

The graphic features the text "AWA POWER HOUR" in large, bold, white capital letters with a black outline, centered against a dark blue background filled with bright, jagged white lightning bolts. Below the main title, the date "JULY 23, 2016" is written in a similar bold, white font with a black outline.

# AWA POWER HOUR

JULY 23, 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 Theresa Lynch dressed down in a pair of blue jeans and a sleeveless red and black t-shirt that reads "HERstory." She has a smile a mile wide on her face as she speaks to the camera.]

TL: On a night that was all about making history, it only seems fitting that this week's Power Hour goes down from the world's most famous arena, Madison Square Garden, where - just moments ago - Lauryn Rage was victorious in the twenty woman Rumble to crown the very first AWA Women's World Champion!

[Lynch shakes her head with a smile.]

TL: Lauryn Rage may not be everyone's cup of tea. She may not be your flavor of chewing tobacco as my daddy would say... but you can't argue with success and she has achieved the ultimate success here tonight in New York City, eliminating both Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara in the closing moments to capture the title. And for that, she deserves our congratulations and I know that she has mine. But as I dig through the bowels of the arena here tonight, I'm sure that's not the only story coming out of this show - this, the final AWA event in the United States before we head off to Europe for shows in Germany, Italy, the United Kingdom, and all points in between. I know I'm not alone in looking forward to the first European Tour for the AWA, making history yet again but-

[Lynch's gaze moves off-camera for a moment, her eyes lighting up when she spots someone.]

TL: Jordan! Jordan Ohara!

[The camera pivots slightly, showing a surprised Jordan Ohara who is in street clothes at this point in the night, talking to Derrick Williams for a moment.]

TL: Derrick, you too... can I get a word with you both?

[Williams smirks.]

DW: Another time, Theresa. I got friends and family waiting for their hometown hero.

[Williams chuckles at his own use of "hometown hero" before he exchanges a quick fist bump with his new-found ally, making his exit. Ohara turns to stand alongside Theresa, looking at the camera.]

JO: Whatcha got for me, Theresa?

TL: Jordan, there was a whole lot that went on here tonight in New York City... but perhaps the biggest piece of news for you tonight was the announcement that you've been selected by Noboru Fujimoto to be a part of his team for the Steal The Spotlight Series - the team that's being called the Electric Dragons. Your thoughts on your selection?

[Ohara nods his head with a smile.]

JO: Theresa, you're right, a lot has been going on for me in the AWA. I've got my issues with Juan Vasquez... and another date on the calendar for he and I to go to battle.

[He gestures off camera to the departing Derrick Williams.]

JO: Derrick Williams and I are working on our tag team... you never know where that'll end up. There's a whole lot of roads to get to the top around here and I'm willing to take any and all of them to get there, Theresa.

[Lynch nods in understanding.]

JO: BUT... despite everything going on, I'm not overlooking the Steal The Spotlight Series. When you look back - all the way back to the first SuperClash - at the history of that contract, there's a whole lot of wrestlers who've been made by that contract... and I'd love to have my own opportunity to steal that spotlight. I welcome the opportunity... and I like my team. How can you not like Team Electric Dragons?

[Ohara pauses.]

JO: But you've also got to look across the ring, Theresa. And when Team Titan steps into that ring in Germany?

[He whistles through his teeth.]

JO: I mean... Torin the Titan, Jack Lynch, and Ryan Martinez! Ryan Martinez, one of my idols in Japan! Can you imagine what it is like for me to get into the ring with men like that? That's what I live for. Because I want to be the best in the business to ever do it. I know I can, Theresa.

[Theresa smiles.]

TL: I'm sure you can, Jordan. Thanks for your time.

JO: Thank you, I can't wait to see you in Europe after I win the whole thing - the Steal The Spotlight Series!

[We fade away from the grinning Ohara and Lynch...

...and 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 back up to footage marked "Saturday Night Wrestling, last week." There's a ring filled with brawling women, trying to clear the squared circle and declare victory as a countdown begins.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

[The buzzer sounds as Erica Toughill strides through the curtain with purpose. Over the action, the sounds of "Bad Reputation" by Joan Jett and the Blackhearts is heard. It looks almost like an updated adaptation of the video package produced for Erica Toughill from the previous month...]

# I don't give a damn 'bout my reputation  
You're living in the past it's a new generation #

[Toughill guillotine chokes her old nemesis Lucie Richter off the second rope, dragging her to the floor.]

# A girl can do what she wants to do and that's  
What I'm gonna do #

[Toughill reaches under the ropes and hooks Ozaki by the ankle, dragging her kicking and screaming under the bottom rope to the floor where she grabs the Empress of Joshi by the head...]

# An' I don't give a damn 'bout my bad reputation #

GM: Look out!

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

[...and HURLS her bodily into the steel ringside barricade, shifting it visibly as Ozaki lands parallel to the floor against it!]

# Oh no not me #

[Cut to deeper in the match. With Julie Somers coming up off the mat, Toughill grabs her by the hair, rushing towards the ropes before she can regroup...]

GM: TOUGHILL TOSSES SOMERS!

[Suddenly Joan Jett and the Blackhearts' "Bad Reputation" fades into the slower, bluesier "Ain't Talkin'" by Bob Dylan. What had been a quick montage of action cuts, now turns into a series of arty slow-motion fades.]

# As I walked out tonight in the mystic garden  
The wounded flowers were dangling from the vines #

[As Somers tumbles over the top, she hooks the ropes with both hands, dangling with her feet just inches from the floor. Toughill, who thinks she was successful, turns her attention towards Skylar Swift who is leaning against the ropes.]

# I was passing by yon cool and crystal fountain #

[Grabbing the back of Toughill's tights, Somers rushes the ropes, tossing her over as Swift drops down, pulling the ropes with her...]

# Someone hit me from behind #

[...and Toughill slams down on the floor!]

# Ain't talkin', just walkin'  
Through this weary world of woe #

[Toughill stares up at the ceiling in stunned disbelief.]

# Heart burnin', still yearnin'  
No one on earth would ever know #

[Fade to the AWA Women's World Title belt, resting on a dais; in the background, a banner advertising SuperClash. It goes out of focus.]

# They say prayer has the power to heal  
So pray for me, mother #

[Toughill on floor, stares up into the ring, her expression is blank, but clearly fixated on Julie Somers.]

# In the human heart an evil spirit can dwell  
I'm trying to love my neighbor and do good unto others #

[She rolls back onto the apron...]

# But oh, mother, things ain't going well #

[...and grabs a stunned Somers by the arm, and YANKS her off the top rope, flinging her down recklessly to the barely-padded floor!]

# Ain't talkin', just walkin'  
I'll burn that bridge before you can cross #

[Toughill drops down off the apron, standing over the prone Somers, taunting her for the elimination...]

# Heart burnin', still yearnin'  
There'll be no mercy for you once you've lost #

[Melissa Cannon DIVES through the ropes, wiping out Toughill with a diving elbowstrike. She stays on top of Toughill, throwing a series of elbows to the side of the head.]

# Now I'm all worn down by weepin' #

[Cannon and Toughill shout at each other on the floor.]

# My eyes are filled with tears, my lips are dry #

[Toughill is dragged away by the ringside officials.]

# If I catch my opponents ever sleepin'... #

[Julie Somers looks up the aisle after Toughill.]

# ...I'll just slaughter them where they lie #

[The two make steely eye contact.]

# Ain't talkin', just walkin'  
Up the road around the bend  
Heart burnin', still yearnin'  
In the last outback, at the world's end #

[Fade back to live action backstage with Theresa.]

TL: One of the more controversial developments that went down in that Rumble was when Erica Toughill came back after being eliminated to force Julie Somers' elimination as well. They both were considered favorites to win the match and the title but... well, obviously that didn't happen. Julie Somers was said to be totally irate backstage, talking to Emerson Gellar... and we're told that Erica Toughill's response to Gellar was that there will be an apology on the next Saturday Night Wrestling which will take place in Berlin, Germany.

[Lynch grimaces, shaking her head.]

TL: An apology? Come on. I can't imagine that ANY kind of apology would make it up to Julie Somers for what she lost here tonight. And speaking of lost championships here tonight in Madison Square Garden, I can tell you that not only was the crowd stunned when Supernova lost the World Television Title earlier tonight but so was this locker room. Kerry Kendrick is your new World Television Champion. I've dispatched a camera to try and get some words from him and hopefully we'll get that before we go off the air but... whew. All sorts of wild action went on here tonight... but it wasn't just tonight. In fact, just last night, we were in another part of New York - the Manhattan Center - for another night of action. Almost a warm-up if you will... and right now, let's take a look at a showdown from that event.

[We fade from backstage at Madison Square Garden to the ring inside the much-smaller Manhattan Center where Rebecca Ortiz is set to get going.]

RO: Our next matchup is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from New Jersey... weighing in at 163 pounds... EL PANTERA OROOOOOOOO!

[The Golden Panther springs to the second rope, bouncing up to the top where he uncorks a backflip to the "ooooohs" and "aaaaahs" of the crowd in attendance.]

