



# **AWA POWER HOUR**

**March 19, 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 Theresa Lynch currently appears to be standing in outer space. The young daughter of one of wrestling's most famous families is grinning, standing in a red spaghetti strap dress to show off a nice tan and the kind of figure that would get you in trouble with her older brothers if they could read your mind right about... now.]

TL: Hello everyone and welcome to the very first AWA Power Hour! For those who don't know me, my name is Theresa Lynch... yes, one of those Lynches.

[The smile is charming... intoxicating even. This girl seems fun.]

TL: And it is my honor to continue my family's legacy in this business by being a part of the action here in the AWA. I may never lace a pair of boots or stiff a guy on a payoff - sorry, pops! - but I'm happy to be right here for all of you here tonight.

[A shooting star flies by in the green screen background. Truly, we've spared no expense.]

TL: Now, what is the Power Hour all about? It's simple. Every other week, you see all the stars in the AWA galaxy as we pour into a building some place and put on a jam-packed Saturday Night Wrestling. But what you don't see is what happens when the camera goes off. What happens when the AWA heads to the next town. You've seen the commercial for that Best of House Show DVD... but now the Power Hour is here to show you some of what you missed by not living in Boise... or San Jose... or Tampa... or... you get the idea. That's what we're here for. To bring you some of the action that our fans are seeing all across the country. But I can't do it alone. Each and every time this show hits the air, the AWA is going to send me a special guest to help me out.

[Lynch's smile fades a little.]

TL: Unfortunately, my special guest for this week had to drop out. Sweet Daddy Williams was going to be here with me but after what happened to Willie Hammer at the hands of Juan Vasquez...

[She shakes her head.]

TL: He couldn't be here. So, the AWA went back to the drawing board and they brought me...

[Theresa makes a sort of grand gesture to her left and as the camera pulls back a bit, Melissa Cannon steps out onto the starfield in a pair of black slacks and a red tank top that shows off her toned arms.]

TL: Melissa Cannon, welcome to the Power Hour!

MC: I feel like that used to be my line... but thanks, Theresa... it's an honor to be here.

[Smiles all around! Smiles on faces!]

TL: Melissa, we've got a lot of great action for the folks at home tonight including our featured match of the night with Callum Mahoney taking on Cesar Hernandez

but before we get too far into it, I want to talk about what happened to you last weekend in Los Angeles at the Eighth Anniversary Show.

[Melissa's smile turns upside down.]

TL: You were scheduled to meet Julie Somers in a match that I know all of the fans and everyone else were looking forward to... especially you and Julie.

[Cannon nods.]

TL: But before the match could even get off the ground, Lauryn Rage sic'd two... I don't even know what to call them!

MC: I do. But if I use that kind of language, the first edition of the Power Hour will be the last edition of the Power Hour.

[Theresa smiles.]

MC: Look, let's call it like it is. We're a few months into 2016 and it's already been a pretty rough year for me. Yes, I went to Japan and won the Empress Cup... a dream of mine for a while now... and I couldn't have been prouder to accomplish that. But since coming back to the States, it seems like the world is conspiring against me... and not in the Charisma Knight "boo hoo, everyone is against me!" kind of way. First, I had to deal with that sideshow of Shadoc Rage wanting to wrestle me which turned out to be a trap set by he and his self-centered sister, Lauryn Rage. And now, just when I was going to be in the match that everyone's been waiting for since women started competing on AWA television again... here Rage is again... and this time, she's got flunkies.

[Cannon grimaces.]

MC: Maybe I'm naive... maybe I'm just another "dumb kid," Theresa... but I didn't see it coming. And obviously Julie didn't either. But I see it clear as day now. Lauryn Rage, you and I have been put on a course where it only ends when we collide. And that... that's going to be a bad, bad night for you.

TL: But what about the others, Melissa? The flunkies as you put it?

MC: Hey, I'm sure they were just following orders and have no stake in this but they've got one now. Lauryn Rage is the final target but if I have to take out a couple of snakes in the process, I'm willing to do it.

TL: By yourself?

MC: If necessary, yes.

TL: Alright, well... that's certainly something I'm going to be looking forward to. Later tonight, we will actually see Lauryn Rage in her debut... something I'm sure you'll be watching with interest, Melissa, but speaking of the AWA Women's Division, why don't we make that historic division part of history here on the Power Hour? Let's go to our first match featuring one of the stars of that division, Erica Toughill!

[The video wall behind Theresa and Melissa lights up with a shot of the exterior of an arena with the graphic "San Jose, California" and after a moment, we're looking at the shot itself and not a screen showing it.

We fade again, this time into the building where Mark Stegglet and Colt Patterson are seated at ringside. Music is playing in the background but it's a little hard to identify as Stegglet begins speaking immediately.]

MS: Hello everyone and what an honor it is to be a part of the very first broadcast of the AWA Power Hour. I'm Mark Stegglet alongside the ever-colorful Colt Patterson and I know you're looking forward to this one, Colt.

[Patterson in a leopard print tank top, mirrored purple sunglasses, and with dangling gold earrings strikes a single bicep pose.]

CP: You wanna talk about "power", Stegglet, you've come to the right place because no one knows more about power, jack, than Colt Patterson!

MS: Of course, but what about the Women's Division?

CP: There's a lot of great talent in the Women's Division with more comin' all the time... and tonight, we're gonna see one of the real heavy hitters amongst the ladies.

MS: Although she's becoming more known for her prowess with the ball bat of hers.

[As "Everybody Knows" by Leonard Cohen continues to play through the arena, Erica Toughill sets the same bat the Mark Stegglet refers to on the ring apron, and removes her hoodie, revealing her orange and gray ring gear.]

PW: Introducing first, to my left: from Rochester, New York, weighing in at 170 pounds... she is the Queen of Clubs... ERICA... TOUGHILL!

[A pink bubble emerges from between Toughill's lips as she glowers across the ring at her opponent. She does a few squats to warm up.]

PW: And her opponent, to my right: from San Jose, California, weighing in at 133 pounds... Savannah Swann!

[Toughill's opponent is a lean, leggy woman with blonde, almost white hair with purple and turquoise highlights. She's in a sports bra, kick pads, and shorts so tight she's smiling at the camera sideways; all in an iridescent mother-of-pearl white. She makes a smug arabesque when her name is announced to almost no reaction.]

MS: And there's the bell.

CP: And I can tell you something, Stegglet: this woman is sick of being overlooked.

MS: How would you know? She only seems to talk to a few people.

CP: I just know, Stegglet. All this mind paid to Melissa Cannon, and Julie Somers, and now this Ayako from Japan... meanwhile Ricki Toughill has been quietly racking up victories left and right, all while handling the personal security of the Self Made Man, Kerry Kendrick. She's a career-oriented woman working two jobs and I think she deserves a little more credit, don't you?

MS: Collar-and-elbow tie-up.. and Toughill easily shoves her opponent to the ground.

CP: She's pure power and wrestling smarts, Stegglet. She's been between those ropes for thirteen years.

MS: Toughill and her opponent locking up again... Swann into a rear waistlock.

[The smaller Swann lays low and tries to jockey for position.]

MS: You raise an interesting point, Colt: I was talking to our colleague Lou Blackwell earlier and he pointed out that all of Erica Toughill's opponent's have—big back elbow from Toughill to break the hold!—All of Erica Toughill's opponent's have been in their first or second years in wrestling.

ET: “eee-YAAAAH!”

[Toughill levels her opponent with a discus lariat. She drops to her knees across Swann's torso.]

MS: Devastating clothesline and an early cover. Two count!

[Swann kicks out, so Toughill grabs a handful of shimmering white and purple hair to drag her up again.]

CP: What's your point, Stegglet?

MS: Well, Charisma Knight seems to be selecting easy opponents for herself to give herself an aura of dominance, but Toughill seems to be selecting raw rookies for the purpose of mauling them.

ET: “hy-AAAAAH!”

[Toughill biels Swann into the corner, where she lands in a seated position. Toughill follows a second later with a running hip attack, sandwiching her opponent's head between her pelvis and the middle turnbuckle.]

MS: And mauling her opponent she is; Savannah Swann, only 19 years old and a classically trained ballet dancer trying her hand at wrestling...

[The referee backs Toughill out of the corner, and she paces impatiently in the middle of the ring while her prey recovers.]

CP: Ricki Toughill knows exactly what she's doing in there. She had to pay these same dues herself. I had to pay these dues—we all did, Stegglet. She can teach a better lesson about the way wrestling really works than anyone in Combat Corner can.

MS: And now Ricki Toughill, who calls herself the Queen of Clubs... peppering Swann with those punches. She really has to watch those closed fists, Colt: the official won't hesitate to disqualify her.

CP: She's letting out some frustration here; that quote/unquote featured match between Cannon and Somers that was set for the 8th Anniversary of Saturday Night Wrestling has got to be on her mind.

MS: The match didn't even happen, Colt!

CP: Doesn't mean it wasn't scheduled and overhyped like no one's business. The suits want you to think Somers or Cannon is the face of this division. Well, Ricki and Charisma Knight have something to say about that.

MS: Lauryn Rage too, I'd imagine.

[Toughill lifts her leg and presses the sole of her Chuck Taylor sneaker to the stomach of Swann, shoving her back to the mat.]

MS: And again, Toughill flouting the rules with a handful of hair again!

[Swann is dragged to a seated position and Toughill begins laying in knee strikes to back and side of her head.]

CP: Ricki Toughill squats 225 pounds, Stegglet, and getting hit with knees like that... you might as well be getting hit with that baseball bat of hers.

MS: Undoubtedly, but that bad attitude of hers is bound to catch up with her at some point.

[Toughill releases the ballerina and lets her crumple to canvas. She drops to all fours, pinning Swann's shoulders with her knees.]

