

(OWA Intro Plays....)

("Over and Over" by Reignwolf plays as we fade in to the sold out Time Union Center with a rowdy crowd jumping up and down, applauding and screaming their hearts out. We get several shots of signs and merchandise in the audience touting stars such as Aria Jaxon, Jeff X, Kenny Drake, Christopher Sabertooth and Miltiades.)

Lance Hart: And...we...are....LIVE! From the Time Union Center in Albany, New York, ladies and gentlemen this is Sunday Night Kingdom on FXX! Last time you saw us we were still getting our feet wet with the landscape post Draft but now we're diving in full on!

Morgan Shaw: After last episode we have no choice but to the pedal to the metal, I mean, do you not remember how we closed last week's episode? KENNY DRAKE back in OWA for the first time in months with a massive bone to pick with Nate Cage! Absolute insanity to close off that six man as he showed he came here with revenge on the mind and what's even more insane is that we'll have him in action tonight!

Lance Hart: The new and improved Kenny Drake will be in the ring taking on Udy! Now Udy has been rather ballsy over social media with the Oregon native, asking for this match for days and promising that he'd play spoiler to Kenny's return if given the chance. We'll see if the upstart can give Kenny hell or if he'll cause his own hell by poking the wolf!

Morgan Shaw: The little guy stepping up might just be a theme of this episode. If you thought Udy vs Drake is an underdog story, how about our very own official, ol' boy Chet Kensington taking on Keelan Callihan!?

Lance Hart: It was announced last week, we were briefed about this morning, I even have the notes in my hand talking about it and I still cannot believe it's an actual match but I'm going to have to! Chet is a referee, he's not an active competitor yet here he is taking on one of the most dangerous men in our sport who is feeling extra evil after bringing back Zaibatsu and taking out CM Nas! I know if Chet loses he becomes Zaibatsu's referee, but this might flat out be the end of Chet if he's not too careful!

Morgan Shaw: We can only hope. Also tonight we have our World Champion Aria Jaxon promising to close the show by finishing what she set out to do last week. Aria's going to set the standard for her reign and let us know who she has her eyes on as a first opponent!

Lance Hart: I'm curious to find out what we'll get with Aria's reign, she started things off nice with that quick defeat of Carlos but with those warning messages looming over her head who knows what may happen when she gets in that ring.

Morgan Shaw: There's a lot of combustible elements to take into consideration anytime you step into the ring as Champion. People are always coming for your head but I think the broad

Julianna DeMarco: And his opponent...from Rome...weighing in at 235 lbs...MMMMLLLLTTTTIIIIAAAADDDDEEEEEEEEEESSSSSS!!!

Morgan Shaw: Miltiades is coming off a big win over Moongoose McQueen in his Kingdom debut. But now he has a tough task as he faces the newcomer Oparta...someone who's nothing like any normal rookie that I've ever seen.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: And we are underway as these two circle one another for just a moment before locking up. Oparta easily backs Miltiades up into the ropes before rebounding him off of those ropes and Irish whipping him across the ring. Miltiades comes springing back at him with a full head of momentum and Oparta throws a clothesline his way!

Morgan Shaw: Miltiades ducks underneath it and continues running! He bounces off the opposite ropes and just as Oparta turns around, Miltiades spins around and nails him with a discus clothesline taking the newcomer right off his feet!

Lance Hart: Oparta quickly tries to get back to his feet Miltiades is running and rebounding off of the ropes again! Oparta only manages to make it up to one knee before Miltiades returns and connects with a Shining Wizard! Miltiades covers!

Referee: OOOOONNNNNEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWWOOOOOOOO!!!!...

Morgan Shaw: Oparta powers out! Miltiades quickly makes his way back up to his feet and he's awaiting Oparta to do the same. Miltiades sizes him up as Oparta begins to get to his feet! Make Your Mark!

Lance Hart: NO! Oparta catches the foot of Miltiades! He pulls Miltiades in as he pops up off the mat and Oparta sends him flying with a Leg Hook T-Bone Suplex! Miltiades came out hot, but he's just been caught by the bigger Oparta and now finds himself in trouble!

Morgan Shaw: Oparta is back on his feet now and he yanks Miltiades up right by the hair! He then proceeds to hoist Miltiades up into the air and just holds him there! Look at the power on display from this young man! Oparta slams Miltiades hard into the mat with that Delayed Michinoku Driver!

Lance Hart: And Oparta is not relenting on the attack as he immediately grabs the arms of Miltiades in the full nelson position and just pulls him off the mat with ease and straight up into the air! And he sends him crashing right back down across his knee with that backbreaker! Oparta is in full control now and Michael looks pleased on the outside of the ring as Miltiades rolls around on the mat clutching his back in pain.

Morgan Shaw: Dominick Oparta again isn't going to take any time to admire his handy work. He's pull Miltiades up once again and just tosses him into the corner! He delivers a big chop to the chest of Miltiades before turning and walking to the opposite corner. Oparta sizes him up and then charges in with a full head of steam looking to hit that body avalanche on Miltiades!

Lance Hart: But Miltiades rolls out of the way! Oparta collides with nothing but the corner and his head bounced off that top turnbuckle pad! Oparta is dazed now as he staggers backwards and turns around...right into the Turn of the Century!!! That spinning heel kick connects right across the jaw and down goes Oparta! Miltiades covers again!

Referee: OOOOOONNNNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTWWWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!...

Morgan Shaw: Again, Oparta manages to get his shoulder up before three! Miltiades immediately gets up and into position to try and lift Oparta up for a powerbomb, but Oparta lifts Miltiades up and over for a Back Body Drop!

Lance Hart: But Miltiades manages to land in a roll! He's quickly popped back up to his feet and before Oparta even knows what has happened, he's leapt up and delivered a dropkick to the back of Opara sending him staggering!

Morgan Shaw: Now Miltiades dives in with a chop block sending him down to a knee! Miltiades pops back up and goes for the Make Your Mark! This time he connects! That super kick to the kneeling Oparta landed right on the money and Oparta falls forward flat on his face! He could be out!

Lance Hart: But Miltiades wants to make absolutely sure! He reaches down and grabs the arms of Oparta getting him in a double underhook as he drags Oparta up to his feet. It looks like he's going to go for the War Horse!

Morgan Shaw: But Oparta drives his legs forward and sends Miltiades backpedaling into the ropes with such force that both of them go right through the middle ropes and crashing onto the outside floor! Michael Camille has to run around the edge of the ring to keep himself out of dodge as both men are down!

Lance Hart: But it's Miltiades who is up to his feet first! Oparta soon follows but as soon as he reaches his feet, Miltiades sends a big Kenka Kick right into his chest sending him stumbling backwards straight into those steel ring steps!

Morgan Shaw: Miltiades sees blood in the water now. Oparta is trying to recover from being kicked back into those steps, but Miltiades is already charging Oparta's way! He jumps into the air looking for that Malice at the Palace kiick!

Lance Hart: WHAT? Somehow, someway Oparta grabbed ahold of Miltiades! He's just holding him in the air and Miltiades is helpless right now! Dear Lord, Dominik Oparta just slams Miltiades onto the apron with a vicious powerbomb! Oparta shoves him under the bottom rope before climbing back into the ring himself! He covers and this one HAS to be over!

Referee: OOOOOONNNNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTTTHHHHHHHHRRRRRREEEEEE-

Morgan Shaw: He kicked out! At the last possible moment, Miltiades got his shoulder up! Oparta doesn't seem pleased about it however as he starts driving elbows into the head of Miltiades. Over and over! Finally, he relents but that doesn't mean things are going to go any better for Miltiades! Oparta reaches down and grabs the throat of Miltiades yanking him up to his feet!

Lance Hart: It looks like he's going for a chokeslam, but Miltiades with a kick to the midsection! Oparta doubles over and Miltiades hoists him up over his head! Look at the strength of Miltiades! HE POWERBOMBS OPARTA OVER THE TOP ROPE! MY GODDDDD!

Morgan Shaw: Oparta is lying in a heap outside the ring, but Miltiades needs to get him back into the ring to capitalize! He rolls under the bottom rope, going out after Dominick. And...I can't believe it! Look at Oparta! He's starting to stir! Somehow that man is STILL moving after that!

Referee: ONE!...

Lance Hart: And the referee begins the count as Miltiades goes over to Oparta, who's gotten up to his knees now, and just starts raining down right hands! One after the other Miltiades fires away trying to knock Oparta back down, but none of these strikes seem to be fazing him!

Referee: TWO!...

Morgan Shaw: Finally, Oparta gets sick of taking these shots to the face! He grabs Miltiades by the legs! He hoists Miltiades up into the air and with a full head of steam he charges him towards the ringside barrier! Holy hell! Dominick Oparta just drove Miltiades straight through the security barrier! Both men are lying in a heap out here on the floor!

Referee: FOUR!...

FIVE!...

SIX!...

Lance Hart: I don't think either man is going to make it Morgan! They're both motionless out here!

Referee: SEVEN!...

EIGHT!...

Morgan Shaw: Wait! They're both starting to get up now! They realize that their both in danger of being counted out here! Miltiades is up first! He makes a move to march towards the ring but Oparta grabs his arm trying to pull him backwards!

Referee: NINE!...

Lance Hart: Miltiades turns around and fires a shot at the skull of Oparta but Dominick just shrugs it off and throws one of his own! They're not gonna make it!

Referee: TEN!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Morgan Shaw: There's the bell! Both men have been counted out but these two are acting as if they didn't even hear the bell! They're just out here trading punches back and forth! Somebody needs to get some control out here!

Lance Hart: The referee now tries to get in between these two but isn't making any headway! Officials now starting to pour out the back! They're all trying to regain some kind of order, but nobody can pull these two apart! Here comes some of Miltiades' generals from the back trying to help pull these two away from each other. Even Michael is trying to get in between these guys! Finally...FINALLY...they manage to pry these two apart but neither of them are happy about it!

Morgan Shaw: I've lost count of how many people are out here now Lance but it appears things have at least calmed down somewhat. I fear that we haven't seen the last of this encounter though!

Lance Hart: It may have been a mistake to get these two going to kick us off, they might want to fight all night! Let's get out of here for a moment, we need to go to break!

(We switch focus from the arena and head to a pre-tape from earlier in the week.)

