

# AWA POWER HOUR

APRIL 8, 2017

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

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

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

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

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

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

#'Cause we are legends!#

[...and the beat drops, launching into an instrumental section of the song that accompanies more clips until we see Jordan Ohara sail off the top rope, crashing down onto a prone foe with a Phoenix Flame as the Power Hour logo fills the screen.

Another cut takes us into the Center Stage Studios in Atlanta, Georgia, the crowd cheering the AWA's return to studio wrestling as the instrumental of the song is pumped into the building.

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

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

We dissolve from the wide shot to a closeup of the interview set where we see Theresa Lynch in a red sleeveless top and black skirt. 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 ninety 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: Once again, our friends at Fox Sports X - overwhelmed by your reaction to our new format - have gone the extra mile and this Power Hour is SUPER-SIZED!

[Another big cheer!]

TL: And now, let me throw you over to the two gentlemen who will be calling all the action for you here tonight - 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: Greetings and salutations, pro wrestling fans! And just like Drake's latest is tearing up the charts so is the popularity of the all-new Power Hour! Another two weeks has come and gone, and Dee Dub, it's great to be back here with you tonight.

DW: It's great to be here with you, with Theresa, with these fans - I'm jacked up, buddy! I'm ready to do this!

SA: Well, right now, Dee Dub's gotta keep a tunnel vision on all the action here in Atlanta because we've got a hot show comin' your way including the World Television Title on the line when Callum Mahoney takes on Michael Aarons!

DW: And I don't like either of those guys. Cody Mertz shoulda got another shot!

SA: I think a lot of fans would agree with you on that, Dee Dub. In addition to that, we've got the American Idols taking on Lee Connors and Downpour yet again.

DW: After what went down here two weeks ago, Connors and Downpour are hot and I don't think all the fire hoses in the A-T-L will put 'em out, Big Sal!

SA: The debut of Atlas Armstrong! Curt Sawyer back in action! So much more, let's get things going, fans, and let's go right up to that ring!

[He points to the camera with a grin as we fade to Tyler Graham standing in the center. One of the wrestlers in this matchup is already waiting, leaning up against the turnbuckles.]

TG: Our opening contest on tonight's Power Hour is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, already in the ring, from Leiper's Fork, Tennessee, weighing 235 pounds... ROY WUNCLER!

[A bald man with a very bushy brown beard raises his arms to the crowd, who responds with a small amount of clapping. Wuncle wears a pair of blue trunks with a red stripe down both sides. He doesn't have any kneepads and has a pair of simple black boots.]

TG: And his opponent...

[Walking into the studio is Jackie Wilpon, with a mic in his hand. Tyler Graham notices and pauses, expecting Wilpon to interrupt him, when suddenly Blaster Masterson appears in the studio, rushing past Wilpon and stomping his way to the ring.]

JW: Ya know what? Never mind. Go get 'em, big man!

SA: Masterson's not even giving his own manager a chance to introduce him as he descends upon the ring like an avalanche comin' down the mountain.

[Masterson, clad in green trunks, black kneepads, and black boots, pulls himself onto the apron, and steps over the top rope as Wilpon and two men dressed in army medic fatigues approach the ringside area. Masterson stomps towards Wuncle, who backs into a corner. Wuncle puts up his fists as Masterson shouts 'SAY YOUR PRAYERS!' as the bell rings.]

DW: Masterson is a very angry man.

SA: No kidding. He does everything with pure distilled anger! Masterson is only taking on one opponent here tonight, but he's not afraid to take on two, three, even four men at once.

DW: He'd take on the entire AWA locker room, friend or foe, if he could.

[Masterson grabs Wuncle by the shoulders, and hurls him up over his head, sending him well across the ring, where Wuncle lands with a hard thud.]

DW: Gosh!

SA: Like a big ol' bale of hay, Masterson just picks up the veteran out of the Tennessee area and tosses him all the way to the opposite corner!

[Wuncle reaches up to pull himself to his feet as Masterson simply watches, snorting the entire time.]

SA: Masterson looking like a bull that's seeing red right now, and Wuncle ain't no matador! Wuncle better get out of dodge, as here comes Masterson!

[Masterson runs to the opposite corner, crushing Wuncle with his three hundred and eight pound frame. Outside of the ring, Wilpon shouts out "Imagine this big ol' freight train comin' at ya, Madfox!"]

SA: Jackie Wilpon sending a message to the Hall of Famer, the legendary "Madfox" Jeff Matthews, who has been the only man so far to survive Masterson's awesome Whirlybird Powerbomb.

DW: One powerbomb will never be enough to take out Matthews. He's been through just about everything in his career. Masterson's gonna have to throw everything AND the kitchen sink at him.

SA: Indeed, meanwhile Masterson's been toying with Wuncle, much like a cat playing with a mouse before landing the killing blow.

[Masterson grabs Wuncle by his rather sizable ears and yanks him to his feet. He then grabs Wuncle's neck by both hands, and lifts him up in the air before throwing him to the mat. He doesn't give Wuncle a chance to catch his breath, pulling Wuncle back up and pressing him in the air.]

SA: Masterson with Wuncle well over his head, and he's certainly spending enough time thinking about what he wants to do.. OH MY!

[Masterson throws Wuncle at the ropes, and Wuncle catches the top rope with his throat. Wuncle snaps back, landing on the mat. Masterson then decides to bounce off the opposite ropes.]

SA: Masterson off the ropes, and he leaps high in the air... crashing down across Wuncle with an enormous leg drop!

DW: Come on! He's choking the man with his right leg!

[Masterson doesn't immediately roll off of Wuncle, smothering him with his sizable right leg. Wuncle kicks at the mat, coughing as soon as Masterson rolls off of him.]

SA: Masterson risking disqualification there, as he almost used the whole five count on that choke. Wuncle's gagging for air, and Masterson's right back on him!

[Masterson grabs Wuncle, and pulls him to his feet. He then puts Wuncle's head, facing up, under his arm. He grabs Wuncle's trunks and lifts.]

SA: Wuncle up... AND OVER! A REVERSE SUPLEX FROM MASTERSON!

DW: That's something new from the big man. In these kinds of matches, Masterson usually only needs a few moves. I think he's just showing off at this point.

[Masterson rolls to his feet, and stomps towards Wuncle, grabbing Wuncle by the back of the neck and yanking him to his feet.]

SA: Masterson with that vice like grip on the back of Wuncle's neck.. WHOA!

[Masterson yanks Wuncler in the air with one hand, not bothering to brace Wuncler with his other, and simply slams him to the mat face first!]

SA: BOOM GOES THE DYNAMITE! A REVERSE CHOKESLAM FROM MASTERSON!

[Wilpon shouts 'END IT!'. Masterson turns towards his manager, and with a nod, yanks Wuncler back up and gets him in a standing headscissors position. The crowd seems excited, knowing what's coming next.]

SA: It looks like Masterson's about ready to send Wuncler on a one way ride straight back to central Tennessee.

[Masterson yanks Wuncler onto his shoulders and spins around.]

DW: Here it comes!

[And on cue, Masterson throws Wuncler up in the air, and Wuncler crashes hard to the mat after the devastating Whirlybird Powerbomb. Masterson then steps towards Wuncler, drops to his knees, and slaps his hands on Wuncler's chest as the ref makes the count.]

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

[The bell rings as Masterson climbs to his feet, triumphant. Wilpon, and one of the men dressed as a medic enters the ring. The man rolls Wuncler out towards his partner, who has the canvas stretcher ready.]

DW: Masterson sends another victim to the hospital.

SA: Effortlessly too. I don't think Masterson looks too pleased, though. Then again, he never looks pleased. It looks like Wilpon's directing Masterson over towards Theresa Lynch. Let's head on over, shall we?

[We switch over to Theresa Lynch, who sees Masterson and Wilpon coming. She wisely backs off slightly, so she doesn't get Masterson's sweat all over her. Masterson shouts as he appears on screen.]

BM: TAKE THAT STUPID CUE BALL WITH HIS DUMB BEARD AND DUMP HIM IN THE DAMN DUMPSTER!

[Masterson glares at Lynch and motions for the mic. Lynch looks over towards Wilpon, who just nods his head.]

JW: Don't waste yer time askin' any questions, sweetheart. Just give 'em the mic.

TL: I see...

BM: GIMME THAT MIC, YA SILLY LADY, AH GOT AN ACCOUNCEMENT I WANNA MAKE.

[Wilpon gestures at Lynch for the mic, and he hands it over to Masterson so Lynch doesn't get Masterson's sweat all over her.]

JW: Don't say I don't look out for the ladies, darlin'.

[Wilpon raises his eyebrows suggestively as Lynch rolls her eyes. Masterson actually stops seething for a second, a grin crossing his face.]

BM: So, lemme get this straight, we got ourselves a Rumble comin' up soon, eh?

Ah'm in.

JW: Well, short an' simple, that's the way it oughtta be, eh?

BM: Ah'm not done. There's gonna be 29 other people in this thing? Heh, ah don't care what number ah'm gonna draw. Gimme one of them single digit numbers, cuz ah wanna roll right through the whole damn roster all at once, much like ah rolled right through that sack o' trash that signed his name next ta mine.

Chicago, the big ol' fancy city with their fancy healthcare, I'm sure they can throw some of them people in the intensive care unit out on the streets cuz I'm gonna fill that nearby hospital t' capacity. Especially you, Jeff Matthews. That goofy little twit Ohara didn't have th' stones t' putcha in yer place once and for all, but in the Rumble, ah will.

Veni. Vidi. Vici.

[Masterson drops the mic as he shouts, then turns and stomps off camera. Wilpon bends over, picks up the mic, and hands it back to Teresa as he follows his charge off screen.]

TL: I'm gonna have to wipe this down during commercial break. So, it looks like Blaster Masterson's making a claim for one of the spots in this year's Rumble. If he gets it, I pity the other twenty-nine in the match. We're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll see the long-awaited and much-hyped debut of Atlas Armstrong!

[We fade to black on Theresa's smiling face...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to the interview desk, where Theresa Lynch is standing with a man who hasn't been seen on AWA television in quite some time – one half of the Longhorn Riders, "Slim" Jim Colt. The six and a half foot tall, two hundred and fifty pounder cuts quite the figure. Over an otherwise bare chest, he's wearing a black leather vest along with a pair of black leather chaps over blue jeans. He's got a cowboy hat perched on his head, and in his time away, Colt has grown a handlebar mustache and mutton chops, the former waxed to perfection.]

TL: Fans, we are back here live on the all-new Power Hour and I have to say that this is a surprise. Mr. Colt, you haven't been on AWA television since October of last year. Welcome back!

[Colt snorts.]

JC: Yah say that like its somethin' I choose, but it ain't. Lemme tell ya somethin' girlie. There's one reason why I ain't been on television, and that's 'cuz the AWA is filled with nothin' but lily livered, yellow bellied sissies!

[At those words, the studio audience responds with deafening boos.]

JC: Yah go and boo all yah want, but yah know I'm tellin' the truth.

Jordan Ohara is a punk and a wimp! Supreme Wright ain't nothin' but a guy who knows a couple of a fancy holds but couldn't win a fistfight against a man who ain't got hands! When has Ryan Martinez ever done anythin' but get a crick in his neck and go home for half a year. That's your hero?

And don't...

[Colt smirks at Theresa.]

JC: Get me started on the Iron Sissy himself, your big brother Jack Lynch!

[Much to Lynch's disgust and the fan's ire, Colt turns his head to the side and spits on the stage at the mention of the King of Cowboys.]

TL: Big words, and certainly not words that will earn you any fans in the AWA.

JC: Ya think I care about fans? I'm here to do two things – crack skulls and cash checks. But every time I ask for a match, all I get told is that my opponent has come down with a case of "I ain't wrestlin' that guy!"

And that's why yah ain't seen me, because no one wants to get their butt whipped by Jim Colt!

Well, girlie, I decided to take matters into my own hands. If the suits won't give me a match, then I'll give all these sissies an incentive!

TL: What are you talking about?

[Colt bends down, and from behind the interview desk, he pulls out a silver briefcase, which he sets on the desk. Colt opens the briefcase to reveal stacks of money.]

JC: This is ten thousand American government dollars!

TL: Where did you get ten thousand dollars?

JC: Let's just say that after my brother's accident he and the insurance company came to an understandin' and leave it at that!

Now, this here ten thousand dollars will go to anyone who can get in the ring with me and do one of two things.

Either ya beat me, or ya last ten minutes!

TL: So you're saying that you'll pay ten thousand dollars to anyone who can beat you in less than ten minutes, or who can last ten minutes in the ring with you?

JC: You're darn right!

Now, let's be clear.

[Colt closes the briefcase.]

JC: It won't happen. There ain't no one man enough to withstand ten minutes of Jim Colt.

But anyone who wants to try?

Well, I'll see yah in two weeks!

[Colt takes his briefcase and steps away, screaming insults at the fans as he leaves.]

TL: Well there you have it, the Jim Colt Ten Thousand Dollar challenge. And it begins in two weeks. Sal, Dylan... take it away!

[We fade to the announce table to Albano and Westerly.]

SA: Fans, coming up right now we've got a very special attraction. For weeks now, we've had Mickey Cherry out here riding the hype train. He kept talking about this physical specimen he'd be unleashing on the AWA very soon. He showed us videos with the massive arms... the enormous legs, chest, back... and then two weeks ago, we saw him in person. Atlas Armstrong is here tonight... and it's time to see what this genetic wonder can do INSIDE the ring.

DW: You never know when you get someone like this, Sal. A lot of jacked-up bodybuilders who think they can cut it in our business end up washing out in no time at all. Can he do more than strike a pose? That's the question he's gotta answer here tonight.

GM: His opponent's already in the ring so let's go to Tyler Graham and see if get the answer to your question, Dee Dub.

[Cut to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]



TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. First, already in the ring at this time... weighing 260 pounds... from the Dominican Republic, Emilio Vargas!

[Vargas is a stout Latino man in green trunks and red boots. He has curly black hair and a lot of it on his head, his face and his body. This guy clearly saves money on manscaping.]

TG: And his opponent... from Big Sur, California... weighing in at 304 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by Mickey Cherry... making his AWA debut...

He is the Impossible... the Incredible... the Uncanny... the Astonishing... the Amazing...

THE ALMIGHTY... ATLAAAAAAAAAASSSSS ARRRRRRRRRMSTRONNNNNNNNG!

[The opening strains of Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Jesus Christ Superstar" play melodically over the PA system as Mickey Cherry emerges on stage, dressed to the sevens in an all white tuxedo with a turquoise shirt and bolo tie. He swaggers with a silver-topped walking stick in hand as Atlas Armstrong emerges behind him. The giant man is wrapped in a floor-length silver cape. Dark-haired with bright hazel eyes, the bronze-skinned brute of a man looms over Cherry as he arrives at ringside. Climbing through the ropes, Armstrong walks out to center ring, taking a knee as Cherry steps forward, unclasping the cape and sweeping it away to reveal Armstrong's physique to the world.]

