

AWA POWER HOUR

MAY 14TH, 2016

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

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

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

Let's just assume it's a green screen somewhere since Theresa Lynch currently appears to be standing in outer space. The young daughter of one of wrestling's most famous families is grinning, standing in a red strappy 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 one of the most controversial men in the entire AWA and the 2015 winner of the Steal The Spotlight contract, "Red Hot" Rex Summers.

[Stepping onto the star field next to Theresa is Rex Summers clad in a black velvet robe tied closed. He's got quite the pervy smirk on his face as he eyes Theresa up and down. She reflexively crosses her arms across her chest as he does.]

TL: Mr. Summers, welcome to the show.

RS: Rex.

TL: Hmm?

RS: Call me Rex. No need to be so formal.

TL: Alright then... Rex.

RS: Theresa, I couldn't think of anything I'd like better than spending an hour with a beautiful creature like you... except spending all night with one.

[He winks suggestively as Theresa recoils.]

TL: Maybe using "Mr. Summers" will keep things more professional.

RS: Theresa, it's my pleasure to be here tonight... but I have a feeling by the time this night is over, just like every other lady who spends the evening with Rex Summers, the pleasure will be... all yours.

[He puckers his lips in an "air kiss." Theresa again shudders.]

TL: Maybe not. Fans, we've got an exciting night ahead of ourselves as over the next sixty minutes, we're going to see the likes of the Serpentes in action.

RS: Two women that I'm not sure even I could handle.

TL: American Pride will be in tag team action here tonight. A close ally of yours, Erica Toughill, is in action tonight as well. We'll also get an update on Caspian Abaran... find out who Chris Choynet has found as a partner... and much, much more all leading up to tonight's featured matchup which will pit The Hangman against Cain Jackson! So let's head down to ringside for our opening match!

TL: And that's quite enough of that! Fans, let's go down to ringside...

[The two-shot of Theresa and a smirking Summers gets a rectangle in the middle that we quickly zoom into.

A graphic pops up on the screen, saying "American Pride vs. Andre Williams and Sean Bowen.". The Marines Hymn dies down and the bell sounds. It looks like

Charlie Stephens is starting off with a bald, African-American man. The man looks to be about the size of Stephens.]

MS: We're underway for this match between American Pride and the duo of Andre Williams and Sean Bowen. Stephens and Williams are starting this one out for their respective tag teams.

CP: Ya know, we've only been given an hour by the fine people at Fox Sports X. If they showed American Pride's full entrance, we'd barely have time for any of the other matches on the show!

[Stephens and Williams engage in a collar and elbow tie up, and Stephens powers Williams to the ropes.]

MS: You know how proud Joe Flint is to represent his country, and he makes sure to meet and greet whoever he can. I think it's great!

[The referee calls for a break, and Williams shoves Stephens back. Williams points at Stephens and charges in, only to be quickly brought down to the mat.]

MS: Stephens quickly takes Williams down with a nice arm drag takedown. He's got a hold of Williams' arm, and twisting it as Williams is trying to get out of it.

[Williams, after struggling briefly, looks up at the referee. The look on Williams' face indicates that he's looking to protest the arm drag. The referee, noting a lack of hair, simply shakes his head. Meanwhile, Stephens goes behind Williams, and locks in a hammerlock.]

MS: Stephens looks like he's going for a quick hammerlock submission here, but it's a little too early in the match.

CP: Way too early if you ask me, Stegglet... but even I'll admit that American Pride has racked up a nice little winning streak over the last few weeks on live events, but they're still staring up at a lot of talented teams in the rankings. Beating guys like these will pad your record, but if you're gonna get the attention from the front office that ya need, you're gonna have to beat the guys ahead of you.

MS: That's true, Colt. The AWA's Tag Team Division is on fire right now. There are a lot of teams jockeying for position to get a chance to take on Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor. Right now American Pride's on the outside looking in and they are hoping to change that in the near future.

[Williams powers himself back up to a standing position, and fires off a couple of elbows to Stephens' breadbasket. Williams throws another elbow to try to free himself, but Stephens quickly grabs the elbow. He spins Williams around, hooks him by his waist and takes him up and over with an overhead belly to belly suplex!]

CP: A smart move by Stephens! Williams was trying to free himself from the hammerlock with his free elbow, but Stephens caught him and took him down. Maybe he's finally picked up some of the things Flint's been teaching him!

[Williams pulls himself up near the ropes, and Stephens comes charging in, nailing him with a few shots to the breadbasket of his own. Stephens peels Williams away from the ropes, and notices that Joe Flint wants to be tagged in.]

MS: Stephens picks up Williams and shoves him into his corner, making the tag to Flint.

[Flint steps into the ring to a cheer from the crowd. He grabs Williams' arm and slings him to the opposite side. Flint lowers his head on the rebound and takes him

up and over with a big back body drop! Flint, pleased at his work, cocks his arm to a nice reaction from the crowd, and starts positioning himself.]

MS: Looks like Flint's going for the home run swing early in this match up! Williams staggers to his feet.

[Williams turns to see Flint charging at him. Seeing that he was positioned near the ropes, Williams turns and exits the ring as the crowd starts booing.]

CP: It looked like American Pride wanted to make sure this match didn't go on for as long as their entrance did. Williams saw the Howitzer coming and bailed quickly.

[Williams' partner, Sean Bowen, comes over to discuss strategy. Bowen has stringy red hair, a bushy beard, and a red singlet. The crowd, booing at the slowdown in the match, starts to chant "U-S-A".]

CP: I always found it strange when the crowd chants U-S-A when everybody in the match is from the United States!

[Bowen looks out towards the crowd and tells them to shut up, leading to more boos.]

MS: Bowen, unpatriotically, telling the crowd what he thinks of their chants.

[The referee continues the count, and Williams gets back into the ring at 7. As soon as Williams steps into the ring, Flint grins and cocks his arm. Williams, thinking better of it, goes over to tag Bowen.]

MS: Williams doesn't want any part of the Howitzer, and we're getting our first look at Sean Bowen here tonight, Colt. Look out! He's charging right at Flint!

CP: That's a huge mistake!

[Bowen doesn't even try to surprise Flint, raising his arms with a double ax-handle. However, Flint fires a thunderous right hand, stopping Bowen in his tracks.]

MS: Flint fires a huge right hand to the gut of Bowen, taking the breath right out of him! Not the right way for a relative rookie to attack a veteran like Joe Flint, and Flint's going right back on the attack here.

[Flint grabs the doubled over Bowen, lifts him up, and drops him gut first on his knee. Bowen rolls around in pain on the mat, as Flint balls up a fist, giving it a kiss before setting Bowen up in a seated position.]

CP: Not this move! I haven't seen this in a long time!

MS: So many people have been victim of this throughout Flint's career... it's the Atomic Noogie!

[Flint slams his fist into Bowen's temple, and starts to rub the knuckles into the temple as Bowen screams out loud. He reaches for his shoulder and starts to tap out. The referee, seeing the submission, calls for the bell.]

CP: It doesn't look like much, but sometimes the most simplistic submissions can be the most painful!

MS: The Atomic Noogie wracks up another victim as American Pride wins another one here on the Power Hour in very quick fashion. OH! Look out!

[Williams charges into the ring and blasts Flint right in the face after the bell rings. Williams shouts out in triumph, only to turn around and get blasted in the face by a Howitzer, from Charlie Stephens!]

MS: Stephens with a Howitzer of his own, and he's not happy that Williams tried to get the jump on his mentor after the match!

[Flint shakes the cobwebs from the surprise attack, and an annoyed Stephens points to the laid out Williams. Stephens and Flint share a nod, and Flint peels Williams off the canvas. He lifts Williams up in a bear hug.]

CP: Now this is uncalled for! The match is over!

MS: What do you expect? Williams got in a cheap shot after the bell, and American Pride is teaching Williams a very valuable lesson!

[Stephens runs the ropes, then comes back as Flint lowers, ready for impact. Stephens kicks out his legs, and catches Williams underneath the jaw with a necktie clothesline!]

MS: The Patriot Missile! The lesson we learned here tonight, folks, don't mess with America!

CP: I don't think real Americans need to take cheap shots to assert their dominance, Steggy, but to each their own.

[Stephens and Flint raise their arms in triumph, and Flint gives a salute to the fans as we fade back to the studio.]

TL: A nice win there for American Pride, Mr. Summers. Now, American Pride hasn't been around very long at this point but they continue to make waves here in the AWA. With Memorial Day Mayhem coming just around the corner, do you think they'll be in the Key Arena that night?

RS: Sure. We could always use a few more guys to sell popcorn.

TL: You don't think they're deserving of a match?

RS: Look here, honey... Pay Per View is reserved for the stars like yours truly. That's why Gellar worked so hard to get me on that show. He knows that when Rex Summers is on the screen, the buyrate goes up as quick as the ladies' heartrates.

[Theresa gives Rex the side eye.]

RS: I see you lookin' at me, beautiful... and don't get jealous. All the ladies in the world may be lookin' for Sexy Rexy but tonight, I've only got eyes for you.

[Theresa doesn't respond.]

RS: You seem distracted, sweetheart. I've got something under this robe that will get your attention.

[Rex grabs at the belt holding his robe together but Theresa quickly throws up her hands.]

TL: No, no, no... you stay right where you are. Fans, we've got to take our first commercial of the night but when we come back, the Women's Division will be on display so don't go away!

[Theresa is shaking her head as we fade to black.]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then come back up on backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands.]

