

AWA POWER HOUR

NOVEMBER 5, 2016

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and that black cuts to a fast-paced sequence of AWA action shots accompanied by "The Power" by DJ Fresh.

After about thirty seconds of action, we break into a shot of the AWA Power Hour logo. It sits stationary for a moment before spiraling away and leaving us with our first glimpse of the Power Hour set.

Let's just assume it's a green screen somewhere since the voice of Combat Corner Wrestling - Harvey Sutton - currently appears to be standing in outer space. Sutton is a familiar face to AWA fans, having co-hosted this very show for the past month or so. He's in a dark navy blue suit, white dress shirt, and red tie as we fade up upon him.]

HS: Hello, wrestling fans, and welcome to another edition of the strongest hour of action anywhere on television - the Power Hour! My name is Harvey Sutton and most of you probably know me from my day job as the play-by-play guy for Combat Corner Wrestling. The fine folks here at the Power Hour asked me to fill in this week, however, due to the unfortunate circumstances surrounding the injuries suffered by Theresa Lynch last weekend on Saturday Night Wrestling at the hands of the Syndicate. Our thoughts are with Theresa and we hope she'll be back here with us very soon.

[Harvey pauses a moment, taking a breath.]

HS: But speaking of the Lynches, my very special guest co-host this week is also a member of that legendary family. The AWA asked if he'd be willing to step in for a few shows and he has certainly answered the call. James Lynch, welcome to the Power Hour!

[Former AWA tag team champion James Lynch steps into view, a grin as big as Texas on his face. He's wearing a deep crimson polo with the letters "AWA" stitched upon the corner and a pair of khaki slacks.]

JL: Thanks, Harv... and it's a pleasure to be a part of AWA television again. It's been a while.

HS: It certainly has been a while since the fans have gotten to see you on a regular basis. But I'm sure they're as glad as I am to have you here tonight. James, tonight, we've got a big show for all the fans out there. We're going to see Terry Shane in action as he tunes up for his World Television Title match at SuperClash against Callum Mahoney.

JL: When you got a big match comin' up like he does, you need to be at the top of your game. Terry Shane's lookin' to show the world that's where he's at, hoss.

HS: What about the mysterious Canibal looking to earn his spot in the Steal The Spotlight ladder match?

JL: Few things bigger in our biz than that Steal The Spotlight contract, Harv, and if you want it, you gotta get a spot in that ladder match.

HS: He'll be taking on Caspian Abaran in that one - a big opportunity for them both... but speaking of big opportunities, the Brass Ring Tournament currently underway in CCW is coming to a close and tonight, we'll see highlights from two big Semifinal matches that took place down at the ol' Crockett last night. Those were two tough battles and wait until you see who makes the Finals of this tournament with a spot in Steal The Spotlight on the line! We've got all of that and so much more so let's head to the ring for tonight's opening matchup!

[We spiral wipe away from the Power Hour starfield to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK - NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE." We can already see the action underway

with Terry Shane grappling with an unknown newcomer. The voices of Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde are on the call.]

GM: Bucky, Terry Shane and his whole Shane Gang is a group that you used to vocally support. How does a change in attitude like we've seen out of Shane affect your view of him?

BW: The thing that made Shane so dangerous from the first time we ever saw him in the AWA is that killer instinct that made him call out guys like Steve Spector. But now? Now he's jostling for crumbs, begging Callum Mahoney to face him at SuperClash. The old Terry Shane would've shoved a lead pipe up Mahoney's left nostril and demanded a title match.

GM: Well, he certainly seems to be locked in and ready for that Thanksgiving Night title match with the Armbar Assassin.

BW: Callum Mahoney isn't going anywhere, Gordo. That man and his armbar are dialed in and ready to MAKE HIM TAP!

GM: Mahoney certainly has had the fans confused as of late. On one hand, he's engineered these special ring entrances, trying to win them over with some catchy phrases. On the other, he verbally slapped down Terry Shane last weekend in Memphis and earned some boos.

BW: Mahoney's never really been about the fans, Gordo. He's going to do what's right for him at all times... and if that happens to be the fans cheering for him, great... he'll sell a few more Fighting Irishman t-shirts. If they boo him, that's fine too.

[With the announcers chatting, Shane shoots towards his opponent, lifting him up by both legs and then dropping the arch of his back over his bent knee!]

GM: Picture perfect back breaker by the former Ring Leader. Terry Shane III is taking it to that... what's this young man's name again? The Achy Breaky Kid?

BW: Tennessee has some weird folks, doesn't it?

GM: The Kid...

BW: Not to be confused with Da Kid.

GM: Certainly not. The Kid is trying to roll to the outside to catch some air but Shane isn't about to let that happen as he tugs him back and floats over him, hooking the leg for a two count!

[ABK pops up out of the pin attempt but Shane holds onto his leg and uses his momentum to lift him up and bring him down into a shinbreaker only to snap him right back around!]

GM: SEWINDER SUPLEX BY SHANE! ANOTHER PIN ATTEMPT! HE'S GOT HIM FOR ONE! TWO!

BW: The Pain In My Neck Kid kicks out!

GM: Achy Breaky Kid.

BW: Wasn't that a Miley Cyrus song?

GM: Not quite.

[Shane is on his feet just a bit before The Kid, giving him an edge as he kicks the back of The Kid's right knee, stunning him before using his other leg to sweep the left leg, knocking the Kid down to the mat.]

GM: Shane going after the legs here - he's made no secret of the fact that he plans to use his family's legacy - the Spinning Toe Hold - to try to win the World Television Title in New Orleans.

[He quickly pounces on ABK, grabbing his leg and dropping an elbow to the inside of the knee once... twice... three times.]

GM: Elbow after elbow down on the knee...

[Back on his feet, Shane jams his heel into the inside of the thing, stretching out the leg and cranking on the ankle.]

GM: Shane shifting his tactics here... working his way up and down the leg of the Kid. He's hit the knee... the thighs... the calves... and now working on the ankle. Shane is really contorting his leg around and finding creative ways to break that limb apart. It's quite obvious he's laser focused on using that Spinning Toe Hold not just here tonight but to finally put a title around his waist at SuperClash and make his father Terry Shane Jr. proud.

BW: You know what makes me sick?

GM: I'm sure you're about to tell me.

BW: All these second and third generation stars that shove their legacy down your throat. Ryan Martinez. Bobby O'Connor. We get it, fellas! You love your dads! You probably have matching Boy Scout badges from the first time you killed a squirrel or built a soapbox derby car. Whoop-dee-do.

[Shane, having dragged ABK near the ropes, puts his leg over the middle buckle while straddling it and leaps up -- squashing his leg with a jumping seated senton! Scott Ezra begins to tell Shane to ease up while ABK is on the ropes and he obliges but not before leaping up and crashing down on his leg once more.]

GM: The Achy Breaky Kid is clutching at his knee as our official Scott Ezra is able to get Shane to let up. The Kid is saying he's good to continue but I'm questioning the logic behind that and it doesn't look like he can put any weight on that foot.

[ABK stands up on his own accord and hobbles forward right into the waiting hands of Shane who whips him across the ring and as he bounces back off the ropes he staggers towards Shane, barely able to stay up, and Shane scoops him up!]

GM: MANHATTAN DROP BY SHANE!

BW: Well, that'll leave a mark.

GM: Shane yanks the legs out from underneath the Achy Break Kid and is twirling his finger around, he's calling for it, Bucky!

BW: For 2014 when he was relevant?

[Shane lets go over the right leg of ABK and steps over the ring, spinning around!]

GM: SPINNING TOE HOLD! THE KID IS SLAPPING THE MAT!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He didn't even try to fight it, Shane broke down his leg and the spinning toe hold was too much for him!

BW: I think I liked it better when he tried to break people's necks. He had this certain pizzazz with a little bit of psychopath sprinkled on top.

GM: Well, thankfully, that Terry Shane is long gone... and with the winning streak that he's been on lately, you have to imagine he's got a world of momentum on his side heading into SuperClash where he'll be looking to make history.

[Shane celebrates his victory with a raised arm as we spiral wipe back to the starfield to Harvey Sutton and James Lynch.]

HS: Terry Shane picks up another submission victory with that Spinning Toe Hold, James, and you've gotta think Callum Mahoney's concerned.

JL: I don't know about that, Harvey. Nothin' concerns the Fighting Irishman as far as I can tell. But Shane's got that hold goin' in an expert kind of a way, you know? The ol' man has shown us tapes of him and Shane Jr. goin' toe to toe over the years and Shane III has that hold as good as his pops ever did.

HS: An expert level wrinkle thrown into this World Television Title showdown just a few weeks away, fans. Right now, we're going to take our first break of the night but when we come back, James Lynch will be talking to "Flawless" Larry Wallace who is looking to be added to the Steal The Spotlight field! We'll be back.

[We fade from the starfield to black.]

In stark, high contrast black and white, a large curtain with the words "SuperClash VII" written large across it cascades to the ground like a falling leaf. Behind it is a slow-motion montage of similarly stark monochrome clips, slowly fading in to each other. Leonard Cohen's rumbling, deep voice plays over top the minimalist orchestration of "You Want It Darker."

Brian Lau raises the hands of Wes Taylor and Tony Donavon...]

If you are the dealer
I'm out of the game #

[...Lau shakes the hand of "Dr." Harrison Fawcett...]

If you are the healer
It means I'm broken and lame #

[...Brian James looks over his shoulder as Lau raises the arm of Johnny Detson...]

If thine is the glory then
Mine must be the shame #

[...Summers, Mahoney and Kendrick all triple teaming the Gladiator...]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Shadoe Rage looking around the ring with maniacal eyes ...]

Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name

[...The Hangman, shot from below, slowly tightens his noose around an invisible neck...]

Vilified, crucified, in the human frame

[...Flex Ferrigno with some poor victim's skull trapped in a powerful headlock...]

A million candles burning for the help that never came

[..."Flawless" Larry Wallace and his Best Damn Dropkick In The World in magnificent slow motion...]

You want it darker

[...Lauryn Rage makes her way down the aisle, Women's World Championship belt in one arm, phone extended at arm's length in the other...]

There's a lover in the story
But the story's still the same #

[...Erica Toughill cracks her knuckles, a slow-motion bubble emerging from between her lips...]

There's a lullaby for suffering
And a paradox to blame #

[...Another woman in a darkened space, the light forming a halo around her: the silhouette is in the general shape of Charisma Knight...]

But it's written in the scriptures
And it's not some idle claim #

[...Anton Layton fondles the Eye of Tyr, visibly giggling between Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy.]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Derrick Williams nailing Jordan Ohara with a Blackout, fading to Riley Hunter similarly betraying Ohara with an Instant Karma...]

They're lining up the prisoners
and the guards are taking aim #

[...Jackson Hunter trying to pull the Suited Savage MAWAGA off his prey...]

I struggled with some demons
They were middle class and tame #

[...Maxim Zharkov applying the Gorynych to a chained Kolya Sudakov...]

I didn't know I had permission
to murder and to maim #

[...Juan Vasquez piledriving Ryan Martinez, fading to a smile on Vasquez's face...]

You want it darker

[The stark monochrome montage is suddenly bathed in a golden light. A solitary figure is seen in the distance, standing tall.]

I'm ready, my lord...

[Before we get a good look at him or her, a metallic font splashes on screen.]

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

"The American Wrestling Alliance presents: SuperClash VIII: Thursday, November 24th, live from New Orleans."

[Fade to black...

...and back up to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where James Lynch has himself uncomfortably settled between the legendary former champion Hamilton Graham and the always-egocentric "Flawless" Larry Wallace.]

JL: Welcome back to the Power Hour, fans. The lineup for the big one - SuperClash - is filling up fast... and this guy right here to my left... well, you still ain't on it, kid.

[Wallace gets agitated in a hurry.]

FLW: Who the hell you calling "kid", Lynch?! I ain't no kid of yours. "Battlin' Burt is ten times the man Blackjack Lynch is on his best day and Blackjack don't have a lot of best days anymore.

JL: You watch your mouth, Wallace. Those doctors might not clear me to get back in the ring anymore but they don't have a damn thing to say about me punching your teeth out.

FLW: Try it, buddy... just try.

[Graham steps between his protege and the inflamed Lynch, trying to separate them.]

HG: Knock it off... both of ya. I've known both of ya since you were just a twinkle in your daddy's eye and I'm not afraid to show either one of ya the back of my hand if you get out of line.

[Lynch and Wallace glare daggers at one another over Graham's head.]

HG: Now, Lynch... let's make one thing clear. Those suits in the front office are too busy negotiating with Vasquez... too busy fighting off lawsuits to do what's best for business. Because what's best for business is this man right here... the pinnacle of premier athletics... to be in the Steal The Spotlight ladder match.

JL: That's easy to say, Mr. Graham, but your boy here hasn't had the best of years in 2016.

[Wallace steps up to Lynch again but Graham holds him back.]

HG: He hasn't... and he'll be the first to own up to it. But that doesn't change the fact that he's better than each and every one of the no account slugs that are just being handed spots in that match! Jayden Jericho? His father is a worthless pissant and so his kid. Rex Summers? He's more worried about his damn muscles than winning. Riley Hunter?

[Wallace grimaces, leaning over to whisper in Graham's ear. He grumbles as he speaks.]

HG: You get the idea. So, I'm calling on Jon Stegglet here and now to add Larry Wallace to the Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash to give the people the chance to REALLY see the future in action...

[Wallace leans in.]

FLW: And the future is... absolutely... flawless.

[He winks at the camera before Wallace and Graham make their exit, leaving James Lynch with a disgusted look on his face.]

JL: Pops always said if you didn't have something nice to say about someone...

[James lifts his right hand, twisting his fingers into the shape of the Lynch family Iron Claw...

...and with a chuckle, he puts it down.]

JL: Let's go back to the ring.

[We circlewipe away from Lynch to Rebecca Ortiz standing center ring in footage marked "NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE."]

GM: And now we've got a Steal The Spotlight qualifying match set to begin. Take it away, Miss Rebecca!

[A grinning Ortiz raises the mic.]

RO: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and is a Qualifying Match for the Steal The Spotlight ladder match! Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Montemorelos, Mexico... weighing in at 209 pounds... CASPIAN AAAAABAAAARANNNNN!

