

(OWA Intro Plays....)

(FADE IN: 'Adrenaline' by Shinedown plays as the camera does a sweep of the Wells Fargo Arena, where the notoriously intense and loud mouthed Philadelphia fans greet us with an immersive scene! Signs are being shaken in the air, chants are ringing through the arena, and even waves are taking place as the sold out crowd seems to be in competition amongst themselves to stand out. Olympus and Kingdom logos are all across the arena, but the main thing the camera focuses on is the graphic on the OmegaTron which reads "Season 3 Shake Up")

Giovante Reese: Coming off of the heels of the record shattering three nights that were Final Destination Two, we are LIVE! From the Wells Fargo Arena to give you the first episode of Season 3 as the big boys here on Olympus present to you....THE OWA DRAFT!

Lance Hart: This show might be taking place on a Friday, but the flagship show on Sunday Nights has just as much importance! Morgan and I are in the house with you, Gio, and we're excited to see where our Alphas are headed! Management have made trades amongst themselves, higher ups and executives threw their decisions in, and some picks just straight up went to fate! We'll see Alphas leave and we'll see Alphas go. We have no idea who will see a change in career but what we do know is that we'll have two new environments to bring us into year three!

Giovante Reese: There is another certainty from tonight and that's the fact that Olympus is going to lay a whoopin' on all of you Kingdom boys! Our roster is going to look stacked by the end of tonight and our superiority won't be any clearer!

Morgan Shaw: We'll see about that, Gio! Who knows - Bull Connors is in a main event tag with Jeff X taking on Havoc and Derelict. For all we know, Derelict might become ours! BULL could come to us too!

Giovante Reese: Those are the trades you think are going down? I have a message for you peckerwood....LAY OFF...THE WEEEEEEEDDDD-UH!

Lance Hart: I'm sure those types of recreational activities aren't too hard to find given where we're at. Season 3 is starting where it all began with the mad lads in Philadelphia, PA! I see so many familiar faces from the OWA Arena here, and they're all looking forward to some OWA action so we better not hold them up! Let's get the show on the road!

[[The camera pans around the ringside area, when "Sharp Dressed Man" by ZZ Top plays all throughout the arena. An extremely amused Bob Taylor marches onto the stage to incredibly massive boos. He takes a microphone and stands in the middle of the ring.]]

Crowd: BOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

Bob Taylor: Yeah yeah whatever. No one cares what any of you peons think anyways! HAHAAAAHA! Now someone important in society has something important to say. And that is, YOU ARE WELCOME! I single handedly saved you all from two potentially damning futures. With either that Meathead Scott Oasis or that Self Centered Prick Nasir Moore running this place without my supervision...the Omega Wrestling Alliance would burn to the ground in days, if not hours. THAT is why I had to do what I did at Final Destination! That's why I had to "stab Oasis in the back". It wasn't about him. That's what Scotty boy never understood. This was never about him. He could have been any other man! He wasn't special. He was not unique. He just so happened to be the man standing at my side for a year. Easily replaceable and dispensable. IRRELEVANT IN THE END! THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS IS THAT I AM STILL THE CENTERPIECE OF ALL OF THIS! THE SINGLE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING! THE FACE OF A MONOPOLY THAT WILL NEVER BE TOPPLED! THE MAN DESTINED TO RULE OVER THE WORLD OF WRESTLING WITH AN IRON FIST AND A WIDE, SHIT EATING GRIN! As for Oasis and Nas, well they can both go kick rocks. I don't give a damn what happens to either of 'em. As far as I'm concerned they're both in no higher authority than any other man or woman on the OWA roster now. As a matter a fact. I should send them both on their asses to the unemployment line for daring to challenge me after their match concluded. I think I'll do that. NASIR MOORE AND SCOTT OASIS! YOU'RE FI-

[[“Invisible Chains” by Lauren Jauregui sounds off to a mixed reaction as Jasmine Peyton, wife of Scott Oasis comes down to the ring. She is flanked by three men, one of which should be quite familiar to any OWA fan, Carlos Rosso. The second is Chaz “Moneybags” O’Connors, one of the most famous Gladiator Fighting Championship fighters of all time. And the third can’t quite be identified by OWA Fans just yet. Jasmine enters the ring and is handed a microphone.]]

Jasmine Peyton: Yes yes thank you very much. Now, before you continue Bob, I have some unfortunate news for YOU!

[[Bob gets an annoyed look on his face as the audience cheer at this despite Jasmine not being there for the fans either.]]

Bob Taylor: Well Missy, lay it on me. What's this BIG BAD NEWS you got? Is it from Oasis?! Was he not MAN ENOUGH TO SAY IT HIMSELF?! I knew he was always scared of me. HAHAAAA-

Jasmine Peyton: Eww no. This message comes from the Board of Directors in OWA Headquarters actually. Smart Ass...

Bob Taylor: What do they want?!

Jasmine Peyton: They apparently want to tell you. AHEM! “Mr. Taylor, effective April 24th, 2020 your day to day operations over the Omega Wrestling Alliance as Chairman of the Board of Directors is no longer valid and you have no authority over any OWA Staff in a disciplinary manner from tonight going forward unless reinstated by us or any future Chairman. You will of course remain Majority Owner and Stockholder over the Omega Wrestling Alliance of course. We hereby request for your radical and power hungry actions at Final Destination, which have damaged the credibility and therefore revenue of OWA as a whole, request for your immediate removal from OWA Television!” Security! YOU HEARD THE BOSSES!

Bob Taylor: WHAAAAAAAAAT?!?!?!?!?! THIS IS BULLSHIT! THAT’S DOCTORED I’M SURE! MY LAWYERS WILL HEAR ABOUT THIS ONE YOU BIT-

[[Bob Taylor is tackled by members of Security who drag him out of the ring and pull him up the ramp to the backstage area, to be removed from the building. The crowd almost give a standing ovation at this action.]]

Jasmine Peyton: Calm down sheep. This is NOT for you I assure you.

Crowd: Booooooooo!!!!

Jasmine Peyton: Effective immediately by decision of the Board of Directors as well, Scott Oasis having been the Chief Operating Officer, has been promoted to the new acting Chairman of the Omega Wrestling Alliance!!!

[[Jasmine leaps up for joy after this announcement, but receives an outcry of jeers in return, making her blood boil.]]

Jasmine Peyton: You goddamned ingrates! Have you no respect for your superiors?! We removed Bob from power and now have given you a real man in charge! Someone who will act as a strong wall to hold OWA Steady. A Man who will show no fear and never back down from any rowdy fan or wrestler. Scott Oasis will-

[[The crowd pops loudly as Nasir Moore is shown on the OmegaTron sitting behind an office desk, his feet kicked up on top of the desk itself. Jasmine looks quite unamused.]]

Jasmine Peyton: Do you mind urchin? What are you doing anyways?

Nasir Moore: Funny you should ask. I was going to tell them the real news from the Board of Directors. You know, the one that includes the part you purposely left out?

Jasmine Peyton: I have no clue what you’re talking about. Clearly my husband bashed your brains in so bad, you’ve become delusional.

Nasir Moore: Oh trust me, first he has to actually hit like a man to do that. Secondly. AHM! The actual announcement regarding the new Chairman of OWA is...BOTH Scott Oasis AND Nasir Moore will now become Co-Chairman of the Omega Wrestling Alliance. The only way for a single man to be in charge now is for one of them to defeat the other in a sanctioned match that BOTH agree to holding. Which I am down for RIGHT NOW!

Jasmine Peyton: WE'VE ALREADY GOT A STACKED SHOW BOOKED! WE'RE NOT HOLDING THAT MATCH!

Nasir Moore: Why's his wife setting his appearances for him in the first place? Where's the big man. And wait...is that Carlos behind you?!

[[The camera shifts to Jasmine, with Carlos standing behind her indeed, glaring up at Nas the entire time.]]

Jasmine Peyton: Oh yes, I almost forgot. See, now that my husband Scott is a true leader in this industry, he figures he should have some sub leaders beneath him. Create an entire Chain of Command if you would. You all know about Judas being Oasis' head of Security of course. But we've also got Carlos Rosso, Chaz O'Connors, and Eric Shaw. Oasis referred to them as his Three Titanic Terrors!

[[The camera pans over the three behemoths of men before shifting back to Nasir Moore who yawns on the OmegaTron. Fans laugh as Jasmine looks more frustrated.]]

Nasir Moore: Ya done? Well Scotty Boi. Three more meatheads I see. Some people don't learn, do they. ALL BRAWN AND NO TALENT MAKE OASIS A STUPID ASS BITCH! ANYWAYS...IF WE'RE IN THE MOOD TO BE ANNOUNCING PEOPLE IN POSITIONS OF POWER UNDER US! LUCKY YOU! I WAS ABOUT TO DO THE SAME!

AHM!

First off ladies and gents, I would like to tell you all that my lovely wife in the whole wide world, Hall of Famer Tarah Nova will now be the acting General Manager of Friday Night Olympus! The legendary Donny Diamond did a phenomenal job with the brand, but he will be heading back to his original home, the commentary table alongside Giovante Reese. Mark Stephens, always the professional, was great to have, but we'll be sending him back to Japan full time to commentate for Strong Style Wrestling with Daniel Wilson.

Nasir Moore: NEXT! My best buds Aren Mstislav and Carson Ramsay, remember those blokes? Well, Aren will be my right hand man. My Chief Advisor if you would. While Carson will take up his old mantle as Nasir's Chief of Security. I'll get him his own super special awesome squad AND THEY'LL SHIT ALL OVER JUDAS AND HIS FODDER BOIS! YA HEARD?! HOW YA LIKE ME NOW JASMINE?!

[[The crowd goes nuts at all of these announcements as Jasmine looks furious.]]

Jasmine Peyton: FIND HIM! AND GET HIM! IF HE CANNOT STAND, OR BREATHE! OASIS WILL BE IN POWER SOLO! DESTROY! HIM!

[[Carlos Rosso, Eric Shaw, and Chaz O'Connors all rush out of the ring and head to the back as Nas blows a kiss to Jasmine and the OmegaTron fades black.]]

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(AD: "What school do you go to?" For the next 8 hours, Jesus Christ's DMs will be open for all students as the lord and savior looks to give back with donations for their academics!)

(As we transition back to ringside, the fans are all watching intently as graphics begin to flash on the screen.)

Morgan Shaw: It's that time....

Giovante Reese: Awwww, damn!

(We see a rapid fire series of Alpha images, before suddenly it stops!)

(FINNEGAN WAKEFIELD....TO OLYMPUS!)

Giovante Reese: OH!

(.....KEELAN CALLIHAN.....)

Morgan Shaw: RETAIN --

(...TO OLYMPUS!)

(The crowd go crazy at the announcement as chants of "Olympus" ring throughout the arena!)

Donny Diamond: WOW!

Lance Hart: WHAT!? Olympus chose to play their hand by revealing two HUGE talents back to back! Where is Kingdom with what they've cooked up?

Giovante Reese: Holy HELL! Olympus with two of Kingdom's very best in one go! This might be one of the biggest, most likely one of the most expensive as well, acquisitions in sports trade

history! The Ace of Kingdom and The Killer - these two rivals killed each other on Sunday Nights, and now they can do it on Fridays!

Morgan Shaw: Ahhhh, we don't need them boys anyway! That was a freebie for you guys! Finnegan Wakefield is our first champion of the brand, a standard bearer for season 1 and a reliable hand for season two. Keelan gave us some classics too, no doubt! They will be missed, but our brand is still going to go strong!

Giovante Reese: Let's see how strong they perform up next in our first interbrand match of the evening, cacazoid!

(The commentary teams shuffles around as Donny Diamond and Lance Hart now join the booth for the match to come)

Donny Diamond: I am still not comfortable being back in the commentary booth, but I am glad I am doing this with you to begin with, Lance. I am not sure I can deal with Gio as of yet. But I have no choice but to get used to it.

Lance Hart: It's always a pleasure, Donny. I am sure being GM was fun but I can assure you, with the right partner, this job is great too!

Donny Diamond: With the right partner...

(DING! DING! DING!)

Jamison Pierce: The following eight man tag is scheduled for ONE FALL!!

Crowd: ONE FALL!!

("Goofy Goober Rock" hits the PA System as the crowd erupts at the arrival of The Nice Guys! Teddy Mac and Nobi busts through the curtains and quickly make their way towards the ramp, posing and embracing fans, of age, along the way. They climb up to the apron and raise their Tag Team Championships in unison before entering the ring)

Jamison Pierce: Introducing first...at a combined weight of 500 lbs...they are the OWA OPENWEIGHT TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! NOBI AND TEDDY MAC...THEEEEEEEEEEE  
NIIIIIIIIIIIIICE GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUYS!!

Lance Hart: Nice Guys, beat all the odds at Final Destination to walk out with their championships intact. Look at how happy Nobi and Teddy Mac are and tell me why would anybody want to ruin that. They are goated in my eyes.

Donny Diamond: I don't know about GOATs, Lance. But Nobu is one of the guys that I had zero problems with during my time as GM. And he does Hollywood movies so he's cool in my book.

(The lights go out in the arena. A spotlight appears over the stage as "Tokyo Drift" covered by Higher Brothers engulfs the arena. Baba Yaga, along with his new cat 'Jane Doe', are seen standing under the spotlight. Yaga raises the OWA Openweight Championship before draping it over his shoulder, meanwhile talking to Jane along the way. He seems to be enjoying his conversation with her, before carefully placing her at ringside. Baba Yaga climbs to the top turnbuckle and poses for the crowd to a loud reaction)

Jamison Pierce: And their partner, from Shinjuku, Tokyo, Japan! Weighing in at 194 lbs!! He is the OWA OPENWEIGHT CHAMPION!!! "THE CHOSEN ONE" BAAABAAAAA YAAAAGAAAAA!!!!!!

Donny Diamond: Oh, I do have an idea on how unpredictable Baba Yaga can be. Heck, I'd say that is what got him the championship at Final Destination against Kevin Maverick. But there is a vicious side to Baba Yaga and that is likely to be exponentially higher since the return of John Doe. But his absence from being at Baba Yaga might be better for his opponents to come.

Lance Hart: Who knows, maybe Jane Doe is crazier than him.

(The lights once again dim down all around the arena as a group of priests and their altars walk through the curtains, pulling on to a giant cross. Nico Borg and an unwilling Harman Ardelean make their way through the curtains as Nico hands the flame over to Harman, who seems hesitant at first. He finally gives in and lights up the cross as the priests begin to pray. "Awaken" from Jojo's Bizarre Adventure echoes throughout the arena as Jesus Christ bursts through the flaming cross, walking through the flames and stepping down to the stage. Nico has a bag with him. He unveils the contents of the bag as a moderately sized Golden Cross is revealed to a mixed reaction from the crowd. Nico takes a knee and hands over the Golden Cross to Jesus, who raises it as his own, before grabbing an altar by his hand and walking down the ring with him.)

Lance Hart: So the rumors are true! Jesus Christ and Nico Borg besmirched the OWA Television Championship and set it aflame until all that was left was its ashes. And it seems like they have replaced that title with a Golden Cross.

Donny Diamond: I am just uncomfortable seeing all these kids around priests.

Lance Hart: Also, Harman Ardelean surprised everybody by accompanying Jesus along with Nico Borg. Harman lost the TV title to Jesus at Final Destination and he might have been forced to join Jesus as his disciple!

Jamison Pierce: And their partner... From JeruHarlem!! Weighing at 275 lbs!! He is accompanied to the ring by Nico Borg, Harman Ardelean and a kid with his consent... THE OWA TELEVISION CHAMPION!!! IN HIS SECOND COMING!!! JEEEEESUUUUS CHRRRIIISSST!!!!!!

Lance Hart: Why is Nico grabbing a mic?

Nico Borg: Our Lord has ascended amongst the ranks occupied only temporarily by mere mortals! O' Gypsy Kang, who once doubted our Lord has now joined him as his Disciple!! But you must remember-- We were not tainting our Lord's purity by giving him a title corrupted by the sinners that came before him!! Hence why, we have crafted this Cross as a reminder of the Newest Testament, made in pure GOLD! Only the best for Our Lord and Savior! And this Golden Cross will signify our Lord's reign as Champion!! And he has only begun! Long may he reign!!

Donny Diamond: Can you-- just get the kid off him?

Jamison Pierce: And their opponents....

("Possessed" by DinoKale hits the PA System as smoke engulfs the stage. The front row audience can be heard coughing up, as GRiME walk out through the curtains, wearing Gas Mask Bong. They crowd cheer for the tag team, as they slowly make their way down the ramp. TJ Burns stops by and points at a guy wearing a Happy 420 T-Shirt, before they playfully make their way to ringside. Baba Yaga and Jesus Christ stare them down as Tyler Bridges signals them to calm down)

Jamison Pierce: First.. At a combined weight of 420 LBS!!! FUCK YEAH! BLAZE IT! From Portland, Oregon! They are the team of "THE KRYPTON KID" TJ BURNS!! "MR. SUICIDE PACE" TYLER BRIDGES!!! GRRRRRRRRRRRRiMMMMMMMEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!

Donny Diamond: Can I get contact high from just commentating this match? Cause I sure do feel like it. But don't think that the GRiME boys are just a group of ordinary stoners. They are some of the best athletes we have in this company and came in real close from unseating the current Tag Champs in The Nice Guys.

