

DW: Now they’re all fighting with each other!

SA: Not quite.

[Toughill glares at Bailey, shaking her head, pointing at the grinning Hamilton.]

“YOU TAKING HER PART, PRINCESS?!”

[Bailey quickly regains her composure, trying to calm Ricki down through hushed conversation as the crowd buzzes at the near clash between two of their favorites.]

SA: Bailey trying to calm her partner down and...

[And with a glimmer of a chance to get out of there, Taylor is crawling towards her corner where hands are outstretched in her direction...]

SA: ...TAYLOR LOOKING FOR A TAG!

[...and as we saw earlier, Toughill shoves Bailey aside, sprinting across the ring towards the crawling Taylor...]

SA: HERE COMES RICKI!

[And as Bailey and Hamilton exit the ring, still conversing, Taylor rolls to her hip, sending Ricki slamming chestfirst into the Peach Pits' corner...]

...where Donna Martinelli uses the ropes to swing a leg up and catch Ricki between the eyes with a head kick as Walsh uncorks a stiff elbowstrike of her own to the skull, sending Ricki staggering backwards towards a rising Kelly Taylor...]

DW: Ricki's on Dream Street, I think!

[...who sinks low, spinning backwards to drive her extended leg across the back of Toughill's knees, sweeping her legs out from under her...]

SA: Legsweep takes her down and...

[Taylor pops up, leaping high into the air, extending both legs...]

SA: ...THE SPLITS AND A LEGDROP CONNECT!

[...and crashes down with the extended leg across the chest of Toughill, bouncing off and rolling to her corner...]

SA: And there's the tag!

[...and Donna Martinelli comes swiftly through the ropes, the crowd jeering as she angrily stomps Toughill over and over and over onto the mat.]

SA: And Martinelli's full of fire as she gets in the ring for the first time in this one...

[She stays on Toughill aggressively, dragging her up by the hair and throwing her skullfirst into the top turnbuckle in the Pits' corner. The referee warns her about the hairpull as she rockets Toughill's head into the buckle over and over and over...]

...and then finally backs off at a threatened disqualification from Shari Miranda, hands raised in the air...

...while the turned back of Miranda allows Shannon Walsh to snatch Toughill in a front facelock over the top rope, pushing her throat down on the rope itself!]

SA: Walsh is choking her from the outside! The referee's back is turned - she's missing all of this!

[Walsh steps away, leaving a gasping Toughill struggling to get air into her lungs in the corner as Martinelli steps back in, twisting her around...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and smacks her across the chest with an overhead chop!]

SA: Martinelli with the chop in the corner...

[She shakes out her hand, grimacing as she grabs at her shoulder.]

SA: ...and there you see her favoring that shoulder.

[With an angry expression on her face, Martinelli steps up on the midbuckle, holding her fist in the air...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FO-"

[...but Toughill reaches up, shoving Toughill out of the mount and sending her stumbling back towards center ring...

...and then pivots to drill Taylor with a right hand...

...and then again to hit one on Walsh, the crowd roaring for the flurry of offense out of Toughill!]

SA: Ricki's trying to fight her way out of the corner!

[She staggers out of the corner...

...and walks right into a boot to the gut before she's hooked and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...DRIVEN skullfirst into the canvas with a snapping DDT!]

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO! SHE SPIKED RICKI WITH THAT ONE!

[An excited Martinelli rolls over, diving across Toughill's chest!]

SA: SHE'S GOT ONE! SHE'S GOT TWO!

[But Toughill kicks out, causing Martinelli to yelp in surprise, grabbing at her chest for a moment before Shannon Walsh can be heard shouting "STAY ON HER, DONNA!"

SA: The DDT gets a two count and Martinelli needs to stay focused... stay on her game...

[Martinelli gives her very-intense partner a nod, climbing to her feet, dragging Toughill up with her...]

SA: ...both women back on their feet now, Martinelli shoves her back into the wrong part of town again...

[A quick tag brings Shannon Walsh back into the ring, quickly brushing past her partner to snatch Toughill in a Muay Thai clinch...]

SA: Walsh hooks her good this time!

[...and swings her knees up, first to the body, smashing into the ribcage over and over as Toughill struggles to defend herself...]

SA: She's got her trapped in the corner, working her over with the knees...

