

# AWA POWER HOUR

OCTOBER 14TH, 2017

[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...

...and then comes up to a black screen. As "We Are Legends" by Hardwell, Kaaze, and Jonathan Mendelsohn starts to play, the black screen is lit up by an electrostatic burst... then another... and another...]

#We are living on the run  
Like a legacy undone  
Shining brighter than the sun  
'Cause we are legends#

[The screen fills with bolts of electricity flying across it until the black screen “shatters” into quick-cut shots of AWA action. We see top stars blended with some of the young up-and-comers on the roster as the music continues.]

#And we'll live on in memories  
On the pages of history  
Forever you'll remember me  
'Cause we are legends!#

[The synth sounds get faster and faster, the cuts coming quicker and quicker until...]

#'Cause we are legends!#

[...and the beat drops, launching into an instrumental section of the song that accompanies more clips until we see Jordan Ohara sail off the top rope, crashing down onto a prone foe with a Phoenix Flame as the Power Hour logo fills the screen. Another cut takes us into the Center Stage Studios in Atlanta, Georgia, the crowd cheering the AWA's return to studio wrestling as the instrumental of the song is pumped into the building.

An initial wide shot of the makeshift arena shows the expected ring with the black ringside mats all around it. There are no signs of barricades though, leaving an empty space between the ringside area and the front row of fans that are seated on bleachers that stretch up several rows towards the rafters where flags from countries around the world are hanging.

The shot pans across the crowd and ring to land on the stage where we see a standard announce table set up on one side and an interview set on the other.

We dissolve from the wide shot to a closeup of the interview set where we see Theresa Lynch standing, a grin on her face and a heckuva lot of makeup on her cheek and eye area where she was accidentally struck by Michelle Bailey seven days ago. The bruise and swelling are evident despite the labors of the AWA hair and makeup team. Theresa's in a red and white checkerboard top and a black skirt as she gives her welcome.]

TL: Hello everyone and welcome to Hotlanta, G-A for yet another edition of the all-new Power Hour!

[A big cheer goes up from the Center Stage Studios crowd... which quickly turns into a chant.]

“THE-RE-SA!”  
“THE-RE-SA!”  
“THE-RE-SA!”

[The Power Hour host smiles, mouthing “thank you” to the crowd as her cheeks rapidly redden.]

TL: Thank you. Thank you all so much. And thanks to everyone at home for their cards and letters... e-mails and Tweets... and all the rest... I am overwhelmed by your concern but as you can see, I'm here in one piece... and I'm ready to go. As are the superstars of the AWA back in the locker room tonight. We're on the road to SuperClash IX coming up in just over a month's time in Toronto and right here in Atlanta...

[The chanting crowd starts up again.]

“SU-PER-CLASH!”

"SU-PER-CLASH!"  
"SU-PER-CLASH!"

[Theresa gestures to the crowd.]

TL: They're ready, the AWA competitors are ready, heck... I think we're ALL ready... and joining me right now to call all the action - boys, I know you're ready - take it away, Salvatore Albano and Dylan Westerly!

[The shot pans over to the announce table set up on the stage where we see the black sheep of the Westerly clan - ol' Dee Dub himself - Dylan Westerly sitting alongside the man who lives to his nickname of "Big Sal" with his ample midsection. Both men grin as the crowd cheers.]

SA: Thanks, Theresa... and allow Dylan and I to add our well wishes to all the rest. You look terrific though and we're glad to see you here tonight.

[Theresa does a slight half bow towards the announcers.]

SA: But let's get down to business, Dee Dub - we've got a heck of a show on the books here tonight. We've got tag team action in the Women's Tag Team Division with the Peach Pits' Open Challenge in tonight's featured attraction. We've got the first TV Title defense of the new champion Odin Gunn. And we've got the Serpentes taking on former Women's Champion Lauryn Rage and a partner of her choosing...

DW: If she can find one!

SA: You got that right. It's going to be an exciting night of AWA action as we look ahead to SuperClash... and right now, we're going to head down to the ring for tonight's opening matchup!

[We hear the bell chime as the crowd cheers and we cut to a shot of the ring where we see a graphic come up that reads "MARCUS MADISON vs KAZ KONOE."]

DW: And as you can see, the wrestlers for our first match are already in the ring. On one side, we have, let's see here, a graduate of the inaugural class of the Hotlanta Body Shop; that's one of the newest schools here in Atlanta, and he's also a Mr. USA hopeful... he is the self-proclaimed "Mark of Excellence" Marcus Madison.

[Dressed in black, mid-thigh length tights, knee pads and boots, Marcus Madison is standing on the middle rope, flexing his arms to show off the physique that nearly made him Mr. USA. Amidst the booing, there is a smattering of feminine shrieks of approval.]

SA: And for the record, we don't know if his coaches at the Body Shop disagree, Dee Dub.

DW: A fair point there, Sal. Maybe they don't. But whether he's as excellent as he seems to think, he's got a tough challenge in store for him when he takes on El Renegado de Japón... the Blackstar himself... Kaz Konoe.

SA: We don't know if his coaches at the Body Shop disagree, Dee Dub.

DW: Perhaps they don't. Let's just say he goes by the "Mark of Excellence" Marcus Madison. And his opponent is El Renegado de Japón ... The Blackstar himself ... Kaz Konoe.

[Across the ring, Konoe leans nonchalantly against the turnbuckles. They have on a pair of white boxer-style trunks, black knee pads and white boots, with black piping

and laces, as well as a tight-fitting cropped singlet, with "RENEGADO" in BLACK across the chest. Their face, as usual, is inscrutable.]

SA: Kaz Konoe does not look impressed, Dee Dub.

DW: When does he ever?

[On the outside, Luciana is dressed in a white crop top with "CHICAS RENEGADAS" in black across the front, over a black bra, and a leopard-print miniskirt. She also has a twisted black-and-white bandana tied around her head, knotted right of center at her forehead.]

"EY, MAMI, DON'T THINK I DON'T SEE THE WAY YOU EYEIN' ME!"

[Turning his attention to Luciana, Madison points to her, then executes a front lateral spread, before making his pectoral muscles "dance" for her. He hops off the ropes and steps to the center of the ring and executes a front abdominal pose.]

"THAT'S RIGHT, LU, YOU NEED TO GET WITH A REAL MAN AND DUMP HIS SORRY ASS!"

[As Madison takes another step towards the side of the ring Luciana is on, Konoe finally steps out from their corner to cut their opponent off.]

DW: Konoe has heard enough and he doesn't want his opponent any closer to la Chola Japonesa ...

SA: But look at Madison, Dee Dub; he is smiling. He knows he's got four or five inches and probably fifty pounds over Konoe!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, Madison lunges for Konoe, arms extended, perhaps going for the collar-and-elbow. Konoe ducks under, turns around and lets loose with a flurry of kicks to the outside of Madison's thighs and sides.]

"THWACK!"

"THWACK!"

"THWACK!"

"THWACK!"

[The lightning quick kicks - first to the legs, then to the ribs - stuns Madison in his tracks as Konoe springs up...]

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: LEAPING KNEESTRIKE! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES! SWEET SAN LORENZO!

[The blow sends Madison stumbling back to the ropes where a low dropkick on the rebound puts him down on a knee.]

SA: Konoe with the quick and effective offense early here in Atlanta...

[Kaz kips up off the mat, rushing forward...]

SA: ...right back up and right back on the attack...

DW: Looks like Madison might've lit a spark under ol' Shrug Life by putting the moves on Luciana.

[The running Konoe comes to an abrupt halt, holding a front facelock...

...and SPIKES Madison on his head with a DDT!]

SA: DDT from the kneeling position... perhaps not as much impact as you'd get on a standing opponent but it did the trick as Madison's down and he's in early trouble here on the all-new Power Hour.

[Konoe nonchalantly rolls him over, leaning across the torso.]

SA: Referee Scott Ezra says one... says two...

[But the nonchalant cover allows Madison to escape, lifting his shoulder off the mat in time.]

SA: ...and that's all for now. Madison getting that shoulder up...

DW: And I call that instinct, Big Sal... pure instinct.

SA: You could be right. Madison's trying to get up off the mat now but he doesn't seem to have a clue where he is. He might be on autopilot... getting to his feet...

[And as he does, Konoe rushes up to him again, leaping up and snapping his foot off the back of Madison's head...]

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and before the rookie can fall, Konoe hooks him in a three-quarter nelson... and then kicks up off the mat, flipping over Madison and DRIVING the back of his head down into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ¡DESAFÍÍÍÍÍO! Save that for the highlight reel, por favor!

[A three count follows, along with the bell as the Atlanta crowd cheers. Luciana claps on the outside, walking around the ring as Konoe spins off of Madison, planting their head on a clenched fist and lounging in the ring. Tyler Graham goes to make it official.]

TG: Here is your win-

[On the outside, we see why Tyler Graham has been interrupted as Luciana rips the microphone right out of his hand.]

L: Your winner, Center Stage – and soon-to-be World Television champion, because, really, it is only a matter of time – is La Estrella Negra... El Renegado de Japón... KAZ KONOE!

[Konoe climbs to his feet, allowing the official to raise their arm as Luciana climbs in alongside them, mic in hand.]

L: [Motioning towards Madison.] And get that slimeball out of our ring.

[The crowd cheers as the referee moves to roll Madison to the outside. Luciana turns towards the camera aggressively.]

L: Now... Mickey Cherry...

[The fans jeer the mention of the sleazy manager. Luciana nods in agreement.]

L: I don't know where you've decided to make your rat hole back there this week and, frankly, we aren't in the business of tracking rodents and their walking, talking meat pals, but two weeks ago, you decided to interrupt us.

Not only that, your burger buddy decided he'd try to get the jump on Kaz, and sneakily, too, I might add, because even that dumb lug knew he could never take the Blackstar head-on.

[The crowd cheers as Konoe nods.]

L: You see, Kaz is no stranger to tenderizing... they took out an ogre from the Rumble once! And we specially requested their opponent this week to show exactly what Kaz can do against an all-muscle, no finesse freakazoid like you, Atlas.

But don't let the visuals alone influence you...

Because two weeks from tonight? It's going to be Fright Night right here on the Power Hour. If you two aren't too busy trick-or-treating in your Uncle Fester and Lurch costumes, how about we hand you your beating right here in two weeks? We promise, we'll make it spicy.

[Konoe nods approvingly, and goes to leave the ring.]

L: Oh, and Mickey, you show your rat face anywhere near me? Rest assured, I've got just the right treatment to rearrange it, and make you look just that much prettier.

[Luciana drops the mic and goes to exit the ring, as Konoe holds the ropes open for her. The duo make their way up the steps towards the entrance stage, turning to pose towards the cameras to the cheers of the crowd.]

SA: Could it be, Dee Dub? Has Luciana laid down a challenge on behalf of Kaz Konoe for Atlas Armstrong two weeks from now?

DW: I think that's what she just did, Sal. I suppose we'll hear later on the program from Armstrong, Mickey Cherry, or a representative of the powers that be as to the likelihood of Armstrong-Konoe happening on Fright Night On FOX.

SA: I hope so. In the meantime, we're just getting started on this Power Hour! Let's go to-

[Sal is cut off as a surging Atlas Armstrong tears through the curtain, smashing a running double axehandle into the back of Kaz Konoe's upper back, sending them sprawling facefirst down on the stage. Luciana barely catches her balance as she was holding Konoe's hand aloft.]

SA: OH! Atlas Armstrong from behind!

[Armstrong starts putting the boots to Konoe on the stage, the crowd jeering loudly as Luciana shouts at him to back off.]

SA: Atlas Armstrong heard the challenge - no doubt - for Fright Night - and now he's answering it in his own special way.

[Luciana's words bring a smirk to the face of Armstrong who strikes a pose before running a hand down his well-oiled torso, a sleazy expression on his face as he eyeballs Luciana...]

DW: Ugh. This is disgusting, Sal! Luciana wants no part of this oiled-up musclehead!

[Armstrong takes a step closer to her, striking another pose... then reaching out to take her hand...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and she gives it to him in the form of a slap across the face!]

DW: Oh yeah! Give it to him!

[Armstrong recoils back, obviously embarrassed by Luciana's rejection...

...and then angrily reaches down, dragging Konoe up to their feet...]

SA: Armstrong pulls Konoe to his feet and I can't imagine this going well for-

[...and hoists them right up into the torture rack backbreaker!]

SA: Backbreaker! He's got him in the backbreaker!

[Armstrong hops up and down, cranking the hold on Konoe as Luciana cries out for mercy for her man.]

SA: Atlas Armstrong is racking Kaz Konoe up here on the entrance stage... and I guess you can say the challenge has been accepted, Dee Dub.

DW: I guess so.

[A few more moments of torture is inflicted before Armstrong abruptly stops and dumps Konoe off his shoulders onto the steel ramp. Luciana rushes to Konoe's side, dropping to her knees as the crowd continues to jeer Armstrong who strikes yet another pose, standing over the prone Konoe and Luciana...

...and we fade from the ring to the backstage area where we find an attractive brunette in a hip-hugging violet dress and a huge smile standing. More informed AWA fans will recognize her as Combat Corner Wrestling interviewer Mariah Wolfe.]

MW: Hello, Power Hour fans - I'm Mariah Wolfe and I'm joining the team here on the all-new Power Hour to help with the backstage interviews... and speaking of backstage interviews, here comes my first guest now!

[Mariah looks quite excited as "Golden" Grant Carter strolls into view in long white tights with gold nuggets up and down the legs. He's wearing a vest that shows off a dark tan and a trio of gold chains dangling around his neck.]

MW: "Golden" Grant Carter, welcome to the Power Hour!

[Carter grins his signature toothy smile.]

GGC: Sweet, sweet Mariah... it's me who should be welcoming you to the big time!

[Wolfe smiles, nodding her head.]

GGC: And believe me, Mariah... this IS the big time. The AWA is the cream of the crop, the top of the mountain, the unsurpassable and unstoppable global rage! And that's why so many people back here in this locker room are looking at

SuperClash... they're looking at WarGames... and they're saying that they want to be a part of it. They want to be on that team, fighting for Jon Stegglet and fighting for the AWA... and that's where I am right now, Mariah. I want that spot... and I'm willing to do whatever it takes to get it.

[Mariah arches an eyebrow.]

MW: Even teaming with The Band?

[Carter smirks.]

GGC: Even teaming with The Band. See, I want Jon Stegglet - sitting in his office or at home or wherever he is tonight - to get a good look at me in that ring alongside The Band tonight. I want him to see how hard I'll fight for him.... how he can count on me to get in there with whoever Javier Castillo digs up and make them wish they'd never taken that Korugun money.

[A burst of noise which can best be described as a ruckus is heard from off-camera. "Golden" Grant Carter grimaces as he glances in that direction. After a few moments, we see Laredo Morrison and Jimi Jam Jester - aka The Band - saunter into view.]

LM: MISTAH Carter... do you know where you are?!

[Carter looks around puzzled. A glance at Mariah Wolfe gets a shrug.]

MW: We're in Atlanta, Mr. Morrison.

[Morrison yanks down some super dark shades to look down at Wolfe.]

LM: DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE?!

[Wolfe jumps back a step, sticking the mic out in front of her.]

LM: YOU'RE IN THE JUNGLE, BABYYYYYY!

[Morrison points at Carter.]

LM: And if you betray us tonight, YOU GONNA DIIIIIIIIIEEEIIIIIIYAHHHH!

[Carter slaps the hand away.]

GGC: Get your hand out of my face! Why would I betray you?! You're the ones who are probably going to betray me!

[Carter stabs an accusing finger at Morrison.]

JJJ: "Golden" Grant, I've only got one question... only one thing I gotsta know...

[Jester does a little shimmy, sidling up alongside Carter.]

JJJ: Are you ready... to play... with The Band?

[Carter throws Jester a cockeyed look, raising his eyebrows.]

GGC: Yes?

[Jester throws his arms over his head.]



JJJ: WOooooo! HAVE MERCY, BAYBEE! The gods of rock and roll are smilin' down tonight because, Maria...

MW: Mariah.

JJJ: Only one Mariah I recognize, honey, and you ain't got the vocal chords for it, ya hear me?! Tonight, Maria...

[Wolfe sighs.]

JJJ: ..."Golden" Grant and the greatest rock band in the world are rollin' into Hotlanta... we're putting on a climbing gear... and we're gonna climb all the way up... all the way up... step by step... inch by inch... European inch by European inch...

[Wolfe and Carter exchange a puzzled look.]

JJJ: ...we're gonna keep on goin'... even when the air gets thin and our lungs hurt so bad, we think they're gonna pop like a balloon porcupine meetin' up with a real porcupine... but we're gonna keep on climbin'... and eventually, we three kings are gonna reach the top... and you know what they call the top, Maria?

[Wolfe sighs again.]

MW: The Summit?

[Jester claps his hands together loudly.]

JJJ: Oh yes, they do! Oh yessssss, they do, Maria! And when the three of us are on top of the world, lookin' down on all of our kingdom... you know what happens then...

MW: What happens then?

[Jester gets a wicked grin.]

JJJ: I'm gonna slide my hand on down...

[He slowly slides his hand on down his oiled-up torso.]

JJJ: ...right on down to the VIP room if ya dig what I'm sayin'...

[Mariah sees his hand drifting out of camera's shot and gasps.]

MW: That's it! I'm out of here!

[Mariah beats a quick retreat, leaving Jimi Jam gaping in her wake.]

JJJ: Don't go, Maria! Don't go!

[Jasper turns and glares at Carter.]

JJJ: Chasin' off the girls already, huh? This... right here...

[He gestures between the three of them.]

JJJ: ...this is a one time only engagement, ya hear? One night only! And then, The Band is rollin' on down the road. Laredo?!

[Morrison nods.]

JJJ: Let's find some M&Ms.

[Morrison nods emphatically, steering Jester away from Grant Carter who looks even more confused now.]

GGC: What the heck did I get myself into?

[And with that, we fade to the Serpentine's backstage in front of the AWA Power Hour banner. The Mamba stands to the left of the screen, the bigger, more muscular of the two. Her high white afro-hawk matches her white slit eyes. Copperhead is on the right, her orange hair braided back and balded on the side. She rubs her fist as she glares into the camera with her orange slitted eyes.]

C: Lauryn, chica, you think we ain't gonna get our money? You think we ain't gonna get our pound of flesh, mami? You must be buggin'. You don't disrespect the Serpentine's like that.

[Mamba speaks up.]

M: Damn right, Head. We heard a rumor you ain't got a partner. Not surprising. Ain't nobody like your ass, okay? And we're gonna put a hurtin' on you that's gonna make that butt whuppin' Kurayami gave you feel like a tickle fight.

Your big sister put us on so we always had to tolerate you for Medusa's sake. We always had to look out for you because she knew that your mouth always got you in trouble. But we paid everything we owe to Medusa. So now it's open season on you, right? Right.

[Mamba grips her hands together in front of her, staring into the camera.]

M: Because you don't like to do business in a respectful way. Okay? All you had to do was pay what you owe and not make it personal. If you did that type of a thing then there wouldn't be no target on that knee of yours right now.

[Copperhead angrily interjects.]

C: But you couldn't do it, eh, baby bird? No, you had to go flappin' your gums like the Serpentine's ain't nuthin. You can't disrespect us, mami. No. And now that it's two on one. You're gonna feel the Mamba's squeeze and you're gonna feel the Copperhead's bite. Cause we hate you, mami.

M: And this here is the only business in the world where that's no problem at all.

[The Serpentine's pound their fists together as the shot 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."

[We fade to black...

...and then fade back up on the interview podium where Theresa Lynch is standing.]

TL: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour and while we may be just over a month away from SuperClash IX, we are just two weeks away from Fright Night On FOX... right here on Fox Sports X. We just heard the challenge made from Kaz Konoe towards Atlas Armstrong - and we'll find out later if Mr. Armstrong accepts. But right now, I want to talk about the one match we already know about on that night - it's Spin The Wheel between Margarita Flores and Harley Hamilton in a match that we've been waiting quite some time for and-

[A voice calls out off-camera to interrupt.]

C: Ohhhh, Ta-ree-saaa!

[Cinder runs out to the podium, decked out in her red leather and black velvet ring gear, her Doc Martins clacking across the Centre Stage floor. Her burnt orange and red hair is tied off messily to one side with a red and black scrunchie, save for the long fringe that perpetually hangs over her forehead. She also appears to have used most of the makeup she had at her disposal.]

TL: ...But in just a short while, we'll be seeing Cinder in action against Betty Ch-

C: Oi! How dare you! How DARE you not acknowledge MY bestie friendie forever-an'-a-day-ie?!

[Cinder ushers Harley Hamilton to the podium beside her. She is dressed in denim overalls with a rainbow striped long sleeved shirt underneath and her pinkish strawberry blonde hair is styled in double Dutch fishtail braids. She is wearing both of the duo's self-proclaimed "AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions of the Universe" title belts around her waist.]

HH: Yes Theresa, how DARE you not acknowledge me!

TL[Sighing]: Ladies and gentlemen... Harley Hamilton.

HH: That's "the lovely, beautiful, sophisticated, gorgeous and vivacious... UNDEFEATED Harley Hamilton" to you!

TL: "Undefeated"? You just lost by disqualification to-

[Harley presses a finger to Theresa's lips.]

HH: Shhhhh... we will not speak such lies, Theresita Penelope Lynch. Cindy and I are still the reigning, defending, unpinned, unsubmitted...

[Cinder joins in on the spiel.]

HH and C: ...WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS OF THE UNIVERSE!

TL[Sighing again]: My middle name is not Penelope...

HH: OH! I almost forgot.

[Smiling brightly, Hamilton then hands Cinder a black and white striped long-sleeved tee. In red lettering, the words "SEDUCTIVE AND DESTRUCTIVE" are slashed across the front.]

TL: Have you already made yourselves more merchandise?

[Harley rolls her eyes at "Theresita".]

HH: OBVIOUSLY. The first batch off the line sold out already and with millions of young impressionable girls out there looking up to us...

TL[Muttering to herself]: I really hope that's not the case.

HH: ...S&D needs to branch out. What can I say? I took Cindy to Hot Topic for the first time and she was inspired.

C: Aye, I've ne'er seen so many superfluous studs, grommets, an' buckles in the years I've lived; t'was like paradise!

TL: Well, if I can correct you on one thing, Cinder, this is not a tag match tonight. It's a one-on-one contest against Betty Chang.

C: Aye, an' ye know Bittie Bittie Chang Chang is goin' tae have Margerine Flowers lurking 'round like the reprobate she is.

HH: Fortunately Reese, I know how that Tall Drink of regurgitated Texas Moonshine operates and that Betty-poo likes to always have an ally do her dirty work for her, like her little boy toy Simp Connors used to, before the karate kid got exposed for being full of bullshido.

[Harley smirks at her "clever" wordplay as Theresa rolls her eyes in exasperation.]

TL: You're unbelievable.

[Of course, Harley takes that as a compliment.]

HH: I know, right? But you don't have to flatter me. I'm just here to make sure my Cindy gets a nice, fair match, just like she always does when we're together.

[Harley boops Cinder on the nose. Cinder boops her back in kind before the two turn their attention back to Theresa.]

C: An' really, I do respect Bittie Bittie Chang Chang. Once she hits puberty she'll really bloom into a presence in the Women's Division. But for now, when she steps intae the ring with me... I'm gie'in it laldy!

[Cinder clacks off. Harley lingers behind as Theresa Lynch expresses puzzlement at Cinder's bizarre patois.]

TL: She's going to what?

HH: She's going to do something good.

TL: You're sure.

[Harley does not look sure.]

HH: Positive.

[Theresa is about to say something else but suddenly, Harley shrieks in horror.]

HH: NO, SANDRA PUT DOWN THAT BASEBALL BAT!!!

[Theresa turns to look behind her, only to see nothing as Harley makes a smooth getaway. She shakes her head as we fade to somewhere backstage in the Center Stage Studios where we see Betty Chang in her ring gear, throwing air punches towards the wall. With a loud "KIIIII-YAAAA!" she snaps off a spinning back roundhouse that impacts the wall with a "THUMP!" before she turns back to the camera.]

BC: Cinder! Hamilton! You picked the wrong girl to mess with this week!

[Chang looks to be overcome with emotion, barely hanging on by a thread.]

BC: My friend, Lee... he's down but he's not out. And when I went to see him, he told me to forget about what he's going through. He told me to focus on me... focus on my career... and focus on you, Cinder.

Two weeks from tonight on Fright Night, my friend Margarita is going to take care of Little Miss Priss, Harley Hamilton, once and for all... but tonight, I get my hands on Cinder and it's time to show her exactly what I'm capable of.

[She shouts "KAAAAAAAAA!" while throwing a punch that comes up short of the camera lens as we fade from the pre-recorded footage to a shot of Tyler Graham in the ring.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit in the Women's Division!

[A rock version of the theme from Mega Man 3 begins to play as Betty Chang emerges from behind the curtains with Margarita Flores following behind her. Betty is wearing a short red vest that comes up to her ribcage with two eastern dragons embroidered on the front, a black unitard underneath, and white wrestling boots. She rolls into the ring, where she does a short kata.]

TG: Introducing first... from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 112 pounds...

BETYYYYYYYYYYY CHAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!

[The crowd cheers as Betty does a spin kick and poses while Margarita applauds for her friend on the outside.]

TG: And her opponent... from Kilmarnock, Scotland...weighing in at eight-and-one-half stone...

CINNNNNNNNNNDERRRRRRR!

[There's a loud roar of boos as "Banshee" by Dance with the Dead begins to play and we see Cinder emerging from behind the curtains with Harley Hamilton in tow. The duo jaw with the members of the studio audience as they make their way down to the ringside area.]

SA: Cinder and Harley Hamilton, as charming as ever.

DW: Do you smell that, Big Sal?

SA: Smell what?

DW: Their attitude. It stinks!

[Just like every other time, Hamilton and Cinder are angered by Graham's introduction and get right in his face. Cinder whispers something into Graham's ear, before backing off and yelling "SAY IT, YA DOBBER!" The ring announcer sighs and picks his microphone back up.]

TG: And she is accompanied to the ring by...

[He stops and looks at Harley Hamilton, with an expression that says, "Do I really have to?"]

HH: SAY IT!

[He sighs.]

TG: ...the most beautiful and wonderful cousin in the world... one-half of...

[He sighs again.]

TG: ...the AWA WOMEN'S WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS OF THE UNIVERSE...

[The crowd roars with boos at that one.]

TG: HARLEY HAMMMMMIIILLLLLTON!

[Harley smugly holds up both of the "title belts" as Cinder crawls through her legs, as Seductive and Destructive do their signature pose much to the disdain of everyone around them.]

Dw: These two are a menace.

SA: Harley Hamilton and Cinder making no friends out here in Center Stage, but they'd probably tell you they don't need any other friends than each other.

DW: Blech. They can have each other. I hope Betty Chang knocks'em down a peg!

SA: Margarita Flores has been out for revenge against Cinder and Harley Hamilton for months, but Betty Chang is another victim of theirs, just like many other women in the AWA.

[The four jaw at each other as Shari Miranda clears out Margarita Flores and Harley Hamilton, leaving the two scheduled wrestlers in the ring.]

SA: And here we go!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Collar-and-elbow tie-up to start off this contest.

[Chang and Cinder battle for position until Chang is backed into the turnbuckles.]

SA: Chang is going to have to use her quickness and agility to keep Cinder off her in this one. You don't want to be caught in close quarters with an aggressive striker like Cinder.

DW: Betty Chang isn't too shabby in the striking department either. If Cinder isn't careful, she'll get her head kicked in!

SA: That's right. In her short time here, Betty Chang has shown that she's well taught in martial arts and has blended that with lucha high-flying that she picked up while training in Mexico.

[The referee forces Cinder to break with Chang in the corner. Cinder holds her hands up in the air and backs out...]

SA: Cinder muscles Betty Chang into the corner and referee Shari Miranda is asking for the break.

DW: Aw, come on!

[...only to suddenly lash out with a kick to the midsection, doubling Chang over. A shout of "WOOOOOO CINDY!" from Harley Hamilton on the outside draws a smattering of boos from the studio audience.]

SA: I suppose it was asking a bit much for us to expect Cinder to show some fair play.

DW: She's a cheap shot artist, plain and simple!

