

AWA POWER HOUR

AUGUST 20, 2016

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

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

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

Let's just assume it's a green screen somewhere since Theresa Lynch currently appears to be standing in outer space. The young daughter of one of wrestling's most famous families is grinning, standing in a red strappy dress.]

TL: Two weeks have come and gone and I'm right back here for another edition of the Power Hour. Hello everyone, I'm Theresa Lynch and I'm your host for sixty minutes of AWA action from all over the world. Joining me tonight as my special co-host is...

[Theresa grins.]

TL: Well, I suppose I could go by any of his nicknames... the King of the Cowboys... the Iron Cowboy... or maybe his new formal title: the AWA World Heavyweight Champion. But to me, he'll always be my big brother... please welcome to the Power Hour, Jack Lynch!

[In a dark blue dress shirt, white cowboy hat, boots, and blue jeans, Jack Lynch strides onto the set, the AWA World Title slung over his shoulder. He flashes a sheepish grin at his sister, leaning in for a big hug before settling back to his side of the stage.]

JL: Thanks, kiddo.

[Theresa grimaces, looking angrily at her brother.]

JL: What? I gotta call you "Miss Lynch" or something?

[Theresa throws a dismissive gesture at her big brother.]

TL: Jack, we are just one week away from the end of this historic European Tour for the AWA. How are you liking Europe so far?

[Jack chuckles.]

JL: Well, kid-

[He catches himself, smirking at his baby sister.]

JL: -Theresa, everyone talks a little funny over here... but I've been accused of that myself. The menu don't exactly have burgers, ribs, and a cold beer on them most of the time either but I'm makin' due with what they got. Oh, and I picked up the nicest souvenir I've ever come across...

[He slaps the face of the title belt.]

JL: So, yeah... I'd have to say I'm enjoyin' myself.

[Theresa grins.]

TL: Of course. And congratulations again on becoming the new World Champion.

JL: You say that one more time, I'm just gonna permanently replace your voice with a recording telling me that.

[The Lynches laugh together.]

JL: But thanks. I appreciate it.

TL: The outpouring of support for you from all around the world has really been something, Jack... from here in Europe all the way back home to Texas. You must be overwhelmed.

JL: It's crazy, sis. These people here - I may not always know what they're sayin' but one look in their eyes tells you that they mean every word of it. They've really taken me in as their own and... well, that means a lot to me. And back home... well, Texas has always been Lynch Country and ain't nothin' changed about that. So, I really can't wait for Homecoming so I can be right back in front of the fans who've supported me since I was knee high on Pops, holding this strap up for them all to see.

[Theresa raises a hand.]

TL: IF you beat Bobby next weekend.

[Jack grimaces a little.]

JL: Good point... and I wouldn't want one of my best friends for a single second to think I'm looking past him, Theresa. Bobby's like a brother to me... like Trav or Jimmy or...

[Theresa interrupts.]

TL: We're going to talk more about that match a little later but right now, we're going to head to the ring for our opening match here on the Power Hour. Last weekend, we saw footage of a press event where another friend of our family, "Prince" Colin Hayden, announced the talent exchange agreement between the AWA and his own promotion based here in Europe, Battle Knights Wrestling. BKW will serve as a "sister promotion" for the AWA much like SouthWest Lucha Libre in Mexico and Tiger Paw Pro in Japan.

[A graphic comes up on the screen showing off the BKW logo.]

TL: Following the announcement, the ol' BK provided us with footage of some of the talent we may be seeing headed to the USA in the near future, including two young men whom Colin Hayden has handpicked to personally manage and mentor. Sharing commentary duty on this match with BKW's Joseph Moss is my broadcast colleague Mark Stegglet, and making the introductions is one Miss Holly Oakes...

[The graphic spins away to pre-recorded footage where we find Holly Oakes, a dark-haired, buxom woman, dressed in a red tube top, a black pleather skirt and black knee high boots, is standing by in the ring, with a BKW official and two men never before seen on an AWA show.

One of them has a clean-shaven head and has on a black track jacket, with two white stripes running down each sleeve, black trunks, knee pads and boots. The other has on a black mask, with silver borders around the eyes, nose holes and mouth, a black singlet, with a white band running down the sides, black knee pads and boots.]

HO: This tag team contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from London, England, weighing in at 17 stone, he is...

BARRY "THE BRUISER" WEBB!!!

[Webb unzips his track jacket and shrugs it off, before letting loose with some shadow punches.]

HO: His partner, from the deepest, darkest cell of the Tower of London, also weighing in at 17 stone, he is...

THE BLACK PRINCE!!!

And their opponents...

[The traditional military march "The British Grenadiers" starts to play over the arena speakers. Colin Hayden comes striding through the entranceway, brandishing a black cane, tipped with silver and topped with a silver roaring lion's head, with a pair of red gemstones for its eyes. He has on a gray houndstooth suit over a black waistcoat, or vest, as you Americans call it, over a burgundy shirt.]

HO: Coming down the aisle, weighing in at combined weight of 31 stone, and being accompanied by "Prince" Colin Hayden, they are the team of Rory Smythe and Robbie Storm... THE BRITISH BASHERS!!!

[Hayden is followed by the lean-built Robbie Storm, who has lightly tanned skin, light brown eyes and slicked back, short, wavy, brown hair, and the taller, more muscular Rory Smythe, who has golden tanned skin, hazel eyes and wavy, dark brown hair, closely-cropped around the sides and back. Both men are wearing tights that are white for the most part, except for the Union Jack, which covers most of Smythe's left thigh and most of Storm's right thigh. Holding his cane aloft and pointing it towards the ring, Hayden leads his team down the aisle.]

MS: "Prince" Colin Hayden - a longtime veteran of the pro wrestling scene both here in Europe as well as in the United States - has taken a special interest in these two competitors, forming a tag team that he thinks can really make an impact on the tag team wrestling scene all around the globe.

[As they make their way down the aisle, Smythe and Storm each take a side, trying to reach out and touch as many outstretched hands of fans as they can. Reaching the ring, Hayden climbs the ring steps, onto the apron and steps through the ropes into the ring. Storm hops onto the apron and wipes the soles of his boots on the canvas before stepping through the ropes. Smythe follows Hayden, climbing the ring steps, onto the apron, and also wipes the soles of his boots on the canvas, before stepping through the ropes.]

Hayden stands in the center of the ring, while Smythe and Storm head to the corners on either side of him and climb onto the second rope. They raise their arms in the air, while Hayden holds up his cane and points it at his charges. As the music fades, Smythe and Storm climb off the ropes and all three men go to the team's corner to huddle and discuss strategy.]

"DING! DING!"

MS: And it's the Black Prince starting it off for his team against the powerhouse of the Bashers, Rory Smythe. Collar and elbow tie-up and, surprisingly, the Black Prince gains the advantage, forcing Smythe into the corner.

JM: The Black Prince, while unfamiliar to the AWA Galaxy, is actually a veteran of the British wrestling scene, and that's experience right there.

[The Black Prince whips Smythe to the opposite corner, then charges after him. Smythe sidesteps the Black Prince, who hits the turnbuckle shoulder-first, before falling back. Smythe stays on the Black Prince, pulling him to his feet, putting him in the front facelock, and lifting him up for a vertical suplex.]

MS: Smythe showing off his power, holding all 242 pounds of the Black Prince in the air with ease! And drops him with a suplex!

JM: He tags in Storm, who heads to the top...

MS: Storm with a top rope leg drop! Cover! One! Two! Only two!

[Storm quickly tags Smythe back in. The Black Prince is equally quick to roll to his corner and tag in Barry Webb. Webb rushes Smythe, but is caught in a side headlock. He pushes Smythe off, towards the ropes. Smythe rebounds and knocks Webb down with a shoulder block.]

JM: Webb pops up to his feet, as Smythe hits the ropes again. Hip toss attempt by Webb... No! Reversed into a hip toss by Smythe.

MS: Webb doesn't stay down, though, but Smythe locks on another side headlock... And tags in Storm.

JM: Storm takes over with a front facelock... And takes Webb up and over with a crisp snap suplex!

MS: Storm rolls quickly to his feet... Standing moonsault! Cover! One! Two!

JM: Again, only two. But did you see how much height he got on that moonsault?

[Storm tags in Smythe. Smythe comes in and goes to pick Webb up to his feet. As he does so, Webb rakes Smythe's eyes. Grabbing the back of Smythe's head, Webb drags him into the corner and drives him face-first into the top turnbuckle. Still holding on to the back of Smythe's head, Webb does the same, dragging Smythe towards his team's corner and slamming Smythe's forehead into the Black Prince's proffered knee. Webb tags the Black Prince in.]

MS: The Black Prince with those hard shots, laying into Rory Smythe, who is trapped in the wrong corner.

JM: I don't think that hiptoss out of the corner helped Smythe, though. The Black Prince staying on top of young Rory Smythe, pulling him up into a front facelock and just driving his knee into Smythe's face...

MS: But Smythe shakes it off! Instead of fazing Smythe, the knee seems to have lit a fire under this young man!

JM: Headbutt from Smythe has the Black Prince rattled...

