

# AWA POWER HOUR

MAY 6, 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 gold scoop-necked 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 this super-sized TWO HOURS of action right here in the heart of the South - the Center Stage Studios in Atlanta, Georgia!

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

TL: And what a jam-packed one hundred and twenty minutes it's going to be. The folks at Fox Sports X hit the green light to get a little more time tonight as we count down the days to Memorial Day Mayhem X in Chicago, Illinois! We are just twenty-six days and counting away from the kickoff to the summer and the whole world is talking about the newest match added to the big show - the Tower of Doom! Teams of five strive to survive that tower of twisted steel and brutality and... well, we're all looking ahead to next weekend in Las Vegas when we find out who Javier Castillo will be sending into the cage. But that's for next weekend... tonight, we're looking at some of the brightest stars in the AWA Galaxy climbing into that ring including the newcomer Atlas Armstrong... including "Cannonball" Lee Connors and Downpour... including Margarita Flores...

[Cheers go up for the latter two.]

TL: ...and of course, we've got our big mixed tag team Main Event when Kerry Kendrick and Erica Toughill meet "Golden" Grant Carter and his own personal Jersey Girl he's bringing to the Dirty South! I can't wait for that and everything else we're going to be bringing you here tonight. And I know two other guys who are just as excited about this lineup as I am... 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: Thanks, Theresa, and as always, it's our great pleasure to be here with you tonight. Dee Dub, Theresa ran down some of what we're expecting to see here tonight - what are you looking forward to?

[Westerly looks as giddy as a kid on Christmas morning as he rubs his palms together eagerly.]

DW: You name it, Sal, and I'm ready for it! We've got big matches, we've got small matches, we've got everything in-between matches. We've even got some debuts here tonight!

SA: Two hours may BARELY be enough to hold us with all the great action we have in store for you but we'll give it our best. And to kick things off, let's talk about the controversy surrounding last week's Saturday Night Wrestling's Main Event.

DW: Controversy. my aunt Fannie! We've got new World Tag Team Champions! They beat 'em fair and square in the middle of the ring! They deserve the straps and they got 'em!

SA: Immediately following their loss though, we heard grumblings from Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter about the conclusion of the match. They filed an appeal on the decision... and a few days ago, we learned that El President himself - Javier Castillo - had granted them a hearing. That hearing happened yesterday and... well, here to deliver the news is the boss himself via video tape. Let's take a look.

[We cut to footage of a grinning Javier Castillo in a black suit with a black dress shirt sitting behind the desk. He wears no tie but a pair of gold chains dangling around his neck, exposed by a button or two not being fastened. He also wears the kind of smile that makes you feel like you need to wash up after seeing it.]

JC: Ladies and gentlemen... my people!

[He steeples his fingers together in front of him.]

JC: When it comes to a relationship between people, the most important element is trust. And I believe that you trust me to make the right decisions. Last weekend, we saw Daniel Harper and Howie Somers become the new World Tag Team Champions when they defeated System Shock in Seattle. It was a tremendous moment - an emotional moment... and a controversial moment.

[He nods his head solemnly.]

JC: When Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter expressed their intent to appeal the decision, I immediately said no!

[He slams a fist down on the desk.]

JC: The referee's decision is final, I said! But as I spoke to them more... I understood the crux of their complaint. I granted them a hearing... and yesterday, I spoke to them both... along with both Harper and Somers... as well as the two officials involved with the match, Koji Sakai and Davis Warren.

[Castillo shrugs.]

JC: The situation was clear. Referee Sakai, the legal official for this match, was intentionally struck by Derrick Williams and was unable to continue his duties. Davis Warren, a fine official in his own right, made the decision to go to the ring without clearance by the proper authorities and continue the match, ultimately making the three count.

What do you do when the referee's decision is final but the referee in question was not legal?

[Castillo taps a finger on the desk.]

JC: Therin lies our problem. So, I asked Mr. Sakai to review the video of the match with me and tell me what he would have done if he was able to.

And his answer was clear.

As the legal official of the match, he would have DISQUALIFIED Derrick Williams for shoving him into unconsciousness as is deemed appropriate by the official rulebook of the American Wrestling Alliance.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: And so that is what we have done. System Shock has been DISQUALIFIED for their actions in that match... they have been fined for intentionally downing an official... and of course, they will not receive the winner's share of the purse for the match.

HOWEVER... the rulebook also states that the title can NOT change hands on a disqualification unless agreed to contractually prior to the match.

[He shrugs.]

JC: I have no choice but to announce that while Harper and Somers are the winners of the match and the winner's share of the money... they are NOT the AWA World Tag Team champions. Those titles will be returned to System Shock effective immediately with their title "loss" being scrubbed from the record books.

However, due to the controversy involved...

[He pauses a moment, the smile returning.]

JC: ...I have granted Next Gen an immediate rematch at Memorial Day Mayhem! And this time, the titles WILL change hands on a disqualification or countout!

[He nods, confident in his solution.]

JC: I hope this decision will keep the trust that you - the fans - feel for me intact. Enjoy the show.

[We fade away from the pre-taped footage back to Big Sal and Dylan - the latter of which looks fit to be tied.]

DW: What kind of garbage is that, Big Sal?! He's reversing the decision?! We saw them win! We SAW them get the pin!

SA: A controversial result somehow gets even more controversial with this decision by El Presidente... nevertheless, he's made it. The titles will go back to Williams and Hunter and now apparently we've got a rematch set for Chicago where the DQ rule has been waived! If you get disqualified or counted out, the titles WILL change

hands. It's gotta be a crushing blow to Next Gen to lose the titles like that but... well, hopefully this rematch provides them some solace, Dee Dub.

DW: They're gonna be hotter than two pistols, I'll tell ya that! And you better watch out, System Shock, 'cause they're coming for you in Chicago!

SA: And they may be coming for them before that. Following the announcement we just heard, we also received this clip captured just moments ago with words from the form- well, I suppose STILL the World Tag Team Champions... at our live event tonight in Boise, Idaho with our own Gordon Myers. Take a look...

[We cut to footage of Gordon Myers in front of a wrestling ring in an empty arena.]  
[From behind Gordon Myers, Riley Hunter and Derrick Williams enter, grinning like cats that have just mauled songbirds.]

GM: Greetings to all you AWA fans out there watching the all-new Power Hour. I stand here tonight in Boise, Idaho for another exciting AWA live event and-

[Williams ambles up to Gordon, a huge grin on his face as he slides his forearm onto Gordon's shoulder, leaning on him.]

GM: -and as you can see I'm being joined by the... once again... AWA World-

[Hunter steps to the other side of Gordon, shaking his head.]

RH: No, no... STILL. The word you're hunting for there is "STILL."

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: The STILL AWA World Tag Team Champions, System Shock.

RH: That's right, Gordon. STILL.

[Hunter holds up a large, musty legal tome.]

RH: I didn't spend a week away from "Stardew Valley" reading a BOOK to not get the title change overturned!

GM: Boys, if you don't mind... System Shock are still the reigning and defending AWA World Tag Team Champions.

[Williams and Hunter exchange a high five.]

RH: Now, you may notice, Gordon, that we don't have the belts.

DW: Being image savvy like we are, I pointed out that Next Gen celebrating with our belts could potentially be damaging to our brand. So I petitioned President Castillo to allow Somers and Harper to hold onto the belts for another week. And our president gracefully allowed it.

RH: Because... and this was your stroke of insight, Duke... because in one week's time, those two trust fund brats are going to stand in the ring in Las Vegas, and HAND the belts back over to the rightful champions, System Shock!

[Gordon looks aghast by this news.]

GM: I suppose I shouldn't be surprised. So, there you have it, fans... the champions are still the champions... and in Las Vegas next weekend, they want Next Gen to come to the ring and hand the titles back to them.

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: But don't forget, gentlemen, that you'll be defending the titles against Harper and Somers AGAIN at Memorial Day Mayhem in Chicago!

[Hunter grins.]

RH: We beat 'em once, Gordon...

[He looks to Williams who chuckles before stepping forward towards the camera.]

DW: ...and we WILL beat 'em again.

[The champions exchange a high five as we fade through black back to Sal and Dylan...]

SA: Well, there you have it, fans. Still the World Tag Team Champions, System Shock... and now they expect Next Gen to come to the ring and hand over the titles in Vegas?

DW: We'll see about that, Sal. I got a feelin' it ain't goin' down the way they plan.

SA: Already a wild start to tonight's show and it's only gonna get wilder as we go down to the ring for our opening matchup with one of those debuts you mentioned - the debut of Shane Locke!

DW: I've heard some good things about this guy, Sal. He's spent most of his time up in the Portland and Seattle area... actually got a tryout when the AWA was in Portland and he's already here!

SA: A whirlwind month for Shane Locke already... now let's go down to the ring and find out what Mr. Locke is all about!

[And we go to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing with a lanky, fit character. He has long, curly brown hair and wears long yellow pants tucked into gold boots.]

TG: Ladies and gentlemen, our opening match is scheduled for one fall and has a twenty minute time limit. Already in the ring, weighing in at 222 pounds.... Robert O'Keefe!

[He tries to get a reaction. He really does, shooting an arm into the air and pumping his fist.]

TG: And his opponent...

[The first guitar chords hit. Then that voice leading into "A Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams Jr hits over the PA. Almost immediately, pacing in tune with the music is a tall, strongly structured gentleman. He has simple green trunks with double yellow vertical stripes on each side. Black knee pads and tall black boots finish off the simple wrestling ensemble.]

TG: Hailing from Portland, Oregon, he is part of the infamous Locke family. Standing 6'5" and weighing in at 258 pounds, this is... SHANE LOCKE!

SA: Who knows what a catch this could be for the AWA! While his father did not jump into the wrestling industry, two uncles, a grandfather and a great grandfather all did and carried the Portland Territory and Pacific Northwest for many, many decades. This relative youngster has wrestling in his blood.

[Locke wastes little time heading to the ring, not bothering with exchanging high fives, not bothering with jibes, simply keeping an eye on his tall opponent in the ring. Locke's reddish-brown mullet is capped with a heavily worn John Deere cap and his strong looking but not necessarily "jacked" frame is wrapped with a sleeveless flannel work shirt. He has a thick neck, wide chest and back, body hair evident. He has a frame powered by a lifetime of hard work rather than a gym. His forearms are especially thick, capped with gnarled, thick hands and fingers.]

SA: Let's go to some pre-recorded comments from the newcomer!

[We go to an in corner screen as Locke progresses towards the ring. He is singularly centered in the small screen.]

SL: Listen up real close, AWA. Here's the deal. I don't fight nice. I'll kick you in the ribs, I'll twist your finger and I'll punch you in the face. We're fightin'. But when it's all said and done, if you fight like a man, I'll treat you like one. So be a man, square up and let's do this.

[And with that the screen vanishes.]

SA: Straight and to the point!

[He takes no time to hit the steps and walk on in, wiping his boots on the apron before stepping in and heading right to the middle of the ring. Immediately the referee is there, holding him back even as his opponent backs off, fists up even if in false bravado.]

SA: Shane Locke is ready to fight, folks. He took no time at all.

DW: He comes from a fighting family. I bet he's takin' a kicking from his uncles a time or two.

[Getting Locke back, the referee separates away from the action and calls for the bell.]

SA: And here we go. Shane Locke has a breadth of experience in the Pacific Northwest in his grandfather's promotion, some time in California, and even overseas in Japan on a brief stint, but let's see what he can do here.

[Meeting in the middle, Locke immediately goes into a side headlock and pulls way back, launching knuckles into his opponent's forehead!]

DW: I guess it's on.

SA: Hard punch and Locke isn't done, following O'Keefe and right back into a headlock... and another punch! Those are hard - knuckles to the soft part of the forehead - punches. The referee is admonishing him here, but he frankly doesn't seem to care.

[And in fact, Locke rolls his eyes, nudging the referee out of the way as O'Keefe struggles to stand up, hands covering up a swelling eyebrow.]

SA: Locke on the prowl but never letting his opponent get away. He's absolutely methodical, Dee-Dub. Just like his grandfather. Slow, steady, exact. OOOOF! HARD forearm to the spine! Another! A third! That will absolutely change your posture!

[His opponent tries to push him away but Locke grabs his wrist and kicks HARD, straight at his shin knocking him nearly horizontal and to all fours. He backs away and takes a trio of quick steps launching a thunderous kick to the belly and chest!]

SA: What a shot! He launched a fully grown man off the mat and around onto his back!

DW: And doesn't even go for a cover.

[Locke simply steps away as his poor opponent staggers up and into a neutral corner, gasping for air. Locke charges in, but O'Keefe has enough to get a boot up, catching him in the jaw. Locke staggers backwards, clutching at his jaw, his other arm pinwheeling. Seeing an opportunity, ready or not, O'Keefe marches out and winds back for a punch, but instead is caught right around the throat by an apple crushing left handed grip.]

SA: Good golly! Shane Locke has him right by the throat! He can tear a phone book in half. Imagine that grip!

[He doesn't relent at all, but does wind back with his right arm and unleashes a hellacious slap to the side of the neck!]

DW: WHIP 'IM LIKE A DAWG!

[He does just that, unleashing slap after slap after slap driving the poor man back into the corner. The crowd ooohs and aahs with every crippling strike.]

SA: This Robert O'Keefe isn't going to sleep well after that series! His neck is brutalized! Locke has him in the corner and this is a dangerous, dangerous place to be. You can already tell Shane Locke is not a person you want to be trapped with.

[Locke pushes back in on his victim, putting his back towards him and pushing him right into the turnbuckles. With one foot, he reaches back, hooks an ankle and pulls forward, O'Keefe slamming to his butt and into a sitting position. Locke takes off...]

SA: Here... he... comes! BOOM GOES THE CANNON!

[...and flies in with a BRUTAL knee strike!]

SA: ALL his weight behind that!

DW: Shane Locke is large and in charge here on Power Hour and doing his family proud.

[Crawling, Locke's opponent tries to get away but to no avail. Locke grabs him by his long curls, pulls back and with shocking speed shoots forward and latches on a side headlock, deep, arms and shoulders on the neck!]

SA: DEADBOLT! DEADBOLT! TAPOUT CITY!

[Lock wrenches back in the bully choke, sitting out and pushing back on his toes, bridging to get even more pressure.... and his opponent taps!]

SA: THAT'S IT! SHANE LOCKE WINS IN HIS AWA DEBUT!

[Locke breaks as the ref asks, throwing his opponent to the mat. As he gets up the referee asks to raise his arm, but Locke pulls away and heads to his corner, grabbing his green cap. He dons it with some amount of reverence before heading back towards his opponent. The referee puts an arm between, trying to slow his momentum but a straight glare debuffs that and he backs away.]

SA: He might not be done here, Dee Dub.



[O'Keefe rolls over, clutching at his throat and neck, only to look up and see the perpetrator standing above him. He starts crawling back, trying to get up... only for Locke to reach a hand out in assistance.]

DW: He did say he'll treat you how you deserve, Big Sal.

SA: Reaching a hand out and O'Keefe takes it. Well, what do you know, Shane Locke is a man of his word and helps the opponent he just beat up to his feet.

[With a nod of acknowledgement, Locke grabs the ropes, falls to his back and rolls under and to the floor, heading right back to where he came from.]

SA: And impressive debut here by Shane Locke. I look forward to seeing where he goes! Ultimately, Shane Locke shows some respect for his opponent... which is a far cry from someone like Kaz Konoe who fails to show respect for ANYONE, Dee Dub.

DW: Konoe's a bit of a punk, Sal... I gotta say.

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: That's a pretty good description, I think... and right now, we're going to take a look at footage from a live event earlier this week which took place at the Tacoma Armory this past Wednesday night. The card saw self-proclaimed Renegado de Japón, Kaz Konoe, taking on a local competitor, whom Konoe successfully despatched, but it was his comments after that's caught the attention of one of the latest additions to the AWA locker room. Take a look...

[We fade through black into footage of the Tacoma Armory. It's a pretty basic set-up: the ring, surrounded by bleachers on three sides, and rows of chairs closer to it. Even the footage is basic; none of that HD, or 4K, here. La Banda Bastón's "Quiúbole" is playing, as Konoe is watching the official helping his defeated opponent exit the ring. He waves them off dismissively, then turns to a crew member at ringside and motions for the mic.

As the crew member scrambles to hand a mic over to Konoe, Luciana, dressed in a white tank top over a red bra and a leopard print miniskirt climbs the ring steps and steps through the ropes. We see her hugging a soft toy to her chest, a white cat that appears to be wearing a black mask with orange tiger stripes.]

KK: TORRRAAA Kitty! What did Tiger Paw people do to make TORA Kitty so angry ha? And you keep waving that title around like we supposed to be impressed? CAGE title only meant something when someone like La Estrella Negra held it. And only chance TORA Kitty had to become CAGE champion is after AWA signed... Me!

[The implication of Konoe's remarks is met by jeers from the fans gathered in the Armory.]

KK: And now TORA Kitty say he's back? And TORA hit Terry Shane with cheap piece of scrap metal for what? So he can have a shot at proper title? TORA Kitty planning on jumping the line to the campeonato de tele de AWA? TORA trying to cut in front of el Renegado de Japón? Japanese fans already know what I do to line jumpers like TORA Kitty. Now time for American fans to see...

[Konoe walks over to Luciana and snatches the soft toy out of her grasp. Luciana pouts. Konoe hands her the mic, shrugs and steps away from her, making sure there is enough space between them for what he is about to do. He places the cat's head on his shoulder, mockingly locking it in the three-quarter nelson. Konoe then does a backflip, but instead of sitting out, he lands on his feet. He holds the soft toy in front of him by the scruff of the cat's neck, drops it and punts it into the crowd.

We see a man catch it, dusting it off and handing it over to a girl sitting next to him. Konoe and Luciana both laugh, as he motions for the microphone back from her.]

KK: Welcome back, TORA Kitty! While you in Japan, waiting for call, I was here, making the AWA my house... Making THIS ring MINE! You want shot at proper championship? Well... Like with CAGE title before this, you get in line. Behind. Me!

[Konoe drops the mic and goes to exit the ring. He holds the ropes open for Luciana...

...and we fade back to Theresa.]

TL: Some bold words from Kaz Konoe aimed in the direction of a returning TORA who we'll be seeing in action later tonight as well. But right now, I'd like to bring in the man who had this crowd on their feet two weeks ago when he regained the AWA World Television Championship!

[The crowd cheers in anticipation!]

TL: Come on in here, Terry Shane!

[The crowd cheers as the new World Television Champion walks into view, dressed in street clothes with white bandages wrapped around his forehead.]

TL: Terry, I want to congratulate you on your victory right here on this show two weeks ago.

[Another big cheer as Shane smiles to the crowd, nodding to Theresa.]

TL: But there truly is no rest for the weary. Because I've been advised to inform you that Javier Castillo has named your opponent for tonight. You'll be defending the title against one-half of the Colton Crew, Curtis Kestrel tonight.

[Shane considers what Theresa just said, giving a nod of acceptance.]

TL: You're okay with that?

TS: The boss says that's who I'm facing... then that's who I'm facing.

[Theresa interjects.]

TL: But you're hurt, Terry. You should be resting... you should be at home. Terry, you should have asked Javier Castillo to take the night off!

