

AWA POWER HOUR

SEPTEMBER 10, 2016

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

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

After about thirty seconds of action, we break into a shot of the AWA Power Hour logo. It sits stationary for a moment before spiraling away and leaving us with Theresa Lynch, dressed as we saw her on All-Star Showdown, standing backstage in front of a wall painted with the T-Mobile Arena logo.]

TL: Another week has 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 the most exciting hour on television. As you can see, we are recording this right after All-Star Showdown went off the air on Friday night and if you missed Showdown, you missed one heck of a show. Of course, the big news coming out of the show - and it personally hurts me to say this out loud - but we have a new World Heavyweight Champion! Juan Vasquez - by hook or by crook as Gordon Myers would say - defeated my brother, Jack Lynch, through questionable means to become the champion and...

[Theresa's words trail off as her gaze drifts off-camera.]

TL: Alright, fans... we've got a situation developing here backstage. Bear with me a moment please...

[Theresa starts walking, the cameraman following her. He shifts his position to show where she's headed - Jack Lynch being held up between Ryan and Alex Martinez as they walk him back through the backstage area, freshly defeated, bloodied, and short one World Heavyweight Title.]

TL: Jack... Jack... I hate to do this but can we get a quick word?

[A disappointed Jack Lynch turns his head away from his sister as Ryan shrugs him off onto Alex Martinez.]

RM: Get him back to the locker room.

[The Last American Badass gives a nod as his son stays behind.]

TL: Ryan, I... well, I suppose I'm in a state of shock over what happened out there.

RM: Then you're as naive as everyone else, Theresa.

[Theresa's jaw drops.]

RM: There are a whole lot of emotions that people should be feeling right now about seeing Juan Vasquez with the World Title... but shock isn't one of them. Disgust. Rage. Embarrassment. Disappointment. The feeling that you let everyone down. But shock? No one should be shocked by anything that man's done for the past year.

TL: I guess... I thought he had more respect for the World Title than that.

[Ryan smirks... an unusual expression for him.]

RM: Maybe once upon a time, Juan Vasquez did. But now he's a belly-crawling snake with no honor... no self-respect... no values in doing the right thing or doing things the right way. All he cares about is raising his own name... his own glory. People kept asking me all night, "Ryan, why are you here in Vegas when you're not booked?"

This, Theresa. This is why. Because I wanted to be ready if Vasquez tried to pull something on Jack. When I got myself up to my eyeballs with the Wise Men, your

brother had my back... and I wanted to be here tonight in case Vasquez called on his gang of thugs to cash in that title for him.

But it never happened. I stood there in Chimpanzee waiting but no one ever came to help him.

He did it himself. The low blows. The weapons. The roll of silver dollars.

He did it all himself... and I never saw that coming.

[Martinez spreads his arms wide.]

RM: And now this is what we've got, Theresa. A world where Juan Vasquez is the World Champion and your brother - who fought his heart out to get that title and to keep it - is busted up in a locker room with his hand possibly broken.

[Theresa audibly gasps, reaching up to cover her mouth.]

RM: I failed... again. And this time, I didn't just fail myself... I failed everyone else too.

[Martinez shakes his head, leaning against the wall, staring at the floor as Theresa looks at him, waiting for him to continue speaking...

...and then jumps when the White Knight slams his own hand into the wall before turning and storming out of view, leaving her behind.]

TL: Ryan Martinez is obviously very upset at what's gone down here tonight in Las Vegas and... well... we're going to have more for you throughout the hour here in Vegas but right now, I want to take you to a match recorded earlier this week. It's tag team action featuring the return of one of my favorites - American Pride!

[We circle wipe away from Theresa Lynch to a recent AWA live event. Over in the far corner of the ring are two men of nearly identical builds, both wearing red bodysuits and generic red masks, taunting the crowd. On the other side of the ring, Charlie Stephens leans against the turnbuckles, as his partner, Joe Flint climbs up the stairs to take his place. Flint is whispering something in Stephens' ear.]

MS: Good evening, fans, Mark Stegglet here, alongside Colt Patterson, and this is the first time we've seen American Pride on our TV in quite awhile here.

[The bell sounds to get the match underway, as Stephens and one of the masked men circle each other, trying to feel each other out.]

MS: These two masked men are known as the Red Phantoms, and what can you tell me about the Red Phantoms, Colt?

CP: To be honest, I haven't got a clue about either one of them, Stegglet. They just showed up and wanted a match, and American Pride came down to answer the challenge. What I'd like to know though is where has Joe Flint been?

[Stephens and the Phantom tie up in the traditional collar and elbow tie up.]

CP: This was a prime opportunity for Flint to tour Europe and show those people some down home American Pride, and he stayed behind, leaving his partner to face the Samoan Hit Squad.

MS: They were originally supposed to face Mafu and Scola on the European tour, hopefully we can get an answer from Flint at some point tonight about what's been going on. In the ring, the Phantom... is this one or two?

CP: I think it's Red Phantom A.

MS: Going with letters?

CP: Sure, why not. The Red Phantoms are both pretty solid looking fellas.

[Sure enough, the Phantom, being the larger of the two, is able to muscle Stephens into the ropes.]

CP: These guys both look to be around the 260-270 pound mark. I wouldn't consider them world class bodybuilders, but these guys aren't gonna be that easy to push around.

[The referee tries to get the Red Phantom to back away from Stephens, but instead he hammers Stephens across the chest with a forearm. The ref warns the Phantom, but the Phantom ignores the warning and hammers him again.]

MS: That sounds about right, those forearms did have a bit of force behind them, as cheap as they may be.

[The Phantom drags Stephens out by his hair, which appears to have grown out slightly from his normal buzzcut. He locks in a side headlock, and looks out at the crowd before looking at his partner. In a Southern accent, he shouts, "I got him, buddy!" as Phantom B claps in approval.]

CP: Well, Stegglet, we can say that despite the "Red Phantom" names and outfits, they definitely ain't from Russia with that hillbilly accent.

[Stegglet chuckles as Phantom A balls up his fist. He goes to try to punch Stephens, who slips out of the headlock just in the nick of time.]

MS: Phantom, uh, A, took too long and Stephens was able to squeeze out of that headlock. Stephens grabs the Phantom and takes him up... and down with a back suplex!

[Stephens rolls to the side, as the Phantom yelps in pain. Stephens goes over to the Phantom and pulls him up by the mask.]

CP: Even a guy like Stephens can escape a side headlock if you give him enough time.

MS: Give him some credit, Colt, Stephens does have an amateur background, he was well regarded in the Army. Stephens with a snap mare on the Phantom.

[With a loud thud, Stephens lets a kick fly on the seated Phantom, and before the Phantom can express his pain, Stephens hits another kick to the back. Stephens steps back for a moment, then rolls forward, grabbing the head of the Phantom and snapping it forward to the cheers of the crowd. Stephens then rolls over and tags in Flint.]

MS: Joe Flint is stepping into the ring, and he's got the Phantom right where he wants him.

[Instead of approaching the downed masked man, Flint grins and crosses his arms. The masked man staggers to his feet, holding the back of his head, before stumbling back to his corner. Flint is pointing to the Phantom on the apron, who appears to be slightly larger than his partner.]

CP: I'm not sure this is a wise decision by Flint, Stegglet, Stephens got his man down and Flint wants to fight the bigger Phantom.

[The Phantom on the apron reaches down and slaps the shoulder of his partner.]

MS: The tag is made, and it looks like Flint's about to get what he wants here. This guy looks like he's about as big as Flint.

[Phantom B arrogantly slaps his chest as he approaches Flint. He nods his head, then points to the ropes, as if he wants Flint to charge at him.]

CP: This could be like two big ol' bull mooses charging at each other.

[Nope, the crowd roars as it looks like Flint is going to bounce off the ropes. Instead, he clobbers Phantom B with an overhand right hand, sending the Phantom to the mat.]

CP: Give me a break, that was a closed fist! A real American wouldn't stoop to such depths!

MS: Flint's been around a long time, Colt! He's a few months shy of 40, so of course he's seen just about every trick in the book. Get to the bad guy before he gets to you!

[Patterson grunts as the Phantom makes his way to his feet. The Phantom points to the ref in protest, as Flint shrugs. He then points to his ample chin, daring the Phantom to hit him.]

MS: See, Flint can play fair, he's gonna let Phantom B get his shot at him!

[Sure enough, the Phantom does fire a punch, but the punch is so slow it gives Flint more than enough time to duck. The Phantom staggers around, turning his back to Flint, who picks him up. He takes a few steps forward and does a huge atomic drop! Flint grins as he balls his fist, blowing on it as he starts his swing.]

MS: Here's the wind up, and the pitch...

[The Phantom staggers, and turns around. Flint then blasts him right between the eyes with that wind up punch as the crowd roars.]

MS: Home run! Nothing more American than a huge dinger!

CP: You throw a punch in baseball and you get suspended for a week! Hopefully when Gellar comes back he can issue a suspension for that!

MS: I'm sure he'll make that a top priority, meanwhile, Flint tags his partner back in. American Pride with some quick tags in and out here as Phantom B makes his way back to his feet.

[Stephens rushes the Phantom, and takes him up and down with an inverted atomic drop. He doesn't give the Phantom time to react, as he takes him up on his shoulders. With a roar to the cheering crowd, he starts to spin!]

