

AWA POWER HOUR

MARCH 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...

"ACCESS 365" flashes across the screen, before fading into one of the corridors backstage at Center Stage. Mahoney leans against a black production trunk, already dressed for competition in his black singlet, with

bright green bands down the side, and the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front; methodically applying tape to his right wrist. He does not even look up as he speaks.]

CM: A man with his back against the wall, eh, Shane? A man fearful of being lost in your dust, eh, fella?

[Mahoney looks up at the camera.]

CM: Let's make one thing clear, Shane: you would be greatly mistaken, fella, if you thought what I did, I did out of desperation. A desperate hunted animal does not try to make itself noticed... Make itself heard... Make itself seen... What I did was make myself felt.

And tonight, I'll make you feel the pain all over again. It's not desperation, Shane... It's will... It's the will of the hunter hitting his mark and bagging his trophy. Tonight, I break your arm. Tonight, I break your spirit. Tonight, Shane, I take back the World Television championship.

[He begins taping his left wrist, as we fade into the Center Stage Studios in Atlanta, Georgia, the crowd cheering in our normal setup as we cut from a wide shot of the studios to a closeup of the interview set where we see Theresa Lynch in a bright red tank top and black slacks. She is all smiles as the Power Hour takes the air.]

TL: The all-new Power Hour is on the air! 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 we're wasting no time tonight on this jam-packed edition of the all-new Power Hour... in fact, we're about to head up to the ring but before we do, let's go over 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!

[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: Hello, and a good evening to one and all. I'm Salvatore Albano alongside good ol' Dee Dub himself, Dylan Westerly, for what promises to be an over the edge night of action here in the 305! As Theresa said, we're moments away from our World Television Title showdown kicking things off with an injured Terry Shane defending the gold against former champion Callum Mahoney.

DW: He's making a mistake, Big Sal! Shane's got a lot of heart but if Mahoney gets a hold of that busted-up wing, it's all over.

SA: We've also got that big tag team grudge match later tonight pitting the American Idols against "Cannonball" Lee Connors and a mystery partner!

DW: I've asked everyone, Sal... no one knows who this partner is! Who's it gonna be?

SA: We've got Kaz Konoe in action... we've got "Golden" Grant Carter here... we've got-

DW: The boss is here, Sal! El Presidente!

SA: How could I forget? Javier Castillo will be out here later tonight with a State of the AWA Address and... whew. I'm already tired just thinking about all we've got going on tonight so let's jump right on in here with our World Television Title showdown!

[Big Sal points to the camera as we crossfade to the ring where we see referee Koji Sakai and second generation ring announcer Tyler Graham.]

TG: Ladies and gentlemen... tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[Big cheer!]

TG: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[The Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March" starts to play over the studio speakers, causing the crowd to start jeering. An athletically-built man, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway. He is dressed in a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots. He stands with his hands on his hips, a sneer on his lips, soaking in the reaction from the crowd.]

TG: Hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds, he is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Mahoney holds his arms up aloft and the jeers grow louder, which only causes him to regard the crowd with greater disdain, as he makes his way down the aisle.]

SA: The former World Television Champion en route to the ring, hoping to become a two-time champion after this is all said and done tonight... and honestly, Dee Dub, he's got a heck of a shot at securing a little of his own 24K magic like Bruno Mars here tonight.

DW: Terry Shane asked for the match. We know he's not one hundred percent. Is he ninety? Eighty? We just don't know and if you're not at your

best every night, someone can come along and take everything away from ya.

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. He shrugs off the jacket, walks over to his corner and drops the jacket to the outside. As the music fades, he paces the ring, awaiting the start of the match.]

TG: And his opponent...

[Static.]

TG: From Independence, Missouri... weighing in at 212 pounds... he is the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

TERRRRRRYYYYYYY SHAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

[The crowd cheers for the third generation grappler as his name is called, all eyes on the entrance for his arrival. We wait... and wait... and wait...]

DW: Maybe he changed his mind, Big Sal.

SA: Highly unlikely, Dale.

[A few more moments pass before the curtain swings open and the World Television Champion strides into view, a buzz rippling across the crowd at the sight of him as "Dance of the Knights" by Sergei Prokofiev plays.]

SA: Oh goodness. Terry Shane out here for this title defense, fans, and I don't think any of us were expecting this.

[As Shane comes into view, we see the usually confident champion looking uneasy about being out here. His arm is heavily taped from forearm to shoulder and he's moving stiffly, the title belt secured around his waist. Shane keeps his eyes on Mahoney as he stands on the entrance stage, moving towards the steps.]

DW: Look, I'm all for being a fighting champion, Sal... but this is a suicide mission! Shane can barely move that arm - it's all taped up and- you might as well put a bullseye on it for Callum Mahoney!

SA: This certainly seems to be an ill-advised move for the champion... and you have to also wonder if Ryan Martinez - the World Champion himself - is looking on somewhere with banged up ribs suffered at the hands of the Dogs of War and Castillo's monsters thinking about his upcoming World Title showdown with Johnny Detson.

DW: He's gotta be!

[Shane edges down the staircase slowly, Mahoney smirking at his rival, waving him towards the ring as he continues to pace back and forth. Shane stands on the floor a moment, eyes still on Mahoney as the fans continue to cheer for him.]

SA: The fans are certainly behind Terry Shane here tonight... and that'll help for sure but will it be enough?

[Shane reaches up, grabbing the ring ropes with his good arm to pull himself onto the apron. He throws one more glance at Mahoney before stepping through the ropes...

...which is when Mahoney strikes, rushing forward to lay into Shane with a running kneelift to the jaw, snapping his head back and putting him down on the mat!]

SA: OHH! SNEAK ATTACK BEFORE THE BELL BY MAHONEY!

[Mahoney immediately goes after the arm and shoulder, stomping it viciously as the crowd on hand boos lustily. He extends the arm, pinning the wrist to the mat with his boot...]

SA: Kneedrop down across the bicep!

[A second kneedrop has Shane flailing about on the mat as Mahoney paces around the ring, shouting at Koji Sakai to "ring the bell!" Sakai kneels down next to Shane, checking his condition as Mahoney shouts at him again. This time, Sakai obliges.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

DW: What the-?! You start the match when the man is down?! What kind of referee does that?!

[Sakai steps back as Mahoney lunges back into the fray, stomping Shane's shoulder once... twice... three times. He hauls Shane up by the hair, pausing to trash talk him a little as he swings him around by the back of the trunks...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE POSTS HIM! SHOULDER-FIRST TO THE STEEL RINGPOST!

DW: Again! He did that two weeks ago, Sal! That's why Shane's wing is all busted up to begin with!

SA: Callum Mahoney, coming up on 33 years of age in May, is looking to celebrate St. Patrick's Day in a couple of weeks as the new Television Champion and with that posting, things are certainly going his way.

[Mahoney drags Shane back out of the corner, quickly securing a half nelson on the injured arm...

...and SNAPS him over onto the back of his head with a half nelson suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: LOOK AT THAT!

SA: Half nelson suplex and a beaut, that might be it right there!

[Mahoney throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before crawling across the ring to attempt a lateral press.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT- NO!

[The crowd roars as Shane squeaks a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin in time.]

DW: How the heck did he kick out of that?!

[Mahoney pins the wrist to the mat again, pushing up off the canvas to drive a knee into the bicep once... twice...

...and then quickly spins around, scissoring the arm between his legs!]

SA: Cross armbreaker! Mahoney looking to end this one quickly, fans!

[Shane rapidly stretches out his good arm, locking his hands together to prevent the armbar from being fully applied.]

SA: Blocked by Shane! The technical wizard himself has that armbar scouted and he knew what to do to prevent the pressure from being fully applied!

DW: Yeah, but can he hang on? Mahoney's trying to rip those hands apart.

[As Dale mentioned, Mahoney is hammering his fist down into the locked hands, attempting to break the grip. He grabs the wrist of Shane, pulling and yanking on it as the crowd urges Shane to find a way to keep that grip strong.]

SA: Mahoney trying to get those hands apart, trying to hyper-extend the elbow of the champion!

DW: Shane's hanging on though, Sal! Just like he did on all those hot summer days back home in Amarillo in The Yard with his dad and Oliver Strickland looking on!

[Mahoney rocks back and forth violently, trying to wrench the arms free of one another..

...and on one of those rock backs, Shane rolls to his side, snatching Mahoney in a makeshift schoolboy attempt!]

SA: Rollup gets one! Gets two!

[But Mahoney kicks out, allowing Shane to scamper away from him, grabbing at his taped arm.]

SA: Shane gets loose as Mahoney had to let go of the arm to escape the pin. Smart move by the champion.

DW: But Mahoney's right back up and right back on him, Sal!

[Mahoney has Shane trapped back into the corner, kicking at the taped shoulder as Shane tries to shield it with the rest of his body. Mahoney grabs the good arm, dragging Shane up to his feet....]

...where Shane SMASHES a forearm into his jaw!]

SA: Oh! Shane fires back on Mahon-

[The crowd groans as Mahoney lays in an absolutely vicious European uppercut, nearly taking Shane's head off as the champion falls back against the buckles.]

DW: You could hear that one all the way down the street, Big Sal!

SA: Mahoney's got the arm... shoulder throw to the opposite corner...

[On approach to the corner, a sharp-eyed viewer would see Shane twist his body on impact, trying to shield his injured arm from further damage.]

SA: You spoke of Shane's training at the hands of his father and Oliver Strickland at the infamous Yard in Amarillo, Dee Dub... but what about Mahoney? Shane's a third generation professional wrestler but Mahoney's a third generation fighter. Like his father and grandfather before him, Mahoney grew up working the fairs of Ireland and Great Britain, fighting drunken patrons for money.

DW: Some things never change, Sal. To this day, Callum Mahoney remains one of the toughest men in the AWA locker room and a man you certainly don't want to cross when he's had a few too many at the local tavern.

[Mahoney snatches a hold on Shane's ear, dragging him to the middle of the ring where he pulls him over into a pair of knee strikes to the skull.]

SA: Nasty knees to the head by Mahoney...

[With Shane doubled up, Mahoney leaps up and smashes both knees simultaneously into the champion's skull, knocking him back down to the mat.]

SA: Down goes Terry Shane again... just about three minutes into this ten minute time limit for the AWA World Television Title and what a way to kick off the all-new Power Hour here tonight on Fox Sports X, fans!

[Mahoney smashes a hard boot into the shoulder, causing Shane to roll onto his stomach in a futile effort to protect his taped-up limb. Mahoney sneers as he grabs a handful of hair, pulling Shane's torso up and securing the injured arm under his armpit.]

SA: Armbar applied by Mahoney - not his signature hold mind you - but they don't call him the Armbar Assassin for nothing.

DW: That's right, Sal. He's got more armbars than a lot of guys have moves total!

[Shane grimaces, crying out as Mahoney torques the limb, straddling Shane's back as he pulls back on the arm.]

SA: A simple hold but so punishing in the right hands... especially when the victim is already dealing with an arm injury. Mahoney's had his ups and downs here in the AWA since his debut in July of 2013 but a win here tonight would make him the first two-time Television Champion since Dave Bryant way back in August of 2013.

[Mahoney spins out of the hold, keeping a grip on the wrist so he can drop an extended leg across it, smashing the arm down into the mat again.]

DW: Oof! That'll have someone opening Shane's jars for a few weeks for him.

SA: Mahoney back to his feet... and listen to these Center Stage fans get on the case of the Fighting Irishman.