[Abaran waves a hand to cheers from the crowd. A young Mexican man with deeply tanned skin and curly dark brown hair, Abaran's attractiveness draws some high-pitched cheers from the female supporters. Abaran's tights are a bright yellow, with intricate patterns intertwined in red and brown down both legs. His boots are red, and has similar intertwined patterns in yellow and brown. He also has wristbands, striped in red, yellow, and brown.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent... standing across the ring... weighing in at 245 pounds... from Juarez, Mexico... CANNNNNNIBAAAAAAAL!

[A spout of red mist shoots into the air, drawing an "ooooooh" from the Memphis crowd. Canibal stares across the ring at his former rival, red liquid dripping down the corners of his mouth as he makes a double cutthroat thumbs down gesture at him. Canibal is a tall, pale Caucasian with long legs. His body is very defined and muscular but is covered with tattoos on his arms and torso. He wears his jet black hair tied back in a ponytail with the sides of his head shaved. To the ring, he wears long black spandex pants with a white "C" on the right thigh and knee-high black boots. His eyesockets are covered with black facepaint, making the whites of his eyes pop as he stares wildly into the camera.]

GM: Two old rivals squaring off here in Nashville with the winner heading to New Orleans to be a part of the Steal The Spotlight ladder match, joining the likes of Riley Hunter and Jayden Jericho in that contest... and these are two very quick, very athletic competitors who could potentially thrive in a match like that, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely... and when you add in Canibal's hunger for violence, I like what he brings to the table for a match like that.

[Referee Andy Dawson signals for the bell which is Canibal's cue to lunge forward out of the corner. Abaran drops back, fists balled up but Canibal withdraws, revealing a feint as a sneer crosses his face.]

GM: Canibal toying with Abaran a little bit out of the gates in this one.

[The two men circle for a bit before coming back together where Canibal catches the incoming Abaran with a short forearm to the jaw.]

GM: Oh! He caught him on the way in... a second forearm...

[Canibal shoves Abaran off towards the ropes, swinging his leg up into a roundhouse aimed at the midsection...]

...but Abaran takes flight, leaping over the kick to drag Canibal down in a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: ONNNNNE! TWOOOO!

[Canibal kicks out with ease, sending Abaran scrambling to his feet where he meets the rising Canibal with a dropkick on the chin, sending him falling back into the corner.]

GM: These two are right into it. They're very familiar with one another and are taking no time for a feeling out process.

[Abaran rushes in on Canibal, leaping up to plant his feet on the legs...]

...and falls back, flipping his fellow luchador through the air, sending him bouncing off the canvas with a monkey flip!]

GM: Flips him out of the corner! Abaran's taking the fight to Canibal early on here!

[As Canibal gets to his feet, he rushes at Abaran who takes him up and over with an armdrag...]

GM: Overhead armdrag by Abaran! And again!

[Canibal scrambles up again but Abaran sends him sprawling with a running clothesline that takes Canibal over the top rope, dumping him down on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: The Prince of the Sun takes Canibal out to the floor!

[Abaran stands near the ropes, watching as Canibal struggles to get back to his feet...]

...and then breaks into a sprint, bouncing off the far ropes...]

GM: Look out here! Abaran on the run... and OOOOOVER THE TOP!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts to a big somersault dive between the ropes, knocking Canibal flat on the floor as Abaran lands on his feet. The good-looking fan favorite leans back against the railing, allowing the fans to slap him on the back and chest as he grins.]

GM: An incredible dive to the floor by Caspian Abaran, leaving Canibal down and out on the floor! And somewhere, you have to imagine that Manzo Kawajiri is pleased to see this. Kawajiri, you may recall, was brutally assaulted by Canibal

recently on Saturday Night Wrestling and the Iron Badger has not been medically cleared for AWA action since then.

[Abaran tugs Canibal up off the floor, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring. He pulls himself up on the apron, looking in as Canibal struggles to get back to his feet...]

GM: Abaran leaps up, off the top!

[Springing through the air, Abaran lands on the shoulders of Canibal, legs wrapped around his head...]

GM: HEADSCISSORS OFF THE TOP!

[Abaran reaches back, hooking the leg of Canibal as he tries to pin his shoulders down.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! CANIBAL KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Abaran slaps the mat in frustration, climbing to his feet...]

GM: Canibal getting off the mat as well... Abaran coming for him...

[Abaran grabs Canibal by the arm, looking to whip him across...

...but Canibal swings his hand down across the arm, breaking the grip, and swings his foot up to catch Abaran on the chin!]

GM: OHH! HEAD KICK!

[With Abaran wobbling, Canibal reaches out, snatching a grip on the throat...

...and hoists him into the air, throwing him down with a modified chokeslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Good grief, Gordo!

GM: Canibal showing surprising power there... and he might've been able to get the win right there but seems to have decided against it.

[Canibal drags Abaran off the mat, delivering a thrust kick to the torso that sends Abaran falling back into the corner. The Juarez native runs the short distance in, swinging his leg up into a Yakuza kick!]

GM: YAAAAKUUUUUZAAAAA!

[Abaran's head snaps back from the impact, staggering out towards Canibal who gets a running start, leaping into the air, snatching Abaran around the head and neck, and SLAMS the back of his head down into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TWIST OF CAIN!

[Canibal rolls back onto a prone Abaran, not bothering to hook a leg as we hear one... two... and three.]

GM: And just like that, we can add another entry into the field of superstars heading to New Orleans to take part in this year's Steal The Spotlight matchup. Canibal is heading to SuperClash!

BW: Where he'll be HUNGRY to win that ladder match, Gordo! Get it? Hungry?

GM: Oh, I get it... and it looks like Canibal has something to say, Bucky.

[The victorious Canibal retrieves a mic from Rebecca Ortiz who has just pronounced him the winner. He exhales in a long hiss, breathing into the mic.]

C: Ashes to ashes... and dust to dust...

[He withdraws, getting boos from the Nashville crowd as he turns his gaze onto his beaten opponent.]

C: Just as the Prince of the Sun lies on the mat... broken... beaten... the taste of ash in his mouth as the burning flames of the sun toast him into dust, so shall it be for you, Kawajiri.

[A twisted smile appears on Canibal's face.]

C: Can you hear me, Badger? Can you hear my words?

[He grabs at his head.]

C: Or is the pain too much for you? Your head throbs with the indignity of what I did to you weeks ago... leaving you laying like the Prince here...

[A soft chuckle.]

C: What I did brought me... joy? No... satisfaction. But not enough. I still thirst for more, Badger... I still hunger to bring you to the edge of darkness more.

Soon, Badger... with the whole world watching... I will stand here... I will wait... and I will bring my spot in the Steal The Spotlight with me.

[He beckons towards the camera.]

C: Come, Badger. Come to me. And take it from me.

[Canibal throws the mic aside, dropping to the mat and rolling under the ropes to the floor as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Whoa! Was that a challenge?!

BW: It sure sounded like one, Gordo.

GM: Canibal offering to put his spot in the Steal The Spotlight matchup on the line against the Iron Badger himself, Manzo Kawajiri, presumably on the upcoming Saturday Night Wrestling... on the eve of SuperClash!

[The camera cuts to Canibal stalking up the aisle towards the locker room as we circlewipe to footage stamped, "LAST WEEK AFTER SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING."]

Sandwiched on either side by 18-wheel trailers—one of which is covered in AWA decals—Erica Toughill, still in her ring gear, paces back and forth in the Memphis night.]

ET: I tried to explain myself—I want you to remember that. I tried to reach out. I tried to be understood, but I think that you understand me perfectly. And I think that you just don't care.

Every week... every Monday morning when I log onto the website and see if the Women wrestler's rankings have changed... no matter what I do, no matter hard I've pushed myself, no matter how many bodies I leave behind me, I am stuck in the middle of the pack.

Believe it or not, I used to be a good Catholic girl who thought if she prayed for forgiveness, that she would receive God's grace and mercy and he would fill this emptiness that she felt inside her. And whatever reason, God has not seen fit to forgive me. Think about where you are, Julie. Think about all those young girls at ringside every week who look up to you and call you their hero and an inspiration. I wanted that so bad for myself when I started in this sport. And every time I step out into that arena, and hear the hate they have for me, and the love they have for you, that emptiness and that void inside me burns, Julie.

They don't want someone like me, who is ugly inside and out. They want to be you Julie. They want someone who is super-powered. They want someone heroic. That's the role they see you in, and that's the role you seem determined to play. So it seems that I... must play... MINE.

[She pulls a black hoodie over her head; the glossy outline of a black skull is printed on the front.]

ET: The monster. The antagonist.

You're so eager to fight me, Spitfire, but I'm changing the rules of the game; that's what the supervillain does. I'm not just interested in fighting you, Julie.

[She holds up the shredded ribbons of Lori Wilson's headband.]

ET: I'm angry, I'm defiant, and I'm in ONE OF MY MOODS. I've hurt you, Julie. And I wish to go on... hurting you.

There's still tons of time left between now and SuperClash VIII, and who says everyone has to survive the road to New Orleans? Lady Lightning isn't the only one in that locker room you share a connection with.

Do I go after Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara next? I've thought about it, Julie, and I'm completely fine with the idea of returning a favor for Lauryn and giving her Thanksgiving night off. You can't protect them, Julie. You can't even protect yourself.

Last year at SuperClash, the Spitfire lit the torch of the AWA Women's Division. This year... I'm going to snuff that flame out and let darkness reign.

[She draws the black hood over her head and walks off screen as we fade to black...

...and then fade back up as the sounds of Jason Aldean's "Lights Go Out" starts to play over various shots of the New Orleans area. A steamboat docked on the shore. A statue in the middle of the city. A twilight overhead shot of cars zipping by on the freeway. An overhead shot of a church cuts to a time lapse shot of the

SuperDome - the home of SuperClash VII as the clouds move swiftly by and the lyrics begin.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's screaming#

[A night time drone shot of the Mercedes-Benz Superdome lights up the screen and then cuts to an interior shot of a crowd celebrating in the 'Dome.]

#Lighters in the sky, yeah, everybody's singing#

[A fan shot of a yellow sign that reads "HOME SWEET DOME" cuts to another crowd shot, this one of a fan gripping a sign that reads "THE DOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS."]

#Every word to every song to a girl to take it home tonight#

[A large crowd shot of a cheering crowd, showing off the immense audience who will be packed into the Dome soon enough.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's feeling#

[Older footage comes up, showing the huge audience that once packed into the Superdome to see Muhammad Ali fight Leon Spinks cuts to a shot of that actual fight.]

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

[A football falls just out of the reach of one of the San Francisco 49ers in a shot from a Super Bowl played in the Dome.]

#Yeah, the drink that we're drinking, the smoke that we're smoking#

[Cut to a shot of Mick Jagger center stage in the Dome at a Rolling Stones concert held there and then to Keith Richards from the same show strumming his guitar.]

#The party we throw, it's going all night long#

[A burst of pyro fills the screen before we see a time lapse of the crowd filing into the stadium for a New Orleans Saints game.]

#When the lights come on#

[Cut to another time lapse shot outside the Superdome as the sun goes down and the lights come on.]

#When the lights come on#

[And we cut to the SuperClash VIII logo with all the information on the show...

...and then fade through black back to the starfield where Harvey Sutton and James Lynch are standing.]

HS: Nineteen days and counting, AWA fans. The biggest night of the year for AWA fans, wrestlers, staff, you name it... it's almost here, James.

JL: That's right. This is that time of year when you start to get that nervous feeling in your stomach. Like the week or so before Christmas when you're a little kid and you're hopin' and prayin' that good ol' Saint Nick got your list, read it twice, and knows exactly what to put under your tree. But for AWA fans, we already know what's comin' under our tree. Now we just gotta wait for the big day to arrive.

HS: James, you've been on the other side of this too. You've been a wrestler waiting for SuperClash to arrive. What does that feel like?

[James is silent for a moment, almost absentmindedly reaching up to grab at the back of his neck.]

HS: I'm sorry, I-

JL: No, no. It's fine. Look... SuperClash is always going to have mixed feelings for me. Was it great when I got to climb into that ring with my brother and win the tag team titles? Hell yes it was. But as much as I loved that day and treasure that memory, Harvey... I also have to remember the day that I had to watch Jack, Travis, and my father step into the ring with the Beale Street Bullies - a match... a fight that I shoulda been a part of but couldn't because of...

[He grabs his neck again.]

JL: ...because of what they did to me.

[There's a quiet moment before Harvey Sutton speaks up again.]

HS: That... this whole situation must be difficult for you, James. I'm sorry.

[Lynch gives a silent nod, still holding his neck.]

HS: Fans, over the past few episodes of the Power Hour, we've been bringing to you action from the Crockett Coliseum - from the 2016 edition of the Brass Ring Tournament where we now know that the winner will earn themselves a spot in the Steal The Spotlight ladder match that will take place at SuperClash, joining competitors like Jayden Jericho, Rex Summers, Riley Hunter, Canibal, and others still to be named. Of course, when the words "Steal The Spotlight" come up, you know the stakes are high because the winner of that ladder match will receive a guaranteed contract to face an opponent of their choosing at any time before SuperClash IX in 2017. The two matches we'll be airing highlights of tonight took place last night in Dallas, Texas at the old Crockett Coliseum and are the Semifinals of this tournament. Four men remain in this one, James, with a lot on the line.

[James clears his throat, giving another nod.]

JL: Absolutely, Harvey. There are some guys down there in CCW who - quite frankly - deserve their shot at the big time. Men like Grant Carter... like Sid Osborne... like Max Magnum... and for one reason or another, they keep getting held back. This tournament gives them the chance to earn themselves a chance to force their way into the big picture. If they compete at SuperClash with the whole world watchin' and they steal that spotlight, the AWA front office won't have a choice but to give 'em the call.

HS: So much at stake. So much on the line. So, let's go to footage recorded last night in Dallas and hear from the two competitors in our first Semifinal match!

[We circlewipe from the starfield to the CCW interview area backstage at the Crockett Coliseum where backstage reporter, Mariah Wolfe, stands in front of the green and white CCW banner with "Arawak" Jack Veles. Mariah, is a petite attractive brunette dressed in a blazer and mini-skirt set. Jack Veles is a big slab of ugly brute dressed in a sarong over tights. As small as Mariah is, Jack is as big. He looms over her like a weathered henge, arms folded, a ragged towel around his neck.]

MW: Jack, you've been dominant in the first two rounds of this tournament decimating your opponents with your size and ferocity.

[That draws a curt nod and a slight smirk from Veles.]

MW: Many would say your opponents were overmatched physically.

[Veles acknowledges that fact with a shrug and a nod.]