SA: And a dangerous one at that. Xenia Sonova still hasn't returned to the ring after the beating Cinder and Harley Hamilton gave her over a month ago.

[Cinder grabs an arm and whips Chang across the ring to the opposite corner. However, as she follows in, Chang runs up the turnbuckles, before twisting through the air and over Cinder's head, tumbling through and back to her feet.]

SA: An impressive display of agility by Betty Chang!

[A befuddled Cinder spins around...]

"SLAAAAAP!"

[...and is struck in the chest by an overhand chop by Betty Chang, momentarily stunning her. Betty then grabs Cinder's right hand in a knucklelock and proceeds to run towards the ropes, using the second rope as a springboard to leap up and bounce her legs off the top rope and backflip over, using the momentum to throw Cinder over with an impressive armdrag!]

SA: And there's that lucha influence I was talking about! Betty Chang is like a bolt of lightning in there!

[Cinder gets to her feet, but Betty Chang is already on her, dropping her with a running dropkick that catches her directly in the chest! The momentum sends Cinder falling through the ropes and to the floor as the studio audience erupts with cheers!]

SA: That dropkick sends Cinder out of the ring! Betty Chang is taking the fight right to Cinder!

DW: Gooooooo Betty!

[A stunned Harley Hamilton quickly runs over to Cinder to make sure her "bestie" is alright. As she helps Cinder back to her feet, she doesn't notice Betty Chang running right towards them until it's too late...]

DW: WOAHH!

[...as she fakes them out by swinging her legs through the ropes with a Tiger Feint kick! Hamilton and Cinder both instinctively duck for cover, quickly becoming angered when they realize they were fooled. ]

SA: Betty Chang with the fakeout and Seductive and Destructive is NOT happy about it!

DW: Good!

[However, as they scream and point angrily at Chang, she grabs the top rope with both hands and slingshots herself over and to the outside as Harley Hamilton and Cinder realize what's happening a split-second too late...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO! BETTY CHANG TAKES THEM BOTH OUT WITH THAT PESCADO!

[Chang gets back to her feet and rolls back into the ring, giving a small fistpump as Margarita Flores helps lead the studio audience in a chant...]

"BETTY'S BET-TER!" \*CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP\*

"BETTY'S BET-TER!" \*CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP\*

"BETTY'S BET-TER!" \*CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP\*

[A stunned Cinder and Harley Hamilton get back to their feet. They quickly shake off the cobwebs and proceed to get right back to being angry as the chants hit their ears.]

HH: "STOP SAYING THAT! SHE IS NOT BETTER!"

[A bewildered Hamilton covers Cinder's ears, as the crowd is only encouraged by the duo's protests to chant even louder.]

"BETTY'S BET-TER!" \*CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP\*

"BETTY'S BET-TER!" \*CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP\*

"BETTY'S BET-TER!" \*CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP\*

SA: The packed studio audience here in Atlanta is rocking like a hurricane!

DW: I don't think I've ever heard them louder, Sal!



SA: Cinder and Harley Hamilton have made sure to antagonize just about everyone they could ever since they've teamed up so I'm sure it feels good to give them a taste of their own medicine.

[With the fans still chanting, a fired up Cinder dives back under the ropes and points at Betty Chang.,,]

C: "YET GOIN HOME IN AN AMBULANCE, GIRLIE!"

[An unintimidated Chang slaps Cinder's hand out of her face... and then slaps Cinder as the crowd goes wild!]

SA: Betty Chang showing she is absolutely unafraid of Cinder or her bullying!

[Cinder holds her face and then gets angry, swinging wildly at Betty Chang, who ducks under her arm and fires back, hitting Cinder with a series of forearms to the face.]

SA: Betty Chang is taking the fight right to Cinder!

DW: She's bullying the bully!

[However, as Betty turns to the audience to make a quick fist pump... Cinder rears back and thrusts her entire upper body forward, smashing her skull into Chang's!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Glasgow Kiss! Betty Chang turned away for a second, but that was all Cinder needed to turn this match around!

DW: I guess they don't call her the Deadly Diva for nothing. It looked like Betty Chang was in complete control!

[Rubbing her jaw, Cinder lays the bad mouth on Betty Chang, who is holding her head in pain on the canvas.]

C: "Oh, did that hurt?"

[She lays in a stomp to Chang's midsection.]

C: "HAVE SOME MORE!"

[The crowd roars with boos as Harley Hamilton gleefully yells "CIN-DEE'S BET-TER!" much to their annoyance]

SA: And there's that sadistic side of Cinder coming out. She doesn't just want to beat Betty Chang, she wants to humiliate and brutalize her.

[The camera cuts to a shot of a worried Margarita Flores as she slaps her hands on the apron and shouts encouragement at Chang.]

SA: Cinder has Betty Chang stuck in the corner...

[The Caledonia Cutthroat then turns her back to Betty, holding her in place in the corner, before hitting her with a rapid barrage of alternating back elbows from the left and the right!]

SA: We've seen this before! Cinder is slicing, dicing and trying to make Julienne fries out of Betty Chang's face with those vicious elbows!

[Shari Miranda pulls Cinder from the corner, warning her not to ignore her count.]

SA: Cinder playing it fast and loose with the rules there, almost getting herself disqualified.

DW: Shari Miranda isn't one to be messed with. She will not hesitate to disqualify Cinder.

SA: I'm not so sure Cinder will care as long as she can make Betty Chang hurt.

[Cinder pulls a glassy-eyed Betty Chang from the corner and yanks her into her arms, scooping her up...

C: "EEEEEECCCHHH!"

...and driving her into the canvas with a sidewalk slam! She leans back and hooks a leg, sticking her tongue out at the Center Stage fans as the referee drops down to make the count.]

SA: Two count only as Betty Chang kicks out with room to spare.

DW: Betty Chang's come a long way from the girl we saw get brutalized by Kurayami in her debut. She's going toe-to-toe with Cinder!

[An annoyed Cinder says "Ye shoulda' stayed down!" and roughly pulls Chang into a front face lock.]

SA: It looks like Cinder's setting up for the In-Cinder-ator!

[Cinder stops and gives her trademark banshee scream, before she hooks a leg and tries to lift Chang up for the small package driver. However, just like on the previous episode of Power Hour, Betty blocks the move, hooking her leg behind Cinder's and sweeping her off her feet with a judo leg trip!]

DW: Oh, she got out of it!

[And just like before, Cinder tumbles back, finding herself on her hands and knees. Betty looks to hit her with a big Ax kick...]

SA: Cinder narrowly avoids getting her head caved in!

[...but comes up short, as Cinder rolls to the side. The Deadly Diva gets back to her feet, aiming a running big boot at Chang, who side steps her charge. As she turns back around, Betty Chang uses Cinder's knee to step-up...]

"CRAAAACCKKKK!!!"

[...and nail her with an enzuigiri!]

SA: Enzuigiri! Betty Chang caught Cinder with all of that one!

[Grabbing a stunned Cinder around the waist, Betty then takes her up and over with a Northern Lights Suplex!]

SA: SUPLEX AND THE BRIDGE! ONE! TWO!

[Suddenly, the Center Stage is filled with massive boos as Harley Hamilton leaps up onto the ring apron and throws one of the "AWA World Women's Tag Team

Champions of the Universe" title belts into the ring, drawing away Shari Miranda just as she was about to slap her hand on the canvas for a third time!]

DW: Get her down from there!

SA: Betty Chang just might've had this match won, but Harley Hamilton makes a timely distraction!

[As Harley and Shari Miranda argue, Margarita Flores comes over, yanking Hamilton off the ring apron! A shocked Hamilton slowly begins to back off as Flores stalks her.]

DW: Yeah! Get her!

[Inside the ring, Shari Miranda is removing the title belt as Betty Chang watches what's going on outside...]

DW: HEY!

[...when suddenly, Harley Hamilton unfastens the OTHER title belt around her waists and tosses that one into the ring into the waiting arms of Cinder! She quickly sprints away from the scene of the crime as Margarita Flores gives chase. Betty Chang quickly turns around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...but not in time to stop Cinder from hitting her right between the eyes with the title belt!]

SA: Shari Miranda was getting rid of the title belt that Harley Hamilton threw into the ring, but it looks like that was just a distraction for her to get the other title belt into Cinder's hands!

[Cinder quickly gets rid of the evidence, as Shari Miranda turns her attention back to the action just in time to see Cinder lifting a limp Betty Chang up...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUDD!!!"

[...and driving her into the canvas with the In-Cinder-ator! She drops down and counts the one, the two... and the three as the crowd roars with boos!]

"DING DING DING"

DW: No, not like this!

SA: Betty Chang gave Cinder all she could handle, but thanks to a huge assist from Harley Hamilton, Cinder steals this one!

[The crowd is jeering as Margarita Flores chases Harley Hamilton out of sight through the entryway. Cinder climbs to her feet, rapidly scooping up the belts and rolls to the outside to run up the steps in pursuit.]

SA: Flores chasing Hamilton out of here... and now Cinder's trying to help her after picking up the tainted victory tonight here in Atlanta. A hard-fought matchup and Betty Chang truly impressed here tonight but it's Cinder who puts a notch in the win column next to her name. Theresa?

[We fade over to Theresa at the interview podium.]

TL: Thanks, Sal. The Women's Division continues to heat up and I can't wait for two weeks from tonight right here in the A-T-L for Fright Night On FOX - a very special edition of the all-new Power Hour where we'll see Harley Hamilton take on Margarita Flores in a Spin The Wheel match. We still don't know what matches will be on that wheel of misfortune but I can promise you, the risk of severe bodily harm will be high two weeks from tonight.

[Theresa's smiling face takes on a much more serious expression.]

TL: And speaking of severe bodily harm, in recent weeks, the AWA locker room has seen a string of injuries from both in and out of ring action and I wanted to take a moment here to give you all an update on those injuries.

[As Theresa speaks, we get footage from the last Saturday Night Wrestling - first, we see Victoria June as Dr. Leah White spews mist into her eyes.]

TL: Victoria June - as you can see - had mist... blinding mist... spat into her eyes for the second time in her young career. The last time it happened at the hands of the Serpentes, it cost her several weeks of ring time. Dr. Leah White struck at the order - presumably - of Charisma Knight last weekend and Victoria had to be taken to a nearby medical center for treatment again. As of right now, we're told that Victoria's vision is still hampered by the attack... and we do not know how much time she'll be missing in action. However, we're going to get some answers from the woman herself as Victoria June will be appearing on Fight Night on FOX next weekend to give an update on her condition.

[The footage changes to show Shadoe Rage being assaulted in the parking lot by "Maniac" Morgan Dane and his own brother, Derek.]

TL: Shadoe Rage is no stranger to injuries with his very physical style... but this one caught a lot of us by surprise... you're going to see it right here...

[On cue, we see Morgan Dane deliver a piledriver through the opened moonroof of a car.]

TL: Oh! It's still hard for me to watch... and as a result of that move right there, Shadoe Rage suffered a jammed neck. Now, as we heard last weekend, that could've been much, much worse... which is what I expect Javier Castillo had in mind. But thankfully, the moonroof was tilted up which meant a much less impactful landing for Shadoe Rage. But the damage certainly was done and we expect the former TV Champion to miss at least a month of ring time... maybe more. You can bet he'll be itching to get back though... not just for payback... but to find himself a spot on the SuperClash IX card just over a month away.

[And finally, we see the scary scene of Terry Shane III grabbing his head and collapsing to the canvas.]

TL: This... this one was scary for all of us... especially those of us who've known Terry Shane a long, long time. Again, there's good news on this front. We're told that Shane's collapse was a result of his previous injury and nothing new that developed because of his getting involved in that ridiculous scene with his dad and Kerry Kendrick. The concussion is still bothering Shane though and we're told that Shane will also be out of action for an undetermined amount of time. Our best wishes to Terry for a quick recovery...

[We go back to live action with Theresa still on the stage.]

TL: The injuries have been piling up on this brutal road to SuperClash... and coming up in just a little while, we'll see six man tag team action pitting The Summit against the unlikely team of The Band and "Golden" Grant Carter.. and this one has

the unusual stipulation of the losing squad must withdraw themselves from consideration of joining one of the WarGames teams.

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: Having seen these WarGames matches - and their aftermath - up close and personal, I can't imagine why anyone would want to fight to get into one of them but this year, the stakes are so high. Jon Stegglet is putting together a team - currently made up of Ryan Martinez and the National Champion, Hannibal Carver - to try and finally kick Korugun to the curb. But Javier Castillo's team - right now Derek Rage, Morgan Dane, and Juan Vasquez - are looking to send the founders of this company packing and assert total control over the AWA.

[Theresa grimaces.]

TL: This past year has seen a constant struggle on and off camera between Korugun and the original AWA founders... so if you think Javier Castillo has been a power-hungry despot in 2017, imagine what he'd be like in 2018 without any checks and balances to keep him in place.

[She shudders.]

TL: And that's why this WarGames match at SuperClash is so important... and that's why teams like the six men climbing in there tonight want to be a part of it. It's glory... it's money... sure. But for men like Grant Carter, there's a much higher purpose. Now, let's go backstage to some pre-recorded footage with The Summit.

[Cut to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY." We are backstage at Center Stage where Mariah Wolfe is standing by with only one of the members of The Summit - dressed to compete in a black faux leather jacket over a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear standing on its hind legs across the front: Callum Mahoney.]

MW: Callum Mahoney, tonight, the Summit face-off against "Golden" Grant Carter and The Band for a chance at consideration for one of the teams in WarGames between Team AWA and Team Korugun at SuperClash. What are your thoughts heading into tonight's match? Why are you even doing this?

[Mahoney smirks.]

CM: What is the point, right? I know; it's a question even my comrades-in-arms have been asking ... Well, Rory does; Malcolm's not a man of many questions - he's usually only got three: how hard do you want me to hit this fella, how far do you want me to throw him and how dead do you need him to be?

[Mahoney chuckles to himself.]

CM: All because we had something to prove: our superiority over all the other three-men factions in the AWA, especially Korugun's Dogs. Thing is, we don't even know if those fellas are going to be involved in this war; seems like El Generalissimo might not even have space for dogs in his army.

And, see, we would also have gladly accepted a second chance to prove ourselves against the team that took us out at the Stampede Cup ... Instead, Jackson and Junior took it straight to the Dogs, and see where that got them.

[Mahoney nods.]

CM: So the Summit haven't got the teams that matter to prove themselves again. So what is the point? Well, proving ourselves is proving ourselves ...

Tonight, we might not be facing the Dogs ... Tonight, we put down the clown, the roadie and the old man ... It's all the same to us: a showcase of exactly what the Summit can do, and that is DOMINATE the competition.

[The Fighting Irishman turns towards Mariah.]

CM: So, what is the point, Mariah? Some nights, you have just got to do what you've got to do: rough some fellas up, throw them around and leave them out on their backs – it's all just another night at the office for the Summit.

[With a smirk and a nod, Mahoney turns and walks away from the interviewer..]

...and we fade up on the ring where we can see all six men have already entered, the sounds of Bon Jovi's "It's My Life" still playing over the PA system as "Golden" Grant Carter salutes the cheering Atlanta crowd.]

SA: We're back in Center Stage Studios and just about set for six man tag team action to begin... and you heard Callum Mahoney saying they've gotten themselves into this situation to prove a point. They want to show the world that they're the premier trio in all of wrestling and their path to doing that - they believe - is by knocking off this unlikely trio facing them here on the Power Hour.

[As the music fades, we see just how unlikely this unit is as Carter and Jimi Jam Jester immediately start arguing over who's going to start the match. A smirking Mahoney looks on from across the ring as Jester jabs a finger in Carter's chest, shouting "I'M THE STAR! I'M THE FRONT MAN! I GO WHERE I WANT AND DO WHAT I WANT, PAL-O!"]

DW: Big Sal, we came to see a six man tag but a singles match might be about to break out.

[Logan Morrison finds himself needing to intervene, wedging his large body between the two bickering partners, forcing Carter to step away and with a dismissive gesture, he angrily steps out on the apron, leaving a grinning Jimi Jam Jester to nod approvingly with a loud "THAT'S RIGHT, JACKO! THAT'S RIGHT!"]

SA: Logan Morrison playing peacemaker there... and as he does, it looks like Jimi Jam Jester will get his way and that means he'll be starting things off in this one against the former World Television Champion, Callum Mahoney.

DW: Mahoney seems to be enjoying this, Sal.

SA: Dissension in the ranks between your opponents before the bell has even rung is enough to warm the heart of even Callum Mahoney, Dee Dub.

[The bell sounds as Jimi Jam does a little sideways jig and strut from the corner, circling around as Mahoney looks on without much movement at all.]

SA: Jimi Jam Jester's always up for a good time and it looks like he's having one in there so far... but he's also not had hands laid on him yet.

[Jester edges towards Mahoney who lunges forward, tying up with the former rock star.]

SA: Here we go now... Mahoney right into the armtwist, immediately targeting that arm of Jester. We know that Mahoney's signature hold - that dreaded cross armbreaker - has put people on the shelf for years here in the AWA.

[Jester cries out, grabbing at his bicep as Mahoney holds him at arm's length in a wristlock.]

"AHHH! MY ARM! MY ARRRRRR!"

[Mahoney grimaces at Jester's shouts of pain before slowly twists the arm again...]

"AHHHHHHHH! HE'S TRYIN' TO BREAK IT, REF!"

[Jester's screams have a disgruntled Mahoney glaring at him as the official asks Jester if he wants to submit.]

DW: Listen to Jester carryin' on in there. You'd think he's never been in a wristlock before, Big Sal.

SA: Jimi Jam seems to be a master of getting into trouble... as well as getting out of trouble so it wouldn't surprise me if he HADN'T, Dee Dub.

[Mahoney grabs the wrist again, threatening to twist the arm around again but Jester drops to his knees.]

"NONONONO! DON'T YOU DO IT! DON'T YOU DARE DO IT, MAHONEY!"

[An angry-looking Mahoney grabs a handful of long, messy hair, dragging Jester off the mat to his feet...]

...which is when Jester reaches out with the free arm, yanking a handful of Mahoney's hair, taking him down to the mat!]

SA: Oh ho! A little bit of gamesmanship on the part of Jimi Jam there... and look at him go!

[Jester breaks into another high-stepping strut across the ring, remarking "YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!" to the Atlanta fans who are mostly booing the antics of the Band's leader. Mahoney takes a knee on the mat, glaring at the taunting Jester as he slowly gets back to his feet.]

SA: Mahoney's right back up though... and I don't know if I agree with any strategy that puts Mahoney in that kind of a mood, Dee Dub.

DW: He looks fit to twist that arm right off him.

[Mahoney starts in on Jester again who quickly turns to meet him, getting locked up into another collar and elbow.]

SA: Back to the tieup... Mahoney shoving and pushing... but Jester surprisingly holding his ground...

[The lockup goes nowhere fast as Mahoney can't seem to back Jester down as Jester pushes Mahoney back a step before the Fighting Irishman stops him cold...]

SA: Looks like we've got ourselves a bit of a stalemate here and...

[Suddenly, the two men break apart...]

...at which point, Jimi Jam Jester decides a double bicep flex is in order, again taunting the fuming Mahoney as the fans jeer as well.]

SA: Jimi Jam showing off the guns...

DW: Guns? Those look more like pea shooters to me, Big Sal. I've seen Q-Tips with better definition.

[A sneering Mahoney nods his head... and then slaps the offered hand of his partner, Rory Smythe.]

SA: The tag is made and in comes the Englishman, big Rory Smythe... and this guy's got more definition than Webster, Dee Dub.

DW: He sure does. Jimi Jam better think twice before tusslin' with him.

SA: Once upon a time, he was known as Her Majesty's Might... and Smythe is certainly one of the strongest competitors in the AWA locker room.

[Smythe steps in, slapping his massive upper body a few times as he eyeballs a confident Jimi Jam.]

SA: And look at this now... Jester's actually inviting a lockup.

DW: This guy's nuttier than a fruitcake.

[Jester lunges forward, smashing into Smythe like running into a brick wall. Jester's legs are pumping hard, trying to push the big Brit back but Smythe doesn't budge an inch, holding his ground as Jester tries to move him...]

SA: A much different situation here for Jimi Jam Jester and-

[The crowd laughs as Smythe powers him down, flinging Jester down to the canvas with ease. The big man curls his arms up into a double bicep pose as Jester kneels on the mat, looking agitated.]

SA: And that did NOT go the way that Jimi Jam Jester was hoping...

[Climbing to his feet, Jester has a few words aimed at Rory Smythe before he turns and slaps the offered hand of Laredo Morrison who slowly steps over the top rope, eyeballing Smythe all the while.]

SA: Now THIS might be a better power matchup, Dee Dub.

DW: Six foot eight, 312 pounds from Kickapoo, Kansas... he'll definitely be a tougher fight for Rory Smythe.

[Morrison steps in, tugging at his double-strapped singlet as he keeps an eye on Smythe. The two men begin circling one another as Morrison starts clapping his hands together over his head, somehow getting the fans to clap along.]

SA: Boom! These two come together hard in the middle... and now this is a test of strength, pushing and shoving at their big ol' strong bodies as they try to see who is bigger and badder...

[Morrison is using his three hundred plus pound frame to shove Smythe back towards the ropes...

...but the British strongman fires up, holding his ground before shoving Morrison back instead, ending up pressing him into the ropes...]

SA: Smythe showing off his power game and... ohh! Big right hand downstairs on Morrison... make it two now...

[With Morrison reeling, Smythe grabs a long arm, looking for a whip...]

SA: Big whip coming- no, reversed!



[The reversal sends Smythe into the ropes where he rebounds back towards Morrison who twists around, lifting Smythe up under his arm as he does a big spin and DRIVES him down with a side slam!]

SA: Ohhh! Morrison shakes the ring... quick cover now...

[Staying in position, Morrison just grabs a leg and leans back, getting a two count before Smythe slips free.]

SA: Two count off the side slam... and Morrison's right back up, looking for more...

[As Smythe tries to rise, Morrison unloads with a series of double axehandle blows across his muscular back...]

SA: Morrison hammering him down... now pulling him up...

[With Smythe on the defense, Morrison lowers his shoulder into the chest, driving Smythe back into the neutral corner.]

SA: ...sends him crashing back into the buckles! Morrison bullying him around the ring, using that size to his advantage... oh! Hard shot - the elbow thrown back into the jaw! Make it two now!

[Morrison continues to unload with standing back elbows to the side of the head until the referee's count forces him out...]

...at which point, he lifts his long leg and presses his boot into Smythe's throat!]

DW: That's a choke, ref!

["Golden" Grant Carter looks annoyed at his own partner, trading a few words with Jimi Jam Jester in the corner as their partner chokes Rory Smythe across the ring.]

SA: And it doesn't like like GGC likes this bending-if-not-breaking of the rules by his allies here tonight.

[The referee forces another break as Morrison grabs Smythe by the arm.]

SA: Morrison with the whip now... no! Reversed again!

[The reversal sends the big man crashing into the buckles before he staggers out to Smythe who runs him right down with a clothesline!]

SA: Smythe puts him down with the clothesline - look out here!

[Jimi Jam comes through the ropes, looking to intervene...]

...but a second running clothesline knocks him down as well, sending him down to the mat!]

SA: And Jester gets one too! Both members of the Band down now at the hands of Rory Smythe!

[A fired-up Smythe pulls both Bandmates up off the mat, looking out on the crowd who momentarily urge him on...]

...and he CLASHES their skulls together, sending both men spilling through the floor and to the outside of the ring on the Center Stage Studios floor!]

SA: A meeting of the minds and both men are on the outside now... and there's a tag to Malcolm Sweeney now.

[Sweeney doesn't even step into the ring though, instead dropping off the apron where he promptly breaks into a jog, circling the ring...]

SA: Here comes Sweeney!

[The oncoming Sweeney is rushing towards both Band members, extending his arm...

...but Jester ducks down, causing Sweeney to run right over a rising Laredo Morrison with a clothesline!]

SA: Ohhh! Jimi Jam avoids the blow but Morrison does not!

[Sweeney throws a glare at Jester - who is scampering away to safety - before pulling Morrison off the ringside mats and shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.]

SA: Sweeney not wanting the fight on the floor - not yet at least. He's got Laredo Morrison in some trouble and he's looking to push the advantage.

DW: What do you want to bet that's Mahoney's influence? The killer instinct, the viciousness.

SA: You could be right about that for sure.

[Back inside the ring, Sweeney greets a rising Morrison with a clubbing forearm across the back... a second and a third follow, sending the six foot eight Morrison stumbling over into the ropes.]

SA: Sweeney's got Morrison on the run but he's also staying on the attack here...

[Grabbing the arm, Sweeney whips Morrison across before HAMMERING him in the chest with a running double axhehandle blow!]

SA: OHH! DOWN GOES MORRISON!

[Sweeney drops to his knees, applying a lateral press.]

SA: Two count... and that's all for Sweeney.

DW: It's gonna take more than that to put down a hoss like Morrison for a three count.

[Sweeney quickly grabs Morrison by the head, driving in a series of short right hands to the skull that earn a warning from the official and jeers from the Atlanta crowd.]

SA: The referee and these fans are not fans of the closed fists, Dee Dub.

DW: Heck, Sal... there's only one guy in the match the fans like and he hasn't even been tagged in yet.

[We cut to the corner where Carter and Jester are again trading words as Carter points to Morrison.]

SA: And the way that "Golden" Grant Carter and Jimi Jam Jester are getting along over there... he may not get tagged in at all if The Band has their way.

[Dragging Morrison up to his feet, Sweeney shows off his power by scooping the 300+ pounder off the mat and slamming him down on the canvas.]

SA: Scoop and a slam by Sweeney...

[The ring shakes on impact as Sweeney backs off, measuring his man...]

SA: To the ropes goes Sweeney annnnnnd... ELBOW!

[...but Morrison rolls to the side, causing the leaping Sweeney to hit nothing but canvas!]

SA: Morrison rolls clear and the pool is empty for Malcolm Sweeney!

[The six foot eight Morrison keeps on rolling, ending up near the outstretched hand of "Golden" Grant Carter that he reaches up and slaps without looking.]

SA: Tag! And in comes the guy that the Power Hour crowd was waiting for!

[A fired-up GGC slingshots over the top rope, pumping his fists and waving his arms as he charges across the ring towards a rising Malcolm Sweeney.]

SA: Carter goes high... right, left, right, left!

[The punches have Sweeney reeling as Carter throws a big wind-up right to the midsection to double him up...

...and then swings around to DRILL Rory Smythe with a haymaker that knocks him off the apron to big cheers!]

SA: "Golden" Grant Carter es en fuego here in Hotlanta!

[Carter tries to catch Mahoney with one as well but the wily veteran sees it coming and hops off the apron, wagging a finger at the New Jersey native...

...who gets DRILLED in the back of the head with a Sweeney running forearm!]

SA: OHHH! And just like that, Sweeney pours some water on that fire, knocking Carter into the corner!

DW: And he's in the wrong part of town now, Big Sal!

SA: He sure is... look out here...

[Sweeney twists Carter around, backed into the corner, and lowers the boom with several big kneelifts to the midsection before slapping the hand of a pissed-off Rory Smythe.]

SA: There's the tag to Smythe... and he doesn't look too happy at GGC.

[Smythe joins in, trading turns in throwing bombs at the ribs of Carter, leaving him a wreck as the referee shouts for Sweeney to exit the ring and the fans jeer loudly.]

SA: The Summit is doing a number on "Golden" Grant, hoping to make an impression on either Javier Castillo or Jon Steggle. The Summit made it clear two weeks ago that they're ready to climb into that double cage at SuperClash on one side or the other.

DW: Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver on one side... Juan Vasquez, Derek Rage, and Morgan Dane on the other. The Summit might look pretty good joining up with either one of those squads, Sal.

SA: That's how they feel about it as well.

[Smythe grabs Carter in a front facelock, dragging him out of the corner towards the middle of the ring...]

SA: Looks like we've got a suplex on the way from the British strongman...

[But as Smythe goes to lift Carter into the air, the New Jersey native kicks his legs and forces Smythe to set him back down on the canvas...]

SA: Blocked...

[...and then SNAPS him over with a swinging neckbreaker to big cheers!]

SA: ...AND REVERSED BY CARTER!

