

AWA POWER HOUR

NOVEMBER 11TH, 2017

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades...

...and we fade back up to an upper deck shot from the interior of a massive domed stadium. Judging by the two rings set up in the middle of the stadium floor that are currently enclosed in the double steel hell known as WarGames, I'd say we're in the soon-to-be-demolished-but-still-historic Georgia Dome.

From our bird's eye view, we can see some people inside the double cage and as the camera shot cuts to something ringside, peering up through the mesh into the ring, we can see various members of the Korugun Army are present.

Derek Rage is tugging at the mesh on the far side of the structure, testing out its strength and durability.

“Maniac” Morgan Dane is bouncing off the ropes repeatedly, his head occasionally smashing into the mesh with no real reaction by Dane. A weary and drawn out looking “Doctor” Harrison Fawcett hovers nearby, his hand gripped tightly around the Eye of Tyr as the towering Torin The Titan stands behind him, massive arms crossed menacingly.

A smirking Juan Vasquez is leaning against the mesh, his fingers wrapped in it as he stares down to the camera on the floor.

The AWA President and Generalissimo of the Korugun Army, Javier Castillo, his head still wrapped in white bandages lurks near Vasquez, John Law standing behind him at the ready.]

JC: Like sands through the hourglass... so runs out the time that the AWA will be plagued by the likes of Steggle... Michaelson... Taylor... Blue...

[He looks over at Vasquez with a grin.]

JC: Martinez perhaps? Carver? Your old pal, Stevie Scott, mi amigo?

[Vasquez nods menacingly.]

JC: That pathetic little worm Williams!

[Vasquez throws a side-eye at Castillo who doesn't seem to notice as he continues.]

JC: The greatest team ever assembled has been brought together... here... tonight... inside this prison in Atlanta... inside what will be the final battleground... the final resting place for an AWA that has withered on the vine for far too long....

On Thanksgiving Night, this team will come together again and we will change the course of wrestling history in one powerful blow...

[Castillo grips his fist together tightly.]

JC: And while Ryan Martinez goes hunting for someone... anyone willing to stand by his side when he steps into hell against the Devil's own soldiers...

...we're going to give him - all of them - a glimpse of what hell truly looks like.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Tonight, these five men will be in action against some helpless fools willing to stand against them and when they do, the entire world will know what I've known all along.

On Thanksgiving Night, Korugun will stand tall... and the AWA will die only to be reborn in a form worthy of its legacy.

[Castillo slaps a hand against the mesh as we fade to black...

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

#We are living on the run
Like a legacy undone

Shining brighter than the sun
'Cause we are legends#

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

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

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

#'Cause we are legends!#

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

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

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

Behind the interview podium, dressed in a black dress with red accents is a grinning Theresa Lynch.]

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

[The crowd cheers as Theresa beams.]

TL: We are just TWELVE days and counting away from the biggest night of the year - SuperClash IX - which will be coming to you from Toronto, Ontario, Canada and right here down the road in the A-T-L at the Georgia Dome where...

[Theresa trails off as the crowd starts chanting loudly.]

“SHE WANTS IN!”

“SHE WANTS IN!”

“SHE WANTS IN!”

[Theresa grins, a hand on her hip as she looks out on the chanting crowd, shaking her head.]

TL: That's right! Sandra Hayes, you hear that?! These are MY people and they know exactly what I want!

[The chant continues to ring out.]

"SHE WANTS IN!"

"SHE WANTS IN!"

"SHE WANTS IN!"

[Theresa chuckles, waving a dismissive hand.]

TL: Alright, y'all... hush now or we'll never get this show going. I'll have more to talk about THAT situation a little later but right now, the Power Hour is off and running early. You heard the AWA President himself right there a few moments ago - his team is in the Georgia Dome and they're ready for war! Tonight, we'll see them in action but that's not all - we've got the World Television Title on the line when Odin Gunn defends against Omega! We've got a grudge match for the ages with Kylie Kujawa taking on Kelly Kowalski! We've got the former Women's Champ, Lauryn Rage, in action! We've got Trey Carson, the Big Man on Campus, back in action once again as well. We've got all of that and a whole lot more but to kick things off, let's head down to...

[Theresa trails off as the audience begins to boo as they see the trio of Harley Hamilton, Cinder, and Casey Cash walking out.

Hamilton is dressed in her familiar sky blue cardigan with clouds on it over a pair of overalls. One of the straps of the overalls is left unhooked, revealing a t-shirt underneath that reads "SoCuteBoss" with a cartoon likeness of a smirking Harley with little devil horns. Cinder is dressed in a black hoodie covering her head, unzipped to reveal a black tanktop bedazzled to read "Wild Child" across the chest and about a billion tiny butterfly hair clips in her fire red hair.

Cash is wearing a suspiciously familiar set of attire, a bright pink halter crop top and matching hot pants with cherries printed throughout, along with black kneepads and wrestling boots. She is wearing her brown hair in a tight bun on top of her head, and she has a pair of sunglasses resting on the crown of her head with bright pink frames.

The boos start to settle a bit as Theresa opts to speak.]

TL: As far as I know, you're not scheduled to be out here right now but I suppose I'm not surprised that...

[She eyeballs Casey Cash standing alongside Cinder and Hamilton.]

TL: ...well, at least two of you choose to do whatever you want whenever you want. But Harley Hamilton, after the events of Fright Night, you are no longer undefeated in the AWA, as Margarita Flores lariat'd her way to victory in one of the wildest matches in Power Hour history. I-

[Harley gives her the stink eye, cutting Theresa off.]

HH: Are you trying to make me angry or something?

TL: No?

C: Yeh sound a little too giddy teh me, Theresa.

HH: Just how rude are you? Do you even realize that tonight is Casey's big debut? And you're saying something like THAT to me? Why are you even talking to me?

TL: Well, as the leader of this...

[Theresa searches for the right word to describe this trio.]

C: Cehcle of friendship and gatherin of infehnit puhtential!

[Theresa stares blankly at Cinder for a split second, before turning her attention back to Harley.]

TL: ... group, I would think you'd have something to say about everything that's been happening recently, going into that big Steal the Spotlight match at SuperClash.

HH: Excuse you, Theresita Penelope Lynch, but who are you to assume I am the leader of anything?

TL:[Muttering] I told you, my middle name is Esmeralda...

HH: And I'm not the only one here that's in Steal the Spotlight. Did you just forget that Cindy existed or something!? She's the reigning Empress Cup winner for crying out loud! Are you TRYING to hurt her feelings?

[Cinder places a hand over her chest and a hand over her forehead.]

C: Muh heart is splittin' in two, it is!

TL: That wasn't my intention, Harley...

HH: Well it's too late now! I always knew you were rotten to the core, Reeseey... just like Trish Wallace!

C: Shae might as well lie about her squat numbers ta me face!

[Harley puts her arms around Cinder and Casey's shoulders.]

HH: These are my friends, Theresa!

CC: GOOD friends!

HH: Is it not clear that we are a gathering of equals?

TL: Well, sometimes, it just seems that you're more equal than the others.

[Harley narrows her eyes at Theresa.]

HH: LET CASEY SPEAK!

[Cinder joins in with Harley as the duo begin to chant...]

"LET CASEY SPEAK!"

"LET CASEY SPEAK!"

"LET CASEY SPEAK!"

[Oddly enough, some members of the studio audience join in, unable to resist the opportunity to play singalong.]

TL: Fine, fine... enough already!

[Theresa sighs, before turning her attention to Casey Cash.]

TL: Casey Cash, you made your presence known in a big way at Fright Night and tonight, you make your singles debut in an AWA ring. Your thoughts going into your first match as an official AWA wrestler?

CC: I bet you think I'm nervous, don't you, Theresita?

TL: I really wish you wouldn't call me that...

CC: I mean, here I am, just months into my career, and I've accomplished something that hundre-... no wait, thousan-... ooh, millions! Millions dream of! Being here! Right here!

[Casey gives Theresa a look.]

CC: Well, maybe not EXACTLY here. But you get the idea. And not only am I here, but I've found true friends!

[Casey beams, looking at both Harley and Cinder, who applaud their new protege.]

CC: So what am I supposed to feel? Am I supposed to feel like... anxious? Because there's a lot of people around here with way more experience than me?

...like Michelle Bailey?

HH: You don't have to worry about that dumb boy crazy cougar! We'll...

[Harley stops herself.]

HH: Carry on, Casey.

[Casey nods her head.]

CC: Because they don't have the friends I do! So like... bonus!

HH: You don't have to worry about a thing!

[Casey firmly nods.]

CC: Right! So not anxious, nope. Scared?

[Casey's eyes bulge a little.]

CC: I should be scared, right? Because there's some really mean people that could totally hurt me, right?

...like Trish Wallace?

[Hamilton leans in.]

HH: If Trash Wallace touched a single hair on your pretty little head, I'd break both her legs! No way! There's nothing to be scared of, not with us around! Why, me and Cindy would get a pair of pliers and...

[Harley stops herself once again.]

HH: Carry on, Casey.

[Casey relaxes, having been reassured by the power of persuasive friendship.]

CC: Ooh! I know! I bet I should be angry! You tried to make Harley angry earlier, and there's some really angry women around here, who go around shouting in some kind of rage...

[Harley gasps, causing Casey to jump back slightly.]

HH: Rage!? Don't even get me started on Lauryn Rage!

[Harley snatches the microphone out of Theresa's hand.]

TL: Hey!

HH: I've stood by quietly for months watching that jealous old hag throw shade at me every chance she got but I'm done biting my tongue! *I* stole her act!? Excuse me, but I don't recall becoming a friendless, unlikeable doofus!

[Harley is fuming, taking off her cardigan.]

HH: Hey Mr. Cameraman, look at me! Focus on this face! You see me? I'm a role model!

WE ALL ARE!

[She points to Cinder and Casey behind her.]

HH: We're an inspiration to all the young girls out there without a voice to shout for them! To the young women that want to tear down this stupid patriarchy and matriarchy and make their own path to glory! You think Lauryn Rage could do what we do? The only thing Lauryn Rage inspires from anyone is disgust! You saw that "fan" that dressed up as her for Halloween? That "fan" is like Team Michelle's chances at winning Steal the Spotlight... a figment of your imagination!

[Harley spins around and throws her cardigan far into the crowd, where a tall girl with braces eagerly catches it, shouting "Thank you Harleeeeyyyy!!!" as she breaks down into sobs. Harley points to the fan.]

HH: SHE is real! WE are real! You can deny reality, but we are a movement! We are a revolution! And on November 23rd, the revolution WILL be televised! This is just the beginning!

Steal the Spotlight?

[Harley snorts.]

HH: Darling, we already own it. You just don't know it yet. Come on girls.

[And with that, Harley shoves the microphone back into Theresa's hands as the trio depart. Theresa sighs.]

TL: Somedays I wish I'd gone to law school.

[She shakes her head with a slight grin.]

TL: Now, let's go to the ring for our opening match and here on the call for that is our own Dylan Westerly and "Big" Sal Albano!

[We cut over to the announce table to the duo just named.]

SA: Thanks, Theresa, and... well, after that tantrum, shall we say, by Harley Hamilton, I guess she's sending her protege Casey Cash into action here on the Power Hour.

DW: That feels strange to hear, that she's got a protege.

SA: I don't know what else to call her. She's only got around a dozen matches under her belt, and "sycophant" seems like too strong a phrase for someone we're just getting to know.

[The two chuckle as we cut to the ring, where Cash has stepped through the ropes and looks across in slight terror at her opponent. Tyler Graham begins the introductions.]

TG: Our next match is set for one fall in the Women's Division, and it has a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, in the corner to my right, from Cork, Ireland, weighing 144 pounds... SIOBHAN STAR!

[The Irish lass glares across the ring through the fringe and bangs of her brown shag haircut, wearing a simple royal blue sports bra and spandex shorts set, along with black kneepads and black amateur wrestling shoes. She does not move from her spot, aside from occasionally glancing at both Harley Hamilton and Cinder on the outside of the ring, then back to Casey Cash.]

TG: And her opponent, she is accompanied to the ring by Seductive and Destructive...

[The crowd boos loudly and lustily at the terrible twosome.]

TG: ... from Baltimore, Maryland, weighing 141 pounds, she is the "Charm City Cutie"... CASEY CASH!

[Cash gives a sheepish grin to Star, then looks out to Hamilton on the floor and shrieks "she's scaaaaaaryyyyyy!" Hamilton gives Cash a slight squeeze of the calf muscle and tells her she'll be fine.]

DW: It's not often we see a wrestler psyched out by their opponent when they have the numbers advantage, Big Sal.

SA: Well, Casey Cash has seen Siobhan Star wrestle before in P*WIN, and knows what she's capable of. We've seen Star in the AWA before, when we had the Preview Power Hour just before the second night of the Battle of Saskatchewan. She's kin to the Rhodes family, Dee Dub.

DW: One of Raphael Rhodes' many cousins, right?

SA: Right!

[The bell sounds, as Cash uneasily sidles up to Star, and Star fiercely locks up with Cash, resulting in a scream from the "Charm City Cutie". Star backs Cash into the ropes, as Cash whines and referee Andy Dawson calls for a clean break, which Star gives.]

SA: Don't let the timidity and nerves fool you, Casey Cash has pulled off some upsets in her short career thusfar. She's still active in the P*WIN Title Tournament, which will be wrapping up the day before SuperClash right here at Center Stage Studios.

DW: Do you think she might be trying to lull Siobhan Star into a false sense of security?

SA: Well, considering the company she keeps, she's certainly not too shy shy, or hush hush.

[Star motions for Cash to try a lockup again, and Cash looks around nervously. Cinder gives Cash some encouragement with a "gwan, show her!", and Cash nods her head.]

SA: Casey Cash now stepping forward... and down she goes! Siobhan Star with a lightning quick armdrag! Cash scrambling to her feet, and Star takes her down again with another armdrag!

DW: And look at her run!

[Cash rolls to the outside, her eyes wide, as Hamilton and Cinder coalesce around her. Hamilton gives pointers as Cinder finds a towel and starts waving it at Cash to cool her down.]

DW: It was two armdrags - are you kidding me?

SA: Casey Cash finding comfort in the company of Seductive and Destructive, as Andy Dawson starts laying the count on her. Siobhan Star making the smart play here, staying fixed in the center of the ring.

DW: You've got to think she's not going to charge into that nest of vipers out there.

SA: Of course not. Definitely not with Harley and Cinder out there.

DW: She's got a big opportunity with all eyes on the AWA on the road to SuperClash, and she doesn't want to let this trio ruin it, I bet.

[Cash seems to have composed herself, with the help of Seductive and Destructive, as she climbs back into the ring. She eagerly looks up as she steps through the ropes, then frowns when she realizes Star hasn't moved from her spot in center ring.]

DW: Wonder what that frown was all about. I bet she was looking to sneak in a cheap shot.

SA: Could be, Dee Dub. Could very well be. Now Cash is approaching Siobhan Star...

[Cash tentatively puts a hand up for Star to grasp, perhaps for a knucklelock or test of strength, but Star doesn't go for it, instead thudding a forearm right across Cash's sternum to the consternation of Hamilton and Cinder at ringside.]

SA: Siobhan Star not going for whatever Casey Cash wanted to cook up, driving that forearm into her chest instead... and now with a big vertical suplex!

DW: And look at this, Big Sal! She's holding Cash up there!

SA: Delayed vertical suplex by Siobhan Star!

[Cash seems displeased by this, shouting "HELP MEEEEEEEEEE!" Harley Hamilton can be heard shouting "YOU PUT HER DOWN RIGHT NOW!" at ringside. Star gives a slight shrug, and...]

"THUDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!"

[... puts her down, completing the suplex, as Cash rises up from the mat clutching her lower back.]

DW: Well, she sure put her down...

SA: Star going for a quick cover, she's got one, she's got two... and Casey Cash able to kick out!

DW: And Siobhan Star sure isn't wasting any time, she floated down to her legs, could be a figure four coming up?

[Star grasps Cash by the ankles, but Cash thrashes and kicks, preventing Star from being able to apply anything. Cash turns over to her stomach, trying to crawl towards the ropes, but Star drags her back out towards the center and sinks in an ankle lock.]

SA: Ankle lock locked in by Siobhan Star! And this is smart, Dee Dub, she's got herself in a standing position so she can see either Harley or Cinder coming if either of them interfere!

[Star stares out at ringside while she wrenches the hold, as Cinder frantically slams her hands on the mat and Cash shrieks in pain. Hamilton holds her hands under the bottom rope, shouting "REACH OUT TO ME, CASEY!"]

DW: Seriously?! That's just blatant!

SA: Andy Dawson telling Harley Hamilton to back away from the ropes... um, was that actually working? Look at how Casey Cash is moving!

[Cash lunges towards the ropes where Hamilton was standing, and after a couple of strong lunges, Star loses her footing and Cash makes it to the ropes. Dawson, shaking his head, calls for a break when he notices Cinder jump up onto the apron.]

DW: What's this all about?

SA: Cinder has climbed up onto the apron, and that's gotten the attention of Andy Dawson...

[As Dawson steps away to get Cinder down off the apron, Hamilton removes her "World Tag Team Championship of the Universe" belt. As Star grabs Cash by the bun with her head ducked near the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[... Hamilton drills Star right between the eyes with the belt, causing Star to flop backwards to the mat. Hamilton quickly reapplies her belt and starts pounding the mat, as Cinder jumps down. Dawson turns around, looking flummoxed as he sees Star down on the mat and Cash rising to her feet.]

SA: A cheap shot with that bogus belt by Harley Hamilton to Siobhan Star!

DW: Don't tell me that's the way they're introducing her to their group!

[Cash wanders around, looking confused for a moment as she sees Star on the mat. She looks to Cinder...]

"AYE, GIT HER CASEY!"

[... then to Hamilton...]

"NOW'S THE TIME, CASH MONEY!"

[... and a grin forms on the face of "Charm City Cutie", as she yanks the woozy Star up to her feet.]

SA: Casey Cash now has Siobhan Star standing... but not for long!

[Cash applies a three-quarter nelson, then drops down to the mat, driving Star's face into the canvas! Hamilton and Cinder erupt in cheers at ringside.]

DW: Oh, you've got to be kidding.

SA: I guess we'd better call that the Hot Girl Stunner, or we're not going to hear the end of it from this trio. Cash managing to make a cover... I'm not even going to dignify that with an it might be, it could be, I'll just say it is.

[Dawson's hand slaps the mat three times, then he signals for the bell as Harley Hamilton immediately rushes the ring and tackles her protege.]

DW: I can't believe what we just saw.

SA: Casey Cash, with a significant amount of help from Seductive and Destructive, just won her first AWA singles encounter, and look at Harley Hamilton and the way she's reacting! It's like...

DW: Like they just won the World Series?

SA: Something along those lines. Just when you think Harley Hamilton and Cinder can't get more obnoxious, they add Casey Cash to the mix.

[Dawson goes to raise Cash's hand, but Hamilton glares at him and shouts "DON'T YOU TOUCH HER!", then the two leave the ring, with Hamilton scooping Cash onto her back piggyback and rushing from the ringside area with a look of joy. Cinder, looking confused for a moment, follows with a "WAIT! WAIT FOR MEEEEEE!"]

SA: Harley Hamilton was so excited that she carried Casey Cash off and seemingly forgot about her "bestie"!

DW: I'm just glad they're out of here for now, Sal. Lordy.

SA: Fans, we're off to a wild start here on the last Power Hour of 2017 already and it's only going to get wilder when we come back after this break!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on a shot of two boys sitting in front of a TV playing video games. The shot is over the TV so we can see the living room behind them. The boys are very into the action on the screen which we cannot see but we can hear the explosions and gunfire of the latest hot first person shooter type game. The girls sitting behind them look bored to tears as the boys trade jabs like "GOT YOU!" "YOU'RE TOAST!" and "GRENADES FOR DAYS, FRIENDO!" A voiceover begins.]

"Feeling left out of the action?"

[The girls look up, nodding.]

"Looking for your next video game to trade bullets for bodyslams?"

[The girls nod more emphatically.]

"Tired of just another boring shoot 'em up?"

[The girls get up from their seats on the couch now, looking eagerly at the screen.]

“Wish there was someone who looked like YOU that you could control?!”

[A white light shines down from the living room ceiling on the two girls...

...and with a burst of shattering glass, the room fills with light.

As the light dies down, we find the grinning form of “Spitfire” Julie Somers in wrestling gear standing in front of the now-smoking television set.]

JS: Step aside, boys... it’s Ladies Night.

[And we cut to a series of shots of video game pro wrestling action: Michelle Bailey delivering a Britney Spear to Kelly Kowalski. Charisma Knight and Skylar Swift trading blows. Harley Hamilton and Cinder making their entrance. The voiceover continues.]

“It’s AWA 2K17 coming your way just in time for the holiday season. Play as your favorite wrestlers...”

[Victoria June drops Xenia Sonova with a front powerslam.]

“...create your own shows in our new El Presidente mode...”

[A digital Castillo is on stage making a match.]

“...take your created superstar from rookie to SuperClash Main Event!”

[A face we don’t know is trading blows center ring with Trish Wallace before hoisting her into a Jackhammer suplex.]

“All in one tremendous game!”

[Cut scene of the digital Julie Somers standing on the turnbuckles, flipping off onto a prone Kurayami...

...and then to a shot of the real Julie Somers.]

JS: Now that’s what I like to see.

[Somers looks over at the boys now huddled in the corner of the room.]

JS: Aww, we didn’t forget about you two.

[Somers snaps her fingers as we get a barrage of shots from other characters - Supreme Wright using Fat Tuesday on Jeff Matthews. Jack Lynch applying an Iron Claw on Muteesa. Hannibal Carver using a Blackout on Derrick Williams. And finally, Ryan Martinez causing Johnny Detson to pinwheel through the air with an Excalibur. The voiceover continues.]

“AWA 2K17 drops October 26th at game shops, retail stores, and online! Available for your favorite gaming system and on PC!”

