

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 2, 2016" is written in a similar bold, white font with a black outline.

# AWA POWER HOUR

## APRIL 2, 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 strapless dress.]

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 man who is known all over the business as THE AWA World Television Champion... of course, I'm talking about Supernova!

[The sweetheart smile welcomes the face-painted Supernova to the set. The usually colorful Supernova is dressed down in a black button-down shirt and blue jeans. But his face is painted with red and white facepaint as he steps out onto the "starfield" with a smile. The World Television Title belt is draped over his right shoulder.]

TL: Supernova, welcome to the Power Hour!

S: Thanks, Theresa... it's a pleasure to be here.

TL: I know you've been busy training over the past seven days, getting ready for your big matchup with Derrick Williams coming up next weekend on Saturday Night Wrestling.

S: I have. Derrick's a tough kid and it's gonna be a stiff challenge... but it's nice to take a little breather and be here with you.

[Theresa beams at the remark.]

TL: We'll be talking more about Derrick Williams and some other potential challengers for your title later tonight but let's talk about this fantastic show we've got coming up. The AWA camera crews have been out in force, bringing us matches from the likes of Kerry Kendrick... from Canibal... from Next Gen... and so many others that we need to get right down to our opening match. This one was taped last Saturday in Denver, Colorado and features someone that just might have his eye on you, Supernova... Flex Ferrigno!

S: Ferrigno made some waves when he debuted a couple of weeks ago - no doubt. He's big, he's strong... yeah, he's impressive...

[Supernova raises a finger.]

S: ...so far.

[Theresa chuckles.]

TL: Well, let's find out if the man with all the muscles can continue to impress as Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde call the action from the Pepsi Center!

[Crossfade to Phil Watson standing inside the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The ear-splitting sound of a drill driving in and out of concrete.]

PW: Hailing from Concrete City, Pennsylvania weighing in 305 pounds here is...  
JACK! HAMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMER!

[The drilling turns into heavy metal rock music as a thick-framed man wearing a white tank top, blue jeans, and a hard hat wielding a 2x4 over his right shoulder stalks down towards the ring.]

GM: This is the first I've seen or heard of Jack Hammer but he's a healthy stack of cement blocks, Bucky.

BW: Nobody is going to dispute that, that boy is a bonafide hoss to the tenth degree.

[Hammer stomps up the ring steps and throws his 2x4 up into the air which draws a nice cheer from some of the kids and younger fans near the ring. Just as he prepares to step through the ropes...

..."Give Him Everything You've Got" by Craig Armstrong fires up!]

GM: Oh boy.

BW: It's picking up here in the Rockies! Jack Hammer better sprint down to Union Station and take the train back to P.A. before this beast gets a hold of him!

PW: And his opponent...hailing from Strong Island standing 6 foot 3 weighing in at 287 pounds...He is the MONSTA MUSCLE, THE QUADRASAURAS, THE THRILLAH WITH THE GUNZILLAS...

FLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEX FERRIGNO!!!

[The methodical tones of metal being struck, the eerie wind up, and finally the score kicks in with the violin instrumental and rapid escalation of beats.]

BW: Flex DESTROYED that joke of a wrestler two weeks ago, Gordo. I mean I haven't seen someone or something manhandled like that since I was behind Casanova in the catering line at SuperClash.

GM: Gretzky wasn't built like Hammer, Bucky. While impressive, I sincerely doubt we are going to see him tear all three hundred pounds of Jack Hammer apart quite like that.

[Ferrigno steps out, living up to his namesake he is quite the physical specimen with a hulking frame with muscles on top of muscles. A gold chainmail headdress covers his short bleached blonde hair, gun metal mirror shades over his eyes, and he has a crisp sun kissed tan which is accentuated by goblets of baby oil for an immaculate shine. His delts explode out in massive peaks from underneath the gold mesh, peaking and diving into cannonball biceps and forearms. Around his waist is a torn up QUADRASAURUS shirt now available on AWAShop.com for \$19.99 while supplies last.]

BW: How can you get one of those shirts, Gordo? I'm glad you asked.

GM: I didn't ask.

[Cut to the ringside announce table where Bucky grins at the camera.]

BW: AWAShop.com features your favorite gear from your favorite superstars at a price that can not be matched or met anywhere else! We have exclusive gear you too can own like Johnny Detson's gold-tinted sunglasses, signed photos of Juan

Vasquez, and for a limited time only one of five signature BIG BUCKS BOWTIES so you too can look like the voice of AWA!

[Gordon glares at Bucky who adjusts his own bowtie and we cut back to Ferrigno as he steps into the ring. He tears the shirt off from around his waist and goes to throw it into the crowd and just as a section fans get excited he simply tosses it in his corner.]

GM: Well, that was ridiculous.

BW: You can't give that merch away, Gordo! Are you crazy?! What if I just handed out bowties at the door...I'd be sleeping on your pull out sofa couch!

GM: Good point.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go, Bucky. Flex is making his second televised appearance here in the AWA and across from him is another newcomer looking to make his mark here in the AWA. Hammer and Ferrigno are sizing each other up, a battle of musclemen and it looks as though Hammer is going to make the first move!

[Hammer lunges for Ferrigno, looking to tie-up...Flex side steps him which sends Hammer into the corner while the crowd erupts as Ferrigno grins and strikes a massive double bicep pose in the center of the ring before kissing both biceps.]

BW: What a beauty!

GM: Get on with it already.

[Hammer slaps the top rope and turns towards Ferrigno who begs him to come forward. Hammer obliges, striking him with a right hand, and a left, and another right...

...only to be ANNIHILATED with a standing clothesline that sends him spinning over and landing on his chest!]

GM: WHAT A BLOW! MY STARS!

BW: I'm sure Hammer is seeing them right now.

GM: A ferocious clothesline by Ferrigno!

[Hammer crawls to the ropes, pulls himself up, then is yanked into a rear waistlock by the back of his belt buckle by Ferrigno who hoists him up!]

GM: Ferrigno with a back body dr-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Hammer lifted at the highest point, Ferrigno shoves the heavyweight into the sky, side-stepping, and SLAMS him down face first on the mat!]

BW: Holy... good lord, I think he's out cold, Gordo.

GM: Incredible impact on that faceslam!

BW: You could say Jack Hammer was just drilled into the ring. Indefinitely

[Hammer, laid out on his chest, tries to inch his fingers towards the bottom rope but Ferrigno grabs him by both legs, shoves them into his armpits, wraps his arms around his waist, and HEAVES him overhead...]

BW: WHEELBARROW THROW!

[Hammer flies back, bounces off the mat, and rolls into the far corner of the ring. Ferrigno, not even looking back at Jack Hammer, drops down to all fours.]

BW: Fingertip push-ups! What a man!

GM: What a show off. Hammer is laid out in the corner.

BW: All the reason to get in a quick workout, Gordo. This guy ain't gonna give it him. You think those muscles pump themselves up?!

[Hammer begins to stir in the corner while Ferrigno continues his mid-match workout. Finally, Ferrigno gets back up and returns his attention to his opponent who is now on his feet.]

GM: The powerhouse moving back in on Jack Hammer...

[Closing the distance, Ferrigno winds up for a double axehandle but Hammer cuts him off with a boot to the midsection.]

GM: Hammer goes downstairs!

[Hammer lands two quick forearms across the broad back of Ferrigno, winding up for a double axehandle of his own...

...only to have Ferrigno backhand chop the living hell out of his chest!]

GM: Hammer back into the corner! Clubbing right by Ferrigno! Another backhand chop! Clubbing forearm! Another! Hammer is dropping down! Ferrigno with boots to the head and he's stomping him into the canvas, Bucky!

BW: Important lesson to be learned here. Don't mess with Flex!

[Ferrigno pulls Hammer into a waistlock, swings the hips, and SLAMS him down with a side belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: Flex with the cover! One! Two!

BW: Hit those abs, Flex!

[Ferrigno rolls off Hammer before the three count and hits some rapid crunches at his side.]

BW: Really targeting that lower mid-section, Gordo. That's how you get those wash board abs.

[Ferrigno rolls back up over Hammer, squatting over him, and grabs him by the arms. Ferrigno pulls back as he shoves his knee into the lower back of Hammer pushing him away from him while grinding back on his arms.]

GM: Hammer is showing some resilience here, Bucky.

BW: Not a lot of intelligence though. Give up already!

[The official checks in on him and Hammer shrugs him off and, shockingly, is able to get both feet up underneath him and begins trying to fight his way free.]

GM: Jack Hammer is fighting back, Bucky! The Monsta Muscle is being tested by this three hundred pound blue collar machine!

[Hammer indeed not only stands up but begins to shift his arms around and twists so he's chest to chest with Ferrigno, still bound together by the arms.]

GM: Hammer is mounting a comeback and--

[Ferrigno suddenly leans in, shoving Hammer in the chest, sending him falling back into the ropes. He bounces off towards Ferrigno...

...who shoves him into the air, giving more force with one hand to cause a mid-air spin...

...catches his twisting frame...

...and DRIVES him back head and shoulder first into the canvas!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!

BW: POP-UP GERMAN, DADDY! IT'S OVER! ONE! TWO!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Incredible!

BW: He ain't moving until the ring crew scrapes him off the mat, Gordo.

GM: What a maneuver, Bucky. I don't think I've ever seen a man rag doll a three hundred pounder like that before... and it looks like Flex Ferrigno has got something to say, fans.

[Ferrigno, mic in hand, leans over the ropes.]

