

AWA POWER HOUR

FEBRUARY 25, 2017

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades 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.

Another cut takes us into the Center Stage Studios in Atlanta, Georgia, the crowd cheering the AWA's return to studio wrestling as the instrumental of the song is pumped into the building.

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

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

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

TL: Hello everybody, I'm Theresa Lynch, and I'll be your host for the next ninety minutes of action right here in the heart of the South - the Center Stage Studios in Atlanta, Georgia - for another edition of the all-new Power Hour!

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

TL: And yes, I did say ninety minutes because it's a special super-sized edition of the Power Hour being brought to you by the folks at Fox Sports X this week and we've got an exciting night of action lined up for you here tonight as we're going to see "Cannonball" Lee Connors in action!

[Cheers from the fans!]

TL: The American Idols as well.

[Jeers from the fans! Theresa chuckles.]

TL: We've got highlights from a big Battle Royal that went down at one of our live events this week... we've also got footage from that big Press Conference in Los Angeles with Ryan Martinez and Johnny Detson talking about their upcoming World Title matchup. And of course, tonight's featured matchup will see the World Television Title on the line when Terry Shane defends the gold against Kerry Kendrick!

[More cheers from the crowd!]

TL: It's going to be a hot one in Hotlanta and to kick things off, we're going to go up to the ring for our opening matchup! But before we do, let's go over to my broadcast colleagues here on the Power Hour - Salvatore Albano and Dylan Westerly!

[We cut just a handful of feet away to Big Sal and Dee Dub standing by their announce desk, smiles on both men's faces.]

SA: Thank you, Theresa, and once again, it's a great honor to be here in Hotlanta, G-A, for what promises to be another great night of action here on the Power Hour. Dee Dub, what're you looking forward to seeing the most here tonight?

DW: I can't wait to see the Colton Crew back in action tonight... and I'm really looking forward to hearing what Lee Connors has to say after what went down here two weeks ago with the Idols. But I'd be lying if I said the one everyone is talking about - Kerry Kendrick getting a shot at the TV Title - isn't at the top of my mind.

SA: It's going to be a peach of a night here in the Peach State as we head up to the ring for tonight's opening contest!

[Albano points at the camera as we crossfade to the ring where a pair of competitors are standing near ring announcer Tyler Graham.]

TG: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first already in the ring at this time... from Glen Falls, New York and weighing in at 442 pounds... the team of Jake Fisher and John Weaver!

[The completely average duo raise their arms, getting very little reaction from the AWA faithful...]

...but all that changes as earsplitting sirens begin to wail throughout the Center Stage Studios.]

SA: Now, what in the world is this all about?

DW: They're comin', Sal! They're comin'!

SA: Obviously, ol' Dee Dub got some info that I didn't as-

[Big Sal cuts off abruptly as a lyric rings out that brings the Atlanta crowd to their collective feet.]

#Generals gathered in their masses#

SA: Are you kidding me?!

[As "War Pigs" by Black Sabbath blasts out over the small arena's loudspeakers, the curtain parts and a massively muscular duo makes their way into view to a big reaction.]

SA: IT'S THE WAR PIGS!

DW: Heck yeah, it is! But this ain't your daddy's War Pigs!

[Indeed it's not as the duo known as Ripper and Havoc storm into view.

Ripper is about six four and built like a tank. He is shaved bald except his goatee and he has on blue and black face paint. He has a huge chain across his shoulders that drops down to about his waist.

Havoc stands about six two and is muscular as well, though not as broad as his brother. He has a shortly trimmed Mohawk and also has blue and black face paint. He has a midnight blue weight lifting belt around his waist with metal studs and the word HAVOC printed across the back.

Both men have on long tights that are blue at the waist and drop to a point at the front and back of the knee. The bottom of the tights are black that come up to a point around the inside and outside of the men's thighs. All business, the duo storm down the steps to the ring.]

SA: I may not have known they were coming here tonight to the Power Hour, fans, but I DO know something about these War Pigs. Havoc and Ripper they call themselves... the sons of Hammer, one of the War Pigs the last time we saw them in the AWA. But these two are the War Pigs now and they've been making their mark across the globe for sure!

DW: And I sure wouldn't want to be Fisher and Weaver right about now, Big Sal!

SA: I can't blame you for that. These two have been leaving more bodies in their wake than John Wick did in one of the top movies at the box office this week.

[Ripper and Havoc reach the ring, the former dropping his chain on the apron as Havoc removes his weight-lifting belt as he comes through the ropes. Both inside the ring, they turn towards one another, briefly exchanging some heavy alternating forearm shots across the others' chest...

...and then break into a sprint across the ring as a panicked referee signals for the bell!]

SA: And we're off and running in this one!

DW: The War Pigs are beating these two like they owe 'em money, Sal! Look at 'em!

[Ripper and Havoc are overwhelming Fisher and Weaver with clubbing forearms from the outset as the referee frantically attempts to gain control.]

SA: And you get the feeling this is going to be a rough night at the office for referee Andy Dawson as well, Dee Dub.

DW: He's got no control over them! ZEEEEEE-RO!

[The barrage of forearms puts both men down on the mat as the fans continue to cheer.]

DW: They're definitely not getting paid by the hour here tonight that's for sure, Sal!

[With Havoc standing over Weaver, Ripper grabs Fisher by the back of the head, flinging him effortlessly over the top rope and sending him crashing down to the floor.]

SA: Havoc calling for his brother... looking for some double team action...

[A double whip sends Weaver across the ring, bouncing back towards the powerful duo who each grab a leg, lifting him into the air, and then bailing out as he crashes facefirst down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: Woooooo, doggy! Did you see that?!

[The referee continues to insist that one of the War Pigs vacate the ring and finally, Ripper obliges as he steps to the apron, leaving Havoc in the ring to lift the dazed Weaver off the canvas, scooping him up in his powerful arms, and slamming him down.]

SA: Powerful slam puts him down... and a leaping leg drop KEEPS him down!

DW: Weaver's in trouble, Sal.

SA: He sure is... and there's no help in sight as Fisher is still out on the floor.

[Havoc yanks Weaver off the mat by the hair, delivering a two-handed shove to the chest that sends him falling back into the War Pigs' corner where Havoc slaps his brother across the chest to tag him in.]

SA: A hard tag between the two brothers brings Ripper in...

[As Ripper comes through the ropes, Havoc whips Weaver across the ring to the opposite corner...

...and then Ripper grabs his brother by the arm, rocketing him across after Weaver...]

SA: Havoc gets whipped across... and a big clothesline on Weaver... look out!

[Following his brother in, Ripper bullrushes in like a steam engine, smashing his body into Weaver's while clapping his arms together on Weaver's ears!]

SA: John Weaver's in La La Land after a move like that!

[With his partner in the corner, Fisher manages to get up on the apron just in time for Ripper to grab him by the arm, forcing him to tag himself back into the match...

...and then gets lifted into the air, flung down on the mat with a mighty Biel throw!]

SA: Ripper brings him in the hard way... and he's not done with giving it to Fisher the hard way by the looks of things.

[Dragging Fisher back to his feet in the unfriendly confines of a front face lock, Ripper hoists him skyward...]

DW: Would you look at that, Sal? He's walking around the ring with the man up for a suplex like that!

[After holding Fisher aloft for about ten seconds and taking a stroll across the ring, Ripper brings him down in a spine-rattling suplex to more cheers from the Atlanta crowd.]

SA: Very impressive display of power by Ripper right there... and these fans certainly like what they're seeing right now.

DW: You know who doesn't? The new tag champs!

SA: Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter have only held the titles for about a week now and they're already facing a deluge of tough challengers with more coming all the time, fans.

[Ripper drags Fisher across the ring by the arm, slapping his brother's outstretched hand.]

SA: Another tag by the War Pigs who are showing tremendous teamwork despite a relatively short time together as a unit.

[Coming through the ropes as Ripper yanks Fisher to his feet in a front facelock, Havoc smashes a double axe handle down across the back, knocking Fisher right back off his feet.]

SA: Fisher knocked right into the middle of the ring with that axehandle... look at this now...

[With Fisher stunned, Havoc rushes to the ropes, bouncing off once. He rebounds back, running past Fisher who is still down on all fours and bounces off again...]

SA: Havoc building up steam...

[He hits the ropes a third time, rebounding back towards Fisher who has managed to get to his feet...

...and leaps into the air, landing a flying shoulder tackle that sends Fisher flying backwards, flopping across the ring.]

SA: Big, strong, and moves like that? These guys are looking real good in their AWA debut... and there's another tag.

[Ripper walks over towards the downed Fisher, squatting down to snatch Fisher into his powerful arms...

...and deadlifts him as he straightens up, Fisher held across his chest.]

SA: Another impressive show of strength by these new and possibly improved War Pigs and...

DW: Look at this! Look at this!

[The crowd roars as Ripper adjusts his grip, shoving him straight overhead in a gorilla press.]

SA: Whoooooa my! Ripper lifting this kid up like a sack of garbage!

DW: I just hope he's not looking to throw him out!

[With his partner in trouble, Weaver manages to crawl back into the ring, looking to intervene...

...but Havoc steps in to block his path, lifting him up, and pressing him overhead as well!]

SA: It takes two to make a thing go right!

[Both members show off their strength as they turn and take a couple of steps while holding each man in their press. They turn to face each other near the middle of the ring.]

SA: Havoc with Weaver pressed over his head! Ripper with Fisher over his and-

[The crowd roars and then groans as the War Pigs fling the two men towards one another, causing them to collide in mid-air before plummeting back down to the canvas!]

DW: Did you see that, Sal? Did you see that?!

SA: I did but I still don't know if I believe it, Dee Dub. The War Pigs just threw Weaver and Fisher into each other in mid-air from those gorilla presses! And now, we've got one heck of a pileup on the Expressway!

[Havoc hangs his tongue out in a growl as Ripper pounds his chest with his fist to cheers from the Atlanta crowd.]

SA: Ripper pulling Weaver off the- LOOK OUT!

[Ripper flings Weaver from the ring again, turning his attention towards Weaver as Havoc steps out to the apron and starts to climb.]

DW: And I think Jake Fisher's going for a ride!

As Havoc goes back to his corner, Ripper grabs the downed Weaver and flings him over the top rope.]

SA: Ripper now sends Weaver to the outside area and I doubt we'll be seeing anymore of him. Tag in to Havoc and now what are the War Pigs going to do?

DW: I think Jake Fisher is going for a ride. These Pigs are gonna get him, Sal!

[Ripper lifts Fisher to his feet and then ducks down behind him, hoisting him high in an Electric Chair position as Havoc steps to the top rope. Fisher's eyes go wide upon seeing Havoc, shaking his head in a panic...]

SA: The War Pigs taking aim on Jake Fisher who definitely isn't an Iron Man and may, in fact, be feeling a little Paranoid right now!

[The perched Havoc leaps into the air, extending his arm straight out and catching Fisher with a clothesline that sends him flipping backwards off Ripper's shoulders, twisting through the air before crashing down hard on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BOOOOOOOM GOES THE CANNON!

[Ripper unnecessarily stands guard as Havoc presses his palms into the chest of the prone Fisher, sticking out his tongue as the referee counts one... two... and three.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: What a win for the War Pigs in their AWA debut! And Dee Dub, this one certainly wasn't a mat classic.

DW: Nah, Sal, it wasn't. But it was effective and brutal - just the way the War Pigs like it.

SA: I think Theresa is going to get a word with this new tag team and I don't envy her. Theresa?

[We cut to the desk where Theresa Lynch stands. The War Pigs make their way over to where she's standing. Havoc has his belt slung over his shoulder and Ripper has his chain back around his shoulders.]

TL: Thanks, Sal... and what a surprise this turned out to be here tonight. Havoc, Ripper... welcome to the AWA!

[A big cheer rings out from the Atlanta crowd as Ripper nods approvingly.]

TL: And I've gotta say, that was one heck of an impressive display you two just put on in there.

[Havoc leans in and yells into the mic.]

H: WHAT THAT WAS, WAS THE BEGINNING. THE BEGINNING OF THE NOTICE THE WAR PIGS, ME AND MY BROTHER RIPPER, JUST PUT EVERY OTHER TAG TEAM HERE IN THE AWA ON. THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR ALL OF THOSE TEAMS THAT STEP INTO THE RING WITH THE WAR PIGS!

[Havoc sneers at the camera.]

H: YOU SEE, WE DON'T CARE WHO WE WRESTLE. ONE MAN, TWO MEN, SIX MEN OR TWELVE! YOU PUT THEM IN FRONT OF THE WAR PIGS AND WE'RE GONNA MOW THEM DOWN. TELL 'EM, RIPPER!

[Theresa turns the microphone over to Ripper who looks down at Theresa, moving his shoulders in circles as he moves his neck from side to side. He speaks in a loud, gravelly voice.]

R: YOU SEE, LITTLE LADY... ME AND MY BROTHER HAVE A LEGACY TO LOOK AFTER. WHEN HAMMER AND SABRE COULDN'T GO NO MORE AND THEY PASSED THE MANTLE OF THE WAR PIGS TO HAVOC AND ME... WELL, ME AND MY BROTHER DIDN'T TAKE THAT LIGHTLY!

[Ripper leans over and slaps Havoc across his chest.]

R: SO THE WAY WE SEE IT IS WE'RE GONNA BEAT PEOPLE UP AND BEAT THEM UP RRRREEEEEEEEAAAAALLLLL BAD! THIS AIN'T FOR THE FAINT OF HEART OR SOME PENCIL NECK TWIG! WE'RE GONNA HURT YA, WE'RE GONNA BREAK YA, WE'RE GONNA MAKE YOU BLEED!

[Havoc chuckles nodding his head as Ripper continues.]

R: DON'T CONFUSE THIS FOR TALK! WE DO EVERYTHING THAT WE SAY AND WE TAKE EVERYTHING THAT WE WANT! YOU WANT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?

[Ripper looks at his brother and then back down at Theresa.]

R: WELL, WE AIN'T SCARED AND WE DEFINITELY AIN'T TOO HARD TO FIND! BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU COME LOOKING BECAUSE CHANCES ARE, WE'RE COMING TO GET YOU ANYWAY! WE ARE THE WAR PIGS AND WE ARE GONNA TAKE YOU OUT!

[With that, Ripper and Hawk storm off camera leaving Theresa standing alone at the desk.]