[Back to a shot of all four kids playing excitedly now, a tag team match on screen pitting Julie Somers and Victoria June against Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell. The on-screen Somers takes a German Suplex from Fujiwara as real life Somers grimaces, grabbing at her neck.]

JS: That had to hurt.

[And with that, we cut to a graphic promoting the release of AWA 2K17 as we fade to black...

...and then come back up on Theresa standing behind the interview podium.]

TL: We are back here live on the all-new Power Hour just days before SuperClash IX. The AWA Women's Division continues to be the hottest division in all of wrestling and when new competitors like Casey Cash come into the picture, you know things will continue to heat up heading into SuperClash and beyond. Speaking of which... later on tonight, we'll have a grudge match in the Women's Division, as the Jersey Devil, Kelly Kowalski, goes up against the "Pretty Hate Machine" Kylie Kujawa. Two women who, in just twelve days, will be on the same side at SuperClash at Steal the Spotlight.

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: I'm sure my guest at this time hopes whatever animosity they have will be worked out tonight. Please welcome the "Platinum Princess", Michelle Bailey!

[The Center Stage crowd roars with delight as the veteran walks out to join Theresa in the interview area. Michelle is dressed in a white crop top sweater, as well as a white skirt with an asymmetrical knee-length hemline and splashes of colors - red, orange, black, and yellow - throughout, along with simple black flats. Her hair is worn in a side ponytail over her left shoulder. She is wearing glasses with a full black rim, and her two-toned eyes are lined with black eyeliner wings with a bit of shimmer on the lids. She wears a nude gloss on her lips and a smile on her face as she greets Theresa.]

MB: What an autumn we've had, Theresa.

TL: Definitely. Michelle, you set up a match between two members of your Steal the Spotlight team tonight, and Laura Davis has been trying to stir things up between your teammates. She said that you could have prevented the trade of Ayako Fujiwara if you had just picked Kylie, and made a bold accusation about you.

[Michelle nods her head.]

MB: Theresa, remind me of that accusation, please.

[Theresa cringes slightly.]

TL: She said you hurt those close to you because you don't think first.

[Michelle nods again.]

MB: She took a lot of issue with Sweet Lou Blackwell asking her about her selection strategy for Steal the Spotlight, but has no problem trying to pick mine apart, does she?

[Michelle's eyes drift towards the camera.]

MB: Laura Davis, do you know why I waited to pick Kylie? It's nothing I didn't tell Kylie about in advance. I waited to pick Kylie because I didn't think you'd pick her, and I told Kylie as much. Kylie knew going in that I'd leave her on the board, because...

[Michelle nudges Theresa.]

MB: I can't believe I'll say this, I can't believe I'm about to compliment her...

[Michelle looks back at the camera.]

MB: As smart as you are, Laura, I didn't think you'd take the risk of trying to keep Kylie under control. I love Kylie like family. I realize there are people, some who are on my team even, who won't like to hear that, but what's the point of telling lies out here? I've known Kylie since she was four years old.

[Michelle laughs to herself.]

MB: I know all her quirks, Laura. But I also know that Kylie is... Theresa, would it be fair to say that she's a combustible element?

[Theresa nods her head.]

TL: That's one way to put it.

[Bailey grins at her friend.]

MB: Thank you. So Laura, as smart as you are, I didn't think you'd take the risk of picking Kylie, knowing what she brings to the table. For all the good...

[Michelle sighs.]

MB: ... and the not-so-good. Theresa, I thought what would happen after I picked Skylar Swift was that Laura would pick Kelly like Seductive and Destructive wanted, then I would select Trish Wallace. Then Laura would pick Donna, and finally I'd take Kylie. That's how I thought it'd unfold, right there in the moment. But when Laura picked Donna and left Kelly on the board, seeing the looks on Harley Hamilton and Cinder's faces...

[Michelle shrugs.]

MB: It made sense. Even if it meant I'd have to give up a great wrestler like Trish, because I figured Laura would pick Trish next, Kelly was the right pick. I know what Kelly can do in that ring.

[Michelle points to her nose.]

MB: It's not like I haven't been recovering from it for the last few months. But here's the thing... I even sat and told Kylie prior to the selections, if there was a moment where Kelly made the most sense for the team, I would pick her first, because I knew... I just knew Laura wasn't going to pick Kylie.

[Michelle shakes her head.]

MB: Then Kylie completely let that exit her head the moment I picked Kelly, threw that fit, and Laura pounced on it like a predator spotting prey. It's what Laura Davis does best. She sees an opening to cause trouble and she takes it. And I knew the moment Kylie invoked one of these...

[Michelle holds up a pinky.]

MB: It wasn't going to be easy to captain this team. There was no way Laura would accept that Kelly-for-Kylie trade that Kylie suggested. It was too easy, wasn't it?

TL: Laura Davis isn't really the type to throw someone a life preserver to a drowning enemy.

[Michelle smirks at Theresa.]

MB: She certainly isn't, though I don't know if I was drowning, Theresa. I tread water really well.

[Michelle winks.]

MB: So when Laura said that I had to give up Ayako to calm down Kylie... it was just another trick. Just another tactic. Just another way for her to drive wedges, to try and make things worse. But here's what Laura Davis didn't count on, Theresa.

[Michelle takes a moment to let everyone think about what she might say.]

MB: Tonight, I told Kelly and Kylie to settle their differences. Take their issues into that ring right there...

[Michelle points to the ring just yards from the interview area.]

MB: ... and leave them there. I'm not going to stand here and make any claims of being a great leader, but I know that if you want to be a leader, you have to learn how to let go and forgive. When Kelly broke my nose, I forgave her because it was just part of a match. When Kylie had her outburst and caused the trade for Ayako, I forgave her because Kylie runs on emotions. Yeah, she forgot the plan, but she cares about us and I know when Steal the Spotlight comes, she'll give it 100%.

[Michelle looks at Theresa with a bit of a stern stare.]

MB: And while I'm not exactly thrilled about getting pinned by my cousin last week, I forgave Kylie for starting that fight with Kelly because I made her give me one of these...

[Michelle holds the pinky back up.]

MB: ... to promise me that after tonight, everything between her and Kelly is settled. For all of Kylie's quirks, she won't break one of those.

[Theresa gives Michelle a doubting look.]

TL: How can you be so sure, though? After everything we've seen from her, I don't think you can be so trusting. Especially since you've said that you've repeatedly asked her to stop attacking Kelly, and she hasn't done so.

[Michelle nods.]

MB: That's a fair comment, and all I can say in response is that...

[Michelle takes in a deep breath, putting her hand on her forehead.]

MB: ... you just can't give up on someone because the outside world doesn't understand them the same way you do. She knows she's crossed a line, and she knows she needs to uncross it before we get to SuperClash. From everything I've known about Kylie, when I finally get through to her?

[Michelle smirks.]

MB: She always shows up and does what is right.

TL: I'm sure you'll be watching that match tonight with as much anticipation as the rest of us.

MB: Definitely. Thanks for giving me the time, Theresa.

TL: Any time, Michelle.

[Michelle winks again and strides away.]

TL: Michelle Bailey's got a lot on her hands as she heads into the biggest match of her AWA career so far in just twelve days. Now, let's go to the ring for a special challenge match!

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

TG: The following contest is a challenge match set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The crowd begins to jeer as "Curly" Bill Webb emerges into view, a sneer on his face as his masked superstar follows him onto the Power Hour entrance stage, waving a bullrope with cowbell through the air wildly.]

TG: From the great state of Texas... accompanied to the ring by "Curly" Bill Webb and representing the Desperadoes... THE TEXASSSSSS RANNNNNNGERRRR!

[The full body-suited Ranger swings the bullrope down, smashing the cowbell into the steel entrance stage...]

"CLANK!"

"CLANK!"

"CLANK!"

SA: The mysterious Texas Ranger heading down the aisle towards the ring... and honestly, fans, we don't know a ton about this individual at this point.

DW: We know he's aligned himself with Odin Gunn and Curly Bill... we know he's dredged up an old outfit from Blackjack Lynch's past to wear out here... and we know he sure does like that bullrope- HEY!

[The loud "HEY!" comes from the Ranger approaching the announce desk, whipping the bullrope down across it, sending papers and a water bottle flying as the announcers reflexively jerk backwards to avoid him.]

SA: Get your man out of here, Webb!

[A chuckling Curly Bill puts a guiding hand on the Ranger's shoulder, leading him away from the announce desk and down the staircase leading towards the ring.]

SA: Bullying announcers seems to be a trend these days in this Javier Castillo-led AWA.

DW: Just imagine what it'll be like if he's in total control next year, Sal.

SA: I shudder to think. Just last weekend on Saturday Night Wrestling, this challenge was issued to the former World Television Champion - Whaitiri - by Curly Bill and of course, the young Maori gladly accepted but it can't be easy going into a match with an opponent you know absolutely nothing about, Dee Dub.

DW: It can't be easy at all but Whaitiri's a tough kid and a heckuva competitor so I'm looking forward to this one.

[Reaching ringside, Curly Bill ascends the steps as the Ranger climbs up on the apron, still swinging his bullrope madly.]

DW: This guy's out of control, Big Sal!

SA: Which may be just the way Curly Bill likes it.

[The ring announcer and referee scatter as the Texas Ranger hits the ring, swinging the rope over his head and then down into the canvas a few times before throwing up a "hook 'em horns" to boos from the Georgia crowd.]

SA: The Texas Ranger is making no fans here in Atlanta as he gets ready for this one-on-one matchup with Whaitiri.

DW: We hope it's one-on-one. We know Odin Gunn - the man who beat Whaitiri for that TV Title - is lurking backstage somewhere so...

[The masked Ranger peels away from center ring, pacing around as he awaits the arrival of his opponent who Tyler Graham introduces from the safety of the floor.]

TG: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The ripping guitars of AC/DC's "Thunderstruck" kick in to a huge reaction from the Atlanta crowd!]

"THUN-DER!"

"THUN-DER!"

"THUN-DER!"

"THUN-DER!"

[Graham continues.]

TG: From Tauranga, New Zealand... weighing in at 255 pounds...

WHAIIIIIIIITIIIIIRIIIIIII!

[As "Thunderstruck" kicks in full steam, so does Whaitiri who comes blasting through the curtain, pumping his muscular arms wildly to the AWA faithful who roar in response...]

SA: The 23 year old Whaitiri has arrived here in the A-T-L and he's looking for a little bit of payback on these Desperadoes who snatched the TV Title from around his waist!

[Whaitiri sprints down the steps, heading towards the ring like a bullet fired as he scrambles up on the apron...

...and gets BLASTED with a ring bell across the sternum!]

SA: OH!

[Whaitiri goes down to a knee as the masked Ranger lands a second blow with the bell to the chest... then one across the upper shoulders as the fans jeer loudly.]

SA: An attack before the bell by the Texas Ranger!

[The masked man loops the bullrope around the throat of Whaitiri, pulling up on it as the fans continue to berate him for his actions!]

SA: We've seen the Desperadoes do this before! They're choking the life out of Whitiri out on the apron!

[The referee is all over the Ranger who holds his grip for a few more seconds before letting go. He stomps across the ring, wrapping the bullrope around the top turnbuckle before heading back in on Whitiri who is struggling to stay on his knees on the apron without falling to the floor.]

SA: Whitiri suffering from a major attack before the bell here and I'm not sure if he's going to be able to continue, fans...

[The Ranger shoves the referee aside, grabbing two hands full of Whitiri's ponytail, dragging him to his feet and through the ropes into the ring.]

SA: The Ranger brings him in and... what in the world is Curly Bill doing now?!

[The fired-up veteran stomps over to the timekeeper, screaming and shouting for him to ring the bell...]

SA: The Texas Ranger was up here trying to bully US and now Curly Bill is trying to bully our timekeeper! I'm not even sure if this match should be starting at all but it definitely shouldn't be starting at Curly Bill's say-so!

[The timekeeper cringes back from Webb's angry shouts as the referee looks over... and signals.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Well, the bell has rung and-

DW: I think the referee did that to get the timekeeper out of hot water!

SA: I think you're right but the match is underway as the Texas Ranger unloads on Whitiri with a big right hand... and another one...

DW: Texas-sized haymakers out of the Ranger.

[Whitiri goes falling back into the corner as the Ranger looks around at the jeering crowd.]

SA: The Texas Ranger has Whitiri on the run early on in this one... and Dee Dub, you mentioned this particular persona has links to the Lynches from days gone by. Tell us a little more.

DW: Sal, if you're a fan of Texas wrestling, you know all about the mysterious Texas Ranger who arrived in Blackjack Lynch's Premier Championship Wrestling in the mid-70s and ran roughshod for about a year before vanishing as mysteriously as he arrived on the scene. During that time, he had a whole series of bloody wars with Blackjack - even helping put the old man in the hospital at one point with a spike piledriver.

SA: The very same move that put James Lynch on the shelf for years.

DW: One and the same.

[The Ranger grabs Whitiri by the arm, whipping him across the ring into the far turnbuckles where the former champion smashes home hard.]

SA: Well, this Ranger is putting a hurting on Whitiri early on here... measuring him now...

[The masked man goes charging across the ring, leaping into the air as he nears the corner...]

SA: ...and a leaping clothesli- no! Caught!

[The powerful Whaitiri snatches the flying Ranger out of the sky, lifting him even higher with a grunt of exertion...]

...and then DROPS the masked man facefirst down on the top turnbuckle which just happens to have the cowbell from the bullrope resting on top of it!]

"CLAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact causes the Ranger's knees to buckle as Whaitiri slides in behind him, ducking low as he rolls him from the corner...]

SA: Schoolboy out of the buckles - IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT ISSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Whaitiri springs to his feet, throwing his arms in the air in triumph...]

...which is when "Curly" Bill Webb comes up on the apron, snatching the cowbell and bullrope from the corner...]

SA: Here comes Curly Bil- OH!

[But Whaitiri lunges at him, leaping into the air, and smashes a fist into the jaw of Webb, causing his eyelids to flutter before he flops backwards off the apron, smacking his chin on the ring apron before slumping to the floor!]

SA: Whaitiri drops Curly Bill as well!

[Whaitiri grins at the reaction of the crowd as he pumps a fist again. The crowd reacts loudly as someone else emerges onto the entrance stage.]

SA: Here comes Odin Gunn! The World Television Champion is coming for blood!

[A furious-looking Gunn comes stomping down the stairs towards the ring. Whaitiri squares up, ready for a fight, beckoning him forward with both hands...]

...but as the Texas Ranger comes to his feet as well, off-balance and swinging wildly, Whaitiri decides to make his exit, diving through the ropes to the outside as Gunn joins the Ranger inside the ring!]

SA: Whaitiri gets clear - the Desperadoes are beside themselves... well, except for Curly Bill who is counting sheep out on the floor and... wow! This one keeps on getting hotter and hotter, fans. We'll be right back with the all-new Power Hour... but before we do, let's go to some pre-recorded footage with Sweet Lou Blackwell and some breaking news!

[We fade from the ring to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY - BREAKING NEWS" where we see Sweet Lou Blackwell standing.]

SLB: Hello Power Hour, fans - it's your old friend, Sweet Lou here with all the scoops fit to print...

[He scrunches up his forehead.]

SLB: I guess we don't really print them anymore. I need to work on that.

[With a shrug, he smiles again.]

SLB: This is a big one though. I just got off the phone with a highly placed source in the front office for the Global Fighting Championship who tells me that after the events of the past few weeks, the lawyers for the GFC have been in high level meetings with AWA legal surrounding the situation between Rufus Harris and Travis Lynch.

[Blackwell pauses.]

SLB: Now, the former GFC Heavyweight Champ has made it clear on social media that he has told the GFC he wants this match... this fight... whatever you want to call it... with the former National Champion, Travis Lynch, at SuperClash. GFC seems hesitant to let one of their cash cows out of their control after Harris' previous stints in the AWA but they also don't want to offend Harris whose contract we're told is nearing its end.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: With all that said, we're told that lawyers from both side are close to an agreement on this situation - we don't know what this agreement is but AWA officials are hopeful they can wrap this up before next weekend so an announcement can be made on Saturday Night Wrestling in New Orleans just days before SuperClash! We'll have more on this situation as it develops, fans!

[And the pre-taped footage comes to an end as we fade to black...

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade to black...

We hear the sound of water gently lapping on a shore. Then, the sound of someone weeping and sobbing. In the background, "La Llorona" is plucked on a solitary guitar.

We fade in to the source of the weeping, a long-haired figure, dressed in a full-length cap-sleeved purple dress, draped across the top of a metal casket, their face buried in their arm. The weeping continues, and seems almost to intensify, so much so that we hardly notice that "La Llorona" is no longer playing.

Another figure enters the shot. We see them from behind, dressed all in black: black trousers, a floral motif embroidered in gold thread; a structured bolero-style jacket, similarly patterned; and a matching black sombrero. They approach the weeping figure, whom the camera closes in on, as a feminine voice is heard.]

F: ¡Mirame! mi amor. ¡Mirame! y no llores.

[At the sound of the voice, the sobbing stops. The individual draped across the casket finally raises their head and we see that it is none other than Kaz Konoe. Their expression is, at first, one of bewilderment, as they take in the individual who addressed them, before breaking into a smile.

A proffered hand is accepted, as Konoe rises to their feet. The other individual takes Konoe's arm in the crook of their elbow and the pair exit the shot. The camera lingers on the casket, zooming in on the nameplate across the front, which reads, "KAZ KONOE."

Suddenly, the metal begins to glow red, as if it has been heated. As flames begin to appear over the metal, the shot abruptly cuts to black...

...and then fades back up on the ring where we find Tyler Graham waiting.]

TG: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring... from Amarillo, Texas, and weighing 260 pounds... this is Van Reynolds!

[A muscular black man with short, black hair in dreadlocks and a goatee, and dressed in a pair of blue tights and white wrestling boots, raises his arms.

"The Man" by The Killers starts up over the PA system and, on the video wall, we see a red Ford Mustang convertible driving down a street. As it comes closer, we see the driver's face, it freezes, the song kicks in full and the shot is replaced with these words in white lettering:

"BIG MAN ON CAMPUS"]

TG: And his opponent... accompanied by his manager, "The Professional" Dave Cooper... hailing from Ann Arbor, Michigan, and weighing 325 pounds... he calls himself "THE BIG MAN ON CAMPUS"...

TREEEEEEEEY CARRRRRRSONNNNN!

[Dave Cooper is first to come out, dressed in a white button-down shirt and a pair of brown slacks. Right behind him comes Trey Carson, the same man you saw driving the Mustang. Carson has dark brown hair cut into a flat top and a goatee. He wears a black singlet with the words "BIG MAN ON CAMPUS" in white lettering, black tights and wrestling boots. He also wears black, fingerless gloves on both hands. Carson also wears sunglasses.]

SA: Dave Cooper with his newest protege, Trey Carson, who absolutely dominated his match on the last Power Hour.

DW: And it looks like Cooper is letting Van Reynolds have his shot at the so-called Big Man on Campus.

SA: You'll remember Reynolds, along with Rollie Westerman, had a match at Homecoming never take place thanks to Cooper's involvement. And, once again, I'm guessing Cooper thinks he's doing Reynolds a favor by letting him face Carson.

DW: Reynolds is a strong man, so he might match up better against Carson than Westerman did.

[Cooper leads Carson to the ring, the two taking a methodical pace. When the duo reaches the ring, Cooper ascends the ring steps and ducks between the ropes, while Carson grabs the top rope and uses it to pull himself up to the apron. He keeps his grasp on the top rope and steps over it.

Carson walks to the center of the ring and raises his right hand, curls into a fist, and extends his pointer, letting the crowd know who is number one. Cooper applauds Carson, who lowers his arm and turns to face his manager, then the two men bump fists. Carson then removes his sunglasses.]

SA: We still don't know a lot about Carson, other than what he showed on the last Power Hour -- and what he showed was just how tough he is to put down.

DW: I'm wondering if Reynolds might be the man for the task, Sal. He's certainly a big man himself.

SA: He is indeed, but Carson must have a good six inches on him.

[The bell rings and Reynolds rushes Carson, throwing several hard shots at the bigger man.]

SA: But it certainly isn't stopping Reynolds! He's hitting him with everything he can muster!

DW: He's rocking Carson at least!

[But that's when Carson manages to block one shot, then fires off a pair of blows himself, followed by an elbow smash that causes Reynolds to stumble backwards.]

SA: But it's Carson's blows having the bigger effect! Reynolds knocked into the ropes and he staggers out...

[That's followed by Carson scooping Reynolds up, almost effortlessly, and throwing him down to the mat.]

SA: Massive slam!

DW: Reynolds is a big man, but Carson picked him up like it was nothing!

SA: An impressive show of strength, for sure!

[Outside the ring, Cooper applauds his charge, then points to Reynolds and says, "Don't stop there, big man!"]

SA: The Professional likes what he sees, but he wants more... and Carson is about to deliver.

[Carson drags Reynolds up, then shoves him across the middle rope.]

SA: Reynolds stunned and just hanging over the middle rope... what is Carson doing now?

[Carson runs to the opposite side of the ring, bounces off the ropes, then leaps toward Reynolds, dropping his weight across his opponent's back.]

SA: That's 325 pounds crashing across the back! Better call the chiropractor!

DW: And that's impressive agility for a man of Carson's size, Sal! Reynolds is in big trouble!

[Carson then turns to the crowd, raising his right arm and extending his pointer, a smirk across his face.]

SA: And Carson letting these fans know the score... maybe, as the song goes, like the back of his hand!

[Cooper gives a slight laugh, then points to the ring.

"Don't stop now, big man... let's see some more!"]

SA: And now Carson dragging Reynolds off the ropes... he's lifting him off his feet again!

[Carson holds Reynolds up for a moment, then drops down to one knee, bending the other and driving Reynolds' spine against the bent knee.]

SA: Devastating backbreaker! Like I said, better call the chiropractor!

[Carson shoves Reynolds off his knee, gets to his feet, then runs into the ropes. He comes off and leaps into the air.]