[A hurting Carter pushes up to his knees, nodding at the cheering fans as he climbs to his feet, pointing to the downed Smythe. He pumps a fist as he dashes to the ropes and...]

DW: Was that a tag?

[...gets his shoulder slapped by Jimi Jam Jester to confused jeers from the crowd and an annoyed look from Grant Carter.]

SA: It sure was. Jimi Jam Jester tagging himself in right there. Grant Carter's not too happy about that... and neither is this crowd, Dee Dub.

DW: GGC had him down and had him where he wanted him and... what the heck, Sal?!

[Jester steps in, trading words with Carter for a moment before he takes a run, jumps, and drops a leg across the chest, stayed seated as he shouts "COUNT HIM. STRIPES!" to the official. Carter reluctantly exits the ring, shaking his head as the referee counts once... twice... but that's all.]

SA: Smythe out at two after the legdrop... Jester with some words for the referee.

[Dragging Smythe to his feet, Jester steers him back towards The Band's corner where he smashes his head into the turnbuckle.]

SA: Smythe's head hits the corner and... hey!

[The crowd cheers as "Golden" Grant Carter slaps the shoulder, tagging himself back in.]

SA: Carter bringing himself back in and-

[The crowd groans as Jester shoves Carter, sticking a threatening finger in his face before exiting in a huff as Carter snatches a front facelock, taking Smythe out of the corner with a suplex and floating over into a pin attempt.]

SA: Some tensions starting to boil up between Carter and Jester as Carter gets a two off the suplex there.

[Carter pushes to his knees, grimacing a little at the count as the referee waves for the action to continue.]

SA: Carter back up... GGC pulling Smythe up with him...

[A hard right hand on the jaw sends Smythe falling back into the wrong corner again. Carter pursues, lowering his shoulder to drive it into the body.]

SA: Shoulders downstairs, trying to take the wind out of Smythe's sails...

[Carter drives home another shoulder before staying down, boosting Smythe up to sit on the top turnbuckle...

...which is when Jimi Jam Jester tags himself in yet again to more disgruntled boos from the Atlanta crowd.]

DW: Oh, come on!

SA: It's become quite obvious that Grant Carter and Jimi Jam Jester are NOT on the same page - not at all.

[Jester steps through the ropes... and this time, it's Carter who shoves him.]

SA: Laredo Morrison looks like he's trying to play peacemaker on the outside... but Carter and Jester are nose to nose, shouting at one another.

DW: And letting Rory Smythe recover up there on the buckles!

[Jester shoves Carter back, sticking a finger in his face, shouting "THIS IS MY TEAM! I'M IN CHARGE! YOU GET THAT, JERSEY TRASH!?!]" which earns a shove in response from Carter...]

SA: Smythe's recovering fast too! Look out now!

[Smythe stands on the middle rope, leaping off towards a surprised Carter and Jester, bowling them both over with a flying double clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RORY SMYTHE PICKS UP THE SPARE!

[Winded from the effort, Smythe pushes up on all fours and starts crawling across the ring to where his partners await him.]

SA: Smythe's looking to get across and make that tag to either Mahoney or Sweeney... but he's got a long way to go and Jimi Jam is practically already IN his corner.

[Smythe is more than halfway across the ring though when Jester rolls over, stretching up his arm...]

SA: TAG! IN COMES MORRISON AND-

[Morrison is charging hard at Smythe who makes a dive...

...and slaps the outstretched hand of Malcolm Sweeney to a mixed reaction!]

SA: And Sweeney makes the tag as well!

[Sweeney comes in strong, cutting off the incoming Morrison with a pair of short forearms under the jaw. He grabs the arm, whipping the big man across...

...and FLATTENS him with a leaping shoulder tackle!]

SA: Sweeney drops Morrison with that flying shoulderblock!

[The 270 pound Irishman backs off, slapping his outer thigh as he takes aim on the downed Morrison... waving a hand to beckon him up...]

SA: Sweeney's got that big Yakuza kick in his pocket and he may be looking to pull it out right here! Morrison's trying to get up but he hasn't got a clue what's waiting for him when he does...

[Sweeney pounds a fist into his chest, giving a war cry as Morrison gets to his feet, slowly starting to turn...

...which is when Jimi Jam Jester reaches out and grabs two hands full of bright red hair from the apron!]

DW: OH! JESTER'S GOT HIM! JESTER'S GOT HIM!

[But Sweeney yanks out of Jester's grip with ease, grabbing him by the long hair before a clash of skulls sends Jester spilling off the apron to the floor!]

SA: You were saying, Dee Dub?

[Sweeney shouts down at the floored Jester...

...which gives Laredo Morrison time to catch him from behind with a running forearm to the back of the head, sending Sweeney falling into the ropes!]

SA: MORRISON FROM BEHIND!

[As Sweeney falls back, Morrison rolls him up into a schoolboy that soon looks like a jacknife as Morrison lays his bodyweight across the legs.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: The powerful legs of Malcolm Sweeney kicks over three hundred pounds off him to break the pin!

[Morrison is quickly to his feet, clapping his hands in rhythm...]

SA: Morrison's trying to rally these fans behind them!

[The big man even starts his own chant...]

"LA-RAY-DO!"

"LA-RAY-DO!"

"LA-RAY-DO!"

[...that the fans don't respond to but Morrison doesn't seem to know that as he nods his head, pointing to the crowd as Sweeney climbs back to his feet...]

SA: Laredo's fired up here on the Power Hour! Sweeney's up annnnnnd...

[Morrison greets him with a big right hand to the skull... and a second... and a third...]

SA: Morrison's got him reeling... shoots him in....

[As Sweeney rebounds back, Morrison swings his long leg up, his boot catching Sweeney up under the chin and knocking him flat!]

SA: ...AND A BIG BOOT TAKES SWEENEY DOWN!

[At a shout from his partner, Morrison nods, spinning around to slap the insistent offered hand of Jimi Jam Jester. Jester gives a loud "WHOOO, BABY!" as he starts to climb the turnbuckles...]

SA: Jester wants the tag and Jester gets the tag as he-

[But as Jester climbs, "Golden" Grant Carter slaps Jester's shoulder and steps through the ropes...]

SA: Wait a second!

DW: That's not a legal tag, Big Sal!

SA: It's definitely not... and Jester is SCREAMING at Carter now!

[Carter and Jester are again trading words when suddenly Malcolm Sweeney surges upwards off a knee, shoving Carter from behind...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and into a delicately balanced Jester who flops down spread-eagled on the top turnbuckle!]

SA: Uh oh! The lead singer of The Band will be singing the high notes for a while after that fall!

[With his opponents in disarray, Sweeney retreats across the ring, making the tag to the senior member of his squad.]

SA: In comes Mahoney off the tag...

[The Fighting Irishman comes barreling across the ring towards a stunned Grant Carter...]

...who sidesteps, hurling Mahoney towards the corner where he slams into Jester, sending him falling off the ropes and down to the floor!]

SA: OH! Hard fall to the floor for Jester!

[Mahoney staggers backwards, spinning slowly into a haymaker from Carter... and another... and another. The crowd is getting fired up for the barrage of blows from the New Jersey native...]

SA: Carter's going to town on Mahoney but I don't think he's the legal man, Dee Dub!

DW: He's not! The referee's over here by the ropes, checking on Jimi Jam who's on the floor and...

SA: Carter's got Mahoney in a daze now...

[GGC goes into a 360 spin, BLASTING Mahoney with a discus lariat that takes him off his feet, putting him down on the mat. The fan favorite dives across, hooking a leg...]

SA: Carter with a cover but the referee is waving it off! The referee's telling Carter he's not the legal man... but I don't think Carter even cares at this point!

DW: He's gotta be frustrated out here teaming with a goof like Jimi Jam that he can't stand.

SA: GGC pulling Mahoney off the mat now... ignoring the referee who is telling him to get out and get Jimi Jam back in...

[With a dazed Mahoney on his feet, Carter reaches up to hook him for a snapmare...]

SA: Gold Strike on the way! Carter's set and-

[...but the wily Mahoney shoves Carter off towards an incoming Malcolm Sweeney...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: YAAAAAAKUUUUUZAAAAAAA!

[The big running boot flattens Carter as Sweeney triumphantly throws his arms out to the side before vacating the ring...]

...which sends Mahoney diving into a lateral press.]

SA: Another cover... but again, Carter's not legal! It doesn't matter if he's pinning or being pinned - he's still not legal!

DW: Look at Jimi Jam! Look at Jimi Jam!

[With the crowd buzzing, The Band's lead singer climbs up the turnbuckles as quickly as he can, whipping his long hair back...]

SA: Jester's on the top! Mahoney's got no idea but Jester's on the-

[...and leaping from his perch, Jester plummets downwards with his leg outstretched!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: JESTER HITS THE JIMI JAM!

[The flying legdrop smashes down on the back of Mahoney's neck, allowing Jester to quickly flip him over, diving across his torso as the referee dives down into position.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE!

[And Laredo Morrison comes stampeding across, preventing either Smythe or Sweeney from intervening...]

SA: IT IS!

"DING! DING! DING!"



[The crowd cheers in surprise at the upset win as Jester scrambles to his feet, leaping into the arms of Laredo Morrison who holds him aloft with Jester's fist in the air.]

DW: I can't believe it, Sal!

SA: You're not alone in that. The Band and "Golden" Grant Carter just pulled off one heck of an upset... they beat The Summit!

["Golden" Grant Carter sits up on the mat, rubbing his jaw as he looks at Morrison and Jester celebrating. A smile crosses his face, shaking his head as he tries to regroup.]

SA: The fans in Center Stage are buzzing at what they just saw and... does this mean Jon Steggle's going to give these three spots in WarGames?!

DW: I sure hope not, Sal. I like my job.

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: We'll be right back with more action right after this.

[Jester and Morrison continue to celebrate 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 we fade back up on the ring where we can see Tyler Graham is standing. But before he speaks, the dulcet tones of Salvatore Albano cut in.]

SA: We're back here live on the all-new Power Hour and coming up next, we're going to be seeing the Jersey Devil herself in action, Kelly Kowalski! Dee Dub, she's really had a lot of trouble lately with AWA newcomer Kylie Kujawa.

DW: She has, but the biggest problem for Kowalski has simply been getting her hands on Kujawa. She hasn't even able to land one shot on her, because she attacks from out of nowhere.

SA: One could say Kylie Kujawa strikes hard... then fades away!

DW: ...I don't get it.

SA: Ninja vanish!

DW: ...I don't get that one either.

SA: Well, let's see if Kelly Kowalski can kick the shell out of her opponen-... wait a second, I don't think that's who she was scheduled to face. Tyler, tell us who this is in the ring.

[In the ring we see a woman wearing an all-black bodysuit and a black mask with a pastel rainbow of hair sprouting from the top. Tyler Graham holds onto his earpiece, then begins to make a ring introduction.]

TG: Our next match is in the Women's Division, scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... weighing 148 pounds, stating to be from Cape Farewell, Greenland, this is... NIGHTBREED KX!

[The crowd murmurs in confusion as the masked wrestler glares at the entrance. Suddenly, without waiting for her music to play, we see one ticked off redhead burst from the entrance, stomping down the staircase, sliding into the ring and tackling the masked woman to the roar of the crowd as Graham scrambles to get out!]

SA: Whoa, Kelly Kowalski not waiting for her introduction as referee Scott Ezra signals for the bell!

DW: Wait a second, I watched those P\*WIN shows Theresa was telling me about... isn't Nightbreed KX Kylie Kujawa?

SA: That's who was under the mask in P\*WIN, Dee Dub, until the mask got ripped off by Michiko Sanada! We don't know who this Nightbreed KX is, and Kelly Kowaski isn't going to wait to find out in case this is another trick!

[Kowalski continues to pound away at KX, smashing punch after punch down into her face as Ezra warns her to open the fists up.]

SA: Whoever this is under the mask, her face is getting tenderized like a cheap steak!

DW: And look at the rage in Double K's eyes! Whether that's Kylie Kujawa under the mask or not, she's fed up with the attacks!

[Kowalski grabs a fistful of KX's hair, with another fistful of KX's mask, yanking KX up to her feet. She underhooks both of KX's arms, and... ]

"THUDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BROKEN SKULL DDT! Kelly Kowalski's not getting paid by the minute, that's for sure!

[Kowalski covers, and as she does so, she starts unlacing KX's mask.]

SA: The referee counting to three, and look at this! Kelly Kowalski's going to rip the mask off of Nightbreed KX! We're going to see if this was actually Kylie Kujawa or another one of her tricks!

[The bell sounds, signaling Kowalski's victory, and as it does, Kowalski gives a firm tug and pulls the mask off of KX, the pastel rainbow hair coming with it. Staring down, she sees someone that's not Kylie Kujawa, and she storms over to the ropes.]

"GIMME THE GO-..."

[The audio cuts out as she motions for Tyler Graham to give her the microphone.]

SA: Kelly Kowalski with the brutal victory here, and we apologize for her language, but she's definitely fed up. Dee Dub, I don't recognize who was under the mask, do you?

DW: I don't, Big Sal. Wait...

[As Kowalski is being handed the microphone, she boots the now-unmasked fake Nightbreed KX in the ribs repeatedly to push her out of the ring.]

SA: We're being told that Theresa is saying that's P\*WIN rookie Paige Becker that was under the mask, who was the scheduled opponent for Kelly Kowalski. Dee Dub, I don't know how Paige Becker would've gotten mixed up in this.

DW: Neither do I, Sal, but I don't think the person who's kicking her out of the ring cares all that much.

[As Kowalski pushes Becker out of the ring with her feet, she holds the microphone up to her lips with her right hand, holding up the Nightbreed KX mask with her left.]

KK: I'm tired of these games, Kylie. You jumped me from behind, you told me you're collectin' a debt that you say I owe. Now you're sendin' someone out here dressed like you to fight me?

[Kowalski throws the mask down.]

KK: If you ain't got the guts to actually fight me, then just say it! Otherwise, get your sorry butt down here, and let's end this!

[The crowd roars, both for the threat, but also, if Kowalski would turn around, she'd see someone perched on the top rope behind her...]

DW: Where did she come from?!

SA: Watch out!

[That someone jumps... ]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[... catching Kelly Kowalski just as Kowalski turns around with a picture perfect missile dropkick with her pink Chuck Taylors!]

SA: Kylie Kujawa! She just came out of the crowd and caught Kelly Kowalski off the top rope with a brutal missile dropkick!

DW: She was hiding in the crowd, Sal! She must have been in the crowd waiting for the right moment!

[The camera zooms in on Kowalski, who has started to bleed profusely from the eyebrow.]

SA: Sweet San Lorenzo, Dee Dub! Kylie Kujawa caught her right on the eyebrow with that dropkick, and it cut her open!

[Kujawa sees the cut, her Cheshire-like grin forming on her face, and she pounces on the prone Kowalski.]

SA: And she's jumped right on top of Kowalski... locking in a dragon sleeper! Her big brother Shane Destiny was known for the Destiny Strangle, and she's taken the move for herself!

[Kujawa cinches Kowalski in the Destiny Strangle, then starts to bend back, almost to where she's doing a neck bridge.]

SA: I understand she calls her version of the Destiny Strangle the Melankylie, and Dee Dub, Kelly Kowalski has a history of neck injuries! Kylie Kujawa knows exactly what she's doing!

DW: And look at how she's torquing it! Look at how she's wrenching back on the neck of Kelly Kowalski!

SA: We've got officials and agents coming in to try and break this up, and thank goodness for that! Kylie Kujawa somehow got to Kelly Kowalski's scheduled opponent and made her wear her Nightbreed KX costume, to throw Kelly off her game, and now she's softened up Kelly's neck even more! And on top of that, she busted her open with that dropkick!

DW: But Sal, who's she doing this for? Harley Hamilton told Kelly that it's Michelle Bailey behind these Kylie Kujawa attacks... could that possibly be true?

SA: We've got Michelle here later tonight... maybe we can find out. Still, consider the source, Harley Hamilton's not exactly the most trustworthy.

[After a few more moments, the officials are able to pry Kujawa off Kowalski, leaving the Jersey Devil in a bloodied pile on the canvas. Kujawa sneers down at her, raising her arms over her head as the Atlanta crowd lets her have it.]

SA: Finally, they manage to break this up... and it looks like Kelly Kowalski is going to need some medical attention, Dee Dub.

DW: It does, it really does... and you gotta wonder when the heck Kowalski's gonna get her hands on this Kujawa, Sal.

SA: If I know Kelly Kowalski, it won't be much longer... not at all. And as Kylie Kujawa celebrates another attack on Kowalski, let's go backstage to where Mariah Wolfe is standing by with the former Women's World Champion, Lauryn Rage. Mariah?

[We cut from the ring to backstage where Mariah Wolfe is standing. Wolfe, the petite brunette interviewer, stands with Lauryn Rage who is warming up with resistance bands, getting in a few last squats and biceps curls before her match.]

MW: Thanks, Sal... Lauryn, we're just moments away from your tag team match against the Serpentes, but I have to ask you this question: Who is your partner? Nobody knows. I've got to say you've been able to keep this secret a real surprise.

[Lauryn comes to a halt mid-squat, throwing a look at Wolfe.]

LR: Secret? It's not a secret.

[Lauryn comes up to a standing position. Unconsciously, she shakes out her braced knee.]

LR: The reason you haven't been able to figure out who my tag team partner is is a simple one. I don't have a tag team partner.

[Wolfe looks alarmed by this news.]

LR: Tonight, I'm going to face the Serpentes in a handicap match. I don't need anybody to stand beside me to handle the Serpentes. Mamba, Copperhead, listen here, ya dig, Da Kid is coming back for you. You wanted to do this the hard way? Well, I love it the hard way.

And I promise you I won't need to stretch my hand out to tag somebody else in because I'm going to beat you first, Copperhead, just because you love to run your mouth so damn much. And then when I get tired of kicking your ass, I'm going to take your limp, lifeless hand and I'm gonna smack the Mamba across the face with it and let her get some of this, too.

[Rage nods, her eyes flashing with anger.]

LR: And then I'm gonna stomp a hole through her and then stomp another one. And I'm gonna keep stomping until you're both nothing but puddles in the middle of that ring. Then I'm gonna take what's left of you Snake women and make myself a new pair of boots.

[She goes back to a squat as Mariah speaks up.]

MW: Lauryn, if you'll forgive me... that's a lot of tough talk, but why would you want to take on the Serpentes two-on-one? Some people have said that you simply couldn't find a partner. Any truth to those allegations?

[Rage comes to another abrupt halt mid-warmup.]

LR: Oh Ms. Wolfe, I see you're going to be one of those [airquotes] intrepid interviewers [end airquotes] that loves to ask the tough questions. I bet when you got the call up from CCW, they promised you you'd made the big time.

[Wolfe looks about to respond but Lauryn cuts her off.]

LR: Well, this is what the big time looks like.

[Rage gets right up into Wolfe's face. Rage jabs her thumb into her own chest.]

LR: Now I want you to look at me. This is what the big time looks like. This is what the once and rightful AWA Women's World champion looks like. And here in the AWA, there's just a simple philosophy to adopt if you don't want any problems, Mariah. Don't trust anybody to do it for you when you can do it your damn self. And I can do it my damn self.

[Wolfe nods.]

MW: No worries that the Serpentes might target your knee with Fight Night and a shot at the AWA Women's World Championship on the line? Isn't this really risky?

LR: Boy, aren't you just full of confidence? You're really bringing me up, aren't you, Mariah? Let me ask you something? Do I look stupid to you?

[Rage stares a hole straight through Wolfe. Wolfe fidgets uncomfortably under her icy stare.]

MW: No, I don't think you look stupid. But maybe you're trying too hard to prove that your knee is one hundred percent. Maybe it's a way for you to prove something to yourself?

[Rage draws her head back and shakes it at Wolfe with a sneer.]

LR: And here I thought Bailey was the headshrink around here. Girl, go ahead and prove yourself. Ask me the tough questions. You can ask me those tough questions because I am the toughest DOB in the AWA and this ain't nuthin' but an opportunity to prove it.

[Mariah looks puzzled.]

MW: DOB?

LR: Well, I ain't a son, am I, Mariah?

Now if you'll excuse me I got two pair of jackasses to kick and is Lauryn finna get tired kicking Serpentine booty? Aw hell naw. Da Kid is out of here.

[Rage storms off the set, leaving Mariah Wolfe looking a little shocked and relieved that that interview is over as we fade from backstage out to the interview podium where Theresa Lynch is standing once again.]

TL: Thanks, Mariah... and hang in there. They won't all have an attitude like that one.

[Theresa grins.]

TL: That tag team battle is coming up a little later... but right now, we've got more tag team action ahead of us as Landon Grant is set for another shot - a shot he demanded - against Alexander Kingsley and Curt Sawyer. Landon, come on in here...

[The camera pulls back a little further as the young rookie walks into view, dressed for action as he settles in alongside Theresa.]

TL: Landon, I want to get some idea on what's going on in your head as we get ready for this tag match but before we do, can we go ahead and find out who your partner is tonight?

[Grant nods as he shakes out a little nervous energy from his shoulders.]

LG: Ms. Lynch, the past shows here... It's been tough. Those two - Kingsley and Sawyer?

[Landon pauses, letting out a sigh.]

LG: I- I keep replaying - night after night after night - what those two dogs have done. Loss after loss, pain on pain. And I'll be honest - right here, front of you...

[Grant points into the camera and then to his eye.]

LG: You all seen it too. Doubt. In my eyes, worming it's way into my brain. "They got you."

[Grant lowers and shakes his head.]

LG: "They made you a fool once more." And, honest, I'm just not thinking right. But today, Ms. Lynch? I got the partner to get me on the right track, to cast all the doubt out and get right at you two dogs!

[Landon opens his arm to bring out his partner, waiting....

And waiting...

And waiting...

Until Grant looks around and gets a concerned look. He thinks for a moment...

And then his eyes light up and he races to the back.]

TL: I... I'm not quite sure what just happened there. Landon Grant was introducing his partner and-

[Theresa abruptly cuts off with a yelp as she sees Landon Grant's body come flying back through the curtain and out onto the entrance stage.]

DW: What the...!?

[Alexander Kingsley comes charging through, throwing himself into a wild haymaker at the side of Grant's head as he tries to get up. Grant stumbles back but throws a right to the body... then a left... then a right...]

SA: Landon Grant's fighting for his life out here and-

[Kingsley promptly wraps up the arms of Grant, holding the struggling rookie as Curt Sawyer comes through and SLAMS a forearm into the kidneys. Kingsley lets go as Grant slumps to his knees on the stage.]

DW: We got a jumpin' on our hands, Big Sal!

[Kingsley and Sawyer take turns kicking Grant in the ribs until he flattens out on the elevated metal staging, the fans jeering all the while.]

SA: Yet another unwarranted and uncalled for attack by the tandem of Sawyer and Kingsley on young Landon Grant.

DW: Cowards, that's what they are, Sal! All Landon wants is a match, and these two are too scared to take on Grant fair and square!

[Kingsley drops to a knee, grabbing Grant by the hair, lifting his head up...]

"CLAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES his face down onto the staging. Kingsley sneers as he gets up, gesturing to Sawyer.]

"Give it a shot!"

[Sawyer nods, a wicked grin on his face as he grabs the hair, kneeling down on the stage..]

"CLAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OH!

[The duo rise to their feet, standing over Grant as the fans boo loudly.]

SA: Sawyer and Kingsley admiring their handiwork and...it appears Kingsley is motioning for Theresa Lynch?

DW: Theresa has her hands full with other more important things in her life right now, but these two also have a bit of a history and you know she's got to hate this.

[AK3 continues to motion until Lynch begrudgingly joins them, mic in hand that is close enough to pick up Kingsley yelling, "INTERVIEW US! RIGHT NOW!"]

TL: I'm here.

[Theresa glares at Kingsley, extending the mic without another word.]

AK3: What, no questions? I thought you were a journalist. But that's fine, I'll do your job for you.

[Kingsley abruptly snatches the mic out of Lynch's hand.]

DW: Kingsley had better hope Supreme Wright didn't see that, Sal!

[Kingsley looks at the downed Grant, smirking as he kneels down beside him.]

AK3: This is Alexander Kingsley, here with Landon Grant and the big question on everyone's mind, Landon, is...have you learned your lesson yet?

[Kingsley shoves the mic in Grant's face, who responds with a muffled grunt. AK3 stands back up, looking down at his fallen foe and shaking his head before handing the mic back to Lynch.]

AK3: See, Theresa? That wasn't hard. Now, ask me a question!

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: Alright, fine. Why are you such a pain in the a-

[Sawyer swats the mic down, cutting Theresa off with a loud "THUMP!"  
The exchange draws a collective "OHHHHHHH!" from the Center Stage crowd, but not an angry reaction from Kingsley. No, Kingsley instead smiles as if he's proud of that fact.]



AK3: First, Theresa, watch your language. There are kids out there in the audience. And second, I'm about outcomes. I'm about results. My family has long gotten results in the business world, and if you take a look...

[He motions down toward Grant, who is now being helped up by a few staffers.]

AK3: ...I get results in the wrestling world as well.

What people aren't understand is that, with each passing week, this pairing right here gets better...and better...and better.

[He points at Sawyer.]

AK3: Curt Sawyer, when he agreed to work with me, was an overweight, out-of-shape, often-injured, butt of the front-office jokes of the likes of Todd Michaelson and Jon Stegglet and, yes, even that self-proclaimed bastion of goodness, City Jack. No one, and I mean NO ONE, believed in him.

But I did, and look at him now. Fit. Trim. Ruthless. Why, Theresa?

Because I get results. Because I see talent and potential where others don't. Likewise, I can also recognize a fraud.

And Landon Grant? You, kid, are a fraud.

[A chorus of boos rings out from the Center Stage crowd.]

AK3: You should be thankful that we kicked your ass before we got in the ring tonight, because that saved you the embarrassment of losing to us yet again.

[Sawyer steps forward for his turn at the mic.]

CS: Theresa, I've said it before and I'll say it again until you people finally understand it - this is a new era for Curt Sawyer, so stop being surprised every time Alex and I impose our will on those who are in our way.

Now Landon, as for you, you've got to understand...this is not your fault. It just so happens that every time I see you, I think of your old man and his best friend who used me for drinks and laughs for way too long. So if you want to blame anyone, blame your dad for not using protection on the night you were conceived.

[Now that draws a loud round of boos from the crowd.]

TL: Hey! That was out of line, Curt!

CS: No, Theresa, what was out of line was people like you and your family sitting around and making jokes at my expense while you sat in MY bar and drank MY beer.

And Landon, I know - just like me - you want to defend the honor of your family. But let tonight serve as another warning of an inevitable end.

[Sawyer points at the camera.]

CS: You keep on finding partners, son, and we'll keep on taking them out, until no one's left to team with you.

And then...you're going to take the beating that your old man earned for you.

[Kingsley laughs and pats Sawyer on his shoulders before the duo walks off-camera. Theresa shakes her head in disgust, leaning over towards the downed Landon Grant.]

TL: Landon, you okay? Hey, Landon...?

[Theresa straightens up, waving a hand towards the back as we slowly fade to black.]

We hold on a black screen for several moments before we hear the sound of footsteps. Loud footsteps breaking through a completely silent room.

They come to a halt.

A slight clearing of the throat.]

"WELCOME..."

[And with the blast of a spotlight, we see a circus ringmaster standing in the middle of it, a huge grin upon his face.]

"...TO THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!"

[The boisterous "Whooooooooo!" of "The Greatest Show" from the soundtrack to the upcoming "The Greatest Showman" is heard a few times before...]

#Ladies and gents... this is the moment you've waited for...#

[The ringmaster winks at the camera, an actual sparkle showing off his polished white teeth...]

...and we cut to a graphic that reads:

SUPERCLASH IX  
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

40 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

...and we fade back up on an outdoor scene. Towering trees surround a wooden building with an outdoor porch that runs the width of it. A bench is on the same porch. A bench where a masked man now sits... a man with a slightly torn mask, flesh peeking through. As our camera approaches, the wrestler once known as Downpour speaks.]

DNM: It feels good to be home.

[He takes a deep breath, pulling the clean air into his lungs.]

DNM: After what happened on the Power Hour two weeks ago - when I finally broke the shackles that were tying me to the likes of Betty Chang and Lee Connors - I decided I needed to get away from the world for a while. I needed to come home - here to Mexico - to where it all started for me.