[The boos are intense in the studios as they let Mahoney have it. He sneers at them, waving a dismissive arm in their direction as he pulls Shane off the mat by the injured arm, giving it a pair of hard yanks as he does.]

DW: Shane dragged to his feet like a kid throwing a tantrum in the produce section... he's just dead weight right now.

[Mahoney uses that arm to go for another whip...

...but Shane manages to reverse it, sending Mahoney crashing into the corner. The Fighting Irishman stumbles out towards Shane who doubles up, launching him skyward!]

SA: BIIIIIIIIIG BACKDROP BY THE CHAMPION!

[Shane stumbles forward a few steps, falling into the corner as Mahoney grimaces, grabbing his back as he tries to get back up off the mat.]

DW: No time for either of these men to rest, Sal. Mahoney needs to stay on the attack and Shane's gotta be ready to defend himself.

SA: We're approaching the halfway point in the time limit for this one... and Shane's trying to shake the cobwebs clear to stay in this fight.

[Shane charges forward as Mahoney comes to his feet, swinging his leg up and out...

...and catches Mahoney flush on the chin with it, sending the Irishman staggering away in a circle towards the ropes!]

SA: Ohhh! What a boot! Mahoney's gotta check his dental work after that!

[Shane grimaces as he marches in on Mahoney, reaching out his arms to snatch a rear waistlock...]

DW: He's got him! He's got him!

[...but quickly recoils away, clutching his shoulder in pain.]

SA: No! He couldn't get the German in place! That arm is giving him too much trouble! Terry Shane, just a year younger than Mahoney, looking to find a way to keep his title around his waist.. the title he worked so long and hard to gain. The title he feels earns him respect with the locker room... respect from the fans. The title he believes makes everything he's been through since arriving in the AWA worth it. Can he find a way to keep that title on himself?

[Mahoney spins back towards Shane, walking towards him as Shane tries to recover from his ill-advised German Suplex attempt. The Irishman grabs Shane by the arm, whipping him in a circle...

...which Shane uses to deliver a rolling solebutt to the gut of Mahoney!]

SA: Ohh! And Shane strikes hard there!

[Snatching a loose double underhook, Shane swings his knee up into the skull of Mahoney once... twice... three times.]

SA: Dirty knees by the former Ring Leader... something I might see in the Hexagon of the Mixed Martial Arts world!

[Shane lets Mahoney back to a standing position as the Fighting Irishman throws a wild right hand that Shane ducks, snatching him as he goes by.]

SA: Shane lifts him up... ohh! Shinbreaker by the champion!

[And he bounces Mahoney right back up off the shinbreaker into a twisting side suplex!]

SA: And for the first time in this match, you get the feeling that momentum may be starting to turn in Terry Shane's favor, fans! That all-important momentum may have just changed jerseys to the champion!

[Shane rolls to all fours, grabbing at his shoulder as he slowly gets back to his feet with Mahoney down on his back in front of him...

...and a smile crosses Shane's face as he gives a twirl of his finger to the cheering fans!]

DW: He's calling for it, Sal! He's calling for the Spinning Toehold!

SA: His family hold! Much like the Claw for the Lynches, the Shanes have always been about this Spinning Toehold! And if he locks it on, he may have found a way to survive this title showdown!

[Shane leans down, snatching Mahoney's foot into his hands. He looks out at the fans again...]

SA: We're at six minutes and change in this title defense and... here we go!

[The crowd roars as Shane twists the leg around his low, leaning low to apply maximum pressure on the trapped limb.]

DW: He's got it on him! Now it's Mahoney trying to hang on!

[Mahoney cries out, slapping the mat in pain as Shane twists the leg around a second time...]

SA: Pain shooting through the ankle and knee of Mahoney as Shane expertly applies the hold he's spent his entire life learning about! The hold that won World Titles for his father and grandfather!

[Shane twists around a third time, letting loose a roar as he leans even lower this time, really cranking up the torque. Mahoney sits up, screaming as he grabs at his twisted knee...

...and desperately reaches up, raking his fingers across Shane's eyes!]

DW: OH! HE WENT TO THE EYES, SAL! THE EYES! THAT NO GOOD-

SA: Shane had to break the hold! He can't see a thing! Rubbing at his eyes now, trying to clear his vision!

[With Shane blinded, Mahoney gets off the mat, shaking out his leg as he snatches a handful of tights...]

DW: NO!

[...and RAMS Shane shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost yet again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: TO THE POST! TO THE POST!

[Mahoney yanks Shane backwards, throwing him down to the mat by the hair. He quickly grabs the taped-up arm, scissoring it between his legs, and drops back to the mat!]

SA: Mahoney's got the armbar! He's got the cross armbreaker applied! And this time, there is no counter! The hands aren't locked and that elbow is being hyperextended by the challenger!

DW: Shane's looking for a way out but he's in the middle of the ring!

[Shane screams in pain, biting his own lip as he stretches his free arm towards the ropes in vain...

...and then reluctantly slaps the canvas three times as referee Koji Sakai leaps to his feet, waving an arm.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Mahoney's done it! Shane taps out! He got taken to Tap Out City by the Armbar Assassin and we've got a new World Television Champion, fans!

DW: For the second time, Callum Mahoney's got that prestigious title wrapped around his waist and... well, the fans here in Atlanta aren't too happy with how he did it but he did it all the same.

[Mahoney snatches the title away from the referee, thrusting it into the air as the fans continue to jeer loudly and ring announcer Tyler Graham makes it all official.]

TG: Your winner of the match... annnnnnd NEW AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

CALLLLLLLUMMMMM MAHOOOOOONEYYYY!

[Mahoney steps on the second rope, holding the belt high overhead as AWA medical personnel hit the ring, quickly moving to the side of Terry Shane who is grimacing in pain as he clutches his arm.]

SA: And while Mahoney celebrates his win, you can't help but wonder if Terry Shane has suffered a serious injury here tonight at the hands of the new champion, Dee Dub.

DW: I hope not, Sal. It's a heartbreaking loss for Terry Shane as it is... add an injury and more time on the shelf and it's crushing.

SA: Fans, while our medical team works on the now-former champion, we're going to take a quick break. We'll be right back.

[Fade to black...

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade through black to Theresa Lynch standing at the interview area.]

TL: We're back on the all-new Power Hour where - if you're just joining us - we've already crowned a new AWA World Television Champion in Callum Mahoney. Terry Shane is being prepped for transport to a nearby medical facility and if we get an update on his condition before we go off the air, we'll be sure to bring it to you. In the meantime, we've got a show filled with...

[Theresa trails off, distracted by something, perhaps someone, off-camera. The shot pulls back to reveal the "Chola Japonesa" herself, Luciana, dressed in a leopard print dress and red high heels, approaching the podium as the crowd reacts with a mix of catcalls and jeers. She also has a twisted black bandana tied around her head, knotted at her hairline, above her forehead.

Following behind Luciana is Kaz Konoe, who has on a pair of aviator sunglasses and a white baseball jersey, with black pinstripes and "Renegado" in a black cursive font across the front, over his ring attire: white boxer-style trunks, black knee pads and white boots, with black piping and laces.]

TL: Kaz Konoe, I know you have a match tonight, but nobody told me about giving you time for... whatever this is...

[It is Luciana who steps up to Lynch, motioning for Theresa to hold the mic up to her.]

L: Theresa, let me just say, Kaz is not happy!

[A shot of Konoe catches the Blackstar looking straight ahead, his eyes hidden behind the sunglasses, the rest of his face betraying no emotion.]

TL: What's he got to be upset about?

L: Why, your attempt two weeks ago at stirring up trouble between Kaz and Miss Angelica Westerly, of course! Let me make this clear, Theresa, when the Blackstar says he only needs me to represent him, all he is saying is that he does not need anyone else to do the talking for him.

Of course, Kaz is more than capable of speaking for himself, but people are not always prepared for what he has to say. And, of course, what Kaz tweeted was not, by any means, a knock on Miss Westerly and Guerreros del Mundo, because both of us know we would not be here if not for them. That's why Kaz was part of that Guerreros del Mundo showcase in the first place!

[Konoe leans in to interject something.]

KK: Mira, Theresa... ¡Los Renegados siempre serán parte de Guerrero Del Mundo! ¡Y El Renegado de Japón es el primer representante de los Guerreros Del Mundo en AWA.

L: And I hope, Theresa, that's the last bit of fake news about Kaz that I will have to correct for you.

[Theresa visibly rolls her eyes at Luciana's implication while the "Chola Japonesa" appears to be challenging Lynch for a response.]

TL: Fine. But what about Stevie Scott? Will Kaz Konoe be representing Angelica Westerly, then, in a match against Stevie's representative?

[She steers the mic towards Kaz Konoe who takes one long look at the interviewer...

...and shrugs to a handful of cheers from the crowd. Luciana smirks as she responds.]

L: Everyone knows Kaz is more than worthy of representing Guerreros del Mundo, so if Miss Westerly wants the Blackstar to represent her in that match, he'll gladly finish what he started last month... And if we can rid the AWA of the old man without physically crippling him... well, that's a win-win for everyone.

[Luciana leads Konoe away from the podium towards the ring, as La Banda Bastön's "Quiúbole" plays.]

TL: And as Kaz Konoe and Luciana make their way to the ring, let's go backstage to some comments I got earlier tonight from El Presidente himself, Javier Castillo!

[We cut to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" with Theresa Lynch walking into a door marked "EL PRESIDENTE." As she walks in, we see Javier Castillo seated behind his usual large wooden desk, a big smirk on his face.]

JC: Ahh, Miss Lynch... so lovely to see you again.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: I'm sure. I'm told you've got something you want to say.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: Ah yes... a State of the AWA Address they've been promoting it as.

TL: Sure, sure. Can we do it now?

[Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

JC: Now? No, no, no, Miss Lynch. I will be speaking to the people... MY people... LIVE!

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: But the show... it's very full, Mr. Castillo. I'm not sure I can-

[Castillo's face goes cold, pointing at the host of the Power Hour.]

JC: Oh, but you can... oh, but you will.

TL: We've only got an hour to-

[Castillo chuckles.]

JC: I will be your Main Event, Miss Lynch... and I dare my... friends... at Fox to cut me off.

[Lynch sighs.]

TL: Fine. Have it your way.

[Lynch turns to exit.]

JC: I always do.

[Castillo's smirk grows as we fade back out to the ring and the accompanying graphic. where Kaz Konoe is standing across from a lean-built African American man, with closely-cropped hair, who is dressed in a one-piece compression suit, with long sleeves and legs that end mid-thigh as a graphic comes up on the screen.]

**Kaz Konoe (w/Luciana)
vs
Lucas Mack**

SA: El Presidente letting Theresa know he'll come out here when he decides to and not a moment earlier... and he even seemed to dare our broadcast partner at The X to cut him off.

DW: Is he saying we're going... OVERTIME?!

SA: I'm not entirely sure what he's saying. But that's for later because right now, as you can see, we've got a local up-and-comer, Lucas Mack, getting ready to face Kaz Konoe.

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell has sounded and this one is underway as the two men come circling out of their respective corners.

[After a few moments of circling, Mack makes a lunge towards Konoe who simply backs to his corner, throwing a dismissive gesture at his opponent as the crowd jeers.]

SA: Kaz Konoe backs off... and these fans aren't too happy about that.

