

AWA POWER HOUR

JULY 16TH, 2017

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades...

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

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

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

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

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

#'Cause we are legends!#

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

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

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

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

We dissolve from the wide shot to a closeup of the interview set where we see Theresa Lynch in a black top with gold trim and a diamond-shaped cutout paired with a gold skirt. She is all smiles as the Power Hour takes the air.]

TL: The all-new Power Hour is ON! THE! AIR! Hello everybody, I'm Theresa Lynch, and I'll be your host for the next sixty minutes of action right here in the heart of the South - the Center Stage Studios in Atlanta, Georgia!

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

TL: July has been quite the month for AWA action and it's not over yet! The Battle of Saskatchewan is on the horizon but before we get there, we've got a jam-packed show of our own here tonight. Now, let's head over to the two gentlemen who will be calling all the action for you here tonight - Salvatore Albano and Dylan Westerly!

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

SA: Thank you, Theresa, and a greater understatement may never have been spoken, Dee Dub. The AWA rolled into Philadelphia for the very first time for not one... but two... of the wildest shows I can remember seeing in this wacky world of professional wrestling.

DW: But I don't think the Powers That Be would want you claimin' what went down in the 2300 Arena as AWA action, Big Sal.

SA: A fair point, my friend... but we'll be talking more in the next sixty minutes about all the happenings at Liberty Or Death as well as Eternally Extreme 2 but

right now, we're heading right up to the ring for tonight's opening match! Tyler Graham, take it away!

[We fade over to the ring to find two men in the ring alongside the Power Hour ring announcer. One is a muscular bald African man in blue trunks. The other is a buff blond man in green trunks.]

TG: The following is an AWA handicap match scheduled for ONE FALL! Already in the ring... weighing a combined 470 pounds are Khris Wudhuu and Jacob Potter!

[The crowd has little reaction to this duo as they huddle up, plotting and planning.]

DW: A handicap match? Did I hear that right, Sal?

SA: You sure did, Dee Dub. Someone's looking to take on two competitors at once.

DW: I wonder who it is.

[Graham speaks.]

TG: And their opponent... from Big Sur, California... weighing in at 304 pounds... he is accompanied the ring by Mickey Cherry...

[The opening strains of Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Jesus Christ Superstar" play melodically over the PA system as Mickey Cherry emerges on stage, dressed to the sevens in a purple skinny suit with a gold lame shirt and floppy white string bow tie. He swaggers with a silver-topped walking stick in hand as Atlas Armstrong emerges behind him. The giant man is wrapped in a floor-length silver cape. Dark-haired with bright hazel eyes, the bronze-skinned brute of a man looms over Cherry as the slender manager undoes his cape and reveals Armstrong to the world...]

TG: ...he is the Impossible, the Incredible, the Uncanny, the Astonishing, the Amazing... THE ALMIGHTY... ATLAAAAAAAAS ARRRRRRRRMSTRONG!

[At the announcement of his name, Armstrong roars and flexes a most muscular pose. His traps jump. His pecs bunch. His biceps bulge. His lats flare. His abs crunch. His fists clench and his forearms pop as he flexes and the fans jeer.]

SA: Looks like you've got your answer here, Dee Dub.

DW: Who does this Armstrong guy think he is? Two on one? He's about to get his block knocked off!

SA: We'll have to wait and see about that... but fans, it seems as though Atlas Armstrong has decided he can't be challenged by any one man... so here he is in there with TWO opponents!

DW: You talk about arrogance! This guy's got an ego as big as his muscles, Sal!

SA: And that's saying something.

DW: So, what's the rules here? They gotta tag in and out or...

SA: I'm being told that it's a true two on one here, Dee Dub. No tags required.

DW: Boy, this could be a real wakeup call for ol' Mickey Cherry and his boy there. A real rude awakening. Get him, you two! Make him humble!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the bell, Wudhuu and Potter rush the big half-Samoan and each grab an arm.]

DW: Look at this, Sal... look at this right here.

[The two men use their double grip to try to whip Armstrong across the ring...]

SA: I don't see anything, Dee Dub, other than the Almighty Atlas holding his ground, not budging an inch...

DW: You gotta be kidding me! Come on, guys! Whip him! Whip him good!

[The two men try again but Armstrong digs in, shaking his head 'no.' With a smile, he yanks his arms together, forcing both men to collide head-to-head with each other as they collapse to the mat, clutching their heads in pain. Armstrong smirks at the downed competitors, looking out to his manager.]

"Mickey, what are they thinking? Tell them who I am!"

[The squeaky voiced Cherry responds.]

"You're the World's Greatest! You're the Phenom! You're the Impossible! You're the Amazing! You're almighty, Atlas Armstrong! THE ALMIGHTY ATLAS ARMSTRONG!"

[Atlas nods his approval, responding in kind.]

"I'm Atlas Armstrong... the strongest man on the planet."

DW: I don't know about that now, Big Sal, but he's definitely one of the most egotistical men on the planet! That's for sure!

[Dragging Wudhuu to his feet, Armstrong scoops him up and slams him down hard...]

SA: Big slam in the middle... and Armstrong sure does love himself a whole lot, fans.

[The big man pauses, flexing his bicep and planting a kiss on it...

...which is when the other man in the match, Jacob Potter, rushes in from behind, ambushing Armstrong with a big forearm shot and then an elbowsmash down between the shoulderblades...

...all to laughter from the Almighty One.]

SA: He's laughing, Dee Dub! He's actually laughing at the offense of Jacob Potter!

DW: He's cacklin' like a hyena is what he's doin', Sal.

[Armstrong swings around, bringing his knee up into the gut, forcing Potter to bow like he's in the presence of a King.]

SA: Armstrong hooks him up in a gutwrench... and he tosses Potter across the ring like he's Nicki Minaj tossing away Meek Mill!

DW: I get that reference.

[As Armstrong stares down at Potter, Wudhuu slips in, swinging wild kicks at the legs. Armstrong looks down at him as he switches to forearms to the chest. The blows land, but they do nothing to affect the big man.]

SA: Wudhuu is giving it all he's got here but absolutely no impact on the big man from Big Sur...

[Armstrong shakes his head and wags his finger in Wudhuu's face. He grabs the young man by the arm and whips him back first into the corner.]

SA: Ohh! And that'll send you to the chiropractor - a whole lotta impact on that whip... look out here!

DW: And now he's got Potter! He whips him to the corner too! They're stacked up like cordwood, Sal. What's going to happen next?

SA: Armstrong marching into them. He isn't going to try what I think he is, is he?

[Armstrong applies a double waistlock around both men. He grips his hands together...]

DW: That's not possible!

[With a roar of triumph, Armstrong lifts both men out of the corner in a bear hug. He squeezes both men as he turns around in a circle before throwing them both to the canvas and celebrating with a double biceps pose. Mickey Cherry's squeaky voice is heard loudly and obnoxiously.]

"Atlas, you're the greatest! You're the greatest, baby!"

SA: Dee Dub, I've been around the world like Puff and Mase, but I've never seen anything like that! Could it be that Atlas is really as strong as he says he is?

DW: I mean, there are a lot of powerful men in the AWA... Blake Colton, Derek Rage, Max Magnum, Whaitiri is one to watch too, but I don't know if I've ever seen such casual displays of pure power. He's tossing these men like rag dolls and each of them have to go like two thirty or so. That's not easy.

SA: Atlas Armstrong played some football before he started pro wrestling and his father was in construction so he's got the pedigree for lifting and tossing just like he's lifting and tossing Jake Potter right out of the ring!

[Potter lands with a thud on the thinly padded floor as Armstrong focuses all his attention on Wudhuu.]

SA: And that is a scary smile as Armstrong chops Wudhuu across the chest.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Armstrong delivers that overhanded chop down across the chest like he's swatting Mothra out of the sky!

[Smirking at Wudhuu while pinning him back against the ropes, Armstrong reaches out and paintbrushes him across the face a few times.]

SA: A slap to the face! No call for that here, Dee Dub!

DW: Just total disrespect!

[An angry Wudhuu somehow manages to shove a surprised Armstrong back a few feet, creating some space...]

DW: And that fired up Wudhuu! You don't slap a man and not expect a receipt!

SA: Back in the day, if you slapped a man, they would have a gunfight! Now, Khريس Wudhuu is coming with a big gun in the form of a clothesline!

[Wudhuu clears the gap quickly, running into Armstrong's upper chest with a clothesline. He hits the mass of muscle that is Armstrong's pectorals and bounces the wrong way, landing on his rump on the mat, shaking his arm in pain.]

DW: Looks more like a cap gun right now unfortunately.

[Armstrong shakes his head as he grips Wudhuu by the head and lifts him to his feet. He shoots him into the ropes and just stands in the center of the ring as Wudhuu comes flying off....

...and RAMS right into Armstrong, bouncing off him and collapsing to the mat!]

SA: He's like a brick house - mighty, mighty and lettin' it all hang out in there!

[The crowd boos as Wudhuu seems shaken up by the standing shoulder block. Armstrong picks him up, spins him around and lifts him overhead...]

SA: We've seen this before, Dee Dub!

[...and brings him CRASHING tailbone-first down onto a bent knee, sending Wudhuu flying off like he's been shout out of a cannon, crashing into Potter who was trying to get back into the ring!]

SA: Armstrong picks up the spare - fresh off that big win over Alphonse Green at Liberty Or Death! This guy is turning heads everywhere he goes, Dee Dub... including those on the Rankings Committee which have him at Number Four in the contender's list for Terry Shane's World Television Title.

DW: He may be heading up that ladder if he keeps dominating like this, Sal.

SA: Of course, TORA, Kaz Konoe, and Michael Aarons occupy the spots ahead of him as Terry Shane continues to battle to stay atop one of wrestling's most competitive divisions. Atlas Armstrong, however, may have his hands full with the AWA's resident superhero, Omega, if recent actions tell us anything... but right now, this monster of muscle seems to be relishing playing the super villain. What's he doing now with these two men?

