

The graphic features the text "AWA POWER HOUR" in large, bold, white capital letters with a black outline, centered against a dark blue background filled with bright, jagged white lightning bolts. Below the main title, the date "APRIL 16, 2016" is written in a similar bold, white font with a black outline.

AWA POWER HOUR

APRIL 16, 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 black jacket over a white tank top that shows off her well-tanned skin.]

TL: Two weeks have come and gone and I'm right back here for another edition of the Power Hour. Hello everyone, I'm Theresa Lynch and I'm your host for sixty minutes of AWA action from all over the world. Joining me tonight as my special co-host is the one and only manager in the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame... the leader of the Kings of Wrestling... Brian Lau, welcome to the Power Hour!

[Our shot changes to show Brian Lau moving into position next to Theresa Lynch. As always, Mr. Lau is impeccably dressed - although he's left the sunglasses at home this time.]

BL: Theresa Lynch, the pleasure is all yours for sure and far be it from me to doubt your journalistic credentials but it seems like I'm going to have to correct you all night long, my dear. I am NOT the leader of the Kings of Wrestling. The Kings of Wrestling need no leader. I am simply another King. I advise. I suggest. I recommend. I manage, young lady.

TL: I see. My mistake.

BL: No apologies needed. You're a Lynch after all. Such mistakes are expected.

[Theresa grimaces, turning to the camera.]

TL: I have a feeling this is going to be a long night, fans. We've got a lot of great action coming to you here tonight. Matches with the likes of The Hangman... tag team action featuring the Slaughterhouse... and in tonight's featured attraction, we'll see the AWA Women's Division on display with that pre-taped match from Japan featuring newcomer Ayako Fujiwara... let's not waste any time and head right down to the ring for our opening match!

[We fade from the studio to an arena shot, showing off a crowd. The voice of Mark Stegglet is heard.]

MS: Mark Stegglet here tonight in Louisville, Kentucky for AWA action... and joining me down here at ringside for this one is the one and the only, Mr. Mensa himself, Manny Imbrogno! Manny, welcome to Louisville.

MI: Louisville, Kentucky... the land of hopes and dreams. But when the AWA comes to town, it's the land of hopes and schemes. You've got Lau and his mighty Kings, Cooper and his Samoan Hit Squad. You've got Kendrick and Mahoney... and Summers with the muscular bod. Scum and villainy in the air, only heroes to be found... except yours truly and the Round Mound of Hip Hop Sound.

[Imbrogno finishes with a flourish and a bow.]

MS: It wouldn't be an appearance from Mr. Mensa without a poem, I suppose. Fans, let's go to the ring!

[An unknown ring announcer is inside the squared circle.]

RA: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right... from Queens, New York... weighing in at 262 pounds... Morris Mancini!

[The well-mustached Mancini hops in the air, lifting an arm to very little reaction.]

RA: And his opponent...

[Ennio Morricone's "Man With A Harmonica" begins to play.]

RA: He hails from The Deadwoods... weighing in at 301 pounds and being led down the aisle by Virgil Rockwell...

THE HANNNNNNNNNNGMANNNNNNNNNN!

[As his music plays for his "live event" entrance, we see the tall drink of water known as The Hangman striding down the aisle in an open brown leather full-length trench coat, faded and worn from time. His brown leather gloves are a perfect match. His face is barely visible with a brown Stetson pulled down over his eyes. Gripped in his right hand tightly? A noose, by God... a noose.

Trailing a few feet behind him is Virgil Rockwell, wearing an old-timey black suit. A silver pocket watch chain hangs into view. His eyes are locked on the ring, his face etched with focus as he runs a hand through his wild black beard.]

MS: A chill is in the air here in Louisville as this mysterious force of justice heads towards the ring.

MI: Legend tells of a man known as the Hangman who brought not justice but terror to everyone who crossed his path. This could be that entity, Mr. Stegglet.

[Upon reaching the ring, The Hangman and Virgil Rockwell climb the steps. The Hangman steps over the top rope with ease as Rockwell steps through the ropes, accepting the shrugged off trenchcoat. Underneath, we see a sweat and dirt-stained dress shirt that has seen better days along with a pair of brown slacks that are tucked right into a pair of black cowboy boots.

He's close to seven feet tall, lanky and lean but with some muscle tone on him. His skin has been blasted by the sun over the years, leaving it weathered and aged. Long strings of black hair with the beginnings of aging peeking through in streaks of grey hang down to his shoulders. His coarse facial hair comes in the form of a short beard and mustache.

The Hangman stares across at his opponent who seems to be looking for an exit as the big man reaches back slowly, hanging the noose over the ringpost with care. Rockwell steps from the ring as The Hangman stares out into the crowd.]

MS: And we're about to get things going here. Morris Mancini is a journeyman wrestler from the Northeast looking to get a crack at making the AWA roster tonight but boy, did he draw a bad hand.

[The referee signals for the bell and The Hangman tugs at his right glove, adjusting it in place.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

MS: There's the bell and-

[Mancini rushes across the ring, looking to get an early advantage...

...and runs right into a gloved hand locked around his throat, goozling him.]

MS: He's choking him! The first move of the match is an illegal chokehold.

MI: Legality aside, Mr. Stegglet, the attack is quite effective and has stalled Mr. Mancini in his tracks.

[Using the chokehold, The Hangman pushes Mancini back against the turnbuckles as the official calls for a break.]

MS: The referee's looking for a clean break here...

MI: Better odds in finding a needle in a haystack by my esteemed estimation.

[The Hangman suddenly drops back, throwing a big haymaker to the side of the jaw. The referee again warns the Hand of Justice as he steps closer, hammering the ribs with hooking rights and lefts to the body.]

MS: The Hangman is simply teeing off on Mancini who is trying to protect himself but he's got no chance in there against a man the size of The Hangman.

MI: When you couple the size of the man with his ferocity, very few will be able to count themselves among those with a chance to defeat him.

[The Hangman throws one more shot, a neck-snapping uppercut that lifts Mancini off the mat before he falls down on his butt in the corner. The referee steps in, warning the Hangman again...

...and getting a death stare for his efforts, a look that sends the official scampering away.]

MS: Look out, Mr. Referee.

MI: If looks could kill, I would be about to perform a eulogy, Mr. Stegglet.

[The Hand of Justice pulls Mancini up by the hair, grabbing him by the arm and firing him from corner to corner. He charges across the ring after him, delivering a ring-shaking clothesline!]

MS: The Hangman with the running clothesline shaking Morris Mancini from head to toe...

[And as Mancini stumbles out, The Hangman wraps his hands around the throat, lifting him into the air.]

MS: Another illegal tactic on the part of The Hangman but you can't help but be impressed by his overwhelming power and strength!

[Mancini flails about as the official counts, getting very close to five before the Hangman hurls him bodily back into the buckles...

...and then rushes forward, connecting with a back elbow up under the chin.]

MI: While the size of a man like The Hangman is obvious, the explosiveness is the factor that has to impress, Mr. Stegglet. For a man of his stature, he moves like someone my size.

[Stepping out of the corner, The Hangman pulls Mancini with him in a front facelock, slinging his arm over his neck...]

MS: Vertical suplex on the way here... he gets him up!

[But The Hangman isn't about to just drop him down to the mat. Instead, he lets his opponent hang there... waiting... and waiting... and waiting. The big man even has the strength to take a couple of steps forward before he suddenly drops back, smashing Mancini's spine into the canvas!]

MS: When you talk about the power of The Hangman, it certainly was on clear display right there, Manny.

MI: Beyond a shadow of a doubt.

[The Hangman gets to a knee, looking out at Virgil Rockwell who nods approvingly. The Hand of Justice climbs to his feet, slowly backing into the ropes more for rhythm than momentum as he comes back off, leaping surprisingly high into the air, and drops a punishing leg down across the torso!]

MS: Leaping legdrop by The Hangman! And there's that explosiveness you talked about, Manny. He's gotta be close to seven feet tall in there but that was incredible height on that legdrop.

[He slides slowly into a lateral press, hands down on the mat and barely making contact with Mancini as the referee counts to two before Mancini lifts a shoulder.]

MS: Just a two count and you've gotta give Morris Mancini credit for staying in this one, keeping up the fight.

MI: Credit his courage but perhaps not his intelligence.

[The Hangman climbs off the canvas, walking slowly around the ring, keeping an eye on Mancini as the journeyman struggles to get off the canvas.]

MS: Mancini's getting to his feet but he needs to do more than that if he's going to survive a battle with The Hangman. He needs to create some space, land some offense, and get back into this thing that he's - quite frankly - been out of since the opening bell.

[As The Hangman circles back towards him, Mancini balls up his fists, throwing a haymaker that bounces off the jaw of the Hand of Justice!]

MS: A solid right to the jaw by Mancini!

[A second one lands as well...

...but The Hangman jerks his head back in the direction of Mancini, his wet hair whipping around as he stares dead into the eyes of his opponent. Mancini suddenly breaks for the ropes, rebounding back towards him...]

MS: Mancini with a head of steam!

[But as he comes back in towards The Hangman, the Rope Walker catches him, lifting him around the thighs, turns incredibly slowly...

...and then LUNGES forward, DRIVING his weight down on top of Mancini in a unique spinebuster!]

MS: Slow Motion Spinebuster by The Hangman! And another cover!

[The referee counts two and a little more before a winded Mancini slips a shoulder off the canvas in time.]

MS: Ohhh! Near fall right there for The Hangman who almost puts his opponent away with that unusual spinebuster.