MS: Another cover... Two-count again! Swann got a shoulder out there.

[Toughill pounds the mat with her palm and sweeps her stringy black hair to the side of her head.]

CP: Ya know, when I watch this woman at work in that ring, it's like going to the zoo and seeing one of those big jungle cats; she moves with grace, but you can tell she is moving with some serious power and danger behind her.

MS: Ricki Toughill controlling the arm of Savannah Swann, trying to cross it over, maybe looking for that Shrew's Fiddle... Swann fighting it, ducks under...

[Swann delivers a sharp roundhouse kick to the ribs of Toughill which staggers her.]

CP: Oh, don't do that. You'll just make her mad.

MS: Another kick! What's this...

[Swann leaps into the air, getting some impressive hang-time, landing her shin on the back of Toughill's head.]

MS: Enzuigiri! And a magnificent one!

CP: Toughill's still upright. It's going to take more than that.

[Toughill had dropped to one knee. Swann scampers to her feet and hits the ropes. On the rebound...]

MS: Caught by the Queen of Clubs...!

[...Toughill counters into a fireman's carry, bearing her smaller opponent easily on her broad shoulders. She walks her to the corner, and then jogs to the center of the ring.]

MS: ...Big Samoan Drop!

[With malice in mind, Toughill straddles Swann's torso, not to pin her, but to inflict more punishment with her fists.]

CP: And now she's gonna give this ballerina a dance lesson she'll never forget.

MS: And look at the scowl on her face! If looks could kill, not only would Ricki Toughill's opponent be dead, but so would the referee and half the front row!

[After raining down ten haymakers in as many seconds, Toughill sits the glassy-eyed Swann up and locks in a seated Cobra Clutch.]

MS: And there's the Shrew's Fiddle. This could be all she wrote.

[Erica Toughill seats herself beside her opponent, lacing her thick legs around Swann's torso.]

CP: And getting some extra leverage on it too while she's at it; she ain't paid by the hour, Stegglet.

MS: Referee in position and Savannah Swann can't fight it off... looking academic here...

"DING! DING! DING!"

MS: ...And that's it! You can add yet another one to the win column for the Queen of Clubs, although I don't think that's what she's after.

CP: It's all about loathing and fear with her. She's gotta give 'em some good old fashioned fear and loathing.

MS: And she'd better release that Shrew's Fiddle.

CP: She's got a lesson she's got to teach!

[Toughill finally releases the sleeper hold, but keeps her legs scissored around Swann for a few more seconds. She puts her hand into her mouth and then shoves Swann away, making sure to plant a wad of now flavorless gum into her opponent's shimmering hair.]

MS: Alright, let's take a second look here...

[Cut to the replay: slo-mo of Toughill's knee-strike fury.]

CP: Look at this, Stegglet... like a big cat just toying with a field mouse! She could have finished her at any time, but she wants to get her message across: if you step in her ring, you'd better damn sure pay the toll.

[With the slo-mo replay of the Shrew's Fiddle, cut back to live action, where Toughill begins sulking her way up the aisle with her baseball bat and hoodie slung over her shoulder.]

MS: Well, Colt, it's only a matter of time before someone takes her up on that, and I'm sure it won't always be as easy on her as it was tonight.

[We fade from the shot of Erica Toughill from the San Jose arena back to the studio shot of Theresa and Melissa.]

TL: An impressive victory for Erica Toughill right there, Melissa.

MC: Not just impressive. Dominant. But we'll see what Toughill looks like when she's taking on someone who's been out of wrestling school for more than a year or two, won't we?

TL: Toughill does have an impressive background as well. She may be beating up on rookies right now but her history shows she's a very tough competitor and her silence should not overshadow her violence. Fans, the Power Hour is off and running to a great start so stick around because when we come back from the break, we're going to have a very special interview!

[We fade away from Melissa and Theresa, a synth beat bouncing in the background before we go to black.]

We fade up on a dark parking lot. A motorcycle pulls in off the street, ending up in one of the spots. The person on it dismounts their cycle, pulling off their helmet and leaving it hanging off a handlebar. They're dressed in blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a black leather jacket. We follow their footsteps through the parking lot, splashing through a muddy puddle before ending up pushing through the door into a sparsely-occupied saloon. The person walks in - our camera serving as their eyes as they look around the room, walking towards the only well-lit area of the place - a neon-covered jukebox. All eyes are on this newcomer as he strides to the jukebox, dropping change into it as he presses a couple of keys...

...only to hear the sounds of "You've Got Another Thing Comin'" by Judas Priest. Nods of approval from the bar's customers as the man walks back towards the bar, slamming a hand down on it... and the World Television Title falls down on the bar next to that.

The camera cuts to a shot over the young bartender's shoulder, now showing us Supernova sitting at the bar. No sign of his trademark facepaint behind a pair of dark sunglasses. Cut again, this time showing the bartender looking at Supernova, batting her eyelashes.]

"Nice song."

[Supernova looks up, pulling off his sunglasses with a smile. He leans towards her.]

"There's more where that came from."

[We cut, showing Supernova hitting a pool trick shot with "Tom Sawyer" by Rush playing in the background.

Cut again, Supernova beating a biker in an arm wrestling match as the ever-catchy "Can't Hold Us" belts out.

Another cut - Supernova throwing darts...

...and we cut to a graphic advertising "AWA: The Album" as a scrolling list of songs appearing on the soundtrack goes by including "Vox Populi", "Kashmir", "Black Skinhead", and more.

And then back out to the parking lot where Supernova is climbing on his motorcycle, the bartender's arms around his waist as she sits behind him. He grins at the camera, pushing the sunglasses back into place.

One last cut shows the motorcycle driving out of sight as Supernova's howl fills the air.

Fade to black...

...and then back up on a generic AWA backdrop. Standing in front of it is Sweet Lou Blackwell alongside the masked behemoth known as Ultra Commando #3.]

SLB: The Power Hour is off and running and Mr. Commando... Ultra... whatever you want me to call you, you asked to be a part of it.

[The hulking UC3 turns to stick a gloved finger in Blackwell's face.]

UC3: First of all, ya little runt, I want you to call me "sir." As in "Sir, yes sir!" You understand me?

SLB: You got it, sir.



UC3: And yes, you're right. I DID ask to be a part of the Power Hour because these people... those people out there watching right now, they need a better understanding of power, Blackwell. They need to understand that power doesn't come from wearing a hunk of gold and telling the people how great you are. It doesn't come from a bunch of weak-willed punks banding together and telling the world that they're going to "hold the line."

[Yes, he did finger quotes.]

UC3: Power is taking another man's life in your hands...

[He lifts his hands like he's choking the air...

...and then squeezes and twists.]

UC3: And ripping it away from them!

[Blackwell takes a step back.]

UC3: I'm here in the AWA for two reasons, Blackwell... to make money and to hurt people. Luckily, I'm good at the latter and get paid real well to do it.

SLB: Tell me something, Ultra.

[UC3 glares at Blackwell.]

SLB: Sir. I mean, sir. Tell me something. There are a lot of rumors and innuendo out there about your background. Can you tell me here and now if you are a former member of the United States military?

UC3: That's classified.

SLB: Classified or you just won't tell me?

[The Commando turns, an icy gaze aimed at Blackwell.]

UC3: Is there a difference?

[An awkward silence follows.]

SLB: Well, uhh... so... you mention the Hold The Line movement. What does that mean to you, sir?

UC3: It means that there's a lot of runts around this locker room who think they know about war. They think they understand what it's like to get out on the battlefield and make sure only one man walks back through the curtain. They don't know, Blackwell.

They may very well know how to fight... guys like Lynch, like Supernova, like Gladiator. They can fight.

[The masked man raises a hand.]

UC3: But you're looking at someone different. Very different.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Alright, final question. What does the rest of 2016 hold for you, sir?

[The Commando turns towards the camera and growls into it.]

UC3: War. Total war.

[The camera zooms in on the masked man's cold eyes before we fade through black...

...and back up on Theresa Lynch and Melissa Cannon, now standing in front of a screen that occasionally flashes a lightning bolt across it.]

TL: Ultra Commando 3 with a declaration of war towards the members of the AWA locker room, Melissa.

MC: The Commando is a big, tough guy... a lot of experience in the ring... a contender for any title he competes for on any given night. But he's talking tough in a direction that could be a mistake for him. Supernova? Travis Lynch? The Gladiator? All those guys clean his clock for him if you ask me. What do you think, Theresa?

TL: I think that since my brother is on that list, I'll plead the fifth. But I certainly would be in favor of seeing the Ultra Commando facing some upper level competition. Speaking of upper level competition, Melissa, Johnny Detson got all he could handle and then some last weekend against your fellow AWA Original, Calisto Dufresne. In fact, if you ask me, the Ladykiller was on the verge of becoming the new World Champion when Brian James got involved.

MC: It certainly looked that way to me, Theresa. Detson won the title through some pretty shady means and he's been keeping the title the same way. But if I'm one of the guys gunning for his title, I'm a little bit concerned about what the appearance of the James Gang during that match means.

TL: Absolutely. Now, we're told that Detson has demanded time at the start of next week's Saturday Night Wrestling to explain what happened in Los Angeles and... well, I wouldn't want to miss that. Just like I wouldn't want to miss this next one-on-one encounter featuring one of the veterans of the Women's Division - "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson!

[Much like before, the arena shows up on the video wall with the "San Diego, California" graphic before we fade to it where we see Phil Watson in the middle of the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from San Diego, California, and weighing 125 pounds... TANYA GARCIA!

[A Hispanic woman with long, black hair pulled back into a ponytail, dressed in a gold halter top and black dolphin shorts raises her arm and smirks at the crowd.

The opening drum beats of "Light of Day" by Joan Jett and the Blackhearts start up over the PA system.]

