

SuperClash IX



Pre-Game Power Hour

[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 back up on what we would assume is the inside of an arena. It's pitch black though so we couldn't guarantee that. The sounds of a very large crowd are apparent as we see a few flashes fire and some cell phone screens lighting up as people wave them around in the air.

And with the sound of crackling electricity, we get a burst of pyro that resembles a lightning bolt shooting down towards the ring as all the stadium lights come on and "We Are Legends" by Hardwell, Kaaze, and Jonathan Mendelsohn starts to play as the crowd goes wild!

The camera cuts around the massive interior of the Rogers Centre a few times - first with some crowd shots... then up to show the stage. A massively wide stage with a matching width video board hanging above it is somehow dwarfed by a gigantic hanging LED sign that reads "SuperClash" in enormous letters and "IX" in somehow even bigger glowing letters. A huge maple leaf LED board built into the base of the stage is showing said maple leaf in different colors - one by one - as the crowd continues to roar.

The voice of Salvatore Albano cuts through.]

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO, WHAT A WEEK IT'S BEEN HERE IN TORONTO!

[The shot cuts down to ringside where Big Sal is standing alongside former World Champion Colt Patterson. Albano opted for a plain black tux while Patterson went with a lime green pair of leather pants and a shimmering golden shirt with the sleeves cut out to reveal Patterson's legendary physique. He rounds out the ensemble with a black beret with a golden Eagle on the front of it.]

SA: My name is Salvatore Albano and you best believe it when I say this is perhaps the biggest thrill of my life to be here - in this stadium - with all of you to bear witness to all the action that will unfold here tonight... and as we kick things off tonight with the Pre-Game Power Hour, it's also my honor to present my co-host for the night, Colt Patterson!

CP: Don't get it twisted, Albano. You're MY co-host, not the other way around.

SA: Of course. My apologies.

[Albano flinches a bit, looking up over his shoulder.]

SA: Chet Wallace, you keep out of this!

[The shot cuts back to show Chet Wallace inside a rapidly-filling ring, barking down at Albano.]

CP: You tell him, Chet! I'm the man who everyone tuned in to hear on this broadcast tonight... not you Albano!

SA: I said I was sorry, Colt... what do you want from me, huh?

CP: I'll let it slide this time, Albano. After all, I know you're not used to having a REAL color commentator by your side - just that runt Westerly.

SA: Aw, let ol' Dee Dub be. On that note, I'll give a quick shoutout to my usual Power Hour co-host, Dylan Westerly... I got a feeling I'll REALLY be missing you by the time this night is over, old friend.

[Big Sal throws a little side-eye at an unsuspecting Colt Patterson who has twisted to snap off a bicep curl pose, smirking into the camera.]

SA: And speaking of missing people... I know none of us wants to miss this Open Invitational Battle Royal about to go down up inside that ring with over twenty competitors heading to Toronto to compete in this one. Remember, fifty thousand dollars and a future shot at the World Television Title on the line... and take a look at some of the people in the ring for this one, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. You've got one of my favorite tag teams - the American Idols - in there... Callum Mahoney... The Band... some tough competitors in there, Albano.

SA: And we're not done yet. Let's go backstage right now and hear from one of the favorites to take home the big prize in this one.

[The cameras fade into the backstage interview area in the Rogers Centre. Mark Stegglet is standing by waiting.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, hold onto your seats because kicking things off here tonight, we have the Open Invite Over The Top Rope Battle Royal and every competitor is going to want to win this one. On the line is a future shot at the AWA World Television championship and that title has propelled men to stardom here in the AWA. Men like Ryan Martinez, Supernova, even men like Shadoo Rage and Johnny Detson. My next guest is probably one of the biggest men in this big battle royal and has to be an odds on favorite. With his manager, Mickey Cherry, please welcome Atlas Armstrong!

[Mickey Cherry enters the screen from the left, Atlas Armstrong from the right. They surround Stegglet. The 6'8, 300 plus pound Californian is shining with oil, showing off every inch of his muscular physique. His silver cape hangs around his neck but is pushed over one shoulder so that the caps of his shoulders, nearly as big as Stegglet's head, stands out in high relief.]

MC: Here we got one of the biggest Battle Royals on the biggest stage in the biggest city in Canada and that ring is going to be filled with the biggest men, baby. But all you inhumanoids better realize one thing.

That without a shadow of a doubt the biggest man in this Battle Royal is my man, Atlas Armstrong. And in his first SuperClash, he's going to be taking home the prize. He's going to throw a whole lotta other men to the moon, Jack. And there's nothing anybody can do about it.

[Stegglet raises an eyebrow.]

MS: To the moon? That sounds familiar.

[Cherry glares at Stegglet.]

MC: So what if it does - it's true. Atlas Armstrong can do it. But you gotta ask yourself. Who can throw this six foot eight three hundred pound giant over the top rope? Nobody, baby. Nobody! So it's inevitable. My man will be the winner and the next World Television champ!

[Atlas nods stoically in agreement as Stegglet peers up at the muscle man quizzically.]

MS: Does he always let you do the talking?

[Atlas frowns at that. He swells up in front of Stegglet as a warning.]

MC: Listen here, you inhumanoid. Atlas Armstrong doesn't debase himself talking to muckrakers like you. He just does one thing. WIN, baby! Now admire the man who is going to be the next AWA World Television Champion! Bask in his glory!

[Stegglet seems uninspired.]

MC: Okay, inhumanoid, we see you don't admire greatness. That's okay because when you want a word with the winner, we're going to remember this, Jack! Come on, Atlas! I know it's Thanksgiving but we ain't got time for this turkey!

[Cherry shoos past Stegglet as he and the big man from San Simeon exit stage right.]

MS: Well, if you believe Mickey Cherry, it seems like he thinks his man Atlas Armstrong winning this big Battle Royal is merely a formality. Let's head to the ring and find out! Big Sal, Colt... back to you!

[We fade back up on the ring where we see that competitors like MISTER and Takeshi Mifune have joined the men inside the ring.]

SA: Thanks, Mark... and if Atlas Armstrong plans to take the win home in this one, he's got some tough challenges ahead of him.

CP: Blake Colton's in there now... gotta be considered a favorite too with all his power.

SA: A lot of great tag teams in this one as well which should prove to be a valuable plus as they can work together to try and watch each other's backs. Look here now... the returning Tony Donovan making his way out here. You know he'd love to kick off 2018 with a TV Title shot under his belt after a rough 2017 for him.

CP: And there's that "open invite" part of this... Caspian Abaran heading out here... haven't seen him in a while.

[There's a cheer that goes up as Abaran pumps a fist on his way towards the ring just before another familiar face appears on the entrance stage.]

SA: Don't look now, Colt! But here comes Beef Bonham!

[A brief but boisterous "BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!" chant goes up from the crowd as Bonham pumps a meaty arm in time with the chant, grinning as he heads down the aisle.]

SA: Hey! Look who else is here!

[The crowd cheers again as Allen Allen comes jogging through the curtain, a wide grin on his face as he pumps his fists.]

SA: Allen Allen is in the mix as well, joining this Open Invitational Battle Royal... and a win in this one could be the biggest win of his life, Colt.

CP: Bigger than when he was able to move from a single wide to a double wide? Wow... that's really something, Albano.

SA: Sarcasm will get you nowhere with me, Mr. Patterson. Believe that... and speaking of believing, seeing IS believing here because it looks like Jay Alana's not the only combat veteran looking for new digs! Check it out!

[Another good-sized cheer goes up as Yoshi Fujiwara comes jogging into view.]

SA: A member of the legendary Fujiwara family - this is Ayako's brother, Colt.

CP: I know who he is... and I know that him being in this Battle Royal means nothing because he sure can't armbar no one in a Battle Royal, Albano.

SA: I wouldn't bet on that. And here he comes - the man many feel is the odds-on favorite to win this whole thing, Atlas Armstrong.

[Armstrong comes down the ramp, led by a jabbering Mickey Cherry who is letting everyone hear it.]

SA: Colt, is Atlas your pick to win it all?

CP: Looking up in that ring, I can see a lot of guys good in a scrap - Mahoney, Daniel Ross, Tony Donovan... but I'm not sure anyone has the size, the strength of Atlas... and I'm not lying when I say part of me wants to see him win it so we can see him take on Odin Gunn down the road.

SA: Talk about your Hoss Off.

CP: My what?

SA: Your Hoss... oh, never mind. And as Armstrong climbs up into that ring, it looks like this is going to be our full field now. Twenty-five men battling it out for fifty thousand dollars and a future World Television Title shot. And we're just about ready for the first match of Thanksgiving night right abouuuuuuut...

[Dramatic pause...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: ...NOW!

[A big cheer goes up from the crowd as the melee ensues, bodies rushing one another and immediately getting tangled up. A handful - including Tony Donovan - are throwing haymakers at the outset, Donovan putting his taped fists to good use as he hammers Laredo Morrison in the side of the head. The Golden Grappler wraps up Daniel Ross nearby, trying to force him back into the ropes.]

SA: Twenty-five men jockeying for position at the bell here, trying to get the advantage and Colt, I'm sure you've been in your share of Battle Royals. What kind of strategy do you use to survive one of these things?

CP: The biggest key is to stay the hell away from the ropes, Big Sal. If you're not near the ropes, it's real hard to go over them to the floor. You also want to choose your battles... unlike this little goof here.

[The crowd gets louder for a moment as we see Allen Allen jump on the back of MISTER, hanging on for dear life as the European tries to shake him loose.]

SA: What about forming alliances?

CP: It can work... maybe even help a little... but you gotta know when to cut bait and toss 'em.

SA: Toss your own ally?!

CP: Only one guy wins this thing, Albano. Don't be naive.

SA: Well, speaking of allies, check out The Summit...

[The crowd groans as Smythe and Sweeney pull Jimi Jam Jester off of Callum Mahoney...]

...and then toss the long-haired lead of The Band over the ropes for the first elimination of the match!]

SA: ...and out goes Jimi Jam!

CP: A million women just started weeping in the streets, jack!

[Spotting his partner on the outside, an enraged Laredo Morrison breaks away from Tony Donovan, rushing to throw a wild haymaker - first at Smythe... then Sweeney... then Mahoney...]

SA: And Laredo Morrison is gonna take on the entire Summit himself!

[Returning the favor from moments ago, Mahoney drills Morrison from the blind side as he tries to upend Smythe...]

...and then the Armbar Assassin flips Morrison over the ropes to join his partner on the outside!]

SA: Ohhh! And Mahoney tosses Morrison! The Band is gone from this Battle Royal here in Toronto... which takes us down to twenty-three and counting inside this mass of humanity in the ring.

[We cut to a corner of the ring where Curtis Kestrel has Jim Colt trapped and is unleashing some pretty vicious chops on him. A few feet away, we can see Kaz Konoe tangled up with OD Brown, trying to push him back over the ropes.]

SA: A lot of talent in there... we just saw Curtis Kestrel in an outstanding matchup with the National Champion, Jackson Hunter, last weekend in New Orleans... there's Kaz Konoe who is always a treat to see in action here on the Power Hour... young OD Brown who doesn't have the best win-loss record but has had moments to shine so far in his young AWA career.

