

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 30, 2016" is written in a similar bold, white font with a black outline.

AWA POWER HOUR

APRIL 30, 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 of the hottest young stars to come along in quite some time - The Phoenix, Jordan Ohara!

[A grinning Ohara walks into view sporting a green and white Willie Hammer t-shirt underneath a black blazer with a pair of jeans. He reaches out, shaking hands eagerly with Theresa.]

JO: Thanks, Theresa! I'm so excited to be here tonight!

TL: I can tell.

[Theresa smiles as Ohara gets a little sheepish.]

TL: Jordan, you've been on quite the roll since arriving here late last year as part of the Tiger Paw Pro Four.

JO: Thanks again, Theresa. You know, I've been working hard for many years now - no matter what Larry Wallace believes - to get here so it's just such a great honor to be a part of that locker room standing alongside the best in the world.

TL: You mentioned Larry Wallace right there and I'm sure we'll be talking about your upcoming match with Mr. Wallace at Memorial Day Mayhem later tonight but right now, let's talk a little bit about the show we're going to see here over the next sixty minutes.

JO: Let's do it.

TL: The AWA Women's Division was on display last weekend in Minnesota with that shocking upset of Erica Toughill by Kayla "Pistol" Cristol... plus we saw the debut of the Canadian Skylar Swift as she got physically involved with Charisma Knight. Tonight, we're going to see the one and only Melissa Cannon in action... as well as two women who have been driving Melissa and Julie Somers crazy in recent weeks everywhere the AWA travels - I'm talking about the Serpentes.

JO: Theresa, to me, it's just great to see these ladies getting the opportunity to live out their dreams just like me. I'm a big fan of Julie Somers... Melissa Cannon too. I got a chance to talk to Kayla after her big win last weekend and she was over the moon about it. Man or woman doesn't matter to me when it comes to getting in that ring and doing what you love to do. Everyone deserves their chance and I'm glad they're getting it.

TL: In addition to that, we've got tag team action as well plus the night's featured attraction is going to see Kerry Kendrick take on Caspian Abaran.

[Ohara smiles.]

JO: Caspian is one of the best guys I've met since I've gotten here. We've traveled a lot together, hung out after the shows together, and I'm really rooting for him tonight against a guy that has a real attitude problem, Theresa.

TL: No doubt about that... and right now, we're going to kick things off with tag team action coming to you from Bismarck, North Dakota where the unlikely duo of Pure X and Terry Shane III teamed up for the very first time!

JO: I'm not sure if I would have been as quick to jump at the chance to partner with a guy like Shane but Pure X comes from a family of wrestlers in his family and must know what he's doing.

TL: I think it's time to roll the footage. We're joining this one in progress, fans, so let's go to Gordon and Bucky with the call!

[The screen shot spins off and we cut to a wrestling ring amidst a sold out crowd. There's a large AWA banner stretched from buckle to buckle below the ring mat. In the ring, Pure X, already in the ring for a couple minutes, has local talent Ryan Suddarth scratching to get to the ropes while Pure X remains mounted over him with a single leg wrenched back up against his shoulder.]

GM: It's been all Pure X thus far, Bucky. Suddarth is desperately trying to win one here in front of his hometown –

BW: Hometown? He's from Rapid City, South Dakota... to these people he's the enemy!

GM: I'm not exactly sure there's bad blood between North and South Dakota.

BW: I'm sure you are sadly mistaken.

[Suddarth, with one final lunge, racks his hand over the bottom rope and enhancement official Larry Weathers calls for the break which X holds on for a count of three before quickly breaking away.]

GM: I'm still a little uneasy about the pairing of Pure X and Terry Shane III but so far we've seen nothing but quick cohesive tags and the two of them have been putting on a clinic and picking apart Ryan Suddarth and fellow South Dakotan Jack Wesson.

BW: I put my money on under seven minutes of a team implosion.

GM: I know we aren't on live television but come on, Bucky, even you know we can't talk about wagering on the air.

BW: I bet on you eight years ago in front of the entire world... I didn't see you complaining then!

[Suddarth paws at X from one knee and Pure X quickly snatches his arm, twists it around, and begins hammering on the back of his shoulder as Suddarth tries to get to his feet. Every time he seems to muster the strength to get both feet under him, X smashes the back of his arm so ferociously that Suddarth drops back down to one knee.]

GM: I am definitely liking this edge to Pure X as of late. I think a lot of times his opponents underestimate him and just look at him as Hall of Famer Mark Langseth's nephew but this man is a well-oiled machine in the ring. His athleticism is uncanny, Bucky, he sees something done once and it seems to be embedded in his mind forever.

[Suddarth finally stands for more than one second as X backs him up against the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip coming up, reversal... X ducks a clothesline, off the far side... Suddarth drops down, X up and over... off the ropes again...

[This time, Suddarth comes to his feet, leaping into the air for a leapfrog but X catches the telegraphed jump, dropping Suddarth down in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Nice exchange there by both competitors but again Pure X comes out with an advantage...

[Hanging on after the atomic drop, X takes Suddarth up and over with a Northern Lights suplex, floating right out of it, driving his knee into his opponent's shoulder while pinning the wrist to the mat.]

GM: ...and right back to work on the arm.

BW: Pure X reminds me a little of Supreme Wright inside the ring, moving effortlessly from hold to hold.

GM: Absolutely... look at this...

[Kicking his legs up into the air, X brings his weight back down in the form of a knee to the arm.]

GM: Right on that arm... and he's been targeting that arm of the youngster since the get-go. Suddarth is a very young competitor and likely has never faced a man of Pure X's talent level - a man who can just pick him apart limb by limb. And to me, Bucky, that's what makes this team of Shane and X so dangerous. They are both master technicians inside the ring.

BW: I'll give you that much, Gordo, but if I was either of these men, there's just no way I'd be able to trust the other one.

[Suddarth rolls to his hip, forcing his way back to his feet. X is still holding the arm but there's just enough space for Suddarth to elevate him, slamming him down in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Suddarth with the slam, looking to get out...

[A quick tag is made to Jack Wesson who comes dashing through the ropes as X starts to rise.]

GM: A super fresh Jack Wesson has been itching to get in the ring since the opening bell... and here he comes... right hand!

[Wesson with the right hand catches Pure X on the jaw, sending him stumbling back. He winds up a second time, ready to throw a haymaker...

...which Pure X easily ducks under and uses his momentum to spin him into a belly to back suplex!]

GM: Ohh! And right down on the back of the head! Another impactful suplex by Pure X!

BW: There's a quick lesson for you aspiring wrestlers out there, don't let the excitement cloud your judgment. He ran right into that suplex without even slowing down to think about it.

[Again sliding to the side, X grabs the wrist, twisting the arm around as he drags Wesson up to his feet and across the ring. Terry Shane leans back, sliding his boot up on the top rope as X grabs Wesson's head, slamming his face into the foot.]

GM: A little doubleteam action there by Shane and X... and there's a tag to Terry Shane who comes back into the ring for the first time since the opening minute of the match.

[Wasting no movement, Shane slides over the top rope a little awkwardly, ending up on the second turnbuckle inside the ring. X pulls the arms back, holding Wesson in place as Shane leaps off with a fist to the head.]

GM: And another doubleteam.

BW: Those are simple, easy doubleteam maneuvers but when you first start teaming, that's what you want. Take it easy. Keep it simple, stupid.

[Shane glides forward, grabbing Wesson by the arm, violently yanking it repeatedly.]

GM: And Shane picks up right where his partner left off, wrenching on that arm.

[Wesson backs up, trying to get into the ropes, stretching out towards them...

...but Shane gives a yank of the arm, pulling Wesson towards him where he twists the arm around into a half chicken wing while trapping the other arm with a half nelson...]

GM: Shane hooks him up and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Shane drops back, DUMPING Wesson on the back of his head and neck with a devastating half-and-half suplex!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: That's a good way to send someone to traction, Gordo. Maybe the old Terry Shane is lurking under there still.

GM: I certainly hope not. An absolutely devastating suplex leaves Wesson in a bad way though and... Shane not even bothering with a cover, dragging Wesson to his feet, shoving him back into the neutral corner...

[The third generation Shane charges back to the other corner, giving a shout that the crowd echoes as he charges in, leaping up, swinging his arm out into a clothesline as his legs extend between the ropes!]

GM: Leaping clothesline in the corner!

[Wesson staggers out as Shane swings his legs around, mounting the middle turnbuckle. Just as Wesson turns around...]

GM: Shane leaps off... ARMBAR! FLYING ARMBAR!

[Leaping off the middle rope, Shane manages to scissor his legs around the extended arm of Wesson who was trying to shield himself, dragging him down to the canvas, violently wrenching back on the limb.]

GM: Shane's got him! He's got the armbar locked in!

BW: When Terry Shane III smells blood, he goes for the kill, daddy! You can change the salutations and the how are you's but that killer instinct hasn't gone anywhere!

GM: Wrenching back on that arm, trying to force a submission out of Wesson who I'm actually surprised is even conscious after that devastating suplex...

BW: And part of me has to wonder if this is Shane trying to send a message to a certain Armbar Assassin. Either way, he's made a mistake as Wesson is practically falling out of the ring!

[Weathers quickly starts the count to break the hold as Wesson's legs hang under the bottom rope. Shane gets one last good wrench in before breaking cleanly and climbing to his feet.]

GM: The official moving in to check on Wesson...

[Tryout referee Larry Weathers checks on Wesson, ordering Shane to back away. Shane obliges, backing down the ropes, his hand on the top...

