

AWA POWER HOUR

AUGUST 12TH, 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 then comes up to a black screen. As "We Are Legends" by Hardwell, Kaaze, and Jonathan Mendelsohn starts to play, the black screen is lit up by an electrostatic burst... then another... and another...]

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

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

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

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

#'Cause we are legends!#

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

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

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

We dissolve from the wide shot to a closeup of the interview set where we see...

...absolutely nothing.

The music plays and we keep watching... and watching... and watching...

...and then eventually cut over to the announce table where we find Salvatore Albano and Dylan Westerly seated, a bemused expression on both of their faces.]

SA: Good evening and salutations, AWA fans... and as you can see, our “one night only” host Miss Sandra Hayes has elected to be fashionably late to her own show.

DW: Can you believe this, Sal? Who thought this was a good idea to give her this gig?

SA: Oh, I can take one really good guess as to who thought it was a good idea but I don't want to end up on his bad side so... instead I will just welcome you to the all-new Power Hour here in-

[A voice comes over the PA system to interrupt.]

“Wait, wait, wait... can someone please turn that racket off?!”

[The music comes to an abrupt halt as the Center Stage Studios fans start booing loudly.]

“How dare you, Albano? I'm the host of this show and I get to do the intro!”

[The boos get louder.]

"Now... someone introduce me, damn it!"

[With a sigh, Sal speaks.]

SA: Ladies and gentlemen... the host - for one night only - of the all-new Power Hour... Miss Sandra Hayes.

[The boos intensify as Hayes struts through the curtain onto the entrance stage. She beams as she looks out on the booing crowd in a skin-tight white dress that shows a whole lot of leg and is cut in a diamond shape on the neckline. She saunters over to the interview area, lifting a mic off the podium.]

MSH: That was pretty pathetic, Albano... but what else should I expect from the B-Team over there?

[She gestures towards Albano and Westerly who looks suitably annoyed as the camera cuts to them. We cut back to Hayes who seems pleased at their reaction.]

MSH: So, this is the all-new Power Hour, huh? Well, I guess this makes tonight the all-new all-new Power Hour! Because - as Albano has taken such joy in saying - for one night only, I'M calling the shots!

[The jeers are ringing out throughout the Atlanta TV studios as Hayes grins at the response.]

MSH: And who knows, Big Sal... after this one is over and the suits see what an amazing upgrade they've got on their hands, this show might just be mine - PERMANENTLY!

[Hayes cackles as we cut back to Sal and DeeDub, both of which are grimacing at the idea.]

DW: They can't do that, can they?

SA: I'm sure they can do whatever they want... but let's just hope our friend Theresa Lynch's absence is just for this week. Of course, Theresa was suspended by Javier Castillo - President Castillo, Generalissimo Castillo... call him what you will - for not ratting out Ricki Toughill in Regina when she discovered Toughill was there.

DW: I don't blame her. I'd have snuck Ricki into the building myself if it meant she could get her hands on Kendrick or... others.

[Westerly looks over towards the interview area.]

SA: We're not here to argue if the suspension is just... just that it is. And on that note, fans... welcome to the all-new Power Hour here in the Center Stage Studios in Atlanta... and we've got ourselves a new World Television Champion! It was on Saturday Night Wrestling last weekend that Michael Aarons - with the aid of Sandra Hayes - defeated Terry Shane to become the twelfth man to wear that prestigious championship. Aarons will be in action with his first title defense later tonight but right now, we're going to kick things off down in the ring with some action in the hottest division in all of wrestling - the AWA Women's Division!

[We fade from the announce table to the ring where in one corner stands a tall, lanky blonde wearing a white, form fitting top and a pair of black shorts. Across the ring from her is Kelly Kowalski. Kowalski pulls off of her black hoodie and begins to shadowbox as the referee moves to the middle of the ring.]

SA: Kelly Kowalski set to return to the ring after an excellent showing at Eternally Extreme 2. What do you know about her opponent, Lisa Baxter, Dee Dub?

DW: Not a lot, Big Sal. Rumor has it that in the locker room, there was some debate about who Double K's opponent would be tonight, and Lisa Baxter drew the short straw.

SA: Well, I dare say that few people want to face the fury of Kelly Kowalski.

[The referee looks at both women and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And we're off!

[Kowalski wastes no time, as she races across the ring and launches herself into the air, taking Baxter to the mat with...]

DW: Fierro Press! And here comes the fists!

SA: Fists and Fire! They don't call K-squared the Jersey Devil for nothing!

[Kowalski continues to pummel Baxter as the audience cheers her on. Finally, Kowalski relents and backs off, taking in a deep breath.]

DW: Looks like Kowalski might have worn herself out from kicking too much tail, Sal!

SA: It might be one of her few weaknesses.

[Baxter makes her way up to her feet, still wobbling and woozy and Kowalski reaches out, grabbing Baxter by the hair, before driving her head into Baxter's skull.]

SA: Huge headbutt!

[Kowalski blows her hair out of her face and moves forward.]

DW: You know a headbutt like that is dangerous to Kowalski too. She might be seeing double!

SA: Given what we know about Kelly Kowalski, she might like that! It means she'll get into twice the fights tonight!

[Kowalski bounces off the ropes and comes screaming at Baxter, connecting with a clothesline that sends both over the top rope.]

DW: OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR... and now BOTH women are down!

[But that proves to be short-lived as the Jersey Girl gets back to her feet, shaking the cobwebs and grabbing at her lower back.]

SA: Kelly Kowalski never one to shy away from doing some damage to herself if it means inflicting some damage on her opponent... and after that hard fall, she's already up and climbing up on the apron...

DW: Something tells me she's not going in the ring to take the countout win.

[Kowalski stands on the apron, looks to the crowd and mimics opening and then drinking a beer before she launches off the apron, landing with a huge elbow to Baxter's heart.]

SA: Goodness Gracious! Pour one out for Lisa Baxter's chest cavity!

[Kowalski sits up on the floor, a grimace and a grin on her face as she slowly gets up, rolling under the bottom rope gingerly.]

SA: Kowalski moving a little slower now, thankfully back in the ring now.

DW: But it was just to break the count! She's not done yet.

[And sure enough, Kowalski goes back and brings Baxter to her feet before slipping behind her and cinching her by the waist before launching Baxter with a huge belly to back lift and then tosses her for a hard landing on the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: SPINAL TAP!

SA: Well, hello Cleveland, Kelly Kowalski just turned it up to 11!

[Finally, after being admonished by the referee, Kowalski rolls Baxter into the ring and follows behind her.]

DW: Both women back inside the ring now...

[As Baxter gets to her feet, Kowalski buries a boot in the gut, hooking her up with both arms...]

SA: I think we know what's coming.

SA: Broken Skull DDT! That has to be it!

[After the double underhook DDT, Kowalski rolls Baxter over, and covers her.]

DW: One! Two! Three! It's over.

SA: Kelly Kowalski does not get paid by the hour, fans, as she makes short work of Lisa Baxter. And I understand that our guest host, Miss Sandra Hayes, is going to speak with Kelly Kowalski just as soon as she makes her way to the stage.

[A harsh and grating voice rings out.]

MSH: That's right, Albano! This is MY show! And tonight, I make the rules... although I've got some idiot producer backstage telling me who I have to talk to. Is that even allowed? Like for instance...

[Hayes gestures with an extended arm as the Jersey Girl arrives, taking a spot next to her at the interview area. Kowalski has pulled her black hoodie back on, and she wipes the sweat from her brow with her sleeve, before turning to look at Hayes, who wrinkles her nose and seems unhappy to be standing next to the brawler from New Jersey.]

KK: Hey, ya got a problem?

MSH: You're damn right I-

KK: Before ya answer that, might wanna talk to your moms. 'Cuz right now, I'm good and warmed up, and ready to go.

[Hayes pales and forces a smile.]

MSH: Well, since I am sure there's a bar that you'd rather be at...

KK: Damn right!

MSH: I'll cut right to the chase. Two weeks ago, on the last Power Hour, a challenge was laid down to you by Michelle Bailey. Will you accept her challenge?

[Kowalski chuckles and offers a grin that features a chipped front tooth.]

KK: Way I see it... someone challenges me to a fight, that means I ain't gotta go out and look for one.

But before I give my official answer, I wanna say something.

Michelle, I respect the hell outta you. Ya fought in the E when it wasn't no nostalgia trip. You were there fightin' when it was the meanest, nastiest, roughest place there was. Ya fought for respect and for the right to be who ya were even when people were tearin' ya down and trashin' for nothin' more than tryin' to live accordin' to your own heart.

And I respect the hell outta that, Bailey, I do. But ya need to understand somethin'. Respect only means that after our match, the first round will be on me.

But when that bell rings, respect ain't gettin' ya outta gettin' your butt whipped!

So do I accept?

[Kowalski nods vigorously.]

KK: You bet I do!

I wasn't raised to back down from a challenge. And I never will. Ya wanna fight? Ya got it. But trust me when I say that when it's over, you're gonna have a lot worse than a couple of chipped nails.

And I hope ya got somethin' in your closet that matches both platinum and black and blue!

[With a nod of her head, Kowalski steps away, signaling to the fans that she's about to head off in search of an adult beverage.]

MSH: Well there ya have it, it will be Michelle Bailey taking on Kelly Kowalski on the next Power Hour! That will be quite the match... if you're into that kind of thing. And whoever is listening... please keep that maniac away from me! Now, can we go to commercial... I need to make a phone call!

[Hayes walks off set before we fade off, leaving an awkward moment or two 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 back up with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo on footage marked "SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING - WINNIPEG." From the looks of things, we're in a locker room that has seen its fair share of partying so far tonight. There are champagne bottles scattered around, the ground is wet, clothes are tossed here and there.]

"What a night, huh?"

[Two individuals walk into view, plopping down side by side on the wooden bench near the lockers - they are the American Idols.]

Chaz: Incredible. You know, I knew it was just a matter of time before the Experience struck gold but...

Chet: You thought it would be us?

[Chaz grimaces.]

Chaz: Don't tell Mike.

[Chet nods.]

Chet: I'm happy for him though. He's done a lot for us and he deserves that belt.

Chaz: Plus it just raises the stock for the Experience which can't hurt at all.

Chet: Not one bit.

Chaz: But even with all this celebration...

[Chaz shakes his head.]

Chet: Still thinking about Westerly.

Chaz: Still thinking about Los Renegados!

[Chaz nods.]

Chaz: Yeah, me too. I think we need to make a call, bro.

Chet: Exactly what I was-

[Chet is cut off by a loud bellow.]

