

AWA POWER HOUR

JULY 23RD, 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 Mosaic Stadium in Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada - the home of the AWA's Battle of Saskatchewan event. The tens of thousands on hand are rocking and rolling for this “bonus” action being brought to them as the instrumental of the song is pumped into the stadium.

An initial wide shot of the stadium shows exactly what we saw last night in Regina. We see the ring set up with red and white ropes. The AWA protective mats surrounding the ring are present as is a metal barricade keeping the rabid fans at bay. Two tables have been set up at ringside - one for the timekeeper and one for the announce team.

We cut to show the entrance stage with a slight modification, the Power Hour interview podium set up at the front of it. There's a very large video wall hanging above the metal stage... but it doesn't stop there. Above the video wall is a giant LED maple leaf flashing red and white. Right next to that is already one of the most Instagrammed locations of the night - a giant animatronic brown bear tipping back a can of Mooselips with a giant LED “neon” sign of the Mooselips logo right underneath it.

With the fans on hand, still cheering, we see Theresa Lynch has taken her spot behind the podium, wearing a glittering red dress with white trim, and a big ol' grin on her face.]

TL: This very special edition of 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 Great White North - Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada - as we count down the hour until we present The Battle of Saskatchewan Night Two!

[Another big cheer rings out as Theresa nods approvingly.]

TL: Last night was a huge event that's got fans still talking online and around the world... and I expect tonight will be even bigger and better! But before we present things like the AWA World Title match and the rest of the Stampede Cup tournament, we're here for some good ol' Power Hour action. Now, Big Sal and Dylan couldn't make the trip to Canada with us so we needed some commentators. Luckily, I happen to know one of the best... and he comes with a sidekick... Gordon Myers, take it away!

[With a cheer, we cut down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky have already taken their position.]

GM: Thanks, Theresa, and it's our pleasure to be a part of tonight's special Power Hour. Isn't that right, Bucky?

BW: Not really. We're already set to call seventeen matches tonight and they want us to do this show too?! And where the hell does Little Miss Stench get off on calling me a sidekick?! I'm no one's sidekick, honey! And you'd do well to remember that!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: We've got a great hour of action lined up for you, fans, featuring the likes of Landon Grant and Atlas Armstrong in action. Plus, the women are out in full force with Victoria June, Trish Wallace, and a huge six woman trios match ahead of us as well. And right now, we're going to get things started by heading up to the ring to see the Afro Punk herself, Victoria June in action!

[We crossfade from ringside to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The opening contest here on the Power Hour is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 160 pounds... she is one-half of the Serpentine...

COPPERHEAD!

[The fans in Mosaic Stadium boo as the loud-mouthed Dominicana marches down the ring to the Lox's "Money, Power, Respect." True to her name, the Serpentine sports a copper-colored Mohawk and has copper-colored eyes. She badmouths the fans as she feigns swats at them and chatters away.]

GM: This match up has a lot of history in Canada. Copperhead of the Serpentine competed for the Age of Rage wrestling promotion out here for years before joining the greatest Women's Division in the sport in the AWA.

BW: No sign of Mamba ... did she miss her flight? If she did, it'll be another week before the cropduster gets out here!

GM: Will you stop?

[Rebecca continues.]

RO: And her opponent... from Toronto, Canada by way of Jackson, Tennessee... she weighs in at 160 pounds

She is the Afro Punk...

VICTORIA JUUUUUUUUUUUNE!

[The fans break out in a chant of "Hey! Ho! Let's go!" as the Ramones' "Blitzkrieg Bop" plays over the PA system. The Afro-Punk, Victoria June, emerges from behind the curtains, banging her head and throwing up the horns as she rocks out, letting her purple-stained tongue hang out. Dressed in ragged jean shorts, torn fishnets, Doc Marten boots and a red leather T-shirt, the self-professed weirdo bounces down the aisle, shaking her wild strawberry blonde afro. She slaps hands with the fans before she hops into the ring.]

GM: And the Afro-Punk getting right in the face of Copperhead who jaws right back. These two have had a long history of competing with one another and this is going to be one more chapter in that story.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Despite the bell sounding, the two women stay nose-to-nose, mouthing off to each other.]

GM: The match is officially underway but I don't know if these two even heard the bell ring, Bucky.

BW: Or care that it did. They've got a lot to say to one another and-

[Copperhead winds up and shoves June who falls back a few steps.]

GM: A shove by Copperhead, still talking trash to the Afro Punk... who returns the favor with a shove of her own!

[The crowd cheers June as she runs her mouth a bit in Copperhead's direction...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which is when Copperhead shuts her up with a hard slap across the mouth!]

BW: Ooooh, that will knock the taste out of your mouth!

[June stays with her head turned, rubbing her lip. She nods to the crowd before she turns back towards Copperhead...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND JUNE RETURNS THE FAVOR! My goodness! What a hard slap across-

"ARE YOU CRAZY, CHICK?!"

[The crowd laughs at the words from Copperhead, seemingly a little shocked by the slap from the Afro Punk.]

GM: The fans having a laugh at the expense of Copperhead who-

[Suddenly, Copperhead lunges forward, jabbing a two-fingered poke into the eyes of June, sending her staggering back blindly to jeers from the Canadian crowd.]

BW: Who's laughing now, Gordo?!

GM: Well, not Victoria June who gets caught with a boot to the gut coming off that eyepoke...

[Clasping her hands together, the powerful Copperhead slams a double axehandle down across the back... and a second one sends June pitching facefirst down to the mat. A third one keeps her down on the mat as Copperhead straightens up, switching to stomps around the head, neck, and shoulders.]

GM: June is down on the mat and Copperhead is letting her have it early on in this opening match tonight on the Power Hour, fans. You can see by the countdown clock on the screen that we're just a little over fifty-four minutes away until the start of Night Two of the Battle of Saskatchewan. A lot of big matches to come tonight, Bucky.

BW: The Stampede Cup. The AWA World Title. No Man's Land. This is gonna be a night to remember for sure.

GM: But it may be a night Victoria June wants to forget very soon if she doesn't get back to her feet and quickly. The Number Three contender to Kurayami's Women's World Title is taking a pounding early on in this one.

[Turning away from the downed June, Copperhead turns out to the jeering crowd.]

"THERE'S YOUR CHICA, PEOPLE! SHE AIN'T ISH!"

GM: Never one for a lack of words in there, Bucky.

BW: We could take the match off and she'd provide her own commentary, Gordo.

GM: Somehow I don't think that's a good idea.

[Hauling June to her feet by a handful of afro, Copperhead whips her to the ropes...]

GM: June off the ropes... ohhh! Big back bodydrop by Copperhead!

[The crowd groans at June writhing in pain on the mat, clutching at her lower back and tailbone.]

GM: A hard fall there for June as Copperhead pulls her to a seated position and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH! She drills her with a kick, right between the shoulderblades... and now down into the chinlock, wrenching that head and neck...

"I'MMA BREAK HER FREAKIN' NECK!"

GM: Copperhead threatening to do some permanent damage here on the Power Hour as June is desperately looking for a way out of this.

[Referee Shari Miranda leans in, checking to see if June wants to submit.]

GM: June refusing to give up, holding firm as Copperhead tries to increase the pressure with that chinlock...

[Copperhead demands that the referee ask June to submit again. Miranda obliges and again June shouts "NO!" for all to hear.]

GM: June still hanging on...

[Dragging June to a prone position, Copperhead slips her legs around the neck, transitioning to a figure four headlock...]

GM: Oh, nice switch there, changing to a different submission...

BW: Not just a submission, Gordo - she can choke June unconscious from that position. And with her legs being stronger than her arms this is an even tougher position for June to escape from.

[Miranda asks June if she wants to quit as June struggles to find an escape. She tries to unhook Copperhead's ankles as Copperhead lays out on the mat and really applies the pressure.]

GM: Victoria June seems to be a little off her game at this point in the match, Bucky. This can't be the way she thought this would go.

BW: June's all fire and fists on her feet... being down on the mat and worn down like this? No chance she was expecting that.

GM: Copperhead continues to apply the pressure here and...

[Copperhead instructs the referee to check for a submission and when she does, the Serpentine reaches back and grabs the ropes, pulling on them to increase her leverage and the pressure on the choke!]

GM: SHE'S IN THE ROPES! THAT'S CHEATING!

BW: Not if she doesn't get caught, Gordo. Not if she doesn't get caught.

[June struggles frantically as the pressure increases. She slams her heels into the mat as she tries to find escape. The crowd screams at Miranda to look up. When she finally does in confusion she sees...nothing. Copperhead has released the ropes and is resting on her hands as she squeezes.]

BW: Now, that's smooth, Gordo. The referee didn't see it and they can't call if they don't see it.

[Copperhead shouts insistently.]

"SHE UNCONSCIOUS! RING THE BELL! THIS CHICK, SHE'S OUT!"

[Miranda changes positions, trying to get a better to look to see if June is indeed out.]

GM: Copperhead says she's out but Miranda's taking a look here...

[And again, Copperhead reaches back to grab the ropes.]

GM: She's got the ropes again!

[June immediately starts to struggle harder, the crowd screaming a warning at Miranda who looks up to see nothing except the ring ropes shaking. She immediately starts questioning Copperhead.]

GM: That's twice now, Bucky. Twice that the official has missed Copperhead grabbing the ropes for additional leverage on this figure four sleeper!

BW: Says you, says these Canadian fans... but Miranda didn't see it and like I said-

[Miranda turns her back to Copperhead and Copperhead grabs the ropes. Miranda's head snaps around immediately to catch Copperhead with her hands in the cookie jar.]

GM: That time she got her!

[The crowd cheers and Copperhead starts shaking her head defensively as Miranda starts reading her the riot act and starts to count.]

GM: And finally, Copperhead is forced to break that hold... just in time for Victoria June who rolls over onto her stomach, gasping for breath... she's in a bad way here as Copperhead has really controlled the first few minutes of this match, trying to score a pretty major upset here in Mosaic Stadium.