[Smythe picks the Black Prince up in a fireman's carry. He ducks his head as he pushes Black Prince up and over, slamming him back-first onto the mat.]

JM: Hayden Hoist! Named in honor of his mentor and manager!

MS: Smythe tags in Storm... Storm goes to the top once more... Somersault splash!!!

JM: THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH!!!

MS: Cover! Smythe heads off Webb!

One!

TWO!

THREE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

HO: The winners of this match, by pinfall...

THE BRITISH BASHERS!!!

[As the official raises the arms of Storm and Smythe, Hayden joins them, standing to the other side of Storm and raising his arm as well. As the celebration continues in the ring, we cut back to the Lynches in the studio.]

TL: An impressive win for the British Bashers and I'm really looking forward to seeing them in action both this week in London for Saturday Night Wrestling and in the weeks and months to come back in the States.

JL: Smythe can toss 'em around and Storm can fly with the best of 'em. This is a team to keep an eye on for sure. And I know Travis is over the moon that Colin's finally going to get to step foot inside an AWA ring even if he won't be the one wrestling in it.

TL: Absolutely. Tag team action continues to heat up here in the AWA - we'll be seeing more from that division later tonight but right now, let's go back to last Saturday night in Milan and a very special interview that we caught after the show.

[We fade into a shot of Supreme Wright standing by with Mark Stegglet. It looks to be sometime after the Milan show, as Wright is out of his gear and is fully dressed in one of his trademark tweed suits. On his face, he is wearing a stylish pair of black-rimmed glasses.]

MS: Supreme Wright, it was one heck of a wild ride for your Supreme Squadron in the Steal the Spotlight match tonight, but you and Juan Vasquez have survived and set-up a showdown with the team of Riley Hunter and Jordan Ohara on the next edition of Saturday Night Wrestling! Your thoughts about tonight?

SW: Well, Mr. Stegglet, I...

[Just then, we see a fuming mad Bret Grayson, wearing an American flag inspired hoodie and sporting a bandaged right hand burst onto the scene. He walks right up to Supreme and gives the former World Champion a shove in the shoulder.]

BG: What the hell happened out there!?

[Supreme seems to brush off the shove, staring at Grayson coolly.]

SW: You're going to have to refresh my memory, Bret.

[He looks down at the Olympic Gold medalist over the top of his glasses.]

SW: Are you talking about how you blatantly ignored my orders to put your own personal issues aside for the good of the team or are you talking about how you threw away your shot at winning Steal the Spotlight by attacking your own teammate from behind with a steel chair?

[Supreme's eyes narrow ever so slightly at Grayson.]

SW: You're going to need to be more specific.

[Grayson has a look of disbelief on his face.]

BG: Are you saying this was MY fault!? Didn't you see what happened out there? That Japanese lunatic tried to break my hand and you didn't do a damn thing about it! You just let him do it! I thought we were friends!

[Supreme's expression doesn't change at all. It's not certain if he doesn't care or simply isn't capable of it.]

SW: We are.

BG: Then why didn't you have my back!?

SW: Because while you may be my friend, that man is practically family.

[Grayson blinks in surprise at that statement. As does Mark Stegglet.]

SW: And if you're asking me why I didn't attack a man that's been there for me more than my own father ever was, I'd like to believe you're smart enough to already know the answer.

BG: So you're just going to let him get away with that garbage and-

SW: [Interrupting.] You smashed a chair into the back of his head and eliminated him from the match. What exactly did he get away with?

[Bret doesn't exactly have an answer for that question.]

BG: Well...

SW: You're my friend, Bret, one of the few people in this world that can actually say they are. And honestly, that's probably the only reason why I haven't tried to choke you out for what happened.

But whatever fight you've started with Mifune-san has nothing to do with me. This is your battle. And honestly, I think this is what you wanted all along.

[Supreme shoves his glasses back up his nose.]

SW: I just hope you know what you've gotten yourself into.

BG: You don't have to worry about me, Supreme. Just hope that bastard Mifune knows what HE got himself into.

[Wright gives a slight smirk, before patting Grayson on the shoulder and walking off. Meanwhile, Grayson looks hyped up enough to take on Mifune NOW. He shoots a startled Mark Stegglet a dirty look, before he stalks off in the opposite direction as we fade out.]

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 on the Power Hour starfield with the Lynch siblings.]

TL: Welcome back to the Power Hour, fans, and as we near the end of this historic tour, it seems appropriate to take a look back at all of the international talent that's been spotlighted over the past few weeks.

[The World Champion nods.]

JL: Yeah, you got Ringkrieger making statements... Takeshi Mifune showing why he's one of the most feared men in all of combat sports... Xenia Sonova not far behind him in ferociousness... Riley Hunter damn near running the table in the Berlin Steal the Spotlight...

TL: One such international competitor that we haven't talked about yet is Canada's Curtis Kestrel. If you've been following CCW - the AWA's minor league territory, Combat Corner Wrestling - over the past month, you've seen exactly what this veteran athlete can do.

JL: You know, when our dad used to tell us about his days when he toured through Calgary... he said, "you gotta be tough or you gotta be fast to make it up there." And I'm tellin' ya: this Bird of Prey is fast.

TL: And joining us now via satellite from the Crockett Coliseum, the home of Combat Corner Wrestling, is Curtis Kestrel.

[Cut to the Crockett in split-screen with the Lynch siblings. The arena, not currently in use, is bathed in artificial florescent light. The apron-less CCW ring is being set up in the background.]

TL: Good afternoon, Curtis. Or I guess it's morning there, isn't it?

[Kestrel is stone-jawed and stoic with an intense, unblinking stare, like Henry Rollins.]

CK: It is approximately 8:15 am here in Dallas. Yes.

[Theresa seems to find Kestrel's flat delivery off-putting.]

TL: Yes. Good. Uh... So, you have recently signed with the AWA, but you've put in time at Combat Corner for the past several weeks.

CK: Correct.

TL: ...But as we saw last time on Power Hour, you're a veteran in this sport, with almost two decades worth of experience. You're already a seasoned journeyman; did you join the AWA's minor league perhaps to shake off ring rust, or perhaps was it because you felt the need to acclimate to the American Wrestling Alliance's style of wrestling?

CK: That's right.

[Jack and Theresa momentarily glance at each other uncomfortably.]

JL: Well... y'know, you've been all over the world, Curtis, and this is your first time into any kind of wrestling in the United States. How do you think you stack up against—

JH: Put me on with him! Put me on with him!

[Jackson Hunter barges in between Theresa and Jack, fumbling with an earpiece. Obviously he wasn't planned as a guest as the chroma-keyed background is clipping heavily into his necktie.]

JH: Okay, you two, the White Stripes: button your lips, I handle talking with HAL 9000 here.

[Theresa rolls her eyes behind Hunter's back as the camera focuses in on him and Kestrel in split-screen.]

CK: Hello again, Jackson.

JH: Hello, Mr. Spock!

CK: My name is Curtis, Jackson.

JH: Or for the love of—it was just a little joke, Kestrel!

CK: Yes. Very little.

[Snickering is heard behind Hunter.]

JH: Oh, oh—NOW you grow an actual sense of humor. I guess you can be taught a few things. That's me, always mentoring you.

CK: That is actually the reason for my joining the AWA, Jackson. I—

JH: You want to reform the Predators with me? Get that last stab at tag team glory that YOU whiffed on? Okay, maybe it's because you're in CCW you haven't heard the news. You had to cover your eyes to avoid seeing Jackie Bourassa's pants slowly sliding down his oily hips. You had to wad cotton in your ears every time Sin City Sid Osborne opened his mouth. Or maybe your sensory apparatus has just shut down completely from Max Magnum dropping you on your skull. The news is this, Curtis: I am not cleared to wrestle in the AWA, so there is no chance of a Predators reunion with me, even if I would take you back.

CK: I have no interest in a Predators reunion.

JH: Good, because you. Are. A. Traitor! As soon as things got rough, you went and sought refuge with the Coltons, didn't you? You are and the Coltons are real bahds now. They're bahds to you. I know what you want: you see what's happening here in the AWA with the Axis. You see that Mr. Vasquez has a vision, and you see that he is building an army, and you want in. I'm sorry, Curtis. I know you want in on the ground floor, but we don't do cannon fodder. But, if you Bend The Knee early, you know you've got a friend on the inside, and I'm sure that Mr. Zharkov and myself can be persuaded to look the other way.

CK: I have no interest in any interaction with you whatsoever.

JH: How dare you? How dare you? I carried you fifteen years ago!

CK: Jackson, in the intervening time since the Predators broke up, I have tagged on a regular basis with multiple partners. Of the ten individuals whom I have partnered with on more than five occasions...

JH: Ten?!

CK: ...I would have to rank you as eighth in overall quality.

JH: EIGHTH?!

CK: Very probably ninth by year's end.

JH: Wait wait wait wait. That means...

CK: I will add an eleventh partner.

JH: No! No! Not him!

[A massive presence enters beside Curtis Kestrel, broad shoulders, unruly blonde hair held back by a blue rising sun bandana. Blake Colton. The Lynches start to take back Power Hour as Jackson Hunter begins to an apoplectic tantrum just off microphone.]