SLB: Joining me is the woman many might call the wily veteran of the Women's Division... come on in here, Lori Wilson.

[That's the cue for "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson to walk onto the set. She is dressed in a black AWA T-shirt and jeans. She also wears a black headband with three small lightning bolts on it. Her light brown hair just touches her shoulders.]

SLB: Lori, you have recently crossed paths with Lauryn Rage and came close to scoring a win over her last Saturday Night Wrestling. You also made your presence known when Erica Toughill beat down Kayla Cristol after a recent match. And word has it in the locker room that you've been none too happy about the actions of Charisma Knight. I take it that what's gone down between you and Lauryn Rage... is this your way of asserting yourself that you are not somebody to be overlooked?

LW: Sweet Lou, my actions aren't simply about being overlooked. Sure, you can talk about how I can't do all the moves I used to. How I used to be a high flier who could strike anywhere at a moment's notice. How I'm getting up there in years, how that makes me limited in that ring. And I'm sure a lot of people in the AWA will overlook me because of that. But what I've been doing isn't about being overlooked... it's about being fed up with some of the attitudes I've seen.

[Her eyes show intensity as she looks to the camera.]

LW: I see a lot of women who talk about how they deserve this and that, simply because of who they are, their family connections, the people they associate themselves with. You have Lauryn Rage who simply brings in her Serpentes so she can have two people to hide behind all while buying into her brother's ramblings about a grand conspiracy against her family. You have Erica Toughill swinging that bat over her shoulder and using it to intimidate or hurt people because she isn't confident enough in her own ability to get the job done. And you have Charisma Knight with her open challenges, until she sees Ayako Fujiwara, gets jealous and starts demanding a match with her or she's either going to hurt her opponent or simply not show up.

You see, it's attitudes like that I will not stand for. I'm not going to deny the talent those women have, but rather than let their talents do the talking, they let anything but that do the talking. And I've been around in this business long enough to know that when you let anything but your talent do the talking, you're not going to last as long as you think you will. Because, in the end, what goes around, comes around.

[She puts her hands on her hips and takes a deep breath.]

SLB: Lori, I take it you have a lot of interest in the matches that will take place at Memorial Day Mayhem... what are you expecting from those matches, and may I also ask, what are you expecting from the women's division in the months to come.

LW: Sweet Lou, I look forward to seeing Ayako Fujiwara's first appearance in AWA. I've seen the tapes of her from Japan and I can tell you that Charisma Knight is going to have her hands full and that, as talented as Charisma is, she's going to find out the hard way that all the bragging and grandstanding in the world isn't going to be enough to get past a woman of Ayako's talents. As for The Serpentes, they may have been teaming up a lot more than Melissa Cannon and Julie Somers have teamed together, but I've looked at the fire in the eyes of Melissa and Julie, the determination they possess, and the fact they have a common goal in mind. I can tell you right now that those two are not to be underestimated and they have what it takes to get it done and show The Serpentes that they still have a lot to learn about this business.

And as far as what to expect from the women's division in the coming months, I'm looking forward to the day that Emerson Gellar officially announces a championship. The moment is coming and I look forward to that. But more importantly, I look forward to continuing to set the example for the Women's Division, about how it takes more than just pouting, finger pointing and bullying to get the job done. I may be up there in years, but no matter what the situation is, I can assure everyone this...

[She points to the camera.]

LW: You can never predict where lightning is going to strike.

[We fade back into the studio to a smiling Theresa Lynch.]

TL: Thanks, Sweet Lou! Lori Wilson has made a splash as of late and like she says, the day that Women's World Title is arriving is getting closer all the time and when it does, I can't wait to see where Lori figures into the picture.

RS: Even at her best, she's a distant second to Ricki Toughill, Theresa. Any self-respecting journalist should know that.

TL: We're going to see Erica Toughill in action later tonight... and honestly, I'd love to see her go one-on-one with the Lightning Lady. But right now, let's talk about Caspian Abaran.

RS: Do we have to? That little fly got swatted by Kerry Kendrick two weeks ago.

TL: If you joined us on the last edition of the Power Hour, what you actually saw was Caspian Abaran suffer a terrible crash - falling hard to the concrete floor - after his rival from the past, Canibal, interfered. But I'm very happy to say that Caspian is on the mend and he's able to talk to us tonight about what happened two weeks ago. Caspian? Are you there?

[The screen is cut in half as it turns into a classic split-screen. Theresa remains on the right while on the left, Caspian Abaran appears, wearing a "Your new favorite memory - Memorial Day Mayhem" t-shirt. More striking are the bandages that cover his eyes. He is seated in front of an AWA-banner.]

TL: Caspian, it is good to see you here with us tonight..

[He waves at the camera, wincing slightly. He is obviously very tense.]

CA: Hola, Theresa... hello.

TL: Caspian, we can all see the results of Canibal's attack on your face. Can you give us some details about your injury?

[Abaran sighs.]

CA: You know, Theresa... me, I am no doctor. I go to the trainers, I go to the hospital, I talk to Doc Ponavitch... they all say it is not good.

[He gives a frustrated shrug.]

CA: I do not have the fancy Latin words they bantered around but my eyes... they hurt. I can barely see shapes, let alone make out any faces... and that is not all. My shoulder, my back, my neck... all contusionado.

TL: Err... bruised?

CA: Si! When Canibal shot me out of the air with his dirty, stinking, rotten blood or whatever it is he vomits up... I landed smack on the concrete. You know me, Theresa... I like to fly. I soar like a bird over the ropes. I don't remember a drop like this ever. Everything exploded into hurt, my face was ablaze with that muck sticking to it... my eyes were burning... my body...

[Abaran trails off as Theresa picks it up.]

TL: We have shown the replays numerous times. It is not easy to watch.

CA: I have received many calls... many letters and e-mails from my fans all over the world. At home in Mexico... here in the States, all saying the same thing. Not easy to watch. It's not easy to believe it happened either, Theresa... but I really should not have been surprised. Canibal... es un mentrioso! Es un serpiente!

[Abaran shakes his head.]

CA: I've known Canibal for many years from his time in Mexico. He was bad before but he has become worse in the years I had not seen him. Now he lurks backstage, like a thief, plotting. I do not like it, nobody does. For him to come out, mess up my match with that no-good Kerry Kendrick, and try to end my career? Try to smash me like a bug against the windshield?

That is low and vile, even for him.

[Caspian leans forward, pointing at his bandaged face with an index finger.]

CA: I am Caspian Abaran, Theresa. This... this is not the end. No no, no, no... Canibal, in whatever shadowy corner he hides right now, should know... blind or not... I WILL find him and I WILL make him pay!

For what he did in the past, for what he did now... he will not continue his misdeeds here, in AWA!

TL: Thank you, Caspian. We here at Power Hour wish you a speedy recovery.

CA: Gracias, Theresa.

[We switch to a single shot of Theresa again.]

TL: Canibal himself was not available for comments. To tell you the truth... he is a little hard to find however we saw him action at a show in Idaho Falls where he faced Ricky Tanner.

[We cut to footage of a live event. Canibal is standing on the second rope as a dazed Ricky Tanner stumbles towards him. The luchador launches himself at his opponent with a leg lariat that just strikes his opponent down. Canibal retreats back to the corner. As a groaning Ricky Tanner sits up, Canibal runs towards him and rocks him with a LOUD kick to the back that has the crowd gasp. For good measure, Canibal grabs his opponent by the hair and slams his head back to the mat brutally.]

TL(voice-over): During the match, Canibal made several allusions to his rival Caspian Abaran and his injury, which was not lost on the fans or will surely further aggravate the recovering luchador.

[Standing over Ricky, Canibal takes a moment to rub his eyes with one hand and mimic a blind man stretching out his other hand helplessly. The people of Idaho Falls angrily shake their fists and boo him. Cut to later in the match as Canibal balances on the top rope and stretches his arms to the ceiling, an obvious play on Caspian Abaran's "praise the sun"-pose. He then turns it into the "double-cutthroat" gesture that has become his trademark.]

TL(voice-over): At this time, we will have to wait and see how serious Caspian's injuries are and when he can return to the ring and try to take his revenge on his rival.

[Canibal flies off with a high-elevation diving leg drop onto Ricky Tanner.]

TL(voice-over): I for one hope it is sooner rather than later.

[Cut to Canibal executing his vicious "Twist of Cain" spinning sit-out sleeper slam on Tanner and covering lazily for an easy three-count as he grimaces with a wide-eyed, crazy look. We freeze that image for a moment before 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
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 we fade back up to the ring in a modestly small-sized hockey arena. Erica Toughill is just rolling into the ring, leaving her baseball bat at ringside.]

MS: And greetings from Missoula, Montana, where we have more AWA Women's Division action; Babs Bronconnier taking on Ricki Toughill, who of late has been a big difference maker for the squad of Summers, Mahoney, and Kendrick who apparently are being referred to as SM&K now.

[Cut briefly to Babs, a buxom caucasian woman with an intricate blonde up-do and a vintage one-shouldered leopard-print leotard. She would not have been out of place in the ring sixty years ago, if it were not for the tattoo sleeves up both arms.]

CP: Stegglet, Ricki was yacking my ear off earlier about how she doesn't have a chip on her shoulder; she has a two-by-four.

[Toughill scowls across the ring at her rockabilly opponent.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

MS: There's the bell—you know, I do believe that statement to be true, other than the notion of Ricki Toughill being talkative with anyone. Bronconnier looking to lock up...

ET: "ee-YAAAAH!"

MS: Toughill just swats her arms away and shoves her to the ground!