MI: While the average Joe goes for speed, torque, and momentum with their spinebuster, The Hangman uses none of it, looking only to drive a victim through the canvas with his overwhelming size, Mr. Stegglet. Impressive.

[The Hangman slowly rises, his eyes on the official who repeats that it was a two count. He stands over the dazed Mancini who rolls to his knees, clutching to the legs of his lanky opponent.]

MS: Mancini down at the feet of The Hangman and I can't think of a place any worse to be.

MI: Perhaps at the end of The Hangman's Gallows Pole?

MS: I stand corrected.

[Reaching down with a gloved hand, The Hangman grabs a handful of hair, dragging Mancini to his feet before pulling him into a front facelock. He slowly turns over... very slowly... making Mancini think about what's about to happen as he finds himself with the back of his neck pressed against the Hand of Justice's shoulder...]

MS: The Hangman gets him in position, holding him there...

[He suddenly drops down to his rear, jolting the neck against his shoulder in a reverse neckbreaker.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MS: And while you know that he can put Mancini away after that, you also know that he's not done.

[Rolling to a knee, The Hangman snaps his head back, sending his wet hair flipping backwards as we get a good look at his cold, hard face - chiseled from stone as he stares down at Mancini... and then turns to rest his gaze on Virgil Rockwell who shouts "SEND HIM TO THE GALLOWS!"]

MS: Rockwell with the demand to finish off Morris Mancini... and as we've seen every time out, The Hangman is happy to oblige.

[The Hangman nods in response before rising to his feet, turning to face the crowd, slowly lifting his own right hand and gripping his throat with it.]

MS: There's the sign... we know what's coming up next...

[Reaching down and grasping Mancini by the throat, The Hangman lifts him back to his feet, turning him before lifting him up into a torture rack, walking back out to the middle of the ring as the crowd buzzes with anticipation.]

MI: There is no escape for Mr. Mancini here. In fact, there is only one direction in which to go next.

[The Hangman stares out at the crowd before swinging Mancini out, dropping him into a high impact neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MS: THE ROPE'S END!

[The Hangman rolls into a kneeling pin, planting his palms on the chest and pressing his own torso up with his arms at full extension as he gets the easy three count.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[“Man With A Harmonica” begins to play again as The Hangman slowly rises off of his downed opponent and his cornerman enters the ring, a broad smile on his mustached face.]

MS: The match is over but... well, as we’ve seen in the past, these two have some extracurricular activities they enjoy.

MI: And I, for one, am not a fan of this, Mr. Stegglet. Brutalize the man in the ring as part of the match... that is fair game in my estimation. But after the match - after you have won - there is no need for such brutality. I take umbrage at what we’re see-

[And apparently, the voice of Manny Imbrogno carried into the ring where Virgil Rockwell is standing. The aged cornerman turns with a smile.]

“You have a problem with this?! Do something about it!”

MS: Manny, I think that’s a direct challenge to you but please, stay right here.

MI: I have no intention of abandoning my post, Mr. Stegglet. It will take more than words to raise my ire on this night for certain.

[Sneering at the unmoving Imbrogno, Rockwell walks to the corner, lifting the noose from off the ringpost and walks over towards his charge who drops to a knee, looking up at the rope. Rockwell looks at the kneeling monster and shouts...]

“LET JUSTICE BE DONE OR THE HEAVENS WILL FALL!”

[...at which The Hangman rises to his feet, taking the noose from Rockwell.]

MS: We’ve seen this many times now and while many have called for Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar, to punish these two in some fashion - a fine, a suspension, something - he seems content to let it go. He seems to think that the wrestlers in the locker room should police themselves and if someone takes issue with this, they should do so in the ring against The Hangman.

MI: Rest assured, I take issue with this... and if no one else will summon the fortitude to do battle with this beast, perhaps I shall.

[With the referee loudly protesting, the Hangman leans down, slipping the noose over the head of Mancini so that the rope is around his neck...

...and starts dragging him using the rope, choking him violently as he pulls him towards the edge of the ring. The Hangman steps through the ropes, dropping down to the floor where he reaches back under the ropes, grabbing Mancini by the hair, yanking hard to pull him out onto the floor with a splat. He grabs the rope again.]

MS: The Hangman with another victory... and another victim here tonight in Louisville. Let’s go back to the studio to Theresa and Brian Lau!

[Our shot changes to showing the action we just saw on a monitor in the back of the studio where Theresa and Lau are sitting.]

TL: An impressive victory on the part of The Hangman, Mr. Lau.

BL: Absolutely. The man has some tremendous natural physical gifts. He's obviously got the killer instinct. All he needs is experience under his belt and he could be a big star in this game.

TL: The kind of star who could take the World Title from around Johnny Detson's waist?

BL: Let's not get ahead of ourselves, toots. Johnny Detson is the greatest professional athlete on the planet. Holding that World Title proves it. LeBron James ain't got nothing on Johnny Detson. Clayton Kershaw ain't got nothing on Johnny Detson. Even those jacked-up morons over at the GFC who have all the muscles in the world but not a pair of brain cells to rub together... they've got nothing on Johnny Detson either.

TL: For a man so confident in the World Champion's skills, you certainly seemed pleased in Mr. Detson's decision to take the night off at Memorial Day Mayhem.

BL: Hey, he's worked hard to be where he's at and who he is. He deserves a night off and without any competition on the horizon...

TL: And that's where I have a problem. Do you honestly believe there is no competition for him just because Calisto Dufresne and Travis Lyn-

BL: Your idiot brother.

[Theresa stews for a brief moment before professionally continuing.]

TL: Because they chose to challenge for the World Tag Team Titles instead. What about men like The Gladiator? What about Rex Summers? What about Torin The Titan? What about Supreme Wright?

[Lau shakes his head.]

BL: That's the list you're going to give me? A pumped-up moron, a guy whose best days were in your daddy's company years ago, a giant who couldn't tie his shoes without a YouTube video explaining how, and... I thought you weren't allowed to talk about Supreme Wright when your daddy is watching.

[Theresa's jaw drops but she quickly recovers.]

TL: Fans... it's obvious I'm not getting a straight answer out of Mr. Lau here tonight. We're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more right here on the Power Hour!

[A smirking Brian Lau tosses a pencil in the air, snatching it out of the sky and pointing it at 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 through black...

Caption: “AFTER SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING.” Cut to outside the arena, where Mark Stegglet holds the microphone for Kayla “The Pistol” Cristol, wearing a baggy hot pink camouflage hunter's jacket (obviously designed for fashion rather than practicality), a duffel bag in one hand and a baseball bat in the other.]

MS: Kayla Cristol, “The Pistol,” earlier tonight during a tag match between Terry Shane III, Pure X, Callum Mahoney and “Red Hot” Rex Summers, Erica Toughill attempted to intervene until you cut her off.

[“The Pistol” chuckles.]

KTPC: Yeah, I decided it was time to go huntin' for big game. Bagged myself a nice trophy.

[She holds up the baseball bat, which by now is implied to be Erica Toughill's.]

KTPC: I'mma tell ya somethin' right now! Those boys—Red Hot, Mahoney and the Self Made Man—they ain't gonna be able to rely on ya to do their dirty work for 'em as long as I got somethin' to say about it, Ricki Toughill! You wanna be the big cat of the AWA jungle? Prove it!

[She throws the bat to the ground.]

KTPC: Pure X and Terry Shane ain't gonna fight back. I am! An' I'll keep scrappin' with ya until ya learn some respect. Two weeks from now, a month from now, a year from now... I don' care, woman! As long as the good Lord keeps me breathin',

and as long as the beer is cold, and as long I've still got bullets in the chamber, you ain't never gonna bully anyone else. Y'all don' like that, Ricki? Then settle it in that ring with me!

[Cut back to "outer space" and the Power Hour studio.]

TL: Well, just to give you a quick update to this volatile scenario, just a few days ago we got word that Erica Toughill has had a change of heart and has accepted Pistol Cristol's challenge; next week on Saturday Night Wrestling the two will meet one-on-one once again.

BL: Kayla Cristol is in for the worst night of her life.

TL: I disagree... and in the interest of disclosure, I do have to say that Kayla Cristol is someone that I am not afraid to call a friend; I see her all the time at the Combat Corner. And I can say that two more opposite competitors you will not meet. Kayla is a country girl at heart: very outgoing, very enthusiastic, always keen to learn. Ricki Toughill from Upstate New York is—from everything I've heard—intensely guarded, brooding, but you get the feeling that she knows more about wrestling than just about any other lady in the locker room.

BL: Look, if you ask me, women are who you take home after the show - not who you watch in the ring during it... but if you had to watch someone, I'd watch Erica Toughill who is as tough as they come... as mean as they come... and can put a hurting on just about anyone - man or woman - who crosses her path.

TL: And with that sexist remark, I'd imagine we're a long ways away from seeing a "Queen of Wrestling" added to your group.

BL: Theresa, you saw some of the girls I like around me during an AWA show - Khandi, Destinee, Triniti...

[Lau puts his hand to the side of his head in a "call me" gesture as Theresa shakes her head with disgust.]

BL: But that said, I've got one eye on this division... and if the price is right, even you can be a Brian Lau Gal.

[Lau winks at Theresa who cringes.]

TL: Fans, Memorial Day Mayhem is looming and the women of the AWA are battling strong to see who will represent the Division LIVE on Pay Per View. This match next week could have major implications for the rankings of both wrestlers and what their night looks like in Seattle. Now, let's go down to the ring for Women's Division action!

[The starfield fades as we zoom into a small square showing an arena...