“WOOOOOOO HOOOOOOOOO!”

[A boisterous - and possibly drunk - Michael Aarons stumbles into view, plopping down alongside them.]

MA: What a night, boys! What a damn night!

[The Idols grin at their friend.]

MA: Hey, uhh... not to spoil the party but I gotta ask... I heard you guys earlier talking about Mexico.

[Chaz nods.]

Chaz: We were just talking about it again.

MA: Yeah, well... you know you don't need to find a partner, right? You guys got one. Always.

[Chet grins.]

Chet: We appreciate that, brother... but what's going down in Mexico... that ain't Experience business, my friend. That's Dead Man's Party business.

[Aarons looks at him for a moment thoughtfully... and then shrugs, hopping back to his feet.]

MA: Whatever! Where's the afterparty? Let's get the hell out of Winnipeg, boys!

[Aarons stumbles out of view as the Idols smile, climbing to their feet.]

Chaz: We can worry about Mexico tomorrow, right?

Chet: Right.

[And the Idols stride out of view as we cut to live action with a pair of unknowns in the ring, one a short but stocky gentleman with a black beard and a black singlet with "SHOCK" written on the back; the other slightly taller and thinner with blond hair, wearing white martial arts pants.]

SA: We are ready to get back to the action, Dee Dub, with these two newcomers named Jason Shockley and Sonny Bly looking to make a name for themselves.

DW: I'm guessing Shockley is the guy with "shock" on his gear?

SA: Astute observation as always.

["Keep Your Eye On The Money" by Motley Crue kicks in over the PA drawing a nice round of jeers. But you know who doesn't care? It's the guys coming out with the music..

First, looking in even better shape than he did the last time we saw him, it's the former owner of the Rusty Spur bar - Curt Sawyer. Sporting a brown beard, he does not have with him the trademark axe handle he used to carry around. Instead, he looks focused, glaring toward the ring with apparent tunnel-vision. Gone is his old Members Only jacket, replaced by a sleek red jacket with "Sawyer" embroidered over the left pec. He wears matching red tights along with black boots and a black brace on his right knee.]

TG: Introducing first, from Dallas, Texas, weighing in at 260 pounds...
CUUUURT SAWWWWYYYERRRR!

[And beside him, wearing a matching red jacket with "Kingsley" embroidered over the left pec and matching red trunks, is Alexander Kingsley III. Unlike Sawyer, AK3 smirks and throws a glance at his partner.]

TG: And his partner, making his winter residence in Saint John, US Virgin Islands... weighing in at 250 pounds...ALEXANDER KINGSLEEEEEEY THE THIIIIIRD!

[Kingsley raises his arms in the air upon the mention of his name, then slaps Sawyer on the shoulder as they make their way to the ring.]

SA: And here they come, Dee Dub, the strange team of Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley III. We saw the apparent influence of Kingsley on Sawyer just two weeks ago with the brutal beating Sawyer laid on Beef Bonham.

DW: Don't like it, Sal. I don't like it one bit. Maybe City Jack and Tin Can Rust can talk some sense into him before it's too late.

[As the pair climbs on the apron, they exchange a glance...then a nod...and with a well-timed synchronicity, they climb through the ropes and immediately charge their opponents.]

SA: That mean streak continues tonight! Sawyer and Kingsley already on the attack before the bell rings and before they even remove their jackets!

[Sawyer goes after the larger opponent, throwing bombs with both hands and driving Shockley into a corner. Kingsley, meanwhile, took out Bly's legs and now holds them in a wishbone, driving boots into his stomach.]

SA: Sawyer and Kingsley mean business tonight, Dee Dub. You do have to wonder, as you mentioned earlier, what kind of effect City Jack's words to Curt Sawyer two weeks ago had on the old fan favorite.

DW: I've got a few things I'd like to say to him myself.

[Sawyer dumps Shockley over the top rope to the floor, the large man hitting the floor with a splat. Curt then cuts a glance toward Dylan, seemingly hearing the comments...and climbs out of the ring making a beeline for the announce desk.]

SA: Well, here's your chance.

[The camera follows Sawyer as he does indeed storm up the ringsteps to the table and begins yelling at Westerly, whose face goes white as a sheet.]

"YOU GOT SOMETHING YOU WANT TO SAY TO ME, BOY?"

[Dylan sputters in response, no words forming and coming out of his mouth. Sawyer slaps the table, enough to bounce the audio equipment and monitors a couple of inches into the air.]

"WHY DON'T YOU TELL CITY JACK TO WATCH THIS?"

[Sawyer spins away from the table, heading back down the steps, and grabbing Shockley to his feet before ramming his head into the ringpost. He then scoops up his opponent and deposits him onto the floor with a hard bodyslam. With a final glare at Dylan, Sawyer slides back in the ring to join AK3.]

SA: I think you owe Jason Shockley an apology for putting him in that position, Dee Dub.

DW: I...you know what? I hope City Jack DOES watch that and kicks your-

SA: Easy now, don't let your mouth write checks your body can't cash.

[Back in the ring, where AK3 has continued to work over Bly, Sawyer is forced by referee Scott Ezra to go to his corner. He does and quickly takes a tag from Kingsley.]

SA: Tag to Sawyer who is now the legal man in the ring... Sawyer with a front waistlock on Bly and letting Kingsley get into position for whatever they're setting up here.

[As AK3 moves to the side, Sawyer hoists Bly up and drives him downward with a spinebuster. Kingsley, with impeccable timing, comes in from the side and delivers a neckbreaker on the descent.]

SA: WHAT A COMBINATION! A spinebuster aided by a neckbreaker...Dee Dub, like them or not, you can tell these two have been working together and may very well be jelling as a team.

DW: If I can't say anything nice, I won't say anything at all.

SA: Easy opportunity for Sawyer to make a pin here but it appears he has other things in mind.

[Indeed, Sawyer has already lifted Bly up and applied a front chancery, lifting him into the air and dropping him face-first right back down to the mat with a gourdbuster.]

SA: Sonny Bly needs some help but he won't get it from his partner as Jason Shockley is still out on the floor and perhaps wisely is deciding not to get back into the ring.

DW: Manhandling these guys is one thing, Sal, but being able to do this to teams like Next Gen or the Shooting Stars or Ringkreiger is an entirely different story, and it's one I don't think Sawyer and Kingsley will like the ending to.

[Kingsley nods to Sawyer after the gourdbuster, prompting Sawyer to make the tag. A rubber-legged Bly is dragged along for the ride, then sent for the ride via a Sawyer Irish whip. As he rebounds back, Sawyer squats down and springs upward, shoving Bly into the air with a flapjack...]

...where a waiting Kingsley grabs him by the head with both hands at the apex and SPIKES him down to the canvas face and head first!]

SA: OH, THAT'S GOTTA BE IT! Kingsley with the cover after that brutal double-team move, and Ezra counts the inevitable three-count. A quick and impressive win for Sawyer and Kingsley here on Power Hour tonight.

[Kingsley rises back to his feet and lifts his arms in the air, while Sawyer adds a couple of stomps to Bly for good measure.]

DW: Get some control of these two if you would, Mister Referee! Sheesh!

SA: Sawyer and Kingsley making their exit... and this is certainly becoming a tag team to watch here in the AWA, fans. And speaking of things to watch... check this out...

[Fade to black...

...and fade back up on a completely white background. There's music playing very softly, totally unidentifiable at this point.

Slowly, the white background is revealed to be the interior of a shape as we start to see red lines on the screen as well.

As it pulls back more and more, we start to recognize the song as well.

It is Rush's iconic classic "Tom Sawyer."

And as the image continues to pull back, we discover it's a lone red star on a white background.

There's a moment's pause before text fades in on the screen.

"TRAVIS LYNCH RETURNS
NORTH DAKOTA.
AUGUST 19th, 2017"

[The text fades away as the music continues to play for a few more moments before everything cuts to black...

...and then fades back up to a scowling Sandra Hayes.]

MSH: The best thing this place has done in years - other than bring me back of course - was to kick that neanderthal to the curb and now they're bringing him back?!

[She shakes her head in annoyance.]

MSH: Some people never learn... unlike my guest at this time who seems to have learned quite a bit under the watchful eye of her trainer, Laura Davis. Please welcome to the all-new all-new Power Hour - Donna Martinelli!

[Martinelli saunters out onto the stage in what is presumably her new gear made up of hot pink tights that go to mid-thigh and a matching tank top style top. There's also a faux belt around her waist that is bedazzled AF as the kids would say. Martinelli is oozing confidence as she approaches Hayes in a pair of tinted pink sunglasses.]

DM: Thanks, Miss Sandra... and I gotta say what a pleasure it is to be in the company of an interviewer who has EARNED her gig... unlike certain others.

[Hayes beams at the combo compliment and slam of Theresa Lynch.]

MSH: Likewise, Donna. Now look... no one knows better than I do what a scumbag Todd Michaelson is... you've gotta be in second place on that list.

[Donna nods her head.]

DM: Absolutely. But those days are over, Miss Sandra. The days of being Todd Blocked from this show... and all the other shows... are over. I've signed my contract thanks to General Castillo which just goes to show that Todd Michaelson is as weak, powerless, and ineffective as we all knew he was all along.

MSH: My mother certainly knows it! Donna, switching paths for a moment though - it was two weeks ago on this show when you were in a tag team match that didn't go your way... or did it?

[Martinelli beams.]

DM: I may not have won the match, Miss Sandra... but I was a real winner in life after that one because I came away from that one with two friends... two sisters... that I can rely on. We went out after the show! Had some drinks, had a few laughs, and talked about our futures... and girl, let me just tell you it's a good thing we were all wearing shades.

[Hayes chuckles.]

MSH: But where are your new friends, Donna? I thought we might see them here tonight.

DM: They're in the gym training, getting ready... because two weeks from tonight - on this very show - we're going to make our six woman tag team debut!

[Hayes gasps... in a very fake way that makes you think she knew this all along.]

MSH: Wow! Huge breaking news on the all-new all-new Power Hour! Take that, Lynch... and Blackwell, THAT'S a scoop! Donna, thank you so much for spending some time out here with me... and let's go to the ring for more Women's Division action!

[The camera switches back to the ring where a graphic identifies young Jenna Drake who raises an arm. She's adorned in white boots, and a blue singlet style outfit, with short brown hair.

The lights in the Center Stage Studios go out and the voice of Jordan Reyne sings over the PA.]

#Go tell Aunt Rhody...

#Go tell Aunt Rh-o-dy...

