

AWA POWER HOUR

FEBRUARY 11, 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 to black...

...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 what appears to be an interview set on the other.

We dissolve from the wide shot to a closeup of the interview set where we see Theresa Lynch in a black sleeveless dress with a red belt cinched at the waist. She is all smiles as the Power Hour takes the air.]

TL: It is a brand new era for the AWA and a brand new era for the Power Hour begins here tonight as well! Hello everybody, I'm Theresa Lynch, and I'll be your host for the next sixty minutes of action right here in the heart of the South - the Center Stage Studios in Atlanta, Georgia!

[The crowd cheers the mention of them in the introduction as Theresa smiles.]

TL: And as you can hear, these fans are hyped up about the AWA's return to studio wrestling for the first time in many years. What once was old is new again and we're so excited to be here tonight. But I haven't come alone, AWA fans... in fact, it is my distinguished pleasure to introduce you to the two men who will be calling all the action inside the ring here tonight - the one and only Big Sal himself, Salvatore Albano, and Dylan Westerly! Gentlemen, welcome to the AWA!

[We cut to the other side of the stage where the two men are seated behind an announce table. Big Sal lives up to his name with a rotund frame shoved behind the table. He grins at the camera with a slight salute.]

SA: Theresa, my friend, the pleasure is all ours. I've been dreaming of calling AWA action for quite some time now and as my good friend Migos would say, Dylan - we just might be the bad and boujee of the AWA!

DW: But which one is bad and which one is boujee, Sal?!

SA: Maybe we should change the subject. We've got a lot of great action here tonight... some big news as well... and I'm so excited, I think we should get things started right now, how about you, Dee Dub?

DW: You got it! Let's do this thing! Alright!

SA: Take it away, Tyler Graham!

[Albano points at the camera as we crossfade to the ring where a competitor is already standing. A young man in a black tuxedo is also in the ring, likely serving as our ring announcer for the evening.]

**"Golden" Grant Carter
vs
Leon Gordon**

TG: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. First, in the corner to my right, from Tallahassee, Florida... weighing 245 pounds... LEON GORDON! And his opponent...

[The opening notes to Bon Jovi's "It's My Life" starts up to a cheer from the crowd.]

TG: From Asbury Park, New Jersey... weighing in at 262 pounds...

["Golden" Grant Carter bursts through the curtain into view to a bigger cheer, throwing his arms up in a "V" with his left fist clenched and pressed into his fully-extended right palm.]

TG: "GOLLLLLLDEN" GRAAAAAAANT CAAAAARRRRRTERRR!

[Carter throws his arms apart, a big grin on his face at the crowd's reaction. He hops a couple of times, pointing out at the cheering fans before he starts walking down the steps towards the ring.]

SA: Grant Carter making his return to the AWA action. This guy is a fighter, Dylan - you can tell that by all the mountains he's climbed to get to this moment

DW: He's fought through injuries. He's fought through expectations. He's fought through management looking down on him. But he wouldn't be denied and now he's here!

[He pulls himself up on the apron, turning towards the crowd, cupping his hand to his ear as he "listens" to the lyrics.]

#I ain't gonna be just a face in the crowd
You're gonna hear my voice
When I shout it out loud#

[The music pauses for a second as Carter reaches over his head, clapping his hands together twice in rhythm with the beat and then points out to the crowd, encouraging them to sing along with the chorus... which, surprisingly, some of them do.]

#It's my life
It's now or never
I ain't gonna live forever
I just want to live while I'm alive

It's... my... life#

[A grinning Carter ducks through the ropes, throwing his arms up into the same gesture we saw earlier as he faces his opponent.]

SA: "Golden" Grant Carter getting these Atlanta fans on their feet early tonight on the all-new Power Hour and I'm looking forward to see how he handles himself in there with the likes of a veteran like Leon Gordon.

DW: Gordon's been working the Florida and Georgia indies for years now... Alabama and the Carolinas too.

SA: He's had a run-in or two with several former AWA stars like Jeff Jagger and Scotty Mayhem and has always been a tough out for them as well. He's not about to roll over and die now that he's on the big stage.

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell sounds and that means it's time to get going here on the Power Hour. Both men heading out to mid-ring... Carter offering up that pre-match handshake...

[Gordon grabs the hand with a smile...

...and then tries to yank Carter into a short-arm clothesline but GGC ducks it, popping back up to pull Gordon into one of his own, taking him off his feet to big cheers and a loud "YOU GET HIM, GGC!" from a woman in the crowd.]

SA: Carter strikes first, strikes hard, and with no mercy, sir as the first match here on the all-new Power Hour is underway! The former New York City bouncer off to a quick start.

[Dragging Gordon off the mat, Carter marches him towards the corner, ramming his head into the top turnbuckle... and then walks him down to a second set of buckles, doing the same...]

SA: It looks like GGC may be taking a little trip around the world!

DW: And the only trip Leon Gordon will be taking is down to the drug store after the show to pick up an Advil or too - oh yeah! Put him in there!

[Carter rams Gordon into the buckles a third time before walking down to the fourth corner, looking out at the cheering crowd before he finishes off the set with one more faceslam to the buckles!]

SA: It may not be baseball season yet but Grant Carter just went four for four inside that ring and these fans are loving it!

[Carter turns Gordon around in the corner, grabbing an arm...]

SA: GGC shoots him across the opposite corner... charging in after him...

[But his charge comes to a halt as Gordon swings up a leg, trying to catch him with a boot but GGC catches the foot, grinning as the fans cheer. He backs up, forcing Gordon to hop on one foot after him, pleading with GGC to put him down...]

DW: He's got him trapped like a mouse - what's he gonna do with him, Sal?

[With some room to maneuver, GGC swings the leg around, spinning Gordon like a top...

...and then wipes him out with another clothesline to cheers!]

DW: He got him there! Look at that!

SA: Down goes Gordon again and we may be nearing the end for the Tallahassee veteran, fans. Like Bruno Mars, GGC may be feeling a little of that 24K Magic here tonight in Atlanta as he drags Gordon to his feet...

[But a desperate Gordon lashes out with both arms, hitting a cross-armed thrust to the throat that leaves Carter stumbling away, coughing as the fans boo the illegal attack.]

DW: Oh! That's a shot to the throat! Ring the bell!

SA: The referee letting Gordon have it but Gordon's trying to get a little carpe diem going right here... scoop and a slam.

[With Carter down on the mat, Gordon gets a running start off the ropes, leaping up to land a big elbowdrop down into the chest. He rolls over to apply a cover.]

SA: Two count off the elbow... ohh! Hard right hand to the noggin!

[Gordon drags Carter off the mat, leaning down to pick him up for a second scoop slam.]

SA: Gordon scoops him up, Carter slips out over the top...

[And as Gordon spins to confront, Carter snatches a three-quarter nelson like he's going for a snap mare...

...and LUNGES forward, driving Gordon's skull into the canvas to a tremendous response!]

SA: GOLD STRIKE! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[The referee drops to count.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT IS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Carter grins as he climbs to his feet, the referee raising his hand in victory.]

SA: GGC picks up the one-two-three in this opening matchup on the Power Hour and... Dee Dub, how about that Gold Strike?

DW: How about it, Sal? You talk about a one shot knockout! That thing laid Gordon out quicker than a sleeping pill! Yeah! You gotta love it!

SA: Carter's ability to hit that move at any point in the match precedes him and that's exactly what he did right there... let's take a quick look at the replay...

[The screen dissolves to a slow motion replay of Gordon lifting for the body slam...]

DW: You got Gordon going for another big slam... maybe going to the well once too often... but GGC slips right out the back door like an eager puppy trying to see the world...

[Carter lands on his feet behind Gordon, twisting to get into position as Gordon spins around...]

DW: Gordon turns, ready to attack but GGC is ready for him, hooking him up right here and... WHAMMO! Turn out the lights cause I'm not paying that electric bill!

[We see Carter cover for the three count.]

SA: Your winner... "Golden" Grant Carter. Now, let's go over to Theresa who is standing by with GGC himself. Theresa?

[We cut over to the makeshift interview area, an off-white setup with a podium and a backdrop with a TV monitor showing the Power Hour logo.]

TL: Thanks, Big Sal... and "Golden" Grant Carter, welcome back to AWA television!

[A big cheer goes up from the crowd as Carter smiles a dazzling grin, nodding his head.]

GGC: Thanks, Theresa. It's been a long, hard road to get back to this moment but I wouldn't have it any other way.

TL: A long, hard road in a career full of them, right?

GGC: Absolutely. From my days working as a bouncer in the clubs of the Big Apple to my time as a manager in the smallest little indies you could find anywhere... heck, to being the oldest trainee in Combat Corner history... to this... right here... on this stage... in this moment. And nothin's gonna stop me now.

[Theresa smiles.]

TL: I love your positive attitude. Well, now that you're here, what's next for you in the AWA?

[Carter shrugs.]

GGC: In my life, Theresa, I've always said that you've gotta take things one day at a time. Would I like to be out here challenging for a title or two? Absolutely. But I'd also be a fool to come out here and call out a guy like Terry Shane or Maxim Zharkov on my first night back. Those days will come and those matches will come... and when they do, I'll be ready for them... and I'm gonna do 'em my way. No managers... no factions... I don't need anyone with a baseball bat and a wad of bubble gum watchin' my back, you know?

[Theresa arches an eyebrow.]

TL: That sounds like a jab at Kerry Kendrick, the Self Made Man.

[Carter snorts derisively.]