TL: Blake Colton! You reported to Combat Corner just a couple months ago!

JL: Hey kid, that was pretty impressive debut you had against Shadoe Rage.

BC: Hey Theresa. Hey Jack. Congrats on the World Title win, bahd.

JL: Thank ya, Blake.

BC: Yeah, I felt pretty good about my first match, but I still got some kinks to iron out. My dad felt that with monsters like the Axis, and the Kings, and the Slaughterhouse and Shadoe Rage and all them going around... he figured I'd need a mentor. Jack, you're a big guy, but you don't get to be World Champion without a ton of experience, right?

JL: Exactly.

BC: And I figure, even if I'm a six-foot-three, three hundred pound freak of nature with a third-generation wrestling pedigree, I still got a lot to learn. So Curtis and me... we're forming a Crew.

TL: Well, Blake Colton... Curtis Kestrel... The Colton Crew... we look forward to seeing you when we join back stateside—

[Hunter butts back in.]

JH: No! The Colton family is dead! I won! I broke and buried the Colton family in Calgary! Curtis, you are making a colossal error, bahd.

BC: He's not your "bahd," guy!

CK: You promised me you wouldn't do that, Blake.

BC: I had my fingers crossed.

JH: Don't blow me off! You're making a mistake and I will not—

[The split-screen satellite feed ends.]

JH: Put them back on! I'm not done with them yet. Who's producing this?!

[Jack Lynch begins to curl his palm into Claw position behind Hunter's back. Theresa tries to shoo him away, shaking her head, pleading with him.]

JH: Listen, if that satellite feed is not turned back on right now, I put my foot so far up your—

[Jack Lynch gently but dominantly wraps his Claw hand over Hunter's mouth and jaw, silencing him in an instant. Theresa Lynch smiles and sighs in relief.]

TL: And... Jack and I will be back with more Power Hour after this.

[Fade to black...]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then back out to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK" where Theresa Lynch stands next to Rene Rousseau backstage at an AWA event. The French Canadian wrestler is dressed in a simple white polo shirt and brown slacks.]

TL: Rene Rousseau, you made your return to the AWA in Milan when you showed up to save your friends, Chris Choynet and Cesar Hernandez, from an assault by the Samoan Hit Squad. First thing I have to ask you is how your neck is doing -- we know that you injured it months ago in an assault by the Samoans.

RR: Theresa, the neck injury wasn't something I could take lightly. For several weeks, I had to wear a neck brace and couldn't do much strenuous activity. Even after I got the brace off, it took weeks before I could move my head around without feeling pain.

[He cocks his head a bit.]

RR: Even now, there's a little stiffness, but I'm able to move my neck without discomfort. I was fortunate, though -- there was nothing broken or severed. It could have been a lot worse. I can't tell you how grateful I am to have had doctors who worked closely with me with treatments and therapy to get me back to full strength.

TL: I can imagine that your friends, Chris Choisset and Cesar Hernandez, were happy to see you back in Milan.

RR: Chris and Cesar knew I had their backs. Now, I was confident that they could hold their own against the Samoans, but after they and Dave Cooper took it upon themselves to attack them with those chairs, I knew I couldn't stand by and do nothing. I had to take action and even the odds. And now, everyone knows that I'm back and, just as importantly, I've been cleared to return to the ring.

TL: That is big news, Rene! I take it we'll be seeing you in that ring very soon?

RR: You can count on that, Theresa... and I know exactly who it is I want to face in that ring.

[He gestures toward the camera.]

RR: Dave Cooper, I want the Samoan Hit Squad in that ring again. And I know exactly who is going to be my partner.

[That seems to be the cue for Chris Choisset to walk onto the set. He is wearing his University of Maine letter jacket over a black shirt and blue jeans.]

CC: And there was never a doubt that I wouldn't stand by my friend's side! The Northern Lights are back, fans! And we are going to settle this with the Samoan Hit Squad, once and for all! Your moment of reckoning is upon you, when Rene and I get you in that ring and prove that not only are the Northern Lights the better team, but how wrong you were to try to lure us into your Lion's Den, Dave Cooper, and then to have the Samoans ambush us!

[He slaps Rene on the shoulder.]

CC: Most of all, we're going to even things up for your attempt to put my partner -- and my best friend -- out of action for good!

[Rene exchanges a high five with his partner.]

RR: I can't wait to get back in that ring, Theresa, and I can't wait to get the Northern Lights back on track. Most of all, I can't wait to get my hands on the Samoans... and maybe I'll get a chance to get my hands on Dave Cooper while I'm at it.

TL: So when are you expecting to get the Samoans in the ring?

RR: There's no better place to do that than in Dallas, Texas, where it all began for the AWA. We want the Samoan Hit Squad at AWA Homecoming and I am begging Emerson Gellar to make it happen.

CC: And I have no doubts he will, my friend! It's good to have you back!

RR: It's good to be back, Chris!

[They exchange another high five.]

TL: There you have it... the Northern Lights have issued the challenge to the Samoan Hit Squad for Homecoming! Will Emerson Gellar sign the match? We'll find out in the days to come but right now, let's go to the ring for more action!

[We fade from the backstage area to a shot of an excited crowd with the graphic identifying them as being in Madrid, Spain. The voice of Gordon Myers is heard over the scene.]

GM: Hello, Power Hour fans... and welcome to the WiZink Center in Madrid, Spain! And joining me for this next match...

[Zoom out and pan over to reveal Erica Toughill in street clothes, sitting in the extreme slouch.]

GM: ...Erica Toughill, it's interesting that you're sitting in for commentary on this particular match considering what I've been hearing backstage: you've been avoiding one of the participants, particularly after the events of the Women's Rumble in New York last month.

ET: [sullen snort]

["Is She With You" by Hans Zimmer and Junkie XL plays as Julie Somers emerges from the entranceway. She wears a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. She stands at the top of the ramp, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans to cheer. She also has a folio with an "AWA" logo embossed on it in one hand.]

GM: And what is that Julie Somers is carrying with her? Is... is that the contract she's been trying to get you to sign?

ET: ...

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... hailing from Boston, Massachusetts and weighing 145 pounds... ladies and gentlemen, she is "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[After a moment, she struts down the entranceway, reaching out with her free arm to slap hands with fans.]

GM: For the fans at home, if you recall a few weeks ago, Julie Somers challenged Erica Toughill to a match, and we have yet to—

[As Somers passes by the announce position, she pauses in front of the sullen, slouching Toughill, trying to make eye contact.]

JS: "You should be signing this."

[Toughill does not look up. Somers opens the folio, which contains a pen and an official-looking document. She holds out for Toughill to take for a few seconds.]

GM: And I believe that to be an official contract for a match between Erica Toughill and the woman standing right in front of us.

[Somers decides instead to leave the contract on the announcer's table. Upon reaching the ring, she slides underneath the ropes, rolling to her feet and heading right to the corner. She climbs onto the second turnbuckle and raises her arms, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans' cheers again.]

RO: Her opponent, currently in the ring, from Copenhagen, Denmark... weighing 174 pounds... Vanta... BLACK!

[Vanta Black looms in the corner opposite: she is almost six inches taller than Somers, dressed in studded black suede and holographic violet, with fair skin and off-black hair with purple highlights.]

GM: And this should be a great contest between the Spitfire and this young competitor Vanta Black who has been making a name for herself on the European wrestling scene. 20 years old, and I think she has a tremendous career in front of her.

ET: Phht. We all have dreams that like at 20 that get crushed out of us.

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And there's the bell and we're off. Collar-and-elbow tie-up between Vanta Black and “Spitfire” Julie Somers. Black with the size and leverage advantage, backs Somers into the corner... referee beginning her count, will we see a clean break?

[Black backs out of the corner and tries to attack Somers with an elbow strike, but Somers rolls out of the way, responding with a chop.]

GM: But Somers with the advantage in speed, trapping Black in the corner with those knife-edge chops! And another! And another!

ET: She's a savvy one. Don't turn your back on her.

GM: Was that a compliment?

ET: ...

GM: Well, if you don't mind me asking a direct question: why have you not officially responded to Julie Somers' challenge to you by signing this contract for a match at Homecoming?

ET: I have to respond?

[Somers shoots the larger Black to the ropes, then leaps into the air with a flying clothesline.]

ET: Julie Somers wants something and I'm just supposed to hop to it? I've spent a dozen years in wrestling not getting what I want—

[Somers goes for a body slam.]

GM: Somers, I don't think can... oh my stars!

[Somers lifts Black up to sternum height, parallel to the ground, but loses her balance, with Black landing on top of her.]

GM: Not quite! One... and a two-count. Almost an upset for Vanta Black over the Spitfire!

[Black floats over into a headlock on Somers.]

GM: You were saying, Miss Toughill.

ET: I was saying that I would love to have a match with Julie Somers. It's a win that I'd be glad to show off on my lengthy resume. She is an elite wrestler; I'm not saying she's not. What I resent is that she wants it to be on her terms.

GM: But it's just a contract for goodness' sake.

