

AWA POWER HOUR

SEPTEMBER 30TH, 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 the Power Hour logo fills the screen before 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 "We Are Legends" by Hardwell, Kaaze, and Jonathan Mendelsohn is pumped into the building.

An initial wide shot of the makeshift arena shows the expected ring with the black ringside mats all around it. There are no signs of barricades though, leaving an empty space between the ringside area and the front row of fans that are seated on

bleachers that stretch up several rows towards the rafters where flags from countries around the world are hanging.

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

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

TL: The all-new Power Hour is ON! THE! AIR! Hello everybody, I'm Theresa Lynch, and I'll be your host for the next two hours of action right here in the heart of the South - the Center Stage Studios in Atlanta, Georgia! And you heard me right - another super-sized two hour edition of the Power Hour here this week and we're not going to waste a single second of those two hours as it's time to go down to the ring but before we do, let me throw it over to the two guys calling the action for you here tonight - Salvatore Albano and Dylan Westerly! Happy Fight Night day, boys!

[We cut to the table across the stage from Theresa where a grinning Albano and Westerly are waiting.]

SA: Thanks for that, Theresa. Dee Dub, we are walking - nay, make that running - the road to SuperClash IX now less than two months away and... wow. Things here in the AWA are a fever pitch.

DW: You got that right, Big Sal. The AWA is at war and the fans are watching each and every battle with great interest!

SA: Including tonight's opening matchup - former friends turned foes as the Shooting Stars explode when "Cannonball" Lee Connors takes on the wrestler formerly known as Downpour! Let's go down to the ring!

[As we fade to a wider shot of the Studios, we see the wrestler formerly known as Downpour making his way down the stairs as a spooky instrumental plays and his name appears on the video screen.]

TG: The following contest set for one fall with a ten minute time limit is your OPENING MATCH tonight on the Power Hour! Introducing first-

[Graham is cut off by a roar from the crowd as "Cannonball" Lee Connors comes tearing through the entranceway, charging across the entry stage and HURLS himself off the raised platform, flipping through the air and wiping out his former partner with a somersault plancha!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HOLY- YOU TALK ABOUT A FAST START HERE ON THE POWER HOUR, DEE DUB, AND WE ARE OFF AND RUNNING!

DW: Connors didn't wanna waste any time, Big Sal! He wants payback! He wants blood! And he wants it right now!

[Connors pulls himself off the floor, not even pausing to acknowledge the cheering crowd as he peels his former partner off the floor, tossing him under the ropes into the ring as the referee signals for the bell.]

SA: Referee Scott Ezra says let's do this thing and Lee Connors is looking to oblige after Downpour... or whatever he wants us to call him... betrayed him down in Mexico almost a month ago now.

[Connors climbs up on the apron, moving towards the corner to climb the turnbuckles...

...but as he does, the former Downpour rolls under the ropes on the other side of the ring, avoiding his partner's wrath for the moment. Connors glares after him as the fans jeer.]

SA: Perhaps a wise strategy being employed there by the former Downpour, trying to get away from Connors...

[Connors hops down off the top rope onto the apron, measuring his former partner as he slowly circles the ringpost, looking out on the jeering crowd...

...which is when Connors comes charging down the length of the apron, throwing himself into the air, tucking his knees into the chest of Downpour and riding him down onto the studio floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: METEORA ON THE MONEY AND DOWN GOES DOWNPOUR!

[Connors comes back to his feet again, looking out on the roaring crowd with a nod. He points down at Downpour, reaching down to haul him up by the eyeholes of his mask...

...which is when Downpour reaches out, crossing his arms as he thrusts them into the throat of Connors!]

SA: OH! Thrust to the throat! Illegal blow and the referee is letting him have it from inside the ring...

[On the outside, Downpour grabs the coughing Connors around the torso, muscling him up and dropping him FACEFIRST on the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: And now it's Connors who goes down and what a physical battle right out of the gate between these former partners.

DW: Sometimes it's former friends... former partners... who make the worst enemies, Big Sal.

SA: Best friends, better enemies... something like that?

DW: Something like that, yeah.

[Downpour pulls Connors to his feet, shoving him under the ropes back inside the ring before pulling himself up on the apron. He grabs the top rope with both hands, slingshotting himself over the top rope into a flipping senton across the torso!]

SA: Slingshot senton right across the chest - and there's a cover by Downpour!

[A two count follows before Connors kicks out. The masked man is quickly to his feet, stomping the chest of Connors as the referee protests and the crowd jeers loudly.]

SA: He's all over his former partner... and that one puts Connors back out on the apron...

[Leaning over the ropes, the luchador drags Connors up to his feet...

...but Connors grabs the middle rope, slingshotting through to drive a shoulder into Downpour's midsection.]

SA: Connors fighting right back though...

[Connors grabs the mask, drawing Downpour's torso through the ropes before he steps on the middle rope, springing up and dropping a leg down across the back of the neck - a move that sends Connors crashing tailbone-first down on the apron as the masked man slides through the ropes to a heap on the floor.]

SA: ...and here we go again! Right back to the outside after that devastating legdrop by the man known as the Cannonball!

[Connors grabs the ropes, wincing as he pulls himself to his feet. He throws a glance down at the masked man, nodding as he turns his back to him, standing mid-apron as Downpour struggles to get up off the floor...]

SA: Downpour's struggling to get up... and I don't think he has a clue what's waiting for him!

[As the luchador rises, Connors leaps into the air, landing on the middle rope, and springs off with a breathtaking moonsault that wipes out Downpour on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO! DOWN GOES DOWNPOUR AGAIN!

DW: And that was a heck of a move out of Connors, Big Sal - layin' it all on the line here tonight in Atlanta!

SA: In just a little under two months, this city will be one of the hosts of SuperClash IX and you better believe both of these men will be looking to get on that card, Dee Dub.

DW: It's that time of year, Sal. If you're in the AWA locker room, you start looking around and doing the math... this guy is fighting that guy... those two are teaming against these other two... and you start to figure out where you might fit in on the biggest night of the year.

SA: Who knows, Dee Dub - depending on how this turns out, we might see these two in action AGAINST each other that night in either Atlanta or Toronto!

DW: It wouldn't surprise me, Big Sal.

[Dragging himself and Downpour off the floor again, Connors shoves his former partner inside the ring. Connors rolls in after him, coming to his feet as Downpour crawls across the ring...]

SA: Both men back in... and Connors is coming right for him. He's giving no quarter in this one for sure...

[With Downpour on his feet, back against the buckles, Connors shifts his footing to strike...]

"WHAAAAAACK!"

[A hard roundhouse kick to the ribs finds the target as Connors snaps off two more just as quick and just as impactful...]

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and then leaps into the air, twisting around to jam his heel up into the chin of the masked man!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Connors grabs Downpour by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner...]

SA: Downpour hits the buckles hard, bouncing right out... ohhh! And a big roundhouse under the chin takes him down once again!

[With the crowd roaring, Connors strikes a pose standing over him, legs spread out...]

SA: Connors looking for that standing Shooting Star!

[...but Downpour grabs the planted foot, using it to spin himself around to swing a knee into the side of the knee, causing Connors to cry out as he falls to a knee on the mat.]

SA: Oh! Downpour had that move well-scouted and counters it just in time!

DW: Just think about how many times he's seen that move from out on the apron - it's no surprise he knew the best way to block it.

[Downpour comes to his feet behind Connors, pinning the knee down with a foot as he smashes a elbowshot to the back of the head, causing Connors to pitch forward onto his face on the canvas.]

SA: Downpour's got that leg pinned down, perhaps trying to neutralize a big chunk of Lee Connors' offense here on the Power Hour..

[Downpour leans down to grab the ankle but Connors flips over to his back, shoving him off with an upkick to the chest that sends him falling back towards the ropes.]

SA: And now it's Connors with the counter, scrambling back to his feet...

[A charging Downpour comes up empty on a clothesline as Connors ducks down, swinging around again...]

SA: ROUNDHOUSE!

[...but this time, Downpour is ready for the high kick aimed at his temple, swinging up one arm to partially deflect and then the other to catch it, Connors' shin resting on Downpour's shoulder.]

SA: The big kick blocked and... what's this now?

[Downpour quickly slides the leg along his neck, reaching up to secure it with both arms...

...and then pulls down with both arms while straightening up, lifting Connors off the canvas!]

DW: Oh wow!

SA: That's a stretch muffler - but the leg's bending the wrong way!

DW: The leg doesn't bend that way! The shin's on the neck and-

[Connors is crying out in pain, clawing at the canvas as his former partner attempts to break his leg in this submission hold...]

SA: Connors is trying to hang on! He's trying to fight this hold that Downpour applied out of nowhere and-

[With the leg essentially torture racked across Downpour's shoulders, he abruptly drops down to his knees...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd gasps as Connors goes suddenly still, limp on the canvas as the referee dives on top of him, swinging his arms back and forth and waving for the bell!]

SA: The referee just stopped the match but... my goodness, did you hear that crack!?

DW: I'm gonna be sick, Sal. He broke his leg! He broke his dang leg!

[Downpour lets go of the leg as Connors flops onto the mat, the referee shielding him from further damage...

...and promptly throws his arms up in an X as we see AWA medical personnel come racing into view, moving swiftly towards the ring.]

SA: The doctor is on his way out here... I think you may be right, Dylan. I think Downpour just broke his partner's leg with that... I don't even know what to call that hold.

[With a few medics in the ring tending to Lee Connors, Downpour steps through the ropes, standing on the apron and absorbing the screams and shouts of the jeering Power Hour crowd.]

SA: Lee Connors is hurt and hurt badly, fans. This isn't... well, to say this isn't how we wanted this night of action to start... that would be an understatement. Theresa... while the medical team works on Lee Connors, let's go back to you.

[We fade from the ring where Connors is being assisted by AWA medical personnel over to the interview desk where a concerned Theresa Lynch is looking on.]

TL: I... fans, as you just saw, "Cannonball" Lee Connors comes out on the short end of that match but at the moment, the concern is not the loss but the leg injury - the knee injury perhaps - suffered at the hands of his former partner at the conclusion of that match. We can see Dr. Ponavitch down there in the ring and... well, to be honest, it does not look good for Lee Connors right now. We'll have...

[Theresa trails off as we see Betty Chang come jogging into view, running past Theresa and heading for the ring to check on her friend.]

TL: Betty Chang on her way out here right now. You'll remember that Betty became very good friends with both Connors and the man formerly known as Downpour earlier in the year and... this is a hard thing to watch. We... well, the producers are telling me that my next guests are coming out here so apparently the show must go on. And-

[Theresa is cut off by the arrival of a production assistant, a lanyard dangling around his neck as a headset is upon his crown. He shoves a piece of paper towards her.]

TL: What's this now?

[Theresa glances over the paper, shaking her head as she does.]

TL: Well... this is apparently for immediate release so...

[She clears her throat.]

TL: By order of the office of Korugun's Vice President of Special Projects - John Wesley Hardin - the AWA competitor known as Casey James is hereby directed to appear seven days from tonight on AWA's Saturday Night Wrestling live in St. Louis, Missouri. Any attempt to disobey this order will be met with immediate dismissal from the company and the appropriate... crippling... legal action.

[Theresa sighs as she sets the paper aside.]

TL: Look, I've got no love for Casey James after the garbage he pulled with me last year... but I also know this bounty situation has gotten out of hand. We saw that brutal brawl with Robert Donovan down in Mexico - Donovan hasn't even been heard from since then. We saw the encounter last week in a restaurant between James, Kaz Konoe, and Atlas Armstrong. Enough is enough. Hardin needs to call off this bounty and I hope that's what will happen when Casey James comes to St. Louis next weekend.

[The crowd reacts as the shot pulls out a bit to reveal that Theresa is being joined by Kaz Konoe and Luciana. Konoe does not look dressed to compete. He has on his Aviators, as usual, a black T-shirt, with "LOS RENEGADOS" in white across the front, and a pair of skinny blue jeans. Luciana has on a white tank top with "CHICAS RENEGADAS" in green across the front, over a red bra, and a red miniskirt. She also has a twisted green bandana tied around her head, knotted right of center at her forehead.]

TL: And speaking of Kaz Konoe... Luciana, you requested this time, even though, as we can see, Kaz is not scheduled to compete tonight. Something on your mind?

L: Another week, Theresa ... Another week of Kaz Konoe being denied his rightful shot at the World Television title! What's Kaz got to do, huh? What's it going to take for management? The front office? The championship committee? Whatever! What's it going to take for somebody to make this match happen?

You know what? We're not even going to blame Whatiri for this situation.

TL: Whatiri.

L: What?

TL: The name of the AWA World Television Champion is Whatiri.

L: Why?

TL: Why what?

L: Why is Whatiri?

TL: Huh?

L: I don't know! Sounds like a punchline for a joke. Anyway, Whytiri, Howtiri, WHO-tiri, it doesn't matter... I'm sure he's not DELIBERATELY ducking our challenge. He seems like the kind of guy who would take on all comers... and there's no better challenger waiting for him to prove himself as a champion than this man.

[Luciana sidesteps, gesturing to Kaz Konoe.]

L: This man who graduated from no less than the TJPW dojo. This man who sat under the learning tree that is the legendary GOLIATH Takehara. This man who was a part of the Gundan faction alongside the legendary Macht Kraftwerk. This man who went to Mexico and so impressed the audience AND his peers that no less than the PREMIER faction in all of lucha libre adopted him as one of their own! What ELSE does THIS MAN have to do to PROVE himself WORTHY of a shot at the AWA World Television championship?

[Luciana worked herself into quite the lather there, pausing to sweep her hair back before continuing.]

L: Look, Theresa, I know things are a little bit messy right now with upper management and bridges seem to be burned left, right and center with partners internationally and at home, but last I checked, our contracts are with the AWA. For the moment, at least, Kaz Konoe is ALL-IN on the AWA, so, come on... How about we start treating him less like the forgotten son and more like the rising son that he is?

[Somehow, during Luciana's tirade, Konoe has moved himself into position between the two women. With Luciana having spoken her peace, Konoe leans towards the mic. He lowers the sunglasses, so that he can look over them straight into the camera directly in front of him, which moves in for a close-up.]

KK: Atlas ... Armstrong ... You keep talking like you next in line for shot at TV title... I think blood not going to your stupid brain because you have too much muscle. I am not afraid of muscle. Muscle fall harder. Big dumb object fall faster. Like when Ogre Killer take out MISTER from the Rumble!

You keep trying to cut the line? And then you get in my way of claiming million-dollar bounty?! Atlas Armstrong, next time you cut in front of me, I will cut YOU DOWN! Nobody use atlas anymore! Now we have Google and Google Map.

[Konoe smirks at his own joke.]

KK: If you not careful, Atlas, we take you out and throw you away also!

[A voice rings out from off-camera.]

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Hold on one second!"

[The crowd murmurs in anticipation as Mickey Cherry hustles out from the back, dressed in a white seersucker suit, silver leather tie and black shirt. He's got a well-chewed cigar in hand and he lurches forward, trying to maneuver with his cane. The crowd jeers the mouthpiece along with the man he speaks for who marches out behind him - the enormous Atlas Armstrong, dressed in black spandex tights, a weight lifter's belt and cross training sneakers. An Armstrong "DROP THE HEAVENS ON 'EM" T-shirt strains against his chest, back and shoulders the big man marches up behind Cherry to confront Konoe and Luciana.]

MC: Listen here, Mutanoid. You don't make dumb jokes about the greatest gladiator in the AWA! I don't care if you're Dave Chappelle or Shecky Greene. No, you don't make a mockery of the man with the million dollar body.

[Armstrong nods, rolling his neck as his shirt struggles to contain him.]

MC: Now you and your little hussy listen here...

[A loud "HUSSY?!" from off-mic causes Cherry to smirk at Luciana's reaction.]

MC: I said what I said... but you two actually think we interfered in you collecting a million dollar bounty?! You stood a better chance of ending up the Blackheart's toothpick than you did of cashing in that payday - you hear me?

But you two crossed a line... yes you did... YOU INTERRUPTED ATLAS' MEAL!

[The crowd jeers as Konoe shakes his head in annoyance.]

MC: Do you have ANY idea what kind of protein intake is necessary to fuel a body like this? Atlas... show em where those chicken breasts go!

[Armstrong flexes his bicep. The peak pops... the crowd does not.]

MC: So the way we see it is YOU owe US a million dollars for interfering with Atlas' maintenance of his godly physique and we've come to collect. You two want to talk about getting the next shot at the World Television title? Why? Atlas, what have they done?

[Armstrong looks Konoe up and down for a moment...

...and then with a smirk, he breaks out his own version of Konoe's signature gesture - the shrug. Konoe whips off his sunglasses, jabbing an accusing finger at Armstrong as Cherry and Luciana struggle to keep their charges apart.]

MC: Stay back, Atlas! Stay back! We don't fight unless we get paid, friend! And if we're gonna fight, we're gonna fight for the TV Title! We're gonna fight Whaitiri! We're gonna-

[Konoe suddenly lunges forward, shoving Armstrong with both hands in a move that doesn't budge the big man...]

TL: Hang on! Hang on!

[Mickey Cherry turns around, planting both hands on Armstrong's chest, trying to keep him from attacking Kaz Konoe who is waving him forward...]

TL: Gentlemen, control yourselves please!

[Armstrong continues to glare at Konoe as he slowly backs up, allowing Cherry to steer him back towards the entryway.]

L: Did you hear what he said to us, Theresa?! Were you listening?!

TL: I was listening and I heard and-

[But with Konoe now facing the camera again, Atlas Armstrong comes charging in from the blind side, smashing a forearm into the back of Konoe's head, sending him flopping over the wooden interview podium.]

TL: HEY!

[Lynch backs off as Armstrong grabs Konoe by the hair, lifting him up off the podium and SLAMMING his face down onto it!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[Armstrong angrily throws Konoe down onto the entrance stage, striking a double bicep pose over him as the fans jeer and Luciana drops to her knees, checking on Konoe's condition.]

TL: Get him out of here, Cherry! Come on!

[Cherry hustles back in, smirking as he leads Armstrong away from the downed Konoe and back through the entryway to jeers from the crowd as we fade to black.]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade to black...

...and then back up as the words "Previously Recorded" flash across the top of the screen as we see Theresa Lynch standing backstage in front of an AWA backdrop.]

TL: Hey there folks, Theresa Lynch here. Right now, I'm supposed to be joined by my guests...-OH!

[Suddenly, we see Harley Hamilton leaping in front of Theresa and taking the microphone from her hand. Harley is dressed in a metallic purple ring jacket with one yellow sleeve and one black sleeve and a metallic rainbow patched across the front over her regular wrestling gear... and has a replica AWA World Tag Team Title belt around her waist, as seen in the commercials. Although, an eagle-eyed viewer may notice a plethora of Polaroid mini-stickers of Harley and Cinder selfies have been plastered over the globe on the title plate.]

HH: #WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS#

[Harley is then joined by Cinder, matching her in the same stylish metallic purple ring jacket (with entirely cosmetic zippers and buckles) and wearing a replica tag team title belt of her own.]

C: #WEAH AH THE CHAMPYEENS#

HH: #NO TIME FOR TRASH WALLACE#

C: #BEYCAUSE WEAH AH THE CHAMPYEENS#

[Big dramatic pause.]

HH and C: #OF THE UNIVEEEEERRRRSSSSEEE!!!#

[Harley hands the microphone back to a stunned Theresa.]

HH: You can have this back now. How'd you like our singing?

[Theresa rolls her eyes, her reply dripping with sarcasm.]

TL: Lovely. Like a couple of Freddie Mercury's.

[Harley blinks in confusion.]

HH: Who?

[Theresa's jaw drops.]

TL: I... you know what, I'm not even going to get into that. Harley Hamilton and Cinder, just what is the meaning of this?

[Theresa points to the title belts around their waists.]

HH: Isn't it obvious, Reese? Cindy and I have been running roughshod over the entire Women's Division for months! And since the AWA is dragging their feet doing it, we took it upon ourselves to do something that is a mere formality: Declaring Seductive and Destructive the AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions!

C: Of the universe!

[Theresa raises her eyebrow, an incredulous look on her face.]

TL: The "World Tag Team Champions of the Universe?"

C: Aye, the world an' elsewhere, because the laws of physics are like any other laws: made tae be broken!

TL: Don't you think this is a bit much? While I admit you two have a surprisingly strong win/loss record...

C: Undeclared by the way!

TL: ...don't you think declaring yourselves the champions of anything a bit premature?

HH: Are you kidding me? What team out there can possibly compete with us? Violence Unlimited? The Syndicate? THE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE???

Pleaze.

Cindy would gnaw Charlie Stephens' face off!

[Cinder nods in agreement.]

C: All the parts that dunnae look like Chris Pine, anyway.

[Theresa slowly scoots about half a step away from Cinder.]

TL: Well, they might not be the Stampede Cup winners, but how about your opponents for tonight, the team of Margarita Flores and Betty Chang?

HH: Seriously? Margie Flores and Betty Chang? Ew.

TL: While you may be dismissive of their chances, Margarita Flores has been quite the thorn in your sides these past few months. In fact, some people might say you've been ducking her.

[The mention of "ducking" seems to light a fire underneath Harley.]

HH: And they'd be wrong! I faced Margie and I defeated her! Cindy and I faced Margie with X-S baggage and we defeated her! How many times do we have to smash her hopes and dreams before she gets a clue?

