

The graphic features the text "AWA POWER HOUR" in large, bold, white capital letters with a black outline, centered against a dark blue background filled with bright, jagged white lightning bolts. Below the main title, the date "SEPTEMBER 3, 2016" is written in a similar bold, white capital font with a black outline.

# AWA POWER HOUR

## SEPTEMBER 3, 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 a former AWA National Tag Team Champion and current manager of the group known as the Lion's Den... "The Professional" Dave Cooper! Mr. Cooper, welcome to the Power Hour.

[Cooper steps out onto the Power Hour star field impeccably dressed in a three piece suit. He glares at Lynch.]

DC: Miss Lynch, I have to say that it is about time you showed the proper understanding of what drives ratings in this business and brought me here to be a part of the show. And of course, the pleasure is all yours.

TL: Of course. Mr. Cooper, one of the reasons we wanted you on the show this week is because you're just a few days away from one of the biggest matches in the AWA career for your men a - the Samoan Hit Squad - when they take on the Northern Lights in what might be their toughest challenge to date.

[Cooper snorts.]

TL: You disagree?

DC: Oh, I agree that it's a big match.

TL: But...?

DC: But the idea that ANY team is a serious threat to my Samoans is sheer lunacy. Look, Theresa... we're going to talk about that match later... in fact, I've got a special surprise for you surrounding that match.

TL: Oh?

DC: But right now, I think we've got other flies to swat, don't you?

[Theresa looks puzzled by the analogy.]

TL: I suppose so. Of course, we're coming to you back in the good ol' US of A after a thrilling and historic tour of Europe. A lot went down over there including the crowning of my brother, Jack Lynch, as the new World Champion.

DC: A title that any member of the Lion's Den would be more than happy to take off his hands if he gives them the chance.

TL: Any member? You mean the Samoans?

DC: Well, every single member of the Samoan clan has their fair share of bones to pick out of the carcasses of your brother... your father... all you Lynches. But don't be mistaken in thinking the Samoans are the only threat that the Lion's Den can muster, Miss Lynch.

TL: Well... perhaps the featured combatant in tonight's opening match is someone you'd like to put with the Lion's Den at some point.

DC: And who's that?

TL: My dear friend, Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol!

DC: Are you kidding me? You want someone who was trained by the Lynches to be a part of the Lion's Den? I don't think so!

[Theresa grins.]

TL: Let's go to the ring!

[We circle wipe from the star field to footage marked "Paris, France."]

MS: Welcome everyone to the City of Lights, Paris, and another fantastic stop on this European Tour as Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol is set to do battle with the competitor known as Madame Von Krush!

[Madame Von Krush is quite the intimidating sight inside the ring - the sides of her head shaved off as the rest is gelled up into a quasi-mohawk. Her black vinyl-like sports bra and full-length tights have silver studding on them as does the sleeve covering her right forearm.]

MS: I'm Mark Stegglet alongside Colt Patterson calling all the action in this one and Colt, how do you think this one's going to go down?

CP: This is my first time seeing Madame Von Krush and she looks like she's gonna be a handful and then some for Kayla Cristol, Stegglet.

MS: Kayla Cristol all of 5'8 and 138 pounds. Madame Von Krush is taller than her... she's certainly heavier than her... so this should be a tough fight here in Paris, France for the Pistol.

[Cristol throws up her index fingers as "pistols" before tucking them away in her rhinestone covered trunks. With a charming grin, she waits for the bell to ring as Von Krush rubs her hands together sinisterly.]

MS: And here we go... Kayla Cristol and Madame Von Krush doing battle as we wind down the action on this historic tour of Europe.

[Von Krush strides confidently out to the center of the ring, beckoning Cristol towards her. Showing no fear, Cristol obliges, walking to mid-ring where Von Krush lunges into a tieup.]

MS: Cristol walked right into a collar and elbow which might not be the best move for her. She's going to need to use some speed... some quickness...

[And with a loud bellow, Von Krush HURLS Cristol down to the mat with a massive shove. The Paris fans boo as Von Krush strikes a double bicep pose. She's not well-defined though so...]

CP: Well, she's not packing guns like yours truly so... that don't impress me much.

MS: Colt Patterson, was that a country music reference?

CP: I don't know what you're talking about, Stegglet. Call the match, will ya?

[Cristol gets to her feet, dusting herself off as Von Krush calls for the tieup again...]

MS: Here we go again...

CP: Did Cristol learn nothing from the first time? Typical for a student of the Lynches, I guess.

MS: You mean the longest reigning National Champion ever, Travis Lynch, and the current World Champion, Jack Lynch? Those Lynches?

CP: Even the dumbest of dogs can scratch the right spot on occasion.

[But this time, as Von Krush surges forward, Cristol ducks under her outstretched arms. She swings around to face the larger opponent, throwing a pair of forearm strikes to the jaw.]

MS: Cristol with a quick one-two...

[Von Krush shouts as she reaches out again but again Cristol ducks under, firing off another pair of forearms. With a whoop, she dashes to the ropes, bouncing off towards the dazed Von Krush...

...who winds up for a right hand but Cristol drops into a slide between the legs. She reaches up, grasping Von Krush by the thighs...]

MS: Cristol looking for a sunset flip type pin attempt!

[Von Krush staggers... and staggers... and staggers...]

MS: Can Cristol get the larger woman down through?

[...and then steadies herself, swinging a right hand down towards Cristol who rolls aside at the last moment, causing Von Krush to punch the canvas!]

MS: Oh my! The Madame missed the mark!

[Von Krush grimaces, reeling as she shakes out her hand. A grinning Cristol regains her feet, throwing a dropkick to the chest, sending Von Krush falling back into the turnbuckles.]

MS: Nice dropkick by the young lady from Fouke, Arkansas!

[With Von Krush in the corner, Cristol moves in on her with a second dropkick to keep her there.]

MS: Another dropkick and Kayla Cristol has got the momentum on her side early on in this matchup...

[Cristol grabs Von Krush by the arm, looking to whip her across the ring...]

MS: Hammer throw on the way...

[...but Von Krush hangs on, shaking her head defiantly.]

CP: Or maybe not.

[Von Krush yanks Cristol back towards her, throwing a thunderous clothesline that takes Cristol off her feet and puts her down hard on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MS: Short-arm clothesline and there was a ton of oomph behind that one, fans!

[With a loud bellow to punctuate each blow, Von Krush stomps... and stomps... and stomps Cristol, sending her right under the ropes and out onto the ring apron.]

CP: And the Madame is showing the kind of mean streak that I like in there, Stegglet.

MS: She's certainly got a bad bone or two in her body, Colt.

[Reaching over the ropes, the Madame grabs Cristol by her long black hair, dragging her up to her feet. She yanks her into a standing front facelock, slinging Cristol's arm over her neck...]

MS: Perhaps a suplex coming up here, looking to bring Cristol back in...

[Von Krush hoists Cristol into the air with ease, walking backwards, holding her high...]

CP: That's pure power right there, jack!

[...and then twists her body, throwing Cristol down in a slam as Von Krush stays standing.]

MS: Whaaaaaam! Down HARD on the canvas there!

[Madame Von Krush turns to taunt the ringside fans, giving them the business as she walks around the ring while Cristol writhes in pain on the canvas.]

MS: Madame Von Krush isn't following up though, Colt.

CP: She doesn't need to right now. Right now, she's got Cristol right where she wants her.

MS: You may be right, Colt, but you and I both know that in this business, your luck can change in an instant.

[Von Krush sneers at the jeering Paris crowd as she retrieves Cristol off the mat, dragging her up to her feet where she scoops her up into her powerful arms, slowly walking around the ring for all to witness...]

...and then SLAMS her down hard in the middle of the ring!]

MS: Boom boom... Von Krush shakes the room with that heavy slam... back into the ropes...

[The crowd cheers Cristol on as Von Krush bounces off, leaping into the air with her arm drawn back...]

MS: Von Krush with the elb-

[...but SLAMS down into the canvas as Cristol rolls aside!]

MS: -OHHHH! She missed the mark on that one and could this turn things around for Kayla Cristol!

["The Pistol" slowly rises up off the mat, nodding her head to the cheering crowd as Von Krush rises to her feet as well.]

MS: Both women back on their feet... Cristol with a forearm... and another...

[Von Krush makes a lunge at Cristol who ducks under again, coming up behind the Madame to hook her by the tights...

...and drive her elbow into the lower back once... twice... three times.]

MS: Cristol's trying to chop down this big tree! Does she have enough in her to do it?

[With Von Krush reeling a bit, Cristol backs to the corner, hopping up to the middle buckle. She grins as she flashes her "pistols" to the crowd, tucking them back into their imaginary holsters before leaping off...]