...which allows Suddarth to charge down the apron, taking advantage of the situation to blindside Shane with a clothesline to the back of the head!]

GM: OHH! CLOTHESLINE FROM BEHIND!

[The referee wheels around, reprimanding Suddarth who pleads his innocence as the crowd jeers. Suddarth grabs the tag rope, shouting at Wesson to get there and make the tag. Wesson rolls over, dragging himself using the ropes as Shane, on his chest, holds the back of his head with both arms.]

GM: Tag! Ryan Suddarth back in... and he goes right after Shane, putting the boots to him!

[With the crowd booing, Suddarth unloads with a barrage of stomps to the back of the head and neck. The official shouts at Suddarth, backing him up as Shane powers himself up onto his elbows.]

GM: Shane battling to get back off the mat... and Suddarth is going to bring him up there, tossing him into the corner.

[Wesson backs off as Suddarth advances, grabbing the top rope and pressing his boot into the windpipe of Shane.]

GM: That's a choke in the corner, Shane trying to get free!

[Referee Larry Weathers is on the scene, shouting for a break before Suddarth lets up and backs away after leaving the choke on for an extra second.]

GM: This young official has been all over the action tonight, really impressive for a guy trying to find a home on the AWA's payroll.

[As Weathers scolds Suddarth, Wesson grabs the tag rope, wrapping it around the throat of Shane, and begins to pull back on it, choking Shane who tries to press his fingers in-between the white thread and his neck.]

BW: You were saying?

GM: That's a crafty move by this young duo and Suddarth is keeping the official's attention.

[Struggling to get a breath, Shane finally reaches back, grabs the back of Wesson's head, and sits out, snapping Wesson's neck across the top rope and sending him flying back off the apron to a big crowd reaction!]

GM: Creative break by Terry Shane III!

[Shrugging past the referee, Suddarth makes a charge into the corner on Shane who is hanging onto the ropes to stay on his feet...

...and runs right into a back elbow to the chin!]

GM: Oh! Shane caught him coming in!

[Shane steadies himself against the turnbuckles as Suddarth staggers at an angle, giving Shane a clear path across the ring.]

GM: He's got an opening! Pure X with that arm extended!

[Shane front rolls forward, springing into the air for a lunging tag. Suddarth makes an attempt to snatch the leg...

...and whiffs on it as Shane slaps Pure X's hand to a big cheer from the Bismarck crowd!]

GM: TAG! In comes X!

[Pure X ducks through the ropes, charging into the ring towards a rising Suddarth, hooking him around the head, and snapping him down with a swinging neckbreaker!]

GM: Neckbreaker on Suddarth!

[Across the ring, Wesson goes to slide under the ropes...

...but a sliding dropkick cuts him off, putting Wesson back down on the floor as X comes to his feet, crowd roaring as he locks eyes on the slowly rising Suddarth...]

GM: Suddarth coming up off the mat... X sliding in behind him...

[X reaches up, snaring Suddarth in a full nelson...

...and snaps him over in a bridging Dragon Suplex!]

GM: PURE IMPACT! HE GOT ALL THAT!

[And with the banged-up arm, Suddarth has no chance of escaping the full nelson hold as Pure X bridges for the one...

...and Shane barrels across the ring, diving onto Wesson who makes one more attempt to get in.]

GM: TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And how about that, Bucky? The very first tag team victory for the team of Pure X and Terry Shane!

BW: Hey, they had it going on tonight. They looked good. But we'll see how they look when they have to get inside the ring with the likes of Mahoney and Kendrick, Gordo.

GM: That match has gotta be coming soon and I can't wait to see it. But tonight, it's all about victory for this new tag team!

[Shane and Pure X exchange a high five and handshake in the ring as we fade back into the studio.]

TL: All about victory for sure. Jordan, what did you think of those two in action?

JO: Two of the best ring technicians in the locker room. It was very impressive and like Gordon said, I'm looking forward to seeing them take on Mahoney and Kendrick.

TL: They'll go into that match a little outnumbered thanks to Erica Toughill and perhaps Rex Summers... something you know quite a bit about as of late.

JO: Absolutely. "Flawed" Larry Wallace and Hamilton Graham have been taking advantage of a two-on-one at every opportunity.

TL: Perhaps you need someone to watch your back.

JO: Maybe I do, Theresa. Maybe I do.

[Ohara grins as Theresa turns to the camera.]

TL: Don't go away, fans, because we'll be right back with more of the Power Hour!

[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 back up to the Power Hour. This time, we're on footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where Mark Stegglet is standing outside a hospital.]

MS: Good afternoon, fans. I am coming to you right now in front of an undisclosed medical facility outside of Minneapolis... the very same facility where both Rene Rousseau and Sweet Daddy Williams were taken during the most recent edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. I'm here today to give you an update on both men.

First, Rene Rousseau...

[The shot switches to show slow motion footage of Mafu of the Samoan Hit Squad sailing off the top rope, plummeting through the air, and crushing Rene Rousseau underneath him with a flying splash.]

MS: Absolutely devastating. That top rope splash to the floor resulted in Rene Rousseau taking a stretcher out of the Target Center and an ambulance to this location. After several hours of testing and examination, the doctors have given us good news regarding Rene's condition. As it turns out, Rousseau has suffered from some cracked ribs and while he will miss some ring time, he will not be out of action for an extended period.

Upon speaking with Chris Choynet earlier this week, Mr. Choynet has said he doesn't want to wait for his partner's return to action before he gets his hands on the Samoans. He has informed AWA officials that he will be finding a temporary fill-in partner to take on the Samoans and will be looking for that match in the very near future.

[Stegglet pauses.]

MS: Which brings us to Sweet Daddy Williams.

[A longer pause as Stegglet clenches his jaw.]

MS: Unfortunately, news for Sweet Daddy Williams' friends, family, and fans is NOT as good. In fact, we have been informed that Mr. Williams has suffered severe neck trauma - a fracture of two of his cervical vertebrae.

[Stegglet pauses, biting his lower lip.]

MS: Sweet Daddy Williams has been unwilling to speak to us so far but... well, according to his doctors, it is very possible that we've seen the final time that he will be able to step inside a professional wrestling ring.

[Another pause.]

MS: I... uh, I have read some online reports criticizing Gordon Myers for how he composed himself at the conclusion of Saturday Night Wrestling. Many upset that he could not remain detached from the situation that was unfolding in front of him.

Those reports are garbage, plain and simple.

[Stegglet stiffens.]

MS: Sweet Daddy Williams is an AWA Original. That much is well known but what may be less known is just how important he is to those of us here... the boys in the locker room... the office... every single person who works for the company. He was...

[A shake of the head.]

MS: ...he is important... he is very much cared for and respected. Sweet Daddy Williams - many would say - is the heart and soul of the AWA locker room and... and this is hard for all of us.

So, if you're sitting at home behind your keyboard and criticizing us for being human beings...

[Another shake of the head.]

MS: Then maybe you should look in the mirror and see what kind of human being you are.

[Stegglet shakes it off, clearing his throat.]

MS: On special assignment for the AWA, I'm Mark Stegglet.

[We fade away from Stegglet to Theresa Lynch and Jordan Ohara. Theresa's eyes are noticeably red as we come up.]

TL: Some... some sobering news there from Mark.

JO: Theresa, I will never understand why some in the sport that I love feel the need to try and injure their opponents. The goal of this sport is to win matches... period. Trying to hurt someone and take away their livelihood... it's just wrong.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: Sweet Daddy Williams is a tremendous man... no disrespect to Rene Rousseau who is also a very good person... but Sweet Daddy means so much to so many in the locker room and the office, just like Mark said. It's hard for us to see what happened to him and...

[She trails off, shaking her head. Jordan Ohara - the gentleman that he is - tries to cover for her.]

JO: Uhh... well, it looks like we've got tag team action coming up here right now... in the AWA Women's Division no less! Let's... uh... okay, we're going to the ring right now to check out the action!

[A square appears on the star field, suddenly filled with Phil Watson's face. We zoom into the square, filling the screen with the ring announcer.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division. Introducing first... from San Francisco, California... Sarah Jennings and Omi Ikeda... they are GOLDEN GIRLS!

[The two women wave to the crowd, throwing yellow streamers over the ring ropes. Jennings is dressed in a two piece gold outfit with gold glitter around the right side of her face. Ikeda is dressed in a one piece gold unitard with gold glitter on the left side of her face.]

PW: And their opponents... from Rahway, New Jersey and the Bronx... accompanied by Lauryn Rage, they are the Mamba and the Copperhead... THE SERPENTINES!

[The Lox' "Money, Power, Respect" blares over the speakers as Lauryn Rage steps onto the stage, smiling broadly as the crowd boos her. Copperhead comes out to stand to her left. The mohawked Dominican hisses at the crowd. Then the Mamba makes her appearance, flexing impossibly developed muscles.]

GM: The Mamba and the Copperhead, and they appear ready to take on the team of Golden Girls!

CP: We haven't seen any dedicated women's tag teams in the AWA besides the Serpentine, Myers. This is going to be interesting. My gut says the Golden Girls are still in over their heads against the Serpentine.

GM: Well, with Lauryn Rage there it's three on two.

CP: You know something, Myers, I have never ever seen Lauryn Rage actively take part in any Serpentine match. These women are dominating all on their own and I think it's ridiculous for you to say it's because Rage is giving them an unfair advantage. Give the credit where it's due, Myers. They are just better than their competition so far.

GM: We'll see about that.