SA: And a big legdrop right across the throat! I can't believe how easily Carson has dominated Reynolds! As big and as strong as Reynolds is, he's gotten almost no offense!

DW: Like they say, you can only play defense for so long before you have to score! Can Reynolds do it?

[Carson stands up and drags Reynolds up once again, pushing him up against the ropes, then whipping him to the other side.]

SA: Irish whip and Carson with a clothesline... but Reynolds ducks!

[Reynolds comes off the ropes and drives his shoulder forward into Carson.]

SA: Shoulderblock... but he only staggered Carson!

DW: He's going into the ropes again!

[But this time, when Reynolds comes at Carson, the bigger man extends his foot into the air, catching Reynolds flush in the face.]

SA: SIZE 16 RIGHT IN THE KISSER!

DW: Again, think of the athleticism a big man needs to pull off a move like that!

SA: He may have this one wrapped up like the presents underneath a Christmas tree!

DW: But Trey Carson himself may be the gift that Dave Cooper's been looking for since he became a manager, Big Sal.

[Outside the ring, Cooper shouts at Carson: "Show them what it's really about, big man!"]

SA: Carson dragging Reynolds up again... LOOK AT THIS POWER!

[Carson has just pressed Reynolds over his head, then tosses him toward the ropes, where Reynolds' throat catches the top rope.]

SA: AND THROWS HIM ASIDE LIKE HE WEIGHS NOTHING!

DW: And Reynolds' throat went right across the rope! How much more can he take, Sal?

SA: I'm afraid we're about to find out.

[Carson drags Reynolds up again, holding him by the throat.]

SA: He's got Reynolds at his mercy... and he picks him up..

[Carson lifts Reynolds into the air, then releases him into sidewalk slam position and drives him down hard into the canvas.]

SA: WHAT GOES UP, COMES DOWN HARD! And that is, indeed, the Bottom Line!

[Carson places one hand atop Reynolds' chest as the referee delivers the three count.]

DW: The Bottom Line finishes off Reynolds for good! I have to say, Sal, the Big Man on Campus is living up to his name.

SA: It goes down as a win for Trey Carson, who continues to impress in his short time in the AWA, here on the Power Hour!

[Cooper climbs into the ring and approaches Carson, who just got to his feet. Cooper raises Carson's arm in the air, then the two exchange a fist bump.]

SA: We still don't know a lot about Carson's background, other than Cooper found him in Ann Arbor, Michigan... I'm going to try to get a word with him.

[Carson steps over the ropes and drops down off the apron to the floor, while Cooper ducks between the ropes and comes down the ring steps. Albano comes down the entry stairs, approaching the duo.]

SA: Excuse me, Dave Cooper... I was hoping you could tell me a little bit more about Trey Carson and what he's all about.

[Cooper smirks in Albano's direction.]

DC: What he's all about, Sal, is dominating the competition here in the AWA. I've already let the two who were unhappy about their moment in the sun being ruined, get their chance to prove themselves against the Big Man on Campus, and you see the results -- they both went down and it's back to the minors for more seasoning.

[Albano nods.]

SA: Everyone can see just what an impressive physical force Trey Carson is... but I'm wondering if you can tell me more about his background.

[Cooper shrugs.]

DC: What is there to say about his background, other than he has what it takes to be the most devastating force in the AWA? But if you really are that curious, Sal, I can tell you the man is a dominant athlete, has been for many years, and it was only natural that it would translate to the AWA. You've seen the results thus far, haven't you?

SA: Certainly but what else-

[Cooper interrupts.]

DC: You really are an inquiring mind, aren't you, Sal? [Turns to Carson] Hey, big man, you want to give Big Sal a little more detail?

[Carson stares at Albano for a moment, smirks, then walks off without a word.]

DC: Looks like you're out of luck today, Sal. But don't worry... you'll get more chances to see what the Big Man on Campus can do to anybody foolish enough to step into the ring with him. And that's all you need to know.

[Cooper follows Carson in heading up the stairs toward the back.]

SA: I had to give it a shot, right? Theresa, let's go over to you at the interview desk.

[The shot cuts to Theresa Lynch on the stage, where she is flanked by Alexander Kingsley III to her left and Curt Sawyer to her right. Sawyer scowls behind his bushy beard, proudly displaying a black "Rusty Spur" t-shirt for his former establishment. Kingsley is dressed quite differently, wearing a blue blazer over a gray button-down, his eyes covered with Maybach aviator sunglasses.]

TL: Thanks, Sal. It gives me no pleasure to be here with these two, but Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley, you do have a big match coming up at SuperClash when the two of you take on the father/son duo of City Jack and Landon Grant. Does it concern you that you might find out that you awakened a sleeping giant by bringing City Jack into the mix?

[Kingsley smirks arrogantly at the suggestion.]

AK3: Sleeping giant? Nah, he was never asleep, Theresa. Just passed out from all the beer and whiskey he stole from my partner here.

[Theresa shakes her head in disgust as the crowd jeers the answer.]

AK3: But that said... it didn't take much to coax Jack's tired, fat old ass out of retirement, did it, Theresa? No, all we needed to do...

[Kingsley pantomimes a slapping motion back and forth.]

AK3: ...is slap his idiot son around a few times and here comes the old man on his white horse, riding to the rescue of his snot-nosed brat of a kid who can't take care of his own business himself.

You see, we're doing the AWA a favor, Theresa. We're exposing the fact that Landon Grant is only here because of the benefit of nepotism. That's right, if his father wasn't-

[Kingsley pauses and half-chuckles.]

AK3: I can't believe I'm about to say this, but if his father wasn't considered a legend by some people in the front office who clearly need their eyes and common sense checked...well, he wouldn't be here, would he?

And he's not the only one to benefit from that either. You know what I mean, right, Theresa?

[Kingsley smirks; Lynch fumes but remains quiet.]

AK3: Of course you do. But guys like me and Curt? We've had to fight for everything we've gotten. We've had to scrap for everything we've earned. We didn't just walk in the door of the Combat Corner with a silver spoon hanging out of our mouths.

[Lynch can't contain herself by now.]

TL: That's pretty rich coming from you, Kingsley, considering how your family bought your way into the AWA the first time you showed your face.

[Sawyer edges forward, shoving a finger toward Theresa and speaking with his newfound intensity, almost shouting out every word.]

CS: Hey! Don't talk about things that you don't know about. Just because your daddy used to be in charge around here doesn't mean you know the truth. You know what they say, Alex...a Lynch's word is worth about as much as cubic zirconium.

Speaking of worthless, City Jack... son, you've got a lot of unpaid bar tabs I'm just itching to collect.

[Sawyer points at the Rusty Spur logo on his shirt.]

CS: Since I've started teaming with Alex here, people have said a lot of things about me, but one thing they can't say is that I'm a liar. Since Alex took me in and gave me all the things that I was promised but never given by people like Todd Michaelson...I've done EVERYTHING I've said I was going to do, Theresa Lynch.

So listen real close, City Jack. Be sure to open your ears up, Landon Grant. When you two sit in that locker room at SuperClash before coming out to face the music...when you're looking at yourself in the mirror, Landon Grant, and thinking to yourself "am I good enough to go out there in front of millions of people and get the job done?"

City Jack...when you lace up those boots again, with each time you run an aglet through one of the holes and you silently wonder, "have I bitten off more than I can chew?"

I want you to take a good look at me right now. Zoom that camera in if you have to.

[The camera cuts from the wider shot to a close-up of Sawyer's hardened face, fire damn near shooting from his eyes.]

CS: And ask yourself, is this the face of a man who intends to show you one ounce of mercy?

Is this the face of a man who will take great pleasure in snapping a bone in your arm or in your leg and listening for the shouts of pain that come after?

Is this the face of a man who got tired of playing the bullcrap political games a long time ago, and a man who fully plans on taking what belongs to him...no matter how many bodies have to hit the floor in the process?

[Cut back to the wide shot.]

CS: It's all academic from this point on, Theresa Lynch. Curt Sawyer, Alexander Kingsley...we're taking no prisoners and no one gets to walk out alive.

[Kingsley beams at his partner's transformation, leaning back in to chime in.]

AK3: A new era in AWA tag team wrestling is upon us, Theresa. Soon, the nepotism will be over. No more Grants. No more Next Gens. No more Lynches or Martinezes standing in the way of what's rightfully ours. No more people with connections in high places calling the shots.

No...WE will be calling the shots going forward.

In fact...

[Kingsley pauses, rubbing his chin.]

AK3: You can start calling us...

The Shot Callers.

[Lynch rolls her eyes.]

TL: I've heard quite enough of this. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we're going to take a look back in time to the first time that Jeff Matthews and Supreme Wright met in the AWA. You don't want to miss that so stick around.

[We fade out on Theresa's grinning face...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up on Theresa Lynch standing on the Power Hour stage, a smile on her face.]

TL: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour... and in just a moment, we've got something really special for you to see but before we do, I want to take a moment to address something that happened on the last Saturday Night Wrestling.

[The crowd cheers before breaking into the "SHE WANTS IN!" chant again. Theresa grins broadly, waving a hand.]

TL: No! Not that!

[She chuckles as the crowd quiets down and her face gets more serious.]

TL: I'm talking about the actions of Shadoc Rage.

[The crowd reacts with a mix of cheers and boos as Theresa nods.]

TL: That's kinda how I feel too, to be honest. Look, the last time I really spent time thinking or talking about Shadoc Rage was just about a year ago when he was getting ready to fight my father at SuperClash.

[The Atlanta crowd jeers the memory of that one.]

TL: That's right. And... you know, the Lynches and the Rages aren't likely to sit down to Sunday dinner anytime soon and I don't know that I'll ever really be able to forgive him for what he did to my father last year. But...

[Theresa pauses, biting at her lower lip.]

TL: Look, Ryan Martinez is... to call him an honorary Lynch wouldn't be a stretch. He's one of Jack's best friends. He HAS been to the Ranch for Sunday dinner. He HAS been around the house for special occasions... for holidays...

[Lynch pauses again.]

TL: Ryan Martinez is family. And last week on Saturday Night Wrestling - when Ryan was trapped inside that cage with Torin The Titan who...

[She shakes her head.]

TL: I don't even know what's wrong with him! But when Ryan was trapped in there with him, fighting for his life, it was Shadoe Rage who was able to help him. It wasn't Supreme. It wasn't Jack or Travis. It was Shadoe Rage who...

[She sighs.]

TL: Let's be honest. I've seen the medical reports. I know how bad he hurt his knees. I know he took himself out of SuperClash to do it... heck, he risked his career right there jumping off that cage. And yeah, maybe he did it more to hurt Korugun rather than help Ryan but... he helped him... he saved him. And a whole lot of us owe him our thanks for that.

[The crowd cheers as Theresa nods solemnly.]

TL: So, Shadoe Rage... thank you.

[Theresa gives a slight bow of the head as the crowd cheers again.]

TL: Now, shifting gears... we're just days away from SuperClash IX and when you look at the matches lined up for that night, one of the matches that really stands out to me - for one very obvious reason I'm sure...

[Theresa grins.]

TL: - is Supreme Wright versus Jeff Matthews. Two of the best mat wrestlers in the world. Two of the best technicians, ring generals, submission specialists - call it whatever you will. But these two are two of the best to ever lace 'em up and they're heading into the ring on Thanksgiving Night to prove - once and for all - who is the best. Now... this isn't the first time these two have met inside an AWA ring and tonight, we wanted to take you back... take you all the way back to August 11th, 2012... over five years ago... to the first time they went to battle. It was a second round match to crown the very first AWA World Champion. The battleground was the Mobile Civic Center in Mobile, Alabama... let's take you back to this look at AWA history with Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde on the call!

[We fade from Center Stage Studios to the darkened arena where we find the haunting vocals of Deborah Harry can be heard over the PA system.]

Step into a world #
Where there's no one left #
But the very best #
No MC can test

["Step into a World (Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One begins to play as the crowd responds with a mixture of cheers and boos(but mostly boos). As the song kicks into high gear, a spotlight hits the entrance, where we see Supreme Wright stepping through. Wright hops around and throws shadow punches to loosen up, before making his way down to the ring as Phil Watson introduces him.]

PW: ...hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing 225 pounds... SUPREME
WRIIIIIIIIGHTTTTT!!!!

[Wright enters the ring and proceeds to remove his coat, revealing a lanky, but powerful build, with extremely well-defined musculature, cutting an impressive figure. He wears MMA-style shorts, half-camo and the other half with the stenciled image of a large demon's head. Wright's hair is pulled back into cornrows snaking into an intricate "S"-shape design and his arms and chest are covered in various tattoos. He wears MMA fight gloves on his hands and amateur-style wrestling shoes. There's no doubt in his demeanor... he's ready for battle.]

PW: And his opponent...

[There's a long pause.]

GM: All eyes on the entrance way, waiting for the arrival of-

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of not Jeff Matthews' usual entrance music but rather "Carmina Burana" by Carl Orff.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: That's not his usual...

GM: No, it's not... but he HAS used it before. I think Supreme Wright may have made the biggest mistake of his life.

[As the curtain parts, Jeff Matthews emerges from the shadows. He's wearing crimson red tights with "Career Killer" written in black going down the right leg and "Temple" in black going down the left leg.

He's also wearing a Greek Tragedy mask.]

BW: What's with the mask?

GM: At one point in Jeff Matthews' storied career, he masqueraded as his legendary rival, Caleb Temple. He used that mask to help him accomplish that.

[Matthews stays in the entrance way, blood covering his hand and arm from where he punched the mirror moments ago and as he slowly raises a hand to point at the ring, the music changes to Metallica's "One."

We cut to the ring where Supreme Wright is bouncing from one foot to the other, waving Matthews towards the ring.]

GM: Well, it looks like Supreme Wright got what he was asking for, Bucky. He got the old Jeff Matthews.

BW: Maybe.

GM: Huh? Look at how he's dressed... the music he used to come to the ring...

BW: It's one thing to change your clothes and your music... it's quite another to completely change who you are, Gordo.

GM: It's a good point but to me, Supreme Wright should've been REAL careful what he asked for because it looks like he got it.

[Matthews approaches the ring quickly, promptly diving under the ropes as he gets there. He instantly pops to his feet...

...and meets the incoming Supreme Wright with a right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Ohh!

[The bell immediately sounds as Matthews throws right hand after right hand, backing Wright to the ropes. He grabs an arm, flinging Wright across...]

GM: Irish whip... Wright off the ropes...

[The former Combat Corner student ducks under a clothesline attempt by Matthews, hitting the ropes behind him...

...but gets dropped with a spinning leg lariat that catches him on the chin!]

GM: Wright gets floored with the big kick!

[But Wright quickly gets back, trying to regroup...

...and a running clothesline from Matthews sends him sailing over the ropes, crashing down to the barely-padded floor below!]

GM: Jeff Matthews is channeling his inner Caleb Temple and just sent Supreme Wright over the top rope and down to the floor below!

[The Madfox backs up, his back against the far ropes as he glares at the rising Wright through the Tragedy mask...

...and suddenly tears across the ring, throwing himself into a somersault, clearing the ropes, and wiping out Supreme Wright below!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MY STARS!! WHAT A DIVE TO THE FLOOR BY JEFF MATTHEWS!!

[The Madfox doesn't take long to regain his feet, staring through his mask down at Supreme Wright who is still down on the floor.]

GM: The Hall of Famer is really taking it to the young man from Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

BW: And how huge would it be for Supreme Wright to walk into his home state in about three weeks' time with the opportunity to walk out as the AWA World Heavyweight Champion? Incredible!

GM: But he's gotta get past Jeff Matthews here tonight first, Bucky.

[Matthews drags Wright off the floor by the cornrows...

...and SLAMS his face into the flat part of the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst to the apron!

[Wright spins away from the impact, his back against the apron as Matthews grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Look out here...

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

GM: OHH! Spinefirst into the steel goes Supreme Wright!

BW: Wright wanted the hardcore Jeff Matthews... the one who ruled the roost in Los Angeles for a long, long time. He may have gotten him, Gordo.

GM: Wright's leaning against the steel, trying to stay on his feet...

[Matthews rushes forward as Wright stumbles away from the railing...

...and drops to the floor, scissoring the Madfox's feet between his legs in a drop toehold, bringing him down...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DROP TOEHOLD INTO THE RAILING!!

[Wright pushes himself off the floor, looking down at Matthews who is now facefirst on the barely-padded floor, his head having smashed into the steel barricade off the counter.]

GM: A magnificent counter by Supreme Wright to take control of this one in the early moments.

BW: Six foot three, 225 pounds... Supreme Wright is smaller than most men he'll ever meet inside the squared circle but he's also a heckuva lot better, Gordo. Todd Michaelson may have made the biggest mistake of his pro wrestling career when he let this guy walk out the door.

[Wright leans down, dragging Matthews into a kneeling position on the floor as he digs his fingers underneath the mask...

...and then rips it off, exposing Jeff Matthews' face underneath. He smirks at the jeering crowd as he puts the mask on his own face, throwing his arms apart in a Jesus Christ pose before rolling the Madfox under the ropes and back into the squared circle.]

GM: Matthews is back in, Wright in right after him...

[With Matthews down, Wright strikes the same pose again before leaping into the air, bringing both legs down across the upper body of the Hall of Famer.]

GM: Wright with a double legdrop and... look at this!

[The crowd buzzes as Wright grabs the legs of Jeff Matthews, stepping through them...]

GM: He's doing his best Caleb Temple impression, trying to apply the Last Rites!

[Matthews struggles against, swinging his body back and forth, shaking his legs...

...and ultimately, he frees up a leg enough to upkick Supreme Wright right in his masked jaw!]

GM: Ohh! He caught him on the chin with that kick!

[Wright stumbles back as Matthews climbs to his feet, throwing a big chop across the chest, sending Wright falling back into the buckles.]

GM: Matthews backs him down...

[He throws a few more chops, sending a loud "WHAAAAACK!" into the air off each one of them before grabbing Wright by the arm again, firing him from corner to corner...]

GM: Matthews comin' in behind him!

[Another spinning leg lariat connects, snapping Wright's head back on impact. The Madfox scrambles up, hoisting Wright up to a seated position on the top rope.]

GM: Matthews is moving fast here, going seamlessly from one move to the next - always thinking ahead. It's the sign of a true ring general, Bucky.

BW: Nobody ever said that Matthews ain't one of the best to ever lace 'em up, Gordo. He wouldn't have his name on the Wall of Fame back at the Crockett Coliseum in Dallas if he wasn't. But what I'm sayin' is that his days are done. He admits he doesn't NEED the World Title. I'm thinkin' a man who does - like Supreme Wright - is hungrier than he is to prove he's the best in the world.

[Matthews steps to the middle rope, delivering a pair of right hands before hooking the front facelock, slinging Wright's arm over his neck...]

GM: He's looking for a superplex here!

[Wright suddenly explodes with a barrage of short elbows to the jaw, battling back as Matthews stumbles.]

GM: Whoa! He almost toppled off the ropes there but-

[Wright grabs the right wrist with both hands...

...and then throws himself off the top rope to the floor, bringing the arm snapping down incredibly hard over the ropes!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: I've seen that move done off the apron before but NEVER off the top rope! Matthews' arm might've ripped right out of its socket there, Gordo!

[Matthews rolls around in pain on the canvas, clutching his right shoulder as he grits his teeth in excruciating agony.]

GM: You're absolutely right, Bucky. Jeff Matthews appears to be in a tremendous amount of pain on the canvas there...

[Pulling himself to his feet from his body-sacrificing offense, Wright reaches under the ropes, grabbing Matthews by the left arm, dragging his torso underneath the ropes.]

GM: Oh no... he's got the arm again... he's got-

[And Matthews lets out a hellish scream of pain as Wright raises the right arm, SLAMMING the elbow down on the edge of the apron!]

GM: Supreme Wright may be out to break the man's arm, fans!

BW: The back of the elbow hits the apron... not only does it send a jolt through the elbow but it hyperextends the thing since it's damn sure not meant to bend that way.

[Wright grabs the arm, ready to do it again but Matthews grabs the middle rope with his left hand, dragging his torso far enough out of the ring to prevent another blow to the arm...

...but not a roundhouse kick to the small of the back that Wright delivers from standing on the floor!]

GM: Matthews avoids having his arm smashed into the apron again but he can't avoid the two kicks to the back!

[Grabbing two hands full of hair, Wright tugs Matthews off the apron, dropping him across a bent knee on the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Unique offense from Supreme Wright!

[Wright gets to his feet, tugging off the Tragedy mask and throwing it down on Matthews' prone form to the jeers of the crowd. Wright looks out at the booing fans, making the "sweeping dirt off his shoulder" gesture before dragging Matthews to his feet, rolling him back into the ring. Wright rolls in after him again.]

GM: Both men back inside the ring... Wright dragging Matthews back up off the mat and-

[The crowd cheers as Matthews blindly reaches back, hooking the three- quarter nelson that is the direct prelude to the Foxden...]

GM: FOXDE-

[But Wright is ready for it, pivoting out of it, hooking the Madfox's hurting right arm under his armpit, trying for an armbar takedown!]

GM: Wright's trying to take him down! He counters the Foxden and-

BW: Is he going for the Fujiwara?! Is he gonna beat Jeff Matthews with his own hold?!

[Wright struggles with the Madfox, battling to try and take him off his feet and apply the armbar that Matthews himself is famous for around the world of professional wrestling.]

GM: Can he lock it in?! Can he apply it down on the mat and crank back on the arm?!

[A desperate Jeff Matthews executes a front roll, rolling out of the armbar takedown attempt. He swings to his right, coming up on a knee where he grabs Wright around the leg, ripping that leg out from under him.]

GM: Oh! Single leg takedown by Matthews!

[Matthews hooks the leg under his armpit, wrapping his own legs around Wright's, and falling back into a kneebar!]

GM: Kneebar applied by Matthews! Cranking on the knee, trying to even up the injury scale in this match a bit...

[Wright immediately starts lashing out with heel kicks from his free leg, smashing it into the arms... the ribs... the chest...]

