

(OWA Intro plays)

('Adrenaline' by Shinedown plays as the camera swings around the Pechanga Arena and an impressive pyro display goes off.)

Mark Stephens: WE ARE LIVE! THIS IS OLYMPUS! WE'RE IN THE PECHANGA ARENA IN SAN DIEGO AND WHAT A NIGHT WE HAVE!

Donny Diamond: I can't wait to get into it! We've got new talent showing up all over the board and we're gonna learn about the fate of some of our champions!

Daniel Wilson: What the hell are we waiting for? Let's get it done!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Jamison Pierce: The following contest is scheduled for one fall!

('Loyal to No One' by Dropkick Murphys picks up to boos. The Boston Bruiser angrily walks to the ring, looking intense and ready for a fight.)

Jamison Pierce: Introducing first, from Boston, Massachusetts, weighing in at 380 lbs...THE BOSTON BRUUUUIISEEERRR!!

Mark Stephens: Time to kick the night off with a match that is sure to be a car crash in wrestling form. And I don't mean that in a bad way, I mean that in a "We're about to see two men destroy each other" kinda way!

Donny Diamond: Little is known about this man, but he's big, he's tough, and he wants to destroy anybody who gets in his way!

Daniel Wilson: This guy reminds me of The Mountain from Game of Thrones, we're about to see skulls get crushed!

('Skinned' by Blind Melon plays to more boos, as The Derelict marches to the ring with a purpose.)

Jamison Pierce: Aaaand his opponent, weighing in at 315 lbs...THE DERELICT!!!

Mark Stephens: Last time we saw this man, he and Jake Keeton tried to kill one another, ending their match in a no contest that had to be broken up by security!

Donny Diamond: Something tells me we haven't seen the end of The Derelict's rivalry with Jake, but tonight, he has to focus on one of the only men in OWA who proves a match to him physically.

Daniel Wilson: I know it's hard to believe, but Derelict's actually giving up 65 lbs to the Bruiser! He is at a power disadvantage probably for the first time in his life!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Mark Stephens: Both of these giants square up to one another in the middle of the ring. Bruiser is 6'7, Derelict is 6'8. They're both towering figures and are nose-to-nose right now! Bruiser sends the first shot with a headbutt square into The Derelict's face! And Derelict staggers back! He looks rattled by that shot! Blood is pouring out of his nose, I think it might be broken! The Boston Bruiser has drawn first blood and has a wicked smile on his face, Derelict may have met his match!

Donny Diamond: I think that just made him angry though! Derelict sends a big boot straight into Bruiser's face! Bruiser staggers as his neck is whipped back but he quickly stands his ground! He just tanked a big boot from Derelict!

Daniel Wilson: It would appear that these two giants are at a stalemate. They're now circling each other, blood running from Derelict's nose, a cut underneath the left eye of the Bruiser, we've only just begun and they're already wearing battle scars! Now the Bruiser is putting his right hand up in the air, looks like he's challenging Derelict to a test of strength!

Mark Stephens: Derelict obliges, locking his fingers with the right hand and doing the same with the left, these two behemoths are now entrenched in a Greco Roman knuckle lock! They're both pushing with all their might, neither man budging! Bruiser's weight advantage is being counter acted by the slight height and reach advantage of Derelict, who's able to put more leverage on the hold!

Donny Diamond: But the Bruiser sends another headbutt into that damaged nose! Derelict gives up his advantage as Bruiser pushes him into the corner, breaks the hold and starts sending shoulder barges into the ribs of Derelict! One after another!

Buddy Taylor: ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! Come on, Bruiser! Out of the corner!

Daniel Wilson: Bruiser lets up and screams in the face of that idiot Buddy Taylor! What the hell does he think he's doing? You don't tell a man like that what to do! I think he just crapped his pants!

Donny Diamond: Better him than a fan in the crowd, I suppose.

Daniel Wilson: What?

Donny Diamond: Oh, nothing.

Mark Stephens: Derelict's clutching his mid-section and coughs up some blood, looks like Bruiser might have caused some internal injuries there! Derelict stumbles out of the corner as Bruiser hits the ropes and connects with a lariat! But Derelict's still making his way to his

feet and Bruiser's not looking happy with his resilience, he grabs Derelict by the waste and looks to be attempting a German...but Derelict sends a swift elbow right into the cut under the eye! It appears to have worsened as Bruiser grabs the wound and tries to stop the blood from flowing out...OH AND DERELICT IS NOW GOUGING AT THE EYE! THIS IS HARD TO WATCH!

Daniel Wilson: He's gonna blind him! Jesus Christ!

Donny Diamond: But Bruiser grabs Derelict with all his might and OH MY GOD! HE'S HOISTED HIM UP WITH HIS BARE HANDS! HE'S GOT HIM UP IN A GORILLA PRESS! HE IS HOLDING A 315 LB MAN OVER HIS HEAD! AND HE DROPS DERELICT STRAIGHT DOWN! DERELICT BOUNCES OFF THE MAT! HE MUST HAVE FELL NINE OR TEN FEET!

Mark Stephens: Boston Bruiser is making a hell of a first impression here, he's dominating the dominant, he's making a statement against one of the most imposing physical presences on Olympus! Bruiser hooks the leg for the cover!

Buddy Taylor: ONNNEEEEE!!!!

TWWWOOOO!!!!!!

Donny Diamond: A thunderous kickout from Derelict! Bruiser even looks a little surprised at how emphatic that was! Now he's pulling Derelict up and throws him back towards the corner, goes for a big run-up, but Derelict sidesteps and hurls Bruiser shoulder-fist into the post! Bruiser is growling in pain like a damn animal!

Daniel Wilson: Derelict's created an opening for himself as he instantly mauls Bruiser with forearms! And now that moron Buddy Taylor's tryna get Derelict off of him!

Buddy Taylor: You've gotta pull back!

Mark Stephens: Derelict obliges, but he takes Bruiser with him, pulling him by the head and...OH GOD HE'S BITING THE CUT UNDER THE EYE! THE DERELICT IS BITING THAT CUT UNDERNEATH THE BRUISER'S EYE! THAT IS HORRIFYING!

Donny Diamond: The Derelict is on a whole other level of sick! The Boston Bruiser's blood is trickling down Derelict's mouth, and that cut under Bruiser's eye is bleeding profusely! Derelict smells blood in the water as his opponent's on his knees, big Polish Hammer! Bruiser is still on his knees...in fact, he's made his way up to one knee, Derelict hits the ropes and meets Bruiser with a clothesline! But Bruiser shrugs it off! What in God's name is this man made of?!

Daniel Wilson: He's not freaking human!

Mark Stephens: Derelict's staring at his opponent in utter disbelief...and Bruiser's telling him that he wants some more, so Derelict hits the ropes again and goes for another clothesline, Bruiser ducks and hits the ropes himself...spear! They meet in the middle and Bruiser connects with a massive spear! I think Derelict just got knocked out of his boots! Cover!

Buddy Taylor: ONNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!

TWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

THHHHHRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!

Donny Diamond: NO! DERELICT KICKS OUT AGAIN! BRUISER CAN'T BELIEVE THIS! HE'S IRATE!

Daniel Wilson: Wouldn't you be?!

Mark Stephens: Bruiser's royally pissed, and now he's dragging Derelict towards the corner. Derelict looks out of this one, I think he's done! Bruiser climbs up to the top rope...I think he's gonna drop himself on top of Derelict! 380 lbs about to crash down on another human being!

Donny Diamond: No! Derelict's up! And he's clawing at Bruiser's eyes from behind! That bad eye's coming into play and saving the match for Derelict! Bruiser's spun around and is sitting on the top rope, wildly swatting as he tries to find Derelict...AND DERELICT WITH A BIG BOOT! BRUISER KNOCKED THROUGH A LOOP!

Daniel Wilson: Holy hell! Derelict's got Bruiser up on his shoulders! How is he lifting that weight?!

Mark Stephens: BOX CAR BUSTER! HE CONNECTS WITH THE BOX CAR BUSTER!

Donny Diamond: HE JUST HIT A MUSCLE BUSTER ON A 380 LB MAN! HE MOVES TO COVER!

Buddy Taylor: ONNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

TWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THHHHHRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

('Skinned' by Blind Melon plays as a tired but determined Derelict rises to his feet, covered in both his blood and Bruiser's.)

Jamison Pierce: Here is your winner...THE DERELIICCCTTT!!

Mark Stephens: The Boston Bruiser made a hell of an impact in his debut and came within inches of defeating Derelict. But in the end, the towering behemoth overcame someone who posed a true physical threat.

Daniel Wilson: He's certainly got back the momentum he needed after how his last match ended, God help anyone who stands in his way.

Donny Diamond: Gotta wonder what he'll be eyeing next, whether it be a title or- WAIT, WHO THE HELL IS THAT?!

(The crowd fall silent as a towering figure appears in the ring, he has at least two inches on Derelict. It's Schizm, with his manger Amaranth at ringside.)

Mark Stephens: I know who this is! This is Schizm! A lot of people have been talking about this guy, and his manager, Amaranth is with him. These two are apparently inseparable, I guess they're here on Olympus!

Daniel Wilson: But what business does he have with Derelict? The crazy thing is that he's actually taller than him! Derelict's looking up at this man!

Donny Diamond: SCHIZM DROPS DERELICT WITH A SPINNING ROUNDHOUSE! DID YOU HEAR THE CRACK AS HIS BOOT CONNECTED WITH HIS HEAD?! DERELICT CAUGHT THAT RIGHT ON THE BROKEN NOSE! DERELICT DROPS LIKE A SACK OF POTATOES!

(Amaranth rolls into the ring and stands next to Schizm, who stared down the hard cam with murderous intent in his eyes.)

Mark Stephens: Just what does this mean for Olympus? Schizm has chosen to debut in a big way and has forced himself into matters that do not concern him. There will no doubt be repercussions, but for now, he's standing tall amid the waste of the war between Derelict and Bruiser!

