

(Kingdom's intro plays.)

(We cut to the inside of the OWA Arena as we pan around to the sold out crowd as they cheer on, waving to the camera and showing off their signs. We continue to pan around.)

Gia Cervantes: Ladies and gentlemen welcome to another edition of SUNDAY NIGHT KINGDOM! We are live once again from our home inside The OWA Arena in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania! I am, of course, The Mistress of the Mic herself Gia Cervantes! We have a huge show planned tonight as we are just SEVEN NIGHTS OUT from OWA's first ever major event from San Diego, California... **HARDCORE HAVOC!** But right now, we're gonna kick things off as my colleague Ashley Walker is standing by in the ring! Take it away, Ash!

(We cut to the ring where a table with a black cloth over it is set up with two comfortable looking chairs on both sides of it. There is a clipboard with a few pieces of paper clipped to it in the center of the ring, including two pens and two microphones. Behind the table stands Ashley Walker with a microphone in hand ready to speak.)

(The Kingdom theme song fades out...)

Ashley Walker: Hey guys! Welcome to another exciting episode of Kingdom!!

(A huge roar of approval from the fans.)

Ashley Walker: We are just seven nights out from our very first major event, Hardcore Havoc! There are some huge matches already on the card and a lot of history is going to be made in San Diego. One of those matches will be for the vacant OWA Women's Championship. This past week on social media, our OWA social account revealed that this match will now be contested **INSIDE** a Steel Cage! I am sure our two finalists are incredibly excited and I'm sure very nervous also to be able to make history at Hardcore Havoc in an attempt to be the inaugural OWA Women's Champion! Right now, the two ladies that will meet in seven nights will meet tonight for a contract signing to make that match official. So, without further ado, introducing first... **JEEEESSIIICAAAA ROOOOOOOSSEEE!!!**

("Rewrite" by Darling Thieves plays to a huge ovation as Jessica Rose runs out from behind the curtains with enthusiasm. She points out to the crowd before giving a peace sign before making her way to the ring.)

Gia Cervantes: And if you want to talk about an underdog; if you want to talk about a woman who has shocked the entire wrestling world with her incredible in-ring skills and talent, then look no further than Jessica Rose! She is smart, she is willing and she is just drop dead **GORGEOUS!** And perhaps after this coming Sunday in San Diego, California for Hardcore Havoc, she could be our **FIRST** ever OWA Women's Champion!

(Ashley Walker offers to shake Jessica's hand but Jessica gives her a hug instead. She moves on the right hand side of the table to view the entrance stage.)

Ashley Walker: And her opponent... HEEEEEEENNDDDRRRRIIXXXX!!!

("Jungle" by H.E.R. plays to a mixed ovation as HENDRIX struts out from behind the curtains with a compelling look on her face. She takes a few moments to pose on the stage before making her way to the ring.)

Gia Cervantes: Going into this tournament created by Vernon Tressler, we had our favourites to win the whole damn thing, but HENDRIX certainly was another individual who shocked the world and got to her position as a finalist. That's not to say that her task wasn't exactly difficult, but for the past few weeks we've continued to say that this tournament, no matter what happens, cannot be cancelled. HENDRIX, whether people like it or not, is in the finals for this tournament and now has the opportunity to be the inaugural women's champion here on Kingdom!

(Ashley Walker offers a handshake but brushes by it and immediately sits down in her chair to face Jessica, leans back and puts her feet up on the table. Jessica smiles and shakes her head before taking a seat herself.)

Ashley Walker: Uh... well, ladies if we can just get started--

HENDRIX: Hold on. Do we have a problem, Jessica?

(Jessica Rose looks at HENDRIX dumbfounded.)

HENDRIX (cackling): Wow... I mean look at you, sweetheart. Masculine jawline, hippie ring attire, Jewish looking nose, and what the hell is up with your hair? I literally cannot tell if you're horribly attempting to be adorable or if you have an emo streak going. No... ladies and gentlemen, let me ask you something. Is this the type of woman you want representing this Goddess division?

(The crowd react mostly with a cheer but there are a few people offering some disagreement towards Jessica.)

HENDRIX: Well let's be real if we all made our decisions based around what you all think then this company would have been long dead by now. This division doesn't need some sappy, nerdy, cheerful, kind, kawaii retard as its representative as champion... it needs an ACTUAL GODDESS. I mean Jessica come on... LOOK AT ME. This division was NAMED after what you are seeing before your very eyes. Every damn week I come out here, I got the men eyeballing me. Do you know why they eyeball me and not you? It's because men are attracted to wanting what they can't have. Me and my perfection is something they will never attain, and much like me and my past relationships, all I ever do is just take and I take and I take what I want until I am satisfied. In seven nights, that same ideal will apply in our Steel Cage match. You should honestly just admit defeat now because there is not a chance in hell that you are ever going to get past The Golden Goddess.

Jessica Rose: Golden Goddess?

(Jessica, now with a more serious expression, shakes her head.)

Jessica Rose: You've got some compelling points despite being an absolute bellend, but here's where you're wrong on basically everything else. Being a champion isn't all about looks. Being a champion isn't all about how you present yourself. Being a champion is all about the hard work and determination you are willing to put into everything you do inside this ring. Being a champion is all about being yourself and being absolutely true to yourself no matter what. Sticking to your guns when the going gets tough, refusing to quit when it seems like you might be reaching your bitter end. My first four weeks here on Kingdom has been all about that. Every match I have had in this tournament has been about me overcoming all the odds and all the obstacles because I've stuck true to my beliefs. You want to know what I believe?

HENDRIX: Not necessarily.

Jessica Rose: I believe that I can go ALL THE WAY!

HENDRIX: And when was the last time you went all the way with a man?

Jessica Rose: I believe that I am good enough inside that ring!

HENDRIX: I believe that you're not good enough in the bedroom.

Jessica Rose: I believe I have what it takes to defeat you and become the first ever OWA Women's Champion after I have defeated two of the favourites in this tournament!

HENDRIX: Sweetheart I've defeated two heavy favourites of this tournament as well.