MS: The Golden Panther, El Pantera Oro himself, set for action here tonight on Rumble Eve at the Manhattan Center... and fans, it's my esteemed pleasure to be here tonight with the one and only Colt Patterson calling all the action. Colt, welcome to New York City!

CP: The City That Never Sleeps and Colt Patterson are old friends, Stegglet. Don't forget that in its early days, the EMWC called New York City home and not Los Angeles. In fact, I won my first championship right up the road here in New York. Back in those days, there were three big tourist attractions in NYC, Stegglet... the Empire State Building, the Statue of Liberty, and the best lookin' body on the planet... JACK!

[Stegglet chuckles as Rebecca continues.]

RO: And his opponent...

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

RO: About to make his way down the aisle... from Montemoooooreloooooos, Mexicooooo... weighing in at 209 pounds... CASPIAN ABAAAAARAAAAAN!

[The crowd cheers as the music builds. When the famous guitar of Santana begins to play about fifteen seconds in, Caspian Abaran splits the curtain and jogs out to the approval of the crowd. A young Mexican man with deeply tanned skin and curly dark brown hair, Abaran's attractiveness draws some high-pitched cheers from the female supporters. Abaran's tights are a bright yellow, with intricate patterns intertwined in red and brown down both legs. His boots are red, and has similar intertwined patterns in yellow and brown. He also has wristbands, striped in red, yellow, and brown. Abaran raises his hands up in the air and does a twirl as he jogs to catch all sides of the arena.]

MS: The AWA's resident luchador heading down the aisle for singles action on this, the night before the historic Rumble that will be taking place across town at Madison Square Garden. Many of these fans that we were talking to before the show started tonight said they're actually going to be in MSG tomorrow night too so I suppose this is a bit of a warmup for them too.

CP: Absolutely. Come to town, see a show, take a stroll through Central Park, and see two nights of the best professional wrestling action on the planet. You can't go wrong with that.

[Quickly arriving at ringside, Abaran jogs down the apron and around to his left. He turns and spreads his arms out to the side, reaching them forward to acknowledge the crowd. The nimble luchador then backflips over the top rope into the ring, and proceeds to the opposite corner to greet the fans there.]

MS: A great reaction here in New York for Abaran and... you know, Colt, this is one of the only times I can recall that Abaran is going to have a significant size advantage over his opponent, El Pantera Oro.

CP: El Pantera Oro looks like you'd have to tie some dumbbells to every appendage to break two bills, Stegglet.

MS: This should be a very interesting encounter. El Pantera Oro, the luchador, got a good reaction from the fans here since he's from just over in New Jersey.

CP: Ah, so that explains the smell.

[Abaran settles back into the corner, having a conversation with the referee, nodding his head before the bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

MS: One fall, fifteen minute time limit, and we're on our way here in this matchup in the Manhattan Center!

[The two luchadors move out of their respective corners to the middle of the ring, reaching out to slap each other's hands to cheers from the crowd.]

MS: Early show of respect between the two men.

CP: We'll see how long that lasts.

[They come together in a collar and elbow tieup, Abaran easily using his size advantage to push El Pantera Oro back towards the ropes. The referee steps in, calling for a break and Abaran quickly obliges, lifting his hands and stepping back...]

MS: And a clean break to boot.

CP: That's a good idea, Stegglet.

MS: Huh?

CP: The boot. Abaran should boot him in the gut.

MS: That's not at all what I- whoa!

[The crowd cheers as the masked man from New Jersey reaches out, locking his fingers with Abaran's. He steps to the second rope... then to the top... and then leaps into the air, using the grip as an armdrag to throw Abaran down to the canvas!]

CP: Abaran might be a sucker for the rules but this other kid is thinking smart!

[Abaran comes back to his feet as the young luchador dashes towards him, leaping up to scissor Abaran's head between his legs...

...and drifts towards the ropes, using a rana to hurl Abaran over the top rope and down to the floor while the Golden Panther manages to land on the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MS: And it didn't take long for the feeling out process to end in this one, fans! El Pantera Oro is looking to catch Abaran off-guard and snatch a victory early on.

CP: That's the kind of aggression you're going to need if you're going to be a winner here in the AWA. Abaran doesn't have it which is why he's a big loser.



MS: I wouldn't say that. In fact, Caspian Abaran has strung together quite the winning streak as of late on our live events and is working himself into position to challenge for an AWA championship in my estimation.

CP: Not if he gets knocked off by this kid tonight.

MS: That would certainly derail his momentum, yes.

[El Pantera Oro waits on the apron until Abaran gets to his feet and then leaps to the second rope, springing backwards in a somersault...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MS: Caspian Abaran gets WIPED OUT by the second rope springboard moonsault from the young man from New Jersey and very quickly, these fans in New York City have taken this young man under their wing, supporting him against the well-established Abaran.

[Pulling Abaran off the mat, the youngster fires him under the ropes back inside the ring. He grabs the rope, pulling himself back up on the apron. He is trembling with excitement as he grabs the top rope, ready to strike once again...]

MS: This young man is literally shaking right now, Colt.

CP: Might be some nerves showing through. He's gotta choke that down though. He's got Abaran on the run and a few more big moves might put him down for a three count.

[As Abaran stumbles up to his feet, the Golden Panther leaps into the air, springing off the top rope...]

MS: INSANE ATHLETICISM!

[...but as he sails towards Abaran, twisting his body in the air for a crossbody, Abaran elevates and drives both feet into the chest of the high flying luchador, knocking him out of the sky!]

MS: Ohhh! And a dropkick finds the mark!

CP: That's why they call it high risk, jack. This kid rolled the dice and came up snake eyes!

[Abaran gets back off the mat, shaking the cobwebs a bit as he pulls his young opponent up by the arm, throwing a big chop across the chest, sending him falling back into the turnbuckles...]

MS: One chop finds the mark, sending the Golden Panther backpedaling away...

[Stepping in, Abaran winds up again, landing a second chop across the chest.]

MS: Abaran grabs the arm, shoots him across...

[But the New Jersey luchador runs up the buckles, backflipping over an incoming Abaran to a big cheer. Abaran wheels around to find El Pantera Oro charging towards him again...]

...and Abaran front rolls out of the corner as the luchador flings himself towards the corner and Abaran with a running dropkick that comes up empty. He crashes and burns HARD, smashing into the buckles before landing down on the back of his head!]

MS: Another costly mistake by the youngster... and Abaran is looking to take advantage of it.

[Pulling El Pantera Oro off the mat, Abaran shoots him towards the ropes. On the rebound, he hoists the New Jersey luchador into the air, twisting him around...

...and DRIVES him down across a bent knee!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

MS: THE QUEBRADORA CONNECTS!

[And with the Golden Panther writhing in pain on the canvas, Abaran dashes to the ropes, leaping to the middle rope, using a springboard moonsault to sail through the air, crashing down on the chest of his opponent!]

MS: AND THE QUEBRADA COMES NEXT! What a combination of high impact offensive attacks by Caspian Abaran!

[Abaran stays down on the Golden Panther, reaching back to snatch a leg in a pinning situation.]

MS: Abaran hooks the leg for one! He’s got two!

[But the Panther’s shoulder flies up off the mat, breaking the count to the enjoyment of the New York crowd who cheers the underdog on.]

MS: Two count only there for Caspian Abaran as he tries to put this young high flyer away.

CP: I gotta wonder if Abaran underestimated this kid, Stegglet. He sure seems a little rattled here tonight.

[Abaran climbs back to his feet, swinging an arm around to salute the crowd who mostly cheers although a few are holding out hope for their (sort of) hometown hero. The luchador hauls the young man up to his feet again...

...when the Golden Panther opens fire with an overhead chop to the chest!]

MS: Oh! I don’t think Abaran was expecting that!

[He wasn’t... but the luchador quickly responds by grabbing the masked man by the head, smashing his skull into the bridge of the nose.]

MS: Abaran responds in kind with a headbutt!

[The headbutt knocks the Golden Panther down to a knee. Abaran looks down at him for a moment before spinning around, burying his boot into the jaw with a rollie sole butt that flattens him.]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Abaran looks out on the crowd for a moment, soaking up the (mostly) cheers from the New York fans before snatching the Panther back up to his feet, tossing him towards the ropes...

...and gets a running start of his own before uncorking a high jumping leg lariat, taking the Golden Panther down again!]

MS: Abaran wipes him out again... and now he's pointing to the corner, perhaps looking for a way to finish this young man off.

[Abaran steps out to the apron, quickly moving up the corner turnbuckles as the Golden Panther tries to recover down on the canvas, working his way to a knee...]

MS: I'm not sure what Abaran was planning there but his opponent is almost back to his feet... actually IS on his feet now, moving in on Abaran in the corner...

[Abaran plants his hands on his hips, shaking his head in disbelief at the youngster stumbling towards him...]

...when Abaran suddenly leaps into the air, snatching the Golden Panther by the back of the head, twisting around, and DRIVING him down into the mat with a split-legged faceslam sending the young man nearly vertical as he spikes him into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Abaran rolls right back up, tying up the arms and legs of the luchador, snapping him back in a side Russian legsweep...]

MS: Russian legsweep connects... and look at this! A new move in the arsenal of Abaran perhaps!

