

AWA POWER HOUR

AUGUST 26TH, 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 we fade up to find ourselves backstage at an AWA event. Thanks to the telltale graphic, we know we're looking at footage shot following the events of Saturday Night Wrestling in Grand Forks, North Dakota. Mark Stegglet is standing by a locker room door.]

MS: Hello, fans, and welcome to this exclusive post-show interview being brought to you by-

[Stegglet's shill is cut off as Shadoe Rage comes bursting out of his dressing room, dressed in distressed faded pink T-shirt, torn jeans and an elaborately wrapped turban. He sees the ambush set by Stegglet and growls, drawing his sunglasses from his eyes and snarling at the crew.]

MS: Shadoe Rage, I've been waiting here to-

[Rage's head snaps towards Stegglet, glaring at him.]

MS: Look, we all saw what happened out there in the ring tonight. Your actions cost Ryan Martinez an opportunity to compete at Estrellas En El Cielo. Why? Why did you do that? What was going through your mind?

[Rage turns in a circle, shaking his head in disgust. He flicks his tongue at the camera, flapping his hands and stretching his neck.]

SR: What was going through my mind? What was going through my mind? What did I do wrong? Let me ask you something, Stegglet. NO! Let me ask Ryan Martinez something.

[He stares directly into the camera.]

SR: How's that shoulder feeling, huh, Hot Dog? Not as bad as it was going to feel, right? Oh yeah, you should be thanking me. You should be thanking me that I saved you from a serious injury at the hands of MAWAGA. But no... you want to get in my face about it? Did you really want nerve damage? Don't you have a history of medical problems with that shoulder, Hot Dog? You think Castillo cared whether MAWAGA won or lost? No, that was about injuring you. That was about taking you off the board. And the Human Tornado decided to keep you in play. Lose a battle... win a war! So what were you thinking, Martinez? What were you thinking when you got in my face instead of reaching for my hand? Foolish pride. Foolish pride!

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: I'd imagine that Ryan Martinez' take on that situation would be very different... but that wasn't all that went down. You were attacked by Morgan Dane! The same Morgan Dane who sent Chris Blue to the hospital at Eternally Extreme! The same Morgan Dane who I'm being told has now been given the task of facing YOU on the all-new Power Hour... in a FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE MATCH!

[Rage doesn't seem at all fazed by the announcement. In fact, his eyes light up. There is something like restrained glee on his chiseled features.]

SR: Falls Count Anywhere? Power Hour? Oh wow, Castillo, you really have faith in your soldiers, don't you? Morgan Dane, that's a big get. And that's a smart match because when we collide there's not a ring big enough to contain the clash between the two most reckless and dangerous wrestlers in the AWA. I can't wait... it's gonna be a wild party. Dane, you made a career being the most dangerous man in the room. But you were never in a room with me. Never. You're a dangerous man. I'm a force of nature. You want to have a party all over the Power Hour studios? We can have a party all over the Center Stage Studios! You get me? Let's cut loose! Let's get wild! Let's freak out...

[Rage trails off as he wheels around, back to the camera, dropping into a fighting stance.]

SR: WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT NOW?

[The camera shot over Rage's shoulder shows a red hot Ryan Martinez storming into the Canadian Wildman's face.]

MS: While we're always happy to see you... this might not be the right moment, Mr. Martinez. As you can see, Shadoe Rage is...

[Martinez interrupts.]

RM: What? Ready to explode? In a rage?

Well, Mark, how do you think I feel?

[Rage steps closer.]

SR: Like an ungrateful jackass?

[Both men glare at one another, each refusing to be the first to blink.]

RM: Look, Rage... we're not friends. But we've never been enemies either.

You and I? We've always swam in different circles. I fought my wars, and you followed your vision. You stayed out of my way, and I stayed out of yours.

And I'm okay with it staying that way.

[Rage twitches, shaking his head.]

RM: I know you don't like me, and the feeling is mutual. But I've always had a certain respect from you. Not always your actions, but you're a man of passion. Someone who fights from the heart.

That's something I understand.

But let me make something clear. You need to keep up your half of that. You stay out my business. Because if you can't keep yourself out of my business...

[Martinez' eyes narrow.]

RM: Then I'll take you out. This unspoken détente can end, just like that...

[Martinez snaps his fingers.]

RM: And I know sometimes reason and rationality aren't always priorities for you, but trust me... "what happens if Ryan Martinez decides it's time to do something about Shadoe Rage" is not an "if" you want in your life.

And crazy as you are... somewhere in your head, you know that's true.

[Shadoe Rage, of course, steps forward, chewing his lip, trying to hold himself in check.]

SR: I know this much to be true, White Knight, the one time we met in that ring I stopped your heart and ended your World Television Title reign. I know that much.

[Rage's reminder of how Martinez lost the World Television Title elicits a cold stare.]

SR: So if you want to threaten somebody, maybe you better threaten somebody who is scared of your last name. Because that ain't me, Martinez! You want me to stay out of your business? You stay want to stay out of mine? No problem both ways! Ya dig? But what I did... was for the bigger picture. And you need to see that bigger picture, too!

[Martinez shakes his head.]

RM: You're not the first person to tell me to see the bigger picture. People have been saying that to me since the Wise Men.

And here's the bigger picture... there's no room in this war for your kind of crazy, Rage. You're only going to keep doing what you did – cost the people fighting the chance to actually accomplish something.

Count on this Rage: stand back and stay out of it, or I'll show you that you can never stop my heart.

[After another heated glare, Martinez walks off.]

MS: Mr. Rage... final thoughts?

SR: Morgan Dane... Falls Count Anywhere. White Knight, you're going to see what my kind of crazy can do!

[Rage stares at Stegglet, chewing his lip. He kisses his teeth loudly and his eyes flash with anger as he snatches up his gear bag and storms out, yelling "Fiendish Morgan Dane, you done messed up now!"]

MS: Tune into the Power Hour, folks - this one will be a fight for the ages!

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

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

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

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

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

#'Cause we are legends!#

[...and the beat drops, launching into an instrumental section of the song that accompanies more clips until we see Jordan Ohara sail off the top rope, crashing down onto a prone foe with a Phoenix Flame as the Power Hour logo fills the screen. Another cut takes us into the Center Stage Studios in Atlanta, Georgia, the crowd cheering the AWA's return to studio wrestling as the instrumental of the song is pumped into the building.

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

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

We dissolve from the wide shot to a closeup of the interview set where we see Theresa Lynch in a crimson red top paired with a black skirt. She is all smiles as the Power Hour takes the air.]

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

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

TL: It's another super-sized edition of the Power Hour as we're just days away from Estrellas En El Cielo taking place on Monday, September 4th down in Guadalupe, Mexico. We'll have more on that star-studded show tonight as well but right now-

[A voice rings out from off-camera - a voice that brings jeers from the crowd and a grimace from Theresa.]

"Right now, you're going to do your job and introduce the REAL host of the Power Hour! ME!"

[Theresa sighs, shaking her head.]

TL: Back by the whim of a madman, I give you my co-host for this evening - Miss Sandra Hayes.

[Hayes comes sauntering through the curtain to even louder jeers, holding her arms over her head in a sleeveless form-fitting white dress with a black belt around her waist. She clutches a mic in one hand as she gets closer to Theresa.]

MSH: Co-host, pffft. Everyone knows I'm the REAL host of this show, girly... and don't you forget it.

[Hayes gets closer as Theresa steps back, eyeing her warily.]

MSH: Oh, don't worry. I promised my good friend Javier that I wouldn't lay a hand on you tonight... unless provoked. So, we're going to be good little soldiers and forget about what you did in Grand Forks when you put your redneck paws on me. Understood?

[Lynch glares at her as the fans continue to boo.]

MSH: We've got a big show tonight... and a big show calls for an expansion of this set, I think. Plus...

[She waves a hand at her crinkled nose.]

MSH: I don't want to stand this close to a Stench.

[Theresa bites her bottom lip, stepping towards Hayes who slips back with a grin.]

MSH: Boys?

[A moment passes before a pair of unknown AWA backstage workers walk through the curtain, carrying an identical version of the Power Hour interview podium... in hot pink. Hayes is all smiles as they walk out and set it down across the entranceway from Lynch.]

MSH: You stay in your corner and I'll stay in mine.

[Theresa looks shocked at the second podium now on the scene.]

TL: Unbelievable. Well, fans... we may be stuck with her but we're still going to have a heck of a night here in Atlanta where tonight's Double Main Event will see Shadoe Rage taking on "Maniac" Morgan Dane in a Falls Count Anywhere match...

MSH: How dare you call my uncle a "maniac?" Have you MET most of your family?

[Theresa ignores her and keeps on going.]

TL: ...plus the World Television Title will be on the line when Michael Aarons defends the gold against Kaz Konoe.

MSH: Now THAT'S a Main Event.

TL: And here to call the action all night long are Big Sal himself, Salvatore Albano and good ol' Dee Dub - Dylan Westerly!

[We cut to the other side of the stage where the two men are seated behind an announce table. Big Sal lives up to his name with a rotund frame shoved behind the table. He grins at the camera with a slight salute... and then throws a glance over his shoulder where he can see Sandra Hayes glaring at him.]

SA: Good evening and salutations, AWA fans, and it's so good to be back here in Atlanta. It's good to be back here with Theresa... and with you, Dee Dub, and... well...

[He smirks as he jerks a thumb at Hayes.]

SA: ...that's about it. Dee Dub, how ya livin', Biggie Smalls?

DW: It's the best night of the week! It's the Power Hour! I'm excited! You're excited! These people are excited! Let's do this thing, Big Sal!

SA: Tyler Graham, take it away!

[We fade from Sal and Dee Dub over to the ring where ring announcer Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: Tonight's opening contest is a trios match scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 432 pounds... the team of Bonnie Sapp, Dominique Whitaker, and Alice O'Reilly!

[The bulky and brawny Sapp, the sleek and shredded Whitaker, and the fit and feisty O'Reilly each salute the crowd to a mixed response as we await the arrival of their opponents.]

TG: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The sparkly pop sounds of Carly Rae Jepsen's "Cut To The Feeling" bounces across the PA to a confused reaction from the Atlanta crowd.]

SA: The debut of a new team is always something to get excited about but this song has got the Center Stage Studios wanting to call me maybe!

[As the song builds towards the chorus, the ring announcer continues.]

TG: From Beverly Hills, California... weighing in at a total combined weight of 374 pounds... SHANNON WALSH, KELLY TAYLOR, and DONNA MARTINELLI.... THE PEEEEEEEEEEAAAACH PITSSSSSS!

[The announced trio comes bouncing through the curtain into view... well, one of them anyways. Donna Martinelli is in pink spandex - booty-hugging trunks and a sports bra style top with a teardrop-shaped cutout that is bedazzled in silver glittering... stuff. She's bouncing in time to the music, pumping her fists, waving her arms, trying to get the crowd into an impromptu dance party.

Walsh and Taylor look less enthused about this whole scene - they're both in black with pink trim. Walsh is in long tights with an accompanying black quasi-tank top. Her hair is tied back in a tight ponytail as she kinda glares at her new partner. Taylor's gear is closer in style to Martinelli sans the hot pink and glitter. She has a lopsided grin on her face though as she watches Martinelli try to get the crowd going.]

SA: The Peach Pits making their official debut here tonight on the Power Hour and this is a sight to see, Dee Dub.

DW: Martinelli's trying to fire up this crowd but Walsh and Taylor look like they can't believe their own eyes.

SA: Martinelli certainly is quite the character... and you have to imagine somewhere in the world, Luke Perry is looking on with a smile.

DW: Luke Perry? Huh?

SA: Maybe you're too young for that reference but I bet some of our viewers are reliving their days as teen dreams right about now.

[Martinelli is the first up on the apron, shaking what her momma gave her as Walsh and Taylor slip under the ropes into the ring...

...and make a beeline for their opponents, driving Whitaker and O'Reilly through the ropes to the floor as the bell sounds!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: We're off and running on the all-new Power Hour as the Peach Pits strike before the bell... well, two of them at least.

[The sound of the bell causes Martinelli to swing around to face the ring, hands planted on her hips...]

"HEY! WAIT FOR ME!"

[...and she ducks through the ropes, running across the ring and jumping on the back of the bulky Bonnie Sapp. Hooking an arm around the throat, Martinelli flails the other one towards Sapp's head and neck... a move that seems to annoy Sapp more than harm her. With Taylor and Walsh on the outside with the other members of the Peach Pits, Martinelli is all alone.]

SA: Donna Martinelli's giving it all she's got here and- oh! Hard landing there for her!

[Sapp flips her over by the head and neck in a makeshift snapmare, throwing her down on her shapely rear end to a yelp from the former Combat Corner student.]

SA: Martinelli had to be on Cloud Nine last weekend seeing her mentor, Laura Davis, come out on top on that Iron Woman match the entire wrestling world is talking about.

DW: Do you really think she trained with Davis? Seems like she's got a lot to learn still.

[On cue, Sapp charges off the ropes, flattening Martinelli underneath her with a diving crossbody on the seated victim!]

SA: OHH! Good night, Mama! That might be it already!

[Sapp slaps her hands aggressively on the canvas, planting them on the chest of Martinelli, sticking out her tongue as we get a pin attempt.]

SA: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[But before a match-ending three count can drop, Sapp goes sliding under the bottom rope courtesy of a double leg pull by Taylor and Walsh!]

SA: And the other Peach Pits make the save!

[Each grab an arm on the off-balance Sapp...]

SA: LOOK OUT!

[...and fling her backwards to where a barricade would usually be, this time sending her flying backwards into the bleachers where the fans quickly scatter!]

SA: This may be a sneak preview of the action we may get later tonight between Shadoo Rage and "Maniac" Morgan Dane in that Falls Count Anywhere match.

[Sapp is reeling in the bleachers now, cradling her lower back where it smashed into solid wood. Walsh follows her up into the seating, stomping her chest a few times before Taylor pulls her out, shoving her back into the ring where Martinelli is struggling to get off the canvas...]

SA: The Peach Pits working together well so far...

DW: Two of them at least.

SA: Donna's always marched a bit to the beat of her own drummer, Dee Dub, and I'm not surprised to see the same thing here tonight in the Peach Pits' official trios debut. Speaking of trios matches, we've got a trio of trios matches coming up in Mexico that should really set the place en fuego, my friend.

DW: We're going to see Osborne, Rhodes, and Tizona against Blackburn, Destro Star, and Arminius! We're going to see the Renegados versus the DMP! We've got that women's trios match with Ayako Fujiwara, Michelle Bailey, and Molly Bell against-

[A loud shriek from Martinelli cuts off Westerly as she starts wildly stomping on Sapp's prone form...]

...and then drops to her knees, clubbing viciously with wildly-swung forearms to the head and face!]

SA: Sorry to cut you off there, Dee Dub, but a little bit of ferocity coming out of Martinelli there after Bonnie Sapp put her down hard with that diving crossbody.

[Dragging Sapp to her feet by her short black hair, Martinelli shouts at her.]

“WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?! DO YOU EVEN _KNOW_ WHO I AM?!”

[Martinelli winds up...]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[The slap snaps across the face of Sapp whose head turns slightly...

...and then turns back, glaring into the face of Martinelli whose jaw drops.]

SA: Uh oh.

[Martinelli raises her hands, begging off...

...and Sapp reaches out, grabbing the wrists, twisting them under to another shriek...]

SA: Martinelli's in trouble and-

[...and Sapp FLATTENS her with a stiff headbutt to the collarbone!]

SA: DOWN! GOES! DONNA!

[Sapp gives a whoop to the cheering crowd as she swings around in time to catch an incoming Shannon Walsh with a clothesline that flattens her.]

SA: Ohh! Hard clothesline takes down Walsh... look out here!

[Taylor steps up on the bottom rope, using it to step to the top where she springs off towards Sapp...

...who catches her in mid-cross body and DROPS her straight down in a front powerslam!]

DW: OHH YEAH! GET HER! GET HER GOOD!

SA: Kelly Taylor went to the high risk attack and we saw exactly how it earned that name. Taylor's not the legal woman though... rolling out to the floor now.

[Sapp pulls a struggling Martinelli to her feet, dragging her towards the corner where she chucks her into the wrong part of town before tagging in Alice O'Reilly.]

SA: The tag is made... O'Reilly grabs the ropes...

[She slingshots over the top rope, swinging a leg into the gut of Martinelli on the way in. Squaring up, she throws a quick three jab combo to the face as Martinelli tries to cover up...

....and then a back leg kick sweeps her leg out, putting her back down on her butt in the corner...]

SA: And another tag!

[Whitaker also grabs the top rope, slingshotting over them, and swinging back into a wrecking ball style dropkick in the corner!]

“OHHHHHHHH!”

SA: And this debut for the Peach Pits just took a bad turn thanks to the skills of Sapp, Whitaker, and O'Reilly - all of whom I'm told are top prospects here in the Atlanta area.

DW: These girls are out to impress, Big Sal, because you never know who is watching.

[Whitaker pulls Martinelli off the mat by the long blonde hair, using a snapmare to take her over into a seated position again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: Kick to the spine... and now she's to the ropes...

[A basement shotgun dropkick snaps Martinelli back down to the canvas, Whitaker scrambling into a pin attempt.]

SA: She's got one! She's got two! And Martinelli's out at two!

[Whitaker slips to her feet, slapping the offered hand of Alice O'Reilly.]

SA: O'Reilly right back in... grabbing the legs...

[But as O'Reilly looks to secure a Texas Cloverleaf, Martinelli pulls her legs back, giving a shove that throws O'Reilly off as Martinelli flips to all fours, crawling across the ring to where Shannon Walsh is waiting on the apron...]

SA: Martinelli making her move here, trying to get to that corner...

[O'Reilly rushes back in, leaping high into the air...]

"MOVE!"

[The shout from Walsh warns Martinelli of what's coming as she rolls to the side, causing the leaping stomp to hit canvas...]

...and she starts crawling again as O'Reilly struggles to regain her balance before leaping again...]

"ROLL!"

[The second warning sends Martinelli rolling back the other way as O'Reilly whiffs on the leaping stomp again...]

...and makes a lunging tag!]

SA: There's the tag! In comes Shannon Walsh!

[Walsh rushes in, ducking a roundhouse kick attempt by O'Reilly by sliding on her knees. She pops up, rushing the corner, and leaps into a flying elbowstrike that knocks Whitaker off the apron. Walsh winds up, throwing a look at Sapp...]

...but thinks better of it, backing off as Sapp smirks in response, nodding her head as some laughter comes from the crowd.]

SA: Shannon Walsh wants no part of big Bonnie Sapp and-

[O'Reilly grabs Walsh by the shoulder, whipping her around into a quick left-right combo followed by a leaping kneestrike that catches her under the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Walsh got rocked!

[O'Reilly grabs her by the arm, whipping her towards the ropes...]

SA: O'Reilly sets in the middle... backdr- no!

[The rebounding Walsh slams on the brakes, grabbing two handfuls of hair and WHIPS O'Reilly backwards, the back of her head smashing down on the canvas to a groan from the crowd.]

SA: Nice counter by Walsh... and now she makes the tag as well...

[Taylor slingshots over the ropes again, rushing to the ropes as Walsh sets near the downed O'Reilly...

...and hiptosses her own partner into a somersault senton on top of her!]

SA: Ohh! And the doubleteam work of the Peach Pits on display with that assisted somersault senton!

[Taylor flips over into a cover, getting a two count before O'Reilly kicks out.]

SA: Two count only there on the doubleteam though... and Taylor's right up to tag Martinelli...

[The slap of the hand brings Martinelli through the ropes, eagerly nodding her head as she watches Walsh and Taylor get into position...]

SA: Perhaps a triple team on the way this time?

[Martinelli rushes the ropes, rebounding back towards her partners who lift her into flapjack position...

...and DROP her chestfirst across the downed O'Reilly!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: And this time it's Donna who gets one! Who gets two! Who gets-

[Dominique Whitaker slips in, burying a boot between the shoulderblades to break up the pin as Walsh and Taylor complain loudly from the corner.]

SA: They break up the pin and this match rolls on!

DW: What a way to kick off the Power Hour, Big Sal!

SA: You said it there, pal of mine.

[Martinelli gets to her feet, looking angrily at the retreating Whitaker...

...but a shout from her partners gets her back on task with a quick nod, rushing forward, throwing her hands down into a makeshift handstand and then drops both knees down in O'Reilly's midsection!]

SA: Handstand kneedrop! Taking a modified page out of Ayako Fujiwara's playbook right there... and another two count before O'Reilly escapes.

DW: O'Reilly showing some toughness here. She's impressing me, Sal.

SA: All three of these young women... okay, fine... all six of them are impressing me right about now!

[Martinelli gets to her feet, pulling O'Reilly up with her and tossing her towards the neutral corner. She then walks to her own corner, slapping the offered hand of Shannon Walsh who climbs through...

...and just as quickly slaps the hand of Kelly Taylor.]

SA: What's this about now?

[Taylor dashes across to the neutral corner, watching as Walsh and Martinelli get into position...

...and Taylor sprints across the ring at top speed, waiting as Walsh and Martinelli give her a combo boost, shoving her even faster towards her cornered opponent who face gets SMASHED IN with a dropkick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT IN ALL THAT IS HOLY WAS THAT?!

[O'Reilly slumps forward to her chest on the canvas as Martinelli leaps up and down shouting "IT WORKED! IT ACTUALLY WORKED!" to which Walsh responds by slapping her hard on the shoulder and pointing out to the apron.]

SA: An assisted running dropkick... one hell of a dropkick at that... and that should be all for Alice O'Reilly, fans!

DW: Can someone check the third row for her FACE?!

[Taylor flips her over, diving across...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT I-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND A DIVING SAVE BY WHITAKER JUST IN TIME!

[An angry Walsh shouts at the official who quickly steps in, trying to get Whitaker out of the ring.]

SA: Whitaker is trying to get at Walsh and Martinelli!

[Sapp just watches from the corner as the referee tries to keep 'em separated.]

SA: We've got it breaking down in the A-T-L here as the referee tries to maintain control of this situation and-

[The crowd gets louder as Kelly Taylor - back on her feet - dives at Whitaker and CRACKS her with a stiff uppercut, sending her stumbling back across the ring!]

SA: OH! An uppercut from Kelly Taylor that has quite the family resemblance!

[Taylor angrily twists around, slapping Walsh's hand.]

SA: The tag is made to Shannon Walsh... who then tags Martinelli as well... another triple team perhaps?

[Dragging O'Reilly off the mat, Walsh ignores the protesting referee as she whips O'Reilly across the ring, catching her on the rebound with a drop toehold near the ropes that ends with O'Reilly draped over the middle rope as Taylor and Walsh stand near the ropes on the opposite side...]

SA: O'Reilly hung out to dry over the middle rope like last week's laundry... and what's this now?

[A beaming Martinelli throws her head back, cupping her hands to her mouth...]

"9-0-2-1-0!"

[...and in tandem, she and Taylor drop back against the ropes, rebounding across where they use the top rope to swing their legs through and back around into a pair of feint kicks into the face of O'Reilly!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Down goes O'Reilly! Martinelli makes the cover!

[A diving Walsh goes for the legs of the incoming Sapp as Taylor lands a flying leg lariat on Whitaker, knocking her off the apron as the referee counts one... two... three!]

SA: SHE GOT 'EM!

[Martinelli squeals as she springs to her feet, hopping up and down - literally jumping for joy as the bell sounds.]

SA: The Peach Pits pick up the win here in their trios debut on the all-new Power Hour!

DW: I can barely hear you over all this ruckus!

[Martinelli flings herself into an embrace with Kelly Taylor who grins and then at Shannon Walsh who grimaces. She steps back, raising their arms into the air as the Atlanta crowd groans at the victory.]

SA: The AWA Women's Division continues to be the hottest division in the business... and speaking of the Women's Division, we mentioned a little earlier the match that everyone is talking about this week - the 30 minute Iron Woman showdown between Ayako Fujiwara and Laura Davis. Of course, Davis came out on top in Grand Forks last weekend... but earlier today, we caught up with Ayako Fujiwara who has some thoughts on the match... on Laura Davis... and on her future here in the AWA. Take a look...

[With the caption marking "EARLIER TODAY," we fade to an empty Center Stage Studios, the crowd still hours from being brought inside...]

...and then to a shot of Ayako Fujiwara, standing between the two interview podiums with Miss Sandra Hayes and Theresa Lynch. The Olympic Gold Medalist is wearing a doll collar mid-sleeved white blouse with a black bow knot tie, a short black skirt, white stockings and her right knee is wrapped in a knee brace. She looks side to side, not sure which hostess to address.]