MS: Airplane spin! The crowd is chanting along!

Crowd: 4! 5! 6! 7!

CP: Spinnin' him around like a helicopter... he's up to 9 rotations, and that's a 270 pound man on his shoulders!

MS: In fact, he calls his airplane spin the Helicopter! 12.. 13... 14... 15 rotations!

[On the 15th rotation, Stephens throws him to the mat, fireman carry style. Of course, 15 rotations on an airplane spin does take its toll and Stephens falls dizzy to his knees.]

CP: I tell ya, I can happily say that I never, ever used an airplane spin during my in-ring career, Stegglet!

MS: Fortunately for Stephens, this is a tag team match and he found himself near his corner! He stumbles forward a bit and tags in Flint!

[Flint steps through the ropes, and starts winding up his arm again. Phantom B starts to stagger to his feet, when suddenly Flint rushes the other corner and clobbers Phantom A with a lariat, knocking him off the apron!]

CP: C'mon! The Phantom was just mindin' his own business on the apron!

MS: That Howitzer had a lot behind it! You normally like this kind of aggression!

CP: True, I guess.

[Just as quickly as Flint knocked Phantom A off the apron, he charges Phantom B and knocks him off his feet with a Howitzer of his own! Flint looks out towards the crowd and grins, blowing on his fist again.]

CP: Are we gonna see that silly wind up punch again?

MS: I think he's got a different idea this time! He pulls Phantom B to a seated position..

[Flint looks out towards the crowd, his fist pumped. Then, he suddenly drives the fist down at Phantom B, punching him in the temple! Then, he starts rubbing his first back and forth as the Phantom screams!]

CP: A noogie?? Are we really seeing a noogie in the year 2016?

MS: That noogie won him so many matches in his long career, and it looks like it's about to give American Pride a victory tonight!

[In the American Pride corner, Stephens has regained his bearings, and is wanting a tag.]

MS: It looks like Stephens wants to be the one that wins this match!

[Flint grins, and nods his head, stopping the noogie for a brief moment. He grabs Phantom B by the mask, and pulls him up to his knees. Flint reaches back, and Stephens is able to reach him and makes the tag. Flint then lifts Phantom B up and cinches in a bearhug, as Stephens charges the opposite ropes.]

MS: It looks like were about to see...

[Stephens bounces off the ropes as Flint lowers the Phantom. Stephens then kicks his legs forward, extending his arm and taking the Phantom down to the mat with a necktie clothesline!]

MS: The Patriot Missile! Chalk up another one for the U-S-A!

[Stephens doesn't cover right away, instead, he yanks the mask until the mask covers the Phantom's eyes. He then makes a cover, grinding his forearm into the face of the downed Phantom.]

MS: There's the one, two, and three! American Pride pick up a victory in their first match in months!

CP: That was an impressive win, but I'd like to see how these guys do against established teams like the Samoan Hit Squad, the Slaughterhouse, and two guys just as American made as these two, the American Idols!

MS: Maybe we'll see those matchups in the coming weeks, as American Pride re-establish themselves. Sweet Lou's in the building, and he's coming out here to get a word with American Pride, take it away!

[American Pride roll out of the ring, triumphant as their music plays in the background. Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing at ringside, as the victorious duo makes their way over.]

SLB: Thanks, guys! Let me get a word with these two gentlemen after their impressive victory over the Red Phantoms! American Pride, It's good to see you two back in the ring after not being able to team up for the last few months. Joe Flint, my old friend, I've gotta ask you... What have you been up to?

JF: Sweet Lou, sometimes ya can't avoid the best kind of justice on God's green Earth. I gotta be honest with ya, Charlie already knew what was goin' on, but I had ta clear up a little teensy bit...

[Flint presses his thumb and index finger together]

JF: ...of legal trouble.

[Blackwell raises an eyebrow, as Flint chuckles.]

SLB: Legal trouble? Was it serious? Care to explain?

JF: Now, now, Sweet Lou, it's just been somethin' that I've been in a back and forth battle with for the last few years. This was somethin' seriously long overdue, and I needed to finally clear it up once and for all.

[Flint hesitates, before sighing.]

JF: I sincerely regret not making the European tour because of it, I left Charlie to pretty much singlehandedly take on the Samoan Hit Squad.

[Stephens stares off into the distance, not looking all that pleased.]

JF: ...so my friends on the other side of the ocean couldn't see us team up and show Europe what real American Pride is all about!

However...

[The smile on Flint's face slowly fades away.]

JF: In a way, I'm kind of glad I stayed behind.

SLB: Glad? Why?

[Flint pauses, then looks off into the distance, not saying a word. Stephens looks at his partner, who turns and nods at him, and steps forward.]

CS: An ill wind is blowing throughout our land, Blackwell.

[Sweet Lou looks a little dumbfounded, as this seemingly came out of the blue.]

SLB: I don't understand.

CS: You don't understand?

Blackwell, it should be very obvious what I mean. What we mean. Pay attention. It's all around you, every.. single... day.

SLB: Pay attention?

[Blackwell pauses, as he still doesn't really understand.]

SLB: Pay attention... to what?

[Flint and Stephens look at each other, then Stephens looks back at Blackwell, shaking his head.]

CS: This interview is over.

[Stephens walks off, leaving Flint behind.]

JF: Sorry, Sweet Lou, but my partner is right. Ya gotta open yer eyes.

[Flint pats Blackwell on the back, before following his partner off screen. Lou looks on, wondering what's going on before turning back towards the camera.]

SLB: Well, I, uh.. I'm not quite sure what's going on here with American Pride, but it seemed like all of a sudden that seemed pretty upset by something. Hopefully in the coming weeks, they can be more clear about what they mean, and maybe we can understand.

[Sweet Lou looks puzzled after American Pride as we slowly fade to black...

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then come back up on Theresa Lynch standing backstage at the T-Mobile Arena once more.]

TL: Welcome back to the Power Hour, fans, and I want to take a few moments to address what happened to my good friend, Jason Dane, during All-Star Showdown. For those who missed it, Jason was assaulted at some point during the show and left a bloody mess out in the parking lot area. He was immediately rushed to a nearby hospital where Mark Stegglet, Chris Blue, and Todd Michaelson are all with him. Moments ago, I spoke with Mark by phone to try and get an update on Jason's condition. Let's listen to that recording right now.

[We cut to a split screen. A still of Theresa is on one side of the screen and a still of Stegglet is on the other. The graphic reads "MOMENTS AGO."]

TL: Alright, I'm being joined via telephone by Mark Stegglet who I understand has accompanied Jason Dane to a nearby hospital. Mark, is that correct?

[When we hear Stegglet's voice, it's obviously coming over a cell phone line.]

MS: It is, Theresa. I rode in the ambulance to the hospital and we're still there now.

TL: Mark, it appeared as though Jason had suffered some potential serious injuries to the face in that attack.

[Stegglet sighs.]

MS: Honestly, Theresa, we haven't gotten a lot of information yet. Jason's still in the with the doctors, still being looked at. Earlier they were discussing surgery but that hasn't happened... not yet at least.

TL: Well, that's gotta be considered good news.

MS: At this point, almost anything is good news. We're just waiting for more information.

TL: Mark, the attack - of course - took place off the air but... was Jason able to tell you who was responsible?

[There's a momentary pause.]

MS: Theresa, I don't think there's any question as to who is responsible for this. A few days ago, Jason tried to expose some very powerful... very dangerous people... and tonight, he paid the price for that.

TL: One last question, Mark... how he was attacked... in the parking lot... the face through the windshield. We've seen that before.

MS: We have.

TL: But they're in Japan... aren't they?

MS: Well, if they don't show up at BURNING GLORY, I guess we'll know the answer to that.

TL: Thanks, Mark.

MS: You're welcome, Theresa.

[The line cuts off and we fade from the split screen to previously-recorded footage. It's night in a Vegas hotel. A woman in a leather jacket and blue and orange leggings pushes open a door and steps onto the balcony level of a rather garish-looking hall. She turns around and pushes her sunglasses up into her inky black hair; Erica Toughill.]

ET: Take a look at this place. The House of Blues in Las Vegas. It was in this place that I finally became the wrestler I am now. You see, Julie, when you started out in this business, you had your family to help you along. They blazed a path for you. When I embarked on this journey, I got disowned my old man. But I was going to do it: I was going to be the most popular female wrestler in the world one day - a position that as of 2016 you now occupy, Julie - and I wasn't going to let anything stop me. From Pittsburgh, to Calgary, to Toronto... to here. The only all-female wrestling organization in North America in 2008. The promised land. America's playground.

The funny thing about playgrounds is that they're full of dreams. Full of kids who think the worst thing that can happen is a skinned knee or being teased. They don't know what happens when you grow up.

They say to succeed in Vegas, you have to be fabulous or a complete freakshow. I couldn't work off the muffin top without starving myself. I don't look good in skintight pleather. I wouldn't go under the knife to "improve" my appearance. So I became the freakshow because that's all I could do.

I spilled blood to stay afloat. Right there...

[She points to spot in the center of the floor below.]

ET: ...That's where I lost these four teeth when I got slammed into the ring steps to sounds of a hundred sadists screaming and cheering. You see these?