TL: The AWA Tag Team Division just got turned up another notch in a big way with the arrival of the War Pigs, fans. We're going to take our first break now but when we come back, it'll be "Cannonball" Lee Connors in one-on-one action so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade from the commercial back to the Center Stage Studios in Atlanta where we find Theresa Lynch standing and smiling behind the interview desk.]

TL: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour, fans, and before we head back to the ring, I want to talk about one of the newest additions to the ever-growing and ultra-competitive AWA Women's Division. Of course, in recent weeks, we've seen the arrival of the new AWA Women's World Champion, Kurayami, and her utter dominance since her debut. But that dominance isn't stopping the women of the AWA from lining up to take their shot at her. Including, perhaps, this woman... Margarita Flores, who we recently learned is on her way to the AWA. Fans who follow Combat Corner Wrestling might be familiar with Flores... whether it's the night she split her eyebrow in a Battle Royal, got herself stitched up, and returned later that night in another match... or maybe for a YouTube video that went viral early last year. But for the rest of you, here's a look at just who Margarita Flores is!

[We fade through black to said competitor standing in the Combat Corner. Flores is thickly-built, with dark brown eyes, light brown skin and wavy black hair that flows past her shoulders. She has on a Combat Corner T-shirt, like the other trainees we see going about their training behind her.]

MF: My name is Margarita Flores and I'm from La Feria, Texas.

[A photo of three men, dressed in plaid shirts, jeans, cowboy boots and hats, standing in front of some corralled cows, fills the screen. In front of the three men are four children, who look like they are between the ages of ten and thirteen, three boys and one girl we are meant to assume is a young Margarita Flores.]

MF: Growing up, I wouldn't say I was into sports, but when you have two younger brothers and three cousins roughly about your age who also stayed on the Flores ranch, we tended to get up to a bit of craziness.

My sister, Rosa, is only a year older, but she's the responsible one, so that still left me with my brother, Cristian, and my cousins, Gabriel and Gregorio to run wild all over the place and get up to no good.

[Cut to a photo of the whole Flores clan on the porch of a farmhouse. There are twenty people in all, including two infants who are being held in their mothers' arms. In the center of the photo is a kindly old man and a kindlier-looking woman.]

MF: Yeah, it gets crazy when there's so many people living so close together. Before our family moved into the main house, it was my grandparents and my Uncle Abel and my Aunt Estefania... My parents and the four of us were in one of the smaller houses... And in the other one, my Uncle Tino, his wife and their three boys. My Aunt Consuelo, her husband and their children weren't very far from us either.

[Cut to home video footage of a young Margarita Flores on a horse, that is being led around an enclosed yard by one of the men in the first photo. She waves to the camera.]

MF: But we also did help out around the farm, when we could...

[The footage is replaced by video of a teenage Margarita hauling a large sack off a pile of similar sacks onto a wheelbarrow. She notices the camera and flexes her right arm, as if showing off her strength.]

MF: We didn't really think of it as hard work at that time. I mean, between Cristian, my cousins and myself, we just thought of it as part of play. And there was a bit of competition over who could get things done faster, who could lift more, that sort of thing. I don't think any of us really thought about the business of actually running the ranch. Not at that age, anyway.

[Cut to home video of a girls' basketball game in what looks like a high school gym. One of the teams is dressed in the maroon and gold of the La Feria Lions, whose center deftly blocks a jump shot attempt.]

MF: The growth spurt happened when I turned thirteen, fourteen... So, when I was in high school, someone convinced me to try out for the basketball team.

[Cut to a photo of Margarita in action, holding the ball aloft, possibly in the midst of attempting a hook-shot. The photo is replaced by a photo of the team, followed by a close-up on the tallest member of the team, a teenage Margarita Flores.]

MF: Again, I don't think I was particularly athletic back then. I was fit enough, but it was mainly about using my height and size on the court and putting it in the way of the opposing team. I enjoyed the game, but I don't

think I took it seriously enough to consider a career as a professional basketball player. No, at that age, I had an entirely different sport in mind, thanks to a particular company running out of Dallas.

[Fade back to Theresa Lynch, still on the interview platform at Center Stage.]

TL: That was Part One of our first look at Margarita Flores. In two weeks' time, we'll show you the continuation as we find out how she got her start in wrestling and what inspired her to start training for the sport.

[Lynch grins.]

TL: Now, let's go back to the ring and see "Cannonball" Lee Connors in action!

**"Cannonball" Lee Connors
vs
Eli Whatley**

[We fade to the ring where we see a pair of individuals. One is a bulky African-American man with a black beard and what appears to be a surly attitude...

...and the other is "Cannonball" Lee Connors.]

SA: Alright, wrestling fans... "Cannonball" Lee Connors set for singles competition here tonight after having a bad night at the office a couple weeks ago with the Wallace twins. Let's see if he can get back on track in this one.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[A fired-up Connors rushes from the ring, ducking under a defensive haymaker from the man we can assume is Eli Whatley.]

SA: Swing and a miss by Whatley...

[A roundhouse kick to the ribs snaps into the torso of Whatley, causing him to double up as Connors scampers away.]

SA: Lee Connors showing off that martial arts technique that has made him one of the most popular competitors in the AWA.

[Whatley spins around, bellowing in Connors' direction before rushing at him, arms stretching out to grasp Connors who drops down, front rolling under the oncoming Whatley beforeipping up to his feet to cheers.]

DW: So quick, so agile. This kid's got the moves to get 'em going, Sal.

SA: He's certainly got Eli Whatley's temper going... here we go again.

[Whatley rushes at Connors again but this time, Connors stands his ground as he snaps off a knife edge chop across the chest... and another... and a third that sends Whatley falling back against the ropes where he reaches out and rakes the fan favorite's eyes.]

SA: Whatley goes to the eyes - the great equalizer - and he shoots Connors across...

[Whatley rears back with a right hand, ready to clean Connors' clock but the karate kid drops into a baseball slide, going between the legs of Whatley, coming to his feet behind him...]

SA: Nice move by the kid from Winnipeg!

[The off-balance Whatley wheels around, ready to strike but Connors leaps up, snaring the larger man's head between his legs.]

SA: Leaping rana takedown by Connors!

[Whatley comes up swinging again but Connors catches the arm under his armpit, ducking low and swinging his heel up to catch Whatley between the eyes to a shocked "ohh!" from the crowd.]

SA: Scorpion kick! You don't see those too often.

[With Whatley stunned, Connors uses the leverage to flip him over with a modified overhead armdrag...

...and rolls right through into a cross arm breaker attempt!]

SA: Submission hold by "Cannonball," who is looking to take big Eli Whatley straight down to Tap Out City and introduce him to the Mayor!

[Whatley flails about on the mat for a few moments before slipping his foot over the bottom rope, forcing the referee to call for a break. Connors quickly obliges and quickly gets to his feet, taking up a defensive posture as Whatley pulls himself up alongside the ropes, shaking out his arm.]

SA: And I'd say Eli Whatley is a little taken aback by the speed of Lee Connors, Dee Dub.

DW: Absolutely, absolutely. Connors is like a laser pointer in there with a big ol' cat chasing him! The cat can be as quick as he wants but he's never gonna catch him!

[Whatley shouts at Connors who beckons him forward. Whatley though, the wizened veteran, shakes his head defiantly, waving Connors towards him instead.]

SA: Whatley trying a change of tactics here...

[Connors simply shrugs, running in towards Whatley who again lunges at him as Connors ducks under, leaping to the middle rope, springing back and twisting around into a crossbody!]

SA: Connors takes him down, rolls right through it though...

[As Whatley gets to a knee, Connors rings his bell with a roundhouse kick to the ear!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Whatley collapses to the canvas as Connors throws himself into the air, landing atop him with a standing Shooting Star Press, reaching back to snatch the leg tightly.]

SA: It could be! It might be! IT IS!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[And Connors promptly rolls from the ring as Whatley flails about on the canvas.]

SA: Lee Connors picking up a win here on the Power Hour with that standing Shooting Star Press, showing the kind of high flying skill that would make Devon Case green with envy.

[Connors grins at ringside, raising his arms as the crowd cheers.]

SA: The fans are happy to see it too... and fans, when we come back from our next break, we'll have Lee standing by with Theresa to talk about this win tonight plus what went down two weeks ago. We'll be right back!

[Fade to black...

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

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

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

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

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

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

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

Click The Link!

[Fade through black back to the studio setup where we find a grinning Lee Connors standing by Theresa Lynch.]

TL: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour and joining me at this time is "Cannonball" Lee Connors fresh off another victory. Congratulations, Lee!

[Connors smiles, nodding.]

LC: Thanks, Theresa... and I'm happy to see that smile this week. Two weeks ago, I-

[Theresa cuts him off.]

TL: Two weeks ago, you helped me out against the Wallaces and then... well, then this happened...

[She gestures towards the television monitor behind them as we see footage marked "TWO WEEKS AGO..."

As we join the footage, we see Connors delivering a kneeling backfist into the gut of Chet Wallace. Wallace stumbles backwards, collapsing to the mat as Connors gets up after a lengthy pose, climbing to the second rope...]

TL: You had the match well in hand against Chet Wallace until his twin brother, Chaz, got involved.

[On cue, we see Chaz sliding into the ring, leaping over Chet as he runs across the ring. Connors leaps into the air, flipping over Chaz, rolling across the mat up to his feet as Chaz twists around and charges him again.]

TL: And even then... look at this...

[Connors snaps off a dropkick, using his momentum to backflip into a moonsault on the prone Chet.]

TL: You took two guys out with one move!

LC: But it wasn't enough, Theresa.

[We see a two count follow before Chaz breaks it up with a low dropkick to the head, causing the referee to signal for the bell.]

TL: Chet Wallace gets disqualified for outside interference there... but it really was just getting started from there.

[We see a few moments of the Wallaces assaulting Connors - a low kick to the nether regions... a double dropkick in the corner... and then finally a running front Samoan Drop rolled into a moonsault by Chet.]

LC: I think I've seen enough, Theresa.

TL: Of course, of course... guys?

[The production truck freezes the video on Lee Connors' anguished face. The live action Lee cringes, shaking his head.]

LC: What can I say, Theresa? I got my butt kicked good and plenty there.

TL: In a two on one!

LC: Yeah, but... I should've known that was coming all along. I should've been ready for it. But I wasn't... and that...

[He gestures to the screen.]

LC: ...was the result.

TL: But what about what came next? What about when the Wallaces challenged you to a tag team match?

[Connors nods his head.]

LC: They did, didn't they? Well, if that's what they're looking for, I'm happy to give it to them. There's just one problem, Theresa.

TL: What's that?

LC: I need a partner.

[Connors chuckles as the fans laugh.]

TL: That's a pretty big problem... but hey, I owe you one from two weeks ago. Do you want me to ask-

[Connors raises his hands.]

LC: No, no... I think they've got bigger fish to fry. You know, I've been thinking about it for two weeks now, racking my brain... trying to figure out the perfect partner... the guy who can put those two loudmouths in their place and...

[He snaps his fingers.]

LC: ...oh, I think I've got it, Theresa.

TL: Really? Who is it?

[Connors smirks.]

LC: Sun Tzu said something smart about the element of surprise at some point, right?

[Theresa shrugs.]

LC: Well, in two weeks... the American Idols versus Lee Connors and... the forecast calls for a big problem for the Wallace twins. See you around, Theresa.

[Lynch smiles as the fans cheer and Connors exits.]

TL: The challenge of the American Idols has been accepted and in two weeks, we'll see that tag team showdown! And speaking of tag teams, it's time for tag team action so let's head down to the ring!

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

TG: The following tag team contest is set for one fall and has a ten minute time limit. Introducing first...

["Little Bones" by The Tragically Hip plays through Center Stage. Through the curtain steps two men in well-worn blue denim.]

TG: ...CURTIS KESTREL!

[Kestrel, behind his mirrored aviator glasses, is crew-cut, stern-looking and square-jawed, looking very businesslike. 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 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.]

SA: How do you like this, Dee-Dub? Back in action after almost half-a-year!

[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 fans. Colton sprints to the opposite corner and raises both arms in the air, and brings them down into a classic flex.]

DW: They're back, fans! The Bahds are back in town! Listen to these fans here!

SA: That's right, we remember the North.

[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 throws a knitted cap (a "toque") with the word "BAHD" embroidered on the side.]

TG: Their opponents, currently in the ring to my left, Touch Cornwall...

[Cornwall looks well over the age of forty, tanned to the point of being leathery, with platinum blonde hair. He is still in pretty decent shape. He takes off his copper-colored vest and bow tie.]

TG: ...And Jason Janus!

[Jason Janus looks like he's in his mid-30s, and does not appear to be in great shape, with ill fitting trunks and greasy skullet. He flips a coin in the

air with the announcement of his name, slapping it on the back of his hand with a sleazy smirk.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

DW: Jason Janus looks like he's going to be starting things out here. He wrestles out of Mississippi, be interesting how he matches up with Canadian-style wrestling.

SA: Lockup between Janus and Curtis Kestrel, who traditionally starts out just about every tag match he wrestles in. Kestrel is a tag team specialist - that's where he's found most of his success through his career. A former Tiger Paw Pro Junior SkyStar Crown Tag Team Champion, a former Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champion...

[Kestrel switches into a quick go behind waistlock. Janus tries for a snapmare, but Kestrel somersaults through and lands on his feet. Janus tries to attack, but Kestrel catches him in a swift headlock.]

SA: I've watched Curtis for a long time and I don't know if I've ever seen another athlete as graceful and agile as he is. You have to watch that this Bird of Prey doesn't cloak and appear in another spot if you're not looking.

DW: Man, he is giving his opponent fits right now. Who's going to outwrestle this guy?

[Janus powers Kestrel around the ring, while Kestrel maintains the headlock. Blake Colton slams the turnbuckle pad with his palm enthusiastically, and the fans clap along with him.]

SA: Blind tag made to the oddly named Touch Cornwall...

DW: Don't ask me why he thought that was a good nickname...

SA: ...Walks right into a...

SMACK

“OHHHHH”

DW: Ooh, wow!

SA: ...Knife-edge chop!

DW: That crossed Touch's eyes!

SA: Follows up with a dropkick...

DW: Look at that vertical leap!

[Cornwall stumbles back into the corner. Kestrel looks to the fans and points across the ring. He dashes into Cornwall, leaping in the air...]

SA: Big monkey flip, and you'd have to go back to 1992 to see a Canadian team rampaging through Atlanta like this!

[Kestrel then points to his partner. The crowd cheers for the implied tag. Kestrel obliges.]

DW: And in comes the big guy!