[We fade inside the building which we can now see is a gym. Black mats cover the floor. Boxing bags hang from the ceiling - both speed and heavy. Various freeweights and benches are all around. And in the middle of it all, a wrestling ring which looks like it's seen better days.]

DNM: It was in this building when my back hit canvas for the first time... and like a junkie with his first taste, I was hooked. At that moment, I dedicated my life to being inside this ring.

[Cut to a shot of the luchador inside the ring, throwing himself into the ropes, running back and forth a few times before coming to a stop.]

DNM: For years, I wrestled in places like this. The dingiest, dirtiest holes in all of Mexico. Fighting to get out. Fighting to get to the place where they say dreams come true - America. I broke my body in those buildings, just hoping to make a YouTube clip go viral and catch some American promoter's notice.

[A quick sequence of clips showing that - a moonsault from the middle rope to the floor, an out-of-control tope that sends him crashing into the barricade, a top rope double stomp through a table on the floor.]

DNM: And finally... finally I got my chance... the AWA... the big time.

[A shot of Downpour in his US debut at a live event somewhere, raising his hand to almost no reaction.]

DNM: And after years of fighting alone to get there, they stuck me in a tag team. They put me with Lee Connors... another guy who broke his body all over Canada and the US to get noticed. It seemed like a perfect match... I'll give you that. But something changed when that team was made.

[A shot of Downpour and Connors in the ring together, their arms raised.]

DNM: Something inside me changed.

The fire that drove me so long went out. The drive was gone. I was just happy to be there. Just happy to entertain the fans. Just happy to... put smiles on faces. Connors talked all the time about how lucky two guys like us were to even be in the ring on an AWA show.

[Back to the old gym, the man formerly known as Downpour shakes his head.]

DNM: But it wasn't enough for me. I wanted to succeed. I wanted to show everyone who doubted me for years that they were wrong about me. I wanted to be a champion.

I tried to lift them up... dios mio, I tried.

But they were happy. They were content.

[The luchador raises his head, looking coldly through his torn mask.]

DNM: And I needed more.

[Cut to quick shots of Downpour kicking Lee Connors in the head... then breaking his leg two weeks ago.]

DNM: I needed-

[The lights in the gym flicker and then go out, leaving the luchador in darkness. Lights streams in through a pair of windows but barely enough to see anything at all. A door creaks open, steps on the floor heard.]

DNM: Who's there?

[A voice calls out - deep, harsh, strained.]

???: Is that any way to talk to your...?

[The luchador drops to his knees.]

DNM: Master.

[The same voice lets loose a humorless chuckle.]

???: You have done well. You've broken free of those that held you down.

[The luchador responds, words empty of emotion.]

DNM: Thank you, Master.

[The voice calls out through the darkness.]

???: I knew I'd find you... although you should not be here.

[The luchador replies.]

DNM: I wanted to come home. I wanted to remember where I came from.

[Silence for a moment.]

???: It's good to remember the lessons you learned here... but your focus should not be on your past... but on your future.

You left here once with a fire inside... a fire you allowed them to put out... but that you have reignited.

A Downpour put out your flame...

[Another dark chuckle.]

???: ...but Incendio shall restore it.

[The masked man looks up, the dark laugh booming off the walls of the gym as the screen "lights up" with fire and a graphic promoting "INCENDIO IS COMING."

Fade to black...

...and then back up on the Center Stage Studios where Theresa Lynch is standing behind the interview podium.]

TL: From Downpour to Incendio... the transition is now complete... and after what we saw Downp- excuse me, Incendio... do to Lee Connors two weeks ago, breaking his leg and putting him out of action for months... I shudder to think about what Incendio may bring to the AWA.

[Lynch notably brightens.]

TL: However, in better news, fans... I've been waiting a long time for this one. Thanks to all of the recent social media activity surrounding her, I've been told that next week on Fight Night On FOX, there is a major announcement from the office of the AWA President as it related to my friend, Erica Toughill.

[The crowd cheers! Theresa smiles, nodding.]

TL: I agree! It's long overdue... and I'm told that Ricki herself will be in attendance in Miami to hear this announcement... and you better believe I'm going to be right there alongside her. I want to hear this one myself! I want to-

[There's a sudden pause, as a noise is caught off camera. The smile on Theresa's face slowly disappears.]

\*fffwwwweeeeeeeeeeeett\*  
\*fffwwwweeeeeeeeeeeett\*  
\*fffwwwweeeeeeeeeeeett\*  
\*fffwwwweeeeeeeeeeeett\*

[Theresa looks around in confusion as the noise grows louder.]

\*FFFWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTT!!!!\*  
\*FFFWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTT!!!!\*  
\*FFFWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTT!!!!\*  
\*FFFWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTT!!!!\*

TL: What in the world? I apologize, but..

[The studio crowd starts to boo as the source of the noise appears. It's the flagbearer for the Soldiers of Fortune, Marty Meekly, and he's making his way over to the interview desk, whistling obnoxiously the entire time. Theresa decides that it wouldn't be a good idea to have someone whistling in her ear and quickly exits stage right. Meekly takes the mic that Theresa leaves behind. Meekly cackles really loudly as the crowd lets him have it with a chorus of boos.]

MM: Guess Theresa Lynch wouldn't be able to control herself in the presence of three of the most rugged American MEN to ever step foot inside of an AWA arena! Ain't that right, Atlanta?

[Meekly proudly points the microphone at himself, claiming he's one such example of American pride as the crowd continues to boo. The boos are getting to Meekly, so he's whistling into the microphone to get them to quiet down.]

MM: \*FFFWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTT!!!!\*  
\*FFFWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTT!!!!\*  
\*FFFWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTT!!!!\*  
\*FFFWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTT!!!!\*

SETTLE DOWN AND SHUT UP! If you halfwit hicks even know how!

[Meekly pauses.]

MM: Aw, who am I kidding? You can't even build an airport properly! Forget it! Allow me to introduce to you, the AWA World Tag Team Champions...

"CAPTAIN" JOE FLINT!!!

"CORPORAL PUNISHMENT" CHARLIE STEPHENS!!!

THE SSSSSSOOOOLLLLDDDDIIIIIEEEERRRRSSSSS OOOOFFF  
FFFFOOOOOORRRRTTTTUUUUUUNNNNNNNNEEEEEEE!

[The Soldiers of Fortune come out to a chorus of boos, the AWA World Tag Team Championships strapped around their waists. Meekly takes a step back, and starts waving the American flag in the air. Stephens steps to the side as Flint takes the mic.]

JF: Heh, ain't that right. Feels like the damn airport gets worse an' worse every time we come to this dump. Tell 'em Charlie.

CS: The airport alone makes me sad that General Sherman never finished the job.

[Meekly cackles loudly at that comment. The crowd really lets them have it.]

JF: Ya know, Charlie, I think we gave the Gold Standard way too much credit. They've got one of the toughest and most dangerous men that's ever come out of Japan in Takeshi Mifune. A man with enough horror stories to fit a leather bound book... and an Olympic Gold Medalist. A man in Bret Grayson that I once considered to be as much of an American hero as the both of us. A man with an open invitation to join the Soldiers of Fortune any time he ever wanted!

[Flint shakes his head.]

JF: Couldn't even get the job done against one measly man. They had the chance to win.. all by themselves!

[The crowd boos, knowing that the Soldiers aren't admitting to the fact that they tried to help the Gold Standard win.]

JF: But they choked, much like the Braves did almost every year for almost twenty years.

[The boos get even louder this time.]

CS: Get to the back of the line, losers.

JF: You got a new problem with us for some reason? Take a number, maggots. We got the entire AWA chasin' after these.

[Flint removes the title, and shows it off in front of the camera.]

JF: Yer just gonna be another set of turds we flush down th' toilet when the time comes, boys. But.. first things first.

[Stephens nods his head, then sarcastically claps.]

CS: Bravo, Somers, Bravo. Congratulations on overcomin' the odds. You've always been a tough kid but we seriously underestimated you. You're savvy and clever enough to get you and Harper back to the front of the line. Unfortunately, for you, you're gonna regret what's about to happen at SuperClash.

[The crowd cheers the mention of Next Gen. Flint starts to laugh.]

JF: I bet y'all wanna know what we got planned for Next Gen at SuperClash, don't ya? Yeah! Look at all of ya, like dogs waitin' for their soup bones.

[The crowd continues cheering, and starts a "NEXT GEN" chant! Flint sarcastically joins in the chanting, then suddenly stops and sneers.]

JF: Too bad.

[The chanting stops, and the booing starts back up.]

JF: You pukes are all gonna wait for Fight Night On FOX from beautiful South Beach like everyone else out there in TV land. We ain't wastin' that big announcement, or any more of our time, in a place like this.

At ease!

[Flint turns to salute Stephens and Meekly. Stephens returns the salute as Meekly starts waving the flag. As the three of them exit the stage, with Meekly whistling all the while, we fade back to Sal and Dylan.]

SA: Well, Dee Dub... we knew that Next Gen would challenge for the World Tag Team Titles at SuperClash IX after their victory in that tag team battle royal on Saturday Night Wrestling. But now the champions - the Soldiers of Fortune - seem to be on the verge of escalating this conflict even higher.

DW: What does it mean? What they've got "planned" for Next Gen - what does that even mean?

SA: It seems like we'll learn the same time as everyone else - seven days from tonight on Fight Night On FOX in Miami. Now, let's head down to the ring for more tag team action!

[We fade to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following contest is a tag team contest set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division. Introducing first...

[The Atlanta crowd boos as the Lox's "Money, Power, Respect" plays over the PA system.]

TG: At a total combined weight of 370 pounds... Copperhead and Mamba...

THE SERRRRRPENTIIIIINES!

[The jeers intensify as the Serpentes walk out onto the entrance stage, taunting the Atlanta crowd. Copperhead starts immediately sneering and jawing with the fans as the duo heads down the steps towards the ring.]

SA: The Serpentes have arrived here on the Power Hour... and despite the announcement of Tyler Graham, this is a Handicap Match and not a tag team match according to Lauryn Rage.

DW: Which is bad news for the former champ if you ask me, Sal. These two are big... they're mean... and they're out for blood.

SA: They look even bigger than before, Dee Dub. They've certainly been putting their time in the gym to good use. My Aunt Maria would be clutching her Holy Bible if they saw these two for sure.

[En route to the ring, Copperhead shouts at a few ringside children while Mamba swipes away some outstretched hands with her over-muscled arms. The duo enters the ring, continuing to taunt the crowd as the fans jeer.]

SA: This is a big risk for Lauryn Rage. We know she's coming back from injury... and we also know she's seven days away from climbing inside a steel cage to take on Julie Somers with the winner moving on to SuperClash to face Kurayami with the Women's World Title on the line. A tag match was dangerous enough with these two... but a Handicap Match? I do not like her chances in this one.

[The music starts to fade as Tyler Graham raises the mic again.]

TG: Annnnnnd their opponents...

[Graham pauses.]

TG: My apologies... their opponent...

[The crowd cheers as Kendrick Lamar's "DNA" begins to play over the PA system.]

TG: She hails from Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing in at 160 pounds... she is a former AWA Women's World Champion...

LAURYNNNNN RAAAAAAGE!

[Rage marches out onto the stage, throwing her arms up into the air to more cheers as she eyeballs the duo in the ring now shouting threats in her direction.]

SA: Can you imagine Lauryn Rage getting this kind of reaction one year ago, Dee Dub?

DW: I sure can't. I'm still surprised she's getting it now even.

SA: Lauryn Rage all alone out here, deciding she doesn't need a partner for this one... and I gotta question again the wisdom of a decision like that, Dee Dub.

DW: While you're questioning her wisdom, Sal... I'm questioning her honesty. Do you really think she made this choice on her own? Or do you think she was too proud to go hat in hand lookin' for a partner considering her track record?

SA: The fans may be on her side but the locker room likely is not - that's for sure.

[And as Rage starts to descend the staircase towards the ring, the Serpentes come spilling out of the ring, charging towards her.]

SA: THE FIGHT IS ON IN THE A-T-L!

[The crowd cheers as Lauryn Rage meets Mamba and Copperhead on the stairs, bombs being thrown on all sides as the three women battle precariously on the steel steps!]

SA: The Serpentes have attacked before the bell and we've got one heck of a brawl on our hands already!

DW: There's so much bad blood between these three starting with money and disrespect and... well, you can see it spilling over already.

[Rage's efforts fall short quickly as the combined might of the Serpentes batter her down on the steps to jeers from the crowd. There are a handful of stomps and kicks on the steps before...]

"BREAK HER FREAKIN' LEG, MAMBA!"

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Mamba drags Rage to her feet on the staircase, walking her down the rest of the flight of steps to ringside where the referee calls for the match to get inside the ring.]

SA: What are the Serpentes planning here now?

[Mamba turns to face the ring, twisting Rage around to lift her for a belly to back...

...but Rage flips out the back, landing hard down on her feet. Her knee buckles for the moment as she drops down to a knee with a wince.]

DW: Oh! Right down on the injured leg and-



[But as soon as Mamba turns, Rage surges off her knee, wrapping Mamba's torso in her arms, charging forward with a wild scream...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND MAMBA'S SPINE HITS THE RING APRON!

[Mamba stumbles forward, flopping down on her chest as she grabs at her lower back that was just jammed into the edge of the ring. A shocked Copperhead recovers quickly, making a lunge towards the former champion who rolls into the ring to avoid her.]

SA: Rage back inside... Copperhead coming after her...

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Ol' Blue Shoes calls for the bell and-

[As Copperhead ducks through the ropes, Rage reaches out, wrapping her up and dragging her down...]

SA: SMALL PACKAGE! RAGE LOOKING FOR THE QUICK WIN!

[...but a two count and change is all that follows as Copperhead escapes in time.]

SA: Not enough to keep her down!

[Copperhead comes to her feet a notch quicker than Rage, throwing big right hands to the head and shoulders of the rising former champ...

...who quickly returns fire with rights and lefts to the ribcage that get the crowd rallied behind her again!]

SA: And back to the flying fists they go - the bell just rang and this already looks like the final round in Creed! These two women are throwing haymakers like an Aroldis Chapman fastball!

[The flurry of fists stops as Lauryn blocks a wild right hand by Copperhead and ducks underneath Copperhead to take her down!]

SA: BLOCK AND TAKEDOWN! Lauryn Rage showing some explosiveness on that bad knee and perhaps this will be a turning point for when she's forced to fight for her life here in Center Stage Studios!

[Rage quickly takes the mount position, throwing blows as Copperhead tries to cover up...]

SA: Copperhead covering up as best she can. Lauryn Rage not even throwing punches right now, Dee Dub! Those are hard open hand slaps! She's humiliating the Serpentine!

[The former champion climbs off of the downed Copperhead, throwing her arms up and screaming to the crowd in a mix of frustration and elation.]

DW: Rage is all kinds of fired up, Big Sal! She got that look in her eye. She's ready for war!

SA: And she isn't done with Copperhead, pulling her up by that copper Mohawk! Oooh, rammed her head right into the corner!

[Copperhead's forehead bounces off the turnbuckle...

...but she immediately retaliates with a back elbow.]

SA: Oh! Hard shot in response right there - Rage got rocked!

[Grabbing the arm, Copperhead quickly whips Rage into the far corner, lowering her head and charging in after her...]

SA: Rage hits hard - Copperhead looking to hit harder, coming on strong and-

[Rage front rolls out of the corner, causing Copperhead to whiff on the charge, slamming her shoulders into the turnbuckles!]

SA: Ohhh! And nobody home on that one!

[Da Kid comes to her feet, ready to take advantage of her quick counter...

...which is when Mamba reaches over the ropes, grabbing two hands full of Rage's hair, and YANKS her down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHH!"

SA: And that is some of the unfair two on one advantage enjoyed by the Serpentine in what has turned into a Handicap Match. Lauryn Rage is starting to feel the numbers advantage working against her, Dee Dub.

DW: It's a two on one with no one for Lauryn Rage to tag... and she had the right strategy there. She hit, she moved, she tried to end it fast but no dice and now she may be rolling craps, Big Sal.

[A recovering Copperhead climbs to her feet, pulling Rage up to join her with a front facelock before she slaps Mamba's offered hand.]

SA: There's our first tag of the match, bringing Mamba into the ring...

[Mamba winds up, both arms over her head, and slams a double axehandle down onto the back, causing Rage's legs to go out from under her, dropping down to the canvas as Copperhead exits.]

SA: Simple but effective and Lauryn Rage finds herself in trouble very early on in this one.

DW: She's gotta stay out of the corner, minimize the tags, minimize the double teams too.

[Mamba watches as Rage pushes back up to her knees before she brings her arms around, snatching a side headlock on the former champion.]

SA: Wrapping her up in that headlock and this oughta slow the ex-champion down a little bit, putting some pressure on the neck.

DW: And that's a whole lotta woman to be carrying on your head and neck. She could get worn down real quick if she can't get out of this one fast.

[Rage tries to force herself up to her feet but Mamba holds her ground, shaking her head in refusal...

...and then falls back as Rage buries an elbow back into the gut.]

SA: Elbow downstairs! Rage trying to battle out!

[A second elbow lands as well, loosening Mamba's grip on her...]

SA: And a third elbow breaks her free! Rage quickly up on her feet...

[She reaches out to grab Mamba...

...who promptly kicks her RIGHT in the injured knee!]

DW: Oh no!

[With a shriek, Lauryn hits the mat, clutching her surgically repaired knee as Mamba sneers at the jeering crowd.]

SA: Well, we knew they'd be going after that knee at some point in this one... and "some point" proves to be right now, Dee Dub.

DW: And look at Mamba... just so proud of herself for going after that weak point.

SA: Look at this now... just stomping the knee, viciously and violently...

[Grabbing the leg, Mamba straightens it up...

...and then drops all of her weight down on the knee with the point of the elbow, bending it around her torso as Rage cries out in pain again.]

SA: Mamba focusing all her efforts on the knee now.

DW: And she ain't trying to win this one, Sal. She's trying to hurt Lauryn Rage and put her on the shelf for half a year or more again!

SA: Can you imagine how disheartening that would be for Lauryn Rage? She loses her title, gets injured, and fights all the way back to be on the verge of a SuperClash title match... only to get reinjured a week before the biggest match of her comeback. That would be a soul crushing experience.

[Fighting against the pressure of the hold, Rage throws a few blows at Mamba, trying to break free...]

SA: Rage trying to get loose - not giving in just yet...

[Mamba gets back to her feet, extending the leg again, raising her arm...

...but Rage pulls her legs towards her chest, pushing off and kicking Mamba away.]

SA: Oh ho! And Rage battles her way out... and she rolls right out to the floor!

[Rage lands on her feet on the outside, leaning on the apron as she shakes her bad leg, trying to get the blood flowing into the injured knee once more...]

[An angry Mamba rushes forward but gets cut off by Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller who orders her back...

...which means his back is turned as Copperhead hops off the apron, runs around the ring, and FLATTENS the recovering Rage with a running clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd jeers for the outside interference as a grinning Copperhead shouts at the ringside fans. She leans down, dragging Rage up by the back of the unitard and tosses her under the bottom rope...

...right into a big Mamba elbowdrop!]

SA: Elbow by Mamba... and the cover to boot!

[A two count follows before Rage kicks out, breaking the pin attempt.]

SA: Only a two count there...

DW: And I've gotta wonder if the Serpentine are switching tactics. Lauryn's putting up a fight and that may have switched their mentality from hurting her to beating her, Sal.

SA: That's a good point... and while Rage was trying to recover on the outside, shaking out that knee, I can't help but remember that Lauryn has only wrestled a handful of matches since returning from that partial ACL tear. She's dealing with that injury recovery... she's dealing with ring rust... and she's gotta shake all that off before next week when she gets locked in the cage with Julie Somers.

DW: She wanted time to recover but no luck... there's nowhere to hide out here.

[Pulling Rage off the mat, Mamba scoops her up and slams her down on the canvas with a ring-shaking slam... and then reaches out to slap Copperhead's hand.]

SA: There's another tag, bringing the fresh Serpentine back into the mix...

[Copperhead climbs in as Mamba brings Rage back to her feet.]

SA: Double team on the way...

[The Serpentine toss her up into the air as they kneel and let her ribs land on their knees.]

DW: Oooh, that'll knock the wind out of you in a hurry.

SA: The double gutbuster connects and leaves Lauryn Rage sucking wind... Mamba out and Copperhead with the cover.

[A two count lands before Lauryn sneaks the left shoulder weakly up off the mat just before the three. The crowd cheers as Copperhead gets back up, complaining to Blue Shoes who holds up two fingers.]

SA: Copperhead not a fan of the count there by ol' Blue Shoes but it looked pretty good from where we're sitting, Dee Dub.

"I'M GONNA BREAK HER FREAKIN' NECK!"

DW: The Serpentine - both of 'em - are nasty and mean in there and Lauryn Rage is paying the price for it.

SA: We're a little over five minutes into this - fifteen minutes left in the time limit.

DW: No chance she makes it another fifteen minutes, Sal... no chance at all.

SA: I'd have to agree with you there, Dee Dub.

[Copperhead grabs the rising Rage by the hair, leading her to her feet where she lifts her as if she's going for an atomic drop...

...and then drops her straight down on her tailbone!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

[Rage grimaces in pain as Copperhead winds up...]

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KICK RIGHT TO THE SPINE!

[The former champion slumps to the side as Copperhead shoves her down onto her back for an arrogant cover.]

SA: Copperhead with another pin attempt... and again Rage is out at two!

[The crowd cheers again as Rage just barely twitches her shoulder up in time. Copperhead smashes her fists down on the mat, glaring at the referee who again holds up two fingers.]

SA: Copperhead showing some signs of frustration now... looking to put Rage down for a three count and end this Handicap Match.

[Copperhead is still glaring at the official as she climbs to her feet, looking around the ring as Mamba cheers her on from the corner. She leans down, grabbing Rage by the hair again, dragging her up to her feet...

...where the former champion buries a heavy body shot into the body that leaves Copperhead gasping for air!]

SA: Oh, hard shot to the ribs!

[A desperate Rage leans low, lifting Copperhead up over her shoulder...

...and rushes forward, slamming her back into the buckles hard!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: And that bucklebuster just evened things up in a hurry!

[Rage staggers backwards out of the corner, twisting around and falling to her knees, looking across the ring towards her corner...]

DW: But Lauryn Rage doesn't have anyone to tag out to! Copperhead is staggering alongside the ropes, trying to get to her corner but if Rage gets to her corner, she's got nothing! She's got no one!

[Rage pushes up to her feet, twisting around to eyeball the situation...

...and then rushes towards the Serpentine's corner, leaping into the air, smashing her hindquarters into Mamba, sending her flying off the apron and down onto the floor at ringside!]

SA: RAGE CLEARS OUT MAMBA!

[Copperhead uses the support of the ropes to rush forward but Rage ducks under a clothesline, blindly reaching back to snatch her around the neck, and leaps up, dropping her with a neckbreaker!]

SA: AND A NECKBREAKER ON COPPERHEAD! RAGE DROPS \_BOTH\_ SERPENTINES!

[A weary Lauryn Rage sits up on the canvas, grabbing at her lower back as she looks out on the cheering crowd.]

SA: Rage gets them both down but she's taken a lot of punishment and she's slow to follow up on either one of those moves.

[Rage again rolls over onto all fours, looking towards the corner where we can see Mamba is starting to get up to her feet on the outside.]

DW: Rage has gotta make a move here... gotta make a move to cut off Copperhead and keep her down for whatever comes next.

[The former champion gets to her feet, stepping over to pull Copperhead off the mat, pushing her back against the ropes...]

SA: Right hand to the ribs... left to the other side... Rage teeing off on her former ally...

[Grabbing the arm, Rage goes to whip Copperhead...

...but the Serpentine reverses the move, sending Rage into the far side instead.]

SA: Reversal...

[Copperhead goes for a big clothesline but Rage ducks under it, hitting the opposite ropes and rebounding back...]

SA: Rage building up steam annnnnd...

[The crowd cheers as Rage leaps into the air, twisting around and driving her rear into Copperhead's face, wiping her out!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FLYING HIP ATTACK AND RAGE MOWS HER DOWN!

[Rage pumps both arms a few times, shouting to the crowd.]

"LET'S FINISH THIS!"

[She turns her focus back on Copperhead, leaning down to pull her to her feet...

...but Copperhead lowers her shoulder into the torso, driving Rage back HARD into the buckles, putting right into the Serpentine's corner where Mamba tags herself back in.]

SA: And again, we see the problem with Lauryn Rage in this Handicap Match. She's all alone out there while the Serpentine always have some fresh ready to come in and help.

[Mamba throws a rough standing clothesline as Copperhead keeps Rage pinned against the buckles...]

SA: Oh!

[A second one lands as well, the referee now shouting at Copperhead to vacate the ring. She does, leaving Rage clinging to the ropes as Mamba measures her from a few feet out of the corner.]

SA: Make it three! A third clothesline and down goes Rage in the corner!

[Mamba grabs the top rope, planting a boot on Rage's throat, choking the air out of her as the crowd jeers.]

SA: The referee counting... and Mamba steps out at four. We're closing in on the halfway point of this one. We've got a twenty minute time limit and we're just about to the ten minute mark.

DW: And like her or not, Sal, you gotta be impressed with Lauryn Rage's ability to hang in there after ten minutes against TWO opponents.

SA: She's certainly showing her doubters something here tonight in Atlanta.

[Mamba steps back, breaking the choke and tagging her partner.]

SA: And there's another exchange by the Serpentes...

[Mamba grabs an arm, whipping Rage across the ring...

...then whips Copperhead in to follow. Rage hits the buckles, wincing as her back slams into the corner... and then winces again as Copperhead twists into a running back elbow, snapping Rage's head back!]

SA: The Serpentes working well together.

DW: Would you expect any less?

SA: I sure wouldn't... and with all the talk about the tag teams in the Women's Division as of late, you'd be a fool to count out the Serpentes.

[With Rage reeling, Copperhead unloads with some big haymakers to the skull, staggering the former champion...]

SA: And with each blow landed, the Serpentes get closer to avenging the bad blood that's developed between them and Lauryn Rage.

DW: At this point, it's hard to imagine what strategy would turn this around for Da Kid, Sal. Earlier on, she went for the quick win and that didn't pay off. Normally, you'd talk about isolating someone and puttin' them away but I'm not sure she's got the size to do that all alone out here.

[Copperhead swings a boot up into the midsection, grabbing a handful of hair as she walks Rage over to the Serpentes' corner. She slaps Mamba's offered hand before pulling Rage into a standing headscissors.]

DW: Uh oh, Sal... I don't like the looks of this.

SA: They're setting Rage up... a spike powerbomb on the way perhaps?

[Mamba gets in position as Copperhead goes to lift Rage into the air...

...but at the peak of the lift, Lauryn starts raining down blows on Copperhead, trying to fight her way free...]

SA: She's fighting it! She's fighting it!

[...and then suddenly throws her weight backwards, reversing the powerbomb attempt into a makeshift rana that flings Copperhead into Mamba, causing a big crash that takes both women down on the canvas to big cheers!]

SA: WHAT A COUNTER! Lauryn Rage was at risk of having her lights turned out there no doubt but she turns it around and buys herself a reprieve.

DW: For now. But what's she gonna do now? In a tag match, you'd be looking for your partner right now but Lauryn Rage ain't got a partner, Sal! She's stuck! She's all alone!

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES!"

[With Rage kneeling on the canvas, she again turns towards her corner, looking over towards it as Mamba and Copperhead attempt to regroup inside the ring...]

SA: You said it, Dee Dub. Lauryn Rage is all alone in there and-

[Suddenly, the Atlanta crowd buzzes with confusion... and then ERUPTS in recognition!]

SA: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[The camera cuts to the entrance stage where Julie Somers has emerged, dressed in street clothes of black slacks and a red tank top with yellow trim.]

SA: Julie Somers is here! The Spitfire is here!

DW: But why?!

SA: I have no idea! We know that in one week, she'll be locked inside the steel cage with one of the women in the ring, Lauryn Rage, but that's no answer as to why she's here tonight!

[She pauses on the stage, looking down at the ring... then around at the crowd...

...and then, as if making a decision, she starts down the steps towards the ring, working her way around it...]

SA: Julie Somers is out here by the ring and... are you kidding me?!

