

AWA POWER HOUR

SEPTEMBER 16TH, 2017

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades...

...and we come up on a shot of AWA President Javier Castillo seated behind his wooden desk with a "EARLIER TODAY" graphic on screen. As the shot comes up, he grins broadly and begins to speak.]

JC: Hello, fans of the American Wrestling Alliance.

I come before you to address a very serious issue that occurred in Dallas, Texas at Homecoming... an unexpected, unwanted, and unapproved assault on an invited guest inside of an AWA ring.

[Castillo gets a stern look on his face.]

JC: They say desperate times call for desperate measures... and when a large percentage of contracted AWA talent was stuck in Mexico due to... travel difficulties... the call went out for some former AWA competitors to join the show and help us out.

A situation that was taken advantage of by one Travis Lynch.

[He clears his throat.]

JC: It has been reported that Mr. Lynch received a new contract from the AWA in thanks for his appearance at Homecoming however I can assure you that my office stopped said contract from being executed by legal. Mr. Lynch remains persona non grata in the AWA due to his past actions - including the incident last weekend.

[Castillo bows his head slightly.]

JC: On behalf of everyone associated with the AWA, I wish to issue a personal apology from all of us... to everyone at the Global Fighting Championship as well as the FOX Network.

Rufus Harris, the GFC Heavyweight Champion, was an invited guest at Homecoming and he was attacked by a man who is not even a part of the AWA roster.

Mr. Harris, in his great generosity, has elected not to press charges on Travis Lynch despite our willingness to cooperate.

[He clasps his hands in front of him.]

JC: Mr. Harris has been personally invited to return to AWA television at his pleasure and convenience to be shown the royal treatment as befits a man of his status.

We apologize once more and...

[The smile comes back.]

JC: ...enjoy the show.

[We fade to black...

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.

Behind the interview podium, dressed in a simple black sleeveless dress with a gold and black leather belt around her waist is Theresa Lynch.]

TL: Hello, AWA fans, and welcome back to the all-new Power Hour here in Center Stage Studios in Atlanta, Georgia!

[The crowd cheers as Theresa beams.]

TL: We have a tremendous show lined up for you here on this super-sized edition of the Power Hour as we continue down the road to SuperClash coming up in just over two months' time in Toronto, Canada and right down the road here in Atlanta at the Georgia Dome!

[Another big cheer rings out!]

TL: But before we go to the ring for our opening match... I do have something I want to address... and that would be what happened here two weeks ago on this show. As that show was nearing the end, I got into... let's call it a scuffle... with Miss Sandra Hayes who was serving as my co-host that night. It was unprofessional. It was wrong. And I apologize to both the fans as well as the AWA itself for my behavior.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: But I'm also pleased to say that after a conversation with AWA legal and Human Resources, Sandra Hayes has been barred from the building here tonight and for the foreseeable future.

[A huge cheer goes up as Theresa chuckles.]

TL: See? AWA management is still capable of making popular decisions.

[She winks at the camera as laughter rings out through the studio.]

TL: With that out of the way, let's focus on the matter at...

[Theresa trails off as her train of thought is interrupted by a large Self Made Man in a denim vest and blue jeans, his hair slicked back into a ponytail striding through the entrance out onto the stage, taking a spot next to Lynch.]

KK: Hey, you know what? We're not done, Lynch! You didn't tell everyone why...

[As Kendrick glowers over Lynch, his train of thought is interrupted by a chant that seems to come from every fan in Center Stage.]

"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*
"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*
"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

KK: ...You didn't tell everyone why you're hosting "Power Hour," and why the most charismatic, intelligent woman in the AWA, Miss Sandra Hayes—

[Theresa Lynch manages to suppress a smirk as laughter erupts from the fans.]

KK: —is sitting tonight out! Roll the tape, Theresa! Show 'em why.

[Cut to footage from the end of the last edition of Power Hour, showing Sandra Hayes and Theresa Lynch scuffling in the exact spot Lynch occupies now. Curiously, it does not include Hayes striking first. Cut back to Center Stage live.]

KK: Was that you, Theresa? After Terry Shane brutalized Sandra I couldn't leave her out here with your history of violent—

TL: She was up and around by the end of the night!

KK: You're trying to minimize this, Lynch! You're trying to make excuses, just like everyone else who shares your blood. You constantly instigate, but then hide behind Supreme Wright. Yeah, let Supreme handle me: he just thinks of you as another trophy in his collection! And Travis... Travis shouldn't have even been in Dallas! No one told me he was going to be in Dallas—

[Theresa drops her official "broadcasting" tone of voice, and her natural Texas drawl leaks through.]

TL: Well, ain't that just so sad.

KK: You know what? Next week on Saturday Night Wrestling, I'm going to give Terry Shane what he deserves, and he's been deserving ever since he came into the AWA with that massive sense of entitlement. And...

[Kendrick loses his train of thought again.]

"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*
"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*
"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

KK: ...The reason I keep getting hounded by these chants about that old bodyguard of mine is because you keep sneaking her back in here, Theresa!

TL: I haven't done a thing!

KK: Tell these people to "shut up," Theresa.

[Kendrick starts to close in on Theresa Lynch.]

"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*
"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*
"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

KK: TELL THEM TO SHUT UP!

[Theresa's back is pinned against the desk. Dylan Westerly and Big Sal have left the broadcast position, but they can't keep Kendrick from bullying the nervous, but still defiant Lynch. The Self Made Man is finally distracted from off-stage by a loud...]

"OI!"

[Kendrick looks over to find Raphael Rhodes, Sid Osborne, and Dana Kaiser walking into frame. Rhodes is dressed in red leg-length tights with a white stripe running down the legs, along with white kneepads and boots, and is wearing a black zip-up hooded sweatshirt. Sid is wearing a black singlet with red outer trim, along with black kneepads with three X's across each pad and black boots.

He removes the hood of his usual black zip-up sweatshirt as he smirks at Kendrick. Kaiser is also wearing a black zip-up hooded sweatshirt, along with red leggings and white sneakers, carrying with her a white towel. Rhodes glares at Kendrick through his brown hair hanging in his eyes.]

RR: Big lad like you, pickin' on a lass like that, seems like it ain't exactly equal odds, do it?

[Rhodes steps closer to Kendrick.]

RR: She said she ain't done nothin'. Take the lass at her word, I know it's good.

[Rhodes cracks his knuckles.]

RR: Do what you do best, Kendrick. Walk away.

[Kendrick looks at Rhodes, then peers behind him at Osborne. Kendrick backs away and says to Theresa Lynch with a smirk...]

KK: See ya around the office, Theresa.

[Kendrick leaves the frame, as Rhodes slowly follows him, eyes fixed on the direction Kendrick left, as Kaiser holds onto Rhodes' arm. Lynch takes a deep breath.]

DK: Are you okay, Ms. Lynch?

TL: I... I'm fine. I'm glad I had the three of you scheduled, to say the least.

SO: Bet you never thought you'd be glad to see me, huh?

[Lynch cracks a small smile, as Rhodes notably still hasn't stopped looking off-screen. A gentle tug from Kaiser draws his focus back to the interview.]

TL: Like I said before I was interrupted... it's time to get down to business... and tonight, Sid and Raphael, your business is tag team action, and you have quite the opponents.

DK: That's right, Ms. Lynch. After the boys were stuck in Mexico City last week, I thought they deserved a little treat. Perhaps... some revenge from Saskatchewan?

[Osborne rubs his hands together, as Rhodes glances off-screen once more.]

DK: We watched Homecoming from the tarmac, and there were a few things we came to some conclusions about. First, well... Raph was horrified to learn that Cinder has been banned for life from Tesco. Twice.

[That got Rhodes' attention.]

RR: Oh! Yeah! Listen, I used to nick stuff all the time from Tesco's, and all they ever did if they caught me was make me apologize. The bloody hell did she do? Bannin' was more of a Waitrose thing, I thought.

[Kaiser smiles, shaking her head.]

DK: The other is that, well, we agreed... in between Sid's music career and Raph's time in the Southern Syndicate, we were already weary of the thought of charters, but this just sealed that we're not trusting them anymore. At least, unless we directly book them.

SO: Funny how everyone was stuck on the tarmac, yet Castillo showed up just a little late. Proves what I always knew...

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: ... whether it's music or wrestling, promoter is a fancy name for scumbag.

DK: But we also saw Michael Aarons, that bastion of professionalism, torpedo his career.

[Kaiser grins.]

DK: And, well, we realized. We have some unfinished business with some associates of his. After all, at the Stampede Cup, Ms. Lynch, you remember how the American Idols defeated Sid and Raph, right?

TL: If I recall, it was through copious interference from Logan Blackburn...

[Rhodes shouts "DONE!"]

TL: ... and Michael Aarons.

[Osborne waves at the camera.]

DK: Those two problems, well... they aren't quite problems now, are they? And the boys deserved a little treat after those travel problems, so I got to work and I got them a match against the American Idols... tonight!

[The crowd roars with delight about that.]

SO: They beat us before, I don't have to like it but that is the truth. Another truth, though, is that it was four of them against the two of us. Now, we are good...

[Osborne nods at Rhodes.]

SO: ... but on that night we weren't enough to beat four people at once. So, Idols, can you beat us when everything's fair? Can you be better in that ring than Raphael Rhodes and ol' Sin City Sid? We both already know you can't. Time for you guys to catch up with reality.

[Osborne smirks.]

SO: Right after you get done taking a nice long look at the ref calling for that final bell to ring.

RR: Yeah, and the Idols thought they were done with us because we went off to go take care of Guerreros del Mundo and Logan Blackburn, I bet. But lads...

[Rhodes points his thumb back and forth between himself and Osborne.]

RR: We're the kind of men that don't forget. We're the kind of men that are patient. We wait for the right moment and strike you when you're most vulnerable.

SO: Like right now.

RR: And now that it's two on two? Just us against you two?

[Rhodes chuckles.]

RR: You lads are outnumbered.

[Rhodes grins.]

RR: Let's go to work.

[Osborne holds up an index finger.]

SO: If you knock down fools for a living, then you never work a day in your life.

[Rhodes nods.]

RR: The lad's got a point!

[Rhodes and Osborne walk over to the ring, followed by Kaiser.]

TL: It's time for tag team action here on the Power Hour! We know what Sid Osborne and Raphael Rhodes think about this tag team matchup... but what about the American Idols? We found out earlier tonight - so let's take a look!

[We fade to footage marked "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED" with a duo standing backstage - a mix of sadness and determination on their faces. They are Chaz and Chet Wallace, the American Idols... and they'll speak... right... about... now!]

CHAZ: This has been a couple of weeks for real. A bad couple of weeks, right? First, we went down to Mexico... we brought the DMP back to life, back to reality... and... we lost?

[Chaz shakes his head.]

CHET: And in the middle of all that, the AWA - yeah, the same AWA who opens their wallets for every has-been and wannabe who comes down the pike to pop the nostalgia like we pop champagne... they told Michael Aarons...

CHAZ: THE Michael Aarons.

CHET: ...that he ain't worth the money he wants.

[Chet glares, raising up and pointing to the camera.]

CHET: SHAME! Shame on you, AWA. Shame on the front office for letting a once in a lifetime talent... a TRUE once in a millennium talent... go.

[Chet sighs.]

CHET: The DMP? Gone...

CHAZ: ...for now.

CHET: The Experience? Over.

CHAZ: ...for now.

CHET: But us... the American Idols... the hottest team since...

[Chet looks questioningly at Chaz.]

CHAZ: The Epitome of Cool?

CHET: Nah. Hotter.

CHAZ: The Bishop Boys?

CHET: Please. Way hotter.

CHAZ: Sid Osborne and Raphael Rhodes?

[Chet rolls his eyes.]

CHET: My brother, while we're standing here burnt to a crisp, those two jackanapes are as stone cold as Salmon Sashimi!

[Chaz chuckles.]

CHAZ: So... who?

[Chet thinks... and thinks... and thinks... and then snaps his fingers.]

CHET: The Soldiers of Fortune! They're hot, right? Stampede Cup?

CHAZ: Got it.

CHET: Tag titles?

CHAZ: Won it.

CHET: Beat the Idols?

[Chaz does a "record scratching" effect... sort of.]

CHAZ/CHET: DIDN'T DO IT!

[Chaz and Chet trade a high five.]

CHAZ: And that's what it comes down to. Sid and his cranky Uncle are going to be out for payback for what we did at the Battle of Saskatchewan... but the two of us are going to be out for payback for what we DIDN'T do.

CHET: We DIDN'T get a chance to beat the Soldiers.

CHAZ: But that's gonna change... and when we get that chance, we're going to flip the script... and YOUR American Idols... will be YOUR World Tag Team Champions!

CHET: Call your bookie.

[And with that, we fade back out to the ring where we now have all four competitors inside the ring, ready to go to battle. Referee Andy Dawson is standing in the middle of the ring, making sure the two teams don't start fighting before the bell...]

SA: We are wasting no time tonight, Dee Dub!

DW: We didn't even get a proper introduction! Sheesh!

SA(chuckles): Well, I'll take care of that. My name is Salvatore Albano... Big Sal if you're nasty... and by my side is good ol' Dee Dub, Dylan Westerly... and we'll be calling the action as always here on the Power Hour... although Dee Dub, I thought for sure you might get the call to permanently replace Bucky on the big show after your appearance at Homecoming.

DW: My place is here with you, pal o' mine.

[...and then signals for it!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, Chaz Wallace makes a dash towards Raphael Rhodes, sliding to his knees, looking for a single leg...

..but Rhodes yanks the leg, swinging around to take Wallace's back. He muscles him up into the air, throwing him chestfirst down on the canvas, staying in the waistlock as he does.]

SA: Rhodes with the takedown, getting a little bit of riding time amateur style down on the mat...

[Rhodes spins out of the waistlock, snatching a front facelock...]

SA: Chaz Wallace perhaps forgetting who he was dealing with here considering the recent trauma in his life. He does NOT want to be down on the mat with Raphael Rhodes.

[Rhodes pulls Wallace to all fours, burying a knee into the sternum of Wallace which flattens him back down on the mat...

...and Rhodes spins out of the front facelock to the side of Chaz, burying two more knees into the ribs as Chaz tries to scramble away.]

SA: Chaz trying to get out of here... but Rhodes hangs on...

[Grabbing the front facelock again, Rhodes gets to his feet, dragging Chaz to the corner where he slaps the offered hand.]

SA: Quick tag... in comes the Sin City Savior...

[Osborne slips through the ropes, throwing a heavy boot into the midsection of the doubled-over and trapped Chaz.]

SA: The team of Rhodes and Osborne keeping it simple there... Osborne pushes Chaz back to the corner now...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Knife edge chop connects... and he's not done...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Leaving Chaz reeling, Osborne grabs a wrist, looking to whip him out...

...but slams on the brakes, yanking him back into a whip to the Osborne/Rhodes corner, sending a jolt down the spine of Chaz Wallace as the crowd cheers as Dana Kaiser claps.]

SA: Dana Kaiser appears to like what she's seeing so far, Dee Dub.

DW: She's gotta be liking it. Did you see the rankings this week? Number seven and rising! If they keep up their winning ways, they might have a shot at the new champions on the horizon.

SA: A lot of great teams ahead of them still though, Dee Dub... including these American Idols, the Number Two contenders currently.

[Osborne slaps Rhodes' offered hand, bringing the British grappler back into the ring.]

SA: Rhodes back in... you gotta like the teamwork of this duo so far..

[Grabbing the back of the head, Rhodes takes aim and BLASTS Chaz with a European uppercut that lifts him off his feet, dropping him down on his rear on the canvas.]

SA: Devastating shot there by Rhodes, certainly living up to his reputation as one of the hardest hitters in the AWA locker room...

[Rhodes snatches the top rope in both hands, leaning back as he rains down stomps on the chest of Chaz Wallace...

...which is when Sid Osborne tags himself in.]

SA: The Sin City Savior slaps the shoulder, bringing himself back into the mix...

[Osborne high steps out to mid-ring, flashing a double middle finger in the direction of Chet Wallace to cheers...]

DW: A little bit of sign language for the Wallaces.

[...and then whips around, charges in, and throws himself into a tumbling cannonball splash in the corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Osborne scrambles up, dragging Chaz out of the corner and diving across into a lateral press.]

SA: Osborne with the cover for one... for two... but that's all.

[Osborne glares at the official for a moment before climbing back to his feet, throwing a look to the far corner to make sure Chet Wallace is still on the apron. He leans down to grab a rising Chaz by the hair..

...which is when Chaz reaches up, raking his fingers across Osborne's eyes!]

SA: Ohhh! Chaz goes to the eyes, trying to free himself and give him a chance to-no!

[As Chaz attempts to flee to his corner, Osborne hooks the back of the tights, yanking him back into a lift, twisting around 180 degrees in a back suplex hold, and drops him down on the back of the head!]

SA: Nice execution on the suplex there - and there's another cover as well.

[A two count follows before Chaz kicks out. Osborne again glares at the official, barking something out him this time as he gets up, reaching out to slap his partner's hand.]

SA: And there's another tag - these two are working so well together, Dee Dub.

DW: It's really impressive to see the way these two have meshed together. They've really come a long way from two headstrong individuals to a really cohesive unit.

[Rhodes steps in as Osborne pulls Chaz up, pushing him back into the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

SA: Whoa nelly! Chaz Wallace's sternum might be screaming for help right about now!

[Chaz goes staggering down the ropes towards the neutral corner...]

SA: Chaz on the move but Rhodes is in pursuit... catches up to him in the corner... here we go again...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

SA: A second shot, right down across the chest...

[With Chaz reeling, Rhodes grabs the wrist, whipping him from one neutral corner to the other...]

SA: Chaz goes crashing into the buckles... here comes Rhodes on the run!

[The rampaging Raphael Rhodes charges in on Chaz Wallace who leans back, boosting himself up and raising both feet into Rhodes' path...]

...but Rhodes slams on the brakes, pulling up short as he grabs both feet in grasping hands, causing a look of panic to cross Chaz' face as the crowd cheers the counter to the counter...]

SA: Rhodes has got Chaz right where he wants him it appears and...

[Rhodes swings Chaz to the side, ending with his feet over the middle rope as he falls down...]

...right on the bent knee of Rhodes!]

SA: Ohh! Innovative offense out of Raphael Rhodes - a backbreaker of sorts and Chaz Wallace is reeling after that one.

[Rhodes goes down on both knees, applying another pin attempt.]

SA: Two count again.

DW: You gotta be impressed by the resiliency of the American Idols, Sal.

SA: I'm impressed with a lot of things about the Idols... inside the ring at least... but they definitely seem off their game a bit here tonight - perhaps because of recent events.

[With Chaz down on the mat clutching his lower back, Rhodes pulls him up by the hair, yanking him into a front facelock...]

SA: Rhodes has got him hooked... and takes him over with a ring-rattling snap suplex!

[Rhodes floats over, applying another press.]

SA: And another two count before Chaz kicks out in time. The Wallaces, as you mentioned, continuing to hang on and keep fighting back.

[The British bruiser gets to his feet, looking over towards his corner where Sid Osborne is waiting, hand outstretched...]

SA: Osborne looking for the tag as his partner gets to his feet...

[Rhodes gives a nod to Osborne as he reaches down to grab a handful of hair without looking at Chaz...

...who wraps his arms around the torso on the way up, lifting Rhodes slightly off the mat and DROPS him throatfirst across the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rhodes collapses backwards to the canvas, kicking and flailing about as Chaz falls back to his knees. Osborne grabs at his head on the outside, shouting to his partner as Dana Kaiser looks on with concern.]

SA: Chaz Wallace with that hotshot out of nowhere and... well, this could completely turn this one around, Dee Dub.

DW: The Idols have been back on their heels since the bell and Chaz just flipped the switch and that could be big for the American Idols who defeated Osborne and Rhodes back at the Battle of Saskatchewan.

[With Rhodes down on the canvas, Chaz crawls the distance to his corner, slapping his brother's offered hand.]

SA: And there's the first tag of the match for the American Idols as Chet Wallace steps in, quickly to the ropes...

[Bouncing off, Chet drops a lightning fast legdrop across the throat of the downed Rhodes. Rhodes' legs kick up into the air as Chet scrambles into a pin attempt that Rhodes escapes at two.]

SA: Two count off the legdrop... and Chet Wallace is right back up and on the move again...

[Rebounding a second time, Chet gets a running start before leaping into a somersault, dropping his leg across the throat with even greater impact!]

SA: SOMERSAULT LEGDROP FINDS THE MARK!

[Chet rolls into another cover, again getting a two count.]

SA: Rhodes kicks out again... and with just three moves from the Idols, Raphael Rhodes finds himself in some trouble.