[With both men down on the mat, Abaran forces the Golden Panther up into a seated position. With his left hand, he reaches out, snatching the left arm in a hammerlock, twisting it up behind the back of the young man. The right arm is barred behind him by Abaran's right arm while Abaran's right leg comes down across the neck, cranking on it...]

MS: A new submission hold out of Abaran and-

[Instantly, the young luchador taps out, crying out in pain. Abaran holds it for a couple more seconds before letting go, shoving the youngster back down on the mat as Abaran sits up on the canvas, allowing the official to raise his hand as we fade to black...

...and then 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...

Cut to a rapid fire, almost 24 frames a second, montage of clips over the first orchestral sting of Mozart's "Don Giovanni, a Cenar Teco..."]

[From what can be retained, there are two men in similar, plain black tights. One is a young man, performing kicks and submission. The other looks like a human ogre, performing shockingly massive strikes and earthshattering powerbombs.]

[Over the second note of "Don Giovanni," there is a longer look at them. Both are drenched in sweat, but obviously celebrating a victory. The young man has a cauliflower ear that betrays his experience; he is seated on the mat, holding up a white scarf on which the words "RESPEKTIERE DIE LEINWALD" are printed.]

[Behind him is the monster. Despite looking far from chiseled, he is a domineering presence with his arms folded.]

(Caption:

"RINGKREIGER"

"AWA"

"BERLIN 2016")

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to the backstage area where Theresa Lynch is standing.]

TL: Welcome back to the Power Hour and we are just days away now from piling the biggest and brightest stars of the AWA into an airplane and heading overseas for the historic first-ever European Tour. Or as I told my mama on the phone this morning, "I'm leavin' on a jet plane... don't know when I'll be back again."

[Theresa grins at her own joke.]

TL: We are looking forward to seeing all of the tremendous fans in Europe who've been calling for the AWA to come to their continent for many years now. Let's run down some of the cities we'll be visiting - some of which you can still buy tickets to.

[A graphic comes up over some cheesy synth music. The AWA logo is splashed across the words "European Tour" as a voiceover kicks in to add to the promotion.]

"The AWA lands in Germany on Wednesday, July 27th. While our first event will be in Berlin, some of the AWA's top stars will be on hand Thursday and Friday night at shows for Catch Wrestling Club, a local promotion."

[The graphic changes to spotlight Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"It'll be Saturday night, July 30th, when the AWA hits Berlin and the Mercedes-Benz Arena. This event is SOLD OUT so if you don't have your tickets already, join us right here on The X or anywhere else you catch AWA action all over the world."

[A quick graphic change highlights the two weeks between the Germany and Italy shows.]

"On Sunday afternoon, July 31st, we'll be in the Barclaycard Arena in Hamburg for a matinee show with Johnny Detson, Brian James, Wes Taylor, and Tony Donovan taking on Jack Lynch, Travis Lynch, Bobby O'Connor, and Supernova in an eight man tag team battle!"

On Wednesday night, August 3rd, the AWA hits the Ziggo Dome in Amsterdam for a mid-week show.

August 5th, Friday night, the AWA rolls right back into Germany - this time to Leipzig and the Leipzig Arena for a World Title defense with Johnny Detson putting the gold on the line against Bobby O'Connor.

August 6th, Saturday night, we'll hit the O2 Arena in Prague with a double Main Event of Johnny Detson and Brian James taking on the Lynch Brothers in tag team action and Supernova challenging Kerry Kendrick in a non-title matchup.

August 7th, another Sunday afternoon show, this time in the Wiener Stadthalle in Vienna, Austria.

We'll be making a quick stop on August 9th in the Geneva Arena in Switzerland before we kick off a week of shows in Italy starting on Wednesday, August 10th in the Nelson Mandela Forum in Florence.

Thursday, August 11th sees us stop in Padova at the Kioene Arena. Friday, August 12th will be in Pala Alpitour, Turin.

Of course, Saturday Night Wrestling will be on the air again on Saturday, August 13th, when we roll into the Medialanum Forum in Milan!"

[The graphic goes back to the main AWA logo.]

"It's history in the making so make sure that you're a part of it when the AWA comes to your town!"

[We fade away from the promotional material to a shot presumably in a locker room somewhere in Madison Square Garden where Erica Toughill leans against a locker. She clutches the AWA Television Championship across her chest under a pair of tightly folded arms. Her ballcap is drawn over her eyes and she radiates all the joy of a grounded 13-year-old who has had her phone taken from her. She blows a sullen, contemptuous pink bubble.

Zoom out. In the foreground is Kerry Kendrick in a button-down shirt.]

KK: What do you do now? I spend years on the treadmill, stuck fighting Caspian Abaran over and over again for months on end, and what happens when I finally get my very first title shot. I cash in. The first match that matters and I... ace it.

[He chuckles his smug chuckle as he rubs his blonde whiskered face.]

KK: Yeah, I'm not taking a count-out loss on this one, now that the Unstable Element that I've had to deal with has got his own games to play. That's why I am a Self Made Man: I cash in when it matters. How many of you can say that you got cash in and win a title in the most storied sports arena in North America... on your first try?

[His demeanor changes slightly and he mutters back to the person holding his belt.]

KK: Present company excluded, of course—you got robbed by Somers, Rick.

[Toughill responds with an equivocal shrug and grunt.]

KK: Now I can hear the usual critics, the usual doubters, the usual people who stand on sidelines and criticize..., "it's JUST the Television Title. It's JUST the bronze medal."

I got news for you, this belt is my ticket off the treadmill. It's my way out of spinning my wheels. It's traction. It's not a belt for those resting on their laurels in cruise control like a Lynch. It says that not only am I to be mentioned in the same breath as Supernova and Shadoe Rage, it says that I'm better than them because I have what they no longer have. Part of the responsibility of being AWA Television Champion is the defense of that belt on AWA Television.

[Toughill hands him the belt.]

KK: Which means, you get to see a whole lot more of me. Every Saturday Night Wrestling on The X. See what happens when it become the Self Made Man's show.

[We fade from the locker room of the new World Television Champion back to Theresa Lynch who is standing in a parking lot.]

TL: Kerry Kendrick, the new World Television Champion, is feeling pretty good about himself obviously after defeating Supernova... thanks to Shadoe Rage... to win the title here tonight. However, as he said, we're about to see a whole lot more of him and his first televised defense of that title will go down in Berlin, Germany when he goes one-on-one with his former rival... and a man we saw claim victory earlier tonight... Caspian Abaran!

[Lynch grins at that.]

TL: I'm looking forward to that one... but something I'm not looking forward to is coming my way right now...

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"Well, well, well... if it isn't the most useless member of the Lynch family since James got dropped on his stack of dimes neck..."

[And enter "Flawless" Larry Wallace. Wallace is in street clothes of blue jeans and a black t-shirt. A gold chain dangles from around his neck as well.]

FLW: Make it quick, Theresa. The city that never sleeps is waiting for the Flawless One to show her a good time.

[He suggestively winks at the camera as Theresa rolls her eyes.]

TL: Larry Wallace, you had some strong words directed at Dave Bryant earlier tonight but... well, you got no response.

FLW: No response... of course I got no response! If there's anything that Dave Bryant is known for in his career, it's not being able to stand up and respond when the bright lights are on and he's being called upon to be at his best.

Once. Once since his glory days, he answered the call. Once since the late 90s, he showed up.

But most of the time...

Theresa, I didn't know you did impressions.

[Theresa looks confused.]

TL: Huh?

[Wallace raises a finger.]

FLW: Hey, Dave Bryant... you're the most worthless piece of garbage I've seen inside an AWA wrestling ring since the last time Terry Shane was allowed to compete.

[Lynch goes to speak but Wallace shoves his raised finger up against her lips, shushing her. Silence... for a few moments... and then Wallace grins.]

FLW: No response. See, Theresa... you're more talented than I thought. That was a spot-on impression of the guy who was voted Most Likely To Waste His Opportunity.

You've got a chance, Dave Bryant. You've got the chance of a lifetime. Maybe your last chance to walk in, slap that Iron Crab on some people, work your way up the ladder, and get yourself a chance at greatness.

You've beaten Vasquez. You've beaten Wright. Not many people can say that.

But instead, you're happy coasting on your accomplishments... you're the epitome of resting on your laurels...

[Wallace shakes his head.]

FLW: My father raised me well. He told me that when a tired, weak, crippled old dog comes up to you on the street, you do it a kindness and put it out of its mercy like Mother Nature should've done a long time ago.

So, when we get in the ring, Bryant... whenever you can be bothered to show up... and I knock you down so many times that you're begging with me... pleading with me... whispering how you can't take it anymore...

When that happens, I'm going to hear my father's voice in my ear... and I'm going to do what Mother Nature should've done a long time ago to you, pal.

I'm going to put... you... down.

[Wallace mimics a dog's whimper to Theresa's shock. He throws her a glance, rolling his eyes.]

FLW: Oh, like ol' Blackjack never made you put the business end of a shovel down between the eyes of a sick heifer. Stop your wide-eyed and innocent look, sweetheart, 'cause it ain't working on the Flawless One.

Now if you'll excuse me...