[The shot cuts again to show Grant Carter trading blows with the Golden Grappler.]

CP: How 'bout this one, Sal? The Gold exchange!

[Another cut shows Caspian Abaran taking punches to the body from both Wallace twins.]

SA: The American Idols working together in there... and I've gotta think the members of tag teams have a distinct advantage in this. A built-in ally to watch your back and work together with.

CP: Sure but eventually all that comes to an end and I don't know if some of these guys have the stomach to turn on their own partner when it's time to try and win this thing.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd collectively groans at a skin-blistering chop delivered by MISTER that knocks Allen Allen back into the ropes...]

...which is when Ultra Commando 3 comes charging in with a clothesline...]

SA: BIG CLOTHESLI-

[...but the popular AWA enhancement talent drops down, pulling the top rope with him as UC3 takes the hard tumble down to the outside!]

SA: -ALLEN DUCKS IT! He ducked it and pulled down the ropes and the Commando is gone while Allen lives to keep on fighting in this one!

CP: Down to twenty-two... look out now! Blake Colton may be about to make that twenty-one!

SA: The Canadian's got Incendio in a bad way!

[Colton has the masked man lifted for a slam, holding him across his chest as he tries to push him over the ropes while the luchador clings to said ropes for dear life.]

SA: Colton, who will be in Jackson Hunter's corner later tonight, is rumored to be hitting the road for a tour of Japan in the near future but you know he'd love to win this one before he does.

[We watch a few moments of the struggle between Colton and Incendio before we cut to Takeshi Mifune trapping Kaz Konoe in the corner, digging the point of the elbow into the collarbone and grinding it back and forth with a malicious grin on his face.]

SA: Mifune tormenting Konoe up against the ropes - his partner, Bret Grayson, will be a flagbearer for Next Gen when they challenge for the World Tag Team Titles in Atlanta later tonight.

[But as Mifune settles in, he suddenly finds himself jerked out of the corner by the arm, twisted around into a hard knife-edge chop.]

SA: And there's the newcomer, Yoshi Fujiwara, getting involved with the Shadow Wolf.

CP: Probably some old bad blood there from their time in Tiger Paw Pro.

SA: Another big chop by Fujiwara and-

[The crowd reacts as Mifune reaches out and pops Fujiwara with a European uppercut, knocking him right down on the mat.]

SA: What a shot right there! Down goes Fujiwara off that uppercut... and look at Mifune, just calmly turning around and going back to work on Kaz Konoe.

[We cut again, this time across the ring where "Slim" Jim Colt is pounding Curtis Kestrel with heavy haymakers near the ropes, getting him rocking and Colt looks for an early elimination of his own.]

SA: Kestrel's in some trouble here... you can hear the fans react. He's certainly one of the crowd favorites in this one...

[But as Colt winds up for more, he leaves himself exposed to a dropkick to the back from OD Brown, sending him pitching forward where Kestrel lowers his shoulder and backdrops him over the ropes...]

SA: Ohh! Colt hangs on! He goes over but he hangs on!

CP: Not for long, jack!

[...and Colt Patterson is proved correct as a double dropkick dispatches of Jim Colt, knocking him to the floor!]

SA: And he's outta here! Kestrel and Brown with a nice double dropkick and Colt is eliminated from this Battle Royal! Twenty-one competitors remaining in this opening match on what should be a tremendous night of action here in Toronto and down in Atlanta as well!

[As Kestrel and Brown get to their feet though, they immediately begin trading forearm shots to a cheer from the Toronto crowd.]

CP: That's what I'm talkin' about right there, Big Sal. They work together... and then throw down. That's the heart and soul of a Battle Royal in a nutshell.

[We cut again, this time showing Atlas Armstrong absorbing blows side-by-side from both American Idols...]

SA: The Idols working on Atlas... that's another thing that's a unique quality of a Battle Royal. Just as you often get strange bedfellows working together... you also get strange clashes unfold. Who would expect to see Armstrong and the Idols collide?

CP: Not me... but now I want to see it. Book it, Albano!

SA: If only I had that authority... but right now, Armstrong looks like he could use a hand with these Idols as they try to get him back to the ropes...

[Across the ring, we see Yoshi Fujiwara and grabbing Grant Carter by the head, pulling him across the ring as Blake Colton hammers Caspian Abaran with double axehandles.]

SA: A lot of bodies left in there...

CP: Which makes it very dangerous. A rolled ankle, a stray finger in the eye... who knows what could happen.

[The crowd cheers as Beef Bonham starts to rally on MISTER, snapping off a jabbing punch...]

"BEEF!"

[...and another...]

"BEEF!"

[...and another...]

"BEEF!"

[...and as he winds up for a big one, MISTER uncorks a huge chop...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Bonham takes a big fall over the top rope, crashing down on the apron before rolling off to the floor to jeers from the crowd!]

SA: Beef Bonham is gone... and that's not good news for this sold-out Toronto crowd as Beef was certainly one of the crowd favorites when the bell rang for this one to get going.

[And with a mighty roar, we see Atlas Armstrong stand up, backdropping both Idols over the top rope to the outside!]

SA: WHOOOOA! SWEET SAN ANGELO! Did you see that, Colt Patterson?

CP: Nothing matches the power of Armstrong in there - nothing!

[Armstrong strikes a double bicep pose, smirking at the jeering crowd...

...until a charging Rory Smythe leaps up, smashing a fist into the side of his head, sending Atlas stumbling back to surprising cheers for Her Majesty's Might!]

SA: Leaping right hand by Smythe, trying and succeeding to catch Atlas Armstrong off-guard!

[Smythe rocks and fires, hammering away on Armstrong as we catch a glimpse of Incendio smashing a backfist into the side of Caspian Abaran's jaw, sending him stumbling backwards.]

SA: Eighteen competitors left in there... look at this now!

[Kaz Konoe comes charging in, leaping up to snare Incendio's head between their legs...]

SA: HURRACANRAN-

[...but the masked luchador holds firm, blocking the move as Takeshi Mifune's eyes light up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SOCCER KICK TO THE DANGLING KONOE!

[The crowd is jeering Mifune for the attack on Konoe...

...and the Shadow Wolf mockingly shrugs to a mixed reaction. He then pulls Konoe off the mat, tossing him them over the ropes to the outside!]

SA: And Mifune eliminates Konoe! Just like that! That makes seventeen!

[Mifune reaches out, snatching the nearby Caspian Abaran by the head, pulling him towards the ropes as Incendio wanders off to jam a palm strike into the chest of OD Brown, sending the young man back into the nearest turnbuckles.]

SA: We can see Rory Smythe working on Atlas Armstrong over by the ropes - what a showdown of power that is. Two of the strongest men in the entire locker room for sure... and look here now... Malcolm Sweeney is coming over to help.

CP: This is trouble for Atlas!

[Sweeney throws a chop... then Smythe lands a haymaker... then Sweeney lands a forearm... then Smythe lands a chop...]

SA: A European double team on Armstrong over by the ropes... Armstrong trying to shield himself, Mickey Cherry beside himself on the outside here... he's worried about his meal ticket getting shown the door early in this one.

CP: His meal ticket? Show some respect for the managerial mind that is Mickey Cherry, Albano!

[The camera shot switches to show the Golden Grappler tangled up with Tony Donovan, jabbing a cross-armed chop into this throat.]

SA: Donovan gasping for air after that one...

CP: You know Tony Donovan was hoping to have a more important role on this event... he's resentful he's in this Battle Royal... he's resentful he's on the Pre-Game Power Hour after being in the World Tag Team Title match a year ago.

SA: It's been a tough 2017 for Tony Donovan for sure... but a win in this one would certainly have 2018 starting off strong for him.

[The masked Grappler approaches Donovan who is leaning against the ropes, coughing and gasping...

...and we cut to another part of the ring where Grant Carter has Daniel Ross' arms over the top rope and is now trying to get his legs up as Ross struggles to get loose.]

SA: Another "Golden" superstar there - Grant Carter looking to eliminate one-half of Ringkrieger...

[The crowd cheers as Allen Allen moves in to help, grabbing the other leg as they left both of Ross' legs off the mat. Ross' eyes go wide, shaking his head madly as they try to dump him over the top.]

SA: Daniel Ross trying to hang on! Can he do it?

[But before Ross gets in TOO much trouble, his partner arrives to smash a double axehandle down between the shoulderblades of Allen Allen... then a hard forearm across the back of Carter breaks Ross free...

...and with Ross and MISTER each grabbing a handful of hair, they send Allen Allen sailing over the ropes to the outside!]

SA: Ohhh! Allen Allen takes the hard fall and he's gone as well!

[Ringkrieger stands tall, looking out on the jeering crowd with their chests jutting out and their arms clasped behind their backs...

...which allows Curtis Kestrel to land another surprise dropkick, sending Ross toppling over the ropes to the outside!]

SA: Daniel Ross is gone! Fifteen competitors remaining!

[A shocked and furious MISTER goes rushing at Kestrel who ducks low as MISTER keeps on running...

...towards an alarmed OD Brown who drops down, pulling the top rope down as well...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON! MISTER IS GONE! MISTER IS GONE!

CP: Wow! That's huge, Big Sal! Huge! MISTER is eliminated - one of the favorites to win this whole thing - and... who the heck did it?

SA: OD Brown! OD Brown just BARELY got the heck out of the way and MISTER went tumbling to the outside!

CP: That's a damn fluke if I ever saw one. MISTER is-

[The angry MISTER slaps his arms down on the apron, pointing angrily at OD Brown who grins, shrugging his shoulders as he backs far away from the ropes where MISTER is threatening to come back in after him...]

SA: The referees are trying to keep MISTER out on the floor - he's gone, Colt!

CP: Tell him!

[MISTER again tries to climb back into the ring but the referees intervene, keeping him back...

...as Incendio grabs a distracted OD Brown by the hair, tossing him over the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

[...but Brown snatches the ropes on the way over, sliding back onto the apron without going to the outside...]

SA: Brown hangs on - saving himself!

[A surprised Incendio rushes at Brown, throwing a knife edge chop that Brown ducks...

...and Brown leaps up, snapping a foot off the ear of the masked man!]

SA: OH! ENZUIGIRI CRACKS HIM!

[Brown grabs the middle rope, sliding himself under the ropes back into the ring where he promptly gets up and unceremoniously dumps Incendio over the ropes to the floor!]

SA: Incendio is gone as well! OD Brown's got this crowd rocking and rolling like the Rolling Stones!

CP: Well, someone oughta tell this punk kid you can't always get what you want!

[Brown pumps a fist excitedly as he spins around...

...and gets FLATTENED by a big clothesline from Blake Colton to a mixed response from the Canadian crowd!]

SA: Ohhh! Heavy artillery on display by Blake Colton, a member of Canada's most famous wrestling family.

CP: Pretty sure the Rages might take offense to that, Albano.