[The Serpentine enters the ring and the Golden Girls look hesitant. Ikeda immediately retreats to her corner before the Serpentine can attack.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway. Omi Ikeda of Golden Girls wisely retreating to her corner so this match gets started immediately. The Serpentine like to attack before the bell. Now they'll be forced into a more conventional matchup.

CP: Well, sometimes cowardice is the better part of valor, Myers.

GM: You keep talking like that and I'm going to feel like it's a Saturday night.

CP: Any time you want the best looking announcer on the planet to join you down at ringside, we can give Buckthorn the night off, Gordon.

[Copperhead glares at Ikeda in her corner and then shifts her orange-eyed stare to Sarah Jennings. She smiles slowly, showing her "fangs."]

GM: That is a scary smile, Colt.

CP: It is. Copperhead trying to intimidate her opponent and I'm guessing it's working.

[With shocking speed for a woman so big, Copperhead lunges forward and grabs Jennings by the throat. She yanks her into the Serpentine's corner and immediately starts pummeling her with hard forearms.]

GM: That's what you call a quick start, I suppose, as Copperhead starts pounding away on Sarah Jennings in the corner. Jennings, of course, has spent some time working in the smaller women's promotions here in the States such as the American Joshi Project on the West Coast which is actually where she met her partner who was on training expedition from Japan.

[Jennings shrinks away from the blows, leaving the back of her head exposed as Copperhead slaps away at her. She grabs a handful of hair and rams Jennings' head repeatedly into the turnbuckle.]

"Pretty little doll, I'm gonna bust your strings!"

[With Jennings reeling, Copperhead slaps her partner's hand.]

GM: Quick tag there by Copperhead, bringing in the Mamba.

CP: And Mamba looks to be almost in as good of shape as me, Myers. That's saying something.

[Grabbing Jennings by the hair, Mamba lays in a fierce forearm uppercut.]

CP: Anybody got the number for a local dentist? Jennings is about to need one.

[A series of uppercuts puts Jennings down on the mat in the corner where the Mamba switches to a series of stomps.]

GM: Mamba stomping away on Jennings... and another tag.

[Copperhead steps back in, joining her partner in stomping Jennings as Omi Ikeda protests from the corner.]

GM: A fierce attack on the canvas by both members of the Serpentes, Colt.

CP: Jennings must feel like she's in a pit of snakes. She's getting hit from every angle!

GM: Copperhead tags Mamba back in, more stomps... can we get this under control, referee?

CP: They're not doing anything wrong, Myers. Just because you don't like them isn't a good reason for the referee to reprimand them. If it was, I'd imagine Juan Vasquez would get disqualified every time he steps through the ropes.

GM: I'd prefer not to talk about that particular individual tonight.

[The Serpentes quickly tag in and out, working over Jennings with stomps as the fans jeer. Finally, we end up with Mamba out on the apron as Lauryn Rage cheers, leaping up to give her ally a high five.]

GM: And Lauryn Rage is celebrating the carnage. That's just uncalled for.

CP: Why? She can't be happy for her friends?

GM: Lauryn Rage is like the little kid who plucks the wings from flies.

CP: Like you didn't, Myers. This is a rough business and if you can't take the heat. Well, the kitchen has a door, you know?

[Copperhead picks up Jennings out of the corner and bael throws her into the center of the ring. Jennings' body contorts as her tailbone crunches against the mat.]

GM: Goodness! Hard fall out to the center by Jennings... look out here!

[The throw leaves Jennings a sitting duck as Copperhead gets a head of steam and flips over her with a running neck snap.]

CP: And what a display of agility by Copperhead as she rolls to her feet and gets right in the face of Ikeda in the opposite corner.

"Little bird, why don't you help your girl out?"

[A sudden poke to the eye has Ikeda blinded as Copperhead wipes her off the apron with a forearm smash!]

GM: And now as the referee admonishes Copperhead, Mamba is dropping down off the apron. Here we go with the shenanigans, Colt.

CP: Hey, it's the referee's job to control the action.

GM: He's tied up with Lauryn Rage on the apron!

CP: Nobody said it was easy!

[On the outside, Mamba grabs Ikeda by the ruff of her neck and tosses her into the ringside barricade.]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH, COME ON! Are you telling me the official couldn't HEAR that?!

CP: Maybe but he's gotta be able to SEE it, Gordo. He can't call things based on what he hears.

[With Ikeda reeling, Mamba takes two steps back before charging forward, plowing into Ikeda with a massive big boot, knocking her over the railing and into the front row!]

GM: OH MY!

[The ringside commotion finally draws the referee's attention as he wheels around, shouting at Mamba to get back to her corner. She raises her hands innocently, backing away from Ikeda as the official orders her to vacate the area.]

GM: The referee trying to restore some order and I SWEAR we need two officials for the Serpentine's matches. They're completely out of control and with Lauryn Rage out here with them, the referee is totally overwhelmed trying to keep the peace.

[Back inside the ring, Copperhead drags Jennings up, using a single underhook suplex to toss her down to the mat.]

GM: Just flinging Jennings across the ring like a sack of garbage! Incredible power on the part of Copperhead... and look at this!

[Pulling Jennings off the mat by the hair, Copperhead twists herself around Jennings, pulling back hard.]

CP: She's hooked on the cobra twist, Myers! That variation of the abdominal stretch is hooked deep.

"Melissa Cannon! I don't care who you think you are! You're nothing compared to the Serpentes! If you gave a damn about Julie Somers, you'd tell her to go home and stay out of our way! Stupida! We coming to tear you apart!"

GM: She certainly does love the sound of her own voice.

CP: I do too, Myers. Her accent is kinda hypnotic.

[Copperhead torques the hold while she yells at Mamba to be ready. Suddenly breaking the hold, she falls back in a modified Russian legsweep before rolling to her feet, making the tag.]

GM: Another tag... and Ikeda hasn't even gotten into the ring yet, Colt.

CP: She may not either after being put out into the front row.

[Pulling Jennings up in a rear waistlock, Copperhead holds her in place as Mamba climbs to the second rope, throwing herself into a flying clothesline. Copperhead shoves her forward into the clothesline, causing Jennings to flip into the air, twisting around before crashing to the mat, landing badly.]

GM: Oh my goodness! What a horrible fall!

CP: Jennings landed at an awkward angle. She's in a bad way on the mat.

[Copperhead climbs out the ring as the referee checks on Jennings. Mamba celebrates by doing pushups next to the carnage. Meanwhile, Lauryn Rage sneaks over towards Ikeda who is back inside the railing and crawling towards the ring. Rage drags her up by the hair, shoving her up onto the apron without the official noticing.]

"She wants a tag!"

GM: What? Ikeda is senseless out there!

CP: But she's in better shape than Jennings... I think. Ah, who can tell. Doesn't really matter at this point.

GM: Of course it does! Lauryn Rage is trying to get this young lady badly hurt at the hands of her brutes!

[Mamba pushes past the referee, grabbing Jennings by the arm and dragging her to the corner.]

GM: The official should seriously consider stopping this, Colt.

CP: Or he should step aside and let it happen.

[Mamba stretches out Jennings' arm, forcing her to slap Ikeda's barely-moving arm.]

GM: A forced tag by the Serpentes brings Ikeda legally into the match for the first time.

[Ikeda slips through the ropes as Mamba uncorks a flurry of forearms to the head, shoving her back against the ropes.]

GM: Big whip coming up, Ikeda off the far side...

[Mamba simply holds her ground, leading with her shoulder as Ikeda comes charging into her, ricocheting off the shoulder and spinning out onto the mat.]

CP: Man, what a rock hard shoulderblock! She didn't have to put any momentum behind it! There are some NFL teams that could use a blocker like her!

[Ikeda cringes on the mat as Mamba walks around her, taunting the ringside fans who are jeering her every action.]

GM: These fans certainly won't be voting the Serpentes as the Most Popular act in the AWA any time soon.

CP: Pretty sure they don't care a drop about what these fans think.

[Mamba hauls Ikeda up to her feet, hooking her up and taking her over with a vertical suplex.]

GM: Right down on the back again. Ikeda, much like her partner, is taking a serious pounding at the hands of these two.

[At the shouted encouragement of Lauryn Rage, Mamba puts the boots to Ikeda to the overwhelming boos of the arena crowd.]

GM: Again, these fans letting Mamba and her friends have it.

CP: Just imagine how bad the boos will be when it's Cannon or Somers they're doing it to.

GM: Indeed. You have to imagine that collision is coming at some point in the very near future. But as we focus on this match, Ikeda and Jennings have basically been unable to mount any resistance at all.

CP: And this one can't be very far from being over, Myers.

"Cheers, ladies!"

GM: What did Rage just yell? Wait a second!

[Ignoring a protesting official, Copperhead immediately enters the ring, rushing across to grab Jennings by the hair, dragging her over the ropes into the ring.]

CP: I think Lauryn Rage called some kind of a play for her allies.

GM: You may be right but Copperhead is in the ring illegally! The referee is shouting at her, trying to get her out of the ring but he's losing control of this one again.

[Mamba pulls Ikeda into a chokehold as Copperhead does the same to Jennings...]

GM: I don't know what they have in mind here but...

[Both women hoist their victims in uranage position and SMASH them together so the backs of their heads collide before slamming them to the mat!]

CP: Wow! Vicious collision prior to the throat slam! It's like they were slamming two beer mugs together! Cheers indeed!

[Copperhead stomps Jennings a few times, driving her out to the floor as Mamba slides into a lateral press on the motionless Ikeda. The referee again protests

Copperhead's presence inside the ring before he reluctantly drops down to make the three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, here are your winners... THE SERPENTINES!