C: Aye, you'd reckon Margarine Flowers would have learned her lesson the first time we gave her last co-conspirator the wallop! That reprobate deserved!

HH: And tonight won't be any different. If Betty Chang thinks what Kurayami did to her was bad, just wait until we get through with her!

[And with that, Harley walks off, with Cinder following behind her.]

C: By the way... does Kurayami still work here? Can we have her jacket?

[Theresa shakes her head at the duo as she watches them walk away, before turning her attention back to the camera.]

TL: A very confident and dangerous Seductive and Destructive. Margarita Flores and Betty Chang better be prepared later tonight.

[Theresa looks off-camera in the direction they departed, shaking her head again as we fade out to the ring where we find Tyler Graham standing.]

TG: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division! Introducing first... already in the ring... weighing 198 pounds... from Apopka, Florida... QUEENIE JOHNSON!

[Johnson is a solid plus-sized Afro-American woman with long multi-colored braids down her back. She wears a silver and blue unitard, blue knee pads and silver wrestling boots. She throws up the horns at the crowd.]

TG: And her opponent... weighing in at 162 pounds... from Jackson, Tennessee ...
THE AFRO PUNK... VICTORIA JUNE!

[The crowd cheers as the Ramones' "Blitzkrieg Bop" blares through the Center Stage Studios. Victoria June trudges out onto the rampway, dressed in her torn fishnets, Doc Marten boots, denim shorts and a leather like bustier under a big stripey coatigan in shades of pink, red, orange, purple and blue. Her entrance is unusually somber unlike her normal high energy arrival.]

SA: Victoria June set for action here in this one... and Dee Dub, I'd have to say this is a lower energy Victoria June than we're used to seeing.

DW: You're right, Sal. Even her afro doesn't seem as high as it normally is.

SA: And to me, that means that Charisma Knight has been getting to her... whether she wants to admit it or not.

[June sluggishly makes her way down the stairs. She slaps a few offered hands halfheartedly before dragging herself onto the apron, stepping through the ropes to face off with the shorter, but heavier Johnson. June takes a long look at her opponent, eyeballing her up and down as Johnson grins at June, sticking out her tongue, and banging her head along with the song to cheers from the crowd.]

SA: And it seems as though Queenie Johnson and Victoria June share a mutual fondness for the Ramones - the band named the second greatest band of all time by Spin Magazine back in 2002... only trailing The Beatles, Dee Dub.

DW: Well, it may be a hard day's night for June if she doesn't snap out of this and get her head right.

[June looks around at the cheering crowd who are banging their heads and rocking out in style, Queenie Johnson still smiling as she does the same...]

SA: These fans in Atlanta letting Victoria June hear it... they want her to join in on this impromptu punk rock party in the A-T-L.

[June sucks in a deep breath, throwing up her hands in the horns. Johnson claps, shouting out "LET'S DO THIS!" to June. She does a jig around June, circling her once before bumping her shoulder into her.]

SA: Oh!

[June stumbles from the surprise shoulderblock but does not fall. Johnson slaps her own shoulder, shouting out loud...]

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

[The Afro Punk grins at that, nodding her head, seemingly snapping out of her funk for a moment just before she lunges forward with a tackle into Johnson who doesn't budge.]

SA: We've got ourselves a moshpit here on the Power Hour - a two woman mosh pit anyways!

[Johnson surges into a big bump on June, again knocking her back... and then June runs into Johnson again...]

SA: The party is on and-

[June is the first to shift her approach, smashing a forearm into Johnson's bigger, broader chest...]

SA: Oh!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Johnson mimics the Afro Punk, throwing some heavy forearms of her own into June's chest...]

...and oddly, both women start laughing as the heavier blows land.]

DW: Is this a feeling out process, Big Sal? Because it is kind of like a brawl, but strangely it isn't.

SA: I don't know how to describe this, Dee Dub, but both women are enjoying throwing themselves into the fray. The physicality seems like a therapy for June who has certainly not been herself since Charisma Knight and Dr. Leah White - the Asylum - took June's good friend, Kayla Cristol out of action back at Homecoming.

[The bulky Johnson pinwheels her arms around in a swimming motion before rushing forward and shoving June with both hands in the chest...]

...and June bounces off the ropes with a two-handed shove of her own, barely budging her larger opponent... and again, the two women grin at the happenings in the ring.]

SA: The crowd is enjoying this as much as these two competitors seem to be...

[With a clap of her hands, June dives at Johnson, locking up in a collar and elbow. The two push and shove one another around the ring as June tries to force the larger woman back towards the ropes...]

...but Johnson swings her around, pushing her backwards instead. The referee steps in, calling for a break...]

SA: Referee Shari Miranda calling for a break and- OHH!

[The crowd reacts as June lunges forward, smashing her forehead into Johnson's with a headbutt...]

SA: Headbutt by June... and that may bring the feeling out process to a sudden halt...

[Johnson tries to shake it off, grabbing June by the sides of the afro...]

...and SMASHES her own head into June's, sending the Afro Punk falling back into the ropes again...]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA, IT'S LIKE TWO MOUNTAIN GOATS CLASHING IN THERE!

[Johnson grabs June by the arm, whipping her across the ring.]

SA: Irish whip shoots her across... June off the far side...

[The larger competitor takes a big step forward, looking for another headbutt but June goes into a slide, popping to her feet and coming up swinging... her head.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ANOTHER HEADBUTT! JOHNSON IS STUNNED!

[June throws herself back into the ropes, bouncing back towards Johnson...]

SA: CLOTHESLINE! AND DOWN GOES QUEENIE JOHNSON!

[June pumps her fists as Johnson is flat on her back on the canvas. The Afro Punk grins as she dives into a lateral press, reaching back for one of Johnson's massive legs...]

SA: June gets the cover for one! For two!

[But a powerful kickout frees Johnson from the pinning predicament, sending June flopping to the side.]

SA: June slips out at two... the number six contender to the AWA Women's Title looking to climb those rankings a little more here tonight - looking ahead to a future title shot against the champion, Kurayami, just like everyone else in the division.

[June climbs up to her feet, grabbing Johnson by the wrist, twisting it around as she drags the larger competitor up to her feet...]

...and yanks her into a second clothesline!]

SA: Short-arm clotheslines aplenty here by the Afro Punk! And she's bringing Johnson up again - make it a trio!

[The third clothesline takes Johnson down as well, leaving her on the canvas as June pumps a fist, high-stepping around the ring, banging her head as the crowd cheers.]

SA: And that's the Victoria June we're used to seeing! That's the Victoria June these fans love!

[Johnson rolls over to her hands and knees, trying to regain her bearing as June drops down on all fours herself...]

...and SMASHES her head into Johnson's with another headbutt!]

SA: Skull on skull violence once more... and another one...

[Johnson rolls back onto her back as June pops to her feet, grinning at the crowd.]

SA: June leans down, trying to bring-

[But Queenie Johnson swings a powerful leg up from her back, catching June on the crown of the head with a kneestrike!]

SA: And Johnson fighting back from a prone position!

[As June stumbles back towards the ropes, Johnson regains her feet, pumping both arms a couple of times before dashing into the ropes...]

SA: Johnson's on the move, coming on strong...

[But as Johnson rebounds back towards her, June steps out of the ropes to mid-ring, snatching a bodylock before lifting, twisting, and DRIVING Johnson down with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: The surprising power of Victoria June rears its head once more!

[June climbs off her knees, shouting "HEY! HO!" to the Center Stage crowd and getting a "LET'S GO!" in response that brings a smile to her face. She winds up her right arm, leaping high into an elbowdrop that lands right across the sternum of Johnson, rolling into another cover.]

SA: We've got one! We've got two! Wow! And again, Queenie Johnson kicks out with authority!

DW: And I think the time for fun and games is over, Big Sal - Victoria June looks like she's ready to wrap this one up and hit the showers.

[Pulling Johnson to her feet and giving a pat on the back as she does, June whips Johnson across the ring again...

...and leaps at her on the rebound, taking the larger woman down to the mat!]

SA: FIERRO PRESS ON THE MONEY!

[Grabbing the hair, June repeatedly slams the back of Johnson's head down into the canvas as the crowd cheers...

...and the referee's four count, June gets up with a loud "COME ON!" to the fans who cheer again.]

SA: And if Victoria June keeps this up, the end may be near for Queenie Johnson...

[The Afro Punk hauls Johnson to her feet, muscling her with a whip towards the turnbuckles where she thuds against the corner. June backs to the opposite corner, giving a whoop before barreling across, leaping into the air...]

DW: MOSH SPLASH IN THE CORNER!

SA: Ohhh! Call it a flying headbutt! Call it a flying splash! Take your pick...

[And as Johnson staggers out, June sets her feet and somehow lifts her into the air, sliding her across her chest...

...and promptly goes straight down into her front powerslam!]

DW: COUNTRY STRONG!

[June cradles the leg as Miranda drops down.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

[The crowd reacts with surprise as June breaks her cradle at the last moment, pulling Johnson off the mat by the hair...]

DW: June pulled her up! I can't believe it!

SA: I have to think she had it won right there but apparently Victoria June's got other plans in mind...

[The crowd is buzzing a bit as June gets to her feet, a conflicted look on her face as she grapevines Johnson's legs and with a shout turns her over.]

SA: She's going for the Scorpion Crosslock! She wants Johnson to submit here!

[June finishes the crosslock and wrenches back, lifting Johnson off the mat. Johnson struggles and screams before she shouts out a submission!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Afro Punk holds on for a few moments...

...and then lets go, allowing Johnson to flop down on the canvas as June looks down on her.]

SA: And she gets the submission she was looking for. Victoria June picks up the win... perhaps getting back on track after her recent encounters with Charisma Knigh-

[June lets loose an angry shout, kicking the bottom rope and smashing a fist into the side of her own head before she drops to her butt, rolling from the ring as the referee tends to Queenie Johnson.]

SA: June picks up the win but... well, there's a battle of a different sort going on inside her head lately, I believe. She's heading back up the steps... and it looks like. Theresa's trying to get some comments from her.

[We cut to the interview area where Theresa is indeed urgently imploring June to join her.]

TL: Victoria? Victoria, over here please...

[June walks over towards the interview podium, shaking her head as she ends up behind it alongside Theresa.]

TL: Victoria June... you got the win there but... what in the world happened there at the end? You picked up your opponent when she looked like she could be pinned. You held the submission hold after the match was over. You-

[June angrily slams her hands down on the podium causing Theresa to startle backwards a step. June buries her head in her hands atop the podium as Theresa reaches out...]

TL: Victoria, are you alright?

[The Afro Punk jerks her head up with a snort.]

VJ: Alright? Alright? Nah, Theresa... ah'm way beyond alright. Things change so fast 'round here, Theresa. You know that. One minute, ah'm daydreamin' of winning gold with one of mah best friends... the next, she's laid up and ah've got this... this...

[She shakes her head.]

VJ: Charisma wants me to join the Asylum?

[June laughs off the notion before she becomes deadly serious.]

TL: She did manage to beat you last week.

[June nods.]

VJ: She did... yeah... and ah heard her offer... and ah... ah... ah felt her tryin' ta get into mah head. She sings a sweet song and it sounds good in your ear, but just because ah may be a weirdo like her doesn't mean we're the same.

[The Afro Punk shakes her head again.]

VJ: That's a team that would never work... and one ah wouldn't want ta work.

[She jerks a thumb at herself.]

VJ: Ah got mah partner. Ah got mah best friend. Ah don't need to join The Asylum and ah don't need you, Charisma.

But ah'll see you in the ring again. Ah ain't forgot what you did to Kayla and that debt still ain't been paid. But it will be.

[June shoots Kayla Cristol's finger pistols at the camera before she heads towards the back.]

TL: Well, as conflicted as Victoria June seemed to be in the ring, she seems very clear in purpose and message here on the mic. Fans, coming up nex-

[A blast of static cuts Theresa off as the screen goes fuzzy...

...and text flies across the screen while an instrumental version of "The Business of Emotion" by Big Data plays in the background.]

"SELF MADE PRODUCTIONS

in association with

MISS SANDRA HAYES

presents

RICKI TOUGHILL

in..."

[The first letter, obviously an "H" is crossed out in red, and an "F" is superimposed.]

"FAIL TO THE QUEEN"

[Fade up in a busy mall. Kerry Kendrick stands in front of a cosmetics store in a blue apron. For some reason, his character in this film seems to be channelling Will Ferrell as fashion mogul Mugatu from "Zoolander."]

KK: Yes, yes... send in the next applicant please.

[Enter a clean-shaven South Philly Phighter, in a hoodie with the sleeves ripped off, an octopus drawn in black marker on his upper arm, and a fauxhawk. He is doing a Ricki Toughill impression that sounds awfully similar to Tina Belcher.]

KK: Hellooo, Miss Tuff-hill and welcome to Suphoro. Did you bring a copy of your resume like we asked you to?

SPP as RT: Yeah, sorry I wasn't able to get my printer hooked up in the back seat of my car, so I just went to the food court and stole a sharpie...

[The Phighter hands Kendrick a foil wrapper.]

SPP as RT: ...I think my complete employment history is there. Don't worry, I licked most of the ketchup off.

KK: Yesss... most of it. So I see here that you were terminated from the "M&M" factory.

SPP as RT: In my defense, I was only eating the "W"s.

KK: Mmm-hmm. Well, I don't know if you're the sort to be representing our brand.

SPP as RT: No, I think I'm great for... what is this place called again?

KK: "Suphoro."

SPP as RT: I think I'm great for Suphoro! I use your products! All the time!

KK: You look like a kabuki actor, girl. You've only got one look.

SPP as RT: Yeah, I kind of need a LOT of make-up if you know what I mean. But I always make sure it's from Suphoro! One time, I even paid for it instead of shoplifting!

KK: I can also see on your resume that you were fired by Kerry Kendrick and replaced by Miss Sandra Hayes. I gotta say, they did the world a favor there. Sorry, but you're not right for us; send in the next applicant on your way out.

[Kendrick balls up the "resume" and throws it over his shoulder. The Phighter slouches and sulks off screen.]

SPP as RT: Aw man, I'm never getting out of Dunkins at this rate.

KK: That Sandra Hayes... so hot right now.

[And with another burst of static, the pre-taped footage ends as we go back to a puzzled-looking Theresa on the stage, holding her earpiece.]

TL: That wasn't in the show format I saw!

[She listens.]

TL: Well, who cleared it?!

[More listening.]

TL: Castillo. I should've...

[She trails off as she spots the camera on her. With a grimace, she waves a hand towards the ring...

...and as we fade there we find Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley already in the ring, their music playing as Kingsley talks trash to the Center Stage Studios crowd.]

SA: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour where we're set for tag team action as one of the hottest rising duos in all of the AWA Tag Team Division - Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley - will be taking on Landon Grant and a partner of his choice who he has yet to reveal, Dee Dub.

DW: Can't blame the guy for looking for a little advantage. A tag match against Sawyer and Kingsley is always going to have Grant at a disadvantage if you ask me so take any edge you can get.

SA: Landon Grant has had his share of issues with these two for several weeks now and the on-going trash they've been talking about his legendary father, City Jack, hasn't been helping that situation.

DW: Plus, they put Tin Can Rust on the shelf... maybe permanently... down in Mexico so Grant's looking for payback here tonight in the A-T-L.

[As their music fades, Sawyer approaches the ropes, shouting for Grant to "get his ass out here!" A couple more moments pass before the lights dim as the first strings of Whiskey Myers' "Mud" sound out. Landon Grant quickly comes through, cupping his hands to his mouth and giving a howl to the crowd who reply with big cheers. Grant nods, staring at the ring where Sawyer beckons him forward again...

...and Grant quickly responds, jogging down the steps towards the ring!]

DW: Wait a sec! Where's his partner, Sal?!

SA: I have no idea but-

[Getting to the ring in a hurry, Grant grabs Sawyer's ankles under the ropes, pulling him off his feet and dragging him under the ropes to the outside where he promptly laces one into his jaw with a snapping uppercut!]

SA: Oh! Landon Grant starting this one off in a hurry... big uppercut on the jaw... make it a pair now!

[As Grant throws bombs at Curt Sawyer, the crowd cheers again as Curtis Kestrel emerges on the entrance stage, looking a little surprised at the action at ringside.]

SA: Curtis Kestrel!

DW: Is he the partner?

SA: He's gotta be! Kestrel, well-established as one of the best tag team wrestlers in the business, is heading to the ring as quick as he can - this match already underway thanks to his impulsive tag team partner!

[Kestrel slides under the ropes as Grant SMASHES Sawyer's head down on the ring apron to cheers. The referee signals for the bell as Kestrel rises to his feet but is rushed by Alexander Kingsley who lands a heavy forearm to the back of the neck followed by a short forearm to the jaw!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: This match is underway and we've got a fight on our hands for sure!

[Kingsley lands an overhead elbow down on the back of the neck, sending Kestrel staggering back towards the ropes...

...where he bounces off, throwing a right hand at the jaw of Kingsley as Sawyer and Grant continues to fight on the outside!]

SA: Kestrel fighting back!

[The Canadian lands a second haymaker and a third stuns Kingsley, sending him staggering into the corner...]

SA: Kestrel's on the move, he's got Kingsley backed down and...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts at a skin-splitting knife edge chop in the corner by the Bird of Prey.]

SA: Possessor of what many claim are the second-hardest chops in all of Western Canada, Curtis Kestrel just drilled Kingsley in the corner and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: Sweet San Diego! Did I do that right, Big Sal?

[Sal chuckles as Kestrel gets backed off by the official, warning against keeping his opponent in the ropes for too long. Kestrel nods before moving back in...]

SA: And downstairs goes Kingsley, landing that knee to the midsection... leaving Kestrel gasping for air...

[Grabbing Kestrel by the hair, Kingsley propels him through the ropes, sending him crashing down on the studio floor on the outside!]

SA: Kingsley rockets him through the ropes... right out on the floor... and this one is getting out of hand early as we've got all four men on the outside...

[With Kingsley on the outside as well, he drives Kestrel's head down into the ring apron... and then gives a wave of his arm at the fans in the ringside bleachers...]

SA: Kingsley trying to clear a path here... looking to throw Kestrel into those bleachers perhaps...

[Grabbing the wrist, Kingsley whips Kestrel alongside the ring towards a now-vacant section of bleachers as fans struggle to get out of the way...]

...but Kestrel takes a big leap on the rung, landing deftly on his feet a few rows up the bleachers. A shocked Kingsley comes towards him which is when Kestrel leaps blindly backwards, catching him under the chin with a flying back elbow that knocks both men down on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: My oh my! What a leap of faith by Curtis Kestrel, taking Alexander Kingsley off his feet in this wild tag team affair here on the Power Hour!

[With Kingsley and Kestrel down on the outside, Landon Grant tosses Curt Sawyer under the ropes on the other side of the ring. The referee waves his arms, trying to restore order but the fired-up Grant pays no mind, throwing big bombs on the cornered former Rusty Spur barkeep.]

SA: Grant's going to town on his father's former friend here in Atlanta...

[Grabbing the arm, Grant whips Sawyer across the ring, sending him crashing violently into the corner before stumbling out...]

...and getting bowled over with a running leaping clothesline by Grant who immediately dives into a lateral press!]

SA: Grant with the cover off the clothesline - and a two count before Sawyer slips out...

[Pushing Sawyer back down, Grant swings a leg over him into a makeshift mount before he rocks and fires, dropping big fists down between the eyes of Sawyer as the fans cheer him on!]

SA: Landon Grant's got them rockin' and rollin' like Jerry Lee Lewis down here in Atlanta, fans!

DW: Goodness gracious, great fists of fire!

[Dragging Sawyer to his feet, Grant rapidly approaches the corner, smashing him headfirst into the top turnbuckle. He swings Sawyer around in the corner before stepping up to the second rope, raising his fist in salute to the cheering fans...]

DW: Here we go!

[The crowd counts along as Grant opens fire.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

[But before another blow lands, Grant spies Alexander Kingsley back inside the ring and rapidly approaching him from the blind side...

...and leaps off the second rope, twisting around to bring a forearm down between the eyes of Kingsley, knocking him down as well as the crowd cheers even louder!]

SA: Landon Grant taking on both members of this squad right now and he's got them both reeling!

[Grant grabs Kingsley by the hair this time, landing a series of short right hands to the skull as the referee protests having both opponents inside the ring. The Louisville native pops up, pumping a fist to cheers as Kingsley rolls aside...

...but as Grant turns around, Sawyer comes barreling out of the corner to lay him out with a thunderous clothesline of his own!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND DOWN GOES LANDON GRANT OFF THE CLOTHESLINE!

[Climbing back to his feet, Kingsley joins his dastardly partner as the duo starts stomping Grant in tandem, the crowd jeering loudly for the assault on the young rookie.]

SA: We've got a two-on-one now on Landon Grant - despite the pleas of official Andy Dawson and...

DW: Sal! Sal! Look it!

[The crowd is certainly "looking it" as they starts to get louder again as they spot Curtis Kestrel climbing to the top rope from the outside, gaining his perch...

...and the Bird of Prey takes flight, wiping out both of his opponents with a diving crossbody off the top rope!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: KESTREL SAVES THE DAY FOR YOUNG LANDON GRANT!

[Kestrel comes to his feet, throwing up his arms in a celebratory gesture as the referee steps in, forcing him to exit the ring to the apron to jeers from the capacity crowd.]