[Mickey Cherry cries from the floor.]

"ATLAS! DROP THE HEAVENS ON 'EM!"

[And with that, Armstrong's mood seems to change. He simply nods to his manager before he reaches through the ropes and drags Potter back into the ring.]

SA: He's got both men in now... and he sends Wudhuu facefirst to the buckles with another big whip...

[He fires Potter into him, stacking them up facing away from him once more...]

SA: And he puts Wudhuu in as well.

DW: Is he going for that bear hug again? A reverse bearhug?

[Armstrong steps towards both stacked men, kneeling to hook an arm through their legs.]

DW: He isn't thinking about the backbreaker, is he? He can't get both men up!
Can he? CAN HE?

SA: I think he is, Dee Dub. Sweet Santa Maria, he's going for it!

[Armstrong smiles at Cherry as he surges to his feet. With a grunt, he hoists both men over his shoulders as he hooks their necks with his right arm.]

SA: HE DID IT! SWEET SAMOLEONS, HE DID IT!

DW: Sal, I've never seen anything like that. The man just lifted two men across his shoulders and it looked almost effortless!

[Atlas stands in the center of the ring, applying pressure. The hard camera catches the cruel look in his eyes as he drops to one knee and brings both arms down. Both men immediately tap as Atlas drops them to the canvas like so much garbage.]

SA: TAPOUT CITY GAINS TWO NEW RESIDENTS AND JUST LIKE THAT IT'S OVER!
Atlas Armstrong gets the duke here over not one but two men in this special Handicap Match!

[Armstrong stares into the camera with a confident "This is what a real super hero looks like." And with that, he flexes a double biceps pose...

...and we fade from the ring to the interview podium where Theresa Lynch is standing.]

TL: An impressive submission victory here for Atlas Armstrong in that Handicap Match and like Sal and Dylan said, Armstrong is quickly climbing the ladder of success here in the AWA. Now, speaking of AWA success, I mentioned earlier that the Battle of Saskatchewan that will go down in a SOLD OUT Mosaic Stadium in Regina is almost upon us and all of the great tag teams throughout wrestling are getting ready for it. One of those teams are about to join me here right now so gentlemen, if you would... they represent Ringkrieger - Daniel Ross, and MISTER!

[Neither Ross nor MISTER seem to be favorites of the Center Stage crowd, although their icy disposition seems to indicate that the reaction of the fans is irrelevant.]

TL: MISTER, after coming within an eyelash of challenging for the AWA World Championship, and Daniel Ross, with you having an undefeated record in the AWA, one has to think you will be riding high going in Mosaic Stadium next week and batting in the Stampede Cup.

M: Put simply Theresa: Ringkrieger is only as good as our next match. Because Ringkrieger is the next evolution of pro wrestling in its most pure form. Absolute intensity, and toughest competition of the card.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: And obviously AWA management must be smiling on you, because this long-simmering rivalry between you and the War Pigs will come to a head in the first round of the tournament.

M: They're great wrestlers. Maybe even as good as their reputation suggests. But... who are they kidding? Havoc and Ripper are not taking the sport seriously, with their Kiss makeup and Fallout costumes. The real test will be on the canvas.

TL: So what can you predict when Ringkrieger and the War Pigs finally lock up?

DR: They'll get theirs.

[Theresa looks startled when the taciturn Ross speaks up.]

TL: Would you care to elaborate, Mister Ross?

DR: No.

[MISTER allows himself a slight smirk, and he and Daniel Ross leave the podium area.]

TL: All eyes will be on Mosaic Stadium next weekend for the Battle of Saskatchewan featuring the Stampede Cup when those two men battle the War Pigs in a first round matchup! I'm looking forward to that just as I'm looking forward to this Wednesday Night - Countdown To The Cup - a special look at the history of the Stampede Cup as well as taking a sneak peek at this year's event. We'll have interviews with many of the participants on this big two night battle plus analysis, predictions, and more. Join myself, Salvatore Albano, and Marcus Broussard as we break it all down for you right here on Fox Sports X. That's Wednesday night on a special night of AWA action as immediately following Countdown To The Cup, there will be a special rebroadcast of the very first Stampede Cup tournament. You don't want to miss that, I promise you.

[A grinning Theresa pauses.]

TL: Fans, we're going to take our first break of the night but when we come back, it'll be time for action in the hottest division in all of wrestling - the AWA Women's Division!

[We fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

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

TL: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour where we are just moments away from action in the Women's Division. The Women's Division has been getting a lot of attention as of late with some major new additions... with some hot rivalries... and with one of the most dominant champions in recent memory. And joining me now before her Women's Division match against Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol...

[Loud booing and a few derisive taunts throughout Center Stage as Theresa Lynch is joined by a sulking, saturnine redhead in red leather and black velvet.]

TL: ...Cinder, your AWA career trajectory can certainly be characterized many ways, but the one adjective I think everyone can agree upon is, "dramatic."

C: Miss Lench, your attempt tae rattle my cage now just like your attempt tae rattle my cage back at "Fight Night" last month... they are noted.

TL: Well, speaking of "Fight Night," this is the first time we've seen you in action since you split off from—

[Cinder quickly cuts her off.]

C: Do. Not. Speak tae me. Of that individual. She was tryin' tae conspire with you, like she was always conspirin' about some thing or other. That person was bad news, whatever she does--exploitin' everyone an' everything. The AWA made the right call by givin' her the sack, just like I gave her the sack.

[Theresa looks shocked at the statement.]

TL: I can't believe what I'm hearing. For months on end, you called her your "fairy godmother."

C: Aye, because she was a psychologically sick person! She attached herself to me! She was obviously missin' somethin' upstairs, right? I am wrestling's breakout star of 2017, and she so desperately wanted... what's that phrase you use? She wanted tae "gravy train" my success. I'm where I am because of one person: that's Cinder.

[The crowd jeers as Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: So not only do you not give her credit for all she did for you, you turned on her viciously--

C: Ach, do we not recall how she walloped me?! Do we not recall the beatin' I was the victim of last year in London? I jes' finally wised up and gave her the receipt she was askin' for! Payback is a...

...Well, that's payback, innit? And, Miss Lench, if you dare tae come to me and ask me to cry crocodile tears with yae for a reprobate like that... woman... well, away and bile yer heid.

[Cinder stomps off to the ring. Theresa shakes her head in disgust.]

TL: Poor...

[Theresa pauses, biting her bottom lip.]

TL: Well... anyways... Tyler Graham... over to you with the introductions.

[We fade over to the ring where Cinder rolls under the ropes, already uttering some choice Glaswegian patois in the direction of the Center Stage fans.]

TG: The following AWA Women's Division contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first to my left, from Fouke, Arkansas... she is "The Pistol"... KAYLA CRISTOL!

[With a whoop, the tall, tanned and attractive Kayla Cristol points her index fingers into the air. She is clearly the crowd favorite by a large margin and responds to the positive reaction with a gleaming, toothy grin.]

TG: Her opponent, to my right...

[Cinder is hanging upside down from the top rope, arms folded across her chest like a sulking teenage vampire.]

TG: ...From Kilmarnock, Scotland... She is the 2017 Empress Cup winner... CINDER!

[Cinder gracefully dismounts from the turnbuckle, righting herself, and begins pacing.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And Dee Dub, if you were to look up the term "upside" in the dictionary, I think you might find a picture of either of these two young women. Pistol Cristol, not yet 26 years old with almost a decade of experience under her bullet belt. Cinder, I believe and I am willing to be corrected on this, is the youngest competitor in the AWA at 19 years of age, and she is already an Empress Cup winner. Collar-and-elbow tie-up to start off this contest.

DW: Big Sal, I know I'm supposed to be impartial, and I know we're not allowed to bring her up, but Cinder more than deserved that slap across the kisser back at Fight Night. She's had that coming for months.

SA: As someone who was there, Dee Dub, there were several thousand people who agreed with you that night.

[Cristol and Cinder wrangle for the tie-up until Cinder is backed into the turnbuckles.]

SA: The Pistol looks to have about six inches in height advantage over Cinder the Caledonian Cutthroat; she's going to want to use that to avoid fighting close-up because Cinder can be a deadly diva with striking...

[The referee forces Cristol to break with Cinder cornered. The Pistol cautiously obliges and backs out...]

DW: Aw, come on!

[...Only to catch Cinder's toe cap in her kidney, doubling her over.]

SA: Cinder certainly does know killer instinct.

DW: That was a dirty, cheap shot on Kayla!

SA: Cinder is demonstrably out for only one person, and that is Cinder.

[Cinder snapmares Cristol by the hair, and grinds her bony forearm under The Pistol's jaw with a spiteful chinlock.]

SA: Both competitors with impressive pedigrees. Cinder's a second-generation grappler, the daughter of Sorell and Davey Castle who have terrorized the British independent wrestling scene.

DW: And Kayla, I've been following her for years! She's got a lot of gumption in that ring.

SA: The Pistol idolizing the Lynches; coming to the AWA must've been a dream come true for her. But both of these women have been coming off some tough losses in recent weeks. Cinder, of course, losing that in the Main Event of AWA Fight Night on Fox to Victoria June, who is now ranked comfortably in the top five contenders. And Kayla Cristol had that demoralizing loss to Harley Hamilton in her debut. Both of them hoping to get back on track with a win here on Power Hour.

[With the fans clapping in unison to support The Pistol, Cristol pulls herself upright, and buries an elbow into the ribcage of Cinder to break the chinlock. Cristol hits the ropes.]

SA: Cinder looking for a lariat maybe...

DW: Big ol' baseball slide!

SA: Pistol evades it and trips up Cinder, into a cover! Only a one count! Cinder and Pistol back up again...

[Cristol charges Cinder while she is reeling with a hard forearm strike.]

DW: Wow, she really got her!

SA: Cinder on wobbly legs right now, thinking she might be in the ring with the giant of Ben Macdui after her!