...and right into Phil Watson who is standing inside the squared circle.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is part of the AWA Women's Division! Introducing first... from Montreal, Quebec, Canada... Guylaine Chouinard!

[Guylaine pirouettes for the crowd. She has severe black hair and severely pale skin. She wears a black corset and thigh high wrestling boots.]

PW: And her opponent... from Halifax, Nova Scotia... she is...

LAURRRRRRRYNNNN RAAAAAAAAGE!

[Nicki Minaj's "I'm the Best" starts to play as the crowd begins to boo.]

MS: Mark Stegglet and Colt Patterson coming to you from Cincinnati, Ohio for Women's Division action!

CP: Ah, Stegglet, your favorite girl is about to hit the ring. I hope you learned your lesson and don't say anything too out of pocket.

MS: Trust me. The less I say about Lauryn Rage the better.

[Lauryn Rage steps out onto the stage, accompanied by the Serpentes. Copperhead and Mamba glare at the crowd as Lauryn strikes a pose, left hand put forward to the crowd. More boos come as the this-week-burgundy-haired wrestler makes a disgusted face, shakes her head and walks down the aisle, waving off the fans.]

CP: This matchup should be interesting, Stegglet. I don't know if you've done your research but Guylaine Chouinard actually came out of the Rage's wrestling school up there in Canada.

MS: You don't say.

CP: I do say. Being a broadcast journalist, you know, I go in depth on the people in the ring. Chouinard trained for a while at the Montreal branch of the Rage School of Wrestling. It's possible she even trained with the Serpentes at some point, Stegglet. I'm curious to see if this plays any role in how Rage wrestles this match. Will she go any easier on a fellow Canadian?

MS: Hopefully she treats Guylaine Chouinard better than she treats everybody else around here.

CP: She treats me just fine. We like each other's pictures on Instagram all the time.

"DING! DING! DING!"

MS: There's the bell and we're underway. Quite the contrast in looks here. Chouinard all in black and Rage in her customary pink and gold. Shadoc Rage used to favor pink and gold too. I wonder what the significance of those choices were.

CP: Again, if you'd do your research you'd know those are their mom's favorite colors. It's a shout out to the woman who raised them.

MS: I'm surprised it's never come up before.

CP: Ever think to ask? Momma Rage is a proud West Indian woman. If you've ever been to Carnival, you'd know they love their bright colors down there.

[In the ring, the competitors begin circling each other, stretching out questing fingertips as they probe for an opportunity to grab leverage.]

MS: Lauryn Rage and Guylaine Chouinard feeling each other out here. Normally, Rage likes to go for the psych job and duck out of the ring.

CP: Don't start acting like you know something about being in the ring, Stegglet. The fact is that Lauryn is just making sure she looks perfect before the match starts.

MS: Shouldn't she be focused on the match instead?

CP: Hey, maybe people don't take pictures of you, Stegglet, but I know firsthand that people like Lauryn and myself don't want to end up on the 'net looking crazy.

[The two wrestlers rush together in a classic collar and elbow tieup. Straight right arms vie for control of the collar, bent left arms struggle to control their opponents elbow as they fight for the superior position. Neither wrestler is able to gain an advantage and so they twist and yank and push trying to create one.]

MS: Pretty intense lockup here from the outset. Both competitors are roughly the same height. Lauryn Rage with more defined musculature though. And round and round they go, trying to get an edge.

CP: You can see that Chouinard is trying but she can never get Lauryn off balance. Look at how clean her footwork is. She's been taught well. You know Shadoe Rage has amazing footwork and balance too as does Dalbello Rage does. The great ones spend a lifetime working on footwork in that ring.

MS: Dalbello Rage being another extremely successful member of the Rage family.

CP: I'll say. She won over 40 championships in her career. She formed one of the most successful tag-teams ever with both Godiva Rage and her Hall of Fame older sister, Medusa.

MS: You seem to have done your homework on the Rages, Colt.

CP: You know, I got to know Shadoe Rage a bit during his time as the TV Champ. I actually spent a little time in Canada over the off-season, met some of the family, saw their training school. You could say I'm keeping up with the Rages.

MS: There are a lot of Rages to keep up with.

CP: It's not as hard as keeping up with the Martinezes and the Lynches or Poncho Hernandez' litter of kids.

MS: I won't dignify that with a reply.

[In the meantime, Lauryn Rage has worked her way to an advantage, hooking a side headlock, grinding her forearm into her opponent's ear, squeezing the head with all of her strength. Chouinard attempts to release the pressure, trying to reverse the hold into a top wristlock, getting an opening...

...but Rage pulls her back in, shaking her head.]

CP: Haha... too much power there. Chouinard can't get loose.

MS: She may need to look for another way out of that punishing side headlock.

[Grimacing in pain at the forearm being driven into her ear, Chouinard throws some short forearms into the lower back.]

MS: Chouinard trying to battle out.

[The shots into the kidneys force Lauryn Rage to stand a little taller, losing her leverage base. Chouinard takes advantage to shove Lauryn to the ropes, slipping out of the headlock.]

MS: Rage shot off into the ropes...

[Chouinard throws herself at the feet of the rebounding Rage, trying to trip her up but Rage hurdles over her, advancing to the opposite ropes where she bounces off again.]

MS: Off the far side... leapfrog by Chouinard...

[Rage slams on the brakes, stopping just in front of Chouinard who lands on her feet after the leapfrog and ends up back in the side headlock for an instant before Rage flips her over with a headlock takedown.]

MS: Side headlock takedown. She's got Chouinard on the mat now and she's firmly in control.

CP: You seem a little surprised that Lauryn Rage knows how to wrestle.

MS: I haven't seen this level of sportsmanship out of her before.

CP: Maybe her opponent didn't deserve it, Stegglet. Did you ever think of that?

[Rage tightens up on the headlock on the mat, preventing any attempt to roll her onto her shoulders. Chouinard grabs at the arm, trying to find a way out again...

...and then suddenly swings her legs up, catching Rage around the head and applying a headscissors.]

MS: Nice counter by Chouinard into the headscissors, squeezing the head of her opponent between the legs.

[Down on the mat, Rage shifts her legs under her, pushing up into a handstand. Chouinard stares at her opponent in bewilderment as Lauryn uses the handstand to pop out of the headscissors to her feet. She spins in a circle, calling for cheers. When none come, she dabs for the crowd, inciting more boos.]

MS: And Rage with a nice counter TO the counter... although I don't think she got the reaction she was hoping for.

CP: It's Cincinnati, Stegglet. They might not even know they're out of the house.

[Back on her feet, Chouinard presses the action, going into another lockup. Rage immediately ducks under into a waistlock, reaching down to trip up Chouinard, putting her chestfirst down on the mat.]

MS: Rage grabbing at the legs... trying to get some leverage here...

[Using a wheelbarrow hold, Rage lifts her up into the air...

...but suddenly shifts gears, throwing her facefirst down to the mat!]

MS: Facefirst off the canvas! And into a cover!

[A two count follows, the fans cheering as Chouinard escapes the pinfall.]

CP: A little early to get a three count if you ask me but that facebuster certainly changed the complexion of this match in a hurry. Rage needs to stay on her though.

[Rage takes Colt's advice, diving on top of Chouinard to apply another side headlock. Chouinard grabs at the arm, looking to escape but Rage grips the wrist, transitioning into a grounded hammerlock.]

MS: Lauryn Rage continues to impress, showing off some mat technique as she goes from hold to hold down on the mat... and into another one right here, wrapping her legs around the body in a bodyscissors.

CP: A hammerlock AND a bodyscissors! She's got her wrapped up like a boa constrictor and this might be all right here.

MS: It certainly could be if Chouinard can't find a way out in a hurry.

[Feeling the air leave her body as a result of the scissors and the mounting pressure on her shoulder from the hammerlock, Chouinard begins to panic. Desperately, she uses her one free arm to elbow Lauryn's knees, loosening the body scissors enough for her to get her feet under her.]

MS: Uh oh! Chouinard battles up to her feet! She's got Lauryn Rage up on her back, trying to-

[Chouinard wobbles towards the corner, leaping up to push off the buckles with her feet, rolling over Rage into a pinning predicament.]

MS: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Rage slips out, drawing frustration from the Cincinnati crowd who thought they were about to see an upset.

CP: Nice counter. Lauryn Rage had to release the hold or face the leverage pin. Chouinard is impressing me here.

MS: She's impressing Lauryn Rage too.

[Rage climbs back to her feet, watching Chouinard from a distance and applauding her.]

CP: How come you're not goin' on about a great show of sportsmanship now? You're as biased as old man Myers, Stegglet.

MS: I'm just happy the Serpentes haven't gotten themselves involved yet.

CP: Why would they? They're just Lauryn's friends out here for some moral support.

MS: Moral support. Right.

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

MS: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit for this one and it really seems like they're just getting started. They're going to need to kick it into another gear if they want to pick up a win here tonight, Colt.

CP: Absolutely.

[The duo goes into another lockup but Rage moves quickly, hooking a side waistlock, wrenching Chouinard up and off the ground despite her resistance. She goes high in the air and crashes down on her head, neck, shoulders and upper back. She immediately covers her head as she curls into a ball from the pain.]

CP: Tear drop suplex!

MS: You can see that hurt Chouinard.

CP: Bounced her right off the back of her head. That's the kind of suplex that could knock someone cold so you might say she got lucky, Stegglet.

MS: You might but she doesn't look too lucky right now.

[With Chouinard down, Rage leaps up into the air, dropping her butt down into the chest, crushing the air from her. Chouinard's arms flail on the mat, allowing Rage to grab one, yanking her back up.]

