

The graphic features the text "AWA POWER HOUR" in large, bold, white capital letters with a slight glow effect. Below it, "JUNE 4TH, 2016" is written in a similar but slightly smaller font. The background is a dark blue field filled with numerous bright, jagged white and yellow lightning bolts that create a sense of intense energy and power.

AWA POWER HOUR

JUNE 4TH, 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 a shot of Theresa Lynch standing in a backstage hallway. She's dressed identically to what we saw on the Memorial Day Mayhem Pre-Game Show.]

TL: Hello everyone, I'm Theresa Lynch, and I'm your host for the next sixty minutes on this very special edition of the Power Hour! We are coming to you backstage at the KeyArena in Seattle and... wow! What a show we just witnessed! Over the next hour, I'm going to be bringing you interviews with some of the AWA competitors you saw in action here tonight plus we'll have some in-ring action recorded as well. It promises to be a fun one and coming-

[Theresa's gaze abruptly shifts off-camera.]

TL: Mr. Gellar! Mr. Gellar, a quick word!

[The camera turns to find AWA Director of Operation, Emerson Gellar, rushing through the backstage hallway. He pulls up to a stop, doing a double take at Theresa. With a nod, he steps towards her, straightening his tie as he comes in front of the camera.]

EG: Yes, Miss Lynch?

TL: Mr. Gellar, what we just saw out there with... with Alex Martinez... with Juan Vasquez... with Ryan Martinez! Did you know that Ryan Martinez was here tonight?

[Gellar nods.]

EG: Yes, yes I did. Mr. Martinez... Ryan Martinez that is... he came to Seattle today to meet with Dr. Bob Ponavitch, the head of AWA medical, to see if he could get cleared for in-ring action. However, my understanding is that he did not pass that physical examination... so I have no idea what he was doing out there.

TL: He was protecting his father, Mr. Gellar.

EG: Yes, well... I need to speak to him... to Dr. Ponavitch... I need to get some answers so if you'll excuse me.

[Gellar doesn't wait for Theresa to respond, exiting stage left and leaving her behind.]

TL: The excitement is still going on here in Seattle, fans. So many people backstage... we're going to try and get words with as many of them as we can. Next Gen... Supernova... Melissa Cannon and Julie Somers and so many others. Somebody else who was backstage here tonight that I was surprised to see was Louis Matsui. For the better part of the last few months, Matsui has been traveling all over the country, scouting American Legion Halls, Elks Lodges, Jewish Community Centers, and other similar venues, in search of talent that will form the backbone of what he is calling the Matsui Dynasty. From the last recorded footage we received, he seems to have found someone who fits his criteria, whatever they may be. Mark Stegglet is standing by with him to find out more. Mark?

[We cut to another part of the backstage corridor in the KeyArena. Mark Stegglet is standing by with a smirking Louis Matsui, who has on a light gray sports coat over a dark gray dress shirt and black pants.]

MS: Thanks, Theresa. Louis Matsui, I guess we should not be surprised to see you backstage at Memorial Day Mayhem, but what is surprising is that you did not choose to take advantage of the Open Invitational Battle Royal to introduce your

find to the AWA Galaxy. Have you or have you not found someone worthy of being part of your so-called Matsui Dynasty?

LM: Is that how you greet a friend you have not seen in months, Marky Mark? Of course I have found someone to be a part of the Matsui Dynasty. Maybe I've even found a couple of someones. But we already had a couple of debuts tonight, and good as my diamond in the rough might be, I'm just not sure he is quite ready for a shot at the Battle of Boston.

After all, the Battle of Boston purports to bring together the best in the world. Now, the old Louis Matsui would not hesitate to claim that he is manager to one of the best in the world, but me? I would not dare to make any such claim. Both my client and I have something to prove and we aren't looking for any shortcuts or special treatment along the way. When my client makes his debut, he will start from the bottom and work his way up the old-fashioned way.

MS: But do you have any idea when that debut will take place?

LM: June 11th.

[Stegglet seems caught off-guard by Matsui's answer.]

MS: What? June 11th... Saturday Night Wrestling at the Saddledome?

[Matsui's smirk breaks into a grin.]

LM: Steggosaurus... I'll see you in Calgary.

[Matsui claps Stegglet on the shoulder and wanders off.]

MS: You heard it here, folks: June 11th... Calgary, Alberta, Canada... Louis Matsui plans to introduce the AWA Galaxy to the individual he is calling his diamond in the rough. Back to you, Theresa.

[We cut back to Theresa.]

TL: Thanks, Mark. Breaking news right there as Louis Matsui is finally ready to reveal his latest find to the AWA... but the breaking news doesn't end there, fans. I'm told that my next guest here... come on in here, gentlemen...

[The camera pulls back as Theresa is flanked by the fan favorite duo known as BCIQ. BC Da Mastah MC is on her right, still in his ring gear from the Battle Royal. Manny Imbrogno is on her left, his tweed jacket in place as he tucks his Kindle under his arm.]

TL: I've been told that after eliminating Flex Ferrigno from the Battle Royal earlier tonight that one of you two gentlemen have challenged him to a match on the next Saturday Night Wrestling.

BC: You tellin' it true, Theresa. The man with the muscles thought he could get up in our grills... mess with our business... well, tonight, we gave him a taste of just what we're capable of.

[BC balls up his fist, showing off his knuckles.]

BC: And in Calgary, we're gonna give him a taste of somethin' else. Word.

[Theresa smiles, turning to Manny Imbrogno.]

TL: Manny, your partner may speak in rhymes typically but tonight, he's talking in riddles. Who's it going to be? You or BC against Ferrigno?

[Imbrogno lifts a finger.]

MI: My dearest Theresa, I bring to you the gift of illumination.

[He clears his throat, lifting his Kindle.]

MI: Flex Ferrigno, Flex Ferrigno.
Your biceps are sublime.
Your triceps are amazing.
Your pectorals quite divine.

All your muscles are the envy
Of the entire locker room.
But if brains were required to breathe,
You'd be deep inside a tomb.

Much like the dreaded Hangman,
The hype is your greatest friend.
"Don't believe the hype," they say.
In Calgary, your buzz must end.

So bring forth all your muscles.
All your power and all your press.
But when you tangle with Mr. Mensa,
Your more will certainly be less.

[Imbrogno tucks the Kindle back under his arm.]

MI: Good day, Miss Lynch.

[The World's Smartest Man turns to exit, leaving Theresa behind.]

TL: There you have-

[BC ducks in, completely eclipsing the smallish interviewer.]

BC: Thug life.

[He bashes his fists together, ducking out off camera as Theresa smiles.]

TL: Fans, we'll be right back with more of the Power Hour. Don't you dare go away.

[Fade to black.]

Open on a prairie highway in the dead of winter. Sheets of snow drift quickly across the blacktop in the high wind.]

"The Canadian Prairies: Desolate, cold, and forbidding."

[Cut to some pretty obviously 1980s era footage; a balding man with thick tinted glasses and bright orange sportcoat, a crest with the words "Chinook Wrestling" on the crest.]

AL PICKARD: "Hi-de-ho and fiddle-dee-dee wrestling fans, and welcome once again to the greatest show on canvas!"

["Let There Be Drums" by The Incredible Bongo Band kicks in, introducing a montage of wrestling from the various eras in a small brick space.]

"And the hottest wrestling in the West."

[A talking head interview with an older black man with greying hair, juxtaposed with his younger self: jheri-curled hair and a red sleeveless karate gi.]

"DEAD END" EVANS: "You wanna know how to wrestle, you go to the Colton Cave. One hour there learned you more about wrestling than a lifetime anywhere else."

[The next interview is with an Indian man with a large turban and thick black beard, juxtaposed with his turban-less wrestling days, the Commonwealth Heavyweight Championship belt over one shoulder, a silver mace over the other.]

RAJ BHULLAR: "You would see Americans, you would see Japanese, you'd see English... you'd see the world—we would bring the world to you."

"For the first time on video see the pain and passion, and the triumph and tragedy, featuring over four hours of rare and archival footage from Colton vaults spanning half a century."

[A man with long, wavy brown hair in a navy and black singlet, decorated with gold six-pointed sheriff's stars. Today, he has greying hair, a blue flannel shirt, and a more weathered face.]

JEREMIAH "THE SHERIFF" COLTON: "What we had in Alberta, and what we continue to have to this day, is a respect for tradition and respect for our fans. And not everyone was willing to respect that."

[Cut to an interview from a dozen years before, where Jeremiah Colton stands beside Al Pickard.]

JTSC: "We're talking about values that need to be respected, and I'm not going to stand off to one side and let punks like that walk all over us!"

[Cut to a rebuttal from Jackson Hunter.]

JACKSON HUNTER: "What we were presenting had never been done in North America... ever."

[Cut to footage from Hunter's days in wrestling: silver snakeskin tights and a head full of blue spiked hair. He moonsaults off the top rope onto a prone victim lying on top of ladder that has been bridged between the ring apron and barricade.]

JH: [in voice-over from the mid-2000s] "Hey Sheriff, you think I don't have the guts to start a revolution? Just watch me!"

"Chinook Wrestling: The Greatest Show on Canvas! Available now on DVD, Blu-ray, and digital download at AWAshop.com."