BW: A lot of people might call it an upset, Gordo, but Copperhead is a dangerous competitor. She looks sharp out here tonight even without Mamba by her side.

This whole weekend is about tag team wrestling but Copperhead is showing she's got skills on the singles side of the game as well.

[Copperhead grabs two hands full of June's blonde afro and drags the Afro Punk to her feet.]

"YOU GONNA FEEL THE PAIN N... OWWWWWW!!!"

[The threats turn to screams as June stomps her instep.]

GM: Ohh! Innovative offense by Victoria June...

[Snatching Copperhead by the shoulders, June SMASHES her head into Copperhead's once... twice... three times... four times... five times.]

GM: Good grief!

[The crowd is getting louder for each headbutt landed before the duo collapse to the mat in a heap, both women clutching their skulls and gasping for breath as the Canadian crowd roars!]

GM: Perhaps a show of desperation from Victoria June, fighting to get back into this thing using every weapon at her disposal, Bucky.

BW: Maybe so, Gordo. I can't think of many other reasons why someone would try to concuss themselves!

[The referee starts a double countdown to some scattered jeers.]

GM: The fans aren't happy about it but referee Shari Miranda has no choice but to start her double count here. Remember, if she gets to ten, this one will be ruled a double countout and a draw.

BW: That's not to happen quite yet, Gordo... it looks like Copperhead is starting to stir...

[Rolling over onto her chest, Copperhead gets her arms underneath her, trying to push her way up to her feet as June sits up on the mat, shaking her head back and forth...]

GM: Both women starting to get back up now, trying to shake off the effects of those headbutts...

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Five minute call by the timekeeper, halfway to the time limit of this one.

[Pushing herself to her knees, Copperhead struggles to her feet while June rolls over to all fours, breathing heavily...]

GM: Those submission holds early in the match did a number on Victoria June as she tries to recover before Copperhead can get back on the attack.

[But Copperhead is the first to rise, striding towards the dazed June...]

GM: Copperhead grabs her by the hair again and- ohhh! Headbutt downstairs!

[The Canadian crowd cheers the headbutt to the midsection and roars for a second one as Copperhead stumbles backwards, giving June the opportunity to get back to her feet...]

GM: And now we've got both women back to their feet as Victoria June-

BW: Don't say it... don't say it...

GM: -really used her head to get back into this one.

BW: Son of a...

[Bucky trails off as June throws herself a few short steps before leaping up, landing a single legged dropkick that knocks Copperhead backwards, causing her to sit through the ropes, arms draped over the top...]

GM: Uh oh! And that dropkick puts Copperhead in trouble here!

[Looking out to the crowd that cheers loudly in response, June grabs the top rope, taking aim and shouts "LET'S GO!" to another big cheer before launching her boot into the gut of the draped Copperhead...]

GM: Kicks to the body, perhaps looking to drive Copperhead through the ropes and out to the floor... over and over to the midsection...

BW: That's a hard fall to the outside if Copperhead lets go of the top rope, Gordo.

GM: It certainly would be.

[The referee orders June to step back and as she does, she dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back with a running boot to the gut that sends Copperhead spilling through the ropes and landing HARD out on the floor!]

GM: OHHH! And down to the barely-padded grass here in Mosaic Stadium goes Copperhead!

BW: She's lucky we're in this stadium and not one of our normal arenas, Gordo, or she'd be falling on barely-padded concrete.

GM: No doubt about it... and it looks like June's going out after her. Maybe looking to get her back in or perhaps looking to do a little more damage outside the ring.

[June drops to the floor, stopping to bang heads along with fans in the front row. She slaps hands with a few fans as she walks towards Copperhead.]

GM: June moving in on Copperhead who... ohhh! And this time, it's Copperhead who catches June with a boot to the gut!

[Copperhead grabs the arm, giving a shout...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL STEPS GOES VICTORIA JUNE! OH MY!

[June smashes into the steel steps before collapsing in a heap on the floor.]

BW: And just like that, Copperhead turns this thing around, Gordo.

GM: She sure does. Copperhead's got a lot of fight in here tonight... perhaps looking to do her Age of Rage allies proud. You know a lot of them are looking on - especially with the Prophets of Rage advancing to the second round here later tonight to take on the Soldiers of Fortune.

BW: What a match that's gonna be.

GM: About forty-eight minutes left on our countdown now as the time ticks closer to us joining you on Pay Per View for Night Two of the Battle of Saskatchewan. Neither of these women are on the show tonight but you wouldn't know it with how much they're putting into this one.

[Copperhead pulls June off the mats, tossing her under the bottom rope before stepping back in herself.]

GM: And now it's Copperhead who will be looking for a way to finish off Victoria June. We're down under three minutes left in this one so she can't waste any time.

BW: She is though, Gordo. Copperhead's shouting at the fans, flexing over June... this is all wasting valuable seconds that she could be using trying to put June away.

GM: And you notice Copperhead holding that lower back from that fall to the floor. She's definitely feeling the effects of that one and perhaps that's the reason she's moving a little slowly to take advantage of the crash into the steps on the outside.

[Dragging June to her feet, Copperhead quickly coils around her, wrapping her up in an abdominal stretch...]

GM: An abdominal stretch locked on - June crying out in pain after slamming into those steel steps... but I've gotta question the wisdom of this hold here and now, Bucky.

BW: I gotta agree with you, Gordo. Generally, I'm all in favor of moves and holds that put your opponent in tremendous pain - and this one certainly does that - but the time is ticking and this just isn't the type of hold that's going to get you a win... not right now anyways.

GM: Shari Miranda warning Copperhead to stay away from the ropes. She remembers what happened earlier and...

[Copperhead shouts at the referee.]

"SHE GIVES UP!"

[Miranda waves it off, pointing to June and waving for the match to continue.]

GM: Victoria June still refusing to give in, much to the dismay of her opponent... June hanging on. She's obviously in a lot of pain but we know June can survive a lot of pain as well.

BW: Copperhead doesn't have a lot of time to try for the submission here. If she can't get it, she needs to move on because we're just shy of having two minutes left in this time limit.

[Miranda leans in to check for a submission again and Copperhead cries out.]

"JUST SAY IT, CHICK! JUST SAY IT!"

[June struggles in the hold, trying to find an escape. She reaches down for Copperhead's ankle trying desperately to unhook it...]

GM: June looking for a way out! Trying to get to-

[...when she suddenly finds herself falling backwards to have the back of her head smash into the mat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: And Copperhead turned that abdominal stretch into a neckbreaker of some sort,

BW: It’s a modified Russian legsweep, Gordo. That’s one of the classic moves of a woman who trained both these women, Dalbello Rage! Copperhead showing these Canadian fans a classic move here.

GM: And... oh, come on! There’s no call for this!

[Copperhead yanks June up by the hair, ragdolling her back and forth a few times as the fans jeer..]

...and then SMASHES a right hand into the side of her head, knocking June back down to the mat!]

GM: Heavy handed blow by Copperhead... and do we have a time remaining yet? We’ve gotta be close to-

“TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!”

GM: Two minutes to go and both of these women need to kick it up a notch and right now, Bucky!

[Copperhead ignores the time call, turning to taunt the fans again.]

“THIS IS YOUR HERO, AY? AI, THIS CHICA IS A DISAPPOINTMENT!”

[The fans are jeering loudly as Copperhead points down at June.]

GM: Copperhead jawing with the fans instead of going for the cover. Victoria June has had a very good run in recent months. This is a surprising outing for Copperhead who has dominated her throughout this match!

BW: Gordo, this is the best Women’s Division in the world. It may be the best Division in the world PERIOD. On any given night, anybody can beat anybody. June found that out the hard way when she lost to Molly Bell. It isn’t about your name, it’s about how hard you fight. Looks like Copperhead is just on one right now.

[Copperhead turns back to June, casually kicking her in the head a few times before she drags her up, tossing her into the corner..]

GM: Into the corner she goes and... oh, come on!

[Copperhead raises her leg, planting her boot on the throat.]

GM: That’s a choke! Again, Copperhead wasting valuable time as-

[The referee is counting but the crowd starts chanting. Their voices build up as they shout “HEY! HO! LET’S GO!” “HEY! HO! LET’S GO!” Copperhead looks around agitated before breaking her choke, stomping across the ring, leaving June gasping for breath in the corner.]

“SHUT UP!”

[The fans jeer loudly, knowing they're getting under the skin of Copperhead as she stomps across the ring...]

GM: This crowd is getting behind the Afro Punk!

BW: They know she's from Tennessee, right?

GM: This is her adopted home country, Bucky. They love her up here and she loves them back.

[Reaching the opposite corner, Copperhead turns and takes aim on the cornered June...]

GM: And now perhaps Copperhead is looking for the kill! Here she comes!

[Barreling out of the corner, Copperhead rushes towards June...

...who DIVES out of the way, causing Copperhead to crash backfirst into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHE MISSED! SHE MISSED THE HIP ATTACK IN THE CORNER!

"SIXTY SECONDS!"

GM: One minute to go! June's gotta pour it on and now!

[Staggering out to mid-ring, June jerks around, charging and jumping...]

GM: MOSH SPLASH IN THE CORNER!

[June stumbles a few steps back as Copperhead staggers towards her, walking right into a boot to the gut...]

GM: June hooks her, pulling her back into an inverted facelock and...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...RIGHT DOWN ON THE KNEE!

BW: That'll jolt your spine for sure!

[June shoves Copperhead off her knee, flipping her over onto her chest...]

GM: June's got her down... look at this now...

[With the crowd roaring in anticipation of what's coming next, June grapevines Copperhead's legs, wrapping her up fully...]

GM: She's going for the crosslock! She's going for the Scorpion Crosslock!

[The crowd cheers on the exhausted and dazed Victoria June as she completes the leg grapevine and reaches down for Copperhead's arms.]

"LET'S GOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[The crowd cheers loudly in response.]

"THIRTY SECONDS REMAIN! THIRTY SECONDS!"

[June lets loose an anguished scream and with that scream, June rears back, picking up Copperhead off the mat. The Serpentine screams as the pain shoots through her compressed and injured back.]

