

AWA POWER HOUR

APRIL 22, 2017

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and then we come back on a live shot, fading into one of the hallways backstage at Center Stage. The AWA World Television Champion, Callum Mahoney, is standing by, already dressed for competition in his black singlet, with bright green bands down the side, and the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. Draped over Mahoney's right shoulder is, of course, the AWA World Television championship. He is walking through the hallway, the cameraman backpedaling to keep him in frame as the Fighting Irishman speaks.]

CM: Three weeks ago in San Francisco... I was in the ring for Johnny Detson's World Title celebration.

Well...

[He slaps the faceplate of the title upon his shoulder.]

CM: ...this is a World Championship too and two weeks from tonight, Center Stage Studios is gonna get a World Title celebration of its own after I finish the job tonight and beat Terry Shane not once... but TWICE!

[Mahoney nods confidently.]

CM: It's going to be one heck of a party... and you are ALL invited!

[Mahoney smiles proudly as we fade to black..

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

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

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

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

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

#'Cause we are legends!#

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TL: And with our giant Main Event already on deck - we're heading right to the ring so it's my pleasure to introduce you to the two gentlemen who will be calling all the action for you here tonight - Salvatore Albano and Dylan Westerly!

[We cut to the other side of the stage where the two men are seated behind an announce table. Big Sal lives up to his name with a rotund frame shoved behind the table. He grins at the camera with a slight salute.]

SA: Thank you, Theresa, and Dee Dub, this is gonna be something else! Two out of three falls - the AWA World Television Title on the line - Mahoney versus Shane one more time and I can't wait to see it!

DW: I'm ready! I'm pumped! Let's do it, Sal!

SA: Tyler Graham, take it away!

[We cut to the ring where the crowd is buzzing over the title match about to come.]

TG: Ladies and gentlemen... tonight's opening contest is your Main Event of the evening and is set for TWO OUT OF THREE FALLS with TV Time Remaining... and it is for the AWA WORRRRRRRRRRLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[On cue, The Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March" starts up over the PA system, immediately drawing boos as Callum Mahoney, dressed as we saw him just a few moments ago, appears on the entrance stage. The AWA World Television Title is draped over his left shoulder. He stands with one hand on the title and the other on his hip, a sneer on his lips, soaking in the reaction from the crowd.]

TG: Introducing first... he hails from County Cork, Ireland and weighs in at 240 pounds... he is the reigning AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

THE FIGHTING IRISHMAN...

THE ARMBAR ASSASSIN...

CALLLLLLLLLLLUMMMMMMM MAAAAAAHOOOOOONEYYYYYY!

[Mahoney takes his cue, making his way down the entrance stairs towards the ring, ignoring the jeers and taunts although he does have to stare down a particularly vociferous youth at ringside.]

SA: The AWA World Television Champion making his way to the ring... looking at facing the man he defeated for the title on this very show on March 11th. In fact, Dee Dub, these two have traded the title back and forth a couple of times with Shane having won the title for the first time back in November at SuperClash.

DW: Five months, Sal! For five months, these two have been tangling up over this title and tonight... it's gonna end!

[Mahoney climbs the ringsteps, wiping the soles of his boots on the canvas before stepping through the ropes. Without as much as a flourish, Mahoney heads straight to the corner, as the music fades.]

SA: Unusual for the champion to enter first but I'm told Mahoney insisted on being the first person these fans here in Center Stage and all around the globe see first. He says he's the champion of television and therefore deserves that spotlight.

DW: Hah! Well, I hope he's enjoyed his time with that title, Sal... I have a feeling it might be at an end!

SA: Theresa is standing by right now with the challenger backstage! Take it away, Theresa!

[We cut to the dressing room area of the Center Stage Studios where Theresa Lynch stands alongside the challenger, Terry Shane. Several errant strands of jet black hair fold over his cheeks while the rest of his hair is loosely pulled back into a small ponytail at shoulder length. Shane's green robe is slung over his good shoulder while his other arm has KT tape glued from the top of his shoulder down to his elbow.]

TL: Thanks, Sal. Terry Shane... it has been a roller coaster month for you here in the AWA. A little over a month ago, you were a champion. Two weeks ago, you weren't even cleared to wrestle. Tonight, you once again face off against the man who you have traded the title with. A man who not only took your gold but tried to break your arm in the process. Many believe this battle tonight will be the end of this rivalry between you two and the fans want to know your thoughts on Callum Mahoney as you prepare to step into the ring with him for what could be the final time.

[Shane nods.]

TS: Mahoney? He's a lot smarter than people give him credit for.

[There's a bit of silence and Theresa hesitates with a "is that it?" sort of look on her face. Just as she prepares to follow it up to break the awkward moment, Shane begins to softly speak with his head bowed down.]

TS: Callum Mahoney... he knew the second he took that Television Title from me that I would be coming back. Callum Mahoney knew exactly how long I would have to invoke my rematch clause with him. Callum Mahoney knew the last thing he wanted to ever do again...

[Shane looks up.]

TS: ...was step into the ring with ME again.

So what did he try to do? He TRIED to MAIM me. He TRIED to SNAP my arm into two. He TRIED to make sure that this arm here...

[Shane rolls his arm covered in KT tape.]

TS: ...would never be able to turn his lights out again. He isn't the first man who tried to break my arm in half, ask Hannibal Carver how that worked out for him. Ask Steve Spector. Ask any man who tried to not only break me physically but break my spirit too.

Callum Mahoney is no fool, Theresa. He's cold. He's calculated. He's a lot of things people never give him credit for.

[Shane shrugs.]

TS: Despite all these pleasantries, don't think for a second that Mahoney would have accepted this match on these terms if he didn't think I was broken. Smart,

see? We all know in the back of his mind, he thought there was a good chance I wasn't going to even be able to step into the ring with him tonight. He knows that even when I do, Terry Shane isn't 100%.

The problem for Callum though, the mistake he made...

[He pats his taped-up arm.]

TS: ...he didn't finish the job.

[Shane pats his shoulder.]

TS: I'm still standing, Theresa.

I'm still fighting.

Like my father before me and his father before him, the Shanes don't know the meaning of the word quit.

A lot of people didn't think I would ever make it back here. They saw me take off like a rocket to the top of the AWA and they saw me crash and burn even faster. One and done. Flash in the pan. Lucky. Phony. Right place, right time. I heard it all. I STILL hear it all. But you know what?

I keep coming back and I can keep on fighting. I sat on the sidelines for nearly a year after I hit rock bottom and for that time every single one of those remarks was right. I WAS finished. I WAS done. I WAS a flash in the pan. But you know what?

Every single day I wake up, every time I get in the ring... I prove them wrong. Do you think I'm going to let tonight be any different?

Do you think I'm going to let Callum Mahoney walk out of that ring with the belt around his waist?

[Shane scoffs.]

TS: He's going to be lucky if I let him walk out of it all.

I am going to beat him pillar to post tonight, wrap his leg around mine, and show him how a real man finishes the job.

Two out of three falls?

[Shane smirks.]

TS: He's going to beg for it to be over after one.

[With that, Shane turns to exit from view as Theresa Lynch looks on, silenced by Shane's intensity as we fade back out to the ring to Tyler Graham.]

TG: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[Static. Then cheers.]

TG: He hails from Independence, Missouri... weighing in at 212 pounds... he is the challenger...

TERRRRRRYYYYYYY SHAAAAAAAANE!

[The curtain parts and Terry Shane walks into view, "Dance of the Knights" by Sergei Prokofiev blasting over the Center Stage PA system. Shane is as we saw him moments ago and immediately tosses his robe aside, pointing a warning finger... with his good arm... at a waiting Mahoney who smirks in response, waving him towards the ring.]

SA: Terry Shane on his way down the aisle, looking to become a two-time AWA World Television Champion here tonight. That would make him either the third two-time champion after Dave Bryant and Mahoney himself.

DW: Shane's fired up, Sal. I don't know if I've ever seen Shane so intense!

SA: Can you blame him? Not only did Mahoney take his title but he tried to take his arm too!

[Shane walks down the steps, quickly heading to the ring where he climbs up onto the apron, never taking his eyes off the waiting champion. He ducks through the ropes, keeping his taped-up arm behind his torso as much as possible. Mahoney feints an attack, causing Shane to strike a defensive posture...

...but the Fighting Irishman pulls up short, chuckling at Shane's reaction.]

SA: Mahoney playing a little mindgame there with Shane.

DW: What's he want - two for flinching?

SA: What he wants - what they both want, Dee Dub - is to walk out of here as the AWA World Television Champion.

[Tyler Graham steps out of the ring, leaving the two men with Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller.]

SA: Referee Miller - ol' Blue Shoes himself - talking to both men... going over some final instructions and-

"Whoa, whoa, whoa!"

[The soon-to-be-started action comes to a pause, both Mahoney and Shane turning to look over to the interview desk where they find Michael Aarons standing alongside Theresa Lynch who seems to be asking for her microphone back. Aarons, dressed to wrestle in a pair of long purple tights with pink geometric shapes designed all over them, pays no attention to her. He tugs on his black leather vest as he speaks again.]

MA: I mean... what is this? A charity match? Are there undisclosed proceeds that we all don't know about?

Just look at you, Terry Shane...

[Shane sidesteps, making sure to keep Mahoney within his eyeline as he tries to listen to the interrupting Aarons.]

MA: A shell of a competitor... a shabby dresser... and just plain pathetic!

[Aarons shakes his head in disappointment as Shane glares in his direction.]

MA: You got one arm, Terry, going up against the Armbar Assassin!

Who are you fooling? You were never any good with two arms but now one? You don't have a chance and you know it!