(Telenovela plays as a title card reading "CASPIAN's Redemption" appears over the sky before panning down to a shot of a prison yard. CASPIAN, in an orange jumpsuit struts down the courtyard as prisoners graciously step out of the way. One prisoner walks up to him with a cigar in hand and offers him a light, which CASPIAN takes, before gesturing him away. He blows smoke into the air as he looks around him.)

CASPIAN's inner monologue: El Prisión. It really isn't much different from the real world. I, a drug kingpin managed to make the most of this crooked environment. Once you get the power, then every man has a price. Still, being caged isn't where I wanted to be. After being deported and released in OWA, I went back to my old life of luxury. I moved back to my villa in Honduras. I had Narcisa, Riches, Respect. I had it all, but I felt empty, vacío. Due to my reputation, there was no way I could come back to the states by legal means, so I had attempted to cross the border by other methods. However, there was a traitor among us. My plans were tipped off and I was caught. Or rather, I let myself got caught. Qué lastima.

The penitentiary wasn't much. I'm just surrounded by the same kind of people I've worked with: criminal, scums, addicts, confined inside a wall. If anything, it was easier to manage. I had my fun asserting my dominance here, rebuilding an empire, but even so, it wasn't enough. Once again, I felt incomplete, all I can do with my time is plan my revenge on those that dare to cross me, but until one day, he came....

Guard: Prisoner 16180339, welcome to your new home.

CASPIAN's inner monologue: This man, he was no ordinary man. I felt like I've seen him before, but just couldn't figure it out. The moment he was placed in here, everyone had seemed to loved him. The prisoners, the guards, even the warden. Who was he? Quien era? Should I be concerned? I had to fight my way to get to the top of the food chain here, and he just waltz in here and takes it all away? No, This man. He was like me. He has connections. He had influence. I should try to get in his favor, and then, when the time comes, take it all away. Only un hombre can be El Capitan and that's yours truly.

I kept a close eye on him. My suspicions were not wrong. He had the bigger cells, and soon, his posse, consisting of a violent stab happy girl, a giant, and two mentally unstable boys were brought in. In mere days, he had taken control of the entire facility. How? I've been here for months, but this man, he has completely taken over the entire institution and made it a personal playground. I had to know. I approached him.

CASPIAN: I hear you are a man who can get things. Get me some cosas.

???: I've been known to be able to locate certain things. What do you need?

CASPIAN's inner monologue: He had this huge grin on his face, almost as if I was making a deal with the devil. But I wanted to see how far his influence can go.

CASPIAN: I want to get out. Dame mi libertad. I have unfinished business out there.

???: Interesting. I mean you didn't hear it from me, but I certainly know a way out of this place, but I'd like something in return if I should grant you freedom.

CASPIAN: Hmm...what's that?

???: I'm sure you can tell already, but I'm not here as a prisoner. I'm here because I want something, rather someone who has wronged me. But before we get into that. May I ask who you are?

CASPIAN: I was the most wanted cartel leader in the world, CASPIAN. And you?

???: .... Moongoose. Pleasure.

("To be continued." appears before the screen as telenovela music plays once more before we go to black.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(COMMERCIAL: With a certain Indonesian superstar making his epic return last Olympus, OWA and Burger King are looking to celebrate with a special offer! Using the code "Nobi" on the BK app entitles you to a free Whopper combo from June 2nd all of the way to the end of the month! Redeem in the first week and get a complimentary pair of "cool" sunglasses to go with your meal!)

(We cut to ringside as Julianna DeMarco is ready to go for tonight's next match. "Requiem in D Minor Key" by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart plays as the crowd give off a negative reaction towards the Grim Knight who makes his way down to the ring.)

Julianna DeMarco: THE FOLLOWING CONTEST IS SCHEDULED FOR ONE FALL!!!  
Introducing first, from Munich, Germany! He weighed in tonight at 386 lbs! THE GRIM  
KNIGHT!!! ADELMAAAAAAAR SAUUUUUUUURRRRR!!!!

Lance Hart: The towering figure of Kingdom and arguably a man with a lot of hidden potential, Adelmar Saur has had quite a rocky road so far on Kingdom, especially in the singles division but now he is trying his hand in the tag division with a partner that you can say is very similar to him.

(Adelmar is waiting at the end of the ramp as the music changes to "Jerusalem" by Emerson, Lake & Palmer, signalling the arrival of The Time Lizard himself.)



Julianna DeMarco: AND HIS PARTNER! From Ryde, Isle of Wight, England! He weight in tonight at 225 lbs! HE IS THE TIME LIZARD! REGINALD DAAAAMPSHAAWWW THE THIIIIIRDDD!!

Morgan Shaw: ...Well this is interesting! The man who they call the time lizard, RD3 has had quite an up and down tenure so far in OWA but he has shown sparks of absolute brilliance. Last week he made it known he wants to spread his influence all over Kingdom's divisions. He has a Spartan title shot in his back pocket, eyes on the World title and from the looks of things he now has a standing in the tag division! This is quite a scary tandem we've got on Kingdom now.

(As Reginald makes his way down, he extends his hand to Adelman who gladly accepts. The two of them soon enter the ring together as their opponents Apu and Bapu Singh from the BWO are ready to go.)

(DING DING DING!!)

Lance Hart: Here we go for another contest, ladies and gentlemen. Adelman stands face to face with Apu Singh who was apparently volunteered as tribute by someone to be in this match. Apu seems to be worried in his own well being and I won't lie but I would also be in that kind of state that he is in if standing across from me in the center of the ring is a 386 pound mammoth of a man. Apu now rushes and delivers a knife edge chop... I guess for Adelman it was more like a plastic knife chop, probably didn't sting to him. Apu now is begging and Saur responds with his own knife edge chop! Jesus Christ! I could feel that chop as Apu Singh is down already, he's crawling towards his brother but Bapu just jumped down the apron! Is planning to let his brother take all the punishment, Morgan? Morgan... are you laughing?

Morgan Shaw: I can't take this seriously! They really thought these two could beat Adelman and Reginald. I'm quite surprised at that, not gonna lie. Back to this massacre as it seem Apu Singh is trying to get up and immediately is sent into the corner of RDIII and Saur. Another Knife Edge Chop by the Munich native as the sound of it probably echoed throughout the arena. It seems Dampshaw wants to get into the action as Adelman tags himself in and immediately we get brutal uppercuts from the Englishman!

Lance Hart: And now Bapu Singh tries to intervened but he pays for it with a lariat to the face! Well at least you can say that he tried, Reginald seemingly in the mood to handing out beatdown now begins to just stomp into Bapu Singh. The Time Lizard is relentless as ever as he now tags in the Grim Knight as the two men nod as it seems like they want to end it! The referee doesn't seem to intervene as Adelman has Apu up for a Powerbomb and at the same time, RDIII has Bapu in a vertical suplex position! FALL DER KLINGE AND GOLDEN BUSTER FROM BOTH MEN TO THEIR OPPONENTS! Cover by both men!

Referee: ONEEEEEEE!!!! TWWWOOOOOO!!!! THREEEEEEE!!!!

Lance Hart: Rest In Peace, Apu and Bapu!

(DING DING DING!)

("Requiem in D Minor Key" plays again as both Adelmarr and RDIII get off their opponents and stand back up on their own two feet. Proud of the absolute beatdown that was this match.)

Julianna DeMarco: Your winners! THE TEAM OF ADELMAAAAAR SAAAAUUUUR AND REGINAALD DAAAAAMPPSSSHAAAAWW THE THIIIIIRD!!!!

Lance Hart: As if the match result wasn't already a given considering their opponent, but the brand new duo of Adelmarr and Reginald Dampshaw successful in their debut as a tag team.

Morgan Shaw: I'm glad that neither you or I are competitors cuz I do not want to be any of the guys who are face to face with these. Decisive victory, no question. I think you could just throw another tag team and let have another match, they didn't break a sweat.

(Both men turn to face each other and shake hands one more time as the camera now cuts away from the ring.)

(BACKSTAGE: We are given a split screen of Kenny Drake in the dark stewing with his gear on while The Udy is stretching, getting himself relaxed as he looks to prepare for his contest. As the two carry on with their pre-match rituals we see a graphic which reads "Kenny Drake vs. Udy - NEXT!")

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(COMMERCIAL: On the fence when it comes to buying Call of Duty Modern Warfare? Pre-Order now and get a special bonus campaign mode! OWA stars Michael Bishop and Nate Cage lend their voices for an action packed four hours of additional content with the new mode "ISIS Zombies"! Don't miss out on the hype!)

Julianna DeMarco: This match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

(A camera focuses on an old wooden door with lights coming from underneath the frame as a demonic chants start. The view then moves down towards the source and the gap. A shadow of couple of legs suddenly appear and the camera shakes and falls. It shows that legs are that of some animal with big paws. The door then opens and everything goes black.)

(The entire arena is dark as the chants are replaced by "Long Way Down - Gary Numan (The Evil Within theme)" .

(Udy walks out slowly and a spotlight shines on him. He has a wolf skin jacket with wolf-head gear covering him head-down. A huge dog stands by his side as well. Black smoke engulfs him and the entire ramp.)

Julianne DeMarco: Weighing in at 205 lbs, hailing from the Scandinavian Mountains, he is "The Real Alpha Wolf".....UUUUUDDDDDDYYYYY!!!

(He kneels down to one knee and howls with his arms spread. Udy stands and walks to ring with the Dog beside him. Climbs through the ropes and heads to a diagonal turnbuckle. Stands on middle and top tb and spreads his hands before removing the jacket and wolf-head gear to reveal a wolf inspired face paint. The Dog sits in middle of the ring.)

Lance Hart: Well if you follow OWA on social media, you'll know that Udy has been getting under a lot of people's skin with his attitude and demeanour. He is cocky and has a huge head and he knows it and he's not afraid to express that.

Morgan Shaw: I've heard people call Udy annoying, Hart. Well, annoying is what people who are too stupid to see confidence personified call it. But you're right, he's pissed a lot of people off, but I think he's made a bad enemy tonight.

Julianna DeMarco: And his opponent....

(The lights go out and the familiar scream of "REACH OUT AND TOUCH FAITH" as the fans come unglued. )

Julianna DeMarco: Weighing in at 200 lbs, residing in Heaven's Den.....KEEEENNNNNNNYYYYY DRRRRRAAAAKKKKEEE!!!