("For Whom the Bell Tolls" by Metallica hits the PA System as Michael Bishop makes his way to the stage to a loud ovation from the crowd. Bishop has a smirk on his face, embracing the crowd reaction, before marching down the ramp and joining GRiME at ringside)

Jamison Pierce: And their partner, from Chicago, Illinois!!! Weighing in at 247 lbs!!! HE IS "THE DREADKNIGHT" MICHAATAAAEEEEELL BIIIIISHOOOOOPPP!!!!!!!!!!



Lance Hart: Talk about a return. Michael Bishop shocked the world at Clash of the Titans and has continued to knock it out of the park each and every week. This man has been an unstoppable force to be reckoned with, even coming real close to becoming Mr. ATTH! Bishop wants to start this season on a winning note and heck he might be more than enough to deal with the competition ahead of him. Bishop is a FREAK of nature and we should not forget that.

("I Fell" by Wicca Phase Springs Eternal engulfs the arena as the new OWA Spartans Champion makes their way to the stage to deafening cheers from the crowd. Arata is wearing a black coat along with his trademark black mask, while sporting the Spartan's Championship around his waist. Arata makes his way down the ramp and joins his teammates. He slowly takes off the mask and stares down his opposition)

Jamison Pierce: And finally, their partner!! From Osaka, Japan!! Weighing in at 220 lbs!!! HE IS THE OWA SPARTAN'S CHAMPION!! THE "SELF-MADE MAN", ARAAAAATAAAA ASAAAAKUUUUUUUURAAAAA!!!!

(Arata nods at Bishop and GRiME as the team slide into the ring and immediately get into the action)

Lance Hart: THERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE, I GUESS! Bishop is laying waste to Baba Yaga while Arata levels down Jesus Christ. The Nice Guys have to reluctantly join to support their time as GRiME try to stop them in their tracks! Bishop with a CLOTHESLINE TO BABA YAGA sending him over the top rope and to the outside. JESUS GETS CAUGHT WITH A STEP-UP ENZUIGIRI!!!! Jesus turns around into a SPEAR FROM MICHAEL BISHOP!!! JESUS CHRIST GOT FOLDED OVER LIKE AN ACCORDIAN!!

Donny Diamond: Now, Nobi and Teddy Mac are the Olympus representatives left in the ring. BISHOP GOES FOR A SPEAR ON OBI-- But he stops in his tracks. GRiME are letting Nobi and Teddy Mac decide who starts the match, OFFICIALLY! They don't want to scrap with The Nice Guys. After all, they're THE NICE GUYS! Ichiro Yagata tries to create some sense out of the chaos early on as Bishop choses to be the legal man from his team while Nobi decides to step up to the plate.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: And the match has officially begun! Bishop and Nobi starting it off with a test of strength? Nobi seems to want it. Bishop is entertaining that idea as they grip onto each other's arms... Bishop with the early advantage as he PRESSURES Nobi onto his knees and is trying to pin his shoulder to the canvas! And he gets it! Nobi has his shoulders pinned as Ichiro drops down to check on it.

ONNNE!!!

Donny Diamond: But Nobu can get his left shoulder up, using all his might! But Bishop has him pinned again as Ichiro counts for the pin attempt.

ONNEEE!!

Donny Diamond: This time he picks up his right shoulder! Bishop tries to pressure Nobu by thrusting his knees into the abdomen of Nobu! But Nobu saw it coming as he tried to monkey flip Bishop over his shoulder!! And he does! Nobu breaks free and floats over on top of Bishop--

Lance Hart: You can't mount on top of an MMA Legend like Bishop?! He easily finds his way out of the predicament, pulling Nobu's ankle causing him to face plant onto the canvas. Bishop transitions with an abdomen grip on Nobu... GERMAN!! The first of the match! Michael Bishop using his incredible strength to power Nobu out of the canvas and with a beautiful German Suplex. Bishop now picks up Nobu and sends him to the ropes-- ROPE REBOUND CLOTHESLINE takes Nobu down once again!! But he is quick to be back on his feet! A kick to the side of the head of Nobu! Followed by a Gut Kick! He doubles him over for a POWERBOMB-- No! Nobu slips out of the way!

Donny Diamond: He backs up-- INTO A BLIND TAG from Baba Yaga, who is back on the apron. Baba Yaga happens to be the man who eliminated Bishop from the Clash! I am sure Bishop would want a shot at revenge as he ties up with Baba Yaga. Bishop uses his expert wrestling ability to transition from a headlock onto a hammerlock. HE GOES FOR A HAMMERLOCK SUPLEX but Baba Yaga turns ducks under the arm of Bishop-- Superkick by Baba Yaga! But Bishop still has a tight grip on the wrist of Baba Yaga! Yaga tries to break it up with punches from his free hand but Bishop pulls him in-- RIPCORDER CLOTHESLINE!!!! AND HE STILL HOLDS ON! HE PICKS UP BABA YAGA-- NOW FOR HAMMERLOCK SCOOP SLAM! Yaga's bodyweight crushes down onto his arm!

Lance Hart: Bishop KNEES Yaga onto his abdomen as he lay there on all fours! He continues to drive his knee onto the abdomen of Baba Yaga before dragging him towards the corner-- TAG to Arata Asakura! The OWA Spartan's Champion taking control now with a flurry of kicks to the body of Yaga. He gets him in a seated position-- PENALTY KICK!! CAUGHT BY BABA YAGA!!! DRAGON SCREW CONNECTS! And he drops an elbow onto the leg of Arata to follow through. He's targeting the leg of Arata just like he did with Kevin Maverick at Final Destination. A snapmare onto the leg of Arata Asakura, not letting the Spartan's champ back to his feet.

Donny Diamond: Yaga now is repeatedly stomping on the leg of Arata Asakura before turning it around into a heel hook! Yaga is twisting onto the heel and ankle of Arata Asakura with a lot of vigor as Arata tries to crawl towards the ropes... ARATA... GETS IT! He got the ropes and Baba Yaga is forced to break the hold! Yaga now drags Asakura into the middle of the ring-- ROLLING SENTON onto Asakura, he quickly picks Arata up... BRAINBUSTEEEEER!!!!-- NO! ARATA AVOIDS THE HEAD SHOT! Enzuigiri by Asakura, favoring the targeted knee on landing. Asakura crawls towards his corner but Baba Yaga catches him once again by his ankle.

Asakura-- with A SPINNING HEEL KICK! HE FREES HIMSELF FROM THE CLUTCHES OF YAGA! BICYCLE KICK NOW FROM ASAKURA! Baba Yaga bounces off the ropes from the impact into the arm of ASakura-- FOR A NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX!! Asakura now-- hops back on his feet and sees the opportunity arise again for a NASTY PENALTY KICK! THIS TIME HE CONNECTS AS BABA YAGA ALMOST FOLDS OVER FROM THE IMPACT! Asakura is stalking Yaga's movements-- BICYCLE KNEE STRIKE FROM ARATA ASAKURA TO A KNEELING BABA YAGA!! ASAKURA PICKS YAGA UP FOR A BRAINBUSTEEER!!!!--

Lance Hart: What the-- The lights went out?! What's going on?!

(The lights come back up to reveal John Doe taken the place of Baba Yaga, who stands at the opposite corner)

Lance Hart: Right as Arata was about to hit the Moonsault, she catches a glimpse of John Doe!! Doe sits right up as Ichiro Yagata tries to make sense out of the situation. John Doe steps up to Arata and teases attacking her-- ONLY FOR BABA YAGA TO RUN IN AND BLINDSIDE ARATA ASAKURA WITH THE PK FIRE!!! THE RUNNING YAKUZA KICK TURNS ARATA INSIDE OUT! HE GOES FOR THE COVER AS JOHN DOE WATCHES ON!!!

ONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!!

TWWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

THRRREEEE

Donny Diamond: Arata is able to kick out! John Doe DID finally join to support Yaga at ringside. Baba Yaga used John Doe to find the right opportunity to attack Arata. And now, he picks up Arata.... FOR A HEAD SHOT!!!-- ONCE AGAIN ARATA COUNTERS! ARATA SLIPS OUT FROM THE GRASP OF BABA YAGA! HE FLOATS BEHIND HIM-- SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX!! Arata needs to make a tag! He is slowly crawling towards his corner! TYLER BRIDGES WITH THE TAG as Teddy Mac enters on the other side as both young wrestlers run at each other for a lariat attempt! But Bridges ducks under-- Bridges turns around WITH A PELE KICK! He clips the skull of Teddy Mac! Bridges with an Enzuigiri to follow. He sends Mac towards his corner-- AND RUNS IN WITH A CORNER DROPKICK! Quick tag now made to TJ Burns! BRAINBUSTER FROM TYLER BRIDGES!! AND TJ BURNS FOLLOWS WITH THE TOPE ATOMICO!! STEREO MOONSAAAAULTS!!! THE HARSH TOKE CONNECTS AS TJ BURNS GOES FOR THE COVER!!

ONNNEEEEEEE!!!!!!

TWWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!

THREEEEE-

Lance Hart: But Mac kicks out at the right moment! Teddy struggles back to his feet as TJ drapes him over the top rope... He's going for the cutter-- NO MAC WITH THE FRONT FLIP! INCREDIBLE AGILITY! HE LANDS ON HIS FOOT! SPINNING ROUNDHOUSE KICK CONNECTS AS TJ BURNS GOES DOWN! WHAT THE-- JESUS CHRIST JUST ENTERED THE RING AND HIT A SPEAR OF HIS OWN ONTO TJ BURNS!! ARATA WITH A SPRINGBOARD KNEE STRIKE TO JESUS CHRIST! TYLER WITH A ROPE ASSISTED ENZUIGIRI-- INTO A SLINGSHOT DDT!!! HE PLANTS JESUS RIGHT ON THE DOME! BUT NOBI RUNS IN WITH A SHOULDER TACKLE TO TYLER! BISHOP NOW WITH A CLOTHESLINE FROM HELL TO NOBI!!! HE PICKS UP NOBI AND THROWS HIM OVER THE TOP ROPE.. BUT TEDDY MAC! MAC RUNS IN AND ATTEMPTS THE STUNNER-- NO BISHOP CATCHES HIM! OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY SENDS TEDDY MAC OVER THE TOP ROPE AND ONTO NOBI!!! TJ and Tyler ready up to add on the aerial assault!

Donny Diamond: STEREO SUICIDE DIVES ONTO THE NICE GUYS!! Jesus tries to blindside Bishop in the ring no, Bishop with the low bridge sending him onto the apron-- BUT LOOK AT JESUS CHRIST! A MOONSAULT FROM THE APRON ONTO THE MASS OF BODIES ON THE OUTSIDE! ARATA RALLIES UP CROWD SUPPORT AS HE HEADS TO THE TOP ROPE!! EVIIIL OF THE SKYYYYY!!!! HE TAKES OUT EVERYBODY ON THE OUTSIDE! BABA YAGA-- RUNS IN FOR A BICYCLE KNEE--- NO BISHOP SENDS HIM OVER HIS SHOULDER AND ONTO THE OUTSIDE! JESUS CHRIST! WHAT'S GOING ON?!

Lance Hart: Everybody can fly! Wait... Is Bishop thinking about it?! Surely not! He is climbing up to the top rope-- Wait.. Harman Ardelean climbs up to the apron?! What's he doing?! Ichiro is asking Harman to step down -- NO! NO! NICO BORG! THAT BASTARD! HE JUST PULLED BISHOP FROM THE TOP ROPE AS HE TUMBLES DOWN TO THE OUTSIDE! THE REFEREE DIDN'T SEE IT! AND WHAT IS JOHN DOE DOING?! .... SPEAAAAAAAAAAR!! DOE TAKES DOWN BISHOP! ALL BECAUSE OF THE DISTRACTION FROM HARMAN ARDELEAN!

Donny Diamond: The two legal men, TJ Burns and Teddy Mac slowly roll back into the ring. Mac goes for a STO!! HE CONNECTS AS BURNS GETS PLANTED ONTO THE CANVAS! Look at Jesus!!

Lance Hart: Jesus Christ with the blind tag-- Teddy Mac isn't having it!! BUT JESUS WITH THE RED MIST! RED MIST TO HIS OWN PARTNER!!! He turns around and picks up Burns... HE DOUBLES HIM OVER--- CRUCIFIIIIIIXX POWWEEERBOOOOOMB!!!! COVER!!

ONNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

Donny Diamond: Arata tries to make it back to the ring to break the pin but Baba Yaga is holding on to him!

TWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Lance Hart: HOW IS MICHAEL BISHOP IS STILL MOVING?! HE ROLLS INTO THE RING!!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

("Awaken" from Jojo's Bizarre Adventure hits the PA System as Nico Borg enters the ring and raises the Golden Cross as a sign of victory. The camera pans around to the bodies lying all over the ring.)

Jamison Pierce: HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS! THE NICE GUYS! BABA YAGA!! AND JEEESUUUUS CHRIIIIIIST!!!!!!

Donny Diamond: Bishop was moments away from breaking the pin but he just couldn't do it in time. Jesus Christ picks up an important victory for his team and Olympus!! Am I proud?! I think I am! Michael Bishop is one tough SOB, that's for sure. And Asakura has a bright future ahead of him. So, I'll give Kingdom that. That is, if they STAY on Kingdom. We would love to have any of these competitors join the ranks of Friday Night Olympus!

Lance Hart: Kingdom will also be very lucky to have The Nice Guys, Baba Yaga or Jesus Christ despite the rumors that I've heard float around these past few hours.

Donny Diamond; What kind of rumors?

Lance Hart: Let's not get into it... We might have to deal with a lawsuit. Anyway.... Incredibly fast paced action by all the men involved!! But it is time to move on to an update from Scott Oasis' security.

(We cut back to the backstage area as we see Oasis' security team scoping out the scene.)

Chaz O'Connors: Did you find him?

Mike Jones: Nah son.

Eric Shaw: What are you swines waiting for?! Locate the scoundrel and bring him to us AT ONCE! LADY PEYTON DEMANDS HIS BACKSIDE DELIVERED TO US!

Hector González: What Holmes...?

Carlos Rosso: BRING HIS ASS TO US SO WE CAN KICK IT! THIS IS NOT ROCKET SCIENCE!

Ed Samson: He's a slippery bastard. This ain't easy ya know.

Judas: HAH!

[[Nasir Moore is seen Backfisting Judas onto the floor as Loto Palamo and Fetu Savea double avalanche him, knocking Nas to the ground. The entirety of Judas' security team begin to assault him viciously.]]

Judas: NOW WHAT?!

Mike Jones: YEAH! FIGHT BACK NIG-

Chaz O'Connors: IDIOT! WE'RE ON FOOKIN TV!

Mike Jones: My b dawg.

Carlos Rosso: Pick him up.

[[The men lift Nasir to his feet as Carlos stares down at the Co Chairman.]]

Carlos Rosso: Boss Lady says you need to be taken out. Personally, I've waited for the chance to do this for a LONG TIME!

[[Carlos picks up Nasir and drops him onto the cold hard ground with the Red Spike, a Cradle Pildriver. Chaz kicks him in the back after for good measure.]]

Carlos Rosso: Alright. Now let's throw him in with Bob and-

[[The lights in Nasir's Office turn off. After a little bit the lights cut back on with Nasir missing and a card left on the table, signed "Russian King".]]

Chaz O'Connors: SHIT! HE GOT AWAY!

Judas: Now what?

Eric Shaw: We find the thief in the night who did this and give him a good THRASHING! THAT'S WHAT!

Carlos Rosso: He's right. It was obviously Mstislav who did this. We'll get both him and Nas. I'll make it my life's mission to SMASH THEM BOTH!

Mike Jones:...pause.

(Hector smacks Mike Jones in the back of the head as Carlos Rosso storms out of the office with a killer look in his eyes. The camera fades to black.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(AD: Tune in to FS1 after tonight's show to see Bryant "EDP445" Moreland give his thoughts on the Shake Up results!)

(Suddenly the screen begins to flash wildly as we get a rapid fire delivery of different Alpha's pictures. It goes faster and faster, before suddenly.....)

(BULL CONNORS.....)

(....HAS BEEN RETAINED BY OLYMPUS.)

Giovante Reese: YES! YES! THIS IS WHAT I LIKE TO SEE!

Lance Hart: Alright, that's 3 uninterrupted Olympus showings, it's time to switch things up!  
LET'S GET TO KINGDOM!

(The draft lotto restarts....dozens of faces scroll across the screen.....)

Morgan Shaw: Big things ahead, either a good pick up or a good keep on our side!

(....the flickering stops.....)

Crowd: WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

(JEFF X IS STAYING ON KINGDOM!)

Lance Hart: THE CLASH WINNER IS STICKING WITH US! THERE WE GO!

Morgan Shaw: Let's keep it rolling, I hear we have another one coming in!

(The draft lotto restarts once again....the names flash....)

(....MAVERICK IS ON KINGDOM!)

Morgan Shaw: ONE OF WRESTLING'S BRIGHTEST STARS HAS CROSSED OVER TO SUNDAY NIGHTS! The booking gods did right when they picked this kid! Kingdom once again proving to be the go to place for the up and comers!

Donny Diamond: Yeah, yeah, yeah! A nice grab by you guys, but we'll come out the winners in the end!

Giovante Reese: Keep on bragging, devil! Anyway, speaking of up and comers, Morgan! You and I have an up and coming talent showcase match to call and it's right next!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Jamison Pierce: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following SIX PACK CHALLENGE is scheduled for ONE FALL!!

Giovante Reese: Six debuts. Six stories to be told. But only ONE man will start their OWA career off with a monumental win on tonight's special edition of Friday Night's Olympus! We could be looking at the FUTURE of OWA! This gon' be good!