SA: The referee sends Kestrel out... trying to get control over this one...

[With Kestrel on the outside and their opponents down, Landon Grant starts to climb back to his feet, rubbing at his collarbone as he looks down on his foes. He grabs Sawyer, pulling him to his feet alongside him...]

SA: Grant going right back after Sawyer - whip to the corner now...

[Getting a running start, Grant DRIVES his shoulder into the midsection of Sawyer, knocking the wind out of his sails before twisting around to grab a side headlock...]

SA: Bulldog on the way here... Grant running out...

[But before he can leap into the air, Sawyer shoves Grant off...]

...RIGHT into a lunging clothesline by a rising Alexander Kingsley!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd jeers the illegal attack as Curtis Kestrel attempts to get back into the ring but is cut off by the official!]

DW: Oh, you gotta be kidding me! Kingsley and Sawyer doubleteam Grant but when Grant's partner tries to get in, this ref shuts the door?!

SA: We talked about the official trying to regain some control and-

[The crowd ROARS as Kestrel shoves past the official, racing in to drill a surprised Kingsley with a right hand. Kingsley returns fire and so it goes, the two men trading blows as they battle over near the ropes...]

...and then spill through the ropes to the outside to a shocked reaction. With his partner on the outside, Sawyer turns his attention back to Landon Grant, hauling the rookie back to his feet...]

SA: Kingsley's out, Kestrel's out... and Sawyer's looking to put Landon Grant out!

[Holding Grant by the shoulders, Sawyer drives his knee up into the midsection a handful of times before grabbing the wrist...]

SA: Shoots him across...

[Sawyer sets his feet, looking for a spinning spinebuster...]

...but at the last moment, Grant springs into the air, knocking Sawyer down with a Fierro Press to cheers!]

SA: GRANT DROPS HIM AGAIN... AND THE FISTS ARE FLYING IN ATLANTA!

[The crowd roars as Grant rains down blows to the skull of Curt Sawyer. The referee shouts at him to open up the hand as Grant climbs to his feet, dashing to the ropes...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...where Alexander Kingsley slides down the apron to bury a knee into his back as he hits the ropes!]

SA: Kingsley with a cheapshot from the outside!

[Grant stumbles forward, holding his lower back as Sawyer buries a boot into the gut, and snatches a front facelock...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: DDT! DDT BY SAWYER! HE SPIKED HIS SKULL INTO THE CANVAS!

[The crowd is groaning for the hard fall as Sawyer rolls to the side, slapping the offered hand of his partner.]

SA: And in comes Kingsley off the tag... stomping away on Grant now...

[Sawyer exits the ring as his partner puts the shoe leather to Landon Grant, earning the ire of the Atlanta crowd as he does.]

SA: Stomp after stomp on Grant... trying to put him through the mat...

[With Grant down, Kingsley slides around to stand at his head before dropping to his knees and BURYING a closed fist between the eyes, causing Grant's legs to kick strongly into the air before sliding down to the mat.]

SA: Fistdrop on target! Right between the eyes! But no pin attempt for Kingsley, climbing back to his feet... backing to the corner..

[He boosts himself up to stand on the middle rope, taking aim on the downed Landon Grant before leaping high into the air, bringing his knee down into the heart of the rookie!]

SA: The kneedrop connects and that might be enough right there, fans!

[Kingsley slides into a cover, earning another two count for his squad before Grant kicks out.]

SA: Out at two again... and Kingsley's not wasting any time now.

DW: The sign of a good team, Sal... they know they've got their opponent in trouble and now they're trying to go for the kill.

SA: Quick tag to his partner, bringing Sawyer back in...

[The duo whips Grant across the ring, catching him under the chin with a double back elbow. Kingsley departs as Sawyer takes his turn stomping Grant into the mat as the crowd jeers.]

SA: The simplest of double teams but effective as Landon Grant is down once more.

[Sawyer leans down, hauling Grant to his feet by the hair... where Grant takes a wild swing that Sawyer avoids before scooping him up, slamming him down on the mat...]

SA: Scoop slam by Sawyer... takes aim... ohh! He drives his elbow down - right into the throat!

[Sawyer attempts another lateral press, earning another two count before the spirited Landon Grant kicks out.]

SA: And again, Grant is out at two - really showing off his resilience so far in this one, Dee Dub.

DW: The kid comes from good stock, Sal. We all know how tough his old man was inside that ring and Landon Grant's been living up to that legacy since we've seen him.

[Pulling Grant back to his feet in a front facelock, Sawyer drags him back to his corner where he makes the exchange again.]

SA: Another tag brings Kingsley back in... second rope... BOOM! Double axehandle down across the back!

[The blow drops Grant down onto all fours but Kingsley pulls him right back up, slapping the just-exited Sawyer's hand.]

SA: And yet another tag - these two working so well together right now.

[Kingsley snatches Grant into a full nelson, opening him up as Sawyer boots him in the gut.]

SA: And again, that's not the kind of flashy double team that would make a highlight reel but it's simple and effective...

[With Grant doubled over, the team of Kingsley and Sawyer tie him up and take him over with a double suplex!]

SA: Grant's spine hits the pine - and that might do it! Sawyer makes the cover - it could be! It might be! It- no! Grant slips out again! Just in time!

[An agitated Sawyer complains to the official who holds up two fingers as Sawyer climbs to his feet, fists on his hips as he glares at first the referee and then the jeering crowd.]

SA: Sawyer perhaps a little frustrated now at his team's inability to keep Landon Grant down on the canvas...

[Curtis Kestrel stomps down the apron, clapping his hands in rhythm as the crowd starts to chant...]

"LET'S GO LAN-DON!"

"LET'S GO LAN-DON!"

"LET'S GO LAN-DON!"

[Sawyer shouts at the chanting crowd to "SHUT THE HELL UP!" to no avail as he angrily snatches Grant off the mat in response, whipping him into the neutral corner before he charges in, lowering his shoulder...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Big tackle downstairs in the corner, leaving Grant in a bad way - gasping for air as Sawyer... oh! Right hand to the gut... and another!

[He doubles over, grabbing the ropes and repeatedly drives the shoulder into the midsection as the crowd jeers and the referee calls for a break... and just narrowly gets one as Sawyer walks away at a count of four and change, hands raised as the fans let him have it again.]

"LET'S GO LAN-DON!"

"LET'S GO LAN-DON!"

"LET'S GO LAN-DON!"

[Sawyer is pacing angrily around the ring, kicking at the ropes as Kingsley shouts at him, trying to keep him on task. Sawyer gives his partner a nod, moving in to boost the six foot five inch Grant to sit upon the top turnbuckle before grabbing a handful of hair and smashing a right hand into the temple... and another... and a third...]

SA: Sawyer opening up in the corner... the referee steps in again, forcing him back...

[Sawyer angrily bickers with the official before he starts back in...

...and Grant leaps into the air, swinging his arm up and bringing his elbow down between the eyes with an overhead elbow smash off the middle rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd is roaring now for the defense-turned-offense by Landon Grant that has put Curt Sawyer down on his back with Grant on his knees alongside him!]

SA: The referee bought a moment's reprieve for Landon Grant and Landon Grant took advantage of it! What an elbow and now both men are down on the canvas with their partners eagerly awaiting them in their respective corners!

DW: Grant's gotta move, Sal! He's gotta get to that corner and get that tag before Sawyer recovers!

[The crowd is roaring, cheering Landon Grant on as Kestrel stretches out as far as he can, eagerly waiting for a tag as Kingsley leans through the ropes, shouting "COME TO MY VOICE!" to Sawyer who is trying to roll over onto his hip.]

SA: Both men looking for a tag now - who can get to their partner first? Who can get that tag first?

[Kingsley pulls back, going over the ropes as the referee reminds him he needs to be in the proper position for a tag.]

SA: Kingsley trying to reach... stretching out...

[Sawyer rolls to his knees, crawling across as Grant struggles to belly-crawl across the ring...]

SA: Who's gonna get there? Kingsley's reaching and... tag!

[Alexander Kingsley comes through the ropes, racing across the ring towards the crawling Landon Grant...

...and runs right by the rookie to deliver a haymaker to Curtis Kestrel, knocking the Canadian off the apron and down to the floor again!]

SA: Cheap shot by Kingsley but I suppose we should expect nothing less.

[Kingsley taunts the fans again, turning back towards the crawling Grant with his arms outstretched, looking down on him. He slowly leans down, grabbing Grant by the hair..

...and Grant suddenly plucks him into a small package, dragging him down to the canvas!]

SA: SMALL PACKAGE OUT OF NOWHERE! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... NO! KINGSLEY KICKS OUT _JUST_ IN TIME!

[The crowd grumbles as Grant scrambles out to all fours, again crawling towards his corner where Curtis Kestrel is struggling to get back into position...

...but Kingsley quickly gets back, snatching the back of the tights, dragging Grant up to his feet.]

SA: Side waistlock... back suplex perhaps...

[Kingsley's lift brings Grant up into the air...

...but Grant keeps on going, backflipping over the top, dropping down to his knees behind a shocked Kingsley who wheels around...]

DW: THROUGH THE LEGS! GET THERE, ROOKIE!

[...and Grant makes a dive as he gets under Kingsley...]

SA: THE TAG IS MADE!

[The Atlanta crowd erupts at Curtis Kestrel making the exchange, coming quickly through the ropes to pepper a shocked Kingsley with a series of right hands... then a devastating chop that sends him falling back into the neutral corner..]

SA: Kestrel lights him up like a Christmas tree with that chop!

[Grabbing the arm, Kestrel whips Kingsley across the ring, leaving his feet to land a dropkick on the chin!]

SA: And a dropkick on the money like George Washington!

[Kestrel gets back to his feet in time to see Curt Sawyer making a beeline towards him, lifting off to land a second dropkick on the former barkeep!]

SA: And one for Sawyer as well!

[Turning back towards the rising Kingsley, Kestrel whips him across the ring again before tossing him overhead with a belly-to-belly throw!]

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

SA: Kingsley takes flight as we reach the halfway point in this tag team battle!

[Kestrel is pumped up now, showing rare emotion as he plays to the crowd, turning his focus back on Curt Sawyer.]

SA: Kestrel perhaps wasting valuable time here - Kingsley's the legal man and he's gone back to Curt Sawyer again.

DW: Toss him out and get back to business!

[But instead, Kestrel grabs Sawyer by the arm, whipping him across...

...until Sawyer slams on the brakes, reversing the whip to send Kestrel across the ring instead...]

SA: Reversal on the Canadian...

[And as Kestrel rebounds, Sawyer ducks low, lifting him up by the legs for a flapjack...

...which is when Kingsley springs into the air, snaring a three-quarter nelson, and DRIVING Kestrel's head into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: We saw that move recently and the only way I can describe it is - absolutely devastating!

DW: He's out, Big Sal - he's out cold!

[Kingsley flips Kestrel over, diving across his torso as the referee counts one... two... three...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: He got him and after that new doubleteam by Sawyer and Kingsley, I gotta say they got him with ease. It was a hardfought tag team battle... until that.

DW: That's a hard move to counter, Sal... and an even harder move to kick out of.

SA: Sawyer and Kingsley get the win... much to the dismay of our Power Hour fans... and they're out of here. They do not want to be in there when Landon Grant recovers enough to come after them. Grant wanted this match, picked his partner for it, and comes up short in the end.

DW: Just short. Kestrel's a heck of a partner, Sal... but that duo wasn't good enough - not tonight.

SA: And... look at this!

[An agitated Landon Grant goes charging up the stairs, chasing after Kingsley and Sawyer who are way out of view by this point. Grant stops on the stage, hands on his hips as he looks around in disappointment. We can see Theresa waving a welcoming hand towards him.]

TL: Landon, if I could get a moment of your time...

[The shot changes to one of the interview podium just before a dejected Grant steps into the picture.]

TL: We all can see the disappointment after a tough loss at the hands of-

LG: At the hands of two lowlife dogs, Ms. Lynch - don't honor them by even mentioning their names! Look, tonight I tried to get even with them. I went out and got one of the best tag team wrestlers on the planet - Curtis Kestrel - to stand by my side and... I should go back and check on-

[Theresa cuts him off with a hand on the shoulder.]

TL: Landon, just a moment.

[Grant shakes his head, looking back at the ring.]

LG: I... I failed him, Ms. Lynch. He's laying flat on his back in the ring right now and that's on me.

[Grant runs his hands through his hair, letting out a frustrated sigh.]

TL: Hey, it's understandable, Landon, but you can't take it all on your shoulders. There was only so much you could do out there before they did what they did.

[Grant shakes his head.]

LG: No, it's not just that. I put him there. I put Curtis in that position. I told him it was his chance to get back into the mix. It was MY want - MY revenge that I just... I just couldn't let... let go. You know, I talked to Rust this week and he asked- no, he TOLD me to let it go. That it wasn't my fight and it wasn't my leg that got torn apart. That I still had my whole career and those two scumbags weren't worth the effort. Called my pops up too, said the same lines - heh, Rust probably told my old man to say it, but...

[The rare smile quickly goes away as Grant shakes it away.]

LG: Every night, all I can see, all I can hear is Rust screaming in pain and those two jackals hooting it up over it all. It ain't right, Ms. Lynch. It ain't right!

[Grant rubs at his mouth, clearing his throat, before holding up his hand.]

LG: So I tell you now! I just can't - I just can't let this go! I won't as long as those two dogs are walking around here. SAWYER! KINGLSEY!

[An intensity shows in Grant's eyes we haven't seen before as he names his enemies for the first time tonight.]

LG: Damn it, I want another match! I'll find the right partner! Maybe Curtis and I couldn't get it done... but I'll search anywhere and everywhere! I'll search high and low here at Center Stage, or the guys on the road, or CCW - or shoot - any other locker room out there. But I'll get the right man and together? We'll put you two dogs down for good!

[Grant storms off, heading quickly back down the steps to go check on the man who was his partner tonight...]

TL: An obviously upset Landon Grant... but the young man makes it clear that he's not through with Kingsley and Sawyer yet. Fans, we've got to take a quick break and we'll be right back with more on the all-new Power Hour after this.

[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 "Whooooooooo!" of "The Greatest Show" from the soundtrack to the upcoming "The Greatest Showman" is heard a few times before...]

#Ladies and gents... this is the moment you've waited for...#

[The ringmaster winks at the camera, an actual sparkle showing off his polished white teeth...]

...and we cut to a graphic that reads:

SUPERCLASH IX
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

54 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

...before fading up to a shot of AWA President Javier Castillo sitting behind his wooden desk with the graphic revealing this was taped "EARLIER TODAY." Castillo smiles a used car salesman level grin as he speaks.]

JC: Hello, AWA fans.

[He pauses for a reaction even though it's pre-taped. The Power Hour fans boo appropriately as Castillo continues to grin.]

JC: Recently, an incident occurred on AWA television that was shocking for AWA fans and embarrassing for myself when a non-contracted former AWA champion - Travis Lynch - appeared at Homecoming and laid his hands on an invited guest, the GFC Heavyweight Champion of the World - Rufus Harris.

[Castillo announces Harris' name with big, booming bluster.]

JC: When that situation unfolded, I immediately extended an invitation to Mr. Harris to return to an AWA show of his choosing where he will be given the royal treatment befitting a warrior of his stature.

Mr. Harris has graciously agreed to return... and will do so seven days from tonight in St. Louis, Missouri on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Castillo clasps his hands in front of him, the pride of his announcement being replaced with a sterner expression.]

JC: And by my order, Travis Lynch will also be in attendance in St. Louis where he will personally apologize to Mr. Harris for this actions... which will hopefully bring the tensions between the AWA and the GFC to an end.

I personally look forward to welcoming Mr. Harris back to an AWA arena in one week's time.

[Castillo bows his head slightly.]

JC: Thank you.

[And we fade from the pre-taped footage to a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, leaving us somewhere backstage at Center Stage where Betty Chang is on the ground stretching, warming up for her match later this evening. She is wearing a cutoff t-shirt over her wrestling gear that reads "THE CRAB CLASSIC 2017" on it with a tiny crab replacing the C's on it.]

"Betty..."

[Just then, the tall drink of Texas water that is Margarita Flores walks into the shot. She is dressed to compete in a black bustier top and matching shorts. Flores also has on a pair of blue denim chaps, her beige cowboy hat and, draped across the back of her neck, a folded over length of bullrope.]

MF: You ready?

[Chang nods in the affirmative, an obvious sad expression on her face.]

BC: As ready as I'll ever be.

[Flores looks for a silent moment at her, nodding.]

MF: I know what happened tonight with Lee...

[Flores trails off, at a loss for what to say. Betty shakes her head.]

BC: Before they put him in the ambulance, Lee told me he wanted me to stay... he wanted me to fight for myself here tonight... and for him.

[Flores nods again, seemingly satisfied with the answer.]

MF: Great. I wanted to go over some things before we head out there. Make sure we've got our heads tuned into the same wavelength and all that.

BC: Right. But before you do that, I really need to thank you again for having my back out there two weeks ago.

MF: Actually, I should be the one thanking you. For agreeing to be a part of this. For putting yourself on the line and standing next to me. Because, and make no mistake about it, when we head out there and step into the ring against Harley and Cinder, we are risking it all ... Our health ... Our well-being ...

[Betty holds up a hand.]

BC: I know. I should know better than anyone. We risk it all every time we step into a ring. But I've stepped into the ring against Kurayami twice! I faced the She-Wolf of Tokyo herself... and I survived! I'm still standing! I like to think that compared to that, I can handle myself out there against Princess Harley and... well, whatever Cinder is to her!

[She makes a determined face.]

BC: Especially since you'll be out there with me.

"Then you obviously weren't watching what Harley and Cinder did to me."

[Entering the shot, dressed in a brown leather jacket over a black top and pants, is none other than Xenia Sonova.]

XS: No offense, Betty, but I, too, faced Kurayami ... And the Queen of Kaiju BROKE me ... At the behest of Castillo. Yet, I'd sooner step into the ring against the

champion again than go through what Seductive and Destructive did to me once more.

Cinder may be smaller, but she is as much a monster as Kurayami is. She's relentless and possibly wilder than the She-Wolf. And, then, there's Harley the queen bee, calling the shots and directing traffic ... Don't let the pretty princess exterior fool you. She's as heinous as they come. It's in her name. It's in her blood.

[Betty shakes her head, climbing to her feet.]

BC: Yeah, but I...

[Sonova interrupts.]

XS: Can handle yourself in a fight? Are more experienced?

[Betty goes to respond, but finds she has no counter argument to Xenia's words.]

BC: ...I still believe in myself!

[Sonova almost smirks at Betty's moxie.]

XS: Good. You'll need that. [To Margarita.] But the bottom line is this: you can't allow what happened the last time to happen again.

[Margarita nods.]

MF: Right. I'm way ahead of you there. Look, Betty, I know what you signed up for is a tag team match, but tonight? Tonight's not about just winning a match. If those two even try to pull the same tactics they pulled the last time, I'm stepping in. I don't care if the official has to throw out the match. I don't care if I cost us the match and get us disqualified. No way are they going to isolate you and pull that same crap on me...

[She pauses briefly to look at Xenia.]

MF: ...on us again.

Tonight, we might have to settle for the 'L', and I know you can handle yourself out there and I'll be more than happy to let you get your shots in when you can, but one way ...

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

MF: Or another ...

[Flores holds up the cowbell in her left hand.]

MF: I'm putting one, or BOTH of them DOWN!

BC: Heck yeah!

[Fired up and not knowing what else to do, Betty holds out her fist and Margarita obliges her with a fist bump.]

XS: Good luck, Betty ... Margarita ... I'll be back here I guess ... Not sure if I have the nerves to even watch, but I'll be right here when you two walk back through that door, hopefully, on your own two feet.

BC: COUNT ON IT!

[Xenia raises an eyebrow at that one.]

BC(meekly): Well... you know what I mean.

[Margarita simply shakes her head and ruffles Betty's hair.]

MS: You know what, Xenia? Maybe tonight we just MIGHT be done with Seductive and Destructive once and for all.

[And with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we end up back out inside Center Stage Studios - in the ring where we can hear Bon Jovi's "It's My Life" playing over the PA system. Inside the ring, "Golden" Grant Carter is tugging on the ropes to stretch out as the official keeps an eye on his opponent across the ring who is sneering at him.]

SA: Welcome back to the ring, fans... and as we eagerly anticipate that tag team battle pitting Harley Hamilton and Cinder taking on Betty Chang and Margarita Flores a little later tonight, we're set for singles action with "Golden" Grant Carter going one-on-one with a newcomer here in the AWA - Domino Dawkins.

[Dawkins shouts at the crowd, tugging off a sparkly vest with a domino tile on the back of it and tossing it out to a ringside attendant before turning back towards his opponent.]

SA: Dee Dub, tell us what you know about this guy.

DW: Domino Dawkins is a veteran of the scene down here in the Southeast. He's been competing in Georgia, Florida, Alabama, the Carolinas... you name it for several years now with mixed success. This is a big break for him no doubt and when I wished him luck earlier, he reminded me that "luck is his tag team partner and always in his corner."

[Dawkins barks across at Carter again who beckons him forward as referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: There's the bell and here we go... a lot on the mind of Grant Carter these days, Dee Dub, as the two tie up in the center of the ring...

[Carter and Dawkins jockey for position before Carter snags a side headlock, using it to take Dawkins over and down to the mat.]

