

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 this, the date "AUGUST 6, 2016" is written in a similar bold, white font with a black outline.

AWA POWER HOUR

AUGUST 6, 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... well, a VERY special guest. I am beyond honored to be standing here with this man who is a mentor, an inspiration, and best of all, a friend. The Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing, Gordon Myers!

[Stepping onto the star field next to Theresa is Gordon Myers in a salt and pepper jacket, white dress shirt, and red tie. He smiles at Theresa, nodding slightly as he arrives.]

TL: Gordon, welcome to the Power Hour! Thank you for taking the time to join me today.

GM: Thanks, Theresa. It's a pleasure to be here.

TL: It's been an exciting week and change for us here already. So many great events. So many big promotional appearances with the AWA's superstars meeting and greeting the fans all throughout Europe. Of course, a week from tonight, we'll be in Italy for another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling and tonight, we'll be at the O2 Arena in Prague. But right now, we're going to talk about some of the action from this past week when we've run shows in Hamburg, Amsterdam, Leipzig... and not just talk about it, we're going to SEE some of it as well. Gordon, you were there firsthand for some of this so I hope that's not awkward for you.

GM: The rare opportunity to throw it to myself from myself.

[The announcers chuckle.]

TL: Alright, well... kicking things off this week is a match featuring Victoria June who we saw fall short in her attempt to capture the Women's World Title against Lauryn Rage in Berlin. June's looking to get right back on the horse when she takes on Copperhead of the Serpentes. Gordon, you were front row for that title match last weekend... your thoughts on Victoria June?

GM: She's a unique individual, Theresa. Colorful, outgoing... but the thing I think I took away the most from here over the past month or so is that she's a fighter. You can knock her down all you want but she will simply dust herself off, get right back up, and make things happen. She lost to Lauryn Rage last week? So she jumped right back into the fray against a competitor as tough as Copperhead. That's something you have to respect.

TL: We're going to be joining that match in progress from Amsterdam with Bucky Wilde and our own Gordon Myers...

[Theresa gestures to Gordon who smiles.]

TL: ...on the call! Let's take a look!

[We fade from the star field and do indeed join the match in progress as Copperhead of the Serpentes and the Afropunk, Victoria June, are doing battle.]

As we join the match, we see Copperhead whipping June into the corner, rushing in with a clothesline...

...but June ducks under, dancing away. Copperhead advances on her but gets caught with a chop across the chest!]

GM: Oh my!

[June again dances away, ducking a lunge by Copperhead to land a second chop.]

GM: Another one! June might be too fast for her!

[This time as Copperhead comes in on her, June cuts her off with a well-placed headbutt... a second and third follow, knocking Copperhead down to the mat where she bails out to the floor while June moshes around the ring and the Amsterdam fans cheer her on.]

GM: And a good show of offense from Victoria June sends Copperhead out to the floor looking to regroup!

[As June celebrates her flurry of offense, she takes a seat on the middle rope, beckoning Copperhead back towards the ring.]

GM: June urging Copperhead to get back in...

BW: She should be urging her to stay out on the floor before this punk gets the beating she so richly deserves. You would have thought getting mashed like a potato by the champ would have taught her a lesson but I guess not.

[Out on the floor, Mamba checks Copperhead's forehead for blood before shaking her by the shoulders, pointing her towards the ring, and shouting encouragement at her with a shove.]

GM: Copperhead climbing back inside the ring...

[Stepping through the ropes, she pauses to shout at June.]

"YOU WANNA GET THESE HANDS, MAMI? OKAY! I'M LOADED!"

[With that weird shout, Copperhead charges June who ducks under a wild swing, coming up to grab a handful of Mohawk, ramming her into the buckles to a big reaction.]

GM: The fans seem to like that one!

BW: Let go of the hair!

[But June ignores Bucky, repeatedly slamming the head into the top turnbuckle. She spins her around, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Irish whip shoots Copperhead from corner to corner...

[Rushing across the ring, June is forced to duck as Copperhead throws a big clothesline at her. Slamming on the brakes, she comes short of smashing into the buckles, twisting around to strike...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ends up getting WIPED OUT by a Copperhead big boot!]

BW: Ant meet boot.

[June goes tumbling ass over teakettle as Copperhead stands center ring, flexing. Copperhead wags her finger to the crowd who let her have it while June writhes in pain down on the mat.]

GM: Victoria June's offense came to a crashing halt there and it'll be a strong test for her to get back into this one after that.

[A sneering Copperhead snatches the downed June by the hair, lifting her straight up off the mat.]

GM: Oh, come on, referee! She's holding her up in the air by the hair!

[June squeals in pain as Copperhead arrogantly throws her back into the buckles, stepping forward...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

as she advances on June, beating her down with a series of hard forearms. Copperhead grabs a handful of hair and yanks June up into a stinging slap.]

BW: And that is gonna make some dentist here in Milan happy.

GM: We're in Amsterdam, Bucky.

BW: But June doesn't know that. She's been knocked into next week!

GM: Oh brother.

[Copperhead takes a trip around the ring, taunting the Amsterdam crowd before she steps back to the corner, eating a chop from June who tries to clear the cobwebs... and gets a jaw-rattling forearm in response, knocking her back into the buckles.]

GM: Copperhead showing no mercy at all in the corner. I felt that forearm from out here, Bucky.

BW: I doubt it because we'd be picking up your dentures if you did.

[Dragging June away from the corner along the ropes, Copperhead goes to whip her across the ring.]

GM: Big whip across...

[A rebounding June leapfrogs up and over a doubled-up Copperhead.]

GM: Avoids the backdrop... to the far sid-

[The crowd groans as June suddenly eats a faceful of canvas...

...as a smirking Mamba walks away, raising her arms innocently as the referee moves to the ropes to accuse her of tripping up the Afropunk.]

GM: She tripped her! We all saw it!

BW: Speak for yourself, Gordo. I'm guessing that June's as clumsy as she is dumb.

GM: Give me a break.

[With June down, pushing up to her knees, Copperhead surges in with a basement dropkick to the chops, knocking her down to the mat where she covers, getting a two count before June kicks out.]

GM: Only a two count there for Copperhead off that impressive dropkick.

BW: Never underestimate how mobile Copperhead is. She is big and muscular, but she can move, daddy. She can move.

GM: Her athleticism is stunning. But she's in control now thanks to her partner's interference not her athleticism.

BW: Who cares? She's in control - that's all that matters.

[Copperhead reaches down, dragging June up by the afro, turning to shout to her partner.]

"This is how you do it, right?"

[Copperhead scoops up June, spins and then slams her to the mat in an imitation of the Mamba's signature slam. Mamba shouts in response.]

"Put some more stank on it!"

[Copperhead scoops up June again, spins around and shakes the ring with a second slam.]

GM: My goodness, June's back must be in agony.

BW: And it's going to be even worse.

[The Serpentine drags June off the mat again, dragging her into an abdominal stretch.]

GM: And when the back starts to flare up, this can only serve to do more damage to it.

[The crowd is busy letting Copperhead have it when she sneers in response... and SLAMS her fist into June's exposed ribcage in a hammer blow... throwing them faster and harder as the boos get louder. The referee moves in, admonishing her for the closed fist. She shakes her head, demanding that he check for a submission instead.]

GM: It's been a long time since I've seen anyone submit to an abdominal stretch but June's gotta be in excruciating pain right about now so it's not out of the realm of possibility.

[As the referee checks, Copperhead stretches out her arm in the direction of her partner who grabs her hand, pulling hard. The extra leverage causes June to wail in pain.]

BW: I think she quit, Gordo!

GM: She did not! And even if she did, look at the illegal assist Copperhead is getting!

BW: Hmm? What's that?

[The referee leans back to tell Copperhead that there's no submission. She nods in understanding, her hand safely back on June's sore ribs as Mamba smirks out on the floor. The official looks suspicious at her for a moment before Copperhead demands he check for a submission again...]

GM: Look! Look! They're doing it again!

[...and then reaches back to grab her partner's hand for leverage.]

GM: June's in horrible pain! Come on, referee! Take a closer look!

BW: Hey, he can't call what he can't see and so far, he ain't seen squat.

[The referee straightens up again, this time looking straight at Mamba who innocently looks at her nails, blowing on them as the official eyes her suspiciously.]

GM: This is just wrong. Copperhead's already got a physical size advantage over Victoria June and she needs to cheat on top of that?!

BW: "Needs" is a relative term, Gordo. She just enjoys it.

GM: Nevertheless, Victoria June **MUST** get out of this hold quickly. She's in tremendous jeopardy of losing this match and that'll really put her on a downward spiral.

[Attempting to cheer June on, the crowd begins to (correctly) chant the opening lyrics of June's theme song.]

"HEY... HO... LET'S GO!"

"HEY... HO... LET'S GO!"

GM: The fans in Amsterdam attempting to rally behind Victoria June!

[June struggles against the hold, trying to wriggle free.]

GM: She's fighting it! These fans are driving her forward!

BW: She's too busy trying to power that arm free. That's not going to happen against Copperhead. She needs to break the ankle hook but-

[Wilde trails off because June suddenly shifts her leg, throwing Copperhead off balance. She rotates backwards a little and then throws herself forward, taking Copperhead up and over. with a hiptoss to big cheers!]

GM: And June fights her way free!

BW: I'm not sure it matters, Gordo. Copperhead wrecked her ribs and her back with that stretch and...