PW: And her opponent, from Jacksonville, Florida, and weighing 125 pounds.. ladies and gentlemen, this is "LADY LIGHTNING" LORI WILSON!

[As the music kicks in, "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson emerges from the entranceway. She is dressed in a black singlet with white lightning streaks on the front, back and sides, black kneepads and wrestling boots, the boots with a lightning bolt on the sides. She also wears a black headband with three small lightning bolts on it.]

MS: Lori Wilson set for action tonight... a 20-year veteran of women's wrestling, somebody who I imagine has seen and done it all in this business, Colt.

CP: You certainly have an experienced wrestler, Stegglet, and I can tell you that experience can take you far. My only question is how she can measure up to some of the younger talent that's making their way to the AWA.

[Wilson walks down the aisle and slaps hands with fans stretched over the railing. When she reaches the ring, she climbs onto the apron and ducks through the ropes, walking to the center of the ring and raising her arms to the crowd, a smile on her face.]

MS: That may be true, but I'm sure you can attest to the fact that, when you have a lot of experience, you aren't somebody who can be taken lightly.

CP: Well, I won't argue with that, but I can also tell you that, as you get older, the body doesn't always work the way it used to, so you have to find ways to adjust if you are going to keep going in this business.

[Wilson ducks through the ropes and climbs off the apron, removing her headband and presenting it to a kid at ringside, then rolls back in under the ropes, gets to her feet and takes her position in the corner.]

MS: And there's a souvenir for a young fan and we are about to get this match underway. Colt, getting back to what we were talking about, we know that Johnny Detson has been in this business for many years and he's the World Champion. I would think that would be a message to everyone, particularly in the Women's Division taking shape, that anybody can make it to the top, no matter how long they've been in this business.

CP: I get your point, but that's a high bar you're talking about, Stegglet. Johnny Detson is not only the World champion, he's one of the most accomplished wrestlers of all time, no doubt a future Hall of Famer. And when I look at the Women's Division, I see more of Johnny Detson in somebody like Charisma Knight, not somebody like Lori Wilson.

[Wilson steps forward and offers her hand to Garcia.]

CP: I mean, right there... Johnny Detson and Charisma Knight wouldn't care about sportsmanship. They'd go right after their opponent.

MS: Well, Lori Wilson came here with the intention of providing leadership to the Women's Division. It's clear she wants to set an example for all the young talent.

CP: Then I'd spend less time shaking hands and more time wrestling!

[Tanya blows off Lori's handshake offer. Lori shakes her head and circles her opponent.]

MS: As we are about to get this one underway, let's take you to some pre-recorded comments from Lori Wilson.

[Wilson and Tanya lock up, only for Lori to apply a side headlock. We go to a split screen, with the action to the right side and, to the left side, Wilson herself standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

LW: Ever since I've come to the AWA, I can tell who are the women who make me proud to be a member of this roster and who are the women doing things that I will not stand for. I came here to provide an example for the other women to follow, but it's clear to me the likes of Charisma Knight, Erica Toughill and Lauryn Rage have other ideas. Well, I can promise you that if I ever cross paths with the likes of them, they better be careful, or else lightning will strike them down!

[The split screen clears and we go back to the ring, where Garcia has shoved Wilson into the ropes.]

MS: Wilson coming off the ropes... Garcia tries a clothesline but it's ducked... and Wilson on the rebound, hiptoss by Garcia... no, a reversal! Garcia up to her feet... but a dropkick by Wilson takes her down!

[Garcia rises after the first dropkick, but Wilson jumps again, catching her in the chest with a second dropkick.]

MS: There's another dropkick! Garcia up again... but a third dropkick! And Garcia is getting out of the ring!

[Garcia rolls under the ropes and slaps the apron in frustration. Back in the ring, Wilson raises her arms and pumps her fist several times, drawing cheers.]

CP: And that's a smart move by Tanya Garcia... get out of the ring and stop that momentum.

MS: Lori Wilson took control of this one early... Garcia pacing about... but here comes Wilson.

[Wilson approaches the ropes, but the referee steps in front of her. That's when Garcia reaches underneath the ropes.]

MS: Hold on... Garcia has Wilson by the leg and drags her underneath the ropes... now a forearm shot to the face!

CP: Garcia saw the opening and took advantage. That's what you call smart wrestling!

MS: Garcia with a kick to the midsection... now slams Wilson's head into the ring apron.

[Garcia grabs a dazed Wilson and shoves her under the ropes, then rolls back into the ring.]

MS: Both women back in the ring... Tanya Garcia now has Lori Wilson by the hair... measures her and delivers a forearm right underneath the chin!

[Wilson staggers backwards as Garcia hits a kick to the midsection, then pulls her forward.]

MS: Garcia has Wilson... scoops her up... bodyslams her to the canvas!

CP: And this is smart wrestling again... Garcia staying on top of her opponent, not letting up for a second. Look at her go right back to Wilson.

[Garcia drags Wilson up by the hair again and cinches in a front facelock.]

MS: Now Garcia setting up Wilson for a vertical suplex... tries to lift her up.

[Garcia takes Wilson up slightly, but Wilson shifts her weight.]

MS: She can't get her up, though... tries again... Lori Wilson still blocking the suplex... and look at this!

[Wilson pulls Garcia up and over instead, suplexing her to the canvas.]

MS: And a nice reversal by the veteran!

CP: Well, you have to give Lori Wilson credit there. I'm not her biggest fan, but that's a veteran move, being able to reverse that suplex attempt.

[Wilson rolls to her feet and drags Garcia up, shoving her into the corner.]

MS: And now it's Lady Lightning trapping Garcia in the corner... my goodness, look at those hard kicks!

[Wilson hits Garcia with a series of four kicks to the midsection, doubling Garcia over.]

CP: She's coming pretty close to violating the five count, Stegglet!

MS: The referee warning Wilson to back up and she does. Garcia slow to come out of the corner.

[Wilson approaches her again, but Garcia lunges forward and slugs Wilson between the eyes.]

MS: Wait a minute... that looked like a closed fist, Colt!

CP: Hey, if you can get away with it, you may as well do it, Stegglet.

MS: The referee admonishing Garcia, who's not paying any attention to him. Now she runs into the ropes... and a clothesline takes Wilson down!

[Garcia turns to the crowd and jaws at them, drawing a few boos.]

MS: And Garcia not making a lot of friends here.

CP: She's not here to make friends, Stegglet, she's here to win. And what an upset this would be if Tanya Garcia can pull this off!

MS: Wilson slow to get up... Garcia pulls her up by the hair again. Sending her into the ropes...

[Garcia takes Wilson and whips her into the ropes, then leaps for a dropkick...

...but Wilson hooks the ropes and Garcia crashes to the canvas.]

MS: Missed with the dropkick!

CP: Well, that's another sign of the experience working in Lori's favor.

[Garcia staggers to her feet just as Wilson comes charging at her.]

MS: And a leaping back elbow by Lori Wilson! Down goes Garcia!

[Wilson pumps her fist again, drawing cheers, before turning back to Garcia.]

CP: She better stay on top of Garcia, though, and not worry about the fans!

MS: Wilson not wasting that much time, though... has Garcia up and sends her into the ropes... and look at this!

[Wilson catches Garcia on the rebound in a waistlock and takes her over with a quick belly-to-belly suplex.]

CP: Whoa! That's a nice belly-to-belly suplex, Stegglet, even I have to admit that!

MS: And Wilson quick to her feet... and you can see her tapping her foot! We can guess what comes next, Colt!

[Garcia slowly gets to her feet as Wilson measures. As Garcia turns to face Wilson, the veteran steps forward and raises her right leg.]

MS: And there it is! The Lightning Strike superkick! Caught her right in the face!

[Wilson drops down over the downed Garcia.]

MS: Lori Wilson with the cover... hooks the leg... and there's the three count!

[The bell rings and the fans cheer as Wilson rises to her knees and takes a deep breath, before getting to her feet.]

PW: The winner of the match... "LADY LIGHTNING" LORI WILSON!

[Wilson allows the referee to raise her arm before approaching the camera and pointing at it.]

LW: Just remember, ladies... Lady Lightning is here and there's no telling when lightning will strike next!

[She turns to the crowd, pumps her fist and smiles, then ducks between the ropes and exits the ring. She takes time to slap hands with some ringside fans.]

MS: Lori Wilson takes home the win and sends a message to the rest of the division to keep an eye out for her. Let's go to the replay, Colt.

[The camera goes to the replay of Lori Wilson whipping Tanya Garcia into the ropes.]

CP: Here you see Lori Wilson sending Garcia into the ropes... look at how she catches her coming off, takes her over with the belly to belly, quick impact move.

[The camera cuts to Wilson standing behind a rising Garcia, waiting for her to turn around.]

CP: And right here, Garcia doesn't know where she's at, she turns around... wham! Lori Wilson hits the superkick, makes the cover, gets the three count. A good showing for the veteran, but let me tell you, Stegglet, there are a lot of women who will present Wilson a bigger challenge.

[We cut back to Lori Wilson heading up the aisle and slapping hands with fans.]

MS: I'm sure Lady Lightning is aware of the challenges that lie ahead, but you can tell she'll be ready for them.

[We fade from the pre-taped match back to the studio where Lori Wilson's exit appears on the screen for a moment before fading out.]

TL: The Women's Division continues to heat up with a great showing there out of Lori Wilson, Melissa.

MC: Lori Wilson is a true inspiration to all of us in the Women's Division. My career path certainly turned out much different than I had planned or hoped for... and when I was out here on AWA television holding a microphone instead of wrestling, Lori was all over the world competing anywhere she could get a chance - the

States, Europe, Australia, Japan. She truly is a wrestler to her bone and wasn't willing to compromise.