('Not For Radio' by Nas kicks in to a divided reception, veering on the side of boos. Maggall arrogantly struts to the ring with his TV title slung over his shoulder, paying no mind to the negative response he's receiving from most of the crowd.)

Jamison Pierce: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome THE OWA TELEVISION CHAMPION...MAGGALL!!

Mark Stephens: Maggall certainly has every reason to be happy with himself. Two weeks ago, he had probably the most dominant defence of the Television Title that we've seen from anybody who's held it.

Donny Diamond: He exerted his will and showcased that he intends to be champ for a very long time. I can't think of anybody that can stop such an aggressive, violent being.

Daniel Wilson: He put the entire locker room on notice: do not come for his crown, you won't like what awaits you.

(Maggall stands in the centre of the ring, mic in hand, smiling at his position.)

Maggall: It would seem that I am right where I need to be. That's right, I ain't gone where nobody's told me to go. And I DAMN sure ain't in a place I don't wanna be in. Oh no, brothers and sisters, I am standing tall. I am standing PROUD. I am standing here...champion. You see, taking this here strap off of that sucka Carlos Rosso wasn't enough, children. Oh no, that was merely the sign that times they are a changin'. That's right. I do not do what any man tells me. I do not bend to the will of those who call themselves masters. I'm here to break the chain and rule over all I see. And unlike that dumb dragon bitch from a certain television show on Home Box Office, I plan on living to tell the tale.

(Portions of the crowd who haven't seen the Game of Thrones finale yet begin to boo up a storm.)

Maggall: Oh come on! It's been two weeks! How the hell have you all avoided spoilers for this long? Whatever, Season 8 sucked ass anyway. My point is that it doesn't matter who comes. Take Jordan Rattler, for instance. What in the Hell did that little white boy do to earn an opportunity at my title? Sweet nothin'! I get it, I get it. This title is to be defended on television. And defend I did. I beat that pasty ass cracker within an inch of his goddamn life! Doubt we'll be seeing his butt on Olympus again. Maybe he can work Odyssey, seeing as he's a lil bitch. What I did to that kid was a warning shot. Because as we all know, a shot at this belt can come a knockin' at any given moment. It wasn't too long ago that one Mr. Gareth Cason defended this title three weeks in a row. The foundation he laid for this championship holds to this very day, and many say that no champion since has surpassed his reign. To that, I say it's time for a new king to be coronated. Let me tell you, the next man who steps in this ring with me is gonna-

(There is a HUGE pop as Maggall is cut off by the sounds of 'Stormbringer' by contRoVersy. A determined Layne Kurobane marches to the ring, as Maggall stares a whole through the former Spartan Champion.)

Mark Stephens: Layne Kurobane is here! I'm still getting used to seeing his face on Friday nights, but boy am I glad of it!

Donny Diamond: But is it a mistake to invoke the wrath of Maggall?

Daniel Wilson: Of course it's a mistake! Has Layne taken leave of his senses?!

(There is an enthusiastic response as Layne rolls into the ring and immediately gets in the face of Maggall, who doesn't look too pleased to see him out here.)

Maggall: Ain't you got no manners, boy?! The champ is talking! Unlike you, I left Final Destination with a title! Stay in your lane, Layne!

Layne Kurobane: I didn't come to Friday nights to watch you run your mouth and talk about how great you are after a single defence against a kid who's been here for a cup of coffee. I came here to face the best and to beat the best. For 204 days, I reigned as Spartan Champion. The longest reign in that title's history by far. I defeated everybody in my path and now I've set myself a new goal, one that you happen to be the key to achieving. I wasn't too thrilled with leaving Final Destination empty handed, but I plan on rectifying that very, very soon...by becoming the first person to have held both the OWA Spartan and Television Championships!

Crowd: YES! YES! YES! YES!

Maggall: Oh, is that how it is, huh? You think that because you held some bullshit, fake ass belt on a show that I don't even watch, that means you can make demands? Who the hell do you think you are? You're in no position to ask for anything. You've had what, one match here? You think that means you skip ahead in the line? That ain't how this works.

Layne Kurobane: You literally just said that the next challenger could be anyone-

Maggall: SILENCE! No, you're not going to ask and you're not going to get. But what you will receive is an offer, because I am a generous, giving man, loved the world over. You want your shot at the gold? You've got it, on the next episode of-

Layne Kurobane: Wait just a minute, don't be getting ahead of yourself, now. I never said I wanted to face you here on Olympus, did I? I feel like a match between us is a pretty big deal, if you don't mind me saying so. It needs to be showcased on a big stage. It needs to be a colossal encounter that can only be contained at a show where we must just reach our...what's the phrase I'm looking for here? Fever pitch? No, that's not it. Limit breaker? No, that's one of my moves...help me out here, Maggall...

Maggall: SHUT YO DUMB ASS UP! I GET THE PICTURE! THEN YOU GOT IT! ME VS. YOU FOR THIS...AT BOILING POINT!

Layne Kurobane: That was it!

Mark Stephens: OH MY GOD! LAYNE KUROBANE WITH THE SONG OF STORMS! MAGGALL GOES DOWN! THE CROWD ARE ON THEIR FEET!

Daniel Wilson: WHAT HAS LAYNE JUST DONE?! THAT IS BOUND TO HAVE REPERCUSSIONS!

(The crowd roar as 'Stormbringer' by contRoVersy picks up again. Layne rolls out of the ring and high fives the fans, as a seething Maggall gets to his knees, staring daggers at Kurobane.)

Donny Diamond: I cannot WAIT to see these two go at it...assuming they do. I mean, won't Maggall have to defend his title between now and then?

Mark Stephens: It's that confidence that has carried him to gold thus far, I can see him running through everybody if it means getting to Layne! We'll be right back with more action, including an Olympus debut, right after this short break!

(COMMERCIAL -- Relive the stunning first season of OWA Olympus with the brand new Blu-Ray set, Olympus: The Definitive Collection. This limited edition, three-disc steelbook box-set features a collection of the most definitive matches and moments from OWA's premier Friday night showcase, including the Scorched Earth supershow in its entirety! Pre-order now!)

(COMMERCIAL -- Be sure to check out this year's Wrestling Music Awards, presented by Nathan Fiora. The date depends entirely on when he actually wants to do them.)

(DING! DING! DING!)

Jamison Pierce: The following one on one contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!

Crowd: ONE FALL!

("Enjoy The Silence" by Depeche Mode hits the PA System as Étienne Laurent makes his way through the curtains with a scowl on his face as the crowd boos. He slowly walks down the ramp, getting into the face of one of the audience members before backing up and making his way to the ring. He climbs up the steel steps and enters the ring, taunting the crowd for booing him.)

Jamison Pierce: Introducing first, from Queens, New York... weighing in at 196 lbs!! ÉTIENNNEEEEE LAAAUURENTTT!!!!

Donny Diamond: Étienne was really impressive when he debuted in Season 1 of OWA, coming really close to winning the OWA Cruiserweight Championship. But ever since that opportunity, Étienne has been going back and forth up the wrestling ladder, per say. On the last show, he teamed up with Dax Staley in a losing effort against the new joiners in The Mavericks Inc.

Daniel Wilson: Étienne may not have had the start that he wanted with his OWA career but things could definitely change as it does with this business.

Mark Stephens: Absolutely! There's no doubt about Étienne's wrestling capabilities. And tonight, all of that will be on showcase as he goes up against a huge signing for OWA, April Song!

("Insane" by Centaur engulfs the arena as April Song bursts through the curtains full of energy, to a loud ovation from the crowd. She makes eye contact with her opponent in the ring as she slowly makes down the ramp, as a smirk is plastered over her face. She walks up to a fan holding a "Fuck Matsuda" sign nodding in approval, before springing up to the apron and making her way to the ring.)

Jamison Pierce: And his opponent, from Colorado Springs, Colorado... Weighing in at 120 lbs!! She is the "KILLER BEE" , APPRILLLLL SOOONNNNGGGG!!!!

Mark Stephens: Everybody was excited to see April Song back again in OWA after her amazing performance against Azumi Goto for the OWA Women's Championship. April had promised OWA fans that she'll be back after she handles her business in LAW and Season 2 is just the beginning she was looking for.

Donny Diamond: Not only is April Song back in OWA, she is making her Olympus debut tonight!

Daniel Wilson: April Song is an accomplished wrestler to say the very least, so Étienne better bring his A Game tonight or else he'll be done for.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Mark Stephens: Referee Buddy Taylor rings the bell as April and Étienne circle each other in the ring. Étienne might have the strength advantage, but the technical prowess of April Song is something he'd have to look out for.

Donny Diamond: You never know. April is a former USAF Pilot. For all we know, she might have the strength advantage here. Either way, Étienne rushes in for a headlock, which April slips out taking out Étienne's legs along the way planting him face first on the mat!

Daniel Wilson: That was smooth! April Song tries to lock Étienne's feet for a Surfboard I'd assume but Étienne does his best to free himself and get back to his feet. He realises that he shouldn't be taking April lightly as her submissions are lethal, no matter how big you are.

Mark Stephens: April keeps her distance from Étienne with the help of quick kicks to the knees of Étienne. Whenever he tries to rush in for a takedown, April is quick to sidestep and weaken his knee with a kick each time. Étienne might have to go aggressive here or otherwise his knees will eventually give out!

Donny Diamond: Étienne baits her out with attempt a takedown sidestepping her and catching her with a dropkick right to the temple! That was smart!

Mark Stephens: Étienne quickly picks April up for a German Suplex with a bridge!

Buddy Taylor: ONNNEEEEE!!! TWWWOOOO-

Daniel Wilson: April kicks out before the two count. Étienne doesn't waste any time though, as he quickly picks up April's arm and twists it over, before dropping a leg on it! Ouch! Étienne says two can play the submission game as he seems to be weakening April's arm to set up for the Guernica.

Mark Stephens: Étienne springs back to his feet still holding on to April's arm and does a forward roll forcing April to get back to her feet.... ARMDRAG. In one single motion, Étienne has April down on the canvas once again.