[The crowd ROARS as Somers climbs up on the apron, grabs the tag rope with one hand, and shoves her other hand over the top rope!]

SA: Julie Somers - the Spitfire - is gonna be her partner! She's going to be Lauryn Rage's partner!

DW: She's gonna team with the woman she's gotta fight in the cage in a week in Miami?!

[Somers shoves that hand out again, shouting "COME ON, RAGE!" The words seem to snap Rage into focus, looking up from across the ring and seeing Somers standing on the apron in her corner.]

SA: And now I think Lauryn Rage is realizing what's going on too!

[Rage nods to the cheering crowd, lowering her head and crawling across the ring as Mamba gets to her feet first.]



SA: Copperhead rolls to the floor but Mamba is legal in there. She's legal and... look at this now...

[With Rage on all fours and crawling, Mamba manages to get herself between Rage and Somers. She leans down to grab Rage around the torso, lifting her up off the mat and straight up into powerbomb position...

...but there's a little too much oomph on the lift, allowing Rage to slip free, landing on the mat where she again grabs at her knee... but doesn't go down this time, wincing and clenching her jaw before she straightens up and...]

SA: TAG!

[The diving tag by Rage sends the crowd into another ROAR as Julie Somers comes through the ropes into the ring. Mamba whips around, throwing a big right hand that Somers ducks under.]

SA: Somers is in and... right hand, right hand, right hand! Somers going to work on her!

[Somers suddenly rushes the corner, leaping up to the middle rope behind a stunned Mamba...

...and leaps off with a dropkick to the back of the head that puts her down!]

SA: OHHH! SOMERS TAKES HER DOWN!

DW: And she's doing all this wearing street clothes, Big Sal!

[Somers climbs to her feet as Copperhead comes rushing in. The Spitfire ducks under a clothesline attempt, running to the ropes behind her opponent. Somers leaps to the middle rope, springing back...]

SA: SOMERS WITH THE CROSS BODY TAKES HER DOWN AS WELL!

[Somers moves in on the rising Copperhead...]

"WHAAAAAACK!"

[...and drills her with a knife edge chop that sends Copperhead stumbling back into the corner.]

SA: Copperhead is reeling after that one...

[Somers climbs up on the middle rope, balling up her fist as she does...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[And as she finishes the blows to the head, she leaps off, twisting into a crossbody that takes Mamba down as well!]

SA: And Somers takes Mamba down! The Spitfire has arrived here in Atlanta to the shock of everyone and... well, she's taking over!

[Somers stays down on Mamba, battering her with right hands to the cheers of the crowd. She gets up at the referee's order, giving a big war whoop as she yanks Copperhead up and tosses her through the ropes to the outside.]

SA: Somers clears out Copperhead which leaves Somers and Mamba - the two legal competitors inside the ring...

DW: The Spitfire is a house of fire in there, Big Sal!

SA: Mamba's on the rise...

[But Somers is on the move as well, running and leaping towards Mamba, scoring with a dropkick that sends her back into the corner.]

SA: Mamba hits the buckles... Somers right back up again...

[Somers charges again, landing a second dropkick that DRIVES Mamba into the buckles. The Serpentine collapses against the buckles as Somers gets up and backs off...

...and comes in a third time, leaping high with a dropkick to the jaw of the seated Mamba!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Spitfire scrambles up, grabbing Mamba by the ankle and dragging her out of the corner. She points to the downed competitor as she heads towards her corner...]

SA: Somers is going up top! Julie Somers is gonna fly!

[Somers starts to climb when Lauryn Rage reaches in and slaps her shoulder.]

SA: That's a tag... but Somers keeps going!

DW: Either Somers didn't feel it or she just don't care, Sal!

[Reaching the top rope, Somers points to the Atlanta crowd in salute before leaping off her perch, flipping backwards and crashing down on top of Mamba with her signature moonsault!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MOONSAULT ON TARGET!

[And while Somers was flying, Rage was climbing, shaking her injured leg vigorously before she does...]

SA: Rage is heading to the top! She's got her own flying tactics in mind here...

[Rage gets there, looking down on Mamba as Somers steps back to watch...

...and with a nervous expression on her face, she leaps from the top rope, tucking her legs up, and CRASHES butt first down on the chest of Mamba!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SEATED SENTON CONNECTS!

[Rage reaches back, hooking a leg as she sits on the chest...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE!

[...and Somers dispatches of an incoming Copperhead with a dropkick that sends her right back down to the floor!]

SA: IT IS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Rage pops right up off the defeated Mamba, spinning around to keep her eyes on a rising Julie Somers... her right hand drawn back in a fist.]

DW: Uh oh... this might not be over, Sal.

[Somers gets to her feet, turning to face Rage, and spots the clenched fist. Somers' brow furrows in disbelief as the crowd buzzes at the possible confrontation.]

DW: Are we gonna get a Fight Night preview here?!

[Rage has a few words aimed at Julie Somers off-mic as Somers gestures to the defeated Serpentine with an angry expression. A nodding Rage backs away, visibly limping as she ducks through the ropes and exits the ring.]

SA: Apparently not. Apparently you, me, and the rest of the world is going to have to wait until next Saturday night in Miami, Florida to see these two clash inside a steel cage with the winner moving on to SuperClash to challenge for the Women's World Title!

[Rage heads up the steps, keeping her eyes on Julie Somers who stands in the ring, hands on her hips as she watches her opponent in seven days vacate the ringside area.]

SA: We all thought it was going to be a Handicap Match but Julie Somers makes the surprise appearance tonight here in Atlanta to stand by Lauryn Rage and together, they get the win tonight over the Serpentine.

DW: The Serpentine got caught by surprise and Somers and Rage pick up the victory with a pair of flying attacks and...

SA: And it looks as though Julie Somers is - yes, Theresa's going to try to get a word with the Spitfire. Theresa?

[We cut to the interview set with Theresa Lynch.]

TL: Julie Somers, if I can get a word with you...

["The Spitfire" Julie Somers walks onto the set and waves to the cheering crowd.]

TL: Julie, I think I speak for everyone that we are surprised to see you here tonight. On top of that, you came out here and stepped up to be the tag team partner for Lauryn Rage against the Serpentes. May I ask why you decided to stand alongside your opponent for Fight Night in just a week?

[Somers brushes away a few strands of hair from her face.]

JS: I'll be honest with you, Theresa... I came to Atlanta because I had been thinking about standing alongside Lauryn for that match. After all, I have quite a history with the Serpentes and know how dangerous they can be.

I just didn't know if I could trust Lauryn enough to be her partner.

[She glances up to the ring.]

JS: But the more I watched what was happening, the more I knew I needed to help her out.

It wasn't just about the fact that I wanted her 100 percent for Fight Night. It was the fact that I knew it was the right thing to do, and that I couldn't just let the Serpentes take advantage.

[She then gestures toward the ring.]

JS: Now I don't expect Lauryn to owe me anything. I know if I want that win on Fight Night, I'm going to have to earn it. But I can promise you that I will earn it, Theresa.

And Lauryn, don't expect anything less than the best from me, because that's what I'll be expecting from you.

See you in South Beach, Lauryn.

[With that, she walks off the set.]

TL: Well, there you have it, fans. Julie Somers choosing to do what she felt was the right thing by standing by Lauryn Rage here tonight... but in seven nights, she'll be standing across from her instead inside of that huge steel cage match with serious SuperClash implications! Fans, we're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back here on the all-new Power Hour so stick around, won't you please?

[Fade to black on the grinning Theresa Lynch...

...and then back up on a shot of two boys sitting in front of a TV playing video games. The shot is over the TV so we can see the living room behind them. The boys are very into the action on the screen which we cannot see but we can hear the explosions and gunfire of the latest hot first person shooter type game. The girls sitting behind them look bored to tears as the boys trade jabs like "GOT YOU!" "YOU'RE TOAST!" and "GRENADES FOR DAYS, FRIENDO!" A voiceover begins.]

"Feeling left out of the action?"

[The girls look up, nodding.]

"Looking for your next video game to trade bullets for bodyslams?"

[The girls nod more emphatically.]

"Tired of just another boring shoot 'em up?"

[The girls get up from their seats on the couch now, looking eagerly at the screen.]

"Wish there was someone who looked like YOU that you could control?!"

[A white light shines down from the living room ceiling on the two girls...

...and with a burst of shattering glass, the room fills with light.

As the light dies down, we find the grinning form of "Spitfire" Julie Somers in wrestling gear standing in front of the now-smoking television set.]

JS: Step aside, boys... it's Ladies Night.

[And we cut to a series of shots of video game pro wrestling action: Michelle Bailey delivering a Britney Spear to Kelly Kowalski. Charisma Knight and Skylar Swift trading blows. Harley Hamilton and Cinder making their entrance. The voiceover continues.]

"It's AWA 2K17 coming your way just in time for the holiday season. Play as your favorite wrestlers..."

[Victoria June drops Xenia Sonova with a front powerslam.]

"...create your own shows in our new El Presidente mode..."

[A digital Castillo is on stage making a match.]

"...take your created superstar from rookie to SuperClash Main Event!"

[A face we don't know is trading blows center ring with Trish Wallace before hoisting her into a Jackhammer suplex.]

"All in one tremendous game!"

[Cut scene of the digital Julie Somers standing on the turnbuckles, flipping off onto a prone Kurayami...

...and then to a shot of the real Julie Somers.]

JS: Now that's what I like to see.

[Somers looks over at the boys now huddled in the corner of the room.]

JS: Aww, we didn't forget about you two.

[Somers snaps her fingers as we get a barrage of shots from other characters - Supreme Wright using Fat Tuesday on Jeff Matthews. Jack Lynch applying an Iron Claw on Muteesa. Hannibal Carver using a Blackout on Derrick Williams. And finally, Ryan Martinez causing Johnny Detson to pinwheel through the air with an Excalibur. The voiceover continues.]

"AWA 2K17 drops October 26th at game shops, retail stores, and online! Available for your favorite gaming system and on PC!"

[Back to a shot of all four kids playing excitedly now, a tag team match on screen pitting Julie Somers and Victoria June against Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell. The

on-screen Somers takes a German Suplex from Fujiwara as real life Somers grimaces, grabbing at her neck.]

JS: That had to hurt.

[And with that, we cut to a graphic promoting the release of AWA 2K17 as we fade to black...

As we fade back up from commercial, we find Theresa Lynch - looking a little distracted - behind the interview podium.]

TL: We're back here on the Power Hour and...

[She looks off-camera for a moment.]

TL: ...are we ready?

[She waits for a response... and then with a mischievous grin, turns back to the camera.]

TL: Then roll it!

[We abruptly cut to footage marked "YOUTUBE EXCLUSIVE." The footage appears to be shot in a car and with a cell phone as we've got a shot of an empty car seat at first. After a moment, that changes drastically as the face of the former National Champion, Travis Lynch, drops into view. He does not look to be in a good mood.]

TRAVIS: Rufus Harris, you want to take a cheap shot at me?

[Lynch rubs at the back of his head.]

TRAVIS: Well, ya got me. Good on you. You waited til my back was turned and you laid me out.

[Travis mockingly applauds.]

TRAVIS: So, now I know how you operate when someone's back is turned. But what I don't know, big man... is how you fight when someone's...

[He points to his eyes.]

TRAVIS: ...lookin' you dead in the eyes.

[Travis pauses, grinning.]

TRAVIS: So, I made a few calls... I pulled a few strings... and I reached the right sets of ears because I know that you've got a date Friday Night, Rufus. I know you're puttin' that title you're so proud of - the GFC Heavyweight Title - on the line.

And now I've got a date too. Because I'm gonna be there in the front damn row to see exactly what you're capable of...

[He jerks a thumb over his shoulder.]

TRAVIS: ...when someone DOESN'T have their back turned. See you soon, Rottweiler.

[Travis reaches out to turn off the video recording and we fade back to live action in Center Stage Studios where the crowd is cheering and Theresa Lynch is looking on with a sheepish grin. She shrugs.]

TL: You don't like it? Fire me.

[Theresa smirks as the fans cheer...

...and then cheer louder as, from one side of the screen, Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift join Lynch to her right at the podium. Swift seems to be absorbing the lion's share of cheers from the Center Stage fans—or at least, acknowledging the cheers, since Trish Wallace looks to be all business.]

TL: Come on in here, girls. Last week on Saturday Night Wrestling we heard the team captains announced for Steal the Spotlight. I know competition is ferocious among the women's locker room to secure an open spot. You both have to feel strong about your prospects to go to SuperClash IX next month.

TW: It's the perfect opportunity, Theresa. A whole bunch of us in that locker room feel like we've been spinning our wheels, looking for traction. Steal the Spotlight in Georgia Dome—

SS: [interrupting] Or Skydome!

TW: ...Or Skydome, since I know you're hoping for Skydome, Skylar.

SS: [to herself, pleased] Skylardome.

TW: Steal the Spotlight is our key to finally break out from the pack and make a name for ourselves in the AWA.

SS: For me, this is the chance to get right back into the mix for the Women's World Title. I was close in Saskatchewan, Theresa. You know it, Trish knows it, I know it, everyone knows it!

[The crowd cheers to acknowledge that they do indeed know it.]

SS: And I understand that after losing that match, I go back to the back of the line and I have to stand back and watch as Julie and Lauryn Rage fight it out to see who gets the big title shot at SuperClash. But I also know that whoever walks out of SuperClash with the gold is going to have a bullseye on their back and I know I want to be the one taking aim. And when Michelle makes her picks next weekend in Miami, I hope she's thinking about the two of us - the two women who want it more than anyone else.

[More cheers as Swift nods and Theresa speaks.]

TL: Well, on that topic, we've also heard the rumors for a while now that the AWA might introduce a Women's World Tag Team Title Championship in the future: you have to think you're in contention for that too.

SS: You better believe we're in contention for that, Theresa. There are a lot of great teams in this division. We've seen some of them tonight and we're likely to see more before the night's over... but for the two of us, the chance to be the first Women's Tag Champions in this company? Heck yeah! We'd love that honor. We'd love the chance to go from living paycheck to paycheck wrestling anywhere there were four ropes and a mat to making wrestling history.

[Trish raises her hands, speaking softly.]

TW: Skylar...

SS: What?

TW: Skylar.

SS: What is it, T-Bone?

TW: I don't want to burst a little dreamy Dream Girl bubble, but if you want to be tag champions with me, we're going to need to work a little harder.

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as Skylar looks equally puzzled.]

TW: It's not enough just to be friends. Look at this...

[Wallace flexes one of her massive biceps, and points to it.]

TW: I didn't get these just because I wanted them. I had to put in the work and the hours in the gym to get arms like these. Now you know I booked us a training session in the gym last week...

[Skylar sighs, shaking her head.]

SS: Do we have to do this now, Trish? Can we talk about this later? Off-camera maybe?

[Skylar throws a nervous glance towards the camera.]

TW: I'm talking about it now, Skylar.

[Swift sighs again.]

SS: Alright, fine. You know I had a prior engagement scheduled. I had promotional work for SuperClash to do and I had a personal...

[She trails off.]

SS: Trish, you never even asked me before scheduling it!

[Trish folds her powerful arms across her chest.]

TW: You had something personal. With who?

[Swift grimaces, looking away.]

TW: Your stupid kitty, I'll bet.

[Swift gets a little annoyed now, the tone creeping into her voice.]

SS: Yes! Okay, fine... yes, I was hanging out with Molly trying to make it up to her for the way you-

[Trish interrupts.]

TW: Oh, please.

[Swift throws out an accusing finger.]

SS: You've been on her case... and mine... about us being friends for a while now and I don't get it! I can have more than one friend, right?

TW: Of course you-

SS: She's my friend... and she doesn't make me choose.



[This time, it's Trish who sounds annoyed.]

TW: I am NOT making you choose, Skylar! I just think that if you took your training as seriously as I do, that I'd be teaming with the AWA Women's World Champion right now!

[The crowd "ooooooooohs" as Skylar looks like she was slapped across the face.]

TW: [realizing she crossed a line] Skylar, I'm sorry...

[Swift looks away from her partner, shaking her head.]

SS: I'm done talking about this. I'll see you later.

[Skylar does indeed walk off-camera, leaving Wallace and Theresa Lynch hanging. Trish looks visibly dejected, sighing heavily.]

TL: A tough situation there for you two. Trish, I'm sure you want to go backstage and talk to your friend and...

[Theresa trails off as the crowd starts to boo loudly at the arrival of Chaz and Chet Wallace, the American Idols. They're dressed in street clothes, smirking as they join their sister on the stage.]

TW: What in the world could the two of you possibly want right now?

[Chaz shrugs.]

Chaz: Just showing our sis some support.

TW: Yeah, right.

Chet: Seriously, sis... I mean...

[Chet shakes his head.]

Chet: How is it that you lose EVERY friend you have, huh?

[The crowd jeers.]

Chet: Every time you've got yourself a running buddy, you say something dumb... or you do something dumb... and they go running off in search of friends who aren't quite so... well, dumb.

TW: I'm not dumb, Chet.

Chet: No, of course not. You're just miserable to be around... just like you've been all of our lives.

[The crowd is jeering loudly now as Trish goes from looking mad at her brothers to kinda sad.]

Chaz: But we're not out here just to wonder how a Wallace can be so unpopular... no, we're here to give you some advice.

[Trish looks up, an eyebrow raised.]

Chaz: You should take it from us...

Chet: The best team in the tag team division.

Chaz: ...because on the outside looking in, it's plain to see that you and Skylar just don't have what it takes to be the best too.

[More boos pour down on the Wallace twins as that fire returns in Trish.]

TW: You're wrong, boys. You're dead wrong. Skylar and I have what it takes to be the best... to be champions. More than the two of you anyways. In fact, I'm surprised they even let you come out here tonight. You two have been riding the swirl down the toilet ever since you stopped riding those coattails in the Experience.

[The crowd "OHHHHHHS" as Chaz and Chet fume.]

TW: Skylar and I are ten times the team the two of you are... and tonight, we're gonna prove it. Later tonight, the Peach Pits have an Open Challenge - isn't that right, Theresa?

TL: Sure is.

TW: Well, consider that challenge accepted.

[Trish glares at her brothers.]

TW: Smell ya later, boys.

[And she stomps off to cheers, leaving a slack-jawed Chaz and Chet behind.]

TL: Well, there you go, fans. Another big match set for later tonight as the Peach Pits will take on Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift! We've got a lot more in store here tonight so stick around for more right after this!

[The Idols are bickering with each other off-mic as we fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

The "Access 365" logo flashes across the screen as we open up to a shot of a bloodied Kelly Kowalski nursing her wounds backstage following her brawl with Kylie Kujawa. Kowalski is seated on the floor, slumped against the wall and looking rather miserable.

Just then, we hear soft footsteps approaching, as Kowalski looks up, before quickly turning her head away.]

KK: Leave me alone. The last thing I wanna listen to right now is your stupid mouth, alright? Now is a really bad time.

[The camera pans over, where we see Harley Hamilton standing. However, unlike the other times before, the expression on her face is somber and one of concern. More telling is the tone of her voice, which has softened, losing its usual combative and aggressive tone.]

HH: I'm not here to gloat.

[Kowalski still isn't looking at her.]

HH: You already know how I feel about all this. I'm just here to see you.

[She kneels down next to Kowalski.]

HH: I know things got ruined between us, but that still doesn't mean I enjoy seeing you like this.

[Kowalski's head is still turned away as the blood continues to flow down her face and drip to the floor.]

KK: Just leave me alone, Pinkie.

[Almost sighing, Harley produces a white towel, using it to dab at Kowalski's cut. A surprised Kowalski takes the towel from her hand and finally turns her head to meet Hamilton's gaze.]

HH: Listen, maybe Michelle Bailey doesn't give a damn what happens to you...

...but I do.

[Harley pushes herself back to her feet and dusts off her knees.]

HH: I hope you remember that, Kelly.

[And with that, Hamilton walks off, leaving a stunned Kowalski behind staring at the blood-stained towel gripped in her hand. She suddenly throws it off-screen in frustration and slumps back against the wall as we get another flash of the ACCESS logo before we fade...

...and then come up on pre-taped footage of a building -- an older building that has seen better days. What's unique about this building is the message that's painted on the windows.

"Welcome to Ann Arbor, the biggest little city in the middle."

Then you hear somebody's voice.]

"It's always interesting what you'll find where you least expect it."

[That's when a certain individual we haven't seen since the Anniversary show walks into the frame. It's "The Professional" Dave Cooper, who is dressed in a black polo shirt and brown slacks.]

DC: It's been a while since I had the chance to address everyone. I imagine some of you have been wondering what happened. Wasn't The Professional telling everyone that he was gonna bring a new talent to the AWA and make Korugun and their stooge Javier Castillo answer for everything they did to me?

Well, let me explain it to you -- I wasn't going to come back with anything to say until I found that new talent.

[He gestures back to the building.]

DC: And like I said, it's always interesting what you'll find when you least expect it -- like coming to a neighborhood like this and seeing that somebody took the time to paint a message like that on the windows of an old building.

[He turns back toward the building.]

DC: The biggest little city in the middle.

[He turns back to the camera.]

DC: It just so happened this city is where I found my new prospect.

Now I suppose you're all asking yourself... hey, Cooper, where is this new prospect? What is he like? What is he all about? Most of all, why do you think he's gonna make Javier Castillo shake in his shoes?

Well, my new prospect isn't here right now. He's spending his time training, getting himself ready for his big debut.

I can tell you, though, that he's from right here, in Ann Arbor, grew up here, attended college here, and he's been looking for his first big opportunity.

And it just so happened that I found him and will give him that big opportunity.

[He briefly smirks.]

DC: So you won't get to meet him just yet, but I can promise you that you will get to meet him soon... let's say...

[He glances at the watch on his wrist.]

DC: How about in two weeks on Fright Night On FOX? I promise you I will be there in Atlanta, ready to introduce you the new prospect I have found... or as I previously told you...

[A quick smile forms on his face.]

DC: The talent who will establish himself as the big man on campus.

So you all can be patient, wait two more weeks, and then you'll meet him.

And that's the end of the discussion.

[We fade from the pre-taped footage...

...and end up back in the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: Our next match is in the Women's Division with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, in the corner to my right, from Charleston, South Carolina, weighing 151 pounds... Elyse Nelson!

[The young South Carolina native stands in the corner, glaring across the ring, receiving no reaction. She is wearing a green sports bra and shorts set, along with black kneepads and amateur wrestling shoes.]

TG: Her opponent, in the corner to my left, from New Orleans, Louisiana, she weighs 172 pounds, and she is the "Platinum Princess"...

MICHELLELLLLLLLLLLE BAAAAAAILEYYYYYYYYY!

[A reaction of almost all cheers, with a small smattering of boos, for the veteran, who does a little spin out of the corner. She's wearing a purple cropped tank top with the outline of a broken heart on the front, along with a loose-fitting black miniskirt. She also has on kneepads and leather shinpads (left leg purple, right leg black) with "XOXO" in white down the legs, worn over black amateur shoes. Her platinum blonde hair is worn in unbraided pigtails, and she has a clear face shield on her face to protect her still-healing nose.]

SA: A few boos working their way through the crowd here, Dee Dub.

DW: You'd have to think that's due to what happened last week on Saturday Night Wrestling. She's really been tense, to put it mildly, and Theresa Lynch was whacked with that baseball bat as a result when she was going after Laura Davis.

SA: It was an accident, but some folks aren't that quick to forgive, it seems. And word around the water cooler is that Theresa was insistent that Michelle not be punished, but Michelle was fined for what happened.

DW: We haven't heard a dollar figure on that, Big Sal. Maybe we'll hear later on.

[Shari Miranda confirms that both wrestlers are ready, then signals for the bell.]

SA: Here we go with Women's Division action, Michelle Bailey going up against Elyse Nelson! Dee Dub, I spoke with Michelle earlier today, and she said she's been working on a new submission move.

DW: Oh?

SA: She didn't tell me what it was, specifically, all she said is that it's called "Glitter Spaghetti", and I'll know it when I see it.

DW: That's a unique name for sure.

SA: Wonder if the move matches the uniqueness of the name.

[Bailey and Nelson go to lock up, but Bailey drops to a knee and ducks behind Nelson, grasping the younger wrestler in a rear waistlock as she rises.]

SA: Smart maneuvering by the veteran Michelle Bailey, as she is able to get behind Elyse Nelson... and a quick lift into a takedown!

DW: She's really displayed a lot of grappling skill since her comeback, Sal!

SA: It's something that's always been in her toolkit, just that she was always known primarily as a high-flyer. It's really refreshing to see her get to grappling and striking since her return to in-ring action.

[Nelson tries to get to all fours, as Bailey applies a three-quarter nelson, rolling Nelson onto her shoulders while capturing the near leg to stack the newcomer.]

SA: Look at this, a three-quarter nelson stack!

DW: On a kid named Nelson, no less!

SA: Nelson pushes off of that far leg before Shari Miranda can register a count, though, as Michelle Bailey tries to sneak a quick pin on this kid from South Carolina.

DW: She's definitely crafty!

[Bailey keeps the near leg trapped, releasing the three-quarter nelson, and rolls with Nelson pushing off with the far leg. As she does so, she grabs Nelson's other ankle, quickly tying the legs up.]

SA: Hm, look at this, almost like she's going for an Indian deathlock of sorts, the way she's getting those legs of Elyse Nelson wrapped up.

DW: I haven't seen her use one of those before, Big Sal.

SA: She's got a limitless bag of tricks, Dee Dub, we saw her use a calf slicer here on the all-new Power Hour that she used her foot to apply extra pressure not too long ago.

[Bailey gets the Indian deathlock set up, then grabs Nelson's wrist to pull her into a seated position.]

DW: What's she got in mind here?

SA: The "Platinum Princess" sure is working fast, to say the least!

[Bailey gets a little smirk on her face as she leans behind Nelson, grasping around Nelson's torso and applying a cobra twist, while maintaining the Indian deathlock!]

SA: Would you look at that! A combination of a cobra twist and an Indian deathlock!

DW: I've never seen anything like that!

[Nelson waves her hand frantically, unable to tap a surface, as Shari Miranda checks with the young wrestler... then signals for the bell! Bailey immediately releases her grip, satisfied with the submission.]

SA: Hey, that... that's it! Dee Dub, that must have been the Glitter Spaghetti she was telling me about!

DW: Elyse Nelson was twisted up like spaghetti around a fork, that's for sure!

SA: And Michelle Bailey with a quick submission victory here on the Power Hour! She's heading over to go see Theresa... Dee Dub, I really wonder how this is going to go, considering how this turned out the last time.

DW: I am too. These two always seemed like such good friends, I hope that nothing bad comes of what happened between them.

SA: So do I. Theresa?

[We cut over to Theresa at the podium, as Michelle Bailey enters the frame, moving the face shield onto the top of her head. Michelle can be heard asking "can I?" Theresa nods.]

TL: You can.

[Michelle embraces Theresa in a hug, as the crowd cheers. There is a muffled "I am so sorry" from Michelle, and she lets go.]

TL: It was an accident, Michelle.

[Michelle shakes her head.]

MB: That's not good enough. How I've been acting lately, ever since what happened between Laura Davis and my daughter, it's really been unacceptable.

[Michelle sighs, as Theresa pulls the microphone back.]

TL: I think we all know it was an accident, and you don't have to beat yourself up over it anymore, Michelle. I went to the office and insisted that you not be fined or suspended, and I understand that you were fined anyway. I'm really sorry for that.

MB: No, um...

[Michelle bites her bottom lip.]

MB: ... I asked to be fined, and I was. Five thousand dollars.

[Theresa stares at Michelle, her eyes bulging out a little.]

TL: Are you serious?

MB: I am. Castillo told me that he was willing to let it go, specifically because you were so persuasive that I should not be punished, because it was an accident, but really, Theresa? I've been reckless. I was in such a rage about Laura Davis that I made you collateral damage, and nobody should put you...

[Michelle points to Salvatore Albano and Dylan Westerly.]

MB: Or them, or anybody that's not a wrestler? Nobody should be putting any of you in harm's way because of the actions of us. What I did was wrong, even if it was an accident. I deserved to be fined.

[Michelle takes a deep breath.]

TL: But what happens next? You know the road to SuperClash and Steal the Spotlight is going to be difficult, especially because Laura Davis specializes in these mental games.