TL: A lot of talk in that match from Colt Patterson about her age.

MC: It's not the years, it's the mileage.

TL: The Lightning Lady, Lori Wilson, with a victory as the Women's Division battles hard to be in position for the day that Director of Operations Emerson Gellar announces the crowning of the very first AWA Women's World Champion. Fans, we're going to take another break but stick around for more of the Power Hour right here on The X including tonight's featured matchup - it's Mahoney versus Hernandez coming up later and you don't want to miss that one!

[We fade to black.

The words "December 1994" appears in white scrawly text. The black screen fades to reveal the founder of the EMWC, Adam Thompson. Thompson's years are showing at this point. He leans towards the camera.]

"In the mid-90s, getting anyone to bankroll pro wrestling was a hard sell. The whole business was in the toilet so if you wanted to stand a chance, you started small and put in the work."

[A black and white still photo of a bloodied Colt Patterson - then known as Narcissus - battling Lorenzo Vasquez appears. The word "Extreme" etched in a deep crimson is "written" across them as the voice of Patterson is heard.]

"Extreme was the thing. Hell, my dad had been doing extreme down in the South for years - cages, bullropes, Texas Death, whatever. He just didn't know it had a name. Did I like the idea of going through tables almost every night? Not really. But I was the champ. I was the guy. It was either do it or they'd find someone else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

[The shot of Patterson fades to a still photo of Chris Blue standing in a ring with Adam Thompson. Blue looks much younger than his modern counterpart who we see a moment later.]

"I bought out Adam Thompson as soon as I put the money together. I had a vision, he had a vision... too many cooks in the kitchen. I'll always be grateful to him but I think history has shown that he made the right call to take the money and let me run the place."

[A series of stills flash by - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Steve Kowalski, Creed, Brody Thunder, Serge Annis, and JW Hardin. Blue appears again.]

"It was a war. It was a total war between us and Portland. Talent, territory, ratings, buyrates... you name it, we fought over it. I fought a lot of those kinds of wars over the years but none of them were as fun as the fight that Spreadbury put up."

[More stills. This time with some of the most famous names in EMWC - men like Mark Langseth, Alex Martinez, Kevin Slater, Jeff Matthews, "Dreamlover" Trey Porter, Curtis Hansen, Eddie Van Gibson, Simon Ezra, Luke Kinsey, Chris Courtade, and others flash by in rapid-fire before fading back to Blue.]

"You know what they don't tell you? It's a hard fight to get to the top... but when you get there, sometimes it gets a little boring. I was constantly fighting with

myself to stay motivated. I'd pick fights with promotions just to try and get my competitive fires burning. It was just never the same though."

[And then another series of shots - this time with some of the names synonymous with the end of the EMWC - names we'll choose not to name to protect the innocent... and the guilty. Back to Blue.]

"The writing was on the wall long before I shut the doors, I think. It was... I don't know. Bad timing? We were fighting to stay afloat for a while. We were having financial troubles, creative difficulties, you name it. Then out of nowhere, one of my best friends got leukemia and died. That was..."

[Blue pauses, turning his head to the side as we fade to black as a title comes up - "The Rise And Fall Of The Empire - available on DVD and Digital Download now. The shot of a smiling Blue comes back up.]

"Damn. It was a good run though, wasn't it? A hell of a run. Maybe the best ever. But even the best things have to end."

[Blue smiles, staring off-camera, daydreaming of days gone by as we fade to black...

...and then the scene comes back to Theresa Lynch in the studio again, joined by Charisma Knight, wearing black knee-high boots over black "distressed with some fashionable rips" skinny jeans, a loose red flannel patterned vest over top of black t-shirt with "Queen of Wrestling" embroidered on it, and black horned rimmed glasses on her face, framed by her shoulder length pink hair with aqua ends, and topped off with a black knit cap. Knight's hands are on her hips as Lynch speaks]

TL: We are back here on the Power Hour... and during the break, Melissa Cannon was told by one of our producers that she had an urgent phone call. And I think I'm beginning to see why as joining me now live here in the studio is Charisma Knight-

[Knight cuts her off.]

CK: "The Queen of Wrestling" Charisma Knight, Theresa.

[Theresa shrugs]

TL: Okay, I'm here with "The Queen of Wrestling" Charisma Knight, who asked for this time because she has a grievance? Really, a grievance?

CK: Yes, Theresa, a grievance. I am here to officially file a complaint against the AWA Championship Committee for their horribly biased rankings this week.

TL: Well, I'm not sure they're biased.

CK: Let me ask you this, when was the last time that either Melissa Cannon or Julie Somers had a match on Television?

TL: They did have the Empress-

CK: NOT THE EMPRESS CUP! An OFFICIAL AWA Sanctioned match that counts for competition in the American Wrestling Alliance.

TL: Well, for Julie, it was on Awards Night a few weeks ago and for Melissa, she tried on the last two Saturday Night Wrestling episodes.

CK: But her last match that actually happened on AWA television?



TL: Back before SuperClash.

CK: Which was when?

TL: November.

CK: And it's now March. Four months! And the last time Cannon got in a ring, I beat her right in the middle 1, 2, 3!

TL: You may have beaten her but the way you did it was controvers-

CK: It doesn't matter. I beat her, and Somers hasn't wrestled in weeks, yet Somers is the Number One ranked woman in AWA, Cannon is number two, and I'm only Number THREE? I've been on a winning streak, I've beaten TWO International Competitors...

TL: That first one was kinda iffy.

CK: INTERNATIONAL COMPETITORS! I've been active, winning, I've been carrying the standard for the Women's Division, and because Somers and Cannon are out in Tokyo posting to Instagram they get ranked higher than me? This is preposterous! Week in and week out I'm working, and I get ranked three. This is an outrage. I am the Queen of Wrestling, I will no longer be treated this way. That's why next week, I'm going to go out there, again, while Cannon and Somers do some other marketing thing that the Committee is cashing in on, and face whoever Geller tosses at me, like I can't guess who that's going to be this time, and I'll snap her leg too.

TL: Mr. Gellar hasn't given an indication on who you're facing next week.

CK: Don't play coy, Lynch. But I'll win regardless, and I'll continue until I'm rightfully ranked Number One, until we finally get a Championship, and I can win that and take my rightful place atop Women's Wrestling, because I am the Queen. Now, I have actual work to do, so Cannon can come back here and be Miss Marketable Face again and you can throw to the next segment. Well, actually, I will. NEXT SEGMENT!

[Knight storms off as Theresa smirks.]

TL: I suppose we'll let her have her moment. You heard the lady... let's go to Sweet Lou.

[We fade from the studio to a backstage shot somewhere that finds Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Fans, the tag team scene has become event more interesting in the past few weeks... not only with the new tag team champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, who successfully defended their titles on the Anniversary Show, but with other developments regarding who might be debuting in the coming weeks... I'll have more to talk about regarding the tag team scene on my new app... but at this time, I want to introduce somebody who has a few things to explain as it comes to the tag teams...

[And that seems to be the cue for "The Professional" Dave Cooper to walk onto the set. Cooper is dressed in a white button-down shirt and tan slacks. Joining him are Scola and Mafu, the members of the Samoan Hit Squad. Scola is dressed in a pair of black tights with a blue floral pattern, his hair in an afro, a menacing look on his face. Mafu wears similar tights, his black hair looks unkempt and hangs over his eyes, which have a wild look to go with a twisted grin.]

SLB: Dave Cooper, you came out and made an offer to The Northern Lights to become part of the Lion's Den, and when they turned you down, you challenged them to a match, only for these two men to brutally attack them... if I didn't know any better, I'd suggest you set up The Northern Lights for an ambush!

DC: That goes to show you that you are no different from every other note taker who claims to have the big scoop. You tell everybody you know better, you know what way the narrative goes and everything you say is based on that belief. But the fact of the matter is I was serious when I offered The Northern Lights a spot in the Lion's Den.

SLB: Wait a minute... do you mean to tell me that these two men here, the Samoans, were merely your second choice?

[That remarks cause Scola to brush against Blackwell and cast a glare in his direction. Mafu, meanwhile, shakes his head.]

DC: Once again, there you are with your narratives, Sweet Lou. Telling all the stuff that the five-and-dimers out there lap up, because they are told what they want to hear. It's either I set up the Lights, or I made the Samoans second choice, or I did everything I could to derail somebody's career. Oh no, Sweet Lou... you don't get to dictate the narrative, because I'm gonna tell you exactly where things stand!

[He points to the camera.]

DC: When I wanted to build the Lion's Den the way I envisioned it, I wanted men who were willing to work together for a common cause. Men who had the potential for greatness but needed the right person to guide them, not take advantage of them. That's all I've been looking for... and it didn't matter to me if they were in singles or a tag team. Any combination would be fine, Sweet Lou. Because I want the Lion's Den to be about focusing on all the gold in the AWA. These two men right here... sure, they prefer to team up, but they don't care whether it singles or tag team gold they get, as long as they get the gold.

[He puts a hand on Scola's shoulder. Scola continues to stare at Sweet Lou, a stare that makes it clear Scola thinks Sweet Lou is beneath him.]

DC: Right here, Sweet Lou, is one of the most dangerous men to ever step inside the ring. People look at this man and think he's some kind of untamed savage, but nothing could be further from the truth. He's a focused man, a driven man, a man who knows what it takes to overpower anybody who gets into the ring with him.

[He slaps Mafu on his shoulder. Mafu turns to Cooper, the wild look still in his eyes, but a slight smile crossing his lips, then a laugh.]

DC: And this man, Sweet Lou, he may walk on the wild side, but he knows that every move he makes needs to have a purpose. This man can take to the air, but can handle himself in a fight. And just like his partner, he's focused and driven... he wants to be the best in the business. And I know people want to stereotype everyone that comes from the Pacific islands, but Scola and Mafu, they have intelligence, but they are smart enough to know that they don't know everything. So they went looking for someone to provide that knowledge to make everything complete... yet those before didn't take a serious interest in helping them along the way.