[Chet drags Rhodes to his feet in a front facelock, dragging him towards the ropes where he presses Rhodes' throat down on the top rope, leaning on the neck to choke him.]

SA: The referee's right there, laying a count on that chokehold...

[A four count and change follows before Chet jerks the top rope, sending Rhodes crashing back down onto the canvas. Chet follows after him, stomping him a few times before he grabs Rhodes by the wrist, dragging him to his feet.]

SA: Short whip to the corner... Chet follows him in...

[Twisting to the side, Chet slams the point of his elbow up under the chin, snapping Rhodes' head back and sending him sliding down against the buckles to sit on the canvas. A sneering Chet raises his leg, pressing his shin into the throat.]

SA: And another choke by Chet Wallace, bending if not breaking the rules here in this one!

[Chet breaks off at four, raising his arms as he walks away from Rhodes who he leaves coughing and gasping for air in the corner...]

SA: Rhodes having a hard time catching his breath after that chokehold... and you can hear both Sid Osborne and Dana Kaiser cheering on Raphael Rhodes, trying to encourage him back to his feet to continue this fight.

[Sweeping an arm to order the referee out of the way, Chet runs across the ring, leaping high...

...and DRIVES both feet into the face of the seated Rhodes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Running dropkick connects... Chet pulls him out... another cover!

[And another two count follows as Rhodes lifts the shoulder off the mat. Chet sneers at the official, holding up three fingers.]

DW: That wasn't even close to a three count - and he knows it!

SA: Chet Wallace perhaps trying to get into the head of our official here in this one as well....

[Grabbing the downed Rhodes by the ankle, Chet drags him the distance of the ring, reaching out to slap the hand of his still-weary partner.]

SA: Chaz tags in... although he doesn't look too happy about it.

DW: When you think about the Idols, Sal... I'd say the Idols are a great example of the sum being greater than the individual parts... but that means that when they're not working together - not double teaming - they're at a disadvantage against two polished singles competitors like Rhodes and Osborne.

SA: A great point, Dee Dub... that time with Gordon Myers certainly has paid off for you.

DW: Oh, you knock it off, Big Sal!

[A chuckling Sal looks on as Chaz Wallace grabs the top rope as Chet backs off.]

SA: SLINGSHOT...

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd reacts as Chaz somersaults over the top rope, bringing his leg down across the throat as well. Again, Rhodes’ body flails under the impact, being shoved down onto his shoulders as Chaz attempts a cover of his own.]

SA: It could be! It might be! It’s... not!

DW: No, but it was a heck of a lot closer!

SA: It sure was... and there’s an obvious look of concern on the face of Sid Osborne after that near fall there for his partner. Osborne and Rhodes are hoping to make some waves in this tag division and a win here over the Number Two Contenders would certainly get some attention on them.

[Chaz gets up, moving a little slower than his fresher brother who he quickly tags back in.]

SA: Another quick exchange there, this time by the Idols as Chet tags back into the mix.

[Chet steps in as Chaz pulls Rhodes to his feet, whipping him into the neutral corner. Grabbing Chet’s wrist, Chaz whips him in after Rhodes.]

SA: Another doubleteam and... ohhh!

[The crowd echoes Sal’s response as Chet leaps into the air, driving a clothesline into the throat of Rhodes with enough impact that Chet’s entire lower body goes between the middle and top ropes!]

SA: Impressive move there by Chet Wallace... and he slips right out of the ring to the apron...

[With a shove, he sends Rhodes stumbling out of the corner...

...and then leaps to the top, springing off in a twist...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SPRINGBOARD SPINNING LEG LARIAT TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD! SWEET SANTA MARIA!

[Chet scrambles into another pin attempt, yanking the leg into a tight cradle this time.]

SA: He’s got one! He’s got two! He’s got th-

[The crowd cheers as Sid Osborne comes rushing across the ring, diving down to smash a forearm into the back of Chet’s head, breaking up the pin. Chaz starts

shouting at Osborne from the apron as the referee forces the well-named Sin City Savior back across the ring.]

SA: Sin City Sid with a desperation save for his duo... he's being put out now by the referee...

[A fuming Chet Wallace gets to his feet, joining his voice to his twin brother's in berating Sid Osborne...]

...but then turns his attention back to Rhodes, dragging him up with a handful of hair.]

SA: We're closing in on the ten minute mark of this one and these two are engaged in another tough battle - just like we saw in Canada back a couple of months ago.

[With the referee and Osborne bickering across the ring, Chaz takes the chance to come in illegally, joining his brother in a double whip, and doubling over Rhodes with a double punch to the gut on the rebound...]

DW: Turn around, ref!

[...which turns into a double spinning legsweep to put Rhodes on his back where Chaz leaps into a standing moonsault while Chet lands another flipping legdrop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A shout of protest from Sid Osborne gets the referee turned around... and he charges across to reprimand Chaz Wallace for being in the ring illegally.]

SA: And now the referee's trying to put Chaz out! He's losing control of this one a bit and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With the referee's back to the action, Sid Osborne comes charging out of his corner, BLASTING Chet with a running palm strike that flips Chet through the air, dumping him in a heap on the canvas!]

SA: SHOTAY MEANS NO WAY FOR CHET WALLACE AS HE GOES DOWN HARDER THAN MARTIN SHKRELL IN COURT THIS WEEK! And I don't know if the Wallaces losing would get us any closer to Once Upon A Time In Shaolin hitting the streets but if it does, I'll be as biased as Bucky Wilde when he saw Travis Lynch back on screen.

[With Chet down as well, Osborne quickly vacates the ring, returning to his corner with his arm extended, shouting to his partner as Dana Kaiser eyeballs Osborne, shaking her head a bit...]

SA: I'm not sure if Dana Kaiser approved of that illegal action behind the referee's back... but Raphael Rhodes might have!

DW: That was definitely something Rhodes would've pulled off a time or two in his career.

SA: And it was definitely effective... as Raphael Rhodes suddenly finds himself with a window of opportunity to get across that ring and make the tag to his partner. Nearby, Chet Wallace is attempting to do the same...

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

SA: You heard the man. Five minutes left on the clock of this one as both teams will need to engage their "hurry up" offense in this one.

DW: It's the five minute warning - it's time to go no huddle and call the plays at the line.

SA: Like Jonathan Moxon for the West Canaan Coyotes!

[With Chet crawling one way and Rhodes the other, the crowd is on their feet, hooting and hollering their support...]

SA: We've got ourselves a race here as both Chet Wallace and Raphael Rhodes are racing against each other... and time! Who's gonna get there first?

[Chet Wallace makes a lunge towards his corner...]

SA: Tag on one side!

[Chaz slingshots over the top rope, ready for action, charging towards the exposed back of Raphael Rhodes who is almost within reach as well...]

SA: AND ON THE OTHER AS WELL!

[...and Chaz slams on the brakes, throwing up his hands in a panicked state as he tries to backpedal away from the incoming Sid Osborne.]

SA: Osborne's in and he's heating up!

[A big haymaker finds the mark... and a second... and a third sends Wallace flying through the air, crashing down on the canvas!]

SA: Scratch that - he's on fire!

[Osborne grabs Chaz as he tries to scramble to his feet, charging across the ring to the neutral corner where he SMASHES Chaz' skull into the turnbuckle, sending him flying into the air, crashing down on the canvas again!]

SA: BOOM-SHAKA-LAKA!

[The Sin City Savior stalks around the ring, pumping his arms to the roar of the crowd and as Chaz works his way into a seated position, Osborne hits the ropes behind him, building up steam as he hits the ropes in front of him...]

SA: SLIDING LARIAT! HE FLATTENS CHAZ WALLACE!

[Foregoing a pin attempt, Osborne gets to his feet, just in time to send Chet Wallace flipping through the air with a backdrop to big cheers!]

SA: CHET TRIED TO GET INVOLVED AND SIN CITY SID MAKES HIM PAY!

[The crowd is on board with this rally, the chant kicking in...]

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

[Osborne nods, grinning at the reaction as he points a finger at Chet Wallace and stalks after him...]

DW: This might be a mistake, Big Sal! Osborne's going after the illegal man here...

[Chet staggers up, clutching his lower back as Osborne shoves him into the corner, moving in after him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: Three hard chops and Chet Wallace is reeling!

[Staggering out of the corner alongside the ropes, Chet is easy prey as Osborne gets a running start and sends him flipping over the top rope, crashing down to the floor courtesy of a clothesline!]

SA: AND DOWN GOES CHET TO THE OUTSIDE!

[Turning his focus back on the rising Chaz, Osborne grabs the arm, whipping Chaz across the ring...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and flips him inside out with a knife edge chop that sends Chaz crashing down in a heap on the canvas!]

DW: Now THAT'S a chop, Big Sal!

SA: Indeed it is!

[Chaz staggers up as Osborne greets him, grabbing a wrist to whip him into the corner. The Sin City Savior backs off, spitting on his open hand...

...and then charges from corner to corner!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: PAALLLLLLLLLLLLM STRIIIIIIKE!

[Osborne backs off, beckoning Chaz towards him and when the American Idol staggers out...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: LAAAAAARIAAAAATOOOOOOO! BOOM GOES THE CANNON!

[Osborne, having flipped Wallace COMPLETELY inside out with his devastating standing lariat, rolls Chaz onto his back, diving across his prone form...]

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

[The crowd groans as Chet Wallace reaches under the ropes, grabbing the referee by the ankle and yanking him clear to the outside...]

DW: Oh, you gotta be kidding me!

SA: Chet Wallace pulls out the ref! The referee's on the outside and...

[A steaming mad Osborne steps out on the apron, taking aim on Chet as he argues with the official, his back to the Sin City Savior...]

SA: Chet's got no idea what's waiting for him and-

[But as Chet turns around, Osborne runs down the apron, throwing himself into a somersault and wiping out Chet on the Center Stage Studios floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DOWN! GOES! CHET!

[Osborne gets to his feet, clutching at his lower back as he does. He winces in pain as he rolls under the ropes.]

SA: Osborne feeling the effects of that fall to the floor... rolls himself back in now...

[The Sin City Savior immediately moves in on Chaz who has managed to get back to his feet and is leaning against the ropes.]

SA: Chaz is up but just barely as-

[But as Osborne approaches, Chaz lashes out, jabbing a thumb into the eye!]

SA: Oh! Shot to the eye by Chaz Wallace!

[A recovering Raphael Rhodes steps up on the middle rope, shouting angrily at Chaz and the official. The official turns to reprimand Chaz who shoves him aside, dashing to the ropes...]

SA: Chaz off the ropes towards Osborne and-

[But as Chaz rebounds towards his larger opponent, Osborne catches him on the run-in, lifting him straight up over his head...]

SA: GORILLA PRESS!

DW: OSBORNE SHOWING OFF HIS POWER!

[Osborne takes a quick look to his right...

...and HURLS Chaz in that direction, sending Chaz' skull CRASHING into Raphael Rhodes' skull as he was still up on the middle rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rhodes goes down like a shot, collapsing off the apron to the floor as a concerned Dana Kaiser races to his side...

...but Chaz Wallace goes down hard as well, having had his skull THROWN into one of the hardest skulls in wrestling!]

DW: WHAT WAS THAT?! WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT, SAL?!

SA: CHAZ IS DOWN! RHODES IS DOWN TOO!

[Osborne throws a quick look towards his corner but pounces on the downed Chaz Wallace, wrapping up the legs...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT ISSSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: What a win for Rhodes and Osborne!

[The fans are cheering as Osborne scrambles to his feet, thrusting his arms over his head into the air.]

DW: Yeah, but at what cost?! Rhodes went down like a sack of wet garbage after that accidental... I guess it wasn't really accidental though, was it?

SA: It certainly looked to be an intentional move by the Sin City Savior... and it DID get them the win.

DW: Rhodes is... oh jeez. Look at him, Sal.

[On the outside, we see Dana Kaiser has boosted Rhodes up into a seated position, blood now streaming down his face from the clash of skulls. She's helping him to get to his feet as our camera goes back to the ring where Osborne is exiting.]

DW: Whew. That's a bad one.

SA: Sid Osborne is making his way towards Theresa... Theresa, I gotta say that was one of the most surprising finishes to a match I've seen in some time.

[We cut to Theresa who is shaking her head, her jaw dropped a bit as the trio approaches.]

TL: Wow, what an upset we've seen here! Sid Osborne and Raphael Rhodes just knocked off the American Idols, revenge for their elimination from the Stampede Cup! Sid, Raphael, Dana, please, come in here!

[Osborne, beyond excited, rushes into the scene, slapping his hands onto the podium. Rhodes staggers in, his face a bloody mess, as Kaiser tries to hand off her towel. There's no hiding the amount of concern on Kaiser's face.]

SO: Week after week, I call on every team to shut me up--

[Osborne shakes his head abruptly.]

SO: Scratch that, to shut US up. But they couldn't, could they? Not so effective when you don't have a bunch of outside help - are you, Idols?!

TL: Sid, congratulations on the win, but what an unorthodox way to win!

[You can hear Kaiser in the background say "that's one way to put it".]

SO: There's been enough little games played on us, it's long past old by now. Now? It's all about winning at any and all costs.

[Kaiser interjects.]

DK: Hold on, Sid. At all costs? I'll say it was at all costs! That could have backfired big time! We didn't plan that one out at all!

SO: I'd be more than happy if the situation was reversed. If either of us see an opening, we've got to take it.

DK: Do you really think he'd do that to you? After all we've been through these last couple of months?

[Sid starts to speak, but Rhodes holds up his hand, trying to press the towel to his forehead.]

RR: Wait, wait. I got a real bad headache just a moment ago. All the shoutin' ain't helpin'.

[Rhodes puts the hand that wasn't holding the towel to his head on Kaiser's shoulder.]

RR: Dana... the lad saw an opening and took it. It was quick thinking. We probably have to work on a signal or somethin', but... we won the match. I'll take it.

TL: Well, the American Idols were the Number Two Contenders for the World Tag Team Titles, now held by the Soldiers of Fortune... this has to rocket the two of you up the rankings of contenders.

[Kaiser nods.]

DK: It has to, Ms. Lynch. We were number seven most recently, and something like this definitely has to put us in line for consideration.

[Rhodes puts the towel down on the podium, making sure not to put it on any of Lynch's notes.]

RR: Yeah... and I got somethin' to say about the Soldiers of Fortune, if you got a moment for me, Theresa.

TL: Of course, Raphael.

[Rhodes looks at the camera, the towel having done no good and the blood trickle resuming.]

RR: The Soldiers, they have a lot of rhetoric about "Real America", yeah? I remember after the Stampede Cup, they said their version of "Real America" is about the content of your character, yeah?

[Rhodes wipes the blood from his forehead with his hand, preventing it from running into his eyes. It does precious little, as the blood continues to run.]

RR: Well, Joe Flint, Charlie Stephens, I was born in Maggie Thatcher's England, raised in her aftermath. I grew up around people who talked about "Real Britain". I was surrounded by people who waved the Union Jack and talked about what they'd do for England, then step on the bodies of the broken and the poor if it meant getting one millimetre higher on the social ladder.

[Rhodes arches a barely-visible eyebrow.]

RR: I see what that American flag means to you lot. You turned that flagpole, carrying that flag you love so much, into a weapon. That's how you beat Next Gen. That's how you won the World Tag Team Titles. All your words, all your rhetoric, it's just that... your way of advancing your careers. Hollow words from hollow men, with moral fabric so thin it's cheesecloth. And well done, mates, you got what you wanted. But to see the way you got it...

[Rhodes shakes his head, little droplets of blood flying off.]

RR: ... Stephens, I don't know how you can sleep any better at night than you were before, when your anxiety was eatin' you up about even facin' Next Gen. I guess you lost your conscience the same way Flint did. At least when I wore the Union Jack, it was because I was a lonely boy a long way from home. I didn't hide what I was behind false promises. And if this win gets us one step closer to takin' away your ill-gotten gains?

[Rhodes smirks.]

RR: Then I say good. Better a couple of bastards like us than rotters like you.

[Inspired, Osborne grasps Rhodes by the shoulder.]

SO: We can't wait.

[Osborne looks at Kaiser and Lynch.]

SO: Can we get them in Oklahoma City? We have to fight them now.

[Kaiser, stunned, points at Rhodes' forehead.]

DK: Sid, look at him! That cut is going to need stitches!

SO: The time is right, though. You've got to grab your shot when it finds its way to your front door.

[Osborne looks back at Rhodes.]

SO: You can go in a week, right?

[Osborne looks back at Kaiser.]

SO: We can do this! We can grab those belts right out of their hands!

[Kaiser starts to object again, when Rhodes calmly pushes Osborne's hand away.]

RR: The lad's right. We have momentum. After Mexico and tonight... if we can make it happen, we should do it.

DK: Raph... that cut is deep. Are you sure about this?

[Rhodes nods, then staggers back a bit, woozy from the blood loss. Osborne catches him, and Rhodes pats Osborne on the shoulder.]

RR: Yeah. I can go. Let's make it happen.

[Osborne grins.]

SO: Let's get it done.

[Kaiser stares at both Osborne and Rhodes, not pleased with the decision just made, but sees that their minds have been made up.]

DK: Fine. I'll try. Raph, please. Let's get that cut cleaned up.

[Kaiser and Rhodes, followed by Osborne, leave.]

TL: How about that? Sid Osborne and Raphael Rhodes want the Soldiers of Fortune, next week in Oklahoma City... for the titles! Will it get signed? If there's anyone that can get it done, it's Dana Kaiser. Fans, we'll keep you posted on that news as it develops... but right now, we're headed to our first break of the night so hang right there 'cause we'll be right back with the all-new Power Hour! Oh yeah!

[Theresa beams as we fade to black.

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

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

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

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

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

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

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

Click The Link!

[Fade to black...]

The "ACCESS 365" logo flashes on the screen, as we open to a shot backstage around the catering area. There, we see a trio of wrestlers: Ayako Fujiwara, Molly Bell, and Skylar Swift. The three seem to be enjoying themselves.]

SS: ...all these years I thought getting over the Canadian border was bad, but that was on another level!

Ayako: I know what you mean. We were all getting stressed out just sitting there; Molly spent half that time hiding inside the bathroom.

MB: Mommmmmmm! You don't have to tell them thaaaaaaaat!

[Molly hides her face with her paws.]

Ayako: And having to watch what happened to Michelle's daughter... well, that was terrible.

SS: I can't even... I hope they're both okay. The worst part was streaming it on my phone on Saturday night and feeling completely helpless. Like poor Trish... I was just sitting on the tarmac in my pajamas and all I wanted to do was scream and run out to help her!

Ayako: That's right... Trish got into some trouble with Harley Hamilton and Cinder, didn't she? It must've been awful to watch her be attacked like that. I went through the same thing with Molly and those luchadoras.

[Molly wiggles her hips excitedly.]

MB: But those luchadoras won't bother us anymore, meow! You sure showed La Ardilla!

[Ayako nods.]

Ayako: WE showed them. That was one evil squirrel, but she'll think twice before messing with us again.

[She turns back to Skylar.]

Ayako: So, how is Trish?

SS: Well, the thing about Trish is—

[Suddenly, Trish Wallace appears on the scene, pushing past Ayako and Molly like they were invisible.]

Ayako: Oh!

Molly: Hey!

[Trish doesn't even dignify them with a response.]

TW: UGH. You won't believe the week I've been having, Skylar! C'mon, enough of the Mexican vacation—I kind of need my tag team partner back.

[A stunned Ayako and Molly stare at Trish like she has three heads.]

Ayako: Ummm... we have to go. Me and Molly have a match to get ready for. We'll talk later, okay? Come on, Molly.

[Skylar shrugs an apology as the two leave. Molly stays close to Ayako's side, eyes wide and pupils dilated at Trish. She starts to hiss at Trish, and we hear Ayako say "Molly, no!" as they leave the frame.]

TW: Buncha weirdos. I got us a match with... ugh... "Seductive and Destructive," so we've got to...

[T-Bone spies the barrette with cat ears across Skylar's scalp.]

TW: What are those?

SS: Oh, this?

[Skylar pauses. She then casually combs back one of the ears that is beginning to droop forward.]

SS: Molly had an extra set...aren't they adorable?!

TW: [flatly] Oh. How sweet. The only presents I got recently was being made fun of on national television and a lariat to the jaw. C'mon, let's get at it. We're T-Swift, right?

SS: I'm pretty certain we can't legally call ourselves that.

TW: What? Why — You know... I don't care. Post to your Dreamsies and Swifties on social media, let them name us. All I know is heads are about to roll!

SS: They're called Dreamers and they are gonna love this. Go you, Trish.