(Kenny Drake appears on the ramp in his trademark white fur coat as the audience chant his name.)

KENNY! KENNY! KENNY!

Lance Hart: It's been a full year since we've seen Kenny Drake here on Kingdom! Last week he made his shocking return to attack his former Wolvesden brethern Nate Cage and Ground Zero but tonight he has his mind set on shutting Udy up.

DING! DING! DING!

Lance Hart: Kenny and Udy lock up but as soon as they do, Kenny throws Udy to the mat. Udy pops up and they lock up again and Kenny throws Udy down again. Kenny smirks down at Udy who looks up and snarls. Kenny walks over to pick him up...but Udy rolls him up into a pin!

1!!! 2!!-KICKOUT!

Morgan Shaw: Kenny gets up and looks furious. He runs at Udy and goes for a clothesline, but Udy ducks under it and runs towards the ropes. He leaps off the second rope and slams Kenny with a springboard dropkick. Kenny quickly gets up and gets in Udy's face. They jaw jack and Udy pie faces him. Kenny runs at Udy but Udy moves out of the way. Udy drops Kenny with a drop toe hold. Udy gets Kenny in a leg scissors which Kenny quickly manoeuvres out of and gets out of the ring.

Lance Hart: And again Udy gets the better of the exchange of Kenny here. Maybe a little ring rust, Morgan?

Morgan Shaw: I don't think ring rust can be a factor for someone like Kenny Drake, Hart. I just think Udy keeps slipping out like the grizzled young vet that he is!

Udy motions for Kenny to get back in the ring. Kenny is not happy and walks around the rings. Udy is now getting cocky and begins pacing. He gets to the top turnbuckle and howls to the crowd...but Kenny is back in the ring. Kenny runs to the corner and hops up. Kenny throws Udy off the turnbuckle with a German Suplex, the momentum which causes Udy to flip over completely and slams stomach first into the mat!

Morgan Shaw: Jesus Christ! Udy almost went right through the mat! Kenny is done screwing around!

Lance Hart: Kenny rolls Udy on his back and goes for the pin!

1!!! 2!!!-NO!

Lance Hart: Udy gets his foot on the rope! Udy, like the cockroach he is, will not die!

Morgan Shaw: He's not a cockroach, Hart! Jesus, can you be unbiased, for once in your damn life?

Lance Hart: Kenny is started to get frustrated and he picks Udy up. He begins laying Muay Thai strikes to his head and chest. Udy falls back into the corner where Kenny sends a chop reverberating into his sternum.

Morgan Shaw: Now this is the Kenny Drake we know and remember! The vicious, never stopping former Wolvesden member is on the hunt!

Lance Hart: Kenny picks Udy and hoists him on his shoulders. He then flips him down with a death valley driver. That's the first part of the move he calls The Mercy Seat. Here comes the

penalty kick-No! Udy grabs his foot and throws Kenny onto his stomach! Kenny gets to his knees, only to be met with a superkick to the face by Udy!

Morgan Shaw: Udy is going to the top rope...He howls to the heavens one more time and...Frog Splash! But right at the last second, Kenny gets his knees up! Kenny raises Udy to his knees, pulls back his left arm...and spikes Udy's head into the canvas! In the King's Court! Udy is out cold! Kenny picks the lifeless body of Udy off the ground and lifts him with one arm....KILLING JOKE! KILLING JOKE! He goes for the pin!

1!!! 2!!! 3!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

("REACH OUT AND TOUCH FAITH" blasts on the speakers as the crowd sing along. Kenny Drake gets his hand raised and stares directly into the camera. He's saying something intensely before he gets out of the ring)

Lance Hart: One can only guess who that win and post match deceleration to the camera was for. Udy put up a great fight against one of the best to ever do this, evading many of Kenny's attacks, but ultimately, Kenny Drake left the match...The main Wolf of OWA.

Morgan Shaw: Stupid, cringy marketing ploy aside, Udy proved that, even though he lost, he wasn't just a chump that Kenny Drake was going to come in and squash.

(Kenny grabs his white fur coat and throws it over his shoulder. He walks up the ramp before turning his head back towards the camera. He smirks before looking to head to the back....

But is stopped when the lights suddenly go down in the arena. As everyone tries to figure out what's going on, the tron starts to flicker.)

Lance Hart: We appear to be having some technical difficulties here, ladies and gentlemen, we're trying to...

(The tron comes into focus, Clinton Stone is strapped to a chair and bleeding from his mouth.)

Morgan Shaw: Oh, Jesus Christ.

(A fist quickly comes from offscreen and cracks Clinton's jaw, as Nate Cage walks into frame and the boos intensify.)

Nate Cage: So, here we are. Look at what we've been reduced to, Kenny. A game of one upmanship. Like fucking children. We used to have something special, something beautiful. But you lost your fucking mind, didn't you? Made it into something that I couldn't be a part of. I gave

you a chance to step away, gave you the opportunity to rid yourself of the pain and sorrow that I've got residing in me. You just couldn't stay away. Couldn't resist sticking your nose back into things. Hope you enjoyed your warm-up match, seemed to me you were moving a little slow. Are you losing your touch? Old man?

You see, Clinton here...he's still loyal to you. No matter what I do, I just can't seem to break him. He doesn't fit in with Ground Zero, he's a wolf to his very core. But I'm not giving him back. I took everything from you and that is how it will remain. This? This is just to show you that I can do exactly what I want, when I want. And what I want is something that I've been waiting for for a very long time. I want you gone from OWA. I want you gone from my fucking life. And there's only way to do that.

You vs. Me, Boiling Point. You pick the stipulation. I don't fucking care. If you don't get back to me with an answer soon, or more of your brethren will fall.

(The feed cuts out, as an irate Kenny Drake stands in the middle of the ring, looking devastated but with murderous intent in his eyes.)

Lance Hart: I don't even know what to say. Nate Cage has gone too far yet again, using a man's wellbeing as a bargaining chip to play mind games.

Morgan Shaw: You know I'm a fan of Nate's work, but that was upsetting to watch, if I'm honest.....

Lance Hart: Time for a break.

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(COMMERCIAL: Go to [OmegaWrestling.com/Events](http://OmegaWrestling.com/Events) and get tickets for an Odyssey taping! All online purchases promise you a free Savannah Sunshine Strawberry (Extra)Shortcake to redeem at the concession stands!)

(We fade in from commercial to Julianna DeMarco, standing dead center in the middle of the ring...)

Julianna DeMarco: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is a TRIPLE THREAT Match, and it is scheduled for ONE FALL!"

Fans: "ONE FALL!"

("Into the Fire" by Asking Alexandria hits the PA, and Aidan Brand comes storming out through the curtain. He stops for a moment and wipes his mouth before stomping down the ramp.)

Julianna DeMarco: "INTRODUCING FIRST! From Newfoundland, Canada...weighing in at 202 Pounds...He is making his OWA DEEEEEEBUT...he is THE FIRE...AIDAN...BRAND!"

(The fans give a respectful cheer as Aidan scurries up the apron and into the ring. He wastes no time removing his jacket and tossing it towards the time keepers area....the music fades out...)

(...and into "Revolution Is My Name" by Pantera. Again, the curtain opens, and out strides Eli Musgraves...)

Julianna DeMarco: "AND his opponent...from San Antonio, Texas...weighing in at 225 pounds...he is ALSO making his OWA DEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEBUT!...he is the SAAAAN ANTONIO SERPENT....ELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL MUSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSGRAVES!"

(The fans boo as Eli stalks up the steps, barely paying any mind to the stretching Aidan Brand. Eli swings his leg through the ropes and enters the ring, feigning a step towards Aidan, before chuckling to himself and removing his coat...again, the music fades out...)

(...before "Sauce It Up" by Lil Uzi Vert blares...the fans rise to their feet, and surprisingly, some are cheering. The curtain again opens, and out struts the gold-chained Theo King, Jr.)

Julianna DeMarco: "AAAAAAAAAAAAAND their opponent...from SCARSDALE, New York...weighing in at 225 pounds...he is THEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE PRESTIIIIIIIGE...THEO...KING....JUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUNIOR!"

(Theo gets a small running start before sliding into the ring, completely ignoring his opponents as he hops onto the turnbuckle, prompting louder jeers from the sold-out arena...Theo removes his jacket and hops back down into the ring...)

(DING DING DING!)

Lance Hart: And here we go! Eli Musgraves, Theo King Jr, and Aidan Brand! Three of the hottest prospects on the Jade and Silver brand!

Morgan Shaw: Hey! You rapped!

Lance Hart: Word!

Morgan Shaw: ugh...

Lance Hart: ...Eli, the man with the most experience here...Aidan Brand, this young man has a massive fire in his heart, and Theo King, Jr. probably the most athletically gifted competitor out right now...

Morgan Shaw: And the only one with a win, so far...

Lance Hart: Eli takes a step back, leaning against the ropes, casually glancing back from Theo and Aidan...Aidan's eyes dart between Eli and Theo...King smirks and glances at Aidan...

Morgan Shaw: This is a Mexican Standoff...

Lance Hart: Each man, waiting for another to make the first move...Aidan pivots on his back foot...

Morgan Shaw: OH! A huge big boot from Eli takes down Aidan Brand! Eli immediately turns to Theo King...SUPERKI-NO! Musgraves ducks under...Theo stumbles...turns... BICYCLE KNEE!

Lance Hart: NO! Theo sidesteps...PUMP kick sends Eli reeling! Theo stalks after...

Morgan Shaw: SUPERKIIIIICK FROM AIDAN BRAND!! Theo King, Jr. falls hard to the mat and rolls out to the apron! Aidan, eyes still on him, finally turns his attention to Musgraves...

Lance Hart: WHO SWINGS FOR A HEAVY LARIAT!! NO! Brand drops to a knee and goes behind, securing a rear waist lock...but Eli drags him forward, towards the ropes...Eli drops down through the top and middle rope...

Morgan Shaw: AND BARELY DODGES A MASSIVE ROPE HUNG ENZIGURI FROM THEO KING THAT CRACKS AIDAN BRAND IN TEMPLE! Aidan stumbles back...Theo King...STEPS onto Musgraves massive back; Eli instinctively bucks him off...CATAPULTING THEO KING BACK OVER THE TOP ROPE...