GM: Wright's trying to battle free of the leglock!

[Suddenly, Wright twists his entire weight to the left, rolling himself and Matthews onto their stomachs. Pulling his leg free, Wright grabs Matthews' right leg, twisting it around his own...]

GM: Wright's looking for an STF here!

[Matthews covers up with both arms, making sure that any attempt to apply the facelock would fail miserably. With Wright down on a knee looking to hook in the hold, he slams an open palm into the ribs, trying to bring the arm down...]

GM: Hard shot to the ribs... and another... and a third...

[The right arm swings down to cover up the ribs, allowing Wright to grab the wrist with both hands, yanking back...]

GM: He's got the leg twisted and pulling back the arm with both hands! What a unique hold applied by the former Combat Corner graduate!

[Slipping his leg free from Matthews, he plants his knee against the injured arm, dropping down to the mat to pin the arm under it!]

GM: Oh!

[Kneeling on the arm, Wright yanks back on the wrist, pulling the forearm back at a sharp angle as Matthews struggles against it.]

GM: Wright continues to assault the arm, working it relentlessly!

[Wright shouts at the official to check for a submission as Matthews claws at the canvas with his free hand, trying to get towards the ropes. Suddenly, Wright stands up...

...and STOMPS the forearm!]

GM: Ohh! Good grief!

[Matthews promptly cradles his right arm, rolling right under the ropes to the floor. Supreme Wright glares at him, gesturing to the official who waves for the match to continue.]

GM: Wright's a little agitated that Matthews went out to the floor, I believe.

[Wright steps through the ropes, looking to pursue...

...when a desperate Matthews pops up, reaching out with his left arm, and pulling Wright's leg out from under him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[As Wright falls, his back slams into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Jeff Matthews with an absolute act of desperation right there has just drastically turned the tide in this matchup, fans! My stars, Wright hit the apron very hard!

[With Wright down on the floor, Matthews rains down stomp after stomp after stomp to the chest of the former Combat Corner student. The official reprimands the Madfox from inside the ring but he is promptly ignored by the former World Champion who spins away from Wright...]

GM: The Madfox is out here on the floor by us... looking around for something...

[Matthews walks over to the ringside barricade, reaching over to grab an abandoned front row chair. The Madfox folds up the seat, turning back towards Wright who has pushed up to a knee on the floor...]

GM: Wait a second! Jeff Matthews has got a chair! Jeff Matthews is channeling the old Jeff Matthews from his days in Los Angeles but that won't fly here, Madfox! Put it down, Jeff! Put it down!

[The Madfox stalks towards Wright, a cold dead stare in his eyes as he approaches. He taps the chair twice on the mat in front of Wright before swinging it back over his head...]

GM: NO! DON'T DO IT, JEFF! DON'T DO IT!

[But a slight grin on the face of the kneeling Wright stops Matthews short. The Madfox glares at Wright, the chair still held above his head...]

GM: Supreme Wright's gonna get his wish! He's gonna get a trip to the Sweet Sixteen if Jeff Matthews swings that chair!

[Suddenly, the Madfox throws the chair angrily to the mats at ringside before grabbing Wright by the hair, chucking him under the ropes into the ring. Matthews uses his left arm to pull himself up on the apron, walking towards the corner...]

GM: The Madfox is headed up top! He did the right thing out here at ringside!

[Matthews slowly scales the ropes, placing one foot on the top as Wright starts to stir on the mat...]

...and leaps off the top, catching him squarely in the chest with a missile dropkick!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Wright!

[Wright immediately rolls out to the floor after getting hit with the dropkick, avoiding any potential pinning predicament. Matthews storms across the ring, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: He's gonna go over the top onto Wright!

[But as he tries to slingshot himself, the Madfox grabs his left arm, staggering away from the ropes and shouting in frustration.]

GM: Matthews couldn't do it, Bucky! He couldn't go over the top with that injured arm!

[An angry Matthews steps out on the apron, measuring Wright as he gets back to his feet...]

...and charges along the apron, leaping off to smash his knee into the standing Wright's face!]

GM: Flying knee off the apron! Oh my!

[Matthews lets loose a roar, standing at ringside over the downed Wright. He uses his left hand to pull Wright up by the hair, chucking him under the ropes back into the ring.]

GM: Jeff Matthews is trying to keep this thing in the ring... he's got Wright down on the mat as he gets back in...

[The Madfox stands, positioning himself behind Wright as the former Combat Corner student tries to get to his feet. Matthews sizes up Wright, ready to strike...]

GM: He's looking for the Foxden again! He's going to-

[As Wright gets to his feet, Matthews spins him around, hooking a three- quarter nelson...]

...and Wright again attempts the armbar takedown, trying to push Matthews down to the mat...]

GM: He's going for the Fujiwara again! For the second time in this match, Supreme Wright is trying to counter the Foxden with the Fujiwara!

BW: Imagine how that'll go down for Jeff Matthews if he has to submit to his own signature hold.

GM: Whether it's to the Fujiwara or not, the most important thing is that the winner of this match is moving on to the Sweet Sixteen. With that on the line, I'm not sure EITHER of these men care how they win or lose this one.

[Matthews struggles against the armbar takedown attempt...]

...then twists his body to go back to back to Wright, dragging him down to the mat with a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE COUNTER!! ONE!! TWO!!

[Wright rolls through the backslide, landing on his feet as Matthews pops up on his knees...]

...and CRACKS the Madfox in the temple with a roundhouse kick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright dives atop Matthews, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The Madfox FIRES a shoulder off the mat to break the count!]

GM: Two count only! But it was a heckuva near fall there for Wright! He was a half count away from defeating a former World Champion and a Hall of Famer on his way to moving on to the Sweet Sixteen!

[Wright drags Matthews up, popping him under the chin with a European uppercut, knocking him back into the buckles. He quickly grabs an arm, firing the Madfox from corner to corner...]

...and then sprinting across the ring after him, cracking him in the jaw with a running European uppercut!]

GM: What a shot in the corner!

[Wright backs out...]

...and then flips forward, catching Matthews right across the face with a rolling koppo kick!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Matthews stumbles out of the corner as Wright kips up, scissoring the arm between his legs, and dragging the Madfox down to the mat in an armbar...

...but before it's fully secure, Matthews manages to hook a leg with his left arm, flipping into a cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Wright bridges up off the mat, drawing an “oooooh!” from the crowd as both men get to their feet. They flip over, Wright burying a knee into the midsection of Matthews. He quickly hooks a front facelock, snapping Matthews over in a suplex, floating into a cover.]

GM: Wright with another cover for one! For two! For-

[Matthews lifts the shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin again...

...and Wright rolls right into an attempt to slap on the Anaconda Vise!]

GM: Another submission hold attempt! He's trying to hook the arm and head of the Madfox and-

[And a sharp right elbow to the cheekbone of Wright breaks the hold while sending a jolt of pain through Matthews' arm.]

GM: Oh! That'll get Matthews out of there!

[He rolls away, scampering to a knee as Wright angrily gets up, throwing another roundhouse kick...]

GM: Matthews catches it!

[The Madfox catches the leg under his left arm, rising to his feet and twisting the leg in a dragon screw legwhip, dumping Wright down to the mat. He keeps his grip on the leg, getting back to his feet...]

GM: He's going for the figure four - the Foxtrap!

[But as he leans down to grab the other leg, Wright DRIVES his heel into the injured shoulder, causing Matthews to spin away in pain.]

GM: Wright fights out of that as well! This kid's showing a lot of heart and talent tonight in this one, fans!

[Wright pushes up off the mat, grabbing Matthews from behind.]

GM: He's got the Madfox hooked in a rear waistlock - perhaps looking for a suplex of some sor-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Matthews grabs the wrist of Wright, pulling him out of the waistlock...

...and down to the mat in a Fujiwara armbar!]

GM: HE'S GOT THE FUJIWARA APPLIED!!

[Wright instantly cries out, searching for a way to escape the hold that he knows he can't survive for very long. He slips his knees underneath him, leveraging his body up off the mat...]

GM: Wright's searching for a counter... looking for a way out...

[Tucking his head, Wright rolls through the Fujiwara attempt that is obviously weakened by Matthews' injured limb. Now on his back safe from the pressure, Wright spins to the side, hooking the Madfox into a front facelock!]

GM: Wright spins out! He's looking for a choke, I think!

BW: He could slap on a heck of a guillotine choke from right there, Gordo. Just get that arm hooked in and it might be nighty-night for the Hall of Famer and former World Champion.

[Matthews grabs the wrist of Wright, spinning out of the guillotine attempt, keeping his grip on the arm...

...and drags Wright down to the mat with another Fujiwara!]

GM: And back to the armbar! Listen to these fans living and dying with every move from these two incredible athletes!

BW: Now do you believe that Supreme Wright is the real deal?!

GM: Not yet but I'm starting to!

[This time, Wright wriggles onto his side, taking the pressure off the arm while kicking his legs up, hooking Matthews' left arm...

...and dragging him down in a crucifix!]

GM: CRUCIFIX GETS ONE! GETS TWO! GETS THR-

[Matthews slips out of the hold...

...and reapplies the Fujiwara again!]

GM: He's right back to the Fujiwara armbar! He got it sunk in again!

BW: If he could manage to hang onto it for more than a few seconds, he could probably wrap this thing up right here and now but Wright keeps finding a way out of it - showing the world what a master of the mat he is!

[Wright struggles against the armbar again, again getting his legs under him to block the bulk of the pressure, forcing Matthews into a seated position on the mat...

...and then quickly rolls to his right, much like he did to secure the crucifix but this time, he rolls Matthews all the way over onto his stomach, ending up seated next to him...]

GM: What's he-?

[Wright grabs the right wrist of Jeff Matthews with his left hand, pulling the arm across the throat of the Madfox. He slips his right arm under the right armpit, hooking it on the neck of Matthews...

...and YANKS back!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: We've seen this before, Gordo!

GM: That's the Cobra Clutch Crossface! That's Eric Preston's move - the very move that Todd Michaelson taught him in the Combat Corner! How the heck did Supreme Wright-

BW: You said it yourself, Gordo! He learned it in the Combat Corner too! He MUST have! Todd Michaelson must have taught it to Wright as well as Preston!

GM: There's no way out of this! There's no escape! Not a single person has found an escape for this hold!

[Wright's teeth are clenched, pulling back with all the strength and leverage that he can muster...]

BW: THIS is what he wanted, Gordo! THIS is the move he's been looking for all night - not the Fujiwara!

GM: Matthews' left arm is fading! The strength is being sapped from his body! Supreme Wright is choking out the Hall of Famer in the center of the ring here in Mobile, Alabama!

[The crowd buzzes, encouraging the Madfox to find an escape... to find a way out...]

GM: The crowd is trying to get Matthews out of this hold but he's fading fast, fans! He's running out of strength! Running out of air to keep the fight going! Running out of-

[Abruptly, the official leaps to his feet and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Wright instantly breaks the hold, falling back to the canvas next to Matthews. He reaches up, covering his face with his arms as the crowd buzzes in shock.]

GM: My stars... do you realize what just happened, Bucky?!

BW: Supreme Wright just DEFEATED Jeff Matthews in the center of this ring! In the middle of the ring, he beat a former World Champion... a Hall of Famer... and out-and-out LEGEND of this sport! Supreme Wright just sent a message to the rest of the Sweet Sixteen that this World Title is within his reach, daddy!

GM: He certainly has. I'm still in shock. Many people - myself included - believed this was a foregone conclusion... that Jeff Matthews would win this, move on to the Sweet Sixteen where he quite possibly could make history by becoming the first man to wear the AWA World Heavyweight Title. But tonight, it's Supreme Wright who just made history, fans!

[A tired Wright gets to his feet, allowing the official to raise his hand in triumph. as we get a graphic promoting "MATTHEWS VS SUPREME II - SUPERCLASH IX - COMING SOON!" before we fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then fade back up on the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall in the Women's Division with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... weighing in at 145 pounds... from Huntsville, Alabama... Lucia Minicucci!

[The fit brunette dressed in spandex shorts and a matching bra top in a combination of emerald, tangerine and ivory and emerald green boots poses in the ring with haughty facial attitudes. The crowd grumbles in response to her behavior as she gives them a rude Italian salute.]

SA: Ms. Minicucci is from the Mother Country, but I can't support that sort of gesture. My sweet Santa Maria would never approve.

DW: She's certainly rude and crude, but she's going to need to be all that and more when she faces her opponent.

SA: And hold on to your hats here, fans, because I expect the reaction to be much, much different for her opponent here tonight.

[Graham continues.]

TG: And her opponent... she weighed in tonight at 165 pounds... from Halifax, Nova Scotia... she is the former AWA Women's World Champion...

"DA KID"...

LAURRRRRRYNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[And as Sal predicted, the Center Stage Studios crowd erupts into cheers as Kendrick Lamar's "DNA" begins to blare over the PA system. Within moments, Lauryn Rage stalks into view, her hot hazel eyes fixed on Minicucci as she spews trash talk of her own at the Italian American. Rage is dressed in her cheeky long-sleeved black unitard with gold and fuchsia inlay, black boots and fuchsia fingerless glove. She is as rough and tough as her two Afro Puffs as she heads down the entrance staircase towards the ring.]

SA: We might need a little more than a seven second delay for this match with the attitudes these two are showing.

DW: Mama Westerly would've taken a switch to anyone talking like that around her.

[Minicucci is hot as Rage steps through the ropes, getting right up into Minicucci's grill still spewing her ferocious and profane rhetoric. Minicucci shoves her back in a show of defiance. The crowd oohs in anticipation of bad stuff happening.]

SA: Look out here... this one getting going before the bell!

[Lauryn Rage looks down at where she was shoved and then out at the audience, chewing her lip in disgust. Rage gets right back up in Minicucci's face and delivers her own two-handed shove. Minicucci throws a wild punch which is blocked by Rage's left hand and delivers her own stiff right jab to the nose which triggers the bell to be rung.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Rage with a little of that southpaw stance pugilism. She's been training with the WBC Middleweight champion, Augustine St. Noel. Those hands of hers have become deadly weapons.

DW: She rocked her world on that one. The follow up shots are landing too. Get her, Lauryn!

[Rage lunges in for the collar and elbow, snaring Minicucci in a side headlock as she grinds down on Minicucci's ears.]

SA: Tight side headlock by the former champ. That will give you cauliflower ears in a hurry.

DW: She's got her woman locked down tight. All Lauryn's weight is on Minicucci's neck and shoulders. That will force Minicucci to carry both their weights and that will tire you out in a hurry. It's a good leverage technique early on in the match.

[Lauryn wrenches in on the hold, turning Minicucci to all four sides of the ring to demonstrate to the studio audience her control over her opponent. As she spins Minicucci back to the hard camera, Lauryn takes her over and to the mat with the takeover, rolling into a seated position as she continues to spew trash into her opponent's ear.]

SA: Headlock takeover... and Rage wastes no time in putting the badmouth on her opponent again. She certainly is fired up as we head into SuperClash where she'll

be competing as part of Steal The Spotlight, looking to earn herself her much-anticipated World Title rematch.

[The crowd shouts out its support as referee, Shari Miranda, asks Minicucci if she wants to give it up and checks the headlock to make sure it's not crushing the windpipe. Minicucci flails around, grabbing at Lauryn's afro puffs.]

SA: Minicucci struggling to find an escape from that headlock ... UH OH! I spoke too soon! Minicucci with a thumb to the eye! And that move came from the Greeks ladies and gentlemen, not my beloved Romans, I swear.

DW: Well, Big Sal, I don't know if that thumb was from the Greco half of Greco-Roman wrestling, but it was very effective at breaking the headlock wherever it came from.

[Minicucci struggles to her feet, delivering a stiff kick to Lauryn's heavily-braced and recovering from injury knee. The crowd boos as Lauryn cringes on the mat.]

SA: My countrywoman taking a shortcut by going straight to that knee! And that would seem to be a smart strategy. That knee showed to be clearly not 100 percent during Fight Night against Julie Somers.

DW: That steel cage match was something else a few weeks back - the victory sending the Spitfire to SuperClash to challenge for the gold and putting Lauryn Rage into Steal The Spotlight as part of Team Davis. Rage has been coming back from a partially torn ACL at the hands of Kurayami for quite some time now.

SA: Seven months of ring time spent on the shelf, Dee Dub.

DW: That's a long time to be out of the ring, Sal, and ever since she's come back, we've been seeing Lauryn Rage trying to regain her timing, her conditioning, even just her in-ring rhythm. It's clearly not all the way back because every time an opponent goes after that knee, it seems to take Lauryn out of her game... just like we're seeing here.

[Minicucci stomps Lauryn's knee until Lauryn rolls out of the ring to escape the onslaught.]

SA: Maybe more of that on display here as Rage bails to the outside, trying to protect that leg. And you know, Dee Dub... one of things that Lauryn Rage has never lacked since making her AWA debut is confidence in her own abilities... but I feel like we've seen that confidence waver since her injury and that can lead to her making mistakes in there as well.

[Rage dodges a wild kick to the head by Minicucci and limps around the ring, glaring and swearing at Minicucci as Miranda lays in the ten count.]

SA: Referee Shari Miranda starting her ten count. We saw Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift fail in their efforts to gain that all-important momentum heading into Thanksgiving Night - will Lauryn Rage suffer the same fate?

[Out on the outside, Rage stretches out her knee a few times, slapping the brace on it, throwing a death glare up at Minicucci.]

SA: If looks could kill, we'd have a serious problem on our hands here.

[Rage marches right back up the ringsteps, stepping back inside the ring through the ropes as Minicucci rushes at her, diving down to shoot in on the knee...]

SA: Minicucci on the move and-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: GOODNESS GRACIOUS, GREAT BALLS OF FIRE! LAURYN RAGE SLAPPED THE TASTE RIGHT OUT OF HER MOUTH IN A SCENE THAT'LL GO VIRAL BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OVER, I'D WAGER!

[Rage came down hard across the back of Minicucci's head with that heavy right hand of hers. Minicucci drops to one knee in a daze before Lauryn snatches her by her dark hair and yanks her to her feet again.]

DW: That reminded me of my mother when I snuck cookies out of the pantry before dinner.

"I DON'T WHO THE HELL YOU THINK YOU ARE BUT YOU'RE IN HERE WITH LAURYN RAGE, YOU DUMBITCH!"

[Shoving Minicucci back into the corner, Rage starts laying into her with heavy slaps back and forth across the face...]

SA: She's all over her now!

[Someone in the Atlanta crowd shouts out "Whoop Dat Trick!" as Lauryn delivers the slaps and then someone else joins in and then someone else until the studio audience is chanting in unison ...]

"WHOO DAT TRICK!" "GET HER!"
"WHOO DAT TRICK!" "GET HER!"
"WHOO DAT TRICK!" "GET HER!"

SA: Well, we may be about 600 miles away from Memphis but a little bit of a Grizzlies game has come to the A-T-L here tonight as this studio audience is getting raucous just under two weeks from the biggest night of the year for AWA fans around the world!

[Rage snatches her by the hair again, pulling her out of the corner where she ducks low, lifting her opponent up onto her shoulder...]

SA: Rage scoops her up...

DW: We've seen this before!

[Rushing across the ring, Rage DRIVES her opponent into the far buckles with great authority and impact, leaving her reeling.]

DW: The ring might have moved on that spinebuster into the corner from the former champ. She's clearly fed up with her opponent right now!

[Minicucci cringes in the corner as Lauryn lights her up with punches upstairs and downstairs. The body shots force Minicucci to protect her ribs, leaving her wide open for a vicious left hook that leaves her slumped in the corner, held up by the top rope.]

SA: Fists of fury on the part of the former champion... and if I was a member of Team Bailey watching this, I'd be very concerned about how ticked off Lauryn Rage seems to be heading into this historic Steal The Spotlight matchup.

DW: Six on six... the Women's Division featured for the first time... Steal The Spotlight is promising to be one of the highlights of the night right down the road from us here in Atlanta, Big Sal.

SA: It sure is and... in comes Rage again!

[Twisting around, the former champion drives her hindquarters into her opponent's breadbasket, knocking the wind out of her.]

SA: And it's strictly business for Lauryn Rage as she backs that thang up into the body of Minicucci! The hip attack is a vicious weapon in Lauryn Rage's arsenal. That certainly knocked the wind out of Lucia Minicucci!

[Rage looks out to the fans, talking trash about Minicucci before she lifts her stunned opponent up onto the top turnbuckle.]

SA: Lauryn Rage putting Minicucci on the top rope. What's she going to do with her now?

DW: A lot of bad-mouthing by Rage. Boy, that family has hair trigger tempers, don't they, Big Sal?

SA: Like their fellow Canadian, Drake, they go from zero to 100 real quick. Da Kid getting in Minicucci's face. I think she wants everybody to know that she will not be stopped in her quest to get another title shot against whoever emerges victorious at SuperClash between Kuruyami and Julie Somers.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The announcers and the crowd react with sympathetic pain as Lauryn grabs Minicucci's foot and yanks it backwards, causing Minicucci to tumble off the top rope and crash to the mat in a nasty spill.]

SA: And after that hard fall, you can turn out the lights because this party may be over!

[Lauryn leans on the ropes, shouting down to the fans.]

"THIS WORTHLESS PIECE OF TRASH THINKS SHE CAN HANG WITH ME? YOU KNOW WHAT YOU SAID. YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S TIME TO WHOOP DAT TRICK!"

"WHOOP DAT TRICK!" "GET HER!"

"WHOOP DAT TRICK!" "GET HER!"

"WHOOP DAT TRICK!" "GET HER!"

SA: Uh oh... and these fans picking up that earlier chant. Now let's see if Lauryn Rage will hustle and flow into a victory here.

DW: She's certainly got her woman in a compromised position. Minicucci's head must feel like a plate of scrambled eggs with a side of bacon after that spill.

[Rage drags up Minicucci by the hair and props her up in the corner. She jams her boot into Minicucci's midsection and starts stomping a mudhole in her middle.]