[A weary June is still down on the mat as Copperhead pulls her up by the hair, flinging her in the direction of the ropes. As she comes back, Copperhead hoists her up, twists her around, and **DRIVES** her down across a bent knee!]

GM: OHHHH! TILT-A-WHIRL BACKBREAKER!

BW: Copperhead just broke her in half, daddy! Damn near straight in half! And that's gotta be it. She went down against Lauryn Rage and now she's going down to Copperhead! So long and farewell, little punk rocker.

[Copperhead shoves her off the knee, applying a lateral press that earns two and change before June pops a shoulder up.]

GM: No! Victoria June out at two! What guts this young lady is showing!

[A snarling Copperhead comes to her feet, barking at the official who holds up two fingers. The large competitor leans down, hauling June up by two hands of afro...

...where June steps up on the nearby middle rope, springing up to bounce a knee off the side of Copperhead's jaw!]

GM: OH!

[The kneestrike stuns Copperhead long enough for June to hook her hands behind the neck, pulling the head down into a second kneestrike to the skull... then another... then another...]

GM: JUNE BRINGS THE KNEES TO THE FIGHT!

[...and a well-placed knee right up to the middle bounces off the bridge of Copperhead's nose, sending her staggering backwards!]

BW: Oh! She got her good there!

[With some space created, June rushes forward and leaps!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS!

[The crowd cheers as June topples Copperhead, snatching her by the head and repeatedly driving the back of the head into the canvas!]

BW: She's ruining her Mohawk, Gordo!

GM: Yes she is! And listen to these fans as she gets to her feet! She's starting to feel it, Bucky! She's starting to mosh!

BW: She's... what? That might be the worst thing you've ever said since "Jack Lynch is the new World Cham-" I can't even finish that. I'm going to be sick.

[June is up on her feet, willing away the pain by banging her head in the air.]

GM: June's trying to get something going here... waiting for Copperhead to get back up...

[And as she does, June rushes forward, throwing a single-legged dropkick that sends Copperhead back into the corner.]

GM: June back up, dancing around... and here she comes!

[Rushing the corner, June leaps up for a Heatwave-like splash, smashing Copperhead in the buckles...]

GM: Big splash in the corner... grabs the wrist... BOOM! She drops her with a short-arm clothesline!

[June pumps a fist, shouting to the Amsterdam crowd.]

"AMSTERDAM, LET'S GO!"

GM: And she's going for it all now!

[June picks up Copperhead's legs, stepping through for the grapevine.]

BW: If she gets that Scorpion Crosslock on, it might be over for Copperhead.

[June steps through...]

GM: She just needs to get the arms...

[But before she can, Mamba slides into the ring, rushing June from behind to BLAST her with a clothesline to the back of the head!]

GM: OHH! COME ON!

[The bell almost instantly sounds as June collapses to the canvas and Mamba starts kicking and stomping the lower back.]

GM: This is ridiculous! Victoria June was looking for that Scorpion Crosslock and Mamba wasn't about to let that happen! This is going to be a disqualification!

BW: Yeah, it is... but it ain't gonna be a submission so that's that, daddy.

[Copperhead gets to her feet, joining her partner in stomping the back!]

GM: And now BOTH Serpentine are putting the boots to Victoria June! This is out of control! Come on, referee!

[The official slides in, waving his arms, threatening both women with fines if they don't back off. A disgruntled Mamba makes a lunge at the official before laughing loudly at his flinch. She loops an arm around Copperhead's shoulders, helping her partner from the ring as the Amsterdam crowd lets them have it.]

GM: Like I said, a disqualification victory for Victoria June as the Serpentine head out of here thankfully.

BW: Yeah, she'll get her hand raised in this one... even pick up the bigger share of the purse... but there's no doubt in anyone's mind that she TOTALLY looks like a loser here. Well, she always looks like a loser but-

GM: Bucky! AWA officials on their way down here to help Victoria June from the ring but... well, you'd have to imagine this one's not over yet... not by a long shot, fans. That's it for us from Amsterdam so stay tuned to the Power Hour for more action.

[The Serpentine are still gloating about their beatdown of Victoria June as we 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...

We fade into a stylized shot of Olympic Gold Medalist and current professional wrestler Bret Grayson. Grayson is seated in a room, a filter across him that shines golden light on him.]

BG: You want to know who Bret Grayson is? Let me tell you about Bret Grayson.

[Cut to a shot of Grayson as a child, attempting a front facelock on another child roughly his age.]

BG: I grew up in a family obsessed with wrestling. The Graysons have been about wrestling forever. My dad was a wrestling coach. My uncle was a teammate of Dan Gable... you've heard of him, right? I was a natural at it - born to be on the mat. Some of us went one route with it...

[A shot of Bret Grayson competing in high school.]

BG: ...and some went another.

[A matching shot of his older brother, Daniel, competing in a cage fight against an outmatched Japanese foe gauging by the speed and violence that Grayson has overwhelmed him.]

BG: Everything I did was about wrestling. Everything took a back seat from the day I was six years old and went to my first camp. School. Girls. My own family. Nothing meant more to me than becoming the best in the world at what I do and proving it night after night.

[A shot of a younger Grayson holding up an award.]

BG: I was a four time All-American. Beat that.

[A quick cut shows him with his arms raised after another victory.]

BG: Two-time NCAA National Champion. I lost seven matches total in all four years of college.

[We see a dejected Grayson walking away from one of those losses, his victory in the background looking familiar to sharp-eyed viewers.]

BG: Yeah, he beat me once... but who won when it REALLY counted?

[A mirror shot of the previous one, Grayson victorious as the young man in an Indiana University singlet slinks off the mats that read "NCAA Championships" on them.]

BG: I did all I could do in college... but I wasn't done there. I won the World Championship... and I went to the Olympic Games and I won this...

[He holds up the gold medal draped around his thick neck.]

BG: ...with a broken friggin' ankle!

[Snap shot of the medal.]

BG: You know what this means?

[A quick shot of the medal-winning pinfall as Grayson erupts to his feet, the crowd cheering as tears run down his face.]

BG: It means I'm an Olympic...

[A blast of text hits the screen - "OLYMPIC."]

BG: ...Gold...

["GOLD."]

BG: ...Medalist!

["MEDALIST."]

BG: It means that on the mats, I was the best in the world.

[A shot of Grayson atop the medal podium.]

BG: And when I decided that I'd done everything you could do in that world...

[Fade to black. The sound of Grayson breathing is heard.]

BG: ...I came to this one.

[Cut to footage of Grayson's Combat Corner Wrestling debut with the voices of Harvey Sutton and Marcus Broussard over it.]

"Boy, I've been waiting a long time to see this one, Shark."

"The Olympic Gold Medalist himself. Stop right there, Sutton, because no one's beating that resume."

[Back to Grayson in the studio in present day.]

BG: I paid my dues.

[Shots of Grayson setting up chairs before the show.]

BG: I did what was asked of me.

[Down on the ground putting up the ring.]

BG: I didn't ask for any favors.

[A shot of Grayson in a training session, holding a heavy bag as a guy in a gi throws kicks at it.]

BG: No special treatment.

[A shot of Sid Osborne diving off the top rope onto Grayson who crumples against a railing, instantly grabbing his elbow in pain.]

BG: I put in my time... more than my damn time.

[Grayson in a hospital with his elbow in a cast.]

BG: I waited for my moment.

[Fade to black again...

...and then back up on Grayson in the studio.]

BG: You go on the Internet. You read the sheets. Hell, ask Michaelson himself. He'll tell you I've been ready for ages. Those jackasses on Twitter want to talk about Osborne and cry the blues about him not getting his shot. They want to talk about Magnum not needing to learn how to pose to the hard camera.

I am the greatest athlete to ever step a single foot into the Combat Corner.

[A quick montage of shots of Grayson training: taking down people at will with double legs, taped up hands being thrown at a speed bag, even a top rope moonsault onto a crash pad.]

BG: And now I'm finally getting MY shot... MY chance... MY opportunity.

The great American Hero...

[Grayson sneers.]

BG: ...making his big official AWA debut in Europe.

[He snorts.]

BG: Man, how the heck are you people even in business?

[Grayson chuckles.]

BG: And they put me on a team with a guy who is one of my best friends in the world...

[Quick shot of that younger collegiate wrestler again, smiling at Grayson. Quick shots of Brian James and Pure X as well.]

BG: ...the Engine of Destruction... the guy who actually BEAT me at the Battle of Boston...

[Another quick shot of a much-younger Grayson on his knees, his arm being pulled back at an obscene angle by Takeshi Mifune. Cut back to current day Grayson, grinding his teeth together.]

BG: ...and Mifune.

[Cut to a grinning Mifune as he kicks a Japanese young boy in the ribs.]

BG: Oh, I know I'm supposed to bow and curtsy and tell you how Mifune-san is the toughest man to ever lace up boots. The hell with that. You're talking to the toughest man to ever lace up boots. I'm supposed to tell you that Mifune-san being here is an honor... how fighting alongside him will make me better. The hell with that too. If I was Supreme, I might even tell you that he's some kind of a god when it comes to pro wrestling.

[Grayson shakes his head.]

BG: The only God I worship is my Lord and Savior above and I can tell you for damn sure that Takeshi Mifune can't tap him out!

Mifune's nothing but a punk and a bully and if I wasn't motivated enough to win Steal The Spotlight, knowing that if I get all the way to the end... and he's still standing there with me... that I can take this fist...

[He holds up his clenched hand.]