[...and then shifts to knees to the head, landing a few clean before Toughill gets her arms in front of her face to shield herself partially from the rest...]

SA: ...and she's got Ricki in serious trouble here!

[The referee's barked orders forces Walsh to back off as Toughill staggers out of the corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Walsh scores with a leaping kneestrike, catching Toughill under the chin, snapping her head back as she collapses to the canvas in a heap!]

SA: DOWN GOES TOUGHILL! WALSH KNOCKS HER FLAT!

[Walsh dives across the chest of Toughill, snatching a leg tightly...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!

[...but Toughill's shoulder weakly pops up off the mat, breaking up the pin!]

SA: Toughill slips out in time!

DW: Not a lot on that kickout though, Sal. Walsh rang her bell good with that leaping knee!

[Walsh gets up off the mat right away, dragging Toughill with her as she shoves her back into the corner, quickly slapping the offered hand of Kelly Taylor who ducks through the ropes...]

SA: Tag in to Taylor... a little surpris-

[...who then tags Martinelli in turn...]

SA: -uhh, okay. Taylor tags in Martinelli now and...

[Martinelli and Walsh take up a spot near the corner but a few feet out as Taylor moves across the ring, avoiding a swipe from Harley Hamilton before charging across the ring, leaping up...

...where Walsh and Martinelli catch her, swinging her with more momentum into the corner...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...throwing her into a devastating dropkick in the corner, snapping Toughill's head back!]

SA: TOUGHILL GOT ROCKED!

[Taylor and Walsh vacate the ring as Martinelli shoves Toughill down to the mat, diving across again...]

SA: This might do it! She's got one! SHE'S GOT TWO! SHE'S GOT-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd cheers for the knockout as Toughill's shoulder pops off the mat before the three count comes down. Martinelli pushes up to her knees, shrieking loudly at the official who holds up two fingers.]

SA: Martinelli thought she had her right there off that triple team... that devastating triple team in the corner...

[Martinelli is still yelling at Shari Miranda as she climbs to her feet, pulling Toughill up with two hands full of hair...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and then angrily slaps Toughill across the face, sending her falling back into the ropes!]

SA: Martinelli caught her good there with that slap!

DW: She's lucky that Toughill can't see straight right now or she'd give her a mouthful of teeth for that slap!

[Martinelli grabs Toughill by the arm, looking for an Irish whip...]

SA: Big whi- reversed!

[...and sends Martinelli into the ropes instead, bouncing back off towards Toughill who flattens her with a clothesline!]

SA: Clothesline on Martinelli!

[Taylor comes swiftly through the ropes, charging Toughill who spins towards her, using a clothesline to bring her down as well!]

SA: One for Kelly Taylor also!

[Walsh joins her allies in the ring, sprinting towards Toughill with a clothesline of her own that Toughill ducks down to avoid, reaching back to grab the hair...]

SA: NECKBREAKER ON WALSH!

[...and Toughill climbs to her feet, letting loose a roar that the Center Stage Studios crowd echoes. Walsh and Taylor roll to the outside as Toughill turns her focus back to Martinelli, picking her up off the mat...]

SA: Ricki Toughill's got a second wind... and now she's tying Martinelli to the Tree of Woe...

[Toughill backs away to the middle of the ring, nodding to the cheering crowd...

...and slaps her ample rear end three times before charging back in...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HIP ATTACK IN THE CORNER!

[Flipping Martinelli out of the Tree of Woe, Toughill drops to her knees, leaning into a lateral press...]

SA: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a diving save by Kelly Taylor lands on top of Toughill, breaking up the pin!]

SA: TAYLOR MAKES THE SAVE FOR HER SQUAD!

[Toughill angrily gets up off the mat, pulling Taylor up by the hair...

...and HURLS her over the top rope, sending her crashing down on the floor in a heap!]

SA: MY OH MY! What a throw by Toughill to the outside!

[Toughill turns back towards the slowly-rising Martinelli, waving her back to her feet...]

SA: Boot to the gut!

[...and with a grin on her face, Toughill steps into a standing headscissors, nodding her head to the cheering crowd as she reaches down to hook one arm...]

SA: Wait a second! We've seen this before!

DW: I thought Showtime was in two weeks!

[...but before she can secure the other, Martinelli blindly charges forward, ramming Toughill back into her own corner...]

SA: Martinelli breaks it up!