GGC: Self Made Man? The last time I checked, it took Marcus Broussard, Todd Michaelson, the rest of the staff and students at the Combat Corner, Callum Mahoney, Rex Summers, Flex Ferrigno, and Ricki Toughill for that "Self Made Man" to be where he's at. Nobody gets to this spot on their own... and he disrespects everyone I mentioned and a whole lot more to claim otherwise.

TL: You sound like you take that personally.

[Carter smirks.]

GGC: I guess I kinda do.

TL: If I know Kerry Kendrick, he's going to take THIS personally.

[Carter shrugs.]

GGC: If he does, I'm not a hard man to find.

[Theresa grins as the crowd cheers.]

TL: Now that's how you get a show started! Fans, we've got to take our first commercial break of the night but when we come back, we're going to see the women of the AWA in action - I'm talking about the young lady everyone's talking about... Cinder! Don't you dare go away!

[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 another 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 through black back to the studio setup where we get a match graphic...

**Cinder (w/Erica Toughill)
vs
Stephanie Cruz**

...and then see the youngster from San Antonio, Stephanie Cruz, inside the ring wearing nondescript sky blue singlet-style tights, with white kneepads and boots, and wavy brunette hair. She pumps her fist in the air as the fans jeer the sight of the jean and hoodie-wearing Toughill prowling ringside, baseball bat slung over her shoulder. She coolly blows a pink bubble as we cut to the ring where Cinder dangles upside-down like a bat, legs locked under the top turnbuckle, arms folded across her chest. She unhooks herself

and springs to her feet, orange hair dangling just above her sooty, shadowed eyes. Her ring attire is a patchwork of black velvet and red leather.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: And we're underway... Women's Division action here at Center Stage, and in the ring is the Empress Cup winner herself - the Caledonian Cutthroat - Cinder.

DW: Boy oh boy, I tell you, she had a lot of people - including me - fooled there last week when she lured Julie Somers and Victoria June into that ambush from the Serpentine.

[Cinder beckons Cruz to lock up with a crooked grin, and her opponent obliges.]

SA: Stephanie Cruz, a recent graduate of the Combat Corner... proficient in Greco-Roman wrestling and adapting to the catch-as-catch-can style.

[Cruz jockeys Cinder into the corner and the official calls for a break.]

SA: Cruz, very probably looking for that early psychological advant-

“AAAACK!”

[Cruz yelps in shock as she withdraws from the corner, her hand leaping to her eyebrow. The camera briefly catches Cinder's fingers curled maliciously.]

DW: Now she scratched her!

SA: I think you're right there! I think I saw Cinder use those nails of hers just out the sight of referee Shari Miranda, either to the eyes or the forehead... OH, and now Cinder with a back elbow smash to her dazed opponent!

DW: You know, Sal, she's not really striking me as a grappler, but more of a hit-and-move type. WOW, look at those chops!

SA: Overhand chops to the head and neck of Stephanie Cruz... Cinder is raining them down like a windmill, doubling Cruz over... And she sends her out to the floor through the middle ropes.

DW: And get her out of here!

[Ricki Toughill looms over Cruz, who is trying to recover on the floor. Cinder argues with the referee in her bellicose Scottish brogue.]

SA: Erica Toughill has been a difference maker, whether at ringside with Kerry Kendrick or as an active competitor in the Women's Division...

[Toughill bundles Cruz up and rolls her back into the ring roughly with the referee distracted.]

SA: ...And, Dee Dub, you have to wonder what her relationship is to her fellow Empress Cup winner Cinder.

DW: I've heard that they've been inseparable the past week.

SA: Well, we're going to try to get a word with Cinder after the match and find out exactly her motives are with allying with Erica Toughill.

[Cinder snapmares Cruz and grounds her with an armbar, digging a bony knee into the small of her back.]

SA: You think about the pedigree of the Empress Cup and the winners of the trophy. Ayako Fujiwara, the only two-time winner who we hope to see back in active competition soon... Ricki Toughill in 2011, the first gaijin to win the trophy... 2015's winner and all that meant for her career. Cinder is effectively made as a wrestler, and she is not even 20 years old!

DW: Y'know, even with the controversy surrounding the Cup this year, you look at the matches she had and it's still a major accomplishment.

SA: Cinder making a name for herself on the independent UK circuit before her big break in the AWA last year, ironically enough against Erica Toughill, and then enters the Empress Cup tournament with a very low seed and low expectations, but ends up - if you'll pardon the pun - as the Cinderella story of the tournament.

“Mon then, Stef-neeeee.”

[Cinder's taunting of her opponent is karmically followed up by Cruz pushing herself from under Cinder and rolling her up.]

DW: Nice comeback! One! Two! Three!

SA: Only a two!

DW: Just missed it!

[Cinder backpedals to her feet, incensed. Cruz pumps her fists and charges in with a lariat attempt.]

SA: Cinder dodges a lariat... Irish whip... No, Stephanie Cruz reverses and Cinder eats the buckles!

[Toughill's prowling at ringside becomes more agitated as the fans begin to cheer on Cruz.]

DW: It's your big chance, Stephanie! You're outwrestling an Empress Cup winner!

[Cruz backs up to the opposite corner and charges.]

"AIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!"

[Cinder emits a shriek with the decibel level of a jet engine that causes Cruz to stumble, Shari Miranda to cringe, and hands to the ears of ringside fans.]

DW: Good... gosh!

SA: Holy smokes, usually you only hear a scream like that coming out of Pigsty Alley!

[Cinder uses the chaos to whip Cruz to the opposite ropes.]

SA: Boom goes the cannon, and not just because she used that move effectively to win the Empress Cup! Cinder with a Glaswegian kick to the face of Stephanie Cruz...

DW: I don't know how you can call this, my ears are still ringing from hearing that girl shriek!

SA: Yeah, call Michael Keening because the AWA has found another Banshee!

[Cinder crawls to the ropes, the crooked smile across her face again. She excitedly seeks Toughill's approval.]

"Am ah a guid girl? Am ah guid, mummy?"

SA: "Mummy?"

DW: I'm... I'm not touching that!

[Toughill affectionately pats Cinder on the cheek, then urges her back into the ring.]

SA: Theresa Lynch is going to get a word with Cinder after the match, which might not be long here!

[Cinder pulls Cruz into a front chancery, and cradles one leg.]

"AYE! 'MON THEN!"

[She twists to one side and leverages Stephanie Cruz into a small package driver.]

SA: In-Cinder-ator! Into the pin, scissoring the leg... and that's all she wrote!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Cinder throws her hands into the air in insincere surprise. She bends over, purses her black cherry-colored lips, and plants a soft peck on Cruz's

forehead. She slips out of the ring, takes Toughill by the hand and pulls her up the stairs to the interview area.]

SA: That's it, Cinder wins with the In-Cinder-ator, kicking off what she is hoping to be a Reign of Blood in the AWA Women's Division. And now Theresa Lynch is going to have to get a word with these two Weird Sisters. Take it away, Theresa.

[Cut to the interview area. On the floor in front of the interview podium is the Empress Cup, only a few inches shorter than Lynch, Cinder or Toughill.]

TL: Ladies and gentlemen, the 2016 Empress Cup winner, Cinder. Cinder, there seems to be more questions than answers when trying to determine your motivations. For example, how did you come to ally with Erica Toughill?

C: Foremost, Lynch: give us a second...

[Cinder rounds the podium, leans over slightly, and gives the Empress Cup a big hug before circling back.]

C: Aye, never stops feeling good to do that. Now, last year, the AWA brought me in tae face this woman here.

[Toughill lurks behind Lynch and Cinder. She blows another pink bubble.]

C: A woman that everyone called a "bully," an' a "monster," an' a "wicked queen." An' she laid a beating on me that wasn't any different than the beating she laid on anyone else.

But... it was no worse than what my mum would lay on me when we fought in the ring. I have fought against me mum in every holiday camp an' every carnival on the isle of Great Britain. An' fightin' Ricki Toughill was no different than fightin' Sorell Castle, by the way.

I think some o' the women 'round here need tae toughen up a wee bit. Because I'm the only one with spirit enough to come up to Ricki an' ask, 'hey, any advice for me?' An' that's how she became...

[She leans over and wraps her hands affectionately around Toughill's torso.]

C: ...Mah Fairy God-Mum.

[For her part, Toughill pets Cinder's messy orange mop-top.]

C: She's been trainin' me the past half-year. She got me intae the ball an' I came home with the Handsome Prince.

[She points at the Empress Cup.]

C: And it's good to know that if I ever get intae trouble, I can call on her to wave her magic wand.

[Cinder grabs Toughill's baseball bat and waves it menacingly. But she doesn't seem to expect the fans' cheers for that.]

DW: Look who it is! Look who's coming in here!

[Toughill grabs Cinder by the shoulder and wheels her to face the entrance.]

SA: They didn't see her! Victoria June is here!

[Cinder accidentally drops the bat, and she and Toughill scatter in opposite directions.]

DW: Who's waving the magic wand now, Cinder?

[June puts her foot on the baseball bat and picks up the trophy.]

SA: Victoria June, some feel, was denied her shot at the Empress Cup; she might prove that she deserves it coming up next, fans, so stay tuned to Power Hour!

[Cut to Cinder on the far side of Center Stage, shouting "put it down! Put it down!" at Victoria June before fading to commercial...

...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...

We come back from commercial with a shot of the Empress Cup and the bat in the corner of the ring. The shot widens out to show June stomping away on a bleached blonde in a green singlet in the middle of the ring.]

SA: For those of you just tuning in, we had some wild action during the commercial break as Victoria June chased off Cinder and her so-called Fairy Godmother Erica Toughill with that bat. Now we're getting to see June in action as she tangles with local Atlanta wrestler Trixie Horton.

DW: And Victoria June has been whipping Horton like a mangy dog since the opening bell.