[Keeping the mic despite Theresa's protests, Aarons starts to edge toward the ring, walking towards the entrance stairs.]

MA: Now you say you're a changed man? You say that you're a man of honor? Well, then you should do the honorable thing and admit to these people that you have no shot - that you're a loser, just like your moron of a brother, just like your old man. Heck, pretty much anyone with the Shane last name.

[Reaching ringside, Aarons rolls under the bottom rope, coming to his feet as Pete Miller steps in front of Terry Shane, trying to keep him from going after Aarons for his personal attack.]

SA: This is out of control, Dee Dub.

DW: He's talkin' about the man's family, Sal! His family! Terry Shane wants to punch him right in the mouth and who could blame him?!

[Aarons raises the mic again.]

MA: What you should do... what the right thing to do is to admit to all this and give up this title shot to someone who rightfully deserves it... say... oh, I don't know...

[Aarons cockily looks around the ring before smiling and pointing at himself.]

MA: ...ME!

[Aarons cackles.]

MA: ME! Michael Aarons! The rightful challenger to the title before you snuck around and made your little side deal with El Presidente. He wants to see you fail.

Me? I say why delay the inevitable? So do the right thing and give me what I deserve!

[Shane pushes up against the official, trying to push past him to give Aarons "what he deserves" but ol' Blue Shoes keeps him in check. Instead, Shane gestures at Aarons who smirks, tossing him the mic.]

TS: Michael Aarons, the only thing you deserve is a front row seat to a master class on professional wrestling... so go have a seat!

[The crowd cheers as Shane extends a hand towards the front row. Aarons fumes, shaking his head. Shane smirks.]

TS: No? See, the problem with you being here right now is that this ring tonight... it's for men who can stand alone as a champion.

[Mahoney leans back in the corner, shaking his head at this little verbal exchange.]

TS: And that's not you, Aarons. The fact is - you're NEVER going to be the man around here.

[Shane chuckles.]

TS: You weren't even the man in your own tag team!

[The crowd "oooooooohs" as Aarons shouts something off-mic. Shane tosses the mic aside shouting "GET OUT OF THE RING!" at a fuming Aarons. The referee walks over to Aarons, trying to get him to exit.]

SA: Some sharp words exchanged between these two like Kendrick Lamar ripping up the Billboard charts this week... but you could never accuse Michael Aarons of being humble, Dee Dub.

DW: He's got no business out here, Sal! Throw him out! Toss him like the trash!

[Aarons has words with the official before finally backing off, ducking through the ropes. Shane mockingly waves at him as Aarons drops to the floor, straightening out his jacket as he walks around the ring.]

SA: Alright, looks like it's time to get back down to business now and-

[As Shane turns his attention back to Mahoney, Aarons suddenly sprints around the ring, snatching Terry Shane by the ankle...]

SA: Hang on! Aarons- he pulls him to the floor!

[A shocked Shane throws some wild haymakers, trying to defend himself but Aarons swings a knee up into the gut. He grabs the hair of Shane, pulling him back, and smashing him headfirst into the ring apron!]

SA: Ohhh! Skull to the apron!

DW: Ring the bell, Blue Shoes! This one's over!

SA: Over? It never even started! This match isn't officially underway yet and-

[Aarons pulls Shane's head back by the hair, speaking into his face off-mic...

...and then SLAMS Shane facefirst into the steel ringpost!]

"CLAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHH!"

[Shane goes down like a stone, referee Miller diving outside to shout at Michael Aarons as he stands over him, staring down on the prone Shane.]

SA: HE HIT THE POST! HE HIT THE POST!

[The crowd falls silent as Shane is unmoving on the floor as the referee shouts at Aarons...

...and gets shoved aside by Aarons who leans down, flipping Shane over to reveal a horrific laceration on his forehead, spurting blood down over his face.]

DW: Oh holy God.

[Even Aarons seems stunned by the amount of blood, pausing for a moment before knuckling up and driving his fist down into the forehead once... twice... three times...]

SA: Terry Shane's been BUSTED wide open, fans! He's been severely cut open and Aarons isn't stopping! Michael Aarons is going after that cut and... gaaah, enough is enough! Get some help out here for Terry Shane for crying out loud!

[Aarons puts the boots to Shane, putting him back down on his back, blood pouring from the wound onto the surrounding ringside mats as Adam Rogers comes running into view shouting "HEY! THAT'S ENOUGH, AARONS! OUT OF HERE!" Aarons looks

down at his blood-covered knuckles, sneering at the loudly-jeering crowd as he nods, walking back up the entrance steps as the fans let him have it.]

SA: Terry Shane's head was rammed squarely into the ringpost, fans! That unforgiving solid steel ringpost! We've got Adam Rogers out here from backstage... here comes the doctor now, Dr. Ponavitch...

[Ponavitch kneels down next to Shane, blood still soaking the ringside area along with Shane's face.]

DW: He's bleeding all over the place, Sal. This is bad. This is REAL bad.

SA: Terry Shane, fans... was about to challenge for the World Television Title and Michael Aarons...

DW: That piece of trash Michael Aarons.

SA: ...came out here, looking to take the title match for himself, and when Shane responded and refused, Aarons struck and struck mightily. Fans... I don't know... Shane's- wait a second!

[Aarons suddenly rushes back into view, shoving past the doctor, knocking the referee and Adam Rogers aside.]

SA: Aarons is back down here! We all thought he was leaving and-

[Aarons pulls the bloodied and barely-moving Shane by the taped up arm, yanking him to his feet. He drags him along the ringside area, the crowd jeering even louder as he nears the ringsteps, lifting Shane's arm high...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS the taped-up arm down on the ringpost!]

SA: GOOD LORD!

DW: He's gonna try and break his arm now!

[A bloodied and howling Shane collapses against the ringsteps as Aarons scrambles up on the apron, threatening to kick the ring doctor as he draws near...]

SA: Get him down from there!

[Aarons runs down the apron, leaping up into the air...]

DW: NOOOOO!

[...and DOUBLE STOMPS the arm draped over the steel steps!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Aarons hops off the steps, smirking evilly as Shane lies on the floor, blood pouring from his head as he cradles his taped-up arm on the ringside mats. The fans are all over him, one overzealous fan actually reaching out to shove him from behind!]

SA: It's getting testy out here with these fans!

[Aarons turns angrily, shouting at the fan who put hands on him...

...and then a small cheer breaks out as a few fan favorites come charging out of the backstage area.]

SA: Here comes Grant Carter now... Lee Connors and Downpour out here... a lot of concern on their faces...

[Carter marches right up to Aarons, shoving him backwards and threatening him as Connors and Downpour kneel down next to Shane on the floor. Aarons backs off, smirking at the reaction of the fans as Callum Mahoney smiles at the chaos out on the floor, holding his title belt over his head.]

SA: Mahoney's got the belt... he's still the champion... we've got a lot going on out here... I'm not sure... is the match thrown out?

DW: Maybe we can get another opponent out here.

SA: Fans, we need a few moments to get this under control and figure out... this match was set to kick off our show and we're not prepared to... we did have standby matches so maybe...

[Shane is still howling in pain, clutching his arm as he screams "MY ARM! MY DAMN ARM!" through clenched teeth.]

SA: We're going to try and get... okay, yes... let's go to break.

[Fade to black...

Fade in to a field in the Canadian prairies. The two Schutzmans from Mooselips Beer stand knee-deep in the grass and weeds. The younger close-up, the older one holding a beer bottle in the middle distance. Beside the older man is a 24-foot tall coffee pot.]

SA: Peanut butter and jelly! Grilled cheese and tomato! And here in Saskatchewan...

[Avery Schutzman gestures to the scrubby trees and tall grass.]

SA: ...Cabbage rolls and coffee! I'm "Savoury" Avery Schutzman, coming to you from Davidson, Saskatchewan. Population 1,025 strong. Smack dab between Saskatoon and Regina on Highway 11. Home of the world's largest coffee pot, which our brewmaster Uncle Lorne Schutzman is now standing beside.

[In the middle distance, Lorne Schutzman turns and looks up at the 24-foot tall coffee pot, probably pondering what would possess someone to build a 24-foot tall coffee pot.]

SA: You know, there are a lot of good things that go better together, like the American Wrestling Alliance and Mooselips Beer, brewed right here in Saskatchewan.

[Lorne Schutzman holds up the bottle, not particularly caring that the camera is too far away to properly read it.]

SA: And to celebrate this new tag team, Mooselips Beer is on the hunt to find the best tag team in the world, whether it be System Shock, Next Gen, the War Pigs, the Southern Wrecking Crew... Whomever stands out the most! That team will win cash and a portion of the proceeds earned from Mooselips newest Iced Pale Ale Blend! It's golden brown with a texture like sun! And from all of us at Mooselips Beer, thank you for your support.

[Lorne mutters something unintelligible.]

SA: I know, Uncle Lorne. We've got so many of these goshdarn giant things, the world's biggest cabbage roll has got to be around here somewhere.

[Fade to black...

...and as we come back, we find Theresa Lynch backstage in the Center Stage Studios, chaos reigning all around her. She looks obviously distracted as we come up. Loud voices are shouting all around her. After a moment, her attention snaps back to the camera.]

TL: I... okay, fans... welcome back to the all-new Power Hour and uh... well, it's as wild of a scene back here right now as it was out in the ring a few moments ago. They've brought Terry Shane to the back... they're taking him now to the doctor's office... to the trainer's room, I should say... despite his efforts to stop them. We don't know the condition of Terry Shane at this time other than to say he's obviously badly cut open... his arm took another severe blow from Michael Aarons... his already injured arm, I should say.

[Lynch struggles for words.]