FLEX: YA KNOOOOOOOOOOOOOW!

[And then strikes a bicep pose, wrists turned out!]

FLEX: Another man walked into Abomination Alley here tonight and just like the man before him and the next man to step into the ring with me...

...he isn't walking back out!

The QUADRASAURUS just laid waste to this poor excuse of a man and you can tell his wife and kids he isn't comin' home for dinner tonight and he sure as hell ain't comin' home for dinner tomorrow either.

BW: That's for sure.

FLEX: I told you in L.A. and I'm tellin' you here in the Rocky Mountains...the MONSTA MUSCLE is on the hunt and ain't nobody gonna stop em'. Gellar...you line em' up...

...and I'll chew them up and spit them back out.

I challenge ANY man in the back to step foot in the ring with me. Hell you can find me down at the J.W. tonight and I'll punch your teeth in and then go home with your girlfriend cause as we all know...

[Ferrigno pauses.]

FLEX: GRAND MASTER FLEX HAS GOT THE GOODS!

[He hits a spectacular tricep pose.]

FLEX: AND THE STORE...IS...OPEN!

[One final flex. Mic drop...

...and then fade from Denver back to the starfield with Theresa and Supernova.]

TL: Another victory for Flex Ferrigno and... well, Supernova, I'd call it impressive. What did you think?

S: Definitely impressive. That was a three hundred pounder he was tossing around in there with relative ease, Theresa. If you're not taking Flex Ferrigno as a serious threat to anyone he gets in there with, I think you're making a mistake.

TL: A potential future challenger for your title?

[Supernova chuckles.]

S: Potential, sure. Theresa, I told all the fans that when I won this title, I was going to be a fighting champion and I think I've proved that so far. I've put the title on the line at every opportunity... and I'm going to do it again next weekend against Derrick Williams right here on The X.

TL: Speaking of which, former World Champion Kevin Slater is going to be in Derrick Williams' corner that night... or if not in his corner, at least watching his back to keep Shadoc Rage from getting involved.

S: I've got all the respect in the world for Kevin Slater... and hey, if he wants to be out there to keep Shadoc Rage from interfering, I welcome him. As long as that's the only reason he's out there.

TL: Are you implying that Kevin Slater might have another reason to be at ringside?

S: Hey, dark times can cause some dark things to happen. I hope Kevin Slater is telling the truth... but if he's not...?

[Supernova shrugs.]

S: I'll be ready for him.

TL: Alright, fans... you heard what the champ had to say. We're going to take a quick commercial break but when we come back, it'll be tag team action so don't you dare go away!

[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 Shadoe 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 the starfield where Theresa and Supernova are standing.]

TL: AWA 2016 is just about a week away from hitting store shelves and, of course, we learned that Casey James and Tiger Claw - two Hall of Famers - will be in the Sprint Center next weekend for Saturday Night Wrestling! Supernova, are you excited to get your hands on that video game?

S: Hey, I'm not much of a gamer, Theresa, but they tell me there's a special story mode on the game where I can replay my feud with Shadoe Rage. I'd welcome ANY chance to beat him again whether in the real world or a virtual one.

[Theresa chuckles... almost a giggle.]

TL: Casey James and Tiger Claw will be with us on The X a week from tonight but right now, let's see two other old friends who we haven't seen in a while... and they're in tag team action! Take a look!

[We fade from the starfield out to a ring where Phil Watson is seated.]

PW: This next tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Already in the ring, at a total combined weight of four hundred and fifty one pounds here are Slade Yang..

[A short, thin young man with dark hair and frosted tips sneers towards the crowd to little reaction. He adjusts his red trunks, then goes over and slaps the back of his tag team partner, a stocky man in a green amateur style singlet.]

PW: ..and Brenden Collier!

[The other man rubs his hands together, then runs his hands through his brown hair.

PW: And their opponents...

[A very familiar voice blares out something that has not been heard on AWA Television in quite awhile!]

VO: YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[The crowd starts cheering as a generic hip hop beat that resembles the DJ Jazzy Jeff and Fresh Prince classic "Parent's Just Don't Understand" starts to blare throughout the arena.]

PW: ..at a total combined weight of six hundred and four pounds.. MR. MENSA... MANNY IMBROGNO... and his partner.. B.C... DA MASTAH MC!

They are... BEE...CEE...AYE...CUUUUUUE!

[The crowd erupts as the AWA's odd-ball pairing parts the curtain and appears in the arena, soaking in the cheers of the crowd. B.C. boogies along to the music, and produces a mic from a pocket on his Adidas jacket, straight out of 1992.]

BC: AAAYYYY YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! SUP????

HE'S THE GENIUS AND I'M THE RAPPER.  
B-C-I-Q IS HERE, READY TO FLUSH ALL SUCKA TEAMS DOWN DA CRAPPER.  
WE'S ABOUT TO PUT THE TAG TEAM RANKS ON HIGH ALERT  
GONNA PUT THESE TWO BALLAS IN THE RING IN THE DIRT

CP: Is he.. threatening to put an end to the two squirts in the ring?

[The crowd doesn't seem to mind as they cheer along, and B.C. continues his dance down to ringside as Manny bobs his head to the beat.]

BC: ONCE WE WIN TONIGHT, THE GOAL WILL BE CLEAR  
TAG TEAM TITLE SHOT, SOMETIME EARLY THIS YEAR  
WHOEVER'S GOT THEM TAG TEAM BELTS, MAN, WE DON'T CARE  
WE'LL BE WEARIN' DEM BELTS WITH SOME FLAIR

YELL ALONG WITH ME PEOPLE!!!!!!

YO! YO! YO! YO! YO!

[B.C. raises the mic up in the air.]

Crowd: GO! GO! GO! GO! GO!

BC: DAT'S RIGHT!

[B.C. rolls into the ring, and Imbrogno slides in right behind him. B.C. takes off his gold chains and sunglasses and hangs them in the corner. B.C.'s brought back his familiar high top fade, and his purple singlet with patterns of various colors looks

like it can barely keep his pudgy frame contained. He hands his microphone to Imbrogno, who handles it like a fancy champagne glass. With a knowing nod, B.C. takes his place in the corner.]

MI: Thank you my rotund friend, now, I would like to regale our fans with a poem of my own.

CP: Man, B.C. can barely keep his rap to the beat, at least Imbrogno can rhyme in time.

[Imbrogno clears his throat.]

MI: To clear up my homebody friend's message.

Climbing the tag team ranks, a victory tonight shall presage.

Tony Donovan, Wes Taylor, you two are the measuring stick.

But beware, we just might take those titles from you fairly quick.

I with my brains, B.C. with the moves that make the folks go squish.

Getting some attention is what we hope to accomplish.

We'll be facing off for those belts before you know it.

Until then, rest assured, we shall never quit.

[Imbrogno tosses the microphone to the side once his poem is over, and he removes his green blazer as Slade Yang makes his way to the center of the ring for the match to start. Imbrogno is wearing a pair of hunter green trunks, with the Mensa logo emblazoned on the front.]

"DING! DING! DING"

MS: A mighty bold claim by BCIQ here tonight as they square off with Slade Yang and Brendan Collier.

CP: Bold? How 'bout dumb? These guys haven't been on TV in ages and now they want a title shot? They're gonna have to work their way up the rankings like everyone else.

MS: That's true. Both members of BCIQ are quite accomplished though inside the ring, and Imbrogno starts off strong with a couple of quick armdrag takedowns on Yang!

[Yang protests to the referee that Imbrogno's grabbing his hair, and Imbrogno simply shrugs his shoulders as if it's no big deal.]

MS: Kind of hard to get at Yang's hair from those deep armdrags.

CP: Imbrogno's a smart man, Stegglet. I'm sure he could find a way.

MS: Collar and elbow tie up, and Imbrogno being the larger man quickly powers Yang into the ropes.

[Before the referee can call for a break, Imbrogno breaks, realizing they're in the ropes. However, he doesn't give Yang room to breathe, as he lays in with some knife edged chops!]

CP: Manny still got a bit of the mean streak in him despite being runnin' buddies with B.C.

MS: They surely are an odd couple, but they share a mutual love for poetry.

CP: I dunno if what I'd call what B.C. spews poetry.

MS: Hip hop, when done well, is a fantastic form of poetry. Speaking of B.C., Imbrogno tags on B.C. while he's got Yang in an armlock, and B.C. quickly slams an elbow down into Yang's arm! B.C. now has him up... and slams him hard to the mat!

[The crowd cheers the double team, and B.C. quickly drops a huge elbow on the chest of Yang! He goes for the cover, but only gets two. The crowd continues to cheer as B.C. tags Imbrogno right back in.]

MS: A quick tag, and Imbrogno drops an elbow of his own across the chest of Yang. Yang trying to scramble away from Imbrogno, but Imbrogno cuts him off before he can get anywhere close to his partner.

[Imbrogno picks up Yang, and gives him a front facelock, taking him down with a swinging neckbreaker.]

CP: Goin' for the kill early, but Yang still kicks out at two.

[Continuing the assault, Manny springs to his feet, then runs and springs off the ropes, driving down another elbow drop. Manny makes his way back to the corner and tags in B.C. again as Yang is catching his breath on the mat.]

MS: Tag back in to B.C., and Joey "EZ" Money's prize student rumbles on over to Yang.

CP: I kind of remember Joey "EZ" Money, that guy was an odd fellow.

MS: Yeah, that was for sure. B.C.'s not giving Yang much room either. Yang really needs to make the tag.