#Go tell Aunt Rhody, that every-body's...

#Dead

[The haunting intro of In This Moment's "Sick Like Me" fills the kicks, white strobes flashing on every bass drum kick.]

SA: And we're about to get the singles match debut on the all-new Power Hour of Dr. Leah White... of course accompanied by her former patient, Charisma Knight

who made quite the team at Eternally Extreme last month but ultimately fell short in that wild matchup with Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift. But this team - fittingly calling themselves The Asylum - could be a dangerous addition to the Women's Division.

[With red and white spinning lights illuminating the way, Charisma Knight enters first, unevenly colored black and blue hair framing her haunted face, eyes overshadowed with black make up, mouth area over done with dark red, underneath a septum ring. She's dressed in what's become her usual gear of heavily scuffed Docs, black cargo pants with various holes and frays, a black and blue tank top, and her black and red leather gauntlets, going from mid palm to just below the elbow, overtop she also wears an oversized leather jacket, equally torn and frayed as the rest of her gear as she saunters through in pace to the music. \

Following behind is Leah White, once a mental health professional with her doctorate, now something far more sinister. White and black painted face framed by black and green hair, currently covered in a jet black Plague Mask. She's dressed in black boots, black flared vinyl pants with green "claw marks" added throughout, and a black and green vinyl halter tank top. Her wrists and hands are taped black, her nails green, matching the hue of her hair, with a dark worn and yellowed lab coat completing the ensemble. Her most disturbing feature though, is her once blue eyes are now jet black.]

SA: This duo certainly makes for an intimidating sight, Dee Dub... and I'm surprised they could even find someone willing to meet the mysterious Dr. Leah White here tonight.

[Knight holds her hands out as she heads to the ring, almost dancing along to the music. She's much more animated than her partner, who just slowly follows along, betraying no emotion.]

DW: You want to be a part of the hottest division in wrestling, you gotta take the match you're offered. Is Jenna Drake putting her health on the line in this one though? You betcha.

[Knight slides into the ring, crawling over to the opposite side as White climbs to the ring apron, stepping through the ropes and walking to the center.]

#Are you sick like me?

[Knight leans back on her knees, arms outstretched as White stoically stands behind her. Knight brings her head to face the camera, a sinister grin across her face, looking around and laughing.]

#You're beautiful and sick... like... me

[The lights come up as Knight returns to her feet, laughing as she's ought to to do, while White removes her jacket and mask in the corner.]

SA: Spooky is a word I'd use to describe these two.

DW: Spooky, unsettling, strange, bizarre...

[Knight slinks out of the ring as White wastes no time and charges straight in at Drake, pushing her back into the corner.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell may be tolling for Jenna Drake as Leah White comes straight after her, whipping her down with right hands in the corner... and that's a choke now, fans!

Just a straight up choke in front of the official who is on her case from the outset of this one.

[A four count follows before White breaks it up and Knight prances on the outside yelling "CHOKER OUT, LI LI!"]

SA: Charisma Knight cheering on her partner... and White's right back on the attack, pulling her from the corner. Scoop slam perhaps?

[It is... but it's a wild lift and an equally wild slam in what can only be described as lacking technique, to put it nicely.]

SA: And that was as ugly as a Pepsi Super Bowl Commercial.

DW: Well, she was a psychiatrist before whatever Charisma did to her - not a trained wrestler. She's kinda... learning on the fly here, Big Sal.

[Knight skips back and forth with a "TRY SOMETHING ELSE! Try that nerve thingy!"]

SA: And... um, encouragement of sorts from Knight on the outside.

[Pulling Drake to a seated position, White slaps her hand down on Drake's trapezius, digging her fingers in as Drake yells in pain.]

SA: A simple and effective hold applied by Dr. White who more than makes up for her lack of trained skill with sheer violence and aggression.

"OH! HIP TOSS! THAT'S A GOOD TRICK!"

DW: What exactly is Knight doing?

SA: I'd say somewhere between directing White and... well, being herself.

[White pops Drake on the head with an overhand elbow, then brings her to her feet.]

SA: Managerial skills is not something that is new to Charisma Knight, Dee Dub. You may recall that when she first arrived in the AWA, she was actually managing a tag team who she later sent away for seasoning when she became a part of kicking off the Women's Division.

DW: But that was a very different Charisma Knight, Sal. More focus. Less crazy.

[Foregoing any attempt at a whip, White very roughly pushes Drake into the ropes where she kinda stumbles off towards White who grabs her with both arms, and roughly tosses her in something vaguely resembling a hiptoss.]

SA: She puts Drake down again... and again... well...

"C'MON LEE! YOU GOTTA GET BETTER IF WE'RE GOING TO BE THE BADDIES!"

DW: I'm not sure that's helping.

SA: You never know what someone will find inspirational.

[As White goes to pick up Drake again, Drake throws off the grip and starts firing back with right hands of her own to cheers from the Atlanta crowd.]

SA: Jenna Drake comes alive and so does this crowd!

[Backing the Doctor into the ropes, White grabs an arm, whipping her across...]

SA: Clothesline on the way- White goes under..

“JUST DO IT NOW!”

[Hitting the far ropes, White leaves her feet on the rebound, catching the turning Drake in the skull with a flying knee!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: And much like Bruno Mars, that’s what Charisma Knight likes!

[Knight jumps up and down, “LOBOTOMIZER!! WOOO!” as White slithers over and covers Drake.]

DW: And goodnight nurse, that’s three.

SA: The Lobotomizer to hear it from Charisma Knight picks up the win here on the Power Hour.

[White slides out of the ring next to Charisma, who smacks her on the head a couple times “Gotta practice!” as “Sick Like Me” plays and they head over to the interview area.]

SA: Charisma Knight’s mood swings faster than Freddie Freeman down the road here in the A-T-L... and look out here, sister.. Miss Sandra Hayes is in for quite the treat, I’d imagine.

[The camera shifts to the interview area where Miss Sandra Hayes stands with the microphone as Charisma Knight and Leah White come into frame.]

MSH: This whole show’s been a treat thanks to me, Albano... and no thanks to you!

[Hayes clears her throat.]

MSH: Now, joining me are the Asylum. Charisma Knight, we just saw a win for your... partner? Protege? Whatever you want to call her. Leah White picks up the win but at times, you seemed a little upset with her performance.

CK: Hey Sandy, how’ve you been?

MSH: Uh... fine, Charisma. Thanks for asking.]

[Knight smirks.]

CK: Good, good... hey, Lee Lee could’ve looked better, but even great ar-tiests have to start somewhere... and well, I’m working with a blank slate here. But, she’s got promise and pluck!

[They both look at White, who’s just staring at the camera from behind Knight and Hayes. Knight shrugs then continues]

CK: And speaking of pluck, there’s a lot of talk around about a Women’s Tag Division... we’ve all heard the rumors... right, Sandy?

MSH: Actually, it’s Sandr-

CK: And Sandy... when I look around, I see sweet, sweet opportunity because it's clear as crystal that when it comes to tag teams in the Women's Division, we're where it's at. Right, Lee?

[She looks back at White, who does nothing.]

CK: Exactly. You know, I helped get this division started... yeah, Miss Unemployed Bleeding Heart and the Girl Scout helped... but now, they're talking tags. And that's just our game. So don't even think about edging in on our turf.

We're the class. Want to find out, try us!

[She laughs, backing away as White follows.]

MSH: The Asylum letting the world know that if there's a women's tag team who thinks they can put them down... they're not hard to find. And speaking of not hard to find, even that little pipsqueak Stegklet was able to track down Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley III earlier after their win. Now THAT'S an interview I would've liked to do... but nooooo, "Stegklet's got the experience." Hmmmpf. Well, roll it, I guess.

[Cut to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" of the backstage area where Mark Stegklet is standing with Sawyer on his left and Kingsley on his right.]

MS: I am indeed here with the unnamed team of Sawyer and Kingsley. Gentlemen, congratulations on another win earlier this evening.

[Kingsley smirks, stepping forward to respond.]

AK3: What you have the pleasure of witnessing, Mark, is the genesis of a new and emerging force in the AWA's tag team division. People doubted whether Curt and I could even work together for more than two minutes without turning on each other, much less win matches. But as you can see, thanks to the financial resources that have funded our training, we are quickly becoming a well-oiled machine capable of beating ANY team in the AWA.

[Kingsley rubs his goatee.]

AK3: In fact, it won't take long until WE are the ones calling the shots around here.

MS: It is definitely a case of strange bedfellows, no doubt about that. Curt, you know many people questioned your decision to team with Alexander Kingsley but it seems you have no regrets.

[Sawyer looks annoyed by the question.]

CS: Regrets, Mark? Why would I have any regrets? Look at me! I'm in the best shape of my life. I've learned things from Alex's people that no one even sniffed in that joke of a run-down rathole that Todd Michaelson runs. Hell, for the first time in my life, I'm in a spot where I can finally make something big happen.

But speaking of regrets, Mark...

[Sawyer's tone shifts to a bit quieter and more measured. AK3 smirks in the background, knowing where this is going.]

CS: Lemme tell you who's about to have some damned regrets.

City Jack and Tin Can Rust. Kentucky's Pride, you call yourselves. Hell, all that tells me is Kentucky ain't got much to be proud of. So listen up, you two...and especially

you, City Jack. You can accuse me of griping and moaning if you want, but deep down, you know damned well that what I speak is the God's honest TRUTH.

You know it because you were part of the crowd that took advantage of me. Just like Todd Michaelson. Just like the rest of them. You ain't no better.

[Sawyer scowls, his voice now raising again.]

CS: You've spent your whole career painting yourself with this brush of honor and integrity like you're some kind of role model. But I know who you are, man. You're the guy who didn't pay his tab at the Rusty Spur. How many times can a man leave his wallet in the car, Mark? Ask City Jack, because he was the damned world champion of dodging a check.

[Kingsley leans in with a grin.]

AK3: But not dodging a plate of chili cheese fries!

[Kingsley mockingly pats his stomach while Sawyer ignores him.]

CS: Let's cut right to the chase, Jack. I saw you drop your nasty old boots in the ring at the Battle of Saskatchewan. But you know what I think?

[Curt points at the camera.]

CS: I bet you've got one more fight left in that broken-down, overweight body of yours.

You want to call me out? Well, son, I'm turning the tables. I'm calling YOU out.

Get your partner. Go find your boots. Put 'em on, lace 'em up, and if you've got the guts, you'll meet me and Alex in the ring down in Mexico.

[Sawyer pauses with a small, cocky grin.]