TL: It looks like... I mean, honestly... at this point, we have no idea what's going with Shane... we have no idea what's going with the World Television Title match. Callum Mahoney tried to leave the building moments ago but was stopped pending a ruling from Javier Castillo who I understand has been reached by phone and... well, at this point... I guess we'll just...

[She pauses, listening through her earpiece.]

TL: Okay, I'm being told that we've got a match ready to go in the ring. We had standby matches ready in case Shane and Mahoney finished before the full hour of the show so... we're going to get one of those out there right now... or I guess we already have...

[She throws another glance off-camera before looking back.]

TL: Alright, let's go to the ring.

[As we cut from backstage, we see a white gi pants clad Lee Connors duck a clothesline. He hits the ropes, sliding to the side as he returns and launching up with a pumping axe kick that levels his fit yellow and green trucks clad opponent down into the mat!]

SA: Axe kick to the spine and Kyle Krush is flattened! We're bringing this match in progress obviously and... Here we go! Tag to Downpour!

[The masked man slaps hands with Connors who rolls out. He moves to the middle of the ring and leaps to the top rope, coming down with a HIGH leap!]

SA: BIIIIIG CROSSBODY! He rolls off, hits the ropes, Krush up, ducks the clothesline and slams into Derek Defy! Downpour is taking complete control of this match. Kyle Krush and Derek Defy looked to be in control for a short time but Cannonball was able to tag out and here comes the fresh man!

[Turning in the corner, Downpour ducks and launches a charging Kyle Krush up and over!]

DW: Look at that, Sal! Everyone's wiped out!

SA: Downpour is on a roll!

[Krush meets up with his silver and black clad partner, collecting themselves near the aisle way. They look up just as Downpour looks to baseball slide out into them... but instead they both slide superman double arm style back into the ring!]

SA: Krush and Defy are back in the ring! Smart move avoiding the masked man getting them both on the floor. These two have shown a lot tonight!

[Defy, with "Defynition" written down one black leg in silver, runs over and knocks Connors off the ring with a jumping knee. He and his partner turn and rush towards an on-the-apron Downpour but are shocked as he slingshots himself through the top and middle rope!]

SA: SLINGSHOT SPEAR!

DW: OOOOOF!

SA: He got both of them with that spear, right in the midsection and drives them both down! Downpour back in control, rolls over and... here comes Connors!

[Back on the apron and furious, Connors leaps quickly up to the top rope and towards Defy, while yelling his name, coming down...]

SA: METEORA! DOUBLE KNEE TO THE CHEST!

DW: Here comes Downpour!

[The masked man slides in, spins to his feet and charges at an also charging Derek Defy, catching him with an underhook and back flipping as he does!]

SA: BACKFLIP URANAGE! AND... CONNORS!

[Downpour immediately rolls to the side as Connors charges in and flips with a Standing Shooting Star Press!]

SA: It might be... it could be... IT IS! AND THAT IS A THREE COUNT FOR LEE CONNORS!

[He leaps to his feet, smiling wide as Downpour reaches and lifts him up in a big hug, the referee separating them to raise their arms.]

TG: YOUR WINNERS... DOWNPOUR AND "CANNONBALL" LEE CONNORS!

[The crowd continues to wildly cheer the pair as they take turnbuckles to encourage a little more.]

SA: A spectacular win once again by Lee Connors and Downpour as they look to ascend the ladder towards a tag team title shot.

DW: They don't even have a tag team name, Sal. We should get 'em one!

SA: They are currently undefeated including a big win against... these guys!

[The atmosphere instantly changes as the camera swings towards the entrance. Dressed in track suits with colorful tie-dyed headbands on are the American Idols. The twins, Chet and Chaz Wallace, saunter out as interviewer Theresa Lynch tries to catch up while wearing heels and presenting a microphone.]

CHET: Hey, Bro, look at these...

BOTH: LOOOOOOOSERS

[A high five follows as they mock the two with not very genuine laughter.]

CHAZ: Here's the deal, jerkos. Chet and I have decided that since we are the awesomest tag team in all the land and your win was a fluke...

CHET: A FLUKE.

CHAZ: ...we demand... A REMATCH!

[The crowd boos, Theresa rolls her eyes and the pair in the ring are incredulous, Downpour pointing at the pair and shrugging as Connors can't believe what he heard and shakes his head with an absolute "No!"]

TL: Uh... gentlemen.

[The twins continue to mock the pair, challenging them to fight right then and there.]

TL: Gentlemen.

[More antics, pretending to hold each other back.]

TL: EXCUSE ME!

SA: That got their attention!

TL: Ahem. As I was saying, after losing in your last match versus Downpour and "Cannonball" Lee Connors, you two cannot have a rematch. It was in the contract.

CHAZ: Wait... what?

CHET: I never read the contract! That can't be true!

TL: Unfortunately it is. You can no longer have a match against Downpour and Lee Connors on an AWA show again! Winner takes all!

[The crowd cheers as the pair in the ring urge them on, high fiving themselves almost as if in mockery towards the twins.]

CHAZ: We... we will see about that!

CHET: We'll find some way to take care of this!

[The pair, arguing amongst themselves, shake a hand off to Theresa, walking back through the curtain. Connors and Downpour slide out and start high fiving crowd members.]

SA: No rematch! Downpour and Lee Connors can move on and head towards what they hope will be a shot at the World Tag Team Titles in their not-so-distant future! Fans, right now though, we're going to some pre-recorded comments with "Golden" Grant Carter!

[We cut to footage taped earlier in the evening... and apparently in front of a green screen somewhere as we see "Golden" Grant Carter standing in front of a black backdrop with crackling electricity and the words "POWER HOUR" on top of the screen.]

GGC: The Power Hour is the place to be and your ol' pal, GGC, is the man to see!

[He grins at this opening line, a dazzling polished smile.]

GGC: Yo, Kerry Kendrick is running his mouth... smacking his lips and flapping his gums in my direction again. This time, he wants to talk about the Rumble being on his mind. He's got a problem with people talkin' about pillars holding this place up.

[Carter waves a dismissive hand.]

GGC: I got no problem with anyone bein' pillars... but when the so-called Self Made Man says he's the foundation, yo... I got a BIG problem with that! And just like my girl Miley swang in on a wrecking ball, GGC is comin' to put the biggest crack anyone's ever seen in that foundation.

[He waggles a finger.]

GGC: But I ain't about to wait until the Rumble, Kendrick. In fact, I thought you had a real good idea... turns out there really IS a first time for everything. See, you said that Ricki's got your back... and that I'd need to find someone else to watch mine.

Well, I took your advice... and I called an old friend from back in Jersey.

[Carter grins again.]

GGC: And I know my girl Ricki is tough... but there ain't no one tougher than a Jersey girl, brother.

So, in two weeks... right here on the Power Hour... it's gonna me and my Jersey girl against you and Ricki in a mixed tag match.

And when it's all said and done, I'm gonna be lookin' out on that Hotlanta crowd with only one thing to say...

[He throws his golden gloved hands up with a shout.]

GGC: PUT `EM UP!

[And we fade from the pre-recorded footage back to Sal and Dylan at the announce table.]

SA: A big challenge issued right there by "Golden" Grant Carter for a mixed tag match with a partner of his choice - a Springsteen Special if you will in the form of a Jersey girl - taking on Kerry Kendrick and Erica Toughill. We'll have to wait and see if the former World Television Champion accepts, Dee Dub.

DW: He'd better! He's been running his mouth and I think GGC just might feel like putting a big ol' roadblock up.

SA: Fans, if you're just joining us-

DW: Then where the heck have you been?

SA: You can say that again. But if you ARE just joining us, you missed one heck of a fracas here at the outset of this one. There was more action than in this week's Number One film at the box office, The Fate Of The Furious! Terry Shane was brutally assaulted by Michael Aarons, bloodied and battered, his arm assaulted once more... and now Terry Shane is laid up in the trainer's room, being examined by Dr. Ponavitch. Callum Mahoney is still here. Michael Aarons is still here. We're told that Javier Castillo has been on the phone and yet we STILL don't know what the

status is of our World Television Title match. However, I'm being told now that Dr. Ponavitch has joined Theresa and maybe we can get some answers. Theresa?

[We go over to the interview podium where the aforementioned doctor is standing alongside our fair lady.]

TL: Thanks, Sal... and thank you, Dr. Ponavitch for appearing here with me right now.

[The doctor gives a silent polite nod, obviously uncomfortable with being on camera.]

TL: I'm sure everyone - we all - would like an update if you have one on the condition of Terry Shane.

[Ponavitch nods again.]

DOC: Well, Theresa... everyone saw what happened out here earlier. I have tended to Mr. Shane to the best of my ability. He was badly lacerated on the forehead. There is arterial damage and a problem stopping the blood flow. I requested that Mr. Shane be taken to a nearby hospital... he has refused. So, I applied a pressure bandage and wrapped it very tightly in an attempt to stop the loss of blood.

[Theresa nods.]

DOC: Of course, you also saw the attempt by Michael Aarons to reinjure the arm of Terry Shane. The arm is hurt. We know it's hurt. However, due to Mr. Shane's refusal to leave the building for further testing, we do NOT know the extent of that injury at this time.

[Theresa interrupts.]

TL: He's refused to leave the building? Why?

[Ponavitch clears his throat.]

DOC: Theresa, despite my advice to the contrary, Terry Shane has DEMANDED that the World Television Title match go on. However, due to the unknown severity of the arm injury and the extreme blood loss, I would advise AGAINST that match taking place here tonight. I have spoken to Mr. Castillo and let him know my opinion and-

[The crowd breaks into jeers again as Michael Aarons emerges from the backstage area onto the entrance stage, making his way over towards the interview area. He bullies his way in, leaning over Theresa's mic.]