CP: He doesn't give anybody much room.

[B.C. jumps up and headbutts Yang down to the mat. B.C. raises his arm to the cheers from the crowd, and goes for another elbow drop! However, B.C. comes up empty as Yang rolls out of the way at the last second. Yang rolls over and tags the outstretched hand of Collier.]

MS: Tag made, Collier on the apron... he slingshots in but nobody's home!

CP: That was inexperience. Gotta leave guys for dead before you do a high risk slingshot like that!

[B.C. quickly gets up and pulls Collier to his feet. He kicks Collier in the midsection, and picks him up over his shoulder. With a running start, he crushes Collier into his corner, and he quickly tags in Imbrogno.]

MS: Imbrogno back in, and a couple of quick kicks.. one just got caught by Collier!

[Collier points to his head, thinking that he's outsmarted the genius. Collier lets go of Imbrogno's leg and tries for a clothesline, but completely whiffs as Imbrogno cartwheels out of the way. Collier staggers in confusion as Imbrogno comes off the ropes.]

MS: Off the ropes.. flying headscissors takes Collier down to the mat!

CP: Collier trying to outsmart the veteran, but so far Collier's not the smartest tool in the shed.

[Collier stumbles to his feet, and stumbles back into the grasp of Imbrogno.]

MS: Got him hooked.. Oxford suplex!

[After that beautiful teardrop suplex, Imbrogno kips up to his feet. He points over to B.C., who extends his hand. Imbrogno tags out to the big man, who sees Collier laying prone in the corner. B.C. gives out a loud shout.]

BC: YYYYYOooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!

[B.C. then charges across the ring and drives his ample rear end into Collier's head!]

CP: Collier's gonna be lookin' for the license plate for that dump truck.

MS: Once B.C. slams his butt into someone, the end of the match is not far behind.

[Bringing Collier out of the corner, another tag follows as BCIQ send him across the ring, taking him up and down with a flapjack.]

GM: DOWN TO THE CANVAS!

[B.C. and Imbrogno quickly climb to their feet, and exchange a nod. Suddenly, they charge over towards the opposing corner!]

MS: Yang not paying attention.. WHOA!

[While it's no surprise Imbrogno left his feet, but B.C. does too! They catch Yang unaware in the corner, and send him tumbling from the apron with a beautiful double dropkick!]

CP: It's Yang's fault for not paying attention, but that's still such a cheap shot! I'll give these two credit I suppose for taking advantage of the situation..

MS: The referee is getting B.C. back to his corner, and Imbrogno is stalking his man. Collier is making his way back up to his feet and Imbrogno spins him around. He takes him up in a fireman's carry!

[The crowd cheers as Imbrogno starts spinning Collier around and around. B.C. is in the corner, getting hyped up for what's about to come!]

MS: Round and round and round Collier goes..

[After about a dozen revolutions, Imbrogno slams B.C. down!]

MS: There's the, uh.. what does Manny call that?

CP: Hochi.. uh..hoch.. ah forget it! Bucky's notes about Manny aren't very helpful in this case. It's still an impressive rolling Samoan drop out of the airplane spin! There's the tag, Mark, and I gotta object to what's comin' up here.

[B.C. starts to climb to the top rope. Once he's perched, he waves his arms in the air, and the song that played as BCIQ was coming to the ring starts to play to the cheers to the crowd.]

CP: Gettin' your theme music to play before your theme song even hits? What if he misses?

MS: He doesn't miss the Turntable that often, Colt, and here comes B.C. off the top!

[The crowd erupts as B.C. crashes down all three hundred and sixty six pounds onto the prone form of Brendan Collier. There's no resistance from Slade Yang as the referee gets into position to make the three count!]

MS: Another wannabe can't freestyle with the Round Mound of Hip Hop Sound and BCIQ picks up a win here tonight!

CP: Please stop, that was painful.

MS: They have sights set on tag team gold, but they need to pick up some more victories along the way! It was glad to see BCIQ in tag team action, hopefully we can see more of them in the coming weeks. Back to the studio!

[We crossfade back to the starfield where Supernova and Theresa are standing.]

TL: It's great to see BCIQ back in the ring together and I know I'd love to see them get their hands on Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan.

S: I'd love to see ANYONE get their hands on them... especially me.

TL: The Kings of Wrestling certainly have made some waves since forming back at the end of the Anniversary Show and as they take aim at all the gold here in the AWA, I'd have to imagine that sooner or later, they may set their sights on you, Supernova.

[Supernova pats the World Television Title belt.]

S: They're welcome to come for this, Theresa... but I don't think they'll like what comes next.

TL: Speaking of coming next, let's go to Sweet Lou who has a special guest!

[Cut to Lou Blackwell backstage. Caspian Abaran, wearing a green track pants and a Mexico National Team soccer jersey is standing next to him, his brow furrowed.]

SLB: Folks, I am standing here with the luchador sensation Caspian Abaran. Caspian, I ... I have something for you?

CA: For me?

SLB: Yes... a present. A present from the man calling himself Canibal.

[Abaran grimaces and runs a hand through his hair.]

CA: So, what is it?

["Sweet" Lou hands him a small object, covered in crumpled newspaper pages. Abaran carefully opens it ... only to reveal a shriveled, rotten apple.]

CA: Que... !

[He drops the apple which lands on the concrete with a wet squish. Caspian stares at Blackwell with a mixture of confusion and disgust on his face.]

SLB: He said you would know! He said...

CA: Si... I know. I remember.

[Abaran looks at the camera. Confusion has made way for anger.]

CA: I remember the pale gringo kid hanging out at the gym back in Mexico City many years ago, barely speaking Español, lurking, staring.

SLB: Canibal?

[Caspian nods.]

CA: He was strange even back then. We took pity, helped him out, started to teach. You know what the idiota did?

He stole from us. I saw it. I saw him take from his hermanos... his brothers. Money, watches, and... even an apple.

[Both him and Blackwell look down to the floor for a moment, then back up again.]

CA: You cannot do that, amigo. Not in Mexico, not here, not in any locker room around the world. That night the chico who would become Canibal had to leave the gym.

I heard he moved to Juarez afterwards but never met him again south of the border.

Now, nine years later, he is back for venganza? For revenge?

You can tell him to stop lurking like the teenager he was back in the day. If he wants to fight, he knows where to find me.

[He mutters something in Spanish before walking out of the shot.]

SLB: There you have it, folks. A revelation of just why Canibal has started to haunt Caspian Abaran. Stay tuned for more action, AWA style.

[We crossfade back to the studio.]

TL: A most... icky... gift from Canibal for Caspian Abaran. We'll be seeing Canibal compete a little later in the show but I think Kerry Kendrick can tell Canibal that it's not wise to get into a fight with Caspian Abaran.

S: Caspian's a good kid. He's fought hard to get where he is and I'm sure he's not about to let someone like Canibal get in his way.

TL: We're going to take another break but when we come back, Colt Patterson will be talking with Dave Cooper and the Samoan Hit Squad!

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...

...and then fade back up to an interview area where we find Colt Patterson standing with a mic in his hand.]

CP: All of you people know that I am the only commentator in the AWA who tells you exactly what you need to hear, and now, you are about to hear from one of the most brilliant tacticians in the AWA and the two men who he is destined to lead to greatness... everybody show some respect for the former co-holder of the AWA tag team championship... now about to build a career as a top AWA manager... he is the man behind the Lion's Den... "The Professional" Dave Cooper... and the distinguished gentlemen he now represents... The Samoan Hit Squad!

[The unmistakable notes from the tuba that signal the start of "The Theme from Jaws" kicks in over the PA system. Out from the back comes "The Professional" Dave Cooper, who is dressed in a pair of black slacks and a light blue button-down shirt. Cooper has a smirk on his face as he leads Mafu and Scola toward the podium. 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 fans boo as Cooper and the Samoan Hit Squad reach the podium, where Cooper extends his hand and Patterson firmly grasps it. Scola takes a position just behind Cooper and folds his arms, staring ahead menacingly. Mafu, a wild look in his eyes, sizes up Patterson for a minute, then smiles and extends his hand, which Patterson takes.]

CP: You know, I was not mistaken to call Mafu and Scola distinguished gentlemen... it's just like you said on the Power Hour, Dave Cooper... people may think men like Mafu and Scola are untamed, but clearly they represent Samoa with class and dignity! Mafu, it is truly a pleasure to meet you.



M: And it is a pleasure to meet you! [He turns to the camera.] But it will be no pleasure for anybody who dares to oppose us! Scola and I intend to go straight to the top, and anyone who stands in our way, they are going to feel pain! [Laughs.]

CP: Well, let's make one thing clear... the Samoan Hit Squad may have class, but they are also two of the most dangerous men in the AWA! I mean, look at what they bring... you, Mafu, you can take to the air with the best of them, but you know how to handle yourself in a fight. And your partner, Scola, is one of the strongest men in the AWA. A combination of power and aerial ability like this... there are few teams who have what it takes to go against you!

DC: [slapping Mafu on the shoulder.] See, Colt, this is why I like you... you can look past what the five-and-dimers see and realize that these two men right here not only have class, but they have intelligence and skill. All they needed was somebody who could help them cut through the red tape and ensure themselves a fair shake.

CP: Oh, make no mistake about, Dave Cooper, you are the one who can help these men get to the top like they are capable of. I look at it this way... you were that final piece of the puzzle that the Samoans need to make them a complete package. Now with you in their corner, I see nothing but great things in your future!