SA: A fair point. We'll go with "arguably" Canada's most famous wrestling family then. They want to cheer the only Colton in the AWA but with his recent actions, they just can't bring themselves to do it and I don't blame them one bit, Colt.

CP: And don't look now, Big Sal... but we're down to an unlucky 13.

SA: About halfway to the finish line of this Open Invitational Battle Royal. Remember, fifty grand and a future TV Title shot awaits the winner.

CP: Is that paid in Canadian funny money or good ol' American cash?

SA: I'm not entirely sure but I know it's not paid in Euros... much to the dismay of the Summit as ALL THREE of them are now working over Atlas Armstrong! I bet Armstrong is wishing he had some allies in there with him right now.

[Armstrong raises his arms, covering up as Mahoney, Smythe, and Sweeney are pounding away at him...]

SA: Armstrong's trying to cover up but I'm not sure that's helping him!

[Mahoney steps between his two allies, winding up to smash a European uppercut up into the jaw of Armstrong... once... twice... three times...

...and then gets yanked in a circle by Yoshi Fujiwara who goes for the arm!]

SA: FUJIWARA HOOKS HIM! THE ARMBAR ASSASSIN IS BEING ARMBARRED!

[The momentary distraction gets Smythe and Sweeney off of their offense...

...and suddenly, Atlas Armstrong lets loose another wild roar as he muscles both men up onto his shoulders and over the ropes to the floor!]

SA: ARMSTRONG STRIKES AGAIN! SMYTHE IS GONE! SWEENEY IS GONE!

CP: Armstrong is unstoppable, jack!

SA: Down to eleven!

[Fujiwara is wrenching back on Mahoney's arm, causing the Fighting Irishman to cry out in pain trapped in the armbar that is his family namesake.]

SA: The Fujiwara Armbar is applied on Callum Mahon-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A brutal soccer kick to the side of the head by Takeshi Mifune sends Fujiwara slumping backwards on the canvas.]

SA: And one-half of the Gold Standard, Takeshi Mifune, strikes hard on Yoshi Fujiwara, breaking that hold... before Fujiwara could break Mahoney's arm.

CP: Mahoney was just luring him in. He was ready to escape at any time.

SA: Highly unlikely, Colt.

[Mifune is all sadistic smiles as he stands over Fujiwara, soaking up the mixed response of the Toronto crowd...

...and suddenly finds himself spun around by OD Brown who lashes out with a quick one-two combination that Mifune acknowledges by turning his head... slightly.]

SA: Uh oh.

CP: That might be a HUGE mistake, Sal.

[A wicked grin crosses Mifune's face as he throws a right hand of his own that Brown ducks under, his hands clasped behind his back. A left hand follows that Brown avoids as well.]

SA: Wow! Lightning quick avoidance tactics out of OD Brown and-

[Mifune throws a front kick but Brown backflips away from it, wagging a finger at Mifune...

...just before he's BLASTED in the back of the head with a clothesline from Blake Colton!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Colton smirks, wagging his finger at the downed Brown...

...and then looks up to find Takeshi Mifune.]

CP: I don't think Mifune liked someone playing with HIS food!

[Colton grimaces, shaking his head at Mifune, pointing at the downed Brown.]

SA: Colton looks like he wants Mifune to work with him and...

[Mifune responds in the only way he knows how.]

"SLAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAP!"

[Three hard slaps snap Colton's head one way and then the other, spinning him away from Mifune who wraps his arms around Colton's head in a choke sleeper!]

SA: Japanese sleeperhold by Mifune!

[Colton cries out, pumping his arms as he looks for a way out of Mifune's iron grip.]

SA: You don't see this often in a Battle Royal, Colt!

CP: That's true... but you don't see a guy like Mifune too often either.

[The sleeper quickly buckles Colton's knees as he nearly dips down to one knee before he powers back up...

...and then DRIVES Mifune back into the corner!]

SA: Ohh! Colton sandwiches Mifune into the corner like his name is PB&J!

[But with Colton and Mifune in the corner, Curtis Kestrel comes charging in, snapping off a spinning leg lariat on his former partner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: That one caught Colton good!

CP: But Kestrel went over the top! He's on the apron but he's gotta get back in there before-

[Kestrel scampers down the apron, ducking under a clothesline attempt from the Golden Grappler...

...and when Caspian Abaran comes charging in, leaping over the ropes to snare a rana attempt...]

SA: ABARAN TRYING TO-

[But Kestrel hangs onto the ropes, a veteran move that sees Abaran slip off the shoulders, falling to the mat to disappointed boos from the crowd.]

SA: Abaran's gone!

[Kestrel swings around, grabbing the top rope as he leaps into the air, springing off the top with a dropkick right between the shoulderblades of the stunned Colton, propelling him across the ring to the far ropes where Colton tumbles over the top...

...but also lands on the apron!]

SA: Colton goes over but he's not eliminated yet either! Kestrel looking to take care of that though!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Some of hardest chops in the business finding the mark, lighting up the chest of big Blake Colton!

[Yoshi Fujiwara joins in, smashing Colton on the jaw with a forearm smash.]

SA: Ohh! Hard shot by Fujiwara as well!

[Kestrel backs off as Fujiwara lands a second forearm... and a third...

...which is when Tony Donovan comes charging in from behind, lifting Fujiwara up as Colton pulls down the ropes!]

SA: Ohhh! Fujiwara's gone! Yoshi Fujiwara is eliminated as well! We're down to nine, Colt!

CP: Carter, Kestrel, Armstrong, Mahoney, Mifune, Colton, Donovan, the Grappler, and that little runt OD Brown! Can someone show him the door and let the big boys get down to business?!

[Kestrel lunges at Colton, tying him up before the Death Star can get back inside the ring...]

SA: Kestrel and Colton - former tag team partners battling it out, trying to get the other one eliminated in front of this Toronto crowd that is JACKED for what they're about to see here tonight at SuperClash IX still available for those of you at home on Pay Per View!

[The Golden Grappler wades into the fray, smashing Kestrel with a double axehandle on the back of the head. He grabs the arms, pulling them back to allow Colton to get back into the ring.]

SA: Colton back in now... winds up...

[But Kestrel gets free and Colton BLASTS the Golden Grappler with a big right hand between his masked eyes that sends him flying halfway across the ring before falling down on the canvas...]

SA: Colton nails the Grappler!

[Colton grimaces as Kestrel slips away, leaning down to pull the Grappler off the mat...]

SA: Helping him back up now... perhaps looking to finish off Curtis Kestrel with his help and-

[...and then promptly lifts him up across his chest, rushing the ropes and dumping the masked man over the top to the floor! The crowd groans as a cackling Colton backs off, exaggeratedly dusting off his hands...

...right before a charging Curtis Kestrel connects with a dropkick between the shoulderblades, sending Colton falling forward into the ropes...]

SA: Colton grabs the ropes! Trying to hang on!

[...but a second dropkick sends Colton the rest of the way over the top, dumping him out on the floor to HUGE cheers!]

SA: Oh my! Curtis Kestrel has eliminated Blake Colton, his former friend, student, and partner... and listen to this crowd here in Toronto!

[A rare smile crosses the face of Curtis Kestrel as he gets to his feet, waving a hand at Colton who slaps his hands down on the ring apron in disgust as he gets to his feet!]

SA: Curtis Kestrel just knocked a big ol' weight off his stoic shoulders and we're down to seven! Kestrel, GGC, Atlas, Mahoney, Mifune, Donovan, and OD Brown!

CP: Oh, my money is DEFINITELY on Atlas now, jack! No way those other punks stand a chance!

SA: We'll see about that!

[With Kestrel distracted, Callum Mahoney slides in from the blind side, rushing towards the ropes with the Canadian in his grasp...

...but Kestrel reverses the effort, upending the Fighting Irishman over the ropes instead, dumping him to the outside to big cheers!]

SA: Whooooa! Out goes Mahoney and we're down to six!

[Kestrel whips around, the crowd roaring for their countryman now as he surveys the rest of the field.]

SA: Could Curtis Kestrel have momentum on his side after his matchup with Jackson Hunter on Saturday night? Could the Canadian find a way to outlast the rest and win this Battle Royal with the whole world watching on YouTube? Six men

left... one of them is going to walk out fifty grand richer and more importantly, with a future shot at the World Television Title in their pocket!

[Kestrel surges towards where "Golden" Grant Carter and OD Brown are working over Atlas Armstrong with blows to the body up against the ropes.]

SA: And suddenly, the Big Man from Big Sur finds himself in big trouble as he's got a three on one here in Toronto!

[Kestrel joins in with chops to the chest... stepping back to allow a snapping jab from Brown and an uppercut from Carter as Armstrong absorbs all of the punishment, leaning against the ropes as Tony Donovan and Takeshi Mifune trade stiff forearm shots on the other side of the ring...]

SA: Look at Carter now... Carter's calling to Donovan and Mifune to come help!

CP: I gotta give him credit, Albano. This is a smart move on GGC's part. Get everyone else involved and find a way to get the biggest man in the match out of it. The road to winning this Battle Royal goes through Atlas Armstrong and if any of the other five want a chance to win it, they've gotta find a way to get the big man out of there as quickly as they can.

[Donovan and Mifune break off their attacks on one another, apparently seeing the wisdom in Carter's idea as they move in to join the attack...]

SA: And now it's a five on one! Six men in the match and five of them are trying to get the sixth out of here!

[The crowd is buzzing as Kestrel lands a chop... Mifune's lands a chop... Donovan smashes home a forearm... Brown buries a knee in the well-defined abdomen... and Carter lands another big uppercut!]

SA: Armstrong's taking a pounding from all five of these guys but he's not going down, Colt!

CP: Mickey Cherry is screaming at him now, telling him he's gotta fight back!

SA: Atlas Armstrong has eliminated FOUR of the competitors in this match already and he's looking for more right about now.

CP: Right now, I think he's more concerned with saving his own skin than he is about... look at this!

[The crowd roars as Armstrong sinks to a knee after a well-placed elbowstrike to the jaw by Mifune...]

...and with a shout, all five men start clubbing Armstrong down with forearms as the Canadian crowd gets excited!]

SA: They've got Armstrong down and they're letting him have it!

CP: Yeah, but getting him down doesn't get him out, Sal. Someone's gotta have the muscle to get him up and I'm not sure any of these five do.

SA: Maybe all five of them do though as-

[Armstrong suddenly lets loose a roar, surging to his feet and sending both Curtis Kestrel and OD Brown flying backwards!]

SA: ATLAS RISES!

[A shocked Grant Carter throws a big right hand that Armstrong blocks with ease before nailing him with a shot of his own, sending Carter falling back towards the ropes.]

SA: Armstrong and Carter picking up where they left off on Saturday - those taped ribs of GGC on display as a souvenir of that battle and-

[Grabbing Donovan by the arm, Armstrong whips him towards Carter, causing a big crash that sends both men down to the mat...]

SA: Mifune taking his shot now!

[Mifune throws two quick and hard forearms to the jaw... then switches to leg kicks, targeting both of the massive legs of the bigger man...]

SA: The Shadow Wolf trying to break him down! Mifune going for the legs!