[Shane's stare swivels towards Theresa Lynch.]

TS: I didn't fight so hard to get this...

[Shane shrugs the World Television Title up higher onto his shoulder.]

TS: ...just to ask for days off.

Tonight, I step into the ring to defend this title for the first time as your NEW champion. Yes...

[He pauses.]

TS: My arm... it hurts.

Yes, I'm banged up.

Yes, I've still got stitches in my head.

But am I going to let that stop me?

[There's a pause. It's a bit too long. Almost to the extent that Theresa thinks she is supposed to respond but just as she begins to open her mouth the Champion answers.]

TS: No. No, Theresa, I am most definitely not. Tonight, I have a challenger waiting for me. Like myself... he's put a lot of miles on his body to get an opportunity to take this...

[He pats his title.]

TS: ...from me. I hope TORA is watching. I PRAY Michael Aarons is watching. Kaz Konoe. Callum Mahoney. Alphonse Greene. Grant Carter. All of them, Theresa. I hope they are all watching real close when I step into the ring tonight with Curtis Kestrel. This man killed himself to get here tonight. He killed himself for a shot at this title that EVERYONE seems to think belongs to them.

But this title?

It's mine.

[Shane bites down a bit.]

TS: I came with it, Theresa.

And I'm leaving with it.

[The crowd cheers as Shane holds up the title for all to see before exiting, leaving Theresa behind.]

TL: A confident Terry Shane is set for action against challenger Curtis Kestrel later here tonight, fans. Right now, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be tag team action coming right up!

[Fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we open to an AWA backdrop. Standing in front of the backdrop are a new addition to the AWA tag team ranks, the Southern Wrecking Crew; Toby Kannen and Beaumont De La Croix Jr. Both men are only seen from the waist up. Both are wearing loose fitting black AWA t-shirts.]

TK: For years, we've heard if you wanted to be recognized as a top tag team in the world of professional wrestling, you had to come and ply your trade in the AWA. You had to step foot in Dallas because this is where the top teams competed.

[Toby holds up one finger on his hand.]

TK: We heard it from Violence Unlimited.

[Toby adds his middle finger to make two.]

TK: We heard it from the War Pigs.

[Toby holds up his ring finger to make three.]

TK: We heard it from the Aces.

BDLC: We heard it from every team we crossed paths with. They done told Toby and I we needed to come here. We needed to step foot in the AWA. We needed to participate in the Stampede Cup. We needed to get an AWA ring, mix it up and duke it out with the toughest teams this sport has ever seen. Well guess what?

[Beau grins.]

BDLC: The Southern Wrecking Crew is here. Me and Toby BELIEVE we are one of the best tag teams in this sport today. We aim to prove that one day at a time. It don't matter how long it takes, we're here to do what we do.

TK: This isn't a threat. We're not here to pick a fight. We're here to compete against the VERY best to prove to ourselves we are what we believe.

[We fade away from the Southern Wrecking Crew back to a live shot inside the Center Stage Studios where we are ready for our next match. Pacing and rolling his thick shoulders is veteran "Concrete" John Yeates. His partner is a short burly

man wearing black long pants and singlet tucked into white boots. Brown chest hair rolls out the top, his head crowned with greasy, slicked back dark hair. Adorning his face is a wonderful, long, curled mustache. Finally, his arms and chest are scattered with pop art tattoos, every one done budget. He tosses a tall chimney hat aside as he pats his partner on the back, snarling at some crowd members for, frankly, no reason.]

TG: This tag match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Already in the ring "Concrete" John Yeates and "Shifty" Sam McGinn.

DW: Well, Big Sal, it looks like Yeates is back and with a new partner. Whoever this goon is.

SA: Two large, solid men in there, Dee-Dub. Let's see if young Lee Connors and Downpour are up for the challenge. That's if Connors can keep his mind off the injured Betty Chang who he seems to fancy and focus as this pair climbs the tag team rankings here in AWA, now at a very respectable number three! No doubt they'll be up for a tag team shot soon if they can keep up their winning ways.

[And with that, the lights go down in the studio and cutting blue lasers "drip" from above with a rain like effect as a smoke machine starts jettisoning a white cloud. A crash of thunder and then an electronic-synth beat hits, rising in crescendo and drops...

...into "You're The Best" to a loud cheer from the gathered crowd. Running around comes a barefoot "Cannonball" in his familiar white gi. 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 tops, 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.]

SA: Another high energy entrance by this team!

DW: A team still looking for a name!

TG: And their opponents... "CANNONBALL LEE CONNORS AND DOWNPOUR!

[As soon as the pair get in the ring, their larger opponents get in their face, shoving and threatening. The referee does his best to separate but not before Connors snaps off a front kick towards, but missing, McGinn that brings the teams nose to nose in center ring.]

SA: And there's the bell!

[On cue, Yeates and McGinn swing, but they are both ducked, Downpour and Connors sliding under and around, leaping with stereo dropkicks sending the pair stumbling backwards.]

SA: And we're on!

[Downpour quickly falls to all fours, Connors leaping off his back and hitting a split-legged dropkick, one foot connecting into each of his opponents skulls. ]

SA: What a move by Connors! Wow!

DW: But they are still up!

SA: Connors and Downpour... double clothesline on McGinn sends him out of the ring! I don't think they are gonna take out big Yeates so easily.

[Looking at each other, the pair call him on. "Concrete" charges hard and forward only for both to duck and send him over the top rope, tumbling down beside his tag partner.]

DW: You can't win on the floor, boys!

SA: These two are greased lightning together, constantly moving, constantly in action... JUST LIKE THIS!

[Downpour charges the ropes but the two big men seem to back away as he does. But he sees this and catches the two ropes and spins around in them, landing back in the ring and pulls down the top rope as...]

SA: CONNORS! WHAT A DIVE! BOOM GOES THE CANNON!

[Wiping them both out, Connors leaps and flips down onto them down in the aisle way. The crowd is on their feet cheering and then break into a gasp as Downpour runs, leaps off the inside of the second rope and over onto the floor, corkscrewing as he does!]

DW: OH... MYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

SA: Lee Connors and Downpour putting on a show here in Atlanta!

[The referee runs outside to check on the group, Connors and Downpour grabbing the shorter McGinn and rolling him into the ring as Connors heads to his corner.]

SA: It looks like we finally have what I'd call a more traditional match here as Downpour is in the ring with "Shifty" Sam McGinn. Ooof! Big chop by Downpour. Another! Hard chops right into the thick chest of McGinn, barely budging him but they are reddening the skin. You can tell they hurt!

[Seeing his strikes having little real effect, Downpour hits the ropes and baseball slides under McGinn's legs, popping up to his feet quickly.]

SA: Leg kick to the right knee! One to the left! "Shifty" is down to a knee after those rapid low leg kicks.

[Downpour leaps, snares the head of the kneeling McGinn with his legs...]

SA: WHAT WAS THAT!

["It" was a spiked hurricanrana like move, slamming McGinn's skull into the mat instead of sending him fully over.]

DW: He barely has a neck, but I think he still shrunk an inch.

SA: Cover here... and kick out at two. Downpour tags in Connors and here comes the Cannonball!

[To a cheer, Connors steps in and launches a kick into the midsection of McGinn. The big man staggers straight up and Connors launches forward with lightning left and right kicks, one after another, driving him back into the corner.]

SA: Rapid fire snapping kicks has "Shifty" McGinn reeling, Dee Dub! He may be a bit smaller, but he's highly talented in the martial arts and you know each one of those dozen or so kicks was placed exactly in the right spot.

DW: Backing off now? Keep on him, kid! You got him square, keep going, why are you backing off?

SA: To get space to charge in... and run right up, backflipping off, that's why!

[And striking a karate pose, leaping up and slamming a hammer blow on McGint's head, tagging in Downpour once again.]

SA: Here comes the mysterious masked man. I don't even think he's talked since he's been in the AWA!

[Downpour grabs McGint, putting a toe into his gut and maneuvering him to the ropes. He goes for an Irish whip but the more powerful opponent is able to counter...

...and Yeates takes advantage of it, burying a knee into Downpour's back as he hits the ropes!]

DW: Cheap shot from the apron!

[Downpour stumbles forward into a running crossbody by McGint that takes him down to the canvas!]

SA: And the crossbody picks up the spare! Downpour down in a heap!

[Climbing to his feet, McGint lays in some stomps on the masked man before walking to his corner, slapping Yeates' offered hand.]

SA: And in comes "Concrete" John! Yeates is no pushover. He's a long time veteran. He's big, strong and experienced!

[And shows it, putting Downpour flat with a forearm to the back before pulling him up and hitting him with another. Downpour hits the mat, crawling for the ropes.]

SA: Just two shots and he's flattened! Downpour is trying to get up... and here comes Yeates!

[Who lifts a leg, smashing into Downpour, and crushing him on the second rope!]

SA: A crushing blow, that heavy wrestling ring rope right into the trachea! Shoves him down, Downpour struggling, clutching at his throat... cover! ONE! TWO- No. Downpour able to get a shoulder up on that somewhat lackadaisical pin. "Concrete" knows better than that.

DW: Big guy arrogance at work. Grab the guy and wrap him up if you're gonna pin him!

SA: Big John Yeates pulling him up... and throws him back into the corner! OUCH! Back first right into the turnbuckles! That'll drive the wind out of anyone!

[And he backs to the center of the ring, glares at Connors and charges in...

...only Downpour agilely slips out of the way between the ropes leg first and onto the apron, immediately leaping up, foot finding a target.]

SA: Right in the face! He's staggered!

[Keeping the speed up, Downpour leaps to the top rope, springboards up...

...and over Yeates, landing, rolling and tagging in Lee Connors!]

SA: Here comes the Cannonball!

DW: And look at this fire!

[Leaping in, Connors charges, dropping to his knee and sliding under a clothesline. He pops up, drops again and sweeps a returning Yeates legs right out from under him.]

SA: Big man down... STANDING SHOOTING STAR PRESS!

[And McGinn in... right into a leg sweep!]

SA: STANDING SHOOTING STAR FOR HIM! The shooting star from a star shooting up the ranks!

DW: Heyyyy... that's not a bad team name!

[Yeates clammers to his feet. Connors sees him and backrolls away, running in and leaping up, connecting with a dropkick!]

SA: AND MOONSAULT ONTO MCGINN! I GUESS YOU'D CALL THAT A DROPSAULT, DEE DUB!

DW: A dropsault! I like it!

[The crowd is on their feet at the masterful display, counting along as Connors leaps onto the downed Yeates, pushing his back into him as he grabs a leg.]

DW: He has it deep!

SA: JUST TWO! Tag to Downpour and he springboards... LOOK MA, NO HANDS!

[Arms at his side, Downpour springboards in and lands straight across the chest of McGinn! He bounces off and grabs the man, pulling him up and throwing him out of the ring.]

SA: Just Yeates now, the legal man. Downpour tags in Connors and now it's two on one!

DW: Yeates isn't down though!

[And surprises everyone with a double goozle!]

SA: He has them both...

[Or did!]

"KEEEYAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Straight to the gut! WHAT A PUNCH!

[Freeze!]

SA: The Van Damme Punch by Connors and Yeates is clutching at his stomach!



[Downpour spins Connors around and motions, whipping Connors at the ropes. The Cannonball comes roaring back and is launched, by Downpour WAY up and over, tucking his knees as he does and coming with both down high across the chest of Yeates, DRIVING him to the mat!]

SA: METEOOOOORRRRAAAAA!

[The crowd jumps to their feet as the young star reaches back to get the cover deep, counting along!]

DW: He has the legs!

SA: IT COULD BE... IT MIGHT BE... IT IS! Another big win for Lee Connors and Downpour!

[The pair leap up, high fiving and embracing in celebration, the crowd right there with them.]

TG: Your winners... "CANNONBALL" LEE CONNORS AND DOWNPOUR!

SA: Another incredible performance by the pair. And you know this duo has got their sights set on System Shock and those World Tag Team Titles! This is a big boost of confidence!

DW: There's a pile of teams looking at System Shock - including the newly-robbled Next Gen - but I hope these kids get their shot soon!

SA: While they celebrate with fans here in the A-T-L, let's go up to Theresa Lynch ready to interview these two.

[And we go to the interview area where a sweaty Cannonball wipes his forehead, slapping the back of his partner. He wipes back his hair, leaning down into the microphone.]

LC: Wooweee Miss, that was a heck of a fight here tonight! Thankfully, I have this talented partner at my side and awesome fans in the crowd.

[Lynch goes to lift the microphone to Downpour by Connors steps in with some exuberance.]

LC: Ohohohoh... before we go any further, sorry pal, just one thing first. My friend Betty Chang is still laid up after Saturday Night. She's pretty sore and pretty banged up so everyone out there make sure to send her your well wishes!

[Theresa raises an eyebrow.]

TL: Friend, huh? Anything we should know about that situation?

[Connors seems to redden a bit, waving a hand dismissively.]

LC: Let's stick to the matter at hand, Miss Theresa... and that's the fact that Downpour and I just picked up another win... and we're gonna keep on picking up wins as we climb these rankings!

We'll just keep climbing, keep rising, and keep fighting, Miss Lynch, and who knows? Hopefully a shot at Next Gen soon if this continues. Congratulations are in order, guys. That was an awesome match and an awesome win and Downpour and I can't wait to get in the ring against the... NEWWWWWWW AWA Tag Team Champions!

[Theresa looks puzzled.]

TL: Lee, didn't you hear- the titles are back on System Shock!

[Connors grins.]

LC: I heard. And I meant exactly what I said, Theresa. 'Cause after Memorial Day Mayhem in Chicago, we have no doubt that Danny and Howie are gonna be wearing those titles...

...and speaking of titles, I want to wish my old pal, Curtis Kestrel, the best of luck tonight against Terry Shane for the World Television Title! Curtis and I go back a long way to the days training in the Colton house and I know he'd make a fantastic champion.

[Theresa smiles.]

TL: I'm sure he appreciates that as well, Lee. Thanks for you time.

[And with that Downpour heads off screen, Connors following him, waving at the crowd, reaching out to high five an eager youngster.]

TL: A tag team on the rise here in AWA. Fans, we'll be right back after this break!

[Fade to black...

Fade in to a field in the Canadian prairies. The two Schutzmans from Mooselips Beer stand knee-deep in the grass and weeds. The younger close-up, the older one holding a beer bottle in the middle distance. Beside the older man is a 24-foot tall coffee pot.]

SA: Peanut butter and jelly! Grilled cheese and tomato! And here in Saskatchewan...

[Avery Schutzman gestures to the scrubby trees and tall grass.]

SA: ...Cabbage rolls and coffee! I'm "Savoury" Avery Schutzman, coming to you from Davidson, Saskatchewan. Population 1,025 strong. Smack dab between Saskatoon and Regina on Highway 11. Home of the world's largest coffee pot, which our brewmaster Uncle Lorne Schutzman is now standing beside.

[In the middle distance, Lorne Schutzman turns and looks up at the 24-foot tall coffee pot, probably pondering what would possess someone to build a 24-foot tall coffee pot.]

SA: You know, there are a lot of good things that go better together, like the American Wrestling Alliance and Mooselips Beer, brewed right here in Saskatchewan.

[Lorne Schutzman holds up the bottle, not particularly caring that the camera is too far away to properly read it.]

SA: And to celebrate this new tag team, Mooselips Beer is on the hunt to find the best tag team in the world, whether it be System Shock, Next Gen, the War Pigs, the Southern Wrecking Crew... Whomever stands out the most! That team will win cash and a portion of the proceeds earned from Mooselips newest Iced Pale Ale Blend! It's golden brown with a texture like sun! And from all of us at Mooselips Beer, thank you for your support.

[Lorne mutters something unintelligible.]

SA: I know, Uncle Lorne. We've got so many of these goshdarn giant things, the world's biggest cabbage roll has got to be around here somewhere.

[Fade to black...

We fade to footage shot from a cell phone, as we see Molly Bell sitting in the driver's seat of a parked car. A graphic appears on the upper left side of the screen saying "recorded May 1". The car is completely packed in the back seat with plastic storage tubs, clothes, and what appears to be a giant plastic bag filled with yarn balls of many colors. She is trying to balance the cell phone on the dash, her tongue sticking out of her mouth as she concentrates. She's dressed in a black baseball cap and a brand new black AWA tank top. She is still wearing residual cat face makeup from her match with Maggie Rhodes.]

MB: ... that oughta do it.

[Satisfied, her hands retract from off-screen back into frame.]

MB: Hi! Welcome to my hom-...

[A panicked look spreads across Bell's face.]

MB: ... not my home! My car! Because... I'm moving! You know us wrestlers, always on the go, right? And I needed a new place!

[A nervous laugh escapes from her mouth as she looks out the window of the car.]

MB: Not like YOU were any help, RYAN.

[Bell's eyes dart back to the phone.]

MB: ... forget I said that. Don't mention any Ryan. Who's Ryan? Uh... I meant Ryan Martinez. That makes sense right? I sure hope so.

[Bell scratches behind her ear and a wave of relief washes over her face.]

MB: Nyaaaaaaaaaaaaa okay okay so. Meow I may be the new kitty in town, but I made a big impact...

[Bell grins.]

MB: ON MAGGIE RHODES' FACE! HA!

[Suddenly, the phone appears to slip off the dash, and lands next to what appears to be a half-eaten rotisserie chicken on the floorboard.]

MB: Oh shoot oh shoot oh shoot...

[Bell picks up the phone and points it back at her face. She looks embarrassed for a moment before trying to put on a tough face.]

MB: ... look, kitty's gotta eat, right? And that mew contract I was given when I got that big win meant I was able to get afford a few extra chickens here and there. Like right meow!

[Bell glances down to the floorboard, but then back to the phone.]

MB: In a second, Molly, in a second. Right. So I just wanted to say something. I know there's a lot going on the AWA women's division, and I heard Medusa Rage was talking about how people were scared to step to Kurayami.

[Bell's eyes dart side to side, and she leans into the camera.]

MB: This kitty ain't scared of NOTHIN'.

[Bell pauses thoughtfully.]

MB: ... 'cept for dogs. And loud noises that I don't expect. And maybe unexpected stuff behind me while I'm eating. And oh my GOSH IS THAT A FIRE TRUCK?!

[Bell ducks into the passenger seat as a siren blares in the background. Her voice drops to a whisper.]

MB: Okay look, I'm scared of a lot of things. But there's one thing I know for sure, if it means I can eat more or get a safe place to sleep at night, I'll fight. Doesn't matter who. You hear meow?

[Bell hisses.]

MB: ... dang fire trucks. I should claw their tires. Kitty's got claws. Meow y'all.

[And with that, Bell stops recording and we abruptly go to black...

...and then come back to Theresa.]

TL: A most... unusual... addition to the AWA Women's Division in Molly Bell... but the AWA Women's Division is certainly where it's at these days. So many top level competitors and more and more being added all the time. There are some wild rumors about who may be coming next to the Division as well and- well, some other major developments that may be announced very soon.

[Theresa seems to realize she's said too much, quickly moving on to another topic.]

TL: But that's for another time. We've got Women's Division action set to go in that ring so let's head down there for our next match!