DC: You can count on that, Colt. Anybody who knows me knows that anyone who has associated with me has gone straight to the top, from the tag team partner I led to the gold to the former members of Royalty who achieved greatness because of my expertise. But I'm not going to take all the credit, Colt... I'm a team player, and believe me, it's Mafu and Scola that are the ones who get it done inside that ring. I have all the confidence in them that they can become the AWA World Tag Team Champions.

CP: I wouldn't count them out! Now, Dave, I've gathered that Scola [motions to him] doesn't talk much, but I was wondering... would he be willing to talk about his expectations for what the Samoan Hit Squad can do in the tag team ranks?

DC: You know, Colt, Scola isn't much for words... he prefers to let his actions do the talking. But considering how gracious you have been, I think he might consider sharing a few thoughts.

CP: [turns to Scola] Scola, would you be willing to say a few words?

[He raises the mic toward Scola, who stares menacingly, though not at Colt Patterson. Colt notices this and his head turns in the direction Scola stares...

...and the fans cheer as The Northern Lights come out from the back. Rene Rousseau is dressed in a pair of khakis and a white polo shirt and Chris Choynet wears blue jeans and a black AWA T-shirt.]

CP: Hold on... the Northern Lights are here! Rousseau, Choynet, this is not your time to be out here!

[He steps toward the Lights, standing in front of the Samoans. Dave Cooper takes up a defensive stance as Scola continues to stare menacingly and Mafu looks eager to fight, but Cooper puts an arm in front of Mafu.

Choynet nears the podium and motions for the mic. Colt looks back at the Samoans for a minute, but turns back to Choynet and hands the mic to him.]

CC: Dave Cooper, you are nothing more than a coward who set us up for an ambush! You didn't like that we turned down your offer to join the Lion's Den, so you bring these two in to act as your flunkies because you aren't good enough to get the job done yourself! You proved to Rene and I that we were right to turn you

down, and if you think for one minute we'll ever reconsider your offer, you are mistaken!

[Rene taps Chris on the shoulder, motioning that he wants the mic. Chris hands it to him.]

RR: Look, my friend Chris is hot under the collar, I'll admit it... but he's right. Dave Cooper, all you and the Samoans have proven was we made the right decision to not join the Lion's Den! You talk about how you lead men to greatness... all you've ever done to achieve greatness is to cheat your way to a win, break any rules you can and set people up! And one of these days, we will get the Samoans in the ring and we will prove that we don't need somebody like you to achieve greatness and that all you'll do for the Samoans is hold them back!

[Colt waves his arm at Rene, insisting he get the mic back. Rene approaches the podium and hands it to him.]

CP: All right, since the two of you want to crash this interview, why don't you get up here and say those things right to their faces! I'm sure the Samoans and The Professional will have a response already prepared for you!

[The Lights advance toward the podium, but that appears to be the cue for AWA officials and security to come out from the back. Mafu looks like he's ready to charge, but Cooper places a hand on his shoulder and shakes his head. Scola continues to stare menacingly as Cooper motions to Colt to lean the mic toward him.]

DC: Listen, Northern Lights... I remain serious in my offer to make you part of the Lion's Den and join us on the path to greatness. And just to prove to you I'm still serious... I'm going to have my men right here walk right out with me, no need to have security come and separate anybody... I'm gonna show there's no hard feelings for the two of you interrupting this interview and that the door is still open. The only thing you need to keep in mind is this... when the door is open, you better be ready to walk through it before somebody decides to slam it shut. [He pats Scola on the shoulder.] Come on, gentlemen... let's take our leave. [Turning to Colt.] My apologies to you for cutting this short, Colt.

[Cooper guides Scola and Mafu away from the podium, Scola keeping his eyes fixed on the Lights, while Mafu points a finger at them, only to withdraw it under Cooper's direction. The Lion's Den members head off in a direction away from the Lights, who continue to stare at their foes past the officials and security who hold them back.]

CP: Well, it looks like Dave Cooper has just proven that he and the Samoans are gentlemen by not starting any trouble, and that he's still willing to give the Lights another chance! The question is, are the Lights smart enough to take the opportunity that remains before them? I guess we'll find out another time.

[We fade from Colt back to the starfield.]

TL: Tensions running high between the Northern Lights and this Lion's Den that Dave Cooper is putting together.

S: Cooper's a no-good snake and I speak from experience when I say that. When Chris and Rene get their hands on those Samoans, we'll see who the better tag team is.

TL: The tag team scene here in the AWA is on fire as of late as all of these teams are jockeying for position to see who will be able to step up in the absence of teams

like Air Strike who dominated the division for so long. But let's switch gears now and talk about Kerry Kendrick.

S: Do we have to?

[Theresa smiles.]

TL: Not a fan of Mr. Kendrick?

S: Oh, he's an excellent competitor... now if only he'd shut his mouth long enough to actually wrestle. Look, if you want to be a top guy... if you want to be a champion here in the AWA, you gotta be able to push aside the politics... push back the setbacks... and work through it. Not sit in the corner and whine and complain about everyone holding you down.

TL: Would you like to teach Kerry Kendrick that lesson yourself?

S: Any time he's feeling froggy, I'll be waiting.

TL: Alright, fans... let's head back to Denver and see Kerry Kendrick in action... sort of.

S: Huh?

TL: You'll see what I mean. Roll it!

[As we crossfade back to the ring, we hear...]

"I WANT IT ALL"

"I WANT IT ALL"

"I WANT IT ALL"

"AND I WANT IT NOW!"

[The power chords roar through the arena, heralding the arrival of the only current member of roster to use Queen as entrance music.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit... introducing first...

GM: Two weeks ago we saw Kerry Kendrick submit to Pure X's ankle hold... I'm curious to see how he rebounds tonight.

[There is no activity from the entrance way.]

GM: No sign of Kendrick yet though.

BW: He's a superstar. He'll be out here when he's ready.

[As "I Want It All" continues to play, Phil Watson shuffles his note.]

PW: ...Introducing first, from Watertown, New York, weighing in tonight at 235 pounds, Charlie Stephens!

GM: And Pure X chalked one up in the win column despite the best efforts of Kendrick's running buddies Callum Mahoney and Erica Toughill, although Pure X did find himself on the receiving end of the Queen of Clubs' baseball bat.

PW: [carrying on] And his opponent...

[There is a period of silence on commentary, "I Want It All" still playing through the arena, seemingly heralding the entrance of no one.]

The song is already almost half done.]

BW: Well, where is he, Gordo?

PW: His opponent... Accompanied by his bodyguard Erica Toughill... From Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... weighing 235 pounds... KERRY... KENDRICK!

[...who has still not appeared.]

BW: Where is he?

GM: Kerry Kendrick was scheduled to appear here tonight, but he hasn't yet—there he is!

[Kerry Kendrick bursts through the curtain. Something seems to have just irked him. He looks furious.]

GM: Now wait a minute...

[Kendrick undoes his ring robe halfway up the aisle and whips it to the ground. Ricki Toughill follows behind, baseball bat slung over her shoulder. She almost jogs to keep up with Kendrick's infuriated gait, sweeping up his discarded satin robe without breaking stride..]

BW: The Self Made Man is looking hot about something.

[Kendrick rolls into the ring, rubbing his short, bleached hair in frustration.]

BW: I'm just as confused as you, Gordo.

[Kendrick begins shouting out complaints. Some periods of silence on The X's audio feed indicate his language is quite profane.]

GM: And the self-proclaimed "Self Made Man" seems to be distracted by...

[Myers tails off as the referee gives his pre-match instructions to Stephens, then turns to Kendrick, who storms away to the adjacent corner as soon as the official begins talking to him.]

GM: [responding to another voice on his headset] ...All right. We'll... we'll try.

BW: [also speaking to another voice] ...And you sent him out here anyway?

[The camera picks up a few more words of Kendrick's invective, as he is now complaining to Scott Ezra.]

KK: "...supposed to be a professional! Not an overgrown teenager! This is b—"

[More silence on the audio feed.]

KK: "Just ring the damn bell, okay?"

GM: And there's the bell, we're underway.

BW: Oh, this kid's a powderkeg right now.

GM: We're going to try to be professional here.

BW: No, I know, Gordon. But...

[Kendrick kicks the bottom rope, still fuming about something. Toughill offers him an equivocal shrug.]

GM: We have a match, Bucky.

[Stephens looks to be business-as-usual. Kendrick stares him down in the middle of the ring, pointing an index finger in his face as he rants and raves. Stephens swats his hand away...]

\*SMACK\*

[...which earns him a massive slap across the face from the Self Made Man!]

BW: Oh, that had tabasco on it!

[Stephens turns back and charges into a collar-and-elbow tie-up. Kendrick easily powers him back into the corner, Kendrick turning around his back to Stephens while still holding him to the buckles.]

GM: Referee calling for a break right now... We haven't seen or heard from Kerry Kendrick since his loss to Pure X two weeks ago.

[Kendrick fires a vicious back elbow to his opponent's head, then whips him to the opposite buckles, and charges in.]

GM: Kendrick with a head of steam, catches nothing but elbow!

[Stephens counters with an elbow of his own, which staggers the Self Made Man, who rolls back out to the floor. Toughill quickly joins him.]

GM: And Kendrick takes a dive out to the floor. These two seem to already be plotting conspiracy.

BW: Ricki is only acting in self-preservation; have you heard the sexist way Cesar Hernandez and Pure X have been talkin' about her? Pure X talking about her like there was something wrong with her being feminine... total misogyny!