MS: Double axehandle - right between the eyes!

[Von Krush stumbles backwards, dipping down to a knee as Cristol stays on her, grabbing her by the arm.]

MS: Hammer throw into the corner... here comes Cristol!

[Cristol charges into the corner, throwing a back elbow up under the chin!]

MS: Ohhh! Heavy elbow to the chin in the corner... she's going back across...

[Cristol sprints across the ring from corner-to-corner, spinning around to drive her elbow up into the chin a second time!]

MS: Another running elbow by the Pistol! She's got Von Krush reeling in the corner for sure!

[Cristol holds up a finger, looking out to the crowd with a "ONE MORE TIME?!" and gets a cheer in the positive. She dashes across the ring again, landing a third running back elbow!]

MS: And the third time's a charm! Von Krush is hanging onto the ropes for dear life, trying to stay on her feet!

[With the Madame rocked in the buckles, Cristol steps up to the second rope, raising her arm into the air...]

MS: What are we going to see here, Colt?

CP: More showboating if she's anything like her trainers.

[As the Paris crowd cheers her on, Cristol brings her forearm down, bouncing it off of Von Krush's head once... twice... three times...]

MS: The Pistol is breaking out the big guns!

[...four times... five times...]

MS: She's got Von Krush rocked badly in the corner!

[...and she lands a sixth one before letting loose a war whoop that the crowd echoes in response.]

MS: Cristol's stepping to the top now... this could be that Calf Branding finish she picked up from Jack Lynch...

[Cristol slides her knee in behind Von Krush's head, hanging on as she leaps off the buckles, riding Von Krush down to the mat where the Madame's skull gets sandwiched between the canvas and Cristol's knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MS: THE BOGGY CREEK BUSTER CONNECTS!

[Cristol flips Von Krush over, diving across her chest, nodding along with the count.]

MS: And there's the three! Big win for Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol here in Paris!

[Cristol gets up, celebrating her win as the referee raises her hand in victory...

...and we circle wipe back to the Power Hour starfield to Theresa and Dave Cooper.]

TL: A nice victory for Kayla Cristol and-

DC: And she's STILL not good enough for the Lion's Den!

TL: Knowing Kayla as I do, she wouldn't give you the time of day if you offered!

[Theresa pauses, clearing her throat, looking a little embarrassed at her outburst.]

TL: Fans, the Women's Division here in the AWA is hotter than ever and in just a couple of days in Homecoming, we'll be seeing quite the double feature from the ladies as Erica Toughill takes on Julie Somers and Lauryn Rage clashes with former EMWC Women's Champion Lori Dane in a No Disqualification Match with the AWA Women's World Title on the line! And backstage in London recently, we caught up with Ricki Toughill to get her thoughts on both of those big showdowns. Let's take a look...

[Circle wipe to footage from backstage at the O2 in London. Erica Toughill is still in her ring gear, and mentally, she still seems to be in the frame of mind for fighting. She paces back and forth in the locker room. No one seems to be ready to interview her, leaving a lone, brave camera operator alone with the Queen of Clubs.]

ET: I try to be nice.

[She smacks an innocent garbage can with her cricket bat.]

ET: I try to be respectful—I try to represent the AWA the way that Fox wants us to come across to advertisers and partners and suits. And I can't do it!

[For the second time in the night, she spikes the increasingly splintered cricket bat to the ground.]

ET: I'm told to be respectful to people who deserve my respect. Lauryn and me—we're the only real competitors in this Division! We're the ones who stayed in the ring and fought on when every other woman compromised became a "valet," or "in-the-field reporter." Us! We built women's wrestling on our backs, and let everyone else bask in the glory when the AWA caved in and started the Women's Division?

Do we get a "thank you?" What do we get?

I've got the fans sitting, arms folding, sitting in judgment of me. I got Gordon Myers, sitting in judgment of me. Julie Somers, sitting in judgment of me. Why? For beating the ever-loving CRAP out of Cinder? You're gonna call me out for lighting her up a little? For busting up her pretty face? For making her pay her dues?

[Toughill's shows off her famous vocal volume.]

ET: DON'T STEP IN THE RING WITH ME IF YOU'RE NOT PREPARED! Half of these people in this locker room wouldn't have survived in the locker room from when I broke in! Half of you would have quit!

Wrestling is not a game to me! Cinder wanted to make a name for herself: I busted her up! Kayla Cristol thought she was entitled to be in that ring: I busted her up! Julie Somers—every time those rankings come out and I see you there above me... making MY money... getting MY opportunities... Spitfire, they're gonna have to change your nickname to "Spitblood."

And I'm looking up those rankings to see that Lori Dane herself has parachuted in to face Lauryn... Queen of Extreme? After all the blood I shed over the years, all the pain and humiliation I endured... they parachute you in? What?

If I can't be in Kerry's corner at Homecoming, I don't like to idle for too long; I'm gonna be somewhere else. Hail to the real Queen, baby.

[She snarls, then leaves the scene...

...and we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

"And the hottest wrestling in the West."

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

[Cut to a rebuttal from Jackson Hunter.]

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

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

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and back up on the star field to Cooper and Lynch.]

TL: Welcome back to the Power Hour, wrestling fans, and every time I see that commercial for the Chinook Wrestling video, I can't help but get a little nostalgic. As a kid, I loved sitting in the living room with my dad and watching tape after tape of matches from all around the world. Matches featuring legendary families like the Coltons... the O'Connors... the Shanes... and so many others. And when you speak of legendary families like that... you have to wonder which family will Sports Illustrated select in just a few days to feature on the cover of an upcoming issue of SI that will showcase an article about the legendary families of pro wrestling. We're all going to find out the answer to that question at Homecoming in just a few days but right now, we're going to show you a very special match from our friends at Combat Corner Wrestling featuring the newest generation of one of those families - the Canadian heroes, the Coltons - in action. Let's take a look...

[Cut to the CCW ring and two large men in black wrestling tops and black dress pants, each with dark glasses and porkpie hats. "Peter Gunn" by the Art of Noise plays through the arena. An unknown ring announcer is speaking.]

RA: The following tag contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, entering the ring... At a combined weight of 635 pounds... From Chicago, Illinois... LUCAS DEL NAJA... KEVIN ALLOY...

[Lucas Del Naja is gangly and lean, almost 6' 6", with a heavily gelled hair that is at least ten years out of style. He unlocks the briefcase handcuffed to his wrist, and reattaches it to the nearest ringpost. Alloy is quite different: under 6 feet tall, but stockily built, with medium-length unkempt hair and a trimmed beard. He does a sloppy, but still impressive for his size, cartwheel.]

RA: They are... the AGENTS... of OBLIVIOOOON!

HS: The Agents of Oblivion certainly feel that they are the team to beat here in CCW throughout 2016, haven't they Marcus?

MB: The Tennessee Kids... The Donovans... Local Only... They've managed to beat them all.

HS: Lucas and Alloy, the Agents of Oblivion. They're part of the Mud City Mafia with Pops Palahniuk, who has been barred from ringside for this match; and likewise they've been barred from ringside for his match tonight. They believe they're the top team in CCW, but their opponents tonight who answered the Agents' Open Challenge intend to dispute that...

[The distinctive guitar riff of "Little Bones" by The Tragically Hip makes the atmosphere of the arena a lot more Canadian. Through the curtain steps two men in well-worn blue denim making their way earnestly to the ring.]

RA: Their opponents... At a combined weight of 528 pounds... First, from The Battlefords... CURTIS KESTREL!

[Kestrel, behind his mirrored aviator glasses, is crew-cut, stern-looking and square-jawed, looking very businesslike. Underneath his jean jacket are shiny indigo full-length tights with three gold slash marks up one leg and red detailing up the other. Both of his red boots are shinguarded, with knee pads to match.]

RA: ...And his partner, from Calgary, Alberta, Canada... BLAKE... COLLLLLLTON!

[Blake Colton's demeanor is a stark contrast. He grins with the energy of the crowd. Underneath his denim vest is a barrel-chest of muscle mass, and a shiny indigo singlet with the Colton logo (a stylized 'C' with a cowboy hat within a gold star) on one hip, red stripes running up the other, and short white wrestling boots.]

RA: They are... the COLTON... CREW!

[At ringside, Kestrel and Colton exchange a quick fist-bump, then both slide into the ring. With feline agility, Kestrel dashes to the nearest corner, standing on the second buckle facing the crowd. Colton sprints to the opposite corner and raises both arms in the air, and brings them down into a classic flex.]

HS: These two Canucks have made quite the impression in their short time in CCW. Blake Colton made his debut in the AWA just a few short months ago and he was set to stay there, but he said, 'no, I want to join the AWA the right way, and I want to put my time in at Combat Corner.'