CP: Do you blame her for being in a bad mood? She's got Pure X and Terry Shane cracking crude jokes about her; she's got a bona-fide psychopath who thinks he's a Roman Gladiator she's got to watch out for.

[Toughill pulls Babs up and shoots her to the ropes, leveling her with a punishing shoulder tackle on the rebound.]

CP: Not to mention that fluke loss to Pistol Cristol stalled her rise in the Women's Rankings at Number 4.

MS: Well, as I'm sure you yourself might have said at one point, Colt, "a win is a win."

[With a blood-curdling howl accompanying each strike, Toughill rams her knee into her opponent's skull over and over.]

CP: Come on, Stegglet; look at this dominance. This is a woman at the absolute peak of performance. Every win she has racked up has been a dominant win. I'm willing to bet that in terms of pounds per square inch she hits harder than the likes of Terry Shane or Pure X!

MS: And the referee warning Toughill about hair-pulling.

[Ricki Toughill holds her hands up petulantly, blowing a pink bubble in reply as she backs off to a neutral corner.]

MS: The Queen of Clubs certainly showing her characteristically bad attitude so far in this contest, fans. You have to think that upset loss to Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol three weeks ago on The X is on her mind.

[Babs pulls herself to her feet, but makes the mistake of pausing in the corner opposite her opponent.]

MS: Toughill charging in...

ET: "hy-YAAAAAH-unph!"

[Toughill's hip and rear end meet only the middle turnbuckle.]

MS: ...nobody home!

CP: And Ricki's gotta watch out for her back! That's been her weak point.

MS: Armdrag takedown on Toughill! Babs Bronconnier with a side headlock—That's right, Colt; Erica Toughill underwent back surgery a couple of years ago, and it was allowing Kayla Cristol the opportunity to exploit that that cost her that match to the Boggy Creek Buster.

[Babs raises herself up to a knee, while still holding the side headlock. Toughill suddenly powers them both up...]

MS: Toughill reverses into a side waistlock!

"OOOOOOOOHHHH!"

MS: Uproots Babs Bronconnier with a massive high angle backdrop!

CP: And she's no small woman! That Babs looks to be around 150... 155 pounds, and Ricki Toughill tossed her around like she was an eight-year-old! Attacking the back of the Queen of Clubs doesn't even slow her down!

[Toughill straddles her opponent's chest, hooking a leg under her arm.]

MS: Cover now... One... Two... Two-and-a-half! Babs Bronconnier barely able to kick out after that devastating suplex.

CP: You're taking your life in your hands when you go toe-to-toe with Erica Toughill. Just ask "The Pistol" who's probably sitting back in Texarkana with a coat hanger on her TV.

MS: I think the reason Kayla Cristol is out of action with broken ribs is because of that baseball bat of Toughill's. Speaking of which, in addition to sending our wishes for speedy recoveries to Sweet Daddy Williams and Rene Rousseau, we also hope to see Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol back in action in the AWA soon.

CP: Well, ya know, someone else wants to see her back soon, and that's that mean jungle cat in the ring. And I don't mean that Kat Von D impersonator dressed like Edith Prickley.

[Said "Kat Von D impersonator dressed like Edith Prickley" is draped across the middle rope as Toughill races across the ring; on the rebound Ricki Toughill leaps across her upper back.]

CP: But that's the kind of killer instinct that I love seeing in the squared circle, Stegglet. She doesn't care who her opponent is.

MS: Toughill sizing her opponent up...

[Babs tries to crawl away as Toughill looms behind her, frowning, and linking the fingers of her taped fist. She presses them outward, knuckles cracking just loud enough to audible on the feed. She leaps on to Bronconnier's neck.]

CP: There it is, Shrew's Fiddle!

[Toughill shakes her squirming opponent, clinching the Cobra Clutch, hauling her upright. She laces her leg around Babs'.]

ET: "ee-YAH!"

MS: Into a legsweep! And she holds on to the Shrew's Fiddle.

CP: No one escapes that once she's got it on... look at her locking in those body scissors, just squeezing the fight out of her opponents.

[And the official calls for the bell as the eyes of Babs Bronconnier glaze over and her expression goes slack.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

MS: And that's it! You can chalk up another victory for Ricki Toughill.

CP: Who is going to stop this woman? You can't even slow her down! If I'm Gladiator, Terry Shane, or Pure X, I'm focusing on the three guys in SM&K and giving their personal security a wide berth.

MS: Ricki Toughill, going to be in the corner of "Red Hot" Rex Summers, Kerry Kendrick, and Callum Mahoney next week on Saturday Night Wrestling as they—oh, we don't want a repeat of this...

[Toughill stands over Babs with her baseball bat clutched in her fist.]

MS: Not this again... someone take that bat away from her!

CP: I ain't going up there! You do it!

[Toughill nudges the pleading referee aside, and raises the bat overhead...

...then squats down, pulls her bubblegum out of her mouth, and mashes it into Babs' blonde hair.]

MS: Colt, this woman is totally twisted. Theresa... back to you.

[As Toughill exits the ring with half her face in an expression that can almost, but not quite, be described as a sinister half-smile, transition back to the studio where Rex Summers is cackling.]

TL: Another victory there for Erica Toughill who continues her rise in the AWA Women's Division and... enjoyed that, did you?

RS: Absolutely. Ricki's got it going on and she knows it, toots. That twisted little freak in there with her never stood a chance.

TL: That Shrew's Fiddle is absolutely devastating.

RS: You should see her in the clubs locking it on some wench who gets too close to the "Red Hot One."

[Theresa looks aghast.]

RS: Hey, when a woman looking at me like you're looking at me right now gets her arms around Rex Summers, it would take the Jaws of Life to rip her off. Thankfully, SM&K has one better than that in Ricki.

TL: Exactly how am I looking at you, Mr. Summers... dare I ask?

RS: You're looking like you want to see what's under this robe in the worst possible way. Don't worry, princess. You'll get your shot before the night's over.

TL: Goodness, why did I ever agree to this? Fans, we're going to take a quick break before I say something I might regret. Don't go away though because we'll be right back!

[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 then back up backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing with Chris Choynet who is dressed in his wrestling attire.]

SLB: Fans, joining me is Chris Choynet, who has promised everyone that he will have a new tag team partner for his scheduled match tonight... Chris, you heard the remarks from Dave Cooper and the Samoan Hit Squad, and they don't believe you'll be able to find a partner!

CC: Well, Sweet Lou, that's where they are wrong! I had the perfect partner in mind from the start and it didn't take much convincing at all. Let me bring out my new tag team partner.

[He motions off camera and that's when Cesar Hernandez walks onto the set and exchanges a high five with Choynet.]

SLB: Cesar Hernandez, you have agreed to be Choynet's partner? In some ways, this is a surprise, but in others, it may not be so surprising!

CH: Sweet Lou, you should know me well enough that I will never stand by and watch men like Dave Cooper and the Samoans try to end somebody's career! And when Chris Choynet was looking for a partner, he didn't have to call anyone... I called him first! There was never a doubt in my mind that I wanted to stand by somebody I consider a good friend, that I wanted to step in for another man who I consider one of my best friends in the business, Rene Rousseau! And there was never a doubt in my mind that I wanted to step forward and hold Cooper and the Samoans accountable! The only doubts out there were in the minds of people like Dave Cooper, like the Samoans, like anyone else who thinks I'll stand by and let what happened to Rene Rousseau go unanswered!

CC: Dave Cooper, Scola, Mafu... I hope all three of you are watching closely, because I found a partner who is willing to stand up to the three of you and right the wrongs you have done! It might take a little time for Cesar and I to gel, but knowing that we share the same values and principles, it won't be long before the two of us will be ready to face the Samoan Hit Squad in the ring and teach them some lessons! And I'll guarantee you that once Rene is cleared to wrestle again, he'll be right beside Cesar and I to ensure those lessons stick with the Samoans!

CH: [slapping Choisnet on the shoulder] It starts tonight, my friend! Let's go out there and show the good people of the AWA that we will not be intimidated by The Lion's Den, that we are more than ready to enter it and come out victorious! Arriba!

[The two high five again and walk off the set.]

SLB: All right, it's Chris Choisnet and Cesar Hernandez in action in just a few minutes! Let's go back to the studio!

[We fade back to Theresa and Rex Summers who has a disgusted look on his face.]

TL: Thanks for that, Sweet Lou. Chris Choisnet has found himself a partner and his partner is-

RS: CESAR HERNANDEZ?!

TL: You have a problem with that?

RS: I've got a problem with all things Cesar Hernandez, girl. That greasy piece of garbage has come after me in every place we've been for years. Time after time, I keep putting him down and time after time, he keeps coming back like a bad rash.

TL: Speaking from experience?

RS: Don't mess with me, Lynch. I thought you were different but you're turning out to be just like your fat sweat hog of a mother... your old man who took a thriving company and ran it under because he was too cheap to pay his talent what they deserved... your idiot brothers...

[Theresa's face flushes. After all, she's a Lynch.]

TL: Now you hold on right there, Summers. I've been putting up with your sleaze all night. I ask you here as a guest tonight and now you want to talk about my family?! The only thing my father ever did wrong was not firing you in Dallas when he had a chance! And I'm not surprised you don't like my brothers since they've spent so much time beating your a-

[Theresa suddenly stops, grasping at the earpiece in her ear. She takes several deep breaths as she listens, letting that legendary Lynch temper cool off.]

TL: I... I apologize.

RS: No apology needed. I like my women spirited.