[...and then grabs the shoulders, smashing his skull into Armstrong's once... twice... three times...]

SA: Mifune's got him rocked! Armstrong back against the ropes again!

[Mifune goes into a spin, whipping around with his arm cocked...]

SA: ROLLING ELB-

[...but Armstrong ducks down, muscling him up, twisting around, and shoving him over the ropes for a hard and awkward fall down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MIFUNE'S GONE! ARMSTRONG TOSSES MIFUNE!

[Mickey Cherry's screech of "THAT'S FIVE, BABY! THAT'S FIVE!" seems to energize Armstrong who whips his head around, grabbing the rising Tony Donovan around the waist, lifting him up in an atomic drop position...

...and then just chucks him over the top rope, sending him down HARD on the ringside mats!]

SA: SIX! ARMSTRONG ELIMINATES DONOVAN AS WELL! A HALF DOZEN BODIES THROWN OVER THE TOP BY ATLAS ARMSTRONG AND THIS IS AN INCREDIBLE PERFORMANCE, FANS!

CP: We're down to the Final Four, jack!

SA: "Golden" Grant Carter, Curtis Kestrel, Atlas Armstrong, and OD Brown if you can believe it - that's your Final Four in this Open Invitational Battle Royal!

CP: Not for long! Get him out of here, big man!

[The crowd groans with disappointment as Armstrong stomps across the ring, lifting a rising OD Brown off the mat...

...and gorilla pressing him straight up into the air!]

SA: Armstrong's got him up! Brown's trying to shake free but Atlas may be about to end the Cinderella story here tonight in Toronto!

[Armstrong takes a couple long strides towards the ropes, still holding Brown high overhead...]

CP: He's gonna put him in the third row! Clear the runway!

[...but a charging Curtis Kestrel throws yet another dropkick, catching Armstrong between the shoulderblades, causing him to fall forward...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where he drops Brown out of the press, straight down over the top rope to CRASH facefirst down onto the nicely-tableclothed timekeeper's table with a resounding thud!]

SA: OHH! HE HIT THE TABLE! HE HIT THE TABLE!

CP: He's just lucky the damn thing didn't break, Big Sal!

SA: He sure is! A hard fall over the top by Brown, crashing down on that table... I don't know what Armstrong had in mind but-

[The crowd cheers as Kestrel whips Armstrong around, lighting him up with a big chop across the chest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: What a chop!

CP: You could hear that one back in Saskatchewan!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The barrage of blows has Armstrong reeling against the ropes as Kestrel pumps a fist towards the cheering Toronto crowd!]

SA: These fans want to see it! They want to see Curtis Kestrel beat the odds and win this thing!

CP: It'll be the Rogers Centre blowing the roof off the joint and not the Georgia Dome if he does, Albano!

SA: You got that right! But Kestrel - I don't know if he can get the 300 pounder up on his own... waving for Carter to come help him now...

[GGC stumbles across the ring towards the duo, grabbing at his ribs as he does.]

SA: Carter showing some ill effects from the big collision... perhaps re-injuring those ribs...

[With a grimace, he gives Kestrel a nod, leaning down to grab one of Atlas' massive legs as Kestrel puts a hand in Armstrong's face, attempting to push him backwards over the ropes.]

SA: Maybe two men can get Armstrong out!

CP: What?! Five men couldn't do it a few minutes ago and now you think two of them can? No chance!

SA: Armstrong on one leg now, trying to keep his balance...

[Kestrel suddenly abandons his approach, ducking down to grab the other leg, and with a great struggle, lifts it off the canvas...]

SA: Both legs up now! The fans in Toronto are rocking! They can sense that it may be close here for Kestrel and Carter! Both of these guys would give Odin Gunn a run for his money for that World Television Title, Colt.

CP: Don't be a clown, Albano. You and I both know that there's only one man left in this thing that stands a chance against Odin Gunn and it's Atlas Armstrong! Not Carter! Not Kestrel! Atlas Armstrong... period!

[Kestrel and Carter are struggling to get the legs up higher as Armstrong hooks his arms over the top rope, a look of alarm on his face as they try to upend him over the ropes and out of the match...]

SA: Armstrong's in trouble, Colt! Your favorite is in trouble!

CP: He's gotta find a way out of this - I can't believe they've got him in this spot!

[Carter lets loose a roar, lifting the leg even higher as the fans somehow get louder...]

...which is when a panicked Mickey Cherry gets up on the apron, screeching and shouting at Carter, waving his arms like a madman...]

SA: Cherry's on the apron! Mickey Cherry on the apron now!

[The ringside referees are shouting at Cherry to get down but he's ignoring them, still trying to get the attention of "Golden" Grant Carter or Curtis Kestrel who are oh-so-close to eliminating his man...]

SA: They need to ignore him! Cherry doesn't matter! He can't do anything! He can't-

[A desperate Cherry leans back...

...and SPITS in the direction of Curtis Kestrel!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: He SPAT at him! He SPAT at Curtis Kestrel!

[The crowd groans in disappointment as Kestrel releases the leg, pointing a finger at Cherry who is still on the apron...]

CP: Brilliant move by Mickey Cherry to save the day for his cli-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the sudden shift of weight causes Armstrong to muscle Carter into a hiptoss, dumping him over the ropes to the floor!]

SA: CARTER'S GONE! WE'RE DOWN TO TWO!

CP: Kestrel can't believe it!

[A shocked Kestrel whips back around to Armstrong, his eyes wide at what just happened...

...and even wider as Armstrong charges him, a move that causes the off-balance Armstrong to whiff on a clothesline as Kestrel leaps up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ENZUIGIRI TO THE BACK OF THE SKULL! ARMSTRONG IS DAZED!

[Kestrel grabs Armstrong by the arm, whipping him into the closest set of turnbuckles where Kestrel charges in after him, throwing his foot up in a short-distance Yakuza kick!]

SA: OHH! BIG BOOT!

CP: Not enough space to build up speed though. It didn't do as much damage as he would've liked!

SA: It did enough though! Armstrong is seeing stars!

[Kestrel whips him across again to the far side, charging in after him a second time...]

SA: Kestrel on the move again... leaps up!

[Kestrel lands high on the legs of Armstrong, grabbing the head as he starts to lean back...]

SA: MONKEY FLI-

[...but Armstrong's power is enough to block it as he steps from the corner, still holding Kestrel in mid-monkey flip attempt and setting him down on the top turnbuckle...]

SA: -sets him up top and...

[...he steps back two steps, enough to put a little spring into a jump as he coils back his right arm...]

SA: ...SUPERMAN PUNCH!

[...and DRILLS Kestrel with a right hand that sends him tumbling from his seated position, crashing down in a heap on the floor as the crowd lets loose a roar of disappointment!]

SA: HE'S GONE! KESTREL'S GONE!

CP: ATLAS WINS!

[Armstrong falls against the buckles for a moment as Mickey Cherry leaps into the air on the apron, nearly falling on his ass when he lands. Cherry springs through

the ropes, rushing towards Atlas with a leaping embrace as Atlas straightens up, lifting his arms into the air with a roar!]

SA: Atlas Armstrong - with his NINTH elimination in this Battle Royal - picks up the win and... WOW! What a performance by the Big Man from Big Sur in this one, fans!

[Armstrong strikes a double bicep pose, earning the jeers of the AWA faithful...

...some of whom have started to notice something...]

CP: An incredible performance! An awe-inspiring performance! Odin Gunn is a dangerous man but Atlas Armstrong has shown here tonight that he just might be the man who could put Gunn down for the count and win that World Television Title... oh, and with an extra fifty grand in his pocket, I know whose post-show party invite I'm accepting, jack! The champagne will be flowing, the Filet Mignon will be on the table, and the women will be-

SA: COLT! COLT!

[...and the crowd noise gets louder as someone crawls under the ropes...

...from off the still-standing timekeeper's table...]

SA: Look! It's OD Brown!

CP: WHAT?!

SA: He's in the ring! He's in the ring and... look at the referee at ringside! The referee is waving off Armstrong, he says Brown was never eliminated! He landed on that table and his feet never touched the floor for the last few minutes of this thing!

[Brown rolls to his feet, balling up the tablecloth that was on the table in his hands...]

SA: What in the...? Look at the table, Colt!

[A quick camera cut reveals that table is... not in the best of condition.]

CP: Oh, that son of a-

SA: It's the Bulldog Brown table! Ring Wars 3 was in this very building and wrestling fans all over the world know that table! That damn unbreakable table! That-

CP: No wonder the damn table didn't break!

[Mickey Cherry now has turned around and sees a weary OD Brown on his feet. He shrieks madly at Atlas Armstrong who whips around with a loud "YOU!" and points at Brown who nods, a grin on his face...]

SA: ARMSTRONG HASN'T WON IT YET!

[...and the powerhouse charges right at Brown who leans back...

...and HURLS the tablecloth right in the face of Armstrong!]

SA: What the...?!

[With Armstrong blinded for a split second, Brown leaps into action, throwing lightning fast palm strikes to the torso, shimmying and shaking as he does...

...and as Armstrong whips the cloth aside and comes up swinging, Brown does a cartwheel to the side to avoid it, leaping to the middle rope, springing back with a dropkick under the chin that sends Armstrong down to a knee as Mickey Cherry bails to the floor, screaming at the referees!]

SA: Armstrong down to a knee - Brown is up...

[Brown winds up, throwing a pair of short kicks to the chest of the kneeling Armstrong...]

SA: Oh! Hard kicks to the sternum... backing off... measuring the man...

[...and Brown moves to a big roundhouse aimed at the temple of Atlas Armstrong who ducks down as the foot comes towards him...]

SA: ...ROUNDHOUSE!

[...and surges upwards in mid-kick attempt, catching one leg on his shoulder as he stands straight up, hooking his powerful arms around Brown's thighs...]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! LOOK AT THE POWER!

[...and with Brown in position for a powerbomb, Armstrong starts walking towards the ropes...]

SA: HE'S GONNA POWERBOMB HIM TO THE FLOOR!

[...but as they near the ropes, Allah leans back, scissoring his legs tightly around the head of Armstrong...]

CP: NO!

[...and grabs the ropes with his arms, hanging on for dear life as Armstrong goes tumbling over the ropes...]

SA: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[...and down to the floor as Brown narrowly avoids elimination, ending up on the ring apron hanging on for dear life!]

CP: WHAAAAAAT?! I don't believe this!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Believe it, Colt Patterson! Believe it! This young man - who no one even knew had ENTERED this Battle Royal until tonight - has outlasted the other twenty-four men in this thing and he has WON it! He has WON it! My goodness, he has WON it!

[Brown is all smiles as he falls back through the ropes into the ring, falling onto his rear as he throws an arm into the air and Tyler Graham makes it official.]

TG: Your winner of the OPEN INVITATIONAL BATTLE ROYAL...

OHhhh...DEEEEE... BROWWWWWWWWN!

[Brown throws the other arm up to join the first, the crowd ROARING now as they pay tribute to the unlikely winner. The referee extends a hand, helping Brown up to his feet as the crowd continues to cheer.]