[She points to her upper jaw.]

ET: Falsies. And it wasn't just the other wrestlers and the barbed wire and broken glass, oh god no. You had to watch your back when you around the fans. You had to just turn away if one of them decided to take a squeeze of you. You turn around and slug that guy, they call Clark County PD. Sleazebag promoter trying to stiff you

out of money? You better shut your mouth or you'll find that they have nothing for you.

I used to find ways to swipe a bottle of the most powerful booze I could find from the bar after the show, and sneak out the loading dock without even changing out of my ring gear or washing the blood and perspiration out of my hair. And I would down the contents of that bottle until I didn't have any tears left to cry.

And after all that, I am still here, Spitfire.

[She grins joylessly and looks off to one side.]

ET: You broke out of the Shrew's Fiddle.

[She breaks into a slow clap. Then she looks back at the camera, deadly serious.]

ET: No one has EVER broken out of the Shrew's Fiddle. But, darling, there's a little detail that you're leaving out. At Homecoming, I administered a beating. I saw the way you walked to the ring tonight, Julie... trying to put on a brave face with a bruise in your calf the size and shape of my heel. You know, deep down, that before you stepped into the ring with the Queen of Clubs you've never been hit that hard by another woman in your career. And I did it on your turf.

And if you think you're the only one between us with something to prove, you don't hear the whispers I hear. The whispers that say that I'm just trash, that I don't belong in the AWA ring. That I belong back here fighting in front of a few dozen vampires. So if I'm thought of as trash, I'm going to be trash. I know you won't step foot in my ring, because if you stepped foot in my ring back in the day, you wouldn't have survived. You would have quit. They'd be picking chunks of Spitfire out of the Mandalay Bay carpets.

At Homecoming, I met you in your world. Now I want you all to myself in mine. I said wanted a fight, I meant I wanted a fight. No disqualification, no "no contest" rulings. A good, old-fashioned FIGHT.

What I want is to bring the back alley to you, darling. What I want to do to you can't be shown on any Fox-owned station. What I want belongs in a back alley off Bourbon Street.

And I know the AWA Women's Division is supposed to be above such a match, but the revolution of female wrestling passed me by and I got nothing to show for it. And if I have to decimate this division to get what I want, and get Julie Somers in my world, I WILL decimate the AWA Women's Division. Figuratively... and literally.

[Pan over Toughill's shoulder to the empty House of Blues 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...

...and we fade back up to a shot of an AWA live event crowd. Inside the ring, we can see there is action in progress featuring the Phoenix, Jordan Ohara.]

GM: Welcome back to the Power Hour, fans.

[Cut to a closer shot of Ohara.]

GM: Jordan Ohara has been working the arm of the big man from West Philadelphia since the beginning of the match, trying to sap the power of this six foot six, two hundred eighty pound monster, Nathan Harrison.

[On screen, Jordan appears physically overmatched by the enormous Philadelphian. He moves about the ring, looking for a new opening. Harrison looks furious as he shakes his arm. Ohara holds his neck stiffly, clearly still hurt from the last time we saw him.]

CP: Ohara not moving around too well in there, Gordon. I gotta think he's probably still feeling the effects of that Future Shock that Derrick Williams hit him with recently.

GM: Not to mention the beating laid on him by the rest of the Axis of Evil. Jordan Ohara is a gifted athlete and in tremendous shape, Colt, but with all that said, my goodness is that Blackout... I mean, Future Shock deadly. Derrick Williams may have found himself a game changing move.

[Ohara and the monstrous, pony-tailed Philadelphian tie up again. Ohara tries to leverage him over but Harrison muscles the smaller Ohara up and slams him hard to the mat before yelling at the crowd. He immediately shakes out his arm.]

GM: My goodness! Big body slam out of the powerhouse, Harrison! But he can't follow up! It looks like he's feeling the pain from the earlier attacks on the arm by Ohara!

CP: Harrison's physique kinda reminds me of me when I was starting out before I really got ripped, Myers. Ohara is going to have to contend with all that muscle as well as the hurtin' that the Axis put on him. It was a smart tactic to try to take away the arm early, but I don't know if Ohara has the ability to sap all the strength from Harrison's arm within the time limits of this match.

[Harrison hauls Ohara up and batters him with a series of hard right hands that back Ohara into a corner.]

GM: Harrison sending Ohara for the ride... and a big clothesline knocks Ohara down!

[Ohara is down on the mat, writhing in pain as a taunting Harrison looks out on the crowd with disdain.]

CP: And I don't care how "gifted" you claim he is, Gordon, Ohara is off his game right now. Physically with that neck... and of course, mentally as well. He's clearly distracted by everything going on with the Axis.

GM: Can you blame him? He had two members of that particular group - including his best friend - betray him!

CP: I don't blame him at all... but I also know that walking around distracted is an easy way to lose some matches and potentially get yourself hurt.

[Harrison fires off a series of stomps around the head and neck of Ohara, making the kid cringe.]

GM: Well, I'll agree with you there, Colt. Ohara better keep his mind on Nathan Harrison or this one will be over in a hurry.

[Harrison picks up Ohara again but the kid snares him with a small package, bringing him down to the mat with his shoulders trapped.]

GM: Harrison gets out of there at two! That was close, Colt. The referee was a heartbeat away from counting him down.

CP: Ohara almost got lucky. It was very close but close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades, Gordon.

[Harrison struggles to his feet, but Ohara is already behind him with a schoolboy roll up. He scores another two count before Harrison kicks out.]

GM: Ohara quickly across the chest with a lateral press. Harrison out and now Ohara with a sunset flip. Goodness gracious, this kid is quick with these pinning combinations.

[Harrison slams his legs together around Ohara's ears, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Ohara scrambling back up, looking to keep the pace high...

[But as he charges towards the standing Harrison, the big man lays him out with a boot to the face!]

GM: Ohh! And just like that, Harrison turns this thing around!

[Ohara is down on the mat again, holding his neck in pain as Harrison stalks him.]

GM: A rookie mistake made by a young man who rarely makes them... and again, I've gotta think it's the Axis that has Ohara so off his game here tonight, Colt.

CP: He can blame whoever he wants, Gordon, but if he doesn't get his stuff together - and fast - we're in for a pretty big upset here on the Power Hour.

[Bringing Ohara to his feet, Harrison lands some more hard right hands, driving him back towards the corner. He hooks his arm under Ohara's, flinging him high into the air and hard down on the canvas with a hiptoss!]

GM: King-sized hiptoss by Harrison! Ohara is feeling the effects of that one down on the mat...

[The fans jeer as Harrison stands over Ohara, letting loose a roar as he strikes a most muscular pose.]

GM: Harrison really feeling it now. He knows he's got the kid in a bad spot and he may be starting to think about finishing him off.

CP: And that hiptoss put Ohara right down on the back of his head and neck again. That neck is really feeling the effects of what happened with the Axis AND here tonight. He looks to be totally at Harrison's mercy right now, Gordon.

GM: Perhaps but this kid is known for his comeback abilities, Colt. We've seen him fight his way back from situations where we thought it was all over but the shouting.

[Pulling Ohara into a seated position, the big Philadelphian applies a rear chinlock, settling in as he squeezes Jordan's neck.]

CP: You know, I've got to hand it to this Nathan Harrison. He's been doing his homework. He's targeted the kid's injured neck and ground the pace of this match to a halt. Solid gameplan and if Ohara doesn't figure out a way to get back into this match soon, we could be on the verge of a big upset.

[Ohara struggles, kicking and pounding at the mat with his heels as he tries to find a way out of the powerful grip of Nathan Harrison.]

GM: Harrison weighs around 280 pounds. That's a lot of weight for Ohara to carry. I mean, look at Nathan Harrison, I'd rather carry a Buick on my back!

[Ohara tries to sit out as Harrison kneels behind him, putting a knee in his back.]

GM: And the crowd is trying to rally young Jordan Ohara. Listen to the reaction!

CP: They're trying but I don't think they can.

[Jordan struggles to his feet as the crowd cheers him. He drives his elbow back into Nathan's impressive abdomen once ... twice ... until he breaks free.]

GM: Ohara breaks loose! To the ropes he goes, coming back strong and-

[But the rebounding Ohara runs right into a kitchen sink kneelift to the gut, doubling him up as Harrison grabs a handful of trunks.]

GM: Harrison cuts him off with a blow to the breadbasket... now look out here!

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[The crowd reacts as Harrison goes to fling Ohara over the top rope to the floor...

...but Ohara hangs on to the top rope, dangling there for a moment before using his upper body strength to "skin the cat" - pulling himself back over the ropes into the ring.]

GM: What a show of strength by Ohara! Here comes Harrison though!

[The big man approaches Ohara who uses the ropes to swing his legs up, catching the incoming Philadelphia native with a boot between the eyes!]

GM: Oh! He caught him coming in! Amazing flexibility from the youngster! And that just might swing the momentum around.

[With Harrison dazed and stumbling, Ohara fires off lightning quick kicks into the backs of Harrison's legs, sending the big man skipping as he winces from the impact.]

GM: Ohara went for the arm earlier, now switching to the legs...

[Ohara leaves his feet, driving a dropkick into the back of the knee, taking the big man off his feet.]