Jessica Rose: Oh yeah, one via forfeit and one by a whole lot of outside interference from Aria Jaxon. You have had the luckiest run in an 8 person tournament ever.

Gia Cervantes: WHOA!!!

(With that said, HENDRIX immediately grabs Jessica Rose by her top at the front and pulls her over the table before forcing and holding her down on top of it. Jessica looks absolutely scared right now as HENDRIX stares daggers into her eyes. HENDRIX then grips her hand around Jessica's throat, forcing her to choke.)

Gia Cervantes: OH MY GOD!

HENDRIX: Okay but just know that regardless of how it happened, if we had clean matches I would have fucked those two up. I would have given both of them the absolute beating of their lives, Savannah Sunshine especially. You wrestled two very lengthy and I am sure very tiring matches to advance while I, admittedly luckily enough, have had a cruisey trip all the way to the finals. I'm sure you're still feeling the effects from those two bouts. However, I am

fresh. I feel great. I am ready, and all this build up rage and anger I have inside of me will be let out inside that cage this coming Sunday night and honey you will have absolutely nowhere to go. Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. Jessica, you absolutely have no idea what's about to happen to you. If you had any damn friends they would advise you not to sign this contract. Hell, I would advise you not to sign this contract because I plan on beating you to a bloody pulp. Whatever it takes to become the champion... whatever it takes.

(Still holding her to the table, HENDRIX picks up a pen and signs on the dotted line. She lets go of Jessica before pushing over her chair and exiting the ring. HENDRIX's theme song plays again as she heads back up to the entrance stage while Jessica Rose leans against the table, catching her breath and holding her throat and chest in pain. Ashley Walker checks on her.)

Gia Cervantes: That was... I am actually lost for words. NOBODY expected an action like that out of HENDRIX but it seems like everything she has stated - from saying she is ready and she is fresh and she has pent up anger inside of her she wants to let out. I think we just saw some of it there!

(Jessica Rose now has a determined look on her face as she grabs a pen and signs on the dotted line too.)

Gia Cervantes: AND THE MATCH IS NOW OFFICIAL! ROSE VS. HENDRIX INSIDE A STEEL CAGE IN SEVEN NIGHTS AT HARDCORE HAVOC! WHO WILL BE THE FIRST EVER OWA WOMEN'S CHAMPION?!

(Jessica Rose takes another moment to regather herself as we cut to commercial.)

(COMMERCIAL)

(DING! DING! DING!)

(The arena goes dark. A single spotlight points to the stage as Sabertooth stands there with his back facing the crowd. As 'Charisma' by W.A.S.P. hits, the pyro goes off and Sabertooth turns and poses on the stage. He slowly walks to the ring and works with the crowd leading them to a chorus of boos. He climbs the turnbuckle and screams that he is the only "real" Wrestler and showcases his striking ability in the middle of the ring.

Julianna DeMarco: The following TRIPLE THREAT match is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing FIRST! From Aberdeen, Washington...weighing in at 210 pounds....CHRIIIIIISTOOOOPHEEERRRR "HAVOC" SAAAABEERRRTOOOOOOOOOTH!!!!

Lance Hart: And here we go with some Triple Threat action between three newcomers to OWA as we see Christopher Sabertooth making his way to the ring, what are your thoughts on this young man Morgan?

Morgan Shaw: He considers himself the only “real” wrestler left in this industry and he’s got the credentials to boast his argument, but we’ll see if his actions can back up his claims starting right here tonight. I must say I like his attitude already though.

(‘Can You Feel My Heart’ by Bring Me The Horizon blasts as Isaac Thornton appears on the stage, glaring throughout the arena before stopping his gaze down the ramp right at Christopher Sabertooth. He calmly walks down the ramp and slides into the ring. Isaac climbs up the turnbuckle with his hands behind his back, squinting to the audience once again before leaping down and looking back at Sabertooth once more.)

Julianna DeMarco: Introducing NEXT! From Los Angeles, California...weighing in at 190 pounds....”The SoCal Stallion”.....ISAAAAAAAAC
THOOOORRRRRRRNTOOOOOOON!!!!

Lance Hart: Here’s another young man looking to make a big first impression here in OWA! Isaac Thornton’s certainly got a calm demeanor about him, which could certainly be a great help to moving up the ranks here in OWA very quickly.

Morgan Shaw: A clear head will take you very far in this industry, it very well may land Isaac Thornton with a victory here tonight as well. This guy is capable of some impressive things, I’ve seen a bit of his work and he is not someone to sleep on whatsoever!

(‘Welcome to the Jungle’ by Guns N Roses plays as Tsuyoi Sutairu walks out into camera view making all kinds of eccentric hand gestures and bodily motions. He saunters down the ramp and rolls into the ring pawing at the crowd as if he were a tiger or lion. Once entering the ring he does the same to both of his opponents while mimicking a big cat’s roar as well.)

Julianna DeMarco: And THERE Opponent! From Arashiyama, Japan...weighing in at 230 pounds...”Jungle Cat”.....TSUUUUUYOOOIIIIII SUUUUUUTAAAAIIIIIRUUUUUU!!!!!!

Lance Hart: And as for their opponent....he sure is um, unique to say the least huh Shaw?

Morgan Shaw: What in the actual hell did I just watch Lance?

Lance Hart: That would be the entrance of the Jungle Cat, Tsuyoi Sutairu...

Morgan Shaw: Whatever IT was...IT needs to be killed with fire! NOW!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: No matter, the bell sounds and this one is ready to go as BOTH ISAAC AND CHRISTOPHER BEGIN TO CLUB AND ASSAULT TSUYOI! NEITHER ONE OF THEM IS WANTING TO DEAL WITH THIS STRANGE MAN’S ANTICS TONIGHT IT SEEMS! WAIT WATCH SABERTOOTH...END OF HEARTACHE! THE RELEASE SUPLEX DROPPED INTO A DOUBLE KNEE BACKBREAKER! AND HOLD ON LOOK AT ISAAC NOW! SWAN SONG! SUPERKICK TO THE BACK OF TSUYOI’S HEAD! AND NOW THEY BOTH TOSS

THE JUNGLE CAT OUT OF THE RING! LOOKS LIKE THESE TWO HAVE ESSENTIALLY TURNED THIS THING INTO A SINGLES MATCH BY THEMSELVES!