GM: She certainly looks like a shrinking violet... Charlie Stephens keeps interrupting the official's count, but Scott Ezra's trying to keep the action in the ring. Kendrick back in now... kick to the midsection from the so-called Self Made Man... hooks the arms... double arm suplex.

BW: Do you think he has some extra motivation now—

GM: [in a lower tone of voice] You heard; we're not talking about it. And Kendrick... he has to watch those fists of his!

[Kendrick has Stephens by the top of the head, peppering him with methodical punches that bounce his skull off the canvas. Scott Ezra tries to intercede.]

KK: "WHAT?"

GM: And... Come on!

[Kendrick grabs a fistful of the referee's jersey and rears back with his fist.]

GM: This is shocking unprofessionalism from this kid!

[Ricki Toughill hops onto the apron, urging her client to cool it.]

GM: And that should be a disqualification right there!

BW: [muttering] He shouldn't even have to be put in this position.

GM: And... Erica Toughill talking Kerry Kendrick down, trying to be the voice of reason here.

[Kendrick releases the referee, making sure to shove him backwards just hard enough to not earn a DQ. Stephens has gotten back to a knee, allowing Kendrick to charge in again.]

GM: And coolers heads prevail momentarily... Liberty Bellringer!

BW: Cover him!

[Stephens falls flat onto the mat. Kendrick merely paces the ring.]

GM: And Kendrick... not covering... not doing anything!

[He shouts at one of the camera crew on the apron.]

KK: "GET OUT OF MY FACE!"

[The frame jerks to one side suddenly, momentarily going to color bars for a millisecond as Kendrick swats the lens.]

BW: Just call it a night, kid.

GM: Kerry Kendrick taking Charlie Stephens up again... Irish whip... Belly-to-Belly Suplex, straight into a cover! One... Two...

[Kendrick leaps off of Stephens after the two and rolls to the floor again.]

GM: Come on!

BW: He had him pinned!

GM: What the...

BW: He had the match won!

[Scott Ezra seems confused, as he was about to count a three. Kendrick just barks back at him.]

KK: "Count me out!"

[Toughill skulks up behind Kendrick again as he slowly circles the ring, sneering at everyone in sight. The referee, confused, begins laying in the count.]

GM: Fans, I have no idea what the meaning of the exercise is.

BW: He had that match won!

[Kendrick seems to overhear this and parrots it back to the announce table sarcastically.]

KK: "I had that match won!"

[Charlie Stephens sits up, the wind knocked out of him. Ezra loudly announces "FIVE!"]

BW: Kid, you're getting counted out!

[Kendrick grabs a spare headset from the announce table, holding the arm in his fist.]

KK: You wanna know how I feel? You wanna know how I feel?

[He sweeps his arm across the announce table. Notes and assorted paraphernalia go flying.]

KK: That's how I feel.

[He carelessly throws the headset aside, where it explodes into a second of static and feedback as the count reaches "NINE."

Kendrick walks away from the table. Gordon Myers stands up in disgust. Even the normally talkative Bucky Wilde seems dumbfounded.

Ezra hesitates before calling out "TEN!" then signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Your winner...

[Even the normally nonplussed Phil Watson seems offput.]

PW: Your winner, by countout... Charlie Stephens.

[Ezra raises the groggy Stephens' hand, and Kendrick storms his way up the aisle, closely shadowed by Toughill.]

BW: I don't know what to say.

GM: Fans, on behalf of the American Wrestling Alliance, let me apologize for that shocking lack of decorum and professionalism.

[Kendrick is met at the curtain by his colleagues Callum Mahoney and "Red Hot" Rex Summers; both are applauding and patting him on the shoulder as the three men and one woman disappear from sight... and we fade back to the starfield.]

S: Disgusting.

TL: What do-

S: I'm sick and tired of those four. Attacking people from behind. Ducking and dodging and hiding behind that briefcase. All three of those guys deserve a world-class butt kicking and I just might be the guy to deliver it.

[Theresa pauses as Supernova fumes.]

TL: Alright, some hot tempers here in the studio as well... and speaking of hot tempers, after her win on Saturday Night, Charisma Knight's temper was certainly flaring when she talked to our camera crew. Let's take a look.

[Our camera shot opens backstage in the Pepsi Center where Charisma Knight is fresh off her match, still breathing a bit heavy as she runs a hand through her hair. She lets loose a laugh.]

CK: Heh, heh ha ha ha ha! You tried to throw me a curveball, and I hit it out of the park. Cannon talks a bunch, and wrestles "local talent", and Gordon over there calls her a candidate for Centerpiece of the Division. Somers goes to autograph signings and stays in Cannon's orbit, and Gordon over there calls her a candidate for the Centerpiece of the Division. She says she wants the belt, so does Cannon. Rage and her serpents talk a game, Toughill plays nanny to SK&M, Fujiwara gets a grand announcement, then stays home. And what do I do?

I come out here, backing up my mouth. I talk the game, and bring it. This time you sent me a superstar, and I just marked her "Return to Sender." Anyone you throw at me, Gellar... anyone... I will put them down. I'll break their knee, or break their face. That's not me bragging, that's a promise.

This is inevitable. I won't be denied. The Women's Division revolves around ME. No one else is doing what I'm doing. Sooner or later, O'Neill and Gellar will have no choice but to create an AWA Women's World Championship, and that will be mine. I don't give a DAMN about making history, about being "first", I only care about being the champ, and being the true center of the AWA Galaxy.

In two weeks, I'll be in Kansas City. Send me another one. At the end of the day, I'll just be standing, with the mic, again, telling you what you already know, but just won't admit. There is nobody better than Charisma.

[She exits to the side as we fade to black.]

We cut to Sweet Lou Blackwell who sits behind a large desk. Beside him is a rotary dial phone. Yeah, there are apparently some of those still around.]

SLB: Some people accused me of not wanting to change with the times. That some things were better left in the past.

[He raises his arm and swats the rotary phone away. It falls to the ground before him with a clatter.]

SLB: And the more I've thought about it... they were right!

[He pulls from underneath the desk... a smartphone!]

SLB: I have officially upgraded, folks!

[The camera cuts to a smartphone screen and the shot moves in closer to see an icon featuring Sweet Lou's face imposed over an AWA logo. Beneath it are the words:

"SWEET LOU'S HOTLINE.]

V/O: That's right, AWA fans, Sweet Lou Blackwell's hotline is going high tech! Get on Google Play and iTunes and look for the Sweet Lou's Hotline app! Download it today and you can stay on top of all the latest rumors, gossip and breaking news, delivered only by Sweet Lou Blackwell! Plus exclusive interviews and plenty of insights from Sweet Lou about the latest developments in the AWA and the history of pro wrestling!

[We cut back to Sweet Lou at the desk.]



SLB: It's a free app, but kids, don't forget to get your parents' permission before you download!

[He looks down at the smartphone and seems puzzled.]

SLB: Um... can someone tell me how to set up the wifi connection again?

[We fade to black...

...and then fade backstage where a man looks despondent, slumped on a bench, leaning back against the wall. A towel is covering most of his face, but as the camera pulls back a little bit, he's still in his wrestling gear. The camouflage trunks and black kneepads indicate that this is Charlie Stephens, who got a win earlier in the night against Kerry Kendrick... but not how he wanted to. The man is quiet, but tense. Suddenly, A booming voice is heard off camera.]

?: Ten-hut SOLDIER!

[Stephens jerks forward, a little bit startled from the voice. He glances in the direction of the voice.]

?: Stand up. At ease.

[Stephens removes the towel, and stands at attention to face the man addressing him. The man has a very prominent nose and a strong looking jaw. He rubs his chin while looking over Stephens, an American flag fluttering behind him.]

?: What's yer name, rank, and battalion, soldier?

CS: Charles Stephens, Private in the 10th Mountain Battalion out of Fort Drum, sir!

?: Fort Drum, eh.. some mighty fine soldiers comin' out of upstate New York.

[Stephens slumps his shoulders, appreciating the compliment, but realizing that he hasn't exactly been a fine soldier so far here in the AWA.]

?: Why so glum, chum?

[The man pauses, and glances over the flagpole carrying the American flag that is grasped in his right hand.]

?: Right. Kendrick.

[Stephens nods slowly.]

?: Ya know, Stephens. I always call it like I see it. Yer a good, hard workin' red-blooded American man, after all.. ya put yer neck out for this country, volunteerin' yer time and effort, and it's time ya got repaid fer it. I got a proposition fer ya.

[Another pause.]

?: First, I haven't had a chance to introduce myself, soldier.

Joe Flint. Captain. Second Battalion, Second Marines.

[Stephens eyes goes wide.]

CS: The Warlords...

[Flint nods his head.]

JF: Very good, ya done yer homework, soldier. Now, my proposition.

[Flint hands Stephens the flagpole.]

JF: I signed my contract. Finally, I'm a member of the AWA. And two weeks from tonight, I'm gonna head out to that ring and show the whole world what Captain Joe Flint is all about...

...and I think I could use a flag bearer. Who knows, maybe ya can pick up a little somethin' from watchin' me.

[Stephens looks over the flag, then looks back at Flint.]

CS: It would be my honor, sir!

[Flint grins a wide grin.]

JF: The AWA needs to get back in tip top shape, Charlie. Too many goons, pukes and maggots runnin' loose lately.. it's up to guys like us to clean out the disease in the AWA and bring back some of the good ol' fashioned American values that this place has been missin' lately. Freedom, liberty, and justice.