GM: SHE'S GOT IT ON! SHE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

BW: NOWHERE TO GO FOR COPPERHEAD!

[Copperhead screams defiantly for a few seconds before she is forced to shout out a submission.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: SHE GOT HER!

[June immediately lets go, collapsing to a knee alongside her defeated foe as the crowd roars for the submission.]

GM: What a win! A tough, hard-fought victory for Victoria June right here in front of her adopted countrymen!

[As Rebecca Ortiz makes it official, June raises a weary arm.]

GM: Victoria June picks up a win here on the all-new Power Hour by submission after a tough, tough challenger from Copperhead of the Serpentes... and you've gotta wonder, Bucky - after the victory of Kurayami last night, she's gotta be looking for her next challenge - could it be Victoria June?

BW: She was already the Number Three Contender before this win, Gordo. With Skylar Swift's loss last night, maybe June leapfrogs her and becomes the Number Two Contender?

GM: That remains to be seen... but Victoria June has to be in the conversation for sure... and fans, with just about forty-three minutes left until showtime, it's time for our first break of the night. Don't go away because we will be right back with more action here on the all-new Power Hour!

[As Victoria June gets to her feet, celebrating her win with the Canadian crowd, 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 to the ring where Whiskey Myers' "Mud" fades as Landon Grant makes it to the ring, flanked on the outside by his father City Jack and Kentucky Pride tag team mate Tin Can Rust. Grant wears his usual ring gear of a black based pleather bodysuit with Cardinal red splashes around the shoulders, knees, and elbows. He also wears Cardinal red gloves and boots.

Jack and Rust, dressed in jeans and KP T-Shirts, stand on the outside. Jack claps vigorously for his son, though every now and then winces a bit while Rust shouts out some guidance while adjusting his back a bit, both showing they're still feeling the effects of their round one match against the Samoan Hit Squad.]

TG: Our following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Already in the ring, hailing from the North Pole and weighing in at 260 pounds, The Polar Bear Stud!

[Some of the crowd gives a recognition pop for those who remember the white haired party-boy Polar Bear, decked out in a white fur coat over his white A-shirt, white trunk, and white fur boots that resemble bear feet. The Stud is in pretty good shape and seems to mean business.]

TG: And his opponent, accompanied by City Jack and Tin Can Rust!

[The crowd lets out a loud cheer for the former AWA National Tag Team Champions, who raise their hands in acknowledgement.]

TG: From Louisville, Kentucky and weighing in at 230 pounds.... LANDON GRANT!

[The crowd gives a somewhat milder cheer from before, but enough that Grant pumps his fist in reaction. Grant turns to his opponent across the ring and gets a little shock. The two meet in the center of the ring and The Stud shows he's a couple inches taller and more muscular.]

GM: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour here in Mosaic Stadium, fans, as we count down the minutes until Night Two of the Battle of Saskatchewan begins.

BW: A little over forty minutes to go, Gordo.

GM: You see Kentucky's Pride out here at ringside - they've got a second round battle with former World Tag Team Champions, Dynasty, coming up later tonight but right now, their focus is on this newcomer to the AWA - Landon Grant. Grant, the son of City Jack, made his debut very recently but has been very impressive thusfar.

BW: He has, he has... but you look in there right now, Gordo, and he finds himself in a position he's not been in during his young career here in the AWA - being the smaller man in the ring to this, this, this BEAR!

GM: Not to mention the experience edge of the Polar Bear Stud. This could be a tough matchup for the young man from Kentucky.

[The Stud cracks a smile as he flexes his arms, kissing his triceps. Grant looks back at Jack and Rust on the outside and nods. But just as he turns back to his opponent, he gets pie-faced by The Polar Bear Stud and then speared hard back to the corner.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And there's that experience edge, taking advantage of just that split second distraction, taking Grant back to the corner...

BW: This is just a mauling, Gordo!

[The Stud unleashes a fury that Grant has no answer for, connecting on wild lefts and rights that Grant can only try to cover up to avoid.]

GM: Referee Scott Ezra is calling for the Stud to back off but he's not listening at all- well, finally he does it... arms raised like he's done nothing wrong.

[The Stud backs up towards mid-ring, creating some space...

...and then charges right back in, burying the shoulder into the midsection a second time.]

GM: Another running tackle - a spear tackle you might say - in the corner and Landon Grant is in early trouble.

[Absorbing the angry reprimand from the referee, the Stud backs off again, flexing to the agitated crowd...]

GM: The fans here in Regina letting this guy have it...

[Pointing to the corner, the Stud takes aim again, charging in once more...

...but on the outside, City Jack yells at his son "NOW!", which gets Grant to side step at the right moment!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Swing and a miss and the Polar Bear Stud eats nothing but buckle right there as Landon Grant gets a timely heads-up from his father, City Jack, there...

[Clapping his hands together, Grant moves in on the Stud who has turned and is leaning back against the turnbuckles...]

GM: And now Landon Grant looking to take advantage of the mistake... big right hand downstairs... and another... really doing a number on the breadbasket with those big shots...

BW: Not quite the same power as The Polar Bear Stud's, but they're doing enough damage!

[Snatching the side headlock, Grant marches out of the corner, leaping into the air to drive the Stud's face down into the mat...]

GM: Running bulldog connects!

[Grant gets up off the mat, shouting "COME ON!" as he throws his arms up into the air...]

GM: No cover there.

BW: I think that's smart, Gordo. It's too early in the match to get the win with that bulldog so why even bother exerting the energy to go for the pin.

GM: That's one way of looking at it as Grant drops the big elbow down onto the sternum...

[Getting back up, Grant drops a second... then a third as City Jack looks on from the outside with a grin.]

GM: Landon Grant with shades of his own father, raining down infinite elbows on The Polar Bear Stud! And look at the smile on the face of City Jack on the outside.

BW: The fat man's proud... no doubt about it. He's a regular chunk off the ol' block of Velveeta.

GM: Would you stop? After all these years, you still have a grudge with City Jack?

BW: Enough that I'd tell him to sleep with one eye open but it's the only option he's got.

GM: BUCKY!

[After about ten or so quickly delivered elbow drops, Grant ends the "infinite" series with a splash that he turns into a cover.]

GM: And there's a cover for one... he gets two... but no, that's all.

BW: This Bear's not put into hibernation just yet, Gordo.

[Pulling the Stud up by his long white hair, Grant tosses him into the ropes, running to the opposite ropes...]

...but when he rebounds back, he runs right into a bearhug!]

GM: BEARHUG!

BW: A Polar Bear Hug, daddy! And now Landon Grant is in a bad way here as this Polar Bear has this back breaking, rib crunching hold in tight!

[City Jack and Tin Can Rust bang on the ring apron, trying to get through to Grant as he fades in the hold of the Stud's bearhug.]

BW: And I love me a good ol' fashioned bearhug, Gordo. The bearhug has lots of uses... and right now, you're seeing Grant trying to fight through the pain to stay in this match but as he does, he starts run low on oxygen as well.

GM: I've heard it said that the best bearhugs get tighter every time you take a breath and that may be what's happened here because someone is using the dimmer switch on the lights of Landon Grant right now!

[The crowd is trying to cheer Grant on as the referee leans in, checking to see if Grant wants to quit... or worse, if he's unconscious.]

GM: Grant is fading fast... those arms slowly to almost nothing...

BW: He's out, Gordo! He's not just fading - he's out!

GM: That remains to be seen. The referee is right there and...

[The ref holds Grant's arm up once and it drops...]

GM: The arm drops the first time. Remember, three times down and this one is over.

[He holds the arm up again, and again it falls fast, which the Stud cackles at.]

GM: That's two! The fans here in Mosaic Stadium are pleading with Grant to get out of this...

BW: No chance! It's over!

[The referee lifts the arm a third time, holding it up for a few moments before he lets go and...]

BW: NO!

[...the crowd ROARS as Grant's arm stays up, pumping in a clenched fist!]

GM: Grant hangs on! Trying to get back in this! As long as you can still grab a breath, you fight! You breathe! And Landon Grant's got a breath and some fight left!

[Grant's still locked in the bearhug, but is able enough to cock back his raised arm and shoot down a well placed forearm.]

GM: Ohh! Metropill - those signature forearms of his father - right to the ear... and another one!

[The second one breaks the hold, sending the Stud staggering back a few steps.]

GM: He caught him good there!

BW: But can he keep it on him? He can't afford to let up.

[From the outside, Tin Can Rust can be heard shouting to stay on him...

...and Grant obliges, throwing a trio of Metropills that connect flush, finally knocking the Stud down to the canvas!]

GM: Forearm after forearm and down goes the Polar Bear Stud!

[With his opponent down, Grant measures him, running to the ropes as the Stud tries to get back up. But once he's back to his feet, he's met with a devastating tackle to the chest that knocks him flat back down to the mat, taking away his breath.]

GM: OHHH! CARDINAL SIN!

[Grant follows up with a cover to the stunned Stud.]

GM: And a cover - one, two, THREE! He got him!

BW: Landon Grant digging back into his football roots, uncorking that big running tackle to take down this Polar Bear right here in the Great White North!

[Jack and Rust rush into the ring and raise the arms of Landon Grant. Jack follows up with a big hug to his son as Rust slaps the shoulder of Grant to congratulate him on the big win...

...and then gestures towards the aisleway, leading the trio quickly up the ramp.]

GM: A big win, a quick celebration, and Theresa - with just about thirty-six minutes to go until showtime - it looks like this triumphant trio is heading your way.

[We cut from the ring to Theresa who is still standing behind the interview podium.]

TL: Thanks, Gordon. A nice win for Landon Grant here in Mosaic Stadium - by far, I'm sure, the biggest crowd this young man has ever competed in front of. When all is said and done here tonight, over forty thousand fans will be on hands to see the Stampede Cup tournament... to see No Man's Land... to see the AWA World Title match... but right now, they're here to see Landon Grant and Kentucky's Pride. Gentlemen, come on in here...

[We cut to a wider shot as City Jack, Tin Can Rust, and a jubilant but aching Landon Grant arrive to the stage to stand beside her.]

