

MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM PREVIEW POWER HOUR

**MAY 29, 2017
ALLSTATE ARENA
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

[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 to black...

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

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

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

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

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

#'Cause we are legends!#

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

The logo vanishes as we find ourselves inside the friendly confines of the Allstate Arena in Rosemont, Illinois - right down the road from the Windy City itself. The crowd is hot, roaring to the capacity of their lungs as we come on the air to the sounds of Theresa Lynch. A quick cut also shows us Theresa standing, mic in hand, up on the entrance stage in front of a large chrome polished X. Lynch is dressed in a stylish red sleeveless dress, getting her share of admiring looks and shouts from the rowdy Chi-Town audience.]

TL: On a historic night here in Chicago as the AWA comes to town for the very first time, it is a very special edition of the all-new Power Hour! I am Theresa Lynch, your host for the next sixty minutes and counting as we get ready for the AWA's annual kickoff to the summer - Memorial Day Mayhem X! Ten years of Memorial Day Mayhems and my oh my, it may not get any hotter than this one! Over the next fifty-eight minutes and change, we've got special interviews! We've got some previews of what we're going to see later tonight on Pay Per View! We've got some last minute breaking news! And of course, we've got matches... and if we've got matches, you better believe we've got my partners-in-crime here on the all-new Power Hour. I'm talking about Big Sal himself, Salvatore Albano, and Dee Dub, Dylan Westerly! Boys, how's it feel to be in Chicago?

[We cut down to ringside where Albano and Westerly are camped out. Both men are sporting black tuxes - Albano's straining a little under his massive girth - and big smiles as they get hit by the camera for the first time.]

SA: Theresa, now THIS is my kinda town! The sports, the music, and the pizza... oh my word, the pizza, Dee Dub!

DW: We've been waiting for weeks for this one, fans! It's gonna be a heck of a night and Sal and I are so honored to be here with you.

SA: You said a mouthful there, Dee Dub. The all-new Power Hour is part of Memorial Day Mayhem for the first time and we are indeed so thrilled to get the call to be a part of this huge event. And when you think back to the history of the sport of kings in this fair city, my first thoughts go to 1995 and the EMWC bringing THEIR Rumble to this town. The night where our old friend, Colt Patterson, won the EMWC Universal Title for the very first time. May 24th, 1995... almost 22 years ago to the day, Dee Dub.

DW: When I think about wrestling in Chicago, I'm going further back, Sal. I'm thinking about names like Henry Collier who tried to expand his Twin City Wrestling territory here in Chi-Town. I think about the history of wrestling - the very early

days of our sport in the early 1900s - being written in this joint by names like Krauser and Lurich.

SA: My partner taking you for a trip in the Wayback Machine. But all those memories aside, I have no doubt that the AWA will make plenty of new ones tonight and with...

[Sal points to the corner of the screen where a countdown clock appears.]

SA: ...somewhere around fifty-six minutes and change remaining before we go LIVE on Pay Per View, let's kick things up to the ring and Tyler Graham for our opening matchup!

[We cut to the ring where second-generation ring announcer Tyler Graham is standing in a jet black tuxedo.]

TG: Tonight's Preview Power Hour opening contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing first...

[The crowd's reaction starts buzzing in anticipation as the lights dim a bit....

Hit it, Freddie!]

Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time.
I feel Alllllllll---lllllll---lllllll---vvveee
And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.
I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.
Don't. Stop. Me..

[And bursting out onto the aisleway on cue is Alphonse Green to a chorus of boos as Queen's "Don't Stop Me Now" kicks in.]

TG: Coming down the aisle... hailing from Peducah, Kentucky... weighing in at one hundred and ninety-four pounds... here is...

ALPHONNNNNNNSE.. GREEEEEEEEEN!

[The crowd roars in approval as Green pauses at the top of the aisle, closing his eyes and spreading his arms out to soak in the cheers. Green is still as baby-faced looking as ever, although his jawline and cheeks are starting to be more defined as he gets older. His dark blonde hair is stringy and curly, extending down towards his shoulders. Green's wearing a black leather jacket with the letters A.G. ripped into the back, and his wrestling gear consists of an odd combination of colors: Kentucky Wildcat blue, and dark green stripes representing Gang Green running across seemingly random portions of his trunks. He has a pair of white boots on as well.]

SA: The opening match on what promises to be an incredible night of action here in Chicago, Dee Dub, and who better to kick things off than the former World Television Champion, Alphonse Green!

DW: Oh yeah, Big Sal! Gang Green is all over Chi-Town here tonight!

[Green slowly saunters down the aisle, soaking in the cheers. Once Green reaches the ringside area, he runs up the steps to the apron, grabs the top rope, and launches himself over the top rope and into the ring. He leans up against the ropes, removes his jacket, and throws it over the top rope for the ringside attendant to retrieve. The music dies down as the crowd starts chanting his name.]

SA: The fans here in the Allstate Arena are showing their support for Alphonse Green... and his opponent tonight... well, they had a bit of a showdown a couple of weeks ago on the Power Hour too, Dee Dub.

DW: With that rat Mickey Cherry instigating it.

SA: That's right. Challenges were issued and accepted and what better match to kick off this night than Alphonse Green versus Atlas Armstrong!

DW: This match could headline any event around the world, Sal! And I can't wait for Alphonse Green to teach this dirty dog Armstrong and his rat Cherry a lesson they BOTH sorely need.

SA: Our cameras caught up with both Atlas Armstrong and Mickey Cherry a few moments ago. Let's see what's on their mind as they get ready for action here tonight!

[Our screen shifts to a split screen with Green tugging on the ropes on the majority of the screen as we see Mickey Cherry standing in front of his charge, Atlas Armstrong, on a smaller square in the corner of the screen.]

The six foot eight mass of muscles is draped in his silver robes, his wet black hair curling around his shoulders. He stares through the camera with his cold hazel eyes. He is the exact opposite of the hyperbolic Mickey Cherry in his wild yellow suit and red vest and blue paisley shirt. Mickey Cherry taps his cane against the floor as he stares into the camera.]

MC: Alphonse Green, you just wrote a check your skinny butt can't cash when you tried to steal the spotlight from the Almighty Atlas Armstrong on Power Hour. Just who do you think you are, huh? The King of the Battle Royal, the Lord of the Dance, the King of the Hicks? It doesn't matter who you are, ya dig? Because you are not Atlas Armstrong! Look at this man! Take a good look, you Paducah palooka.

[The gesture seems wasted considering Atlas is covered over in his cape.]

MC: What are you going to do against him? Look at those biceps! Look at those shoulders! Look at that chest! Those legs! One Atlas Armstrong is worth three of you and here on the Preview Power Hour we're going to prove that you aren't fit to lace his boots!

Who wants to be on Gang Green?

[Cherry looks to Atlas for an answer. The big man merely shrugs. Cherry turns back to the camera.]

MC: Not us! AH HAHAAHAHAHA!!!!

[The inset square spins out of sight, leaving us with our full screen shot of Green in the ring.]

SA: Mickey Cherry certainly seems to think the former World Television Champion isn't a physical match for Atlas Armstrong... is he right? We're about to find out.

[Tyler Graham raises the mic again.]

TG: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[Andrew Lloyd Webber's iconic theme to "Jesus Christ Superstar" plays over the PA system as the arena spotlights converge on the X at the top of the stage.]

TG: From Big Sur, California... weighing 298 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by his manager Mickey Cherry...

[Graham lifts a notecard, shaking his head as he begins.]

TG: He is the ASTONISHING...

THE AMAZING...

THE INCREDIBLE...

THE IMPOSSIBLE...

THE ALLLLLLLMIIIIIGHTYYYYY...

ATLAAAAAAS ARRRRRRRRMSTRONNNNNNNNG!

[Mickey Cherry emerges first, swaggering down the aisle in a lemon yellow suit with a red vest and blue paisley patterned shirt. Coming right after him are two blondes in silver bikinis.]

SA: Well hello... what have we here?

DW: I'm not a fan of Atlas Armstrong, but right now I've got to appreciate his entrance, Big Sal.

SA: You can say that again.

[Atlas emerges behind the two women, covered by his silver robes. Behind him come two brunettes in red bikinis.]

SA: More?

DW: You talk about kicking off the summer in style, Sal. This is my kind of style.

SA: Easy, tiger.

[The four beauties accompany Atlas down the aisle to the center of the ring where he smirks over at Alphonse Green. The women unveil him, revealing his amazing 6'8, 298 pound physique. The camera cuts to shows impressed fans in attendance marveling at the size of Armstrong as he poses. Cellphones flash to take his picture as he performs a front lat spread for the fans before he moves to a side chest pose and then a double biceps pose as the crowd takes photos in appreciation.]

DW: Big Sal, I can't believe I'm saying this, but even with these four beauties in the ring Atlas Armstrong just might have the best physique of them all.

[The girls give him a once over before they take his robes and sashay back up the aisle as he hits more poses for the crowd before he steps over to his corner. The dark-haired and stubble-bearded Armstrong sports royal blue trunks and yellow elkskin boots, rolling his taped wrists as the bell rings.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell sounds and the action here on Memorial Day is underway... and this is going to be quite the clash in styles, Dee Dub. The size and power of Atlas Armstrong versus the speed and savvy of Alphonse Green. This is the proverbial David and Goliath.

DW: I know Alphonse has his slingshot, though.

SA: As my sweet Auntie Luisa used to say ... "Give 'em five to the eyes!"

DW: I like the way your Auntie thinks.

SA: She couldn't have been more than five foot two, but I still remember she swung a mean purse.

[Armstrong saunters out to mid-ring, sneering down at Green as he awaits the former World Television Champion in mid-ring. Green eases out of the corner, sizing up the much-larger Armstrong for a bit before he lunges in, meeting Armstrong's collar and elbow tieup.]

SA: Locked up in the middle and off we go... Green trying to find some kind of leverage here.

DW: Good luck with that.

[Green's efforts fail miserably as Armstrong simply laughs and with a mighty shove, he hurls Green down to the mat where he tumbles end-over-end towards the corner.]

SA: Big, big shove down by a big, big man...