[Cristol takes one of Cinder's hands and twists it into a knucklelock. She pushes her back into a corner, and appeals to the crowd with her free hand.]

SA: Kayla Cristol looking to empty the six-shooter onto Cinder.

DW: Count 'em off, Kayla!

[Cristol mounts the second rope in front of Cinder and lays in a series of forearm strikes, which the fans at Center Stage count along to.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

[With a toothy grin, Kayla Cristol dismounts the ropes and backs to the center of the ring, miming firing pistols at Cinder, and blowing the smoke away from the index finger before she tucks them into the pockets of her jean shorts.]

DW: Boy, they love her here in Atlanta, don't they, Big Sal!

[Cristol charges in to the corner again...]

SA: Cinder sees her coming!

[...and eats the turnbuckles.]

SA: May have spent too long showboating there!

[Cinder rears back and thrusts her entire upper body forward, driving her skull into The Pistol's jaw.]

DW: Good gosh!

SA: Glasgow Kiss, and a deep one from the Deadly Diva...

[Cinder follows up with a flurry of back elbow strikes to the face of Kayla Cristol.]

SA: ...and if Kayla Cristol doesn't have a busted lip from the skull of Cinder, she will from that rain of ice picks to her face!

[The referee is forced to intervene and instructs Cinder to allow her opponent to recover. Kayla Cristol crawls along the ropes, bracing herself upright on the middle rope.]

SA: Cinder is definitely the exception here: she has brought a knife to a gun fight and is doing very well for herself.

DW: Look out, Kayla!

[Cinder hits the ropes and nails the doubled-over Cristol with a seated dropkick to the head.]

C: "MON THEN!"

[Cinder grabs the rope and slingshots The Pistol into the ring. She reacts to the booing by sticking her tongue out at the Center Stage fans and emitting a long, guttural grunt.]

C: "EEEEEECCCHHH!"

DW: So charming, isn't she?

SA: I think Henry Higgins would avoid taking the job if presented with Cinder.

[Cinder pulls the lanky Pistol upright and into a front face lock. She hooks a leg.]

SA: Cinder, feeling very cocky here, maybe looking for an early In-Cinder-ator.

[Cinder tries to leverage Cristol up into the small package driver, but Cristol keeps blocking it.]

DW: Oh, she's fighting it, Big Sal!

[Cinder smashes her forearm across the back of Cristol to discourage her from resisting, and she tries to lift her up again, but...]

DW: OH LOOK!

SA: The Pistol reverses into a small package. It could be!

DW: ...TWO!

SA: It might be!

DW: ...THREE!

SA: IT IS!

[The fans explode in cheers as Cinder breaks out of the cradle half-a-second too late!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Cinder's aggression got the better of her there, and she lost a quick one!

DW: There ya go, Pistol!

[Kayla Cristol rolls out of the ring as Cinder begins to throw what can charitably be described as a "pottymouthed tizzy fit."]

SA: And there it is, Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol getting a much-needed win while Cinder is going to have to ruminate on this for a while.

[The referee raises Cristol's arm before she disappears backstage between Theresa Lynch and the announce position. Meanwhile, Cinder slaps the mat and shrieks in the direction of her opponent.]

C: "HASTE YE BACK HERE, YE REDNECK! I'LL GIVE YE A DOIN'!"

[The fans are jeering the tantrum-throwing Cinder as we fade from the ring to a narrow hallway which must be a backstage corridor in Center Stage Studios. Standing in this corridor is the AWA's resident backstage interview/hotline-app shiller, Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: It's always a fun night to be a part of the all-new Power Hour and Theresa, I'll try to do you proud back here. As you can see, I find myself in the bowels of the Center Stage Studios - and you can see why we usually do our interviews out on the stage - but I've been trying to get in touch with this guy since Eternally Extreme went down and... well, he's proven to be a little tough to- aha!

[We turn a corner to reveal Alphonse Green. Despite not being scheduled for a match, Green's in his wrestling gear. He also looks a little worse for wear. He looks a bit disheveled, and appears to be growing some sort of beard, although it looks uneven.]

SLB: Alphonse, I'm glad I got a chance to talk to-

[Without a single word, Green turns and walks off camera, leaving Blackwell dumbfounded.]

SLB: How rude! Well... uhh... maybe I won't get a chance to talk to Alphonse Green after all about his recent turn of bad luck. Theresa, back to you, I guess.

[Blackwell shrugs as we fade back into the studio. Theresa looks a little confused at this turn of events.]

TL: Thank you, Sweet Lou. Not a lot to say from Alphonse Green tonight, let's go-

[A voice interrupts wherever Theresa planned to take us.]

?: Oh boo hoo! Let me play the world's smallest violin for that stupid little goober.

[The voice coming from off camera is from someone we haven't heard from in some time. Jackie Wilpon makes his way to the podium, dressed in a dapper white pinstriped suit.]

JW: My heart breaks for Alphonse Green, Theresa. Green's sad now! We should all feel sorry for him!

[Wilpon mocks wiping tears from his eyes as Theresa rolls her eyes in disgust.]

JW: You and these idiots right here in Center Stage look like you've all seen a ghost. Well? Aren't you gonna ask me anything, doll face? You're a journalist, much like Sweet Lou Blackwell, and Mark Piglet.

TL: That's Stegglet.

JW: No difference t' me.

[Wilpon folds his arms, looking impatient as Lynch looks around with a sigh.]

TL: Alright, I guess I have no choice. Jackie, it's been some time since you and Blaster Masterson were last seen at Memorial Day Mayhem, where Masterson was the first eliminated-

JW: Oh, don't remind me!

[Wilpon narrows his eyes, his cheeks turning red. He rubs his nose, close to Theresa Lynch's face. Lynch backs off, grossed out as steam looks like it's about to come out of Wilpon's ears.]

JW: Don't you know how humiliatin' it was, being the first one out in such a fashion? Well, you're not a wrestler, of course you ain't supposed t' know! It was supposed to be OUR night. The night that put Jackie Wilpon and Blaster Masterson on the map! And... and...

[Wilpon puts his hands to his temples, walking back and forth as Lynch backs off. After a couple moments, Wilpon stops, lowering his hands, and breathing heavily.]

JW: The thought of it ain't doin' wonders for my angina.

[Sensing Wilpon might have calmed down, Theresa steps forward.]

JW: Well, we went dark after that night, Theresa. Masterson? Who knows, maybe he's still off playin' flag football or whatever. I dunno, I haven't spoken to him in some time.

[Wilpon shrugs sheepishly.]

JW: It's been one frustration after another, we offered our services to Korugun and Javier Castillo, but we was on the sidelines. The phone calls never came. We put a lot of clowns in the hospital, but it ain't good enough. That freakin' Stevie Scott, he shows up with Max Magnum and that's all everyone talks about. Masterson, he was

supposed to be a force of nature but no one cares. No one was scared anymore, No matter how many bodies we stacked up and threw in the meat wagon! All they can talk about was Max Magnum, the big new shiny toy! King Kong Hogan! Him too! Now there's big Blake freakin' Colton endin' Zharkov's career.

This was supposed to be Masterson! It was supposed to be Masterson standin' tall at the Rumble, gettin' ready to send Detson packin'. It was supposed to be Masterson...

[Wilpon leans into Lynch's face.]

JW: ...takin' more than an eye from Supreme Wright. It was supposed to be Masterson, breakin' Bobby Taylor without needin' that piece o' crap Jeff Matthews or the Syndicate, and Masterson.. he woulda been the one that left them all broken at th' feet of J Dubbya freakin' Hardin.

But that didn't happen, Theresa. None of it happened. There ain't no bein' on top of the world lookin' down on creation as Blaster Masterson rains down thunder from the skies. There's no veni, vidi, vici.. no conquerin'.

Instead... I don't know. I just don't know where it all went wrong.

[Wilpon shakes his head.]

JW: It's back to the drawin' board, an' the AWA won't like what I'm designin'.

[With that, Wilpon slowly walks away, leaving Theresa dumbfounded. After she sees Wilpon off, Lynch turns back to the camera.]

TL: Concerning words from Jackie Wilpon, frustrated at what's happened to him and Blaster Masterson, now... let's go back to the ring for more action here on the all-new Power Hour!

[We fade from Theresa back to Tyler Graham who is standing in the ring with an unknown individual who appears to be wearing... no... that can't be right.]

TG: Our following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring and hailing from Rye, New York and weighing in at 196 pou-

[The man in the powdered wig gets in the ear of Tyler Graham and slips him a new card to read.]

TG: Excuse me, weighing in at 14 stone... he is the Lord of the Manor of the Coventry Estate of Rye, it is-

[Graham looks over as this "Lord" tells him to hurry it up.]

TG: -my... Honor... to invite you all to experience the His Lordship, the one and only Sir William of Coventry!

[The introduction does not go over well with the crowd, who hurl not a regal welcome but jeers to the purple robed man. Sir William's clad in a pair of royal blue trunks, royal blue boots with ruby-like stones at the end, and the aforementioned powdered wig.]

SA: DeeDub, get a load of this one!

DW: Watch it, I hear His Lordship Sir William of Coventry is a well connected person! Think he knows the Queen?

SA: He may know someone IN Queens!

[The announcers chuckle as Graham continues.]

TG: And his opponent...

[The studio lights dim as the first strings of Whiskey Myers' "Mud" sound out.]

TG: Hailing from Louisville, Kentucky and weighing in at 230 pounds...

[Red spotlights whip around the studio before centering on the entrance.]

TG: LLLLLLLLLLONDONNNNNNNN GRRRRRRRRRRRRRANT!

[Cheers greet the new AWA'er as Grant steps out of the entrance and gives an excited yell in response. Grant wears a black based pleathor bodysuit with Cardinal red splashes around the shoulders, knees, and elbows. He also wears Cardinal red gloves and boots.]

SA: Landon Grant, back here on the Power Hour! Glad to see the kid back in the ring.

DW: He definitely seems to enjoy every minute he's out here, in the ring and with the fans.