TL: Congratulations on an impressive win tonight here on the Power Hour!

CJ: Miss Lynch, nice to-

[Jack stops himself, realizing he took the spot of his son here. Jack puts his hands up and backs away a bit as Landon Grant steps forward.]

CJ: Sorry, force of habit and all. All's yours, son...

[Grant grins.]

LG: Heh, it's ok, perfectly fine cause without my pops and Rust tonight, I'm not sure I got up here with a win in my pocket, you know?

[Theresa nods as Grant straightens out his back.]

TL: It did seem like you had some problems right out of the gate, was it jitters or something else?

LG: Maybe it was the setting - I mean, I ain't ever fought in front of so many people or fought against a guy like I had tonight. To be honest, I wasn't even going to enter the ring tonight, I owed it to my dad here to get in there -

[Jack puts a hand on his son's shoulder, still beaming at the success of his son.]

LG: These two helped me more than I can ever say or repay. They trained me, got me an opportunity to try out for the AWA, and now took me along on this wild ride they've got on the Stampede Cup. The least I could do was to get in there, take it up against the biggest challenge I could find, and show these two that the work they put into me wasn't wasted.

[Grant gets quiet and looks down for a moment.]

LG: Just wishing I could have shown better tonight.

[Jack steps forward, wagging his finger.]

CJ: NO! Trust me, tonight ain't nothin' but a win for you! Shoot, I've battled all sorts of monsters - one-eyed beasts, fireballin' bastards, crazy Russians, and just last night, Tin Can and I got beaten by a bunch of wildin' Samoans!

TCR: A win's a win, no need to overthink it there.

[Grant picks his head up, nodding as his confidence grows again.]

CJ: Come on son, we got some time before us two gotta get our broken down ol' jalopies back in that ring. Let's celebrate!

[With that, the trio walks off the stage as the Canadian crowd cheers.]

TL: Whether you're a longtime AWA fan or joining us for the first time, it's gotta tug at your heartstrings to see father and son together there like that. Fans, we're going to take a quick break and when we come back, it's the powerhouse "T-Bone" Trish Wallace in action!

[We fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and back up on the ring where we can see action is ongoing as Gordon begins to speak.]

GM: Welcome back to Power Hour, fans; right now you are looking at "The Blue Bomber" Maggie Mann, fighting out of Brandon, Manitoba as she takes on "T-Bone" Trish Wallace this afternoon in Regina.

[In the ring, Trish Wallace is locked up with the blue-haired Maggie Mann, using her lower center of gravity to keep her cornered. The stocky Wallace sister is in a magenta and dark blue leotard, while Mann is in long tights and a cropped, long sleeve top, all blue with white and flat gold detailing.]

GM: T-Bone has not backed up an inch in this contest; I know Battlin' Burt is watching back home in Minnesota and I hope he doesn't take offense to this, but I called a lot of his matches in the day and out of all his children who have followed their father into the sport of professional wrestling, Trish is the one that takes after Burt Wallace the most.

[Shari Miranda goes to break the lockup in the corner as Wallace drives her shoulder into Mann's midsection, while Mann responds with overhand strikes to the back of Wallace's shoulders. "T-Bone" has a non-verbal response to the referee.]

GM: Oh my, Trish almost shoving the referee there!

BW: Well, she's got her daddy's bad attitude, that's for sure!

GM: Trish Wallace has definitely inherited Battlin' Burt Wallace's pugnacious streak...

[Wallace drags Maggie Mann out of the corner and shoots her to the ropes; Mann rebounds into a HARD forearm from Wallace.]

GM: Oof! Case in point.

BW: T-Bone's got some meathammers to her! Just like her old man!

GM: It wasn't that long ago that we saw her rule the roost against five other very talented athletes, and then just recently her and Skyler Swift renovated the ring against Charisma Knight and Dr. Leah White.

[T-Bone Wallace pulls her cerulean opponent up and clinches on to her. She arcs her entire body backwards...]

GM: Pops the hips with a T-Bone Suplex! What core strength! And you can hear the fans filing in to Mosaic Stadium here in Regina are loving it!

BW: Well, she gives the people what they want, but she ain't learned that what matters is winning the match.

[Wallace pulls Mann into a front face lock. With her free hand, she mimes a "thumbs up."]

GM: Trish Wallace seems to have this match well in hand, but she knows that her bread and butter are her feats of strength... look at this...

[With surprising ease, Wallace inverts her taller opponent up over her head with a vertical suplex...]

...and holds her there...

...drawing some "oohs" from the crowd...

...and keeps holding her there...

...and then starts doing squats while holding her opponent upright!]

GM: I've seen my share of stalling vertical suplexes in my day, but I don't remember any athlete having the strength or balance to start doing squats in the middle of one!

BW: Now that's just showin' off!

[With an upward thrust, Wallace flops backward, planting her opponent to the mat.]

GM: Don't ever doubt the leg strength of this young lady, fans.

[Wallace turns to the fans and does a quick double bicep flex, adding a smile and playful wink.]

GM: And Maggie Mann's head has to be thrumming with all that blood--

"DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT!"

"DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT!"

"DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT!"

"DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT!"

[Wallace turns to the entrance to see her brothers, Chet and Chaz, the American Idols. She clicks her tongue and rolls her eyes as they each have a box of t-shirts under their arm.]

GM: Wait, what are these two doing out here? Are they trying to upstage their baby sister? Are they that threatened by her?

BW: Chaz and Chet have a Stampede Cup they're trying to win... they've been looking forward to selling all their merch for weeks. D'ya think they're gonna do it during THEIR match, Gordo?

[Trish Wallace sighs and shakes her head, in time to walk into a small package from the Blue Bomber.]

GM: Oh, a roll-up from Maggie Mann, two, and...! Oh, a kickout and that was almost it!

[Maggie Mann snapmares Wallace and holds her in a chin lock. Chet and Chaz fan out around ringside, handing t-shirts to the front rows. (Concentrating on the side facing the hard camera, naturally.)]

GM: I don't begrudge the Idols wanting to make a dollar in this sport; they're a fixture in the AWA, but not only are they drawing focus from their own sister, but

shouldn't they be warming up for their match in the Stampede Cup? Raphael Rhodes and Sid Osbourne are not exactly pushovers!

BW: There's nothing wrong with showing a little confidence and cockiness now and again.

GM: But you just criticized Trish Wallace for not focusing on--

BW: I know I said nothing of the sort! Don't try to gaslight me, Gordo.

[In the ring, T-Bone gets to a knee and buries a pair of elbows into the ribcage of Maggie Mann, breaking the chin lock.]

GM: Wallace hitting the ropes, maybe looking for another clothesline--oh my!

[The faster, more lithe Blue Bomber surprises Trish Wallace with a dropkick to the jaw that staggers her, but doesn't knock her off her feet.]

CHAZ: "Ha! Look at that!"

CHET: "At least someone in that ring knows what a dropkick is."

[The American Idols both pause their ringside sales pitch to tease their sister. She grits her teeth, collects herself, and walks straight into another dropkick. Her brothers start sarcastically cheering her on.]

CHET & CHAZ: "DROP-KICK PAR-TY!" *clap clap clapclapclap*
"DROP-KICK PAR-TY!" *clap clap clapclapclap*
"DROP-KICK PAR-TY!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

[Wallace stomps the mat a couple of times before storming ahead toward Maggie Mann and being knocked flat on her back by a third dropkick.]

GM: They really do not need to be doing this to the poor girl.

BW: Ah, come on. If she can't take this, how can she take the abuse she's bound to get in a higher level of competition?

CHAZ: "Hey! How about YOU try a dropkick, Patricia?"

CHET: "Yeah, show us that great Wallace family dropkick!"

[The smoldering Trish Wallace paces the ring with her hands on her hips, while her opponent eggs her on.]

MM: "Yeah, T-Bone, let's see your dropkick."

GM: Don't rise to them, young lady.

BW: Oh, this is gonna be hysterical, Gordo.

[Trish Wallace looks to one side of the stadium...]

TW: "Should I?"

[Upon hearing some cheers, she appeals to the other side of the stadium.]

TW: "Should I show them my dropkick?"

[Hearing support from the fans, T-Bone shrugs and stands in front of her opponent. The American Idols are eager with anticipation, ready to laugh.]

GM: Shame on these two for egging their sister on. She had this match well in hand before trying to make her do a dropkick.

[Trish Wallace leaps all of twelve inches into the air..

...and jams her powerful legs into the shin and knee of her opponent, chopping Maggie Mann's vertical base cleanly out from beneath her and sending her face-first to the canvas!]

BW: OWWW!

GM: Ohhhh my! What dropkick lacked in verticality, it more than compensated for in horizontal force!

[Trish Wallace springs to her feet, and acknowledges her siblings' presence for the first time.]

TW: "Dropkick... Downer!"

[A few fans echo her in a chant.]

"DROP-KICK DOWN-HER!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

"DROP-KICK DOWN-HER!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

"DROP-KICK DOWN-HER!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

[As Maggie Mann tries to pull herself to a knee, Trish Wallace charges in and buries another powerful basement dropkick to her other leg.]

GM: She may not share her brothers' agility, but you can't argue with the results of chopping your opponent's legs out from underneath them.

[T-Bone grapevines both of Maggie Mann's ankles underneath her arms.]

GM: Oh, we've seen this before...

BW: Time to visit Sesame Street and count along with Count T-Bone.

[Trish Wallace pivots and begins to Giant Swing Maggie Mann...

...

...Two rotations...

...

...Four rotations...

...

...

...Seven...

...

...

...Ten...

...

...

...And releases on the thirteenth spin!]

GM: Thirteen is the lucky number for Trish Wallace here in Regina!

[She crosses her arms and flings them outward in the classic "she's finished" gesture. Wallace scoops the Blue Bomber off the mat and hoists her easily onto her shoulder.]

GM: Look at the ease!

BW: T-Bone can womanhandle just about every opponent she faces! Her arms are as big as her head!

GM: A running start...

[Wallace takes a few jogging steps to the center of the ring...]