ET: The point is that I've been disrespected by Julie Somers and the AWA, and I think that my years put in to this business entitle me to something a little more than just saying, "yes, Julie," "no, Julie." "whatever you say, Julie."

GM: Do you think Julie Somers' choice of opponent tonight is a statement to you?

ET: I dunno.

[Cut to a split-screen of the live action and the announce position: the pale-skinned, black haired, frowning, 174 pound Vanta Black one side, the pale-skinned, black haired, frowning 170 pound Erica Toughill on the other.]

GM: You don't see any resemblance to anyone currently on the AWA roster?

ET: Nope.

GM: None at all?

ET: Well...

GM: So you do see it?

ET: Y'know what? I do see it. That Vanta girl looks like a photo negative of Lauryn Rage. Yeah, with all that black and purple—I see what you're looking at.

GM: "Photo negative of..." Oh please.

ET: I gotta Instagram that to Lauryn.

[She picks up and flips open a decade-old Motorola Razr. Cut back to the ring, where Black has pulled Somers upright, she maneuvers Somers into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Back to the action, Black maybe maneuvering for a powerbomb... hoists her up, and reversed!

[Somers takes Vanta Black down with a huracanrana.]

GM: Great counter by Somers.

ET: Dumb mistake by this kid. If that were me, I wouldn't be trying for a powerbomb this early.

GM: Maybe you'll have a chance to prove your hypothesis at Homecoming on September 5th.

ET: [dismissively grunts]

GM: Black up quickly, Somers with a kick, blocked by Vanta Black—no, the Spitfire lives up to her name with a spinkick to the back of Vanta Black's skull! What verticality!

[Black stumbles to her knees, and Somers hits the ropes, returning with a flying headscissors that spikes Black's face to the mat.]

GM: Flying headscissors, almost into a DDT! Julie Somers is on top of her game tonight!

ET: Yeah, you like her a lot, don't you, Gordon? You think she's better than me.

GM: I'm not saying that, but I am admiring her athleticism and heart.

ET: I'm not doubting that. She's got both—she's one of the best in the world. But I am too, and I've got far more experience, and I've paid more dues than she has.

[Somers climbs the ropes, pausing midway to exchange glares with the nearby Toughill.]

GM: Spitfire climbing the ropes, if she hits this, it's over...

...SomersSault! One... Two... and a three, and you can chalk up another win for the Spitfire!

[Somers springs to her feet. Pan over to the announce position, where Erica Toughill has the contract in one hand and the pen in the other. Julie Somers climbs the ropes to raise her arms in victory, and looks down.]

GM: And Erica Toughill about to sign this cont—

[Toughill flips the contract to the floor without touching the pen to the page, and stands from the announcer's table. She exchanges one last smirking glance with Somers before sulking her way up the aisle.]

GM: Perhaps not. That contract remains unsigned for now at least and Julie Somers - despite her victory - has gotta be feeling some frustration that Toughill won't sign to face her at Homecoming. Fans, thanks for joining us in Madrid, now let's shoot back to the studio to Theresa!

[The arena shot spins away, leaving Theresa and Jack Lynch standing on the star field.]

TL: The legendary Gordon Myers on the call for that win by Julie Somers... but so was Erica Toughill who seems to be ducking Julie.

[Jack grimaces.]

JL: I wouldn't let her hear you say that, sis. I'm rather fond of you and I'd hate to see what happens if Toughill gets her hands on you.

TL: Well, if Erica Toughill wants to legitimately compete for the Women's World Title currently held by Lauryn Rage, she's going to need to be the top contenders like Julie Somers... just like if someone wants to compete for your World Title, big brother, they're going to have to beat the top challengers.

JL: I'm not arguing the point... just hoping she's not an avid Power Hour viewer.

TL: Well, speaking of your World Title... you dropped a list - a virtual Who's Who of potential challengers last weekend in Milan. Are you really willing to face all of those contenders?

JL: Theresa, if you're not willing to face the top challengers, you've got no business wearing this piece of hardware.

[Jack slaps the title belt.]

JL: That's why I'm proud to be stepping into the ring against Bobby in London. That's why I've got no problem with whoever the Championship Committee and

Emerson Gellar want to put me in there with. Johnny Detson... Brian James... Ryan Martinez...

[Theresa interrupts.]

TL: Supreme Wright?

[Jack grimaces, giving his sister the evil eye.]

JL: Hey, I beat him once. No reason to think things would be any different with this title on the line.

[Jack raises his hands defensively.]

JL: Not that I'd be looking forward to that one. Our last match took a few years off my career, I think, and I got a wife at home who would prefer I avoid another match with him.

[Jack shrugs.]

JL: But if he earns his shot and the powers that be put that contract in front of me, I'll sign it for damn sure. I'm not backin' down from anyone, Theresa... you know that.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: And let's get back to talking about Bobby then. You're facing a guy who is one of your best friends on the planet - a brother you called him - next weekend in London. Do you really expect that when the stakes are THAT high there won't be any bad feelings when it's over?

JL: Theresa, you know how it is when brothers fight... heck, you know how it is when SIBLINGS fight! Remember that Christmas when Travis got the horse you wanted? You took a hunk of hair out of his head! Ma took a switch to both of you and the rest of us laughed for days!

[Theresa glares at her brother, shaking her head.]

JL: My point is that brothers fight. Brian James has got that much right. You fight, you get it all out, and then you hug because blood is a hell of a lot thicker than water. So, Bobby and I will get in there... and we'll fight... we'll fight hard because there's nothing more important in this business than this...

[He holds the title belt a little higher.]

JL: ...and when it's over, one of us will win... one of us will lose... but no matter how it goes down, we'll walk to the middle of the ring... we'll shake hands... and we'll get back to being brothers.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: It's next weekend in London, fans. World Champion Jack Lynch taking on Bobby O'Connor in a one-on-one showdown for the World Heavyweight Title... and you will NOT want to miss it! We've got another break coming up but when we come back, we're going to see just what in the world Callum Mahoney's been up to during this historic European Tour so don't you dare go away.

[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 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 we fade back up to Theresa and Jack Lynch standing on the Power Hour starfield.]

TL: Welcome back to the Power Hour, the best sixty minutes you'll see on TV all week. I'm Theresa Lynch alongside my brother, the AWA World Champion, Jack Lynch, and Jack... let's talk about Callum Mahoney.

[The World Champion chuckles.]

JL: Do we have to?

TL: SM&K has been making some waves in recent weeks with Kerry Kendrick winning the World Television Title... Rex Summers is getting set for his upcoming battle next weekend with The Gladiator... and then, of course, you have Callum Mahoney who won the Catch Wrestling Club's All-Europe Heavyweight Championship a few weeks ago on July 29th.

JL: Seems like gangs of thugs are all the rage in the AWA these days, doesn't it? The Axis, the Kings, the Lion's Den, SM&K, whatever you'd call Layton and his band of freaks, Rage and his Misifts...

TL: Absolutely. But since Mahoney won the title, he's been defending the title against all manner of opponents during this tour everywhere we go. He's defended in Italy, in Germany, in Spain... even taking on the man he won the title from in a rematch. But as we approach the end of our tour, Callum Mahoney took a break from defending the title to appear on a Battle Knights Wrestling show as part of our new talent exchange agreement and on that night, he was there to lend his cousin, Malcolm Sweeney, some moral support.

JL: If that name - Malcolm Sweeney - sounds familiar to our fans, Theresa, it should.

TL: That's right. Sweeney took part in the International Wild Card tournament earlier this summer, fighting for a spot at the Battle of Boston. He defeated former UKG British Heavyweight Champion Aiden Brooker in the first round of the tournament but was defeated in Round 2 by the Dirty Rotten Scoundrel himself, Logan Blackburn.

JL: But leading into that tournament, Sweeney had a whole lot of hype about him and since then, it's gotten even stronger. He's making a name for himself all over the UK... all over Europe really... and people I know and trust say he's on the cup of breaking through to the next level.

TL: In the match we're about to see, Malcolm Sweeney steps into the ring against Hawick, Scotland's own Archie Armstrong, another young man who has been raising eyebrows all over the European wrestling scene. On commentary for this one will be the ol' BK's Joseph Moss and the self-styled "Bishop of Bedlam" himself, Alex Bishop... let's go to the ring for more Battle Knights Wrestling action!

[We crossfade to a ring where Archie Armstrong, a muscular young man with a sculpted physique, a spray-on golden tan, and wavy, shoulder-length, light brown hair, which is pulled back in a ponytail, has just made his entrance. He is dressed in a pair of blue trunks, with a white diagonal cross on the outside of each hip, blue knee pads, with similar diagonal crosses on the front of each knee, and black boots. Besides Armstrong, an official is also in the ring, as well as ring announcer Holly Oakes.]

HO: And his opponent...

[The Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March" starts to play over the arena speakers. The bearded strapping young lad that is Malcolm Sweeney, with pale skin and short red hair that fades down the side, and is kept thin around the back, comes striding through the entranceway. He has on a pair of black trunks, black knee pads, with the image of two crossed single-headed battle axes in silver on the front of each, and black boots. We see that Sweeney has wrapped black tape around both wrists, as he balls his fists and throws his arms out to either side of him.]