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to backstage at the Key Arena, where Mark Stegglet is standing by with Callum Mahoney, Kerry Kendrick and, of course, Erica Toughill. They are now dressed in their finery: Mahoney in a red shirt, black waistcoat, gold chain attached, presumably, to a pocket watch; Kendrick in a sportcoat over a t-shirt emblazoned with the album cover for Nick Cave's "From Her To Eternity." off to one side, Ricki Toughill leans back to the wall in a schoolgirl's blazer and white shirt and tie, industriously chomping on a wad of bubble gum.]

MS: Gentlemen, you picked up a victory over Pure X and Terry Shane on the Pre-Game Show, but it was not without controver-

[Toughill leaps into action, once again taking Stegglet by the wrist, pulling the microphone to Callum Mahoney.]

CM: Controversy? No, there was no controversy to my pinning X's shoulders to the mat for the one, two, three. Controversy would be Terry Shane realizing his folly and abandoning that sinking ship. It would be Shane reverting back to the snake and the coward that he is and looking out for nobody else but himself.

KK: That's right, Callum. We could almost respect that level of self-preservation and self-interest, but that does not a self-made man make, and we don't really need a flunky to carry our bags for us.

CM: What is clear is that we are done with those fellas. DONE! And if Emerson Gellar would stop lobbing these softballs down our way that we've had to keep batting out of the park, perhaps we can get down to the real work that needs to be done.

[Toughill lowers her gaze, as thought prompting Stegglet to follow up.]

MS: And what would that be?

KK: Our business, Mark. Business is booming, Son of Stegglet. Tell 'em, Callum.

CM: Make no mistake about it, despite these hindrances, despite the setbacks, SM&K will not be diverted from our mission. You saw the Open Invitational Battle Royal... Heard Bucky and Gordon talk about all the teams in it... Well, neither Kerry nor I won, but one team outlasted all the other so-called tag teams! This partnership is strong as ever and we will not stop until we cement our place as one of, no, THE top team in the AWA! After all, every day that the World Tag Team Titles are being defiled by them Stench fellas, those belts are just crying out for a worthy pair of waists to decorate. Maybe the Kings win them back in a rematch, or maybe, just maybe, they go around the waists of the Self-Made Man and the Armbar Assassin.

[Kendrick chuckles.]

KK: It's there on the calendar, Callum. Jack Stench has an appointment to have his elbow hyperextended, and Travis needs his bell rung by the best belly-to-belly suplex in the industry. Everything that they've had handed to them, every opportunity they've had gift-wrapped, every single thing that they've stolen from guys like us because of the virtue of their last name... We're coming for it all. KNOCK KNOCK, Mister Lynch and Mister Lynch.

CM: Hey, Ricki...

[Toughill turns to listen to Mahoney while still squashing Mark Stegglet's wrist in her fist.]

CM: Kerry and I, we're catching up with Rex at the ultra lounge.

KK: Yeah, apparently he's "drowning his sorrows" with a few bottles of Cristal and every 9 and 10 in Washington State, courtesy of Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Lau. You in too?

[She equivocally tilts her head back and forth.]

CM: We'd buy PBRs for you.

[Toughill finds this much more agreeable. She releases Stegglet, and the three walk off-camera, leaving Mark Stegglet clutching his wrist as we fade to another part of the backstage area where Theresa Lynch is standing near the backstage exit alongside a street-clothes-clad but visibly pissed off Pure X.]

TL: Mark Stegglet with some words from the team who bested you tonight on the Pre-Game Show. Pure X, tonight had to be frustrating for you as you took the loss in that match against Callum Mahoney and Kerry Kendrick.

[Pure X doesn't break the grim look but let out a shake of the head.]

TL And then afterwards, during the show, Terry Shane dissolved the partnership saying he was weighing you down. You stayed the whole show - watched the whole show with many of us after participating - and coming up short in the Battle Royal as well. What is going through your mind right now?

PX: I...

[Pure X lets out a pained sigh.]

PX: Look, tonight wasn't a banner night for me. To Terry? The feeling's mutual - I fully respect him and wish him the best and maybe we can someday have a test of our trade in the ring. But everything else?

[Pure X grimaces a bit as he once again shakes his head.]

PX: Kendrick, Mahoney... This show... This place? For me, it's a...

[X briefly looks away, trying to find the words for a moment.]

PX: A downward spiral. Look Theresa, what I experienced, again? What I saw in that ring? That sacred ring? I -

[Pure X stops himself as he once again shakes his head while looking at Theresa Lynch. A look of disgusted registers as he throws his hands up and grabs his gear before leaving the scene.]

TL: Pure X obviously a bit disenchanted with some of what he saw here tonight. The Unsanctioned Match between Alex Martinez and Juan Vasquez was one of the most brutal things I've ever witnessed. If you missed it, go out of your way to check it out on a Pay Per View replay. It truly was a spectacle that fans will be talking about for a long, long time. And that victory by Vasquez cemented one heck of a night for the Axis of Evil. Both of them stood tall here tonight with Maxim Zharkov besting Kolya Sudakov in a brutal Russian Chain Match, and Juan Vasquez surviving a malicious and bloody brawl in the Unsanctioned Street Fight. We've learned that Maxim Zharkov will NOT be in Canada for this upcoming tour due to visa issues that the AWA is hoping to have sorted out before the European tour coming up this summer. But Jackson Hunter WILL be in Calgary... in the heart of the territory where Chinook Wrestling used to be a stronghold. But to be honest, fans, we heard Jackson Hunter swearing up a storm at the first aid station earlier tonight - he does not want to be in Calgary next week. Why? We're going to dip into the vaults to show you.

[Transition from the backstage area to some older footage.]

CAPTION: "07/28/03 - From 'Chinook Wrestling: The Greatest Show on Canvas,' available at AWAshop.com"

It's the Chinook ring from their standard television taping, a few risers betraying the relatively small crowd of about a hundred. In the ring at the side nearest the hard camera stands Al Pickard, a balding, greying man with thick tinted glasses holding a microphone that wouldn't look out of place of "The Price Is Right." On either side of him are two wrestlers, both sporting matching (albeit drab and boxy-looking) championship belts.

The first is a blue-eyed, black-hearted blonde boy in a platinum colored singlet embellished with a dark metallic blue 'X' across the front and white lightning bolts down either side. This is Xavier "X-Man" Colton.

The other sports a fauxhawk of blue-dyed hair, which seems to be receding quite badly. He is in long silver and black snakeskin-patterned tights, and a green and white "Saskatchewan Roughriders" CFL jersey. This man... as hard as it might be to believe... is Jackson Hunter.]

AP: Xavier Colton, X-Man... I am still shocked that that you sided with this man, much less that you have chosen him as your ally and tag partner as Commonwealth Tag Team Champion.

XC: Y'know something, Al? I don't know why you're surprised. Your beat in this town has been wrestling since I was a kid, so you know all about my brothers. You know all about how my brother Jeremiah has been holding me back and keeping me in the shadow. You know how Max and Seth did the same. You saw how The Sheriff put himself before me when it came my time to win the Commonwealth Championship. And you saw how he did the same to Jax a couple of years ago.

JH: Now, Al, I know that Seth and Max are up in Edmonton at the league office trying to use every bylaw in the book to try and get me suspended again for god knows what reason. I've already appealed one bogus suspension that they tried to pin on me, and if they think that I can't overturn another... then in the words of the greatest Prime Minister this country has ever had, Pierre Elliot Trudeau—

[He pauses with a grin so the fans behind him can boo the very mention of the name.]

JH: As he said, "just watch me."

AP: Now, hold on a second, Hunter; don't you take any responsibility for interfering in Colton family business?

XC: Don't answer that, Jax. It's a private matter.

JH: What exactly are you implying, Pickard? Are you referring to The X-man joining me, and the New Model Army? Or are you referring to that sludgy, grotesque, borderline-slandorous locker-room scuttlebutt, that The Sheriff and some of the more sanctimonious Colton brood have been spreading?

AP: Well, I am! Because if it's true, that could be one of the most low-down, rotten, good-for-nothing things you've ever done—and that's saying something, Jackson!

XC: Okay, this interview is over—

JH: Nah nah nah, relax, Xavier. They say the light is the best disinfectant, so let's shed some light on the TRUTH, so I can avoid having my spotless name dragged through the mud on some message board. See... a few months ago, after the Rumble in the Rockies, Seth Colton's little girl Alexis is waiting for her old man to meet her after the show, because it's her nineteenth birthday and her old man has promised to take her out for her first Mike's Hard Lemonade. Well, surprise, surprise, Seth Colton is a terrible father, just like old man Wayne was, obviously.

So me and Ratt and the rest of the NMA are making our way out, and I see little Alexis standing in the snow shivering, waiting to catch up with her dad, who has crawled inside a bottle of Bombay Sapphire, like he does at the end of every show. And I see the same look of hurt disappointment in her eyes that I see in Xavier's, and everyone else with a soul in that rotten clan. And unlike her father, I'm comforting her! And you were there, Al! You remember how cold it got last February.

Al, let's just say that we kept each other warm and she ended up having a pretty awesome 19th birthday.

[Pickard is nearly turning purple with indignation.]

AP: That—you are—you didn't just—!

JH: Listen you twisted old fruit, unlike a lot of the Colton men, I waited until I turned 30 before bagging women ten years my junior!

AP: YOU SWINE!