GM: ...Plants her with a running powerslam right dead center in the ring! Lateral press...

[As the referee counts, Trish Wallace looks to taunt Chet and Chaz...

...But they've long since cleared ringside.]

GM: ...And you can put it in the record books as another win for Trish Wallace! She's going to start looking for some ranked competition before long and that will no doubt shake up the Women's Top Ten!

[Wallace smugly shakes her head at her suddenly absent brothers, letting Shari Miranda raise her hand, while flexing her free bicep.]

BW: See? Chet and Chaz encouraged their little sister to victory. And you doubted the Idols.

GM: I'm not so sure that's the case, but "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is heading down to ringside to get a word with the victor, "T-Bone" Trish Wallace; over to you, Sweet Lou!

[At ringside, Trish Wallace slaps a few palms at ringside before joining "Sweet" Lou.]

SLB: Thank you, Gordon and Bucky. Trish Wallace, "T-Bone," if I could get a few words with you... First of all, an impressive victory for you, despite what might be seen as a family squabble.

TW: Ah, well, that's always what happens. As soon as Chet or Chaz think I'm going to upstage them they make themselves scarce. Every time, Sweet Lou. The reason they were out here in the first place is that they wanted me to hawk those t-shirts of theirs. Now I'd be okay with helping them out--they're family after all--but when I asked how much I'd get paid, they laughed in my face! Did they not see what happened to the last person who stiffed me?

SLB: Although I understand that you helped get Skyler Swift into the best ring shape of her career for her match last night with Kurayami.

TW: That was for free, Sweet Lou; she wasn't looking to cash in, she wanted to win. I wanted to see her hoist that belt and I wanted to see Kurayami get what was coming to her. She's worked as hard as anyone in that locker room, but... well Kurayami got lucky. She got "stupid lucky," like my Dad always says. She got stupid lucky and...

[Wallace tails off, biting her lower lip in thought. "Sweet" Lou, ever the professional, lets her compose her thoughts.]

TW: I can slam Kurayami.

[A wave of resolve suddenly washes over Trish Wallace's demeanor.]

TW: I can scoop her up and slam her just as easily as I slammed my opponent this afternoon in there. If I get a match with Kurayami, I'm not gonna burn through my stamina like the last time we came face to face. I can slam anyone, and I can slam her.

SLB: Wait, is that a challenge for Kurayami?

TW: We all know Kurayami hates when people challenge her. No, Lou, I'm going to earn it. I'm going to slam my way up the rankings so she has no choice other than to face me! It's not a challenge: it's fate! Hey, Lou, did you see that cool workout facility the football team has here?

SLB: State-of-the-art, I'm told.

TW: I pay myself first by working in the gym. It's time to do some overtime.

[Wallace heads up the ramp.]

SLB: Alright, "T-Bone" Wallace wants to climb the contender's ranks the old fashioned way... and I'm being told, we're going to head right back up to the ring right now. Gordon?

[We cut over to Gordon and Bucky who are both slightly distracted by the parade of bodies entering the ring.]

GM: The AWA Women's Division continues to be one of the fastest-rising divisions in pro wrestling, Bucky, and with just about twenty-five minutes before we head into Night 2 of the Battle of Saskatchewan at Mosaic Stadium, they get a chance to show it. Coming up right now, a six-woman tag team match here on the Power Hour!

BW: I get the cat, but why do we have a squirrel in the ring too?

GM: ... Rebecca, maybe you can answer that one. Take it away.

[We cut to inside the ring, where all six competitors are inside the ring. Streamers are being cleaned up from the entrance of Ayako Fujiwara, and Molly Bell is not helping, to say the least, batting at the streamers as they go past with a gleeful smile on her face. Michelle Bailey smiles at Molly as she helps the ringside attendants and Shari Miranda clear the streamers out, while their opponents across the ring stare at them.]

RO: Our next matchup is a six-woman tag team match, set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! In the corner to my left, team number one... first, from Ciudad Juárez, Chihuahua, Mexico, weighing in at 129 pounds... LA ARDILLA!

[La Ardilla, wearing a mask and outfit made to resemble a squirrel, points at all three of her opponents, then gives a thumbs down.]

RO: From Cork, Ireland, weighing 143 pounds... SIOBHAN STAR!

[Siobhan Star doesn't move from the corner, simply glaring across the ring and stretching out her legs. She's dressed in a simple blue sports bra and matching spandex shorts, along with black kneepads and black wrestling shoes.]

RO: And... from Regina, Saskatchewan...

[Ortiz takes a moment to let the hometown crowd roar its approval.]

RO: Weighing 138 pounds... JESSICA BAXTER!

[Jessica Baxter bounds out of the corner, clearly excited to be in front of her hometown. Her hair is cut into a mullet, shaved on the sides and dyed royal blue. She's also wearing a dayglo leopard print singlet over a matching sports bra, pink kneepads, and green wrestling shoes. She rapidly pumps her fist, screaming "let's go Regina!", before heading back to her corner, slapping Star on the shoulder with a huge grin on her face.]

BW: Quite the... eclectic team set up here.

GM: Indeed. We'll tell you more about them in a moment, but now, let's let Rebecca introduce their opponents!

RO: And team number two, first, from Richmond, Virginia, weighing 152 pounds... MOLLY BELL!

[Molly Bell bounces out of the corner, bellowing "MEOWWWWWWWW!" at the top of her kitty lungs. She's wearing a halter-style sports bra and spandex shorts that appear to feature a design of cat astronauts, and the word "MEOW" runs across the seat of the shorts. She has her collar around her neck. She's also wearing black kneepads and boots, with the word "MEOW" in white running down the boots. She has her cat face makeup applied. She motions her head towards Rebecca Ortiz, who gives her a brief scratch behind the ear, thrilling her to no end.]

RO: Currently residing in Northampton, Massachusetts, weighing 171 pounds... MICHELLE BAILEY!

[Michelle Bailey raises her hand to the crowd, a big grin across her face. She's dressed in a sleeveless yellow and black plaid crop top and matching miniskirt, along two kneepads of different colors (one black, one yellow), and black shinpads with a glittery finish over yellow wrestling shoes. She's also wearing a shimmery eye shadow, black eyeliner, and a shimmery lip gloss, as well as some body glitter. She seems to be in awe of the size of the crowd, almost as if she can't believe she's in front of this many people once again.]

RO: And from Fujinomiya, in the Shizuoka Prefecture of Japan, weighing 73 kilograms... AYAKO FUJIWARA!

[Ayako Fujiwara bows to the fans, dressed in a sleek, sleeveless black catsuit with a corset-like top tied together with red string, fingerless elbow-length gloves, an elaborate gold embroidered belt sash, and knee-high boots. She scratches Molly Bell behind the ear and removes Molly's collar, then interlaces her fingers and fixes her eyes on her three opponents, calmly rotating her wrists in a way that can only be described as chilling.]

BW: This is going to be an interesting one, Gordo. We've seen Fujiwara, Bailey, and Bell buddying up with each other over the last couple of months, but this is the first time they've teamed up together as a trio.

GM: That's right. And their opponents might be a little familiar to those of you who follow pro wrestling around the world. La Ardilla comes to us from Mexico, and has made appearances in SWLL recently, and the team of Siobhan Star and Jessica Baxter currently wrestle for the P*WIN group out of Philadelphia under the team name of BaxStar.

BW: Isn't P*WIN the group Theresa Lynch moonlights for?

GM: She does commentary there, yes, and she provided information on Star and Baxter that we'll pass along as the match goes.

[Shari Miranda gets each team to have just one representative in the ring, and signals for the bell.]

GM: And here we go, Bucky, six-woman tag team action - or trios action as they say down in Mexico - as the hometown girl, Jessica Baxter, will start against the recent returnee, Michelle Bailey.

BW: Yeah, and with a fifteen minute time limit, the action's probably going to be pretty swift in this one, don't you think?

GM: That's something Theresa mentioned about the team of Star and Baxter, they like to favor the quick tags.

BW: They're probably going to need quick tags, each team member on that team is outweighed by Fujiwara, Bailey, and Bell.

GM: Not to mention that there's three wrestlers in our most recent Women's Division top ten... Ayako Fujiwara at #4, Molly Bell at #9, and Michelle Bailey at #10.

BW: How is that cat still ranked? Must be a mistake.

GM: Baxter locking up with Bailey... Baxter, from what Theresa mentioned, is a fitness enthusiast, but Bailey has both the height and the weight advantage on her.

[Baxter quickly dips down, dragging Bailey down by the arm as the crowd cheers.]

BW: Part of the problem with Bailey having such a height advantage though, five inches of height in the case on this Jessica Baxter person, she's in an easy position to be toppled by smaller wrestlers who know how to use leverage.

GM: Michelle Bailey is not really used to being the larger wrestler in matches, it's something she has got to get used to. She spent the entire first portion of her career usually giving up weight or height. And there's another armdrag there by Baxter!

[Bailey rolls to her knees as Baxter takes a moment to cheer back at the crowd, then stops to place two fingers against her own neck.]

BW: No! What is she doing?!

GM: Well, Bucky... like Theresa's notes say, she's a fitness enthusiast. When she's not in the ring, she's usually wearing a heart rate monitor. I suppose she's checking her own pulse.

[Bailey watches Baxter in amusement, pushing herself back up to her feet with her head tilted.]

BW: Jessica Baxter is darn lucky Michelle Bailey is a soft-hearted wrestler who doesn't usually press advantages like this, Gordo, a lot of wrestlers would be kicking Baxter's teeth right down her throat.

[Bailey motions at Baxter, saying loud enough for the camera's microphone to pick up, "can we wrestle now?" Baxter grins at Bailey and goes "yup! All good!"]

GM: Action now resuming here. Baxter going in for a double leg dive on Bailey... NO! Bailey sprawls on top of Baxter!

BW: That's another mistake by Baxter. Someone with the wrestling knowledge of Michelle Bailey, you want to soften her up before you try a leg dive on her.

GM: Not to mention the leg strength, too. In between Bailey, Ayako Fujiwara, and Trish Wallace, it's hard to say who has the strongest legs amongst the AWA Women's Division. All three of those women possess some great power.