[Cooper jerks a thumb toward himself.]

DC: But that's when I came along, met up with them and offered them a spot in the Lion's Den. I had them on board for several weeks... it didn't take much for them to

realize that I could be the final piece of the puzzle to take them to the top of the ranks. But I told them that we could always use a few more quality individuals, and I saw The Northern Lights. I offered them a spot as well, they turned me down. So that's when I knew that the Samoan Hit Squad needed to come out and teach them a lesson... give the Lights a reminder about exactly what their rejection would mean!

SLB: It still sounds to me like you set them up, Dave Cooper... now, if you don't mind, I wouldn't mind getting a few words from Scola.

[He raises the mic toward Scola, who turns to him, his facial features tensing, his gaze narrowing, as if he can't believe Blackwell would try to ask him a question. Cooper holds up his hand and pushes the mic away.]

DC: He doesn't want to talk to you! First of all, he doesn't like you! Second of all, he knows what you think about him... that he's an untamed savage with no manners! You don't insult a man like that!

SLB: I never said such a thing about him! Don't you put words into my mouth!

DC: It's implied in the way you look at him, Sweet Lou!

SLB: I've got a job to do here! And that involves talking to the men you represent, Dave Cooper!

[That's when Mafu reaches out and snatches the mic from Sweet Lou. Mafu brushes his unkempt hair away, revealing those big, wild eyes.]

M: Northern Lights! You disrespected The Professional when you turned him down! Now, Scola and I, we will destroy you! And from there, it doesn't matter... World tag team titles, World Television title, National title, World title... we want the gold and we will be getting it soon enough! The Samoan Hit Squad is coming for all of you!

[He laughs and, as Blackwell tries to take the mic back, but Mafu hands it to Cooper instead.]

DC: You got your words from Mafu... you're just lucky he didn't slap you upside the head! Now if you want to keep playing Sean Hannity with us, the only thing I'm going to say you is... that this is the end of the discussion!

[He shoves the mic back to Blackwell and walks off. Mafu laughs again as he follows Cooper. Scola stares menacingly at Blackwell for a moment, then scoffs and leaves the set, too.]

SLB: Sean Hannity... unlike that man, I actually talk to credible source!

[He shakes his head as we cut to the ring.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, at a combined weight of 480 pounds... first, from New York City, TONY RONZONI!

[A man with slicked-back black hair and a mustache, dressed in black trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, raises his arms above his head.]

PW: And his partner, from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, JOHN PETERS!

[A man with short, blonde hair and dressed in red tights and white wrestling boots acknowledges the crowd.]

The unmistakable notes from the tuba that signals the start of "The Theme from Jaws" kicks in over the PA system.]

PW: And their opponents, being led toward the ring by their manager, "The Professional" Dave Cooper, from the Isle of Samoa, at a combined weight of 530 pounds... Scola and Mafu... THE SAMOAN HIT SQUAD!

["The Professional" Dave Cooper comes through the entrance first. He has thinning brown hair and a mustache, and is dressed in a pair of tan dress slacks and a white button-down shirt. Walking behind him are Scola and Mafu. Scola, the larger of the two, has an afro and is dressed in a pair of black tights with a blue floral pattern and white wrestling boots. His partner, Mafu, has unkempt black hair that hangs down the sides of his face, is dressed in a similar pair of tights, but he does not wear wrestling boots, although his bare feet have white tape wrapped around them.

The Samoan Hit Squad follows Cooper to the ring, Scola keeping a stoic look on his face, a hard stare in his eyes, while Mafu has a wilder look in his eyes and a smile, as if he can't wait to tear into his opponent. Cooper has a smirk on his face as he leads his charges to the ring, Scola climbing through the ropes while Mafu chooses to slide underneath them. Once in the ring, Mafu slides toward the middle of the ring and gets on his hands and knees, as Scola steps behind him and folds his arms, Cooper standing beside them and pointing to his men approvingly.]

MS: The Samoan Hit Squad had not been seen for some time in the AWA, until a few weeks ago when they attacked the Northern Lights and revealed themselves to be the first members of the Lion's Den.

CP: Well, if the Lights were smart, they would have accepted Dave Cooper's offer to join the Lion's Den. They could have been on the same side as the Samoans, but now they've made enemies of them and that's something you don't want to do, Steggle!

MS: The Samoans are indeed a dangerous duo, but somehow I don't think the Lights want anything to do with The Professional.

CP: Then that's their loss, Steggle. The Professional is a former tag team champion. Nobody knows more about what it means to be a great tag team wrestler than Dave Cooper. And nobody knows more about recognizing championship material than Cooper. Just look at all the people he associated himself with... all of them won the gold.

MS: Be that as it may, I'm sure the Northern Lights will be looking to settle in the score in the near future.

[The bell rings as Cooper discusses last-minute strategy with the Samoans. He then exits the ring, Mafu following and taking his place on the apron and Scola steps forward, facing Ronzoni, who looks a bit hesitant.]

MS: It's Scola starting things off with Tony Ronzoni... this is definitely a size mismatch, Colt.

CP: Well, you look at how big Scola is... six foot six, 285 pounds. He's a size mismatch for a lot of guys.

[Ronzoni cautiously approaches Scola and fires several fists to the midsection.]

MS: Ronzoni attacking Scola... shots to the midsection, but they aren't having much effect.

[Scola grabs Ronzoni by the hair and delivers a quick headbutt, sending Ronzoni to the canvas.]

MS: And a headbutt sends Ronzoni to the mat!

CP: That's a mistake trying to brawl with Scola... that's the type of match that favors the Samoans!

MS: And now it's Scola picking Ronzoni up... he sends him into the ropes... and takes him over with a back body drop!

[Scola turns toward Ronzoni, a menacing glare on his face.]

MS: Scola in control of this match... he's dragging him up by the hair again... sends him into the ropes once more... and a vicious clothesline takes Ronzoni down!

CP: Beautiful clothesline by Scola... and look at how methodically he approaches his opponent. Dave Cooper isn't kidding about how focused this man is.

MS: Thus far, Scola has been in control... he picks Ronzoni up... now the tag is made to Mafu.

[Scola holds Ronzoni up and he and Mafu rear their heads back at the same time.]

MS: Double headbutt! Ronzoni may out of it!

[Scola steps onto the apron as Mafu, a twisted grin on his face, turns to Cooper, who motions for him to continue the punishment.]

CP: And there you see Dave Cooper telling Mafu he wants to see more, don't finish him off yet.

MS: I don't know... could that be a mistake to not to win the match when you have the chance?

CP: Well, you have to think of it like a football team going against a weaker opponent. Sometimes it's a good idea to try a certain play just to see how it works.

[Mafu drags Ronzoni off the mat and applies a front facelock.]

MS: Mafu setting up Ronzoni... lifts him up and drops him with a vertical suplex!

CP: Textbook suplex... Mafu showing he knows how to wrestle, not just fight.

MS: Mafu now running into the ropes... Ronzoni flat on his back... and there's a senton splash!

CP: Hey, that's one Juan Vasquez would be proud of!

[Mafu rises to his feet and stops to pose, laughing.]

MS: Mafu not going for the cover... seems to me he knocked the wind out of Ronzoni and might have gotten the fall.

CP: You can hear The Professional... he's telling Mafu he wants to see him against Peters.

[Cooper motions toward Peters and you can hear him shout, "Give the other guy a chance!" Mafu throws Ronzoni toward his corner, where Peters leans over the ropes and reluctantly tags in.]

MS: And now it's John Peters against Mafu... he charges in and starts firing forearms to the head!

CP: That's not the part of the body you want to target, Stegglet.

[Mafu shrugs off the blows, grabs Peters and headbutts him, sending Peters to the canvas.]

MS: Peters' forearms have no effect... now he's down on the canvas... no, Mafu is picking him up.

[Mafu takes Peters and drags his face across the ropes, drawing a warning from the referee.]

MS: Mafu dragging Peters across the ropes... and now he's biting him!

CP: Look at how vicious Mafu can get... sure, he can wrestle, but he can brawl just as well as Scola can!

[Peters staggers and holds his face in pain as the referee points at Mafu, who just laughs.]

MS: Mafu relentless in his assault... now he grabs Peters and whips him to the opposite side... and a big dropkick to the face!

CP: And look at the elevation Mafu got... caught Peters flush in the face!

[Mafu springs to his feet and a cruel smile forms on his lips. Cooper, outside the ring, points up at Scola.]

MS: And it looks like Cooper wants Mafu to bring in Scola... and there's the tag.

CP: Mafu's going right back after Peters... I wonder what the Samoans have in mind.

[Mafu takes Peters and whip him into the ropes.]

MS: Irish whip... Mafu lifting Peters off the canvas... and Scola catches him...

[Scola grabs Peters in mid-air and hooks him around the legs, dropping him straight down to the canvas.]

MS: And there's a powerbomb!

CP: And look at the elevation on that... Peters was high up in the air when Scola caught him!

MS: And what power behind that powerbomb, Colt... I'd say Peters is ripe for the pickings.

[Scola goes for the cover, but at the count of two, he pulls him off the mat.]

MS: Wait a minute... Scola went for the cover, but picks Peters up. I don't know if that's a smart move, Colt.

CP: Well, you heard Cooper... he's telling them he wants to see more.

[Cut to outside the ring, where Cooper shouts, "Show 'em a little more about what the Samoans are all about!"]

MS: Scola dragging Peters up... he's offering little resistance at this point. Has him up in a waistlock and... OH MY GOODNESS!

[Scola lifts Peters up into the air, tossing him overhead with a belly-to-belly throw.]