MW: But tonight, you're actually at a size disadvantage. Pops Pahlaniuk outweighs you by nearly one hundred pounds. That's got to affect you mentally, doesn't it?

JV: (snorting) Really?

MW: It's got to be a big adjustment for you being the smaller man for once.

[Veles stares down at Mariah condescendingly.]

JV: Maybe for a little thing like you, a big tattooed monster like Pahlaniuk might be scary, but to me... not so much. I don't care how big he is. I ain't scared of him.

MW: But he's mauled his opponents in record times! He's beaten them faster than you have, Jack!

JV: That's because I like to play with my food, Wolfe. Yeah, he's 6'4 and 380 pounds. Yeah, he's got a big tattooed head and he calls himself cool nicknames like the Minotaur of the Midwest and the Mud City Monster and he likes to ask questions like "What are you going to do against the Mud City Mafia" and "What are you gonna do when a storm is headed straight at you?"

MW: What ARE you going to do?

JV: Let me tell you, Wolfe. Back home, we have hurricane season from June to October. I've been through storms all my life. I know the secret to surviving a storm is to outlast it. Because the stronger they rage, the faster they burn out. And then when that fat sack of crap has hit me with his best shot and he's got his hands on his knees and his stupid tattooed head is gaping at me amazed that I weathered the storm. You know what I'm gonna do?

MW: What?

JV: I'm gonna break his [BLEEP]damn knee, Mariah. That's what I'm gonna do.

[Mariah looks frightened by the seriousness of Veles' tone.]

JV: Any more questions? I didn't think so. Mud City Monster, I've got one question for you now. What are you going to do when I knock you out?

[Pause]

JV: Nuthin'!

[Veles hawks and spits as Mariah Wolfe dances back in disgust. Veles glares at her before he storms off the set...]

Cut to footage shot earlier from the Mud City Mafia's "clubhouse." The "clubhouse" looks an awful lot like an empty warehouse with a single, vintage oak desk in it. One either side of the desk are the Agents of Oblivion two men—one stocky, one wirey—in sunglasses and black suits; they look like Hasidic diamond merchants.

Behind the desk, standing beside the green leather chair, is the same mysterious, unnamed woman, twirling a butterfly knife. And seated at the desk is the hulking Pops Palahniuk in a sharkskin white suit.]

PP: Heh heh. Arawak Jack is up next. They don't get smaller, do they guys? Of course to me...

[Pops lifts his 377-pound frame out of his chair, leans over the desk, and takes off his white panama hat, revealing the sheets of lightning across his scalp.]

PP: ...They're all small. They all look small when you're coming down on them like a bolt from da blue. Or you're climbin' a ladder in New Orleans to make a name for yourself. Good thing I got my family here with me. 'Cause the bettah things are for me...

[The other three members of the Mud City Mafia crowd around Palahniuk.]

PP: ...The bettah things are for Da Agents, and the bettah things are for Da Hand Grenade. And the higher I go?

KA: The higher Kevin Alloy goes...

LDN: The higher Lucas Del Naja goes...

AQ: The higher Alicia Quaid goes.

PP: And Arawak Jack, it's just like they say back in Chicaga: if you're in a bad mood, wait 15 minutes, 'cause the weather is about to change.

[We fade from the intimidating visage of Pops Palahniuk out to pre-recorded footage of the ring. Both participants have already been announced as the voices of Harvey Sutton and Marcus Broussard are heard.]

HS: Alright, fans... we're set for Semifinal action in this one with two of the biggest and toughest in the entire locker room here in Combat Corner Wrestling are set for action. Shark, you got a pick in this one?

MB: Sutton, a week or two ago, I might've made a pick but these days, I feel like the things you take for granted are crap... you know?

HS: I truly don't.

MB: A man's reputation. A man's family name. A man's history and legacy. A man's honor and word. Those things used to mean something. They used to be something you could count on. Now? They're worthless. Garbage. Now a man's name isn't worth the birth certificate it was printed on.

HS: I feel like this diatribe might be aimed at a specific person, Shark.

MB: Do you now? Well, I've got a feeling it is too. And if he's got something to say about it, he knows where to find me. I'll be off remembering what it USED to mean to be a champion.

HS: On that note, the bell is about to sound in this one as these two behemoths clash to see who will move on to the Finals on SuperClash eve to battle for the final spot in the Steal The Spotlight ladder match.

[And as the bell sounds, Jack Veles and Pops Palahniuk stride from their respective corners to the middle of the ring. Trashtalk ensues to be certain.]

HS: Look at the size of these two men. Veles at 6'4, 290... Pops checking in 6'4, 377 pounds! Incredible!

[Veles arrogantly reaches out his arm, piefacing Palahniuk and shoving his face back. The crowd "ooooohs" in response...

...and then reacts loudly as the super heavyweight throws a big haymaker, smashing into the jaw of Veles.]

HS: The big man from Chicago laying in the heavy artillery!

[A second big right hand lands as well, causing Veles to backpedal across the ring, stumbling backwards into the turnbuckles. Palahniuk nods approvingly, baring his teeth as he moves in on Veles who pushes off the buckles, striking hard and fast with a series of palm strikes.]

HS: Look at Veles go! Rights and lefts, upstairs and downstairs, battering Palahniuk as fast as he can!

[Palahniuk staggers back under the lightning-quick assault as Veles switches to brutal open-handed slaps across the face of the bigger competitor...]

"SLAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAP!"

[With the 377 pounder reeling under the ferocity of Veles' assault, "Arawak Jack" shifts his tactics to try and take the big man's legs out from under him, throwing low kicks to the outside of Palahniuk's knee!]

HS: He's trying to cut Palahniuk down to size!

[Palahniuk winces, trying to steady himself as Veles rushes the ropes, rebounding back with another kick aimed at the back of the leg...

...but the insanely agile Palahniuk snaps off a picture perfect cartwheel, avoiding the leg sweep and sending Veles sailing by, ending up off balance himself.]

HS: Did you see that?!

MB: Incredible!

[The 377 pounder throws a standing dropkick that gets the already cheering fans louder.. and a second dropkick that really has them going, sending Veles falling back into the ropes where a running clothesline dumps him over the ropes and out to the floor to a tremendous reaction from the Dallas crowd. Palahniuk throws another stunning cartwheel before dropping down into a fighting stance, shouting "COME ON, YOU SON OF A-" before we cut to later in the match...

...where we find Palahniuk using his tremendous size advantage to his favor, throwing a series of back elbows to keep Veles in the corner.]

HS: Palahniuk laying in some heavy blows in the corner, keeping Veles trapped in there where he can really use his size advantage.

[The big Chicagoan backs off, slapping his stomach a few times...

...and with a roar charges back in, leaping up just a bit to crush his weight into the trapped Veles as the crowd groans with the impact!]

HS: AVALANCHE IN THE CORNER!

MB: Eat your heart out, Supernova!

[Palahniuk stays in the corner, his 377 pounds pressing into Veles' chest, obstructing his ability to get a full breath as the referee shouts for the big man to back off. He does at the four count, flinging Veles down to the mat effortlessly.]

HS: Veles got crushed under 377 pounds of solid... well, maybe not solid...

MB: Definitely not solid.

HS: Can you imagine what that would feel like if you took a wood and metal ladder and put it between the big man and his victim?

MB: It might break the damn ladder, Sutton. In fact, I bet there are members of the AWA ring crew who are watching this right now hoping that Veles pulls it off because they'd have to specially reinforce the ladder to survive the mass of Pops Palahniuk.

HS: You could be right about that.

[Palahniuk plants a boot down on the chest of Veles, arrogantly pinning him as he shouts "he's done, ref!" A two count proves otherwise, earning a sprinkling of cheers from the crowd as Veles slips a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin and momentarily causing the Chicago native to lose his balance.]

HS: Veles showing that tremendous will to win, still fighting under the most dire of circumstances and-

MB: Look out below!

[An angry Mud City Mafia members drops a massive elbow down into the heaving chest of Veles. He gets right back up, dropping a second... and a third.]

HS: Over and over, 377 pounds comes crashing down on Veles' frame.

MB: When it comes crashing down and it hurts inside... sounds like a poem, Sutton.

HS: Or a song perhaps.

[A fifth and final elbow finds the mark as Palhaniuk rolls into a lateral press, nodding at the official who again counts once... twice... and then pauses as Veles' right shoulder pops up off the mat.]

HS: Another kickout by Veles! And you've gotta be impressed as his ability to soak up damage, Shark.

MB: Veles has been bouncing around the indies and the international territories for years now, Sutton. He realizes that at 28 years old, he's gotta make a move to the big time if he's ever going to make it... and this tournament may be his best chance to - to quote Jim Morrison - break on through to the other side.

[Palahniuk is barking at the official as he climbs to his feet...

...and we cut to later in the match where Pahlaniuk scoops Veles up his bulky arms, slamming him down to the canvas near the ring ropes. He points to the sky before stepping out to the apron.]

HS: We've seen this one before, Shark.

MB: Yeah, but it never fails to impress.

[Grasping the top rope with both hands, Palahniuk slingshots himself over the top rope, crashing down on Veles' body with a splash. He plants his fists down on the chest of his victim, roaring as he presses his body up into a pin attempt.]

HS: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd reacts with surprise as Veles' shoulder pops up off the canvas, breaking the pin.]

HS: Another two count for the big man from Prison City, USA...

[Climbing off the mat, Palahniuk's demeanor seems to darken as he drags Veles to his feet...

...and EATS a headbutt to the mouth!]

HS: OH!

[Palahniuk falls back against the ropes, wiping his hand against his mouth and spitting on the canvas.]

MB: Well, if he wasn't already in a bad mood, getting whapped in the mouth oughta do the trick.

[Veles steadies himself, throwing a rounding kick to the ribs once... twice... three times...

...and then snaps off a spinning back fist to the side of the jaw, dropping Palahniuk to a knee.]

HS: And don't count out Jack Veles quite yet!

[Grabbing the back of the big man's head, Veles pours on the pressure, throwing a series of brutally stiff kneestrikes to the jaw... then to the temple, a final blow causing Pops Palahniuk to fall through the ropes to the floor.]

HS: He drove him to the floor! Veles with that ferocious striking sends Palahniuk all the way out to the floor...

[But Veles doesn't stop there, ducking through the ropes to the apron, walking all the way down to stand near the ringpost. He crouches down, waving a hand, calling for Palahniuk to get to his feet...

...and when he does, Veles runs down the apron, delivering a running soccer kick to the chin that snaps the big man's head back, causing him to slump down to his knees before dropping down to the floor.]

HS: Veles kicks the spit right out of Palahniuk's mouth, putting him back on his back on the floor... and you get the feeling that Veles STILL isn't done, Shark.

MB: Absolutely not. This is his shot, Sutton. He's gotta put this big man on his back and keep him there if he plans on winning this thing. He's gotta keep those visions of SuperClash, climbing a ladder, and winning Steal The Spotlight in his mind!

HS: First thing's first though - he's gotta beat Pops Palahniuk to get another step closer to that final goal.

MB: Or maybe he can just hang around a bar and become the National Champion.

HS: Oooh. Little stiff there, Shark.

MB: Oh, you haven't seen stiff yet, Sutton.

[Still on the apron, Veles take a pair of deep breaths before charging down it again, leaping into the air, and dropping his near three hundred pounds down across the big man's chest with a senton backplash!]

HS: HIGH IMPACT SENTON SPLASH OFF THE APRON TO THE FLOOR!! TAKE A LOOK AT THAT!

[With both men laid out on the floor, we cut deeper into the match...

...and find Palahniuk raining down overhead elbows on the forehead of Veles, taking him down to a knee.]

HS: Palahniuk wraps him up, looking for a suplex here...

[But as he goes to lift Veles off the mat, Veles swings his leg up, driving his knee into the bridge of the big man's nose, forcing him drop Arawak Jack back down on the mat.]

HS: Oh! Veles blocks the suplex!

[Veles lashes out, throwing a left-handed slap followed by a right, bouncing them off the ears of the big man...

...but Palahniuk slaps the arms away, driving his tattooed skull into the sternum of Veles, sending him falling back into the corner.]

HS: Headbutt to the fighting heart of Arawak Jack!

[Palahniuk shakes his head, clearing the cobwebs before charging back in for a big running splash...]

HS: BIG SPLASH!

[...but Veles leans back, lifting his leg and causing the big man to run right into his boot!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And with Palahniuk staggering in a circle, Veles hops up to the middle rope, giving a shout as he leaps off the ropes, landing on Palahniuk's back and wrapping his python-like arms around the head and neck of the man from Prison City!]

HS: CHOKE! REAR NAKED CHOKE!

[The crowd erupts at the sight of Veles wrapping up Palahniuk who reaches back, grabbing the legs of Veles, trying to fight his way free as the man from the Caribbean attempts to choke out the 377 pounder.]

HS: Veles is hanging on! Palahniuk is trying to shake him off but-

[The groans of the crowd are loud as Palahniuk drives Veles backfirst into the turnbuckles!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

HS: into the corner but Veles hangs on!

[Palahniuk staggers out of the buckles again, his pumping arms slowing as he tries to get free...

...and DRIVES his 377 pounds backwards a second time!]

HS: That’s two times into the corner but two times that Veles has managed to hang on!

MB: Third time’s a charm?

HS: Palahniuk seems to think so, setting his feet here and-

[The 377 pounder leaps into the air, driving Veles’ spine into the canvas with a thunderous escape attempt!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

HS: DOWN _HARD_ INTO THE CANVAS... and that one breaks the hold!

[Both men are down on the mat, breathing heavily...

...when Veles suddenly wraps his legs around Palahniuk’s torso, wrapping his arms around the head and neck again!]

HS: NO! NO IT DIDN’T! NO IT DIDN’T! BACK TO THE CHOKE!

[The 377 pounder’s arms are swinging through the air, moving slowly as Veles tries to wrench the consciousness out of him.]

HS: Veles hanging on for dear life, trying to choke out Palahniuk! Trying to cash his ticket to the Finals of the Brass Ring tournament! Can he do it? Can he hang on?

[The arms of the big man get slower... and slower...]

MB: Palahniuk is fading, Sutton!

HS: The referee is right down there, checking on both men and-

[Suddenly, Palahniuk’s arms drop to the mat. The referee grabs a wrist, lifting and dropping it...

...and then waving for the bell with a “HE’S OUT! HE’S OUT!”]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Veles, upon hearing the bell, releases his hold, shoving his beaten opponent aside with disgust. He climbs to a knee, soaked with sweat and breathing heavily as he looks down on him. The referee raises Veles’ hand to a mixed reaction from the CCW faithful.]