TL: Ayako, thank you for joining us here tonight.. and I just have to say that was an epic Iron Woman match that you and Laura Davis had, Ayako. It's just too bad that you had to come out on the short end of the stick.

[Hayes snorts.]

MSH: Psh! People aren't even rightfully celebrating Laura Davis' win... they're lamenting her defeat! It's "Poor Ayako! If only she had a few more seconds!" I mean, come on... just what could you have done to Laura Davis if you had a few more seconds?

[Calmly and without hesitation, Ayako stares Hayes right in the eyes.]

Ayako: I would have broken her back.

[Hayes looks shocked.]

MSH: What?

[Ayako shakes her head.]

Ayako: No, that's really simplifying it. It might not have even been her back. I could have herniated several discs... I might have torn out her shoulder... dislocated her hip... broken her NECK.

TL: Really?

MSH: Oh, come on now! That's ludicrous... you want the world to think you were on the verge of crippling Laura Davis?

Ayako: Do you even understand what I was doing to her body, Miss Hayes? There's a reason why the hold is called The Twister. Let me explain it to you in a way you can understand.

Do you like Oreos?

MSH: Of course - who doesn't?

[The Olympic gold medalist nods.]

Ayako: Do you know how when you eat an Oreo cookie, you twist the cookies into opposite directions to get to the icing in the middle?

[Ayako holds an invisible Oreo in front of Sandra's face and proceeds to twist in excruciating, torturous slow motion as Hayes' eyes open wide.]

Ayako: I was doing THAT to all 33 vertebral segments in her spine simultaneously.

[Hayes is silent so Theresa is the first to speak up.]

TL: Well, two things. First... ouch. And second, thank goodness you didn't injure her.

[Ayako shrugs.]

Ayako: I suppose.

[Theresa is surprised by Ayako's reaction.]

TL: Ayako?

Ayako: For the last six months, Laura Davis had tricked me, outsmarted me, and always stayed one step ahead of me. She's done untold damage to me physically and mentally. At no point in those six months, did I ever hold the advantage over her, until I had her in the grips of The Twister.

But when it came time to be merciless, I showed her mercy! The kind of mercy that she would not have shown me. And honestly, I commend Laura Davis for it. She is every bit as cunning and ruthless as I was led to believe.

MSH: So you admit it! She outclassed you!

[Ayako side eyes Hayes, but mostly ignores her.]

Ayako: A technician of Laura Davis' ability would know full well what the hold I had her in was capable of. And she knew that if she had given up at that moment, the match was effectively over. It didn't matter if it would only have been a tie at that point... she would not have been in any sort of condition to continue afterwards. The reason I lost...

...was because Laura Davis was willing to break her own back to win, but I wasn't willing to break her back to do the same.

MSH: Do you really think I'm going to believe any of this hog wash?

Ayako: Miss Hayes, if you think I'm not physically capable of doing what I just described, let me remind you that I am the woman who lifted your attack dog Kurayami over my head in New York City last year and tossed her out of the ring like yesterday's garbage.

[Hayes' jaw drops as she jabs a finger in the air in front of her.]

MSH: Now listen here, Fujiwara! You better watch what you say. Kurayami won't take too kindly to your words.

Ayako: I'm sure she doesn't, Miss Hayes. But honestly, I'm at a point where I really don't care.

I'm tired of being pushed around. Manipulated. Of having no control over my destiny. It's the reason why Laura Davis defeated me and it's why I don't have the AWA Women's World title around my waist right now.

TL: What are you saying, Ayako?

Ayako: I'm saying... it's time for a change.

[And with that, Ayako walks off the stage...

...and after a few moments, we fade through black back to live action - to the interview podium where the Incredibly Awkward Duo of Theresa Lynch and Miss Sandra Hayes are standing as far away from each other as they can get while still remaining in frame. In between them is a woman in a hoodie sweatshirt, the hood pulled up. She's bouncing from one foot to the other.]

TL: Ayako Fujiwara sending a message to the rest of the Women's Division-

MSH: Is that message "I'm a loser cat lady who has to go back to the bottom of the ladder?"

TL: Not exactly... and what are you doing over here right now anyways? You've got your own podium!

MSH: This one wouldn't come over there.

[She eyeballs the woman standing between them as Theresa sighs.]

TL: As you can see, fans, joining us right now is a woman set on making waves here in the AWA...

MSH: And on running up a bar tab.

[Lynch shakes her head.]

TL: It's the Jersey Devil herself, Kelly Kowalski!

[Kowalski pulls her hood back and turns, glaring at Hayes.]

KK: I guess ya didn't talk to your mommy about me, did ya?

[Hayes' jaw drops and she seems ready to trade words before she's quieted by the look in Kowalski's eyes.]

KK: Listen girl... after what 'Reesa here did to ya for gettin' lippy... what do ya think I'd to maintain my rep? Ya think I'm the one to let ya off easy?

[As Lynch smirks, Hayes goes pale.]

TL: Kelly, as much as I'd enjoy spending this whole night watching you make her squirm... we've got more important business to deal with. Tonight, you will be facing Michelle Bailey in what I daresay is your biggest challenge to date in the AWA.

[Hayes suddenly seems to find her voice again, ticking things off on her fingers.]

MSH: That's right! Your biggest challenge against someone with a height advantage, a weight advantage, an experience advantage, a sobriety advantage-

[Hayes is cut off by a glare from Kowalski.]

KK: Ya done?

[Hayes' voice falls to a low mutter.]

MSH: She's prettier too.

[Kowalski smirks.]

KK: You're right about all that. She is the pretty Platinum Princess. Michelle Bailey has been all over the world. She's taller, heavier, and has been in a lot more rings than I have.

And ain't none of that amounts to a damn thing.

[There's a smattering of cheers that earns a nod from Kowalski.]

KK: Last I checked, this ain't no beauty pageant. Ya come out here in your sparkly outfits with your hair all done up, and all I see is a face in need of messin' up.

And I've been breakin' the faces of pretty girls just about my whole life.

[Hayes again appears about to interrupt when Kowalski raises a fist meaningfully in her direction... and then continues.]

KK: Is Bailey bigger than me? Yeah, she is. But everyone is just about the same size when they've been knocked on their butt.

People talk about havin' a "puncher's chance" like it's some kinda long shot. Well, let me promise ya that there is every chance that tonight, Michelle Bailey is gettin' punched in the face and gettin' planted on the mat.

And there ain't no fancy arm twists or leg laces that'll mean a darn thing when there's stars dancin' in front of your eyes and those same eyes are startin' to swell shut. Ya might be a better wrestler than me, Michelle.

But ain't no one here gonna outfight me.

[Another cheer - a little bit louder now - from the ATL crowd.]

KK: As for experience. It wasn't that long ago, 'Reesa, that I heard Michelle talkin' to you about all the things she's been doin' EXCEPT wrestlin' these past ten years.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: That's right. Michelle Bailey has spent a lot of time counseling people.

[And Kowalski nods in reply.]

KK: That's right. So what kind of experience advantage does Michelle Bailey REALLY have?

Since I got here, I tore it up with Ricki Toughill. I took on Lori Dane in her kinda match, and put her down.

And you're tellin' me that Michelle Bailey's got the experience advantage because she's sittin' in a comfy chair listenin' to people whine?

[Theresa grimaces then responds.]

TL: You're discounting her work with Dana Kaiser. The long hours she's put in the gym, the matches she's had with-

[Kowalski interrupts.]

KK: I like ya, 'Reesa, but let's tell the truth.

Someone puttin' ya on a fancy diet don't make ya a good fighter. Punchin' bags don't punch back. And them tomato cans they've been givin Bailey?

[Kowalski shrugs.]

KK: I said it before.... Toughill, Dane... hell, I seem to remember knockin' Kerry Kendrick's block off.

[That earns a petulant frown from Hayes.]

TL: It feels like you're being awfully dismissive of Michelle Bailey.

[Kowalski shakes her head.]

KK: Nah, I ain't.

I know that beneath all that makeup and hair dye is one of toughest broads that's ever laced 'em up.

Michelle Bailey, you've been through ten different kinds of hell in the ring and probably twenty different kinds outta the ring.

All that gets my respect.

But all I've been hearin' is about Michelle Bailey has every advantage. How this is HER story about HER comeback.

Ain't no one talkin' about Kelly Kowalski comin' up.

Even Michelle herself, talkin' about how it might be "hard," but she's gonna pull this off. Well... Bailey, this ain't a fairy tale.

And it ain't your story.

Tonight, the princess doesn't get her happy ending.

Tonight, the only things you're gettin' are a reality check and a broken skull.

See ya out there, Michelle.

[With those words, a determined Kowalski fakes a punch at Hayes who visibly flinches before a chucking Kowalski walks away.]

MSH: Well, I can't believe-

TL: And on that note, fans... we're going to keep on checking out the AWA Women's Division as we bring you this pre-recorded tag team contest that took place last weekend in Grand Forks after Saturday Night Wrestling went off the air. Victoria June told us she was looking for a partner... and it looks like she's got one. It's Gordon and Bucky on the call in this tag team matchup that's coming your way right now!

[She points to the camera...]

MSH: I was talking!

[...and we fade from the friendly confines of the Center Stage Studios to the Alerus Center that we saw last weekend on Saturday Night Wrestling where we find Rebecca Ortiz standing center ring.]

RO: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 275 pounds... ABBY WHITE and JENNIFER NELSON!

[The crowd boos the nondescript brunette, Jennifer Nelson, and the fiery red-headed Abby White as she gestures angrily towards them.]

GM: The hottest division in all of professional wrestling is set to be on display yet again here as we're going to see some tag team action in the AWA Women's Division - and Bucky, as someone with your ear to the grapevine, I know you've heard the rumors of Women's World Tag Team Titles in the not-too-distant future.

BW: You better believe it, Gordo. You know that the world of tag team wrestling was one of my specialties back in my manager days, right?

GM: Are you offering your services to one of the pairs of women looking to get into position to compete for those possible titles?

BW: Now who's starting rumors, Gordo?!

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents... weighing in at a combined 300 pounds even...

KAYLA "THE PISTOL" CRISTOL...

...and the AFRO PUNK, VICTORIA JUUUUUUUNE!

[The crowd cheers as the punk rock classic "Blitzkrieg Bop" rings out over the PA system. There's a moment of pause before Kayla Cristol and Victoria June are catapulted through a trapdoor in the stage into the air, landing on their feet side-by-side on the stage to a big cheer!]

GM: Whoa ho! An impressive entrance here for this sure-to-be popular duo!

[Cristol and June exchange a high five before heading down the ramp, playing to the crowd and getting them up and on their feet as well.]

GM: When you look at the teams already in the Women's Division - teams like the Serpentes... like the Asylum... I suppose we'd also add in a newer duo like Harley Hamilton and Cinder who we'll see in action on the Power Hour next weekend... Cristol and June make for a fine addition to that list, Bucky.

BW: They do but I gotta wonder if they're too nice.

GM: Too nice?

BW: Yes, too nice. They're out here slapping hands and kissin' babies while a team like the Serpentes put June on the sidelines with eye injuries last year... and a team like Charisma Knight and Dr. White made Skylar Swift's life a living hell. Can June and Cristol compete with the likes of that level of killer instinct?

GM: That remains to be seen but we know June was looking for someone to stand by her side while her friend - Julie Somers - takes aim at Kurayami and the Women's World Title... and it looks like she found someone she thinks she can go the distance with.

[The freckle-faced blonde-Afro'ed wild child headbangs her way around the ring as Cristol fires those finger pistols at their opponents who look ready for competition.]

GM: We're about ready for this one to get going and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...and here come their opponents!

[White and Nelson rush across the ring, smashing forearms into Cristol and June before they can settle in.]

BW: Not a bad strategy. Get 'em before they can get you!

GM: White and Nelson hammering away and...

[They duck down, lifting the duo up for bodyslams but June and Cristol slip out over behind them, scooping them up, and slamming them down in tandem to a big cheer from the Grand Forks crowd!]

GM: Ohh! A pair of slams by the popular duo...

[A quick glance and nod to one another have them ready and as White and Nelson rise, they leap up and catch them with a pair of dropkicks that send White and Nelson out to the floor!]

GM: And a double dropkick as well! These two showing some nice synchronicity here in the early part of this one.

BW: And I'm over here wishing these two don't stand so close to me as June and Cristol grab the top rope and...

[A slingshot takes both June and Cristol over the top rope, diving down onto their opponents with crossbodies that wipe out both opponents to an even bigger cheer!]

GM: OHHHHH MYYYYY!

[The fans are roaring now as June and Cristol pull themselves off the thin ringside mats, exchanging a high five before Cristol pulls up Nelson, tossing her back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Nelson and White got off to a quick start but June and Cristol have completely turned this one around with their teamwork.

BW: You know... to be a successful tag team, you've gotta be in sync. Your minds gotta work as one. You should be able to finish each other's sentences, mimic each other's moves, and have each other's backs. So far June and Cristol are showing an instant chemistry.

GM: The crowd is certainly behind them. Listen to these cheers for this flurry of action.

[Cristol batters Nelson with a series of forearm strikes to the chest that have Nelson cringing.]

GM: Big forearms up against the ropes.... and now elbows down across the back as well, doubling her over..

[With Nelson doubled up, Cristol breaks to the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: ..and a big ol' kneelift sends her up in the air and right back down to the mat.

[A grinning Cristol reaches out, slapping the hand of Victoria June.]

GM: And there's the tag to the Afro Punk... earning some nice cheers from the Grand Forks crowd.

[June steps in, pulling Nelson up with a grip on the wrist...

...and yanks her into a short-arm clothesline, knocking Nelson right back down!]

GM: The clothesline connects and...

BW: But you know she ain't done, Gordo.

[June yanks Nelson back to her feet and delivers another short-arm clothesline.]

GM: Make it two!

[June looks out on the cheering crowd, holding up a finger...]

"ONE MORE?!"

[A loud cheer convinces her that's what they want too as she drags Nelson up again, completing the trifecta with another short-arm clothesline.]

GM: Three big clotheslines and Nelson is reeling while June is rockin' here in Grand Forks!

BW: June really is like punk rock music. Same three chords just over and over and over.

GM: Some of the best songs of all time only had a few chords... and while June may not have the extensive arsenal of a Laura Davis or even a Michelle Bailey, she sure does make the most of what she's got.

[June finishes her lap around the ring by pulling Nelson up off the mat...]

GM: OH! Nelson goes right to the eyes!

[June staggers backwards, rubbing at her eyes.]

GM: And remember, fans... Victoria June spent some time on the injured list thanks to an eye injury before...

[Grabbing two hands filled with afro, Nelson YANKS her off her feet, throwing her down hard to the canvas!]

GM: Nelson drags her down HARD to the canvas! Right down by the hair!

[Nelson smirks at the crowd's reaction as she stumbles across the ring, slapping her partner's hand.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes Abby White off the exchange.

[White rushes in, immediately stomping June as the Afro Punk rolled to all fours, trying to get off the canvas...]

GM: White wasting no time and adding some more suffering to June... and now you can hear Kayla Cristol calling for the tag, encouraging her partner to get to the corner and get her brought back into this...

[Cristol shouts "COME ON, VICTORIA!" and slaps the turnbuckle a few times for emphasis as White pulls June up by the hair..

...which is when June slaps the clutching hand away and SMASHES her skull into White's!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADBUTT! AND SHE GOT ALL OF THAT FOR SURE, BUCKY!

BW: That should be a disqualification right there.

GM: A disqualification?! For what?!

BW: There's nothing rattlin' around inside that skull of hers so I'm calling that an illegal object!

GM: Would you stop?!

[A fired-up June stomps White a few times before pulling the redhead up, firing her off towards the ropes...]

GM: White off the far side and... FIERRO PRESS TAKES HER DOWN!

[June snatches two hands full of red hair, smashing the back of White's head into the canvas once... twice... three times.]

"DON'T TOUCH MAH HAIR! AND DON'T YA DARE POKE MAH EYE!"

GM: June showing a little temper there.

BW: Do you think she even knows it was Nelson who did those things?

GM: I don't think she cares at this point.

[June hauls White off the canvas, grabbing an arm to whip her to the corner...]

GM: June shoots her in... and we know what's next!

[Rushing the corner, June leaps into the air, colliding with her mix of a Heatwave splash and a headbutt!]

GM: Ohh! Big Mosh splash! And somewhere, the newly-reinstated Supernova may be pleased as punch to see it!

[As White falls out of the corner, June walks over and slaps Cristol's hand.]

GM: And the end may be near here for Abby White... June locking up those legs...

[The powerful June lifts White up, holding her in her signature submission hold - the Scorpion Crosslock, dangling White's head off the mat as Cristol hops up to the middle rope, taking aim...]

GM: Cristol's on the second rope and... she leaps!

[...and brings her extended leg crashing down on the neck of White just as June lets go, sending White smashing facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A COMBINATION OUT OF THERE TWO!

[With a whoop, Cristol rolls White over, sitting on her chest. She yanks a leg towards her, pumping a fist in the air as she counts along with the referee for the one... two... three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And what a tag team win here for the Pistol and the Punk here in their debut!

[The ring announcer makes it official as June and Cristol celebrate their win inside the ring. The crowd is cheering as June leans through the ropes, grabbing an offered mic.]

VJ: Cristol, girl, ah'm used to taggin' with Somers, but I gotta tell ya, I feel a chemistry with ya that reminds me of the chemistry ah feel with her. Ah think ah didn't have to search too long to find my partner. What say you and me go win these tag team titles when they get here, huh?

[The crowd cheers as June nods her head.]

BW: This is like asking a girl to the prom.

GM: Like you'd know anything about that.

BW: HEY!

[Cristol pretends to think about it before she shoots a finger pistol at June and yells "YOU BETCHA!" The crowd goes wild at the formation of the tag team.]

GM: Well, there we go! June and Cristol are officially a tag team.

BW: Let's see how they do against some REAL competition, Gordo.

[The crowd cheers as the pair headbang and finger pistol their way back up the ramp...

...and we fade from the pre-recorded matchup 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 fade up on the stage where our co-hosts have temporarily vacated the premises, leaving Mark Stegglet standing in the center of the stage with Curt Sawyer on his left and Alexander Kingsley III on his right. Kingsley is dressed to the nines in a dark blue Armani suit with a charcoal tie and an expensive-looking pair of sunglasses. Sawyer is definitely more casual, in a green polo and a pair of jeans.]

MS: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour where I have been joined by Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley and... gentlemen, things seem to be heating up between you two and Kentucky's Pride.

[Kingsley leans in toward the microphone in Stegglet's right hand.]

AK3: Curt has his own thoughts on this, and we will certainly hear those momentarily, but allow me to bat leadoff here.

[Kingsley turns toward the camera, removing his sunglasses with his left hand and extending them outward.]

AK3: For several weeks now, you have seen the transformation of Curt Sawyer from someone who was once the butt of the jokes of the AWA locker room...

[He looks to his partner.]

AK3: No offense, Curt.

[Sawyer doesn't seem offended, just shrugging and continuing to look generally cantankerous.]

AK3: And you have listened as he has told you time and time again the motivation and the implementation behind that transformation.

While the rest of the locker room looked at Curt Sawyer as nothing more than a joke, I saw something else. I saw a man who had the internal drive to be great, but just needed the proper vehicle to get there. He clearly wasn't making any headway driving the beat-up Ford with an oil-leaking engine that Todd Michaelson and the Combat Corner gave him.

[A shake of the head.]

AK3: No, what Curt needed was to get into the Rolls Royce that could only be provided by Alexander Kingsley the Third.

Look at him now. He's lean, he's mean, and he's no longer green. But do you know what that's resulted in, Mark?

[Stegglet hesitates and stutters a bit before AK3 cuts him off.]

AK3: It has resulted in jealousy. Now you have all these guys who wrote him off the moment he stepped out of the Rusty Spur and into the ring who are, quite frankly, envious of what he is becoming and the success that awaits him...awaits us...in the very near future.

So they point fingers. They make accusations. They call him names.

[Kingsley scoffs.]

AK3: But the reality of the situation, Mark, is that they are all just trying to keep him down...just like they've done to him for years.

[And now he smiles confidently.]

AK3: But guess what, boys? It's not happening this time! All you have done is help remove the shackles off a man who just needed someone to believe in him and give him the opportunity that all your prized prospects from the Combat Corner have received.

And now...you're all going to pay for it.

[AK3 nods as Stegglet turns to face Sawyer. Curt doesn't allow the opportunity for a question before he forcefully begins talking.]

CS: I'm going to cut right to the chase, Mark Stegglet. Two weeks ago, right here at Center Stage, I issued a challenge for City Jack to drag his crippled old ass to the ring, hope Tin Can Rust feels sorry enough for him to tag along, and put his money where his mouth is when the AWA goes south of the border.

[Sawyer points at the camera.]

CS: Jack, you had a lot of things to say to me not too long ago. It seems to me that you felt mighty big and bad that night. Well, Jack, what I want to know is this.

Do you have the stones to back up that talk?

Because until you do, all it is to me is meaningless...worthless...words.

[Sawyer is interrupted by a voice off-camera.]

TCR: Curt, Curt...

[From the side, the big frame of Tin Can Rust steps into sight of the camera, dressed in jeans and a well worn black t-shirt. He has his hands up, making sure he's letting all know he's there in peace.]

TCR: This ain't it, Curt. This ain't what it should be, ok? Jack... Jack, I can't talk much for the man but I know him putting down the boots and knowing it was time flipped something up in his head, ok? Now you -

[Rust puts his hands down, though keeps them at his midsection defensively after giving Kingsley a quick glare.]

TCR: You and I, we go back a long bit. You kept me from snapping some necks around here after the shows at the Rusty Spur. You made me keep MY mind, so I'm just here trying to smooth it all out and help keep you from goin' down further to a dark place with this side of scum.

[Rust shoots his thumb in the direction of Kingsley.]

TCR: I get it, brother-

[Sawyer doesn't take Rust saying "brother" too well as Rust continues.]

TCR: I know when times got hard, feeling left out, wanting to lash out at anything... at anyone. And like you, I ain't got no greener pastures waitin' when I'm done in the ring. Shoot, I know times got hard and I was there with you! So I understand you, I understand you and why you're with this...

[Rust eyes up Kingsley again.]

TCR: ...partner of yours. Now Jack... Maybe emotions got the better of him, but I know he was tellin' me that he just hates seeing good men - GOOD men like you, Curt - go bad. Backslidin' cause it's easier. And it pains to say, but I got agree-

[Sawyer steps to Rust, who immediately backs up.]

TCR: Look, hey, look! I know you and you know me, ok? You sat at my table, ate my food and I take anyone who done so as lifelong brothers. But Curt, I CAN call you my brother, but Jack? Shoot, I go back way further and I ain't goin' stop having his back now.

[Rust pauses, looking at the man he once knew and shaking his head at the cold stare he's getting back.]

TCR: Sawyer, I see it in your eyes no amount of me flappin' my gums is gonna change what you got in your mind, but I have to say again, City Jack ain't stepping through those ropes again. He ain't gonna face you tonight, tomorrow, or any day later. But if you got get out what you got.... and it pains me to say, but if you got to fight, I'll step up-

[Rust shakes his head, not wanting to say it.]

TCR: I'll step up and take your fight!

[Unbeknownst to Rust, as he and Sawyer have a stare down, AK3 made a move behind Rust and clipped the big man's knees, causing him to tumble hard to the floor. AK3 immediately lays the boots to the fallen Rust and encourages a hesitant Sawyer to join as Stegglet scrambles out of the way.

Sawyer stands motionless, watching his partner kick away at his fallen friend...]

SA: Tin Can Rust has been assaulted! He's been jumped from behind by this piece of work, Kingsley, and... come on, Curt! Do the right thing here, pal!

DW: Help him, Curt! Help him!

[Sawyer looks down at Rust... over at Kingsley... and then out at the crowd imploring him to do something...

...and then, with a look of rage in his eyes, Sawyer joins in prompting a chorus of louder boos from the Center Stage crowd.]

SA: My God! Curt Sawyer has sold his soul to the devil!

[Rust tries in vain to cover up and protect himself from the repeated stomps and kicks from Kingsley and Sawyer.]

SA: These two are putting a beating on Tin Can Rust up on the stage and... look at this now...

[Kingsley grabs Rust by the hair and yanks him up, pointing to the ring while Sawyer nods and assists AK3 by grabbing Rust as well.]