BG: ...and slam it into his yellow frickin' teeth...

[Grayson smashes his fist into his open hand.]

BG: Now that's motivation... and that... just like me... is as real as it gets.

[Grayson suddenly gets up, yanking off his mic and throwing it on the ground as we cut to black on a beep...

...and then back up to Theresa and Gordon standing in the Power Hour star field.]

TL: Bret Grayson certainly seems ready for next weekend's Steal The Spotlight Series matchup, Gordon, but what is up with his feelings towards Takeshi Mifune from Tiger Paw Pro?

[Gordon grimaces.]

GM: Look, Theresa... Mifune's reputation isn't exactly sparkling. A lot of people have crossed his paths over the years - Ryan Martinez and Jordan Ohara to name two - and I think they would both tell that while Mifune is a successful trainer... he's also a sadistic maniac at times. Everyone's seen footage of what he's done to some of the young boys over there before matches... after matches... I've seen him beat up referees...

TL: Just don't go on YouTube and look for his intergender matches in Kingdoms - a smaller promotion in Japan. Absolutely brutal.

[Gordon nods.]

GM: I've had the extreme displeasure. And while I don't believe Bret Grayson has any experience in wrestling Mifune or even training under him in the legendary

Tiger Paw Pro Dojo, I know that Grayson did make a trip to Japan while competing as an amateur and there was... an incident... at a Tiger Paw Pro event when officials there were trying to recruit Grayson to join their ranks.

TL: Care to shed some more light on that, Gordon?

[Myers seems to consider it a moment, chewing his own lip, and then shakes his head.]

GM: That's not... let's get back to AWA talk.

[Theresa looks disappointed but continues on as the professional she is!]

TL: Fair enough. Let's shift gears for a moment to talk about the World Television Title. Kerry Kendrick retained the title last weekend with a win over Caspian Abaran that broke down into another fight with Shadoe Rage and his Misfits who, by the way, we'll see in action later tonight. Obviously, Rage wants another shot at the title he's been obsessed with for years. Supernova is entitled to another shot. Who else do you see in the World Television Title picture, Gordon?

GM: Oh goodness, there's a lot of strong challengers out there. You mentioned a couple of them, of course, but what about some of the young lions here in the AWA... guys like Derrick Williams... Jordan Ohara... oh, what about someone like Canibal?

TL: Or even Kendrick's own SM&K ally, Callum Mahoney perhaps? Back in June, Mahoney had a shot at the TV Title against Supernova but lost out on it when Shadoe Rage got involved. After failing to get past the first round at Battle of Boston and not getting picked for any of the Steal the Spotlight teams, it seemed like things weren't going the way the Fighting Irishman would have wanted on the eve of the European tour.

GM: Of course, knowing how proud Mahoney is of his Irish heritage, you knew that wouldn't sit right with him heading onto this tour. He's no stranger to action over here in Europe... a former Irish National Champion... two-time winner of the All-Europe Catch Wrestling tournament.

TL: Two weeks ago on this show, we talked about a local promotion - the Catch Wrestling Club - which would have some AWA stars competing on their shows while we're here and Mahoney is no stranger to that group having competed for CWC before heading to the States. With that background in mind, it was no surprise last Friday night - on Saturday Night Wrestling Eve - when he was put in the Main Event of the CWC's show... and not just any old Main Event, Gordon.

GM: Not at all. He squared off with CWC's All-Europe Heavyweight champion and an old rival in Klaus Stahl with Stahl's title on the line!

TL: That's right... and our cameras were there to capture highlights of the action with our broadcast colleague Mark Stegglet and CWC's Franz Thomas Wehrmann on commentary.

[We cut to some pre-recorded footage from the aforementioned show that is taking place in a unique looking venue with high arching ceilings, stained glass windows, and a balcony that hangs pretty close to the ring. The voice of Mark Stegglet is heard right away.]

MS: From the starry sky of the Power Hour to the illustrious squared circle of the Catch Wrestling Club! It's been one heck of a warm welcome to Europe... quite a night... no, make that two nights here with CWC and we are moments away from the start of tonight's Main Event as the AWA's Callum Mahoney is set to face off

against the CWC's Klaus Stahl, with the CWC's All-Europe Heavyweight championship on the line, Franz.

[We see Mahoney pacing in his corner, dressed as usual in a black singlet, with bright green bands down the side and the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front, black knee pads and a pair of black laceless boots.]

FW: Indeed, Mark, and Klaus Stahl and Callum Mahoney are of course no strangers to each other. They rose up through the ranks in Europe at about the same time. They've crossed paths many times, having both participated several times in the All-Europe Catch Wrestling tournament. In fact, Stahl won last year's tournament by beating the Armbar Assassin in the finals.

[In his corner, Stahl pulls on the top rope, trying to get a stretch. He is clean-shaven, with black, wavy, shoulder-length hair, and he has on a pair of gunmetal gray tights, black knee pads and a pair of black boots.]

MS: Both men have about the same physique, with Mahoney having maybe a few inches over Stahl. But there is a reason why they call Stahl a Man of Steel around here, as befits his name.

FW: As they say in America, Mark, both these guys are double tough!

[In the center of the ring, senior CWC official Otto Schroeder, dressed in a black shirt, black slacks, with a pale yellow bowtie, holds up the CWC's All-Europe Heavyweight title: silver plates on a blue leather strap; the main faceplate blazoned with a simplified map of continental Europe, the United Kingdom and Ireland, all in blue.]

FW: And that is the prize they are fighting for.. The All-Europe Heavyweight Championship...

MS: What happens if Mahoney wins this one, Franz? Does the All-Europe Heavyweight Championship follow Mahoney to the States?

FW: [Chuckles.] We'll have to cross that bridge when we come to it, Mark. If we come to it.

"DING! DING!"

[As the bell is rung, both men come charging out of their respective corners. Mahoney is a step quicker as he meets Stahl in the center of the ring with a clothesline, sending the Austrian flipping in the air.]

MS: Mahoney stays on Stahl with those stomps and a kick to the side. A physical, hard-hitting start to this match, but were we expecting anything different, Franz?

FW: A lot of people associate catch with a lot of grappling and what they call hooking, but these two have been just as happy trading blows and beating the crap out of each other.

[Pulling Stahl to his feet, Mahoney uses a quick armtwist, placing his hand behind Stahl's neck and flipping him over to the mat. He quickly shoves the twisted arm down to the mat...

...and STOMPS on the hand with a grin towards the crowd!]

MS: Mahoney with some questionable tactics early on here as Stahl checks his hand, making sure nothing's broken.

FW: I think, Mark, Herr Stahl was really taken by surprise with that clothesline. I've never seen him on the defensive so early in a match before.

[Stahl rolls to his feet, trying to move away from Mahoney but the Fighting Irishman stays on him, grabbing him by the back of the head and ramming it into the corner. He turns Stahl around and hits him with a European uppercut, sending Stahl backwards into the corner.]

MS: Wheeeeew! That'll shake your dental work as Mahoney goes to work with the signature blow of... well, this whole continent, I suppose.

[Franz chuckles at his American counterpart as Mahoney turns to play to the crowd but when he turns back to attack, Stahl grabs him and swings him back into the corner, throwing big hooking forearms aimed at the ears of Mahoney who tries to cover up.]

MS: Stahl going to town on Mahoney, returning the favor for the aggressive start earlier!

[Grabbing the back of the neck, Stahl throws a European uppercut of his own that stuns Mahoney, allowing the Austrian to switch his attack to throw knees up into the body.]

MS: Upstairs then downstairs as Klaus Stahl works over his old rival...

[Ducking down and absorbing a couple more knees, Mahoney bullies himself into lifting Stahl up over his shoulder, dropping him with an inverted atomic drop in the center of the ring, quickly shifting in next to him, lifting him up into the air...]

MS: Right into the back suple- no, Stahl goes up and over!

FW: Stahl looking for a suplex of his own-

[Mahoney senses the same, lunging forward towards the ropes but Stahl lets go, allowing Mahoney to throw himself into the ropes before Stahl lands a dropkick to the small of the back, sending Mahoney tumbling through the ropes to the outside of the ring to cheers from the German crowd.]

MS: And you begin to sense that perhaps this crowd in Berlin is solidly behind Klaus Stahl despite Mahoney's history here.

[An embarrassed Mahoney regains his feet, stalking around the ring in a huff as our shot spins out...

...and spins back in later in the match where Mahoney is back in the ring, raising his hand for a test of strength. Stahl takes hold of the hand, locking fingers as they both raise the other hand as well...

...but Mahoney quickly acts, spinning Stahl around so that his arms are now crossed in front of him. He steps on the back of Stahl's knee, forcing him down to his knees with a grin.]

MS: Crossed-arm chinlock down on the canvas, pulling back on Stahl's own arms...

[He slips his knee up between the shoulderblades, pulling back on the hold as Stahl expresses his refusal to quit...

...which Mahoney responds to by letting go of one hand, pulling Stahl's head back and SMASHING the point of his elbow down across the forehead!]

MS: Oh!

[Using the grip on the other arm, Mahoney slips Stahl back to his feet, meeting him with a brutal forearm to the jaw!]

MS: Mahoney showing why he's considered one of the hardest hitters in the AWA locker room, Franz.

FW: One of the hardest hitters in ANY locker room, I'd imagine, Mark.