SA: Nice headlock takeover but as we saw last Saturday, Carter actually approached Jon Stegglet about offering up his services for Team AWA in WarGames at SuperClash. Were you surprised by that?

DW: Not really, Sal. I know GGC has a lot of loyalty to the AWA and to the front office for sticking with him during his training. I'm not surprised at all that he wants to stand by their side during perhaps the biggest night in AWA history.

SA: That Team AWA of course is so far made up of Ryan Martinez - as Dawkins fights up to his feet - and Supreme Wright...

DW: Assuming Wright can recover from that concussion laid on him by Jeff Matthews in time.

SA: A fair point... Dawkins shoves him off now, Carter off the far side... down under the leapfrog... to the ropes... up and over the drop down...

[Carter rebounds again as Dawkins sets for a hiptoss but Carter leaps up, reversing it by landing on his feet, and flips Dawkins over instead.]

SA: A nice counter by Carter there... up comes Dawkins though...

[But a well-placed uppercut finds the mark, sending Dawkins staggering back across the ring towards the ropes.]

SA: Ooh! Mike Tyson, eat your heart out - what a right hand that was and... uh oh... it looks like we're going to be joined here at the commentary table by... yes, yes... make yourselves at home, gentlemen...

[We cut to the stage to reveal that The Band is in the house. Laredo Morrison is sitting on the end next to Dylan Westerly, clad in a pair of black leather pants and a red tank top promoting "Whiskey Jack's BBQ and Chinese Food" while Jimi Jam Jester has sat himself mid-table in a red bedazzled jumpsuit. He's rocking a white doo-rag and a pair of sunglasses with mirrored lenses as well.]

JJJ: Home is where the heart is, Salimony... and my heart is definitely not here in Atlanta... but I love these fans! I love you, Atlanta!

SA: I see. I gotta ask - we saw you two interact with "Golden" Grant Carter on Saturday Night Wrestling last weekend and... I'm assuming that has something to do with why you're out here tonight.

JJJ: Look here, Salad Bar... back at the Stampede Cup, The Band was out to make history.

LM: HISTORY.

JJJ: We were kickin' tail and earnin' bail money all over that Canadian tundra and that million dollars was gonna be mine... mine... MINE!

LM: OURS! OURS! OURS!

[Inside the ring, we see Carter using a whip and a clothesline to take down Dawkins before throwing a glance up at the entrance stage.]

JJJ: DON'T YOU BE THROWIN' EYES AT ME, ALUMINUM GGC!

[Carter throws a dismissive gesture at Jester before turning back to his opponent.]

JJJ: That's what I thought! Anyways, where was I?

LM: Canadians.

JJJ: That's right! We were showin' the Canadians what it's like to be in the presence of greatness - 'cause that ain't something they experience... well, ever - and then I pulled something in my neck... my back... my neck and my back! And I tried to gut through it but it wasn't to be. So, not only were we out of the Cup... we couldn't even join the AWA on tour when it was over. We were right back down in Texas at that stanky ol' Combat Corner, listening to Michaelson tell every rookie with some boots how to do a Billion Dollar Bomb.

LM: DID IT! DONE IT!

JJJ: You tell 'em, Laredo... but unlike you up here working Sal-o with this lump of coal, Westerly...

DW: HEY!

JJJ: ...me and Laredo only work as a team... except when the people demand to see me by myself but that's just good business, ya know?

SA: I haven't got a clue.

JJJ: But now I'm healed up, jack... and we're back, jack... and this guy in the ring, he ain't nothing but slack... jack.

DW: Who's jack?

SA: And since we're finally back on topic - as Grant Carter delivers a nice bodyslam and an elbowdrop to boot - why did you get in GGC's face on Saturday Night Wrestling?

JJJ: We had business to attend to with the Stegg Man and he just happened to be in our way.

SA: And that business was offering your services for WarGames?

JJJ: You catch on... well, kinda slow... but you got there and that's what's important. We want to be a part of WarGames... and we think we give the AWA the best chance to win.

DW: Ha!

JJJ: Gesundheit. But this guy... Brass Carter... no chance, Sal-o. No chance at all. If Stegglet picks him, we'd all better start learning Japanese.

SA: I don't... know what that means... but look at this now...

[With Dawkins in a daze, Carter snatches a three-quarter nelson...

...and pitches forward to drive his skull into the canvas with the Gold Strike!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: You can forget about this one...

LM: DONE AND DONE!

SA: ...'cause it's over!

[A three count follows and Carter's music kicks up again as he gets up, raising his hands...]

JJJ: Somebody turn this off. Does my boy JBJ know that this scuz is using his tune? I bet he don't. If he did, he'd be givin' me a call and say... "You know what Jimi Jam? Send that punk off in a blaze of glory! Lay your hands on him and give him a little taste of that bad medicine!"

SA: I think we get the-

JJJ: "That little runt gives Jersey a bad name!"

SA: Oh brother. Fans, I think we've ALL heard enough of this. The Band, thank you for joining us, gentlemen and...

DW: Uh oh.

[The camera cuts to the entrance stage again where we see “Golden” Grant Carter making his way up the stairs, shouting off-mic at Jester and Morrison.]

JJJ: Oh, we got a problem now, son? Is that the way it is? We got a problem?!

[Jester is on his feet and Morrison has slid over to put himself between his “lead singer” and the incoming GGC who is still shouting off-mic.]

JJJ: You think you better than me?! You think you can beat The Band?! You think you can-

“Oi!”

[All the men at the announce table look around for the source of the interjection. The cameraman is a step quicker, turning the camera to the entrance, where The Summit, dressed in their fall finery, have shown up – Callum Mahoney, flanked, to his left, by the strapping redhead Malcolm “Mad” Sweeney and, to his right, Rory Smythe, who has a mic in his hand.]

RS: Why don’t you wrong’uns leave Old Man Grant there alone, huh?

[All of The Summit, following Mahoney’s lead, slowly approach the commentary stage, which is already getting crowded.]

RS: All he wants to do is prove he can serve a purpose ... All he wants to do is show how much he belongs ... In the AWA.

[Mahoney holds out his hand and Smythe hands him the mic.]

CM: Fellas, fellas, fellas ... You can squabble all you want about which one of you is more worthy of representing this company, but, you know who was here fighting on the side of the AWA long before these folks were aware of The Band and GGC? I was! I was here when we went to WAR with the Wise Men!

[The crowd cheers the memory of that as Mahoney nods.]

CM: And you two fellas want to talk about how well you did at the Stampede Cup? You weren’t facing what we had to face! The Summit remains THE premier three-man faction in the AWA. The Summit remains the AWA’s antidote to Korugun’s Dogs. And if we weren’t dressed so sharp right now? We three would EASILY take all three of you out right now and end your petty squawking!

[The crowd buzzes in anticipation of that fight going down...

...but with a smirk, Mahoney backs off, pulling his allies with him.]

CM: Instead, these fans here in Center Stage will have to wait two more weeks. You fellas want to prove you belong on _TEAM_ AWA? Let’s see how well you FIGHT as a team! Let’s do this the way The Summit does best ... In a six-man tag right here in Atlanta on the next Power Hour.

If we win, you three fellas take your names out of consideration; if we lose, The Summit won’t even talk any more about any of us three being on Team AWA.

See you in two weeks.

[The Summit back away from the commentary platform and turn to leave, while Jimi Jam Jester continues to yell at “Golden” Grant Carter, Laredo Morrison standing between them.]

SA: That's a challenge! That's a challenge, fans, and will these- oh, would you knock it off?!

[Jimi Jam stops trying to get a hold of Sal's headset as we fade from the chaotic scene...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we cut backstage, where we can see Molly Bell getting her ribs taped by one of the AWA's medical staff prior to her match tonight. Molly tries not to fidget as she's being taped up, while Ayako Fujiwara stands beside her. Dr. Ponavitch looks over some charts, then looks at Molly.]

DP: Well, looking over everything, it appears you have some slight tearing of the intercostal cartilage of the ribs, Molly, but I don't see from your tests that the ribs have torn away from the cartilage. It means you're going to be in some pain, but as long as those ribs don't tear away from the cartilage, you should be fine to compete based on the testing we've done and as long as you stay taped up.

[Molly nods. Dr. Ponavitch looks over the taping.]

DP: Yes, this is sufficient. If you don't feel comfortable taping this yourself, just come by our offices and my staff will get you taken care of, okay?

[Molly nods again, eyes fixed at the floor.]

MB: Thanks, vet.

DP: One of these days, I'll get used to you calling me that.

[Dr. Ponavitch gives off a weak smile. Molly doesn't look up, and Ayako remains focused on Molly.]

DP: I'll, uh... let you two be for now. Let us know if you need anything.

[Dr. Ponavitch and his assistant leave the room. Molly lets out a sigh, then grimaces a little. Ayako gives her a reassuring pat of the head.]

MB: I don't know what to do, Mom. Trish and Skylar are already pretty tough, even if Trish wasn't mad at meow for some reason. Now I'm hurt...

[Molly pouts.]

MB: I'm just going to get us in trouble.

[A worried look crosses Ayako's face.]

Ayako: That's no way to think, Molly. Look, I know it means a lot for you to team with me, but if you're not feeling up to it, they can postpone the match. I'll go talk to someone about it.

[Molly shakes her head.]

MB: The vet just cleared meow, Mom. If I don't go, they'll say we forfeited. I'll cause us to lose. I don't want to be the reason you lose again.

[Ayako looks confused.]

Ayako: ... again?

[Molly sniffles.]

MB: I don't want to talk about it. Let's just...

[Molly slides off the table, landing on her feet.]

MB: Let's get this over with.

[Molly slinks out of the room, leaving Ayako to look after her cat with worry.]

Ayako: Molly...

[Ayako follows Molly out...

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

TG: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

["E.V.O.L" by Marina and The Diamonds plays as the studio audience reacts with a chorus of boos at the appearance of Harley Hamilton and Cinder.]

SA: Here comes Seductive and Destructive, who have made it their business to get into the business of what seems to be half the Women's Division as of late.

DW: And they have the nerve to declare themselves the tag team champions of the Women's Division! Can you believe it?

SA: With the massive egos those two are packing, nothing they do surprises me.

[The duo now known as "Seductive and Destructive" are dressed in matching metallic purple ring jackets over their regular wrestling gear. Around their waists are their replica AWA World Tag Team title belts.

Standing at the entrance way, Harley Hamilton holds up her hand, pinky finger outstretched. Cinder then proceeds to link her pinky with Harley's and the two raise their locked pinkies into the air in a show of their "unbreakable" bond as the crowd boos them. They react rather poorly to the audience's jeering, yelling at everyone in the crowd booing them...even children.]

TG: Introducing now... at a combined weight of 264 pounds... the team of Harley Hamilton and Cinder...

SEDUCTIVE AND DESTRUCTIVE!!!

[Just like weeks earlier, Hamilton is angered by Graham's introduction and gets right in his face as she slides into the ring. She whispers something into Graham's ear, before backing off and yelling "YOU ARE THE WORST COUSIN EVER!" The ring announcer sighs and picks his microphone back up.]

TG: They are the AWA Women's World Tag Team champions...

[He turns to look at Harley, who yells "Say it!"]

TG: ...of the universe.

[There's a big chorus of boos from the studio audience.]

DW: "World Tag Team champions of the universe"?

SA: Don't even bother to think about it, Dee Dub. It'll just make your head hurt.

[Graham almost seems to sigh.]

TG: ... SEDUCTIVE AND DESTRUCTIVE!!!

[Hamilton and Cinder unfasten the belts from around their waists and raise them high into the air to massive boos, as Santana's "Warrior" starts to play. About fifteen seconds in, Margarita Flores walks out through the entranceway, a folded over length of bullrope draped across the back of her neck. She is also dressed in a beige cowboy hat, a black bustier top, matching shorts under a pair of blue denim chaps and black boots. With the cowbell in her right hand, Flores winds her arm up and raises it in the air, yelling "YEEEEAAH!!!" as she does.

She is joined by Betty Chang, who wears a red and black singlet with sleeves that extend to mid-forearm and on her legs to mid-thigh. She throws three quick kicks and strikes a martial arts pose, before turning to Flores and bumping fists with her. The duo then make their way towards the ring.]

TG: And their opponents... first, hailing from La Feria, Texas and weighing in at 176 pounds... MARGARRRITAAA FLORES!

And her partner...

Hailing from Seattle, Washington and weighing in at 112 pounds...
BETTTTTTYYYYYY CHANG!

[The crowd cheers the makeshift duo as Chang and Flores head down the steps towards the ringside area.]

SA: Margarita Flores has been seeking revenge on Harley Hamilton and Cinder for months, for a whole list of offenses they've perpetrated against her, but she's come up empty every single time so far.

DW: Harley and Cinder laid a heck of a beating on Flores' tag team partner Xenia Sonova the last time they fought and we haven't seen her back in the ring since. I'm sure that's weighing heavy on her mind going into this match.

SA: Hopefully for Betty Chang's sake, Flores is better prepared for the viciousness Seductive and Destructive can bring to a wrestling match than she was last time.

[Cinder looks to start as she stays in the ring and Margarita Flores does the same on the other as referee Shari Miranda steps to the middle, giving final instructions to both sides.]

SA: And you may recall that the Tall Drink of Texas Water didn't see much action against these two when Sonova was her partner so tonight, it looks like Flores isn't taking any chances as she decides to start things off.

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And here we go!

[Cinder seems reluctant to lock up with the much larger Flores and turns to Hamilton with an uncertain look on her face.]

"You can do it, Cindy! I believe in you!"

[Seemingly comforted by Hamilton's words, Cinder walks up to Flores and puffs out her chest, staring upwards at the Tall Drink of Texas Water and poking her hard in the chest.]

SA: OHH! Margarita Flores just pie faced Cinder and it nearly sent her flying out of the ring!

DW: I wish it did!

[The fun-sized Scottish lass looks a bit shaken by the ease of which Flores threw her, but she is quickly back on her feet...]

"MON THEN!"

[...and rushes towards Margarita, attacking her with a flurry of elbows and forearms to the chest. However, Flores suddenly grabs ahold of Cinder and sends her down to the canvas with a headbutt!]

SA: A big headbutt from Flores sends Cinder off her feet!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Flores pulls Cinder to her feet and scoops her into her arms...]

"THUUUUD!"

SA: BIG BODYSLAM ON CINDER!

[The Empress Cup winner crashes down hard on the canvas, arching her back in pain as an enraged Harley Hamilton steps through the ropes and charges at Flores.]

SA: Here comes Harley Hamilton...

DW: Hey, get her out of there!

[Flores scoops Hamilton up into her arms as she rushes in and throws her down hard onto the canvas with a big slam as well!]

SA: And there goes Hamilton! A big time slam for Hamilton as well!

DW: That's it! Get her!

[The crowd cheers as Hamilton rolls out to the floor and Flores turns her attention back towards Cinder. She whips the Caledonia Cutthroat hard into the turnbuckles and lifts her up for a sidewalk slam, going into a full spin...]

"THUUUUD!"

[...before driving her spine-first into the canvas!]

SA: A HUGE SIDEWALK SLAM BY FLORES HAS THIS CROWD ROCKING!

[Flores stays on Cinder, pulling her leg back as she goes for the pin...]

SA: And here's the pin...NO! Only two!

[There's some disappointed groans from the crowd as Cinder slips a shoulder. Flores drags Cinder to her feet and turns to Betty Chang, who has her hand outstretched, looking eager to enter the fight. However, Flores shakes her head.]

"I'm not done with her yet!"

[Big cheer!]

SA: Betty Chang wanted the tag, but Flores wants to inflict more punishment!

DW: She's been doing a great job at that so far!

[Flores places Cinder into a front facelock, before lifting her high into the air for a suplex. She pauses for a split second at the apex of the lift, before falling back like sawed fir...]

DW: Timbeeeeerrrrr!

SA: Sweet San Lorenzo! That suplex had to have given Cinder a jolt through her spine and all the way down to her toes!

[Pumping her fists, a fired up Flores slaps her right bicep, drawing a big cheer from the crowd.]

SA: She's already calling for it! Margarita Flores is signaling for the Lariat!

DW: And if she hits it, you better believe it's lights out for Cinder!

[Flores runs into the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

SA: HARLEY HAMILTON PULLED DOWN THE MIDDLE ROPE AND MARGARITA FLORES JUST TOOK A HORRIFIC SPILL TO THE FLOOR!

DW: Disqualify her, ref! That's illegal!

[Referee Shari Miranda is all over Hamilton, who swears up and down that she didn't do anything.]

SA: I think the referee had her eyes on Cinder, making sure she was okay to continue and she didn't see what happened, but she's reading Harley Hamilton the riot act right now!

DW: Are you kidding me? It's obvious what happened!

SA: Unfortunately, the referee can't call what they didn't see.

[As a hurting Margarita Flores struggles to get back to her feet on the outside, an angered Betty Chang enters the ring to protest what just happened. However, this merely serves to distract the referee, as she tries to get Chang back to her corner. Quick to take advantage, Harley Hamilton drops down from the apron and lays the boots to Flores, drawing a huge round of boos from the crowd.]

SA: Harley Hamilton's taking advantage of the referee having her back turned yet again.

DW: COME ON, REF! Keep your eyes on Harley!

[Hamilton rolls a hurting Flores back into the ring, as a groggy Cinder gets back to her feet, holding the small of her back.]

"MESS HER UP, CINDY! MAKE HER EVEN UGLIER THAN BEFORE!"

[The crowd boos Harley Hamilton as she shouts instructions to Cinder from the ring apron. A devious smile forms on Cinder's face as drops down and grabs Flores by the hair, raking her face back and forth on the canvas!]

SA: The referee is quickly losing control of this match.

DW: You can say that again, Sal... Seductive and Destructive are cheating at will!

[A shout from Shari Miranda causes Cinder to release her hold on Flores' hair as she opts to place her boot string along the side of Flores' face and rakes it down!]

SA: Cinder is flirting with disqualification here, as she just raked Margarita Flores' face along the laces of her boot!

DW: She should've already been disqualified!

[Cinder grins big as she walks towards Harley Hamilton and slaps her offered hand, tagging her in.]

SA: And there's the tag to Harley Hamilton, who enters the ring for the first time, but has already made her presence known in a big way in this match.

DW: You're telling me... she practically got away with murder!

[Harley and Cinder pull Margarita Flores to her feet and each grab an arm, whipping her hard into their corner. With a piercing, high-pitched shriek...]

DW: MY EARS!

[...Cinder charges in, slamming into Flores' midsection with a crossbody block...]

SA: An awkward splash in the corner by Cinder...

[...that allows her to cleanly roll off and back down onto the canvas on all fours, as Hamilton then rushes in, using her as a stepladder to launch herself high into the air and smash home a Superman forearm strike!]

SA: Followed by that high, leaping forearm by Hamilton! Some slick teamwork there by Harley Hamilton and Cinder...

[Seductive and Destructive then celebrate, with Hamilton holding out her arms and striking a pose in the middle of the ring as Cinder "seductively" crawls underneath her legs to a chorus of boos from the crowd.]

SA: ...and they follow it up with some... umm interesting posing.

DW: Give me a break!

[Harley Hamilton turns to Betty Chang and points a finger at her..]

"THIS ONE'S FOR YOU!"

[...before sprinting into the corner where a still hurting Margarita Flores is and rocking her with a step-up kneelift to the jaw!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: That was a knee Miley Cyrus would be proud of, because Harley Hamilton just came in like a wrecking ball!

[Staying perched on the second turnbuckle, Harley blows a kiss out to the booing studio audience, before turning around and hopping down, grabbing Margarita Flores in a side headlock in one swift motion, before running out of the corner and driving her face-first into the canvas with a bulldog!]

SA: AND A BULLDOG HEADLOCK TAKES DOWN FLORES!

DW: Margarita Flores is taking one heck of a beating in there, Sal.

SA: You're absolutely right, Dee Dub. Before this match started, there were concerns that Seductive and Destructive may target Betty Chang the same way they did Xenia Sonova, but they've flipped the script on us and I don't think Margarita Flores has taken this much punishment in all her previous AWA matches combined! I can't believe I'm saying this, but Flores probably needs Betty Chang to bail her out in this matchup!

[Staying seated on the canvas, a smiling Harley Hamilton stares right at Betty Chang and runs her thumb across her throat.]

"After we're done with Margie, you're next!"

[This threat draws an angry Chang into the ring once again, forcing Shari Miranda to prevent her interference. With her back turned to them, Cinder quickly sneaks in and helps Hamilton drag the much larger Flores towards their corner. There, Cinder drops down and once again rakes Flores' face back and forth across the mat, as Hamilton admires her partner's handiwork and taunts the crowd, causing a loud chorus of boos.]

DW: Come on ref, look at what's going on right behind you!

SA: Unfortunately, she doesn't have eyes behind the back of her head or else she's have seen all the underhanded tactics Seductive and Destructive have used in this match.

DW: They're disgraceful!

[Cinder exits the ring just in time for Miranda to turn her attention back towards the action as Hamilton grabs one of Flores' legs and kicks at it repeatedly, before twisting around it with a spinning toehold and sitting down hard on it!]

SA: Ouch! Harley Hamilton is working over Margarita Flores' right leg and it looks like she's setting her up for that Indian Deathlock she likes to use.

[Wrapping Flores' legs over her own, Hamilton gets to her feet while still entangled, before dropping back and applying tremendous torque on the Texan's knees!]