"OOOOOOOOH!"

[The crowd gasps appreciatively at the physical specimen that is Atlas Armstrong. He flexes a double biceps pose for the crowd as he gets to his feet and then hits a side chest flex. Ridiculously thick slabs of muscle pop as he pumps his arms. Unconsciously, Vargas takes a step back into his corner. The camera cuts to several shots of amazed and impressed fans.]

SA: Well, we all knew he was impressive physically but somehow he seems even more jacked than two weeks ago, Dee Dub.

DW: Look, Mickey Cherry told us he was coming and he told us we'd be impressed. Hey, I'll admit it. I'm impressed! But...

SA: But then the bell has to ring and we'll really find out what this man can do. Look at the size of him though. Six foot eight easily... over 300 pounds of solid muscle.

DW: I wouldn't like to be Emilio Vargas right now. I don't even know how you would grab onto this big monster.

[Cherry exits the ring as Armstrong stands in his corner, looking cockily across at Vargas as referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, Armstrong struts out of the corner, looking down at Vargas who edges out of the corner, moving in a circle around Armstrong who pivots to keep Vargas in front of him.]

SA: Vargas trying to find an angle to attack from...

DW: Maybe straight above?

[Armstrong slaps his biceps, flexing his pecs as Vargas tries to move in. There's a slight hesitation by the Dominican though as Armstrong lunges into the tieup. Mickey Cherry's voice is loud and clear from the outside.]

"Beautiful, baby... now show him the power of Atlas Armstrong!"

[In response to Mickey Cherry's exhortations, a smirking Atlas Armstrong gleefully shoves Vargas off him, sending the Dominican tumbling end over end into the corner.]

SA: Wow! Pure power!

[Armstrong hits a most muscular pose as he grins at Vargas and then beckons him to try again. He winks at the crowd as Vargas staggers to his feet, shaking his head and trying to regain his bearings. The crowd boos Armstrong's arrogance.]

SA: Tremendous display of power there from Atlas Armstrong and now he is posing in the center of the ring.

DW: If I were Vargas I'd rethink my game plan a little. Straight ahead isn't the right plan.

SA: Maybe you're right, Dee Dub - maybe he should try from above his head.

[Vargas eyes Armstrong for a few more seconds before lunging back in. He's pushing hard on Armstrong who simply holds his ground, grinning as Vargas is unable to budge him.]

DW: Can't move him! Can't move him one bit!

[Armstrong continues to toy with Vargas for a few more moments before he ducks under, lifting him over his shoulder. He walks across the ring with him there, setting him down on the top turnbuckle...

...and then lightly pats him on the head before turning away, smiling at the booing crowd and giving a thumbs up to a grinning Mickey Cherry.]

"Let him know, Atlas Baby! Let him know!"

[Atlas nods, flexing a single bicep then twisting around into a triceps pose before he arrogantly walks to the middle of the ring, waving a hand to call for his hairy opponent to attack.]

SA: Some pretty blatant disrespect on display by Armstrong... and Vargas looks pretty determined now, hopping off the ropes.

[Vargas stomps across the ring, faking a lunge into a tieup, twisting to snatch a side headlock instead. But it's quickly proved to be a poor strategy as he has to stand on his tip toes to get any leverage and he hops up and down trying to yank Atlas down.]

DW: Vargas trying to wrench that hold on and maybe give Atlas some cauliflower ears but I think he's just too big. Just too big.

[As Vargas tries to jump again, a laughing Armstrong lifts him high overhead as if going for a back suplex, but a little past the peak of the lift, he reverses the motion, running forward to drive Vargas' tailbone hard into his knee with a resounding CRUNCH. Vargas goes flying out of the ring.]

SA: SKY HIGH ATOMIC DROP and that made Vargas jump like David Lee Roth!

[Cherry's voice cuts through again.]

"He won't sit down for a week, baby! Can someone get this guy a pillow? Hahahaha!"

[The high-pitched laugh of Mickey Cherry is ringing in our ears as Atlas stays on one knee, flexing his bicep and resting his chin on his fist. He chuckles mirthlessly to himself.]

DW: And if I was Vargas, I might start thinking about calling it a night, Big Sal. He's gonna get hurt in there if he keeps going. He might've already fractured his coccyx on the impact of that atomic drop.

SA: And our censors may have just called it a night after hearing you say "coccyx." But Armstrong is certainly living up to the hype so far, showing that his strength - combined with even the most basic of maneuvers - is a dangerous combination.

[Vargas climbs to his feet with the aid of the apron as Cherry gets closer to bark at him.]

"Oh, Atlas... he wants some more of you, baby! Give it to him!"

[Armstrong throws a dismissive gesture towards Vargas as he walks across the ring, leaning over to grab Vargas by the hair..

...and lifts him straight up onto the apron to another gasp of shock from the crowd!]

SA: Nothing but strength on the part of Atlas Armstrong!

DW: He hoisted him up like a feather! And I don't even know if the fans watching at home can get the right sense of just how big this guy is, Sal.

SA: He truly has to be seen to be believed...

[Grabbing Vargas under the armpits, Armstrong muscles him up, flinging him down to the canvas!]

SA: Tossing him around like last week's garbage! My cousin Vincenzo used to toss bocce balls back in the old country, but he could never throw the ball anything like Armstrong just threw Vargas!

[Armstrong waits, watching from across the ring as Vargas uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet, falling into the buckles. Before he can recover though, Armstrong gives off a roar, rampaging across the ring to crush him in the buckles with a running clothesline!]

SA: A runaway muscle train just squashed Vargas in the corner... whips him the other way...

[But the hammer throw is with enough force that Vargas SLAMS chestfirst into the corner as Armstrong drops down, landing on his hands on the mat.]

DW: That one moved the ring, Sal!

SA: The whole world may have shook on that one.

[Down on the mat, a grinning Armstrong snaps off a series of pushups as he admires his handiwork. Cherry's voice interrupts.]

"ATLAS, HE'S DONE FOR BABY! DROP THE HEAVENS ON HIM!"

SA: Well, I'm not sure what that means but I can't imagine it's good news for Emilio Vargas.

[Armstrong obliges his manager's request, lifting Vargas up across his chest...

...and lowers one arm so that he's holding Vargas up with the other alone.]

SA: Holding him up with one arm! Incredible!

[Armstrong drops down, dropping him across his knee with a backbreaker.]

SA: One-armed backbreaker by Atlas Armstrong!

[The big Californian drags Vargas back up, whipping him across. He grabs him with one hand, hoisting him high in the air with a wild shout before SPIKING him hard on the canvas with a one-handed spinebuster that causes Vargas to BOUNCE off the mat. The camera cuts to a kid covering his eyes at the display of power.]

DW: Vargas bounced off the canvas like it was a trampoline, but it isn't. That ring isn't that forgiving.

[With Vargas slowly trying to get off the mat, Armstrong strides across the ring, showing Mickey Cherry his clenched fist. He reaches the corner, holding it high to the crowd, looking up at his own fist as Vargas slowly... very slowly... climbs to his feet...

...and Armstrong charges out of the corner, leaping high into the air, and DRIVES his fist sharply into the left side of Vargas' jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON! Armstrong lives up to his name! Those arms are 25 inches he claims!

DW: Twenty-five calibre cannons is more like it. That was like getting punched by Superman or the Incredible Hulk!

[Vargas was down an instant after the punch, unmoving as Armstrong drags him away from the ropes, planting a boot on the chest. The referee dives down to count as Armstrong laughs heartily, flexing a bicep while pointing to the sky with his free arm.]

SA: No doubt about this one.

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And he got him!

DW: A cocky cover but I guess when your opponent is out cold, you can cover 'em however you want.

[Armstrong continues flexing for the crowd as the referee tries to raise his hand. Atlas brushes him off, only allowing Mickey Cherry to raise his arm before the duo exits the ring.]

SA: And it looks like we're about to get some words from Mickey Cherry and Atlas Armstrong but before we do, let's take a quick look back at the replay, Dee Dub.

[We cut to a slow motion replay of Armstrong whipping Vargas across the ring, lifting him up, and throwing him violently down with a one-armed spinebuster.]

DW: There's that spinebuster - spine on the pine... one arm... all power... all impact.

[Cut to Armstrong in the corner, fist raised over his head...]

DW: And then the end came mercifully with this leaping punch. He poses, ready to go... charges out of the corner... leaps up and...

[Our replay shows the massive right hand BLASTING off the skull of Vargas.]

DW: ...and like you said, Big Sal... boom goes the cannon.

SA: Your winner in his debut... Atlas Armstrong! And now, let's go up to Theresa!

[We cut to the interview area where Mickey Cherry is obviously ready to gloat.]

TL: Thanks, Sal, and I have to say-

[Cherry leans over the mic to interrupt.]

MC: Tee Tee Baby, I told you, didn't I? I told you! THE ALMIGHTY ATLAS ARMSTRONG is the greatest thing in the history of the business!

TL: I gotta say I was impressed by the physical dominance in the ring...

[Lynch eyes Armstrong for a moment.]

TL: Mickey, does he speak?

[Mickey Cherry cackles, slapping Atlas on the back.]

MC: Does he speak? Does he speak? Atlas, why don't you let Tee Tee Baby know what's up.

[A sneering Armstrong speaks.]

AA: Oh, I speak, Theresa Lynch. And when Atlas Armstrong speaks the world better take a close listen. I'm going to keep it simple. Atlas Armstrong is here and the AWA Heavyweight Championship of the World is my goal! And I don't care who I have to go through. Be it punks like Vargas... or guys a little closer to your home, Theresa. If you catch my drift.

[Mickey Cherry cackles at that one.]

AA: Let's go, Mickey.

MC: See you later, Tee Tee Baby.

[Lynch shakes her head at the departing duo.]

TL: Never a dull moment here on the Power Hour. And joining me here this week to try and wrangle some of these interviews is my good friend, Sweet Lou Blackwell, who is standing by backstage. Take it away, Lou.

[We go backstage to the AWA logo hanging on a wall where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing next to Alphonse Green. Green's wearing a green "Gang Green" t-shirt and a pair of jeans. He also is wearing a pair of sunglasses, and stares down at the floor as "Sweet" Lou is about to make his introduction.]

**"Concrete" John Yeates & Damien Allerson  
vs.  
Ringkrieger (Daniel Ross & MISTER)**

SLB: Thanks, Theresa! It's an honor to be here on the all-new Power Hour and right now, I'm here with former AWA Television Champion Alphonse Green...

[Green turns his head towards Blackwell, a slightly unhappy expression on his face.]

AG: ...and former "King of the Battle Royals."

[Blackwell arches an eyebrow, caught off-guard by that comment.]

SLB: I was about to say that having you seemingly fall off the grid as far as television goes was kind of awkward, but that comment's something else.

I've gotta ask, and I'm sure your fan base known as "Gang Green" has a similar question... is everything okay?

[Green ponders that comment for a moment.]

AG: Ya know, not really. Things haven't been okay for your good pal Alphonse Green lately. I came back at SuperClash, first time I wrestled in, what? Almost two years, an' I almost won the dang Blackjack Patterson Battle Royal. I kinda felt like I was hittin' the ground runnin' and I'd pick up right where I left off, but unfortunately that just hasn't happened.

My first match on th' comeback trail was against a guy I faced as part of my open challenge. A really big man, but someone I thought I coulda beaten rather silly. In fact, th' old Alphonse Green woulda beaten that guy in three minutes but he took me to my limit. I didn't feel right, and I still didn't feel right. Two weeks later, I had a match signed on the dotted line, an' the guy I had faced decided at the last minute that I wasn't worth the time an' effort after he saw my first match.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: That had to hurt.

AG: He wasn't anybody anyone had ever heard of, an' that stung me right in my heart, ya know. Ever since then, I couldn't even buy a victory on live shows, and at that battle royal a few weeks ago, I got dumped unceremoniously. I ain't feelin' much like a king of anything these days, Sweet Lou, in fact, I kinda feel like a Court Jester.

SLB: That definitely couldn't have been your finest moment. In fact, even Bucky Wilde, who always kind of had a little bit of respect for your work ethic had a laugh at it.

[Green nods.]

AG: Well, that kinda felt like th' lowest point in my life, but one day I got a call from my pop, and my pop cut to the chase. He said 'sit down punk, yer tryin' to do

somethin' you ain't supposed to be doin'. Yer takin' yer eye off the prize. Ya lost somethin' before your injury and while that injury altered yer career, it shouldn't stop you from gettin' it back. Ya look lost, like you ain't comfortable in your own skin.'

SLB: Does he always start off your conversations with 'Sit down punk?'

[Green shakes his head.]

AG: Nah, I kinda paraphrase things a bit, but that doesn't mean he never has any good advice, an' as the classic song Rappers Delight goes, from six to six 'til this very day, I'll always remember what he had to say.

My pop was right, Sweet Lou. I think things might have clicked up in my ol' noggin. This is new, uncharted territory for good ol' Alphonse Green and I don't feel comfortable in my own skin. Heck, not only do I feel uncomfortable, I also feel... well, naked.

SLB: That's an interesting way of putting things.

AG: Indeed, an' I don't have any intentions of feelin' so naked any longer. It's time I put my focus on a goal I shoulda been puttin' a focus on all along. Thanks for givin' me some time, Sweet Lou.

SLB: Hey, no problem, I'm always happy to lend a ear if I need to.

[Instead of asking if anyone would like to ride with him, or shouting out in glee, Green simply shakes "Sweet" Lou's hand and exits stage right. Blackwell nods his head, and turns back towards the camera as we...

...cut to the ring where the action has just gotten underway. In one corner is the familiar, thick-cut veteran John Yeates. His partner is a gloomy-looking, gothic man trying to look intimidating in guynliner; he looks to be barely 5' 7" and 170 pounds.]

[Opposite them are Ringkrieger: Daniel Ross has the lean, vascular definition of Bruce Lee and the face of a hockey goon. His partner MISTER is not similarly defined, but he is huge by almost every definition. His face is framed by a short haircut and cro-magnon sloping brow. Both wear basic black trunks and black boots.]

SA: Back to in-ring tag team action. Starting out for Ringkrieger is MISTER, taking on the veteran "Concrete" John Yeates!

[Yeates goes face-to-chest with Der Ringmarschall, flexing an arm in a bicep curl. While he has no muscle definition, the burly Yeates does have a pretty thick upper arm.]

DW: Boy, we could be sitting on a powder keg here tonight, because the War Pigs are in the house tonight too.

[MISTER, obviously unintimidated by Yeates, rears back...]

\*SMAAAACK\*

[...And PLASTERS Yeates with a knife edge chop that ricochets through Center Stage!]

SA: Lordy lordy! What a shot! Per your point earlier, Dee-Dub, we did hear MISTER call out the War Pigs on the last edition of Power Hour, and the War Pigs did holla back at them.

DW: It takes some guts to try to pick a fight with the War Pigs, Big Sal.