[Using the remaining knucklelock, Mahoney flings Stahl into the corner, looking to follow him in but getting a raised knee into the sternum! Stepping from the corner, Stahl snatches a rear hammerlock that Mahoney quickly ducks under, twisting out to apply his own...

...which seems to be exactly what Stahl had in mind as he deftly takes Mahoney over with a snap mare, grabbing a chinlock with one hand as he tries to secure the arm with the other.]

FW: Oho! Stahl looking to secure the arm... to bar the arm of the Armbar Assassin himself!

[Mahoney struggles with the grasping hand, trying to prevent it from getting a hold of him. He wriggles free of the chinlock grip, pushing up to his feet where Stahl - still holding the arm - twists it around into an armwringer. Mahoney returns fire with a forearm to the jaw but Stahl defiantly hangs on, lunging forward to toss Mahoney up and over in a quick Northern Lights style throw, still holding the arm as he transitions out to a knee, pushing the wrist backwards as Mahoney grimaces...

...and reaches up, digging his fingers into the eyes of Stahl to the jeers of the crowd!]

MS: Mahoney with a good ol' American eyerake there and... well, that's not very catch wrestling, is it?

FW: It is not very catch, but it is very Mahoney, as he is known for doing whatever it takes to gain the advantage.

[Back on his feet, Mahoney snatches Stahl from behind by the trunks, yanking him into a forearm shot to the lower back. With Stahl reeling, Mahoney finishes what he started earlier, muscling Stahl up and dropping him down in a back suplex. The Fighting Irishman climbs to his feet, posing for the jeering German crowd...

...and again, the shot spins away, replaced with one later in the match where the two men are out on the floor. Stahl is down on a knee as Mahoney stands over him, jabbing at the Austrian's forehead with his fist.]

MS: Callum Mahoney has developed quite the reputation for liking his fights to get a little dirty outside the ring and that's what we're seeing right here as they tangle out on the floor.

FW: The referee is trying to get them back in the ring but the... you say bad blood, right? Bad blood like Taylor Swift? Haha! The bad blood between these two may be too much for the ring.

MS: Well, if Klaus Stahl wants to get back into this, he might need to - much like Taylor Swift ironically - shake it off in a hurry.

[Mahoney hauls Stahl up to his feet, pointing towards the ringpost as the crowd buzzes with concern.]

MS: Mahoney says he's going to put him into the post!

[The Fighting Irishman's approach towards the steel ringpost ends with Stahl extending his arms, grasping the pole and blocking the slam into it before reversing and sending Mahoney's head into it. A staggered Mahoney wobbles away as Stahl rolls under the ropes, breaking the count. He pops up to his feet, pointing to Mahoney on the outside.]

MS: Uh oh... and I don't know a lot about Klaus Stahl, fans, but I have a feeling that gesture is universal!

[Stahl dashes towards the ropes, leaping through them in a tope dive...

...but Mahoney lunges out of the way, causing the Austrian to SLAM into the steel barricade at ringside!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

MS: STAHL WITH A SUICIDE DIVE AND THE POOL IS EMPTY!

[Mahoney snatches the now-dazed Stahl off the floor, rolling him under the ropes into the ring...

...and we spin out to later in the match again where Mahoney is down on the mat as Stahl leans down, dragging the Fighting Irishman up to one knee.]

MS: What a battle this has been, fans! Back and forth here in the city of Berlin under the hot lights in a venue whose air conditioning has seen better days to be certain.

FW: Welcome to wrestling the German way, Herr Stegglet!

[The fans are cheering for Stahl as he signals to them.]

MS: Again, I don't know enough about Stahl to know what he's calling for here but from the crowd's reaction, I think they want to see it.

[The Austrian leans down, lifting Mahoney up over his shoulders...]

MS: Stahl walking around the ring, Mahoney up on his back... and Stahl SLAMS him down to the canvas!

[The fireman's carry slam shakes Mahoney to the boots as Stahl points to the corner.]

MS: That slam took him down but I get the feeling Stahl's not finished yet.

FW: It is a big move, Mark, but Stahl usually uses it to set things up for something else. As you can see, he is climbing to the top.

[Standing with one foot on the middle rope and one on the top turnbuckle, Stahl motions for Mahoney to get up. Mahoney rolls over and slowly gets to his feet.]

MS: Mahoney's in a daze! He may not even know he's in Berlin right now!

[As Mahoney wobbles in a circle, Stahl launches himself into the air off the top rope, blasting him across the collarbone with a flying clothesline!]

MS: CLOTHESLINE OFF THE TOP! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[Stahl crawls across Mahoney's prone form, reaching back for both legs.]

MS: ONE!! TWO!! THR- NOOOOOOOO!

[Mahoney's shoulder flying off the canvas causes a huge reaction from the jam-packed crowd - some cheers, some boos, all noise. Stahl grabs his own head in disbelief as Mahoney slumps back down on the mat.]

MS: Klaus Stahl comes up just short... and what do you say about that, Franz?

FW: You may not like the company he keeps, you may not like some of his tactics, but you cannot deny just how tough Mahoney can be.

MS: You're absolut-

"LET'S FINISH THIS!"

MS: Klaus Stahl saying he wants to finish this, though he looks a little unsure how. He is climbing to the top once more.

[Again, with one foot on the middle rope and one on the top turnbuckle, Stahl motions for Mahoney to get to his feet.]

MS: Mahoney's in a daze - again, I'm not sure he knows where he is!

[Mahoney rolls to a knee, grabbing the top rope with both hands to help pull himself up... or not as he desperately starts yanking, pulling, and shaking the top rope! Stahl's footing slips, nearly falling astride the top turnbuckle before he leans over, catching his balance...

...which allows Mahoney to rush the corner, leaping to the second rope, snatching a front facelock on the still-doubled up Stahl...]

MS: Mahoney hooks him!

[...and with lightning quick precision, he entangles Stahl, taking him up and over with a superplex, floating over to cradle both of a shocked Stahl's legs tightly.]

MS: Superplex! And a cradle! ONE!! TWO!!

[The German crowd counts along with the pin.]

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

[Stahl kicks hard just before the bell but doesn't get free until the three count lands.]

FW: HE DID IT! Callum Mahoney is the NEW ALL-EUROPE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!

[Mahoney kneels on the mat, locking eyes with a surprised Stahl with a sadistic smile on his face.]

MS: Wow! A shocking win here in Berlin for Mahoney and... well, I guess it's time to cross that bridge, Franz.

FW: Yes, Mark, this raises questions about what happens to the title when Mahoney has to go back to America, but, for now, the Armbar Assassin has the belt that eluded him for so long during the early years of his career!

[We hold on Mahoney, standing in the center of the CWC ring, having his arm raised by the official, before being handed the All-Europe Heavyweight Championship belt and then fade to black...]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then come back on the Power Hour star field to Theresa and Gordon.]

TL: Welcome back to the Power Hour, and Gordon, something I think we need to talk about is just how absolutely jammed this upcoming Saturday Night Wrestling is for top notch action. Of course, we're talking about the next match in the Steal The Spotlight Series. We're talking about the National Title being on the line when my brother takes on Travis Lynch. We're talking about-

GM: Martinez versus Zharkov!

TL: Absolutely. Plus a whole lot more including my big brother, Jack's, first televised appearance as the new AWA World Champion!

GM: Congratulations to your whole family on that one. It's gotta be a great honor for your brothers to having such success - the World AND National Champions.

TL: It truly is great... and it's great to watch Bucky squirm about it too.

[Gordon chuckles.]

TL: It's going to be a big night in Milan - one that no AWA fan should miss. But before we get to Milan, let's talk about this incident that went down earlier this week in Amsterdam. AWA newcomer Lee "Cannonball" Connors, found himself the victim of a most surprising incident involving someone not even currently employed by the American Wrestling Alliance, Derek Rage. Mr. Rage has proven to be as volatile as the rest of his family. It's like my daddy's always said, "The only thing meaner than a rabid dog is a Rage... but at least the dog was good once." We take you now to this special footage, captured by a fan at this autograph signing in Amsterdam.

[We cut to obvious handheld footage shot from a cellphone. There is some chatter in another language before a young blonde speaks into the camera, ready to take a selfie video with her friend.]

"Closer... closer... now smile big, this is going out all over the world!"

[The two young ladies are smiling and posing, duckfacing in a true Kardashian fashion when suddenly squeals break out in front of them. The camera goes down and when it comes back up, it is aimed at a table about fifteen feet away where new AWA competitor, Lee "Cannonball" Connors is standing. He smiles, waving at the camera with his boyish good looks intact despite being eliminated from Steal The Spotlight.]

"Oyyy... he is soooo cute!"

[The footage is jumpy for a bit as the girl stretches to get a better shot. Connors takes a seat behind the table, gesturing for the first fan to step forward.]

"Do you know if he's wrestling tonight? I hope so."

[The line inches closer as Connors smiles for a photo with a fan, fist raised in a fighting stance. He thanks them for coming, turning to the next fan when a gruff voice rings out.]

"You done hidin' from me?!"

[Connors' smile fades as he turns slightly, locking eyes with the lurching and intimidating Derek Rage who is in street clothes and approaching... quickly.]

"I was looking for you in Germany. Funny thing though, Connors. Security had my picture up at the door... said they were told not to let me in. Now, who the hell do you think would tell them to do such a thing?"

[He's getting closer... and closer.]

"I bet it's Gellar, trying to protect his newest boy!"

[Connors has heard enough, shouting back.]

"I'm nobody's boy, Rage!"