Morgan Shaw: Let's not forget, we're not sure where these young talents are heading as of right now. So, this could very well be the opportunity they need to impress the management to make the right decision regarding their future.

("Can't leave without it" by 21 Savage hits the PA System as Noah Quinn steps through the curtains, to a mixed reaction from the crowd. Quinn slowly makes his way down the ramp not giving in to the crowd reaction, before sliding through the bottom rope and into the ring. As people bob around to 21 Savage blasting from the speakers, Quinn climbs up to the middle turnbuckle and poses -- before taking a seat by the bottom turnbuckle, awaiting his opposition)

Jamison Pierce: Introducing first, from St. Louis, Missouri... weighing in at 210 lbs!! He is the "ENDER OF LEGACIES", NOOOOAAAAH QUUIIIINN!!!!

Giovante Reese: Is it supposed to be a play on words like, Novacane? Is he a big Frank Ocean fan?

Morgan Shaw: That's a bit of a stretch. And Jesus, does that matter?!

("Contra" from Konami's Contra hits the PA System to a chorus of boos as Jacob Nighttime bursts through the curtains, looking menacing as he does. He lets out a battle cry, waving around the Rebel Leader Flag, before marching down the ramp with a mean look on his face. Noah Quinn doesn't seem to be bothered by the oncoming big man, as he stays put at his position while Jacob sizes up to him, trying to intimidate him in the process. Jacob raises his hand as his music comes to an end)

Jamison Pierce: And his opponent, from Parts Unknown! Weighing in at 240 lbs!! He is JACOOOB NIIGHTTTIME!!!!



Giovante Reese: I checked my watch and it is about to be night time, so we are right in Jacob's territory.

Morgan Shaw: You're a menace, Gio. Jacob tried to get into the face of Noah Quinn, but Noah stands his ground as they await their opponents.

("Invasion" by Jim Johnston echoes throughout the arena as Michael Fish enters center stage and immediately bows as a sign of respect, to a moderately loud ovation from the crowd. Fish embraces the reaction, as sparks fly right over him, covering his entire body from view. Fish bursts through it, blowing smoke out of his mouth as he does, before practicing his striking ability. Fish points at his opponents in the ring and marches down with authority, while embracing the fans along the way)

Jamison Pierce: And their opponent! From El Paso, Texas! Weighing in at 185 lbs... He is "THE BIG FISH", MICHAATAEL FISSSH!!!

Morgan Shaw: That was a badass entrance! He walked through the sparkles.

Giovante Reese: Was it? I could do that.

Morgan Shaw: You're a menace.

Giovante Reese: Is it because I --

(The lights in the arena dim. On the tron, the images of a starless night sky as seen from high above the world, clouds pass and the horizon is lifeless. The opening guitar riff of "Atmosphere" from Shinedown blares over the speakers as the lights flash blue and white with the rhythm of the music. A bright spotlight lights up the entrance ramp as Eon Blue walks out. He pauses on the ramp and his arms extend to either side of him. His index and middle fingers pointed out like barrels of a gun as a shower of blue rain pyro pours down behind him. He makes his way to the ring, posing for the fans along the way before rolling into the ring and climbing up the turnbuckle, posing with the double gun out to his sides again before arching back and up with a high angled backflip before landing in the ring. He spins around into the center of the ring bringing both hands from their outstretched position to pointing skyward)

Jamison Pierce: And their opponent, weighing in at 232 lbs!!! He is "THE APOCALYPSE" , EOOOOON BLUEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

Morgan Shaw: I am excited about this man in particular. Eon Blue has set himself apart from the crowd, just by the way he presents himself. Heck, if I had to choose, I may put my money on Eon to win it tonight!

Giovante Reese: Shit! Nobody told me about this bet. I want in! My money is on .. I don't know. Let me see the entire crop before I decide.

(The sweet fiddle of The Pogues' "Body of an American" plays as it shows Gavin McArdle slowly walking to the ring, his signature hurling stick in hand. As he reaches the middle of the entrance ramp the song speeds up and Gavin poses for the crowd, to a mixed reaction)

Giovante Reese: Now this guy-- I can put my money on him!

Morgan Shaw: WAIT A MINUTE... WHAT?!

(A man jumps Gavin McArdle on the stage, pummeling him with an axe handle.))

Morgan Shaw: THAT'S... RD3!! WHAT IS HE DOING HERE?!

Giovante Reese: The former Spartan's Champion just laid out Gavin McArdle... OH JEEZ! HE JUST HIT IM ACROSS THE HEAD WITH GAVIN'S OWN STICK! HE GRABS GAVIN IN AN INVERTED FACE LOCK--- THE FAMILY NAME BY THE TIME LIZARD!! GAVIN MCARDLE IS OUT COLD!! AS DAMPSHAW KICKS THE FALLEN GAVIN BEFORE WALKING UP THE RAMP. WHY?!

Morgan Shaw: He seems disgusted by Gavin being out here tonight. I feel like Dampshaw might have a lot to say after his Spartan's Championship was stolen from him by Arata Asakura.

("The Only Thing They Fear is You" by Mick Gordon begins over the sound system and the entire arena is suddenly thrown into pitch-black darkness. The music fades, and as it picks up again the stage area and the ramp is harshly illuminated by blood-red strobe lights. When the music picks back up and goes into full volume, there is an explosion of pyro above the stage and slowly, being raised up from underneath the stage by a platform, is Curze. Towel around his neck, Curze begins to slowly stalk down the ramp, walking past the fallen Gavin McArdle who is being attended by the OWA Medical Staff. He completely ignores booing fans, instead keeping his eyes on the ring. Curze stalks to the far end of the ring where he ascends the steps, and steps over the top rope. As soon as he's in the ring the lights are brought up gradually to normal. Curze faces the hard camera and taunts both the crowd and the audience at home with a raised fist and a snarl on his face, before dismissively tossing his towel to the referee and backing into his corner, arms resting on the tope ropes at either side)

Jamison Pierce: And their opponent!! From Minneapolis, Minnesota!! Weighing in at 275 lb!!! He is "THE RIPPER", CUUUUURZEEE!!!!!!!!!!

Giovante Reese: Okay, nevermind. This guy has my money! Just look at this beast! He makes Jacob Nighttime look like a luchador. This man is all about business! Also, I guess we're down

to five? Cause Gavin doesn't seem to be getting up anytime soon. So, it's an advantage to all these competitors. One man has already been taken out of the equation by an irate RD3.

Morgan Shaw: Well, so be it. We cannot wait around for Gavin to recover and I'm sure all the wrestlers around the ring share the same sentiment. Fuck it, we are ready for action! Buddy Taylor is going to have a problem controlling these five men, hungry for an opportunity. He bout to get slapped up, if he doesn't move out of the way.

Giovante Reese: This is going to break into chaos right out of the gate.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Morgan Shaw: Look at Jacob Nighttime! A kick to the gut of Noah Quinn and he sends him over the ropes. Same for the oncoming Michael Fish, who tried to catch him with a clothesline. Fish goes over the ropes! Nighttime is cleaning house! He runs at Curze and Eon Blue duking it out at the corner with a DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE as they also go over the top rope! Nighttime thinks he has already won! This is not a battle royale, you moron!

Giovante Reese: Even if it was, Neither men have fallen off the apron. And look at them now. All of them are staring into the soul of Jacob Nighttime who doesn't seem to have any idea what's going on. Every single one of them enter back into the ring-- QUINN with a superkick to Nighttime. Curze follows it up with a Bicycle Kick!! HE NEARLY TOOK HIS HEAD OFF! Eon Blue connects with the CORRUPTION! The Fade kick into the spinning back elbow and Nighttime is down once again! Nighttime struggles to get back onto his feet-- ONLY TO TURN AROUND INTO A SPEAR! A SPEAR FROM MICHAEL FISH!! Curze picks Nighttime up and throws him over the top rope! Nighttime crashing onto the concrete floor, with an awkward landing. Jacob Nighttime might already be done for! Thank God I didn't waste my money on him.

Morgan Shaw: It isn't over yet. But Nighttime really got teamed up by the competition. Now it's teeing off into two groups as Curze fights off Eon Blue while Michael Fish takes on Noah Quinn. Eon with the high octane offense as Curze is on the back foot! A combination of kicks and forearms-- SPINNING BACKFIST as Curze tries to block the incoming damage. Eon with a NASTY knee strike to the gut of Curze that sends him to the corner.

Giovante Reese: On the other side, Fish is on the backfoot as Quinn has headlock control over the smaller man. Fish is trying to get back to his feet-- But Quinn maintains control over Fish and now uses his strength to pin him onto the canvas. FISH, nimble as ever, slips out of the predicament and springs back up to his feet. Quinn tries to take him down with a lariat-- BUT Fish floats behind him... GERMAN!! GERMAN SUPLEX CONNECTS! But look at Eon! He connects with a corner dropkick to Curze and sees Fish standing across the ring.

Morgan Shaw: Eon with a running enzuigiri to the back of Fish's head as he drops down to the canvas! Quinn now recovers as sees Curze struggling to stand at the opposite corner-- QUINN RUNS IN WITH A-- OH SHIT!! CURZE CATCHES HIM MID AIR AS QUINN WENT FOR A CORNER SPLASH! URANAGE CONNECTS! Curze follows it with a rolling senton!! Quinn just got pancaked onto the canvas!

Giovante Reese: Now Curze turns his attention to Eon as Fish and Quinn recover on the side. These two are the only men left standing-- Wait a minute. Look who just got up to the apron! It's JACOB NIGHTTIME! AND HE LOOKS PISSED! MAYBE I WAS WRONG ABOUT HIM! HE WANTS REVENGE--

Morgan Shaw: DOUBLE SUPERKICK BY EON AND CURZE AS NIGHTTIME FALLS FLAT ONTO THE CONCRETE FLOOR! HIS HEAD LITERALLY BOUNCED OFF IT! HE'S PROBABLY DEAD!

Giovante Reese: But Curze and Eon get right back at it! Eon with a roundhouse kick!! It connects as he floats over for a German! But this thicc boi ain't goin down so easy. Elbow strikes from the big man rocks Eon right in his tracks, breaking his grip. CURZE WITH AN ENZUIGIRI!! Look at the agility of this man! Meanwhile Quinn CLOTHESLINES Michael Fish over the top rope but Fish holds on. He tries to fight back-- NO! NOAH QUINN WITH THE DDT ON THE APRON! FISH' SKULL JUST BOUNCED OFF THE HARDEST PART IN THE RING!!

Morgan Shaw: Look at the smirk on the face of Quinn as Fish is literally twitching in pain on the floor, in front of us... WHAT THE--- CURZE BRINGING THE FIGHT TO NOAH QUINN WITH AN APRON SPEAR!! CURZE AND NOAH FALL TO THE OUTSIDE! Curze could very well have hurt himself there but Noah Quinn just got planted onto the concrete floor with a devastating spear. Look at Eon now! He is stalking the movements of the three men on the outside as he runs the ropes-- BUT JACOB NIGHTTIME TRIPS HIM OVER BEFORE HE COULD FLY! Nighttime is finally back in the ring as Fish, Quinn and Curze recover on the outside. Wait a minute-- surely not.

Giovante Reese: Why is he climbing up to the top turnbuckle?! OH FUCK! DON'T TELL ME! JACOB NIGHTTIME LEAPS OFF THE TOP ROPE?! Like my former partner would say, MAMA MIA!! Shit, I sound like a cac.

Morgan Shaw: -- WATCH BEFORE YOU SAY IT! CAUSE THEY CAUGHT HIM! FISH, CURZE AND QUINN JUST CAUGHT THIS FLYING BEHEMOTH MID AIR! I am not wrong to assume that Curze might be doing the heavy lifting there. But they have him raised over their shoulders!...

Giovante Reese: WHAT THE HELL! FLYING DOUBLE STOMP FROM EON BLUE!! HE JUST STOMPED NIGHTTIME AS THE OTHERS HELD ON TO HIM! NIGHTTIME JUST GOT SPIKED ON HIS HEAD! HOLY FUCK! EON MIGHT WANT TO PIN HIM CAUSE THIS IS

OVER! He picks up Jacob from the wreckage and rolls him into the ring. Eon goes for the cover!!

ONNNNNNEEEEEEEE!!!!

TWWWWOOO!!!!!!

THREEEEEE!

Morgan Shaw: No! Curze! Curze once again comes through as he saves the matchup for himself. A kick to the back of the head of Eon from Curze! Wristlock control.... RIPCORN SUPERKICK!!! WOW! AND CURZE HOLDS ON TO HIS GRIP! SNAP SUPLEX!!! HE ROLLS OVER-- INTO A DELAYED JACKHAMMER!!! EON JUST GOT PLANTED! Curze is looking for the end! He wants the Crucible Clutch right now! --

Giovante Reese: SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAR FROM MICHAEL FISH! HE TAKES DOWN THE BIG MAN! FISH HOOKS BOTH LEGS! IS THIS IT?!

ONNNNNNEEEEEEEE!!!!

TWWWWOOOOOOO!!!!!!

THREEEEEE--

Morgan Shaw: No! No! Curze kicks out! Fish almost pulled out with an upset victory! Quinn is back in the ring and he runs in with a clothesline to Fish! A clothesline to a groggy Eon Blue! He goes for a third one on Curze-- But Curze doesn't go down! He's asking for another strike... Quinn hits the ropes once again... SPINNING HEEL KICK FROM CURZE! He quickly grabs him-- EXPLODER SUPLEX! Curze is looking out to be the most dominant man in this matchup. He picks up Jacob Nighttime--- CODEBREAKER!!... WAIT! WAIT! HE TRANSITIONS INTO THE GOGOPLATA! THE UNMAKER IS LOCKED IN! JACOB NIGHTTIME MIGHT TAP OUT! HE JUST MIGHT! CURZE IS THRUSTING HIS SHIN INTO THE THROAT OF JACOB NIGHTTIME-- WITH AN AXE KICK TO JACOB!!! CURZE BREAKS THE HOLD!

Giovante Reese: Fish catches Eon with the DDT!! While Noah is now up and climbing on to the top rope. Curze has no idea where Quinn is and he is right in position-- CURBSTOMP FROM THE TOP ROPE!

Morgan Shaw: NO! CURZE DID HAVE IT TELEGRAPHED! HE CATCHES QUINN INTO A FIREMAN'S CARRY!! BUT QUINN SLIPS AWAY! SUPERKICK RIGHT AS HE FALLS ONTO THE CANVAS! CURZE HAS BEEN ROCKED! HE FALLS DOWN TO A KNEE! MICHAEL FISH WITH A KICK TO THE SIDE OF THE HEAD OF CURZE! AND LOOK AT EON! HE HAS IT LINED UP! HE TAKES OUT HIS ELBOW PADS-- FOR THE RUIN! JESUS CHRIST! WHAT A DEVASTATING ELBOW STRIKE! CURZE MAY HAVE A CONCUSSION AFTER THAT ONE!

HE FALLS FLAT ON HIS FACE FROM THE IMPACT! Eon wants to cover but the rest of the competitors won't let that happen. Quinn goes for another superkick but Eon ducks under... SPINNING BACKFIST catches Quinn.

Giovante Reese; MICHAEL FISH GOES FOR THE SPEAR ON EON BLUE BUT HE LEAPFROGS OVER-- FISH CATCHES QUINN WITH IT! Eon with a spinning gut kick as Fish turns around. He hooks his arm-- HE'S GOT HIM UP FOR A VERTICAL SUPLEX! LOOK AT THE STRENGTH ON DISPLAY BY EON BLUE! AND WITH THEATRICALS! HE JUST DID A SIT UP WHILE HOLDING ON TO FISH! That's one way to leave an impression! Eon Blue-- HE TURNS INTO A STUNNER!! HE CALLS THAT THE APOCALYPSE! EON BLUE HAS BROUGHT THE APOCALYPSE ONTO MICHAEL FISH! EON WITH THE COVER!!

ONNNNEEEEEEEE!!!

TWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

Morgan Shaw: JACOB NIGHTTIME BROKE THE PINFALL! HOLY SHIT! Look at the expression on Eon's face. He wants to murder Nighttime right now! Eon springs back up to his feet... He goes for a spinning heel kick-- BUT NIGHTTIME CATCHES HIS LEG! HE POPS HIM UP FOR A POWERBOMB!! BUT EON SPINS AROUND AND CONNECTS WITH THE POISON RANA! JACOB NIGHTTIME CANNOT CATCH A BREAK! But look at Curze!! He is stalking Eon like a predator! He has the arm around Eon's throat! Curze is going for the Rear Naked Choke! Eon falls to the canvas as Curze gets the body scissors! Oh shit! EON IS IN DEEP TROUBLE! CRUCIBLE CLUTCH! HE HAS HIM! CURZE IS GOING TO MAKE EON BLUE TAP OUT! EON! HE IS STRUGGLING TO BREATHE! HE IS TRYING TO GRAB THE ROPES! BUT EON IS NOT GOING TO MAKE IT! HE IS FADING AWAY AND CURZE MIGHT HAVE IT!

Giovante Reese: LOOK AT NOAH QUINN! HE IS CLIMBING UP TO THE TOP ROPE! STOMP TO THE FACE OF EON BLUE!! CURZE AND EON'S HEADS COLLIDE AS QUINN FORCES A BREAK!! QUINN PICKS UP EON!! HE DOUBLES HIM OVER!! NOAH QUINN IS GOING FOR A PILEDIVER!!