CS: And then? We'll see who the REAL men are.

MS: There you have it, Sal! The challenge has been laid out for Kentucky's Pride to face off against Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley III. But will a retired City Jack answer the call?

[Fade to black...]

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

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

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

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

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

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

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

Click The Link!

[Fade to black...]

We cut to an exterior shot of a building in Minneapolis, Minnesota, with the nameplate on the door reading "Elevation - Established 2013". We hear the voice of Dana Kaiser over the b-roll.]

DK: Aside from my marriage to Raph, Elevation is my pride and joy.

[We then cut to footage of Dana exiting her car, wearing a green tank top, black leggings, and sneakers, and carrying a reusable steel water bottle. She smiles as she greets the camera operator, and heads to the building. The voiceover continues.]

DK: When my business partners and I founded Elevation, we wanted a facility for world class athletes to come and train. Nothing wrong with your Gold's Gyms of the world, but there's just nothing like an experience where you're training exclusively with people like you, who want the best from your workout. That's what we wanted with Elevation.

[Dana unlocks the door and enters the building, turning on the lights to an expansive floor of workout equipment. Free weights, squat racks, kettlebells, benches, boxes for jumps, plates as far as the eye can see. Dana speaks to the camera operator.]

DK: So, we have a room for machines and cardio equipment, but not on the main floor. And you'll notice...

[Dana motions around the room with a grin.]

DK: No juice bar or supplement stand. I don't believe in that. Not in the gym itself.

[Dana continues to walk towards the center of the room, starting to arrange boxes for some jumps, when another person enters Elevation. Dana's voiceover continues.]

DK: Something else we do at Elevation is we have private training sessions before the gym formally opens. This training session, I was glad to handle personally.

[The other person is wearing a crop top sporting the cover of No Doubt's Tragic Kingdom album, along with pink spandex shorts and colorful sneakers. She rushes over to Dana and greets her with a hug. Dana resumes her voiceover.]

DK: After all, Michelle Bailey, the "Platinum Princess"... she's a special athlete.

[We cut to b-roll of Michelle performing box jumps, crossover step ups while holding a kettlebell, Bulgarian split squats, power cleans, wood choppers while holding a weight plate, and landmine twists. Dana is mirroring her, so Michelle can follow along with what she's doing. Dana continues the voiceover.]

DK: Michelle had been set in her training ways for a long time, focusing on yoga and primarily on leg-based exercises when she worked with weights. She has a lot of natural explosiveness in her hips and legs that we can bring out of her, we just need to wake her body up some. As you can see, I've been trying to focus on a full body workout for her while also nurturing the good work she's done to maintain such strong legs.

[More b-roll, of Michelle doing elevated pushups and mountain climbers, using the suspension trainer to raise her ankles.]

DK: These two exercises were to strengthen her shoulders especially, along with using the mountain climbers to keep working on that explosiveness I mentioned. Each session I have with Michelle lasts about 90 minutes, and every time I work with her, I see marked improvement in everything she was looking to change about herself.

[We cut to Michelle and Dana at the end of the workout, with Michelle dabbing at herself with a towel, a broad smile across her face.]

DK: Good work today, Michelle. How are you feeling? Anything feeling tight?

MB: No, just tired. But a whole lot more like myself!

[As Michelle and Dana continue to cool down with some stretches, Dana finishes with another voiceover.]

DK: I think Michelle is hungrier than she's been in years, and it shows in her workouts. She knows she still has a lot of work to do in order to contend for that Women's World Championship... but if she keeps putting in work like this, she'll have a solid foundation for sure. From there, it's all about getting it done in the ring.

[We fade from the pre-taped footage to what appears to be the parking lot outside the Center Stage Studios with "EARLIER TONIGHT" splashed across the bottom of the screen. Mickey Cherry rolls up in a beat up pink Caddy. Is that oil leaking onto

the asphalt? Seems to be. After parking in a non-existent spot, Cherry exits his car, his faux snakeskin boots hitting the pavement as he staggers into the building.]

MC: Anybody seen Omega? Any of you mutations seen the so-called superhero?

[He continues backstage.]

MC: Hey, Mutanoid. What about you? You seen Omega?

[The Mutanoid in question turns around. He adjusts his glasses, smiling slyly at the cameras. It's Sebastian McIntyre.]

SMC: Wwwwwwwwhat's up, Mickey Cherry? What can the AWA's cub reporter do for you?

[Cherry pauses. He stares at McIntyre.]

MC: Don't I know you from somewhere?

SMC: I do interviews.

MC: You do interviews...

SMC: Interviewed you two weeks ago?

MC: Huh. Well if you see that Omega punk send him a message. Atlas Armstrong will lay his almighty hands on him tonight. You got that, Mutanoid?

SM: Atlas Armstrong Omega onslaught. Okey-doke!

MC: Thanks, kid. You sure do look familiar.

SM: I have one of those faces.

MC: You sure don't. You just make sure Omega gets that message. You hear?

[As Cherry walks off someone chases after him, shouting "Mr. Cherry, Mr. Cherry, your Cadillac! The muffler fell off!"

And we fade from the pre-taped footage to the ring where a match appears to be in progress.]

"SHADDUP!"

[The belligerent shout in the ring is courtesy of one "Concrete" John Yeates, the AWA's resident grunt virtuoso. He has his opponent, a weedy-looking fellow in royal blue, black and gold in an old-fashioned headlock, which a lot of the younger fans are giving him grief for.]

SA: Back in the ring on Power Hour, and you join us as "Concrete" John Yeates takes on the young, uncanny Omega.

[Omega shove Yeates off to great applause, and he hits the ropes. Omega drops down as Yeates rebounds.]

SA: Terrific speed from Omega... into a leapfrog. Although many doubt that he could leap a tall building.

DW: I dunno, I look at that and even if he isn't really a superhero, he is one gifted athlete. I dunno, Sal. Maybe he really is a superhero.

SA: Omega taking down his more seasoned opponent with a very slick-looking arm drag... Yeates back up... Walks into another one! Back up again... and the Neptunian takes him down again!

DW: I think Omega is getting himself ready for when he has to step into the ring with Atlas Armstrong. I've been hearing through the grapevine that there's a push to get them both in the ring.

[Yeates scrambles to a neutral corner. He pantomimes to the referee that Omega has been grabbing handfuls of hair from the scruff of his neck. Meanwhile Omega turns to the cheering fans at Center Stage with a big, cheesy thumbs up, then adopts his signature "Omega pose."]

SA: Omega has certainly been a thorn in the side of Atlas's business manager Mickey Cherry; a bit of turnabout for all us here on Power Hour. But the Almighty One is also undefeated in the AWA, and "Concrete" John Yeates looks like he's been freshly poured, not masterfully sculpted like the marble god Atlas.

DW: Million dollar body and a you-know-what brain, Sal.

"YEEEEEE-ARGGGHHH!"

[With a mighty shout, Yeates roars in to the corner, hoping to take Omega down, but that just tips Omega off to his approach.]

SA: Omega off the middle rope!

DW: Look at that agility!

[Omega soars over Yeates's head, nabbing him by the waist on the way down.]

DW: Sunset flip and count him out ref!

[The referee gets to "two" before Yeates scissors Omega's head with calves.]

SA: "Concrete" John narrowly kicking out of that Triton-set Flip. And Omega's cloister bell looks like it's been rung!

[Omega gets up a little woozy, which enables Yeates to clinch a front face lock on. He scoops Omega up by his Kuiper Belt, but instead of falling backwards.]

DW: Aw, come on! The ropes aren't supposed to be used like that.

SA: Omega sent abdomen first onto the top rope and he is hung out to dry up there!

[With a fling, Yeates tosses Omega to the floor. He ignores the referee's admonishment and flexes his ill-defined biceps for the booing fans with a guttural, "YEAAAHHHHH-UH!"]

SA: Omega face-first to the floor! Very dangerous move there.

DW: Ya know, this may be off-topic, but why couldn't they have brought in that young guy to fill in for Sandra Hayes? McIntyre was his name, right?

SA: Funny you should bring that up. Not only did we see our colleague Sebastian McIntyre earlier tonight, when I spoke to him he said he'd have his hands full already tonight.

DW: Can't imagine why, Big Sal.

[Omega shakes the cobwebs loose on the floor. A few young fans reach over the barricade to pat him on the back. He looks to the area beside the ringpost.

A smile crosses his face as he puts a sparkly blue cape over his shoulders.]

DW: Get'im, Omega!

SA: "Concrete" John spending so much time showboating, he doesn't even see his opponent ascending the turnbuckles!

[Yeates turns around in time to see a sequined royal blue blur soaring overhead.]

SA: Overhead neckbreaker!

[Omega rolls onto his knee in the classic modern superhero landing pose. He plants his fist into the canvas.

Then recoils a bit, shaking out and placing his knuckles in his mouth. Ow, that hurt.]

SA: I believe that Omega said that he calls upon the Tenacity of Triton with that particular wrestling maneuver.

DW: He is operating on some different software than you or I, isn't he Sal?

[Omega pulls John Yeates up into an inverted face lock, and appeals to the crowd with a cheesy "thumbs-up."]

SA: Whatever its origin or purpose, it is not a mystery: it's effective. This particular hold has been halting evildoers for months!

[Omega pivots around, driving Yeates to the canvas with a clubbing forearm.]

SA: The Event Horizon connects! Boom goes the ion cannon! And you don't need eyes to see the one... two... and three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Omega pumps his fist enthusiastically, then crooks his elbows with his wrists at his hips in the Omega Pose.]

DW: Chalk up another win for-

SA: Oh, we've got company out here, Sal!

[While Omega celebrates his win, we see Atlas Armstrong come lumbering through the curtain onto the stage, charging down the steps. The fans react to his arrival, trying to warn Omega as Armstrong slides under the ropes.]

SA: Atlas is in!

DW: Look out, kid!

[Armstrong rushes Omega from the blind side, arm lifting and extending...]

SA: CLOTHESLI-

[The Almighty One misses the clothesline as Omega narrowly avoids it, front rolling across the ring towards the ropes. Armstrong slams on the brakes, running back the other direction...]

SA: On the move again and-

[And this time, when Omega ducks the second clothesline attempt, he pulls the top rope down with him which sends Armstrong tumbling over the ropes, crashing down on the thinly padded mats at ringside. The crowd cheers as Omega strikes his signature pose...]

DW: Alright! Good job, Omega! That oughta teach this big bully that he can't always get what he wants!