[Rage chuckles in response, pulling up about six feet short as a few security guards make their way over to block his path.]

"No? Well, you tell Gellar to sign that contract... to put me in that locker room with you ... put me back in that ring with you. The whole world wants to see it! They want to see if a scrawny little punk like you has what it takes to topple a giant like me!"

[Connors fires back with a grin.]

"You mean they want to see it again?"

[An "ohhhhhh" rings out from the assembled crowd.]

"But don't you worry about it, Rage. I'll talk to Mr. Gellar. I'll make the request. Because I would LOVE to treat every single one of these fans to a replay of what went down in Canada! I'd love to take you down again and show everyone what happens to big bullies when they meet their match!"

[Rage snorts with derision.]

"Meet my match? Kid, there's not a scale in the world where you measure up to me."

[The big man looks around at the security guards, nodding his head.]

"And I see you're well-protected... again. But that's okay, kid. I can wait. I'll see you around... for sure."

[Rage backs off from the scene, leaving a seething Connors behind, seemingly ready for a fight as our footage abruptly cuts out...

...and we come up on footage marked clearly with "Courtesy 'Chinook Wrestling: The Greatest Show on Canvas', available now at AWAshop.com." That graphic fades to reveal "Fall 2000 - Calgary, Alberta, Canada"]

AP: Well, hi-dee-ho and fiddle-dee-dee wrestling fans from the Kootenays to the Lake of the Woods.

[A side-on view of the announce position. Al Pickard is there with his coke-bottle glasses and bright red blazer, and beside him is a dumpy-looking indigenous Canadian with a ruddy-complexion and greasy black hair and a green football jersey.]

AP: And joining me at this time is the Human Landfill himself, Mehmood Sandor—

SANDOR: Why you gotta keep callin' me that, Pickard?

AP: If the shoe fits. You wanted to show us your latest find.

SANDOR: That's right, Pickard. You people at home, set your VCRs and turn the volume up, cuz you're gonna see the tag team of the 21st Century right here right now.

[Cut to the ring. In addition to two mustached schlubbs in ill-fitting black singlets, the aforementioned Tag Team of the 21st Century are posing in the middle of the ring. They both wear silver tights and look to be junior heavyweights.]

SANDOR: Take a good look, Pickard. These are the Predators. Velociraptor and the Bird of Prey!

[Despite the spiked blue-dyed hair, one of them looks rather familiar, standing upright with his arms extended in a Nixon-ian two-finger salute.]

AP: I know that's Jackson Hunter there—we've seen him in the territory before and I know he's a protege of yours. Who is that he's teamed with?

[The other Predator poses on one knee in front of Hunter, arms spread to either side like wings. He is stone-faced and stern like Henry Rollins. The only thing that betrays his "square" appearance overall is a rather dopey-looking rat-tail haircut.]

SANDOR: That's the Bird of Prey, Pickard. That's Curtis Kestrel. A couple good Saskatchewan boys like me.

AP: Good like you? Tell me another one.

DING

AP: There's the bell and—

[Kestrel and Hunter both suddenly dash to one of the schlubbs and deliver a double big boot to his face.]

AP: ...Oh they put the whammy on their opponent! Down he goes to the floor of the great Pumphouse Theatre!

SANDOR: Look at 'em go, Al Pickard! Watch this!

[Just as rapidly, Kestrel leaps through the air with a spinning heel kick to the other schlubb, as Hunter almost simultaneously sweeps his leg with a sliding low kick.]

AP: Wow-ee!

[Kestrel and Hunter celebrate with a quick "high ten," then Hunter vacates the ring.]

SANDOR: What did I tell you, Al Pickard. I put these two boys together and they're going to be dominating the tag team scene here for years to come.

AP: And now we've settled down and it's going to be Kestrel starting us off here. Lock up...

[Kestrel's doughy opponent overpowers him into an Irish whip into a neutral corner.]

AP: Wow!

[Rather than collide with the buckles, Kestrel leaps with cat-like agility directly onto the top turnbuckle, then springs back, extending his arm behind him.]

AP: Bashes him with the butt of the elbow—I have never in my life seen someone head to the top rope without using his hands!

SANDOR: That's the Bird of Prey, Pickard. That's him jumpin' from his perch.

AP: And now Kestrel cutting off the ring, maybe looking for a tag here...

[Kestrel backs his opponent into his corner, where Hunter traps an arm over the rope (out of sight of the referee.)]

CRACK

AP: What a karate chop!

CRACK

AP: And another! Tag out to Hunter.

[Kestrel and Hunter switch positions almost instantly, with Kestrel holding the poor schlubb's arm behind him.]

CRACK

AP: And now he goes to work with those karate chops!

CRACK

SANDOR: Watch these chops! That's why he's the Velociraptor.

[Hunter goes into a headlock takedown. The referee drops and counts two before the mustached schlubb gets a shoulder up.]

AP: Hunter's back from another tour of the Far East.

SANDOR: He's got this new move he picked up over there—you watch for the Broken Arrow, Pickard.

[The hundred-odd fans in the Pumphouse begin booing and jeering.]

AP: And Jackson Hunter is in the ropes for leverage!

SANDOR: He is not! It's an optical illusion... it just looks like he's in the ropes.

[And of course when the referee checks, Hunter is just applying a headlock. What cheating? Something someone says in the crowd seems to catch his attention.]

JH: "SHUT UP, YOU FAT—"

[The audio goes blank for an awkwardly long time.]

AP: Now that is uncalled for!

SANDOR: The Velociraptor doesn't got time to be politically correct.

AP: There are families in attendance here and that sort of filth has no place in Chinook! Right in front of Wayne Colton, too!

[Cut to a spot in the front row. The septugenarian Colton patriarch sits, arms folded, almost impassively. Surrounding him are two small girls and one little blond boy.]

AP: There you see him with his grandchildren Kenzie, Kelsey and little 4-year-old Blake...

[Blake grabs on to the guard rail and bounces up and down excitedly when he sees the camera on him.]

AP: Hunter ought to have more respect for that space between the ropes and more respect for the people who are paying to watch what goes on in there... Hunter locking both arms...

[Hunter takes his opponent down with a Tiger Suplex.]

AP: A chickenwing whammy!

[Hunter picks his opponent up and shoves him into his partner's corner, almost daring him to tag in. The schlubb on the outside takes the bait, tags in, and eats a boot to the gut and a knife-edge chop for his trouble.]

CRACK

SANDOR: He's picked up all sorts of new tricks from the Orient!

AP: Hunter with another chickenwing, bending him over...

SANDOR: Watch this... this is the Broken Arrow, Al Pickard!

[From a double underhook, Hunter turns to one side, draping his leg over the head of the schlubb, hopping on one leg for a second, then drops down.]

AP: Wow! And this could be over...

[The schlubb on the outside tries to interrupt the count, but Kestrel is already coming off the top rope with a spinning heel kick to cut him off.]

SANDOR: See that, Pickard? Look at the hang time from the Bird of Prey! Flying like Vince Carter!

AP: One, two, and three, and it's over. A victory for the Predators! Mehmood Sandor calls them the Tag Team of the 21st Century, but tonight you can call them winners.

[Cut back to footage from present day.]

TL: Well, I could certainly recognize Jackson Hunter in the footage, and it's somehow reassuring that he's as... charming... as a wrestler as he is advocating for the Axis of Evil. And little Blake Colton has always been... kind of cute. But I hope you paid attention to the man called the "Bird of Prey" Curtis Kestrel. We've received word back stateside that he has signed a contract with the AWA, and one wonders what his agenda is. Is he aligning with his former partner? We've heard later in his career he had a change of heart and became an ally of the Colton family.

GM: I know that Curtis has been working smaller companies throughout Canada for... going on close to a decade now since Chinook went under... so it is indeed an interesting signing. Perhaps Jeff Matthews has got everyone thinking they've got one more run left in them, Theresa.

TL: Maybe so, Gordon... maybe so. Fans, we're going to take you right back to the action now... six man tag team action from Hamburg with Shadoe Rage and the Misfits!

[We fade away from the star field...

And we arrive on footage marked "Barclaycard Arena - Hamburg, Germany." Inside the ring, we can see Shadoe Rage and the Misfits jawing with the Mechanics and Beef Bonham.]

MS: Six man tag team action about to get started here in Hamburg. Joining me on the call for this one is Colt Patterson. Colt, give us some thoughts on this six man tag.

CP: Well, look, Stegglet... this match is a tuneup plain and simple. These three are gonna take on SM&K - a tall order if you ask me - next week in Milan and they need to get ready.

MS: You call it a tall order?

CP: Hey, the Misfits are an up and coming team and they're led by one of the most experienced and successful tag team wrestlers ever in the man I call "Sensational" Shadoo Rage. So, you can't count 'em out... but they're going to be taking on the World Television Champion, the Red Hot One, and the brand new All-Europe Catch Wrestling Champ! That's a tough hill to climb for anyone - especially a team still coming together like the Misfits, Stegglet.

MS: Nice analysis there, Colt... and we're kicking this one off with Amos Carter starting things off against Beef Bonham who - minus the run-ins with Varag - has been doing quite well for himself as of late.

[The two men are circling one another when Carter suddenly breaks into an Ali Shuffle, shadowboxing in front of Beef Bonham.]

CP: Look at the moves in there. A great body, strength and athleticism... this kid might have something, Stegglet.

MS: That remains to be seen.