MB: And I'm surprise that a vet like Curtis Kestrel would say the same thing.

HS: The ultimate goal for Kestrel is a team with Blake Colton, and I know he wants to perfect their rhythm and chemistry together.

[Kestrel and Colton meet in the middle of the ring and exchange another fist bump and high-five. Kestrel discards his jean jacket and sunglasses as Blake Colton rolls to the outside, and heads for the front row. He takes off his trademark blue "rising sun" bandana and gives it to a young fan at ringside before heading back up the ring steps.]

HS: Souvenir for that lucky young man, and I'm impressed that someone with Blake Colton's pedigree, privilege and athletic gifts is one of the more humble and gentle souls to come through CCW.

MB: Harvey, he's a 300 plus pound freak of nature: he knows he's something special in the ring. Plus he doesn't want to follow in the footsteps of his cousin Kansys...

HS: Marcus, the less said about him the better - there's the bell, and it's going to be Lucas Del Naja against Blake Colton...

[Del Naja tries to intimidate Colton by flexing his arm. Colton shrugs.]

HS: Collar-and-elbow tie-up after some of the typical Agent badmouthing... Del Naja with the height advantage, Colton with-

[Del Naja is shoved backwards, rolling to his corner.]

HS: ...Blake Colton with the definite strength advantage.

MB: I think Del Naja is claiming he slipped on the canvas, Harvey!

[Alloy and Del Naja both make a commotion about the mat being uneven, then Del Naja tags in the huskier Alloy.]

HS: And now Kevin Alloy in... he's the one who made the open challenge to any CCW tag team.

MB: What did he mean, they're 'on a mission from God?'

[Alloy confidently stomps into the ring and extends his arm upwards, signaling for a test of strength. Colton returns the gesture, extending his arm outwards...]

[...But as they go to lock fingers, he raises his arm a little higher, out of Alloy's reach.]

HS: The Agents of Oblivion aren't used to being the smaller men in the ring.

\*SMACK\*

[Alloy responds to being mocked with a slap to the face of Blake Colton, who reacts more out of shock than pain.]

MB: That woke Kevin Alloy up! We've seen these Agents when they get going and they can get dangerous.

HS: Alloy hitting the ropes, looking for- no, Colton leapfrogs him, Alloy still in motion- blind leapfrog, what agility! Alloy back again, Colton with the drop down now, now Colton to the ropes...

[Colton and Alloy criss-cross on the ropes until...]

HS: OHHH!

MB: Wow!

[...Colton shoulderblocks Alloy, who goes sailing through the air.]

HS: Blake Colton knocks Kevin Alloy into the front row!

MB: Usually you need a passport to fly that far!

HS: Alloy back to his feet, probably wondering if he's still in his shoes... Blake Colton tags out to the "Bird of Prey" Curtis Kestrel...

[Kestrel quickly enters into the ring and slides to a drop toe hold on Alloy before he can get his bearings, floating into a headlock for a couple of seconds, then into a hammerlock on Alloy.]

MB: And how fast is Kestrel as a technician? He is always thinking on his feet and he always seems to be one step ahead of his opponent.

HS: Alloy makes it to the ropes, complaining about Kestrel pulling the hair - I don't know that I saw that.

MB: If it gives him an advantage and slows Kestrel down, the Agents have to take that opportunity.

HS: Collar-and-elbow tie-up between Kestrel and Alloy... Alloy breaks that with a mean kick to Kestrel's midsection... Into the Agents of Oblivion's corner and he makes the tag to Lucas Del Naja.

MB: There're the Agents pressing that advantage, Harvey.

[Both Agents of Oblivion trap Curtis Kestrel in the corner and work him over with kicks and punches.]

HS: Double-team from the Agents of Oblivion, Kevin Alloy's got until the referee's count of five to exit the ring... which he does.

[Blake Colton has stormed into the ring to try to bail out his partner, but the referee stops him.]

MB: Blake Colton trying to rescue the Bird of Prey... I think this kid is too eager!

[Alloy uses the opportunity to wrap his arm around Kestrel's neck to leave him open to further attack from Del Naja.]

HS: It's certainly not helping matters for his teammate! Turn around, ref!

[And just as the ref turns around, Alloy's hands are innocently in the air. What chokehold?]

HS: And now we'll see what the Agent Del Naja can do. Del Naja with an Irish whip to Kestrel... into a big tilt-a-whirl slam. Looking for an early cover here... Two-count. Barely a two-count. Give Del Naja credit. You never know when one of those early pinfall attempts will pay off.

MB: Curtis Kestrel is too ring aware to kick out on one - he takes that extra second to get that extra breath of oxygen into his lungs.

HS: Alloy complaining about a slow count for his partner... and again saying something about being on a 'mission from God.'

MB: I don't know; you'd have to ask the representatives of Illinois' law enforcement community.

HS: Back to a vertical base now, Del Naja with an Irish whip into the corner...

MB: WOW!

[Kestrel, instead of colliding to the corner, leaps with superhuman agility to the top rope and dives backward, catching Lucas Del Naja in the jaw with a back elbow.]

HS: Uncanny agility on display there from the Bird of Prey! And the race is on!

[Both men crawl to their respective corners, looking for a tag. Del Naja gets to the Agents of Oblivion corner first.]

HS: Kevin Alloy back in and...

[Kestrel is faster, and makes a wild diving tag to Blake Colton.]

HS: ...He puts on the brakes! Big Blake Colton is in!

[Colton uses Alloy's hesitation against him, slipping behind him with a waistlock.]

HS: German suplex coming up...

MB: Look at this!

[Colton HURLS the Agent overhead, flinging him a full 270 degrees backward.]

MB: That's a 300 pound man that just ate canvas there!

HS: And Colton has Kevin Alloy up again...

MB: He's not going to try to Dino Slam him, is he?

[With ease, Blake Colton carries Kevin Alloy around on his shoulders in a fireman's carry. Which he then turns into a military press.]

MB: He is! He's going to Dino Slam him!

HS: Del Naja back in - Kestrel cuts him off with a spinning heel kick! It's breaking loose here in the Crockett!

[Colton tilts Alloy forward from the press and sits down, slamming the Agent of Oblivion between his legs.]

BC: "C'MON BAHDS!"

HS: A Dino Slam from Blake Colton and all the Bahds here in the Crockett can feel it in the air!

MB: What is a "Bahd," Harvey?

HS: It's what he calls the fans. Tag to Curtis Kestrel... Lucas Del Naja still reeling on the outside, and Kestrel is going up. Could be looking for that Red Mile...

MB: That's exactly what they're looking for!

[With Kestrel on the top rope, Colton stands in the corner in front of him. They lock hands, and Colton flings Kestrel into a somersault on top of Alloy. Kestrel quickly hooks a leg and sweeps into a cover.]

HS: Del Naja can't get into the ring in time- two, and three!

\*DING DING DING\*

RA: Your winners... Blake Colton and Curtis Kestrel... the COLLLLLLTON CREW!

MB: They'll be popping some two-fours in the Great White North tonight, Harvey.

[The jolly Colton and his more taciturn partner exchange a quick high five before raising their arms in victory.]

HS: Well, if this is the last CCW has seen of the Colton Crew, we know they'll have loads of success when they join the AWA tour as it returns stateside next week.

[We fade from the Crockett Coliseum back to the Power Hour star field.]

TL: An impressive victory there for the Colton Crew, Mr. Cooper... coming to an AWA tag team division near you.

DC: They're impressive, I'll give them that. But what happens when they get into the ring with likes of Crowley and the Lost Boy? Or what about the Wallaces?

TL: And your Samoans?

[Cooper cackles.]

DC: They wouldn't stand a chance.

TL: Well, that remains to be seen. The Colton Crew is coming to the AWA and they very well might be a part of Homecoming in just a few days' time. Homecoming is a jam-packed show of top notch matches including the six man tag team battle that will pit Manzo Kawajiri and the British Bashers against the group known as Ringkrieger. Now, Ringkrieger had a surprise for the Iron Badger last weekend in London when they unveiled their third member - Oliver St. Laurent - who was quite a mystery to many of us but I've been hearing some interesting things about him and I think we're all in for quite the treat in Dallas.

DC: Ringkrieger has impressed me during this tour, Theresa... they're a group I wouldn't mind having some conversations with.

TL: You'd be willing to sign Ringkrieger to the Lion's Den? Wouldn't the Samoans take offense to that?

DC: I didn't say I'd be willing to sign them... just that I'd be interested to talk to them. And when you're talking about the Lion's Den, you should know that we're not the Kings of Wrestling, bickering and squabbling over every little thing. When you're part of the Lion's Den, it's all for one and one for all... do you understand?