Together, my soldier, we can do this. AWA! It's time to stand at attention! It's time fer... American Pride.

[Flint slaps the back of Stephens, and both men walk off out of sight. Fade back to the starfield.]

TL: Captain Joe Flint, a long-time veteran in the sport, is finally setting down roots here in the AWA and it looks like he made himself a friend.

S: Joe Flint is a good man. Great man actually... and I bet Charlie Stephens can learn a lot from him.

TL: Joe's return matchup will take place one week from tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling - something else to look forward to on that already-exciting lineup for sure. Just like I'm looking forward to later tonight and our featured matchup between "Red Hot" Rex Summers and Chester O. Wilde. Supernova, your thoughts on that one?

S: It's going to be a tough fight for Summers. He's been on a roll as of late, winning Steal The Spotlight back at SuperClash... defending it against Cesar Hernandez...

TL: Of course, that Steal The Spotlight contract guarantees him a match of his choice and he just might choose to use it on you.

S: I welcome it, Theresa. If Summers thinks he and his gang of thugs are going to get one over on me... well, like the song says, he's got another thing coming.

TL: Chester O. Wilde in rare singles action later tonight but before we get to that, let's go down to the ring and see the luchador known as Canibal in action!

[Fade from the duo on the starfield to Phil Watson in the ring. A jaunty trumpet tune is playing and La Fuerza is doing his awkward dance to the cheers of the ringside fans behind the ring announcer who is already speaking.]

PW: ...from Mexico City, Mexico... weighing 250 pounds... LA FUUUERZA!

[Some shouts of "Olé" encourage the luchador to jump in front of Watson and continue his moves.]

BW: Wow, look at him. He is even more annoying than his tag-team partner and I wasn't sure that was possible.

GM: La Fuerza, a member of Los Fantasma del Miedo is looking for revenge tonight as he faces the man who brutalized Super Fuerza a couple of weeks ago.

[The terrified shrieks of a Scream Queen announce the arrival of his opponent. La Fuerza stops dead in his tracks and turns to the entrance. "Twist of Cain" by Danzig starts its sinister beat and on cue, Canibal stalks through the curtain.]

BW: He may be looking for revenge but my guess is he'll end up the same as his amigo did... broken and crying at the hands of that man right there.

[Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent... from Juarez, Mexico... weighing 245 pounds...  
CANNNNNIBAAAAAAL!

[With his head cocked to the side and his posture slightly hunched over, he stares directly at the camera. His eyes seem wide-open, even more so as his sockets are painted pitch black. Slowly, he brings his hands up to his throat to make a double cut-throat gesture and then point the thumbs downward.]

BW: Look at the difference, Gordo. In the ring, we have a guy in a clown suit looking to make balloon animals and here comes a man who wouldn't be out of place in a horror movie.

[While Bucky sings his praises, Canibal has climbed to the top of a turnbuckle and spewed his blood mist into the air to the delight and disgust of the crowd. Phil Watson has gotten too close and the camera shows him frantically rubbing a spot on his tuxedo.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, the two competitors confront each other in the middle of the ring. While La Fuerza's features are hidden by his mask, Canibal's emotions remain equally hidden. He stares blankly at the masked luchador, his head cocked slightly to the side.]

GM: La Fuerza is slightly larger and heavier than Canibal so it will be interesting to see how they match up in this one-on-one confrontation.]

[La Fuerza lunges towards Canibal, looking for a tieup when a knee catches him in the gut, doubling him over.]

GM: Canibal downstairs with the knee... and a forearm to the back of the head puts La Fuerza down!

[Sliding to his hands and knees, Canibal hooks a front facelock before driving two kneestrikes up into the skull of the luchador.]

GM: Canibal showing the intensity of his offense, dragging La Fuerza off the mat and throwing him back into the corner.

[La Fuerza hits the turnbuckles hard but instead of following up, Canibal slowly raises his arms above his head and starts to imitate La Fuerza's dance... in creepy slow motion.]

GM: Canibal toying with his opponent and we've seen that out of him before. I'd have to say he's got no respect for those who get in there with him, Bucky.

BW: You think this is bad? Wait til we see what he has in store for Caspian Abaran. I have a feeling that will require permanent parental discretion, Gordo.

[Canibal halts his dance with a double-cutthroat gestures which brings La Fuerza charging out of the corner, arm extended for a clothesline that Canibal easily sidesteps.]

GM: Canibal avoids the clothesline, Fuerza slams on the brakes and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Savate kick right up into the throat region! Such precision on that kick!

[Gasping for air, La Fuerza hits the mat as the man from Juarez kneels down beside him and starts to rain down blows - punch, forearm smash, punch, forearm smash, punch. After a failed attempt to get Canibal to back off with a count, the referee grabs him by the arm, berating the luchador.]

BW: The referee has no right to put his hands on a wrestler!

GM: This is still a wrestling match and not a mugging, Bucky. Those punches are illegal!

[With a blank stare, Canibal backpedals. The referee checks on La Fuerza and helps him sit up... only for Canibal to hit a running kick to the back of the luchador.]

BW: Gooooooooaaaal!

[With Fuerza laid out, Canibal quickly climbs to the top rope, poses for a moment with his eyes freakily wide, then jumps off with a diving legdrop that hits the mark perfectly.]

GM: And the high flying history of Canibal is on display with that one!

BW: Incredible height coming off the top like that!

[And he's not done yet, dragging Fuerza by the mask's eyeholes to his feet. Clearly dazed, La Fuerza stumbles before Canibal comes off the ropes, leaping into the air, dragging the luchador down to the mat with a twisting lariat takedown!]

GM: THE TWIST OF CAIN!

BW: That's it.

[Canibal rolls into a cover, not bothering to hook a leg but grinding his elbow against his opponent's chin as the referee delivers the three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: A short but impactful win by Canibal as he racks up yet another victim here in the AWA... and you have to believe that Caspian Abaran was watching here tonight, wondering if he might be next.

BW: He'd better hope not. Canibal just took this guy apart... look at him hovering over him... he may just take a big bite right here and now, daddy.

GM: I certainly hope not. Fans, let's head back to the studio to Theresa and Supernova!

[And that's exactly what we do, cutting back to the starfield where our duo stands.]

TL: An impressive... and chilling... victory on the part of Canibal.

S: The dude is creepy, no doubt... and he's a heckuva competitor. We'll see how he does when he gets in there with Caspian though.

TL: We certainly will. Fans, coming up in just a few moments, we've got Next Gen in tag team action but before we see that, let's take a look at a very special interview conducted recently by Mark Stegglet.

[We fade from the starfield to a face shot of Mark Stegglet. You can see the large W of the AWA banner in the tight frame which suggests we are backstage. Stegglet does his best to stare forward but his eyes can't help darting to his right, a bit uneasy, just before the camera pans over...]

MS: Welcome back, fans. Last weekend, we saw the reemergence of Noboru Fujimoto as the final member of the TPP Four. Rumors are flying about how exactly he found himself back in an AWA arena and whether or not Miss Sandra Hayes sold the rights to his contract or still owns it. Standing with me at this time is a man who is all too familiar with the dealings of Miss Hayes... I am of course talking about Terry Shane III.

[Pan to Shane. Jet black hair combed into an angular fringe, tight on the sides, diving into a freshly trimmed and short beard. Shane sports the same sleeveless emerald hoodie that we saw him in weeks ago, zipped half-way up his chest and hugging his athletic frame.]

MS: Shane, it's been a hot minute since we've seen you in an AWA arena but recently you made your return with very little fanfare and even less of a warning. Your return, while met with a loud ovation, was quiet in build-up and as quick as you came you left Los Angeles and merely told you us you were returning home on what many believe may be an unachievable task of reuniting with your father, Terry Shane Jr.

[Shane cocks an eyebrow toward Stegglet, nods his head, and then stares into the camera with his green eyes.]

TS3: Extremely unachievable. Near impossible. Frankly, Mark, my efforts may seem even tragic. I broke a bond with my father that may be beyond repair. I broke a friendship with a man who despite little to no relationship with myself growing up raised me as only a single father who lives on the road knew how. I broke a code, Mark. I not only dismissed him as my father to my family and friends but on national television on a platform that he gave his life too.

My father was a Wizard in the ring.

A World Champion.

A Hall of Fame wrestler.

But in our home?

[Shane's head lowers.]

TS3: Gone. Missing. Dismissive. But despite all that...

He is STILL my father and I am still his son. The words I said, the things that came out of my mouth. Inexcusable... impermissible... and if it takes ten years for him to pick up the phone when I call, then it's ten years I am willing to devote to mending the relationship I destroyed. The blood that I leave in the ring is his blood and his father's before him. Those two men paved the way for hundreds of wrestlers after them but for me they watched that concrete dry, made sure I could plant my feet on it, and no sooner than my first step on it I was learning how to slap on a side headlock and twist a leg into a spinning toe hold.

It saddens me, it really does, that when I made my way out to Amarillo this past week and pulled up to the Yard that my old man wasn't there. I saw Strickland, I saw guys like Tyrone Thomas and Elijah Livingston, I even saw Moody's boy, green as grass, running ropes out back. But Shane the Elder, at least from what Oliver told me, was nowhere to be found. So that conversation, that will have to wait. What will not wait any longer is my return to wrestling.