HS: And Arawak Jack Veles is heading to the Finals of the Brass Ring tournament, fans! He is one win away from heading to the big dance... from heading to SuperClash and Steal The Spotlight!

MB: You gotta believe, Sutton... and Jack Veles believes that 2017 is going to be the year he takes the AWA by storm. Winning this tournament and heading to SuperClash would be one heck of a way to get there.

HS: That's it for now from the Crockett but we'll be back later in the Power Hour to bring you the other half of our Semifinals when Lord William Wesley Windsor takes on Whaitiri!

[Veles slaps his chest, leaving a red mark behind as he raises his hand in victory and we fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and back up to Mark Stegglet standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

MS: Power Hour fans, please welcome my guest at this time... "Cannonball" Lee Connors!

[Connors steps into view, wearing a white gi with a headband with a rising sun on it. He smiles and gives a slight bow towards Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Cannonball, in just seven days, you'll be taking on Jayden Jericho - with "Playboy" Ronnie D in his corner no doubt - and if you win, you'll earn yourself a spot in the Steal The Spotlight ladder match going down at SuperClash. Your thoughts?

[Connors nods.]

LC: Mark, it's pretty simple if you ask me. See, I've been watching a lot of Karate Kid lately. You've seen The Karate Kid?

MS: The one with Jaden Smith?

[Connors visibly recoils.]

LC: No, Mark... God... no. The real one. The original.

MS: The one with the guy from My Cousin Vinny?

[Connors again looks horrified.]

LC: Yes. I guess so. Sure. Anyways, I've been watching that movie a lot lately and I think I've got this whole thing figured out. See, I know who Jayden Jericho is in that movie.

MS: Daniel LaRusso?

[Connors AGAIN looks horrified.]

LC: No, Mark. I'm ALWAYS Daniel LaRusso in these scenarios. Always.

[Stegglet shrugs.]

MS: Alright. So who is Jayden Jericho?

LC: Isn't it obvious? He's Johnny Lawrence.

MS: Who?

LC: The bad guy. The blonde kid.

[Stegglet looks a little confused.]

LC: It's simple, Mark. Try to follow along. John Lawrence is a very talented young karate competitor who has lost his way because he's being shown the wrong way to do things by his evil teacher, John Kreese.

MS: Who?

[Connors sighs.]

LC: Are you sure you've seen The Karate Kid, Mark?

[Stegglet stares blankly for a moment.]

LC: Look, Jayden Jericho is the very talented pro wrestler who has lost his way because he's being shown the wrong way to do things by his father, Ronnie D. Follow me?

MS: Sure.

LC: And even more like the movie, Ronnie D is trying to live vicariously through his son to achieve the success that has long past him by... just like John Kreese! Got it?

MS: Okay. But where do you come in in all this?

LC: I'm the one who is going to show young Jayden Jericho the light...

[Connors throws a very nice front kick, stopping his foot just short of Mark Stegglet's chin.]

LC: ...by kicking him right in the mouth.

[He lowers his leg, looking at the camera with a smile.]

LC: Wax on, wax off.

[And he makes his exit, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Wait! Who is Elizabeth Shue then?!

[Fade to black...

...and back up to pre-recorded action with a graphic that reads "NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE." The crowd starts to cheer as The Ramones' "Blitzkrieg Bop" rumbles over the PA. The Afro-Punk, Victoria June, bounds out onto the stage, mosh dancing, shaking her big harsh blonde Afro as she screams at the crowd in delight. Dressed in a white denim vest over a sports bra, shredded denim jeans, torn fishnet stockings and Black Doc Marten boots, June throws up her fist to the crowd as she bounds to the ring.]

GM: We are back here in Nashville on the Power Hour and Bucky Wilde has decided to take a breather while I'm joined out here at ringside by the very first man to wear the AWA National Champion, Marcus Broussard.

MB: The first and the best, Gordon.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Never lacking for ego, old friend, but I'm happy to have you out here and... and this local Nashville crowd is very happy as well to see the return of Native-Tennessean, Victoria June.

MB: Victoria June grew up two hours away in Humboldt, Tennessee. She's been off since suffering a major eye injury at the hands of the Serpentes. Let's see if she's lost a step against her opponent here tonight, Jenny Macklin.

[June tosses her vest over the top rope as she bounces around, ready for action.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway!

[June immediately launches into a rough collar and elbow, yanking and pulling at Macklin until Macklin loses her footing and June hauls her up and over, dropping her down to the mat with a brutal hip toss.]

GM: Wow, Macklin landed hard on her hip.

MB: Victoria June isn't known for technique, but she's surprisingly strong. She just muscled her up and over.

GM: And as soon as Macklin gets up she's knocked right back down with a vicious clothesline from June!

MB: Gordon, when you've been off the shelf and away from the game for a while you miss the competition. Your first match back is pure adrenaline and Victoria June is running on pure adrenaline right now.

[June stomps away on the downed Macklin before she throws a fist in the air and bangs her head in time with the crowd.]

"Hey! Ho! Let's go!"

[The crowd cheers in time with her exclamation as June yanks Macklin up to her feet and scoops her up and slams her down hard.]

GM: Hard elbow drop to follow up and then another! June striking quickly. She's all business in this one-sided matchup.

MB: Macklin hasn't been able to get out of the gates yet.

[June hauls up the hapless Macklin and whips her into the corner. She yells out a war cry before charging in and crushing Macklin with a Heatwave.]

GM: My goodness, what a Heatwave from Victoria June... straight out of the playbook of her friend, Supernova. She is firing on all cylinders right now.

MB: She's definitely sending a message to the Serpentes that they did not take her out.

[June hits Macklin with a single-legged dropkick that snaps Macklin's head back, hair flopping around her head. Macklin's legs are weak as she staggers out of the corner into a haaard June headbutt.]

GM: Oh! Macklin's probably seeing stars after that one.

[Dazed, Macklin practically slumps into June's grasp. June picks her up sideways like a sack of cement and drops forward, crushing her on the mat with a front falling powerslam.]

MB: And June is setting up for the finish here!

GM: She's got Macklin all tangled up.

[Macklin screams and struggles as June grapevines the legs and turns Macklin onto her stomach. She reaches down and seizes the arms, hauling Macklin up in the air. Macklin screams in agony and quickly taps out against June's knee.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And just like that it's all over for Jenny Macklin.

MB: That Scorpion crosslock is a devastating maneuver! Victoria June could be a real force to be reckoned with in the AWA's Women's Division.

[June rocks her head back and forth a few times, raising both arms to celebrate her win in her return to action.]

GM: Victoria June with a successful return to the ring here near her hometown and she makes another strong addition to an already tough division.

[As June celebrates, we circlewipe back to the starfield where Harvey Sutton and James Lynch are standing.]

HS: Welcome back to the Power Hour, Victoria June, and James, I've gotta imagine her first goal now that she's back in action is to get her hands on the Serpentes.

JL: Absolutely. Whenever you get put on the shelf, your all-encompassing thought revolves around finding a way to get better, get back, and get revenge.

HS: Well, she's gotten better and gotten back to action. We'll see if she's able to get revenge in the weeks to come... but right now, let's go to some footage captured last week in Memphis.

[We circlewipe to footage marked "LAST WEEK – Saturday Night Wrestling". In the backstage area, Colt Patterson is with Jackson Hunter, who looks uncharacteristically calm, but pensive.]

CP: Well, Jax, I know we were speaking earlier tonight about making sure the Axis would run the table at SuperClash VIII, but I didn't get a chance to ask you about the The Tsar himself.

JH: Colt, as you remember from last year, every autumn Mr. Zharkov returns to Magadan in Siberia to complete his final preparations for the big event. And now that we know this is Alex Martinez' last big dance, he wants to be absolutely ready.

CP: And you're still predicting the Axis goes five-for-five on Thanksgiving night? You're going rain on Alex Martinez' parade?

[Hunter sighs.]

JH: Colt, you've been picking my brain for a couple of years now. You. Me. Martinez. Mr. Vasquez... we're all cut from the same cloth. You love this sport. I love this sport. Alex Martinez loves this sport and it shall be diminished without him. When the AWA next goes live on The X, I'm going to ask that I speak to Alex Martinez face-to-face—on my own, alone—to make my peace with him in front of the world, because...

...Because I owe him at least that.

[Fade to black...

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cut back to the young boy who shouts.]

"RYYYYYAAAAAN!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Go get him, White Knight."

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

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

"Wow."

[Then to Martinez, walking through the curtain into a blaze of bright white light.

And then cut to a graphic that reads "The AWA: Who's Your Hero?"

Fade to black...

...and back up on taped footage, this one showing Ryan Martinez arriving in a limo outside an arena. A voiceover of Mark Stegglet is heard.]

MS: Earlier this week, Ryan Martinez took a night off from training for his World Title showdown with Juan Vasquez for a fight of a different sort.

[We cut to a marquee reading "GLOBAL FIGHTING CHAMPIONSHIP TONIGHT!" Cut again to Martinez, this time backstage where he is shaking hands with a lot of guys we can assume are GFC fighters.]

MS: The AWA's White Knight was on hand to catch the action in Las Vegas as the stars of the GFC took to Fox Sports X for another night of hand-to-hand combat.

[Cut to a closeup of Martinez addressing the camera.]

RM: Yeah, I've been working really hard lately and my dad convinced me I might need a night away from the gym. I'm not sure any of my trainers... well, one in particular...

[Martinez grins.]

RM: I'm not sure he agreed but hey, I've kicked his butt once, right?

[Martinez chuckles as we cut the Hexagon itself where a well-built European looking man throws a heavy right hand, knocking his opponent flat. The crowd surges to their feet for the highlight reel KO, including Ryan Martinez as we cut to him in the crowd cheering loudly.]

RM: I don't know. Maybe I even picked up a few things. Look out, Right Cross!

[We cut to another fight at some point in the evening where a well-placed high kick leaves a smaller competitor prone for a lanky redhead to sink in a rear naked choke.]

RM: My trainer should've come along. Striking. Submissions. This is right up his alley.

[We cut again to the backstage area where Ryan Martinez shakes hands and then embraces a lanky, muscular Latino who looks fresh out of the cage. He's got a few tattoos on his upper body, most notably a flag that is half Mexico and half USA on his upper back. Oh, and he's wearing dark sunglasses.]

RM: Shades is my boy, you know. Jesus Valiente? Jesus and I actually ran into each other in a gym down in San Diego out of nowhere one day. We recognized each other, of course... traded numbers. We've hung out a few times since then... shot the breeze, hit the gym.

[Cut to footage of Valiente in the cage, throwing wild haymakers at his opponent for the evening as Martinez cheers him on.]

RM: He's been to a couple of AWA shows, just hanging out, meeting the guys... asked me if I wanted to come out to a GFC show next time he was fighting in the cage so... here I am.

[Another post-fight shot of Martinez and Valiente talking, nodding and smiling.]

RM: He's a good dude. Tough guy. Got a bit of a chip on his shoulder but... I guess we all do at some point, right? Hell, I wouldn't want to be across the cage from him.

[The two Latino superstars pose backstage for the camera, both with an arm raised and a fist clenched, bumping knuckles as Martinez smiles and Valiente glares as we circlewipe away from the footage...]

...and then back into the arena, where there's a tag team match going on. The words "Joined in Progress - "Outback Zack Kelly & Paulie Italiano vs. The Agents of V.E.N.O.M." appear on the screen before fading out into a closeup of the action going on in the ring. Currently, one of the members of the evil duo, the ninja known as Cold Snap has Italiano in a reverse chinlock as the crowd seems to be rallying behind the hapless Italiano.]

MS: Cold Snap continuing to grind away with this reverse chinlock on Italiano, as Italiano tries to figure out a way to make his escape.

CP: Well, you know how Italiano loves to post to Twitter and YouTube? If he spent all his time away from posting nonsense, he could have found a video on how to escape ancient ninja techniques like this.

[Just as Patterson finishes, the crowd's calls for Italiano to come back seem to have reached him, and he is able to pull himself to his feet as Cold Snap tries to keep his chinlock on.]

MS: It's hardly a ninja technique, and normally it's very simple and effective enough to wear down most opponents, but Italiano's got a second wind going here.

[The crowd cheers as Italiano is able to fully get to a vertical base, and drives a couple of elbows into the breadbasket of the ninja warrior.]

MS: Italiano breaks free, and charges towards Cold Snap!

[However, Cold Snap is able to stick out his knee. Instead of Italiano taking the knee to the breadbasket, he's able to actually slide underneath the knee.]

CP: Boy, for a ninja, Cold Snap really telegraphed that one.

[Italiano quickly hops to his feet, however, the ninja quickly turns around when he realizes his miss, and drives his taped right hand into the throat of the Jersey Shore native.]

MS: That strike to the throat took the wind out of the sails of that comeback attempt from Italiano. Cold Snap quickly resumes his attack, pulling Italiano to his feet. A scoop slam, and Cold Snap's looking to finish this one off.

[Pointing to a corner, Cold Snap quickly makes his way over. With one quick leap, Cold Snap jumps to the top rope, and strikes a pose.]

MS: Not sure he should be taking the time to do this while he's got Italiano down on the canvas.

CP: Well, from what I've seen so far, he's not exactly the quiet but deadly type.

MS: Cold Snap leaps off the top!

[Cold Snap hopes to land the decisive blow, but Italiano is able to raise his foot up, catching the ninja underneath his chin before he can nail some sort of ninja strike. The crowd starts getting back into the match as Cold Snap flops to the canvas.]

MS: Both men down, and this crowd's doing their best to will Italiano to his feet. Zack Kelly is pounding on the turnbuckle, and he wants a chance to get in there to win the match!

CP: Italiano's gotta get past Cold Snap first!

MS: Right you are, both men getting up to their feet, it looks like Italiano is up first..

[Italiano pumps his fist to the cheers of the crowd. Cold Snap is wobbly, but he's the obstacle between Italiano and Kelly. With a loud whoop, Italiano charges.]

MS: Italiano going for... BELMAR BLAST!

[The crowd erupts as Italiano finally gets to hit his jumping leg lariat. He didn't quite get all of it, as Cold Snap rolls over to his partner Vile Venom. Italiano did clear considerable distance as he reaches out for Kelly.]

CP: Very smart move there by Cold Snap to get to his corner after that move, and Vile Venom's able to tag himself in to finish off Italiano!