SA: Horton hasn't been able to get out of the gates here. June behaving like she's on a Jamie Oliver cooking show and making jam out of this Georgia Peach!

"Cindy, you want some? Ricky, you want some? Let's go then!"

[June drags Horton up by the hair and smashes her in the face with a hard series of headbutts that has the Georgian wrestler on rubber legs as she dangles in June's grasp.]

"We can do this anytime anywhere, Cindy!"

[June yanks Horton to her feet only to knock her down with a clothesline. She pulls her right back up to take her down with another clothesline and then yanks her back up for a third.]

SA: Victoria June all fired up here! For those of you who watch Power Hour regularly you know the Afro-Punk, Victoria June, can fight. You've seen her go up against some good competition, but I don't know if I've ever seen her so mean, Dylan. I mean she's going in on her opponent like Taylor Swift backstage at a Katy Perry concert!

DW: She's a fiery filly, I'll tell you that!

SA: June muscling Horton up with the fireman's lift... what does she have in mind?

[June looks into the camera and then around at the crowd before she jumps and throws herself forward, slamming Horton down to the canvas like a sack of cement with the front falling powerslam.]

SA: Booyah! Victoria June may be a punk rocker at heart but right now, she's showing a little West Coast hip hop in her soul as she drops Horton like she's hot!

[Pulling Horton up again, June whips her into the corner, charging in after her. She crashes against the nearly unconscious Horton with a Heatwave splash and then slams her head into her opponent with a vicious headbutt.]

DW: Smashed her like an egg in a frying pan, Sal!

SA: Victoria June with her own version of the Heatwave splash that she calls the Mosh Splash! And now the Afro Punk looks ready to put this one away.

[June throws Horton face first down to the mat and as the crowd cheers she yells out at them "Let's go!"]

SA: This crowd thoroughly behind Victoria June as she grapevines the leg... looking for the Scorpion Crosslock, Dylan. This is a deadly and almost inescapable submission hold. It will put immediate pressure on the knees and shoulders.

DW: I mean, Horton can't do anything about it right now. She's on Dream Street.

SA: Legs grapevined... now she's got the arms and June wrenches back, lifting Horton off the ground!

[Horton's eyes widen in horror and she screams in pain, tapping her own thigh wildly.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And it's a one way ticket to Tap Out City for Trixie Horton as Victoria June!

[June lets go, allowing Horton to slump to the canvas.]

SA: A one-sided win for the Afro-Punk, Dylan... and where's she going? I guess she's got some things to get off her chest with Theresa!

DW: I'd like to hear what she's got say.

["Blitzkrieg Bop" plays as June jumps out of the ring, grabbing the bat and the Empress Cup. The wild-eyed punk stomps over to Theresa Lynch,

Toughill's bat draped over her shoulders as she drops the Empress Cup at Lynch's feet. The wild-eyed, strawberry blonde Afro-Punk chews her black-lipsticked bottom lip as she drapes Toughill's bat across her shoulders and stands over the Empress Cup.]

TL: That was some wild action! You chased Erica Toughill and Cinder right out the studio and you gave Trixie Horton a beating she'll never forget!

VJ: Yeah, you might say I lost some of my religion with Horton. Took out some frustrations. Too bad I couldn't get Cindy and Ricki in the ring. I woulda gladly been obliged to treat them the same way. I woulda returned this here bat to Cinder and her Fairy Godmother.

TL: Last week on Saturday Night Wrestling, we saw Cinder brutally punch you in the mouth. And at the Empress Cup in Japan, you beat Erica Toughill to advance but she took you out of the tournament by putting you through a table. What's that all about?

VJ: Theresa, don't ask me about those two pieces a trash are all about. It ain't nuthin' good or positive. I mean, that's now one evil family. But that's cool, cause I don't mind fightin' a family. Used to happen all the time down in Jackson, Tennessee.

See Theresa, I'mma be honest with ya. It seems all mah life people been havin' problems with me. They always was on somethin'... your skin looks weird... your hair looks weird... why you dress like that?... why you talk like that? We don't like you.

[June shakes her head.]

VJ: I mean, I was fightin' sisters from Memphis to Nashville because they thought I was just a little weirdo and I was too different fer them folks in mah neighbourhood and mah school. Ah been fightin' all mah life. But that made me tough, Theresa. It made me tougher than most anybody, I reckon, cause I wasn't gonna let nobody tell me what I was supposed to be and I wasn't gonna let anybody treat me like a dog. So, Ricky and Cindy, I'll be damned if the Afro-Punk lets you walk all over me, ya hear?

TL: I certainly got the message and I'm sure Cinder and Toughill are paying close attention.

VJ: They best be. But just in case, let me send them another message at what happens when you mess with the Afro-Punk. Ricki, I got your bat right here. Cindy, I seem to have that trophy of yers, too. Well, come get 'em.

[June steps away from the podium, slinging the bat off her shoulder and taking a couple of practice swings.]

DW: Look at this! Look at this!

SA: She's not going to...

[But Big Sal's words trail off as June smashes the Empress Cup trophy with the baseball bat and the crowd goes crazy.]

DW: She did! She sure did! Haha!

SA: Big Papi, eat your heart out 'cause the AWA just found themselves another slugger!

[June takes another swing at the Cup, shouting as she does.]

"Y'all want some?"

[She raises the bat overhead.]

"Come get some!"

[After one more swing at the Cup, knocking it over as a dented mess of metal, she turns and smashes the bat into the floor repeatedly until it splinters into two pieces.]

"Let's go!"

[June tosses the wrecked bat down by the wrecked Empress Cup trophy as she bangs her head to her music and bounds towards the back.]

DW: Boy oh boy, when Cinder and June tangle again in that ring, it's gonna be a Pier Six Brawl like we haven't seen in a long time.

SA: The Center Stage Studios have been rocking all evening and we've still got more to come... but right now, let's take a look at some previously-recorded footage of a couple guys who wanted to be a part of the all-new Power Hour but found out that they're just not welcome. Take a look...

[The words "EARLIER TONIGHT" appear on the screen, and they fade to outside of the Center Stage Studios, where multiple security guards appear to be bickering with the Soldiers of Fortune, who seem bound and determined to get in the building. Flint and Stephens are shouting at the guards to get them to move but they stand pat. Flint steps forward and gets in the face of one of the guards, who stands stonefaced.]

JF: Listen, we're REAL American heroes, and we're lookin' for a fight. There are a couple o' people in the buildin' right now that are about t' get the beatin' they so richly deserve, so let us throw and nobody that's somewhat important are gonna get hurt.

[Stephens, standing behind Flint, has a can of Monster Energy Drink in his hands. He takes a big swig from the can, and then pipes in.]

CS: Give 'em hell, Joe. You can't keep silencing us forever! LET US IN!

[After a brief pause, both members of the Soldiers start shouting, when one of the security guards steps forward.]

Guard: Hey, guys, listen, we've been told by Mr. Castillo to not let you in the building. He told us, while you two impressed him by convincingly beating the British Bashers..

[The guard looks at Stephens.]

Guard: After what Charlie Stephens did on Saturday Night, you two are getting the night off.

CS: [shouting] AW THAT'S BULL-

JF: Easy, Charlie.. Easy.

CS: I didn't do anything!

Guard: He said by putting your hands on Bucky Wilde and screaming for someone that no longer works for the AWA, that he knows why you're here tonight and he can't trust you not to do something in that studio that you two would regret.

CS: Regret?

[Stephens steps back, obviously fuming as he figured out why Castillo wouldn't let the Soldiers in the building tonight.]

CS: REGRET???

[Stephens lunges forward, but fortunately for the security guard, Flint is able to grab him and pull him back.]

JF: I said easy, champ.

[Flint turns, shielding Stephens from the guards that are now ready to try to take on both members of the Soldiers.]

JF: It ain't worth it. Castillo's in charge and beatin' up the rank and file here ain't gonna change anythin'. Let's go.

[There's a pause, before Stephens takes a big swig of his drink. He then crumples up the can and throws it at the direction of the security guards before Flint pulls him away. Both men disappear off screen and we fade back to live action inside the studio where a match graphic is on display.]

**"Lone Wolf" TJ Cassidy
vs
Dominic Marella**

SA: The Soldiers of Fortune may be banned from the building but the way I hear it, Dee Dub - TJ Cassidy is banned from the locker room! He's dressing in a janitor's closet!

DW: There's a code in this business, Sal, and Cassidy shatters that code every time he comes out here with that name stitched across his rump.

[Inside the ring, we see the two competitors. Marella on the far side in a two-strapped singlet that goes down to mid-thigh, his dark complexion and hair on display. Cassidy closer to the entryway in a pair of golden trunks with "LONE WOLF" across the rear in bold print.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell sounds its song and off we go in this one fall, ten minute time limit match between TJ Cassidy and young Dominic Marella from just down the road in Rome, Georgia.

[Cassidy slinks arrogantly out of the corner, flipping his shoulder-length blond hair behind him as he heads towards center ring, engaging in a collar and elbow tieup.]

SA: The lockup starts this one off... oh, and a nice armdrag by Marella takes Cassidy up and over.

[Marella pops back up, fists at the ready as Cassidy scoots back towards the turnbuckles, eyeing the fiery Italian.]

SA: The Italian Stallion, Dominic Marella, strikes early with that hip toss... and where is Cassidy going?

[The crowd jeers as Cassidy slinks under the ropes to the floor, taking a long walk around the ring.]

DW: He gets hiptossed once and he's looking for a timeout? No guts, Sal! No guts at all!

"GET IN THERE, YOU COWARD!"