Lance Hart: But Aidan Brand ducks under and hits the ropes, knocking Eli Musgraves off the apron and onto the floor...rebounds as Theo rolls to his feet and turns...AND DUCKS A WINDMILL KICK...hold on, FULL HEAD OF STEAM...

Morgan Shaw: TOPEEEEE COOOOOOOOOON HIIIIIIIILO FROM THEOOOO KIIIIIIIIII-



Lance Hart: NO! NO! NO! ELI MUSGRAVES CAUGHT HIM IN MID-AIR!! UNBELIEVABLE STRENGTH FROM THE TEXAN!! Theo throws his body weight back, trying to shift the momentum into a huracanrana...but Eli Musgraves just DEADLIFTS him back up...POWERBOMB?!? Eli turns to the...barricade?! Powerbomb onto the BARRICADE?!

Morgan Shaw: HoldonholdonholdonHOLDON, eyes on Aidan Brand!! Off the opposite ropes, like a BULLET TRAIN...SUIIIIIIIIIIIICIIIIIIIIIIIIIDE DIIIIIIIIIIIIIVE!!

Lance Hart: AND AIDAN BRAND CONNECTS WITH A SUICIDE CLOTHESLINE TO THEO KING!! GOOD LORD ALMIGHTY, A SUICIDE DIVE DOOMSDAY DEVICE DROPS THEO KING NECK FIRST ON THE MATS!! UN! BE! LIEEEEEVABLEEEEE!!!

Fans: "HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT!"

Morgan Shaw: I don't even think Eli Musgraves knew what just happened, but I don't think he's complaining! Aidan hops back to his feet as Eli turns his attention to him...AND DECAPITATES AIDAN BRAND WITH A SICKENING TEXAS SIZED LARIAT!!

Lance Hart: ELI MUSGRAVES!! ELI ROARS with adrenaline before grabbing Aidan Brand by the hair and dragging him back to his feet...maneuvers him towards the apron before hooking Aidan's head...slings the arm over his neck...and LIFTS...

Morgan Shaw: ...AND PLANTS Aidan Brand HARD on the ring apron with a MASSIVE gourdbuster!

Lance Hart: JESUS, that was a sickening smack!

Morgan Shaw: And, to let you fans in on a little secret, the apron? It's the hardest part of the ring!

Lance Hart: WHOAWHOAWHOA, giving away the business here, should we cut?

Morgan Shaw: Never, cos meanwhile, Eli Musgraves is Face to Face with a fan in the front row, and Eli is letting him hear it! Yeah! I like this guy!

Lance Hart: Eli wisely turns his attention back to the ring apron...Aidan Brand, starting to stir...and Eli hops up with him and stands, raining three massive right boots down on the back of Brand's head! Jesus!

Morgan Shaw: Eli pulls Aidan up and puts his head between his legs...grabs the waist...AND LIFTS!! POWERBOMB?!?

Lance Hart: NO! Aidan Brand pushes himself up...and OVER...hooks his legs under Eli's arms and swings through his legs...SUN-SET FLIP....POWERBOMB ON THE APRON!! GOOD LORD ALMIGHTY ! ELI MUSGRAVES WAS FOLDED UP LIKE A SAN ANTONIO STYLE BURRITO, AND I'LL BE DAMNED IF HIS SPINE ISN'T SPLIT DOWN THE MIDDLE!

Morgan Shaw: A CODE RED ON THE DAMN APRON!! I AM ABSOLUTELY SHOCKED!!

Fans: "HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT!"

Lance Hart: THAT! WAS! INCREDIBLE!!

(A slow-motion replay fills the screen; the precise timing shown by Aidan Brand is in full display as he hooks his legs under Eli's armpits and drags him to hell with the snap-style powerbomb. The impact is shown at normal speed before the screen returns to...)

Lance Hart: Aidan Brand, I don't even think he ca- WAITASECOND! THEO KING, OFF THE TOP TURNBUCKLE... DRIVES HIS HEELS INTO THE CHEST OF AIDAN BRAND!!!

Morgan Shaw: MUSHROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM STOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMP!

Lance Hart: THEO KING, JR. JUST CRUSHED AIDAN BRAND WITH A DAMN MUSHROOM STOMP ON THE APRON!! WHERE IN THE HELL DID HE COME FROM?!?

Morgan Shaw: Theo King lands in a roll on the mats below, and IMMEDIATELY rises to his feet and rushes back to the prone body of Aidan Brand! Theo unceremoniously shoves Aidan back into the ring and slides in after him...STRAIGHT TO A COVER! THIS IS IT!

Lance Hart: New referee, Miles George, dives in! Perfect position!

Miles George: OOOOOOOOOOOOOOONE!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

THRE-

Lance Hart: NO! AT THE LAST MILLISECOND, AND WITH EVERY LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH, ELI MUSGRAVES PULLS THEO OFF THE PIN!

Fans: "THIS IS AWE-SOME!" \*clap clap clapclapclap\* "THIS IS AWE-SOME!" \*clap clap clapclapclap\*

Lance Hart: All three men have been moving at a suicide pace since the opening bell, and now are taking this moment to catch their breath... good God, what action!

Morgan Shaw: Eli Musgraves and Aidan Brand have SO much to prove here tonight, and Theo King is desperately trying to hold on to that wave of mom-wait...CARLOS ROSSO!? CARLOS ROSSO JUST HOPPED THE BARRICADE!

Lance Hart: What in the...what is Carlos Rosso doing here?! Carlos, slides into the ring, just as Musgraves pushes himself to his feet...

Morgan Shaw: ROSSO REVOOOOOOOOOOOLVER!!

(DING DING DING!!)

Morgan Shaw: Milesjust called for the bell! This is a no contest!! What in the hell is this?!

Lance Hart: GOD! That killed Eli! Hold on, Carlos turns to Aidan...drags him up...rear waistlock...holds the arm...RIPCORDER...

Morgan Shaw: SOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOUTHERN LAAAAAAAAAAAAARIAT!!!

(DING DING DING DING DING!)

Lance Hart: LORD ALMIGHTY!! THAT KILLED HIM! AIDAN BRAND IS DEAD!! CARLOS ROSSO IS JUST IGNORING CHETS DEMANDS...THEO KING, JR...DRAGGED UP TOO, SET UP FOR...

Morgan Shaw: REEEEEEEEEEEEEED SPIIIIIIIIIIIIIKE!!!!

(DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING!!)

Fans: "BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Lance Hart: WHAT THE HELL IS HIS PROBLEM?! WE WERE HAVING A GOD DAMN AMAZING MATCH, AND CARLOS ROSSO, ONCE AGAIN, RUINS A BIG MOMENT!

Fans: "FUCK YOU CAR-LOS!" \*clap clap clapclapclap\* "FUCK YOU CAR-LOS!" \*clap clap clapclapclap\*

(Referee Miles George gets right in the face of Carlos...but is immediately positioned for a piledriver...Carlos hooks the legs, pulls up...)

Lance Hart: GOD! GOD! RED SPIKE TO OUR ROOKIE REFEREE!! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!!

(The boo's rain down from the heavens as Carlos rolls back to his feet. He motions for a mic...Julianna reluctantly hands it to him...)

Carlos Rosso: "...THIS? Is BULLSHIT."

Fans: "BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Carlos Rosso: "LAST WEEK, I was in the God Damn Main Event! I was bringing in MILLIONS and MILLIONS of viewers as I battled that Thot, Aria Jaxon...and WHERE AM I THIS WEEK?! Huh?! Not even on the GOD DAMN card!"

(Carlos lays a toe kick into the ribs of Aidan Brand as he paces the ring...Aidan, brilliantly, rolls out of the ring...)

Carlos Rosso: "So WHAT do I see, but THIS time wasting filler match with three LOSERS who barely make their presence known...so you know what, I actually did them a favor! THIS...THIS is how you get noticed, boys! Let this be a lesson...for these three punks, for the boys in the back, and most importantly, for MANAGEMENT...this will happen EVERYTIME I'm left off a show. Do the right thing, Vern..."

(Carlos turns and looks at Eli, who attempts to push himself up...)

Carlos Rosso: "...for their sake..."

(Carlos suddenly throws down the mic...and PUNT KICKS Eli right in the temple!! Security staff finally rush down to the ring, but it's too late. Carlos simply chuckles, drops to the mat, and rolls out to the mats.)

Lance Hart: Absolutely DISGUSTING! A DISGUSTING Display!

Morgan Shaw: I LOVE IT! I LOVE IT! SHOW THEM WHO THE KING IS, ROSSO!

Lance Hart: OH, ENOUGH! Fans...Dammit, we need to take a break! We'll be right back....

(COMMERCIAL)

(Telenovela music plays as camera returns to a shot of the prison yard. CASPIAN is seen staring frontward into the unknown, as he flashes back to an earlier moment.)

(The screen shows Moongoose and CASPIAN sitting at a dining room table alone as Moongoose dines on a steak and a glass of scotch. CASPIAN sits across the table with his tray of prison food as he irritatingly looks at McQueen.)

Moongoose: So what you in for?

CASPIAN: I was set up, trying to return to the states. Let me ask you. Who are you? Digame.

Moongoose: Who am I? Who am I?! CASPIAN, I'm the man that is gonna get you out of here, but like I said. I need a favor, but it won't be an easy one. But if you don't mind me asking, what you gonna do when you get out?

CASPIAN: First, I'm going to get the man that put me in here and slit his throat and then I'm going to make another attempt to return to the states.

Moongoose: And what exactly is waiting for you back in the states?

CASPIAN: Fame, Money.... Purpose. I've grown bored of home. I want to grow my empire to bigger heights than before, compa.

Moongoose: I see. Well. I suppose we should right back to the chase. There is this man, a part of my group. Not too long ago, he was foolish enough to let's say in my line of career....cost me

a match. Anyway, he humiliated me and helped the opposition, and while sure, he meant well and try his earnest, but his mistake is inexcusable. You catching my drift here?

CASPIAN: Yeah, I get it. Te entiendo. You and I aren't that different in that regard.

Moongoose: Glad to hear we have an understanding. So I'm going to need you to teach him a lesson.

CASPIAN: And after that, you will get me out of here.