MS: Maybe not.... here comes the tag on the other side!

[Kelly is able to get himself tagged back into the match, and he steps through the ropes to greet Vile Venom with a few jabs to Venom's midsection.]

MS: Kelly's in the ring and he's a house of fire! He's got Vile Venom staggered! He measures him and gets him with a dropkick!

CP: Not the prettiest of dropkicks, but I guess it's effective enough!

MS: Cold Snap pulling himself to his feet and Kelly rushes over and drops him from the apron with another dropkick!

[As Patterson grunts his disapproval of Kelly's cheap shot, Kelly gets back to the middle of the ring and pulls Venom up to his feet.]

MS: Irish whip, no, reversed!

[Venom ducks his head, but Kelly sees it coming from a mile away and leaps over him, hoping to take him down in a sunset flip.]

MS: Kelly's trying to take Venom down in a sunset flip.

CP: I don't think Kelly weakened Venom enough to take him over!

MS: You might be right, Venom's straightened up and he looks like he's about to get Kelly right between the eyes.

[Venom looks down, fist ready. However, as Venom strikes downward, Kelly is able to let go and slide underneath Venom. The crowd cheers as Venom's fist hits nothing but mat. Kelly gets to his feet as Venom holds his hand in pain, and charges.]

MS: Lariat to the back of Venom's head! He dropped him with that one!

[Kelly ponders for a second his next move, and decides to roll Venom over after that hard lariat. He makes the cover.]

MS: He's going for the win! The ref counts... AND HE GETS THE VICTORY!

[The crowd roars as Zack Kelly picks up the win! Italiano enters the ring, jumping around and pumping his fist as the crowd continues to cheer.]

CP: How about that, Steggy? That's gotta be Zack Kelly's first televised win!

MS: Maybe we found ourselves a new tag team here in the AWA here on the Power Hour after that impressive victory by "Outback" Zack Kelly and Paulie Italiano! Folks, we'll be right back!

[The camera fades out of the taped action, and fades into the two men we just saw victorious on Power Hour, standing in front of a generic AWA background.]

"O"ZK: I wish I coulda come out here and tell all ya cobbles out there in TV land, that I'm rapt that me and Paulie here got in the win column over a coupla tough blokes. But there's somethin' I've needed to address for quite awhile now.

[The smile on Kelly's face quickly fades, however.]

"O"ZK: And that's you, Charlie Stephens, and you, Joe Flint. We used to be pretty tight, goin' from show to show. If ya had yer knickers in a bunch over somethin' that's been buggin' ya, all ya had to do was talk to me. We coulda knocked down a few stubbies in a bar somewhere and worked everythin' out. It really woulda been no worries.

[Kelly lets out a sigh.]

"O"ZK: But you, Stephens, instead of talkin' it over, ya had to go be a mongrel and put me in the hospital. I'm fortunate that in the long run, I've healed up enough and can get back to action. The time for talkin's over, mate. I'm about t' go off on ya and that big ol' galah of yers. Karma's gonna come around and hit ya twice as hard as ya hit me.

[Suddenly, Italiano pipes in.]

PI: Like a boomerang, bro!

[There's a bit of an awkward pause. Kelly looks over at Italiano and sighs.]

PI: ...sorry.

"O"ZK: Oi, no worries, mate. Betcha only ever really experienced Aussies like me thanks to Crocodile Dundee.

[Italiano looks puzzled.]

"O"ZK: Anyway, we've sent over a contract to face the Soldiers of Fortune next week on AWA Saturday Night. I'm finally gonna get my hands on Stephens and Flint once and for all and flush 'em down the dang dunny. To my friends Robbie and Rory, the British Bashers.. You two are good blokes, but fair dinkum, I'm crook, I'm gonna make sure that there's nothin' left of the Soldiers of Fortune once we get done with them. Then, once we get rid of the Soldiers, we're gonna take their place in that Blackjack Patterson Battle Royal... and who knows, maybe our hard yakka will finally pay off an' we'll down a few coldies in celebration once one of us wins, ain't that right, Paulie?

PI: I... uh.. yeah! I.... think I understand the coldie part! Beers, right?

"O"ZK: Sure, but I'm bringin' the good stuff.

[Italiano's eyes widen in anticipation.]

PI: Wooooooo! Yeah! We're gonna win and totally get smashed! Yeah! That's right, you know it! Everyone, pump a fist!

[Italiano starts pumping his fist in anticipation for Saturday Night, and Kelly also pumps a fist, although he's a little confused at how to actually do it. We then circlewipe back to the starfield and our Power Hour broadcast team.]

HS: An unlikely duo is formed in "Outback" Zack Kelly and Paulie Italiano... and you've gotta wonder if this duo has what it takes when they tangle with the Soldiers of Fortune on the next Saturday Night Wrestling.

JL: Anybody's got what it takes if properly motivated, Harvey... and Outback Zack there has a whole lot of motivation after what Flint and Stephens did to him.

HS: Joe Flint was a big star for your father's promotion down in Texas for many years, James.

JL: That he was... and someone I was proud to call a friend until recently. I just don't know what's gotten into his head lately but he ain't the Joe Flint that I've shared more than a few cold ones with over the years.

HS: The Soldiers of Fortune, of course, are going to be part of that Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal coming up at SuperClash... and James, it's gotta improve their odds to have them both involved.

JL: It can't hurt, Harvey. Only one guy can win that thing but having someone watch your back until the end? Well, that's gotta help.

HS: A strategy you and your brothers used for years, I'm sure.

[James nods.]

JL: Yeah. Absolutely.

HS: Alright, fans... before we head back to the Crockett Coliseum, we wanted to take a look back together. Last weekend on SNW, Johnny Detson and the AWA production team showed some highlights from one of the most dangerous matches in wrestling history - the Killing Box. Tonight on the Power Hour, we wanted to take you back and show you some moments from the other match in the running for that "most dangerous" honor. They call it... The Woodshed.

[We circlewipe to black where "WOODSHED" comes up in solid white bold font, a loud clang of metal ringing out as it does. Fade up on Hamilton Graham sitting in a chair, a "talking head" shot if you will.]

"Look, in my day... the most dangerous thing you could do was wrap a wrestling ring in steel. It's brutal. It's sharp. I've seen it rip skin... tear a man's nose almost off his face... poke out a damn eye..."

[Black and white footage of an old Hamilton Graham cage match is seen as he smashes 'Battlin' Burt Wallace's head into the mesh, dragging it back and forth as the crimson flows freely from both men's forehead.]

"And then... they made it worse."

[Another loud "CLANG!" rings out as we get a shot of a steel cage with a roof on top of it.]

"They put a top on the damn thing. Now there's REALLY no way in or out. They expanded it to surround the ring so you could go out on the floor and do all sorts of ungodly things to each other."

[Graham lets loose a harsh-voiced laugh.]

"Ungodly. That's a pretty damn good word for it if you ask me."

[We fade through black from Hamilton Graham to the face of former EMWC color commentator and current AWA co-owner Todd Michaelson.]

"You can call it a cell. You can call it a ThunderCage. You can call it whatever the hell you want. We called it The Woodshed. And it was one of the damndest things I'd ever seen."

[The shot fades to black again, the sound of a buzzing crowd building slowly on the black screen...

...and the black screen soon becomes old EMWC footage once more, this time showing the beast known as Kraken and the wild-eyed cowboy Blackwater Bart trading fisticuffs inside the massive roofed steel structure surrounding both the ring and ringside area.

Cut to Kraken looping the chain like a strap, whipping the steel links down across the back of a doubled-up Bart as the crowd groans in pain alongside the big cowboy.

Cut to the floor where Bart throws the massive four hundred pounder into the wall of the Woodshed, causing the entire structure to shudder and shake under the impact. The voice of Todd Michaelson is heard again.]

"I honestly thought the whole damn thing might come down right there. The first time it went up... I thought Kraken's four hundred pounds might take it down. Luckily for everyone, it stayed standing... well, everyone except Bart and Kraken."

[We cut to more footage, this time showing Diamondback Chris Myers and Sam Willis standing inside the structure.]

"Can you believe we did two of the damn things in the same night? And they wonder why almost an entire generation of our sport ended up in early retirement... or worse."

[Willis grabs Myers by the hair, smashing his face into the structure, and dragging it against the mesh.]

"Those two wanted to make each other bleed at the bell... hell, before the bell really. But if bloodshed is what they wanted, they were in the right place. Of course, they didn't have a chain in that one..."

[Michaelson's words trail off as we see Willis wind up with the leather strap connecting champion and challenger, lashing it down across the back of Chris Myers, leaving a nasty red welt as Myers staggers a short distance away.]

"Kraken and Bart were almost too big to understand what they could do with that cell... not those two."

[Myers grabs Willis by the hair, hurling him OVER the top rope, into the steel cell wall, and crumpling down to the floor as Myers leans over the ropes...

...and then another quick cut to Willis wrapping the strap around Myers' throat, hurling him over the top rope for an old fashioned hanging.]

"You would have thought the chain might be worse... but these two made me think twice about that."

[A well-placed lash with the leather strap catches Chris Myers across the face, reaching up to grab at his eye as he falls to the canvas.]

"You know... when they told me about this thing, I thought the roof was a great idea. Keep the bastards out. Keep it between the men in the ring. But I never... NEVER... thought that someone would decide to climb the damn thing."

[With Sam Willis and Chris Myers battling on top of the Woodshed, Willis boots Myers in the midsection, pulling him into a standing headscissors on top of the Woodshed, ready to deliver his signature piledriver onto the steel mesh...

...when suddenly Myers lifts Willis into the air. Our audio shifts to that call from that night provided by Jon Keeton and Lori Dane.]

JK: NO! NO!

LD: OH MY GOD!!!!

[The announce team dives for cover as Willis comes sailing off the roof of the Woodshed in the form of a backdrop, sending him plummeting... falling... and finally CRASHING through the wooden ringside announce table, destroying his body and everything in its path as the voices of Keeton and Dane are heard once again.]

JK: OH MY GOD!!!! OH HOLY HELL!!!!

LD: HE'S DEAD!!! HE'S DEAD!!!! WILLIS HAS BEEN BROKEN IN HALF!!!!

[The audio and video from that night fade, leaving us looking at Todd Michaelson, shaking his head at the memory of that night.]

"I honestly thought I'd seen it all that night. I thought I'd seen all the levels of hell that The Woodshed could put someone through."

[A deep sigh.]

"I was wrong."

[Michaelson is shaking his head as we fade to black with a graphic that reads "THE WOODSHED. PART TWO. SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING."

Fade back to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[The "come get some" slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...

The words "Previously recorded" flash across the screen as we fade into a shot of Mark Stegglet, standing in front of an AWA banner.]

MS: Hi folks. SuperClash is just around the corner and one of the most anticipated matches must be our annual classic, the Steal the Spotlight match! Right now, I have with me one of the participants...

"AW HELL NAW!"

[Just then, we see Skywalker Jones, bursting onto the scene, ranting and raving and screaming to high heaven.]

MS: What's the meaning of this, Jones!? You're not Rex Summers!

SJ: And I thank the lord every day for that, Marky Mark! 'Cause if I was, I'd probably vomit in disgust!

MS: Why are you here!?

SJ: Skywalker Jones hears that the AWA is plannin' on having a brand new, state of the art, new and improved, bigger and better version of Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash! Skywalker Jones hears that everyone and their mama is finding a way into that match! Well, Skywalker Jones just has one BIG problem with that.

[He pauses and his eyes bug out in anger.]

SJ: SKYWALKER JONES WAS NOT INVITED!

MS: Skywalker Jones, you've been gone for months, touring internationally in Europe and Japan! You can't just expect...

SJ: You jiggadolts think you can just leave MISTER Steal the Spotlight outta' Steal the Spotlight???

NUH UH!

Not havin' it! Not havin' it at all!

[Jones takes the microphone out of Stegglet's hand.]

MS: Hey!

[Jones turns to the camera.]

SJ: Saturday Night Wrestling is comin' to my home state of Mississippi and you betta' believe that Skywalker Jones is gonna' make his presence KNOWN!

[He smiles and nods.]

SJ: And by hook or by crook, Skywalker Jones WILL find a way into SuperClash. And he WILL once again, steal the spotlight!

[Jones tosses the microphone down and storms off, leaving an exasperated Stegglet behind him. Fade out...

...and then up on a ring in an arena. There are people in it. One of them is "Flawless" Larry Wallace. The voice of Mark Stegglet rings out.]

MS: Welcome back to the Power Hour, fans... and joining me here tonight is the one and only Colt Patterson.

CP: The pleasure is all yours, Stegglet.

MS: And we have the pleasure of being here to call the action as the Flawless One himself, Larry Wallace, looks to gain the favor of the AWA front office and earn himself a spot in the Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash.

CP: I have a hard time understanding why Larry Wallace isn't already in, Stegglet.

MS: Rex Summers is in. Riley Hunter is in. Canibal is in. Jayden Jericho is in. But no Larry Wallace... not yet at least.

[Inside the ring, we see Wallace putting the boots to a young enhancement talent in bright red tights and white boots.]

MS: Wallace giving young Eli Hardy a taste of his shoe leather in this one.

CP: And if Hardy gets another taste in the form of that dropkick later on, it'll be all she wrote, jack.

MS: Wallace pulling Hardy to his feet here...

[With Hamilton Graham growling instructions from ringside, Wallace whips Hardy towards the turnbuckles, chasing him in with a running clothesline. He hangs on, wrapping his arm around the head and neck...

...and then drops backwards, snapping the young man's face into the mat!]

MS: Ohh! A new piece of offense out of Larry Wallace, perhaps getting some new weaponry ready in case he makes it to SuperClash and Steal The Spotlight.

[Wallace climbs to his feet, grinning proudly as he watches Hardy roll around on the mat, holding onto his face as the referee kneels down, checking to see if the young man can continue...

...and at a shout from Graham, Wallace shoves the official aside, stomping the back of Hardy's head repeatedly!]

MS: Oh, come on! That should've been a disqualification right there!

CP: Oh, you've gotta hit a referee a lot harder than that to get disqualified, Stegglet.

MS: You sound like you speak from experience.

CP: In my youth, Steggster... in my youth.

[Wallace drops to his knees, grabbing two hands full of Hardy's hair, raking his face back and forth on the canvas.]

MS: And Wallace is showing quite the mean streak tonight, Colt.

CP: He should. It's SuperClash season! This is the kind of mean streak you need to get to the big dance!