DW: Of course not! They paid their hard-earned money to see these guys fight it out... to compete... not to duck and dodge and hide!

[Konoe edges out of the corner a second time, this time allowing himself to be tied up in a collar and elbow before he twists out of it into an armwrench. He twists the arm around, hanging on by the wrist as Mack looks for an escape.]

SA: Kaz Konoe looking to remain undefeated here in the AWA and perhaps even tune up a little for next weekend when many expect he'll be the one representing Angelica Westerly in that special challenge match.

DW: Theresa tried to get an answer on that but my sister's got Konoe and Luciana well-trained. They're only going to reveal what she wants them to reveal, Big Sal.

[Slapping at his shoulder, Mack flips forward out of the armwringer, coming up to his feet where he twists Konoe's arm in response.]

SA: Nice counter by Lucas Mack, getting the armwringer of his own applied.

[Konoe grimaces as he looks for a way out before tossing a front flip of his own to relieve the pressure, scrambling up and bouncing a foot off the forehead of Mack!]

SA: Ohh! Hard kick finds the mark!

[But Mack is only down for a moment before he quickly kips up to his feet, seemingly catching Konoe by surprise. The two men stand off, staring each other down as the Center Stage crowd shows their appreciation for the early even matchup.]

DW: Pretty even so far, Big Sal.

SA: You may be right, Dee Dub, but don't forget... Konoe's got the experience advantage over this rookie. That's going to come to the forefront at some point in this match, I'd wager.

[Another lockup follows with Konoe quickly securing a side headlock.]

SA: Konoe right into the headlock... but Mack's looking for the quick escape.

[The rookie lands a few short forearms to the ribs before shoving Konoe off and towards the ropes.]

SA: The Blackstar shot across the ring...

[As Konoe rebounds, Mack sets for an armdrag but Konoe leaps into the air, twisting around and using his momentum to swing Mack down to the mat. with an armdrag of his own.]

SA: Nice reversal by Konoe... BOOM! Low dropkick to the knee of Mack... and there's the experience showing, Dee Dub.

[As Mack rolls around on the canvas clutching his knee, Konoe kips up to his feet, gesturing at Mack as he backs to the corner, waving for Mack to get to his feet.]

SA: Mack struggling to get off the mat... ohh! Running dropkick - this time to the face!

DW: Two big dropkicks out of Konoe and he turned this one around in a hurry. He might even be able to put this kid away just a few moments after we were talking about how even it was.

SA: Konoe doesn't look like he's looking to finish the rookie off though.

[Konoe instead pulls Mack to his feet by the arm, twisting him around...]

SA: Whips him to the corner...

[Konoe comes charging in, landing another running dropkick with enough force to end with him going over the ropes and landing out on the apron as Luciana cheers her man on from ringside.]

SA: A third dropkick! Konoe's got Mack reeling...

[From his spot on the apron, Konoe kicks the back of Mack's knee, the same knee that he dropkicked moments ago, which sweeps out the leg, putting Mack down on his rear in the corner...]

SA: Konoe grabs the ropes and...

[Konoe slingshots himself over the ropes, swinging high into the air before swinging back in to DRIVE both feet into the face!]

DW: OHHHH BROTHER! That'll rattle your teeth!

SA: Konoe perhaps letting the Wallace twins know that they're not the only ones capable of hosting a Dropkick Party here in the A-T-L!

DW: And maybe NOW he'll put him away, Sal!

SA: You could be right, Dee Dub... Konoe drags him out to the middle, Mack barely able to keep his feet...

[Konoe slides alongside Mack, snatching a three-quarter nelson before leaping into the air, flipping back over the stunned Mack...

...and DRIVES the back of his head into the canvas!]

SA: DESAFIO!

[Konoe scrambles across Mack and sits on his chest while pulling back on one leg, as the referee counts to three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Konoe shoves Mack's leg away, climbing to his feet to get his arm raised, as the fans jeer.]

SA: Kaz Konoe making fairly short work of Lucas Mack, as he claims a victory in his Power Hour debut.

DW: We heard him say earlier, Sal, that he'd gladly represent Guerreros del Mundo in that wager Angelica Westerly has with Stevie Scott, but, really, the

sky's the limit for Kaz Konoe here in the AWA if he keeps performing like he did tonight.

SA: Absolutely, Dee Dub. Konoe picks up the win and right now, fans, we're...

[Big Sal's words trail off as we see Konoe inside the ring.]

SA: I... uhh... can we help you?

[The camera cuts to the announce table where we find someone wandering near the two announcers, both hands grabbing at his head.]

DW: What's with this guy?

SA: Do we need to get security out here or...?

[Dale Westerly stands up, looking closer at the dirty, disheveled looking mess of a man by him.]

DW: Wait a second, Sal... I know this guy. Look at him.

SA: You know him?

DW: So do you! This is... hey, you...

[The interloper throws his head back, grimacing as he clutches a handful of his own hair.]

DW: Yeah! That's him! That's the Lost Boy!

SA: The Lost Boy? Didn't he... he got fired! He was released from his contract after SuperClash!

DW: Maybe no one told him. Maybe he doesn't care.

SA: Maybe he doesn't understand? Nevertheless, he's got no business out here and...

DW: Hey! You gotta get out of here, friend!

[Westerly puts a hand lightly on the Lost Boy's shoulder who snaps his head back, eyes wide. Westerly scampers backwards, shaking his head and holding up his hands to beg off as the Lost Boy lets loose a howl before simply wandering down the stairs towards the ring where Kaz Konoe and Luciana are glaring at him.]

SA: Can we get some help out here for him please? He seems lost... he seems confused...

[A few AWA officials quickly make their way into view, ignoring Konoe as he points and shouts at the Lost Boy who is now wading through the crowd.]

The officials try to escort him towards the emergency exit as the fans stand and look on.

SA: Alright... well... you never know what'll happen here on the all-new Power Hour but... well, Theresa?

[We cut up to Theresa Lynch who smirks, shaking her head.]

TL: Unpredictable to the end, Sal. Fans, we've still got a lot more to come tonight including that big tag team grudge match between the Wallaces and "Cannonball" Lee Connors with a mystery partner... as well as El Presidente himself, Javier Castillo, and his "State of the AWA" address. But right now, we're going to take a special look at someone on her way to the AWA very, very soon. Two weeks ago, we got a glimpse at Margarita Flores' childhood, growing up with her siblings, cousins and extended family on the Flores Ranch, and her athletic background playing basketball in high school. As promised, here is Part Two of our first look at Margarita Flores, as she tells us about how she got her start in wrestling and what inspired her to start training for the sport.

[We fade through black to said competitor standing in the Combat Corner. Flores is thickly-built, with dark brown eyes, light brown skin and wavy black hair that flows past her shoulders. She has on a Combat Corner T-shirt, like the other trainees we see going about their training behind her.]

MF: My name is Margarita Flores and I'm from La Feria, Texas.

[We see home video footage of a girls' basketball game in what looks like a high school gym. One of the teams is dressed in the maroon and gold of the La Feria Lions, whose center deftly blocks a jump shot attempt.]

MF: I don't think I was particularly athletic in high school. I was fit enough, but it was mainly about using my height and size on the court and putting it in the way of the opposing team. I enjoyed the game, but I don't think I took it seriously enough to consider a career as a professional basketball player. No, at that age, I had an entirely different sport in mind, thanks to a particular company running out of Dallas.

[An early establishing shot of the WKIK Studios set-up. Smackdab in the center of the studio is your standard wrestling ring... red, white, and blue ropes from top to bottom with the matching turnbuckles in the corner. The hard camera also shows a parade of flags on the back wall... everything from the USA to Canada to Mexico to Japan to the UK to Italy and some points in-between.]

MF: I guess you could say Saturday Night Wrestling was the first wrestling show I watched with any sort of regularity. Of course, I had some sort of awareness of wrestling before 2008, EMWC...

[We see Chris Courtade walking to the ring at Eternally Extreme, then a shot of Bobby Taylor stomping on the knee of Alex Martinez from the same event.]

MF: And, being from Texas, the LWC...

[A shot of "Lone Wolf" Brody Thunder standing nose-to-nose with one "Offensive" Alex Adams, followed by a shot of Robert Donovan leaping over the guardrail at the South Laredo Rodeoground, cutting a swathe through a number of bodies to get to Alex Adams, whom he picks up and drops with a chokeslam.]

MF: But I was too young to be watching those shows. And the kind of wrestling those companies were putting out, even if I could follow what was going on, I don't think our parents would have allowed any of us, my cousins, my brothers or I, to watch.

By the time I could watch, the likes of Hardin, Thunder and Courtade were already considered legends. They remain inspirations, but they're like these mythical figures, like they exist on this other level from what I could only strive to be like.

[We see Bobby Taylor, dressed in a black suit alongside his standard Stetson hat, standing alongside Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde at their announce position.]

MF: Bobby Taylor in the AWA was a little different from the "Outlaw" and member of the Syndicate he was before...

[Footage of Taylor charging to the ring to save his brother from Grant Stone.]

MF: Although he still had some of that fire in him and very much continues to prove that once an "Outlaw," well, you get my drift... However, if you were to ask me who my more immediate inspirations are...

[A potential throwdown between Juan Vasquez and Raphael Rhodes is cut off by AWA security rushing to the scene. Vasquez emerging from the collapsed SNW set covered in splinters, dust, and blood.]

MF: Coming from a Hispanic background, I guess I always took some pride in the achievements of the likes of Juan Vasquez...

[We see Vasquez holding up the National Title above his head at SuperClash II. We also see, from earlier in the match, Alex Martinez, as special guest enforcer, watching at ringside. Followed by a shot of Martinez knocking James Monosso down with a big boot.]

MF: And Alex Martinez... The Last American Badass cut quite a trail of destruction...

[Quick succession of shots: Martinez trading haymakers with Jeff "Madfox" Matthews at Wrestlerock, Martinez wiping Matthews out with the big boot, Martinez connecting with the big boot to Caleb Temple's jaw, Martinez

dropping Temple with the Firebomb, both at SuperClash III, and Martinez dropping a bloodied William Craven with the Firebomb.]

MF: But if there's one wrestler whom I've tried to model myself after...

[Another quick succession of shots: Robert Donovan uncorking a chairshot to the skull of Nenshou. Donovan dropping Nenshou with a gutwrench powerbomb onto the very same chair he had hit him with...]

MF: Is South Laredo's own Rob Donovan. Big...

[Donovan standing face-to-face with Polemos. Donovan doing the same with MAMMOTH Mizusawa, Donovan landing a flying legdrop off the top rope onto Mizusawa at SuperClash III, and Donovan dropping Mizusawa with the Blackheart Punch...]

MF: Tough...

[Donovan planting Calisto Dufresne with the gutwrench powerbomb, Donovan doing the same to Alphonse Green, Rex Summers getting hit with the Blackheart Punch ...]

MF: And his lariat's not too shabby either...

[Donovan knocks down Cletus Lee Bishop with a lariat. He does the same to Duane Henry Bishop at SuperClash IV.]

MF: So, that's exactly what I tried to do when I started my training at the Combat Corner two years ago.

[This time we get footage of Flores with an unknown opponent, both of them dressed in Combat Corner T-shirts, in one of the rings at the Combat Corner. The opponent leaps off the top rope with a crossbody, but Flores catches her and tosses her overhead with a fallaway slam.]

MF: I used my size and my strength.

[We see Flores pick up a charging opponent and powerslam her onto the mat. This is followed by footage from a CCW show, as Flores picks up her opponent and slams her back-first across her knee.]