"THIS IS FOR ALL Y'ALL WATCHING, I'M COMING FOR THAT SPOTLIGHT!"

[Another kick to the gut.]

"KURUYAMI, THIS IS FOR YOU!"

[And another.]

"JULIE SOMERS, I'MMA GET MINE BACK!"

[And yet another.]

"MINICUCCI, YOU, I JUST FLAT OUT DON'T LIKE YOU!"

[And with that last shout out, Rage drags Minicucci to the center of the ring.]

"AND HAMILTON... IT'S A DAMN SNAKEBITE!"

[Rage boots Minicucci in the midsection and spins, grabbing her in a three quarter Nelson before she drops hard to the mat, driving Minicucci's jaw into her muscular shoulder.]

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON! WHAT A SNAKEBITE!

[Minicucci flies backwards off the mat before she crashes unconscious to the mat as Lauryn rolls into a tight cover and Shari Miranda counts to three.]

SA: Saluti, Minicucci! This one is over!

"DING! DING! DING!"

TG: Here is your winner... LAURYN RAGE!

[The crowd cheers as the second verse of "DNA" plays over the PA system. Lauryn Rage shoves her unconscious opponent from the ring and then pulls herself up to the top rope to celebrate with her fans.]

SA: Lauryn Rage picks up the win here tonight with the Snakebite.

DW: Letting Harley Hamilton know that the Snakebite is the move and not the Hot Girl Stunner. Maybe a little warning to Skylar Swift too? What do you think, Big Sal?

SA: I think it's a reminder to everybody. You know, prior to injury Lauryn Rage never actually used a consistent finisher because she wanted to demonstrate just how versatile she was in the ring. But this Lauryn Rage is certainly leaning into her family legacy and the Snakebite is a big part of that. Harley Hamilton certainly used the Hot Girl Stunner to mock Skylar Swift. She may have inadvertently ticked off Da Kid, though as well.

DW: I think everybody ticks off Lauryn Rage.

SA: It doesn't seem like Lauryn Rage is finished here tonight. She's calling for a microphone.

[Rage snatches the microphone from the ringside attendant. She takes the center of the ring.]

LR: My name is Lauryn Rage and I'm the first and former AWA Women's World Champion.

[She nods as the crowd cheers that proclamation.]

LR: I just lost seven months of my career because Kuruyami had to tear my knee in two in order to take that title from me. And I'm pissed off because at SuperClash I

won't get my chance to get my revenge on that fat tub of lard. But if you think that's the end of it well, you just don't know Lauryn Rage.

[The youngest Rage stares out at the crowd, fire in her belly and fury in her eyes.]

LR: I had nothing but seven months to train and rehab and sit back and look at women steal my spot and the AWA just forgot about me. No features, no special interviews, no on-air mentions, no shoutouts. No damn nothing. And I was the damn former world champion.

[She shakes her head.]

LR: I got mighty pissed off. And that motivated me to push harder to get better to come back stronger. But as strong as I got my body, my mind wasn't right. And as much as I was focused on taking my spot back I wasn't ready and Julie Somers was better than me for three seconds at Fight Night and it felt like all that piss and vinegar was wasted. But a funny thing happened. You know what happens when the piss and vinegar gets drained out of you? It leaves room for new piss and vinegar. And I filled up so full I damn near burst!

[The crowd cheers the young Rage's frank honesty.]

LR: So I'm rolling into Steal The Spotlight with my tank spilling over and that's bad news for everyone. Because I WILL be the last woman standing and I will not steal that spotlight. I will TAKE that damn Spotlight and beat the holy living hell out of any dumbitch that dares get in my way.

[Another cheer goes out as Rage pauses, letting it quiet before she continues.]

LR: This is a warning to my team... get your crap together before I have to knock your heads together like we're the damn Three Stooges. I have been the AWA Women's World Champion. There ain't nothing like it. The damn high you feel carrying around the belt. I'll be damned if I lose out on that feeling again because a bunch of sisters can't get along. Ya dig? We're rolling into SuperClash and we're going to win. I'm going to Take the Spotlight and I'm going to become the first TWO-TIME AWA Women's World Champion. And it's like that because that's the way it is!

[Lauryn spikes the microphone as she throws up her fists to the crowd's cheers before she rolls out of the ring and storms up the exit stairs, shouting and taking trash to everybody and nobody at the same time.]

SA: With a shout out to Snoop Dogg, Da Kid just bossed up in front of us all here. She's serving a warning on everybody that she means nothing but business at SuperClash.

DW: I gotta say I can dig it. She's focused and ready. I hope her teammates are because they might have to be more afraid of her than her opponents.

SA: Speaking of her teammates, let's go over to one of them who is standing by with Theresa. Theresa?

[We fade over to Theresa Lynch standing at the interview podium with Ayako Fujiwara.]

TL: Thanks, Sal... my next guest is a woman who has had to endure a lot of drama as of late... Ayako Fujiwara!

[The studio audience cheers the Olympic gold medalist as she is introduced. We see that she is wearing a vintage red, v-neck half-sleeves pinup dress with cherry

blossom print and rainbow suede peep toe pumps. The look on her face is not one of happiness.]

TL: Ayako, you were traded to Laura Davis' team for the Steal the Spotlight match. The long and bitter rivalry that you two share must make this move an extremely frustrating one for you.

Ayako: I'm not going to sugarcoat it, Theresa. I hate this. I absolutely hate it! After Laura Davis defeated me in our Iron Woman match, I made a promise that I would never allow anyone to control or manipulate me or my destiny like she had... and she has done it again!

[Ayako closes her eyes, trying to maintain her composure.]

Ayako: Frustration doesn't even begin to describe what I'm feeling right now, Theresa. I am angry beyond words. Laura Davis knew exactly what she was doing when she took me from Michelle Bailey. She did not do it just to hurt Michelle's chances of winning...

...she did it to spite me. To torment me once again. It wasn't enough that she won... she wanted to make sure that I failed.

TL: I know it must be hard to be on a team without any friends or allies, but you're not the only one whose unhappy being a part of Laura Davis' team. Lauryn Rage...

[Ayako is quick to cut Theresa off.]

Ayako: I have nothing to say about THAT woman. We all know what she did to me. If she has any sense of preservation, she'll stay out of my way.

[Theresa looks at Ayako in shock.]

Ayako: She is the scum who brought Kurayami to the AWA. I can forgive many things. But for her?

Never.

[Ayako glares at Theresa.]

Ayako: Please do not mention her to me again, Theresa. It evokes... unpleasant feelings.

[Theresa nods hesitantly, partly from shock and partly from an emotion she thought she'd never feel towards Ayako... fear.]

TL: I understand. I'll refrain from mentioning her. But with the obvious tensions you have within your team, how do you expect to function as a unit? Let's not even get into Steal the Spotlight... you have a trios match with some of your team next Saturday.

Ayako: I can cast my feelings aside to do my job, Theresa. I can be a respectful teammate. But I admit... I find no joy in facing Michelle's team...

...except for Trish Wallace.

[A dangerous grin slowly crosses Ayako's face. Like a hunter facing its prey.]

Ayako: I have the feeling that I will enjoy every precious second we'll be in the ring together. Molly sends her regards, Wallace-san.

[Theresa understands that implied threat completely.]

TL: Oh my gosh.

[She composes herself.]

TL: We're quickly running out of time. Any last thoughts, Ayako?

[Ayako turns to the camera.]

Ayako: You haven't broken me, Laura. I am not a toy for you play with. I am not a punching bag for your abuse. I just want you to know that you are a despicable, wicked woman...

...and someday, you're going to get exactly what is coming to you.

[Ayako turns to Theresa.]

Ayako: Thank you for your time, Theresa.

[She gives Theresa a short bow and walks off. As she does Theresa exhales a breath she didn't even realize she was holding in.]

TL: A very... intense Ayako Fujiwara. Whew. And now...

[Theresa looks off-camera towards the ring, a dismayed expression on her face.]

TL: Oh, come on.

[She sighs and then halfheartedly points to the ring. We cut from Theresa to that ring where we find Donna Martinelli, Kelly Taylor, and Shannon Walsh have hit the ring - all in some version of the same peach ensemble Martinelli had on on Saturday Night Wrestling. Martinelli is all smiles as she holds the mic in hand, ignoring the jeering AWA faithful.]

DM: I DID IT! I DID IT! I DID IT!

[She does a little hop of joy as the fans continue to boo. Kelly Taylor grins at her partner's enthusiasm as Walsh leans against the ropes to watch the happenings.]

DM: Nobody thought I could do it! Not that toad Blackwell! None of the so-called experts! None of you fans! But I got in that ring last weekend and I! PINNED! MICHELLE!

[She giggles madly as she claps wildly and the fans boo some more.]

DM: And that was just a little preview of what I'm gonna do at SuperClash when-

[The voice of Meg Warren and the Canadian electro-pop band Repartee beg to differ. Because they perform "Dukes," the theme song of the AWA's Dream Girl, Skyler Swift.]

DW: Well Donna, on the topic of SuperClash, here's someone who stamped her ticket to the big dance.

SA: Skyler Swift, a participant in the first ever women's Steal The Spotlight match, along with her partner Trish Wallace. Last month, right here on Power Hour, Donna Martinelli and her Peach pits scored an upset victory over the Dream Girl and her tag team partner when Trish Wallace answered Martinelli's open challenge on behalf of her team.

DW: And speaking of good ol' T-Bone...

[Trish Wallace rolls into the ring just after Skyler Swift steps through the ropes. They're both in their ring gear: Swift in her halter, shorts and suspenders, and Wallace in her leotard.]

DW: Ayako Fujiwara had some words for T-Bone just moments ago... but a couple of weeks ago on our Fright Night special, we saw Trish Wallace almost slam her way to a World Title, didn't we Big Sal?

SA: While Trish Wallace had nothing to be ashamed of in her effort to topple Kurayami, she also left without the title around her waist. You have to think that both her and the Dream Girl will be looking for that second chance at the gold that Stealing the Spotlight will afford them.

[Wallace is about to solicit the microphone from Tyler Graham, but it looks like Swift was thinking two steps in front of her, and she already has a microphone.]

SS: What's up in The A, Power Hour?!

[The fans cheer, although there are a few groans for a caucasian Canadian girl calling Atlanta "The A." Even Trish Wallace shakes her head at that one.]

SS: So, Donna, I can see how proud you are that you've scored a win over our team captain. And that you've scored a win over us.

[Martinelli nods emphatically.]

DM: That's right! All those Internet GEEKS out there are telling me that I'm dead meat at SuperClash but I don't think so! I've beaten you! And you!

[She points at Swift and Wallace respectively.]

DM: And I've beaten Michelle too! So the way I see it is that scientifically that means that at SuperClash, you're gonna find out that I'm better than anyone gives me credit for! In fact... scientifically... I'm BETTER! THAN! YOU!

[The crowd jeers as Martinelli beams, pointing to her temple shouting "SCIENCE SMARTS!" off-mic. Swift smirks in response.]

SS: Well, the thing about science is... You have to be able to replicate the results. You can't cheat on the same exam twice. Now, you and...

[She points to Shannon Walsh and Kelly Taylor]

SS: ...Lizzie McGuire and iCarly here...

[Taylor and Walsh both express indignation while the Center Stage fans guffaw.]

SS: ...You three have been a stick in just about everyone's spokes in the AWA, and I think it's time that Trish and myself had a little warm-up match of our own before we head three miles down the road to the Georgia Dome? What d'ya say?

[Swift raises her arms to encourage in response to the cheering fans. Wallace flexes her shoulders and pounds her fist into her palm. The Peach Pits huddle up, Martinelli trying to get Walsh and Taylor on the same page after the name-calling.]

SA: Well, Dee Dub, it looks like we're about to get an impromptu tag team matchup here on the Power Hour with the Peach Pits taking on the team of Swift and Wallace in a rematch from recently that saw the Pits come out on the winning end of things.

[Martinelli's got an arm on Taylor and Walsh's shoulders as Swift and Wallace huddle up across the ring from them.]

DW: The Peach Pits trying to decide who will start things off for their squad as-

[A shout of "GO!" from Martinelli sees Taylor and Walsh break away, linking hands as they rush towards Skylar Swift who ducks low to avoid the double clothesline...]

SA: The Peach Pits trying to- ducked by Swift and...

[The crowd ROARS as Trish Wallace steamrolls over both Taylor and Walsh with a massive double clothesline that takes both women off their feet, sending them rolling to the outside as Swift charges a surprised Martinelli, leaping up to snare her head between her legs...]

SA: And Swift scores with the rana, sending Martinelli all the way to the outside!

[Swift pumps her fist as she heads through the ropes to the apron at the sound of the bell to officially start the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: We're off and running... and speaking of RUNNING... OHHHH MYYYYY!

[The crowd ROARS again as Swift runs down the apron, leaping off with a crossbody onto a rising Martinelli!]

SA: DOWN GOES DONNA COURTESY OF THE CANADIAN DREAM GIRL!

[Down on the outside, Swift takes the mount, pounding some fists into the head of a shrieking Martinelli while Trish Wallace nods approvingly from her legal spot on the apron.]

SA: Skylar Swift hauling Martinelli up by the hair... ohhh!

DW: She bounced her head right off the apron, Sal!

[A shove sends a disheveled Martinelli under the ropes and back into the ring before climbing up on the apron.]

SA: Martinelli's coming off that big pinfall over Michelle Bailey on Saturday Night Wrestling but Skylar Swift's got her on the run here early on in this tag team showdown.

DW: You know, Sal... rumors continue to heat up about a Women's Tag Team Titles and you'd have to imagine that at least Swift and Wallace would be considered one of the top contenders for such a title if it happens.

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: But not the Peach Pits?

DW: We'll see.

[Martinelli staggers to her feet inside the ring, stumbling in a circle...]

SA: Look out above, young lady.

[...and wanders right into the flight path of Skylar Swift who comes sailing off the top rope, catching Martinelli squarely across the chest with a crossbody press!]

SA: CROSSBODY TAKES HER DOWN! HOOKS THE LEG! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT-

[Martinelli sneaks out from under Swift's lateral press, freeing herself from the pinning predicament!]

SA: Martinelli slips out the back door in time!

[Swift climbs to her feet, a big grin on her face as the crowd breaks into a "LET'S GO, SKY-LAR!" chant.]

SA: Skylar Swift remains one of the most popular competitors in the company. You think back to The Battle of Saskatchewan when she was oh-so-close to capturing the Women's World Title from Kurayami in front of her home country crowd and that's gotta be what's on her mind going into Steal The Spotlight in less than two weeks' time.

DW: Her and Trish both, Sal. Look, Trish took it to Kurayami two weeks ago... briefly but effectively... but it was enough to see that Trish Wallace could be a future World Champion too.

SA: And winning Steal The Spotlight is a giant step towards getting that eventual shot at either Kurayami or Julie Somers.

[Swift pursues the fleeing Martinelli who is trying to get some distance between herself and the Canadian Dream Girl. Martinelli gets to the corner, using the ropes to pull herself to her feet as Swift moves in right behind her, spinning her around and peppering her with a pair of forearm shots that sends her back into the buckles.]

SA: Swift's got her in the corner and-

[A desperate Martinelli shrieks in terror, calling for the referee's help. The official steps in, forcing a break as an upset Swift steps back, shouting "WHAT THE HECK?!" at the referee...]

SA: Swift gets backed off and- OHH! MARTINELLI GOES TO THE EYES!

[The crowd howls with disdain as Swift staggers away, rubbing at her eyes as Trish Wallace bellows something in the referee's direction...]

...which is when Martinelli hooks Swift by the back of the tights, chucking her through the ropes where she unceremoniously lands at the feet of the recovering Walsh and Taylor!]

SA: Swift goes down HARD on the outside!

DW: My goodness, Sal! She hit the floor like a sack of cement!

[The referee reprimands Martinelli for the eyerake as Donna puts up an argument, keeping the referee with her...]

...which allows Taylor and Walsh to put the boots to Swift on the outside!]

SA: We've got a two-on-one on the floor and... that's gotta be a disqualification, right? This is a tag match - not a trios match!

DW: Yeah, but... who's legal?! We never saw either of them in the ring legally and-

[The referee spins away from Martinelli at a shout from Trish Wallace... but then slides to the floor, put himself between a protesting Wallace and the Peach Pits on the outside!]

SA: He's stopping Wallace?! Are you kidding me?!

[Taylor and Walsh pull Swift up off the floor, tossing her back under the ropes into the ring. The referee whips around, warning them as well...]

SA: And it looks like you're right, Dee Dub. The official's letting it go because he didn't know which one of them was legal and which one wasn't. Not sure why that matters since BOTH of them were attacking Skylar Swift but...

[Kelly Taylor strides around the ring, taking her spot on the apron as Walsh and Wallace continue to trade words on the outside.]

SA: This one is a bit of a powderkeg out here tonight, Dee Dub.

DW: It sure is. Everyone knows the temper of Trish Wallace and she looks like she's about ready to boil over at any moment.

SA: Of course, Swift and Wallace will be in action alongside Margarita Flores to take on Harley Hamilton, Cinder, and Ayako Fujiwara a week from tonight in New Orleans on the final Saturday Night Wrestling of 2017. What a match that should be.

[Martinelli slaps the offered hand of Kelly Taylor, bringing her legally into the match for the first time.]

SA: In comes the high flyer of the Peach Pits - the risktaker herself, Kelly Taylor...

[Taylor waves a hand at Martinelli who lifts Swift up under her arm, bringing her down in a backbreaker across her knee as Taylor grabs the top rope with both hands...]

SA: SLINGSHOT!

[...and slings herself over the top rope in a somersault, bringing her leg SNAPPING down across the throat of Swift!]

SA: OHHH!

DW: Now THAT was impressive, Sal.

SA: Dee Dub, I gotta say - whether you love them or hate them, the Peach Pits continue to improve each and every time we see them in the ring as Taylor goes for a cover here.

[A two count follows before Swift lifts the shoulder in time to cheers.]

SA: Skylar Swift out at two... but the Dream Girl needs to start looking to make the tag in my estimation...

[Martinelli exits the ring, leaving Taylor behind as Kelly pulls Swift up, snapping a pair of jabs into the jaw before a big right hand sends Swift staggering back into

the Peach Pits' corner. From the outside, Shannon Walsh can be heard directing traffic.]

SA: Walsh - with more experience than her partners - seems to have taking on a kind of ring general leadership role in her team, even when she's not involved in the match like here tonight.

DW: It's gotta be helpful for Martinelli and Taylor, Sal... it's like having a manager on the outside...

[Taylor buries a pair of hooking blows to the ribs before she tags Martinelli back in.]

SA: Quick tags by the Peach Pits... Martinelli on her way back inside...

[Back in the ring, each woman grabs a wrist on Swift, dragging her away from the corner. Holding the wrists, Taylor and Martinelli bury a double boot in the midsection before twisting the arms in a pair of armwringers...]

SA: Double team by the Peaches...

[They step on the back of Swift's knees, forcing her down onto them...

...and then yank themselves into a pair of sandwiching kneestrikes to the sides of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! What a shot right there - and down goes Swift again!

[Taylor departs as Martinelli dives onto Swift, hooking a leg, and shrieking "COUNT! COUNT!" to the referee.]

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

[But again Swift's shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the pin. Martinelli screeches "WHAAAAAT?!" before throwing herself into a sloppy-looking mount, flailing down with pummeling punches to the head of the Canadian Dream Girl.]

SA: Martinelli showing some signs of frustration as she works over Swift on the canvas...

[She grabs two hands full of Swift's hair, pulling her to her feet, flinging her back into a neutral corner.]

SA: Into the corner goes Swift... Martinelli backing off... taking aim...

[With a shout, she charges across the ring, lowering her shoulder...]

SA: Is that...?

BW: A Britney Spear?!

[...and SLAMS herself shoulderfirst into the ringpost as Swift leans back, rolling her legs up to leave an empty path to the post!]

SA: SWIFT GETS CLEAR!

[With Martinelli doubled over in the corner, Swift uses her back to propel herself down to the mat in a front roll...

...and lunges into a tag to a huge cheer!]

SA: TAG! THE TAG IS MADE!

[The crowd ROARS as Trish Wallace steps in, balling up her fists, absolutely fuming as she approaches the corner where Martinelli is trying to regroup.]

DW: Martinelli's in trouble now, Sal!

SA: That would appear to be the case!

[Wallace swings Martinelli around, lacing into her with a right hand on the jaw that immediately puts her down on her butt in the corner.]

SA: OH! What a right hand by T-Bone!

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Wallace starts stomping down hard into the chest over and over and over...]

SA: Wallace is stomping her into the dust!

[The referee is right there, shouting at Wallace as she rains down thunder on a stunned Martinelli...]

SA: The referee trying to get her to back off...

[But Wallace ignores the official, pulling Martinelli to her feet by the hair, launching into a standing clothesline to the collarbone... and again... and again...]

SA: Wallace is all over her!

[Again, the referee is trying to get her to back off...]

SA: The official is shouting at her, warning her with-

[Wallace suddenly breaks away, shouting at the referee, forcing him to back off, hands raised, threatening a disqualification...]

...but Wallace spins away, charging in, and twisting around to crush her against the buckles with a running hip attack!]

SA: OHH! Wallace smashes Martinelli in the buckles!

[A furious look on her face, Wallace snaps an elbow back into the side of the face, her weight holding Martinelli in the corner...]

SA: ELBOW! ANOTHER! ANOTHER!

[The repeated elbows again gets the referee over in her face, shouting at her to let Martinelli out of the corner... but another elbow flies... and another...]

DW: Come on, Trish! Let her out! You don't want to get disq-

[A banged-up Skylar Swift adds her voice to the chorus of people begging Wallace to let up...]

...but the fired-up Wallace has other ideas as she reaches out in anger...]

SA: NO!

[...and shoved down the official with a mighty shove, knocking him off his feet as well as the Atlanta crowd groans at the assault!]

SA: Oh no.