Morgan Shaw: THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT TOO!

Lance Hart: Well technically speaking, Tsuyoi is still officially a part of this matchup, but I do doubt he'll be getting back in that ring anytime soon.

Morgan Shaw: That means we can have a real match, I don't see the big issue.

Lance Hart: Either way, Now Sabertooth and Isaac are circling each other...and they go in for the collar and elbow tie up! Chris overpowers the smaller Isaac and gets him in a side headlock. They walk back to the ropes as Isaac shoves Sabertooth off. Christopher runs back as Thornton leapfrogs over him. Chris runs back again and once again Isaac leapfrogs over him. "Havoc" runs at Isaac once more and this time the SoCal Stallion catches his opponent with a big time Enzuigiri! Sabertooth staggers before falling to the ground! And Isaac Thornton follows it up with a Standing Moonsault! EARLY COVER!

Referee: ONE!.....

Morgan Shaw: Christopher not gonna stay down for long this early into the matchup. Isaac lifts up Sabertooth and slings him into the corner. Thornton comes charging in for a big time knee strik- NO! Christopher catches him mid air! STUNGUN ON THE TURNBUCKLE! THAT'S GOTTA STING! Isaac rolling around the ring holding his face from the pain. Christopher looking to take advantage as he scales up to the middle rope and leaps off for a Diving Elbow Drop! AND he gets it! Chris lifting up Isaac as he runs and bounces off the ropes! Rolling Elbo- NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX BY ISAAC! USING THE SUPLEX AS A COUNTER MANEUVER FOR THE ROLLING ELBOW WAS WISE! Isaac now going to the outside apron, what is he looking for? Springboard Rolling Senton!

Lance Hart: KNEES UP! CHRISTOPHER COUNTERING BY LIFTING HIS KNEES INTO THE AIR AT THE VERY LAST SECOND! And now Chris lifts up Thornton...ONE HANDED SPINEBUSTER! PIN ATTEMPT!

Referee: ONE!.....

TW-

Lance Hart: NO! Isaac is gonna keep on pushing! These two are not pulling any punches at each other!

Morgan Shaw: It's a battle to see who can make the bigger first impression on all of us!

Lance Hart: Christopher grabs Isaac's head and gives him a mean headbutt! Ouch! And now a backhand chop! And a second chop! Third chop! AGAIN! AND AGAIN! AND AGAI- CAUGHT! Isaac caught his hand! STANDING FRANKENSTEINER! WHAT ATHLETICISM!

Christopher quickly scrambling back to his feet as Isaac now lands a STIFF BICYCLE KNEE! ISAAC GRABS SABERTOOTH BEFORE HE CAN FALL TO THE GROUND IN A SUPLEX POSITION! CROWN OF MISERY! THE VERTICAL SUPLEX LIFTED INTO THE NECKBREAKER DROP! PIN!

Referee: ONE!....

TWO!.....

TH-

Morgan Shaw: Christopher kicks out once again! Now look at Isaac, scaling up to the top turnbuckle. He leaps off looking for a Diving Elbow Drop! Christopher rolls out of the way! He lifts up Isaac from behind...ARGENTINE BACKBREAKER! AND NOW HE WAITS FOR THORNTON TO GET UP...SICK KICK! THE SINGLE LEG DROPKICK CONNECTS! AND NOW SABERTOOTH IS LOOKING TO END THIS! END OF HEARTACHE ON ISAAC THORNTON?! NO! The SoCal Stallion rolls out of Christopher's grasp and pulls him into his own grasp! UNHAPPY DAZE! LIFTING DDT!

Lance Hart: BOTH MEN ARE LYING ON THE GROUND THEY LOOK ABSOLUTELY DRAINED! HOLD UP! LOOK AT THIS! TSUYOI SUTAIRU JUST ROLLED BACK INTO THE RING! OH MY GOD! NOW WAY IS THIS HAPPENING?!

Morgan Shaw: SOMEONE STOP THIS! DON'T LET HIM STEAL THIS MATCH! HE LIFTS UP CHRISTOPHER SABERTOOTH! SPIKE BRAINBUSTER! AND NOW THE PINFALL! THERE'S NO WAY HE'S STEALING THIS MATCH!

Referee: ONE!.....

TWO!.....

THR-

Lance Hart: Christopher kicks out barely! Tsuyoi Sutairu nearly stole this contest out of literally nowhere! He may still as he's now eyeing a stumbling Isaac! TIGER SWIPE! CHEST CLAW SCRATCH!

Morgan Shaw: NO! WHAT IN THE HELL IS THAT EVEN?!

Lance Hart: LOOKS LIKE THE SETUP FOR THIS! WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE! THE KINSHASA- OH MY GOD! ISAAC THORNTON JUST PULLED THE ULTIMATE LURE! TSUYOI SUTAIRU WALKED RIGHT INTO THAT SPRINGBOARD CUTTER! THE DIRECTOR'S CUT! COVER! THAT'S GOTTA BE ALL SHE WROTE!

Referee: ONE!.....

TWO!.....

THREE!.....

Morgan Shaw: WHAT?!

Lance Hart: CHRISTOPHER SABERTOOTH JUST TOSSED ISAAC THORNTON OUT OF THE RING! AND NOW HE'S LIFTING UP TSUYOI SUTAIRU...BROKEN TEETH! THE RUNNING KNEE STRIKE! CHRIS GONNA STEAL THIS ONE FROM ISAAC!

Referee: ONE!....

TWO!.....

THREE!.....

(DING! DING! DING!)

(Christopher rolls out of the ring as Isaac rolls back in trying to fight him. "Charisma" by W.A.S.P. picks back up as Chris runs up the apron while Isaac paces around in the ring obviously simmering from being robbed of this victory.)