[...where Harley Hamilton reaches over the ropes, tagging herself in to an unaware Toughill once more...]

SA: Hamilton tags herself in again and-

[...and then promptly slaps Michelle Bailey's hand.]

SA: ...huh?

DW: We saw the Peach Pits do the double tag a little while ago, Sal... but they're a well-polished machine in there! These three?!

[Hamilton is directing traffic as a puzzled-looking Bailey steps into the ring.]

SA: Hamilton's trying to engineer another doubleteam with her and Bailey as Toughill steps out...

[Hamilton grabs Martinelli by the arms, holding them back as Bailey looks at her. Harley nods repeatedly, urging her on...]

SA: ...and Hamilton's trying to get Bailey to attack her own cousin.

DW: This oughta be interesting.

[Bailey looks reluctant, chewing her lower lip as she balls up a fist, looking around at the crowd...]

SA: Bailey doesn't want to do it, Dee Dub!

DW: Hamilton's shouting at her to do it! She's practically ordering her to do it!

[Bailey lifts her arm, looking at her fist... looking at her cousin who is shaking her head, pleading for mercy...]

SA: Martinelli's in trouble and...

[Bailey finally decides to let an open-handed slap fly, aimed at her cousin's face...

...but it's not her cousin's face she hits as Martinelli wriggles free, aided by the delay!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHE HITS HAMILTON!

[Hamilton immediately grabs her face, a mix of shock and anger on it as she backs away from Bailey who is stunned at what just happened. Bailey is immediately trying to apologize as Hamilton drops to the mat, rolling out to the floor...]

SA: Bailey didn't mean to do it, Dee Dub, but she-

DW: MARTINELLI ROLLS HER UP!

[...and just as we saw seven days ago, Donna Martinelli seizes the opportunity to roll her cousin up in a schoolgirl cradle!]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...NO! BAILEY KICKS OUT! BAILEY KICKS OUT!

DW: You can't get closer than that, Big Sal!

SA: You're absolutely right, old friend!

[Martinelli slams her fists repeatedly into the mat in frustration, shouting "AHHHHHHHHH!" as she does...

...and then gets up to her feet, dragging Bailey up by the hair, rushing the neutral corner...]

SA: FACEFIRST INTO THE CORNER!

DW: Well, it looks like Martinelli's got no problem attacking HER cousin.

SA: So it would seem. And AGAIN facefirst into the corner!

[Martinelli swings Bailey around, shouting at her...]

"YOU CAN'T LET ME HAVE ANYTHING! ANYTHING!"

[...and then grabs her by the arm, whipping her HARD into the opposite corner!]

SA: Ohh! Bailey hits the corner hard!

[Martinelli leans over, hands on her knees, waving her cousin out of the corner...]

SA: Wait a second!

DW: Is she really gonna do it?!

[...and as Bailey staggers out, Martinelli sprints across, lowering her shoulder as she does...]

SA: BRITNEY SPEAAAAAAA-

[...and runs right into Bailey who powers her up, flips her over...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sits out in a thunderous ring-shaking powerbomb!]

SA: WHAT A COUNTER! BAILEY WITH THE POWERBOMB!

[The referee dives down to count!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND THIS TIME, IT'S WALSH WITH THE DIVING SAVE!

[Walsh ignores the protesting official, dragging Bailey off the mat and popping her with a forearm to the jaw... and Bailey responds in kind!]

SA: Shannon Walsh isn't legal, fans, but she's not turning down a shot at Bailey again!

[The duo are trading forearms, the crowd roaring for each blow landed as the official tries to get Walsh out of the ring...]

...and Harley Hamilton reaches under the ropes, snatching the ankle of the prone Martinelli to drag her out to the floor!]

SA: Hamilton pulls Martinelli to the outside!

[And grabs her by the hair, flinging her away...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and rockets her into the steel ringsteps in the corner!]

SA: INTO THE STEPS GOES MARTINELLI!

[With Martinelli out of the picture, Hamilton climbs up on the apron...]

...just as Bailey gets rocked with a forearm, spun around to face away from Walsh who snatches a rear waistlock...]

SA: Walsh has got her hooked! German on the way!

[...but Hamilton reaches over the top rope, snatching Walsh by the ponytail, yanking her back out of the waistlock towards the ropes where Walsh turns to fight...]