[...and then gets the heck out of the ring before Armstrong can recover, running right for the emergency exit doors, popping them open, and fleeing out into the Atlanta night as Armstrong gets up, angrily slapping his hands down on the apron!]

SA: Armstrong more than a little upset here tonight in Hotlanta and... well, I would NOT want to be Omega when Armstrong finally gets his hands on him, Dee Dub.

DW: That's gonna be a good one, Sal. Can't wait to see it go down.

SA: Let's go over to our esteemed host...

[Hey, can we get a mop over here, there's sarcasm all over the floor.]

SA: ...Miss Sandra Hayes.

[We cut over to Hayes who is looking off-camera.]

MSH: Excuse me, do I have to do this next segment? Can't we just skip it? He's not important, he's not...

[As Hayes talks to the producer, the person for this interview steps up - one Landon Grant. Hayes looks over to Grant to finish her thought.]

MSH: ...worth the time.

[Hayes smirks, hoping that dagger sticks. Grant looks away, shaking his head slightly before looking back.]

LG: Good one. Look, I know I'm no big dog around here, but I got my time to get my say. And, ma'am,-

[Hayes mouths "Ma'am?" and looks bewildered.]

LG: - you got your agenda here, but I know enough from what my pops told me to not get involved. I'm just here to talk about my match, my -

MSH: Yeah, where is your "pops"? Odd for you to be out here without him at your hip, considering he's the only reason you're probably even around here.

LG: I-

MSH: And when's he going to make his - what, tenth? Twentieth? - comeback from "retirement" to answer what Kingsley and Sawyer challenged earlier?

LG: Look, to you, to Sawyer and Kingsley - my dad's got his own voice and he's shown many times he's willing to use it, without any reserve. So next time City

Jack's out here, supporting me cause I want that and cause he's a damn good father-

[Hayes rolls her eyes in reaction.]

LG: You... Or well, I hope Miss Theresa-

[Hayes sneers at that name.]

LG: -can be free to get his answer out of his own mouth. But you all saw it in Canada, you saw what my dad did. And I know Mister Kingsley's well familiar what it means. What my dad did wasn't like flipping a switch - that was a moment that took him time, lots of time, to prepare and accept. And he did and he's fine with it and where he's at.

So again, I'm more than sure that if my pops was here tonight, talking to you-

[Grant puts a little emphasis on that "you", giving Hayes a bit of the stink eye.]

LG: He'd say the City Jack of the ring is done, his fighting time's over, and he's accepted that.

[Music - Landon Grant's entrance music, that is - interrupts, bringing a smile to the face of the youngster.]

LG: Now if you will excuse me, I have to continue MY journey in that ring!

[Grant exits to walk to the ring.]

MSH: Oh please...

[Shot cuts away from the annoyed Sandra Hayes to the wide shot of the ring, showing Landon Grant making his way down the aisle as Whiskey Myers' "Mud" plays and the fans in the Center Stage Studios cheer. As Grant gets up to the ring, he climbs the second turnbuckle and holds his hand up high before dropping back into the ring to await the introductions.]

TG: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... from Lake City, Georgia... weighing 197 pounds... Henry H. Owens!

[Owens is shorter but with a thicker build. He sports a full beard with long yet thinning hair. He dons blue trunks with ocean wave patterns on them.

As he points to the camera, Owens holds up his hands up, makes an "H" with them then holds up two fingers before throwing both arms up above to encircle his head with a big "O". Proud of spelling his initials, he holds both fists up in a fighting stance.]

TG: And his opponent... hailing from Louisville, Kentucky and weighing in at 230 pounds... LLLLLLLLLLNDONNNNNNNN GRRRRRRRRRRRRRANT!

[Grant raises his arm as the fans cheer once more.]

SA: Noticed something a little different just now about Landon Grant, Dee Dub. He seems a little more at ease?

DW: Probably happier being out in the ring than talking to Sandra Hayes, that's for sure.

SA: Oh there's that! But he seems a little more comfortable out there, maybe finally taking all in what went down in the Stampede Cup. But we'll see if that holds as he clashes against the upstart Henry Owens!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Henry H. Owens flexes his arms and gestures to Grant to meet with a test of strength. Grant obliges and gets to the center of the ring, holding his right arm high as he points at Owens.]

SA: Grant holding out the arm, waiting for Owens to follow though on his challenge, but now he's got second thoughts.

DW: Maybe not being able to actually reach Grant's arm is a problem, Big Sal?

[Indeed, Owens gets a little hot at Grant for holding his hand too high. So Grant being good natured, he lowers the arm enough to meet the challenge. Owens goes in to meet Grant's hand, but backs off and shakes his head.]

SA: Grant lowered his arm to Owens' stratosphere, but he wants none of it! Maybe he's thinking he's a little bit out of his depth challenging the taller Landon Grant to start this match.

[Now it's Grant who's a little hot, yelling at Owens to start the match. Owens nods and meets Grant in the center, but as he reaches for Grant's arm, he tries to sneak in a waistlock.]

SA: Owens with the sneak attack but Grant got it blocked and he's not too happy!

DW: Looks like time for games is over, the young Grant is ready for business!

[Indeed, Grant doesn't mess around as he lays a stiff knee into the midsection of Owens and grabs him by the waist, turning Owens up and over.]

SA: Gut wrench suplex with some extra sauce on it, you could feel that impact from here! And he's not done!

[Dragging Owens up, Grant tosses Owens into the ropes and catches him on the rebound for a rapid scoop slam.]

SA: Slam with authority! Landon Grant showing the fire!

[Grant immediately pops up, pointing a finger down to Owens before playing to the crowd with a fist pump.]

DW: I'm glad to finally see it out of the young man! He needs to show the progress he's making in the ring!

SA: Grant dragging up the woozy Owens and he's signaling he's not going let this go on any longer!

DW: I'd say Henry H. Owens is in some deep water, Big Sal!

[Grant again tosses the dazed Owens into the ropes while Grant rebounds himself off the opposite ropes before launching himself into the poor frame of Henry H. Owens]

SA: THUNDEROUS CLASH! Cardinal Sin connects in what can only be described as a human demolition derby!

DW: Grant sent Owens flying on that impact! Someone measure the hang time!

[Grant immediately gathers up the lifeless Owens and goes for the cover, hooking the leg for good measure. The ref counts to three and Grant immediately pops up again, pumping his fist in victory as the crowd cheers.]

SA: Three seconds later and you can count another win to Grant's record!

DW: Never a real doubt, but that's what the kid needs to do against opponents if he wants to follow in his father's footsteps

SA: Certainly some large shoes to fill if Landon Grant hopes to follow in City Jack's legendary footsteps... but the young man is well on his way as we just saw. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back with the all-new Power Hour so stick around for that!

[Fade to black as Grant celebrates his win.

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 the interview podium. Sandra Hayes is joined by Cinder and Harley Hamilton. Both have similar (but not identical!) looking plastic cups filled with a beige liquid over ice. Harley is dressed in a light blue t-shirt with the image of a winking twin-tailed anime girl waving a Mifune-Gun flag on the front, jean shorts barely peeking out underneath and Birkenstock's. Cinder is in a black Lacoste hoodie, despite being in Georgia in the middle of summer.

And if one observes closely, they also have strikingly similar pooka shell necklaces.]

MSH: We're back on MY Power Hour... and I have to say, fans, it's nice to be joined up here by some class for once. It's nice to have some fellow women who understand the struggles of being born into greatness in pro wrestling.

[Cinder grins her crooked grin between her dark cherry lips and playfully swats Hayes on the shoulder bashfully.]

C: Ah, gaun yersel, Miss Hayes.

[Hayes' nonplussed expression indicates she'll ask Harley the majority of questions.]

MSH: I don't know what you said; I hope it's very nice.

HH: Don't worry about it, Sandy...

MSH: Sandra.

HH: Right. Anyway, don't worry about her, Sandy. If Cindy has a problem with anyone, she's not afraid to let them know.

[Sandra gives Harley a look, before deciding to let it slide and move along.]

MSH: But it seems like you two are such an odd pairing. What with circumstances throwing you together.

[Harley nods in agreement.]

HH: I know, right!? I'm out here minding my own business, forging my own path to immortality like the natural-born legend that I am... when suddenly, that ogress Margie Flores decides to put my name into her mouth!

...again!

[She rolls her eyes.]

C: An' then... then she decides to have a go at me! For no reason!

HH: Talk about a sore loser! It's like she NEEDS to find an excuse why a superior athlete like me defeated her, so she tries to make Cindy some sort of scrape goat! If anything, Cindy is an innocent victim in all of this.

[The studio audience jeers, as Harley puts an arm over Cinder's shoulders and gives her a little shake.]

HH: Poor Cindy.

[Sandra nods in agreement.]

MSH: Poor Cindy.

C: That's textbook gasmaskin', that is!

[The audience boos, not buying any of this.]

HH: But! Despite our differences, Cindy and I have talked it over and we will accept your challenge, Margie. And we're going to make you pay for your baseless and slanderous accusations next week on Saturday Night Wrestling!

MSH: Wow! Adversity really does make for strange allies!

C: Aye, I know. And to think, Harley and I, we never would have allied had it not been for you, Margarina Floor-Wax!

HH: You only have yourself to blame, Margie. You created your own demise. Now you've got TWO rivals who wouldn't have EVER teamed up in a million years, because we have absolutely NOTHING in common.

[Cinder nods.]

C: Nothing in common at all. Other than both of us having a parent with a legendary reputation for being hard in the ring.

[Harley nods.]

HH: Right? And us both being young, beautiful, impossibly talented professional wrestling prodigies.

[They both do strikingly similar hair flips in stereo and smirk at the camera, before both take a sip from their cups. Suddenly seeing what the other is doing, they quickly look away.]

C: Aye, we might as well be from different planets! It's not like we, er...

HH: ...Finish each other's sentences.

C: Ah no. We don't ever do that.

[Harley sneers at the camera.]

HH: So you'd better be prepared, Margie. Because in seven days time...

C: ...You'll be facing both of us!

HH: ...When I join Cinder at ringside when she faces you, woman to woman!

C: Aye! An-

[Cinder glances at Hamilton.]

C: Er... Did I miss that meetin'?

HH: Look Cindy, I already dispatched Margie Flores and it was even simpler than the counter to the Cobra Clutch Crossface. It's your turn to gain some retribution!

C: Aye, but... she did challenge us to a handicap match, right?

MSH: Wait, the counter to the what?

[Harley ignores her.]

HH: Well, I already pinned her clean as a sheet! I have nothing left to prove.

[The crowd jeers Harley, who sticks her tongue out them in annoyance.]