[Carter suddenly decides to deliver a two-handed shove to Bonham who doesn't move. The crowd laughs at Carter who backs off, looking surprised.]

MS: Might need to hit the weight room though.

[Rage barks at Carter from outside the ring, sending him rushing forward at Bonham who delivers a two-handed shove in response, sending him down on his rear end to a big cheer!]

MS: Uh huh. He might have something alright.

CP: It's still early, Stegglet. Besides, the Coach hasn't got to implement his gameplan yet.

MS: The Coach, huh? If I were the Misfits, I'd be terrified to make a mistake in front of their so-called Coach.

CP: And that's why you're not the competitor that the Misfits will be, Stegglet. Scared money don't make money, you know.

MS: We'll pretend that I do as Carter huddles up in his corner... and here we go again...

[Pumped up and full of embarrassment, Carter stomps across the ring, jabbing his finger in Bonham's face...]

"SLAAAAAAAAP!"

MS: OH!

[...and Bonham responds by grabbing Carter under the arms, hoisting him into the air and flinging him back into the buckles!]

MS: Bonham showing off some strength of his own...

[Rushing the corner, Bonham ducks down to ram his own head into the chest of Carter. Carter stumbles out, clutching his sternum as he wobbles into a back elbow up under the chin that deposits him down on the canvas.]

CP: Right about now, the Coach might want to come up with a new strategy. I don't think going head-to-head with Beef Bonham is a good call.

MS: Am I mistaken or isn't Amos Carter always telling us how smart he is? Speaking of not smart...

[Getting back up off the mat and rubbing his jaw, Carter insistently sticks up his hand, demanding a test of strength. Bonham grins, nodding his head.]

MS: Bonham's not going to show you a lot of muscle but he's got that deep down rawbone strength.

[Bonham accepts the test of strength offer, immediately turning the wrists and forcing Carter backwards as he struggles and strains against the strength.]

MS: Carter being forced back across the ring... what the-?

[As he neared the corner, Carter lifted his leg, looping it up towards the ropes where Rashan Hill slaps the boot.]

CP: He tagged his boot! That's brilliance!

[After the tag that Bonham missed, Carter goes slack, allowing Bonham to spin him and muscle him back towards the waiting Mechanics...

...which allows Rashan Hill to slip through the ropes, race across the ring, and throw a dropkick to the back of the knee, cutting off Bonham before he reaches the corner.]

MS: Well, I suppose that was pretty smart actually. I stand corrected and-

[Carter breaks the knucklelock, dropping back to the ropes and throwing himself into a sliding clothesline on the kneeling Bonham, wiping him out and putting him down on the canvas.]

MS: Quick teamwork - there's a legdrop by Hill and a cover gets one... gets two!

[But the crowd roars as Bonham presses Hill off, tossing him through the air and down to the mat.]

MS: Oh my! Bonham showing he's got a lot left in the tank for sure.

[Hill's eyes bug out as he scampers back to his feet, looking to get an edge before Bonham gets off a knee.]

MS: Big right hand... forearms now across the back and shoulders...

[But Bonham absorbs them all, shoving Hill back into the corner before rising and slapping the hand of Alex Worthey.]

MS: Tag on the other side, bringing in one-half of this duo that calls themselves the Mechanics, Alex Worthey.

[Worthey quickly snares a side headlock, using it to take Hill down to the mat. He quickly transitions to a grounded hammerlock, cranking on the arm. Hill quickly gets up, ducking under into a hammerlock of his own but Worthey turns it right back around, ducking into a fireman's carry to flip Hill over to the mat.]

MS: Nice exchange there by both competitors.

[Down on the mat, Worthey hooks the headlock again, cranking on it.]

MS: Back to the headlock.

[A kneeling Worthey hangs on, nodding his head towards his partners as he controls both the pace and the location of the matchup. Hill works his way to his knees, throwing a few forearm shots that weakly find their mark, forcing Worthey to get to his feet.]

MS: Both men back up now, Hill still looking for an exit... but it's Worthey who takes the exit, making the exchange.

[JP Driver slides into the ring, burying a kick into the midsection of Hill before Worthey makes his exit. Snatching a waistlock, Driver hoists Hill up, dropping him facefirst down on the mat, sliding effortlessly into a front facelock.]

MS: Hill and Carter seem to be having trouble matching the mat skills of the Mechanics so far and- look at this!

[The crowd roars as Driver rolls to the side, taking Hill round and round over and over with a gator roll.]

CP: Shadoe Rage is losing it! How embarrassing for him!

[Rage does seem to be in a... well, rage... as Driver pulls to a stop after a few Gator Rolls. He gets back to his feet, watching as Hill climbs off the mat, dizzily staggering across the ring...

...and faceplants down on the canvas to big cheers as a grinning Driver reaches over to tag his partner back in.]

MS: Heh heh... and there's Alex Worthey on the way back in...

[Worthey pulls the already-dazed Hill off the mat, muscling him up on the shoulders for a fireman's carry...]

MS: Oh no.

CP: He's already dizzy!

[...and then breaks out an airplane spin, the cheers getting louder the more and the quicker he rotates. Rage is screaming uncontrollably from the apron.]

MS: Around and around they go, where they stop nobody knows...

[Worthey comes to a stop after about a dozen rotations, dumping Hill off his shoulders...

...but he's also a little dizzy, making him easy prey for the former World Television Champion to storm the ring, blindsiding Worthey with an elbowsmash to the back of

the head, knocking him down to the jeers of the crowd and the protests of the referee.]

MS: Shadoe Rage unable to keep his cool... to the shock of no one, I'm sure.

[Grabbing Hill by the arm, Rage physically drags him across the ring to the corner, forcing the tag to Carter.]

CP: Brilliant play from the Coach, Mark. He saw that Hill wasn't performing right and he called the substitution!

MS: I... don't even know how to respond to that.

[With Carter back in, he pulls the dazed Worthey up, whipping him into a neutral corner. He charges in after him, leaping up to plant his feet on Worthey's upper thighs...]

MS: Monkey flip on the way... and there he goes!

CP: You know, Mark, you've never been in the ring, but let me tell you those monkey flips may be old school but they work. One minute you're right side up and then the next minute you're flipping through the air without the time to brace for landing. It will disorient you, I'll tell you that.

[With Worthey reeling, trying to push up off the mat, Carter drills him with a baseball slide dropkick to the ribs.]

MS: And with that so-called substitution, Shadoe Rage has managed to get his Misfits in control of this one.

CP: Hey, Sensational is like me. He only plays to win! That's why he's been nearly as great a champion throughout his career as me, Stegglet.

MS: Nearly as great?

CP: Well, how many times did he win the EMWC World Title? I'll save you the Google. None. So, he's great... but he's no Colt Patterson.

MS: Now I see why they called you Narcissus.

[Carter stays on top of Worthey, kicking and stomping him into the mat. He breaks away to shout at the jeering German fans.]

MS: Amos Carter can't help himself but to run his mouth a little bit here... until a shout from Shadoe Rage puts him back in the match.

CP: Good coaching. See a player make a mistake, tell him to shove it!

MS: Ahh, spoken like a true nurturing coach.

[Carter turns back to Worthey, pulling the rising Mechanic off the mat. He squares up, pointing to his Coach...

...and snaps a jab into the jaw... and another... and another... and another...]

MS: Looks like Shadoe Rage in there with the jabs... whoa! That wasn't like Shadoe Rage!

[Stegglet reacts to Carter very swiftly dropping down into a legsweep before snapping off a standing moonsault, shouting "THAT'S IT!" as the referee drops down to count.]

MS: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Worthey lifts the shoulder off the mat, earning some cheers as Carter looks agitated.]

MS: Not enough to get the three count.

[Carter hops back to his feet, jawjacking in the direction of the referee as he pulls Worthey up again, whipping him across to the neutral corner. He points to the corner again with a "This one's for you, Coach!" and then tears across the ring, looking to strike with a single-legged dropkick...

...but Worthey pulls himself clear, causing Carter to slam hard into the buckles before falling backwards on the back of his head in a nasty-looking fall!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MS: Crazy hard fall by Amos Carter... and Worthey's looking for the tag here!

[Staggering alongside the ropes, using them to stay up, Worthey wobbles across the ring, making a lunge...]

MS: And there's the tag!

[JP Driver comes swiftly through the ropes, rushing across the ring...]

MS: OHH!

[A running back elbowstrike catches Shadoe Rage off-guard, sending him sailing off the apron to the floor. Driver pivots to catch Rashan Hill with a right hand knocking him down too.]

MS: Driver clears out the corner! He's got Amos Carter all to himself!

[Driver turns his focus back to the rising Carter, bouncing his head off the top turnbuckle before using a back suplex to bounce him off the canvas, rolling into a lateral press and getting a two count for it.]

MS: Only a two count there... but JP Driver's in control!

[Driver pops up, throwing a glance around to make sure Rage and Hill aren't coming for him. Seeing he's safe, he pulls Carter up again, firing him off into the turnbuckles!]

MS: Carter into the corner - Driver follows him in!

[JP Driver steps up to the second rope, twisting around to take a seat on the shoulders of Carter. Carter staggers out as Driver gives a shout...

...and then ducks forward, rolling into a Victory Roll!]

MS: VICTORY ROLL!

[The referee dives down to the canvas to count.]

MS: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But a frantic Rashan Hill slides into the ring, leaping into the air, twisting around, and DRIVING his foot into the back of Driver's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MS: Hill breaks it up!