MA: So what Doctor Pop N Lock is saying is that there needs to be a last minute replacement for this match!

What a coincidence! I happen to be dressed to wrestle, so Doc McStuffins why don't you just make it official?

[The crowd jeers as Ponavitch shakes his head.]

DOC: As you know, Mr. Aarons, I have no ability to make or alter matches. That's not my call to make.

[Aarons frowns as he looks at Ponavitch.]

MA: Well, if Doctor Poppin Fresh can't get it done, let's get someone out here who can make this match so we can add attractive metal to this attractive physique!

[Aarons takes both hands and points down to his waist.]

TL: Doctor, thank you for your time. Fans, we're going to take another quick break and when we come back, hopefully we'll have an answer on this World Title match situation. We'll be right back.

[Fade to black...

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[Fade to black...

The Japanese instrumental "Prince of the Sun" begins to play in the background as a satellite view of Japan fades in from black. After a few moments a voice begins to speak.]

"For thousands of years the nation of Japan was isolated, an enigma to the outside world. Yet, when Japan finally opened her borders the world was amazed with her beauty. "

[The camera rapidly descends down, clouds zoom by as ground approaches and just as quickly as the descent started it ends with the ever-picturesque Mount Fuji now filling the screen.]

"They say in Japan, there are some sights that simply must be seen to be believed."

[Mount Fuji transforms into the high walls of slate grey basalt rock rising above the blue-green waters of the Gokase River, know as the Takachicho Gorge. The camera spins and and the image is now the Naruto Strait, where the vortices of the Naruto Whirlpools are created by the tidal surges. The whirlpools fade and become the Nachi Taisha shrine that stands before the four hundred foot Nachi Waterfall.]

"Japan can take your breath away, but even the beautiful can be dangerous."

[The Nachi Waterfall disappears in it's place is a smoldering volcanic crater which is just like a little piece of hell on earth, Jigokudani. It's a place where the Japanese landscape vents the darker side of its nature in sulfurous geysers and ponds of bubbling mud. The camera focuses on the steam rushing out of the ground and pulls back becoming the billowing smoke from Mt. Naka of Mount Aso.]

"The harmony of Japan's beauty and danger is breathtaking.

On your next trip to Japan, add this to your sightseeing list."

[The exterior of the Ryogoku Sumo Hall of Sumida, Tokyo fills the screen.]

"It is a tradition like no other."

[A screeching voice belts out a cry as a man in a black and silver presses another wrestler into the air and runs towards the side of the ring and dumps him over the top rope!]

"AYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY GEEEEEEEEEEEEERMAN!!!!!"

[The voiceover returns.]

"We invite you into our home."

[Flash. A second masked figure wrenches a much larger man high over his head and brings him crashing onto the back of his neck!]

"To celebrate."

[Flash. One of the masked men hoists a helpless opponent up onto his shoulders into a fireman's carry and races across the screen. You can hear the buzz in the normally calm crowd as he hoists him up and then drives him down into the mat!]

"Where tradition."

[Flash. The announcer's voice is heard again.]

Announcer: They...

[Flash.]

Announcer: NOT.

"Meets."

[One of the masked men shoves an opponent onto his shoulders. The other one perches himself onto the furthest turnbuckle away. The faces of the crowd light up behind him.]

Announcer: HUMAN!

[The masked man on the turnbuckle leaps off...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

...the crowd screams out!]

MS: MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACHINES!

[Flash.]

"The future."

[As "Prince of the Sun" begins to fade "Coming Soon... to America" appears on the screen in silver lettering.]

...and we fade back up to the interview podium where Theresa Lynch is standing. She's looking off-camera again, obviously distracted by something.]

TL: Welcome back to the all-new Power Hour, fans, where we-

"AY! AY GIRLIE! GET THE CAMERA OVER HERE!"

[Lynch glares at the source of the voice. Girlie, indeed. The technical director obliges though, cutting to a different shot showing the ring where Callum Mahoney is standing.]

CM: I've been standing around back there for almost a half hour... and no one knows what the hell is going on! They won't let me leave the building! But from the squealing coming out of the trainer's room, I'm guessing Shane's about to bleed out or have that busted limb chopped off.

[Mahoney sneers as the crowd jeers.]

CM: So, someone get me a referee out here... raise my damn hand... ring that damn bell... and tell the world exactly what they already know - that Callum Mahoney is STILL the best wrestler on television!

[Mahoney tosses the mic aside, waving a hand.]

SA: The World Television Champion taking to the ring to demand an end to the suspense of the evening. He wants this match called off. He wants the forfeit win.

DW: What kind of champion wants a win like that, Big Sal?!

SA: Apparently, this one does... and here comes referee Shari Miranda. Jogging out to the ring. Mahoney shouting at her, ordering her into the ring.

[Miranda slides under the ropes, popping up to express her authority to Mahoney who begs off, waving for her to call for the bell. He raises his hands a few times as Miranda goes over to talk to the timekeeper and the ring announcer.]

SA: We know that AWA President Javier Castillo has been in contact with officials backstage here at Center Stage. We know that Terry Shane has been demanding that the match go on... but we also know that Dr. Bob Ponavitch has said that should NOT happen. But what we don't know is-

[Static.]

SA: What the...?!

[The crowd ROARS as Mahoney raises an eyebrow, staring at the entrance in surprise. The Center Stage crowd comes to their feet as the curtain parts and Terry Shane walks out onto the stage... surprisingly of his own power when you see the dark red stained white bandages wrapped around his forehead. His arm has been re-taped as well, a mix of the KT tape and plain white athletic tape that almost makes his entire arm invisible.

But he stands.

And from the expression on his face, he's come to fight.]

SA: Terry Shane is here!

DW: Not just here, Sal! TERRY SHANE IS GONNA FIGHT!

[Shane nods his head in the direction of the announce duo, pointing with his good arm at Dylan Westerly...

...and then points to the ring where a now-smirking Mahoney nods, waving a hand eagerly at Shane.]

SA: The crowd is on their feet in Hotlanta! Is this gonna happen?! Is this gonna go down on the Power Hour?!

[Shane walks down the entrance staircase, looking up at Mahoney who hands the title belt over to Miranda who raises it over her head to even louder cheers...]

DW: It's deafening in here, Sal! I can't hear a thing!

SA: This crowd is solidly behind Terry Shane now! Who goes through what Shane went through tonight and comes out the other side?!

[Shane grimaces at ringside, takes a deep breath...

...and then dives under the bottom rope as Mahoney races across the ring, jumping onto Shane with a double axehandle across the back. The referee signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell has rung and this World Television Title match is on!

[Mahoney clubs Shane with a pair of forearms across the back of the neck before getting back to his feet, moving to stomps to the shoulder area, going right after the injured arm]

SA: Mahoney's all over him from the outset and Shane's gotta protect that arm if he hopes to stand a chance in this one, fans!

[The Fighting Irishman pulls Shane off the mat by the hair, looking out to taunt the Atlanta crowd...

...which gives Shane a window to throw a huge right hand to the jaw of Mahoney to cheers from the crowd!]

DW: What a right! He cracked him good!

[Mahoney stumbles back from the blow as Shane winds up, coming in again...

...but Mahoney throws a kick to the gut, cutting off the attack. He grabs Shane by the hair, swinging him around and shoving him back into the corner.]

SA: Shane backed to the corner... not where you want to be with Mahoney...

[Grabbing the back of Shane's head, Mahoney holds him in place for a jaw-jacking European uppercut!]

SA: Oof! Uppercut finds the mark and Shane's going to be consulting his dentist after that one, I'm afraid.

[Mahoney winds up, landing a second blow.]

SA: Make it two by the champion. Remember, fans... this match is two out of three falls for the AWA World Television Title. TV Time Remaining is the time limit which gives us about thirty minutes and change.

[Grabbing Shane by the arm, he whips him across the ring, sending Shane crashing into the far corner. The former champion stumbles out, falling to all fours on the canvas as Mahoney looks on with a look of confidence on his face.]

SA: And Callum Mahoney looks like a man who has this match well in hand at this point...

[Mahoney arrogantly strides across the ring towards the downed Shane.]

"You never shoulda come out here tonight!"

[With Shane's hands on the canvas, Mahoney leaps into the air, stomping both sets of fingers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DW: Stomping the fingers! That's a dirty trick if I've ever seen one!

[The referee lets Mahoney have it for the finger stomp. Mahoney doesn't seem to care though as he grabs Shane, pulling him onto all fours again, measuring him a second time...]

SA: He's gonna do it again, Dee Dub!

[Leaping into the air, Mahoney looks to stomp the hands a second time...

...but Shane yanks the arms clear, causing Mahoney to land awkwardly down on the canvas, slightly off-balance...]

SA: He misses the stomp and-

DW: GET HIM! GET HIM!

[...the crowd roars as Shane grabs a leg on Mahoney, ripping it out from under him, sending the champion toppling down to the canvas!]

SA: SHANE'S GOT HIM DOWN! HE'S GOT THE LEG!

[The Missouri native twists the leg around his own, applying his family's signature hold!]

SA: HE LEARNED AT HIS GRANDFATHER'S KNEE, MASTERED IT IN HIS FATHER'S YARD!

[Shane leans over, applying the pressure to Mahoney's knee...

...but Mahoney reaches up, hooking two hands full of Shane's hair, yanking it as he rolls back onto his shoulders and neck, somehow managing to flip Shane out of the hold and onto his back with Mahoney in the mount position...]

SA: WOW! What a counter by Mahoney and-

[...and in one dazzling and efficient movement, he spins out of the mount, scissoring the heavily taped arm, and falls back in his signature Cross Armbreaker!]