[A lusty chuckle follows as Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: Fans, two weeks ago, we saw the AWA debut of a young competitor known as Malik Thompson when he was abruptly summoned into action to fill in for someone else against the South Philly Phighter. Suffice to say, he shocked many wrestling fans all over the world when he pulled off the upset. And the Phighter demanded a rematch. Let's take a look at that rematch right now.

[The scene changes to the ring where, standing in one corner, is Malik Thompson again dressed in all black ring gear, hands on his hips. Outside, walking around the ring with a microphone, is the South Philly Phighter]

SPP: Yeah, now, everyone knows, couple weeks ago, they showed on TV this kid here cheap shottin' me. Ain' no way it's happenin' again. That's why, I asked for this match, on TV again, so I can prove to tha world that this kid ain' nuttin but a one hit wonder. Now, let's get this on!

[Phighter gets in the ring as the ref rings the bell.]

MS: Fans, welcome again, I'm Mark Stegglet alongside Colt Patterson, and we have a rematch of sorts between The South Philly Phighter and the rookie Malik Thompson, who looked impressive in that short match.

CP: And Phighter might be right, it seemed totally a cheap shot that a kid still in training managed to take out a vet like the Phighter in 90 seconds.

MS: The Phighter is jawing with the crowd...

[Turning towards Thompson, the Phighter waves a hand at him. The rookie strides across the ring at the invitation, walking right into a collar and elbow tieup.]

MS: The tieup in the center and we're off and running in this one.

[The Phighter sets his feet, pushing and struggling to back off Thompson. There are some laughs from the crowd as the preliminary wrestler seems to be getting nowhere against the powerful youth who sets his own feet...

...and HURLS the Phighter down to the canvas with a shove, causing the Phighter to roll over in a back somersault, ending up on his stomach.]

CP: Whew. That's power, Steggs.

MS: It certainly is.

[Thompson looks down at the Phighter, flexing his arms with his tongue out to a bit of a pop from the live event crowd.]

CP: It's obvious the kid's got muscles. He's a strong kid, sending the Phighter straight back and down like that but the question is - does he have the gas tank to keep all those muscles pumpin'?

MS: An excellent question. His stamina certainly wasn't tested in that first matchup with the Phighter two weeks ago. Perhaps it will be here tonight.

[The Phighter gets up, indignant, then heads back into a lockup, switching quickly to a side headlock. The Phighter sneers, cranking his arms to tighten up the hold.]

CP: A veteran move there, trying to slow things down, trying to wear down this big kid and-

[Thompson stands straight up, lifting Phighter off the mat, still holding the headlock, but yelling about his feet not touching the ground. With a one-handed shove, the Phighter goes flying into the ropes, bouncing off towards Malik who presses him over his head, holding him there in a big display of power that gets cheers from the capacity crowd...]

MS: LOOK AT THAT!

[...and then throws him down with a big slam as the Phighter curls up, cradling his lower back as the fans continue to cheer.]

CP: So, this kid might have something, Steggs.

[The Phighter scoots back towards the corner, begging off as Malik Thompson follows him in. As Thompson draws near, the Phighter throws a dismissive gesture

at him before bailing out of the ring to the floor. The crowd jeers as Thompson stares down at him, hands on hips as the referee starts a ten count.]

MS: The Phighter perhaps deciding to live to fight another day.

CP: I don't think so.

[Out on the floor, the old street fighter starts waving his hands at Thompson, shouting at him...

...and soon, a fired-up Thompson rolls out after him, chasing him around the ring to the cheers of the fans.]

MS: Thompson's hot on the trail of the Phighter!

[Rounding the corner, the Phighter rolls back into the ring, clambering to his feet as Thompson rolls in and stomps the back of Thompson's head as he slides under the ropes!]

CP: Hah! Rookie mistake right there!

[The Phighter takes a moment to point at his temple, nodding to the jeering fans before he starts stomping again... and again... and again.]

CP: All those muscles do you no good when you're down on the mat like this, Stegglet.

MS: They certainly don't. Malik Thompson experiencing what it's like to not be in control of a match for the first time in the AWA so far.

[Thompson absorbs the stomps, rising to a knee as the Phighter changes course to double axehandles, raining them down across the head and neck.]

MS: The Phighter continues to hammer away but Thompson's getting up!

[The crowd cheers as Thompson reaches his feet, shaking his head at the Phighter who goes wide-eyed for a split second and then lashes out with a haymaker across the jaw before dashing to the ropes. Coming off the ropes, the lumbering brawler leaps into the air, looking for a cross body...

...but gets snatched out of the sky with little effort by Malik Thompson!]

MS: He caught him!

[Thompson looks around at the crowd, holding the Phighter across his body.]

CP: He's takin' too much time showboating here, Stegglet.

[And on cue, Thompson SLAMS the Phighter down in a front falling powerslam!]

MS: POWERSLAM! Right down on the back he hurt with the press slam! And listen to these fans rally behind the rookie who really planted the Phighter with that move, Colt.

CP: These cheers are going to his head, Stegglet. He's out here waving his arms, looking like a goof. Just focus on your opponent, kid.

[Thompson climbs back to his feet, dragging the Phighter off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors.]

MS: We saw this last time!

[Stretching out his arms, Thompson invites the cheers of the crowd... and then gives a big thumbs down to the Phighter before reaching down, wrapping his arms around the torso...]

MS: He lifts him up!

[...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with the sit-out powerbomb!]

MS: And down he goes! Feet over the shoulders...

CP: It's all over but the shoutin', brother.

"DING! DING! DING!"

MS: Another victory for young Malik Thompson right here on the Power Hour, Colt!

CP: Alright, alright... so this kid looks like he just might be for real. But now that he's got our attention... now is when the real struggle starts. We'll see if he can keep it up in the weeks ahead.

MS: We certainly will... and as Malik Thompson celebrates his victory, we're heading back to the studio to Theresa Lynch and Rex Summers!

[We fade back to the studio.]

TL: Malik Thompson with his second victory here on the Power Hour. Mr. Summers, your thoughts on young Malik?

RS: The kid is big and strong but that's all he's shown me, darlin'. If he wants me to be impressed, he better do more than beat the South Philly Phighter who is a tough competitor but he ain't the cream of the crop.

TL: Are you saying SM&K would be happy to sign to face Malik Thompson?

[Summers arches an eyebrow.]

RS: Trying to stir things up, are you? You tell Malik Thompson if he's looking to test himself, the measuring stick is right here... and it's longer than he can possibly imagine.

[Another throaty chuckle as Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: Fans, this night keeps chugging along. Still a lot left to come here on the Power Hour but right now, let's go to Sweet Lou with a special guest!

[We fade to a pre-recorded shot of our studio, the camera pointed directly at a pair of chairs. Sitting in one chair is the AWA's premiere broadcast journalist, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, and sitting next to him is the one and only Brian Lau. The manager of champions, the only manager in professional wrestling's only real Hall of Fame and the special advisor to the Kings of Wrestling.]

SLB: Mr. Lau, I'm told that you requested this time to make a special announcement.

BL: That is correct, Blackwell. Though I did not request you.

SLB: I can see how well this is going to go already.

BL: With you honored to be in my presence and me being forced to tolerate you?

SLB: Yes, that's exactly what I meant. All right Mr. Lau, what is it you have to announce?

BL: Well, as you know, Blackwell, I only associate myself with the very cream of the crop. The best of the best. The elite, if you will. And that explains my current association with the Kings of Wrestling. The premiere organization, not just in the AWA, not just in wrestling, but in all of professional sports.

SLB: While many do not approve of their tactics, no one can question the bonafides of the Kings of Wrestling.

BL: But every king must occasionally indulge in a bit of charity. Noblesse oblige, as it were. And so it was that a few months ago, a man came to me. A downtrodden man. A man with no prospects. A man with no discernible skills or talents. A desperate man who had nowhere else to go.

And so, I, in a magnanimous gesture, took this wretch, and raised him out of the mire he'd placed himself in. I offered this fallen person an opportunity.

SLB: Are we talking about...?

BL: Shane Taylor, why yes we are.

SLB: The only opportunity you offered him was the opportunity take the beatings you deserved and the opportunity to wash your car!

BL: I believe, Blackwell, in giving a hand up, not a handout. I do not believe in coddling the weak, or in allowing them to leech off of my generosity. And I will admit, that I did not see much potential in Shane Taylor. But, even a king is occasionally mistaken.

And last week, I am proud to say, I was mistaken.

Because last week, in front of the world, Shane Taylor delivered. He took the opportunity I gave him, and he came through. He showed that, if you give a man a chance, sometimes, he delivers. Shane Taylor has shown that he has what it takes to be a Brian Lau guy.

So I am here right now, Blackwell, to announce that I am giving Shane Taylor a chance to truly prove himself. Not to the world, mind you, but to the men in the world who really matter. I am giving him the chance to impress the Kings of Wrestling.

And it all happens on the next episode of Saturday Night Wrestling!

SLB: What are you getting at, Lau?

BL: Next week, on Saturday Night Wrestling, Shane Taylor is going to eliminate a man who has, up until now, been indulged far too much by the Kings of Wrestling. Next week, Shane Taylor is going to put Travis Lynch....

SLB: Are you saying Shane Taylor will be taking on the AWA's National Heavyweight Champion?

[An angry Lau glares at Blackwell.]

BL: Do you have any idea how rude it is to interrupt someone?