SA: I don't care who you are or how smart you are, Colt, or how much experience you have in this business, if you tell me you saw this kid winning this Battle Royal tonight, you're a liar.

CP: Well, I've gotta tell you in a my years as a wrestler, a World Champion and an investigative journalist, it's been my obligation to have my finger on the pulse of this business and you're right, Big Sal - I would never ever have called this shot.

[The unlikely winner does a little celebratory jig as he looks out on the roaring crowd... who surprisingly start chanting his name.]

"O! D! B!"

"O! D! B!"

"O! D! B!"

[A grinning Brown nods his head, slapping his hand on his chest as he looks out on the sold out Rogers Centre crowd. After a few more moments of celebration, we catch a glimpse of Mark Stegglet climbing into the ring, mic in hand.]

MS: OD Brown, my word... what a reaction from these fans here in Toronto... and what an upset for you! You've won the Battle Royal!

[Another big cheer goes up and a jubilant Brown hops up to the middle turnbuckle, looking up at the SuperClash logo hanging above the entrance. He cups his hand to his ear, shouting "WHAT'S MY NAME?!"]

"O! D! B!"

"O! D! B!"

"O! D! B!"

"WHAT'S MY NAME?!"

"O! D! B!"

"O! D! B!"

"O! D! B!"

[He hops back down, walking back over to Mark Stegglet and grabbing his wrist, steering the mic towards him, his face getting a more serious expression.]

ODB: What's MY name?

[The crowd hesitates at the change in emphasis from the young kid as he stares out at them. They chant, but it is much weaker now.]

MS: A big win for this young man and-

[Stegglet is cut off by Brown interjecting once again.]

ODB: Toronto, I'm so glad to have won this Battle Royal - right here and right now. About twenty years ago... see... I was in this building.

Nothing more than a little kid with my momma. This place holds a lot of meaning for me. You remember what happened at this - a mecca of wrestling 20 years ago?!

[The crowd cheers in response. Brown nods.]

ODB: Right! Ring Wars III happened right here... and right here the match that changed this business forever happened! The Seven Tables of Fear Match happened!

[Another cheer goes up for the recall of that legendary match.]

ODB: That match changed my life. It changed everybody's lives. It went on to make the EMWC great! It made Joe Petrow a household name!

[He jerks a thumb to the outside.]

ODB: It made a table famous!

[Laughter from the crowd as Brown nods.]

ODB: It made the IIWF a legend! And it made me want to be a wrestler for the first time in my life. I knew what it was that I wanted to do. And I knew why. And twenty years later ... that mission is accomplished.

[Brown leans back, a satisfied expression on his face as the crowd picks up the chant again.]

"O! D! B!"

"O! D! B!"

"O! D! B!"

[Brown leans over the mic.]

ODB: Who?

"O! D! B!"

"O! D! B!"

"O! D! B!"

[Brown shakes his head.]

ODB: No, really. Who? You keep chanting that at me like you know it's my name.

[The crowd is obviously confused now, a buzzing coming from the sold out crowd.]

ODB: I told tell that's my name.

[Brown gestures to the back.]

ODB: That ain't my name.

[Stegglet looks like he's about to say something when a loud ringside fan shouts "WHAT'S YOUR NAME?!" And now, Brown looks pissed off.]

ODB: Toronto, you should know my damn name! It ain't hard to tell!

Think about it.

Twenty years ago.

A little black kid whose life was changed forever by the Seven Tables of Fear match.

[He pauses.]

ODB: That match is supposed to be legendary. Promotion. Legendary. Influence. Legendary. Petrow. Legendary. Toronto. Legendary. Table. Legendary.

You know who didn't become a legend off that match? The other guy in it.

The other guy that became a footnote really.

The other guy that was ruined by that match.

Unique Allah.

[Brown looks over at Stegglet.]

ODB: You know what I'm sayin', right? Anybody ever really look at what happened to that guy? I mean, he really was just a wrestling clown after that. Everybody laughed at his drunken antics. But was he a legend? No. Did he get big jobs anywhere else? Not really. I watched that match and I saw what happened to him and I vowed NEVER to be the other guy in a legendary match.

Because Toronto, guys like him, they don't reach the top. They don't get out of their box. They get trapped. They get sad. They get forgotten or worse sniggered at. They don't become World Champions or Hall of Fame guys. They just become guys that will do a shot for a few hundred bucks to be the punchline of somebody's joke. It's sad. You know how I know?

[Brown shakes his head, very serious in tone and expression now.]

ODB: Because I watched it every damn day. I watched Unique Allah sit on the couch and become nothing but a wrestling footnote as a clown for that match. Nobody ever cared how smart he was. How slick he was.

You know he was the guy behind the Cause? The faction that shut down EMWC for a while? You know that? But he never got credit for that. Dan Kauffman did. Dan Kauffman didn't create no Cause. Unique Allah did. But Dan Kauffman got all the hype because Unique Allah was just a joke.

And I thought... never that. Never me.

[He jerks a thumb at himself.]

ODB: I ain't gonna be a joke like him. So I didn't use that name until the time was right. But Toronto... the time is right. The time is right NOW!

So don't you DARE call me OD Brown. Don't you DARE chant ODB.

[Dramatic pause.]

ODB: MY NAME IS ODYSSEUS ALLAH!

[He turns to the back.]

OA: Now play my music!

[And just like that... the theme from 20 years ago plays again in the Rogers Centre, then the SkyDome. The drums pound over and over.]

#Now number two, practiced the snake style
He was known as the snake spirit
He had the speed of a snake#

As Unique Allah's theme plays, Odysseus Allah reaches into his tights and pulls out something shiny. He slips the shiny object into his mouth before smiling at the camera to show off the gold and diamond encrusted fangs, shouting into the nearest camera off-mic.]

"Who's the baddest? Who's the baddest? Who? Who? Odysseus Allah. That's who! Hey, Toronto. Bet you know my name now, huh?"

[Allah continues to trashtalk into the camera as we fade to black...

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

"Feeling left out of the action?"

[The girls look up, nodding.]

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

[The girls nod more emphatically.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"...create your own shows in our new El Presidente mode..."

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

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

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

"All in one tremendous game!"

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

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

JS: Now that's what I like to see.

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

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

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

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

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

JS: That had to hurt.

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

...and then back up on a shot of a completely different stadium setup as the fans inside that venue roar in welcome. This stadium has a large metal stage with a massive video screen backdropping it and a giant "SUPERCLASH" in neon letters hanging above. There's a large archway made out of steel mesh framing the entranceway and we can see two smaller steel cages on either side of the entrance.

The camera cuts to a wide shot of the double rings set up in the middle of the venue with the gigantic WarGames double cage hanging over them. From this shot, we can also see that the announce team has been set back several feet from ringside in their table while the timekeeper's table is right up against the ring.

We cut to the middle of one of those two rings where find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing.]

SLB: ATLANTA, GEORGIA - HOW'S IT GOING?!

[Another big cheer goes up as a grinning Blackwell nods along with it.]

SLB: Alright! That's what I like to hear. Now in just a few minutes, we'll be heading back up to Toronto to see the second of our two matches here on the Pre-Game Power Hour which will see Charisma Knight...

[The Atlanta crowd boos appropriately.]

SLB: ...taking on Victoria June!

[And then cheers as well!]

SLB: But before we do, we wanted to get you all acquainted with this magnificent venue - the home of professional wrestling's premier event tonight - just days before it will be brought down. That's right - SuperClash IX will be the final event held in this legendary venue and we couldn't be prouder of that.

[Big cheer from the Atlanta crowd!]

SLB: So many big matches on this show.. so much history to be made... I can't wait to see it all go down both here in the Peachtree State and up in Toronto at the legendary Rogers Centre... formerly the SkyDome to old fogies like me. And right now, I've got a very special guest joining me... an old friend who will be a part of this event here tonight in Atlanta when she serves as the special guest referee for the mixed Handicap Match between Terry Shane, Ricki Toughill, and Theresa Lynch taking on Kerry Kendrick and Miss Sandra Hayes... LORI DANE!

[The crowd responds with a mix of cheers and boos for the former Women's World Champion and AWA co-owner. Dane appears at ringside quick enough for one to assume she was already there mostly unnoticed as she makes her way up the steps, climbing through the ropes with a smile and a wave to the crowd in her black Combat Corner t-shirt and blue jeans.]

SLB: Ms. Dane, welcome to Atlanta!

[Dane smiles again, waving to some of the cheering fans.]

LD: Thanks, Lou... it's an honor to be here tonight.

SLB: Of course, you're not just here for the show... you've got a job to do tonight as special guest referee for that mixed Handicap Match.

[Lou suddenly looks a little awkward.]

SLB: Honestly, I'm not sure how to ask this, Lori, but...

[Dane smiles.]

LD: How can I be impartial in a match involving my own daughter?

[Blackwell nods emphatically.]

SLB: You got it. Got an answer for us?

[Dane shrugs.]

LD: Look, Lou... I didn't ask to be a part of this match. It wasn't my decision. Heck, no one even asked me if I wanted to be involved.

SLB: Not even Miss Hayes?

[Dane's face shifts to one of annoyance.]

LD: Especially my daughter... who has a tendency to make decisions that benefit her and only her at times...

[Blackwell arches an eyebrow.]

LD: That said, she's my flesh and blood and I love her so of course, I agreed to be here and take part.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: I'm afraid that only makes me ask again - can you be impartial in this match?

[Dane sighs.]

LD: There's a lot at stake in this match, Lou. I get it. I'm a huge fan of Ricki Toughill. She reminds me a lot of... well, me... back in the day when I was struggling to get the E... and the AWA... to have a Women's Division. Ricki's a fighter like I like to think I was. I have no desire to see her career ended or frozen or whatever stipulation Sandra put in place. And Terry Shane... well, he had a rough go of it for a while but he seems to have his head on straight these days so I'd prefer to see him stick around too.

[Blackwell interjects.]

SLB: And what about Theresa Lynch?

[Dane raises her eyebrows.]

LD: What about her?

SLB: You know the stipulation if she loses.

LD: That doesn't sound like a question, Lou. Yeah, I know all about it.

SLB: Well? Is it possible? Does Blackjack know who Sandra Hayes' father is?

[Dane pauses, biting nervously at her lip.]

LD: I don't know. Maybe? Blackjack Lynch has been a part of this business for a long time and I'm sure... well, I'm sure he's heard plenty of rumor and innuendo.

SLB: I see. So, I have to ask... since you've never given Sandra Hayes that particular piece of information...

[Dane nods.]

SLB: ...doesn't it stand to reason you might be willing to do just about anything to keep it from getting out?

[Dane chuckles.]

LD: In other words, you're asking if my daughter made a mistake getting me involved in this?

[Blackwell nods.]

LD: Let's put it this way, Lou. I've got plenty of reasons to see BOTH teams win this match... so I'm gonna call it right down the middle and let the fates decide.

SLB: Well, I for one can't wait to see it... ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Lori Dane!

[The crowd's cheers are a little louder this time as Dane waves again.]