MF: Coupled with some Texas toughness.

[More footage from a CCW show, as Flores exchanges forearm shots to the jaw with a different opponent, one who looks almost as big as her. Flores suddenly reaches out, grabs the top of the opponent's head and pulls the opponent into a headbutt that sends the opponent flying backwards, dropping onto her rear end.]

MF: Above all else...

[Quick shots of Flores hitting opponents and training partners with the lariat. Most of the shots are from CCW shows, but some are training footage from the Combat Corner itself.]

MF: I've got a lariat of my own.

[Flores holds her right arm to her side and pulls back her sleeve to reveal the black rose tattooed on her inner bicep.]

MF: And I make sure the black rose, "La Rosa Negra," is the last thing you see before I knock you out!

[She tries to look intimidating, but cannot help but break out into a slight smile after a moment.]

MF: To the ladies of the AWA Women's Division, now you know what's coming for you.

[And with that parting remark, we cut 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."

[Fade to black...

The shot fades in to the silhouettes of two wrestlers clashing in the ring. They sweat and strain as they slam each other, suplex each other, pummel each other with fists, feet and forearms.

The shot switches to an Asian boy watching the action in the ring. He wears a long blonde wig, big round sunglasses and a fedora with netting over the eye. His cheeks have been rouged and he is wearing lipstick, a high collared ruffled shirt and a trenchcoat decorated with chains. He sucks on a lollipop as he regards the wrestlers curiously. He pulls the lollipop from his mouth with a loud pop and then speaks. The voice that comes out is not a child's voice, but a man's. It is both deep and hollow, reedy and rich.]

"Dig if you will this image ... you and I wrestling in a ring
The sweat of your body covers me
Can you, my darling, can you imagine this?"

[Now the speaker is a curly-haired Italian girl. She wears a lace headband and her hair is swept over one eye. Her makeup is garish and overdone. She wears a boy's suit and a bowler hat sat on the back of her head. As her lips move, the voice is the same man's voice as before.]

"Well dream if you can the arena
Cameras flashing a Violet bloom
The fans all strike curious poses
They see the defeat ... my defeat of you!"

[One of the wrestlers leaps from the top rope and pins the other after a leg drop. The silhouette leaps to his feet, posing as there are cheers from an unseen crowd. The shot fades to a man in drag. He plays with his bouffant blonde wig. His mouth moves but the voice remains the same.]

"Why are they all still standing?
Cheering me dripping in gold.
Maybe I'm just too outstanding!
Maybe I'm just like Supreme Wright ...
Too cold.

[Now the man's voice comes from the mouth of an African-American woman with a large frizzy afro and garbed in robes.]

"Maybe I'm just like Martinez
He's never satisfied.
Why do we beat on each other?
This is what it looks like
When the Revolution is televised!"

[The image fades away, leaving a screen that is a dark violet in color.]

"The Revolution is televised!
The Revolution is televised!
The Revolution is televised!"

[A lip smacking kiss and the ring of a guitar riff shriek over the screen as the camera shot fades to black.]

We cut to a random room in the backstage area of Center Stage Studios. Theresa Lynch stands in the middle of the shot, but she isn't the focal point.

It is, instead, a disheveled "Hotshot" Stevie Scott.

Stevie is pacing back and forth, hands on his head, a look of bewilderment on his face, and seemingly oblivious to the fact that Lynch is standing right there. Theresa touches him on the shoulder as he passes by, causing Stevie to jump startled when he realizes he's not alone. He stops long enough for Theresa to ask him the question.]

TL: Stevie...what is going on here?

HSS: I can't believe it.

[Stevie puts his hands across his face, rubbing downward.]

HSS: The deal was done. Everything done but the ink dry on the paper.

[A distraught Hotshot shakes his head.]

HSS: It fell through.

TL: It fell through?

HSS: I don't know what happened. It was done! It was done! The deal was...

[Stevie's words trail off as he begins to pace again.]

TL: So... so what does this mean?

[He stops pacing long enough to answer.]

HSS: It means I'm back to square one. I've got nothing right now, do you understand? NOTHING.

Career's on the line. I was so sure this was going to work out just like I had planned. I dotted every I, crossed every T...and it still didn't matter. I've got nothing.

I was going to introduce him to the world tonight. I was going to show Angelica Westerly that I can put my money where my mouth is, just like I always have.

But now... I've got nothing. Biggest night of my career coming up in a few short days and I've got nothing.

[Stevie starts pacing again.]

HSS: Gotta find a solution. Gotta find a solution. Gotta find a solution.

[As he says that sentence the third time, he walks out of the camera view, his voice trailing off as he moves farther from the microphones. A confused Theresa Lynch watches him walk off before shrugging and turning back to the camera.]

TL: Perhaps the biggest surprise of the night, guys. As of right now, Stevie Scott has no one to be in the corner of when he puts his career up against Angelica Westerly next weekend at the Anniversary Show. It looks like his return may be a short-lived one after all. Let's go back to the ring!

**The Serpentes
vs
Diondra Dixon and Shanti Campbell**

[Sharp eyed fans may recall Diondra Dixon from her last appearance on Power Hour and by her unkempt afro. Shanti Campbell is a fellow African-American woman with big brown eyes and twisted hair.]

SA: Thanks, Theresa... and we're back here on Fox Sports X getting set for tag team action here in the Women's Division.

[The sounds of The LOX's "Money, Power, Respect" is playing over the PA system as we see the intimidating presence of the Serpentes as they step up into the ring. The Mamba with her dead white Mohawk and the loud, talkative Copperhead with her orange Mohawk and distinctive knee high striped socks.]

SA: And a hush has come over the studio audience here at Power Hour as the impressive duo of Mamba and Copperhead, the Serpentes, make their presence felt in a big way.

DW: These certainly aren't the ladies I would want to bring home to meet Mama Westerly.

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: Just a week away now from the big showdown between the Serpentine and the team of Victoria June and Julie Somers at the Ninth Anniversary Show in Los Angeles... and these two look like they mean business here tonight.

DW: When don't they, Sal? I'd tell 'em they need to smile more but I like my teeth and spine exactly where they're located thank you much!

[Sal chuckles again as the camera cuts to reveal a very well-dressed man sitting in the front row, looking on with interest.]

SA: The fans here in Atlanta are ready for this tag team showdown and-hey!

[The shot has cut away to the ring.]

SA: No, no. Can we go back to that shot? Can we...?

[The shot cuts back to the well-dressed, good-looking man who grins at the camera, giving a slight salute.]

SA: That's Alexander Kingsley!

DW: It is! Where the heck did he come from?

SA: A better question just might be why the heck he's here, Dee Dub! Kingsley hasn't been a part of the AWA for... what? Over a year? More?

DW: Something like that. What's he doing here now?

[The shot cuts back to the ring.]

SA: Well, I suppose that's a question for another time, Dale, since we want to give this match the focus it deserves but it just goes to show that just about anything can go down on the all-new Power Hour. Now, this one looks like it'll be Copperhead starting things off for the Serpentine as usual... and Diondra Dixon will be across the ring from her.

[Copperhead rushes Dixon, tackling her immediately to the canvas as the bell sounds.]

"You need to be faster, idiot!"

[She pounds Diondra's skull into the mat with a handful of hair and a series of reverse mat slams. Dixon flops and flails with every hit.]

SA: Copperhead with a fast start here as she drags Dixon up to her feet... scoops her up and slams her down!

[Copperhead peels off, pointing to Mamba.]

“My chica, she do it better, eh!”

SA: That body slam was one thing but one from the Mamba is quite another. A quick tag early in this one. Mamba scoops up Dixon herself...

[The crowd groans as Mamba HURLS Dixon down to the canvas with a massive bodyslam!]

SA: HOLY KAMOLE, BATMAN! BOOM! THAT SLAM SHOOK THE ROOM LIKE A 1993 WILL SMITH SONG!

DW: This can't last long if they keep up moves like that.

[With Dixon down on the mat, Mamba rushes the corner, snatching Campbell by the hair, flipping her over the ropes into the ring.]

SA: Wait a second! Shanti Campbell brought in the hard way - but she's not even legal!

[The crowd is all over the burly Serpentine as Mamba throws Campbell back against the ropes, burying her knee over and over into the midsection.]

DW: None of this is legal but Julie Somers and Victoria June better be paying close attention, Big Sal!

SA: Mamba shoots her across and...

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd reacts to a thunderous lariat that flips Campbell inside out, dumping her in a heap on the canvas as referee Pete “Blue Shoes” Miller shouts at Mamba.]

DW: Good ol' Blue Shoes is on the scene, trying to get control... he might have to disqualify these two, Sal!

SA: That certainly wouldn't go over well with the Serpentine but it may be necessary.

[The Mamba stomps across the ring, slapping her partner's hand.]

SA: Copperhead coming back in... but the Mamba's not going anywhere.

[Copperhead lifts Dixon off the mat, scooping her up as the Mamba does the same to Campbell...]

SA: They've got 'em both up! What are they going to do...?

[Copperhead runs into the corner, smashing Dixon into the corner with a running slam. She pivots out, driving Dixon down with a powerslam as the Mamba puts Campbell into the opposite corner, spinning back out to mid-ring...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and hurls Campbell down on top of Dixon as Copperhead rolls clear.]

SA: ONE SLAMMED ON TOP OF THE OTHER!

DW: Ring it! Ring it! That’s gotta be illegal!

SA: Blue Shoes gets the Mamba out... but Copperhead tags her right back in!

DW: Come on!

SA: That’s totally legal - and now they’ve got another period to double team legally! And it’s tactics like this mixed with the size of the Serpentes that puts a lot of worry into the team of Somers and June heading into that grudge match next weekend.

[Mamba and Copperhead step out to mid-ring, each with a hand around the throat of their hapless victims...]

SA: DOUBLE LIFT!

[The Serpentes clash their victims together like clinking glasses before twisting around and DRIVING them down into a double chokeslam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: DOUBLE CHOKESLAM! THAT’S IT!

[The Mamba makes the cover, planting a hand on the chest of both women as the referee drops down to count, easily slapping the mat three times without anyone budging.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: And mercifully this one is over. You can scrape what’s left of Dixon and Campbell from the ring.

[Mamba comes to her feet, allowing the referee to raise her arm as he does the same to Copperhead.]

SA: There they are, Dee Dub. The winners of this one who made short work of their opponents here tonight on the all-new Power Hour.

DW: They are sending a message to June and Somers. I hope those two are ready for the carnage that may come their way at the Anniversary Show.

SA: Fans, we'll be right back with more action right here on the Power Hour!

[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 women 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.”

[Fade through black back to the interview area where Theresa Lynch is again standing.]

TL: It’s been an exciting night of action here on the all-new Power Hour and don’t forget, we’ve still got the big tag team battle pitting the American Idols against “Cannonball” Lee Connors and a mystery partner still to come. We’ve got “Golden” Grant Carter who will be with us in just a few moments. Plus, the State of the AWA Address from Javier Castillo. It’s going to be a...

[Theresa’s words trail off as she spots Mickey Cherry coming through the entrance curtain onto the stage, a big smile across his face as he grips his cane. He is decked out in a pink camouflage tuxedo jacket and a black shirt with a white tie festooned with cherries. His skinny trousers are also white and he wears black whitewall dress sneakers. The smarmy Cherry oozes up next to Theresa Lynch, leering, laughing and winking at her. Theresa can’t hold back a sigh.]