[A graphic appears with the combatants in our next match.]

**Margarita Flores**  
**vs**  
**Amber Hayte**

[Hayte is athletically-built, with fair skin. Her straight, shoulder-length hair is dyed jet black. Hayte has on a black midriff-baring tank top, revealing the full sleeve tattoos on both her arms, black faux leather shorts, black knee pads, and black boots. She paces the corner, awaiting the arrival of her opponent. Cue Santana's "Warrior."

About fifteen seconds in, Margarita Flores walks out through the entranceway, a folded over length of bullrope draped across the back of her neck. She is also dressed in a beige cowboy hat, a black bustier top, matching shorts under a pair of

blue denim chaps and black boots. With the cowbell in her right hand, Flores winds her arm up and raises it in the air, yelling "YEEEEAAH!!!" as she does.]

TG: Hailing from La Feria, Texas and weighing in at 176 pounds...

MARGARRRITAAA FLORES!

[Reaching the ring, Flores removes her hat, placing it on the apron near, one of the ring posts. She rolls under the ropes and quickly pops up to her feet, once more throwing up her right arm, cowbell in hand. As the music fades, Flores goes to her corner, lifts the bullrope up from her shoulders and drapes it over the top ring post hook, before turning around and stepping towards Amber Hayte with her right hand extended in front of her.]

SA: Flores with a show of respect and sportswomanship... But Amber Hayte is having none of it!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And Flores with a big boot to start things off!

DW: Amber Hayte should have shaken that hand; maybe then the Texan would have allowed her to get some shots in first.

[Said Texan, riled up from the disrespect shown, pulls Hayte to her feet and forces her into the corner. She kicks the Californian in the midsection, follows it up with a forearm to the jaw...]

DW: Yowch! MY dentist cringed on that one, Sal!

[As Sal chuckles, Flores puts the boots to Hayte, driving her down to the canvas as the crowd cheers her flurry of offense. The big Texan pulls Hayte up to her feet by the arm, dragging her from the corner...

[A big clubbing forearm across the back knocks Hayte right back down though...

...so Flores pulls her up and clubs her again, sending her right back down.]

SA: Big Margarita Flores has sure made waves in the AWA Women's Division, Dee Dub. She hasn't gotten a crack yet at some of the bigger names in the division but she's steamrolled right over everyone the AWA has put in front of her.

DW: Soon enough, Sal... soon enough, she'll get her hands on the likes of Charisma Knight and Cinder and maybe even the big bad herself, Kurayami!

SA: Now THAT'S a fight I'd like to see. Kurayami has bullied everyone around since returning to the AWA last November at SuperClash... and I'd love to see her try to pick on someone her own size and see if that big ol' lariat could chop her down to size.

[Back on her feet, Hayte finds herself whipped across the ring towards the ropes where she snatches hold of them to halt herself cold. A surprised Flores charges in on her...

...and runs right into a boot to the gut!]

SA: Oho! Hayte caught her coming in... and the first sign of struggle out of Amber Hayte so far in this one.

[With Flores doubled up, Hayte grabs a hold of her hair, leaping up to BLAST her with a kneestrike!]

SA: Leaping kneestrike and a beauty by Hayte...

[But Flores simply stumbles back a few steps... and then grins.]

DW: Are you kidding me?! That woulda sent most women - AND MEN for that matter - to Dream Land!

SA: Not the mighty Margarita!

DW: I'm a fan of strong Margaritas too, Big Sal, but I'm guessing Amber Hayte is not!

[Flores lunges forward, looking for a big clothesline but Hayte ducks it. But as she straightens up, Flores BLASTS her in the back with another clubbing forearm!]

SA: Wow! A lot of oomph behind that one... just like the power pushing Harry Styles up the Billboard Hot 100 charts this week. And with Flores using her power to her advantage, it may be a sign of the times that she's destined to dominate this Women's Division!

DW: That was nearly a lariat to the back of Amber Hayte. Not quite enough to put her away, though.

SA: No, but it's enough to put Flores back on the attack... big scoop... and a BIIIIIG BODY SLAM down in the center!

[Flores transitions from the slam to a lateral press, reaching back for a leg, and getting a two count.]

SA: Two count only for Flores there... and Hayte's using this chance to make a run for it, crawling across the ring.

[Flores lets it happen, watching as Hayte uses the ropes to drag herself up to her knees...

...but Flores slips a shin across the back of the neck, shaking her head as she essentially chokes Hayte for a moment. The referee protests and Flores breaks it off...]

SA: Flores drags her back to her feet...

[With Hayte doubled up, Flores powers her with ease up onto her shoulder, wrapping her arms around the waist and squeezing, applying pressure to the back.]

SA: Canadian backbreaker applied by Flores... although maybe she'd prefer we call it a Texan backbreaker...

DW: You can call it whatever you want, Hayte's calling it painful!

SA: Flores putting the big squeeze on her as the referee checks to see if Hayte wants to give up. Right now, she's saying no but if Flores keeps this up, the Angeleno may be singing a different tune soon, Dee Dub.

[Showing off a bit, Flores removes one arm from the grip.]

SA: Now look at this! One-handed backbreaker! Wow!

[She jolts the spine of Hayte a few times as Hayte tries to slip free...]

SA: Hayte is trying to leverage her legs, bring them back under her... Whoa! Flores nearly lost her grip there!

[Rushing forward, Flores drives Hayte's midsection into the top turnbuckle, hanging her out to dry...]

SA: Ooof! That'll have you sucking wind...

[...and a clubbing forearm across the back knocks Hayte off the buckles, putting her back down on the mat!]

SA: ...and that'll have you calling your chiro! My goodness!

DW: Flores looks like she's got a chip on her shoulders here tonight, Sal. She's really taking it to Amber Hayte.

[Flores backs off again, taking a walk around the ring as Hayte gets herself off the mat with the aid of the ropes.]

SA: Flores charging in... ohh! Back elbow to the mush by Hayte! Again, creating an opening for offense!

[Hayte leans back in the buckles, pushing Flores back with a kick to the chest.]

SA: Flores gets kicked back towards the middle...

[Hayte pops up on the second rope, wrapping her legs around Flores' head, grabbing her by the arm, and then leans back over the ropes!]

SA: Uh oh! Trouble for the Texan here! That's a modified version of a triangle choke applied by Amber Hayte - blatantly illegal due to the ropes being involved though!

[The referee's count kicks in and Hayte hangs on as long as she can before official Scott Ezra reaches four. Hayte releases Flores, flipping over to land on her feet on the floor outside.]

SA: Hayte down to the floor... but right up on the apron. This is her moment to capitalize with Flores on wobbly legs from that modified choke...

DW: She's going up top, Sal!

[Hayte steps to the top, takes aim, and leaps off with a flying crossbody...

...that Flores catches with ease to cheers from the Atlanta crowd!]

SA: Caught! With baseball season in full bloom here in the great state of Georgia, Margarita Flores just showed Ender Inciarte that he's not the only one capable of making a great catch!

[Flores walks around the ring, showing off her prize to the cheering crowd...

...and then drops back, HURLING Hayte across the ring where she BOUNCES off the canvas!]

SA: SEE YOU LATER, MISS HAYTE!

[Down on the mat, Flores rolls back onto her shoulders, kipping up to her feet to another cheer!]

DW: And how about that, Big Sal? That's agility to boot! There's no denying it, Sal, Flores is strong... but she's also agile... and that makes her a dangerous competitor as Amber Hayte is finding out right now and the women of the AWA will no doubt be finding out soon enough!

[Flores walks towards Hayte, pulling her up to her feet. She rears back her arm, looking for a lariat but Hayte ducks under it.]

SA: Swing and a miss!

[Flores spins around, throwing it again... but Hayte ducks it a second time!]

DW: Strike two!

[Hayte sprints to the ropes, bouncing off, giving a banshee-like shriek as she sprints towards an off-balance Flores who steadies herself...

...and MURDERIZES HAYTE WITH A LARIAT, sending her flipping through the air before dropping awkwardly on the canvas!]

SA: THERE WILL BE NO STRIKE THREE BECAUSE THAT ONE IS OUT! OF! HERE!

[A frustrated Flores flips her onto her back, shoving her palms down in the chest, pressing off of her as the referee counts.]

DW: This one's all over but the shoutin', fans!

[An uncontested three count is followed by the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Santana's "Warrior" starts to play as Flores pushes herself up to one knee and she pumps a fist in the air with jubilation.]

TG: Here is your winner, by pinfall...

MARGARRRITAAA FLORES!

SA: Flores wins another one with that explosive lariat, Dee Dub. Now, folks, we have to take a break, but, when we return, we'll see if she's willing to say a few words to Theresa, so stay tuned!

[Flores has her arm raised by the referee, as we 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 then fade back to Theresa Lynch at her podium. She is joined by Margarita Flores, who, once again, has her cowboy hat atop her head and the bullrope draped across the back of her neck.]

TL: We're back here on the all-new Power Hour - a special super-sized edition here tonight thanks to our friends at Fox Sports X! Congratulations, Margarita, you keep chalking up the wins with that impressive lariat. We've heard the likes of Julie Somers give you props, saying she's got your back if you've got hers. Of course, you've also expressed displeasure at the actions of the Women's World Champion, but we've also seen the legend, Medusa Rage, step up to her. Where do you think that leaves you?

MF: Whether it's Saturday Night Wrestling, or right here on the Power Hour, the office keeps lining them up, and I keep knocking them down. That order of business has not changed, Theresa. And, yes, I see and hear all the goings-on in the AWA; Julie and Victoria June look like they've got the Cinder situation under control, with a little help from Wonder Woman herself, and Kurayami might just find out what happens when she provokes a legend.

So, where does that leave me? Well, Theresa, I have also heard a certain someone run her privileged mouth regarding the legacies of some of the families in the business. Now, I know Kayla Cristol's taken offense, on behalf of your family, at what Harley Hamilton said, and I'm gonna let her do what she needs to do, but if ever Harley Har Har wants to compare legacies, well, I ain't a Somers... Nor a Rage... But this here...

[She holds her right arm, her lariat arm, out to her side.]

MF: This is all the legacy I need, princess.

[And, with a tip of her hat, Flores walks away from the podium and heads to the back.]

TL: A thinly-veiled challenge towards newcomer Harley Hamilton who will make her debut next weekend in Las Vegas against my old friend, Kayla Cristol... and if there's anything left of her when the Pistol gets through with her, it looks like Margarita's inviting her for a most unhappy hour! Let's go back to Sal and Dylan!

[We get a graphic promoting the next match.]

**Atlas Armstrong  
vs  
Peter George**

[We cut to the ring where we see Pete George trying to fire up the crowd by jumping up and down and pumping his arms before he throws up his hand to the studio audience. The local fans cheer for the local boy.]

SA: All right, Theresa... Peter George here looking to make a name for himself as he faces the monumental task of taking on one of the newest AWA superstars ... the adjectival alliteration of accolades that is Atlas Armstrong.

DW: I like the look of this young kid. He's got a good build and a nice clean look.

[The opening strains of Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Jesus Christ, Superstar" play over the PA system as the crowd falls under a hush as Mickey Cherry and Atlas Armstrong make their entrance. Mickey Cherry swaggers down the ramp in a berry-colored velvet smoking jacket and ivory ruffled tuxedo shirt. His shiny skinny black pants complete the outfit. Behind him is the impossible Atlas Armstrong, a hulk of a man concealed by a silver cape.]

"You are witnessing the arrival of a Titan!"

SA: And Mickey Cherry showing off how proud he is of his man ... Atlas Armstrong. We saw him debut in the ring a few weeks ago on the all-new Power Hour and man, was it ever impressive.

DW: Armstrong is like a comic book superhero come to life, Sal. Ridiculous size, speed and musculature.

SA: And plenty mean to boot.

[The camera shows impressed fans in attendance marveling at the size of Armstrong as he passes them by. Children crane their necks to get a closer look. Cellphones flash to take his picture. However, nobody reaches out to touch him. Armstrong takes the center of the ring and kneels as Mickey Cherry pulls at the ties of his cape.]

SA: And we are about to make the big reveal.

[With a flourish, Cherry whips off Armstrong's cape, revealing the physique of the man beneath. The studio audience gasps as one as Atlas stays on one knee in the Thinker's pose. He then comes to his feet, performing a front lat spread for the

fans before he moves to a side chest pose and then a double biceps pose as the crowd takes photos in appreciation.]

DW: I don't get guys like Armstrong. Why is he hanging around with scum like Mickey Cherry? He doesn't need him to get ahead in this business.

SA: He may be the proverbial "million dollar body with a ten cent brain." Although don't tell him I said that.

DW: You might be right. I know Mickey Cherry can't be working for cheap.

[Atlas rolls his neck, smirking at the crowd as he lifts his chin towards George. Shaking his head, Armstrong strides to the centre of the ring. He gestures for George to come forward.]

SA: And we're ready for our first lock up... SPOKE TOO SOON!

[Armstrong mashes the advancing George, shoving him ass over teakettle into his corner.]

DW: That ain't right!

"Beautiful, Atlas, he ain't got nuthin for you, baby!"

[Armstrong yawns while he flexes a biceps. He points his finger towards George and shakes his head in disgust. George gets unsteadily to his feet, looking at the crowd for support. The Atlanta fans shout their encouragement.]

SA: What an incredible display of strength by the big man from Big Sur!

DW: Don't go at him head on! Go low and take him off his feet!

[George tries that, shooting in for a leg, but Armstrong stuffs the shot, dropping his weight on top of George and catching him in a front facelock. He laughs loudly as he rears back, wrenching George's neck as the smaller man flails in his grasp.]

SA: I don't know what you can do against this Colossus of a man! He's just too big and too strong.

"Take him for a ride, Atlas Baby! Take him for a ride!"

[Armstrong listens to Cherry's call and uses his strength to hoist George right up off his knees up high as if into a snap suplex position but at the top of the lift he tosses him even higher and then throws him face first to the canvas with a loud "WOMP!"]

SA: Overpowering Atlas... he muscled him up in the air and turned that into a flapjack suplex.

DW: George sounded like he was in a car accident as hard as he hit that mat, Sal.

SA: That might break a rib or your nose, Dee Dub! Now Armstrong following up with a series of elbow drops to the spine! And that's gonna send Peter George down to the Disc and Spine Center here on Roswell Road.

DW: Yes he will. My goodness, Atlas Armstrong is showing quite a lot of quickness for his size with these rapid elbow drops. He's on him like a dog with a soup bone.

[Armstrong quickly drops four elbows to the prone wrestler's spine before he steps on his back and flexes for the crowd who jeer loudly... except for one clapping jackass with a high-pitched screech when he shouts to his charge.]

"Beautiful, Atlas! Beautiful!"

SA: Mickey Cherry running his mouth... and you add in that pose there by Armstrong and these two are serving up more disrespect than Nene Leakes on an episode of Real Housewives of Atlanta!

[Armstrong grinds his boot into George's back before he walks off, walking around the ring primping his wavy black hair and showing off for the crowd as George gingerly gets to his feet. Armstrong leans in the corner as he waits for George to stagger to the middle of the ring.]

SA: Atlas Armstrong looks to be setting up for something... LOOK OUT, HERE HE COMES!!!

DW: RUNAWAY FREIGHT TRAIN!

[At the last moment, Armstrong leaps into the air, pumping a leg and DRIVING a big boot into the jaw of George with enough impact to send him flipping through the air before crashing down hard and motionless on the mat!]

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO! A BEAUTIFUL BICYCLE KICK OUT OF ATLAS ARMSTRONG!

DW: And the extra point is good!

[George is completely laid out on the mat as Armstrong strikes a pose over him, making sure they note the definition on his quads.]

SA: We haven't seen that one in his repertoire before. What else does this man have up his sleeve?

DW: Who knows. I don't think he needs to much more tonight. This was a mismatch from the beginning.

SA: Let's look at that one again.

[The screen switches to a replay of Atlas charging out of the corner, pedaling his feet in the air before lashing out with his right foot. The slow motion shows the flat of his boot squashing George's face as sweat goes flying and his face contorts under the size sixteen boot.]

SA: Whoo, brother. And I gotta say I think this one is over. George is out cold!

DW: And look at Atlas getting these fans riled up! He's leaning on the ropes cupping his ear as they boo him.

"He's finished, baby. Do what you want with him."

[Nodding at Mickey Cherry's words, Atlas s looks out at the crowd, inquiring whether he should end the contest. The crowd meets him with boos which draws a smirk from Armstrong who shrugs.]

SA: Hey, I get it. Atlas shrugged!

DW: Huh?

[Armstrong stalks back towards George, pulling him up by the hair.]

SA: Apparently Atlas thinks he needs a little more... or maybe just WANTS to do a little big more. The last time we saw him in the ring, he wrapped things up with a big leaping punch... but that doesn't look to be what he has in mind this time. This may be that coccyx-crushing atomic drop!

DW: I think you're right, Sal.

[Atlas scoops up George and lifts him up high as if for a back suplex. Just past vertical he rushes forward, throwing George down tailbone first onto his knee.]

DW: He's not gonna be able to sit for a week!

[Armstrong smirks as he disrespectfully steps on George's head, striking a pose with his massive muscles on display.]

DW: That's disgusting.

SA: That's all she wrote.

[The three count follows as does the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd boos as Atlas Armstrong runs through his repertoire of body building poses to all four corners of the building.]

SA: Another definitive win for Atlas Armstrong here on Power Hour!

DW: Mickey Cherry has him on a roll. I wonder if there is somebody out there who can stop this god and monster of a man!

SA: Let's go over to Theresa who has a very special guest.

[We go over to the interview set where Theresa Lynch is ready for her next guest.]

TL: Thanks guys! I'd like to bring out my guest at this time, coming off of an impressive performance on last week's Saturday Night Wrestling program, please welcome Alphonse Green!

[The crowd in the studio cheers as Alphonse Green makes his way onscreen. Green's wearing a pair of ripped jeans, a Gang Green T-Shirt, and a pair of Oakley sunglasses. He waves to the cheering crowd as he stands next to Theresa for his interview.]

TL: All week long, people throughout the AWA Galaxy have been saying that your performance against Supernova on Saturday night puts you right back into contention for the AWA Television Title. Others even say that match was what ultimately got you a slot in the Memorial Day Rumble.

[Green nods.]

TL: Despite your disappointing loss, things are starting to look up for you again, how are you feeling about all this?

[Green rubs his chin in thought.]

AG: Theresa...

[Green puts his hands on his side, and lost in thought for a second.]

AG: On one hand, all this outpouring of love and support this past week really cheered me up. I coulda simply sulked this whole week, with that whole so close an' yet so far away mess jumblin' up my mind. These people, Theresa, remind me every day that they're worth fightin' for, and that I should continue to put my head down and put my nose to the grindstone. I can't give up what I want right now, and that's to continue on my path to becomin' the AWA Television Champion for a second time.

Not only that, but my fans kept remindin' me who I was, the King of the Battle Royals, and by gum, I'm gonna take my crown back in Chicago!

[The studio crowd cheers Green's proclamation.]

AG: On the other hand, however..

I gotta lot of other people slidin' into my DMs, tellin' me about how I got screwed out of beatin' Supernova. You said it was a disappointing loss?

[Theresa nods her head.]