HO: Accompanied to the ring by the CWC All-Europe Heavyweight Champion Callum Mahoney... hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 19 stone, he is...

MALCOLM SWEEEEEEENEEYYY!!!

[Indeed, the Armbar Assassin, dressed in a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over a black T-shirt and blue jeans, the All-Europe Heavyweight belt over his right shoulder, follows Sweeney as he marches to the ring, largely ignoring the jeering crowd. Well, a largely jeering crowd, as some of the fans are actually cheering for Mahoney.]

JM: There he is, the new All-Europe Heavyweight Champion and, while he's never been a fan favorite here, holding that belt affords a person a certain level of respect, Alex.

AB: Not only that, JoMo, being a part of an international promotion like the American Wrestling Alliance, it's small wonder my Bedlamites are excited to see Callum Mahoney in the flesh, bruv.

[Reaching the ringside area, Sweeney climbs the steps, onto the apron, while Mahoney remains on the outside, holding his title up for all to see. Sweeney wipes the bottom of his boots on the apron, before stepping through the ropes, into the ring. He heads to a corner, climbs onto the middle rope, thumps his chest twice with his right fist, and, with his cousin pointing at him, once more throws his arms out to either side of him. As the music fades, Sweeney steps off the ropes and paces the ring, awaiting the start of the match.]

"DING! DING!"

JM: And an exchange of words by these two young men to start the match...

[The words quickly cease as Armstrong comes up swinging with a right hand that Sweeney blocks before returning fire.]

JM: The big hammers thrown by Sweeney, backing Armstrong up...

[Grabbing Armstrong by the arm, Sweeney tosses him across the ring with a whip. The rebounding Armstrong ducks a wild right hand, slamming on the brakes to bury a boot in the gut of the turning Sweeney before hammering home a clubbing forearm across the back, knocking him down to a knee.]

JM: Sweeney felt that one for certain...

[Armstrong smashes a forearm to the side of Sweeney's head before pulling him back to his feet for his own whip attempt.]

AB: Scottish whip coming up.

[On the rebound, Armstrong sets for a hiptoss but Sweeney blocks it, holding his ground...

...and FLATTENS Armstrong with a standing clothesline!]

AB: That's the kind of whapper that'll make you check your dental work!

JM: First cover of the match gets one... two... but Armstrong won't go down that quickly.

[Already on his feet, Sweeney greets the rising Armstrong with the point of his elbow down on the top of the skull. A stiff forearm to the jaw has Armstrong rubbing the side of his face as Sweeney pushes him back to the corner, slamming his face into the top turnbuckle!]

JM: Facefirst into the corner! And it's possible that Sweeney might have had the aid of a handful of hair there.

AB: Well, Joe, if you insist on looking like a romance novel cover model, you risk having your looks used against you. Armstrong thinks he's going to be the future face of Battle Knights Wrestling, bruv, but Sweeney thinks otherwise, as he seems determined to rearrange the Scotsman's face with those shots.

[Having worked over Armstrong in the corner, Sweeney pulls him into a standing fireman's carry. He turns around and, hoisting Armstrong up and over, drops him with a rolling fireman's carry slam.]

JM: Callum Mahoney approves of that move, judging by the big grin across the Armbar Assassin's usually stern face.

AB: And why wouldn't he, Moss? It's a move he's been known to use on occasion, too.

JM: Cover! One! Two! Armstrong kicks out!

AB: Armstrong is feeling the pressure. That's why he's rolling to the outside.

[Sweeney stops Armstrong on the apron though, preventing his escape as he pulls Armstrong to his feet.]

JM: Sweeney's trying to keep Armstrong in the ring...

[But Armstrong slips an arm around the head and neck, dropping down to his tailbone on the apron, snapping Sweeney's throat down on the top rope!]

JM: A stunning blow by Armstrong, using the rope to his advantage... and he's calling off his attempt to take a breather, going right back in...

[Armstrong leaves his feet, throwing a dropkick to the side of the rising Sweeney's head, putting him right back down on the mat.]

JM: And the Armbar Assassin is not smiling anymore, Alex.

AB: That's concern, bruv, concern for his blood, blud.

[Armstrong pulls Sweeney to his feet and backs him into the corner. He lays into him with a series of clubbing forearms across the chest of Sweeney, knocking him back into the turnbuckles each time.]

JM: Big clubbing shots like he's hammering a nail into a piece of lumber!

[With Sweeney in trouble, Armstrong pulls him out of the corner into a bodylock, flipping him up and over with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex!]

JM: Belly to belly and he sticks around for the bridge! One! Two!

[The powerful Sweeney kicks out at two, breaking up the pin...

...but Armstrong smoothly transitions into an armbar!]

JM: Oho! An armbar right up in the face of the Armbar Assassin himself.

[Mahoney angrily grabs the middle rope, looking like he might climb into the ring but the referee slides in his path, denying his entry.]

JM: Armstrong trying to hyperextend the arm.

AB: No way, JoMo. No. Way. No way Armstrong puts Sweeney away in front of his cousin like this.

[Armstrong still has the hold locked in when Sweeney pushes himself to his feet, throwing a shot into the midsection to break the hold.]

JM: Sweeney brute forces his way out and-

[But before Sweeney can get back on offense, Armstrong kicks the back of the knee, forcing Sweeney down to one knee again where he gets snatched in a front facelock, pulled up to his feet, and snapped over with a suplex!]

JM: Armstrong with another great suplex. Floats over, hooks the legs... Only two!

AB: But you see, Joe, Armstrong's getting frustrated now...

[Indeed, Armstrong slaps the mat as he gets back to his feet.]

JM: Armstrong needs to keep his focus or he'll find his lights turned out faster than a pub at closing time.

[Sweeney sits up on the mat, looking to get to his feet but Armstrong sizes him up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JM: Shoe leather up along the spine!

[Armstrong turns towards Mahoney who is out at ringside, shouting "IT'S OVER!" to the crowd before turning his focus to the Fighting Irishman and yelling, "I'm gonnae break yer cousin's neck!"]

JM: I think we know what Armstrong has in mind. He's going for that double arm DDT...

AB: Not if Mahoney has anything to say about it...

[The threat to his cousin's health is enough for Mahoney to climb up on the apron, shouting a threat of his own towards Armstrong who lets go of Sweeney. The referee warns both men as Armstrong abandons Sweeney on the mat, turning to come towards Mahoney.]

JM: Armstrong's got his eyes on Mahoney and-

[A smirking Mahoney drops off the apron, pointing behind Armstrong who quickly turns...]

AB: Turn around... YAAAKUZAAA!!!

[The running big boot staggers Armstrong, but he stays up with the aid of the ropes. Sweeney pulls Armstrong away from the ropes, driving a knee to the midsection, which doubles Armstrong over. He traps Armstrong's head in a standing headscissors, and picks him up by the waist and over his shoulders, turning around and holding Armstrong up with a hand under each of Armstrong's outstretched arms.]

JM: SWEENEY'S GOT HIM UP! GOT HIM UP AND... DOWWWWWWWWN!

[Stepping forwards, away from the ropes, Sweeney drives Armstrong to the mat with the crucifix powerbomb.]

JM: SWEENEY'S FRENZY!!! Cover!

One!

Two!!!

THREE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

HO: The winner of this match, by pinfall...

MALCOLM SWEEEEEEENEEYYY!!!

AB: You can credit Mahoney for the assistance, you can blame Armstrong for getting distracted, but all things considered, it was Sweeney himself with that emphatic powerbomb, putting away one of the fastest rising stars in the UK today.

[As the official raises Sweeney’s arm, Mahoney joins his cousin in the ring, taking Sweeney’s other arm and raising it as well.]

JM: If he keeps this up, Alex, it’s only a matter of time before Sweeney gets a shot at the Battle Knights Championship. Or maybe even the title that’s held by his cousin right now!

AB: Now, let’s not get too crazy, J-Mo. But, you’re right, if Sweeney keeps this up, I can see great things coming his way in the future.

[As Sweeney and Mahoney continue to celebrate in the ring, we spiral wipe away back to the Power Hour starfield and the Lynch siblings.]

TL: An impressive victory there for Malcolm Sweeney and Jack, is it just me or does the pro wrestling scene on the whole seem to really be thriving right now?

JL: So much great talent all over the globe right now. Of course, the best in the world is right here in the AWA but you’ve got Japan on fire... Mexico is always strong... Europe really coming on strong... plus some great independent wrestling back in the States and Canada.

TL: That doesn’t even account for places like Australia and New Zealand who are having the strongest wrestling scenes they’ve had in many years. Professional wrestling is riding a very high wave right now and of course, no one is riding higher than the American Wrestling Alliance as we get ready to head back home to Dallas, Texas. Jack, I know you’ve gotta be excited about heading back to Dallas with that title on your shoulder.

[Jack grins.]

JL: Well, like you said earlier, Theresa... I’ve gotta get through Bobby next weekend to do it but yeah, the idea of walking back into that building in Dallas as the World Champion in front of all of those people who’ve supported me and our family over the years is a thrilling idea and I sure do hope I get the chance to experience it.