SA: ARMBAR! ARMBAR!

DW: HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

[And within seconds, Terry Shane taps out!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Mahoney wins the first fall! Oh my!

DW: That was SO quick, Sal. So quick!

SA: The armbar or the tapout? Both were blazing fast... but you can't blame Terry Shane one bit. He knows that he needs to win two falls and if he gets that arm injured any worse, he may not stand a chance. Better to tap out quickly and try to save the arm for the other two falls... if he can even get that far.

DW: Absolutely. You nailed that one, Sal. Live to fight another fall!

SA: Mahoney getting his hand raised... the referee backs him off, giving Shane a sixty second rest period... and we're going to take a quick commercial while that break goes down. We'll be right back with the second fall of this World Television Title showdown!

[Mahoney raises his hand, taunting the jeering Atlanta crowd as we 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 on the Center Stage Studios where Mahoney stands in the corner, hands on his knees, watching as Terry Shane struggles to get off the mat, grabbing at his arm as he falls back into the corner.]

SA: We're back for the second fall of this Main Event, fans... and at this point, I've gotta wonder if Shane can even continue. He's barely able to stand... probably all that blood loss earlier tonight. The arm is obviously injured more than he's trying to let on.

DW: Shari's right there, seeing if he can go on. I don't know, Sal.

SA: You can see the white bandages stained a deep red from the heavy bleeding he suffered earlier night. The doctor mentioned the difficulty they had stopping the bleeding due to arterial damage... he could even be bleeding as we speak still.

[Shane is breathing heavily as he leans against the buckles, speaking to the referee.]

SA: Endurance and stamina is usually a notch in the advantages for Terry Shane but not tonight, fans. Even if this match continues, I don't know if he's got enough in the tank to compete with the World Television Champion.

[Miranda gets a final answer from Shane and then turns, waving for the match to continue...

...which Mahoney takes as his cue to barrel across the ring, leaping into the air, and jamming his knee up under Shane's chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Running flying knee finds the mark!

[Mahoney flings Shane down to the mat out of the corner, diving across him, and rolling into a side press with the leg hooked.]

SA: Mahoney for the win! He gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[Shane kicks out, breaking the pin to cheers!]

SA: Shane's out at two... and honestly, I'm a little surprised by that, Dee Dub.

DW: It's hard not to be, Sal. We know the doctor doesn't even want Terry Shane out here tonight so at any moment, I think, we're thinking this one could be all over but the shouting.

[Mahoney angrily gets off the mat, questioning the official who holds up two fingers. The Fighting Irishman leans down, standing over Shane.]

"Still not done, huh?"

[He reaches down, slapping Shane across the face with a little paintbrush job.]

DW: Oh! Big man when he's down and out, huh?

SA: Callum Mahoney certainly has a bully streak in him. We've seen it many times before and now the 240 pounder from County Cork, Ireland... just a couple of weeks away from his 33rd birthday... is slapping around Terry Shane here in the middle of the ring on the all-new Power Hour.

[A second paintbrush lands as well as the referee calls for the match to continue. Mahoney shifts his feet, grabbing Shane's taped up arm by the wrist.]

SA: Look out here... the armbar may be coming again...

[Mahoney grabs the arm, pausing to argue with the referee...

...which allows Shane to stiffen his arm, pulling Mahoney back down to the mat in a schoolboy rollup!]

SA: ROLLUP FROM BEHIND! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! NOOOOOO!

[The shoulder of Mahoney pops up off the mat, a look of surprise on his face as he scrambles off the mat...

...and runs headlong into Shane who yanks the legs again, rolling through into a double leg cradle!]

SA: DOUBLE LEG ROLLUP! ONE! TWO! TH-

[But Shane's injured arm can't keep hold of Mahoney's leg, breaking it down into a single leg cradle that Mahoney manages to escape.]

SA: Shane couldn't hang on to the other leg or he might've evened this thing up!

[Mahoney again is quick to his feet, angrily stomping towards the rising Shane, swinging a knee up into his sternum.]

SA: Oh! And the knee to the chest cuts off the comeback from Terry Shane.

DW: Shane was like a worn out pitcher in there, throwing every piece of junk he could think of to get out of the jam!

[Shoving Shane back against the ropes, Mahoney puts a hand under his chin, pushing his face back...

...and CLUBS a forearm down across the sternum!]

SA: Whew! We've often heard it said that Callum Mahoney is one of the hardest hitters in the entire AWA... and Terry Shane might agree with that right about now.

DW: Shane's been in there with some hard hitters too, Big Sal. Who can ever forget his days feuding with the likes of the former World Champion Steve Spector? Or that lunatic Carver?

SA: Shane paid his dues in the AWA the hard way against the likes of those two.

[Mahoney grabs the taped up arm by the wrist, pulling Shane out to the middle of the ring where he twists it around in an armwringer, causing Shane to cry out in pain before sinking down to a knee.]

SA: Mahoney wisely going back after the taped-up injured limb... and you hate to see that when we don't even know the extent of Shane's injuries since he refused to go to a hospital.

DW: That tape is like a bullseye though, Sal. Mahoney sees red when he sees it!

[Smirking, Mahoney nods to the jeering crowd before slamming a forearm down across the back of the elbow once... twice... three times... and then kicks the arm back the other way for good measure, letting go as Shane falls back to the mat, clutching his elbow in pain.]

SA: Shane's in a tremendous amount of pain even after that armwringer.. and again, you see Shari Miranda asking if the match should be stopped.

[Shane grits his teeth, shaking his head as a chuckling Mahoney steps on the wrist, pinning it down to the mat...

....and then leaps into the air, both knees aimed at the bicep!]

SA: DOUBLE KNEEDROP!

[But when Mahoney comes down, he finds that Shane has vacated the premises, causing the Fighting Irishman to crash down HARD on the canvas with both kneecaps!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Grimacing in pain, Mahoney rolls onto his back, clutching both knees as a weary Shane rolls to his feet...

...and grabs the ankle of Mahoney, twisting the leg around again!]

SA: The Spinning Toehold applied a second time! Shane's cranking on the leg, trying to even the score!

[Shane keeps his posture straighter this time, not leaning down far enough for a grasping Mahoney to counter...]

SA: Mahoney's hanging on! Looking for a way out!

[Not getting the submission, Shane twists it around a second time...]

SA: He cranks the leg again! Really going for it here! Mahoney's too far from the ropes! Mahoney's got no way out!

[Shane twists it a third time, leaning a little further over this time as he screams, "QUIIIIIIIIT!" at Mahoney who screams out...

....and then slaps the canvas!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ROARS for the submission as Shane lets go, falling back against the ropes, breathing heavily as Miranda holds up a finger on each hand, signaling it's one fall apiece.]

SA: And Terry Shane wrenches a submission out of the World Television Champion with that spinning toehold! We're all tied up at one fall apiece and that means it's sudden death for these two! Whoever wins the last fall walks out with the title... one fall to the Cross Armbreaker, one fall to the Spinning Toehold! Who's gonna pull it off? Who's gonna walk out with the gold? We're going to find out in mere moments, fans! We'll be right back with the concluding fall in this World Television Title match!

[Shane leans against the ropes, sucking wind as we fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, both champion and challenger are on their feet, now standing in opposite corners as Shari Miranda waits in mid-ring...]

SA: We're back on the all-new Power Hour, fans, for the final fall in this World Television Title showdown!

[Miranda waves for the match to continue.]

SA: AND HERE! WE! GO!

[Mahoney and Shane race from their respective corners to the middle of the ring, fists flying as soon as they get within reach!]

SA: THE FIGHT IS ON!

DW: LOOK AT 'EM, SAL!

[The fisticuffs bring the Atlanta crowd to their feet, screaming and shouting for the exchange in center ring as the fists seem to fly faster and land harder the longer the brawl goes on...

...and suddenly, Mahoney breaks it off, throwing a forearm uppercut!]

SA: Ohh! And back to the uppercut from Mahoney!

[Shane shakes it off through, throwing one of his own with his good arm!]

SA: Ohh! And Shane returns the favor with a little extra pepper on it!

[Mahoney seems surprised by Shane's blow, falling back as Shane advances on him, throwing a second forearm uppercut... and a third which knocks Mahoney backwards into the corner, arms looping over the top rope to stay on his feet.]

SA: And now it's Terry Shane who has Callum Mahoney on the ropes for the first time in this one!

DW: Where the heck's he gettin' it from, Sal?!

SA: Terry Shane's filled with the fire that's been burning in his belly for a long time now! That hunt for redemption! That quest to prove the naysayers wrong! The battle to show that he's not a flash in the pan! That he's not the man who peaked years ago and will never reach those heights again!

[Shane drops to a knee, quickly throwing three back elbows into the midsection of Mahoney, doubling him up. He gets up, looping his good arm up under Mahoney's to snare a loose single underhook.]

SA: Mahoney tied up in the corner... ohh! Knee lift up to the chest!

[Hanging on to the champion, Shane swings a second knee to the body... and a third one lands as well before he shifts position, swinging a knee to the face... and again... and again... and again...

The crowd surges to their feet again, roaring for the explosion of violence in the corner out of the challenger who uses the single underhook to flip Mahoney out of the corner onto the canvas where Shane promptly leaps into the air...

...and STOMPS Mahoney in the middle of the face!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SOMEBODY CALL FOR A PLASTIC SURGEON!

[Mahoney rolls around in pain on the mat, clutching his face as Shane walks away, shaking out his arm.]

SA: And the cheers of these fans may be filling Terry Shane with a second wind!