[Lauryn Rage rolls into the ring, jumping high to high five the Serpentes.]

GM: And look at Lauryn Rage celebrating this carnage.

CP: You want to go tell her to stop? I didn't think so.

GM: Another victory for the Serpentes but... well, I'm guessing that Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon are looking on and watching this one with great interest. Let's go back to the studio to Theresa Lynch and Jordan Ohara!

[We fade back to the star field where Theresa and Jordan are looking at the rectangle that is now fading away.]

TL: Another impressive showing for the Serpentes, Jordan.

JO: Those girls are tough, Theresa. You know, I'm a big fan of all the ladies in the Women's Division but when you're talking about those two and Lauryn Rage, they've got an edge on anyone they go against. The power, the strength, the experience of the Rage family... and of course, sheer numbers.

TL: During the match, there was discussion of what will happen when Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon finally get their hands on those two. Of course, that match has yet to be signed but when it is...

JO: When it is, I expect to see a barnburner and I can't wait to see it go down.

TL: Speaking of anticipated matchups, there is perhaps no match currently more eagerly anticipated by long-time AWA fans than the upcoming Russian Chain Match between Maxim Zharkov and Kolya Sudakov. We were actually scheduled to have some footage here tonight of Mr. Sudakov training in his native land of Russia for this upcoming battle but after the events of last weekend, Mr. Sudakov has decided to return to the United States and will address the fans LIVE on Saturday Night Wrestling. However, we invite you to check out our YouTube channel tomorrow morning where you can see some of what the former National Champion is doing to prepare for this battle.

JO: I can't wait to hear what Kolya has to say after what went down Saturday night with Zharkov and Vasquez.

TL: I think there are a whole lot of people looking forward to that. But right now, we're going to head back down to the ring with Mark Stegglet and Colt Patterson on the call!

[We fade to the ring where Phil Watson is already standing, doing his business.]

PW: The following match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from Aspen, Colorado... weighing 253 pounds... DAVIN RILEY!

[Riley, a somewhat chubby man with a goatee in plain black wrestling tights, raises an arm to acknowledge the crowd to little fanfare.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights in the arena then go out as the opening hook to "The Baddest Man Alive" by The Black Keys and RZA begins to play. The crowd roars with boos, when they see Cain Jackson stepping through the curtains. It's an unfamiliar sight, as Jackson is sans black tracksuit and the members of Team Supreme.]

PW: ...he hails from Goose Creek, South Carolina... weighing two hundred and eighty-five pounds... he is...

"THE BEAST"

CAAAAAAIIIIINNNNN JAAAAACCCCKKKKKSSSSSOOOOONNNN!!!

[Jackson is a large African-American male with a heavy beard and dreadlocks tied back into a high ponytail. Instead of his Team Supreme ring attire, he is now dressed in a black hoodie zipped all the way up with the letters CJ in a stylized logo on the left breast. Jackson wears metallic blue wrestling trunks with silver flames running along the sides and "CAIN" written on the black, along with matching kneepads and boots.]

MS: It's been quite awhile since we heard from Cain Jackson. Not since Supreme Wright suffered defeat at the hands of Torin The Titan way back in February!

CP: When Wright disbanded Team Supreme, all his students were transferred over to Roosevelt Wright for training and Jackson went along with them. I can only imagine the sort of torture the old man put him through!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Riley circles around Jackson, looking hesitant to engage with the massive South Carolina native who grabs him and doubles him over with a big knee to the gut, nearly lifting him off the canvas with the blow.]

MS: OH! A big knee to the breadbasket immediately drops Davin Riley to the canvas!

CP: Taking a blow like that from somebody the size of Jackson'll knock the wind out of someone real quick!

[As Jackson pulls Riley back up, Riley uncorks several forearm strikes.]

MS: Riley firing back...

CP: Yeah, but Cain's just looking at him. He doesn't even feel it!

[Jackson finally throws a forearm of his own, knocking Riley back down to the canvas.]

CP: Riley was all over him and all it took was one shot from Jackson to drop him!

[Looking slightly annoyed, Jackson drops down in a full-mount, pummeling the Colorado native with a vicious series of lefts and rights!]

MS: JACKSON IS MAULING HIM!

CP: I think Riley annoyed him by trying to fight back! He's trying to show him how foolish it was!

[Suddenly grabbing a handful of hair, Jackson throws his head back, and SMASHES it into Riley's skull!]

MS: WHAT A BRUTAL HEADBUTT!

CP: I've seen headbutts from Rhodes, Vasquez, Tumaffi... you name'em, but that one is up there with the best!

[Jackson gets back to his feet, shouting at the unmoving Riley to get up.]

CP: I think he's out.

MS: He sure could be after that headbutt.

[Seeing no response from Riley, Jackson yanks him right off the ground and over his shoulder, clamping his arms around his midsection. He walks him to a corner, right before he circles out and RUNS across the length of ring with him before diving forward and SLAMMING Riley down!]

MS: WHATTA MANEUVER OUT OF CAIN JACKSON! I don't even know what to call that... some kind of a running spinebuster, I suppose.

CP: Good enough for me and if Davin Riley was still conscious, he may not be anymore!

[Climbing off Riley's prone body, Jackson throws back his arms and head, letting loose a primal roar!]

CP: BEAST MODE!

[Jackson drags a limp Riley back to his feet, steadying him before dashing to the ropes. He lets loose another massive scream as he rebounds into a full spin, flipping Riley inside out with a gigantic discus lariat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MS: That's it. He's done.

CP: Only if he wants to be! Cain Jackson is going to end this one on his terms, Stegglet... not yours or anyone else's. He's his own man now and he's proving it here tonight.

[The referee asks Jackson to cover but the Beast simply shakes his head, dragging a VERY dazed Riley off the mat, flinging him into the corner. He walks back to the corner, giving his leg a few slaps as the crowd rises out of their seats.]

MS: Cain Jackson's signaling for that deadly Big Boot!

[A very hurt-looking Riley pushes off the buckles, staggering out on extremely unsteady legs as Jackson charges out of the corner like a runaway train...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Big Boot connects, knocking Riley flat where Jackson finally covers him for the easy three count. "I'm the Baddest Man Alive" begins to play, as Jackson raises his arms in victory.]

MS: A brutal display by Cain Jackson as he easily defeats an over-matched Davin Riley.

CP: Whatever training he got from Roosevelt Wright, it's looking real good so far. Jackson just completely dominated this man.

MS: He looked in a real bad mood here tonight so I'd hate to be the man about to talk to him. Take it away, Lou.

[We cut to Jackson standing with "Sweet" Lou Blackwell at ringside, as we see two officials helping Davin Riley to the back behind them.]

LB: Cain Jackson, first off, I'd like to congratulate you on a very impressive victory. You've been silent since Team Supreme was disbanded by your teacher and mentor, Supreme Wright. Do you have any comments?

CJ: What is there to say? Supreme Wright is the greatest wrestler on the planet...

[The crowd roars with boos at Jackson's statement, but the big man continues on.]

CJ: ...and he deserves the opportunity to regain the World Title that he never should have lost.

[Jackson glares out at the crowd, before continuing on, ignoring their boos.]

CJ: Some people may say he abandoned Team Supreme. That he threw us aside when we were no longer useful to him. That he used us and then selfishly decided to pursue his own goals.

You're WRONG.

[Jackson shakes his head.]

CJ: None of you know Supreme Wright like we do. Like I do. To all of us he was a teacher, a brother, a mentor...

[He pauses before the slightest of smirks forms on his face.]

CJ: ...family.

[Predictably, this draws boos from the Lynch-loving fans of the AWA universe.]

Cj: And like a true family, we support his decision.

LB: But what about you? Sure, Wright has his eyes on the World Title like he always has, but why is Cain Jackson here? What do you plan on doing in the AWA now that Team Supreme is no more?

[Jackson is silent for a moment, before glaring down at Blackwell intensely.]

CJ: I'm here to keep a promise I made to the greatest man I've ever known. To honor Supreme Wright and to pay him back for everything he's done for me. To fulfill my destiny by doing exactly what he told me to do right before he disbanded Team Supreme.

LB: And what's that?

CJ: Become a great man. Become a great WRESTLER.

[A beat.]

CJ: For years, Gordon Myers has said "We haven't even begun to scratch the surface of what Cain Jackson is capable of."

Well, I think it's about time the world sees just exactly what I'm capable of.

[And with that, Cain Jackson walks off, leaving Blackwell behind...

...and we fade through black 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 come up to the ring where Matt Rogers and Paulie Italiano, the Bros of Anarchy, are standing in the corner, Rogers inside the ring and Italiano on the apron. Rogers appears to be giving him orders while Italiano just nods.]

MS: The Bros of Anarchy set for tag team action... they make for an odd pairing. Would you agree, Colt?

CP: I'd have to agree with you, Stegglet, but it's been interesting to see how these two have come together as a tag team. Different backgrounds, different styles, different attitudes, yet they seem to have meshed well together.

MS: Looking at these two, it looks more like Rogers planning out the strategy while Italiano is just following along.

CP: Hey, that's not a bad thing. Rogers is the more experienced of the two and he's had a little more success. Italiano has been looking for his big break and this tag team he's formed with Rogers, that could very well be it.

[Across the ring, Andy and Will, The Blue Brothers, stand in the corner. Will slaps his brother on the shoulder and steps out while Andy moves forward.]

MS: Andy and Will, The Blue Brothers, are the opposition for the Bros of Anarchy, who have themselves a big matchup against Next Gen on Saturday Night Wrestling.