SA: MISTER shooting "Concrete" John Yeates to the ropes, loads the cannon, and...

[On the rebound, MISTER takes a couple of steps forward and catches Yeates with a big boot.]

SA: ...and BOOM! Der Ogor connects! Like kicking off a rugby match!

DW: Through the uprights, right?

SA: In a nutshell, Dee-Dub. Tag is made and now Daniel Ross is in the ring. Note little to no wasted motion on the part of Ringkrieger; top wrist lock on Yeates, really got it sunk in...

DW: Notice he's not going after the arm with the elbow guard...

SA: I think this Sadist from the High Desert has that forearm pad sussed. And now-

[Ross begins headbutting the outstretched upper arm of his opponent. Yeates loudly wails his guttural "whoah!"s.]

DW: Daniel Ross really laying it in there!

SA: Daniel Ross has mastered the art of dissecting the human anatomy to his advantage. Very much reminds me of a young Supreme Wright-

[The crowd begins buzzing from excitement, looking beyond the ring to the interview stage.]

DW: Look out, Big Sal! Havoc and Ripper! THE WAR PIGS ARE HERE!

[The War Pigs have stormed the stage. Theresa Lynch makes some room, while Big Sal and Dylan Westerly both stand from the announce position in preparation.]

SA: Well, one way or another, we still have a match going on in the ring, and John Yeates has made the wise move and tagged out to Damien Allerson, although no one is safe...

[Allerson walks straight into a boot to the midsection from Daniel Ross.]

SA: ...With Daniel Ross in the ring! Rear waistlock from Daniel Ross into a savage german suplex!

[Ross sits Allerson upright and hits the ropes.]

\*CRAAAACK\*

SA: Good gosh! Just call Daniel Ross "The Messi of the Mojave" with all the power he put into that kick!

DW: And I think Ringkrieger see that they have company. They look like they want to wrap things up quickly here.

[Cut back briefly to Havoc and Ripper prowling the stage like caged animals.]



SA: Tag made to the leader of Ringkrieger, MISTER has Allerson waistlocked...

DW: Wow, he looks like a ragdoll compared to this big fella.

SA: BIG POWERBOMB FROM MISTER! Count to a thousand, you can put another check in the win column for Ringkrieger.

[As soon as the referee's hand strikes the mat for the third time, MISTER and Ross both leave the ring and cross the floor to the interview area. The fans explode in anticipation of the fight about to erupt.]

DW: Oh, we better get outta here!

[The camera catches a bit of the dialogue as the War Pigs and Ringkrieger get into each other's faces.]

M: "Do you have a problem with us? Do you have a problem with Ringkrieger?"

H: "SAY IT TO OUR FACES, YOU UGLY MUGS!"

R: "YOU'RE REAL TOUGH NOW, AIN'T YA?"

[A line of AWA referees and officials appears between the icy Ringkrieger and the raging War Pigs to try to keep them separated.]

SA: It's going to break loose here at Center Stage!

DW: I say, let 'em fight, Big Sal!

SA: I don't know if the Power Hour can contain it, Dee Dub! We have to get some order back here!

[Fade to black.

Fade back up. In a snowy field, stands two men, and a twenty foot tall fiberglass moose. The younger man in the foreground speaks first.]

AS: Greetings from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, home of both Mac the Moose - the world's largest moose - and of Mooselips Brewery. I'm "Savoury" Avery Schutzman, President and CEO of Mooselips Brewery, and this is my uncle Lorne Schutzman, our brewmaster.

[He points to the other, older man in a heavy parka in the middle distance.]

LS: \*grumbles\*

AS: You know, here in Moose Jaw, where our brewery was founded 30 years ago, it's minus 20 degrees, but that's not nearly as cool and refreshing as our new Honey White Lager.

[Uncle Lorne Schutzman holds up a brown bottle.]

AS: Everyone tells us it's sweet and good, yeah. And for the first time, available in the United States. We're hoping to see more of you in the days to come as we partner with the American Wrestling Alliance to launch our product.

[Lorne Schutzman upends the bottle. None of the frozen solid beer pours out of the spout.]

AS: I asked Uncle Lorne if he wanted to wait to launch our product when it was a bit warmer, but the man knows his beer.

LS: \*grumbles\*

AS: On behalf of my Uncle Lorne, Mac the Moose, and all of us at Mooselips Brewing: thank you for your support.

[Fade to black...

We cut to the ring, where a large-ish man with a gold-colored mask stands in the center, microphone in hand. No, it's not Mr. Honeydew. That would be cool if it was, though.

He's thick but not muscular, built more like a second-string offensive lineman. His full-length tights are also a shiny gold that appear to have been designed to reflect light to make the color more prominent. And even though he wears a mask, it's still pretty easy to picture the scowl on his face as he begins to speak.]

GG: I...am the legendary Golden Grappler.

[And the crowd...doesn't seem to be impressed. This does not sit well with Double-G there.]

GG: I SAID...I am the LEGENDARY Golden Grappler!

[Still nothing. The Golden Grappler stomps a foot. Really.]

GG: Don't act like you don't know who I am! Don't pretend you haven't been made aware of the fearsome name of the Golden Grappler! The one who has wreaked havoc across the land...NAY...across the globe! And now, I am here to do the same in the AWA.

[He tugs gently at his mask.]

GG: But you know what really grinds my gears?

[He points to nothing in particular, but he does so with flair.]

GG: All I hear about is the legend of the Masked Outlaw. Of the West Memphis Assassin.

UGH!

[Yes, he really said "ugh."]

GG: Those two pathetic little wannabes are nothing, you hear me? NOTHING! Nothing but copycats. Nothing but imitators of the real thing.

[He hooks a thumb at his chest.]

GG: THE GOLDEN GRAPPLER!

But the reason I am here tonight... is to lay down a challenge.

GRANT CARTER!

[Again with the pointing to the air.]

GG: Where do you get off calling yourself "Golden", boy? Did you ask my permission? NO. Did you send a request to my legal representation? NO. Did you-

[The Golden Grappler cannot continue his rant, because he is cut off by Pink Floyd's "Run Like Hell", the crowd popping if for no other reason than the fact that it shut this guy up. The Grappler quickly snaps his head toward the entrance ramp where he sees Curt Sawyer emerge into view, axe handle in one hand and microphone in the other.]

SA: Curt Sawyer's had enough of listening to this guy!

DW: Big Curt's doing us all a favor, Sal! That guy is the worst!

[Sawyer hoists the axe handle into the air to a loud cheer as his music fades. The Grappler yells at him from the ring before Sawyer raises his mic to speak.]

CS: Hey, I don't know who you are, and it seems pretty clear that these people don't either...

[Double-G yells some more, with the ringside camera picking up the words "I'M THE GOLDEN GRAPPLER! I TOLD YOU THAT!" Sawyer shakes his head and continues.]

CS: But I know I speak for all of 'em when I say this.

SHUT. THE. HELL. UP!

[Big pop! The Grappler kicks the bottom rope.]

GG: Look, Lawrence, I don't know if you have too much wax in your ears or what, but I didn't call you out. I called out that Golden wannabe name thief! Now be a good chum and go find him for me so he can get the beating he deserves.

[Sawyer cracks a grin.]

CS: Yeah, Grant's busy right now and he ain't got time for you.

But me?

[Sawyer rubs his chin.]

CS: I DO.

[Another pop! Sawyer picks his axe handle back up and leans it over his shoulder as he starts walking to the ring.]

GG: Oh, you want some? Well, come get a taste of what the Golden Grappler has on the menu!

[The Grappler tosses the microphone aside and takes a few steps away from the ropes to give Sawyer room to climb in...and naturally, he attacks Sawyer as soon as he is halfway into the ring. Scott Ezra climbs into the ring and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Looks we've got an impromptu match, Dee Dub! Curt Sawyer with a chance to redeem himself from his loss to TJ Cassidy on the last Power Hour.

[The Golden Grappler hammers down on the back and neck of Sawyer with clubbing forearms before Sawyer even has time to respond. GG pulls Sawyer by the hair

into the ring and props him against the ropes...and of course, has to open his mouth.]

"I'M THE GOLDEN GRAPPLER, SON!"

[The Grappler reaches way back to unleash a right-handed punch...

...only to have the blow blocked by Sawyer! Curt counters with a trio of left-handed jabs, then drops GG with a hard right cross!]

SA: Sawyer turns back the attack! BIIIIIG right hand puts the Golden Grappler on his back! Here comes Curt off the ropes...ELBOW DROP FINDS THE MARK! Quick cover...

[Sawyer grapevines the leg in a lateral press as Ezra makes the count.]

SA: ...but only two! Sawyer went for broke right out of the gate and almost had it, Dee Dub.

DW: Yeah, Curt's looking good and more importantly, I don't hear the Golden Grappler talking much now.

SA: Sawyer pulls him back up by the mask...and a scoop slam sends him hard to the mat!

DW: Golden Grappler's gotta weigh what, Sal, 275?

SA: Probably closer to 285 and Curt Sawyer picked him up like he was a lightweight.

[Sawyer lets out a primal yell, and the crowd responds in kind. Curt drops down to a knee, in position to apply a standard armbar. The Golden Grappler slaps the mat in frustration with his free arm.]

SA: Sawyer's got the Golden Grappler in a bad spot here, really wrenching away at the shoulder socket of his right arm.

DW: Who is this guy anyway, Sal? I've never heard of him.

SA: He...or the name Golden Grappler, anyway...has a long history dating back to the 1970s in places like Oregon, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and even Mexico. Highly unlikely it's remained the same person under the mask but we don't really know anything else.

[In the meantime, the Golden Grappler has worked back up to a vertical base while Sawyer still tries to keep pressure on the arm. Unable to find another escape, he manages to break free after an animated rake of Sawyer's eyes. The Grappler shakes his right arm to regain blood flow while Sawyer tries to regain his bearings.]

DW: We know he's a no-good cheater, Sal! C'mon, ref!

SA: That's the opening the Golden Grappler needed.

"WHAP!"

SA: OOOOH! A big knife-edge chop right to the chest of Sawyer!

[Sawyer staggers backward into the ropes, where Double-G takes advantage to pull the middle rope over the top ropes, tying Sawyer's arms up. The Grappler immediately starts laying into Sawyer with a series of right hands to the skull.]

DW: Aw, come on, ref! Break that up!

SA: The Golden Grappler indeed walking the edge of the rules here, and now referee Scott Ezra is trying to wedge his way in between the two.

[Heel pop as the GG shoves Ezra away and to the mat, then resumes the fists to Sawyer's head!]

DW: That's gotta be a DQ, Sal! You can't do that to a referee!

[Ezra, though, pops back up quickly and grabs the Grappler from behind by the mask, pulling him away from Sawyer to a big pop!]

SA: WHOA! Scott Ezra getting physical in there with the Golden Grappler! And now the Grappler realizes what's happened! He is all up in Ezra's face!

DW: Sawyer got free, Sal! Payback's coming!

[Indeed, Sawyer managed to get loose of the ropes while the Grappler's attention was with Ezra. The old Rusty Spur owner spins him around and greets him with a HARD right to the jaw!]

SA: OH YEAH! Big right hand from Sawyer staggers the masked man! Sawyer with a gut wrench...into a backbreaker!

DW: That's the way, Curt!

[The Golden Grappler immediately clutches his back and scoots into the near corner. Sawyer retreats to the opposite side, giving him time to pull himself up in the corner...then charges in!]

SA: BAM! Clothesline in the corner from Sawyer! He's got the Golden Grappler in trouble! Sawyer quickly capitalizing, pulls him into a gutwrench and walks him into the middle of the ring.

[Still holding his opponent in the gutwrench, Sawyer starts spinning faster...and faster...and faster...]

DW: Look at that power, Sal!

SA: Curt Sawyer spinning like a tornado...and sends the Golden Grappler to the canvas with a gut wrench suplex! There's a cover...it might be! It could be!

[Disappointed pop.]

SA: No, kick-out at two and a half.

DW: Almost had him there, Sal!

[Sawyer slaps the mat before he gets back to his feet, drawing a cheer from the crowd. He grabs the Grappler by the mask and pulls him up, then whips him hard into the corner.]

SA: The Grappler goes for the ride! And there goes Sawyer across the ring, dropping into a three-point stance...here comes the locomotive! Avalanche in the corner! That's over 280 pounds crashing into the sternum of the Golden Grappler!

[Sawyer stays on the attack, applying a side headlock in the corner and pointing to the far side to a cheer from the crowd.]

SA: Curt Sawyer not giving the Grappler time to recover, quickly out of the corner with a running bulldog! Another cover, and this has to be all she wrote! It might be, it could be, it- no, it's not! The Golden Grappler escapes again a split-second before Ezra's hand hits the mat a third time.

DW: That's a slow count, Sal! This should be over!

[A disappointed Sawyer kneels and holds up three fingers to Ezra, who counters by telling Curt the count was only two. Curt tilts his head backward in frustration, then grabs the GG by the mask and again pulls him up...

...but the crafty veteran counters with a handful of tights, pulling Sawyer head-first into the corner!]

SA: The Golden Grappler buys himself some time, slamming Sawyer's head into the top turnbuckle! Sawyer trying to shake out the cobwebs but now here comes the masked man with a handful of hair, and again rams him into the top turnbuckle!

DW: Get out of there, Curt!

[Double-G spins Sawyer around in the corner and applies a forearm across his throat in a chokehold. Ezra begins the five count and indeed make it to five, but GG doesn't relent.]

SA: Ezra's reached the five count and is calling for the break, but the Grappler refuses to let go of the hold!

DW: That's a DQ, Sal! That should be a DQ!

[Ezra wedges himself in between the two, pushing the Grappler away to break the hold. He points and shouts at the masked man before turning to check on Sawyer. And while Ezra's attention is elsewhere, the masked man gets sneaky.]

SA: Wait a minute, what's he doing?

[With his back turned to Ezra, the Golden Grappler looks to be adjusting his mask... or perhaps, moving something from the side of the mask into the middle portion above the crease between his eyes.]

SA: He's loading the mask, Dee Dub! And I don't think Ezra saw it!

DW: He didn't, Sal! SCOTT! THE MASK!

SA: He can't hear you, Dee Dub.

[Sawyer marches out of the corner toward the Grappler, ready to keep taking the fight to him, but the Grappler strikes first with a headbutt using the loaded mask. Heel pop!]

SA: Headbutt! He got Sawyer with whatever was in that mask, and Sawyer's out of it! The Golden Grappler with the cover...it might be, it could be...

DW: C'mon Curt, kick out!

SA: ...and it is! The Golden Grappler gets the win by hook and by crook over Curt Sawyer here on the Power Hour.

DW: That's two straight times Curt Sawyer's been robbed, Sal! It's not fair!

[The Grappler stands and hoists his arms in the air in triumph, then jerks his arm away from Ezra when he tries to grab his wrist.]

"DON'T TOUCH ME, PEON!"