Moongoose: On behalf of the Betty White Poster that I have in my cell, I am a man of my word.

CASPIAN: Which one is it? Cameron? Jennifer? Consuela?

(Moongoose shakes his head)

CASPIAN: Rrrrevy?...

Moongoose: No, the big guy. And watch out. He don't go down easy. You got a big task ahead of ya there. Just wait for my signal. I'll make a scene, and from there, you will make your move. Deal?

(CASPIAN hesitates at first, before giving in and shaking McQueen's hand in agreement. We return to the present time where CASPIAN is shown watching Bane the whole time from across the yard. He stares up to the building where in the window, McQueen is in the warden's office where he nods at CASPIAN. CASPIAN cracks his knuckles and neck, when suddenly, from the speakers, "Old Time Road" by Lil Nas X feat. Billy Ray Cyrus plays.)

CASPIAN's inner monologue: I have no idea to this day what those two guys were singing about. Truth is, I don't want to know. Some things are best left unsaid. I'd like to think they were singing about something so beautiful, it can't be expressed in words, and makes your heart ache because of it. I tell you, those voices soared higher and farther than anybody in a gray place dares to dream. It was like some beautiful bird flapped into our drab little cage and made those walls dissolve away, and for the briefest of moments, every last man in Guantanamo Bay felt free.

(In the confusion of the prison yard. CASPIAN gets up from the bench and slowly makes his way towards Bane. He pulls out a makeshift shiv and gets ready to attack... screen goes black)

("To be Continued, next time, the finale" appears as telenovela plays once more.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(COMMERCIAL: CNN takes us back to the 1960s with an in depth 6-Part documentary on the decade. Hear thoughts from stars in popular culture, politicians, civil rights activists and host Carlos Rosso!)

(Saturday, 10:53 AM

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Location: The Omega Wrestling Tomorrow Performance Center

INTERIOR: A packed 26,000 square feet facility with several rings set up in the building along with equipment for weight lifting, condition and general exercise scattered across the area. With around fifty different trainees all in the center at once, there's not a single spot for training left unfilled, with everyone utilizing what's provided. We have talent practicing their jabs in sparring matches, large competitors leaving their peers in awe with impressive bench press numbers, wrestlers and officials in training waiting in line to be fitted for their gear, and two of the rings having full on exhibition matches with male and female talent. Watching all of this go down and also mediating some of the proceedings are the OWT coaches - those being the likes of Michael Bishop, Jun Nobunaga, Miss Manami and Rachael Frost. The group of veterans are all being very proactive in making sure they're ready to give tips and takes notes when needed. It's a typical, uniform day in the center with everything operating like one well functioned, busy machine though we can see all of them looking out the corner of their eye at the seventh ring -- the one which is hosting a class.)

???

Okay, those in the seminar, gather around!

(Our program immediately switches focuses entirely to the ring hosting the seminar. In the squared circle we see ten fresh OWA signees neatly lined up with their hands behind their backs and posture straightened, showing complete attention and respect to those standing before them. We do a pan across from the rookies and give the viewers a look at Vernon Tressler and OWA event runner Naheem Bogard both standing by along with several noteworthy FX Networks executives.)

Naheem Bogard

This is what I like to see! Bright and early, proper gear worn and razor sharp focus! You guys came READY for this seminar as you should. I wanted to have you all in this ring today because I thought you were ten of the most stand out athletes here at our training center, with great ethic and desire to learn, and could use a reward. Are you excited for what's in store?

Trainees  
YES SIR!

Naheem Bogard

Alright! Well, I promised you all a private training seminar with a special guest and I'm following through, courtesy of the one and only Vernon Tressler!

(The group applaud as Vernon Tressler steps out of line and gets in close.)

Vernon Tressler

Thank you, thank you. It is a pleasure to be here! OWT is gathering steam in a way I have never seen before in wrestling, social media has been abuzz about the talent we've been churning out from this place and for good reason. I look before me and I see a crop of talented, hungry future stars of this sport. Your potential is limitless and with the proper molding from the coaches here in the facilities you'll be killing it on TV in no time.....something these fellows here from FX Networks will attest to.

(Vernon Tressler gestures to the executives who are looking around observantly at everything taking place in the center.)

Vernon Tressler

Which is a big point of discussion I and Naheem are looking to talk to them about throughout the day. Our friends here are incredibly keen on seeing what goes on around this center for some future plans in the works and we wanted to give them the best first impression possible. And we figured what could be better than this? The ten best of the center...working with one of the best on our main roster. I present to you the host of the seminar and my Spartan Champion: JEFF EXXXXXXXXXX!!!

(Vernon, Bogard and the executives all step out of the ring to take the focus away from them, choosing to watch while the trainees deliver a thunderous applause for Jeff X who walks up the ring steps in a dark red Omega Wrestling Tomorrow PC tee and shorts. Jeff goes through the ropes his Spartan Championship over his shoulder, giving the prospects a good look at the belt before placing it to the side and standing in front of them.)

Jeff X

OK, ease up everyone. Appreciate the reaction but my hangover's bad enough as it is without all of the applause.

(There is a brief pause but the silence is soon broken as the trainees let out a laugh, assuming it to be a joke. Bogard and the executives join in too much to the relief of Vernon.)

Jeff X

So let's get this thing started, huh? It looks like we got a real good group here and you're all in shape to compete. You're ten of the best for a reason so I think we should get the drills and instead get to some sparring. Anyone game to give it a go with me so we can break down what you need to improve on?



(The competitors all stand by awkwardly, all nervous to speak up until someone finally says something.)

Male Trainee

You mean, wrestle you? Right here, right now?

Jeff X

Yup. No way you can tell if you're ready to move up to the main roster unless you're tested by a main roster talent so come on -- who wants some? Don't be scared folks, it's just for learning purpose, I promised Vernon I wouldn't bang ya up too bad.

(Jeff X waits around for a few seconds and after a few beats of silence points his finger at the trainee who responded to him.)

Jeff X

Since nobody wants to take a risk and you were the only one brave enough to at least ask me a question I guess you're the one we'll kick things off with. What's your name, pal?

Male Trainee

Corey Matthis.

Jeff X

Corey Matthis....has a nice ring to it. Respectable. Let's see if the name fits the skill. Corey, step out, the rest of you guys give us some space....Hurry up, clear the ring, folks!

(The nine other trainees back away onto the apron, leaving Corey alone in the ring with Jeff X. The lone trainee looks rather nervous as he heads to his respective corner and then starts circling around cautiously.)

Jeff X

Show me what you got Corey! Bring it in!

(Jeff X opens up his guard and offers up his arms as Corey hesitantly walks in and engages in a collar and elbow tie up with the Spartan Champion. As quickly as the two lock up, Jeff X swiftly takes control and transitions behind the young man, reaching over and slapping in a headlock. As Corey struggles Jeff walks around and maintains the headlock from the side.)

Jeff X

You have to engage with confidence! Don't enter into a lock up blind, always have an end game and work toward taking control!

(Corey tries to pry Jeff's hands off of him to no avail. He switches up his methods and with all his strength he slips his head out of Jeff's clutches and tries for a dropkick to the

back...something Jeff is quick enough to avoid by swinging around and dropping to the canvas. As Corey is on his knees confused on how it didn't connect, Jeff gets back to being beside him and resumes his headlock, turning it into a takeover and bringing him to the ground.)

Jeff X

Almost had me!

(Corey grimaces and shifts around trying to position himself out of the hold while Jeff holds firm.)

Jeff X

Keep up the fight, come on --

(Corey wriggles free as Jeff and him both scramble to get back to their feet. Corey pushes Jeff away and Jeff hits the ropes and lands a shoulder block. Jeff hits the ropes again and Corey remains on the canvas, going under the legs of Jeff while waiting for him on the rebound. He attempts a back body drop but Jeff floats over. Anticipating that happening, Corey does a standing switch, gets Jeff in a waist lock and tries for an O'Connor roll but Jeff wisely grips the ropes and lets Corey fall back on his own. Smiling to himself Jeff turns around and rushes for a clothesline which his trainee ducks, kips up from and then capitalizes upon with a sleep of the leg. He goes for a lateral press and Jeff slides out of it before kipping up himself. A stand off ensues with the two back at square one)

Jeff X

There we go! Good shit!

(All the trainees begin applauding at the young man's performance as the FX execs talk excitedly to a proud Vernon and Naheem. Jeff leans in to shake the Corey's hand before backing away.)

Jeff X

My blood's pumping, I'm feeling hyped up! This might be better than I thought. Round two my man, let's get it!

(Jeff X and Corey Matthis circle one another yet again but the process doesn't last for long before Jeff shoots for a takedown. The now more confident Corey avoids it and aims for a jab which Jeff dodges. Corey fakes him out with a second and as Jeff tenses up, he switches it up and runs the ropes -- as soon as he does it though he is yanked out of the shot.)

Corey Matthis

WHOA!

(Corey's feet are yanked out from under him and he is pulled out of the ring by none other than CHRISTOPHER SABERTOOTH. Corey looks at him with starstruck and confusion while Sabertooth's demeanor is rather casual.)

Christopher Sabertooth  
Mind taking five? Main roster business has to be discussed.

Corey Matthis  
Yeah sure --

(Christopher Sabertooth slides into the ring and immediately leans against the ropes on the side where Vernon is.)

Christopher Sabertooth  
Hey Vern, we were supposed to have a meeting today were we not? A chance to get acquainted with your newest roster member?

Vernon Tressler  
Yes but It's barely even 11 in the morning, the day is still young! Right now we're busy with the seminar and doing dealings with some very important guests as you can tell.

Christopher Sabertooth  
Even better time for me to reintroduce myself! (gestures to the executives) The FX programming team right? You guys are the big wigs who handle all the shows and stuff? You know me right?

FX Networks Executive  
Of course we do! You're one of the most known athletes on any of the FOX Sports shows being produced. A major get for our Sunday Night block of programming too.

Christopher Sabertooth  
Well hopefully that guy standing next to you feels the same way.

(Vernon Tressler nervously laughs hoping to play it off.)