CP: Can you imagine what a win will do for the Bros, Stegglet? If they can beat Next Gen, they could find themselves in a line for a World Tag Team Title shot in the future.

[Rogers rushes toward Andy Blue and kicks him in the midsection.]

MS: Rogers quickly on the attack... kicks to the gut, driving him down to his knees.

[With Blue on his knees, Rogers cranks on a side headlock before unleashing a series of blows to Blue's face, drawing a warning from the referee.]

MS: And the referee warning Rogers about the closed fists.

CP: Hey, I think he was keeping his hand open enough... Rogers just has a hard hand.

MS: "Open enough?" What does that even mean?

[Rogers brings Blue back to his feet, delivering a headbutt that sends him falling backwards.]

CP: Oh! The ropes were the only thing keeping Blue in the ring there.

[Rogers turns to the crowd, jawing at them for a moment before whipping him across the ring...]

MS: Jumping cross chop! A vicious blow by Rogers!

CP: But a legal one, though! He caught him in the chest, not the throat.

MS: Still, it has done the damage... and now Rogers making the tag to Italiano.

[Rogers points at Andy Blue, shouting at Italiano, who is quick to drag the Blue brother off the canvas.]

MS: Italiano following orders... scoop and a slam in the middle...

[Italiano dashes to the ropes, rebounding back, leaping into the air...]

MS: A leaping kneedrop right down across the skull! Italiano makes a cover... one... two...

[The crowd jeers as Italiano pulls Blue off the mat and shakes his head.]

MS: You have to wonder if Italiano might have been able to get the win there but he pulls the man up.

CP: He's learning quickly from Rogers... when you've got your opponent at your mercy, go ahead and dish out the punishment.

[Rogers is on the apron, nodding as if in approval, though he still has the scowl on his face.]

MS: Not sure if this is a wise move by Italiano... he's looking to his corner and Rogers pointing the other way.

CP: Looks like he wants to see what Italiano can do against Will Blue.

[Italiano hiptosses Andy into the corner, where Will is quick to make the tag.]

MS: Here comes Will Blue... the fresher of the two brothers. Again, I don't know if this is a wise move, Colt.

[Will rears back with a forearm, but Italiano blocks it and fires off one of his own.]

CP: Doesn't look like it's helping the Blue Brothers, does it, Stegglet?

MS: Not so far... but I figured the Bros of Anarchy would want to finish this one quickly.

CP: I think they want Next Gen to know how much damage they can inflict on an opponent, Stegglet. It never hurts to send a message to your next opponent.

MS: Italiano gets the headlock... Blue shoves him off...

[Will Blue ducks down for the backdrop as Italiano hits the far side.]

MS: But Italiano sees it coming! Boot to the face and Will is stunned...

[With Will doubled up, Italiano grabs him around the waist, taking him over.]

MS: Hey, nice execution on that gutwrench suplex out of Paulie. Can't imagine seeing that not long ago.

CP: Absolutely. This team is doing wonders for him so far.

[Italiano stands over Will Blue and pumps his fist several times, as if moving to a disco beat.]

CP: And now he's turning this dump into a dance party! Oh yeah!

MS: Against a team like the Blue Brothers, Italiano may get away with something like this but against Next Gen, it just might lead to him getting his clock cleaned.

[Rogers motions toward Italiano, who nods and hiptosses Will toward the Bros' corner.]

MS: Rogers orders and Italiano complies, tagging him back in... and here comes a doubleteam in the corner!

[Rogers and Italiano each lay repeated kicks to the midsection, until Blue slumps to the mat and the referee warns Italiano, who innocently holds up his hands.]

MS: The referee warning Paulie about the five count...

CP: But that's gonna let Rogers do some damage, Stegglet!

[As the official gets on Italiano's case and directs him out of the ring, Rogers pulls Will Blue off the mat and steps back a few feet, then rushes forward.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MS: And a kick right to the groin! The referee never saw it!

CP: How's that for strategy, Stegglet? I love it! The Bros of Anarchy are showing some great tag team coordination!

MS: If the referee had seen that move, that would have been a disqualification!

CP: But that's the key... the referee didn't see it! I can see Italiano is catching on!

[Rogers has dragged Will Blue off the canvas, the Blue brother out on his feet.]

MS: Will Blue is defenseless... and look at this move by Rogers!

[Rogers spins his leg around, catching Blue in the face with a quick spinning hook kick.]

CP: The Scythe Kick!

MS: It is indeed... Blue is out, Rogers drops down... and there's the three count!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Rogers gets to his feet, his scowl replaced by a smirk, as Italiano joins him in the ring.]

MS: And so the Bros of Anarchy are victorious in tonight's match... we'll see if they can do as well against Next Gen, though.

CP: If I'm Next Gen, I'm having second thoughts about accepting that challenge... the Bros of Anarchy looked very good tonight. These two have a future, Stegglet!

[After the referee raises the arms of the Bros, Rogers approaches the camera and points at it, saying "Next Gen, you see that? That's gonna be you Saturday night! You'll learn next time not to take the spotlight from the Bros of Anarchy!"

Italiano steps up to the camera, laughs and says "You heard the man! You don't take our spotlight!" He slaps Rogers on the shoulder and Rogers swats Italiano's hand away as we fade back to the star field.]

TL: The Bros of Anarchy with a win here tonight on Power Hour. Jordan, are you surprised to see that?

JO: Not at all, Theresa. They may not have done much on TV yet but those two have been seeing a lot of success at the live events. What I AM surprised to see is Paulie Italiano taking orders from the likes of Matt Rogers.

TL: It seems to be working for them so far but it remains to be seen how well it'll work against Harper and Somers - Next Gen - on Saturday Night. Fans, we're going to take another quick break but when we come back, we'll see Melissa Cannon in action! Don't go away!

[We fade from Theresa and Jordan to Melissa Cannon standing backstage before her match, dressed in her ring gear as she shadowboxes against the wall, throwing forearms, elbows, and kneestrikes.]

MC: Everywhere I go...

[Elbow. Knee.]

MC: Everywhere I look...

[Right. Left. Right. Kneestrike.]

MC: Lauryn Rage is there.

[With a grimace and a growl, she throws two spinning backfists.]

MC: ...and her slimy snakes are with her.

[Leaping knee. Headbutt. Cross-armed thrust.]

MC: Rage, for once in your life...

[European uppercut. European uppercut. European uppercut.]

MC: ...shut your damn mouth and listen for a change.

[Forearm. Forearm. Elbow.]

MC: There will come a time and a place...

[Elbow. Elbow. Kneestrike.]

MC: ...where it will be you and I in that ring to settle what you started.

[Headbutt. Uppercut. Spinning back elbow.]

MC: But it's clear now that before that day comes...

[Jab. Jab. Elbowstrike.]

MC: ...I've got a date with your girls.

[Rolling elbow. Spinning backfist.]

MC: That date is coming soon.

[Uppercut. Elbow. Uppercut.]

MC: And I won't be bringing candy and flowers.

[Elbow. Elbow. Forearm.]

MC: I'm bringing what you're watching right now.

[Elbow. Elbow. Elbow.]

MC: And when that date goes down, I'm going to remember something my grandma taught me.

[Elbow. Elbow. Elbow.]

MC: Even the biggest tree...

[Elbow. Elbow. Elbow.]

MC: ...can be chopped down...

[Elbow. Elbow. Elbow. Elbow. Elbow. Rolling elbow with a shout for punctuation!]

MC: ...if you hit it enough times.

[Cannon turns, a sheen of sweat on her brow as she stares into the camera and we fade to black.]

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.]

Fade to black...

...and back up on a ring where an unknown ring announcer is standing.]

RA: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and is from the AWA Women's Division!

[Big cheer!]

RA: Introducing first, in the corner to my right... from St. Paul, Minnesota... weighing in at 133 pounds... Wendy Rotten!

[A black leather jacket wearing bleached blonde with her black roots clear as day sneers at the reaction from the crowd. She pulls off the jacket, revealing a Sex Pistols tanktop and black canvas pants with dark grey electrical tape wrapped around the legs at several spots.]

RA: And her opponent...

[The live event version of Melissa's intro goes straight to "Battle Without Honor Or Humanity."]

RA: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 145 pounds...

MELISSA CAAAAAANNNNNONNNNNN!

[Cannon jogs through the curtain in her ring gear of yellow cloth, cut into a v-neck up top and hanging loose from her lower body. Her brown hair is tied back in a tight braid as she smiles at the cheering fans. She makes her way down the aisle, slapping all the hands she can as she heads towards the ring.]

HS: Harvey Sutton in the house for this one with good ol' Vernon Riley. Big Vern, it's been a while, my friend.

VR: It definitely has, baby... but when the AWA needs Big Vern, you know he comes a runnin'.

HS: We're settling in here for Women's Division action as Melissa Cannon takes on Wendy Rotten who is local here in the Great Lakes area.

VR: Wendy Rotten could use a new pair of pants if you ask me, baby, but I hear she's tough so you know Melissa Cannon is gonna have her work cut out for her, yes she is.

[Cannon climbs through the ropes...

...and Wendy Rotten lives up to her name with an ambush, knocking Melissa back through the ropes and out to the floor as the official signals for the bell.]

HS: A cheapshot assault by Rotten before the bell and I suppose we should've seen that coming.

[Rotten steps out on the apron, leaning down to grab Cannon by the hair before leaping off, using the grip to smash her face into the ring apron!]

HS: Oof! Unusual offense there by Rotten, getting some extra height on that slam into the apron...

[Swinging Cannon's back against the edge of the apron, the wild-eyed Rotten buries hooking rights and lefts in the torso, giving loud "AAAAAAH!" with each blow she throws.]