CP: Look at that power, Stegglet! He tossed Peters like he was a rag doll! I'm impressed!

MS: Scola now turning to his corner... Mafu wants in!

[Outside the ring, Cooper points to Mafu and says, "That's right, let him finish it!"]

MS: And the tag is made... Scola now climbing to the middle rope... what are they setting up for?

[Scola sits down on the top turnbuckle and Mafu climbs up and faces Scola, who then grabs his partner in a suplex position.]

MS: Scola lifting Mafu up... and throws him right on top of John Peters! What impact on that splash!

[Ronzoni enters the ring, trying to break up the pin, but Scola leaps off the second rope with a clothesline, as the referee counts to three.]

CP: Now that's a devastating move, Stegglet! And look how Scola was ready to ensure Ronzoni couldn't break up the pin!

MS: The Samoan Hit Squad with a decisive win tonight! What a vicious display!

[Dave Cooper climbs into the ring as Mafu rises to his knees, a sick grin on his face.]

PW: The winners of the match... THE SAMOAN HIT SQUAD!

[Cooper pats Mafu on the shoulder and he gets to his feet. Scola stands next to Cooper, who takes the arms of the Samoans and raises them in the air, a smile on his face.]

MS: A successful debut for The Samoan Hit Squad, but somehow I think the road ahead will be a lot tougher and The Northern Lights will be waiting for these two.

CP: Well, after what we saw tonight, I don't think I want to be standing in the way of the Samoans. If the Lights decide to do that, I don't like their chances, Stegglet!

[We fade back into the studio where Theresa is standing with a red-faced Melissa Cannon.]

TL: A victory in their return for the Samoan Hit Squad. Melissa, I know you were watching when-

MC: When that piece of trash came out here and decided to run her mouth about me? Yeah, I saw it. Knight got me out of the studio so she could run me down? That's fine, Charisma. Your day will come. Right now, I've got my hands full with Lauryn Rage and her band of snakes but when I'm done with them, I've got no problem getting back in the ring with you and finding out once and for all who the better competitor is.

TL: Melissa, she's calling herself the Queen of Wrestling now.

[Melissa chuckles.]

MC: Theresa, she can call herself the High Supreme Overlord for all I care. Because at the end of the day, when she's rolling over her hand-picked opponents, all she is is talk.

TL: Her next opponent will be hand-picked but it'll be hand-picked by Emerson Gellar and the Championship Committee. Any chance it'll be you?

MC: No, no... I don't want to be accused of some kind of bait and switch. There's no chance her opponent next week will be me. But whoever it is, I hope they've got their boots laced tight and someone to watch their back because she's going to throw every dirty trick in the book at them.

TL: Speaking of dirty tricks, we've got Lauryn Rage's AWA debut coming up in just a short while but before we get to that, let's get some pre-recorded comments from Caspian Abaran!

[We fade to footage backstage of a short brownish-tan skinned Mexican man with curly dark brown hair. He's in his ring gear of bright yellow full-length tights with intricate red and brown patterns on them and a pair of red-yellow-brown wristbands.]

CA: You know, I've been in the AWA for a while now and every time I think I've got a handle on how things work around here, someone comes along and jerks the rug out from under me.

They say we're in the midst of dark times... and when you look around, you can see they're right. You see things like Kendrick and his pack of thugs attacking men... good men... with a baseball bat. There's Zharkov and Hunter. Shadoe Rage attacking Derrick Williams and Supernova. Downfall injuring Tombstone Anderson.

Too many bad things happening to good people and that doesn't even mention mi amigo, Ryan.

Ryan, sé que estás en casa viendo ahora mismo. Mantén la fe, amigo mío. Todos estamos aquí peleando la lucha en su honor. Mantenga la línea, hermano!

[Abaran nods.]

CA: And now you've got this... Canibal... trying to get my attention. He's watching my matches... he's sending me messages through announcers. You and I are no strangers, Canibal. We've walked the same roads in Mexico... fought in the same towns. We are hermanos de lucha libre.

But you... something is wrong with you, Canibal.

[He points to his skull.]

CA: You're sick in the head. You're twisted. You're not right. You look at me and you see a victim for your mind games.

But what you should see is the man who will cut your winning streak short because that's exactly what will happen if you find yourself across the ring from me.

[Abaran's gaze is locked on the camera as we fade to black.]

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



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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[The instantly identifiable sound of the main theme to Terminator 2: Judgment Day is accompanied by flashes of a man standing, steam and smoke billowing up all around him. The cuts happen in rhythm to the beat, showing slight glimpses but not enough to take in the whole thing.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[Another series of cuts, this time letting us see a tattoo over his arm and shoulder - an eagle perched upon a flagpole with the American flag waving from it.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[A military style flat top has his blond hair cut close as his icy blue eyes are boring a hole into the camera.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[A wide shot of the man kneeling, a red-gloved covered hand down on the floor as the smoke gets more and more intense, completely obscuring him at times.]

“DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN”

[He pops up with a roar before we cut back to black with a graphic that reads...]

MASON. IS COMING.

[Fade back to black...

...and then back up on the studio where Theresa and Melissa are standing on the star field.]

TL: Mason is coming for sure. Melissa, do you know anything about this mysterious Mason?

MC: Not a thing other than what we were told by Emerson Gellar. This one is a big secret. I've asked around and no one seems to know anything about him - where he trained, where he's competed in the past, nothing. But the office obviously has high hopes for him to be a big star in the AWA.

TL: Absolutely. Mason will be debuting in the near future, I hope, but... Melissa... are you ready for this?

MC: As ready as I'm going to be.

TL: We've been talking about it all night - the in-ring debut of your recent nemesis, Melissa - Lauryn Rage where she competed in beautiful San Diego, California against Fallon Hearst.

MC: It's time to see if she can fight as well as she jumps people from behind.

TL: A member of the world-famous Rage wrestling family. Of course, AWA fans are familiar with her brother, Shadoe, but her other brother Derek has been a star in other promotions as well. Her sisters. Her father. Wrestling is in the bloodline of the Rage family, Melissa.

MC: Her old man was a maniac who was blacklisted from just about every promotion he ever stepped foot in... including your father's, Theresa. And he dropped a little bit of crazy in all of his kids apparently. We've seen what he did to Shadoe. And while I've got all the sympathy in the world for people with emotional issues, I've also got no problem getting her in the ring and beating the crazy right out of her.

TL: Alright, fans... we're going to take you now to the beautiful Valley View Casino Center in San Diego, California for the in-ring debut of Lauryn Rage!

[The shot switches from the studio shot to the inside of the Valley View Casino Center. Fallon Hearst is already inside the ring. The brunette is roughly average height and has a toned, fitness model build. She takes an old-timey boxing stance as she looks towards the entrance ramp.]

PW: And her opponent ... from Halifax, Nova Scotia ... weighing 150 lbs ... LAURYN RAGE!!!!

[The screens in the arena light up with Instagram photos of Lauryn Rage in various poses interspersed with still action shots of Lauryn in action. At the bottom of the screen a like counter climbs.

Nicki Minaj's "I'm the Best" begins and the like counter surges into overdrive. Finally, Lauryn emerges onto the stage. She poses for the crowd, left hand stretched out before her for the crowd to kiss her imaginary rings, the right hand akimbo on her thrust forward hips. She drinks in the imaginary love as boos are thrown at her arrogance. Suddenly realizing the crowd is booing, she waves 'Girl, bye' to the crowd before she pony struts to the ring. She wears a gold long sleeve unitard tog cut barely decently short at the bottom. She wears knee high boots, kickpads and knee pads in hot pink. She wears a hot pink fingerless glove on her right hand. Lauryn struts around the ring, tossing her hot pink hair as she poses for imaginary pictures.]

GM: Well, she certainly does think highly of herself.

BW: I don't blame her. That's quite an entrance, daddy. She's the last child in the Rage family wrestling line. From what I hear she combines all their talents into one unique package.

GM: Shadoe Rage responsible for bringing his sister into the action. I'm surprised he's not at ringside.

BW: She's got this. And if Melissa Cannon tries to jump her I'm sure she'll be able to handle it. Shadoe Rage is scheduled to compete later tonight. He's focused on his own match.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway! Lauryn Rage teasing a lock up... look at this!

[Lauryn Rage breaks away from Hearst, strutting around the ring and fixing her hair. She sits in the corner, staring up at the screen as she makes duck faces and arranges her hair. Satisfied she looks good for the camera, she walks back to the center of the ring, ready to lock up.]

GM: This is ridiculous!

BW: She's got to look good!

[Lauryn has taken another walk to fix her ring gear. The crowd is booing the lack of action. Lauryn looks around, pantomiming confusion. She points to her chest, indicating "Are you booing me?" More boos come. Lauryn sucks her teeth and lunges out of the corner, ducking under a lock up attempt, grabbing Fallon by the hair and yanking her to the mat. She steps on Hearst's face as she looks out at the crowd.]

"Now what?"

BW: She is cocky, I'll give you that! She's a queen in that ring.

GM: This is a lot of showboating.

[Lauryn removes her foot from Hearst's face, allowing her to get to her feet. She deigns to lock up.]

GM: Hearst with an armwringer. She winds up again!

[Lauryn grimaces at the armwringer and then reverses, pulling Hearst into a hammerlock. She kicks Hearst in the back of the knee, forcing her to one knee. Lauryn winds up and slaps Hearst across the back of the head.]

GM: And now she's bailing out of the ring!

BW: Do you blame her! Look at how crazy Fallon Hearst looks!

GM: Hearst is outraged by that blatant disrespect from Lauryn Rage.

[Hearst leans through the ropes, shouting at Lauryn to get back in the ring. As the referee tries to get her back, Lauryn leaps up and punches her right in the mouth.]

GM: OHH!