C: Okey-doke, but it would nae hurt to prove it again, Harley.

HH: Don't worry, Cindy, you've got this! I'm sure you'll prove that you can beat Margarita, JUST like I did in Saskatchewan.

[Harley grins as the wheels turn in Cinder's head again.]

C: Ohhhh. I see. I see. I'm sure... I can handle it. Aye. I follow ye.

[Cinder takes a sip from her cup with a smile as the two exit the interview area.]

MSH: Challenge. Accepted.

[Hayes strikes a pose with her hands on her hips like she accepted the challenge herself. Which she didn't, Margarita Flores. Don't get any ideas.]

We fade from a smirking Sandra to the backstage area where "Golden" Grant Carter stands in front of a Power Hour backdrop.]

GGC: The seconds are ticking away, Michael Aarons, and the time is just about at hand. I've had my eye on you for a while now - ever since you left my boy Cody high and dry. You talk a big game... you think you're the best thing going... but the way I see it, you're nothing without the Experience... and I guess Sandra Hayes now... behind you.

You want to be a champion? That means you gotta be the best... and you gotta beat the best. You don't get to parade around with a strap on your shoulder and just sing it... you gotta bring it too, Mikey.

[Carter grins.]

GGC: This is gonna be a fight. I know that. Because you're good - one of the best - even if you don't believe in yourself enough to show it without help. And I know the Idols are here... and yes, even Sandy is here... so the odds are stacked against me.

But hey, the odds have been stacked against me my entire life so why should tonight be any different?

This one's for the people, Mikey. The fans in the seats for sure... but for Cody... for Terry Shane... for the good people in this business who deserve better than to be cheated by the likes of you.

The seconds are ticking away... and you can put ten minutes on the clock for you and I, Mikey...

[Another big grin.]

GGC: But when I hit you with the Gold Strike, it's only gonna take three seconds for your night... and your reign... to be over.

Now... put `em up!

[Carter lifts his gloved hands in the air, his fingers spread wide as we fade to black...]

...and then cut back to the interview podium, where, this week, Miss Sandra Hayes, not Theresa Lynch, holds court. Joining her at this moment, though they seem to be paying more attention to each other than to Hayes, are Kaz Konoe, who has on a white baseball jersey, with black pinstripes and "Renegado" in a black cursive font across the front, over his ring attire: white boxer-style trunks, black knee pads and white boots, with black piping and laces; and, of course, La Chola Japonesa, who is dressed in a black T-shirt with "LOS RENEGADOS" in white across the chest, tied just under her chest, baring her midriff. Luciana also has on a pair of camo print pants, as well as a twisted black bandana tied around her head, knotted at her forehead.]

MSH: Konoe, Luciana, thank you for joining me tonight. I see you're dressed to compete, Kaz, but, I'm sorry, you're nowhere near in line to challenge for the title I engineered Michael Aarons to win. Not tonight anyway. So, how about, instead, you tell us more about this upcoming Los Renegados reunion scheduled to go down in Me—

L: [Interrupting.] Wow... I thought Theresa Lynch is bad... But I cannot believe they've found someone worse at this broadcast journalism thing than her.

MSH: Now you watch yourself, Luciana. One word from me to General Castillo a—

L: You can go cry to the Generalissimo all you want, Sandra, but we all know General Castillo is too wise a man to ruin one of the main draws of Estrellas En El Cielo and the whole Mexico tour.

KK: You see, Sandra, I am here thanks to Guerreros del Mundo. I am here at pleasure of Señorita Angelica Westerly. Which means, and no matter what American Idols have to say, la primera facción en México reunites on September fourth at pleasure of the promoter of Guerreros del Mundo... And she does more to further the cause of El Generalissimo than you ever will.

Now, yes, I saw what you did to Terry Shane and el campeonato de television del mundo, but all I see is the TV title now being held by the third Idol... The Forgotten Idol... And after Los Renegados deal with Charlie and Cheeto Walls at Estrellas En El Cielo, I will end the Michael Aarons... Experience... As World Television champion!

But you are right... Is time now to reveal the first of two Renegados who will join me in trios match in Guadalupe... Mister TV Director... Play the video!

[The screen goes black, as Mark Snow's sombre "Millennium Main Theme" plays, before fading in upon two masked luchadors. One of the masks we have seen before on AWA television: half covered in silver shards resembling broken glass, the other black and bright green, airbrushed to present a ghastly visage. It is the mask of El Espejo, the Mirror of SWLL. His ring gear matches the broken silver and ghostly green motif.

A woman's voice, somewhat familiar, is heard over the footage.]

W: [V/O] First, he was the student...

[The mask of the other luchador is half covered in shiny black hexagons, fashioned out of flexible PVC, resembling shards of obsidian, the other black and smoke gray, airbrushed to present a spectral visage. This is the mask of El Espejo Negro. Like his mentor, his ring gear matches the black shards and spectral gray motif of his mask.

We see both men making their entrance, running down the aisle and springboarding and somersaulting into the ring. Cut to El Espejo and Espejo Negro landing

dropkicks on their opponents, mirror images of each other. Followed by a sequence of El Espejo putting down an opponent with a guillotine leg drop, as Espejo Negro follows up with a senton across the opponent's back. We then see both men hitting simultaneous double knee facebreakers, El Espejo's Siete Años, on their opponents. Lastly, we see Los Espejos having their arms raised in victory.]

W: [V/O] Before turning on his maestro...

[A very different match, with a very different outcome. We see El Espejo trying to encourage a dejected-looking Espejo Negro. In the background, we see two other luchadors having their arms raised. El Espejo walks towards the ropes, waving Espejo Negro over. Espejo Negro gets up to follow, but, before El Espejo can step through the ropes, Espejo Negro pulls him back, turns him around and hits the Siete Años on El Espejo.]

He rolls to the outside and turns around to drag El Espejo under the bottom rope and onto his shoulders. With his former mentor in the fireman's carry, Espejo Negro releases his legs and swings him around as if he is going to body slam El Espejo. Instead, he drops El Espejo on his head, onto the barely-padded floor, as he sits down. Mark Snow's "Millennium Main Theme" is replaced by La Banda Bastón's "Señor Malo."]

W: [V/O] Becoming a renegade...

[We see footage of El Espejo and Espejo Negro facing off in the ring. Then, El Espejo sidestepping, as Espejo Negro dives at him through the ropes. A shot of both luchadors, now in the ring, simultaneously going for dropkicks. We then see a third luchador, Angel Azul, judging by the blue mask with the stylized white wings on the sides, running towards the ring, where El Espejo is pulling himself onto the ring apron. In the ring, Espejo Negro has the official distracted, as Angel Azul pulls El Espejo off the apron. El Espejo lands on his feet on the outside, but is quickly doubled-over with a kick to the gut, and put down, by Angel Azul, with an underhook face driver.]

Cut to later in the match, where Espejo Negro has his fingers in one of El Espejo's mask's eye holes, trying to tear into it. Espejo Negro's mask itself has sustained damage, revealing nearly half of his face, and he also appears to have been bloodied. Even later in the match, we see the other founding member of Los Renegados, El Caballo Salvaje, on the apron arguing with the official. This allows Espejo Negro to stick his arm between El Espejo's legs and drive it upwards into his groin. Angel Azul, meanwhile, slides a chair into the ring, as Espejo Negro picks El Espejo up in a fireman's carry and drop him with a piledriver through the legs, the move he would come to call the Espejo Roto, onto the chair. The next shot is of the three founding members of Los Renegados standing over El Espejo.]

W: [V/O] Accepting his real self...

[In a different match, we see El Espejo running towards the ropes and, without touching the ropes, hitting Espejo Negro, who is on the outside, with a tornillo. Later in the match, El Espejo sidesteps a dropkick from Espejo Negro, following it up quickly by stomping Espejo Negro's face into the canvas. Later still, both men, their masks torn in places and both appearing to be bloodied, let loose a flurry of punches and kicks towards one another. El Espejo gets the upper hand with a well-placed sole of the foot to Espejo Negro's gut, doubling him over. El Espejo takes him down with a guillotine leg drop, then heads to the corner, climbing to the top rope. El Espejo motions for Espejo Negro to get up, which he does so groggily. El Espejo waits for Espejo Negro to turn around, before launching himself off the ropes and hitting the Siete Años. The next shot is of Espejo Negro, in the corner, on one knee, as he pulls off the remnant of his mask, revealing his face. He lays the mask in front of him and picks up a proffered mic.]

EN: Mi nombre es... Marcos Jiménez. Nací en Monterrey. Mi fecha de nacimiento es... El tres de noviembre... De mil novecientos ochenta y nueve.

W: [V/O] And embracing a new attitude...

[The shot freezes on the defeated, bruised, bloodied, and newly-revealed face of Marcos Jiménez, the former Espejo Negro. As the music fades, the image goes white, before the same face comes back into focus, now no longer bruised and bloodied. We can see that he has dark brown eyes, that he now wears his dark brown hair in an undercut, and also keeps a neatly-trimmed beard and mustache. We also see that he is not alone; as the camera pulls back, we see that he has an arm wrapped around a fair-skinned woman, with dark brown eyes and wavy hair that reaches past her shoulders. Most strikingly, her hair is dyed jet black on the left half of her head and a deep red on the right side. She also has full sleeve tattoos on both her arms.

Jiménez, the man formerly known as Espejo Negro, has on a white sleeveless T-shirt, with "LOS RENEGADOS" in a red font, stylized to resemble dripping blood, and, under that, "MALASANGRE" in the same font, across the front. The woman is wearing a similar shirt, tied under her chest to bare her midriff.]

MJ/EN: Espejo Negro... Si, ese fue una vez mi nombre. Ese es el nombre por el que me conociste, hermano... Y Marcos Jiménez... Ese es mi verdadero nombre... Pero cuando regreses a México, hermano, este es quien estará a tu lado... [Pointing to his shirt.] Mala... Sangre... Malicia y yo no podemos esperar a que vuelvas a unirte a nosotros... Y el cuatro de septiembre... ¡Los Renegados volverán a montar!

[Again the image fades to white, save for the words

"THE RENEGADES REUNITE
MALASANGRE WILL BE IN GUADALUPE.
SEPTEMBER 4th, 2017"

Cut back to CenterStage and the interview podium, where Konoe is smiling, as Luciana whispers excitedly in his ear..

...and then starts pointing to the side as we see the arrival of the American Idols up on the entrance stage. Konoe pivots to face them, an amused expression on his face. Sandra Hayes rushes to get between the two.]