SA: Blake Colton back in action after a lay-off of several months. He missed SuperClash this year and he's got his eyes set on going in to the Georgia Dome or Skydome this year, speaking of the 1992 World Series!

[Colton rushes around the ring, pumped up, but the veteran Cornwall gets up and lays in a punch to the face that only slightly staggers the big rookie.]

SA: Cornwall into the ropes...

DW: WHOA!

[Colton leapfrogs Touch Cornwall on the rebound.]

SA: Leapfrog! And another... blind!

[Cornwall runs at Colton again, but the big man catches him...]

SA: POP...! UP...! POWERBOMB!

DW: He's gotta be 300 pounds! He shouldn't be moving like this!

SA: Blake Colton firing the cannon and DRILLING Touch Cornwall into the Earth's mantle!

[Colton leaps to his feet, pounding his chest, a big grin on his face.]

SA: Shadoe Rage may have done a number on this kid last year, but he is bouncing back big time! Tag is made to Curtis Kestrel, and the Bird of Prey is going up...

DW: He hits this, that's be all she wrote.

[Kestrel, on the top rope, links hands with Colton, who hurls him off the top rope into a senton onto Cornwall.]

SA: From 17th Avenue to Peachtree Street... It's the Red Mile. Kestrel with the cover... is this it?

[Janus tries to get into the ring, but backs off when he sees the massive, grinning Colton eclipsing any attempt to break up the pinfall.]

SA: It is!

"DING! DING! DING!"

DW: Wow, what a comeback for these guys!

SA: And what tremendous impact Blake Colton has in his first match in 2017. It would have been all over at that thunderous powerbomb, but the kids has a great head on his shoulders, tagging in his partner so that he could get the win. And Theresa, you're standing by to interview the Colton Crew. Take it away!

[Fade to the interview area where Theresa Lynch is flanked by the Colton Crew. Curtis Kestrel is stoic as usual. Blake Colton is HYPED.]

TL: Thanks Big Sal, thanks Dylan... And I have to echo what you said: what a return to form for the Colton Crew here on Power Hour!

[The fans cheer for the team as Kestrel raises both arms straight up into the air and Colton slaps his palms together.]

TL: And I've gotta say, Blake... I dig the beard you've grown since we last talked.

BC: Ya like the beard?

[He strokes the unkempt four months worth of whiskers on his face.]

BC: Yeah, I figured that since your buddy Bucky Wilde kept calling me a "sasquatch" I might as well look the part, eh?

[A few fans chant "SAS-QUATCH! SAS-QUATCH! SAS-QUATCH!" and it catches on.]

BC: Oh ya. Oh ya. There's a Bahd section here in Atlanta!

[Colton picks up a couple more toques and throws them into the stands.]

TL: So... I have to ask a stupid question: what is a "Bahd?"

CK: A "Bahd" is what the Colton Crew calls a friend. A buddy. A bud.

BC: A Bahd! Theresa, you're a Bahd 'cause you and your family sent me a Christmas card while I was still recovering from my injury. These fans... they're Bahds 'cause they're cheering for us. Big Sal's a Bahd! Dee-Dub is a Bahd!

CK: Everyone can be a Bahd.

BC: You know, there are people in this world who try and tell us who you can and can't be friends with. People who try and enforce their vision of what the world should be, right? And for what? For who? Just be a Bahd.

Ya know, when Shadoo Rage took me down last fall, I was just about ready to pack up and say I'm not ready to be a wrestler in the AWA any more.

TL: Is that true? Things got that bad?

CK: It's true. It was pretty grim for a while.

BC: But ya know what? I got picked up by the Bahds who said they missed me. I got picked up by Curtis here, my biggest Bahd of all. And I figure I owe a debt to all the Bahds for being there for me. So since you were there for me, in 2017 the Colton Crew will be Bahds for you. Later, Bahds!

CK: Later Bahds.

TL: Later Bahds!

[Theresa shrugs sheepishly.]

TL: We've got another break, fans, but when we come back, it's time to see the women in action so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...

Fade to a shot of a hallway, a Ryan Martinez poster on the wall. A young boy and his father turn the corner, now in the hall.

Cut to a closeup of the boy who points excitedly down the hall.]

"DAD, LOOK! IT'S RYAN MARTINEZ!"

[Cut to Ryan Martinez' back as he walks down the hallway, presumably heading for the ring... and then back to a two shot of the boy and his father who speaks for the first time.]

"You have to be quiet, son. He's getting ready for the big match."

[Cut back to Martinez' back, almost gone from sight now.

Cut back to the young boy who shouts.]

"RYYYYYAAAAAN!"

[Cut to Martinez who slowly turns, a determined expression on his face.

Cut to his boots, turning and walking towards the young man's voice. Step... step... step...

Cut back to the young boy, a nervous expression on his face now. Did he upset his hero?

Martinez' footsteps echo in the hallway as we cut to the young boy's father, looking down at his son and then down the hall at an approaching Ryan Martinez.

Cut to Martinez, still focused as he looks down unsmiling at the young boy.

Cut to the boy who has hero worship in his eyes as he looks up at Martinez and boldly speaks.]

"Go get him, White Knight."

[Martinez cracks a slight smile, reaching up to grab a Ryan Martinez White Knight t-shirt draped over his shoulder. He holds it up for a moment, setting it down on the young boy's shoulder as a proud father looks on. The boy breaks out into a huge grin as Martinez pats him on the other arm, turning to walk away as the opening notes to his music are heard.

We cut to a closeup of the young boy once last time.]

"Wow."

[Then to Martinez, walking through the curtain into a blaze of bright white light. And then cut to a graphic that reads "The AWA: Who's Your Hero?"

We fade into a scene that looks like something out of a 50s sitcom. It's a black and white shot of a family sitting around an old fashioned looking television set. The wife and mother has a bowl of popcorn in her lap, a glazed look on her face as her kids - also looking incredibly bored - fish into the bowl absentmindedly. The husband and father is puffing away at a pipe, his eyes actually closed as voices drone on from the television set in a tone similar to the teacher in the old Peanuts cartoons.

A few moments pass before a voiceover cuts through the noise. The voice is both hollow and deep.]

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to get through this thing called Saturday night."

[The family looks around in confusion. The voice is coming from everywhere.]

"Saturday night is a dreary night of the same ol' same ol'
The shows feels like they take forever and that's a mighty long time
But I'm here to tell you
There's something else
The Revolution"

[Cut to a closeup of the kids, popcorn dropping out of the boy's mouth.]

"The Revolution is a world of never ending awesomeness
You will always be amazed, day or night"

[The girl stares at the screen, blinking rapidly.]

“So when you call up your friends on Saturday night
You know the ones – they’re bored at home
Instead of asking them when will the show get interesting
Ask them when the Revolution will begin, baby”

[Cut back to the parents, looking at each other with sympathy.]

“Cause the Revolution
Is so much more exciting than the world today
And the Revolution
It will be televised”

[With a flash of purple light, a purple filter washes over the black and white scene. The family suddenly looks very interested, checking out their new-found wonderful world of color.]

So go crazy
Press record!

[Suddenly, the family is revolutionized. The boy is dressed like a girl. The girl is dressed like a boy. Mom wears a sharp man’s suit and dad is wearing a slinky dress. The TV is suddenly a 60 inch flat screen. They are cheering maniacally, jumping and shouting and dancing with joy.

Another flash of purple light cuts the scene to a blank purple screen.]

“The Revolution is coming, people...

...and oh yes, it will be televised.
The Revolution will be televised!
The Revolution will be televised!
The Revolution will be televised!
The Revolution will be televised!
The Revolution will be televised!”

[A smack of the lips like a kiss is heard as we cut to black.

And then fade through black to the Center Stage Studios where Theresa is standing.]

TL: The all-new Power Hour is burning bright here in Atlanta and tonight, we’ve got that big Main Event still to come with Kerry Kendrick challenging Terry Shane for the World Television Title. But before we get to that, we’ve got-

[The crowd breaks out into boos, bringing confusion to Theresa’s face for a moment before she looks off-camera and visibly sighs heavily. The camera angle switches to show manager Mickey Cherry swaggering out from behind the curtains swinging his cane and sporting a leopard print jacket, black shirt

with piano key printed tie, skinny red pants, and shiny black Chelsea boots. He's got a big Cheshire cat smile as he approaches Theresa Lynch.]

MC: Theresa, baby, Mickey Cherry is busting at the seams ... just busting at the seams because we're getting closer to His debut, baby!

TL: Whose debut, Mickey? You came out here two weeks ago and showed us somebody's back. Whose back was that?

MC: Theresa, I'll let you know when time is right. But I want you to look at this video, baby!

TL: Another one?

[Cherry gestures insistently as Theresa sighs again.]

TL: Alright, guys... roll it, I suppose.

[The shot fades into a massive tan-colored chest. The pectorals flex and relax, showing massive slabs of chiseled muscle.]

V/O: This man's chest is the strongest in the land. His chest measures an amazing 60 inches and can bench press 510 pounds repeatedly.

These massive pectorals are accompanied by 25 inch arms that can curl in excess of two hundred pounds each.

[The shot widens to include the man's arms as he flexes his biceps and triceps as his chest knots and relaxes.]

V/O: He's coming to Power Hour... soon.

[The shot fades back to a smirking Mickey Cherry and a rather incredulous Theresa Lynch.]

TL: An incredible physique on display in that video... but still no name... no background... nothing! Come on, Mickey! You gotta give us something! Where did you find this guy?

[Cherry waggles a finger with a clucking "tsk, tsk!"]

MC: I'm gonna keep you in suspense, baby. You wanna know more keep tuning into the all-new Power Hour - when this man gets here you're not gonna wanna miss it because it will be earth-shattering! Earth shattering! Oh, Mickey Cherry, you're the greatest in all the world!

[With that, Mickey Cherry laughs his way off set, leaving Theresa staring after him.]

TL: Mickey Cherry with a flair for the mysterious, I suppose. Now let's head down to the ring for some action in the AWA Women's Division!

Copperhead vs Diondra Dixon

[We fade to the ring where two women are set to do battle. An afroed fair-skinned woman in a plain teal unitard waves to the crowd. We can assume she's Diondra Dixon since we know all too well the loudmouthed Copperhead who is standing across the ring, barking angrily at the Center Stage Studios crowd who is jeering her loudly.]

SA: The AWA Women's Division - perhaps the quickest growing division in all of professional wrestling - is on display here tonight on the all-new Power Hour and this woman, Dee Dub, is one heck of an impressive physical specimen. Copperhead stands about 6 feet tall and is 180 pounds of mean. She isn't the kind of woman you take home to meet Momma unless your Momma is named Maleficent.

DW: You're right, Sal. I don't know who would be brave enough to want to deal with this Serpentine outside of the ring. I mean, it looks like Diondra Dixon is already afraid to deal with her inside the ring and I can't blame her for that. Look at those muscles, that hair, those orange eyes. This woman is like something out of a nightmare.

[Copperhead stands, pointing and laughing at the considerably smaller and less defined Dixon as the bell rings. Copperhead lunges the short distance towards her opponent, snaring Dixon into a hard side headlock.]

SA: Right to the headlock goes Copperhead...

DW: And those biceps put some of our male competitors to shame, Sal. She is one heck of an athlete and boy oh boy, is she put together.

"Hey, this chica, her head squeeze pretty good, jes? Watch!"

[And with that shout out, Copperhead wrenches the headlock again and again, grinding her wristbone against Dixon's ears as the overmatched opponent shouts out in pain and slaps futilely at Copperhead's arms.]

SA: With a certain Monsta Muscle shown the door, Copperhead just might have the tightest side headlock in the entire AWA, Dee Dub.

DW: That's right. Diondra Dixon might need the Jaws of Life to pry herself loose right about now.

SA: What's a headlock like this feel like?

DW: All that pressure around the top of your skull, pressing in on your bones. It makes it hard to see. You start to feel the blood pounding behind your eyes and all you see is red. I bet Diondra Dixon feels like her eyes are going to pop right out of her head.

[Copperhead laughs maniacally as Dixon struggles to escape but can't.]

"Ay, I bored now!"

[Copperhead suddenly leaps up, driving Dixon facefirst into the canvas.]

SA: Ohhh! Unique offense there in the form of a standing bulldog. Most people get a running or flying start on that but she did it from a standing position and did just as much damage I'd say.

[Standing over Dixon, Copperhead uses a handful of hair to drag her back to her feet.]

"Yo, your hair, chica. It reminds me of another punk I know."

[Copperhead releases the dazed Dixon who sways unsteadily on her feet. She backs up a few paces before rushing forward...]

DW: WHAT A CLOTHESLINE, SAL!

SA: She mowed her down with that clothesline like she was mowing down an enemy battalion in Call of Duty!

DW: She's not done yet either!

[Copperhead grabs a handful of hair again, dragging Dixon into a figure four headscissors before slapping her on top of her head.]

"Ay, she as weak as the Afro-Punk, eh?"

SA: A little trash talk coming from Copperhead now, disrespecting Dixon as well as Victoria June. Of course, AWA fans, you recall that June was blinded by the Serpentes and put on the shelf for nearly three months. And if you don't recall, Copperhead is certainly not letting anyone forget it!

DW: I'd like to see her run that mouth to Victoria June's face! After what we saw out of June here two weeks ago with that baseball bat, you know June's got a temper and I'd bet she's not gonna take too kindly to being called out by one of the Serpentes.

[Copperhead switches from slaps to overhead elbows, raining down on Dixon's skull.]

SA: Look at these elbows, vicious and violent like the Serpentes themselves!

[With Dixon barely clinging to consciousness, Copperhead cinches the grip with her legs tighter. Her thigh muscles bulge as she constricts the hold, crushing down on her hapless opponent's neck.]

SA: Dixon's flailing wildly! Copperhead with a variation on a Jiu-Jitsu hold, trying to constrict the flow of blood to- she did it! She's done it!

[As Dixon goes limp, referee Shari Miranda rushes in and orders Copperhead to release the hold, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The match is over but-

DW: But Copperhead's not! She won't let go!

[The crowd jeers as Miranda shouts at Copperhead again to let go but Copperhead rolls Dixon's limp body away from, refusing to allow Miranda to check on Dixon's condition.]

"I no done yet!"

SA: This isn't right, fans!

DW: Darn right it's not right! Somebody's gotta stop this!

[Almost in answer to his plea, the crowd starts cheering as Victoria June comes jogging into view, rushing down the steps to ringside. The Afro-Punk is dressed in a leather tunic and shredded skin tight red jeggings. She carries the broken end of Toughill's bat over her shoulder as she shouts into the ring.]