TL: Mickey Cherry. Again. And not scheduled. Again.

[Cherry continues to cackle.]

TL: I’m guessing this has something to do with your new client.

MC: Oh come, Tee Tee baby, you know what I’m here for. I’m here for you!

[Lynch grimaces, sliding a step back from the slimy manager.]

TL: For me?

MC: Yes, I’m here for you. I know for the last few weeks I’ve been out here teasing you and tantalizing you with glimpses of my newest protégé and it’s been getting you all worked up!

You saw the chest, baby! The largest chest in the world! You saw the 25 calibre cannons! You saw the back that nobody could pin to the mat! It was incredible right, Tee Tee Baby? I know it was incredible.

And I know that somebody probably got mad at you later for the way you were drooling last Power Hour! Well tonight, I’m gonna show you the lower body and I’ve got an even more special surprise for you, Tee Tee Baby! But first, roll the video.

[Theresa looks exasperated by the exchange, but she concedes and nods her head towards the cameras.]

TL: Roll it.

[The shot fades into a pair of massive, muscular legs. The camera rotates around the bronze base of the unseen hulk of a man. We see the bulging calves, the teardrop of the quadriceps muscle, the thickness of the hamstrings. And then comes the voiceover.]

“Wrestling is not just an upper body business. These are the legs of a champion. This colossus’ thighs measure an incredible 36 inches. His calves are 24 inch miracles. This miracle of muscularity can leg press an impossible 2200 pounds. His front squat is a totally amazing 500 pounds. His squat an unearthly 800 pounds and his deadlift an uncanny 850 pounds. It may seem impossible, but it is true. He is real and he is coming soon to an AWA ring.”

[The camera fades back to an amazed Theresa Lynch.]

TL: These measurements and numbers can’t be real, Mickey Cherry! No one is that big, that muscular, that strong! You’re kidding us!

MC: Tee Tee Baby, would I lie to you?

TL: Yes.

[Cherry fakes a pained expression.]

MC: You know what, Tee Tee Baby, that really hurt my feelings. It hurt my feelings a lot, but I’m still gonna give you my big news because I know that my man is too incredible for an ordinary mind like yours to believe. I mean, if I didn’t have the privilege of managing this man, I wouldn’t believe it, either. But I’m gonna make believers of you all. I want you to attend the unveiling next time here on Power Hour.

TL: The unveiling?

MC: Don’t you dare miss it, Tee Tee. Cause baby, it’s gonna shake up the world!

[Cherry cackles to himself that he is the greatest to ever do it as he walks off the set. Lynch stares after him quizzically.]

TL: We’ll see if Mickey Cherry is a man of his word. Personally, I don’t believe it.

[She shakes her head, muttering “Tee Tee Baby” under her breath as we crossfade back to the ring.]

**Soldiers of Fortune
vs
Bart Arceneaux and Steve Nedved**

[Both Arceneaux and Nedved are in decent shape. Arceneaux is wearing a pair of blue trunks, blue knee pads, and white boots. He has short, brown curly hair, and he's got a solid bit of chest hair. Nedved is slightly taller and in less shape, with dirty blond hair some stubble. Nedved is wearing white trunks, with a black fleur-de-lis on the sides of both legs. The crowd cheers the young duo...

...but those cheers turn to boos as "Don't Tread on Me" by the Damn Yankees starts up. The opening guitar riff from Ted Nugent echoes throughout the studio as Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens march towards the ring.]

SA: Alright, fans... tag team action coming up here with the Soldiers of Fortune taking on Bart Arceneaux and Steve Nedved.

DW: That's quite a mouthful.

SA: That's why they pay me the big bucks.

[Stephens is wearing a pair of dark blue jeans, with a rip above the left knee, and a black t-shirt with the Soldiers of Fortune logo across the chest. He wears a pair of black boots underneath the jeans. In his right hand is a flagpole, with the American flag draped along the top. Flint is wearing a pair of army fatigues over a black singlet. He's carrying the Gadsden Don't Tread on Me Flag. Once both men reach ringside, they set their respective flags on their corner of the ring. Nodding at each other, both men then roll into the ring and immediately charge Arceneaux and Nedved.]

SA: The Soldiers as usual aren't even waiting for the bell to ring to get started, and they're all over Bart Arceneaux and Steve Nedved! The Soldiers were born in the USA, but they're not going to be breaking bread with Bruce Springsteen any time soon!

[Stephens drives Nedved shoulder first into the top turnbuckle, and then, grabbing Nedved by the hair and tights, launches him through the second and third turnbuckle, smashing Nedved's shoulder into the ringpost.]

DW: Goodness gracious!

SA: Nedved through the ropes, but fortunately slumping on the apron, or unfortunately depending on how you look at it. Stephens going over to help out Flint and the referee should be getting this one under control.

[The referee steps in front of Stephens, as Flint works over Arceneaux in the corner. The bell finally sounds as Stephens marches back towards his corner while Flint crushes Arceneaux three times in the corner with standing lariats.]

DW: Arceneaux and Nedved are a relatively new team to this business, working out of the Louisiana area. They drove roughly 500 miles from New Orleans all the way down I-65 and I-85 just to get an opportunity!

[Flint lifts Arceneaux in the air, and drives him down onto his knee with a spine-tingling atomic drop.]

SA: They certainly got themselves an opportunity, but Bart Arceneaux's having a cow in the ring right now thanks to the AWA's resident two man Army of Darkness. The Captain of nobody's heart, Joe Flint is dominating right now.

[Flint pulls Arceneaux up to his feet, then scoops him up halfway to his stomach. Flint steps forward a couple of steps, before driving Arceneaux's gut into his knee.]

SA: That Joe Flint patented gut buster is certainly no laughing matter, and speaking of no laughing matter, Flint tags in his partner. Charlie Stephens has probably never laughed a day in his life.

DW: Well, If you're not counting laughing at anyone's expense, I think you're right.

[Stephens Irish whips Arceneaux, and as Arceneaux rebounds off the ropes, Stephens runs towards Arceneaux, driving both hands into his throat.]

SA: A running cross chop right to the esophagus of Bart Arceneaux and it seems like Stephens is using new moves each and every time he steps into that ring.

DW: That attitude change has definitely boosted his confidence!

[Stephens picks up Arceneaux and bowls him over towards the corner. Nedved, angry at the early match assault to his shoulder from Stephens, eagerly tags in.]

SA: Nedved stepping through the ropes and it looks like he's ready for an old fashioned hockey fight right here and now!

[Stephens and Nedved square up, circling each other, however, Nedved's guard at this stage of his career isn't exactly the best and Stephens quickly lunges forward, jamming a thumb into the eye of Nedved.]

DW: Come on!

SA: Shades of the legendary Buffalo Sabres goon Rob Ray, I'm sure Stephens grew up watching the Sabres play and picked up a few things from him, and now he's going right back to that left shoulder!

[Stephens twists the left arm of Nedved, who shouts out in pain. Stephens then takes the arm, pinning it behind Nedved's back before he scoops him up and slams him hard to the mat.]

DW: Stephens definitely picked up something in his stint in the Army. See a target, and take that target out.

[Rolling Nedved onto his stomach with his arm still behind his back, Stephens backs away, with murderous intent in his eyes. He steps right back in, leaping into the air with a kneedrop down across the right shoulder and arm. The crowd boos as Nedved yelps in pain.]

SA: Stephens standing over Nedved much like a lion standing over a zebra on the Serengeti... and it looks like he's going for a submission!

[Stephens grabs the left arm, bending it at an angle while sitting on Nedved's back. The referee is checking for the submission, when Joe Flint enters the ring and barrels past the referee, clobbering Bart Arceneaux in the corner with a Howitzer!]

SA: That was not necessary at all! The referee's now tied up with Flint, getting him back to the corner.

DW: I think Nedved's trying to quit but the ref's tied up with Flint! There no one that can call for the bell!

[As the referee shoos Flint back to his corner, Flint yells out at Stephens "let's wrap this up!" Stephens, looking over at Flint, keeps the hold on, finally letting go once the referee turns back towards the action.]

SA: He could just finish the match right now, but Stephens decides to tag Flint back in.

[Flint steps through the ropes, walking over towards Nedved. He pulls Nedved to his feet, seemingly apologizing for Stephens' attack on his shoulder, saying that Stephens can be a bit hotheaded.]

DW: What's Flint's game here?

SA: Whatever it is...

[Flint then decides to crack Nedved under the jaw with his outstretched arm!]

SA: That Howitzer! That's his game! That big gun, all twenty one inches of it, right across the jaw of Steve Nedved, and he's gesturing towards Stephens!

[Flint, smugly approving of his brief contribution, tags Stephens back in. Flint picks Nedved up in a bearhug as Stephens steps through the ropes. Stephens quickly runs towards the opposite ropes, and he rebounds, kicking his legs out and taking Nedved down with a necktie clothesline!]

SA: The Second Amendment! It might be... it could be...

[But before the referee can hit three, Stephens yanks Nedved up!]

SA: It's not!

DW: This isn't right! The referee ought to do something about this!

SA: I agree, Dee Dub, but Stephens is staring down towards the interview area and Theresa Lynch! He's pulled Nedved to his feet and is pointing right at her.

[Nedved's obviously out on his feet, and Stephens balls up the hand he just pointed at Theresa Lynch. He breathes on the hand, and the crowd starts booing, as if they know what's coming.]

DW: What the??

[With a quick spin, Stephens cracks Nedved right across the jaw with a Discus Punch as the crowd just lets him have it.]

SA: This is just awful! Stephens just used the Discus Punch and floors Nedved. Finally, we get a three count and the Soldiers of Fortune pick up the win here!

[As soon as the referee hits three, Stephens rolls off of Nedved and quickly exits the ring. Flint and Stephens grab their flagpoles and stomp on over to the interview area.]

DW: Get out of there, Theresa!

[Wisely, Theresa makes a quick exit as the Soldiers enter the interview area. Stephens gestures for a mic as Flint looks around for one. Someone hands a mic to Stephens, who cracks a grin.]

CS: Yeah! Go run on home and tell your stupid wreck of a brother I said hi, he's probably lyin' on the couch at the ol' Lynch Ranch gettin' fat on Pringles and Diet Coke.

What a sack of crap, I can't even get my hands on him anymore, but you know what, Joe.. maybe, just maybe..

[Stephens reaches into his pants pocket, and pulls out a picture of Jack Lynch, with a hole through it.]

CS: I can get my hands on another.

[Stephens then balls up the picture and throws it on the floor. Flint steps forward, seemingly wanting to say something as well.]

JF: Ya know, deep down I wasn't willin' to get myself involved with Charlie's personal issue. I held the Lynches in high regard once upon a time, but that all changed after Jack's cowardly brother complained about my partner, and picked a fight with a retired ring announcer, and the Lynches didn't even do anythin' about it.

[Flint shakes his head.]

JF: Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright, ya got yer dance card full as it is with Castillo and his stinky, sweaty monsters, but ya two punks gotta realize that it's our time to make our names known in the AWA, and I feel like I gotta warn ya that at the AWA Anniversary Show, yer never gonna see us comin'.

CS: After the execs silenced us for a few weeks, we ain't doin' this for anyone's sake but our own, but our help's gonna come at a price. Maybe, just maybe we'll leave a couple of scraps for Castillo's animals to feast on.

[Stephens steps back, and makes the 'I want the belt' gesture around his waste.]