Julianna DeMarco: HERE IS YOUR WINNER....CHRIIIISTOOOPHEERRR "HAVOC" SAAAABEERRRTOOOOOOOTH!!!!

Morgan Shaw: What a debut for BOTH Isaac Thornton and tonight's winner Christopher Sabertooth!

Lance Hart: Both men put on an impressive showing and even Tsuyoi Sutairu surprised us at the end nearly pulling out the victory on BOTH of his opponents!

Morgan Shaw: Yeah yeah yeah...HOLD ON! I DON'T THINK TSUYOI'S NIGHT IS THROUGH LITTLE BUDDY!

Lance Hart: OH COME ON ISAAC, I KNOW YOU'RE UPSET BUT DON'T TAKE IT OUT ON TSUYOI! HE WASN'T THE ONE WHO ROBBED YOU! ISAAC THORNTON STOMPING ON THE GROUND FROM THE CORNER...AND THE SWAN SONG! SUPERKICK TO THE BACK OF TSUYOI'S HEAD AS OFFICIALS ARE COMING DOWN TO FORCE ISAAC OUT OF THE RING! GET HIM OUTTA HERE!

Morgan Shaw: RIGHTFULLY DESERVED I THINK! If Tsuyoi didn't step back in, Isaac could have definitely beaten Christopher.

Lance Hart: You just don't like Tsuyoi Sutairu!

Morgan Shaw: Not incorrect...

Lance Hart: Anyways, we'll be back soon!

(The Camera pans backstage to the locker room of Tres Comas Club, where Chase Vedder and Miltiades are looking over at Andre Virgo whom is carrying his SSW Junior Heavyweight Championship over his shoulder.)

Andre Virgo: Alright you two, I brought you here to discuss something very important. Now I realize Tres Comas Club may seem like it has been having some issues as of late, but-

Chase Vedder: Tres Comas Club has had no issues! GREED is the one who's got issues. But GREED's not here. So what's the deal?

Miltiades: Yeah I don't have much time till this six man tag match.

Andre Virgo: I realize that, what I was going to say was that we don't have to worry about that here in OWA. And that the three of us, Tres Comas Club's representatives here can dominate unchallenged as long as you two follow my guidance as you have in SSW up to this point.

Chase Vedder: You're our leader, what do you expect?

Miltiades: You're kind of telling us stuff that we already know...

Andre Virgo: Listen up smartasses! The point I'm trying to make is don't allow GREED or anything he's doing to creep into your minds while you're pursuing World Championship Gold! You two could very easily in a couple weeks time be the two big names carrying this company as champions. But you've got to focus and you've got to get the job done in the end! Get the picture now?

Miltiades: Are you saying that we're not focused?

Chase Vedder: Because if you are then-

Andre Virgo: I have SEEN it for the past couple weeks. Miltiades, you let Jacob Senn waltz on in here and stomp both you and Nas at the same time like you were children. DO NOT LET THAT HAPPEN WHEN THE HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE IS ON THE LINE! And Chase, you've got a unique opportunity tonight to make a bigger impact than anyone else regardless of you being in competition or not. You've got the ultimate advantage going into Hardcore Havoc. Do NOT squander it. Now I won't be able to assist you when that Fatal Four Way actually happens. So you're going to have to prove you can win that match all by yourself.

Chase Vedder: You're questioning our ability to get the job done?

Andre Virgo: Not exactly, I'm more so trying to keep you two on the right track before your minds completely derail. Don't allow your egos or your feelings towards your opponents to

take center stage, this is about claiming championship gold and proving why Tres Comas Club is the most powerful entity in the entire world! Keep it that way. If you got a personal grudge with any of those other guys, throw it away now. We don't need that...not now.

(Miltiades and Chase Vedder look at Andre's eyes, then they turn to each other, then back to him again.)

Chase Vedder: Whatever you say boss.

Miltiades: We'll do what we have to do.

Andre Virgo: Perfect! I'm glad we've got an understanding!

(Andre pats both men on their shoulders as the camera pans away again.)

Julianna DeMarco: The following contest is scheduled for One fall!

Crowd: One Fall!

Julianna DeMarco: and is a lumberjack match! Introducing your lumberjack! The Ultimate X Competitors!

(Stefan St Sigmund, Bull Connors, Gareth Cason, Nate Cage and Isaac Thornton and Chris Sabretooth)

Lance Hart: Alright! We have our lumberjacks! It should be noted that an extra spot was signed on after these candidates really impressed!

Morgan Shaw: These men are looking very excitable on the outside of the ring. Hopefully they don't get starry eyed and just stick to their jobs.

("Red Hour" by Stria plays on the PA as the lights dim. A silhouette appears behind a spotlight with his hands extended out in a cross formation, before the spotlight expands to reveal that the figure is wearing a black 'adidas' hoodie.)

Juliana DeMarco: Introducing first from Melbourne, Australia! He is the Silver Bullet! SCOTTY! ADAMS!!!!

Lance Hart: The crowd popping for this kid right here!

Morgan Shaw: And as they should! I had my doubts about him even after his first victory in our company but last week he beat the Wolf Kenny Drake!

Lance Hart: After some interference from Tarah, but nonetheless, this kid is great and making plans and executing them! I am looking forward to what happens here tonight!

("Tuyo" By Rodrigo Amarante hits the PA as Caspian enters through the crowd. He pushes people out of his way very roughly as he makes his way to the ring being showered by boos.)

Julianna DeMarco: And his opponent! Hailing from Tegucigalpa, Honduras!! He is the King of Caaaaaarnage! CASPIAN!!!!

Lance Hart: Caspian jumping the barricade here. He stops to eye the lumberjacks. He is showing them his fist which is wrapped in chains and saying something...

Morgan Shaw: You know how Caspian is, he's likely telling them if they interfere in this match at all, he'll burn their homes down and kill their families!

Lance Hart: Caspian slides into the ring. He is a dangerous man. Well planned and vicious. Scotty managed to beat a ruthless fighter last week but this guy is playing at the same game Scotty is.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: Scotty and Caspian lock up! No, Caspian steps back and combs his hair mocking Scotty. Scotty hits the ropes! Caspian with a clothesline! No! Scotty comes back and dropkicks Caspian!