Donny Diamond: Both competitors get back to their feet. Étienne follows up with a kick to the gut and a DDT! Cover!

Buddy Taylor: ONNNEEEEE!!! TWWWOOOO!

Daniel Wilson: April kicks out at two. Étienne has done well so far to minimize the offense from April. He picks up April and sends her flying into the corner. RUNNING DROPKICK-NO! Sidestepped by April as Étienne goes over the top rope and hits the ring post. That didn't look good.

Donny Diamond: Étienne is grabbing on to his knee as Buddy steps in to check on him. He seems okay to continue as April rushes in with a double leg takedown. She continues to target the leg of Étienne dropping an elbow on to it. She turns Étienne over for a single-leg Boston Crab!

Daniel Wilson: Étienne's knee is being hyperextended to its limit as he tries to use his free leg to turn over.... And he does. April gets pushed away as Étienne pulls him closer to the ropes. OH! A KICK TO THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD FLOORS ÉTIENNE. COVER!

Buddy Taylor: ONNNEEE!!! TWWWOOOO!!!! T-

Mark Stephens: Étienne manages to stay in it but April smartly forced him to kick out of the targeted leg, weakening it even further. April grabs Étienne by his leg forcing him to get back up while holding on... Dragonscrew! She holds on. She folds his leg over, wraps it around for the PRISON LOCK. IT'S LOCKED IN! ÉTIENNE IS IN A WORLD OF PAIN RIGHT NOW AS HE TRIES TO SIT UPRIGHT TO STRIKE APRIL. APRIL KNOCKS HIM BACK DOWN TO THE CANVAS WITH A PALM STRIKE! THIS MIGHT BE OVER HERE! COME ON!

Donny Diamond: But Étienne isn't giving up! He uses all his strength to drag himself closer to the ropes... And he does! April breaks the hold only to drag him to the middle of the ring. She grabs his leg once again... BUT WHAT IS THIS. SMALL PACKAGE BY ÉTIENNE.

Buddy Taylor: ONNNEEE!!! TWWWOOOO!!!! THREE-

Mark Stephens: Étienne almost got away with it but April manages to kick out in time. April rushes in for a forearm strike but Étienne ducks under. Kick to the gut by Étienne doubles April over. He quickly floats behind April for a GERMAN SUPLEX. NO! APRIL LANDS ON HER FEET. RUNNING DOUBLE FOOTSTOMP TO THE GROUNDED ÉTIENNE!

Daniel Wilson: The force of the stomp forced Étienne back to an upright position ONLY TO BE CAUGHT WITH A PENALTY KICK BY APRIL SONG! She hooks his leg for the cover!

Buddy Taylor: ONNNEEE!!! TWWWOOOO!!!! THREEEE-

Donny Diamond: Étienne barely manages to kick out. April picks Étienne who is groggy after the last few strikes... NO WAIT! HE CATCHES APRIL WITH A BRUTAL FOREARM STRIKE. He Irish whips her to the corner before running in with A SPLASH!

Mark Stephens: LOOK AT THAT. APRIL JUST LOCKS HIS KNEE USING HER SHIN AS SHE ROLLS OVER FOR A CALF KILLER. WOW! SHE JUST LOCKS HIS OTHER ANKLE BEHIND HER BACK. SHE CALLS THIS THE INVASION OF THE IMPERIAL GRAND FLEET. ÉTIENNE MIGHT BE DONE FOR HERE.

Donny Diamond: I've got to give props to Étienne for holding out for this long. I do not think a body is supposed to be bent and twisted around like that. Étienne might have no choice but to tap to prevent serious injury here. I think April realizes that Étienne is not tapping out despite the pain he is going through. In fact, Étienne is trying to drag himself and April closer to the ropes to force a break!

Mark Stephens: Wait.. April let's go! NO! She floats over for behind Étienne who is on all fours. SHE TRAPS HIS ARM AND LOCKS IN THE KILLER CLUTCH. ÉTIENNE IS DONE FOR... HE'S GOT TO TAP... AND HE DOES! ÉTIENNE TAPS! HE TAPS!

(DING! DING! DING!)

("Fly Away" Instrumental hits the PA System as April gets back to her feet and Buddy raises her arm in victory. She has a smirk of satisfaction on her face as Buddy checks on Étienne. She climbs up to the top turnbuckle as the crowd cheer her on.)

Jamison Pierce: HERE'S YOUR WINNER BY SUBMISSION, APRRRILLLLL SOOOONNGGGG!!!!!!

Daniel Wilson: What an impressive victory for April Song tonight on here Friday Nights debut! She just tapped out a former number one contender to the Cruiserweight Championship. I don't know what Scott Oasis has in mind for championship shots, but this could very well lead her down the path to the Cruiserweight title.

Donny Diamond: April has shown how dangerous her submissions can be tonight as Étienne still struggles to get back to his feet. Though, I still hand it to him for lasting as long as he did after that awkward spill over the top rope. He was tough... But April Song proved tougher tonight.

Mark Stephens: Never count out a former mercenary. April Song has made a statement tonight!

Daniel Wilson: Speaking of statements, we have the Tag Team Champions, The Dollhouse blessing us with their presence and I cannot wait!

Donny Diamond: Of course you can't.

D-O-L-L-H-O-U-S-E

("Playtime" by contRoVersy plays all throughout the Pechanga Arena as the crowd erupts with boos while Sweet Roxy - carrying ½ of the OWA Openweight Tag Team Championships and wearing a Barbie Doll mask - makes her way out to the stage next to DiVa - carrying ½ of the OWA Openweight Tag Team Championships and wearing a Baby Doll mask - as they both introduce Jonetta Stone to join them - carrying the Women's Tag Team Championships and wearing an Ivory Doll mask - as all make their way down to the ring)

Donny Diamond: For the first time since before Final Destination, the newly-crowned Openweight Tag Team Champions have made their presence known, and it seems as though they've gained a brand new addition that we first witnessed at the Draft.

Daniel Wilson: Not just any new addition, Donny! That's Jonetta Stone! A prolific hunter and one of the most beautiful women in the World, so it shouldn't be a surprise that she's allied with The Dollhouse to form perhaps the most dominant trio in the history of this company and professional wrestling period!

Mark Stephens: Don't worry, we've already heard all about her if you follow The Dollhouse in any capacity. They've gone out of their way to make sure the whole World knows about anything and everything involving them, but let's take a look about what brings them here tonight.

(A brief recap is shown of the Dollhouse Match for the Openweight Tag Team Championships at Final Destination; culminating in Roxy escaping to successfully win the Championships for The Dollhouse)

Donny Diamond: You can say what you will about them, but it was a very impressive victory that not only took endurance, but even the skill to overcome four other opponents that wanted to ensure they were humiliated in their own match.

(The camera cuts back to the ring where The Dollhouse is shown in the middle of it, posing together with their Championships before slowly removing their doll masks)

Daniel Wilson: Beauty and brains! What more could you ask for? It's an atrocity that these women don't get the props that they truly deserve, but I'm sure they'll get it tonight... Just not from these obnoxious fans.

Mark Stephens: Right... They're the obnoxious ones...

(The Dollhouse demand microphones and chairs for each of them as crew members hurry to get in the ring and set it all up for them while the crowd continues to boo)

Donny Diamond: Not sure what they seem to have going on with this...

(Each member of The Dollhouse take a seat in a chair with a microphone in hand)

Sweet Roxy: Alright, everyone. Now don't worry, alright? We're not going to go out of our way to ask for some parade or even a celebration despite how deserving we are of one. We're not even gonna ask for a moment of praise for becoming the FIRST EVER female tag team in the entire history of this pathetic company to become the OWA Openweight Tag Team Champions! A feat that could have been achieved by Olympus' so-called "World Champion" Tarah Nova if she didn't build a career on needing help from her boytoys to get anything accomplished! But The Dollhouse isn't about that. We celebrate female empowerment. We embrace the fact that we ARE women and we don't need men at our side "supporting" us, aka doing all the work for us. Whether anyone in this company or watching out there wants to admit it or not, The Dollhouse is the most innovative and important piece of this company and all of you in this arena, watching at home, and ESPECIALLY all the others in the back and in charge of this company should be bowing down and asking not what else we can do for them, but what THEY can do for US.

(The boos grow steadily louder as Sweet Roxy holds up the microphone for the crowd while The Dollhouse collectively shake their heads in disappointment)

Sweet Roxy: That speaks volumes of how much The Dollhouse is appreciated. But that's how it's always been, isn't it? I mean ever since The Dollhouse first came along, we've been underutilized and overlooked. People forget that I was the first person to put this company's now stained Women's Championship on the map, and I have done nothing but go out of my way to continue to blaze a trail for all women since then, but everyone would rather talk about Tarah Nova or Aria Jaxon and watch their token "strong women" main event and carry their World Championships. Everything The Dollhouse has, we've taken by force like TRUE strong women, and did it while being beautiful, which is something Tarah and Aria could never hope to achieve. So don't worry, we don't need your pointless praise. We won't even ask you to help us properly welcome our dear friend and newest member and newly crowned ⅓ of the OWA Openweight Tag Team Champions AND ⅓ of the Women's Tag Team Champions, Jonetta Stone!

(Jonetta grins as the crowd boos)

Jonetta Stone: Thank you, Roxy, but it's alright. I've become accustomed to being surrounded by ungrateful little protesters that don't understand why it is I do what I do. They watch me carry around my rightful prizes and trophies that I myself have hunted down and killed, and what do they do? They hate me for it. They claim that it's wrong to hurt these beautiful animals and take their heads and take their skins for my own, but how do they think I have the ability to do that? Human beings are at the top of the food chain, just like The Dollhouse is in this company. I am more beautiful than any filthy animal, so I take from them

what they should have willingly given up. I've learned that it's not a moral high ground these people stand on, but nothing more than a platform of jealousy! They're jealous to see someone so gorgeous be so talented and strong and get these nice things! They're jealous to see me walk around in furs they could never hope to afford and can't take themselves, and now they're doing it again when they see me become a reigning and defending double Champion before I even stepped inside an OWA ring! They're jealous of me, and they're jealous of The Dollhouse!