[The referee jumps up in Hill's face, backing him up towards the ropes.]

MS: The referee's trying to get Hill out of the ring... Rage is up on the apron!

[Shadoe Rage jumps through the ropes, dragging JP Driver off the canvas. He reads him the riot act, sticking a finger in his face before winding up with his right hand...

...and getting his arm hooked from behind by Beef Bonham to a big reaction!]

MS: BEEF HOOKS HIM! BEEF HOOKS HIM!

[Bonham spins Rage around to face him, throwing a big left jab to the jaw as the German crowd does their duty.]

"BEEF!"

[Bonham grins as he throws another.]

"BEEF!"

[And another.]

"BEEF!"

[You get the idea.]

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

[And with that, Bonham starts a big windup of his own, ready to clock Rage, the crowd "WHOOOOAAAAA"ing to build up for the big moment...

...which is when Rage rakes the eyes of Bonham with both hands and then shoves him off the apron to big jeers!]

MS: Bonham gets knocked to the floor and... look at Rage!

[The former Television Champion rushes the corner, scaling the ropes with ease. He stands up top, arms raised over his head as he looks down at the blinded Bonham...

...and leaps off his perch, plummeting down to smash a double axehandle across the skull!]

MS: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[With Bonham laid out on the floor, Rage twists around and makes a lunge back towards the ring...

...where the referee steps in, blocking him from getting to JP Driver as a dazed Driver ends up being pulled to his feet by Amos Carter who is quickly joined by Rashan Hill.]

MS: Both Misfits are in the ring!

[Hill grabs Driver around the torso, muscling him up into a bearhug as Carter dashes to the corner, quickly scaling the ropes. The referee wheels around, rushing across, shouting at Rashan Hill as he leans over, holding JP Driver in position...

...but the referee steps in front of Carter, waving his arms, refusing to allow the illegal (and potentially match-ending) double team!]

MS: Wow! Bold move by the official!

CP: Bold move?! This is completely outside his authority!

MS: According to who? He's stopping the Misfits from illegally winning this match!

[And with Carter arguing with the referee, Alex Worthey comes rushing back inside the ring, running from corner to corner...

...and hops up to the middle rope where he PASTES a surprised Amos Carter with a European Uppercut!]

MS: OH! Uppercut on the ropes!

[Worthey seamlessly hooks the dazed Carter around the torso...

...and FLINGS him off the top rope with a Northern Lights released superplex, tossing him three-quarters of the way across the ring!]

MS: WOW! WHAT A SUPLEX BY ALEX WORTHEY!

[Worthey climbs off the mat, pumping his fists in celebration as the referee turns his focus on him, forcing him to back across the ring...

...which allows Shadoe Rage back in, ordering Hill to hold Driver up.]

MS: Look at this, Colt! Rashan Hill holding Driver's arms behind him... Rage is measuring him...

[And a running elbowsmash catches Hill as Driver does a standing switch, sending Hill flying through the ropes and out to the floor!]

MS: MISCUE BY THE MISFITS!

[Alex Worthey shoves past the referee, rushing back into the mix as Driver gives a shout, grabbing Rage by the arm and firing him off into the ropes...]

MS: MECHANICAL BREAKDOWN- NO! Rage hooks the ropes and bails out!

[Driver gives a frustrated shout in the direction of Shadoe Rage but Worthey slaps him on the shoulder, pointing towards a dazed and staggering Amos Carter...]

MS: Carter's on his feet!

CP: Is he even the legal man?!

MS: I have no idea!

[But as Carter stumbles forward, Worthey lifts him towards the sky, setting him up for JP Driver to leap into the air, snaring a three-quarter nelson, and driving him down with a three-quarter nelson!]

MS: MECHANICAL BREAKDOWN!

[Worthey pops up, standing guard as JP Driver crawls to cover Carter..

...but the official steps in, demanding Worthey exit the ring before he'll count...]

MS: The referee's trying to get Alex Worthey out before-

CP: RAGE!

[Suddenly, the former World Television Champion comes sailing off the top rope, DRIVING the point of his elbow down into the back of JP Driver's neck!]

MS: OHHH! ANGEL OF DEATH DROP!

[Rage quickly flips the pin over, putting the unconscious Carter on top of Driver before he bails out himself...

...and the referee whips around, diving to count.]

MS: Not like this!

[The official delivers the three count before a diving Alex Worthey can break it up!]

CP: They got 'em!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Rage reaches under the ropes, dragging the unconscious Amos Carter to the floor where he dumps him at his feet, raising his own arms as the ring announcer makes it official.]

MS: The Misfits pick up the win here in Hamburg but the real story of the match is Shadoc Rage kinda had to win this one by himself, Colt. I feel like if the Mechanics and the Misfits were head-to-head here in a straight tag match, the result might have gone very differently.

CP: Look here, Stegglet. Every team has a rough day. It isn't how you start. It's how you finish and Sensational has his team finishing strong. I'd like to see a rematch down the line, but right now I think the Misfits should be looking up the ladder not down.

MS: I think if they look around period, Colt, they'll see the Mechanics waiting for them. Fans, don't go away because the Power Hour will be right back!

[Fade 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 to Hamburg where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following match is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring...weighing in at a combined 472 pounds...

GUSTAV SCHWARTZ AND SIMON KREUGER!

[The Hamburg crowd gives the two German competitors polite applause.]

LO: And their opponents...

[The arena goes dark, as "Kaze ni Nare" by Ayumi Nakamura begins to play over the PA system. As it plays, images of Takeshi Mifune beating the living hell out of various people (Wrestlers, referees, fans, Japanese celebrities, mascots...anyone and everyone) interspliced with footage of Supreme Wright doing the exact same to opponent after opponent in the ring are shown on the tron.]

#Oshiete yo hito wa naze sagashi tsuzukeru no#

#Kagirinaku setsunai ashitano#

CP: I can almost FEEL Ryan Martinez's existential crisis happening at this very moment.

MS: Any insight on how the team of Schwartz and Kreuger might approach this match?

CP: Well, dropping to their knees and begging for mercy would be a good start.

"DING DING DING!"

[Wright begins the match, dropping down into a crouch and crawling towards a perplexed Gustav Schwartz in a bizarre crabwalk.]

MS: Would you look at that stance? What the heck is Supreme Wright doing-...OH!

[He circles around the German, who takes up a defensive stance, but in a blink of an eye, Wright explodes out of his crouch and takes Schwartz down with a single-leg.]

MS: And Wright catches Schwartz off guard with that takedown!

CP: That wasn't any movement I've ever seen a human being do inside the ring. That was more like a wild animal pouncing on its prey.

[As the two sprawl on the mat, Wright circles around, grabbing Schwartz in a front facelock while the two are laying down on their stomachs...]

MS: OH! A knee right to the head! OH! And another!

[...as Schwartz covers up, Wright once again shifts around, this time pivoting to the side, where he throws another punishing knee to Schwartz' exposed ribs!]

MS: OH! Right to the ribcage!

[Schwartz crumples to the canvas as all the air is knocked out of him from the body blow. With his opponent subdued, Wright grabs the German into a cravate, pulling him to his feet. He then sends him over and landing into a seated position with a snapmare, before getting to his feet...]

"SMACK!"

"OHHHH!"

[...and planting a kick right between Schwartz's shoulder blades!]

MS: Wright is putting Gustav Schwartz through some hellacious punishment here in the opening moments. And look at Wright's face! I think he's smiling!

CP: That is a man that takes tremendous pride in his work, Stegglet, and I can't think of anything that makes him happier than beating the heck out of some schlub that thinks he deserves to share the ring with him.

MS: Holding the AWA World title for a third time, I would imagine.

CP: I don't even think that's a state of happiness for Supreme Wright...that's more like a biological need. Like his very existence depends on it.

[Wright drags Schwartz up to his feet and motions for Mifune to step away from the corner as he shoots the German hard into the turnbuckles. He follows in, snapping Schwartz' head back with a vicious running European uppercut!]

MS: And a big European uppercut finds its mark!

[Suddenly, a BIG roar can be heard from the crowd.]

MS: The tag is made... AND HERE COMES TAKESHI MIFUNE!

[As Mifune steps through the ropes, he and Wright give each other a short look, before they both descend on poor Gustav Schwartz in the corner. A forearm shot from Wright rocks Schwartz. A super stiff overhand slap from Mifune strikes Schwartz in the chest. A kneelift right to the ribs from Mifune doubles him over. A perfectly executed European uppercut from Wright stands him back up. Yet another overhand slap from Mifune catches him right in the chest, followed quickly by a knife edge chop that echoes throughout the arena. Another forearm from Wright strikes him in the side of the head. And a sickening headbutt right between the eyes from Mifune drops Schwartz right on his butt in the corner, a beaten mess of flesh.

All this took less than the five seconds allotted to Wright before he had to exit the ring.]

MS: Mifune and Wright are just mugging Schwartz in the corner!

CP: I've seen torture footage less brutal than that!

[With Schwartz completely at his mercy, a sadistic grin forms on Mifune's face. He slowly pulls the German to his feet and props him up against the turnbuckles...]

"SMACK!!!"

"OHHHHH!"

[...and plasters him with an overhand chop to the chest!]

MS: That was like a shotgun blast!

[Mifune turns to the crowd, holding a finger to his lips and shushing them. The audience goes eerily quiet and then...]

"SMACK!"

"OH!"

"SMACK!"

"OH!"

"SMACK!"

"OH!"