[Pickard swats Hunter across the face, knocking him loopy for a few seconds, while Xavier Colton tries to hold him back. The fans come unglued, jumping out of their seats.]

“AL! AL! AL! AL! AL!”

[Xavier Colton manages to put himself between Pickard and Hunter, just as Jeremiah Colton, the long-haired Sheriff charges into the ring. He manages to land a few shots on Hunter before Hunter and Jeremiah's brother retreat into the stands.

The Sheriff shouts over the ropes, with a few choice obscenities blanked out on the audio track. Xavier Colton and Jackson Hunter are halfway through the emergency exit, the sunset streaming in through the door. Hunter taunts The Sheriff right back before they leave, slamming the door shut behind them.

Transition through the Power Hour logo, back to Theresa at MDM.]

TL: There it is: and the Colton family will be in attendance next week as guests of the AWA, along with some of the other past stars of Chinook Wrestling. Everything we've heard indicates there is still serious bad blood between Jackson Hunter and the Colton family, and... well, this could be a very serious situation in Calgary, fans. Right now though, we're going to go to some in-ring action!

[We fade from Theresa to a darkened arena. Ring announcer Phil Watson is out in the middle of the squared circle.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall ... coming to the ring ... at a combined weight of 485 pounds ... and accompanied by Shadoc Rage (crowd boos) ... AMOS CARTER ... RASHAN HILL THE MISFITS!!!!

[The crowd boos as the irritating strains of Sleigh Bell's lo fi nightmare "Crown on the Ground" echo throughout the Rogers Arena. The sombre black-garbed Shadoc Rage leads the incongruously energetic Misfits to the ring.]

PW: And their opponents ... at a combined weight of 490 pounds ... from Victoria, B.C. ... Jason Slovisky and Amer Talwar!

[The crowd cheers the Canadian imported talent.]

“DING!” “DING!” “DING!”

MS: Colt, the Misfits are in the ring here at the beautiful Spokane Arena as the AWA begins its tour after Memorial Day Mayhem. The fans giving the Misfits what for. These fans are upset by the tainted victories Rage has led the Misfits to since their debut.

CP: Hold on a minute, Stegglet. What do you mean tainted victories? Any match they’ve won they’ve won fair and square. They beat Supernova and Derrick Williams clean!

MS: Clean? They cheated! Shadoe Rage knocked out Derrick Williams!

CP: Show me where it says that in the record book, Stegglet. You know what, you can’t. Because all it says is that the Misfits won and maybe Shadoe Rage is a far better wrestling coach than you’re willing to give him credit for!

MS: He is not. And if Shadoe Rage were the wrestling savant you propose why isn’t he still our World Television champion?

CP: Because he got cheated again and again. He should have never been put in a position to have to win it back. He was robbed at SuperClash and he was robbed at Memorial Day Mayhem!

MS: Well, he’ll certainly never forget that day - that’s true - but Supernova was the better man that night. To quote you, ‘That’s what it says in the record book.’

CP: Well, isn’t it convenient that you’re quoting me now.

[In the ring, Rashan Hill starts out against Amer Talwar. Talwar is about 6’2, not giving up much size to Hill. He catches him with a side headlock, grinding away at the ears.]

MS: And the Misfits in trouble right off the bat... Amer Talwar with that side headlock...

CP: The Misfits are just in the feeling out process.

MS: Shadoe Rage shouting instructions from the outside and Hill listening.

CP: He better. The Misfits were struggling in the prelims before coming under Rage’s tutelage. Now they’re a hot tag team!

MS: Well, they’re a tag team. Hill shoving Talwar into the ropes. Talwar off the rebound with a shoulder block and down goes Hill!

CP: Talwar is a lot stronger than Hill gave him credit for.

[Talwar drags Hill up but Hill sends him for the ride with the Irish whip ... Talwar leapfrogs over Hill on the rebound.]

MS: Leapfrog by Talwar ... off the ropes he comes ... leapfrog by Hill! That’s a lot of athleticism there!

[As Hill lands he drops on his back, trying to catch Talwar with a monkey flip. Talwar instead drops down on him, pinning Hill’s shoulders with his knees. He gets a two count only.]

CP: Whoa! That was close! That was nearly an upset! And Shadoe Rage isn’t happy about that one!

"Get out the ring!"

MS: Tag made to Amos Carter and let's see how Carter fares against Talwar ... not much better.

[The crowd cheers as Talwar armdrags Carter to the mat. Carter bounces up again only to be armdragged over one more time.]

MS: A couple of armdrags have Carter in trouble, Colt!

CP: Not any more! Beautiful thumb to the eye!

[Carter tags out immediately as he gets an earful from Rage. Hill rushes in and leaps at the downed Talwar with a flying knee which misses. He bounces up gingerly and tries to land an elbow drop but Talwar again rolls out of the way.]

MS: Nobody home on those two attempts and Talwar tags in Slovisky. OOOOH ... Uppercut by Rashan Hill!

CP: And that will do your jaw dirty, Stegglet. Advantage Misfits just like that.

"KNEE!"

[On command, Hill bull rushes Slovisky back into the Misfits' corner right into Carter's raised knee.]

CP: Beautiful double team move and that will make your kidneys sore, Stegglet. The Misfits have had firm control of this match since they isolated Slovisky.

"Tag!"

[Carter jumps in as the referee signals the fair tag. Carter drives a vicious single leg drop kick into Slovisky's jaw.]

"QUADRICEPS POWER, BAY-BEEEE!!!!!"

MS: What height he got on that drop kick!

CP: Amos Carter has always had talent ... he just needed direction.

MS: And the Misfits with another quick tag. Hill in ... rams three shoulders to the midsection ... backflips out ... oooh and another charging shoulder block to the midsection.

[Hill finishes the combo with a spinning back kick to the gut.]

MS: And now Hill throws Slovisky to the outside and he's over harassing Talwar!

CP: And Shadov Rage over to check on Slovisky.

[Well, by check he means, Rage drives the charging knee into Slovisky's skull while the referee is all tied up with Hill and Talwar.]

MS: There is no call for that! None whatsoever!

CP: No call for what?

MS: Rage just gave Slovisky the Eclipse! He isn't in this match! And now Hill is rolling Slovisky into the ring and calling for a tag.

CP: I'm watching perfectly legal tag-team wrestling.

MS: That's a lie! The Misfits cheating!

CP: It's only cheating if you get caught, Stegglet. They didn't so it's legal.

[Hill hooks a bearhug on the unconscious Slovisky as Carter climbs to the top rope. He comes off with a somersault leg drop and goes through Slovisky's throat, driving him to the mat. Carter dives onto Slovisky, kneeling on his chest and hooking a leg as he throws his free arm out to the side and smiles cheesily at the crowd as the referee counts three.]

"DING!" "DING!" "DING!"

PW: Here are your winners ... THE ... MISFITS!!!!

[Hill and Carter run laps around the ring, whooping and hollering. When they meet again, Carter leaps into Hill's arms as Hill hoists him in the air. Carter pumps his fists and shouts to the crowd.]

"SICK BOI CLIQUE! WE'RE THE SICK BOI CLICK!"

MS: And look at these goofs celebrate as if they just won the World Tag Team championships!

CP: You know, just because your favorites didn't win doesn't mean you have to rain on the Misfits parade. Shadoo Rage, in as foul a mood as I've ever seen him, has done an excellent job coaching the Misfits to a win.

MS: He might want to think about getting a coach himself if he wants to regain the World Television title.

[And with that, we fade from the in-ring action to black. We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...

...and then back up to Theresa Lynch standing backstage in a corridor.]

TL: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here in the KeyArena after a tremendous Memorial Day Mayhem where we have new World Tag Team Champions and it's hard for me to not say that without a huge smile on my face as my big brothers, Jack and Travis, defeated Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor to win the gold. The champions are in the middle of a big celebration - one that I wish I was at to be honest - and the challengers have refused my request for an interview. But one of the top tag teams in the division has plenty to say about the title change.

[The camera pulls back as we see the members of Next Gen. Howie Somers is dressed in a pair of blue jeans and wears a black AWA T-shirt. Daniel Harper is dressed in a white San Antonio Spurs T-shirt and navy blue sweat pants.]

TL: Next Gen, the two of you had a respectable showing in the Battle Royal tonight. But prior to tonight's show, you issued a challenge to the winners of the Memorial Day Mayhem tag team title bout. You saw what happened... how does this change your outlook regarding the tag team titles?

HS: First of all, Theresa, I want to congratulate Travis and Jack Lynch on winning the World Tag Team Championships. I know we have champions that the AWA can be proud of, two men who have worked for everything they have earned in this business, two men who represent their family well and do them proud, and I don't just say that because you happen to be part of their family, Theresa.

But with that said, Daniel and I made our point clear -- we believe our time has come to face the World Tag Team Champions, to get our shot at the gold. Again, I don't say this just because you happen to be part of their family, Theresa -- but Jack and Travis, Daniel and I want to face you in that ring for those belts. You two have done your family proud, time and time again, and we have nothing but respect for that. But right here, you have two men who want to do their family proud, too.

TL: Daniel Harper, you made the case for why you believe you and Howie should be next in line for a tag title shot, but what about the former champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, who will no doubt want their rematch? Plus you are aware of the accomplishments of Jack and Travis Lynch -- in fact, it's the second time that Jack has held the AWA World Tag Team Titles, and he's done it with two different partners.