DW: They're dragging Tin Can Rust to the ring! C'mon, someone get out here and help him!

SA: It's so hard to see this, Dee Dub. Sawyer's lost his mind!

DW: More like his soul, Sal.

[The tandem forcefully slide Rust underneath the bottom rope, then climb into the ring and continue the attack as TCR tries to get to his feet.]

SA: We've got a two-on-one in the middle of this ring here in Atlanta! Tin Can Rust has fought many a battle in the Peach State over the years but right now, he's on his back and he's... well, I may have spoken too soon there, fans!

[Suddenly, the veteran shows some life fighting back, battling from his knee as he throws a right hand into Kingsley's toned abdomen... then jams an elbow back into Sawyer's ribcage to cheers from the fans!]

DW: There you go, Rust! Put these two low-lives in their place!

SA: Tin Can Rust is taking them on, two-on-one! Fighting for himself and fighting for his long-time partner, City Jack!

[Rust alternates right hands between AK3 and Sawyer, driving them back and giving himself a little room to breathe. He then turns his attention to Kingsley, shoving him back into a corner and uncorking two big right hands to the delight of the crowd!]

DW: Whip him, Rust! Whip him like a dog!

[But the assault on AK3 buys Sawyer time to recover and leaves him an opening to BLAST Rust from behind with a vicious blow to the jaw and temple. Rust immediately drops to a knee and Sawyer, with a cold and heartless expression, buries a knee in his ribs for good measure.]

SA: The numbers are just too much for him to overcome, Dee Dub.

[Wasting no time while his partner shakes off the shots from Rust, Sawyer fires Rust into the ropes and PLANTS him with a hard spinning spinebuster on the rebound!]

SA: What impact from that spinebuster! Sawyer's damn near perfected that move in a short period of time.

[With Rust grimacing on the mat, Sawyer takes his thumb and runs it across his throat, then motions to Kingsley to lift their victim up...

...but they won't get the chance.]

SA: Here comes the cavalry!

[The Center Stage crowd erupts in cheers, not for City Jack, but for his son, Landon Grant, with steel chair in hand.]

DW: And he's got some steel backup!

[Grant quickly slides into the ring, keeping the chair close by. Kingsley is the first to spot him, dropping his hold on Rust and diving out of the ring as Grant's mighty swing barely misses him!]

SA: Landon Grant is swinging for the fences! Alexander Kingsley narrowly avoids the bitter taste of a steel chair!

[Sawyer looks down at Rust briefly, then at Grant who just missed Kingsley, and takes a bit more time leaving the ring...almost like he doesn't want to leave the fight, but knows he should. Sawyer keeps his eyes on Grant the entire time, not saying a word. Kingsley walks around the ring to his partner's side, shouting some

choice words toward Grant. Grant steps over to the ropes and asks for a mic, his eyes full of fire as he points at Kingsley and Sawyer.]

LG: You want a match with Kentucky's Pride? Well, you got it!

[The crowd lets out a huge cheer at the news!]

LG: But Sawyer, you're not getting my pops in this ring in Mexico...

[Audible disappointment at that news as Grant lends Rust a hand and helps him up.]

LG: Cause if you need a partner against those two dirty dogs, I'll be PROUD to take my father's place!

[Rust emphatically shakes and gives a short hug to Grant as the crowd cheers at this Kentucky's Pride 2.0 pairing!]

SA: Wow! Landon Grant is going to team with Tin Can Rust, his father's best friend and Grant's own trainer, against Kingsley and Sawyer next week in Mexico?!

DW: That show keeps getting better and better!

SA: It certainly does and I sure cannot wait to see that showdown go down! The all-new Power Hour is red hot here in Center Stage and it's only going to get better as the night goes on. Right now, let's take a look at some words captured a little earlier today with someone who will be competing in one of tonight's featured matchups - the Platinum Princess herself, Michelle Bailey!

[We cut to footage marked with an "EARLIER TODAY" graphic, as "Platinum Princess" Michelle Bailey walks into a locker room. She sets down her travel bag and makeup kit, and turns to the camera with her ever-present smile on her face. Her long hair, platinum blonde with a balayage into pink and purple, falls gently to her shoulders. She's wearing a pair of heart-shaped sunglasses with white frames, a pastel blue sleeveless crop-top hoodie that has the word "MESSY" across the front in pink letters, a pink and white gingham skater skirt, and black sandals. She raises her sunglasses to her forehead to show that she is wearing little makeup, just light powder foundation, along with her two-toned eyes lined with a basic black liner.]

MB: Tonight's the night, huh? Me and Kelly Kowalski, in the ring.

[Michelle draws in a breath, then resumes her smile.]

MB: I always get nervous before my matches. I don't think there's any shame in admitting that. When I came back in Madison Square Garden, and I felt those nerves sinking into my stomach, I knew that... well... nothing really changed. I was home again. And now that I keep rebuilding myself, now that I've been working to redefine what it means to truly be me, to show you all what it means to be Michelle Bailey, the "Platinum Princess"... I still can't shake those nerves.

[Michelle laughs to herself.]

MB: But that's not a bad thing, you know? No matter how much confidence grows inside of me, those nerves remind me that I'm still, deep down, human. Flawed. Capable of falling by the wayside. And that means I need to keep working to improve myself. I never want to stop working on being better. That's why I've been working with Dana Kaiser, and that's why I want to challenge myself with the top competition. I won't get to climb that ladder and become the AWA Women's World Champion if I don't.

[Michelle cracks her knuckles.]

MB: It starts tonight with Kelly Kowalski. Undefeated in the AWA. Unbeaten in the year 2017, actually, to my recollection. Kelly said she respects me, and really, I appreciate that. It's taken me some time to get used to people seeing me as someone worthy of respect after how I was treated during my prior tenure in wrestling. It's... refreshing, almost. Ever since I came back, it's been a whole new world.

[Michelle nods her head.]

MB: But that doesn't mean I've forgotten what it's like to kick, scratch, and claw for everything I need, Kelly. You can say that respect's out the window when the bell rings, and I'll have a lot more to worry about than chipped nails. The thing is, Kelly, you saw my career. You saw what I've been through.

More importantly... you know what I can do when I'm fighting for my life, just like I'll be doing in the ring against you tonight. And I'll definitely take you up on that drink after we're done tonight, there's just two problems.

[Michelle excitedly rubs her hands together.]

MB: One... I hope you're still up for buying after your shoulders get pinned.

[Michelle's grin gets just a little bit wider.]

MB: Two... I don't drink alcohol, so I guess you're buying me Diet Coke.

[Michelle lowers her sunglasses back over her eyes.]

MB: At least you can take comfort in your loss by knowing I'm a cheap date.

[With a grin, we fade from the pre-recorded footage in the Center Stage Studios...

...to pre-recorded footage marked "LAST WEEKEND - NORTH DAKOTA" where we find Mark Stegglet knocking on a door backstage that reads "DEREK RAGE" on the door.]

MS: (to the cameraman) He's in there, right? I heard that he had arrived early.

[Stegglet is just about to knock again when the locker room door rips inwards violently and Derek Rage steps through the doorway. The 7'2 giant stares down at Stegglet with hard hazel eyes. Stegglet barely reaches his chest. The big Haligonian is dressed in his ring gear, black togs with a purple inset. He glares down at Stegglet.]

MS: Mr. Rage, I was wondering if we could get some comments from you about what happened at Battle of Saskatchewan. Have you spoken to your brother, Shadoo Rage, since he dropped the elbow on you at the conclusion of your match against the Soldiers of Fortune?

[Derek Rage glares.]

MS: Have you to spoken to Javier Castillo? Clearly there were marching orders you didn't follow...

[Derek Rage continues to glare.]

MS: I take it you're not talking today? You're going to do your talking in the ring?

[Derek Rage glares, but somehow it is clear that he is agreeing.]

MS: (clearing his throat) Thank you for your time.

[Rage pulls the dressing room door closed and heads towards the ring. He violently slaps at a wall and his hand breaks through the plaster, leaving a print in the drywall. Stegglet's eyes pop as the camera follows to the damaged wall and zooms in on the giant handprint left in the plaster.]

MS: Bucky, Gordon, the giant of the AWA is in a foul mood. I would hate to be his opponent tonight. Back to you.

[The shot switches to the ring, the big mulleted Davis Pelly is in the ring.]

GM: Well, Derek Rage was not in a mood to talk, was he, Bucky?

BW: Derek Rage is not a talker. He's a wrestler. You want to know how he feels about being screwed over one more time by his older brother? Well, he's going to deliver that message in the ring, Gordo. I pity Davis Pelly here.

["Get in that cell!" The sound of a cell door clinking shut synchronizes with the lights going out except for beams of light that shoot straight down from the ceiling to surround the ring in a cage of light. Public Enemy's "Black Steel in the Hour of Chaos" blares through the Alerus Center as Rebecca Ortiz announces Pelly's opponent.]

RO: From Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing 340 pounds... DEREK RAGE!

[The big man swaggers out from behind the curtains robed in black satin with a hood over his head. He stalks down towards the ring, his face never changing expression as he enters the ring. He spares Ortiz an appreciative up and down glance as he sheds his entrance gear.]

GM: Derek Rage with an appearance recently on the Power Hour where he mauled his opponent. I don't know what to expect from him this week.

BW: He still looks angry, Gordo. I expect this match to be over quickly.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As soon the bell rings, Derek Rage lunges forward, grabbing Pelly around the neck with both hands in a blatant choke. Rage shoves Pelly into the corner and squeezes. Davis Warren is quick to lay in the count as Rage squeezes his fingers together.]

GM: Get him off the man! That's a blatantly illegal choke!

BW: Warren knows it's illegal, but I think he was shocked by Rage's ferocity! He wasn't ready to lay in a count. But he's regained his composure.

[Warren's count hits four before Rage breaks. He takes two steps back with his arms raised before he lunges back in with another two handed choke. The crowd boos the blatant disrespect for the rules.]

GM: Somebody stop this! He's choking the air right out of the man's body!

[The cameras find a way to catch Pelly's face as he turns bright red and foam starts to bubble up around his lips. He beats helplessly on Rage's forearms as Warren delivers a five count from a safe distance.]

GM: And again Rage breaks before the count of five! This is disgusting.

BW: But technically legal. He has a five count to break. Don't hate the player, hate the game.

GM: Huh?

BW: Never mind. But remember, unlike his rabid brothers, Derek Rage is always aware of what's going in there and always in control of himself even when he's fit to spit nails.

[Stepping back in, the seven footer grabs Pelly under the armpits, lifting him out of the corner...]

GM: Are you kidding...?

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Derek Rage just tossed a 340 pound man HALFWAY ACROSS THE DAMN RING!

GM: An absolutely monstrous biel toss by the Korugun giant, Derek Rage - a terrifying display of power really.

[Rage slowly walks around the downed Pelly, stalking his prey as he watches him get back (slowly) to his feet...]

GM: Pelly trying to get up... trying to get back into this after an early brutal onslaught by the seven footer...

[Grabbing the wrist, Rage whips Pelly from the corner...

...and then slams on the brakes, whipping him back chestfirst into the buckles!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: I think the ring just moved!

GM: It may have, Bucky. These two three hundred pound men are generating a lot of impact in that ring.

BW: Well, Rage is generating the impact. Pelly is receiving the impact.

[Rage grabs Pelly by the long part of his mullet and starts ramming Pelly's face into the turnbuckle as if he were dribbling a basketball. Most of the crowd boos, but a smattering start counting every smash. After ten dribbles he backs off, throwing a poisonous glare at Warren before he starts ramming Pelly headfirst into the buckles again, this time using alternating hands. The crowd boos louder.]

GM: And Derek Rage is dribbling this man's head like a basketball!

BW: Complete with crossover dribbles. Gordo, did you ever see the movie Space Jam? Well, this is a Face Jam, daddy!

GM: Will you stop?!

[Davis Warren steps in, shouting at Rage, threatening a disqualification if Rage doesn't back off and get Pelly out of the corner.]

GM: Davis Warren reading him the riot act here and- ohhh!

[Rage whips around, smashing his backside into the midsection...]

GM: That'll knock the wind right out of you... and what's this now?

[Still facing the referee, Rage stares down at Warren.]

"You want him out of the corner?"

[Warren nods.]

"Done."

[Leaning down, Rage grabs the legs on Pelly, tucking them under his armpits as he quickly stands up, dumping Pelly unceremoniously over the top rope, bouncing off the apron before hitting the floor!]

GM: There's no call for that!

BW: Bwahahaha! Warren wanted Rage to let Pelly out of the corner. He's out of the corner!

[Warren tries to control Rage, but the 7'2 wrestler shrugs him off. Rage steps over the top rope to the outside.]

GM: And now this behemoth is heading out to the floor. I sure hope Javier Castillo and Veronica Westerly knows what they've unleashed when they brought this monster back to the AWA.

BW: His brother sure knows! Derek tried to blow him up in South Philly! His own flesh and blood!

GM: The unusual relationship between the Rage brothers is the thing of locker room legend, Bucky... and what's this now?

[With Pelly struggling to get to his feet on the outside, Rage starts running around the ring, gaining momentum...]

GM: The big man is on the move and... LOOK OUT!

[A huge crash occurs as the seven foot two, 340 pound Derek Rage collides shoulders to chest with the six foot four, 340 pound Davis Pelly, sending the latter flying through the air before smashing down on the thin ringside mats!]

BW: That's a charge! But we're not on the court so no blood no foul!

GM: Derek Rage sending a clear message to... who? His brother for one, I suppose. Maybe even to Castillo and Westerly, showing them what he's capable of out here. He pulls Pelly up, tossing him back into the ring.

[He steps onto the the apron with one step and over the ropes with a second. Rage pauses to glare into the hard camera before he stands over Pelly and plants his foot in the man's back. The crowd jeers as Rage slowly raises his powerful arms towards the heavens.]

GM: Derek Rage is dominating this man who is not a small man by any stretch of the imagination... and look at this now...

[Rage kneels and grabs both of Pelly's beefy arms. He yanks backwards, wrenching on the man's shoulders and arms.]

BW: A wing tearer! Wow, that's a vicious old school move!

GM: It looks like he could tear the shoulders out of the sockets with that move.

BW: He can! If I were Pelly, I would tap out right about now. Well, he can't tap out with no arms... just scream... scream and beg and pray that Derek Rage lets you go.

[Warren is down asking Pelly if he wants to give when Derek Rage releases the wing tearer and callously stomps Pelly on the back of the head.]

GM: Goodness. It's gotta be close to over now, doesn't it?

BW: It's gonna be over when Derek Rage says it's over.

GM: Pulling Pelly to his feet again, tossing him right into the corner...

[Rage squares up, throwing heavy fists to the ribcage.]

GM: Right and lefts to the body...

BW: Those punches are wearing Pelly out. Gordo, you get hit like that when you can't even raise your arms and it tears you up. Your insides turn to stone and you can't feel your legs.

GM: A pleasant thought. And now Rage shoots him across, sending him into the buckles...

[Pelly stumbles off into a leaping Rage who slaps him hard across the head with a big leaping overhand right hand.]

BW: SHOTBLOCK!

[The crowd oohs at the athletic move as Derek Rage stands imperiously over the downed Pelly.]

GM: For the love of... just pin the guy and get it over with.

BW: Oh, it's not over yet. Looks like Pelly's about to meet his maker.

[Rage leans down, clasping his big hand around Pelly's forehead and drags him up to his feet. Rage stares coldly into the dazed and scared Pelly's face as he continues to squeeze down on his head.]

GM: This is a clawhold - but unlike the Lynches, he's not looking for a submission! This is just a setup for-

[Rage maintains the clawhold and hoists Pelly up into the air. Rage spikes him down to the mat with the Hammer of God...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE HAMMER OF GOD CONNECTS!

[Rage looks coldly out at the jeering crowd before he steps on Pelly's chest as Warren drops down and quickly counts to three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: And here is your winner... DERRRRREEEEEEEEK RAAAAAAAAGE!

[Warren backs off, refusing to come near the 7'2 Rage to raise his hand. Rage doesn't seem to mind or notice. He raises his own arm, spreading his giant fingers apart to show the size of his hand.]

GM: Good lord, this man is a monster!

BW: I know Shadoe Rage might be the craziest son of a gun this side of Arkham Asylum, but even he's gotta be watching this and realizing that maybe just maybe he should try to make peace at the next family reunion.

[The hard camera fixes on Derek Rage, showing every bit of his remorseless, expressionless face as he stares into it and his music plays in the background, inexorable, unceasing noise and threat and menace. Just like the man in the ring...

...and 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 we fade back up to Theresa Lynch, alone at her interview podium as we see Miss Sandra Hayes at her own, shouting at someone through her cellphone.]

MSH: -WANT SOMEONE TO INTERVIEW MYSELF! I'M NOT HER LITTLE HELPER! I _DEMAND_ SOMEONE TO-

[Theresa clears her throat loudly. Hayes looks over at her... then to the camera... then to Theresa...]

MSH: Are we...?

[Theresa nods.]

TL: We're live, pal.

[Hayes grimaces.]

MSH: I'll have to call you back.

[With a smile, she turns on the charm towards the camera.]

MSH: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour. I am your host-

TL: Co-host.

MSH: Whatever. Miss Sandra Hayes and coming up next...

[Hayes trails off as the studio crowd reacts very negatively to someone coming through the curtain. Theresa Lynch turns her head slowly to see who it is, coming face to face with her older brother, James Lynch. The demon cowboy is dressed in black, a bandana covering the lower half of his face. He stares at his younger with a cold, unwavering look.]

TL: I... well... this is unexpected. Why are you here?

[James Lynch pulls the bandana that covers his mouth and is silent for a beat, before speaking.]

JL: What do I want? Do you treat all your guests this way, or is it reserved for family members?

TL: Well...

[James holds his hand up.]

JL: Don't. It's okay. I understand. I've been talking about being better. But I can't be better unless I do better.

And that's why I'm here, 'Reesa...

[Theresa visibly cringes as James uses her other brother's favorite diminutive.]

JL: I want to do better. I NEED to do better. To prove that I am the right man to lead our family.

You've heard me mention my spiritual advisor before.

[Theresa nods silently.]

JL: Well, they were very clear on one point. We will never move forward until all wounds are healed. And amends are made.

So I'm asking you, sister. To help me do that.

Talk to him.

[Theresa shakes her head in confusion.]

TL: To who?

JL: You know who.

[Theresa pales.]

TL: Jack?

[James nods.]

JL: Yes... Jack. He's not returning my calls. Which is, I suppose, understandable. But I need to speak with him, Theresa.

Will do you that? And let him know how important it is?

[The siblings stare at one another, Theresa looking very wary.]

JL: For the family. You and I both know how important family is. Especially to him.

[Theresa finally nods, speaking warily.]

TL: For the family... I will, Jimmy.

[James nods and pats his sister on the shoulder.]

JL: Thank you.

[With that, James walks away, leaving a puzzled Theresa in his wake...

...and a smirking Sandra Hayes looking on.]

MSH: Awww, isn't that precious?

[Theresa glares across the stage.]

TL: Shut it. Sal, take it away.

[We cut over to Sal and Dylan at the announce desk.]

SA: An awkward scene here in Atlanta as Theresa receives a surprise visit from her brother - what could he possibly have to say to Jack Lynch after all he's done this year, Dee Dub?

DW: Hey, look... family relationships are difficult... sibling relationships even worse sometimes. Believe me. I'd know.

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: I suppose you would yes. But let's shift gears now... and let's talk about one of our featured matchups here tonight that's just about to go down. It's not the Falls

Count Anywhere match with Morgan Dane and Shadoc Rage. It's not the TV Title showdown between Michael Aarons and Kaz Konoe. No, this is our battle in the AWA Women's Division as Kelly Kowalski accepts the challenge of the "Platinum Princess", Michelle Bailey!

DW: That's right, Big Sal. Michelle has really been loading up her schedule with matches lately, ever since making her comeback just a couple of months ago. This match against Kowalski, she says, represents the start of her climb up the ladder of contention for the AWA Women's World Title.

SA: And you know, when Bailey put this challenge out to Kowalski, Kowalski outranked her. Now the roles are reversed, and Bailey is defending the higher ranking, Dee Dub.

DW: That's true, Bailey coming into this one ranked #7, and Kowalski is currently unranked, but you'd have to think that won't last for long for "Double K". That said, Sal, this is a tough matchup for Kelly. Bailey's going to have the edge in height, weight, experience...

SA: And if any of you out there believe Kelly Kowalski cares about that, we have some oceanfront property in Nebraska to sell you.

[The two chuckle.]

DW: True, true! But Bailey really does zero out a lot of Kowalski's strengths. Kowalski likes to get in close and dish out the punishment with strikes, and Bailey is able to create space and use her reach to deliver some blows of her own. Not only that, but if Bailey can get Kowalski to the ground, that's definitely going to be her area. Kowalski's going to have to find a way to not only keep this match standing, but break through Bailey's defense to wrestle the kind of match she wants.

SA: Or more specifically, Dee Dub, fight the kind of fight she wants.

DW: You bet.

SA: Only one way to know what happens for sure, and that's to take it off of paper and put it in the ring! Tyler, it's all yours.

[We cut to Tyler Graham, standing beside Shari Miranda in the ring.]

TG: Our next match is in the AWA Women's Division, set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! Coming to the ring first...

[Over the loudspeakers, comes the unmistakable voice of Dorothy Martin, breaking into a very recognizable chant backed up by a thunderous drumbeat.]

#A aaa aaa, a aaa aaa, a a aa aaa a aa a aaa#

[The crowd begins to buzz as Dorothy's "Wicked Ones" kicks into full gear.]

TG: Weighing tonight at one hundred and thirty five pounds, from Asbury Park, New Jersey...

KEEELLLLLLLLLYYYYY KOOOWWWAALLLSSSSKKKKKKIIIIII!!

[The center stage audience are on their feet as the Jersey Devil herself emerges from the entranceway. The red haired, green eyed hellion races down the entranceway, wearing a black hoodie with the Boss' words – "Chrome wheeled, fuel injected and steppin' out over the line" emblazoned on the back, the hood pulled up but strands of hair visible. Kowalski enters the ring and pulls her hood back to

reveal a slightly crooked nose and intense look in her green eyes. Drawing her fists up, Kowalski's eyes are fixed to the entrance, as she awaits her opponent.]

TG: And her opponent, she hails from New Orleans, Louisiana, weighing in this evening at 172 pounds... she is the "Platinum Princess"..

MICHELLLLLLLLLLLE BAAAAAAILEYYYYYYYYYY!

[The crowd murmurs for a brief moment before a very familiar song... at least, if you watched the EMWC... starts to play over the sound system.

"Stronger" by Britney Spears.

Just after we hear "hush just stop" and the song picks back up, out from the entrance walks "Platinum Princess" Michelle Bailey. She has a wide smile on her face and is greeted by a large pop from the Center Stage audience. She's dressed in a loose fitting black miniskirt that stops just at the top of her thigh, along with a sleeveless light blue crop top that has the words "HELLO AGAIN" in white outlined pink text. She's also wearing a kneepad/kickpad combination over black amateur wrestling shoes, left leg light blue, right leg pink, with the letters "XOXO" running vertically down the pads in white text.

Oh, and her hair's in pigtails, too. That's important.]

SA: Now THAT, Dee Dub, is the Michelle Bailey I think most of our fans were expecting to see when they heard she was returning to the AWA!

DW: She said before challenging Kowalski to this match that she wanted to reclaim her past for herself, Big Sal. If this isn't that, I'm not sure what is.

SA: Returning to the entrance music everyone really remembers her with, representing her hometown of New Orleans once more... you've got to think that's an emotional boost for her.

DW: I spoke to her earlier today, and that's the vibe I got from her, Sal. She really feels comfortable with who she is and what she wants to do in the AWA. Almost like she's finally found the recipe to really start cooking.

[Bailey walks up to the ring steps, stepping up with a little bit of glee in each step. She puts a foot on the bottom rope, using it as a springboard to vault over the top rope to enter the ring, then bounces from foot to foot to keep herself loose. Her skirt swishes in motion with each step, and the grin on her face grows wider as the music fades.]

SA: A big smile on Michelle Bailey's face, commonplace for her over all the years we've seen her, but tonight Kelly Kowalski's going to look to wipe that smile off and take her spot! Here we go, Dee Dub!

[Shari Miranda asks both Kowalski and Bailey if they are ready, then signals for the bell.]

SA: Kowalski's got her dukes up, and Bailey meeting her in the center of the ring...

[Bailey cautiously extends a hand to Kowalski, keeping a slight distance. Kowalski is puzzled by Bailey's introduction.]