As I was saying, Shane Taylor is going to put Travis Lynch or Callisto Dufresne out of wrestling, once and for all. It will be the Sensational Shane Taylor against one of those two men. And by the end of the match, I guarantee that Shane Taylor will have put one of them on the shelf. You have my word that one of those two men will not make it to Memorial Day Mayhem.

SLB: But which man?

BL: As if I would tell you, Blackwell.

No, it will be a surprise. I will not allow either of those two dimwits to get themselves ready or to formulate a plan. Let them guess, let them wonder. And mostly, Blackwell, let them spend a week dreading what is to come and praying that they are not the ones who will fall at the hands of Shane Taylor.

SLB: Does Shane Taylor know?

[Lau scoffs]

BL: Shane Taylor is the brawn, Blackwell. I am the brains. I know who he will be facing, and I know how that man will fall. And I am the only one who needs to know.

One of those two men will fall. Shane Taylor will seize the opportunity I have given to him. The opportunity he has earned.

And that, Blackwell, is all you, Lynch, Dufresne, and everyone else, needs to know.

[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 "14 DAYS AWAY!"

Fade to black...

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

TL: Memorial Day Mayhem - the hottest stage of the summer - is just 14 days away now. It'll be coming to you LIVE on Pay Per View from the Key Arena in Seattle, Washington. Rex Summers, you've got a part to play in that big show because on that night, you're going to be defending the Steal The Spotlight contract against a man who is undefeated in the AWA - The Gladiator.

RS: Emerson Gellar with his plots and his plans thinks he's backed the Red Hot One into a corner. He's put demands on the Steal The Spotlight winner like no one else has before. No other Steal The Spotlight winner has had to defend the contract. I have. No other Steal The Spotlight winner has gotten threatened by the front office to defend it or use it. I have. No other Steal The Spotlight winner has had to put up with the level of harassment that I have either. I'm in a match I wanted no part of. The Gladiator is big. He's tough. He's strong. And he's crazy!

[Theresa chuckles.]

RS: You laugh now. Gellar laughs now. But I'm still "Red Hot" Rex Summers. That means that I was a champion for your old man down in Dallas. I've been a champion here. And I'm the 2015 Steal The Spotlight winner. That means that I'm the guy to beat. And the Gladiator may be undefeated right now but he's never faced me. He's never faced SM&K. And when we're done with him, WE'RE the ones who are gonna be laughing, darlin'.

TL: Well, we're going to get a preview of that encounter next weekend on Saturday Night Wrestling when you, Callum Mahoney, and Kerry Kendrick team up to take on Pure X, Terry Shane, and The Gladiator in what should be a tremendous matchup. But right now, let's go back to the ring!

[We fade back into the arena where Phil Watson is finishing the introductions.]

HS: Hello, fans, and a pleasant good evening to you. I'm Harvey Sutton alongside the legendary Marcus Broussard! Coming up here should be a very interesting situation as we're going to see Chris Choynet teaming up with Cesar Hernandez for the very first time to take on the team of Will and Andy Blue. Now, for those who haven't been following the product, Choynet's need for a partner came when the Samoan Hit Squad - Mafu and Scola - injured Rene Rousseau during a recent tag team encounter on Saturday Night Wrestling.

MB: Those Samoans are savage, Harv. Especially Mafu. He's the wild one. I'm surprised they didn't circle back and take out Choynet while they were at it.

HS: There has been much speculation that perhaps Dave Cooper engineered that entire setup.

MB: Hell hath no fury like the Professional spurned. Ask Mark Langseth about it... if you can find him.

HS: And on that note, we're set to begin here tonight...

[The bell sounds as Chris Choynet bounces out of the corner. Will Blue edges warily out of his own corner...

...and rightfully so as Choynet shoots in on him, picking a leg and taking him down to the mat.]

HS: Choynet coming out very aggressive here tonight, right into the headlock.

MB: Of course he's going to be aggressive. His partner ended up in the hospital. That kind of thing has a way of changing how a man thinks, Harvey.

HS: Choynet, of course, with a long history of amateur wrestling in high school and college as he takes a knee, cranking on the side headlock as Will Blue looks for a way back to his feet.

[Will Blue grabs at the hands, trying to pull them apart but Choynet grabs a wrist, twisting out into an armwinger. He lands a couple of blows before using an armdrag to take Blue down, kneeling into an armbar.]

MB: I like this side of Chris Choynet. He's a nice kid, a good kid... but he's always seemed like he's missing something to me in the ring. He's been missing that killer instinct and maybe now that he's had to watch his partner carted out in a meat wagon, he'll find some of it.

[The referee checks to see if Will Blue wants to submit and he doesn't so Choynet shifts position, pressing the wrist and arm down into the canvas, kicking his legs up in the air and bringing a knee down across the bicep.]

HS: Right down across the arm with that knee.

[Down on the mat, Choynet shifts his kneecap back and forth, grinding it into the limb. Maintaining control of the wrist, Choynet drags him to his feet, walking back to the corner.]

HS: The tag is made... in comes Cesar Hernandez to a big cheer...

[Inside the ring, Hernandez hops up on the middle rope, leaping off with a double axehandle across the arm.]

HS: So far, this duo is looking pretty good, Shark.

MB: They are for sure. But it's one thing to look good against the hapless Blue Brothers... it's quite another to look good against the Samoans. Chosinet may have a score to settle but I'm not sure I'd recommend it.

[Hernandez reapplies the grip on the arm, wrenching on it before driving his elbow down onto the shoulder a few times.]

HS: Hernandez and Choynet putting their focus on the arm, working it over as a unit. This is very similar to the strategy that Hernandez employs in his singles matches, Shark.

MB: Hernandez likes to work the arm to set up going after the leg though, looking for that figure four. I'm not sure Choynet would have the same idea.

[Holding the wrist with both hands, Hernandez gives the arm two hard yanks, forcing Blue down to his knees. The fan favorite grabs the limb, stepping behind him in a rear armbar, taking a wide stance.]

HS: Blue gets forced down to the mat, really helpless at this point as Hernandez and Choynet go to work on that limb. His partner can just stand there and watch as well, cheering on his brother.

[Hernandez cranks the arm again, asking the referee to check for the submission. The ref asks and then waves it off, hearing no submission. Hernandez pulls Blue to his feet, using the armbar to back him into the ropes before making a tag.]

HS: Quick tag to Choynet...

[Stepping in, the Maine native grabs the off arm. Together, they twist the arms one way... then back other way before delivering a double chop that puts Blue back down.]

HS: Nicely-executed double team maneuver there.

[Choisnet reaches down to pull Blue back to his feet. The desperate Blue uncorks a wild right hand that Choisnet ducks easily, lifting him up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry...]

HS: Choisnet's got him up!

[...and starts spinning around with him, drawing cheers for the rapid multi-rotation airplane spin...]

HS: Will Blue hanging on for dear life as Choisnet goes faster and faster and...

[Pulling to a stop, Choisnet upends Blue, throwing him violently down to the canvas before applying a lateral press, jamming his forearm into the cheekbone.]

HS: Choisnet's got one! He's got two! Two and a half and that's all.

MB: Did you see that cover, Harvey? That forearm driven into the cheekbone. That's what I like to see.

HS: We certainly are seeing a more aggressive style out of Choisnet tonight... no doubt about it.

[Choisnet looks a little agitated as he comes to his feet, stomping Blue a couple of times in the ribs.]

HS: Back into the armwringer, moving back towards the corner again... and another tag.

MB: Quick tags are the hallmark of a top-level team and these two certainly have that going their way so far.

[Hernandez goes to raise his foot up on the ropes as Choisnet pulls back the arms behind Blue's back.]

HS: A little bit of miscommunication there on the part of this new team. That's to be expected though.

[A flustered Hernandez ducks quickly through the ropes, burying a right hand into the gut of Blue as the referee orders Choisnet to exit the ring. Choisnet says something to Hernandez as he exits, drawing a nod from the veteran.]

HS: Hernandez grabs the arm, twisting it into a hammerlock... scoop slam right down on the arm!

[With Blue's arm in pain, Hernandez grabs it and uses a hammer throw to hurl Blue into the buckles. With a whoop, Hernandez charges across the ring, climbing up the ropes and leaping into a flying headscissors, using it to drag Blue down to the mat before hooking the arm again, keeping a headscissor/armbar combination on his opponent.]

HS: Very impressive maneuver out of Hernandez right there, continuing to go to work on the arm.

MB: But Blue is hanging in there, still refusing to give up.

HS: Hernandez bringing him back to his feet...

[Using the arm again, Hernandez throws him to the ropes, ducking his head...

...and Blue has his back slapped by his partner.]

HS: Blind tag by Andy Blue... sunset flip by Will!

[Hernandez is hanging on, trying to keep his balance when Andy Blue rushes in, throwing a dropkick that topples him.]

MB: And that's the kind of thing that happens when you're a singles wrestler tossed into a tag team situation, Sutton. Hernandez allowed his opponent to get too close to his corner, not having the ring presence in a tag team environment, which let the tag be made.

HS: Definitely a mistake and Chris Choynet does not look pleased about it.

MB: Can you blame him? A mistake like that against the Samoans could end your night in a hurry.

[As Will Blue exits the ring, Andy Blue grabs a side headlock, hammering away with closed fists to the skull...]

HS: And look at this flurry of offense from Andy Blue!

MB: Add in that dropkick and that's the most we've seen out of him in years, Harv.

[Dragging Hernandez to his feet, still holding the headlock, Blue soon finds himself lifted upwards...]

...and DUMPED on the back of his head with a rough-looking suplex!]