[Bailey spins into a referee's position, pulling Baxter into a seated position, then stands up. She holds the top of Baxter's head and...

"WHAPPPPPPPPPPPPP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

...drives a quick kick right across Baxter's shoulder blades, causing Baxter to gasp for breath.]

GM: And there's that leg strength by Bailey coming into play right there, Bucky!

BW: That sounded like a shotgun blast!

GM: Bailey now coming around to the front of Baxter, still holding the top of Baxter's head... perhaps she's going to try that same kick from the front?

[Bailey swings her leg back, but Baxter surges forward, able to break from Bailey's grasp, ducking underneath her leg and rolling Bailey up!]

GM: No! Schoolgirl rollup by Baxter! She'll get one! She's got tw-... no, not even two!

BW: Way too early to pin Michelle Bailey like that.

GM: Baxter now standing, waiting for Bailey to get back to her feet... dropkick, right on the chin! Bailey now staggered back into the ropes!

BW: But she's not pressing the advantage, Gordo! Look at this!

[Baxter again presses two fingers to her neck, telling Shari Miranda "the kick made my heart rate go up!"]

GM: Jessica Baxter checking her pulse once again...

[Bailey, no longer amused, surges out from the ropes...]

BW: WHOA!

GM: Double-leg pickup by Michelle Bailey! She's bringing her over into her corner... slams her down with a takedown! Bailey now... what is this?

[Bailey applies a standing figure four to Baxter, then kneels down on the bent leg as Baxter shrieks in pain.]

GM: Kneeling figure four by Bailey! Bailey reaching deep into her mat wrestling knowledge here.

[Bailey smirks at Baxter, then reaches out and grabs Baxter by the wrist.]

GM: Wait a second, what's this?

BW: Who knows?

[Bailey looks up for a moment or two, then gasps. The camera's microphone picks up Bailey saying to Baxter, "oh no! Your pulse is elevated! That's not good!" Bailey shakes her head for a moment, before reaching back to tag Molly Bell.]

BW: Michelle Bailey tags to Molly Bell, but not before... I can't believe I'm saying this either... checking Jessica Baxter's pulse for her.

GM: That was very nice of her, Bucky. You know, she really puts that nurse training she has to good use from time to time.

[Bailey releases Baxter from the hold as Bell walks into the ring, putting Baxter into a chinlock, rubbing her head against Baxter's forehead.]

BW: And as expected, this match just got weird.

GM: Molly Bell now in, with an... unorthodox chinlock now on Jessica Baxter. Bell had a tough loss just last week as Victoria June avenged her defeat from Liberty or Death, and now looking to rebound here.

BW: She showed the kind of emotional weakness that led to her deciding she was a cat. You saw how quickly she submitted to that scorpion crosslock, right?

GM: Will you stop it, Bucky? Molly Bell is different, to say the least, but she's got a lot of potential, which can only be helped by being allied with Ayako Fujiwara and Michelle Bailey.

[Baxter plants her feet on the mat and pops her hips upward, guiding herself up to a standing position.]

GM: Baxter now back to her feet... drives an elbow into Molly Bell's stomach, and Bell breaks the chinlock. Baxter connects with another dropkick to the muzzle of Bell... and dives to make the tag to Siobhan Star!

BW: I've heard good things about this one, Gordo. Second-generation, right?

GM: That's right, Bucky, and Star now in, connects with a forearm right to Bell's jaw! Star rearing back... European uppercut right to the upper chest there, and Shari Miranda stepping in to warn Star to stay away from the throat.

BW: That looks familiar. Wait... I think I saw her talking with Raphael Rhodes today! She probably was asking him for tips!

GM: She could have been, Bucky. Theresa says that not only is Star's mother the noted Irish wrestler Kathleen Star, but she is cousins with Raphael Rhodes.

BW: That family record must look like a set of encyclopedias.

[There is an audible sigh from Gordon.]

BW: What?

GM: Star getting Bell up to her feet, reaching out for the tag to Baxter, and this is the quick tagging that we were told about, Bucky.

[Baxter enters the ring and rushes to the far side of the ropes, with Star burying a knee into the midsection of Baxter.]

GM: Baxter now back in, Star has doubled over Bell... here comes Baxter with a kneelift!

BW: Watch out! Star's not done!

GM: Bell staggered back from the kneelift... reverse neckbreaker by Star! Star now stepping out of the ring, and Baxter immediately tagging Star right back in.

BW: Really quick teamwork here, Gordo, this sort of thing always keeps a fresh wrestler in the ring.

GM: Star back in, Baxter holding Bell by the waistband of her tights... and Star drives a forearm right into Molly Bell's back!

[Bell yowls in pain as the camera cuts to looks of concern across the faces of Fujiwara and Bailey.]

GM: And there you see Ayako Fujiwara and Michelle Bailey, both very concerned about Molly Bell, as she's trapped in the opposing corner. Ayako's really become like a maternal figure to Molly lately.

BW: You realize how you sound, right?

GM: Like someone who cares about other people?

BW: No, you sound as crazy as that cat does.

[The camera cuts back to Star, cinching Bell in a gutwrench, lifting her into the air and taking her over in a suplex.]

GM: Gutwrench suplex by Siobhan Star, now... oh my, placing the forearm right across the nose of Bell as she covers! She gets one, two... Molly Bell was able to kick out though.

BW: Star didn't hook a leg, I almost wonder if she was intending to just drive that forearm into Bell's nose and humiliate her instead of trying to beat her.

[Star shakes her head, picking up Bell, driving a headbutt into Bell's forehead. Bell stares at Star, shouting "MEOWWWWWWW!" right in Star's face.]

GM: Ohh, Molly Bell didn't like that one bit!

BW: She doesn't have much upstairs to rattle, so it's not like it would've done anything!

GM: Star startled a little bit... Bell connects with a headbutt of her own, and down goes Siobhan Star! Bell now with two fistfuls of Star's hair... looking over to her corner...

[Bell looks at Fujiwara, and shouts out "you ready, Mom?" The crowd roars its approval as Ayako smiles, nods, and extends her hand.]

GM: Molly Bell asks Ayako Fujiwara if she's ready, and... there's the tag! Here comes one of the most popular women in the AWA today, Ayako Fujiwara!

BW: And the level of competition in the ring for Siobhan Star just increased significantly!

GM: Fujiwara now in, as Bell holds Star... roundhouse kick right to the chest of Star! Star crumbles to the mat!

[Fujiwara scratches Bell behind the ear, with the audio picking up Fujiwara saying "good kitty!" as Bell exits the ring.]

GM: Fujiwara not wasting a second here, as she picks Star up from the mat. Fujiwara sizing her up... nice snap suplex there by Ayako Fujiwara!

BW: Some real speed to that snap suplex there, Gordo. You've really got to get some velocity to that move if you're going to use it properly.

GM: And if there's anyone who can get velocity behind a suplex in the Women's Division, it's Fujiwara! Fujiwara now getting Star up once again now.

[Fujiwara grabs Star, throwing her with a belly-to-belly suplex, as Star rolls another time from the impact of the suplex.]

GM: What power by Ayako Fujiwara! Fujiwara dragging Star back to the center of the ring, going for the cover... but only able to get a two-count!

BW: Siobhan Star's got to find a way to get out of Fujiwara's grasp. Maybe a good quality thumb to the eye will do the trick.

GM: Bucky, no!

BW: You're not much of a tactician, Gordo.

GM: Fujiwara guiding Star to her feet... Star throws a forearm to the chest of Fujiwara!

BW: Oh no. Bad idea.

GM: Fujiwara retaliates with an elbow strike of her own, right to Star's jaw! And another! And a third! And a fourth!

BW: That was a really bad idea, Siobhan!

GM: Siobhan Star staggering back now... Fujiwara runs towards Star, huge elbow strike right to the face! And she must be thanking her lucky stars, no pun intended, that she just tumbled into her corner!

[Star, woozy, raises a hand for a tag from either Jessica Baxter or La Ardilla. Fujiwara raises her hand and motions for one of the two to come into the ring. Baxter stares, slack-jawed, at Fujiwara, while La Ardilla tries to avoid eye contact.]

GM: Neither of Star's partners wants the tag!

BW: Can't say I blame them, to be honest.

[Star looks up, seeing that Baxter is frozen in an amazed stare and La Ardilla is avoiding contact, and shouts "SOMEBODY BLOODY TAG ME ALREADY!" Fujiwara chuckles at Star's misery with her partners.]

GM: We seem to be at a standstill here, and Fujiwara is amused by the situation.

BW: Well, someone's going to have to go back out there and wrestle her. We haven't even seen what the squirrel girl can do.

GM: That's not her name. It's La Ardilla.

BW: When did this place turn into a zoo?

[Star stands up, still not having been tagged, and grasps La Ardilla by the wrist. She raises La Ardilla's hand, tags it, and says "go get her, squirrely", before stepping out of the ring.]

GM: La Ardilla has been tagged in, our first look at this luchadora.

BW: Assuming she gets in the ring.

[La Ardilla's eyes, from beneath the eyeholes of her squirrel mask, appear to show fear, then quickly turn into determination as Fujiwara beckons her into the ring. La Ardilla suddenly leaps up to the top rope, springboarding off at Fujiwara, dropkicking her on the front of the shoulder!]

GM: Springboard dropkick by La Ardilla onto Fujiwara! Fujiwara staggered back, La Ardilla coming off the ropes... satellite headscissors takes Ayako Fujiwara down!

BW: I admit, I may have underrated the squirrel.

GM: La Ardilla now rushes towards the ropes, bouncing off the ropes, blind dive backwards at Fujiwara... CAUGHT! Ayako Fujiwara caught her!

[Fujiwara cradles La Ardilla in her arms, then drops her down across her knee.]

GM: Cradle backbreaker by Ayako Fujiwara!