TL: I did, and I imagine you're still not too happy about that a week later.

AG: Dang right! I'm happy for all the love and support, but I ain't happy that I still got this diggin' in my brain! It ain't right! Even if Supernova's nothin' but a yellow bellied face painted traitor, I'd like to think that deep down somewhere in there was a little nugget of a conscience that coulda wanted to beat me on his own merits. What he showed me on Saturday Night proved to me that all that nugget turned out to be was some bad, greasy catered meal before the show.

It took three people, Theresa.. three people to beat me. Not only that, but Supernova tried to put me away with moves that he stole from people who are much better than he is! Even Supreme Wright! Can you believe that!

[Theresa nods her head enthusiastically.]

AG: I've taken' all their moves in the past! If 'Nova felt like he needed to imitate all the pillars of the AWA in order to put me away, well, then he failed miserably! Like the great Elton John once said..

[Green removes his sunglasses and stares into the camera.]

AG: I'm still standin'.

[Green grins.]

AG: I can go back on the path for the Television title, I can go back to bein' the King of the Battle Royals, but I'd feel kinda bad if I let this go. Supernova, Westerly, ya know, my ride's big enough to accommodate all of ya, and I even got an extra roomy seat in the back for Polemos. I got the keys, baby, let's stuff yer bat in the trunk an' go for a ride. Would you like that? Would you like to ride...

[Green's grin grows wider as he slips his sunglasses back on. The crowd starts to finish his catchphrase.]

AG: ...with Alphon-

[Green pauses, looking off-camera. Theresa turns slightly as well, alarm suddenly crossing her face.]

TL: Mickey Cherry, I don't know what you're thinking here but-

[The scrawny Cherry, backed by his enormous charge Armstrong, starts to speak, looking at Green through a pair of violet-mirrored sunglasses.]

MC: Ain't nothin' to think about, Tee Tee Baby... I think it's crystal clear what's going on around these parts. When you should be out here talkin' about MY MAN... the man that flexes a bicep and the shockwaves send the first three rows to the hospital... the man who shakes the ground with his steps and lifts the heavens with his shoulders.. the man who-

[Green interrupts.]

AG: The man who knows how to pose... is that really all he's got?

[This one gets to Armstrong who pushes past Cherry to stare down at Green.]

AG: Not for nothin', but you sure can pose good. Hey, Atlas, I've been around these parts a lot longer than you. And yeah, you're big... you're strong... you got lots of muscles... but I've seen bigger.. I've seen stronger... I've seen muscles...

[Cherry interrupts again.]

MC: Never, baby! Never have you seen muscles like these! Give him a show, Atlas!

[Armstrong sneers at Green, raising his arms up in a double bicep pose. The peaks of his biceps jump and strain.]

MC: Look at it! Look close! You're gettin' a real show now!

[Green chuckles.]

AG: Is that right? Do you guys...

[He gestures to the fans.]

AG: ...do you feel like you're getting a show from this guy?

[He gestures to Armstrong, the fans booing on cue. Green nods.]

AG: That's what I thought! But you know what WOULD be a show for them?

[Cherry grins, knowing what's coming.]

AG: I know yer thinkin' what I'm thinkin'. Ya smell money, ya smell ratings, don't ya?

MC: That's right, baby! I think we might be on the same page!

AG: How does this tickle yer fancy? Yer man Armstrong wants to ride? Well, then he can ride...

[He points to Atlas' powerful chest.]

AG: ...with me...

[He jerks a thumb at his chest.]

AG: ...in THAT ring!

[Big cheer as Green points to the ring! Cherry nods, slapping Armstrong on the back.]

MC: You got it, baby! You got it! You name the time and place and we'll be there! And you better bring all of Gang Green for the biggest handicap match of all time 'cause you're gonna need all the help you can get! Hahahahah!

[With Cherry cackling madly, he leads Armstrong backstage to jeers as Green stands and watches.]

AG: That guy's sure got a big mouth, Theresa.

TL: You'll get no arguments from me on that one. Fans, you heard the challenge - Alphonse Green versus Atlas Armstrong at some point in the near future! I can't wait to see that one! And now, let's go back to the ring for more action!

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

TG: The following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, hailing from Annapolis, Maryland, and weighing 130 pounds, this is Ashleigh Davenport!

[A short woman with long, blonde hair with brown streaks, and dressed in a yellow top and black tights, raises her arms and smirks at the crowd.]

Then the theme from Wonder Woman, "Is She With You," kicks in over the PA system, which draws cheers from the crowd.]

TG: And her opponent, hailing from Boston, Massachusetts, and weighing 145 pounds, this is "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[That's when Julie Somers appears at the entranceway. She wears a red jacket over a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. Her long, wavy brown hair is pulled back behind her head. She stands at the entranceway, motioning to the fans, encouraging their cheers.]

SA: Listen to these fans! They have taken to the Spitfire, who is set for singles competition, just weeks before Memorial Day Mayhem!

DW: I'm already getting pumped and the match hasn't even begun! Amazing to see the power that The Spitfire has over a crowd!

[After a few seconds, Somers jogs down the entrance steps, sliding underneath the ropes, then rolling to her feet and heading to her corner. She climbs onto the second turnbuckle and raises her arms, waving her hands and encouraging the fans' cheers.]

SA: Somers is set to team with Victoria June against Erica Toughill and Cinder in Chicago, but the question everyone wants to know is whether or not Gal Gadot will be there as well.

DW: The star of Wonder Woman showed she's not afraid to mix it up with the likes of Toughill and Cinder! I like Gal, I'm excited for the movie, but do you wonder if she might be getting a little too into her character, Sal?

SA: Perhaps, but I can't blame her for wanting to have the backs of the friends she's made! I can't imagine her turning down the chance to be there for June and Somers!



[Somers has climbed down from the corner and removed her jacket. She turns to face Davenport as the bell rings.]

SA: We are underway, with Julie Somers taking on Ashleigh Davenport, who only has a few matches under her belt, so we are told, but is looking to make a big first impression tonight.

DW: She drew a tough opponent in The Spitfire, who clearly looks focused for Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Davenport rushes Somers, firing several forearm shots that catch Somers off guard.]

SA: And I was talking about making first impressions... Davenport isn't wasting any time!

[Davenport backs Somers into the corner, driving a pair of kicks to the midsection, before snaring her in a side headlock.]

SA: Davenport right on the attack... could be looking for the bulldog here...

[But as Davenport steps forward, Somers lifts her up and shoves her into the air, sending Davenport crashing to the canvas.]

SA: Somers with the counter! Davenport tried to take her down, it didn't work and... look out!

[Davenport pushes herself to her feet, but turns and is met with a pair of feet to the face, courtesy of a Somers dropkick.]

SA: Dropkick catches Davenport right in the mush! And a second one!

DW: Like I said, Somers is clearly focused - only now, she looks fired up on top of that!

[A third dropkick sends Davenport spilling through the ropes and to the floor.]

SA: And Davenport leaves the ring the hard way! But what's Somers doing now?

[Davenport pulls herself up against the apron, but Somers has darted to the opposite side, then runs forward and dives between the ropes.]

SA: Clear the runway for Julie Somers, who just came flying through those ropes and landed right on Davenport!

DW: Suicide dive, Sal! What a move! I may need to catch my breath after that one!

SA: The fans at ringside might be right there with you on that as the fired-up Somers nearly landed in the front row!

[Somers rises to her feet and quickly pumps her fist, drawing cheers as she slaps a few outstretched hands in the front row before she drags Davenport to her feet.]

SA: And The Spitfire sending Davenport back into the ring... she follows her back in and isn't wasting time!

DW: She's got her set up... looks like a vertical suplex!

[Somers lifts Davenport up, but Davenport manages to wiggle free and slip behind Somers.]

SA: But Davenport escapes! And now she's on the assault!

[Davenport again fires several forearm blows, staggering Somers, before grabbing her by the arm and whipping her to the corner.]

SA: An Irish whip into the corner... Davenport comes charging!

[But Somers slips out of the way and Davenport crashes into the buckles.]

SA: And it's Davenport finding nothing but the turnbuckle pads!

DW: And The Spitfire is there, ready to turn up the heat!

[Davenport staggers and is backed into the corner by Somers, who raises her arm.]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

SA: Hard chops by Somers! You can hear the impact, fans!

DW: I'm feeling those right here, so you can imagine what Davenport must be feeling right now!

[Somers grabs Davenport by the arm.]

SA: Here's an Irish whip by Somers... now she's coming for Davenport!

[Davenport manages to slip out of the way, but Somers holds up and leaps onto the second turnbuckle.]

SA: Davenport moved, but Somers caught herself!

DW: And Davenport thinks she's got the upper hand... listen to that!

[Davenport has her arms spread to the sides and is jawing at fans.]

SA: She better pay attention... Somers is going up top!

[Somers has turned around and now climbed to the top turnbuckle, eyeing Davenport.]

DW: The Spitfire is dangerous up on that top rope! What do you think she has planned, Sal?

SA: Whatever it is, Davenport better be paying attention!

[Davenport turns around, and that's when Somers leaps off the top rope and extends her legs.]

SA: And the missile dropkick is right on target, fans!

DW: And when a missile finds its target, you know the result!

[Somers rolls to her feet, pumping her fist once more.]

SA: The Spitfire feeling the momentum in her favor, fans! Now she's got Davenport back to her feet... into the ropes she goes!

[Davenport comes back on the rebound and Somers leaps into the air, landing on Davenport's shoulders.]

SA: And Davenport goes down, head over heels, courtesy of a hurracarana by Julie Somers

DW: She spiked her head right into the mat! Davenport has to be on Dream Street right now!

[Somers rises to her feet and points to the corner.]

SA: Somers motioning to the corner! I think we know what comes next, Dylan!

DW: Air Spitfire is about to take off, Sal!

[The Spitfire heads to the corner and climbs the turnbuckles, her back turned to Davenport, who remains motionless.]

SA: Somers on the top rope... leaping off... there's the moonsault!

DW: And that's gonna wrap this one up for The Spitfire, Sal!

SA: Unquestionably... a count of, one, two and three! Julie Somers picks up the win, here on the Power Hour!

[The referee's hand slaps the mat three times, the bell rings and Somers rises to her feet, giving a quick fist pump.]

TG: Here is your winner... "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[Somers allows the referee to raise her hand, then gives a quick motion with both hands and a smile to the crowd on hand.]

SA: Julie Somers chalks up another W and, next stop, it's gonna be Chicago and Memorial Day Mayhem, when she teams up with Victoria June to face Erica Toughill and Cinder!

DW: I can't wait to see that one... heck, I can't wait to see all of Memorial Day Mayhem! It's gonna be one for the ages, Sal!

SA: It certainly will, Dee Dub! Right now, Theresa Lynch is going to get a few words from Julie Somers!

[We cut to the interview podium, where Theresa Lynch is waiting with a microphone. Somers is walking up the steps, notices Lynch and approaches her.]

TL: Welcome, Julie Somers, back to the Power Hour!

JS: It's great to be here, Theresa, in front of these fans here in Atlanta!

[That gets a hometown cheer.]

TL: Julie, in just a few weeks, it will be you and Victoria June against Erica Toughill and Cinder. The question that everyone wants to know, however, is whether or not you and Victoria will have some additional company with you.

JS: First of all, Theresa, I want to make one thing clear. I have watched as Erica Toughill keeps telling everyone how she makes everyone into a star and never gets credit for it. I'm not going to deny that Erica brought the best out in me, but that's because I knew that if I was going to beat her, I would have to be at my best! It's the only way I can prove I have what it takes not only to beat somebody with her talent -- and make no mistake, she is one of the most talented women's wrestlers today -- but to prove that I'm worthy of the respect that all these fans have given me since I arrived in the AWA!

[That gets more cheers.]

JS: But if Erica really wants to get more credit, then maybe she needs to take a look at the company she keeps. What exactly has hanging with Kerry Kendrick gotten her? Does he really treat her like an equal or does he just see her as a hanger on? How exactly is she benefitting from Cinder hanging around her all the time? Cinder may be calling Erica her mum, but the more I see of them together, the more I get this feeling that there really isn't any respect for Erica on Cinder's part.

So perhaps Erica needs to rethink the people she chooses to associate herself with. Because if she really wants to get credit for what she's accomplished, she better make sure those she wants to be around are actually giving her that credit.

[She exhales for a moment.]

JS: Just need to get that off my chest, Theresa.

As far as your question goes, I've touched bases with Gal and I don't want to do much speaking for her, so I will just say this.

Gal will issue a statement on Saturday Night Wrestling regarding her intentions about Memorial Day Mayhem.

[The crowd cheers that announcement of an announcement!]

JS: She hasn't said much to me about what she's going to say. But I've gotten to know her pretty well, and there's no doubt in my mind that she's got my back, she's got Victoria June's back, just as Victoria and I have each other's backs as well.

But no matter what Gal decides, I can guarantee you that Victoria and I are going to show at Memorial Day Mayhem that two people who truly have respect for each other, and have each other's backs, are going to get a lot more done than two who claim to have that, but are out for themselves more than anything else.

[Somers then walks off and disappears through the entranceway.]

TL: There you have it... Gal Gadot will make her intentions known to the world on Saturday Night Wrestling, regarding the challenge from Cinder and Erica Toughill to be there at Memorial Day Mayhem! Fans, we're going to take another quick break but before we do, let's hear some pre-recorded comments from the man who will face Terry Shane for the World Television Title in a few short moments - Curtis Kestrel!

[Cut to a locker room interview, the caption promoting Curtis Kestrel challenging Terry Shane for the AWA Television Championship. The stoic Curtis Kestrel is flanked by the sasquatch-like Blake Colton, both clad in denim.]

CK: Terry Shane, tonight you make your first title defense, against me. You are a great champion, Terry, and I respect everything you've accomplished.

But I am from The Battlefords... Saskatchewan, Canada. And I have waited almost two decades for my first shot at a singles title. Terry Shane, the thing about Birds of Prey, is that you never see them in the air, until they are swooping down for you.

[Blake Colton pipes in immediately.]

BC: The TV strap is coming north of the 49th, Bahds!

[Kestrel momentarily loses his train of thought and instead raises his arms in victory as we fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then back up to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TELEVISION TITLE! Introducing first...

[“Everything Is Automatic” by Matthew Good begins to play as two men in well-worn blue denim making their way purposefully to the ring.]

RO: He is the challenger... from The Battlefords... weighing in at 218 pounds and being accompanied down the aisle by Blake Colton...

....CURTIS KESSSSSSTRELLLLLL!

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

SA: One-half of the Canadian duo known as the Colton Crew, Curtis Kestrel has the biggest opportunity of his AWA career thusfar as he challenges Terry Shane for the World Television Title.

DW: That’s right, Sal. I hear Kestrel is getting this shot because of some big wins the Crew has had on the live event tour and how good Kestrel has looked in them.

[Blake Colton is clad in street clothes, slapping some outstretched hands as he heads down to the ring behind his partner.]

SA: And ordinarily, I’d rather see non-combatants stay in the locker room but after the actions of Michael Aarons two weeks ago, you can hardly blame Curtis Kestrel for wanting someone to watch his back, Dee Dub.

DW: Absolutely. And you can bet if Aarons shows his face here tonight, Colton just might knock it right off!

[Kestrel slides into the ring, leaving his partner out on the floor as Kestrel dashes to the nearest corner, standing on the second buckle facing the crowd.]

SA: The Colton Crew fans are out tonight in Atlanta but I have a feeling they’ll be solidly behind Terry Shane after that gutsy performance two weeks ago.

[Kestrel removes his sunglasses and jean jacket, handing them outside to an attendant as the music fades.]

TG: And his opponent...

[Static. The crowd cheers as “Dance Of The Knights” by Sergei Prokofiev begins to play over the Center Stage Studios PA system.]

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

TERRRRRRRYYYYYYYY SHAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

[Shane steps through the curtain to a large reaction. He smiles at the cheers, raising the title belt to earn a few more. He’s changed into his ring gear - green trunks with white trim and “TS3” in white print on his left hip. He’s wearing white kneepads and boots as well. His head and arm both have significant amounts of athletic tape on them as he starts towards the ring.]

SA: Some will argue that Terry Shane shouldn’t even be getting into this ring tonight but you have to admire his courage... his guts.

DW: You do have to admit it... but you also have to wonder if it'll end up costing him, Sal. Curtis Kestrel isn't a top ranked challenger... but he's an incredibly tough competitor. If Shane isn't on top of his game, we'll have a new champion crowned for the second Power Hour in a row.

[Shane climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes. He eyes his challenger from across the ring as he hands the title belt over to referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller. Miller takes the title, holding it up for all to see, and then hands it out to a ringside attendant as he prepares to start the match.]

SA: As with most TV Title matches, we're looking at one fall with a ten minute time limit... and you have to wonder if going back to that after the two out of three falls war on the last SNW will be a problem for the new champion.

DW: It's gotta mess with your timing a little. The ten minute time limit means you gotta go, go, go from the bell, Big Sal.

SA: Speaking of which...

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And this TV Title match is on the go!

[Shane eases out of his corner as Curtis Kestrel does the same, his partner shouting encouragement from the floor. The two men walk to center ring, eyeing each other warily... and Shane extends a hand that Kestrel doesn't hesitate to accept to cheers.]

SA: A handshake gets us going... a rare thing in the AWA...

[The two break away, circling one another as the fans cheer them on. Kestrel goes for a tieup but Shane ducks, going in low to sweep behind Kestrel in a go-behind, snagging a rear waistlock...]

SA: Waistlock by the champion, hanging on tight...

DW: Getting tied up like that has gotta make Curtis Kestrel feel like he's back in the Colton house, getting stretched and bent every which way by the old man.

SA: Rear double leg trip by Shane, puts Kestrel down...

[Shane quickly wraps up the left leg around his own, kneeling down on it to apply pressure as he leans forward to secure the wrists of the Canadian grappler.]

SA: And a modified surfboard applied here by the champion. Dee Dub, you mention Kestrel's time training with the Coltons. Curtis Kestrel is a longtime ally of the Coltons... a longtime fan of the Coltons for that matter! Growing up in Saskatchewan, he was a fan of the Coltons' promotion - Chinook Wrestling - and frequently attended their shows. He was trained by Glen Sand, Wayne Colton's right-hand man... and ultimately, he was a big star for Chinook, teaming with Jackson Hunter in the Birds of Prey, playing a role in what many called the Chinook Civil War... and of course, now teaming with the youngest Colton wrestling son, Blake.

[Kestrel grimaces as Shane pulls back on the arms but refuses to submit to the referee's request.]

SA: Kestrel hanging on... this mat-wrestling style is not his forte. He likes to move, he likes to fly, and he likes to keep his opponents off-balance.

DW: Can't do much of that when you're grounded with your arms and legs in a knot.

SA: Absolutely not.

[Shane lets go of the arms and legs, sliding up the torso to apply a side headlock.]

SA: Into the headlock goes Shane... and I have to wonder how effective a hold like this will be with the bad arm.

[It appears the answer is "not very" as Kestrel easily pushes up to his knees off the mat, wrapping his own arms around the waist of Shane, and rolls him onto his shoulders. A two count follows before Shane releases the headlock, slipping out of the pin. The crowd cheers the nice exchange as both men come back to their feet.]