MB: I do. And that's why I've taken the last week to talk to people that I trust. I needed to think about how to get my mind right and focus on the task. Not about the frustration of what Laura Davis did to my daughter, and about how to get her in the ring and shut her big mouth.

[Michelle smiles.]

MB: I talked to my close friends... I talked with people that mean a lot to me. I talked with someone that, since I've come back, I've gotten really close with. And they all said to me that they believed in me, that they believed in what I can do. No matter what Laura Davis says or does, I'm the right woman for the job.

TL: And that job?

MB: Well, to quote my daughter... it's "knock Laura Davis' goofy ass out".

[Michelle giggles for a moment as Theresa smiles.]

MB: But I'm going to be leading a team at Steal the Spotlight, and I need to be a leader. That means I need to put the bat away, and take responsibility for my actions. And that means when I do wrong, like what happened last week with us, I need to face the music. That's why my pocketbook's five grand lighter.

[Michelle shrugs.]

MB: But I believe in what I'm doing, and I believe in doing what's right. And to prove that... you've been looking for an answer from me for a while now, I understand?

[Theresa's eyes brighten.]

TL: Yes! I have! Kylie Kujawa came to the AWA saying she was looking to collect a debt from Kelly Kowalski. Harley Hamilton says you're responsible for this. Is that true?

[Michelle frowns.]

MB: While Kylie and I are close, yes... I didn't ask her to come here to defend me. So no, that's not true. In fact, I spoke with her a couple of days ago, and asked her to please lay off. What happened with Kelly breaking my nose was an accident. She said she would.

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: Well, she didn't listen, apparently.

[Michelle tilts her head.]

MB: What do you mean?

TL: She attacked Kelly again, just a little while ago. Didn't you see?

[Michelle sighs.]



MB: I'm sorry, I didn't. I haven't been able to watch any of the matches before mine... I was warming up.

[Michelle shakes her head.]

MB: I'll talk to her again, I swear.

TL: I'm sure you will. Thank you, Michelle.

MB: Thank you, Theresa.

[Michelle walks off.]

TL: Michelle Bailey with a lot on her mind as she heads into Miami next week to pick her team for SuperClash IX and the annual Steal The Spotlight showcase. Fans, when we come back, it's time to see the new AWA World Television Champion, Odin Gunn, make his first title defense so don't go away!

[Theresa grins to the camera as we fade to black.]

Cut to a college library where two students have a physics textbook open.]

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

STUDENT #2: "Matter that produces and/or emits ionizing energy can be described by what adjective?"

[Student #1 looks up from the book and slams it shut. Cutaway as he stands up, now suddenly wearing Derrick Williams' gold "Future" coat from SuperClash VIII through the miracle of editing. He takes out his phone and presses a "play" button.]

[A wide shot of the entire library as the student spreads his arms to the chorus of Imagine Dragons.]

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

[Cut to a sushi chef with a white towel over his head and a kimono with a Claw Academy logo. To Volbeat's "A Warrior's Call," he bursts through curtains to serve a platter of sashimi to a table.]

In a gym, a woman does sit-ups in and out of frame to "You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest. After her third sit-up, her face is spontaneously painted with a black and yellow 'S'. She cups her hands to her mouth and howls.

A man and two school-aged children step through the automatic glass door of a big box retailer to "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West. They are all in hooded fighter's robes, and they stoically nod at the camera in unison as they pause by the shopping carts.

A woman prances through a maze of cubicles to "I'm The Best" by Nicki Minaj, twirling a red braid and balancing a cup of coffee.

A civic worker in a visibility vest tries to move a dead tree branch into a truck to "Brian Boru's March" by The Chieftains. With part of the branch under his arm and his other hand, you'd swear he was giving the branch an armbar.

On a playground, a little girl with a distinct scowl stomps up to home plate to "Another One" by Night Club. She swings her bat wildly at the ball resting on a tee.]

STUDENT #2: [voice] Yeah, I think that's right.

[Cut back to library. Student #1 still has his arms open, but now to the sounds of library ambience. Someone in the background coughs. He sits back down.]

STUDENT #1: Okay... uh... Question 11?

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

"The Official AWA Playlist, available now on Apple Music and Spotify."

Click The Link!

[Fade to black...

...and we fade back up on a shot of a darkened street in an unknown location. After a moment, a long, black stretch limousine pulls into view. A few moments pass before a door slams and we are greeted by the hulking but impeccably dressed form of MAWAGA moving to the door we're looking at, pulling it open to reveal the face of AWA President Javier Castillo who looks most disgusted.]

JC: This is it, huh?

[MAWAGA nods. Castillo eyeballs the location that we still haven't seen for a few moments before sighing.]

JC: I suppose there's no point in stalling.

[He gets out of the car, straightening his jet black suit as he does.]

JC: Let's get this over with.

[We pan from Castillo and MAWAGA over the cameraman's shoulder to find the location where these two have ventured on this night... Fawcett Manor.

Our shot dissolves into one that shows Castillo and MAWAGA approaching the front door.]

JC: Should've had this place bulldozed when we had the chance.

[MAWAGA stays silent as they reach the door, reaching out to pound a fist onto it, foregoing the knocker that looks like a metal demon's head. A few moments pass before the door swings open with an eerie creak, like something out of a horror movie. The interior of the manor sprawls before them as they enter. They advance further into the main hall, stopping at a stone table. Atop it, what appears to be a chunk of volcanic rock under glass. Castillo and MAWAGA consider it for a moment before Castillo looks up.]

JC: Doctor? I'm a very busy man. I don't have time for hide and seek.

[Castillo looks back down at the rock encased in glass. He taps the glass, and immediately takes a step back as, instead of a single tone, the resulting chime sounds more akin to a children's lullaby.]

JC: That sounded just like--

[He's cut off mid-sentence as MAWAGA nods. Castillo follows his security's gaze to see the smirking face of "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. The "Doctor" smiles coldly before nodding.]

"D"HF: I have been expecting you.

[Castillo seems noticeably surprised by that.]

JC: I doubt that. I didn't tell anyone of my plans to-

[Fawcett interrupts, the smirk still on his face.]

"D"HF: My sources are wide-reaching, Mr. Castillo... and often all-knowing.

[Fawcett sidesteps, extending an arm...]

"D"HF: Please. Join me.

[MAWAGA steps through the threshold first, his eyes swiveling around for a threat.]

"D"HF: You did not need your protection, Mr. Castillo... there is nothing that will harm you here...

[Fawcett chuckles.]

"D"HF: ...not without my permission at least.

[Castillo grimaces with disgust, stepping past the table...

...where he is greeted with an extended arm by Fawcett that blocks his path.]

"D"HF: Ah, ah, ah... you forgot to pay the toll.

[The portly manager extends a sweaty, grasping hand towards Castillo who looks at it... looks at Fawcett's face...]

JC: Your sources ARE good.

[...and then SLAPS down an all-too-familiar crystal into Fawcett's hand. Fawcett's eyes gleam with pleasure as he grips his former property once more. He lets loose a sigh... almost a moan... of pleasure as he lifts it, watching the light dance off it.]

"D"HF: I trust you now have a better understanding of its power... and the price it demands.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: When I tried to use it on Martinez, I felt...

[Castillo pauses, grasping for words, and then gives a shudder instead.]

"D"HF: The powers of the Eye of Tyr are not to be taken lightly... as many have found out to their detriment. But to wield it... it requires something different. Men of great power and will - such as yourself - have been reduced to quivering piles of nothing... broken by the effort. The crystal is best used with a strong master and a servant of... lesser mental strength.

[Castillo grimaces.]

JC: I don't want a Lost Boy. I wanted Martinez.

[Fawcett smiles... almost like a parent would smile at a six year old wanting a cookie before bed time.]

"D"HF: There are two tragedies in life - one is to lose your heart's desire, the other is to gain it. My dear Javier, you would find the price to acquire such a prize far too steep for mortal men.

[Fawcett looks at the crystal again.]

"D"HF: But there are others... ohhh, there are others...

[Castillo nods.]

JC: The... "special project" you spoke of?

[Fawcett slides the crystal into a pocket, nodding slowly.]

"D"HF: Best not to speak of it in front of prying eyes.

[He eyeballs the cameraman. Castillo does the same. The cameraman takes an anxious step back.]

JC: Well, if that's taken care of...

[Castillo turns to leave but Fawcett speaks up.]

"D"HF: Oh no... you must come in. Surely to have come this far and not get the grand tour would be a travesty.

[Castillo looks back into the house curiously.]

JC: I've been here before, you know... when you were-

"D"HF: Homeless?

[Castillo detects a chill in that comment, uneasily nodding his head.]

"D"HF: Oh, I recall. Certain... elements... of my collection still find residence in some basement or warehouse owned by Korugun, I'm sure.

But, I insist... come in, come in... I'm sure you'll LOVE what I've done with the place.

[An odd expression crosses Castillo's face... fear perhaps? He pauses for a moment and then locks eyes with MAWAGA... and steps in, the door closing behind him. Fawcett extends an arm towards a hallway.]

"D"HF: This way, I think...

[Castillo walks ahead, MAWAGA going before him as Fawcett trails the duo. The cameraman behind all three.]

JC: It... uhh... it strikes me, Harrison... can I call you Harrison?

[No response.]

JC: It strikes me that we have an event coming up in two weeks that... well, might be right up your alley. Fright Night? The special Halloween Power Hour?

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: There are certain holidays this time of year that interest me greatly, it's true. What did you have in mind?

[Castillo shrugs.]

JC: Special guest host? You can pick the matches on the wheel for Flores/Hamilton, you can-

[Fawcett interrupts.]

"D"HF: Ahhh, here...

[Fawcett has stopped in front of a large wooden door with deep gouges scarring the wood.]

"D"HF: Perhaps you'd like to see the... fruits of our common labor...

[Castillo looks uneasy again.]

JC: Is this...?

[He lifts a foot off the ground, revealing a red liquid dripping from it.]

"D"HF: Oh dear. Somebody should've cleaned that up. I'm between maids these days though... the last one walked into a room she shouldn't have and... well, suffice to say she will not be making that mistake again. But good help is so hard to find.

[Castillo is still staring at the dripping shoe.]

"D"HF: Perhaps we'll skip this one for now. But I do like the progress we've made in that area.

[Fawcett nudges Castillo along the corridor. Castillo throws one more nervous look at the door as they continue on.]

"D"HF: As for your Fright Night offer, I happily accept. I will be more than pleased to add a little... Fawcett feel... to that occasion.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Maybe I should be going... we've got a lot of business to attend to before we leave for Miami and-

[Fawcett interrupts.]

"D"HF: Nonsense... we're oh-so-close to the good stuff.

[They continue for a few more steps down the hall when a loud "BANG!" is heard from a nearby door. Castillo jumps in surprise as MAWAGA pivots, putting himself between his employer and the doorway. A second loud "BANG!" is heard as Fawcett nudges Castillo forward.]

"D"HF: One of my guests has a flair for the dramatic. She's been experimenting with different ways to break down her own door.

[Castillo eyeballs the door, audibly gasping as another "BANG!" breaks out.]

JC: She is... uhh... secured? Locked in?

[Castillo grins.]

"D"HF: All of my houseguests are locked in their rooms... for their own safety, of course.

[Castillo's gaze shifts to a nasty-looking taser on the wall near the door.]

JC: Of course. This way, please...

[They leave the banging door behind and come to a T-shaped junction in the hallway.]

"D"HF: Which way, General?

[Castillo looks to the left... then to the right...]

JC: I don't see anything. How would I know?

[Fawcett steps in front of them, standing in the middle of the hallway, one corridor on either side.]

"D"HF: To your left lies the days long remembered... the power of the past... the might of our memories...

[A quick pan catches a glimpse of several framed items on the wall - a wooden African tribal warrior's mask, what appears to be a section of pavement that has a large crack in the middle, a dangling noose.]

"D"HF: The other is the days still to come... the future unrecognized... the mysteries beyond...

[Another quick pan reveals a pair of rusty shackles, a faded document in another language with only "GENGHIS KHAN" recognizable in the text, and a very familiar straight-edged razor.]

"D"HF: The choice is yours, my friend... but choose wisely.

[Castillo looks both directions again... and seems ready to pick one when MAWAGA puts a firm hand on his shoulder. The AWA President throws a look at his bodyguard...

...and then nods, backpedaling away.]

JC: I appreciate the hospitality, Doctor Fawcett... but I really do need to get going...

[Fawcett stays in the T-junction, watching the duo back away from him.]

"D"HF: But I have so much more to show you.

[Castillo keeps walking, nearly stumbling over his own feet before MAWAGA steadies him.]

JC: No, no... you've... no, I've seen enough for one night.

[Castillo lurches sideways at the sound of something being shouted in a sing-songy way from beyond a door, smoke oozing out from under it.]

JC: I've gotta get... we've gotta go.

[The duo moves quicker now, ducking out of view.]

"D"HF: You're always welcome here, Javier... in fact, I've got a few vacancies if you and your friends would like to stay a while...

[Fawcett chuckles as Castillo's shouted reply is choked off by a door slamming shut.]

"D"HF: Hurry back. Hurry back.

[The "good" doctor removes the crystal from his pocket, running a finger down the length of it.]

"D"HF: Hello, gorgeous.

[He beams at the glittering gem as we fade to black...

...and then back out to center ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION TITLE!

Introducing first, already in the ring... weighing in at 231 pounds... NICK CRICK!

[A plain-looking man with a black brushcut and in blue trunks and boots raises his arm into the air to minimal reaction from the crowd.]

TG: And his opponent...

[The haunting opening to "Man with a Harmonica" by Ennio Marricone begins to play, as the mustachioed Curly Bill appears, causing the audience to serenade him with boos. However, a hulking mass of humanity then makes its way through the curtains, drawing an audible gasp from the crowd that quickly becomes silent awe.]

TG: ...he is accompanied to the ring by "Curly" Bill Webb... he weighs in tonight at 333 pounds ...hailing from Paradise, Montana ...he is the reigning AWA World Television Champion...

ODIN GUUUUUUNNNNN!!!

[The Television Champion is dressed in a brown pancho with Southwestern design, a beige cowboy hat, and a black bandana that covers the lower part of his face, giving him the appearance of an Old West bank robber. He holds the AWA television title by the end of one of its straps, dragging it along the ground as he makes his way to the ring. Making his way to ringside, Gunn tosses the title belt over the ropes, where it lands in the middle of the ring, as he removes his personal effects. He rips off the bandana, revealing a stoic, weather-beaten, sun dried face completely devoid of any emotion.]

DW: It doesn't matter how many times I see him, Odin Gunn just gives me the chills every time.

SA: And for good reason, Dee Dub. He has been nothing short of completely devastating every time we've seen him.

DW: I'm just glad I'm sitting here at the announcer's booth and not in the ring!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, Crick charges right at Gunn, nailing him with a dropkick that doesn't so much as even budge Gunn. Crick quickly gets to his feet, attacking the

Television Champion with punches to the midsection that barely register as nothing more than a mild annoyance to Gunn.]

SA: Nick Crick is throwing everything but the kitchen sink at Odin Gunn, but I'm not sure these blows are having any effect.

DW: He should probably throw the kitchen sink at Gunn too!

[Breaking away, Crick runs into the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHH!!!"

[...only to be nearly cut in half as Gunn shockingly leaps into the air and wipes him out with a crossbody block!]

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO! I've never seen a crossbody block done like that! That's a three hundred and thirty pound man launching himself at Nick Crick like a flying projectile!

DW: It's scary to think about just what he's capable of, Sal. This man is our Television champion and we barely know anything about him!

[Yanking Crick up off the mat, Gunn scoops him up and holds him across his chest. He winds up, before swinging Crick out...]

"THUUUUUUUDDDD!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and THROWING him into the mat with a modified STO, causing Crick to quite literally bounce off the canvas upon impact!]

SA: Crick lands right on his neck! That has to be it!

DW: I'm not sure I can watch anymore of this, Sal. This is getting uncomfortable.

[Gunn walks over to the unmoving body of Crick and grabs a handful of hair, yanking his limp form rudely off the canvas. Gunn stares Crick in the eyes, before smashing his skull into his face with a devastating headbutt.]

SA: We've never heard him speak. We know next to nothing about his origins. But one thing we do know about Odin Gunn... is that he is a dangerous, dangerous man.

DW: Whitiri is someone we've spoken about as a future superstar in this sport and Gunn tore right through him. Whitiri couldn't even slow him down, much less hurt him. Heck, I'm not even sure if anything can hurt him.

[Pulling Crick to his feet once more, Gunn lifts the wrestler up onto his shoulders into a fireman's carry. He looks to Webb, who yells, "Put the kid outta his misery!"]

SA: What's he setting up for here?

[Gunn then leaps into the air and falls sideways, CRUSHING Nick Crick with a vicious Death Valley Driver!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

DW: Count to a million, Crick is done!



[Gunn goes for the pin, coldly placing his foot on Crick's chest as the referee drops down to the mat to count the pin.]

SA: Odin Gunn with the pin... and there's the three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

TG: Your winner! ODIN GUUUUUUINNNNN!!!!

[Gunn stands unmoving for a few moments before slowly removing his foot off Crick's chest, allowing the official to attempt to get Crick out of the ring to safety.]

SA: A devastatingly dominant victory for Odin Gunn in his first defense of that title and... wow. After seeing that, Dee Dub, I'm not sure who is going to be able to stand up to this man and what in the world they'll be able to do to him.

["Curly" Bill Webb joins his man in the ring, nodding approvingly as he beams at the utter destruction...

...a smile that instantly fades as "Thunderstruck" by AC/DC begins to play to big cheers, signaling the arrival of the former World Television Champion. Unlike his usual explosive race to the ring, this time, Whitiri walks with calm determination.]

SA: Whitiri moving at a more deliberate pace than we're used to seeing from him tonight, Dee-Dub.

DW: I can't say I blame him Sal. Like it or not, Odin Gunn has blitzed Whitiri in both of their previous encounters. You can certainly understand why he'd be reluctant to relive that.

SA: Especially since their last encounter saw Odin Gunn defeat Whitiri for the World Television title.

[Whitiri enters the ring, microphone in hand. Gunn stares at him with stoic menace.]

W: Since the last time I was in the ring, I've spent a lot of time thinking. And I won't lie. Up until last night, I was going to come out here and complain. I was going to talk about how Castillo set me up, how Curly Bill suckered me. And how you, Odin Gunn, blindsided me.

But last night, I realized something. And what I realized was this – Odin Gunn isn't to blame. Curly Bill isn't to blame. Not even Castillo.

I'm to blame.

[The crowd buzzes at this statement as Whitiri nods.]

W: I should have known what was coming. But pride got in my way. I thought I was ready for anything. But I wasn't ready for you, Gunn.

But I am now.

[Gunn's eyes narrow, but still he says nothing.]

W: What happened last time won't happen again. I'm ready now. And I want a shot at you. And at that title.

So what do you say, Gunn?

Are you ready for me?

[But it isn't Gunn that picks up a microphone to answer.]

SA: Curly Bill's got the mic!

DW: I don't care what Whitiri says, Sal. I blame that man right there. He and Castillo are the masterminds behind that robbery we saw last Power Hour!

[Bill sneers in Whitiri's direction as he raises the mic.]

CB: Lookit you, comin' in here, actin' all noble, tryin' to come off like you're better than us.

[Whaitiri interjects.]

W: When it comes to you... I am better.

[The crowd cheers as Bill shakes his head in annoyance.]

CB: Boy, your mouth already got ya in trouble once. Ya say another word before I'm done sayin' my piece and ya may as well get any idea of a title shot outta your head.

[Reluctantly, Whitiri nods and remains silent]

CB: Ya want a title shot? Well, I'm sure Odin Gunn would be happy to whoop your butt for a THIRD time. But me?

I ain't convinced.

[The crowd jeers the idea of Whitiri not getting his title rematch.]

CB: Ya walked into the AWA and had the world handed to ya. Every time I turn around, someone is givin' ya somethin' for free. Somethin' ya ain't earned. So you want a title shot? Well, for the first time since your name has been spoken in AWA, you're gonna do what ya ain't never done before.

You're gonna have to earn it.

[Whaitiri's curiosity is piqued, looking on with interest.]

CB: And how do ya do that, ya might be wonderin'? Well, it's real simple. You're gonna be in a match. Fight Night in Miami.

And now ya probably wanna know who you'll be facin'. Well, it'll be Odin Gunn, just like ya wanted...

[Curly Bill pauses.]

CB: ...and me!

[The crowd reacts with surprise to this announcement.]

CB: And if ya win... ya get your title shot. And if ya lose?

Ya go to the back of the line!

[Boos pour down as Whitiri considers the offer.]

DW: What? This is outrageous!

SA: The challenge is laid out, the gauntlet thrown down. Whitiri versus Odin Gunn and Curly Bill!

[Whaitiri pauses, but only for a moment.]

W: I already said I was ready for Gunn. And you're going to give me a chance to get my hands on you too?

That's almost too good to be true.

[Whaitiri nods his head.]

W: I'll see you both in Miami!

[The crowd ROARS as Whitiri tosses down the mic, making his exit as Curly Bill looks on with a huge grin.]

DW: Wow! That's huge!

SA: You bet it is, Dee Dub. It will be Whitiri taking on Odin Gunn AND Curly Bill and he will have to beat both men if he wants to earn a shot at the World Television title! I can't wait for that one! Fans, we're going to take a break and when we come back, it'll be Atlas Armstrong in action... and I bet he's got an answer for Kaz Konoe and Luciana!

[Odin Gunn is still staring menacingly down the aisle at Whitiri as we fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

The "ACCESS 365" logo flashes across the screen, and a helpful caption indicates that the scene was captured backstage, "Last Saturday Night."

"Heyyyy, Polemos!"

[Polemos, who is stationed outside a door placarded "Veronica Westerly," momentarily appears to microscopically slouch his shoulders and groan in exasperation.]

O: Looks like it's a big old "my bad" from me to you again, huh, God O' War?

[Once again, the masked Neptunian approaches Polemos tentatively. Polemos' body language stiffens like a guard at Buckingham Palace.]

O: Stealing Korugun property... trying to buy you off with a couple of filthy Lincolns... I was supposed to come to Earth to fight evil, not do... tiny little bits of evil myself. What kind of example would I be setting if I went there, right?

[Polemos, once again, does not pay attention to Omega's awkward, repeated attempts at small talk. Omega folds his arms and leans on the wall beside the fur-draped demidiety.]

O: So, uh... good showing in the battle royal out there.

[Polemos possibly emits an ambivalent sigh.]

O: You and Muteesa, you got a good team going there. Like you and the rest of Korugun.

[Omega glances at Polemos to gauge a nonexistent reaction.]

O: Yeah, you'll always be there for them when they need you, right?

[The Neptunian looks away and attempts his best Earth sarcasm.]

O: 'Cause they sure do so much for you.

[Omega again looks up at Polemos, who is still totally taciturn.]

O: I mean... okay, you're the God of War, right? I don't doubt it and I don't doubt you. And who do they have sitting in on commentary cracking wise as you do battle? A couple of toy soldiers!

[Polemos' head slowly begins to tilt back, audibly snorting... in agreement?]

O: Charlie Stephens has the NERVE to call you a “flunkie?” Dudes cosplaying in camo acting all tough, but they’d go shrieking back to the playground if you took that mask off and showed them the solemn, tempered Face... of... WAR. That’s what I think, bud.

[Polemos claps his gloved fist into his palm as if to say, “damn right.”]

O: Of course, guys like us? We have to keep the masks on. If the AWA knew the true powerful potency of my powerful Kuiper Belt powers...

[Omega grasps his rather chintzy-looking gold utility belt.]

O: ...Every evildoer in the AWA would be after it. And you?

Well, that’s why Korugun pays you the big bucks, right? The Hamiltons you rake in?

[Omega sings a couple of bars to himself.]

O: Al-ex-an-der Ham-il-TON!

[There are a few seconds of awkward silence as Omega tries to remember any other lyrics.]

O: Sorry... that’s all I know from the musical. I don’t get it myself. All these Earth musical references are just like...

[The Neptunian waves a palm over his scalp.]

O: ...WHOOSH... to me. I mean, everyone around here is quoting it, and... I dunno, we don’t get Broadway shows 2.8 billion miles away from New York.

I had to wait until they did the film adaptation of “Chicago” before I even knew what ‘Cell Block Tango’ was about. You ever see “Chicago,” Polemos?

[Polemos resumes his stern posture, trying to appear as if he is ignoring the nattering Neptunian.]

O: Great story, fun songs. Queen Latifah, Renee Zellweger, Richard Gere—really solid cast. You know who’s really good? Roxie’s husband—the guy who does “Mr. Cellophane.”

[Omega nods eagerly, then bites his bottom lip.]

O: Oh, what’s that guy’s name? He was in a ton of stuff around then—I can see him in my mind, for the Void’s sake.

[Omega possibly makes the biggest mistake of his life. He starts to sing in front of Polemos.]

O: [singing] “Cellophane, Mistah Cellophane, shoulda been my name...”

WHAT IS HIS NAME?! He was Dewey Cox! Dr. Steve Brule! Did “Step-Brothers” with Will Ferrell! I know Will Ferrell, who is this guy? Help me out, Polemos.

[Omega gives Polemos an encouraging swat on the arm which further seals his eventual fate before bursting into song again.]

O: [singing] “Mister Cellophane! ‘Cause you can look right through me, walk right by me...”

[Omega's jazz hands only further enrage Polemos, who draws his massive, gloved palm back.]

Omega notices that history is about to repeat again, and abruptly stops his vaudeville in favor of wincing.]

O: Okay, I guess I brought this on myself...

[Polemos' hand rockets toward Omega.]

O: ...Mister Cellophane.

[Omega cringes, bracing for impact. But the God of War's hand brakes suddenly in the air just short of Omega, hanging like the answer to a question that was never asked. Polemos' rage and annoyance seem to abruptly evaporate. He takes a few heavy, heated breaths...

Then turns and storms off camera, seemingly in disgust.

Omega, still cringing, opens one eye, surprised at not being laid out by an annoyed demidiety. The Neptunian looks around in confusion.]

O: Pol-Polemos? Polemos?

[And with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we end up back down inside the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring... he weighs in at 284 pounds from Athena, Georgia... ROCKY STEPHENS!

[Stephens, a strapping red-headed football built wrestler in multi-colored spandex shorts, flexes a double biceps shot at the camera. The crowd applauds politely for the home state grappler...]

TG: And his oppon-

"I'll take it from here, Graham!"

[Tyler Graham looks confused... then agitated as Mickey Cherry emerges from the back, dressed in a pink zebra suit and turquoise ruffled shirt with a high-pitched cackle accompanying him.]

MC: Listen here, Mutanoids, in just a few seconds I'm going to unveil a work of art, you understand what I'm telling you? So all you miserable housewives get real close to your TV sets because you're going to see 6'8 inches of twisted steel and sex appeal. And all you couch potatoes working on those beer bellies I want you to understand one thing... Atlas Armstrong isn't what a real man looks like... no. This is what a Super Man looks like.

Weighing at 300 pounds... from San Simeon, California...

HE IS THE AMAZING...

THE ASTONISHING...

THE ALMIGHTY...

AAAAAATLASSSSSS ARRRRRRRRMSTRONNNNNNNNNNG!

Now ... admire the Almighty! ATLAS! ARMSTRONG!

[The boos get louder as the silver-robed colossus, Atlas Armstrong, emerges to stand beside Cherry. The massive six foot eight powerhouse stands on the stage as Cherry tugs the cape away, revealing Armstrong's massively chiseled physique.]

SA: Sweet Santa Maria, Atlas Armstrong is a physical specimen! Rocky Stephens is no slouch himself, but he's no Atlas Armstrong.

DW: Big Sal, I don't know if I could ever look like Atlas Armstrong even if they locked me in the gym. There was a genetic lottery and Atlas Armstrong won the grand prize and the bonus number.

SA: Like the old saying goes... he's got muscles in places most people don't have places.

[With the Memphis Motormouth, Mickey Cherry, leading the way, Atlas Armstrong methodically makes his way down the ringsteps, soaking up the boos of the Atlanta crowd as he heads towards the ring where Rocky Stephens awaits him. Stephens cranks out a few poses of his own, shouting "I GOT YOU, ATLAS!"]