MS: Colt, what would you have done in your glory days to get on a SuperClash card?

CP: Anything and everything, Stegglet... just what guys like Larry Wallace should do.

[Wallace pulls Hardy off the mat, revealing a pretty nasty red matburn on his cheek. Wallace paintbrushes him a couple of times, trashtalking the young man.]

"You think you can hang with me, kid?! WITH ME?!"

[Eli Hardy throws a wild right hand, catching Wallace on the jaw, sending him flying backwards and flipping over onto his stomach.]

MS: What a right hand! Hardy lands the right hand out of nowhere!

[Hardy falls to his knees, the crowd cheering the sudden burst of offense as he nods his head to them.]

MS: And I'll tell you something right now, Colt... if Larry Wallace loses to Eli Hardy, there's no chance he's getting into Steal The Spotlight!

CP: You're probably right, Stegglet... but I bet Eli Hardy might get a look.

[Hardy climbs off the mat as Wallace pushes up to his knees, Graham screaming at him to "GET UP! GET UUUUUUUP!"]

MS: Wallace trying to get up... Hardy's gonna beat him to his feet!

[Eli Hardy stumbles towards Wallace, pulling him up into a pair of knife edge chops followed by a short forearm strike that knocks Wallace into the ropes. Hardy pumps both arms, getting the crowd behind him as he races to the ropes...]

MS: Hardy off the far side... charging in...

[A running dropkick by Hardy sends Wallace falling through the ropes, landing safely on the apron. Hardy gives a war whoop as he climbs back to his feet, charging across the ring again...]

CP: You call that a dropkick, son?

MS: Hardy off the far side again... Wallace on the apron and-

[The crowd gasps as Wallace slingshots over the top rope, landing on his feet just in time to leap right back up, extending his legs to picture perfect form...

...and BLASTING Eli Hardy right in the mouth with both feet!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: Now THAT'S a dropkick!

[Wallace pops up to a knee, looking down angrily at Hardy. He starts to cover and then shakes his head, leaning down to pull him up by the hair.]

MS: What's he doing now? He's already got the man beat!

CP: He's sending a message to the AWA front office! He wants his shot to steal that damn spotlight!

[Wallace drags Hardy to his feet, grabbing the arm and whipping him into the ropes...]

CP: Like I was saying, Stegglet...

[...and leaps up a second time, extending his legs and BLASTING the charging Hardy full force in the face!]

CP: ...THAT'S a dropkick!

MS: The so-called best dropkick in the world!

CP: Oh, there's no so-called about it, jack!

[Wallace covers this time, arrogantly sitting on the chest of Hardy as the referee counts once... twice... three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Wallace rises to his feet, gesturing for the referee to raise his hand.]

MS: And there you have it, fans. Larry Wallace with a victory here tonight... and now he's looking ahead to SuperClash... looking ahead in hopes of getting into Steal The Spotlight. Can he do it?

[Wallace is joined in the ring by Hamilton Graham who raises his hands as well.]

MS: We're going to find out in the days ahead. Fans, we'll be right back with more Power Hour action!

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up as the sounds of Jason Aldean's "Lights Go Out" starts to play over various shots of the New Orleans area. A steamboat docked on the shore. A statue in the middle of the city. A twilight overhead shot of cars zipping by on the freeway. An overhead shot of a church cuts to a time lapse shot of the SuperDome - the home of SuperClash VII as the clouds move swiftly by and the lyrics begin.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's screaming#

[A night time drone shot of the Mercedes-Benz Superdome lights up the screen and then cuts to an interior shot of a crowd celebrating in the 'Dome.]

#Lighters in the sky, yeah, everybody's singing#

[A fan shot of a yellow sign that reads "HOME SWEET DOME" cuts to another crowd shot, this one of a fan gripping a sign that reads "THE DOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS."]

#Every word to every song to a girl to take it home tonight#

[A large crowd shot of a cheering crowd, showing off the immense audience who will be packed into the Dome soon enough.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's feeling#

[Older footage comes up, showing the huge audience that once packed into the Superdome to see Muhammad Ali fight Leon Spinks cuts to a shot of that actual fight.]

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

[A football falls just out of the reach of one of the San Francisco 49ers in a shot from a Super Bowl played in the Dome.]

#Yeah, the drink that we're drinking, the smoke that we're smoking#

[Cut to a shot of Mick Jagger center stage in the Dome at a Rolling Stones concert held there and then to Keith Richards from the same show strumming his guitar.]

#The party we throw, it's going all night long#

[A burst of pyro fills the screen before we see a time lapse of the crowd filing into the stadium for a New Orleans Saints game.]

#When the lights come on#

[Cut to another time lapse shot outside the Superdome as the sun goes down and the lights come on.]

#When the lights come on#

[And we cut to the SuperClash VIII logo with all the information on the show...

...and then back up to pre-recorded footage from Lord William Wesley Windsor's study. The well-appointed chamber is lined with leather-bound books on mahogany shelves, decorated with oil-painted portraits hung on the dark walls and finished with all the other trappings of Masterpiece Theatre that PBS has come to convince Americans are the hallmarks of British aristocracy. Lord William Wesley Windsor sits upon his plush velour wingback chair, dressed in a midnight blue velvet smoking jacket, open-collared shirt and a burgundy and gold paisley ascot. He holds a snifter of brandy idly in one hand. Shockingly he is not smoking a pipe nor scratching the head of a hound. In the background, Arthur is dutifully dusting the bookcases.]

WWW: Arthur, fetch me the book of fairy tales.

[Arthur immediately snaps to attention, dropping the feather duster to his side. A cloud of dust envelopes him, causing him to wriggle and sneeze. Lord Windsor pulls a face as he is aghast at the impertinent behavior.]

A: Ahem, Aesop or Brothers Grimm, my Lord?

[Windsor pulls an even more disgusted face.]

WWW: Maori, Arthur. Obviously. Fetch the book of Maori fairy tales. Well, at least half of one, anyway.

[Lord Windsor never shows his teeth when amused. So he must be amused right now as tight as his lips are pursed. Arthur quickly scans the bookcase, running his finger along all the titles while Lord Windsor waits impatiently.]

A: Err, apologies, but I do not think we have such a book of Maori fairy tales ... theirs being an oral tradition and all, my Lord.

WWW: But Arthur, how can there be no book of Maori fairy tales? The AWA is trying to foist one on the American public right now with this Whaitiri character.

A: My Lord?

WWW: (turning to the camera) Yes, that's right, Whaitiri, if you're managing to watch the telly, I speak truly. You are being foisted upon this foolish American viewing public as a heroic fairy tale with your bid to win the Brass Ring tournament. The AWA has these people believing that a savage such as yourself could possibly win the damn thing. Imagine that. You? Of all people? These "people" cheering for you are in for a crushing disappointment. But inside you already know that, don't you? I mean, really, you cannot possibly believe in this fairy tale yourself. You cannot credibly believe you can match your skills with mine, can you? Can you?

No. No. No.

[Shaking his head to the negative, Winsdor happily sips the brandy before setting it down. He seems refreshed.]

WWW: Whaitiri, honestly, it's been an amazing run, my dear. It truly has been a fairy tale ... Surviving devastation at the hands of Odin Gunn. Rebounding against the odds to crush Sid Osborne with that devastating flying splash of yours. Fabulous stuff. Whaitiri, you may be a fine example of your people, a modern day of Hongi Hika as it were

Yes, I bloody know Maori history, my dear.

[Lord Windsor fixes the screen with such a glare.]

WWW: As I said, you're a modern day Hongi Hika, clubbing people about the head, dancing wild dances and waving shrunken heads about the air, naming yourself after some pagan cannibal goddess of thunder and all that tripe, but you, my dear, are NOT British.

[Windsor takes another sniff of brandy before setting it down again and jabs his index finger at the camera.]

WWW: You are not royalty! And you are not a world class wrestler! Why you're no better than that Gabriel Cordova, who everyone thought would have a fairy tale turn in this tournament as well! But he too, as good a bloody fight as he put up, failed against British nobility. No savage has ever stood a chance against the British...

[Arthur coughs to draw Lord Windsor's attention.]

WWW: Yes?

A: You might recall from your history lessons, my Lord, the Battle of Gate Pa at Pukehinahina in 1864, the outnumbered Maori defeated the British.

[Lord Windsor seems put upon as the wind is taken out of his sails. He sighs deeply before drawing another draught of brandy. He sets the snifter down and brushes his lap. He closes his eyes and sighs deeply before he continues.]

WWW: Arthur, what did I tell you about interrupting me with mundane facts?

A: That you would gut me with a Flensing knife?

WWW: (nodding) Yes, now, if you bloody well don't mind, I have to get back to this Whaitiri chap.

[Focusing his attention back on the camera.]

WWW: I'm sorry about that, Whaitiri, good help and all.

[Windsor shoots Arthur a withering look.]

WWW: Whaitiri, back to you and this impossible mountain you have to climb having to defeat Lord William Wesley Windsor to win the Brass Ring. Here is the truth about fairy tales, my dear. They are cautionary tales. The big bad wolf ate the three little pigs and the bird in the red hood. Hansel and Gretel were cooked in the oven. The three bears mangled that little upstart Goldilocks, my dear. This match shall also be a cautionary tale, Whaitiri. For all your thunder and your ferocity... For all your savagery and barbarism... For all your toughness and power, this is how the story will be told.

[Lord Windsor steeples his hands beneath his chin as he commences the story.]

WWW: Once upon a time, there was a rawly-talented savage of some populist charm named Whaitiri who embarked on a quest to claim the Brass Ring. He bested two opponents with a combination of speed, power and death-defying leaps from the top rope of the squared circle. The people cheered and believed it was his destiny to clutch the Brass Ring. Whaitiri began to ask himself 'In what world can anybody defeat me?'

Finally, he was matched against the fabled wrestling savant and vicious guttersnipe, Lord William Wesley Windsor, in a bid to advance to the finals of the tournament. In that vicious bloody fight Lord Windsor weighed him, measured him and found him wanting. Despite all the savage's prodigious ability, he was taken down and torn apart by Lord William Wesley Windsor. The people were saddened. Dejected, Whaitiri began to ask himself 'In what world could he ever defeat Lord William Wesley Windsor?' And he knew in his heart the answer. There was no world where he could defeat him. And so, knowing this to be true, Whaitiri lived miserably ever after.

THE END.

[The camera holds on Windsor's hard eyes and arrogant attitude, letting the weight of the threat soak in before the shot fades out...

...and then back up to the Combat Corner, in an area away from the ring and the locker rooms. A small studio set aside for interviews. A red CCW banner has been placed over a white wall. Standing in front of that banner are CCW backstage interviewer Mariah Wolfe, and her guest, rookie sensation Whaitiri.].

MW: The Brass Ring tournament has been a wild ride so far, and no one has had a wilder ride than the man next to me.

[The handsome half Maori flashes a megawatt smile, before nodding his head.]

W: First off, kia ora Mariah, and kia ora, fans. And you're right, Mariah, this tournament? Well, its been rough.

MW: You survived the onslaught of Odin Gunn. And then, you defeated Sid Osborne, only to suffer a heinous and cowardly attack after the match was over.

[The blue chipper's expression hardens as he nods his head.]

W: Gunn... Sid. Neither of those matches were what I wanted. I didn't even get an actual match with Gunn, and don't think I've forgotten that, Mariah, and don't think I want another shot at him.

And you, Osborne? You showed your true colors, didn't you? All that big talk, all those promises that you'd not only beat me, but cripple me? Well, I beat you, and I'm right here, standing on my own two feet?

I guess that means we all know that you're nothing but hot air, ain't you, Sid?

MW: I have to question - how are you feeling? You've got to be hurting.

W: I won't lie, Mariah. I'm a little banged up. Sid did a number on my knee. But here's the thing - I'm used to playing hurt. Before I was a wrestler, I was a rugby player, and I went in hurting plenty of times. Tweaked knees, broken noses, black eyes?

Ain't nothing I don't know about. Ain't nothing I can't fight through.

MW: Still, an injured knee. For a technical wizard like your upcoming opponent, Lord William Wesley Windsor, that may as well be a red flag.

W: You're telling me!

[Whaitiri chuckles.]

W: Listen Mariah, I know that this is like blood in the water for a shark like Windsor. I get that. But I've got two things motivating me.

MW: What would that be?

W: First is the tournament itself. That prize? It's not just the chance to Steal the Spotlight.

It's SuperClash itself.

I win this tournament, and I get a front row seat to the future, when my friend Jordan Ohara is going to be in when he wipes that trash eating grin off of Derrick Williams' face. I get to wrestle on the same show that will see Ryan Martinez put an end to the legend of Juan Vasquez.

I get to be in the same ring where Alex Martinez will have his last match.

If that doesn't give you chills, then you must already be dead.

I'm going to SuperClash, Mariah. I'm going to be there on the greatest night in the history of the AWA. I'm going in there to Steal that Spotlight, and so that I have the honor to say that I was there when the Axis fell, and honor came back to the AWA.

MW: You said you were motivated by two things

W: That's right. And the second one is you, Windsor.

Because you've earned the taste of my fist, and you're gonna get that and more!

[Fire flashes in the half Maori's eyes.]

W: You stole two matches, Windsor. You stole a match from Nakano. You cheated to beat Cordova. You're a stain on this tournament, to CCW, and to all that hard work that Todd Michaelson puts in every day!

I believe this – that a man reaps what he sows. You get out of this world what you put into it. And when you go around cheating and backstabbing, well, it means you're walking under a black cloud. You've called the storm, Windsor.

And now it's time for the lightning to strike.

MW: Those are some strong words.

W: And I mean every single one of them.

I know you're coming for my knee, Windsor, and I'm telling you, bring it. Bring everything you've got. Bring your manservant, bring every dirty trick you've got.

It won't be enough.

This is the end of the road for you, Windsor. I'm taking that brass ring, I'm going to SuperClash, and I'm stealing that spotlight.

And just like all the rest, you can't do anything to stop me!

[Fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and fade back up to Jon Stegglet, AWA co-owner and acting Director of Operations, sitting behind a wooden desk. A wall of floor-to-ceiling windows are behind him, looking out on downtown New York City.]

JS: Hello, AWA fans... as you join me here on the Power Hour, I'm in my office in New York putting the final preparations in place for what's going to be a tremendous week coming up in New Orleans a couple of weeks from now. However, we still have one more stop on this road to SuperClash and that'll go down in Jackson, Mississippi one week from tonight.