DW: You know, Sal... this is the first time I really felt these fans EMBRACING Terry Shane. He's been getting cheers for a while now but tonight, they're ALL behind him. All the way behind him! They're carrying this kid on golden wings!

[Shane circles back towards Mahoney as the Fighting Irishman comes up off the mat, a smear of blood under his nose.]

SA: Uh oh! And that stomp... or those knees... may have broken the nose of Mahoney!

[The referee steps in, holding Shane back with a wave as she checks on the wounded Mahoney who waves his hand at her, telling her to “piss off!” She backs clear as Shane moves in again.]

SA: Mahoney wants to keep going - he does NOT want to lose the title that way! You think back to September 5th of last year when Mahoney defeated his own ally, Kerry Kendrick, to capture this title... this very title... his FIRST in over three years with the AWA. He knows what it's like to lose the title... he felt that at SuperClash and he does NOT want to feel it again tonight in Atlanta.

[Shane pulls Mahoney's head back, reaching in to pinch the bleeding nose between his fingers and twists it.]

SA: Oh! Shane looking to deal out a little punishment here - a little payback for Mahoney trying to break that arm.

[Letting go of the nose, Shane grabs Mahoney by the arm...

...but the Fighting Irishman reverses a one-handed whip easily, sending Shane crashing into the corner again...]

SA: Reversal by Mahoney... here comes Shane!

[But a fired up Shane comes charging back out of the corner, leaping into the air, swinging his arm like a club...]

SA: OHHH! WHAT A CLOTHESLINE BY THE CHALLENGER!

[The blow strikes Mahoney firmly across the collarbone, knocking him flat as Shane scrambles into a lateral press.]

SA: SHANE WITH THE COVER! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOO!

[But Mahoney kicks out of the pin attempt.]

SA: Not enough to keep him down for three!

[Shane rolls off the mat, stomping Mahoney on the chest to keep him down before he backs off, running in to leap up...]

SA: Leaping senton down across the chest - 212 pounds down across the chest!

[Shane rolls up to his feet, backing off, charging in again...]

SA: And a second time... all that weight down on the senton!

DW: He's going for it again!

[Shane gets up quickly a second time, looking a little winded as he does. He steadies himself, charging back in, leaping up again...]

SA: Make it a hat trick for the man from Missouri!

[The challenger flips over, collapsing across the downed Mahoney.]

SA: Another cover... and another two count for Shane!

[Shane rolls off of Mahoney, clearly winded as he lies on his back for several moments before sitting up on the canvas.]

SA: Terry Shane is struggling to keep a consistent offensive flow going in this Main Event matchup, fans. He's struggling to stay on the attack and that's giving Callum Mahoney plenty of opportunities to recover.

[The challenger rolls to a knee, using the ropes to pull himself to his feet. Again, he leans into the ropes, pulling air into his oxygen-starved lungs. Mahoney is struggling to get off the mat after the trio of sentons.]

SA: Both men almost to their feet now... well, Shane is already there but Mahoney's right up now as well too.

[With Mahoney reeling, Shane slips in behind him, reaching around to secure a waistlock.]

SA: Waistlock!

[Mahoney promptly grabs Shane's taped up wrist, twisting it to break the hold, spinning right around into a armwringer, and then twists around so that his back is to Shane...

...and YANKS the arm down over his shoulder!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Shane promptly falls to the mat, cradling his arm underneath him, rolling back and forth in pain as Mahoney stands over him for a moment before diving into action. He grabs the arm, extending it out as he plants a knee between the shoulderblades, bending the arm back.]

SA: Another armbar applied by Mahoney - and this time, Terry Shane can NOT give the quick submission unless he wants to lose perhaps his final opportunity to regain this title!

[Shane gives an anguished cry of "NO!" before Mahoney pins the arm to the mat, pushing up off the mat to drive his knee down on the tricep.]

SA: Shane pinned facefirst to the mat as Mahoney puts all his weight down on the arm...

[Mahoney drops a second knee on the arm.]

SA: And those screams of pain from Terry Shane are echoing throughout the Center Stage Studios, Dee Dub!

DW: It's hard to listen to, Sal. Terry Shane better give a long, hard thought to quitting. I know it's hard. I know he doesn't want to do it... but he also doesn't want to get his arm broken and end up back on the shelf like his pal, Bobby O'Connor!

SA: A very valid point, my friend.

[A third knee on the arm lands as well, staying there as Mahoney grabs the wrist with both hands, pulling up with all his might.]

SA: Oh! Look at that! So simple but so effective as you can hear from the cries coming from the man who once won the annual Rumble event! That Rumble is coming up very soon with both of these men in it...

DW: Not if Mahoney breaks that arm.

SA: Another excellent point. Terry Shane risks more than the World Television Title the longer he stays in a hold like this. At some point, you have to wonder if those risks are too great.

[Shane again refuses to quit, causing Mahoney to get to his feet, angrily glaring down at his challenger.]

SA: And I think Callum Mahoney's getting a little frustrated now. He can't understand how Shane is surviving these attacks on the arm.

DW: I'm surprised he hasn't gone back to the Cross Armbreaker, Sal.

SA: Well, Dee Dub... sometimes you have to do certain things to create openings to do other things.

[Mahoney grabs a handful of Shane's hair, steering him back up to his feet...

...and then loops Shane's taped-up arm behind him while snaking the other arm around his face, trying to lock the hands together!]

SA: CHICKENWING! CROSSFACE CHICKENWING!

[But Shane dives to the ropes, trying to save himself before the hold can even be applied.]

SA: Ohh!

DW: Close call there, Sal!

SA: Absolutely. We were a split second away there from Mahoney locking in that hold and I don't know if Terry Shane could withstand that.

[Mahoney angrily breaks the hold, clubbing Shane on the back of the head to knock him against the ropes...

...and then turns, dashing to the ropes, rebounding off them!]

SA: Mahoney building up steam and-

[He swings his leg up, looking for a big running boot to the back of the skull but Shane manages to pull himself clear, causing Mahoney to airball on the kick, the back of his knee hitting the top rope, wrenching the leg as an off-balance Mahoney tumbles over the ropes onto the apron!]

SA: WHOA, WHOA, WHOA! A hard fall over the ropes by Mahoney!

DW: That was REAL dangerous, Big Sal! That's how you shred an ACL!

SA: Mahoney shaking out that leg, laying out on the apron as Shane kneels in the corner... trying to shake out that arm as well. Both of these men are nursing a bad limb at this stage in the contest... and a quick check with the timekeeper says we're looking at over fifteen minutes left in the time limit for this one.

[Shane pushes up to his feet, stumbling across the ring to the far side, leaning against the ropes, keeping an eye on his opponent as he struggles to get up off the apron to his feet.]

SA: Shane's got an opening here, fans... he's got a window to try and turn this match in his favor somehow. He's managed to stick around and stick around, still fighting all the while, and now he's got a chance to take a big swing and turn the momentum towards Team Shane.

[Shane straightens up, taking a few deep breaths as he watches Mahoney pull himself slightly off the apron, still doubled up...

...which is when Shane goes charging across the ring!]

SA: Shane charging in and-

[As he nears the ropes, Terry Shane LEAPS over the top rope, snatching the doubled-up Mahoney as he goes...

...and the duo goes CRASHING down on the barely-padded mats at ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SUNSET FLIP POWERBOMMMMMMMB! BOOM! GOES! THE CANNON!

DW: WHAT THE HECK, SAL?! WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT?!

SA: I JUST TOLD THE WHOLE WORLD, DEE DUB! AND TERRY SHANE JUST TOLD THE WHOLE WORLD THAT HE MEANS BUSINESS WHEN IT COMES TO GETTING THIS TITLE BACK AROUND HIS WAIST!

[The camera cuts to the floor where both men are laid out on the ringside mats, sucking wind into their heaving chests as referee Shari Miranda looks absolutely stunned by the suicidal attack from the former Ring Leader.]

SA: Both men are down and THEN some! Holy... that was something else, Dee Dub!

DW: I STILL can't believe I saw that! What the heck was he thinking?!

SA: He was thinking that he's got one more shot at this and he is NOT throwing away his shot, Aaron Burr, sir!

[Referee Shari Miranda shakes off her shock, stepping out to the apron, then dropping down to the floor to check on both competitors who are still motionless on the mats.]

SA: The referee checking on both men... a smart move after something like that. You never know. One of them may need to give it up now and go home after that.

DW: There's no telling what kind of damage you're looking at there. Shane might have busted a tailbone... Mahoney could be looking at back trouble... neck trouble... maybe a concussion! A VERY dangerous move, Sal.

SA: Absolutely... and we spoke earlier of Shane's battles with the likes of Spector and Carver... and THAT is the kind of thing he would've done without hesitation those days. Terry Shane perhaps digging a little deep into the arsenal tonight... looking for something to surprise Callum Mahoney so he can walk out of here with the World Television Title around his waist!

[Satisfied that neither man is crippled, Miranda rolls back into the ring, taking her feet...

...and starting a double count on them both.]

SA: Uh oh.

[The crowd jeers that decision as Miranda shouts out "ONE!"]

SA: And the risk of this match ending in a double countout is very real, fans. That was an extremely brutal fall both men just took to their bodies and a ten count may not be enough time for one or both to recover. Remember, you cannot win the title on a countout so it's not enough for one of them to get back inside the ring by ten... they both need to do it!

[The boos are still present as Miranda counts "TWO!"]

SA: You gotta hope that these two can get up and keep going but I just don't know, fans.

DW: And it may have to be Shane getting up and dragging Mahoney's butt back in there, Sal. Mahoney would probably be perfectly happy to take the countout and keep the gold.

SA: I'd imagine you'd be right about that... and the count is up to four now. Still no signs of movement out of either competitor.