MB: Oof! That'll send you searching for the Advil.

[Climbing off the mat, Hernandez grabs the leg, lifting it up...]

...and leaps over it in a hamstring pull, stretching out the leg!]

MB: And if I had to guess, Cesar Hernandez has just about had enough of this.

HS: The hamstring pull a second time!

[Climbing back up, Hernandez grabs the leg, twists it around...]

...and drops back in the figure four leglock, getting a very quick submission out of Andy Blue.]

HS: And this one is alllllll over, fans!

[Hernandez quickly releases the hold, leaning over to ask Andy Blue if he's okay as Chris Choynet enters the ring. The fan favorites exchange a quick high five, saluting the cheering fans while discussing their match.]

HS: Shark, I'd say these two still have some wrinkles to iron out of their tag team game but if this performance was any indication, they are well on their way to being ready to take on the Samoan Hit Squad!

MB: We'll see about that.

HS: Now, let's head back to the studio!

[Choynet and Hernandez exchange another high five as we fade back to the studio.]

TL: Chris Choynet and Cesar Hernandez with a win in their tag team debut. They looked pretty good to me, Mr. Summers.

[Summers chuckles.]

TL: Something amusing?

RS: Any woman who thinks that fat slob Hernandez and his pasty pal Choynet looks good is in for the thrill of a lifetime when I take this robe off and show her a true national treasure.

[Summers reaches for the belt on his robe but Theresa flings both hands up.]

TL: Please, let's not. Fans, we are closing in on tonight's featured attraction with The Hangman taking on Cain Jackson which should be a good one but before we can get to that, we've got tag team action in the AWA Women's Division!

[We fade from the studio to the ring where we find two newcomers on one side of the ring.]

GM: Tag team action coming up in the form of Karin Chen and Patricia Mohammed, the Scarlet Ibises...

[The colorfully-dressed duo dance around the ring, throwing handfuls of confetti around ringside. Karin Chen is a kinky-haired wrestler of mixed African and Asian descent. Patricia Mohammed is of South Asian descent. Both wrestlers wear short trunks and bra tops in scarlet, silver, turquoise and gold with feather motifs in the fringe around their boots, the waistbands of their trunks and the edges of their tops. The crowd cheers for them.]

GM: ...taking on the Mamba and Copperhead, the Serpentes. And conspicuous by her absence is Lauryn Rage thankfully. She may still be recovering from Lori Wilson's Lightning Strike.

BW: Maybe Gordo, but it's okay. The Serpentes are going to show these two little birds what happens when a snake and a bird fight.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The Scarlet Ibises are from the Caribbean islands, brought to the AWA by the tireless work of Emerson Gellar who has really made an effort to bring in tag teams from all over the world to challenge the Serpentes who have a big match coming up at Memorial Day Mayhem when they take on Melissa Cannon and Julie Somers.

BW: Cannon and Somers may think they're some kind of superpower team but when they get in the ring in Seattle, they're going to find out the hard way that when a great tag team meets two great singles wrestlers, the tag team usually finds a way to prevail.

GM: We'll see about that... and here we go!

[After a few moments of playing to the crowd, Chen locks up with Copperhead who towers some six inches over her and has about 50 pounds on her to boot.]

GM: Copperhead and Karin Chen tying up... and look at the size of Copperhead compared to Chen.

BW: That's what I call a mismatch.

[Struggling to get anywhere, Chen soon finds a knee driven up into her gut, doubling her over.]

BW: And that's a mistake right out of the gate. Chen's not going to be able to match strength with the Serpentine. Heck, I don't know anyone in the Women's Division who can, daddy. They're just too big and strong. You've got to stick and move and hope you get lucky against them.

GM: When you think of sticking and moving, you've gotta imagine that's the gameplan that Somers and Cannon will bring into their battle at Memorial Day Mayhem as Copperhead pounds away on Karin Chen, bringing those axehandles down across the back.

[Pulling her up, Copperhead flings Chen into the corner, charging in after her...

...and runs right into the buckles as Chen dodges out of the way to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Chen avoids the charge! Armdrag takes Copperhead down...

[Copperhead scrambles up off the mat as Chen comes charging in, throwing her arm out in a clothesline...

...but Copperhead does not fall!]

GM: Oh! The running clothesline stuns Copperhead!

BW: Yeah, but she can't get her off her feet!

[Chen runs to the ropes behind Copperhead, coming back fast, throwing her body to the mat in a roll into the back of the larger woman's legs, toppling her down to the mat!]

GM: That leg sweep did, Bucky!

[Both women come off the mat at the same time as a dropkick from Chen sends Copperhead falling back into the corner. A fired-up Mamba comes through the ropes, joining her partner in the ring.]

GM: Wait a second! Get her out of there, referee!

[But Patricia Mohammed comes in on the other side of the ring, evening the odds. The Scarlet Ibises ignore the protesting official, rushing across the ring, leaping into the air and snaring both Serpentine in rans, dragging them over the ropes and out to the floor to a huge ovation!]

GM: OH MY! THE IBISES HAVE CLEARED THE RING!

BW: What the... what in the heck is going on here, Gordo?!

[Out on the floor, Copperhead angrily kicks the timekeeper's table, shifting it as Mamba screams back into the ring at Mohammed and Chen as the referee tries to get them back to their corner.]

GM: And at a time like this, you have to wonder if the absence of Lauryn Rage at ringside is having an effect on this match. It's her job to keep these two under control and right now, the Serpentine look anything BUT in control.

BW: Thanks to that backjumper Lori Wilson. Boy, is she gonna get it when Lauryn gets her hands on her again!

[Ricky Longfellow finishes admonishing the Scarlet Ibises, forcing Mohammed out to the apron as Copperhead slides back in, charging across the ring towards Karin Chen...]

GM: Look out!

[...but Chen ducks a wild punch, grabbing the wrist and twisting around into an armwringer before pulling her opponent across the ring, making the tag to her partner.]

GM: Patricia Mohammed in off the tag...

[Mohammed comes through the ropes, hopping up to the middle rope, leaping off with a flying knee to the bicep. Chen lets go on impact, exiting the ring as Mohammed grabs the arm, twisting it around, and reached back behind the head of Copperhead, flipping her over onto the canvas.]

GM: Quick execution by Mohammed, keeping Copperhead off balance...

[Mohammed buries a boot between the shoulderblades of the seated Copperhead, earning a big cheer as she throws her hands up to celebrate with the crowd...

...and gets hit from behind with a running clothesline by Mamba! The crowd jeers the sneak attack as Ricky Longfellow gets up in Mamba's face, threatening to disqualify the Serpentes for their blatant disregard for the rules.]

GM: The Serpentes have become notorious with the AWA officials for their disregard for the rules and for the officials.

BW: Hey, it's simple. They're breaking the rules, you ring the bell.

[The referee and Mamba are having a full-on argument when Chen slips back into the ring, running across the ring, throwing a dropkick that sends Mamba sailing back into the corner!]

GM: And it's breaking down again!

[Slowly getting to her feet, Mohammed moves in, throwing boots to the gut with her partner. Together, they grab Mamba by the arm, shooting her across the ring to the far buckles, bringing her staggering back out...

...where they flip her up and over with a double hiptoss before dropping a tandem elbowdrop and rolling backwards into a handstand, flipping back to their feet to big cheers from the capacity crowd!]

GM: Oh my! Incredible tandem offense out of the Ibises!

BW: The Ibises are doing the right thing keeping the pace of this match fast. The Serpentes are struggling to catch them!

[With the Ibises celebrating, Copperhead comes to her feet, charging in to tackle Mohammed around the midsection, driving her back into the buckles. Chen goes to intervene but Mamba is back on her feet, stumbling forward to grab Chen around the throat, shoving her back into the adjacent turnbuckles.]

GM: The Serpentes bullying the Ibises around the ring! And I've totally lost track of who is legal at this point and I think referee Ricky Longfellow may have as well, Bucky.

BW: All this confusion only works to the Serpentine's advantage if you ask me. They seem to thrive on chaos.

GM: I feel like the AWA officials are going to have to crack down and throw down some disqualifications before these Serpentine's learn who's in charge in this company, Bucky.

[Mamba lifts Chen up to the second rope, rearing back with an overhand right as Ricky Longfellow shouts to try and get one female from each team out of the ring...

...and Chen blocks the blow, throwing a hard kick to the face, sending Mamba staggering away in a circle. With a shout, Chen leaps off the second rope, hooking Mamba around the head, and DRIVING her facefirst into the canvas to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Flying bulldog connects and-

[Chen pops up off the mat, celebrating her takedown of Mamba...

...and gets FLATTENED with a running forearm shot to the back of the head, sending her through the ropes and out to the floor as Mamba rolls out to the floor as well.]

GM: Well... it looks like we've got Mohammed and Copperhead in the ring now... and the referee is proceeding like these two are legal.

[Running up from behind, Mohammed jumps on the back of Copperhead, flailing away with clubbing forearms from the blind side...]

BW: I give up on figuring out what's right but I think this is right... I think they're legal.

GM: Mohammed's pounding away on Copperhead, trying to take her down...

[Copperhead swings her around, throwing herself backwards into the corner, smashing Mohammed between the buckles and her back.]

GM: Ohhh! Copperhead trying to break it up!

[Stepping out of the corner again, Copperhead sets her feet...

...and throws herself back into the buckles a second time!]

GM: Again to the corner! The tenacious Patricia Mohammed hanging on for dear life!

[Copperhead staggers out again, wobbling along the ring ropes where Karin Chen is back up on the apron, grabbing the back of her head.]