DW: Good show of sportswomanship by Bailey, but I can guarantee that Kelly Kowalski's never seen any fight start with a handshake.

SA: One thing Michelle Bailey's been criticized for since coming back has been that she's something of a soft heart, but to be honest, I like seeing that she wants to start things off like this. We could use more of it here in the AWA.

[Kowalski looks at the hand, then at Bailey's face. Bailey gives a subtle little shrug, almost as if to say "shake it or not", before Kowalski offers up a tentative hand of her own. Bailey grasps it with a quick pump of the hand and lets go as the crowd applauds. Kowalski shakes her head, appearing to mouth "ain't gonna happen next time", as Bailey resumes bouncing from foot to foot.]

SA: Kelly Kowalski looking to mix it up now that the greetings are officially done, as Bailey has her hands up, ready to go...

[Kowalski throws a wild right hook at Bailey's jaw, which Bailey leans back to avoid.]

DW: I mentioned it before the entrances, Sal, Kowalski's going to have to get in close on Bailey but keep it standing. She can't let Bailey take her down, and Bailey's got four inches of reach on her.

SA: Michelle Bailey coming into this one with that reach like you said, but she's also got over 35 pounds of weight. If this does go to the ground, she could easily try to tire out Kowalski by making her carry 170-plus pounds.

[Kowalski tries for a punch for Bailey's stomach, but Bailey dodges back again.]

SA: A defensive start to the match for Bailey, as Kowalski going straight ahead, almost as we expected, Dee Dub.

DW: Bailey's a very versatile wrestler, if anything she knows how to adjust to so many styles because of that wealth of international experience and training she has.

SA: Kowalski's looking for an opening, throwing a couple of jabs at Bailey... oh, that one connected, left jab to Bailey's jaw!

[Bailey staggers back a bit, as Kowalski tries to follow in.]

DW: Smart move here by Kowalski, she can't let Bailey create distance!

[Bailey waits for Kowalski to approach and...]

"WHAP!"

... connects with a shin kick to the back of Kowalski's right thigh.]

SA: Bailey sending a message to Kowalski there, don't you leave those legs open.

DW: When Bailey came back, she came back with a bunch of strikes and a surprising amount of leg strength. A lot of fans consider her to be in the top ranking of the Women's Division when it comes to leg strength!

SA: You aren't kidding, Dee Dub, just check out her Instagram! Some amazing feats of strength there!

DW: ... feats? Leg strength? Was that intentional?

[A moment of quiet as Sal contemplates is broken by Bailey landing another kick to Kowalski's thigh.]

SA: Maybe not all my puns are intentional, but those strikes to the leg sure are! Bailey is looking to immobilize Kowalski!

DW: Kowalski's a wild brawler, so this is a really sound strategy by Bailey. Get Kowalski stuck in one spot by wounding a leg and Bailey can almost pick her apart thanks to that reach advantage.

[Kowalski's eyes flash as Bailey goes for another kick to the thigh, and she dives forward, driving a shoulder into Bailey's stomach and tackling her down to the mat as the crowd roars.]

SA: And a big time tackle by Kowalski! Now we've got a fight on our hands!

DW: Kowalski driving punches at the face... the head... the chest... anything she can hit!

SA: Kowalski's not going to stay in the top mount for long, looking to get to the side here... she's looking to restrain Bailey's right arm, and that's really smart, Dee Dub!

DW: She may be a brawler, but she's no knucklehead, Sal! Kowalski knows she can't let Bailey just stay on the ground with both hands free, because a counter will get developed and fast! Bailey's too fresh and too experienced to just lay there and get punched into oblivion.

SA: Kowalski... she may be trying for a headlock here, something to try and force Bailey's chin into her chest.

[Kowalski tries to wrap Bailey's head up but Bailey gets her arms around Kowalski's waist, pulling her onto her shoulders.]

SA: And there's a rollup by Bailey! Shari Miranda into position... Bailey's got one! And two! Kowalski able to get out though, she releases her grip on the side of the head and rolls to her knees.

DW: I don't think Kowalski was being held down there so much as she was trying to beat her up as much as she could before getting her shoulder up. Bailey did a good job on that roll, but Kowalski's momentum was definitely there to break that count.

[Kowalski rises to her feet, as does Bailey, Bailey with her smile still on her face. Kowalski shouts "I'll wipe that smile off at some point!", and Bailey yells back "a lot have tried!", then points to show that it's still there.]

SA: A little banter between these two popular Women's Division stars, you have to wonder if things might get heated.

DW: If it does, watch out, Big Sal.

[The two chuckle as Kowalski and Bailey lock up, with Kowalski lifting Bailey up for what looks like a slam, but Bailey slithers down Kowalski's back.]

SA: Kowalski perhaps trying for that face first bodyslam she likes to employ, but Bailey has her well-scouted.

DW: Bailey looks like she's running Kowalski to the ropes...

[Bailey pushes Kowalski into the ropes, trying for a rollup, but Kowalski grasps the top rope and pushes Bailey off. Bailey rolls to her feet, to find a waiting Kowalski to lift her up...]

SA: Inverted atomic drop there by Kowalski, knee driven right into Bailey's tailbone!

DW: And she usually follows that up with...

[Kowalski pulls way back, throwing her right fist...]

"WHAAAAAAAAACKKKKKK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: A HAYMAKER!

SA: KOWALSKI FLOORS BAILEY! KOWALSKI WITH THE COVER! SHE'S GOT ONE! SHE'S GOT TWO! SHE'S GOT... ONLY TWO! Michelle Bailey able to get that shoulder off the canvas!

DW: Michelle Bailey's been hit with a lot of punches in her day, but Kelly Kowalski's haymaker has got to be one of the hardest she's ever felt!

[Bailey shakes her head and presses her palm into her jaw, as Kowalski grabs her by one of her pigtails to pull her to her feet. Kowalski puts the crown of her head right up against where she connected with the haymaker, as Bailey's eyes open wide.]

SA: Kowalski looks like she's setting up a jawbreaker here...

DW: And Bailey knows it, Sal!

[Bailey drives a forearm into the sternum of Kowalski, pushing Kowalski back a little.]

SA: Bailey once again trying for some distance, looking for space to use that reach advantage.

DW: She really had a good strategy with those leg kicks earlier, I wonder if she'll return to it if she can create that space.

[Bailey grasps Kowalski by the wrist, positioning herself so she can send Kowalski into the turnbuckles.]

SA: Bailey looking to send Kowalski into the buckles... reversed by Kowalski!

[Bailey is sent running at the buckles, with Kowalski following, but something happens that Kowalski wasn't expecting the nearly 40-year-old Bailey to do...]

"THUDDDDDDDD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Bailey goes up and over Kowalski! Kowalski crashes chest-first into the buckles!

[Bailey does a little twist in the air, landing back to back with the stunned Kowalski, grasping Kowalski by the hair and trying to find her chin.]

DW: All those box jumps with Dana Kaiser starting to pay off, Big Sal!

SA: And now Bailey's right in position for a neckbreaker, it looks like... ?

[Not quite. Bailey reaches back with both arms, lifting Kowalski up by the chin and pulling her up onto her back, then walks out to the middle of the ring.]

SA: That's a hangman! That's a submission move!

DW: I don't know how well known this is, Sal, but Kelly Kowalski has a rumored history of neck injuries! Michelle Bailey has very clearly done her homework on Kelly Kowalski!

SA: Even without a history of neck injuries, this isn't a move you want to be in for long, because you're going to end up with one! Kowalski's trying to wriggle herself free...

[Kowalski's wriggling causes Bailey to lose her balance, and Bailey adjusts, leaning back to put Kowalski on her feet, then dropping down with a neckbreaker.]

DW: Smart move there by Bailey! Don't let Kowalski escape, do something to stop her attempt to gain any momentum!

SA: Bailey now with the cover as Shari Miranda with the count! Bailey gets one... and two... but Kowalski is able to get the shoulder up!

[The crowd applauds Kowalski's grit, as Bailey nods her head, pulling Kowalski up.]

DW: Veteran composure here by Michelle Bailey. No arguing the count, no surprise at the kickout, just moving onto the next step in the plan.

SA: Bailey now getting Kowalski up to her feet...

[Bailey fires off two quick strikes, a right handed slap and a left handed palm strike.]

SA: Kowalski staggered by those quick strikes by Bailey, as Bailey now leaning back against the ropes... looks like she's coming in...

DW: Could be measuring up for a kick, Sal...

SA: You could be right, Dee Dub... here comes Bailey!

[Bailey jumps at Kowalski, throwing her foot out for a push kick, which Kowalski just barely side steps. Bailey lands on her foot, skidding to a stop, and turns around...]

SA: Kowalski measuring Bailey up!

[Kowalski's red hair swings through the air, as does the rest of her head, aiming directly for its target.]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO! WHAT A HEADBUTT! RIGHT TO THE BRIDGE OF MICHELLE BAILEY'S NOSE!

[Bailey's leg buckles from the impact, as she falls backwards towards the corner, trying to maintain her standing position. Her back smashes against the buckles, keeping her up, as blood immediately begins to stream down her face.]

DW: Oh goodness, Big Sal. Oh no.

SA: That headbutt... right to the bridge of Michelle Bailey's nose, and based on what we're seeing here, I think it's pretty clear it just broke Bailey's nose, Dee Dub.

[Kowalski goes to try and take advantage, but Shari Miranda steps in as she's putting on black medical gloves, trying to create distance. As she backs away Kowalski, she's waving towards an unseen corner of the arena.]

DW: Bailey got absolutely rocked by that headbutt, and Shari Miranda... is she stopping this, Sal?

SA: I don't know, Dee Dub. She didn't get dropped, but I think the turnbuckles can be credited with the assist there.

[The camera cuts to Bailey, the front of her face now a bloody mess, as Dr. Ponavitch has appeared to check on her.]

SA: Oh jeez. Cut away.

[We cut to a wide shot of the ring, as Shari Miranda tells Kowalski to keep distance in a corner, and Dr. Ponavitch checks Bailey.]

SA: Well, we don't have official word yet on if the match is stopped, but it's certainly paused to say the least.

DW: Kowalski seems a little miffed about that pause, too, Big Sal.

SA: And we're in a wide shot but I think Bailey might reciprocate those feelings, Dee Dub, at least from what little we can hear from the camera microphones.

[A slow motion replay cues up, as we see Kowalski's headbutt connect clearly with the bridge of Bailey's nose.]

SA: And there you see it again, and... oh yeah, that's... that's got to be a broken nose, Dee Dub. No doubt about it.

DW: I wouldn't want to call her head as big as a melon but... well... look at that... the whole forehead smashed her nose good. Bailey's had broken noses in the past, she's even fought with them in the EMWC, but we know so much more about health and well-being in 2017.

SA: ... the word I'm getting in my earpiece is that Dr. Ponavitch is checking on a couple of things here to see if the match can continue, Dee Dub. He wants to see first if the blood has any risk of getting into Bailey's eyes, as well as, of course, if Bailey can breathe without difficulty.

DW: If she can't breathe through her nose, and she's got a steady nosebleed that might cause problems breathing through her mouth, then Dr. Ponavitch might stop this one. But Big Sal, what a shame that would be if this match stops on an injury.

SA: That's true, Dee Dub. We were having a great match up until this moment.

[Still in the wide shot, we can see Bailey being a little more animated as the crowd roars.]

SA: Well... I'm no body language expert, but it sure seems like she still wants to go.

DW: You think of her history, Sal. All her big matches in the E where she got busted open and fought through it. She's gotta be telling them she wants to continue on.

SA: At the same time though, like you said, we're much more aware of the long lasting health of wrestlers in 2017. Even if she wants to go, there's a chance it could be stopped.

[We can hear Kelly Kowalski shout "if she wants to fight, let her fight!", along with the crowd picking up the chant of "LET HER FIGHT!"]

DW: Kowalski sure wants this to continue, and I can't blame her. Rankings are on the line, sure, and I'd guess she'd get the win if they stop this thing but we know Kelly wants a fight!

[Just barely visible in the wide shot is Bailey toweling the blood from her face as much as possible, but more blood appears as she does so. She stands up as Dr. Ponavitch walks away, and Shari Miranda nods at Bailey.]

SA: Okay, the word I'm now getting in my earpiece... Dr. Ponavitch is apparently satisfied that Bailey can continue, but we aren't sure what the full condition is, aside from that the preliminary diagnosis is that it is indeed a broken nose.

DW: Well, that's great that this match is continuing, but Sal... she's got matches lined up for the next two weeks, I wonder if she's thinking about that.

SA: I bet you my house that she's thinking only about one thing right now, and it's that Jersey girl in front of her.

DW: ...that's a sucker bet, Big Sal.

[Bailey tosses the towel out of the ring and Miranda waves for Bailey and Kowalski to resume, as the crowd roars with approval.]

SA: And we're back on here, as Michelle Bailey, broken nose and all, resuming her battle with Kelly Kowal... HEY!

[Kowalski charges at Bailey, firing punches at Bailey's face, as Bailey covers up immediately.]

DW: Kowalski's going straight for Bailey's nose!

SA: I hate to say it, but I don't blame her! Bailey's continuing in a damaged state, and Kowalski's got to think about her future!

DW: Kowalski landing punch after punch, but none are breaking through Bailey's guard! Shari Miranda's right there keeping a close eye on things in case she has to stop it, Big Sal!

SA: If Bailey's guard breaks and Kowalski starts landing any of those shots, you have to think Miranda's going to stop this thing!

[Kowalski grabs Bailey's wrist, trying to pull Bailey backwards.]

SA: Kowalski trying to send Bailey to the ropes... wait, could she be...

[Kowalski finally gets Bailey running off the ropes.]

DW: Kowalski's going for Fists and Fire! She hits this and she'll soften up Bailey for sure, maybe even get that stoppage!

SA: Kowalski hits the other side!

DW: Here they come!

[Kowalski leaps into the air, targeting Bailey with a Fierro press.]

SA: FISTS AND...

[Except Kowalski didn't expect Bailey to jump too.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OOPS! SHE DID IT AGAIN!

DW: MICHELLE BAILEY CUTS OFF FISTS AND FIRE WITH A BRITNEY SPEAR!

[Bailey scrambles to Kowalski's feet, grabbing her legs and stacking Kowalski's weight onto her shoulders, then folds herself down onto the back of Kowalski's knees.]

SA: AND BAILEY OPENS UP THE TOTAL BUMMER! KOWALSKI'S GOT NOWHERE TO GO! SHARI MIRANDA COUNTS ONE! SHE COUNTS TWO! SHE COUNTS THREE!

[The bell sounds, as Bailey releases the stack, flopping to the canvas next to Kowalski.]

DW: What a come from behind win for Michelle Bailey, broken nose and all, Big Sal!

SA: Dee Dub, I don't know how she pulled it off! After all that headbutt, all those punches... where did she find the wherewithal to hit the Britney Spear, much less stack Kelly Kowalski up with the Total Bummer?

DW: Bailey has always found ways to win, but Kowalski has nothing to be ashamed of here. A great fight here by this up and coming star, and if Fists and Fire had gone her way, that Broken Skull DDT would have absolutely been next.

[Bailey sits next to Kowalski, who's clutching her ribs, and Bailey slowly gets to her feet. She offers a hand to Kowalski, who seems unsure of taking it.]

SA: And how about this... Michelle Bailey, after getting her nose broken by Kelly Kowalski, offers her a hand up!

DW: Not too many people would offer handshakes and hands up to the people that break their nose, Sal.

[Kowalski accepts the hand, as Bailey pulls her to her feet. The camera picks up Bailey saying "good fight, girl", then pointing to her blood-soaked grin and saying "still there though". Bailey applauds for Kowalski and points to her, then leaves the ring as the crowd continues to cheer for the match they just saw.]

SA: Kelly Kowalski goes down in defeat as Michelle Bailey picks up the win here on the Power Hour, now looking ahead to not only her upcoming Trios Match in Mexico but also her upcoming participation in the P*WIN tag team title tournament in just a few days' time. You have to wonder if either of those matches are in jeopardy now with this injury.

BW: And don't forget she laid out a challenge to Laura Davis for Homecoming in a couple of weeks too.

SA: A very busy schedule in store for Michelle Bailey... if she can get past this injury. And with that match in the books, we are getting set for even more great Power Hour action... wait ... what's this?

[The crowd starts to jeer as someone arrives through the entrance.]

SA: Mickey Cherry is coming out here fans. He's been embroiled in what you might call a little détente with our resident superhero, Omega.

DW: Détente, is that French for made a fool of, Big Sal? Because that's what Omega has been doing to him.

[Mickey Cherry storms out from the back up to Sandra Hayes' hot pink podium. He has his own microphone. The garishly-suited manager seems really worked up as he paces around, smacking his cane into the floor as he tries to compose himself.]

MSH: Mickey Cherry! Welcome to the Power Hour! It's so good to have you out-

[Cherry wildly interrupts as Hayes sighs exasperatedly.]

MC: OMEGA! OMEGA! Or Sebastian McIntyre... you think I don't know who you are, huh? Yeah, you think you can make a fool out of me? I figured out your secret identity! I figured out your secret! And now that I know who you are you're never going to be safe from me, daddy!

[Hayes speaks up.]

MSH: Aha! So you got to the bottom of that... big mystery...

[She rolls her eyes at the cameraman but out of view of Mickey Cherry who is practically patting himself on the back.]

MSH: ...but whatcha gonna do about it, Mickey?

[Cherry turns back to the camera.]

MC: Oh, I'll tell ya what I'm gonna do about it! Omega, you think you're so clever with your secret identity and then coming out here and embarrassing the ALMIGHTY ONE week after week. Well, you're in for it now.

The ALMIGHTY ATLAS ARMSTRONG is challenging you, baby.

One on one. For all the marbles!

[Dramatic pause.]

MC: At Homecoming!

[A cheer goes up from the crowd.]

MC: This will be a showdown for the ages. And the ALMIGHTY ATLAS ARMSTRONG will prove to you all that there is one... and only one... superhero here in the AWA and he stands 6'8 and weighs 304 pounds and doesn't come from some made up place like Neptune! He comes from Heaven!

[Hayes furrows her brow and looks like she's mouthing "made up place like Neptune?" as Cherry continues.]

MC: So whaddya say, you little punk? Do you have what it takes to match up with Atlas Armstrong one-on-one at Homecoming?

[Hayes speaks up.]

MSH: Wow! What a challenge laid out - an EXCLUSIVE right here with me - by Mickey Cherry! And now we've gotta find out if that little worm Omega will accept

the challenge to face that mountain of manhood, Atlas Armstrong, at Homecoming? Personally, I have my doubts that he'd be able to find his ba-

[A voice thankfully interrupts from off-camera.]

"Wwwwwwwhat's up guys?!"

[Cut over to Theresa Lynch's podium, where she is joined by the AWA's cub reporter Sebastian McIntyre.]

SMc: Ehbbb...

[Seb Mac surveys the crowded stage with two Power Hour interview podiums.]

SMc: I'm not interrupting anything am I, Theresa?

TL: No, I'm happy to have you out here. In fact, I think you'd even make a good co-host for Power Hour some day.

[Sebastian beams proudly.]

SMc: Well, that's mighty civil of you, Theresa. But I am here with a scoop! I've just been talking with the Neptunian Omega and—

[We cut to a wide shot, showing both podiums as Cherry turns and shouts.]

MC: Oh, you've been talking to Omega? Cut the crap, I know who you are, you little Mutanoid!

[Sebastian keeps speaking as if Mickey hadn't even interrupted.]

SMc: -and he has accepted your challenge to face Atlas Armstrong at Homecoming!

[Cherry taps his cane into his open palm as the crowd ROARS for the match being made official.]

MS: Is that right? Well, I got a little message for your little "friend" Omega...

[Cherry raises the cane, stepping towards Sebastian McIntyre who swings his hands up defensively, shaking his head.]

SMc: No! I'm just an innocent cub reporter! Tell him yourself

[Cherry raises his cane overhead and is about to biff Sebastian McIntyre, when...]

"ATLAS ARMSTRONG!"

[The lights in Center Stage dim, and the camera tracks to the stands where it finds a lone figure lit from behind. He has the silhouette of Omega and his voice sounds over the PA.]

O: All evil has its end! And no injustice shall escape...

...OMEGA!

[The fans cheer for the superhero as the lights come back on and he vanishes in a plume of smoke. Sandra Hayes and Mickey Cherry both look perplexed. Theresa Lynch's lip curls upward, bemused by the clever stagecraft. Sebastian McIntyre is beside himself, thoroughly impressed.]

Cherry stares back and forth between the vanished superhero and Sebastian McIntyre.]

MC: How can they... I was sure... what the ..

SMc: sssssSSSSIIIIICK!

[Theresa chuckles.]

TL: Well, I think we've got ourselves a match at Homecoming, fans. Omega vs Atlas Armstrong and I, for one, do NOT want to miss that! We'll be right back.

[She smirks, resting her forearm on a beaming Sebastian's shoulder as we fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then fade back up on footage marked "LAST WEEK - GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA." The Alerus Center crowd is on display as we wait a few moments.

The crowd comes alive as M83's "Oblivion" starts up. At the entranceway a thick woman, silhouetted by the lights, slaps her palms together, causing an explosion of chalk-dust to glow in the spotlight. On hearing the cheers of the fans, she pounds her chest with her fist and intensely makes her way down the aisle.]

RO: The following Women's Division contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. From Minneapolis, Minnesota, weighing in at 166 pounds, Trish... "T-BONE"... WALLACE!

[Trish Wallace, though barely over five feet tall, moves with a predatory power that shows her strength. Her long brown hair is braided into two pigtailed that hang down behind her head. Thick arms and legs emerge from a halter-neck leotard covered in a dark blue and magenta galaxy print with gold trim. She climbs onto the ring and wipes her short white wrestling boots on the apron, stepping onto the bottom rope to boost herself high enough to step over the middle rope.]

RO: Her opponent, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, weighing in at 110 pounds...JENNY DiNOZZO!

[At the announcement of her name, the young brunette Jenny DiNozzo raises her arms to the crowd, decked in a red plaid halter top, with matching long tights, and black boots. T-Bone Wallace turns her back to the camera, balls up her fists, and bumps her knuckles together over her head. She pulls her arms down into a double-bicep pose, and looks back over her shoulder. Wallace has got a very unhappy look on her face.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Back to the ring here in Grand Forks, North Dakota. Young Trish Wallace from just across the state line used to ply her trade in smaller shows before joining the AWA.

BW: Oh yah.

GM: Cut that out.

[DiNozzo tries charging in with a surprise kick to Wallace, but T-Bone catches her foot and blocks.]

GM: DiNozzo tries to catch Trish Wallace off guard...

[Wallace yanks her opponent toward her and cinches around her torso.]

GM: OH! A T-Bone Suplex to open things up tonight! Now Wallace hits the ropes, turning her body into a weapon with a leaping backsplash!

BW: Trish seems pretty riled up right now. I wonder if Chet or Chaz replaced her protein powder with Metamucil again.

[Wallace easily pulls her opponent up off the mat after flattening her with a senton. She cinches in a front facelock and cradles DiNozzo's leg.]

GM: Wallace with a cradle suplex; the arc on that was perfect! I'm so surprised that "Battlin'" Burt Wallace didn't want young Trish following her brothers Chet and Chaz into the pro ranks. She has taken to the sport like a natural.

[Wallace doesn't follow up with the fisherman suplex, instead choosing to pick her opponent up again and whip her to the nearest buckles. T-Bone hits the nearest ropes.]

GM: A leaping double-knee lift!

[DiNozzo crumples to the bottom turnbuckle, but Wallace isn't done yet. Again, she hits the ropes on the opposite side of the ring and charges in again.]

GM: ...and a cannonball backsplash to add insult to injury! I agree with our colleague Big Sal Albano: Trish Wallace is a human wrecking machine!

BW: Yeah, if she can't reach something on the top shelf of the grocery store, she just punches the shelves.

GM: Bucky...

BW: She can't wear red outside because dogs keep trying to relieve themselves on her leg.

GM: Bucky!

[Wallace hauls DiNozzo to the middle of the ring and cinches in a front facelock. T-Bone hoists her upright.]

GM: We've seen this before, Bucky. That standing vertical--oh, look at this! DiNozzo escapes out the back door!

[Jenny DiNozzo wriggles out of Wallace's grip as she's about to start showboating and rolls behind her, grabbing on to one of T-Bone's trunk-like legs and taking her down.]