[Green pops up, fist balled up, but pulls up as Armstrong strikes a double bicep pose, a grin on his face as the shrill voice of Mickey Cherry rings out.]

"That's it, baby! Beautiful, Atlas! Show 'em what a specimen, you are! This little runt don't stand a chance!"

DW: You know, Sal... I think Alphonse Green had the right idea there.

SA: What's that?

DW: Punch him in the mouth! Let's see if this big galoot can take a punch - that's how you deal with a bully like Armstrong!

SA: You might be right, Dee Dub, but that moment has passed for the time being as Armstrong tries to psych him out with a little posedown action.

DW: Green's a former champion, Sal. I got all the faith that he'll figure out how to chop this big tree down.

[Opting against the direct approach, Green sidesteps quickly, circling around the slower Armstrong who pivots, trying to keep up with the much-quicker Kentucky native who suddenly lunges in for another tieup, backing an off-balance Armstrong up a couple of steps before Armstrong stops his momentum cold...

...and then heaves, sending Green flying backwards where he crashes into the buckles!]

SA: Ohhh ho! That'll stop Green short... and a little more posing from Armstrong.

[The crowd jeers as Green slaps the ropes in frustration and Armstrong flexes his pecs in a most muscular pose, winking at Green as Cherry adds more commentary.]

"Hey Alphonse, Dead Lift would be embarrassed!"

[That one draws a glare from Green towards Cherry.]

SA: Mickey Cherry getting a hard look from the former champion as he makes some disparaging comments about Alphonse's father, Tony "Dead Lift" Green... a regional star in the Pacific Northwest in the 1980s.

DW: I've seen tapes of Dead Lift's time in Portland, Sal... I'd like to see Mickey Cherry say that kind of thing to his face.

[Green's obviously fired up after the comment though, running recklessly out of the corner towards Armstrong who meets the charge with a monstrous arm extended and turns Green inside out with a scything clothesline.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd gasps in sympathy as Green is sent tumbling to the outside.]

SA: And that clothesline turned Green inside out and sent him rolling to the floor!

DW: He didn't see that one coming at all and he's gotten be shaken up by the impact of that clothesline, Sal.

SA: A big hit by Atlas Armstrong who didn't even seem to put all of his power behind it.

DW: Can you imagine if he had?

SA: It might've even rivaled the kind of clothesline that men like Kolya Sudakov and Chris Courtade used in their time, Dee Dub. When you're in the ring with Atlas Armstrong, you better make like the Wu-Tang Clan and protect your neck.

[With the aid of the ring apron, Green pulls himself to his feet, rubbing his collarbone as he looks out to the crowd. He pulls himself up on the apron, Armstrong moving towards him...]

SA: Armstrong on the move... great move by the referee there, refusing to let Armstrong take advantage of Green on the apron...

[With Armstrong temporarily distracted by the referee, Green uses the ropes to slingshot over the top, throwing a boot to the mouth of Armstrong!]

SA: Oh! Green caught him with a kick!

[Armstrong stumbles back, rubbing at his chin as Green snaps off a blistering kick to Armstrong's huge quadriceps muscle. The meaty impact cracks across the arena.]

DW: That's it! Chop him down! Chop him down!

SA: Alphonse Green using his speed to try to take away the power base of Atlas Armstrong. That's like trying to chop down a sequoia with a machete, but Green seems up to the task.

[Green scores with more leg kicks that have Armstrong hopping in pain. He takes a wild swipe at Green who spins away, wagging a finger at the big man.]

SA: And now it's Green playing some games with Armstrong!

[Armstrong takes another swipe at Green who dances away, shaking his hips a little to cheers from the Chicago crowd. With a growl, Armstrong lunges towards Green who backs into the ropes, hooking his arms over them and flips over the top to the

apron before dropping to the floor. He smirks before reaching in with both hands, grabbing an ankle, and YANKS Armstrong's leg out from under him!]

SA: Down goes the mighty tree thanks to the brain power of Alphonse Green!

[Green turns to the crowd, cupping his hands to his mouth...]

"Who's down with Gang Green? Not that big slow poke!"

[He jerks a thumb over his shoulder towards Armstrong who is struggling to get up off the mat as Green points, encouraging the crowd to laugh.]

SA: And if I didn't know better, Dee Dub, I'd say Alphonse Green is putting on a little show of his own to get Armstrong in the wrong frame of mind to compete.

[With the crowd cheering him on, Green goes for a little jog around the ring.]

SA: Seems like the whole of the Allstate Arena is with Gang Green! Listen to those cheers!

DW: The AWA faithful sure is glad to see Alphonse Green back and who can blame 'em, Sal?

SA: Not me.

[Green completes two laps around the ring before he rolls back into face a fuming Atlas who is limping with every step.]

"Come on, pal! Got no speed? Skipped leg day at the gym? Let's do a little cardio!"

[Armstrong lunges again and Green sidesteps, landing another kick on the leg before he ducks through the ropes, dropping to the floor again...

...and this time, an angry Atlas Armstrong goes through the ropes to pursue as Mickey Cherry shouts to his powerful charge.]

"Atlas, don't chase him! Don't chase him! Get back in the ring!"

[Armstrong fails to listen to his manager though, getting a full lap around the ring before he comes to a halt, breathing heavily on the outside.]

SA: Alphonse Green getting under the skin of Armstrong and tricks him into chasing him around the ring...

DW: He's got him sucking wind like a superheavyweight in a Memorial Day pie eating contest!

[Green rolls into the ring, tapping his head as Armstrong comes back in as well. He lumbers towards Green, throwing a big haymaker that Green ducks under...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: Hard knife edge chop by the former champion!

DW: Put it to him, buddy!

[Green winds up, laying in a second chop... and a third... and a fourth, finally sending Armstrong staggering back into the corner.]

SA: Green showing that he put his time away to good use, throwing those chops with some real mustard behind 'em and look at the chest of Atlas Armstrong!

[The muscled-up chest of Armstrong is shining with red welts against his tan-colored skin. Green grabs the arm, looking for a whip...]

SA: Green goes to pull him from the corner... but Armstrong's going nowhere!

[Green tries again, using all his strength but Armstrong will not budge. A third attempt fails as well before Armstrong yanks him back towards him, hooking him under the arm...]

SA: LOOK OUT!

[...and effortlessly HURLS him three-quarters of the way across the ring with a king-sized biel where Green splatters off the canvas, sliding towards the far corner.]

DW: Now THAT was a hiptoss, Sal!

SA: It certainly was! Armstrong sent Green through the air high and sent him down hard! He must've been some... what? Eight, nine feet in the air?

DW: He had height AND distance on that one!

[Trying to get up before Armstrong reaches him, Green struggles up off the mat in time for Armstrong to RAKE his iron-like fingers down across the back, sending Green stumbling towards the ropes, angry red scrapes on his skin.]

SA: Armstrong spins him around on the ropes... big right hand... and another... and another!

[Green lifts his arms, trying to cover up as Armstrong shoves him towards the corner, grabbing the arm...]

SA: No problem with the whip from Armst- WHOOOOA MY!

[The crowd groans as the power behind the whip flips Green upside down as he hits the corner, flipping over the buckles to land on the apron, cradling his lower back...

...which is when Armstrong drops briefly into a three point stance before barreling across the ring, bowling Green off the apron with a football tackle that sends the former champion flying into the air, over the ringside area, and CRASHING into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OFF THE APRON TO THE FLOOR! SOMEBODY CALL BILL BELICHECK WITH A TACKLE LIKE THAT!

[Green, having slammed ribsfirst into the railing, hangs off the steel for a bit before sliding down to the floor, the crowd buzzing with concern as Armstrong drops to the mat to do some pushups.]

SA: Oh yeah... we get it. You're a real strong guy.

DW: Mickey Cherry seems to be pleased but if I'm Mickey, I'm reading this kid the riot act. You just hurt your opponent! Go follow up on him!

SA: A valid critique, Dee Dub... and if you're Alphonse Green, you're very grateful for this recovery time out on the floor. The referee is counting Green out of the ring... remember, later tonight, if there's a countout in our World Tag Title match, it'll be one of the rare occasions where the title DOES change hands on a countout.

[With the crowd cheering him on, Green grimaces as he pushes up to his knees, hearing the referee's count hit four... then five.]

SA: Green trying to get back into that ring. He really hit that railing hard, Dee Dub.

DW: He did for sure. He might have some cracked ribs off that.

[As the count hits six, Green pulls himself to his feet, leaning against the railing as Armstrong gets to his feet, beckoning the former champion towards him.]

SA: Armstrong wants some more... Green moving to give it to him.

DW: You gotta wonder if Green can muster the same speed after that fall though, Sal. He might be a sitting duck in there with Atlas after that.

[Green pulls himself up on the apron, grimacing as he does. He ducks through the ropes as Armstrong moves towards him...

...and SLAMS a powerful front kick into the chest as Green comes through the ropes, sending him down to a knee.]

SA: Armstrong on the attack as Green steps in... and pulls him right up... ohhh! Big right hook to the ribs... and another one!

[Armstrong shoves Green to the corner, backing off to mid-ring where he pauses, pointing out to his manager before charging in on Green...

...who pulls himself clear, causing Armstrong to slam backfirst into the buckles as he twisted around for a back elbow!]

SA: Ohhh! He missed! He missed!

[With a twirl of his arm, Green signals to the crowd as he snatches a side headlock...]

SA: Green going for his father's running bulldog - looking to end it now!

[...and charges out of the corner, dragging Armstrong along with him, leaping into the air to drive Armstrong's face into the mat!]

SA: BULLDOOOOOOG!

[Nope! Green again is stopped short by the tremendous power of Armstrong who stops short, lifting Green beyond his bulldog leap, holding Green high into the air...]

DW: We've seen this before, Sal!

[...and drives him back down tailbone-first onto his knee with a resounding CRUNCH!]

DW: ATOMIC DROP!

[Green spasms on the mat as Armstrong drops into the cover.]

SA: That might do it, fans! Armstrong gets one! He gets two! He gets- no! Green JUST escapes at 2! Armstrong nearly had him with that devastating atomic drop.