[The shout from a fired-up fan gets Cassidy's attention. He glares at the fan, pointing in his direction.]

"YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTH, FAT BOY, OR I'LL SHUT IT FOR YOU!"

[More boos pour down on Cassidy for that one as he backs up towards the ring apron...

...where Dominic Marella grabs two hands full of hair, dragging him back up on the apron...]

SA: Oh ho! He's gonna bring him in the hard way!

[A hard yank of the hair flips Cassidy over the ropes into the ring to cheers from the Atlanta crowd.]

SA: And in he comes, Dee Dub!

DW: Marella's been fired up from the bell in this one and it's not hard to understand why when you got Cassidy in there acting like he's something he's not! Look, the kid's got talent - that's clear - but he's no Brody Thunder and he shouldn't be claiming he is. That offends everyone involved with the business and you better bet someone got in Marella's ear tonight and said he'd really gain the favor of some folks if he puts his boot right up Cassidy's rear end.

SA: That may be what he's trying to do right here... big lift... and a big atomic drop sends Cassidy flying facefirst into the turnbuckles!

[Cassidy stumbles back out towards Marella who goes for a second lift...

...but Cassidy flips out over the top, landing on his feet behind Marella. As the Italian Stallion turns, Cassidy jabs a thumb into his left eye!]

SA: And right to the eyes! TJ Cassidy showing a little bit of a dirty side to his game right there.

[Cassidy snatches a side headlock on the blinded Marella as he tries to wipe his vision clear. He cinches it on in the middle of the ring, shouting "I GOT HIM NOW!" to jeers from the AWA faithful.]

SA: Cassidy looking to slow things down here... Marella got the match off to a quick start and Cassidy didn't like that at all. The Stallion's looking for a way out of this one...

[Backing Cassidy into the ropes, Marella shoots him across the ring to the far ropes...]

SA: Marella fires him off... into the ropes...

[Marella drops down, causing Cassidy to hurdle over him and keep on running.]

SA: Marella on his feet... leapfrogs Cassidy...

[Cassidy hits the ropes again, running hard at Marella who sets for another hiptoss, flinging Cassidy through the air and down to the canvas!]

SA: The Stallion sends him flying again...

[Cassidy rolls to his knees, staggering across the ring towards the corner as Marella gives a big pump of his arm, charging in after him...

...but Cassidy drops back down, snaring Marella's leg between his own, and sends him crashing facefirst into the turnbuckles with a drop toehold!]

SA: And a terrific counter by young TJ Cassidy turns this one around in a hurry, Dee Dub.

DW: Like I said, the kid's got skill but it's the attitude that's the problem.

[Cassidy is up in a flash, kicking and stomping Marella into the canvas. He grabs the arm, pulling him to his feet, and right into a front facelock...]

SA: Cassidy hooks him and-

[Marella counters, lifting Cassidy up off the mat like he's going for a Northern Lights Suplex...

...but Cassidy wiggles and flails about, driving a few short right hands into the side of Marella's jaw, forcing the Stallion to put him back down on the mat where he promptly swings a knee up into Marella's face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Big knee finds the mark...

[With Marella doubled over, Cassidy leaps into the air, lacing his leg over the back of Marella's neck...

...and DRIVES him facefirst into the canvas!]

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON ON THAT ONE, MY FRIENDS!

[Cassidy quickly rolls Marella over onto his back, diving across his chest.]

SA: It could be! It might be! It's... no! Marella gets that shoulder off the mat in the nick of time!

[Cassidy loudly protests to the official as he gets up, quickly moving to stomp the face of Marella who brings his arms up to try and shield himself. He grabs the legs instead, lifting them up...

...and dropping a leg down between them to the pain of Dominic Marella and the jeers of the crowd. The referee protests as Cassidy gets to his feet, signaling that the blow was above the belt.]

DW: That sure looked low to me, Sal!

SA: Looked low to me too but the official says it was clean and the match will go on.

[With Marella reeling from the possible low blow, Cassidy hauls him to his feet, shoving him chestfirst into the ropes where he bounces back towards him...

...and Cassidy somehow muscles Marella up into a torture rack.]

SA: Right up into the torture rack... a submission hold...

DW: It doesn't look like he's applying any pressure though, Sal. It looks like he's setting up for-

[Cassidy twists Marella around, dropping him down in a shoulderbreaker!]

DW: -SHOULDERBREAKER!

SA: No, no, no, my friend... that's the Thunderbolt!

[Cassidy arrogantly kneels down into a lateral press, earning the three count as the fans jeer.]

SA: That torture rack into a shoulderbreaker picks up the win here on the all-new Power Hour for TJ Cassidy... much to the dismay of the fans here in Center Stage. And those boos are certain to get louder in just a moment here when Cassidy joins Theresa at the interview podium. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll hear from TJ Cassidy so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...

Fade to a shot of a hallway, a Ryan Martinez poster on the wall. A young boy and his father turn the corner, now in the hall.

Cut to a closeup of the boy who points excitedly down the hall.]

"DAD, LOOK! IT'S RYAN MARTINEZ!"

[Cut to Ryan Martinez' back as he walks down the hallway, presumably heading for the ring... and then back to a two shot of the boy and his father who speaks for the first time.]

"You have to be quiet, son. He's getting ready for the big match."

[Cut back to Martinez' back, almost gone from sight now.

Cut back to the young boy who shouts.]

"RYYYYYAAAAAN!"

[Cut to Martinez who slowly turns, a determined expression on his face.

Cut to his boots, turning and walking towards the young man's voice. Step... step... step...

Cut back to the young boy, a nervous expression on his face now. Did he upset his hero?

Martinez' footsteps echo in the hallway as we cut to the young boy's father, looking down at his son and then down the hall at an approaching Ryan Martinez.

Cut to Martinez, still focused as he looks down unsmiling at the young boy.

Cut to the boy who has hero worship in his eyes as he looks up at Martinez and boldly speaks.]

"Go get him, White Knight."

[Martinez cracks a slight smile, reaching up to grab a Ryan Martinez White Knight t- shirt draped over his shoulder. He holds it up for a moment, setting it down on the young boy's shoulder as a proud father looks on. The boy breaks out into a huge grin as Martinez pats him on the other arm, turning to walk away as the opening notes to his music are heard.

We cut to a closeup of the young boy once last time.]

"Wow."

[Then to Martinez, walking through the curtain into a blaze of bright white light. And then cut to a graphic that reads "The AWA: Who's Your Hero?"

We fade back up to live action in Center Stage Studios with Theresa Lynch standing beside a smirking TJ Cassidy.]

TL: We're back on the all-new Power Hour and as you can see, I've been joined by TJ Cassidy who just defeated Dominic Marella in the ring moments ago. Welcome to the Power Hour.

[Cassidy sneers in Theresa's direction.]

TJC: "Welcome to the Power Hour." Thanks, Theresa. You sound so genuine when you say that... and I can't help but notice that you won't use my nickname either.

[Theresa stares at Cassidy defiantly.]

TL: That's right. You might be willing to disrespect a legend... a Hall of Famer... but I'm not.

TJC: No? Not unless that legend is that lunatic Adrian Rage. You'll disrespect him, right? Or maybe James and Claw.

[He cups a hand mockingly over his mouth.]

TJC: Oh, whoops. I'm not supposed to talk about them either. Well, that's fine because this Lone Wolf does all the things he's not supposed to do. The office may be able to keep this entire locker room on a leash...

[He jerks a thumb at himself.]

TJC: ...but not me.

TL: It helps that you're not a part of the locker room.

[Cassidy arches an eyebrow at a smiling Theresa.]

TJC: Oh, I see how it is. You think that's funny, huh? You think it's hysterical some self-appointed locker room leader tossed my bags out in the hall because I don't follow some antiquated code.

And that's what it is, Theresa... "antiquated."

Just like all these so-called legends that the AWA likes to put on a pedestal for all to kneel before and worship. People like Brody Thunder... who liked to call himself a Lone Wolf... yet was more than happy to be running buddies with James and Claw and Hardin and-

TL: We get the point.

TJC: I don't think you do, girlie. Because if you did, you'd know that I'm the only one worthy of being called the Lone Wolf. I'm a damn pariah in the back and that's just the way I like it.

Antiquated. Just like guys like Jim Watkins and Hamilton Graham and all the others the new owners showed the door.

[He snorts.]

TJC: Just like your old man.

[Lynch grimaces.]

TJC: And just like your old man, all those so-called legends need to be shown the door... they need to be put down... they need to be taken out back and buried in the yard.

[Theresa glares at Cassidy who returns the favor.]

TL: Are you done?

[Cassidy smirks.]

TJC: Nah. I'm just getting started.

[And with that, Cassidy turns to exit as the fans jeer his words. Theresa just shakes her head dismissively.]

TL: That guy is a real peach. Fans, it's time for a new segment here on the Power Hour - This Week In Social Media!

[A fancy new graphic with the name of the segment appears on the screen before fading away.]

TL: Alright, first up... a lot of fans were surprised by the return of AWA legend "Hotshot" Stevie Scott on Super Saturday... and as a manager to boot. Earlier this week though, the Hotshot took to Twitter to give the world some insight as to what he's thinking on this hunt for the man or woman or tag team he plans to lead to the top.

[A graphic with the Tweet appears on the screen as Theresa discusses it...]



TL: Lots of untapped potential in the AWA... we saw Stevie Scott taking a look at the high flying luchador, Arminius, last weekend. Or perhaps Kaz Kanoe. And is that a thinly veiled threat towards Guerreros Del Mundo and Angelica Westerly? Now THAT could get interesting.

[The Tweet vanishes from the screen.]