SA: And there it is! The Indian Deathlock! There's no doubt in my mind Margarita Flores is as tough as nails, but with her tag team partner Betty Chang literally an entire ring away, you have to wonder just how much punishment she can withstand.

DW: She's never going to quit. She wouldn't give these two the satisfaction!

SA: Unfortunately, that's probably what Harley Hamilton is counting on.

[As Flores sits up and tries to fight the hold, Hamilton starts giving her the bad mouth, with Cinder laughing wildly behind her in their corner.]

"Now you know how Xenia felt when you couldn't save her, Margie! Give it up! You were never in our league to begin with!"

"Quit already, ya manky bint!"

[An infuriated Flores swipes at Hamilton, who arches back slightly, pouring on the pressure.]

"Come on Margie, just quit! Quit before I break your-ACK!"

[Using her massive reach, Flores suddenly reaches out and grabs Hamilton by the throat!]

SA: Harley Hamilton was talking a load of trash, but it looks like Flores is ready to take out the garbage!

[Still locked in the hold, Flores ignores the pain and through gritted teeth, gives Hamilton her reply.]

"You talk too much."

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And knocks her down flat with a massive right hand!]

SA: What a shot by Margarita Flores!

DW: Hit her again! She deserves it!

[Unfortunately for Flores, she still finds herself locked in the Indian Deathlock as Hamilton is down on the canvas holding her jaw. Trying to wrench herself free to no avail, a determined look forms on her face, as she turns, looking to pull herself _and_ Hamilton with her to her corner!]

SA: Can you believe your eyes? Margarita Flores is dragging Harley Hamilton with her while she's still in that Indian Deathlock! She's trying to drag her all the way across the ring while locked in that leghold! The pain has to be excruciating!

DW: Come on! You can do it!

[Crawling there inch by inch, with Betty Chang reaching out for the tag, Flores is about halfway across the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

...before Cinder sprints right past her, slamming into Betty Chang and knocking her off the ring apron with a back elbow, causing the crowd to erupt with boos!]

DW: THAT DIRTY WITCH!

SA: Cinder saw that Margarita Flores was possibly on her way to saving herself and she just took it upon herself to eliminate that possibility!

[Shari Miranda pulls a cackling Cinder away from the ropes and sends her back to her corner, reprimanding her, but a shot of Betty Chang rolling in pain on the studio floor shows that the damage has already been done.]

SA: That was one heck of a shot that Betty Chang took, but Margarita Flores is in a bad way here.

[Releasing the Indian Deathlock herself, Harley Hamilton gets back to her feet, rubbing her jaw, berating and kicking at Flores all the way.]

"I gave you a way out, Margie!"

[Stomp.]

"All you had to do was quit!"

[Stomp.]

"Now you'll have to suffer!"

[Stompstompstomp!]

SA: Harley Hamilton is back up and she is NOT happy!

DW: She's like a little kid. She throws a tantrum every time something doesn't go her way.

[Moving to a neutral corner, Hamilton gestures for Flores to get up, as The Mistress of the Lariat pulls herself up to her knees.]

SA: It looks like Harley Hamilton is setting Margarita Flores up for "Hail to the Queen"!

DW: If she hits that, it really will be lights out for Flores!

[As Flores pushes herself up onto all fours, Hamilton charges out of the corner, looking to drive her head into the canvas with a double stomp. However, just as she leaps into the air, Flores pulls her torso up, causing Hamilton to go sailing past her and land awkwardly in a stumble.]

SA: HAIL TO THE QUEEN MISSES!

[As Hamilton turns back around, she charges back at Flores, who has now managed to get back to her feet...]

"THHHHHUUUUUUUUUUDDDD!!!"

[...and DRIVES Hamilton into the canvas with a spinebuster!]

SA: Sweet San Lorenzo! Harley Hamilton just got rocked like a hurricane!

DW: That move might've taken all the energy Flores had left. She fell back down and hasn't gotten back up after she hit it.

SA: Both women are down and the referee is counting them both out.

[As Shari Miranda begins her ten count, Flores rolls onto her stomach at the count of "Three!" and shakes off the cobwebs, looking towards her corner where Betty Chang has climbed back onto the ring apron, once again holding out her hand. She shouts "Come on!" as Harley Hamilton also begins to stir, rolling towards her own corner, where a ready Cinder awaits her.]

SA: It's a race to tag in the fresh woman now!

[Flores pulls herself toward her corner and lifts her arm to make the tag, slapping Chang's hand just as Hamilton tags in Cinder.]

SA: Betty Chang and Cinder are in!

[Cinder runs in, looking to take Chang's head off with another elbow, but Chang ducks under, pivoting and throwing a spinning roundhouse kick that a surprised Cinder ducks under...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but not the spinning leg lariat that follows it up!]

SA: Some amazing kicks from Betty Chang's educated feet!

DW: Those feet must have graduated from Harvard!

[Cinder rises back to her feet, but is met by an overhand chop to the chest by Chang. The Seattle native grabs Cinder's hand in a knuckle lock and runs towards the corner, leaping up onto the second turnbuckle and then leaping up again, springboarding off the top rope and taking down the Caledonia Cutthroat with a lucha-style armdrag!]

SA: Betty Chang is showing off that training she had down in Mexico!

[As Chang doubles over Cinder with a rolling solebutt to the midsection, she grabs the Scottish lass into a side headlock and points to the corner. Seeing her "bestie" in trouble, Harley Hamilton enters the ring. However, Betty Chang leaps up, scissoring Hamilton's head while still holding Cinder in the side headlock and takes them both over!]

SA: Betty Chang is putting on a show here tonight!

[An excited Chang pumps her fists, but turns around right into a roaring elbow from a pissed off Harley Hamilton that nearly takes her head off!]

SA: Betty Chang was blindsided by an elbow yet again!

[However, before Hamilton can gloat, she's sent out of the ring by a big boot from Margarita Flores that knocks her through the ropes!]

SA: The action is breaking down in the ring! We have all four women fighting it out now!

DW: The action's been breaking down since the bell rang! And now Harley Hamilton and Margarita Flores are brawling out here on the floor! We might need to head to higher ground!

[Inside the ring, Cinder takes advantage of the opening that Hamilton gave her, dragging a dazed Betty Chang up to her feet and holding her by the hair.]

"Yer goin' home in an ambulance, girly!"

[She then doubles over Chang with a boot to the midsection and places her in a front facelock.]

SA: Cinder wants to finish things now with the In-Cinder-tor!

[However, as she lifts her head to make a trademark shriek before hitting the move, Chang hooks her leg behind Cinder's and takes her down with a judo leg trip.]

SA: NO! Chang with the counter!

[The trip sends Cinder tumbling backwards and into a bowing position. Without hesitation, Chang lifts her foot high into the air and brings her heel crashing down onto the crown of Cinder's skull with a devastating Ax kick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BIG AX KICK AND CINDER MAY BE OUT COLD!

DW: She's in la-la land, Sal!

[However, while the action was going on inside the ring, no one noticed what was going on outside of it, as Harley Hamilton grabs a steel chair at ringside and jabs it hard into Margarita Flores' gut, doubling her over with it. She then suddenly slides into the ring...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and smashes the steel chair across Betty Chang's back!]

SA: HARLEY HAMILTON JUST ATTACKED BETTY CHANG WITH THAT CHAIR!

"DING DING DING!"

[Shari Miranda immediately calls for the bell, as Hamilton raises the chair high over her head, looking ready to give Chang a finishing blow.]

DW: NO! Somebody stop her!

[There's a cheer from the crowd, as Margarita Flores slides back into the ring and yanks the chair out of Hamilton's hands, tossing it aside. Still clearly hurt from the attack Hamilton had inflicted on her, Flores holds her midsection and drops to a knee, as Hamilton collects Cinder and the two make a quick escape from the ring, drawing massive boos from the crowd.]

SA: Betty Chang and Margarita Flores will win this one by disqualification, but it looks like Seductive and Destructive may have lost the battle, but they will the war.

DW: They just can't keep getting away with this, Sal. They...

[Westerly cuts himself off upon seeing that Flores has procured a microphone. She's pacing angrily in the ring, grimacing as she raises the mic to speak.]

MF: That's it ... Enough is enough! Harley! I know you and Cinder fancy yourself the power couple or something in the AWA Women's Division, but this... whatever this is between us? Can only be settled in one way... Once and for all!

[The crowd cheers loudly at the implication!]

MF: No more drawing Betty into this fight. No drawing Xenia into it. And no Cinder by your side!

Just you, Harley...

[Flores points out at Hamilton who is on the stage.]

MF: ...and me... one-on-one...

And we could do it next week in St. Louis...

[Hamilton's eyes bug out, shaking her head.]

MF: But I don't want any excuses about not giving you enough time to get ready.

So, we could do it in two weeks... right back here in Atlanta...

[The crowd ROARS at that idea!]

MF: But... but I've got a better idea.

See, if we're going to fight, Harley, we're going to do it right...

I'll give you FOUR WEEKS, Harley, to get your affairs in order... a whole month to prepare for the ass-kicking that I am going to let loose on YOU!

[Hamilton has backed as far away from the ring as she can without going backstage at this point as Flores continues to point in her direction.

MF: And before I came out here, I had a little chat by phone with Javier Castillo. Seems like he's a big fan of Halloween... so on October 28th, all the ghosts and ghouls and goblins are taking over...

We've got a show coming up in Miami called Fight Night On Fox... well, on the 28th, things are getting spooky for FRIGHT NIGHT ON FOX... RIGHT HERE ON THE X!

[Another big cheer from the crowd!]

MF: And Harley, if the spirits are coming out to play... I think it's only fitting we let THEM decide how I'm gonna beat your ass...

...in a SPIN THE WHEEL, MAKE THE DEAL MATCH!

[The crowd EXPLODES. Hamilton FREAKS. And Flores smirks as she SPIKES the mic into the canvas, turning to check on Betty Chang as Big Sal makes the hard sell.]

SA: DID YOU HEAR THAT?! SPIN THE WHEEL! SPIN THE WHEEL ON FRIGHT NIGHT!

DW: The ghosts must already be in Center Stage, Big Sal, 'cause I got chills goin' down my spine!

SA: What a huge announcement by Margarita Flores! Four weeks from tonight - Fright Night On Fox right here on Fox Sports X - with Margarita Flores taking on Harley Hamilton in a SPIN THE WHEEL match! Wow! Fans, we'll be right back here on the all-new Power Hour so don't you dare go away!

[Cinder is feverishly trying to calm down the freaking out Harley Hamilton as we fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up to footage marked "LAST SATURDAY NIGHT." We can see Lauryn Rage on the trainer's table dressed in spandex shorts and sports bra as the trainer encourages her to push against resistance.]

T: How does that feel?

LR: Stiff. Like right before I extend, I feel a hitch.

T: Do you actually feel it hitch or are you anticipating?

LR: I might be anticipating. I don't know.

T: Well, I don't feel any swelling. Let's put a TENS on it for a bit and we'll...

[He trails off as the training room door opens and two faces we haven't seen in a bit stroll into view. Copperhead and Mamba - collectively known as the Serpentes - tower over Rage who is still down on the table, looking up at the two faces sneering down at her.]

C: Welcome back, chica.

[Rage grimaces as the trainer slides out of the way, wanting no part of whatever is coming next.]

C: You actin' like you don't know nobody, mami. Like she too good for her amigas, eh Mamba?

[Mamba nods.]

M: Could be that she thinks she's too good for us. Too bad she couldn't get the job done against Somers tonight.

[The Serpentes chuckle darkly as Rage sits up with effort.]

LR: What's good, ladies?

[Copperhead shrugs.]

C: Why don't you tell us? The last time you were around, you used to kick off that dinero for our help, you know? But last time you needed us...

[Copperhead makes a show out of cracking her knuckles.]

C: ...you kinda didn't pay.

[Mamba leans in, placing her arm on her partner's shoulder.]

M: Probably slipped her mind... all those knee injuries.

[Mamba reaches out, slapping her hand down on Rage's knee, causing the former Women's World Champion to grimace in pain.]

M: How is that knee? No problems?

[She looks down at the knee as Rage tries not to register the pressure on her kneecap.]

M: Barely can see the scars. Your surgeon did nice work, yeah?

[Mamba smirks.]

M: Shame if you were to slip or something in the shower.

[The trainer is well and far gone at this point as Rage suddenly shoves the hand away, looking disgusted as she pushes up to her feet, showing the slightest of winces as her feet hit the floor. On her feet, she still finds herself looking up at her towering former allies.]

LR: Thanks for your concern. Good seeing you, ladies.

[Rage attempts to exit... but Mamba stops her with a meaty hand to the chest, shoving her back against the trainer table.]

M: "Good seeing you, ladies." Where's our money, Kid?

[It's Lauryn Rage's turn to smirk... despite the trouble she appears to be in.]

LR: Why don't you kiss my whole ass?!

[Mamba shoves her a second time, getting up in her face.]

M: Oh, you real tough now!

[As Rage is focused on Mamba, Copperhead lashes out with a kick to the knee, causing Rage to drop to the floor, crying out in pain.]

M: WHO TOUGH NOW?!

[Mamba joins in, stomping Rage over and over with her partner's help, screeching and spitting all the while...

...until a flood of referees and backstage officials come rushing into view to break it up.]

"Out of here, Mamba! You too, Copperhead!"

[John Shock is shouting at them both as Adam Rogers kneels down on the floor. Mamba raises her hands, backing off with a nod.]

C: Pay up, chica!

[The Serpentes exit, leaving Rage writhing on the ground, holding her knee in pain.]

AR: John, get that trainer back in here.

[Shock leaves to do exactly that as Rage slams a hand down on the concrete floor with a loud "DAMN IT!"...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we end up in a backstage corridor, much like the others we've seen tonight and on previous nights. 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 is much more cautious this time.]

O: Heyyy, what's up Polemos?

[Polemos snaps his head in the direction of Omega, who flinches slightly.]

O: Naw, don't worry. I'm not trying to get back at you. I was in the wrong there. "Mea culpa," as we say on Neptune.

[Polemos turns his head back and stands on guard again, away from Omega.]

O: I swiped Korugun company property, and... you were only doing your job.

Must be a pretty sweet gig; right, God of War?

[Omega steels himself and walks up closer to Polemos.]

O: Korugun must treat you pretty good, right? You get a lot of respect from them, right?

[Although Polemos' expression is totally hidden, one would swear he exhales ruefully.]

O: Good pay?

Vacation and personal business hours?

Good benefits?

[Omega sees he's not getting through to the taciturn Polemos.]

O: Well, again... sorry if I got you in trouble the other day. Quite the goozle you have there.

[Polemos straightens his posture, to the point where you can detect pride coming off him.]

O: Yeah, pretty sick. Not quite as sick as mine, but... man, if I just got my chokeslam on Atlas Armstrong, that would be OVAH!

That's how they pronounce "over" on Earth, right? "Ovah?"

Anyway, I think my grip was off. Maybe I could get you to show me how you do it sometime. Anyway, I won't take up any more of your time.

[Omega reaches into a capsule on his Kuiper Belt and pulls out a couple of American bills.]

O: Hey, uh, this is for the water the other week. And... uh, a little something extra for you. While Ms. Westerly and Mr. Castillo may be in charge of Korugun, I'm sure Mr. Lincoln here can... smooth things over.

[Polemos looks down at the two measly 5-dollar bills Omega pinches with his thumb and forefinger...

...and clasps his hand around Omega's weedy throat.]

O: [strained] Oh, you're going to show me now, are you?

[A huge right hand comes swiping from out of view, knocking Omega backwards and sending him sprawling over the adjacent equipment table, scattering cables and otherwise innocuous aluminum tubes loudly across the floor. Polemos punches his fist into his gloved palm and stomps off...]

O [in obvious pain]: Was it something I said?

[...and with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we fade back up to a grinning Theresa Lynch standing behind the interview podium.]

TL: Fans, it's been another exciting night of action here on the all-new Power Hour as we continue to make our way down the road to SuperClash with our next stop coming seven days from now in St. Louis, Missouri... one of the greatest professional wrestling cities in the world. You think back to the glory days of that city and this sport and you think of names like Hamilton... like O'Connor... and like Shane. Terry Shane is a third generation grappler - with two World Champions in his family - and as he heads home next weekend, there's a lot on the mind of the former World TV Champion. Earlier this week, I sat down with Terry Shane to discuss some of what's been going on in his life as of late. And I think you'll find this very, very interesting. Take a look...

[We fade to footage captioned "EARLIER THIS WEEK" where we find Terry Shane and Theresa Lynch sitting in a room. A coffee table sits between them, holding two mugs of a steaming beverage. Lynch is in a simple gold dress while Shane is wearing a suit and tie.]

TL: Terry, first I'd like to thank you for taking the time to sit down with me this week.

[Shane nods.]

TS: Of course, Theresa. Our families go back a long way and those bonds are tough to break... even if I did spend a few years being an utter pain in the-

[Theresa cuts him off with a grin.]

TL: The past is in the past, Terry...

[Theresa pauses.]

TL: ...or is it?

[Shane smirks.]

TS: Sounds like you've got your first question.

[Lynch raises a hand.]

TL: Let's come back to that one. First, I want to talk about your physical condition. Last week on Saturday Night Wrestling, you were having a match with Kerry Kendrick - a match that had been thrown out already - when your former... manager... Sandra Hayes clubbed you over the back of the head with a baseball bat - a blow that I'm told caused a concussion.

[Shane rubs at the back of his head.]

TS: She always did have one heck of a swing, Theresa.

TL: So, how are you now?

[Shane shrugs.]

TS: I feel fine but the doctors say otherwise. The business has changed since the days when our dads were in it. Back then, you saw some stars in the ring, you had a couple of extra beers that night at the bar and were ready to go again tomorrow. Now, there's doctors and concussion protocols and... don't get me wrong, it's all for our own good... but there are nights when the doctors say no and you long for the old days.

TL: Does that mean you won't be in St. Louis next weekend?

TS: No, not at all. I wouldn't miss being back home for the world. Now, I may not get to wrestle... that's up to Doc Ponavitch. But believe me, I'll be there.

[Lynch nods.]

TL: So, let's talk about Sandra Hayes delivering that blow.

[Shane chuckles.]

TS: Never thought she'd do it, Theresa.

TL: No?

TS: Nope. That's why I didn't even react when Kendrick was shouting for her to help. I could've broken the hold. I could've turned around in time to stop her. But never in a million years did I think she'd hit me in the head with that bat.

TL: Why?

TS: We have... history, Theresa.

[Theresa waits for more and doesn't get it.]

TL: Well, obviously she was your manager for a time.

TS: Sure, of course. But there was...

[Shane pauses, trailing off as he rubs his head again.]

TS: Let's just say I obviously... misjudged our relationship.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: Time to go back to that first question, Terry. And I hate to ask it because I know what a confusing situation this seems to be for you.

TS: But?

TL: But I've - I mean, the viewers - they've gotta know. Do you have feelings for Sandra Hayes?

[Shane sighs.]

TS: I mean, she helped me a lot when I was breaking in. Would I be in the spot I'm in now without her? I don't really know, Theresa.

[Lynch nods.]

TL: That's not really what I meant... and I think you know that.

TS: Right. Well... you know... we've got history... obviously... and judging by what happened last week, I'd say our history is... history.

[He shrugs.]

TS: Her future is on a very different path than mine, Theresa. I loved being the TV Champion... but now that I've had a taste of it, I want more. I want to be the National Champion. I want to be the World Champion someday... and I want to make my father proud... my grandfather too. I want to be the man they knew I could be... and I want to be worthy of the name "Shane."

[Shane smiles.]

TS: And I just can't do any of that if I'm worried about what Sandra is doing with her life. I've gotta let her live-

[And with a screen full of snowy static, text flies across the screen while an instrumental version of "The Business of Emotion" by Big Data plays in the background.]

"SELF MADE PRODUCTIONS

in association with

MISS SANDRA HAYES

presents

RICKI TOUGHILL

in..."

[The first letter, obviously an "H" is crossed out in red, and an "F" is superimposed.]

"FAIL TO THE QUEEN"

[Fade up to the same busy mall. This time, in front of a very minimalist store selling electronics. Sandra Hayes is in a bright yellow t-shirt, twirling her hair, carrying herself with a "Kardashian-esque" attitude. The South Philly Phighter, still made up to resemble Ricki Toughill walks up.]

SPP as RT: Hi, is this the Banana store?

MSH: It is. You're here to interview for the position at the SubGenius Bar?

SPP as RT: The SubGenius Bar?

MSH: Part of the service of our founder Bob Dobbs.

SPP as RT: That's a surprising obscure reference for a young lady like yourself, but... yes I am.

MSH: 'Kay... So obviously you must be pretty tech savvy... I mean, you smell like a shut-in who spends a lot of time online.

SPP as RT: Yeah, I'm really good with electronics. See this? It's called a Motorola RAZR.

[Hayes the Banana employee squints at the decade-old cellphone.]

MSH: It looks like you're on low battery.

SPP as RT: I haven't had a chance to plug it in the past fifteen minutes.

MSH: I didn't mean the phone; never mind, we can train you up. What sort of other skills do you have that we can... work around?

SPP as RT: Um... I can be really awkward around people. I've been in a lot of deathmatches...

MSH: Sooo, sort of Caleb Temple meets Temple Grandin.

SPP as RT: I don't know where those are. Anyway, I tend to complain a lot, sing along to 90's alternative music even if I can't carry a tune.