MS: You put on quite a show in Los Angeles—

TS3: No, Mark, I put on a clinic... but at the end of the day nobody is going to remember it because it was against soft competition. Nobody but me. I will never forget the name Landon Lordes and I will never forget that moment in Los Angeles. I also will not allow my pursuit to mend the broken bond between my father and I to miss out on another show like it did in Denver. Every night I miss, another wrestler steals the spotlight, Mark. MY spotlight. While Los Angeles was a rebirth of Terry Shane III, not just the wrestler but the human being, this second chance... this resurgence... will vanish if I am not in that ring competing and all that hard work with Bobby O'Connor will go to waste. That man ignited a fire in me that I thought was gone forever.

MS: How is Bobby?

TS3: You know Mark, that is a question I can not truly answer. Not because I have not spoken to him but because there are so many variables and intangibles that go into that answer. What I can tell you is that he's alive, he's hungry, and I promise you that one day you WILL see him in a ring again and Supreme Wright better pray that Torin The Titan or someone else has already ended his career before Bobby gets his hands on him.

MS: What about you, Shane? Why haven't you called out Supreme Wright after what he did to your friend?

[Shane pauses, you can hear the breath exhaling from his nostrils as his chin bounces as he takes in the question. Another moment passes, still nothing, finally Stegglet breaks the silence.]

MS: Terry?

TS3: Truthfully, Mark...

[Another pause.]

TS3: I'm afraid.

[Stegglet's eyes widen, taken back by the response.]

MS: Seriously?

[Shane gives a half nod.]

TS3: Physically... it is ALL there. Mentally... if I were to stare into the grandson of Roosevelt Wright and there was anything less than an army between us...

I would rip off his damn head.

I would take him into that dark place that saw me bound a man with chains and do everything but leave him for dead... I would take him to that place that saw me dangle the livelihood of Steve Spector's wife and son in front of him so that I could tear into his heart and soul and make sure he never stepped foot in a wrestling ring again. I would dive down so deep into the darkness that I'm afraid, Mark...

...that I would never be ever to crawl back out.

That man... that SCUM of a human... is not the man that stands before you today wanting to rebuild the walls he tore down. That is the Terry Shane of yesteryear and tonight as I stand before you, I can truly say I have been reborn.

I welcome, I beg, and plead for a challenge, Mark. ANY challenger to test me, Mark Stegglet, and I know without question and without doubt in my mind that I can conquer them and assert myself back into the title picture that evaded the tips of my fingers back on Independence weekend almost two years ago.

MS: So then who? Who is Terry Shane wanting to step into the ring with at this time?

[There's a brief pause. The camera tightens on his face.]

TS3: Mark, the real question is... who wants to step in the ring with me?

[Stegglet nods as the camera fades through black...

...and back out to the ring where the members of Next Gen stand in the corner, discussing something. Howie Somers and Daniel Harper are dressed in their wrestling attire: Howie Somers in a navy blue singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in white lettering, plus matching knee pads and wrestling boots and Harper in a white singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in navy blue lettering, plus white kneepads and wrestling boots.]

MS: Next Gen set for tag team action against a masked duo that calls themselves The Engimas. Colt Patterson, can you tell me anything about this masked duo?

[The shot cuts to the opposite corner, where we see two wrestlers with lean builds, each wearing bodysuits with multi-colored checkerboard patterns. One of the Engimas has a red wrestling mask and the other has a blue mask.]

CP: Well, the only thing I can tell you is they need a better wardrobe manager.

MS: They certainly have unique attire, but the question I have is what this duo brings in terms of skill. I guess we'll find out if they can measure up to the duo of Howie Somers and Daniel Harper.

[Howie elects to start for his team and the red-masked Enigma moves forward for his team.]

CP: Hey, Mark, can you tell me why would Next Gen claim that Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor aren't living up to the legacies of their families? After all, who holds the tag team gold right now?

MS: It's true that Donovan and Taylor hold the gold, but I believe it was clear that Next Gen doesn't like their methods and how they look down upon the rest of the locker room.

CP: They can talk about their methods all they want. The fact is, Robert Donovan and Bobby Taylor did whatever it took to win. I'd say their sons are doing a great job living up to that legacy. Maybe Next Gen needs to take some pointers from them.

[Howie and the Red Enigma circle one another and lock up. Howie easily overpowers the smaller Enigma and shoves him to the canvas.]

MS: And Howie Somers with a display of power... easily shoves the Red Enigma down... and now the masked man is complaining Howie pulled the mask.

CP: You sure he didn't?

MS: I didn't notice anything, Colt. Seems to me Howie's strength caught the Enigma off guard.

[Howie motions toward the masked wrestler, daring him to come forward.]

MS: And now the Red Enigma to his feet... and he goes right to work with a couple of forearms...

[Though the masked wrestler gets a few shots in, Howie manages to block one and counter with an elbow smash that sends the Engima falling back to the ropes where Somers shoots him across.]

MS: Here's an Irish whip... and a clothesline takes him off his feet!

[The masked wrestler rolls to the corner and signals for a time out as Howie moves forward.]

CP: And that's a smart move by the Enigma to break the momentum... he's gonna have to try something other than matching power with Howie Somers.

MS: You do realize there are no time outs in wrestling, Colt.

CP: Hey, Stegglet, don't get smart with me now.

[The Red Enigma pulls himself up in the corner as Howie shakes his head, but steps back and motions for the masked man to come forward.]

MS: Both men approaching... lockup... no, a thumb to the eye by the Red Enigma!

CP: Now that's what he needed to... find the opening and take advantage.

[The Engima tries to do that, booting Somers in the gut, backing him into the ropes for a whip of his own.]

MS: And now it's the Enigma with a whip... Somers ducks the clothesline...

[As Howie comes off on the rebound, he leaps into the air and hits the Red Enigma with a shoulder tackle.]

MS: Jumping shoulder tackle sends the Red Enigma down! And there's the tag to Daniel Harper.



[Harper moves in quickly, watching as Somers launches the Enigma through the air and down with a backdrop. Harper hits the ropes, dropping a leg down across the chest.]

MS: Nice doubleteam out of Next Gen there.

CP: I'll give them credit, that was some good tag team work. I still don't think they're at the level that Donovan and Taylor are at though. You're talking about the tag champs and the Kings of Wrestling!

MS: Harper pulling the masked man to his feet... up he goes and down he goes! Sharp execution on the vertical suplex.

CP: You know, this Harper kid talked about the three generations who were in the business before him. You think he'd learn something about respecting your elders, wouldn't you?

[Harper takes the masked wrestler by the leg and applies a stepover toehold.]

MS: If you're referring to Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, those two would hardly be Daniel's elders.

CP: Yeah, but Johnny Detson and Brian Lau would be. Those are two men who deserve respect for everything they've accomplished, and here's somebody like Harper telling them they have no right to look down upon others.

MS: I don't believe Daniel Harper, or Howie Somers for that matter, questioned their accomplishments, but their attitudes.

CP: What attitudes? Guys like Detson and Lau have winning attitudes and what they do well is win. Isn't that the attitude everyone should have?

[While the announcers bicker, the masked man kicks Harper away, somersaulting to the corner to tag in his partner while Harper tries to recover.]

MS: I'm not sure that's the attitude Next Gen was thinking about... but back to the action, the Blue Enigma tags in... and he slams on the brakes! He wants a lockup with Daniel Harper.

[Harper puts his hands on hips, but motions for the masked men to come forward. As they go to lock up, Blue Enigma drives a knee into Harper's midsection.]

MS: The Blue Enigmas goes downstairs with a knee, cutting off Harper's offense... and a big boot to the gut in the corner. Looking for the whip here...

[The blue-masked wrestler shoots Harper across the ring, charging in after him...]

MS: But there's nobody home!

[The masked man staggers out of the corner, walking right into a Harper European uppercut!]

MS: And there's that patented uppercut from Daniel Harper! Caught Blue Enigma right under the jaw!

CP: Hey, I won't deny that's an impressive move. At least Harper's learned his wrestling technique, even if he's far from being in the class of the Kings of Wrestling.

[Harper steps behind Blue Enigma and positions him for a Russian legsweep, taking him down to the mat...]

MS: Harper puts the masked man down hard...

[...and quickly gets to his feet, dropping an elbow down into the chest.]

CP: That's a nice combo, Stegglet. Like I said, the kid's got good technique.

[Bringing the Enigma to his feet, Harper tags his partner back in.]

MS: Somers back in off the tag... Harper whips the Enigma to the neutral corner...

[Somers heads to the opposite corner as Harper approaches, grabbing his partner by the arm...]

MS: What are they setting up here?

[...and whips him from corner-to-corner as Somers DRIVES his shoulder into the masked man's gut!]

MS: And look at that double team!

[Harper pumps his fist, drawing cheers from the crowd as Somers scoops the masked man up, slinging him over his shoulder...]

MS: Blue Enigma at the mercy of Howie Somers... and look at this!

[Howie walks forward a couple of steps, then leaps into the air and drives Blue Enigma into the mat with a powerslam.]

CP: Nice powerslam by Somers! He's got some skill like his partner... he's just not in the same league as Taylor or Donovan.

MS: Somers with a cover... gets one... two... but Red Enigma breaks it up!

[That prompts Daniel Harper to return to the ring.]

MS: And here comes Daniel... European uppercut for the Red Enigma!

CP: We've got all four men in the ring!

[A brief brawl breaks out until Somers and Harper shoot the Red Enigma into the ropes, dropping him with a double clothesline that sends him rolling for the floor as Harper pumps his fist again, returning to the apron as Somers gives a signal to the crowd.]