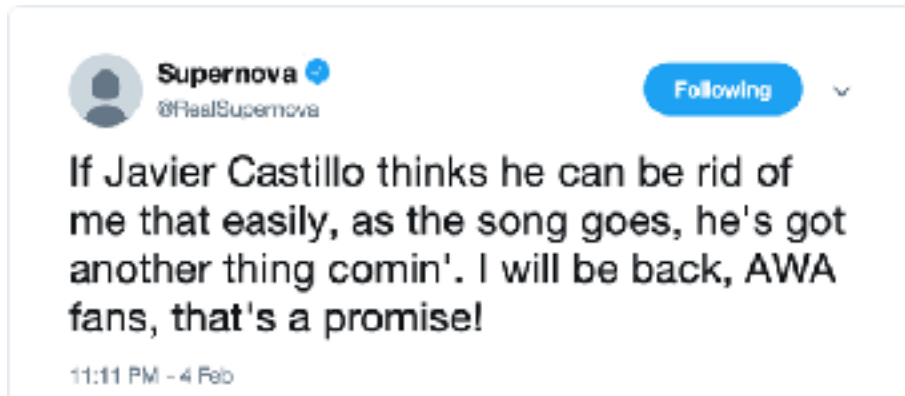
TL: Another situation that raised some eyebrows last weekend was the Women's World Title and everything that went down with Lauryn Rage and the new Women's World Champion, Kurayami. Of course, we all saw Rage injure that knee... badly injure it... and try to fight on it anyways. It took a lot of heart and a lot of guts... and after hearing some of Rage's words that night, she won over some fans as well. But Kurayami didn't care about any of that, steamrolling the injured Rage to win the title for herself and for the Korugun Corporation. Rage got the last word though... take a look.

[A new graphic comes up with the former Women's Champion's Tweet.]



TL: Lauryn Rage making it clear she's suffered from a torn ACL - an injury that will likely keep her out for several months if not longer. But when she comes back, it's pretty clear who she'll have her sights set on. And speaking of superstars looking at a potentially long absence from AWA television - what about Supernova who found himself **SUSPENDED INDEFINITELY** by the new AWA President, Javier Castillo, last Saturday night. Supernova got this Tweet out this week as well.

[Rage's Tweet changes into this one from the face-painted fan favorite.]



TL: Supernova promising a return to the AWA at some point... but you have to believe that Javier Castillo believes differently. But one of Supernova's SuperClash opponents had something to say on Twitter this week as well...

[Cut to another graphic showing the following Tweet.]



TL: Kendrick taking the time to brag about his SuperClash payday... sure to win him some fans in the locker room. Yes, Twitter was ablaze with AWA superstars this week... but it wasn't the only social media platform that saw the AWA take it by storm. Ladies and gentlemen... fresh off of their podcast network...

[Theresa grins.]

TL: Idol Chatter.

[Fade to black...

To the tune of Black Flag's "TV Party..."]

DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT! #
DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT! #
DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT! #
DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT!

[And owing to changes in "Idol Chatter's" cast, cut straight to a back room where Chet and Chaz Wallace stand, surrounded by dozens of cardboard boxes, T-shirts spilling out of all of them. The caption "IDOL CHATTER" briefly flashes on screen in the default white Arial font.]

CHET: That's right, it's Chet...

CHAZ: ...And it's Chaz...

CHET: ...And it's the Golden Idol Shopping Network!

CHAZ: The boss is on holidays and we've gone CRAZY!

CHET: Discounts of over 10% off when you spend \$500 or more!

CHAZ: Buy in bulk and save! We're killing the business...

CHET: ...And passing the savings on to YOU.

CHAZ: That's right. Since there was a slight cast change to "Idol Chatter" at the end of "Super Saturday..."

[Flash cut to artwork of the "Idol Chatter" cast, with a pair of yellow Post-It notes over what is presumably the face of Jackson Hunter...]

[...And back to the Idols.]

CHET: ...Quite a bit of our merchandise is now available at a flash discount!

CHAZ: 'Cause... honestly, we have trouble getting rid of Smalls and Mediums during the best of times, so...

"*cough*"

[A third person appears through a gap in the boxes behind Chet and Chaz, clearing her throat trying to get their attention. She shares a certain resemblance to the Wallaces...]

CHET: Aaaanywaaaay...

WOMAN: a-HEM.

CHET & CHAZ: *sigh* Hiiii, Trish.

CHAZ: Hi, Trisha.

CHET: Hi, Patricia Bonita.

CHAZ: Hi, T-Bone.

CHET: Hi, sis.

[Trish Wallace is shorter and much stockier than her brothers, with sandy brown hair in two french-braided pigtails.]

TW: Guys! You promised me that you'd give me this time!

CHEZ: Well, situations change.

CHET: Cast members get beaten up by their relatives.

CHEZ: Stuff happens.

CHET: We still have fallout from SuperClash we have to address.

TW: Uh guys, you bet me that you'd get me into the AWA if I appeared higher up the card on SuperClash than you. I appeared higher on the card than you...

CHAZ: Technically.

TW: Technically or not, it was in the ring and- [suddenly gritting her teeth] Stop. It. Chet.

[Chet stops twiddling one of two french-braided pigtails that hang behind his sister's head.]

TW: Chet, am I going to have to hurt you? Again?

CHET: Sorry. Old habits. You were saying about SuperClash?

TW: Yeah, I don't buy this whole "paying you in exposure" nonsense. I can't go up to the gas company and pay my bill in... Chaz...

[Now Chaz is childishly twiddling the other of his sister's pigtails. Trish sternly places her hands on her lower ribcage, flexing her thick arms, and her face turning many shades of red]

TW: Am I going to have to call you two an ambulance?

[Chet joins his brother in playing with his sister's pigtail.]

CHAZ: If you keep making that face and posing like that, we going to have to call you a "fire hydrant."

TW: FIRE HYDRANT?!? THAT DOES IT!

[Trish whirls around, knocking the camera off its base. It's left pointing at the acoustic tiled ceiling, catching only the sounds of violence.]

CHET: [off-camera] OW! OW! Oh, you don't think we'd hit a girl back?

CHAZ: [off-camera] OW! Oh, real nice, Trish! Give Chet his leg back!

CHET: [off-camera] AAAAAH! OW! OWIE OWIE!

CHAZ: [off-camera] No, don't hit him over the head with it! OW! You call that breaking my spine? Your technique is so sloppy that... OW MY SPINE!

CHET: [off-camera] That's it! Sister or not, it's time for a...

CHAZ & CHET: [off-camera] DROPKICK PAR-ack...!

TW: [off-camera] You like these t-shirts, do ya, bros? Well, why don't you EAT THEM?

[Both Wallace brothers emit very unhappy gagging noises.]

TW: [off-camera, sadistically] Yes! Eat them! Yes, yessss, taste it all, yesss!

[Both Wallaces gag for a couple second more, then fall silent.]

The sound of footsteps.

Trish Wallace picks up the camera and holds it at arm's length and speaks very amiably.]

TW: Hi. Um... I'm Trish Wallace. And you can call me "T-Bone Wallace," if you're nice about it. Burt Wallace is my dad, even though he doesn't like me advertising it. Since I won a bet with these... uh... stooges...

[She briefly pans over to Chet and Chaz, collapsed on a pile of merchandise, t-shirts stuffed into their mouths, before back to herself.]

TW: ...I'm a part of the AWA Women's Division now. So, if anyone has seen Charisma Knight...

[Her expression becomes icy.]

TW: ...tell her I'm looking for her.

[Trish Wallace puts the camera down. Chet Wallace spits the t-shirt out of his mouth.]

CHET: [weakly] ...I'm telling Dad.

[Fade to black...]

...and then back up in the studio where Theresa Lynch is stifling a laugh.]

TL: The Wallace twins having a... rough run-in with their sister, Trish, who apparently is the newest addition to the AWA Women's Division... and if you know anything about T-Bone there, you know she's as strong as an ox and as tough as they come so I'm looking forward to that. I'm also looking forward to hearing from my guest at this time... please welcome to Center Stage... "Cannonball" Lee Connors!

[The crowd cheers as the Canadian martial artists walks into view, all smiles in a pair of black tights with a burning red sun on one leg. His torso is covered in a white karate gi and a white headband with a matching burning red sun in wrapped around his head.]

TL: Lee, the AWA is perhaps wilder than its ever been before.

[Connors nods.]

LC: Crazy stuff, Theresa. So many guys shown the door... the stuff with... with your family...

[Theresa looks down for a moment and then shakes it off.]

LC: Sorry.

TL: No, it's okay. It's... it's fine.

LC: I... uh... I was backstage at Super Saturday. I saw all the stuff going on. I couldn't believe my eyes half the time. But it's an exciting time to be a part of the AWA locker room and I'm really looking forward to getting back in that ring to compete.

[The crowd cheers as Connors grins at that reaction.]

TL: Speaking of Super Saturday, as a Canadian and a friend of the Colton family, I'm guessing the situation with Jackson Hunter had an impact on you.

[Connors grimaces.]

LC: Look, there's no love lost between the Coltons and Jackson Hunter... everyone knows that. And since I trained with the Coltons, I'm not that fond of him either. But even I'm not sure he deserved what he got... from his own flesh and blood at that. Family is family and... well, Theresa, you know how it feels to have a part of your family estranged and...

[Connors shakes his head.]

LC: Jeez, I did it again, didn't I? I'm sorry, Theresa. I really didn't meant to- look, I'm guessing Jackson Hunter's just glad he wasn't around to get his butt kicked by Trish Wallace like his buddies did.

[Theresa smiles, obviously Connors' hope with the joke.]

LC: That's more like it. I don't mean to be a gloomy...