SA: That's right, Dee Dub. Unfortunately, Curt Sawyer is now 0-for-2 in his return to the AWA, and that's got to be eating at him.

[The Grappler stands over the groggy Sawyer, pointing down at him with one last taunt.]

"I TOLD YOU! YOU DIDN'T WANT A PIECE OF THIS! LOSER!"

SA: There you have it, the Golden Grappler with the win in his first appearance in the AWA in a while, and now Sawyer's just coming around and realizing what happened. He's on his feet, pleading his case with Scott Ezra and pointing to what appears to be a slight cut on his forehead from whatever the object was inside the Grappler's mask...but the argument will be to no avail.

[The Grappler raises his arms again, then grabs a nearby cameraman before he heads up the aisle, pulling the camera to his face.]

"YOU SEE THAT, CARTER? THAT'S GONNA BE YOU IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME MY NAME BACK, SON!"

SA: An irate Golden Grappler wants Grant Carter, and a dejected Curt Sawyer remains in the ring, looking to the crowd around him...and Dee Dub, you gotta wonder, is this the end of his road in the AWA? He looks like he's taking it all in one last time.

DW: Man, it's gotta be hard, Sal. I hope he doesn't quit. He got robbed twice!

SA: Sometimes we get wrapped up in the fortune and glory and forget about how hard it can be to be an AWA superstar, Dee Dub. Curt Sawyer has tried to get inside this ring over and over... he's come back from injury time and time again. This is his dream... and I think almost every superstar in the back would love to see his dream come true. But sometimes... well...

DW: Sometimes this business crushes your dreams too.

SA: I have a feeling you're in a unique position to testify to that, Dylan. Fans, we're going to take a quick break and when we come back, we'll see the tag team grudge match pitting the American Idols against "Cannonball" Lee Connors and Downpour! Don't go away!

[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."

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we come up on pre-recorded footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" with "Cannonball" Lee Connors and Downpour standing in the backstage area.]

LC: You know, all week long everyone has been asking the question. "What did you mean, Lee? What did you mean when you said that this tag match tonight would be Winner Takes All?"

[Connors, standing his white gi, ready to go to battle, smiles.]

LC: I meant exactly what I said, folks. This IS Winner Takes All. Because I'm tired of dealing with the Wallaces. I'm tired of seeing Chaz and Chet's smug faces. I'm tired of people asking me if I heard what they said about me on Idol Chatter this week or that week.

This is it! One more match! One more time! Round and round we go!

And there's no one I'd rather have in my corner, watching my back for this one than this man right here.

[The mysterious Downpour walks into the camera shot, glowering through the eyeholes in his mask into the cameras. To the shock of many, he speaks... a harsh, breathy whisper.]

D: Idols... you... will... fall!

[Connors gives a loud "HIIII-YAAAAH!" throwing a roundhouse that sweeps just past the camera lens as we cut to another pre-recorded video, this time featuring



the Wallace twins. The American Idols are all smiles as we fade up on them in their ring gear, wearing matching sparkly headbands tonight that have "IDOLS" written in gold glitter across the front.]

Chaz: Winner takes all? Winner takes all?

Well, take a look at the winners right here, boys... because we already got it all!

[Chet nods, giving his twin brother a high five.]

Chet: That's right.

[He gestures with his arms wide.]

Chet: Custom-made tights... boots...

Chaz: And don't forget the headbands.

[He grins.]

Chet: Who could forget the headbands? Fact is, Karate Kid, we've got the money... we've got the family name... we've got the reputation from all the asses we kicked in Japan... we've got the connections... we've got it all.

Chaz: And you two punks are NOT gonna take it!

[Chet cackles, a high-pitched irritating laugh.]

Chet: But if you want to put the pressure on yourselves, go for it. You want to say that if you can't beat us tonight, you don't get another chance to do it, go for it. That's good with us.

Chaz: Besides, how many times can we beat someone up before the ratings start to slide for that quarter hour?

[Chet snaps his fingers.]

Chet: That's a good point. And we can't have that. We've got bigger and MUCH better teams to move onto. So, Winner Takes All? Sounds good to us. But we already know who the winners are gonna be...

Because you two will never...

[Chaz leans in.]

Chaz: NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEVER...

[The duo leans in together.]

Chaz/Chet: ...BE GOLDEN!

[They freeze like the end of an 80s TV show for an awkwardly long moment before Chet shouts out.]

Chet: Alright, that's a cut. How'd that come off?

Chaz: Catchphrase is golden, baby. Gol-den!

Chet: I know! Think we can get those shirts printed ASAP?

Chaz: Sure, sure... I know a guy.

[And the duo walks off camera as we fade back to live action inside the Center Stage Studios. The lights go down in the studio and cutting blue lasers "drip" from above with a rain like effect. A crash of thunder and then an electronic-synth beat hits, rising in crescendo and drops...

...into "You're the Best Around" to a loud cheer from the gathered crowd. Running around comes a barefoot "Cannonball" but to everyone's surprise he doesn't have his trademark white gi, this time it's black with gold trim and no sleeves. He snaps out a sidekick and falls into a horse stance. Rising from the gathering fog, right behind him, is Downpour. His masked head is bowed and as his upwards motion stops he snaps up an arm to the sky, Connors with a KEEE AIIII! punch accompanying another crash of thunder.

Downpour 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 tassels coming from the back and down onto his shoulders. He has similar tassels hanging from his boot tops and wears a paneled "skirt" that looks like water drops of varying sizes. The two pause and then make their way down to the ring, reaching out to exchange claps with fans of all ages.]

DW: What an entrance, Sal!

SA: And look at Lee Connors! I guess black means business and this match is all business!

[Which takes us to the ring announcer, Tyler Graham.]

TG: Ladies and gentlemen, this tag team match is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and THE WINNER... TAKES... ALL!

SA: THE IDOLS! THE IDOLS ARE DOWN AND ATTACKING BEFORE THE BELL!

[Boos rain down as the head banded pair rush down and launch into an assault from behind, both of them laying in hard forearms to the spine and kicks to the stomach. Chet takes Downpour to one side, Chaz taking Connors to the other. "The Cannonball" is sent HARD into the steps as Chet stomps a mudhole in Downpour against the railing, grabbing his mask to shove closed fist after closed fist into his forehead.]

SA: The bell hasn't even rung and already this match is out of control!

DW: It's a brawl all over the place - a wild out of control mess of mayhem tonight here on Power Hour and right now the Wallace twins are in full control, taking it to this new tag team of Downpour and Connors after that attack from behind.

SA: It's a smart move, keep the two down, don't let them use their speed or striking, make sure you just stay on them and get ahead in this match. Chet and Chaz come from a wrestling family, Dee Dub - they have learned all the tricks of the trade.

DW: And here comes Chet to help out his brother.

SA: A two on one assault now on the Cannonball, the true target for the Idols! They are having their way with this young man! Chaz pulling him up and... DROPKICK by Chet! Classic Wallace!

DW: OOOOH! That has GOT to hurt! He landed right on his spine on the floor here at the Center Stage Studios! The edge of the ring might be the hardest part of the ring, but it's nothing like a concrete floor, mats or not!

SA: That could be the beginning of the end for Connors... WATCH OUT!

[The twins go after their next target, but the masked man is up and leaps off the ring stairs with a diving double clothesline on the Twins!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The risky attack gets the Atlanta fans behind Downpour as he gets to his feet, flinging his waistband aside. He starts towards Chaz as he tries to get off the floor but is immediately cut off by Chet before he can get there.]

DW: Where there is one, there's always the other! They don't even need to talk to know what the other is doing it seems.

SA: A lifetime growing up, linked and now in the wrestling business together a premiere tag team, you know they are always going to be dangerous. They know where the other is at all times, know exactly where they need to be. This is going to be a tough night for “Cannonball” Lee Connors and this newcomer, Downpour.

[With Downpour trapped between them, the Wallaces are hoping to do some damage but before they can, the masked man starts lacing one hand chop style strikes to each of the twins in turn. Fired up, he pumps his fist, winds back for a double strike...

...and gets blasted from behind by Chaz Wallace with a knee to the lower spine.]

SA: Ohh! Chaz goes to the lower back from the blind side and that one puts Downpour down on the floor, reeling in pain. A strike there can be crippling, taking the feeling right out of your legs.

[Chaz grabs Connors, tossing him halfway up the entrance ramp, keeping a two-on-one in play as he and his brother pull Downpour to his feet, grabbing him by the arms.]

DW: They’re gonna put him into the post, Sal! Oh no!

[But as Downpour is whipped towards the steel ringpost, he leaps sideways, using the post as a lever and swings around it and right up onto the apron. The Idols don't even realize what's going on, the speed part of the reason. He lands half kneeling, leaps to the second rope and with a step leaps off the top turnbuckle, over it and the post...]

SA: AND THE AMERICAN IDOLS ARE WIPED OUT!

[The crowd goes WILD as he comes down in a big somersault, wiping both out!]

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON! All four men are down here in Center Stage Studios and the crowd is on their feet... and the bell still hasn't rung!

[The referee heads down to the floor, checking on both men and loudly warning them all if they don't get in the ring, he will have to call the match.]

DW: Think how wild this has been, Big Sal, and like you said, the bell hasn't even rung to start this match officially. It goes to show that EVERYTHING is on the line here. This match is Winner Takes All. Think about that phrase!

SA: It can mean so many things. What I do know is one of these teams is about to skyrocket up the rankings with a win here tonight in this explosive feud between the American Idols and Lee Connors.

[The four begin to stir, Downpour helping Connors to his feet and into the ring as the referee signals for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Almost comedically, the Idols stagger up, arms reaching out as they try and regain their balance, wondering what hit them.]

SA: Downpour sliding in... and there's the bell! He's down on all fours, Connors... wait.... WAIT! WAIT FOR IT!

[The twins grab each other, only turning as Connors leaps off Downpour's back right to the top rope, but facing into the ring...

....launching off with a MASSIVE soaring moonsault that sends him flying backwards into the front row of fans! HUGE ROAR!]

SA: THE CANNONBALL SOARS HERE ON POWER HOUR!

[Up to his feet quicker than you'd expect, Connors takes a moment to allow the front row fans to embrace him and slap him on the back before he slides into the ring and gives a big high five to Downpour.]

DW: Looks like the referee is going to count out the Idols...

[A few moments pass, a few counts from the official before Chaz gets to his feet, rolling under the ropes as Chet drags himself to the corner, trying to get to his feet. Inside the ring, the masked man goes on the attack, pulling Chaz up and pushing him back with a series of hard palm strikes to the chest.]

SA: Downpour's opening up on him, driving him back into the corner with those palm strikes... and there's a tag to Connors.

[Downpour lands a double chop to the traps before ducking out. Connors steps in, rolls across the ring and up to his feet before he charges back in...]

SA: Karate Kid be damned, we have our own right here! Leaping sidekick across and into the chest of the Idol!

[Chaz crumples to the canvas again, Connors dragging him out into a pin attempt. A one count follows before Chaz slips free.]

DW: Not quite yet but this young man is certainly getting some measure of deserved revenge here! The Cannonball's fuse is lit!

[Connors gets to his feet, leaning down to pull Chaz up by the hair..

...and takes a thumb to the eye, drawing jeers from the fans and a warning from the referee as Connors blindly stumbles backwards.]

SA: That'll stop any offense immediately!

DW: The pain goes right to the brain and just stops everything!

[Shaken from everything so far, the Idol smirks, taps his forehead and launches a punch, but it's caught up Connors!]

SA: He has the arm caught... oh WOW! What a kick!

[Leaping forward, Connors drives his heel into Chaz's face but kicking up and over his own back!]

DW: That takes some amazing agility and flexibility to do that and hit it right on target.

SA: Arm drag now and... Cross Armbreaker!

[Caught in the middle of the ring, Chaz squirms and squirms, trying to grab his wrist or get the ropes.]

SA: He is in massive trouble! His arm is completely extended, caught in between the legs of Connors and thumb to the ceiling. He will need to tap out or...

DW: Here comes his brother to break it up!

[Chet rushes in, delivering a pair of stomps to break the submission hold. The referee forces him out as Connors gets back to his feet, glaring at Chet who taunts him, trying to draw his ire. But Connors stays focused, pulling Chaz off the mat with a hard elbow down across the arm before snapping off a front kick to it in sequence.]

SA: Lee Connors is a skilled martial artist and don't let his appearance deceive you. He hits with pin point accuracy and has a wide range of attacks of all kinds from strikes to kicks to submission holds. I still don't think the AWA realizes how gifted this youngster truly is.

DW: Well, he's certainly proving it now.

SA: He has Chaz's arm underhooked, kick to the gut and... axe kick to the back! Chaz down once again and Connors rolls him over.

DW: Hook that leg!

[Connors doesn't, but does lean back on him, unfortunately only getting a two count.]

DW: That cover just wasn't there. No way it was going to work. Don't let emotion overcome you, kid.

SA: And with a tag here comes Downpour back into the ring. This masked man has shown some great potential thus far and we are about to see what else he can do.

DW: He has Chaz up against the rope, reaches back and...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

DW: ...big chop!

[And another sends Chaz reeling, clutching a reddened chest. He tries to push Downpour away but the masked man puts a toe into his gut.]

SA: Right into the liver. That'll stop you quick. Downpour has him against the ropes, Irish whip and... what a spinning leg lariat!

[Landing, Downpour doesn't stop moving, showing explosiveness as he somersaults backwards, hits the ropes and leaps straight up, flattening and landing hard!]

DW: That'll drive the wind from you!

SA: He hooks a leg! One! Two! Kickout!

[Chet goes to come in, but doesn't need to. Downpour sees this, stands up and turns... and then suddenly back handsprings, hitting his foot into Chet and knocking him to the floor!]

DW: Out of nowhere! I did NOT expect that!

SA: I don't think anyone did! And he is back in motion, runs off the ropes and... running kick right to the chest of Chaz!

[While his opponent is in pain, Downpour grabs his leg, rolling backwards and into a wheel barrow.]

SA: Hooked and... WHAT A SUPLEX!

DW: High on the shoulders!

SA: Real impressive power by the masked man here and, again, pulling off something no one expected. He's really impressing me here tonight!

DW: And he goes for a cover!

[ONE! TWO! KICKOUT!]

SA: A kickout but Downpour is showing some real ring savvy here, going for pin after pin after every move.

DW: Downpour reaching for the tag...

[And as he does, Connors goes flying off the apron, Chet snagging his leg off!]

SA: No! The Idols stopped the tag in typical Idols fashion!

DW: Downpour on his own... THROAT CHOP!

[Chaz hits a dastardly cross chop and moves, Chet coming FLYING in with a dropkick, sending Downpour into the corner and flying backwards off it into the middle of the ring clutching his spine! The brothers roll in and hug, giving each other a double high five as they circle Downpour like vultures, the crowd jeering them.]

SA: The Idols are all over him... and the referee's stopping Lee Connors from getting in there!

DW: What?! Why?! Let him in! Let `em fight!