MS: And on cue, it looks like Lauryn Rage is picking up the pace, trying to get the win before the time limit runs out.

[Rage winds up the arm in an armwringer before yanking Chouinard towards her, burying a knee up into the midsection. The air rushes again from Chouinard's lungs and she doubles over, coughing.]

MS: Chouinard's in some trouble now as Rage hooks her...

[Only grabbing one arm, Rage takes her up and over with a single underhook suplex, driving the helpless Quebecois over onto her back on the mat!]

MS: Another beautiful suplex out of Lauryn Rage!

[Climbing back to her feet, Rage moves towards the corner, hopping up to the middle rope.]

MS: What's she got in mind now?

[Leaping off, Rage buries a double stomp down into Chouinard's exposed chest.]

MS: DOWN SHE GOES INTO THE CHEST!

CP: That'll put you in a bad way when it comes to getting sufficient air into your body to keep going. It hurts to breathe after a move like that, Stegglet... not that you'd know.

[Pulling the cringing Chouinard to her feet by the arm, Rage whips her hard into the corner before charging in after her, driving her ample rear end into the torso! The pain sends shockwaves through Chouinard's body.]

CP: And that move hurts a lot more than people think it does! It will knock the wind out of you! It hits you right about the solar plexus. Think of it like boxing out in basketball but just with more momentum. Her older brother, Derek Rage, used to use that move in the Prophets of Rage.

MS: Lauryn Rage showing a different style again tonight. We've seen her brawl but with the exception of a knee strike, she has simply been wrestling here today.

CP: She can do it all, Stegglet. Reminds me a little of me in my World Champion days.

MS: As brief as they were.

CP: Watch it, Stegglet. I may be retired but I got a forearm or two left for you if you get mouthy.

[Rage backs away from the nearly immobilized Chouinard...

...and then comes charging in with a wicked handspring elbow that pins Chouinard in the corner!]

MS: Well, I can assure everyone at home that Colt Patterson never did THAT even in his glory days.

CP: Nah, that wasn't my style but it works for Lauryn Rage. She's got Chouinard out on her feet.

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

[Reaching up behind her, Rage grabs her by the head, yanking forward and down with a snapmare, putting Chouinard in a seated position on the mat before leaping up, connecting with a dropkick between the shoulderblades!]

MS: Dropkick on target there, continuing to abuse the back that she targeted with that pair of suplexes a little earlier. She's got Chouinard in major trouble now, Colt.

CP: She does and I think it's only a matter of time now.

MS: Time is NOT on the side of Lauryn Rage though with less than three minutes left in the time limit. You know that she's hoping to advance in the Women's rankings but a time limit draw here tonight in Cincinnati might have the opposite effect.

CP: Don't worry about it, Stegglet. Lauryn showed her some respect earlier in the match but play time is over and it's about to be over big.

[Pulling Chouinard to her feet, Rage lifts her up over her shoulder, turning to face the other side of the ring...]

MS: We've seen this before, fans!

[Charging across the ring, Rage gets within range of the corner before tossing her into the air, sending her flying towards the turnbuckles. Chouinard has no time to brace for the impact as her shoulderblades and lower back impact the turnbuckles. Her body stops moving backwards but her head does not. Her neck whiplashes backward and then forward.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Chouinard staggers helplessly out of the corner, trying to escape the source of the pain. She walks blindly into a kick to the midsection that doubles her over and allows Lauryn to apply a standing headscissors and inverted waistlock.]

MS: What's she going for here?

"This is for you, 'diva!"

MS: What does that mean?

[As the timekeeper gives a call of two minutes remaining, Rage muscles Chouinard up over her head into the powerbomb position...

....and then falls backwards tossing Chouinard over her head. Chouinard crashes down neckfirst onto the top rope, whiplashing her injured neck again.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MS: HOLY-

[She collapses on the mat, unable to breathe as Lauryn rushes in, cradling her tightly in a pinning position as the referee counts three.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[On the outside, the Serpentes roar in approval as Lauryn springs to her feet and bows for the crowd. The taunt causes the crowd to boo her performance.]

MS: Wow! What kind of move was that?

CP: That was the British Bombshell! Her sister Godiva Rage’s finisher for years in the Misfits! What a move! Just like that, this one is over!

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... LAURRRRRRYNNNN RAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage raises her arms in triumph... and then points to Mamba and Copperhead, waving them into the air.]

MS: What is this all about?!

[The Serpentes climb into the ring, their snake eyes bright and their shoulders hunching with excitement. Lauryn points to Chouinard and then drags her thumb across her throat.]

MS: Wait a minute, what are they doing?

CP: Match is over. They can do whatever they want!

[The referee loudly protests as the two Serpentes stand over Chouinard and fasten a hand around her throat. Lauryn sits back laughing as they haul her up high into the air...

...and slam her all the way down to the mat with their patented double choke slam!]

MS: GAAAAH! Double choke slam on a woman who gave it her all here tonight... someone you said that Rage was showing respect for! She’s got an awfully bizarre way of showing respect, Colt.

[Lauryn Rage slides over Chouinard’s supine form and poses as the crowd boos harshly.]

MS: This is completely uncalled for. Lauryn Rage tricked us all into thinking she was respecting her opponent... that she could wrestle a clean match... and then she does this?!

CP: Hey, it’s her party. I like it! And if someone DOESN’T like it, they can get in there and stop them, Steglet.

MS: You’re unbelievable. Let’s... get them out of there! Let’s go back to Theresa Lynch and Brian Lau in the studio!

[We pull back to a shot of Theresa and Lau standing in the “star field” with the action we just saw in a small box in the center of the screen.]

TL: The AWA Women’s Division continues to heat up and we’ll see more of that later on in the show with our Ayako Fujiwara match from Japan we’ve got. But just as the Women’s Division is gaining steam, so is the Tag Team Division as of late.

BL: Would you really expect anything less from a division where the Kings of Wrestling are on top?

TL: Speaking of whom, there have been a lot of tag teams making noise about taking on your team of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, Mr. Lau.

BL: Of course there has! If you're in this business and you don't want to be a champion, you should get out and start sweeping up camel crap at the zoo! Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan are the greatest tag team that the AWA has ever seen. Not Rough N Ready. Not the Bishop Boys. Not the Blonde Bombers or SkyHerc. Not Air Strike or the LOE. Not even those clowns working for the competition. It's Taylor and Donovan. So, if you're a tag team looking to make a name for yourselves, you better be talking about the champs.

TL: We already know that Taylor and Donovan will be putting the titles on the line at Memorial Day Mayhem against the team of Calisto Dufresne and Travis Lynch.

BL: Any relation?

[Theresa seethes again before continuing.]

TL: But what about the other teams that make up the tag team division? What about the Shadow Star Legion who are coming off a big win last weekend?

BL: You'd be a fool to not say that the Shadow Star Legion is one of the best tag teams on the planet. They've been absolutely dominant in Japan for... how long now? But this isn't Japan. This isn't Tiger Paw Pro. This is the big time and when you come to the big time, you've gotta be able to COMPETE at a big time level. Beating Downfall is impressive and it puts them in the conversation for a shot at the gold, I'll give them that.

TL: What about the team that all the fans want to see get their shot, Next Gen?

BL: Everyone keeps asking me about Harper and Somers because Harper and Somers can't seem to keep our names out of their mouths for more than sixty seconds. Am I impressed by Next Gen? Sure. Do I think that if they had the right manager that they could succeed? Yes I do. But at this point, they're two wet-behind-the-ears rookies who haven't accomplished jack. Who have they beaten, Theresa? Who?

TL: They've taken on some of the best tag teams that the AWA has to offer and-

BL: Have they faced Taylor and Donovan - the Kings of Wrestling - and THE best team the AWA has to offer?

TL: Not yet.

BL: That's right... and they won't until they prove they deserve it... I can promise you that.

TL: Well, speaking of tag teams, we caught up to a pair of individuals who competed in tag team action last weekend. I'm talking about Pure X and Terry Shane III.

[Fade in to the backstage hallways at the last SNW, with the camera following behind Pure X - still dressed in his ring gear.]

PX: I'm sure he's around here somewhere. Do you really have to follow me?

[The cameraman responds.]

C: Sorry. Gellar's orders.

[With a sigh, X briefly looks into rooms and past each corner until he finally finds what he was searching for...]

PX: Hey, Terry -

[X holds out his hand briefly to get the attention of the man who was his tag team partner tonight, Terry Shane III. The former Ring Leader has his dark green hoodie slung over his shoulder, still dressed in his in-ring attire from earlier.]

PX: Hey, look, sorry to interrupt, but I need to talk, like right now. I can't wait, so just hear me out, okay?

[Shane stops, his eyes still scanning down the hallway away from Pure X.]

PX: Look, you're a Shane, I'm a Langseth - we both got some of the most ruthless, underhanded, bastardly blood running through our veins and -

[Shane starts to move away but X - a little agitated - pulls him back by the arm, which gets Shane to glare at him.]

PX: LOOK! I'm not the tag teaming type, okay? I get that, alright? I like to go my own way, but on this? Against those three? We're going to lose each every time. They'll play the numbers while we continue to fight - and make stupid decisions along the way.

[X glances down to his wrapped up midsection.]

PX: So sure, you can go it alone and I can go it alone and put a hope on a prayer that we get anywhere, or...

TS3: Or what?

[Shane calmly removes X's arm from his shoulder as Pure X steps back a bit.]

TS3: History has proven that I am not exactly a great teammate. It has also proven that I am anything but a loyal friend either. I am lucky...