[Down on the mat, the referee rubs the back of his head as he rolls over onto his hip, waving an arm...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd jeers as Wallace’s eyes flash with anger, stomping out of the corner towards the referee who quickly - and wisely- rolls under the ropes to the outside!]

SA: The referee’s running for it and who can blame him!

DW: She lost her cool, Big Sal! Trish Wallace couldn’t keep her emotions in check and she just got her team disqualified!

[The ring announcer makes the loss by DQ official as Wallace grabs at her hair, letting loose a frustrated roar as Skylar Swift shakes her head in disbelief from the corner, stepping through the ropes to talk to her friend and partner.]

SA: A tough loss there. Wallace and Swift with yet another loss to the Peach Pits and...

[Swift is pleading her case to Wallace, pointing at the fleeing referee.]

SA: Skylar Swift is upset and it’s hard to blame her for that, Dee Dub.

DW: Another loss to the Peach Pits, like you said... and just two weeks from SuperClash when someone like Skylar has the chance to earn another shot at the Women’s World Title only to have her friend and partner’s temper cost her some much-needed momentum.

SA: Momentum is often the name of the game so close to a big match like this and...

[The crowd groans in shock and disappointment as Wallace delivers a second two-handed shove, this time to her disapproving partner, sending Swift down on her tailbone before Wallace ducks through the ropes to the outside.]

SA: Wallace just shoved down her own partner, Dee Dub!

DW: What the heck is going on with her?!

[Swift sits on the mat, a disbelieving look on her face as Wallace stomps up the stairs to the locker room, not even bothering to look back at her friend or the jeering crowd.]

SA: Trish Wallace lost her cool tonight in the ring... on the referee... and now on her own friend!

DW: I don’t know what the heck’s going through her head, Sal, but she better work it out over the next twelve days if she’s gonna stand a chance at SuperClash.

[Swift slowly gets to her feet, hands on her hips as she watches Wallace exit. She shakes her head, approaching the ropes where the camera hears her say something off-mic with the words “out of control lately. The Canadian Dream Girl exits, dropping to the floor and heading towards the back as the fans buzz at what they just saw as we fade to black.

We hold on a black screen for several moments before we hear the sound of footsteps. Loud footsteps breaking through a completely silent room.

They come to a halt.

A slight clearing of the throat.]

"WELCOME..."

[And with the blast of a spotlight, we see a circus ringmaster standing in the middle of it, a huge grin upon his face.]

"...TO THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!"

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

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

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

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

SUPERCLASH IX
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

12 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

...before we cut to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY", where we see the form of the "Pretty Hate Machine" Kylie Kujawa sitting in front of a camera, her long, pastel rainbow hair hanging down over her face as she looks at the floor.]

KK: I don't have a lot of people I can count on.

[Kylie runs her hand into her hair, not to move it out of her face, but to rustle it.]

KK: I don't have many I can call family. I got Shane and Roxie... I got Shelley. I was feelin' close to Hitomi a few months ago when I let her down.

[A laugh escapes from Kylie. A rueful laugh.]

KK: Story of my life. Stick with me long enough, and I'm sure I'll let you down somehow. Either I try too hard to get it right and I mess it up, or I just...

[Kylie trails off, and we hear a sniffle come from her before she picks back up.]

KK: I came to the AWA because I wanted to do the right thing. I saw Shelley get hurt, and I wanted to come here to take down the person responsible. And...

[Kylie shakes her head.]

KK: I guess it wasn't necessary. I guess what I wanted to do wasn't really needed. I guess, even though I tried to do the right thing, and stick up for someone who I've seen as my big sister for as long as I can remember, it wasn't needed.

[Kylie pauses, letting the words hang for a moment.]

KK: All I could wonder was if I was needed. If Shelley still needed me. If Shelley still even wanted me in her life. If I screwed it all up again... if I ruined one more thing, just like I always do.

[Kylie sinks down off her seat to the floor, her hair still hanging in her face, as she looks up to the ceiling.]

KK: I talked to Shelley a few times since Saturday Night Wrestling, and she told me she understood why I did what I did to you, Kelly. She said I was wrong, but that she understood. She got why I tried so hard to stand up for her.

[Kylie looks back down at the floor.]

KK: Because she's one of the few people I have left, Kelly. She's my family, whether we're blood or not. But aside from my family, what do I have? What do I actually have?

[We can hear soft weeping from underneath the hair hanging over Kylie's face.]

KK: I have NOTHING.

[Kylie lets out a pained gasp.]

KK: I have a career that's gone nowhere, you have everything in front of you, and all I have is my family. And you break Shelley's nose with your reckless, dumb head, and what am I supposed to do? Sit home? Smile? Pretend it's okay?

[Kylie's voice drops to a whisper.]

KK: Pretend it's okay that you hurt one of the few things I have left that brings me joy? That puts my mind at ease? That brings me comfort?

[Her voice now escalates to a shriek.]

KK: DO YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE HER FROM ME?!

[Kylie lunges towards the camera, grasping it by the lens, her hair yet still hanging in her face.]

KK: DO YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP ME, KELLY KOWALSKI?!

[And just as quickly, Kylie lets go, flopping down to the floor, dissolving into sobs.]

KK: ... I... I will do any... anything...

[Kylie takes a moment to compose herself, finally brushing her hair out of her face. For the first time, we see her without any of her customary makeup, no black streak across the eyes or white foundation on her face. We can see that the makeup normally conceals dark circles under her eyes, and a two-inch somewhat diagonal and jagged scar near her left eye. She plasters on her Cheshire grin, which looks somehow more disconcerting sans makeup. She blinks rapidly to get the tears from her eyes before speaking once more.]

KK: Shelley told me to take my medicine, Kelly. I'm not real good at taking medication.

[Kylie giggles, tilting her head and absent-mindedly twirling her hair around her finger.]

KK: I especially don't like being forced to take my medicine...

[The expression drains from Kylie's face, as she slowly lowers her hands, balling them into fists down by her sides.]

KK: So you'd better have a real clever way to get me to take it, aside from a spoonful of sugar, sweetpea.

[Kylie quickly moves out of frame as we fade...

...and the ACCESS 365 logo flashes across the screen as we see Harley Hamilton carrying Casey Cash piggyback down the hall, the two still celebrating Cash's victory. However, Hamilton comes to a stop and sets Casey down as she comes across another wrestler walking towards them in the opposite direction... Kelly Kowalski.]

HH: Oh, hey Red.

[Kelly stares at the two cooly.]

KK: Pinkie.

[She nudges her head towards Casey.]

KK: Who's the floozy?

[Casey's jaw drops as an annoyed expression appears on Harley's face.]

HH: Her name is CASEY and she is ...

[Kelly rolls her eyes.]

KK: Yeah, yeah, I know... "a perfect angel from Heaven."

CC: I totally am!

KK: How come you ain't ever called me a perfect angel from Heaven?

HH: 'Cause there's nothing angelic about you, Kelly.

[Kowalski smirks.]

KK: I know. I'm just a hell raising, butt kickin, beer guzzlin' bad girl always up to no good. And I guess I'm just a little too sinful for ya these days.

You haven't returned any of my calls ever since she came around.

[She motions to Casey.]

HH: Jealousy isn't cute, Red.

KK: I don't do cute, Pinkie. Ya know that. And I can take a hint when my company ain't wanted no more.

HH: It's not like that.

KK: Then what's it like, Harley? Ya waltz back in my life acting like you wanna be my friend again and then ya toss me aside for Gretchen Wieners?

CC: Hey, don't make me a scapegoat in all this!

HH: That's not it at all! Why are you always like this!?

KK: Were ya just manipulin' me this whole time? Messin' with my head about Michelle Bailey? And the moment you couldn't convince Laura Davis to pick me onto the team, ya got no more use for me?

[Just then, we see Cinder jogging onto the scene.]

C: There yeh are! Aye finally caught up to- AHH!

[She sees Harley and Kelly in a tense stand-off and slowly begins to back away, grabbing a startled Casey by the arm and dragging her off with her.]

CC: Eep!

HH: I didn't lie to you, Kelly. I meant every single word I said. You deserve so much better than to get used by a bunch of people that don't give a damn about you. Or at least I thought you did.

KK: Actions speak a whole lot louder than words and so far you've been nothing but all talk.

[An angry look suddenly flashes across Harley's face.]

HH: If that's the way you want it, fine! Let Michelle Bailey use and abuse you! What do I care!?

[Harley throws her hands up in the air and shakes her head, turning to leave. As she walks away, Kelly calls out to her, a tinge of sadness in her voice.]

KK: See ya around, Harley.

[Harley stops walking, but doesn't turn around to face Kelly.]

HH: If you want to actually talk about this like an adult, my number's still the same.

[A beat.]

KK: I don't think I'll be needing to.

[After another moment of silence, Harley replies.]

HH: See you around... Kelly.

[And with that, Harley walks off, as the camera pans over to focus on the bittersweet expression on Kelly Kowalski's face, before she too turns and walks away. And with another flash of the ACCESS logo, we end up back at the announce table where Big Sal and Dylan are seated.]

SA: Some obvious tensions there between Harley Hamilton and her old friend, Kelly Kowalski - one of the participants in our next match - a Women's Division grudge match, and Dee Dub, in just twelve days, the two women in this match are going to be on the same side in Steal the Spotlight!

DW: They were on the same side last week on Saturday Night Wrestling and things didn't go so well, so the hope of their team captain, Michelle Bailey, is that they work out whatever issues they have here.

SA: Ever since she debuted, Kylie Kujawa has been targeting Kelly Kowalski, and tonight, it all comes to a head! Tyler, take it away!

[We cut to the ring, where Tyler Graham stands, with Shari Miranda nearby.]

TG: Our next contest is a Women's Division match, set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit, and it is a grudge match!

[The crowd roars with anticipation as the issue between these two women will finally be settled.]

TG: Introducing first, from Southern Pines, North Carolina, she weighs 149 pounds, and she is the "Pretty Hate Machine"...

KYYYYYYYYLIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE KUJAAAAAAAAAAWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[The slow pulse of Placebo's cover of "Running Up That Hill" fills Center Stage, as Kylie Kujawa calmly emerges from the entrance, walking methodically. Her usual makeup of pancaked white foundation with an airbrushed black streak running temple to temple across the eyes appears altered, as black streaks run from her eyes down her cheeks and jaw, almost as if she's been crying. Her black lipstick is smudged around her mouth, as though she has been wiping her mouth repeatedly through the day, a smear on the back of her right hand lending credence to this thought. Her eyes are red, as though she's been rubbing them frequently.]

DW: Whoa.

SA: Kylie Kujawa... well, there's no gentle way to phrase it, she didn't exactly look in a great mental state earlier today, and it doesn't look like she's improved any since we heard from her.

DW: I'll say, Big Sal.

SA: She got what was described as "tough love" from Michelle Bailey after their match on Saturday Night Wrestling, when she started the brawl with Kelly Kowalski that eventually led to their team's downfall against Laura Davis, Lauryn Rage, and Donna Martinelli. Rumor has it that she hasn't been communicating with anyone except for Michelle since that incident.

DW: So we have no idea what we're dealing with here tonight, do we?

SA: Not even a hint. When I spoke with Michelle earlier today, she warned me that this music change might happen... Kylie changes her music when her mood is off-kilter, so to speak.

DW: Off-kilter would describe what we're seeing.

[Kylie is barely dressed out to compete, wearing black linen pants and a purple tank top, along with her customary pink Chucks. Her facial piercings are missing, and her hair is a tousled mess. A black elbowpad hangs loosely on her left wrist. Kylie makes no motions to the crowd, just slowly climbs into the ring, rolling under the bottom rope and pausing on her back to stare at the lights in the ceiling. She points at a few, a grin forming on her face, as Shari Miranda walks over to check on her. Kylie nonchalantly waves the official off, pulling the elbowpad where it is supposed to go, then rolling backwards up to her feet as the music cuts.]

SA: Shari Miranda is insisting that she check over Kylie Kujawa for weapons, and the way Kylie's acting, that may be more than just a pre-match formality.

DW: You're not kidding.

SA: I spoke with her brother, Shane Destiny, a few days ago, and he said that as much as he cares for his sister, stylistically this is a mismatch in favor of Kelly Kowalski. Kylie has historically struggled against brawlers, and brawling is Kelly's bread and butter.

DW: And you add in how Kylie's temperament today, that can't help.

SA: That's one thing Shane did mention, Dee Dub. Kylie may feel like she's got her back against the wall, and she's extremely dangerous when she's in that mindset. She could easily throw Kelly off her gameplan. Let's take it up to Tyler Graham for the introduction of her opponent.

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

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

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

TG: Weighing tonight at 135 pounds, from Asbury Park, New Jersey....

KEEEELLLLLLLLLYYYYY KOOOWWWAALLLSSSSKKKKKKIIIIIII!!

[The Center Stage audience are on their feet as the Jersey Devil herself emerges from the entranceway, charging down the entrance steps... and rushes into the ring, tackling Kylie Kujawa!]

SA: And here we go! Kelly Kowalski's not going to give Kylie Kujawa a moment to breathe, or to unpack whatever her gameplan was! She's going right to work!

DW: And look at Kylie, trying to kick away from the Jersey Devil!

[Kujawa kicks at Kowalski while trying to reach out for the ropes, all while Kowalski tries to dodge the flailing kicks and throw heavy fists at the face and torso of the "Pretty Hate Machine". Kujawa finally manages to grab hold of the bottom rope and yank herself free from Kowalski, pulling herself from the ring, but Kowalski shakes her head and jumps through the ropes, the crowd roaring its approval.]

SA: Kelly Kowalski says there's no rest for the wicked here!

DW: Any time Kelly's had a chance to get her hands on Kylie, Kylie's ran for it, Sal! Kelly has to have known this was coming!

SA: That's exactly why she's following Kujawa down to the floor!

[Kujawa, seeing Kowalski following her, steps up her pace a little, but Kowalski breaks into a sprint, grabbing Kujawa by the hair and throwing her back into the ring. Kowalski wastes no time, rolling back in as Kujawa tries to beg off, but Kowalski drives a boot between Kujawa's eyes and shrieks out to the crowd before resuming her mounted punches.]

SA: Kelly Kowalski shouting at the devil here, Dee Dub!

DW: And Shari Miranda telling her to open up those hands, Big Sal! That's going to be something Kelly has to be aware of! She can't let her temper get the better of her like we saw Trish Wallace do earlier!

SA: Kujawa doing her best to cover up as Kowalski raining down those heavy blows onto her head, and Shari Miranda laying the count...

[Miranda shakes her head, then steps in between the two, causing the crowd to boo. Kujawa scrambles into a corner, breathing heavily, as Miranda warns Kowalski about the use of the closed fists.]

SA: This may be a grudge match, but it's not no-DQ. Kowalski has to keep those hands open, and Shari Miranda's warning her about it!

DW: Kylie Kujawa caught a break there, Sal... wait a second!

[Kowalski dips around Miranda, charging at Kujawa. Kujawa, eyes wide with fear, tries to escape by diving between the middle and bottom rope, but Kowalski grabs the waistband of Kujawa's pants, dragging her back into the ring.]

SA: Kelly Kowalski might not have the size advantage, but she sure has the fury advantage in this match!

DW: ... heyyyyyy. I see what you did there.

[Kowalski grits her teeth and yanks Kujawa up to her feet, but Kujawa's wildly flailing limbs manage to result in an elbow bashing Kowalski right on the jaw. Kowalski's grip loosens as Kujawa turns around, snatching Kowalski in a standing waistlock and promptly throwing her to the mat with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

SA: Big time suplex by Kylie Kujawa, and Dee Dub, that's going to be how Kylie Kujawa can win this match! She can't match punch for punch or stomp for stomp with Kelly Kowalski, and the head games appear to have reached a conclusion, but she still has a wicked game to play when it comes to those suplexes and submission skills!

DW: She hasn't exactly shown it in her AWA time so far, Big Sal, but she's just as technically sound as any Jeremy Rhodes and Billy Classon graduate!

[Kujawa dives at Kowalski's prone form, grinding her forearm across the bridge of Kowalski's nose as she applies a facelock, trying to get Kowalski onto her stomach for a crossface submission.]

SA: And if Kelly Kowalski has a big, glaring weakness, it's that neck! Every time Kylie Kujawa has attacked her, she's gone right for that neck!

DW: And Kelly knows it, Sal! Look at her trying to pry free from that hold!

[Kowalski has her fingers into Kujawa's grip, causing Kujawa to lower her hands towards Kowalski's mouth, then scream out in pain, releasing the hold and running away from Kowalski.]

SA: What is this about?

DW: Is she... she's telling Shari Miranda that Kowalski bit her!

[Kujawa pouts and frowns, frantically waving her hand, as the crowd boos. Kowalski looks at Kujawa in confusion as she rises to her feet, and Miranda asks if Kowalski bit Kujawa. Kowalski shouts "you see any teeth marks on her?!", jutting a finger at Kujawa, who gasps in shock.]

SA: That's a good point by Kelly Kowalski, if Kelly bit Kylie then there have to be teeth marks to show for it.

DW: And look at Kylie, she's got this look in her face like she can't believe Shari Miranda's not buying it.

[Miranda demands to see Kujawa's "bitten" arm, and Kujawa rolls her eyes, darting forward and smashing a forearm across Kowalski's jaw!]

SA: Of course, it was all a trick!

DW: Yeah, but she doesn't want to trade strikes with the Jersey Devil, Sal!

[Kujawa finds that out the hard way, as Kowalski responds to the forearm smash by grabbing Kujawa by the waist, lifting her into the air, and driving Kujawa's tailbone into her knee!]

SA: Inverted atomic drop, and...

[The crowd roars at an obscene hand gesture by Kelly Kowalski.]

SA: Kelly Kowalski showing Kylie Kujawa the New Jersey state bird!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And Kowalski throws one heck of a haymaker, much to Miranda's consternation, flooring Kujawa.]

SA: Huge right hand by Kelly Kowalski, and down goes Kylie Kujawa!

DW: Shari Miranda again warning Kelly to keep those hands open, though!

[Miranda gives Kowalski another warning, and Kowalski gives a slight shrug, causing the crowd to laugh. As Kowalski grabs two fistfuls of Kujawa's hair, we cut to a split-screen as we see Michelle Bailey intently watching from Theresa Lynch's interview area.]

SA: And there's the team captain for Steal the Spotlight, the woman who set this match up, and the woman who wants to see these two on the same page, Dee Dub.

DW: Yeah, and if it wasn't for her match against Kelly Kowalski back in August, who knows if we'd even be seeing this match?

SA: Very true. It was Kowalski's headbutt that broke Michelle Bailey's nose and caused this whole incident in the first place.

[The match returns to full screen as Kowalski pops Kujawa with a slap to the temple that causes Kujawa to become rubber-legged, then looks at Miranda and yells "that good enough for ya?" Miranda nods, saying "keep the hands open and you're fine." Kowalski smirks, then catches Kujawa with a slap to the other side of Kujawa's head, sending Kujawa down to a knee.]

SA: No attempts at a cover so far by Kelly Kowalski, but after everything she's been through with Kylie Kujawa, you've got to think she wants to extract as much punishment as she can out of Kujawa.

DW: An eye for an eye, so to speak!

SA: But you also have to remember, for as much punishment as I'm sure Kowalski wants to dish out, these two women are going to be teammates in twelve days at SuperClash! How can they go from this match to being teammates again?

DW: A risk by the team captain for sure.

[Kowalski grabs Kujawa by the wrist, sending her off into the ropes, then hits the opposite set of strands.]

SA: Kowalski looks like she's going to try and catch Kujawa with Fists and Fire, that Fierro Press with the punches... wait!

[Kujawa grabs the ropes as she hits them, stopping her rebound. Kowalski, undeterred, charges at Kujawa...]

SA: Kujawa stops herself, Kowalski may be going for a clothesline over the ropes, she's known for that too!

DW: Here she comes!

[Kowalski, screaming like a banshee, rushes at Kujawa...

... but Kujawa dips her shoulder, driving it into Kowalski's rib cage, then steps forward, lifting Kowalski up, and drops her throat-first across the top rope!]

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO!

DW: She caught Kowalski right across that top rope!

[Kujawa, a sick smile crossing her face, prevents Kowalski from falling to the ground by positioning herself so her shoulder is against the small of Kowalski's back. She threads her hands around Kowalski's leg...]

"THHHHHHHHHHHHHUDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!"

"OHH!"

SA: TEARDROP SUPLEX!

DW: And look at her quickly covering!

SA: Kujawa with the cover! It could be! It might be!

[The crowd gasps with relief.]

SA: IT IS NOT! Kylie Kujawa with a shot in the dark, using the teardrop suplex on Kelly Kowalski after dropping her throat first across that top rope, and she almost gets the win!

DW: And she went for the neck both times, Sal!

SA: Kylie Kujawa now gritting her teeth... wow, look at the anger in this woman's eyes, Dee Dub.

[Kujawa, a combination of rage and frustration on her face as her eyes become glassy, hoists Kowalski to her feet. Kujawa grabs Kowalski by the hair, mocking her while holding her own neck, shouting "AWWW, DOES IT HURT?!"]

SA: Not sure if now's the time to taunt Kelly Kowal-...

"WHAAACK!"

"OHH!"

[It definitely was not the time to taunt Kelly Kowalski, as Kowalski surges forward, driving her forehead directly into the face of Kylie Kujawa. Kujawa's eyes flutter as she crumbles to the mat.]

SA: HEADBUTT! BIG HEADBUTT! DOWN GOES KUJAWA!

DW: I don't know where that made direct contact, Sal, but I don't think it really matters! She just waffled Kylie Kujawa!

[Kowalski looks down at Kujawa, who has rolled over to her stomach, and quickly wraps Kujawa's arm around her leg.]

DW: What's Kelly doing here?

SA: We're not used to seeing holds from Kelly Kowalski, but... she does have a submission hold, the Badlands, in her arsenal! We could be seeing her go for it here!