JF: We ain't the Soldiers of Fortune for nothin', boys. We're comin' for our fortune, whether y'all like it or not.

At ease.

[Cut to black.

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

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

[In yellow Comic Sans text the words, 'IDOL CHATTER' flash across the screen. Star wipe to Riley Hunter, spot-treating his AWA World Tag Team Belt. He looks off-screen every few seconds while a video game using the Super Nintendo sound font is being played off-screen.]

RH: ...No, you're doing great, Nick! Just remember that there are two different jump buttons: a spin jump and a regular jump.

NA: [off-screen] But it doesn't make a difference, does it? I have enough trouble figuring out all these buttons.

RH: Well, the difference is in the height you get. Maybe you can try holding the controller between both hands instead of laying it on the coffee table.

CHAZ: Hey, there you are Riley!

CHET: Where have you been?

[Defensively, he tries to hide his World Tag Team belt behind his back.]

RH: Oh... I've been... here and there. Y'know... Just doing stuff.

CHET: Hey, you want to help us with all this discounted merchandise?

CHAZ: I mean, we can't hold a flash sale for longer than a month, so...

CHET: Hey, is that your gaming rig?

CHAZ: You never let us touch that thing, and here's Nick Axis getting his greasy fingers all over your controllers.

NA: [off-screen] Riley, the bullet hit me again!

RH: Remember to hit down to duck!

NA: [off-screen] Which one is down?

CHET: Oh my god, he's useless.

RH: He's also... [stage whisper] ...very sensitive! Do you know who his dad is? Constantine Axidopolous, aka "Gus" Axidopolous!

CHET & CHAZ: Gus the Greek?!

RH: Yes! Gus the Greek is paying us a FORTUNE every week to keep his boy in a position of prominence in the AWA. As long as we keep treating his little asthmatic progeny like he's a superhero, I'll be playing the ponies on your dad's arch-rival's coin. K-ching!

CHET: So... you don't need the T-shirt sales?

CHAZ: You don't need... us?

CHET: We're the Golden Idols!

CHAZ: The three of us! We're pals, remember?

NA: [off-screen] I fell down the hole again, Riley. I don't see what's so special about this Yellow Switch Palace that I have to finish this level to get to.

[Hunter looks back and forth, torn.]

RH: Uh, look... I'm kind of busy.

CHAZ: Well, you're from Calgary. You've got to know something about this partner Cannonball dredged up.

CHET: Who is this Downpour, anyway?

RH: I dunno. Never heard of him. The way Connors talks though, you'd think he found himself some sort of superhero. Which would be ridiculous.

[Hunter shrugs, but he notices a post-it note attached to his sleeve. He takes the paper off his shirt and holds it arm's length. The Greek letter '?' is drawn in marker.]

RH: Hmm.

[He crumples the post-it.]

NA: [off-screen] Hey, do you have a controller with less buttons, Riley?

RH: Uhhhh, sorry guys. Good night now?

[He excuses himself off-screen.]

CHET: Uh, yeah. Good night now.

[Chaz pulls out a clipboard and draws another line across it with a heavy sigh.]

CHAZ: Well... We could always see if Callum Mahoney is busy. We could call ourselves CC&C.

CHET: Are you kidding? Do you know how much it would cost to license "Everybody Dance Now?"

[Freeze frame on the disappointed Wallace twins as the Idol Chatter theme rings out again...

...and we cut back to the Center Stage Studios. More accurately, to the front row where Alexander Kingsley III is seated. Standing nearby, microphone in hand, is a none-too-happy Theresa Lynch. Through almost-gritted teeth, Lynch begins.]

TL: I'm only here because I have to be, let's make that clear from the start.

[A hard glare at AK3 from the Lynch sister.]

TL: It gives me no pleasure to be talking to you, Alexander, especially since Travis ran you out of here with your tail between your legs once already. So why are you here tonight?

[Kingsley smirks, adjusting his sportscoat by the lapels.]

AK3: Why I'm here, Theresa, is really none of your business. But I am here...

[Oh, you know it's coming.]

AK3: ...which is more than one could say for your Travis.

[And there it is. Getting the jeers as soon as he's back, he is. Kingsley pauses a moment to let it sink in, then shakes his head.]

AK3: But you know what? That's in the past. The vendetta against the Lynch family is no longer a concern of mine. I've moved on and have much bigger things in my vision for the future.

TL: And that would be?

AK3: As you can see...

[With a confident smile, he holds up his ticket stub.]

AK3: I still have my resources. Bought this about three hours ago. Not sure where the poor chump who would've had this seat ended up.

[He looks up and points toward the last row of seats.]

AK3: Probably up there in the nosebleeds. But he's got a few more C-notes in his pocket now, if you get my drift.

But to business at hand. Why am I here? Well, specifically, I have a meeting in about two hours.

And at that time, I will sign a contract to make my return to the AWA.

[Boo! Lynch rolls her eyes.]

TL: I really thought you'd have figured out last time that you couldn't hack it here. Just because _you're_ done with the Lynches doesn't mean the Lynches are done with _you_.

AK3: That may be the case, Theresa, but I think Jack's got enough to deal with right now, don't you?

[Pause. Theresa scowls, but knows he's right.]

AK3: Look, you of all people should know how tough this business is. You're a Lynch. Your family has stabbed its share of people in the back. Don't pretend you haven't. It's cutthroat. It chews you up and spits you out and doesn't give a damn if you land on your feet or on your face.

So Theresa, now you've got to ask yourself...with my money, with my resources...why would I come back to this when I could be lounging in my beach bungalow in St. Kitts? Or sitting by a fire in my chalet in Zermatt after a day on the slopes? Why would I return to this lifestyle?

I don't need it.

[He narrows his eyes.]

AK3: I _want_ it.

And Alexander Kingsley III _always_...gets what he wants.

[Kingsley grins and winks at Lynch while patting her arm. Lynch, disgusted, pulls away instinctively.]

AK3: Be good, Theresa. We're going to be seeing a lot of each other soon enough.

[Maintaining the grin, Kingsley slowly sits back down. Lynch shudders and walks away without a word before we fade back to the backstage area where "Golden" Grant Carter is standing in a pair of blue jeans and a white Combat Corner t-shirt. Some flashy gold chains are hanging from around his neck as he chomps a wad of gum and looks over some darkened sunglasses.]

GGC: The news is out - the word on the street is hot. They tell me that Kerry Kendrick, the...

[He chuckles.]

GGC: ..."Self Made Man" has finally signed the contract. He told the brass that he was on the first AWA show and he's gonna be on the next one - the big birthday bash. And I can't wait to wrap up my gift to give to him.

[He holds up a fist.]

GGC: You know, Kerry... if things went your way nine years ago, this business might look a whole lot different. But nope. You were handed the golden opportunity... and you dropped the ball. And things just never went right after that, did they?

I know it. You know it.

And Ricki, she knows it too.

[He smirks.]

GGC: She knows that you're a sinking ship. She knows that you've wasted your God-given talents and turned into a punchline. She knows that come Spring Training, there's gonna be a whole lot of back-slappin' and high-fivin' in the BoSox clubhouse telling Big Papi he walked into the world of wrestling and he shut Kerry Kendrick's big mouth.

They'd be wrong though... 'cause no one shuts up Kerry Kendrick.

[He lifts his hands, covered in a pair of golden Michael Jackson-esque gloves.]

GGC: Except me.

[Carter flashes his trademark grin as we cut back out to the arena where we see the American Idols head to the ring. Chaz wipes sweat from his forehead, whipping it at the camera. Dressed in neon yellow and black, tassles around their biceps and knee pads, headbands reading "Connors sucks!", the pair roll under the bottom rope and into the ring. The circle around, double high fiving and mocking the crowd with scary fingers and held punch wanna be punches.]

TG: Entering the ring... CHAZ! CHET! THE AMERICAN IDOLS!

[The crowd thumbs down the pair, turning to cheers as "You're The Best" hits over the PA! Bursting out from the curtain is a white gi wrapped Lee Connors. He punches into the air, spin kicking and landing on his feet, pointing at the Idols as he makes his way, high fiving some fans.]

TG: And their opponents, entering first... CANNONBALL! LEE CONNORS!

DW: Lee Connors has had lots of issues with the American Idols over the past few weeks. He promised he'd have a partner to take these two on. Let's see who it is!

[Connors stops half way down the short aisle, not quite entering the ring. The lights seem to darken a bit and the sound of a thunderstorm hits over the speakers. Rumbling, the sound of rain, crackle of lightning. Lights strobe on and off, lights from the ceiling shooting down making it seem like it's raining in the building. Cue the fog machine.

Bassy and fast paced electronic music kicks full in and a final loud thunder clap brings out Lee Connors partner!]

SA: Wait... who is this!?

[Shooting through the curtain is a masked man! He is dressed in a full shimmery dark blue body suit, cut through with silver jags. His mask is full face, silver eyes and a full "hair" of silver and black tassles coming from the back and down onto his shoulders. He has similar tassles hanging from his boot tops and wears a paneled "skirt" that looks like water drops of varying sizes. He shoots a fist into the air before hopping down and joining his partner.]

TG: And his partner...

...DOWNPOUR!

[The two leap onto the apron, fist pumping and getting the crowd into it. Downpour shows early agility, grabbing the top rope and doing a full flip in to his feet, spinning to a knee and reaching both hands to the sky. Connors comes in behind him with a full extended punch overhead, both posing together.]

SA: The Idols shouldn't be rolling their eyes. They have no idea who this Downpour is, no more than I do and I thought I knew everyone everywhere. They need to concentrate on this match. "Cannonball" Lee Connors, as we mentioned, has been eagerly anticipating this match, almost as much as the AWA fans here in attendance and in TV land!

[The two get up, conferring as they get ready, the ring announcer leaving the ring and the referee starting to give out instructions. As soon as the bell hits, the Wallace twins are across the ring and battering forearms into both Downpour and Connors!]]

DW: And here we go... and I mean go!

[The Wallaces each grab an opponent by the arm, looking to whip them across the ring...]

SA: Double whip... reversed!

[And as the American Idols rebound back towards their opponents, they get taken up and over!]

SA: Right into a double hiptoss!

[The Wallaces scramble up but Connors and his masked partner are waiting to take them back down with a double overhead armdrag.]

DW: The Idols are already reeling by this tandem offense, Big Sal!

SA: And it's a cold day in Dallas when these two get out tag teamed, Dee Dub, but perhaps this new team of "Cannonball" Lee Connors and the mysterious Downpour are going to be the ones to do it.

[The Idols bail out of the ring, getting booed loudly by the studio crowd as they walk around, talking plans and collecting themselves. They stop to jeer a young kid, mocking him before rolling back in and getting some separation.]

SA: I thought I knew everything and everyone, but Downpour is a complete enigma to me. And he will be starting off here with Chaz of the American Idols as our official gets some control here.

DW: There are an awful lot of tassles in that ring right now.

[The two lock up, Chaz getting the go behind, lifting Downpour up and throwing him to the ground with a "Yeah! Take that, loser!]

SA: Waistlock into a slam, Chaz showing some great amateur skills. As flashy as these two can be, the American Idols have some tremendous fundamental skills.

[Chaz pauses to flash a double bicep pose at the masked man who does not react... or at least we can't see a reaction as the two come together into another tieup that sees Chaz go right back to the waistlock.]

SA: Back to the go-behind by Chaz... lifts him up...