[As Grant approaches the ring, he interacts and shakes hands with the nearby fans... Which just utterly disgust his Lordship enough to take the microphone and speak... In one of the worst British accents imaginable.]

HLWoC: This is quite unacceptable! I will not engage combat with someone who... Who... Shakes hands with these filthy mongrels! Official, please raise my hand in victory, due to this-

[His Lordship curls his lip.]

HLWoC: -Mangy cur's revolting display!

[The referee ignores Coventry's outstretched arm, telling him to get to his corner. Landon Grant, meanwhile, makes his way up the ringsteps, boring a hole through his opponent.]

DW: And Grant did NOT take what Sir William said about the audience well! He's telling him from across the ring!

SA: And good on him! These great AWA fans came to see a match here, not some coronation!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And Grant wastes no time here charging at Coventry with a huge clothesline!

DW: Big Sal, that literally split Sir William's wig!

SA: A wigsplittah, you say?

[The camera shows right next to the downed Lordship one powdered wig now in two. Grant kicks both wig pieces out of the ring, picks up a dazed Coventry and shoves him into the corner.]

SA: Grant's all business now! Lefts and rights into the body, just bruising the ribs of Coventry.

[Indeed, Grant wastes no time and clocks Coventry with a well placed uppercut which leaves him slumping in the corner.]

DW: Big shot to the jaw and now Grant's assaulting Sir William with those forearm shots to the head. The Lord of Coventry's gotta be out on his feet!

[Coventry barely can stand as Grant grabs him and lifts him to spike him down with a reverse DDT.]

SA: I don't know how much more Coventry can take here. But Grant's determined to teach His Lordship some manners.

[The Louisville native gathers the heap that is Coventry and locks in a Cobra Clutch before laying out His Lordship with a suplex.]

SA: No God saving Sir William today with that Blood Runs Deep! That's it, no chance for Coventry!

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: Grant making quick work of his opponent here on the Power Hour, making it two wins so far in his time in AWA.

DW: Two matches, two different styles, the kid certainly displaying he has some versatility in his game, Big Sal.

SA: And it seems Landon's made his way over for some words, so over to you Theresa.

TL: Thank you, Big Sal. Another impressive showing for you here on the Power Hour, Landon.

[Landon nods as he rubs back the small amount of perspiration on his brow.]

LG: Thank you, genuinely. And let me say, coming out here? Performing for all these fans? That's my highlight! Seeing them enjoy the show, that's my reward! It's more than a honor, I tell ya.

[The fans cheer as Grant nods with a grin.]

TL: Now in one week's time, you serve in a different role and a different honor entirely.

LG: That's right, Ms. Lynch - next week, I get the chance to see my dad, City Jack, and a man I can call family, Tin Can Rust, compete. Live. In person. For the first time in MY life.

[Grant gets a somber face on as he continues.]

LG: Now I hate to get into old, dirty laundry, so let's just say I let my youth and my pride get in the way to appreciate what my dad did here in the ring. I never knew and never got what he did here until a couple years past. But now?

[Grant nods.]

LG: Now, thanks to the Battle of Saskatchewan and the AWA, I get to see what I thought I never could. I get to see two of my idols compete again. And even better?

[Landon can barely continue, the regret turning to elation with smile so wide on his face.]

LG: I get the chance... A chance I never thought I could. I get to be out there, by the ring, and witness MY role models, my idols, my family... And I couldn't be any more happy!

[Grant, still awash in awe and happiness, shakes Theresa's hand before heading out.]

TL: Landon Grant, impressive in the ring with his skill and impressive out of it with his character. And you can add Landon to the long list of people looking forward to the Battle of Saskatchewan next weekend. Speaking of which, fans, when we come back, we'll have arguably the top seed in the tournament and the reigning AWA World Tag Team Champions on hand! Don't go away because Next Gen is... well, next!

[She flashes a big grin as we fade to black.]

Cut to a college library where two students have a physics textbook open.]

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

STUDENT #2: "Matter that produces and/or emits ionizing energy can be described by what adjective?"

[Student #1 looks up from the book and slams it shut. Cutaway as he stands up, now suddenly wearing Derrick Williams' gold "Future" coat from SuperClash VIII through the miracle of editing. He takes out his phone and presses a "play" button.]

[A wide shot of the entire library as the student spreads his arms to the chorus of Imagine Dragons.]

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

[Cut to a sushi chef with a white towel over his head and a kimono with a Claw Academy logo. To Volbeat's "A Warrior's Call," he bursts through curtains to serve a platter of sashimi to a table.]

In a gym, a woman does sit-ups in and out of frame to "You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest. After her third sit-up, her face is spontaneously painted with a black and yellow 'S'. She cups her hands to her mouth and howls.

A man and two school-aged children step through the automatic glass door of a big box retailer to "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West. They are all in hooded fighter's robes, and they stoically nod at the camera in unison as they pause by the shopping carts.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

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

Click The Link!

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up to Center Stage Studios where the crowd is roaring as Theresa Lynch stands with the members of Next Gen, Howie Somers and Daniel Harper. Somers stands to her left and he wears a pair of blue jeans and a Boston Red Sox T-shirt. Harper is to her right and he is dressed in a pair of khakis and a white polo shirt. Each member of Next Gen has a World Tag Team Title belt slung over his shoulder.]

TL: We are back here on the all-new Power Hour and joining me at this time are the AWA World Tag Team Champions, Next Gen. Daniel, in the match at Liberty Or Death against Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter, you surprised some people with how far you were willing to go to prove a point against the men you beat to win the titles at Memorial Day Mayhem. How are you doing, health wise, after the lengths you went to win that match?

DH: Theresa, I won't deny that I was in a world of hurt after that match. But I knew if Howie and I were to leave no doubt in anyone's mind that we not only earned our way to winning the tag team titles, but that we would earn our way to keeping them, every single time we step into the ring, we had to take chances. My family has always believed that and, at Liberty Or Death, you saw that happen.

The only regret I have is that, after that match, I needed to heal up and that meant missing out on Eternally Extreme 2, and getting a chance to meet, in person, three of the greatest tag teams ever to step foot into the ring.

[Lynch nods.]

TL: You're referring to the Epitome of Cool, the Fraternity Boys and the Down Boys, I take it?

DH: Exactly. I watched footage of EoC and the Down Boys from the past, and as for the Frats, I didn't just watch footage -- I was backstage at shows when they wrestled. [Gestures to Somers.] Same thing with my partner here.

HS: It's true, Theresa.

DH: See, it would have been nice to meet all of them, get a selfie here and there, even reminisce with the Frats about what we remember about growing up in the locker room around those two.

But more importantly, it would have been so Howie and I could have thanked them for setting the bar for tag team wrestling, for showing everyone that you can put tag team wrestling on the map, make it something special, something people want to see. That was the legacy they left behind for others to follow.

And that's what Howie and I want to do in the tag team ranks -- leave a lasting legacy behind.

[The crowd cheers that statement as Harper nods.]

TL: I know the two of you have talked about legacy before. Both of you have legacy in your families that you've mentioned.

HS: That's right, Theresa. My uncle was a former tag team champion in the AWA, my partner here has a legacy that goes all the way back to his great grandfather. We aren't the only ones with that family legacy. After all, you do have two brothers who were tag team champions here in AWA, too.

[Lynch hesitates, then slowly nods.]

HS: Sorry, I know there are some issues there. Didn't mean to make you think about that.

TL: No, it's all right. Go ahead.

HS: Anyway, it's not just family legacy we need to talk about, but the legacy of being one of the greats of tag team wrestling. Daniel already mentioned the three who are the cream of the crop, but let's not forget Kentucky's Pride, Violence Unlimited, and yes, Rough N Ready among the many teams who demonstrated why they were the best of the best in the AWA.

That's a distinction we want to achieve, to be the best of the best the AWA has ever seen, and winning the World Tag Team belts is only the start. Now Daniel and I are focused on one thing, and that's the Stampede Cup.

[Another big cheer goes up from the Atlanta crowd!]

TL: You already secured a first-round bye, but you'll be facing either the duo of Alexander Kingsley and Curt Sawyer, or the team of Blake Colton and Jackson Hunter. Speaking of the latter duo, you saw what Jackson Hunter did to his own cousin after the cage match at Liberty of Death. Should you meet up with him and Colton, are you concerned about the lengths they might go to beat you at the Stampede Cup?

DH: Theresa, let's back up for a second. Let's not look past Kingsley and Sawyer -- I'm not a fan of Kingsley, and I wonder if Sawyer can do better, but there's no doubt the two work pretty well together. Believe me, Howie and I aren't going to assume they won't be the team we face, because they've shown they can get the job done as a team.

But as far as Jackson Hunter goes, it's no secret I don't like Riley Hunter, but there was no excuse for what Jackson did to him. Jackson may have thought he was betrayed, but trying to end a man's career, that's going too far! And if he and Colton think that they are going to pull a similar stunt against us, should we meet up, they'll find out the hard way that we don't let those who try to end a wrestler's career push us around! Not ever!

[Somers nods.]

HS: You heard my partner, Theresa. We don't approve of Jackson Hunter and the methods to his madness, but we aren't going to assume that he and Colton are the ones we'll be teaching a lesson. We're taking things one match at a time, because that's the real way to build a legacy that has started with winning these belts, and will continue with winning the Stampede Cup.

TL: Thank you very much, gentlemen, and best of luck in Canada next weekend!

[Another big cheer goes up from the crowd as the champions smile and wave to the fans before making their exit.]

TL: The Stampede Cup is on the minds of so many competitors these days... and remember, Wednesday night right here on Fox Sports X - the Countdown to The Cup. Don't miss it. We're going to hear from a couple of more tag teams in the tournament here tonight as well... but don't forget about tonight's Main Event - Victoria June and Molly Bell going one-on-one in a big rematch from Liberty Or Death. We'll be hearing from Molly a little later as well... but right now...

[Lynch sighs.]