[Wallace storms forward while Swift follows in pursuit, fiddling with her phone with one hand while Trish yells back.]

TW: And take off those obnoxious cat ears!

[The Access logo flashes again as we fade out...

...and then fade back up to the interior of Center Stage Studios where we see a dejected-looking Landon Grant is standing by Theresa Lynch at the interview podium. Grant's wearing a black Louisville Cardinals t-shirt, jeans, and red sneakers. He offers a hand to Lynch before the interview starts.]

TL: Welcome back to the Power Hour.. and with me now is Landon Grant, who requested some time today to talk about the status of the man who was your partner at Estrellas En El Cielo. How is Tin Can Rust?

[Grant lets out a sigh before starting up.]

LG: It's not good. Not at all. I'm not a doctor, so if you want the official report, get his doc... But his knee's shredded.

Sure, whatever was there was already worn out from his years in the ring. And then Estrellas in Guadalupe happened. Sawyer and Kingsley-

[The fans at the Center Stage Arena let out a boo at the mention of the tag team.]

LG: Those two scum-sucking dogs did what they did. Now my uncle - and at this point, Rust IS family, blood or not... He's one of the toughest sonofa -

[Grant holds his hand up, letting others fill in the rest of the thought.]

LG: - out there. He would've kept fighting with that lower leg dangling by whatever threads were left. His pride, his fight wouldn't let him submit when he should've...

[Grant takes a moment, looking away as he gives a short shake of his head.]

LG: Look, I get it, it's in the ring, during the match. Point is to wear down the other guy to get the win, I get it. I get it. But man, he was... He was down. He was done and it wasn't going to take much to get him for three then. But that piece of... That...

[Grant trails off.]

LG: My uncle's got... A long time for therapy, recovery, and honestly? His days in this ring now are done.

[The crowd boos at that announcement, no matter how evident it was.]

LG: And Sawyer? Kingsley? You wanted a Grant, well you got one now with eyes firmly set on getting revenge. Any time, you two punks, any time!

[Grant holds up his right fist before pointing into the camera.]

LG: Any time, I'll be there, and I'll be ready!

[Grant turns, walking out of scene to cheers as Theresa continues.]

TL: A very emotional - and determined - young man right there looking to get his hands on Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley one more time. Now... coming up next, our Women's Division continues to rock and roll, this time with a tag team contest that's sure to be the...

[Theresa smirks.]

TL: ...cat's meow!

[We cut to the ring, where Molly Bell has a big grin on her face, shouting "THANKS THERESA!" as she stands beside Ayako Fujiwara.]

TG: Our next contest is a tag team match in the Women's Division, set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my left, at a total combined weight of 274 pounds, both hailing from Macon, Georgia, the team of Melody and Harmony... THE THOMPSON SISTERS!

[The sisters, looking remarkably identical, receive a polite response from the Atlanta crowd as they wave to the crowd.]

DW: I understand that's Melody in the red, and Harmony in the blue.

SA: They're twins, aren't they?

DW: They sure are, Big Sal.

[There is an odd silence.]

DW: No pop culture reference?

SA: It would be tremendously rude in this case, Dee Dub.

[Graham continues.]

TG: And their opponents... first, weighing in at 153 pounds, she hails from Richmond, Virginia, the AWA's Top Cat... MOLLYYYYYYYY BELLLLLLLLLL!

[A great response, especially from the kids in attendance, for Molly! She's dressed in a matching halter/shorts set featuring a fabric of cats competing in various events at track and field, along with black kneepads and boots. The boots have the word "meow" running down the side in white text. She also has her collar around her neck, and her catface makeup painted on her face.]

TG: Her partner, weighing 73 kilograms, from Fujinomiya, Shizuoka, Japan...
AYAKOOOOOOOOOOO FUJIWARAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[The crowd roars, throwing black and red streamers into the ring for Ayako! She has on a sleek, black and red asymmetrical strap crop top with a corset-like front tied together with crisscrossing red and black string. Her abdomen is fully exposed and she wears middle waist black motorcycle pants with rivets running up and down the legs with short wrestling boots. Molly eagerly chases after the streamers, which serves to help clear them out of the ring along with Scott Ezra's help, as Ayako glares across the ring at the Thompsons while rotating her wrists.]

SA: So we're just moments away from getting this one started... Dee Dub, we saw Ayako Fujiwara debut this new look in Mexico, and she sure did mean business down there.

DW: She sure did, Big Sal. I never saw anything quite like what she did to those luchadoras. And that Kanpekina on Miranda Montenegro? Wow!

SA: And as talk of the women's tag team scene here is heating up, as well as rumors of Women's Tag Team Titles, you have to wonder if Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell might be testing the waters.

[We see Fujiwara unclip Bell's collar and hang it around the turnbuckle hook.]

DW: That's a thought, Sal, but considering Fujiwara's potential, well... look, I'll just say it. Molly's become a popular competitor here, but she's absolutely not on Fujiwara's level.

SA: That's a little direct.

DW: My mama always told me to be honest before anything else... and that's what I'm doing. Come on, Sal... you've heard the rumors as much as I have. People think that since Molly's come along into Ayako's life, Ayako's gone soft.

SA: On the same side, let's be fair. Molly's got raw potential. We've seen what she can do when she's focused. Maybe some regular teaming with someone the caliber of Ayako Fujiwara is just what she needs to draw it out of her.

[Bell looks a little distressed for a moment, but Fujiwara gets her attention with an ear scratch. Fujiwara gives Bell some instructions, as Bell looks at her wide-eyed and nodding. Fujiwara steps out of the ring, leaving Bell in to go against the red-clad Thompson sister.]

SA: And we're going to see Molly Bell starting this one off against Melody Thompson here... and there's the bell!

[Bell wags her finger at Scott Ezra with a grin on her face, showing she's not scared of the ring bell anymore.]

SA: See, that's growth already, she used to be scared of that opening bell.

DW: Well, that's a start.

[The two chuckle as Bell and Melody lock up, with Melody trying to take Bell down with a single-leg takedown.]

SA: Melody Thompson going for a single-leg now on Molly Bell, but Molly steps that other leg back, good positioning there by the kitty cat. The Thompsons look to have the height advantage on Molly, maybe an inch or so at most, but Molly is trying to leverage her weight advantage and force Melody down to the mat.

DW: I'll give her some credit there, Sal - she's gotten better at technical wrestling since she first came to the AWA.

SA: Molly now in a bit of a sprawl, sneaking around to back mount...

[The crowd pops for some cat antics!]

SA: And she rubs her forehead on the back of Melody Thompson's head! Molly Bell claims another one as her own!

[Melody tries to reach back and reverse the situation, but Bell cinches the waistlock, pulling Melody up to her feet.]

DW: Look at that, Sal!

SA: Molly Bell has Melody Thompson in a rear waistlock, clubs her across the shoulder blades with her front paw!

[Bell lifts Melody up into the air... but Melody wriggles herself loose!]

DW: Did my eyes deceive me, or was Molly going for a German suplex of her own there?

SA: She sure was, Dee Dub! Trying to take a page out of her partner's playbook but Melody Thompson is now free from Bell's clutches... and connects with a dropkick right to Molly's knee!

[Bell collapses to the mat with a shriek, as Melody grabs a free paw and reaches out to tag in Harmony.]

SA: Tag in now to Harmony Thompson, as Harmony puts a boot to the knee of Molly Bell!

DW: These two have been teaming across the South for the last couple of years, but of course, twins almost seem to have a hive mind sometimes, Big Sal, as we saw in our last match.

SA: Well, they're on the swarm like the Wu-Tang Killa Bees!

[Melody leaves the ring as Harmony grabs Bell's leg, lifting up and trying to put Bell into a half-crab. Bell screams out in pain, clawing for the ropes.]

SA: Molly Bell has had a rough couple of months injury-wise, Dee Dub. She had her eye gouged by La Ardilla, her ribs bruised up by Miranda Montenegro, and these Thompson sisters are going right after that knee.

DW: I hadn't heard about any injuries coming into this, but it's well-known that Molly does not like being in submission holds.

[Bell frantically scoots across the ring, grabbing the ropes, as Ezra calls for a break. Harmony stomps at Bell's knee upon standing, then makes a rather rude gesture to Fujiwara in the corner.]

SA: And whatever potential hometown advantage these Thompson sisters had by being from Macon just went out the window.

DW: Look at Ayako, Big Sal! If beating up on her cat wasn't enough to steam her, that gesture didn't help matters!

[We cut to Fujiwara in the corner, glaring at Harmony Thompson, positioning herself in the corner so she can reach out to Bell the moment she gets close.]

SA: Molly Bell slowly rising to her feet...

"SMACK!"

SA: And Harmony Thompson puts her hands where Molly's eyes can see! Slap right to the face!

DW: 1990s rap night on Spotify, Big Sal?

SA: It makes me feel so good, Dee Dub.

[Bell staggers back, glaring at Harmony Thompson, then...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO! A LARICAT BY MOLLY BELL, AND AT SHORT RANGE AT THAT!

DW: It's not on the same tier as Margarita Flores, but it's still impressive, Sal!

SA: You want impressive, Dee Dub?

[The crowd roars as Bell dives to her corner... and makes the tag!]

SA: HERE COMES AYAKO!

[Fujiwara steps into the ring, as Melody Thompson enters, charging at her with a clothesline.]

SA: Melody Thompson is in illegally... Ayako ducks the clothesline!

[The crowd's roar gets even louder as Fujiwara catches Melody in a rear waistlock.]

DW: Ohhhh boy.

SA: Miss Germany's about to go to work, Dee Dub!

[Harmony Thompson staggers to her feet, as Fujiwara snags her as well.]

DW: You've got to be kidding, no way!

SA: If anyone can do it... it's her!

"THUDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: A DOUBLE GERMAN SUPLEX! SHE JUST GOT THEM BOTH! AYAKO FUJIWARA JUST LAID HER HANDS ON BOTH OF THE THOMPSON TWINS, AND SENT THEM FLYING!

DW: ... okay, that wasn't the reference I was expecting.

SA: NOT THE POINT!

[Fujiwara gets up with a snarl, grabbing Harmony Thompson by the hair, and...]

SA: TWISTER! Ayako Fujiwara's the grim reaper callin', it's judgment day for Harmony Thompson!

DW: And she's tapping out immediately!

SA: Can you blame her?!

[The bell sounds as Scott Ezra instructs Fujiwara to break, Fujiwara doing so immediately.]

SA: Two moves, Dee Dub. Two moves! A double German suplex and that fearsome Twister, that's all she needed!

DW: She singlehandedly took out the Thompson sisters, Big Sal! It all went awry when Molly tried that German suplex, but Ayako came in to clean that one up really well!

[Fujiwara grabs Bell's collar from the turnbuckle hook, clipping it around Bell's neck as Bell rubs her knee. Fujiwara gives her cat a look of concern, hopping out of the ring so Bell can jump on her back if she wants, but Bell seems to say that she can walk it off.]

SA: And much like in Mexico, Ayako Fujiwara continues her winning ways with an impressive win here today in partnering with Molly Bell.

DW: Much like in Mexico, though, when they teamed with Skylar Swift... Molly kind of got in trouble for a moment and Ayako really got her out of a jam.

[Bell looks over to the commentators and hisses, as Fujiwara says "Molly, no!" Bell looks downtrodden and walks away, Fujiwara walking close by.]

SA: Whoa. Wonder what that was about...

DW: I think she may have heard me.

SA: You were a little harsh, Dee Dub.

DW: Maybe. But I think it's fair. If she wants to be out here with Ayako Fujiwara as her partner, she has to step up her game.

SA: Nevertheless, it's a win for Fujiwara and Bell... and when you talk of those two, you have to also think about the woman who was set to be their partner in Mexico but had to bow out due to injury... of course, I'm referring to Michelle Bailey. Bailey, however, has bigger issues on her plate suddenly than the injury suffered at the hands of Kelly Kowalski... and here's Theresa Lynch to give us more on that subject. Theresa?

[We fade back over to Theresa Lynch at the interview podium.]

TL: Thanks, Sal. If you saw Homecoming, you know we were scheduled to have a match between "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis and "Platinum Princess" Michelle Bailey, and of course, it didn't happen as scheduled. What we did see was a shocking series of events, the end result of which was the daughter of Michelle Bailey substituting for her, wrestling under the name Maria Spinella, and falling victim to a screwdriver at the hands of Laura Davis.

[Lynch shakes her head in disgust.]

TL: Earlier today, I had a chance to speak remotely with Michelle Bailey, who is tending to her daughter from her home in Massachusetts, about what happened at Homecoming, the circumstances surrounding it, and what we can expect to see in the future. It is a very emotional interview, and one I think a lot of people need to watch. Let's go now to that footage.

[We cut to footage marked with an "EARLIER TODAY" graphic, with Theresa Lynch on the left side of the screen, and an emotionally wiped out Michelle Bailey on the right. Michelle is dressed in an old Ego MAX shirt from EMWC, cut with a widened neckline so it hangs off of her left shoulder. She has her hair worn in unbraided pigtails worn over her shoulders, along with neon pink-rimmed cat eye glasses and pink lip gloss. Her two-toned eyes are decorated with a shimmery silver eyeshadow with black eyeliner. She takes a sip from a Smith College mug as Theresa greets her.]

TL: Michelle, thank you for joining me.

MB: Hi Theresa. You know I'm always happy to make time for you.

TL: I'd like to start with something positive, and wish you a happy birthday. It's tomorrow, right?

[A little smile comes across Michelle's face.]

MB: It is. And Miyuki, I know you're watching. Please, cover your ears for a moment, although I know you won't believe me if you hear anyway.

[Michelle winks at her camera.]

MB: I turn 40 tomorrow. It's actually kind of a big deal, because someone like me being so visible at my age was unthinkable when I was growing up. I certainly never heard of it. But as much as I should celebrate, after everything that happened last week, I just don't feel up to it.

TL: With what happened with Laura Davis and your daughter?

MB: Yeah. You know... there were a lot of things that went wrong with that night. And I guess I'll start with answering Laura Davis' question, about why I was in Mexico.

[Michelle takes another sip from her mug, then takes off her glasses.]

MB: You see, Laura... I was very fortunate to have great trainers in wrestling in Jeremy Rhodes and Billy Classon. They told me to go out, make my name on every territory I could. So every chance I'd get, I end up in Texas, working for Blackjack Lynch, where I met you, Theresa.

[Theresa smiles at the memory Michelle brought up.]

MB: Now... I hope I'm not speaking out of turn, but a young wrestler didn't go work for Blackjack Lynch to get rich. A young wrestler worked for Blackjack Lynch to find

who they were for the next phase of their career, and to sit under his learning tree and get better. I may not have gotten rich in the pocketbook working for Blackjack, but I got rich in knowledge working for him. Is that fair, Theresa?

TL: I think my father would say that's fair.

[Michelle takes a moment to try and swallow her emotions.]

MB: One time, Blackjack was talking to me about someone that cancelled out of a show with a dislocated finger, and he looked me in the eye, and he said "girlie, let me tell you something... if you're ever injured, and you can still make the town, you make the town, even if you can't wrestle. The fans may be upset that you're not in the ring, but they'll respect that you still showed up for them." And no matter what, I took that advice to heart. If you paid to see me, I was going to be there. That's why I went to Mexico, Laura. Because I was advertised. Because fans were expecting to see me. I was there to fulfill my obligations. And if I got there, and Dr. Ponavitch cleared me to wrestle... even better.

[Michelle's eyes water up, as she blinks back tears.]

MB: I never thought there would come a day where I'd question whether I'd doubt the advice Blackjack gave me. Until I sat there in Mexico City, watching... watching my daughter...

[Michelle gets choked up for a moment.]

TL: Because of what happened to her?

MB: ... yeah. Because if I hadn't listened to that advice from Blackjack all those years ago, I wouldn't have been in Mexico. My daughter wouldn't have gotten picked on by Laura Davis. My daughter shouldn't have had to fight my fight, Theresa. It was wrong. Not like Blackjack ever could have predicted something like this would have happened.

[Michelle pulls a tissue from offscreen and dabs at her eyes.]

TL: There are some questions from that night, Michelle, and I understand if they are difficult for you.

MB: No, I'm here to answer whatever you have. I think we have to clear the air.

TL: Well, the first... your daughter was wrestling under the name Maria Spinella. Why was that? Laura Davis assumed that it was because she was ashamed of you.

[Michelle lets out a full body sigh, looking away from the camera for a moment, talking to herself... "I guess it's time to let it out".]

MB: My daughter wanted to make her name on her own, Theresa. She wanted to do it on her own merits, because that's just who she is. But... she isn't the only one that wrestles under a stage name, you know.

[Theresa looks at the camera stunned for a moment, then nods her head.]

TL: I guess you want to talk about it?

[Michelle gives off a slight shrug.]

MB: Might as well. She said it was okay.

TL: Okay. What would you like to say?

[Michelle takes a moment to dab at her eyes again with the tissue, then takes a deep breath and lets it out.]

MB: I was only 19 years old when my daughter was born. I was scared that I was going to let her down. I was scared that I wasn't going to be able to give her a good life. I was willing to do whatever it took to make sure she had everything she needed. That's the whole reason I got into wrestling, to give her a better life. But I also knew that... Theresa, I knew that if I was ever going to be anything in wrestling, I'd have to be away from her. I'd be on the road so many days of the year.

[Michelle tears up again.]

MB: So I didn't want my daughter to think that I was running away from her. I wanted her to know that, every time I stepped into a ring, I was doing it for her. So I decided, every time I stepped into a ring, every time my name appeared on screen, every time someone talked about me on the internet or in a magazine, she would know I was doing this for her. I wanted her to know that I was sorry that I couldn't be there for her, but someday I would be, and that I wasn't forgetting her.

[Michelle smiles.]

MB: Hearing what she said about me before the match, when she talked to you, it did my heart good. Theresa... she never forgot. I tried so hard to make sure she always knew how much she was loved, and to see she never forgot... it overwhelmed me.

[Michelle gets a new tissue to dry her eyes.]

MB: Because, well... Shane gave it away, when he told her how proud I was of her. And I still am. Because Theresa, I don't know if there ever could have been a Michelle Bailey, if I could have reached the heights I did, if on June 17, 1997, Bailey Nicole Martinelli wasn't brought into the world. I told her I loved her every night by carrying her name with me everywhere I went.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: And you say the name "Martinelli", that's where Donna Martinelli comes into play, isn't it? You talked to me about that a few months ago, off the record. Are you willing to discuss that as well?

MB: Yeah. I think it's interesting Donna didn't seem willing to spill that little secret when she was spilling my daughter's to Laura Davis. But we might as well get it all out on the table, huh?

[Michelle shakes her head.]

MB: Donna Martinelli is my cousin. I hadn't seen her since 2001. Her parents, my aunt and uncle, saw me on TV, as who I truly am, and decided to cut ties. And I'm not saying this to say anything about Donna. Truth be told, I barely know Donna. When I came to the AWA, I tried to have a conversation with her, about our family and how we were now co-workers, and she just didn't seem willing to talk to me about anything. It was like she was in her own little world, and I decided not to pry. I'd like to think that maybe it's because she was so young when my family decided to act as though I was a ghost. But...

[Michelle frowns.]

MB: ... that doesn't explain why she decided to do what she did last week. Maybe she wanted to impress Laura Davis? Maybe she harbors some resentment? I don't know. I don't even know where to start. I wanted to rebuild a bridge between us, because deep down, family is still family, but... I think there's just no way now, Theresa. Not after what she did. Her actions just don't make sense. What did I ever do to her? What did my daughter ever do?

[Theresa nods.]

TL: Of course, there's the match with Laura Davis, which you told me via text message that you were watching on the tarmac in Mexico City. What was it like for you watching that unfold as it did?

[Michelle takes another deep breath.]

MB: I'm proud of my daughter. She was placed in an impossible situation, and when I got to see her a day later, I wanted her to know that a good-sized group of people stuck in Mexico City were watching along with me, cheering her on and hoping for the best. But that group also got to see me at my most emotional, when Laura Davis... well... tried to hurt my daughter.

TL: With the screwdriver, of course.

MB: Not just with the screwdriver, Theresa. There were several points in the match where she could have beaten my daughter, but she wanted to send a message. The screwdriver, even a softened version like the one she used, was just unnecessary violence from an irresponsible hypocrite. Well, Laura... message received. And here's a message for you.

[Michelle stares into the camera.]

MB: My daughter's going to come back from this. You humiliated her, and you know what she did when she got out of the hospital? She went and knocked on Misaki Ishikawa's hotel room door and said "how do I never have that happen to me again?" In two weeks, she's going to finish up at P*WIN, and, well... Miyuki's not just watching because she's my friend, Laura. My daughter's going to go learn with Miyuki for several months. And you know full well what a wrestler becomes when they spend time with her, don't you, Laura?