[Wallace brushes Theresa aside, making his way deeper into the parking lot.]

TL: Absolutely disgusting.

[We fade from the parking lot to black...

...and then back up on the exterior of a fast food restaurant that looks quite familiar to fans of delicious, mouth-watering, artery-clogging fried chicken. Yes, it is the Mecca Of Fried Chicken, KFC.

We cut inside where a friendly young man is working the counter, smiling at the customers he aids.]

FYM: Thank you and have a fantastic day!

[The next person steps up to the counter wearing a black trenchcoat, dark sunglasses, and a hat. We see him from the front.]

FYM: Good afternoon, sir, and welcome to KFC! What can I get for you today?

[The customer lifts his head slightly to look at the menu and responds.]

C: Three piece meal. Original recipe. Breasts and legs... heh... breasts and leg, oh yeah.

[The employee raises an eyebrow in recognition.]



FYM: I'm sorry. But aren't you former World Champion and Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson?!

[The sunglasses come down to reveal an angry EVG.]

EVG: How did you know?!

[We cut behind him to see the back of his trenchcoat is covered in a large maple leaf with the words MISTER MAPLE LEAF surrounding it. Cut back to the friendly young man who smiles.]

FYM: I had a hunch.

[We cut to a shot of the chicken, glimmering and golden in all its glory. A voiceover begins.]

"Come into your local KFC today and not only can you get our three piece combo meal for the low price for \$4 but you can also pick up these special souvenir cups featuring some of the greatest pro wrestling stars of all time!"

[Cut to a young boy showing his cup.]

"I got Ryan Martinez!"

[To an older lady.]

"Hamilton Graham? I remember him!"

[To a family of four, all showing different cups.]

"Collect them all!"

[We cut back to Eddie Van Gibson sitting at a table, groaning as he eats a piece of chicken. He looks up, his eyes locking on a pair of twins in their early twenties. The two blondes giggle as they look at the Hall of Famer.]

EVG: If I were to LET you suck on my...

[He looks down invitingly.]

EVG: ...Original Recipe chicken from KFC...

[And then into the camera.]

EVG: Would you be grateful?

[Cut to the end graphic advertising the promotion. Another voiceover.]

"Get your KFC today! As good as it's always been!"

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to the Power Hour logo which dissolves to show a ring where the combatants have already been introduced as the ring announcer is starting to exit.]

MS: Mark Stegklet on the scene here in New Jersey alongside Bucky Wilde as we call the action on this Women's Division matchup being taped for the Power Hour... and Bucky, we're about to get another look at a relatively new face on the women's

wrestling scene and participant in the AWA Women's Rumble... the Afropunk, Victoria June.

BW: I don't even know what that means, Steggy. Afropunk? I've heard of Afrosheen. Afro picks. Loved them in the 70s. But Afropunk? She's just a plain ol' punk to me.

[Victoria June is a relatively tall, well-conditioned athlete. The light-skinned Afro-American with the green eyes, freckles and big tawny afro circles around her opponent, Abigail Smythe, an equally toned brunette in a deep purple unitard.]

MS: Please. Victoria June originally from a little town in Tennessee and now residing in Canada. Tonight, she goes up against a local sensation, Abigail Smythe.

BW: Look at June's ring gear, Steggy. Ripped up denim shorts, torn up fishnet stockings, Doc Marten boots and an old Fishbone T-shirt? How successful can she be if she can't afford wrestling gear? Well, I guess she can't even afford a comb, either.

MS: Yes, Victoria June is as eccentric as they come with her style of dress, makeup and overall look, but we have seen her compete at a high level in this run up to the Rumble.

BW: She'll probably be the first one tossed, Stegglet.

MS: (ignoring that point) And here's the opening lockup! Round and round they go, looking for leverage. June pushing Smythe into the corner and the referee forces the break.

BW: June used the hair to get her into the corner!

MS: She did not!

BW: That's what Smythe is saying!

[Smythe's complaints are ignored by the referee and the booing fans as she is forced to lock up with June again who switches her grip, grabs the arm and snags a hammerlock.]

MS: Hammerlock by June ... no, Smythe reverses out into an armwringer ... now June reverses with an armwringer of her own ... armdrag takes Smythe down to the mat and June hangs onto the armwringer, bringing Smythe back up to her feet.

BW: Well, I guess she knows a little bit.

[Smythe promptly reverses the armwringer, sending the pressure back up June's arm.]

BW: Or maybe not.

[The two competitors battle for control of the arm as June reverses into a hammerlock again. She sweeps out Smythe's leg and pushes her to the mat on her face.]

MS: Legsweep puts Smythe down on her face, June trying to roll her over...

[The pin attempt barely scores a two count before Smythe escapes.]

MS: Smythe out before two but June still has control of the arm, bringing her back to her feet... ducking under, looking for a fireman's carry perhaps...

[She is, but June is thwarted by a series of Smythe forearm to the back. Smythe pulls June to her feet by the afro and whips her into the ropes. She shakes out her arm as she prepares for he rebound!]

MS: Fierro Press by June!

[With Smythe upended, June grabs her opponent by the hair, repeatedly slamming the back of her head into the mat!]

BW: Look at all the hair she's grabbing now! Illegal!

MS: The official's telling her to break off the attack and-

[June pauses her attack, looking up to talk to the official...

...which gives Smythe a chance to retaliate with a thumb to the eye that sends June reeling.]

MS: Thumb right into the eye! Victoria June is temporarily blinded, staggering around the ring...

BW: And there's no counter for a master strategy like that, Stegklet.

[Smythe quickly scrambles out of the ring to catch a breather.]

BW: What the... where is she going?! She got the edge by going to the eye and she goes to the floor instead?!

MS: An odd strategy by Abigail Smythe to be sure... and these fans at ringside are letting her have it for her tactics.

[Smythe is giving it right back to the fans, waving them off dismissively.]

MS: And the people here at the Prudential Center in Newark, New Jersey are letting Abigail Smythe know they don't appreciate her taking shortcuts against the popular Victoria June.

BW: Who cares what these idiots think? She needs to get back in the ring and take advantage of the situation, not argue with these buffoons!

[Still reeling a bit, June drops to the mat, rolling out of the ring. She shakes her head, blinking her eyes to clear them as she approaches the still-arguing Smythe from behind, grabbing her by the hair...

...and SMASHES her facefirst into the ring apron to a big cheer!]

MS: She bounces her opponent's skull off the apron! And that's the kind of wild brawling we expect to see out of her this weekend in New York City to boot, Bucky.

BW: I expect to see her fly over the top rope at a high velocity and impact - I don't know about you.

[With Smythe in a daze, June shoves her under the bottom rope before scrambling up on the apron...]

MS: Smythe back in, June coming in after her...

[Smythe quickly gets to her feet, rearing back to attack...]

MS: Wild swing by Smythe as she tries to get the advantage back!

BW: Wild miss, too!

[June ducks underneath the swing and drives her shoulder into Smythe's gut, sending her stumbling back to the middle of the ring. June slips into the ring after her and launches herself in the air.]

MS: Single leg dropkick by Victoria June!

BW: And another dropkick by Victoria June. This punk gets a lot of vertical on her leaps.

[June goes for the cover and only gets the two count out of it as Smythe's shoulder lifts up off the canvas.]

MS: Two count for Victoria June and she's still coming, Bucky. She's right back up on her feet, saluting these fans in New Jersey...

[June throws a fist up in the air, extending her thumb and pinky out as she waves the shaka horns at the audience as they cheer the plucky Afropunk.]

BW: Shaka? This is New Jersey. The only thing they surf in Jersey are the dead bodies down in the river!

MS: I might be careful if I were you, Bucky, knowing how some of those bodies ended up there.

[In the meantime, the roaring crowd has Victoria June fired up as she ducks through the ropes and starts to climb to the top turnbuckle.]

MS: The fired-up Canadian is heading for the high risk area as Abigail Smythe struggles to get up off the canvas and get back into this matchup here in New Jersey.

BW: Hey dummy! Springsteen says tramps like you are born to run not born to fly!

MS: Huh?

BW: Out of my way, Stegglet. It's Boss Time!

[As Smythe stumbles to her feet and spots a perched June, she rushes forward, throwing herself into a dropkick that catches enough of June's leg to send her sailing off the top rope...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and down into the ringside guardrail! The crowd gasps as June bounces off the rail, slumping down to a heap on the thin protective mats at ringside, groaning as she clutches her head and lower back.]

BW: Hah! I knew it! High risk don't always mean high reward, Stegglet... and now this big-haired goof is in it up to her eyeballs. She may not even make it to the Rumble after that!

[Sliding out to the floor and pulling June to her feet, Smythe lays in some clubbing forearms across the injured back before rolling her back under the ropes.]

MS: Smythe puts her back in, breaking the count...

BW: Dumb move. She should've taken the countout. A win's a win.

[With both women back in the ring, Smythe lays in a wicked kick to the back of June, forcing her to roll to her stomach, trying to push up off the mat.]

MS: Smythe to the ropes, building up steam... and she BURIES a boot into the ribs!

[June flips to her back, writhing in pain as she grabs at her ribs. The jeering fans are all over Smythe as she drags June off the mat by the hair, smashing her facefirst into the top turnbuckle!]