DW: And we've seen him finish men with that atomic drop, Sal. That will take away all Green's speed. He's caught now and this muscle monster can really pummel him now. Green's gotta find a way to get some separation if you ask me.

SA: Like Kylie Jenner and Tyga, Green needs some space to get himself together! But I don't think he's going to get it. Look at the look on Armstrong's face.

[Armstrong shakes his head, sneering, sending his long black hair flying. He lifts Green up by the head and snatches him in a lift.]

SA: Armstrong's got him up... waaaaaaay up!

[The crowd groans as Armstrong actually presses Green just slightly over his head before swinging him violently down in a backbreaker!]

SA: Ohhh! What a backbreaker... and he's not done with him!

[Planting a hand on the thigh and using the other to palm the face, Armstrong pushes down, trying to snap Green in half over his bent knee. The fans jeer wildly as Armstrong pushes repeatedly.]

SA: Unusual submission move out of-

[The voice of Mickey Cherry cuts off Big Sal.]

"Beautiful, Atlas! Beautiful! You've got him now, baby. Crush that coccyx!"

[Atlas nods to his manager, hauling Green up off his knee to a standing position, slipping his hands under Green's armpits, shoving him skyward...

...and then SNATCHES him out of the sky in a powerful bearhug!]

SA: And I've seen a million bearhugs applied, Dee Dub, but I don't know if I've ever seen one slapped on like that!

[Green cries out in pain as Armstrong achieves maximum squeeze, ragdolling the former World Television Champion from side to side as Green shouts again.]

SA: It's not common to see a submission from a bearhug these days but as another well-built powerhouse showed us not long ago, any move can be submission in the right hands, Dee Dub.

DW: Or the right arms in this case.

[Green attempts to find a way out, trying to slip his own arm in between Armstrong's arm and Green's torso...

...but another ragdolling moment breaks him of that idea, the crowd groaning in sympathy as the referee closes in.]

SA: Alphonse Green still trapped in the vise-like grip of the Almighty Atlas Armstrong! This could crack ribs, puncture a lung. The bear hug can be a devastating weapon.

DW: Alphonse Green has to find his way out of this hold fast or this one could be over!

[Referee Andy Dawson gets right up on the action, asking Green if he wants to give it up. Green flops in Armstrong's grasp. His arm goes limp.]

DW: Uh oh. Andy Dawson better check on this... Green might be out, Big Sal!

SA: Dawson lifting Green's arm... it falls once...

[The crowd watches intensely, chanting loudly to cheer on their man.]

"GANG GREEN!"

"GANG GREEN!"

"GANG GREEN!"

[Dawson lifts the arm a second time.]

SA: The arm goes down again! One more to go!

DW: Come on, Alphonse! Get out of there, buddy!

"GANG GREEN!"

"GANG GREEN!"

"GANG GREEN!"

[Dawson lifts the arm a third time, letting it fall limply down...

...before it shoots back up into the air, his hand clenched in a fist as the crowd roars in celebration!]

DW: HE'S NOT DONE YET, SAL!

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

SA: Five minutes to go in the time limit!

[The crowd gets louder as Green pumps his arms in the air defiantly, raising his right arm slowly...

...and DRIVES the point of his elbow down between the eyes!]

SA: Elbow to the skull!

[Green raises his arm, bringing it down again.]

SA: Another elbow finds the mark!

[Armstrong continues to hang on, refusing to break his massive grip as Green raises the arm a third time, smashing his elbow down!]

SA: Third time's... NOT the charm! He can't break Armstrong's grip and-

[Switching tactics, Green spreads his arms wide and CLAPS them together on the ears of the big man!]

SA: Ohhh! He rings the big man's bell and THAT'LL do the trick!

[Armstrong stumbles back, trying to regain his equilibrium.]

DW: This is his chance, Sal! He's gotta get on him! Like a dog! Like a pitbull! Lock his jaws and don't let go!

[Green grabs at his ribs, wincing as Armstrong staggers a few more steps back. The former champion grits his teeth, charging in on Armstrong who throws a wild backhand at Green who ducks under, hitting the ropes behind him...]

SA: Green leaves his feet!

[...and connects with a spinning leg lariat that takes Armstrong down to the canvas!]

SA: And down goes the Atlas off that kick to the head! Just like my Aunt Lucia!

DW: That rocked him, Sal!

[Cherry slaps the mat, shouting in at Armstrong!]

"Get up, baby! Get back on your feet! He can't beat you on your feet!"

[Both men are slow to get to their feet after the spinning kick, Armstrong actually managing to get back to a standing base before his opponent.]

SA: We're being told we're under four minutes to go now... Armstrong pulling Green to his-

[The still-dazed Armstrong is shocked as Green puts his shoulder into Armstrong's midsection, driving him back into the ropes.]

SA: Wow! How about that?!

[Green grabs hold of the top rope, snapping off a roundhouse kick to the chest... and another... and another... all finding the mark mid-sternum as Armstrong loops his arms over the top rope to stay standing.]

DW: Get him. GET HIM!

[Green grabs the arm, trying to bring Armstrong off the ropes with an Irish whip...
...and failing miserably.]

SA: Again, Green can't get the whip!

DW: Just not enough muscle in his hustle, Sal!

SA: Hang on! Maaaaaaaybeeeeeeee....

[With clenched teeth, Green gives it another try, pulling Armstrong off the ropes...]

SA: IRISH WH- NO, REVERSED!

[The reversal shoots Green towards the far ropes, bouncing back and under a wildly-thrown clothesline by Armstrong...]

SA: He tried to take his head off again but-

[...and as he approaches the far ropes, Green leaps into the air, landing on the second rope, springing back towards Armstrong...]

SA: GROUND CHUCK!

[...swinging his leg towards the powerhouse who reaches up his arms and...]

SA: CAUGHT!

[With one arm gripping Green's kicking leg and the other hand wrapped around Green's throat, he lifts him high...

...and then SPIKES him down into the canvas with a loud "BANG!"]

SA: SPINEBUSTER!

DW: Green BOUNCED off the mat from that!

[Armstrong lets loose a roar, stepping on Green's head, curling his biceps.]

SA: Is that a cover?!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping the mat once... twice...]

SA: Green kicks out again!

DW: And Armstrong's hot under the collar for that one!

SA: Under three minutes to go... and Armstrong is wasting valuable time throwing a tantrum in there!

[Armstrong stomps around the ring, shaking his hair everywhere and complaining to anyone who will listen. He kicks the ropes and slams his fists into the turnbuckle. Mickey Cherry, cognizant of the time ticking down, shouts at his charge.]

"Atlas, settle down! You're in position... finish him off! Drop the heavens on him!"

[With a nod, Armstrong walks towards the corner, slamming his fist down into the mat as he takes a knee, waving for Green to get up...]

SA: Armstrong is absolutely incensed... but Cherry calmed him down enough for the moment. The big man kneels down, all coiled up and ready to strike...

[Green staggers to his feet, wobbling around as Armstrong comes charging out, the crowd shouting warnings at the Kentucky native...]

SA: Armstrong on the move... HE LEAPS!

[Armstrong's attempt at landing a match-ending killshot comes up empty as Green ducks low, avoiding it as he runs across the ring, slingshotting over the ropes to the apron.]

SA: Whoa! What a counter out of Green... and look out here!

[Green takes position, grabbing the top rope with both hands as the bewildered Armstrong turns around...]

SA: I hope Armstrong didn't snack before the match because it's time for the Main Course!

[Green pulls back on the top rope, ready to leap up to spring off of it...

...when Mickey Cherry slides along the apron, hooking Green's ankle to prevent the leap just as Armstrong grabs the nearby referee, pulling him close and making sure he misses the blatant interference!]

DW: Cherry grabbed him! That little rat grabbed him, Sal!

SA: I can see that, you can see that, the whole world can see it, Dee Dub... but the referee can NOT see it and he's the only one that matters!

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

SA: Only two minutes to go - and Alphonse Green is going after Mickey Cherry!

[But as Green drops off the apron, pointing angrily at the diminutive manager, Atlas Armstrong lets go of the referee, rolling out to the floor on the opposite side.]

SA: Both men out on the floor now - NOT where you want to be with less than two minutes to go in the time limit!

[Cherry is squealing as he backpedals away, shaking his head, begging off as Green advances on him, the crowd roaring...]

DW: I hope Mickey's got his track shoes on, Sal... 'cause he's gonna need to run for it!

[On cue, Cherry turns tail and sprints away from Green who runs around the corner, following in hot pursuit.]

SA: Green's chasing after him on the floor... but where did Atlas Armstrong go?!

[We all find out in short order as Cherry rounds a corner, Green close behind him...

...which is when Armstrong rises up from hiding out of view by the apron, dropping Green with a thunderous double axehandle across the chest!]

SA: OHHH! ATLAS HAMMER ON GREEN!

DW: Cherry lured him into it too! I hate to admit it but that was a heck of a ploy by Armstrong and Cherry, Sal... and Alphonse Green fell for it hook, line, and sinker!

[Cherry shouts at his man to "make him pay!" as the referee continues to count both men out on the floor.]

SA: Andy Dawson continuing his count... I'm not sure if Atlas Armstrong is aware of it or maybe not fully paying attention to it yet as he pulls Green up off the floor...

[Armstrong grabs Green by the arm, waving his powerful arm to clear Cherry out of the way. The manager scampers to get clear as Armstrong whips Green the length of the ringside area towards the ringside railing...]

SA: Armstrong shoots him across the floor and-

[...and at the last moment, Green leaps into the air, somehow landing safely on the ringside railing!]

SA: Whoa!

DW: How the heck did he do that, Sal?! I thought we were getting Wonder Woman here tonight not Spider-Man!

[A stunned Armstrong charges in after Green who blindly leaps back, twisting around...

...and DRIVES his foot into the forehead of the incoming Armstrong!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: GROUND CHUCK! GROUND CHUCK OUT ON THE FLOOR!

[The crowd is roaring as Green pulls himself off the floor, grabbing at his ribs as he takes one look at the downed Armstrong and turns back towards the ring.]

SA: Green's got Armstrong down!