SA: Rocky Stephens feeling pretty good about his chances, Dee Dub... but Atlas Armstrong isn't just a man with a phenomenal physique. This guy's got it going on inside the ring as well.

DW: He sure does. He's powerful, he's explosive, and he's undefeated inside that ring in all of his time here so far.

SA: Unpinned, unsubmitted, unbeaten. Armstrong is impressive.

[Climbing inside the ring, Armstrong eyeballs Stephens from across the ring as the referee steps between them and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And that sound means we're underway let's see what Stephens can do against the Almighty Atlas Armstrong, a fixture here on Power Hour!

[Stephens lunges into a collar and elbow tie up with Armstrong in the center of the ring. The 284 pounder pushes with all his might.]

SA: Look at this, Dee Dub... like two bulls smashing into one another...

[The crowd gasps as the Almighty One absorbs his force and then simply shrugs Stephens to the ground.]

DW: Good gracious, Sal... is this man pure power or what? Armstrong took everything that Rocky Stephens was giving him and just tossed him down like a little bitty being.

SA: And almost looked bored doing it... like Stephens poses no challenge to him at all. But speaking of challenges, Dee Dub... I can't wait to hear the answer from Cherry and Armstrong regarding the challenge made by Kaz Konoe and Luciana a little earlier tonight. They want a showdown at Fright Night and I hope to see it go down.

[Stephens climbs to his feet, holding his lower back with a shocked expression on his face.]

SA: Armstrong just waving him forward now, showing no fear of this very large individual he's in there against.

DW: Good Lord is this man pure power or what, Big Sal. Armstrong took the man's momentum and just nullified it and then you saw him get a little bored and just shove the man to the ground like he was nothing.

[Stephens brushes himself off as he marches around the ring, screwing his courage to the sticking place and lunging in for a collar and elbow again. This time, however, he doesn't try to overpower Armstrong. He quickly transitions into a side headlock, trying to put the squeeze on the big Californian.]

DW: Smart of the man to try a different tack. That side headlock is forcing Armstrong to carry all Stephens weight. I know Armstrong can lift, but does he have stamina?

[We'll never know because Armstrong clamps onto Stephens' arm and easily breaks the hold turning it into a top wristlock. Stephens struggles to regain control using both arms against Armstrong's one as Atlas merely yawns and flexes a single biceps pose as he easily shoves Stephens into the corner with one hand.]

SA: Oh... and he hit hard! What a display of power by Armstrong and Stephens is frustrated!

[Shaking off the bump into the buckles, Stephens comes charging out...

...and SLAMS his shoulder into Armstrong's, the impact of which does nothing but knock Stephens down to the canvas as Armstrong stands tall over him, curling his arms to flex his massive pectorals as he makes them bounce.]

SA: Unbelievable!

DW: My mama told me never to play with my food but apparently Big Momma Armstrong didn't tell her baby boy that. He's just toying with Stephens at this point, Sal.

SA: Stephens getting up off the mat now... big forearm to the chest... make it two... a third one now!

[But Armstrong absorbs all the heavy strikes before swinging a knee up into the torso. He grabs an arm, whipping Stephens across the ring...]

SA: Armstrong shoots him in and...

[As Stephens rebounds, Armstrong powers him up with one arm and HURLS him down to the canvas!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON! A ONE ARMED SPINEBUSTER SENDS STEPHENS TO THE CANVAS!

[Armstrong lets loose a roar as he strikes a double bicep pose, earning some jeers from the crowd.]

DW: Stephens looks like he's out of it already, Sal! That spinebuster might've been all she wrote for this kid out of Athens, Georgia.

[The loudmouthed Mickey Cherry bellows from the floor - "Atlas, take him for a ride to the top of the world, baby!"]



DW: What's Mickey Cherry - that little pipsqueak - what's he saying, Sal?

SA: Cherry orchestrating from the floor...

[Armstrong nods at Cherry as he retrieves Stephens off the mat, sliding around into a side waistlock...]

SA: He picks him up!

[The powerhouse holds the near-300 pounder aloft for all to see...

...and then brings him down HARD on a bent knee!]

SA: And Armstrong with that signature Atomic drop! And I think he could get him off that one move! What force right down onto the coccyx.

DW: I don't think Stephens will be comfortable sitting for a while after that.

[Armstrong curls his right arm up into a single arm pose...

...and then drops it down across the chest in an elbowdrop!]

SA: Ohhh! And that'll knock whatever wind was left out of Stephens' sails.

[Stephens is down on his hips, breathing heavily as Armstrong does a slow circle around him, waiting to deliver his next attack.]

SA: Armstrong perhaps thinking about finishing him off here... slowly dragging the former high school football star to his feet...

[A big right hand lands on the jaw, sending Stephens staggering back towards the ropes. He bounces off them, desperately throwing a right hand of his own that Armstrong blocks before landing a second haymaker... and a third, leaving Stephens rubber-legged as Armstrong drops back into the ropes, building up speed...]

SA: FOOT MEETS FACE!

[...and leaps into the air with a pump kick, drilling his opponent in the jaw with a big boot that snaps Stephens around in a circle before sending him down in a heap.]

DW: My word, what a kick that was... and that looks like it'll do it.

[Armstrong goes down to his knees, applying a lateral press.]

SA: Armstrong makes the cover - he's got one, he's got two, he's got-

DW: Oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers as Armstrong pulls Rocky Stephens off the mat, sneering at the fans as he does.]

SA: No call for that, Dee Dub. Rocky Stephens is on Dream Street after that big kick.

DW: More like Elm Street because he's about to have a nightmare!

[Referee Scott Ezra has a few words for Atlas Armstrong but quickly shuts up as Armstrong throws a glare at him.]

DW: Even the referees are intimidated by this guy!

SA: There's an awful lot there to be intimidated by. The size, the strength, the ferocity.

[Cherry again exclaims towards his Monument of Muscle, Atlas Armstrong.]

"Atlas, give these Mutanoids what they want to see. Drop the Heavens on this cream puff!"

SA: Mickey Cherry calling for Armstrong to finish him off... and Kaz Konoe can personally tell you what that means. He felt this one earlier tonight...

[Armstrong yanks Stephens up roughly with a handful of red hair. He shrugs him easily up onto his shoulders and across his back as Armstrong turns to the hard camera. Stephens struggles in his grasp as Armstrong grins and simply brings his arms down by his sides, snapping Stephens' back across his shoulders. The referee is right there for the torture as Armstrong repeats the gesture over and over until...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: It's over. A one way ticket to Tapout Town for Rocky Stephens courtesy of Atlas Armstrong.

[Armstrong gives a few more cranks of the backbreaker... just because he can... and then shrugs Stephens off his shoulders, dumping him down onto the canvas.]

SA: Armstrong in there posing while all the while his opponent may need an appointment with a chiropractor.

DW: A good one one too... not one of those quacks on YouTube.

[Sal chuckles as Armstrong sinks to a knee, posing again as Mickey Cherry climbs in, pointing repeatedly at him.]

SA: Atlas Armstrong continues to impress, fans... and it seems like just a matter of time before the Almighty One is challenging for championship gold here in the American Wrestling Alliance. And...

DW: Oh jeez.

SA: Fans, we apologize for what you're about to hear but Mickey Cherry... (sighs)... has the mic.

[Cherry taps the top a few times.]

MC: Is this on?! This better be on! You punks in the production truck make sure that they can hear me... make sure the world can hear me cause I got a lot to say and you people need to hear it!

[The fans are jeering loudly now as Cherry paces frantically around the ring.]

MC: Call it a win.. a dominating win... an impressive win... call it whatever you want but what it was a demonstration! A demonstration of what's gonna happen to whoever you put in the ring with Atlas Armstrong. Big or small, short or tall, it don't matter to the Almighty One 'cause he's gonna pick 'em right up...

[Armstrong makes the torture rack gesture.]

MC: ...and put 'em back down, ya hear me?! Because you see, Atlas Armstrong is sweeping professional wrestling completely clean of all these Mutanoids and jokers. Gang Green? Gang Gone. Am I right? Atlas, remember that guy?

[Atlas shrugs and shakes his head no.]

MC: Or how about that Neptunian Mutanoid wannabe superhero. He ain't so super now, is he? You must remember him, Atlas.

[Atlas shakes his hand. Kinda.]

MC: And now we're going to rid the ring of the greatest Mutanoid of them all... that good for nothing slacker, Kaz Konoe.

[The crowd cheers the mention of Konoe.]

MC: How dare he think he can get ahead of Atlas Armstrong in line for a shot at the AWA World television champion, Odin Gunn? You think anybody wants to see that slacker? No. They want to see Atlas Armstrong.

[The boos are getting louder now.]

MC: Oh ho... what do we have here, Atlas?

[Armstrong's attention turns towards the entrance stage where Luciana has just emerged.]

MC: It looks like someone didn't get enough of a good look at the greatest specimen of physical perfection earlier tonight. It's okay, Luciana... come on down... get yourself a peek...

[Luciana stands on the stage, looking down at the ring where Atlas strikes a pose, smirking up at her...]

MC: It's all good, girlie. You want yourself a piece of Atlas? Everyone does! Just listen to these women here in the building tonight... listen to them!

[There are cheers for... well, not that exactly.]

MC: Yeah, that's right! Atlas, they love you, baby! They LOVE you!

[There are louder cheers for... well, not that either.]

SA: KONOE'S IN THE RING! KONOE CAME FROM NOWHERE!

[And he's got a steel chair in hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...that he uses to SMASH Armstrong across the back, sending him crumpling down to his knees as Luciana pumps a fist in celebration!]

DW: It was all a setup, Sal!

[Cherry quickly bails from the ring as Konoe throws the chair down mid-ring, pulling Armstrong out to the center, snatching a three-quarter nelson...]

SA: Wait, wait!

[...and kicks up into the air, flipping over Armstrong...]

"CRASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and smashing the back of his head down on the chair!]

SA: HE JUST LAID OUT ATLAS ARMSTRONG!

[Mickey Cherry is beside himself on the outside as Kaz Konoe slowly gets up, standing over a motionless Atlas Armstrong...]

DW: Wait for it... wait for it...

[...and SHRUGS! HUGE ROAR!]

SA: Wow! I think we've got ourselves a match for Fright Night On FOX, fans! Kaz Konoe versus Atlas Armstrong and after what we just saw happen, it's gonna be a hot one in Hotlanta two weeks from tonight!

[We cut to Theresa Lynch's interview area, where Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell stand on either side of Theresa. Molly looks utterly unrecognizable; she's not wearing her catface makeup, for one, though she still has her collar around her neck. She's also wearing a plain black zip-up hoodie and baggy jeans with holes in the knees, with the saddest expression on her face. Ayako is dressed in an off-shoulder, bell-sleeved, layered, ruffled and pleated short beach dress.]

TL: We're back here, with Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell. Unfortunately, I have some sad news to report regarding Molly. A couple of weeks ago, Molly came into a tag team encounter with Skylar Swift and Trish Wallace with damaged ribs, and the ribs were further injured. Is that right, Molly?

[Molly nods.]

TL: I understand that you had several ribs torn from their cartilage, and as a result, Dr. Ponavitch has ruled you out of action for the next eight weeks. This is going to end your 2017 campaign, including any chance of competing at your first SuperClash this year, and I'm sure that's part of why you're so upset today.

[Molly nods again, wiping away a tear. We have a brief cut to several young girls in the audience, wearing Molly's catface makeup and cat ears, who look distraught at the news, then we cut back to the interview area.]

TL: Would you like to say anything, Molly? I know this must be hard for you.

[Molly shakes her head, and Ayako can be heard off-mic saying "go ahead, it's okay". Molly sighs, then looks at Theresa, another tear rolling down her cheek.]

MB: I... I don't belong here.

[Several gasps can be heard from the crowd. Theresa shakes her head and puts her hand on Molly's shoulder.]

TL: Molly, that's not true...

MB: No, it is. Look, it's been harder to ignore the last few weeks, okay? Ever since I showed up, I know what people have said about meow. That I got lucky to win my first match, that I was fortunate to get a contract.

[Molly gestures to Ayako.]

MB: If she hadn't taken meow in, I would have washed out within a few weeks.

[Ayako looks uncomfortable with what Molly just said.]

MB: That's what everyone said. That I wasn't ready for competition of this level, and they were right. Look at what's happened to meow these last few months. Kurayami practically stomped straight through meow. I had my issues with Victoria June. La Ardilla tried to blind meow. Now Trish Wallace almost snapped meow in half?

[Molly pouts as she shakes her head.]

MB: But what's even worse is what I've done to her.

[Molly points at Ayako, who looks extremely confused by the turn this has taken. Molly looks directly at Ayako.]

MB: You don't deserve what I've done to you. When you took meow in, you had just hurt your knee. You had been dealing with Laura Davis for months, and had her on the ropes. But because you had to worry about this sad little kitty that didn't belong here, you couldn't rehab properly. You couldn't focus properly.

[Molly lets out a big sigh.]

MB: I cost you against Laura Davis. I'm the reason you lost to her. You should be fighting for the Women's World Title at SuperClash, not wrestling tag team matches with meow.

[Molly looks at Theresa.]

MB: And it gets worse! Because of meow, because of what happened with La Ardilla, we went down to Mexico, I dragged Michelle down with us, and we got stuck there... so Laura Davis hurt Michelle's daughter. That was all my fault too.

[Theresa looks stunned, but tries to get Molly to see sense.]

TL: Molly, hold on, nobody blames you for Ayako losing the Iron Woman match, or what happened with Michelle's daughter at the hands of Laura Davis.

[Molly shakes her head vigorously.]

MB: I know what's really been happening... I'm a burden. It's because of meow that Trish got mad too, and we had to fight her and Skylar a couple of weeks ago.

[Molly's face turns sullen.]

MB: It's my fault that I got hurt.

[Molly looks at her back paws.]

MB: I can't let anyone else get hurt because of meow anymore. I think the best thing for meow to do is just heal up... probably go back down to P\*WIN...

[Molly motions to Ayako again.]

MB: Let her be the wrestler everyone knows she is, without some silly kitty hanging off her back, holding her down.

[Molly looks up at Ayako, reaching up and taking off her collar. We hear several loud shrieks of "NO!" from the kids in the audience.]

MB: You're the best thing that's happened to my life in years, but I can't let you be hurt because of meow anymore... Ayako.

[Molly holds out her collar to Ayako, who looks at the collar with her hands on her hips. Ayako's answer is just like her... absolute, resolute and full of confidence.]

Ayako: No.

[She gently shoves the collar back towards Molly.]

Ayako: Molly, listen to me...

[She grabs Molly by the shoulders, looking her right in the eyes.]

Ayako: ...you have NEVER been a burden. Laura Davis defeated me in the Iron Woman match because of my own weaknesses and my weaknesses alone. What Laura Davis did to Michelle's daughter had nothing to do with you. That is just how ruthless she is. Don't blame yourself for things beyond your control.

[A beat.]

Ayako: Do you think this is what I want? What anyone wants? For you to leave?

[There's a few high pitched screams of "No!" from the crowd.]

Ayako: Just what kind of person do you think I am? If I won the AWA Women's World title tomorrow, do you think I would be happy without you by my side to share in that moment? I wouldn't be able to ever forgive myself knowing I abandoned you. I don't think anyone would.

[Molly just stares at Ayako, eyes watering, lips quivering.]

Ayako: Molly, I don't want what happened to you against Trish Wallace to ever happen again. I don't want you ever to doubt yourself or me again. I think it's time for you to stop being a kitten...

...and to become the fierce wildcat I know you can be.

[She suddenly takes Molly into her arms, enveloping her in a tight hug, making sure not to squeeze around Molly's ribs.]

Ayako: I am not weaker for having you in my life. I am stronger for it. And if I'm not strong enough to succeed as I am... then we will become stronger TOGETHER.

[Ayako breaks the hug and goes to look Molly in the eyes, but Molly looks at the floor instead. Ayako continues to look at Molly until Molly speaks up, her voice sounding as though she's on the verge of sobs, still not breaking her stare at the floor.]

MB: ... thank you, Mom.

[Molly softly bonks her head on Ayako's shoulder, and Ayako's look turns into a relieved smile as she scratches Molly behind the ear.]

Ayako: Excuse us, Theresa. We probably need to talk privately.

[The crowd cheers as Ayako puts her arm around Molly's shoulder and leads her away from the scene. Theresa looks on, a smile on her face.]

TL: Quite the emotional scene here between Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell, and I think when we see Molly back in action in 2018, we'll see a whole new cat on the prowl. Fans, we'll be right back after this break.

[Fade to black.

We hold on a black screen for several moments before we hear the sound of footsteps. Loud footsteps breaking through a completely silent room.

They come to a halt.

A slight clearing of the throat.]

"WELCOME..."

[And with the blast of a spotlight, we see a circus ringmaster standing in the middle of it, a huge grin upon his face.]

"...TO THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!"

[The boisterous "Whooooooooo!" of "The Greatest Show" from the soundtrack to the upcoming "The Greatest Showman" is heard a few times before...]

#Ladies and gents... this is the moment you've waited for...#

[The ringmaster winks at the camera, an actual sparkle showing off his polished white teeth...

...and we cut to a graphic that reads:

SUPERCLASH IX  
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

40 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

Fade in to the telltale shakiness of a hand held phone camera shot of what appears to be a large waiting area in an airport. The graphic "YOUTUBE FAN CAM - STEVEN SAWYER" appears as random people in varying states of irritation sit in mundane, identical seats with their luggage piled up around them. In the center of the shot is a larger than average man taking up two seats, his feet stretched out and propped up on his carry on bag. He seems very focused on the smartphone in his hands. Two voices behind the camera speak.]

VO1: I swear that's him.

VO2: Who?

VO1: Casey James, dude.

[It is indeed Casey James. Almost on cue he raises his head a bit and looks around the waiting area.]

VO2: Who!?

VO1: The wrestler. You know, the Blackheart?

VO2: What, from the 90s? Shut up, that guy died.

VO1: No, no, that's him. That's The Blackheart.

[The two stop talking as Casey, who seems to have been struggling with something for a few moments, finally makes a decision, jams a finger at the screen of his phone and lifts it to his ear. He pauses...]

CJ: Hey... Hey, man, sorry for calling you like this. I know the deal... You cool off and I wait. I get it... And I know how you feel about voice mail, it's just... I ain't talked to you since... well, you know. And that prick Hardin told me you were coming out to the show next week and I wanted to try and make sure we're cool.

Are we cool?

Listen man, I get it... I probably shoulda let you in on my plan, but it just kind of happened. I just... do stuff, you know? And that seemed like the stuff I had to do at the time.

I dunno, man... I wanna say I wish I could fix it, but I wouldn't want to change what I did for the world. Man, the look on his face when I hit him with that Blackheart Punch, it was freakin'...

Nah, okay, this isn't about that. This is about what's gonna happen in a week... I just wanna know what you're thinking. I wanna know if you're coming for this bounty so I can at least see the hit coming. Just... please return my call, man. Later.

[Casey lowers the phone and dejectedly hits the call end button. He sighs and gives the waiting area a good look, his gaze eventually looking right into the camera filming him. He puts his phone in his pocket...]

CJ: Dude... are you seriously filming me without my consent?

[The shot shakes a bit...]

VO2: [Whispering] Dude, put it away.

VO1: He saw me...

VO2: Pretend you're filming something else!

[Casey has gotten to his feet.]

CJ: Are you **FILMING ME** without my **CONSENT**!?

[At this point, the two behind the camera may have frozen a bit, as we don't hear any response from them at all. Casey has stepped forward so that he's right in front of the camera.]

CJ: I'll ask you one last time, kid, are you **FILMING ME WITHOUT MY CONSENT**!?

[The person filming explodes with anxiety...]

VO1: Sir! I'm so sorry, I didn't think it was a big deal! Yes, I was filming you sir, I'm sorry!

[Casey, upon hearing what he wanted to hear, softens a bit.]

CJ: Seriously? That's awesome. You know how long it's been since someone's filmed me in an airport without my consent? I started to miss it.



[Casey pauses as if he's expecting someone to contribute to the conversation. When nobody does, he continues.]

CJ: Like, in the 90s? Couldn't go anywhere without someone filming me... And then I retired and people kind of forgot about me...

VO2: I... Yeah, I thought you died!

CJ: See? A lot of people thought that. Turns out I was just in Toronto, which is pretty close.

[Casey pauses again, but nobody takes the opportunity to speak.]

CJ: Alright kid, I just wanna say thanks. You made an old timer feel appreciated again. Enjoy your keepsake, post it to Facebook, whatever.

[Casey turns and sits back down, about to go back to fiddling on his phone. He looks up and notices he's still being filmed...]

CJ: Okay, now, you're just kind of making it weird. You mind?

[The camera shakes again and then the shot abruptly cuts.]

As we fade from the pre-taped footage, we find ourselves back on the Power Hour stage with Theresa Lynch surrounded by pink. The Peach Pits have made their way to the interview area, being serenaded by boos as Shannon Walsh, Kelly Taylor, and Donna Martinelli stand in various wrestling attire that's just so... very... pink.]

TL: We're back on the all-new Power Hour with just moments to go until tonight's featured attraction - the Peach Pits Open Challenge - which has been answered by the very tough duo of Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift. Ladies, when you issued this challenge, is the type of stiff test you envisioned?

[Theresa extends the mic towards Shannon Walsh but Donna Martinelli predictably commandeers it.]

DM: This is exactly it, TA-REES-UH! We wanted the chance to prove that the Peach Pits are the cream of the crop of women's tag teams here in the AWA and tonight, we're gonna get it!

[Theresa raises an eyebrow.]

TL: No secret desire for another team to take the challenge? Perhaps a less... qualified team.

[Donna's jaw drops in faux shock.]

DM: How dare you?! Are you implying that the Peach Pits Open Challenge was designed to make us look good by facing a pushover?! We wanted the best! It could've been any of them!

[Theresa nods.]

TL: What about you two? How do you feel about taking on the power of Trish Wallace and the skill of Skylar Swift?

[Walsh throws a glare at Martinelli, almost daring her to steal the mic again. Donna wisely does not.]

SW: It's like she said, Theresa. We wanted this match because we've got something to prove. Look, unlike some people around here...

[She throws a non-subtle look at Theresa and Kelly.]

SW: ...I don't have an ear in the office. I don't know what the plans are. But I know that there's enough smoke around a future AWA Women's Tag Team Titles to think that there's gotta be some fire as well. And if those titles happen, we're going to be ready.

[Taylor leans in.]

KT: That's right, Theresa. We're ready for all comers. Wallace and Swift. Flores and Chang. Seductive and Destructive. Even that scrawny little cat and her mommy.

[Walsh rolls her eyes in disgust.]

KT: You line 'em up... we'll put 'em down.

[Donna leans back in.]

DM: And we'll look damn good doing it. Come on, girls!

[Donna sweeps an arm towards her allies who follow her towards the entrance ramp as Carly Rae Jepsen begins to play over the PA.]

TL: Alright, fans... we're ready for tag team action but before we go to the ring, let's take our final break of the night which means our featured attraction will go down with NO commercial interruptions. Stay tuned for that right after this!

[As the Peach Pits head towards the ring, we fade to black.

We hold on a black screen for several moments before we hear the sound of footsteps. Loud footsteps breaking through a completely silent room.

They come to a halt.

A slight clearing of the throat.]

"WELCOME..."

[And with the blast of a spotlight, we see a circus ringmaster standing in the middle of it, a huge grin upon his face.]

"...TO THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!"

[The boisterous "Whooooooooo!" of "The Greatest Show" from the soundtrack to the upcoming "The Greatest Showman" is heard a few times before...]

#Ladies and gents... this is the moment you've waited for...#

[The ringmaster winks at the camera, an actual sparkle showing off his polished white teeth...

...and we cut to a graphic that reads:

SUPERCLASH IX  
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

## 40 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

...and as we fade back up, we find the Peach Pits already in the ring, being serenaded with boos by the Atlanta crowd.]

SA: We're back in Center Stage Studios... just 40 days away from SuperClash IX...

DW: Half of which is gonna go down right here in the A-T-L, Big Sal!

SA: Absolutely... and this particular pit stop on the road to SuperClash is just about over but we've got one match to go - the Peach Pits' Open Challenge. Donna, Shannon, and Kelly are in the ring already... and now we eagerly await the arrival of their opponents...

[The music starts to fade and is replaced by Repartee's "Dukes" which gets the crowd going wild.]

SA: ...Skylar Swift and Trish Wallace who are looking to send a message to all of the other female tag teams out there that they're the queens of the ring so you better bow down.

[A few more moments pass before Skylar Swift and Trish Wallace emerge into view. Swift is all smiles, decked out in an electric blue full length tights and a matching sports bra style top with silver glittering trim. A silver maple leaf is on the back of the top as she steps to the edge of the entrance stage, pointing out to the cheering fans. Trish Wallace lurks behind her in a solid black singlet with only a golden "belt" encircling her waist. She looks far more menacing than her partner, rubbing her hands together as she nods in the direction of the ring where Donna Martinelli is standing on the second rope with the shape of an L on her forehead.]

SA: Donna Martinelli trying to get under the skin of Swift and Wallace... and that doesn't seem like the best idea to me.

DW: Ol' T-Bone Trish will rip Donna's arms out of her socket and slap her around with her own hands, Sal.

SA: Some vivid imagery on the part of my partner there... but perhaps an accurate prediction nonetheless.

[Wallace strides down the steps towards the ring, not even waiting for her partner who gives a shake of her head as she jogs down the steps behind her, reaching out to slap the offered hands from the AWA faithful.]

SA: Skylar Swift is by far one of the most popular competitors in the AWA - listen to this reaction for the Canadian Dream Girl.

[Swift catches up to Wallace on the floor, draping her arm over her partner's shoulders as she gestures up in the ring at the waiting Peach Pits.]

SA: Swift and Wallace with some pre-match strategy discussions... and that's a good sign if you ask me. There are probably a lot of teams who would take the Peach Pits lightly and that's a mistake in my book.

DW: Me too, Sal. It's easy to do. Martinelli is a goofball in there sometimes but they've shown a lot of talent in the ring and if Skylar and Trish aren't on their game, they could get upset.

[Swift slaps her partner on the back as the duo makes their way into the ring, absorbing a torrent of trash talk from Martinelli as Walsh and Taylor step back, getting ready for action.]

SA: And the only question left in this one is who will be representing the Peach Pits in this match? All three are out here but only two can compete.

[The Pits huddle up on their side of the ring, ignoring Trish Wallace who is barking angrily across the ring at them.]

DW: Are they just talking about this now?! Come on! We've got a match!

[The conversation continues a little longer as Shari Miranda tries to impede Trish Wallace's progress in storming across the ring.]

SA: It's breaking up now... and I'm a little surprised about this decision, Dee Dub. It's gonna be Shannon Walsh and Donna Martinelli, the protege of Laura Davis and cousin of Michelle Bailey, competing for her team here tonight. Walsh and Taylor are the more established tag team but apparently the Peach Pits are looking for a little bit of a surprise advantage.

[Wallace shouts at Martinelli who waves mockingly before ducking out to the apron, leaving Shannon Walsh in there. Skylar Swift tries to talk to her partner again but Wallace shrugs her off, waving for her to leave the ring. The Canadian Dream Girl exits, sighing heavily as she takes her place in the corner with a loud "COME ON, TRISH!"

SA: It's going to be Shannon Walsh starting things off against the powerhouse Trish Wallace and this should be an interesting matchup.

DW: Unlike her partner Kelly Taylor who specializes in aerial attacks, Walsh is a ground and pound machine.

[As the bell sounds, Trish Wallace steps to center ring and insistently raises her right arm...]

SA: And right off the bat, it appears like Trish Wallace is looking for a test of strength...

[Walsh looks around anxiously as the crowd encourages her to take Wallace up on her offer. Martinelli also is shouting, "DO IT! SHOW HER WHO HAS GOT THE MUSCLES!" Walsh throws a shake of the head at her partner as Wallace shouts "COME ON!" while shoving her hand up again.]

SA: It looks like Walsh is going to accept here... easing that hand up... she's not overly eager to do this it seems but who can blame her.

DW: Not me. Wallace is as strong as a ten ton oxen.

SA: That's quite specific and... and she proves you right as she immediately forces Walsh down to her knees!

[The crowd cheers as Walsh collapses to her knees, wincing in pain as Wallace holds her there without much effort...