Christopher Sabertooth  
Honestly Vern, I used to have a bit of a bone to pick with you back when OWA was all one roster. Any time I was on Kingdom I never really had a fair shake to go one on one for a title. Any opportunity I had was some multi-man chaos - all these moving parts, titles hanging in the air, ridiculous gimmicks; there was no real way to show out when I was having to fend off three, four, five, even six guys at a time. I got lost in a sea of opponents. It genuinely made me glad I went to Olympus so that I could truly flex my in ring prowess.

Vernon Tressler

Sabe, let's not act too unprofessional in front of all these nice people!

Christopher Sabertooth

Hey now, let me finish!....With me back on Kingdom I want you to know I hold nothing against you. Those matches in Kingdom motivated me to take action on Olympus. It lit a fire under my ass to quickly obtain the Television title, to beat some of the best wrestlers in the game and raise my stock exponentially. It gave me the clout to come back to you this season Vernon, with all my credibility and all of my value and let you know right off the bat I'm done sharing opportunities. I'm worth my own spot. I'm here to be the guy in Season 2. This is what the trainees need to see, someone wanting to grab the brass ring, someone who's hungry. I'm here to take my well deserved place at the table and it's great timing because I see Jeff's here!

Jeff X

How you doing, Chris?

Christopher Sabertooth

Pretty good, Jeff. I've been on a high since my return to Kingdom.....since I helped you out and gave you back up against Ground Zero. I did that gladly Jeff, because I consider you to be a friend but at the same time, wrestling is a business and nothing is done for free. I helped you out, so it's only right you help me out. You were taking all comers with the newbies -- TAKE ME ON! ONE ON ONE FOR THE SPARTAN CHAMPIONSHIP, SOMETHING I NEVER HAD THE LUXURY TO AFFORD BEFORE!

Jeff X

All you had to do was ask, you can get a shot anytime you want. You know I'm not scared to defend this bad boy, I've been chomping at the bit to do so actually.

Christopher Sabertooth

You heard the man Vern. He's down. I'm down. The FX Execs?

FX Networks Executive

It'd be amazing for Kingdom!

Christopher Sabertooth

They're down. And I'm sure these OWT prospects would love to see this match and take notes on what it looks like when two naturals in the ring collide. I'm not asking for special treatment, I'm asking for a chance which actually represents my worth.

Vernon Tressler

UNDERSTANDABLE! We can get it done, I'll set it all up before the weekend's end, but could you please just let us continue? We need to get through the seminar as I want this tour of the center to remain on schedule!

Christopher Sabertooth

No problemo. Just wanted to get this out of the way as soon as possible.

(Christopher Sabertooth turns around and walks off but stops briefly to get one last comment out.)

Christopher Sabertooth

Keep discussions like this in mind, kids. Be it with Naheem, be it Vernon, or wherever you end up on TV, know what you want and get it. As for you Jeff, I'm looking forward to our clash.

Jeff X

So am I!.....Ok then, I guess we should resume the practice. Who else wants to have a go?

(A new trainee slides into the ring and gets into a lock up with Jeff X. Vernon talks to the executives, pointing out little nuances he notices as we fade away from the scene.)

Lance Hart: Well there you have it, it looks like Sabertooth vs Jeff X is about to be in motion!

Morgan Shaw: It's not official but it sure seems like it's coming! Exciting times for OWA, not only in the future but right now because in just a minute we have THIS MATCH!

(GRAPHIC: Keelan Callihan vs. Chet Kensington)

Lance Hart: David vs Goliath in its truest form! This is either going to top Mighty Ducks as the biggest surprise win in sports....or we'll be seeing a Ivan Drago vs. Creed level slaughter.

Morgan Shaw: There's no doubt in my mind it's going to be a slaughter! R.I.P. Chet, prepare your condolences for after the break!

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(COMMERCIAL: THE BOONDOCKS IS BACK! The highly controversial and highly funny animated sitcom has been greenlit for Season 5 and while it's the same great comedy, a great new voice is also joining the line up. Major congratulations to Maggall for his new voice role as Uncle Ruckus!)

(Telenovela music plays as we reach the exciting conclusion. CASPIAN is sitting alone in solitary confinement, beaten and bruised. The sounds of the door open as light breaks into the room as CASPIAN cover his eyes. Moongoose steps in as CASPIAN rises back up to his feet, struggling.)

CASPIAN: Maldito sea! Where are Vince and Castro when I need them?...Anyway. Didn't quite get the job done. He put up a hell of a fight. I suppose this means I'm not getting what I want.

Moongoose: What you mean? You did exactly what I asked you to do. I mean, wow. I was entertained. I can't tell who got the worse of that. You or my brother.

CASPIAN: That was your hombre?!!

Moongoose: Now unfortunately though, things have changed.

(CASPIAN walks up to Moongoose, almost as if he is ready to fight, only for the boys and Revy to step in in his defense. Moongoose tells them to step back.)

Moongoose: Calm down. I can still get your freedom. After all, I swore on my poster of Betty White that I will do that. Nah, CASPIAN, first I must apologize, but I did lie to you. Mainly when I asked who you were, but I've always known exactly who you were. I planted myself here with the sole purpose of seeing if the rumors of your whereabouts were true. I'm glad to finally see you again.

CASPIAN: What do you mean?

Moongoose: It's me? Moongoose?.... OWA?!

(CASPIAN looks on with confusion before Moongoose let out a big sigh. He asks for Consuelo to put a fanny pack on him and ties his hair back while wearing sunglasses.)

Moongoose: Remember?!

CASPIAN: AH. SI, EI GANSO!!

CASPIAN's Inner Monologue: I really had no idea who he was.

Moongoose: Yes, it is I, and I've come here with a glorious purpose. Join me.

CASPIAN: Join you?

Moongoose: Join Shin-SEKAI. My group and help me take over OWA.

CASPIAN: I'm afraid you are barking up the wrong tree here, I don't follow no one. I am EI Capitan!

Moongoose: My mistake. I worded that wrong. I mean, a partnership. You and I, equals, joining forces. I mean, as great as my resources are, they can always be better, and I came all the way out here looking for you.

CASPIAN: I see. But like I said. I have unfinished business at home with a specific traicionero.

Moongoose: And I have that taken care of.

(Moongoose snaps his fingers as Bane, broken up and battered as well comes in dragging a sack with a person moving inside. He pulls the man out of the sack and CASPIAN recognizes him.)

Moongoose: This is the man who set you up. See, I know all about you. Heck, I'm a fan of your work, and seeing you and Bane go at it just now, I'm convinced I've found the right person.

(Moongoose points at the man as his muffled screams, begging for no more)

Moongoose: This man has admitted to be responsible for every crime that the once great CASPIAN has been framed for. As far as we, and the rest of the world, CASPIAN has a clean slate, and would you look at that, a work Visa with paperwork that will grant dual citizenship. How did he pull this off you ask? That's a secret..... Black mail, but this can all happen, if you and your organization aligns with mine. Together, we'd be unstoppable.

CASPIAN's inner monologue: I barely know this man, but he had offered me an easy solution for my problems. From that alone, he has shown to be capable. I can't say I'd trust him, but I need to get out of this place. I mean, what can possibly go wrong siding with this man. I have methods of getting myself out of this in the worst case scenario.

CASPIAN: You got yourself a new partner, El Gaso McQueen.

Moongoose: Excellent! Now normally to seal the deal, we would drink Saki to celebrate this union, but Revy drank all of it, so instead, to symbolize this partnership, we are gonna suck on these lemons.

CASPIAN: ???...De qué está hablando este imbecil?

Moongoose: Look, she has a huge drinking problem. We are working on it. But we are gonna suck on these lemons and pledge loyalty to this cause. This is a japanese custom here!

(Moongoose places the half sliced lemon in front of the face of CASPIAN. He hesitates at first as McQueen nudges the lemon into his face. CASPIAN places his lips on the lemon as his face tightens from the sourness as Yakuza music from "Battle Without Honor and Humility" Plays. Moongoose is shown making the same face too.)

Moongoose: You want brunch? I want brunch. Let's get out of here.

(Moongoose, CASPIAN, and Shin-SEKAI proceed to make their way out. CASPIAN walking with Bane besides him.)

CASPIAN: Sorry about stabbing you in the kidney. No hard feelings right?

(Bane looks on, quiet)

Revy: Don't worry about the big guy. Just call him Mil Moles.... (Moongoose elbows her slightly)... Bane. We got your back now. You're one of us now.

Moongoose: Now to come up with a name. I'm thinking "Moongoose y los patrón de domingo." Or maybe "expreso testicular."

CASPIAN: You're not going to start doing that thing now where you are friends with a Hispanic man, and now you gonna act like you hispanic too, are you?

Moongoose: NOSOTROS LOS INGOBERNABLE!!

(Screen goes to black)

CASPIAN's inner monologue: Dios mio. What have I agreed to?

(Fade into ringside.)

("Oblivion" by 30 Seconds to Mars plays to heavy boos as Keelan Callihan and The Wild Boys come out from behind the curtains. Keelan has a smirk on his face as he looks at The Wild Boys who nod at him with pure excitement.)

Julianna DeMarco: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, where if Chet Kensington loses this match, he becomes the official referee of Zaibatsu! Introducing first, from Gold Coast, Australia! Weighing in at 218 pounds... HE IS THEEEEE KIIIIILLLLLLERRRRRR, KEEEEEEELLLLLAAAAAANNNNN CAAAAAALLLLLLLLLLLLLLIIIIIIHHHHHHAAAAANNNNNNN!!!!

Lance Hart: I actually cannot believe we're about to have this match.

Morgan Shaw: Well believe it, Lance! Keelan feels provoked. Chet Kensington pushed Keelan to the mat not once, but TWICE! If somebody pushed you to the ground, wouldn't you want a bit of retribution? Wouldn't you want to get up and fight back?!



Lance Hart: Morgan, this is a referee we're talking about! Keelan is one of the greatest talents in professional wrestling today, and he's about to face off against an individual who hasn't wrestled a match in years!

Morgan Shaw: Well this match is happening, and it's going to be on the OWA record books forever!

Lance Hart: Great...

(Keelan Callihan waits in the ring as his theme dies down. Keelan begins to motion to the stage, yelling out for Chet to come out.)