DW: The count's at seven, Sal!

[Green throws a dismissive wave at Armstrong, making a move towards the ring.]

SA: Green's trying to get back in - trying to beat the count in time!

[The World Television Champion lifts his leg high, his knee on the apron as he tries to get in, the referee counting "EIGHT!" for all to hear.]

SA: We're up to eight. Green rolling- what the heck is he doing, Dee Dub?!

[A look of panic crosses Green's face as he looks up at the referee... then down towards the leg still on the floor.]

SA: Green's having trouble - can we get a shot of...?

[The camera shot quickly changes to show Green's foot hanging off the apron as a pair of hands reach out from under the apron, holding the foot and ankle for dear life!]

SA: That's... that's Mickey Cherry!

DW: Hey ref, Cherry's got the ankle!

[The referee pays no mind, shouting "NINE!"]

DW: No, no! Not like this!

[And finally... "TEN!"]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Are you kidding me?!

[The hands release Green's ankle at the sound of the bell, allowing him to roll through the ropes into the ring but the referee waves it off, walking across towards Tyler Graham.]

SA: I think we've got a double countout, Dee Dub. Mickey Cherry, by hook or by crook, was not about to let his man Armstrong be defeated here tonight in Chicago and... let's get the official word.

[The referee confers with the ring announcer for a bit before breaking away.]

TG: Ladies and gentlemen... referee Andy Dawson has counted BOTH men out of the ring! The official result is a DOUBLE COUNTOUT!

[The crowd jeers the decision as Green shakes his head, pointing to his foot and miming someone hanging on it. The referee shakes his head, pointing to his eyes.]

SA: Alphonse Green is letting the referee know what happened, fans... but the referee is also letting Green know that he didn't see it. And if he didn't see it, he can't call it.

DW: What a load of malarkey, Sal! Alphonse Green just got robbed!

[Green stands, hands on hips, glaring at the official who pleads his case...

...and then the former World Television Champion turns his attention outside the ring where Mickey Cherry is on his feet, dusting off his hands as he taunts the ringside fans.]

SA: Uh oh! This might not be over yet, fans!

[Green stomps across the ring, ducking through the ropes to grab Cherry by the hair with both hands. Cherry lets loose a squeal to the delight of the fans as Green hauls him through the ropes kicking and screaming.]

DW: Green is going to get him some payback... and I can't wait to see it!

[The fans are screaming with enthusiasm as Green corners a pleading Cherry, a hand on his chest to make sure he can't run. Referee Andy Dawson pleads with Green that the match is over, but Green won't hear it.]

"This... is for talking about my father!"

[A big right hand finds the mark, knocking Cherry into the air before he falls to the canvas in a heap. The crowd is still cheering, a smile on the face of Green as he looks down at the motionless Cherry...

...not noticing the activity across the ring behind him!]

GM: Wait a second! Atlas Armstrong is back in and-

[An unaware Green shouts out to the crowd.]

"WHO WANTS TO RIDE... WITH ALPHONSE GRE-"

[And as he turns to address the other side of the ring, Atlas Armstrong comes tearing across the ring, leaping into the air, and lays out Green with a powerful Superman punch!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Green crumples to the canvas not far from the laid out Mickey Cherry as Armstrong looks down coldly at him.]

DW: What kind of a lowlife jumps a man from behind like that, Sal?! Alphonse Green wasn't even looking! Not one bit! And to get punched like that.

SA: And what a punch it was, Dee Dub. You can question the ethics of it but you cannot question the effectiveness! Green hit the mat and he hasn't budged since. What a tremendous blow struck by Atlas Armstrong...

[He looks out on the jeering crowd, raising that mighty fist in the air for all to see as he flexes every other muscle that he can.]

SA: Armstrong strikes and strikes hard here in Chicago... and fans, we're going to need a couple minutes to clean up this pile of bodies out here. We'll be right back with more of the Preview Power Hour so stick around, won't you?

[Armstrong strides over towards the downed Mickey Cherry as we fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then back up to a live shot in the Allstate Arena where we find Theresa Lynch standing on the stage as a countdown clock reads "33:17" and continues to tick down.]

TL: Welcome back to this very special edition of the all-new Power Hour.. this Preview Power Hour. We promised you exciting action and we've delivered that. We've promised you special interviews and we've got that still to come. But we also promised you breaking news and... boy, are we about to deliver that! After the events of last Saturday Night Wrestling in Las Vegas, AWA President Javier Castillo has a very special announcement for us!

[Theresa turns to the side as the video walls light up, showing El Presidente standing in front of a MDM X backdrop somewhere in the depths of the Allstate Arena.]

JC: Hello Chicago!

[There's a bit of a mixed reaction from the crowd since... well, he mentioned their fair city.]

JC: Thank you for the tremendous ovation! I know how grateful all of you are for my decision to bring this event to the heart of Chicago!

[Rosemont but...]

JC: And I know all of you in the Allstate Arena and all of you all around the world are looking forward to a monumental and historic evening...

[He pauses, a stern expression coming over his face.]

JC: But before we get to that... I have one final piece of business to attend to.

[Castillo grimaces.]

JC: Masked Outlaw! I know you are here in the building... somewhere lurking!

[There's cheers for that idea.]

JC: I want you to know something, masked man. In Las Vegas, you became more than Johnny Detson's enemy... you became mine!

And there are many people in this world who will tell you that you do not want to be my enemy, Outlaw... and many who are no longer able to speak because they were.

[He looks menacingly at the camera.]

JC: You crossed a line in Las Vegas... and now you must pay...

[The sneer turns into a smirk.]

JC: ...or perhaps, I must pay. Because you see, Outlaw... you are now in tonight's Rumble!

[The crowd ROARS with surprise and excitement.]

JC: Yes, yes... and I can hear the little Twitter birds now... "Why, El Presidente?! Why would you do such a thing?!"

It is very simple. I want that mask.

I want that mask off his face... and on my desk. A... trophy, shall we say.

[Castillo nods, still smiling.]

JC: And I'm willing to pay handsomely to the man who can bring it to me. So, I have put this Masked Outlaw in the Rumble... and I will pay 125,000 dollars...

Cash!

[He holds up a briefcase presumably filled with cash.]

JC: ...to the man who can bring me his mask here tonight. And I-

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"I love it!"

[A flash of annoyance crosses Castillo's face at being interrupted. The AWA World Champion, Johnny Detson, strides into view to join El Presidente, dressed in a suit with the title belt over his shoulder.]

JD: I love it, boss man... great idea.

[Castillo sneers.]

JC: I'm glad you approve.

[Detson nods, missing the sarcasm.]

JD: I do, I do... and not only do I approve, Javier... I want to help.

[Castillo's eyebrow creeps upwards.]

JC: How?

[Detson smirks.]

JD: By DOUBLING the offer. I'm gonna reach down into my pocket change, boss, and I'm going to match it!

And when we put my money and your money together... if someone in that Rumble can rip that mask off his STUPID face... they're going to get a quarter of a million dollars!

[Detson grins, nodding proudly.]

JD: Not bad for a night at the office, eh?

[Castillo smiles as well.]

JC: Not bad at all. So, Outlaw... welcome to the dance. You've got twenty-nine others DYING to see you tonight.

[Castillo and Detson cackle together for a few awkward moments before the video walls cut out and we're back to Theresa standing alone.]

TL: Wow! A quarter of a million dollars on the line tonight as well... to the man who unmasks the Outlaw! The Masked Outlaw is in the Rumble but while he fights for a shot at the title, the rest of the Rumble will be fighting to get that mask off his head and earn themselves a whole lot of money, fans! It's going to be a wild - and potentially very profitable - Rumble here tonight in the Windy City but right now, let's go back to the ring for more action - this time from the Women's Division!

[We cut back to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing, ready to go.]

TG: Our next contest is a Women's Division match, set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... coming down the aisle... from Fouke, Arkansas... weighing in at 138 pounds... Kayla... "THE PISTOL" ... CRIIIISTOLLL!

["Gettin' Down on the Mountain" by Corb Lund plays over the sound system. Through the entrance steps a bronze-skinned woman with unruly dark brown hair. She extends both hands in front of her, pointing her index fingers forward. She "fires" them in quick succession, and mimes holstering them in her rhinestone and sequin-covered gun belt.]

SA: Good to see Kayla Cristol here back in action after a tough loss just a couple of weeks ago against the debuting Harley Hamilton.

DW: That's right, Sal. I'm sure she was disappointed, standing up for the name of the Lynches, but she's been given a great opportunity to rebound here on the Preview Power Hour.

[Kayla Cristol jogs down the aisle, slapping palms along the way, her white teeth glistening in contrast to her well-tanned skin. Cristol is dressed in pink leather chaps with many tassels, turquoise cowboy boots, and pink studded crop top that cuts off at the base of her ribcage, a pair of crossed pistols silkscreened on the front. She hops on the ring apron, climbs to the second ropes, and crosses her forearms in front of her, pointing her index fingers outward.]

SA: And this will be our first chance to see her opponent personally, Dee Dub. I believe Cyndi Lauper might say... she's so unusual. Let's take it back up to Tyler.

[Graham continues.]

TG: And her opponent... from Richmond, Virginia, weighting 153 pounds... MOLLY BELLLLLLLLLL!

["Meow" by Anamanaguchi begins to play, as Molly Bell wanders from the entryway, staring at the video screen on the right side of the X, which is displaying a tuxedo cat running through a grassy landscape in 16-bit video game graphics. She looks back at the camera trailing her to the ring and shouts "THERE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE RAINBOWS." She pouts before being startled by a fan offering their hand for a slap. Confused, she bats at the fan's hand and scampers away.]

DW: Yeah, you know, I have no idea what to make of her already.

SA: Molly Bell's antics are definitely strange, but as we learned in her debut encounter back on the 29th of April when she upset European star Maggie Rhodes, she's not to be underrated.