TL: And I really can't believe I'm going to say this but... right now, we're going to take you to a special pre-taped interview with the current National Champion...

[She shakes her head.]

TL: For now at least. Jackson Hunter and Blake Colton.

[She waves a hand at the camera.]

TL: Just roll it, guys. I don't even know what to say.

[We fade from the studio in Atlanta to a scene of tall grass and weeds in Saskatchewan. In the distance, a barbed-wire fence stretches from one end of the frame to the other. A clapboard shed and a pair of beaten-up, decades-old pickup trucks are parked on a nearby dirt road.]

AS: Hello to the AWA! "Savory" Avery Schutzman from Mooselips here, coming to you from the Broken Arrow ranch in Last Mountain, Saskatchewan... home of the biggest heist in wrestling history!

[He chuckles to himself and starts peeling a thin layer of latex off his chin and cheeks.]

AS: Now, of course I don't expect you to recognize me. I usually go by the name 'Kyle Hayden,' or back in the days when I was a manager in Chinook Wrestling, 'Ratt Klyczofvski.' Of course, you would know that after familiarizing yourself the Chinook Wrestling DVD that the AWA released last year...

[Another voice pipes in from behind the camera.]

"Now, there's no point in rubbing it in to people who don't know the backstory, Ratt..."

[The frame shuffles around as the phone that is recording is handed to the accomplice previously known as "Avery Schutzman."]

JH: After all, that's how I felt during 90% of Eternally Extreme 2.

[Jackson Hunter, in a black denim jean jacket and a battered t-shirt with the word "WOLFCOP" printed across it, chuckles mirthlessly in the orange and pink light of the setting prairie sun.]

JH: And a hearty, "thank you for your support" to my old Chinook Wrestling accomplice. He not only knows the best cinematic effects artists in Western Canada...

[Hunter points to his "WOLFCOP" shirt.]

JH: ...But he is also... LEGITIMATELY, President and CEO of Mooselips Brewery! A position that I was proud to appoint him to as...

...a member of the Board of Directors of Mooselips. That's right, Javier! All that revenue that's pouring in at the end of the month to the AWA from our humble brand, and the taxpayers of this province? I'm the one signing the check, Javier!

[Hunter sneers.]

JH: Do you think the Battle of Saskatchewan came about just because the Province of Saskatchewan wants to show off its shiny new stadium?! It's because of me! It's one, final, middle finger pointed at an industry that I gave the best years of my life to! It's about me, standing in front of forty thousand fans like a conquering hero and being able to say to the wrestling world, "this is what I deserved, not being blackballed by an ungrateful sport, and cast aside by an ungrateful Axis!"

After all that I went through to be the greatest wrestler of a generation--a genre-defining grappler--it's true as far as I care: I should have been in Juan Vasquez' place the past decade, not him!

[Hunter abruptly calms down, his mood moving swiftly like a pendulum as he smiles.]

RH: But that's okay. That's fine with me. Because I've designed and blueprinted the Battle of Saskatchewan. It's so poetic: I'm ripping the National Championship from the AWA, and swiping the Stampede Cup on the way out. And I'll leave Juan Vasquez ruminating over a belt from a dead Canadian promotion.

And if your little protege has a problem with it... "Duke," you're going to have to come up here! You are going to have to come up here! Look at the horizon, Future! If you come up here to the Broken Arrow Ranch, I'll be able to see you coming for ten miles in any direction. And if I see you, you're in range. All this tough talk about avenging those ingrates Zharkov and that weedy cousin of mine... I saw the fear in your eyes when you knew you were next on the list. I saw you run. I let you get away because I wanted you to know who it was that had beaten you.

Don't try to come up here with any of those gaudy luxury cars you tool around with in Miami, Williams! The front end'll be torn to shreds and your windshield will be dotted with stone chips as soon as you leave the main highway! Up here, REAL MEN...

[In the background, a lifted 4x4 pickup truck roars down the gravel road, leaving an impressive cloud of dust and sand in its wake.]

JH: ...Drive THAT. F150, Future. King Ranch! All-leather cow interior! A perfect match for aggressive terrain, and an engine that responds instantly to any destructive impulses you might have!

[The roaring, obnoxious truck pulls up beside the beaten old pickup trucks, revving its engine to call attention to itself before shutting off. Blake Colton exits the vehicle with a loud, sadistic snicker, his face mostly obscured by his aviator shades, thick unkempt beard, and long curly blonde hair.]

JH: Can you believe that Jeremiah Colton... the Sheriff! A man that has been treated like a veritable god out here! Can you believe that he had his boy tooling around in a HYUNDAI?! Just like he had his crown heir paired with a Hyundai like Curtis Kestrel. That is not a vehicle for a Death Star!

[Colton hears that as he walks up to join Hunter on the Broken Arrow Ranch porch and snickers.]

BC: Heh. Armed and operational, bahd. Heh heh heh.

[Colton makes sure to shove his chest outwards as he speaks.]

JH: We were telling the AWA that not only am I walking away with the National Title, you are and I are taking the Stampede Cup with us in front of forty thousand of our closest friends at Mosaic Stadium in a few days.

BC: Oh yeah. I guess since that little dweeb Riley had that unfortunate accident trying to break your shovel with his knee--that guy was always a loser. I guess Mooselips is gonna hafta find a new team to sponsor at the Battle of Saskatchewan.

JH: Oh yeah. I guess... Next Gen would be the runners-up. Unless...

[Hunter reaches down and pulls out a pair of glass beer bottles. He passes one to Colton, who eagerly rips the cap off with a snicker.]

BC: Heh heh heh heh.

JH: Unless there was some team that impressed the suits at Mooselips enough. I dunno, maybe if we petitioned the President and CEO of Mooselips.

BC: [talking to behind the camera.] Hey, can we be Mooselips' Top Team in the Stampede Cup?

"Let me think about it. Sure."

BC: OHHHH! This Cinderella story!

[Colton clinks his Mooselips beer bottle against Jackson Hunter's.]

BC: From being on the outside looking in, to the top seed! So we got goin' for us. Which is nice. Gotta say, I'm lookin' forward to that pre-match interview with Colt Patterson.

JH: Save some of that for the Stampede Cup, Death Star. We've got a long climb ahead of us.

BC: Yeah, I can't wait to send Kingsley and Sawyer back to the hollowed-out Rusty Spur, then show those runts in Next Gen what a real second-generation star is capable of. And why stop there, right bahd? Maybe I can give Shadoe Rage a receipt for taking me out of SuperClash, cracking my ribs, bruising my larynx and making me spend Christmas in an air cast.

And if you think you know the weak link of the Colton Conspiracy... that scoop piledriver? Heh heh heh. Who do ya think taught me that, bahd?

[Hunter jerks a thumb at himself.]

JH: It's the same piledriver you used on me ten years ago, Jeremiah Colton. The one you used on me out of spite to try and drive me out of Chinook. This is my vengeance, Sheriff.

BC: It's a shame you gotta walk out of this joint with the National Title, Jax. You'd make a helluva champ, bahd.

[Hunter grins, nodding his head.]

JH: I know I'd make a great champion. The last one couldn't even defend the belt once!

BC: Awwww...

JH: And the one before that just lined up a bunch of soup cans; he really could've used my guidance to build a resume.

BC: Look what you've done for me just this month alone, bahd.

JH: And as for the champ before him. He was a pathetic drunk! He was a waste of skin! I shoulda used my STS contract right then and there at SuperClash if I knew how things would turn out!

BC: Hey, say the "Steal the Spotlight" thing!

JH: The what?

BC: C'mon, bahd! The "Steal the Spotlight" thing! The one you came up with between "Liberty or Death" and that old-timey carny mudshow. "If you have a Spotlight..."

JH: Oh THAT! Okay, give me a sec.

[Colton snickers maliciously as Hunter glowers at the camera, adopting a character.]

JH: If you have a Spotlight, and I have a Spotlight... and I have a Golden Ticket... and my Golden Ticket reaches acroooooosss the Axis--there it is, there's the Golden Ticket...

I...

Steal...

Your...

Spotlight!

[Hunter holds up the AWA National Championship belt and jams it toward the camera until it fills the frame.]

JH: HKHKHKHKHKHKHK! I STEAL IT UP.

BC: Heh heh heh! "Thank yew fer yer support!"

[The belt goes out of focus as the two Canadians chuckle cruelly behind it and we fade to black...

...and then up as The Tragically Hip's "Blow At High Dough" plays in the background as we fade to a field. A wrestling ring rests in the golden wheat as deep as the apron. The horizon in the distance spans the entire length of the screen in a straight line, and the setting sun paints the sky in a vivid mixture of blues, oranges, and yellows. Fade to a closer shot of the ring where the silver Stampede Cup stands, reflecting the vibrant prairie sunset. The instantly recognizable voice of Gordon Downie keens...]

"They shot a movie once..."

[Fade to System Shock, Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter, at the 55-yard line of the empty Mosaic Stadium, site of the Battle of Saskatchewan. They stand back-to-back, their right arms extended outward, palms open to the vibrant sky.]

"...in my hometown..."

[Fade to Daniel Ross and MISTER, both in "Ringkrieger" apparel. They stand in the middle of a gravel road that stretches in a straight line to infinity, hands clasped behind their back.]

"...Everybody was in it..."

[Fade to the War Pigs in full regalia and face paint on either side of a barbed wire fence; Havoc behind, Ripper in front. Ripper pounds his fist into his palm while Havoc unfurls his tongue.]

"...from miles around..."

[Bret Grayson slowly descends the steps of a small jet; his partner Takeshi Mifune is already on the tarmac, scanning the infinite horizon with his steely gaze.]

"...Out at the speedway..."

[In front of a rusted and ancient tractor, "Cannonball" Lee Connors and Downpour both kneel, eyes closed, deep in meditation.]

"...some kind of Elvis thing..."

[Chet and Chaz Wallace both stand in silhouette, posing against the setting sun.]

"...Well, I ain't no movie star..."