[But Downpour snags his arm on the lift, breaking free and using the grip on the arm to flip Chaz down to the mat!]

SA: Armdrag counter by Downpour... and there's a second one as well! A picture perfect take over and into a wristlock and TAG! Here comes Lee Connors!

[The crowd applauds as the fiery young man leaps to the top rope and down with a knife edge chop!]

SA: Big chop, right to the bicep!

DW: Some very good, classic, and sound teamwork from this new pair!

[Snatching the arm, Connors twists it around before lighting him up with a kick to the leg... and another... and another!]

DW: Take a knee, good sir!

[As Chaz sinks to a knee, Connors reaches back and tags in the masked newcomer. Downpour quickly gets in, hops to the second turnbuckle and leaps off himself with a knee to the arm, grabbing it quickly as Chaz roars in pain, trying desperately to reach his twin.]

SA: Ohh! Another nice doubleteam maneuver by this new tag team... and Downpour goes right back to work on the arm.

[The masked man ducks under with an arm wringer and puts a forearm into Chaz's elbow, leading him down to the mat and cinching in an arm bar, nodding at the crowd as they show their approval.]

DW: This Downpour is really showing us he knows how to wrestle, Big Sal. Great team work between the two here, tagging in and out and keeping Chaz in their half of the ring.

[Downpour uses his grip on the arm to steer Chaz to his feet, turning back towards Connors again...

...but takes a knee to the gut before he can get there, cutting him off.]

DW: Oof! That will stop momentum!

[Chaz quickly moves to his own, making a tag of his own.]

SA: There's the tag on the other side of the ring... Chet slingshots in, quickly moving to his brother's side...

[Each grab an arm on Downpour, whipping him across the ring in tandem.]

SA: Double whip again...

[The duo shifts their stances, reaching back for a double hiptoss to take Downpour up and...]

SA: NO! He lands on his feet!

[And immediately spins around, catching both under their armpits and sending them flying, rolling out of the ring!]

DW: Downpour putting a damper on the American Idols!

[And keeps it going, tagging in Lee Connors before racing across and hitting a double sliding dropkick to both!]

DW: Look at that, Sal!

SA: Connors in!

[On the apron, Downpour pulls down the top rope and Connors comes flying...]

SA: CANNONBALL... WIPES THEM OUT! WHAT A SOMERSAULT PLANCHA!

DW: We're not done!

SA: WHEN IT RAINS, IT POURS!

[Downpour leaps up, hitting a second rope Asai Moonsault onto everyone and the crowd is loud!]

SA: The crowd on their feet here in Center Stage Studios! We have ourselves a match, Dee Dub! This is some dynamite action by Lee Connors and Downpour against the American Idols!

DW: And high fives all around!

[The pair enthusiastically run around the ring, the crowd cheering them on as they take the time to slap some extended hands.]

SA: Connors and Downpour back in, a high five for one another and...

[A rush of tassles flies by as the Wallaces strike fast and hard, landing a pair of dropkicks to the masked man, sending him down to the mat.]

DW: IDOLS!

[Before Connors can react, he's dropped with a pair of dropkicks as well.]

SA: And downhe goes too! We have a Dropkick Party developing here on Power Hour courtesy of the American Idols as they quickly take control.

DW: Lee Connors is in a lot of trouble! The Wallace Twins have really been putting a hate on for the Cannonball and making his life miserable. And now he's in there alone with them!

[Chet, the legal man at this point, lays forearms into the spine of the Cannonball, the crowd favorite arching in pain.]

SA: Tag to Chaz. Chet still has him through... suplex! And Chaz with a standing splash!

[Chet doesn't let go through, rolling Connors over and back up.]

DW: He still has him!

SA: Another suplex... AND ANOTHER SPLASH!

DW: C'mon ref! This isn't fair!

[And as Downpour goes to step in, the ref cuts him off, allowing the pair to hook Connors for a double suplex...]

SA: Ohh! What a double team out of the Idols and-

[The crowd groans as a leaping double splash crushes Connors into the mat. Chet rolls out as Chaz hooks a leg, getting a two count.]

DW: Classic American Idols, not doing anything fair at all.

[Chaz snatches a front facelock on Connors, slowing the pace down temporarily.]

SA: Chaz grinding his forearm to the throat, cutting off his circulation here and really wearing Lee Connors down. The Cannonball needs to grab a wrist, take some pressure off and get to his feet. We've seen him in action, we know those kicks can be deadly but only if he can get them off.

DW: And if he can, he can make that very important tag to Downpour and get a rest!

SA: Fans, we're rapidly approaching the end of our show - the one hour mark of our show. Now, remember... we haven't been told we're going past the hour but we've been told that El Presidente, Javier Castillo, intends to speak to this crowd still tonight at the conclusion of this match.

DW: Are we going overtime, Big Sal?! Are we?!

SA: I have no idea. So, we'll keep you in the know as we near the end of our show and if the match is still going as we go off the air, we'll bring you the conclusion on AWA.com later tonight.

[With the Atlanta crowd cheering him on, Connors manages to get a foot under him, battling to a standing position as he tries to turn towards his waiting partner.]

SA: Connors trying to get there, trying to get to Downpour...

[And with a heave, he tries to push forward, even lifting the Idol up, reaching out an arm!]

DW: You can do it, Lee!

SA: He's trying so, so desperately to make that tag! Getting closer, lifting Chaz Wallace up, reaching!

[Grabbing the ref, the other twin Wallace pulls his vision away. Connors makes the tag to his masked partner to a thunderous cheer...]

SA: TAG!

[...that immediately turns to boos as the referee runs across and stops Downpour from getting in!]

SA: He didn't see the tag! He didn't see the tag and is forcing Downpour out of the ring!

DW: This is a travesty, Sal! The Idols are lighting up Connors now, just laying a pounding on him! They are crushing this kid in the middle of the ring, the referee is distracted, and the American Idols are pummeling and stomping this poor kid into oblivion!

[And as the referee comes back and moves from the corner, the two sprint towards the corner, throwing a double dropkick at a unsuspecting Downpour.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: WHAT A BAD LANDING!

[Downpour takes a nasty fall from the tandem strike, turning nearly upside down as he falls from the apron to the floor in a heap.]

SA: We're almost out of time! We've got just about a minute and change left in our show! We still don't know if we're going to stay on the air. We still don't know if Javier Castillo has the power that he says he has!

[The twins mock the downed Connors, the crowd jeering loudly. The brothers spit out a loud "Losers!" as they mock wipe tears away, the two prancing around in early victory. They stop in the middle of the ring, pose and flex!]

DW: Oh, wait a second!

[The camera gets a GREAT shot as the two, wide smiles, part and standing there with clenched fists is a furious, fired up, and ready to fight Cannonball.]

SA: Lee Connors is about to explode!

[And he does, laying into the Idols with chops and punches, staggering both!]

SA: Cannonball is Karate Kid'ing the American Idols with strike after strike, chop after chop! He ducks Chaz... kick to the gut and AXEKICK TO THE BACK! Chaz goes down!

[And then starts hitting Chet with alternating round kicks driving him back towards the counter!]

DW: WHIP 'EM LIKE A DAWWWWG!

SA: Lee Connors is smashing Chet into the corner!

[With his back turned, Connors doesn't see Chaz running in from the blind side...

...or does he?]

SA: Wait! Chaz... Connors moves!

[The sidestep sends Chaz crashing into his twin brother in the corner.]

SA: American Idol pile up annnd... PALM STRIKE!

DW: To the jaw!

[Chaz staggers out, shaky on his knees and falls flat!]

SA: One down and one... to... GO!

DW: A bit of Idol medicine!

[Connors, stepping back, charges in as Chet tries to recover, driving him hard to the corner with a dropkick and using it to spring off with a moonsault onto the prone Chaz!]

SA: OHHH! What a combination out of the Canadian Cannonball!

[Connors clutches his gut as he gets to his feet, rolling towards his corner and reaching out a hand... only Downpour isn't there!]

DW: Downpour is trying to recover, but that fall was brutal! Lee can't tag, he is looking for his partner- WATCH OUT!

[A charge from the back by the Wallaces causes the referee to shout out in protest but a shaky Chaz and Chet ignore him, grabbing Connors and bringing him out to mid-ring.]

SA: The Idols looking to take advantage of Connors being all alone in there... what's this now?

[Chet reaches out, grabbing Connors by the foot...

...and gives a strong lift, flipping Connors upside down where he lands across Chaz' bent knee!]

SA: OHH! ASSISTED GUTBUSTER! This might be it!

DW: ONE! TWO! KICKOUT!

[The crowd gives it a big cheer, up on their feet as they urge Cannonball on... and now Downpour is up, draped on the top rope, reaching out a hand and stomping a foot to get the crowd further going!

"CAN-NON-BALL!"

"CAN-NON-BALL!"

SA: The crowd loves this kid! But he's in a lot of trouble, isolated again by a talented tag team, like their attitude or not.

DW: Yeah, I don't like 'em at all but the American Idols are currently ranked in the Top Five of the tag team ratings, are well experienced - certainly moreso than these two.

SA: Fans, we're just about out of time! We're... well, we'll see you in two weeks!

DW: Or two seconds.

[There's a moment of silence from the announcers as we wait to see if the Power Hour feed gets cut...

...but as the Wallace twins pulls Connors back to his feet and we're still watching, they speak again.]

SA: Okay, well... El Presidente's stroke with the suits never ceases to amaze. We are STILL on the air! Javier Castillo defied the network and dared them to cut off the show where he's still scheduled to appear and... well, he's still here... we're still here and... we're still in the midst of this exciting featured attraction tag team showdown!

[Chaz and Chet whip Connors into the corner, sending him crashing back into the buckles...

...and then Chet whips Chaz, sending him into a running avalanche in the corner!]

SA: Big running splash. Not a lot of weight behind it but it had some momentum.

[Chaz snatches Connors by the hair, shoving him out towards Chet who lifts him up into a side slam position as Chaz leaps and twists to the second rope, springing off and twisting back towards his brother...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT A MOVE!

[...and SMASHES Connors down into the canvas with a flying elbow just as Chet drops him with a sideslam!]

SA: The Idols absolutely demolishing Connors with that one! Another cover gets one! It gets two! It gets-

[The crowd ROARS as a diving Downpour breaks up the pin just in time!]

SA: Downpour makes the save! The referee is right there though to make sure he goes back to the corner...

[Downpour has some words for his young partner though, imploring him to "GET UP AND FIGHT!"]

SA: Connors is still down... the Idols still in control... but now his partner is ready and waiting at least. If he can get to him.

DW: Somehow, some way, Cannonball desperately needs to tag in Downpour!

[Climbing off the mat, Chaz slaps Chet's hand.]

SA: A tag for the Idols... although at this point, who knows which one of them is legal. I'm sure the referee has no idea either.. some stomps by both men there on Connors. If you're just joining us and expecting to see Super K Saturday, I'm told that show will air in its entirety after the conclusion of the all-new Power Hour. We're in overtime here on the Power Hour with this exciting tag team showdown... and we're still waiting for Javier Castillo to appear with his State of the AWA Address as well!

DW: Look at 'em, Sal. Just mocking Connors. Mocking these fans.

SA: Imagine how good these two could be if they just worried about the match, Dee Dub.

DW: That's their problem and what costs them. They mock opponents the entire way, mock the crowd, mock the ref, mock the rules and then pay for it every time.

[Backing Connors into the ropes again, they each grab an arm...]