GM: ...and a dropkick downstairs puts him down! Lateral press by Ohara gets him one... it gets him two...

[The crowd gives off an impressed "oooooh!" as Harrison shoves Ohara off him, throwing him into the air.]

GM: Kickout with authority by Harrison!

[The big man pushes up off the mat, moving slowly towards Ohara who is down on a knee...]

GM: Harrison's coming for him... kick to the- no, caught!

[Ohara grins as he rises, holding the leg of Harrison under his armpit. Harrison shakes his head, begging off as he knows what's coming next...]

CP: OH! DRAGON SCREW BY OHARA!

GM: And I can't even begin to imagine the pain shooting through the leg of Nathan Harrison right now.

[Ohara brings Harrison right back up, holding the leg again...

...and snaps off a second dragon screw to cheers from the New Mexico crowd!]

GM: Colt, can you try to describe to the fans at home what a move like that feels like?

CP: They don't feel good, Myers. They tear at your ACL, PCL, MCL and make your knee feel like it is going to come unscrewed. You know something, Myers, the so-called Phoenix is showing some of that viciousness necessary if he's going to step up to the big boys. I'll tell ya what, one thing I've noticed about Ohara, Gordon, is that he will wrestle to the level of his competition. If he wants to go places in this business, he's going to have to learn to bring it every single time.

GM: Colt, the young man is in his rookie year in the AWA. I think he has been getting stronger and stronger week-to-week. He's figuring it out.

[Harrison is writhing in pain on the mat, clutching his knee as Ohara grabs the top rope, slingshotting over them onto the ring apron...]

GM: Out goes Ohara to the apron...

[...and then slingshots back in, somersaulting over the ropes to land backfirst on Harrison!]

GM: ...and right back in with the somersault backsplash!

CP: Ohara trying to pick up the pace a bit, Myers... but again, he grabs at the neck and you've gotta wonder how much damage was done to this kid by the Axis.

GM: Some competitors might have an injury like that and choose to fight another day but that's not in this kid's DNA, Colt. He's inspired by seeing guys go to war like the Lynches... like the Martinez family...

CP: Guys who won't give a plug nickel if he shortens or ends his career trying to be like them? I mean, look at Martinez these days. He's on the worst losing streak of his career because he wants to be a big hero and won't give his injuries time to heal. He's got the bad arm... the bad neck... and he keeps on fighting... and losing. Is that what Ohara wants to be?

[Ohara rolls his head around, trying to shake off the pain in his neck as he waits for Harrison to rise. As the big man does, Ohara launches himself high in the air, snatching him in a headscissors, and bringing him over to the mat with a rana!]

GM: Impressive athleticism by Ohara... and now he's going up top! Could it be time for the Phoenix Flame?

CP: I don't know if he has Harrison worn down enough for that.

[As Ohara reaches the top, he spots Harrison rising off the canvas, and seems to adapt on the fly, leaping breathtakingly high into the air, soaring through the sky...

...and bringing a tomahawk chop right down between the big man's eyes!]

GM: Flying chop off the top! That one's got Harrison wobbling on his feet as Ohara spins him around and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Oh! Knife edge chop by Ohara!

CP: That was a chop to the throat!

GM: Will you stop? You're as bad as Bucky! That was completely legal. You can see Harrison's chest turning tomato red where the reverse knife edge chop connected.

[A red print is evident from the knife edge chop as Ohara winds up again.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A series of knife edge chops leaves Harrison's chest reddened and welted and his injured arm vulnerable as Ohara snatches it deep under the arm pit.]

GM: DEEEEEEEEP ARMDRAG!!! We've seen this before!

[The crowd cheers as Jordan arm drags Harrison to the mat. The big man scrambles up and goes over to the mat again as Jordan drags the arm again and again.]

CP: And Harrison might have a dislocated shoulder from these deep armdrags. And now Ohara settles in with a hammerlock.

[Harrison grunts and strains against the pressure.]

GM: Can Ohara lift Harrison into the air for this to be an instant submission, Colt?

[Unfortunately, he can't. Harrison forces his way to his feet and twists out of the hammerlock into a full nelson.]

CP: This could be it, Myers! This could get a submission!

GM: Nathan Harrison has the hold locked in, Colt! He could have him here! The fingers are locked! That's applying more pressure to the neck and shoulders of Ohara! Can he hang on?

[Ohara flails in Harrison's grasp as he tries to find escape. Harrison keeps bearing the pressure down on Jordan's injured neck, trying to force his chin towards his chest.]

GM: Ohara is in real trouble now. And this isn't good for the young competitor!

CP: That ain't good at all.

GM: And listen to this crowd. They are trying to will Ohara to escape this hold.

CP: Well, their will must be weak because Ohara is fading fast.

[Jordan cannot break the grip with brute strength. Instead he goes to guile, kicking back with all his strength into Harrison's already injured knee.]

GM: Kick to the knee finds the mark! And another! And another! And that broke the hold, Colt!

[Ohara sweeps Harrison's leg and drags him to the center of the ring. He stomps Harrison's knee, forcing Harrison over onto his stomach to avoid the assault. Ohara quickly grapevines Harrison's weakened arm and then grabs the big man's leg, rearing back into a half crab.]

CP: Gorgeous submission move!

GM: I have never seen this out of Ohara before, Colt! Have you? OHARA RISING FROM THE ASHES WITH THIS SUBMISSION HOLD!

[Harrison struggles against the pain as he struggles to free himself. Ohara shouts out as he leans back in the hold.]

CP: It's an armtrapped half crab, Myers! Ohara has this hold cinched in tight! Can he get him to tap?

[Can he?

Yes he can.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He did it, Colt! He did it!

[Jordan releases the hold and rolls onto his side, holding his neck as the referee raises his hand.]

RO: Here is your winner, "The Phoenix" Jordan Ohara!

GM: And the Phoenix found a way to win, Colt. And with a move we've never seen from him before. The Axis better watch out! This kid means business!

CP: Well, I've got to say I'm impressed. But the kid is going to have to show more than that going up against the Axis!

GM: Like the legendary bird he's named after, Jordan Ohara rises from the ashes to win this matchup! What a comeback, Colt! Theresa, the superstars in the AWA locker room are going to have to be wary of this young man's talents. Back to you.

[We circle wipe from the live event arena as Ohara celebrates his victory...

...and come back to Theresa Lynch standing backstage in the T-Mobile Arena.]

TL: Thanks, Gordon! And you're absolutely right. Jordan Ohara continues to impress in his rookie year here in the AWA, arguably one of the greatest rookie years in our sport's history, and the Axis - especially after tonight - better watch out when the Phoenix comes for them. Speaking of the Axis, I'm told the celebration is ongoing in their locker room as they had one heck of a night here in Las Vegas. They kicked off the show defeating the Kings of Wrestling in tag team action and then, of course, Juan Vasquez became the AWA World Title in the Main Event. By all accounts, the champagne is flowing and the-

[Theresa gets cut off by Sweet Lou Blackwell suddenly appearing on camera.]

SLB: [interrupting] I'm sorry, Theresa. I have to butt in here with this footage we just captured a short time ago. It was supposed to be with Brian Lau, but something extraordinary happened. I was tempted to go straight to the app with this but... I... I don't know how to actually upload anything to the app, so I'm hoping to get this footage on the air.

TL: Well... Lou, if you think it's important.

SLB: It is, Theresa. I already gave it to the truck so if it's okay...

TL: Sure, of course.

SLB: Roll it!

[Transition to footage shot after All-Star Showdown in the backstage interview position.]

SLB: Alright, earlier we saw the Axis's two newest converts, Riley Hunter and Derrick Williams, take on the very fractious team of Brian James and Johnny Detson from the Kings of Wrestling. And the mastermind of the Kings of Wrestling... come on in here Brian Lau... After what transpired tonight, I find it hard to believe that the Kings are fine.

BL: Well, I'm sorry that someone like you happens to see deceit everywhere, and someone who sees.... yes, hello...

[Lau loses his train of thought as a very agitated-looking Jackson Hunter paces back and forth behind Blackwell, trying to get Lau's attention while trying and failing to stay off-camera.]

BL: This must be one of those "ribs" that everyone is talking about. No, I would say-

[Hunter finally decides to stand between Lau and Blackwell. As Hunter puts an arm over each shoulder, Lau and Blackwell react as though they've been struck by icy tentacles. Hunter turns his piercing gaze to his managerial colleague.]

JH: I am very sorry, Lou...

[It's unclear whether Lau or Blackwell have ever worked a retail job, but the next line sends a chill through the room.]

JH: ...but I need to see a manager about a problem. Over here, Brian. You guys, Lou, vamoose! Out of here!

BL: Give us five minutes, okay?

JH: Go find a Lynch to spin some barnyard analogies-

SLB: Excuse me! You don't need to shove!

JH: Go track down Supreme Wright—see if he'll flirt with you to make Theresa jealous! Brian: walk and talk with me.

[Hunter and Lau go some distance down a hallway. Blackwell whispers to the camera operator.]

SLB: [muttering] Keep it running. Hand me the directional microphone...

[In the middle distance, Lau and Hunter continue their heated conversation. The audio is boosted, and subtitles helpfully clarify what is being said.]