MS: It looks like Howie Somers is looking to finish this, pulling up the Blue Enigma who looks out on his feet... what could he be setting him up for?

[Hooking the Enigma by the waist, Somers shoves him up into the air before leaping himself and catching the masked man in a sitout powerbomb!]

MS: OHH! He nearly put the Enigma THROUGH the mat, Colt! An impressive move right there, he's got the shoulders down for one... two... and there's the three.

[The bell rings and the fans cheer as Howie gets to his feet and Daniel joins him in the ring. "Wake Up" by Story of the Year plays as the referee raises the arms of Next Gen. Daniel pumps his fist once more and Howie waves to the crowd.]

MS: And it's Next Gen with the victory... I suspect Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan are looking on, perhaps wondering if these two could be next in line for a tag team title shot.

[Daniel turns to the camera and points at it, moving closer so he can be heard.]

DH: We're coming for those tag team titles, we're gonna make our families proud, and we're certainly not gonna act like everyone else is beneath us, unlike some people who call themselves kings.

[Howie joins his partner in addressing the camera.]

HS: Donovan, Taylor, if you think we're just gonna bow down to you, you better think again.

[He bumps fists with Daniel and the two exit the ring.]

CP: Well, if the champs are watching, I'm sure they're not gonna let those words go unaddressed!

MS: I'm certain Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan will be ready to answer the challenge, but it's clear Next Gen is not intimidated by the threat that the Kings of Wrestling represent.

[We fade from the arena footage back to the starfield to Theresa and Supernova.]

TL: Next Gen racks up another victory and Supernova, you know these two young men - where do they stand as they look to get a shot at Taylor and Donovan?

S: They stand close enough that they're knocking at the door, Theresa. Look, Danny and Howie are young... maybe they're not ready yet... but that's not going to stop them from trying. And when you climb inside that ring, anything can happen. Would I be surprised to see them win the tag titles? Not one bit.

TL: Supernova, it's been a pleasure having you here with me tonight and as we get ready to throw it to tonight's featured attraction, it's time to announce who will join me two weeks from tonight right here to co-host the Power Hour.

[A graphic comes up showing the only manager in the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame, Brian Lau.]

TL: That's right! It's one of the Kings of Wrestling himself, Brian Lau, who will be here with me. That should be very, very interesting.

S: Good luck with that.

[Theresa chuckles.]

TL: Alright, fans... it's time for tonight's featured matchup. It's the current holder of the Steal The Spotlight contract - "Red Hot" Rex Summers - taking on one-half of the Wilde Bunch, Chester O. Wilde! We've got Harvey Sutton and Marcus Broussard calling the action so let's go to this match already in progress!

[As we fade from the starfield into the arena, we see Rex Summers pinballing around the ring into haymakers from Chester with the crowd going banana.]

HS: And the big hillbilly is going to town on Summers, introducing him to that big hamhock time and time again.

[Summers bounces off the ropes into another big right hand, staggering away towards the corner where Chester advances, swinging a back elbow up into the cheekbone.]

HS: This can't be the way Rex Summers envisioned this going, Shark.

MB: Absolutely not, Sutton. Rex Summers holds the Steal The Spotlight contract inside that steel briefcase - a guaranteed contract for the match of his choice. And you know he's looking at Supernova... he's looking at Travis Lynch... he's looking at Johnny Detson... and he's thinking that one of these nights, he's going to cash it in and walk out as an AWA champion. That's not happening if he loses to the likes of a Chester O. Wilde.

HS: You say that with great disdain, my friend.

MB: I've got a lot of disdain for Chester Wilde. The man has all the raw strength and toughness in the world and chooses to focus on making the fans smile rather than winning matches.

[Wilde, having swung Summers across the ring with an Irish whip, follows him in with a running clothesline that lifts Summers off the mat before putting his feet back down on the mat.]

HS: Heavy artillery on display by Chester Wilde... no sign of his tag partner or their... manager? Valet?

MB: It's a pig, Sutton. Easter's coming up and I'm thinking that pig might look pretty good on my dining table so it's a shame she's not out here.

HS: How dare you speak that way about their darling Mable?

MB: Maple-glazed Mable sounds pretty good right about now.

[Scooping Summers up in his massive arms, Chester swings him around before slamming him down to the canvas.]

HS: All that raw power you talked about being showcased there in a swinging bodyslam... Chester to the ropes... ELBOW!

[But the big leap into the air gives Summers enough time to roll to the side, causing Chester to crash down hard on his hip and lower back!]

HS: Chester rolled the dice and came up snake eyes there, Shark.

MB: See, a thinking man's wrestler like yours truly would've recognized that Summers wasn't worn down enough yet. But if there's one phrase that you can't use to describe that corn-fed oaf, it's "thinking man's wrestler."

HS: Rex Summers to his feet... he drives the point of his elbow down into the throat of Chester!

[Pushing the big hillbilly down to the mat, Summers applies a lateral press, driving his forearm bone into Chester's cheek to earn a two count.]

HS: Two count right there but you can tell Chester's got plenty left in the tank.

MB: As long as it's not the think tank maybe.

[Climbing to his feet, Summers hauls Chester up by the hair, using a well-placed forearm to the cheekbone to send him falling back into the turnbuckles. Summers

grabs the top rope with both hands, laying in kick after kick into the midsection of his larger opponent.]

HS: Summers letting Chester have it against the buckles...

[Summers throws a pair of backhand chops, stunning his opponent before dragging him out to the middle of the ring, backing into the ropes, and flattening him with a clothesline!]

HS: The muscular arm of Rex Summers driven across the chest of Chester O. Wilde, putting him down on the mat.

[The Steal The Spotlight contract holder takes a moment to stomp Wilde a few times, drawing jeers from the crowd.]

HS: Summers putting the boots to Wilde... now dragging him off the mat by the hair...

MB: Summers is a braver man than I, Sutton. I'd never stick my fingers into that rat's nest of a hairdo. Who knows what kind of vermin reside in there.

[Summers swings a knee up into the gut before driving the point of his elbow down into the back of the neck once... twice... three times...]

HS: And just like that, you can see Rex Summers' gameplan unfold. He's targeting the neck of Chester O. Wilde, starting to think about that devastating Heat Check DDT.

[The Red Hot One hooks a cravate, twisting the neck into an awkward position. The referee slides in, asking for a submission.]

HS: Wilde won't give up that easily, Shark.

MB: Probably not but it never hurts to try... well, actually it hurts quite a bit to try. Just ask Chester.

[The crowd cheers as Chester swings an elbow back into the gut, breaking the hold and stumbling away.]

HS: That's an escape that comes thanks to Chester's strength... just one single blow gets him free.

MB: Yeah, but he's still in trouble. He got out of the hold but he's looking wobbly, Sutton.

[With Chester reeling, Summers grabs him by the arm, yanking the bigger opponent towards him and burying a knee into the midsection.]

HS: There it is, Shark! The setup for the Heat Check!

MB: With Wilde doubled up, he's going to look to secure the double underhook right here...

[That's exactly what Summers looks to do, pulling the arms of his opponent into the double underhook, locking them in place as he looks out arrogantly towards the jeering crowd...]

HS: Summers sets for the Heat Check and-

[Chester straightens up, launching Summers through the air and down to the mat with a big backdrop!]

HS: Chester with the counter, sending Summers crashing down to the canvas!

[Chester staggers away, pumping his arms in triumph to cheers.]

HS: Chester's fired up and he's got these fans fired up with him!

[Grabbing the dazed Summers by the arm, he whips him into the ropes, lowering his head and setting for a backdrop.]

HS: Summers off the far side and-

[The wily veteran quickly snares a double underhook on the doubled-up Wilde before DRIVING his skull into the canvas with the Heat Check DDT!]

HS: OHH! HEAT CHECK OUT OF NOWHERE!

MB: That's all she wrote, Sutton!

HS: One... two... and three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

HS: Wow. Just like that! And Rex Summers just reminded the whole world that he can hit that Heat Check at anytime from anywhere and when he does, that's the end of the night for his opponent.

MB: Look, Chester's not the sharpest knife in the drawer but even if he was, he wasn't getting out of that when Rex locked it in.

HS: Rex Summers with a big win here tonight and the question on everyone's mind is when... when will he cash in that contract and call his shot on one of the AWA's champions?

MB: He'll do it when he's good and ready, Sutton. If he's not going to let Emerson Gellar bully him into it, he's certainly not going to let the likes of you do it.

HS: Rex Summers... victorious here tonight. Now let's go back to the studio to Theresa!

[We fade from the arena back to the starfield.]

TL: Another victory for Rex Summers and... well, Supernova, how did he look?

S: I'd have all the respect in the world for Rex Summers if he wasn't a back-stabbing, backjumping, thieving scumbag. But he looked good in the ring. He beat a tough opponent. And there's no doubt that when... actually, let's say IF... he cashes in that contract for a title shot, his opponent's going to be in for a tough night.

TL: Even if that opponent is you?

S: Even if it's me... I hope it is, Theresa.

TL: Marcus Broussard mentioned Emerson Gellar at the end of that clip there and you have to wonder - when will Emerson Gellar give Rex Summers another ultimatum? When will he tell him to cash in the contract or defend it once again? Maybe we'll get an answer to that question and a whole lot more next Saturday

night in Kansas City. Fans, we've had a great night here on the Power Hour and I hope you have too. I want to thank Supernova again for hosting with me. Remember, join me right back here two weeks from tonight when my co-host will be the one and only Brian Lau! Good night everybody!

[Fade to black.]