TL: Homecoming is almost upon us, fans, and right now, let’s take a special look at the event we so proudly call - Homecoming!

[We fade through black to 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 then back up on the Lynches on the starfield.]

TL: Make your next memory, for sure, and there's already a lot of big matches signed for that night in Dallas, Texas. Larry Wallace against Dave Bryant. Juan Vasquez taking on "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Earlier, we heard the challenge for the Northern Lights to take on the Samoans. We know Julie Somers is looking to meet Erica Toughill that night as well... but as we head back to Texas... to the United States in general... there are a few people who WON'T be coming back with us, fans. Despite the great reaction from the fans over what we've seen from the Shadow Wolf, Takeshi Mifune, in recent weeks... well, Mifune crossed a line this past week, Jack, and was immediately sent back to Japan.

JL: You know, Mifune's vicious... he's brutal... and he's unpredictable which is part of why he's so exciting to watch. But there are certain things you just don't do... and putting your hands on an AWA official is one of them.

TL: Let's take a look at what caused Mifune's exile at an event earlier this week.

[We spin away to footage of Takeshi Mifune in the middle of the ring, standing over the defeated body of his unfortunate opponent, the aforementioned Paolo Rossi. In one hand, Mifune holds a slightly dented chair. In the other, a microphone. Rossi, a hugely muscular man, is stuck in a fetal position, attempting to shield himself from any further beatings by Mifune. In the background, we see the referee seated in the corner, looking like he's just witnessed something horrific. The ringside area looks like it's been through a natural disaster. The announcer's table is upturned. The guardrails are in disarray. The fans strangely enough, aren't really booing any of this, acting more like they've been scared into silence.]

Mifune: Grayson-san, do you see this pitiful broken carcass? This is the future that awaits you!

[Mifune looks down at Rossi with disdain.]

Mifune: I thought you were strong, Grayson-san. I thought you possessed true power! But you showed me that you are WEAK. That you are AFRAID.

[A disturbing chuckle.]

Mifune: You could not fight me face-to-face. You needed to attack me from behind. With a weapon. With as many tools as you needed because I fill you with FEAR.

Attack me with all your might, Grayson-san, I can endure it.

[An even more disturbing grin forms on Mifune's face.]

Mifune: Because a weakling like you cannot possibly hurt me!

[Suddenly Mifune drops the microphone in his hand and raises the chair over his head...]

"SMACCCCCKKK!!!"

[...and smashes the chair down onto Rossi! Over and over again!]

"SMACCCCCKKK!!!"

"SMACCCCCKKK!!!"

"SMACCCCCKKK!!!"

[The referee in the ring, having seen enough, tries stop Mifune, only to be violently piefaced down to the canvas! Mifune tosses the chair aside and picks the microphone back up from the canvas.]

Mifune: Meet me in Japan, Grayson-san. Find the courage to face me at "Burning Glory."

I will show you true strength. I will show you true power! I will show you why I am...

...ICHIBAN!

[Abrupt cut back to a shocked-looking Theresa Lynch in the starfield.]

TL: Shocking footage right there, Jack... and you're right. Putting your hands on an official is a definite no-no and I'm not surprised at all to hear that the Shadow Wolf was sent back to Japan. But what about that challenge? Will Bret Grayson venture to Japan to face Mifune at Tiger Paw Pro's upcoming Burning Glory event?

JL: Grayson's never backed down from a fight, Theresa, and I can't imagine he's going to pick now to start. I'd be surprised if he DOESN'T go to Japan for that fight... and I can't wait to see it.

TL: Burning Glory is coming up in less than a month's time, broadcast LIVE on The X... something I'm guessing that AWA fans will be very interested in. Let's take a look at some more details about that event coming to us from our friends at Tiger Paw Pro!

[Fade to black.

Fade up on a nondescript hotel room. The footage appears to be shot on a cellphone that's been leaned up against a lamp or something. After a moment, the controversial Japanese cruiserweight known as KYOSUKE walks into view, sitting down in the chair, a smirk on his face.]

"Konichiwa, motherfu-"

[The shot disappears in a burst of static with an error tone...

...and then up to a shot of the exterior of the Nippon Budokan. A voiceover begins.]

"One of Japan's most legendary venues..."

[We get a rapidfire montage of The Beatles playing there in 1966, Led Zeppelin in the 70s, and Prince in the 90s. The footage "burns up in flames" leaving a shot of an empty arena, a wrestling ring in the middle with the Tiger Paw Pro logo in the middle of it.]

"...goes up in BURNING GLORY!"

[Cut to some Tiger Paw Pro footage to the sounds of "Light In The Dark" by Bridear...

Yoshinari Taguchi using a released Tiger Suplex to throw an opponent on the back of their head before wrapping them up in a double armbar bridging submission.

TORA diving through the ropes, wiping out an opponent with a tope con hilo.

Hercules Hammonds catching a rebounding opponent, throwing them skyward and then vacating the premises as they crash facefirst to the canvas.

Isaiah Carpenter of the Dogs of War sailing off the top rope with a springboard kneestrike, knocking a victim off the shoulders of Wade Walker.

Isamu Kobayashi trading vicious open-handed strikes with Takeshi Mifune... the latter of which batters Kobayashi back before using a knee to the sternum to knock him through the ropes where he's swarmed by a sea of unnamed attackers all sporting similar attire.

And finally, KYOSUKE crossing his arms on the top rope in an "X" before delivering a flying doublestomp.]

"On September 11th... on Fox Sports X... a very special presentation..."

[More footage.]

Brian James delivering a head kick to an opponent, causing their eyes to roll back in their head before collapsing to the canvas.

A wild eight man tag team match with several dives over the top rope to the floor.]

"BURNING GLORY."

[Cut to white and silence. After a moment, KYOSUKE - now dressed in a bright red suit and swinging a golden pocketwatch on a chain walks into the middle of the screen, turning and speaking in broken English.]

"Don't miss it..."

[A devilish smirk.]

"...assho-"

[And cut to black...

...and then fade back up to Theresa and Jack Lynch in the starfield.]

TL: Some of the very best in the world will be in action on September 11th at Burning Glory... perhaps even some competitors you might see in action here in the AWA in the near future. But right now, we're going to talk to a man we're certainly going to be seeing a lot more of in the AWA soon, Malik Thompson. Malik is coming to us via satellite from the Combat Corner in Dallas, Texas. Good morning, Malik... how are you?

[Coming up in a split screen, with Theresa on the left side, the right is occupied by the face of Malik Thompson, clean shaven, including his head, the collar of a white shirt with blue pinstripes visible at the bottom]

MT: Thank you, Theresa... pleasure to be here on the show.

TL: Now Malik, we saw you debut impressively on Power Hour recently after being drafted into duty in an emergency situation. But instead of lobbying to join the European tour, I'm told you voluntarily went back to Combat Corner Wrestling. Can you explain why?

[Malik nods.]

MT: I'm glad you asked that. Now, I came out as a surprise, dominated, and won, but at the end of the day, I'm still a rookie that got a shot early. Now, I spoke to both Tommy Fierro and Mark Shaw, two of the top trainers here at the Combat Corner and two men I rely a lot on for guidance and good advice. Together, we decided that it would be a benefit to me if I got more reps down in Dallas rather than push too hard now, and I think it's been working for me. That said, I'm looking forward to being a part of more AWA action after Homecoming.

[Closeup on Theresa.]

TL: So where does Malik Thompson come from? You made a big impression, and you're turning heads in CCW, but we don't know much about you up here in the AWA.

[And back to Malik.]

MT: Theresa, I gotta admit that pro wrestling wasn't where I thought I'd end up. Football was my life... ever since I was a kid. It took me all the way to LSU where I was an All-American while getting my degree in Accounting... you know, the old "have something to fall back on." But I didn't think I'd need it... cause I was heading to the NFL.

[Thompson nods confidently.]

MT: Unfortunately, I ripped my knee to pieces pretty early on and when I worked my way back, there was no place in the NFL for me anymore. I was feeling pretty down when a buddy of mine pointed out that the AWA was having tryouts for the Combat Corner. Now, I wrestled a little bit in high school too so I wasn't a complete stranger to the ring so when I showed up, I was ready for a new start... and I got one.

[A big grin crosses Thompson's face.]

MT: And Theresa, I've been loving it so far. And that little bit of success a couple of months ago... as minor as it was... was a big boost to me. But I take my trainers seriously and if they thought I needed more time in the gym, then that's right where I was gonna be. So while the AWA roster's been overseas getting fat on croissants and fish sticks, Malik's been here working hard, fighting hard for every thing that I got... and making a promise to fight even harder for every thing that I WANT!

TL: So, what do you have in mind for when the AWA comes back to the States?

[Malik chuckles with a shrug.]

MT: I'm gonna keep doing what I do, Theresa. I'm going to train. I'm going to hit the weights. And I'm gonna get in that ring. The more matches I get, the better I feel about myself and my chances inside that squared circle. And so I'm taking every match I can... whether that's in CCW... in the AWA... in Japan, in Mexico, in the UK or wherever else. You put up a ring, I'm gettin' in it. And when the AWA comes back to town, I'm gonna do whatever it takes to get myself back in their ring to show the people exactly what Malik Thompson can do.