BL: Look at you, managing the new World Champion and you can't even celebrate in Las Vegas properly, Jackson.

JH: Brian, I will get to that later. Right now I need to make sure that you don't skate on our bet. My team beat your team clean as a whistle. In fact, I ought to have collected from you right there at ringside for sending out Taylor and Donovan during my guys' interview time-

BL: It was talk, Jackson! Sticks and stones! You know that doesn't count.

JH: -when you knew that I have more on my plate tonight than Melissa Cannon has at a wedding reception. That, to me, counts as trying to interfere with the outcome of the match, which we said we wouldn't do! I want my ten USDA Prime Boneless Ribeye steaks, Brian! That was the bet!

BL: Alright, I'll do you one better, then, if we're talking about skipping out and cheating on bets. YOU, Jax, said that you wouldn't be conducting any of your little intel ops on the Kings when we made that bet. But what's this I hear about you and Johnny yukking it up in the VIP suite at Homecoming-

JH: Oh, puh-leez...

BL: -Which means that YOU welched on the bet, and YOU owe ME ten delicious restaurant quality steaks.

JH: I was just saying "hello" to an old pal, Brian.

BL: Or should I call you, "Mr. Jiffy Lube." Johnny told me about that, Jackson. How if it wasn't for finding your meal ticket Zharkov, you'd be a marginally successful oil change franchisee in Podunk City, Canada.

JH: There was hardly any intel to be had at your little soiree, Brian. I've seen war crimes tribunals that were better parties than that. Those Instagram models were so braindead it was a wonder no one was harvesting their organs for transplants.

BL: I'm not surprised you didn't care for the lovely ladies: their implants are silicone, not rolled up Kleenex. I heard about THAT too. Really, Jackson? Little Alexis Colton on her 18th birthday?

[Hunter throws up his hands and rolls his eyes.]

JH: Ohhhh no. If we're going to play that game, there is something that I've been sitting on for just the right occasion, Brian. Has anyone on your crew has made any trips to South-East Asia recently? What are you going to say to rest of the Kings when they find out that their running buddy doesn't get all his kicks above the waistline, sunshine?!

BL: I'm not going to say anything, Jackson, because you have no evidence of that whatsoever—

JH: Oh yes I do!

BL: —but you know what I can get? I can get a statement from a... very professional woman in Moscow...

JH: [interrupting] Oh good for you. You can claim that on your expenses!

BL: Very funny. Very funny...

JH: You can get that for free on the AWA's dime!

BL: I have got a statement from her that she was paid five digits in US dollars to go to a luxury Moscow hotel and take a big, long—

JH: DON'T—!

[Lau and Hunter both notice that their argument has been getting louder as it grows more and more heated. They both look around furtively in silence. After a few seconds, Hunter leans in to Lau.]

JH: All right, this is out of order for both of us.

BL: What? You think we're above this?

JH: As managers we're expected to act with a certain level of decorum. Now, you may not believe that, and I may not believe that, but it's a useful fiction for us to maintain, Brian.

BL: Here's what we do: I go back to Wes and Tony and you go back to Derrick and Riley, and we both tell them that you scammed the Championship Committee into

sanctioning a match for the Tag Team Titles down the road, based on what you convinced them constituted a verbal challenge.

JH: And...?

BL: ...And THAT match will decide who buys ten steaks for whom.

JH: Like I said: ten steaks is ten steaks.

BL: Shake on it again?

[They shake hands like competing businessmen.]

JH: You'd do that? Sell those two down the river?

BL: Are you doubting my people managing skills? Are you doubting the guy who has managed to keep Brian James nicely contained for the past few months?

JH: Brian, if you keep this up I might not find you completely reprehensible.

BL: Well... It's good to have goals, I suppose.

[And with that, the duo parts way, leaving silence except for...]

SLB: [off-camera, in a whisper] Got 'em. Now who's slipping, Mr. Donovan?

[And we abruptly cut from the pre-taped footage 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.

We fade back up to Theresa Lynch in the backstage area of the T-Mobile Arena.]

TL: Welcome back to the Power Hour and as exciting as this weekend has been with All-Star Showdown, you cannot forget that right here - tomorrow night - on Fox Sports X, our friends at Tiger Paw Pro will be presenting BURNING GLORY live from the Budokan. Brian James will be on the card defending the CAGE Championship. Takeshi Mifune will meet Bret Grayson one-on-one. All of the great Japanese superstars you see every two weeks on Tiger Paw Pro television as well. And don't forget, two weeks from tonight, we'll be right back here on the Power Hour with a very special recap of that show - highlights, interviews, all the news you need to know about the Land of the Rising Sun. Two big shows, one great weekend of wrestling action - all coming to you on FOX! And right now, we're going to go to another pre-recorded matchup with the young rookie sensation, Malik Thompson, in action!

[We fade away from Theresa...

...and back up as Rebecca Ortiz is announcing while the lights in the arena flash green and white while Kanye West's "Power" plays through the building]

RO: And his opponent, from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, weighing in at 275 pounds, MALIK THOMPSON!

[As the beat kicks in full, the entranceway shines white from the back, silhouetting the massive powerful form of one Malik Thompson, hands on his hips. He stays this way as he walks to the ring, the dark skinned African-American man who's just

massive, wearing his midnight green and silver gear of short tights, with matching knee pads and boots. Stops along the way, nodding to the crowd as he reaches the ring. He looks around, raising his arms up and down to pump up the crowd, then leaps vertically from the floor to the ring apron, stepping into the ring with vigor.]

MS: Hello again fans, Mark Stegglet here with Colt Patterson from Las Vegas with another match taped for Power Hour prior to All Star Showdown, and we're getting a look here at Malik Thompson, rejoining the roster.

[In the interim, the camera cuts to a man across the ring, chyron reads "Preston Dunn", naming a muscular 6 footer with red short tights and boots]

CP: Indeed Stegglet, and Thompson here has been impressing in CCW but now he's coming up to the big leagues and he's got a lot of hype behind him. The question is - can he live up to it?

[Dunn jaws at the, by all appearances, stronger man in Thompson, who stands with his hands on his hips, a bemused look on his face.]

MS: And the first thing we're noticing is a bit of confidence from Thompson while Dunn runs him down. And now we're heading into a collar and elbow tie up, Thompson pushing Dunn back to the corner with ease, and ref Davis Warren asking for a clean break. And Malik looks like he's gonna oblige...

[Thompson does, but Dunn however, takes the opportunity to wind up and slap Thompson right across the face.]

CP: Woah, that might be a mistake.

[Colt's observation is backed up as all joviality leaves Malik's face and he starts glaring a hole through Dunn with a look that speaks volumes.]

MS: I think you're right, Colt. Thompson looks like he's not a man to be messed with and-

[Malik wastes no more time and immediately starts laying in open handed shots on Dunn in the corner, each one echoing through the building as the crowd cheers]

MS: And here we go, Thompson laying those shots into Dunn who's trying to cover up. Malik stops and grabs Dunn under the arm... and a HUGE BIEL out of the corner!

[Dunn pops up off the mat, ready to keep fighting but Thompson runs him right down with a big clothesline.]

MS: Up he came and down he went! Malik Thompson showing off that overwhelming power as he picks him up, shoots him off into the ropes.

[As Dunn rebounds, Thompson crouches down, lifting him high into the air, and dumps him facefirst on the mat with a flapjack!]

MS: And Preston Dunn gets a mouthful of mat! Colt, Thompson is cruising in there right now.

CP: That may be, Stegglet, but he's showing he's a bit of a hot head here. That's going to cost him sooner or later.

[Lifting the dazed Dunn off the mat, Thompson lifts him under the armpits, hurling him through the air into the turnbuckles. He backs up, pumping his muscular arm a few times...

...and then comes charging in, crushing Dunn with a splash in the corner!]

MS: Ohh! He crumpled him up in the corner like a piece of paper!

[Dunn stumbles along the ropes, wobbling out towards the middle of them as Thompson pursues.]

MS: Another whip on the way...

[Thompson whips Dunn to the ropes, waiting a tick before running to the ropes perpendicular himself. As Dunn comes into range, Thompson sets then runs through Dunn, sending the slightly shorter man flying across the ring in the air as the crowd explodes.]

CP: HOLY-

MS: Oh my, oh my... Thompson just knocked Dunn about 5 years into the past with that shoulder block. That'd make an all time greatest hits reel in the NFL!

[Thompson pumps his fists, spinning around and appealing to the crowd who's still amped from that shoulder block. Thompson looks over at Dunn on the ground, points to him, then looks around to the crowd, hold up a hand, giving a thumbs up, then turns it down to the cheers of the crowd.]

MS: And Thompson is calling for it, picks up Dunn, stuffs the head.

[And while he has Dunn up in a powerbomb position, he lifts, extending his arms before sitting out and powerbombing Dunn down, who bounces once before Thompson pulls him in and hooking the shoulders]

MS: BATON ROUGE BOMB! And that's academic, and that was impressive there.

[The bell rings, and "Power" starts back up, where Malik starts climbing the ropes, pointing to the crowd as they cheer]

CP: The kid has a ton of power, and it's gonna be interesting to see what happens when he hits a top competitor, but for now, he's building it right.