GM: Tag from the outside!

[Chen pops through the ropes, hopping up to the middle as Mohammed lets go, dropping to her knees behind Copperhead. Chen flings herself off the middle rope with a crossbody, toppling Copperhead over her kneeling partner and down to the mat where she hooks both legs to a big cheer!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Copperhead powers out just in time, throwing Chen off of her as Mohammed rolls out to the floor.]

GM: Wow! We were a half count away from a major upset, fans!

[Chen pops up, pumping her fist as she waits for Mohammed to rise.]

GM: Big right hand! Another! She's got Copperhead staggered!

[Chen pumps her fist again, turning to dash to the ropes as Copperhead tries to recover...]

...and a sneaky Mamba pulls down the top rope while the referee is looking the other way, sending Chen flying over the ropes, crashing down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MAMBA PULLS THE ROPES DOWN!

[The referee looks puzzled at Chen being out on the floor, questioning Mamba who denies it as Copperhead reaches out to slap her hand.]

GM: The tag is made to Mamba... and she's going out after Karin Chen...

[Mamba drags Chen off the floor...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS her into the steel barricade!]

GM: Into the steel goes Karin Chen... and the Serpentes may smell blood in the water, fans.

[Pulling Chen up, Mamba hurls her back under the ropes, slithering in after her to make a cover.]

GM: Mamba covers... and she gets two before Chen slips a shoulder out.

[Mamba pushes up to her knees, glaring at the official even though we were nowhere close to a three count.]

GM: Mamba pulling her up by the hair, flings her to the corner... another tag...

[Copperhead steps in, grabbing an arm on Chen as Mamba does the same. Together, they pull her out of the corner a bit...]

...and HURL her back in, racking her entire body against the buckles.]

GM: HARD into the corner!

[Mamba exits the ring as Copperhead pulls Chen into a double underhook, flinging her effortlessly down to the canvas.]

BW: And look how easily she tossed her, Gordo!

[With Chen down on the mat, Copperhead nods to the jeering crowd as she leans down, hauling her back to her feet before she flings her across the ring with an Irish whip, watching her rebound until she lifts her by the legs, falling backwards, and dropping her throatfirst across the top rope!]

GM: OHHH!

[Chen rolls around on the mat, flailing about as she clutches her throat.]

GM: Bucky, she can't breathe! She's having a hard time catching a breath!

[A smirking Copperhead points to the downed Chen, taunting the crowd as they jeer. Ricky Longfellow kneels down next to Chen, making sure she can continue. Copperhead gestures to her again, speaking loudly.]

"Little birdy can't really fly!"

[The fans continue to jeer as a sneering Copperhead pushes past the official, hauling a coughing Chen to her feet.]

GM: Mamba in off the tag... the referee might need to stop this match though, Bucky. Karin Chen is still having a hard time catching her breath.

[Inside the ring, Mamba watches as Copperhead whips Chen into the ropes, ducking out as Chen rebounds towards her, getting scooped up by Mamba, and slammed down hard with a RING SHAKING spinning body slam. Mamba bounces at the impact of her own slam before she drops to her hands and knees and does pushups over Chen.]

BW: Somebody better crawl under the ring and check for a weak spot there. She might've just broken the ring!

[Mamba climbs to her feet, striking a double bicep pose towards the camera with a "Check that out, right there!"]

GM: The Serpentes continue to inflict major damage - major punishment on Karin Chen who desperately needs to make a tag at this point, Bucky.

BW: She absolutely does but the Mamba isn't letting her get any separation.

GM: Another tag, keeping the ring cut in half as Copperhead comes back in, grabbing Chen for a belly-to-back suplex...]

GM: Chen goes up...

[...and flips over the top, landing on her feet. She ducks low, avoiding a wildly-swung clothesline...]

GM: CHEN WITH THE DIVE!

[...and slaps the outstretched hand of her partner! The crowd roars as Patricia Mohammed comes charging in, lighting up Copperhead with a series of right hands followed by a trio of knife edge chops, backing her up into the ropes. Grabbing an arm, Mohammed whips her across the ring as she charges to the ropes herself, bouncing back, and leaving her feet with a flying shoulder tackle!]

BW: Copperhead's still standing! Staggered but standing!

[A fired up Mohammed comes back to her feet, pumping her arms in the air to big cheers as she leaps up again, lashing out with a kick to the back of the head!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: The enzuigiri connects! But still, Copperhead is on her feet!

GM: Dropkick by Mohammed!

[Copperhead staggers back another step or two but stays on her feet. Mamba shouts from the apron as Karin Chen gets waved back in. Still clutching her throat, Chen obliges...]

BW: This is illegal! Longfellow's lost control again!

GM: I'm not sure this is a good idea, Bucky. Chen JUST got out of the ring and-

[A double dropkick staggers Copperhead...

...but with a roar, she stays on her feet, looking fired-up as Chen and Mohammed take aim again. They both charge to the ropes...]

GM: OHH!

[Mamba slides down the apron, slipping a knee up into the lower back of Chen. She follows up by grabbing Chen by the back of the head, dropping off the apron and snapping the throat down on the top rope, putting Chen down hard as a surprised Mohammed rebounds back without her partner...

...and gets caught around the throat by Copperhead!]

GM: CAUGHT!

[Copperhead hoists her into the air, twisting her body slightly and THROWING Mohammed down to the canvas with a thunderous chokeslam!]

GM: CHOKESLAM!! OH MY!

[Copperhead drops to her knees, applying a lateral press and hooking the leg for a one... two... and three.]

GM: That's it.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What a battle! A hard-fought battle by the Scarlet Ibises but they come up short in this tag team matchup.

BW: Just like that... just when you think the Ibises have things going their way, the Serpentes turn it all around and put them down with that devastating chokeslam. And Gordo, if you're a fan of Somers and Cannon, you've gotta be concerned right now. I mean, sure, this was the most competitive match the Serpentes have been in, but that just made them that much meaner. That much nastier. Do you really want that?

GM: It's going to be one heck of a fight in Seattle and I'm looking forward to it. Fans, the Power Hour continues after this short commercial break because after this, it's featured attraction time with The Hangman taking on Cain Jackson!

[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 "14 DAYS AWAY!"

Fade to black...

...and then back up on Theresa.]

TL: 14 days and counting, fans. The fans in Seattle are buzzing at Memorial Day Mayhem coming to the Pacific Northwest for the very first time and who can blame them. What a lineup it is and part of that lineup includes this Open Invitational Battle Royal with the winner getting a spot in the prestigious Battle of Boston tournament. Open Invitational means it could be absolutely anyone showing up that night and we already know that the odds on favorite will be Torin The Tiran who has been confirmed to compete. But the whole world is wondering who else will be in this big Battle Royal... and I've gotta wonder if the two men in our featured attraction will be in it. It's The Hangman taking on some very tough competition in Cain Jackson! Take a look!

[As we zoom in to the ring, we find that both men have already entered and Virgil Rockwell is insisting that the mic be handed to him.]

MS: Mark Stegglet here ringside with Mr. Mensa, the World's Smartest Man himself, Manny Imbrogno as we set to call the action when the mysterious Hangman goes one-on-one with Cain Jackson in what should be one heck of a fight.

MI: Marcus oh Marcus, the action is at hand and I could not be happier to be the baked potato to your Ribeye steak to call the action.

MS: Ooooookay. And in the meantime, Virgil Rockwell is asking the ring announcer for the microphone.

[Rockwell is granted the mic.]

VR: I present to you... a limerick... in honor of our esteemed color commentator.

MS: Oh, brother.

MI: How intriguing.

[Rockwell lifts the mic, unfolding a sheet of paper from his pocket.]

VR: There once was a man with great hope.
So smart but still really a dope.
He talked a big game.
With his dumb goofy name.
Get ready to meet this here rope.

[The Hangman holds up his noose menacingly towards Imbrogno.]

MI: A solid "C" for effort if not literary excellence.

[The Hangman walks to the corner, hanging his rope over the corner ringpost as Virgil Rockwell exits the ring...

...and Cain Jackson comes storming across the ring, smashing a double axehandle across the back as the bell sounds!]

MS: Sneak attack from behind by the former Team Supreme member!

[Swinging the Hangman around in the corner, Jackson rears and fires two heavy haymakers to the jaw.]

MS: Jackson starting off fast against one of a handful of men in this business actually larger than he is. Cain Jackson at 6'8 and about 285 while The Hangman stands 6'10 and weighs over 300.

[Jackson dips his head, grabbing the middle rope, swinging his shoulder into the midsection of the Hangman once... twice... three times. Straightening up, he grabs the Hangman by the arm...]

MS: Big whip coming up... no, reversed!

[Jackson slams into the far turnbuckles, The Hangman charging in after him...]

MS: Running clothesline in the corner connects! Nearly taking Jackson off his feet!

[Grabbing Jackson by the back of the head, The Hangman hurls him out of the corner. Jackson slips to a knee, pushing up off the mat as the Hangman comes storming out, throwing a big boot to the jaw!]

MS: BIG BOOT!

[Jackson goes pinwheeling backwards, falling into the buckles.]

MI: You would presume that Jackson might take umbrage at having his own finishing maneuver placed upon him.

[The Hangman marches in towards him, moving a little quicker than we're used to.]

MS: This is certainly the stiffest challenge for the Hangman so far. Undeclared in his time in the AWA but he has yet to face the upper echelon.

MI: We all eagerly await him.

[The Hangman corners Jackson, squaring up...]