[Bell is dressed in a lime green halter-style top, along with matching shorts stopping at her upper thigh. She's also wearing black kneepads and black boots. Across the seat of her shorts is the word "meow" in white block text, and her long hair has been dyed royal blue for the event. She has her face painted with three black whiskers on each cheek, with three black dots underneath the whiskers on both sides, a black triangle on her nose with a line running down to connect to her upper lip, which has had black lipstick applied. On her bottom lip is a matte blue lipstick. She slowly approaches the ring and crawls under the bottom rope head-first, but stops with eyes wide, staring at Cristol, who is watching her from the corner with a bemused look on her face.]

SA: I... uh... I think Bell's frozen here.

DW: I think maybe she realizes she's been spotted.

SA: You know, I had a cat once that would always stop and stare at me until I left the room.

DW: Think Bell's like that?

SA: I hope not, or we may have a draw!

[The two chuckle as referee Shari Miranda instructs Bell to stand. Bell slowly gets to her feet as her music fades out. Miranda asks both if they are ready and signals for the bell, which causes Molly to shriek and leap into the air.]

SA: And Bell startled by the ring bell!

DW: That happened to her against Maggie Rhodes, didn't it?

SA: It sure did, Dee Dub.

DW: You'd think she'd be used to it by now. Short memory on this cat, I suppose.

[Bell takes a moment in the corner, taking short breaths, as Cristol approaches. Bell dips her head outside of the ropes to force a break and Miranda steps between the two.]

SA: Molly Bell trying to force a break early here, I guess still a little unsettled by the ring bell.

DW: She seems like she plays a lot of head games, Sal, I'm thinking this may be one of them.

SA: You might be right, Dee Dub.

[Bell slowly inches her way back in, as Cristol stands center ring. Bell raises her right hand into the air, shouting "TEST OF STRENGTH!"]

SA: Bell calling for a test of strength, and while Bell's giving up five inches of height to the Pistol, she does have almost 15 pounds of weight on Cristol.

DW: And from what I understand, she's got a rugby background too, Sal, so I think a test of strength is a good way to go for Bell.

[Bell inches closer to Cristol, as the two lock fingers. As Cristol goes to try and lock hands with Bell's other hand, Bell raises Cristol's wrist to her forehead, and rubs her temples against Cristol's hand.]

SA: And... folks, I can't believe I'm saying this... Molly Bell has scented Kayla Cristol!

DW: I've been thinking about the strangest things I've seen in this sport, and you know... this may not crack the top five, but it's definitely in the top ten.

SA: Bell breaks the knuckle lock, she certainly seems pleased with herself.

"WHAP!"

DW: I don't think she's too pleased now, Sal!

SA: The Pistol just popped off with a forearm to the chest of Molly Bell! Backing Bell off into the ropes, shoots her off now...

[Cristol sends Bell across the ring, catching her off the rebound with a handful of hair, pulling Bell down to the mat back first!]

SA: Bell goes down... but scrambling right back up...

[But the Lynch protege is waiting, lifting her up in her arms, twisting around and slamming her down to the canvas.]

SA: Scoop and a sla- goodness, that's quite the yowling going on.

[Bell screams, rolling outside of the ring to try and create distance. Cristol grimacing, mockingly sticking her fingers in her ears as Bell wanders the ringside area.]

SA: Molly Bell all kinds of mixed up here, Dee Dub!

DW: Perhaps she underestimated the Pistol, and it shows you can't underestimate anyone here in the AWA.

SA: I'll tell you something else you can't do... think you're safe on the outside!

[Bell finds this out first-hand, as Cristol runs at her, sliding across the ring and connecting with a baseball slide dropkick that sends Bell crashing into the ringside guard rail!

SA: Baseball slide by the Pistol, and she's really taking it to Molly Bell!

DW: She got embarrassed by Harley Hamilton, and as fast as the AWA Women's Division has been expanding lately, I don't think you can blame her for this fast pace she's trying to strike!

[Obviously fired up, Cristol mimes firing a pair of pistols as the crowd cheers wildly for her. She climbs through the ropes to try and go after Bell, whose face is now a mask of rage on the outside. Bell rears back and...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[... slaps the taste right out of Cristol's mouth.]

SA: What a slap by Molly Bell!

DW: I think that is a very mad kitty.

SA: Or perhaps a very BAD kitty if you're Kayla Cristol.

[Bell grabs a handful of Cristol's hair and chucks Cristol back into the ring.]

SA: Both women back inside the ring now... and now it's Bell sending Cristol for the ride... duck down and- whoops!

[Bell dives at Cristol's feet as Cristol bounces back off, tripping the Pistol and causing her to land face-first on the mat.]

SA: Bell trips the Pistol!

DW: Can't say you see that work too often, Sal.

SA: Yeah, well, Dee Dub, I guess if anyone would be underfoot, it'd be a cat.

[We hear an audible groan as Bell drives a knee into Cristol's ribs, then turns her over onto her back.]

SA: Bell going for a cover now, gets one, now two...

DW: But the Pistol is able to kick out! Smart move there by Molly Bell to go for the cover, that knee right into the ribs will knock the wind right out of ya.

SA: I'm thinking there may be more to this Molly Bell than we realize.

[Bell picks Cristol up and digs her fingernails directly into Cristol's shoulder blades.]

SA: And Shari Miranda stepping in here, admonishing Bell for using the fingernails.

DW: As well she should, Sal, if Bell hasn't had her claws trimmed in a while that could be especially painful!

SA: Count's up to four now...

[Upon Miranda's four count, Bell rakes down the back of Cristol, causing Cristol to gasp in pain, tensing her shoulders back.]

SA: Back rake by Bell!

[Bell suddenly runs into the ropes...]

DW: And that's leaving Cristol's neck wide open, Sal!

[And with a resounding thud, Bell's plan unfolds.]

SA: Huge clothesline by Molly Bell, right to the open neck of Cristol!

DW: Margarita Flores has her Lariat, I understand Molly Bell's clothesline is... the Laricat?

SA: Well, she's going to try and win it with the Laricat, Bell with the cover! She gets one, and two... but she does not get three!

DW: The Pistol just barely gets her shoulder up!

SA: Bell now arguing with Shari Miranda, saying it was three. Bell is... hissing at Miranda?

DW: Can you disqualify someone for that?

SA: It would be at the referee's discretion, I suppose, but if it happens, it'd be the damndest thing I've ever seen.

[With Bell tangled up with Miranda, Cristol regains her feet, throwing a dropkick to the back of Bell, sending her sailing towards Miranda who just barely gets clear before Bell smashes into the corner.]

SA: Bell wasted too much time, giving the Pistol a chance to recover..

[Cristol spins Bell around, mounting the midbuckle and rains down forearms on a surprised Molly Bell.]

SA: We've seen this before from Cristol, there's four, five, and now six forearm strikes right to the face of Molly Bell!

[Cristol mimes firing off pistols again, and shouts "BOGGY CREEK BUSTER!" as the crowd roars.]

SA: Whoa! We may see the Pistol's finishing move, Dee Dub!

DW: And all Bell's antics and arguing may have cost her, Sal! If she hits the Boggy Creek Buster, that'll be it!

[Cristol climbs up to the top rope, repositioning herself by putting her knee behind Bell's head. Suddenly, though, Bell elbows Cristol in the stomach!]

SA: Oh! Bell heard Cristol calling for the Boggy Creek Buster and knew to expect it!

DW: Both wrestlers have made some pretty crucial mistakes here, but this may be the biggest one of the match!

[Bell grabs the back of the doubled-over Cristol's head, and flips her off the top rope, sending her crashing down to the canvas. She then stands crouched in the corner, wiggling her lower body.]

SA: Bell sizing the Pistol up here...

DW: Bell's got a lot of power in that frame of hers, we saw her finish off Maggie Rhodes with a tackle...

[Bell waits until Cristol gets to her feet, turning around...]

SA: Here she comes...

[...Bell charges at Cristol, then leaps into the air, driving her shoulder and forearms directly into Cristol's sternum. The impact sends Cristol flying backwards several feet, skidding towards the ropes and coming to a stop just barely before rolling out of the ring.]

DW: Bell got her with a pounce!

SA: My oh my, what impact, Dee Dub!

DW: That's that rugby background of Molly Bell coming into play, she's got incredible explosiveness in her tackles!

[Bell drags Cristol back into center ring before curling up in a ball across Cristol's chest. Miranda shakes her head and begins to count the pin.]

SA: Bell going for the cover and that's going to be academic, Shari Miranda registers the three count.

DW: And is Molly Bell laying down for a nap?

[The bell sounds as Bell is startled to a seated position next to Cristol, who still hasn't moved since the pounce connected. Bell looks around, pouting, as Miranda raises her hand in victory. Bell asks to be scratched behind the ear but Miranda firmly shakes her head no.]

SA: Well, I suppose the ring bell is going to prevent the cat nap here, as Molly Bell picks up the win here on the Preview Power Hour over a game Kayla Cristol.

DW: A really strange one to say the least, is Molly Bell, but that power in her tackles is unquestionable.

SA: Yeah, I agree, Dee Dub. If she can get focused she's going to be a real threat in the Women's Division. Of course, the Women's World Title will be on the line later tonight here in the Allstate Arena when Kurayami defends the gold against the Hall of Famer, Medusa Rage, in a match which will set the stage for the future of this division for some time to come, Dee Dub.

DW: One way or another. If Kurayami retains the title, Medusa Rage has challenged... practically begged... the entire Division to step up to challenge her. Maybe it's Somers... maybe it's Toughill... maybe it's Swift or Cinder or Fujiwara... but she wants someone to do it. And if Rage knocks off the Demon, then she says she's going back into retirement... she's giving it up the belt... and Javier Castillo will crown a new champion in a tournament.

SA: One match, one shot... we've heard it said many times before but it goes down later tonight here in Chicago. Now... let's shift gears here. The Women's World Title will be on the line tonight... but the World Television Title will NOT be. Terry Shane has been entered into the Rumble - a match he's won before, I might add - and will not defend the title tonight. But whether he wins the Rumble or not, Shane is looking ahead to an entire crop of contenders knocking on his door including this man... recently returned from Japan... I'm talking about TORA. Take a look...

[We fade to black...

And for a moment, the screen remains black as the opening beats of "Sandstorm" by Darude begin to play. In place of the black screen, a fairly handsome man - in a young college kid sort of way - with a clean shaven face begins to run down an arena's aisle way.