[Kowalski kneels down on Kujawa's arm, then applies a facelock, jerking back on Kujawa's face and neck to torque Kujawa's spine!]

SA: That's it! That's the Badlands!

DW: She didn't go for any pins, Sal! You think she wants this to end by forcing Kylie to quit?

SA: What better way to make it stop than a submission, Dee Dub? And listen to Kylie screaming!

[Kujawa, unable to wriggle her arm loose due to Kowalski trapping it, struggles against the hold. Kowalski, feeling her grip loosen due to Kujawa's struggling, regrips her forearm and pulls back even harder. Kujawa's muffled screams stop as her eyes slowly close.]

SA: Kujawa's not giving it up, but.... Dee Dub, I think she's out!

DW: Shari Miranda going in to check...

[The bell sounds as Shari Miranda frantically waves for a stoppage.]

SA: Kowalski knocked her out with that hold! The pain was too much for Kylie Kujawa!

DW: Who would've thought that?

[Kowalski doesn't release the hold, as Miranda pulls on Kowalski's arm. Michelle Bailey can be seen entering the ring as Miranda pries Kowalski loose.]

SA: Kelly Kowalski has beaten Kylie Kujawa by using the Badlands, and you've got to think she was hoping for a submission, but forcing her into unconsciousness is one way to do it too!

DW: Usually we see her win matches with that Broken Skull DDT, but Sal, I think you're right! After everything we've seen Kylie Kujawa put Kelly Kowalski through, I don't think Kelly wanted to just pin her! I think she wanted to force this resolution!

[Miranda raises Kowalski's hand as Bailey kneels down beside the slowly-awakening Kujawa.]

TG: Referee Shari Miranda has ruled that Kylie Kujawa cannot continue. Therefore, your winner by a referee stoppage...

KEEELLLLLLLLLYYYYY KOOOWWWAALLLSSSSKKKKKKKIIIIII!!

SA: And Kelly Kowalski officially takes the duke on a stoppage, as Kylie Kujawa is coming to.

DW: And there's the captain in the ring, Michelle Bailey... I suspect she's hoping this is all over now.

[Kujawa looks at Bailey, as the camera's microphone pick up "did she win?" Bailey nods, as Kowalski continues to glare at Kujawa. Bailey helps Kujawa to her feet, and motions for Kujawa to shake Kowalski's hand.]

SA: You're right, Dee Dub, and there's Michelle telling Kylie she lost, and to shake Kelly's hand. That it's over.

DW: For Kelly's sake, and really, for Michelle's sake, I hope it's over. Kylie doesn't seem to let things sink in very well.

[Kujawa pouts for a moment, unhappy with the loss. Bailey sternly says "shake her hand, it's over" to Kujawa, as Kowalski stands with her fists clenched just to be safe.]

SA: I don't think Kelly wants to shake Kylie's hand, to be honest.

DW: I don't blame her.

SA: Michelle Bailey at least trying to get Kujawa to mend fences here, even if Kowalski doesn't want the handsha-... whoa!

[There wasn't a handshake, as Kujawa instead wraps her arms around Kowalski, giving her a big hug! The crowd roars in a mixture of confusion and shock, as Kowalski looks at Bailey with a horrified look on her face.]

DW: I... did not expect this.

SA: Kylie Kujawa... hugging Kelly Kowalski! After all they've been through?!

DW: I don't think Kelly Kowalski reciprocates the feelings, Sal!

[Bailey, a little surprised herself, mouths "roll with it" to the stunned Kowalski, as Kujawa breaks the hug. Kujawa keeps a grip on Kowalski's arms and can be heard saying "we're friends now! You and me, friends! Shelley says you're okay!" then resumes the hug, much to Kowalski's dismay.]

SA: ... Kujawa is saying they are friends? Kowalski doesn't seem to know how to take all of this!

DW: Even Michelle Bailey seems stunned by this development!

SA: Fans, uh... we'll clear the ring of this newfound... "friendship"? And um... we'll be right back!

[We hold on Kowalski's confused expression as we fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[We fade to black...

...and fade back up to reveal footage with a graphic reading "EARLIER TONIGHT." We can see a pissed-off Landon Grant standing backstage.]

LG: You know, I came here tonight because the company needed me here to do promotion work for SuperClash. I'm not here to wrestle. I'm not here to fight. But...

[He pauses, shaking his head.]

LG: ...listening to those two lowlifes out there running me down... running my dad down... they sure do make me want to change that.

[Grant balls up his fists, glaring into the camera.]

LG: You think you boys got the last word? Ha! No chance - 'cause I just got off the phone with my dad and he's gonna be in New Orleans next weekend to let the whole world hear what he's thinking about headin' into his last SuperClash. And if you two even THINK of interrupting that... I'm gonna be right there by his side!

[Grant angrily turns away, storming off as we fade back out to Theresa Lynch at the interview platform.]

TL: A fired-up Landon Grant there and after all the garbage Sawyer and Kingsley have pulled over the past few months, you really can't blame him. What a tag team showdown that's gonna be at SuperClash and...

[Theresa trails off, shaking her head.]

TL: This is the part of the show where I'm supposed to promote another match for SuperClash and... you know, I just don't feel like it.

[She throws up her hands.]

TL: How? How am I supposed to stand out here to promote a match between my brothers? You all watched Saturday Night Wrestling. You heard Jack accept James' challenge... and make one of his own. He wants to choose the stipulations.

[Theresa sighs in exasperation.]

TL: That's right. Mr. SuperClash. The guy who has been in Texas Death Matches there... in Street Fights... in Towel Matches... he wants to pick the stipulations when he gets in the ring and tries to spill his own brother... my own brother's blood. Our family's blood all over the damn ring.

[The announcer grimaces.]

TL: What am I supposed to say, huh? That it's going to be exciting? That it's going to be violent? Am I supposed to hype it up to get you to spend your hard-earned dollars to watch my family beat the hell out of each other?

[She shakes her head.]

TL: No. No, I can't do it. In fact, they told me that James sent in a video where he wanted to address Jack here tonight. We're supposed to run that right now.

[The emotional Lynch slaps a hand down on the podium.]

TL: No.

[She grimaces, holding a hand to her earpiece.]

TL: Damn it, I said no. I'm not going to have any part of it. And I don't want it on my show. You want to see it? Watch the AWA's YouTube channel later tonight and you can see what James is going to say to...

[She finger quotes with a sarcastic glare.]

TL: ..."put asses in the seats." But I want no part of it. In fact...

[She flips a sheet of paper on the desk in front of her.]

TL: Right. It's time for the World Television Title match. Let's run Omega - the challenger's comments in this one as he gets ready for one heck of a fight.

[Lynch angrily turns away from the desk, dumping the microphone on the podium as a stagehand rushes to her side and we cut backstage to pre-recorded comments, beginning with one, extended consonant.]

"Wwwwwwww..."

[A caped figure in royal blue and gold spandex burst into view.]

O: ...wwwwwwWhat's up guys! Citizens Gunn, Ranger and Curly! The Desperados may all hail from the Dead South, but no outlaws can escape the long arm of justice and righteousness. Which, in case you didn't know..., is this arm.

[Omega extends his weedy arm and points to it dramatically.]

O: Odin Gunn, although the Desperados' reign of terror may have just begun, when I vanquish you and take that Television Title, it will herald the beginning of an epoch of Neptunian justice. And every new beginning comes from some other beginning's end!

[Omega tries to pause and stare meaningfully into the camera for effect, but his eyes keep darting off-camera.]

O: What? What's so funny?

[Omega listens to an unheard individual off-camera, puzzled.]

O: No... What? No, that's a saying we have. On Neptune. What the heck is a "Semisonic?" It's a saying. Whatever. Omega... out!

[Omega, confused by the lyrics of late 1990s pop hits, wanders off-camera as we fade back out to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[The crowd cheers the title match... but there's also a sense of foreboding over what one of their favorites is about to go up against.]

"NO EVIL CAN ESCAPE..."

"...OMEGA!"

[With a flash of light, accompanied by John Barry's majestic "Overture" from "The Black Hole," a caped figure in black, royal blue, and gold emerges from the entrance. He crooks his elbows, places his wrists just above his hips, and turns his palms upward.]

TG: Introducing first, the challenger.... hailing from Neptune...

THIS. IS. OMEGAAAAAA!

[The weedy Omega charges down the aisle, his cape billowing behind him, occasionally outstretching his hands to slap palms with the adjacent fans.]

SA: The quite bizarre yet wildly popular Omega making his way down the aisle for the biggest match of his young career as he attempts to score what would have to be considered a major upset by knocking off the dominant Odin Gunn to head into SuperClash IX as the AWA World Television Champion.

DW: I've got high hopes for this kid but that's one heck of a tall task ahead of him, Big Sal.

SA: It is indeed. Odin Gunn is undefeated in his time here in the AWA so far and Omega's going to need to be at the very top of his game if he hopes to change that in this one.

[Omega slides into the ring, leaving his cape on the floor. He climbs onto the middle robe and cuts another of his trademark "Omega poses," before nodding and giving a cool "thumbs up" to the fans as the music starts to fade.]

SA: There's no sign that Omega is going into this with any trepidation at all... but that may be about to change.

[Tyler Graham's voice rings out.]

TG: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The haunting opening to "Man with a Harmonica" by Ennio Marricone begins to play, as the mustachioed Curly Bill appears, causing the audience to serenade him with boos. However, a hulking mass of humanity then makes its way through the curtains, drawing an audible gasp from the crowd that quickly becomes silent awe.]

TG: ...he is accompanied to the ring by "Curly" Bill Webb... he weighs in tonight at 333 pounds ...hailing from Paradise, Montana ...he is the reigning AWA World Television Champion...

ODIN GUUUUUUNNNNN!!!

[The Television Champion is dressed in a brown poncho with Southwestern design, a beige cowboy hat, and a black bandana that covers the lower part of his face, giving him the appearance of an Old West bank robber. He holds the AWA World Television Title by the end of one of its straps, dragging it along the ground as he makes his way to the ring down the steps.]

SA: Sheer intimidation is one way you might describe Odin Gunn, Dee Dub.

DW: A monster of a man would be another.

SA: Jigsaw, the latest entry in the Saw series, may be the number one horror movie at the box office this week... but this guy is the number one horror show here in the AWA for certain.

[Making his way to ringside, Gunn tosses the title belt over the ropes, where it lands in the middle of the ring, as he removes his personal effects. He rips off the bandana, revealing a stoic, weather-beaten, sun dried face completely devoid of any emotion as Curly Bill looks on with a solemn sneer.]

SA: And after what happened earlier tonight with the Texas Ranger and Whitiri, I'd imagine the Desperadoes are not in the best of moods heading into this title challenge for Omega.

[The 200 pounds-ish Omega stares across the ring, still showing no signs of fear as Gunn glares coldly across at him. Referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller slowly edges out to mid-ring between the two as the music fades...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell sounds and this World Television Title featured matchup is underway here on the all-new Power Hour..

[Omega takes this opportunity to charge across the ring, throwing himself into a dropkick to the chest of Gunn that sends him a couple of steps back, his arms pinwheeling backwards.]

SA: Omega coming out of the gates in a hurry!

[Omega scrambles to his feet, throwing a quick one-two right-left combo to the jaw of Gunn who responds with a wildly swung right hand that Omega ducks under, popping up to land an enzugiri to the side of Gunn's head!]

SA: OHH!

DW: You could hear that one down at the Georgia Dome!

[Gunn falls back into the corner as Omega hops up, leaping to the second rope. He holds up a mighty fist as he looks out to the crowd for support and gets a lot of it!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FO-"

[But before the fourth blow can land, Omega simply reaches up with both arms and HURLS Omega backwards off the ropes, throwing him down to the mat where he lands HARD on his back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: So much for that avalanche of assaults by Omega as Odin Gunn just throws him down to the mat like he's nothing at all!

[Gunn rubs his jaw once, shaking his head before stalking from the corner.]

SA: And now Omega - who started off like a rocket ship - is about to be brought down to Earth in devastating fashion, I fear.

[The World Television Champion reaches down with both hands, locking them around the throat of Omega who he deadlifts off the mat into the air, tossing him into the turnbuckles where Omega's spine jolts against the corner.]

SA: What power on display by Odin Gunn... Curly Bill rooting him on from the outside...

[Gunn squares up on the trapped Omega, throwing a pair of sweeping right hooks that land on the temple of Omega who slumps back, his right arm hooking the top rope as his left comes up weakly to try to protect his face...

...which matters none as Gunn swings a knee up into the midsection once... twice... three times as Omega's arms both drop down to his sides and he melts down to a kneeling position, leaning against the turnbuckles...

...where Gunn grabs the top rope, smashing his foot into the cheekbone once... twice... three times... four times... five times before Omega simply flops over onto his stomach on the mat. The crowd jeers loudly as Curly Bill nods approvingly, a wicked smile on his face.]

SA: Sweet Mother of mercy, Odin Gunn is just annihilating this young man down in the corner...

DW: He's not done either.

SA: Whatiri's gotta be sitting in the back wondering just how much he is to blame for this. He lit the fuse earlier tonight with the Desperadoes and now Odin Gunn is throwing all that explosive fire into Omega.

[Gunn reaches down to haul Omega off the mat by the hair, shoving him back against the turnbuckles again where he grabs him by the wrist...]

SA: Big whip across...

[A desperate Omega leaps up to the middle turnbuckle as he approaches, leaping off, twisting around...

...and actually taking down the approaching Gunn with a crossbody to a huge reaction!]

SA: Omega takes him down! It took all of his 200 plus pounds but he knocks Odin Gunn off his feet with that crossbody and that gives these fans in the A-T-L a little bit of hope that Omega can somehow find a way to pull this off!

[Omega is slow to get to his feet, feeling the effects of Gunn's battering in the corner as he tries to rise...

...and finds Gunn waiting for him, staring down at him as Omega throws a right hand to the body...]

SA: Right hand downstairs! And then one of the jaw!

DW: No effect! Gunn doesn't even feel it!

[Omega backs into the ropes, getting some momentum as he runs at Gunn who picks him up, pivots, and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a thunderous spinning spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: The spine meets the pine and that might be it, fans!

[Gunn stacks the legs, leaning forward into a cradle with all of his 335 pounds as the official drops down to count.]

SA: It could be! It might be! It-

[The crowd ROARS as Omega snakes a shoulder up off the mat JUST in time!]

SA: No! Omega gets the shoulder up!

[Odin Gunn glares coldly at the official who shoves two fingers towards him with a "TWO! IT WAS TWO!"]

SA: I'm not sure Odin Gunn believes ol' Blue Shoes but Curly Bill's telling him to focus on Omega... to finish off this challenge to his title...

[Gunn slowly rises from his knees, throwing a glance at Curly Bill who gestures at Omega. Gunn gives a nod as he stalks towards him, leaning down to grab the back of Omega's tights, lifting him right up to his feet and into a rear waistlock...]

SA: Uh oh. We've seen Gunn string together some suplexes before - the Holy Trinity he calls them - and this one leads off the pack!

[But as Gunn reaches for one of Omega's arms, the feisty Neptunian snaps off a rear elbow into the side of Gunn's head!]

SA: Omega trying to get loose!

[A second elbow lands, loosening Gunn's grip!]

SA: Fighting for his life here!

[A third one lands as Gunn's grip drops completely. The crowd cheers as Omega pumps a fist, dashing to the ropes...

...until Gunn grabs him by the back of the trunks, yanking him backwards and right into a spine-wrecking released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Gunn climbs to his feet, a burning rage in his eyes as he turns immediately back to the floored and motionless Omega. The referee steps in, trying to get Gunn to back off so he can check on Omega's ability to continue the match but Gunn steps right past him, pulling Omega to his feet by the hair...

...and right into an inverted facelock...]

SA: We've seen this before too! He's got the challenger hooked and-

[Gunn stares out at the Atlanta crowd before spinning into a downward striking lariat, sandwiching Omega between his arm and his bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: THE SWORD OF GOD!

[Gunn shoves Omega off his knee, planting his palms on the chest as he knees on the mat for the one... two... three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And that's a successful title defense in the books for Odin Gunn as he retains the TV Title here tonight and...

[Sal trails off as Curly Bill climbs into the ring, a sneer on his face.]

SA: Curly Bill in there now as well to join the celebration...

[Webb waves a hand towards the stage a few times, smirking all the while.]

SA: ...and now he's calling for- yes, here comes the Texas Ranger to join them in the ring.

[The boos pick up as the mysterious masked man makes his way down the steps, bullrope draped over his shoulder as he rolls under the ropes to join his allies inside the ring.]

SA: All three Desperadoes in there now and...

[Webb jerks a thumb at the downed Omega as the Texas Ranger snatches the rope off his shoulder...]

SA: OH! He whips that rope down across Omega's back!

[The bullrope lashes down a second time, the ring bell catching Omega between the shoulderblades this time as the defeated challenger cries out in pain.]

SA: The Texas Ranger is taking that rope... that cowbell... to the back of Omega...

[Webb gestures to Gunn who leans down, pulling Omega up onto his knees as the Ranger wraps the bullrope around his hand...

...and DRIVES the rope-wrapped fist down between Omega's eyes!]

SA: There's no call for this. You won the match! You beat the man! Let it go!

[The fist lands again... and again... and again... as the fans jeer louder and louder. Curly Bill sneers at the studio audience, waving for more from his duo.]

SA: Curly Bill's telling them to pour it on... telling them to-

[The crowd cheers loudly as Whitiri emerges from the locker room onto the stage, the former TV Champion racing down the entry steps and diving under the ropes!]

SA: Whitiri's here!

DW: He's looking to help Omega!

SA: But he's running right into a-

[As Whitiri comes to his feet, he throws himself into a full body tackle on Gunn, wrapping his arms around the torso of the man who bested him for the TV Title and driving him back into the corner to cheers from the Atlanta crowd!]

DW: Now we've got a fight on our hands!

[Whitiri is pouring on the punches, landing rights and lefts to the body of Gunn in the corner as Curly Bill snatches the bullrope from the Ranger, gripping it in his hand...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES the cowbell down between the shoulderblades of Whitiri, causing the former champion to arch his back in pain...

...which is when Odin Gunn grabs him by the wrist, yanking him into a stunning short clothesline that takes the former champion down to the canvas!]

SA: OH! And down goes Whitiri now as well!

[The boos pick up as Webb and Gunn stomp Whitiri into the mat while the masked Ranger focuses his attention on Omega.]

SA: We've got a three on two here on the Power Hour! Whitiri and Omega are taking a pounding at the hands of the Desperadoes!

[Gunn pulls Whitiri off the mat as Webb backs off, directing traffic. A whip sends Whitiri across the ring as Gunn and Webb each grab a section of rope...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND A DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE WITH THE BULLROPE PUTS HIM DOWN AGAIN!

[The boos get even louder as Gunn and Webb take turns stomping on Whitiri's prone form as the masked Ranger kneels over Omega, punching him in the head repeatedly as the referee shouts at the Desperadoes, trying to get them out of the ring...]

SA: The Desperadoes are running wild here on the Power Hour just days before SuperClash and-

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of a seven foot masked man tearing through the entryway and rushing towards the ring...]

SA: POLEMOS! POLEMOS!

DW: THE GOD OF WAR IS COMIN'!

[The masked giant dives under the bottom rope and comes up to find the Texas Ranger waiting for him...]

SA: Right hand by the Ranger! And another! And another!

[But those rapid Ranger rights start to slow as the Texan realizes they're having no effect at all...]

DW: Polemos don't even feel 'em, Big Sal!

SA: It certainly looks that way and-

[Polemos suddenly shoves his hand outwards, wrapping it around the throat of the Texas Ranger who flails wildly, trying to get free as the crowd buzzes with anticipation...]

...and then gets hoisted high into the air before the masked man THROWS him down with a ring-shaking chokeslam!]

SA: OHHHHHH! WHAT A CHOKESLAM!

[Odin Gunn and Curly Bill Webb twist around to face their new attacker...]

...but Webb frantically throws himself in front of Gunn, trying to hold the big man back as Polemos waits for him!]

DW: Oh yeah! Let's see it! Let's do it! Let's see Odin Gunn and Polemos fight all over this place!

[The crowd is roaring, echoing Dylan's feeling on the situation. Every single person in the Center Stage Studios seems to agree...]

...except for Curly Bill who wants absolutely no part of a Polemos/Gunn confrontation, forcing the World Television Champion to back away towards the ropes.]

SA: The fans aren't happy about this!

DW: Neither am I! I want to see it! Let's do this thing!

[The boos get louder as Webb forces Gunn through the ropes to the apron... and then down to the floor where they retrieve the fallen Texas Ranger who rolled out to escape. A weary Whaitri gets to his feet, helping Omega up as well as the three fan favorites stare out of the ring, challenging the Desperadoes to get back in.]

SA: Wow! What a throwdown that was and it looks like Whaitiri, Omega, and Polemos are ready for more!

DW: But is Curly Bill ready for more?!

SA: That remains to be seen - fans, don't get away 'cause we'll be right back with more of the all-new Power Hour!

[Whaitiri bellows at the Desperadoes, waving them back into the ring as we fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then come back on the interior of Center Stage Studios where Theresa Lynch is standing - not behind the podium but... well, center stage. She is smiling, looking out on the cheering crowd.]

TL: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour and...

[She sighs, still smiling.]

TL: It's been a heck of a night but really, it's been a heck of a year. This is - as you all know - the last Power Hour of 2017... the Season Finale so to speak. This

building has seen a lot of great action... and it's been my honor to be here with all of you for each and every minute of it. Sal... Dylan... thank you so much for all that you do.

[The crowd cheers as we cut to Sal who smiles, giving a nod to Theresa as Dylan waves.]

SA: Our pleasure, Theresa.

DW: You got that right, partner.

[And back to Theresa.]

TL: Now, I wish the final moments of this show for this year would be right here... right in these studios but... well, Javier Castillo has other ideas.

[The crowd jeers loudly.]

TL: That's right. In just a few moments, we'll be going back to the Georgia Dome for a little preview of what'll happen at SuperClash. Just twelve nights away. I'll be there and I hope all of you will as well.