SA: The American Idols just beating the smithereens out of Downpour! Stomp after stomp!

DW: And just like that, the tides have turned, Sal.

SA: They certainly have... and the referee is trying to get some semblance of order here, telling the Idols only one can be in the ring. Chaz is the legal man... and tags in Chet.

DW: A smart move really. He was taking quite the assault for the past couple minutes and definitely needs to be able to catch his breath and shake it off.

SA: Speaking of shaking it off, Chet is swift to get Downpour to his feet...

[Doubling over, Chet puts his shoulder into Downpour's stomach, driving him back into the corner.]

SA: That'll drive the wind from him and take away a lot of explosiveness, something we've seen out of him in spades this match. Another pair and Downpour may be gasping for air under that full faced mask.

DW: Hard to breathe under a mask like that I've been told over the years.

[Driving an elbow to the base of the neck, Chet drags him by the tassels and tags in his brother. They head back to the neutral corner, away from Connors and double whip Downpour across the ring...]

SA: Downpour whipped across... here comes the Wallaces!

[Chet runs in with a leaping back elbow, only to get so high, he can exit over the top rope and to the floor. Chaz follows in with a sprint...

...and stops only to start tearing at the mask!]

SA: Come on ref! Get in there!

[Immediately the ref comes in, pushing Chaz away...

...which allows Chet to hop up on the apron behind the official, again tearing at the mask.]

SA: This is completely unnecessary. Leave the mask alone, fellas!

[Seeing his partner in danger, Connors hops off the apron, running around the ringpost to chase away Chet who scampers off but the damage is done, Downpour's mask turned sideways, tassels torn off.]

SA: There's no real damage to the integrity of the mask itself. No big tears, but there is absolutely no way he can see. Which is another opportunity for the American Idols to exploit here. They are dangerous at normal times, against a blinded opponent, they'll be deadly.

DW: And there's a tag.

SA: In and out constantly, keeping the referee confused and on their toes, unable to really stop them from doing all these double teams.

[Speaking of, Chaz grabs Downpour once more before leaving the ring, lifting him up for a slam but doing so across the knee of Chet. Chet holds him there, reaches back for another tag and Chaz slingshots in...]

SA: LEG DROP! Right across the throat!

DW: Cover! One! Two! Th... NO! Downpour kicks out! He still has some fire in there!

[And he tries to adjust his mask, but Chaz drops an elbow and laces him with some punches to the face before reaching up and tagging in his brother.]

SA: Chet just taking his time, mocking Lee Connors, telling him to bring it... OH COME ON! He just spit at him!

DW: Here comes Connors!

SA: And there goes the ref!

[The referee races over to Connors, preventing him from coming in as Chet stomps Downpour a few more times... then slaps his hands together over his head as Chaz slides back into the ring.]

SA: The Idols taking advantage of the distracted referee there... making an exchange when no tag was made.

[Mocking Connors, Chaz puts Downpour in a camel clutch like move, pantomiming the masked man's arm out for a tag.]

SA: Just taunting "Cannonball" Lee Connors now. These Wallaces are never happy unless they're getting under someone's skin.

DW: They must be thrilled almost every second of their lives, Sal.

[Sal chuckles as Chet runs across the ring, past the protesting official, and throws a punch towards Connors who avoids it...

...and then tries to come through the ropes again, again getting blocked by the referee.]

DW: Are you kidding me?! Turn around, ref!

[With Chaz holding onto Downpour, Chet leaves his feet, driving them into the masked man's face.]

SA: Another trademark Wallace dropkick, this time directly in the face and we have another cover. One... Two... not quite!

DW: You can tell things are personal. Not just the black gi, not just the way these two teams have come out guns ablazin' but by the extra mockery, the extra cheating, them going after the mask of Downpour. This is really personal for the American Idols. It's Winner Takes All and they want it all.

[Grabbing Downpour, Chet wraps a hand into the tassels on top of his shifted mask. He yells right into his face "I assume this is your ear. Listen up, loser. We win. We take it all! Go back to where you came from!"]

DW: Trash talkin' by Chet Wallace. His temper is really getting to him here.

[Chaz pulls Downpour up by the twisted mask, grabbing him by the arm for another whip attempt...

...but as he hits the ropes, he hangs on, reaching up to tug at his mask.]

DW: He's fixing his mask!

SA: He's trying to be able to see, be able to fight back. Here comes Chet!

[Shifting so he can see, Downpour catches the charging Wallace with a kick to the chest and uses the force to hold on and flip over onto the apron! He leaps up, stunning Wallace with an enzugiri!]



SA: Smart move there, grabbing the ropes and giving yourself a second!

[A stunned Wallace tries to come back in on Downpour who is still out on the apron. But quickly, Downpour pulls himself backwards and launches himself between the middle and top rope as Chet Wallace charges in.]

SA: SPEAR! SPEAR THROUGH THE ROPES!

[With Chet down on the mat, Downpour pops back to his feet, slingshotting himself over the top rope to land on the apron, turns around, and slingshots back in, twisting around as he flies through the air!]

SA: Downpour... TWISTING SLINGSHOT SPLASH! COVER! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT- ROPES! FEET ON THE ROPES BY CHET WALLACE!

DW: A heckuva sequence right there by Downpour, Sal.

SA: It sure was but he was too close to the ropes and that potentially cost him the match.

DW: I'm not even sure he could see that he was that close to the ropes. The mask still doesn't exactly look right.

[Proving Dylan correct, Downpour rolls off, adjusting his mask one last time. Now with his vision restored, he turns back to his corner, walking towards an eagerly waiting Lee Connors, hand reached out, the crowd cheering for the tag...

...only to get blasted from out of nowhere! BOOOO!]

SA: Chaz Wallace came in behind everyone's backs, hit that dropkick to the back of the head out of nowhere... and that sends Downpour flying into the corner! That had to hurt!

DW: He was so close to his corner, so close to a tag he needed so desperately.

SA: The American Idols are so good! Always with that exact timing they need. Tag by the dazed Chet to get in his brother legally now, Chaz back in after that dropkick. The referee is really having a hard time keeping control here. Constant tags, antics, distractions...

DW: Whatever it takes by the Idols.

[And with another burst, Chaz comes flying in, once again crunching Downpour into the corner.]

SA: Dropkick!

[And almost contemptuously, he tosses the masked newcomer to the ground and slides in for a cover, hooking both legs.]

SA: ONE! TWO! THRE... NO! NO NO NO! Close but no!

DW: That was close!

[A disbelieving Chaz goes for a second cover, getting another two count... and a third with the same result.]

SA: Three attempts to get the win and three times it comes up empty.

[Furious, Chaz backs the referee away, slicking back his hair and yammering away threatening into the official's face. The referee ducks out of the way, sliding in to check on Downpour as one brother tags the other back in.]

SA: Both of the American Idols are in now and Downpour needs a tag or this match isn't going to last much longer. They have him against the ropes. Double whip, Downpour ducks...

[And leaps forward onto his hands, springing off the ropes and into a leap, elbows extended.]

DW: Caught!

[Using Downpour's momentum, The Idols throw him over head...]

SA: He landed on his feet!

[...and reaches out, grabs both Idols by their long hair, pulling them apart and into each other with a CLUNK!]

DW: Bells have been rung!

[The Idols collapse into one another, almost falling into an embrace as Downpour sizes them up, leaving into the air, snaring his legs around BOTH their heads at the same time...]

SA: What the...?

[...and SNAPS both men over into a double hurricanrana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: WOW! DID YOU SEE THAT?! DID YOU SEE IT?!

SA: I saw it! And the Wallaces may be seeing stars after that incredible move out of Downpour!

[On the apron. Lee Connors starts stomping and clapping, getting the entire crowd into it, one person at a time. He paces, screaming encouragement, arm reached out at far as possible.]

DW: Can he do it? Can he get across the ring and make the tag without the Idols stopping him? Both of them?

SA: He's crawling, reaching out... leaps...

[And as he does, Chaz leaps out to grab his legs...

....and misses!]

SA: TAG!

[CHEER!]

DW: Here comes the Cannonball!

SA: The Wallaces are up and they see him coming!

[And fire forward with a double clothesline only Connors halts momentum by ducking under, leaping back onto his shoulders, and springing up no handed!]

DW: Wow! What the heck do you even call that?!

[Connors is on his feet behind the Idols, spinning around fast...]

SA: SPINNING BACKFIST TO CHET!

[The crowd cheers the impactful shot as Chaz goes flying to the side. Connors goes into a second spin.]

SA: AND ONE FOR CHAZ AS WELL!

[Chaz reels away, flopping backwards to the mat as a dazed Chet makes his move... but Connors sees him coming, throwing a right roundhouse kick to the ribs... then the left... then the right... and then starts jumping with each kick, going smoothly from foot to foot, battering the body of Chet Wallace!]

DW: He's lighting him up!

SA: Lee Connors has wanted this for a long time now! Kick after kick...

[Swooping in behind Connors, Chaz spins him around and Connors hops back up, landing a kick on Chaz... and another... and another... the crowd ROARING for the show of athleticism to keep these leaping alternating body kicks going.]

SA: And now he's chasing Chaz across the ring too!

[Chaz gets backed into the corner, Chet in the other as Connors comes to a halt, turning back towards Chet, barreling across the ring...]

SA: Here comes the Cannonball!

[Connors approaches fast and absolutely BLASTS Chet under the chin with a running palm strike that lifts Chet off the ground!]

SA: PALLLLLLLM STRIIIIKE!

DW: Jaw breaking force on the jaw jacking Chet Wallace!

SA: Annnnnnnnnnnnd... ONE FOR CHAZ!

[The crowd cheers as Connors backs away from the carnage, stepping out to center ring where he gives a war whoop that the Atlanta fans echo.]

SA: On this night, the fans are on their feet for Lee Connors... and he's staying on the attack, grabs Chaz by the arm...

[A big whip sends Chaz across, crashing into his own brother as his hind quarters go slamming into Chet's chest.]

SA: Big crash in the corner... and Lee Connors now needs to start thinking about how he might finish one of these two off and win this thing.

DW: Connors has been waiting for a while now to really let these Idols have it and that's exactly what he's doing right now in the middle of this ring, Sal.

[Running back into the corner, Connors runs right up the chest of Chaz Wallace, stomping on his face as he backflips off of him, landing on his feet a few feet out of the corner. Chaz goes staggering out, stumbling to his knees and then down on his face. Connors runs back in...]

SA: And a Tiger wall kick to Chet too!

[With both Wallaces stunned and down on the mat, Connors points to the corner, earning a big cheer as he steps through the ropes.]

DW: Somebody call the control tower 'cause this kid's gonna fly!

[Connors steps to the second rope... then up to the top...

...but Chet rushes right in, grabbing the foot, stopping him from doing anything!]

DW: Chet's hanging on for dear life - he don't want none of whatever Connors has got in mind up there!

[Connors rains down punches to the top of Chet's head, trying to free himself...

...which allows Chaz to charge across the ring, throwing a big dropkick at Downpour who is on the apron, sending him flying off and into the front row of seats just barely vacated in time to see the masked man land on solid steel bleachers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CRASH! AND! BURN! DOWNPOUR INTO THE FRONT ROW AT RINGSIDE AND...

DW: Look out, Sal! They got Connors where they want him!

[The Wallaces are trying to take advantage of Connors being trapped on the top rope, both men now pounding away at him.]

SA: The Wallaces look like they're trying to get some kind of a suplex or something up there... but the Cannonball is fighting back!

DW: Get 'em, Karate Kid! Get 'em!

SA: Connors fighting with all he's got! He won't let this happen! He's fighting tooth and nail with chops, punches, forearms, whatever he can do to not let them hook him!

[Though his ankles were hooked to stop them, he allows one moment of reprieve to lift a knee up into the bottom of Chaz's jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow leave Chaz with glassy eyes. He makes a weak attempt to grab onto something before tumbling forward, flipping over the top rope, and CRASHING down on the barely-padded floor!]

DW: LOOK AT THAT! LOOK AT THAT! OFF THE ROPES, OVER THE TOP, AND DOWN TO THE FLOOR!

SA: Chaz Wallace has been WIPED OUT! And we're down to the two legal men again! Chet and Connors are legal and... Connors continues to fight! CONTINUES TO FIGHT!

[Connors is throwing blows as fast as he can, landing chop after chop after chop to Wallace who is clinging to the ropes...]

SA: Chet's hanging on with all he's got and-

[Connors leans back, shouting "HIIIIIIYAAAAAAHHHHH!" as he throws a backfist to the midsection, a blow that sends Wallace sailing backwards off the top rope, crashing down in a heap as Connors remains frozen on the top, strike wide out, roar dissipating, only to be replaced by the roar of the crowd!]

SA: "Cannonball" Lee Connors is perched up high. On the top rope...

[The Karate Kid waits for Chet to get back to his feet, stumbling in a circle as Connors takes flight!]

SA: ...AND LEAPS!

[And tucks his knees!]

SA: METEORA... AND HE RIDES IT DOWN! THE IMPACT!

DW: THE PIN!

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

[Diving in, Chaz breaks up the pin just in time!]

DW: Talk about taking it to the absolute last instant! I'd hate to watch a replay and see if that wasn't an actual three count or not... It was SO SO close!

SA: Chet is laid out, unmoving in the ring, Chaz back just in time to save him.

[Chaz ignores the protests of the official, pulling Connors up to his feet. Both men have a moment of inaction, showing just how weary they are as they can barely stay standing. Connors breaks that moment, snapping off a leg kick...]

SA: Connors kicking at the leg...

DW: Look at his face! Look at the anger! Look at the rage!

[Feeling his moment, Connors snaps off a second knee buckling leg kick... and a third... and a fourth... and... need I go on?]

SA: Connors has lost it! He's absolutely lost it! I've never seen Lee Connors like this. He's in a different zone, smashing Chaz Wallace's legs with those brutal leg kicks! He won't be able to walk for days after this.

[Chaz, staggering, tries to throw a kick but Connors sidesteps and grabs it, cocking it as he slowly cocks an arm up, bending the elbow.]

SA: No mercy! No mercy on his face! Don't do this, Lee! This isn't you, kid!

DW: Come on, Lee!

[Even the crowd starts getting into it, begging him not to strike down, not to go past that line. He pumps his arm up, elbow cocked, face twisted with anger, veins popping...

...and then throws the leg down. Everyone is relieved, especially the limping Idol.]

SA: Oh, thank the lord.

DW: Good man.

SA: I am glad he... OH MY!

[But then he looks up... smiles... and crane kicks Chaz under the jaw, sending him flying out of the ring to an ear bursting round of applause and cheers! The Idol goes flying over the top rope, landing rough!]

SA: One Idol down... one to go!

[With his brother out on the floor, Chet strikes, slamming a forearm into the spine of Connors, sending him to a knee.]

SA: Chet's up again!

DW: How the heck is he even standing?!

SA: I have no idea but he may be looking for a final strike to put Connors away here in the middle of the ring!