DH: Theresa, I'm aware that the former champions will want their shot down the line, but they heard what we said before Memorial Day Mayhem. Whoever won the Winner Take All match, we want the shot at the tag team belts! And I watched tonight's match and I saw Taylor and Donovan try every dirty trick in the book to steal a victory from your brothers, but they didn't get the job done! If those two have a problem with us standing here and saying we want our shot at the gold, then they can take it up with us, and we'll put them down, just like Jack and Travis put them down tonight!

And as far as your brothers are concerned, I'm not gonna sugarcoat anything -- every time the next generation of a wrestling family steps into that ring, the one thing they want to do above all else is live up to that family's standards, and believe me, my family set high standards just as your family did, Theresa! Howie and I know what we're up against when we get that shot against Jack and Travis, we know we are going to be facing two of the best wrestlers to ever step into an AWA ring, but we also know that we're gonna have to beat men like that if we want to live up to our family's standards! And while we do respect every member of your family -- well, save for that traitor Matt -- that doesn't mean we are going to step back and wait for another time to challenge for the titles. We're putting the challenge out now and we're confident that not only will Jack and Travis acknowledge that we are worthy challengers, but that Emerson Gellar will acknowledge it, too!

TL: Thank you, Next Gen -- I'm sure Jack and Travis will have something to say about your challenge... but the tag team division doesn't stop there. In fact, our own Colt Patterson has caught up with Mister Sadisuto to discuss Downfall's performance here tonight. Colt?

[We cut to another part of the backstage area where Colt Patterson, attired in a yellow and black striped cut off t-shirt, blue jeans and a black bandana, stands with a microphone in hand. Besides him stands Mr. Sadisuto, impeccably dressed in a formal suit with a black derby hat.]

CP: The pleasure is all yours, Theresa! And like you said, I'm standing here with the manager of Mad Dog and Thrash - the devastating duo known as Downfall who were conspicuous by their absence. I have to be honest, Mister Sadisuto... I thought we'd see them in the Battle Royal but they were nowhere to be seen. In fact, we haven't seen them since Boise where the Rotgut Rustlers... and yes, that little runt Allen Allen... were able to pick up the victory...

[Sadisuto scoffs as Colt Patterson continues.]

CP: ...over Downfall and for the second time in Allen's career, he beat you, Mister Sadisuto.

[Mister Sadisuto removes the derby from his head and begins to slowly rotate it in his hands as he looks at it.]

CP: Mister Sadisuto, I wouldn't live up to my stellar reputation as a top level broadcast journalist if I didn't ask... where is Downfall?

[The older Japanese man looks up to the camera once again, a sadistic smile crosses his lips.]

S: Downfall are in the oubliette hahaha! Being stretched, having their bones crackled, shattered and crackled more hahahaha! Downfall disappointed Master Sadisuto and now they suffaaah! Suffah the way Allen-kun and the Rustlahs should have!

[A look of astoundment comes across the face of Colt Patterson.]

CP: Hold on... are you saying... the oubliette? Some kind of a dungeon?

S: Hahahahaha! Patterson-san, Downfall being taught lesson, taught not be a disappointment to Master Sadisuto! Allen-kun did not suffah! Rotgut Rustlahs did not suffah! Now Downfall must suffah! The suffahing is because they lack killaaaah instinct!

[Sadisuto replaces the derby hat upon his head.]

CP: Mister Sadisuto, I don't want to argue with your obvious managerial expertise but how do they lack killer instinct?! I've seen them beat men with those spiked gauntlets of theirs! I've seen them put people in the hospital!

[Sadiusto angrily interrupts.]

S: Patterson-san! Is Allen-kun walking?! Is Rotgut Rustlahs walking?!

[Colt shrugs his shoulders, nodding his head.]

S: Then no killaaaah instinct! So learn they shall! They will learn that without killah instinct, they never be true warrioahs! Never be champions! More importantly no killah instinct, no more Mr. Sadisuto!

[Colt's jaw drops.]

CP: Wait a minute! What exactly are you saying right now?

S: Time for Downfall to stop being disappointment! Time for Downfall to survive and show that they are warrioahs! That blood of champions runs in their veins!

CP: Survive? Survive what?

[The sadistic smile returns to the lips of Mr. Sadisuto.]

S: Trials of fire! Hahahaha! And if Downfall loses just once... they will suffah and hurt more than Mertz-kun!

[Sadisuto cackles, wandering away, leaving a confused Colt Patterson behind.]

CP: Trials of fire? Survive? I have no idea what Mister Sadisuto is talking about, Theresa, but it sounds like Downfall's got their work cut out for them.

[We cut back to Theresa Lynch somewhere else backstage.]

TL: Thanks, Colt... and if Mister Sadisuto is planning on something to make Thrash and Mad Dog more vicious, I hate to see what he has in mind. But after the announcement made by Emerson Gellar earlier tonight, I bet it's quite obvious what's on the minds of my next two guests...

[The shot pulls back to reveal that Theresa is standing between Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon. Julie is dressed in a white T-shirt and black shorts, her long, brown hair pulled behind her head. Melissa is in a green and white Combat Corner t-shirt with black track pants.]

TL: Julie and Melissa, the two of you were victorious in tonight's tag team match against The Serpentes. Do you believe that this has settled a few things between the two of you, The Serpentes and Lauryn Rage?

JS: Theresa, I think Melissa and I proved tonight that, despite teaming together for the first time, we showed we could work together as a unit and overcome everything The Serpentes threw at us. Of course, it helped having Lori Wilson out there to watch our backs, but we proved there was a difference between The Serpentes facing less experienced wrestlers and facing two women who have been through some tough matches in the past few months and know a few things about what it takes to handle ourselves.

But with that said, I can tell you that there are still a few things to settle with Lauryn Rage. And I know my friend here has a lot to say about that.

[Theresa shifts the mic towards Melissa Cannon.]

MC: Lauryn Rage, what you saw tonight was just the beginning. Your henchwomen... thugs... besties... whatever it is that makes you smile that Instagram selfie smile when I say it... they're done. Julie and I showed that you can be big... you can be bad... but it doesn't mean you can be the best and right now, Rage, you're looking at the very best.

But you and I have something to settle, Rage. This one doesn't involve the Serpentes... it doesn't involve Julie or Lori Wilson. It's just you and I. And when we finally climb inside that ring to settle it... it's GOING to be settled once and for all.

[Theresa speaks up.]

TL: So what does this mean for your future as a team? Any plans to continue this partnership?

JS: The way I see it, Melissa and I came together because we shared a common enemy. Now, make no mistake, I still have a few things to settle with Lauryn Rage, but I'm respecting that Melissa's issues with her are far more personal. More importantly, though, there's the matter of that rumble match coming up in about a month, with the Women's championship on the line.

[A slight smile.]

JS: I made it no secret after my win over Charisma Knight at SuperClash that the moment was past due for a full fledged women's division and I knew that meant having a title belt up for grabs, too. Well, that moment has arrived and that's where I've got my sights focused now. As much as I enjoyed teaming with Melissa tonight, the time has come to pursue my ultimate goal, and that is to become the first AWA Women's champion. So for the next few weeks, that's where I'm going to devote my energies.

[Theresa pivots towards Melissa.]

TL: Melissa, your friend here has her sights set on the Women's World Title but I'd imagine you - the one who got this whole Women's Division idea rolling almost a year ago - have something to say about that.

MC: There's a lot of great competitors in this division, Theresa. We beat two of 'em tonight. I'm gonna beat another one in Lauryn Rage. And I'm sure it won't be too long before both of us get our hands on women like Erica Toughill... Charisma Knight...

[Melissa looks towards Julie and they both speak in unison.]

MC/JS: Again!

[Julie smiles as Melissa continues.]

MC: We saw a heck of a debut from Ayako Fujiwara tonight... Lori Wilson... Kayla Cristol... the list goes on and on and it's only going to get longer when women all over the world realize that this is a place where they can compete with the best in the world and be taken seriously while doing it. But like I said a little while ago... you're looking at the best. And I know, deep down, that when it's all said and done in Madison Square Garden... not only will you be looking at the best...

[She gestures towards herself and Julie.]

MC: But you'll also be looking at the first AWA Women's World Champion.

[Somers extends a hand toward Cannon.]

JS: I do want to wish you luck, Melissa, but believe me - when July 16 arrives and we're all at Madison Square Garden for the Rumble match, the only thing I'm going to be concerned about is winning. And if it comes down to you and me, we'll find out which one of us really is the better woman.

[Another slight smile.]

JS: I just plan on that being me!

[Cannon accepts the offered hand, shaking it before Somers makes her exit. Cannon watches her go, an eyebrow now raised at Somers' final statement, and utters one final sentence of her own... almost a mutter to herself.]

MC: We'll see about that.

[Fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

SLB: I have officially upgraded, folks!

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

"SWEET LOU'S HOTLINE.]

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

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

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

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to locker room where Mark Stegglet is standing by. To his left is Dylan Harvey, stringy hair tied back in a ponytail with a white terrycloth towel draped over his left shoulder.]

MS: Dylan, tonight you had what had to be your biggest test yet in your short time herein the AWA. How did you feel about the showing you put on in the ring earlier tonight?

DH: I felt a lot better once I got Layton's hands off my throat, I can tell you that much.

[Dylan smirks.]