He wears half red/half white tight wrestling pants with red and white kick pads. His pants have a variety of stripes, zig zags, and dragons down the side in print opposite to the side they are in, a collected kaleidoscope of chaos on each. He wears a haphazardly striped red and white vest over top his nary a percentage of fat upper body. He dark hair is worn in a faux hawk or in messy fashion, the tips dyed dark blue. He slaps a number of younger fans hands and points at a few that he cannot reach. A voiceover begins, deep and booming.]

"The world raves about the innocence of the youth - how it is something to be cherished."

[The man, clearly a younger TORA, pulls a second mask off of his head and heads it to a young girl in the front row. Her face lights up as if it were Christmas day. He poses for a quick selfie with two other children in the front row.]

"How if we all maintained our innocence the world would be a better place."

[TORA has ascended to the top turnbuckle and points to the crowd.]

"But no one ever mentions the consequences for trying to maintain your innocence and happiness."

[The image of TORA becomes black and white as it sounds like someone has pulled the needle across a record. An eerie silence holds on the black and white image of TORA for a split second longer before flashing to another black and white image of Brian James standing over a fallen TORA.]

"That life will beat them out of you."

[A sudden flash of white and TORA, dressed in a pair of blue jeans, a plain black t-shirt and his black mask with jagged orange stripes, can be seen sitting upon a set of concrete steps.]

T: Smiling and slapping hands, truly gets you nowhere, and life will make sure it reminds of you that. It did it to me.

Hell, it did it to Terry Shane the Third, the night I returned to the AWA.

[A close-up image of TORA smashing the Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Championship Belt into the side of Shane's head fills the screen. Shane falls away to the canvas as we hear TORA's voice over the footage.]

T: Terry thought it was safe to show his joy... to allow his emotions to burst forth, let the fans enjoy his moment... than BAM!

[Another hard cut to the moment of impact with the title hitting Shane in the head.]

T: Life reminds him, joy and happiness are merely fleeting. There's always something - or in this case someone lurking - laying in wait to make you suffer.

[The shot holds on the bloodied Shane on the canvas, TORA standing over him...

...and then fades again, this time to footage from TPP, where a figure is hanging upside down in the corner. The poor soul is in the tree of woe as TORA charges forward and drives a running knee into his gut. The footage skips forward to TORA holding a chair and tossing it at the figure, who is still tied in the tree of woe. TORA then picks the chair up again and drives it into the gut of his opponent.]

T: But don't think of it as suffering, Terry... think of it as an opportunity, MY opportunity!

My opportunity to remind... no, to SHOW everyone that this TORA isn't the same TORA they remember.

[Rapid fire images of TORA begin to flash across the screen. First he is grinding the sole of his boot across the face of a downed opponent. He lifts an opponent into the air with a vertical suplex and drops them gut first across the top rope. TORA charges to the side rope, rebounds off and uses the additional momentum to nearly take his opponent's head off with a kick to the side of the head. The image again flashes, this time to an opponent on the floor and TORA charging off of the ring apron and driving an elbow into their chest.]

T: This time, I'm not all smiles and sunshine...

[TORA is on the top turnbuckle and leaps off driving an opponent through a table with a moonsault, the image lingers on the carnage for a moment before shifting to another opponent laying on a table. The camera pans to the corner where TORA is perched and he leaps off driving both his knees into the opponent's chest and they crash through the table.]

T: I'm a tad irritated, a touch aggravated, and...

[TORA and an opponent are battling on the top turnbuckle, exchanging rights and lefts before TORA rakes the eyes and applies a front face lock. He lifts his opponent into the air and superplexes them both through a wooden table in the ring. Pain is etched upon both men's faces as shards of splintered wood surrounds them.]

T: ...just a little bit... ANGRY!

[The footage switches to TORA running the length of the ring, towards an opponent doubled over, barely keeping his balance on the apron and leaping over the top rope catching his opponent with a sunset flip power bomb through a table. The camera again lingers on the broken table fragments and the two figures laying in it.]

T: Terry Shane, I'm coming for you and the World Television Championship...

[After a few moments, TORA again is the center of attention, and he has a stuffed tiger in his hands.]

T: It doesn't matter who gets in my way...

[TORA rips the head of the stuffed tiger from the body and tosses the head at the camera. The head hits the camera and all fades to black.]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade to black...

...and then fade back up to the interior of the Allstate Arena as a countdown clock appears on the screen showing 18:46 and ticking down. The voice of Theresa Lynch is heard.]

TL: Time is ticking down, fans. We're under twenty minutes now. Just twenty minutes away from the AWA's annual kickoff to summer - Memorial Day Mayhem X - and the anticipation in this building is through the roof. We've got three huge title matches! We've got the Rumble! We've got the Ring of Iron! We've got the Tower

of Doom... and we've got a very special tag team match with this woman at ringside. Ladies and gentlemen... I promised you special guests on this Power Hour and it gets no more special than this. The star of "Wonder Woman," hitting theaters worldwide this coming Friday... GAL GADOT!

[The Chicago crowd ROARS as Gadot enters from off-screen in a red top and black jacket. She smiles, waving to the cheering fans as she approaches Theresa on the stage, extending her hand which Lynch shakes.]

TL: Gal, welcome back to the AWA... and welcome to Chicago!

[Another big cheer from the fans as Gadot's smile turns into a gleeful laugh.]

GG: Thank you, Theresa. It's an honor to be here tonight.

TL: Gal, I know you have some thoughts about later tonight when you'll accompany your friends Victoria June and Julie Somers to ringside when they face off against Cinder and Erica Toughill but... it's been quite the whirlwind ride for you recently, hasn't it? Just this past Thursday was the red carpet premiere in Los Angeles - tell us all about that.

[Gadot smiles and nods again.]

GG: It's certainly been a very busy and exciting time... and I was so honored in LA when the original Wonder Woman, Lynda Carter, was on-hand to experience it with me. She is such a special person and I'm so glad we have trailblazers like her who paved the road for someone like me to walk on.

[Theresa smiles.]

TL: That had to be a very special moment for you both... and speaking of trailblazing, Gal... considering Julie Somers helped get the AWA Women's Division started, I'd say she'd have to be considered a trailblazer herself and-

"Oh, thank the Void!"

[Between Theresa Lynch and Gal Gadot, a weedy masked man in royal blue, black and gold appears, his cape shimmering in the light. Gadot takes a nervous step back but Theresa puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder. The masked man speaks again.]

"You have no idea how relieved I am to have someone who knows what they're doing here, especially with me being in the Rumble. I mean... being in the Rumble AND protecting the Windy City from evil? Heh, I may have all the powers the Kuiper Belt has bestowed on me, but I just CAN... NOT... multitask."

[Theresa sighs heavily, gesturing to the masked man.]

TL: Gal Gadot... Omega. Omega... Gal Gadot.

[Gadot slowly raises her hand in an awkward wave, obviously not quite knowing what to make of this intruder.]

O: Oh, and here's me forgetting my manners. Pleased to make your acquaintance... "Gal."

[Omega gives a knowing wink to Gadot.]

O: Look... uhh...

[Omega leans in to Gadot and stage whispers to her.]

O: Look, I hate feeling like I'm Neptunian-splaining here... but... you're kind of blowing your cover. I mean... major motion picture... red carpet appearances... national TV... and THAT is your disguise for your secret identity?!

I mean, I'm not criticizing the aesthetic! It's very very fetching! I LOVE the Kate Spade clutch, by the way; it is... so... cute!

But... come on! Mix in some glasses! Thrift store clothes! I mean, Gal still looks like Wond-

[Gal Gadot suddenly seems to "get it" and smiles as she places a hand on his shoulder.]

GG: Omega, you could be in danger of exposing my cover right now, you know.

[Omega slaps his hand to his forehead.]

O: Omega, you dummy! Sorry, Wond- sorry, Gal! R-rookie mistake! I am so sorry!

[Gadot chuckles, waving a dismissive hand.]

GG: No, it's not a problem. It shows you care about your job. I can put in a good word for you the next time I'm back in Themyscira.

O: You'd do that?

GG: Of course. Anything to help someone on the side of justice!

[Omega squees and raises both thumbs.]

O: sssSSIIIIICK! Oh, thanks so much, W- er, Miss Gadot! I am so glad that you're here tonight? Theresa, could you imagine Batman or Superman being this cool? Ugh! As if we don't have enough angst around here as it is!

[Theresa shakes her head with a smile.]

TL: Ladies and gentlemen... it's a pair of heroes here in Chicago. Lemme hear it for Omega and... well, Wonder Woman!

[Gadot grins again, grabbing Omega by the wrist and raising his hand to cheers from the crowd...

...cheers that only get louder as she leans over and plants a kiss on Omega's masked cheek, leaving whatever skin we can see to turn a deep shade of red before we fade back to ringside where Big Sal and Dylan Westerly are seated.]

DW: Did you see that, Sal? Did you see it?! She just planted one on Omega! I need to get into that superhero gig.

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: Well, fans... as Theresa mentioned, time is certainly ticking. We're down to just about fifteen minutes remaining before we go LIVE on the air here in Chicago for Memorial Day Mayhem and we've got one more match to go... so let's not waste any time, let's head right up to the ring for tag team action!

DW: Oh yeah!

[We cut from the announcers at ringside to a shot of the entrance stage as the distinctive guitar riff of "Little Bones" by The Tragically Hip makes the atmosphere of the arena a lot more Canadian. Through the curtain steps two men in well-worn blue denim making their way purposefully to the ring.]

TG: Ladies and gentlemen, this tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with TV TIME REMAINING! Introducing first... at a combined weight of 528 pounds... First from The Battlefords... CURTIS KESTREL!

[Kestrel, behind his mirrored aviator glasses, is crew-cut, stern-looking and square-jawed, looking very business-like. Underneath his jean jacket are shiny indigo full-length tights with three gold slash marks up one leg and red detailing up the other. Both of his red boots are shinguarded, with knee pads to match.]

TG: ...And his partner, from Calgary, Alberta... BLAKE... COLLLLLLTON!