SA: A stalemate here at the outset as Blake Colton continues to cheer on his "bahd" in Curtis Kestrel.

[Shane comes right back in, this time locking up with Kestrel. The two similarly-sized men jostle each other around the ring a bit before Kestrel spins out, twisting Shane's taped-up arm behind him in a hammerlock.]

SA: Oho! Right to work on that banged-up arm and this is sound strategy on the part of Kestrel

[Shane grimaces, searching for a quick escape. He leans over, trying to pick an ankle but Kestrel keeps a wide base and avoids the exit.]

SA: Shane's trying to find a way out but no dice yet.

[Ultimately, Shane decides to simplify his exit strategy, simply backing across the ring into the corner, pinning Kestrel's back against it.]

SA: Into the corner... the referee calling for a break...

[Kestrel obliges, releasing the hold as Shane leans against him. The champion spins out of the corner as well, shaking out his arm. The challenger doesn't waste any time though, marching from the corner to another tieup... but Shane whips him across the ring to break free.]

SA: Shane sends him to the corner, coming in after him!

[But Kestrel leans back, raising his legs and causing Shane to run into his knees. The champion staggers backwards as Kestrel hops up on the midbuckle, raising his arms before leaping off...]

SA: Ohhh! Flying dropkick by Kestrel sends Shane down to the mat!

[Kestrel crawls on his hands and knees, diving across the prone champion as Colton slaps the mat eagerly from the floor.]

SA: Kestrel looking for the upset! He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[Shane slips the shoulder, breaking up the pin. Kestrel is quick to his feet and quicker to bring Shane up with him, twisting the arm around in an armwringer, landing a pair of elbows down onto the taped-up shoulder.]

SA: Kestrel goes right back to work on that arm... and then uses that arm to whip Shane to the corner!



[Shane SLAMS into the buckles, the wind knocked out of him momentarily as Kestrel steps in, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: The skin on the chest of Terry Shane blisters and pops from that chop.

DW: I hear he's got the second-hardest chops in all of Western Canada, Big Sal.

SA: I've heard the same... and he winds up a second time...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans for Shane who leans forward in the corner, trying to catch his breath as Kestrel grabs him by the arm again.]

SA: Shoots him across once more, follows him in...

[Leaping into the air, Kestrel plants his feet on Shane's upper thighs, leaning back to flip him from the corner, sending the champion flipping through the air before crashing down on the canvas!]

DW: I haven't seen one of those since the last time I went to the zoo!

SA: The monkey flip sends the champion out to the center of the ring and Shane's gotta be wondering what went wrong so far in this one. We're just a few minutes into this and Curtis Kestrel is certainly in control at this point.

[Kestrel moves in on a rising Shane who desperately lunges, picking the leg in a single leg trip, shoving Kestrel down onto his back.]

SA: Shane trips him... here we go!

[The champion straightens up, holding Kestrel by the foot to cheers from the crowd and some concerned shouts from Blake Colton.]

SA: He's calling for the spinning toehold!

[But Kestrel pushes up onto his neck and shoulders, bridging his body off the mat where he quickly rolls to his side, twisting his body, and drawing his legs in towards his chest where he promptly lashes out, kicking Shane away and back down to the canvas!]

SA: Skillful counter by the man from the Battlefords in Canada!

[Kestrel kips up off the mat, showing off his athleticism.]

SA: Nice move there out of the 37 year old Curtis Kestrel...

[As Shane gets back up, Kestrel greets him.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Another devastating chop by the challenger!

[Shane stumbles backwards, grabbing at his chest.]

DW: And Shane looks totally out of sorts in there right now, Sal. I just don't think he was ready for this.

SA: He does seem to be struggling to get his game on track.

[Kestrel throws a side kick to the midsection, doubling up Shane as he grabs him, pulling him into a front facelock.]

SA: The Bird of Prey as he became known in Chinook Wrestling looks to be preying on Terry Shane here... and snaps him over with a nice suplex!

[Kestrel again rolls into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg to get a two count.]

SA: Another two count for Kestrel, inching closer to his goal here tonight.

DW: And we're gonna be in his home area, Sal, in a few months, yeah?

SA: The Battle of Saskatchewan coming up in July - you got it.

DW: And what a feeling it would be for him to go home as the champion!

SA: We're getting ahead of ourselves on both counts right now as Kestrel is on his feet once more, pulling Terry Shane up with him...

[Shane desperately explodes forward, throwing a European uppercut that catches Kestrel under the chin, sending him stumbling back.]

SA: Nice shot slipped in by Shane... that'll buy him some time!

[Shane backpedals away, trying to collect his thoughts and his strength.]

SA: Shane trying to get a little breather here... and another dropkick from Kestrel puts him down!

[The Missouri native hits the mat hard, grimacing as he rolls under the ropes to the outside, going down to a knee.]

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

SA: Five minutes to go - the halfway point in the time limit for this one which has been - for the most part - all Curtis Kestrel here tonight.

[Kestrel approaches the ropes, looking out at Shane who is kneeling on the floor. He opts not to continue his attack though, backing up and allowing the referee to start his ten count.]

DW: And good ol' Blue Shoes starting the count on Shane.

SA: Remember, fans... the title cannot change hands on a countout so if Shane stays out there, he'd remain the champion even if he loses the match.

[Out on the floor, Blake Colton walks over to Shane, putting a helping hand on his shoulder, trying to prevent the countout from happening.]

SA: There's Blake Colton, trying to encourage Shane to get back to his feet as the referee tells Colton to back off.

DW: He's just trying to help him out, Blue Shoes!

SA: Help or not, it's never a good idea for a non-combatant to put his hands on someone in the ring.

[Shane suddenly gets to his feet...

...and angrily shoves Blake Colton. The crowd begins to buzz as a confused Colton shouts, "What the hell, bahd?!"]

SA: A little bit of fireworks out at ringside! Shane just shoved Blake Colton away, he didn't want the youngster's help apparently!

[The referee again warns Colton and Shane to stay apart from one another as Curtis Kestrel strides over, looking over the ropes where Shane is angrily sticking a finger in Colton's face, warning him to back off.]

SA: And I'd say this is just a misunderstanding, Dee Dub... a little bit of miscommunication.

DW: It's hard to blame Terry Shane though, Sal. With all the backjumpings and sneak attacks he's been through lately, why would he expect Blake Colton to be any different?

SA: A fair point. Colton's pleading his case but Shane doesn't want to hear any of it... Curtis Kestrel's trying to get his partner in the Colton Crew to back off now, and now the referee is trying to get KESTREL to back off. A little bit of a chaotic scene here as-

[Kestrel backs off, the referee talking to him as Shane turns angrily away from Blake Colton...

...who suddenly rushes forward, shoving Shane from behind which sends the champion pitching forward and SLAMMING into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Colton raises his hands to his mouth, looking shocked at what just happened.]

DW: He pushed him! He pushed him into the post, Sal!

SA: He did but from the look on his face, I don't think he meant to. I think Colton was just frustrated and- and look at Curtis Kestrel!

[Kestrel angrily hops through the ropes to the floor, getting right up in his partner's face.]

DW: Kestrel didn't want that, Sal. He wants no part of winning like that.

SA: No, you're right... but like I said, I think Colton was just trying to give Shane a little shove and... well, the kid doesn't know his own considerable strength and sent the champion shoulderfirst into the ringpost! Luckily, it was shoulderfirst so he didn't bust him open again!

DW: Luckily?! That taped shoulder hit the steel!

SA: You're right. It's bad but it could've been worse.

[Kestrel and Colton continue to trade words on the floor, Colton apologizing to his friend and partner who moves over to check on the downed Shane.]

SA: This is a little unusual, fans. You don't often see a challenger checking on the champion like this but Curtis Kestrel is a rare bird in this business - a true sportsman and good guy.

[Kestrel aids Shane in getting up off the floor as Shane falls against the apron.]

SA: Kestrel's looking up at the referee, telling him what happened as Shane clings to that taped shoulder. It sounds like... yes, he's offering to stop the match.

DW: What?! This might be his only shot, Sal!

SA: I know that... and I'm pretty sure Curtis Kestrel does too.

[Kestrel again gestures to Shane who rolls under the ropes into the ring, lying on his back on the canvas.]

SA: The referee is asking Shane if he wants to stop the match... and Shane's shaking his head, telling him no.

[The official points to Shane, shrugging to Curtis Kestrel who stands, hands on his hips on the floor.]

SA: Kestrel is obviously conflicted, fans. He's worked so hard for this opportunity and now that he's got it, something like this happens. Shane wants to keep going but Kestrel doesn't want to take advantage of an injured opponent either.

DW: And to top it all off, we're down to just a few minutes left!

SA: Whatever decision Curtis Kestrel intends to make it, he needs to make it now, fans.

[Kestrel sighs, shaking his head as he dives under the ropes into the ring. He comes to his feet, throwing a glare back at Blake Colton who again apologizes to his partner. Leaning down, Kestrel goes to pull Shane off the mat...

...and gets plucked into a textbook small package!]

SA: SMALL PACKAGE OUT OF NOWHERE!

[The surprised official dives to the mat to count!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT ISSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Shane rolls to his back, Kestrel popping up to his knees, a look of shock on his face. At ringside, Blake Colton buries his head in his arms in frustration, leaning on the apron.]

SA: Terry Shane with the expertly-applied cradle out of nowhere... just when Curtis Kestrel looked to have this match well in hand.. and Shane will walk out of here the winner and still champion. Impressive!

DW: You're darn right it is. He came in in bad shape... he shouldn't even have wrestled tonight... but he took the match, met a stiff challenge, and came out the other side.

SA: The title being handed back to Shane as he sits up on the mat.

[Shane grins as he hugs the title to his chest with his good arm, looking over at Kestrel who shakes his head in disbelief. He pops up to his feet, strides across the ring, and offers his hand to Shane who looks up at the man he just defeated.]

SA: And a nice show of respect on the part of Curtis Kestrel, pulling Shane up off the mat.

[With both men on their feet, Kestrel points to Shane, raising his good arm in triumph as the crowd cheers.]

SA: You have to be impressed by that, Dee Dub. What a show of class on the part of Curtis Kestrel.

[Kestrel gives a little bow to the triumphant Shane before bailing from the ring, walking back up the steps as Blake Colton trails behind him, talking to his back the whole time.]

SA: A little bit of tension between the Colton Crew but I have no doubt they'll be able to work it out as Terry Shane celebrates the first defense of that title... and right now, fans, let's send it over to Theresa Lynch who is standing by with the returning Curt Sawyer.

[And we do just that where Lynch stands to the left of Sawyer, who does little to hide his dejection. He wears his ratted Members Only jacket over a white t-shirt, his jeans also tattered and his trusty ax handle over his right shoulder.]

TL: Thank you, Sal... and as Terry Shane celebrates his latest victory in the ring, I am here with Curt Sawyer, who requested this interview time so we'll cut right to the chase. Curt, it's been a rough return for you to the AWA.

[Sawyer scowls, not at Theresa, but at the reality of her statement.]

CS: Ya know, Theresa, you're exactly right. I got some help one more time from an old friend to get me one more chance here in the AWA, and twice now...twice, I've been cheated out of a win. First by TJ Cassidy and then by the Golden Grappler.

[He looks down, shaking his head.]

CS: It's tough, ya know? The bar, the Rusty Spur, we had to close it down after the AWA went big time and left the Crockett more or less abandoned. Only so much money a man can make from doing odd jobs around town, ya know? And I got kids, Theresa. I gotta find a way to provide for those little punks, God love 'em, and keep Junie off my back.

But I just keep failing.

[Sawyer lets out a sigh.]

CS: Can't catch a break. Whether it's Cassidy cheatin' to beat me, or that Golden Grappler dude runnin' his mouth and then loadin' up his mask...man, I just can't catch a break, and I've got to catch one. I've got to. And-

[Sawyer abruptly cuts off mid-sentence, looking over Lynch's shoulder. That, along with the boos from the crowd, causes Lynch to turn around as well to see someone coming onto the stage and into the frame.]

Alexander Kingsley III.]

TL: Oh come on, what are you doing here?

[Kingsley - decked out in a gray sportscoat over a white button-down shirt and sunglasses on his eyes - smiles at Lynch but doesn't respond. Sawyer immediately bristles, pointing a finger at Kingsley.]

CS: Hey pal, this don't involve you and I ain't in a good mood. So if you know what's good for ya, march your spoiled butt right back outta here!

[Kingsley raises his hands up in an effort to diffuse the situation.]

AK3: Hold on here, Curt. I'm not here to cause any problems or make you feel any worse than you already do.

No, I am here... to make you an offer.

[Sawyer animatedly shakes his head.]

CS: I ain't interested in anything you got, rich boy.

[Kingsley calmly smirks in return while removing his sunglasses.]

AK3: Curt... I think you will be.

See, you're hungry. I'm hungry. It may be for different reasons, but we both came back here with a purpose in mind.

[He pauses and take a step closer to Sawyer.]

AK3: Deep down, we're fighters, Curt. You and me both. Or else we wouldn't be back here after how our last runs in the AWA came to an end.

We may not look like it, me in my custom-made suits that would pay two months of rent at the Rusty Spur and you in your...

[Kingsley stops for a beat and eyes Sawyer's aged jacket.]

AK3: ...1980's retro attire...but you and I, we're cut from the same cloth.

CS: Just get to the point, man, 'cause I'm tired of hearin' your voice.

[Kingsley nods.]

AK3: Alright. Here's the offer.

We help each other out.

[Sawyer raises his eyebrows while Lynch rolls her eyes.]

AK3: Here's reality, Curt. You're struggling. You're 0-for-2 in your return, and you and I both know that El Presidente doesn't have use for a guy who can't make him any money. But you already said it...you NEED this to work out. Failure really isn't an option for you.

I can help you, Curt.

[Sawyer takes a glance toward the Center Stage crowd, who has begun to jeer Kingsley.]

AK3: Listen to me, Curt. Not them. They can't help you.

I can.

You've got the raw talent. Everyone knows it. But you're green. You had a crash course at the Combat Corner and got thrown to the wolves. You weren't ready. And you know that, Curt.

[Kingsley points to himself.]

AK3: I'm the guy that can help you reach that untapped potential. I've got the connections...I've got the resources...I've got the money you need. The best trainers. The best nutritionists. The best accommodations. The best of EVERYTHING, Curt. All the things you have no chance to access otherwise.

CS: Yeah, but all that stuff ain't worked out too well for you, rich boy!

[Kingsley chuckles and nods.]

AK3: You're right, Curt. You're right. Because last time I was here, my heart and my head were not in the right place.

That's where you come in.

[Sawyer again raises his eyebrows.]

CS: 'Scuse me?

AK3: You have something I don't, Curt.

[Kingsley reaches across Lynch and pokes Sawyer lightly in his left pectoral. Sawyer initially reaches up to slap his hand away, but stops.]

AK3: You've got HEART.

And that's what I want to learn from you.

[Kingsley slowly pulls his hand back. Lynch, for her part, stands holding the microphone wide-eyed at what's going down in front of her.]

AK3: Think about it, man. It makes sense. No one else back there wants to help you, and no one back there sure as hell wants to help me. So the way I see it, you've got two choices.

One, you go at it alone and end up floundering against the bottom-feeders.

[He holds up two fingers.]

AK3: Or two, you and I help each other reach the potential we both know we have.

What's it going to be, Curt?

[Sawyer stares at Kingsley, thinking over the offer. The Center Stage crowd offers their opinion again, and it is not favorable toward AK3's offer.]

TL: Curt...you can't be considering this, can you? Do you really think you can trust this man?

[Sawyer looks at Theresa...then at the crowd...and then at Kingsley.]

CS: C'mon, man. Let's go talk somewhere with less eyes and ears on us.

[Kingsley grins in response and gestures toward the right of the frame.]

AK3: After you, my friend.

[Sawyer gives one more look at Lynch and utters four words before walking out a step ahead of Kingsley.]

CS: Ain't got no choice.

[And before exiting, Kingsley grins and pats Lynch on the arm. The interviewer quickly recoils.]

AK3: Great to see you again, Sweet Tee.

[With Kingsley out of the frame, Lynch shakes her head.]

TL: I can't believe what I just saw. I don't believe for one second that Alexander Kingsley has turned over a new leaf and hopefully...hopefully Curt Sawyer can see through that. I think I'm going to be sick. Guys, back to you...

[We fade to the ring where two competitors are already standing as a graphic appears over them...

**Rory Smythe  
vs  
Lenny Abraham**

...One of the competitors has blond hair that he wears in an undercut and slicked back. He is dressed in white trunks, with a red band running down each side, black knee pads and white boots. He flexes his arms, showing off his sculpted physique, ignoring the actual physical specimen standing across the ring from him.

The other competitor may be more familiar to the AWA faithful, having last been seen on AWA television teaming with fellow Englishman Robbie "Thunder" Storm as the British Bashers. "Her Majesty's Might" Rory Smythe's physique is as muscular and chiseled as we saw him last; his skin a golden tan. He wears his wavy, dark brown hair short, and closely-cropped around the sides and back, and he has on tights that are white for the most part, with the Union Jack covering most of the left thigh and "SMYTHE" in red lettering across the seat, blue knee pads and red boots.]

SA: Alright, Theresa... thanks for that... and fans, we join this match as it is about to begin, as Rory Smythe takes on fellow Combat Corner trainee Lenny Abraham.

DW: Smythe, of course, is from London, England, while Abraham is from somewhere closer, about sixty miles southwest of here in LaGrange, Georgia.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The two competitors lock up. Abraham tries to gain the advantage, but Smythe simply throws his hands apart and shoves Abraham away.]

SA: Abraham there claiming Smythe is too oiled up for him to grab a proper hold, but it looked like Smythe simply overpowered him, Dee Dub.

[Abraham wipes one hand across referee Andy Dawson's sleeve, with the referee warning him to keep his hands off the official. Abraham's protestation of "HE'S TOO



GREASY!" is met with jeers. The booing grows louder, but the wide shot of the ring shows that the crowd has its attention on the entranceway instead.]

DW: Look who's coming down the aisle, Big Sal.

[Sauntering down the aisle, eyes locked on the combatants in the ring, dressed in a gray three-piece suit over a white dress shirt, no tie, a gray flat cap atop his head, is none other than the former World Television champion Callum Mahoney.]

SA: Looks like Callum Mahoney traded the TV title for a sharp-looking suit that looks like something straight out of Peaky Blinders, Dee Dub. The question is, are his intentions as nefarious as the Shelby boys?

[Reaching the ringside area, Mahoney continues to walk slowly around the outside, taking in the action. From inside the ring, Smythe yells "What do you want?" to Mahoney, who does not answer. Smythe waves him off and turns his attention back to Abraham.]

DW: They lock up again... And this time it's Abraham who forces Smythe against the ropes. Referee begins his count and both men let go of the collar-and-elbow.

[Smythe holds his hands out in front of him, emphasizing the clean break. He approaches Abraham in the center of the ring and the two lock up once more. Abraham transitions smoothly into a side headlock and into a hammerlock, but Smythe ducks under and Abraham finds himself in a hammerlock instead.]