TL: I see. Well, one wrestler who WON'T be a part of Homecoming and is really quite disheartened by that is Victoria June who was injured on this very show recently by the Serpentes. Let's go right now to a special pre-taped message from Victoria.

[The shot opens on Victoria June sitting in what looks to be her apartment. It is filled with plants, books and crystalline sculptures and structures. June is sitting on her couch, wrapped in a shiny silk kimono, her tawny afro tamed into two puffs on either side of her head. She wears medical eye shields that cover most of her face.]

VJ: Howdy y'all, this is Victoria June. Recently on the AWA's European tour I was in a match with the Serpentes and one of those nasty ol' snakes spat venom in my eyes. It happened so fast I didn't see which one. And next thing I know I can't see anything at all. My eyes were burning and tearing something terrible. All so those snakes could steal a victory from me. They had to fly me back home.

Everybody's worried about what kind of damage that poison did. My doctors have told me I won't be able to wrestle for a while because of what the Serpentes did. Whatever it was in that venom Copperhead spit into my eyes has burned my

cornea. So I can't look into the lights at the moment. And as y'all probably guess, wrestling in a stadium under those big bright house lights ain't in the cards right now.

[June regretfully touches the eye shields, lifting them for the cameras. Her eyes are bloodshot, tearing and bulging. She shies away from the camera light before lowering the glasses.]

VJ: And to all my fans out there around the world, I want to thank you for the cards, letters and tweets you sent. I can't read 'em myself right now, I'm effectively blind. But I had my friends read me every one and put out tweets in response. Don't worry, I know those terrible Serpentes think they put me out for good, but they don't know who they're messin' with. This weird little punk they think they can just take out with a little venom, well, I done messed with snakes before.

I promise you, Mamba, Copperhead, I'm gonna get better. And when I get better I'm gonna come for ya! I don't know when or where, but I'll be back. And you're gonna pay. I owe that to these fans who care about wrestling and I owe it to myself. You hear? I've been knocked down and down and out my whole life and I always get back up.

So Copperhead, Mamba, you best be watchin' your backs and lookin' over your shoulders, because I will not let this be the last of this. Hey ho, let's go!

[And the camera shot slowly fades 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 the star field where Theresa Lynch and Dave Cooper are standing.]

TL: Welcome back to the Power Hour where Dave Cooper, the Professional himself, has joined me as my co-host. And Mr. Cooper, it is often said that the very best professional wrestlers in the world are right here in the AWA. Do you agree with that statement?

DC: Of course I do, Lynch. If the greatest professional wrestlers in the world were somewhere else, than the greatest manager in the world - yours truly - would be there instead! Sure, there is great talent in Japan... in Mexico... all throughout Europe as we just saw... a bunch of other places as well... even here in the States there are some diamonds in the rough who haven't made it to the big time yet. But if you're a somebody in this business, you ply your trade where the best in the world do it... and that's here in the American Wrestling Alliance.

TL: Well, if the best in the world are in the AWA, then you have to say the best up-and-coming talent in the world is down in Combat Corner Wrestling in Dallas, Texas.

DC: I've always got my eyes on CCW. Despite those poor souls having to deal with your father, they truly are the future of this business.

TL: Which brings us to the point of this discussion. In 2015, the AWA held a tournament - the Brass Ring tournament - in which the best up and coming stars in the AWA competed for the AWA National Title. In 2016, that tournament has returned but it's going to be held in CCW. And the grand prize? A spot in a match at SuperClash VIII coming up in New Orleans, Louisiana!

DC: A chance to show the entire world what you're made of on the sport's grandest stage? It doesn't get any bigger or better than that, Lynch.

TL: In two weeks on the Power Hour, I'm going to be running down the list of competitors who will take part in the tournament as well as announce the tournament bracket. Throughout the tournament, we will be showing highlights of some of the matches right here on the Power Hour and the tournament finals will be broadcast on the Power Hour in full! I'm really looking forward to this and I can't wait to see what the future of pro wrestling brings to the table with such high stakes on the line.

DC: And who knows, Lynch, maybe the winner will someday get to associate themselves with the Lion's Den and become a TRUE winner.

TL: Perhaps they will. Now, let's shift gears and go back to talking about Homecoming. Just a couple of days away now from the American Airlines Arena in Dallas, Texas with so many great matches on the card. The TV Title will be on the line when Kerry Kendrick meets his ally Callum Mahoney. My brother Travis will issue an Open Challenge for the National Title. Of course, my big brother Jack puts the World Title on the line against Johnny Detson in a highly-anticipated rematch.



DC: We already talked about the Women's World Title match. Plus, we've got Ringkrieger taking on the Iron Badger and the Bashers. We've got that big cage match with Supernova taking on Shadoo Rage. Wallace and Bryant. The Idols and the Shanes. This is a show so big, you'd think we were back in North Dakota, missy!

TL: One of the matches we failed to mention right there is perhaps the biggest rivalry in AWA history coming together one last time when Juan Vasquez meets "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. But that wasn't enough for Vasquez. After what happened at the end of the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, Vasquez decided he wanted more out of Monday night in Dallas. Let's take a look...

[We cut to a camera shot that appears to be near the Chimpanzee Position, aimed directly at the back of the curtain. We can hear music playing in the background and presumably this is being filmed right at the conclusion of the last Saturday Night Wrestling. A referee walks through the curtain before we can hear Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Stay right here. I want to talk to him as soon as he comes throu-

[On cue, Juan Vasquez stumbles through the curtain, clutching his jaw with one hand as he drags the Steal The Spotlight briefcase behind him with the other.]

MS: Let's go!

[The camera shot gets jumpy as the cameraman moves towards Vasquez who releases a stream of words that are mostly muted by our censors.]

MS: Mr. Vasquez? Mr. Vasquez!

[Vasquez twists around, snarling angrily at Stegglet.]

JV: What the HELL do you want, Stegglet?!

[Vasquez groans as he leans back against the wall, holding his jaw.]

MS: Well, we just saw a lot of big things go down right there. Jack Lynch retained his title only to get challenges from Johnny Detson and Brian James. You went out there to make sure everyone remembers you've got the guaranteed title shot by winning Steal The Spotlight earlier tonight and-

[Vasquez' eyes bulge wide as he angrily interrupts.]

JV: AND THEN MARTINEZ!

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Yeah. Then Ryan Martinez-

[He's interrupted again.]

JV: THEN RYAN MARTINEZ GOT INVOLVED WITH SOMETHING HE HAD NO BUSINESS BEING INVOLVED IN!

[Vasquez twists around, slamming a hammerfist into the wall. He grimaces as he turns back to the camera.]

JV: Does that sound about right?

MS: Well, I don't know if I'd say-

JV: You know what, Stegglet? I'm sick and tired of Ryan Martinez. I've been sick of Alex's little brat ever since he showed up in the AWA, leeching off his old man's reputation. Alex and I never really got along... and I sure as hell don't like his kid either.

[Juan massages the side of his jaw.]

JV: You'd think a broken neck would've been a strong enough message to send someone. To anyone else, the threat of permanent paralysis would tell them to stay the hell away, but it turns out all the Martinezes are dumber than a bag of rocks.

So, I think it's time to show Ryan Martinez what happens when he keeps sticking his nose in where it doesn't belong.

Don't you?

[Stegglet seems poised to protest but Vasquez keeps talking.]

JV: At Homecoming, I'm going to be busy showing the world that Stevie Scott that time's past him by. Maybe once upon a time, he was my greatest rival, but now I'm going to be busy putting him out to pasture next to Sweet Daddy Williams... and Willie Hammer... and...

[Vasquez smirks.]

JV: ...Hannibal Carver.

[He looks around, patting himself down to make sure he's still there, before looking up with a grin.]

JV: Still here! See? When you hold the power that I do, Stegglet... you're not afraid to say anyone's name... you're not afraid to say ANYTHING! Because whether these people want to admit it or not, this is STILL and ALWAYS will be the Juan Vasquez Show starring Juan Vasquez.

And when you're the star of the show, you get to call all the shots. And I've decide that there's no more room for a bit player like Ryan Martinez on MY show. So when we go back to Dallas, Ryan, I want you to step inside that ring like the problem that you are...

...because I got a problem solver and his name is...

["...revolver?" No. Vasquez twists to the side, gesturing wildly with an arm. A few moments later, the Suited Savage himself, MAWAGA, steps into view. His dark-tinted sunglasses hide his eyes but he looks all business as Vasquez smirks. Juan turns back to the camera and whispers harshly.]

JV: ...MAAAWAAAAGAAAA.

[Vasquez starts chuckling as the camera zooms in on MAWAGA... and zooms... and zooms... right into the lens of the sunglasses 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 then back to the star field to Theresa and Dave Cooper.]