"Let her go, Snake woman!"

[Copperhead's eyes flash as she spots June, immediately getting to her feet now.]

SA: Victoria June coming to the aid of Diondra Dixon... referee Shari Miranda down to check on Dixon now...

[Copperhead is oblivious to what's going on with her defeated opponent as she advances on June, shouting down at her from inside the squared circle.]

"Go a-way, snowflake! Split the scene, you hear?"

[June points the bat at the Serpentine.]

"Make me!"

[Copperhead smirks as she rolls to the floor, snatching up a mic from ringside. She walks towards June, getting right up into her face as the crowd buzzes with anticipation.]

C: Ay, chica, you see what I do to that other stupid-haired punk, right? You don't want to get in my face. Ai, but you have to don't you, mami. Only way you can see me, yes?

[June is fuming mad now as Copperhead leans closer.]

C: Tell me, chica... how are the eyes?

[And in response, June drops the baseball bat and takes a swing at Copperhead with her fist. Copperhead ducks down, lunging into her, lifting her off the ground in a bear hug. June grimaces and pounds at Copperhead's back with her forearms.]

SA: And it's broken down out here like an old Ford Pinto! Victoria June and Copperhead are swinging for the fences and- uh oh! Here comes trouble!

[The crowd jeers as Mamba comes charging into view... and then gets louder as the even bigger Serpentine joins the fight, punishing June with hard right hands as Copperhead continues to squeeze her in the bear hug.]

DW: There's two of 'em, Sal! Two of 'em! This isn't a fair fight!

SA: Just the way the Serpentes like it!

[June continues to flail away at the Serpentes as Copperhead throws her down on the floor, allowing Mamba to swarm her. Soon, both Serpentes are bringing the pain in the form of a flurry of stomps and punches.]

SA: This is out of control out here!

[Mamba drags June up by the afro, tossing her back into the ring. A few moments later, both Serpentes are back in the ring where a fiery June is waiting to throw some more haymakers!]

SA: She's fighting back! Victoria June is fighting back but-

[Mamba swings a powerful leg up into the midsection, cutting off June's flurry of a comeback...

...and the two Serpentes each grab June by the throat, causing the crowd to ripple with anticipation!]

SA: They've got her! They've got her goozled!

[The crowd ROARS as Julie Somers races into view, sliding into the ring and coming to her feet...

...with Victoria June's dropped baseball bat fragment in hand!]

SA: Julie Somers is here and she's got an equalizer!

[Somers winds up, catching the turning Mamba in the midsection with the bat, causing her to double up and stumble through the ropes to the floor. Copperhead catches Somers from behind with a forearm to the back of the head.]

SA: Ohh! Copperhead from the blind side!

[Grabbing Somers by the arm, Copperhead shoots her towards the ropes, winding up her right arm...]

SA: Somers ducks the clothesline... and a dropkick finds the mark!

[The standing dropkick sends Copperhead stumbling backwards.]

SA: And another!

[The second dropkick knocks Copperhead back towards the ropes.]

SA: Third time's a charm?

[And the third dropkick connects on the chin causing Copperhead to fly through the ropes, crashing down to the floor just as AWA security rushes onto the scene to prevent any further fighting. Somers helps June to her feet, the duo shouting down at the Serpentine.]

SA: Julie Somers cleans house and... well, fans... if you think this is over I've got a bridge to sell you. What a wild scene! We'll be right back after this commercial.

[Fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!]

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

To the tune of Black Flag's "TV Party..."]

DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT! #
DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT! #
DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT! #
DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT!

[And owing to changes in "Idol Chatter's" cast, cut straight to a back room where Chet and Chaz Wallace stand, surrounded by dozens of cardboard boxes, T-shirts spilling out of all of them. The caption "IDOL CHATTER" briefly flashes on screen in the default white Arial font. They seem to be in mid-conversation.]

CHET: He said what?

CHAZ: He said we owe him money.

CHET: For WHAT?!

CHAZ: For selling shirts with his likeness on them.

CHET: Is that even a law?

CHAZ: Do I look like a lawyer? All I know is that he said if he doesn't get a check this week, he says... and I quote... "I'm gonna crawl my Canadian ass out of this drunken stupor I've been in for the past month, see if they'll let me across the border with my legal record for 'incidents involving a sheep'...

[Chet stifles a giggle.]

CHAZ: "...grab my trusty shovel, rub some poutine on it, turn that sumb-"

CHET: I get it, I get it.

[Chaz shrugs, tossing the paper he was reading from over his shoulder.]

CHAZ: What do you want to do about it?

CHET: Well... he's Canadian, right?

CHAZ: Obviously.

CHET: Do their laws even apply here?

CHAZ: I think he's talking about our laws.

CHET: Our laws? Do our laws even apply to Canadians?

CHAZ: An excellent point. Should we risk it?

[Chet shrugs.]

CHET: I don't think we have a choice. You saw the Porsche I bought myself for Christmas, right? I don't have any money to give to Ja-

[A voice rings out from off-camera.]

"Hey guys!"

[Chet and Chaz turn in unison, bewilderment on their faces.]

CHET/CHAZ: Hey... Larry...

[Larry Wallace steps into view, clad in black slacks and a blue silk shirt with one too many buttons undone, his gold chain hanging around his neck.]

CHET: What brings you here?

[Larry gestures at the camera.]

FLW: I just... uh... well, with Hamilton gone... it's been a little tough to get some face time with the AWA cameras lately.

CHAZ: We haven't had a problem.

[Larry looks slightly annoyed at his younger brother.]

FLW: Well, anyways... I thought maybe I could hang out with you guys a little more often.

CHET: Why?

FLW: You're... we're brothers, Chet.

[Chet shrugs.]

CHET: We didn't seem to be brothers when you were running with Team Supreme and we wanted a job here.

CHAZ: We also didn't seem to be brothers when we were up to our neck in trouble in Japan and you were too busy here.

FLW: That was... it was different.

[Nods all around.]

CHAZ: Different. Sure. It's different in that you didn't want any part of us until you needed us. When the Shanes got too much for you to handle. The. Shanes.

[Chet giggles. No stifling this time.]

FLW: Hey... all that's in the past, okay? I just wanted...

CHET: You wanted to glom onto us now that Supreme's got more important friends and that your buddy Hammy Graham is getting his dentures pressure cleaned in his biggest event of the week.

[Anger flashes through Larry Wallace's face as he shoves his brother up against the wall.]

CHET: Ow.

CHAZ: Hey, back off, BRO.

[Larry Wallace turns, glaring at Chaz for a moment, and then lets Chet go, causing him to slump against the wall.]

FLW: Look... can you help me out or not?

[Chaz and Chet look at each other... then at Larry... then at each other... and smile with a nod...]

CHAZ/CHET: NOT!

[Larry's shoulders slump in dejection.]

FLW: Alright. Fine.

[Chaz waves "bye bye" at his older brother as Larry slowly turns, making his exit.]

CHET: The nerve of that guy.

CHAZ: Right? It's bad enough that Trish is here trying to make a name off our names.

CHET: Hey... you think Dad's gonna be mad?

[Chaz suddenly looks nervous.]

CHAZ: I... no, it's business! It's business! Right? It's business?

CHET: Totally business.

CHAZ: Strictly business.

[A smirk crosses both brothers' faces as they break down into a hum-a-long about backing something up...

...and we hear the Idol Chatter theme again as we fade back out to Theresa who is shaking her head.]

TL: Maybe the water at the Wallace house runs thicker than blood. Those two guys are really pushing it these days - with EVERYONE they encounter! And I can't wait to see what happens when they run into someone to teach them a lesson... maybe it'll be "Cannonball" Lee Connors and his mystery partner right here two weeks from now. Or maybe... just maybe... it'll be another member of their family. In fact, we're going to bring out a very special guest right now who just might have some insight on the newest member of the Wallace family to join the AWA. Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time... back on AWA television after a six month absence, "Lady Lightning" LORI WILSON!

[Cheers from the fans as Lori Wilson steps through the entrance in workout gear, a CCW shirt underneath her warmup jacket. She does a quick circuit of the ring, slapping the palms of the ringside fans, before returning back up to the interview area and Theresa Lynch.]

LW: Hello again, Theresa!

TL: Lori Wilson, welcome back to the AWA, and congratulations on your new role as a coach at Combat Corner. 2017 is shaping up to be a huge breakout year for the AWA Women's Division isn't it?

LW: That's right. Even though I've stepped away from the ring for the time being...

[There are some disappointed "awwwws" from the fans.]

LW: ...I'm so proud that I could be part of molding this generation of wrestlers. And I'm here to tell all the fans that in 2017, you're going to see some of the most competitive, most driven, most athletic wrestling in that ring. Not just Women's Wrestling. I mean, wrestling... period.

TL: And if I remember right, you asked to join us here on the all-new Power Hour to show off some of that talent that will joining the AWA.

LW: That's right, and I'm going to ask one of our Combat Corner trainees to join us right now...

[Zoom out from Wilson and Lynch to reveal a weight bench has been set up behind them.]

LW: ...She eager to get into the ring and show her stuff as you might have noticed. Her name is... Trish Wallace, but you can call her "T-Bone!"

[Trish Wallace steps through the entrance to some cheers. She's a couple inches shorter than Lady Lightning and Theresa Lynch, but quite a bit stockier. She shakes Wilson and Lynch's hands.]

TBW: Hi, Theresa.

TL: Hello, Trish.

TBW: You can call me T-Bone. Sorry about Chet and Chaz, by the way. They're just dorks.

TL: I know, Trish... I know. So Trish, Lori... You asked for a weight bench to be brought in here. Let's tell the fans here and watching at home how much weight is on here.

LW: Okay. On the bar, we have one hundred and seventy pounds...

[Trish Wallace does a couple of quick stretches, then lies down on the weight bench, shuffling into position under the weight.]

LW: ...And Trish Wallace is going to bench press it.

TL: Wow.

LW: That's right. You are considered very strong if you can bench press your own body weight.

[Wilson takes a position behind the bench, spotting Wallace as she grips onto the weight and lowers it across her chest.]

TL: Okay, so T-Bone Wallace, bench pressing 170 pounds.

[Wallace inhales a couple of times deeply and powers the weight overhead to a huge reaction!]

TL: Oh, and she's lifting it like it's nothing!

[Wallace fully extends her arms above her and puts the weight back on the bench. She sits up and claps her hands together, pumped up.]

TL: Trish "T-Bone" Wallace! Believe the hype about how strong she is!

[T-Bone flexes for the crowd.]

TL: Trish Wallace, Lori Wilson, thank you for joining us on Power Hour. Dee-Dub, Big Sal, back over to you!

[We cut across the studio to Salvatore Albano and Dylan Westerly at the announce desk.]

SA: Well, Public Enemy had it wrong when it comes to Trish Wallace, Dee Dub... we SHOULD believe the hype... and I'm looking forward to seeing a new force in the AWA Women's Division.

DW: Did you see her lift that bar? Good golly Miss Molly! I can't wait to see her in there with the likes of Ayako Fujiwara or maybe even Kurayami, the new Women's World Champion!

SA: Those would definitely be some tall tests for T-Bone Wallace but I believe she's up for them. Now, fans... shifting gears for a moment, let's talk about what went down earlier this week in Santa Fe, New Mexico. There was a big \$50,000 Battle Royal with some of the top AWA stars involved - including the entire Axis AND the Kings of Wrestling... minus Tony Donovan who is nursing his injuries suffered last Saturday Night. Right now though, we're going to take a look at the closing moments of that Battle Royal and find out just who came out on top. Take a look...

[Big Sal points at the camera as we fade to footage from a darkened arena marked "SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19th - SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO." It is far from your usual Saturday Night Wrestling setup with very little in terms of arena lighting, leaving the spotlight on the ring where we see a handful of wrestlers remaining.]

SA: As we join the action here in this twenty-man Battle Royal, you can see we're down to the nitty gritty with just a few AWA superstars remaining.

[The camera cuts closer so we can see Maxim Zharkov, Jordan Ohara, Derrick Williams, Riley Hunter, Terry Shane, and Jack Lynch. The action continues as Lynch is throwing big looping haymakers at the National Champion in one corner as Ohara throws knife edge chops at Derrick Williams in another corner. Up against the ropes, Terry Shane is using a series of European uppercuts to snap Riley Hunter's head back over and over.]

SA: The crowd was hot for this one, urging some of the most popular AWA superstars on against the Axis of Evil.

DW: Look at this here though... Hunter on the ropes... Shane giving it to him...

[A big rising uppercut sends Hunter flying in the air, his back bouncing off the top rope before he settles back down to the mat. Shane grabs him by the hair, ready to throw another..

...but before he can, Derrick Williams grabs him by the arm, swinging him around into a fierce elbow strike to the jaw!]

SA: BOOM! Big elbow by Williams annnnnnd... BOOM!

[An Instant Karma by Hunter snaps Shane's head back long enough for Williams to grab him by the trunks and fire the World Television Champion over the ropes to the floor.]

SA: System Shock working in tandem and they pick up an elimination - showing the teamwork they used to become the new World Tag Team Champions as well as the teamwork they had been using all night in this Battle Royal so far. So, Shane's elimination brought it down to five... and then the new champions swarmed an old rival in Jordan Ohara.

[The footage on the screen shows exactly that as Ohara tries to fight off Hunter and Williams working together. A flurry of knife edge chops has the champions on their heels as they try to get past Ohara's striking. The New Mexico fans are roaring as Ohara delivers blow after blow, backing both men down...

...which is when he splits the gap, rushing across the ring, leaping into the air, and smashing a forearm between the eyes of Maxim Zharkov, staggering the National Champion.]

DW: Woo hoo! Get him! Get that nasty Russian!

[Ohara backs off, reaching out a hand towards Jack Lynch who grabs the wrist of the young Phoenix, rushing in together...

...and using a double clothesline, sends Zharkov tumbling over the ropes to the floor to a big cheer!]

SA: And get them they did! Ohara and Lynch, working as a unit, sends Zharkov to the floor in Santa Fe, leaving a Final Four in the ring of Ohara, Lynch, Hunter, and Williams. \$50,000 on the line and... Ohara showing some of that youthful fire perhaps, rushing right back into the fight against the World Tag Team Champions. Let's look a little bit further into the match here now...