[She leaps into the ring before the referee knows what happens and knees Hearst in the back. Grabbing a handful of hair, she delivers more knees to the midsection before she drives one into Hearst's face. Still holding on the hair, she yanks Hearst to the mat before she follows up with a hard kneedrop to the chest.]

GM: There's no call for these tactics.

BW: She's rough, I'll give you that. But she's effective. She's not here to make you happy, Gordo. She's here to win.

[Hearst rolls up to her knees, working her jaw as Rage sets her feet.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Big kick to the chest!

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Lauryn Rage with some vicious kicks to the chest!

BW: She's got some educated feet! Those kicks are deadly.

[Lauryn lands some more kicks before she winds up and snaps one hard across Hearst's face, forcing her to collapse backwards on the mat. Lauryn looks out at the crowd, sneering.]

GM: Lauryn Rage seems to have a love/hate relationship with the fans. She's craving their love on her various social media platforms but in the ring, she seems to thrive on their boos.

[Rage sits Hearst up and stands at her back. She starts raining down vicious 12 to 6 elbows on her head and shoulders.]

GM: This is definitely the influence of her brother.

BW: She is a Rage... she fights. But there's a lot more technique to her style than there is to her older brother's.

[Rage lands one last elbow before hooking a left handed rabbit punch to the back of Hearst's head that has her face first down on the mat.]

BW: See that boxing technique! That's like her older sister, Dalbello Rage! I bet Fallon Hearst is seeing a bunch of little birds tweeting around her head right now.

[The referee warns Rage about the closed fist as he backs her off. He goes to check on Hearst as Lauryn Rage climbs the ropes and shouts out at the crowd.]

"You think Cannon can handle all of this? I'm a Queen! She ain't nuthin' but a pawn! Tell her she ain't nuthin' but a pawn!"

GM: Lauryn Rage with some pointed calls out to Melissa Cannon and the fans are not happy about it.

BW: Well, there's nothing they can do about it!

[Hearst is shaky on her feet as Lauryn drops to the mat. Lauryn sees her victim on rubber legs and snatches her by the arm, whipping her into the ropes before she rushes forward, leaps and spins in the air, driving her rear into Hearst's head. Hearst drops in a heap as Lauryn bounces off the ropes and delivers another butt drop to her downed opponent.]

GM: Vicious hip attack.

BW: That's not the hip she hit her with! You'd think that rear might be like a pillow, but you can tell that did a lot of damage.

[Lauryn hauls up Fallon like a load of catfish. She stoops a little, looking up into Fallon's glassy eyes. Shaking her head incredulously, she picks her up in a spinebuster lift over her shoulder and charges forward, driving her hard into the turnbuckles. Fallon's head snaps back violently.]

GM: OUCH!

BW: Vicious spinebuster toss into the turnbuckles. I don't think Fallon Hearst knows where she is any more.

[The referee tries to check on Fallon but Lauryn refuses to let him get to her. Instead she backs up, runs into a handspring and drives her elbow into Hearst's jaw.]

GM: Very athletic move out of Rage right there.

BW: You just started following her on Instagram. I can feel it.

GM: I'm not even sure how you'd do such a thing.

[Hearst's eyes start to flutter as Lauryn snapmares her out of the corner and dropkicks her in the back of the head. Fallon's head snaps forward and then back, crashing backwards into the mat. She flops like a fish. The referee is on her immediately but Lauryn shoves him away. She takes a top mount position and yanks the helpless Hearst up by her top. She cocks her right hand and delivers some hard bitch slaps back and forth across Hearst's cheek.]

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!  
SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

[Lauryn pauses to shout at out her opponent: "WORLD STAR!" "WORLD STAR!" "WORLD STAR!"]

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!  
SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

[Hearst goes limp in Lauryn's grasp. The referee jumps in immediately, grasping Lauryn's arm and telling her to stop.]

"Don't touch me!"

[Lauryn drops her opponent in disgust, letting her head bounce off the mat again. She swaggers away, wagging a finger at the fans before she slashes her thumb across her throat.]

“THAT CHICK WASHED, REF! BRING ME SOME COMPETITION!”

[The referee asks Hearst some questions. No response is forthcoming.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

BW: SHE KNOCKED HER OUT! SHE KNOCKED HER OUT WITH THOSE SLAPS!

GM: This is serious. Fallon Hearst stopped responding after that spinebuster into the corner. I think that’s where she lost consciousness and the slaps were just icing on the cake. Her head took a lot of attacks though - she could be concussed.

[Phil Watson’s voice rings out.]

PW: The referee has ruled that Fallon Hearst is unable to defend herself and can no longer continue. Therefore, your winner is... LAURYN RAAAAAGE!

[Lauryn pantomimes a yawn as referees and help spill out from the back to tend to Fallon Hearst. Rage doesn’t even look back as she hops out of the ring and strolls up the aisle as “I’m the Best” plays.]

GM: A stunning debut here for Lauryn Rage tonight and somewhere, you can be sure that Melissa Cannon is watching with great interest.

[We fade from the pre-taped match back to the studio to where Melissa Cannon IS watching with great interest.]

TL: Melissa, you’ve gotta be impressed after seeing that.

MC: No doubt, Theresa. She’s a tough competitor. There’s obviously more to her than just her mouth and her over-inflated ego. But those slaps? Bring those slaps to me and see what happens.

TL: Sounds like the match between the two of you - whenever it goes down - just got even more interesting. Fans, in case you were wondering, I’m told that Fallon Hearst was knocked out when she hit the buckles and suffered a concussion because of it. She’ll be out of action for some time.

MC: And that’s a tragedy on its own. No one likes to see someone get injured inside that ring... and when Lauryn Rage knows someone is hurt and keeps coming after that...

[Melissa trails off, shaking her head.]

TL: My takeaway from that match, Melissa, is that Lauryn Rage is a fighter. And when you get in the ring with her, you better be ready for a fight.

MC: Oh, I will be.

TL: Fans, we’re heading out to another commercial break but when we come back, it’s time for our featured match this week - it’s Cesar Hernandez taking on Callum Mahoney - and it’s right after this!

[Fade to black.]

We slowly fade up from black on the exterior of what appears to be a medical research facility of some sort. Blue lighting on the outside of the building gives it a sci-fi kind of feel.

We cut inside the building where - sure enough - a team of white-coated lab technicians are huddled around a computer screen.

A white bearded elderly man steps in front of them, drawing their attention to this obvious authority figure.]

"Alright, team. We've been instructed to research and reanimate the greatest professional wrestler in history to send immediately into combat. Get to work."

[The authority figure steps aside as the team quickly begins talking over one another as one of the men types into the computer's keyboard.]

"Strength. They need to be strong."

"I'd want someone fast and tough."

"Someone good with their hands..."

"Knockout power."

"The most devastating finisher in history."

[The words get louder and louder, more and more qualities being shouted out. We cut to a shot of the keyboard jockey, typing urgently away as his eyes get wide. The reflection of the screen lights up his face as his fingers move at an ever-rising speed, sped up into a blur of motion.

They keep talking... he keeps typing, faster and faster still until...]

"STOOOOOOOOP!"

[The authority figure steps back into view.]

"Well, what did you come up with?"

[He steps behind the keyboard jockey, peering over his shoulder.]

"Two? They only wanted one."

[He shrugs.]

"Defrost 'em both."

[We cut to a shot of two figures being encased in solid blocks of ice being plucked by a large mechanical arm out of a carousel of other such blocks of ice. They are placed onto two large platforms as face-shield, haz-mat suit wearing figures step into view.

Closeup on one of the figures as a red laser emits from the "rifle" he's holding. He turns the tool onto the block of ice, sending up a shower of sparks as the ice begins to melt away.

Another melting ice shot on the other figure.

Closeup of water dripping onto the floor of the lab.

The lasers are shut off as the technicians step back.]

"Here they are, sir..."

[The authority figure steps up, nodding with approval.]

"Good work. Gentlemen, welcome to AWA 2016."

[The camera rotates from the authority figure onto the now-defrosted forms of Casey James and Tiger Claw. The two Hall of Famers look straight ahead at the scientist. James speaks first.]

"Took you guys long enough."

[The laugh at the beginning of Ozzy's classic "Crazy Train" is heard - the song launching in as we cut to in-game footage of the previously-mentioned AWA 2016.

Quick shots of...

Supreme Wright taking down Jack Lynch with the Fat Tuesday.

Cody Mertz of Air Strike snapping Wes Taylor off the top rope with a flying rana.

Johnny Detson and Travis Lynch trading haymakers.

The Gladiator pressing someone over his head.

Supernova diving over the top rope onto Shadoc Rage.

And a final shot of a running Ryan Martinez delivering a Yakuza Kick right into the camera before we cut back to Casey and Claw, the music cutting out. James looks down... then looks over at his friend, looking up and down as Claw does the same. James turns back to the camera and speaks again.]

"Hey, uh... any chance we can get some pants?"

[Cut to black. The title graphic advertising the arrival of the AWA 2016 video game produced by Electronic Arts as "Spring 2016" appears on the screen. A voiceover instructing you to make your pre-order at GameStop now to receive exclusive access to Casey James and Tiger Claw is heard over the graphic...

...and back to the studio where Theresa and Melissa are standing.]

TL: Alright, fans... it's been a fun night here for the debut of the Power Hour and we've got one more match left to go. It's Callum Mahoney taking on Cesar Hernandez from San Francisco. Calling the action will be Harvey Sutton and Marcus Broussard so let's go down to ringside for this one!

[As we fade to the ring, we see that the Fighting Irishman and the veteran fan favorite are already in the ring, circling one another.]

HS: The Bay Area is hotter than Death Valley in the middle of summer as the AWA has come to town and... Marcus Broussard, you've gotta feel good being home.