SA: Nice series of moves here by Abraham, but quickly reversed by Smythe.

DW: And with nowhere to go, Abraham grabs the ropes. That'll force another break.

[For the fourth time in the match, both men go into the collar-and-elbow. Smythe breaks the tie-up, grabs Abraham's arm and wrings it, bringing Abraham to his knees momentarily. He gets up and Smythe wrings the arm some more, bringing Abraham to his knees yet again.]

DW: We know the power of "Her Majesty's Might," but Abraham is getting back to his feet here. He's trying to reverse the arm wringer... And he succeeds!

[Abraham nods to the jeering crowd, shouting "I GOT HIM NOW!" to which Smythe responds with a series of quick rolls on the canvas, escaping the armwringer into one of his own before using an armdrag to take him down.]

SA: Nice show of agility on the part of the young man from the UK... and right away, Abraham gets back to the ropes before Smythe can crank that armbar too tightly.

[Smythe, again, backs off at the referee's count and, as he does so, Abraham slips to the outside. He shakes his arm, trying to get feeling back into it. Mahoney gets a little too close, prompting Andy Dawson to stick his torso through the ropes and warning the Irishman to keep his distance. Mahoney looks at the referee and holds his hands up in front of him. Abraham, meanwhile, yells at Dawson to keep Smythe back, so that he can get back in the ring.]

DW: And Abraham climbs back into the ring... what business does Mahoney have out here, Sal? It looked like he was coming after Abraham there, didn't it?

SA: It did. Whether it was to help or harm him, I don't know at the moment.

[Back to the tieup they go, Smythe easily pulling Abraham into a side headlock, using his powerful arms to great effect as Abraham cries out in pain.]

SA: Smythe putting the squeeze on his opponent here...

[But Abraham backs into the ropes, getting a little bounce that allows him to shove Smythe off...]

SA: Abraham shoves him off and... hey!

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as Smythe falls facefirst to the mat.]

SA: What in the...?

DW: It was Mahoney! Mahoney tripped him. And clearly the referee did not see him do it, because, otherwise, I am sure Dawson would be justified to eject Mahoney from the ringside area.

[Both Abraham and Smythe look at Mahoney with incredulity. Smythe even walks over as he gets back to his feet and leans over the top rope to again ask Mahoney what he wants.]

SA: A little bit of tension here between the two Europeans. Smythe wants answers and it doesn't look like Mahoney's about to give him any.

[And as Smythe turns around, walks right into a knee to the midsection from Abraham.]

SA: Abraham goes downstairs on Smythe, taking advantage of the momentary distraction of the Fighting Irishman... and a hard right hand across the jaw!

[A second haymaker lands across the face and then goes downstairs with two big rights to the ribs.]

SA: Abraham hammering away on Smythe...

[With Smythe reeling, Abraham pulls the Brit back by the tights, yanking him into a submission hold!]

SA: Abdominal stretch applied by Abraham who quite obviously has done his fundamental training down at the Corner with former National Champion and current Head Trainer Marcus Broussard.

[Abraham again shouts "I GOT HIM NOW!" a split second before the powerful European tosses him up and over in a mighty counter.]

DW: Whooooa! Smythe's bringing the power game to Center Stage!

[Abraham scrambles to his feet, but Smythe grabs his arm and whips him across the ring...]

SA: Irish whi- no, reversal by Abraham!

[Smythe smashes back into the corner as Abraham backs into the opposite corner, pointing a finger gun at Smythe...]

SA: Abraham's taking aim on Her Majesty's Might!

[...but stumbles as he tries to charge out thanks to Callum Mahoney grabbing his ankle!]

SA: What the-?!

DW: Now he's tripping up Mahoney?! What's going on here?!

[Abraham does not fall over but the distraction causes a late start for Abraham, charging in and running right into the buckles as Smythe slips out of his path.]

SA: Ohhh! Abraham slams chestfirst into the corner!

[Abraham staggers out towards Smythe who lifts him right up into a fireman's carry.]

SA: Smythe's got him up! Walking him around the ring!

DW: He calls this the Hay... well, I guess we'll just call it the Hoist! I'm not sure if we can say the name of the man Smythe named that move after, Sal!

SA: Nonetheless, he's got him up...

[Smythe steps out to center ring, standing tall...

...and then THROWS Abraham back over his head and down in a thunderous slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Smythe shakes the ring with that slam and this should be all she wrote!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The three count is academic and Rory Smythe picks up the win here in his return to the AWA though he does not look terribly pleased about it.

[The traditional military march "The British Grenadiers" starts to play as Smythe gets to his feet and looks towards the aisle where Mahoney, now with his back to the ring, is making his way to the back. Smythe allows the referee to raise his arm but, instead of celebrating the victory, he steps through the ropes and down the ring steps to go after Mahoney, who slips through the curtains leading to the back.]

SA: Folks, we're going to try to get a camera back there to find out what that was all about. For now, we have to take a short break for a word from our sponsors, but when we return, we hope to shed some light on whatever is going on between Rory Smythe and Callum Mahoney. Stay tuned!

[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 then fade backstage at Center Stage Studios, where Rory Smythe has caught up with Callum Mahoney. Smythe reaches out, grabs Mahoney's arm and spins him around.]

RS: What was that about? Why are you sticking your nose in my business, Callum?

[Mahoney pauses, smoothing out the wrinkles in his suit from Smythe's rough handling.]

CM: Why, Rory? Why? Because your business is my business, Rory. Because when El Presidente sent your tag team partner and your mentor packing back to England, who was it who convinced the San Jose Shark to take you in at the Combat Corner? Who was it who made sure you could still have a shot at making something of yourself here in America, eh? All I'm doing is keeping an eye out on my investment, see?

RS: I am NOT your investment! And I don't owe you anything!

[Mahoney smirks, sticking a finger in Smythe's powerful chest.]

CM: YOU owe me EVERYTHING, Rory. In fact, you know what? Next week, in Las Vegas, I'm going to get you some TV time on Saturday Night Wrestling, alright? And you're going to show the powers that be why you're worth all my effort to keep you in the Combat Corner. To keep you in the AWA. And you're going to do it exactly the way I want you to, alright?

[Smythe glares at Mahoney, hands on his hips.]

RS: And if I don't?

[Mahoney chuckles.]

CM: If you don't? Well, let's just say I'll be there at ringside for your opportunity, and I won't be alone. I'll have family with me in Vegas, and, if you won't do things the way we expect you to, we'll have to find a way to get you back in line. Got it... Fella?

[Without waiting for an answer, Mahoney turns and walks away. Smythe watches him go, appearing to be considering his next move as we fade through black...

...and back out to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following match is a special TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR CHALLENGE MATCH!! If the challenger either beats his opponent or lasts ten minutes, then he will receive ten thousand dollars!

[At hearing the stipulation, there's a loud cheer from the audience.]

TG: The challenger is to my left...

[Graham points to the challenger's corner, where a young, skinny man in a CCW sweatshirt and black trunks stands, his arms behind him, gripping the ropes as he bends down and stretches.]

TG: He is... Deanon Verton!

[Verton bounces up and thrusts his arms in the air, to a somewhat lukewarm reaction, though one member of the audience is heard to shout "GET THAT MONEY!"]

TG: And the man putting his ten thousand dollars on the line... from Gun Barrel City, Texas, weighing in tonight at 250 pounds.... "SLIM" JIM COLT!

[Colt wears a black leather vest over a bare chest, with black trunks that have the letters "JC" in silver on one hip and a pair of crossed six shooters on the other hip. He wears black cowboy style boots with gold stars on them. In his hands is the silver briefcase that contains his "ten thousand government dollars" that are on the line. The crowd which had been lukewarm to Verton now turns vociferous in their booing of Colt. ]

SA: You heard it, Dee Dub. This is the first of "Slim" Jim Colt's ten-thousand-dollar challenge series. All Deanon Verton must do is last ten minutes with Jim Colt and he'll be ten k richer!

DW: I gotta say Sal, that's a tall order. But I'm rooting for him! I want to see that nasty Colt get what he's got coming to him!

[Both men come to the center of the ring with the referee between them. The official shows Verton the briefcase while Colt yells "get it if ya can, sissy!" After handing the briefcase off to the ring attendant, the referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Both men come to the center of the ring and seem ready for a collar and elbow tie up. But at the last minute, Colt drops his hands and turns his head to the side, pointing at his cheek, saying "Come on, hit me boy!"]

DW: Go on, hit him! Him right in the kisser!

[Verton draws back and punches Colt as hard as he can. Colt's head jerks back and then the big Texan reaches up, gripping his chin to "adjust" his jaw. With a laugh, Colt turns the other cheek, and offers Verton the right side of his face.]

SA: Well, it doesn't look like Deanon Verton is the second coming of Tyson Fury, Dee Dub.

DW: I betcha he's just getting warmed up! C'mon Verton. Give him another one.

[Verton draws back and throws, but this time Colt blocks it and then drives his knee right into the stomach of Verton.]

DW: That dirty, no good... Come on, ref!

SA: Well, I have to say, when you're in there with a man like Jim Colt, you've got to expect he'll try something underhanded!

[Colt drills Verton with his own closed fist and sends Verton flying halfway across the ring.]

SA: Colt is taking control out there. And remember, the clock is ticking. Every second he's doesn't win this match is a second he comes closer to being ten thousand dollars poorer.

DW: Did you hear what Colt was out here saying a month ago? I'm hoping someone shuts his mouth and takes his money!

[Colt approaches Verton and lifts him up the by hair. Once more, Colt is taunting him, shouting - "you want my money? Well, have this instead!" Just before he slaps Verton across the face.]

SA: Colt adding insult to injury, and Deanon Verton may be considering changing his name to Johnny Fontaine after that slap!

DW: Keep toying with him, Colt. You're gonna lose that money!

[Colt locks Verton in a front facelock and then bends forward, throwing Verton's arm over the back of his neck. Colt hoists up in the air and then drops back.]

SA: A beautiful and textbook suplex from Jim Colt. Proving that the Longhorn Rider knows quite a bit about the sweet science.

DW: Yeah, he just chooses to fight dirty.

[Colt starts putting the boots to Verton, stomping on his chest and finishes with a hard kick right to the face.]

SA: Case in point.

[Colt brings Verton back up to his feet and sends him to the ropes, bending down as Verton begins to rebound. Verton manages to halt his own momentum and delivers a kneelift to the face that sends Colt staggering backwards, clutching at his mouth.]

DW: Colt got cocky and it cost him!

SA: And I think after this match, Jim Colt will be making a call to Orin Scrivello, DDS, for an emergency appointment. And he may not have the money to pay for it!

[As Colt lifts his body upright, Verton measures him and then hits him with a beautiful standing dropkick.]

DW: That's it! Stay on him!

[Now Verton sends Colt to the ropes and comes off the opposite side, leaping in the air horizontally to land across the body of Colt.]

DW: Cross body!

SA: Not so fast!

[Colt catches Verton and lifts him high before dropping the wriggling Verton across his knee. Rather than releasing him however, Colt rises up and throws Verton over his head backwards, with Verton landing hard on the mat.]

SA: Big fallaway slam, and Jim Colt taking out the trash as effectively as one Carlos Irwin Estevez!

[Colt leans over Verton and slaps him across the face one more time.]

DW: This is just uncalled for!

[Colt brings Verton up to his feet and whips him hard into the corner.]

SA: I think this one's about to be over.

[Colt gets a running start and races to the corner, hitting Verton with a hard clothesline. Colt grabs his opponent by the hair and sends him to the center of the ring.

Colt dashes to the ropes, rebounding back...

...and swings his left leg up, leaping into the air off his right foot. He completes the bicycle kick motion, driving his boot up under Verton's chin, knocking him right back down to the mat!]

SA: He calls that the End Of The Trail, and I can't think of a more apropos name!

[Colt falls over Verton for the cover.]

SA: One! Two! Three! It's over, Dee Dub! Deanon Verton put up a valiant effort, but tonight, Jim Colt is taking home the winner's purse and his ten thousand dollars!

DW: He got away this time. But just you wait, Sal. Someone is going to knock that smirk off his face.

[The referee raises Colt's hand, but Colt quickly pulls it away and steps out of the ring, rudely pulling his silver briefcase out of the ring attendant's hands, screaming "that's mine!"]

SA: It looks like Jim Colt is making his way to the interview stand. Let's see what he has to say!

[We cut to a sweaty Jim Colt standing with Theresa Lynch.]

TL: An impressive showing from you, Mr. Colt. And this week, you hang on to your ten thousand dollars!

JC: What the heck was that?! I come out here with ten thousand American government dollars, and all y'all can give me is that mama's boy?

TL: What do you mean?

JC: I wanted a match! I wanted competition! I didn't want some wet behind the ears greenhorn that just fell off the turnip truck!

Where's Callum Mahoney? Tell him to put the potatoes down and come fight me! Where's Terry Shane? At his mama's funeral again? Where's that pretty boy Jordan Ohara? Where's Ryan Martinez at? Ain't no Hollywood premiere tonight? Where's your...

[Colt spits on the stage as a shocked Lynch jumps back to avoid it.]

JC: ...sissy brother Jacqueline Lynch?! Where are they at?

I'll tell ya where they're at! They're all at home, hidin' from me! 'Cuz they know they ain't got the guts to fight a real man!

TL: You have to talk to the matchmakers about who you face in the ring, Mr. Colt. I'm sure any of those men would be happy to face you.

JC: Well then, where are they? They ain't here, that's for sure!

And that's fine. Ya wanna toss your leftovers at me? Well, I'll be happy to kick their teeth back to their throats and toss 'em back to Broussard for more training.

But I'll be here, every week, with my money, waitin' for one of them big names to step up.

And until then... I'll just keep beatin' up all these wimps!

[Colt lifts his briefcase over his head and then walks off to the loud boos of the audience.]

TL: Jim Colt keeps the cash... for now... but let's see who shows up in the weeks to come to take it from him. Sal, Dylan... back over to you.

[We cut back to the announce duo.]

SA: Thanks, Theresa. Well, Jim Colt made his return to the AWA about a month ago and two weeks ago, the man we're about to see in action made his return. Of course, I'm talking about the man who is the current Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Champion - TORA!

DW: What the heck happened to this guy, Sal? The last time we saw him, he was tangled up with Brian James and was adored by the fans! Now he's jumpin' people from behind, smashin' their heads with title belts, and... you should see some of the craziness he's been doing in Japan!

SA: Oh, I've seen it... and I can only help he doesn't bring that particular brand of crazy here to the AWA. But right now, let's go to the ring and see the in-ring return of the man we call TORA!

[We fade to Tyler Graham standing in the center of the ring. One of the competitors is grabbing the top rope with both hands and stretches a bit.]



TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring, from Bellingham, Washington, weighing 215 pounds... NATHAN GILBERT!

[Nathan Gilbert stands about 5 feet 11 inches, has short bleached blonde hair, green eyes, and is cleanly shaven. He strides to the center of the ring and raises both hands into the air. Gilbert wears a pair of full-length white trunks, which have a series of black bands wrapping around them, white knee pads, and white boots.]

TG: And his opponent...

["Fall of The Archons" by Danny Cocke begins to play throughout Center Stage Studios and as it does a figure begins to walk to the ring.]

TG: He hails from Osaka, Japan by way of Duluth, Minnesota, and weighs in at 170 pounds...

[TORA stops at the bottom of the stairs and looks to the right and then the left before extending both his arms to the side. The current TPP CAGE Champion is wearing black tight wrestling pants with orange kick pads, the CAGE Championship belt resting upon his waist. An orange mask with ragged black stripes covers the majority of his face.]

TG: ...T0000000RAAAAAAAAAA!

[TORA turns towards the fans and pulls off the orange mask, revealing a black mask with ragged orange stripes upon it. He extends the orange mask towards a child in the front row. As the youngster reaches for it TORA pulls it back and tears it half, a smile forms upon his lips as he tosses the halves into the crowd.]

DW: That is disgusting! No one should treat the great young AWA fans that way!

SA: Dee Dub, I have to say this is not the TORA I remember at all. He used to spend hours signing masks for the young AWA fans and posing for pictures with them.

[TORA slides into the ring and unstraps the CAGE Championship belt, handing it to the referee, turning his back to Gilbert as he does so.]

SA: TORA getting ready for action here... where's Nathan Gilbert going?

[Gilbert grabs the smaller TORA by the shoulder, angrily spinning him around to face him. He has a few harsh words for TORA before...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[TORA recoils to the side, having been slapped across the face. Gilbert is giving him an earful as the AWA Faithful cheers him on.]

SA: And it looks like Nathan Gilbert is less than thrilled with how TORA treated that young fan out there!

DW: You tell him, brother!

[TORA shakes his head, pointing out to the floor...

...and then SNAPS his other hand into the jaw of Gilbert, knocking him back a few steps. The referee signals for the bell as TORA follows it up with a forearm shot to the jaw that staggers the bigger competitor!]

SA: The bell has rung, we're off and running like Usain Bolt!

[A second and third forearm shot sends Gilbert falling back into the ropes where TORA lands a boot to the gut before firing him across the ring...]

SA: TORA Shoots him across... off to a quick start...

[TORA ducks down for a backdrop but seems to duck down a bit too soon, giving Gilbert a chance to hurdle over him with a leapfrog.]

SA: Up and over goes Gilbert, off the far side...

[TORA throws himself flat on the mat, rolling towards the incoming Gilbert who is forced to leap over him.]

SA: Unique dropdown by TORA... right back up...

[The crowd reacts to a well-done dropkick that catches Gilbert on the chin, taking him down to the canvas.]

SA: The dropkick on target, knocking Gilbert down but he gets right back up... and a second dropkick on the money as well!

[With Gilbert prone, TORA wastes no time in diving across him with a lateral press.]

DW: Look at that forearm down on the face, running it across like it's a cheese grater!

SA: TORA taking a moment to add a little bit of punishment as he only gets a two, trying to rub the skin right off Gilbert's face.

[The referee reprimands TORA who gets up, big stomp to the chest... and another... and another!]

[The shower of stomps leaves Gilbert clutching at his chest, exposing his face as TORA steps on it...

...and then quickly and violently twists, raking his boot across the face of Gilbert!]

SA: Ohhh! That'll rip and tear at your skin for sure.

DW: The forearm and the sole of the boot, it's like he's trying to turn the face of Gilbert into a mush. The referee issuing a warning to TORA, a little too late though if you ask me.

[TORA puts both his arms into the air for a split second...]

SA: TORA finally breaks it off and-

[...and then STOMPS the head of Gilbert one more time as the fans jeer and the referee protests!]

SA: One last cheap shot by TORA!

DW: You just hope it's the last one.

[TORA ignores the protests of the referee, dragging Gilbert up to his feet, and tossing him back into the corner. Gilbert's head snaps back in a whiplash-type moment before stumbling back out...

...where TORA greets him a running leaping knee strike to the jaw!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The flying knee sends Gilbert sailing backwards, crashing into the buckles yet again as TORA moves in on him...

DW: Gilbert has to be seeing stars right now!

[Gilbert slumps down to his butt, sitting against the buckles as TORA stands across the ring, pointing at him...

...and then sprints in on him, throwing himself into a somersault!]

SA: EVERYBODY CLEAR THE POOL 'CAUSE WE GOT OURSELVES A CANNONBALL!