GM: Schoolgirl roll-up! One, two, and... Ohhh, that would have been an upset in the making!

[Wallace tries to recover, but the faster DiNozzo hits a dropkick to the shin to take her to a knee, then hits the rope and lands a seated dropkick to the face of T-Bone Wallace.]

GM: Just like that, the complexion of this match has changed. Trish Wallace lost her focus for a second. She does seem to have something on her mind that's distracting her; maybe we can get our colleague Mark Stegglet to follow up on that.

[DiNozzo waits for Wallace to get to her feet before running the ropes again, she leaps into a crossbody...

...but Wallace doesn't budge.]

GM: Oh, she got caught!

BW: Like trying to cut down a sequoia.

[Wallace easily lifts her opponent onto her shoulder and starts circling the ring with her.]

GM: And Wallace is not wasting any more time... gaining a head of steam... into that earth-shaking Powerslam of hers! Hooks the leg... and that's a three-count!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: T-Bone Wallace narrowly averting disaster tonight, and I definitely agree with you, Bucky: Trish Wallace does seem rattled. Let's head over to Mark Stegglet at ringside. Mark?

[Cut to ringside.]

MS: Well, another impressive victory for Trish Wallace and that Powerslam, although it seems pretty obvious that competition is not the foremost thing on your mind right now.

TW: Mark, if you'll forgive me going over what's been already established... If my dad had his druthers I wouldn't be in that ring. I remember when I graduated high school, I didn't want to go out and get an accounting certificate.

I watched my big brother teaming with Bobby O'Connor in the Young Bloods, and I thought that was what I wanted to do. I watched him with Team Supreme. I watched him as Dad called in a favor from Hamilton Graham to make him Flawless. And just a couple months ago I saw him fight the match of his life for just one World Title shot in the Running of the Bulls.

Sure, he'd occasionally get derailed by this or that. He kept telling me, "I'm on the cusp of a hot streak. I'll take care of these nagging injuries later." Say what you want about Chet and Chaz, you can take 'em or leave 'em. But Lawrence... Larry? I never stopped looking up to him, and I never stopped believing in him.

[Wallace shakes her head, a disappointed look on her face.]

TW: But Castillo? He can't help but kick him when he's down, can he? Larry takes one measly summer off after five years of being a good soldier. And his reward is a FedEx envelope informing him that he is no longer on the company payroll!

I guess with all that Mooselips money, we're just barely scraping by, right?

You know what, though? I am never gonna forget the last thing he did in the AWA before the suits cut him loose. He told me the world wasn't going to meet me halfway, and if I want something, I'd better reach out and take it. With this talk about Women's Tag Team gold, Skylar, if you want someone at your side, just give me the old heads up.

MS: Alright, sounds like more buzz about the potential for a tag team title added to the Women's Division. How will Skylar Swift feel about getting back together with T-Bone Wallace though?

[We fade away from the pre-recorded footage back to the live shot inside the Center Stage Studios where we end up back with Theresa and Sandra, standing at their respective podiums, glaring daggers at one another.]

TL: Welcome back to Atlanta, Georgia and the home of the all-new Power Hour, the Center Stage Studios...

[The crowd cheers as Theresa smiles as Hayes glares at them as well.]

TL: ...and after that impressive win by Trish Wallace, we just saw, you have to wonder if Wallace could be making some waves in the Top Ten Rankings soon as well.

[Theresa sighs.]

TL: Your thoughts, Sandra?

[Hayes yawns, making a big show of it.]

MSH: Hmm? Oh, were you talking to me? Sorry, I was just bored to tears by ol' Weeble Wobble there telling her sad sob story about her not-so-Flawless brother. You know, what is it about this place with all these dysfunctional families? The Wallaces... your deadbeat brothers... the-

[Theresa angrily interrupts.]

TL: My brothers are some of the best wrestlers this company has ever seen. And you already know that because it was Travis who ran your scrawny rear end out of this place the last time you crossed paths with my family.

[Hayes sneers.]

MSH: Hey, I left this place by choice! I had a better offer somewhere else and you know it!

TL: And yet, here you are again. You came crawling back, begging Mommy to get you a job after your meal ticket kicked you to the curb. I guess Diamonds aren't forever after all... not for you at least.

[Hayes is seething now.]

MSH: Now, you listen to me, you little bit-

[La Banda Bastön's "I'm In la Calle" featuring Kap G starts to play, distracting Lynch and Hayes for the moment, as they look over to the entranceway where the woman known as Malicia – fair of skin, with wavy hair that reaches past her shoulders, dyed jet black on the left half of her head and a deep red on the right side, full sleeve tattoos on both arms, whom we saw two weeks ago, is first to emerge. She is dressed in a black riding jacket over a black T-shirt with "LOS RENEGADOS" in white across the front, black faux leather shorts, and black boots with red soles, trim and laces.

Malicia throws her arms out behind her and leans back, letting out a wild, banshee-like scream, as both Theresa and Sandra visibly flinch, their hands going up to their heads to cover their ears. Malicia is followed by Luciana, who has on a similar Los Renegados T-shirt, only she wears hers tied just under her chest, baring her midriff. She also has on a red miniskirt, as well as a twisted black-and-white bandana tied around her head, knotted at her forehead.

Luciana bops along to the beat of the song, gradually dropping to a squat, as Kaz Konoe emerges behind her. Konoe also has on a similar black Los Renegados T-shirt, over a pair of white boxer-style trunks, in anticipation of his match later on the Power Hour. His expression is all the more inscrutable thanks to the pair of Aviators that shield his eyes.

With Konoe behind her, Luciana rises back to a standing position, never breaking contact with her man. She wraps her arms around his neck, tilts her head back and gives him a kiss on the cheek, before letting go and leading the way towards the podium at which Miss Sandra Hayes awaits with a huge grin.]

MSH: That's right. Right over here. I'll be happy to let the world hear what's on your minds.

[Last to emerge from the back is Malasangre, who also has on a black Los Renegados T-shirt, with the sleeves cut off, and a pair of dark blue jeans. He holds his right fist in the air – the defiant pose of Los Renegados, then brings it down in front of him, where he holds both hands out, with thumbs and index fingers

extended, forming the letter "M." With Malicia by his side, Malasangre goes to join his fellow Renegado.

Luciana glowers at Sandra, as Malicia approaches and whispers something in her ear. The two laugh, as La Chola Japonesa snaps her fingers in front of Hayes' face, turns away and walks over towards Lynch instead.]

TL: Sure. Come right over. I'm sure you're looking for a professional interview after all.

[Luciana stops midway and looks Theresa over. The camera catches Luciana saying, "... Better than her... But still not good enough!" She holds out her hand, palm facing Theresa, and turns back to her Los Renegados associates, who have taken up their position between the dueling podiums, instead. Malasangre retrieves a microphone, which he has tucked in the back of his jeans.]

M: Cut the music! Atlanta... Center Stage... AWA Galaxy... ¡Los Renegados cabalgan de nuevo! Los Renegados es la primera facción de México... ¡Y del mundo! In case you missed the Power Hour, or you have been sleeping on the greatest faction in all of North America, allow me to introduce myself... I am Marcos... La Megaestrella... Jimenez, but you can call me Mala... Sangre..

Y con mi hermano japonés... La Estrella Negra... ¡El renegado de Japón!

[He look over to Konoe, who does not react. Malasangre shrugs.]

M: We will remind los Idiotas Americanos, and whoever the third member of their team might be, why the DMP were always going to be DOA south of the border! Tell them, Lu.

[Malasangre tosses the mic over to Luciana, who deftly catches it.]

L: Now, many of you keep asking who the third member of the Renegados trio is going to be. I don't understand why we are being asked to disclose who our third is when the Wallaces are being even more evasive about who the third member of the DMP team is going to be.

What? You don't trust Angelica Westerly to have signed ONLY THE BEST for Estrellas En El Cielo? But, you know what? Los Renegados have nothing to hide, and, trust me, you WILL want to tune in when you see who will be standing alongside Malasangre and Kaz Konoe at the Estadio BBVA. Play the video!

["Touch and Go" by Emerson, Lake & Powell begins to play as we see footage of a man dressed in the Charro style of a mariachi band member, emerging from an entrance, wearing a white mask with gold outlines on the eyes and mouth and the silhouette of a horse rearing up on either side. The look is sleek, elegant and sharp. And then the lyrics kick in...]

#Man in the street nowhere to sleep#
#No time for nothing no Patek Phillipe#
#Pedal to the metal blow by blow#
#You're runnin' with the devil it's touch and go#

[...and we see the man now unmasked, inside a ring. He is classically handsome, with unruly wavy red hair uncommon for a Mexican. He is very powerfully built, with a thick chest, neck, biceps and legs. He wears simple white wrestling trunks with a tribal-style horse head on the front and boots with tassels that run all the way down to his ankles.]

#They're leaving you nothing and nowhere to go#

#Just put you in the corner like an old banjo#
#The strings are breakin' but you can't say no#
#You're runnin' with the devil it's touch and go#

[We then cut to footage of him in action. There is a shot of him nearly flying into the crowd with a bullet tope suicida that bends his opponent against the railing. We then see him taken down to the canvas with a flying armdrag but he pops up and nearly cuts his luchador opponent in half with a vicious lariat. He then grabs the masked man and yanks him to his feet, before piefacing him backwards into the ropes and shoving him right out of the ring with one hand. Next, we cut to a shot of a luchador attempting a tope suicida of their own on Caballo Salvaje. However, he catches them in mid-flight and without any regard for human life, blindly hurls them right over the guardrail and into the crowd!]

#Systematic one man show#
#You're caught up in the middle where the four winds blow#
#No salvation 20 below#
#You're runnin' with the devil it's touch and go#

[We then see Caballo Salvaje standing in the middle of the ring, arms outstretched as a luchador dressed as a space alien raises a metal trashcan over his head and smashes it down onto his skull... to absolute no effect. As he goes for another blow with the trashcan, Caballo Salvaje winds up and punches it right into his face, nearly caving in the trashcan in the process. There is then a shot of two smaller luchadors double teaming Caballo Salvaje. They whip him into the ropes and he runs right through their attempt at a double clothesline, rebounding off the opposite ropes and takes them both down with a double clothesline of his own.]

#All systems go friend or foe#
#It's all dependin' on the dice you throw#
#Come without a warning like a u.f.o.%
#You're runnin' with the devil it's touch and go#

[There is then a rapid fire montage of Caballo Salvaje hitting various opponents with running sitout powerbombs, buckle bombs and finally, "La Estampida", a leaping double stomp that drives down a standing opponent right into the canvas. The scene then crossfades to Caballo Salvaje himself, standing in front of a black backdrop, wearing a Los Renegados t-shirt.]

CS: ¡Soy El Caballo Salvaje! ¡Soy el jefe de los jefes! ¡El que está por encima de todos! ¡Los Renegados seguirán reinando sobre la lucha libre!

[He states into the camera with his eyes open wide, looking every bit as wild and untamed as his name. This time, he speaks his words in English.]

CS: Because we... control... EVERYTHING!

[Cut back to the ring, where we see Malasangre bump fists with Konoe, before exchanging a high five with Malicia. Luciana still has the microphone in her hand.]

L: The de facto leader of Los Renegados... Another founding member of the Renegados... And a founding member of Los Renegados de Japón... Wallace boys, I hope you weren't planning on having Michael Aarons as the third member of your DMP MEX line-up, because, later tonight, Kaz is going to put an end to the so-called Experience and become World Television Champion. So, unless by some administrative miracle you've negotiated a way to bring back the DMP OG, I'd-

[The crowd inside Center Stage Studios begins to buzz as Chaz and Chet Wallace emerge from the locker room area, standing on the stage right behind the assembled Renegados. They've got microphones of their own... unfortunately.]

Chaz: Oh, Luciana... if only you hadn't saddled yourself to this clown show...

[Los Renegados whip around, words being exchanged off-mic in Spanish.]

Chaz: Los Renegados in full effect in Mexico... you might think we'd be surprised by this development, Luciana... but we're not.

Chet: Not one bit. In fact, you've given us EXACTLY what we wanted!

[Chaz nods.]

Chaz: We wanted the chance to show the entire wrestling world from the US to Canada...

Chet: From the Sudan to Singapore...

Chaz: From Japan to Jersey...

Chet: From Monterey to Mazatlan... and all joints in between... that when it comes to dominant factions in this business - there's only ONE name worth mentioning. And that's the D... M... P.

[The crowd boos the Idols' arrogance as Kaz Konoe throws a dismissive gesture in their direction. Luciana raises the mic.]

L: If there's one thing we all know about you two, it's that you like to run in a pack because you can't get it done on your own!

[The crowd "ooooohs" as the Wallaces sneer in response.]

L: But Michael Aarons ain't DMP. So, if that's what you had in mind-

[Chaz cuts her off.]

Chaz: No, no, no... as much as the World Television Champion would like to continue where he leaves off tonight whooping THAT...

[He points to Konoe.]

Chaz: ...we've made it clear to him that what goes down in Mexico, that's not Experience business. That's DMP business. And when the DMP comes together one more time...

[Malasangre angrily interrupts.]

M: Where?! Where is the DMP?! Show us!

[Chaz smirks.]

Chaz: Our partner didn't think it was worth his time to show up here tonight to slap the two of you around when he can wait nine days and do it right where it all started for this war - Mexico. So, we just wanted to come out here and let you...

[He points to Los Renegados.]

Chaz: ...and you...

[He points to the camera.]

Chaz: ...that at Estrellas En El Cielo, the REAL Dead Man's Party will be in the house.

[Chet leans in with a smirk.]

Chet: Who... could ask... for more?

[And with a chuckle, the Idols backpedal away as Los Renegados shout off-mic in Spanish in their direction...

...and we abruptly get a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo before cutting backstage in the Center Stage Studios where a door swings open from the outside, leaving an entranceway for Margarita Flores and Xenia Sonova to stride through.

Flores has on her usual beige cowboy hat, but also a brown riding jacket over a black bustier top, and brown chaps over a pair of indigo jeans. Sonova has on a white tank top, with cutouts on the sides, between her ribs and her waist, and a pair of black leggings. She has a blue-and-white checkered shirt tied around her waist. Both women are wheeling a suitcase beside them. The camera is obviously not hidden as Flores walks right up to it.]

MF: Harley... Cinder... Didn't I tell you to run? I guess your tiny little legs couldn't take you very far, because tonight? Tonight the long arm of justice, Texas style, catches up with you and CUTS. YOU. DOWN! And unlike the previous times when you took advantage of the numbers to get the jump on me, someone's got my back... Xenia "The Equalizer" Sonova... Tell 'em!

[Flores steps back as Sonova steps forward.]

XS: Cinder, Harley, you two know jolly well how I haven't been in the ring for some time. You two know full well how much I was itching to get my hands on a couple of b-

[She catches herself.]

XS: Tonight, not only am I honored to stand alongside a woman I consider a friend... I look forward to dethroning a queen wannabe and her sycophantic hanger-on!

[She claps Flores on the back, as the two continue making their way to the locker room....

...and with another flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we end up back on a live shot inside Center Stage Studios' makeshift arena where we find Tyler Graham standing in the middle of the ring. On his right, two women - one dressed in red and the other in blue - stand near the corner, bouncing and stretching.]

TG: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring... the team of Ruby and Sapph-

[And before Graham can even get the words out of his mouth, darkness strikes in the form of Charisma Knight and Dr. Leah White who promptly pull Ruby and Sapphire out of the ring to the floor where they immediately start waylaying them with a series of punches and clubbing forearms to the head and neck!]

SA: Well, the match didn't even start but the team known as the Precious Gems in local circles are being committed to the Asylum!

DW: Run on out of there and get to safety, Tyler Graham, The Asylum are wasting no time here with this surprise attack before the bell... before the introductions...

heck, I'm surprised they didn't attack them before the doors opened to the building today!

SA: It certainly would fit their mindset as Knight and White are laying in some heavy shots on the outside - and it appears that these ladies are NOT getting paid by the hour here tonight on the Power Hour.

[White tosses Ruby under the ropes back inside the ring as Knight HURLS Sapphire into the ringside steps...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A smirking Knight shrugs at the booing crowd, skipping playfully across the ringside area towards her corner as White pulls Ruby to her feet in a neutral corner, raising a leg and planting a boot on the throat.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Referee Scott Ezra sounding the bell... and he might as well be sounding an alert for the Precious Gems as they look to be in for a rough night at the office.

DW: How ya gonna sound the bell and then not get that choke broken up?! Come on, referee!

SA: Scott Ezra doing his best to contain the madness of the Asylum but that is certainly no easy task, Dee Dub...

DW: Not even giving them a chance to get out of the staring blocks - we're just getting a savage beatdown here.

SA: The presumably-former Doctor of Psychiatry, Leah White, stops choking Ruby finally... leaving her gasping for air... and a big whip shoots her across...

[With Ruby laid back in the buckles, White barrels across the ring, leaping into the air, swinging her legs between the ropes as her arm SLAMS across the collarbone of Ruby!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: And Leah White may be relatively new to the game, Dee Dub, but her raw skills are certainly there...

[Charisma Knight looks on with an approving gaze...

...and then spots Sapphire climbing back up on the apron, pointing a finger as she shouts to her ally.]

"Lee Lee, corner!"

[In strict obedience, White wheels around, charging across the ring, throwing herself into a one-legged dropkick that catches Sapphire under the jaw, knocking her right back down to the floor to groans from the crowd hoping to see a competitive matchup.]

SA: Ohhh, what a dropkick! And again, we see Charisma Knight trying to channel that raw talent of White into a well-oiled machine.

DW: White's got skills for days but I think she could use a stay with a top flight training school - the Combat Corner, the Yard, the Coltons, whatever - and not being subjected to this twisted sister, Charisma Knight!

SA: You may be right about that but it's hard to argue with success, Dee Dub, and the Asylum has certainly found that as a duo so far. There's been a lot of tag about future AWA Women's World Tag Team Titles... can you imagine this duo with the gold?

DW: I can... and it's the stuff of nightmares.

SA: Just ask Skylar Swift. White back on Ruby now, tossing her over into the wrong part of town... and there's our first tag of the match for the Asylum and in comes Charisma Knight.

[Knight comes in, and proceeds to start stomping Ruby down to the mat, yelling "Waste. Of. Time" with every stomp]

SA: And now she's laying the boots to Ruby, stomping the proverbial mudhole in her.

DW: And laying in the badmouth as well, adding insult to injury

SA: Charisma Knight doesn't seem to think too highly of the opposition here tonight and-

[Knight pauses her assault, spotting Sapphire back on her feet on the outside, leaning against the apron...

...and breaks into a sprint, dropping down into a baseball slide that sends Sapphire flying backwards, crashing down in a heap against the stairway leading from the stage to ringside!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: For crying out loud, she won't even let her up on the apron!

SA: The very epitome of a divide and conquer strategy on display here in this one.

[Back on her feet, Knight points across the ring where Ruby is prone, head and shoulders supported by the bottom part of the corner...

...and charges right back in, working up a head of steam before leaping and BURYING both knees into Ruby's chest to groans from the crowd!]

SA: The double knees - also known as the Meteora - and Ruby's gotta be getting near the end of what she can take out of this perfectly punishing duo.

[Dragging Ruby out of the corner by the leg, Knight foregoes a pin attempt to drag her to her feet, cradling her head face up near her own. A sick grin crosses her face as she nods to the crowd...

...and then twists to the side, driving Ruby's face into the canvas!]

SA: ONE! BAD! DAY!

[The referee drops down to count as Knight looks around, yelling out "WHERE'S SANDY?!"

SA: And it gets the one... two... three.

[The bell sounds as Knight slowly gets up, quickly joined by her partner-in-crime as "Sick Like Me" begins to play over the PA system.]

SA: Talk about total domination. The Asylum rolls to a flawless victory here tonight on the Power Hour... and right now, it looks like Charisma is more concerned with where our evening's co-host is located...

[Knight spots Miss Sandra Hayes' podium on the stage, grinning as she beckons for Dr. Leah White to follow her. The duo exit the ring, making their way quickly up the stairs...

...where Knight stomps the downed Sapphire one more time to boos from the crowd before the Asylum reaches the podium, Knight pulling a mic into view. She leans heavily on the podium, a dastardly smile on her face as she presses her mouth into the mic, causing a weird deep echo when she breathes into it.]

CK: Oh, Sannnnnnndyyyyyyyy... where are you, girly? I gotta talk about some stuff!

[A few moments later, a somewhat-flustered Miss Sandra Hayes bursts into view from backstage, running a hand through her hair as she makes her way towards the podium where Knight makes a show of handing over the mic like it's a sword. Hayes takes it, shaking her head.]

MSH: Sorry, I... well, I didn't expect you two to finish so fast.

[Knight shrugs.]

CK: Well, I got my dander up, Sandy.

MSH: It's Sandra.

CK: Of course it is. But I've got something on my mind and I want everyone to hear it.

[Knight looks around... but doesn't say more. Several awkward moments pass before Hayes speaks up.]

MSH: Uhh... Charisma?

[Knight looks at Hayes like she's just noticing she's there.]

CK: Oh, hey there, Sandy. How's it going?

[A confused Hayes looks at a silent Leah White for help... and gets none.]

MSH: You said you had something on your mind and you want everyone to hear it.

[Knight taps her chin thoughtfully.]

CK: Did I? Hmm. Well, then I suppose I oughta say something. Or maybe... Lee Lee?

[Hayes switches the mic over to White who stares coldly at her.]

CK: Hmm. Maybe not.

[Hayes moves the mic back to Charisma.]

CK: But I'll tell you something right now, Sandy. Two weeks ago, I came out here and said that Lee Lee and I were the only team in the Women's Division that matters. We're a team... a unit... amigos you might say... even bosom buddies!

[Knight looks lovingly at White who... doesn't respond at all.]

CK: But now it seems like everyone's gunning for our spot. On this show alone, we've got the Peach Pits... we had our ol' pal Trish Wallace flapping her gums... we've got Flores and Sonova... Harley and Cinder... you know, Sandy... to me, it looks like the whole world has gone tag.

[Hayes nods, not wanting to engage any more than needed.]

CK: But it was two others who caught my eye... or ear... or whatever... and I'm talking about Victoria June and Kayla Cristol...

MSH: They did look impressive.

[Knight glares at Hayes who goes quiet again.]

CK: Yes... yes they did... and they talked a good game too. Seems they think they might be the team to beat in this division. Do you believe that, Sandy?

[Hayes looks unclear on her path out of this and stammers for a moment before responding.]

MSH: Mmm.... eh... no?

[Knight slams her arms down on the podium.]

CK: NO! THAT'S RIGHT, SANDY! YOU'RE RIGHT AND THEY'RE WRONG! Because there's only ONE team to beat in the AWA...

[She holds up one finger.]

CK: ...and that's us. That's the Asylum. When people talk about tag teams in the Women's Division, it's because WE exist. WE made it happen. Just like I was the reason that the division got off the ground in the first place, we'll be the reason that the suits turn green into gold and bring us more titles to aim for.

And if Cristol and June have a problem with that...

[Knight looks over to White.]

CK: Tell 'em, Lee Lee.

[White stares into the camera for a moment before opening her mouth, extending her tongue as red liquid drips out onto Sandra's podium, causing her to jump backwards. Knight watches as it drops... drip drop, drip drop... with a grin.]

CK: You said a mouthful right there.

[Knight turns and exits, White trailing behind her as Hayes looks down at her pink podium with disgust.]

MSH: UGH! Can someone get a mop out here?!

[And with that, we fade to black.]

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

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

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

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

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

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

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

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[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we see Theresa Lynch standing behind her podium, her usual big smile in place.]

TL: We are back here on the all-new Power Hour and... fans, the action here continues to heat up as we look ahead to Estrellas En El Cielo. But right now, we've got an update on a few matters considering the show coming up right after that - our big return to Dallas, Texas - my hometown - in the form of Homecoming.

[A loud sigh is heard from off-camera. We cut to a disgruntled looking Sandra Hayes leaning over, her chin planted on her fist as she rests her elbows on the podium.]

MSH: Texas?! We're going back to Texas?!

TL: I'm sorry... what did you think Homecoming meant?

MSH: I hate Texas, Lynch! It's just so... so... Texan.

[It's Theresa's turn to sigh this time.]

TL: Nevertheless, Homecoming is always one of the biggest nights of the year for the AWA and we're so excited to be going back to where it all started for the AWA. And of course, we're looking to make a big splash on that big night and just moments ago, I was informed that we can look forward to TWO title matches that night.