...and then promptly pulls her by both hands to her feet, ducking her head under the armpit and flipping her over in an overhead suplex!]

SA: Wow! Trish Wallace tossing Shannon Walsh around the ring like a bag of potatoes... but Walsh is right up, coming in...

[She runs right into a brick wall as Wallace postures up in a shoulder tackle, knocking Walsh off her feet.]

SA: ...and right back down she goes!

[Walsh immediately grabs at her shoulder, promptly rolling under the ropes to the outside where Kelly Taylor rushes to her side, rubbing the injured shoulder vigorously.]

SA: Walsh already on the outside, Taylor right there with her..

DW: They're not gonna be alone for too long either.

SA: Trish is coming out after her!

[Sliding out on the other side out of view, Wallace circles the ringpost, charging in strong...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND A DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE PUTS THE PITS DOWN!

[Wallace strikes a double bicep pose on the outside, drawing big cheers from the Atlanta crowd and applause from her own corner as Skylar Swift looks on with a grin.]

SA: Wallace pulling Shannon Walsh to her feet now... not wasting any time on the outside here...

[And the powerhouse promptly presses the Pit over her head for all to see before chucking her through the ropes and back inside the ring.]

SA: Trish puts her right back in...

DW: Man oh man, she's strong, Sal.

SA: She absolutely is.

[Walsh rolls across the ring, calling the referee over to her as Wallace climbs up on the apron, stepping through the ropes...

...which is when Kelly Taylor grabs the leg from the outside, clinging to it as Skylar Swift shouts in the referee's direction, trying to grab her attention.]

SA: Taylor holding the leg, trying to keep Trish from getting-

[And with Wallace's leg trapped, Donna Martinelli swoops down the apron, leaping up to drive both feet into the knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Martinelli with a dropkick RIGHT to the knee on the outside!

[Taylor lets go, scampering away as Wallace slips through the ropes, obviously grimacing as she puts weight on the dropkicked knee. She moves a little slowly, shaking the leg as Skylar Swift calls for a tag.]

SA: The referee missed all of that illegal activity but Skylar Swift didn't and she's looking to get in there to help her friend.

[Swift insistently sticks out the hand as Wallace waves her off with a "I'm okay!"]

SA: Wallace refusing the tag though, saying she's good to go...

[As Wallace draws near on Walsh who is on all fours, Walsh surges forward, grabbing the leg under her armpit. She pulls up on the leg while pushing forward with her off arm, causing Wallace to lose her balance and flop backwards onto the mat.]

SA: Walsh with a takedown... Wallace looked surprised by that but Walsh's mat game is no surprise to many of us...

[Holding the leg, Walsh drags Wallace the few steps back towards the Peach Pits' corner, rolling her over into a half Boston Crab.]

SA: ...and now she's going after that leg with some of her notable submission skills, cranking back on that half Crab.

[Walsh hangs on, yanking back as Wallace shouts "NOOOOO!" at the official who checks for a submission.]

SA: No visit to Tapout Town quite yet for T-Bone Trish but this is a painful hold.

DW: It's a hold that breaks you down and puts you down. We've talked about Trish Wallace's power but all that power is useless if she can't use her legs at one hundred percent. The legs are the base for all that big power stuff... the throws, the slams, the suplexes... and if she's on one leg, a lot of that stuff goes out the window or becomes a lot less effective.

[After Wallace refuses to quit a second time, Walsh reaches out and slaps the offered hand of Donna Martinelli.]

SA: There's the tag to the former Combat Corner student...

DW: Did she ever graduate, Big Sal?

SA: I have no idea, Dee Dub. One day she was there, the next she was here under the wing of Laura Davis so- ohhh! Running legdrop to the back of the head while Walsh keeps the Crab locked in! Nicely done by Martinelli!

[As Walsh departs the ring, Martinelli rolls Trish onto her back, diving across for what results in barely a two count.]

SA: Kickout with ease by Wallace. It's going to take a lot more than that to keep someone of her size and strength down for a three count, Dee Dub.

[Martinelli gets right back up, grinning as she looks around at the Atlanta crowd.]

SA: Say what you want about Donna Martinelli's talents inside the ring, Dee Dub, but you've also gotta say she's gotten better each and every time we've seen her compete. I don't know if that's thanks to Laura Davis or to the other Peach Pits or maybe a little bit of both but Martinelli is definitely showing signs of being someone to watch out for as we sit here in the midst of SuperClash season.

DW: When you get to this time of year, Sal... for a lot of the people in the locker room, it becomes a bit of a quest to find your own personal road to SuperClash... and for someone like these five women out here right now, it just might be in the Steal The Spotlight match. If the Peach Pits could get a win here tonight, could

that raise their stakes enough in the eyes of Michelle Bailey or Laura Davis to earn them one of the precious spots in that big match?

SA: The Steal The Spotlight match belongs to the women this year at SuperClash for the very first time in that traditional Steal The Spotlight elimination tag team match - and remember, we're going to hear the teams announced for that match next Saturday night in Miami at Fight Night On FOX.

DW: Can't wait for that, Sal.

[With the announcers bantering, Martinelli has finished stomping Wallace a handful of times, pulling her into a front facelock and dragging her up to her feet.]

DW: A suplex? You're kiddin' me, right?

[She slings Wallace's arm over her neck, looking for the big vertical suplex...]

SA: Can she get her up?

DW: I don't think so!

[The attempt at a lift goes absolutely nowhere...

...but Martinelli does not as she's suddenly lifted up into the air. Wallace very noticeably lifts the sore knee before leaping up to drop Martinelli in a spine-rattling suplex!]

SA: And a REVERSAL by Wallace puts her down!

[Still wincing, Wallace grabs at her knee as she rolls across the ring on the mat, reaching up to slap Skylar Swift's offered hand to a HUGE reaction from the Power Hour crowd!]

SA: The tag is made and in comes the Canadian Dream Girl!

[Swift rushes into the ring, watching as Martinelli pulls herself to her feet, grabbing at her lower back as she rises...]

SA: Martinelli's on her feet and... oh!

[A roundhouse kick to the body catches Martinelli flush across the torso. A second one sends her backpedaling towards the neutral corner. A third knocks her back into the buckles.]

SA: Swift's got her on the run...

[Swift leaps into the air, twisting around and burying her boot into the sternum of a cornered Martinelli.]

SA: Ohhh! That'll knock the wind out of Martinelli's overinflated sails!

[The kick causes the legs to go out from under Martinelli, flopping down in a seated position in the corner as Swift jogs away to the far corner. She leans back in the buckles, pointing with both arms across the ring...]

SA: The Dream Girl on the move... LEAPS...

[...and the crowd ROARS as her feet smash into the face of the seated Martinelli!]

SA: ...WHAT A DROPKICK BY SKYLAR SWIFT!

[Swift grabs Martinelli by the ankle, dragging her out of the cover, hooking both legs and rolling through into a double leg cradle.]

SA: Flipping cradle gets one! She gets two! She gets- no! Two count only!

[Swift reaches over, shoving Martinelli back prone on the canvas as she swings a leg over her, diving into a pair of big forearms from the mount that clean Donna's clock!]

SA: Martinelli taking some devastating offense here and she needs to look for a way out of here in a hurry.

[But Swift doesn't give her an opportunity for escape, dragging her up by the hair into a scoop, slamming her down on the mat...]

SA: Big slam... to the ropes...

[Swift gives a whoop as she leaps high, dropping backfirst across Martinelli's torso, causing Donna's legs to kick up into the air before Swift flips over into a lateral press.]

SA: She covers again - it could be! It might be! It's- no! Martinelli slips out again!

[The crowd is still cheering loudly for Swift as she gets up, swinging an arm around in salute.]

SA: The fans here in Center Stage continue to drive Swift forward... pulling Martinelli up by the arm...

[Swift goes for a whip by Martinelli reverses, sending Swift into the ropes again.]

SA: Reversal... backdr-

[But as Martinelli doubles over, Swift leaps high, hooking her on the way over...]

SA: SUNSET FLIP! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Swift claps her hands together in frustration, looking to Shari Miranda who holds up two fingers. Martinelli is quickly trying to get up, her eyes wide and looking a bit frazzled as she gets to her feet...]

SA: Both women back up...

[...and throws a huge right hand that comes up empty as Swift bridges back, arching her back...]

DW: OH! Keanu Reeves, eat your heart out!

[...and comes right back up to a standing position where she lifts the off-balance Martinelli in her arms, dropping her in an atomic drop that sends Martinelli right back into the air, grabbing at her tailbone as the crowd cheers...]

...and cheers even louder as Swift throws a mocking slap to the same spot, causing Donna to yelp!]

SA: Skylar Swift's having a good time here in Hotlanta tonight!



[Donna stumbles to the corner, slapping Shannon Walsh's hand.]

DW: I gotta disagree with that, Sal. They had Donna in trouble and Skylar just let her tag out. Shannon Walsh is coming in fresh and could totally turn this around!

[Walsh comes charging in, rushing Swift who ducks down, lifting her by the leg...  
...and drops her facefirst with a flapjack!]

DW: Or maybe not! There's a reason I never wrestled, Big Sal!

SA: Me too, my friend. Me too.

[With Walsh down and reeling, Swift marches to her corner and slaps Trish Wallace's hand.]

SA: There's the tag to bring T-Bone Trish back into the mix...

[Wallace stomps into the ring, brushing past her partner who looked like she was expecting to participate in a double team of some sort...]

SA: Wallace... look at this now!

[With Walsh on all fours, Wallace wraps her powerful arms around the torso, deadlifting her up into a hanging gutwrench...]

DW: Wow! Pure power!

[A nodding Wallace goes into a spin, rotating around and around with Walsh still trapped in the gutwrench...]

...and then finally brings her up and over, throwing her down to the canvas to cheers. Wallace nods again, pumping a fist as Walsh rolls to her chest, trying to push up off the mat.]

SA: Walsh is trying to get to her feet... she looks a little dizzy off that spin but so does Wallace.

[In the corner, Swift is shouting to her partner, trying to guide her back towards Shannon Walsh...]

SA: Walsh trying to get back up before Wallace steadies herself...

[Back up, Walsh charges the off-balance Wallace...]

...but the powerhouse catches her coming in, lifting her up into her powerful arms, goes into a bit of a spin, and then leaps up for extra oomph on a bodyslam!]

DW: She's gonna feel that one from her feet to her follicles, Sal!

[With Walsh flat on her back, Wallace points her out to the crowd, rushing to the ropes...]

SA: Off the far side and- oh, come on now!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Kelly Taylor hooks Wallace's ankle from the outside, causing her to stumble on the rebound.]

SA: For the second time in this one, Kelly Taylor gets involved and she's got Wallace tripped up...

DW: Uh oh!

[The crowd ROARS as Wallace exits the ring, coming after Taylor who chooses the wisest strategy available to her and starts running.]

SA: Taylor's running for it! She made a break for it but Wallace is coming after her!

DW: No offense to Trish Wallace but I don't think a footrace is her strong suit.

[Taylor's outpacing Wallace with ease but that doesn't stop T-Bone from keeping up the chase, looping around the ring once as the referee's count on her reaches "FOUR!"]

SA: Trish Wallace needs to pay attention to what's going on in the ring but right now, she's seeing red.

[Skylar Swift drops off the apron, blocking her partner from looping the ring a second time. Swift looks frustrated, pointing to the ring as Wallace tries to get past her to a mocking Kelly Taylor who is taunting her.]

SA: Skylar Swift's trying to get her partner back into the ring... we're up to six now... no, make it seven...

[Wallace is still shouting at Taylor, trying to get at her as Swift shakes her by the shoulders, pointing at the ring again...]

"EIGHT!"

[...and that seems to get through to Trish who grimaces as she turns back to the ring, ducking through the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OH! RUNNING KNEE BY WALSH CONNECTS!

[With Wallace doubled over the middle rope, Walsh snatches a front facelock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DDT OVER THE ROPES!

[Walsh rolls the dazed Wallace away from the ropes as Swift scrambles back up on the apron, looking on in disbelief...]

SA: COVER! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT-

[The crowd ROARS as Wallace's shoulder pops up off the mat just in time!]

SA: A close call there for Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift as Wallace's temper and the Peach Pits' chicanery almost gets the job done here tonight on the all-new Power Hour.

[Walsh climbs up off the mat, making a great effort to drag a barely-moving Wallace off the canvas as well. Once there, she lowers her shoulder into the midsection, driving Wallace back into the Pits' corner...]

SA: Wallace in the wrong part of town... and there's the tag.

[Martinelli climbs in to aid her partner, throwing big kicks in tandem to the body.]

SA: Simple but effective doubleteaming here by the Peach Pits has Trish Wallace in a bad way...

[Walsh signals and each woman grabs an arm, setting for a double whip...]

SA: They whip her out...

[...but they slam on the brakes a few feet out, hanging on to HURL her back into the corner!]

SA ...and whip her right back in! Another hard shot to the spine of Trish Wallace!

[Walsh exits as Martinelli extends a long leg up, planting her boot on the throat of T-Bone Trish.]

DW: That's a choke, Shari! Check it out!

[The official recognizes the choke, starting a five count on Martinelli who holds until four before letting go and slapping her partner's hand.]

SA: Quick tag there, bringing Walsh right back in...

DW: And this is where - if they have one - we might see an advantage for the Peach Pits, Big Sal. Trish and Skylar are a heck of a team... but they've also got singles careers. The Pits are a unit first and foremost right now.

[Walsh drops down to all fours in the corner as Martinelli backs off, taunting Skylar Swift as she gets near the corner...]

SA: Another doubleteam on the way... Martinelli charges in!

[Springing off her partner's back, Martinelli twists around and jams her rear end into the face of Trish Wallace!]

SA: OH! OFF-THE-BACK HIP ATTACK!

[Martinelli bounces off Wallace, landing a few feet out of the corner where she reaches back and slaps dat ass while Walsh snapmares Wallace down and out in a seated position...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinelli slips out as Walsh drops into another pin attempt.]

SA: Walsh shocks the spine of Wallace and she covers...

[But Wallace again lifts the shoulder at two, causing the fans and Swift to cheer while Martinelli pitches a fit out on the apron.]

SA: Apparently Miss Martinelli thought that was a three count but no dice for the Peach Pits...

[Walsh gets back up, signaling to Martinelli who steps around the ringpost, pulling the tag rope with her before getting another tag.]

SA: Quick tags, the Peach Pits working well right now...

[Laura Davis' protege grabs the top rope with both hands as Walsh grabs it as well...]

SA: SLINGSHOT...

[...and goes flying over the top rope, her body at full extension!]

SA: ...SENTON!

[Martinelli flips over, tightly hooking a leg.]

SA: Is this enough right here? The referee counts one... two... thr-

[But Wallace breaks the leg hook with her powerful limbs, the shoulder flying up a moment later.]

SA: No! Again, Trish Wallace kicks out and again, Donna Martinelli is beside herself that she didn't get the three count.

[Martinelli quickly gets up, berating the official as Shannon Walsh shouts at her from the outside.]

SA: Walsh trying to keep the erratic Martinelli on task...

[Donna is still shouting at the official as she returns to the corner, slapping Walsh's offered hand. Walsh is immediately directing traffic as she comes through the ropes, getting a nod from her partner before she dashes to the ropes...]

SA: Walsh playing the role of ring general here, keeping her unpredictable partner in this thing...

[And as Walsh runs towards her, Martinelli ducks behind, lifting in a belly to back position, and spinning - all in one motion...

...and then DROPS Walsh legs first across the throat and torso of the downed Wallace!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: IMPRESSIVE OFFENSE BY THE PEACH PITS!

[Martinelli ducks out as Walsh scrambles into a North-South cover, stretching out to try to grab the legs as the referee counts once... twice... annnnnnd...]

SA: KICKOUT! KICKOUT BY WALLACE!

[Martinelli kicks the ropes on the outside, bouncing off the bottom rope as she shouts at the official again.]

SA: So close! So very close to the three count right there!

[Walsh scrambles up, looking to the corner...

...and then points to the top. Martinelli's eyes go wide... and then she starts nodding quickly, hopping up and down until Walsh slaps her hand...]

SA: A tag... and wait a second! Is Donna Martinelli going up top?!

[The Atlanta crowd is buzzing as Martinelli does exactly that, climbing up the corner ropes as Walsh stands near, waiting for her to reach her perch...]

SA: Martinelli's climbing! Walsh is waiting! Wallace is still down!

[Martinelli's path to the top is a bit slow and awkward as she pauses to catch her balance on more than one occasion...]

...and finally, she steps to the stop, again doing a balance check as Walsh hurries into position, reaching up...]

SA: What is...?

[...and HURLS Martinelli off the top rope, sending her flying through the air...]

DW: ROCKET LAUNCHER!

[...where she finally CRASHES down on the canvas vacated when Trish Wallace rolled aside just before impact!]

SA: WALLACE MOVES! WALLACE AVOIDS THE BIG SPLASH!

[The crowd is roaring now for the big miss as both Wallace and Martinelli are down on the canvas, trying to position themselves to get to their respective corners...]

SA: Martinelli hits nothing but canvas! The pool was empty on the swan dive and now both women are down... both women are down and looking to get their partners back into this ring and try to finish this off.

[Wallace twists her body into position, head aimed towards her corner where Skylar is waiting for her, stretching over the rope with her arm out as far as she can manage...]

SA: Who's going to get there first?

DW: It's a foot race! Well, sort of. A crawling race?

SA: Not sure that's a thing, Dee Dub... but Wallace is closer right now!

DW: Martinelli's dragging herself over towards Walsh though too!

[The crowd is cheering for the potential Wallace/Swift exchange as Walsh and Taylor shout encouragement to their partner...]

SA: Both women are close now! Martinelli's gaining ground and-

[The cheers turn to jeers as Shannon Walsh tags in...]

SA: Tag on one side...

[...and then right back to cheers as Wallace lunges into a tag!]

SA: ...and one on the other side!

[The ROAR of the crowd welcomes the Canadian Dream Girl as she slingshots over the top rope into the ring, catching the incoming Walsh with a forearm smash to the jaw. Walsh staggers back and Swift keeps coming, throwing forearm after forearm after forearm...]

SA: Swift's got Walsh staggered...

[Swift runs past her, leaping to the middle rope, springing back off to catch her with a crossbody!]

SA: Off the ropes... and DOWN GOES WALSH!

[Swift rolls off, not bothering with a pin attempt as she gets to her feet...]

SA: Swift right back up and-

DW: Taylor's on the apron!

[Attempting to interfere for the third time, Kelly Taylor hops up on the apron, shouting at the official...]

...which is when Swift charges forward, leaping towards Taylor, and DRILLING her with a forearm smash that knocks her off the apron to the floor to cheers!]

SA: AND SWIFT KNOCKS TAYLOR TO THE OUTSIDE!

[The Canadian Dream Girl gets to her feet, pumping a fist and laying the badmouth on Taylor on the outside...]

...when a surge of noise from the crowd warns her something is coming and she spins, ducking, and DUMPS the incoming Martinelli over the top rope with a backdrop to the floor!]

SA: Martinelli could barely stand but she tried to take advantage of the distraction and it backfired in a big way for her!

DW: The Dream Girl's gonna fly, Big Sal!

[Swift approaches the corner, climbing the ropes from the inside as the Center Stage Studios crowd climbs to their feet, watching as Swift reaches the top, raising her arms over her head...]

SA: Swift on the top... SHE'S GONNA FLYYYYYYYYY!

[...and leaps from the perch, wiping out both Taylor and Martinelli on the outside with a crossbody!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWIFT WITH A DIVE TO THE FLOOR!

[Swift slowly gets up off the floor, raising her arms over her head again to a roaring cheer from the Atlanta crowd. She's moving a little slower as she heads back towards the ring where Shannon Walsh is getting up off the mat, staggering over towards the ropes.]

SA: Swift on the apron but Walsh is there to greet her- ohh! Hard forearm by Walsh... make it a pair...

[Walsh grabs a front facelock, slinging Swift's arm over her neck...]

SA: Walsh looking to bring her in the hard way...

[...and elevates Swift up into a vertical suplex, stepping back away from the ropes one step... two steps...]

SA: Look at the strength of Walsh now!

[...but a shift in bodyweight sends Walsh into a spin, Swift twisting her body to hook Walsh around the head and neck...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SNAKEBITE! SNAKEBITE! SWIFT WITH ONE HELL OF A COUNTER!

[The whiplash-effect snaps Walsh backwards to the mat as Swift quickly gathers herself, diving across her chest.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT ISSSSSSSS...

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd reacts as the Peach Pits reach under the bottom rope, yanking Skylar Swift by the legs under the ropes to the outside, pulling her right off of Shannon Walsh!]

DW: Those danged Peach Pits interfere again! Skylar had 'em beat, Big Sal!

SA: It sure looked like it. The Snakebite - handed down to Skylar Swift from the legendary Medusa Rage from her time training under the Rages up in Canada - had Walsh down for what looked like a surefire three count but the Peach Pits - Taylor and Martinelli - save the day for Shannon Walsh.

DW: For now.

SA: For now for sure... and look at this now!

[The crowd's jeers get louder as Taylor and Martinelli are flailing blows on Swift who is fighting for her life on the outside as Shari Miranda shouts warnings from inside the ring.]

DW: Taylor's not in this match! Disqualify her, Shari!

SA: The referee's got that discretion but right now, she wants to let this one keep going and-

[The three-way battle spills around the ringpost to the other side of the ring...

...which puts them in a dangerous position as Trish Wallace rushes down the ring apron, throwing her 166 pound frame into an ugly looking somersault that WIPES OUT all three women on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: THE CANNONBALL SINKS THE PEACH PITS' SHIP!

DW: Uh oh... she got Skylar too, Sal! Big Trish got Skylar too!

[The crowd is buzzing with concern for Skylar Swift as Wallace takes a knee, pumping a triumphant fist...

...which quickly fades when she spots Swift laid out alongside Kelly Taylor and Donna Martinelli!]

SA: I didn't see it at first - the fans didn't see it at first and Trish Wallace didn't see it at first but we can see it now. Trish Wallace took a big risk with that dive off the

apron and the risk may have cost them severely as Skylar Swift got wiped out as well!

[Wallace moves quickly to her friend's side, trying to check her condition as the referee looks on anxiously from inside the ring...]

SA: The referee - reluctantly, I think - has started a ten count on Skylar Swift.

[Wallace glares up at Miranda, gesturing to the downed Swift.]

DW: If Swift can't answer the ten count, the Peach Pits are going to win this thing! And we'll never hear the end of it!

SA: Trish is trying to shake her partner, shake a little life back into her...

[The count continues as Wallace grabs her by the arm, pulling her into a seated position.]

SA: We've got Taylor and Martinelli still down on the outside but right now, the concern is whether or not Skylar Swift can get back up and get back in before the count reaches ten and this one is over. Shannon Walsh - the legal participant for the Peach Pits - is still inside the ring so if this count goes the distance, the Peach Pits will win this Open Challenge.

[Trish again can be seen shaking Skylar, reaching out to lightly slap her face as the count from the official reaches "FOUR!"]

SA: We're up to four... now to five as Trish Wallace continues to try and revive her partner, her friend... and get her back inside the ring to continue this match - our featured attraction here tonight on the Power Hour.

[Swift blinks her eyes, grabbing at the back of her head as Wallace nods.]

SA: Some signs of life now from the Canadian Dream Girl as she tries to recover from that Trish Wallace-sized missile that knocked her flat on the outside.

DW: That could be up to six and still going though, Sal. If she's going to get back in there, she's gotta hurry!

SA: Referee Shari Miranda counts seven...

[Trish Wallace looks up at the referee with concern... then down to Skylar Swift who is propped on an elbow, grabbing at the back of her head.]

"EIGHT!"

[And Trish Wallace has heard enough as she reaches down, grabbing her partner under the arms, hauling her up to her feet...]

SA: What is she...? She's putting her back in!

[Before the count can get any further, Wallace rolls Skylar Swift under the bottom rope, breaking the count as Shannon Walsh complains to the official.]

DW: The match goes on... but should it? Is Skylar Swift okay to keep going?

[Trish slams her arms down on the apron a few times, shouting "COME ON, SKYLAR! YOU GOT THIS!" The fans rally behind the Canadian Dream Girl, cheering in response to Wallace's hype job.]



SA: Shannon Walsh looking to take advantage of this situation... she's pulling Swift off the mat...

[The referee - who was trying to check on Swift - hops back as Walsh drags a dazed Swift to her feet, pulling her into a waistlock...]

SA: Waistlock by Walsh and...

[She hoists Swift into the air, taking her overhead and DUMPING her on the back of the head and neck into a bridging German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: German Suplex perfectly executed and this one might be over now!

[The official drops down to count as Walsh holds the bridge.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT I-

[The crowd cheers loudly as Trish Wallace comes flying in from out of nowhere, diving onto the bridge to break it!]

SA: AND WALLACE MAKES THE SAVE!

[But again, Wallace's body slams just as much into Swift's on the save as it does on Walsh, knocking her partner down to the canvas.]

DW: Swift took a shot there again! She's barely able to keep going and she got squashed again!

[Wallace gets up, ready to fight... but the official steps in front of her, forcing her back as a dazed Walsh sits up, shaking her head to try to clear the cobwebs.]

SA: We've got Wallace trying to get at Walsh but Shari Miranda's got her in check. Walsh getting up, again looking to finish this...

[Walsh leans over, grabbing Swift by the hair...

...and gets dragged down into a small package, the legs tightly cradled by Skylar Swift as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE IN THE MIDDLE!

[But no matter how tight the cradle is held, the count does not come as the referee is tied up with getting a protesting Trish Wallace out of the ring still.]

SA: The referee is trying to get Trish Wallace out...

[Having spotted the pin attempt, Trish grabs at her head, shouting and pointing it out to the referee who whips around, diving to the mat...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

[And now it's Trish Wallace's turn to lose her mind on the apron, kicking at the ropes, stomping down the side of the ring, shouting at the official who holds up two fingers.]

SA: Even with the delay in counting, Trish and Skylar almost had this one won! But Walsh just BARELY gets the shoulder up and...

[Both women scramble up to their feet, trying to get a quick advantage... but a wildly-thrown forearm from Swift whiffs on the target, spinning her around...]

SA: Full nelson by Walsh...

[Walsh sets her feet, looking for another suplex.]

SA: Dragon suplex perhaps and-

[A furious Trish Wallace ducks through the ropes to intervene as the referee rushes to stop her...]

SA: Wallace trying to get in and-

[A shout from the outside gets Walsh to turn around, still holding the full nelson...

...and she spots Donna Martinelli on the apron, her glittering boot in hand...]

SA: Martinelli's got her boot off and-

[She winds up with it...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CRACKS Swift between the eyes!]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA!

[The blow stuns Swift as Walsh sets her feet again, snapping Swift over in a picture perfect bridging Dragon Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The referee whips back around again, having successfully evicted Wallace to the apron once more...]

DW: The ref missed all of that!

[...and slaps the mat once...]

SA: Walsh gets one!

[...twice...]

SA: She's got two!

[...and with Trish Wallace struggling to get through the ropes to make the save yet unable to do so with Kelly Taylor hanging onto her leg from the outside, the hand comes down a third time!]

SA: SHE GOT HER!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[An elated Donna Martinelli rolls into the ring, throwing herself into an embrace with a stunned Shannon Walsh.]

SA: What an upset! The Peach Pits just knocked off the team of Wallace and Swift and... wow! I can hardly believe this just happened, Dee Dub.

DW: You're in shock?! Imagine how Trish and Skylar must feel!

SA: Trish Wallace took this match tonight because she wanted to prove a point that she and Swift are the best team in the Women's Division... but instead it's the Peach Pits who prove a point that they are a team to seriously be reckoned with!

DW: They cheated but... well, sometimes that happens and if Swift and Wallace couldn't overcome it...

SA: The Peach Pits are elated! Look at this celebration!

[Martinelli has dragged Walsh to her feet and with Kelly Taylor joining them, all three are jumping up and down in triumph... Walsh a little reluctantly.]

SA: Fans, we've gotta go! We're out of time! We'll see you next weekend in Miami for Fight Night On FOX!

DW: Yeah!

[And the camera closes on Trish Wallace, glaring into the ring at the Peach Pits celebrating over her defeated partner...

...as we fade to black.]