(DiVa smiles and claps while the crowd boos louder)

DiVa: Oh my gosh! She is so pretty! Some people just can't handle that, but it's okay! The Dollhouse will keep moving forward and doing their bestest to make sure that all women feel their strength and beauty, even though they could never hope to achieve it! They don't need to, and they never have! The Dollhouse aren't double Tag Team Champions to inspire others to become Champions themselves! The Dollhouse is here to inspire the rest of the World to support The Dollhouse so they can win even more championships and be the leaders that everyone deserves!

Sweet Roxy: That's right, and that started at Final Destination when we did EXACTLY what we said we could and became the OWA Openweight Tag Team Champions. We're in the driver's seat now and there's nothing that any of you people can do about it. So we can just show up, and sit in this ring, and discuss ourselves or maybe even discuss this company's Tag Team Division just as advertised. Alright, girls, let's discuss the OWA Tag Team Division...

(Roxy, Jonetta, and DiVa all stare at each other in silence for several seconds... Before bursting into laughter)

Sweet Roxy: I'm sorry! I just realized! There isn't a Tag Team Division! We've dominated and destroyed them all! There's nobody of note left to dethrone us! We're destined to be Tag Team DOUBLE Champions forever! But hey, it's not all bad! We'll do what The Dollhouse naturally does, and we'll come out here every week and remind you that we are the Queens of this company, and we will entertain you. For instance, tier lists are popular nowadays, right? So since there's no existing Tag Team Division to address after all, why don't we run down a tier list of ALL the tag teams in this company up to now!

DiVa: YAY! I love these!

(A tier list ranked from S to F is shown on the titantron as The Dollhouse turn their attention to it)

Jonetta Stone: Rank S! The top of the food chain!

Sweet Roxy: That's right, and I promise we went through very meticulous research to decide which tag teams were worthy of Rank S, and we've come to the conclusion that the only viable ones to occupy it are three teams...

Jonetta Stone: THREE teams? Who could they be, Roxy?

Sweet Roxy: I'm glad you asked, because here they are.... Sweet Roxy and DiVa!

DiVa: Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! I'm so happy!

Sweet Roxy: Next... Jonetta Stone and Sweet Roxy!

Jonetta Stone: I'm so honored! This is making me blush!

Sweet Roxy: And lastly... DiVa and Jonetta Stone! The only three tag teams deserving of Rank S!

DiVa: This is so much fun! Who is in the other tiers? DiVa has to know!

Sweet Roxy: Well actually, we couldn't find anyone deserving of Rank A... or Rank B.... or Rank C.... For Rank D we just chose dirt... For Rank E we chose the worms inside the dirt...

("Wild Boys" by Duran Duran plays all throughout the arena as Jimmy and Billy Wild make their way out to the stage in street clothes and microphones in hand before their theme quickly fades out)

Sweet Roxy: Wow, what a coincidence! It looks like Rank F has decided to show up in person!

Jimmy Wild: Cute. That's cute. You know, my brother and I - we don't have something against the fact that you are the OWA Openweight Tag Team Champions... We just have something against literally everything else about you. Everything from your overdone looks to your stupid made up Women's Tag Titles to the fact that you honestly think you can just make your new lackey a defending Champion with you.

Jonetta Stone: Sweetheart, I'm more of a Tag Team Champion without a single match than you've ever been in your entire--

Billy Wild: Sweetheart, how about you let the actual tag teams talk, okay?

(An annoyed Jonetta looks on as The Wild Boys continue)

Billy Wild: Congratulations, you guys are, in fact, the Openweight Tag Team Champions. You beat us. You proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that you are better at escaping from a cage than us. So bravo! Round of applause for The Dollhouse! You are without a doubt better at fleeing than my brother and I could ever be. But you know what? When it comes to actual tag team WRESTLING, we're the best in the World. We've proven that day in and day out, whether it's in this company or a company on the other side of the World! Whether you like it

or not, those Championships were ours before all of this, and you took advantage of the situation to make them yours, so here's the deal: we want our rematch.

(The crowd erupts with cheers as The Dollhouse look on in disgust)

Jimmy Wild: We want our rematch, and we want it NOW. No stupid pink cage. Nobody else involved. Two of you idiots and us. Two on two. No distractions. For the OWA Openweight Tag Team Championships. You think you two are gonna raise the bar for tag teams? You don't know the first thing about tag team wrestling!

DiVa: Hmmm... DiVa thinks that beggars can't be choosers! Who have The Wiley Boys beaten since Final Destination to earn a match at The Dollhouse's Championships? We would give you at least a shot at our Women's Tag Team Titles since you already look like girls, but you're just not pretty enough! Oh well! At least maybe you can--

???: Woah, woah, woah, woah...

(Donny Dragon and James Anderson rush out to the stage dressed in street clothes with microphones in hand)

Donny Dragon: Hold the Hell on - you two think YOU deserve a shot at the Titles? Are you serious? I think most people forgot you two assholes were even still around. Don't you have some shitty little group to run back to on Kingdom?

Jimmy Wild: We could ask you the same question...

Sweet Roxy: Why don't ALL of you go back to your pathetic little groups on Kingdom? Wait, these people have groups? I don't watch Kingdom, so--

James Anderson: Shut your mouth before we do it for you, bitch, I'm not in any mood to listen to the two of you, let alone THREE. You can go ahead and pretend like you actually achieved something at Final Destination, but you know Goddamn well that WE dominated that entire match!

Jonetta Stone: Little boy, nobody likes a sore loser. Why don't you run on home?

Donny Dragon: I don't know, why don't you do us a favor by hunting the most annoying bitch in the World and shoot yourself? I don't give a shit which of you we have to beat. We destroyed all of you idiots at Final Destination and we'll do it again. And this time you won't have any cheerleader acrobatic bullshit to steal the match out from under me!

Sweet Roxy: YOU think you deserve a match? In what World do you think that? You haven't done anything. Hell, how are you even still alive, Donny? I was hoping we broke your neck. Hoping for brain damage was wishful thinking - not like you have anything left to damage up there. So maybe you four can just--

(Ethan Stryfe and Devon Slayton make their way out to the stage to join The Wild Boys and Ground Zero - both dressed in street clothes and carrying microphones)

Ethan Stryfe: I'm sure you four have your own petty arguments for why you deserve a shot at the Openweight Tag Team Champions, but last we checked, the last thing any of you have achieved as a tag team is lose in the biggest match of your careers and let those three in the ring become the Champions while we stand around and bicker.

DiVa: Uhm.... Who are you? DiVa isn't good with names, but... Seriously, DiVa swears she's never seen these people in her life...

Devon Slayton: The only thing you need to know is that we are a team that has actually won since Final Destination. And we want our shot at those Championships. That's all you or anyone else needs to know.

Donny Dragon: Are you shitting me? Get out of here! You haven't proven anything!

Billy Wild: None of you have even been Champions, you don't have anything to stand on!

(The Wild Boys, Ground Zero, and Mavericks INC argue with one another on the stage)

Sweet Roxy: Shut up! You wanna know who gets a shot at us? How about NONE of you! NONE! None of you are worthy to face us! None of you--

(Scott Oasis walks out to the stage with a microphone in hand, visibly trying to calm down the tag teams there with him)

Scott Oasis: Hold on, hold on, everyone... Just calm yourselves.

Jonetta Stone: Oh great, is this another team?

Sweet Roxy: I doubt it, no way he has any friends willing to partner with him.

DiVa: So mean, Roxy!

Scott Oasis: It's become clear to me that we have a bit of an issue you on our hands, so why don't I just resolve this? The fact is that we have new Tag Team Champions and multiple teams that want their shot. Of course, some people will have to earn their shot. There's just no way of getting around that. So I propose this... Over the next six weeks, a series of matches will take place... And the winners of which will enter a Triple Threat Tag Team Match at Boiling Point. The winner of THAT match will get their shot at the Tag Team Champions at Civil War.

Donny Diamond: Wow! That's huge! The Tag Team Division just got a whole lot more competitive!

Sweet Roxy: So... We don't have to do anything until Civil War? Sounds good to me. We'll just--

Scott Oasis: Ehhh... Not exactly. Did you notice that I didn't say the winners of that match will challenge The Dollhouse? That's because there's a chance you won't be the Champions by then.

Jonetta Stone: What's that supposed to mean?

Scott Oasis: You're defending Champions, right? So regardless of this ongoing series to determine the contenders at Civil War, you WILL be defending your Titles at Boiling Point... And you'll do it against the two men who have the biggest claim to that match. The former Champions, The Wild Boys!

Sweet Roxy: Oh come on!

DiVa: No fair! No fair!

Donny Dragon: Are you serious? This is bullshit!

Scott Oasis: That's the way it goes, I'm afraid. I suggest Mavericks INC and Ground Zero get ready for war, and you certainly won't be alone either, but only one team can prevail! Only one team will earn the right to march on to Civil War and challenge the Champions, but at Boiling Point, it WILL be The Dollhouse defending the OWA Openweight Tag Team Championships against The Wild Boys! No distractions! No excuses! Good luck.

(Scott Oasis tosses the microphone over his shoulder and walks out as Mavericks INC follow him, followed by a ranting Donny Dragon and James Anderson while The Wild Boys remain on the stage)

Daniel Wilson: I'm not sure I agree with it, but I guess there's no getting around it! It's locked in! The Wild Boys are getting their rematch! And I have no doubt The Dollhouse will prove why they are the most dominant team in this industry today!

Mark Stephens: They're gonna have their work cut out for them! The Wild Boys look more determined than ever before!

(The Wild Boys stare down with The Dollhouse from the stage as the camera fades elsewhere)

(DING! DING! DING!)

Jamison Pierce: The following one on one contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!

Crowd: ONE FALL!

("The Hand That Feeds" by Nine Inch Nails takes over the arena as Dax Staley comes out of the arena with a brooding look on his face to a mixed reaction. He walks down the ramp showing no emotion as the fans try to get a reaction out of him. Staley simply stares the crowd before making way to the ring.)