[The shot of Theresa disappears as we get an on-screen graphic promoting the first match - a graphic that sends a big cheer up from the Atlanta crowd.]

TL: That's right! It's signed, sealed, and delivered! It'll be Next Gen defending the AWA World Tag Team Titles against the 2017 Stampede Cup winners, the Soldiers of Fortune! The Soldiers have been gunning for a tag title shot since they won the Cup at the Battle of Saskatchewan last month and-

MSH: An event you'd be best not to ever mention again, Lynch. Kerry and I haven't forgotten what you pulled there... and we never, ever forgive.

TL: I haven't forgotten it either... haven't forgotten when Ricki cost your boy the-

[Hayes angrily interrupts.]

MSH: MY BOY?! MY BOY?! WHY YOU LITTLE-

[Hayes' microphone abruptly cuts out as Theresa grins.]

TL: Thank you very much for that.

[We can still hear Hayes ranting off-mic as Lynch continues.]

TL: And speaking of the World Heavyweight Champion, that's the other half of our Homecoming announcement. As we all saw on Saturday Night Wrestling, Johnny Detson suffered a brutal assault at the hands of the Korugun Army - specifically Muteesa - which left him in a North Dakota hospital overnight. We're told that Johnny suffered some badly bruised ribs and a bruised sternum as well. He will be unable to compete on the upcoming tour of Mexico however we've been told that he WILL appear at Homecoming... and in fact, he WILL defend the World Title that night against an opponent of Javier Castillo's choosing.

[Hayes abruptly jumps into frame, grabbing the mic and steering it towards herself.]

MSH: Is it Kerry?! Is he getting his rematch?!

[Theresa yanks the mic back, glaring at her co-host.]

TL: We don't know! The AWA President has decided to announce the challenger that night at Homecoming... which puts Johnny Detson at a major disadvantage going into that match... just as Mr. Castillo intended, I'm sure.

[Hayes pulls the mic closer again.]

MSH: Ha! Whoever it is, I just hope they leave enough left of Detson for Kerry to finish the job at the soonest chance.

[Theresa yanks the mic back.]

TL: That's a look ahead... now we're about to take a look back at something that was scheduled for Saturday Night Wrestling takes place right here on our very own Power Hour. It's-

[Hayes snatches the mic again.]

MSH: It's the reason you've got this show! Supreme Wright, your boy toy, is in the house!

[Lynch and Hayes are seen struggling over the mic, each trying to pull it away from one another as "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play, bringing the studio audience out of their seats and to their feet as they anticipate the arrival of the two-time former AWA World Heavyweight champion, Supreme Wright.]

SA: Well, this is a rare treat for us here on the Power Hour as the former World Champion is here and he's here to address the people regarding what went down at the Battle of Saskatchewan... as well as what happened at Eternally Extreme last month when Jeff Matthews betrayed him.

DW: I've been looking forward to this one, Sal.

SA: As have I.

[The cheers of the crowd reach a crescendo when they see Wright stepping through the curtains. He is now sans eyepatch and his beard is neatly trimmed. He is dressed in a cerise-colored houndstooth tweed suit with matching trousers, a white dress shirt and a maroon necktie. He walks towards the ring with microphone in hand and purpose in his step. Stepping through the ropes, he waits for the cheering to die down before he begins to speak.]

SW: It appears that some people weren't happy with what happened in North Dakota.

[His eyes drift towards the two podiums, where Theresa Lynch and Sandra Hayes have been separated again - a few AWA officials standing between them as they glare daggers at one another.]

SW: Believe me, I wasn't happy with what happened there, either.

[He turns his attention back to the audience.]

SW: But regardless of what happened in North Dakota, I'm not here to speak about that. I'm here to speak about what happened in Saskatchewan.

No Man's Land was every bit as brutal and horrific as it was said to be. It truly was Hell on Earth. And my grandfather was right... in the middle of the bloodiest fight of my life, I found out a lot about myself.

[He makes a fist.]

SW: Like the fact I apparently throw one hell of a punch.

[A big cheer. Wright seems pretty proud of himself.]

SW: And I was as good as my word. This was the end of the road for me and King Kong Hogan.

[A beat.]

SW: Goodbye, Hogan.

[The slightest of smiles forms on his lips, as the audience cheers for King Kong Hogan's defeat and assumed departure from the AWA.]

SW: No Man's Land marked the ending of one chapter in my life, but I'm ready to begin another. And I'm sure it's not a surprise to anyone who my next target is. The traitor. The turncoat.

The Madfox.

[Wright's eyes narrow and that faint smile disappears from his face as his expression reverts to the emotionless, stoic killer we're all familiar with.]

SW: Jeff Matthews.

[The audience jeers the mention of the Hall of Famer.]

SW: You-

[We never get to hear what Supreme Wright intended to say, as he's suddenly cut off by huge boos from the studio audience, as they see Jeff Matthews walking out towards the ring.]

JM: Yes, sunshine? I'm your target, huh?

[The former World Champion continues walking to the ring as the boos continue to rain down on him.]

JM: You take down the big, bad King Kong Hogan and now I'm your target. Man, I am just shaking in my boots.

[As he continues his walk down to the ring, he stops to take a look back at the crowd and smiles. And quite carefully enters the ring.]

JM: [points at Wright on every you.] YOU made that monster go down like a house of cards. YOU did real good. But that's not all? Isn't that right, kid? No, YOU did what no one thought you could do. YOU made the sonuvabitch tap too. That's quite impressive. In fact, I'd say damn impressive.

[Matthews pauses to give some mocking applause towards Wright who is unmoved by the obvious sarcasm.]

JM: But I don't give a rat's ass, Wright.

[The Hall of Famer gets real close to Supreme.]

JM: Because YOU?

[Matthews smirks, this time poking his index finger directly into Wright's chest.]

JM: YOU CAN'T TAP ME O-...OWWW!!!

[In a blink of an eye, Wright has seized Matthews' wrist and wrapped his hand around his index finger, bending both backward and paralyzing Matthews with pain. Applying pressure to his fingerlock, Wright manages to force Matthews to a knee.]

SA: The Madfox may have spoke too soon!

DW: We've seen this before!

[Wright stares Matthews directly in the eyes. Without a microphone in his hand, we can't clearly hear everything Wright says to The Madfox, who glares angrily at Wright through the pain. However, we do hear Wright say "I'll be waiting for you.", before he twists Matthews' wrist and places it on down the canvas...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

[...and stomps down hard on his hand!]

SA: OHHH!

[Matthews recoils in pain, clutching his hand to his chest as he rolls from the ring frantically. He kneels on the floor, pounding the mats with his other fist as he keeps his maimed hand out of view. Wright is unmoving, looking out on the injured Matthews as the crowd ROARS for the attack.]

SA: Supreme Wright just sent a message of his own to Jeff Matthews!

DW: He tried to break his hand, Sal!

SA: I'm not sure "tried" is the right word there - he may have just done it! Fans, we've gotta take a break - we'll be right back on the all-new Power Hour!

[Matthews rolls to a seated position, clutching his hand as AWA medics kneel next to him.]

"He broke my hand! He broke my damn hand!"

[...and we fade to black.

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then back up where we find Tyler Graham standing in the ring.]

TG: Our next contest here on the all-new Power Hour is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring, hailing from Seattle, Washington, and weighing 206 pounds... MATTHEW HARRISON!

[Harrison, a lanky white man wearing green leg-length tights and white boots, raises his hand to polite applause.]

TG: And his opponent, hailing from Wigan, Greater Manchester, England, and weighing 239 pounds... he is "The Wigan Wolf"... NOAH RHODES!

["Of Mind - Nocturne" by Tesseract starts to play as Noah Rhodes appears from the entrance, wearing black trunks with his first name across the seat in purple print, along with purple kneepads and purple ankle-high boots. He has scars on his right shoulder and along his back. His hair is long and dark brown, with a small patch of blond at the tips in the middle, and his facial hair is in a neatly kept beard. His fingernails are also painted black.]

SA: This will be our second look on television at young Noah Rhodes, Dee Dub, and he seems just as intense as the first look we got at him.

DW: That's right, Sal. We learned earlier this week that he'd be a part of the tour of Mexico and after what we saw before, I don't think it's shocking news to tell the world he's been very impressive at our live events recently.

[Rhodes ignores the crowd as he stomps down to the ring, climbing through the ropes and staring stoically at Harrison as the music fades. Scott Ezra comes over to check Rhodes for weapons, and Rhodes' gaze doesn't leave Harrison.]

SA: He mentioned he came to the AWA to be his own man and not be in the shadow of his family. I understand you had a chance to talk with the kid a little about that?

DW: Hey, I know a little something about that topic too, Sal... and when I talked to him, I found out something interesting about that blond patch in his hair. When he arrived in Japan, promoters there instructed him to cut his hair into a mohawk and dye it blue. If you remember your AWA history, you may remember that it was a look very common with his cousin, Raphael, in his last time here.

SA: Definitely not his look now! He's been sporting more of that mop top look.

DW: Well, from what Noah claims, once the blue washed out, he was left with a patch of blond hair as the rest of his hair was growing back, and he decided to leave the blond as a reminder of how people thought he wasn't good enough to be himself.

SA: A strange way to motivate you for combat, and speaking of, referee Scott Ezra has checked over both wrestlers for any illegal objects and found none, so we're about to get underway with our next match on the all-new Power Hour!

[The bell sounds and, unlike his previous match on TV, Rhodes immediately springs to action, charging at Harrison and leg diving him.]

SA: We didn't book any holograms this time, but plenty of excitement! Noah Rhodes going right into action from the opening bell!

DW: Rhodes has Harrison down right away after that leg drive... trying to get Harrison to give up his back.

SA: It's very clear Rhodes has a lot of technical ability, Dee Dub.

DW: That's true, Big Sal. Between his family background and his training with Shane Destiny, he can't help but absorb a lot of skill.

SA: Rhodes now getting into that back mount like he wanted... OH SWEET SAN LORENZO, WHAT A FOREARM!

[The crowd gasps in awe as Rhodes crossface smashes Harrison twice with his forearm across the jaw.]

DW: Noah Rhodes with a brutal pair of forearms to the jaw on the ground.

SA: He's definitely dimmed the lights on Matthew Harrison here... what's he going for now?

DW: He's got Harrison trapped in a half-nelson, now trying to thread Harrison's right arm...

[Rhodes has Harrison's right wrist and pulls it between Harrison's legs, then forces Harrison to a standing position while maintaining the half-nelson as well as the pumphandle grip.]

DW: Oh, Big Sal, he told me about this move he's setting up! If he gets this, it'll be over quick!

SA: Whatever it is, Harrison is in a huge pickle for sure!

[Rhodes prepares himself, with Harrison still trapped in a hybrid of a half-nelson and a pumphandle. Rhodes then lifts, and in one fluid motion, drops Harrison onto his shoulders and very close to the back of his head, maintaining the grip and bridging for a pinfall.]

DW: That's it, Sal! That's the Wolf's Crescent!

SA: That's gotta be one! That's two! That's three!

[Scott Ezra signals for the bell, Rhodes releasing the bridge and quickly rising to his feet so his hand can be raised.]

SA: I'm sure glad you knew what it was called, Dee Dub, because I've never seen a suplex quite like that before!

DW: He says Shane Destiny once said a perfect suplex should have an arc like a crescent moon - there you go, the Wolf's Crescent. But either way, that suplex is absolutely devastating.

SA: That may be the understatement of the evening thus far! Noah is heading over to talk with our odd couple of Theresa Lynch and Miss Sandra Hayes, let's hear what they have to say.

[The camera cuts over to Miss Sandra Hayes and Theresa Lynch, with Hayes looking frustrated.]

MSH: Excuse me, my name goes FIRST. Also, the understatement of the evening is you calling us an odd couple.

TL: You can say that again.

[Hayes and Lynch stare at each other, as Noah Rhodes walks into the frame, looking perturbed.]

NR: Blimey, there's two of you now.

[Rhodes shakes his head, as Hayes and Lynch look horrified at the thought that Rhodes thinks that the two are identical.]

TL: Well... Noah Rhodes, congratulations on the win, as well as being scheduled on the upcoming tour of Mexico.

MSH: And if you don't play your cards right here...

[Hayes snaps her fingers.]

MSH: ...I can make it go away like that!

NR [monotone]: Right, we wouldn't want that, would we.

[Rhodes gives a tight-lipped frown.]

NR: Mexico was a nice surprise. I ain't on Estrellas, but any time I can be in that ring and gettin' experience is a good chance to show the world that I'm my own man, so I'll take that tour and make the best of it. No matter who I'm in the ring with, and I get the openin', I'll do to whoever I fight just like I did to... what's his name I fought tonight.

TL: Matthew Harrison.

NR: He ain't nothin' but a footnote in my history. I'll keep buildin' up footnotes, whether it's on this show, or whenever I finally crack onto Saturday Night Wrestling, or in Mexico with that lucha libre organization.

MSH [rolling her eyes]: Very inspiring.

[Rhodes smiles, which is just a little disingenuous.]

NR: May there be many like me in future.

[Rhodes looks at Lynch.]

NR: You got another one for me?

TL: Any concerns about your cousin being on the tour as well?

[Rhodes sighs and looks at Hayes.]

NR: You got a better one than that?

MSH: Do you want me to get him taken off the tour?

[Rhodes blinks.]

NR: ... you two have a delightful evening together. Tell your partners I said I'll see them eventually.

[Rhodes walks away.]

MSH: Ugh!

TL: He's rude.

MSH: YOU'RE rude.

[Theresa rolls her eyes.]

TL: Let's go backstage.

[She looks over at Hayes who is grumbling under her breath while glaring daggers at Theresa.]

TL: Please.

[We fade to where the camera catches up with Cinder and Harley Hamilton backstage. Each is in matching Under Armour pastel tie dye hoodies, each sipping on a metal straw from a matte black hydro flask. Harley's strawberry blonde hair and Cinder's unruly orange red hair are tied off into scrunchies. Cinder has about half-a-dozen scrunchies around one forearm in various shades of red and black, while Harley has several Pura Vida bracelets around both her wrists.]

HH: I've had it up to here with Margie Flores!

[She raises her hand way above her head.]

HH: Can you believe she did that!? I specifically said that I was only going to be at ringside to observe the match and lend you moral support, but what does Miss "Tall, Drunk and Ugly" do? She drags me into your match and throws you onto me!

C: I know, aye? Did ye see that? Did ye?

[Hamilton narrows her eyes, confused.]

HH: Yes? Hellooo... I was there.

C: Oh. Right.

HH: Maybe you should ease up on your dark cherry Body Shop lip gloss. I'm worried it's affecting your brain.

[Cinder waves her lip gloss applicator menacingly.]

C: I'm done when I say I'm done!

[She waves the applicator at the camera.]

C: Tossing me like a baby calf onto poor Harley! Poor Harley! Is that what they teach at yer rodeos? I'm against animal cruelty! Ah, but when it comes to you, Margie...

[Cinder's mouth curls into an unnatural grin.]

C: ...That's a whole different pamphlet, innit?

HH: And now Xenia Sonova wants to stick her nose into our business? Just who does she think she is?

Well, you know what?

Bring it on! We'll make sure you'll be back to sucking down meals through a straw with your little boyfriend Tony Donovan in the ICU in no time!

[Cinder takes the metal straw from her hydro flask and sucks in air, mimicking exactly what Harley is describing.]

HH: You think you've found yourself an ally, Margie? Think again. Surrounding yourself with Xenia Sonova, only highlights that you're surrounding yourself with... X-S baggage.

[Harley smirks at her "clever" wordplay.]

HH: Is this the...

[She makes air quotes with her free hand.]

HH: ..."brilliant" idea you came up with when you rubbed your two brain cells together? Was your little challenge in North Dakota actually a set-up for Xenia: Warrior Princess to strike us when we let our guard down? Well, your failure of a scheme only served to bring us closer together!

[Harley holds up her scrunchies-wrapped arm, pinky outstretched.]

C: Much closer!

[Cinder links her pinky with Harley's, the two now a veritable unstoppable juggernaut of friendship.]

HH: In fact, from now on, we are...

[Hamilton and Cinder take off their hoodies to reveal their custom printed t-shirts. Harley reads the name aloud.]

HH: "SEDUCTIVE AND DESTRUCTIVE!"

[Unbeknownst to Harley, Cinder's toothy grin fades when she looks down in horror and realizes her t-shirt does not read "Seductive & Destructive" like Hamilton's

does. Rather, hers reads "Cinder & Harley: Hella Gnarly." Obviously there was a miscommunication. She covers her shirt with her hands and slinks away as Harley continues to talk to the camera.]

HH: You see Margie, we're not just two pretty faces. We are a storm! We are a force of nature! The kind that will leave you shaking and in awe of its power!

C: [off-screen] Gies yer duct tape!

HH: Xenia Sonova might think she's bad, she might think she's tough, but she's not a natural born legend! She's not an Empress of the ring!

C: [off-screen] Marker... Marker... There's a marker!

HH: And with Cindy and I working together flawlessly, in perfect harmony, there's no way a rag-tag, thrown together team like yours can defeat us!

[Harley turns to face Cinder, who has managed to re-appear at her side right on cue. Two strips of duct tape cover the front of her shirt, with the words "SEDUCTIVE & DESTRUCTIVE" written on them in magic marker.]

C: Aye... It's like... we have a psychic bond! Kindred spirits an' all that.

[Hamilton glances at Cinder's shirt and raises an eyebrow.]

C: Uh... still waitin' on my shirt to arrive in the post.

[Harley drinks from her Hydro Flask, giving Cinder the stink eye, before turning and walking away. Cinder scampers off, following her.]

"AH COME ON, YE WERE NOT CLEAR ON THE NAME!"

[We fade from backstage out to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

["E.V.O.L" by Marina and The Diamonds plays as the studio audience reacts with a chorus of boos at the appearance of Harley Hamilton and Cinder.]

SA: More tag team action set for the Women's Division on the Power Hour...

DW: And if we're not gonna do Women's Tag Titles, we oughta think about it based on the talent we've seen here tonight, Sal.

SA: Absolutely.

[The duo now known as "Seductive and Destructive" are dressed in what we saw them previously wearing: pastel tie dye hoodies and t-shirts bearing their new moniker(or in Cinder's case, duct taped with their new moniker) over their regular wrestling gear.

Standing at the entrance way, Harley Hamilton holds up her hand, pinky finger outstretched. Cinder then proceeds to link her pinky with Harley's and the two raise their locked pinkies into the air in a show of their "unbreakable" bond as the crowd boos them. They react rather poorly to the audience's jeering, yelling at everyone in the crowd booing them...even children.]

TG: Introducing now... at a combined weight of 264 pounds... the team of HARLEY HAMILTON AND CINDER!!!

[Upon hearing that introduction, an annoyed Hamilton makes a sprint towards the ring and slides in, whispering something into Graham's ear. He gives her an incredulous look, before she yells, "SAY IT RIGHT, TYLER!!!" Graham sighs and picks his microphone back up.]

TG: The team of Harley Hamilton and Cinder. Together, they are...

SEDUCTIVE AND DESTRUCTIVE!!!

[Hamilton nods approvingly as Cinder ducks through the ropes, giving Graham an earful as well. He's stuck between the two, cringing as they verbally berate him...

...when the music changes as Santana's "Warrior" starts to play. About fifteen seconds in, Margarita Flores walks out through the entranceway, a folded over length of bullrope draped across the back of her neck. She is also dressed in a beige cowboy hat, a black bustier top, matching shorts under a pair of blue denim chaps and black boots. With the cowbell in her right hand, Flores winds her arm up and raises it in the air, yelling "YEEEEAAH!!!" as she does.

She is joined by Xenia Sonova, her wavy, shoulder-length dark brown hair tied in a ponytail. She is dressed in a black sports bra, black tights, black boots, and a pair of MMA-style fingerless black gloves. Sonova holds up her right fist, her arm perpendicular to the ground, the back of her hand to the crowd, then thumps her fist once against her chest. The two women exchange a high five, before making their way towards the ring.]

TG: And their opponents... first, hailing from La Feria, Texas and weighing in at 176 pounds...

MARGARRRITAAA FLORES!

And her partner...

Hailing from Saint Petersburg, Russia, by way of London, England, she is...

XENIA SONOVAAA!!!

[Reaching the ring, Sonova climbs the ring steps onto the apron, then steps through the top and middle ropes, heading straight to her corner, her face all business. Flores removes her hat, placing it on the apron near, one of the ring posts. She rolls under the ropes and quickly pops up to her feet, once more throwing up her right arm, cowbell in hand.]

SA: A big reaction here in Center Stage for the makeshift team of Flores and Sonova - friends out of the ring and tonight they become partners inside it.

DW: And I think they've got their work cut out for them with... what did they call themselves?

SA: Seductive And Destructive.

DW: Yeah, I'm not calling them that.

[Sonova, meanwhile, steps onto the middle rope and again holds up her right fist, arm perpendicular to the ground, the back of her hand to the outside. As the music fades, she steps off the ropes, where she is joined by Flores, who lifts the bullrope up from her shoulders and drapes it over the top ring post hook. The two discuss strategy as they await the start of the match.]

SA: All four women in there now, getting in some last minute discussions and... well, I suppose I'm just glad this one didn't start with a sneak attack, Dee Dub.

DW: Bell hasn't rung yet, Sal.

SA: That much is true, my friend.

[Cinder decides to stay in the ring on her side as Xenia Sonova does the same on the other as referee Shari Miranda steps to the middle, giving final instructions to both sides...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And off we go here on the Power Hour for yet another tag team clash.

[Cinder stomps across the ring towards a waiting Sonova, jabbing a finger into her chest.]

"AYE! 'MON THEN!"

[Sonova reaches up, grabbing the poking hand's wrist, twisting the arm around to a shriek from Cinder. Showing off her martial arts skills, Sonova twists around, using the trapped arm to flip Cinder over her shoulder, throwing her down abruptly to the canvas!]

SA: OHH! Judo throw by Sonova... and into an armbreaker!

[The cross armbreaker attempt goes nowhere through as Cinder stretches out her five foot four inch frame, slipping a foot over the bottom rope as she shouts "NO, NO, NO, NOOOOO!" The referee steps in, ordering a break as Flores slaps a hand down on the top turnbuckle in annoyance.]

SA: Looks like Flores thought they might have a chance to win this one early... big Margarita looking to get a little bit of payback from when Cinder and Hamilton attacked her recently.

[Sonova lets go as Cinder rolls out to the floor, swinging her arm violently back and forth, a grimace on her face as Harley shouts, "IT'S OKAY! IT'S GONNA BE OKAY! WALK IT OFF!"

DW: Did she just tell her to...?

SA: Just go with it. I don't want her over here yelling at us like she did poor Tyler Graham.

[Cinder walks around a little on the floor, rubbing at her shoulder as Sonova stands at the ready, waving her back in...

...but Cinder goes for a little stroll instead, walking over towards the corner where Margarita Flores is standing.]

SA: Uh oh. Cinder getting a little too close to Flores, it looks like, as Flores hops down off the apron, threatening her...

[Cinder backs off, shaking her head as Flores points a threatening finger, advancing on her...

...and then Sonova approaches the ropes, shouting at Cinder from inside the ring...]

SA: And now Sonova getting invol- hold on!

[With Sonova fully distracted, Harley Hamilton comes through the ropes, charging across the ring at Sonova's back...

...but Sonova hears her coming, ducking down to avoid a Hamilton clothesline attempt. Harley bounces off the ropes towards a waiting Sonova...]

SA: ANOTHER SHOULDER THROW BY SONOVA!

[The hard crash down on the canvas leaves Hamilton in a pile on the mat as Cinder yelps on the outside, abandoning her efforts to distract Flores, rolling back in and charging Sonova again...]

SA: And make it a trio! Three big arm throws by Sonova, using that martial arts talent... and down goes Cinder again!

[Sonova walks to the corner, slapping Flores' offered hand to a big cheer!]

SA: And in comes the tall drink of Texas water!

[Flores comes in quickly, catching the rising Hamilton on the way up as she scoops her up and throws her down in a big slam.]

SA: Slam on Hamilton...

[Flores turns her attention back on the rising Cinder, scooping her up...

...and slamming her down on TOP of her own partner!]

SA: ...and- OHHH! Flores slams Cinder on Hamilton!

[The crowd cheers as Hamilton rolls out to the floor and Flores turns her attention towards Cinder once again...]

SA: Cinder's the legal woman in there and you better believe Margarita Flores knows it, dragging her up by the hair...

[Flores tugs Cinder into a front facelock, quickly elevating her upwards...]

SA: Suplex on the way...