[Charlie Stephens extends his arm to light the cigar clenched in Joe Flint's teeth. As the lighter sparks, nine Snowbirds (Canada's answer to the Blue Angels) roar past in the sky behind him.]

"...But I can get behind anything..."

[Fade to Next Gen, Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, emerging from the hip deep wheat field to enter the ring in which the Stampede Cup rests... along with every other AWA team...]

"...Yeah, I can get behind anything."

[Just as the brawl is about to begin...]

V/O: The Stampede Cup returns this summer! The AWA in association with Mooselips Beer and Tourism Saskatchewan presents the Battle of Saskatchewan, live from Regina, Canada, July 22 and 23rd, only on Pay-Per-View!

[We fade from the promotional material...

...and then fade back to Theresa Lynch, who is standing beside Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell. Molly seems highly energetic, eyes wide and a gleeful smile on her face, as she bats at a fishing pole cat toy that is being dangled in front of her by Ayako. Molly's sporting her ring gear for the evening, along with a sleeveless denim jacket and her collar around her neck. Ayako is wearing a deep red, vintage Rockabilly midi dress with a white lace collar.]

TL: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour and... Molly Bell - in just a few moments now - you have a rematch against someone you kind of embarrassed a couple of weeks ago in Victoria June. I see you have some backup in Ayako Fujiwara.

[Molly continues to swat at the cat toy, ignoring Theresa. Undaunted, Theresa turns her attention to Ayako.]

TL: Ayako, do you think this might tire Molly out? After all, she has had a bit of an issue with falling asleep during shows recently.

Ayako: Oh no, Theresa! This is just a way to keep Molly's muscles loose and ready for her match. She is a unique athlete, after all. Besides, she has plenty of energy to spare. She's been a good kitty lately, so we took her to the World of Coca-Cola before we came to Center Stage today.

[She frowns.]

Ayako: Unfortunately, I took my eyes off of her in the tasting room. Before I knew it, she had consumed 300 milliliters of soda.

[Ayako slaps herself on the cheek and shakes her head. Theresa does the math in her head.]

TL: But that's less than a can though, right?

[Ayako sighs.]

Ayako: It's still way too much soda for a cat.

TL: I suppose that's true. And wait... you said "we", did someone else go with you?

Ayako: Oh yes! Michelle went with us!

TL: Michelle? She's here today? I haven't seen her!

[Michelle Bailey's voice can be heard just from off-camera, a sing-songy chirp.]

Michelle: Are you suuuuuuure about that?

[And Michelle walks into frame, as Theresa's eyes open wide. Michelle looks much different from her last appearance at Eternally Extreme 2, as her shoulder length hair is now a balayage of platinum blonde that transitions to pink and purple streaks about a quarter of the way in. She's wearing a blue skater dress with white polka dots, along with white sandals, certainly a different look for her. She's also wearing a glossy pink lipstick, along with black eyeliner wings and a soft pink eyeshadow, causing her two-toned eyes to stand out. She gives Molly a quick ear scratch on her way to taking the side of Ayako, then notices Theresa's wide-eyed look.]

Michelle: I'm sorry I'm late, I was on a call. Is everything okay, Theresa?

TL: Michelle... your hair! It's so different!

[Michelle grins.]

Michelle: I decided to take some advice I received from a good friend to heart. And... you know what they say, right? Change your hair, change your life?

[Theresa smiles at Michelle's statement.]

TL: Did you want to talk about what happened at Eternally Extreme 2? You really had an interesting night.

[Michelle hesitates for a second.]

Michelle: You know... I... I'm still processing a lot of what happened that night, Theresa. And I don't want to hold out on you, you're a friend. I wasn't expecting a lot of what happened, and it's still sort of settling in my head, everything that went down. I think maybe it's for the best that I take some time to think about it first, have some more talks with Ayako and a couple of friends, before I share my thoughts on it. After all... we're not here for me. Tonight, we're here to provide moral support for Molly against a very tough opponent in Victoria June.

[Speaking of Molly... during all this, Molly has snuck behind Ayako while Ayako was looking at Michelle. Just as Michelle finishes, Molly leaps onto Ayako's back, grabbing the fishing pole toy out of Ayako's hands.]

Molly: Ha! I got it meow!

[Molly props herself up on Ayako's back, almost like she's riding piggyback, giving her adoptive mom a nuzzle on the side of the head. Ayako smiles.]

Ayako: Very clever, Molly!

[Theresa, while amused by the whole situation, tries to get the interview back on track.]

TL: Molly was able to upset Victoria June back at Liberty Or Death, but I think it's fair to say she tricked Victoria into that small package to get the quick victory. What is Molly's gameplan tonight against someone who will definitely be taking her more seriously than before?

Michelle: Well, Molly is no slouch, you know. That catfight last week sure proved it. My neck's still a little sore from that Laricat of hers.

[Molly pouts.]

Molly [mumbling]: I said I was sorry, nyaaaa.

[Michelle pats Molly on the head.]

Michelle: It's okay, kitten, you didn't mean it. The point is, Molly may have used a trick at Liberty Ur Death that was like a Daffy Duck magic trick. It worked great, but you can only use it once. That's fine, though. As tough as Victoria June is, as capable and as talented as she is, I feel confident that Molly can beat her again. Molly has got plenty of other tricks up her sleeve to use in order to pull this one out.

[Molly perks up, confused. She then looks at her bare arms.]

Molly: Oh my GOSH. I don't have any sleeves today!

[Molly grasps Ayako a little tighter.]

Molly: Does... that mean I'm going to lose?!

[Ayako reaches back to scratch Molly's ear, as Michelle takes over scratching duty of the other ear.]

Michelle: Don't worry! It's just a metaphor, kitten!

Ayako: No way! You've been training very hard, Molly!

Michelle: You're going to do great!

[Molly, ever the bashful little kitty, blushes.]

Molly: Okay! I'm gonna go beat Victoria June right meow! AGAIN! HA!

[Ayako carries Molly out of the frame. Michelle starts to follow, pumping her fist in excitement.]

Michelle: That's the spirit, kitten! Go get her!

[And with that, Michelle is officially out of frame, as Theresa turns to face the camera.]

TL: Molly Bell is certainly psyched up, and has a lot of moral support going into this one. That featured match, as I said, is just moments away... but before that, let's go backstage where Sweet Lou has caught up with yet another team that will be competing next weekend in the Stampede Cup!

[We go backstage to where Sweet Lou Blackwell's standing in one of the cramped hallways.]

SLB: Thanks Theresa! I'm about to be joined by one of the favorites for the upcoming Stampede Cup at The Battle of Saskatchewan. Here they are, the Soldiers of Fortune!

[The Soldiers of Fortune step in front of the camera. Both members of the Soldiers of Fortune are wearing new t-shirts. Joe Flint, the larger of the two Soldiers, is wearing a black t-shirt with one of the new logos. The logo is a golden shield, with a soldier front and center, and two Apache helicopters off in the distance. The words "Soldiers of Fortune" are at the top of the shield. Stephens is also wearing a black t-shirt with the other new logo, a closeup of a bald eagle's eye, with the letters S.O.F. in a stylized font, colored red, white, and blue. Stephens has a can of Monster Energy drink in his right hand.]

SLB: Now gentlemen, you recently had a... I hesitate to use the word match, but an encounter with the Shooting Stars for the Number One Contendership for the AWA World Tag Team Championships...

[Stephens steps forward to interrupt Sweet Lou.]

CS: There's no ifs, ands, or buts about it, Blackwell. The Shooting Stars decided they wanted to play patty cake with the American Idols...

[Flint snorts at the mention of the name "American Idols".]

CS: ...therefore, we're declaring ourselves the Number One Contenders to the championships.

[Stephens takes a swig from his can as Flint steps forward.]

JF: If either of those two teams have an issue with our proclamation, well, they better hope they meet us 15 feet away in that ring at some point during the Stampede Cup!

SLB: Before I was interrupted, I was going to bring up the Stampede Cup.

JF: We've been preparing for a war, Sweet Lou. It's gonna be a long and rough tournament from the get go. We gotta go up against the winners of the Prophets of Rage and...

[Flint pauses as Stephens throws the can over his shoulder.]

JF: ...Violence Unlimited. I'm pretty sure both teams are gonna just about kill each other. Hell, the Prophets of Rage nearly killed each other in whatever the heck that was - we don't even know if they're gonna make it to the tournament at all! Either way, they ain't gonna go down without a fight, an' we gotta go into that match with the mindset to put either of those two teams down. Ya know, Sweet Lou, I'm glad we didn't get involved in that nonsense in Philly. I think the greatest moment in EMWC history was the day that it closed it's doors for good! We're glad it's dead and never coming back!

[Flint lets out a hardy laugh.]

SLB: Goodness!

JF: The AWA dragged six of the biggest PUKES ever known in the history of tag team wrestling out to embarrass themselves, and it made me sick to my stomach. That was a tag team division? The Down Boys? Epitome of Cool? The Fraternity Boys? They were all disgraces. They set a poor example for the youth of the early 2000s, no wonder we are where we're at right now! They thought they're funny, getting drunk and actin' all strung out? Makin' the crowd laugh with stupid, sick toilet humor. If we were around back then, Sweet Lou, we'd show them our own brand of comedy, rammin' our fists down their stinkin' throats!

[Stephens nods, raising a fist.]

JF: I heard the comments earlier from Next Gen, and I guess I thought too highly of 'em. They seemed like good kids, clean cut, All-American, but not afraid to get down and dirty when they need to. We would have no issue with them, they'd just be in our way. But, instead of rootin' for real men, real Americans that would set a great example, they idolized those three teams? The South Park.. the Family Guy of the world of tag team wrestlin'?

CS: Hey Lois, look at us, ain't we ridiculous?

[Stephens rolls his eyes.]

CS: It ain't too late for them to turn their lives around, though. They're still young. Those wet behind the ears brats need some good ol' corporal punishment.

[Stephens pauses, seemingly making a mental note of something.]