SLB: And with that, let's head right back up to Toronto for the other half of our Pre-Game Power Hour lineup! Sal, Colt... back to you!

[We fade from Atlanta to a split screen for a moment, showing both stadium's crowds...]

...and then we zoom into the Toronto side, displaying the sold out Rogers Centre crowd.]

SA: Thanks, Lou... and as the time ticks down, we're just about ready for our Pre-Game Power Hour Main Event - a battle that's been months in the making as Victoria June gets set to take on Charisma Knight. We caught up with the Afro Punk so let's hear what's on her mind just moments before bell time!

[The cameras open backstage at the Rogers Centre to the AWA interview station. Standing by with Mark Stegglet is Victoria June. The Afro-Punk paces in circles, somewhat distracted. She is dressed in black pleather shorts and torn fishnet stockings and a hard-ribbed corset under a black biker vest. Her eyes are smeared with black eye makeup and her lips are stained a similar deep, dark color that contrasts harshly with her pale freckled skin and pale afro. She balls up her fists, beating herself in the chest and the head alternatively as she tries to regain control of her emotions.]

MS: Victoria June, we are moments away from you finally getting in the ring with Charisma Knight. It is plain as day to me that this confrontation is getting to you.

[June focuses her attention on him sharply. Her pale green eyes bore through Stegglet. Still, June says nothing. She struggles to rein something in that is fighting to get out of her.]

MS: Would you like to make any comment about your appearance on the last Power Hour where you lost control in the ring and were seemingly crying as you bludgeoned poor Rashida Saadiq? You'll have to excuse me saying this, Victoria, but it seemed like you definitely gave in to the "dark side" that Charisma Knight has been trying to bring out of you.

[June fumes, but says nothing. Stegglet pushes the microphone more aggressively at her. June glares down at the microphone and then up at Stegglet.]

VJ: Kayla is recovering, Stegglet. Thanks for asking.

[Stegglet looks surprised.]

MS: I'm sorry. I'm glad to hear that she is on the mend. But do you have anything to say about the boos you heard in Atlanta? I mean, this is Toronto. Almost a second home to you. What happens if this crowd boos you tonight? How will that affect you against a psychological competitor like Charisma Knight?

VJ: (grimacing) Ah heard the boos in Atlanta, Stegglet. Ah didn't like it. Ah know I let them down. But ah'm not gonna let them down here in Toronto. Ah owe these people everything. Ah'm gonna control mahself tonight. Ah have to. Ah didn't like what happened to Saadiq. Ah'm sorry, Rashida. It isn't fair what was done to you.

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

MS: "What was done to you?" You make it sound like it wasn't your doing. Are you blaming everything on Charisma Knight?

VJ: No.

[June's shoulders slump. She draws a deep breath.]

VJ: That wasn't Charisma Knight. Not wholly her anyway. That was someone else. Charisma Knight just tapped into something ... other ... inside of me. Look, Mark, ah'm gonna tell you something about me that nobody around here other than Michelle Bailey knows about me.

MS: Michelle Bailey?

VJ: Yeah. Ah went to her to confide something and she referred me to get some help.

MS: I see... I'm a little confused what we're talking about though, Victoria.

[June sighs.]

VJ: Ah struggle here, Mark. Ah struggle here a lot. It ain't an easy thing for me to explain, but ah'm constantly holding back. Any time ah feel pressured ah feel like ah can't breathe. Ah feel like there is something pushin' inside me to get out.

[June looks up into the camera and there are tears glistening in her eyes.]

VJ: Ah was always an emotional kid, Stegglet. Growing up in Jackson, Tennessee, ah've told the story that ah was always a weirdo. Everybody knows that. But ah always try to play it off as if as was able to handle it. Ah wasn't. Ah wasn't able to handle it well. Ah was always getting picked on and bullied. Being called 'Weirdo', 'Ghost' or 'Potato Nose' and all that all the time really wore on me. It made me cry. It made me run away from school. Ah ended up having to leave mah home school and say 'Bye Bye South Side High' and hello Parkview Learning Center. And you know what happened when this weird-looking kid showed up at a new school?

MS: What?

VJ: Not a damn thing changed, Stegglet. _Not a damn thing._ Ah mean, it's Jackson, Tennessee. It's not like the albino kid didn't stick out just walking around. It wasn't like mah whole existence wasn't some big joke, some weird thing for everybody to pass comments on. Ah spent mah entire childhood wishing ah was anyone but me. Ah hated looking in mirrors. Ah hated people seeing me. Ah tried to wear baggy clothes, scarves, anything ah could to hide mahself. But ah had to work, ah had to go to school. The people had to see me. And they always whispered behind their hands about me.

[June shakes her head violently and tear flies from her cheek.]

VJ: All mah work made me grow bigger and stronger, Mark. All those whispers kept coming because now ah was a big freak. But people didn't try to test me. Ah was 5'9 and muscular. So a lot of people didn't think about testing me. Except Janetta Coleman.

[June cringes almost as if saying the name gets to her.]

VJ: She was bigger, louder, more popular and she was tougher in the neighborhood. And she just rode me like a mule, Stegglet. All day, all night. And there wasn't a damn thing ah could do about it. Just like Charisma been riding me. And ah wasn't able to do anything about her until tonight, either.

MS: So you see Janetta Coleman when you see Charisma Knight?

VJ: Janetta pushed me and pushed me. One day in the cafeteria she pushed me too far. She attacked mah only friend, Jas Hockett. She put hands on her and ah saw red.

[June stops, her face wrinkling and tearing up as she tries to work her way through an internal wave of pressure. She stands there, battling her own demons as Mark Stegglet looks on quietly, but concerned.]

MS: What happened, Victoria? Tell us.

[June shuts her eyes against the pain. She squeezes a tear through her eyelids. Slowly she exhales and lifts her head. Her eyes blink open and they are watery.]

VJ: Ah don't know, Mark. Ah just saw red and ah just ... broke. Ah can't remember anything. Ah just remember Janetta punching Jas and then ah saw red and then when ah saw the world again Janetta was on the floor and mah hands were bloody.

[She looks at her hands like she can still see the blood on them.]

VJ: That wasn't me. That was someone else. Ah wasn't in control of mah body. A stranger was.

[She sighs again.]

VJ: Ah was expelled from school and had to get a GED. Mah family was shamed. Had to go down the road to Humbolt for church. And ah couldn't stay in the area. That's why ah came up to Toronto and started wrestling.

[Stegglet shakes his head, a shocked look on his fce.]

MS: That's quite the story.

VJ: That ain't the end of mah story. Ah put in the work, ah went through therapy, ah went through change to be the well-adjusted person you see today.

[Stegglet stares at her.]

VJ: Ah know what you're thinking. And yes, ah was a mess before. And deep down that mess is still there. That thing ... that other ... is still inside me lurking. And Charisma pushed me too far and that other came out. Ah barely remember what happened with Rashida because ah had the same black out.

That wasn't me... that was a stranger.

And Charisma brought her out again and poor Saadiq paid the price. Why? Ah don't know what Charisma thinks she's going to get bringing her out? Ah don't know why she is going to try to bring her out again tonight. Because ah don't know that thing inside me. Charisma don't know that thing inside me. She don't know that ... stranger.

[June pauses, looking down.]

VJ: But ah know one thing ... when she comes out, it's trouble for everyone.

[June stares into the camera.]

VJ: Charisma... ah beg you... don't bring her out.

[And with that June heads off camera, leaving Stegglet staring after her, a vague look of concern on his face as we fade out to the ring to Tyler Graham.]

TG: The following contest is your Pre-Game Power Hour MAIN EVENT!

[A big cheer goes up from the Toronto crowd!]

TH: It is a battle in the AWA's Women's Division set for one fall with TV time remaining!

[And with that, the lights in the Rogers Centre go out. Across the video screens flash shots of the haunted overly shadowed eyes of Charisma Knight and the surrounded in paint solid black eyes of Leah White, while 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 screens go dark again, and the haunting intro of In This Moment's "Sick Like Me" fills the arena, white strobes flashing on every base drum kick]

TG: Introducing first... representing THE ASYLUM... currently in the care of the Oberon Sexton Mental Health Care Facility in Fort Worth, Texas...

...CHARISMA KNIIIIIIIGHT!

[The intro kicks in proper as the strobes turn into red and white spinning lights throughout the building. Stepping through the entrance is Charisma Knight, unevenly colored black and blue hair framing her haunted face, eyes overshadowed with black make up, mouth area over done with dark blue highlighting the septum ring she now sports. 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 blue leather gauntlets, going from mid palm to just below the elbow. She saunters through in pace to the music.]

#Is it sick of me
#To need control of you?
#Is it sick to make
#You beg the way I do?

SA: The torture and torment of Victoria June by Charisma Knight has been on display for months now, Colt... and tonight, this situation comes to a head.

CP: I'd say that Charisma Knight is pushing Victoria June towards the edge but judging by what June had to say in that interview with Stegglet, I'd have to say she's already there, Sal

SA: Some certainly unsettling words from the Afro Punk who wants payback both for her friend Kayla Cristol who has been the victim of countless attacks by Knight and Dr. Leah White who we haven't seen in weeks now... and herself.

CP: The real question I've got tonight, Sal, is how much of a hold does Knight have on June? And if she drives her to madness, does that play right into Knight's hands?

[Knight holds her hands out as she heads to the ring, almost dancing along to the music]

#Is it sick of me
#To want you crawling on your knees?

[Knight slides into the ring, crawling over to the opposite side of the ring,]

#Are you sick like me?

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

SA: Speaking of unsettling, when you think back to the Charisma Knight who first came to the AWA, you have to be more than a little unsettled by what she's become, Colt.

CP: She's twisted, she's disturbing, and she's violent. My kind of girl, Albano.

SA: Remind me to never look at your match.com profile.

[The lights come up and Charisma pulls out a microphone.]

CK: Victoria.... It's time. No more hiding, no more games. It's time to come face your fear, come face yourself. It's time for you to join the family. We're waiting, Victoria.

[Knight lets loose another haunting cackle as we wait a moment...

...and the Toronto crowd cheers as the Ramones "Blitzkrieg Bop" blares over the PA system.]

TG: Annnnnnd her opponent... she hails from Jackson, Tennessee but now makes her home in TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADAAAAAAA...

[HUUUUUGE ROAR from the hometown fans!]

TG: ...weighing in at 158 pounds... the Afro Punk...

VICTORRRRRRIAAAA JUUUUUUUNNNNNE!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Victoria June shoots up through the staging to land at the top of the ramp as the big screens behind her show images of June in action. June does bop with the beat as she normally does, striding purposefully down the ramp to the cart awaiting at the bottom of it.]

SA: Quite the ovation for Victoria June tonight in front of her hometown fans and that has to come as a big relief for her after hearing some boos in Atlanta on the Power Hour two weeks ago.

[She grips the edge of the cart with white-knuckles as she is carted towards the ring. Her pale green eyes are locked on the ring and Charisma Knight as her breathing becomes ragged and her energy makes her tremble.]