[Michelle smirks.]

MB: Some day, my daughter is going to be a force. You may have stolen her dream of making it in wrestling on her own merits, but you're not going to take wrestling away from her entirely.

[Michelle cracks her knuckles.]

MB: But that's the future. Let's live in the now. Because Laura, I got your message, babe. Loud and clear. You complained about all the violence you saw on those old EMWC tapes, yet you had no problem using a screwdriver of all moves on my daughter, all because you couldn't get to beat me on the night you wanted. You told me you had no issue with me, yet you went after my daughter the moment you had an opportunity.

[Michelle shakes her head, a little smile creeping across her face.]

MB: You want to play mind games with me, Laura? I'm a mental health professional. I have to solve puzzles like this all the time. Look at the shirt I'm wearing. They played mind games with me for a year. You think I'm not used to this?

[Michelle sighs.]

MB: I've said in the past that it's not ethical to diagnose my co-workers, but when they try to hurt my daughter to send a message to me, I think ethics are pretty much out the window, aren't they?

TL: I think it's admirable you keep this strict of an ethical code, Michelle.

MB: I try, Theresa. So Laura... do me a favor. Next week, Saturday Night Wrestling, in Oklahoma City? All I'm asking you to do is show up. That's all I want from you. But, because I believe in a fairness you didn't afford to my daughter, I'll warn you. If you do show up?

[Michelle gives off a grin, one a little more sinister than we're used to seeing from the "Platinum Princess".]

MB: I'll show you violence that you wish had stayed on videotape.

[We cut back to a live look at Theresa Lynch, a little worried about how Michelle ended the interview.]

TL: As you can see, Michelle Bailey is quite determined about Laura Davis. Now, fans, I want to admit an error that I made during that interview. I had intended to ask Michelle about another incident at Homecoming, regarding Kylie Kujawa and her heinous attack on Kelly Kowalski. As you may have heard, Kujawa said she was "collecting a debt", referring to a broken nose. Kowalski has actually been responsible for two broken noses recently... the nose of Danielle Graves in P*WIN, as well as Michelle's here in the AWA.

[Lynch cringes a little as she describes that.]

TL: Because there is such a connection between Michelle and Kujawa's brother, Shane Destiny, clearly there is some concern that when Kujawa mentioned she was "collecting a debt", that she was trying to get revenge for Michelle. Unfortunately, well... you can see from the flow of that interview, I failed to ask the question regarding that. But I will stay on this story, and I hope to get an answer for you soon. And with that, fans... we'll be right back.

[Fade 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 "Whoooooooooo!" 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

68 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves back in Dallas - presumably after Homecoming as Javier Castillo is sitting at his desk, a legal pad in hand as he crosses out something off a list with a fury.]

JC: No, no... he'll never work. He's just too-

[A knock on the door interrupts his train of thought and Castillo sighs heavily before shouting "ENTER!" The door swings open as Kerry Kendrick stalks through, trailed closely by Miss Sandra Hayes who is limping a little and has changed into a tanktop that's cut off enough to reveal some heavily taped ribs. Castillo looks alarmed as he leaps from his seat, moving quickly towards her.]

JC: Miss Hayes! My dear, I heard all about the accident... I was so concern-

[Kendrick angrily cuts off the AWA President.]

KK: Accident?! That was no accident! Shane deliberately—

[Castillo pauses, raising an eyebrow towards Kendrick as Hayes places a soothing hand on Kendrick's shoulder.]

MSH: Kerry, please... Javier wasn't even here. Javier, thank you for your worries but I'm fine. It took a lot more than Terry Shane to drag me down before and it'll take a lot more than that now.

[Castillo chuckles, moving back behind his desk as he gestures to the chairs in front of it. Kendrick flops down in a huff as Hayes boosts herself to sit on it, crossing her legs very slowly in front of Castillo.]

MSH: But Javier... we're not here to talk about Terry Shane.

KK: That's right. 'Cause thanks to Veronica, I'm gonna finally rid the AWA of the curse of Terry Shane.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: I look forward to seeing it. But then... why are you here, my dear?

[Hayes' face twists slightly into a scowl.]

MSH: Javier, I know you weren't here but.. they were chanting her name.

[Castillo looks confused.]

JC: Who?

[Hayes' face gets more scowly.]

MSH: HER.

[Castillo finally gets it, nodding.]

JC: I see. Well, a number of interested parties have approached me after the North Dakota show and asked to have her re-hired.

[Kendrick interrupts again.]

KK: Are you seriously—

[He raises a hand.]

JC: No.

MSH: Good.

[There's a moment of quiet as Hayes taps her well-manicured nails on the desk.]

MSH: Although... you know she's not going to stop.

[Kendrick shakes his head.]

KK: And as long as those rubes out there keep chanting for her to come back, she'll be hanging over our heads forever.

[Another moment of quiet until Hayes grins.]

MSH: Unless...

[She trails off a moment.]

MSH: Javier, you know lots of good lawyers, right?

[And on that, our shot cuts and...

...we fade to footage marked "HOMECOMING - DALLAS, TEXAS" as the voice of Theresa Lynch on voiceover is heard.]

TL: The footage you're about to see was recorded last weekend in Dallas and unfortunately was unable to air due to time constraints - however, we're more than happy to be presenting it to you now here on the Power Hour.

[Theresa's voice fades out as we fade to a shot of Gordon Myers seated at ringside in Dallas.]

GM: Up next, we have tag team action, and I'm being joined out here by Theresa Lynch, who will be interviewing the winning team. Hello Theresa!

[We pan back a little to see Lynch joining Myers, who is trying to hide that she isn't thrilled with the prospects of who she may be interviewing.]

TL: Gordon, I'm glad to be out here with you, but... well, I'm not sure about who I may be interviewing, that's all I'll say.

GM: Theresa, we don't know what will happen until the last bell rings.

TL: That's true. It's just... they're such... ooooh...

[Myers shakes his head with a smile.]

GM: Let's go up to Tyler Graham in the ring.

[We cut to the ring, where Tyler Graham awaits, P*WIN's Rebecca Daniels standing in the background.]

TG: Our next contest is a tag team match, scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring... at a total combined weight of 452 pounds, from Norcross, Georgia, and Greeneville, Tennessee, respectively... the team of... "GEORGIA GENTLEMAN" JACK PRESCOTT... AND COREEEEEEEY LAWWWWWWWSONNNNNN!

[A recognition pop from the Dallas faithful for former AWA regular Lawson, who is wearing leg-length black tights, along with silver boots and white bandanas tied around his knees and wrists. He also has a white bandana tied around his neck, and still has his trademark blond mullet. He smiles out to the crowd, making the American Sign Language sign for "I love you" to the audience. Jack Prescott is a pale white man with shoulder-length black hair, wearing a black leg length tights that have a red lightning bolt down the left leg, along with black boots.]

GM: It's good to see Corey Lawson here at Homecoming after a long absence. I understand he's kept himself busy in his time away from the AWA, and he regularly teams with this young man Jack Prescott in the Gulf Coast independents.

TL: I remember seeing Corey Lawson in 2009, 2010, Gordon. He was one of my favorites from back then, all heart in the ring. He's just the right kind of wrestler to take on who he's up against.

[Graham continues.]

TG: Aaaaaaaaand their opponents... at a total combined weight of 610 pounds, currently residing in the Kabukicho district of Tokyo, Japan...

"THE BEAST" CAIN JACKSON!

"HOT STUFF" AJ MARTINEZ!

THE KABUKICHO ASSASSINATION MANIAC SQUAAAAAAAAAAAAAD!

[We hear the PA system come to life as dialogue from "Conan the Barbarian" is heard...]

WHAT IS BEST IN LIFE?"

"TO CRUSH YOUR ENEMIES, TO SEE THEM DRIVEN BEFORE YOU, AND TO HEAR THE LAMENTATIONS OF THEIR WOMEN."

[A metal cover of "Anvil of Crom" then begins to play as we hear the loud revving of an engine and a black 1974 Ford Falcon XB GT, reminiscent of Mad Max's Pursuit Special drives into the arena, eliciting a loud roar from the crowd!]

The backend of the car has a Mifune-Gun flag flying from it. In the driver's seat is a face familiar to all, the former and once again current AWA competitor Cain Jackson. Hanging from the back, menacingly holding a trident into the air and screaming like a wild man is the former Alex Martin, now rechristened AJ Martinez.]

GM: The Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad making their return to AWA action after their appearance at the Battle of Saskatchewan at the end of July... and I'm told this is their official re-debut now, Theresa. They're both officially back on the AWA roster.

TL: Bad news for the other teams in the AWA tag team division for sure because this duo - like them or not - are very impressive in the ring.

GM: That's for certain... and when you look at the connections these two have on the AWA roster - from their former days in Team Supreme to their current days in Mifune-Gun... and of course, AJ Martinez' family ties as well... it seems only fitting that they're now here - back - in the AWA.

[Jackson and Martinez then exit the vehicle, with Martinez retrieving the flag from the back. The two then stand side by side, sharing a fist bump, before turning to the crowd and raising their arms into the air as they're greeted with another loud roar.]

GM: A big reaction from the crowd for these two, but you figure anyone who opposes Korugun or The Dogs of War would be just as popular.

[As the duo make their way to the ring, AJ Martinez walks over to Theresa and hands her the Mifune-Gun flag.]

AJM: WAVE IT WITH PRIDE, THERESA!

TL: I don't want this!

[Martinez walks away, as Theresa looks troubled.]

TL: Gordon, I don't seriously have to hold this flag, do I?

GM: No, thankfully there's a flag stand next to you that you can place it in.

TL: These guys don't understand that I'm busy out here with you.

GM: They do seem very into themselves and what they're doing.

[The bell sounds, as AJ Martinez starts against Corey Lawson. Lawson starts clapping, shouting "come on everyone, let's get it goin'!", causing Martinez to mockingly clap along with him.]

GM: And Rebecca Daniels from P*WIN is certainly being kept busy here tonight, as she draws the assignment for this tag team encounter. KAMS to go against Corey Lawson and Jack Prescott.

TL: KAMS came here saying that they had an issue with the Dogs of War, but the Dogs are three of the people who are currently in Mexico...

GM: ... that we know of...

TL: True. We don't know if they were on that escape pod, so to speak.

GM: Either way, it's AJ Martinez here against Corey Lawson, and Lawson is going to be vastly outsize by Martinez. Over a foot of height in difference between the two, and well over 100 pounds.

[Martinez points at Lawson, shouting "You! You owe us two million dollars!" Lawson points to himself in confusion.]

GM: Um... AJ Martinez seems to think that Corey Lawson owes him two million dollars.

TL: AJ Martinez thinks he's owed everything by everyone, Gordon.

GM: I would guess that since the Dogs aren't here tonight, he's going to take out his frustrations on Lawson and Prescott.

[Martinez shouts "Yeah you!", causing Lawson to shout back "brother, I've had these tights since Bush was in office, I don't got two million smackeros for ya! Now let's fight!" The crowd pops at Lawson's thriftiness. We hear Jackson shout from the corner "Which one?", causing Lawson to shout back "W! I ain't that cheap!", and Martinez follows up with "Yeah, you sure don't look like it!" Lawson decides he's had enough and rushes at Martinez.]

GM: Whoa! Corey Lawson throws a punch at Martinez... and Martinez just piefaces Lawson back down to the mat!

TL: Lawson might have a lot of heart, but I don't think he's got a good chance at a standup fight against either AJ Martinez or Cain Jackson...

GM: He's only 5'8" or 5'9", Theresa, barely hitting 205 pounds, but this is the man that once charged into a fight against the Samoans by himself, so he'll go into battle with these two men too.

[Lawson rolls back to his feet, looking like he's about to charge again at Martinez, only to get run over by Martinez charging at him with a clothesline!]

GM: Oh my, a huge clothesline there by AJ Martinez! Ever since this kid went to Japan and started teaming with Cain Jackson, he's become a monster.

TL: The word is that he's always been the most gifted of the Martinez brothers, which says a lot when you consider what Ryan Martinez has done here in the AWA, but it hasn't really clicked for him yet. It sure seems like it's clicking now.

GM: Martinez now taking the mount, raining down punches to the head of Lawson who's trying to cover up. The official is right there telling him to keep those hands open.

[Martinez looks over at Daniels, smirking at the woman referee in the ring, arching his eyebrow and giving a little wink. He gets off of Lawson with his hands raised, saying "Sure thing, babe." to Daniels, who rolls her eyes.]

TL: Ugh. What a pig.

GM: Martinez, pork product though he may be, bringing Lawson over into the corner... tag in to Cain Jackson! And Martinez puts the boot right underneath the chin of Lawson as Jackson heads into the ring!

TL: Jackson firing off a couple of punches to the stomach of Lawson, as Martinez... he just blew a kiss to Rebecca Daniels!

[Daniels points a warning finger in the face of AJ Martinez, long enough of a distraction for Jackson to fire off an uppercut throat thrust to Lawson, causing him to gasp for breath on the ring mat.]

GM: Cain Jackson with a shot right to the throat of the veteran Corey Lawson, and now Jackson has Lawson up... sending him now to the far side...

"THHHHHHHHHHHHHHHUUDDDDDDDDDDDD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And Jackson shakes the ring with a tilt-a-whirl powerslam! Jackson is amped up, Theresa!

TL: These two have spent a lot of time in Japan waiting for their chance to come back to the AWA, and now that they're back, they're definitely looking to send a message to the Dogs of War.

GM: Jackson taking his time going for the cover here, but now with the cover, not even hooking the leg... he'll only get a two count there, Theresa.

TL: Almost like he's toying with Corey Lawson, Gordon.

GM: Jackson grabbing Lawson by the hair... Lawson fires off a punch to the stomach! And now Lawson crawls underneath Jackson's legs! Lawson rolls underneath a Jackson punch! Lawson with a big dropkick to Martinez!

TL: He caught Martinez napping in the corner!

GM: Lawson sees the hand of his partner, Jack Prescott, but he's got about three quarters of the ring to get there... Jackson just went for his big boot and Lawson baseball slides underneath!

[The crowd roars as Lawson gets back to standing and dives to his corner, making the tag!]

GM: Oh yeah! And here comes Jack Prescott, our first time seeing this young man!

[Prescott comes into the ring, shaking his fists at Cain Jackson, throwing jabs at him. Jackson staggers back a bit as Prescott bounces off the ropes.]

GM: Prescott coming off the ropes now, looking for a clothesline...

TL: Jackson put his forearms up to block!

GM: Oh no! Jackson just grabbed Prescott by the waist... belly-to-belly suplex! He held onto the grip!

[Jackson quickly rises and picks up Prescott, whipping him over with another belly-to-belly. He looks over at Martinez, saying "I'm sick of this trash already! Let's end this!" as Martinez puts his hand out.]

GM: Jackson tags in Martinez... and a third belly-to-belly!

TL: And Jackson held onto the grip... oh no!

GM: Both Jackson and Martinez are in the ring, as Jackson has hoisted Prescott back up... that's the double choke!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMM!"

"OHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! WELCOME TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE, JACK PRESCOTT!

[Jackson, eyes wide with frustration, quickly rises to his feet, running over to the corner and catching Lawson flush in the jaw with a big boot, sending Lawson flying from the apron into the ringside barricade!]

GM: And a big boot by Jackson to Corey Lawson for good measure! Lawson just got kicked across three city blocks onto Dream Street with that one!

TL: And Martinez is legal, he has the cover on Prescott after the Slaughterhouse!

GM: And what a cover at that!

[Martinez takes his index finger, putting it on Prescott's chest, flexing to the camera as Rebecca Daniels counts to three.]

GM: Theresa, I know you're not a fan of these two, but KAMS with an absolutely dominant victory here at Homecoming.

TG: YOUR WINNERS OF THE MATCH... THE KABUCHI-!

GM: Oh! Cain Jackson just took the microphone out of Tyler Graham's hand!

[Jackson rolls back into the ring, microphone in hand.]

AJM: You sure you don't want Theresa in here interviewin' us?

CJ: She can stay seated where she is. She's watching our flag.

[At the announcer's desk, Theresa shakes her head and buries her face in her hands.]

CJ: You don't need to announce the winners of this match. The crowd has eyes. They know who the winners are. Just like they know who the actual winners of the Stampede Cup should be.

[In the background, AJ Martinez can be heard saying, "That would be us!"]

CJ: We came back to the AWA for fame and fortune in the Stampede Cup.

AJM: AND IT WAS STOLEN FROM US!

CJ: It's said that there's no honor among thieves, but we're no thieves. Nah, me and AJ? We're KINGS. And at the Stampede Cup, we were denied our proper homage by Korugun and The Dogs of War. But like Supreme Wright taught us, you don't take business personally. So we swallowed our feelings and we moved on.

Flash forward.

We came back for Casey James' head and one million dollars.

[Some of the crowd boos Jackson's admission that they were seeking the bounty on Casey James.]

CJ: It was a trophy worthy of replacing the Stampede Cup that was stolen from us. It was a bounty good enough to replace the one that we had lost. But once we saw The Dogs of War... all those feelings we'd swallowed down came erupting from the pits of our stomachs. Suddenly, Casey James' bounty didn't quite measure up to our pride. And we made it our business to make things extremely personal.

[The son of Alex Martinez takes the microphone, as he speaks, he continually moves back and forth, never stopping.]

AJM: I got a problem. I got a real problem!

And my problem is... I am lookin' so good right now! I look so good ya could even say I look like a million dollars!

And you know what? That's a big freakin' problem!

[Jackson shoots Martinez a look, even his partner isn't sure where "Hot Stuff" is going.]

AJM: And ya know what the problem is? My insides don't match my pretty outsides!

Because inside, I'm feelin' real bad. When ya look good, ya should feel good, but I don't. And ya know why?

Exactly like Big Cain said. Its because of those damn dirty Dogs of War!

See... first, ya cost us the Cup. Ya made us lose to Carver and the runt. And costin' us a million dollars. Well, yeah, that made me feel so bad.

But I tried...I tried real hard to get over it. I mean, life is good, ain't it? We're part of KAMS. We're here kickin' butt, lookin' pretty...

[Jackson shoots Martinez another look as Martinez cracks a grin.]

AJM: And mean.

But it isn't enough. Because I can't stop thinkin' about it. I can't stop thinkin' about how ya cost us the Cup and a million dollars.

And I can't stop thinkin' about how, when Cain and I saw those damn Dogs... we missed out on the next chance to collect a million dollars.

Because I just can't live with knowin' them Dogs are out there, bein' ugly in front of the camera, breathin' up our air and stinkin' up the AWA.

And ya know what? There's only one thing that's gonna make me feel as good on the inside as I damn sure look on the outside. And that's this – Dogs of War...

You owe us TWO MILLION DOLLARS!!

[Martinez finally comes to the center of the ring, stopping to stare straight ahead.]

AJM: But it ain't money we're after. No... that two million dollars? Its comin' outta your hides. We're takin' our bounty in blood!

And two million dollars?

[Martinez shakes his head.]

AJM: That's a whole lotta blood, boys!

In fact, Cain and I made a decision. Tell him, Big Man!

CJ: Dogs of War, normally, you get a choice. But you three? You don't get a choice at all. You had your chance to bow down...

AJM: Now, you three are gonna get...

KNOCKED OUT!

[The mic gets spiked as the two men stalk out of the ring to a mixed reaction from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Ominous words there from Jackson and Martinez who certainly have their sights set on the Dogs of War.

TL: Call the hospital and book some rooms in advance for that one.

GM: We'll be right back.

[And we fade from the previously-recorded footage out to live action where Theresa Lynch is standing behind the podium where she is joined by Margarita Flores. As usual, she has on her beige cowboy hat and a black bustier top, but sandy brown leather chaps over blue jeans instead of her regular in-ring gear.]

TL: It was a wild night in Dallas at Homecoming... but I don't have to tell you that, Margarita. Last week at Homecoming, you might have inadvertently cost Trish Wallace her match against Harley Hamilton when you, I hope by accident, hit her with the lariat. Have you had a chance to talk to Trish about what happened?

MF: No, Theresa, I have not, so I'm just going to use this opportunity to address what happened...

Trish... I messed up... I went out there to deal with Cinder, got greedy and thought I could deal with the other thorn in my side as well. And thanks to my tunnel vision, I missed with my shot and someone else got hit instead.

[Flores shakes her head in regret.]