[The flipping senton sandwiches Gilbert between TORA's flying form and the corner turnbuckles.]

DW: That might be it, Sal.

SA: Gilbert appears to be in a bad way in the corner, TORA stepping back as the referee checks to see if Gilbert can even continue.

[Gilbert is slumped into the corner and TORA points at him.]

SA: TORA may be on the smaller size here in the AWA but when you can't go anywhere, 170 pounds at that speed is a lot of impact.

[The referee straightens up, again protesting as TORA moves back in, getting shoved to the side as TORA unleashes on the downed Gilbert. Grabbing the rope with both hands, TORA begins viciously driving his boot into the face of Gilbert!]

SA: Kicks to the face now, TORA ratcheting up the brutality in this return match!

DW: The referee may need to look at stopping this one, Sal.

SA: It certainly wouldn't be the worst idea as TORA's showing off that mean streak I'd heard he'd developed in Tiger Paw Pro... oh! He's standing on his head!

[The crowd jeers louder as the referee starts counting. TORA waits... and waits... and then hops off at the eight count, clapping his hands together and getting more boos.]

SA: The fans in Atlanta are letting TORA know how they feel about his change in attitude... and you can't blame them for that.

DW: Don't look now, Sal... but I think the end might be near.

[Pulling Gilbert up, TORA lifts him up onto his shoulders, walking out to the middle of the ring...

...and then flips him across his chest, twisting to the side, and DROPS him down on the back of his head!]

SA: THE WANIZAME BOMB CONNECTS!

[TORA throws his arms apart, diving onto the prone Gilbert as the referee brings his hand to the mat three times swiftly and mercifully.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And mercifully, this one is over.

[TORA rises to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his hand as he stares down at the motionless Gilbert.]

DW: And if TORA made a statement on the last Power Hour, he's continued on to the next page here tonight, Sal. Nathan Gilbert never even got it out of first gear in this one as the Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Champion dominates this one from the opening bell.

SA: Where's he going now?

[Stepping through the ropes, TORA runs right up the entrance steps, walking swiftly over to a surprised Theresa.]

TL: Hey! You're not scheduled for-

[TORA rips the mic out of Theresa's hand.]

T: Word on the street is TORA's jumping the line...

[The masked man shakes his head and then holds up the CAGE Championship.]

T: But the truth is THIS puts me at the FRONT of the line!

[The crowd jeers.]

T: Theresa, I made my presence felt two weeks ago on the Power Hour and the feathers of EVERY competitor in this World Television Title division became ruffled. Out of fear, each one of them is squawking like a bunch of hens, claiming how tough they are... how they all deserve the next chance at Terry Shane...

Kaz Konoe, the loudest squawking has come from you! You claim the only reason I have this championship...

[TORA pats the CAGE Championship belt.]

T: ...is because the AWA signed you and took you away from Japan?

Kaz, be honest with yourself and everyone else. When you were supposed to finally defend this title against me, you ran thousands of miles away with your tail between your legs. Leaving behind your dignity and tarnishing a legacy.

As I waited for the call, I rebuilt this title!

[TORA motions for the camera to zoom in as he points at various scars that riddle his chest.]

T: Night after night, I put myself through wars. Put my body on the line.

[TORA places his hand on the camera and gives it a slight shove, the cameraman gets the point as he steps back.]

T: But you're right, Kaz... each night as the doctors bandaged another wound, I waited for the call from the AWA. I waited patiently. When the call finally arrived, I told myself, no longer would I be patient. No longer would I wait.

[TORA pauses.]

T: And I didn't, I made a statement! I told the world TORA. IS. BACK!

[TORA rolls his shoulders and adjusts the CAGE championship title.]

T: So as Terry Shane peacocks, claiming he'll take on all challengers, I'm not getting behind anyone! Not Aarons, Mertz, Carter, Mahoney, or even you Kaz!

[TORA smirks as he pats the championship belt once again.]

T: Tick, tick, tick, tick... you hear that, Shane? It's the sound of the clock. Each tick brings you closer to the reality that your second reign is coming to end!

[And on that note, Terry Shane, still in his ring gear with a towel hanging over his shoulder comes walking out onto the stage. TORA turns to confront him as a few more people come jogging into view, trying to get between them.]

TL: Whoa, whoa, whoa! We don't need this out here!

[TORA grabs the mic again.]

T: COME ON, SHANE! COME TO ME!

[Shane is trying but the combined efforts of AWA backstage personnel Adam Rogers, Kevin Slater, and John Shock manage to keep the World Television Champion back. Shane fires off a few words off-mic with TORA still screaming at him as we abruptly cut to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then up on the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following contest is your Power Hour MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

TG: It is a mixed tag team affair set for one fall with TV Time Remaining!  
Introducing first...

[The sounds of Queen's "I Want It All" rip across the Center Stage PA system to jeers from the crowd on hand.]

TG: At a total combined weight of 405 pounds... they are the team of ERICA TOUGHILL AND KERRRRRRYYYYY KENNNNNNDRIIIIIICK!

[The duo walks out onto the stage, the crowd jeering their appearance. Erica Toughill doesn't look especially thrilled to be appearing either, standing in her standard ring gear of a black neoprene crop top, long black tights accented with (tasteful) mesh cutouts around the hip and upper thigh, and shiny knee-length black boots. She carries her baseball bat over her shoulder, standing guard as Kerry Kendrick walks out behind her, running his mouth in the direction of the crowd as he does.]

SA: The Self Made Man and the woman who stands by his side making their way down to the ring together to compete in this special challenge Mixed Tag Team Match. And of course, Dee Dub, the rules to this strictly prohibit any male on female action.

DW: Sounds like my old bedroom all through high school.

[Sal chuckles as the duo makes their way to the ring, Toughill standing guard as Kendrick ascends the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes and going into a slow spin for the jeering crowd. Toughill gives an almost unseen shake of head as she follows him in, standing behind him as he continues to berate the fans.]

SA: Kendrick and Toughill have been by each others' side for a long time now and it'll be interesting to see if that weighs in as a major factor in this tag match against "Golden" Grant Carter and... whom?

DW: He wouldn't tell me either, Sal.

[The music of Queen starts to fade...

...and the New Jersey sounds of Bon Jovi kick in as "It's My Life" blares over the PA system.]

TG: And their opponents... first, from Asbury Park, New Jersey... weighing in at 262 pounds...

"GOLLLLLLLLLLDEN" GRAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNT CARRRRRRRTERRRRRR!

[GGC bursts through the curtain into view to a big cheer, throwing his arms up in a "V" with his left fist clenched and pressed into his fully-extended right palm. He shouts "THROW 'EM UP!" to the crowd, getting a lot of the same gesture returned to him. Carter grins and walks over to Theresa, asking for the mic. She obliges as he grips it in his golden gloved hand.]

GGC: Cut it, cut it.

[The music abruptly turns off.]

GGC: As much as I ALWAYS love hearing Jon and the boys, I've got serious business to take care of tonight... and it starts with you...

[He points up in the ring where Kendrick is pacing.]

GGC: You and I, Kendrick... we've been 'round and 'round for a few months now and as much as I love shuttin' your mouth, I've gotta move on to bigger things - namely that World Television Title that everyone's gunnin' for. You remember that belt, right? I'd understand if you don't since you didn't have it long enough to get acquainted.

[The crowd "ooooooooohhhs" as Kendrick fumes, pointing out Carter to Toughill who nods, still holding her bat in hand.]

GGC: See, I woulda loved to just get in there with you one more time... one on one... take you down to the Gold Strike and... WHAM!... lay ya out for the one... two... three.

[Carter grins that well-polished smile.]

GGC: But, ya see... I knew that if I got you in there again... you were gonna make Ricki stoop to every dirty trick you could think of to walk out with the win. And I didn't want that to happen to her...

[He shrugs.]

GGC: ...and I definitely didn't want it happenin' to me!

[He jerks a thumb at himself.]

GGC: So, I made the call. I got on the phone, I rang up my ol' hood in Jersey... and I don't know if you know anything about Jersey, Kendrick... but the way it works in Jersey is there are certain places you don't want to go alone.

And in those places... there are some mean streets... some badstreets if you will...

[He grins again.]

GGC: And on those badstreets, the further you go down the street... the badder the people are...

Well, my Jersey Girl that I rung up? She lives in the last house on the block, jack!

[Carter nods as the crowd cheers.]

GGC: And that makes her the toughest girl that I know... sorry, Rick.

[Toughill shrugs, slapping the bat down on the ropes, shouting at Carter to "GET THIS OVER WITH!"]

GGC: Alright, alright... I've been hangin' around your brother too much, Resey. I love me a good story and no one spins one like him... but I'm tryin'.

[Theresa smiles.]

GGC: You want to know who it is?

[The crowd cheers.]

GGC: Nah, nah... DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO IT IS?!

[The crowd cheers louder this time!]

GGC: MY GIRL! MY PARTNER! MY FRIEND!

FROM THE STREETS OF JERSEY...

KELLY! KOWALSKI!

["Wicked Ones" by Dorothy kicks in as the crowd rises to their feet, craning their necks to get a glimpse of Carter's mystery partner...

...and she storms through the curtain, full of piss and vinegar, shouting up at the ring all the while. She's wearing a simply black hoodie out on the stage. We can also see a pair of black bicycle style shorts with a green "KK" emblazoned on both hips. The hoodie is unzipped enough to show off a black sports bra top that leaves a bit of midriff bare. Kowalski points up at the ring where Toughill has flung the bat aside, beckoning towards her...]

SA: Kelly Kowalski is the partner we've been waiting for! She's been training down in CCW and now she's arrived on the scene... and you better believe that this young lady is ready for a fight, Dee Dub!

DW: She looks it! Wow!

[Carter comes over towards Kowalski, a huge grin on his face as he exchanges a high five with her...

...and they head towards the ring. Kowalski practically runs down the entrance steps, diving under the bottom rope as Kerry Kendrick gets the hell out of the ring and the bell sounds!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: HERE WE GO!

[Kowalski comes up swinging... and Toughill will NOT back down from a fight!]

SA: Oh, I said it wrong, Dee Dub... HERE! WE! GOOOOOOO!

[The Center Stage crowd is on their feet, roaring as Kowalski and Toughill trade wild blows in the middle of the ring, each one rearing back and swinging for the fences with as much force as they can manage!]

SA: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS IN THE A-T-L!



[Toughill reaches out, raking the eyes of Kowalski, drawing jeers from the crowd as she dashes to the ropes behind her, bouncing back off towards the Jersey Girl...

...who leaps into the air, taking her down with a Fierro Press...]

SA: FIERRO PRESS!

[...and then uncorks a barrage of pummeling fists!]

SA: FISTS AND FIRE! FISTS AND FIRE OUT OF KOWALSKI!

[Toughill raises her arms, trying to cover up as Kowalski tries to pound her like a crooked nail.]

SA: She's beating Toughill into the mat and-

[Reaching up, Toughill manages to shove Kowalski off enough to twist out from underneath her. The New Yorker comes off the mat towards Kowalski who greets her with another haymaker... and a second... and a third!]

SA: The referee's shouting at Kowalski but that's not going to work - those fists are flying and she's having the time of her life in there!

DW: What do you know about her, Sal?

SA: I know she's been a fighter all her life! Former boxer! Former MMA fighter! The only girl on her high school wrestling team! Jersey born and Jersey bred!

[Snatching a handful of Toughill's hair, Kowalski drags her across the ring where she smashes her headfirst into the neutral corner turnbuckle.]

SA: Headfirst into the corner goes Toughill who has gotta be a little off-balance by this swirling vortex of violence headed in her direction.

[Kowalski unzips her hoodie - not before we spot the back that gives a little shoutout to The Boss with "Chrome wheeled, fuel injected and steppin' out over the line" written across it...

...and then she loops the hoodie around Toughill's throat!]

DW: WHAAAAAT?! She's chokin' her! She's chokin' her, Sal!

[Kerry Kendrick screams at the referee from the corner but referee Scott Ezra starts shouting at Kowalski, threatening a disqualification. Kowalski hangs on, pursuing Toughill as she tries to pull the fabric from around her neck...

...and then swings her by it, flinging her into the air before Toughill falls to the mat. Kowalski gives a whoop, flinging her hoodie to the floor as a coughing Toughill tries to crawl to her corner.]

SA: Toughill looking for a tag here and...

[Shaking her head, Kowalski storms across the ring, leaping into the air, and SMASHES a fist between the eyes of Kerry Kendrick, sending him flying backwards off the apron...]

SA: SUPERWOMAN PUNCH SENDS KENDRICK TO THE FLOOR!

DW: TAKE HIM DOWN, GIRLFRIEND!

[Kowalski leans over the ropes, laying the badmouth on Kendrick who is sitting on the floor, looking up in disbelief. "Golden" Grant Carter stands in his corner, smirking at the action as he gestures for the fans to watch what he's unleashed on the AWA.]

SA: Well, there won't be a tag now as Kowalski pulls her up again...

[Winding up a white-taped hand that is covered from knuckle to mid-forearm, she PASTES Toughill between the eyes, sending Ricki falling back into the ropes...

...which is when Kowalski turns on a dime, dashing to the far ropes, bouncing back with a hellaciously loud scream...]

SA: What in the...?!

[...and THROWS HERSELF into a running clothesline that takes both women over the top rope, flipping them over the ropes where they both smash down onto the apron before falling the rest of the way to the floor!]

SA: SUICIDAL CLOTHESLINE OUT OF KOWALSKI!

DW: This is something to see, Sal! I never thought we were gettin' something like this tonight!

SA: Neither did Kendrick and Toughill from the looks of them. They look absolutely shellshocked!

[Kowalski is slow to stir, shaken up from her own offensive move. Kerry Kendrick has made his way around the ring, shouting at Erica Toughill as she struggles to move at all. Grant Carter comes over to take a peek, making sure Kendrick stays back.]

SA: Both women down on the floor... the men there as well, shouting threats at one another. Whoooo! This is the first breather we've had in this one, Dee Dub.

DW: And you get the feeling that it's not for long, Sal. Kowalski's getting up... I'm not sure how after putting her body on the line like that with that clothesline but man oh man, she's getting up and I'm loving it!

[Kowalski wobbles over to the apron, pulling herself up onto it. She climbs to her feet, stumbling down towards the ringpost, leaning back against it. The camera catches our first real closeup of her - strawberry blonde hair, green eyes... a visibly crooked nose that has obviously been broken before. Her build is fit and athletic... not over muscular but a fighter's physique...

...and suddenly, she sprints down the length of the apron, throwing herself off of it onto Toughill who is on her hands and knees!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ELBOW OFF THE APRON ONTO TOUGHILL!

[Having CRASHED on the barely-padded floor, Kowalski slowly pushes to sit up, miming popping the top on a bottle and pouring it down her gullet as the cheering fans get louder!]

DW: Who the heck is this woman, Sal?!

SA: KELLY KOWALSKI HAS ARRIVED IN FINE FORM!

[Kendrick is in shock, shouting at Toughill... shouting at Carter... shouting at the referee...]

...but not a word towards Kowalski who pulls Toughill off the ringside mats, tossing her under the ropes into the ring.]

SA: Toughill gets put back in... and now Kowalski rolling in aft- oh, come on!

[As Kowalski attempts to roll in, Kerry Kendrick rushes over towards her, grabbing hold of her ankle, preventing her re-entry into the ring. The crowd jeers the action, the referee shouting at Kendrick as Grant Carter comes back around the ring...]

...and POPS an unsuspecting Kendrick with a right hand to cheers!]

DW: Ohhh! GGC caught him good there! Right in the kisser!

[As Kendrick reels backwards, stumbling away from Carter who threatens to do it again, Kowalski gets a running knee to the side of her head from Toughill!]

SA: OH! Toughill caught her coming in!

[An irate Toughill snatches two hands full of the strawberry blonde hair, slamming her knee over and over and over into Kowalski's face...]

...and then SLAMS her facefirst into the canvas, pausing to rub her face into the mat!]

SA: Toughill using that momentary distraction by Kendrick to turn things around... and now on her feet putting the boots to Kowalski!

[The New Yorker is fired up when she finishes, letting loose a roar as she rumbles around the ring...]

...and Kerry Kendrick slaps her shoulder, tagging himself in.]

SA: Blind tag by Kendrick... certainly not given willingly by Erica Toughill who was starting to get an advantage on Kelly Kowalski.

[Kendrick slips through the ropes, ordering Toughill to step out. She does so grudgingly, leaving the so-called Self Made Man in the ring...]

...and Kendrick makes a big circle around Kelly Kowalski, coming to halt with himself directly in the path between the downed Kowalski and her corner where "Golden" Grant Carter is standing.]

SA: Remember, fans... the rules say that the men have to be in there together and the women do as well. It does not allow for Kendrick to attack Kowalski - thank heavens for that.

[But Kendrick is laying the badmouth on Kowalski as she pushes up to a knee, his voice getting louder as she gets closer to her feet. Grant Carter starts to step in but his partner raises a hand, shaking her head to hold him back...]

...and then gets up, stepping right up into Kerry Kendrick's face to a roar from the crowd!]

SA: And Kelly Kowalski will NOT back down!

[Kowalski glares up at Kendrick who is still running his mouth in her direction...]

...when suddenly she grabs him around the torso, lifting him slightly into the air...]

SA: KOWALSKI PICKS HIM UP...

[...and then DROPS him tailbone-first on her bent knee!]

SA: ...AND SETS HIM DOWN HARD!

[The inverted atomic drop causes Kendrick to wince, high-stepping a few steps backwards as Kowalski stares him down...

...and then flashes a double middle finger at the AWA original to a HUUUUUUGE ROAR!]

SA: Oh my! A little bit of sign language for Kendrick!

[Kowalski winds up and DECKS Kendrick again, knocking him off his feet to the mat where he slides backwards, looking up at her in shock as the crowd continues to roar...

...and she stomps across the ring to her corner, nodding to "Golden" Grant who slides through the ropes, rushing in to dive on top of Kendrick, grabbing a loose side headlock as he peppers his skull with blows!]

SA: And the Golden One getting his fists upside the head of Kerry Kendrick!

[Carter climbs to his feet as the referee protests, pulling Kendrick up by the hair. He marches to the neutral corner, smashing Kendrick headfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

SA: We've seen this before, Dee Dub!

DW: I hope Kendrick brought his passport 'cause "Golden" Grant's about to take him around the world!

[Carter marches him to the corner where Kowalski steps back, clearing room for Carter to bounce Kendrick's head off the buckle again.]

SA: That's two! Is the third time a charm?

DW: Not for Kendrick.

[Again, Kendrick's head gets bounced off the buckle, stumbling along the ropes. Carter grabs a handful of hair, guiding him towards the fourth corner where Erica Toughill is standing, glaring at Carter who smirks at her..]

DW: An enchanted moment?

[Toughill's cold stare holds for a few more moments before she conveniently looks the other way and Carter SLAMS Kendrick's head into the top turnbuckle again, Kendrick bouncing high into the air, flying back towards the middle of the ring and crashing down on the mat.]

SA: Down goes Kendrick... and these fans in the A-T-L are rockin', Dee Dub!