DW: Maybe!

[The crowd cheers as Flores pauses in mid-lift, showing off her power as she holds the 119 pounder aloft... and holds... and holds... and holds...]

SA: Look at the power!

[...and brings her crashing down with a vertical suplex!]

SA: Cinder's spine gets rattled from heel to hair follicles!

[Flores rolls over to her knees, nodding to the cheering crowd as Cinder sits up, cradling her lower back...]

SA: Cinder's feeling the effects of that one... and it looks like she's about to be feeling even more....

[Dragging Cinder to her feet, Flores hooks her under the armpits, lifting her into the air, and throwing her backwards into the turnbuckles with a jolt!]

SA: And now it's Cinder in the wrong part of town!

[Sonova steps aside as Flores moves in, grabbing the middle rope with both hands. She drives a big shoulder into the midsection, lifting Cinder off the mat with a loud "OOF!"]

SA: Flores putting those big ol' shoulders to work on Cinder...

[A second big tackle connects and a third as well, leaving Cinder gasping for air as Flores snatches a front facelock, dragging her back a step as she slaps Sonova's hand.]

SA: And Flores makes the tag, bringing Sonova right back in...

DW: This may be their first time tagging but they're working well together so far.

SA: Certainly are... ohh! Front kick right to the gut of Cinder, putting her down on a knee...

[Flores steps out as Sonova grabs her around the neck in a loose Thai clinch, swinging a knee up into the sternum once... twice... and then one on the chin that sends Cinder flailing backwards, crashing down on the canvas...]

SA: Kneestrike on target - and Cinder's getting out of- or not!

[Cinder's attempt to roll out of the ring again is blocked by Flores moving to stand in her path to a big cheer. Cinder slides to her butt, looking up in shock at Flores. She points an accusing finger as she sits up on the canvas...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Sonova kicks her RIGHT in the spine!

[Sonova shoves Cinder flat, dropping into a lateral press and picking up a two count before Cinder slips out.]

SA: The kick gets a two count but Cinder's still in this and-

"COME TO MY VOICE, CINDY! HEAR ME!"

DW: What in the...?

SA: Just... don't.

[Hamilton stretches out her arm, looking for a tag on someone who is an entire length of the ring away. Sonova glares over at Hamilton as she moves to pick Cinder up off the canvas...

...when Cinder lunges upwards, snatching two hands full of hair, falling back and swinging Sonova through the ropes to land on her feet on the outside!]

SA: Whoa! Cinder trying to get out of this and-

[Rolling over, Cinder SNAPS a foot off the ear of Sonova, causing her to slump forward against the apron...]

SA: Her ear is ringing after that one!

[...where Cinder grabs the hair again, violently raking her face back and forth on the canvas!]

DW: Get in there, ref! That's illegal as sin!

[A shout from Miranda causes a break as a sneering Cinder gets to her feet, looking down on Sonova...]

SA: Cinder - you'd think she might go for a tag here but she's stepping out on the apron now...

[Cinder measures the doubled-over Sonova, walking towards her..

...and then leaps into the air, extending both legs to bring them crashing down on the back of the head and neck, smashing her face into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cinder promptly rolls off the apron, grabbing her tailbone in pain as Sonova flops backwards onto the barely-padded studio floor as Harley Hamilton grabs her own rear end in sympathy.]

SA: Cinder willing to put her own body on the line here to inflict some damage on Xenia Sonova... and she just did exactly that right there. Much like DJ Khaled, Cinder's having some wild thoughts here tonight in the A-T-L.

[Cinder grimaces as she rolls back under the ropes, crawling across and slapping the offered hand.]

SA: And there's the first tag for.. do I really have to call them that?

[Sal sighs.]

SA: Seductive And Destructive.

[Harley Hamilton steps into the ring, moving swiftly across with a sneer aimed at Margarita Flores who shouts encouragement to her partner on the outside. Hamilton reaches the ropes, slingshotting over them to land on her feet.]

SA: Hamilton on the outside now...

[Barely back on her feet, Sonova is wide open as Hamilton runs down the apron...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a penalty kick that sends Sonova flopping backwards onto the barely-padded floor again.]

SA: Hamilton and Cinder showing off their collective mean streaks against Xenia Sonova in this one so far...

[Hamilton takes a knee, leaning towards the cameraman.]

"You like that one? There's more where that came from."

[With a wink, she slips off the apron onto the floor, moving towards the downed Sonova...]

SA: Margarita Flores pacing a bit on the apron, wanting to get back in there and help her partner... but right now, Xenia Sonova's gotta fend for herself as Harley Hamilton pulls her up on the outside...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Big chop, right across the chest of Sonova!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: And that's a pair of 'em here in Atlanta.

[Hamilton pulls Sonova off the apron, snagging a front facelock...

...and runs right up the apron with her, kicking off, twisting around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: TORNADO DDT ON THE FLOOOOOOORRRRRRRR!

[Hamilton sits up with a big grin on her face, dusting off her hands as she climbs to her feet where a concerned Margarita Flores looks on.]

SA: Sonova's head is just DRIVEN into those thin ringside mats and I'll tell you, there's not a lot of give there, Dee Dub.

DW: No, there's not... and Sonova's gotta be seeing stars right now if she's even conscious at all.

[Hamilton looks up at the official who orders her back in...

...and Hamilton obliges but not before rolling a limp Sonova back in as well.]

SA: Hamilton puts Sonova back in and then comes back in with her... perhaps looking to end this one right here and now.

[Back on her feet, Hamilton takes a little stroll around the ring, soaking up the jeers from the crowd...

...and then comes to a halt just outside the reach of Margarita Flores, laying a little trash talk in "Margie's" direction.]

SA: Flores looks fit to be tied right about now... she wants in there to help her friend in the worst way, Dee Dub.

DW: Well, sure she does. Sonova came to help her out last weekend - Flores got her into this sort of.

[Hauling a dazed Sonova to her feet, Hamilton uses a snapmare to flip her over into a seated position. She runs past her into the ropes, rebounding back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and absolutely CREAMS her with a running forearm smash to the skull!]

SA: Sweet San Lorenzo! What a forearm!

[Flores turns away from the impact of the blow, wincing as it lands. The crowd groans as Hamilton settles into a pin attempt.]

SA: Hamilton covers for one... she's got two... she got thr- ohh! Sonova kicks out in time!

[Hamilton glares at the official for a moment before pulling Sonova up off the mat by the hair...

...and SLAMS her skull into Sonova's, knocking her right back prone on the canvas!]

SA: A headbutt worthy of her father, the legendary Hamilton Graham, puts Sonova back down... and right back to the cover!

[Another two and change follows before Sonova barely lifts her shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin JUST in time again.]

SA: Another near fall there for... Seductive And Destructive.

[Hamilton climbs to her feet, slapping her hands together quickly with a loud "ONE, TWO, THREE, REF! COME ON!" Shari Miranda holds up two fingers as a grumbling Hamilton grabs Sonova by the hair, steering her up to her knees, facing the corner where Margarita Flores is waiting.]

"YOU WANT THE TAG, MARGIE?! DO YOU?!"

[Hamilton grabs Sonova's wrist, lifting her limp arm up towards a fuming Flores as the crowd jeers loudly...]

"SAVE YOUR FRIEND, MARGIE! SHE NEEDS YOU!"

[A weakened Sonova swings her free arm backwards, catching Hamilton in the ribcage to a big cheer!]

SA: Sonova trying to battle back!

[A second elbow lands as Hamilton doubles over slightly, giving Sonova a chance to crawl towards a waiting Flores whose arm is out as far as she can manage...

...which is when Hamilton leaps up, burying her knee down between the shoulderblades of Sonova, pinning her down to the canvas.]

"I DON'T THINK SO!"

[Popping up off the downed Sonova, Hamilton DRILLS Flores with a forearm shot to the jaw, scampering backwards with a wicked grin on her face as Flores steps through the ropes angrily...

...and quickly gets cut off by Shari Miranda, trying desperately to keep Flores out of the ring!]

SA: Flores and Miranda are tied up and...

[Hamilton whips around, waving an arm at Cinder who quickly rushes in to join her partner...]

SA: Cinder in behind the referee's back!

DW: Turn around, ref!

[Hamilton and Cinder lift Sonova off the mat, each grabbing an arm and whipping her back to the other corner. Hamilton grabs her partner by the arm, whipping Cinder in right behind her...]

SA: Ohhh! Leaping back elbow by Cinder!

[Cinder rolls out of the ring as Hamilton charges in behind her...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

SA: LEAPING HIGH KNEE IN THE CORNER!

[Standing on the midbuckle, Hamilton blows a kiss to the jeering crowd which gets even louder as she slaps on a side headlock, running out to mid-ring before leaping into the air and DRIVING Sonova facefirst into the canvas!]

SA: BULLDOG TO BOOT! And this is a mauling right now of Xenia Sonova by these two, Dee Dub.

DW: You called it, Sal. They are just taking this woman to the woodshed over and over... some serious viciousness being put out by the both of 'em... and I don't know if Sonova was ready for this.

[Hamilton seems primed to go for another cover as Flores exits the ring, glaring across angrily...]

...but Cinder bellows to her partner, insistently sticking out her hand.]

SA: And it looks like Cinder wants the tag here...

DW: She's gonna get it too, Sal.

[Hamilton nods, walking over to slap the outstretched hand.]

SA: The tag is made - in comes Cinder once again...

[Cinder drags Sonova off the mat, shoving her back into a neutral corner. She steps in, shrieking loudly as she does...]

SA: Is that necessary?!

"WHAAAP!"

"WHAAAP!"

"WHAAAP!"

"WHAAAP!"

"WHAAAP!"

"WHAAAP!"

"WHAAAP!"

"WHAAAP!"

[A barrage of wildly thrown overhead chops to the face and shoulders quickly batter Sonova down to the mat in the corner as the referee steps in again, calling for a break...]

SA: Cinder finally backs off, stalking around the ring like a wild animal... this is the same Cinder we saw in that war with Victoria June earlier this year and...

[Cinder suddenly rushes past the referee, jamming her elbow back up under the chin again, knocking her down to a seated position in the corner.]

"LET'S DAAAAANCE!"

[The crowd erupts in jeers as Cinder starts stomping... and keeps stomping... and then stomps some more... and some more... and yet even more...

...and is ultimately dragged from the corner by the official, kicking and screaming as she does!]

SA: Cinder's lost it, Dee Dub!

DW: I'm not sure she's ever had it... but she better watch herself. That kinda thing could get some disqualified in a heartbeat!

[Cinder brushes past the official again, grabbing Sonova by the wrist, dragging her to her feet. She locks her fingers with Sonova's, sliding a back kick into the back of the knee, putting Sonova down on one knee. She laces her leg over the shoulder, forcing Sonova down onto her chest as she twists the arm into an arm scissors, grabbing the wrist and pulling back on it.]

SA: Cinder wrapping her up in an armbar of some sorts... I don't know I've ever seen this particular one applied but it certainly seems effective. Cinder showing us some mat techniques that we're not used to seeing out of her.

[Sonova cries out, clawing at the canvas with her free arm as Cinder tries to pull even harder on the wrist...]

SA: This submission hold is locked in deep and I don't know if-

[The crowd cheers as Margarita Flores comes through the ropes, delivering a big boot to the back of Cinder, sending her sprawling out across the canvas to a shout of complaint from Harley Hamilton.]

SA: Flores breaks the hold!

DW: Well, I can't blame her for that... but the referee sure can.

[Shari Miranda shouts at Flores, ordering her out of the ring. She obliges, glaring back at Cinder who gets to her feet slowly, grabbing at her back as she does. She points at Flores, shooting off a few words in her direction as Hamilton shouts at her to stay on Sonova...]

"THIS! THIS IS ON YOU, MARGIE!"

SA: A bit of a warning there for Margarita Flores from Hamilton...

[Cinder dives back on top of Sonova, battering her face with closed fists, shrieking and shouting the entire time.]

SA: Cinder's all over her, beating her into the canvas and-

[And Flores comes through the ropes again, trying to get to her friend's aid but the referee cuts her off again...

...which leaves Cinder to drag Sonova by the hair to the corner as Harley Hamilton comes through the ropes.]

SA: Another double team... another ILLEGAL double team, I should say...

[Cinder pulls Sonova up to her feet, holding her arms behind her as Hamilton drills her with a superkick to the knee, knocking Sonova down to her knee as Cinder lets go of the arm...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Sonova with a spinning roundhouse to the back of the head, knocking her down to all fours...]

SA: Sonova's just getting dominated by...

[Hamilton approaches quickly, stepping up on the back of Sonova, leaping into the air...]

...and CRUSHES her with a double stomp to the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HAIL TO THE QUEEN!

[With Sonova laid out on the mat and with the official forcing Flores out once again, Cinder runs to the ropes...]

...and DRILLS Sonova with a punt kick to the ear!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cinder twists around, angrily flipping Sonova onto her back, and dives across, her eyes locked on Flores as the referee counts once... twice...]

...and Flores makes the decision to not intervene, allowing the three count to come down.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Wow! What a win for Cinder and Hamilton!

[Flores comes flying into the ring at the bell, diving to her knees to shove Cinder off of Sonova. Cinder slides back onto her butt, scooting away as Flores covers Sonova to protect her from further harm.]

DW: Sal, did... did Margarita even get in there?

SA: Very briefly, yes. But in the end, she was forced to stand there and watch as her friend was brutalized by...

DW: Don't say it.

SA: ...Seductive And Destructive.

[Dylan sighs.]

SA: Cinder and Hamilton exiting the ring... but boy, are they gloating about this win.

DW: I'm pretty sure we've only just started to hear about this one, Sal.

SA: I'm afraid you're right. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be Falls Count Anywhere time with Shadoe Rage and Morgan Dane! Stick around for that one!

[Flores is leaning over her friend, glaring down the aisle at Hamilton and Cinder as we fade to black.]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade to black...

...and then fade back to live action where we find Salvatore Albano and Dylan Westerly sitting at their desk.]

SA: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour... and fans, what we've got coming up next is a rarity here on the Power Hour. In our non-traditional setup here, our wrestlers are typically encouraged NOT to go brawling in the crowd or in the locker room area... but this one will be very, very different.

DW: These two don't need to be allowed to do something, Sal. They'll do whatever they want whenever they want.

SA: No doubt about that but in this case, they will be encouraged to do it. In this case, we're talking about Falls Count Anywhere and... Katie bar the door on this one, we're looking at a real Pier Sixer.

DW: Luckily we're nowhere near the ocean.

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: Tyler The Announcer, take it away, my friend...

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

TG: The following contest is set for FALLS...COUNT... ANYWHERE IN CENTER STAGE STUDIOS!

[Big cheer!]

TG: Introducing first...

[The opening notes to Johnny Cash's "God's Gonna Cut You Down" ring out over the PA system. A few moments pass before Shadoe Rage emerges out onto the entrance stage, nodding his head and pointing out at the crowd giving him quite the mixed reaction...]

TG: From-

[Graham is cut off by a roar from the crowd as someone emerges from the entrance area behind Rage, steel chair in hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage crumples, falling to his knees as Morgan Dane finishes his follow through with the blow to the spine from the steel chair. "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett emerges behind him, a huge smile on his face as Dane stands over Rage, looking down coldly at him.]

SA: The match hasn't even started yet but it looks like Morgan Dane just rang the bell!

DW: He rang Shadoe Rage's bell - that's for sure!

[Fawcett nods approvingly as Dane circles around Rage, still holding the chair in his hands...

...and raises it straight back over his head...]

SA: HE'S GONNA DRIVE HIM LIKE A NAIL!

[But Rage surges upwards from his feet, catching the swung chair in his hands, blocking it from being driven down over his unprotected skull...]

DW: Rage blocks it! He's fighting it!

[Rage and Dane struggle over the chair for a few moments before Rage gets enough room to swing a foot up into the gut of Dane, cutting him off and snatching the chair away from him...]

SA: And now it's Shadoe Rage who has the chair!

[Dane stumbles a few steps away as Rage grips the chair in hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow sends Dane stumbling towards the edge of the stage as Rage rears back with the chair a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and this one sends Dane stumbling again, just barely able to keep from falling as he swings his arms around, trying to keep his balance.]

SA: Dane's trying to hang on! Trying to stay up on the stage!

DW: Look out below!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And that one sends Dane falling forward, flopping over off the stage, falling the several feet down to the concrete floor below. Having enough time to prepare for the fall, Dane manages to get his arms and legs under him somewhat, avoiding a major crash down on the cold, hard concrete.]

SA: DOWN TO THE FLOOR GOES DANE! And unlike the ringside area down there, that part of the Center Stage Studios floor is NOT protected by a mat at all. That's unforgiving concrete floor down there!

DW: It is but Dane felt that one coming and he was able to protect himself somewhat. It still probably shook him up but it wasn't as bad of a fall as it could've been,

[Rage tosses the chair down on the stage, sending it clattering towards Doctor Harrison Fawcett who scampers safely out of the way as Rage stands on the edge of the stage, arms raised over his head...]

SA: And I think we all know what's coming next!

[...and as Morgan Dane pushes up to his feet, Rage leaps off his perch, clasping his hands over his head and brings them crashing down on the skull of Morgan Dane!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DEATH FROM ABOVE OFF THE STAGE!

[The handful of fans lucky enough to sit in front of the stage scatter as Rage goes down to a knee on the fall, grabbing at his other knee with a wince on his face.]

SA: Shadoe Rage grabbing at his own knee... he's taken a lot of physical punishment this year, Dee Dub.

DW: The man got blown up! With explosives!

SA: He sure did. And you have to wonder if that collection of physical abuse is starting to wear on him as we are deep in the dog days of the AWA's hottest summer on record.

[Rage grimaces again as he gets to his feet, leaning down to grab a handful of messy hair, hauling the Maniac up off the floor where he promptly crowns him with an overhead elbow down between the eyes!]

SA: Ohh! Elbowsmash on the money - one of the signature moves out of Shadoo Rage over the years... and he's got Dane wobbled and looking for a breather after this early onslaught that Dane himself instigated!

DW: The bell hasn't even rung yet! This is all stuff before the bell!

SA: It sure is... but would you really expect anything less from the likes of these two.

[Rage keeps the grip on the hair, dragging Dane through the crowd as he shouts "MOVE! GET OUT OF THE WAY!" at the Center Stage fans.]

SA: Rage dragging him through - remember, no barricades here in Center Stage and-

[With the handful of hair, Rage hurls him in the direction of the ring, Dane twisting around to jam his back against the edge of the apron!]

SA: Oh! His back slams into the apron!

[Rage grabs the hair again, winding up with a big right hand...]

SA: Rage punches him right between the eyes!

[...and again...]

SA: He's pounding him out there on the floor!

[...and again...]

SA: No rules in this one really. Anything goes out there so referee Andy Dawson isn't saying a word on those closed fists...

DW: Plus the match hasn't even started.

SA: Plus that.

[Rage shoves the dazed Dane under the ropes into the ring before scrambling up on the apron. He turns to the crowd, shoving a muscular arm up into the air to a mixed response before he nods again, walking down the apron to the corner...]

SA: We've already seen one Death From Above - could we be about to see another?

[The former Television Champion steps quickly up the buckles, easily moving to the top rope, arms extended over his head as Morgan Dane struggles to get to his feet...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Well, there's the bell... this match is official now and- wait a second!

[The crowd jeers as Doctor Harrison Fawcett climbs up on the apron, swinging his arms wildly and drawing Rage's attention.]

SA: Fawcett's on the apron!

DW: Get him down from there!

SA: The referee's trying to do that! Rage shouting at him now as well.

[But with Rage distracted, Morgan Dane rushes forward towards Rage who has turned slightly, facing Fawcett...

...and delivers a two-handed shove that sends Rage flying off the top rope, sailing through the air, crashing down in a heap just in front of the ringside bleachers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! DOWN GOES SHADOE RAGE TO THE FLOOR!

[The crowd grumbles as Dane leans over the ropes, breathing heavily as a smirking Harrison Fawcett steps to the floor, pleased with his efforts.]

SA: Fawcett did his job proudly there, distracting Rage just long enough for Dane to take advantage of it. That was an incredibly hard fall to the floor for Shadoe Rage and I've gotta wonder if this match is over before it even really got started.

DW: It may be barely started, Big Sal, but it HAS started so if Morgan Dane can take advantage of that fall to the floor - he could wrap this thing up right now.

[Fawcett is imploring Dane to do exactly that as the infamous Maniac steps through the ropes to the apron, walking down to stand with his back against the ringpost...]

SA: It looks like Dane is measuring him for something here... taking aim at the fallen Rage...

[The near three hundred pounder goes lumbering down the apron, reaching the end before he hurls himself up, driving the point of his elbow down into the ribcage of the floored Shadoe Rage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MORGAN DANE DRIVING HIS ELBOW RIGHT THROUGH SHADOE RAGE'S VERY SOUL!

[Dane rolls off of Rage, a look of pain on his face as he grabs at his hip. Moving as quickly as his form will manage, Fawcett draws near, shouting for Dane to cover Rage's prone form.]

SA: Dane's in a bad way as well after dropping that elbow out here on the thinly padded floors of the Center Stage Studios... drapes his arm back across now...

[The referee slides under the ropes to the floor, dropping down to count the action outside the ring.]

SA: We've got one! We've got two! We've got th- noooooo! Rage gets that shoulder up in time!

DW: And that's impressive, Sal, but I've gotta wonder if it's a little bit crazy too.

SA: "A little bit crazy" would be the polite way to describe Shadoe Rage, Dee Dub.

[At an urgent imploring from Harrison Fawcett, Morgan Dane climbs off the floor, again grabbing at his hip and lower back as he leans down, hauling Rage off the ground by the hair...

...and smashes a fist between the eyes that sends Rage spinning away, the crowd scattering as Rage falls facefirst into the ringside bleachers!]

SA: Rage can't even stand right now - completely at the non-existent mercy of Morgan Dane!

[Dane steps onto the bleachers, leaning over to grab the hair of Rage again, drawing his head back...

...and SMASHES it down into the wooden bench seating!]

SA: Ohhh! Rage may need to check his gumline for splinters after that one, fans!

DW: I don't think that's what our ancestors were talkin' about when they had wooden teeth, Sal.

SA: Absolutely not... and Dane's gonna do it again...

[Rage gets his face smashed down on the wooden seating a second time, sending a grumble through the Center Stage crowd as Harrison Fawcett looks on approvingly.]

SA: Morgan Dane on a mission here tonight - a mission of vengeance on the part of Javier Castillo. And right now, he looks like he's taking several steps towards getting that vengeance.

[Dane stands atop one of the benches, arms raised over his head to fierce jeers from the Atlanta crowd.]

DW: And I never thought I'd see the day when the fans would boo someone for beating up on Shadoe Rage.

SA: We've seen a lot of crowd reactions as of late that we never thought we'd see. We've called it the AWA's hottest summer on record, Dee Dub... but in a lot of ways, it's also one of the weirdest summers on records. Martinez and Carver working together. Williams getting cheers. Detson - for crying out loud - getting cheered! Ricki Toughill practically a cult hero as of late - have you seen some of the online petitions to bring her back?

DW: I'm not sure we're supposed to talk about that.

SA: The whole world's talking about it - how can we not?

[The Maniac leans down, grabbing two hands full of hair as he brings Shadoe Rage back to his feet again, smashing another right hand to the jaw as he drives a stumbling Rage deeper into the seating, sending him sprawling up the bleachers as the fans scatter some more.]

SA: And I hope these fans in the A-T-L brought their track shoes because they may need to sprint on out of here at the soonest possible chance.

[Rage scrambles up to his feet, waving a hand to clear the fans as Dane draws closer...

...and Rage snaps a jab off into his jaw!]

SA: And now it's Rage trying to battle back! Straight right! Make it two!

[With Dane halted in his tracks, Rage snaps off an overhead elbow down between the eyes, sending Dane falling down a couple sets of benches, sprawling out on his chest as Rage takes a seat and a breather...]

SA: Rage is down, Dane is down... these two are really doing a number on one another here in this Falls Count Anywhere affair...

[Rage gets to his feet, breathing heavily as he looks down at a rising Morgan Dane...

...and then surges forward, stepping off a bench as he hurls himself into the air...]

SA: WHAT THE-?!

[...and THROWS himself down a few rows of seating, catching Dane high in the chest and neck with a crossbody block. Dane flops backwards on impact but also manages to deflect the attack a little bit with rising arms, boosting Rage up and sending him rolling down the rest of the bleachers to the ringside mats!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: YOU TALK ABOUT A SUICIDE DIVE - WE JUST SAW ONE! MY OH MY!