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: With just days to go until SuperClash, the fans in Jackson will see Callum Mahoney put the World Television Title on the line one more time before Terry Shane III gets his shot at the gold.

We'll see footage of Supernova and David Ortiz as they prepare for Ortiz' pro wrestling debut in New Orleans! Those two have been working out hard and I can't wait to see 'Nova putting Big Papi through the wringer to get him ready for the ring!

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: It's official! The former World Tag Team Champions, Air Strike, will reunite at SuperClash to take on the current champs, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan... who have quite a lot to say about this new challenge awaiting them in the Superdome.

Speaking of the Kings, I have it on good authority that both Brian James and Johnny Detson will be looking to Brian Lau in Jackson to find out whose corner Lau intends to be in at SuperClash.

[Another smile.]

JS: More and more names will be announced for the Blackjack Patterson Memorial Battle Royal - including some international guests who will be appearing in New Orleans.

We're also going to see Jayden Jericho take on "Cannonball" Lee Connors. If Connors wins, he'll earn himself a spot alongside Jericho in this year's Steal The Spotlight ladder match. And after what we heard earlier tonight, I can make it official that Canibal will be putting his spot in STS on the line when he takes on the Iron Badger, Manzo Kawajiri!

[A nod... and then a slight grimace.]

JS: And in a very special concept, we'll be presenting the Korugun Golden Ticket - sponsored by the fine folks at the Korugun Corporation. A "golden ticket" will be hung over the ring before the show begins... and as soon as we come on the air, it will be in play. The winner will be whoever is able to climb a ladder and pull down

that ticket before we go off the air. And the man who pulls it down? They'll get a very special prize - a spot in the Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash!

[Stegglet's grimace remains for a few moments before he shakes it off.]

JS: We'll have all of that plus much, much more...

[With a bit of a smirk, Stegglet snaps his fingers.]

JS: I almost forgot. Next Saturday in Jackson, Mississippi?

The final appearance of Juan Vasquez on AWA Saturday Night Wrestling.

Win, lose, or draw at SuperClash... and no matter what garbage you might read online about "last minute negotiations" or that kind of thing... this is it! He's done! Out of here! Gone!

And while he's telling people that he's going to use this final appearance for a Farewell Address... I'm telling him... right here... right now... that I've got one more surprise for Mr. Vasquez.

A big one.

[He really grins now.]

JS: You might even say... a giant one.

[Stegglet winks at the camera.]

JS: See you in Jackson... amigo.

[And we fade from the AWA co-owner out to the ring at the Crockett Coliseum for the final time of the night...]

HS: We are just about set to get underway here in Dallas for the second Semifinal of the night. We know that Jack Veles has advanced. He'll be in the Brass Ring Tournament finals on the eve of SuperClash in New Orleans. His opponent however remains to be seen. Will it be the wily technician Lord William Wesley Windsor from England? Or will the charismatic Whaitiri claim victory and move one step closer to wrestling superstardom?

MB: Heh. Whaitiri certainly has all the hype behind him, Sutton. He's the one that a whole lot of people... mostly those who work in the front office... want to see go the whole way. The funny thing about being the chosen one though? Sometimes people live to regret that choice.

HS: Again, I feel like you're taking aim at someone with that comment, Shark.

MB: Not at all, Sutton. I'm just saying that AWA fans have seen a lot of chosen ones come and go... guys that the office thought would be big stars who would carry this company on their backs for years to come. Not too many of them pan out and a whole lot of them wash out when the pressure is on. Whaitiri might be just another example of that.

[Inside the ring, Windsor is removing his ring jacket, handing it off to his manservant Arthur who folds it nicely and hands it to a ringside attendant with a stern talking to.]

HS: Arthur seems quite concerned about how that jacket is treated.

MB: Can you blame him? Windsor wears the finest Saville row tailoring and will have the hide of anyone who puts a wrinkle in the wrong place. Hell, you heard him threaten to gut his own manservant earlier tonight.

HS: A poor attempt at a joke, I'm sure.

MB: I'm sure you're right, Sutton. Good help is increasingly hard to find these days. I've been without a tennis pro for years.

[Windsor settles into his corner, eyeing Whitiri warily as the New Zealand native paces about the ring, burning up nervous energy as he waits for the action to begin.]

HS: You can see the heavily taped knee of Whitiri compliments of Sid Osborne two weeks ago. It doesn't seem to be giving him any trouble right now but an injury like that has to feel like Christmas come early to someone like Windsor.

MB: Without question, Sutton. Windsor can tie that leg into seventeen different kind of knots without breaking a sweat. Whitiri may be in for a rough night and a hard fall from the top of the ladder he thinks he's already on.

HS: We heard Whitiri earlier talking about how much it would mean to him to be a part of SuperClash... not just Steal The Spotlight but to be there when Ryan Martinez challenges for the World Title... when Alex Martinez has his final match... when his good friend Jordan Ohara battles Derrick Williams.

MB: That's cute. But what he should be worried about is winning this match... beating Veles... and shocking the world in Steal The Spotlight. If you're just there to see the show, buy a damn ticket.

HS: Boy. you seem like you're in a bad mood as of late.

MB: Seeing someone crap on my legacy will do that, Sutton.

[The bell sounds as Whitiri bounds out of the corner, charging out to mid-ring, ready to tieup...

...but Windsor doesn't budge from his corner, sneering at Whitiri from a distance.]

HS: And it looks like Lord William Wesley Windsor is not too eager to get this match started.

[Windsor's disdain for his opponent is apparent as Whitiri stalks the middle of the ring, ready to compete... while Windsor looks like he might be more eager to engage in a battle of beer pong with the common folk.]

HS: Whitiri is anxious in there, trying to get Windsor to come out to him but the referee is keeping Whitiri back while Windsor gives him a mouthful, complaining about just about everything that's happened since 1776.

MB: You know, Sutton... you turn on CNN somedays and you wonder if we wouldn't be better off still under the rule of the Crown.

[Windsor steps from the corner, slowly stretching out his arms...

...which is when Whitiri rushes forward and Windsor ducks out between the ropes with a "get back, get back, get back!" The referee steps in to oblige, forcing Whitiri to backpedal to center ring.]

HS: No dice quite yet. Whitiri certainly is ready for battle though.

MB: Windsor is too. He's just being smarter about it.

[Slowly, Windsor emerges from between the ropes, eyeing Whitiri who is still visibly agitated at the match being delayed so long. He claps his hands together, shouting at the Englishman who sneers in response, waving a hand for Whitiri to back up...

...but Whitiri storms in at him instead, getting caught with a boot to the midsection as he does.]

HS: Oho! Windsor goes downstairs out of the gate in this one!

[The crowd jeers as Windsor points to his temple before grabbing Whitiri by the head, smashing his face into the top turnbuckle. He spins the former rugby player's back against the buckles, measuring him...]

HS: Ohh! Big European uppercut!

MB: No, no, no, Sutton. That's the British uppercut!

[Windsor lands a second, expert in his precision as he catches Whitiri firmly on the underside of the chin.]

HS: Call it what you want but he's doing a number with them early.

[A third leaves Whitiri momentarily dazed as Windsor grabs an arm, whipping him across the ring to the far side where he leaps up, pushing off the middle buckle with a foot to charge back the other way...]

HS: UP AND DOWN GOES WHAITIRI!

[A leaping crossbody block takes Windsor down to the mat. Whitiri comes up, arms swinging around in an awkward kata type movement. As Windsor rises, he gets a chop across the chest... a stiff uppercut up under the chin... and a standing dropkick that is impressive in height, sending Windsor falling through the ropes and out to the floor to cheers from the CCW faithful!]

HS: And just like that, Whitiri clears the ring! Boy, he sure is something, isn't he?

MB: Oh, just fabulous. Probably the best I've seen since Ricky Royal... no, maybe since Rob Driscoll...

HS: Very funny.

[Out on the floor, Arthur helps Windsor to his feet but abruptly gets shoved away by Windsor who is red-faced and angry as he looks up at Whitiri who beckons him back inside the ring...

...and we cut deeper into the match where Windsor crashes into the buckles, staggering out toward Whitiri who hoists him up across his broad shoulders and powers him back down in a Samoan Drop!]

MB: Nice execution on the Samoan Drop.

HS: He calls it the Maori Drop, Shark.

MB: So, when I correct you on Windsor's British Uppercut, you couldn't care less but on the chosen one's-

HS: Would you stop calling him that?

MB: Sure - when you, he, and everyone else stops acting like he's John Wesley Hardin reborn.

[Windsor rolls back under the ropes to the floor again, grimacing as he takes a knee on the barely-padded Crockett Coliseum concrete floor. Arthur approaches a bit more cautiously this time, speaking to his employer as Windsor glares with calculating eyes up at the New Zealander.]

HS: Whitiri sends Windsor out to the floor again and Windsor has to be wondering if his gameplan is a bust here tonight in the Crockett.

MB: It's not a bust. I'm guessing we haven't even seen his gameplan yet.

[Whaitiri aggressively approaches the ropes, stepping through them...

...which is when Windsor reaches up, grabbing Whitiri's ankle, and YANKS down hard!]

HS: OHH! Unique attack out of Windsor!

MB: And it's a move that serves two purposes, Sutton, not that I'd expect an ignorant wretch like you to understand.

HS: Enlighten me, Shark.

MB: He torqued the leg when he did that, putting pressure on the ankle and knee of Whitiri - the same knee that is all taped up after what Sin City Sid did to it two weeks ago.

HS: And the other?

MB: He pulled his groin right down on the middle rope. He effectively gave him a low blow and the referee didn't even notice it! Brilliant!

[With Whitiri laid out on his back on the apron, Windsor takes aim and clubs his forearm down across the sternum once... twice... three times to keep him in place before he moves over to the leg. He grabs the limb, sliding Whitiri's calf up onto Windsor's shoulder before he reaches over, clasping his hands together just above the knee cap. He pushes up with his shoulder while pushing down with his hands, bending the knee backwards as Whitiri cries out in pain.]

HS: More unique offense out of Windsor outside the ring... he's gotta be wary of the referee's count if he wants to get to the Finals of this Brass Ring Tournament.

MB: Can you imagine someone like Windsor in that Steal The Spotlight ladder match, Sutton?

HS: To be honest, I can't. I'm not sure his brand of offense would work in a match like that.

MB: You can't climb a ladder if your knee has been ground to dust.

[Windsor breaks on the referee's count of six, shoving Whitiri under the ropes as Windsor takes a quick walk around the ringpost before rolling back inside the squared circle...

...and we cut deeper into the match where Windsor has Whaitiri on his stomach, trapped in the unfriendly confines of a half Boston Crab, bending back on the taped-up limb.]

HS: Windsor's applying maximum pressure to that leg with this very simple but effective hold, trying to wrench a submission out of Whaitiri who continues to fight the pain.

MB: Maybe he should just call it a night. If Windsor doesn't want you out of a hold, you're not getting out.

HS: Whaitiri is trying to get to those ropes, trying to force a break...

[But as the fan favorite stretches out his muscular arm towards the ropes, just inches away from freedom, Windsor spins into the hold, trapping Whaitiri's knee between his legs as he applies a crossface with his arms.]

HS: Right into a STF!

MB: Beautiful. Now THIS is wrestling, Sutton.

[Windsor uses his grip to wrench back on Whaitiri's neck, completely making him abandon his attempt to get to the ropes for the moment. Windsor bellows at the official, demanding he check for a submission.]

HS: The referee taking a look here... he says Whaitiri won't give, he's good to keep going.

MB: Maybe for now... but how long until those ligaments start straining and tearing? How long until we hear something pop inside that knee? Sid Osborne started the job two weeks ago and now Lord William Wesley Windsor is going to finish it.

HS: Whaitiri again reaching for the ropes, the crowd solidly behind him, begging him to get there and keep his hopes of making it to SuperClash alive. He's reaching with all his length... stretching... hoping...

[And with one more stretch accompanied by a roar of effort...]

HS: He made it!

[Windsor looks surprised but keeps the hold on, twisting the neck violently back and forth before the official makes him break it off at a four count. The Englishman climbs to his feet, "dusting" off his shoulders as Arthur applauds from outside the ring...

...and we cut deeper into the match where Windsor has Whaitiri down on his back in the corner, violently and viciously attacking the knee with a series of stomps as the fans boo loudly.]

HS: Windsor is all over him, fans! All over him in the corner!

MB: That's what it takes to be a top guy in this sport, Sutton - killer instinct! And Windsor's got it in spades.

[Windsor peels away from Whaitiri, arms raised in front of him. He takes a walk around the ring, tucking one arm behind himself as he puts on a fake smile and waves to the jeering fans...

...and then storms back into the corner, booting a rising Whaitiri in the mouth!]

HS: Oh!

[Reaching down, Windsor goes to work on the white tape wrapped around the young man's knee, ripping and tearing at it.]

HS: He's going after the tape - the tape being used to provide a little bit of support to that injured knee!

MB: I like it, Sutton. I like it a lot. This kid's got talent and he just might have a future in this business.

HS: The referee shouting at him to back off but Windsor pays him no regard, ripping that athletic tape right off the knee...

[He wraps one end of the torn tape around his left hand, gripping the other in his right...

...and then drops down to his knees, forcing the tape against Whitiri's windpipe!]

HS: He's choking him! Windsor with a blatant choke right in front of the official who desperately needs to do something about this!

MB: He is, Sutton! He's using the only weapon given to him by the rulebook - the five count. If Windsor wants to risk disqualification by choking until four, more power to him.

[Windsor does indeed break at four, rising to his feet and leaving a gasping and choking Whitiri down on the mat...

...before he stands behind him, looping the tape around the throat again!]

HS: Again! Again to the choke!

[The crowd jeers as Windsor actually uses the tape to drag Whitiri by the throat around the ring this time, only stopping when the tape itself breaks. He looks at the torn tape with disgust, shaking his head as he balls it up and throws it aside as we cut again, going deeper into the match once more...

...where Windsor again has Whitiri trapped in the corner, this time on his feet with his leg wrapped around the middle rope. Windsor is using Whitiri's vulnerable position to alternate between kicks to the no longer wrapped knee and stiff forearms to the sternum.]

HS: Windsor completely working over Whitiri in the corner... battering him with forearms and kicks...

[He grabs the ankle with both hands, pulling hard as Whitiri cries out in pain.]

HS: Get in there, referee!

[The referee's four count breaks up the attack on the leg as Whitiri manages to untangle himself from the ropes as Windsor moves back in...