[A spiral wipe takes us deeper timewise into the match as we find Lynch on the second rope, pounding the skull of Hunter as Williams and Ohara trade blows in the middle of the ring. Ohara uncorks a nasty knife edge chop following by a leaping enuzigiri, leaving Williams in a daze as Ohara rushes to the ropes to build up momentum...

...and runs right back into Williams who shoves Ohara skyward before PASTING him with an elbowstrike to the jaw that flattens Ohara...]

SA: Ohara down off the pop-up elbow... and look out here!

[Williams rushes the corner from the blind side, delivering a two-handed shove to the rear of Jack Lynch, sending the Iron Cowboy toppling over the ropes to the floor.]

SA: And there goes Jack Lynch as well!

[The boos are plentiful for Williams as he embraces his partner in the corner, tiredly pointing at Ohara. Hunter gives a nod as the duo walks from the corner, looking to attack...]

SA: With just three competitors remaining, things were looking good for the Axis - System Shock in particular - as they had a two on one advantage on Jordan Ohara. But as Derrick Williams knows better than anyone, you can never count the Phoenix out.

[Williams and Hunter take turns kicking the downed Ohara as the New Mexico crowd jeers loudly. After a few moments, Williams gestures to his partner who pulls Ohara up, yanking his arms back in a double chickenwing, leaving him exposed as Williams rears back...]

SA: Williams, one of the hardest hitters in the AWA locker room, laying in those heavy elbows to the side of the head, really battering a helpless Ohara around...

[After a few more elbows, Williams takes Ohara from Hunter, holding the arms back and allowing Hunter to throw a series of exaggerated Mongolian double chops to the neck and shoulders of the Phoenix.]

SA: The World Tag Team Champions working over Ohara in the middle of this \$50,000 Battle Royal... but things were about to take a turn in a different direction.

[Williams gives a shout to Hunter who nods, backing off. He lifts his arms, measuring Ohara from a distance...

...and then charges in, leaping up as he pumps his leg...]

DW: INSTANT KARMA... AND KARMA GETS THAT AXIS!

[Ohara manages to wriggle free, bailing out of the way as Hunter's knee POPS Williams under the chin, bringing a big reaction from the AWA faithful!]

DW: GET HIM, PHOENIX! GET THAT BRASS RING!

[Freed from Williams' grasp, Ohara spins Hunter around into a big knife edge chop that takes the Phoenix off his feet.]

SA: The chops of Ohara leaving their mark on the chest of Riley Hunter... a second big chop connects!

[With Hunter struggling back to his feet, Ohara grabs him by the arm, whipping him to the corner. He rushes in after him as Hunter ducks down, elevating Ohara up and over the ropes with a backdrop...]

DW: Whooooooooa!

[...but Ohara hangs on, landing safely on the apron where a well-placed overhead chop between the eyes of Hunter sends him stumbling backwards. With a grin, Ohara grabs the ropes, quickly scaling them from the outside...]

SA: With the Axis on the run, Jordan Ohara takes flight, soaring through the air.. BOOM! Flying Tomahawk chop puts Hunter on his back!

[With a loud whoop, Ohara turns to the crowd, shouting "LET'S DO THIS!" and getting a big cheer in response. He stomps across the ring, grabbing the downed Derrick Williams by the hair, dragging him to his feet and shoving him back into the corner.]

SA: Ohara puts his rival in the corner... squares up on him...

[Looking out on the fans, Ohara winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[With Williams stunned in the corner, Hunter comes to his feet, moving in quickly behind him...

...but Ohara leaps up to the second rope, stepping on Williams' chest as he pushes off, twisting around into a crossbody that takes Hunter off his feet!]

DW: Look at him, Sal! Flipping and flying and flinging those Axis boys around the ring!

SA: But speaking of the Axis...

[On cue, Maxim Zharkov pulls himself up on the apron, shouting in Russian at Ohara who turns to glare at him...

...and then rushes at him!]

SA: FLYING DROPKICK TAKES HIM OFF THE APRON!

[Ohara gets up, leaning over the ropes to shout at the downed Zharkov...

...which is when Derrick Williams comes charging across the ring, grabbing Ohara by the legs...]

DW: NO!

[...and flips him over the ropes, dumping him to the floor alongside Zharkov!]

DW: Aaaaaahhhh!

SA: Out goes Ohara... and then there were two! And fans, just when you thought that we might get to see the World Tag Team Champions mix it up a bit... they had other ideas.

[We spiral wipe again to a little while down the road where we see Williams and Hunter speaking first to the referee... then to the ring announcer. The referee looks puzzled and then shrugs, nodding to the ring announcer who raises the mic.]

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter have informed the referee that they BOTH win the Battle Royal and will SPLIT the fifty thousand dollar prize!

[The crowd jeers as Hunter and Williams embrace, smirking as they raise their title belts up over their heads...

...and we cut back to live action in the Center Stage Studios where a disgusted Dylan Westerly shakes his head.]

DW: What a joke! What a couple of cowards those two are! Why not fight it out? Why not see who is best? Give these fans their money's worth, Sal!

SA: I can't argue with that, Dee Dub... but that's not what they chose to do and as a result, System Shock will be splitting that cash prize and the victory in the record book.

DW: Makes me sick.

SA: Fans, we're going to take another quick break as we approach the end of our first hour here tonight and spill into the special extended time given to us by our friends at Fox Sports X. Don't forget - the World Television Title showdown between Kerry Kendrick and Terry Shane is still to come plus the highlights of World Champion Ryan Martinez and Johnny Detson's time in Southern California this week as well. Stick around, won't you please?

[Fade to black.

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and back out onto the Power Hour set where Theresa Lynch is standing.]

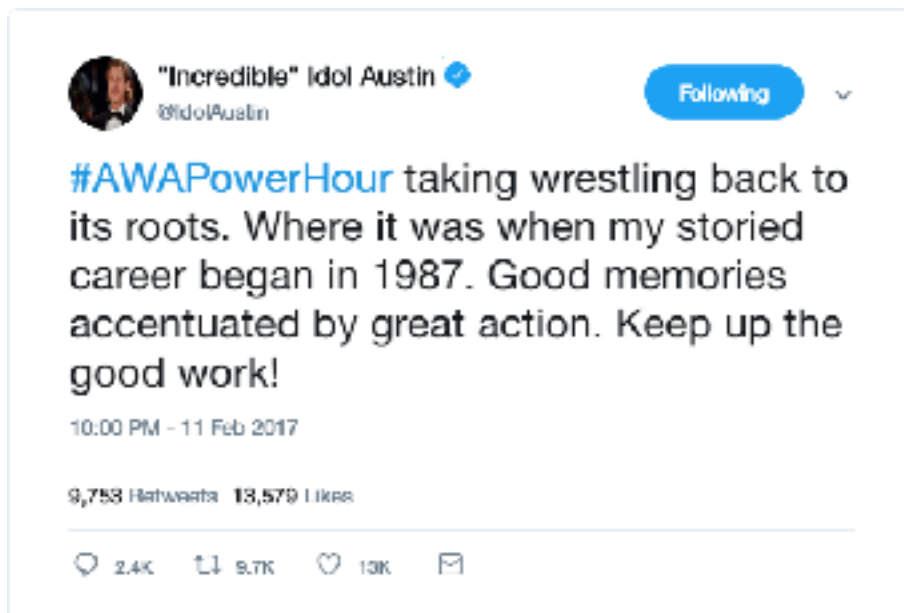
TL: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour, fans... where two weeks ago we unveiled an all-new segment that proved to be very popular. So, it's back again as we bring you This Week In Social Media!

[We get a fancy graphic this week to lead off the segment before we cut to a graphic with the first Tweet on deck as Theresa Lynch starts to discuss it.]



TL: Kaz Konoe taking a shot at Stevie Scott... and perhaps Angelica Westerly to boot. I'm guessing the leader of Guerrero Del Mundo won't be too happy to hear that Konoe only needs his Chola Japonesa. But after Konoe's violent dive onto Stevie Scott last weekend, I know that AWA fans all over the world will be watching Saturday Night Wrestling to hear what the future of the Hotshot in the AWA is. I know I will.

[The Tweet on screen changes to another one.]



TL: "Incredible" Idol Austin! Talk about your blasts from the past! Austin was one-half of the tag team known as Dynasty - one of the last great teams from the late 90s wrestling boom. It sounds like he's enjoying what we're bringing to the dance here on the Power Hour and I always love hearing from our fans. Thanks, Idol!

[The on-screen graphic changes again to show...]



TL: How about this exchange between infamous wrestling writer Brian Potter of Wrestling Watcher Weekly fame and our own Erica Toughill? Seems like there's a pretty nasty history between those two. But Ricki isn't the first - or last - one that Potter's had negative words for. But don't listen to me. I'm just the "pretty face who got a gig because her old man still has stroke in the office for some reason."

[Lynch arches an eyebrow at the camera.]

TL: Moving on...

[The on-screen graphic changes again.]

TL: This one is going to be our final Tweet of the night and it comes from someone who we saw in action a little earlier as well as someone who is having a big week in their own right.



Riley Hunter ライリー・ハンター
@SpyLlyHunter

Following

Like heck Brian James was going to bail out Wes Taylor. It would cut into his valuable time making up nicknames for himself and not defending the CAGE title.

2:33 PM - 19 Feb 2017

206 Retweets 1,544 Likes



52



206



1.5K



TL: One-half of the new World Tag Team Champions, Riley Hunter, taking the time to throw an online jab at Brian James... who likely will throw a real jab at Hunter the next time he sees him. And I think we're all looking forward to that... but seriously, with the Tony Donovan situation unfolding last weekend, I can't wait to see what's going on with the Kings of Wrestling... who once again certainly do NOT seem fine.

[The graphic fades, leaving Theresa behind the podium.]

TL: And that's it for This Week In Social Media, fans, and in just a few moments, we're going to head down to the ring for more action but before we do, let's bring in the man who - in just a short while now - will challenge for the World Television Title...

[Some boos from the crowd as he steps through the entrance off-camera.]

TL: He is a former Television Champion himself, but tonight he's in the position of "challenger..."

[Kendrick crosses in front of Lynch to soak in his non-existent adulation, already in his ring gear. Ricki Toughill sullenly shadows him, ball bat gripped in her fist, bubblegum being industriously chomped.]

TL: ...the "Self Made Man" Kerry Kendrick.

KK: Ah... Do you smell that, Theresa? I mean, this is Atlanta, and it's only going to smell so good at any given time. But there is a smell in the air. It's clean. It's refreshing.

It's the smell of an AWA unburdened by its own crap. Just like your house always feels cleaner after the maids have come and gone, the AWA feels cleaner this year, doesn't it?

And now, I've got a chance to right this ship. You know, I lost the AWA TV Title under duress... Under a regime that was out to get me. But Callum was a good friend... made for a good champion. And then suddenly, Terry Shane the Third feels like he needs to compensate for being an overhyped washout,

and he grabs a Spinning Toehold on Callum while grabbing on to Callum's kneepad for that little extra torque, and he steals the belt.

Now, of course, I feel a little responsible for our young reprobate Ring Leader. If you remember, Theresa... Last year I called him onto my Think Tank, and I asked him the question that has been dogging him to this day: "Didn't you used to be Terry Shane the Third?" He felt so bad about that empty spot his daddy left for him on his trophy wall that he stole the AWA TV Title to prove that he could accomplish something. Anything.

Shane, I'm not leaving Atlanta empty-handed. You know that belt that you are clinging to so hard rightfully belongs to me, the guy who put in the work while you've rested on your laurels in the AWA.

[Lynch finally gets a word in edgewise.]

TL: Well, actually, Kerry Kendrick... speaking of the Think Tank, last week on Saturday Night Wrestling you had a bit of a testy confrontation with "Golden" Grant Carter and I was wondering-

KK: Yeah, and what of it? Look, sweetheart, why don't you leave the phony baloney "investigative journalism" to Sweet Lou and his cadre of tabloid writers. Stick with what you're good at and hold the microphone, okay? The sad fact of life is Daddy's got a title match he's got to prepare for, 'kay?

[Kendrick turns and exits to boos. Lynch's jaw hangs from outrage. Toughill shrugs equivocally, pops a pink bubble and follows after the Self Made Man.]

TL: What a...

[She shakes her head.]

TL: Let's go to the ring.

**Ricky Tanner
vs
Daniel Ross**

[Cut back to the ring, where two men who have received no entrances circle.]

SA: Back to in-ring action here on AWA Power Hour. Ricky Tanner taking on a newcomer wrestling out of Southern California, Daniel Ross.

[Ross is tall and lean, looking as though he was sculpted from solid iron. He wears only dark navy tights: no knee pads, no wrist tape, and only plain

white athletic socks peeking out from above plain black wrestling boots. His copper-colored hair is short and slightly unkempt.]

DW: So what do we know about Daniel Ross?

SA: This is one of those cases where I only know the name. I've seen him pop up here and there across the independent wrestling scene, but he tends to keep to himself.

DW: We've seen Ricky Tanner on and off, maybe this is his big chance to break through.

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell sounds and... Daniel Ross with a judo takedown on Tanner! Ross staying right on his opponent... Tanner trying to take out Ross with a strike of some kind...

[Like lightning, Ross grabs Tanner's wrist, scissoring his arm.]

SA: Fujiwara Armbar cinched in and-

DW: Wow, he's got it in deep!

SA: -And-

[Before Sal Albano can finish his thought, Ricky Tanner slaps the mat frantically.]

SA: ...And holy smokes! That's all she wrote!

DW: WOW.

[Ross releases Tanner as the crowd buzzes at the brevity of the match they just watched.]

SA: Incredible! The fans here at Center Stage are shocked at what might be a Power Hour record!

DW: Wow, where did this guy come from?

SA: I'm just getting confirmation now that... yes, this is a Power Hour record. At a match time of eighteen seconds, we have a new fastest match in Power Hour history. And Daniel Ross looks like he's coming up to have a word with Theresa. Theresa, take it away!

[Cut to the interview area, where Theresa Lynch is joined by Daniel Ross, where one can get a better look at his weathered face and whiskery ginger beard.]

TL: Thanks Dylan and Sal. You could almost hear a pin drop in the split second after that match, the outcome was so shocking. Fastest victory in

AWA Power Hour history... That's one heck of a way to make a name for yourself in the AWA, Daniel Ross.

[Ross smirks silently as the crowd buzzes. Through the curtain steps a gargantuan. His sloping brow caps off a stern expression.]

SA: Whoa!

DW: Is that... That must be.

TL: Fans, we're being joined by...