Theresa, I'm 25 years old. I got plenty of tomorrows... and like any good professional wrestler, my goal is the AWA World Heavyweight Title but I know that's a long, hard road. But it's a road that I'm willing to walk.

[A very determined-looking Malik gets put back on the split screen.]

TL: Thank you for that, Malik. It's good to get to know the man behind the "Power" as the CCW crowd has taken to calling you. We look forward to seeing more from you in the weeks to come.

MT: Thanks, Theresa.

[The split screen fades away, leaving Theresa and Jack standing in the star field once more.]

TL: Malik Thompson, fans, coming to an AWA ring near you. Fans, we are closing in on tonight's featured matchup here on the Power Hour as we're set to see Mamba of the Serpentes take on Victoria June in a Women's Division clash so let's go down to the ring to see this match already underway!

[We get a spin out wipe from the Power Hour starfield to a live arena shot where our featured match is already in progress. Mamba is in the middle of a wild swing that Victoria June is ducking under.]

MS: Hello, fans, and welcome to Barcelona, Spain where we're in the midst of this battle as part of the AWA Women's Division. I'm Mark Stegglet alongside Bucky Wilde and Bucky- ohh!

[Having ducked two wild rights, June throws herself at Mamba's legs from behind, knocking her off-balance and sending her crashing down to the mat as the crowd erupts with a mix of cheers and laughter.]

MS: As I was about to say before that unusual takedown, this has turned into a little bit of a rivalry during this historic tour of Europe, Bucky. Victoria June and the Serpentine have had it out for one another for the past few weeks.

[Mamba comes back to her feet, throwing another wild right and left that June avoids with ease, using her speed to her advantage.]

MS: In fact, I was talking to June earlier today and she said that there's some history between these three dating back to their time - the beginning of their careers - for Age of Rage Wrestling up in Canada.

[With Mamba off balance, June wades into her with a flurry of punches, forcing the powerful Serpentine back into the corner.]

BW: Stegglet, if June were smart, she'd let ancient history remain ancient history because if she keeps dredging up the past, she's in for an old school level butt-kicking.

[June switches to her feet, using kicks to the midsection to force Mamba down into a seated position in the corner.]

MS: Victoria June doesn't look like she's concerned about a so-called butt-kicking at this point in the matchup, Bucky... in fact, she looks like she's doing just fine, keeping the pace quick and at her level which is a smart move if you ask me.

BW: It's a smart move for sure because you don't want Mamba in control of the pace with all the power she brings to the table... but it's going to take a lot to wear her down and I'm not sure June can pull it off even with all her sticking and moving. Once Mamba gets her hands on her, it's over.

MS: But she's gotta do that and right now, June's avoided it so far in this one.

[A shouted warning from the referee gets Victoria June's attention for a moment - just a moment before she raises her leg, looking for one more kick to the chest...

...but that split second distraction is enough!]

MS: Mamba caught the foot!

[Coming back to her feet, Mamba walks June back out of the corner, causing the spunky Afropunk to hop up and down to keep her balance.]

BW: You were saying, Stegglet?

MS: She's got her hands on her now but what's she going to do with her?

[With a roar, Mamba shoves June backwards, sending her tumbling end over end across the ring. Mamba stomps across after her as June recovers, climbing back to her feet...]

MS: Mamba trying to take advantage and trap June in the corner..

[But a lunge to do just that comes up empty as June front rolls out of the corner, leaving Mamba to corner nothing but air as she crashes into the buckles. She spins around as June rushes back in, throwing a single-legged dropkick.]

MS: June scores with the dropkick!

BW: June is like an annoying gnat out there! You swat her away and she just keeps buzzing around. She isn't hurting Mamba, but just making her angry.

[Marching into the corner, June grabs Mamba by the arm...]

MS: Irish whip on the way... uh oh!

[June pulls with all her might, but Mamba doesn't move. She pulls again but Mamba shakes her head in defiance to the crowd.]

MS: June can't seem to budge the much-larger competitor..

[June makes another effort to pull her from the corner but Mamba holds her ground again, smashing her skull into June's, putting her down on her knees near the corner as the crowd jeers the counter.]

MS: And just like that, Mamba turns things around...

[From out on the floor, Copperhead shouts a few things in June's direction while her partner yanks June up by the hair, scooping her right up in her powerful arms, spinning around once so all can see her trapped...]

...and DRIVES her down to the canvas with her ring-shaking body slam!]

MS: One heck of a scoop slam by Mamba and that one has put Victoria June in a bad way down on the canvas...

[Mamba stands over the downed June, leaning in with a loud "HEY! HO! NO GO!"]

BW: Hah! Mamba borrowing - and altering - some of the lyrics from June's entrance music to taunt her a little here and-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd groans as Mamba slaps June across the face.]

MS: And a little injury added to insult right there, fans.

[Mamba drags June off the floor by the hair, looking out on the jeering crowd before she recklessly tosses the fan favorite over the top rope, sending her flipping over, crashing down backfirst on the apron before she slides off to the floor.]

MS: Holy- a hard fall there for Victoria June, jamming her lower back down into the apron before she hits the floor.

BW: And this is NOT where June wants to be, Stegglet.

MS: She's for sure in the wrong part of town right here.

[Mamba's efforts to go out to the floor are thwarted by the referee who steps in, backing her up...

...which allows Copperhead to pull June up off the ringside mats, wrapping her arms around her torso, and driving her lower back into the edge of the ring apron!]

MS: Into the apron a second time and having the small of your back smashed into the apron like that has to send a tingle down into your toes, Bucky.

BW: Of course, you wouldn't really know because you've never been inside that ring. What is with the AWA hiring people who think they can talk about being in the ring even though they've never actually been in there? You, Myers, Dane back in the day.... that worm Sutton down in CCW too.

[Copperhead walks away as June slumps to all fours, her hurting back exposed. Mamba shoves past the official, stepping out to the apron. She moves into position, sizing up June's position on the floor...

...and then leaps off, driving her boot down into the small of the back, stomping June right down onto her stomach!]

MS: Ohh! And that'll make it hard to get out of bed tomorrow morning.

[Mamba stands over the downed June, taunting the ringside fans.]

"You want her so bad? I'm gonna give her to ya!"

[Pulling June off the floor by the afro again, Mamba wraps her arms around the body, and then makes a charge towards the steel railing...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and DRIVES June's back into the metal barricade, shifting it on impact as the front row fans jump back to avoid getting Victoria June (and the railing) pushed into their laps.]

MS: The spine of June slams into the steel at ringside... and the referee's telling Mamba to get this battle back inside the squared circle. Both of these women - of course - would love to get their hands on Lauryn Rage and a shot at the Women's World Title.

BW: June's already had that shot. Back of the line, toots!

MS: And as Mamba pulls June towards the ring, you have to recall that Copperhead also did a number on the back of Victoria June when they met earlier on the tour. This is a very obvious plan by the Serpentine but we'll see if it pays dividends here in this one in the form of a victory.

[Mamba walks June towards the ring to the satisfaction of the referee who waves the action back in...

...but a smirking Mamba pulls June into a front facelock instead, sneering at the referee before hoisting June into the air, throwing her down with a vertical suplex on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

MS: Ohhh!

[Mamba climbs to her feet, soaking up the jeers of the crowd and the admonishment of the official before she finally gives in, rolling back inside the ring.]

MS: Mamba back in... the referee giving her some strong words again... oh no, look at this!

[Pulling June off the floor, Copperhead quickly lifts her up over her shoulder, turns back towards the ring...

...and throws her down in a modified spinebuster with her back slamming into the apron!]

MS: Ohhh! That might've broken Victoria June right in half, fans!

BW: You've gotta be impressed by the teamwork of the Serpentine, Stegglet.

MS: Teamwork?! It's a singles match!

BW: Not to them. They've made it clear that they want to be the first duo to be the Women's World Champion... and with teamwork like that, they just might make it happen. This is a message to everybody out there - including their former ally, Lauryn Rage - that the Serpentine are for real.

MS: I don't think anyone would dare doubt that as Copperhead shoves June back under the ropes to Mamba who goes for a cover.

[Mamba settles into a sloppy lateral press, thinking she's got the match won when Victoria June shocks her with a last second kickout to the cheers of the crowd!]

MS: That's a kickout and that means the match will continue, fans! Victoria June has taken a lot of punishment but she's also got a lot of heart and she's going to keep this battle going right here in Barcelona tonight!

[An irate Mamba regains her feet, dropping down with a kneedrop to the skull... and a second... and a third before attempting another cover.]

MS: Another cover...

[The referee counts one... and two... and...]

MS: ...and another kickout!

[Mamba lets loose a frustrated scream as Copperhead shouts "Keep it together!" from the floor.]

MS: Mamba pulling June off the mat again...

BW: She can barely stand, Stegglet.

MS: That may be true but Victoria June has come to fight and she's not backing down one bit from Mamba as she gets HURLED into the corner. What a slam into the buckles that was!