TL: Everyone - including the fans - want to be champions here in the AWA but at the end of it all, it can only happen to a select few. You look at the roll call of champions right now in the AWA... Jack Lynch, Lauryn Rage, Travis Lynch, Kerry Kendrick, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan... these are the elite of our sport, Dave Cooper.

[Cooper raises an eyebrow.]

DC: Oh really? And I suppose that little statement has nothing at all to do with the fact that two of those names are your brothers. Look, I'll grant you, Lynch... to be a champion in the AWA means you're among the best in the world at what you do. But being the champion also means you're the one walking around with a target on your back. Look at your brothers. Jack's list of top contenders is as long as my arm with guys like Detson and Vasquez and Wright and James hunting him down. You think he'll keep the title very long with those kinda of competitors coming after him every night? And what about Travis? Travis has set the record for the longest National Title reign. Longer than Scott... longer than Broussard... longer than Sudakov... longer than Vasquez. And yet, he still has to put up with people questioning his value as the champion. Does he deserve the gold? Has he truly faced his top challengers? The pressure when you're a champion is sky high, Lynch, and sooner or later, everyone cracks.

TL: Well, we caught up earlier this week with the AWA World Tag Team Champions - Taylor and Donovan - to see how close they are to cracking. Let's take a look.

[We circle wipe to an interview set somewhere, the AWA logo behind the World Tag Team Champions who are in street clothes. Wes Taylor is in khaki slacks with a dark blue button up shirt. Tony Donovan is in black pants with a white dress shirt. Both have the titles over their shoulders.]

WT: Here we are again... YOUR World Tag Team Champions.

[Donovan holds up the title belt.]

WT: YOUR Tag Team of the Year for 2016.

[Donovan nods.]

WT: And quite frankly, the best damn tag team that the AWA has ever seen.

[Donovan mockingly drops his jaw.]

WT: I mean... just think about it. Think about the teams who've come before us that the fans and the suits and the so-called experts like to rave about. Think about a team from AWA past like... Kentucky's Pride.

[Donovan chuckles.]

TD: We're better than them.

WT: No doubt. Or what about the Blonde Bombers?

TD: Waaaaay better than them.

WT: Because when it comes to tag team wrestling, we truly can do it all here in the AWA unlike any other team that's come before us. I mean... look at us... we're rough...

TD: ...and we're ready.

[Taylor nods.]

WT: We can strike from the air...

TD: ...or the ground, sea, sky... wherever else there's room to strike from!

WT: That's right. And when it comes to violence?

TD: Unlimited is just the beginning for us.

[Taylor grins.]

WT: So, it's plain to see that you people are witnessing history in the making. Forget about Travis Lynch. Taylor and Donovan are the best thing going today.

TD: In aaaaaaaaaaaaa the land... playa.

[The duo chuckles.]

WT: Which means it doesn't really matter who is next for us. Next Gen... the Slaughterhouse... whoever. We're the best... and there's not a thing that any of those teams... any anyone else... can do about it.

[Taylor pauses.]

WT: Well... there's ONE thing they can do about it... ain't that right, Tony?

[Donovan nods, a big grin on his face.]

TD: Start... running.

[We fade back to the star field to Theresa and Dave Cooper. Cooper looks agitated.]

TL: Well, I-

DC: No! I'm not going to stand here and be slandered by these two punks! Look, I've got all the respect in the world for the Kings of Wrestling but Taylor and Donovan continue to disrespect my Samoans... and now they've crossed the line to disrespecting me personally. Eric Matthew Somers and I may not be the best of friends today but there's not a single intelligent fan of this company that can deny that Rough N' Ready was one of the greatest teams the AWA has ever seen. We were National Tag Team Champions and if we were around today, there'd be no talk from those two about the division being cleaned out... that's for sure.

TL: Yikes. It looks like someone touched a nerve, fans. Perhaps we should shift gears and talk about another matchup that we're scheduled to see in a few days at Homecoming and that's the clash between "Flawless" Larry Wallace and the former World Champion, Dave Bryant. Professional, your thoughts on that one.

DC: Theresa, there comes a time in every professional athlete's career that their body sends them a very clear message - it's time to hang 'em up. Unfortunately, most athletes brains can't get that message and so they hang around and try to tangle with younger, quicker, stronger competitors and often end up getting themselves hurt. And that's Dave Bryant right now. Look, Bryant's had a hell of a run - maybe even worthy of the Hall of Fame. But it's over. He got hurt by Demetrius Lake and that nearly ended his career. He came back, had a little run at the Battle of Boston but got hurt again... and now he's coming back to face "Flawless" Larry Wallace - a second-generation star with the future ahead of him. A man worthy of being a part of the Lion's Den. Bryant should call it a day before he gets seriously injured in a few nights at Homecoming, Theresa.

TL: Well, if I know Dave Bryant, he has no intention of "calling it a day." He'll be in Dallas and he'll be ready to fight. But will it be enough against the Flawless One? He certainly doesn't think so and when we caught up with him a few days ago in preparation for this match, he was out to prove it. Let's take a look...

[We circle wipe away from the star field to reveal a dingy looking gym. We can see free weights in the background with their accompanying benches. Heavy and speed bags dangle from the ceiling. A ring is in the middle of the room but it looks more like a boxing ring than a wrestling one.]

And outside the ring, facing the camera are about a dozen men. Different shapes, different sizes, different ages. The camera pans down the line until the voice of Sweet Lou Blackwell is heard.]

SLB: AWA fans, I haven't the slightest clue why Larry Wallace has asked me to meet him here nor who these gentlemen are.

[Blackwell appears, sticking a mic in one of the men's face.]

SLB: Sir, can you tell me who you are?

[Stoic silence.]

SLB: Are you one of Larry Wallace's sparring partners perhaps?

[Still nothing.]

SLB: I can see that you and Mason have a lot in common. Well, fans... I don't know if-

[A voice calls out.]

"The sheer tonnage of what you don't know, Blackwell, could stop a herd of cattle in their tracks."

[And with that, "Flawless" Larry Wallace emerges. He's wearing a pair of golden trunks with a white towel hanging around his neck. From the look of him, he's just finished a pretty heavy workout and is covered in sweat.]

SLB: Larry Wallace, why in the world are we here?

FLW: Blackwell, you're here to do what you do best. Deliver a message.

SLB: A message?

FLW: That's right. I've got a message for the entire AWA locker room... and especially to that relic of the past, Dave Bryant. Bryant, each and every second that goes by, I'm counting down until the moment that I get my hands on you and can turn things around for me. 2016 hasn't been the best year for Larry Wallace... I can admit that. But all that changes at Homecoming when I put an end to the legend that is Dave Bryant.

[Wallace swings an arm dismissively.]

FLW: Oh sure... you might make it to the Hall of Fame one day. And when you do, they'll talk about the World Title you held in the 90s... they'll talk about your EMWC run with the Television Title there... and of course, they'll talk about the miracle comeback in the AWA when no one had heard from you in years. How you won the Longhorn Heritage Title... the feud with Glenn Hudson... the Chase for the Clash... winning the World Title at SuperClash... feuding with Supreme Wright - a man practically half your age - and holding your own. Hell, you might even be Wright's nightmare opponent, Bryant.

But at the end of all of those accolades, there will be one final line.

"Dave Bryant wrestled his final match at Homecoming on September 5th in Dallas, Texas against "Flawless" Larry Wallace. Bryant suffered a humiliating defeat - the stuff of legend - and retired in disgrace."

[Blackwell interrupts.]

SLB: Enough of this fantasy, Larry Wallace... why am I here?!

FLW: Like I said, Blackwell... you're here to send a message to one and all. For a long time now, I've told the world that I've got the... you want to say it, Blackwell... or should I?

SLB: The best dropkick in wrestling?

FLW: No, you fluff-headed goof! THE BEST... DAMN... DROPKICK... IN THE WORLD!

SLB: My apologies.

FLW: For a while now, I've said it... and now I'm going to prove exactly how good it is. Gentlemen? Blackwell, you're going to want to step back for this.

[As Wallace steps to the side, the presumed "sparring partners" each picks up a thin blue mat off the gym floor, turning so that each one stands with the mat in front of them in a single file line. Man to mat to man and so on. They extend their arms so that the mat is pressed against the back of the man in front of them as Wallace sets up.]

SLB: What in the world is this all about?

[Wallace takes a few deep breaths, steadies himself, and then runs forward, leaping high into the air, snapping both legs out to full extension and driving his feet into the first pad. The man holding it tries to absorb the impact but staggers, falling backwards into the man behind him who also falls back. After a few moments, it's a scene of human dominoes as man after man topples down to the floor in a heap. And soon, all of the "sparring partners" are on the ground. Wallace comes to a knee, a grin on his face as the camera pulls in close on him.]