MS: Indeed he's off to a hot start, and it continues here in Las Vegas! We're looking forward to seeing more of Malik Thompson. Back to you, Theresa!

[We circle wipe from the celebrating Malik Thompson back to Theresa standing backstage after All-Star Showdown.]

TL: Another impressive victory for Malik Thompson as he continues to make waves in the shallow end of the AWA roster. But if he keeps this up, I expect him to jump in to the deep end in the very near future. Speaking of making waves, fans, I have - reluctantly - positioned myself outside the Axis locker room. And from the noise I can hear out here, you can bet the party is still going on as they celebrate Juan Vasquez capturing the World Title here tonight in Las Vegas. Now, Maxim Zharkov and MAWAGA are not here tonight - they are back in San Antonio at a live AWA event but I understand that they've been in contact with Vasquez and have sent their congratulations...

[Theresa pauses.]

TL: Can MAWAGA even speak English? I'm not sure that's right at all. But regardless, this is-

[Theresa goes quiet as a loud voice is heard off-camera.]

"RYAN!"

[Theresa's eyes pan to the noise as a second voice rings out.]

"You're not stopping me!"

[The camera abruptly pans to show Ryan Martinez walking swiftly towards Theresa Lynch with his father, Alex Martinez, trailing behind him.]

"RYAN, DON'T-"

[And it quickly becomes apparent that Ryan Martinez is not walking towards Theresa Lynch... but rather towards the door she's standing in front of. With a yelp, she hops out of the way as Martinez angrily kicks the door open, revealing an even louder celebration going on within. It seems that the arrival of Martinez is barely even noticed with all the revelry as the decibel level doesn't drop at all as Martinez charges into the room. The cameraman pushes in behind him, just in time to see Martinez catch Vasquez around the waist in a full-body tackle, knocking him over a wooden bench and down on the concrete floor!

Martinez' sudden appearance and action catches the Axis off-guard and the White Knight gets in a few solid shots to the jaw of the new World Champion before Riley Hunter swoops in behind him, smashing a champagne glass on the back of Martinez' head!

Derrick Williams surges forward with a "Son of a bitch!" as he buries a boot into the ribs of Martinez. He drops to a knee, flipping Martinez over and peppering him with right hands to the skull as Hunter starts stomping him. Screams from some of the women in the room fill the air as Jackson Hunter steps back, arms spread to stop them from getting close. A disgruntled Juan Vasquez gets to his feet, shouting "GIVE THAT MOTHERF-" before a well-timed censor button saves us a major fine. He rushes in, smashing his boot down into the face of Martinez!

The door swings open again as Alex Martinez rushes into the room. The seven footer grabs the incoming Riley Hunter by the head, flinging him aside as Vasquez gets in another shot... and another... and another...

Derrick Williams flings himself at the seven footer's legs, trying to wrap them up as the Last American Badass tries to get past the Axis to aid his son who is getting pummeled by the new World Champion. But the big man is struggling with the younger, faster Williams as Vasquez pulls the White Knight up, delivering a short headbutt to the eyesocket, stunning him before...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...he turns and SMASHES Ryan Martinez' head into the metal locker, causing the White Knight to slump down motionlessly against the steel. In the meantime, Alex Martinez has worked his way past Derrick Williams and makes a lunge at Vasquez who drops back out of the way. Riley Hunter rushes in front of Vasquez, protecting the new World Champion as the seven footer tries to get his hands on him.

And then a new avalanche of voices is added to the mix. The cameraman is suddenly surrounded by AWA officials and security, desperately trying to get the Axis and House Martinez separated from one another.

More and more bodies arrive. Louder voices. More panicked voices.

In the chaos, the cameraman goes down, suddenly surrounded by shoe leather and pantlegs...

...and we abruptly cut to black.

In stark, high contrast black and white, a large curtain with the words "SuperClash VII" written large across it cascades to the ground like a falling leaf. Behind it is a slow-motion montage of similarly stark monochrome clips, slowly fading in to each other. Leonard Cohen's rumbling, deep voice plays over top the minimalist orchestration of "You Want It Darker.']

[Brian Lau raises the hands of Wes Taylor and Tony Donavon...]

If you are the dealer
I'm out of the game #

[...Lau shakes the hand of "Dr." Harrison Fawcett...]

If you are the healer
It means I'm broken and lame #

[...Brian James looks over his shoulder as Lau raises the arm of Johnny Detson...]

If thine is the glory then
Mine must be the shame #

[...Summers, Mahoney and Kendrick all triple teaming the Gladiator...]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Shadoe Rage looking around the ring with maniacal eyes ...]

Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name

[...The Hangman, shot from below, slowly tightens his noose around an invisible neck...]

Vilified, crucified, in the human frame

[...Flex Ferrigno with some poor victim's skull trapped in a powerful headlock...]

A million candles burning for the help that never came

[..."Flawless" Larry Wallace and his Best Damn Dropkick In The World in magnificent slow motion...]

You want it darker

[...Lauryn Rage makes her way down the aisle, Women's World Championship belt in one arm, phone extended at arm's length in the other...]

There's a lover in the story
But the story's still the same #

[...Erica Toughill cracks her knuckles, a slow-motion bubble emerging from between her lips...]

There's a lullaby for suffering
And a paradox to blame #

[...Another woman in a darkened space, the light forming a halo around her: the silhouette is in the general shape of Charisma Knight...]

But it's written in the scriptures
And it's not some idle claim #

[...Anton Layton fondles the Eye of Tyr, visibly giggling between Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy.]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Derrick Williams nailing Jordan Ohara with a Blackout, fading to Riley Hunter similarly betraying Ohara with an Instant Karma...]

They're lining up the prisoners
and the guards are taking aim #

[...Jackson Hunter trying to pull the Suited Savage MAWAGA off his prey...]

I struggled with some demons
They were middle class and tame #

[...Maxim Zharkov applying the Gorynych to a chained Kolya Sudakov...]

I didn't know I had permission
to murder and to maim #

[...Juan Vasquez piledriving Ryan Martinez, fading to a smile on Vasquez's face...]

You want it darker

[The stark monochrome montage is suddenly bathed in a golden light. A solitary figure is seen in the distance, standing tall.]

I'm ready, my lord...

[Before we get a good look at him or her, a metallic font splashes on screen.]

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

"The American Wrestling Alliance presents: SuperClash VIII: Thursday, November 24th, live from New Orleans."

[Fade to black...]

...and then back up backstage at the T-Mobile Arena where Theresa Lynch is standing. The scene is chaotic - lots of AWA security and officials strewn throughout the area. When Theresa speaks, she speaks at an elevated level to be heard.]

TL: Welcome back the Power Hour where... well, you can see that things are a bit unsettled after what we saw before the break. Ryan Martinez boldly charging into the Axis locker room on his own, looking to get a piece of the new World Champion and... well, we also saw how that went for him, ending up down on the floor of the locker room getting the boots put to him while his father struggled to get him out of there. Both Martinezes were taken out during the break and have gone back to their own locker room where I'm hoping to get a word with them before we go off the air tonight. But right now, I'm asking the question that a lot of others have

been asking. With Emerson Gellar injured and on the shelf temporarily, who is in charge of the AWA's day-to-day operations?

[Lynch pauses.]

TL: I reached out to the front office, trying to get the answer to that very question. AWA President Landon O'Neill's office gave a no comment. Todd Michaelson, one of the AWA's owners, did the same. So, I stand here wondering who is running this place right now with all this chaos going on... and now I have my answer.

[Another pause.]

TL: Ladies and gentlemen, I've been told that AWA co-owner Jon Stegglet will be in attendance on the next Saturday Night Wrestling and he will be the man in charge that night and all other nights until Emerson Gellar returns to his role. So, I for one look forward to what Mr. Stegglet has to say about all... all of the stuff that has been...

[She gestures around her.]

TL: ...all of this! Now, back to the action... the British Bashers made their United States debut in the ring at Homecoming, backing up Manzo Kawajiri in his battle against Ringkrieger, and it looks like they are here to stay. As the AWA headed to Las Vegas for All-Star Showdown, we take you now to a live event that emanated from Albuquerque, New Mexico, where the Bashers took on a pair of local talent, Josh Lewis and Stanley Mann. On commentary are my broadcast colleagues Mark Stegglet and Colt Patterson.

[We cut to the match already in progress, as one of the local talent, who is not in the most athletic of shapes, with shoulder-length black hair, dressed in blue trunks and black boots, has got Rory Smythe in a side headlock. Smythe pushes him towards the ropes, using his strength and the rebound to send his opponent across the ring. The opponent bounces off the ropes and comes charging towards Smythe...]

MS: Rory Smythe showing off some athletic leapfrogging ability! Smythe with a hiptoss... And another... And one for Lewis as well as he comes in for the assist!

CP: And both Lewis and Mann roll to the outside to regroup. There's that experience that these two New Mexico veterans are showing.

[After some discussion, Lewis, who has a blonde mullet and is wearing white tights and red boots, climbs back onto the apron. Mann slides under the ropes, gets to his feet and immediately tags in his partner.]

MS: Her Majesty's Might motioning for one of them to come at him – I don't think he cares which. They lock up in a collar-and-elbow... Lewis draws the arm behind in a hammerlock...