Morgan Shaw: Caspian exits the ring quickly, looking furious and shocked! His back just bumped up against Lumberjacks Bull Connors and Nate Cage! Caspian just decked Nate in the face! Bull and Isaac Thornton just threw a couple of rights into Caspian and tossed him back into the ring!

Lance Hart: Scotty just dropkicked Caspian right back into the lumberjacks! Caspian lands ontop of them and quickly gets to his feet! Isaac Thornton rushes him and Caspian hits him with a spinebuster! Gareth Cason and Nate Cage follow up by stomping on the back of Caspian getting him to his feet. Caspian elbows Cage in the face! He ducks a shot from Cason and hits him with a Backstabber!! Caspian back on his feet! He nails Sigmund with a spinning back elbow! Sigmund down! Sabretooth with a clothesline right to Caspian! The rest of the Lumberjacks are getting back up and begin stomping Caspian on the outside!

Morgan Shaw: Holy Cow! Caspian may have gotten overwhelmed by the numbers but he is sending a message! I see what Scotty's plan is this time around! A little more on the nose but still smart!

Lance Hart: Caspian now thrown back inside! Scotty is on top of him immediately!

Ref: ONEEEEE! -

Lance Hart: Quick kick out! Scotty is relentless however! HE LIFTS HIM INTO A GERMAN SUPLEX! SCOTTY DOESN'T LET GO! Scotty with a second German suplex! Good god!

SCOTTY WITH ONE MORE! THREE GERMAN SUPLEXES TO CASPIAN!

Ref: ONNNNEEEE! TWWWOOOOOO! -

Morgan Shaw: Caspian kicking out with authority! He makes his way to the ropes!

Caspian: GET THIS PUTO AWAY FROM ME! NOW!

Lance Hart: Scotty tries to grab him while he's on the ropes but the ref separates them! Caspian gets back to his feet! Scotty dashes towards him; Caspian ducks and pulls the ropes down! Scotty flies out and is caught by the lumberjack Bull Connors! Bull lifts him and drops him face first onto the curtain apron! Several Lumberjacks now stomping on Scotty! Bull lifts him up and tosses him back into the ring!

Morgan Shaw: Caspian meeting him as he stands! OOF! SPINNING BACK ELBOW RIGHT TO THE BRIDGE OF THE NOSE! SCOTTY RETURNS FIRE WITH A EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!

Lance Hart: Scotty throws another one! But Caspian blocks it and thrust kicks Scotty back before backing into a corner! SCOTTY WITH A DROPKICK! CASPIANS BACK HITS THE CORNER TURNBUCKLE! SCOTTY RUSHES BACK AND GOES FOR A STINGER SPLASH! CASPIAN CATCHES HIM IN MID AIR AND DROPS HIM INTO A SPINEBUS- NO! SCOTTY YANKS HIMSELF FORWARD ON CASPIANS TIGHTS! ROLL UP!

Ref: ONE! TWO!

Lance Hart: KICK OUT! SCOTTY IS UP ON HIS FEET QUICKER THEN CASPIAN! ROUNDHOUSE KICK RIGHT TO CASPIANS HEAD!

Ref: ONNNNEEEE! TWWWOOOOOO!

Morgan Shaw: Scotty seems to have abandoned his plan for using the lumberjacks in exchange for just trying to sneak a win! Caspian really took some tough shots by those lumberjacks earlier in this match though, it's been affecting him ever since.

Lance Hart: Scotty looks towards the top rope as Caspian lays their motionless! Scotty is climbing!

Morgan Shaw: Oh wait! I just saw Caspian's eyes open up! He was playing opossum! Caspian on his feet! He threw Scotty into the lumberjacks! The Lumberjacks move out of the way! That was a rough landing for Scotty! The lumberjacks throw him back into the ring!

Lance Hart: Caspian just spit on the lumberjacks!

Caspian (Off mic): Ustedes malditos perdedores me matan, pero vuelvan a arrojar esta mierda al ring!

Morgan Shaw: I think he called them fucking losers.

Lance Hart: Scotty is back to his feet! Caspian turns right into a hard strike from Scotty! A second hard strike! A third Hard strike! Caspian returns with a strike of his own! Scotty fires back! Caspian with a european uppercut! Scotty fires back! Caspian with a left! Now a right! Now another left! Caspian gaining the upper hand! Caspian ducks a shot from Scotty! PELEKICK! Scotty goes down as Caspian gets him in his grasp! Caspian just hooked in the Arm-Trap Crossface! He has it locked in!

Morgan Shaw: If this doesn't finish the match, it's definitely going to do some damage! Look at Caspian! He's enjoying this! That grin on his face tells us - WAIT!

Lance Hart: Thornton and Cage just pulled Caspian out of the ring!

Morgan Shaw: This is not what Lumberjacks are supposed to do! Caspian smacks Cage across the face but Thornton clobbers him from behind! Bull and Sigmund now join in on the stomp! They pick him up! Bull grabs him by the waist! Belly to belly- No! Caspian hooks the head and rops him into a DDT! The Lumberjacks like wolves are on him again! Stomping away! They pick him up and toss him into the ring! SCOTTY ADAMS HITS THE SILVER BULLET!

Ref: ONNNNNNEEEEE! TWWWWOOOO! THHHHRRRREE!!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

("Red Hour" By Stria plays on the PA as the referee raises Scotty's hand!)

Julianna DeMarco: Here is your winner by pinfall! THE SILVER BULLET! SCOTTY ADAMS!

Lance Hart: Scotty Adams managing to hit the Silver Bullet while Caspian was still dazed! Scotty has been impressive in his planning and implementation. I look forward to seeing how he works this in his next match

Morgan Shaw: Maybe so, but Caspian wasn't fighting one on one tonight. He looked like he was fight one on six. This man is a wild animal when he gets in that ring. Don't be surprised if these two meet again in that ring and Caspian doesn't tear him apart or come for these lumberjacks who clearly screwed him out of a victory here.