Morgan Shaw: WHAT THE FUCK IS FISH DOING?! He just saved Eon with a superkick to Noah Quinn. ANOTHER SUPERKICK!.. And now Eon with the Flapjack sending Noah Quinn over his shoulders and right onto his back! Curze is back up again and he goes for a Gutwrench powerbomb onto Eon Blue!! AND HE PLANTS EON ONTO A FALLEN NOAH QUINN! JESUS CHRIST! HE SANDWICHES EON BETWEEN HIMSELF AND QUINN WITH A RUNNING SENTON! Wait a minute--

Giovante Reese: JACOB NIGHTTIME WITH THE ROLL UP ON CURZE!!

ONNEEEEEEE!!!!

TWWWWOOOOO!!!

Morgan Shaw: Curze powers out as both men get back on their feet. Nighttime tries to get some offense in with a flurry of strikes but Curze is blocking or parrying all of it. Curze with a forearm strike that sends Nighttime in a frenzy! CURZE WITH A GERMAN SUPLEX TO NIGHTTIME! BUT HE HOLDS ON! HE ROLLS OVER-- ANOTHER GERMAN SUPLEX! CURZE WANTS THE TRIFECTA.. NO WAIT! HE HAS HIS ARM ACROSS HIS THROAT! CURZE IS GOING FOR THE FINISH! THE CRUCIBLE CLUTCH!

Giovante Reese: \*\*SPEEEAAAR!!!!\*\* MICHAEL FISH JUST SPEARED NIGHTTIME, BUT THEN WE HAVE CURZE GETTING OUT OF DODGE! NIGHTTIME COLLAPSES TO THE GROUND, BUT THEN CURSE WITH A SAMOAN DROP, CRUSHING FISH ONTO THE CANVAS! LOOK AT FISH - OUT OF THE RING HE GOES! CURZE GOES FOR THE COVER ON JACOB NIGHTTIME!! COVER!

ONNEEEEEEE!!!!

TWWWWOOOOOOO!!!!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

Morgan Shaw: EON BLUE AND NOAH QUINN WERE A MILLISECOND AWAY FROM BREAKING THE COUNT! BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER!!! CURZE GOT IT!

(DING! DING! DING!)

("The Only Thing They Fear is You" by Mick Gordon hits the PA System once again as Curze quickly rolls out of the ring and celebrates on the bottom of the ramp with a smug smirk on his face. Noah Quinn, Eon Blue and Fish look in frustration as Buddy Taylor checks on Jacob Nighttime. )

Jamison Pierce: HERE'S YOUR WINNER.... CURZEEEE!!!!!!!!!!

Giovante Reese: That was as chaotic as I assumed it would be. Everybody had a great showing in this match-- well, except Jacob Nighttime. Poor guy could not catch a break but I am sure the big man will find his way around the ring some time soon. Michael Fish put on a shift towards the end and the always crafty Eon and Noah were close to picking up the pin at different points in this matchup! But at the end of the day, Curze got the victory he wanted and he'll be starting his OWA journey with an impressive W!

Morgan Shaw: Oh look, it's time for the next round of the shake up!!

(The screen begins to flash as the fans look up with bated breath.)

(The rapidness of the images picks up the pace....then stops.)

(....ARIA JAXON RETAINED BY KINGDOM!)

Morgan Shaw: YES! BOTH CLASH WINNERS STAYING HOME!

Giovante Reese: That race traitor really staying on that oppressive brand! Alright, let's see what we get for Olympus!

(The draft lotto resets...images flash.....**STOP!**)

(...GARETH CASON HAS BEEN RETAINED BY OLYMPUS!)

Donny Diamond: ONE OF OUR FRIDAY NIGHT MAINSTAYS IS STILL INTACT! WOULDYA LOOK AT THAT?

Lance Hart: The reveals aren't done --

(The second reset of the round starts up.....rapid fire images yet again....and an even more abrupt stop this time.)

(....JACOB KNIGHT HAS MOVED TO KINGDOM!)

Morgan Shaw: THE GOLD BRAND WITH ANOTHER INVESTMENT! We're keeping our core while getting our hands on some of the more underrated talent! We're going to be looking unstoppable!

(We cut to a scene of a large meeting room inside of the arena, and immediately it's clear that this is the Kingdom War Room. A long table with several rolling chairs, several notable members are sitting around on them as a large screen displays a live view of the draft. Several Yellow Brand execs are sitting around, celebrating with Vernon Tressler).

Vernon Tressler: Hell yeah!! Ha Ha!! We're clearing house tonight guys, trust me!! We are the company's oldest brand, best brand, and we will KEEP being the best brand!! Just like 2018 and 19, 2020 is about to be our yea-

???: WOOO!!!!!! SEEZEN THREE LET'S GOO!!!

(The camera pans from Vernon to a very celebratory Colonel Jon McAdams, who, by the looks of it, has been indulging in the "Jeff X" brand of celebration, what with his hair a mess, and a



bottle of B.O.B. distilled whiskey in his hand).

The Colonel: We- Are- Gonna- Get- LIT TONITE!!!! 3 YEARS, 3 SEASONS!!! LETS GO!!! REFEREE!! POP THAT TOP!!!!

(We quickly pan over to our Senior Referee, Chet Kensington, in a hoodie and jeans as he looks confused. He then eyes a bottle of champagne next to him and begins trying to open it. Trying, because he's failing very hard. As usual).

The Colonel: God dammit- Bloody wanker, Give me that bottle of sparkle!!!

(Jon quickly walks over to a chair, stepping onto Spartan's Champion Arata Asakura's lap, as he then walks on the table, over to Chet, and pries the bottle of liquid happy from his hands),

The Colonel: Fuckin' Hell!!! It's not a god damn three count, and you STILL fuck it up!!!!

(Jon then turns, holding the bottle out in front of him as he pops the cork off with a loud SNAP!!! It then ricochets off the walls, past Arata's head as he leans out of the way, off the table causing Vernon to jump back in his seat, deflecting off a painting causing nearby OWA Alpha Udy "Doctor Ryland", to capture it, and finally, impacting light causing it to snap and buzz).

?????: Really, Jon? You drink one beer and you're already wildin'!!!

(The camera pans down from the broken light to see current 24/7 Champion, Aria Jaxon, sitting back in her chair, she pulls up her stunner shades to look at the light, dropping them back down as she shakes her head, resting her hands around her title which is strapped around her waist).

Aria: Ya'll gotta chill, season 3 ain't even started yet and you're all crazy!!!

Vernon Tressler: Aria has a point, active competition has not started yet, and the rosters have yet to fall in place!!! Listen I for one wanna celebrate today, but let's just chill out!!! FD was a wild night, so just enjoy the food and relax!!

(Jon Mcadams gives a tipsy salute to Vernon as he steps off, stepping on Chet's stimulus package causing him to cringe. We pan over to the otherside of the room where several other Alphas are gathered, one of which is The Time Lizard...)

RD3: Yes, Yes!!! We all want to relax and celebrate..... But this IS the draft show!!! And what a more opportune time to make a name for ourselves than to take advantage of every opportunity here!!

"Gavin would have an opportunity if you didn't choose to take it away from him."

(RD3 stops in his tracks. We see him give a long glare at current Spartan's Champion, Arata Asakura. The champ himself sits up in his chair, a tight grip on the title which rests on his shoulder. As RD3's greek brute, Demis, rises to his feet, the air in the room suddenly becomes more tense).

Vernon Tressler: Hey...HEY! Guys!!!

RD3: Oh Asakura, I didn't see you there..... Enjoying the fish and chips?

Vernon Tressler: Reggie, what did I JUST say!!! This is not a ring, and you two are certainly NOT fighting for a title today!!! Cool it!!

RD3: Well of course, Vernon, you just said that. Do you think I'm deaf? What am I? A rock? A tree? A disabled lemur? Sit down Arata, my fight is not with you.....

(Arata gives a confused look as we see Reginald turn to the other champion in the room..... Aria Jaxon).

Aria: Ex-cuse me?

RD3: Yes, You, exactly. It seems everyone including yourself has forgotten the stipulation of that title you currently hold, the name of that title you currently hold. 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Up for grabs, and available. Everywhere, anywhere.....

(We see figures in the room start to tense up. Demis cracks his neck as Reginald gives a large shit eating grin. Udy tosses up the painting, pulling out a clipboard and putting on his shrink glasses).

Dr. Ryland (Udy): Subject: Aria Jaxon, Diagnosis: Narcissistic Personality Disorder - grandiose sense of importance, preoccupation with unlimited success, belief that one is special and unique, exploitative of others, lack of empathy, arrogance, and jealousy of others.....  
Treatment: 300 CCs of Humility.....

Aria Jaxon: Narcissist? VILE!!!

(A laugh comes from a far corner of the room as it spins to see a man walking up. He wears a dark black suit, and holds a white and gold briefcase over his shoulder much like he's carrying a suit. Havoc. Through his dark eyes, we see fire, and it's contrasted by a sickening smile...).

Havoc: Now this..... This is quite the opportunity Reggie, I'll give you that. Beating five out of five meat heads in one day, the next, beating a former world championship and going into the main event with her title on my waist, and this magic briefcase at my side.....

(The sound of a can of beer opening draws us to the 2020 Clash of the Titan's match winner, Jeff X, who swaggers on in through the open doors with a beer in hand).

Aria: Hold on, you too?!

Jeff X: Well, well well..... I gotta say Aria, this is one hell of a meh'ican stand off. What a hell of a way it would be for me to solidify my place as the best Clash winner, than to beat the inaugural one for her little title.

(Aria looks around, as the murderer's row that now surrounds her seems to be sizing her up. Instead, she simply kicks her feet up onto the seat in front of her).

Aria: I think y'all have forgotten who the hell's sitting in front of you

(The comment causes a look of pause on Udy, as well as RD3 and Demis. Havoc simply looks entertained as nods his head).

Aria: I came here to chill and celebrate the new season, but I did not forget the title that's currently on me. The target on my back. I'm ready, I always have been, and I always will be. I'm the former OWA World champion, and the FIRST Clash winner..... My name carries way more weight in this room than all of you bozos combined, and I sure as hell wouldn't be here if I didn't think I could handle the heat....

(Aria reaches into her pocket, pulling on a #FuckAriaJaxon vintage beanie, and pulling the 24/7 title up onto her shoulder, gazing around at the scene).

Aria: I know ya'll can't....

(All of the would-be contenders pan around the room, sharing a few glances to each other. RD3 holds Demis back, eyeing her up as he waits for the moment. Dr. Ryland, pulls out a stethoscope, pulling the main cord in a Hitman Esc fashion, Havoc continues to laugh as Jeff takes another sip of his beer).

Vernon: Guys..... GUY?! Shit.....

The Colonel: FIGHT!!! FIGHT!!! FIGHT!!!! FIGHT!!!!!!

(As Chet slowly sinks under the table, attempting to avoid the almost certain collision between the kingdom roster-).

?????: Fucksakes Boys!! We aren't even one hour in...

(Everyone turns their attention to voice as the man enters the room, clad in leather jacket and jeans, brushing past Jeff X as he enters the room: Michael Bishop).

Bishop: And you Fuckazowas are already chomping at the bit.

Vernon Tressler: Fuck!

(Udy's gaze widens as he looks considerably more tense, Havoc's smile quickly fades as he drops his briefcase hand to his side, starting to white knuckle the handle. Bishop's eyes quickly meet the 24/7 champ's.).

Aria: Mike.

Bishop: Aria.

RD3: Another contender comes to try and take a piece of the pie. Well you're going to have to get in line because everyone here-

Bishop: I don't care about the god damn Roll-Up-Royale belt, Reggie. And neither should you, I mean you're a former SPARTANS Champion for fucksakes..... And You, Chris, you've got a world title shot in a fucking plastic case, and all you can think of is taking her little belt?

Jeff X: Hey so. No offense Tiger, but if you aren't here to join the #PinAriaJaxon fun fest..... Why're you here?

Bishop: ..... Didn't you hear? Scotty called and gave me the heads up..... I'm staying on Kingdom.

The Colonel: Yes!!!! My BOY!!!!

Bishop: Point still stands. I don't give a fuck what the stipulation of that belt is- this is the one rest break a god damn year we get, and it will stay that way. There are teenagers back in OWT that act more mature than some of yall, and some of yall are former fucking champions. Eat the food, drink the beer and chill the fuck out....

(Bishop stares daggers into everyone around the room. Udy backs down, tossing the stethoscope away, Reginald hesitantly motions Demis to sit down, and Havoc chuckles as he walks off. Jeff X crushes a beer can over his forehead).

Jeff X: Hell yeah, you tell 'em Bihzoop.

(Jeff walks over to a vase on a nearby table, reaching in and grabbing another beer, which he cracks open immediately. Bishop exhales, shaking his head)

Aria: THANK you Mike.

(Aria's smile fades as Bishop quickly locks eyes on her, his gaze intensifying as he stares her down. He walks over a few steps, crossing his arms as the edge of his mouth twitches).

Aria: Uh..... Michael?

Bishop: Nice job last night. Two years, Two Final Destinations, Two belts....

(Bishop gazes at her title, Aria pulls up her glasses and raises an eyebrow).

Bishop: And two members of Fight Club down.....

Aria: .....

Bishop: Thought I'd forgotten about that, didn't you?

(Aria drops her stunner shades back down as she holds her title close).

Bishop: They're calling you the "MMA Hunter" now....

Aria: What do you want, Mike?

Bishop: What do I want? Seven world title reigns and enough money to ensure me and my corgi live a long, happy life, but, that's not realistic- No, what I'd like is to break the curse currently circulating the group known as Fight Club.

Aria: Curse?

Bishop: Everytime a fight club member goes to war at Final Destination, we lose. All of us. Oasis gets tapped out, Carlos gets stomped, both of who, come from the same monochromatic basura standing before me...

Aria: What? You expecting me to cry?

Bishop: No, not really. You got stabbed in the fucking stomach and didn't shed a tear-

Aria: Not my fault ya'll can't secure a W.... Listen Mike. You're my friend but if you wanna stand here and throw threats, let's cut the bull and take this out back

Bishop: .....Didn't you hear what I told all the other Fuckasses? This is our one little rest break a year, a place to come up for air after, arguably, the most brutal night of the season. 'cause of

that, and the fact that I'd like to think we're such good friends friends, Aria.... Today....I'm not gonna be on your ass.....

(Bishop drops his arms, shoving them in his jacket pockets).

Bishop: But tomorrow..... when this season starts

(Aria stands up, squaring up to Bishop as he leans forward, the two engaging in a long standoff).

Bishop: It's fair game Tina, I'll be waiting.....

(Bishop backs off, walking off screen as Aria pulls off her shades, left staring her hunter down as she contemplates the future).

Bishop: See you soon, Aria.

Aria: See you then, Michael...

(COMMERCIAL AD - This Omega Wrestling Alliance Draft Show is sponsored by Raid: Shadow Legends!! One of the most ambitious RPG projects of 2019 has just been released and will change everything!! Just look at the level of detail of these characters!! If you use the code in the "CM-ESCOBAR",you can start with 50,000 silver!! Go now!!).

(As the show returns from commercial, "Loud Like Love" -- Placebo hits to cheers and applause. Viola DeMarco steps out onto the stage with her arms extended in a welcoming manner. She opens her black suit jacket to reveal a hot pink Odyssey logo shirt before making her way down the ramp.)

Jamison Pierce: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the General Manager of Odyssey...VIOLAAAAAAA DEMARCOOOOOOOOO!

Gia Cervantes: Welcome back to the 2020 OWA Draft Show, everyone! I'm Gia Cervantes...

Ashley Walker: ...and I'm Ashley Walker! We're here to give you your recommended dose of Saturday night talent, and what better way to do that than to hear some words from the woman at the helm?

Gia Cervantes: Viola DeMarco and her roster have to be flying high in the aftermath of Final Destination II. Azumi Goto and Jonetta Stone carried the brand on their backs in Ascension to the Heavens. Nyx and Selene looked like a million bucks in the World Tag Team Championship match. Eris and Christie Sky waged war over Athena's Cup. April Song, La Llorona, Roni von Bizarre, and the newly-crowned Goddesses Champion Alyssa Grace put on a dazzling bout

when that belt was on the line. And of course, Odyssey headlined night two of the event when Dulce Torres put the Women's World Championship on the line against Diantha Rosso. They saved the best for last, because that one was absolutely the best match of the night!

Ashley Walker: The women of Odyssey came out of our biggest event to date with so much to be proud of. We're on the threshold of season three now, and the milestones just keep coming! As was announced during Final Destination II, Odyssey talent will be competing in OWA's first-ever Elimination Chamber match next month at Hardcore Havoc!

Gia Cervantes (covers mic): ...didn't we JUST have Hardcore Havoc right before Christmas?

Ashley Walker (covers mic): G, we've both worked here long enough to know that the corporate schedule is...wonky at best.

Gia Cervantes: In any case, let's see what the boss has to say! She's got plenty to gush over.

(Viola enters the ring, nodding cordially to the production assistant as she's passed a microphone and her music fades out.)

Viola DeMarco: Now, I know tonight is all about seeing where your favorite Kingdom and Olympus stars will wind up ahead of the new season. But c'mon, I know there's got to be some Odyssey fans in the building too, right?

(There's a playful smile on Viola's face as she poses the question, and the crowd responds in kind with a pop. "ODYSSEY! ODYSSEY!" chants fill the air for a few moments afterward, prompting Viola to gladly pause to accommodate them.)