MSH: Hold on now... I don't know what kind of nonsense that hag Theresa Lynch lets go on on this show but this is MY show now and I'm not about to let-

[Chaz Wallace shakes his head, leaning over the mic.]

Chaz: Take it easy, Miss Hayes. We've got no intention of starting a fight on your show.

[Chet steps in, leaning in as well.]

Chet: That's right. We just came out here to give our ol' pal Kaz here a little history lesson since he seems to have forgotten.

[Chet smirks... and so does Konoe.]

Chet: And from the look on your face, I can see you know exactly what I'm talking about, don't you?

[Konoe nods.]

Chet: We had a deal, Kaz Konoe. When we both showed up here in the AWA, we had a meeting and we made a deal.

See, these people here might not know it... but you and the two of us... we're no strangers to one another.

[Chaz leans in.]

Chaz: That's right. The reality is that we've fought all over Mexico... and Japan for that matter... for a long, long time. It was a battle for trios supremacy - who would be the best trio outside of the United States? Would it be... Los Renegados...

[Chaz gestures to Konoe, causing some fans to cheer.]

Chaz: ...or would it be the Dead Man's Party?

[Jeering fans let Chaz know how they feel about that as he jerks his thumbs at he and his twin brother. Chaz looks annoyed at their response.]

Chaz: You know nothing, Atlanta. But after all those battles, Kaz... we wanted a fresh start here in the AWA. We were over it. Donezo. We wanted nothing more to do with you and your little pals.

Chet: And you swore to us that it wasn't a problem. That Los Renegados were finished. That you were a lone wolf these days. And we took you at your word... and we made a deal to not get in your way as long as you didn't get in ours.

[Chet shakes his head.]

Chaz: Newsflash, Kaz. You're in our way.

Chet: Which means the deal is off... and it's open season on you and your pals.

[Chet leans forward, making sure his threat is menacing...

...to which Konoe responds with a shrug! The crowd ROARS for the shrug...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then jeers as a superkick from Chet knocks Konoe flat. Luciana looks to intervene but a hard look from Chaz backs her off as Chet starts stomping Konoe, driving him to the edge of the stage where he rolls down the steps, ending up down at ringside with the Idols in pursuit.]

SA: The Idols on the attack! A cheap shot there - but I'd expect nothing less from these two!

[Chaz and Chet pull Konoe off the floor, tossing him under the ropes into the ring. They roll in after him...]

SA: And it looks like the Idols are looking for-

[Sal is interrupted by the opening beats of La Banda Bastön's "I'm In la Calle" featuring Kap G. The camera cuts to the entranceway, where a man, lean of build, with well-defined musculature, light brown skin and dark brown hair worn in an undercut, dressed in black tights, with the words "MALA" and "SANGRE" in a crimson font stylized to resemble dripping blood down the front of each leg, and red boots, with black piping laces and soles, strides out from the back.

He is followed by a fair-skinned woman, with wavy hair that reaches past her shoulders, dyed jet black on the left half of her head and a deep red on the right side, full sleeve tattoos on both arms, dressed in a black riding jacket over a white T-shirt with "LOS RENEGADOS" in the same stylized red font, resembling dripping blood across the front, black faux leather shorts, and black boots with red soles, trim and laces. She throws her arms out behind her and leans back, letting out a wild, banshee-like scream.]

DW: What the...?!

SA: That's... We just saw them in the video package, Dee Dub! That's Marcos Jiménez! Or is it Malasangre? One of the original members of Los Renegados! We thought we'd only see him in Mexico, at Estrellos En El Cielo, but, as you can see, folks, he's here!

[Konoe rolls to the floor as the Idols twist around, shock on their faces as they recognize who has entered Center Stage Studios. Malasangre stands at the top of the stage, raising a threatening finger in the direction of the Idols who look suitably freaked out at this turn of events.]

SA: And the Idols may be rethinking this fight right about now, Dee Dub! They look like they want no part of Malasangre!

[Konoe makes his way to the stairs, smiling widely before we hear him say, "Looks like Angelica did send the tickets."

Malasangre continues to stare down the Idols, taking his position next to Konoe as the latter makes his way up on the stage. Without looking at each other, they knock forearms, as we hear Malasangre say, "Let's go..." the last word edited out for TV.

"I'm in La Calle" starts to play once more, as Konoe and Malasangre bump fists and slap hands, while Luciana, with an arm around Malicia, looks on.]

SA: A surprise Los Renegados reunion here tonight in Atlanta, as two-thirds of the trio that will compete in Guadalupe have faced down the American Idols. Now, all that is left to find out, Dee Dub, is who will be the third for their team! For that matter, we've yet to know who the Idols have waiting to be their third member. Maybe we'll find out when the AWA broadcasts live from North Dakota next week! Fans, we'll be right back with our Main Event after this short break!

[Fade to black...

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

"The future."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

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

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

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then back up to the Studios where Miss Sandra Hayes is standing.]

MSH: Welcome back to the Power Hour. I am, of course, Sandra Hayes. And after the fiasco that this segment was two weeks ago, I'm going to show how it's done right. It's...

...This Week in Social Media!

And, wow, what an outpouring of support. I am honored to host the Power Hour and I can tell the AWA Galaxy is excited as I am! For instance, on Twitter...

[Hayes reads the first tweet aloud as it shows up in graphic form on screen.]

MSH: @BackslideDriver says, "It's amazing how many people born into the sport of pro wrestling have taken the sport to the next level. Not-

[She clears her throat.]

MSH: "...not MISS Sandra Hayes, but still." That's not one of the tweets I sent you to put up! Put up one of the ones I forwarded to you!

[A new graphic comes up.]



Jim Marengi
@MyNightmare



The only explanation for Sandra Hayes is that ponytail on the back of her head is so tight, her brain is being squashed.

MSH: "The only explanation for Sandra Hayes is- "NO! I did not send you that one!

Hey, you daylight-fearing geeks in the production truck, do you want me bringing the network down on you? Put the tweets I picked out on the screen! Now!

[A third graphic comes up.]



MSH: "Miss Sandra Hayes is..." Waste of a trust fund?! OFFERS NOTHING?! That's it! Cut to those two!

I SAID, "CUT TO THOSE TWO!"

[Cut to the aforementioned Those Two. Sal Albano is sitting back with a big smirk on his face, while Dylan Westerly is giggling like crazy.]

SA: I knew there was a reason why I followed Mademoiselle Mallory on social media.

DW: I've-*snrk* I've thought about it, Sa-hahaha-Sal. I've thought that ponytail was waaay too tight and cutting off circulation to her brain. Assuming she has one! A-hahahaha!

SA: Oh Dylan, if you haven't got anything nice to say... Anyway, it's Main Event time on the Power Hour. AWA World Television Championship on the line as the new champion Michael Aa--

"Hey!"

[Miss Sandra Hayes slams her sparkly baseball bat down onto the announce position.]

MSH: You think that cesspool of negativity is funny?

SA: I do not, Miss Hayes.

[Dylan Westerly just desperately bites his lip, trying to suppress a grin.]

MSH: You got something you want to get off your chest, you simpleton?

[Hayes swats the headset off of Westerly's head.]

DW: Hey!

SA: Miss Hayes, there's no call for that!

MSH: You better watch your tongue, Big Sal! You're supposed to be professionals, not two snickering playground kids! I will speak to Generalissimo Castillo about the both of you!

SA: Dylan, take it easy, we don't have to put up with this.

"Yes you do."

[The surprise appearance of Kerry Kendrick between Big Sal and Dylan changes the mood entirely as the fans jeer loudly.]

MSH: That's right, you do. Kerry, I think we should relieve these two. Immediately! We'll call the main event tonight.

KK: You heard Miss Hayes, funny boys. Gabriel Iglesias, Jeff Foxworthy... both of you get lost.

[Kendrick and Hayes both take up headsets. She pouts as she brushes her manicured nails down Kendrick's arm.]

MSH: Thanks, babe.

["My Type" by Saint Motel begins playing over the PA system as the fans jeer even louder.]

MSH: Oh... I'll just be a second.

[A few moments pass before Michael Aarons emerges from the locker room wearing deep purple tights with red hearts on them. He's wearing a matching vest that sparkles under the lights as he shimmies and shakes his way into view, the title belt secured around his well-toned body. He pulls up to a halt alongside a grinning Sandra Hayes.]

MSH: Michael Aarons... champ... welcome to MY Power Hour!

[Aarons grins.]

MA: And a hell of a show it is, Sandra. Congrats!

MSH: No, no... congratulations to you, Michael. Congratulations on putting down that waste of space, Terry Shane, and becoming the brand new AWA World Television Champion!

[The fans jeer as Aarons beams, patting the title belt around his waist.]

MA: Much appreciated, Sandra... and a very special thanks to you for thinking of me to get involved in that whole scene with Shane. I owe you one... and Michael Aarons always delivers.

[He smirks at Hayes.]

MA: Always.

[Hayes... is she blushing? Hayes smiles at Aarons.]

MSH: You've got a title defense tonight - you'll win, of course. And I think you're going to do big things as the champ, Michael. Huge things!

MA: Sandra, the world's about to find out firsthand what exactly it's like to be Experienced at the hands of Michael Aarons and the American Idols. And any time you'd like a... personal... Experience of your own, you've got my number.

[Hayes is beaming... until Kerry Kendrick appears by her side.]

KK: Hey, not to break all this up... but I think you've got a title defense, Aarons. Why don't you get to it and get focused on that? After all, you'd hate to lose the title the first night out, right?

[Aarons smirks at the obviously-jealous Kendrick.]

MA: Good advice from a guy who knows first hand what it's like to only hold this title a short while.

[Aarons pats the belt again.]

MA: Don't worry, Kerry. I'll treat her right...

[His gaze lands on Sandra again who nervously looks away.]

KK: You better be talking about the title, Aarons. Now we've got a match to call.

[Kendrick grabs Hayes by the wrist, guiding her back to the announce desk as Aarons heads down the stairs, rolling under the ropes and climbing to his feet to jeers from the crowd.]

MSH: We're just about set for action here tonight - Main Event action... World TV Title action!

[Aarons hands the World Television Title belt over to the referee as his music fades...

...and the opening notes to Bon Jovi's "It's My Life" starts up to a cheer from the crowd.

The lyrics begin and "Golden" Grant Carter bursts through the curtain into view to a bigger cheer, throwing his arms up in a "V" with his left fist clenched and pressed into his fully-extended right palm.

Carter throws his arms apart, a big grin on his face at the crowd's reaction. He hops a couple of times, pointing out at the cheering fans before he starts striding across the stage, quickly making his way down the steps towards the ring.]