Lance Hart: Welcome back to Kingdom everybody and we still have a lot of excitement still left to come!

Morgan Shaw: You're not kidding, but Lance, I'm getting word about our next segment...um...and I would just like to take a moment before we air this...I have SEEN this

footage, Lance...I saw this yesterday, and...well, what started as simply bizarre became downright evil. Two of our correspondents - Alex Garcia and Clara Jones - were sent to the remote plains of Eastern Oregon, where Kenny Drake and Wolvesden have taken up residence. I will say this: the footage came back. Alex and Clara did not.

+++++greed+++++

PENDLETON, OREGON
"HIS PROMISED LAND"

(A farmhouse. Red. A grain silo casts a long shadow over the roof and deck of the house. A white horse canters by, unsaddled and free.)

+++++pride+++++

(A stable. Another white horse eats from a bale. A goat sleeps next to a long trough that a third white horse drinks from.)

+++++sloth+++++

(A stark, wooden church, distinguishable only through its silhouette. No crosses, pentagrams, or symbols anywhere. Simply a black flag. The wind blows, ruffling the flag slightly.)

+++++envy+++++

(A pack of wolves lay outside, behind the church and under a large tree. All of them are black, except the clear alpha, which is bright white. Its eyes are bright red, and staring directly into the screen.)

+++++lust+++++

(A large group of men and women stand beside a rather large pond, singing a gospel song. Another man, shirtless, holds another thrashing person under the water as he leads the hymn.)

+++++gluttony+++++

(A man in a heavily decorated military jacket walks down a row of people in black balaclavas, who place their right hand in a W over their heart as he walks by.)

+++++wrath+++++

(The door to a church opens. A man in a stark white suit steps out, head down. He slowly raises it, revealing his f---)

[STOP]

[FF >>]

[STOP]

[PLAY]

+++++++

EXT: CHIP'S DINER - NIGHT

A standard issue diner on a lost highway in Eastern Oregon. Two cars, a van, and a semi-truck dot the parking lot. Their owners are inside.

INT: CHIP'S DINER - NIGHT

Picture a diner on a highway in Oregon. You got it. A trucker sits at the counter, sipping at a coffee, eating his steak and eggs. A waitress smokes a cigarette in the corner, watching the TV. Three men sit in a booth in the back area. A young girl looks horribly out of place, sitting alone in a booth. She looks relaxed, however; sipping at her coffee and staring out the window.

The girl is joined by a man in a green U of O sweater. He places the camera - and our eye - on the table, facing him and the girl.

GIRL

Alex, why are you wasting the battery?

ALEX

Cos, I wanted to document everything.

GIRL

Like our diner talk?

ALEX

ESPECIALLY our diner talk, Clara.

CLARA

You're an idiot.

ALEX

I'm a journalist.

CLARA

You can be both, you know?

ALEX

Impossible. ANYWAY. Let's discuss the topic at hand. This is a good brainstorming tool, too, this camera. We can watch this later.

CLARA

Yeah...I know how it works with cameras and shit, Al.

ALEX

I'm just try-...God dammit. ANYWAY. Heaven's Den. What's the plan for tomorrow? What's the timeline?

CLARA

Wake up at 7.

ALEX

Fucker.

CLARA

...Then after your Lucky Charms and cartoons, apparently, we can head out to the John Day area.

ALEX

Then what?

CLARA

Well...then I guess we join Wolvesden.

???

I would seriously reconsider that, kids.

(Alex and Clara turn to the voice. Alex picks up the camera and turns it to the trucker, who covers his face once he notices the lens.)

TRUCKER

I'd appreciate not being filmed, guys.

(Alex points the camera down at the floor, filming only the Truckers boot.)

ALEX

Why should we reconsider it?

TRUCKER

You're not showing my face?

ALEX

Nah, just your boots. Maybe even not that. Why should we reconsider?

TRUCKER

Alright. Look, I'm gonna tell you what I tell every damned fool I run into up here trying to get "the inside scoop" on Wolvesden and that Kenny Drake prick: Don't.

ALEX

Why not?

TRUCKER

Because they're Wolvesden, kid. I heard they started as a - uh- pro wrestling group?

CLARA

Yeah, they did in [REDACTED]...

TRUCKER

Well, lemme tell ya...they aren't...THAT anymore, ok? We saw something like this over there in Antelope in the 80's...fuckin crazy guy, comes in out of nowhere with a bunch of idiots saying "he's gonna save the world?"...but this is downright evil. "Superconsciousness through Ultraviolence." It's fuckin' crazy. They preach this bullshit that they're doing the Lord's work and they're gonna cleanse everybody of their sins but lemme tell y'all it ain't what you think it's gonna be. It's--

(The three men from the back suddenly walk up right behind Clara. All that is seen are their feet.)

?????

Who's asking about Wolvesden?

CLARA

We were...

????? 2

Who sent you? Are you supposed to be here?

????? 3

What do you want with the Father?

ALEX

We're journalists from Omega Wrestling. Kenny agreed to let us film a day in the life of Wolvesden.

????? 2

Film?

????? 3

The Father said you could film there? When?

?????

Who are you?

??????? 4

Alex and Clara?

(All the voices stop because of a small, quiet, female voice emerging from behind them.)

TRUCKER

Ah shit...

(The trucker walks away in a hurry. Alex tilts the camera up to show Niki Khan. She appears normal, dressed in a red sari top underneath a leather jacket. She smiles, which gives off a horrible feeling, and raises her hands in a namaste.)

NIKI KHAN

We have been waiting for you. Are you ready to meet him?

ALEX

We were going to come out tomor-

NIKI KHAN

Why wait any longer? We've already been kept waiting.

CLARA

I...I guess we can go there now...

NIKI KHAN

Wonderful! Come, please.

(Niki snaps her fingers and one of the three men grabs the camera with unsettling ease. Black.)

+p+r+a+i+s+e+h+i+m+f+o+l+l+o+w+h+i+m+

EXT: HEAVEN'S DEN - DRIVEWAY - DUSK

(The camera picks up behind Alex and Clara as they walk down a long dirt road. Niki Khan leads them, and they are flanked by four members of Wolvesden.)