MS: Smythe slams her head into the corner...

[As June staggers backwards, Smythe kicks her in the back of the knee, dropping her to her knees on the mat. Smythe winds her arm around June's neck and applies a dragon sleeper near the corner.]

MS: Submission hold locked in! That dragon sleeper applied to the kneeling June will certainly give Smythe a lot of leverage as she tries to finish the Canadian off here in New Jersey!

[Smythe shouts "ASK HER!" to the official who checks June for a submission as the crowd starts to rally behind her...]

MS: The fans in New Jersey making it crystal clear who they're supporting just days away from the big show at Madison Square Garden.

BW: Steggy, if she knocks this punk out, they should give Smythe June's spot in the Rumble! It's only fair!

MS: That's a hard point to argue as Victoria June tries to get her feet underneath her, trying to find a way to relieve the pressure on her neck.

[With the Jersey crowd cheering on the "girl who came out to the Ramones," Victoria June manages to slide one leg under her, grimacing as she maneuvers the other foot down to join it, pushing up to her feet and escaping the pressure of the sleeperhold.]

MS: June slips out, getting to her feet...

[Twisting into Smythe's body, June unloads with a knee to the gut. A second one lands before Smythe returns fire, grabbing two hands full of afro, and swinging a knee up into the skull, sending June flopping back motionless to the mat!]

MS: OHH! And that might have done it right there, fans! She might have knocked Victoria June out cold with that kneestrike!

[Smythe lunges forward, diving on top of a prone June.]

MS: Smythe covers for one! She gets two! She gets-

[The crowd cheers as June fires a weary shoulder up off the mat, breaking the pin attempt.]

MS: Only two!

BW: I thought she was out like a light, Stegglet. June's got more fight in her than I gave her credit for.

[Frustrated, Smythe scrambles back into a pinning position to get another two count. A third pin attempt still doesn't get June and the crowd cheers as Smythe jumps to her feet screaming in frustration.]

BW: All those pins and she didn't get a three out of one of them? I don't believe it.

MS: You said it yourself, Bucky. Victoria June's got more fight than you - and perhaps anyone else - bargained for.

[A frustrated Smythe violently stomps June's lower back once... twice... and then flops down on her, yanking her hair back to apply a camel clutch.]

BW: Well, Abigail Smythe is going to see if she can break her fight right here.

[Smythe yanks back on the chin, shouting at the referee to check for a submission. He obliges and comes back with a shake of the head.]

MS: Smythe trying to take advantage of the back that June hurt when she hit the railing earlier... but Victoria June is hanging on, refusing to quit.

[Smythe yanks back again, shouting "TAP OUT!" at her spunky opponent.]

MS: Abigail Smythe showing signs of frustration, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame her? She couldn't pin her after that knee to the head... now she can't get her to give up and-

[With a scream, June struggles to get her feet under her.]

MS: Look at this, wrestling fans! June is getting back up!

[The crowd cheers as June fights her way up off the mat, hooking her arms around Smythe's thighs as she rises to her feet, holding a struggling and shocked Smythe up off the mat...

...and then DRIVES her backfirst into the turnbuckles!]

MS: Ohh! And June drives her back into the buckles - a move that puts her back in control just like that! She's banging her head in time with the fans, trying to shake off the pain!

BW: She's wasting time again is what she's doing!

MS: Smythe staggering out of the corner... HEADBUTT BY JUNE!!!

[Smythe collapses into the ropes as June collides head to head with her. June grabs Smythe by the head and delivers another headbutt.]

MS: Two big ol' headbutts and Smythe is reeling...

[Pulling her away from the ropes, June grabs a front facelock, twisting it around and dropping down into a neckbreaker before applying a cover of her own!]

MS: This time, it's Victoria June with the cover... and it's Abigail Smythe who kicks out at two! What a battle these two are having, fans!

[June slaps the mat in frustration after the two count, hoisting Smythe up and slamming her back down with a sloppy body slam.]

MS: Up and down with a bodyslam... and June's putting the boots to her now!

[The fans cheer the aggressive showing by June before she pulls Smythe right back up, lifting her across her body and bringing her down across a bent knee!]

MS: June suddenly going after the back, using the big slam and then the backbreaker for good measure. Could she have a gameplan in mind suddenly, Bucky?

BW: Any gameplan she's got is drawn on the back of a Dunkin' Donuts napkin in crayon.

[June throws her arms up to the Jersey crowd, getting a big cheer before she grabs a rising Smythe, lifting her up across her body once again...

...and dropping her straight down in a front slam!]

MS: Front powerslam! That'll knock the wind out of Abigail Smythe but... look at this!

[With Smythe prone on the mat, June goes to work picking up the legs and grapevining them. She throws another quick head bang out towards the crowd before turning Smythe's torso over...

...and reaches down, snaring Smythe's arms in a makeshift double chickenwing as she lifts a struggling Smythe off the canvas!]

MS: AHHH! SCORPION CROSSLOCK! SCORPION CROSSLOCK!

[And Smythe screams "I QUIT! I QUIT!" almost instantly. The official leaps up, signaling for the bell as June allows Smythe to fall facefirst to the mat in a heap.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[June leaps up, throwing both arms in the air for a moment before she winces, reaching around to grab at her lower back as the Jersey crowd cheers her on.]

MS: Now THAT was an impressive victory, Bucky. Seemingly out of nowhere, Victoria June went after the back of Smythe... the body slam, the backbreaker, and then the powerslam that set up that devastating and nearly inescapable hold - the Scorpion Crosslock.

BW: Hey, I'm not a fan of her or anything she stands for but even I have to admit that hold is impressive.

MS: And that's gotta feel very good for Victoria June just days before she heads into the Rumble in Madison Square Garden with so much on the line. Fans, thanks for joining us here in New Jersey on the Power Hour!

[Fade to black...

[The shot opens to an overhead view Madison Square Garden, as a voice over speaks over top.]

"Madison Square Garden. The World's Most Famous Arena.

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

[Cut to a billboard in Times Square with the SuperClash logo, Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez on either side.]

"But years before the World's Most Famous arena hosted The Wrestling World's Biggest Event, it was the proving ground for men who became legends in the world of professional wrestling..."

[Cut to a sold out Madison Square Garden, on their feet and cheering as a bulky, bloody Italian kneels in the middle of the ring, clutching a title belt...]

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

[Now the shot switches to another hot Garden crowd, chanting and cheering as a Hispanic man does a modified Ali Shuffle, taking his ring jacket off as he hops in place...]

"LI-RI-A-NO! \*clap\* \*clap\* \*clapclapclap\*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! \*clap\* \*clap\* \*clapclapclap\*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! \*clap\* \*clap\* \*clapclapclap\*"

[Finally to the hard camera shot at MSG, as a thick man in fatigues waves the red, white and blue in the center of the ring, a bloodied opponent lying in the corner and a thin, bespeckled manager having a tantrum as he enters the ring...]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[The magnificent Hawaiian Hercules, Kai Alana, is introduced to the MSG crowd for the first time, as the ring announcer shouts his name, with the voice over speaking over top...]

"And now their stories can be told."

[To the clips: tag teams fighting in a cage, "Handsome" Jimmy Myers posing on the top rope, the inimitable Andre Price standing with taped fists, Bucky Wilde and "Pitbull" Billy Arnold being escorted to the ring by riot police, the historic staredown at the Last Fight In Philly...]

"Featuring over three hours of never before seen interviews..."

[Cut to present day Bucky Wilde, tie loosened and looking visibly anxious as he reminisces.]

BW: I was just a kid, and I was getting in fights on my way TO the ring. Every night. Every time we went to Boston, I quit the business. Billy's hair started to fall out...



[Cut to Blackjack Lynch, letting off a rare smile.]

BJL: I hadda get in there, but I knew I couldn't use my name. If my bosses had heard that Blackjack Lynch wrestled in the Garden, they'd'a fired my ass before I left the state. But it was just too good to pass up...

[To Colt Patterson, dress shirt open at the collar.]

CP: Kai Alana was a freak of nature, man, people were in awe from the word go. When he came to town, you couldn't get a ticket. He outdrew the Rolling Stones.

[To a shorter man with a thick bush of black hair, wearing glasses, but curiously, a shirt with no sleeves. The name "Phil Darling" flashes on the screen.]

PD: Bruno refused to even get in the building. He wanted his money. My dad had to go to the bank and empty his safe deposit box, and Landon had to hawk one of his ridiculous gold bracelets. They never spoke after that night...

[Cut to a shot of two men standing in a cage, in the middle of old Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia, as the voice over returns.]

"...and some of the most famous matches ever seen on the East Coast. Available for the first time ever on DVD and Blu-Ray, and digitally remastered for quality, now with alternate commentary."

[Back to the clips, as the great "Soul Man" Andre Price addresses the Boston Gardens crowd.]

BW: There's only one thing I know that's for sure in this life, baby.

Pain is temporary. Glory fades... but legends never die.

[Cut to a sped up view of various matches taking place in the Garden, Spectrum and Boston Gardens, as the hook of "Cold Hard Bitch" by Jet plays... and then abruptly the screen goes to black, except for these words...]