[Fujiwara looks at her corner, to see Molly Bell hopping in place, shouting "Mom! Mom! Squirrel! SQUIRREL!" Fujiwara smiles at Bell, asking "do you want the squirrel?" Bell nods her head vigorously, and Fujiwara lifts La Ardilla up in a double leg lift, carrying her over to the corner and tagging Bell back in.]

GM: Molly Bell now back in, she desperately wanted to be in the ring with La Ardilla, I wonder if there was any sort of history between these two.

BW: You mean aside from that it's a cat who wants to fight a squirrel? You think we need a backstory?

GM: Fujiwara dumps La Ardilla to the ground, and Bell now... growling at La Ardilla?

[Bell hisses at La Ardilla, and begins to approach her, but La Ardilla crawls between Bell's legs and dropkicks her in the back.]

GM: Dropkick to the back of Molly Bell by La Ardilla, Bell stumbles forward. La Ardilla running off the ropes, diving at Molly... Molly caught her! Molly with a bearhug!

BW: Since when did that cat learn how to do a bearhug?

GM: She's been training with Fujiwara and Bailey, learning new moves every day, and... oh no!

[La Ardilla escapes the bearhug by burying her thumb right into the eye of Bell. Bell yelps in pain, as the crowd boos loudly with disapproval of this escape method.]

BW: I told you, the thumb to the eye really gets the job done.

GM: Molly Bell gets thumbed in the eye by La Ardilla... OH COME ON!

[La Ardilla digs her thumb into Bell's other eye, as the crowd boos even more. Shari Miranda admonishes La Ardilla for her actions. Even Jessica Baxter and Siobhan Star look displeased with what their partner has done, especially when they look across the ring and see Ayako Fujiwara trembling with rage, with Michelle Bailey trying to calm her down some.]

GM: Two thumbs to the eye by La Ardilla, and if Molly Bell can find her way to her corner, Ayako Fujiwara looks like she could tear La Ardilla limb from limb!

BW: Seems to me like the clear solution would be to keep her from tagging.

GM: But La Ardilla's partners in BaxStar even seem upset by what she's just done! Do you think they want to risk stepping in with an infuriated Ayako Fujiwara?

[La Ardilla cockily kicks Molly Bell a couple of times, as the crowd boos louder. As Bell is on the mat, La Ardilla scrapes her boot laces across Bell's eyes, making it even more difficult for Bell to see. Once again, Shari Miranda admonishes La Ardilla for the attack to the eyes, threatening a disqualification.]

GM: Molly Bell is still not able to see, and this crowd absolutely does not like it.

BW: Hey, Molly Bell started her AWA career with a huge upset, you've got to think La Ardilla is thinking the same could happen for her!

GM: At the same time, Bell's vision could be at risk here, Shari Miranda has already threatened a disqualification.

[Fujiwara is shouting for Bell to get back to the corner and make the tag, but the crowd's boos seem to be making it impossible for Bell to hear. Bailey gets an idea, and climbs up onto the turnbuckles, holding up her hand, then motioning for the crowd to quiet down.]

GM: Michelle Bailey trying to get this crowd to quiet down, to help Molly Bell get back to the corner and tag back out! What a smart move by Bailey!

BW: Who is she to tell people whether they can or can't cheer or boo?!

[Bailey puts a finger to her lips, turning to all sides of the stadium, and the crowd all starts to shush each other at Bailey's instruction.]

GM: La Ardilla is beside herself... la magistral cradle by La Ardilla! One! Two! No, Molly Bell was able to kick out! La Ardilla is trying to end this match now, before it's too late.

[Bailey continues to quiet the crowd down, to the point where it is now almost completely silent. Bailey clasps her hands together, bowing to each side of the building in thanks.]

BW: Okay, it's eerie in here now. 40,000 fans in this building and not one of them is making a single sound.

[Fujiwara reaches out, and shouts... "Molly! Come to Mommy!" Bell rubs her eyes, hearing Fujiwara's voice clearly, and moves towards the sound.]

GM: Ayako Fujiwara now trying to guide Molly Bell to her using just her voice, now that Michelle Bailey has gotten the crowd to work with her.

BW: La Ardilla should go over there and just paste Ayako Fujiwara right in the mush, see if that helps the situation any.

GM: Bucky! If anything, Fujiwara might get even more mad!

BW: So she should get her partners to do it! Fat lot of help they've been so far!

[We cut to Jessica Baxter and Siobhan Star, having a conversation, as they've seemingly backed away from the apron a little.]

GM: They seem to be receding from the apron entirely, based on appearances.

[We cut back to Molly Bell, continuing to work towards the sound of Ayako Fujiwara's voice, as La Ardilla stomps away at Bell. Bell hisses at La Ardilla, then...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[... grabs her by the wrist, pulling her into a short-arm headbutt!]

GM: Short-arm headbutt by Molly Bell, that just knocked La Ardilla flat!

BW: I suppose even a blinded cat finds a squirrel once in a while.

GM: I don't think that's quite how that analogy goes.

[Fujiwara encourages Bell to make the tag, shouting "just a few more steps, Molly!", as Bell stumbles towards her corner.]

GM: And Molly Bell makes the tag! Ayako Fujiwara is in!

[Michelle Bailey raises her hands in celebration, and the crowd joins in with a resounding cheer, with Bailey mouthing "thanks everyone" to the audience.]

GM: Fujiwara gets La Ardilla up... reverse waistlock!

BW: I think Miss Germany's about to take the squirrel on a trip!

GM: Fujiwara lifts... German suplex connects! She's holding that waistlock, Bucky!

BW: Maybe blinding the cat was a bad move?

GM: A second German suplex on La Ardilla! Fujiwara is still holding that waistlock...

[Fujiwara grits her teeth, deadlifting a motionless La Ardilla off the mat...]

"THUDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Release German suplex! Three bone-rattling German suplexes by Miss Germany!

[Fujiwara shoots a glare at the corner with Baxter and Star in it, offering them a chance to come into the ring to replace La Ardilla. Both raise their hands as if to say "no thanks, we're good". Fujiwara looks over to Bailey and offers her hand for a tag, and Bailey accepts.]

GM: Ayako Fujiwara has just flattened La Ardilla, and it seems like Jessica Baxter and Siobhan Star want nothing to do with trying to bail her out.

BW: Not much of a team dynamic, huh? English-to-squirrel is quite the language barrier.

GM: I think it has more to do with La Ardilla trying to blind Molly Bell, but... anyway, Michelle Bailey now in on what appears to be mop-up duty.

[As Fujiwara stands on the apron, scratching Bell behind the ear and asking if she's okay, Bailey kneels down beside La Ardilla, shaking her head. She says "shouldn't have messed with my friend's cat", and picks up La Ardilla, placing her in a standing headscissor.]

GM: Bailey now has La Ardilla in position... lifts her up and slams her down with a power bomb!

BW: I can't recall ever seeing Michelle Bailey using a power bomb before, Gordo!

GM: It's something new she's added to her arsenal since coming back, and so from what I understand is what she's about to do now!

[Bailey grabs La Ardilla by the ankles, trapping La Ardilla's legs between hers, and pushing La Ardilla's legs down so her feet touch the mat past her shoulders. From there, Bailey kneels down, putting her own knees on the mat, trapping La Ardilla's legs and cradling her down as Shari Miranda slides in to count, with Bailey staring at Baxter and Star to make sure they don't rush in to try and break the count. They don't.]

GM: Michelle Bailey just opened up a Total Bummer on La Ardilla! Shari Miranda counting now! One! Two! Three!

BW: And Baxter and Star, what cowards! They stayed out of it!

GM: Can you blame them?

[Bucky stays silent as Bailey gets back up, the bell ringing. Baxter and Star leave the ringside area, dismissively waving their hands at La Ardilla.]

RO: Here are your winners... the team of MOLLY BELL, MICHELLE BAILEY, AND AYAKO FUJIWARA!

[Fujiwara and Bell join Bailey in the ring, as Bell still appears to be trying to regain her sight. Bell hugs Fujiwara, as Miranda raises Bailey and Fujiwara's hands. Bailey gives Bell a reassuring scratch, and Bell blinks her eyes open.]

GM: So the trio of Ayako Fujiwara, Michelle Bailey, and Molly Bell will pick up the win, and thankfully it appears Molly isn't blinded by those attacks on her eyes by La Ardilla.

BW: Well, hopefully we're not still airing on Animal Planet.

GM: Bucky... wait a second!

[Bell, having regained her vision, hisses at La Ardilla. As La Ardilla rolls out of the ring, Bell follows her, chasing her up the Mosaic Stadium rampway. La Ardilla tries to climb up the giant animatronic bear to get away from Molly, but Bell catches her.]

GM: Molly Bell just caught La Ardilla, over by the bear!

BW: You've got to be kidding me. I'm going to need a Mooselips after this, and we haven't even started Night Two properly yet.

[Ayako Fujiwara and Michelle Bailey make their way up the ramp, with Shari Miranda following them, trying to encourage Molly to let La Ardilla go. La Ardilla kicks Bell in the ribs and scampers off.]

GM: La Ardilla finally able to escape. I wonder if we've seen the last of this between Molly Bell and La Ardilla, Bucky.

BW: ...I don't even know how to answer that speculation.

GM: Fans, with just about eight minutes left until the top of the hour, we're going to take one final break and when we come back, we're going to see Atlas Armstrong in action!

[We fade to black...

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade to black...

...and then come back up on Rebecca Ortiz up inside the ring.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with TV Time Remaining! Already in the ring, weighing 365 pounds... from Rouleau, Saskatchewan... BRENT DAVIS!

[The crowd gives a small hometown pop to the round, hairy man in the ring. He raises his hand and waves back to the crowd.]

GM: Brent Davis in the green and white colors of the local Saskatchewan football team.

BW: Are they the Rough Riders or the Roughriders? How does a football league with only eight teams have two with the same name, Gordo? Only in Canada, eh?

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: And his opponent... from Big Sur, California... weighing 310 pounds... he is the INCREDIBLE, the ASTONISHING, the AMAZING, the UNCANNY, THE ALMIGHTY...

ATLAS ARMSTRONGGGGGGGG!