NIKI KHAN

You actually came at the right time. We have just welcomed new members to the cause. Our best man is working with them now. His methods are incredibly effective, I must say. He truly understands what we are doi—

(The screen cuts to static)

— _ - — _ - - _ - — _ - _

(Nate Cage stares into the camera with a sadistic smile on his face.)

What we are doing here is mobilising, my friend. Kenny Drake is a man of conviction. A man of pride. A man who knows what he wants from the world and does everything in his power to obtain it. When I took my first look at Wolvesden, I saw a group of soldiers just waiting to be mobilised.

There are those who say we're a cult, I resent that term. A cult has no organisation. A cult is a loosely structured set of ideas that gives the illusion of being whole because whoever's in charge watched a few videos of Charles Manson.

I am here to show everyone the true potential of Wolvesden.

I've had these men and women training day and night. Sleep is for the weak. Food is for the weak. Water is weakness in liquid form. Until they can demonstrate to me that they're willing to put their bodies through a kind of hell that you can only imagine, they will not be ready for the war. Field Marshal Kenny knows this, that's why I'm here.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got work to do.

(Nate shoves the camera to the floor and marches out of the room with purpose.)

(Static)

- _ - - _ - _ - _ - _ -

INT: BARN CHURCH - NIGHT

(Alex and Clara stand in the back of a large room. A white horse stands asleep in a stable near them. They have both changed their outfits to loose fitting black pants and large white shirts. Clara is visibly uncomfortable with whoever is filming her. Alex looks intrigued.)

(The barn is filled with people, sitting wherever they can. The dirt floor, the empty stables, even the rafters are filled. There are probably between 200 and 300 people, and they all wear deep red shirts and black pants. A soft murmur fills the air. Behind a crudely made leather chair in the front hangs an upside down neon cross. After a few moments, the barn lights shut off, leaving the room in an unsettling darkness.)

(The neon cross crackles to life, slightly illuminating the room with an eerie red hue. A figure slowly walks in front of it. He is shirtless; wears ripped jeans. His long greasy hair is tied back into a small bun. Kenny Drake. He is followed closely by Niki Khan. As Kenny sits in

the leather chair, she folds her legs and sits beside him, cross-legged and still as a stone. After a few moments of silence, Kenny leans forward.)

KENNY DRAKE

I sit beneath...an ever-looming guillotine.

(The room remains silent and dark. Kenny is only a silhouette.)

KENNY DRAKE

With every crown comes the guillotine...and without the guillotine, you cannot wear the crown. Do you know why this is? Hm?

Because what we are doing is working...and they fear us.

(Niki Khan smiles slightly.)

KENNY DRAKE

Yet in spite of the guillotine, they have not killed me yet. In spite of everything that this world has thrown at me; all the trials and tribulations and hardships; all the wars won and lost and those yet to come; in spite of all of that, I am stronger than ever.

Because I am awake.

I am not saying, children, that I am a reincarnate. That is untrue. There is only one Kenny Drake, now and forever. No, I'm saying that He has chosen me as his voice. My children, God is nothing more than a creator. An all-powerful creator, yes, and one that should be looked upon in awe, but he is nothing more than our creator. God does not care about us, and for good reason. We are simply a science experiment. To God, we are but atoms in a petri dish, just going around in circles. The teachings of so-called "religions"...Eastern, Western, New Age...they say that God cares. God judges. God loves, and God hates, and God has a gender, and God has emotions, and God can be bought and sold.

Let me tell you though, this is a lie. These are human ideas, made by men.

However, God DID choose a select few throughout history to be Enlightened. Men and women who were strong enough to seize their once in a lifetime opportunities and force change upon the world. General Custer, Thomas Mitchell, Harry Truman. Men who have the intestinal fortitude to actually pull the damn trigger when they have to. Men of strength and courage, who will forge a righteous path for all that aren't afraid to open their eyes and follow!

Yet, life is a spectrum...so on the opposite side, there are Sinners. Shameful, horrible people. There are men and women that choose to use the universal deadly sins as weapons in their arrogant crusades for self-righteousness. Men and women who allow their greed to take over. Men and women who put their own feelings and self-esteem ahead of the greater good.

People like Tarah Nova.

This...person...is a waste. A disgusting excuse for a human who only makes the world a worse place for our children to thrive. A woman who was made into an IDOL - HANDED her opportunities under the guise of hard work - all while living a horrible, vapid, sinful life. Is this the kind of person we want our children looking up to? Is THIS the example to follow?

No.

No, instead I give you a NEW example, a NEW path to follow. A path that is EARNED. A path that YOU can feel satisfied with because YOU did it yourself.

A path carved, through ultraviolence.

This world is weak. It's leaders, it's idols, are weak. They deserve to be eviscerated, flayed, and hung from these very rafters here.

And YOU. Have the right - No..the Obligation - to do it.

Now there are two ways to live...either repress violence, the way every so called religion or society has done in the past...or transform it. I am for transformation. Hence, I teach my Wolves to be creative. Create violence, create unrest, create change...whatever you do, do it with creativity. Show violence in new and imaginative ways, and your soul will be fulfilled on a higher plane...

Let's start with an easy one...for our guests in the back.

(The entire congregation turns in unison and stares at Alex and Carla. Carla covers her mouth in fear, grabbing hold of Alex's hand with an iron grip.)

KENNY DRAKE

Do you fear me, child?

Do not be afraid.

If you are pure of heart, then He will not let you be harmed.

I pray, child, that for your sake? You have the strength to endure what is about to happen.

(Kenny slowly leans back and claps his hands. A door opens behind him, letting in a horrible blinding light. Four men in black balaclavas drag in a semi-conscious Trucker, the same from the diner. Carla gasps as the four drag him before a now standing Kenny and begin to walk through the slowly parting crowd, until they are right in front of Clara and Alex. The four men drop the Trucker to the ground, where Kenny slowly stalks to him, his face becoming more

and more obscured by shadows with each step. As he reaches Clara and Alex, the door closes, leaving Kenny once again silhouetted by the cross' light.)