[Connors' voice trails off as he turns to look off-camera.]

TL: Guys, come on... this isn't your time...

[The camera pulls back a little bit to reveal Chaz and Chet Wallace walking into view, dressed in silver and black full-length tights and matching jackets with fringe hanging off them.]

Chaz: Well, well, well... look what we've got here, Chet.

[The Wallaces get onto the interview stage, one on each side of Connors who tries to strike a defensive posture.]

Chet: Funny guy out here crackin' jokes. A real wise guy, right?

[Connors shakes his head.]

LC: I was just trying to make Theresa laugh. I didn't mean anything by it.

Chaz: Sure, sure... just a little joke at our expenses because we let our sister slap us around a little bit to build up her confidence.

Chet: Right. Do you really think a woman - even one as strong as our sister - could really beat up a man... especially us?

[Connors arches an eyebrow.]

LC: I've got the Internet too, guys. I've seen the matches on YouTube.

[Chaz looks around wildly at the cheering crowd.]

Chaz: Those don't exist! Don't even bother looking for them!

Chet: We took a dive! It's our sister!

[Theresa interjects.]

TL: Your sister who slapped you both around in Intergender Matches in the Midwest... matches that went viral that the whole world has seen! Your sister who beat you both up again this week on Idol Chatter!

[Chaz pivots, grabbing Theresa by the wrist.]

Chaz: That's enough out of you!

Chet: That's right. We're not about to take lip from some girl who only has a job because she looks good in a low cut dress and because her boyfriend-

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[And that’s Theresa going upside Chet Wallace’s face with an open-handed slap that gets a huge cheer from the AWA faithful. Chet falls backwards...

...but then comes back, fist drawn back...

Lee Connors steps in through, grabbing Chet by the arm, swinging him around into a series of palm strikes to the chest, sending Chet stumbling back towards the edge of the elevated stage.

Chaz rushes forward, smashing a forearm into the back of Connors’ head. The twins begin stomping Connors repeatedly onto the stage as the fans jeer loudly.]

SA: Get some help out here! Get the kid some help!

[AWA officials come flooding through the curtain, rushing towards the brawl to try and break things up. They wedge themselves between the downed Connors and the Wallaces, forcing the latter duo back as Theresa Lynch glares at them.]

SA: We’ve gotta get some law and order in this situation and... okay, I’m being told we’re going to a break. We’ll be right back, fans!

[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 fade back in to the Center Stage Studios where the crowd is still buzzing over what they just saw.]

SA: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour, fans... and moments ago, during the break, we received word that Javier Castillo was informed what happened here with "Cannonball" Lee Connors and the American Idols and... we've got a match! Tonight's Main Event will be Lee Connors versus one of the Wallace twins and after what we just saw, that might be an explosive showdown!

DW: The karate kid is gonna get him some! Get him some tonight!

SA: It's been an exciting night of action here in Atlanta and... hold up, wait a minute... who is that now?

[The buzzing crowd gets louder as someone comes through the curtain.]

DW: That's... that's Mickey Cherry, Sal! Mickey Cherry!

SA: When's the last time we've seen him? It's been ages!

DW: A year? Maybe more?

[The super skinny manager swaggers to the interview area with a Cheshire cat grin as he hangs onto the lapels of his bright red suit. Cherry is wearing his trademark sunglasses, mismatched yellow waistcoat and a bolo tie.]

TL: Mickey Cherry! What brings you to the all-new Power Hour?

MC: Theresa, let me tell you... I know when Casanova moved on everybody thought they saw the tail end of ol' Mickey Cherry for the last time, but you can't keep a good man down. And I've got some news for you, Theresa.

[Cherry leans in creepily close like an old lecherous uncle. Theresa tries not to squirm.]

MC: Mickey Cherry has been all around the world... I've seen 'em come and I've seen 'em go, but I found me a man... a protege that is gonna set the world on fire!

[Theresa throws a doubtful look at the manager.]

MC: No no no .. I know you don't want to believe me but I've found the AWA's next big thing. And I mean BIG, baby! Matter of fact just throw to this video I brought with me. Roll it!

[Theresa rolls her eyes at Cherry but nods towards the camera as the camera shot fades to black...]

The iconic theme to Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Jesus Christ Superstar" plays as the shot fades to an impossibly broad back. We can't see the man's face - just the tips of wavy black hair. The back is incredible... solid, striated muscle. The back flexes and the lats spread to an impressive hood. An elegant announcer speaks over the image.]

VO: This man's back measures an incredible 30 inches across. This Herculean back can pull an incredible 1800 pounds. This is the back of a God, an Adonis, and an Incredible Hulk.

And he is coming to the AWA... very soon.

[The shot fades back to an awed Lynch and a super smug Mickey Cherry.]

MC: Pick your jaw up off the floor, Reese... I know you're not used to seeing such a physical specimen of a man... but when Mickey Cherry tells you something, you better believe it!

[Theresa shakes off her awe.]

TL: Mickey Cherry, who in the world is that?!

[Cherry giggles madly.]

MC: Oh, you'll find out, baby girl! I just wanted you to be the first to know that Mickey Cherry is back and I'm going straight to the top! I'm baaaaackkkkkk!!

[He cackles wildly as he shuffles out of the camera's view and back towards the locker room.]

TL: New faces, old friends and foes returning... this new era of the AWA certainly is unpredictable. And before we were interrupted, I was about to bring out someone who can certainly speak to that unpredictability.

[Through Center Stage, "Whispering Streets" by Barry Adamson starts to play.]

TL: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time, "The American Ninja" Riley Hunter!

[Riley Hunter steps through the curtain, wearing his own branded Axis t-shirt, all dark grey cybernetic circuitry with green glows. He steps off the stage for a circuit around the ring, soaking in some boos at his presence, before returning to interview area raising his mirrored glasses to his forehead as his music plays out.]

TL: Riley, a lot of people were shocked at what happened last week when you joined Derrick Williams and Maxim Zharkov in seemingly turfing your own cousin Jackson Hunter from the Axis. A man whom you yourself once claimed was like the older brother you never had.

RH: Oh Theresa. You can't have been surprised by what happened on Super Saturday. Big Sal over here...

[He points over to the announce position.]

RH: Salvatore, you've known me and Jackson separately for over a decade. You can't have been surprised. The AWA Galaxy at home and here in Center Stage... they can't have been surprised by what happened. My sisters Kenzie and Ashley... my dad and mom, Jax's aunt and uncle... they didn't like it, but they weren't surprised by it. In fact, I just messaged Auntie Helen on Facebook, and yep... Jackson Hunter's own mother was not surprised.

Theresa, did you know that my mother and his mother are identical twin sisters?

TL: There is a resemblance, yes.

RH: Auntie Helen had Jax while still in high school, and Jax's dad ran away to join the circus, or whatever deadbeats did in the 70s. That's a tough break to grow up with, isn't it Theresa? And so, everyone had to pull together. It takes a village, doesn't it? You know what **I** had to hear growing up?

"No, Riley, you need share a bedroom with your sisters. Your screw-up cousin Jackson is moving in to our townhouse because he wants to attend wrestling school at the Colton Cave."

"No, Riley, we can't afford to put you in hockey this year with all your friends. Your cousin Jackson maxed out his credit card in Japan and we need to fly his irresponsible rear end home."

"Sorry, Riley. I kind of started a blood feud with the Colton family. I guess you're going to have to go elsewhere to become a wrestler, because no one in Calgary will touch you because I'm radioactive. Come on back when you don't smell burning bridges any more."

So while Jackson Hunter was flaunting his Commonwealth Championships, I was hand-to-mouthing it in every sweat box dojo in Japan and dirt-floored arena in Mexico. He got the big contracts. He got the clout. Chinook Wrestling made him a star, while I struggled... while I starved. He wouldn't even share his last name with me until eight years ago. Even at SuperClash, after I worked my way into the Steal The Spotlight match, he couldn't leave well enough alone. He saw an opportunity to exploit, and he took it for yourself to upstage me one more time.

You know, when I first joined the Axis and I said words to the effect of, "it's difficult to say, 'no,' to the greatest wrestler who ever laced a pair of boots..."

In his sociopathic and diseased brain, Jax really thought that I was referring to him and not Juan Vasquez.

[He points to the camera.]

RH: I got something to say to one viewer at home, sitting and sulking alone on that desolate snow-covered Broken Arrow Ranch in the middle of Saskatchewan. You're the one who drifted through life, Jackson, letting every accolade come to you, while I'm the one who put in the hard work.

Everything that you've told yourself that you've accomplished? It's all been handed to you.

Your early success in wrestling? That was on my back and your family's back. The Golden Ticket? You only got that because you had us five guys to run interference for you. That Steal the Spotlight briefcase? You're damn right it was stolen... from me.

Even that podcast you've been sustaining yourself with for the past five years, I was the one who suggested it to you! I did all the early tech work, and I was the one who wrangled all the sponsors. Because having you do anything even remotely internet-related can be construed as borderline elder abuse! And, Jackson, let me tell you: I really enjoy that Casper Mattress you got me as a Christmas present this year. [mockingly] It really is an obsessively engineered mattress at a shockingly fair price. And I sleep so well on it.

And as for what ten premium restaurant-quality steaks can get you in the AWA, I don't know what the conversion rate is...

[He pulls a small cloth sack out of his pocket and drops it on the interview podium with a metallic splashing sound.]

RH: ...It can't be as much as thirty pieces of silver.

Now onto next week, and the official 2017 debut for Saturday Night Wrestling. Duke and me, we've already taken out one entitled, complacent waste of skin whose reputation was composed of nothing more than smoke and mirrors... all sizzle, no steak. Why not take out two more while we're on a roll?