JF: We'll turn 'em into real men, yet. If we meet 'em at the Stampede Cup, that would definitely be the first step into boys becomin' men, but the best way for young punks to learn somethin' about life is if they lose something. We're comin' for the gold... and we're comin' for that big ol' stack of cash at The Battle of Saskatchewan.

At ease!

[And with that, we fade back out to the interior of the Studios where "Meow" by Anamanaguchi is playing in the background.]

SA: The Soldiers of Fortune certainly mean business as they head into next weekend in Mosaic Stadium, but right now it's Main Event time on the all-new

Power Hour, and one of our competitors has already found her way out here! Let's take it up to Tyler Graham!

[We cut to Tyler Graham, who has a very persistent Molly Bell poking her head towards him.]

TG: This is our Main Event of the evening, set for one fall with television time remaining! Introducing first, already in the ring, she hails from Richmond, Virginia, and she weighs in at 152 pounds... this is MOLLY BELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

[Molly pouts that Graham won't give her an ear scratch, but her mood quickly improves as she turns around to raise her paws to the crowd, bellowing out "MEOWWWWWWW!" with a big grin on her face.]

She's wearing a matching light blue halter-style top with shorts that stop at her upper thigh. She also has the word "meow" across the seat of the shorts in black-outlined white letters. She's wearing black kneepads, as well as black boots with "meow" in white letters down the sides. She has her face painted with three black whiskers on each cheek, with three black dots underneath the whiskers on both sides, a black triangle on her nose with a line running down to connect to her upper lip, which has had black lipstick applied. On her bottom lip is a light blue lipstick. She has her collar around her neck, which referee Shari Miranda instructs her to remove. Molly protests briefly, saying she's not supposed to remove it, but eventually tries to take it off. She then mimes that she needs help, so Miranda aids her in removing the collar, which Molly happily places around a turnbuckle hook as her music fades.]

SA: Molly certainly seems like she's in a chipper mood here, Dee Dub.

DW: Well Sal, she's had a big few weeks. She's ranked for the first time, coming in recently at #9 in the Women's Top Ten, not to mention she had that huge upset win over her opponent here tonight on the 4th of July.

SA: She's also got some big moral support here too. We saw earlier that Ayako Fujiwara and Michelle Bailey were in Atlanta alongside her, but Molly's out here by herself.

DW: Yeah, the kitty's looking to fight her own battles, even if sometimes that means she can't whip her own collar.

[The two chuckle.]

SA: Let's take it up to Tyler for the introduction of her opponent!

TG: From Toronto, Canada by way of Jackson, Tennessee... weighing in at 160 pounds... she is the AFRO PUNK...

VICTORRRRRRRRRRIAAAAA JUUUUUUUUUUUNE!

[The high energy guitar of the Ramones anthemic "Blitzkrieg Bop" energizes the crowd as Victoria June bounces out onto the stage. She is dressed in a dashiki-printed leotard, skin tight torn up cut off jeans, torn fishnet stockings, Doc Marten boots and oversized Kurt Cobain sunglasses. She jumps around the stage for a bit before she bounds down the aisle, throwing herself against the fans and whirling and stomping like a crazy woman on her way to the ring.]

SA: A constant bundle of energy there in Victoria June as she heads out here in front of these supportive Atlanta fans for this showdown.

DW: And it's a big showdown too. Lots of rankings implications.

[She rolls into the ring and jumps up onto the middle ropes shouting and waving at the crowd to get them pumped up. The freckle-faced near albino hops down off the turnbuckles, pulling off her round sunglasses and tossing them to the ringside attendant. She runs her hands through her bushy red-blond afro, hyping up the crowd as she messes up the already unruly mass of hair. "Hey ho! Let's go! It's about to be on!" she screams in her Tennessee accent, as the music fades.]

SA: Dee Dub, what a month this young woman has had. From being in the Main Event at Fight Night on Fox, getting a huge win over Cinder, then turning right around at Liberty Or Death and getting upset by her opponent here tonight.

DW: That's right, Sal. She's trying not to have that upset derail whatever momentum she gained from that big win over Cinder. She fell down a spot to #3 in the rankings, though one could also argue that due to the rise of Kurayami's next challenger, Skylar Swift, that Victoria June went down a spot as well.

SA: And avenging that loss she had against Molly here tonight will be a big statement to our rankings board that what happened at Liberty Or Death was simply a fluke, right?

DW: You could say that, Sal! That said, Molly seems to have a bottomless bag of tricks to pull from, and lest we forget, she's also coming off a very close catfight against Michelle Bailey just a week ago at Eternally Extreme 2, a match many people thought she'd lose within mere moments.

SA: Add all of that together and we're in for one heck of a Main Event here tonight in Hotlanta, fans, and we're glad you're right here with us! Victoria June about to square off with Molly Bell in Women's Division action!

[The bell sounds and Molly's eyes widen, as she rushes wildly out of the corner, shrieking at Victoria June!]

SA: Wha-... hey! We're not used to seeing this from Molly!

DW: She seemed pretty hyped up earlier today, Sal!

[Bell wildly swings a punch at Victoria June, but June sidesteps and the punch misses by a mile. June backs off to center ring, as Bell bares her fangs, her eyes still wide.]

SA: Victoria June certainly caught off-guard here as something seems to have gone feral in the AWA's favorite kitty, Dee Dub!

DW: Watch out!

[Bell rushes at June once again, only for June to biel her towards the opposite corner, Bell landing on the mat with a resounding thud!]

DW: I guess cats don't ALWAYS land on their feet, Big Sal.

SA: Apparently not as a big throw by Victoria June puts her down... but she's right back up, hissing and spitting and... here she goes again!

[Another reckless Bell charge ends with her getting bieleed through the air a second time, thrown down hard on the canvas...]

SA: Up and down she goes again... and whatever's gotten into Molly Bell, she needs to bottle that up because it's doing her no favors in there against the Afro-Punk who looks to get back to her winning ways here on the all-new Power Hour tonight.

DW: Everyone in that division has their eyes on Kurayami... on that Women's World Title. And they know that if there's a title change in Regina next weekend, there will be a wild scramble to see who gets to the top first.

[Bell slides to her feet, hissing loudly as she backpedals into the corner, clearly displeased with the way things are going.]

DW: Ooh, we've got an angry kitty now.

SA: Molly's wiggling her body now, revving herself up...

[There's a look of annoyance on the face of June as she waves Bell on with an insistent "come on!"]

SA: Victoria June already having done better than she did in Philly when Bell caught her with that small package and-

[Bell stops wiggling and charges once again. Again, June sidesteps looking for another biel but this time Bell grips onto June's shoulder and adjust herself in the air...]

SA: SHE LANDED ON HER FEET!

[The crowd cheers the counter as Bell twists around, smashing a forearm into the jaw of the Afro-Punk.]

SA: Well-placed and thrown forearm by Molly Bell, shoving June back to the ropes...

[Bell whips June off, shouting "ROWWWWWWRRRRRRRR!" as she charges at her rebounding opponent... but that sneaky kitty surprises us all, diving behind June and rolling her up with a schoolgirl!]

SA: Molly Bell going for a cradle! She's got one, she's got... just a one count though!

DW: We've seen some good cradles out of Bell - maybe one of her specialties, Big Sal. She beat Victoria June with one at Liberty Or Death so maybe she thought she might capture some of that magic again here tonight.

SA: June was ready for her this time though, slipping out at one...

[Both women scramble up off the mat, looking to strike first but a wild haymaker from June ends up whiffing as Bell ducks under the arm, slipping into a rear waistlock...]

SA: Bell hooks her up from behind and- ohh! June catches her with a back elbow! Right on the ear!

[Bell howls a bit as she stumbles back towards the ropes.]

DW: These two are close in weight, Sal, but Molly gives up something like six inches in height. Victoria's got to use that reach advantage to keep Molly away.

SA: And you gotta think, Dee Dub, Molly's used to wrestling with the disadvantage in height. She's one of the smallest members of the Women's Division in terms of

height, so getting in close to negate those reach advantages is almost a natural strategy for her at this point.

DW: No wonder she's become more of a lap cat recently, huh?

[The two chuckle as Victoria June drapes Bell's arms over the ropes, then drives her knee right into Bell's midsection.]

SA: Molly Bell now gasping for breath, as Victoria June scores with a brutal knee lift right into the stomach!

DW: Yeah, and she tends to go for a series of those, Sal...

SA: ... as we can see right there! A second knee lift with Molly still trapped up in the ropes! Referee Shari Miranda telling Victoria June to back off or to get Molly off the ropes.

[June nods her head, but wouldn't you know it... a sneaky kitty has struck again! June finds herself swept away as Bell pulls June's legs out from underneath of her, stacking her onto her shoulders!]

SA: Would you look at that! Molly Bell with a stacked cradle! That's got... just a one count once again!

DW: I have to think Victoria June's coming into this one thinking about kicking out at every single cradle at one, Sal. After what happened at Liberty or Death, she's not going to make any similar mistakes!

SA: A sound strategy if so, Dee Dub.

[The two women scramble off the mat again, Bell pressing the pace of the match by dashing to the ropes, bouncing off towards a rising June...]

SA: Leapfrog by June, going up and over on Bell!

[Bell hits the ropes again, bouncing off a second time...

...and June throws herself at Bell's feet but the AWA's Battle Cat hurdles over her, racing across again...]

SA: We've seen Molly use that before to great success but she was able to avoid June's own efforts to- cross body press! But wait!

[Bell's dive at June gets reversed, with June coming out on top, but instead of going for the cover... she vigorously pets Molly's belly!]

DW: Ooh, this could be a dangerous decision, if Molly's one of those cats that doesn't like her belly rubbed...

SA: Just look at her though, Dee Dub!

[Bell appears to be in absolute bliss, kicking her feet excitedly and giggling.]

SA: Molly Bell is thrilled with this turn of events, Dee Dub!

DW: She sure is, Sal! Look at how happy Victoria June's made her!