[He pauses a beat.]

TS3: ...that those who have trusted me have also been forgiving, and righteous, and noble. And if you...Pure X...knowing my history and my heritage are ready and willing to look beyond all of that.

Than I am willing and wanting to fight beside you.

PX: Yes! They play power by numbers, so let's give 'em a little taste of that tactic!

[Pure X's excitement is somewhat stunted by Shane's inability to rally up the same energetic response.]

TS3: And besides, I'm human, and I would enjoy nothing more than to break the arm of the Armbar Assassin.

[X furrows his brow for a moment, but takes that reaction as a win.]

PX: Exactly! You saw what we did out there - you saw the pain Mahoney and Summers were in before they played their games. Give us just a couple moments' time to work things out, become a TEAM? You and me, we'd be unstoppable!

[Shane's eyes finally lock on X.]

TS3: Unstoppable...I can do unstoppable.

[And then Shane walks off while X pumps his fist, his eyes scanning the halls for anyone else to join in on his excitement.]

Fade to black.

After a moment, we fade back up on a very long shot of the exterior of a pretty dingy looking building.]

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[And closer.]

"Of...MAYHEM?!"

[An explosion followed by a huge mushroom cloud of smoke. As the gray haze dissipates, three loud thumps are followed by the massive lettering of MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM stamping onto the screen over the rubble of the building -- don't worry future Combatants, it's still there.]

"In the beginning, we crowned a champion."

[Cut to footage from that inaugural event as Mark Shaw and Marcus Broussard move in unison towards the corner, Shaw's face _slamming_ into the top turnbuckle...

...the actual metal buckle previously exposed by the Super Ninja.]

GM: Hard to the corner! WAIT - WHERE'S THE TURNBUCKLE?!

[The impact of hitting the metal seems to make Shaw go limp as Broussard uses the momentum to roll backwards, pulling Shaw with him into a reverse rolling cradle.]

GM: CRADLE!

[And with his last bit of energy, Broussard throws his body back into the most picture-perfect, breathtaking beautiful bridge that he's ever managed as the referee counts to three as we fade to black.]

"And ever since, it has become one of the biggest shows of the year."

[We fade back up to footage from 2009 with Ron Houston preparing to use the Fade To Black to toss Adam Rogers over the top rope, eliminating him from the annual Rumble.]

GM: STEVIE!

[A barely standing Stevie Scott lunges into action, coiling up into a ball, and lashing out, driving his foot right under the chin of Ron Houston with a Heatseeker superkick. The blow makes sudden and harsh impact, snapping Houston's head back...

And then causing him to fall backwards, seemingly in slow motion...

All with Adam Rogers draped helplessly across his shoulders, trying desperately to grab the ropes...

To no avail as both men crash to the concrete floor.]

GM: OH MY STARS! STEVIE SCOTT HAS DONE IT! STEVIE SCOTT HAS DONE IT!

STEVIE SCOTT HAS DONE IT!

[The Hotshot falls to his knees in the middle of the ring, pumping both fists in triumph as he lets loose a wail of victory with the crowd roaring in celebration as we fade back to black.]

"We've seen memorable moments..."

[James Monosso violently swings Eric Preston around and around before SMASHING him skull first into the wood stage...Stevie Scott slapping a figure four on Sweet Daddy Williams...Joe Petrow being unmasked...Raphael Rhodes headbutting Juan Vasquez off the apron!]

"...unforgettable images..."

[Petrow hitting Scotty Storm with the iPhone allowing the Professional to cover him for the pin...Mark Langseth and Alex Martinez facing off...shots of Jeff Matthews cutting into a glimpse of The Dragon...Vasquez drilling City Jack on the jaw with the Right Cross...Supernova standing victoriously in the ring.]

"...competitors driven to the edge of glory... and beyond..."

[Glenn Hudson planting Rex Summers with a DDT and claiming the Longhorn Heritage Title...flashes of wrestlers from the past; Blackwater Bart...Ronnie D...Bad Eye McBaine...the Bishop Boys winning back the National Tag Titles from the Aces...]

"...warriors left on the field of battle in triumph... or despair..."

[Robert Donovan and Travis Lynch colliding...Skywalker Jones smashes November into the top turnbuckle with a top rope Brainbuster...Vasquez, Scott, and Kinsey battling the Unholy Alliance...Dave Cooper jamming a chair into the ankle of Sultan Azam Sharif...Brad Jacobs powerbombing Duane Henry Bishop as Kenny Stanton drops him with a leaping reverse neckbreaker...Terry Shane III scooping up both Eric Preston and Stevie Scott and heaving them over the top rope...Calisto Dufresne bending a chair over the skull and neck of James Monosso.]

"But most of all..."

[Shadoe Rage stomping Donnie White's fingers and sending him crashing from the scaffold down to the ring beneath them...Bobby O'Connor, Eric Preston, and Ryan Martinez slugging it out with Dogs of War...Supreme Wright tapping out to Dave Bryant's Iron Crab.]

"...we've seen mayhem..."

[Air Strike and the Lights Out Express heaving each other off ladders...KING Oni being unleashed...Juan Vasquez knocking Isiah Carpenter out with the Right Cross and winning the Mayhem match...The Gladiator destroying Frankie Farelli...Kraken hitting a Uraken on the GFC Heavyweight Champion...Ryan Martinez throwing down a steel chair and hooking the King of the Death Match up and dropping him with a Brainbuster...]

...and then a cut to black as the Memorial Day Mayhem logo and all the show information appears on the screen for a moment before fading back out.

And we fade back up on a stormy, windy late afternoon. It looks like the AWA has sent poor Sweet Lou Blackwell on assignment today, as he looks very uncomfortable in this weather, even though he's wearing an official AWA rain poncho. He's carrying a microphone in one hand, and in the other an AWA umbrella that he can seemingly barely hold on to.]

SLB: The AWA's sent me on assignment to Parris Island, South Carolina to cover a training session today hosted by Captain Joe Flint. As you can see...

[The camera shows behind Blackwell, and not much is shown other than trees swaying back and forth in the wind.]

SLB: ...or not see, the weather's really bad today. It's cold and I can barely feel my fingers. It feels like it's gonna change over to snow any minute now! Couldn't Flint have hosted this training session in Miami or something?

[Suddenly, a loud whistle is heard off screen, and a booming voice is heard.]

?: It wouldn't be as fun, would it?

[Jogging into view is Joe Flint, who is decked out from head to toe in camo. Flint is wearing a hoodie, and he removes the hood, seemingly happy to be out and about in a downpour.]

JF: How ya doin', Blackwell?

SLB: Well, it's obvious I could be better. I'm bundled up and, well, I feel like I might come down with something at this rate.

[Flint laughs as Blackwell sneezes.]

JF: Lighten up, man! This is my kind of weather!

SLB: To each his own. Say, where's your flag bearer? I was told he'd be here as well.

JF: Stephens? Stephens has been busy, but I think he has time to say a few words.

[Jogging into view is Charlie Stephens, and he looks like he's been put through the ringer today. Unlike Flint and Blackwell, he's not quite dressed for the weather, simply wearing a pair of camo pants and an Army T-shirt, covered in water and mud. Stephens takes the chance to take a breather, leaning over and putting his hands on his knees.]

JF: Ya done, soldier? Gonna quit five minutes early, huh?

[Stephens is panting, and looking down towards the ground. He shakes his head.]

CS: ...more.

JF: More, ya say?

[Stephens looks up, mud dripping off of his face. With a stern look on his face, he simply nods his head.]

CS: More.

JF: ...well then, knock yerself out, kid.

[Flint slaps Stephens on his back, and Stephens jogs off frame, as Flint lets out another laugh.]

JF: What a fine soldier he is, eh, Blackwell?

SLB: I'm glad he seems to be putting it all together. This isn't obviously my thing, but do you guys normally train in this kind of weather?

[Flint rubs his chin.]

JF: Listen up, Blackwell, I've trained kids like him in worse. Yer not gonna get anywhere as a soldier fightin' for the rights of every man in this country if ya don't put yerself through the paces in every kinda weather. Hell, ya shoulda been here this mornin', pilgrim.

[Blackwell looks perplexed.]

JF: I feel it in these old bones, Blackwell. I wouldn't have picked Stephens to go to war with me in the AWA if I didn't think he wasn't up to the task of runnin' roughshod through the tag team ranks and winnin' some gold. The trainin', chief, it's been non-stop, from sun up to sun down... hell, the kid's even teachin' me a few things.

[Flint turns around behind him as Stephens jogs in view at a distance.]

JF: Don't let up, maggot!

[With an audible roar, Stephens grabs a rope and quickly scales up the side of a rather tall wall. Stephens then drops off the side, and rolls upon impact. He quickly gets up and jogs off. The camera pans back to Flint, who wipes something from his eyes.]

JF: Ah, memories. I've been put through this myself, had quite a blast indeed. Look at Stephens, man, he's havin' a blast too!

[Blackwell raises an eyebrow.]

SLB: A blast? Stephens has been out here all day in a flimsy t-shirt and camo pants in this nasty weather! How the heck can you handle this?

JF: For pride and country! When it comes to the ol' US-of-A, ya can do just about anything! I think we're almost ready, Blackwell.

SLB: Almost ready for what?

JF: To finally show the AWA a little... American Pride. Saturday Night, boot camp for ol' Charlie Stephens is gonna come to an end, and the official Joe Flint boot camp for the rest of the AWA is about to begin!

[The camera pans over again to Stephens in the distance, who is kicking up mud as he jogs through a set of tires laid down on the ground.]