[Smythe swiftly ducks under, grabbing the wrist and twisting the arm around. Lewis grabs at his arm as Smythe drags him to the corner, reaching out to tag his partner.]

MS: Robbie Storm in off the tag, quickly in...

[Each Basher grabs Lewis by the hair, driving their skulls into his and knocking him flat to cheers from the New Mexico crowd.]

MS: Nice doubleteam by the Bashers. Smythe goes out as Storm stays in.

[Storm quickly pulls Lewis off the mat, snatching a front facelock before he snaps him over with a textbook snap suplex.]

MS: Oh my! He practically snapped him right out of his boots there!

[Storm rolls right back up, dragging Lewis to his feet as Smythe lifts his leg, resting his foot on the top turnbuckle.]

MS: Storm bringing Lewis to his partner... and whammo! Headfirst into the boot! And then there's another quick tag, bringing Rory Smythe back in.

[The British powerhouse steps in, using a snapmare to take Lewis up and over.]

MS: Smythe back in, brings him over, and slaps on a chinlock.

CP: A whole lotta power behind this hold. The methodical wearing down of the opponent taught to them by their mentor "Prince" Colin Hayden.

MS: But maybe not so methodical as Smythe quickly gets back up, bringing Lewis over to the corner again... and another quick tag.

[Storm steps in, grabbing Lewis by the arm as Smythe grabs the other.]

MS: Double whip sends him across...

[With a shout, the British Bashers surge forward, flattening Lewis with a double shoulder tackle!]

MS: Oh my! Another double team... and this one a big ol' tackle that takes everyone down.

[Smythe steps out as Storm pulls Lewis up to his feet, whipping him across the ring again...

...and runs him right over with a clothesline to cheers from the New Mexico crowd!]

MS: And ANOTHER tag! These two are switching in and out non-stop and you've gotta be impressed by this. Rory Smythe coming in.

CP: Here comes the power of this team, Mark. Young Rory there has a physique I could almost envy.

MS: Indeed, Colt, as he shows off his power here, picking Josh Lewis up for what looks like a vertical suplex... No, he's just holding him upside down in the air!

[With Lewis held upside down, Smythe approaches his corner. He lets go of the hand holding his opponent up for just a moment, long enough to tag in Robbie Storm, who climbs to the top rope...]

MS: Smythe slams Lewis to the mat! And Storm takes to the air... THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH!!! Cover! Smythe cuts Mann off!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As "The British Grenadiers" plays, the Bashers are announced as the winners. Rory Smythe does a front flip of his own in jubilation, but also showing off his agility. Colin Hayden, dressed in a burgundy suit and sky blue shirt, join his charges in the ring as they have their hands raised by the official.]

TL: Later, "Prince" Colin Hayden had this to say on behalf of the British Bashers...

[Cut to backstage at the live event. Hayden and the Bashers are just off the Chimpanzee position, having just been asked a question by an off-camera interviewer.]

PCH: We've been truly, truly overwhelmed by the response from the American fans. In Dallas, alongside Kawajiri-san, the Bashers showed what they could do against Ringkrieger. Now, they are out to prove themselves against the best of the AWA all the way to the top, whether that means winning the AWA World Tag Team championships at some point in the future, or winning the Stampede Cup, if there is going to be another one of those.

[And on that note, we fade to black.]

...and then fade back up as the sounds of Jason Aldean's "Lights Go Out" starts to play over various shots of the New Orleans area. A steamboat docked on the shore. A statue in the middle of the city. A twilight overhead shot of cars zipping by on the freeway. An overhead shot of a church cuts to a time lapse shot of the SuperDome - the home of SuperClash VII as the clouds move swiftly by and the lyrics begin.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's screaming#

[A night time drone shot of the Mercedes-Benz Superdome lights up the screen and then cuts to an interior shot of a crowd celebrating in the 'Dome.]

#Lighters in the sky, yeah, everybody's singing#

[A fan shot of a yellow sign that reads "HOME SWEET DOME" cuts to another crowd shot, this one of a fan gripping a sign that reads "THE DOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS."]

#Every word to every song to a girl to take it home tonight#

[A large crowd shot of a cheering crowd, showing off the immense audience who will be packed into the Dome soon enough.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's feeling#

[Older footage comes up, showing the huge audience that once packed into the Superdome to see Muhammad Ali fight Leon Spinks cuts to a shot of that actual fight.]

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

[A football falls just out of the reach of one of the San Francisco 49ers in a shot from a Super Bowl played in the Dome.]

#Yeah, the drink that we're drinking, the smoke that we're smoking#

[Cut to a shot of Mick Jagger center stage in the Dome at a Rolling Stones concert held there and then to Keith Richards from the same show strumming his guitar.]

#The party we throw, it's going all night long#

[A burst of pyro fills the screen before we see a time lapse of the crowd filing into the stadium for a New Orleans Saints game.]

#When the lights come on#

[Cut to another time lapse shot outside the Superdome as the sun goes down and the lights come on.]

#When the lights come on#

[And we cut to the SuperClash VIII logo with all the information on the show...

...and then to black before coming back up on a head and shoulders shot of Victoria June in what appears to be her living room. The room is decorated in a bizarre mix of African art, candles and wrought iron furniture. June herself presents as an enigma, the southern Afro-punk with the pale skin and freckles covering her face, the big reddish blonde afro and the dark oval sunglasses obscuring her naturally green eyes. She is dressed in a black leather vest, a silk scarf bundled over her throat. She stares into the camera very intently, but when she speaks, the Tennessee lilting drawl seems so incongruous with her look.]

VJ: First of all, I'd like to thank all my fans out there for their cards and letters and emails and Tweets and messages on Instagram wishin' me a speedy recovery. I don't know if I could make it through these dark times without yer support. I'm truly blessed to have you all in my corner. But I'll address how much I love you all later. Right now I gotta talk to those two devils themselves, the Serpentes.

Mamba, Copperhead, I know y'all think you won. I know y'all think you put me out when you sprayed me with that Deadly Venom of yours. I still can't look into the bright lights yet, but the doctors say I'm recovering. So I want you to make sure y'all looking over your shoulders because you never know where I'll be.

[She draws off her sunglasses, squinting at the camera light as the audience gets a glimpse of her still bloodshot irises.]

VJ: I call myself the Afro-Punk, but you all snakes just hear punk. I promise you that's a mistake. I'll be back and I'm gonna stomp all over you.

[The shot holds for a beat on her bloodshot green eyes before June has to put her sunglasses back on. And then the image fades back to the backstage area of the T-Mobile Arena and Theresa Lynch.]

TL: Victoria June letting the world know that she's recovering and when she does, she's coming for the Serpentes. It's been a wild night here in Las Vegas, fans, but the road to SuperClash didn't start here nor does it end here. We've got Saturday Night Wrestling broadcasts coming to you live over the next couple of months from cities like Oklahoma City, St. Louis, Memphis, and of course, Houston, Texas coming up next weekend. Now, let's talk about Houston for a moment because I've been backstage here all night trying to get the scoop on what might go down that night. I've been told that Skylar Swift is going to be in action, hopefully in a little better mental shape than the last time we saw her. I've also been told that Melissa Cannon plans to be on hand and she wants to address Lauryn Rage. We'll have a medical update on Howie Somers after he got hit with that fireball by Anton Layton last Monday night. We'll hear from Rene Rousseau after his shocking betrayal of his long-time tag team partner Chris Choynet. And I'm being told in an exclusive that the very first match for SuperClash will be announced on Saturday Night Wrestling this weekend!

[Theresa grins at that scoop.]

TL: Then, of course, the weekend after that, I'll be back with you on the Power Hour where we'll have our special recap of Tiger Paw Pro's BURNING GLORY - I'm looking forward to that. Plus, we'll have the full announcement of the brackets for CCW's upcoming Brass Ring Tournament where the winner will earn themselves a spot on the card at SuperClash! That's going to be big as well - a chance of a

lifetime for all those guys working so hard down in CCW. And speaking of big chances, on the next Saturday Night Wrestling, you all are in for a real treat coming up next weekend because the stars of SouthWest Lucha Libre are coming to town and when they do, you will be dazzled by what you see. Right now, let's take a special look - with our old friend Dale Adams, an expert on the worlds of lucha libre and puroresu - at SWLL.

[We fade through black and up on a shot of a waving Mexican flag with a burst of mariachi style horns. The voice of Dale Adams shines through.]

DA: In Mexico, pro wrestling isn't just a sport... it's an art.

[A barrage of quick shots showing men (and women) in colorful attire snapping off high flying moves and intricate submission holds.]

DA: The luchadors who participate in the world of lucha libre aren't just there for a quick buck or to land on the next telenovela. They live their sport. They breathe their business.

[El Lobo Grande is shown throwing a much smaller opponent over the ropes onto a pile of luchadors on the floor.]

DA: In some cases - much like in the AWA - it's a family tradition.

[Cut to a talking head shot of a man in a golden mask over a white polo shirt. The graphic reads "El Diablo Jr." He speaks in Spanish with subtitles appearing under him.]

EDJ: My name is El Diablo Jr. I am the son of the legendary luchador El Diablo.

[Cut to older footage of a similarly-masked man diving through the ropes onto an opponent.]