SA: The Idols shoot him across...

[As Connors rebounds, the Idols pop him skyward...

...but he shifts his body in mid-air, swinging his knees underneath him as he comes down hard onto BOTH Idols, a knee smashing down into each of their chests, falling to the mat as the Idols convulse in pain.]

DW: Connors with the timely and beautiful counter! Is this it? Is this when he can get free and make the tag?!

[On the apron, Downpour starts the cheering section again, stomping his feet, reaching out for the tag. The "CAN-NON-BALL!" chants start again as he tries to crawl towards his corner, desperation in every movement.]

SA: Here he goes... annnnd... taaaaa... NO!

DW: CHET HAS HIS FOOT!

SA: And here comes Chaz! The Idols stop him from the tag! I was sure he had it there but the Idols have him! Double Irish whip...

[A double clothesline attempt comes up empty as Connors slides under the effort on his knees, springing up, and back flipping, the top of each foot connecting with an Idol's head!]

SA: IT'S A HOT TIME IN THE A-T-L FOR THE AMERICAN IDOLS AFTER A DOUBLE PELE KICK BY THE CANNONBALL!

[Connors rolls to his knees, turning to look towards the corner as Downpour stretches out an arm as far as he can...]

DW: Come on, kid! Get there!

[Connors gets a foot under him, looking towards his partner as he pushes off the mat, springing forward as he stretches out...]

SA: TAG! AND HERE COMES DOWNPOUR!

[The crowd roars as Downpour leaps to the top rope, springing off towards the rising Idols...]

SA: OHHH! CROSSBODY WIPES 'EM BOTH OUT!

[The masked man smoothly rolls off and to his feet, swinging his arms up at the cheering fans!]

SA: The masked man is pumped, Dee Dub! He's got the Wallaces in his sights and... boom! Clothesline on Chet!

[Chaz' efforts to intervene are met with a well-placed back elbow up under the chin, sending him stumbling backwards.]

SA: Downpour has the American Idols reeling!

DW: He is smooth as silk in there!

[An Irish whip attempt on Chaz is reversed, sending the masked man into the ropes. He rebounds back towards Chaz who doubles over for a backdrop but Downpour twists his body, rolling sideways over Chaz' back to land behind him...

...where he leaps up, snaring Chaz' head and brings him down with a thunderous neckbreaker!]

SA: And he takes Chaz down again!

[Downpour is back to his feet as Chet rushes him with a clothesline...

...but ducks under before leaping back up, taking Chet down with a neckbreaker as well!]

SA: Make it two!

[With the crowd rallying behind Downpour, the masked man grabs Chet in a front facelock.]

SA: Downpour sets and... here comes Chaz!

[He snatches the incoming Chaz around the head and neck, setting his feet before leaping up to yank Chaz facefirst into the mat while spiking Chet with a DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: He takes 'em both down! And a cover gets one! It gets two! It gets-

[The crowd groans as Chaz kicks out, breaking up the pin. Downpour slaps the canvas in frustration as Chet rolls out to the floor, leaving his brother in the ring with the mysterious masked man.]

SA: Downpour dragging Chaz off the mat, looking to pour on the punishment...

[But Downpour's attempt at a knee strike finds the arms of Chaz in a timely block before he reaches out, snatching the masked man's head, and drops to his knees with a jawbreaker!]

SA: Ohh! That cuts off Downpour.. and would you look at this?!

DW: Chet's back up! How the heck?

[Chaz stumbles to the corner, slapping the hand of his brother and partner who stumbles a bit himself coming through the ropes.]

SA: Chet still feeling the effects of that DDT for sure... but he's trying to push through it. Double whip sends Downpour to the corner again...

[Chet charges the corner but Downpour ducks down, lifting him up over the ropes and dropping him down on the ring apron. The masked man snaps off a back elbow, stunning Chet who wobbles down the apron as Downpour moves along the ropes alongside him.]

SA: Chet's dazed and- CHAZ!

[A charging Chaz rushes Downpour who sidesteps, sweeping behind the knee with a wide swing that sends Chaz flying between the ropes with both feet forward, connecting with his brother and sending them BOTH to the floor, crashing in a heap outside the ring.]

SA: Downpour sends them flying to the outside! And now what's he got up his shiny sleeves?!

[Downpour hits the ropes, nodding at Connors as he does. Cannonball slaps him on the back!]

DW: Tag!

SA: Here goes Downpour... BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

[Using the top rope as a leverage point, Downpour leaps and spreads, spinning his body sideways and going down into a tornado onto the American Idols! The crowd is again on their feet for the spectacular move!]

SA: TORNILLO!

DW: What a spectacular move by this great addition to the AWA roster! Downpour and Lee Connors are shaping up to be a formidable tag team!

[Disentangling himself, Downpour gets free and grabs Chet from the pile, rolling him into the ring.]

SA: Downpour rolls in Chet, the legal man.

[Downpour goes to get back up on the apron but a struggling Chaz pushes off the floor, reaching up to grab a leg. A struggle ensues as Chaz tries to pull Downpour down to the floor...]

SA: Chaz is trying to keep Downpour out on the floor and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Chaz yanks the leg, pulling Downpour off the apron but on his way down, the masked man snares Chaz's head in a rana and the two go flying onto the floor!]

SA: Chet's back on his feet inside the ring... he's coming for Downpour!

[Chet turns to run the ropes for momentum but...]

"HYEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!"

[...he turns right into "Cannonball" Lee Connors who goes down to a knee, throwing a backfist into the midsection of Chet Wallace!]

DW: J! C! V! D!

SA: CONNORS! WHAT A PERFECTLY TIMED MOVE!

[The camera zooms in on Connors, kneeling in mid-ring, freezing in dramatic form as Chet Wallace stumbles backwards.]

DW: Come on, kid! Finish him off!

[Connors hops up to his feet gracefully, turning to dash to the ropes.]

DW: Connors to the ropes...

[A wild right hand is ducked by the running Connors who baseball slides to a halt, spinning right around to sweep Chet's legs out from under him, depositing him on the back of his head on the canvas...

...and Connors comes right up to his feet, springing into the air, flipping backwards...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: STANDING SHOOTING STAR!

[Connors reaches back, snatching both legs tightly as Downpour hangs on to Chaz' leg out on the floor, preventing him from getting back in!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT ISSSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DNG!"

SA: LEE CONNORS WITH THE PIN! CANNONBALL BEATS THE IDOLS! It's sweet, sweet revenge for Lee Connors tonight as he pins Chaz Wallace!

[Downpour rolls in and embraces his partner, raising his hand in victory to a wildly loud cheer from the small crowd.]

DW: He said he had a partner. nHe said he had a partner to take on the American Idols and that choice paid off here tonight on Power Hour!

SA: And paid off in dramatic fashion! What a win for Connors and Downpour! What a victory for this new duo! What a-

[Big Sal is cut off mid-sentence by the sounds of a snarling big cat... a jaguar if you can tell the difference. "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez starts to play over the studio's PA system as El Presidente himself, Javier Castillo, swaggers out onto the stage, taking a spot right next to Theresa Lynch. He looks towards the ring, clapping his hands.]

JC: Beautiful! Wonderful, exciting, violent action! I love it!

[Theresa rolls her eyes.]

TL: You enjoyed the tag team match we just saw, I take it?

JC: Of course! And as a reward, I am putting Lee Connors and his little masked friend in the Double Or Nothing Battle Royal that I invented! They will get the chance to win FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS next weekend!

[The crowd cheers as Connors and Downpour exchange another high five.]

TL: So...

[Theresa gestures at the camera.]

TL: We're still on the air. I guess you had the power to get us the extra time after all.

[Castillo arches an eyebrow with a mocking smile.]

JC: Was there ever any doubt?

[Lynch sighs.]

TL: Alright, you're here... you've got the time. Tell the world what's on your mind.

[Castillo doesn't take his eyes off Lynch.]

JC: Right now what's on my mind is a certain interviewer's attitude problem. No need to be rude, Miss Lynch.

[Lynch's eyes flash.]

TL: No? Should I bow and scrape before the almighty El Presidente?

[She mockingly bows.]

TL: Maybe I should praise the name of the guy who fired my father... who fired my brother... who-

[Castillo smirks, raising his hands.]

JC: That sounds personal. This...

[He gestures between them.]

JC: ...is a professional environment. You are... a professional... right?

[Lynch grimaces, biting her lip.]

TL: Yes.

[Castillo's voice goes cold.]

JC: Then act like it before I find someone else who will. Understood?

[Lynch slowly nods, raising the mic, obviously trying to keep her voice steady..]

TL: Mr. Castillo, you promised to address some of the recent happenings in the AWA. Let's start with what happened with Supernova.

[Castillo shrugs.]

JC: Supernova is still suspended indefinitely.

TL: And his appearance at the end of Saturday Night Wrestling?

JC: Was in violation of that suspension. He will be fined accordingly and I suspect that will be the final time you'll see Supernova... until I say so.

[Lynch grimaces.]

TL: Alright... rumors are that you've been quite upset this week with Jordan Ohara and Jeff Matthews for their roles in the battle between the heroes of the AWA and your... monsters.

JC: Monsters? No, no... they're loyal soldiers. Loyal to the cause. Loyal to Korugun. And loyal to me. Unlike Ohara and unlike Matthews. They continue to stick their noses into areas they shouldn't.

TL: And?

JC: And... I will advise them one last time to stay out of my business... out of Korugun's business.

[Lynch sighs, obviously feeling like she's not getting anywhere.]

TL: Okay. What about Next Gen? What about Jackson Haynes and Shadoe Rage? What about-

JC: Next Gen says they deserve a shot at the World Tag Team Titles... and I agree.

[Lynch looks surprised.]

TL: You agree? Really?

JC: I do. And on Saturday Night Wrestling, I'll address that situation further. And as far as Haynes and Rage are concerned, those two need to get into the ring as soon as possible to get all this... aggression... into a profitable environment. So, on the Anniversary Show, we'll see Jackson Haynes versus Shadoo Rage.

[The crowd cheers as Castillo smiles at their reaction.]

TL: That's a... good decision.

[Castillo shrugs.]

JC: Of course. I do it all for my people!

[He gestures to the fans, getting a mixed response.]

TL: Is that it? Is that everything?

[Castillo nods.]

TL: No offense but... it seems like all of those announcements could've been made online or in a Press Release or...

[Castillo snaps his fingers.]

JC: Ah, I almost forgot... one more thing...

[Theresa braces herself.]

JC: I've got a very... special... announcement regarding Memorial Day Mayhem and the people of Dallas.

[Castillo grins evilly.]

JC: Memorial Day Mayhem will-

[Suddenly, the lights inside the Center Stage Studios flicker.]

JC: What? What's this?!

[The flickering lights go full to black, sending a roar through the crowd.]

SA: Hold up, wait a minute! What is...?

[A spotlight lances across the studios, illuminating a spot near the emergency exit doors opposite the entrance stage...

...where Supernova is standing, baseball bat pointing at Javier Castillo. The crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

DW: IT'S HIM! IT'S HIM! HE'S HERE!

[A second spotlight hits Javier Castillo whose eyes are wide, backpedaling madly as he tumbles from the ring out to the floor.]

DW: AND CASTILLO'S RUNNING FOR IT! HE'S RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE, SAL!

SA: He certainly is! And now we're told we're out of time! Now we're told that-

[We abruptly cut to black on a shot of Supernova's menacing pose.]