DH: Mark, I didn't walk in there thinking I was going to be the last man standing in that ring. You work for that, you hope for it... but you keep your head out of the clouds at the same time. I was in there with some of the best and toughest in the world. If I never knew that before tonight, I sure do now.

MS: Speaking of Layton, that was a tremendous save by Beef Bonham tonight, helping you out when things looked grim. Any plans on making that partnership a more serious and regular one in the future?

DH: I've had a heck of a time doing my part keeping the Beef Train on the tracks and chugging along, you've got that right. I'm still learning here, so it's been amazing having a great guy like Beef take a shine to me. Teaming with him has been really invaluable to the whole process of learning and finding the best way for me to get the job done in the ring, so I'd love to do it a whole lot more. And now with the Lynches having that gold around their waists, there's a real electricity and excitement about the tag division among all the guys in the back. I think given some time to work out some kinks, Beef and I could at least give Jack and Travis a run for their money.

MS: Backing up a bit, obviously Layton didn't only get offense from Beef... but you shocked a lot of people tonight by coming out of nowhere to eliminate him. Where did that come from?

[Dylan freezes for a second, the easy and good natured manner leaving his face in an instant. He looks more closely, more intently at Mark. It's clear to see that suddenly something isn't quite right about his eyes. A coldness.]

MS: D-Dylan?

[Dylan blinks, shaking his head.]

DH: Sorry, Mark. It's been quite a night. I uh... I should probably be alone with my thoughts right now.

[Dylan abruptly turns and leaves, leaving Stegglet with a confused look on his face as we cut to Theresa Lynch standing outside a locker room door.]

TL: Everyone's getting in on the action here tonight in Seattle! Dylan Harvey got to talk to the world! Anything truly can happen here in the AWA and fans, right now, I'm standing right outside the locker room of "Flawless" Larry Wallace who-

[Theresa is cut off by loud shouting coming through the door. She looks startled as it flies open. Wallace does a double take, turning to stare at the camera for a moment before he spots Theresa.]

FLW: You.

[The word is absolutely dripping with disgust.]

FLW: What do you want?

TL: I just wanted to get some comments after what happened out there earlier tonight. The surprise return of Dave Bryan-

FLW: SURPRISE RETURN?! Is that what we're calling it? I'm calling it an ambush! I'm calling it a sneak attack! I'm calling it a Pearl Harbor job! Because the way I look at it, Jordan Ohara should be on his way to the hospital right now! I was about to beat him fair and square when-

TL: Fair and square?! You were about to hit him with a spike piledriver alongside your mentor, Hamilton Graham! What's fair and square about that?

[Wallace scoffs.]

FLW: I should've known better than to get fair treatment from a stinkin' Lynch. You know... better than anyone... what that spike piledriver is capable of! Jordan Ohara had it coming and when we got it, he was going to be laid up in a hospital bed for a long, long time. Heck, he might not ever walk again... we can ask your brother James about that!

[Theresa recoils in shock.]

TL: You're a sick, disgusting-

[Wallace raises a hand.]

FLW: Please. Your flattery won't get you anywhere, princess.

TL: One last question before I thankfully get out of here... what's the condition of Hamilton Graham?

[A loud shout from inside the room startles Theresa and makes Wallace cringe. He shakes his head before slamming the door, leaving Theresa standing outside.]

TL: Well, I guess that's that. Larry Wallace mad at me. Hamilton Graham mad at... well, everyone, I'd imagine. We haven't heard the end of this particular situation, fans, but right now, let's go to more in-ring action!

[We fade through the Power Hour logo to an arena somewhere where Phil Watson is standing in the center of the ring.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit ... introducing first ... weighing 140 pounds ... from San Fernando, Trinidad ... KARIN CHEN!

[Karin Chen waves to the crowd. The Caribbean cutie jumps up and down and dances in her carnival themed ring gear of feathered bikini and stockings underneath.]

PW: And her opponent ... from the Bronx, New York ... weighing in at 180 pounds ... COPPERHEAD!!!!

["Money, Power, Respect" starts up over the PA as the crowd boos the entrance of the Serpentes. Copperhead emerges first, hissing at the crowd and shouting constantly. She tosses her mane of coppery mohawked hair. Behind her comes the Mamba, silent and monstrous.]

MS: It's time for a one-on-one matchup between these two ... we've seen the Serpentes take on Chen and her partner Patricia Mohammed before but now this match up is one-on-one.

BW: Steggy, after what happened to the Serpentes at Memorial Day Mayhem, I have a hunch I know why Chen's partner didn't show up. These girls look mighty angry.

MS: Yes, they not only lost to Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon, but they also got unceremoniously dumped by their so-called leader, Lauryn Rage.

BW: She didn't dump them, Stegglet. Don't start Steggleting the facts. Lauryn decided they needed to make it on their own! That's just love if you ask me.

MS: I'm not.

"DING!" "DING!" "DING!"

MS: All right and we're underway, the referee warning Mamba to stay in the corner and not interfere. The word is out on the Serpentes and the referees have been cracking down on their illegal double teams.

BW: Yet they let Cannon get away with murder time and time again.

MS: I have no idea what you're talking about, Bucky. But in the ring now ... quick collar and elbow tie up and Copperhead with a knee lift!

"STUPIDA!"

MS: And Copperhead is already talking. She sure can run her mouth.

BW: She can back it up, too. She can go in that ring. And Chen is showing that she's not too bright right out of the gate. She's giving up size and strength - why get in close like that?

MS: A definite tactical error as Copperhead rains down vicious forearm strikes across the back and shoulders of Karin Chen. Tell me, Bucky, what do you think will happen with the Serpentine now that they've lost on the big stage?

BW: Ooooh ... vicious short arm knee lift to the gut there, Steggy. See, I don't believe that the Serpentine will suffer too much. Someone once said 'Adversity introduces a man to himself.' The Serpentine know what they're about. So they'll bounce back.

[Copperhead scoops up Chen and smashes her to the canvas with an underhook suplex.]

MS: Speaking of bouncing back, Karin Chen is forced to kick out at two after that devastating suplex and quick cover.

BW: I don't think Copperhead wanted the pin there or she'd have hooked a leg, Steggy. I think she just wanted her to waste more gas trying to kick out.

"Little bird, I'm gonna clip your wings!"

MS: And Copperhead hissing at Chen as she pulls her up by the hair ... no, Chen beating her hands away ... what's this? MONKEY FLIP!

BW: And Copperhead is lost on the mat!

[The crowd cheers as Chen mounts Copperhead and starts raining down punches. On the outside, Mamba jumps onto the ring apron, complaining. She draws the referee and Chen's attention.]

MS: And Copperhead with a thumb to the eye off Mamba's distraction.

BW: She didn't do it on purpose! She saw her partner was getting hit with illegal moves!

MS: She was getting punched.

BW: First illegal thing in the rulebook! Read it!

MS: I have read it. Back to the action. Copperhead in control now, pulling Chen across the ropes and now choking her! Is that legal, Bucky?

BW: For four seconds it is! Read the book, Stegglet!

[And Copperhead indeed breaks at the four ... four and a half count as she curses out the gasping Chen.]

BW: Copperhead was able to regroup and get her wind back after those punches stunned her, Stegglet. Now she's back in control!

[But not for long. Copperhead Irish whips Chen to the ropes and spins into a discus clothesline attempt. Chen ducks underneath as the crowd anticipates and comes flying off with a crossbody block that has the fans cheer until they realize that Copperhead caught her in mid air.]

BW: Look at the strength, Steggy! That's unbelievable!

"She think she can knock me down? Mamba, is she loca?"

[To add insult, Copperhead drops Chen on her feet and pats her condescendingly on the head. Chen lashes out with a front kick.]

BW: She caught the foot again!

[Instead of following up immediately, Copperhead just stands there smirking with the leg trapped. This allows Chen time to adjust and deliver a devastating enzuigiri.]

MS: What a shot behind the ear!

BW: But Copperhead didn't go down! She's woozy, though.

[Indeed, the big Dominicana looks out of it as she clutches at the back of her head, swaying unsteadily on her feet.]

MS: And Chen following up ... here she comes hurtling off the ropes!

[With a sudden burst, Copperhead sidesteps and wraps Chen up in an abdominal stretch.]

MS: Nice counter to the charge by Copperhead!

BW: She's not just strong and mean ... she's pretty agile, too.

"Now what is little birdy gonna do? I hear all you people cheering for her to get out but she ain't getting' nowhere, comprende?"

[To prove her point, she punches Chen in the ribs and then torques the hold.]

"See, she can't get out! Not strong enough! Not like me!"

MS: Karin Chen trying desperately to find a way to break the hold. She is not giving in but this has to be taking its toll.

BW: Of course it is, Stegglet. That's like having your body ripped in half. If Chen can't get out, she's gonna have to tap out!

[And Copperhead releases the abdominal stretch to instead apply a double chickenwing. She hoists Chen in the air, forcing her to struggle.]

MS: And Copperhead breaks the hold for her own reasons so she can apply the double chicken wing.

BW: This move hurts, but I think that abdominal stretch ... that cobra twist if you will ... would have finished her. Copperhead hasn't worked the shoulders enough to get a submission out of this.

[But Copperhead doesn't look for a submission. Instead she simply drops Chen face first onto the mat. Copperhead flips Chen over onto her back.]