[The crowd boos as Mickey Cherry emerges from behind the curtains as "Jesus Christ Superstar" plays. Cherry is in his tacky best: blue and gold zebra-print suit, gold lame shirt and black bolo tie. He swaggers a few steps before he turns around and gestures to the entrance with his cane. Out comes the massive Atlas Armstrong. A hush falls across the crowd as the mountainous man strides to the ring, draped in a gold cape. He steps into the center of the ring, dropping into the Thinker's pose as Cherry unties his cape and reveals the "world's greatest physique" to the people of Saskatchewan.]

BW: I guarantee that the people of Saskatchewan have never seen a man that looks like this!

GM: Guarantee, huh?

BW: Look out at the crowd, Gordo. I don't think they've seen anyone who wasn't their cousin!

GM: Will you stop!

BW: What? Saskatchewan is Native American for "We're just like Alabama, but colder."

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Armstrong flexes a double biceps pose as he strides up to Davis. He shakes his head before walking away and demanding a microphone that he hands to Mickey Cherry.]

MC: All you Saskatchewan subhumans, I want you to get a good look at what a real man looks like! Now take a look at this guy who looks like he should be pumping

gas on the corner somewhere and then take a good look at the guy next to you. Now take a look at Atlas Armstrong and realize you've been blessed to see an Island God! Atlas! Drop the heavens on this subhuman!

[The fans are jeering loudly as Cherry exits the ring, leaving the two competitors behind.]

GM: Mickey Cherry earning the ire of the fans here in Regina as we get set for action with Atlas Armstrong taking on a similar-sized competitor for once in Brent Davis.

BW: Davis is actually a little bit bigger than Armstrong though nowhere near as well-defined. This should be an interesting test for the Almighty.

[Armstrong and Davis circle each other before they lock up.]

GM: Big tieup in the center of the ring and... wow, look at these two pushing back and forth, trying to get an edge... both physically and psychologically...

[Davis struggles to push Armstrong back but the 6'8 half-Samoan half-British superman doesn't budge. Instead he merely gathers himself and shrugs his arms forward.]

GM: Oh my! Armstrong just shoves the 365 pounder right down to the mat!

BW: I know those Marvel superhero movies are popular right about now, but we got ourselves a real life superhero in the ring. And no, I'm not talking about that delusional pipsqueak OMEGA.

GM: I understand that Armstrong has had an issue with our resident superhero ever since he interrupted his posing on our last Power Hour.

BW: You don't tug on Superman's cape. You don't spit into the wind. And you do not interrupt Atlas Armstrong when he is posing! Atlas must pose!

[Davis regains his footing and a smiling Atlas invites him to test his luck again.]

GM: Here we go again... back to the tieup... again, both men fighting for position in there.. and again Atlas shoves him down!

[Atlas lets his pecs dance for the booing crowd as Davis gets to his feet, shaking his head in shock.]

GM: Brent Davis looks a little shell-shocked in there and I can't blame him at all. At his size, you have to imagine he's used to shoving people around with no problem but...

BW: But he's never met Atlas Armstrong.

[A third lockup ensues and Armstrong pivots swiftly into a side headlock, cranking his powerful arms as Davis flails about frantically, trying to escape.]

GM: Armstrong bearing down on the headlock, really putting on the squeeze... and Davis spins out into a top wristlock. Nice escape and...

[The crowd grumbles as it becomes apparent that Armstrong has simply allowed Davis to transition to the top wristlock so that Atlas can pull off a single biceps flex.]

GM: Of course.

BW: Now THAT'S counter-wrestling.

[Armstrong laughs uproariously and then gouges him in the eye.]

GM: There's no call for that!

BW: Armstrong does what he feels like!

[And Davis swings wildly and blindly, slapping Armstrong across the face.]

BW: UH OH!

[Armstrong's eyes go cold and even Davis seems to realize his mistake as he braces himself just before Armstrong rains down big right hands on his head.]

GM: A flurry of fists from Atlas Armstrong here...

[Grabbing the arm of the bigger competitor, Armstrong whips him to the ropes with ease, sending Davis bouncing off...

...where he crashes into a stock still Armstrong who actually sends Davis teetering backwards and falling down to his rear on the mat to a shocked reaction!]

GM: Wow! 365 pounds and it doesn't budge Atlas Armstrong an inch!

BW: Centimeter. We're in Canada.

[With Davis down, Armstrong promptly smashes a boot into the mouth, knocking him prone before leaping high and dropping a thunderous legdrop down across the chest!]

GM: Big legdrop from Armstrong! No cover though.

BW: Why bother? Atlas has got this chump right where he wants him and he can beat him at any time.

GM: It's awfully early for an assessment like that, Bucky. Just a few minutes left in our TV Time limit for this one as Armstrong backs off, standing in the corner here as Davis struggles to get to his feet.

[And as he does, Armstrong comes rushing out, leaping into the air again, pumping his leg and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LEAPING BICYCLE KICK! RIGHT UNDER THE CHIN!

[The blow sends Davis flying backwards, crashing back into the turnbuckles as Armstrong stands mid-ring, striking a pose...]

BW: The ring is the only thing that saved Davis from hitting canvas right there, Gordo. He may be out!

[Armstrong marches across the ring, a sneer on his face as he jerks a barely-standing Davis into his powerful arms...

...and with a joyful roar lifts him up, hauling him out of the corner!]

GM: Atlas has got him up... annnnnnd... he brings him down!

BW: The patented Atlas Armstrong atomic drop!

GM: And he got all of it! Armstrong down for the cover!

[We've got one! We've got two! But Armstrong snatches Davis up, shaking his head with a sadistic sneer on his face.]

GM: Well, I'm pretty sure he had the man beat right there, Bucky, but he pulls him up.

BW: Like I said earlier, Gordo... Atlas does what he wants in there and if someone doesn't like it, they can certainly try to stop him.

[Armstrong turns towards his squeaky-voiced manager on the outside.]

"HE DON'T GET OFF THAT EASY! MICKEY, IT'S TIME!"

[Mickey Cherry gleefully responds in kind.]

"DROP THE HEAVENS ON HIM!"

[Pulling Davis to his feet, Armstrong ducks low and lifts the big man up, draping him across his broad back and shoulders in a torture rack that has the fans buzzing over the feat of strength.]

GM: THAT'S 365 POUNDS!

BW: That's nothing to this superhuman spectacle!

[Armstrong parades around the ring, carrying Davis before he stops in the center of the ring, smiles to the hard camera and then decides to add torque to the backbreaker.]

GM: The backbreaker is locked in and it won't be long now before...

[The voice of Brent Davis fills the air.]

"OH GOD! OH GOD! NO! NO! STOP! STOP! I QUIT! I QUIT! LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT!"

[The referee signals for the bell as Armstrong dumps his opponent to the mat with a mighty shrug.]

GM: And this one is all over... just like that.

BW: And if Atlas Armstrong can do that to someone 365 pounds, just what is he going to do to that pipsqueak Omega when he gets his hands on him, daddy?

GM: From what I hear, it won't be long before we find out.

[Mickey Cherry jumps around the ring in celebration as Armstrong steps on Davis' husk and flexes a most muscular pose.]

GM: Fans, we are almost out of time here on the all-new Power Hour... I hope you'll be joining Bucky, Theresa, and I on The Battle of Saskatchewan Night Two in just a few moments. But before we head off the land of Pay Per View, I understand that Theresa Lynch has caught up with a victorious Michelle Bailey. Theresa?

[We cut to Theresa Lynch, standing beside Michelle Bailey. Michelle has swapped out the top from her ring gear in favor of a pink T-shirt bearing the words "Go-Go's UK Tour 1980", surrounded by several tubes of lipstick.]

TL: That's right, Gordon... Michelle, congratulations on getting the win tonight in the six-woman tag match. How is Molly doing?

MB: Her vision is a little blurry still, but she's more revved up than anything. Ayako's getting her calmed down still, back in her dressing room. I think we're going to go get milkshakes as a treat after what happened out there tonight with La Ardilla. Thankfully, it wasn't serious. Dr. Ponavitch has already checked her out and said she'll be just fine.

TL: Well, I'm glad it wasn't serious.

MB: Me too, Theresa. Molly's a good kitty. I don't know what got into La Ardilla out there, but those attacks to the eyes were pretty blatant.

[Michelle shakes her head.]

TL: Not to change the subject, but last week, I asked you about Philadelphia, and your emotional time there....

[Michelle leans back a bit, sighing.]

TL: ... and you asked for more time to think about it. I don't want to pressure you, Michelle, but I wouldn't be doing my duty as a journalist if I didn't follow up on that.

MB: Yeah. I respect that, Theresa. Look... the last few weeks have been this whirlwind of emotions for me. I'm not going to deny it. I've been trying to put everything together in my head, and I have really been trying to do the best I can to give you that answer.

[Michelle nods at Theresa.]

MB: I swear... I'm not dodging you. I just... don't know if I can put how I feel into words yet. Not just about what happened in Philly, but ever since I came back with that two-part interview. Things have really just been... a lot. This hasn't really gone how I'd dreamed it'd be, all those years I wanted to be in the Women's Division. I don't know if that's a good thing or a bad thing yet. But I'll tell you what, Theresa...

[Michelle takes out her phone, swiping up a couple of times.]

MB: I'm scheduled to be in Atlanta wrestling on Power Hour next week, okay? Give me one more week to untangle my feelings in my head about everything, about my career, about what it means for me to be back, and I'll tell you then. And to show you I mean it?

[Michelle holds out her pinky to Theresa.]

MB: I don't break these promises.

[Theresa accepts Michelle's pinky swear.]

TL: Okay, Michelle. I'm going to hold you to that.

MB: You'd better!

[Michelle giggles and walks off.]

TL: You heard it, fans! A solemn oath from Michelle Bailey to tell the world what's been going through her mind after a whirlwind of a few weeks for her here in the AWA. That's going to do it for us here on the Power Hour... we're almost out of time... get your order in now... join us on Pay Per View! We've gotta go! We'll see you in a few seconds! So long everybody!

[Theresa's rushed words barely get out before the camera shot fades to black.]