("Too Cool For School" by Fountains of Wayne plays as the most generic title card for "Chet Kensington" appears on the titantron. We see Chet Kensington's head pop out from behind the curtains as the crowd cheer for him. He looks absolutely frightened. We see him take a deep breath before he finally walks out onto the stage, wearing a yellow amateur wrestling singlet, head gear, black knee pads, white elbow pads and Air Jordan Silver Shoes.)

Julianna DeMarco (trying not to laugh): Oh my god... and his opponent, from Palm Beach, Florida! Weighing in at 207 pounds... HE IS EVERYONE'S FAVOURITE REFEREE, CHEEEEEEEET KEEEEEEEEENNSSSINNGGTTOONNN!!!

Morgan Shaw: What... the fuck... is this?

Lance Hart: He's prepared and looks ready, despite also looking scared as hell.

Morgan Shaw: THAT MAN IS WEARING AIR JORDAN SILVER SHOES! THEY'RE WORTH \$65,000!!! NO WONDER HE'S GOT NO MONEY TO FEED HIS SEVEN KIDS!

Lance Hart: Hold up Morgan, he's about to pose on stage!

(Chet Kensington very awkwardly throws both fists up into the air as pyro goes off, which scares him enough to fall to the ground in shock. Chet quickly rolls back up to his feet and walks down the ramp as if nothing happened.)

Morgan Shaw: This idiot is about to get demolished...

Lance Hart: Maybe if he didn't spend so much on shoes he'd be able to afford better in-ring gear. He used to wrestle.

Morgan Shaw: Maybe this is what he used to wrestle in?

Lance Hart: Surely not...

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: Well, here we go! We're underway! Chet Kensington is almost frozen in fear as Keelan Callihan stands there laughing. The Wild Boys on the outside shaking their heads at Chet. They know this man's life is about to change for the worse!

Morgan Shaw: Keelan begins to take a couple of steps forward and Chet begins to take a couple of steps back. Keelan shakes his head before SPRINTING TOWARDS CHET! Chet backs up quickly into the corner and Keelan grabs him by his wrestling singlet and begins to talk that trash!

Keelan Callihan (off-mic): WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, MATE?! ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS APOLOGIZE TO ME PROPERLY, AND YOU COULDN'T EVEN DO THAT! YOU PUSHED ME TO THE GROUND, NOT ONCE, BUT TWICE! YOU THINK YOU'RE SOME KIND OF BIG MAN, HUH?! WELL YOUR WHOLE LIFE IS ABOUT TO CHANGE...

Lance Hart: AND KEELAN WITH A RIGHT HAND TO THE FACE OF CHET...

Morgan Shaw: ...WAIT A MINUTE! CHET BLOCKED IT! CHET BLOCKED IT! THE CROWD ARE LOSING IT... AND HE PUNCHES KEELAN WITH A RIGHT HAND INSTEAD!!! KEELAN BACKS UP, HOLDING HIS JAW! HE'S IN COMPLETE AND UTTER SHOCK! ANOTHER RIGHT HAND FROM CHET! AND ANOTHER ONE!! AND ONE MORE!! KEELAN DROPS TO ONE KNEE!

Lance Hart: THIS IS CRAZY! CHET GRABS KEELAN FROM THE HEAD..... LIFTING DDT!!! HE HITS A LIFTING DDT! BACK ON THE INDIES, THAT WAS HIS FINISHING MOVE! HE CALLED IT THE ACE IN THE HOLE, AND HE JUST HIT IT! HE'S GOING FOR A COVER!

Referee: ONEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE--

Lance Hart: OH AND KEELAN GETS A SHOULDER UP JUST BEFORE THE THREE COUNT! IMAGINE IF CHET HAD WON THIS MATCH LIKE THAT! KEELAN'S STOCK WOULD HAVE DROPPED SO LOW THAT HIS NAME WOULD BE IRRELEVANT TO THE WRESTLING WORLD!

Morgan Shaw: BUT CHET KENSINGTON DOESN'T LOOK DONE! HE REACHES DOWN TO LIFT KEELAN UP... BUT KEELAN LIFTS HIM UP IN A FIREMAN'S CARRY POSITION AND DROPS HIM TO THE CANVAS! This crowd are booing the HELL out of Keelan now! Keelan crawls to the ropes towards The Wild Boys, who are telling him to get back into it! WAIT HERE COMES CHET!

Lance Hart: KEELAN MOVES OUT OF THE WAY JUST IN TIME! Chet's foot connects with the second rope. Chet turns around and receives a PICTURE PERFECT DROPKICK RIGHT TO THE TEMPLE! Keelan rises up to his knees, shaking his head in pure anger! He's the cover...

Referee: ONEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE--

Lance Hart: AND CHET KICKS OUT! This crowd are electric for Chet Kensington right now! He really is everyone's favorite referee!

Morgan Shaw: Chet is crawling over to the ropes, I think trying to get a few moments to regroup. Keelan begins to signal to The Wild Boys. Where's Billy going?!

Lance Hart: Billy walks around to another side of the ring and looks underneath it and pulls out a chair! He slides it into the ring as Keelan picks it up, but the referee in the match immediately takes it off of him! Chet is hung up by the ropes now, taking a breather. Billy and Jimmy are signalling over to the timekeeper's area now. What on earth are they doing?! The referee is distracted by Keelan right now as he tosses the chair to the outside and...

(The sound of microphone static is heard.)

Morgan Shaw: WAIT A MINUTE, WAS THAT...

Lance Hart: JULIANNA DEMARCO?! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?! SHE JUST HIT CHET IN THE FOREHEAD WITH HER MICROPHONE! WHY?!

Morgan Shaw: WELL WE KNOW JULIANNA AND KEELAN HAVE BEEN DATING FOR MONTHS! IS SHE IN ON THIS?! KEELAN PUSHES THE REFEREE OUT OF THE WAY AND DRAGS THE LIFELESS BODY OF CHET INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

Lance Hart: IT CAN'T END LIKE THIS! KEELAN NO! HE LIFTS CHET UP ONTO HIS SHOULDERS... DEAD BY DAYLIGHT!! IT CONNECTS! YOU SON OF A BITCH!

Referee: ONEEEEEEEEEEE!! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

("Oblivion" by 30 Seconds to Mars plays as The Wild Boys and Julianna DeMarco roll into the ring and celebrate with Keelan.)

Julianna DeMarco: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR WINNER OF THIS MATCH, THE REAL BEST WRESTLER ALIVE, KEEEEEEEEEEELLLLLLLLLLLLLAAAAAAN  
CAAAAAAALLLLLLLLLLLLLIIIIIIHHHHHHHHHHAAAAANNNNNNNNNNNN!!!

Lance Hart: Unbelievable. Keelan Callihan needed help from The Wild Boys and a ring announcer to defeat a referee!

Morgan Shaw: No matter which way you look at it, Chet Kensington is now the official referee for Zaibatsu! I just am in shock that Julianna DeMarco was in on that the whole time! Does this mean she's joining them too?! What about her role as the ring announcer?! She's been announcing matches for Kingdom for the past year!

Lance Hart: I don't know. I just feel sick to my stomach. That was appalling. And now look, all four of them surround Chet Kensington who is lying lifeless on the mat. Keelan reaches down and lifts Chet up before carrying him out of the ring. He...

(The crowd begin to slowly rise up and cheer. The cheers get more and more louder as a man rolls into the ring from the crowd.)

Morgan Shaw: HEY, WHO THE HELL?!

Lance Hart: CM NAS!!! IT'S CM NAS!!! CM NAS HAS A KENDO STICK! HE SMACKS BILLY OVER THE BACK WITH IT! AND NOW JIMMY! HE'S GOING TO TOWN ON BOTH OF THEM AS KEELAN TURNS AROUND AND SEES HIS NEW NEMESIS!

Morgan Shaw: NOT JUST THAT - IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S SEEING A GHOST! CM NAS LOOKS AT KEELAN CALLIHAN WITH EVIL INTENT. HE'S HUNGRY FOR RETRIBUTION, AND AFTER WHAT THOSE THREE DID TO HIM AT THE DRAFT SHOW, I THINK HE'S ABOUT TO GET IT!

Lance Hart: Both Wild Boys are down! Keelan slowly backs up to the corner, with his hands out pleading for forgiveness! He wants his life spared, but I think CM Nas is going to put The Killer through the ringer! HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! IS KEELAN SERIOUS?! WHAT A COMPLETE ASSHOLE! HE JUST PULLED HIS GIRLFRIEND JULIANNA DEMARCO IN FRONT OF HIM. SHE'S IN BETWEEN KEELAN AND NAS.

Morgan Shaw: Keelan's an idiot if he thinks Nas is gonna back down just because a woman's in the way! He's been in matches with his OWN significant other in Tarah Nova!

Lance Hart: OH! Perhaps it was just a distraction or a chance to buy some time, because The Wild Boys are back up and they're attacking CM Nas from behind! A 2 on 1 assault as the two begin to stomp the hell out of The Best Wrestler Alive while Keelan helps Julianna out of the ring, before he escapes himself! What a coward!

Morgan Shaw: OH BUT LOOK OUT! CM NAS IS FIGHTING BACK! A FOREARM TO BILLY, A KICK TO THE GUT TO JIMMY! CM Nas picks that kendo stick back up... AND WHACKS BILLY

RIGHT OVER THE FACE WITH IT! BILLY DROPS TO THE CANVAS AND ROLLS OUT OF THE RING!

Lance Hart: And now CM Nas has Jimmy and lifts him up onto his shoulders, fireman's carry position! I think we know what's coming!

EEEEEEETTTTTTTTTTTTHHHHHHHHHHEEEEEEEEEERRRRRR!!! THE ETHER CONNECTS AND THIS CROWD IS GOING WILD!

("I Am Electric" by Heaven's Basement plays as CM Nas begins to roll Jimmy Wild with his feet until he's out of the ring, and Keelan commands Chet to help both of his boys up and assists them up the ramp. CM Nas picks up the kendo stick and raises it in the air as he stares down Keelan Callihan.)

Lance Hart: Wow! What a return for CM Nas! I really didn't think we'd see him back so soon after how Keelan and The Wild Boys took him out, but he is The Best Wrestler Alive after all!

Morgan Shaw: But now that he's back, we know for SURE that he's going to try and get his hands on Keelan Callihan - NO MATTER WHAT!!

(CUT TO BACKSTAGE: Aria Jaxon exits her locker room and begins making her way to the ring.)