Viola DeMarco: It's that enthusiasm that's greeted Odyssey and helped to propel it forward since day one. Since those meager beginnings back in Chicago every weekend. They say that change is the only constant, and that's always rung true for OWA. It's the thing we should be most proud of, actually. Season three will continue the trend. This upcoming season will be one of unprecedented growth and brand new opportunities to shine, and the women of Omega will be hitting the ground running.

(Viola pauses for a moment, adjusting her suit jacket before continuing.)

Viola DeMarco: There's little that OWA does better than a little good old-fashioned violence. And you've seen your favorite Alphas in Deathmatches and "I Quit" matches. You've seen them take to the skies for Ultimate X. You've seen them brave Three Stages of Hell. Rest assured, though, Philly, OWA's next feat of hardcore wrestling will be unlike anything that any of you have ever seen before...because if you want something done right, you need to send in my roster. At Hardcore Havoc, Odyssey makes history when we initiate...THE PROMETHEAN CHAMBER!

(Viola points to the OmegaTron with a flourish as cheers of “YES! YES! YES!” emanate from the audience. A video of the Promethean Chamber is splashed across the screen, giving the audience a “guided tour” of the structure.)

Viola DeMarco: It’s not for the faint of heart. Sixteen feet high, thirty-six feet wide, ten tons heavy, and wrapped in over two miles of unforgiving steel chain. When you step inside, you have two options -- to win, or to be eliminated from the fray altogether. The woman who makes it to the end will have earned that victory. Only a true warrior -- a REAL champion -- could weather such a storm. With that being said, there’s one woman in particular that I need to speak to about all of that. Dulce Torres, would you please join me?

(“Für Elise” -- District 78 hits to a massive ovation. Dulce Torres walks into view with the Women’s World Championship draped over her shoulder. She stops at the top of the ramp to perform her signature bow before making her way down the aisle.)

Gia Cervantes: Odyssey’s proverbial team captain was easily one of the biggest stars of FD weekend. Dulce has put on her fair share of amazing matches during her time on the brand, but nothing quite like that acclaimed match against Diantha Rosso on night two! Those two made Odyssey proud.

Ashley Walker: Dulce is no stranger to making history, and now she’s got another feather to add to her cap. That hard-fought win over Diantha made her the first woman to successfully defend a championship at OWA’s premier showcase!

(Dulce enters the ring, and she accepts a microphone as her music fades out.)

Viola DeMarco: Dulce, before we go any further, I have to reiterate how proud I am not just of Odyssey as a whole, but of you. You’ve spent your entire run as Women’s World Champion being the best representative for the show that a GM could ask for, and Final Destination was the best example of that. You and Diantha had everyone buzzing!

Dulce Torres: Thank you, Viola. You were one of the first people to congratulate me when I walked backstage after the main event. I’ve always been so proud to be a part of Odyssey...

(She glances down at the Women’s World Championship.)

Dulce Torres: ...and I’m even more proud to lead it as the World Champion.

(Viola smiles.)

Viola DeMarco: Exactly the attitude I need out of you heading into such an important match! The Promethean Chamber will constitute a banner moment for the Odyssey brand. There’s already history to be made just by the match happening. The only way to make it bigger would be if the



women risking life and limb were just DYING to call themselves a champion. That match will be for your title, Dulce.

Dulce Torres: You know how much I love to push myself, Viola. I'd love nothing more than to put my title on the line in a brand new environment against the best that this brand has to offer.

Viola DeMarco: I thought you might say that. I've handpicked the field of participants already. So let's see who will be filling up those pods, shall we?

(There's a massive pop from those in attendance.)

Gia Cervantes: Not gonna lie, since it was revealed this match would be happening, I've been dying to know who would be in the Chamber! This is the most exciting part!

Ashley Walker: Who will be joining Dulce?

Viola DeMarco: First, let me introduce a woman who's done her fair share of the heavy lifting in helping to make Odyssey what it is today. She's been described as one of the earliest pillars of the brand, and she left EVERYONE in awe after an impressive feat of heart at Final Destination. Oh, and she's a former Women's World Champion in her own right. Azumi Goto, come on down!

("REALxEYEZ" -- J x Takanori Nishikawa hits to a huge round of applause. Azumi Goto walks out onto the stage, nodding her head. She high-fives fans along the barricade, walking at a brisk pace as she makes her way to the ring.)

Gia Cervantes: Viola starting with the big guns, wow! If there's anyone who comes close to Dulce in terms of heart and determination, this woman is probably the one. The way Azumi can tap into her reserves when the stakes are high can be a marvel to watch. She DID mollywhop Derelict during Ascension to the Heavens, after all!

Ashley Walker: More than that, yes, Azumi is a former Women's World Champion and was also Queen of the Ring. She wants to return to that level, and now she has the chance to do just that with her entry into the Chamber -- if she can outlast all of the competition, that is!

(Azumi enters the ring, nodding cordially to Viola and shaking Dulce's hand as she joins them.)

Viola DeMarco: The next participant I had in mind was also a pretty obvious choice. She is someone that put the entire locker room on notice virtually from the time that she showed up here. Her daring nature and unabashed individuality have endeared her to the fans, and she's not just all flash. She is as talented in the ring as anyone, and after all of her near misses, this very well could be the golden opportunity she's been chasing. Christie Sky, come on out here!

(A loud but divided reaction mixes in with “Tangerine Dreams” -- The Zealots hitting the PA system. Christie Sky strides out onto the stage, a knowing smirk situating itself on her face as she makes her way down the aisle.)

Gia Cervantes: Ooooooh, this one right here will definitely be an exciting addition to the Chamber! Christie Sky might have come up short in her latest bid to win Athena’s Cup, but she didn’t go down without a fight. As the GM just stated, it’s not the first time Sky has been in line for a potential title opportunity, and based on her inclusion in this match, it won’t be her last, either!

Ashley Walker: It was established a long time ago that Christie is very talented. She wouldn’t have gotten herself into a position for the aforementioned opportunities if that wasn’t the case. Still, she’s unfortunately been playing a game of “close, but no cigar” for a while now! Will Hardcore Havoc be the night when we all finally see her break her own personal glass ceiling? It’s a real possibility!

(Christie enters the ring, giving all of the other women standing there a once-over as her music fades out.)

Viola DeMarco: My next choice is a young woman who’s been putting on a host of breakout performances as of late. She initially made a name for herself here in OWA as a part of a team, but she’s proven that she’s more than capable of holding her own when she’s got nobody to rely on but herself. This bruiser might just feel right at home in the Promethean Chamber. Jonetta Stone, it’s your turn!

(“Unshaken” -- Rhiannon Giddens hits to resounding boos. Jonetta Stone makes her presence known, removing the hockey mask on her face to reveal an unaffected expression as she makes her way down the aisle.)

Gia Cervantes: Like Azumi, here’s another former champion looking to add some more gold to her collection! Jonetta Stone showed out in Ascension to the Heavens, and now, it looks like that performance impressed Viola enough to warrant the inclusion of the former World Tag Team Champion in the Chamber!

Ashley Walker: Since the dissolution of The Dollhouse, we’ve seen changes in Jonetta Stone. She’s become meaner, more aggressive, and much more likely to use brute force to work over her opponents in the ring. In an environment like that, Jonetta’s way of doing this could prove to be a huge advantage!

(Jonetta enters the ring, looking coldly at the rest of the women with crossed arms.)

Viola DeMarco: As far as this next lady goes, I'll be honest. I don't 100% approve of her methods, but that does not take away from how talented she is and the fact that she's proven herself to be a worthy title contender. La Llorona, come join the fun!

("Superthug" -- N.O.R.E. hits to rousing boos, and La Llorona stomps out onto the stage. Her narrowed eyes are still visible over the bandana that covers much of her face, and her eyes are fixed on the women in the ring as she descends the ramp.)

Gia Cervantes: Speaking of mean and aggressive, here comes La Llorona! To her credit, she had as much of a chance as anyone of strongarming herself into a Goddesses Championship reign. She's looked impressive for her entire Odyssey tenure, but this is her biggest opportunity yet. Will she be able to make the most of it?

Ashley Walker: Receiving a championship opportunity is one thing. Receiving it under these particular circumstances is another matter entirely! I'm sure Llorona isn't feeling any trepidation, though. This is a woman who fears nothing. I don't think the prospect of being in the Chamber worries her at all!

(Llorona enters the ring with an air of intimidation around her, barely acknowledging the rest of the women around her. At this time, Viola purses her lips and appears to be mulling something over.)

Viola DeMarco: Now, I'll be honest with all of you. I've had...a bit of trouble deciding who the final entrant should be --

Dulce Torres: I can't understand how you'd be having any trouble coming to a decision.

(Viola looks a bit surprised that Dulce has interrupted her.)

Viola DeMarco: I'm sorry, Dulce, what do you mean?

Dulce Torres: There is only one woman who deserves to fill that final pod, and it's Diantha Rosso. I know that many people have been under the impression that Natalie Cage was my toughest challenge, due in large part to the air of invincibility that she'd created around herself. In all honesty, however...I've never faced anyone like Diantha.

(Viola does not appear to be completely sold, but Dulce continues.)

Dulce Torres: Do you think that she and I would have pushed each other to our limits the way we did at Final Destination if she wasn't worthy? I've already told you that I love a challenge. All of these ladies in this ring, they'll give me a run for my money, but there's one puzzle piece missing. I don't deserve to call myself the best unless I beat the best...and that includes beating

the one woman I KNOW is right on my tail. You've exercised your authority with the other participants, but give me this. You don't have anything to lose.

Crowd: YES! YES! YES! YES!

Gia Cervantes: Philly is on their feet and speaking their mind! It sounds like they all agree with Dulce!

Ashley Walker: To be fair, leaving the Clash winner out of a match of this magnitude would be a glaring omission. To say that Dulce has a point is a vast understatement.

(The chants continue to grow louder, but Viola still doesn't seem convinced. At this point, Llorona lowers her bandana and chuckles.)

La Llorona: Sure, why the fuck not? Let her in after she fell flat on her fucking face, no problem. That's just another body for me to catch, as far as I'm concerned.

(Azumi furrows her brow.)

Azumi Goto: Well, given the fact that you're not standing out here with the Goddesses Championship, it's fair to say that you lost, too. Why do you deserve another chance at a title if Diantha doesn't?

La Llorona: I had THREE other putas to contend with. The coke fiend's sister couldn't beat ONE!

Dulce Torres: I can assure you, Llorona, beating me is no easy task...whether there's a Chamber in the equation or not. Diantha isn't a failure as a competitor for not beating me when we were both at our best. There's a place for all six of us here. We should all know that.

(Dulce turns to face Viola.)

Dulce Torres: And you should know that most of all.

Jonetta Stone: I have no objections to raise. The opposition all falls the same, as far as I'm concerned.

Viola DeMarco: Well, hold on just a second...

Christie Sky: Don't give yourself too much credit, buff Marilyn Monroe. It's not like anybody was talking about you coming out of Ascension to the Heavens.

Viola DeMarco: I don't really think that's called for!

Jonetta Stone: Cute. Certainly all in the same vein as you coming up short for Athena's Cup once again.

Viola DeMarco: Girls!

Christie Sky: Yeah, you're right. I lost. Again. Trust me, it sucks ass, but I know that second or third or fourth chances don't come around every day. I'm here to make the most of mine, and when I step into that Chamber, I might just make it a point to kick your ass personally.

Viola DeMarco (yelling): Ladies, ladies, PLEASE!

(All of the women in the ring stop to look at Viola.)

Viola DeMarco: In the interest of being completely honest, I had some reservations. However, I wouldn't be a good General Manager if I didn't listen to my talent, and if I didn't listen to these fans. None of you are opposed, and my world champion is pushing the cause forward, so I'll do it.

(She gestures to the ramp.)

Viola DeMarco: Diantha Rosso...it's your time to shine.

(A massive pop rings out as "Kingdom of the Heavens" -- Michiya Haruhata hits. A moment or two passes before Diantha Rosso finally emerges on the stage, looking around and taking in the amorous reception from the crowd. A slight smile creeps across her face before she makes her way down the aisle.)

Gia Cervantes: The ladies in this match have differing motivations for wanting Diantha Rosso in this match, but the end result is the same. None of them objected to her being here, and to the GM's credit, she did the right thing!

Ashley Walker: Diantha's loss at Final Destination could be seen as crushing to some, but I don't believe that she has anything to be ashamed of! Dulce felt the same way.

(Diantha enters the ring, and she is handed a microphone as her music dies down. She glances at the women standing all around her, and exhales deeply before she actually speaks.)

Diantha Rosso: Viola, you have every right to feel the way that you do. You're supposed to put business first, and posing a question such as "why does Diantha deserve another shot at the Women's World Championship?" is fair. Somewhere deep down, I understand your thought process. But as for these other feelings, the ones that have bubbled up to the surface for me...

(She shakes her head.)

Diantha Rosso: ...they're telling me that I can't agree with you. It stung more than you'll ever know to have won the Clash, climbed higher than I've ever risen before, and to be on the threshold of realizing my dream only to fall short just before the finish line. It was a terrible feeling. There's some solace that comes with knowing that someone as great as Dulce was the one standing on the opposite side. There was no dishonor in that defeat for me, but I still have a goal to reach just the same.

(Diantha takes a step toward Dulce.)

Diantha Rosso: This time, I won't be denied. There won't be any more "maybes" or "could bes" when this is all over. Not again. Hardcore Havoc will be the place where I put all the places together.

Crowd: OOOOOOOOOOH!

(Dulce clutches her title a little bit tighter, but her gaze never leaves Diantha's. She nods as if to say "I understand". Viola takes a step forward, looking back and forth between all of the women in the ring now.

Viola DeMarco: We have our field set. Best of luck to every single one of you. No matter who comes away with the victory, rest assured...history will be made.

(Finality punctuates Viola's statement as "Loud Like Love" hits once again. The General Manager exits the ring and begins to walk up the ramp. All the while, the field of Promethean Chamber participants are left to stare each other down.)

Gia Cervantes: The field is set, the stakes have been stated, and the GM has spoken! The Promethean Chamber will likely introduce chaos and carnage unlike anything that OWA has seen so far, but after that demolition derby is over, a champion will rise from all of that! Will Dulce be able to hang onto her championship when all is said and done, or will one of these challengers have the final say?

Ashley Walker: She's facing her toughest opponent, in the form of Diantha Rosso. She's got to contend with a former champion looking to return to glory in Azumi Goto. There's the future star looking to solidify herself, Christie Sky. We've got the ice-cold bruiser in Jonetta Stone. There's the merciless upstart La Llorona to contend with as well. Dulce is looking at a murderer's row, and her World Championship reign is hanging in the balance! Hardcore Havoc can't come soon enough.

(Viola makes it to the top of the ramp, glancing over her shoulder at Dulce, Diantha, Azumi, Christie, Jonetta, and Llorona one last time before disappearing backstage.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(AD: The Demon Wolf Udy makes his fitting acting debut as Legoshi in the live action adaption of Beastars along with co-star Savannah "Haru" Sunshine!)

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

("Hearts of Men" by 2 Pac hits the speakers and Gareth Cason emerges onto the stage to a diverse reaction from the crowd. He stands on the stage for a moment with his head held low, before flipping his hair back and the camera zooms in to see an enraged look in his eyes. He marches determinedly to the ring and immediately steps up onto the apron and through the ropes. He heads straight over to the corner and hops up onto the middle rope, staring out at the sea of people while holding one arm raised high over his head.)

Jamison Pierce: Introducing first...from West Coventry, Midlands, England...weighing in at 212 lbs...GAREEEEEETH CAAAAAAAAAASOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNN!!!

Lance Hart: Well Gareth Cason is looking to kick his season three off on a high note after not having quite the Final Destination night that I'm sure he was hoping for. Two weeks ago in Miami, Cason suffered a tough loss to Layne Kurobane, and things would only get worse from there as Nate Cage made a STUNNING return attacking both Layne AND Gareth with a bloody AXE following their match.

Donny Diamond: Indeed, things didn't go his way at Final Destination, but the former Omega Heavyweight champion is looking to move past it and get himself back in the winner's column tonight. It's a whole new season and a fresh start for everyone and perhaps nobody needs that more than 'The Instrument of Violence'!

("Love The Way You Hate Me" by Like A Storm hits and the crowd boos as the returning JD Damon makes his way out onto the stage. He smiles arrogantly as he looks out at the masses and struts his way down the ramp while Gareth paces back and forth staring at him angrily and focused. JD stops and laughs at him for a moment as if he knows something Cason doesn't.)

Jamison Pierce: And his opponent...from Los Angeles, California...weighing in at 215 lbs...JAY DEEEEEEE DAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNN!!!

Lance Hart: JD Damon once again making his return to the OWA ring after several months away! This is his third stint with the company after two largely disappointing runs over the last two years. The former Wolvesden member needs to make the most of this latest opportunity, because who knows if they'll be another one after this.

Donny Diamond: Both of these competitors have a lot riding on this match as they both need wins in the worst way. JD Damon doesn't appear too worried though as he confidently steps up onto the apron...AND GARETH CASON WASTES NO TIME AS HE RUNS IN AND LANDS A BIG RIGHT HAND, SENDING DAMON FLYING FROM THE APRON AND BACK DOWN TO THE ARENA FLOOR!

Lance Hart: And the damn bell hasn't even rung yet, but Cason isn't going to wait for it as he exits the ring and scoops Damon right up off the floor. He grabs Damon by the hair and just hurls him easily right into the ringside barrier!