"You know who can fly, chica? Me?"

MS: She can yammer away, too.

[Copperhead backs into the ropes and comes striding out. She leaps high in the air and comes crashing down on Chen's raised knees. The crowd cheers as Copperhead slumps away, instinctively reaching out to tag Mamba.]

MS: This is a singles match. Mamba can't help her! And the referee is watching closely.

BW: She's just acting out of instinct. That shook her up!

MS: COVER! And Copperhead gets out at two!

BW: That was close. Too close!

[Copperhead struggles to her feet where Karin Chen dropkicks her to the corner. Chen mounts the buckles, shaking her hips before she starts driving punches into Copperhead's forehead. The crowd counts to five before Chen stops and gyrates some more for the fans. She then completes the ten punch count-a-long before she headscissors Copperhead into the center of the ring!]

MS: And all of a sudden Chen is building momentum!

BW: Do something, Mamba! Your partner is in trouble!

[But Mamba seems stunned on the outside, too.]

MS: This is where not having the guidance of Lauryn Rage hurts. Mamba can't find a way to cheat like she used to and Copperhead's stunned in the ring.

[With the crowd behind her, Chen leaps into a series of dropkicks, knocking Copperhead down each time she tries to get up. A final dropkick sends Copperhead back into the opposite corner as Chen gets a head of steam for an avalanche splash!]

BW: There's the power!

MS: Copperhead caught Chen again! Lifts her up and drops her down across the top rope! Chen is stunned as Copperhead spins ... DISCUS LARIAT!!!!

"Finita!"

[A wobbly and exhausted Copperhead slowly drags Chen up and applies a straight jacket. She spins Chen around and drops down, delivering a vicious straight jacket neckbreaker and falls across Chen for the three count!]

"DING!" "DING!" "DING!"

PW: Here is your winner ... COPPERHEAD!!!!

[The crowd boos as Copperhead staggers out the ring. Mamba supports her as they trudge back up the aisle while "Money, Power, Respect" plays.]

MS: Bucky, Copperhead may have got the win, but she looked a little out of sync without any outside help. I wonder if she'll be able to get back on track.

BW: She won, didn't she? She's fine!

MS: That remains to be seen in the weeks to come, Bucky. But on this night, she is indeed victorious. Don't go away, fans, we'll be right back with more here on the Power Hour!

[And with that, we fade through the Power Hour logo 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...

White text on a black screen fades in and out of view...

ライリー・ハンター

ENTER THE NINJA

...and then come back up backstage at the Key Arena where Supernova is standing with Theresa Lynch. Supernova is still dressed in his wrestling attire, most of his facepaint worn off after his match against Shadoe Rage. The AWA World TV title is draped over his shoulder.]

TL: Supernova, you have just come off another successful title defense. But in just a few weeks, you will have yet another challenger waiting for you, as Derrick Williams will be facing you on June 11 in Calgary, Alberta, Canada. First of all, your thoughts on tonight's title defense.

S: Theresa, I think I proved my point tonight to Shadoe Rage... he had his chance to regain the title belt he coveted so much, but he found out the hard way how things are now.

[He slaps the title belt.]

S: SHE'S MINE! YOU CAN'T HAVE HER!

[A slight laugh.]

S: I'll give you your due once again, Shadoe Rage... you threw everything you had at me, made it no secret how much you wanted to be the World Television champion again. But you found out as well that I'm not about to give this belt up! Now that I've beaten you twice, and this time, you don't have a special guest referee to use as an excuse, what are you going to tell people now, Rage? I know you've got more excuses than half the politicians in this country, and you're giving the other half a run for their money, but sooner or later, you're gonna have to accept the fact that you aren't good enough to get that victory over me!

[A deep breath.]

S: Now, Theresa, I know you want to ask me about Derrick Williams next... all I've got to say is that I hope, this time around, that Derrick and I can settle things without any interruptions or distractions! I know he's getting tired of it, just as I'm getting tired of it, so when we get to Calgary, I hope that he and I can be allowed to face each other, man to man, and find out exactly who is the better man! But I will say this to you, Derrick... while I know you're not the type to find any scapegoat you can when you come up short, and that you'll come at me with everything you've got.

[He slaps the belt again.]

S: I'm not going to give this belt up so easily! Bring your best, Derrick, because you can bet that's what you're gonna get from me!

[Supernova makes his exit, leaving Theresa all alone.]

TL: All right, fans, Supernova and Derrick Williams meet up for the World TV title in Calgary... that should be a great match! I can't wait to see...

[Theresa's words drift off as her gaze falls off-camera.]

TL: Okay, look... there's Charisma Knight... let's get a quick word...

[The camera follows as Charisma Knight, dressed in street clothes, her dyed blonde hair still wet and slicked against her head and shirt collar, pulling a rolling bag with her gear in it behind her as she heads for the exit.]

TL: Charisma, Charisma! What are your thoughts on your loss against Ayako Fujiwara tonight?

[Knight stops, turning around, looking a tad bit furious]

CK: What do you want, Lynch? To rub it in? Let me tell you, that match wasn't fair, there are... there are so many reasons that I lost! It's just.... It's just all a plot! It was a fluke, I'll get her next time. I'LL BEAT HER! I will.. I will... Gah, get out of my way , ynch, I don't want to talk about it!

[Knight shoves her way past, as Theresa turns around and shrugs to the camera. Knight only get a few steps before she stops, then whirls around, rage in her eyes as she goes back up to Lynch]

CK: WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY TO ME?

[Theresa looks confused, shaking her head]

TL: I didn't say anything.

CK: Don't start that, Lynch. I heard what you said, you think this is funny?

TL: Charisma, I swear, I didn't say anything, ask him!

[She points to the camera, where Knight looks over, and the camera nods in agreement]

CK: You... [she points to Lynch] watch yourself, don't push me.

[She turns around and storms out, leaving a stunned Theresa Lynch behind as we fade to more in-ring action where new ring announcer Rebecca Ortiz is in the middle of the ring in a black and white form-fitting dress... and it's quite the form it's fitting.]

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

[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.]

#I could take the pitchfork from the devil
#Keep a super suit like I'm incredible
#From the deep, blue sea to the dark blue sky
#I'm the baddest man alive

[The crowd roars with boos when they see Cain Jackson stepping through the curtains.]

#I'd grab a crocodile by his tail
#Handcuff the judge, and put the cops in jail
#Make the meanest woman break down and cry
#I'm the baddest man alive
#I'm the baddest man alive

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

"THE BEAST"

CAAAAAAIIIIINNNNN JAAAAACCCCKKKKSSSSSOOOOONNNN!!!

[Jackson is a large African-American male with a heavy beard and dreadlocks tied back into a high ponytail. Once he reaches the ring, he steps inside wearing black compression shorts with metallic blue and silver flames running along the sides and black and blue kneepads and boots.]

HS: Harvey Sutton and Marcus Broussard on the call here in Vancouver, Washington as we get ready for singles action. Cain Jackson stepping in and he's looking good, Shark.

MB: Cain Jackson's always looking good, Sutton. He's big, he's genetically gifted, and he's a product of Team Supreme - a student of Supreme Wright. Plus, he's got that Big Boot which can turn out anyone's lights at any time.

HS: It wasn't that long ago that Cain Jackson was the right hand man of Supreme Wright, standing beside him in his battles with the Lynches and Bobby O'Connor but all that's changed now. Jackson's on his own, learning to become his own man once again... and tonight, he's got one heck of an opponent.

[The music fades as Rebecca Ortiz speaks again.]

RO: And his opponent...

[The crowd comes alive as Hinder's "All American Nightmare" starts up]

RO: From Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 270 pounds... here is...

DERRRRRRRIIIICK WILLLLLLLLLLLIAMS!

[At the announcement of his name, Derrick Williams enters the arena to the cheers of the crowd. His brown hair frames his face, wavy coming down to his chin, matching his brown eyes and a shade darker than his olive skin. He has a short beard growing on his face, and does have generic tribal tattoos on his arms and back, like many of his generation.

His ring gear consists of short, thigh length glossy black tights with "DW" in a stencil font enclosed in a silver circle, in silver, with "Brooklyn" written smaller in a similar font on the bottom left front. He wears black boots, coming up to mid-calf, with black knee pads. His wrists are taped with glossy black athletic tape, with black, half finger weightlifting gloves on his hands, and black neoprene elbow pad/braces, the one on the right adorned with Skull in silver on the pad portion. Rounding out the ensemble is a black glossy vest with a silver hood, pulled up as he walks along the aisle, slapping hands with the fans as he does.

He hits the ring and ascends the stairs, entering the ring the pulling down his hood, appealing to the crowd before removing his vest, then starting some adjustments to his gloves and elbow pad while being checked by the ref.]

HS: Derrick Williams hoping to build some momentum just days before his clash with Supernova over the World Television Title in Calgary.

MB: Cain Jackson's no pushover, Sutton. If Williams is looking for a tune-up, he badly underestimated his man.

[Williams settles back into the corner, tugging the ropes a few times to loosen up as Cain Jackson stands across the ring, rubbing his hands together.]

HS: Let's take a look at the tale of the tape on these two, Shark.

MB: Big Cain Jackson is 6'8, 285 pounds... about a month away from his 26th birthday. Still a big kid with lots of potential to thrive in this business. Across the ring from him, Williams is 6'3, 270 and 24 years old.