MF: That someone was you and for that I... I'm sorry. I totally get it if you want to lay one into me as payback and I'd happily take the best you've got, but after that? Here's what I propose we do: Harley and Cinder already tried to take out my friend... Some might say they succeeded and, no offense to Xenia, maybe they did. But it's going to take them a lot more to take someone like you out. I know; I felt it when the lariat hit.

So, what say you to getting those two in the ring in a proper match... Against the two of us!

Trish, if dealing with those two annoyances once and for all sounds good to you... Or perhaps you've got receipts for me for what happened last week? You know I'm not difficult to find.

[With a nod to Theresa and tip of her hat to the camera, Flores turns and walks away from the interview podium.]

TL: Margarita Flores with an offer towards Trish Wallace... to team with her to face Hamilton and Cinder... or to go against her. If I know Trish Wallace at all, I'm guessing she just might take her up on BOTH of those offers. And speaking of the hottest division in wrestling, let's go down to the ring for more action!

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

TG: The following contest is set for one fall in the AWA Women's Division with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring... from Athens, Georgia... weighting 135 pounds... MYRNA BARRY!

[The Center Stage studio audience gives the near local product a polite set of applause. The harsh-looking bleach blonde in crimson leotard and nude stockings responds to the tepid response with a rude gesture. The studio audience immediately begins to boo.]

SA: And just like that this crowd turns on Myrna Barry like milk left out on a hot tin roof.

DW: Isn't that supposed to be a cat, Big Sal?

SA: What do you think the cat was trying to drink up there, Dee Dub? And Myrna Barry set to meet the Afro Punk, Victoria June. And you gotta think June's going to be in a foul mood after what we saw on Homecoming when the Asylum put June's tag team partner, Kayla Cristol, on the shelf.

DW: The Asylum was running the inmates, Sal. That was a dastardly and disgusting attack and Victoria June couldn't do anything about it because she was stuck on a plane on a runway in Mexico.

SA: I have a feeling the AWA will be telling stories about that plane ride for years to come. I mean Shadoe Rage stowed away on another plane just to get back home!

DW: We might not want to talk too much about that. Immigration may have to have a word or two with us.

[Graham continues.]

TG: And her opponent... from Jackson, Tennessee... weighing in at 160 pounds... she is the Afro Punk... VICTORRRRRRIAAAA JUUUUUUUNE!

[The crowd cheers as the Ramones' "Blitzkrieg Bop" blares over the PA system. In contrast to the classic energetic guitar riffs, June emerges from the ramp in a somber mood. She storms down to the ring, hauling herself through the ropes. She strips off her leather vest and tosses it to the side. She marches around the ring, mumbling to herself and banging her fists into the turnbuckles.]

SA: Victoria June is usually as bubbly as a freshly poured cup of McDonalds Sprite, but today she's as serious as a proverbial heart attack.

DW: Looks like we're seeing a completely different side of the Afro Punk.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[June launches herself into a collar and elbow tie up. She and Barry jockey for position until June uses her superior size and strength to push Barry back into the corner.]

SA: Referee Shari Miranda asking for a clean break. And Victoria June agreeing.

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Barry takes advantage of June agreeing to back off to deliver a hard slap across the face.]

SA: OH! No call for that one!

DW: Back home in Texas, someone might be challenging for a duel after that.

[Taking advantage of the surprised June, Barry digs her fingernails into the eyes, giving a rake and sending June stumbling away. She quickly grabs the blonde afro, yanking her head back...

...but June snaps an elbow back to the jaw, sending Barry stumbling away instead.]

SA: June caught her with that elbow... and now firing away with big right hands to the skull!

DW: You don't tug on Superman's cape. You don't spit into the wind. And you sure don't touch the Afro Punk's infamous hair! Barry should ask Cinder how that worked out for her not too long ago.

SA: Victoria June giving country strong a whole new meaning her... look at that scoop slam! Shaking the ring as she takes out some of those frustrations on Myrna Barry who may look a whole lot like Charisma Knight to June right now.

DW: If that's the case, I feel sorry for Myrna Barry.

[As Barry gets up, June stuns her with a thrust kick to the midsection and then barrels over her with a short lariat!]

SA: And just like that, Victoria June has put herself in control with that short lariat, really snapping the neck back and-

"LET'S GO!"

[June's war cry gets a cheer from the crowd before she drops a knee on the sternum...

...and opts not to cover, getting to her feet, wiping at her mouth with the back of her hand.]

SA: No cover there - a little surprising.

DW: June's having success in there, Sal, but she sees a little off her game.

SA: Perhaps taking a moment to compose herself here. June obviously has her mind on her fallen partner and not on the match.

DW: I can't imagine how it must have felt to be stuck on that plane in Mexico unable to help while your partner is being savaged in the ring by an evil brute like Charisma Knight.

SA: And remember, Dee Dub, she was forced to watch the whole thing on FaceTime!

[Myrna Barry stumbles to her feet, wobbling as she moves forwards towards a waiting June who flips her up and over with a hiptoss.]

DW: Right down on the tailbone! That'll cause a tingle in your trunk.

SA: They say there is more bounce to the ounce and Barry went bouncing across the ring after that one.

[June is a little slow to follow up though, pacing the ring, muttering about Charisma Knight as she circles back towards a rising Barry...

...who DRILLS June with a right hand to the side of the face!]

DW: I think she got popped right in the eye!

SA: Michelle Bailey might not be the only member of the Women's Division with two different color eyes after that one.

DW: I'm not sure it works that way.

SA: Nevertheless, you would have to think that the Afro Punk would normally see that coming. She's hesitating after every move. This is unusual for June.

DW: Well, she better get her head on right. This is pro wrestling, Big Sal. You don't pay attention and boom... just like that, you can get hurt, I don't care who your opponent is.

[Barry uses the advantage to deliver a pair of axehandles across the back, knocking her towards the ropes where June grabs the top rope to stay on her feet...

...but not for long as Barry kicks the back of the knee, knocking her leg out from under her as the crowd gasps in sympathy.]

SA: Barry switching tactics here, going after the knee... and June's grabbing onto that knee now... really feeling the effects of that one.

[With June down on a knee, Barry wraps her arms around the head and neck.]

SA: Into a chinlock... and she's just a slight position change away from a sleeper of sorts so June will need to be careful to avoid that. And she just really seems off her game.

DW: June has gone toe-to-toe with former World Champions, fought alongside Julie Somers who may be a future World Champion and dispensed of Harley Hamilton's BFF, Cinder. I just can't believe she's having this much trouble in this one.

SA: June requested this match here tonight and you've gotta wonder if that was a mistake at this point - is she not mentally fit to compete tonight after what happened to Kayla Cristol seven days ago?

[Barry pulls June to her feet, still holding the chinlock...

...and then breaks her own hold, grabbing the shoulders from behind as she swings a knee up into the kidneys once... and then twice.]

SA: Barry going downstairs now, trying to chop June down and finish her off...

[With a handful of shorts, Barry propels June through the ropes, unceremoniously dumping her on the thin mats covering the studio floor.]

SA: Ohh! Hard fall to the outside there... and perhaps this time on the floor is what Victoria June needs to regroup... to get back in this.

[Barry takes a premature victory lap around the inside of the ring, taunting the Atlanta crowd to jeers.]

SA: No one here in our studio audience is happy with Myrna Barry as she is having her way with Victoria June at this point of the contest... but June - ever resilient - is starting to get up on the outside.

[June's on her feet on the floor, grabbing her lower back with one hand as she shakes her head, trying to clear the cobwebs. With Barry's back still to her, June crawls under the ropes behind her...]

SA: Look out here...

[...and throws a one-legged dropkick that catches Barry between the shoulderblades, sending her spilling through the ropes to the outside as well to cheers!]

SA: ...and turnabout is fair play here on the Power Hour!

[Climbing to her feet, June highstomps her way across the ring to the corner, smashing her own head into the top turnbuckle a few times.]

SA: Victoria June is fired up! Trying to shake it loose here in Atlanta!

[She breaks into a sprint, hitting the far ropes, rebounding back with speed...

...and HURLS herself between the ropes into a big dive, wiping out Barry on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

DW: AND LISTEN TO THE JUNE BUGS CHIRP HERE IN THE SOUTH!

SA: June Bugs? Did you just make that up?

DW: Hey, I took a marketing class or... half of one at least.

[Out on the floor, June rises to her feet, standing over the prone Barry. She slowly raises her boot up, and DRIVES her size 10 Doc Marten down into the chest.]

SA: Ohhh! Big stomp on the outside!

[With Barry still down, June raises her foot again, driving her foot back down into Barry's chest again and again as the pent up anger begins to gather strength and June loses complete control, crushing Barry beneath her heel over and over and over again!]

SA: A SERIES OF STOMPS TO SQUASH THE STERNUM!

DW: June's having a breakdown... a blackout... call it what you want!

[June throws back her head, letting loose a primal scream.]

SA: June trying to let out all of that frustration now...

[June pulls Barry off the mat, tossing her back inside the ring before rolling herself back in.]

SA: Both women back inside now... this one a hard-fought battle for both women at this point...

[Swooping in behind Barry, June pulls her up with two hands full of hair...

...and SMASHES her skull into the back of Barry's head!]

SA: Headbutt - over and over! She's going to have Barry seeing stars here!

[With Barry reeling, June switches her grip to one on the wrist, yanking Barry towards her...]

SA: Short arm clothesline by June!

[...and drags her back up into a second one...]

SA: Make it a double!

[...and one more time!]

SA: Third time's a charm and Myrna Barry is OUT, fans!

[But June's not done, dragging Barry up and winging her to the corner, charging in after her...]

SA: LEAPING HEADBUTT SPLASH! THE MOSH SPLASH CONNECTS!

DW: Barry might be out on her feet.

[If she wasn't she soon will be because June isn't done. The Southern tank hoists Barry across her chest walking out of the corner to stand center ring.]

SA: We've seen this before!

[June looks around at the cheering crowd as she jumps up and falls forward and...]

SA: SLAAAAAAM! ONYX, EAT YOUR HEARTS OUT!

[June stays kneeling on the mat for a moment, looking down on the prone Barry.]

SA: This one's all over now!

DW: Is it?

[The crowd buzzes as June shakes her head, refusing to cover at the referee's instruction. Instead, she gets back to her feet...]

SA: June coulda had this one won but it looks like she's got something else in mind here, wrapping up the legs...

[Flipping Barry over, June grabs both arms as she elevates Barry off the canvas.]

SA: SCORPION CROSSLOCK!

[And as June wrenches her body, Barry screams out a submission!]

SA: That's it!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[June screams wildly before she drops Barry to the canvas. The ring announcer makes the submission win official as "Blitzkrieg Bop" begins to play once more.]

DW: Now THAT'S a win. And if Victoria June was trying to send a message tonight, I think she's done exactly that.

SA: But did Charisma Knight and Leah White RECEIVE the message? That's. the real question, Dee Dub.... and as Victoria June celebrates her win, she's heading up the stairs to the stage to talk to Theresa.

[We cut to Theresa atop the stage and behind her podium as June is approaching.]

TL: Thanks, Sal... impressive submission win here tonight, Victoria June... and first of all, as you come on in here... we're glad that you made it back safely from Mexico. It must've been terrible being stuck-

[June interrupts brusquely.]

VJ: Theresa, what made it terrible was ah wasn't here for Kayla. Ah wasn't here for my partner like ah should have been and that nasty Charisma Knight double-teamed her.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: How is Kayla doing, Victoria?

[June grimaces.]

VJ: She's hurt real bad, Theresa. She's in the hospital still... a week later and she's still laid up.

[She shakes her head.]

VJ: Charisma took a chair to her back... to her neck... and she took her out for a while. Kayla ain't gettin' in the ring any time soon and ah got to live with that. Ah can still hear her screams over the phone ... ah'm sorry, Theresa ... this is jus real tough to talk about. It's botherin' mah head, you know?

TL: I understand. Can I...?

[Theresa trails off as the lights flicker in the studio, the sound system fills with the sound of static (not Terry Shane's intro's static) mixed with screams and laughs. Then a voice]

V: Over heeeeeere....

[The lights go out and a monitor turns on. On the screen is the form of one Charisma Knight, lit in a bluish/green hue, flanked by the stoic and still figure of her former Doctor Leah White, adorned in her plague mask.]

CK: Vicky... It's so sad. I know it's sad. It hurts, it hurts so much seeing your friend taken out, laid out, sent to hospital by some vicious monster who really, did it for the kicks. But, did I do it for the kicks, I wonder?

[The screen flashes a couple times, you can briefly glimpse, during that flash, the screen is more black and white and Charisma is in a different position.]

CK: Or maybe I did it because I want something. I want to create something... to prove something. You're in your head, Vicky; can't talk about it. The screams, the feeling of helplessness ... just having a bad day.

[Charisma lets loose a creepy giggle.]

CK: You had a bad day, and it's haunting you. It's haunting you so much. You don't know what to do. You can't sleep, because of the screams, the laughing.

[June glares at the monitor, taking a step forward as Theresa puts a hand on her elbow to give her pause. Knight smirks.]

CK: You want me to feel that, don't you?

Yeah... you do. You want me laid up... to wrap that chair around MY head... to slam MY face down on it.

Why not? It's just revenge for sending your pal to intensive care.

[Knight tilts her head, like a puppy appraising a situation.]

CK: But you're too good for that, Vicky, aren't you? It's not the...

[Prepare the finger quotes.]

CK: ...“right way.”

[Again the flash... the pictures linger a bit longer, and it's definitely Knight but different, more haunting... with the eyes... the eyes are most haunting, the irises bright white, even in the monochrome contrast, and the flashes stop again.]

CK: But Vicky, it's the only way.

It's the only way you're going to stop me. The only way you'll be rid of me.

[Knight grins a sadistic smile.]

CK: You're going to have to get dark.

You're going to have to take all that rage... that anger, and just tear into me.

[Charisma giggles again, obviously amused at the idea of it.]

CK: Only then will you be free, Vicky.

Come down this road with me, and it all goes away... the pain, the hurt, the screams, the laughs.

Just walk through the door with me and it all goes away.

Embrace me, embrace the darkness, and it all goes away.

[She laughs, as the screens flicker again.]

This time, the other image can be recognizable as the old security camera footage of Charisma in Fawcett Manor, screaming one last time as the monitor cuts off...]

VJ: What in the...?

[The lights flicker back on, leaving a puzzled Theresa and a visibly fuming Victoria June looking on.]

TL: Victoria, what do you make of-

[She is immediately cut off by June's Tennesseean voice.]

VJ: She thinks this is a damn joke? Charisma, wherever you are... why don't you find me next Saturday and ah'll show ya what's inside a me. How about that? Excuse me, Theresa, ah'm gonna go make sure this happens. She ain't treatin' Kayla like no damn joke.

[June storms away from Victoria, the camera following her as she walks over towards where the television monitor was set up...

...and she angrily shoves it over with a shout, sending it down in a “CRASH!” of broken glass on steel!]

TL: VICTORIA!

[June doesn't look back at Lynch, stomping through the entryway 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...

A flash of the "Access 365" logo, and a helpful caption: "HOMECOMING - LAST WEEK." It looks to be a backstage corridor. The masked Polemos looms beside an office door in eerie silence: his animal-skin cloak resting across his broad shoulders, rubbing his glove-covered hands together as he stares into the distance.

Another masked man walks up; smaller, scrawnier, and instead of animal skin, a glittering, ultramarine blue cape. He dabs up the sweat as he catches his breath.]

O: Wow, who was that guy, huh? Whew! Man, if that was Atlas Armstrong, I would not be standing here triumphant.

[Omega shoots a few friendly glances at Polemos, who just stares ahead, clutching his fists together.]

O: Of course, it's nothing you or I have to worry about, right? Polemos, right? God of War? I've seen you around here. I just got here from Neptune a couple months back. I'm Omega.

[Omega extends his hand to Polemos. Polemos keeps staring ahead.]

O: I've... come at a bad time, haven't I?

[Omega lowers his hand and instead reaches for a bottle of water at the catering table beside him. He twists off the cap and takes a big swig of water.]

O: Okay, I'll be honest: I didn't really come around here for small talk. Ya know, I uh... saw what "The Boss" did earlier, and I just gotta say...

You don't gotta take that. I mean, there's a time and a place, right? Constructive criticism is one thing, but striking your employees? For real? Veronica was out of line. No other way to put it. It's not acceptable on Neptune, it's not acceptable on Earth, it's not acceptable...

[Omega pauses as he scans the towering Polemos up and down and draws a blank.]

O: ...Anywhere.

Anyway, just wanted to let you know that you've got someone here on your side if you need a superhero to look out for you, citizen. I know you're an introverted, quiet kind of guy. You don't need to bottle things up...

[Omega turns the water bottle over in his hand and sees the friendly "KORUGUN" label on the water bottle.]

O: ...And I think I just realized that this is a private catering table and I'm probably going to have to pay for this, aren't I?

[Omega emits a friendly chuckle and pats Polemos on his huge shoulder.]

O: Of course, this can be our little secret; right, big guy?

[Polemos slaps his hand around Omega's weedy neck.]

O: [strained] Oh. I guess I am paying for this.

[A huge right hand comes swiping from out of view, knocking Omega backwards and sending him sprawling over the catering table, sending water bottles and a platter of food falling to the floor. Polemos tugs his glove into place, throwing a glance back at a downed Omega before he storms out of view...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we find ourselves back to live action in Center Stage Studios where Tyler Graham is standing by alongside referee Scott Ezra and a young man of average build, with a scruffy beard and dark, stringy shoulder-length hair. He has on a pair of black tights with the words "JAKE, RATTLE & ROLL" in blocky white text on the outside of the left thigh.]

TG: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten-minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring, hailing from Memphis, Tennessee and weighing in at 205 pounds...

JAKE OWENS!

And his opponent...

[The camera cuts to the other side of the ring where we see the "Chola Japonesa" herself, Luciana, dressed in a gray tank top with "CHICAS RENEGADAS" in black across the front, over a black bra, and a pair of white, gray and black camo-

patterned pants. Her hair is tied back in a ponytail and she also has a twisted black bandana tied around her head, knotted right of center at her forehead.

By her side is Kaz Konoe in a black T-shirt, with "LOS RENEGADOS" in white across the front, over his ring attire: white boxer-style trunks, black knee pads and white boots, with black piping and laces. He also has on a pair of Aviators.]

TG: From Tokyo, Japan at 225 pounds... being accompanied by Luciana... he is the Blackstar... El Renegado de Japón... he is KAAAAAAAZ KANOOOOOOOOOE!

[Konoe removes his sunglasses, tugging off his t-shirt and tossing it aside before he rushes across the ring, running right up to Owens...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd reacts to Konoe hopping to the middle rope, springing up to snap a foot off the back of Owens' head!]

SA: Sweet San Lorenzo! Owens might be out and this one isn't even official yet!

[Konoe shouts something at the official who seems to reluctantly signal for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Well, I don't know about this decision but-

[Konoe grabs the top rope, angrily stomping Owens once... twice... three times...]

SA: And this is a very aggressive Kaz Konoe we're seeing right here.

DW: I talked to Luciana before the show...

SA: Did you now?

DW: ...yes.

SA: Mm hmm. And how did that conversation go, my friend?

DW: Look, I'm more than capable of holding my own around an attractive woman...

[There is a brief moment of awkward silence as both process what he just said.]

DW: Anyways, she said that Kaz and her are both pretty upset about what happened at Homecoming with the TV Title while they were in Mexico.

[While Konoe is backed off by the official, he circles the ring and when Owens regains his feet, the Blackstar charges in, leaving his feet with a shotgun dropkick that sends Owens crashing back into the buckles.]

SA: That comes as no surprise. It was no secret that Konoe and Luciana had been lobbying for a shot at Michael Aarons and the title so- ohhh!

[The crowd groans along with Sal as Konoe steps up to the middle rope, holding the top as he kicks his legs out and swings his feet down into another dropkick to the chest.]

DW: High flying offense by Konoe - and that might've caved Owens' chest right in, Sal!

SA: Again, Konoe stomping away on his opponent... and this is the intensity level I saw out of Konoe in Mexico when he joined his Renegado brethren against the DMP. We're all used to the Shruggin' Sensation here in the AWA but it appears there's a whole other gear to Kaz Konoe we're seeing him shift into.

[Dragging Owens to his feet and out to center ring, Konoe twists around to face the same direction, reaching back to wrap his arm around Owens' head, pressing his bicep into the chin...]

"¡DESAFÍO!"

SA: ¡DESAFÍO! He called for it...

[...and with a kickoff the canvas, he flips over and DRIVES the back of Owens' head into the canvas!]

SA: ...he hits it, and there's the cover for one... two... and three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Kaz Konoe with a quick and impressive win... and it's been quite the recent run for Konoe as he continues to stay hot up at the top of the World Television Title rankings. Number three and potentially climbing after this win...