Donny Diamond: This is not quite the 'welcome back' that JD was hoping for as Gareth now pulls him backwards and drives his shoulder right into the ribs of Damon, driving him spine-first straight back into the ringside barrier once again!

Lance Hart: This match still hasn't even officially gotten underway yet, but Gareth now pulls Damon back up and grabs him by the hair once again, this time taking Damon's head and bouncing it straight off the apron of the ring!

Donny Diamond: The intensity of Gareth Cason is unreal right now as he slides back in the ring and paces back and forth, waiting for Damon to collect himself enough to enter. JD slowly rolls his way in the ring and the official checks on him to see if he can still continue, and he says he can as slowly crawls back to his feet and FINALLY the official calls for the bell!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: And as the bell sounds Gareth is right back on Damon! He grabs him and slams him face first into the top turnbuckle! He then whips him all the way across the ring to the opposite corner with such force that Damon falls down to his knees after colliding with the corner!

Donny Diamond: Gareth drags him back to the center of the ring and goes to pick him up...but Damon pops up on his own and surprises Gareth with a big European Uppercut sending the former champion stumbling backwards!

Lance Hart: This only enrages Gareth further though as he comes back with a big right hand for Damon...JD blocks it and fires back with one of his own! And another one! A third! JD Damon unleashing a flurry of right hands on Gareth Cason!

Donny Diamond: And Gareth uses all his strength to just shove Damon away from him and create some separation! JD is pushed all the way backwards and into the ropes but he rebounds off of them with a full head of steam...and runs right into a clothesline from Cason! NO! JD ducks it! He keeps running, bounces off the opposite ropes and Gareth turns



around...only to be met with a Spear by Damon as the California native takes Cason straight down to the canvas!

Lance Hart: Both men get back to their feet, but it's Damon who gets there first! As soon as Cason manages to pull himself up, JD hooks both his arms and plants him straight back down to the mat with a Double Arm DDT!

Donny Diamond: Cason now trying to sit back up, but Damon is already running! He rebounds off the ropes and connects with a beautiful Shining Wizard right to the jaw of Cason! That could do as The War King goes for the cover!

Referee: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWWOOOOOOO!!!...

Lance Hart: And a kick-out at two from Gareth! But Damon isn't done yet! He drags Gareth up to his feet and gets him in position for...THE CHAOS THEORY!!!

Donny Diamond: But he can't lift Cason up as Gareth pushes forward and drives Damon straight back into the corner! Gareth now takes a few steps backwards and gets a full head of steam running straight at him with a big corner clothesline!

Lance Hart: But he runs right into an elbow from Damon causing Gareth to stumble backwards! He regroups and tries again...but this time he runs into a stiff right hand! Again Gareth is forced to regroup, but he gives it a third effort...and Gareth charges right into an Epic Kick by Damon!!!

Donny Diamond: Gareth Cason is knocked down to one knee and JD Damon looks to follow up by exploding out of the corner...BUT CASON POPS UP HOISTING JD ONTO HIS SHOULDERS...GO 2 BRITAIN!!! HE NAILS IT!!! COVER!!!

Referee: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTWWWWWOOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTTHHHHHRRRREEEEE-

Lance Hart: NO! Damon got the shoulder up JUST in time! Gareth can't believe it! He is ENRAGED as he angrily rips JD Damon up off the mat! He is absolutely DONE playing around now as he gets Damon into position to finish this once and for all! He lifts JD up into the air...PULL...THE...PLUG!!!!!!!!!!

Donny Diamond: NO! DAMON SLIPS OUT OF IT! HE LANDS ON HIS FEET BEHIND CASON! SPINE BREAKER!!!! HE HITS THAT CUT THROAT DOUBLE KNEE BACKBREAKER AND THAT COULD DO IT!!!

Lance Hart: But JD wants to be sure! He drags himself over to the corner and slowly ascends to the top! Gareth Cason is still laid out on the canvas after that Spine Breaker and JD Damon has him right where he wants him! He leaps from the top....FALL FROM GRACE!!!

Donny Diamond: NO! CASON ROLLED OUT OF THE WAY AND DAMON MISSED WITH THE DIVING DOUBLE FOOT STOMP! HE LANDED SOMEWHAT AWKWARDLY AS HE LEANS DOWN FAVORING HIS LEG AND CASON IS BACK UP! HE GRABS DAMON FROM BEHIND....PULL THE PLUG!!!! HE HITS IT!!! HE HITS IT!!!! HE HITS IT!!! COVER!!!

Referee: OOOOONNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTWWWWWWOOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTTHHHHHRRRRREEEEEEEE!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Jamison Pierce: Here is your winner...GARETH CAAAAAAAASOOOOOONNNNNNN!!!

Lance Hart: Gareth Cason pulls it off! He rebounds from an absolutely devastating Final Destination weekend with an impressive victory tonight against the returning JD Damon!

Donny Diamond: But take nothing away from Damon! He didn't show any signs of ring rust whatsoever and this is the most impressive we've seen him look in a long time! If he continues to display the effort he did here tonight, then this third stint in OWA could be his most successful one yet! But despite his efforts, tonight was simply Gareth Cason's night.

Lance Hart: And I don't think Gareth's ready to call it a night just yet, he's demanding a microphone!

Gareth Cason: CUT THE DAMN MUSIC!!!!

(Gareth's theme song gets cut short as JD Damon is limping his way, disappointedly towards the back. Cason is pacing back and forth in the ring, still looking irate despite just winning the match.)

Gareth Cason: CAGE!!! I KNOW YOU'RE BACK THERE YOU SON OF A BITCH!!!

Donny Diamond: Gareth Cason is clearly not planning on letting what Nate Cage pulled at Final Destination slide.

Gareth Cason: You like attacking people after their matches?! Well I just finished a match you motherfucker! So why don't you come on out here and attack me RIGHT NOW!!!!

(The crowd goes wild for Gareth.)

Lance Hart: GARETH CASON HAS CALLED THE DEVIL OUT!!!

Gareth Cason: Where you at Cage?! Come on! Let's fucking go you coward! Get out here before I -

(Gareth is cut off by the sound of “The Devil May I” by Slipknot barreling through the speakers. However, as soon as the music hits, it’s nearly drowned out by the sound of the entire crowd hurling relentless boos for Nate Cage as he makes his way out onto the stage.)

Donny Diamond: HE'S HERE, NATE CAGE IS HERE!!! THE DEVIL HIMSELF IS MAKING HIS WAY DOWN THE RAMP!!!

Lance Hart: And that's not the only big news Donny! I've just received word from the back...new Olympus General Manager Tarah Nova has officially drafted her next addition to the Friday night roster!

(Images begin showing up rapid fire on the screen.....)

(THEN STOP!)

**"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"**

**(NATE CAGE HAS BEEN DRAFTED TO OLYMPUS!)**

Donny Diamond: That's HUGE news! Nate Cage is now officially a member of Friday night Olympus! But he's not going to be receiving any kind of a warm welcome from Gareth Cason! Cason slides right out of the ring and meets Cage at the foot of the ramp and he doesn't have a THING to say to him! He just hurls a stiff right hand right towards Cage!

Lance Hart: And Cage isn't backing down! These two are BOTH exchanging right and left hands! It's an all out brawl out here at ringside as these two are trying to tear each other apart! Neither man willing to give an inch and we might need to get some help out here!

Donny Diamond: And thank God, it looks like help is finally on the way! OWA Security and officials are pouring out the back now! At least six of them as they try and step between the two

combatants! Three a piece prying these two apart! Finally restoring some order to this program!

Lance Hart: But it's not going to last for long! Gareth Cason pushes the three of them off and swings wildly with a right hook, knocking one of the officials out! Meanwhile Cage has kicked one of the security guards right in the family jewels, dropping him to his knees! He then spins over with a roundhouse kick, laying out another!

Donny Diamond: All the while, Gareth Cason has grabbed one of the officials and sent them flying with a Judo Throw, and he completely lays another out with the Lights Out haymaker! And there's only one security guard left standing...but not for long as Nate Cage hits him with the Devil's Backbone out here at ringside!

Lance Hart: Both Cage and Gareth get to their feet and stare at each other for a moment....before going right back to it! These two are pummeling each other, trying to rip one another apart limb from limb!

Donny Diamond: Gareth has the advantage right now, but Nate Cage grabs him by the hair and hurls him off of him! But Gareth Cason responds by running full force at Cage...SPEAR!!! RIGHT THROUGH THE BARRICADE!!! THESE TWO JUST BROKE RIGHT THROUGH THE RINGSIDE BARRICADE AND ARE LYING IN A MANGLED MESS INSIDE THE CROWD!!!

Crowd: HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT!

Lance Hart: The only good thing to come out of this, is that it looks like the situation is finally forced to come to an end as these two appear to both be broken in half and - oh my god...

Donny Diamond: THESE TWO ARE MOVING!!! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT BUT NATE CAGE AND GARETH CASON ARE BOTH GETTING TO THEIR FEET!!! THEY TAKE ONE LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND....RIGHT BACK TO THE FIGHT!!! GARETH AND CAGE BRAWLING RIGHT THROUGH THE CROWD NOW!!!

Lance Hart: Somebody has got to put a stop to this! They're putting the safety of our fans in jeopardy now as the men relentlessly beat the tar out of each other while surrounded on all sides by the OWA faithful going absolutely insane!

Donny Diamond: FINALLY! Here comes some help! There must be fifteen...maybe even TWENTY security guards pouring in from the back! They leap over the broken barricade, shoving fans backwards as they reach Gareth and Cage. They're FINALLY able to overwhelm them and pry the two apart!

Lance Hart: But just LOOK at the eyes of these two men Donny! Those are the looks of pure rage and hatred. Mercifully, it looks like security has been able to separate these two for

tonight...but I have a feeling this is far from over. This could get a whole lot worse before it gets better.

(The camera pans back and forth between Cage and Cason as they both stare venomously at one another with security draped all around them, holding every limb they have still, right before we cut to commercial.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

[THIS JUST IN - BRAND NEW SIGNINGS!]

(Coming to OLYMPUS:)

(...EON BLUE....)

(.....NOAH QUINN...)

(...SPECTRE.....)

(....AND JACOB NIGHTTIME!)

(Coming to KINGDOM:)

(.....CURZE.....)

(.....MICHAEL FISH.....)

(...GARVIN MCARDLE....)

(...AND HELLFIGHTER!)

Lance Hart: All that new talent getting dropped between our brands!

Giovante Reese: But what about established stars?

(Coming to Olympus .....)

(...GRiME!!!!)

(And RETURNING to Kingdom....)

(.....J.D. DAMON!)

(RETAINED by Olympus....)

(....NATHAN FIORA!)

(Coming to Kingdom....)

(....DEVON SLAYTON!)

(RETAINED by Olympus...)

(.....JESUS CHRIST!)

(RETAINED by Kingdom...)

(...REGINALD DAMPSHAW III!)

(RETAINED by Olympus...)

(....BABA YAGA!)

(RETAINED by Kingdom.....)

(.....ARATA ASAKURA!)

(RETAINED by Olympus....)

(....THE NICE GUYS!!!)

(The audience in attendance claps as the video package closes.)

(We return to the arena as all the crowd is excitedly murmuring amongst themselves in wonder over what might happen next. Their talking turns to a hush as the lights dim and they turn to the stage to wait for what's next. For a few brief moments, everything in the arena stands still.)

***\*\*“REACH OUT AND TOUCH FAITH!”\*\****

(In an instant, that stillness turns into an explosion of excitement from the audience which results in the biggest crowd reaction of the night. The chorus of “Personal Jesus” by Depeche Mode starts to play and Kenny Drake officially steps out, creating an even bigger peak in the audience reaction. Kenny looks out at the crowd with satisfaction while he holds his World Championship up high.)

Rita Gonzales: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome.....the OWA World Champion....KEEEEEEEEEENNNNNNYYYY DRAAAAAAKKKEEEEEEEEE!!!!

Lance Hart: Kenny Drake enters the third season of OWA, STILL World Champion after a hellacious match against Moongoose McQueen! Moongoose McQueen brought to Kenny Drake one of the most uncomfortable, uncertain, and downright scary arcs to the storied career of Kenny! After starting off 2020 on top of the world with his first mainstream World Championship victory, and finally getting the last word in on his rivalry with Keelan Callihan, Kenny had his whole reign damn near go up in smoke with the attacks Goose made against everything he built!

Morgan Shaw: Kenny went through it all with that feud with Goose! His child was put at risk! His marriage was put on ice! His health, his privacy, his sanity, and his whole career was put into jeopardy! Goose brought mind games that Kenny never had to deal with being at the receiving end of and many thought he would crumble. But here he is, still standing tall! Goose's plans foiled, and Kenny's plans to remain World Champion going as strong as ever! Having a league champion in any sport carry over into the next season is something you don't see often, but it is well deserved for Kenny Drake, I'll tell you that!

(Kenny Drake quickly walks up the steps and enters the ring, making a show of it as he gets inside the squared circle. He leans towards the ropes and signals for a microphone which the stage hands gladly give to him. With the mic now in hand, he steps in the center of the ring as his music begins to die down. Cool, calm, and collected with his shades still on, he takes a moment to let the people speak.)

Crowd: KENNY! KENNY! KENNY! KENNY!

(Kenny Drake stands there, holding for another beat before raising the microphone to his mouth with the intent to talk.)

Kenny Drake: ...."And still your OWA World Champion, Kenny Drake."

(The crowd roars in approval as Kenny lets them cheer for yet another beat.)

Kenny Drake: You guys are all so happy to hear that. But bet you all didn't think those words would have been uttered two weeks ago, now did you? You might have hoped for it, but you certainly weren't confident in it happening. There was a lot of questioning in the lead up to Final Destination 2 over how I would do.

(Kenny Drake walks around the ring, hanging his head low in deep reflection.)

Kenny Drake: ....Questioning if that Moongoose McQueen, with all of his scheming and devious mind games would cause me to fall apart. Questioning, if after everything he had done, that he

somehow broke me down to the point that he had me beat before the match even started....That I would be unable to overcome his master strategy and in a very ironic twist of fate, die by my own sword by losing to a man who employed the same tactics that I became famous for. Goose got close to me and got in my head in a way that nobody else has ever done before. The stunts he pulled were next level. They were genius, outright terrifying moves that a few years ago I probably would have kicked myself over not coming up with them myself. From the outside looking in, I appeared very vulnerable. A battle ready champion turned easy layup thanks to his tricks. To tell you the truth, even I had my doubts. Moongoose is a very smart, very convincing man with how he goes about getting what he wants and making you think what he wants you to think.

(Kenny Drake gives a quick look at the camera and pauses. He lets his words hang in the air for a moment to make sure everyone is listening intently before pacing around the ring again and reflecting.)

Kenny Drake: Moongoose is like the greatest used car salesman on the planet, and for the past month he spent his days putting out all the stops to sell me on the idea that he had my number; that I should practically surrender myself and the World Championship to him out of fear of what he might do next! With “methods of negotiation” such as brutalizing my trainees on Atlantis while I wasn’t in the studio to stop him.....kidnapping my child and doing a “warning” with a flash bang.....to trying to put a rift between me and the woman I love and turning me into public enemy number one in my own household. Moongoose McQueen had me ready to sign away on the idea that I wasn’t cut out to be World Champion. That I wasn’t strong enough to stand up against the challenges ahead. That Kenny Drake isn’t man enough to protect his title, let alone himself or his family - \*\*that I don’t stand for anything anymore so I might as well pack my shit and call it a career because I made it as far as I could go!\*\*

(Kenny Drake bangs his foot down on the canvas for emphasis before once again allowing for a pause. This one for himself it seems. He drags his right hand across his face and neck out of stress before looking back up at the audience and then tilting the mic back up.)

Kenny Drake: I was hooked on everything he was selling. But I didn’t buy into it. I don’t need anyone making pitches to me on what I should do when I already have everything I need, including the skill set of the son-of-a-bitchin’ wrestler on the planet! I am Kenny goddamn Drake and I had to remind myself of that! Not just the World Champion, not just the newly made Kingdom poster boy, or the big time wrestler who finally gets his due by the wrestling pundits! I like all those labels, I enjoy the praises, and I for sure enjoy the paychecks. But all of that shit is so....sanitized. So clean.

(Kenny Drake, again, pauses.)

Kenny Drake: ...The image that all of that comes with, is an image that takes me away from the underground fight scene I came up in with the taped fists, the blood and the guts. It takes me



away from the roach infested hotels I slept in and the grimy promoters I used to deal with. It takes me away from the joy I used to have when I'd walk up to an opponent and relish in breaking their bones with a smile. It separates me from the gritty, low down, filthy, ultra violent world of the Wolvesden that made me who I am!

(Kenny Drake snaps out of his cool demeanor, taking his glasses off and staring straight into the camera.)

Kenny Drake: I'm a World Champion, I'm a family man, and I'm coming around to being a fan favorite, but at the same time I can't let that compromise who I am and what got me all these beautiful things in the first place! What got me all these beautiful things....It was the ugliness that I created. It was the horrors I made with these hands. It was the people I stomped into the ground with these boots. It was the chaos I caused as The Wolf. And I'm not talking about the catchy nickname everyone loves so much now and that gets put on all of my merchandise. No, I mean the reputation that I earned. The thing that people saw in me right before I walked up and put their lights out. The thing that made people scared and would have never given a bitch boy like Moongoose McQueen even the INKLING of a thought of testing me.

The Wolf who had Keelan hanging from a ceiling.