[As the count of five is called out, a weary Shane pushes up off the mat, shoving Mahoney's legs away from him. He stretches an arm back towards the ring.]

SA: Shane is moving, fans! Terry Shane is moving as the count gets up to six!

[Grimacing, Shane wraps his fingers around the ring apron, pulling hard as the crowd cheers him on and the count hits seven.]

SA: Shane's almost... yes, he's up! He's up!

DW: But Mahoney's still down, Sal!

[At the count of eight, Shane rolls under the ropes... and then right back out, breaking the count to cheers.]

SA: Smart move by the challenger! He knows he needs Mahoney in there too if he's going to win the title... and now he's pulling Mahoney back to his feet to put him in...

[But Mahoney lowers his shoulder, wrapping his arms around Shane's torso and LUNGING forward, smashing him backfirst into the buckles!]

SA: OHH! SPINEFIRST INTO THE RING APRON!

[Shane grimaces, arching his back as a dazed Mahoney straightens up, grabbing Shane by the hair...

...and pointing to the ringpost!]

SA: Oh no! No, no, no, no!

DW: Don't do it, Mahoney, ya scum!

[Mahoney sneers at the jeering crowd, rushing forward with Shane in tow...]

SA: MAHONEY TO-

[But Shane pulls up, shoving Mahoney from behind and sending him CRASHING chestfirst into the ringpost, his arms wrapping around it before he spins away, falling down to the floor near the ringsteps!]

SA: SHANE WITH THE COUNTER!

[Shane slumps against the apron, sucking wind as Mahoney is sprawled on the floor, having narrowly avoided having his own head thrown into the ringpost.]

SA: A dastardly act there by Mahoney, trying to do exactly what Michael Aarons did to Terry Shane earlier tonight to try to take him out of this match in the first place!

[Shane nods his head, pushing off the apron, stumbling towards a downed Mahoney who watches him approach, begging for mercy as the challenger approaches...]

SA: Are you kidding me?

DW: Now he wants mercy? Don't give it to him, Terry! Whip him like a dog!

[Shane shakes his head at Mahoney, his fists balled as he approaches him, ready to finish him off...

...which is when Mahoney slides his legs out, scissoring the ankle in a drop toehold...]

"CLAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OHHH! HEADFIRST TO THE STEEL STEPS! MY GOD!

[Shane slumps, motionless upon the steps as a grinning Mahoney sits up, pointing to his temple as the fans jeer loudly. The Fighting Irishman climbs back to his feet, looking up at the counting referee.]

SA: Mahoney breaks the count this time, keeping this fight out on the floor.

[Mahoney moves back in on Shane, pulling him up by the hair where we can see a new bright red mark growing on his bandaged skull...

...which gets SLAMMED down onto the steel steps again!]

SA: GAAAAH!

DW: The referee better get out there, Sal. She may need to put a stop to this!

[Climbing up on the steps, Mahoney flips Shane over onto his back. Kneeling down, Mahoney sinks his fingers into the edges of the bandages...]

SA: Are you...? He's ripping off the bandages! For the love of- he's trying to expose that wound from earlier tonight!

[Soon, Mahoney has done exactly that, throwing bloody bandages aside to reveal the now-bleeding cut once again...

...and then viciously punches the cut once... twice... three times, coming up with blood-covered knuckles. Mahoney looks at his handiwork with a sick smile, nodding as he pulls Shane off the steps, looking to put him back inside the ring.]

SA: He rolls Shane back in... a lacerated Shane once more.

DW: Like he wasn't struggling enough to get through this match after everything he went through at the start of the night, Sal.

SA: Mahoney back in as well... crawls into a cover...

[A two count follows before the shoulder comes up off the mat.]

SA: Two count only...

[Mahoney swings a leg over Shane's torso, grabbing him by the hair, and drives his fist into the cut again... and again... and again... and again. Referee Shari Miranda screams for him to break it off as Mahoney batters the bloody forehead of Terry Shane.]

SA: The referee threatening a disqualification but that's no threat to Mahoney, I'm afraid. If he gets DQd, he keeps the title.

[Mahoney climbs to his feet, wiping his bloody hand on his own chest, leaving a red streak across his pale skin. He circles the downed Shane, getting his own breather as the referee orders him to try to finish the match.]

SA: Mahoney plotting his next diabolical move. Going after that cut really leveled up his vicious nature here tonight, fans... and the people of Hotlanta G-A are letting him have it.

[The Fighting Irishman pulls Shane up off the mat, throwing him towards the turnbuckles. Shane flops backwards into them, barely able to keep himself from falling as Mahoney advances on him, grabbing the top rope.]

SA: Kick to the guts... over and over in the corner...

[The referee calls for a break so Mahoney scoops Shane up onto his shoulders, walking him out to mid-ring...

...and then shoves him up and over, dropping him down across a bent knee!]

SA: Ohh! Gutbuster by Mahoney!

[Mahoney shoves him off the knee, flipping him onto his back as he attempts a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

SA: Mahoney covers for one! He's got two! He's got- no!

[The crowd cheers as a weary Shane slips the shoulder up, drawing a glare of disbelief from Mahoney who again looks to the official who holds up two fingers.]

SA: The match continues... and what a match it is so far, fans. A true treat here on the Power Hour as two of the world's finest battle it out for the AWA World Television Title - a title held by the likes of Dave Bryant, Johnny Detson, Ryan Martinez, Shadoo Rage, and Supernova!

[Mahoney climbs to his feet, giving a sigh as he looks down at the bloodied Shane who is crawling across the ring, trying to create space between himself and the champion.]

SA: Mahoney leaning down, dragging Shane up by the back of the tights...

[He yanks Shane into a side waistlock, reaching down to cradle a leg, and takes Shane up and over in a bridging cradle back suplex!]

SA: OHH! That might do it!

[The referee dives to the canvas to count!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT ISSSS NOT! NO! SHANE SLIPS THE SHOULDER IN TIME!

[Mahoney is REALLY frustrated now, shouting at Miranda while holding up three fingers. She again shakes her head, holding up two fingers as Mahoney gets up to his feet, stomping towards her..

...but she holds her ground, shouting him back, pointing at Shane.]

SA: Shari Miranda telling Mahoney where he can stick his outrage at her count! If he wants the three, he's gotta earn it against the challenger, fans!

[Mahoney angrily spins away from the referee, pulling the bloodied Shane off the mat. He holds him up by the hair, shouting at him...

...and gets a right hand rifled into his running mouth!]

SA: OH!

[The blow spins Mahoney around, turning his back to Shane who sets his feet underneath him...

...and throws himself forward, driving his shoulder into the back of Mahoney's knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE CLIPS HIM! SHANE CLIPS HIM FROM BEHIND! FIFTEEN YARDS IN THE NFL BUT COMPLETELY LEGAL IN THE WORLD OF PRO WRESTLING!

[Mahoney flails about on the canvas, grabbing at his knee that Shane targeted. The third generation grappler crawls towards Mahoney, grabbing him by the foot...

...and SWINGS the side of his knee down into the mat!]

SA: Ohhh! Shane's going after the knee! He's thinking about that spinning toehold that won him the second fall! Can he get it again? Can he lock it in again?!

DW: And can he do it in time, Sal? We've got about eight minutes and change left in our show! He's gotta do it by then!

SA: Shane back on his feet... hanging onto that leg... Mahoney trying to pull his way free!

[With the leg in hand, Shane nods to the roaring crowd, stepping around, and twisting the leg!]

SA: SPINNING TOEHOLD LOCKED IN!

[But as Shane goes to crank the pressure a second time, Mahoney kicks him off with the free leg, sending Shane flying across the ring to the mat. The crowd groans with disappointment as Shari Miranda waves for the match to continue.]

SA: Mahoney kicks himself free! Shane is down on the mat!

[The weary Shane is trying to get back up but Mahoney beats him there, hobbling towards him on the wheel that Shane went after. Shane cocks the arm back, throwing a wild right hand that Mahoney catches, looping Shane's arm around his own throat as he leaps up, dropping down in a reverse neckbreaker!]

SA: OHHH! EMERALD CUTTER BY THE CHAMPION! IS IT ENOUGH?!

[But we don't find out if it would've been enough as Mahoney defiantly yanks Shane off the canvas, pulling him up to his feet, and right up into another fireman's carry...]

SA: Another gutbuster perhaps by the champ?

[But instead, Mahoney gets a bit of a run under him, rolling forward in a fireman's carry slam!]

SA: Ohh! Unexpected offense out of the champion who now also appears to be digging a bit deeper into his repertoire in an effort to put the challenger down for a three count!

[Mahoney sweeps his arms across his chest, signaling that it's over as he dips to his knees, leaning across in a lateral press.]

SA: Mahoney makes the cover for one! He gets two! He gets- no!

[The crowd roars again for the defiant Shane, refusing to stay down for the three count as Mahoney again voices his displeasure to an exasperated Shari Miranda.]

SA: Incredible! Incredible resilience on the part of Terry Shane who is bouncing back higher than a three pointer drawing iron!

[Mahoney turns his focus back to Shane who is again crawling for his life, trying to create some distance. The Fighting Irishman will have none of that though, pulling Shane off the mat by the hair..

...and ducks down to lift him into the fireman's carry again.]

SA: Mahoney lifts him up again... but Shane slips out!

[Shane lands on his feet behind Mahoney, quickly grabbing the off-balance champion's leg, lifting him up into the air, and drops him down into a shinbreaker before bouncing him right up into a twisting back suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT A COUNTER OUT OF SHANE! HE HAD A WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY AND HE TOOK ADVANTAGE OF IT!