HS: Wendy Rotten providing the ringside fans with her own soundtrack to this battle with Melissa Cannon as she takes the fight to Melissa Cannon out here on the floor.

VR: Yeah, but Melissa's got plenty of fight in her too so I wouldn't be surprised to see her rally back at any moment here.

[Rotten shoves Cannon under the ropes before barking at the official with a "YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO!"]

HS: Actually, I'm pretty sure that's EXACTLY what the referee gets paid to do as Rotten climbs up on the apron, coming back into the ring now as well.

[Stomping across the ring, the Minnesota native leans down to grab Melissa by the hair...

...but Cannon swings her leg up, catching Rotten on the ear with a kick!]

HS: Wham! Right to the side of the head... and that'll put Rotten back on her heels as Cannon starts to stir off the canvas.

[Rotten pushes off the ropes, coming back towards Cannon with her arm swung back for a haymaker. Cannon ducks the wild punch, throwing a quick one-two at the midsection of Rotten while she's doubled over. Rotten sinks forward, slumping at the blows to the body as Cannon leaps up, throwing a kneestrike up under the chin that sends Rotten falling backwards in the buckles.]

HS: Rapid delivery of blows by Cannon has Rotten in some trouble here.

[Grabbing an arm, Cannon falls to a knee, putting extra force behind an Irish whip that sends Rotten crashing into the buckles. With a shout, Cannon rushes across the ring, leaping into the air to land a forearm smash to the jaw!]

HS: Forearm smash on the kisser by Cannon... and look out now!

[With Rotten dazed in the corner, Cannon squares up, throwing a series of forearm strikes to the temple that rallies the crowd to their feet and sends the referee shouting at her to back off. She quickly breaks off the attack, spinning back the other way with a spinning back elbow that catches Rotten flush on the jaw!]

HS: OHH!

[She spins back the other way, throwing an elbowstrike to the temple before grabbing Rotten by the hair and uncorking a series of brutal European uppercuts in the buckles.]

HS: Melissa Cannon is a blur of strikes in the corner, tearing into Wendy Rotten!

[A half dozen uppercuts land before Cannon throws one with a little more stank on it, lifting Rotten over the ropes and sending her falling to the floor!]

VR: That was somethin' else, baby! Melissa bringin' the thundah to Wendy Rotten who might be thinkin' about a different path of employment to get her through life if you know what I mean, baby.

[Cannon nods at the cheering crowd, throwing a glance towards Wendy Rotten who has staggered to her feet, wobbling along the ring apron from her spot on the floor. Cannon throws an arm in the air...]

HS: She's gonna take to the skies!

[...and dashes into the far ropes, building up speed as she dashes across the ring at top velocity...]

HS: SHE BELIEVES SHE CAN FLY!

[...and HURLS herself between the ropes, slamming a forearm into the dazed Rotten, sending her flying the distance between the ring and the railing, smashing backfirst into the steel!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: HOOOOOLY TOLEDO, FANS! A death-defying dive by Melissa Cannon puts Rotten into the steel barricade!

[Cannon climbs back to her feet, saluting the cheering fans before she grabs a handful of Rotten's hair, dragging her back towards the ring where she fires her underneath the ropes.]

HS: Cannon puts her back in... coming in after her now.

[Walking across the ring towards the crawling Rotten, Cannon reaches down to lift her up...

...and gets her eyes savagely raked by Rotten!]

HS: And Rotten goes to the eyes!

VR: It ain't fair. It ain't pretty. But it's effective and it hurts.

[Cannon staggers away, wiping at her hurting eyes with her arm.]

HS: Wendy Rotten pulling herself off the canvas.

[Turning Cannon around, Rotten lowers the shoulder into the midsection and DRIVES her back into the corner.]

HS: Hard smash back to the corner again...

[Rotten does two more shoulder drives before backing up, laying some trashtalk on Melissa, and runs back with a back elbow up under the jaw!]

HS: Wendy Rotten bringing some of that hard-hitting smashmouth style to Melissa Cannon, leaving her in a bad way as Rotten steps up to the second rope, hooking a side headlock.

[Rotten gives a shout to the jeering crowd before leaping off, dragging Cannon down to the mat with a flying bulldog!]

HS: FACEFIRST DOWN INTO THE MAT!

[Rotten flips Cannon onto her back, diving across her torso and earning herself a two count before Cannon kicks out.]

HS: Just a two count from the local girl as Wendy Rotten looks to make a name for herself by knocking off one of the top competitors in the AWA Women's Division.

[Rotten shouts at the official who holds up two fingers in response. The bleached blonde brawler drags Cannon off the mat by the hair, holding her braid in her left hand while using the right to throw three short punches to the temple, sending Cannon spiraling away and ending up chestfirst in the corner.]

HS: Rotten's got Cannon in some trouble, Big Vern.

VR: Ain't no doubt about that, baby. Melissa's gotta dig down deep, let it all hang out, and shake something together if she wants to get back in this fight.

[Grabbing the top rope, Rotten throws a heavy knee to the lower back followed by a second. She turns Melissa around, grabbing the arm...]

HS: Another whip coming up... Rotten coming in after her!

[But as Rotten nears the corner, Cannon slides out of the way, causing Rotten to smash chestfirst into the buckles. She staggers backwards as Cannon slides in behind her, hooking a waistlock...]

HS: RELEASED GERMAN SUPLEX! RIGHT ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[Cannon crawls across the ring, folding up the legs in a jackknife press as the referee counts.]

HS: No, no! Another two count... but Melissa Cannon just got back into this one in a big way, Vern.

VR: She dug down! She got it!

HS: Cannon slaps the mat... obviously frustrated she didn't get the three count there but she needs to stay on the opposition and that's exactly what she's doing.

VR: Todd and Lori taught her well.

[Cannon grabs the rising Rotten in a Muay Thai grip, hooking her hands behind the head and neck, pulling Rotten down. She uncorks a quick series of kneestrikes, punctuation each blow with a "OHT!"]

HS: Cannon going to town, knee after knee to Rotten's skull!

[After about nine or ten knees to the head, Cannon uses the clinch to throw Rotten into the ropes, causing to slowly rebound off...

...and walk right into a Cannon spinning backfist!]

HS: OH!

VR: SHE OUT, BABY! SHE OUT!

[Cannon spins, grabbing the legs and flipping into a double leg cradle as the referee drops to count...

...and delivers the three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Cannon slides out of the cradle to her knees, pumping a fist at the victory.]

HS: Alright! Melissa Cannon with a win here tonight and thankfully, the Serpentes are not in the building so she could focus on the match. But there will come a time in the not-so-distant future, I believe, where Melissa Cannon, Julie Somers, and the Serpentes are going to let it all hang out. Who will win that one? I just don't know. Theresa, Jordan... it was our pleasure!

[We fade back to a shot of the star field.]

TL: My ol' pal Harvey Sutton on the call for that one and while we saw the Serpentes in action earlier tonight, now we've seen Melissa Cannon. Jordan, this is another situation where someone's trying to use a numbers advantage to put a hurting on their rival, am I right?

JO: Absolutely, Theresa. There's no doubt that Lauryn Rage brought the Serpentes here to the AWA in hopes that they could clear the path for her. She talks about wanting a match with Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon but she's a coward, hiding behind her thugs. She doesn't want any part of those two and she's hoping the Serpentes can take them out before they get their hands on her.

TL: I take it you don't follow Lauryn on Instagram.

[Ohara grins, melting hearts across the world.]

JO: Not so much.

TL: So much going on here in the AWA and it's hard to believe that we're counting the days to Memorial Day Mayhem, Jordan... your very first Memorial Day Mayhem.

JO: I can't wait.

TL: Neither can I. We'll be right back, fans!

[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.

A graphic comes up that reads "28 DAYS AWAY!"

Fade to black...

...and then back up on Theresa and Jordan.]

TL: 28 days away from the biggest stage of the summer. So much excitement surrounding this show, fans, and I feel like we've still got some big matches to be added to the lineup.

JO: It'll be a night of action, excitement, and who knows... maybe even some surprises.

TL: Speaking of surprises, at an AWA event, you just never know what's going to happen. And at a recent live event this week, we had some travel difficulties for one of our competitors, Cesar Hernandez, and he couldn't make the show. On a night like that, you just never know who might get to fill in those shoes. Take a look...

[We fade to another arena somewhere where the South Philly Phighter is in the ring.]

MS: For those just joining us, we've got a rather unusual situation here. Cesar Hernandez was unable to make it here and... well, Colt, explain what's going on to the fans at home.

CP: It's simple, Stegglet. When the AWA goes on the road, they always take a few extra warm bodies for moments just like this. And sometimes, those spoiled brats down in the Combat Corner get the chance to come on the road. We have them set up the ring, help with production, go get top talent like yours truly a coffee... you know the drill. Well, tonight, one of those brats got the call.

[The shot cuts across the ring to a large 6'2" stacked young African American man, wearing all black tights and boots, a stern expression on his face, hands at his hips.]

MS: That young man is Malik Thompson, and as you said, he's a young student at the Combat Corner.

CP: Young? I heard the kid's only been down there for about six months or so. The Phighter went from probably lookin' at the lights against Hernandez to a push-over punk with an obvious chip on his shoulder.

MS: Now, I don't know if I'd go that far. This young kid is in extraordinary shape and-

[The Phighter's voice cuts off Mark Stegglet.]

SPP: 'AY! Are you kiddin' me right now?! I was lookin' to come out here, and beat down Cesar Hernandez, and what do I get? This chucklehead here! Some wet-behind-the-ears kid outta school!