Jamison Pierce: Introducing first, from New York City, New York... Weighing in at 235 lbs!!! He is "THE DEVIANT DREDGE", DAAAAXXX STAAAALEEEYYYY!!!!!!

Daniel Wilson: Earlier tonight we saw Étienne try to gain some momentum back, but failing to do so. And now, we have his partner from the last show, Dax Staley taking on a huge challenge of his own. Staley needs this win to establish himself on Friday Nights.

Mark Stephens: But it is easier said than done, Daniel. Staley faces the God of War himself, in the Unbreakable, Bull Connors. Although Staley has not been able to get the start he wanted, a win over Bull Connors will do wonders for him.

Donny Diamond: There's no doubt about it. A former tag team champion and the man with a future world title shot. Dax Staley can maybe get himself into a title picture off this victory, if he can pull it off.

("Walk" by Pantera hits the PA System as a confident Bull Connors makes his way to the stage, with the God of War Medallion around his neck. The fans are on their feet to welcome Connors to the arena, as he walks down the ramp interacting with the fans. Connors rolls into the ring and gets face to face with Dax Staley who blankly stares at Connors. Bull hands over his medallion to the referee before parting ways with Staley.)

Jamison Pierce: And his opponent... From Doylestown, Pennsylvania, weighing in at 266 lbs!! He is the God of War, "THE UNBREAKABLE", BULLLLL CONNNNOOORRSSSSSS!!!!

Mark Stephens: And here comes the inaugural God of War, Bull Connors. Let's talk about the year Bull Connors had. A former tag team champion. Won a tournament to earn the right to be called the God of War. And countless other marquee matches for the man. And Season 2 looks even brighter for him.

Daniel Wilson: Connors defended his Medallion against a legend in this business like Stark and walked out with his reign intact at Final Destination and what was an impressive performance. Connors is looking to keep the momentum going into Season 2.

Donny Diamond: Connors looks really confident tonight as he is getting right into the face of Dax Staley even before the bell has rung. Well, Otis does us the favor and signals for it.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Mark Stephens: And here we go! An explosive start by Bull Connors as he unleashes a barrage of strikes on Dax Staley who is getting backed into a corner. Otis steps in to force a break, Bull has to be careful on not being disqualified here. But Bull complies as he backs

away. Only for Staley to run in with a kick to the gut. Staley doing his best to return the favor as Connors does his best Muhammad Ali impression as he dodges some of the strikes.

Donny Diamond: Bull with a forearm strike! Spinning backfist to follow that! Staley looks a bit groggy already as Bull quickly grabs him for an overhead Belly-to-Belly suplex! Staley nearly bounces right back up to his feet by the impact and Bull quickly rebounds off the ropes TO TAKES STALEY'S HEAD OFF. WHAT A LARIAT!

Daniel Wilson: Connors is keeping the offense going as he quickly follows that with a running senton to Staley. He's still not done! He quickly springs up to the middle turnbuckle, and on to the top one for A MOONSAULT! Catches Staley with all of it. And this might already be over! Cover by Connors.

Otis Burch: ONNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEE!!! TWWWWWOOOOO!!!! THR-

Donny Diamond: Not quite. Staley manages to kick out but what an incredible sequence by Bull Connors. He is hyped tonight as fires up the crowd.

Crowd: BULL! BULL! BULL! BULL! BULL!

Daniel Wilson: Connors picks up Staley, what is that?! Dax just bit Connors arm as Otis Burch steps in to warn Dax. But this is enough time for Dax to recover as he shoves Otis aside and unleashes a flurry of strikes on Connors. Forearm strikes. Elbows! This is the Mad Dax we know!

Donny Diamond: Dax hits Connors with a dropkick thrusting him into the turnbuckle and in a seated position. Connors' rests at the bottom turnbuckle... BUT NOT FOR LONG AS STALEY COMES RUNNING IN WITH A DOUBLE KNEE STRIKE. COVER!

Otis Burch: ONNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEE!!! TWWWWWOOOO-

Daniel Wilson: Bull kicks out before the two count as Dax traps Bull's arm behind him and unleashes a barrage of elbow strikes to the side of the head of Connors. Staley is vicious tonight as he lets Bull go. The crowd are not having any of it as they are firmly behind Bull. Staley rebounds off the ropes and catches an unsuspecting Bull with a knee strike.

Mark Stephens: Connors is down to one knee as Staley signals for the end. Does he plan to hit the Design 19 powerbomb as he doubles Bull over into a Powerbomb position. There's no way! STALEY PICKS CONNORS UP BUT HE CAN'T HOLD ON AS CONNORS SLIPS OUT OF HIS GRIP. SUPERKICK! Connors nails Staley with a beautiful Superkick bringing Staley down to his knees. ANOTHER SUPERKICK! And Staley nearly folds backwards onto the canvas but Bull gets him back in a seated position as he runs the ropes... THAT JAPANESE MOVE THAT BULL DOES. The Shining Wizard! Staley is absolutely rocked as Bull quickly goes for the cover.

Otis Burch: ONNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEE!!! TWWWWWOOOOO!!! THRE-

Donny Diamond: Staley somehow kicks out before the three count! I thought that was it for a second. Staley now dragging himself towards the ropes to use it to create separation between him and Bull. Staley gets to the apron but Bull is having none of it. HE DEADLIFTS STALEY OFF THE APRON AND WALKS BACKWARDS INTO A BRAINBUSTER!! A DEADLIFT SUPLEX INTO A BRAINBUSTER! That is incredible! Staley already looks out of it as he lies on the canvas barely moving a muscle.

Daniel Wilson: Staley better move something or the other because Bull Connors is pointing towards the turnbuckle and the fans have given the answer. Bull is heading towards the top turnbuckle and things look dire for Staley. Bull poses for the audience at the top of the turnbuckle before HITTING THE BEST 450 EVER- NO! NO! EVEN A SECOND MAKES A DIFFERENCE AND DAX STALEY WAS ABLE TO ROLL OUT OF THE WAY. He might have saved the match for himself as Connors is visibly in pain. Staley quickly turns him around into an inverted facelock...

Mark Stephens: HOLLOWED GROUND! HOLLOWED GROUND! Dax Staley may have pulled out a major upset! Cover!

Otis Burch: ONNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEE!!! TWWWWWOOOOO!!! THREEEE-

Donny Diamond: NO! Connors is still in this! Dax Staley just hit Bull Connors with his best shot but Connors stayed in the match. And he cannot believe it! Staley is visibly frustrated as he wonders what he can do next to put down the big man. Staley uses his strength to bring Connors back to his feet and turns him around once again.

Mark Stephens: A second Hallowed Ground might do the trick! HE HITS- No! Bull rolls out of it! Enzuigiri by Bull Connors! Bull now doubles Dax over and locks both arms... THE BULL-PLEX! Staley is done for! But look at that. Connors turns him around and traps his arm.... CROSSFACE APPLIED. NITTANY LION'S CLUTCH. BULL HAS IT SYNCHED ALL THE WAY IN AND STALEY HAS NOWHERE TO GO. HE HAS NOWHERE TO GO! HE.... HE TAPS! DAX STALEY JUST TAPPED OUT!

(DING! DING! DING!)

("Walk" by Pantera takes over the arena once again as Bull Connors gets back to his feet with Otis raising his arm in victory. The crowd cheer him on as Bull is handed over the medallion which he poses with at the top turnbuckle, proudly proclaiming to be the God of War.)

Jamison Pierce: HERE'S YOUR WINNER BY SUBMISSION, BULLLLLLLL
CONNNNOORRSSSSS!!!!!!

Mark Stephens: What a dominating performance for Bull Connors tonight as he makes Staley tap out to get the victory. There was one moment where I thought Staley might pull an upset but Connors hit right back and got himself the victory!

Donny Diamond: Every win counts and it certainly looks good when it's in a dominating fashion as this one. Bull Connors keeps his momentum going tonight as the God of War looks better after every exchange.

Daniel Wilson: Connors are certainly lived up to the hype that he came in with being a former NCAA Division 1 Champion. His explosive offense is almost too quick to stop and that's what he has done here tonight.

Mark Stephens: I can say without a doubt in my mind that Bull Connors is a future world champion. As long as he has the Medallion, Bull Connors will have a shot at the title of his choosing

Daniel Wilson: Speaking of titles, we have the Omega Heavyweight Champion Tarah Nova coming out here tonight to confront Gareth Cason.

Donny Diamond: There is nothing to be confronted about. Cason holds the Ascension to the Heavens briefcase that he can cash in at anytime for a title shot. It will be WRONG to deny the man of his earned opportunity.

Jamison Pierce: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome your OMEGA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION, TARAAAAAH NOOOOVAAAAA!!!!!!

("Boss's Daughter" by POP Evil hits the PA System as Tarah Nova makes her way through the curtains with the Omega Heavyweight Championship draped over her shoulder, to a loud pop from the crowd. She is not her usual chirpy self, as she quickly makes her way down the ramp with a faint smile on her face. She climbs up to the ring and grabs a microphone.)

Tarah Nova: Last week, I thought I had made myself clear on what I intend to do with the Omega Heavyweight Championship. This is the title that I had to earn through my blood, sweat and tears... This is the title that I earned over somebody I love the dearest. This is the title that defines my journey so far in OWA. I am not letting go of this championship, that took WAAAY TOO LONG to get. I am finally where I always wanted to be... But there's one man that thinks otherwise. One man who believes that it's only a matter of time until he gets his hands all over this title. That man is Gareth Cason.

Mark Stephens: The crowd don't seem to be particularly fond of the guy.

Donny Diamond: Whatever. It's their loss.

Tarah Nova: Now now, Gareth Cason DOES hold an opportunity that puts him over everybody else. I know that! But like I said, it took everything out of me to win this title, so I am going to do that AND MUCH MORE to keep it. So, if Gareth thinks he can spook me with his mind games, then he is deeply mistaken. This title puts a target on my back that Gareth isn't the only one gunning for. And I am all for it! So, Gareth Cason. If you're the man that you say you are... Get your ass out here right now.