[A weary Shane flops over, throwing his arm across Mahoney's chest.]

SA: SHANE WITH THE COVER!

[Miranda dives to the mat, raising her arm...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... IS NOT! MAHONEY KICKS OUT AT TWO AND CHANGE! OHHHH BROTHER, THAT WAS CLOSE!

[Shane pushes up to his knees, throwing back his bloody head in disappointment.]

SA: Terry Shane was a half count away from the title, fans!

DW: It's about as close as it gets, Sal!

SA: It is at that, my friend... and as Shane gets to his feet... we're closing in on... what? Five minutes left? Maybe six?

DW: What a battle, Sal. These two are giving it everything they've got and then some!

SA: Thirty-one year old Terry Shane back on his feet... looking to end this!

[He grabs Mahoney by the foot, lifting the attacked leg off the mat once again...]

SA: He's calling for the Spinning Toehold again! The Shane Family legacy! The hold made famous by his great-grandfather... used to win and retain World Titles about his legendary father... can he do it? Can he put it on again and walk out as a two-time TV champion?!

[Shane tightens his grip on the leg, spinning through the hold to crank on the limb, putting pressure on the knee.]

SA: SHANE'S GOT IT ON!

DW: IT'S DEEP, SAL!

SA: MAHONEY SCREAMING IN PAIN, CLAWING AT THE CANVAS!

[Getting no immediate submission, Shane spins a second time, leaning down further...]

SA: The hold is sunk in! The pressure is on! The title on the line! Mahoney in danger of losing it all!

[But the Fighting Irishman continues to refuse to give up, causing Shane to spin again, leaning down further to apply more pressure...

...and stumbles slightly, perhaps the blood loss and fatigue coming into play. The slight slip... ever so slight... is enough for Mahoney to lean up, grabbing the blood-soaked hair, and flipping Shane over in a repeat of how he won the first fall!]

SA: MAHONEY COUNTERS! IN THE MOUNT...

[The crowd groans as Mahoney spins out of the mount, again just as he did earlier in the match, scissoring the arm and dropping back into the Cross Armbreaker!]

SA: ...AND INTO THE CROSS ARMBREAKER!

[But there is one slight difference. This time, Shane knows it's coming and manages to lock his hands together, blocking Mahoney's attempt to stretch out the elbow!]

SA: SHANE'S TRYING TO BLOCK IT! SHANE TRYING TO KEEP THE HANDS LOCKED!

[Mahoney pulls back again, trying to rip Shane's taped up arm into his clutches but Shane defiantly hangs on, grimacing as the crowd tries to cheer him on...]

SA: CAN HE HANG ON?! CAN HE HANG ON LONG ENOUGH TO FIND A WAY OUT?!

[The Armbar Assassin goes to work, battering the hands with his right hand, trying to break the grip that is preventing his hold from being locked in.]

SA: TERRY SHANE IS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE! TERRY SHANE IS FIGHTING WITH ALL HE HAS! BLOOD POURING FROM HIS BODY ONTO THE CANVAS... HIS MUSCLES QUIVERING WITH EVERY MOVEMENT... HIS ARM FEELING LIKE IT MIGHT FALL OFF HIS BODY AT ANY MOMENT!

[With the win - and his shot at the title - in serious jeopardy, a bloodied Shane rolls to his hip, providing a further obstacle to Mahoney getting the hold locked in.]

SA: Shane rolls to the side - looking for a way out!

[Mahoney continues to batter the hands, trying to break them apart so he can stretch out the limb and hyperextend the elbow.]

SA: Mahoney fighting for the hold, Shane fighting against it!

[Shane pulls a leg up underneath him, rolling Mahoney onto his shoulders!]

SA: ON HIS SHOULDERS! ONE!! TWO!!

[The awkward position forces Mahoney to alter his grip to avoid the pin...

...which allows Shane to pull his arm free, grabbing Mahoney's leg that is up in the air, and twists it around to a HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

SA: BACK TO THE SPINNING TOEHOLD! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED!

[Shane twists again... and again... not waiting to hear about a submission this time. He cranks a fourth time, leaning over just out of Mahoney's grasping reach.]

SA: LEARNED AT THE KNEE OF HIS GRANDFATHER... MASTERED IN HIS LEGENDARY FATHER'S BACK YARD... BUT IS IT ENOUGH? IS IT ENOUGH TO FORCE DOWN THE EXHAUSTION? TO FIGHT OFF THE PAIN SHOOTING THROUGH HIS

ARM? TO SILENCE THE HATERS AND MELT AWAY THE BAD MEMORIES? IS THIS TERRY SHANE'S MOMENT OF REDEMPTION?

[Shane twists again, giving a loud scream as he cranks the hold as tight as one could humanly accomplish. Mahoney screams, clawing at his own face as Shane nods dramatically, the crowd roaring for the moment as Miranda leans in close, shouting the question that must be answered...

...and answered it is.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: HE GAVE UP! HE GAVE UP! MAHONEY GAVE UP!

[An exhausted Shane slumps to the mat, falling to his knees as the Center Stage Studios crowd goes absolutely CRAZY!]

SA: TERRY SHANE HAS DONE IT! TERRY SHANE HAS SMASHED DOWN THE GHOSTS OF HIS PAST AND HAS OPENED THE DOOR ON A BRAND NEW FUTURE!

[With Mahoney prone on the canvas, clutching his knee, Shane kneels, his face buried in the canvas, his body heaving with emotion and exhaustion as referee Shari Miranda retrieves the prize that all this was for...]

TG: Your winner of the match...

...ANNNNNNND NEWWWWWWWWWW AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

TERRRRRRRYYYYYYYYYY SHAAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

[...and hands it to Shane who clutches it to his chest.]

SA: Terry Shane has climbed back to the mountaintop! He is once again - for the second time now - the AWA World Television Champion - and goodness, what a moment for this young man, Dee Dub.

DW: You wanted to see him do it... we all wanted to see him do it... but after what went down earlier tonight, I don't think any of really thought he could. But he proved us wrong, Sal. Just like so many others... Terry Shane has proved everyone wrong here tonight!

SA: After nearly thirty minutes of struggle... thirty minutes of battle between two of the greatest submission wrestlers in the world... we have a winner and it is Terry Shane the Third. This young man has done it... getting to his feet now with the aid of Shari Miranda... obviously an emotional moment for him as he'd heard the haters and the doubters... those who thought that he was one and done... that he'd won the title at SuperClash on a fluke and that he'd never sniff it again. But he has done more than sniff it, fans... he has won it! Terry Shane is the champion once more!

[Shane smiles at the title belt in his hand, rubbing the free hand over his blood-stung eyes.]

SA: It literally took his blood, sweat, and tears to make this happen here tonight. What a moment for Terry Shane... making his family proud in the city that saw so many tremendous moments for both his grandfather and his father. Atlanta has been very kind to the Shane family over the years and... another great moment for them here tonight.

[Shane lifts the title over his head, grinning at the cheering fans...

...who suddenly stop cheering, shouting words of warning!]

DW: HEY! WHO THE HECK IS-

[As Shane turns, suddenly aware of someone else's presence...

...he gets DRILLED between the eyes with a title belt, getting knocked flat in the process!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: TERRY SHANE ATTACKED FROM BEHIND AND... wait a second! I know that guy!

DW: You do?!

SA: Yeah! That's TORA! He's the Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Champion!

[TORA stands over the bloodied Shane, looking much different than we've seen him in the past. Gone is the faux hawk, replaced by long brown hair that falls to his shoulders. His clean-shaven babyface has been overtaken by a dark brown beard. His black mask with orange tiger stripes covers most of the rest of his face... but not the scowl. The ever-present smile is gone but the scowl tells the tale.]

SA: TORA was once upon a time under contract to the AWA but that's been ages!

DW: Well, what the heck is he doing here now?!

SA: Apparently, he's here to send a message to the new World Television Champion, Dee Dub!

[TORA looks out on the jeering crowd, holding up his own title for all to see, and then tosses it aside as he dives on top of Shane, battering him with hammer fists down onto the skull as the boos intensify.]

DW: The man just went through hell and now he's gotta deal with THIS?!

[The relentless blows to the skull has Shane trying to cover up as TORA tries to punch his way through Shane's arms that are struggling to deflect some of the shots...

...and abruptly, TORA rolls off the downed Shane to the outside of the ring, climbing up to his feet on the apron.]

SA: Well, at least it looks like it's over...

[Not so fast, Big Sal. TORA is headed up top.]

SA: ...or maybe not!

DW: Why's he doing this?! What's he got against Terry Shane?!

SA: I don't have an answer to that, Dee Dub... but he's going quickly to the top and Shane's in some serious trouble... oh jeez... are you kidding me right now?

[The boos pick up again as Michael Aarons appears on the entrance stage, grinning broadly and clapping at what he's seeing.]

SA: Michael Aarons is out here again!

DW: HEY! Haven't you caused enough problems for one night?!

[Aarons throws a dismissive wave at Westerly as TORA pauses, staring at him from his perch on the top rope. Aarons gleefully walks down the steps towards the ring.]

SA: Aarons is headed down there... and Terry Shane might REALLY be in trouble now!

[The former tag champion reaches the ringside area, looking up at TORA and pointing at Shane with a shout of "don't let me stop you, kid! Finish him off!"]

SA: Aarons is telling TORA to take out Terry Shane but-

[TORA suddenly leaps from the top rope...

...but to Michael Aarons' dismay, it's towards him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DIVE OFF THE TOP! DIVE OFF THE TOP! MY GOD, FANS! WE'RE OUT OF TIME! WE'VE GOTTA GO! WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMP! WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT TIME!

[And we fade to black.]