SA: Look at the intensity in the eyes of Victoria June. You know she's gotta have the past few months running through her head. Knight commanding Leah White to try to take June's vision again... the assaults on Kayla Cristol, June's best friend... the constant verbal and mental games trying to break down June and... well, for the lack of a better term, "convert" her to the cause of The Asylum.

CP: Speaking of The Asylum, Sal... you see no sign of Dr. Leah White out here after what June did to her... you talk about what White did to June - what about what June did to her?! That was a brutal attack designed to permanently injure someone!

SA: We're told that White did suffer severe injuries at the hands of Victoria June and will be on the shelf indefinitely. Bad news for White and Knight but good news for June who gets Knight all to herself here tonight in Toronto.

[Reaching ringside, June departs the cart before climbing up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes to more cheers. Knight is waiting for her center ring, a twisted smile on her face as June approaches...

...and DECKS her right off her feet with a right hand! Referee Shari Miranda quickly signals for the bell!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: The Afro Punk wasting no time and we’re off and running already, fans!

[June puts the boots to Knight, driving her right under the ropes to the outside of the ring. A fired-up June steps out on the apron, takes aim, and jumps off a double axehandle down across the back of Knight’s head, sending her pitching forward onto the timekeeper’s table which is back in its proper position after the Battle Royal earlier.]

SA: June’s on the attack on the outside - remember this is not a No DQ match or any of the crazy stipulations like we might see later tonight. June’s gotta follow the rules in this one or she’ll find her night ended in a hurry.

CP: Try telling her that, Albano! She’s already lost it!

[June grabs two hands full of Knight’s hair, yanking her head back and SLAMMING her face down on the wooden table to cheers from the Toronto crowd!]

SA: Victoria June is going to push the rules to their limit tonight, I believe. She wants to make Knight pay and she’s going to do whatever it takes to make that happen.

[Knight stumbles away from the table, circling the ringpost with June hot on her heels.]

SA: Referee Shari Miranda starting her count, imploring these two to get back inside the ring.

[Knight climbs up on the apron, trying to get back through the ropes but June grabs her by the wrists, yanking her arms out from under her as Knight splats facefirst down on the apron to cheers!]

SA: A hard landing, right down on the apron for Knight!

[Grabbing the hair again, June lifts her head up off the mat, slamming Knight’s face down on the apron!]

SA: Again facefirst on the apron!

[June backs a few steps off, grabbing at her head, shaking it back and forth as Knight uses the moment of freedom to roll back under the ropes into the ring.]

SA: June seems to be... struggling somehow. Maybe trying to keep that stranger at bay that she talked about before the match.

[Giving another shake of the head, June grabs the ropes, coming up through them into the ring as Knight crawls across the far side of the ring, trying to create some space between herself and the Afro Punk.]

SA: Knight backing off... but June’s not about to let her, pulling her back to her feet...

[June buries a knee into the midsection, pushing Knight up against the ropes to keep her there...]

SA: Heavy knee downstairs!

[...a second knee lands... and a third...]

SA: Knight's getting the air knocked out of her by June!

[June grabs a handful of hair, smashing a fist between Knight's eyes... and another... and another...]

CP: Get her back, ref!

[Shari Miranda steps in, calling for a break and earning a hard glare from June. Miranda holds up her hands, taking a step back but reiterating her call for a break. June grabs Knight by the arm instead...]

SA: June whips her across and-

[The crowd reacts as Knight snakes an arm over the top rope, preventing the rebound back...

...and dives through the ropes to the outside to jeers!]

SA: And Charisma Knight dives out to the floor! Come on!

[June glares angrily out at Knight who turns back towards the ring, a smirk on her face as she grabs at her ribcage...

...which gets the Afro Punk in motion, running across the ring, dropping into a baseball slide to the outside where Knight yanks the apron up, trapping her behind it!]

SA: Oh! Innovative offense by Knight!

[Charisma swarms the trapped June, raining down rights and lefts all over her, screeching madly as she goes.]

SA: This is a fight on the outside now!

[Knight steps back... and then back in with a running front kick, landing a blow right to the sternum of June, snapping her head back against the outside of the ropes.]

SA: Ohh! Big boot by Knight!

[Swinging June around, Knight pushes on the back of her neck, driving the throat into the ropes as June struggles to get loose and Shari Miranda shouts at both women from inside the ring.]

SA: Knight choking her on the outside...

CP: This is the Charisma Knight that Victoria June needed to be worried about, Sal.

[Knight lets loose on the choke, June gasping for air as Knight buries a short forearm into the kidneys once... twice... three times...]

SA: An out-and-out assault on the outside!

[Knight scrambles up on the apron, taking aim on the trapped and coughing June...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and with a three-step run, Knight DRILLS June with a running soccer kick to the side of the head, causing June to slump down against the apron before falling behind it to the floor!]

SA: Charisma Knight breaking out the heavy artillery early on in this one!

[Knight ignores the shouts of the official, hopping off the apron to the floor where she grabs June's feet, dragging her out from under the trappings of the apron onto the ringside floor...

...where she promptly leaps up, driving both feet down into the midsection with a double stomp to the gut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Knight continuing the attack on the outside. Victoria June was looking for a fight and Charisma Knight is here to give it to her.

[Grabbing June by her afro, Knight drags her up to her feet, swinging a hand in the direction of the cameraman, ordering him to clear a path...]

CP: She's telling people to get out of her way and I'd listen!

[...and rushes across the ringside area, tossing June upside down and spinefirst into the ringside railing!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO! SPINEFIRST INTO THE RAILING! UPSIDE DOWN AND ALL AROUND!

[June twitches and flails on the floor, grabbing at her lower back as the twisted sister herself, Charisma Knight, falls back against the ringpost, a sadistic smile on her face as Shari Miranda continues to count inside the ring.]

SA: Miranda laying a count on both women... and like we said, this isn't like some of the matches we'll see later tonight. This one has normal AWA rules so a countout, a DQ - totally possible in this one.

CP: But you'd hate to see it. These two - we've been waiting to see them collide for months now - so you want to see a winner in this one and I'm sure they both do too.

SA: I'm sure you're right... and Charisma Knight rolls back in to prove your point.

[But the giggling Knight rolls right back out, wagging a finger at Shari Miranda who waves her back in again.]

SA: Knight breaks the count... and she's right back out there on the floor, pulling June up to her feet...

[Lowering her shoulder into the midsection, Knight drives June backwards, smashing the small of her back into the railing a second time.]

SA: Into the steel again... and Victoria June's gotta find a way to get this back inside the ring, Colt.

CP: She may think she wants a street fight with Charisma Knight but I promise you, she sure doesn't.

[Knight drags June off the railing by the hair, pulling her face close to Knight's as she shouts at her...]

"HOW'S LITTLE KAYLA, VICKIE?! GIVE HER MY LOVE!"

[...and then swings her around to put her back against the ring apron, winding up her right hand...]

SA: Big righ- blocked!

[June returns fire with a right hand of her own... and another... and another...]

SA: And maybe Knight shouldn't have mentioned Kayla Cristol!

[June grabs Knight by the hair, smashing her face down on the apron again!]

SA: FACE DRIVEN DOWN INTO THE APRON AGAIN!

[Knight slumps forward, rolling herself under the ropes...

...but June grabs her by the legs, shaking her head!]

SA: Uh oh! Charisma Knight was trying to get back into the ring but Victoria June's going to have none of it!

[Grabbing both legs, June drags Knight under the ropes to the outside, right into a wheelbarrow position...]

SA: Wait a second! What's this now?! What is she...?!

[June wheelbarrows Knight up off the mat...

...and then THROWS her facefirst down on the barely-padded floor where she BOUNCES off the mat with a sickening splat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: June BOUNCING Charisma Knight off the mat just like Vince Carter used to do down the road back in the day!

[June looks out at the cheering Toronto crowd, nodding at her hometown fans as she points at the downed Knight. She gives Shari Miranda a nod, tossing Knight's prone form under the ropes before climbing up on the apron.]

SA: The Afro Punk rallying a comeback here in front of her hometown of Toronto fans... and you better believe they're hoping to see her put this demon to bed here tonight so June can focus on championship gold in 2018.

CP: June's made it clear that if the AWA rolls out Women's Tag Team Titles, she and Kayla Cristol have got their eyes on them... but Charisma Knight stands in her way of making that happen.

[June steps through the ropes, stalking towards Knight who is again crawling across the ring to get away from her...

...or is she?]

SA: What's this now?

[Knight rolls to her knees, a twisted smile on her face as she slips her hands behind her back, looking up at June...]

"DO IT, VICKIE! DO IT! HIT ME! HIIIIIT MEEEEEE!"

[...and June obliges, smashing a leaping double axehandle down between the eyes, knocking Knight down onto all fours. Another double axehandle follows, down on the back...]

SA: Victoria June hammering Charisma Knight like a nine inch nail as she is more than happy to fulfill Knight's request right there.

CP: Knight trying to get in the head of June... trying to break out that dark side that Knight's been trying to tap into for months now.

SA: She says that Victoria June is just like she and Dr. Leah White... June says she's wrong...

CP: After hearing that story from June, do you really believe Charisma's wrong, Sal?

SA: I think they're very different people in very different situations.

[June grabs Knight by the hair, hauling her up to her feet and laying in a heavy overhead chop to the chest that sends Knight falling back into the corner, her arms hooking over the top rope.]

SA: She's got Knight back in the corner... trapped in the corner perhaps...

[Twisting her body, June slams her elbow back into the side of Knight's head... and again... and again as Miranda orders her to break off the attack once more.]

SA: Shari Miranda is struggling to contain these two. The bitterness and anger is so strong between them with Knight going after Kayla Cristol... with June taking out Dr. Leah White... not to mention everything else they've done to one another. It's going to be incredibly hard to get these two to come anywhere close to abiding by the rules, Colt.

CP: No doubt. Anyone who has ever laced up boots has been there before. The desire to hurt an opponent, to beat 'em up... versus the desire to win the match. Can June hold back enough to get a win and not get disqualified in the process? That's the question, Albano.

[Grabbing the arm, June fires Knight across the ring where she SLAMS into the turnbuckles, staggering out across the ring...

...right into a hard, awkward-looking thrust kick to the midsection that doubles up Knight...]

SA: June goes downstairs... setting up a suplex here...

[But instead of taking Knight up and over, June muscles her up and then DUMPS her facefirst on the mat!]

SA: DROPS HER DOWN! Knight went up high and went down hard!

[Charisms pushes up onto her hands and knees, grimacing as she grabs at her ribs with one hand...

...which is when June BOOTS her in the ribcage as hard as she can, causing Knight to cry out in pain!]

CP: She mighta broke a rib right there! What a kick!

[Knight rolls out, ending up on the apron before dropping off to the floor, holding her midsection again as June glares at her from across the ring...]

SA: And I think Charisma Knight is really starting to get in the head of Victoria June... she keeps dodging her... ducking her... avoiding her...

[June shouts at Knight from inside the ring as Shari Miranda tries to keep her inside the ring...

...and June SHOVES her away to a shocked reaction!]

SA: Uh oh - careful there!