KK: They're giving this guy a title shot? Pathetic.

MSH: No kidding. Maybe they should've given us show production power too. I could close my eyes and throw a dart in the locker room and pick a better challenger than this guy.

KK: How does my old pal, Callum Mahoney, not get a shot at the new champion but this guy does?

[Carter pulls himself up on the apron, turning towards the crowd, cupping his hand to his ear as he "listens" to the lyrics.]

#I ain't gonna be just a face in the crowd
You're gonna hear my voice
When I shout it out loud#

[The music pauses for a second as Carter reaches over his head, clapping his hands together twice in rhythm with the beat and then points out to the crowd, encouraging them to sing along with the chorus.]

#It's my life
It's now or never
I ain't gonna live forever
I just want to live while I'm alive

It's... my... life#

[A grinning Carter ducks through the ropes, throwing his arms up into the same gesture we saw earlier..

...and Michael Aarons comes charging across the ring, knocking Carter right back through the ropes to the floor as the referee signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

KK: Some people might call that a sneak attack by Aarons but I call it smart. He may have a big mouth but he's got the skill inside that ring.

MSH: That's why he was my hand-picked challenger to take that title off Terry Shane last weekend!

KK: Uh huh. I'm sure it is.

[Aarons steps out on the apron, measuring Carter as he tries to get back to his feet. The former Air Strike member leaps into the air, dropping the point of his elbow down across the back of the neck.]

MSH: Right on target with that elbow... right on the neck... probably already thinking about that Shattershot.

KK: The Shattershot he used to win the title. It's an impressive weapon... but he's gotta keep his eyes open 'cause Carter's got that Gold Strike and I speak from experience when I say one of those will turn your lights out in a hurry.

[The new Television Champion pulls Carter off the ringside mats, winding him up and SMASHES Carter's face into the ring apron as the Atlanta crowd jeers.]

KK: Aarons is off to a quick start - just like I'm gonna be the next time I get Johnny Detson in the ring.

MSH: I know you will, babe... but remember, it might be James Lynch the next time you get a shot at the World Champion.

KK: I hope not... but if it is, I'd love to be the one to take the title off a Lynch. That family's been all over this business - and this company - for a long time now, holding down guys like me who were busting our tails to get to the top. It would be only fitting to be the one who beats that family to strike gold.

MSH: Whoever it is, I know they won't get away with screwing you out of the title again - once we take care of Toughill in North Dakota next weekend.

[With the announcers chatting amongst themselves and paying little attention to him, Aarons shoves Carter under the bottom rope before climbing up on the apron. He promptly gets up, walking down the apron towards the corner..]

KK: Don't look now but Aarons is heading up top... maybe forgetting he's not in Air Strike anymore.

[Aarons climbs the turnbuckles, looking down on Carter as he struggles to get to his feet...

...and then leaps off the top rope, twisting around to smash a back elbow into the jaw, flattening the challenger as both men go crashing down to the canvas!]

MSH: Now THAT was impressive, Kerry - you gotta admit it.

KK: Like I said, he's got the skill... he just needs to make sure he watches his mouth when it comes to my business... and that includes you.

MSH: Aww, babe... you know I've only got eyes for you.

[Aarons rolls back onto his shoulders, kipping up to his feet gracefully as the fans jeer.]

KK: The fans here in the Studio not big fans of his but the hell with them. No one gives a damn about them anyhow.

MSH: Johnny Detson sure seems to these days.

[Kendrick chuckles.]

KK: Johnny Detson wants to feel the love before he hangs up those boots. You know that day is coming and he wants that standing ovation when he goes. With any luck though, while they're standing, he'll be laying on his back with me standing over him.

MSH: With US standing over him.

KK: Exactly.

[Aarons pulls Carter back to his feet, holding him up by the hair as he taunts him.]

MSH: Aarons letting Carter know who is who and what is what right now. If we get invited back, maybe we'll just put a headset on him and let him call his own match. That sound like a-

[Hayes gets cut off as Carter ROCKS Aarons with a hand on the jaw!]

KK: Well, that'll shut Aarons up... for now at least.

[A second right hand lands... and a third sends Aarons falling back into the corner. Carter pauses, shaking the cobwebs as the crowd cheers him on.]

KK: Carter trying to take advantage of- no, Aarons goes downstairs... right in the gut with a kick...

[Aarons grabs Carter by the hair, swinging the challenger back into the buckles. He lands two big haymakers of his own before grabbing Carter by the wrist...]

KK: Whip on the way...

[But Carter reverses the whip, sending Aarons crashing into the far corner. He hits the corner hard, stumbling back out towards a waiting Carter...

...who ducks down, lifting Aarons up in a fireman's carry.]

MSH: He's got the champ up on his shoulders.

[Carter starts to spin, whipping around quickly at first as the fans start to count along with the airplane spin...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

[...and starts to slow down a little but he keeps on going...]

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[...and then comes to an abrupt halt before he muscled Aarons up into the air, throwing him down with a fireman carry's slam!]

KK: Hard slam! The title's in trouble!

[Carter drops to his knees, diving across, hooking a leg as the referee counts one... counts two... counts...]

MSH: NO! KICKOUT AT TWO! Whew. Close one.

KK: Aarons would no doubt agree with you.

[Carter pushes up to his knees, shaking his head to clear up the dizziness for a few moments before getting to his feet.]

KK: Carter's going to stay on him though, not giving him a moment to recover... smart attack plan...

[Carter grabs Aarons by the hair, dragging him to the corner where he SMASHES his head down into the top turnbuckle.]

KK: Carter's all over him! Aarons needs to figure something out in a hurry!

[Carter steps up on the second rope, balling up his fist.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Carter throws his hands up with a "PUT 'EM UP!" shout. The fans respond with the same gesture, many also wearing the fingerless gloves that Carter wears on his hands.]

MSH: Come on. Do something.

[Carter hops down, grabbing the wrist of Aarons, whipping him across again.]

KK: Aarons hits the corner...

[The World Television Champion comes stumbling out of the corner, wobbling right in towards the challenger who extends his arms, wrapping the champion up!]

KK: SLEEPERHOLD! And Aarons is in trouble! Carter's got those long arms, wrapping him up with ease - all the pressure on that neck, trying to cut off the flow of blood to the brain and leave Aarons out like a light.

[The referee is right in position, watching as Aarons' arms pump wildly in the air as he looks for a way out.]

MSH: Get to the ropes!

KK: He's trying! Can he get there though?

[Aarons' arms start to slow as the referee leans in closer, checking to see if the champion is still able to continue...]

MSH: He's fighting it! Trying to get to the ropes!

KK: He's fading though! It's a race now - can he get out before he goes out?!

[Aarons stretches out his arm, reaching... reaching... reaching...]

MSH: COME ON!

[...and the crowd deflates as Aarons just barely manages to get his fingers wrapped around the top rope, forcing the referee to call for a break. Carter breaks almost immediately and Aarons falls forward, toppling through the ropes and landing out on the apron.]

KK: Close call there for Aarons... the title was in jeopardy. The World Television Title is one of the hardest titles to keep your hands on... and again, I speak from experience. You've got a non-stop barrage of challengers coming for you - and usually a different challenger every night. You got that ten minute time limit that has everyone bringing their offense as quickly as they can. It's tough to keep that title and you gotta have respect for anyone who manages to do it.

MSH: Wait a second! Referee, he can't do that!

[Carter ignores the protests of the official, leaning over the ropes to grab Aarons by the hair, hauling him up to his feet...]

KK: He's gonna bring him in with a rough landing...

[GGC elevates Aarons with the suplex, holding him high in the air...]

...and brings him down with a spine-rattling vertical suplex! Carter floats over into a lateral press as the referee drops down again, the crowd counting along with the count!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[But Aarons' shoulder pops off the canvas before the three count can come down. Carter grimaces as he looks at the referee for confirmation, getting the two raised fingers...]

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

KK: Halfway there. And when you hear that call, that's when you REALLY turn it up.

[Carter gets to his feet, leaning down to pull Aarons off the mat again. He grabs the arm, whipping him to the ropes.]

KK: Right hand to the gut...

[Carter whips around, hooking him in snapmare position as the crowd ROARS!]

KK: GOLD STRIKE!

[But Aarons delivers a two-handed shove to the back, sending Carter sailing across the ring, bouncing back off the ropes towards him where Aarons swings his leg up into a kick...

...but Carter catches the foot, shaking his head as the crowd cheers!]

MSH: Is that legal?! Let go of his foot!

[Carter swings Aarons around in a circle, catching him on the spin with a lunging lariat that flattens the champion!]

KK: OH! He got ALL of that! Carter's got him down!

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

MSH: Too close.

[Carter pushes up to his knees, again looking at the referee who holds up two fingers.]

KK: The referee says it was just a two count but it was a lot closer than that. Aarons' title is in jeopardy... and you hate to see it, don't you?

MSH: I do, yes!

[Carter climbs off the mat, slowly pulling Aarons up to join him...]

KK: He's going for the Gold Strike again...

[But this time when Aarons shoves him off, he goes upstairs on the rebounding Carter first...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

MSH: SUPERKICK!

[Carter falls back into the ropes, bouncing off limply into a boot to the gut. Aarons snatches a front facelock, twisting rapidly...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

MSH: SHATTERSHOT!

[Aarons swings his arms apart in a “it’s over!” gesture as he dives on top of the motionless Carter, getting a three count.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Aarons rolls off Carter to a seated position on the mat, waiting as the referee hands over the title belt. He grins as he plants a kiss on the front of the belt, swinging it over his shoulder as the fans jeer.]

MSH: Now THAT’S a first title defense, babe!

KK: Impressive. I’ve tangled with Carter a few times and he’s a tough competitor as Aarons learned firsthand here tonight but Aarons keeps the gold and you gotta give him credit for that.

[Aarons rises to his feet, stepping up to the midbuckle to celebrate his win as the fans continue to boo.]

MSH: Victory is at hand for Michael Aarons... and I gotta say it’s at hand for me too because I ROCKED this hosting gig, babe.

KK: You sure did. Theresa Lynch has got nothin’ on you... but we already knew that.

MSH: I hope you enjoyed the show, Theresa... and Mr. Castillo, if you like what you saw tonight... just know there’s plenty more where that came from. For Kerry Kendrick, the Self Made Man, and... and all those other losers who were on this show... I’m Miss Sandra Hayes and the pleasure was all yours!

[Aarons continues to celebrate as we fade to black.]