[She gestures to the cheering crowd.]

TL: But before we go to the Dome...

[Theresa's smile fades.]

TL: Sandra Hayes.

[The boos are back, louder than ever.]

TL: Sandra Hayes, you heard what I had to say last week as clear as a bell. You got yourself the biggest spotlight of your life. You're going to compete at SuperClash... and I'll tell you right now... whether I'm in that match or not, you're going to get your SCRAWNY... ASS... KICKED!

[The crowd ROARS as Theresa nods.]

TL: Ricki's going to make you wish you'd never laid eyes on here... and Terry's going to shut Kendrick's mouth once and for all.

So, I've got every confidence that my friends... they don't need me to beat you.

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: But I need to be there. I need to be in that ring. I need to be able to get my hands on you and take my name out of your damn mouth permanently... you hear me?

So, just in case you didn't hear me last week... let me say it again... right into this camera... right where I know you're watching...

I. Want. In.

[Another big cheers rings out!]

TL: And I want...

[Theresa tails off as the crowd cheers. As if on cue, she is joined on stage by her close allies. In a crisp, tailored coral-colored suit, Terry Shane gives the briefest waves to the cheering Center Stage fans. He is joined by Ricki Toughil, whose dress sense is the exact opposite of former TV champ's: she is in sweat pants, sneakers, and a baggy green flannel shirt. She too raises her arm to acknowledge the crowd cheers, but both her and Shane are obviously here to address Theresa Lynch.]

TL: Terry, Ricki... I know what you're going to say, okay? But after last year, and what went down with the Southern Syndicate, and all that stuff surrounding it... I don't wanna sit on the sidelines any more.

[Terry Shane shakes his head, producing his own mic.]

TS3: Theresa, if I may... This is not an interview. Call it an intervention. Now what Sandra did out here two weeks ago was utterly inexcusable. She shoved you off this stage... she could've seriously injured you, she could've-

TL: She didn't.

[Shane stares at Lynch a silent moment, seemingly fuming under the surface.]

TS3: She didn't. But she could have. And over the past few months, I've gotten to know this woman...

[He gestures to a concerned-looking Ricki Toughill.]

TS3: ...very well and I know that if something would've happened to you... something serious... well, I know she never would've forgiven herself for allowing it to happen.

[Toughill nods solemnly.]

TS3: But by God's grace, you weren't hurt badly... by some damn miracle. But instead of letting things lie and letting the trained professionals handle it...

[Shane's cool demeanor suddenly cracks.]

TS3: YOU HIT HER WITH A CHAIR!

[Shane jabs an accusing finger at a surprised Theresa.]

TS3: You leveled this up even further! She throws you off the stage... you hit her with a chair! Where does it stop?! Where does it-

[Theresa angrily interrupts.]

TL: It STOPS at SuperClash. It ENDS at SuperClash when I climb in that ring with you two by my side and we show Sandra Hayes and Kerry Kendrick that they can't get away with all their dirty tricks and bullying and...

[Shane shakes his head, interrupting again.]

TS3: You attacked her from behind, Theresa. How does that make you any better than them?

[The crowd buzzes, showing a little bit of dismay at Shane's words. Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: Look, Terry... I know you're not happy about what I did... and I know why.

[Shane arches an eyebrow.]

TL: You can talk all you want about at leveling things up... about sneak attacks... all that. But you and I both know that's not why you're mad right now. You're mad because you and Sandra have history... and it's obvious to every single person watching that there's still something there...

[Shane looks like he's about to deny it but Theresa continues.]

TL: But she went too far. They both did. You heard Kendrick sayin' I was just a trophy in Supreme Wright's trophy case! I am just supposed to let that stand?

[Ricki Toughill speaks up for the first time, reaching out a hand towards her friend's shoulder...]

RT: That's what Kerry does, Theresa!

[...but Theresa shrugs it away.]

TL: I'm tired of acting respectfully to people who don't show anyone else respect, guys.

[She turns back to Shane, putting up a hand.]

TL: Our families have known each other a long time and you've known me since we were kids. You know I wouldn't be doing this if I didn't think it had to be done.

[Shane stares long and hard at Theresa... and then turns away, his hands on his hips as Ricki tries again.]

RT: Theresa... Terry and I have talked about this... and we want you to be very, very, very sure what you're wanting to do here.

[Theresa stares into her friend's eyes.]

RT: See, long ago, there was a girl your age who decided that she was going to drop everything and step into the ring with the most minimal of training. She was going to school to get her accounting certificate, but she thought she was missing out in life and wanted to follow her heart instead of her head. And she walked away from her very first match with a cauliflower ear, two broken fingers, a cracked rib, and a separated shoulder.

TL: I know this story, Ricki, I know that-

RT: DO NOT INTERRUPT ME!

[Ricki snapping startles Terry Shane. Theresa flinches into silence.]

RT: Theresa... Don't get me wrong: the AWA has given me the best days of my career. But it took me thirteen years from that first match to get here. And it took me four years to get any good at wrestling. SuperClash is twelve days away, Theresa!

[Ricki sighs.]

RT: Yes... Terry's right. I dread to think what might happen to you when Sandra Hayes gets a chance to do whatever she wants to you. But more than that, I see someone who is faced with the same choice that I made. It wasn't just the physical price I paid. Wrestling became a lost cost fallacy for me. Because I had to get

something back! I had to make others feel pain the way I felt pain. And once you start that on that frozen path, you cannot just turn around.

There are days when I wake up and feel like I should have just stuck with the accounting degree.

[Theresa impulsively responds.]

TL: Are there days when you feel like you shoulda kept sayin, "yes, Mr. Kendrick, sir"?

[Toughill snarls in rage and moves to grab Lynch by the neck, but cooler heads (and the firm grip of Terry Shane on Toughill's shoulders) prevail. Theresa sighs, shaking her head, lifting a hand towards her friend.]

TL: I'm sorry, Erica. I know that's an open wound.

[Toughill's palms fly up to her face in embarrassment. She glances down, pinching the bridge of her nose, turning her back to the camera.]

TL: I know you two are just looking out for me... I do. Just like Supreme does. Just like Jack and Travis do. Mom and Dad. Ryan. Bobby and James back in the day. Michelle. I'm blessed... truly blessed... to have so many people who love me and look out for me.

But... how many times can I play the damsel in distress, huh?

[Terry Shane turns towards Theresa, listening intently.]

TL: How many times do I have to be the one who needs rescued before I... I just snap?! And maybe that's what happened last weekend. Maybe I get sick and tired of waiting for someone else to help me.

[A smile crosses her face.]

TL: I'm sorry, world... but your princess is in another castle.

[Shane actually grins at that as the crowd laughs.]

TL: I didn't do it because I wanted to do it...

[She pauses, chuckling.]

TL: Okay, maybe a little bit. But mostly, I did it because I NEEDED to do it. I needed to prove to myself that I can handle myself in this business... that I wouldn't let the likes of Sandra Hayes push me around, you know?

[Shane nods in understanding, his hands still on Ricki's shoulders trying to calm her down.]

TS3: I get it, Theresa. Look, uhh... we'll talk more when Ricki's cooled off.

[Shane is about to lead Toughill off-camera when Lynch stops them.]

TL: Ricki, I'm going to quote your favorite author: Who is happier? The one who braved the storm of life and lived, or the one who stayed securely on the shore and merely existed?

[There's a moment's pause before Ricki finally turns around, intensity on her face as she steps towards her friend who bravely holds her ground...]

...and Ricki breaks the tension when she reaches up and playfully messes up Theresa's hair.]

TL: Hey! Hey! I spent ten minutes doing that up!

[Ricki chuckles, turning back to Shane.]

RT: Can't talk her out of it, Terry.

[Shane nods as Theresa speaks up.]

TL: No, you can't. I don't need to play it safe. I'm a Lynch. And I might not have been trained for the ring but I've been in this business my whole life - just like you, Terry... and I'm a fighter - just like you, Ricki... and those two have been making my life hell for months and I want to be there in the ring when it goes down.

[Shane chuckles darkly.]

TS3: Okay.

TL: Okay?

[Shane grins, nodding.]

TS3: Yeah. Ricki and I are going to sign the contract next weekend on SNW so... yeah, we'll get you on the team somehow.

[Big cheer from the Power Hour fans as Theresa uncharacteristically fistpumps!]

TL: ALL RIGHT!

[Shane shakes his head.]

TS3: Now, you KNOW that Sandra and Kendrick are already going to start demanding concessions and all sorts of stipulations, because that would make it a three-on-two handicap match.

RT: Yeah, we've just got a verbal agreement, remember, and I've heard that Kendrick is already making moves to butter up with Korugun again.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: You don't grow up the daughter of Blackjack Lynch and not know how to deal with some good ol' fashioned wrestling politics. Sandra and Kendrick can bring any stipulations they want because I've got a plan to get me in that match.

[Shane nods and Ricki grins as she drapes an arm over her friend's shoulders.]

RT: Let's do this... partner.

TL: Alright! And that... let's just say that's how we ended this season of the all-new Power Hour. Everything that comes next is the Javier Castillo Ego Edition. Fans, for all of us here on the Power Hour, we wish you a happy holidays and we'll see you next time... at the matches!

[Ricki pulls Theresa into a hug as the crowd cheers...]

...and we fade from the interior of the Center Stage Studios to the exterior of the Georgia Dome. We hold there for a moment before fading inside where we find

that the double cage for WarGames is still in place over the two rings much as it was earlier in the night. And just like earlier, we still have the assembled Korugun team alongside Dr. Harrison Fawcett and Javier Castillo. The only change is that five other competitors are in the ring - no one we've ever seen (or at least noticed) - the proverbial sacrificial lambs. An annoyed-looking Castillo has a mic in hand.]

JC: The Javier Castillo Ego Edition. Very clever, Miss Lynch. We'll see how clever you are next weekend when you need MY help to get into that tag team match you so desperately want to be a part of .

[Castillo clears his throat, putting on a happy face.]

JC: I promised to give the world a sneak preview of the combined might of my Korugun Army... and it is time to do exactly that!

[Castillo gestures towards the assembled squad of Juan Vasquez, Torin The Titan, Morgan Dane, John Law, and Derek Rage. Conspicuous by his absence is Castillo's personal bodyguard, MAWAGA, who is not even at ringside outside the cage awaiting his employer's presence.]

JC: We have put together a very... tough team for them to face...

[Castillo smirks as the camera pans across the five men who look like they'd rather be anywhere else in the world.]

JC: ...and without further adieu...

[Castillo quickly marches to the cage door, exiting through it as two officials slam it shut behind him and quickly secure it with lock and key.]

JC: ...RING THE BELL!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, the forces of evil charge across the double cage to completely swarm their overmatched opposition...

...and the voice of Javier Castillo takes over on commentary.]

JC: Well, AWA fans, we've got a real barnburner of a Main Event here for you on the all-new Power Hour as the Korugun Army takes on five of the best our sport has to offer...

[Morgan Dane bullrushes an opponent into the corner, hammering with heavy fists to the side of the head, knocking him down to the mat where Dane plants a boot on the throat, squealing wildly as he tries to strangle the air out of him.]

JC: Morgan Dane, one of the most dangerous men in our sport, is really doing a number on this guy here... who kinda looks like Stevie Scott if you ask me. It's a good preview of what the Maniac will do to that pathetic little hanger-on at SuperClash.

[Nearby, we see Derek Rage grab a head on two separate opponents, clashing their skulls together and sending them both flying.]

JC: The Intelligent Thug. The OG Korugun Giant. Derek Rage has been fighting bloodthirsty brutes since birth and now that he's got that flying little pest out of the way, he can focus on helping drive the Army to victory at SuperClash.

[The camera cut again, showing John Law as he absorbs a half dozen blows from a mulleted young man before snatching him by the throat, lifting him into the air and driving him down with a chokeslam.]

JC: OHHHHHHH! THE CHOKESLAM! You've got the right to remain silent... eh, who am I kidding, you probably swallowed your tongue after that one! Hahaha!

[With one lone competitor still standing, the two men who've yet to seriously engage an opponent are closing in on him.]

JC: And here comes the teeth of the Army - the Number One Draft Pick and the Korugun Giant!

[Torin slumps back against the cage, grabbing at his head as Dr. Harrison Fawcett lifts up the crystal known as the Eye of Tyr, sweat pouring down his pale face as he mutters something.]

JC: I don't know what's going on there but Fawcett better-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

JC: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! RIGHT CROSS! RIGHT CROSS! OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!

[Castillo's best Gordon Myers impression aside, Vasquez cracked the young man's jaw with a vicious Right Cross, snapping him around towards a waiting Torin who lets loose a roar, throwing his arms back before wrapping his hands around the man's throat.]

JC: The former World Champion sets the table...

[The giant lifts the man into the air with ease... and DRIVES him down in a sitdown powerbomb!]

JC: FIREBOMB! THE BEST FIREBOMB I'VE EVER SEEN! EAT YOUR HEART OUT, MOVIE STAR!

[Torin rolls aside as Vasquez takes a knee, smirking as he lifts the man by the hair...]

"DO YOU QUIT?!"

[...and then moves the head back and forth, forcing a nod out of the lifeless competitor.]

JC: That's it! He gave it up! Ring the bell!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Vasquez smirks as he rises to his feet, letting Korugun's latest victim slump backwards motionless to the canvas. Derek Rage raises his arms in triumph as John Law looks on with a confident sneer. Torin The Titan reels in his own footsteps, grabbing at his head again as Morgan Dane takes the opportunity to stomp another victim into the mat without mercy.]

JC: Gentlemen! Gentlemen, this way please! Let's give the world a few words about what they're going to see in this very ring in a couple of weeks.

[The team leader, Vasquez, gives a sweep of his hand, beckoning the rest of the squad to exit the cage behind him. The former World Champion is the first one

through the door, smirking as he puts a hand on Castillo's shoulder as the AWA President grins.]

JC: There he is! The Number One Draft Pick... the greatest AWA superstar of all time... tell 'em something, amigo!

[Vasquez leans over the mic.]

JV: JON STEGGLET! I hope you were watching, Jonnie Boy. I hope you were paying REAL close attention. See, I was the most loyal man to ever step into an AWA ring... this company was BUILT on my back! And in one fell swoop, you threw all of that away over money... over politics... and you made an enemy for-

[And without warning, the lights inside the Georgia Dome go off, cutting Vasquez off in mid-threat.]

JV: What the hell?!

JC: Turn the damn lights back on! Do you know how much I'm paying for this building?! Do you?! I'll blow the damn thing up myself if someone back there doesn't figure out how to-

[And just like that, the lights come back on...

...to reveal the cage door has been slammed shut. Locked securely inside is the straggler of Team Korugun, Morgan Dane...]

JC: What the...?!

[...who finds himself surrounded by Ryan Martinez, Hannibal Carver, Stevie Scott, and Derrick Williams.]

JC: WHAT?! GET... GET IN THERE!

[Derek Rage rushes the cage door, wrapping his fingers in the mesh as he yanks back and forth on it with all of his considerable strength to no avail as Dane finds himself swarmed by the four men inside the ring!]

JC: NO! NO, NO, NO!

[Rage whips around, shouting "IT'S LOCKED!" to the General of the Korugun Army who looks on helplessly as John Law joins Rage in trying to yank the door clear. Vasquez lets out a shout of his own as he races around the ring, jerking up the ring apron...]

JC: Where's the damn key?! Get us in there!

[A smirking Hannibal Carver turns away from the beating being inflicted on Morgan Dane, lifting up a silver key on a matching chain so that Castillo can see it with his rapidly widening eyes.]

JC: Oh my god. Oh my... somebody do something!

[Vasquez shouts a curse as he whips that side of the apron down, running around to look under another part of the ring.]

JC: Get some tools! Find something!

[Inside the cage, Carver turns back towards a stunned Morgan Dane as Derrick Williams cracks him with an elbow to the back of the head...

...and Carver leaps up, snatching the three-quarter nelson to DRIVE Dane's skull into the canvas with a Blackout! Castillo lets out a grunt of exasperation before a loud "THUNK!" is heard and we see the AWA President has hurled his microphone aside. Carver trades a forearm clash with Williams in celebration as Castillo throws himself at the mesh, yanking at it and screaming at the four men inside the ring. Carver sneers in his direction, shouting "It ain't over yet, pal."

And as Carver pulls a stunned Dane to his feet, the sounds of Salvatore Albano and Dylan Westerly's voices are heard again.]

SA: We... uhh... well, we're back, fans...

DW: If Castillo ain't gonna call it, we sure are!

SA: That's right. This shocking turn of events inside the WarGames cage in the Georgia Dome where it appears - perhaps - that the forces of good have outsmarted Generalissimo Castillo on this night! They've got Morgan Dane trapped inside that cage with them and-

[Carver shoves a dazed Dane a few feet away from him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: HEATSEEKER BY THE HOTSHOT!

[Stevie Scott grins as Dane slumps back down to the mat, giving a little shoulder shimmy and shouting "DAMN! THAT FEELS GOOD!" in Castillo's direction who slaps his hand against the mesh in anger.]

SA: Stevie Scott just jacked the jaw of the "Maniac" Morgan Dane who is trapped in enemy territory with no way out!

DW: And they're not done yet, Sal!

[Scott grins as he gestures to the downed Dane, pointing to Derrick Williams who nods his head, waving for someone to pick him up. Scott and Carver oblige, each holding an arm as Dane hangs limply between them...

...and Williams slowly but surely points a finger at Juan Vasquez who freezes in his tracks outside the cage, abandoning his hunt for something to get them in...]

SA: Williams is pointing at Vasquez!

DW: This one's for you, turncoat!

[...and LUNGES forward, right arm snapping through the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: RIGHT CROSS! RIGHT CROSS!

[The impact of the blow snaps Dane's head to the side, twisting his neck violently as Williams bounces back, grinning as he blows on his knuckles. Carver and Scott keep their grip on Dane who legs have gone out from under him now, being completely held aloft by Carver and Scott...]

SA: Morgan Dane is out on his feet! He's taking a beating at the hands of Team Steggle and...

[Sal trails off as Carver looks over at Ryan Martinez who has - thusfar - kept his activity in this mauling to a minimum...]

"You're up, White Knight."

[Martinez eyeballs Carver for a moment... then Dane... and then turns to lock eyes with Javier Castillo who shakes his head at him.]

SA: This mugging isn't what we've come to see from the White Knight in the past but...

DW: This is war, Sal! All is fair in love and war!

[Martinez continues to stare at Castillo who is almost pleading with his eyes for Martinez to end this...

...but the White Knight nods his head at Castillo whose expression changes to horror as Martinez beckons with both hands towards Carver who shoves Dane's limp form towards him where Martinez pulls him right into a front facelock...]

SA: Are you kidding me?!

[Martinez slings the limp arm over his neck, lifting his own arm to point right at Javier Castillo...]

DW: Martinez sending a message - this one's for Castillo!

[...and lifts the near 300 pound Dane up into the air, holding him aloft just briefly before DRIVING him down on top of his skull!]

SA: OHHHHHHHHH! BRAINBUSTER! BRAAAAAINBUSSSSSTAAAAAAHHHHH!

[Martinez gets up, not even looking at the motionless Dane who is down on the mat as Carver grins, pumping a fist jubilantly as the White Knight refuses to take his eyes off Castillo who looks crestfallen, weakly slapping his hand against the mesh as his soldiers continue to try to find a way into the cage.]

SA: Morgan Dane has been LAID OUT by the Brainbuster of the former World Champion - he might be done, Dee Dub!

DW: The forces of evil may be a man down! That was SHEER IMPACT on his head and neck!

SA: Martinez still staring at Castillo and... uh oh.

[Castillo's eyes go wide again as Martinez lifts his arm, pointing across the cage...
...towards a grinning Hannibal Carver.]

SA: And I think we're starting to understand whose idea this little plot was, Dee Dub!

DW: It certainly has the feel of a Carver plan - that's for sure.

[A grinning Carver seems almost giddy as he walks towards the motionless Dane, standing over him as Castillo shakes his head wildly...

...and then with a twisted smirk on his face, Carver points both hands out towards Vasquez whose brow furrows for a moment... and then a look of disbelief crosses his face as he gains understanding.]

SA: Carver pointing at Vasquez... what is he...?

[Sal trails off as Carver muscles the limp Dane off the mat...

...and pulls him right into a standing headscissors.]

SA: Oh my god.

DW: Carver's playing for keeps, Big Sal!

SA: Carver's got him hooked - and Juan Vasquez may be seriously regretting what he did to Carver at SuperClash VII!

[With Castillo and Vasquez looking on in shock, Carver lifts Dane up into the air, holding... holding... holding...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

SA: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! PILEDRIVER! PILEDRIVER! HE SPIKED HIM ON HIS SKULLLLLLLLLL!

[Carver sits on the mat, a grin on his face as Morgan Dane lies completely motionless on the canvas. Stevie Scott, Derrick Williams, and Ryan Martinez circle around behind Carver, staring out on the floor where Vasquez and Castillo are now side-by-side, looking on in disbelief...]

SA: They did it, Sal! They came to Atlanta with a plan and they executed it... and now..

DW: And now Dane's out! He's done! He's finished!

SA: If the Heatseeker wasn't enough... if the Right Cross wasn't enough... if the Brainbuster wasn't enough... then the piledriver has GOT to be! They just took Morgan Dane - the Maniac - out of WarGames with just days until SuperClash!

DW: Korugun's a man down! Castillo and Vasquez are a man down!

[Castillo is staring into the ring in shock as a smirking Stevie Scott walks over the cage wall. He chuckles as he looks out, locking eyes with his old rival.]

"The war... has just... begun."

[Stevie slaps his hand against the cage, chuckling as he walks away. Vasquez' eyes flash with anger as he reaches out, grabbing the cage, wrapping his fingers in the mesh as he stares at a ring full of enemies...]

SA: The war has just begun! But on Thanksgiving Night, it all comes to an end! Good night everybody!

[...and we fade to black.]