MS: Jackson's in the wrong part of town, fans.

[The man from the Deadwoods throws a series of precision rights and lefts, working his way up the body of Jackson, hammering the ribs and kidneys...

...and then switches to the head, ignoring the protests of the referee as the Hangman tees off on the skull, throwing blow after blow after blow to the head, finishing off the sequence with an uppercut that snaps Jackson's head back before he slumps down to a seated position in the corner.]

MS: The Hangman battering Jackson relentlessly in the corner... and now planting his boot on the throat!

[The referee starts his five count, shouting at the Hangman as Jackson struggles to get free.]

MS: Three... four... fi- broken just in time!

[The Hangman turns back towards the official, his cold dead eyes bearing down on the official. He snaps his head back as the referee bails out, wanting no part of getting physical with him.]

MS: The Hangman stalking across the ring, pursuing our official...

MI: A dreadful error in judgment, my good man.

MS: You're right. Cain Jackson's climbing to his feet!

[Crouched low, Jackson waits... and waits... and waits for the Hangman to turn to face him...

...and then bolts across the ring, staying low as he throws himself forward!]

MS: SPEAR! SPEAR!

[The Beast OBLITERATES The Hangman with a spear tackle, taking him down HARD to the canvas!]

MS: My goodness, I believe this is the first time we've seen the Hangman off his feet!

[Jackson pushes up to his knees, pumping a fist before settling back into a lateral press.]

MS: ONE!

[And the crowd ROARS in shock as The Hangman kicks out!]

MS: WHAT THE-?!

[Jackson backs off, eyes wide as The Hangman grimaces...

...and then sits up on the canvas, looking dead in the eyes of Cain Jackson who scrambles to his feet.]

MS: I can't believe it! Cain Jackson absolutely UNLOADS with that spear and The Hangman... did he even feel it?! This guy's not even human, Manny!

MI: An intimidating sight to be certain.

[Jackson crouches low again, waving his hands, shouting "COME ON, DEAD MAN!"]

MS: The Hangman to his feet... here comes Cain!

[But as Jackson bears in on him, The Hangman sidesteps, allowing Jackson to sail past him as the Hangman dashes to the ropes, rebounding off, leaping high into the air with his arm extended, catching the off-balance Jackson across the chest with an incredibly athletic flying clothesline!]

MS: Wow! The Hangman leaps into the air with the greatest of ease and topples Cain Jackson with that breathtaking flying clothesline!

MI: A man that size should not possess the ability to do such things, Mr. Stegglet.

MS: Perhaps not but he did it!

[The Hangman turns towards the corner where Virgil Rockwell gives him a signal. The tall drink of water in the ring nods, reaching up to grab his own throat with his gloved hand.]

MS: Already?!

MI: The end may be near for Mr. Jackson.

[The Hangman turns back towards Jackson, grabbing him by the hair to haul him to his feet. He leans down to lift Jackson up into the torture rack...

...and Jackson slams an elbow down into the back of the neck!]

MS: Jackson battling back!

[A second elbow lands... and a third...]

MS: Jackson battling out... the Beast is loose!

[Jackson lands a big double axehandle blow to the chest of the Hangman, knocking him two steps back. A haymaker follows... and another, sending the Hangman back a few more steps.]

MS: Jackson's battering the Hangman with rights and lefts just as the Hangman did to him earlier, forcing him back across the ring!

[With the Hangman on the run, Jackson hits the ropes, rebounding back with a clothesline that knocks the Hangman back a step but doesn't take him down.]

MS: The clothesline had effect but not enough to drop the Hangman!

[Jackson throws himself into the ropes a second time, coming back with a running clothesline that again sends the Hangman a few steps backwards, getting very close to the ropes...]

MS: Two big clotheslines puts the Hangman against the ropes but it does not send him down!

[Jackson suddenly throws his arms back, letting loose a big roar right in the face of the Hangman...

...who reaches out, snatching Jackson by the throat!]

MS: OH! HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM!

[Jackson's eyes go wide at the sudden goozle...

...and he lurches forward, slamming his head into the Hangman's!]

MS: Desperation headbutt! That breaks him loose!

[Jackson grabs at his neck, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs before dashing to the ropes, rebounding back at top speed...]

MS: BIG BOOT!

[The charging big boot catches the Hangman right in the chest, sending him toppling backwards over the ropes...

...where he lands on his feet, staring up at a stunned Cain Jackson.]

MS: Oh my god.

[Jackson, shocked by what he just saw, backs off again. His eyes are wide for a moment before he shouts, "COME ON! LET'S FINISH THIS!" with great intensity. Many in the crowd cheer the idea of this fight continuing as Virgil Rockwell hustles around the ring, putting himself between The Hangman and the squared circle!]

MS: Are you kidding me?! Did the Hangman just take Cain Jackson's big boot and...

MI: The man appears unfazed, Mr. Stegglet.

MS: I can't believe it. Think of all the people we've seen dropped by that kick! Think of the people whose lights were turned out by that kick! And the Hangman... the Hangman lives!

[Rockwell is frantically talking to the Hangman, trying to implore him to not get back inside the ring. Cain Jackson has other ideas though, approaching the ropes, shouting down at the Hangman who is being held back by Rockwell.]

MS: Cain Jackson's not done but Virgil Rockwell seems to want no more of the Beast on this night!

[The Hangman doesn't even look at his manager, eyes locked on Jackson as he tries to reach past him. Rockwell puts both hands on the Hangman, attempting to shove him backwards. The referee moves in, talking to Rockwell who scrambles up on the apron to confront him.]

MS: If the Hangman's not getting back in the ring, we're going to need some kind of decision. We're going to-

[Cain Jackson suddenly surges forward, pushing past the referee, grabbing Rockwell and flipping him over the ropes into the ring to a cheer!]

MS: He's got Rockwell in the ring!

[Rockwell scrambles away from the ropes, Jackson turning to pursue him. He's walking across the ring, threatening the pleading Rockwell...

...and not noticing the Hangman sliding into the ring behind him, grabbing the rope from off the turnbuckle...]

MS: Behind you!

[...and charges forward as Jackson turns, driving the stretched-out rope into the throat of Jackson, knocking him down to the canvas as the referee signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

MS: Ohh! That'll do it!

[The Hangman stands over Jackson, rope in hand, staring down at him as the fans jeer the apparent disqualification.]

MS: The referee has thrown this one - The Hangman's going to be disqualified I believe but he's not done yet!

MI: I do not approve of this, Mr. Stegglet.

MS: You've made that clear in the past, Manny.

[Standing over Jackson, The Hangman lifts the noose end of the rope...]

MI: No, no... I will not stand for this!

[A loud "CLUNK!" is heard as Manny Imbrogno tosses his headset, scrambling up on the table. He grabs the ropes, running alongside them on the apron, scaling the turnbuckles...]

...and HURLS himself off in a somersault dive onto the Hangman, knocking him off his feet before he can slip the noose around the throat of Cain Jackson!]

MS: DOWN GOES THE HANGMAN!

[Virgil Rockwell scrambles out of the ring as Imbrogno gets up, fists balled up and at the ready, looking for a fight as the Hangman rolls out of the ring to join his manager.]

MS: Manny Imbrogno had seen enough! He couldn't stand the idea of someone else getting that rope wrapped around their neck and he just came to the aid of Cain Jackson who has won this match by DQ.

[The crowd is cheering as Imbrogno implores The Hangman to get back in the ring but Virgil Rockwell is insistently pushing his charge back down the aisle as Cain Jackson pushes up to a knee. The ring announcer makes it official as Jackson gestures for the mic.]

CJ: Hey!

[The Hangman stares up at Jackson who grabs at his neck, rubbing the area where the rope would have struck.]

CJ: This right here... this wasn't enough for me!

[Jackson's intensity wins him a few fans who cheer the idea of a rematch.]

CJ: And you... I got a feelin' it wasn't enough for you either!

[The Hangman doesn't respond, still staring at Jackson.]

CJ: Turns out that I'm free Memorial Day... and I'm gonna be in Seattle and I'm sure you are too...

[Jackson nods, pacing a bit now.]

CJ: And I'm telling Emerson Gellar right now that I ACCEPT his Open Invitation. I'm gonna be in that Battle Royal!

[Some cheers as Jackson continues to pace and then suddenly moves forward, stepping up on the second rope, pointing down the aisle...]

CJ: WILL YOU?!

[And the cheers get louder for that question as the camera holds on the Hangman who stands stoic...

...and then gives one certain nod that gets more cheers as we fade back to the studio.]

TL: There you go, fans! We just found out two more men who are coming to Seattle to be a part of that Open Invitational Battle Royal with a spot in the Battle of Boston tournament on the line! It's been another great night here on the Power Hour. I hope you enjoyed the action from all around the United States. Of course, I'd like to thank my co-host, Rex Summers, for being here with me.

RS: Not so fast, Theresa.

TL: Oh, jeez... what now?

RS: It's time... for the grand unveiling.

[A smirking Summers reaches down to grab at the belt of his robe.]

TL: Wait, wait... hold on... hey, Rex... what's that thing you say when you come to the ring?

RS: Hmm? Oh. Cut the music?

TL: Yeah, yeah... I've got one of those of my own.

[Lynch looks up at the ceiling.]

TL: Boys! Cut the lights!

[And the lights go black.]

RS: What the-?! LYNCH! LYNNNNNNCH!

[A chuckling Theresa Lynch can be heard through the darkness.]

TL: Good night everybody!

[Fade to... well, it's already black.]