[With Connors dazed, Chet backs off, throwing himself into the ropes, rebounding back towards Connors...

...or so he thought as the masked Downpour slides in, shoving his partner clear, catching the incoming Wallace around the armpit and neck, flipping backwards and bringing the Idol with him crashing down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BACKFLIP URANAGE SLAM! HE CAUGHT HIM OUT OF NOWHERE!

DW: He's got him in perfect position though!

[Downpour rolls away, urging Connors to the top rope. The crowd cheers him on as well, the black clad fan favorite climbing, climbing and standing way up high...]

SA: COULD IT BE!?

[... launching himself backwards in a full gainer. He tucks his knees, coming down RIGHT onto Chet Wallace and driving every ounce of air he has out of him, nearly folding him in half!]

SA: IT IS! SHOOOOOOOTING STARRRRRRR KNEE DROP!! THAT IS IT!

[Downpour counts along, hand in the air.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

TG: YOUR WINNERS AND THE WINNERS TAKING ALL... DOWNPOUR AND "CANNONBALL" LEEEEEEE CONNNNNNNORRRRRRS!

[The crowd cheers the announcement as a weary Connors pushes up to his knees, nodding his head at the victory.]

SA: What a match! What an unbelievable match and unbelievable finish by Lee Connors to finally, FINALLY put away the American Idols once and hopefully for all!

DW: That was incredible to witness! I was sure the American Idols had this one wrapped up early but Downpour was able to fight out and from that point on it was all Lee Connors like we've maybe never seen him! What a future this kid and this team have here in AWA!

[The pair embrace in the middle of the ring before the referee steps in and raises their arms in victory.]

SA: Fans... whew. I'm worn out after this one on the all-new supersized Power Hour and... man oh man, we're going to take a breather and we'll be right back with more AWA action after this!

DW: Oh yeah!

[Fade to black...

...and then fade up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black...

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

TL: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour, fans, where the crowd here is still buzzing over that wild tag team battle they just witnessed firsthand. My guest at this just remarked during the break that even the locker room was on their feet backstage watching. Come on in here, "Golden" Grant Carter.

[The always-grinning Grant Carter strides into view wearing blue jeans and a black t-shirt with "GGC" written in gold print across the front.]

GGC: That match was something else, Theresa. My hat's off to all four of them... yeah, even those Wallace kids.

[He claps loudly, drawing another ovation from the crowd for the match they just saw.]

TL: Grant, your name's been coming out of the mouths of a couple of different people lately. Of course, we saw the ongoing issues between yourself and Kerry Kendrick continue... and now, earlier tonight, the Golden Grappler had some words for you as well.

[Carter chuckles.]

GGC: Well, you know what they say, Theresa. If they're talking about you, you must be doing something right.

Lemme talk at this Grappler for a second.

[Carter shakes his head.]

GGC: Theresa, did I hear him out here right? He's mad at me because we both have "golden" in our names?

[Theresa nods with a smile.]

TL: That's pretty much it, yeah.

[Carter chuckles again.]

GGC: Now, if that's not the dumbest reason to want a piece of everyone I've ever heard of... but Mr. Grappler, I'm not a hard man to find. If you want yourself a piece of ol' GGC, you let the powers that be know and we'll make it happen first chance we get.

And then we come to my pal, Kerry Kendrick.

[Carter shakes his head.]

GGC: Kendrick, don't think for a second that I forgot about you jumping me from behind with a loaded-up right hand after I beat you clean in the middle.

[He rubs his jaw.]

GGC: 'Cause I haven't... but last weekend, I had other business. I went to Ricki... the whole world saw it thanks to these Access 365 cameras... and they saw what I said... and what she said... and... well, that was that.

TL: It sounded like you were making an appeal to her to leave Kerry Kendrick's employ.

GGC: That's exactly what I was doing, Theresa. Look, Ricki's a good girl at heart.



[Theresa recoils in shock.]

GGC: I know, I know... but trust me on this one. She's got a good heart... and I get it... she's loyal... she's loyal to Cinder... and she's loyal to Kendrick for all the reasons she told me. And they're valid reasons for sure.

But when someone takes that trust... takes that loyalty... and they abuse it over and over...

Well, that's just not right... and that's when someone needs to step in and make something happen.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: And that's where you come in.

GGC: You got that right, Reesy. Kendrick, listen up and listen up good. You get your squeeze there in the office to whisper in someone's ear and get that contract printed up. Because you and me? We need to dance again. And this time, I ain't turnin' my back on ya after I beat ya.

[Carter throws up his hands, one fist cupped in the other palm, getting the same response from the fans before he makes his exit.]

TL: A challenge has been issued... now let's go down to the ring for more Power Hour action!

[We fade to Tyler Graham standing center ring.]

TG: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring... from Tampa, Florida... weighing 229 pounds... Henry Smulders!

[The crowd applauds lightly for the man in the ring. He is about 6'1 with a cross fit body and black hair with yellow streaks dyed through it. He wears long black tights and a black singlet.]

RO: And his opponent...

[The arena lights turn purple and the studio fills with smoke. A kissing sound smacks over the PA system before the guitar riff rings out leading to the signature grunt and drum track as Prince's "Kiss" plays over the PA system.]

RO: From your most vivid dreams... weighing 220 pounds...

THE VIIIIIIIIIOLEEEEEET REVVVVVOLUUUUUTION!

[The crowd rises, craning their necks to get a look at the debuting newcomer.]

SA: Dee Dub, after weeks of teases, we're finally going to get a look at the athlete who calls himself the Violet Revolution!

DW: That's such a weird name, Big Sal. What does that even mean - the Violet Revolution?

SA: I'd suggest we may be about to find out.

[And then... the moment arrives as the Violet Revolution emerges from behind the curtains, standing at the top of the ramp, arms outstretched and twirling for one and all to see.]

The Violet Revolution is a tall, caramel-complexioned Afro-American man cloaked in a purple trenchcoat with studded shoulder pads and chainlink epaulets. He has a thin mustache and permed, feathered hair. He wears big round mirrored sunglasses and lace gloves. He holds a purple rose in his right hand. A close look at his black wrestling boots reveal that the boots have wedged heels.]

SA: This is our first true look at the Revolution... and I've gotta say, I have no idea what to make out of this young man, Dee Dub.

DW: Nobody even knows much about him, Sal. I hear he just showed up at the Combat Corner one day and... well, here he is!

SA: That's right. I'm told he wouldn't even give a name other than Violet Revolution to the coaches at the Combat Corner... and look at those boots, Dee Dub!

DW: How the heck does anyone even wrestle in heeled boots like that?

SA: It surely tests a man's balance... and poor Henry Smulders in there certainly looks confused already as the Violet Revolution makes his way down towards ringside. The only thing I can tell you about this man is that he certainly appears to have been a fan of the incredible musician Prince who died nearly a year ago.

[The Violet Revolution strides to the ring, twirling the rose in his hand. He stops before a mother with her two children and tilts his glasses down on his nose. He stares at the mother for a few seconds and licks his lips before he hands one of the children the rose.]

SA: Well, the Revolution certainly getting this Atlanta crowd talking.

[Slithering under the bottom rope, the Revolution takes the center of the ring, glancing over his shoulder at Smulders before he comes to his feet, untying the belt of his purple trenchcoat and shrugging out of it to reveal a pair of tie dyed purple trunks to go with the knee high wedge-heeled boots. His well-toned upper body has been oiled up to the max and he shimmers in the studio lights as they flash down on him.]

SA: Quite the entrance there for the Violet Revolution.

[Slipping his hands behind his permed hair, the Revolution snaps off a few gyrations in time with the music before sliding back to the corner, hopping up on the middle rope as the chorus hits.]

#Ain't no particular sign  
I'm more compatible with  
I just want your extra time and your...#

[The Revolution puckers up, leaning out and blowing a kiss to the assembled crowd.]

#Kiss#

[The houselights go up as the Revolution leaps off the midbuckle, twisting to land on his feet with a flourish as the music fades out. He tugs off his sunglasses, handing them out to a ringside attendant with an admonishment.]

"Those cost more than you made last year, sweetheart... so take care of them."

DW: Big Sal, if this guy can bring it in the ring like he did in that entrance, we might be in for quite the show!

SA: The Violet Revolution making his way to the ring to a song from 1986... and now we get to see if he can party like it's 1999 in 2017.

DW: Somebody get my calendar out 'cause I'm lost already.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, the Violet Revolution and Henry Smulders begin circling one another. Smulders makes a lunge at the Revolution who holds up a hand, wagging a finger at him.]

SA: What's this about now?

[With a smile, the Revolution runs his hands through his hair, pausing to blow a kiss at Smulders who lunges into a tieup.]

SA: Right to the collar and elbow... and right off the bat, you can see that the Revolution is a long and rangy competitor in there, showing no ill-effects from wearing those ridiculous boots inside the squared circle.

DW: He moves as smooth as a pair of new sheets from Wal-Mart!

SA: Who are definitely not a sponsor of this show.

[Smulders' efforts to overpower the Revolution come up empty as the Revolution dips and twists his torso until he can snatch a side headlock.]

SA: Side headlock applied by the Revolution...

[The Violet Revolution teases the crowd with an "OW WAH!" as he twists Smulders around in a circle so that the entire audience can see his dominance.]

DW: I've never seen someone celebrate a side headlock like that, Big Sal. This guy is really full of himself.

[Smulders struggles, trying to get free from the side headlock before he manages to reverse it into a top wristlock, causing a "Whoa whoa whoa!" from the Revolution.]

SA: Nice counter by Smulders, looking to spoil the debut of the Violet Revolution here tonight in the A-T-L.

[Smulders continues to work the arm, ducking through the wristlock to apply an armwringer. The Revolution grimaces, going up on his tiptoes as Smulders twists the arm around again...]

SA: Smulders looking to crank that arm around one more time... no, reversed by the Revolution!

[The Revolution holds the wristlock, smirking with a "that's how it's done!"...

...a split second before Smulders takes him down with an armdrag, freeing himself from the hold as the Revolution slithers back under the ropes to the floor, slamming his hands down on the ring apron in frustration.]

DW: Henry Smulders shows up the Revolution and he's not happy about it, Sal.

SA: They say show offs get shown up in the end. The Violet Revolution got shown up in the beginning.

[The Violet Revolution paces around the ringside area, getting some grief from the fans for his slight tantrum. He walks around the ring, staring up at Smulders before sliding back over to the family he met during his entrance...

...and snatches the rose away from the young girl, causing the child to recoil before he angrily throws the rose down on the floor.]

“You can’t dig this picture, baby!”

[He grinds the rose under the heel of his boot to the boos of the crowd before he turns back to the ring, sliding under the ropes.]

DW: That’s disgusting, Sal! That kid didn’t do nothin’ to him!

SA: I agree... and these fans in the Center Stage Studios are letting the Revolution have it for sure now.

[The Revolution comes to his feet, marching across the ring towards Smulders, sticking a finger in his face. Smulders slaps the hand away, shoving the Revolution down on his rear to a cheer!]

SA: Oho! Henry Smulders is letting the Revolution know that he’s not about to be bullied in there!

[The Revolution scrambles to his feet, coming at Smulders again. This time, Smulders snaps off a right hand that the Revolution blocks before twisting around to a knee, spinning an elbow back into the ribcage. Smulders drops back, wincing as the Revolution drops to his back, rolling backwards to wrap his legs around the head of Smulders, taking him down with a rolling headscissors.]

SA: The Revolution giving us a preview of the excitement he’s been hyping up for weeks in those TV spots... back up to his feet now...

[With Smulders down on the mat, looking to get up, the Revolution twists around, burying a rolling sole butt into the jaw of Smulders, knocking him flat. The Revolution strides out to mid-ring, moving into a moonwalk...]

DW: Hey, I thought this guy’s hero is Prince, not Michael Jackson!

SA: An affinity for the showmen, for sure.

[The Revolution goes into a spin, dropping down into the splits while his leg comes crashing down across the throat of Smulders!]

DW: Ohhh! Splitsville legdrop by the Violet Revolution!

SA: Some fancy footwork on the part of the Revolution and he’s certainly proving to be unlike your usual AWA superstar, fans.

[Rolling off of Smulders, the Revolution retakes his feet, bowing with a flourish to the booing fans. This seems to upset him as he quickly pulls Smulders to his feet.]

SA: Scoops him up, slams him down...

[Posing over the downed Smulders, the Revolution points his arms to the sky away from the downed Smulders, and then goes into a spin, driving an impactful elbowdrop down into the torso, causing Smulders to convulse on the canvas!]

DW: Never seen nothin' like that before, Sal.

SA: Powerful elbowdrop by the Revolution... and look at him! He's all over Henry Smulders like a Kardashian on Instagram!

[A series of right hands to the skull leaves Smulders down and reeling as the Revolution gets up, ignoring the referee's shouts about the closed fists. The Revolution lights blows on his knuckles as he stands over Smulders, sneering at the jeering crowd.]

SA: And now the Revolution is taking a little time to let these fans know how good he thinks he is.

[The Revolution spreads his arms wide, gesturing to his oiled-up physique.]

"Baby, I'm a sta-WHA!"

[But his taunting is cut off as Smulders drags him down in a schoolboy.]

SA: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THR-

[The Revolution kicks out JUST in time, sending Smulders away as the crowd jeers the near fall.]

DW: He almost had his big debut ruined by all this messing around in there!

SA: It certainly would've been a bad start for the Revolution.

[Rolling to his hands and knees, the Revolution pounds the mat a few times, showing even more frustration...

...which allows Smulders to roll him into an Oklahoma Roll!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT- NO! NO! Another two count and the Violet Revolution is melting down faster than the polar ice caps! He's gone full Kanye here, people!

DW: I'mma let you finish, Sal, but-

[The Revolution springs to his feet, striding up to the rising Smulders...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: He slapped him right across the face!

[The Revolution follows the slap with some stinging words as well.]

"This is MY ring! I'M the star here! YOU'RE A NOBOD-"

[Again, he's cut off, this time as a right hand jacks his jaw from Henry Smulders!]

SA: Ohh! Big right by Smulders! And another one!

DW: That's what you get for slapping a man across the face! You just don't do it!

[Smulders' series of haymakers is backing the Revolution across the ring, the crowd getting louder for every blow landed. Grabbing the Revolution by the arm, Smulders fires him across the ring, ducking down...]

SA: BIG BACKDROP BY SMULDERS!

[And with the Revolution down on the mat, Smulders snaps off a little hip gyration of his own, shouting "I'M THE STAR NOW!" Smulders reaches down, looking to pull the Revolution off the mat...

...but the Revolution grabs Smulders by the hair, tucking his head up under the chin, and dropping down with a split-legged jawbreaker!]

SA: OH!

[The Revolution comes right back to his feet, twisting around, and BLASTING him with a rolling elbow to the jaw that stuns him.]

DW: He caught him good there, Sal!

SA: The Violet Revolution, to the ropes... coming back...

[Smulders is waiting for him though, throwing hm up into the air...]