[Not for long, though, as June rises to her feet, promptly burying a boot right into the prone Bell's exposed tummy.]

SA: Oh no!

[June chuckles as a few fans in the crowd jeer, one angrily shouting "HOW COULD YOU?!"]

DW: Sounds like we've got some cat people in the crowd, Big Sal.

SA: Dee Dub, I haven't seen a betrayal like that since my own cat, Wicket, knocked my glass of milk off the counter years ago! Victoria June takes advantage of a blissed out on belly rubs Molly Bell!

DW: And now she's going back to work - she's got Molly back up on her feet!

[Bell is still holding her stomach as June yanks her into a front facelock, muscling her up without trouble...

...and DROPS her facefirst on the canvas!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Front layout suplex by June... and so much for the belly rubs, fans!

[Bell rolls onto her back, grimacing in pain as June stands over her, quickly diving down into a pin attempt.]

SA: June covers for one! For two! But Molly sneaks a shoulder out!

DW: Sal, it looks like Victoria June's gameplan here is pretty clear. She's going after the midsection... after the torso... trying to soften her up.

SA: A wise strategy as a lot of Molly's power for the Pounce comes from her core strength, so Victoria is looking to neutralize Molly's most effective weapon here.

[We cut backstage, where we see Ayako Fujiwara and Michelle Bailey watching on a monitor, concern across their faces.]

SA: And there's that moral support we mentioned earlier, Dee Dub. Ayako Fujiwara, who adopted Molly as her pet not too long ago, and Michelle Bailey, who has become fast friends with both recently, both here in Atlanta today, and both were giving Molly lots of advice and encouragement before the match tonight.

DW: You've got to think with the guidance of a wrestler the caliber of Ayako, or the experience of Michelle, that Molly's bound to progress with leaps and bounds even if tonight isn't successful.

[We cut back to the ring where June has pulled Bell to her feet again, burying a right hand into the midsection. A second one lands, lifting Bell off her feet as she falls back into the turnbuckles...]

SA: June continuing to hammer away at the body of Bell, rocking her ribs with those rights...

[Grabbing an arm, June goes to whip Bell across the ring, sending her crashing back into the buckles...]

SA: Hard into the corner goes Bell... June on the move here!

[But as June gets within range, leaping into the air..]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Bell slips out the side door!

[Ducking in behind June as she staggers back from her crash into the turnbuckles, Bell locks her arms around the torso...]

DW: Look at that, Sal!

SA: Molly, perhaps inspired by Miss Germany herself here!

[Bell growls as she tries for a German Suplex...]

DW: Can she do it? June's been hammering her guts and that's not gonna make this easy...

[A quick attempt at a lift comes up short as Bell cries out and June punches the clasped hands, breaking the grip...]

...and then reaches back, looping her arm under Molly's...]

SA: What's she...?

[June uses the arm to lift Bell up for a hiptoss but goes with it, driving her down into a powerslam!]

SA: OHHH! That might be it! Bell might not have enough to escape this time!

[Staying down, June reaches back for a leg.]

SA: She's got one! She's got two! She's got- no! Bell just BARELY able to kick out in time!

DW: Close call there, Sal... and with Molly trying that German suplex, I suppose we see why she's Miss Germany's cat, not Miss Germany herself.

[June stays on the attack, pulling Molly to her feet and promptly smashing her skull into Bell's...]

SA: Ohh! Headbutt by June... and another... and a third!

[June steps back, rubbing at her forehead as Bell staggers in a circle, wobbling back towards June who grasps her by the wrist...]

SA: Short-arm clothesline coming up...?

[But Bell ducks underneath, grabbing onto June's wrist for a short-arm move of her own...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO! THAT WAS NOT A SHORT ARM CLOTHESLINE! Molly Bell with a short-arm headbutt, right to the jaw of Victoria June!

DW: Victoria June's rocked, Big Sal! Molly Bell just rocked her!

[June stumbles side to side, as Bell starts to mutter "meow" repeatedly to herself, rushing into the ropes...]

SA: INCOMING!!!

[...connecting with a HUGE Laricat!]

DW: Molly Bell with a big shot there, Sal!

SA: SHE GOT HER WITH THE LARICAT, DEE DUB! HERE'S THE COVER! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT- NO! NO, SHE DID NOT GET THREE!

DW: Victoria June able to get the shoulder up just barely!

SA: My goodness, Dee Dub! Short-arm headbutt, immediately followed by the Laricat! Molly Bell going for broke here!

DW: And don't look now, but I think she's got one more big move on the horizon!

[Bell's knelt down in the corner, wiggling her hips, baring her teeth with a snarl.]

SA: Molly's sizing her up, Dee Dub! We've seen her Pounce from this position! She doesn't always hit it off the ropes, sometimes it comes out of the corner!

[June slowly starts to rise to her feet, unaware of Bell's positioning directly behind her...]

DW: Victoria June's got to watch out for this! If Molly hits the Pounce, it'll be over!

[...June is now on her feet, turning around, as Bell charges...]

SA: HERE SHE COMES!!

[...and Bell leaps!]

"CLANKKKKKKKKKKK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: VICTORIA JUNE MOVED! MOLLY BELL HITS THE BUCKLES!

DW: Victoria June avoids the Pounce, and Molly Bell just got all the wind taken right out of her sails!

[Bell staggers back as June spins her around, lifting her up across her torso...]

SA: Wait a second! We've seen this before! We've seen-

[...and then dives forward, DRIVING Bell down into the canvas with a front powerslam!]

SA: OHHH! MOLLY BELL JUST MIGHT WANNA BE SEDATED AFTER THAT POWERSLAM!

DW: She's not done, Sal! She's looking to put the exclamation point on this one!

[Back on her feet, June moves quickly, leaning down to grasp Molly Bell's feet...]

SA: She's got Molly by the ankles now.. could we see the Scorpion Crosslock?!

[Bell, eyes widening, immediately begins to panic, as she screams and howls trying to pull herself to the ropes, thrashing wildly on the mat as she kicks her legs. June clenches her jaw, forcing Bell's legs into the scorpion, then turns Bell over onto her stomach, causing Bell to yelp in terror.]

SA: Goodness, Dee Dub, I've never seen anyone react quite like that to the Scorpion Crosslock before!

DW: Yeah, and she doesn't even have it on fully yet!

[Bell's eyes look absolutely frightened, as June reaches down, grabbing her arms and pulling Bell up into the elevated position, the Scorpion Crosslock fully on. Bell's voice becomes a high-pitched wail of agony as she begins moving her head emphatically. Shari Miranda steps to check on her...

...then immediately signals for the bell!]

SA: Whoa! We've got ourselves a submission here!

[As the bell sounds, Bell starts to shriek "STOP! STOP! I'M SORRY! LET ME GO!" June is startled by Bell's reaction and releases her right away, with Bell curling up into a ball in the middle of the ring.]

DW: I... have never seen that before.

SA: Fans, Victoria June with the submission victory over Molly Bell, avenging her loss from Liberty or Death, but as you can see, Molly appears to be worse for wear.

DW: Sal, I don't know - is she injured?

SA: I'm not sure either... and Victoria June is obviously concerned here. June is a very good-natured person at heart and certainly had no intention of injuring Molly Bell, I'm certain of that.

[June looks stunned at Bell, who appears to be sobbing as she's curled up in the ball. June kneels down beside Bell.]

SA: Molly really seems upset here... June trying to comfort her a little.

[A cheer goes up at the sight of Ayako Fujiwara as she quickly moves from the entranceway down the aisle where she climbs into the ring, placing her hand on Bell's back and saying some reassuring words. Bell untenses herself from the ball she was curled up in and immediately hugs Ayako. Michelle Bailey arrives on the scene as well, patting June on the shoulder and saying a few words that the camera doesn't pick up.]

SA: Ayako Fujiwara here to check on her cat, and it seems like Molly's relaxing somewhat.

DW: Sal, I just thought of something, Molly doesn't seem to do well with submission holds. When she's been put in them before, she usually bites, claws, or scratches her way out. That Scorpion Crosslock doesn't give you a lot of escape options, so maybe just... I don't know... got overwhelmed or something?

SA: Could be, Dee Dub. Molly was definitely hurting, Victoria June did a number on her midsection all match, but now that I think about it, you're right... we usually see her turn into a tabby-like tornado of torment whenever she ends up in a submission of some sort.

[Bell appears to have finally calmed down, as June helps her back to her feet, along with Fujiwara. Bailey shouts some encouraging words to Bell. June says a couple of words that the camera can't pick up, and puts her hand out to Bell.]

SA: Aw, this is great. These two haven't gotten along for the last few weeks, but I think they're finally ready to bury the hatchet.

[Bell, breathing heavily, shakes her head at the handshake offer... instead putting her head down to June's hand.]

DW: Of course.

SA: The cat wants scratches, what can we say?

[June grins and scratches Bell behind the ear, then wraps her arms around Bell's shoulders for a hug as Bailey applauds the reconciliation and Fujiwara smiles.]

SA: This is great to see, fans! Victoria June and Molly Bell have finally settled their matter here on the all-new Power Hour! And after all the chaos and carnage of the past few weeks of AWA action, this is a nice way to end our night here on the Power Hour, Dee Dub.

DW: Absolutely. Good sportsmanship... or treating animals kindly... or something.

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: Theresa, another Power Hour is in the books, my friend.

[We cut back to Theresa at the interview podium, looking into the ring with a little concern.]

TL: Another edition of the all-new Power Hour comes to an end and... like you said, guys, that was a fun way to go out. Hopefully now all is settled between Molly Bell and Victoria June and with another big win for June, you better bet she's in prime position to challenge either Kurayami or Skylar Swift after next weekend. Fans, we're out of time here in Atlanta... for Sweet Lou Blackwell, Dylan Westerly, Salvatore Albano... I'm Theresa Lynch and we'll see you all very soon in the Great White North! So long everybody!

[We cut back to the ring where Bell and June are holding one another's hands up in the air as we fade to black.]