Who kicked Scott Oasis down into a ditch.

Who stopped Nate Cage's heart.

Who stabbed Aria Jaxon.

The Wolf that for a brief moment of time, I shunned.

Kenny Drake: That was a foolish mistake on my part. I know now that I need him more than ever. To protect my family. To keep this title in my hands. And to keep every fuckin' idiot in that locker room under my place on the totem pole. That even goes to the people I respect, we're cool, yeah sure -- but I'm never letting you anywhere close to getting what I have. I've been "human" for too long and look what it got me. For Season 3 -- on KINGDOM -- I'm returning to my roots.

(Kenny Drake turns to the OmegaTron as the Wolvesden logo appears on the screen.)

Kenny Drake: The Wolf is back, and he's here to stay. To any challenger who wishes to enter the den...be prepared.

(The crowd pops hugely for that statement as Kenny Drake raises up his OWA World Championship once again for the audience. Kenny gives a pose to the crowd and goes to take his exit.)

\*CLAP\* .....

\*CLAP\* .....

\*\*CLAP!!!!\*\*

(The giant claps echo throughout the arena as there's an audible change in mood from the fans. Kenny Drake turns his attention to where he's coming from and his expression turns sour upon looking at the titantron.)

Lance Hart: It's...it's Moongoose McQueen!

Morgan Shaw: Awwww, son of a bitch!

(Moongoose McQueen is in his now signature white armani suit, sitting at the kitchen counter of a home with his right hand men Cameron and Consuelo standing by acting as a sort of bartending duo. As they retrieve the drinks, Moongoose has a glass in hand...and a framed photo in the other.)

Lance Hart: Christmas 2019....that picture....that's a picture of the Drakes! How'd he get that?

Morgan Shaw: That home...I don't think that's just any house, Goose is in.

Lance Hart: Oh no.

(Kenny Drake is himself connecting the dots as he tenses up. Moongoose McQueen continues to casually stay by the counter, even spinning in his chair out of boredom.)

Moongoose McQueen: Congratulations are in order, Kenny! You beat me at FD 2! Against all odds! Against my own expectations! I really thought I broke you, Kenny. I thought that after twelve years of scratching and clawing, and having people laugh in my face and tell me "no" time after time....that I would finally become a true World Champion. That I would get to be so successful I could rub it in everyone's face and say that this hell I've endured from my peers would be worth it. I guess I was wrong though! You came back stronger than ever that night, and with every trick under my sleeve that evening you still managed to put me down for the 1,2, 3. You even did it with your wife by your side after I thought she of all people would be happy to see you come home with no obligations!

(Moongoose McQueen signals for Cameron and Consuelo to hurry up with what they're doing. With that brief second of focusing away from the camera, he takes the time to look around him.)

Moongoose McQueen: Speaking of homes...this is a lovely home you've got Kenny. Real nice and cozy, a big flat screen TV, and these pictures of you and Niki with Sid could bring a tear to my eye if I had the emotional capacity to do so.

(Moongoose places the picture face down.)

Moongoose McQueen: ....Only downside is you've got almost fuck all to drink around here, but I suppose we'll manage. You know, despite that being the only issue with this lovely abode, I'm actually disappointed. I flew here to Oregon on a private jet with the intent of meeting you in person, hashing things out, and giving you your due. But then I heard on my way here that you decided to deliver a statement on TV rather than take your night off. What a bummer. So, hoping to salvage my travels, I thought to myself: "ok, we can still make things work....why not I come to the house and give your wife and kid my most sincere, honest, apology."

(Moongoose McQueen stops for affect as the audience clearly reacts the way he was hoping with a worried gasp.)

Moongoose McQueen: ....But lo and behold, you took them with you to the show tonight! How unfortunate. You're a real caring father who wanted your family to enjoy this celebratory trip to Philly. Or perhaps you learned your lesson about leaving the family unattended! Suppose the two go hand in hand...though one is more reliant on fear than anything else....anywho. I thought that this whole thing was going to be a wash, but then when I got here I realized there was still someone I'd like to meet. The key to your success. The man who helped you get in touch with your "Wolf". The man who LITERALLY made you who you are.

(Moongoose McQueen reaches out to the camera and puts his hand over the lens while he turns it. As he angles it to where he wants it to be, he continues to talk.)

Moongoose McQueen: Papa Drake, want to say anything?

(Moongoose eases his hand off of the camera as we see Ken Drake IV, tied up and gagged in his chair. Two unknown henchmen in the same white suits and ONI masks Moongoose is known for roughly move about and get him to focus on the camera, one of them threatening him with a bat to get him to tilt his head up. Even in this frightening situation, the father of Kenny is still fiery and shouting expletives through his gag.)

Moongoose McQueen: I see where you get your vigor from. A firecracker this one is! He was definitely a handful when we first ran into him on the property, but now he's right here with us enjoying an evening chat.....him and my newest acquisitions are getting along real well!

Ken Drake IV: (muffled) You crazy --

Moongoose McQueen: We'll get out of his hair real soon but we at least wanted to have him here while we say hi to you! You, the proud son, who did what he was supposed to do and beat me in front of that sold out Miami crowd. I asked him what the secret was your "awakening", what led you to your breakthrough, but he wasn't in the mood to tell me! Well I'll tell you what, I still want to learn. And I plan on learning first hand. You've got the old Wolf back and that is great. I would love to meet him again.....for real this time. I made a false assumption last time we crossed paths but this time I know what I'm going to get.

(Kenny Drake's skin crawls as he stands by and watches Moongoose continue with this speech.)

Moongoose McQueen: Another World Championship affair sounds very appetizing to me, and I know what you and the whole world is thinking. Our main event was a one time thing. The streak I had as Godfather of War until now is over, and in the history books it should go down that I was only placed at the marquee for what amounted to "a cup of coffee" as they say in this business. It's a phrase and a perception of me that follows me no matter what point I get in my career. "A cup of coffee" is how long guys like me are meant to last. That's what they told me when I stepped foot in this business. That's what they said when I broke away from AWL. It's what they told me when I tried to do anything but be a "funny guy" who jerks the curtains. And in this case, much like all of those other times....

(Moongoose McQueen sees Consuelo and Cameron coming as he offers up his glass for them to pour him a beverage.)

Moongoose McQueen: I choose to refill my cup in defiance. I don't leave when I'm told to, I leave when I see fit, and the only time I will \*leave\* the house of Kenny Drake - and I'm not talking the physical home, I'm talking about the niche you've made on Kingdom, the space in your mind, and your ENTIRE LIFE - is when I get to say that I am your OWA World Champion.

(Moongoose McQueen taps the side of his glass repeatedly as if his nerves are acting up, though on his face we still see the expression of someone as unbothered and calculated as ever.)

Moongoose McQueen: If all of what I want is not meant to be, I'll find out when you put me out of my misery. But in order to get there, we have to go one more round. I know it's shake up time and everyone thinks Season 3 is still up in there in terms of direction, but I'm here to offer you a certainty, Kenny. I'm officially here to stay on Sunday Night Kingdom; these boys at Olympus don't need to worry about me. And for my first act as a third year Kingdom competitor: I want another OWA Championship match. And I want it my way. The way that will be good for the Godfather.....and the way that will let The Wolf come out and play to the best of his abilities.

(Moongoose McQueen raises up his glass.)

Moongoose McQueen: We can toast to that, can't we? Papa Drake, you think we can toast?

(Moongoose McQueen takes a sip from the drink and makes an about face, giving it to Cameron and Consuelo to discard.)

Moongoose McQueen: Don't want anymore of that dog piss.....oh, we're still recording, aren't we? Hopefully you and Ken can discuss this when we hit the road. Think about what's ahead for the Season, Kenny! Buh-bye!

(Moongoose McQueen does a wave to the camera before it cuts off suddenly. The crowd is dead silent upon the lights coming back on. Their eyes are locked onto Kenny who has yet to stop looking at that screen where Goose's image used to be. He is shaking in a rage, looking as if he's ready to explode. He takes his microphone and throws it to the side.)

Lance Hart: (low voice) I have nothing to say....

Morgan Shaw: (solemnly) I don't think there's anything we can say for something like that.

(Kenny Drake stares off, the gears turning in his head as he seems to mindlessly let the words flow out of his mouth.)

Kenny Drake: (w/o mic) ...You're...you're dead. You're dead.

(Kenny Drake clenches his fists, his lip quivering.)

Kenny Drake: (w/o mic) YOU'RE GOING TO FUCKING DIE, YOU HEAR ME!?

(Kenny Drake bursts out of the ring and begins storming up down the ramp; the crowd watching on in shock. The camera men shadow him up to the entrance way, but Kenny socks the closest one right in the face, knocking out our angle and forcing us into a commercial break.)

(FINAL COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(AD: SIMPWORLD IS HERE! Download the NEW Nathan Fiora Fortnite Skin and World Building Accessories, culminating in a live concert next week in-game!)

(The feed transfers to the backstage area as Hugh Jass is seen standing with a micro)

Hugh Jass: Ladies and Gentlemen, here to give us an update on Kevin Maverick.... YUNG REYHAN!

Yung Reyhan: Ayye mayne! I ain't trying to front but my boy the DRIP GAWD really got fucked up at Final Destination. Look, my boy Lil Curry, Aka Baljeet is around here and he real sad. But

hey, Yung Baljeet. Don't look that sad! He tore his ACL b. But doncha worry! We fucking Superman in this bitch. Drip Gawd is going to bring his sauce back to OWA in record time and he gon FUCK SHIT UP! Ain't that right Baljeet?

(Baljeet nods his head in approval)

Yung Reyhan: AND WHEN MY BOIII IS BACK. HE GON' BRING HARLEM WITH HIM! IT'S MAMBA MENTALITY IN THIS BITCH! AND THEN THE DRIP GAWD WILL BE BACK TO TAKE HIS THRONE, YOU BEST BELIEVE! ON JAH! WE OUT!

Hugh Jass: I got like five words out of that.

(We return to ringside as Rita Gonzales and Jamison Pierce are standing side by side with each other.)

Rita Gonzales: The following is a tag team match scheduled for ONE FALL!

Crowd: ...ONE FALL!

Jamison Pierce: And it is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

(“Kick it in The Sticks” by Brantley Gilbert plays as the interest of the crowd peaks for the arrival of Jeff X, who steps onto the stage with high energy! Jeff walks down the ramp looking happy to be back in the ring. He quickly goes up the stairs, steps into the ring, and throws up the X for the audience to do the same.)

Rita Gonzales: Introducing first...making his way to the ring...from Askin, North Carolina...weighing in at 237 lbs...he is THE KING OF APPALACHIAN STRONG STYLE...JEEEEEEEEEEFFFFFFFFFFF  
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX!!!

Lance Hart: Jeff X with his first true public appearance since Final Destination 2 and his epic night three loss against Bull Connors! It was a spectacular match, and what could have been an awful setback for a lot of people, but Jeff has taken that defeat in stride and looks like he's showing up tonight ready for work!

Giovante Reese: Jeff isn't the type to bitch and moan, that crazy ass redneck loses a fight and then finds his way back into another one! He's got knocked down and is getting back on the saddle, but you have to wonder how he'll mesh with his partner given what went down!

("Inner Self" hits as Bull Connors walks out onto the stage and is instantly met with cheers from the crowd. As he stares out into the audience with a confident look on his face, before slowly making his way down to the ring with that OHC slung over his shoulder. His confident look has

changed to one of intensity, and as he walks up the stairs and enters the ring, he looks ahead at Jeff and gives him a nod.)

Jamison Pierce: ...And his partner! From Doylestown, Pennsylvania...now residing in PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA!

(The crowd goes crazy with cheers!)

Jamison Pierce: He is the Omega Heavyweight Champion....."UNBREAKABLE"...BUUUUULLLL COOONNNNNNOORRRSSSSS!!!

Lance Hart: A homecoming moment for Bull Connors as he is back in his stomping grounds of Pennsylvania, still Omega Heavyweight Champion after a close encounter with his partner tonight, Jeff X! It was a match for the ages like we talked about, and while emotions were high from the spirit of competition and wanting to be champion, both men came out of that encounter with respect! It might be awkward being a pair initially, but from the looks of things we've got two men on a mission who want to get a win with a trusted competitor they went to war with by their side!

("Skinned" by Blind Melon plays as The Derelict steps onto the stage, slowly stomping his way towards the ring while keeping his eyes fixed on his opponents in the ring.)

Jamison Pierce: And their opponents, introducing first from Parts Unknown! Weighing in at 315 pounds! He is.....THE DERELICT!!!

Giovante Reese: Here comes a guy, who on his own could probably give this duo a whole heap of trouble! The Derelict has made it known that he plans on doing much of the same for Season 3, which I interpret as getting into that ring, mangling bodies, wash, rinse, repeat! Derelict might be especially dangerous tonight given the fact he's in the ring with the guy who beat him out for Clash of the Titans, the guy holding the belt he's been competing after for over a year, and he's partners with the guy who denied him the Ascension to the Heavens! Who should be on his way out any second!

(Derelict stops at the bottom of the ramp. The lights go out in the arena as the crowd wait in anticipation for the arrival of the Nightmare King. A red spotlight appears near the curtains as smoke engulfs the entire stage. "Delusions of Saviour" by Slayer hits the PA System as the crowd look on in anticipation.)

Rita Gonzales: And his partner, from Parts Unknown, weighing in at 210 pounds! He is "The Nightmare King".....HAAAAA VVVVOOOOOO OCCCCC!!!

Lance Hart: Past enemies or not, I think these two are interested in the task at hand enough to set their differences aside and defeat their rivals! Havoc is on a high after winning that briefcase,

and even in loss Derelict still has a massive trajectory ahead of him! It benefits both a great deal to get this win as it gives them some further momentum into the world championship scenes! Beyond just championship motivation, I don't think I can think of two people who enjoy breaking Alphas down quite like these two! Bull and Jeff might be in trouble!

Giovante Reese: The Omega Heavyweight Champion and Jeff X are both in the ring standing together, looking at that monster of a man, Derelict -- who still stands all alone at the bottom of that ramp! That theme song's been playing for about a minute now? Where is the Ascension to the Heavens briefcase holder? I know he likes all that red and black body paint, but maybe this time he's got a yellow streak on his back!

Lance Hart: Or maybe he's BEHIND the backs of Jeff X and Bull Connors! Havoc has LEAPED from the shadows and perched himself up on that top rope! Havoc -- JUST DELIVERED A TOP ROPE MISSILE DROPKICK TO THE UNSUSPECTING JEFF X, KNOCKING HIM INTO BULL CONNORS TOO! Havoc kips up and starts pummeling Jeff X, and Bull Connors just rolled out of the ring into the waiting arms of Derelict who is RINGING HIS NECK!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: Our action is starting off fast and furious here! Havoc is letting out all of his frustrations on Jeff over that stopped cash in attempt as he stomps on him with FURY! Jeff X is leaning up against those ropes just eating those hits, trying to get back up to his feet and -- OHHHHH!!! DERELICT WITH A BIEL TOSS TOWARDS THE BARRICADE ON THE OUTSIDE! BIG BOOT FOR GOOD MEASURE, BRUSHING RIGHT ACROSS BULL'S FACE! Derelict's got him by the neck once more, AND HE SENDS BULL INTO THE OPPOSITE BARRICADE!

Giovante Reese: Bull is in big trouble on the outside, and on the inside of the ring, things are starting to switch up for the Kingdom boys! Jeff is getting up despite the stomps and he's throwing hands with Havoc! Right hand! Right hand! Left! Right! Unanswered shot -- OOF! Havoc cuts it off with a slap and then a PELE! Jeff falls back, but bounces back and returns with a THESZ PRESS! They're getting down and dirty as Jeff has Havoc grounded and is teeing off on him! Havoc is taking a barrage of strikes and is unable to get his guard up! Meanwhile, Bull AGAIN gets tossed, this time into the steel steps!

Lance Hart: Our guys have just been fighting amongst themselves, and like Havoc and Jeff are at each other's throats, Derelict is brutalizing Bull! He's got him against those steps and he is pummeling him! Clubbing blow after clubbing blow! Knee strike to the face! Bull is sat up against those steps as Derelict finally lets up and takes a few steps back....CANNONBALL INTO THE STEEL STEPS! NOBODY IS HOME THOUGH! BULL LEAVES DERELICT TO CRASH AND BURN AS THOSE STEPS PRACTICALLY GO FLYING OUT OF THE PLACE! A TERRIBLE HIT FOR DERELICT!



Giovante Reese: Derelict rolling around on that mat like his back is on fire, as Bull takes higher ground on that ring apron! Bull watches Derelict start to rise up -- AND BULL KEEPS HIM DOWN WITH A ROLLING ROCK SOMERSAULT SENTON! Havoc has turned the thesz press on Jeff and is going for a CLAW! He's got it close to Jeff's face...Jeff fights him off with a headbutt right to the bridge of the nose, though! Havoc is kicked off of Jeff and rolls away to his feet! Jeff scrambles up to his feet first and hits him with a clothesline! Havoc pops up....and he eats a second! Jeff's got Havoc in his sights....BACK BODY DROP!

Lance Hart: Havoc lands on his feet! He gets his balance, and without hesitation he SUPERKICKS JEFF X RIGHT IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD! Jeff X falls forward but lands on his fours! Havoc gets behind him with a deadliffffffttttt.....GERMAN SUPLEX DELIVERED! Havoc maintains his grip! He's got that waistlock still and is rising to his feet with Jeff still under his control! Second German!? No! Jeff plants his feet back on the ground! Jeff with a standing switch! He's got Havoc tucked under the arm! He rotates position, lifts him up for a suplex -- OVER THE ROPES AS THE TWO GO FLIPPING TO THE OUTSIDE!