DW: And Tyler Graham didn't even have time to announce him as the winner. He's out of there and he and Luciana are headed this way.

SA: Need a breath mint?

[We cut to Theresa Lynch at her interview podium, waving in Luciana and Kaz Konoe. Konoe has retrieved his sunglasses from Luciana and replaced them on his face as he saunters behind her.]

TL: Come on over, Luciana, Kaz... and welcome. The Mexico tour was a successful outing for you and Los Renegados: you put the Dead Man's Party away and, hopefully, behind you with a Blackstar Press at Estrellas En El Cielo, and you even defeated the trios team of Hannibal Carver, Derrick Williams and Shadoc Rage, with you pinning Rage, to finish off the tour-

[Luciana interrupts with more than a little attitude.]

L: Yet while we were stuck on a runway in Mexico City, that upstart Whitiri jumped the line and STOLE the World Television championship from right under our noses. That's right, Theresa... that title would have been ours were it not for the Idiots and their Dead Man friend jumping Kaz. So, here's the way we see it...

[Theresa turns to Konoe as if seeking some sort of confirmation. Konoe continues to lean nonchalantly against the podium, staring blankly ahead.]

L: ...well done for pulling one from under us, Whitiri, and congratulations. Enjoy your fifteen minutes holding onto the title, but make no mistake about it, Kaz is still owed a shot and Kaz WILL get his shot at the World Television championship once more!

[Having said what she wanted to say, Luciana walks away from the podium. Konoe turns to Theresa and opens his mouth, as if about to say something, but eventually just shrugs instead, before following after Luciana.]

TL: Short and sweet from La Chola Japonesa and the Blackstar... they want another shot at the TV Title now held by the new champion who we'll be seeing in action later tonight. But they're not alone in that one, fans. New champion equals new challengers gunning for the gold... and speaking of potential challengers for that title, let's take a look at some pre-recorded footage from not just a challenger for the title but one-half of tonight's featured matchup while will see Omega take on this man, the mighty Atlas Armstrong!

[We fade to footage marked "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED" where Mickey Cherry stands in the foreground, backed up by his massive 6'8, 300 pound muscular monster, Atlas Armstrong.]

The bronzed Californian wrestler, flexes his biceps as he brushes his long black hair away from his face. His jaw clenches behind his neatly-trimmed beard.]

MC: Okay, Omega, if that's your real name... last week you got lucky. Thanks to those mutanoids who can't figure out how to get a plane in the air... you got to survive Homecoming by beating up on some punk bacon and egg eating Joe Blow instead of getting your back broken by the greatest physical specimen in the known universe, Atlas Armstrong.

But thank God we're back on American soil and back in Atlanta, the jewel of the South. Hotlanta, baby, get ready for a beatdown of epic proportions, because tonight you're going to see a clash straight out of a comic book movie. It's going to be a bloodbath! It's going to be a slaughter! It's going to be a-

[Cherry gets cut off cold as Armstrong snatches the microphone away. Cherry looks a little surprised as the muscular behemoth cocks his head at the camera and smirks, a condescending glint in his eyes.]

AA: Omega, you're dealing with the Alpha. The first. The best. I don't have time to indulge you any more. I don't have time to play with you. Because while I'm here with you, men like Whaitiri are winning titles, men like Max Magnum are putting down former World Champions.

And while all that is happening, I'm trying to show a grown man in a superhero costume that this is no Marvel movie. This is reality. Think about that.

[Armstrong pauses to strike a pose.]

AA: I am the greatest physical specimen of them all and I haven't even got the chance to show off all that I can do yet and other people have got past me. Well, I intend for that to stop.

Tonight, I make a statement. And I make that statement with your spine, you little runt. Tonight, I end all the fun and games and I force the world to recognize me and appreciate me. Appreciate Atlas Armstrong.

[Mickey Cherry cackles like a hyena as he pats one of Atlas's absurdly giant pectoral muscles. Atlas lets his pectorals dance in response. Then he gets serious again.]

AA: So Omega, I don't give a damn in you're from Neptune, Topeka, Omaha or straight out Uranus, I'm going to demolish you. I'm going to break your back. I'm going to leave you crying in a heap, wondering why you ever thought it was a good idea to try to make a name stepping into the ring with the Almighty Atlas Armstrong.

And once I hear your spine crack in the backbreaker. Once I feel...

[He taps his own wrist frantically.]

AA: ...once I feel you quit. Then I'm going to end you and make sure that everybody appreciates me. And appreciates the fact that Atlas Armstrong is the Man. Mickey.

MC: Yes, Atlas.

AA: Enough of this. No more words. It's time for some action. And Whaitiri. If I were you, I'd be looking over my shoulder. Because that World Television title will look real good around my waist. And your back will look real good in traction. Feel me?

[Cherry takes the offered mic back, throwing his head back and squealing with delight.]

MC: DROP THE HEAVENS ON 'EM, BABY! OMEGA THE ALMIGHTY IS GONNA KNOCK YOU ALL THE WAY BACK TO NEPTUNE!

[The shot fades with Cherry prancing off and Armstrong flexing a most muscular before the screen fades through black...

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

TG: The following contest is a tag team contest set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring, Derrick Garrison and Johnny Coltrane, collectively known as...THE DEADLY DUO!

[The unknown workers flex in unison, then exchange a high five before "Keep Your Eye On The Money" by Motley Crue kicks in over the PA drawing a nice round of jeers.]

SA: And here they are for the first time since coming off that impressive, albeit tainted, win in Mexico over Tin Can Rust and Landon Grant...it's Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley III.

[First, it's the former owner of the Rusty Spur bar - Curt Sawyer. Sporting a brown beard, he looks focused, glaring toward the ring with apparent tunnel-vision. Gone is his old Members Only jacket, replaced by a sleek red jacket with "Sawyer" embroidered over the left pec. He wears matching red tights along with black boots and a black brace on his right knee.]

TG: Introducing first, from Dallas, Texas, weighing in at 260 pounds...CUUUURT SAWWWWYYYERRRR!

[And beside him, wearing a matching red jacket with "Kingsley" embroidered over the left pec and matching red trunks, is Alexander Kingsley III. Unlike Sawyer, AK3 smirks and throws a glance at his partner.]

TG: And his partner, making his winter residence in Saint John, US Virgin Islands...weighing in at 250 pounds...ALEXANDER KINGSLEEEEEY THE THIIIIIRD!

[Kingsley raises his arms in the air upon the mention of his name, then slaps Sawyer on the shoulder as they make their way to the ring.]

DW: A tainted win for sure, Sal. I still can't believe Curt Sawyer would do that to his old friend!

SA: From the scuttlebutt in the locker rooms, Dee Dub, there are many people who wonder the same thing.

[Sawyer and Kingsley climb into the ring and remove their jackets almost in unison before Sawyer steps through the ropes.]

SA: It's Kingsley to start for his team and Garrison starting for his. And the never-shy Kingsley with a few choice words for his opponent, all the while keeping his distance.

[Indeed, AK3 is flapping his gums but also circling around to stay out of the reach of Garrison, hands behind his back. A frustrated Garrison motions for him to bring it, but Kingsley continues to widen his circle near the ropes.]

DW: Look at Kingsley avoiding him already, Sal! All talk, no action.

[Kingsley passes Sawyer, slowing down just a bit as he does, before finally moving toward Garrison.]

SA: Finally, Kingsley gets things going. Tie-up, powered through by Garrison with a big elbow to the back of the neck of A-K-3!

[However, Kingsley has managed to get Garrison turned with his back to the opposite corner, and he never sees Curt Sawyer coming in. Sawyer wastes little time in blasting Garrison in the back of the head with a hard right hand!]

DW: Hey, get Sawyer out of there!

SA: I think there was a legal tag, Dee Dub. Referee Andy Dawson is signaling there was indeed a tag...it must have happened when Kingsley circled past Sawyer that last time.

[With the advantage, Sawyer lifts Garrison up in a scoop slam while Kingsley drops to one knee and leaves the other extended as a target for Sawyer to drop Garrison across.]

SA: Some innovation early on from Sawyer and Kingsley who, I must say, are starting to really jell as a team in a way I didn't expect.

[Sawyer wastes no time working on the back of his opponent as Garrison crawls toward the ropes, standing on the small of his back and holding onto the top rope for additional leverage.]

SA: And now Sawyer adding some insult to injury as Andy Dawson gives him the count to break.

[Dawson's count reaches four-and-a-half before Sawyer finally relents, but not before getting in Dawson's face and expressing his feelings about it.]

DW: Come on, Dawson, you should have disqualified him for that!

SA: Curt Sawyer certainly doesn't seem to be in the mood to play around tonight, and that's bad news for Derrick Garrison.

[Sawyer yanks Garrison to his feet and, grabbing him by the back of his trunks, tosses him toward his corner where he reaches up for the reluctant tag from his partner, Coltrane.]

DW: Maybe not for Garrison now, but it might be for Johnny Coltrane!

SA: Indeed, Coltrane slow to get in while Sawyer motions for him to come on and get some. Coltrane sizing up Sawyer...but Sawyer ducks the tie-up attempt and drives a knee into the solar plexus of Johnny Coltrane!

[Grabbing the doubled-up Coltrane by the hair, Sawyer drags him into his corner where he tags in an anxious Kingsley. Kingsley climbs through the ropes and then ascends to the middle rope while Sawyer lifts Coltrane up before dropping him to the canvas with a belly-to-back suplex. AK3, meanwhile, perfectly times his leap from the ropes, landing a fist drop just a second after impact.]

SA: What a combination from Sawyer and Kingsley, once again working in perfect rhythm and harmony inside the ropes!

DW: No cover from Kingsley, though. Looks like they want to inflict some more punishment.

[Kingsley grabs the left leg of Coltrane and, smirking, yells out to the crowd...]

"YOU WANT TO SEE A REPEAT OF WHAT WE DID TO TIN CAN BUST?"

SA: Come unwanted and uncalled for in-ring commentary from the always-noxious Alexander Kingsley III.

DW: Man, I can't wait to see Rust get his payback on Sawyer for what that no-good turncoat did to him, Sal!

SA: From what Landon Grant said earlier, that might not ever happen. Tin Can Rust's career is certainly in jeopardy after the knee injury he suffered in Mexico.

[Kingsley, meanwhile, drives a boot into the hamstring of Coltrane, then struts around the ring with his arms outstretched to a chorus of boos.]

SA: Alexander Kingsley feeling good about himself tonight, and it's hard to blame him after he and Sawyer picked up a big win in Mexico. Back on the attack, AK3 with a front chancery on Coltrane and...SLINGSHOT SUPLEX!

[And again, Kingsley gloats over the downed Coltrane, standing over him for perhaps a little too long...]

DW: Roll-up by Coltrane! Come on, ref, count it!

SA: It could be! It might be! No...Kingsley escapes but his arrogance almost cost him there, Dee Dub.

DW: Wouldn't have been the first time and won't be the last. Count on that.

[Kingsley is quick to his feet and more than a little pissed off that he almost got embarrassed, taking it out on Coltrane's head with a swift boot as Johnny tried to get to his feet.]

SA: Big boot to the head by Kingsley! He may be done gloating and preening now, Dee Dub. There's the tag to Sawyer, who sends Coltrane for the ride and PLANTS him with a big spinning spinebuster!

[And on cue, Sawyer stands over the prone form of his opponent and runs his thumb across his throat.]

SA: The signature gesture from Curt Sawyer indicates he's ready to bring it home now...

[Sawyer seems about to cover when Kingsley shouts at him, waving him off...]

...and then points to the downed Coltrane emphatically.]

"BREAK HIS LEG!"

SA: Oh, no... did he just tell him to break his leg?

[Sawyer looks over at his partner with a furrowed brow.]

"Do it! Do what we did to Rust!"

[Sawyer pauses... and then smirks as he grabs the leg of Coltran, flipping him onto his stomach before he raises the leg high in the air and SLAMS the kneecap down into the canvas!]

SA: OHHH!

[Sawyer starts stomping the knee, angrily driving the kneecap into the canvas over and over and over as the crowd jeers loudly.]

SA: They're going to do to this guy what they did to Tin Can Rust! They're going after the knee and- wait, what's this?!

[From out of nowhere, a figure slides into the ring, using a double leg tackle to drop him, and immediately starts throwing punches at Sawyer. Dawson quickly calls for the bell to throw out the match while the crowd gets louder with the recognition of who is in the ring.]

DW: THAT'S LANDON GRANT! HE'S HAD ENOUGH OF SAWYER AND KINGSLEY! GET 'EM, KID!

[The surprise attack is enough to flummox Sawyer who has a flood of punches pouring over him.]

SA: Kingsley from behind!

[Kingsley tries to come in behind Grant but Grant is too quick, driving a kick into his mid-section and then dropping him with a right hand to the delight of the Center Stage crowd!]

SA: LANDON GRANT IS A HOUSE AFIRE! HE'S TAKEN OUT SAWYER! HE'S TAKEN OUT KINGSLEY! REVENGE IS ON HIS MIND IN HOTLANTA!

[Sawyer, still on his feet, has now realized what's going on and pursues Grant. But again, Grant is too quick, going low and taking Sawyer to the mat with another double-leg takedown.]

SA: Look at Landon Grant go! He's mounted Curt Sawyer and is pounding away with fists of fire!

[But his attention stays on Sawyer a little too long as a recovered Kingsley blasts Grant in the back of the head with a hard kick, garnering a disappointed groan from the crowd.]

DW: Dammit, Sal! He just can't fight two men at once! Give Landon Grant either of them one-on-one, he takes 'em out. I guarantee it!

SA: Maybe so, Dee Dub, but right now it's two on one and it's looking grim for Grant.

[Sawyer joins in the beatdown now as the duo wails away with stomps to the prone Landon Grant. Sawyer jerks Grant to his feet and applies a front facelock.]

SA: SNAP DDT FROM CURT SAWYER! He delivers that so quick for a big man, and now Landon Grant likely can't remember where he is, what he's doing, or why he did it in the first place.

[Kingsley, meanwhile, takes another opportunity to run his mouth.]

"WHO'S GOING TO SAVE YOU NOW, LANDON? WHERE'S TIN CAN BUST, HUH? WHERE'S YOUR OLD MAN?"

DW: Come on, Kingsley! Show some respect to the legends who made it possible for scum like you to even be here!

[Kingsley motions upward and Sawyer nods as they pull a groggy Grant to his feet. Sawyer grabs him by his thighs and lifts him up in the air while Kingsley gets a running start from behind and executes a diving cutter as Sawyer drops Grant to the mat!]

SA: SWEET MOTHER OF MERCY! Landon Grant just got PLANTED and...I don't know how he's going to get out of that ring without a lot of help following that new tandem attack from Kingsley and Sawyer.

[Sawyer glares down at his handiwork, satisfied enough to leave it alone. Kingsley finds the nearest camera and, as it cuts to show his looking into it, delivers one more threat.]

"HEY CITY JERK...COME CLEAN UP YOUR TRASH!"

SA: Completely uncalled for discourse from Alexander Kingsley but what else could we expect from him?

DW: All I'll say is, he better be careful what he wishes for because he just might get it.

SA: We've got help on the way for Landon Grant... and while we do, let's take a break.

[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 fade back up to the interview podium, where Theresa is standing by with Harley Hamilton and Cinder, the duo known as "Seductive & Destructive". The two are greeted by the boos of the studio audience, but seem oblivious to it all, as they stand there smirking, looking rather proud of themselves. Harley Hamilton is dressed in a salmon-colored t-shirt that reads "THIS GIRL SAVES WHALES" with a smiling cartoonish-looking blue whale blowing a heart out of its blowhole on the front, white shorts and checkerboard VANS on her feet. Her hair is down, pinned back with about six barrettes, none being the same color. Cinder is in a black and white striped sweater and black cargo pants that are waaaay too large, looking extremely monochrome except for the unruly mop of fringed flame red hair that hangs over her face.]

TL: Welcome back, everybody. I'm joined by-

HH: The undefeated, unparalleled pride of Missouri... Harley Hamilton!

C: The cute little cutthroat of Caledonia... sssssSINDAHHH!

[They link pinkies and raise their arms high in the air.]

HH and C: SEDUCTIVE AND DESTRUCTIVE!

[More boos rain down on the two, but they're too delirious with joy to notice.]

TL: Right. Now, while you two may be riding high on your recent string of successes, you're also making just as many enemies in the process. We're all well aware of your rivalry with Margarita Flores...

[Harley rolls her eyes and mouths "Loser!" before making the shape of an L on her forehead.]

TL: ...but now you two have also drawn the ire of Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift.

HH: Skylar Swift?

[A confused look appears on Harley's face.]

HH: Why would we have an issue with Swifty?

TL: Well, besides the fact you two cheated her tag team partner out of victory at Homecoming...

C: Aye, did ye not see Harley pinned Tresh Wallets? Fair and square, bytheday!

TL: ...and the fact you two have trashed the status of their friendship with a bunch of vicious rumors and lies...

[Harley and Cinder both make an exaggerated yawn.]

TL: ...you, Harley Hamilton, actually used one of Skylar's own signature maneuvers, "The Snakebite" to defeat Trish Wallace. You were clearly trying to get under her skin by doing that. You don't think she would be feeling some resentment towards you for that?

HH: Are you serious? Excuse you. I've been hearing this all week. "Oh Harley, you stole Skylar's move! Oh my gosh, you're such a thief!" Well, let me tell you something, Theresa...THE HOT GIRL STUNNER...

TL: The what?

C: The HAWT GURL STUNNAH! Now THAT is name ye can build a brand around, aye!

HH: ...is an original creation from the brilliant mind of your Natural Born Legend!

[The crowd really lets them have it now, attempting to drown them out with boos.]

HH: And if Trishy-kins and Swifty got a problem with that, Cindy and I will...-you know, you people are soooo rude! A very important person is trying to speak here!

[This only gets the crowd to boo louder.]

TL: It seems like you're not making friends with the crowd either.

HH: Boohoo. We...

[Suddenly, Cinder nudges Harley with her elbow.]

HH: What, Cindy? I'm trying to proclaim our greatness, here.

C: Ehhhhr...

[Cinder points to something or someone in the bleachers. Harley squints, before walking off the podium, with Cinder and Theresa following behind her.]

TL: Hey, where are you going? You can't go into the audience!

[We then see Harley confronting a member of the studio audience. Actually, it's a member of the AWA roster...]

HH: Well, if it isn't Betty Chang! Why are you out here sitting with the plebs? Finally got tired of being given unearned title shots?

[Betty is dressed in a black t-shirt depicting a smiling twin-tailed anime girl waving a "MIFUNE-GUN" flag that reads "I ♥ Flag-Chan!" and her hair is pulled up in an Ariana Grande-style high ponytail. She holds up her hands defensively.]

BC: Look, I don't want any trouble. I'm just trying to enjoy the show.

HH: By booing us? Get real. Where's your little boy toy? Did he ditch you after he got ditched by his tag team partner?

C: Aye. Has he not got the iron to be a "Cannonball?"

BC: You don't know what you're talking about. It's not like that!

[Theresa tries to get between "Seductive and Destructive" and Betty.]

TL: Look girls, why don't we leave her alone and get back to the interview?

HH: No, Theresa, I don't think we will. Little Miss Line Jumper, here, thought she was tough enough to take down Kurayami and good enough to take opportunities away from us, so she should be able to handle a little criticism.

[Harley shoves Betty in the shoulder, knocking her back into her front row seat.]

BC: Hey!

HH: Isn't that right, Betty?

C: [hooking her thumb to her chest] Aye, so make room in the locker for the REAL Fun-sized Fightah, and awayyego, Betsy.

[The two circle around Betty, when suddenly...]

"HARLEY!"

[We cut back to the interview platform, where Margarita Flores is being handed a microphone by a member of the production staff. Mic in hand, she begins to walk away from the podium and towards the bleachers.]

MF: Biiiig mistake... You two should have kept to your backstage bullying and your sneak attacks. Instead you choose to do it out here where I can find you.

[Flores actually smiles. Harley and Cinder try to slowly back away from the approaching Texan, but are slightly startled when they back into Chang. They try to look unfazed as they sidestep Betty on either side of her, but their eyes dart back and forth between each other and Flores, who is now within lariat distance.]

MF: [To Betty.] You okay?

[Chang nods, moving towards Flores and turning to face the retreating Harley and Cinder.]

MF: Right. You two run along now, and if you still want to have words with Betty? How about you come back two weeks from now and the two of you get in that ring against the two of us?

[The crowd cheers.]

MF: What do you think, Betty?