...and Hamilton hooks her hands around the neck, dropping off the apron and snapping the throat on the top rope!]

SA: OHH! Outside help from Hamilton for Bailey!

[And Walsh staggers backwards into a Bailey waistlock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DUMPS Walsh on the back of her head with a released German suplex!]

SA: RIGHT DOWN ON THE HEAD!

[Walsh promptly rolls out of the ring as Bailey climbs to her feet, looking out at Hamilton on the apron who shouts "YOU'RE WELCOME!" to Bailey who... smiles?]

SA: Hamilton back on the apr-

DW: DONNA!

[But Hamilton has her ankle grabbed by Martinelli who gives a yank, pulling Harley's leg out from under her and sending her pitching facefirst down on the apron where she hits hard on her face before rolling off onto the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: VICIOUS ATTACK BY MARTINELLI ON THE OUTSIDE!

DW: And she's actually the legal competitor in there with Bailey, Sal!

SA: She is and-

[Suddenly, Bailey dashes forward, sliding under the ropes to the outside where Martinelli yelps before dashing, her cousin quickly in hot pursuit around the ring as the Atlanta crowd roars!]

SA: What a final Main Event for the Power Hour this is, fans! Bailey chasing her cousin around the ring and...

[But as Bailey rounds the corner, charging towards Martinelli by the ringsteps, Kelly Taylor comes running from the other side, springing off the steel steps...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and throws herself into a flying clothesline on a surprised Bailey!]

SA: TAYLOR TAKES HER OUT WITH THE CLOTHESLINE!

[Martinelli grins as she comes back to her feet, gesturing to the downed Bailey with a confident nod. The fans jeer as Taylor joins her in pulling Bailey up, tossing her back in. Martinelli shares a high five with her partner before rolling back in, leaving Taylor on the outside...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...to get flattened by a shocking sight - a flying Ricki Toughill who dives off the apron onto Taylor, knocking her down to a big cheer!]

SA: TOUGHILL TAKES OUT TAYLOR NOW!

DW: This is wild, Sal! This is the Power Hour, baby!

[Back in the ring, Martinelli is getting bossed around by Shannon Walsh who is back in the ring as Martinelli rushes to the ropes, rebounding back...

...and Walsh lifts her by the leg, dropping her in a flapjack splash onto her cousin!]

SA: DOUBLE TEAM ON BAILEY!

[Walsh vacates as the referee drops down to count!]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Hamilton yanks Martinelli by the ankle out of the pin attempt and out to the floor...

...and then reacts again as they see a stream of blood coming from the nose of Hamilton from Martinelli's earlier actions...

...for which she gets a receipt in the form of a brutal forearm strike to the cheekbone!]

SA: OH! What a shot by Hamilton!

[A fired up and pissed off Hamilton grabs the hair of Martinelli, smashing her face into the ring apron...

...and with a swipe of her arm and a shout of "MOVE!," she sends the fans scattering as she hooks Martinelli under the arm...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS her with a biel throw into the wooden bleachers, her back slamming down on the unforgiving structure!]

SA: HAMILTON TOSSES HER INTO THE SEATS AT RINGSIDE!

[And Hamilton's not done yet, climbing up onto the wooden bleachers to where Martinelli is laid out. She snatches a handful of hair, blood still dripping down her pale cheek as she SMASHES a forearm down into the skull... and again... and again...]

SA: Hamilton's looking to take Martinelli out of that match next week right about now, Dee Dub!

DW: This just got personal too!

[Grabbing the wrist of Martinelli, Hamilton lifts the arm straight up...

...and SWINGS it down so it smashes into the wooden seating, causing Martinelli to howl in pain!]

SA: OHH! SHE'S GOING FOR THE ARM! SHE'S GOING AFTER THE ARM!

[Hamilton grabs the wrist again, looking to do more damage...

...and the crowd noise gets louder as Shannon Walsh comes around the ring, looking to help her partner...]

SA: Walsh is on her way to help Martinelli and-

[...but Ricki Toughill meets her on her path, throwing a right hand that sends Walsh sprawling back onto the first row of the bleachers!]

SA: -no! Toughill getting involved as well! Did Toughill just help Hamilton?!

DW: Not by choice! She just wants to fight!

[Hamilton is again pummeling Martinelli with short forearms to the head as Walsh and Toughill trade blows in the seating area!]