("The Warrior" by Disturbed engulfs the arena as a cocky Gareth Cason bursts through the curtains with his briefcase in hand, to a chorus of boos. He has a smirk on his face as he quickly strides down the ramp and into the ring, coming face to face with Tarah. He tries taunting her with the briefcase but Tarah is not backing down.)

Donny Diamond: Be careful what you wish for, Tarah. Gareth Cason is one dangerous man and with that briefcase in hand, that could spell the end of your title reign right now!

Daniel Wilson: I am sure Cason is smarter than that. He will choose his opportunity wisely.

Donny Diamond: That's the thing, Daniel. Gareth Cason does not need to do that. HE could very well just cash it in right now if he pleased and walked out as the NEW Omega Heavyweight Champion.

Gareth Cason: Ello Tarah. I heard my name called out a couple of times backstage, so I thought I'd give you a visit.

Tarah Nova: Funny you say that considering how you crept up on me two weeks ago.

Gareth Cason: Crept up on you? I would never. You see, you were giving a statement on how you'd be a fighting champion and that the title WILL NOT leave your sight for a good while. So, I did what I had to do to remind you that I hold THIS. This briefcase can change everything in a moment's notice. And if I wanted Tarah, I could have smacked you across the head with it and taken that title two weeks ago. But I didn't. Because I know I don't need to do that against you. I have beaten you before and I will do it all over again.

Tarah Nova: Well, say no more. Why don't you cash that briefcase that you possess right here right now and we'll see what happens. These people came here to see a fight, so why waste it on talking? I WILL put this title on the line against anybody and everybody... This is MINE and I am NOT letting you or anybody else take this away from me.

Gareth Cason: You're hilarious, Tarah! You know what? Maybe I WILL cash it right now and wipe that smile off your face when I stand above you with that title in my hand as the NEW OMEGA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION.

("Walk" by Pantera hits the PA System as Bull Connors steps through the curtains to the surprise of Tarah and Gareth. The crowd are confused and excited to see Connors make his way down the ramp, a little worn off from his match just a while back. He steps into the ring and glances over at Tarah and Gareth.)

Donny Diamond: What is he doing down here? Bull Connors already had his match. This is between Gareth Cason and Tarah Nova. We were THIS CLOSE to seeing a new Omega Heavyweight Champion.

Mark Stephens: Bull and Tarah have a shared history as well, as they held the OWA Openweight Tag Team Championships together as the Killer Alpha Squad. Is Bull Connors out here to protect his former tag team partner?

Bull Connors: I heard you loud and clear last week, Tarah. I know that you will be a fighting champion till the last moment and I can say that from experience. You know I respect you. And I was very happy for you when you won the title at Final Destination. And then there's Gareth... You've been teasing a cash-in at every step of the way on what will likely become a biweekly affair till it actually happens. No matter how good you are, there's nobody in this arena who wants to see that.

Donny Diamond: I DO!

Daniel Wilson: Calm down, Donny.

Bull Connors: Which brings me to the reason why I am out here. Tarah, I know what you went through to win that title... But that's not going to stop me from cashing in my guaranteed title opportunity that I EARNED from winning the God of War tournament. Gareth, I have held this medallion a lot longer than you have had that briefcase, so maybe you can take a step back because the line starts RIGHT HERE. I am not going to go back and forth on my decision on whether I should cash in my opportunity at hand. So... Tarah, I officially cash in my title opportunity for the Omega Heavyweight Championship... And that match will take place at Boiling Point. I seriously hope that we can have the match that we always envisioned for a title that we both wanted. Let's make it into a reality. I wish you the best and I hope to see YOU... at Boiling Point.

("Walk" by Pantera hits the PA System once again as Bull exits the ring as Tarah has a smile on her face as she sees Bull Connors walk up to the ramp. Gareth Cason has a scowl on his face as he exits the ring leaving Tarah alone in the ring. Tarah lifts the Omega Heavyweight Championship above her shoulders as both challengers look on.)

Mark Stephens: BULL CONNORS JUST DROPPED A BOMBSHELL! HE IS OFFICIALLY TRADING IN HIS MEDALLION FOR THE GUARANTEED TITLE OPPORTUNITY AGAINST TARAH NOVA'S OMEGA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!!!

Donny Diamond: Boiling Point is still more than a month away. There's no guarantee if Tarah Nova will STILL be champion heading into Boiling Point. That match could very well be Bull Connors vs Gareth Cason. A rematch from their classic for crowning the inaugural OWA TV Champion.

Daniel Wilson: Either way, things have gotten a lot more interesting for Tarah Nova as both Bull Connors and Gareth Cason have made their intentions clear to take her title away. It's going to be an interesting road to Boiling Point, ladies and gentlemen.

Mark Stephens: Bull Connors has changed the entire equation and I am all for it. Either way, the night is still young. We have a great matchup between the former OWA Cruiserweight Champion, Alessandro Devione taking on Jake Keeton. Don't miss it!

(COMMERCIAL -- Pre-order the brand new Scott Oasis endorsed gaming mics from Best Buy today!)

(DING! DING! DING!)

Jamison Pierce: The following contest is scheduled for one fall!

('A Different Kind of Dynamite' by Thousand Foot Crutch plays to a divided reception. A pissed off looking Alessandro Devione storms to the ring.)

Jamison Pierce: Introducing first, from Paradise Islands, Bahamas, weighing in at 225 lbs, THE HEIR OF BABYLON...ALESSSAAAANNDDROOOOO...DEVIOOONNNEEEE!!

Mark Stephens: The first ever OWA Cruiserweight Champion has every right to look upset. He's been on a bit of a losing streak as of late and really needs to get back in the win column.

Donny Diamond: After tapping out to Layne Kurobane two weeks ago, it's time for Devione to show us some of that old magic that made him a champion.

Daniel Wilson: I don't know about you, but I think he might have something special up his sleeves for us tonight.

('I'm Broken' by Pantera hits to a big response from the crowd. Jake Keeton comes out and nods in approval as he walks to the ring.)

Mark Stephens: He is yet to be pinned or submitted in OWA, and he's won over a lot of the fanbase with his performances. Could we be seeing a career renaissance for this long-time veteran of the sport?

Donny Diamond: I'm a big fan of Jake's work so far. His match with Derelict on the last show might have ended in a no-contest, but he looked like he still wanted to fight at the end of it.

Daniel Wilson: He's got his hands full again tonight, though. Alessandro is possibly the toughest opponent he's had so far.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Mark Stephens: Jake Keeton removes his sunshades and goes to put them in the corner- AND DEVIONE IS RIGHT ON THE ATTACK! BEATING JAKE DOWN WITH PUNCHES! A RELENTLESS ASSAULT!

Donny Diamond: Now he's ramming Jake's head into the turnbuckle! A fast and ferocious start here from Allesandro! Jake looks completely bewildered!

Daniel Wilson: Devione throws Jake into the centre of the ring and...he's going for it! KEY OF THE KINGS LAW!

Mark Stephens: NO! JAKE DUCKS AND ROLLS HIM UP WITH A SCHOOLBOY!

Otis Burch: ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

(DING! DING! DING!)

('I'm Broken' by Pantera plays to a shocked reaction from the crowd. Jake Keeton himself looks like he can't believe it, as an irate Allesandro Devione punches the mat in frustration.)

Jamison Pierce: Here is your winner...JAAAAKKKEEEE...KEEEETOONNN!!!!

Mark Stephens: JUST. LIKE. THAT!

Donny Diamond: UNBELIEVABLE!

Daniel Wilson: THIS HAS TO BE A MISTAKE! CAN WE GET AN INSTANT REPLAY?! I SWEAR THE SHOULDER WAS UP!

Mark Stephens: That was as clean as can be, my friend. Jake Keeton just put away a former champion in about 20 seconds! And he has got to be happy with that!

Donny Diamond: I'll tell you who isn't happy, Allesandro.

(As Keeton walks up the ramp, Allesandro Devione simply sits in the middle of the ring, with a look of disappointment in his face, he simply looks out at the crowd and shakes his head, before we fade to black.)

(COMMERCIAL)

(Our program shifts away from the arena and heads to a different part of the state, to an earlier time in the week -- a graphic on screen precedes this shift as the video is noted to be from Thursday, 3:58 PM Pacific Time.

We fade into the scene and are given a drone shot overlooking the beautiful view of the hills in Los Angeles, California. Large, extravagantly designed homes, busy sidewalks full of care free people, landscaped yards and bright, attention grabbing cars rolling through the streets

make up the scope of our birds eye view. In the upper corner of this shot is a quiet cafe painted pink with a modern design and several of those grand looking cars parked in front.

INTERIOR: We are now inside the cafe and see it's a sleek, two story building which is also functioning as a boutique, one which is being hosted by the one and only Cyanide. Here, we see him in his more standard setting dressed in his most recognized attire: with his hair tied back, clad in a red suit -- ruffled sleeve blouse underneath -- and a glass of red wine to match which he carries around while he leads a group of socialites, tastemakers and press members around to each piece of art and fashion he's placed in the room for presentation.)

Cyanide: I am so, so glad that you all were able to attend the grand unveiling of my new boutique! I've been having this store in the works for a while now and it is a great pleasure to see it finally come to fruition!

Social Influencer #1: I think I speak on behalf of everyone here when I say that it's an honor to be picked as the first group to get a peek at your next big project!

Social Influencer #2: For sure! Being here, meeting Mr. Rossi himself...this is a once in a lifetime experience! I can't even believe I'm here honestly!

Cyanide: Well you better believe it, dear lady. Admire this art, enjoy the tour, remember this moment because you are part of HISTORY! This right here is a game changer. Soon after this invite-only event, I plan on making this location open to anyone residing in the hills so that my collections may be more accessible to the public. I understand that many were upset over my latest season of Jaden Rossi creations being so hard to obtain so I did my due diligence to correct that. While some higher ups might believe the pieces offered here aren't as "high profile" because of that, just remember anything coming from these hands holds value all the same. Be it my private gallery, fashion week line up or this boutique, everything I produce has the same amount of soul put into it; everything I've shown you is a treasured fragment of my brilliant mind.