FLW: Absolutely... flawless.

See you soon, Doc.

[And with a wink at the camera, the shot fades to black...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Homecoming. September 4th. Dallas, Texas.

Make your next memory."

[And to black.

We cut to backstage after the last SNW in London, where we find Mark Stegglet standing next to Julie Somers, who is dressed in her wrestling attire, a red halter top and matching Spandex shorts, red kneepads and white wrestling boots.]

MS: Julie Somers, earlier tonight Erica Toughill made it official that she will face you at Homecoming in Dallas, Texas, in just a handful of days. Ever since Toughill eliminated you in the Rumble match to determine the first Women's World Champion, you've dared Toughill to step into the ring with you. She granted you that wish, but you saw what she did to Cinder tonight. Do you believe you are prepared for what may be your toughest challenge since you have arrived in the AWA?

JS: Mark, you don't think I know what I'm going up against? Of course I'm going up against another veteran of this sport. Of course I'm going up against an accomplished wrestler. You don't think I haven't been up against wrestlers like that before, though? How many times did I have to go up against Charisma Knight, a woman who they said held a lot of advantage over me, from her experience to her knowledge to her technique, only for me to finally prevail, and in particular, at the biggest stage of them all?

So I'm no stranger to facing a talented wrestler, one who has seen a lot more than I have, has done a lot more than I have, and doing it at what some would call another big stage in the AWA? They talk a lot about the big moments that happen at Homecoming and, believe me, I plan to make another big moment at happen when I face Erica Toughill!

"Big moments, you say?"

[Somers and Stegglet's attentions are drawn to another woman who walks onto the set. It's "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson, who is dressed in a pink AWA T-shirt and blue jeans.]

JS: Lori Wilson... yeah, that's what I said. What's the issue?



LW: Look, Julie, I know you like to talk to everyone you see about the chance to wrestle on the biggest stages. You got to wrestle at SuperClash and that's great. You got to wrestle at Memorial Day Mayhem and that's great. You got to appear in a Rumble match and now you'll be on Homecoming. All of that sounds great, except for one thing.

JS: [cocks her head] And what would that be?

LW: You are so focused on the moment and the big stage that you aren't focused on what really matters -- proving yourself and getting better, night after night.

[Somers looks puzzled.]

LW: Hey, I get it -- it's a great feeling to be part of a grand stage. But I know from experience that you can't lose yourself in the moment, that you lose focus on what matters. I watched you in the Rumble and, yes, you were unfairly eliminated. But part of that was because you were so focused on the chance to make history that you didn't account for everything that might happen.

[Somers is quiet for a moment.]

JS: All right, so maybe I wasn't as focused as I needed to be. I won't make that mistake again.

LW: It's more than about focus, though, Julie. It's about knowing what to expect from your opponent -- and it's more than just realizing that you are facing a veteran out there. It's realizing that you need to get better at your own craft.

When I debuted at the age of 19, even as part of a tag team, it was easy to get caught up in everything -- especially when my partner and I experienced more success than we could have dreamed and won multiple titles. But when we lost those titles and the wins didn't come so easily, we couldn't think about making moments all the time. It meant watching what those with more experience were doing and applying that to our own matches.

That's how I grew from somebody who lived for the moment, who liked to fly around the ring and wow the crowd, to somebody who was disciplined, who learned her lessons and applied them. And that's what allowed me to be the best I could be.

Do you get what I'm saying, my friend?

[Somers looks down for a minute, takes a deep breath and raises her head.]

JS: Yeah, I get you. But I hope you remember that you've seen me firsthand in that ring, that you know what I've accomplished and that I prepare myself well. After all, if I didn't do that, I wouldn't have scored the victories that I've had. I wouldn't have been able to make those moments in the first place. And I certainly wouldn't be in the conversation for the Women's title.

For as much as what Ayoko Fujiwara and Melissa Cannon have accomplished, they aren't the only ones with a legitimate claim to challenging Lauryn Rage for that belt. And the way I see it, Homecoming is the perfect time for me to prove to the rest of the AWA that I have a legitimate claim to the belt, too. A win over Erica Toughill would ensure that nobody would have any doubts that I have such a claim.

LW: [nodding] Julie, it's true you have a claim to a Women's title shot as much as anyone else. But if you want to ensure yourself of that claim -- if you want to ensure that you come away with a win over Erica Toughill -- you can't focus on the moments. You need to focus on what you need to do to get better.

Yes, I have witnessed what you can do in that ring. You are getting better as a wrestler. Your future looks great. But what you need to do, Julie, is get your focus off the idea of making moments happen and get it back to what matters -- proving yourself, becoming more disciplined and learning from your mistakes. When you do that, the moments will take care of themselves.

[Somers stares at Wilson for a moment, then gives a quick nod.]

MS: Lori, that's certainly good veteran advice. Julie, do you have anything else to say about the match at Homecoming?

JS: Mark, I will tell you that what I have seen from Erica Toughill as of late is what bothers me more than anything -- that she's only interested in taking her frustrations out on others because she thinks nobody respects her. We saw earlier tonight when she faced Cinder, that she seemed more interested in hurting her than in getting the win. I'm not the type to stand by and watch that happen -- that's why I came out to confront her after that match, even after she put that pen to the contract.

[She purses her lips, as if she's thinking about something.]

JS: But as much as I dislike Erica taking out her frustrations on others, I know that makes her more dangerous. So Lori is right. I can't think about the chance to create a moment at Homecoming. I need to think about what I'm going to do to counter those attacks. About how I have to do more than withstand the punishment and mount a comeback. And about how I can't concern myself with putting on a show for the fans -- as much as I love them all.

What I need to do is be ready for a fight -- and that's why I think there's one thing I need to do in particular.

[She motions to Wilson.]

JS: Lori, you've been at my side before. Now, I'm thinking I may need you at my side again.

LW: Really? You want me down at ringside for Homecoming?

JS: [shakes her head] No, not that. The truth is, I need to show I can do this on my own. It's not just about how Erica will use it as another excuse -- I need to show that I can wrestle with discipline and focus, without having somebody to watch over my shoulder or to watch my back.

But the advice you gave me about getting disciplined, not just flying around the ring to impress people -- that's where I want your help. What I want to know, Lori, is if you are willing to sit down, watch some footage with me and train with me, to get me better prepared to face Erica?

Look, I know it's just a week or so away and we're flying back overseas, but I'll take anything I can get to help me prepare.

[A small smile crosses Lori's lips.]

LW: I think there's a few things I can show you. As long as you promise to apply them to what you do in that ring.

JS: I promise.

[Somers extends her hand and Wilson grasps it. The two walk off the set together.]

MS: Fans, looks like Julie Somers is taking the veteran's advice seriously. The only question is... will it be enough to overcome Erica Toughill?

[Fade to black.

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

"Konichiwa, motherfu-"

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

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

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

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

"...goes up in BURNING GLORY!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[More footage.

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

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

"BURNING GLORY."

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

"Don't miss it..."

[A devilish smirk.]

"...assho-"

[And cut to black...

...and then back up on the star field where Dave Cooper and Theresa Lynch have been joined by another individual. This one is wearing a blue and gold track suit with a hoodie unzipped and pulled back to show both his face and the Olympic gold medal hanging from his neck. That man, of course, is Bret Grayson.]

TL: Welcome back to the Power Hour, the most exciting 60 minutes you'll see on television this week and as you can see, we've been joined by Olympic gold medalist, Bret Grayson. Mr. Grayson, welcome to the Power Hour.

BG: It's my pleasure.

TL: Mr. Grayson, we've talked a lot here tonight about Homecoming just a few days away but Homecoming isn't the only major event coming up shortly in the world of pro wrestling. Of course, I'm referring to Tiger Paw Pro's BURNING GLORY which will be broadcast live right here on The X on September 11th and then recapped on a special Power Hour the next week. Now, two weeks ago, we saw a very clear challenge laid out to you for that event. Have you come to accept?

[Grayson turns towards the camera, a steely determination in his eyes.]

BG: You're damn well right I have, Theresa. Theresa, my entire life has been filled with challenges and I've never backed down from a single one of them. I didn't back down in high school when they said I was too small for wrestling. I didn't back down in college when my grades were in the toilet because I was so focused on wrestling. And I damn sure didn't back down at the Olympics when I went into that gold medal match with a broken ankle!

So, Mifune... if you think I'm going to back down because of your reputation... because you like to bully young boys and referees and cameramen... because of what you did to me so many years ago in Japan... you're wrong. Dead wrong. Because I'm coming to Japan, Mifune... I'm coming to BURNING GLORY... and I'm going to show the whole world that Bret Grayson has arrived in the world of pro wrestling and that Bret Grayson...