TL: You're referring to System Shock's match next week against Taylor and Donovan for the World Tag Team Titles.

RH: That's right, and do you know what people think of when they think of Taylor and Donovan, Theresa?

TL: What do they think?

RH: NOTHING! In the cereal aisle of the AWA, Taylor is store-brand plain "Cheerios," and Donovan is a six ounce sack of puffed wheat. When I first got here, I referred to Wes Taylor as "Mark Stegglet" for a nearly a week before someone corrected me. Not to get too deep into generalizations, but these "second-generation" types all start looking the same after a while.

[Hunter abruptly turns to Theresa Lynch.]

RH: Uh, NO. I'm not talking about YOU.

[Rant resumes. Lynch clicks her tongue and rolls her eyes.]

RH: There's been a saying that every billionaire represents a policy failure. I have my own slogan: every second- or third-generation wrestler represents a talent scouting failure. I respect Johnny Detson, but that's about all I respect about the Kings of Wrestling. Duke, Max, and myself... we're built us a guillotine and I've got three wicker baskets for three King's heads. And until next time, Theresa...

...

[A few voices in the crowd shout, "good night now!"]

RH: In the cereal aisle of the AWA, Brian James is a broken jar of olives on the floor. Someone better get a mop, because it's starting to reek like... *sniff* ugh... Axe Body Spray. Good night now!

[Hunter takes his thirty pieces of silver and struts back through the curtain.]

TL: Riley Hunter everyone... now let's go up to the ring and Tyler Graham for tonight's Main Event.

[A match graphic comes up as we fade to a shot of the ring where the young ring announcer is standing.]

"Cannonball" Lee Connors
vs
Chet Wallace (w/Chaz Wallace)

TG: Tonight's featured attraction is set for one fall with TV Time Remaining! Introducing first...

"IT'S GONNA BE A DROPKICK... PAHHHHTAAAAAY!"

[The sounds of Calvin Harris' "This Is What You Came For" rings out over the PA system as the house lights start to flash in rhythm to the music creating a dance party atmosphere.]

TG: From the Shibuya area of Tokyo, Japan... being accompanied by his brother Chaz... weighing in at 177 pounds... CHET WALLACE!

[The Wallaces spring through the curtain, trading a leaping high five before heading down the stairs towards the ring. They taunt the occasional fan with a crotch chop or insulting comment as they head to the ring.]

SA: From Shibuya to Atlanta, the Wallaces twins are rockin' it world wide... and I got to know these guys during their time with the Dead Man's Party. They are - without a doubt - one of the most talented tag teams in the world.

DW: No doubt, Sal... but they're not in a tag team match tonight. Tonight, they're all alone in there... or one of 'em is at least... against a highly skilled opponent.

[Climbing up on the apron, Chaz and Chet grab the top rope, using a double slingshot to go over the top, landing on their feet and striking a double bicep pose with Chet kneeling in front of Chaz as the music fades...

...and the crowd roars with the opening chords to Joe "Bean" Esposito's "You're The Best."]

TG: Annnnnnd his opponent... from Winnipeg, Canada... weighing in at 177 pounds...

"CANNONBALL"... LEEEEEEEEEE CONNORRRRRRRSSSS!

[Connors bursts through the curtain onto the stage to a big cheer. He grins at the reaction, pointing to the fans as the Wallaces hurl insults at him from inside the ring.

Lee Connors looks like the kid you'd steal lunch money from... but I wouldn't suggest it. Sloppy black hair that could've been cut by his mom. A

babyface that makes him look like he hasn't graduated high school yet. A torso that doesn't show sign one of a muscle. But looks can be deceiving.]

SA: And here comes the karate kid himself... "Cannonball" Lee Connors looking to get a little payback on the Wallaces after the attack on him earlier tonight.

[Connors scrambles down the stairs, climbing up on the ring apron where he grabs the top rope, using them to flip over the top and into a karate stance to another big cheer.]

SA: Lee Connors, of course, trained with the legendary wrestling family up in Canada - the Coltons - and he's looking to put that training to good work tonight against the twin sons of "Battlin' Burt Wallace.

[Connors sheds his gi, slipping it out over the turnbuckles as the Wallaces plot behind his back...

...and one of them sprints towards Connors as he takes care of his gi. Connors spins around, ready to defend himself as the Wallace slams on the brakes, complaining to the official about a clenched fist.]

SA: The referee warning Connors...

[Connors turns back around, his back to the Wallace... who sprints in again as Connors tends to his gi...

...and Connors again spins around, fists at the ready as the Wallace freezes cold.]

SA: And again, whichever Wallace that is has to stop in his tracks because Lee Connors was waiting for him.

[Wallace again loudly complains to the official who points out that the match hasn't even started yet...

...but then Wallace charges Connors from behind again. This time, however, Connors blindly throws a back kick that catches the incoming Wallace in the midsection.]

SA: Connors goes downstairs and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: -we're underway here in Atlanta!

[Dropping to his back, Connors snaps off a kick to the side of Wallace's cheek, sending him staggering towards the ropes as Connors kips up to his feet...

...and then bridges backwards, avoiding a running clothesline from the other Wallace that misses Connors but hits his twin brother, sending one of the Wallaces flipping over the ropes to the floor!]

DW: One Wallace is out and...

[Connors kips right back up out of the bridge, leaping up and twisting into a spinning leg lariat that knocks the other Wallace over the ropes and all the way to the outside.]

DW: ...and there goes the other!

[Connors climbs to his feet, grabbing the top rope, and slingshotting over them to the apron. He quickly runs up the corner, throwing a glance at the twins before he leaps off the middle buckle...]

SA: MOONSAULT! AND HE PICKS UP THE SPARE, PUTTING BOTH MEN DOWN ON THAT ONE!

[Connors lands on his feet though, giving a triumphant shout to the cheering crowd as he leans down to pick up a Wallace.]

DW: How can he tell 'em apart, Sal? They dress the same! They even look the same!

SA: That's how identical twins work usually, Dee Dub, and I'm not sure Lee Connors cares which one he's got.

[The Canadian fires a Wallace under the bottom rope into the ring, rolling in after him.]

SA: Both Wallaces are still in the ring jackets they wore out here so it's practically impossible to tell them apart right now. But whichever Wallace is in the ring - let's assume it's Chet - is on his feet, backpedaling to the corner...

[Connors pursues him, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Knife edge chop in the corner, slashing at the skin of Chet Wallace...

[Grabbing an arm, Connors whips Wallace from corner to corner, charging in after him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with a running, lifting palm strike to the chin that takes Wallace up into the air, almost going over the ropes before he drops back down!]

SA: SHOOOOTAAAAAY BY CONNORS! BOOM GOES THE CANNON ON THAT ONE, PAL!

[Connors grabs the arm, going for another whip...

...but Wallace reverses this time, sending Connors towards the corner where he runs right up the turnbuckles, backflipping out and landing behind a surprised Chet Wallace!]

DW: Wow!

[Connors leaps up again, snaring the charging Wallace's head between his legs...]

SA: Rana takedown by the Cannonball... right back up... to the ropes...

[But suddenly, Connors flops facefirst to the mat as Chaz Wallace walks quickly away. The referee rushes to shout at Chaz as the crowd jeers.]

SA: Chaz Wallace with the assist like John Stockton tossin' dimes in every direction. He sweeps the leg on the karate kid, leaving Connors down and...

[Connors scrambles up off the mat, turning to shout at Chaz Wallace as well. The referee orders him to back off...

...and he backs right into Wallace who rushes across the ring, leaping up, twisting over onto the back of Connors, and drags him down in a modified sunset flip!]

SA: PINNING PREDICAMENT! BUT THE REFEREE IS TIED UP WITH CHAZ WALLACE!

[Chaz leaps up on the apron, shouting and pointing wildly at the pin. The referee wheels around, rushing to count... but Connors is out at one, much to the anger of Chaz Wallace who is still yelling as Chet gets up off the mat, turning his anger towards the referee as well.]

SA: Both Wallaces... both members of the American Idols are letting the referee have it now...

[Connors comes up off the mat, rushing Wallace from behind...

...but Chet does a blind leapfrog at Chaz' shouted warning, sending Connors sailing towards the ropes where Chaz grabs him by the arms, hanging on.]

SA: What the...?! This can't be legal!

DW: The referee's gonna allow this?! Come on!

[With Connors struggling against Chaz' hold, Chet rushes to the ropes, rebounding off, leaping into the air...]

SA: DROPKIIIIIIIIIIICK...

[...and the crowd ROARS as Connors slips free, causing Chet to dropkick his own twin brother right off the apron to the floor!]

DW: NOBODY HOME! HA HAAAAAH! GET 'EM! GET 'EM, LEE!

[Connors rushes along the ropes, leaping up to snag a rising Chet in another headscissors...

...and swings him over the ropes, flinging him to the floor as Connors hangs on to the ropes, saving himself from a similar fall!]

SA: Both Wallaces hit the floor again... and Lee Connors is back inside the ring... clear the runaway 'cause this kid's about to take flight!

[The young Canadian sprints to the far ropes, rebounding off at high speed as he barrels across the ring...

...and LEAPS INTO THE AIR, flipping over as he wipes out both Wallaces!

SA: SOMERSAULT PLANNNNNCHAAAA BY THE CANNONBALL!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring now as Connors pulls a Wallace off the floor, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

SA: Connors wasting no time... putting... I think that's still Chet but I'm not sure. Whoever it is, Connors shoves him back in... and he's heading up top...

[The Wallace inside the ring is down on the mat as the referee nears him, checking to see if he can continue...