[The Phighter grins at the jeering crowd before turning towards Thompson, gesturing at him.]

SPP: And look it you! You played what? 2 downs for Da Birds before you quit?!

[Thompson looks less than thrilled, not that he looked thrilled before. The Phighter turns his back and talks to the ring announcer on the floor.]

SPP: Do me a favor, pally. You run along to the back and get me a REAL replacement, jack!

[The Phighter flings the mic to the mat, the bell sounding as he turns around to face his opposition...

...who comes barreling across the ring, throwing himself into a running splash in the corner!]

MS: The Phighter took his eye off the ball and here comes big Malik Thompson, Colt!

CP: So he can jump someone from behind. Big deal. So can I.

MS: The Phigher better get himself together quickly, Colt. He's staggering along the ropes, trying to recover...

[The super anxious Thompson pursues, using his powerful arms to whip the Phighter across the ring.]

MS: Phighter off the far side and-

[As he rebounds, he runs right into the human wall known as a Malik Thompson shoulderblock, sailing into the air and flopping down on the mat on his back. The crowd cheers the impressive show.]

MS: Man oh man! Did you see that?!

CP: Well, like the Phighter said, this rookie has some football experience on him, and some massive strength from the word going around. Phighter looked like he hit a brick wall there.

[Getting more excited now, Thompson turns to the crowd, waving his arms to get them into it as he says something the mics can't pick up.]

MS: Malik Thompson is feeling this moment, getting the fans behind him as he pulls the Phighter up... right into a standing headscissors!

[The Phighter throws his arms up a few times, getting more fan support before he lifts the Phighter into the sky with ease...

...and sits out, DRIVING him into the canvas!]

MS: SIT! OUT! POWERBOMMMMMMB!

[Thompson hooks his legs over the shoulders, hanging on tight as the referee drops to count to one... two... and with a big cheer from the crowd, three!]

MS: I can't believe it! Malik Thompson with the surprise victory!

CP: Well, that escalated quickly.

MS: Thompson got an opportunity here tonight and he didn't waste it, Colt!

CP: Alright, alright... let's not get too excited here. He caught the Phighter by surprise. No one knew this match was happening. It's beginner's luck, pure and simple, and somewhere down the line, the Phighter will correct this mistake, Stegglet.

MS: Perhaps you're right but on this night, Malik Thompson is on top of the world!

[Thompson is on the midbuckle, pumping a victorious arm in the direction of the fans as we fade to the studio where Theresa and Jordan are all smiles.]

TL: When the AWA comes to your town, you gotta be in the house because you just never know what'll happen. Jordan Ohara, do you know Malik Thompson?

JO: Heh. I just met him actually... earlier this week. It's incredible.

[Ohara shakes his head in disbelief.]

JO: It just goes to show that when opportunity knocks, you've gotta be ready to answer the door.

TL: Absolutely. Alright, fans... it's featured attraction time here on the Power Hour! We've been looking forward to this one for a while now. Caspian Abaran against Kerry Kendrick... let's go down to the ring!

[Cut to Phil Watson, all prim and proper as usual.]

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

[The opening to "Nomad" by Santana starts to play over the PA.]

PW: Introducing first... about to make his way down the aisle... from Montemorelos, Mexico... weighing in at 209 pounds... CASPIAN ABARAN!

[The crowd cheers as the music builds. When the famous guitar of Santana begins to play about fifteen seconds in, Caspian Abaran splits the curtain and jogs out to the approval of the crowd. A young Mexican man with deeply tanned skin and curly dark brown hair, Abaran's attractiveness draws some high-pitched cheers from the female supporters. Abaran's tights are a bright yellow, with intricate patterns

intertwined in red and brown down both legs. His boots are red, and has similar intertwined patterns in yellow and brown. He also has wristbands, striped in red, yellow, and brown. Abaran raises his hands up in the air and does a twirl as he jogs to catch all sides of the arena.]

BW: Look at Abaran, Gordo. Like he has not a care in the world. He is being stalked by Canibal, a psycho who would have scared the heck out of Wes Craven as far as I know, and here he is happy as can be.

GM: We know that the young luchador is determined to confront Canibal at some point but tonight, he has to face another challenge from another rival in Kerry Kendrick. Hopefully he has enough experience to be able to focus on the matter at hand here tonight.

[Quickly arriving at ringside, Abaran scales up onto the apron, jogging down it before turning and spreading his arms out to the side, reaching them forward to acknowledge the crowd. The nimble luchador then backflips over the top rope into the ring, and proceeds to the opposite corner to greet the fans there.]

BW: Watching Abaran play to these idiot fans like this... it's no wonder he couldn't cut it in the big matches down in Mexico and ended up losing his mask.

GM: I don't think that's how it happened at all, Bucky.

[Abaran hops down as the arena lights dim and "I Want It All" by Queen blares to life over the PA system. After a moment, a young man emerges from the locker room. Well built with a bleached blond buzzcut, he's a good looking guy with a tan, wearing midnight green trunks with platinum detailing, and matching kneepads and boots, covered with a matching midnight green satin robe. Pausing at the top of the aisle, he extends both arms out to either side, palms pointed at the sky. Behind him lurks a sullen-looking woman with a perpetual scowl on her face, arms folded, a pink bubble inflating between her lips.]

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

BW: What a mismatch, Gordo. We have _the_ AWA Original fighting a man who barely gets 200 pounds on the scale.

GM: Caspian Abaran has proved his outstanding talent time and time again... against Kerry Kendrick for that matter.

BW: He called himself the Prince of the Sand... which is fitting since I think he's about to bite the dust. Hah!

GM: Prince of the Sun, Bucky.

BW: Oh. Well... whatever!

[Kendrick walks the aisle with a distinct sneer on his face. Arriving at the ring, he steps in, moves to the center and holds his hands out to his sides, pausing to "soak up the cheers" (there aren't any)...then doffs his robe, dropping it over the top rope, where Toughill catches it. Kendrick leans back-first into the top turnbuckle, nonchalantly unimpressed.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: This is our first time seeing Kerry Kendrick in action since his... rather bizarre match that went down recently on the Power Hour, Bucky.

BW: I hear the kid got himself into some hot water with the powers that be.

GM: And I hear that's putting it mildly.

[As the bell sounds, Abaran makes a quick move towards Kendrick who sidesteps, looking annoyed.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick shouting at Abaran...

[The mic picks up something like, "I'm already done with you! as Abaran pursues Kendrick, growing faster in his chase until Kendrick backs off, sticking his head through the ropes. The fans jeer as the referee steps in, keeping Abaran from attacking as Kendrick shouts, "DO YOUR JOB, ZEBRA!"]

GM: The official backing Caspian Abaran up... telling him to stay back when the man gets in the ropes.

[We cut outside the ring where Erica Toughill raps the edge of her baseball bat on the ring apron, pointing it at menacingly at Abaran.]

GM: And there's Erica Toughill at ringside, never far off when Kerry Kendrick is in action. So much for being the Self Made Man.

BW: Unlike some of these spoiled princes and princesses around here, Kerry Kendrick worked HARD for his spot and he's not about to let someone like Abaran take it away from him.

[Abaran waves Kendrick away from the ropes and the Self Made Man obliges, edging forward...

...and as the luchador rushes him, Kendrick slips a boot into the midsection.]

GM: Kendrick catches Abaran coming in and... would you stop clapping, Bucky?!

BW: Hey, I just appreciate a good move like that. It's the kind of quick thinking that will make Kerry Kendrick a champion someday here in AWA.

[Kendrick holds Abaran by the hair and rams an elbow strike down onto the neck... and another one before just slinging him face first to the mat. Pleased with himself, he takes a moment to taunt the crowd, ignorant to the boos that brings.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick is doing nothing to endear himself to the fans tonight.

BW: These people are just not ready to see a genius at work. It's like serving French cuisine to a Lynch.

[Sneering at the jeering crowd, Kendrick measures his opponent, leaping up for a stomp but Abaran rolls to where Kendrick was standing, avoiding the blow.]

GM: Abaran showing his quickness... Kendrick looking flustered...

[Kendrick attempts a second leaping stomp but Abaran rolls out of the way a second time.]

GM: So quick in there!

[As Kendrick wheels around, rushing in on Abaran who is down on his back, the luchador kips up from his back, scissoring Kendrick's head between his legs, dragging him down in a short rana!]

GM: Oh my! What a move out of the luchador!

[Abaran scrambles up as a surprised Kendrick does the same, looking to attack but running right into a dropkick to the chest, knocking Kendrick back into the ropes. Abaran is quickly up again, landing a running chop to the chest that gets a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Big chop connects!

[The luchador celebrates with a big clap, the crowd cheering him louder. Abaran grabs Kendrick by the arm, looking to whip him across the ring and as Kendrick comes off the far side, Abaran lands an overhead chop to the chest, knocking Kendrick back down to the mat!]

GM: Wow!

BW: Kerry needs to get out of there... get a chance to regroup.

GM: This one certainly isn't going the way that Kerry Kendrick would have hoped for so far.

[Kendrick rolls right out to the floor but Abaran is quick to follow, chasing the Self Made Man around the ring...]

GM: We've got ourselves a footrace out on the floor, round and round they go and-

[Kendrick pulls up short, dragging Toughill in front him. Abaran slams on the brakes as the crowd jeers Kendrick.]

GM: Oh, come on! What a cowardly act by Kerry Kendrick!