SA: We've got a fight in the stands!

[A weary Michelle Bailey rolls out to the floor, diving into the mix with a right hand of her own on Walsh...]

SA: And now Bailey's involved too! This is wild, fans! The fans here in Center Stage are out of their seats...

DW: That's because they're fighting in their seats!

SA: We've got fists flying in every direction and...

DW: THAT'S NOT THE ONLY THING FLYING!

[And with the five-way brawl in the stands, Kelly Taylor walks to the middle of the ropes, stepping up on the middle... putting one foot on the top as she looks around at the roaring crowd...

...and then steps to the top, leaping off!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SPRINGBOARD DIVE ONTO THE PIIIIIIILE!

DW: SHE TOOK OUT EVERYONE!

[With all six competitors laid out in the bleachers, the crowd is ROARING for what they're seeing... and a chant breaks out in support...]

"POW-ER HO-UR!"

"POW-ER HO-UR!"

"POW-ER HO-UR!"

[The chant continues to echo as the bodies start to stir in the bleachers...]

SA: The fans paying one final tribute to this Power Hour show that has meant so much to so many... it brings a tear to my eye, Dee Dub!

DW: Hey, at least you get to call more matches somewhere else!

[The cheers turn to boos as Martinelli is the first to stir, a nasty red welt near her eye as she drags her cousin out of the pile, tossing her back into the ring...]

SA: The legal woman is back in... both of them now!

[Martinelli angrily stomps to the corner, lowering her head again, waiting as Bailey comes back to her feet...]

SA: MARTINELLI ON THE MOVE!

[...and SMASHES VIOLENTLY into Bailey with a spear tackle, knocking her flat!]

SA: BRITNEY SPEAR! BRITNEY SPEAR CONNECTS!

[Martinelli throws her arms apart angrily, shouting "IT'S OVER!" before diving across, hooking a leg...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT ISSSSSSSS... NO! NO! NO! SHE KICKS OUT! SHE KICKS OUT!

[...and Martinelli SHRIEKS in frustration, flipping onto her back and kicking and flailing about angrily...]

DW: She's throwing a tantrum, Sal! She almost won it there but she's not gonna win it like this!

SA: She's certainly not... but Martinelli shakes it off, trying to suck it up and see what else she can do...

[Back on her feet, Martinelli grabs Bailey off the mat by the hair, pulling her roughly into a uranage position...]

SA: We've seen this before! Martinelli's got her hooked for... MIC CH-

[But before she can swing back to drive Bailey's face into the mat, Harley Hamilton is suddenly in the ring, grabbing Martinelli by the hair, ripping her away from her cousin, hurling her into the ropes...]

SA: Hamilton breaks it up!

[...and when Martinelli bounces back, Hamilton shoves her skyward...]

SA: POP UP!

[...and a dazed Michelle Bailey SURGES forward, throwing herself up into the air...]

SA: BRITNEY SPEAR! A POP UP BRITNEY SPEAR?! I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT BEFORE!

[Hamilton grins big as Martinelli grabs at her ribs on the mat, screaming in pain as she tries to roll to her chest to avoid a pin attempt...]

SA: Martinelli flips over, up on all fours and...

[...and Hamilton rushes forward, stepping off the back of the on-all-fours Martinelli...]

SA: DOUBLE STOMP! HAIL TO THE QUEEN! SHE GOT IT!

[...and Hamilton hits the mat, diving to the floor as Bailey crawls over, throwing herself across her cousin, the crowd counting along with the official...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Kelly Taylor again comes flying into view, diving on top of Bailey to break up the pin!]

SA: TAYLOR MAKES THE SAVE!

DW: You tell me that Showtime ain't gonna have one HELL of an act to follow!

[A wide shot of Center Stage Studios shows the entirety of the crowd on their feet now, roaring for every move... every blow...]

SA: What a battle! The hottest division in wrestling? You got that right!

[Bailey slowly gets to her feet, pulling a dazed Kelly Taylor off the mat, battering her with forearms, knocking her all the way back up against the ropes...]

...and with a shout of effort, she connects with a standing clothesline that flips Taylor off the top rope, dumping her to the outside!]

SA: BAILEY CLEARS OUT TAYLOR!

[Bailey grabs hold of the ropes, breathing heavily as she slowly turns around to confront her cousin once more, stumbling towards her...]