MB: It's been a great week to be back amongst my family and friends and all my fans... but let's get down to brass tacks, Sutton. Callum Mahoney and Cesar Hernandez are two of the toughest guys in the locker room so I'm really looking forward to this one.



[The two come together in a collar and elbow, jockeying for position in the center of the ring, looking to get an advantage...

...when Hernandez breaks out, pulling Mahoney down to the mat in an armdrag.]

HS: Quick armdrag locked in by Hernandez, taking Mahoney down...

MB: And it should come as no surprise to anyone that Hernandez' first offensive move in this match goes after the arm. Cesar Hernandez is pretty famous for having a predictable, straight-ahead style. He goes after the arm, transitions to the leg, and tries to hook in that figure four leglock.

[Hernandez is back on his feet, smiling as he hops up and down a few times, waving Mahoney up. The Armbar Assassin climbs up off the mat, glaring at Hernandez.]

HS: Mahoney doesn't look happy but I suppose if I'd been armdragged out of my boots, I wouldn't be too happy either.

[The two come together again, Mahoney pushing Hernandez back across the ring into the ropes.]

HS: The Fighting Irishman backs him down and-

[Hernandez quickly executes a standing switch before grabbing the arm and flinging Mahoney down to the canvas again.]

HS: Another armdrag by the veteran!

[Mahoney comes up quickly this time, charging back in, and getting tossed down to the mat with a third armdrag.]

HS: Deep armdrags applied by Cesar Hernandez and Callum Mahoney is reeling early on in this one, fans!

[Mahoney stays down this time, kneeling on the mat as Hernandez waves for him to get back up. The Irishman shakes out his arm, glaring at his opponent as he slides back against the ropes.]

MB: Mahoney staying near the ropes this time. Three armdrags are quite enough for him.

[Getting to his feet, Mahoney has his eyes locked on Hernandez who is pacing a bit, eager to keep his momentum going.]

MB: And this is a smart move by Mahoney - a veteran move. Hernandez is all worked up, full of energy, going after him... and Mahoney slams on the brakes which stops Hernandez cold.

[Hernandez starts to advance on Mahoney but the official steps in, telling him to stay back. Hernandez and the official get tangled up as Hernandez tries to get through...

...which allows Mahoney to CRACK Hernandez with a hooking right hand to the jaw!]

HS: Cheap shot over the back of the official by Mahoney... grabbing the hair, dragging to the corner... gonna put his head into the buckle!

[But as he tries, Hernandez brings up his foot, blocking the faceslam...

...and countering with one of his own, sending Mahoney sailing into the air before crashing to the mat to cheers!]

HS: Hernandez with the timely counter, putting Mahoney on the run once again as he tries to crawl away...

[But as Mahoney reaches the ropes, Hernandez grabs him by the foot, preventing his escape.]

HS: Hernandez caught him! Nowhere to run for Callum Mahoney!

[Mahoney rolls over onto his back, reaching back and grabbing the middle rope with both hands...

...and Hernandez grabs both legs, stepping back and stretching out Mahoney who switches his grip to the top rope.]

HS: Uh oh... this doesn't look good for Mahoney!

[The crowd cheers Hernandez as he looks back and forth at them, imploring them to keep getting louder...

...and gives a hard yank, pulling Mahoney away from the ropes, into the air, and crashing down to the canvas!]

HS: And DOWN goes Mahoney on the canvas... and he rolls right out to the floor after that!

[Mahoney staggers around the ringside area as Hernandez stays inside, playing to the San Francisco fans.]

HS: The fans are behind Cesar Hernandez as they have been for many a year now throughout the wrestling world, Marcus.

MB: Hernandez is one of the most popular guys around for sure - both in the locker room and with the fans... but all those cheers won't help him if Mahoney locks in that armbar.

HS: Very true but right now, Callum Mahoney isn't locking in anything except his travel plans to get out of town. Cesar Hernandez is in control of this one.

[With Mahoney circling the ring and the count growing, Hernandez dashes to the ropes, bouncing off...]

HS: Baseball sli- whoa!

[Hernandez' attempt at a slide ends with him being tangled up in the ring apron lifted up by Mahoney to trap him. Mahoney throws three quick knees to the body before clubbing away with forearms to the back of the head and neck.]

HS: Clever maneuver by Mahoney, putting a beating on Hernandez while he's trapped in the ring apron!

[Leaning down, Mahoney pulls Hernandez' legs out from under the apron, dragging him out and stomping down into the midsection.]

HS: Mahoney's stomp was right on target there, taking some of the wind out of his opponent.

[Dragging Hernandez up by the hair, Mahoney swings him around before smashing him facefirst into the ring apron!]

HS: And this is not where Cesar Hernandez wants to do battle, Marcus.

MB: Mahoney's a street fighter to the core.

HS: Only instead of fireballs and Dragon Punches, he uses eyerakes and chokes.

[Mahoney grabs Hernandez by the arm, turning him away from the ring...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: MAHONEY WITH THE WHIP TO THE BARRICADE!

[The referee warns Mahoney from inside the ring as the surly Irishman stalks across the ringside area, grabbing the now-kneeling Hernandez by the hair, walking him back towards the ring.]

HS: Mahoney shoots him back in... back up on the apron himself now...

[Ducking through the ropes, Mahoney winds up and stomps the back of the head... and again... and again...]

HS: The Irishman putting the boots to Hernandez, driving him out to the middle of the ring.

[Mahoney grabs two hands filled with Hernandez' hair, hauling him up to his knees where he blasts him with an European uppercut!]

HS: Hard shot to the jaw!

[A second and third uppercut follow, causing Hernandez to slump back down to the canvas.]

HS: Mahoney's got Hernandez down on the mat, pummeling away with those heavy blows.

MB: The Fighting Irishman is one of the hardest hitters in the AWA locker room. Ask anyone back there and they'll tell you that.

HS: When you see him throwing those blows, what do you think, Marcus?

MB: I think I'm glad that I retired... and that I went out on top winning the Legends Royale last year.

[Mahoney moves in, pulling Hernandez up again and landing an overhead chop that sends Hernandez falling back into the corner.]

HS: Mahoney staying on him... forearm after forearm to the jaw...

[A stiff headbutt drops Hernandez down to his knees where Mahoney hauls off and drives a knee into the jaw, knocking Hernandez down again as the referee steps in, wanting to check to see if the veteran fan favorite can continue.]

HS: The referee checking on Hernandez after that brutal knee to the jaw! He might be out, Marcus.

MB: Could be. That knee looked solid. The ref's taking a long look right now. It's always the top priority of the official to make sure that the wrestlers are safe - that they can defend themselves and keep fighting the good fight.

[Mahoney pushes past the official, dragging Hernandez up to his feet...

...where Hernandez quickly lifts him off the mat.]

MB: Hernandez was goldbrickin'! He wasn't hurt!

[Hernandez brings Mahoney's shin down across his bent knee.]

HS: Shinbreaker! All that impact down on the leg!

[Mahoney bounces on one foot while Hernandez keeps hold of the other leg before reaching back with his leg, tripping Mahoney down to the canvas. He gives a swift kick to the knee... and a second... and a third.]

HS: Hernandez has him down! He's got the leg!

[The crowd cheers as Hernandez swings his arm around, signaling for the figure four leglock!]

HS: Spinning toehold... grabs the other leg...

[But Mahoney reaches up, raking the eyes of Hernandez!]

HS: OH! Mahoney goes to the eyes!

[With Hernandez blinded temporarily, Mahoney grabs the hair, swinging Hernandez down to the mat...

...and floats through, scissoring the arm and falling back into the cross armbreaker!]

HS: ARMBAR! HE GOT THE ARMBAR OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Hernandez is overwhelmed by the speed that the armbar is applied and has no chance to lock his hands together. Mahoney cranks back on the limb as Hernandez struggles to resist, crying out in pain...]

HS: Cesar Hernandez is trying to fight it!

MB: He's got no chance, Sutton. He's gotta tap out or Mahoney's going to break that arm and believe me, he's got no qualms about doing it.

[Hernandez makes one attempt to roll to his side, getting a hard-swung calf down across his face, putting him back down on the mat as Mahoney arches his back, hyperextending the blow...

...and soon after, Hernandez is tapping out in submission.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

HS: That's it! Let him go, Mahoney!

[The Armbar Assassin keeps the hold applied a little longer... and a little longer... and a little longer... and then breaks it, getting to his feet with a smirk.]

HS: The Armbar got locked in and once it did, it was all over, Shark.

MB: Absolutely. No one - and I mean no one - gets out of that hold, Sutton.

[Mahoney raises a triumphant arm as we fade back to the studio.]

TL: A big win for Callum Mahoney as he continues to work his way up the ladder of contention, Melissa.

MC: No one can doubt the heart of Cesar Hernandez but Callum Mahoney is sheer toughness inside that ring... and that Armbar gets 'em tapping out every single time.

TL: If he gets that Armbar on someone like Supernova, we're going to have a new World Television Champion but after what happened one week ago, Mahoney may have his hands full with the likes of Pure X as well.

MC: I'd love to see that one.

TL: As would I... and who knows... maybe it'll happen right here on the Power Hour! Fans, that's going to do it for this week... for our debut edition of the Power Hour. I hope you enjoyed the show. Melissa, thank you for joining me for this historic hour of AWA television!

MC: It was my pleasure, Theresa. Good luck with the show.

TL: We want all of you watching to feel free to hit up your social networks and let us know what you thought. Your comments and suggestions are welcome and I hope you'll be right back with us here two weeks from tonight when my guest host will be the one and only World Television Champion himself, Supernova, and our featured matchup will see "Red Hot" Rex Summers taking on Chester O. Wilde from the Wilde Bunch! We'll have all of that and much more. Good night everybody!

[And with that, we fade to black.]