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live footage of Theresa Lynch backstage in Madison Square Garden.]

TL: Welcome back to the Power Hour, fans... and this arena is still buzzing. Just moments ago, I was out on the street here in front of Madison Square Garden, talking to the fans who are raving about what they just saw here tonight. And what a way for the AWA to go out before heading out for this huge European Tour, right? Now, remember... there will not be another show in the States until Homecoming in September... right down at the ol' Crockett Coliseum in Dallas, Texas, in what will be a homecoming for me too.

[She grins at the idea of that.]

TL: But before we get to Homecoming, we're going to Europe and our first televised stop as we make our way across the continent is Berlin, Germany. Now, I announced earlier tonight that Kerry Kendrick will be making his first title defense

against Caspian Abaran. Also, we know that the monster known as Varag will be taking on Dylan Harvey in what should be... scary. Absolutely terrifying in fact if you're a fan of Harvey's. I've also been told to expect matches featuring the Samoan Hit Squad, the Slaughterhouse, and Charisma Knight. We'll be seeing the first of the Steal The Spotlight Series when Team Titan takes on Team Electric Dragons. And how about this, fans? For the first time since his return here tonight, Jeff Matthews will have a special sit-down interview to address the entire AWA - the fans, the locker room, everyone - about why he's come back and perhaps more importantly - why now. You won't want to miss that, I promise you. Fans, we're going to take another quick break right now and when we come back, it'll be tag team action featuring The Misfits! But before that, let's take a look ahead to one of the most special nights of the year... Homecoming.

[We fade through black...

...and then back up on footage from the very first edition of Saturday Night Wrestling back in the old WKIK Studios. We see a shot of the man we now know as Kerry Kendrick inside the ring as the voice of Gordon Myers is heard.]

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It is my great honor and privilege to be the first person to utter a word on this, the premiere episode of Saturday Night Wrestling brought to you by the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to other footage, showing off other competitors who appeared on that first night: Calisto Dufresne, Marcus Broussard, Melissa Cannon, Stevie Scott, Tin Can Rust, Ron Houston, and Kevin Slater.]

"And for the first time in well over a decade, professional wrestling... real professional wrestling has made its' home in the Lone Star State here in Texas. We are live in Dallas, Texas at the WKIK studios for what promises to be an exciting two hours of action."

[The opening chords of Ozzy Osborne's "Mama I'm Coming Home" begins to play. We get slow motion, sepia-toned footage of great AWA moments that went down in the state of Texas over the years.

Marcus Broussard using the Natural Bridge at the very first Memorial Day Mayhem to become the first man to wear the AWA National Title.

Tin Can Rust digging the broken edge of a flagpole into the forehead of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott in the first WarGames in AWA history.

The infamous "riot" with Eric Preston leaping off the bleachers onto James Monosso and Juan Vasquez putting Stevie Scott through the WKIK Studios set.

Calisto Dufresne hurling a massive fireball into the face of City Jack at the first SuperClash.

Dave Bryant standing victorious as the winner of the Chase For The Clash tournament.

Alex Martinez and Maxim Zharkov tussling at ringside with a sea of officials between them.

Jack Lynch using his cowboy boot to pummel Supreme Wright repeatedly in the head...

...and then we fade up on a shot of a grinning Jack Lynch watching the final scene on a television sit. He turns towards the camera with a shrug.]

"Seems like every time we're in Texas, we're makin' memories."

[He holds up his gloved right hand in the shape of the Iron Claw as the camera zooms in on it, going to black as the Homecoming logo comes up and a voiceover begins.]

"Homecoming. September 4th. Dallas, Texas.

Make your next memory."

[And to black.

And fade back up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then back up on pre-taped action. We get an establishing shot of Gordon Myers and Marcus Broussard sitting at ringside before cutting to the ring where we see The Misfits and the Mechanics inside the squared circle.]

GM: Welcome back to the Power Hour where it's time for action in the AWA Tag Team Division!

MB: Gordon, there are a lot of tag teams in the AWA that are sort of bubbling under the surface. The right win here... the right opportunity there... and we could see a return to the golden age of tag team wrestling.

GM: And these are two tag teams looking to separate themselves from the pack, looking to crack the rankings of tag contenders. It looks like Alex Worthey will be starting things off with Amos Carter from the Misfits who... I've been told is quite the resident brainiac, Marcus.

MB: You've been told? Let's just say he's not the guy you want to go mano e mano with in a battle of Final Jeopardy. True, he didn't have much success as a singles superstar out there but he seems like he's on the right track now with his new mentor and partner.

GM: How in the world Shadoo Rage could ever be a mentor to someone is beyond me, Shark.

MB: Strange bedfellows sometimes make for the best pairings, Gordon.

[The initial lockup is going on during the banter as the two men try to shove one another off-balance.]

MB: Alex Worthey comes into this one with a definite leverage advantage but Carter's got the speed on him.

[On cue, Carter slips free of the lockup, throwing a big chop across the chest of Worthey. Carter smirks, nodding his head to his partner who shouts at him to turn around...

...and he turns right into a forearm uppercut, taking him off his feet and down to the canvas to cheers!]

GM: So much for that.

MB: Gordon, since your physique has always been better used outside of the ring than inside, let me tell you what that feels like - it hits you right up under the chin and all you can feel is your teeth smashing together. Enough of them and you might as well book your dentist appointment for first thing in the morning.

[Climbing off the mat, Carter rubs the underside of his chin...

...and then insistently sticks his arm up in the sky, calling for a test of strength.]

GM: Hmm.

MB: That's a suspicious sounding "hmm", Gordon.

GM: Well... a test of strength? I mean... we've seen this before, Marcus.

[Worthey looks around at the crowd who shout warnings at him.]

GM: The fans are just as suspicious as I am. Have we EVER seen Carter do this legitimately? He's always up to something.

MB: Carter is turning into a thinking man's wrestler.

[Ignoring the shouts of the fans, Worthey delicately laces the fingers of his left hand with Carter's. Then he interlaces the right. Immediately they start applying pressure, trying to get the advantage.]

MB: This usually goes to the taller man because of leverage, Myers. And right now that is holding true.

[Worthey starts using leverage to get the top wristlock position and then starts powering down on Carter who yelps in discomfort. Worthey easily powers Carter backwards, forcing him into a bridge...]

GM: He's almost got Carter over! Shoulders on the mat!

[As the referee drops down to count, Carter desperately jams his legs into Worthey's stomach and monkeyflips him over so that Carter lands on top for the pin.]

GM: Nice counter... and Worthey lifts out at two after being outwitted by Amos Carter!

[Carter, still holding the double knucklelock, pushes up into the air, coming down with both knees solidly in the midsection.]

GM: Oof! That'll knock the wind out of you.

[Popping up to his feet, Carter dashes to the ropes, rebounding back towards the downed Worthey who sits up...

...and gets flattened with a sliding clothesline!]

GM: And Worthey gets taken down again... Carter quickly over, jackknife cover...

[A two count follows before Worthey escapes.]

GM: Another kickout there for Alex Worthey... and now Carter makes the exchange.

[A quick tag brings Rashan Hill into the ring. Hill takes two steps across and then points to JP Driver.]

GM: Rashan Hill, the power and athleticism guy of the Misfits, is in... and it looks like he wants JP Driver.

MB: And I'm thinking Carter and Hill are lucky that Shadoe Rage isn't here tonight because if he was, he'd be pitching a fit over these two failing to cut the ring in half and keep the weakened man inside the ring. They're going to let Worthey out of the ring for some show of arrogance.

[As Driver steps in, Hill starts putting the bad mouth on him from a distance.]

GM: At one point, Shark, these two young men were friends - working hard together to try to make a splash here in the AWA... but it seems like Rashan Hill wants Driver to know those days are done.

[Hill gets closer, still running his mouth...

...and the crowd cheers as JP Driver leaps into the air, extending his legs, and jamming his feet into the mouth of Hill, shutting him up for the moment!]

GM: And that takes care of that... for now.

[Hill falls back into the ropes, grabbing his mouth... and then storms back out, ready to strike...

...but JP Driver drops him with a standing back elbows mash up under the chin!]

GM: Driver takes Hill down a second time and-

[As Driver turns around, Amos Carter slides into the ring, leaping into the air to land a dropkick of his own that knocks Driver to the mat, earning lots of jeers from the crowd.]

GM: A blatant violation of the rules there by Amos Carter! He wasn't the legal man and he slid in there, lowering the boom with that big dropkick!

MB: Well, he's got a five count to get in and out of the ring, Gordon.

GM: He's using all of it and then some right now...

[Carter yanks Driver up, shouting for Hill to come and assist him...

...and together, they take Driver down hard with a double vertical suplex!]

MB: Nice doubleteam maneuver by Carter and Hill, Gordon.

GM: Sure but you can't deny that everything they just did was illegal and could be grounds for disqualification.

MB: That's at the referee's discretion and right now his discretion says to let it go.

[As Carter ducks out of the ring, Hill pulls Driver off the mat, pushing him back towards the corner for another potential doubleteam...

...but Driver spins out of Hill's grasp, hooking a quickly hammerlock!]