...and allegedly Chet reaches up, snatching the referee by the shirt, pulling him down...]

SA: Chet's got the referee tied up - using him as a shield.

DW: No way! This is just a distraction so- OHHHHHH!

[The crowd echoes Dee Dub's exclamation as Chaz Wallace takes advantage of the distraction to scramble up on the apron, shoving Connors off the ropes where he splats down on the canvas in a heap.]

SA: Illegal assist by this twin brother... and this just totally turned things around for the American Idols' Chet Wallace! At least we think it's Chet.

[Wallace comes off the mat, taking off his ring jacket and angrily throwing it down on top of Connors.]

SA: Chet Wallace adding a little insult to injury there...and now looking to add injury to insult...

[Wallace lifts Connors off the mat, slamming him down on the canvas before snapping off a leaping legdrop across the chest.]

SA: Chet covers... it could be... it might be... no, no... out at two.

[Chet gets back to his feet, still barking at the referee as he keeps Connors in his sight, stomping him a few times before rushing to the ropes, leaping up to the middle, and springing back with a twist, somersaulting into a senton splash!]

SA: Ohhhh... impressive flying tactics by Chet Wallace... another cover for one... for two... but Connors again slips out at the back door at two.

DW: Big Sal, I just checked with the timekeeper and we've got about six minutes and change left in the time limit for this one.

SA: Keep us posted on that, Dee Dub... Chet pulling Connors up, shoving him back to the corner...

[The crowd jeers as Wallace hangs on to the ropes, launching into a series of hard kicks to the midsection.]

SA: Wallace trying to take some of the wind out of Connors' sails...

[Grabbing an arm, Chet wings Connors across the ring, charging in after him, and connects with a high impact running dropkick to the chin, snapping Connors' head back and causing him to slump down to a seated position on the canvas.]

SA: And it looks like we might be invited to a Dropkick Party in Hotlanta, G-A, fans!

[Wallace charges back across, sets his feet, and charges in again, leaping high to land a hanging dropkick on a seated Connors!]

SA: Back to back dropkicks by Chet Wallace puts Connors in a bad, bad way here on the all-new Power Hour... drags him out... double leg cradle!

[Rolling through into a bridge, Wallace again scores one... again scores two... but again is frustrated as Connors slips out in time.]

SA: Two count... another two.

DW: Connors needs to find that eye of the tiger, Big Sal.

SA: He's the karate kid... not Rocky... but your point is taken as this crowd tries to rally behind him.

"CON-NORS!"

"CON-NORS!"
"CON-NORS!"

[A sneering Chet Wallace picks Connors off the mat, lifting him up and setting him down with an inverted atomic drop.]

DW: Ohhh! That might spoil any victory parties!

[Wallace nods his head arrogantly as he backs into the ropes, taking aim...]

SA: SUPERKIIIIIIICK!

[...but Connors front rolls under it, causing Wallace to whiff on the thrust kick, rolling right up to his feet.]

SA: Swing and a miss...

[Connors spins around, catching the returning Wallace with a hook kick that snaps his head to the side, sending him staggering into the turnbuckles.]

SA: Connors puts him in the corner... on the move...

[With Wallace's back pressed to the buckles, Connors swings his right leg up, the foot catching Wallace in the left ribcage... then the left leg comes up, hitting Wallace in the right ribcage...]

SA: I've seen this before out of the Canadian youngster.

[Connors leaps up, throwing the right kick... and bounces right back up, throwing the left. Right... then left... right... then left... over and over, faster and faster with crowd getting louder and louder...]

...and then leaps up to the second rope, springing off to snap his foot off the back of Wallace's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ENZUGIRI BY CONNORS! WALLACE IN A DAZE!

[The referee backs Connors out of the corner but the Winnipeg native dashes right back in, running up the chest of Wallace...]

SA: Somersaults off!

[...and lands on his feet in a karate stance, shouting "COME ON!" at the dazed Wallace who staggers out of the corner...]

SA: Connors goes low... leg sweep!

[With Wallace down on the mat, Connors spins right up from the leg sweep into a picture perfect standing Shooting Star Press!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHOULDER UP AT TWO AND CHANGE, OHHH BROTHER!

DW: He shoulda had him! That was three! He shoulda hooked the leg a little tighter!

[Connors climbs to his feet, clapping his hands together once in frustration as he backs off...

...which is when Chaz Wallace leaps back up on the ring apron, shouting at Connors!]

DW: Throw him outta here! He's nothing but trouble!

[Connors angrily turns around, dashing at Chaz who drops off the apron out of his reach...

...and Chet staggers out of the corner, trying to use the distraction...]

DW: Behind you! Look behind you!

[The karate kid drops to his knee, throwing a kneeling backfirst into the gut of the incoming Chet Wallace with a loud "HEEEYAAAAAAAAAAH!" that seems to go on forever as Connors stays frozen in position, his fist still curled from where he struck Wallace.]

SA: JCVD! JCVD!

[Wallace stumbles backwards, falling to the canvas as Connors finally comes to his feet, rushing to the corner where he steps up to the second rope and deftly twists around to stand on the midbuckle...]

SA: Connors looking to finish it!

DW: Here we go again!

[Chaz Wallace slides under the bottom rope, charging across the ring, hurdling his brother's prone form...

...and Connors leaps off, flipping over the incoming Chaz, rolling beautifully right back up to his feet. He twists around as Chaz does the same, charging in again...]

SA: Connors is on his feet and-

[As Chaz rushes him, Connors snaps off a leaping dropkick, using his momentum to flip off Chaz into a moonsault on the prone Chet!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

[Chaz rushes forward out of the corner, dropping down and DRILLING Connors between the eyes with a low dropkick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The referee springs to his feet, waving an arm towards the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: That's it! The match is over after that!

[Chaz Wallace angrily stomps Connors once... twice... three times, ignoring the referee who waves for the bell again.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The referee's calling for the bell but Chaz Wallace doesn't care one bit about it!

[Chaz pulls Connors off the mat, lifting his hands as if he's "framing" a stunned Connors...

...and kicks him right through the uprights!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BOOTS TO CANNONBALLS AND DOWN GOES CONNORS!

[Connors rolls back and forth on the canvas, clutching his groin in pain as Chet Wallace gets up off the mat, joining his twin brother in stomping Connors into the canvas as the crowd jeers madly.]

SA: The fans here in Atlanta are reading the Wallaces the riot act but these so-called American Idols don't give a damn!

DW: If I was voting on these two, I'd vote 'em right off the island, Sal!

SA: Wrong show, Dee Dub, but you made your point... the Wallaces pull Connors up, shoving him back into the corner...

[And in tandem, the duo sprints across the ring, leaving their feet, and DRILL the cornered Connors with a double dropkick!]

SA: Ohhh! Dropkick Party for one... and there was nothing pitchy about that one, dawg.

DW: The Wallaces are taking out all their frustration on Connors and...this kid's in trouble, Sal!

[Pulling Connors out of the corner in a fireman's carry, Chet walks towards the opposite corner...

...and front flips in a Samoan Drop, rolling right up to his feet to leap up to the middle buckle, flipping back with a moonsault onto Connors!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: More impressive offense out of the Wallaces but the time for this isn't now, fans... it isn't after you've been disqualified and the match is over. The time for this is during the match!

[Chet gestures towards his brother who charges in, leaping up into a wheelbarrow position...

...and gets thrown down chestfirst on the prone Connors!]

SA: This is going too far, fans! Enough is enough!

DW: Can't anyone get out here and help this kid?! This is ridiculous!

[A few more moments pass with the Wallaces stomping Connors into the canvas when suddenly, the locker room empties and we see a handful of AWA enhancement talent hit the ring to make the save.]

DW: Come on! Get 'em out of here for Pete's sake!

[The outnumbered Wallaces exit the ring in a hurry, making their way around the ring towards the ringsteps as Connors lies on the canvas, feeling the effects of the beatdown.]

SA: Alright... Theresa... Theresa's going to try and get some more words from these two and-

[A loud "HEY!" is heard. As we cut, we find the Wallaces standing with Theresa, having commandeered the microphone.]

Chaz: HEY! You want a piece of us, karate kid? Here we are! Come get you some more!

Chet: The only thing he's going to be getting a piece of anytime soon is a bottle of aspirin from the butt-kicking we just gave him!

[The Wallaces cackle at their dirty work as Theresa wrenches the mic away from them.]

TL: Are we supposed to be impressed?! It took TWO of you to do that to him! It was a two on one!

Chaz: Is that's what bothering you? The odds? Hell, Chet and I are always up for a fight - no matter the numbers. So, when that piece of Canadian trash in there gets woken up... you tell him that if he's still feeling froggy after what we just did to him, he can jump on into that ring next Saturday night... two weeks from tonight... whenever he wants... and we'll be waiting for him.

TL: Two of you?!

Chet: Hey, we're a tag team, Theresa! We did him a favor by fighting his kind of match - a singles match... but if he wants us again, let's say he go find himself a partner... and THEN we'll be waiting.

TL: You're challenging Lee Connors and a partner of his choice to a tag team match?!

Chet: Cat got your ears, sweetie?! That's EXACTLY what we're doing! It's about time that the AWA learned that the best tag team in wrestling has been under their noses all along... and you're looking at 'em. Come get you some, karate kid... come get you some.

[The Wallaces raise their arms, soaking up the jeers of the fans as they head towards the exit.]

TL: Fans, you heard it! The American Idols want Connors and a partner of his choice! We're out of time here on the all-new Power Hour! We've gotta go! But we'll see you next time... right here at the Center Stage Studios for another night of action on the Power Hour!

[Theresa lowers the mic as the closing graphics package comes up...

...and we fade to black.]