[The giant new arrival pats Ross on the shoulder, and hands him a ringjacket, similar to the one he himself wears. A logo that reads "RINGKRIEGER" is visible.]

TL: ...MISTER.

[The hulking Austrian leans in and speaks on Ross's behalf in his precise, lightly accented English.]

M: Theresa. What you have just witnessed is a statement for the AWA. When a match features a member of Ringkrieger, you can be assured of absolute intensity in the ring. The canvas is to be respected and we are it's protectors.

But what good is proving that Ringkrieger is the best approach to wrestling in a one-on-one capacity? Oliver St. Laurent and Karsten Marquardt have already captured the Battle Knights Wrestling Tag Team Championship, so it is now Ringkrieger's intention to dominate tag team wrestling the AWA as we have done in Battle Knights Wrestling.

Myself and our newest member, Daniel Ross... we are here to restore the honor to our sport. And any tag teams that stand in our way will answer to the High Desert Destroyer...

[Ross nods.]

M: ...And Der Ogor!

[MISTER and Daniel Ross both turn to face the fans, stand stock upright, and clasp their hands behind their backs.]

TL: Ringkrieger serving notice that they are once again back in the AWA... which oughta make the AWA Tag Team Division stand at attention just like they do. Fans, we're going to take another break but when we come back, it'll be time for another all-new segment here on the all-new Power Hour - This Week In Wrestling History. Don't go away!

[Fade to black.]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade from commercial back to the all-new Power Hour with Theresa Lynch standing behind the interview podium.]

TL: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour right here on Fox Sports X and fans, it's time for..

[A graphic pops up promoting "THIS WEEK IN WRESTLING HISTORY."]

TL: ...This Week In Wrestling History, our new segment where - from time to time - we'll take a look back into the history books to see what has happened.

[A photo of a much younger Colt Patterson with a title belt held over his head comes up on screen.]

TL: Our own Colt Patterson became the one and only three-time EMWC World Champion when he defeated "Iron" Mike Austin at the Rumble In Big Apple event on February 23, 1997... twenty years ago this week. Congrats, Narcissus, on the anniversary!

[The photo changes to show Caleb Temple flinging Ryan Martinez through the air.]

TL: How about two years on Saturday Night Wrestling when we saw the war between Ryan Martinez and Caleb Temple intensify when the King of the Death Match threw the White Knight off an elevated platform onto the cold, unforgiving concrete floor?

[The photos disappear, leaving Theresa behind.]

TL: And how about February 28th, 2011 when Lori Dane appeared on Saturday Night Wrestling to challenge her student - who I've been instructed not to name - to the first Women's match in AWA history? We've come a long way, baby!

But now, I want to go back to February 22nd, 1998. The scene was Denver, Colorado. The event was the EMWC's Rumble In The Rockies. The match? Gabriel Whitecross defending the EMWC World Title against one of the all-time greats - "The Outlaw" J.W. Hardin. Take a look...

[Theresa smiles as we fade... first to a graphic with a very clear message...]

"THE FOLLOWING FOOTAGE PROVIDED BY EMPIRE SPORTS HAS BEEN KEPT IN ITS ORIGINAL STATE FOR CONTENT AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE. THE ACTION AND LANGUAGE ARE OF A DIFFERENT TIME AND DOES NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE VIEWS OF THE AMERICAN WRESTLING ALLIANCE.

VIEWER DISCRETION IS ADVISED."

[...and then to footage marked with the same info she just gave us as we fade up on a crowd shot. A moment later, the camera comes to rest on long time EMWC ring announcer Ken Graham.]

KG: Ladies and gentlemen, this is our main event of the evening and it is for the EMWC World Title!

(HUGE pop)

KG: It is scheduled for one fall, and has a sixty minute time limit.
Introducing first...the challenger...

(Enormous heel pop as "Outlaw Blues" by Pat Benatar blasts.)

KG: He is one of the most famed wrestlers in history. A true legend in every way. From deep in the heart of Texas..."THE OUTLAW"...J.W.
HAAAAAAAAAARDIN!!!!!!!!!!

(Hardin steps through the curtain and pauses, drawing an enormous heel pop. He grins at this and begins to walk the aisle. Sweat pours from his brow as he's obviously winded from the Rumble. He's in a black duster and hat, and abuses a few ringside fans on the way down the aisle. He slides into the ring, and settles into the corner. The grizzled veteran that he is, Hardin knows not to waste energy right before a big match. He quickly removes the duster and hat, and stares coldly at Ken Graham. A rattled ring announcer stutters, and begins again...)

KG: And his opponent...

("Something Wicked" by Nuclear Assault begins to grind over the PA as the lights take on a red hue.)

KG: From Oxford in the United Kingdom...he is the EMWC Heavyweight Champion of the World..."Era of Defiance"...GAAAAAAABRIEL
WHIIIIITECROSS!!!!!!!!!!

(As the curtain parts, Gabriel Whitecross steps into view. The crowd explodes in a pop reserved for superheroes. He wears his sleeveless leather jacket, and has his gray hair tied back in a ponytail. The title belt is strapped around his waist. A zooming shot of his face reveals pure rage in the steely eyes of the champion. He walks down the aisle, ignoring the ringside fans. With confidence in his step, he strides into the ring, and unhooks the title belt. As if showing it to Hardin, he holds the belt in front of him for a moment, before thrusting it into the sky, drawing another big pop. Referee Mike Barnes takes the title belt and shows it to Hardin before handing it to the timekeeper. He calls both men to mid-ring and gives some instructions before sending both to their corners. They stare across the ring at one another, giving new meaning to the phrase, "If Looks Could Kill". Barnes checks both men...and calls for the bell, starting this epic encounter.)

JS: And here we go! The bell has been rung, and this match is underway. Whitecross has fury in his eyes. For him, this match is about respect. Hardin does not respect Whitecross, we've established that. He's insulted him, he's insulted his family. For Whitecross, this is a chance to earn the respect of not only Hardin, but the entire wrestling world because you always remember the man who can top a legend.

LD: This match is big! I don't think any of us realized how big until now. So much is riding on this one...so much.

TM: Yeah. Like whether after Hardin finishes with Whitecross, they'll take him to the hospital...or to the morgue.

JS: Both men are edging towards the ring. You gotta believe that Whitecross needs to use speed in this one. Speed, technical skills. He needs to stay away from the power and the brawling. Hardin steps up to Whitecross, and looks him straight into the eyes. But Whitecross will not back down. He is not intimidated by his larger opponent. Whitecross is outweighed by nearly a hundred pounds. The fire of hatred is burning in his eyes. This man truly hates J.W. Hardin, and no one can blame him.

TM: And Hardin tries to back him down. He's laying the badmouth on the champion, trying to intimidate him.

LD: But Whitecross won't move. He won't blink. He just wants Hardin. SLAP!!! Hardin slapped Whitecross!!!

JS: And if Whitecross was angry before-DROP TOEHOLD...INTO THE ANKLELOCK!!! THE FAMILY NAME!!!! And he let it go almost immediately! Wow!

LD: Whitecross wanted to show Hardin that he can make him submit in a heartbeat. He didn't want it yet, but if he wants it, he can get it.

TM: Mind games. Pure mind games. And there's no one better at the mind game than J.W. Hardin. The Outlaw's been at this game for far too long to let this punk kid show him up!

JS: Hardin's outweighing him by a hundred pounds. This is one of those rare situations where the champion actually goes into the match as an underdog. Both men are back to their feet now. Whitecross and Hardin back into the staredown..into the collar and elbow lock-up. Hardin is using that power advantage to shove Whitecross into the corner. Back in the corner...now. Referee calling for a clean break...Hardin steps back, and swings! Whitecross ducks it, and now it's Hardin back in the-CHOP!! Whitecross with a backhand chop that you could hear echo through the arena. One more..and Hardin is back in the ropes. Another big chop...Whitecross is firing in rights and lefts...he's snapped! Big rights...lefts...knee to the gut...scoop...SLAM!!!

LD: The kid is fired up! He's hot!

TM: Yeah but all that fire burns out real, real fast. Let's see if he can do that in about ten minutes.

JS: Hardin back to his feet...clothesline! The champion is working over the Outlaw. Pulls him up...hooks him...SNAP SUPLEX! Good show of power by Whitecross. All 6 foot ten inches of Hardin is sprawled out on the mat...to the ropes...BIG elbow drop...back to the ropes...and another elbow drop! The champ pulls Hardin up, double underhook...TIGER DRIVER!! He covers..one...two...kickout by the challenger. Whitecross is still on the attack...he picks up Hardin and fires him hard into the corner. Here he

comes...clothesline in the corner...sends him to the other side...another running clothesline!

LD: Hardin is on dream street! The Outlaw is dazed...Whitecross to the ropes...DROPKICK TO THE KNEE!!! That can pop out a kneecap!

TM: Smart move by Whitecross. If Hardin can't stand, he can't use his power advantage.

JS: And now Whitecross pulls up the leg...and starts kicking away at the knee!! He's working on the knee of Hardin, a good indicator that he wants a submission in this match. You've gotta weaken the knee before slapping on the STF, one of the champ's premier holds. Spinning toe hold does a little more damage to the knee of Hardin! A few more stomps to the knee, and he's pulling the challenger back up...sends Hardin to the ropes...BIG BACK BODY DROP!! Whitecross to the ropes...legdrop right across the chest! And I'm starting to think that Hardin wasn't prepared for this match. Did he take Whitecross too lightly?

TM: J.W. Hardin is a veteran of this sport. He doesn't take any opponent too lightly, not even a scrub like Whitecross.

JS: Hardin landed hard on the back from that back drop. And now he's got two areas in pain...the challenger staggers to his feet...whipped to the ropes...SPINEBUSTER!! That could be all...one...two...kickout. And Whitecross is quick to his feet...he's hooking the legs, he's going for...BOSTON CRAB!! He's locked it on!!! Whitecross has The Outlaw in the Boston Crab...and Hardin's looking for a way to get out of this one. Trying to get to the ropes...but I don't think he can! Whitecross is pulling back, going for the early submission.

LD: And can you imagine how satisfying that would be for the champ, to score a submission win over a guy like Hardin?

TM: And how embarrassing it would be for Hardin?

JS: The Boston Crab is locked on Hardin. He's shouting out in pain. Mike Barnes asks if he wants to quit, but Hardin says no. Hardin is planting his fists in the mat...he's trying...he's trying to power out of this hold! Hardin doing a push up...he's almost there...HE GOT IT!! And the reversal fires Whitecross across the ring. But he's right back to his feet...moving in on Hardin...pulls the challenger up...fires to the corner...running cloth-HE MISSED!!! And he hit the corner real hard...Hardin's got him...SPINNING NECKBREAKER!! Excellent move...and now Hardin is on the attack. He's stomping a mudhole in Whitecross, trying to injure that neck further.

LD: Big miscue by the champion, and now he may be in trouble. The veteran from Dry Gulch is pulling Whitecross to his feet....Hardin back to the ropes...coming off...LARIAT!! He nearly beheaded Whitecross!! What velocity!! And the champ's in trouble now.

TM: This is when Hardin is at his best. When he's got his opponent down...in trouble...and he can punish you with the best of them.

JS: Hardin uses his boot to choke Whitecross...the ref calls for the break...and Hardin breaks it with a stomp to the nose of the champ. The Outlaw pulls him up...and throws him in the corner..over in the corner..and a few short rights to the face of Whitecross. Chop by the champ...a second!! THUMB TO THE EYE!!! And that stops Whitecross in his tracks...side headlock by Hardin...here we go...BULLDOG!!!! Bulldog headlock out to the middle of the ring, and Whitecross is down. One...two...the champ's out at two.

LD: Hardin's moving very methodically around that ring. Even slower than usual. He's obviously feeling the pain from the Rumble. To the ropes..and he snaps off a leg drop on the back of the head of Whitecross. More punishment to the neck. Choke hold again...and again the ref starts a count.

JS: Which Hardin breaks with a headbutt to the nose of Whitecross. The champ's in trouble. The World Title that he's held for nearly two months is in trouble. And Hardin pulls him to his feet...to the ropes...another lariat...ducked by the champ. Kick to the gut by Whitecross....DDT!!!! He hit Hardin's own move on him...and now both men are down.

LD: Great countermove by Whitecross and he has flattened the challenger. And now he's crawling, scratching, trying to make is way to his feet. The crowd is chanting, "Whitecross...Whitecross...Whitecross", trying to lead him to victory.

JS: The Army of Defiance is behind their leader...and Whitecross is on his feet! He's up...and this crowd is on their feet as well!!! And Hardin has pulled himself to his feet across the ring...here comes Whitecross...he leaps...flying tackle..and HARDIN DUMPS HIM TO THE FLOOR!!! OH MY!!! Gabriel Whitecross hit that concrete floor very hard, and he may be out cold.

TM: And Hardin smells blood. He knows it's time to go in for the kill. The Outlaw hops down to the floor...and he's looking for some heavy artillery. Hardin's got a chair...Hardin's going for the World Title now.

JS: And The Outlaw has come to fight...The champ has yet to move. Hardin's moving towards him...he pulls the chair back...he's going to clean his clock! WHITECROSS WITH A SHOT TO THE THROAT!!! And the challenger drops the chair...he can't breathe!!

LD: Whitecross just jabbed the fingers into Hardin's throat, and that's gonna turn the tide again. AND THE CHAMP'S GOT THE CHAIR!!! LISTEN TO THIS CROWD!!!!

JS: Gabriel winds up...WHACK!!! Right over the head of Hardin, and down goes The Outlaw!!! J.W. Hardin is down!!! The champ pulls him up...and fires him into the security railing!! Hardin's down on the concrete floor...this crowd is going nuts. The champion's taking out Hardin using his own game.

Whitecross grabs him by the head...and fires him into the ringpost!!!
Headfirst into the post, and the champ rolls him back into the ring!!

LD: Whitecross is bringing in the chair with him. The referee is reprimanding him but Whitecross isn't listening. He's ready to exact revenge for the words of The Outlaw!

TM: This isn't fair. Hardin should be awarded the match because of actions like this. This isn't a champion. A true champion doesn't act like this.

JS: But Whitecross is...and he's waiting on Hardin. The Outlaw to his feet...WHAM!!! Another chairshot right between the eyes, and the challenger is down!!! Whitecross with one hand held high, and listen to these fans. They want him to go for the kill...And he's gonna go for it. He's moving the challenger into the corner...and he's got him up on the top rope. What on earth is Gabriel Whitecross doing? He's got Hardin up on top...and he's going up there too. Both men are up on the top rope...Whitecross hooks him...hooks the leg...OH MY GOD!!!!