[Blake Colton's demeanor is a stark contrast. He grins with the energy of the crowd. Underneath his denim vest is a barrel-chest of muscle mass, and a shiny indigo singlet with the Colton logo (a stylized 'C' with a cowboy hat within a gold star) on one hip, red stripes running up the other, and short white wrestling boots.]

TG: Together they are... THE COLLLLLLLTON CREWWWWWWW!

[At ringside, Kestrel and Colton exchange a quick fist-bump, then both slide into the ring. With feline agility, Kestrel dashes to the nearest corner, standing on the second buckle facing the crowd. Colton sprints to the opposite corner and raises both arms in the air, and brings them down into a classic flex.]

SA: The Colton Crew set for action here on the Preview Power Hour, perhaps looking to get some eyeballs on them as we not only kick off the summer here tonight but also start down the road to the Battle of Saskatchewan coming up in late July - an event which will see the return of the legendary battleground for tag team supremacy known as the Stampede Cup.

[Kestrel and Colton meet in the middle of the ring and exchange another fist bump and high-five. Kestrel discards his jean jacket and sunglasses as Blake Colton rolls to the outside, and heads for the front row. He takes off his trademark blue "rising sun" bandana and gives it to a young fan at ringside before heading back up the ring steps.]

TG: And their opponents...

[And with that, the lights go down in the arena and cutting blue lasers "drip" from above with a rain like effect as a smoke machine starts jettisoning a white cloud. A crash of thunder and then an electronic-synth beat hits, rising in crescendo and drops...

...into "You're The Best" to a loud cheer from the gathered crowd. Running around comes a barefoot "Cannonball" in his familiar white gi. He snaps out a sidekick and falls into a horse stance. Rising from the gathering fog, right behind him, is Downpour. His masked head is bowed and as his upwards motion tops, he snaps up an arm to the sky, Connors with a "KEEE AIIII!" punch accompanying another crash of thunder. Downpour is dressed in a full shimmery dark blue body suit, cut through with silver jags. His mask is full face, silver eyes and a full "hair" of silver and black tassels coming from the back and down onto his shoulders. He has similar tassels hanging from his boot tops and wears a paneled "skirt" that looks like water drops of varying sizes. The two pause and then make their way down to the ring, reaching out to exchange claps with fans of all ages.]

TG: At a combined weight of 383 pounds... the team of "Cannonball" Lee Connors and Downpour...

THE SHOOOOOOTING STARRRRRS!

[Another cheer goes up for the energetic tag team as they work their way down the ramp towards the ring.]

SA: This should be a heck of a contest, Dee Dub. Two athletic, hungry teams with a ton of experience AND they are not unfamiliar at all. Lee Connors is a Colton family product. He went through their system, was stretched and beaten up on their mats, and knows both these men very well.

DW: I heard stories that Lee and Kestrel were potentially set to be a tag team themselves at one point but, as we all know, Big Sal, things change really quick in the biz!

SA: Imagine that team! But imagine what is also going through each team's minds here tonight. You know after this match, win or lose, both teams will be backstage and watching Next Gen and System Shock battle for their rightful claim to the AWA World Tag Team Championship. The Shooting Stars have made it quite evident they want their chance at the titles and with a win tonight, they might stake that claim.

DW: The Colton Crew are no pushover. Just look at Blake Colton!

SA: In the most recent AWA rankings, we saw the Shooting Stars checking in as the #3 contenders to those coveted tag team titles while the Colton Crew was unranked. You better believe they hope to change that here tonight... and as I mentioned, perhaps earn themselves a slot in that upcoming Stampede Cup tournament as well.

[The music fades as the two teams get down to business, ring announcer Tyler Graham getting back outside as the referee speaks with all four competitors.]

SA: We're just about ready to get this going here, fans... and it looks like it will indeed be Lee Connors and Colton Kestrel - good friends, rumored tag team, and they'll be starting this match!

[And as if on cue, the two meet in the ring. With a knowing nod, they give each other a quick handshake, Kestrel doing the same with a more hesitant Downpour. Both of the Shooting Stars go to do the same with Colton, but the big man shushes them away and heads to the corner, telling Kestrel to start the match.]

SA: Blake Colton not interested in a pre-match handshake. This young man is quite focused on the matter at hand.

DW: I don't think there's anything wrong with that either, Sal. The kid's got a chip on his shoulder 'cause he wants to win first and foremost and that's the way it should be.

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And there's the bell!

[Connors and Kestrel come together at the bell, locking up immediately for a second before Connors shifts into a side headlock.]

SA: Headlock right out of the gate... Kestrel trying to get out and being the taller man he definitely has the leverage.

[Hand in the back, Kestrel uses his strength to push Connors off the ropes, but the Cannonball lives up to his name, flattening Kestrel with a shoulder tackle... only Kestrel immediately kips up from it!]

DW: Oh wow!

SA: Great athleticism by the Bird of Prey!

[Smirking, Connors starts circling, throwing out feint kicks before locking up once again.]

SA: Lock up again and this time it's Curtis Kestrel with a headlock, really locked in tight too. He has it deep, up on his toes to really put all that leverage in. Predatory leanings by the Bird of Prey!

[Connors digs in through, pushing Kestrel backwards and using the momentum of the rope bounce to send him off. Kestrel rockets back and slams a shoulder into Connors... who also kips right back up!]

DW: Look ma! No Hands!

SA: Absolutely incredible! What you can do I can do better and-

"Bzzzzzzzzzz."

DW: What in the world...?

SA: Sounds like one of our sound guys might've gotten carried away, Dee Dub. Hey, fella! The Rumble isn't until later!

[Connors and Kestrel both look around, confusion on their faces as the buzzing gets louder, like an electric guitar getting too close to a speaker.]

SA: We seem to be having some technical difficulties and-

[A burst of red light - almost like a laser - lances across the interior of the Allstate Arena.]

DW: We seem to be having more than that.

[The light flickers, the buzzing continues.]

SA: Blake Colton barking at the official now, asking him what's going on but I think the referee is as confused as everyone else.

[Suddenly, a low, throaty voice projects over the speakers.]

"RISE."

DW: Did someone say something? What's going on?

"OF."

SA: I'd say we should cut to a commercial but-

"THE."

[The red beam grows. It covers the ringside area. The sound is deafening.]

"MACHINES."

[The buzzing pops! The red light blasts out over the crowd and then suddenly...

...it's gone. The crowd buzzes in confusion as the four men in the ring look around, scanning the arena for any sign of a possible attack.]

SA: Well, a bizarre situation right there for sure. I'm not sure I've ever seen anything quite like that and... did they say "Rise of the Machines?"

DW: They sure did, Sal... we've seen those videos. We know the Machines are coming from Japan and... what the heck was that all about?

SA: Apparently this new tag team was looking to send a message with the entire world watching and-

[During the confusion, Colton tags himself in and launches forward, FLATTENING Lee Connors with his own shoulder tackle and a snarling "Kip up now!"]

SA: This Sasquatch of a man just destroyed Lee Connors with the simplest of moves!

DW: Off a distraction by... whatever that was!

SA: Blake Colton was the first to recover from the distraction and he takes big advantage of that.

[Pulling Connors up, Colton rockets him across the ring with an Irish whip, ducking down, squatting and reaching both hands deep in, lifting Connors straight up and over his head... and simply dropping him afterwards!]

SA: And there's the power of the 22 year old Blake Colton! As young and inexperienced as he may be, this kid has power like few others his age. Just wait until he fills his frame and grows into what he can be. In a few years he could be the strongest wrestler, pound for pound, on this roster.

DW: Max Magnum might disagree!

SA: Max Magnum has his own issues to worry about with Calisto Dufresne later tonight, Dee Dub... not to mention the Rumble! Cover... and a kickout by Lee Connors. Blake Colton did not get much into that. At six foot four and over three hundred pounds, he needs to learn to use his size and press into these pinfall attempts.

[Colton rises off the mat, slapping his partner's hand.]

SA: Quick tag to Kestrel who pulls young Connors up, backing to the corner... forearm shot across the chest! I thought for sure he was loading up for one of the hardest chops in all of Western Canada but instead showed some respect for his friend with that forearm.

[An Irish whip sends Connors hard into the neutral corner, Kestrel charging across after him...]

SA: Connors gets the boots up!

[Kestrel staggers back as Connors goes to work, landing a pair of leg kicks before a spinning back chop takes Kestrel off his feet.]

SA: Nice combination by the Karate Kid himself... and now the Cannonball hits the ropes, rebounding back...

[Kestrel catches him coming back with a back elbow up under the chin, stunning his friend. The veteran turns, hitting the ropes himself this time, coming back on Connors who doubles over...]

SA: Backdr- no! Sunset flip!

[Connors rolls through and to his feet, leaping up high with a double barefoot stomp straight to the chest...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: What a counter out of Connors early on in this one... and there's a tag to the mysterious Downpour!

[With Kestrel still down, Downpour runs down the apron, leaping to the top rope, springing off, tucking his arms to his side and hitting a big splash!]

DW: LOOK AT THAT!

SA: He's got him down for one! TWO... NO! Curtis Kestrel with a strong kickout!

[Laying toes into the gut of Kestrel as he pulls him up, Downpour grabs him by the wrist and whips him at the ropes, putting his legs into it as he lifts him on the rebound, spinning him, and smashing Kestrel's back across his knee!]

SA: Quebradora Con Giro by the masked man and right into a cover.... NO! Kickout again.

DW: Wait. Cabbage without meat? I know a bit of Spanish. Is that right?

SA: Uh... no? It's a spinning backbreaker and I was just respecting the lucha libre background!

DW: We know nothing about him! Who says he is even from Mexico?! We don't know.

SA: Are... listen, we can't argue right now, we are in the middle of a great match here during the Preview Power Hour of Memorial Day Mayhem!

[With Kestrel down, Downpour slaps Connors' hand to bring him back in before applying a camel clutch on Kestrel. The Cannonball hits the ropes behind them, springing off of Downpour's shoulders and way up, coming down in a snapping double stomp to the back of Kestrel's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Oh myyyyy! What a double team... COVER! One! Two! Kickout! A close kickout but my oh my, Curtis Kestrel just took serious impact to his skull and his cervical spinal region!