GM: Oh! Reversal of fortune by Driver, using that hammerlock to steer his old friend out towards the middle of the ring... big elbow down across the shoulder... and another... and another...

[Spinning Hill around while holding the hammerlock, Driver hoists Hill up into the air, slamming him down on top of his own arm.]

GM: Hammerlock slam! Right on the arm!

[The crowd cheers as Driver stays on the arm, straightening it out, pinning the wrist to the mat with his right foot as he rains down stomps with his left foot on the bicep!]

GM: And JP Driver is staying on that arm, going right to work on it...

[Leaning over, Driver pins Hill's wrist down to the mat as he kicks up into the air, bringing his knee down on the bicep. Amos Carter cries out, stepping up on the middle rope to shout at Driver who throws a glare at him.]

GM: Amos Carter again trying to get JP Driver thinking about him and not about his partner.

[Driver grabs the arm, twisting it around in an armwringer while Hill comes to his feet. Holding the wrist, Driver steers Hill across the ring back into the Mechanics' corner.]

GM: In the corner they go... quick tag to Alex Worthey...

[Worthey steps in, hopping up to the middle rope, and brings a double axehandle down on the trapped arm!]

GM: Ohh! And THAT'S a nice doubleteam, Marcus.

MB: Hey, I've taken nothing away from the Mechanics. They've worked hard to get where they are and they could very easily be in the title picture someday... I'm just not sure today is that day.

[Worthey grabs the arm, reaching out to tag his partner back in.]

GM: Another tag brings Driver in...

[A double whip sends Hill across the ring, just barely missing an attempt at a blind tag by Amos Carter, bouncing back towards the waiting Mechanics who elevate him, throwing him down to the mat with a double hiptoss!]

GM: Up and over goes Hill... look out here!

[And as Hill regains his feet, he eats a double dropkick that sends Hill sailing through the ropes, crashing down in a heap on the floor.]

GM: Hill goes out to the floor!

[A grinning Driver makes the tag, bringing Worthey back into the ring as Hill staggers along the apron, wobbling around the perimeter of the ring before rolling in - right in his corner - and reaching up to slap the hand of his partner. Alex Worthey rushes across, trying to get to Hill before he can tag but he's - of course - too late which allows Carter to slingshot over the top rope, sticking out a thumb as he does!]

GM: Was that a...?

MB: Slingshot thumb to the eye! I've never seen that!

[With Worthey temporarily blinded, Carter charges across the ring, building up steam as he runs headlong into a one-legged dropkick that catches Worthey right on the chin, snapping his head back.]

GM: Ohh! Unusual dropkick out of Amos Carter...

[Carter is quick to his feet, throwing a jab into the jaw of Worthey... and another... and another...]

GM: Carter jabbing away like his mentor, Shadoe Rage...

[But unlike his mentor, Carter drops down into a back legsweep,, taking Worthey down to the mat so Carter can snap off a standing moonsault down on top of him!]

GM: Flashy but effective attack right there... no cover?

[A smirking Carter climbs to his feet, quite full of himself as he highsteps around the prone Worthey, taunting him. Hill insistently sticks out his hand but Carter waves him off, pulling Worthey to his feet, flinging him into the neutral corner.]

GM: Worthey in one corner... Carter in the other...

[Carter dashes across the ring, leaping into the air for a spinning leg lariat...

...but Worthey ducks down, sending Carter sailing over the top rope, crashing down to the floor to a huge cheer!]

GM: HE MISSED! ALEX WORTHEY BOTTOMED OUT AND CARTER GOES ALL THE WAY TO THE FLOOR!

[Worthey clings to the ropes, using them to guide him as he crawls across the ring towards his corner...]

GM: Worthey trying to get to JP Driver! Trying to make that tag!

[Worthey closes the distance to his partner's outstretched hand...

...when Rashan Hill slingshots over the top rope, dashing across the ring towards Worthey who snatches Hill up, giving a shout of effort before sitting out in a thunderous spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINEBUSTER! WORTHEY LANDS THE SPINEBUSTER!

[Worthey slides back to his knees, leaning towards the corner...

...when Amos Carter comes up on the apron, looking dazed as he dashes along the ropes, leaping up into the air, stepping up on the middle rope...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LEAPING KNEESTRIKE TO THE JAW OF JP DRIVER!

[The blow sends Driver flying backwards, crashing down to the floor. Carter twists around, snagging Worthey who threw himself chestfirst into the buckles in a front facelock...

...and kicks off the buckles, spinning through the air, and DRIVES Worthey skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: TORNADO DDT OFF THE TOP! That might do it, fans!

[Carter drops down into a cover, reaching back to hook a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Just before the three count lands, it is broken up by JP Driver hooking Carter by the ankle, dragging him out to the floor where he BLASTS him with a right hand to the jaw...]

GM: Driver pulled out Carter! He just barely saved his partner!

[With Carter dazed from the haymaker, Driver pulls himself up on the apron...

...and Rashan Hill rushes across the ring, throwing his 6'4 frame into a spinning leg lariat that sends Driver sailing off the apron, crashing into the ringside railing.]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!



[Hill smirks, ducking through the ropes to the apron. He slaps the top rope a few times, waiting patiently as Worthey slowly rises up off the mat, barely aware of his surroundings as Hill leaps into the air, springboarding off the top rope...

...and snags Worthey on the way down, driving him facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TOP ROPE BULLDOG! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Hill throws his arms apart, flipping Worthey onto his back.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And the Misfits claim victory - perhaps a tainted victory...

MB: But a victory nonetheless.

GM: Indeed. And perhaps this win can allow the Misfits to crack into the rankings of the top contenders to the World Tag Team Titles. Now, let's go back to Madison Square Garden to Theresa Lynch!

[We fade from the pre-taped match back to Theresa in the MSG locker room area.]

TL: The AWA tag team division is heating up to a fever pitch - despite what the current World Tag Team Champions might believe. Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan claim they've cleaned out the division... but I know several teams who disagree with that - including the team that was mysteriously assaulted here tonight in New York City, Next Gen. You better believe that Daniel Harper and Howie Somers will be looking for another title opportunity in the very near future... and they are not throwing away their shot.

[Theresa grins.]

TL: Alright, fans... we've got to take another break but when we come back, we'll have a match that took place right here tonight in New York City before Saturday Night Wrestling went on the air... you do not want to miss that.

[Fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the soon-to-be-crowned Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to Theresa backstage.]

TL: The Power Hour has come... and the Power Hour has almost gone but before I bid you farewell from the good ol' US of A and say that we'll see you next time from Europe, we've got one more match for you. This one took place earlier tonight before Saturday Night Wrestling went on the air and it was a match added by request by one of the participants after he was surprisingly drafted into the Steal The Spotlight Series. That man of course is...

[Theresa clears her throat.]

TL: Skywalker Jooooonnnneeeesss!

[Theresa giggles at her poor imitation of Jones' ring entrance.]

TL: Jones hasn't been seen since a highly competitive match for the TV Title with Supernova several months ago, but has made his return to the AWA after being selected to Noboru Fujimoto's Steal the Spotlight team. There's no doubt the self-proclaimed "Mister Steal the Spotlight" is excited to take part in the match that he feels he made famous. Let's take it away to Mark Stegglet and Colt Patterson!

[We cut to pre-taped footage where Rebecca Ortiz is already in the ring.]

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

DAVIN RILEY!

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

RO: And now...Skywalker Jones' personal ring announcer...Buford P. Higgins.

[A big cheer greets the returning Higgins, as the diminutive hypeman steps into the ring, looking like a million bucks in a tailored white suit and long white silk scarf. He

pulls his golden microphone from his back pocket and greets the crowd with the biggest, most obnoxious grin he can possibly muster.]

BPH: Well, I miss ya' too, ladies and gentlemen! But I ain't been gone so long that y'all have forgotten how to properly do this, have I?

[Another cheer greets Higgins as hypeman cackles.]

BPH: HAHA! Thought not! Well then...

OUTTA' YOUR SEAT AND UP ON YOUR FEET, PLAYAS!

'Cause it's time to pay homage to the MAN! Making his long awaited, highly anticipated, abso-freakin'-lutely \_celebrated\_ RETURN to the ring is the undefeated, undisputed, unchallenged LORD OF THE SKIES! Don't blink, 'cause you don't wanna miss a second of the action, he's got so much swag it's liable to put your lady in traction. He has returned to reclaim his crown as THE MISTER STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT. He is the showstopper, the body rocka', the chart toppa' and tonight he weighs in at an ASTOUNDING two hundred and twenty pounds! From Hot Coffee, Mississippi, here is...

Sky.

"SKY!"

[The crowd joins in for singalong time.]

Walker.

"WALKER!"

[Deep breath now!]

JOONNNNNNNNN  
NNNNNEEEESSS!!!!

["All the Way Up" by Fat Joe and Remy Ma, featuring French Montana and Infrared, begins to play as the arena goes dark and a lone spotlight hits the top of the aisle, where we see Skywalker Jones, genuflected in the "Tebow" position, surrounded by his squad of scantily-clad cheerleaders. They bring their pom-poms together, shaking them around Jones, as the song hits its hook...]