JF: Alright, soldier! That's enough trainin' for today! Sweet Lou over here's lookin' like he's gonna keel over from hypothermia. Let's hit the mess hall and get somethin' to eat! March with me, Sweet Lou!

[Flint marches off camera, as Stephens jogs on past the camera. Sweet Lou looks at the camera, and shrugs his shoulders before walking off camera in Joe Flint's direction...

...and we fade through black back to the star field where Theresa Lynch and Brian Lau are standing.]

TL: American Pride coming to Saturday Night Wrestling! Another big addition to the AWA tag team division... and another team that will - no doubt - have their eyes locked on Wes Taylor, Tony Donovan, and the World Tag Team Titles.

[Lau gives a bored beckoning gesture towards the camera.]

BL: Bring them on.

TL: Excuse me for saying so, Mr. Lau, but you seem to be taking all these teams lightly. Next Gen, Travis and Dufresne... now American Pride. Is there any team you DO feel is a threat to the champions?

BL: Of course. I'd have to be an idiot not to see how dangerous a team like the Slaughterhouse is. When The Lost Boy and Crowley were under the guidance of my old friend, Doctor Harrison Fawcett, they were dangerous. Somehow, under Anton Layton, they seem even worse.

TL: Speaking of Anton Layton, we've received a lot of e-mails and Tweets lately asking who that person was who attacked the Prince of Darkness during an interview recently. I've asked around but all I was told is that the man in question was arrested by local law enforcement. I don't know the motive for the attack but I am told that Mr. Layton has requested extra security on hand whenever he is present.

BL: My keen instinct tells me there's more to that story than meets the eye. Maybe you should do your job and dig a little deeper, sweetheart.

[A fuming Theresa turns away from Lau.]

TL: Let's go to the ring and see the Slaughterhouse in action.

[Theresa grumbles something about "sweetheart" under her breath as we go from the star field to a live arena shot.]

MS: Mark Stegglet and Colt Patterson on hand once again for more tag team action.

CP: I have a gnawing fear in my gut that we're about to give the local hospital some work.

[Phil Watson speaks out.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Asbury Park, New Jersey... the team of Jimmy and Jackson Royal!

[The two young African-American men raise their arms to some cheers...

...and get run down from behind by two wild beasts!]

MS: Phil Watson running for his life and I can't say that I blame him one bit, Colt.

CP: Not at all. In fact, I've got my track shoes on in case they get over here. Man, these two make me glad I retired, Stegglet.

[The Lost Boy has Jimmy Royal down on the mat, kicking him furiously under the ropes to the floor while Porter Crowley lunges into a stiff headbutt to the cheekbone, knocking Jackson down to the mat where he drops to a knee, fiercely slamming hammerfists down on the face of Jackson Royal.]

MS: This isn't a match - this is a mugging!

[An angry Crowley grabs Jackson by the hair, pulling him up to his feet, dragging him to the corner where he smashes his head into the turnbuckle!]

MS: Facefirst to the corner...

[With Jackson Royal cornered, Crowley grabs the top rope on either side of him, effectively trapping him in the corner as he leans back and slams his skull into the face... and again... and again...]

MS: Repeated headbutts in the corner, driving Royal down like a hammer with a nail...

[The referee shouts at Crowley, trying to back him off...

...but Crowley simply grabs the official by the back of the head, rifling him through the ropes and out to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

MS: WHAT THE-?!

CP: Porter Crowley losing his cool in there! He just got his team disqualified but I'm not sure he cares!

[Crowley shifts his feet, throwing a standing clothesline across the bridge of the nose!]

MS: Ohh! Right across the nose!

[Yanking Jackson out of the corner by the hair, Crowley lifts him up into a fireman's carry, striding out to the middle of the ring, looking out at the jeering crowd...

...and shoves Royal up over his head, swinging his knee up into the middle of Royal's face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MS: DAMAGED GOODS!

[The Lost Boy rolls back in, hopping up on the middle rope, repeatedly barking into the air with a "URR! URR! URR!" He leaps off, baring his teeth as he SLAMS his head down into Jackson Royal's with a flying headbutt!]

MS: The Slaughterhouse is living up to their name, absolutely slaughtering this duo of brothers from New Jersey!

[With the Royals laid out, the cloaked Anton Layton steps through the ropes, mic in hand. He produces his hand from within his black sleeve, showing off the dazzling crystal. Crowley and The Lost Boy's eyes instantly go to the gem and at an order from Layton, they kneel down on either side of him as he raises the mic.]

AL: POWER!

[He gestures with the crystal.]

AL: POWER!

[Again.]

AL: ABSOLUTE POOOWERRRR!

[Again. He slowly lowers it.]

AL: Since the day I came to the AWA, I spoke of my Master... I told tales of the darkness... I called upon the forces of evil, the men cloaked in shadows, the beasts under your bed, the things that go bump in the night...

I summoned them forth to do evil deeds...

[Layton lifts the gem again.]

AL: ...and they complied. They brought me that which I desired... the thing I searched for for so long. This is power.

[He gestures with the gem again.]

AL: THIS... is power. And for too long, it has lingered in the hands of disbelievers, fools, and charlatans. Now, the Prince of Darkness has the power. And with it, I grow stronger every day. With it, the darkness grows stronger every day.

[He inhales deeply.]

AL: You can smell it. The blood... the carnage... the chaos... the evil. The evil in men's hearts grows stronger... it calls to them... it tells them the path to the glories that they seek. It shows them the way.

The eye sees. The eye hears. The eye speaks.

It calls to us all.

[He lifts the crystal again, turning it, staring at it with wide eyes.]

AL: All we need to do is heed its call.

[Layton lowers the mic, waving his charges to their feet as the trio makes their way from the ring, exiting to the floor as we fade back out to the star field to Theresa Lynch and Brian Lau.]

TL: I don't even know how to respond to all of that.

BL: I don't speak "Crazy" so I can't help you.

TL: Anton Layton with some ominous words... some mysterious words. He's referencing darkness. He's talking about an eye that sees and hears and speaks. He's-

BL: He's leading two of the most dangerous men in the AWA into action... and he's pretty dangerous in his own right. That's all you need to know. The rest might be real - to him at least. Or it might be mental smoke and mirrors trying to throw us off our game. But whatever it is... he's dangerous... they're dangerous... and anyone who gets in the ring with them need to be ready to fight for their very life.

TL: What if it's your men fighting for their lives?

[Lau looks a little off for a moment.]

BL: That... uh... well, that would be a big money match and I'm sure my Kings would rise to the occasion.

TL: Mr. Lau, you mentioned Doctor Harrison Fawcett before the match... your personal physician if I recall correctly...

BL: I'm not really in a position to-

[Theresa interrupts.]

TL: Can you tell the world what is going on with Harrison Fawcett? Where is he? Have you spoken to him? Does he have plans to return to the AWA? Does he-

BL: Whoa, whoa, whoa, little lady. The last time I looked-

[Lau looks Theresa up and down... perhaps for a little too long as she crosses her arms across her chest.]

BL: -you're not Jason Dane. This isn't an interrogation. I offered to be on this show to pop a rating and give these people a taste of my brilliance. I did NOT come on here to be berated and grilled. If you'd like to change the arrangement, I'm perfectly happy to walk out of here and you can finish this show yourself.

[Theresa pauses, seemingly ready to take Lau up on his offer...

...and then grabs at her earpiece. After a moment of silence, she frowns.]

TL: Fine. Let's go to commercial.

[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 Shadoo 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 as we fade to black...

...and then back up on Mark Stegglet walking with a camera crew through the back of the arena.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm Mark Stegglet for the AWA. Recently, we saw some interesting footage of Amos Carter and Rashan Hill on the YouTube video of the week. Today, I hope to get to the bottom of what's going on! I understand that Carter and Hill are in the locker room area.

[The camera crew makes its way to the general locker room. Beef Bonham is on his way out. Amos Carter and Rashan Hill are inside, playing cards.]

AC: Got any twos?

RH: Man, this ain't Go Fish, College Boy.

[Hill pauses, looking up at Stegglet and the camera crew.]

RH: (tapping Carter with his cards) Look what we have here. A honest to goodness camera pointed at us, Amos. The red light is even on. I'll be damned.

[Carter looks up and a big ironic smile crosses his face.]

AC: We got media? We must have made it, Rashan, because wow, that, like, never happens.

RH: No, it don't. To what do we owe tha honor, Mark?

MS: Well, there's been some rumblings about the footage captured of you two on YouTube. We were wondering if you could tell us what that was all about.

RH: No.

MS: I'm sorry?

AC: I think the better question, Mark, is why do you care?

MS: What do you mean?

AC: I've been with the AWA for years and no one has ever asked me a question about anything. But someone else takes an interest and now it's like I'm somebody around here?

MS: Fair point.

RH: Ain't nobody around here ever cared about us. So why you pointin' that camera at us now?

AC: Somebody may have offered us an opportunity, Stegglet. And mayyyyyybeeee we're thinking about it.

RH: Maybe a lot of people thinkin' about offers. People that don't get opportunities around here. I dunno.

MS: What are you saying?

AC: WE are not saying anything, Mark. But, if I were you, I'd wonder if somebody is trying to start something in the AWA.

RH: Yeah man, it's all sorts a things could be goin' on in here but you wouldn't know it. Cause guys like us, we don't matter like your fancy superstars.

AC: Some people might be trying to change that.

MS: (surprised) Stop playing coy. You wanted attention and now you have it. Give us the scoop.