And I could probably survive if I was flung off the mezzanine and hit the lower level.

MSH: If we were to hire you, we would ask that you not be thrown off the mezzanine.

SPP as RT: Well, I don't want to make a promise I'm not sure that I could keep.

MSH: Well, Miss Too-gill, I think you're absolutely wrong for the Banana store, just as you are wrong for just about every aspect of civilized society. We're looking for people going places, people like...

Kerry Kendrick and Miss Sandra Hayes.

KK: [off-screen, in the distance] So hot right now!

SPP as RT: Why I oughta... You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to go on social media and make passive-aggressive posts about you!

As soon as I find a wall outlet!

[And with another burst of static, we cut back to an irate-looking Theresa Lynch standing behind the podium.]

TL: -just about sick of this! Someone in that truck interrupted MY interview to show another one of those... whatever the hell those things are. Kerry Kendrick and Sandra Hayes want to waste airtime on this show taking cheap shots at someone who doesn't even work here anymore?! Someone get Castillo on the phone... let's...

[Lynch sighs.]

TL: Just go to commercial.

[Fade to black.

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

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

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

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

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

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

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

Click The Link!

[Fade to black...

...and as we come back from commercial, we see Ayako Fujiwara holding Trish Wallace in a headlock.]

SA: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour, fans, and we're going right back into Women's Division tag team action!

DW: We've got Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell going up against Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift, and when both teams were introduced during the break, things got surprisingly heated!

SA: That's right, Dee Dub, and it's really a shame to see these two teams not on the same page. Molly Bell was giving away a cat ears headband to a lucky ringside fan, and Trish Wallace could be heard telling Skylar Swift that, and I quote, "that's exactly what you don't need to be doing", and... well, things sort of exploded from there.

[Wallace sends Fujiwara into the ropes, with Fujiwara rebounding off and slamming into Wallace's shoulder with a resounding thud. The crowd roars as Wallace doesn't budge, instead brushing off her shoulder.]

SA: And Trish Wallace, that Twin Cities terror from Minneapolis, absorbing the shoulder tackle from Ayako Fujiwara!

DW: Not a lot of wrestlers can withstand a shoulder tackle from Fujiwara, but Trish Wallace isn't like most wrestlers!

[Wallace encourages Fujiwara to try again, but Fujiwara decides not to play along, pasting Wallace across the face with a forearm, staggering Wallace back to the ropes.]

SA: And Ayako's not too keen on playing into Trish's strengths, taking it right to the musclebound Minnesotan!

[Fujiwara drives another forearm into Wallace's jaw, then a third, and then throws Wallace into the opposite set of ropes. Fujiwara rushes at Wallace...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: There's a running elbow strike by Ayako Fujiwara, and Trish Wallace gets bowled over into her corner!

[Fujiwara glares at Wallace, who hesitantly raises her hand up to tag in Swift, who accepts. Referee Andy Dawson signals that a tag has been made, and Swift enters the ring.]

DW: I think we're going to see things cool down a bit in terms of tensions here, Big Sal.

SA: I'll say, Dee Dub. Trish Wallace has been feisty lately about wanting Skylar Swift back by her side, almost like she doesn't want to share the Canadian Dream Girl as her partner. And we've seen, especially ever since Mexico, that Swift really gets along with Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell. I think this will be more like friendly competition, to say the least.

[Swift offers her hand to Fujiwara, who accepts without hesitation, and the crowd applauds the show of sportswomanship.]

DW: Just like we thought!

SA: That's for sure... Fujiwara now going for a lockup with Swift, but Swift ducking underneath, planting a dropkick right between the shoulderblades of Fujiwara!

[Fujiwara, unaffected by the dropkick, turns around and gives the rising Swift a shrug.]

SA: That dropkick had no effect on Fujiwara!

DW: Have you seen Fujiwara's back? She's been doing some serious work in the gym lately! I bet she doesn't even feel when Molly jumps on her!

[Swift jumps up and dropkicks Fujiwara right across the chin, staggering Fujiwara back.]

SA: Fujiwara definitely felt that dropkick though! And here's another one coming up!

[Fujiwara swats away Swift's third dropkick, instead grasping Swift by the waist as she gets to her feet, causing the crowd to cheer in recognition for a potential German suplex. Swift's eyes grow wide and she scrambles to the ropes, hooking her legs to the bottom rope as Dawson calls for a break.]

SA: And Miss Germany saw an opening for a German suplex, but Skylar Swift has Ayako Fujiwara well scouted.

DW: I'd say so. You can't have gotten as close as Swift has to Fujiwara in recent weeks without learning some of her game.

SA: And you can hear Trish Wallace shouting from the apron for Skylar to pop Ayako with an elbow, but I don't think we'll be seeing any of that.

[Indeed we won't, as Fujiwara releases the waistlock and cleanly breaks to applause from the crowd.]

DW: You know, Big Sal, I wonder how much we're going to see of Molly Bell in this match in the first place. We heard what Dr. Ponavitch said earlier, that Molly has torn cartilage in her ribs.

SA: That's right, Dee Dub, and I'm not exactly pre-med or anything, but I'd wager that she's been injured for at least several weeks now.

DW: To me, that just means Ayako's going to have to carry her more than usual.

SA: You're still on this bandwagon, huh?

DW: Until she shows she can carry her share of the load, sure.

[During all that caterwauling, Fujiwara and Swift tied back up, with Fujiwara grounding Swift via a double-leg takedown, then transitioning into a north-south position where Fujiwara applied a front facelock.]

DW: Did she say "bite her", Sal?

DW: And of course, Ayako's credentials in wrestling are a mile long.

SA: Swift quickly understanding that a grapple game's a lost cause, dropkicking Ayako's leg! There's the tag to Trish Wallace!

SA: You may be right! Neither can match Ayako in the ground game, but if they can switch out frequently enough to stagger her, the team of Wallace and Swift have enough experience as a team to take her down!

[...right into a jumping shoulder tackle by Wallace!]

DW: And Ayako powers right out, Sal!

[Wallace pulls up Fujiwara, sending her into the ropes...]

"SMACK!"

[...into the waiting paw of Molly Bell, who tags herself in.]

SA: Fujiwara coming off the ropes, staggering Wallace with another forearm, but you can see Andy Dawson telling her that Molly Bell tagged herself in!

DW: I have to think that wasn't the strategy, Big Sal!

[Bell hops into the ring, wiggling her hips in anticipation as Wallace turns around. Fujiwara is being led out of the ring by the referee, as Bell charges, diving at Wallace.]

"WHAMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"
"OWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!"

[Not "oh!", like a crowd reaction, but "ow!", like Molly Bell screaming in agony.]

SA: Molly Bell just tried to pounce Trish Wallace, and the pounce just bounced off! She's clutching at her ribs in agony!

DW: She didn't have her usual speed or power behind that pounce, Sal!

SA: No kidding, Dee Dub! That rib injury had to rob her of her power, and trying to pounce Trish Wallace was already like trying to pounce a brick wall! And look at Trish Wallace's face! She's smiling at Molly Bell writhing on the canvas!

[Wallace grins as she stares at Bell, then grabs the feline grappler by the muzzle and drops a clubbing forearm right across her sternum.]

SA: A sickening thud there, right across the sternum! And you've got to think Trish Wallace is seeing that tape around the ribs of Molly Bell, knowing full well it's a tar-...

"SMACK!"
"SMACK!"
"SMACK!"
"SMACK!"
"SMACK!"
"SMACK!"
"SMACK!"
"SMACK!"
"SMACK!"
"SMACK!"

SA: WALLACE POUNDING BELL LIKE A NAIL!

DW: Ten more of those forearm blows, Sal!

SA: Molly Bell couldn't even cover up! Trish Wallace just bludgeoning Molly Bell's battered torso with her forearm, and you can see Ayako Fujiwara screaming on the apron!

DW: And look at Skylar Swift! She's not too thrilled about this either!

[There's a cut to Skylar Swift, who has an extremely worried look on her face.]

SA: Competition or not, Skylar's become friends with both Ayako and Molly lately like we've mentioned... this is getting a little out of hand.

DW: And you can hear Skylar even telling Trish that's enough.

"WHACK!"

SA: Was that necessary?!

DW: Trish Wallace just knocked Ayako Fujiwara off the apron with a running forearm!

SA: You could hear Fujiwara collide with that guardrail! Now... come on, Trish, this is enough.

[Wallace hoists Bell up onto her shoulder, motioning for Swift to go to the outside, shouting "get her!" Swift shakes her head, rushing over to the turnbuckles.]

SA: Wallace has Molly Bell on her shoulder, almost no resistance being offered by Bell... Skylar Swift climbing up onto the turnbuckles...

[Wallace takes a couple of laps around the ring with Bell on her shoulder, and as Wallace rushes towards the center, Swift leaps from the top turnbuckle to the floor...]

"THUDD!"
"OHH!"

SA: Running powerslam by Trish Wallace! Skylar Swift dives onto a rising Ayako Fujiwara!

DW: Sal, Trish isn't covering. She got up from the cover.

SA: She's... she's picking Bell back up!

[Wallace roughly scoops Bell up, lifting Bell up, driving her shoulder right into Bell's rib cage. Bell lets out a pained scream, then a pitiful whine, before practically melting across Wallace's shoulder.]

SA: That's a bearhug! Wallace has locked Molly Bell in a bearhug! She wasn't satisfied with the pinfall, she wanted Molly Bell to quit!

DW: Sal, I don't think she's going to get it, I think Molly's out.

SA: Dee Dub, I think you're right.

[Andy Dawson checks Molly, then signals for the bell.]

SA: The referee's saying Molly Bell's out, he's calling the match off... Trish! Come on Trish!

[Not content, Wallace suddenly starts to ragdoll the limp Molly Bell, causing her body to wildly swing through the air as the crowd screams in terror. Skylar Swift darts into the ring, shouting "let her go!"]

SA: Trish Wallace is ragdolling Molly Bell in that bearhug! What on earth has gotten into Trish Wallace?!

DW: Whatever's gotten into her, it better get out before Ayako Fujiwara sees what's happened...

[Fujiwara slowly rises on the outside of the ring as Swift pleads with her teammate to let Bell go. After several swings, Wallace unceremoniously tosses the knocked

out Bell to the mat, leaving her in a crumpled heap. As Swift and the referee go to check on Bell, Wallace stares at her hands.]

SA: Trish Wallace finally letting go of Molly Bell, but... my goodness, Dee Dub. We knew Molly was injured before, Trish may have just put her on the shelf.

DW: And look at Trish, staring at her hands. Almost like she can't believe what she just did.

[Fujiwara, her face flushed, climbs into the ring and cradles the fallen Bell in her arms, angrily screaming something at Wallace. Swift walks over to her teammate as the camera picks up "I think you should probably get out of here", and Wallace exits the ring, passing by Dr. Ponavitch as he rushes to the ring.]

SA: Fans, we're going to cut away from this scene. We'll be right back.

[Fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

And then fade back up to footage marked "ONE WEEK AGO." As we come up on Mark Stegglet standing backstage in the Chimpanzee Position shortly after the last Saturday Night Wrestling went off the air, it is a chaotic scene. We can see members of the Korugun Army milling around. Juan Vasquez is being led down a hallway, slaps on the back aplenty. Stegglet's shouts to get someone to interview are going ignored... almost.]

MS: Mr. Matthews.

[Indeed it is Jeff Matthews. The Madfox. The Hall of Famer. The former World Champion.

The Career Killer?]

JMM: Don't be like that, kid. We've known each other a long time. Don't act like I'm a stranger.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Alright, Jeff. Care to explain what happened out there?

[Matthews shrugs.]

JMM: Just another day at the office. I mean... you heard El Presidente earlier, right?

"He'll fetch me your skull if I ask it."

[Matthews smirks.]

JMM: I've heard a lot of threats over the years but that was a new one.

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: He also called you a pathetic shell of-

[Matthews lifts a hand.]

JMM: Don't have to remind me. I was there. But I'm guessing he's talking a different game right about now.

Maybe now he'll start to live up to all those promises he made me.

[Stegglet arches an eyebrow.]

JMM: Oh, he promised me the moon, kid. Big things.

[Matthews shrugs.]

JMM: Not gonna lie, kid. I've never been a big fan of when the suits get involved. Seems to me the people pay to see guys like me in the ring... not guys like Blue... or Castillo... or your uncle... whoever it is this time around... Am I right?

[Stegglet nods.]

JMM: But the suits have the power. And the egos. And they like to hear themselves talk. And they like to make big plans.

And with big plans come big promises.

It took a lot to get me out of my house this time around. First, it was Stegglet talking about my legacy... talking about going out on my terms... and then shuffling me off to No Man's Land while his favorites were on top. Then came Castillo talking about wrongs he wanted to right. Titles. Money. Glory. And most of all...

[Matthews trails off, absentmindedly tapping the cast on his hand.]

JMM: This is nothing.

[He holds up the cast again.]

JMM: I've sacrificed much worse for worse men.

[Matthews lowers his arm as Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: But why? Why do you sacrifice for a man who clearly doesn't respect you? Who threatened you earlier tonight!

[Matthews smirks again.]

JMM: Threats? Castillo's empty threats don't bother me, Mark.

Do I think his muscle is coming for me? No, I don't... but I'm not worried about it if they do. I can handle myself just fine. He needs me too much to come after me. All that bluster backstage tonight? That was his way of trying to motivate me.

Talking about me not being in the spotlight... about the cheers of the fans...

The cheers of the fans? You know what the cheers of the fans mean to a guy who has been abandoned time after time by his friends.. by his own family...?

[Matthews shakes his head.]

JMM: The fans have cheered me before, Mark... and all it would take would be to wrap these arms around a certain general's neck and spike his head into the mat for them to cheer me again. You know it. I know it. And that General knows it.

Promises, promises...

[Matthews pauses.]

JMM: But when it comes down to it, Mark... it's not the money... it's not the glory... it's not the titles... it's definitely not Castillo's war that interests me.

That leaves one promise, Castillo. One thing left for you to deliver before we go our separate ways.

[Matthews jerks a thumb towards the entranceway.]

JMM: You can have your war, General...

[He stares coldly into the camera.]

JMM: ...I want Supreme Wright.

And you're going to give him to me. Because you promised.

And unlike you, Castillo...

[Camera zooms in super tight on his face.]

JMM: ...the only thing I break is bones. Never a promise.

[We fade from the pre-taped footage to a flash of the ACCESS logo which shows us the Chimpanzee Position at Center Stage Studios - presumably from mere moments ago. We see Molly Bell being helped through the area, Ayako Fujiwara trailing behind her. Skylar Swift is standing nearby, anxiously wringing her hands as she watches the scene unfold.]

SS: I sure hope she's okay.

[Swift's eyes drift slightly to the side. A moment of hesitation crosses her face before she shouts out.]

SS: Hey Victoria!

[The camera cuts to a different angle as Swift walks across the room, approaching Victoria June who is also watching Bell be taken out with concern on her face.]

VJ: Hey Skylar... damn shame 'bout Molly, huh? What got into your partner?

[Swift bites at her bottom lip, shaking her head.]

SS: Trish will be fine. Right now it's you I'm worried about.

[June turns towards Swift, looking puzzled.]

VJ: Me?

[Swift nods.]

SS: Look... if anyone knows what it's like to have Charisma Knight and her little doctor friend trying to get inside your head, it's me. And the more you try to play it off like you're in control and-

[June shakes her head, waving a hand.]

VJ: Don't worry about it. Ah've got it under cont...

[She trails off, realizing she was about to say "control".]

VJ: Never mind.

SS: I just want to make sure you know Charisma like I do - what she's capable of.

[June sighs.]

VJ: Ah got this, Skylar. Ah promise. Ah can handle this mahself.

[And with that, June turns and walks away, leaving a disappointed and concerned Swift behind.]

SS: I sure hope so.

[The ACCESS logo flashes again as we cut out to the ring - Tyler Graham standing in the center. In the far corner is a tall young man in plain black trunks and boots.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing our first contestant, hailing from Lucky, Louisiana... weighing in tonight at 185 pounds...

PATRICK HAYDEN!

[Hayden comes out of the corner, thrusting his arms in the air, to a rather tepid reaction from the crowd.]

SA: Patrick Hayden comes to us from the Combat Corner, by way of Lucky, Louisiana.

DW: Well, Big Sal... Patrick Hayden might need a four leaf clover, a rabbit's foot, a shiny penny and a horseshoe if he wants to have any luck tonight...

[The ring announcer continues.]

TG: And his opponent...

[As the opening strains of Bon Jovi's "Wanted Dead or Alive" blare over the loudspeakers, the fans are on their feet.]

TG: From Dallas, Texas, weighing in at 265 pounds... the Iron Cowboy....

JACK LYNCH!!!

[To the loud acclaim of the fans, the King of Cowboys makes his way to the ring. Wearing a long black leather duster, with his white Stetson hat atop his head, the lanky former World Champion pauses several times to interact with audience members, before he finally enters the ring.]

SA: This is, to the best of my knowledge, the first time Jack Lynch has ever appeared on Power Hour, and I don't think I've ever seen you smile so brightly, Dee-Dub.

DW: You bet I'm happy! That's Jack Lynch! Former Stampede Cup Winner. Former National and World Tag Team Champion. The only man in AWA history to win tag team gold with two different partners, and the only man to be both World Tag Team Champion and World Heavyweight Champion!

SA: You may not want to let some of your family members hear you gush like that.

DW: That's Jack Lynch in there, and I'm not going to hide how much I admire him!

SA: Well, we know plenty about Jack Lynch but very little about Patrick Hayden... but I do have to wonder if Hayden has any relation to former AWA roster member "Prince" Colin Hayden.

DW: If he does, then Lynch knows him as well 'cause Colin Hayden was a big part of Blackjack's PCW back in the day.

[Lynch removes his Stetson and hands it to the ring attendant, before moving to the middle of the ring. The referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell has sounded as we get set for action here on the Power Hour... and look at this now...

[Lynch extends his hand to Hayden who eyeballs the Iron Cowboy warily.]

SA: A nice display of sportsman... oooo.... I spoke too soon!

[Albano's exclamation is the result of Hayden slapping Lynch across the face/]

DW: That low down, rotten, dirty... get him, Jack!

[As if he heard Westerly, Lynch retaliates by drilling his fist into Hayden's face, knocking him back. Lynch charges and whips Hayden hard into the corner, following up by charging and driving his knee into Hayden's stomach, doubling him over.]

SA: Jack Lynch showing that he's not going to take an insult lying down.

DW: Can you blame him? He tried to offer the man a handshake and got disrespected for it!

[At the referee's insistence, Lynch finally backs up and lets Hayden out of the corner.]

SA: Speaking of disrespect, Jack Lynch has been suffering from constant abuse from his very own brother, James Lynch.

DW: Oh, that makes me so mad Sal! I tell you what, if Jack Lynch was my brother, I'd never treat him that way! I wish he was my big brother, Sal!

SA: Once again, I wouldn't let the rest of your family hear that. You might be the only Westerly who feels that way about Jack Lynch.

[Hayden comes out of the corner, barking in Lynch's direction...

...but the King of the Cowboys buries a cowboy boot in the gut, doubling him up before whipping him into the ropes.]

SA: Shoots him across again... Hayden on the move and... HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP!

[A "THUD!" echoes through Center Stage as the Louisiana native hits the mat hard.]

SA: The backdrop gets the job done and this one has been all Jack Lynch so far to the surprise of no one, I'm sure.

DW: I'd only be surprised if he WASN'T in control, Big Sal! That's the Iron Cowboy! He's double tough!

[Hayden struggles up to his feet as Lynch gets a running start, hitting the ropes behind him as Hayden slowly turns as Lynch launches himself forward...]

SA: FIERRO PRESS! AND NOW JACK LYNCH IS JUST RAINING DOWN LEFTS AND RIGHTS ON HAYDEN!

DW: Look at him, Sal! Look at him!

SA: I'm looking, Dee Dub, I'm... wait just a minute!

[There's a sudden commotion in the crowd, and the camera cuts to the entrance stage where James Lynch is standing.]

SA: James Lynch! The Demon Cowboy himself has joined us here on the Power Hour!

DW: Well, you mentioned James giving Jack nothing but trouble as of late - we could be seeing more of that right about now.

[James edges his way towards the stairs, ignoring the words from his sister who is trying to get his attention.]

SA: James coming down these steps now... right down to ringside...

DW: Get him out of here! He has no business at ringside!

SA: He certainly doesn't... and for a guy who claimed to want his big brother to stay out of his business, here he is again trying to instigate something.

[But as James reaches ringside, he ignores the action in the ring, walking straight over towards a ringside attendant whom he begins speaking to.]

DW: What is this about?

[The conversation quickly turns heated with an insistent James Lynch gesturing to something.]

SA: I have no idea what this conversation could be- hey!

[The crowd reacts as James reaches past the attendant, snatching up his brother's white Stetson.]

SA: His hat?! He came out here to grab that hat?!

[The camera reveals that James Lynch has indeed taken custody of his brother's hat. With a smirk, he slips it up onto his head, laying the badmouth on the attendant who is trying to retrieve it as James backs away from the ring.]

DW: That's it?! That's all he wanted? I don't get it, Sal.

SA: That Stetson was given to Jack by his family and... James Lynch is walking out of here with that hat on his head.