LD: SOMEHOW!!! SOMEWAY!!! HE JUST SUPERFISHERMANBUSTERED A MAN WHO OUTWEIGHS HIM BY A HUNDRED POUNDS!!!

JS: Good lord, that was incredible!! The Revelation of Respect Superfishermanbuster and Hardin is out!! Cover by the champ...one...two...thre..NO!!!! HARDIN GETS OUT!!! How on earth did he kick out of that?

LD: I don't know..and judging by the look on Whitecross' face, neither does he. He's in shock. He thought it was over, but Hardin just barely got out at the last second. How on earth did he kick out of that?

TM: BECAUSE HE'S _THE_ MAN!!!!!!

JS: Hardin is down...and Whitecross has the chair again. This time, he's gonna finish him off. He pulls him up by the hair...to the ropes...here he comes, running chair sh-OHHH!!! HARDIN WITH A BOOT TO THE CHAIR RIGHT INTO GABE'S FACE!!!! He drops the chair...boot to the gut by Hardin...Piledriver position...he lifts...OH NO!!!! PILEDRIVER ON THE STEEL CHAIR!!!! Whitecross is out!!! He's got to be out cold after that...

LD: And once again, both men are on the verge of exhaustion. Hardin's barely moving, he's sucking wind. Whitecross may have a broken neck after that move...but the challenger pulls himself up. Covers..one...TWO.... HE KICKED OUT!!! WHITECROSS KICKED OUT!!! HOW ON EARTH??

TM: NO WAY!! Slow count!!! Slow count!!!

JS: And Hardin's furious! He's shouting at the referee...and now he's going in again. Is he going to do it again? No. He's going for an atomic drop perhaps...he lifts...HE DUMPED HIM OVER THE TOP ROPE!!!! OH MY GOD!!!!

TM: Outlaw's Curse!!! The Outlaw's Curse!!!!

JS: And Whitecross was thrown so far, he hit the back of his neck on the steel railing!! And he collapsed. He may be crippled. That's the kind of injury that nearly crippled Bobby Taylor. Hardin's laying down in the ring, Whitecross is out on the floor...The ref is laying a double count...

One...

Two...

Three...

JS: Hardin begins to stir...

Four...

Five...

Six...

JS: Hardin's up to break the count, and he went out to get Whitecross, and he rolls him back in. What a bump that was...that can end your career. He's got him back in the ring now...he lifts...POWERBOMB!!!! INTO A TEXAS CLOVERLEAF!!!! Hardin's locked on the Cloverleaf!!!! We may see a submission here!!! Whitecross is nearly unconscious...

LD: Hardin's locked that hold in, and Mike Barnes is right in position to check for the give. Whitecross is flailing around, trying to get out, but to no avail...

TM: He's got that arm raised, he's gonna tap!!!

JS: No...no he's not!!! He's calling on his legions of fans...he needs their power to break this hold!!! Whitecross with his arm held high, drawing the strength from the fans. The Army Of Defiance is chanting his name...anything to give him the power!!!

LD: Who's that coming down the aisle?

(And indeed, there is someone coming down the aisle. She's about 5'2, dark-skinned and has long wavy black hair. Wearing a black t-shirt and faded denim jeans, at first no one recognizes her. Then it becomes apparent. It is Hannah. The woman that Whitecross encounter in Oxford in his recent trip home. She races down to ringside, and immediately takes up a position in his line of sight.)

JS: That's Hannah!! The old friend of Whitecross!!! And she's pounding on the apron, trying to inspire him further! She's pounding on the apron...and he spots her!! Whitecross has seen his friend...HE BROKE THE HOLD!!!!!! Whitecross powered out of the Cloverleaf...Hardin's in shock!

LD: And Whitecross is on his feet...he looks repowered. Like his batteries have been recharged.

JS: Here comes Hardin...right hand blocked by Whitecross...backhand chop...another...to the ropes...leaping clothesline!!! YES!!!! He nailed it!!! And the crowd is on their feet...the end may be near.

TM: HERE COMES STARKS!!!!!! TONY STARKS IS ON HIS WAY OUT HERE!!!! AND THE AVENGERS ARE WITH HIM!!!! Oh no...this can't be good for J.W. Hardin!

JS: There's a trio of men at ringside, all who want to rip Hardin apart. Whitecross scoops up Hardin...SPLIT LEGGED TOMBSTONE!!!! One..two....THR..NO!!! HOW DID HE GET OUT OF THAT?!?!?!? But Hardin's in trouble! He's got Whitecross on the inside, and Starks and the Avengers on the outside!!! It's just a question of who can get the job done first. Whitecross is going out to the apron...he's going up top.

LD: We don't see this too often out of Whitecross. This is a desperation, high intensity move.

JS: He;s up top...waiting on Hardin. HE leaps...FLYING CLOTH-HARDIN DUCKED!!! AND DOWN GOES MIKE BARNES!!! The ref is down!!! Mike Barnes nearly flew out of the ring!!! And both combatants are down as well...Oh no!! Here comes trouble...

LD: Starks and The Avengers are in the ring...Starks is telling them to pick up Hardin. Don't let this match end like this!!!

JS: The Avengers have picked him up...WHA-Now they're picking up Whitecross...SPIKE POWERBOMB ON WHITECROSS!!!!!! WHY? WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

TM: They're unmasking!!!! The Avengers are taking off those- OH MY GOD!!!!

JS: IT'S THE SYNDICATE!!!!!! IT'S CASEY JAMES AND TIGER CLAW!!!! THEY'RE IN THE RING, AND THEY'VE LAID OUT WHITECROSS!!!! GOOD LORD!!! WHAT A NIGHT!!!

LD: And Tony Starks is in shock...he's in trouble! There's lots of bad blood between Starks and The Syndicate. Starks looks to be in big trouble...

JS: Hardin is up...and he's staring down Starks with an evil grin on his face...it's gonna break down right now!!!

LD: Starks isn't backing down!!

TM: He'll fight all of them!!!!

(And in a moment that will live forever in history..)

JS: WHAT THE- STARKS IS RAISING HARDIN'S HAND!!!! HE'S RAISING THE HAND OF HARDIN!!! They've been at war for weeks, months, years...and now he's raising his hand!!! And now all of The Syndicate is raising Starks' hand!!! Is Tony Starks a member of the The Syndicate?!?!?!?

TM: It looks like it!!! Hell, yeah!!!! Starks is part of The Syndicate!!!! And they're all going to town on Whitecross!!! This is wild!!! No one ever expected to see this!!!

JS: J.W. Hardin, Tiger Claw, Casey James, and TONY STARKS!!! The new Syndicate? I'll be damned!!! I never thought I see it. And Whitecross has been laid out. Hardin's gonna win it!!! Hardin's gonna be the new World Champion!!!

LD: DIRT DOG ALLAH!!!! ALLAH ATTACKED STARKS!!!! Allah charged the ring, and he's going to work on Starks!!! The rest of The Syndicate is in shock!!!

(With all of the chaos in the ring, nobody seems to notice a lone figure in a long trenchcoat hopping over the barricade and sliding into the ring. He scoops up a chair en route...and stands behind The Syndicate, poised for action.)

JS: WHO IS THAT? WHO IS THAT? James turns...CHAIRSHOT!!!! HE DROPS TO THE FLOOR!!!! Tiger Claw....BLASTED WITH THE CHAIR!!! AND HE'S OUT OF THERE TOO!!!!!! Hardin slowly turns around...HE EATS THE STEEL!!! GOOD LORD!!! THIS GUY JUST LAID OUT THE SYNDICATE!!!!!! WHO IS HE?

LD: He's laying the chair on the mat...and he's picking up Hardin. Front facelock....OH MY GOD!!! OH MY GOD!!!!

JS: CATTLE BUSTER!!! CATTLE BUSTER!!!!!! HARDIN'S OUT!!!!!! The guy is taking off the hood...IT'S BOBBY TAYLOR!!!! OH MY GOD!!!! IT'S TAYLOR!!!! WHAT THE HELL? WE THOUGHT HE WAS DONE FOR!!!! BOBBY TAYLOR HAS TAKEN OUT THE ENTIRE SYNDICATE AND THE CROWD IS ROARING!!!!!!

TM: NOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

JS: Taylor drags Whitecross onto Hardin...and he's out of here just as quickly as he came. The ref is in the ring.... One... TWO..... THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

KG: Your winner of the match....AND STILL EMWC HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...GAAAAAAABRIEL WHIIIIIIITECROSS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

JS: Hannah's in the ring with the belt, and she drags Gabe to his feet....The crowd has erupted. And Hannah and Gabe are celebrating.. Can you believe it? The kid has toppled the Legend! It looks like a car wreck out here, there's bodies everywhere.

AND WHITECROSS HOLDS THE BELT HIGH!!!! WHAT A MOMENT!!!!

We are out of time folks....for Lori Dane, Jon Keeton, and Todd Michaelson...I'm Jon Stegglet wishing you a good night and a farewell from Denver!!!! OH WHAT A NIGHT!!!!

[And with that, we fade to black...

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...

...and then back up on a graphic showing Ryan Martinez and Johnny Detson on opposite sides of the screen with the words "WORLD TITLE MATCH" underneath their names. A Theresa Lynch voiceover accompanies it.]

TL: The first big AWA event of the year - the Anniversary Show - is coming on fast. March 18th - Los Angeles, California. And in the Main Event, Ryan Martinez will defend the World Title against the Number One Contender, Johnny Detson. This week, they were in Southern California for a Press Conference and some media appearances to promote the big match. Let's see some of the highlights.

[We fade from the graphic to a shot of Johnny Detson sitting behind a table at a Press Conference, flashbulbs popping as he addresses a reporter.]

JD: Of course I care about the future of the Kings... but right now, this title match is less than a month away and my main focus is on becoming a two-time AWA World Champion... no matter what it takes.

[Cut to Ryan Martinez seated on the other end of the table, the World Title belt resting on the table in front of him.]

RM: Johnny Detson and I go back a long way. We've fought over the World Title before. We've fought over the World Television Title too. He was with the Wise Men... and now it looks like he's all too happy to buddy up with Castillo, Westerly, and Korugun...

[Detson smirks as he interrupts.]

JD: Sounds like someone is making excuses already. It's not gonna be Korugun that takes that title off your waist, kid... it's gonna be the best wrestler in the world... this guy right here.

[Martinez glares down the length of the table. We cut and show footage from a different part of the Press Conference.]

RM: This title means everything to me... and I've said that before but I've never meant it more. I went to hell and back last year to get that title back around my waist.

JD: You know, you're right... you HAVE said that before. In fact, this whole thing gives me deja vu. It's almost a year to the day since I took that title off you, kid. A year to the day since you had your eyes on Vasquez and I snatched the gold. And with you up here running your mouth about El Presidente, I'm guessing you haven't learned a damn thing history repeating itself.

[Cut to a shot of champion and challenger staring one another down, flash bulbs firing...

...and then cut to footage marked "FOX SPORTS 1 - SKIP AND SHANNON: UNDISPUTED. Detson and Martinez are seated opposite each other at a round table with Skip Bayless and Shannon Sharpe separating them on either side.]

SKIP: Let's call a spade a spade and tell the truth, Ryan. True or false - this guy has taken a title off you TWICE now. Not once... but TWICE! True?

[Martinez reluctantly nods.]

RM: Yeah, it's true... but ask him how he did it.

SHANNON: How'd you do it, Johnny?

[Detson shrugs sheepishly.]

JD: I won... and I took gold off his waist. What the hell does it matter how I did it?

SKIP: He's got a point, Ryan. You're saying he cheated?

RM: He took advantage of a bad situation.

SKIP: Twice?

RM: Twice.

SKIP: Sounds like you keep getting yourself into bad situations. Are you gonna get into another one in Los Angeles on March 18th?

RM: No way.

SKIP: Is that a promise?

RM: Count on it.

[Detson bursts out laughing.]

JD: See, that's his little catchphrase, Skip. He's trying to make a soundbite to run on AWA TV but what he doesn't want to admit is that he's over there shaking right now. He's so mad, he could spit nails because someone finally called him out on what he is - a failure!

RM: A failure? I'm a failure?

JD: You heard me!

RM: You piece of-

SHANNON: Easy, guys... easy!

[The audio cuts out as we can see Detson and Martinez continuing to trade verbal blows as Theresa's voice is heard again.]

TL: The hype is real. The match is coming. Detson. Martinez. World Title. Anniversary Show. You do NOT want to miss it!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on the interview podium where Theresa Lynch is standing.]

TL: The big Ninth Anniversary show coming up in a few weeks in Los Angeles is gonna be a hot one and I can't wait for it. But right now, it's time for our Main Event - our featured attraction this week here on the all-new Power Hour. Earlier tonight, we heard from the challenger in this World Television Title showdown... now let's hear from the champion. Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time... Terry Shane.

[Shane comes through the black curtain and the crowd immediately cheers as he pushes his way into view. The Television Champion wears his title proudly around his waist with the gold plate fastened smack dab in the center of his mid-section. Shane's black hair is slicked back and to the right, the opposite side still visibly a tad shorter than the rest. He's already in his ring gear and ready for action as Theresa welcomes him.]

TL: The champ is here and I'm excited to have you join me up here... but what I think everyone is wondering is what was going through your mind when you called out the former champ - Kerry Kendrick - for this title defense tonight?

[Shane nods.]

TS3: I'm going to be honest for a second, Theresa.

During my journey to capture this...

[Shane gestures to the title around his waist.]

TS3: I said a lot of things about a lot of people... including myself. I betrayed my childhood best friend... I lied about my mother's wellbeing... I crawled into a hole about losing my one and only shot at the World Title. But between all that and so much more, I wasn't shy about dissecting the champions who wore this belt before me, Theresa.

If we want to speak the truth, quite frankly I belittled a lot of them for the way they behaved when they held this title.

[Shane shrugs.]

TS3: So, if I didn't back it up when it was my turn... if I didn't seek out the best in the world to put my title on the line against... what kind of champion would I be? The same kind as a lot of those guys I talked about. I'd be... a fake.

[Shane mockingly covers his mouth.]

TS3: Am I allowed to say that word?

But it's true! I'd be a fake... a fraud... a paper champion just like them. I'd be the guy who ran from the competition... who took on undeserving challengers because I knew it'd be an easy night at the office. Those guys were cowards... and that's not me. Not anymore at least.