[The Center Stage Studios crowd is buzzing over the daredevil-like attack by the unpredictable Shadoe Rage, a move that has left Morgan Dane sprawled out on the bleachers on his back as Rage lies in a pile at the base of the elevated seating.]

DW: It looks like a ten car pileup out on the Interstate, Big Sal! We got bodies down and this one can't end like this - someone's gotta win!

SA: They most certainly do.... and the referee is checking on both competitors after that leap of faith from Shadoe Rage... could we get a referee's stoppage of this one?

[Down on the floor, Rage flips over onto his back, breathing heavily as he stares up at the lights of the Atlanta TV studio. Morgan Dane is in a similar position, still draped across the wooden seating as "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett stands nearby on the floor, imploring Dane to get back to his feet.]

SA: I don't know who took the worst of that flying leap by Shadoe Rage. He hit Dane across the chest... the face really... but Dane manages to deflect some of that impact and Rage hit the floor hard.

[A weary Morgan Dane sits up on the bleachers, pushing himself up to look back up into the crowd.]

SA: And now it's the Maniac himself starting to stir. The veteran of so many brutal wars in Japan... in Puerto Rico... even some here Stateside.

DW: Any place a man can go and bleed and fight and get paid for it, Morgan Dane's been there and been famous for it.

SA: Absolutely... and as he gets to his feet now, we see why Dane is such a valuable recruit for the Korugun Army.

DW: But he's a little different though, yeah?

SA: How do you mean?

DW: The Morgan Dane that I know - that I've watched on video over the years or even a few years ago when he was first in the AWA - he was different. He had Percy Childes managing him but he spoke for himself. He was cold... he was cruel... he was calculating... but he had an ego about him too. He knew he was one of the most dangerous men in the world and he made sure everyone else knew it too. And now?

SA: I see. He's a little... empty. Stripped of a lot of that... just a killing machine now.

DW: Like a damn Terminator or something, Sal. It's eerie.

SA: There have been a lot of rumors over the past year about the Korugun Corporation and some of their... methods... when it comes to training and recruitment. And we all know Harrison Fawcett's history as well.

[Dane plods down the steps of the bleachers, moving in on Shadoe Rage who is now trying to get up off the floor himself.]

SA: The fight is just about set to continue here and... ohh! Rage caught him with a wild right hand!

[The dazed and destructive Rage throws a haymaker that catches Dane flush on the jaw, staggering him backwards, just in front of the seats again.]

DW: Rage caught him good there!

SA: He sure did... and Shadoe Rage may not be Mike Tyson but with that right hand, he's gotta be feeling like the baddest man on the planet right about now!

[Grabbing Dane by the mess of jet black tangled and messy hair, Rage hauls the Maniac away from the bleachers a few feet, getting clear of the fans as he pulls Dane into a front facelock out on the floor...]

SA: Uh oh! What's Rage got in mind here?! A suplex on the concrete floor?!

DW: Sure looks that way, Sal!

SA: Rage slings the arm across his neck, trying to muscle this three hundred pound beast into the air...

[There are a few moments of struggle between Rage and Dane as the former TV Champion tries to elevate his opponent...

...but instead, Rage finds himself elevated and dumped down hard on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SUPLEX OUT ON THE FLOOOOOOOOR!

[Dane and Rage lie head to head on the floor for a few moments, the crowd roaring for the impactful slam...

...and then Dane tiredly rolls over, throwing an arm across Rage's chest.]

SA: It could be! IT MIGHT BE! IT-

[The crowd (mostly) cheers as Rage lifts his shoulder off the floor, breaking the count!]

SA: NOOOOOO! Rage kicks out in time!

[Dane pushes up to his knees, a fearsome expression on his face as he glares at the official who retreats out of reach. Instead, the Maniac grabs Rage by the hair, measuring him before BLASTING him with a right hand to the skull... and another... and another... and another. The jeers from the Atlanta crowd are loud and boisterous as a fired-up Dane gets to his feet, dragging Rage up with him...]

SA: Dane's got Rage back up, pulling him across the studios now and-

DW: Where's he going?

SA: I'm not entirely sure... grabbing the arm here...

[With a powerful whip, Dane sends Rage shooting towards the wall of the studio where he SLAMS into it!]

SA: OHH! Whipped him into the wall!

DW: How the heck is Rage standing after that?!

SA: I have no idea! Shadoe Rage on his feet, stumbling along the wall... hanging onto it to stay on his feet and... HERE COMES DANE!

[Morgan Dane blindly charges in, a fierce glare in his eyes as he closes the distance much quicker than you'd think a near 300 pounder could do. He SLAMS into Rage in violent and sloppy fashion, throwing himself into a rough equivalent to a spear tackle...

...that sends he and Rage CRASHING through the Emergency Exit to the studio, flying outside and out of view of the camera!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: HOLY-

SA: DANE SENDS HIM OUTSIDE! MORGAN DANE SENDING SHADOE RAGE OUTSIDE THE STUDIO AND-

DW: AND HE WENT WITH 'IM, SAL!

SA: HE SURE DID!

[The crowd is still buzzing, fans getting out of their seats to get closer to the door, straining their necks to catch a glimpse of what just happened. The cameraman pushes fans aside, trying to wade through the crowd to get a look himself.]

SA: Our cameraman is trying to get a better view... these two just went crashing through the Emergency Exit. Andy Dawson running out there after them now as well.

DW: They said this was Falls Count Anywhere In Center Stage Studios, Sal - I'm not sure these two got the memo!

[Sal chuckles as the cameraman finally gets to the front of the mass of humanity in front of the door, revealing Dane and Rage sprawled out on the asphalt outside the building.]

SA: How about that, fans?! These two have fought their way out onto the sidewalk outside the building!

DW: The sun-baked asphalt. It's July in Georgia. It's gotta be blistering their skin just to be laying on it right now.

SA: There's a reason that "hotter than Georgia asphalt" is a saying, fans... and right now, these two are living that saying.

[The cameraman pushes through the doorway, watching as Morgan Dane crawls to his feet again...]

SA: Our camera- get him some more cable, guys! Get him out there!

[There's a flurry of activity around the ring as the technical crew tries to extend how far the cameraman can go outside the building.]

SA: We obviously weren't prepared for...

[Dane leans down, dragging Rage off the sidewalk. He takes a look back towards the cameraman, looking as though he's headed back inside Center Stage Studios...

...and then tilts his head back the other direction instead.]

SA: What in the...?

DW: Oh no. Oh, don't do it, Dane! Don't you dare do it!

[Grabbing Rage by the hair, Dane turns away from the building...

...and CHUCKS him bodily out onto Peachtree Avenue - a busy Peachtree Avenue where traffic has stopped at a nearby signal light!]

SA: He just tossed Shadoe Rage out into traffic!

[Car horns are sounding off now as Morgan Dane wades out into traffic alongside Rage. Dane glares at a driver, shutting them up in a hurry as they were shouting out their window at him.]

SA: These two have taken the fight to the streets of Atlanta, fans!

[Dane pulls Rage off the street by the hair again...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

SA: FACEFIRST ON THE HOOD OF THAT CAR!

DW: I hope that guy's insured!

[Dane pulls Rage's head up again...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

SA: DOWN ON THE HOOD A SECOND TIME!

[The driver slips a head out the window again, shouting something that gets muted by our quick-triggered censors.]

SA: The citizenry of Atlanta with some words for Morgan Dane and... wait a second!

[Dane shoves Rage up onto the hood in full now...

...and then steps up there with him.]

SA: They're on the hood of the car now! These two are on the top of someone's damn car out in the streets - right out there on Peachtree!

[Dane grabs Rage by the hair, lifting him up...

...and then scoops him up in his arms, turning to face the windshield...

...which is when the traffic light turns green, other cars in the area quickly departing the scene...]

SA: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GONNA SLAM HIM!

[...but when our driver hits the gas frantically, he throws Dane's balance off, causing him to topple over, falling down on his back with Rage on top of him!]

SA: OH!

[The brake quickly follows as Rage rolls off the hood of the car, landing in front of it. The beeping of the horn quickly returns though as the man shouts at Shadoe Rage from inside the car...]

SA: What a chaotic scene we've got out here... whoa! Cars whizzing by now - no one wants to be out here with these two.

DW: Can you blame them? The whole town's gonna need a body shop by the time these two are done!

SA: I know a good one down in Florida. Family place. Good prices.

[Rage gets up off the asphalt, glaring at the driver who again goes quiet at the sight of the wild-eyed Rage who leans over the car, clubbing a forearm down across the sternum of Dane once... twice... three times...]

SA: Rage pounding away on Dane, trying to pound him straight through the hood of this car right down into the engine block!

[Rage drags Dane by the hair off the hood of the car, walking him a few feet to the right...

...and SMASHES his head into the driver side's window!]

SA: OHH!

DW: My god, Sal! He tried to put his head through the glass!

SA: He sure did... but apparently the glass in a Toyota Corolla is tougher than you might expect!

[The driver quickly rolls down the window, getting a quick "WHAT THE HELL ARE-" out before Rage reaches through the window, grabbing him by the shirt...]

SA: Oh no... no, no, no! Let him go, Rage! Let him go!

DW: Rage said we were going to see him turn into a human tornado! Hopefully he never saw Twister!

[And with a mighty yank, Rage pulls the driver out the window, setting him down on the ground as again our censors earn their paycheck. The driver gets up, scampering away while yelling something about "YOU [BLEEPING] PSYCHOS!"]

SA: Rage is opening the door now - he's not getting in there, is he?!

[Not quite. Instead, Rage grabs Dane by the hair again, smashing his head into the side of the car, causing Dane to slump to his knees where Rage shoves it against the metal frame...

...and then SLAMS the door on Dane's head!]

DW: OH, HOLY-

[Rage smiles a sadistic grin as he pulls the door back, revealing a nasty gash on the ear of Morgan Dane.]

SA: And we've got blood on the streets of Atlanta, fans! Shadoe Rage has split the head of Morgan Dane open and- AHHHH!

[The scene gets even more disturbing as Rage leans against the door, squeezing Dane's head between the door and the frame. The referee is right there now, shouting for Rage to let him go.]

SA: Andy Dawson's not doing any counting or anything like that - just pleading with Rage, trying to prevent serious physical harm from being done to Morgan Dane right now...

[But Rage is relentless, muttering wildly as he applies more pressure...]

"TELL CASTILLO HE CAN'T TAME ME! HE CAN'T HOLD ME DOWN!"

[...and abruptly straightens up before KICKING the door into the ear of the Maniac again!]

SA: Morgan Dane is down. Shadoe Rage has left him in a pile out on Peachtree - we've got cars flying past them, trying to stay clear...

[A loud car horn sounds, someone shouting some muted words at Shadoe Rage as they race by. A defiant Rage stands tall, arms extended, twirling around as he shouts a response.]

"WHO WANTS SOME OF SHADOE RAGE?! HUH?!"

[With a wounded Dane still down on the street, Rage nods madly at the passersby...

...and then locks eyes with "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett who was watching the chaotic scene from the sidewalk.]

SA: And now, Shadoe Rage has got his eyes on Harrison Fawcett!

[Fawcett shakes his head, backpedaling slightly...

...but finds himself stuck against an exit door that is locked.]

SA: Fawcett's trapped! Fawcett looks terrified, Dee Dub!

DW: Wouldn't you be?! This guy's crazy!

[Rage points a threatening finger at Fawcett, nodding his head as he walks towards him...]

"Castillo's errand boy... yeah... I see you, Fawcett... I see you!"

[Fawcett holds up his hands, pleading for mercy...]

SA: Fawcett's gotta get out of here, Dee Dub! He needs to get back inside the building...

[Fawcett twists around, pounding his fists on the exterior door, shouting for someone to let him in as Rage advances closer...]

"Nowhere to run, man! Nowhere to hide!"

[Fawcett twists back to face Rage, again begging off, his eyes wide with concern...

...and as his gaze shifts slightly to his left, his eyes get even wider.]

SA: Rage is-

DW: WHAT THE HELL?!

[Westerly's reaction is fitting as the car that served as the battlefield between Morgan Dane and Shadoe Rage moments ago is now on the move... quickly...]

SA: Dane's behind the wheel of that- NO!

[...and Rage twists at the sound of the roaring engine just in time to see the vehicle hurtling towards him. He JUST barely has time to leap slightly into the air, trying to avoid taking a full force impact.

The car SLAMS into his hip, causing him to flip up onto the hood where he SMASHES into the windshield, leaving a horrific spiderweb crack on it!]

SA: OH MY GOD!

[The car abruptly comes to a halt as Morgan Dane slams on the brakes. Rage rolls off the hood, falling in a heap onto Peachtree once more as Harrison Fawcett looks on with a mix of horror and... pride?]

SA: Shadoe Rage has been-

DW: Get a damn doctor out there! Hell, get the cops while you're at it! This lunatic just tried to run the man over!

SA: Tried?! He did it! He did exactly that! Morgan Dane just ran over Shadoe Rage with that car!

[Dane emerges from the vehicle, blood streaming down the side of the neck from the prior ear injury. He grabs at his head, slumping slightly onto the hood as he walks over towards the downed Rage...

...and plants a hand on his chest.]

SA: Is... is that a cover?! Is he actually covering the man after hitting him with a damn car?!

[The referee pauses... and then waves his arms, shaking his head.]

DW: What's this now?

SA: The rules said Falls Count Anywhere IN Center Stage Studios! Not out on the street!

DW: Okay, sure... but the man was hit with a car! Don't we just want to call the whole thing off at this point?!

SA: I'm not sure but... oh no. Don't move him! We've got doctors on the way and-

[But Morgan Dane is relentless, dragging a limp Rage off the streets of Atlanta by the hair, ignoring the protests of the official...]

SA: Dane's dragging Rage back towards the studios! He's going to bring him back inside the building!

[...and chucks him through the doorway back into the building. The camera shot cuts back inside the building where the fans are buzzing over the violence they just saw out on the streets.]

SA: Dane's got Rage back in... Rage is crawling...

DW: I don't even know how the man is moving!

SA: Dane's stalking towards him though. This appears to be on the verge of not ending well for Shadoe Rage.

[Pulling the former TV Champion off the floor of Center Stage, revealing a nasty gash on Rage's arm from where he broke the windshield, Dane tosses him unceremoniously under the ropes back into the ring.]

SA: Rage gets put back in... and Dane's coming back in too...

DW: We've got the doctors out here at ringside - they thought the match is over and quite frankly, so did I!

SA: We all did, I think. Dane back inside the ring now... and look at Fawcett. Fawcett's telling him to piledrive him! He's telling him to piledrive Shadoe Rage!

DW: Castillo REALLY wants him finished off, doesn't he?!

SA: It would certainly appear that way. Dane hauling Rage to his knees now, looking down on him and-

[A desperate Rage responds in the only way he can...

...by swinging his arm right up into the groin of Morgan Dane!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW!

[And with Dane doubled over, Rage uncoils off the mat, springing up, tucking his knee up into the temple of Dane as he yanks him down with him!]

SA: OHHHH! SKULL BUSTER BY RAGE!

[Rage throws himself towards Dane, his arm slapping down over the chest as a shocked Andy Dawson drops down to the mat...]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

DW: Well, I'll be damned.

SA: Shadoe Rage has survived everything Morgan Dane could throw at him here tonight in AND out of the Center Stage Studios... and he has managed to squeak out a victory.

DW: But what did it take out of him to do it, Sal?

SA: The year of brutal beatings taken by the body of Shadoe Rage continues tonight here on the Power Hour, fans.

[With the aid of the official, Rage gets to his feet, wearily raising an arm to some cheers as he stumbles forward, catching himself on the ropes to stay on his feet.]

SA: Rage barely can stand right now. That's the level of punishment he took at the hands of Morgan Dane, the Maniac himself.

DW: This is a big win for Rage though, Sal. A huge one!

SA: It certainly is. There aren't many in this business who can claim to have defeated the Maniac - especially in a match like this. Congratulations go out to Shadoe Rage and-

[As Rage celebrates his victory, said celebration is abruptly cut short by the sounds of a snarling jungle cat. A moment or two pass before our shot cuts to what appears to be an office somewhere. The AWA President, Javier Castillo, is present with his feet upon a large wooden desk. He sneers at the camera and starts to slow clap.]

JC: Impressive, Shadoe Rage... most impressive. You have survived a war with one of the most dangerous men in this business... and you truly have shown once again why I was eager to have you on the right side - the winning side - of what lies ahead.

[Castillo shrugs.]

JC: But you chose poorly... and as such, you must suffer the consequences.

You have had a long and difficult year, my friend. The battles with Jackson Haynes. The tag team reunion you swore you would never do... until I came calling. Now this?

[He clicks his tongue.]

JC: Oh, and not to mention you and your own flesh and blood trying to blow each other up on a field in South Philly. Quite the year indeed.

But it does not end.

[Castillo's eyes flash with amusement.]

JC: In fact, it only gets worse. So, in just over a week's time, I'm sending you to Mexico, Shadoe Rage...

I can see it now...

[He holds up a hand...]

JC: SHADOE RAGE... VERSUS...

[He smirks, lifting an eyebrow.]

JC: ...DEREK RAGE.

TWO!

[The crowd inside the studios cheers as Castillo nods with a smile.]

JC: See you there, my friend.

[And with that, the image flickers away to black...

We hold on a black screen for several moments before we hear the sound of footsteps. Loud footsteps breaking through a completely silent room.

They come to a halt.

A slight clearing of the throat.]

"WELCOME..."

[And with the blast of a spotlight, we see a circus ringmaster standing in the middle of it, a huge grin upon his face.]

"...TO THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!"

[The boisterous "Whooooooooo!" of "The Greatest Show" from the soundtrack to the upcoming "The Greatest Showman" is heard a few times before...]

#Ladies and gents... this is the moment you've waited for...#

[The ringmaster winks at the camera, an actual sparkle showing off his polished white teeth...

...and we cut to a graphic that reads:

SUPERCLASH IX
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

89 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black.

We fade back up from black on a wide shot of the entrance stage.]

TL: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour and after a wild night of super-sized action, it's Main Event time here on-

[A loud, obnoxious clearing of the throat is heard. Theresa quite visibly rolls her eyes.]

TL: You know... I almost wish we could just skip the Main Event and call it a night. I'm sick of dealing with you.

[The camera cuts to a smirking Hayes.]

MSH: Sick of me?! That doesn't even BEGIN to describe how I feel about you, sweetie.

TL: Don't call me "sweetie."

MSH: Oh, I'll call you anything I damn well want! You forget yourself, girly! I run this show - not you! Your family's got no power around here anymore... and the moment your boy toy realizes he'd be better off with a REAL woman, you're going to find yourself out on the street... where you belong!

[Lynch again starts to move towards Hayes when the sound of La Banda Bastón's "Quiúbole" starts to play and Tyler Graham interrupts as quickly as he can.]

TG: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening. It is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[Big cheer from the Atlanta crowd!]

TG: Introducing first... he is the challenger... hailing from Tokyo, Japan, weighing in at 225 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Luciana, he is the Blackstar... He is El Renegado de Japón... He is...

KAZ KO-NO-E!

[First to step through the entranceway is the "Chola Japonesa" herself, Luciana, dressed as we saw her earlier. Luciana bops along to the beat of the song, gradually dropping to a squat, as Kaz Konoe emerges behind her.

With Konoe behind her, Luciana rises back to a standing position, never breaking contact with her man. She wraps her arms around his neck, tilts her head back and gives him a kiss on the cheek, before letting go and leading the way to the ring.]

SA: The World Television Title on the line here tonight on the all-new Power Hour as Michael Aarons defends against one of the top contender to his crown, Kaz Konoe.

DW: And with Konoe going into a big night for himself down in Mexico in just over a week, you know that he'd love to walk back into Mexico with that World Television Title secured around his waist.

SA: No doubt about it but he's got a tall and tough challenge awaiting him in the form of Michael Aarons - the man who wrested the title from Terry Shane a few weeks ago.

[Reaching the ring, Luciana climbs the ring steps and slowly steps through the ropes, as Konoe watches on, before he rolls in under the bottom rope. Rising to his knees, then to his feet, Konoe heads to his corner as he waits for his opponent to arrive...]

TG: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[Konoe is looking towards the ramp, waiting for Aarons to arrive...

...when suddenly the American Idols hit the ring from the blind side!]

SA: IDOLS! IDOLS!

[Chet and Chaz Wallace swarm Kaz Konoe, quickly knocking him to his knees, his head hanging between the ropes as Chaz and Chet rain down blows all over him!]

SA: What in the...?!

DW: This was a set up! A damn setup! Michael Aarons had no intention of defending the title here tonight, Sal - he may not even be in the damn building! This is all about the Idols!

[Chaz pulls Konoe up, each grabbing an arm as they whip him across the ring...]

SA: Double whip across - this isn't a match but... OHHH!

[The crowd echoes the sentiment as the Idols take to the air, lashing out with a double dropkick that flattens Konoe as Luciana voices her complaints from outside the ring. Chaz pops up, throwing a crotch chop in Luciana's direction to big jeers from the Atlanta crowd!]

SA: The Idols have struck hard here on the all-new Power Hour, perhaps looking to soften up Kaz Konoe before their big trios match down in Mexico!

[As Konoe rolls onto his back, Chaz grabs Chet, pulling him into a side waistlock...]

SA: Suplex on- OHHH!

[The back suplex ends in Chet making a half rotation extra, landing chestfirst down on the chest of Konoe...]

...and then rolls clear as Chaz snaps off a standing moonsault of his own, crushing Konoe underneath!]

SA: The Idols working in tandem - both back up and putting the boots to Kaz Konoe now and...

[The crowd cheers loudly as Malasangre comes running into view, going swiftly down the staircase and ending up at ringside...]

...which is when Chet Wallace dives through the ropes onto him with a tope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CHET WALLACE TAKES TO THE SKY!

[With Chet on the outside with Malasangre, Chaz pulls Kaz Konoe back to his feet, battling it out with him once more...]

SA: We've got a fight on the floor! A fight in the ring! It's breaking down here on the all-new Power Hour!

[Chaz peppers Konoe with short forearms. He steps back, going into a spin...]

SA: ROLLING ELBO- DUCKED BY KONOE!

[Konoe snatches a three-quarter nelson on the off-balance Chaz...]

SA: DESAFLO!

[...and kicks up into the air, flipping over into an inverted DDT, smashing the back of Chaz' head into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Konoe pops up to his feet, throwing his arms out to his sides in a big pose, earning cheers from the crowd...]

...that quickly change as someone slides into the ring behind him. Konoe holds his pose, totally unaware of the intruder!]

DW: Who is that?!

SA: That's... that's...

[Konoe whips around, having sensed someone behind him...

...which is when the attacker grabs him by the head, swinging him into the ropes. Konoe bounces back towards him, getting shoved skyward, snatched out of the sky and...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: POP! UP! POWERBOMB! And now I know EXACTLY who that is! That's Elijah Wilde! Eli Wilde!

DW: Bucky's nephew?!

SA: Bucky's nephew! Ryan Martinez' former tag team partner! The Dead Man Party's heavy hitter! Call him what you will but Eli Wilde is on the scene and he's left Kaz Konoe laying!

[Wilde yanks Chaz up to his feet, tugging him into an embrace as Chet rolls in to join him in the ring...]

SA: And with just over a week until Estrellas En El Cielo, the Dead Man's Party is standing tall! They're stand-

[A voice rings out to cut off Sal.]

"I'LL RIP YOUR BLEACHED HAIR OUT BY THE ROOT!"

[The camera abruptly cuts to the stage where Theresa Lynch and Miss Sandra Hayes are now within reach of one another, shouting at each other at the top of their lungs.]

TL: THIS IS MY SHOW, HAYES! MINE! YOU'RE NOT WELCOME BACK!

MSH: THAT'S NOT YOUR CALL! IT'S CASTILLO'S! HE'LL HAVE ME BACK! HE'LL KICK YOU TO THE DAMN CURB!

TL: OH YEAH?! WHY DON'T YOU DO IT YOURSELF?! COME ON! WE SAW HOW IT WORKED OUT IN NORTH DAKOTA

MSH: THAT'S IT!

[Hayes lunges at Lynch, wrapping her fingers up in the Texan's hair as Lynch does the same, trying to defend herself. They're ripping and tearing at one another, staggering back and forth across the stage as the crowd ROARS for the wild scene! A few assorted loud threats are heard as security and officials come running out onto the stage...

...as we fade to black.]