[James climbs back up on the steps where Theresa is waiting for him, the camera picking up her voice as she shouts at him.]

"What are you doing Jimmy? You say you want him to stay out of your life and you're out here doing this?"

[A smirking James Lynch shakes his head before tipping his hat in his sister's direction...

...and inside the ring, we see Jack Lynch pounding a right hand into the jaw of Patrick Hayden against the ropes.]

SA: And I don't even know if Jack has seen any of this - he may have no clue what's going on out here.

[A big whip shoots Hayden across again as Lynch drops back into the ropes, building up speed as he leaves his feet, cracking Hayden across the collarbone with a lariat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT A LARIAT!

DW: He just about turned Hayden inside out! And this one's all over, Big Sal!

[The Iron Cowboy leans in for a cover...

...but pauses when he hears his sister yelling.]

DW: I think Jack just realized what's happening.

[Lynch climbs back to his feet, shouting "HEY!" at his brother who is up on the stage wearing his hat. Leaving Hayden behind, Jack strides across the ring towards the ropes, pointing at James who grins, doing a little jig while wearing the hat as Theresa looks on with disgust and the crowd jeers.]

SA: Jack Lynch is totally distracted by all this. James Lynch just taunting his brother, waving that hat around in the air - I just don't get this, Dee Dub.

DW: Well, my sister's been all up inside the head of James for months now, trying to manipulate him and... maybe this is the result of all that. I just don't know.

[Jack again shouts at James who ignores him, still prancing about on stage, making a big scene with hat in hand...

...when Jack suddenly gets dragged down to the mat by a barely-moving Patrick Hayden!]

SA: Schoolboy from the blind side! It could be! IT MIGHT BE! IT-

[The crowd cheers as Jack kicks out at two!]

SA: No! Jack Lynch kicks out in time... back to his feet now...

[And as the enraged Iron Cowboy gets up, he lifts his hand in the air, fingers curled forward as the same hand races towards the skull of a rising Hayden...]

SA: CLAW!

[The crowd ROARS as Jack Lynch locks in his family's legendary hold!]

DW: IRON CLAW! HE'S GOING TO CRUSH HIS SKULL, SAL! I LOVE IT!

[The pressure immediately forces Hayden to fall flat on his back, lying prone as Jack keeps the hold on and the referee drops down into position.]

DW: One! Two! Three! HE GOT HIM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Jack lets go of the hold immediately, climbing to his feet with a look of disgust on his face aimed at his brother.]

DW: It's all over, Big Sal.

SA: For Hayden it is - but it looks like Jack Lynch is just getting started.

[Victorious, but not sticking around for the official word, Jack Lynch is out of the ring and on the move towards the entrance stairs...

...which is James Lynch's cue to leave and leave he does, hat on his head as he shimmies out of view in some semblance of a Texas two-step.]

DW: What a coward! James Lynch came out here, stole his brother's hat, and then made a run for it like a common crook!

SA: Well, you don't tug on Superman's cape, and you don't steal a cowboy's hat... I've got to assume there'll be a reckoning because of this, Dee-Dub!

DW: Oh, you can count on it, Sal!

[Lynch pauses to talk with his sister a moment, before shaking his head in disgust and walking towards the back. We cut to a shot of Sal and Dylan at the table, the latter also shaking his head in disgust.]

SA: The end is near here on the Power Hour which means the time is ticking even closer to next Saturday night in St. Louis when the World Heavyweight Title will be on the line pitting Johnny Detson against the challenging Raphael Rhodes. This match - for Rhodes and for many AWA fans all around the world - has been a long time in coming. So, tonight, we thought we'd take you back... to take a look back at how Rhodes earned this shot... and how the fates kept conspiring to rob him of this golden opportunity - take a look!

[We cut to footage from Memorial Day Mayhem 2010, the elimination tag team match between Jason & Michael Keening vs. Raphael & Simon Rhodes.]

GM: Look out now!

[As Simon rebounds back, he throws himself down to the mat, looking for a soccer style slide tackle to the leg, his foot aimed right at the kneecap of Jason Keening...

...who powers out of Rhodes' grip, causing Simon's kick to drill his own brother in the knee!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Raphael Rhodes immediately falls to the mat, clutching his own knee as he rolls back and forth in pain.

The scene dissolves to later that night, as entrant #8 in the Rumble comes to the ring. It's Raphael Rhodes, knee heavily bandaged, hobbling to the ring, as we hear the stark introduction to "Baptism" by Crystal Castles start to play underneath highlights of the match. We see his first elimination of the night, a simple upending of Corey Lawson to send the journeyman veteran packing. A near elimination of Juan Vasquez by pulling down the ropes, only to be unable to follow up, as Aaron Anderson uses a waistlock takedown to interrupt the proceedings. The voice of Alice Glass starts to score the video.]

Hold my head under water #
Take a breath for the Father #
Learn to love, lessons repeating #
The Chronicles are so misleading

[A brief static flicker shows the start of the showdown between The Southern Syndicate and the Rhodes brothers from June 26, 2010, weeks after the events of Memorial Day Mayhem, but we quickly flicker back to the Rumble. We see Rhodes' second elimination, a team effort with Adrian Freeman to wipe out Duane Henry Bishop.]

This is your baptism #
And you can't forgive 'em

[Another flickerback to June 26, 2010, as Brian Von Braun slams a tire iron into Raphael Rhodes' knee, but back to the Rumble as we see Freeman and Raph pummeling Juan Vasquez in the corner.]

This is your baptism #
And you can't forgive 'em

[One more static burst, with Stevie Scott applying a figure-four to Raphael Rhodes' fallen form, quickly cuts back to the Rumble. Raph stares daggers at Brian Von Braun for eliminating Simon Rhodes, then minutes later, Raph eliminates Von Braun himself as Ben Waterson goes apoplectic at ringside.]

Hold my head under water #
Take a breath for the Father #
Learn to love, lessons repeating #
The Chronicles are so misleading

[Seeing MAMMOTH Mizusawa up against the ropes, Juan Vasquez, Michelle Bailey, Cletus Lee Bishop, and Raphael Rhodes all partner up to get the giant out, netting Raph his fourth elimination of the match.]

This is your baptism #
And you can't forgive 'em

[Vasquez dodges a charging Rhodes, causing Rhodes to fly shoulder-first into the ringpost, damaging another body part. We get another burst of static, this time taking us to January 14, 2012, where Rhodes tried to cash in his title shot against Calisto Dufresne, only to have James Monosso interrupt. Rhodes throws himself at Monosso to defend himself, and we have the burst of static back to 2010.]

This is your baptism #
And you can't forgive 'em

[Rhodes walks over to Adrian Freeman and Brent Maverick on the ropes, lifting Maverick up, but in the process taking Freeman out as well, gaining eliminations #5 and 6. As we see Ben Waterson screaming at Rhodes, the static cuts in again to a quick shot of Monosso in 2012 driving a kneedrop directly into Rhodes' chest, which we'd later find would cause a broken sternum.]

And you can't...

[Slow motion back and forth cuts interlaced with static from Juan Vasquez and Raphael Rhodes eliminating Calisto Dufresne at Memorial Day Mayhem, giving Rhodes elimination #7, and June 26, 2010, where Dufresne helps Stevie Scott deliver the spike piledriver that breaks Simon Rhodes' neck and ends his career.]

This is your baptism #
And you can't forgive 'em

[Down to just Rhodes and Vasquez, the two heavy hitters, exhausted by their Rumble performance, still find it within them to have one of their trademark slugfests, dishing out chops, slaps, uppercuts, and... of course... headbutts.

But that static gives us James Monosso in 2012, delivering a Descent Into Madness on Rhodes.]

This is your baptism #
And you can't...

[Rhodes gets thrown over the top rope by Vasquez, but manages to survive, landing on the apron. He gets Vasquez into a front facelock, pulling him over the top rope and onto the apron with him.]

Static takes us back to 2012. A final Descent Into Madness from James Monosso, ending... or so we thought... Raphael Rhodes' AWA career.]

Hold my head under water #
Take a breath for the Father

[Vasquez bashes the head of Rhodes with several knee strikes, taking Rhodes down to a kneeling position. Rhodes, gasping for breath, braces for impact as Vasquez charges.]

Learn to love, lessons repeating

[Rhodes knocks away Vasquez's running knee, then delivers one final headbutt, sending Vasquez to the floor for elimination #8, making him the winner of the 2010 Rumble.]

The Chronicles are so misleading

[But as the instrumental for the rest of the song plays out, the static takes us to June 26, 2010, showing the wrecked bodies of Raphael and Simon Rhodes, the Southern Syndicate standing triumphant, challengers to Stevie Scott's throne vanquished. Then, to January 14, 2012, as Raphael Rhodes is loaded onto a stretcher. Then, we get one more static burst... to show just one date.

"October 7, 2017."

Then a simple sentence.

"No more waiting."

...and we fade from that phrase to a shot of Johnny Detson dressed in a suit and tie, the World Heavyweight Title secured around his waist.]

JD: No more waiting. No... more... waiting.

Oh, I agree, Raphael Rhodes... no more waiting. No more waiting for you - you get the shot you won so long ago at long last!

And no more waiting for me. No more waiting to see what Castillo's going to do next to me... what punishment I've "earned" this week for daring to stand up to him and Korugun.

[Detson smirks.]

JD: You see, Rhodes... you're nothing but a hired gun one week from tonight. Sure, you may not get the payday but make no mistake, you've been chosen for this task because Castillo thinks that you might be the one to get this...

[He unbuckles the title belt, holding it in front of the camera's shot.]

JD: ...off this glorious waist. He thinks that you might be the one to hurt me and hurt me bad.

Well, he's wrong on both counts.

Look, I don't blame you, Rhodes. We're both what you might call... men of opportunity. You were given an opportunity to cash in on something you earned years ago. Of course you'd take it. I would too.

But this is an opportunity for me too. It's an opportunity for me to show the world that Johnny Detson - love him or hate him - is the BEST... DAMN... PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER... ON THIS PLANET! It's an opportunity to show that Johnny Detson will go down in the history books as one of the greatest World Champions this company has ever seen... that this sport has ever seen!

[Detson nods his head.]

JD: No more waiting, Rhodes. In one week, I'm going to show the world what happens when one of those Internet darlings get in MY ring looking to take MY title off MY waist.

Not gonna happen, Rhodes. Tell your buddy Osborne. Tell your wife. Make sure they get this one recorded for all posterity because when you're old and gray, you can look down at all the little Rhodes' running at your feet and say, "Look at this, kids... look at the night that I was in the ring with the greatest wrestler walking."

[He shrugs with a wink.]

JD: That's me.

See you in St. Louis.

[And with that, we fade to black.]

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

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

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

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

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

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

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

In a gym, a 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 another hand, you'd swear he was giving the branch an armbar.

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

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

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

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

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

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

Click The Link!

[Fade to black...

...and we fade back up to the Power Hour interview podium where Theresa Lynch is standing alongside Donna Martinelli sporting a silver glittering tanktop and a black miniskirt.]

TL: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour where I have obviously been joined by Donna Martinelli. Donna, I'm assuming you're out here to discuss what has happened in recent weeks between Michelle Bailey and your mentor, Laura Davis.

[Martinelli's face goes from confused... to surprised... to angry.]

DM: Michelle... wait... what?! Why would you think I'd be out here to talk about that?!

[Lynch shrugs.]

TL: I'm sorry. I just assumed. It's been the talk of many AWA fans lately... what you helped do at Homecoming to Michelle's daughter... your relationship to that family... your-

[Martinelli clears her throat angrily, jutting her palm up towards Theresa's face.]

DM: Shush, you! Look, there's nothing to talk about. Am I related to Michelle Bailey? Yeah. She spilled the tea on that one, Theresa. Big scoop you got there. But you know what? She's never been family... never. If she was family, I wouldn't have been stuck in the Combat Corner getting Todd blocked while her precious little daughter got MY air time!

[Lynch shakes her head.]

TL: You were responsible for getting her that air time! In fact, some might say you were responsible for that whole thing!

[Martinelli looks concerned.]

DM: Some might... is... is Michelle saying that?

[Theresa grins.]

TL: Maybe.

DM: Don't do this, Theresa. TELLLLLLLL MEEEEEE!

[Lynch grimaces at the high-pitched whine.]

TL: I'm just saying... with Laura Davis opting to not give Michelle another match, if I were you I'd be wondering if Michelle might turn her attention to-

[Martinelli gives a little yelp, jutting out her hand again.]

DM: Nope, no no way, uh uh, forget it! I have nothing to do with that. NOTHING!

[Lynch sighs.]

TL: Then why ARE you out here, Donna?

[Martinelli grins with confidence.]

DM: I'm out here to boost your rankings, princess. You see, I look up and down this show tonight and I see Women's Tag Team wrestling on display. I see Swift and the ol' walking fire hydrant. I see that tall drink of Texas water and her little buddy. Oh, and don't forget about Ayako and that little mangy tabby she dug outta the Cat Scratch Club. They're all here on YOUR show, Theresa.

But what I don't see is the BEST tag team in the Women's Division - the Peach Pits.

[A smirk.]

DM: But in two weeks, that'll change because the Peach Pits are hereby issuing an OPEN CHALLENGE to any team in the AWA Women's Division who wants to see how they measure up against the best in the world.

TL: The Peach Pits are the best in the world?

DM: I'm so glad you agree, TA-REES-UHHH. The opinion of such an influencer as yourself means the world. TTFN.

[With a wink, Martinelli shuffles away to jeers from the crowd as Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: A challenge is issued and-

[And yet again, the screen fills with static, interrupting Theresa before text flies across the screen while an instrumental version of "The Business of Emotion" by Big Data plays in the background.]

"SELF MADE PRODUCTIONS

in association with

MISS SANDRA HAYES

presents

RICKI TOUGHILL

in..."

[The first letter, obviously an "H" is crossed out in red, and an "F" is superimposed.]

"FAIL TO THE QUEEN"

[Fade up to the same busy mall. The South Philly Phighter is lying on a broken table. A pink bubble inflates from his lips, a la Ricki Toughill. Kerry Kendrick stands beside in a dark green apron, hands on his hips, looking displeased.]

KK: I thought I told you not to aim for the table! That's valuable!

SPP as RT: No! Give me another chance! Let me get back up the mezzanine and I'll go again!

KK: No, I told you you can't graduate from Dunkins to Pequod Coffee just because you can throw yourself off of high places, Ricki!

SPP as RT: Aw, but how am I ever going to--

"I said, 'enough of this!'"

[The film freezes, and we cut back to Center Stage. Theresa Lynch looks mightily offended.]

TL: Fans, I apologize for the poor and offensive quality of these... skits. I did not approve of any of this. Obviously, someone in a position of authority with the AWA did... and I think we all know who that someone is.

Javier Castillo forced my truck to put these on the air.. and he's entitled to do that, right? It's his show.

[Lynch grins.]

TL: For about two more months. And then Jon Stegglet's team... including Supreme Wright... are going to kick his ass out the door faster than when Billy Joe Stevenson showed up to ask my dad if he could take me to prom.

[Lynch nods as the fans cheer.]

TL: But Castillo's not even the biggest problem here. Castillo - believe it or not - is a pawn in this game because he didn't come up with the idea for these skits... and if I had to guess, even Kerry Kendrick didn't come up with the idea for these skits. But we all know who did, don't we?

[She nods.]

TL: Someone who feels entitled to their position. Someone who has never had to face any consequences for her actions and has managed to fall upwards while being coddled her whole life. Some people face hardship and they have someone to bail them out, so they never grow as a person.

And some people face hardship with their eyes open and their teeth grit, and Ricki Toughill is one of those people.

[The fans cheer. A "We Want Ricki" chant begins to break out.]

TL: And with the cameras rolling and in front of a national television audience, I am going to state for the record: I consider Ricki Toughill a friend. I admit, I was scared by her too when I first met her. But she is a caring, thoughtful, loyal-- to a fault almost-- person. And she deserves a whole lot better than to be mocked like that by someone she was loyal to.

[Almost all the fans in Center Stage are chanting now.]

"WE WANT RIC-KI!"

"WE WANT RIC-KI!"

"WE WANT RIC-KI!"

TL: She doesn't deserve to be on the outside looking in; Ricki Toughill deserves to be back in an AWA ring. You can't deny what all these people are saying. And yeah, I've been told not to mention her name... I've been told she's not welcome here but...

[Lynch gestures to the still chanting crowd.]

TL: She sounds welcome to me. So, to whoever in the office who is watching... listen to that! Listen to the people! I want Ricki back in the ring and so do they! And yeah, I might get suspended again... and maybe even fired... but a Lynch stands up for the people they care about and I'm a Lynch to the core. Ricki Toughill is my friend and this is me - and all of these fans - standing by her side. FREE RICKI!

[She shouts, hammering a fist down on the table.]

TL: FREE RICKI! FREE RICKI!

[The crowd picks up on the chant, shouting "FREE RICKI!" over and over, a blur of sound as Theresa grins at the reaction...

...and we abruptly cut to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade to black...

...and as we fade back up a smirking Theresa Lynch, there are still "FREE RICKI!" chants ringing out from the Power Hour crowd. Lynch sits in silence a moment, letting that sound fill the air. She then chuckles as she feigns surprise.]

TL: Oh... are we back on the air?

[Lynch raises her eyebrows as more "FREE RICKI!" chants are heard.]

TL: Ladies and gentleman, your World Television Champion... Whaitiri!

[To the loud cheers of the fans, at least half of them in a higher register than the other half, the Handsome Half-Maori walks towards Lynch. Already in his wrestling gear, the beautiful silver and red World Television Championship is slung over his shoulder. As Whaitiri comes to the podium, he takes the title belt off his shoulder and folds the leather straps behind the faceplate, before setting it down on the podium in front of himself.]

TL: Well, kia ora, champ!

W: Kiara ora to you, Theresa! And kia ora to all my fans!

TL: It has been, to say the least, a roller coaster ride for you here in AWA. From your time in the Combat Corner, through winning the Brass Ring tournament, to winning the prestigious World Television Title.

W: You're right, it's never a dull moment here in the AWA. And you know what? That's exactly the way I like it. I didn't become a professional wrestler so I could have a nice, quiet life. I did it because there's nothing better than coming out here week after week and doing the best I can in front of the greatest fans in the entire world of sports!

[The crowd cheers as Whaitiri smiles at their reaction.]

TL: And tonight, your World Television Title will be on the line, as you face the challenge of Curly Bill. And to be honest, no one really knows what Curly Bill brings to the table.

W: That's true, Theresa. But I do know this. Curly Bill is one bad hombre. He knows every dirty trick in the book, and at least a dozen they never wanted to put in the book. But I was born on the edge of a lightning bolt, ready to jump!

TL: And yet, it still feels like Javier Castillo is trying to railroad you because you refused to get on board with his ideas for you.

[Whaitiri nods.]

W: Listen, Theresa... if this is the price for not "playing ball" as you yanks like to say, then its a cost I'm happy to pay.

You said I don't know what Curly Bill brings to the table, and that's true. But you and everyone else know what I bring to the table, and I'm not talking about physically.

I'm talking about the commitment I made before I ever set foot in the Combat Corner.

A commitment to do what, once upon a time, Juan Vasquez could be counted on to do. A commitment to follow the path that Raphael Rhodes is currently walking. The road that our own White Knight, Ryan Martinez has been walking since day one.

And it's a simple road - do the right thing. Stand up for what you believe in. Stand by your friends. Fight your hardest. Don't take shortcuts or cut corners. Don't attack people from behind because it'll get you what you want. Look at a man in the eye and tell him why you want to fight him, and wait until he's ready for you.

Be someone the people can be proud of.

There are children all over the world listening to my voice right now, and I want you to take this message to heart.

In this life, we're all going to face men like Javier Castillo. Little men with big wallets who think that they can bully you and make you "fall in line," and who'll happily buy your soul from you if you let them.

But I want you to hear my voice. Hear it here, in the United States. Hear it in Aotearoa and all across the world.

You don't have to give in.

You can stand up and fight.

And if you fight hard enough, you can win. And you can win the right way.

Just watch me tonight.

I won't bow down to you, Castillo, and I'm not afraid of you, Curly Bill. You want this title?

Well, come try and take it and see what happens.

[That elicits a loud cheer from the fans.]

TL: You definitely sound ready!

W: You know it. I'm ready for you, Curly Bill, and this title is staying right where it belongs!

TL: Well, like my brother likes to say, all that's left is for the fists to fly!

[Whaitiri nods.]

W: Absolutely!

[The World Television champion lifts the title and puts it back on his shoulder, as he steps away, prepared to face Curly Bill's challenge as he heads towards the ring as "Thunderstruck" begins to play over the PA system.]

TL: We're going to take one more break and when we come back, the World Television Title will be on the line so don't you dare go away!

[As Whaitiri climbs into the ring, shoving the title belt skyward to cheers, we 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 "Whooooooooo!" of "The Greatest Show" from the soundtrack to the upcoming "The Greatest Showman" is heard a few times before...]

#Ladies and gents... this is the moment you've waited for...#

[The ringmaster winks at the camera, an actual sparkle showing off his polished white teeth...

...and we cut to a graphic that reads:

SUPERCLASH IX
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

54 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

...and then back up to live action where Whaitiri is standing on the second buckle, saluting the fans and impatiently waiting for his challenger.