RH: I dunno nothing about it, Stegglet. I mean, somebody sent us that text. Maybe you should be looking for that person. But thanks for the attention.

MS: Do you know who sent you those texts?

AC: Nope, but you might ask Beef if he got the same text. I mean, I hear people are chanting for him these days.

[Stegglet chews his lip.]

MS: That's all you're going to give me?

AC: (indicating his hand) Unless you want some twos.

RH: I told you that ain't the game we playin'.

[A disappointed Stegglet turns with a shake of his head as we fade back to the "star field" where our announce duo is standing.]

TL: The AWA is the hottest action in all the wrestling world, Mr. Lau. You can head over to Twitter, to Snapchat, to-

BL: I prefer Instagram.

TL: I'm sure you do. Even there, you'll find the AWA on top of the business and our next subject has been the talk of the wrestling world as of late...

[A profile shot of Supreme Wright, well dressed in an olive green tweed suit appears in the background. Lau smirks.]

BL: I've heard he's been the talk of your world for much longer than that.

[Theresa shoots Lau a dirty look before quickly continuing. Lau just sits there, looking smug.]

TL: Ever since a humiliating loss to Torin the Titan, Supreme Wright has vowed that he would rededicate himself to his wrestling career, promising that he would focus solely on regaining the AWA World Heavyweight title. He then shocked everyone by cutting ties with Team Supreme and in recent weeks, he has made it a point to wrestle at any and every AWA event possible, building a winning streak that has everyone buzzing not just for the number of wins, but the absolute dominance he has put on display.

Lets take a look!

[We crossfade to live event footage of Wright, locking a young man in full-length red tights and white boots into a front facelock, before taking him over with a picture perfect snap suplex, floating over seamlessly into a pin. As the referee counts the pin, the young man shoots his arm into the air to break the pin...

...only to have Wright snatch him by the wrist and quickly turning him over into a Fujiwara armbar! It's only a matter of seconds, before the young man is forced to tapout.]

TL: In Colorado Springs, Colorado, Wright submitted Frankie Davidson in twenty-three seconds!

[The shot then cuts to one of Wright being rolled up from behind into a rolling cradle by a man in camouflage trunks. However, as the referee begins his count, Wright takes his opponent's legs out from under him and his opponent drops right into his arms and is quickly put to sleep by a deadly rear-naked choke.]

TL: A few nights later in Santa Fe, New Mexico, he finished off Charlie Stephens with a deadly rear-naked choke.

BL: If I recall, Roosevelt Wright used that move quite often and with devastating results. Didn't he call it the Japanese Stranglehold?

[Theresa visibly shudders.]

TL: We... don't talk about Roosevelt Wright. It's a sore subject with my father.

BL: Ah.

TL: Moving on...

[We then cut to another shot of Wright, rolling up a wrestler in black MMA style shorts with a schoolboy. At the count of two, his opponent kicks out, only to the shock and amazement of himself and the crowd, find himself caught in a Stretch Muffler! As he struggles, Wright twists him over on the mat and scissors his legs around his opponent's head, drawing an immediate tapout!]

TL: Wright gained another amazing submission victory, this time over Ricky Tanner, in Oklahoma City!

BL: That move he used... that's the Gnaw Bone Clutch.

[Lau seems almost bothered by the fact.]

TL: Tony Donovan uses it, doesn't he?

[He nods his head.]

BL: Well, Wright was his teacher, after all. I guess he actually did teach him a thing or two.

[This time, we cut to a shot of Super Fuerza leaping up to the top rope with his back facing towards the ring, perhaps looking to attempt a moonsault. However, Wright is quickly there and the video suddenly goes in slow motion, showing Wright grabbing Fuerza by the ankles and YANKING him off the top rope. In one fluid motion, Wright then drops to his back and raises his knees, as Super Fuerza helplessly falls rib-first into a modified Fat Tuesday!]

TL: We had one for the highlight books in Lawrence, Kansas, as Super Fuerza fell victim to an amazing variation of Wright's Fat Tuesday double-knee gutbuster!

BL: Even I have to admit, that was a bit impressive.

[The camera then crossfades to a shot of The Sicilian Stud lifting Wright into the air for his patented front layout suplex. However, in mid-move, Wright breaks free, landing on his feet as The Stud lands on his knees. Wasting zero time, Wright nearly caves The Stud's head in with a vicious soccer kick. He then proceeds to grab the Italian in a front-facelock and hits his Guillotine suplex, rolling over and choking The Stud out with a tight Guillotine choke.]

TL: And in St. Louis, The Sicilian Stud was no match for Wright, finding himself on the wrong way of a Guillotine choke!

BL: Yeah, but big deal. He's not beating Johnny Detson or Juan Vasquez. He's demolishing guys that aren't fit to carry his bags.

TL: While it's true that the opponents that Wright has faced haven't been top of the line competition, it should be noted that not a single one of these matches have gone past one minute!

BL: Well, I can respect that at least. He's quick and efficient. It's one thing to be deadly. it's another thing to be deadly and not waste our time doing it.

TL: And we just learned that Supreme Wright hopes to continue his winning ways as he takes on his sternest test since this streak started, Michael Weaver, this weekend on Saturday Night Wrestling!

BL: That's Bobby O'Connor's buddy isn't it?

TL: He is.

[Lau smirks.]

BL: Oh, I'm sure there's plenty of hard feelings there.

TL: Indeed. Now, here's Mark Stegglet standing by with the man we just saw... Supreme Wright!

BL: Try to keep the drooling to a minimum, Theresa.

[Lynch gives Lau the dirtiest of looks as we then cut back to a backstage area, where Supreme Wright dressed in a black hooded fighter's robe, standing beside Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Supreme Wright, you've built quite the impressive win streak recently, but coming up next weekend, you face an opponent that's certain to be looking at this more than just another match. A man who was injured at your hands as well as many of his friends. I'm talking about Michael Weaver. Your thoughts going into this match?

SW:I think Mr. Weaver will provide me with an excellent challenge. I look forward to it.

[Stegglet waits a moment to see if Wright has anything more to say, but his silence makes it apparent that he doesn't.]

MS: That's it?

SW: Were you expecting more?

MS: Well, it's just that this is a man who you put out of action for months. A man who fought alongside Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor against you and Team Supreme for the better part of an entire year and you don't have anything more substantial to say than that?

[Supreme shakes his head.]

SW: I don't, Mr. Stegglet.

[Wright's eyes narrow ever so slightly.]

SW: If you were expecting me to take this match personally, if you were expecting me to be sentimental, if you believed that for one second I don't see Mr. Weaver as anything more than another opponent standing between me and MY AWA World Heavyweight title, then you're sorely mistaken.

[A beat.]

SW: Whatever anger or angst or feelings of revenge that Mr. Weaver still carries from our wars last year aren't my problem, Mr. Stegglet. He's allowed to feel as much hostility towards me as he wants. I'm not gonna' stand here and say that what I did to him and his friend was something to be proud of. But as far as I'm concerned, the only actual problem that I have with Mr. Weaver is that he's an opponent challenging me inside MY ring.

And as my opponent, I'll pay him the same respect due to anyone willing to face me inside MY ring.

[Supreme stares Stegglet right in the eyes, a glare cold enough to freeze anyone in their tracks.]

SW: My full and undivided attention.

[A somewhat intimidated Stegglet can only blink in response.]

SW: It doesn't matter how many wins I accumulate or the opponent I face, Mr. Stegglet. It doesn't matter what our history is or experiences we share. It doesn't matter if I'm facing a friend or foe. I've made my intentions perfectly clear: There's only one focus and one goal in my mind now and I chase it each and every time I step into MY ring.

The AWA World Heavyweight title.

[He breaks his stare with Stegglet and turns away.]

SW: Thank you for your time, Mr. Stegglet.

[And with that, Wright walks off as we fade back to Theresa Lynch and Brian Lau.]

TL: Supreme Wright with a level of focus we haven't seen in quite some time - focus on the AWA World Title that is.

BL: Yeah, I was going to say he seemed pretty focused last year on crippling your big brother and running him out of town... something he succeeded in I might add... running him out of town.

[Theresa again fumes.]

TL: Nevertheless, I'm looking forward to Saturday Night Wrestling to see Supreme Wright in action.

BL: I bet you are.

[Lynch shakes her head in disgust.]

TL: Fans, before we head into our featured attraction of the night, it's my pleasure to announce that two weeks from tonight on the Power Hour, my co-host will be Jordan Ohara!

BL: Hashtag downgrade.

TL: Ugh. Not after this week. I'm looking forward to speaking to the Once In A Millennium talent two weeks from tonight but right now, I'm very much looking forward to this exclusive footage from Japan. Ever since her signing was announced, the hype for Ayako Fujiwara's AWA debut has reached unbelievable heights.

BL: This Fujiwara girl is getting a lot of attention from everybody and she hasn't even stepped foot in the country yet. I hope for her sake, she's worth the wait.

[Lynch nods in agreement.]

TL: While Emerson Gellar has promised that Ayako will make her debut in the states soon, we have been able to obtain video from her final match in the Land of the Rising Sun. In what many experts and fans are calling an early Match Of The Year candidate, Ayako Fujiwara took on her long time rival, Michiko Sanada. From my understanding, Fujiwara and Sanada have not wrestled in the same promotion for many years, but agreed to one final match at an independently produced event by their teacher, Miyuki Ozaki - an event that saw wrestling talents from all over Japan come to pay tribute to Fujiwara before she left for the states.

BL: Do you think Fujiwara has an Instagram account?

TL: Don't even start with that.