BC: In two weeks? Heck yeah, I'll be ready!

[Cinder is jumping up and down in a petulant tantrum, but making sure she is behind Harley, who points and shouts impotent threats at Flores and Chang as her and Cinder slowly back away.]

TL: Well, you heard the challenge! What do you say, Harley... Cinder? It looks like your schedule is about to be very busy! Do you accept their challenge?

HH[Flustered]: If Margie thought what we did to X-S baggage was bad, just wait til we get through with Betty!

C[Shouting off-screen]: WE'LL TEAR YA LIMB FROM LIMB, BETSY!!!

[The two walk off angrily.]

TL: Well, I didn't hear a "No" in all of that. I think you can consider that challenge accepted!

[We cut to a shot of Flores throwing an arm around Chang and the duo waving goodbye to Harley and Cinder as they make their exit...

...and we fade to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is your FEATURED MATCH of the evening!

[The crowd cheers.]

TG: Introducing first...

[The opening notes to "Superstar" from the Jesus Christ Superstar soundtrack ring out over the PA system to jeers from the Center Stage Studios crowd.]

TG: He hails from Big Sur, California... weighing in at 308 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Mickey Cherry... he is the INCREDIBLE, the ASTONISHING, THE ALMIGHTY...

...ATLAS ARRRRRRRMSTRONNNNNNNNG!

[The boos get louder as Mickey Cherry swaggers out from behind the curtain, tapping his cane against the steel stage in time to the music...

...and then swings around, pointing to the entrance curtain with his cane as the mighty Atlas Armstrong emerges from the back. He is cloaked in his gold cape and his face is covered with bad intentions as he foregoes his usual showmanship, stomping right past his manager as he heads towards the ring.]

DW: Now that's a man with something to prove here tonight.

SA: Much like Kaz Konoe earlier, Armstrong is upset over the title change at Homecoming with Michael Aarons and Whitiri. Atlas thought he was going to be the next champion and... well, he's looking to take that out on Omega here tonight in this much-anticipated showdown.

DW: This one got bumped from Homecoming because of Mexico and now we get it here!

SA: Always look on the bright side of life, my friend... and as Armstrong heads to the ring, you'd be a fool to ignore what he said earlier... specifically mentioning the rise of men like Whitiri and Max Magnum to levels he believes he hasn't had the opportunity to reach yet.

DW: Maybe if he dumped that maggot Mickey Cherry...

[A loud "I HEARD THAT, WESTERLY!" rings out from Cherry who is on the apron, watching as Armstrong strides to center ring, shrugging out of his cape and pointing a powerful arm down the aisle. The music fades as we await the opponent.]

TG: Annnnnnd his opponent...

"NO EVIL CAN ESCAPE..."

"...OMEGA!"

[With a flash of light, accompanied by John Barry's majestic "Overture" from "The Black Hole," a caped figure in black, royal blue, and gold emerges from the entrance. He crooks his elbows, places his wrists just above his hips, and turns his palms upward.]

TG: Hailing from Neptune! THIS. IS. OOOOOOMEGA!

[Omega pauses at the top of the stairs, still pleasantly surprised to hear the volume of cheers at the announcement of his name...

...and then comes jogging down the stairs, pointing up at Armstrong who is angrily pacing around the ring.]

SA: Atlas Armstrong appears to be an overheated kettle ready to boil over and Omega just might be the fire to put him over the top.

[Omega grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron. He marches down the length of the apron, climbing up on the middle rope and looking out on the cheering crowd.]

SA: The Atlanta crowd is solidly behind one of their favorites here in Omega... who certainly has his work cut out for him against a man who is most certainly going to enjoy a major physical advantage over Omega tonight.

DW: Bigger than him, stronger than him, probably tougher than him... Omega's going to have to out run him.

SA: Omega would also likely have an aerial advantage as well if he gets the chance to use some of that high flying offense... but whether or not Armstrong will let him off the mat is another story altogether.

[Omega hops over the ropes, landing on the mat with a bounce...

...and strikes his Omega pose again to cheers as Mickey Cherry is visibly trying to prevent Armstrong from storming him.]

SA: We're just about set to get this featured matchup underway here on the all-new Power Hour. One fall, twenty minute time limit... Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller is your referee...

[Miller does a final check on both men, ordering Mickey Cherry to the floor. The motormouthed manager gives some lip to the ref before departing, leaving Omega and Armstrong standing across the ring from one another.]

SA: Armstrong's ready... Omega's ready... let's do this!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, Omega starts to run across the ring at Armstrong...

...who raises his powerful arms, holding his hands out to stop Omega in his tracks...

...and slowly curls his arms up into a double bicep pose to jeers from the crowd and cheers from Mickey Cherry.]

SA: Well, apparently the bell means Atlas must pose.

DW: I gotta admit, those are the biggest guns I've seen since I toured that battleship down in San Diego.

[Armstrong lowers his arms and then says "NOW WE CAN GO!" to Omega. Armstrong steps closer but Omega raises his own arms, calling for a halt to the action...]

SA: And... Omega must pose?

[Omega curls his own arms up into a double bicep, causing the crowd to cheer wildly as Armstrong shakes his head with disgust.]

SA: Those arms aren't exactly pipecleaners but Omega's not about to win a posedown either.

[But Omega grins broadly at the crowd's reaction to his pose. He cups a hand to his ear, pointing to the crowd which causes Armstrong to glare at the fans with a "SHUT YOUR MOUTHS!" which just makes the crowd even louder.]

SA: Or maybe he will if these fans are the judges of it.

[Omega happily turns to the side, pointing to a different set of fans as he strikes another double bicep pose to big cheers. Armstrong angrily covers his ears, shaking his head.]

SA: Omega's striking a pose like Madonna and these fans are loving it!

[He turns again, pointing to another section of fans before posing...

...but he's turned his back on Atlas Armstrong, a costly mistake as the behemoth rushes forward...]

SA: Armstrong from behind!

[He extends a powerful arm, looking to clothesline Omega's head off his shoulders but the quickness of Omega pays dividends as he drops down, backrolling under the clothesline and coming up to his feet as Armstrong crashes chestfirst into the buckles!]

SA: Nice move by Omega! Armstrong's furious at himself and-

[Wheeling around, the out-of-control Armstrong looks to strike but Omega is a few steps quicker, lighting him up with a dropkick on the chest...]

SA: Dropkick by Omega!

[Armstrong stumbles back, keeping his balance as Omega scrambles up to throw another one...]

SA: Make it a pair!

[Armstrong wheels his arms around, trying to stay on his feet as Omega gets up again...]

SA: THREE OF A KI-

[...but Armstrong swings his mighty arms, swatting the third dropkick away to jeers as Omega bounces off the canvas!]

SA: Down goes Omega!

DW: Went to the well once too often and it came up empty.

SA: And now it's Armstrong to the ropes, coming off strong...

[The six foot eight Armstrong bounces off, leaping into the air...

...and comes up empty as Omega rolls aside, sending his near 300 pound frame bouncing off the mat to cheers!]

SA: Omega rolls clear and Armstrong crashes down hard under his own efforts!

[But this time, it's Armstrong who scrambles up, cocking his arm...]

SA: Another one... and Omega moves again!

[The crowd is cheering and laughing as Armstrong angrily gets up, shaking off the effects of the missed elbow drop to set for a third...

...and again crashes onto open canvas as Omega rolls to avoid it, this time ending up under the ropes and out on the floor!]

SA: A three of a kind of a different sort for Armstrong there as he misses that third elbow... but he's going right out after Omega!

[Rolling to the floor, Armstrong goes for a run, chasing Omega around the ring but the speed of Omega makes the race nowhere close...]

SA: Armstrong's never going to catch Omega at this rate!

DW: Omega looks like the Roadrunner out here - Meep Meep!

[Omega rolls back into the ring, running across as Armstrong reaches the spot where Omega came back inside...

...and Omega DRILLS him in the chest with both feet thanks to a baseball slide dropkick that sends Armstrong falling backwards, still on his feet but nearly falling over!]

SA: Armstrong's still up but Omega's still moving... out on the apron now...

[Omega tilts his head back with a loud "KRYPTONIAN PUNCH!" as he runs down the apron, leaping high into the air...

...and DRILLS the dazed Armstrong with a right hand!]

DW: WOW!

SA: A FLYING SUPERMAN PUNCH OFF THE APRON! ARMSTRONG'S IN TROUBLE EARLY!

[But Armstrong reaches a hand out, grabbing the apron to steady himself and prevent a fall off his feet...]

SA: Omega's giving it everything he's got early but he cannot bring the big man down!

[Omega quickly grabs the dazed Armstrong in a front facelock, giving a twirl of his hand to get the crowd going even more...]

...and then runs right up the apron, looking to kick off into a tornado DDT on the floor...]

SA: TORNADO DD- OHHHH!

[The crowd gasps as Armstrong HURLS Omega off him, sending him flying high into the air before he crashes down violently on the barely-padded studio floor!]

SA: And just like that, Atlas Armstrong turns this thing around!

[Armstrong leans against the apron, catching a breather as he watches a stunned Omega crawl along the floor, nearing the steps that lead back up onto the entrance stage...]

SA: We're just a few minutes into this thing and both of these men look like they've been put through the wringer early!

[With Armstrong still recovering, Omega manages to drag himself up on the bottom step, clutching his chest in pain... and at a high-pitched shout from Mickey Cherry, Armstrong gives a nod, pushing away from the apron and moving in on the downed Omega.]

SA: Armstrong on the attack now, pulling Omega up... oh! He just shoved him back on the steps!

[Omega grimaces, his lower back having crashed onto a stair as Armstrong towers over him, raising his powerful arms over his head...]

"THUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DOUBLE FOREARM SHOT DOWN ACROSS THE CHEST!

[The crowd groans as Armstrong raises his arms, smashing them down a second time...]

DW: That's gotta feel like getting clubbed with two baseball bats at the same time!

[Omega is reeling, clutching at his chest as Armstrong raises his arms a third time, clasping his hands together this time...]

SA: AXEHANDLE!

[...but Omega lashes out, driving his foot up into Armstrong's chin as he swings down towards him!]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Omega - a proficient user of Neptunian Jiu Jitsu - lands an upkick straight out of the GFC and Armstrong's eyes are rolling back! He got caught in a bad spot and he's in serious trouble!

[Pushing Armstrong away from him, Omega grimaces as he retakes his feet...

...and then moves swiftly up the steps, getting all the way up on the stage.]

SA: And now Omega's up here by us...

DW: It's no shame to run for it, kid.

SA: Well, it kind of is, Dylan... but I don't think that's what Omega has in mind!

[The Center Stage Studios crowd is BUZZING now as Omega stands atop the stage, sizing up his massive opposition...

....and with a running start, Omega dashes the depth of the stage...]

SA: YOU WILL BELIEVE...

[...and HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE AIR, SOARING OVER THE RINGSIDE FANS TO WIPE OUT ARMSTRONG WITH A CROSSBODY!]

SA: ...A MAN CAN FLYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

DW: HOLY SUPERMAN'S CAPE!

[The two men are laid out on the floor, the crowd ROARING in response for the big moment. More than a few expletive-laced chants come through, causing our audio to cut in and out more than a Casey James promo.

The announcers sit in silence for several moments, allowing the fans to pay tribute to the big dive as we watch a replay or two of it before coming back to live action...]

SA: Both men are down! Both men are stunned and this is STILL fairly early in this twenty minute time limit, fans!

DW: Both guys have been outside for a while - and I'd say the referee is giving these two a lot of latitude, Sal.

SA: Perhaps due to how long it took to get this match on camera... perhaps Pete Miller - good ol' Blue Shoes - wants to gift this to the fans.

[A few more moments pass before Omega gets to his feet, throwing his arms up in his Omega Pose to a HUGE ROAR from the crowd.]

SA: Quite the moment here for this young man from... Neptune.

[Omega grabs Armstrong's massive arm, dragging him off the mat and shoving him up onto the apron, using all his strength to roll him back inside the ring.]

SA: Omega puts him back in... and now he's going to put himself back in as well... wait, no... Omega's got other ideas!

[The crowd cheers as Omega pulls himself up on the apron instead, pointing down it towards the ringpost...]

DW: You gotta be kidding me!

SA: Omega's looking to fly once more - perhaps thinking the time is right to finish off Armstrong before he can fully recover from that big dive on the floor! Could he be right? Could Omega be on the verge of what I'd have to call a major upset?!

[Omega reaches the corner, starting to climb up the buckles, moving a little slower than usual due to the hard fall from the dive...]

DW: He's gotta hurry up, Sal!

SA: He sure does. Armstrong's down but it won't be for long!

[Omega reaches the top rope with one foot, getting ready to step up with the other...

...which is when Mickey Cherry climbs up on the apron, barking at Omega, waving his cane around, generally being a pain in the neck to jeers from the Atlanta fans...]

SA: Cherry's on the ap-

DW: Get him down from there or I'll do it myself!

SA: Take it easy there, killer. Omega's got this under control...

[Omega is returning verbal fire with Cherry as the referee moves to get the manager down...]

SA: ...or does he?!

[...which allows Armstrong to recover enough to dive towards the corner, landing a big right hand into Omega's midsection, halting his climb in an instant.]

SA: Ohh! And Armstrong cuts him off! Mickey Cherry may have just saved his client's bacon right there and-

[The crowd ROARS with shock as Armstrong lifts Omega right up into the air and straight overhead in a press!]

SA: As our good friend would say, "Oh my stars!" - look at the power of Armstrong!

[Armstrong walks out to mid-ring, holding Omega aloft...

...and brings him STRAIGHT down across the knee in a backbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

[He goes right back to standing...

...and drops him again!]

SA: Back to backbreakers by Armstrong...

DW: Here comes the trilogy!

[Armstrong lowers the boom a third time before standing tall and with a swing of his hips, he tosses Omega's limp body aside like a frisbee, sending him spinning across the ring before flopping down on the canvas.]

SA: Absolutely spine-shatteringly brutal on the part of Armst-

[Sal gets cut off as Armstrong bellows "NO OMEGA CAN ESCAPE ATLAS!" to jeers from the crowd.]

DW: Bet it took him months to come up with that one.

[Sal chuckles as Armstrong walks slowly around the ring, recovering from the early onslaught by Omega...

...which allows Omega to slowly pull himself up with the aid of the ropes near the corner...]

SA: Omega trying to get back to his feet... here comes Atlas!

[And the rampaging Armstrong CRUSHES Omega in the corner with a running clothesline!]

SA: Egads... you could feel that one in OUR collarbones, Dee Dub...

DW: Omega's gotta get out of the corner...

SA: I think Atlas is about to help him with that.

[Wrapping his powerful arms around the head and neck, Armstrong HURLS Omega across the ring where he goes bouncing off the mat from the biel throw, rolling right under the ropes to the outside once more.]

SA: Armstrong is just so strong... so powerful. We often talk about - debate even - the most powerful man in all of wrestling and there are certainly some top contenders to that throne but this guy might top 'em all, Dee Dub.

DW: He might... he might.

SA: So, Omega's on the outside... and now Armstrong's going after him...

[But the crowd cheers as Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller inserts himself in the mix, blocking Armstrong's path to the outside...

...but quickly jeers as the distracted referee means Mickey Cherry can run around and start kicking and stomping the downed Omega on the outside!]

DW: No call for this, Sal. None at all. That miserable little...

[Cherry dances away with a cackle just before the official turns back around. The crowd points at Cherry but the referee - having seen nothing - simply starts counting Omega on the outside instead...]

SA: Omega still on the floor - hopefully he's got enough left in him to avoid the countout here tonight...

DW: I don't think Armstrong's gonna let him get counted out, Sal.

SA: It would appear not as Atlas nears the ropes, watching as Omega grabs the apron, trying to drag himself back to his feet...

[Armstrong reaches over the ropes, plucking Omega off the ringside mats and up onto the apron with ease. He quickly grabs a front facelock, slinging the arm over his neck as he lifts him into the air...

...and holds...

...and holds...

...and holds...

...and holds...]

SA: We saw Trish Wallace bust this out at Homecoming... she's in that "strongest wrestler" conversation as well and...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...the suplex brings Omega down! Atlas makes the cover now!

[The referee counts once... twice... and the crowd cheers as Omega lifts a shoulder off the mat.]

SA: Two count only there off the delayed vertical suplex... and as we close in on the halfway point of this time limit, it is all Atlas Armstrong right about now, fans. Just as many expected it would be.

DW: Don't count out Omega, Sal... not yet.

SA: I'd never dream of it.

[Pulling Omega to his feet, Armstrong grabs him an arm, shooting him into the ropes...]

SA: Omega coming off... Omega going HIIIIIGH!

[Catching Omega on the rebound, Armstrong shoves him straight up, sending Omega dangerously into the air, his arms and legs flailing as he plummets straight back down, CRASHING facefirst onto the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Using the toe of his boot, Armstrong flips Omega onto his back, dropping down to his knees to cover.]

SA: He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[And again, Omega lifts the shoulder, breaking the count to cheers from the Atlanta crowd.]

SA: Out at two and these fans are loving it!

[But Armstrong is not, pushing up on his knees and glaring at the official. He points at him, holding up three fingers to a shake of the head.]

SA: Blue Shoes says it was two and Armstrong is getting a little agitated at his inability to put Omega away.

[Climbing to his feet, he looks down at Omega and with a nod, he drops back into the ropes, rebounding out and leaps high into the air, this time scoring with the elbowdrop to the heart!]

SA: That's as high as Atlas flies and this time he connects!

[Flipping over with a "COUNT HIM, REF!", Armstrong makes another cover...

...and scores another two count as Omega lifts the shoulders to big cheers!]

SA: Omega kicks out again!

[An irate Armstrong balls up his fists, pounding them down into the canvas repeatedly as Mickey Cherry berates the referee from the outside with a "Whatkindofgarbageareyoutryingtopullouthereareyablindorsomethingorjustcantcount?!" The referee climbs to his feet, backing away from Armstrong while holding up two fingers.]

SA: And again, the referee lets Atlas know it was only two.

[The powerful Armstrong climbs to his feet, taking three steps towards the backing-down referee before a shout from Mickey Cherry gets his focus back on Omega.]

DW: Over and over in this one, we see Armstrong losin' his cool and it's been costing him every time.

SA: Will it cost him this time as Armstrong turns his focus back to Omega, dragging the man from Neptune up to his feet...

[Turning Omega away from him, Armstrong wraps his muscular arms around Omega's torso, lifting him into the air, holding him aloft...]

SA: This could be that Atomic Drop!

[...but a wriggling Omega manages to slip free from Atlas' grasp, flipping backwards and landing on a knee on the canvas in a superhero pose!]

SA: OMEGA ESCAPES!

[A shocked Armstrong whips around...

...and Omega rises up, wrapping his hand around Armstrong's throat!]

SA: Oh brother.

[The crowd groans as Omega sets Armstrong in chokeslam position, ready to lift him up... oh, who are we kidding?]

SA: He's got him hooked for the chokeslam and-

[But as Omega tries and fails to lift Armstrong into the air, the booming laugh of Armstrong rings out throughout the Center Stage Studios - quickly joined by Mickey Cherry's high-pitched cackle...]

DW: They're laughing at him, Sal!

SA: I hear it and-

[Omega's face twists into one of anger as he lifts his right leg and STOMPS the foot of Armstrong who howls in pain, hopping on one foot as the crowd cheers...

...and then cheers again as Omega leaps up, snatching Armstrong's head on the way down in a high impact neckbreaker!]

SA: MY OH MY! OMEGA DROPS ARMSTRONG! OMEGA WITH THE COVER! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT- WHOOOOOA!

[The crowd echoes that reaction as Armstrong kicks out with authority, pressing Omega into the air and sending him tumbling through the ropes to land on his feet on the floor, hanging onto the apron!]

DW: What a kickout! Omega went flying!

SA: Armstrong kicks out strong... but Omega's on his feet, getting back up on the apron...

[Omega is on the apron on a knee, waiting as Armstrong gets up, approaching the ropes...

...and then leaps up, using the ropes to swing a leg up and catch the incoming Armstrong with a boot between the eyes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RIGHT ON TARGET!

[Armstrong stumbles backwards as Omega grabs the top rope with both hands. He quickly steps up on the second rope, springing off the top with a crossbody...]

SA: OFF THE TOP!

[...and gets snatched from the sky by the powerful arms of Armstrong who pivots and DRIVES him down into the canvas with a ring-shaking powerslam!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CAUGHT! CAUGHT AND PLANTED! ARMSTRONG WITH THE COVER! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... ISSSSSSSS...

[But at the LAST possible second, Omega's shoulder comes flying up to a look of total disbelief on the face of Atlas Armstrong.]