Social Influencer #1: And it shows! Please carry on, let us see more!

Cyanide: Oh, of course. How selfish of me to be going on like this, when I'm sure you've all just been chomping at the bit for me to continue on! I have one more piece of art to show, but seeing as the special someone I invited to see it is a tad late, I suppose I'll save it for last and hope he arrives. In the meantime which switch over to the clothing. Right in that corner you'll find a rack of my latest wear. Allow me to give you a rundown!

(Cyanide gestures for those touring to follow him quickly as he briskly walks past his secret, tarped over artwork, and heads over to the rack of clothes. He eyes the different outfits and one by one starts to pull out each design. He starts first with a jacket that appears to have been created through the repurposing of several other pieces of clothing articles. The front of its body is a denim jacket while the right arm is flannel and the left is leather. On the back is the material of that of a letterman's jacket with several symbols etched into it, most

prominent being “Rossi Collection Season 3”. There are several “ooo’s” and murmurs amongst the group.)

Cyanide: Please no photography, we must keep this under wraps for now!On to the next one:

(Cyanide shows off a complexly designed black men’s blouse with puffed out shoulders and frilly sleeves which gets a few claps from the audience.)

Cyanide: Great, yes? And this next one I made just last week.

(Cyanide shows off a long sleeved white tee with heavy use of red paint chaotically splattered all over the front, though looking at it you can see an area of white was left untouched in all of the mayhem, leaving enough blank space for the design of a wolf head made in blood.)

Cyanide: This one of several shirts I made following my signing to OWA and feeling inspired by its roster. This one is a design I made after witnessing the work of one Kenneth Drake. I believe he too is also a wrestler who appreciated fine art at one time.

Social Influencer #2: Have you done a piece on that Nathan guy yet?

Cyanide: Nathan Fiora? I have a piece of his in the works though it’s going to take a lot of time before the vision is achieved. It’s been drafted out for quite a while and as soon as it is able to be viewed for all to see I think it might just be my greatest creation in years.....oh....well speak of the devil.

(Cyanide looks past his followers and peers at the door swinging open behind them, revealing none other than Nathan Fiora himself. Fiora looks around at the odd boutique and takes off his sunglasses to get a better look.)

Cyanide: Nathan! I’m glad you were able to make it! Liking what you see? I notice you can’t take your eyes off the portraits!

Nathan Fiora: Indeed I can’t, I think I’ve seen people with Parkinson’s paint with a slighter hand than this...but that’s not the point, I’m not here for a critique or to sip coffee and chase clout like these weirdos are. Your little invite means nothing to me other than a chance to meet you face to face and ask you what the hell’s going on!?

Cyanide: My word, Nathan! Halt your attitude around my guests, we can talk about this away from them if need be. Apologies my friends but I must step aside. While you wait for my return feel free to head over to the lounge area. Tina will be serving up fresh lattes and they’re absolutely to die for --

(Nathan Fiora yanks Cyanide away, causing him to drop his wine glass. Not letting go Nathan continues to drag him further until the two are far from the group of observers and are able to talk one on one.)

Cyanide: Unhand me you heathen! Just what in the world are you thinking grabbing me like that -- this suit is satin! SA-TIN, NATE!

Nathan Fiora: You're lucky I don't throw you through the window right now. I've spent the past two weeks just STEAMING thinking about the bullshit you've pulled not once, but twice on me! You RUINED my first show of season two by stepping over MY designated show time, MY personal musical event, all to try and get some attention for yourself in your debut. Then you pushed your luck with it again went and stole the spotlight from me in my Olympus debut with your stupid antics on the stage! That tribute dance was horrid by the way, not even the Neverland doc could have Michael roll in his grave so badly! So after playing those two moments back in my head time and time again and preparing myself for this meeting, I have one burning question for you: Who the hell do you think you are? What in your head justifies you to embarrass me and stomp all over MY DESERVED MOMENTS! I've been in pro wrestling for years, paid my dues, busted my ass and I have some clown like you wanting to make a joke of me? Trying to stifle me while I'm doing what I can to push this business forward, to get people talking, to make wrestling a success again! I have never felt so disrespected in my life! You have spoiled my season two right at the start and for what?

Cyanide: To get things in motion.

Nathan Fiora: To get what in motion? ..Hmm.....Ohhhhh! I think I get it now! It's like I said with those lame social media celebs you invited to this place, only much worse. Your desire for clout knows no bounds, doesn't it? You've been looking to make a statement. You want to just waltz into the wrestling scene and start building a reputation at the expense of a much more proven and more credible competitor. You want to get this narrative going of me being an old trend and you being the shiny new toy, bigging yourself up as the next crossover star in media - a title which has been my claim to fame for some time. Interrupting my guitar concert with your piano, lessening the impact of my ambitious Olympus attire with an even more ridiculous look....now here you are flexing your status by inviting me to this fashion shindig of yours. You're looking to top all the strides I've made in balancing the two worlds of entertainment all while making me come off as some pathetic fool.

Cyanide: I doubt I needed to make an effort for you to come off that way.

Nathan Fiora: First of all --

Cyanide: A bit of humor, FiFi, relaaaaaxxx. Nevertheless, I actually do have respect for you Nathan, believe it or not. You, more than anyone else in Omega Wrestling Alliance, I hold in high regard. Before making the leap to professional wrestling I watched you very closely for you served as the prototype for the path I wish to take. I see so much of myself in you. A tortured soul with a troubled background and who many in the media seem to not understand and unfairly represent. You are always scrutinized and underrated yet you

always preserve and create brilliant work in spite of all the hatred being spewed from the outside. You are someone who takes in the ugliness of the world and finds beauty in the darkness of it all. You embrace reality. You shove it into the face of the masses whether they expect it or not. You like me are a daring artist who found his way to a wrestling ring. But unlike me, the art of pro wrestling was your first calling. Before you mastered the craft of the six strings or proudly donned any breathtaking apparel you looked to tell your truth inside the squared circle. Unfortunately it has taken you a long time to discover it even for yourself to see.

Nathan Fiora: You don't know a thing you're talking about!

Cyanide: Don't be upset, listen carefully. As much as you won't like to admit it the fact is that anyone who viewed your old ring work can tell you that you spent years wandering around from company to company, struggling to find your voice, struggling to figure out who you are. You hid behind inauthentic personas and rode the waves of what was popular instead of being your own unique self. It took a long sabbatical from the ring for you to discover who you are and it is then you came to your own and made wonderful poems, songs and most importantly cemented yourself as an artist. In this facet of art, the one we're standing in right now, you are a king, but in that arena you are still toiling away at the canvas looking to make your signature work. You've had a few successful snaps with the hardcore title, new breed title and things like that but nothing that is everlasting, nothing that is groundbreaking or spectacular in nature. The art of wrestling has yet to see Nathan Fiora at his full potential, with his entire soul bared for all to see. Spilling his guts out and leaving a piece of his heart in that ring the same way he does when he puts pen to paper or brush to a painting. Taking every fear, vice and flaw he has inside and throwing caution to the wind. You might see me as annoying but in actuality I'm simply acting as your motivator. I'm looking to get things going. I know there's plenty parts of that twisted mind of yours to have yet to be revealed to the wrestling world. They need to be dragged out and the only way to do so is through raw, blind emotion. I'm looking to bring out the best and worst in you. I'm looking to bring out the real Nathan Fiora. I want to make my first masterpiece in the art of pro wrestling and it's only fitting you be my collaborator for it. Together you and I can make something beautiful. Violent. Shocking. Breathtaking. Life in its very essence. I'm more than some silly dances. And you're more than an internet gag. We're both crazy, yes but when it comes to viewing the world the right way we might be the most sane individuals around. I see the pain you're hiding inside, you've shown the audience glimpses. Give it all to me. Pain is art and soon enough we'll be presenting it to the whole world.

Nathan Fiora:Are you done yet? I don't know what you've been drinking but you're rambling like a lunatic! You know what, I'm going to drop this whole beef because at this point I don't think I want to deal with a creep like you. Leave me alone and I'll leave you be.

Cyanide: You understand I can't do that. A dedicated artist doesn't leave a project incomplete, we still have much work to do.

Nathan Fiora: You keep thinking that - if I see you in my proximity again I'll kill you, I promise. I'm out. You can get back to this sham you're hosting.

Mark Stephens: We got to have the pleasure of being joined in the broadcast booth last week by Kevin Maverick, but now the Cruiserweight Champion is back to doing what he does best - competing inside of that ring! Hans Olsen doesn't quite meet the weight limit for our Cruiserweight division, so this will be a non-title affair but it should be a classic nonetheless!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Donny Diamond: And there's the bell, meaning we are officially underway! The two men lock up in the center of the ring and immediately Hans Olsen drives the smaller Maverick back into the turnbuckle! The referee forces the two to separate and Olsen cleanly releases Maverick. Looking slightly more apprehensive, Maverick makes his way out of the corner and again goes to lock up with Olsen!

Daniel Wilson: But this time Olsen drops down and drives Maverick straight to the mat with a double leg takedown...AND HE'S GOING FOR THE ANKLE!

Mark Stephens: FRANTICALLY Maverick reaches out and clutches onto the bottom rope, forcing Hans to let go of him before he could really cinch in that ankle lock. Hans smiles at Maverick as he gets back up, letting him know he was THAT close to ending this one already!

Donny Diamond: Maverick's going to have to employ a different strategy if he's going to want to come away with the victory here. He can't get into a mat wrestling contest with Hans Olsen. He'll lose every single time. Hell, anyone on the roster would. This man may not have always gotten the results he's wanted since arriving in OWA, but make no mistake about it...he didn't win those gold medals by accident. He's as dangerous a grappler as they come.