[As Lynch rolls her eyes, we cut away from Theresa and Brian Lau to the iconic stained glass wall of Kyoto's KBS Hall. The camera pans across the venue, showing a packed house inside this beautiful venue. We then cut to the announcer booth, where we see the Empress of Joshi puroresu herself, Miyuki Ozaki. Seated beside the bleached blonde beauty is a face familiar to any fan of Joshi, Ozaki's long time tag team partner, Kyoko Yoshioka. As Miyuki begins to speak, English subtitles crawl along the bottom of the screen, translating her Japanese.]

Miyuki: (I don't even know what to think about this match, Kyoko! Both of these girls were students of mine. And now they're two of the very best in the world. There's just so much emotion involved here. It's Ayako's last match in Japan. This is the culmination of the rivalry between her and Michiko since their days in the dojo...)

[Miyuki grabs Kyoko and shakes her by the shoulders.]

Miyuki: (AHHHH! It's going to be really hard to be impartial calling this match knowing I raised them from useless rookies to the superwomen that they are today! I feel almost like a proud mama bird watching her little hatchlings leaving the nest!)

[Kyoko, chubby babyface and all but built like a tank, smirks at her long time friend.]

Kyoko: (I never knew you were so sentimental, Miyuki.)

Miyuki: (Honestly, Kyoko...I can't wait to see these two wenches tear each other apart!)

Kyoko: (Oh.)

[The footage then cuts to the ring, where we see ring attendants clearing out piles of streamers, the video apparently skipping the entrances. We get our first good look at Ayako in her wrestling attire: a sleek, sleeve-less black catsuit with a corset-like top, fingerless elbow-length gloves, an elaborate gold embroidered belt sash, and knee-high boots. She is powerfully built, with an athletic, thickly muscled frame.]

Across the ring, we see her opponent, the notorious Michiko Sanada. Cute, with long, honey brown hair and bangs that would make Zooey Deschanel jealous. In contrast to Ayako, Sanada's costume is an explosion of color...reds, purples, blues and pinks with ruffles. She wears a bizarre pair of one-legged tights w/ a ruffled half skirt.]

Kyoko: (We know all about Ayako. The Olympic gold medal. Pound-for-pound, the strongest female wrestler in all of Japan. The almost endless repertoire of suplexes. Quite frankly, what does Michiko have that Ayako doesn't?)

Miyuki: (A brain.)

Kyoko: (What?)

Miyuki: (Ayako has all the physical tools in the universe...everybody knows that. But Michiko? You could say she's got a mind almost as evil and devious as mine.)

Kyoko: (Yikes.)

CLANK!

[As the bell rings, Ayako and Michiko approach the center of the ring, looking to lock up. However, as Ayako reaches out to grab Michiko's hand, Sanada suddenly cheapshots her with a vicious forearm across the face! Grabbing a handful of hair, she throws Ayako between the top and middle rope, pulling her back and tying her arms behind the top rope. She then proceeds to run across the ring and off the ropes, nailing a stiff dropkick to Ayako's back!]

Kyoko: (Oh! Michiko's not wasting any time! She's going right after Ayako!)

Miyuki: (With an opponent as stupidly strong as Ayako, you need to take whatever openings you can get! Overwhelm her before she can break you in half!)

[Hung over the second rope, Ayako almost falls out of the ring, but manages to push herself off the apron and stumble back in, only to suddenly find herself hoisted across Michiko's shoulders in a torture rack, drawing a gasp from the crowd.]

Kyoko: (She's got Fujiwara up on her shoulders!)

Miyuki: (What the heck is she...)

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[With a running start, Michiko sprints towards the ropes and proceeds to THROW Ayako over the top rope and to the floor! The move is so unexpected, so brutal, that it prompts Ozaki to scream in English...]

Miyuki: OH MY GOSH!!!

[The action then cuts forward, where we're back inside the ring. Michiko leaps onto a doubled over Ayako's back, looking to possibly hit a sunset flip powerbomb, only to have Ayako stand straight up, throwing Michiko off her back. Michiko lands on her feet, and feeds her leg to Ayako, before going for an enzuigiri. However, Fujiwara ducks, causing Sanada to fall flat on her face. Ayako then proceeds to bend down and effortlessly deadlifts a struggling and screaming Michiko off the canvas in a gutwrench!]

Kyoko: (Sanada's in trouble!)

Miyuki: (She can kick and scream all she wants, but once you're in Ayako's grasp, there's nothing you can do about it!)

[Ayako simply stands there holding Michiko off the ground for a moment, before tossing her overhead with a massive gutwrench suplex! As the crowd claps in appreciation, Ayako backs off into the ropes and points with both arms towards Sanada, before suddenly bursting forward and going into a cartwheel, dropping BOTH of her knees across the back of a crawling Michiko's neck!]

Kyoko and Miyuki: OHHH!!!

[The match once again moves forward further into the action, as we see Sanada roll Ayako up in a wheelbarrow victory roll. However, as the referee begins to count, Michiko suddenly breaks the pin herself and leaps into the air, driving both her feet down into Ayako's gut with a double stomp before sitting back down into a pin!]

Kyoko: (OH! A double stomp!)

[The referee once again begins to count...]

Kyoko: (One! Two!)

[...only to have Michiko once again break the pin and driving her feet down in yet another double stomp!]

Miyuki: (SHE DID IT AGAIN! SHE DID IT AGAIN!)

[She once again sits back down into a pin, deeply cradling both of Ayako's legs. However, right before the referee's hand slaps down a third time, Ayako kicks out! Once again, Miyuki is moved to scream in English.]

Miyuki: AMAZING!

[Moving forward once again, the two tired and weary wrestlers battling it out on the top rope. Catching Ayako with a double cross-chop to the throat, Michiko slips down to the second turnbuckle and lifts the gold medalist onto her shoulders with a Fireman's carry, facing out towards the crowd.]

Kyoko: (What's she doing?)

Miyuki: (Oh no, I've seen this before, Kyoko...actually, I asked her never to use this...)

[...with a guttural roar, Michiko throws Ayako over her head, causing her to fall back-first and nearly bending her in half across the top turnbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[Michiko falls back into the ring, as Ayako bounces off the ring apron and lifelessly onto the floor.]

Kyoko: (That was insane! Sanada may have just injured Fujiwara severely there!)

Miyuki: (That crazy girl! Ayako might not even make it to the states at this rate!)

Kyoko: (If she can get Fujiwara back into the ring, this match might be over!)

[Exhausted and fatigued, Michiko rolls out of the ring, desperately trying to get Ayako back in. Rolling her under the rope, Michiko quickly reenters the ring and runs into the ropes as a dazed Ayako sits up. As she rebounds off, Michiko leaps into the air and dives forward with her knee, DRIVING it into Ayako's face!]

Miyuki: MICH-BAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNN!!!!

[Hooking a leg, Michiko nods in sync with the referee's count...]

Kyoko and Miyuki: (ONE! TWO! THREE-)

"OH!!!"

Kyoko: (She kicked out!)

Miyuki: UNBELIEVABLE!

Kyoko: (I thought she had her! How did Ayako kick out!?)

[Screaming in disbelief, Michiko grabs Ayako by the hair, slamming the back of her head repeatedly back into the mat. Satisfied, Michiko then steps out onto the ring apron, slowly climbing up to the top rope. Perched on the top, Michiko then motions for Ayako to rise to her feet. As Ayako rises, Michiko launches herself off the top rope...]

Kyoko and Miyuki: OHHHH!!!

[...only to be caught into a bearhug by Ayako! Popping her hips, Ayako then throws Michiko over her head with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

Kyoko: (Fujiwara's like a machine! She refuses to stay down! She can't be stopped!)

[Stumbling towards her rival, Fujiwara reaches down and grabs Sanada in a rear waistlock, before deadlifting her right off the ground. She holds Michiko in that position for a moment, long enough for flashbulbs to go off throughout the crowd...

...before tossing her backwards into the turnbuckles with a release German suplex!]

Miyuki: DANGEROOOUUUUUUSSSSSS!!!!

[Bouncing violently off the turnbuckles, Sanada somehow manages to stay on her feet, only to be scooped up into Ayako's waiting arms. Winding up, Ayako goes into a spin, leaping into the air and CRUSHING Michiko with a reverse-rotation powerslam!]

Miyuki: KANPEKINA!!!

[The referee drops down to count. He slaps his hand down on the canvas once...twice...

...he stops for a split-second...

...before slapping his hand down on the canvas for a third time!]

Kyoko: (What an amazing match! Somehow, somehow, Ayako Fujiwara survives and is victorious in her final match in Japan!)

Miyuki: (Whew, that match got me all hot and bothered. After all that, I think I might need a cigarette.)

Kyoko: Miyuki...

Miyuki: (Ha! What are you getting annoyed for? You know I don't smoke!)

[The camera focuses on a triumphant Ayako Fujiwara, soaking in the cheers of the crowd as we fade out to our Power Hour hosts.]

TL: Wow! An impressive showing right there for Ayako Fujiwara, earning a well-deserved victory in her home country before setting sail for the United States where she'll be arriving very, very soon.

BL: Even I was impressed by that one. Maybe there COULD be a Queen of Wrestling in our future.

TL: Fans, that's going to do it for this week's Power Hour. I hope you enjoyed the action from all around the United States. Remember to join me right back here in two weeks' time when my co-host will be Jordan Ohara. I want to thank - I guess - Brian Lau for joining me here this week.

BL: The honor was all yours, I'm sure.

[One more exasperated sigh from Theresa.]

TL: Good night everybody.

[Fade to black.]