"SMACK!"

"OH!"

"SMACK!"

"OH!"

[...Mifune hits five overhand chops in rapid succession, leaving Schwartz' chest a red and raw mess. Mifune inspects his works, before cupping the German by the chin...]

"SLAAAP!"

[...and disdainfully slapping him right across the face.]

MS: There are points in time when wrestling gets downright uncomfortable to watch and I think we're quickly reaching that point.

CP: And guys like Ryan Martinez and Jordan Ohara willingly let this guy beat them up for years? They really are dumb kids!

[Mifune grabs a handful of Schwartz' hair and pulls him out of the corner, walking (more like dragging) him towards the opposite side of the ring. He then tosses Schwartz by the hair and at the corner, where he then points a finger at Simon Kreuger, whose eyes open very wide.]

Mifune: YOU! YOUR TURN!

MS: Takeshi Mifune is calling out Simon Kreuger!

CP: As a great tag team champion once said..."Start running."

[Simon Kreuger looks completely unsure of himself and what faces him inside that ring. However, as he hesitates to tag in...

...Gustav Schwartz makes the decision for him.]

MS: Was that a tag?

CP: Schwartz might've used everything he had left doing that, but he slapped Kreuger on the thigh! The referee is counting it!

[Kreuger stands on the apron for a moment as his "fight or flight" instincts kick in. And as much as he'd love to escape the pain that awaits him, he still has his pride as a wrestler... and he charges in!]

MS: And here comes Kreuger!

[The German is immediately on Mifune, swarming him with barrage of forearms, before winding up and blasting Mifune right across the chest with a chop... to no effect!]

MS: Big chop by Kreuger... and Mifune didn't even budge!

[Kreuger stares at Mifune with his mouth open in shock, as the Japanese shooter looks around with a confused look on his face. He wipes off his chest and turns back to Kreuger with his arms open wide.]

Mifune: AGAIN!

MS: He's telling Simon Kreuger to chop him again! Unbelievable!

[A confused Kreuger rubs his hands together rapidly, before winding up and chopping Mifune across the chest, this time leaving a big red handprint from where his strike landed.

And this time, Mifune laughs in his face.]

CP: How demoralizing is this? He gave him his best shot and the man is LAUGHING at him!

[Once again, Mifune wipes off his chest.]

Mifune: Come on! One more time!

[Looking pretty pissed off now, Kreuger throws everything he has into his chop this time, striking Mifune with a chop that even makes the Shadow Wolf take a step back.]

"SMACK!"

MS: What a chop from Kreuger! Mifune had to have felt-

"OHHH!!!"

[But a push kick from Mifune sends Kreuger flying backwards through the ropes and out of the ring!]

MS: He kicked him right out of the ring!

[Mifune wastes no time chasing after Kreuger, quickly leaping off the apron and descending on his crawling victim with disrespectful kicks and stomps to the head, before pulling him to his feet and tossing him over the guardrail!]

CP: Everyone in that crowd might want to run the hell away if they value their lives!

[Indeed, a huge mass of humanity runs from their seats as Mifune climbs over the guardrail. Kreuger, eyes full of fear now, climbs over chairs and shoves past fans as he tries to get away from Mifune, who...]

MS: HE HAS A CHAIR!

[Kreuger finds his way back and climbs back over the guardrail as Mifune gives chase with chair in hand, wildly swinging it to clear the crowd in front of him!]

MS: Someone get him away from the fans!

[Mifune gives chase to Kreuger, climbing back over the guardrail, this time with a steel chair. However, as he does so, Supreme Wright blocks his path!]

MS: Oh my gosh.

[Wright points to the chair in Mifune's hand.]

SW: Not in MY ring.

[Mifune smirks. Then grins. And then he cackles. He points at Wright.]

Mifune: SOFT!

[The Shadow Wolf tosses the chair aside and shoves Wright aside as he climbs back into the ring.]

MS: That could've got really ugly.

CP: That's an understatement. If those two got into it, who the heck is insane enough to try to pull them apart? Fierro? You think fatman Tommy Fierro is going to stop them?

[As Mifune steps through the ropes, a desperate Kreuger catches him with a kick to the chest!]

MS: Oh! Simon Kreuger caught Mifune by surprise!

[A barrage of forearms follow as Kreuger pulls Mifune into the ring. He attempts to whip Mifune into the turnbuckles, only to have it reversed...]

"OHHH!"

MS: YAKUZA KICK IN THE CORNER! Shades of Ryan Martinez!

CP: "Shades of Ryan Martinez"! Who the heck do you think he learned it from???

[As Kreuger stumbles out of the corner, Mifune doubles him up with a kick to the midsection and hooks him up for a vertical suplex. He lifts Kreuger high up into the air, holding him there for a few seconds...]

"OHH!!!"

[...and let's go, catching Kreuger in a cross-armbreaker as he falls to the canvas!]

MS: ARMBAR! Mifune turned that suplex into an armbar in mid-air! Kreuger might be ready to tap!

[However, to the surprise of nearly everyone, Gustav Schwartz comes into the ring and breaks it up with a stomp!

Actually...he doesn't. He stomps on Mifune, only to have The Shadow Wolf hold on. Annoyed by the intrusion, Mifune releases the grip from one his arms and gives Schwartz the finger!]

"Ohhhhhh!"

MS: Gustav Schwartz tried to save his tag team partner and Takeshi Mifune isn't having any part of it!

[Schwartz gives Mifune another stomp, this time drawing the ire of The Shadow Wolf, as he releases the armbar and gets to his feet to confront Schwartz. The German takes a step back...

...and bumps right into Supreme Wright.]

MS: Uh oh.

CP: Gustav Schwartz was twenty-nine.

[Before a word can be said, Wright smashes home an elbow strike to Schwartz' jaw. This turns him around into a slap from Mifune. The two Roosevelt Wright students seem to be in perfect synchronization now, both dropping Schwartz to his knees with simultaneous oblique kicks. The two then both run into the ropes...]

"OHHH!!!"

[...and sandwich Schwartz with running soccer kicks from the front and back!]

MS: I think this might be the last we see of Gustav Schwartz for tonight.

[Supreme Wright then drags Schwartz to his feet and cinches in a front waistlock, before throwing him over his head with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

CP: Tonight? This might be the last we see of Gustav Schwartz...period!

[Wright kicks Schwartz out of the ring, before exiting it himself, leaving Mifune and Kreuger alone once more. A dazed Kreuger is back on his feet, as Mifune sneaks up behind him...

BIG POP!

...and places him in a rear-naked choke!]

MS: The Japanese Stranglehold! Passed down to Mifune from Roosevelt Wright, himself! You talk about famous sleeperholds used by legends like Weaver or O'Connor, but this one is right up there with them!

CP: Kreuger ain't fighting out of this one...time to go to sleep, kid!

[Kreuger tries to fight it, but he's fading fast. However, as his arms begin to go limp, Mifune suddenly releases the hold...]

MS: Wait, what's he doing...

[...and places Kreuger into a standing headscissors! Mifune then hooks his arms around Kreuger's leg and lifts him into the air. He holds him there for a few seconds...

"THUUUUUDDDD!!!"

...before falling forward and driving Kreuger face-first into the canvas with a cradle pancake piledriver!]

MS: OHH!! That's gotta be it!

[Indeed it is as the referee delivers a mercifully fast three count before calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

MS: Victory is achieved by this... well, some might call it a dream team but I've gotta think they're more the stuff of nightmares for all those who oppose them.

CP: I loved watching that, Stegglet, but I'm not sure I could ever watch it again. Whew. They put a world class beating on- oh, now they've apparently got something to say.

[Supreme Wright asks for and is given the house mic from Rebecca Ortiz.]

SW: My team is set. Our goal is clear. There is no other outcome possible in my mind.

The Supreme Squadron will win Steal the Spotlight.

[There's some cheers from a crowd at Wright's bold words.]

SW: In the thirty years that I've walked this Earth, only two men have ever choked me out. One is my grandfather... the other is Brian James.

He has my respect and he belongs on my team.

When I wrestled as an amateur, one man defeated me time and time again. One man proved that he was my superior and forced me to recognize that as a FACT. He is the only man that has ever accomplished that. That man was Bret Grayson.

He has my respect and he belongs on my team.

When I stepped into a professional ring, no man ever pushed me further and harder in a pure contest of wrestling skill than this man. That man was Pure X.

He has my respect and he belongs on my team.

[Supreme then stares at Takeshi Mifune.]

SW: And this man right here... there should be no reason why I need to explain why Takeshi Mifune is respected and why he belongs on my team.

This is the man my grandfather entrusted his legacy in Japan to. This is a man that's known me before I even drew my first breath in this world... and there's not a man I could possibly trust more to journey with into the darkness of Hell to face Canibal's beasts-...

[Suddenly, Mifune snatches the microphone out of Wright's hand. He stares down Wright, who meets his gaze with an equally intense glare. Mifune smirks at him.]

Mifune: Talk talk talk. It is simple. Wright-san knows if on this journey to Hell, Mifune meets The Devil...

...The Devil will be choked out.

[A sick grin forms on Mifune's face, as he holds up one finger.]

Mifune: We will win. They will be destroyed. We will triumph. They will be broken. Because we are...ICHIBAN!

[Some in the crowd echo the "ICHIBAN!" as Mifune throws the mic aside with disdain, turning to exit. Wright follows suit, leaving the broken masses of their opponents behind...

...as we fade to black.]