HS: Two young lions colliding in this one. This could be the future of the business right before our very eyes, Shark.

[As the bell sounds, Williams and Jackson come out of their respective corners to the middle of the ring. They square off, Jackson barking at Williams, jabbing a finger into his chest.]

HS: Cain Jackson with some words for Williams right out of the gate and-

[But the hot-tempered Williams has heard enough, bursting into action with a stiff elbowstrike upside the temple of Cain Jackson to cheers. A second and third follow, sending Jackson falling backwards.]

HS: Derrick Williams has heard enough and-

[Cain Jackson responds with a swinging knee up into the midsection of Williams, cutting off his attack. Grabbing him by the hair, Jackson pulls him towards the corner, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle!]

HS: Headfirst into the top buckle...

[Twisting Williams around so that his back is against the buckles, Jackson drives an elbow up into the side of the head. A second and third leave Williams reeling as Jackson grabs him by the arm...]

HS: Hammer throw from corner to corner... Williams hits the corner hard!

[But bounces right out, leaping up to land a forearm smash between the eyes of Cain Jackson, taking the big man off his feet and down to the mat!]

HS: Explosive flying forearm out of the corner... Williams absorbed that slam into the corner and came out with more offense! That's gotta impress even the toughest critic of this young kid from Brooklyn, New York, Shark.

MB: There's no doubt that the kid's got some impressive skills inside that ring, Sutton. The question is - can he take those skills and utilize them to get to the next level? He's got another shot this weekend in Calgary against Supernova but he's gotta prove he can do it tonight first.

[As Jackson rises to his feet, Williams does the same, ducking under a wild right hand from the South Carolina native. He pivots, driving a forearm smash into the jaw... and another... and another...]

HS: Derrick Williams has quickly gained a reputation as one of the most prolific strikers in the entire AWA - absolutely wicked forearms and devastating elbows!

[The barrage of forearms backs Jackson into the buckles. Williams leans over, grabbing the middle rope, driving his shoulder into the midsection once... twice... three times... four times. The referee steps in, counting to four before Williams steps back...]

...and then steps back in, grabbing Jackson by the back of the head...]

HS: Williams showing some aggression early on in this one.

[Holding Jackson by the head, Williams snaps up a forearm under the chin.]

HS: European-style uppercut in the corner... and another... and another...

MB: That's the thing about Derrick Williams, Sutton. When he gets on a roll with those strikes, he throws punches in bunches... except they're probably going to be forearms or elbows in bunches which doesn't rhyme.

[The referee steps in again, forcing a break as Williams steps back. He throws a glare at the official before moving in again...

...and gets cut off with a headbutt!]

HS: And Cain Jackson FIRES back with some skull-on-skull action!

MB: That one knocked Williams for a loop. He didn't see it coming and it rocked him in his boots!

[With Williams stumbled, Jackson leans back in the corner, raising his boot and using it to push his opponent back, sending him rolling backwards right back up to his feet...

...where Jackson roars out of the corner, throwing a double axehandle blow to the chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The heavy hammerblow to the sternum knocks Williams flat as Jackson continues on past him, his momentum carrying him across the ring. He angrily barks at some detractors in the crowd, slamming an arm down on the top turnbuckle. Slowly, he turns around, waving a hand to beckon Williams back to his feet...]

HS: Jackson's calling him back to his feet!

MB: The Beast has got a whole lot more where that came from, Sutton!

[And as Williams gets up off the mat, Jackson comes barging out of the corner, leaning over, gripping Williams around the upper thighs, lifting him up off the mat, slinging him over his shoulder, running across the ring, diving forward, and slamming him down hard to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MB: Now THAT'S a double leg takedown, brother! Taught to him by the one-and-only Russian War Machine, Kolya Sudakov! Sudakov used a double leg like that in many a pro wrestling ring and many a MMA cage... even a Hexagon or two over the years.

HS: So much devastating impact on a slam like that, knocking the wind right out of his victims... and just like that, Jackson transitions from the takedown to the mount... perhaps something else he learned from the former National Champion.

[With Williams down on the mat, Jackson pins his torso to the mat under his 285 pound frame, posturing up and driving down heavy blows that Williams tries to shield using his arms.]

HS: Over and over, Cain Jackson dropping the heavy artillery down on Derrick Williams who is having a hard time covering up and avoiding the impact of those blows, Shark.

MB: He better figure it out fast, Sutton, or this one's gonna be over!

[The heavy closed fists to the face are enough to get the referee's attention, calling for a break. Jackson ignores him for several seconds, earning a four count and change before he peels off, leaving Williams down on the mat. The official and Jackson get into an argument as Jackson stalks across the ring.]

HS: Cain Jackson with some words for the referee there...

[Jackson paces angrily around the entire ring, glaring out at the jeering crowd before he ends up back by Williams who is trying to climb up off the mat...]

HS: Williams fighting to get back to his feet but Jackson is right there waiting for him, tugging him into a double underhook...

[With a grunt of effort, Jackson lifts the 270 pounder up into the air for a butterfly suplex...

...and holds...

...and holds...

...and holds...

...and holds...

...and then brings him crashing down to the mat!]

HS: Stalling suplex by Cain Jackson, showing off that power he's known for!

MB: Can you imagine the effort it takes to hold a 270 pounder up that long, Sutton? What am I saying? Of course you can't! You can't even lift your morning coffee cup a few times without taking a breather.

[Jackson climbs back to his feet, looking down at Williams who is sprawled out on the canvas next to him. He extends his hand towards Williams, waving it upwards, calling for the Brooklyn native to get up.]

HS: Cain Jackson has this match in control at this point but he's letting Williams fight back to his feet after those big moves... not trying to attack him down on the canvas.

[Williams rolls to a hip, wincing as Jackson stands over him, again barking "get up, boy!" at him. The fiery Williams gets to a knee as Jackson approaches...]

HS: Williams goes downstairs! And again!

[Williams comes off the mat, throwing a forearm uppercut!]

HS: Williams is fighting back again!

[With Jackson slightly dazed, Williams fires off two quick elbowstrikes to the temple.]

HS: He's got Jackson backing down... boot to the midsection...

[Williams hits the ropes, rebounding back with a running knee lift, snapping his head back!]

HS: Kneelift from way downtown by Williams!

[Jackson staggers back again, stumbling to keep his balance as Williams balls up his fists, giving a war cry before dashing to the ropes behind him, rebounding off...]

HS: Williams building up steam, coming in strong...

[But as he does, Jackson lifts him into the air, twisting him around, and DRIVING him down with a ring-shaking tilt-a-whirl powerslam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

HS: STRAIGHT DOWN TO SLAMTOWN!

[Jackson swings his arms apart, leaning over into a North-South cover on the downed Williams.]

HS: Jackson covers - one... two... and- Williams gets the shoulder up!

[Jackson pushes up to his knees, lifting his arms over his head and smashing a double axehandle down into the torso once, twice, three times before climbing back to his feet.]

HS: Both men showing aggression here tonight. Coming off Memorial Day Mayhem and with mere days until the field for the Battle of Boston tournament is announced, a win here could be the difference between making that prestigious tournament and sitting on the sidelines.

MB: And the sidelines is no place that anyone wants to be during a tournament like that, Sutton. It kills me that I can't be in there showing that I'm the best professional wrestler in the world but those are the breaks.

[Climbing up to his feet, Jackson slowly walks around the ring, ending up in the far corner. He nods his head at the jeering crowd, slowly turning to face Williams who is trying to get up off the mat...]

HS: Jackson slaps the leg... calling for the Big Boot!

MB: If he hits this, he'll kick Williams all the way around the world. He might not even make it to Calgary in time!

[Williams slowly pushes up off the canvas, first to his knees as Jackson angrily shouts “GET UP!” at him...]

HS: Jackson impatiently waiting in the corner, sizing up his prey like an apex predator...

[...and as Williams pushes up to his feet, Jackson comes barreling across the ring, swinging his long leg up...]

HS: BIG BOOOOOOOOOOOT!

[Williams ducks down, causing Jackson to whiff on a potentially match-ending blow, sending him flying by, ending up off-balance as Williams straightens back up behind him. Jackson wheels around, ready to strike...]

HS: Swing and a miss by the 6'8 Cain Jackson!

[...and Williams lifts him into the air by the upper thighs, rotating and snapping him down into a spinning spinebuster!]

HS: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER!

[Williams slides across Jackson, applying a lateral press but not bothering to hook a leg...]

HS: ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: Jackson got the shoulder up! He got the shoulder up off the canvas in the nick of time, saving himself from defeat.

MB: He planted him with one of the signature maneuvers of his trainer and mentor, Kevin Slater, but couldn't get the three count off it... but that's enough to get Derrick Williams back into this. Can he take advantage though? Is the spinebuster enough to pave the way to victory?

[Derrick Williams climbs up off the mat, looking out on the cheering crowd. He balls up his fists, walking around the ring a bit...]

...and then leans down, slapping the mat with both hands with a roar!]

HS: And don't look now, wrestling fans, but I believe he's looking for the Neuralizer!

[Williams drops down into a stance, right arm cocked back as he stares at Cain Jackson. Grabbing at his lower back, Jackson tries to get up off the mat to his feet as Williams lies in wait...]