[It was so strong in fact that Mamba herself went down to the mat with the force of the whip. June crumples forward towards the rising Mamba who lifts her up, holding her there, turning so the crowd can see...

...and then throws her violently down into the canvas with a second ring-shaking body slam!]

MS: A second big slam by Mamba... and perhaps that'll be enough, fans.

[Mamba doesn't go for the cover though, shaking her head as she slithers around the downed June, looking down at her.]

MS: No cover. A show of disrespect in my book.

BW: These Serpentine don't give a damn about anything. They just want to hurt people, get money, power and respect.

MS: You've gotta show respect to get respect, Bucky.

BW: Oh, that's cute. You're adorable, Stegglet.

[Mamba finally drops to her knees, jamming a forearm into June's cheekbone as she covers.]

MS: Mamba makes the cover at last... but she waits too long!

[The crowd cheers with relief as June slips out the backdoor, breaking the pin attempt.]

BW: Maybe she should've covered a little quicker that time but this match has gone exactly the wrong way for June, Stegglet. You go back to what we were talking about earlier and Mamba now has total control of the pace, making June fight for every inch. That's going to make it hard for June the longer this match goes. It's like pushin' against a stone in there.

"Plant that baby bird, camadre!"

MS: Copperhead cheering Mamba on from out on the floor as Mamba lifts June up... not again...

[But again, Mamba lifts June up into her powerful arms, taking a moment for the crowd to realize what's coming...

...and THROWS her down for a third slam!]

MS: Three big body slams in this one and Victoria June's back is a wreck right now.

[The crowd is groaning in pain along with June as she arches on the mat, her face a mask of pain and despair. Mamba throws her arms apart in a "it's over" gesture as she settles into another lateral press, this time reaching back to hook a leg.]

MS: This might be it for her here.

[The referee drops down to count.]

MS: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd ROARS as June again kicks out, breaking the pin!]

MS: Kickout! A big timely kickout by Victoria June!

BW: She's just delaying the inevitable right now, Stegglet.

MS: Perhaps she is or perhaps she's delaying things just long enough to find herself an opening to get back into this matchup.

BW: Mamba's still in control. June's back is still a wreck. And there's no end in sight for either of those things.

[Mamba hauls June up by the hair again, ducking down to scoop her up...]

BW: Another slam?!

[...but June slips out the backdoor at the top of the lift!]

MS: June's loose and-

[As Mamba turns, June uncorks a big headbutt between the eyes!]

MS: June with a headbutt! She stuns her!

BW: I can't believe it!

[June grimaces as she grabs at her lower back, ducking down and surging towards the dazed Mamba...]

MS: She's going for a slam of her own!

[But as she attempts the lift, her back locks up and June winces, stumbling backwards away from her.]

BW: Hah! I knew that wasn't happening!

[Mamba bulldozes forward, shoving her back into the corner. The crowd boos Mamba as she performs a most muscular crunch pose for them and then twists into a double biceps shot.]

BW: This girl got muscles on her muscles, Steggy.

MS: Even Colt might be envious. Probably would never admit it, though.

[Mamba drapes June across her shoulders, nodding as she starts to climb the ropes.]

MS: What in the... is this a top rope Samoan Drop on the way?!

BW: Oh, this will REALLY put her down for the three count... maybe even longer, daddy!

MS: June is helpless as Mamba steps up on the second rope, looking out on this Barcelona crowd reading her the riot act...

[But a struggling June lands a pair of short knees from the fireman's carry to the side of the head, stunning Mamba...]

MS: June's fighting back! June trying to get free!

[June slips out of the grip, twisting around as she does, wrapping her arms around Mamba's waist and then down to her upper thighs as June lands on her feet, struggling and straining...]

MS: June's trying to bring her down! June's trying to-

[...and finally pulls Mamba down off the second rope, throwing her down in a thunderous powerbomb!]

MS: OHHH! WHAT A SLAM BY JUNE!!

[The arena explodes as June flops across Mamba for the cover.]

MS: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

BW: Foot on the ropes! Foot on the ropes!

[The crowd complains that the referee missed Copperhead putting Mamba's foot on the ropes.]

MS: Copperhead saved her partner! She put her foot on the ropes!

BW: Mamba's foot is on the ropes! The pin doesn't count!

MS: And June looking around in frustration as she rolls to her knees.

[The freckled Afro-Punk glares at Copperhead, shaking her head in disbelief.]

BW: You can get as mad as you want, June. What are you going to do about it?

[The weary June makes the climb from her knees to her feet as Mamba struggles to get up off the canvas after the big momentum turning slam.]

MS: Both women struggling to get up off the mat and-

[As Mamba gets to her knees, June uncorks a thrust kick to the head that knocks her right back down!]

MS: And June just left a dent in Mamba's head with that size 10 Doc Marten!

BW: Bah, it's a women's size 10!

MS: June with the cover.

[Another two count follows before Mamba lifts the shoulder clear.]

MS: Mamba's out at two... and Victoria June's gotta find a way to keep her down for a three count! The sunset powerbomb didn't do it! The kick to the mush right there couldn't do it! What can?

BW: A Mack truck!

MS: Unfortunately, that's not an option for Victoria June as she pulls Mamba off the mat, staring right into her eyes...

[Grabbing Mamba by her snow white braids, June takes aim and smashes her skull into Mamba's!]

MS: Headbutt!

[With the crowd roaring, June fires off a series of headbutts, leaving Mamba stunned and wobbly...]

MS: Copperhead's on the apron! Copperhead's on the apron!

[June spins, shouting something in her direction.]

MS: June chases her down and-

[The referee goes to deal with Copperhead but Mamba grabs him by the arms, pulling him towards her. The official struggles to get away as June winds up, ready to take a swing at Copperhead...]

...who suddenly spews something into June's face!]

MS: AHHH! VENOM! VENOM!

[June screams, clawing at her face and eyes as Mamba releases the referee who looks around bewildered.]

MS: Copperhead spewed that Venom right into the eyes of Victoria June and- oh no!

[The crowd grumbles as June blindly staggers right into Mamba's grip around her throat. The powerhouse lifts June up into the air, throwing her down with a massive chokeslam!]

MS: OHHH! CHOKESLAM!

[And with that, Mamba dives onto the downed June as the official drops down to count.]

MS: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: MAMBA WINS! MAMBA WINS!

[A smirking and tired Mamba pushes up to her knees, nodding her head as Copperhead rolls in, raising her arm in the air.]

MS: Give the assist in a major fashion to Copperhead right there and... look at June, still rubbing at her eyes. Who knows what kind of damage Copperhead might've done right there, fans.

BW: The Serpentes were out to send a message tonight and send it, they have! Victoria June thought she was about to string together a winning streak and get herself another shot at the title but those dreams just got dashed by the Serpentes.

[Copperhead pulls her partner up to her feet, celebrating their victory...

...and then jerks a thumb at the downed June, cackling madly.]

MS: Uh oh.

[Copperhead grabs June by the hair, dragging her up to her feet and shoving her up between both Serpentes.]

MS: Come on, referee... there's no call for this!

[Mamba reaches out a hand, wrapping it around June's throat for the second time in a matter of moments. Copperhead does the same, ending up with a double grip on June's throat.]

MS: This isn't right!

[The crowd is jeering the post-match antics of the Serpentes as Copperhead and Mamba lift June in tandem...

...and DRIVE her down into the canvas!]

MS: DOUBLE CHOKESLAM! AHFFF!

[June is barely moving on the canvas as the Serpentes stand over her, raising their arms triumphantly yet again.]

MS: And if the win for Mamba wasn't enough, I believe that the Serpentes may have done some major damage to Victoria June tonight between the back and the eyes they hit with that Venom spray.

BW: Message sent... and received, I'd wager.

MS: I have a feeling this one isn't over yet for Victoria June... not by a long shot.

[The Serpentes continue to stand triumphant and dominant over the laid out Victoria June as we fade away from the in-ring action and back to the Power Hour's starfield.]

TL: Mamba picks up a win here tonight in our featured matchup... although you aren't be happy with HOW she did it if you're a fan of Victoria June.

JL: Or the AWA rulebook.

[Theresa grins.]

TL: And that brings us to the end of another edition of the most exciting hour of television you'll see this week - the Power Hour. I hope you've enjoyed seeing action from all parts of the AWA as we embark on the final week of this historic European Tour. And I hope you enjoyed having my big brother - the World Champion Jack Lynch - along for the ride. Jack, thank you so much for being here.

JL: It was my pleasure, sis.

TL: Don't forget to tune in to Saturday Night Wrestling one week from tonight when we'll be taking to the airwaves from the O2 Arena in London and then join me right back here two weeks from tonight when my special guest will be the one and only "Professional" Dave Cooper. Mr. Cooper and I will be breaking down all the action including some news surrounding a brand new tournament taking place in CCW and our featured matchup will see Callum Mahoney putting his All-Europe title on the line against Logan Blackburn in what should be an outstanding matchup! But for now, I wish you good night... and I'll see you next time! So long everybody!

[Fade to black.]