[Toughill pops a bubble in the face of Abaran, threatening him with the baseball bat as Kendrick rolls under the ropes. The luchador is shouting at Toughill on the floor as Kendrick rolls back out behind him, wheeling him around into a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: And- OHH! Toughill provides the distraction and Kendrick lowers the boom!

[Grabbing the dazed Abaran, Kendrick rolls him back under the ropes before following him in. He drags Abaran to his feet, shoving him back into the corner.]

GM: Kendrick throws him back to the corner... another kic- no!

[As Kendrick goes for another kick to the gut, Abaran will not be fooled twice. He catches the foot causing a panicked Kendrick to start pleading and hopping on one foot to the delight of the fans.]

BW: That's not fair!

GM: You really need to look up the definition of fairness, Bucky.

[Abaran uses the caught foot to swing Kendrick around, looking to strike but as Kendrick does a 360 degree spin, he lashes out with his extended finger into the eye!]

GM: OH! Eye gouge by Kendrick!

BW: Bullseye, daddy!

[Kendrick grabs the blinded Abaran by the hair, smashing his face into the top turnbuckle. Abaran bounces off, settling with his back against the ropes as Kendrick grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Hammer throw on the way, shooting him across...

[Kendrick whips his opponent into the ropes and goes for a clothesline but Abaran ducks it and runs on.]

GM: Clothesline missed, Abaran off the far side...

[Kendrick throws himself flat onto the mat and Abaran rushes over him, picking up more speed. Kendrick comes up into a crouch.]

GM: Abaran building speed, leapfrog over the- no!

BW: Kendrick caught him in a fireman's carry... what's he...

[The Self Made Man walks around the ring with him as Abaran struggles to get free...

...and then throws himself forward, rolling through in a somersault Samaon Drop, popping right back up to his feet, clapping his hands, aping Abaran from before.]

BW: What a move, daddy! He flattened the Prince of the Sand!

GM: But he doesn't go for a cover, strutting around that ring, mocking Abaran and these fans instead.

BW: It's called freedom of expression, Gordo.

[With the luchador down on the mat, Kendrick stomps him a few times, nodding as Abaran is unable to avoid them this time.]

GM: Kendrick putting the boots to Abaran down on the mat... his rival... some might say former rival.

BW: Kerry says he's done with this guy. Abaran thinks they've got unfinished business but he's the only one. Kerry Kendrick says he won that battle and he's moving on to the next level.

GM: Kendrick pulling Abaran off the mat... right into a double underhook... and he SNAPS him over with a butterfly suplex!

BW: Even you have to admit that was high level execution on that suplex, Gordo.

GM: I've never denied the young man has all the talent in the world. What I doubt is his attitude... and perhaps his choice in friends.

BW: The Armbar Assassin and the 2015 winner of Steal The Spotlight? Yeah, really bad role models there.

[Kendrick follows up faster, bringing Abaran to his feet. He hauls him up, bringing him down in an inverted atomic drop before immediately dashing into the ropes and sending the stunned Abaran flying to the mat with a clothesline to the back of the head. Kendrick looks to Erica Toughill for approval but she simply pops her pink bubble gum.]

BW: Look at him in there, Gordo. He is crushing your precious luchador.

GM: It's not over yet. Caspian Abaran has tremendous heart and he could put together a comeback at any moment.

[As he is saying this, Kendrick has pointed his index finger in the direction of the referee, ordering him to end this match. The ref just shrugs and points at Abaran, who is stirring on the mat. Kendrick leans down to pick him up again and Caspian grabs his hand and pulls him down into a small package!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

[Kendrick kicks out, red-faced, and stumbles to his feet, only for Abaran to roll him up again.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[An agitated Kendrick gets a shoulder up just in time as Erica Toughill climbs up on the apron, perhaps preparing to run in to break the pin attempt. Abaran gets back to his feet, staring at Toughill as the referee rushes to intercept...

...which allows Kendrick to rake the eyes again!]

GM: AGAIN TO THE EYES!

BW: Hey, no one ever said you become a Self Made Man by following the rules, daddy.

GM: Toughill still on the apron, the referee trying to get her down from there.

BW: Everyone just needs to calm down. She just wanted a closer look at that pin attempt.

[With a momentarily blinded Abaran falling back against the corner, Kendrick pursues with a pair of right haymakers to the jaw, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Irish whip across...

[Kendrick rushes in after him, turning slightly to deliver a back elbow...

...but Abaran grabs the top rope as he approaches, kicking up in the air so Kendrick whiffs the elbow, jumping backwards and hitting the corner instead, full-force!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Kendrick missed!

[With Kendrick dazed, Abaran leaps forward, landing a forearm smash on the jaw before ducking out to the apron, giving Kendrick a shove that sends him staggering out of the corner.]

GM: Kendrick's in some trouble here as Abaran grabs the ropes, looking to fly...

[Grabbing the top rope, Abaran leaps into the air, springing off the top rope, taking aim with a flying forearm smash...

...but as he does, Kerry Kendrick manages to grab hold of the referee, pulling him towards him so that when Abaran connects with the forearm, he knocks Kendrick into the official, sending all three down in a heap of limbs!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Down goes the referee!

BW: That looks like a plane crash, Gordo, and the poor ref took the worst of it!

GM: Thanks to Kerry Kendrick! He pulled the referee into that situation!

BW: What?! I saw no such thing! The referee just got in the way - that's all!

[A shocked Abaran leans over, checking on the official, concern obvious on his face.]

GM: Abaran checking on the official after that hard fall... Kendrick landed right on top of him.

[Abaran, having rolled Kendrick aside, doesn't notice as the Self Made Man is shaken violently by Erica Toughill, trying to clear the cobwebs as Kendrick slowly starts to get up off the mat.]

GM: Kendrick starting to stir off the flying forearm... coming up behind Abaran!

[The crowd is buzzing in warning as Kendrick grabs the surprised Abaran in a side waistlock, hoisting him into the air...]

GM: Belly-to-back!

[...but Abaran flips out over the top, landing on his feet!]

GM: Abaran... like a cat!

[Kendrick turns around but his sneer turns into a surprised grimace as he sees a foot flying towards his head.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: BACK BRAIN KICK!

BW: ENZUIGIRI! That sounded like a gunshot!

GM: Caspian Abaran with the cover!

[The crowd counts along... ONE, TWO...]

BW: The ref is still in La-La Land, Gordo! He is out!

[On the outside, Erica Toughill wags her finger at the disappointed front-row fans. Abaran slams the mat in frustration, then gets to his feet when the crowd suddenly reacts with a wave of boos. Abaran cranes his neck to see the source of the outrage.]

GM: Canibal! Canibal is running down the aisle!

BW: Time for the little horror show!

[Canibal, in his ring gear, rushes towards the ring. Abaran does not waste a second. He charges into the ropes, bounces back with incredible speed and flings himself towards his rival with a magnificent tope...

...only to fly into a cloud of Canibal's "blood mist", face first, before hitting the ground!]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: Abaran ate all of it, Gordo! Canibal gave him a full dose of his medicine!

[Abaran is writhing on the floor, both in pain from the crash and the liquid clinging to his face. Canibal looms over him, slowly motioning his thumbs in his double cutthroat gesture as the fans boo his interference mercilessly.]

GM: This is just terrible! I thought this... so-called "blood" was just a disgusting affectation but look at Caspian! He is in agony right now!

BW: Let's not forget that he just hit the floor from 10 feet in the air! He's destroyed!

[In the ring, Kendrick is back to his feet and shaking the referee while Toughill motions at Canibal to hurry up. He complies and drags Abaran, lifts him up and rolls him. Kendrick pounces on his opponent like a predator, yanking him to his feet and right into a bodylock...

...and hoists him into the air, twisting his hips and DRIVING Abaran into the canvas!]

GM: Belly-to-belly suplex!

BW: A picture perfect one, at that. Marcus Broussard would be proud!

[The referee, still woozy, makes the count. One, two ... three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: He could have counted to one-hundred here. That spill Abaran took was just brutal. Do we have a slow-mo of it?

[Indeed, we have. Once more, we see Caspian take to the sky, soaring towards Canibal who stops short and shoots a cloud of mysterious, red liquid out of his mouth right into the face of Abaran. Even before he hits the floor Abaran's hands go to his face, which makes the final crash even worse.]

BW: Okay, the official ranking is: Titanic, Hindenburg, Caspian Abaran!

GM: We need some help here for Abaran here.

[Erica Toughill stands beside Kendrick raising his hand in triumph. The referee, rubbing his neck, looks on wearily as Caspian covers his face with his hands, crimson liquid everywhere. Leaning on the apron, his head cocked curiously to the side, is Canibal, his eyes fixed on Abaran, not missing a moment of the man's pain as we fade back to the studio.]

TL: A terrible scene there at ringside as Caspian Abaran, blinded by that red liquid whatever it is, had to be tended to by AWA medical personality and... quite frankly, I'm a little sick of saying those words this week, Jordan.

JO: I'm sick of hearing them. There are too many people trying to... not just win their match but to hurt their opponents. Juan Vasquez... the Samoans... now Canibal who wasn't even IN the match. It's disgusting and something's gotta be done about it.

TL: Fans, it's been an exciting night of action here on the Power Hour once again. I hope you enjoyed the action from all around the United States. Of course, I'd like to thank my co-host, Jordan Ohara, for being here with me.

JO: It was my pleasure, Theresa.

TL: And I'd invite one and all to join me right back in two weeks' time when my co-host will be "Red Hot" Rex Summers... oh brother... and I thought Lau was bad.

[Smiles from the co-hosts.]

TL: Good night everybody.

[Fade to black.]