SA: Bailey's looking to finish this battle off...

DW: And what a battle it's been like you said, Big Sal. If I had to go out, I can't imagine a better one to go out with.

SA: Bailey pulling her cousin up off the mat...

[But as she does, Martinelli pops back up, snatching her again...]

...and DRIVES her face into the canvas with the Mic Check!]

SA: MIC CHECK! MIC CHECK!

[Martinelli flips her over, diving across, shouting "COUNT! COUNT! COUNT!" at the official who dives to the mat to oblige...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

[...and another flying body breaks up the pin... but this time, it's Harley Hamilton who saves Michelle Bailey from near-certain defeat!]

SA: HAMILTON WITH THE SAVE!

DW: For someone who didn't want to be in this match, she sure is giving it everything she's got out here, Sal!

SA: We've used the phrase "whether you love her or hate her" about this woman before but I think it's appropriate here. Whether you love or hate her, you cannot deny Harley Hamilton's overwhelming desire to be the absolute best at what she does.

DW: Just like her father.

SA: Absolutely.

[The weary Hamilton comes up off the mat, slowly backing across the ring towards her corner, keeping her eyes on Bailey and Martinelli down on the mat...

...and she bumps into Ricki Toughill without seeing her there. Toughill angrily grabs her by the arm...]

DW: Same team! SAME TEAM!

[...and Hamilton blindly turns, SMASHING Toughill with a spinning forearm smash, knocking her off the apron and down to the floor to an "OHHHHHHHH!" from the crowd!]

SA: DOWN GOES TOUGHILL!

[Hamilton looks surprised to see who she hit... for an instant.]

SA: Did she know it was her?!

DW: I don't think so, Sal.

[Hamilton arches an eyebrow though, stepping out to the apron with a determined look on her face...]

SA: She might not have known but she does now... and she looks like she's going for the kill!

[Hamilton stands on the apron, staring down at the prone Toughill who is laid out on the floor...

...and then throws a look over her shoulder to where Martinelli is on her feet, pulling Bailey up with her, grabbing her by the arm...]

SA: Martinelli with a whip to her corn- reversed!

[...and the whip sends Martinelli crashing into her own turnbuckles as Bailey staggers across the ring towards her own corner where Hamilton throws another look at the downed Toughill...

...and then turns back to the ring, extending her arm...]

SA: TAG!

[Hamilton comes through the ropes, barreling across the ring, stepping up on the middle rope to DRIVE her knee into Martinelli's face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hooking a side headlock, Hamilton stampedes out of the corner, leaping into the air...]

SA: BULLDOG!

[...and flips her over onto her back, diving across with a cover...]

SA: The referee's not counting!

DW: What?! Why?!

[...but Miranda waves her arm, gesturing for a tag...]

SA: She's saying Martinelli made a tag!

DW: I didn't see that!

[Hamilton comes off the mat, arguing with Miranda angrily. Miranda signals again, shaking her head, pointing to the corner...

...and as Hamilton turns away from her...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...she gets CLOCKED with a right hand from Ricki Toughill!]

"NOW WE'RE EVEN!"

[Toughill angrily turns away, moving towards the ropes where Michelle Bailey slides to try to calm her down. Toughill shakes her head, stepping out to the apron and dropping to the floor as Bailey follows a few steps from the ring, stopping her...]

SA: Ricki Toughill drilled Hamilton!

DW: Payback is hell, Sal!

SA: I suppose but...

[Out on the floor, Bailey and Toughill are arguing when Toughill loudly exclaims...]

"I'M DONE WITH THIS!"

[...and then walks away, leaving a dejected Bailey behind. Inside the ring, Hamilton is clutching her jaw from the haymaker and responds...]

"GOOD RIDDANCE!"

[...and then turns back towards Martinelli... or so she thinks.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SUPERKICK! WALSH HITS A SUPERKICK!

[Hamilton's head snaps back, her eyelids fluttering as she flops back down to the mat. Walsh grabs the legs, flipping through into a double leg cradle!]

SA: IT COULD BE!

[Out on the floor, Bailey realizes what's happened and is rushing to get through the ropes to make the save...]

SA: IT MIGHT BE!

[...and makes a dive to get there!]

SA: IT...