SA: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! HE KICKED OUT, DEE DUB!

DW: I SAW IT AND I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT!

SA: Are the Gods of Neptune - do they have Gods on Neptune - whatever... are the fates smiling on Omega tonight?! Is this superhero being driven by forces beyond what mere mortals can harness?! How else can you explain it?! How else can you fathom Omega being able to kickout of that powerslam?!

[Armstrong rises to his feet, looking down in shock at Omega who is writhing in pain on the canvas. The crowd is deafening now for this small venue, rocking the building with their support for Omega as Armstrong shakes his head in disbelief. Mickey Cherry is screaming at him from the floor, trying to snap him out of it.]

SA: Armstrong... he may be in SHOCK! He can't believe it either!

[Another shout from Cherry seems to snap Armstrong out of it. He looks at his manager, nodding slowly...

...and then backs as far across the ring from Omega as he can, raising his mighty arm to the heavens, shaking as he looks to the sky...]

SA: And now... are the Gods giving strength to the arm of Atlas?!

[Omega rolls onto his chest, trying to push up off the canvas as Armstrong is literally trembling with intensity...]

SA: Omega's trying to get up!

DW: I'm not sure he should!

[Armstrong lowers his sights, watching as Omega struggles to his feet, barely able to keep his balance as he does...]

"THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL A SUPERMAN PUNCH, LITTLE MAN!"

[...and then charges across the ring, leaping into the air...]

SA: ATLAS SWINGS...

[...but Omega HURLS himself to the side, causing Armstrong to fly past and SLAM his own hand into the top turnbuckle!]

SA: ...AND MISSES!

[Armstrong howls in pain, cradling his hand and wrist as he wobbles out of the corner to huge cheers from the Atlanta crowd!]

DW: The mighty Atlas has struck out... and this is Omega's chance! Roll him up! Hit him with a bulldozer! Do something!

[As Atlas staggers in a circle, Omega charges him, throwing a running dropkick that catches him on the chin and sends him flying backwards into the corner, hanging onto the ropes with his powerful arms!]

SA: Into the corner goes Atlas... and Omega's climbing!

[Omega steps on the second rope, holding up a fist to the cheering crowd...

...and starts raining down blows on Armstrong!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Omega shifts his body slightly, looping an arm around Armstrong's head while standing on the middle rope...

...and LEAPS OFF, DRIVING Atlas facefirst into the canvas with a bulldog headlock!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: THIS IS IT, KID! DO IT! DO IT!

[Omega quickly tries to move, shoving Atlas over onto his back, diving across his chest as the referee dives down as well!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND THIS TIME, IT'S ARMSTRONG WHO KICKS OUT JUST IN TIME!

[The crowd is buzzing wildly now, many on their feet as they watch these two do battle in the biggest match of their young careers. Omega rolls off of Armstrong, flopping over onto his back, burying his face in his hands.]

DW: Now's not the time to get frustrated, kid! Stay on him! Find something else! Find another way to put him down and keep him down!

[Omega pushes back to a seated position, looking out on the cheering crowd that breaks into a chant...]

"O-MEG-A!"

"O-MEG-A!"

"O-MEG-A!"

SA: The fans in Atlanta are letting this young man know how they feel about him! They're solidly behind him... he's got the whole world in his corner... now he just needs to finish the job!

[Rising to his feet, Omega stumbles towards the ropes, ducking through them to stand on the apron...]

SA: And Omega's going outside again! He's pointing to the corner... he's calling his shot!

DW: Armstrong's still down! Do it, kid!

[Omega walks to the corner, starting his climb up the ropes...

...and Armstrong is STILL down!]

SA: Omega to the second rope... now trying to get up there to the top! Can he do it?! Can he get up there and find a way to put Atlas Armstrong down for his first pinfall in the AWA?!

[Omega gets one foot on the top rope...

...when Mickey Cherry comes up on the apron, running down it and throwing himself into a hug of Omega's leg to huge jeers!]

SA: What the...?!

DW: GET HIM DOWN! BLUE SHOES, GET HIM DOWN!

[The referee is SHOUTING at Cherry now, ordering him to get down off the apron!]

SA: The referee would be within his discretion to call for a disqualification here but like we said earlier, he's letting it go so far!

[The weary Omega is struggling against Cherry's grasp, trying to shake his leg free but Cherry is holding on with all he's got...]

SA: Cherry desperately trying to hold on! The referee is screaming at him to get down and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Omega rolls to his back, planting his boot on Cherry's chest and SHOVES him off the apron, crashing down on the floor!]

SA: Down goes Mickey Cherry! And Omega's got a clear path! Omega's got a clear path to get up there!

[Omega turns back over, dragging himself back into position as we see Armstrong start to rise inside the ring...]

SA: Armstrong's up but so is Omega!

[Omega looks around a bit at the roaring crowd, marveling at the reaction of so many on their feet in support of him...]

...and with a shout, he HURLS himself into the air, soaring towards a standing Armstrong!]

SA: CROSSBODY OFF THE TOP!

[But once again, Armstrong's power is the difference as he SNATCHES the flying Omega out of the sky...]

SA: CAUGHT! CAUGHT!

[Armstrong stumbles as he catches him this time... but he does not fall despite Omega's flailing and wriggling. Steadying himself, Armstrong steps to mid-ring...]

...and with a shout, he tosses Omega up like he's going for a fallaway slam but brings him down across his massive shoulders!]

SA: OH! TORTURE RACK! HE RACKED HIM!

[The roaring crowd is soon buzzing with surprise and horror as Armstrong transitions to his signature submission hold, bending Omega's spine across his mammoth frame, pulling down on Omega's leg and chin with ferocity!]

SA: He's got it locked in the center! Omega trying to hang on! Omega trying to fight it! Omega trying to find a way out! Omega-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd deflates as the referee signals for the bell.]

DW: Damn it!

[Armstrong stops applying pressure, standing with an arrogant smirk as he keeps Omega draped across his shoulders as Tyler Graham makes it official.]

TG: Here is your winner... by submission...

ATLAS ARRRRRRRRRRMSTRONNNNNNNNNNG!

[Armstrong nods his head as the crowd starts to jeer loudly, looking out on them as Mickey Cherry is still down on the floor after having been kicked off the apron by Omega.]

SA: Atlas Armstrong... wow... what a fight this was... what a battle between these two and-

DW: Put him down, Armstrong! You already won the match!

[Armstrong looks around, slowly turning towards Dylan Westerly whose voice seems to have traveled to the ring...]

SA: Uh oh.

DW: Put him down! I don't care if he heard me, Sal - put him down!

[Armstrong looks dead in the eye of Dylan Westerly from across Center Stage Studios...]

"You want him down, little man?!"

[With a smirk, Armstrong DROPS to his knees, delivering a horrendous jolt to the spine of the still-racked Omega...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Armstrong keeps looking at Westerly.]

"You got it!"

[The fans are all over Armstrong now as he climbs to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his powerful arms in victory.]

SA: Omega is down... Omega is down and I can only hope he's not injured after that.

DW: I... if he is, it's my fault, Sal.

SA: Don't say that, Dylan. It's no one's fault but Atlas Armstrong and... well, an impressive victory for Atlas Armstrong but Omega gave him more than I think Armstrong saw coming... and speaking of something no one saw coming, Dee Dub, I want to take everyone back right now to Homecoming. One week ago... Dallas, Texas... perhaps the most unpredictable night in AWA history. During our recent show in Mexico - Estrellas En El Cielo - news broke that the AWA was going through some contractual difficulties with the World Television Champion, Michael Aarons... and so, the world - myself included - was quite shocked when Aarons appeared in Dallas... and even more shocked at what happened next. Take a look...

[We fade to footage marked "LAST WEEKEND - HOMECOMING" as we see World Television Champion Michael Aarons in the ring dressed in street clothes but with a mic in hand.]

MA: The AWA doesn't want to pay me what I'm worth? Well, I'm more than happy to go somewhere where they will...

[Aarons smirks as the fans jeer the idea of an AWA title being taken from the company.]

MA: But before I can do that... I've got one last piece of business to take care of here.

[Cut to a different angle of Aarons speaking, strategically cut to drop some of the night's dialogue.]

MA: So, here I am.

One night. One more match. One last chance for all of you...

[He points towards the locker room entrance.]

MA: ...to take this...

[He holds up the title.]

MA: ...off the hottest free agent in this business!

[The ripping guitars of AC/DC's "Thunderstruck" kick in to a surprised reaction from the Dallas crowd!]

GM: Wait a second!

[As the vocals join the fray, more of the crowd starts to cheer, remembering just who this music is for.]

"THUN-DER!"

[Aarons looks around in confusion, shouting "WHO IS THIS?!" to no one in particular.]

"THUN-DER!"

"THUN-DER!"

"THUN-DER!"

[And as the song really kicks in, the blue chip prospect himself - Whitiri - appears on the ramp to a big reaction!]

GM: That's Whitiri! The 2016 Brass Ring Tournament winner! One of the hottest prospects the AWA has ever seen!

[Whitiri takes a moment to soak up the cheers of the crowd...

...and then breaks into a sprint, charging down the aisle where he dives headfirst under the bottom rope as Aarons rushes to attack. The bell sounds as Whitiri ducks under a flailing right hand, coming off the far side...

...and SLAMS his 255 pound muscular frame into the stunned Aarons, knocking the wind out of him and putting him down on the canvas!]

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR! THE CHARGE OF TŪMATAUENGA!

[With Aarons reeling on the canvas, clutching his ribs in pain, Whitiri gets to his feet, quickly ducking under the ropes, rushing down the apron...]

GM: Wait a second! Whitiri's climbing the ropes! Whitiri is climbing the ropes!

[The crowd is ROARING now, screaming and shouting as Whitiri scales to the top, standing tall with his arms spread wide...]

...and LEAPS into the air, soaring high and far across the ring!]

GM: RANGINUI'S PRAYER! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Whaitiri stays on top, hooking the legs tightly and nodding his head along with the count...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMPION!

[Aarons rolls from the ring as the crowd celebrates the title change, the referee snatching up the fallen title belt, handing it over to the triumphant blue chip prospect who is absolutely beside himself, hugging the title belt to his chest with a huge smile on his face.]

GM: Michael Aarons may be heading out the door but he is NOT taking the World Television Title with him... thanks to the new champion, Whaitiri!

[Whaitiri climbs to his feet, thrusting the title over his head with one arm as the crowd continues to cheer. He gives a triumphant shout as he stomps across the ring, climbing up on the middle rope to soak up the cheers.]

GM: Whaitiri has done it! Whaitiri has shocked the world here at Homecoming! Oh my!

[We fade from the pre-taped footage back to the friendly confines of the Center Stage Studios where we see "Slim" Jim Colt stomping around the ring, microphone in hand.]

JC: Cut it! Cut the damn video!

[Colt is fuming mad as the Atlanta fans jeer him.]

JC: WHYYYYYY-TEE-REE! YOU BACK THERE, BOY?! YA HEAR ME, BOY?!

[Colt paces back and forth, occasionally gesturing up the aisle.]

JC: They said, "Come to Dallas! All hands on deck! Save our show!" And being the company man I am, I went! And what did they say?!

"We don't need you after all, Jim."

[Colt hacks and spits angrily on the mat.]

JC: Don't need me?! You got room on the show for a buncha guys and gals that don't even work here and you don't need me?! Well, I don't need ya either! How da ya like that?!

So, I was sittin' in the back that night, waitin' for my shot... and I see that punk little brat Michael Aarons out there runnin' his yap about his bank account.

Ya wanna know 'bout my bank account, boy?! My bank account's seen better days! 'Cause someone took ten thousand U.S. government dollars outta my bank account back in June in that cesspool they call New York City...

[He nods his head as the fans cheer the memory of that night.]

JC: And would you believe it?! I was watchin' the damn monitor and here comes WHYYYYY-TEE-REEEEE again! Takin' my damn spot! Takin' my damn belt! Just like he took my damn money!

And now... I'm fixin' to call his pampered pretty boy face out here so I can smash it all up and take it all back! Take my money! Take my spot! And take that shiny piece of gold and silver off his pretty little waist!

[Colt nods angrily, waving to the back.]

JC: That's right, WHYYYY-TEE-REE! You get yourself out here and defend that title! You get out here and-

[But before Colt can finish his thought, the unmistakable strains of AC/DC's "Thunderstruck" blare over the loudspeakers, and the fans in Center Stage Studios come to their feet and then they come unglued.]

SA: Ask and ye shall receive, "Slim" Jim Colt! Whitiri has arrived! The man who is rising up the charts as fast as Taylor Swift this week - the new World Television Champion has come to the A-T-L!

[Whaitiri stands atop the stage, lifting the title belt aloft.]

SA: Some may call him a blue chip prospect! Others may call him the "Chosen One" of the Combat Corner! We call him Whitiri and the whole world calls him "champ" these days, Dee Dub!

DW: It was the most unpredictable night in AWA history and Whitiri helped contribute to that, defeating Michael Aarons to win the TV Title... and it looks like he's going to defend it right now!

[The handsome half Maori named after his people's god of Thunder makes his way down the steps towards a ranting and raving Jim Colt. Whitiri climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...

...and before he has a chance to hand over the title, Jim Colt rushes the new champion, smashing a knee up into his jaw as he comes through the ropes!]

SA: Ohhh! Colt caught him coming in!

[Pushing him back against the ropes, Colt buries a right hand into the midsection and then lands one on the jaw, sending Whitiri stumbling towards the corner, dropping the title belt on the canvas where the referee retrieves it, handing it out to a ringside attendant.]

SA: The referee signals for the bell - this is apparently official now.

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The 2016 Brass Ring Tournament winner... the current World Television Champion. Whitiri has been on a hot streak since his AWA debut last fall but has battled some injuries earlier this year that sidelined him after his appearance at last year's SuperClash.

[Colt swings a trio of knees into the body of the stunned Whitiri, reaching down to grab a wrist...]

SA: Colt shoots him across... no, reversed!

[The powerful young man rockets Colt to the corner where he crashes into the buckles. Waitiri backs into the corner, pumping his arms a few times towards the sky...

...and then barrels across the ring, leaping into the air...]

SA: BIG SPLASH IN THE CORNER! Taking a page out of someone else who was once a young man burning his way into the hearts of fans all over the world, Supernova.

DW: He calls that the Wrath of Waitiri and his 255 pounds smashed Colt into the buckles with authority!

[Waitiri backs off to mid-ring, gesturing with both hands towards a dazed Colt who staggers out towards him...

...and gets lifted by the powerful arms of Waitiri who sits out, smashing Colt spinefirst into the canvas!]

SA: SITOUT SPINEBUSTER AND THE SPINE HITS THE PINE HERE IN ATLANTA, G-A!

[Waitiri comes to his feet, pumping his arms up and down, drawing energy from the crowd's vocal support...]

SA: The fans are pumped! Waitiri's pumped as well now!

[The World Television Champion strides to the far corner, throwing his arms all the way up and drawing them down with a loud "HAAAAAA-OOOOOOOOH-AHHHHHHH!" before he turns back around, planting his fists down on the canvas and staring across the ring, watching and waiting as Colt starts to rise...]

SA: Jim Colt's felt it before but I think he STILL has no idea what's waiting for him as he gets to his feet and-

[Waitiri comes charging out of the corner, lowering his torso...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CHARGE OF TUMATAUENGA!! JIM COLT GETS FLATTENED AND-

DW: Waitiri's not done!

[With Colt motionless in the center of the ring, Waitiri ducks through the ropes to the apron and ascends to the top rope.]

SA: As Steve Miller once said, Waitiri is getting ready to fly like an eagle... into the future!

[The fans are on their feet as Waitiri takes flight, soaring through the air and CRASHES down onto a prone Colt. He reaches back to hook a leg, nodding his head emphatically with each count by the referee.]

SA: RANGINUI'S PRAYER! COVER!! ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!
THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[As the bell sounds, Waitiri pops up to his feet, throwing back his head with a triumphant bellow as the referee retrieves the title belt, handing it over as the ring announcer makes it official.]

TG: Your winner of the match... and STILL AWA WORLD TELEVISION
CHAMPIONNNNNNNN...

WHAAAAAAIIIIITIIIIIRIIIIIII!

[Whaitiri celebrates his victory, raising an arm to the cheering crowd, and then with a point towards Theresa, he ducks through the ropes and starts heading her way.]

SA: Whaitiri rolls right over Jim Colt in a big first title defense... and as I say that, this young man has already made his way up to talk to Theresa who will wrap the show up with that interview. So long, fans... and take it away, Theresa!

[We fade over to the interview podium where Theresa Lynch is standing with the AWA World Television Champion, Whaitiri. The handsome half-Māori is all smiles as he stands with the title belt over his shoulder, breathing a little heavy from his title defense moments ago.]

TL: Thanks, Sal... and... Whaitiri, let me be the first to give you a hearty kia ora, and welcome you back to the Power Hour and of course, congratulations are in order!

[He nods, smiling at the interviewer.]

W: Kia ora, Theresa! And thank you.

[Theresa grins.]

TL: When you talk about meteoric rises in the AWA, I think we have to begin with what you've been able to accomplish. From winning the Brass Ring Tournament last year to winning Jim Colt's ten thousand dollars, and now to the AWA World Television title. You have to be feeling good.

[Whaitiri nods.]

W: You're right, Theresa. To be honest? It feels like I reached out and grabbed a bolt of lightning, and its carried me all the way here and to this beautiful title belt!

But it's not a lightning bolt, Theresa. And it's not a rocket or anything else. It's one thing. The thing that has always mattered the most in AWA.

These great fans of ours!

[The crowd cheers for themselves... of course.]

W: The AWA has the greatest fans in the world. People from all walks of life, all religions, all cultures, all countries. Young, old, man, woman and nonbinary. Everyone from every color of the rainbow, they come out and they give me and everyone else their love and support.

And Theresa, that's stronger and faster than lightning!

And this right here?

[Whaitiri taps the front of the title belt slung over his shoulder.]

W: This is my commitment to them!

This is my promise that as long as I hold this, I will be worthy of the faith you've given me. And I'll be worthy of this title belt.

A lot of great men have held this title – from Glenn Hudson to Dave Bryant. From Supernova to Ryan Martinez. And from Alphonse Green to Terry Shane. They all gave this title prestige. They all made this title important. They were all great champions.

And I stand here now telling you I’m going to do my best to be greatest of them all!

Not for glory. Not for ego. But because the people? That’s what they deserve. From day one, I’ve had their support. And it’s time I repay that.

So listen up – it doesn’t matter who you are. You want a shot, you have it. If you’re Max Magnum or if you’re Allen Allen. Step through this ropes, and you’ll get your shot.

But I ain’t going to make it easy on any of you.

And I plan on making every single one of you hear Ranginui’s Prayer!

[Whaitiri is just about to walk away when Lynch holds her hand up.]

TL: One moment, champ... I’m being told that someone has something to say to you. If you could direct your attention to the screen here...

[Theresa gestures to the video monitor behind the interview podium as they both turn to watch it turn from the Power Hour logo...

...to the smiling face of AWA President Javier Castillo as he golf claps. A large “LIVE VIA SATELLITE” graphic is at the bottom of the screen as the Center Stage Studios crowd jeers.]

JC: Congratulations, Whaitiri! Congratulations on your return to action.... your triumphant defense tonight on the Power Hour... but most of all, congratulations on your title win at Homecoming.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: You really took care of that Michael Aarons situation for me... and I am quite grateful. In fact, if you ever need a favor from me... it is yours to ask.

[Castillo clasps his hands together.]

JC: And I look forward to seeing you next weekend in Oklahoma City on Saturday Night Wrestling... because I have a message for you and I would like to deliver it in person.

Yes... we will be watching your career with great interest.

[Castillo nods thoughtfully...

...and then claps his hands together.]

JC: Oh... and to the surprise of no one, I must say that Theresa Lynch has misquoted me. You see, my appearance here tonight was not just for you, Whaitiri.

I have another message... for the entire wrestling world.

[Castillo glowers at the camera.]

JC: Jon Stegglet may have gotten the drop on me at Homecoming when he announced that WarGames match.

But while my sources say he's still hunting for his team, I'm proud to announce that after much consideration, I have made my NUMBER ONE DRAFT PICK for my WarGames team!

[He pauses, as if expecting applause... it doesn't come by the way.]

JC: And that man is...

[He pauses again, waiting... waiting... waiting...]

JC: ...going to be announced on Saturday Night Wrestling next weekend.

[He smirks as the Power Hour fans jeer.]

JC: And Martinez... you'll never see this one coming.

[He laughs - deep, dark, and ominous...

...as we fade to black.]