SA: POP-UP...

[...but the Revolution twists his body into the air, coming down with both feet into the chest of Smulders, knocking him all the way back across the ring!]

SA: ...DROPKICK BY THE REVOLUTION!

DW: Larry Wallace might even be jealous of that one, Sal!

SA: It was certainly a flawless counter by the Violent Revolution... perhaps looking to finish his opponent off now.

[The Revolution regains his feet, muttering "I'll show you who the star is!" as he leans over, sizing up his prey. He angles himself just outside of Smulders' peripheral vision as he gets to his knees.]

SA: What's he got in mind here?

[As Smulders regains his feet, still doubled over in pain, the Revolution charges in from the blind side, leaping into the air, dropping his leg across the back of Smulders' neck, and DRIVING him facefirst into the canvas with the Revolution's weight on the back of his head and neck!]

SA: Ohh! That'll ring the doorbell for Henry Smulders!

DW: Yeah, but he might not be able to answer it after that.

[The Revolution, sending the end is near, does a full circle around the downed Smulders, gesturing to himself, taunting Smulders and the crowd all at once. The booing fans are letting him have it as he pulls Smulders to his feet, shooting him across the ring...]

SA: Smulders on the rebound...

[The running Smulders gets lifted up by the legs, twisted around a full 360 degrees, and then the Revolution sits out, driving him down with a ring-rattling spinebuster. He pushes off the mat with his legs, backrolling to a knee, striking a pose as he throws his arms at in celebration as the fans jeer.]

DW: He sure is proud of himself, Sal.

SA: In fairness, Dee Dub, he's got quite a bit to be proud of. This has been a strong debut performance here tonight by the Revolution as he gets to his feet and-

[The crowd jeers as the Revolution does a little dance, shaking what his momma gave him as he heads towards the corner with a jog, hurdling over the ropes gracefully to land on the apron. He quickly climbs the turnbuckles, reaching the top, holding his arms high in the air...]

"THE REVOLUTION WILL BE TELEVISED!

[With that yell, he leaps off the top, somersaulting forward to drop a leg across Smulders's throat.]

SA: BOOM! GOES THE CANNON! AND THAT'S GOTTA BE IT!

[The referee counts one... twice... and three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The ring announcer makes it official.]

TG: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner... the VIOLET REVOLUTION!

[Leaning through the ropes, the Revolution snatches the mic out of Graham's hands.]

VR: Oh, I loooooove the way you say that, young man. You can be the voice of MY Revolution anytime.

[He blows a kiss with a loud smack.]

VR: And nothing will ever be the same again!

[He shoves the mic back towards Graham who takes it uneasily as the Violet Revolution rolls onto his back, shaking his hips to the sounds of his music being played over the PA once again.]

SA: The Violet Revolution picks up the win, Dee Dub... and he could be right. Nothing may ever be the same again. Fans, we're moments away from our World Television Title showdown pitting the challenger Michael Aarons against the champion Callum Mahoney. In a few minutes, we'll be heading to the ring for that matchup but before we do, Theresa's standing by with the challenger!

[We cut to footage that appears to have been taped earlier in the evening with Theresa Lynch standing backstage with Michael Aarons.]

TL: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time... Michael Aarons!

[Aarons gives Lynch a slight nod with a smirk.]

[Out from the back saunters Michael Aarons strutting over to the command desk where Theresa Lynch is standing. He places an elbow on the desk and looks up at her, giving her a slight nod.]

MA: The highlight of your night has finally appeared. You're welcome!

[Lynch rolls her eyes as Aarons just continues to stare and smirk at her.]

TL: Michael Aarons, tonight you have a chance to capture the World Television Title, but I want to talk to you about your actions two weeks ago when your former partner and former friend, Cody Mertz, seemingly had the title won and you deliberately cost him the match with your interference!

[Aarons places a hand to his chest in fake surprise and mock appall.]

MA: Theresa Lynch, the things you say! Here I thought we were friends... nah that's okay I understand you have a job to do and we'll leave the friendship at the door for now.

TL: We are not-

[Aarons puts a finger to his lips.]

MA: Shh, shh, shh... I got you, girl. But I am offended at your accusation!

TL: Are you saying you DIDN'T cost Cody Mertz the World Television Title on the last Power Hour?

[Aarons laughs.]

MA: What? No, I totally did that. I was all like trying to get in the ring and the ref was trying to stop me...

[Aarons laughs again, but he's the only one and he quickly stops.]

MA: No, what I mean is that Air Strike might be no more because the talent...

[He jerks a thumb at himself.]

MA: ...went elsewhere. But you can't imply that me and Cee Dee ain't friends no more after what I did for him.

TL: What you did...?

MA: Yes, what I did... and don't interrupt, Tee, that's rude.

[Aarons wags a disapproving finger.]

MA: Anyways... you know what I can't stand? It's someone who gets where they are not on merit but by who they know and who they are. Wouldn't you agree, Tee?

[Lynch glares at Aarons as he chuckles.]

MA: Of course you do. Now, my old friend Cee Dee must know someone because he just went and straight up line jumped me for a shot at the Television Title. I mean, is that fair?

[Aarons shakes his head.]

MA: No, line jumping is an intolerable sin punished to the highest degree in this business. I earned that shot. You saw me eliminating chump after chump in that Battle Royal recently... INCLUDING Cee Dee... right, Tee?

TL: I saw you lose.

[Aarons glares at Lynch for a second before smirking.]



MA: Cute. You know who didn't see me losing? The big boys upstairs. You know the ones that fired your dad, your brother, your brother's best friend, your other brother, your second cousin... the ones squashing your boy toy all over town.

[Aarons winks as Lynch fumes.]

MA: Well, those big boys said clearly that I had next and then Cee Dee cuts out in front of me. Well, I had to put him down. Why? Because imagine if he had won. He would have had to fight me. And as I told him before I'm not about to embarrass him all over that ring right there and take the title that he just won. So you see, what I was doing was being a good friend.

TL: A good friend?

MA: Yes, I can't fight Cee Dee because I just can't embarrass him like that. And he might have gotten a lucky shot off of Callum Mahoney but Michael Aarons will never be confused for Callum Mahoney. Mostly because of these chiseled features and superior athletic ability, but mainly because I'm so damned good. And that polished silver, reflecting this perfect reflection? Now that's a ratings bonanza!

[Aarons smiles as he points to his face.]

MA: Now I can understand if Cee Dee is a little hot about last show. But I did it for your own good, pal... and once again and always...

[Aarons stops, bows, and then looks at the camera.]

MA: You're welcome.

[We fade to black...

...and 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 dances through a maze of cubicles to "I'm The Best" by Nicki Minaj, twirling a red braid and balancing a cup of coffee.

A civic worker in a visibility vest tries to move a dead tree branch into a truck to "Brian Boru's March" by The Chieftains. With part of the branch under his arm and his another hand, you'd swear he was giving the branch an armbar.

On a playground, a little girl with a distinct scowl stomps up to home plate to "Another One" by Night Club. She swings her bat wildly at the ball resting on a tee.]

STUDENT #2: [voice] Yeah, I think that's right.

[Cut back to library. Student #1 still has his arms open, but now to the sounds of library ambience. Someone in the background coughs. He sits back down.]

STUDENT #1: Okay... uh... Question 11?

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

"The Official AWA Playlist, available now on Apple Music and Spotify."

Click The Link!

[We fade from the commercial...

...and into a shot of a single chair in front of a dark backdrop, as we hear the sound of footsteps. We then see the patriarch of the Wright clan, Roosevelt Wright, making his way to a chair. The God of Grappling is old and gray, but still bears more than a striking resemblance to his grandson Supreme Wright, his grizzled voice filled with vigor and life.]

RW: I've trained a lot of wrestlers in my time. I've made a lot of CHAMPIONS. But 'til she came along, I ain't ever trained no female. I ain't against it, but what I teach ain't exactly the sort of wrasslin' people are accustomed to.

[There's a quick cut to a shot of old Roosevelt, locking a hapless student into a Sugarhold as the student furiously taps out...and then back to Roosevelt.]

RW: And the ladies that get into wrasslin', well no offense, but they're not exactly what I would consider real wrestlers. Or tough. But her daddy was the toughest sumbitch - pardon my French - I ever stepped into the ring with.

[Three quick cuts to clips of a young Hamilton Graham, busting eyebrows, breaking bones and trading punches with a young Roosevelt Wright.]

RW: How many times was he champion? Nine? Ten? All I know is that every time I stepped up and challenged for the title, he knocked me right back down. That's a hell of a legacy to follow. Your daddy's the greatest damn champion the world's ever seen. Your daddy's the toughest damn person that ever walked the face of the Earth. And to top all that off...you're a girl. But her daddy taught her everything he knew. And then, outta' respect to her daddy...I trained her.

[There's a glint in Roosevelt's eye as he speaks his next sentence.]

RW: Trained her like she was my very own granddaughter.

[A brief silence fills the room as Roosevelt lets the weight of that statement settle.]

RW: So I know what you're wondering.

"Is the kid any good?"

[He cackles.]

RW: She's a damn pain in the butt! A spoiled little princess! I should've choked her out and threw her outta' The Dungeon on day one and saved myself the headache!

[He then falls back in his seat and becomes silent. After a moment, Wright looks up.]

RW: But she's good. She's DAMN good. And it wouldn't surprise me...

...if Harley Hamilton became a champion just like her daddy.

[With that, we fade out from Wright as "Midnight Chase" by Tokyo Rose begins to play as we open to a close-up of an attractive strawberry blonde with shoulder-length hair, styled in a layered bob with bombshell curls staring straight at the camera in a dark room with a single spotlight shining on her. There's multiple camera cuts. One to a tattoo that reads "It was her chaos that made her beautiful". Another cut to a tattoo of a crescent moon with a flow of star and the word "Nonpareil" written in thin cursive. And then a tilting shot spanning from foot to head of Hamilton, revealing that she has the toned, rock hard appearance of an elite athlete. As this is happening, we hear a voice narrating.]

"The AWA is a wrestling promotion filled with legacies, families built on wrestling tradition."

[We then cut to shots of Harley in training at The Dungeon. Wrapping her hands in tape. Skipping rope with the other students. Performing battle rope exercises. Pull-ups. Running the ring ropes back and forth. Grappling on a floor mat with a male student. Pounding away on a punching bag. Standing in the corner of the ring holding onto the top ropes and leaping up and over and landing on the apron, leaping back over to land in the ring and then repeating the leap to land on the opposite apron, before leaping over once again and performing a headstand on the top turnbuckle...before releasing and landing back in the ring. And finally seated on a bench, drenched in sweat, looking completely exhausted.]

"You have families like The Wallaces. The Shanes. The Rages. The Lynches. And I'll tell you right now...not a single damn one of them holds a candle to the legacy that I come from."

[We then zoom in on Harley seated on that bench. She looks up, face filled with determination.]

HH: I'm Harley Hamilton. My father is the greatest wrestler that ever lived. I am wrestling royalty.

[A beat.]

HH: And I'm a natural born LEGEND.

[Fade to black.]

"ACCESS 365" flashes across the screen, before fading into one of the hallways backstage at Center Stage. Mahoney is walking by, 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, when he is stopped by Mark Stegglet, mic in hand. Draped over Mahoney's right shoulder is, of course, the AWA World Television championship.]

MS: Callum, what are your thoughts as you head into your World Television title defense against Michael Aarons, who has proven himself to be a driven and hungry competitor of late?

CM: You're right, Mark, Michael Aarons is a driven fella. He's hungry for the spotlight and the glory that's been unfairly stolen from him all this time by that deadweight former partner of his. Most important of all, Michael Aarons is one heck of a talented athlete. I could not think of a better opponent to be across the ring from me in the Main Event of the Power Hour...

Unfortunately, we know that there are two snakes slithering around out there, looking for their chance to ruin the five-star classic that the AWA Galaxy knows Aarons and the Armbar Assassin are capable of putting together. There are two wee imps, skulking around in the shadows, waiting for the opportunity to stir up unwanted mischief. Mertz and Shane, you selfish little b-

[Mahoney cuts himself off and takes in a deep breath, as if trying to recollect himself.]

CM: And I've still got the receipt for Shane's little sneak attack from two weeks ago...

[He rubs the side of his head, wincing at the memory of the shot with the title belt.]

CM: Despite all the trouble that Mertz and Shane pose to this once-in-a-lifetime showcase of wrestling excellence, Aarons and I will do our damndest to wow our fans here in Center Stage, because that's just the kind of wrestlers we are...

And I will walk out of here, STILL the AWA World Television champion...

Because Michael Aarons is good... But I'm Callum Mahoney.

[With a slap to the faceplate of the title, Mahoney continues down the hallway. "ACCESS 365" flashes across the screen once more, and fade back out to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following contest set for one fall with TV Time Remaining is our MAIN EVENT of the evening and is for the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Big cheer!]

TG: Introduc-

[But before Graham can finish, the sounds of Macklemore and Ryan Lewis' chart-topper "Can't Hold Us" begins to play over the PA system. Graham looks puzzled as all eyes turn towards the entranceway..

...and the crowd ERUPTS in cheers at the sight of Cody Mertz.]

DW: Cody Mertz! What the heck's he doing out here, Sal?

SA: I have no idea.

[Mertz grins, waving a hand at the cheering fans as he stands in a pair of blue jeans and a white t-shirt with the Combat Corner logo in green print on it. He gives Theresa a wave as well before heading over to the announce desk, giving both men a slap on the back before pulling up a chair to sit beside them.]

SA: Cody Mertz, former multi-time tag champion and a man who could very easily be the World Television Champion right now, has taken a seat here with us and I guess you'll be joining us on commentary.

CM: If that's okay with you, Sal.

SA: It absolutely is. How 'bout you, Dee Dub?

DW: You better believe it!

SA: But I bet there's someone who WON'T be pleased by this turn of events and that's-

[The sounds of "Hand Clap" by Fitz and the Tantrums plays over the PA system as Michael Aarons angrily strides into view. He's INSTANTLY shouting at Mertz who rises from his seat, ready to defend himself if needed.]

SA: Gentlemen... gentlemen, please...

CM: Hey, if he doesn't start something, there won't be nothing to worry about, Sal.

SA: I understand that. Mr. Aarons, you have a match.

[Aarons angrily shouts something off-mic at Mertz before turning to the ring.]

TG: He is the challenger... from Carson City, Nevada... weighing in at 225 pounds... MIIIIIIICHAEL AAAAAAARONSSSSS!

[Aarons is fuming mad as he walks down the steps from the stage in white tights with patterned pink and purple hearts throughout. He also has on a black leather vest sans shirt. He rolls under the ropes into the ring, throwing the vest aside as he stalks across the ring. Aarons bullies referee Koji Sakai back into the corner, pointing angrily at Mertz. Sakai shrugs as Aarons backs off, leaning in the corner, still upset as his music starts to fade.]

CM: Looks like you're right, Sal. He IS upset to see me. My old friend.