Daniel Wilson: For a third time, the two men lock up and for the third time Hans Olsen gains the advantage. He pushes Maverick back into the ropes and bounces him off of them, whipping him across the ring. Maverick rebounds off the ropes as Olsen lowers his head looking for a back body drop...BUT MAVERICK WITH THE ROUNDABOUT!!! He pulled that Flip DDT out of nowhere and for the first time in this contest, Maverick shows signs of life! Quickly he hooks the leg and looks to put this one away early!

Ichiro Yagata: OOOOONNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOO!!!...

Mark Stephens: Olsen kicks out at two! Maverick wastes little time now as he immediately runs and rebounds off the ropes once more! Olsen pops up off the mat himself and lunges forward with a clothesline at a charging Maverick...but Maverick ducks under it! He jumps and springboards off of the middle rope...hurricanrana! He sends Olsen back down to the mat!

Donny Diamond: But he doesn't stay there long! Olsen is back on his feet as quickly as he went down, but in comes Maverick again! A running dropkick right to the chest of Olsen sends him stumbling backwards into the corner! He bounces off the turnbuckle and falls to the mat and now Maverick sprints over and climbs the turnbuckle in one fluid motion!

Daniel Wilson: And from the top rope, here comes Maverick with a diving double foot stomp RIGHT to the chest of Hans Olsen! The crowd is cheering him on as Maverick reveals just why he's known as the Greatest Showman in OWA! Another pin attempt and this one could be done!

Ichiro Yagata: OOOOOOOONNNNNNNNEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!...

Mark Stephens: And Olsen gets the shoulder up before the count of three! Again, Maverick pops up and doesn't give Hans ANY time to recuperate! He lifts Olsen back up to his feet and hoists him into the air in the suplex position! Falcon Arrow!

Daniel Wilson: Kevin Maverick finds himself in complete control now and it looks like Hans Olsen could be in for yet another disappointing result as Maverick heads to the corner and once again makes his way up to the top turnbuckle! He's going to end this right here! PHOENIX DOWN!!!

Donny Diamond: NO! Hans rolled out of the way! Maverick tried to hit his version of the Phoenix Splash, but Olsen had it scouted! Maverick connected with nothing but the mat and Hans quickly looks to capitalize! He grabs the dreads of Maverick and yanks him up to his feet...AMERICAN SIT-OUT POWERBOMB!!! That might be it! Hans covers!

Ichiro Yagata: OOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTTTTWWWWWWWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTTTTTTHHHHRRRRRRREE-

Mark Stephens: Maverick gets his shoulder up JUST in the nick of time to stay alive in this match! Hans Olsen doesn't seem deterred however as he grabs Maverick and drags him up by his waist before cinching him arms in tight around the waist of the cruiserweight champion...we know what's coming...German Suplex!

Daniel Wilson: Olsen releases Maverick on that German and sends him flying clear across the ring! Maverick trying his best to get back into the matchup, but he can't even stand up right now Donny.

Donny Diamond: Not on his own anyway. He's trying to use the ropes to pull himself up, but it looks like he's going to get some help cause Olsen is right back on the attack. He drags

Maverick up to one knee before grabbing the head of the New York native and planting him with a vicious DDT that sends the skull of Maverick bouncing off of the mat!

Mark Stephens: And before Maverick even knows what just happened, the Olympic Hero has slapped a sleeper hold on him in the center of the ring! He's got that hold cinched in tight too! Say good night, because Hans Olsen is going to end this right here, right now! Maverick is fading fast and there's nothing he can do! I think he's passed out Daniel!

Daniel Wilson: The referee grabs the arm of Maverick to check his consciousness and when he releases it, it just falls to his side. Again, the referee raises his arm but once again it just drops lifelessly. One more time, the referee checks it. And this one's over as his arm just drops yet again - WAIT! NO! Maverick raises his arm, his fist tightly clenched! He's not out of this one yet!

Donny Diamond: The crowd are cheering wildly for the Cruiserweight Champion and he appears to be feeding off of their energy! Slowly he manages to get up onto one knee! He throws an elbow into the midsection of Hans! And another! And a third elbow finally forces Olsen to release the hold! Kevin Maverick jumps up, runs and bounces off the ropes! He charges at Olsen who's still bent over clutching at his ribs!

Mark Stephens: But Olsen catches Maverick! Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex all the way over the top rope! Olsen just sent Maverick crashing all the way out here to the arena floor!

Daniel Wilson: Maverick is writhing around in pain out here on the ground now, clutching at his back and his midsection, but back inside the ring it looks like Hans Olsen has big plans. Just what does he think he's doing Donny?

Donny Diamond: Hans Olsen has some bad intentions right now as he climbs up the top turnbuckle. He can't seriously be considering this? What a huge risk as he sizes Maverick up...MOONSAULT ALL THE WAY TO THE ARENA FLOOR!

Mark Stephens: ROTATION KICK! HOW THE HELL DID HE PULL THAT OFF?!

Daniel Wilson: Kevin Maverick just leapt up off the floor right as Olsen sailed from the top and he connected with the Rotation Kick to Hans Olsen who was mid-air completely upside down with that Moonsault! That was simply unreal! Hans Olsen looks to be COMPLETELY out of it! Maverick grabs his limp body and drags him up, using all of his muscle to shove him under the bottom rope and back into the ring. He follows him in and it's just academic at this point folks! Well fought by Olsen, but that Maverick goes for the cover and that should just about wrap this one up.

Ichiro Yagata: OOOOOOONNNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTTWWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTTTTHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

Donny Diamond: HE KICKED OUT?!

Mark Stephens: Somehow, miraculously Hans Olsen got his shoulder up JUST before the count of three! That's as close as you can get to a three count without actually getting it! Maverick can't believe it! What's it going to take to put the Olympian away?

Daniel Wilson: He's got a plan now, however, as he heads over to the corner. Again, he slowly climbs his way up to the top turnbuckle. You can tell the exhaustion is starting to set in for both of these competitors, but Maverick may be about to finally end this thing. He sizes Olsen up and once again sails from the top with PHOENIX DOWN!!!

Donny Dragon: BUT AGAIN OLSEN ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY! He was playing possum and it worked! He moves in and grabs ahold of Maverick...OLYMPIC SLAM!!!

Mark Stephens: NO! Maverick wriggles free! He's behind Olsen! DANGER ZONE!!! HE NAILS THAT BACKSTABBER AND TRANSITIONS IT INTO THE CROSSFACE!!!

Daniel Wilson: But he can't get it locked in! Olsen slips out! He rolls over and grabs the leg of Maverick! ANKLE LOCK!!!

Donny Maverick: He's got it locked in! Center of the ring! He's gonna make Maverick tap right here!

Mark Stephens: But Maverick rolls forward! Using his own momentum to get out of the ankle lock and send Hans Olsen stumbling towards the corner! His face bounces off of that top turnbuckle pad and he turns around staggering...STRAIGHT INTO THE BUTTERFLY EDGE!!! THAT TWISTING CUTTER CONNECTS!!! MAVERICK COVERS!!!

Ichiro Yagata: OOOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!!....

TTTTTHHHHHHHRRRRRREEEEEEEE!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

('Be Somebody' by Clam Casino plays as Kevin Maverick raised his arms and belt in the air.)

Jamison Pierce: Here is your winner...THE OWA CRUISERWEIGHT CHAMPION...KEVIN MAAAAVERRRIICCKKK!!

Mark Stephens: It's another well-earned win for the champ, and another crushing loss for Hans Olsen.

Donny Diamond: Really feel for Olsen taking another L, but Kevin Maverick proved tonight exactly why he's the Greatest Showman!

Daniel Wilson: Hard to doubt the man's ability after that performance.

(Maverick walks up the ramp as Hans gets to his feet to applause from the crowd. He looks visibly upset at losing again.)

Mark Stephens: He wrestled his heart out, but Hans is yet to really put all the tools together and score some big wins, you've gotta wonder when-

('Immigrant Song' by Led Zeppelin plays to massive boos. Donny Dragon and James Anderson strut down to the ring and are pointing at Hans.)

Donny Diamond: Oh come on, this isn't necessary.

Daniel Wilson: Well, we don't know why they're here, maybe they're here to help Hans?

Mark Stephens: I highly doubt that. Donny Dragon and Hans Olsen were friends at one point, but those days are long since gone. I don't believe that- wait...Donny Dragon's offering a handshake to Hans Olsen!

Donny Dragon (w/o mic): You wanna stop losing all the damn time? You know what to do.

Daniel Wilson: Yes! Do it, Hans! This could be your big break!

Donny Diamond: He's a man of honour, he's not gonna do that!

(Hans looks at Donny's hand, before shaking his head and trying to exit the ring.)

Mark Stephens: AND NOW GROUND ZERO ARE BEATING DOWN HANS OLSEN! THIS IS DISGRACEFUL! THESE SONS OF BITCHES! LEAVE HIM ALONE!

Donny Diamond: Shameful! This is totally uncalled for!

Daniel Wilson: Hey, he turned down a great offer!

(Suddenly, 'Till I Collapse' by Eminem hits to a deafening pop. Nobi sprints down the aisle and slides into the ring at full speed.)

Mark Stephens: OH MY GOD! IT'S NOBI! NOBI IS HERE! AND HE'S FIGHTING OFF BOTH DONNY DRAGON AND JAMES ANDERSON! AND NOW HANS IS BACK UP, THEY'RE BOTH LAYING INTO GROUND ZERO! AND THEY THROW THEM CLEAR OUT OF THE RING! THE CROWD ARE LOSING THEIR MINDS!

Donny Diamond: WHAT A MOMENT! NOBI IS BACK! AND HE'S SAVED HANS OLSEN FROM A HORRIBLE FATE!

Daniel Wilson: HE HAS NO BUSINESS BEING OUT HERE! WHO AUTHORISED THIS?!

Mark Stephens: THIS IS HOW YOU END A SHOW! THIS IS ALL WE HAVE TIME FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT THIS ALL LEADS TO! THANK YOU FOR JOINING US! GOODNIGHT!

(Fade to black.)

(The OWA logo buzzes.)