CP: That could get her disqualified!

[The fury on June's face is apparent as Knight leans against the apron...

...and blows a kiss in June's direction.]

SA: Oh no.

[June lets loose a roar as she sprints across the ring, flinging herself between the ropes, and WIPES OUT Charisma Knight with a dive out on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SUICIDE DIVE FROM THE RING TO THE FLOOOOOOOOR!

[June crawls on top of the laid out Knight, grabbing her by the hair...]

CP: Did you see that though, Albano? Charisma didn't even TRY to get out of the way! She took that dive full force even though she saw it coming! She's letting June let even more of that rage out!

[...and SMASHES the back of Knight's head down on the floor!]

SA: OH! The back of her head on those thin mats! That's solid ground underneath them and that's not good news for Charisma Knight!

[June pulls her head off the mats... and SLAMS the back of the head down again!]

SA: Knight's in trouble out there!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Shari Miranda rushes across the ring, sliding out to the floor where she jumps in the fray, pushing June off the downed Knight, waving her arms...]

SA: Shari Miranda looks concerned... and I can't blame her. You want to talk about a possible head injury, getting the back of your head slammed full force on the floor like that would be a surefire way to get one.

CP: Miranda may want to see if Knight can keep going... just like a referee trying to check for a concussion after a QB sack on Sundays.

SA: Victoria June is just fuming, Colt... you can see it burning in her eyes, pacing ringside, waiting to get hands on her again but Shari Miranda is ordering her to stay back while she checks on Knight.

[But the referee check is short-lived as June steps in, bumping Miranda aside again as she pulls Knight to her feet by the hair, scooping her up, slinging her over her shoulder...]

SA: Oh no.

[Miranda's trying to stop her, getting in the way, screaming at her to back down.]

SA: June's trying to ram Knight's head into that steel ringpost but Shari Miranda is trying to stop her!

[Miranda shouts again, waving her arms at the defiant June who waves at her to get out of the way.]

SA: We've got a standoff out here on the floor of the Rogers Centre and-

[With Miranda holding her ground, Knight wriggles her way out of June's grip...]

SA: -NO!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SHOVES June facefirst into the steel ringpost as the referee dives clear to avoid being run down!]

SA: JUNE HITS THE POST! She was trying to send Knight into it but Knight got loose and sent the Afro Punk into the steel ringpost instead!

[June slumps against the ringpost as Knight falls back over towards the railing, cackling madly...]

SA: Shari Miranda trying to get this back in the ring again. She's given these two a lot of leeway out here, trying to let them fight their way to a finish without a countout or a disqualification starting this night off with a bitter taste but they may not be giving her any choice, Colt.

CP: I respect her giving them every opportunity to settle their issue in the ring... or out of the ring... and not being a stickler for the rules. I can relate to that.

SA: Okay, Narcissus.

[Knight pushes up to unsteady feet, a smirk on her face as she looks at June who is stumbling alongside the apron, leaning heavily on it as she tries to stay on her feet.]

SA: June's struggling to keep that vertical base as... what's Knight doing now?

[The crowd grumbles as Charisma reaches over the railing into the front row, screeching at a ringside fan to "GET OUT OF MY WAY!"]

SA: She's berating a front row fan here in the Rogers Centre - hey, they paid a lot of money for those seats!

CP: You never know what might happen when you're in the front row, Albano. Talk about being a part of the action!

[The fan scampers clear, shouting angrily at Knight as she snatches up their collectible SuperClash chair (also available at AWAShop.com) and folds it up in white-knuckled hands.]

SA: She just grabbed that chair! Charisma Knight has that steel chair and-

[Shari Miranda jumps in the way, shouting at Knight.]

SA: The referee just told Knight that if she uses the chair, she WILL be disqualified!

CP: I can't argue that one, Sal. That might be a step too far even for me. This ain't Los Angeles and the guy that ran that place has nothing to do with this one anymore.

[Sal chuckles slightly as Miranda shouts at Knight again who grimaces...

...and then frisbee throws the chair over the ropes, sending it bouncing off the canvas inside the ring.]

SA: Chair's in the ring... and Shari Miranda's on her way to get it...

[But as the official turns her back, Knight goes charging across the ringside area, rushing towards a stunned Victoria June...

...but the Afro Punk desperately crouches low, pushing the charging Knight up into the air and over her head where Knight lands delicately on the ring apron, snapping a kick back into the back of June's head!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

[June stumbles forward towards the railing as Knight swings around, taking aim at June...]

SA: Knight's measuring up June and-

[...and LEAPS off as June twists around, tucking her knees up...]

SA: -METEORA!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and June dives clear at the last moment, causing Knight to whiff on the double knees, SMASHING both legs awkwardly into the barely-padded floor!]

SA: SHE MISSED! SHE MISSED! June got out of the way and-

CP: Her knees hit the... not the concrete but just about. There's no give in this floor. You hear the phrase "the unforgiving floor" - well, that's on target here as much as Knight was OFF target here. Both knees JAMMED into the unforgiving floor and...

[June nods to the cheering Toronto crowd, pulling a screaming Knight off the floor by the hair, tossing her under the ropes into the ring, rolling in after her.]

SA: Knight's screaming in agony, wailing in pain and... my goodness, I wonder what kind of damage she just suffered to those knees, Colt.

CP: That's not normal pain. That's serious injury pain.

[Knight is down on her chest, crying out repeatedly as she grabs at her knees. June steps closer, standing right behind her as Shari Miranda kneels down to ask Knight if she can continue...]

SA: We're trying to hear... I think Miranda is asking Knight if she can go on...

[...but before Knight can answer, June steps on the back of one of Knight's knees, causing her to cry out again as June wraps Knight's leg around her own to keep it there...]

SA: Oh!

CP: What a sadistic move out of June... putting all 158 pounds on that injured knee...

SA: And now she does the other one!

[June stands, looking out at the crowd who are starting to become a little more mixed in their reaction. Miranda straightens up, shouting at June, trying to get her to step off the injured knees...]

...but instead, June leaps up, DRIVING both knees down into the canvas as Knight screams in pain again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[June steps back, watching as Knight rolls over onto her back, cradling both legs to her torso as the Afro Punk looks out on the crowd... again reacting with mostly cheers but there are some boos peeking through.]

SA: Victoria June looking out on this sold out Toronto crowd... her hometown fans letting her hear it a little... and if she didn't like hearing it in Atlanta, you know she doesn't like it here tonight in her hometown.

[June's eyes narrow, almost a squint as she takes several deep breaths while Miranda checks to see if Knight can continue...]

...and then June turns slightly, looking down at the steel chair that Knight tossed into the ring that's still on the canvas...]

SA: Oh no.

CP: June might be REALLY about to finish this, Albano.

SA: Don't do it, June... it's not worth it! She's had enough!

CP: Oh, I think Victoria June's gonna decide if Charisma Knight's had enough, Sal... and I like it! I like this side of Victoria June!

[The crowd is buzzing as June steps towards the chair, still looking down at it...]

SA: Victoria June staring at that steel chair that... well, Charisma Knight threw it into the ring and that makes me wonder if Knight laid a trap for June!

CP: I certainly wouldn't put it past her, Albano.

[...and slowly leans down, grabbing the chair in one hand and straightening up with it as the crowd reacts with surprise? Disappointment?]

SA: June's got the steel chair in her hand... still looking at these fans... maybe feeling some conflict about what comes next...

[June steps closer to the downed Knight who has rolled onto her rear end, cringing as she grabs at her knees...

...and her eyes go wide as she looks up at the chair-wielding Afro Punk.]

SA: Look at her face! Look at Charisma! She's spotted the chair and-

[June stands over her, Shari Miranda jumping in front of her, shaking her head and holding her arms out to keep June back.]

SA: Shari Miranda making it clear that if June uses the chair, this match is over, Colt!

CP: But is that getting through to June?! Does she even care at this point?!

[The Afro Punk edges closer, menacing Knight as she looks up through pain-filled eyes at her rival...

...and smiles.]

SA: What in the... she's smiling?! Her knees have been pulverized and she's smiling?!

CP: This is what she's wanted all along, Albano!

SA: It is but...

[June steps closer again, raising the chair slightly which causes Shari Miranda to step back out of the way, shaking her head fervently.]

SA: Miranda's begging her to put the chair down...

CP: Be careful what you ask for - she might put it down on Knight's head!

SA: June's fighting it! You can see it on her face, Colt!

[June grimaces, closing her eyes tightly, shaking her head as Knight can be heard off-mic shouting "DO IT, VICKIE! DO IT!"

SA: Don't do it, Victoria! Fight it!

[She puffs out her cheeks, breathing sharply as June's knuckles go white gripping the chair and Knight nods her head enthusiastically, waving an arm to call for the killshot.]

SA: The Afro Punk is trying to hang on... trying to hold back that stranger as she called it from rearing their head...

[June suddenly lets loose a shout, rearing the chair back over her head...]

SA: NO!

[...and swings it down, down, down...

...until coming to a sudden halt just inches away from Knight's head!]

SA: What?!

[The crowd buzzes with confusion...

...and then ROARS as June turns away, throwing the chair down to the canvas.]

SA: She did it! She held off!

CP: Gaaaah. Such a waste.

[June turns back to the downed Knight, reaching down to pull her up to her feet...

...where Knight suddenly gouges the eyes!]

SA: OH! TO THE EYES!

[Knight snatches June around the head and neck, ready to drive her down to the canvas with One Bad Day...]

SA: She's got her! She's got June hooked!

[...but June brings a hand up, grabbing Knight around the wrist...]

SA: NO! JUNE'S FIGHTING IT! SHE'S FIGHTING IT!

[...pulling the arm from around her head and neck, creating some distance between Knight and June...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which allows the Afro Punk to SLAM her skull into Knight's, breaking the grip completely as Knight falls back...]

SA: JUNE BREAKS FREE!

[...and June lunges low, scooping Knight up into her powerful arms...]

SA: SHE'S GOT HER UP ANNNNNNNND...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES her down to the canvas with a thunderous front powerslam!]

SA: ...DOWWWWWWN!

[June stays atop Knight, reaching back for a leg...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT ISSSSSSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[June rolls off the downed Knight, sitting up on the mat, a relieved expression on her face.]

SA: Victoria June has done it! She has fought down her demons! She has beat back temptation! And best of all, she has conquered Charisma Knight and sent that she-witch down to the depths!

[The crowd - also relieved by June holding true to herself - is back to mostly cheers now, letting the Toronto girl hear it in a big way.]

SA: The fans in the Rogers Centre are on their feet, saluting one of their own as Victoria June defeats Charisma Knight here in the Main Event on the Pre-Game Power Hour! We're out of time! We've got so much more to come tonight on SuperClash! All the title matches! All the grudge matches! Steal The Spotlight! WarGames! Detson defending the gold against James and Supernova! It's gonna be a night to remember for a long, long time, fans! It's not too late... you've still got time to join us on Pay Per View in... five... four... three... two... one... SEE YOU AT SUPERCLASH!

[June climbs to her feet, her arms raised with a big grin on her face as we fade to black.]