[Grayson glares into the camera.]

BG: ...is as real... as it gets!

[Grayson turns to exit, leaving Lynch and Cooper behind.]

TL: Strong words from the Olympic gold medalist right there and it now becomes clear that in just a couple of weeks, he'll collide with the Shadow Wolf himself, Takeshi Mifune, at BURNING GLORY in the Budokan. I can't wait for that. Mr. Cooper, did you ever have the experience of competing in Japa...

[Theresa's words trail off as she sees that Scola and Mafu, the Samoan Hit Squad, have walked onto the set and stand behind Dave Cooper. He looks up at Mafu and exchange a high five, then turns toward Scola and they shake hands.]

TL: Excuse me, but Dave, you were to be the guest host tonight for Power Hour. The Samoans were not invited to be here and...

[Scola casts a glare at Theresa and grunts. Mafu flips his head toward Theresa, his hair hanging in front of his wild eyes. Cooper waves a dismissive hand at Theresa.]

DC: First of all, you've talked enough and you're going to let me do the talking. Second, I don't want to talk about Japan... I want to talk about our match coming up at Homecoming and that means I bring out the men who will be part of the match, because they are part of a team. The Lion's Den isn't an organization where I just give the orders and they carry them out -- it's where we stick together through everything as equals and we all do the talking as we feel comfortable doing.

It just so happens that Mafu is a man of few words and Scola doesn't like you at all, so he won't talk in your presence -- but I will tell you that he could remember watching his dad beat up your dad on a regular basis, which explains why your dad kept stiffing Scola's dad and his dad's brothers all the time.

TL: [shaking her head] If you are going to talk about the match, then would you please do so?

DC: I am about to get to that, Theresa -- I'm just letting everyone know that there's a reason Blackjack Lynch never showed up for the Samoan Wrestling Circuit because he didn't want to get dominated by Scola's family.

[Mafu laughs at that remark. Scola folds his arms and keeps glaring at Theresa.]

DC: Now, there is one matter I will address as it relates to the match, and it's this: I was serious when I made my offer to the Northern Lights to join the Lion's Den and be part of a team. I don't insist that those who are part of a team get down on a knee and bow before me. I don't declare that those who are part of a team need to be dumped the first chance I get because the team came up short. All I ask for is that the team members work together for the good of the team.

Chris Choynet, Rene Rousseau, that is all I would have asked from you, but you two chose to turn me down. So I had two men who were already part of the team and knew what had to be done -- that's to remind those who don't want to be part of a team are therefore an opponent that's in the way. That was demonstrated to both of you months ago, but one of you -- that's you, Choynet -- wouldn't get the message.

Well, at Homecoming, Scola and Mafu are going to make sure the message sticks with both of you -- that when you turned down my offer to be part of a team, you made the biggest mistake of your life. I can only hope that, after Homecoming, you'll take some time to reflect on those mistakes.

[He glances up at Mafu.]

DC: The floor is yours, Mafu.

[Mafu flips his head back, though strands of hair still hang in front of his face.]

M: Choynet! Rousseau! At Homecoming, we will settle this! My friend Scola and I will prove, once and for all, not only that we are destined to be the best tag team in the AWA, but that the two of you should never have turned down Mr. Cooper! It could have been different between us -- the four of us could have been a team that nobody could have stopped, a team that could have worked together to win all the titles!

Instead, Scola and I will use Homecoming to prove not only what a mistake it was to turn Mr. Cooper down, but to prove that Scola and I are most deserving of a shot at the World Tag Team Titles!

[He gets a twisted grin on his face.]

M: Or perhaps one of us will answer the open challenge for Travis Lynch's National title! I bet that would make Blackjack Lynch quake in his boots! Ha ha!

TL: [shaking her head] I seriously doubt that...

[She stops as Mafu turns to face her. Scola, who hasn't stopped glaring at Theresa, grunts again. Cooper holds up his hand.]

DC: Mafu, please understand that we are not going to cause a disturbance... but I will let everyone know that Scola just said that he and Mafu would love to beat up the Lynches any time and remind Blackjack about the 20 straight beatdowns he got at the hands of Scola's father.

Now, gentlemen... I do have an obligation to finish my work as host of this show, but you may show yourself to the hospitality room. And if they deny you service, you tell them they will answer to me.

[Mafu stares at Cooper for a second, then smiles and slaps Cooper's hand. Scola relaxes his posture and nods, but casts another glare at Theresa, before leading Mafu off the set.]

TL: Are you happy now? You got to pull your little power play out here?

DC: I'm satisfied that the fans of the AWA know the truth about what's going to happen to the Northern Lights in a few days and after we're done with them, we're coming for those World Tag Team Titles.

TL: Well, speaking of titles, it's Main Event time here on the Power Hour! You may recall that shortly after the AWA set foot in Europe, Callum Mahoney visited his old stomping grounds and became the All-Europe Heavyweight Champion. In the weeks since, he's been defending the title successfully all throughout Europe, all leading to this showdown that went down last weekend in London. The Dirty Rotten Scoundrel himself, Logan Blackburn, challenged Mahoney for the title and Mahoney answered the call. Would Mahoney win and bring the title back to the States with him or would Blackburn - one of the hottest rising stars in Europe - keep the gold where it belongs? We're about to find out with our friends at Battle Knights Wrestling with the ol' BK's Joseph Moss and the self-styled "Bishop of Bedlam" himself, Alex Bishop, on the call for some highlights of that title showdown Gentlemen, take it away!

[We cut to footage marked "Alexandra Palace - London - Battle Knights Wrestling" where a sold out crowd has jammed into the building. As we come up, we see Callum Mahoney and Logan Blackburn already inside the ring, trading words across the squared circle with one another as the referee struggles to keep them in their respective corners.]

JM: Alright, fans... it's a pleasure once again to be a part of the AWA Power Hour and as a going away gift to our mates from the States, it's Main Event time at the Alexandra Palace, Alex.

AB: Two right proper villains set to collide in there and I can't wait to see who beats the other one into the canvas to take the gold down the street to the pub for a post-show pint.

[As the title belt is handed over to the official, he shows it off to the crowd who cheers before calling for the bell.]

JM: The opening bell has rang and that means we're official here in London. One fall to a finish for the top gold in the entire continent - the All-Europe Heavyweight Crown.

[Mahoney and Blackburn stride out of their respective corners, laying the badmouth on each other in the center of the ring for a few moments...

...before Mahoney SMACKS Blackburn across the face with an open hand, putting him down on a knee.]

JM: Oof!

AB: Somebody check my man's teeth after that. Mahoney was looking to put him on the line for emergency dental work.

[The crowd jeers Mahoney who backs off, watching as Blackburn rises off the mat, spitting on the canvas...

...and with a sneer, he sticks his hand in the air, insisting on a test of strength.]

"TEST OF STRENGTH!"

JM: Mmhmm.

AB: Do you think Mahoney's done his homework, Moss? If he has, he'd know this isn't the best idea.

JM: We'll all know in a moment, yeah?

[Mahoney edges forward, sliding his hand up towards Blackburn's, looking to tie their fingers together...

...when both reach back, drilling one another with a closed fist from the other hand to laughter from the crowd.]

JM: Well, I guess that answers that.

AB: Two villains with the same evil plan, alright.

[Mahoney angrily lunges at Blackburn, grabbing him around the head and neck, forcing him back into the corner. He squares up, throwing a knife edge chop across the chest.]

JM: A hard chop by Mahoney... well known for his striking prowess in there.

[Mahoney switches his stance, clubbing a blow down across the sternum.]

AB: Hey, Moss... wouldn't you like to see this one extend to feature SM&K against the League?

JM: I'd buy a ticket for that one for certain, Alex.

[Mahoney grabs Blackburn by the arm, looking to whip him out of the corner...

...but Blackburn grabs the arm, pulling it towards him, shouting "CHICKEN WING!" to an enormous reaction!]

JM: Blackburn looking for the Chickenwing and-

[Mahoney drives backwards, smashing Blackburn into the corner and forcing his attempt at his signature submission hold to be abandoned...

...as we cut deeper into the match where Blackburn has Mahoney against the ropes, clubbing him across the chest.]

JM: A right solid shot to the pectorals by Blackburn, trying to wear down the All-Europe champion...

[Blackburn sneers at the official before he spins Mahoney's chest into the ropes, looks out at the crowd menacingly...

...and then drags his fingernails down the back of the Armbar Assassin!]

JM: Oof!

AB: On a normal night in London with the right company, that might not be such a bad thing, Moss... but when it's Blackburn doing it to Mahoney it's another story altogether.

[The crowd is getting on Blackburn's case for the illegal tactics...