DW: Hey, who can blame 'em? There aren't many things in the world I like more than seeing Kerry Kendrick get punched in the mouth!

[Carter smiles at the crowd's reaction as he grabs the rising Kendrick by the back of the tights, pulling him into a side waistlock, lifting Kendrick up...

...and drops him down on a bent knee in an atomic drop that sends Kendrick sailing towards the wrong part of town.]

SA: Into the corner goes Kendrick and-

[The crowd cheers as Kowalski claps her arms together on Kendrick's ears, sending him stumbling back out towards Carter who boots him in the gut, swinging around to grab a three-quarter nelson...]

SA: GOLD STRI- no!

[As Carter prepares for a match-ending Snapmare Driver, Kendrick shoves him off towards the other corner...]

SA: Kendrick shoves him off!

[Carter whips around, ready to strike...

...which is when Erica Toughill takes a swipe at him from behind!]

SA: Whoa! Toughill with a swing and a miss!

[Carter wheels around again, looking disappointed at Ricki...

...but just for a moment before Kendrick rushes him from behind, knocking him down with a forearm to the back of the head!]

SA: Kendrick with the sneak attack from behind, thanks to the distraction provided by Erica Toughill!

DW: They're still a dangerous duo, Sal.

SA: They absolutely are that.

[Kendrick starts putting the boots to the downed Kendrick as Toughill looks on. The referee shouts at Kendrick, warning him against his current plan of attack. The Self Made Man tells the referee to back off as he takes a little walk across the ring, glaring at Kowalski who shouts at Carter to get up.]

SA: Kendrick's keeping an eye on Kelly Kowalski... and you can hardly blame him after the couple of shots she's given him so far in this one.

[Pulling Carter up by the arm, Kendrick whips him into the neutral corner before he charges in after him, twisting around to drive his elbow back up under the chin!]

SA: Elbow on the point of the jaw! That'll rattle the Golden One!

[Snatching a side headlock, Kendrick turns him towards the ropes, pushing Carter's face down on the top rope...

...and then drags him down the length of the rope, causing Carter to cry out in pain before Kendrick lets him go, letting him stumble to the corner where Toughill is standing.]

SA: Kendrick staying on Carter... not letting up for a moment here...

[Kendrick looks at Toughill, gesturing at Carter. She stares back at Kendrick, giving a heavy sigh... and a nod. Kendrick grins, turning the referee away from the corner and pointing at Kowalski in her own corner...

...which allows Toughill to grab a handful of Carter's hair, taking aim, and then BLASTING him with a right hand to the skull that sends Carter falling backwards down to the mat to jeers from the crowd.]

SA: Ricki Toughill throwin' fists just like Kelly Kowalski did a little earlier to Kerry Kendrick... and Kowalski with some words for Toughill from across the ring.

[A smirking Kendrick moves back in on Carter, burying a pair of stomps between the shoulderblades as Toughill looks on from the corner. Kendrick flips Carter over, kneeling down so that his shin is across Carter's throat...

...and as the referee counts, Kendrick makes eye contact with Toughill, giving a gesture with his head.]

SA: Kendrick's choking Grant Carter down on the canvas... and the referee's starting up that count again.

[The Self Made Man gets up at four, arguing with the official, steering him away as Erica Toughill drops off the apron, creeping around the squared circle to where Kowalski is shouting encouragement in to her partner...

...which distracts her long enough for Toughill to grab Kowalski by the ankle, giving a yank that pulls her off the apron, smashing jawfirst down on the ring apron!]

SA: OH!

DW: What's she doing?! Ref, get her out of there!

[Toughill grabs two hands full of Kowalski's hair, pulling her away from the apron...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS her backwards into the ringside barricade!]

SA: TOUGHILL TOSSES KOWALSKI INTO THE RAILING!

[And with that, Toughill dusts off her hands, glaring down at Kowalski as she heads back to her corner. Kendrick stops distracting the referee, rushing in to stomp Carter between the eyes as he attempts to get to his feet.]

SA: Kendrick puts Carter right back down as he tries to get up!

[Kendrick stands over Carter, first laying the badmouth on him and then, when the fans boo, turning his focus onto them.]

DW: My goodness - doesn't this guy ever shut up, Sal?

SA: Not in my experience with him.

[Leaning down, Kendrick drags a rising Carter the rest of the way up to his feet, promptly scooping up the six foot five Carter and slamming him down before snapping a legdrop down across the throat.]

SA: Legdrop on target - quick cover gets one... gets two... Carter out at two!

[The crowd cheers the knockout which seems to only made Kendrick more agitated as he swings a leg over Carter's torso, grabbing a handful of hair, and opens fire with

some hard shots to the skull as the referee warns him to back off and open up the hand.]

SA: Kendrick's all over GGC on the mat... and from where we're sitting, it looks like Kelly Kowalski is still down thanks to Erica Toughill so GGC's got nowhere to go!

[Kendrick finally gets back to his feet, sneering at the crowd as he looks over towards the corner where Toughill looks on. He claps his hands together mockingly and she obliges, clapping for his actions.]

DW: What a jerk.

[Kendrick fires off a few words in Toughill's direction too as he goes to the corner, hopping up next to her...

...and dives off, driving the point of his elbow down into Carter's throat. The New Jersey native's body reacts to the harsh blow, his legs kicking up into the air before settling back down as Kendrick attempts another pin.]

SA: Kendrick going for it again... he's got one... he's got two... and no! GGC out at two again!

[Kendrick is fuming as he glares up at the referee who flashes two fingers.]

SA: Two count only says the referee and Kendrick's hot under the collar about it for sure.

[The self-proclaimed Foundation of the AWA gets to his feet, trading words with the referee. Toughill points insistently at Carter, trying to encourage Kendrick to stay on him and gets a glare in response.]

SA: Toughill trying to keep Kendrick focused and on track.

[Kendrick is still barking at the referee though as he leans down to pull GGC off the mat...

...and gets plucked into a small package!]

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

[The crowd groans as Kendrick kicks, breaking free in time!]

DW: Ohhhh! So close! He almost got him there!

SA: Just like Terry Shane in our TV Title match a little earlier, GGC almost got that small package victory!

[Kendrick is hot as he scrambles to his feet, moving in on a now-kneeling GGC...

...who surges upward, catching Kendrick with an uppercut that snaps his head back and sends a wad of spit into the air!]

SA: Oh! What a right hand by GGC!

[Carter looks to his corner - sees no one - and turns back to Kendrick who jabs a finger into his eye!]

SA: KENDRICK GOES TO THE EYES!

[Carter stumbles back, suddenly blinded as Kendrick lifts him up, dropping him down in an inverted atomic drop. He runs to the ropes behind Carter, rebounding back...

...and DRILLS him with a clothesline to the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KENDRICK FLATTENS GGC! And that might be enough to get the win!

[Kendrick again dives across Carter's chest, pushing down on the side of his face with his forearm as the referee counts once... twice... annnnnnd...]

SA: NO! Kickout again!

DW: Look at the heart on GGC! He just keeps going - keeps fighting! You gotta love it!

SA: These fans in Atlanta certainly do! They're letting Grant Carter hear how much they support him!

[Kendrick pounds his fist into the mat a few times, giving off a screech of frustration as he climbs to his feet. He stomps Carter once... twice... three times before pausing, staring down at him with his hands on his hips.]

SA: Kendrick looking down on GGC, trying to figure out his next move...

[He looks over at Toughill, a silly twisted grin washing over him.]

DW: Uh oh. I don't like the looks of this one, Sal.

SA: Neither do I.

[Kendrick grabs Carter by the ankle, dragging him across the ring towards his corner. He leans over, whispering something to Toughill. She looks shocked by the idea, shaking her head.]

SA: A little strategy session playing out here.

[Kendrick points to the turnbuckle insistently. Toughill shakes her head a second time.]

DW: There seems to be a disagreement here.

[Kendrick reaches out, slapping Toughill's shoulder, and points to the the buckle again before he stomps Carter to keep him down. With a sigh, Toughill relents and starts climbing the turnbuckles..]

DW: Where the heck is SHE going, Sal?!

SA: Ricki Toughill climbing to the top rope... in the earlier days of her career, she'd do this from time to time but it's not something we've seen much of lately!

[Kendrick again stomps Carter, keeping him in place as the referee shouts for Kendrick to exit the ring. Toughill draws closer to the top rope, stepping to the second as Kendrick cries for her to hurry up.]

SA: Toughill taking her time here...

DW: Is he gonna have her jump off onto Carter?!



SA: It certainly would appear that way! Toughill with one foot on the top... Kendrick being forced out by the official now... Toughill on the top, looking down, taking aim...

[Toughill takes a deep breath and then leaps from her perch, flipping over in a somersault towards the prone Carter..

...who goes rolling like a log in a river at the last moment!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SOMERSAULT SENTON BUT NO ONE'S HOME!

[Kendrick buries his head in his hands, angrily kicking at the ropes as Toughill arches her back in pain on the mat and GGC starts crawling towards his corner!]

SA: TOUGHILL MISSES THE FLIPPING CANNONBALL OFF THE TOP AND THIS IS GGC'S CHANCE TO GET THE HECK OUT THERE!

[Carter reaches out a hand to his corner...

...and suddenly, we see Kelly Kowalski's hand grabbing the bottom rope, the rest of her completely out of sight!]

SA: KOWALSKI'S COMING BACK! SHE GOT LAID OUT BUT SHE'S COMING BACK!

[She pulls herself off the floor, dragging herself up on the apron...]

DW: Sal, she don't need to wait for a tag! When Toughill tagged in, Kowalski became legal again!

[A dazed Kowalski leans over the ropes, looking at the crawling Carter...

...and then looks over to spot Ricki Toughill trying to get up off the mat...]

SA: I think she's realizing that right about...

[She slaps her hands together over her head, making the sound of a...]

SA: ...NOW! SHE TAGS HERSELF IN!

[Kowalski hops through the ropes, barreling across the ring where Toughill is leaning against her own corner. She leaps up, landing a big forearm to the side of Ricki's jaw. She wraps her arm around the head and neck, flipping Ricki over into a seated position...

...and DIVES towards her, slamming a forearm into the back of the neck!]

SA: Ohhh! That'll ring the bell of Ricki Toughill!

[Kowalski pops up to her feet, stomping Toughill a few times, driving her under the ropes and out onto the floor. She hops right through the ropes, going after her...]

SA: Kowalski going to the floor with Toughill...

[Ricki throws a quick stinging jab, snapping her head back. She grabs the strawberry blond hair and SMASHES Kowalski's face into the ring apron!]

SA: Facefirst to the hardest part of the ring!

[Toughill grabs the hair again, shouting "MOVE!" at the timekeeper and Tyler Graham as she approaches their table...

...and SLAMS Kowalski's face down onto the wooden table!]

DW: Wheeeew! These women came to fight, Sal!

SA: You got that right, Dee Dub...

[Toughill scrambles up onto the table, taking Kowalski up with her. She boots her in the gut...

...and then tugs her into a standing headscissors!]

DW: What the heck is this, Sal?! She gonna powerbomb her?!

SA: That could be exactly what she has in mind, Dee Dub! A powerbomb off the table to the floor perhaps! She's setting it up... devious intent no doubt...

[But Kowalski straightens up, backdropping Toughill off the table and down onto the barely-padded floor at ringside!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BACKDROP TO THE FLOOOOOOOORRRRRRRR!

DW: Somebody call my Mama!

[Kowalski stands atop the table, looking down at Toughill as the crowd roars for the Jersey Girl. She turns to them, nodding her head, pointing down at Toughill and shouting something off-mic that we thankfully can't hear.]

SA: Kowalski drops down, she's going after her...

DW: Toughill's back has taken two really hard shots in this match, Sal. I'm not sure how much more she can take!

[Lifting a dazed and hurting Toughill off the floor, Kowalski snatches a side waistlock, lifting her up...

...and DROPS her backfirst down on the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MAKE IT THREE, DEE DUB! SHE CALLS THAT THE SPINAL TAP AND TOUGHILL'S LOOKING FOR THE NEAREST CHIROPRACTOR AFTER THAT, FANS!

[Kowalski rolls under the ropes, just narrowly beating a count that none of us were paying attention to. She climbs to her feet, throwing a glance at Kendrick to make sure he's behaving himself.]

SA: Kelly Kowalski with an incredible debut tonight on the Power Hour... and with Toughill laid out on the apron, she's gotta be thinking about getting her back inside the ring and finishing her off!

[The fired-up street fighter leans through the ropes, dragging Toughill off the apron...

...but even the fighter, Ricki cracks her with a right hand, sending her falling back through.]

SA: Ricki's not going down without one heck of a fight though, Dee Dub...

[She grabs a handful of hair, pulling Kowalski back towards her, turning her so that they're back to back as she hangs onto the hair...

...and then DROPS down onto her butt, snapping the back of Kowalski's neck down on the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Kowalski pitches forward, falling facefirst to the mat, hanging onto the back of her neck in pain.]

SA: Oh my... and it's said that Kowalski has had neck issues in the past, Dee Dub.

DW: How the heck do you know all this about some rookie from the Combat Corner, Sal?!

SA: I do my research, Dee Dub... and right now, my research says that Kowalski's in trouble as Toughill completely turns things around with that neckbreaker.

[Toughill rolls through the ropes to all fours, grabbing at her lower back.]

DW: Ricki's still hurting though, Sal. That back took a beating.

SA: It certainly did... and you have to wonder if it'll inhibit any of her usual offense in there.

[Ricki drags Kowalski off the mat by the hair, pulling her across the ring towards the corner where Kerry Kendrick is looking on with approval. She flings Kowalski towards the ropes, throwing her down to her knees as Kowalski hits chestfirst against them.]

SA: Kowalski down against the ropes... and look at this, Dee Dub!

[Toughill slips a shin across the back of Kowalski's neck, forcing her throat into the middle rope as the crowd jeers.]

DW: She's choking her! Ref's gotta count!

[The referee does exactly that, getting to four before Toughill breaks, turns, and dashes to the far ropes.]

SA: Toughill from side to side, coming back...

[She leaps up slightly, dropping her hindquarters down on the back of Kowalski's neck, again forcing her throat into the ropes! Kowalski flops backwards onto the mat, coughing violently as Toughill looks down on her.]

SA: And you gotta feel that Toughill is a little put off by Kowalski, Dee Dub.

DW: Absolutely. She's coming in - a tough, spunky brawler.. hey, that's Ricki's turf, Sal! She's the toughest woman on the block and she knows it.

SA: Former Empress Cup winner. Former Angels And Amazons Battle Royal winner. She's got her eyes on that AWA Women's World Title no doubt and the last thing she needs is some young upstart coming in and stealing some of her spotlight.

DW: You mean like Cinder?

SA: Cinder, I'm told, is at our live event tonight in Boise - thank goodness for that because you know she'd be out here coming after Kowalski for everything she's done in this one if she wasn't.

[Toughill stomps a rising Kowalski a few times, keeping her down on the mat.]

SA: Kendrick's over there in the corner, shouting instructions to Toughill... but I'm pretty sure she doesn't need his help in knowing how to hurt an opponent.

DW: Hah! He needs HER help if anything!

[Ricki throws a glare at Kendrick who just can't stop running his mouth. She leans down, dragging Kowalski to her feet...

...and gets a right hand to the mouth for it!]

SA: OH! Now it's Kowalski refusing to stay down!

[Toughill recoils and then throws one of her own... and a kick... and a hair-pulling kneelift between the eyes that puts Kowalski back down onto all fours. She wipes a hand across her mouth, checking for blood, as she shakes her head.]

DW: Man, you gotta be impressed with the spirit of Kowalski though, Sal.

SA: You certainly do. Facing down someone as established and experienced as Toughill, Kowalski continues to bring the fight to this one.

[Toughill snatches her by the hair, hauling her up. She steadies her, saying something off-mic before dashing to the ropes behind her, rebounding back with a shout...]

"GIYAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...and goes into a spin, FLATTENING Kowalski with a discus lariat!]

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON! WHAT A SHOT OUT OF TOUGHILL!

DW: Takin' a play out of the National Champion's book! The discus lariat!

SA: Could that be enough?

[Carter shouts encouragement to Kowalski from the corner as the referee counts.]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP!

[Toughill pushes off the mat, total frustration on her face. And suddenly, Kendrick seems to have an idea as he hops off the apron, sprinting around the ring towards the other side...]

SA: Where the heck is Kendrick going?!

DW: I have no idea.

[Carter hops down off the apron, ready for a fight if necessary. Toughill is looking puzzled from inside the ring as Kendrick shoves the timekeeper out of his seat, grabs the bell...

...and flings it into the ring!]

SA: What the...?!

[The referee jumps back, looking startled. He shouts at Kendrick who grabs the timekeeper's chair... and throws it over the ropes into the ring as well!]

SA: What is he doing?!

[Kendrick then rolls into the ring, grabbing the chair...

...which brings in Carter, spinning Kendrick around into a right hand!]

SA: OHH!

[Kendrick drops the chair which Carter picks up. Down on the mat, Kendrick shouts, pointing out the chair-wielding Carter to the referee. Scott Ezra rushes over, trying to restore order as Kendrick pops up off the mat, running to his corner...]

SA: What in the world is he...?!

[Kendrick shouts something at Ricki as he gets to the corner, snatching the baseball bat off the mat...]

SA: He's got the bat and...

[Toughill looks puzzled as Kendrick shouts at her again. She pulls Kowalski up, grabbing her arms, holding them back as Kendrick hops up to the middle rope, bat in hand...]

DW: WAIT! WAIT! REF, BEHIND YOU!

[But the official is distracted thanks to Kendrick's plan...

...and sees nothing of Kendrick leaping off the middle rope, bat reared back...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

DW: HE HIT RICKI!

[Kendrick's eyes go wide, bat still gripped in hand as his partner's eyelids flutter after she was struck between the eyes with her own baseball bat!]

SA: KOWALSKI MOVED AND-

[Throwing the chair aside, Carter sprints across the ring towards Kendrick, tackling him back into the corner...

...which is when Kowalski boots Toughill in the gut, wrapping up her arms...]

SA: What's she...?

[...and SPIKES her already-pounding skull into the canvas with a double arm DDT!]

SA: BROKEN SKULL DDT!

[Kowalski flips Toughill onto her back, diving across her, cradling both legs. The referee takes a look at the brawling Kendrick and Carter before diving to the mat...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT ISSSSSSSSSS!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: SHE GOT HER! SHE GOT HER! KOWALSKI HAS PINNED RICKI TOUGHILL!  
CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?!

[Kowalski leaps off the mat, jubilation on her face as she embraces her friend who has driven Kendrick out to the floor where he's throwing a tantrum.]

TG: Your winners of the match... the team of...

"GOLDEN" GRANT CARTER AND KELLYYYYYYYYYY KOOWOOOWALLLLLLSKIIIIII!

[Kowalski spins away from Carter, allowing the referee to raise both of their hands, huge grins on the faces of both competitors!]

SA: What a night it's been here in the A-T-L, fans! We're out of time! We've gotta go! We'll see you next time on the all-new Power Hour! So long everybody!

[And as Carter and Kowalski continue to celebrate their win and Kendrick throws a fit outside the ring while his partner lies unconscious on the canvas... we fade to black.]