EDJ: My father was a legend in the world of lucha libre - a hero to the people, adored wherever he went.

[Cut to a shot that reads "COURTESY OF EMPIRE SPORTS" where El Diablo, his mask torn with blood coming from underneath is in the clutches of a monstrous masked foe.]

DA: But El Diablo's path took a dark turn when he ventured into the Land of Extreme - the EMWC. He was a major superstar there as well but one night, things went terribly wrong.

[Cut to a black screen, fade back up on a woman and her small child in tears standing in the ring.]

EDJ: They say it was an accident. Something gone wrong. All I know is that I wake up every morning without my father and I step into the ring every night to make him proud.

[Cut to a rapid-fire montage of shots. El Diablo Jr. flinging himself over the top rope onto a foe... cut to him dropping an opponent with a tornado DDT... cut to him using a Tombstone piledriver on a wild-haired victim...

...and then black.

We fade back up again on a man standing in the middle of a dirt field. He kneels down, pressing his hand into the dry clay as it cracks under the pressure. The

masked man scoops a handful of clay up to his blood red mask, sniffing it before tossing it over his shoulder.]

"My name is Arminius... and I was born for battle."

[Cut to a shot of Arminius in action, springing off the top rope into a somersault and snapping an opponent over in a rana.]

A: No one flies the way I do. No one should even try.

[Up on the top rope, Arminius is poised to take flight...

...and snaps off a picture perfect 630 senton on a downed opponent.]

A: When I step onto the field of battle, the world around me fades away. All that I see is my opponent... all that I smell is his fear... all I can taste is the conflict that is coming.

[Arminius sails through the ropes with a dive that he turns into a tornado DDT out on the floor.]

A: When I was a child, the Gods reached down and blessed me with wings. My mother used to tell that story. She said it was the only way to explain my gift of flight.

[Cut to a studio shot of Arminius in the same blood red mask, his braided black hair hanging down the back of his head through a hole in the back of the mask.]

A: Heh. Maybe she was right.

[A barrage of high flying shots - a Springboard 450, a Meteora off the apron, a somersault plancha over the corner ringpost...

...and finally, a breathtaking double rotation moonsault off the top of a cage onto a pile of opponents as we cut to black.

And then to a shot of the Arena Mexico.]

DA: The Arena Mexico. The home for lucha libre in Mexico City for over sixty years. Unlike most venues in the world, this building was built FOR professional wrestling... and so it stands, the capital of lucha libre in all of Mexico. You cannot claim to be a true superstar in the world of lucha until you compete in this building. Many promotions have run here over the years but now it is the home of SWLL and they've drawn sell out crowd after sell out crowd here for months now.

[Adams looks around the empty venue with a grin.]

DA: It's the perfect time for the AWA to come to Mexico. The market has never been hotter, the business has never been more ripe to see the American stars compete alongside the Mexican superstars. Arminius. El Diablo Jr. Super Solar. El Caliente. Sonny Machado. Destro Star. Coloso Castillo. El Danado. El Gran Tigre. Guerrero Azteca. The list goes on and on.

[Cut to another barrage of fast-paced action.]

DA: Am I excited to see the AWA and SWLL working together? Yes.

[More action.]

DA: Am I excited to see the AWA come to Mexico in 2017? Absolutely.

[More action.]

DA: Am I excited to be in Houston to help call the action? You better believe it.

[Cut to black with the SWLL logo sitting atop the Mexican flag...

...and we fade to black.]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

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

TL: We are back on the Power Hour, fans. The superstars of SouthWest Lucha Libre are coming and you do not want to miss it when they arrive. Fans, I promised you that before we went off the air tonight that I would try to get a comment from Ryan Martinez on what went on here earlier. So, here I am...

[She gestures behind her to a door marked "MARTINEZ."]

TL: Honestly, I'm not sure what kind of mood the White Knight's going to be in after the night he's had but... well, let's give it a shot.

[Lynch balls up her fist, ready to knock...

...and gives a little yelp as Alex Martinez swings the door open, an angry expression on his face as he goes to step through, nearly getting a small Lynch hammerfist to the chest.]

TL: Mr. Martinez, I'm sorry! It's just... I wanted to see if I could get a word with your son.

[Alex gives a shake of his head.]

AM: Sorry, Theresa. He's not much in the mood to talk...

[Martinez throws a hard look over his shoulder.]

AM: ...or listen for that matter. I'm going to get some fresh air but if I were you, I'd just let him be.

[The Last American Badass brushes past Theresa, stalking out of sight as the Power Hour host watches him go.]

TL: Well... I suppose...

[Theresa's brow furrows as she looks off-camera.]

TL: I don't understand.

[We don't quite get to see the reason for Theresa's confusion as someone brushes past her the other way, pushing the door open. Theresa silently waves for the cameraman to follow her, sliding up against the wall, trying to stay out of view.

The camera comes to rest on Ryan Martinez seated in his locker room, head buried in his hands. The White Knight has seen better days, but after the events of the night, he's very much a man living on the edge. Martinez seems to not have noticed the door open and close, his head down as we hear footsteps walking further into the locker room and then silence, before a familiar voice rings out...]

"Well aren't you a sorry sight, Ryan Martinez."

[As Martinez raises his head, the camera pans over to the source of the voice, revealing the last man we would ever expect to see:

Supreme Wright

The former two-time AWA World Heavyweight Champion is dressed in the same navy tweed suit we saw him in earlier in the night. His expression is the same as always: stone-faced and dead serious. Martinez looks at his rival with confusion.]

RM: Wait... what'd you call me?

[Wright stares at Martinez coldly.]

SW: The name that you deserve.

[Martinez winces at the insinuation.]

SW: If you were expecting me to call you something else, well...

[Wright smirks.]

SW: ...the White Knight that I knew doesn't exist anymore.

[That gets Martinez's attention. He gets to his feet and right into Wright's face.]

RM: So what, you're here to tell me that I'm a failure? What, do you want to tell me that I lost YOUR World Title, and that I haven't done anything except keep losing ever since!?

You think I don't know that, Wright? You think that I don't know that I've let everyone down, starting with myself?

I already know I'm a failure, Supreme. I already know that people have lost their faith in me. I know that the AWA is crashing down around all of our ears, and I know that I haven't done anything except make it worse.

So if that's what you came here to tell me, don't waste your breath.

And if you want to tell me it wasn't supposed to be like this, I already know that too. I know that the AWA was supposed to be ours. That Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez would be the two men who defined the AWA's future. Not people like Williams and Hunter.

And you don't need to tell me that you've been doing nothing but getting better. You don't need to remind me that you're actually out there, defending the AWA and pulling your weight.

I know that I'm falling behind. I know that everywhere I turn, I just run into another obstacle that puts me on my backside.

Or maybe you came here to gloat.

[Martinez exhales, and shakes his head.]

RM: Look, I don't know why you're here, but go ahead, get it over with...

[Wright listens to everything Ryan has to say and doesn't so much as blink.]

SW: Why am I here? Because I'm the best and you need somebody to teach you.

[Martinez blinks.]

SW: The way you are now, there's no doubt in my mind you'll never defeat Juan Vasquez or The Axis.

[Martinez shakes his head.]

RM: See, at first, I thought you were here to gloat, but I know you better than that. Gloating isn't your style.

So cut to the chase, what's the real reason you're here?

[Supreme ignores the question.]

SW: Do you remember our match? When you defeated me, it hurt. It hurt me more than any injury or defeat ever did. Every wrestler worth a damn in this world knows

that hurt and it makes us sick inside just trying to live with it. It took me a long time to accept that you were the better man that night... the best opponent that I've ever stepped into a wrestling ring with...

[Wright is almost smiling while recalling that match in his mind, but he soon remembers the business at hand and the expressionless mask returns.]

SW: ...but you're losing this fight with The Axis for all the wrong reasons. You've lost your edge. When Juan Vasquez gave you that piledriver, it didn't just break your neck, it broke your spirit. I've seen what something like that does to a man.

Hell, we all saw it in Stevie Scott.

[Martinez lowers his head.]

SW: And when I see you now, I don't see the hunger, I don't see the desire. When we fought, there wasn't another man in this world that was going to deny you. That was the White Knight I knew. And now? You have to find a way to get that edge back.

[Martinez audibly scoffs.]

RM: What, and you think you're the man who can help me?

[Supreme answers without hesitation.]

SW: I KNOW I can. There's only been one man who has ever gotten the best of The Axis and you're looking right at him. So, the real question is, Ryan Martinez...

...do you trust me to help you?

[Then, shockingly, unbelievably... Supreme extends his hand out to Ryan Martinez!]

RM: I trusted you once before, and you stabbed me in the back.

[Martinez looks down at Wright's hand, and then back up into his eyes.]

RM: You're asking an awful lot of me, Supreme.

[Wright doesn't respond, leaving his hand extended as he doesn't take his eyes off Martinez.]

RM: But if there's one thing I know... it's that nothing I've tried so far has worked.

So you want to teach me?

[Martinez pauses, looking down at the offered hand again.]

RM: All right...

[Martinez' hand shoots out, and he takes Wright's, and as the camera zooms in on their clasped hands and then out to get a wide shot of both former World Champions, they shake hands!]

RM: You've got a new student.

[Fade to black.]