[But comes up just fingertips short as the referee slaps the mat a third time!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[A disappointed Bailey lets loose a “DAMN IT!” as she pounds her fist into the mat, still lying on her chest on the canvas as she looks at Walsh climb off the beaten Harley Hamilton, throwing her arms over her head in triumph...]

SA: I can’t believe-

[...where she’s swarmed by a hugging and squealing Martinelli and Taylor, jumping up and down with a reluctant Walsh trapped in the middle of the joyous celebration.]

SA: The Peach Pits celebrating their win and... did I just say that, Dee Dub? Shannon Walsh just PINNED Harley Hamilton in the middle of the ring and... wow.

DW: And you couldn’t send a clearer message than that, Big Sal... the Peach Pits just put the world on notice that if they can pin Hamilton once here tonight, they can do the same thing a week from now in New Orleans to become the very first Women’s World Tag Team Champions.

[We cut to the aisle where Ricki Toughill is staring back at the ring, hands on her hips as she shakes her head at what she’s watching.]

DW: Ricki walked out when her partners needed her the most and... do you think she regrets it?

[Bailey pushes herself up off the mat, ignoring her cousin with the shape of a L on her forehead gloating over their win... or her loss. She turns slightly, looking over at Toughill who sighs, giving a shrug... and with a “sorry, Princess” she turns to walk back through the curtain, leaving Bailey in the ring with a dazed Harley Hamilton who is trying to sit up on the mat.]

SA: The Peach Pits are on top of the world here in Atlanta and... what a win for them and a huge boost in momentum heading into the Tenth Anniversary Show!

DW: Can you believe that the final result in the history of the Power Hour is going to say that the Peach Pits beat Hamilton, Bailey, and Toughill in the Main Event? Incredible!

SA: It’s a history-making moment for the Peach Pits who hope to add more history to their resume next weekend in New Orleans.

[Bailey takes a knee alongside Hamilton who grimaces, rubbing her jaw as she looks over at her...

...and then out at the Peach Pits who are still partying hard as they head up the aisle, leaving their conquered foes behind. Hamilton stares at them, their arms raised, for several moments before turning back to Bailey.]

“What happened?”

[Bailey shrugs.]

“We lost.”

[Hamilton’s eyes get a little wider at hearing that.]

“...I lost?”

[Bailey shakes her head, putting her hand on Hamilton’s shoulder.]

"WE lost."

[Bailey grabs the arm with her other hand, helping Hamilton up off the mat, bringing her to her feet. They stand there quiet for a moment, taking in all that's happened tonight...

...and with a slight shove to get past her, Hamilton brushes past Bailey to duck through the ropes, exiting the ring, leaving the Platinum Princess alone in the ring.]

SA: Harley Hamilton walking out now as well. She's got a lot to think about in the next seven days for sure...

[Bailey stands in the ring, just watching Hamilton exit as the crowd cheers for one of their heroes. The Platinum Princess gives a smile and a little wave as the fans break into a chant that Bailey nods at, clapping her hands for it.]

"POW-ER HO-UR!"

"POW-ER HO-UR!"

"POW-ER HO-UR!"

"POW-ER HO-UR!"

"POW-ER HO-UR!"

[And with Bailey mouthing the chant, we cut to Sal and Dylan who've been joined by Theresa.]

SA: And that, my friends, is that.

DW: What a night.

[Theresa nods with a grin, putting a hand on the announcers' shoulders.]

TL: It's been the honor of a lifetime to host this show with you two. Sal, I wish you all the best over on Saturday Night Wrestling and Dee Dub, well... I'll see you on Showtime, buddy.

[Westerly nods.]

SA: The honor has been mine, Theresa. This show has a special place in my heart and... anything I go on to do after this will all be thanks to the two of you... to Mariah and Lou and Tyler... to our crew that busts their tails every two weeks here in this studio... to all the men and women in the locker room... and of course, all of these fans here in Center Stage and watching around the world that have given us all so much love and support.

TL: I couldn't have said it better myself, Sal. So, for everyone that Sal just mentioned... I'm Theresa Lynch wishing you one final farewell on the Power Hour... good night everybody!

[The "POW-ER HO-UR!" chant continues to ring out as Sal and Dylan rise to their feet, exchanging hugs with Theresa. All three are smiling, Theresa pumping her fist as she chants along with them...

...and we fade to black.]