...and then to the dismay of the crowd, Jackson spots Williams waiting for him and drops back to the mat, rolling under the ropes and out to the floor. He looks up at Williams with a smirk, pointing at his head.]

HS: Cain Jackson showing the same kind of ring generalship that we're used to seeing out of his mentor, Supreme Wright.

[Jackson turns to taunt the crowd as Williams rolls from the ring, running alongside, rounding the ringpost...]

...charging hard towards Jackson, leaping into the air, extending his legs...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: DRIIIIVE BYYYYYYYYY!

[The dropkick catches a surprised Jackson flush in the temple, knocking him backwards and down to a knee while Williams lands on his back on the apron. He uses the ropes, dragging himself up to his feet, looking down at the stunned Jackson.]

MB: That's an impressive move for a kid the size of Derrick Williams, Sutton. 270 pounds getting up off the mat, hitting that dropkick is something else... but again, he gets a big move in and now you wonder if he can take advantage of it.

HS: Williams coming down off the apron, pulling Cain Jackson up to his feet...

[Holding the arm, Williams uses it to whip the Beast across the ringside area...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: WILLIAMS WHIPS HIM TO THE BARRICADE!

[Williams approaches Jackson, fire in his eyes as he winds up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

HS: Big knife edge chop up against the barricade!

[Williams lands two more chops before dragging Jackson off the railing, rolling him back under the ropes inside the ring.]

HS: Williams puts the big man back in...

[The young lion uses the ropes, pulling himself back up on the apron...

...which is where Cain Jackson comes rushing back in, connecting with a big back elbow up under the chin. Williams clings to the top rope, trying to keep from falling off the apron to the floor.]

HS: Jackson caught him on the way in! Williams is reeling after that shot!

[Reaching over the ropes, Jackson wraps his arms around the torso of Williams...]

HS: What’s he looking to do here, Shark?

MB: I can’t quite tell from that angle. But it looks like - yep!

[Jackson muscles Williams over the ropes, slinging him over his shoulder in a Canadian backbreaker. He struggles a bit to get the 270 pounder into position, backing towards the corner...]

HS: But what’s he going to do with him?!

[“The Beast” goes charging across the ring, his eyes locked on the opposite corner...

...and DRIVES the torso of Williams into the turnbuckles!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Jackson pushes Williams off his shoulder, putting him in a seated position on the top turnbuckle. He reaches up, piefacing Williams a few times while talking trash.]

HS: Cain Jackson laying the bad mouth on Derrick Williams...

[Jackson reaches up, smashing a right hand into Williams’ jaw. He lands a second as well before stepping up onto the second rope...]

HS: The man from Goose Creek, South Carolina is climbing the ropes... and you’ve gotta wonder if he’s looking for a superplex right here!

[Pulling Williams into position, Jackson tugs him into a front facelock before slinging the Brooklyn native’s arm over his neck...]

HS: Jackson perhaps looking to put him away right here, fans.

[Grabbing Williams by the tights, Jackson looks for extra leverage...

...but Williams fires back, throwing a trio of left hands into the ribcage, causing Jackson to pause.]

HS: Williams fighting back!

[Jackson straightens up and Williams uncorks a big forearm shot to the temple followed by a matching one that sees Jackson grab the top rope, trying to stay up there...]

HS: Williams has got him dazed!

[But Jackson responds with a headbutt between the eyes, cutting Williams off before he pulls him back into position, lifting him up into the air...]

HS: SUPERPLEEEEEEEEX!

[...and brings him CRASHING down to the canvas with so much impact that Jackson's legs swing up with him!]

HS: Big superplex and- CRADLE!

[The crowd is shocked as Williams swings his own legs up, somehow managing to hook Jackson's!]

HS: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

HS: Williams wins! Williams wins!

[Cain Jackson sits up on the mat, looking up in disbelief as Williams rolls out of the ring, dropping out to a knee on the floor.]

HS: Derrick Williams showing that he's got more in his arsenal than just hard forearms and elbows!

MB: Absolutely. That was a well-timed and perfectly-executed veteran maneuver by a kid who is barely more than a rookie in this business, Sutton. I gotta say that I'm impressed and you know that I don't impress easy.

HS: I certainly know that. And at the outset, we said that Williams was looking to build momentum as he heads to Calgary to face Supernova for the World Television Title. With this victory tonight, he certainly has done that.

MB: Look, Sutton... I don't know if Williams can beat Supernova for the title. I really don't. But what I do know is that if Williams can pull out something like that, he's coming into that title match with a whole new look - something that just might catch the champion off-guard and make it a new ballgame altogether.

HS: It's victory here tonight for Derrick Williams but will it be the same thing in Calgary? Tune in to Saturday Night Wrestling to find out!

[We fade out from a triumphant Williams through the Power Hour logo and back to Theresa Lynch.]

TL: It was an eventful night here in Seattle with things we expected and things that were most certainly unexpected. And one of those unexpected things was the announcement of the Steal The Spotlight Series later this summer. One of the team captains for that series is going to be my guest right now... I'm talking about the Electric Dragon and former Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion himself, Noboru Fujimoto.

[The camera pulls back as the Electric Dragon steps into view. Noboru Fujimoto is wearing a gold silk shirt that is half buttoned with black leather pants, mirrored shades on his face, and his bright golden, orange hair spiked up.]

NF: Imagine this. There the Dragon stood, the grandest athlete on the grandest stage in the grandest of battles. There the Dragon is -- poised for the greatness he so richly deserves!

[Fujimoto's face turns sour as he frowns at Theresa.]

NF: But then before the Dragon can claim his prize, some teeny tiny little gnat comes and sticks his pretty little painted face in the Dragon's business and eliminates him.

[Fujimoto rips off his shades and stares at the camera with a look of disbelief.]

NF: Eliminates the Electric Dragon!

[Fujimoto shakes his head as he frowns.]

NF: Now little gnat, the Dragon had already swatted you once when he tossed you from the contest! But just like a little gnat, you decided to annoy me further. Well, little gnat, the Electric Dragon has no problem swatting you a second time! In fact, this time I think I will enjoy it! You think you can take on the Dragon?

[Fujimoto smirks as he shakes his head back and forth, sliding his glasses back on.]

NF: Don't bet on it! Now to Supreme Wright, the Dragon would like to congratulate you on taking advantage of this slight set back and capitalizing to win the Battle Royal and a spot at the Battle of Boston!

[Fujimoto gives a long, slow dramatic clap.]

NF: But Noboru Fujimoto has shown he more than deserves to be at this Boston Battle beside you. And when the Electric Dragon enters a battle... the Electric Dragon enters to win! As I have said before, I am tired of waiting and now I am acting. They call this event I am captain of Steal the Spotlight? Steal? Steal?

[Fujimoto removes his glasses again, slowing a frustrated look as his hands are on his hips.]

NF: More like take back the spotlight that was stolen from Fujimoto-san! So whether it is this Battle of Boston or whether it is the Electric Dragon taking back his spotlight; greatness is here... standing in front of you in the form of the Electric Dragon, Noboru Fujimoto! And one by one they will all learn...

[Fujimoto slides his glasses back on as he smiles and stretches out his arms in a pose.]

NF: ...that you can't slay a Dragon!

[Fujimoto turns slightly towards Theresa, inclining his head an almost miniscule amount before making his exit.]

TL: Did I even say anything during that?

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: Noboru Fujimoto with some strong words directed at the entire AWA locker room but somehow I'd imagine not too many people will take issue with that when

he holds the fate of many in his hands. Who will Fujimoto pick for his Steal The Spotlight team? Who will someone like Canibal choose for that matter? It's a fascinating scenario that will unfold in the weeks ahead.

[Theresa smiles, putting on her very best "AWA personality" smile.]

TL: Fans, it's been a tremendous night of action here in Seattle and another great night here on the Power Hour. We invite you tune in next weekend for the big Press Conference to be held in Calgary, telling the world all about the Battle of Boston... and then, of course, Saturday Night Wrestling in Calgary. The very first AWA event to be held on Canadian soil! It's going to be a big week for the AWA and we're looking forward to bringing you even more great action two weeks from now on the Power Hour! For Mark Stegglet and Colt Patterson, I'm Theresa Lynch... good night everybody...

[Theresa's words drift off-camera as her eyes go wide. Silently, she points to what she's looking at to her cameraman. She gestures with her head as well, finally getting the cameraman to turn in the direction of her gesture...

...where we find a bloodied, exhausted, but victorious Juan Vasquez. The former hero of the people looks like a complete mess. His face and hair caked with dried blood, the corners of his mouth a shredded mess and his eyes empty with a vacant thousand yard stare.

Much to Theresa's chagrin, Vasquez walks towards her, almost in a pained shuffle. He stands there, staring at her for an uncomfortably long moment of silence.]

TL: Uh...I suppose congratulations are in order for you hard fought victory ton-

[Vasquez immediately brings his hand up to Theresa's face.]

JV: Shhhh...they don't wanna hear from you, chica. They wanna hear from the star of the show.

[Juan turns to the camera.]

JV: Alex...it was just like I said. You couldn't stop me.

[A bloody grin.]

JV: No one can.

[The smile grows and Vasquez begins to chuckle and then it soon turns into a roar of laughter...

....and then silence.

Vasquez then speaks again, almost in a whisper.]

JV: NO ONE.

[And with that, he shuffles off to god knows where...

...and we fade to black.]