"NOTHING CAN STOP ME, I'M ALL THE WAY UP!!!"

[...and Jones suddenly bursts to his feet with a roar, arms held high in the air as dollars float from the ceiling and down into the crowd, "making it rain." The lights return and the throng of cheerleaders run down the aisle as Jones, dressed in a black hooded vest with his logo on the back, worn over his well-chiseled bare torso, black leather tights, kickpads and boots follows slowly behind. As Jones reaches the ring apron, he springboards off the top rope and somersaults through the air, landing on his back and rolling back up to his feet with his arms outstretched to receive the cheers and boos of the crowd.]

JS: I think we say it every time he's ever wrestled for us...but what an entrance by Skywalker Jones.

CP: He might've been gone a long time, but don't expect me to chant that he's still got it.

[The bell rings as Jones and Riley circle each other. As the two lock-up, Jones takes him over with an armdrag takedown with lightning quick speed. He immediately pops to his feet runs around the ring with his arms spread wide, before leaping up onto the second turnbuckle and pounding his fist to his chest.]

"YEAH, BOY! THAT'S RIGHT! THAT'S RIGHT! I STILL GOT IT!"

[Jones even starts clapping in rhythm.]

"I STILL GOT IT!"

\*CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!\*

[There's a smattering of boos for Jones' complete overreaction to the armdrag.]

JS: Well Colt, it looks like Jones is going to chant it for you.

CP: What the heck am I even watching right now?

[Smiling big, Jones leaps off and turns his attention back to Riley, who catches him with a right hand to the jaw!]

JS: And all that showboating gets Jones a punch right in the mush!

[Riley grabs Jones and shoots him into the ropes, ducking down for a backdrop. However, Jones acrobatically rolls off Riley's back and onto his feet. As Riley turns around, Jones launches himself into the air, striking the Colorado native with a leaping kneestrike!]

\*SMAAACK!\*

JS: OH!

[With Riley stunned, Jones charges in with a full head of steam, clotheslining him over the top rope and to the floor!]

JS: And to the floor Davin Riley goes!

CP: That's one place he doesn't want to be, Stegglet!

[Jones watches anxiously as Riley slowly pulls himself up off the padded floor on the outside. As Riley gets to his feet, Jones runs into the far ropes, bouncing off at full speed as the crowd rises in anticipation...

...he leaps up onto the second rope...

...springboarding himself up over the top rope...

...and dives onto Riley with a corkscrew plancha!]

JS and CP: OHHHH!!!

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

[Stumbling to his feet, Jones clutches his ribs as he walks over to the guardrail and high-fives a bunch of fans, going out of their minds at what they just saw.]

JS: Say what you will about his attitude or his ego, but Skywalker Jones' athletic talents are never in question!

CP: You can see why Fujimoto wanted Jones on his Steal the Spotlight team. This guy has all the talent in the world. If he ever puts it all together, the champions of the AWA better watch out.

[Jones takes a cell phone from one of the fans, holding it up into the air, preparing to take a selfie with his adoring public. However, a dazed Riley has gotten back to his feet and spots Jones, charging at him...]

\*SMAAACCK!\*

[...and right into a superkick from Jones!]

JS: What a superkick from Jones! I don't know how he saw Riley coming right for him when he was distracting himself with the fans, but he caught Riley with all of that kick!

[Looking down at Riley with disdain for interrupting him, Jones goes back and takes the selfie with the fan, before handing the phone back to him and getting back to the business at hand.]

CP: And he STILL took the picture with that fan. What a great guy. Must be the highlight of that humanoid's life.

[Dragging a limp Riley back to his feet and tossing him under the ropes back into the ring, Jones steps up onto the ring apron and grins. He cups his hands to his mouth...]

"SHOOT! THE! MOON!"

[...and proceeds to slingshot himself up onto the top rope, twisting in mid-air so his back is turned to the ring and somersaults off with backflip, over-rotating his moonsault until he lands with his leg right across Riley's throat!]

JS: JONES HITS SHOOT THE MOON! THAT AMAZING MOONSAULT LEGDROP!

CP: And he's got the cover...

[Non-chalantly lying across his opponent's chest, Jones counts along with the referee, shooting up one...two...and finally, three fingers into the air as the bell rings.]

JS: And that's enough for the win! Skywalker Jones makes quick work of Davin Riley in spectacular fashion!

CP: I mean honestly, does Jones wins matches any other way?

BPH: Your winner and still the greatest...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath now!]

BPM:

JOOONNNNNNNNN  
NNNNNEEEESSS!!!

[Jones snaps his fingers at Buford, asking for the microphone.]

MS: I guess we're going to hear some words from Jones.

[Barely breathing heavy, Jones flashes a big grin at the crowd.]

SJ: Did y'all miss me?

[There's a loud mixed reaction of cheers and boos.]

SJ: HA! I don't even know why I asked...of course you did! But Skywalker Jones just wants to tell you where he's been and why he's back!

[In the background, we can hear Buford yell, "Lay some knowledge on them, Jones!"]

SJ: Ya' see, it was just a few months ago when Skywalker Jones came THIS close...

[He barely holds his thumb and forefinger apart.]

SJ: ...to becoming your AWA Television champion! But during that match, I sprained my MCL! Skywalker Jones couldn't walk! Skywalker Jones couldn't run! And worst of all, Skywalker Jones couldn't FLY!!! So Emerson Gellar told me to go home. Rest up. Heal and recover and come back good as new! Well, that's what Skywalker Jones did. He went home. He rested up. He healed and he RECOVERED.

[The smile slowly disappears from Jones' face.]

SJ: But lemme tell you what DIDN'T happen. Skywalker Jones wasn't asked back! He was told to stay home and wait. And I waited. And I waited.

AND.

I.

WAITED.

[Jones shakes his head.]

SJ: Meanwhile, juggadolts like Derrick Williams shake Supernova's hand and get rematch after rematch after rematch for the Television title while Skywalker Jones gets sent to the sidelines! The Hell with that, people! You don't sit talent like Skywalker Jones at home while second-rate imitations to the throne get talked up like they're just as great, just as special, just as rare and one of a kind as me!

[Buford: "THAT'S RIGHT!"]

SJ: But talent like this can't be denied and at least one man in this promotion ain't got their head stuck up where the Sun don't shine. Noby Fujimoto was smart enough to stack his team with the greatest wrestler in the HISTORY of Steal the Spotlight! And now, i'm baaaaaaaaack, people! Back where Skywalker Jones belongs! Back in the AWA! Back in Steal the Spotlight!

[He flashes a million-dollar smile.]

SJ: You thought Skywalker Jones was great before? Tune in for the European tour, people... 'cause I guarantee you ain't seen nothing yet!

[Jones flips the microphone over his shoulder where Buford snatches it out of the sky with a grin. The highflyer approaches the ropes, hopping up to the middle rope, pointing out to the fans as his music plays again...]

MS: You ain't seen nothing yet... that remains to be seen. But in two weeks' time, in Berlin, Germany, Skywalker Jones will get the opportunity to back up his

boisterous claims. The Steal The Spotlight Series promises to be something else and that's just a small part of what the AWA is bringing to Europe over the next couple of months. Fans, let's go back to Theresa Lynch to close it all out. Theresa?

[We cut back to live action backstage where Theresa Lynch is standing.]

TL: Thanks, guys. Well, we promised a historic night of action in New York City at the world's most famous arena and I believe we certainly delivered that. A new World Television Champion. The Steal The Spotlight Series draft. The very first AWA Women's World Champ...

[Theresa's words trail off as she throws a glance to her side.]

TL: Mr. Gellar?

[Gellar walks up alongside Theresa, putting a smile on his face.]

TL: Mr. Gellar, I was just talking about the history-making night we've just been through. Can you comment on our new Women's World Champion?

EG: Uhhh... well, of course, I want to congratulate Lauryn Rage on being the first champion and I wish all of her future opponents the best of luck.

[Theresa smirks.]

TL: Mr. Gellar, I don't mean to catch you off-guard but that almost sounds like you're rooting for her future opponents.

[Gellar grimaces.]

EG: Did you... I mean, is there more? More questions?

TL: I'll let that one slide. With the AWA set to go on the road for this European Tour, what are you looking forward to the most, Mr. Gellar?

EG: Bringing the AWA product to the passionate fans all throughout Europe who've been begging for us to come there for so long. I'm hoping for a successful tour so that this can become a regular event for us.

TL: We've talked a little throughout the night about Steal The Spotlight. In Berlin, we're going to see Team Titan vs Team Electric Dragons and-

EG: That's right. And I'm so excited to see that match, I'm putting it on first! It'll be the first thing you see on Saturday Night and I can't wait. It's going to a match for the ages... a show for the ages... and a tour for the ages!

[Gellar's grin looks pretty legit now.]

TL: Mr. Gellar, we're almost out of time but one final question before we go... when will my big brother, Jack, get his shot at Johnny Detson?

[Gellar's grin slides into a smirk.]

EG: Stay tuned.

[Lynch turns to the camera as Gellar exits.]

TL: From Madison Square Garden, I'm Theresa Lynch saying so long and I'll see you soon!

[Fade to black.]