Giovante Reese: Jeff was the one delivering the move but even he couldn't control the end result as that ended up being a nasty spill for both men! All four competitors are now near the bottom of the ramp! As Havoc and Jeff are regaining their senses, Bull and Derelict are right next to them, and Bull is taking the fight to Derelict with hard body shots -- AND HE GORES HIM INTO THE STEEL RING POST! Derelict roaring in pain as that back of his takes another brutal hit!

Lance Hart: Derelict takes a walk while favoring himself but Bull is having none of it! Chop to the spine! Derelict with a spinning forearm smash for some distance! Bull eats that shot and returns with an open hand chop to the chest this time! Wounded or not, that anger of Derelict is something you don't want to mess with! Derelict with his OWN CHOP! Even through Bull's shirt you know that hurt like hell! He's not done either! He's got Bull -- CHOKESLAM ONTO THE EDGE OF THE APRON! OUR OMEGA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION MEETING THE HARDEST PART OF THE RING!

Giovante Reese: Havoc and Jeff are back at it again! Jeff with a 'MURICAN uppercut! Havoc returns with a DISCUS ELBOW with even more power behind it and it sends Jeff stumbling back -- bumping into Derelict! Derelict blasts him in the back of the head! Meanwhile, Bull, who is on spaghetti legs, walks into Havoc and gets hit with a superkick to the jaw! The competitors have just switched who they're fighting with and are now moving around ringside!

Lance Hart: This tag match is pretty much a brawl and Ichiro is setting back and allowing it to go down this way; I can't complain! We've seen more fists fly than we've seen moves delivered and I don't think that'll be changing any time soon! Havoc with some stiff jabs while he's got Bull in a headlock! Bull WITH A BACK SUPLEX HOWEVER! NO! Havoc with an elbow to the neck to stop it! Headlock aborted, but Havoc's got Bull Connors by the hair and brings him to those knocked over steps! Face first into the steel Bull goes! And a second time!

Giovante Reese: Bull stops him on the third one! Hit the gut! Into the steps Havoc goes! Across ringside Jeff X is getting a spinebuster against the barricade by Derelict! Derelict is looking to go for some more offense, but Jeff kicks him in the face! Derelict shakes that off, a splash attempt -- but Jeff kicks him again! Derelict getting irish whipped into the barricade himself!

Lance Hart: Jeff keeps Derelict pressed against that barricade, as he has him by the BEARD! He forces Derelict to lift his head up so he can hit him with a HARD uppercut! The rowdy Philadelphia fans cheering Jeff on, AND ONE OF THEM PASSING JEFF A CUP OF BEER WHICH HE GLADLY ACCEPTS! Jeff having a mid-match sip, gathering some liquid courage to get him through this exchange!

Giovante Reese: He accepting cups from fans during these Corona times!? Jeff is living on the edge -- \*\*and he further shows that by taking that beer and slamming it across Derelict's head!\*\*

Lance Hart: The beer just went flying all over the place and the crowd is even more amped up! Jeff is embracing the energy of our homebase fans, but he might have poked the bear with that one! Check out the look in Derelict's eyes! Derelict shoves Jeff into the apron with authority! He pounces on Jeff! He's got him up....FALLAWAY SLAM SENDING JEFF ACROSS THE OUTSIDE!

Giovante Reese: Jeff cringing in pain from that! Derelict is not done, that disrespect REALLY set him off! As this happens we got Bull and Havoc getting closer to us! BULL CONNORS WITH AN OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX INTO THE ROPES! HAVOC HANDSTANDS ON THE APRON TO SAVE HIMSELF! He rebounds....ONTO BULL'S SHOULDERS!

Lance Hart: SAMOAN DROP RIGHT TO THE GROUND!

(With all of the chaos happening in two different areas, the program briefly switches to a split screen with two camera angles. On one screen we have Bull and Havoc stirring near the announcer's table with Havoc holding onto Bull's leg to keep him from standing up ahead of him. And on the second screen we have Jeff being held in a bearhug.)

Giovante Reese: Derelict picks up Jeff X and seats him on the barricade now! MONGOLIAN CHOP TO KEEP HIM THERE! Derelict turning his back to him and dropping down...wait...wait....HE'S PULLS THE PROTECTIVE MATS OFF THE AND GROUND EXPOSING THE CONCRETE! Derelict has a giant patch of exposed flooring at ringside right in front of Jeff! Jeff still has those glazed over eyes from that fallaway slam, I think he's too out of it to react! Derelict goes back to Jeff and is getting him in position, LOOKING FOR A BOX CAR BUSTER TO THE FLOOR!

Lance Hart: Jeff's denies it! Jeff fighting back -- AND HE MANAGES TO PULL OFF A TORNADO DDT TO THE FLOOR!

Crowd: HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Lance Hart: Holy you-know-what, indeed! Ichiro looks like he's about to have a heart attack after witnessing that! Ichiro looks at everything going on around him and he's THROWING HIS HANDS UP! He knows there's no use at this point and he's just going to let the crowd, and these wrestlers, get what they want! We're in Philadelphia for the Draft and the fans are feeding into these athletes so they can get their money's worth!

Giovante Reese: It's not like there's much to worry about! Olympus' resident final boss is already getting back up! He's got a stinger but he's still getting to a knee! Jeff floating over behind him and getting his arm under the chin of Derelict! Inverted backbreaker on Derelict, again taking advantage of all that damage Derelict's taken to the lumbar region! Derelict eating a PUNT to the back after that!

Lance Hart: That's crazy and all but you might want to watch out Giovante -- BULL AND HAVOC TAKING THINGS TO OUR ANNOUNCE TABLE! HAVOC SURPRISING CONNORS WITH A FLAPJACK ONTO OUR ANNOUNCE TABLE! Havoc is now standing atop the table...AND HE'S BANGING CONNORS FACE INTO THE TABLE TIME AFTER TIME! Connors looking like a deer in headlights after that series of blows to the head...AND HAVOC WRAPS IT ALL UP WITH THE DEVIL'S REPENT ONTO THE ANNOUNCE TABLE!

Giovante Reese: Connors' head bouncing off of that table...but he still has that sense to trip Havoc up! He's got Havoc by the ankle and makes him fall flat on his back! Havoc pushes him away though! Havoc standing back up on the table as he waits for Connors to come back to him! A DIVE OFF THE TABLE! CONNORS CAUGHT IT! CONNORS -- \*\*WITH THE FACE ERASER ONTO OUR ANNOUNCE TABLE AS THE TABLE DOES NOT EVEN BREAK\*\* HAVOC'S BODY MIGHT AS WELL HAVE HIT A BRICK WALL WITH AS LITTLE GIVE HE GOT FROM THAT TABLE!

Lance Hart: Connors scrapes him off of the table! He's not going to disappoint the crowd! FACE ERASER NUMBER TWO ONTO THAT TABLE - AND AGAIN IT DOES NOT BREAK! Bull Connors looking real unhappy with himself even with the end result he's left Havoc with! I wonder what --

Giovante Reese: Pardon me, but we might need to pay attention to what's going on beside of us as well! Jeff X going for that X-Crusher, BUT DERELICT FLINGS HIM FORWARD! Jeff X catching himself and turning around.....INTO A HOBO WITH A SHOTGUN -- THAT SENDS HIM CRASHING THROUGH THE TIME KEEPER'S AREA!! RITA GONZALES AND JAMISON PIERCE SCURRYING OUT OF THEIR CHAIRS AND OUR TIME KEEPER HAVING TO DO A DIVE OUT OF THE WAY AS EVERYTHING GOES DOWN!

Lance Hart: It is a complete mess at that time keeper's area as Jeff has the wind completely knocked out of him! He's got his back to Derelict while he sucks in wind and that could be a big mistake! Derelict doesn't believe in breaks, Derelict wants to hurt! He spins Jeff around....AND JEFF BRAINS HIM WITH A CHAIR! DERELICT DROPS TO THE GROUND! I KNOW WE'RE LETTING THEM FIGHT -- BUT THAT IS GNARLY STUFF TO LET SOMEONE GET AWAY WITH!

Giovante Reese: Ichiro might be more concerned with Bull Connors who is standing up on that middle rope, hovering over Havoc on our table! Bull's looking reeeaaaaaal crazy here! Someone gotta talk him out of this!

(We switch camera angles as we see Bull Connors perched over Havoc, who is still in the midst of reviving himself as he is laid out on that table. The crowd in the front row are all stood up trying to get a good look at this as they cheer him to go for it.)

Bull Connors: (w/o mic) Remember this next time you come around me with that briefcase!

Giovante Reese: OH MY -- BULL CONNORS WITH THE ROLLING ROCK SENTON OFF THE ROPES TO THE TABLE!!!

Lance Hart: -- AND JUST THE TABLE! HAVOC HOPS OFF OF THE TABLE TO SAVE HIMSELF, LEAVING BULL CONNORS TO GO THROUGH IT ALL ON HIS OWN! BULL CONNORS TOOK A RISK AND IT MAY HAVE JUST TOOK HIM OUT OF THIS MATCH ENTIRELY!

Giovante Reese: Half the field of the match is effectively out of commission between Derelict being laid out on the floor and Connors being, well....DEAD! Havoc feeling proud over his playing possum there! That feeling of good times does not last for long as he looks out the corner of his eye and spots his new found rival! Havoc and Jeff stand across from each other and they CHARGE!

Lance Hart: Jeff X goes under Havoc's reach! Havoc with his head on a swivel! X-CRUSHEEERRRR!!! Jeff with no wasted motion, grabs Havoc and throws him back into the ring! Jeff slides in and jumps on top of him for a lateral press! We're finally back in the squared circle in time to take it home!

Ichiro Yagata: ONNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!  
TWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!! THRRR --

Giovante Reese: HAVOC KICKED OUT! Jeff X almost had him! Jeff is moving as fast as he can while still favoring himself! He's dragging Havoc up to his feet! Gut punch! Then a drape of the arm over the shoulder! Vertical suplex lift....perhaps going for that Sitout X-Plex!? Havoc escapes out of it though! He slides underneath a swing from Jeff X!

Lance Hart: SLINGBLADE! Havoc and Jeff X lay next to each other, side by side both looking up at the lights! This match has been a nonstop car wreck with the effects looking very visible on both men. The rapid breathing. The sweat running down their face. The tiredness in their eyes! These two men should be spent...WHAT!?

Giovante Reese: Havoc rising up like an apparition! Havoc standing tall in that ring, fueled by adrenaline, seething like a psycho! Havoc places Jeff between his knees! He's got him! BUCKLE BOOOOMMBBBBBB!!!! Jeff bounces off of the turnbuckle -- SLINGBLADE AGAIN! Jeff doing his damndest to get back to his feet -- ONLY TO GET SENT INTO THE OPPOSITE CORNER WITH SHOTGUN KNEES! He goes stumbling out of that corner --

Lance Hart: INTO THE CLIMAX!!! DOUBLE KNEE FACEBUSTER PRACTICALLY SENDS JEFF FLIPPING OVER! Havoc is looking to close it off! He looks at the ropes...AND RUNS TO SPRINGBOARD OFF OF THEM FOR THE ZERO ECLIPSE!

Giovante Reese: JEFF X MOVES OUT OF THE WAY! Havoc lands on his feet! Jeff a bit too slow to get up! CUTTER BY HAVOC! NO! Jeff lets Havoc drop on his own! He steps over Havoc -- AND HITS HIM WITH THE HAIR OF THE DOG! JEFF WITH HIS MOONSAULT WHICH CONNECTS! COVER!

Ichiro Yagata: ONNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!! TWWWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!  
THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE --

Giovante Reese: HAVOC PUSHES JEFF OFF BEFORE THE THREE COUNT! With how much Havoc struggled, you know that he was not ready to deal with that burst of energy from Jeff!

Lance Hart: A burst of energy that might have been all Jeff had left! He's pushing it here, turning red in the face from getting up! He's got Havoc rising up in front of him! He reaches out, using Havoc to steady himself! Havoc is on a knee as Jeff brings him up and pulls him in! He's got a leg hooked! He's going for The Deadzone! That Fisherman Buster!

Giovante Reese: Jeff lifting with all of his might....but he gives in to the resistance of Havoc! Havoc twists it around! WHOA -- GIGA DRRRIIIILLLLLLL BREAAAAAAAACKKKKKKKKK!!!

Lance Hart: JUMPING BRAINBUSTER BY HAVOC! JEFF'S NECK CRUNCHED ON THAT MAT AS HAVOC ROLLS ON TOP OF HIM! WE'RE OUT OF HERE!

Ichiro Yagata: ONNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!! TWWWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!  
THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

Giovante Reese: .....BULL CONNORS COMES SHOOTING INTO THE SCENE, BREAKING IT UP WITH A BULLFROG SPLASH ONTO HAVOC! BULL STOPPING THE COUNT AT THE

VERY LAST SECOND AND SAVING THE MATCH! OUR OMEGA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION IS AN ABSOLUTE MACHINE! HE'S GOT JEFF'S ARM....AND HE BRINGS IT OVER ONTO HAVOC! BULL CONNORS COMING IN CLUTCH HERE!

Ichiro Yagata: ONNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEE!!! TWWWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!  
THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

Lance Hart: DERELICT RUNS BULL CONNORS DOWN LIKE A FREIGHT TRAIN, KNOCKING HIM OVER AND BREAKING UP THAT PIN!

Giovante Reese: AND I TALKED ABOUT BULL COMING IN CLUTCH, DERELICT JUST DID THE BUZZER BEATER OF THE CENTURY! Bull is holding his head in the corner; the back of his skull clipped that bottom turnbuckle on the way down! Jeff X is coming to and he's taking issue with Derelict's involvement! Injured and all, Jeff is willing to go another round with the big man!

Lance Hart: Jeff gets an uppercut in! And a hard right! But Derelict shuts it down with a headbutt that I'm shocked didn't split Jeff open! Jeff crumbles into Derelict's menacing clutches...DERELICT HAS JEFF FLIPPED IN THE AIR! AND HE DROPS HIM...FOR THE BOX CAR BUSTEEEEEEERRRRRRR!!!!

Giovante Reese: Derelict shook the ring with that! He could carry Havoc over and have him get the pin, but I don't think that's on his mind! Derelict's looking to give Jeff a RECEIPT! DERELICT IS ON TOP OF JEFF AND IS RAINING IN HEAVY BLOWS! DERELICT LOOKS LIKE HE WON'T STOP UNTIL HE'S GOT HIMSELF SOME BLOODY KNUCKLES!

Lance Hart: He needs to pay attention to the side of him! BULL CONNORS COMING BACK WITH THE SHINING WIZARD! Derelict is dazed but still on that knee of his! Bull Connors, who can barely stand, keeps him at bay with a superkick! Derelict holding on to Bull's gear as he puts him between his knees! No way...no way Bull Connors can pull this off....HE'S LIFTING DERELICT UP!

Giovante Reese: ....AND HE DROPS HIM DOWN WITH THE PACKAGE PILEDIVER! CRANIAL CONTUSION CONNECTS! THAT WAS LITERALLY ALL THAT HE HAD LEFT! Bull sees Jeff near the corner! Bull joining him at that corner and grabbing the tag rope...DO WE EVEN NEED TAGS AFTER EVERYTHING THAT'S BEEN LET SLIDE!

Lance Hart: Either way, Bull's intention is for a pin and he's about to go for it as he sets his sights on Havoc! He goes to place Havoc in piledriver position -- AND HAVOC WITH A LOW BLOW! HAVOC WITH A SHOT TO THE FAMILY JEWELS AS BULL IS KNEELED OVER! HAVOC PULLS HIM IN FOR THE PIN!

Ichiro Yagata: ONNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEE!!! TWWWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!  
THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

(The music can barely be heard over the frenzy of a reaction from the fans! Ichiro looks at all four competitors with concern as they roll around the ring in an attempt to gather their bearings.)

Rita Gonzales: Here are your winners.....HAVOC AND THE DERELICT!!!

Giovante Reese: Matches like this are the reason why I have high blood pressure! SKRESSFUL doesn't even begin to describe that! This is the draft show, a show meant to be a fun start to the season with a couple of trades and a little interbrand action - I wasn't expecting no type of brawl like this!

Lance Hart: When you put together the four combustible elements that are these four men, what else could you expect? This was as down and dirty as it gets, and while it was crazy to watch, I wouldn't have had it any other way! This is how you start off Season Three! These four men set the pace, and I think gave us a preview of what they should be going through to kick off the new year of OWA shows!

Giovante Reese: There's for sure some beef coming from all angles here! Havoc has issues with Bull Connors as he's the Omega Heavyweight Champion, the man he could very well cash in on! Havoc also has his problems with Jeff X now after the man cost him his first cash in, and Derelict must have problems with everyone who'll be getting in the way of him making a statement with a world title win!

(A prideful Bull rolls out of the ring and asks for his belt, while an overzealous Derelict races to his feet despite his injuries. And in the ring, Jeff and Havoc are sat across from each other, staring one another down.)

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Giovante Reese: That's next month, but until then we'll have to see you later!

Lance Hart: Goodnight everybody!

(We get a final string of shots featuring all four men looking around at each other with intense stares. The crowd is in the background, still pumped over what they saw, delivering chants of "OWA!" until the scene fades out.)

(OWA Logo Buzzes.)