(GRAPHIC: NEXT!)

(FINAL COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(COMMERCIAL: Megan Harper joins Teanna Trump and Brittany Renner on a tell-all, "Thot Tales" edition of No Jumper! You do not want to miss it!)

(We return from commercial break with stand-in ring announcer Rita Gonzales.)

Rita Gonzales: Please welcome, your OWA World Champion..."The Queen" ARIA! JAXON!!

(The lights in the arena begin to glow a bright shade of hot pink, beginning in tandem as the sultry voice of Beyonce echoes over the PA system as "Formation" begins to play. After a few moments, Aria Jaxon struts out into view on the stage with a smirk creasing her expression and the OWA World Championship over her shoulder. She makes her way to the center of the stage, doing a full one hundred and eighty-degree turn so the audience can get a look at her civilian clothes - a custom white Fenty body blouse and navy pants. The Californian brushes the dirt off her shoulders before proceeding down the ramp, initially with outstretched arms. Her smile grows to a wider, more visible one as three bell chimes cut through the air. She removes her custom "Kween" line of signature shades, and tosses them out into the crowd as she walks down the aisle.)

Lance Hart: The Queen is here in her Kingdom and the crowd is absolutely electric tonight! After a win over Carlos Rosso it looks like OWA's Shining Star is come into the second season swinging!

Morgan Shaw: I had a chance to speak with the champ earlier and she says she's here to address those video messages from two weeks ago. She says she has a feeling whom it may be.

Lance Hart: I guess she's going to reveal her suspicions tonight! Carlos Rosso already knows and it's time the rest of us did too!

Morgan Shaw: I agree. I have my suspicions, but I want to see it for myself.

(Aria climbs into the ring and takes the mic from Julianna and takes a moment to let the noise die down before addressing the crowd.)

Aria Jaxon: You guys are too kind...I swear.

(The crowd cheers in response but dies down to let Aria continue.)

Aria Jaxon: I'm not one to take up people's time, so let me cut to the chase. Last week someone sent a message to yours truly before and after my match. And apparently Rosso's Charlie Brown ass knows who's behind it.

(Aria paces around the ring for a bit before continuing)

Aria Jaxon: And after much deliberation, so do I. The signs were there since Clash of the Titans. From the sudden appearance in the Women's Clash, to spearheading Viola DeMarco's team on Pluto's Gate. Then they were sitting ringside at Final Destination, watching my every move. Next thing I see is Nas gets jumped by Keelan and The Wild Runtz on the draft show. And two weeks ago I get sucker punched by Captain Raising Cane himself - sorry Louisiana reference.

(Aria cracks a smile while the audience laughs. As her eyes turn to the stage, her expression turns serious)

Aria Jaxon: You always had a flair for the dramatic, "sweets". Now get your ass out here and tell me what you want.

(The sound of rain blares from the PA system as the arena grows dark. The KingTron displays a live feed of the OC Fair & Event Center. It's currently evening hours and raining. It turns out the sound of rain is coming from the live feed itself. The camera zooms in to a picture sitting on an

old bench. Aria's eyes widen as if she recognizes the bench and picture of two little girls, one visibly older than the other. The younger one looks like Aria as a child and the other...)

Lance Hart: If I'm not mistaken that's -

("Rainy Days" by Boogie feat. Eminem plays as Stephanie Matsuda walks out, wearing a blue tank top, black bandanna around her forehead, and blue jeans. She's accompanied by Monica Vaughan, who's wearing a black and white dress with a leather jacket. The two make their way down the ramp as the crowd lose their collective minds.)

Lance Hart: IT'S THE WAR QUEEN HERSELF ON SUNDAY NIGHT KINGDOM!

Morgan Shaw: You would think given their friendship Aria would be happy to see her, but her current expression says otherwise.

Lance Hart: Well the two have quite the unique relationship to say the least. Their last and only match was hailed as one of the best matches of 2017. And it's been over a year since they were seen in the same ring together. Judging from Stephanie and Arias's positions last year, I doubt they've had a chance to spend time to rekindle their friendship.

Morgan Shaw: Well If those dirt sheets from last year is true, that "friendship" has been strained to its very limits.

Lance Hart: Well now both women are here in OWA. There were rumors that Matsuda signed a multi-year contract here in OWA which was confirmed to be true when she showed up sta Pluto's Gate. And if the grapevine is right - that contract is something to behold.

(Stephanie climbs into ring as Monica grabs a mic from ringside. Matsuda sits on the middle rope as her wife climbs in. Vaughan hands Stephanie the mic and stays a a distance as The War Queen stands face to face with The Queen of the Gods herself. There's a long moment of silence between the two as the camera slowly zooms in on their intense expressions. The only thing that can be heard are the "This is awesome!" chants from the crowd in the background. Several moments later, Aria leans over to the side, looking towards Stephanie's wife.)

Aria Jaxon: Hey Mon!

Monica Vaughan: (off mic) Hey 'Ria!

(Aria leans back into a straight posture, her eyes practically looking through Stephanie.)

Aria Jaxon: I guess my suspicions were right.

(Stephanie stares at Aria for a moment before replying.)

Stephanie Matsuda: You guessed right, sweets.

(Aria nods several times.)

Aria Jaxon: I see that you and the Zaibatsu are up to your cartoon shenanigans again. Why did the hell did you send your goon squad after Nas?

Stephanie Matsuda: Wasn't my call. Keelan's calling the shots these days. I'm just laying in the cut with other things on my mind...

(Stephanie stares at Aria's title for a moment. Jaxon looks at her belt and shakes her head.)

Aria Jaxon: I see your eyes are bigger than your face. I don't know how things changed back at [REDACTED] Wrestling but you can't just coast your way in here on some overrated contract and fight the best of the best for the most prestigious prize in the industry.

(Stephanie looks at the title once more and back at Aria.)

Stephanie Matsuda: It's aight, almost cute with it's green and gold. A good starter belt for those aspiring for greatness. But alas, it's not the belt that makes the person...

(Stephanie looks at Aria up and down.)

Stephanie Matsuda: But the person who makes the belt. And as long as you're OWA Champion this belt is the most valuable thing in the business. At least to me.

Aria Jaxon: You're obsessed with me, got it.

(Stephanie steps closer to Aria, her face just inches apart from hers. She leans forward till her lips are just an inch away from Aria's.)

Stephanie Matsuda: (sultry) You haven't seen me obsessed sweets. It's quite the sight.

(Aria takes a step back.)

Aria Jaxon: I'm good. I know where those lips been. No offense Mon but I don't want to taste Steph's leftovers. Especially if they kissed that weird ass ex of yours.

(Aria looks at Monica then back at Stephanie.)

Aria Jaxon: Didn't the both of you tap that?



(Monica and Stephanie look at each other, prompting a, “ooouuuu” from the crowd.)

Aria Jaxon: By the way...whatever happened to that blonde girl?

Stephanie Matsuda: Probably sitting at home nursing her wounds while watching this live with her retired ass. Wait...I think I was the cause of it.

(Amused, Aria starts walking around Matsuda)

Aria Jaxon: Thanks for handling my light work Cloudy. Oh wait, can I say that and not get sued? I know you're still in court for that and stuff.

(Aria turns to the crowd.)

Aria Jaxon: It's like what Jay and Bey say “Own your masters” ladies and gentlemen.

(Aria turns back to Stephanie, her eyebrows narrow.)

Aria Jaxon: I warned you...for months I warned you! Before I left, after I left! I begged Senn to leave the door open for you at SSW, tried to talk to Bob about seeking you out while hoping and praying you would come to your goddamn senses and leave before you got played. Then again, you played yourself and now here you are clown shoes and all wanting a piece of the pie I baked in the oven!? A title made prestigious by Finn, Oasis, and now myself!? You could be standing where I am right now with this belt over YOUR shoulder! YOU should've been the first OWA Women's Champion! Hell, you could've been the first Puroresu Heavyweight Champion in YOUR HOME COUNTRY! But nah, “I have to represent for the ladies of [REDACTED]pire!” And look what happened, you got embarrassed by some dusty ass hussie we both could beat in our sleep! What happened to you Stephanie!? What happened to the Cloudy that was fearless and didn't give a damn nor played politics with anyone! Where's your Cloud City suplex!? The Cloud Drive- hell the famous CLOUD 9!?

(Aria turn as to the camera, her face red with rage that was pent up, her voice cracking from words she kept to herself. Stephanie remains silent as she does everything in her power to keep the poker face she currently has on her face.)

Aria Jaxon: Where is the woman known as Stephanie “Cloud” Matsuda? Where is the fearless War Queen who kicked ass and took names with the title WE BOTH made famous!?

(Aria turns back to Stephanie, her eyes visibly wet.)

Aria Jaxon: Where's the best friend who promised to be my ride or die? Because it's certainly not this stranger who's standing before me.

(Aria walks away to the ropes, but stops and turns back to Matsuda.)

Aria Jaxon: By the way, I know about the cute little clause in that bootleg “God Contract” of yours. Three title matches of your choosing. If you want to waste the first one on me and get mollywhopped in front of the world, so be it. I’m done being bothered by you.

(Aria drops her mic and climbs out of the ring as she walks up the ramp, her face obviously hiding mixed feelings about everything she’s just said. As Stephanie and Monica quietly watch her, Keelan Callihan, The Wild Boys, Mao Ichimichi, and Carlos Rosso appear on stage, blocking her path. Aria glares at them and simply drops her title, ready for a fight. Stephanie shakes her head at her comrades.)

Stephanie Matsuda: (glaring) Let her go. She has a title loss to prepare for.

(Aria turns back to Stephanie, her expression a mix of confusion and sadness as her true feelings boil to the surface. She picks back up her title and walks to the back as the Zaibatsu watch on. The camera crew follows Jaxon backstage as she walks down the corridor. Various members of the Kingdom roster look on silently. Aria arrives at the arena parking lot and orders the valet to get her car. Kingdom’s newest backstage correspondent, Cori Simmons walks up to her.)

Cori Simmons: Aria the OWA Universe-

Aria Jaxon: No questions.

(Cori backs away when she sees a dark glare aimed at her direction. When her car arrives, Aria snatches the keys and climbs inside, driving off as the camera lingers for a moment before fading to black.)

(The OWA logo buzzes)