[Shane takes the title off his waist, holding it in front of his eyes for a moment before slinging it over his shoulder.]

TS3: Theresa, defending this title to me means standing in front of another man knowing full well that on any given night if the stars align just right that they can beat me. I'm not going to pretend I'm an unstoppable force. I've yet to meet a man in the AWA who can not - and has not - been beaten that has faced anyone worth a damn. Defending this belt means putting it up against the toughest challengers I can find to prove to myself and to the entire world that I am deserving and worthy of being called a champion. That's why I called Kerry Kendrick out, Theresa.

Because Kerry Kendrick is the longest tenured AWA in-ring performer and if

you don't believe me re-watch his last forty two interviews if you've got the stomach for it because he reminds us every single time.

[Shane breaks into a slight smile as does Theresa.]

TS3: But what that means is that he is ring tested and proven. He's talented. He's a threat. He's deserving to stand face to face with me in the ring.

[The champion gestures at the ring.]

TS3: And if I walk into that ring in a few minutes and don't bring my absolute best, he can make everything I worked so hard for disappear in the blink of an eye.

TL: That's probably the nicest thing anyone has ever said about Kerry Kendrick - myself included.

[Shane grimaces.]

TS3: Just make sure we burn the tape afterwards.

[Theresa smiles again as Shane continues.]

TS3: All of this... it's just to make me better. I love this title. I EARNED this title. I will defend it with pride and with purpose, Theresa. I will walk into that ring tonight and every night and make you believe that every single time I step into that ring, it is the Main Event of SuperClash because that's how much it means to me and how much I respect what it stands for.

Tonight is an opportunity to show that I belong in the biggest ring on the biggest stage on the biggest night of the year.

[Shane pats the title belt on his shoulder.]

TL: It sounds like you're ready for this challenge, Terry... and it's a good thing because we're getting the signal to send you to the ring because it's time for our Main Event! Good luck!

[Shane nods as he starts towards the ring.]

TL: We're going to take our final break, fans, and when we come back, the World Television Title will be on the line!

[Fade to black as Shane nears the ring...]

Fade up from black on a starry sky.]

"March 18th."

[A booming orchestral song starts to play.]

“Los Angeles, California.”

[The anthem gets louder and stronger... more bombastic.]

“The American Wrestling Alliance celebrates its ninth birthday in true AWA fashion.”

[Cut to a series of quick shots. Ryan Martinez dropping someone with a Brainbuster. Johnny Detson hitting the Wilde Driver. Brian James punching a set of steel steps. Supreme Wright connecting with Reign Supreme. And more!]

“The Ninth Anniversary Show is coming. Are you ready?”

[Fade to black.

And then back up on live action with the graphic telling us what we’re about to see.]

AWA World Television Title Match

Terry Shane

vs

Kerry Kendrick (w/Erica Toughill)

SA: We’re back here for the Main Event of the all-new Power Hour right here on Fox Sports X and Lady Gaga may have a million reasons but these two men only have one reason for colliding tonight - the AWA World Television Title.

[Referee Scott Ezra has a few final words for both men as Kerry Kendrick shouts angrily across the ring at Terry Shane.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: The bell sounds and this one is on!

[A fired-up Kerry Kendrick marches across the ring, running his mouth at Shane the entire time...

...until a well-placed right hand cracks him upside the jaw, knocking him down to the canvas to a big cheer!]

DW: HAH! That’ll shut his mouth!

[Kendrick urgently rolls under the ropes to the floor, grabbing his jaw as Erica Toughill moves towards him, bat over her shoulder...

...but before she can get there, Terry Shane reaches over the ropes, snatching Kendrick by the hair. Kendrick's eyes go wide as Shane drags him up on the apron, snatching a front facelock and taking the former champion over the ropes with a suplex!]

SA: Shane brings him in the hard way!

[Kendrick rolls to his hip, clutching his lower back in pain as Shane advances on him.]

SA: Terry Shane, the third generation superstar, looking to stay on Kerry Kendrick and not give the challenger time for his usual shenanigans. Shane, of course, is the grandson of former World Champion Terry Shane Sr. and the son of former World Champion Terry Shane Jr.

DW: It's gonna be a family celebration when Shane adds his name to that list of World Champions, Sal.

SA: Of course, many thought that day would've already come and gone. Shane had one of the hottest rookie years here in the AWA in recent memory but the Sophomore Slump - and then some - wreaked havoc on those plans.

[Shane pulls Kendrick off the mat, grabbing an arm for an Irish whip but Kendrick lashes out with a kick to the midsection, breaking the attempt.]

SA: Kendrick cuts him off... and-

[Kendrick grabs Shane's arm to attempt a throw of his own but Shane slaps down across the gripping hand before he snatches the wrist, wrenching Kendrick's arm around into a hammerlock.]

SA: Shane switching his tactics, showing off that pure wrestling background that he specializes in.

[Kendrick ducks under, twisting Shane's arm into a hammerlock of his own.]

SA: But Kendrick showing he's got skills in that department as well.

[Shane reaches back, trying to secure a hold for a snapmare but Kendrick arches backwards to avoid it which is when Shane spins out of the hold, ducking out to pick a leg.]

SA: Nice move by Shane, puts him down and-

DW: SPINNING TOE HOLD!

[But Shane's attempt at his family's signature hold is thwarted as Kendrick lunges and secures the ropes.]

SA: Not quite! The challenger gets to the ropes and referee Scott Ezra calls for an immediate break.

[Shane obliges, breaking his hold on the leg as Kendrick pulls himself under the ropes out to the floor. He turns, glaring up at the champion who shouts at him to get back inside the ring.]

SA: We heard Shane talking about trying to prove himself to so many as a deserving champion and you have to wonder if that desire is causing him to be overly aggressive in there.

[Shane gets near the ropes, leaning over them and taking a swing at Kendrick who backs off, a smirk on his face. He gestures at Shane, calling him out to the floor...

...and Shane obliges, ducking through the ropes and hopping down off the apron to the floor where Kendrick has vacated the premises.]

SA: The challenger on the run here, trying to get the heck away from Terry Shane who is now in hot pursuit.

[The crowd cheers as Shane chases Kendrick around the ring, almost a full circuit...

...until Kendrick ducks behind the bat-wielding Erica Toughill who plants herself right in Terry Shane's path.]

SA: Oho! Shane knows what it's like to have a weapon-wielding woman in his corner... but what's he gonna do about Ricki Toughill being a roadblock?

[Shane barks at Kendrick who taunts him before rolling into the ring. Toughill defiantly blows a large pink bubble in his face as Kendrick hits the far ropes, trying to catch Shane by surprise...]

SA: BASEBALL SLIDE!

[...but Shane sees it coming, stepping back as Kendrick slides under the ropes, ending up between Toughill and Shane who grabs the surprised Kendrick, spinning him a full 360 before chucking him back under the ropes into the ring, rolling in after him.]

SA: Both men back into the ring now... Kendrick to the ropes again, rebounds off...

[But Shane sidesteps the rebounding Kendrick, snatching a rear waistlock. Shane rushes forward, sending Kendrick towards the ropes...

...where he ducks down at the last moment, sending Shane's head and torso through the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where Erica Toughill sneakily smacks him with the end of the bat to the top of the skull!]

DW: SHE GOT HIM! SHE WHACKED HIM GOOD! THE REFEREE DIDN'T SEE IT, BIG SAL! HE DIDN'T!

SA: I think you're right! He got shielded from it and-

[Kendrick throws Shane down to the mat, diving on top of him.]

SA: The referee's counting! This could be it right here!

[A two count follows - close to three before Shane inches the shoulder off the canvas.]

SA: Whoooooa my! How close was that?

DW: Too close, buddy.

SA: Terry Shane almost saw that title stripped right off him thanks to some timely and well-placed interference by Erica Toughill.

DW: And that woulda been an awful way to see the title change hands, Sal... just awful.

SA: You'll get no argument from me there, Dee Dub.

[Kendrick is on his feet now, barking at the official who holds up two fingers, miming the lifting of a shoulder. The former World Television Champion hauls Shane off the mat by the hair, stomping across the ring where he slams his head into the top turnbuckle.]

SA: Kendrick sends him into the corner... now he whips him across...

[With Shane slamming into the buckles, Kendrick rushes in after him, twisting his body to throw himself backwards into the buckles with a back elbow to the jaw!]

SA: Ooof! His head gets snapped back in a bad, bad way right there... and Kendrick's staying right on him... scoop and a slam...

[Kendrick settles back against the buckles, hopping up to the midbuckle, and leaping off to drive the point of his elbow down into Shane's throat!]

SA: The elbow finds the mark - and here comes another cover by the challenger!

[Another two count follows before Shane slips a shoulder up again.]

SA: Still not enough to keep the champion down for three as Kendrick takes the time to slam home a few right hands to the skull... climbing back to his feet now and bringing the champion with him...

[A well-placed boot to the gut doubles over Shane as Kendrick backs off, giving his knee a few slaps...]

SA: He's calling for the Liberty Bellringer! If he hits it, those bells we'll be hearing might be for the crowning of a new World Television Champion!

[Kendrick rushes in on Shane, swinging his leg up as he approaches...]

SA: KNEELIFT!

[...but Shane spins out of the way, ending up behind the off-balance Kendrick as he secures a rear waistlock...]

SA: Shane hooks him... lifts!

[The champion lifts Kendrick into the air, dumping him down on the back of his head and neck!]

SA: Ohhh! German Suplex perfectly executed!

DW: And he's not done, Sal! He's hanging on for more!

[Shane rolls Kendrick back to his feet, taking him over a second time.]

SA: A second German... and maybe one more? He's getting back to his feet again!

[With the waistlock still applied, Shane sets his feet, lifting Kendrick off the canvas and bringing him down hard!]

SA: THIRD TIME'S A CHARM! WITH A BRIDGE!

[The referee dives to the canvas to count.]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Center Stage Studios crowd groans in disappointment as Kendrick's shoulder goes flying off the canvas at the last possible moment. As both men lie motionless on the mat for a moment, a voice calls out.]

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY IN THE TIME LIMIT! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

SA: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit for this one and we're rapidly running out of television time as well, fans! If we don't get this one before the end of our show, the cameras are rolling... the finish WILL be posted on AWAWrestling.com before the end of the night!

DW: Get him, Terry! Stay on him!

[Shane rolls to his feet, looking disbelievingly at the official who holds up two fingers as Kendrick clutches the back of his head and neck while he rolls out to the apron where Erica Toughill moves to confer with him.]

SA: Kendrick bails out... that might buy him some time but it might also get us closer to that time limit. Terry Shane's having none of it though, stomping across the ring to get his hands on Kendrick.

[Brushing past referee Scott Ezra, Shane nears the ropes where he reaches over to make a grab for the downed Kerry Kendrick, hauling the challenger up to his feet...]

SA: Here we go again... Shane looking to bring Kendrick in the hard way!

[Shane snatches the front facelock, reaching over to grab a handful of Kendrick's tights...]

SA: Shane's got him hooked... here we go!

[The champion lifts Kendrick into the air, looking for another suplex...

...which is when Erica Toughill strikes, just casually reaching out to hook Shane's ankle, yanking hard, and causing Shane to collapse backwards to the mat with Kendrick on top of him.]

DW: WHAT THE-?!

SA: Toughill hooked the leg! She tripped Shane!

[The referee dives down to the mat to count...

...as Toughill drops down to the floor, yanking hard on Shane's legs to hold him down!]

DW: NO! NO! NO! REFEREE, NO!

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

SA: HE GOT-

[...and then suddenly pops up, pointing at the interfering Toughill!]

SA: NO! THE REFEREE SAW THE INTERFERENCE! HE SAW HER!

[Scott Ezra steps towards the ropes as Toughill lets go of Shane's legs. She shakes her head in denial at first...

...and then angrily gets up on the ropes, shouting at the official who returns verbal fire.]

SA: The referee refused to count the three and-

[Kerry Kendrick gets to his feet, wading into the middle of the argument. First, he shoves the official, knocking him a few steps back and earning the threat of a disqualification... and then turns his gaze on Erica Toughill who shakes her head. Kendrick points an accusing finger at her...

...and then SLAMS into her thanks to a charging Terry Shane who hooks the waistlock as Toughill goes flying off the apron to the floor...]

SA: ROLLING REVERSE CRADLE!

[Shane leans back, adding a picture perfect bridge to the mix.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT IS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Terry Shane wins! Terry Shane retains the title!

[Shane rolls to his knees, grinning broadly as the ring announcer makes it official. He climbs to his feet, accepting the TV Title from the referee...

...when suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in jeers!]

DW: MAHONEY! MAHONEY! TURN AROUN- GAAAAH!

[With his back turned on the Fighting Irishman, Mahoney is able to snatch a handful of tights and ROCKET Shane shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: INTO THE POST! HE PUTS HIM INTO THE POST!

[Mahoney yanks Shane back out towards the middle of the ring, snatching a single arm...

...and DRIVES him down in a single arm DDT!]

SA: OH!

DW: That'll rip your shoulder out, Sal!

SA: And no doubt that's exactly what Mahoney's trying to do... flipping Shane over now...

[Scissoring the arm between his legs, Mahoney drops back, quickly and easily applying his signature Cross Armbreaker!]

SA: HE'S GOT IT HOOKED! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED!

[Shane cries out in pain, wildly flailing his legs, stomping on the canvas as Mahoney tries to rip the arm out.]

SA: Shane's tapping out! He's tapping like crazy but this isn't a match! This is Mahoney trying to break the champion's arm like he's done to so many others over the years!

DW: We're almost out of time! Get some help out here! Get some help!

[On cue, the locker room seems to empty as fan favorites come rushing onto the scene. Sensing the numbers no longer on his side, Mahoney releases the hold, rolling out of the ring to escape before trouble arrives.]

SA: Mahoney's out of there but... how much damage, Dee Dub? How much damage did he do to the arm of Terry Shane?

[A smirking Mahoney works his way up the steps to the top of the stage. He slides over towards where a shocked Theresa Lynch is standing.]

TL: Callum Mahoney, what in the hel-

[Mahoney jerks the mic away, pointing a finger at the ring.]

CM: HEY!

[Mahoney spits on the stage to Theresa's disgust.]

CM: Do you think... I'm worthy... of another shot now?

[He smirks as he drops the mic onto the stage, a loud "THUNK!" punctuating his question as he saunters away from Lynch. We cut back to the ring where Shane is holding onto his arm, screaming in pain as we fade to black.]