SA: Somehow, I feel like all remnants of that friendship went out the window when-

CM: When he stabbed me in the back at SuperClash? Yeah, I think you're right about that.

[Aarons yanks on the ropes a few times, trying to stay loose as the music changes to The Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March." The AWA faithful start to jeer immediately before Tyler Graham can get out a single word.]

TG: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... from County Cork, Ireland... weighing in at 240 pounds... he is the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONNNNNN...

THE FIGHTING IRISHMAN...

THE ARMBAR ASSASSIN...

CALLLLLLLUMMMMMM MAAAAAAHOOOOOONEYYYYY!

[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. He stands with his hands on his hips, a sneer on his lips, soaking in the

reaction from the crowd. Mahoney raises the World Television Title belt into the air, getting even more jeers...

...and then strides towards the announce desk where Cody Mertz gets up again, ready to fight if the opportunity arises.]

SA: Once again, I'll ask for some self-control, gentlemen.

"HE'S GOT NO BUSINESS BEING OUT HERE, ALBANO! NONE!"

SA: That's not my call nor is it yours, Mr. Mahoney... however, you've got a match to focus on!

[Big Sal points to the ring. Mahoney takes one more moment, looking over Mertz, and with a nod he starts down the stairs towards the ring.]

DW: You've put a burr under everyone's saddles, Cody!

CM: Well, that's what happens when they both know that I should be the one up in that ring defending that title tonight.

SA: That is certainly the way things appeared to be heading two weeks ago when you had Mahoney trapped in the Broussard Special as time ticked down on the time limit.

CM: He was tapping out, Sal. Everyone saw it.

SA: Everyone except the referee.

CM: Yeah, unfortunately.

[Reaching the ring, the Fighting Irishman climbs up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes. He again holds the title up, getting more jeers as Michael Aarons straightens up in the corner, ready for any potential sneak attack. Mahoney smirks as he hands the title belt to the referee, backing to his corner to remove his jacket. Mahoney turns his back, handing the jacket over..

...and then wheels around, fist cocked back as Michael Aarons dashed out of his corner to center ring!]

DW: Whooooa boy!

[Aarons smirks, backing off, hands raised. He gives Mahoney a shrug with a "Can't blame a guy for trying" as he goes back to his corner. Mahoney looks like he certainly does blame a guy for trying though as he stays, fist at the ready, as the referee steps to mid-ring...

...and calls for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell has sounded. One fall... they said TV Time Remaining so that puts us at just about exactly ten minutes left in the time limit for this one.

[Aarons slips from the corner, smirking as he walks out to mid-ring, extending his hand towards Mahoney.]

SA: A handshake offered by Aarons...

CM: I smell a rat.

[Mahoney eyes the offered hand, sliding out to mid-ring to meet Aarons. He looks around at the crowd who don't care which of these two get beaten up more. Mahoney nods, slowly extending his hand...]

SA: And there's the handshake. To the surprise of us all, there was no-

[Aarons suddenly throws a haymaker but Mahoney's not there, having leapt up, scissored the arm, and dragged Aarons down in the not-so-friendly confines of the Cross Armbreaker!]

SA: CROSS ARMBREAKER! CROSS ARMBREAKER!

DW: HE'S GOT HIM, SAL! TAP OR SNAP!

[But a flailing Aarons manages to get a foot draped over the bottom rope, causing referee Sakai to call for a break. Mahoney holds the armbar until four before letting go which results in Aarons rolling out to the floor, grabbing his arm in pain as he walks around the ringside area.]

DW: Mahoney got the armbar on Aarons just for a moment... but I bet you'd love to get your own armbar on your old partner, Cody.

CM: Absolutely. You know, I used to tell people that my favorite sound in the world was hearing our music and the roar of the fans... but I think the sweet, sweet sound of Michael tapping out to the Broussard Special would rank right up there.

SA: Any idea when that match might happen?

CM: No clue, Sal. You heard him talking to Theresa. He wants no part of a match with me. But sooner or later, if he keeps sticking his nose in my business, he's not going to get a choice in the matter.

[Aarons is out on the floor, grabbing his arm, when he throws a glance up at Mertz. He glares at him.]

DW: Don't look now, Cody.

CM: There's nothing in the way, old pal. You want your shot? Come take it!

[But Aarons throws a dismissive gesture in his direction, climbing up on the apron...

...which is when Mahoney runs in, grabbing the left arm, and SNAPS it down on the top rope as he drops down to the mat!]

SA: Ohh!

[Aarons drops off the apron, holding onto his elbow in pain. Mahoney rolls under the ropes, following Aarons as the former tag champion walks around the outside of the ring. The Fighting Irishman grabs Aarons from behind, spinning him around by the arm...

...and then SLAMS the elbow down on the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Right on the funny bone but there's nothing amusing about that if you're Michael Aarons!

[Mahoney chucks Aarons under the ropes into the ring before crawling in after him. He finds Aarons frantically crawling across the ring as he advances on him.]

SA: Mahoney moving in on Aarons who pulls himself up in the corner...

[Aarons attempts to beg off but Mahoney is having none of that, grabbing him by the back of the head...

...and BLASTS him with a stiff European uppercut that knocks Aarons down to a seated position in the corner.]

SA: The uppercut takes Aarons right off his feet... and the boot to the throat now, choking him in the corner!

[The referee starts another five count on Mahoney, reaching four before the Armbar Assassin backs off, leaving Aarons gasping and coughing in the corner.]

SA: It looks like Michael Aarons may not have been as ready for Mahoney as he thought he was.

CM: He's not as ready for me as he thinks he is either, Sal... so I guess that's a trend.

[Aarons is pulling himself off the mat in the corner when Mahoney circles back to him, laying a big boot into the midsection.]

SA: Kick downstairs by the champion, grabs the arm... whips him in...

[Aarons slams hard into the buckles, staggering out towards Mahoney who flattens him with a back elbow up under the chin. He promptly follows with a leaping kneedrop across the sternum, settling into a lateral press with a forearm pressed down across the cheekbone.]

CM: You gotta love the forearm to the face on the cover. It hurts like you wouldn't believe and it's really just him being a jerk about it.

SA: Just a two count there on Michael Aarons, the challenger in this one, as Mahoney gets back to his feet.

[A pair of stomps on Aarons slows his climb back to his feet as Mahoney plans his next attack...]

SA: Callum Mahoney, about to turn 33 years old here in a few weeks, pulls Aarons the rest of the way to his feet...

[Grabbing the arm again, Mahoney wings Aarons towards the ropes where he bounces back...]

SA: Aarons ducks the clothesline...

[Building up speed, he hits the ropes, rebounding back and jumping over Mahoney who dives at his feet.]

SA: ...up and over goes Aarons as well... off the ropes again...

[Mahoney is back up, ducking down for a backdrop...

...but Aarons skies over him, snatching him by the hair, and SNAPS him down with a flipping neckbreaker!]



"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Wow! What an incredible counter out of your former partner, Cody!

CM: Hey, nobody ever said he couldn't go in the ring. That's what made us such a great tag team.

DW: Amen to that. One of the best teams I ever saw, Cody.

CM: Thanks, Dylan. I've got fond memories of being back home in El Paso and watching your dad's promotion... so that means a lot to me.

DW: Kind of you to say.

SA: Not to break up the mutual admiration society but...

[Aarons is on his feet, shouting across the studios at Cody Mertz again.]

DW: Boy, he just can't get you out of his mind, Cody.

CM: Apparently not. Hey! You've got a match to wrestle and a title to win!

[Aarons smirks as he turns back to a rising Mahoney, going downstairs with a knee to the gut as he pushes him back into the corner closest to the announce table.]

"THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, CEE DEE!"

[Aarons winds up, throwing a big knife edge chop.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Aarons smirks.]

"YOU LIKE THAT ONE, CEE DEE?!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Aarons backs off at the referee's orders, still looking over at Mertz.]

CM: If he doesn't shut his trap and pay attention, Mahoney's gonna shut it for him. I was in the ring with him two weeks ago and even if Michael wasn't paying attention, I found out firsthand how tough Callum Mahoney can be.

[Aarons moves back in on Mahoney, grabbing him by the arm. He turns, shouting at Mertz as he starts the whip...

...and ends up getting reversed, slamming hard into the buckles before he stumbles out towards Mahoney who leaps into the air, landing a flying knee up under the chin. The champion quickly covers, again driving his forearm into the cheekbone.]

SA: Mahoney gets him down... another cover.. and another two count.

DW: Too focused on you, Cody. Cody, if you had to pick, who do you want to win this one?

CM: I hate to say it, Dylan... but I gotta root for my old partner.

DW: Really?

CM: Yup. Because sooner or later, I'm gonna get him in the ring and when I do, I'd LOVE to be able to take that title off him.

[Mahoney stomps the cheek of Aarons as he gets up, leaving Aarons to roll around in pain on the mat.]

SA: Oh! Absolutely vicious attack there by Mahoney.

[The referee warns Mahoney who stalks around the ring, muttering angrily as he moves back in on a rising Aarons, shoving him back into the corner.]

SA: Mahoney puts him on the ropes... ohh! Another big uppercut!

[Hanging onto the hair of Aarons, Mahoney launches into a second strike... and a third!]

SA: And we're just about five minutes into this match, fans. Which means we're about halfway there and Michael Aarons' title hopes are livin' on a prayer right about now.

[A desperate Aarons fires off a right hand, trying to battle back, but Mahoney smashes home a headbutt between the eyes! He snatches a side headlock, pushing Aarons' face down on the top rope, and walks between the two corners, raking the face on the ropes.]

DW: Oh, Aarons may not have too many girls looking to hang out after the show with that one!

[Aarons stumbles away, grabbing at his reddening face as Mahoney smirks, walking behind him.]

SA: Callum Mahoney just likes to hurt people - sometimes it's as simple as that.

CM: Don't I know it.

[Mahoney grabs Aarons by the back of the trunks as he nears the corner...

...and Aarons snaps off a back elbow, catching Mahoney in the temple. The blow staggers Mahoney as Aarons runs to the corner, leaping up to the middle turnbuckle...]

SA: Aarons sees an opening!

[...and leaps off, twisting around into a crossbody, taking down Mahoney, but he rolls right through it, getting to his feet as Mahoney gets up a step slower...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A superkick lands right on the chin, knocking Mahoney flat. Aarons dives at him, rolling into a back press, cradling a leg as he tries to get a pin.]

SA: SAY GOODNIGHT TO THE DAYLIGHT AND MAHONEY MAY BE ABOUT TO SAY GOODNIGHT TO THE TITLE!

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

DW: HE GOT- NO! NO! NO!

[The crowd buzzes for the near title change as Aarons rolls off Mahoney, holding up three fingers. The referee shakes his head, holding up two in response.]

DW: Two count, Sal! He only got two!

SA: He did but how close was that, Cody Mertz?

CM: Close enough that I was already visualizing that Mertz/Aarons title match!

[Aarons gets to his feet, still shaking his head as he looks down at Mahoney.]

SA: Aarons backs to the corner, stepping up to the middle rope... and again, he's pointing over here at you, Cody.

CM: Unbelievable. The guy's got a chance to win one of the most prestigious titles in all of wrestling and he's worried about showing me up? And he thinks I was the weak link in our team?

[Aarons points down at Mahoney before leaping off, driving a double stomp down into the midsection of the champion...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and hops right off, landing on his feet on the mat where he immediately snaps off a standing moonsault!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT A COMBINATION BY THE CHALLENGER!

[Aarons tightly hooks the leg as the referee dives down to count.]

SA: WE COULD HAVE A NEW CHAMPION HERE! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT'S... NO! NO IT'S NOT!

[Aarons rolls off, his head down at the last second kickout by Mahoney.]

SA: Michael Aarons is feeling the frustration, fans... knowing just how close he just came to winning the World Television Title!

DW: We've got just a few minutes left, Sal! If he's gonna do it, he's gotta do it soon!

[Aarons scoops Mahoney up, slamming him down to the canvas.]

SA: Scoop and a slam... and Aarons is looking to fly, fans!

[The former tag champion walks to the ropes, pointing to the top turnbuckle.]

SA: Maybe looking for the Ratings Spike here - that flying elbow off the top that you're very familiar with, Cody.

CM: I knew it by a different name but it's one of the most effective moves I've ever seen.

[Out on the apron, Aarons turns towards the announce table, shouting in Mertz' direction.]

CM: Are you serious? Right now? What in the heck is wrong with him?

SA: Aarons taking too much time in my estimation as he finally turns, stepping to the bottom rope... now to the second...

[And again, Aarons pauses to turn and shout in Mertz' direction.]

CM: For the love of...

SA: Aarons is- Mahoney's up! Mahoney's up and Aarons has no idea, fans! Aarons is going to the top but when he gets there, he's going to find that-

[Mahoney dashes across the ring, leaping up to the second rope where he grabs Aarons under the arm, flipping him over with what is essentially a middle rope hiptoss!]

SA: OHHH!

[Aarons grabs at his lower back, wincing in pain as he rolls to all fours. Mahoney comes in quick, pulling him up, snatching a hold of him, and rolls him into a small package!]

SA: SMALL PACKAGE BY THE CHAMPION! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! THREEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Center Stage Studios crowd cheers the Aarons loss for a moment and then realizes it means Callum Mahoney is still the champion and starts booing again.]

SA: Mahoney retains the title with a small package and... well, really, I guess he retained the title - in some way - thanks to you, Cody Mertz.

CM: I... well, I guess, Sal. But it certainly wasn't intentional.

SA: No, no it wasn't. Not like it was when Michael Aarons cost you the title two weeks ago. This time, Aarons was distracted by your mere presence out here. He kept taunting and taunting... and ultimately, it cost him.

[A fuming mad Michael Aarons is out on the floor now, grabbing at his lower back as he stares at Mahoney celebrating with the title...

...and then turns his gaze to Cody Mertz up on the stage.]

DW: Uh oh. Don't look now.

CM: Are you kidding me? Now? Now is when you want to do this?

[Aarons shouts up at Mertz, pointing at the ring.]

CM: Hey, this isn't my fault! You did this yourself, pal!

[Mertz is on his feet now, shouting back at Aarons who comes stomping over towards the stage, still screaming at his former partner.]

CM: You've gotta be... guys, if you'll excuse me.

SA: By all means.

DW: Get him, Cody.

[Mertz takes off his headset, dropping it on the announce table...

...and then sprints the short distance of the stage...]

SA: WHAT THE-?!

[...LEAPING OFF ONTO MICHAEL AARONS...

...with both men going down in a pile on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: MERTZ DIVES OFF THE STAGE! MERTZ DIVES OFF THE STAGE ONTO AARONS!

[The crowd is on their feet, roaring loudly for the big dive by Cody Mertz onto his former partner, both men laid out on the barely-padded floor...]

SA: WE'RE OUT OF TIME! WE'VE GOTTA GO! WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT TIME ON THE POWER HOUR!

[...fade to black.]