[Kestrel comes up clutching his neck, Connors snapmaring him to a sitting position, lighting him up with a solid kick to the spine!]

SA: Hard soccer kick to the lower back of Curtis Kestrel and... ohhhh! Another one, just as hard and just as painful.

[The second kick seems to set something off inside Kestrel though as we see not just a grimace of pain, but a teeth clench of anger.]

SA: Kestrel getting up! He's fired up! And Lee Connors might have went a step too far against his long time friend!

[Shaking with effort, gritting his teeth, fists clenched, Kestrel efforts himself up to his feet. He looks straight at Connors, fire in his eyes, quivering with anger, shouting "AGAIN!" at his former friend who smiles, shrugs...

...and DROPS Kestrel with a roundhouse kick to the side of his head.]

SA: BAM! Like Rufus Harris winning his second GFC championship last night, Lee Connors hits a big head kick and turns the tide!

[Connors dives on top of Kestrel, earning another two count.]

SA: Kestrel out at two off that spine-tingling head kick... and Connors pulls him up by the arm, looking to take advantage...

[Connors grabs the wrist, going for an Irish whip but Kestrel slams on the brakes, pulling Connors towards him, tucks his head under Connors' chin and quickly drops to his knees, stunning the smaller man!]

SA: Curtis Kestrel read ahead and countered with that jawbreaker.

[With Connors reeling, Kestrel shoots him to the ropes where Downpour reaches out, slapping the Cannonball's back.]

DW: I think there was a tag there, Sal.

[But as Connors bounces back, Kestrel catches him coming in, and LAUNCHES him!]

SA: OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY WITH ELEVATION!

[Hitting the mat after some incredible height, Connors clutches his spine. Kestrel hops up, nodding his head at the crowd's cheers...

...and completely fails to notice the new legal man, Downpour, as he leaps into the air, springboarding off the top...]

SA: TO THE SKY GOES DOWNPOUR!

[But the floating Downpour gets WIPED OUT with a supremely athletic spinning heel kick catching him across the chest and dropping him hard!]

DW: Look at that, Sal! In one sequence, Kestrel took out both Shooting Stars! And tags in Blake Colton!

[The crowd, on their feet already, really starts buzzing as the biggest man in the match by far steps in.]

SA: The Shooting Stars need to shoo away and get themselves together. Blake Colton, a three hundred pound powerhouse, is coming into the ring and both men are down and out and completely indefensible!

[Just barely to his feet, Downpour falls back into a corner, trying to regroup when Colton stalks over, grabs the masked man under his armpit and by his pants and sends him FLYING!]

DW: WHOOOOOOA NELLIE! Look at the power there! He tossed `em like my grandma used to toss stray chickens back over into the coop!

SA: That's a 200 pound chicken in Downpour though, Dee Dub... and it looks like Colton's not done!

[Rolling his thick neck, Colton goes over to Lee Connors, puts him in the corner and pauses, smirking at the crowd... and Kestrel...

...and sends the Cannonball like a cannonball clear across the ring.]

SA: AND ANOTHER FOR LEE CONNORS!

DW: I... don't.... this kid is incredible! Holy cow!

[Colton strikes a double bicep pose... only to be interrupted as Kestrel waves a hand at his student, calling for a tag. With a grimace, Colton obliges and then gets directed to bring the legal man, Downpour, to his feet.]

SA: The veteran, Curtis Kestrel, directing traffic in there...

DW: Looks like a double-up coming, Sal.

[Colton holds Downpour's arms back as Kestrel winds up...]

SA: Kestrel and Colton have Downpour at their mercy and... OH MY! WHAT A CHOP BY CURTIS KESTREL!

[And another smacks in, hard chop straight across the body suit but still enough to crumple the masked man as Colton lets go, exiting the ring.]

SA: Blistering chops by the Bird of Prey, Curtis Kestrel, just taking the wind out of Downpour. He wouldn't use them on Connors earlier but he has absolutely no problem using them on Lee Connors' partner!

[Kestrel pulls Downpour back up by the mask, scooping him up and slamming him down near the ropes...]

SA: Scoop slam by Kestrel... quick tag...

[As Kestrel tags out, he steps out to the apron, grabbing the ropes...

...and with enviable athleticism slingshots himself in with a senton, rolling off.]

SA: Right down across the chest... and Colton's on the second rope!

[The big man leaps from the ropes, crashing his big ol' frame down on the prone Downpour!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT A SPLASH! All three hundred pounds down across the chest of Downpour! This is it! COVER! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT-

[But before the three count comes down, Connors jumps in, rushes across, and leaps into the air with a shooting single leg sidekick like dropkick to break the pin.]

SA: OHHH! And Connors breaks up the pin in time!

[Connors quickly departs the ring before either Colton Crew member can come after him.]

SA: Colton gets back up... and again, Kestrel calls him over for a tag. I think Colton was going to go after Connors there so Curtis Kestrel may have spared his friend a beating.

[Colton angrily slaps Kestrel's hand. The veteran swoops in, pulling Downpour up and leading him to a neutral corner. He grabs him by the wrist but Downpour digs in deep and reverses the Irish Whip, sending Kestrel into the corner. Only he leaps up to the top turnbuckle and blindly flies back with a back elbow, connecting solidly into the chest of the masked man!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT A COUNTER OUT OF KESTREL! HE COVERS!

[The referee dives to the mat to count.]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! NO! NO! KICKOUT!

[Downpour kicks out at two, sitting up and clutching his throat. Kestrel shows no sign of emotion, simply getting up and pulling Downpour up by the wrist where he lights him up with another chop!]

SA: Goodness!

DW: Dear... god... ouch. Are we sure those are only the second hardest in Western Canada?

SA: That's the rumor... and a second chop connects, driving the wind out of the masked Shooting Star!

SA: And a second driving the wind out of the masked Shooting Star! The Colton clan trained this man right! Hard hitting, athletic and a heck of a competitor in the ring. Curtis Kestrel, the former gymnast, is making a name for himself here on the Preview Power Hour on a night when thirty men are going to make their own name, or hope to, and rise to ascendance here in the AWA. We have talents from all over the world here this evening and four of our finest are showing them that they are stepping into a world they couldn't have imagined.

[With Downpour dazed, Kestrel dashes to the ropes, building up speed as he rebounds back, arm outstretched...

...but Downpour is waiting for him, grabbing him under the arm and backflips!]

SA: BACKFLIP URANAGE SLAM! BOOM GOES THE CANNON!

[The crowd jumps to their feet at the unexpected move, even moreso as Downpour hooks a leg and drives in on a cover!]

SA: ONE! TWO! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! He dug down into the pain he felt on the Colton farm and kicked out! What heart!

DW: Unbelievable! The old man toughened him up like you wouldn't believe!

SA: All those tears, all that pain, all paid off!

[Still reeling, Downpour works his way to his feet. Connors gives a shout, calling for a tag but the masked man pulls Kestrel up, looking to take him over to the corner with him...

...but Kestrel slaps the hand away, swinging again!]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

SA: Big chop! Fans, we’re running low on time here! I’m told we’re down to about two or three minutes!

[Downpour spins around, burying the heel of his boot into Kestrel’s midsection before grabbing him by the arm...]

DW: This could be a mistake, Sal. I think Downpour should make a tag here.

SA: I tend to agree and he was on his way before Kestrel caught him with that chop.

[An Irish whip by Downpour sends Kestrel into the ropes. The veteran rebounds back...

...and drops down into a roll, snatching the leg of Downpour, tripping him up, and ends up back on his feet with an anklelock applied!]

SA: WILD ROSE! WILD ROSE OUT OF NOWHERE! CLASSIC CURTIS KESTREL AND DOWNPOUR IS IN TROUBLE!

[The masked man claws at the mat, the crowd buzzing as Kestrel wrenches on the ankle. Across the ring, we see Blake Colton slip a leg through the ropes, ready to protect his partner if need be.]

SA: Downpour is in trouble! The Shooting Stars are in trouble and could be about to suffer their first loss as a team!

DW: How do you say it? Tap Out City? I think Kestrel bought Downpour a one way ticket there!

[Seeing his partner in grave danger, Connors ducks through the ropes to intervene. Blake Colton mirrors his movement though, staring across at him. Connors pauses, smirking, and then waves at the big man to come get him...]

SA: Connors didn’t have to ask twice! Here comes the big man and-

[Connors grabs the top rope, dropping down and sending an angry Colton tumbling over the ropes and down to the floor outside to cheers!]

SA: OHH! CONNORS SUCKERED HIM IN!

DW: That might be a huge mistake, Sal!

[Kestrel sees Connors in the ring and his partner on the floor, instantly breaking his anklelock and pointing a warning finger at Connors who raises his hands, backing through the ropes.]

SA: Kestrel let go of the hold! Blake Colton has caused major problems in the ring for his squad!

[Kestrel walks over to the ropes, looking out on Colton who is still down...

...which allows Downpour to push to all fours before front rolling to make a tag behind Kestrel's back!]

SA: TAG!

[Connors comes quickly into the ring, rushing at his friend who turns to face him. Kestrel throws a chop but Connors ducks it, going into a front handspring into the ropes, springing back...

...and SNAPS a big kick off the chest of Kestrel!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT A MOVE OUT OF CONNORS!

[With Downpour still in the ring, Connors shouts something to him before he dashes to the ropes. The masked man slides over in front of a rising Kestrel, waiting as Connors rebounds back...]

SA: What's he...?

[Downpour SHOVES Connors skyward, diving out of the way as the Cannonball comes sailing back down, kneesfirst into his friend as he rides him all the way down to the canvas, reaching back to snatch a leg!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The Shooting Stars with the win! Blake Colton with a costly mistake in my opinion, fans! We're out of time! We've gotta go! The Preview Power Hour is over and it's time for MEMORIAL.. DAY.. MAAAAAAAAAYHEM!

DW: I CAN'T WAIT!

[As Connors and Downpour celebrate their win, the time counts down to zero and we fade to black.]