...and throws a flat-footed right hand to the jaw of Windsor to the cheers of the crowd!]

HS: Whitiri firing back!

[A second blow lands before Windsor pastes him with a British Uppercut, knocking him back into the buckles again. He grabs Whaitiri by the arm, whipping him across the ring, sending the New Zealander crashing spinefirst into the turnbuckles.]

HS: Ohhh! Whaitiri slams HARD into the corner... and Windsor moving in once more.

[Whaitiri again throws a right hand but Windsor slaps it aside effortlessly, using another British Uppercut to stun his popular opponent. Windsor grabs Whaitiri by the head, pulling him over as he swings a knee up into the sternum.]

HS: Hard knee to the chest... single underhook here...

[With the single underhook applied, Windsor uses it to flip Whaitiri out of the corner, throwing him down to the canvas...

...where he immediately floats over into a mount position, smashing his forearm into the side of Whaitiri's head a few times before grabbing his wrists and pinning them to the mat.]

HS: Unusual pinning position there - one... two...

[Whaitiri powers his left shoulder up off the canvas, Windsor grimaces at the strength of his opponent. He postures up, forcing the arm back down to the mat.]

HS: Another pin attempt... and another two count!

[The popular Whaitiri lifts his right shoulder off the mat this time as Windsor sneers at the escape. He pushes down hard again, forcing both shoulders down as he slides to his knees, pushing both knees down on the torso of Whaitiri.]

HS: Change of position gets one! Gets two! Gets- no!

[Whaitiri bridges up off the canvas, lifting his shoulders off the mat to the cheers of the crowd and the disdain of Windsor.]

HS: Look at the bridge!

MB: That takes a lot of neck strength... tremendous core strength as well. The kid's got skills, I'll give him that.

HS: Windsor on his feet, pushing down with all his strength and he STILL can't get Whaitiri back down!

[With the crowd roaring in support, Whaitiri starts powering up off the mat, getting to his knees with his cheeks puffing in exertion, forcing Windsor to posture up more and more. Windsor looks stunned by this show of strength, shaking his head in disbelief.]

HS: LOOK AT WHAITIRI! LOOK AT THE STRENGTH! THE DRIVE! THE WILL TO WIN!

[Whaitiri is on his feet for a moment, the crowd roaring, before Windsor slips a knee into the gut. Still locked at the hands, Windsor ducks his head under Whaitiri's armpit, flipping him up and over with a modified Northern Lights Suplex.]

HS: Suplex! With the bridge!

[Another two count follows before Whaitiri's shoulder comes off the mat again to a big cheer. Windsor abruptly breaks the knucklelock, climbing to his feet and driving his knee into the ear of Whaitiri before the fan favorite can get off the canvas.]

HS: Another knee to the head! Lord William Wesley Windsor is putting his mean streak on display here tonight. He's not just a submission expert, he can put you down with his own brand of forearms and knees.

[Pulling Whaitiri off the canvas, Windsor looks to hook him for a suplex...

...and EATS a rising palm strike to the chin!]

HS: OHHH! UPPERCUT!

[Windsor stumbles backwards, steadies himself, and staggers back in to Whaitiri who lifts him high in the air...

...and sits out in a devastating sitting spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: And that just might turn this whole thing around!

[We cut again, going deeper into the match where Whaitiri blocks a pair of wild haymakers from Windsor, shoving him back against the buckles with ease. He storms in after him, squaring up and throwing hooking blows to the right and left sides of the head!]

HS: Whaitiri's lighting him up in the corner!

[Grabbing Windsor by the arm, Whaitiri whips him across the ring, sending Windsor crashing into the turnbuckles. The Englishman staggers out and gets dropped by another king-sized palm strike uppercut, snapping Windsor's head back and putting him down on the canvas. With a shout, Whaitiri slaps his muscular chest, backing into the corner, crouching low...]

HS: And it looks like he's looking for the Charge of Tūmataunga!

[Whaitiri waits a few moments as Windsor slowly starts to come back to his feet.]

HS: Windsor's up and-

[Whaitiri barrels across the ring, powering towards his target...

...who suddenly pops up, twisting his body to avoid Whaitiri which sends the New Zealand native crashing chestfirst into the buckles!]

HS: OH! Windsor was playing possum!

[Windsor drops down to the mat, snatching a schoolboy, rolling Whaitiri onto his shoulders...]

HS: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!

[...and slips his feet onto the middle buckle for leverage.]

HS: THR- NO! NO!

[The referee pops up to his feet, pointing out the feet on the ropes and refusing to count. Windsor angrily breaks the pin attempt, climbing to his feet. He stalks

across the ring, shoving the official back into the buckles. He reads him the riot act as the fans jeer loudly.]

HS: What the heck is he going on about?! He was trying to cheat!

MB: He's upset because he got caught. That seems pretty obvious, Sutton.

HS: Perhaps but there's no call for-

[Windsor turns away from the referee, turning back towards Whaitiri who barrels across the ring...]

HS: SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAR!

[The high impact spear tackle knocks the wind out of Windsor, putting him down on the mat. Whaitiri quickly wraps up the legs, rolling Windsor onto his shoulders.]

HS: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Whaitiri sits up, throwing an arm into the air in victory as Arthur looks shellshocked out on the floor. The referee grabs Whaitiri by the wrist, holding his arm aloft as the crowd continues to roar.]

HS: Whaitiri has done it! Whaitiri is heading to the Finals, Shark!

MB: I can't believe it!

HS: Lord William Wesley Windsor tweaked, torqued, and tormented that injured knee... but Whaitiri's will to win allowed him to overcome all of that and he's headed to the Finals to take on Jack Veles the night before SuperClash!

[Whaitiri slowly gets to his feet, obviously favoring the formerly-bandaged knee. He winces as he tries to put weight on the leg as he raises his arms again.]

HS: Whaitiri is victorious... Whaitiri is heading to New Orleans! Whaitiri is-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Windsor throws himself shoulderfirst into the back of Whaitiri's injured knee!]

HS: OHH! HE CLIPPED HIM! WINDSOR CLIPPED HIM!

[Windsor grabs the thrashing Whaitiri by the leg, wrapping it up in a stepover toehold...

...and then hooks the dragon sleeper with his arm!]

HS: IRON THRONE! WINDSOR LOCKS ON THE IRON THRONE!

[Whaitiri cries out in pain as Windsor stretches his neck, back, and leg. He cranks back on the hold, ignoring the jeers of the fans and the shouts of the referee as he attacks the knee of the man who just defeated him.]

HS: He's got the Iron Throne locked in, fans! Whaitiri's knee is being ripped to shreds by Windsor!

MB: If Windsor's not going to Steal The Spotlight, he's going to make damn sure Whitiri doesn't either!

[A few more CCW officials hit the ring at this point, trying to get Windsor off of Whitiri but Windsor is defiant, shaking his head back and forth as he works over the injured knee. Whitiri is slapping at the canvas, clawing at the mat as he struggles to get free...]

HS: We need more help out here! We need more-

[And on cue, the CCW locker room clears out with a handful of CCW competitors hitting the ring. Blackjack Lynch, the CCW Commissioner emerges from the back as well, waving an arm as more wrestlers and security comes rushing towards the ring.]

HS: Here we go! Here they come, Shark!

MB: As Gordon Myers used to say, "here comes the cavalry!"

[The ring is quickly filled with bodies who intervene, forcing Windsor to release the hold as he exits the ring, scurrying back up the aisle alongside his manservant, Arthur.]

HS: And finally... finally they get Windsor off Whitiri...

MB: But it may be too late, Sutton.

HS: Absolutely. The amount of punishment that Whitiri just took to his knee. Some of our CCW doctors didn't even want him to compete tonight. Who knows if he'll be able to compete in New Orleans?

[Blackjack Lynch glares down the aisle at Windsor who mockingly bows towards him as we circlewipe from that scene back to the starfield to Harvey Sutton and James Lynch.]

HS: Whitiri and Jack Veles are heading to the Finals, James!

JL: Maybe, maybe not. Whitiri didn't look in too good of shape right there, Harvey.

HS: A post-match medical evaluation has Whitiri on medical probation... for now. But I spoke to Whitiri myself and he says that nothing... NOTHING... will stop him from going to New Orleans and facing Jack Veles.

JL: You can say that all you want, Harvey... and a will to win can take you far. But the human body can only go so far... it can only be pushed so far... and Whitiri may have pushed his knee beyond its limits.

HS: We'll know soon enough, James. And fans, we thought that would do it for this edition of the Power Hour but just a short time ago, we received some special cell phone footage captured by a ringside fan at the CCW event last night. The cameras were off. You know what I'm talking about?

JL: You're damn right I do. I got the call late last night and had to be talked out of going huntin' for a piece of trash myself.

HS: Fans, the cameras were off... the production was breaking down... we had a handful of people still out at ringside taking care of a few things... signing autographs... greeting the fans and... well, take a look...

[We cut back to the Crockett Coliseum - now seen through the lens of a cell phone camera. The person wielding it is aiming at various familiar faces on the other side of the barricade - people like Marcus Broussard, like Todd Michaelson.]

"What a show. Can't wait for next month, brother!"

[Michaelson nods at the cameraman, reaching out to slap a few more hands as more CCW staff files past. The camera's view shifts to show another familiar face.]

"Blackjack! HEY BLACKJACK!"

[The wrestling legend looks up with a grimace.]

"I hear ya, kid. Leave the shoutin' for the matches."

"Sorry. Just got excited. Hey, can I get a selfie with you?"

[Blackjack looks puzzled but shrugs as the man wielding the camera turns it around, aiming it to try and catch himself and Blackjack Lynch in the view at the same time.]

"Perfect... no, no... to your right... yeah, perfect! Aw man, my Twitter is gonna blow up for this! Thanks, Blackjack!"

[Blackjack nods, moving on as a ripple of noise washes over the crowd. A loud scream is heard as Blackjack turns slightly towards it...

...and finds a hoodie-wearing individual leaping over the barricade, throwing themselves on top of him, knocking him down on the floor!]

"WHOA! WHAT THE HELL?!"

[The camera turns, fighting to stay on Blackjack Lynch as the man wearing the hooded sweatshirt tees off on him, driving right hands into his forehead over and over and over. CCW officials sweep back around, trying to get the attacker off of Blackjack... but the attacker rises, grabbing an official and flinging them into the barricade!]

"HOLY-"

[The audio is muted for a moment as the hood comes off to reveal the wild eyed form of Shadoe Rage. Rage drops another CCW official with a right hand before turning his attention back to Blackjack who is struggling to get off the floor.]

"Nah! Nah! You're goin' nowhere, old man!"

[Rage slips in behind Lynch, grabbing him around the neck with one hand as he hammers his fist down onto the skull with the other.]

"YOU WANNA MAKE ME BLEED?! BRING IT! BRING IT, YOU OLD PIECE OF SH-"

[The audio cuts out again as Rage continues to pound his fist into Blackjack's head. He throws a look up, seeing more CCW officials and security approaching. He quickly shoves Lynch down facefirst on the floor, wrapping up his leg and hooking a cobra clutch - a dead ringer for his father's signature hold, the Constrictor.]

"YOU WANTED THE OLD MAN?! YOU WANTED ADRIAN?! YOU WANTED ADRIAN! YOU WANTED ADRIAN! YOU WANTED ADRIAN!"

[Rage's cries continue, over and over and over as he's swarmed by CCW security and officials, fighting to drag the single-minded maniac off the downed Blackjack...

...when our footage suddenly cuts back to the starfield where Harvey Sutton and a fuming James Lynch are standing.]

HS: James, I... I'm sure that was difficult for you to watch.

JL: Not as difficult as...

[Lynch trails off for a moment.]

JL: Harvey, I don't know if anyone can really understand what it's like to be James Lynch these days... what it's been like being me for the past few years. To sit on the sidelines and watch my famous brothers... my legendary father... hell, even my baby sister... they're all in this business... making big names for themselves. Winning titles. Hosting shows. Training the future of the business even.

[Lynch gestures to himself.]

JL: And then there's me. The old cripple who's too stubborn to realize that AWA medical ain't never gonna clear him. The broken down has-been who can't wrestle any more and is too proud to move on with his life.

[Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: I can't even defend my own father, damn it! He got his ass kicked by a damn lunatic and all I can do is watch a damn fan cam of it, shake my head, and shed a tear for the old man. But I can do this much. Zoom that camera in close right here... right on my face...

[The cameraman obliges.]

JL: Shadoe Rage, you son of a bitch. You listen to me and you listen good and close. There is no one in this business... no one ever in the history of this business... that's as tough as a Lynch.

My brothers prove that every night they step in that ring. Jack's been through hell physically and mentally over the past two years and he's still standin' strong. He's still fightin'. He was the World Champion this year, Rage... something you and your pack of dogs have NEVER done. My brother, Travis? Everyone wants to make the Travis joke lately. Everyone wants to kick him when he's down. But he's still the National Champ. And he's still out there on TV every week telling the best in the world to come get a piece. He ain't backin' down from a soul.

My baby sis? She got knocked down by the damned Syndicate... and she's right there pesterin' her damn doctors to let her go to work this week. She wanted to be here tonight. You got me. She wants to be in Jackson too. And if she can't be there, you better bet that I will be. Because blood takes care of blood. And my family's all I got left.

Zoom that camera closer... right on my eyes...

[The camera moves in more.]

JL: You still listenin', Rage? You still hear me? Because believe me when I tell you that while I love my father to the ends of this Earth and back, I'll be the first to tell you that when you wrong him, he's a changed man. He ain't the doting husband and loving father who added an extra room on the house for Ma when she took up paintin' or bought Theresa that damn pony for Christmas.

He's a ruthless, cold-hearted, vicious son of a bitch. He'll take every bit you got and keep comin'... and comin'... and comin' until he can wrap that damn hand that looks like you're gonna get swallowed alive by it around your skull and squeeze... and squeeze... and squeeze...

Rage, we all tried to learn that Claw from him. We all got our version of it.

None of `em hurts like his. I promise you that.

And what you got at Homecoming? That was just a taste. When he locks it on at SuperClash, he ain't never lettin' go. Those fingers are gonna dig into your flesh... into your bone... and that hand ain't givin' up until those fingers bust your skin, crack your damn skull.

[A pause.]

JL: The Lynches play for keeps, Rage. Your old man learned that the hard way.

And at SuperClash, you piece of trash, school's in session for your punk ass too.

[The camera holds... and holds... and holds... and fades to black.]