When suddenly, with no music or fanfare, we see Curly Bill stepping through the curtains. The so-called "Monster of the Midland" is dressed in an ash gray flannel shirt, blue jeans, and a black Stetson hat, not looking at all dressed for battle. He stands in front of the entrance with microphone in hand.]

CB: Kid, I'm sure ya got some questions right about now. Well, first off, lemme just say how grateful we are that ya accepted my challenge.

[There's some grumbling from the crowd at the mention of a "we". Whaitiri, understandably, is not happy at this turn of events.]

SA: Did he just say "we"?

DW: I don't like the sound of that, Sal!

[From inside the ring, Whitiri yells at Curly Bill, but the mustachioed cowboy simply smiles at the New Zealander.]

CB: Now settle down there, hombre. I did issue a challenge to ya and you accepted it, but I never said you'd be facing me. But I'm sure ya didn't want to face me anyway; After all, I'm just an old man.

[He says with a twinkle in his eye.]

CB: But I'm sure you'll just love who I've got lined up to face ya. I hope ya remember him, because I know he's just dyin' to meet you again. Allow me to introduce your opponent for tonight...

[And with that, "Man with a Harmonica" by Ennio Marricone begins to play, as a hulking mass of humanity makes its way through the curtains, drawing an audible gasp from the crowd and a look of shock from Whitiri. Taking his place beside Curly Bill is a beast of a man last seen raising hell and chaos in the Brass Ring tournament one year earlier.]

SA: Sweet San Lorenzo...that's ODIN GUNN! He took Whitiri to hell and back in the first round of the Brass Ring Tournament last year. He was so out of control in that match, he ended up assaulting the referee and Blackjack Lynch and was suspended indefinitely!

DW: And now he's back?

SA: Apparently he is!

[Standing six feet two inches, weighing in the neighborhood of three hundred and thirty pounds, Gunn is an intimidating sight in his brown pancho with Southwestern design, beige cowboy hat, and a completely stoic, weather-beaten, sun dried face completely devoid of any emotion.]

CB: If ya need a reminder, this man's name is Odin Gunn. And he's comin' for yer head, boy. Good luck.

[And with that, Gunn removes his cowboy hat and throws off his pancho, before making his way straight to the ring.]

SA: You talk about a man who has built a reputation on just a few short appearances here in the AWA and down in CCW - and it's this man Odin Gunn.

[The six foot two inch Gunn stands on the entrance stage, glaring down the aisle at a shocked Whitiri and a smirking Curly Bill. He is a massive Samoan nearly as wide as he is tall. Huge shoulders, no neck, bald, and attitude dripping from every pore.]

SA: We first met Odin Gunn back last fall as part of the same Brass Ring tournament that saw Whitiri win it all... but Whitiri nearly DIDN'T win it all thanks to this man who savaged him and left him for dead. He got thrown out of the tournament and after an attack on Blackjack Lynch, he basically got thrown out of CCW as well, Dee Dub.

DW: He got tossed from CCW... but was allowed to stay on to train at the Combat Corner from time to time. And we've seen him there in person, Sal. Watching this guy train is just scary.

SA: Watching this guy do ANYTHING is scary... and what connection he's got with Curly Bill Webb is a mystery to me.

DW: And nothing is a mystery to you.

SA: I do like to stay well-informed.

[Throughout the announcer banter, Odin Gunn has made his way to ringside, never taking his cold, hard eyes off of Whitiri who has handed the title belt over to referee Scott Ezra and is pacing nervously around the ring.]

SA: This is a major shock to Whitiri though.... and you've gotta wonder if he's ready for this.

DW: He came into this expecting to face Webb - an aging veteran looking for one last hurrah. Instead, he gets the man of his nightmares.

[Gunn grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the ring apron...

...which is when Whitiri charges forward, leaping into the air, popping Gunn on the jaw with a Superman punch that sends Gunn falling back off the apron to the floor to huge cheers!]

SA: WHAMMO! RIGHT ON THE JAW BY THE CHAMPION WHO HAS NOT FORGOTTEN WHAT GUNN DID TO HIM ABOUT A YEAR AGO!

[The referee shouts at Whitiri who again is pacing the ring as Webb exits, dropping to his ally's side. Webb points up at Whitiri, encouraging Gunn to get back to his feet...

...and get back to his feet he does, glaring up at Whitiri who shouts "COME ON!" to the hulking monster.]

SA: Whitiri's calling him out! The kid's got guts, I'll give him that!

DW: We might be about to see those guts spilled all over the mat, Sal.

[Gunn slithers under the ropes into the ring and Whitiri rushes at him, smashing a double axehandle down between the shoulderblades as the bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell rings to signal the start to this one - ten minute time limit for the AWA World Television Title!

[Whitiri pulls Gunn to his feet, pushing him back against the ropes.]

SA: Whitiri's got him on the ropes... right hand... left hand... forearm uppercut!

[Gunn is reeling from the assault put on him by Whitiri who grabs the wrist...]

SA: Irish whip... no, reversed!

[...and the reversal sends Whitiri into the far ropes, rebounding back towards a waiting Gunn. The champion tosses himself into the air, looking for a crossbody but the ever-dangerous Gunn leaps forward, driving a knee into the torso in mid-flight, whipping Whitiri around him and dumping him on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Knocked from the sky like Dikembe Mutombo in his heyday!

[Gunn stares down on Whitiri who is now clutching his sternum in pain, breathing heavily on the canvas. The massive Samoan shoves Whitiri back down on the mat, leaping up and dropping a knee across the sternum.]

SA: Kneedrop! 335 pounds down on the chest!

[Gunn stays kneeling on the chest, glaring at the official who drops down to count.]

SA: We've got one... we've got two...

[But Gunn slips his knee off, allowing Whitiri to lift a shoulder off the canvas to cheers from the crowd.]

SA: He.. he let him up.

DW: He sure did... Odin Gunn had a shot to win the TV Title right there in quick fashion and he let his opponent up. What kind of guy does that, Sal?!

[Gunn grabs Whitiri by the hair, pulling his head back...]

SA: Whitiri at the mercy of the monster from Montana and- oh! Right hand to the jaw... another... another!

[The crowd grumbles as Gunn just pummels the good-looking Maori with fists to the face as the referee loudly protests and Curly Bill Webb looks on with a nod and a grin.]

SA: Curly Bill certainly likes what he's seeing here. And if you're a student of the game, Curly Bill is certainly no stranger to you either, Dee Dub.

DW: Not at all. Especially as a fan of Texas wrestling as you know I am. Webb made a name for himself a long, long time ago... suffered an injury and missed several years of action... and has spent the last twenty years bouncing around the South calling himself The Last of the Cowboys.

SA: Something I'm sure Jack Lynch might take offense to.

[Having let Whitiri go, Gunn stalks around the ring a moment, waiting and watching to see if Whitiri can rise on his own. And rise the World Television Champion does, obviously reeling a bit as Gunn circles back towards him.]

SA: Both champion and challenger back up now in a match that has become a very dangerous title challenge for Whitiri...

[Gunn winds up, letting a massive haymaker fly but the quicker Whitiri ducks under it, spinning around to throw a series of rights and lefts to the body that has Gunn slightly doubled up...]

SA: And now it's Whitiri fighting back! Whitiri using that speed and quickness to his advantage to try and turn this thing around before it's too late!

[Gunn reaches out, shoving Whitiri back a few steps and then lunges at him for a clothesline...

...but again Whitiri ducks under, snatching the arm as he goes by, reaching back with the other arm...]

SA: Backslide attempt by Whitiri - trying to end this thing early!

DW: Can he get him down, Sal?!

[Gunn is fighting the pin attempt, standing tall as Whitiri tries to tip him over onto his shoulders...]

SA: We've got ourselves a standoff here - neither guy able to bring the other down...

[Gunn manages to slip out, grabbing Whitiri's wrist as he does...]

SA: SHORT ARM CLOTHES- NO, DUCKED AGAIN!

[And as he ducks, Whitiri lunges low, snatching a schoolboy and rolling Gunn onto his shoulders...]

SA: IT COULD- whoa! Kickout at one... before one even by Odin Gunn!

DW: When's the last time you've seen that, Sal?

SA: It's been a while for certain.

[The two men scramble up off the canvas, a race to get to their feet first but again Whitiri is faster and puts it to use, coming immediately up with a dropkick on the chin that gets the crowd going as Gunn wobbles backwards...]

SA: Dropkick on target!

[Whitiri scrambles up, leaping up again...]

SA: Two of a kind for the blue chip rookie!

[...and as Whitiri gets up, a third dropkick to the chest sends Gunn sprawling through the ropes where he lands on his feet on the outside. Curly Bill comes quickly to his side, speaking to the silent and deadly Gunn as Whitiri pumps a fist on the inside, getting the crowd going even more!]

SA: Whitiri sends Gunn out to the floor.. and he's not done with him!

[Leaning through the ropes, Whitiri reaches out and grabs Gunn and Webb by the back of the heads, looking to clash their skulls together...]

SA: DOUBLE NOGGIN- NO!

[...but Gunn lashes out with a sharp stiff-fingered thrust to the throat, leaving Whitiri gasping for air as he stumbles backwards, falling to his knee on the canvas.]

SA: What a blow by Gunn - nothing legal about that and the referee's letting him have it again but I haven't seen any indication that Odin Gunn is even hearing what the referee has to say at all.

[Rolling back into the ring, Gunn climbs to his feet behind the kneeling Whitiri, reaching down to hook a waistlock on him, yanking him back to his feet...]

SA: Waistlock applied!

[...but Whitiri acts quickly, throwing an elbow back and bouncing it off the temple of Gunn to break the waistlock!]

SA: Whitiri fights his way free again... to the ropes...

[Whaitiri leaps up to the second rope, springing off, twisting around into another crossbody attempt...

...but Gunn simply walks away, letting Whaitiri crash and burn on the canvas in a heap!]

SA: Ohhh! And Whaitiri went for a bit of high risk there and it does not pay dividends for the World Television Champion!

[With Whaitiri down on the mat once more, Gunn immediately moves to attack, dropping an elbow down across the lower back...]

SA: 335 pounds down across the spine!

[Gunn moves quickly for a man of his size, getting right back up to drop a second elbow in the same location...]

SA: Another one - trying to take some of Whaitiri's agility and quickness out of him with these heavy blows to the core...

[Gunn is a little slower to get up the second time, measuring his man...

...and then leaps into the air, dropping a high impact elbow into the kidneys yet again!]

SA: Odin Gunn moving a little quicker... a little more malice in those blows. Seeing red perhaps.

DW: Whaitiri may be seeing red in the bathroom a little later with those blows to the kidneys.

SA: Oh jeez, Dee Dub... spare us the details.

[With Whaitiri down on the pin, Gunn plants his knees in the kidneys to keep him there, grabbing the hair with both hands and yanking back as Whaitiri cries out in pain, the crowd cries out in frustration, and the referee cries out for a break of the hold on the hair.]

SA: Gunn trying to bend him in half here!

[The referee's count starts up again, getting up to four and change before Gunn breaks it with a massive crossface blow across the cheekbone, leaving Whaitiri flat on his face on the canvas.]

SA: We are nearly halfway through the time limit in this one as we're creeping closer to the five minute mark although it must feel like an eternity for Whaitiri who is taking a world-class beating at the hands of his surprise opponent tonight, Odin Gunn.

[Gunn reaches down, dragging Whaitiri to his feet by the hair, winding up his right arm, and DRILLS the champion with a fist between the eyes, sending him staggering back into the corner...]

SA: Huge right hand by the monster from Montana - he's got Whaitiri cornered now and that's NOT where the champion wants to be against the likes of Odin Gunn.

[The referee again reprimands an uncaring Gunn as he stalks in towards Whaitiri...

...who suddenly surges out of the corner, grabbing Gunn, and twisting him around so that his back is in the corner instead!]

SA: Whaitiri turns it around... fighting for his life in there!

[Whaitiri goes downstairs on the challenger, throwing rapid-fire rights and lefts to the midsection, the crowd cheering as he does...

...but an angry Gunn reaches out, snatching the shoulders, and twists Whaitiri back into the corner instead, throwing stiff hooking forearms to both sides of the head, boxing his ears repeatedly as the crowd cheers and the referee bellows to "let him out of the corner, Gunn!"

SA: Gunn's all over him in the corners... rights and lefts, blow after blow...

[The hooking blows are impactful and effective, causing Whaitiri to slump back against the corner... but the blows are still coming and landing despite his best efforts to keep his arms up to protect himself...

...and a particularly brutal hook shot slips through the defense, causing Whaitiri to crumple down to his knees!]

SA: Down goes Whaitiri off those blows to the head... down on his knees as Odin Gunn looks down on him...

[Gunn measures the downed Whaitiri, taking aim...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with a powerful lunging knee strike that ends with Whaitiri spilling to the outside as Gunn hangs over the ropes, still no expression on his face as a jubilant Curly Bill applauds loudly on the outside.]

SA: Whaitiri gets driven out to the floor... and none of this is looking good for the TV Champion, Dee Dub.

DW: Odin Gunn is a force of nature in there, Sal... just as dangerous as he was a year ago when he became persona non grata in the AWA and in CCW... and you've gotta wonder just what kind of deal Curly Bill struck to get the suits to let Odin Gunn back inside an AWA ring.

SA: Javier Castillo set this up on the last Saturday Night Wrestling personally. He must've known that Gunn was coming, right?

DW: Maybe... or did Webb pull a fast one by promising himself and then pulling Gunn in as a ringer?

SA: That's a question we'll need an answer to in the days ahead... but right now, none of that matters to Whaitiri who is in the fight of his life in there as he battles to keep the title he won not that long ago.

[Despite the referee's shouts, Gunn exits the ring, going after the downed champion on the outside as the crowd buzzes with concern for their good-looking champion.]

SA: Gunn dropping off the apron to the outside... right out here by Whaitiri now...

[Pulling the champion to his feet, Gunn SMASHES his head down on the ring apron in brutal fashion, leaving Whaitiri clinging to the apron to try and stay on his feet.]

SA: Gunn just savaging this young rookie - all that nastiness and brutality pouring out of Gunn as he takes him to task here in our Power Hour Main Event...

[Gunn wraps his arms around Whaitiri's torso, lifting him into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS him spinefirst on the ring apron as the crowd reacts with sickened horror!]

SA: THE SPINE ON THE PINE AND WHAITIRI IS IN A BAD, BAD WAY HERE IN THIS TITLE DEFENSE!

[Whaitiri writhes in pain on the apron as Gunn mercilessly stares down on him. Webb is nearly, muttering encouragement to Gunn who slowly turns Whaitiri's body around on the apron, his feet inside the ring as his torso is under the ropes...]

SA: What's he got in mind now?

DW: That's a trip I'm not willing to take, Sal. Not even for you.

[Gunn takes aim and slams an overhead chop down on the throat!]

SA: OH! Knife-edge blow right down on the throat!

DW: Like he's some kind of an executioner or something!

[Whaitiri is again gasping for air as Gunn pulls him back down, driving the point of his elbow down into the throat this time!]

DW: Come on, referee! Get him back! The guy can barely breathe!

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

SA: You heard it, fans. Three minutes left in the time limit of this TV Title matchup... and one way or another, this ordeal is close to being over for Whaitiri.

DW: Just hang on, kid. Hang on for three more minutes and walk out of here with your belt and live to fight another day.

SA: Three minutes can be an awfully long time though as Odin Gunn flips him over, now dangling facefirst off the apron.

[Gunn backs off, again taking aim on the dazed and dangling Whaitiri...

...and charges back in, lashing out with a big boot to the side of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: A running mafia kick - right to the ear of the champion!

[Whaitiri flops back over onto his back, slipping out of the ring and dropping down on the floor on the back of his head.]

SA: Oof! Hard landing there for the champion as well as Odin Gunn continues to dominate as we're under three minutes to go in this TV Title matchup. Can Whaitiri hold on? Can he survive the onslaught of Odin Gunn - a man who I can only describe as brutality at its most brutal!

[Webb taps his wrist, shouting something about time to Gunn who acknowledges with the slightest of nods, pulling Whaitiri off the floor and putting him back inside the ring.]

SA: And until that moment... that moment right there, Dee Dub... I wondered if this was even about the title at all. Gunn has made no attempt - not a single one - to pin Whaitiri and end this beating. I thought there was a chance that Gunn just wanted to pummel Whaitiri... to hurt Whaitiri... to humiliate Whaitiri... but Webb pointing out the time remaining tells me that they want to do all of that AND take the title as well.

[Gunn rolls back inside the ring, joining the champion inside as the challenger slowly climbs to his feet again...]

SA: Look at Whaitiri though - so much heart and guts, pushing up off the mat... still trying to get to his feet...

[But Gunn rushes forward...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SOCCER KICK TO THE RIBS!

DW: Did you hear that crack?! He must've cracked a rib or two there!

SA: Dr. Ponavitch has been a busy man tonight here in the A-T-L and he may have another patient waiting for him before this night is over.

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

[Webb again taps his wrist, more insistently this time as the referee shouts at Gunn, demanding that he attempt to end the match... but Gunn refuses, leaning down to pull Whaitiri to his knees...

...which is where Whaitiri throws a right hand with not much on it into the midsection of Gunn.]

SA: Whaitiri still trying to fight back... still throwing those haymakers to the body but at this point, they seem to be having no eff-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Gunn OBLITERATES the kneeling Whaitiri with another lunging kneestrike to the face, snapping his head back and sending him down to the canvas in a motionless heap.]

SA: That might be it! He might've sent him on a one way trip to Lights Out Land with that one!

[The referee steps in, preventing Gunn from doing any more damage as the hulking Samoan stands over Whaitiri. Ezra drops to his knees, checking to see if Whaitiri can continue.]

SA: The referee is right there to check on Whaitiri... trying to check his condition...

[Whaitiri weakly waves an arm at the official...]

DW: I think he's saying he can still go, Big Sal!

SA: That may not be his decision to make. The referee is taking a long hard look here at the situation...

[And suddenly, Gunn shoves the official aside, reaching down to drag the limp Whitiri off the canvas.]

DW: HEY! He can't do that!

SA: You gonna stop him, Dee Dub?!

[Crossing Whitiri's arms across his torso, Gunn drags him to center ring where he elevates him...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ARM TRAPPED GERMAN! RIGHT ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD AND NECK!

[Gunn slowly gets up, looking down on Whitiri as the referee again drops to his knees, trying to see if the champion can keep fighting...]

SA: A devastating suplex by the challenger... hold on now!

[Gunn again grabs Whitiri by the back of the trunks, dragging him limply to his feet again...]

DW: Somebody's gotta put a stop to this!

[...and hooks Whitiri's arms behind his back...]

SA: Double chickenwing applied by Gunn... and I'm afraid this is just a setup for-

[...and lifts him into the air again, dropping him on the back of the head with a released Tiger Suplex!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! SIXTY SECONDS!"

SA: The Tiger Suplex lands in devastating fashion and... we're down to a minute - under a minute now!

DW: Time ain't on Odin Gunn's side, Sal!

SA: But momentum surely is... two absolutely brutal suplexes... and he's dragging Whitiri up again. Curly Bill shouting at him to finish him... to go for the killshot... whatever that might be...

[The crowd is buzzing with concern for Whitiri as the referee struggles to get a word with him before Gunn slips one arm into a half chicken wing... and the other into a half nelson...]

DW: Oh no... no, no... don't do it, Gunn! Don't do it!

[Gunn stands center ring, looking out for a moment on the buzzing crowd...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DUMPS Whaitiri violently and dangerously on the back of his head and neck with a released half-and-half suplex!]

SA: WHAITIRI GETS DROPPED!

DW: That's gotta be it, Sal... gotta be...

[The referee dives to the mat, talking to Whaitiri. Looking up fearfully at Gunn, the official lifts Whaitiri's arm, watching it drop limply to the mat. He again makes an effort to talk to Whaitiri...

...and not liking what he's seeing or hearing, he swings around to wave for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd responds in shock, looking on as the official waves to the locker room, calling for medical help for Whaitiri.]

SA: It's over. It's all over after that most unholy trinity of suplexes on the part of Odin Gunn and... wow.

[The referee says something to Tyler Graham who nods, raising the mic to make it official.]

TG: Ladies and gentlemen... the referee has STOPPED this match due to Whaitiri's inability to defend himself.

Your winner of the match...

[Deep breath.]

TG: ...and NEWWWWWWWWW AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

OOOOOOODINNNNNNN GUNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[Curly Bill climbs into the ring, having snatched the title belt off the timekeeper's table. He clutches it to his chest, giving a jubilant whoop as he walks over to Gunn and raises the arm himself. Webb holds the title belt up in his other hand, the duo celebrating their devastating victory as Whaitiri lies motionless on the canvas.]

SA: What in the...? I can't believe this, Dee Dub!

DW: Neither can I! The ref stopped the match and... now we've got a new champion?!

SA: Odin Gunn. The man banned from CCW. He's the new champion?! Whaitiri is still down... he's still hurt. Give him all the credit in the world for taking on this title defense against an opponent he couldn't prepare for but... wow. A brutal victory here by Odin Gunn... and Curly Bill Webb could not be prouder, fans.

DW: There's more to this story than meets the eye, I think, Big Sal.

SA: Well, if there is, that's a story for another day. We are way out of time - we've gotta go! For Dylan Westerly and Theresa Lynch, I'm Salvatore Albano wishing you a good night from Atlanta!

[Gunn and Webb are soaking up the jeers of the crowd, celebrating their title win as we fade to black.]