...so he does it again, grinning broadly at their boos as the referee threatens a disqualification if he does it again. The referee backs him away from Mahoney who grimaces as he balls his fist up...]

JM: Blackburn moving back in on Mahoney...

[The Fighting Irishman opts to throw a haymaker but Blackburn is ready for it, catching the wrist with both hands. He squeezes hard, forcing Mahoney to open his hands...

...and then sinks his teeth into one of Mahoney's extended fingers!]

AB: When they handed out the menu before the show, I didn't see Irish Fingers on it, Moss.

JM: A special order for Logan Blackburn, I believe.

[The referee again forces a break, leaving Mahoney to stumble across the ring, cradling his hand as Blackburn mimics him from behind, mocking the Fighting Irishman...

...and we again cut deeper into the match, this time joining the action as Blackburn lands a pair of stiff European uppercuts that sends Mahoney falling through the ropes out to the floor.]

JM: A hard tumble to the outside for Mahoney who needs to be careful in this one, Alex. Not only is his All-Europe title on the line but Mahoney is also just a week or so away from getting the opportunity to challenge for the AWA World Television Title.

AB: And don't think for a moment that the Dirty Rotten Scoundrel doesn't know that, Moss.

[Stepping to the ropes to the apron, Blackburn presses his back against the steel ringpost, watching as Mahoney regains his footing outside the ring...



...and then comes charging down the length of the apron, looking to soccer kick Mahoney's head off...]

JM: Blackburn en route for the boot...

[But Mahoney sidesteps, causing Blackburn to swing and miss, losing his balance as he does...

...and then Mahoney snatches the planted ankle, giving it a yank that brings Blackburn off the apron sideways, smashing his ear down on the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Mahoney snatches the dazed Blackburn by the head, driving the side of his skull into the apron a second time.]

JM: Unusual offense AND defense on the part of the Fighting Irishman.

AB: Probably spent half his life fighting in the pubs all over Dublin, smashing people's heads into anything he can. Jukeboxes, bars, pool tables. Using the ring apron like that is just another night on the town for Mahoney.

[Wheeling Blackburn around with his back against the apron, Mahoney clubs him with a forearm to the sternum before whipping him towards the railing...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JM: Back meets steel here in London and I'd say we've got a fight on our hands now, wrestling fans.

[We cut again, moving further into the match where Mahoney has Blackburn seated on the canvas. He winds up his right arm, pulling back on Blackburn's hair before driving the point of his elbow down just above the eyesocket!]

JM: Mahoney punishing Blackburn down on the mat.

[He throws Blackburn down on the mat before dropping a knee, the kneecap smashing down onto Blackburn's cheekbone.]

AB: Every strike Mahoney throws... every move he lays in is designed to achieve maximum pain and if you were to ask him about it, you know he'd say that's exactly what he's supposed to do in there.

JM: I don't know about that, Alex. I come from a background where I believe the goal is to beat your opponent not try to hurt them.

[Mahoney applies a lateral press, only getting a two count while he spends time grinding his forearm into the cheekbone of Blackburn. With the two count, Mahoney snatches a handful of hair, sliding to a knee as he pulls Blackburn up so he can throw hooking blows to the cheekbone!]

JM: Mahoney is mauling Blackburn inside the ring tonight, fans!

[Another blow finds the mark, leaving Blackburn down on the mat as Mahoney gets to his feet...

...and we cut again, going deeper into the match where Mahoney lands a pair of European uppercuts, sending Blackburn staggering across the ring. The Fighting

Irishman snatches him by the hair, looking to inflict more damage as he turns him around...

...and gets a short headbutt right in the mouth!]

JM: OH!

[Mahoney falls back, lifting his arm to rub at his mouth. Anger flashes across his face as he snatches Blackburn by the back of the hair, swinging his arm up under the chin once... twice... three times.]

JM: Mahoney trying to send Blackburn to see the medic with those uppercuts...

[Mahoney pauses, trading words with the referee for a moment before he steps in, going for another uppercut. But this time, Blackburn brings up his own arms, absorbing the blow as he grabs Mahoney by the wrist. He twists the arm around, stepping on the back of Mahoney's knee to force him down on his knees on the mat.]

JM: Beautiful counterwrestling by Blackburn and-

[The crowd buzzes as Blackburn grabs Mahoney by the fingers, looking out at the fans.]

JM: Blackburn's got the fingers! We've seen this so many times and...

[Blackburn suddenly yanks hard, causing Mahoney to cry out and the fans to roar!]

JM: ...it never gets easier!

[Mahoney lies on the canvas, his hands cradled under him as he kicks his legs in pain...

...and we cut to deeper in the match where the two men are on their feet, trading uppercuts.]

JM: Mahoney finds the mark... but Blackburn is right there to counter with one of his own!

AB: Neither man is willing to back down. The All-Europe crown is on the line and neither of these men seem like they're going down without giving it every bit of themselves that they have left.

[Blackburn lands a few more, sending Mahoney stumbling backwards...

...where he throws himself back into the ropes, coming in fast, and landing a running forearm shot to the ear!]

JM: Oh! Mahoney finds the mark with a blow of his own!

[Mahoney snatches Blackburn by the hair, pulling him into a front facelock...

...but Blackburn charges forward, slamming him back into the turnbuckles. He quickly straightens up, tugging down his kneepad to expose the bare kneecap.]

JM: Blackburn with the hair in hand... big knee... and another... and a third!

[But before he can tug his kneepad back in place, Blackburn catches a wildly thrown hook across the bridge of the nose before Mahoney hops up on the middle

rope, leaping into the air, and coming up empty on a flying European uppercut attempt, crashing down on the canvas.]

JM: Blackburn's on his feet after that hard fall... both men trying to clear their heads...

[But as Mahoney gets off the mat, Blackburn shouts into the air...]

"CHICKEN WING!"

[...and lunges forward, looking to grab Mahoney by the arm but the Armbar Assassin is ready for it, spinning out of the hold, leaping into the air, and scissoring the arm between his legs!]

JM: MAHONEY GOING FOR THE CROSS ARMBREAKER! MAHONEY GOING FOR THE CROSS ARMBREAKER!

[Mahoney tries to drag Blackburn down to the mat but the Dirty Rotten Scoundrel reaches out, grabbing the ropes, preventing himself from falling to the canvas. The referee slides in, ordering Mahoney to break the hold since Blackburn has the ropes...

...but then Blackburn pushes forward, shoving Mahoney's shoulders down to the canvas.]

AB: That's a cover! That's a cover!

[The referee dives to the mat, counting once...

...and Blackburn then pushes up, depositing his feet on the middle rope for leverage.]

JM: He's got his feet on the ropes!

[The referee doesn't notice though as he counts two...

...and three! Blackburn quickly drops off the ropes, falling to the mat as Mahoney kicks out after the bell!]

JM: Was that a three count? I think he got him!

[Blackburn promptly rolls out to the floor, snatching the All-Europe title belt up into his hands as the ring announcer makes it official to a mixed reaction from the London crowd.]

JM: He did! Blackburn pulls a fast one here in London and he's snatched the title right off Mahoney!

AB: Hey, with two villains like these two, you knew someone was probably going to get one over to win it. This time, it's Logan Blackburn... maybe next time will be Mahoney's time.

JM: Blackburn is headed right out of here. He wants no part of Mahoney who looks fired up... and he's going after him! The crowd is in shock - they can't believe they saw the title change hands and Mahoney's going up the aisle, right back through the curtain after Logan Blackburn!

AB: There may not be a pub in London safe tonight, yeah?

JM: Victory. Championship victory here at Battle Knights Wrestling for Logan Blackburn and... well, Alex, I can't think of a better way to say goodbye and good night to our friends over at the AWA.

AB: I can. Hey, Theresa... why don't you give the Bishop a call the next time you're in town?

JM: Her father is Blackjack Lynch. You know that, right?

AB: Oh yeah? Owes me a few hundred pounds, he does.

JM: Back to the Power Hour we go!

[And on that, we circle wipe back to the star field.]

TL: Logan Blackburn captures the All-Europe title from Callum Mahoney and... well, Mahoney's dreams of becoming a double champion just got dashed, Mr. Cooper.

DC: They did but now he'll just need to refocus on the matter at hand - beating his own ally to win the World Television Title.

TL: That's just one of the many tremendous matches coming up in a few days at Homecoming and that's going to do it here for us tonight on the Power Hour. I'd like to thank my co-host for the night, Dave Cooper...

DC: You're welcome.

TL: ...and to invite you back one week from tonight when I'll be talking all about what went down at Homecoming with my special co-host Dave Bryant. That's right, the former World Champion will be with us on the Power Hour so you've got that to look forward to. But for now, I wish you good night... and I'll see you next time! So long everybody!

[Fade to black.]