KENNY DRAKE

This man...is a Sinner...and he is the worst kind of Sinner there is. This man at our feet is a sneaky, weasely, liar.. What this man told you in that diner is nothing but falsehood.

CLARA

H-h-how...

KENNY DRAKE

So you must understand, Wolvesden lives by a simple creed: You are with us, or you fall.

And this man? He is NOT with us.

This must be done.

(Kenny steps backwards, immediately being engulfed by the congregation. Like savage animals, the congregation pounce on the Trucker. Elbows, fists, kicks, knees, teeth. Everything. Clara lets out a scream and tries to run, but she is immediately grabbed by a familiar face...Clara looks at him in terror...)

CLARA

Clinton...St-

(Niki Khan suddenly appears beside Clara and places her hand on Clara's cheek. The fear somehow rises. Niki's evil smile radiates through the dark, and her soft voice cuts through the screams and violence like a freshly sharpened knife.)

NIKI KHAN

It's ok...do not be afraid, my daughter. Violence is purity. Violence is love. Those who have sinned for generations have suffered by His hands through beautiful, natural acts of violence. The Flood, the Plagues of Egypt, Sodom and Gomorrah, the Black Plague...every single one where souls have been lost. The ones who perished were the ones who sinned the most. Violence is HIS will. And soon, my beautiful daughter...it will be yours as well.

(Clara begins to softly cry as she weakly struggles to break free of Stone's grip.)

CLARA

Please...please let me go home...this was a mistake...I'm sorry...Please...

NIKI KHAN

My daughter, you and your friend have a choice to make. You can leave here anytime you want...but this footage stays with us. If you stay, this footage leaves this property and gets

back to the outside world. Only one of you - yourselves or this footage - are leaving this compound.

CLARA

Please...just let me go home. Keep th-

ALEX

We'll stay.

CLARA

Wha...no...Alex, no...

ALEX

This footage is what we came here to do, is it not?

CLARA

Alex...no...

ALEX

I think the choice is clear...

CLARA

God, no, please! Alex, you son of a bitch! Please, don't listen to him! Let me go! Please!

(Alex walks over to Niki Khan, who smiles up at him and takes his hand. They are completely ignoring the cries of Clara.)

NIKI KHAN

Do you have the courage to follow?

ALEX

I do, Guru Khan.

NIKI KHAN

Say the words to show you are ready.

ALEX

...Wolves, Aeternum...

NIKI KHAN

Good boy.

(Niki suddenly steps aside. Alex stands beside the weeping Clara. As they watch the beating continue, a man in a balaclava steps behind them. He quickly pulls a crude black balaclava over Alex's head, then pulls one over Clara's.)

(BLACK)

+++++

Julianna DeMarco: The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!

Crowd: ONE FALL!

("Bubblegum Bitch" -- Marina and the Diamonds hits to a positive reaction, and a knowing smile is plastered across Sweet Roxy's face as she bounds out onto the stage. She flips her cape around with a flourish behind her as she makes her way down the ramp.)

Julianna DeMarco: IIIIIINTRODUCING FIRST! From Las Vegas, Nevada...weighing in at 135 pounds...THIS IS "THEEEE HEIRESS"...SWEEEEEEEEEEET ROXYYYYYYYYYY!

Gia Cervantes: After last week, it might be fair to say that this debutante has revenge on her mind. Her and her tag partner's first interaction with one Megan Harper didn't exactly go swimmingly.

Ashley Walker: For Roxy, of course she wants to start off her OWA career the right way with a win. More than that, in a weird way, it's also about bragging rights. A means of sticking it to someone who attacked her, but she'll have her work cut out for her tonight.

("Studio" -- Schoolboy Q hits, and rousing boos fill the air. Megan Harper is unfazed as she moonwalks out onto the stage, before stopping at the top of the ramp and standing there with outstretched arms. She soaks in the jeers of the crowd as she makes her way down the aisle.)

Julianna DeMarco: AAAAAAAND HER OPPONENT! From Hammersmith, England...weighing in at 110 pounds...SHE IS "THEEEE STORM"...MEGAAAAAAAAAN HAAAAAAAAAARPER!

Gia Cervantes: Megan might be out of the running to become the first OWA Women's Champion, but even with that being the case, it's still not in her nature to take a backseat and fade into the background. She loves controversy and getting under people's skin, so if her beefs are what bolster her for the time being, she couldn't care less.

Ashley Walker: Megan is an experienced former champion, and we also can't forget that she's the one who started this little tiff between her and Roxy. She can't afford to lose and have egg on her face! She'll also want to have eyes in the back of her head. If she tries to get out of line this week, you have to believe Mia Marie Vega won't hesitate to show her face.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Gia Cervantes: Oh, the bell's just rung and already there's no love lost between these two newfound enemies! Both women run directly at each other, meeting in the center of the ring and beginning a fast-paced and brutal back and forth exchange of close-quarters punches! They're jockeying for power here and after a particularly hard right hand, it looks like Roxy is getting the best of Megan! There's a couple more unanswered shots from the Vegas native, and Harper is reeling! The Brit goes staggering away holding her jaw, but she doesn't get far as Roxy reels her right back in! She's setting her up for a swinging neckbreaker -- NO! Megan spins all the way out of the preemptive hold, and when Roxy turns to face her once more, Harper doubles her over with a stiff boot to the midsection! Megan latches onto the arm of Roxy before reeling her in and upending her with a BRUTAL short-arm clothesline! She could be going for an early pin attempt here off of the force of that move, but Megan is taking time to gloat instead! She leans in and starts trash-talking the downed Roxy, pie-facing the newcomer before yanking her up to her feet by two handfuls of her hair!

Ashley Walker: This crowd here on-hand in the OWA Arena isn't feeling this at all, and they're making that fact VERY apparent with these loud boos! Megan just smiles, looking pretty unaffected by it as she shoves Roxy back-first into the nearest corner and promptly starts firing away with a barrage of boots to the ribs of Roxy, causing her to almost drop into a seated position in the corner! Roxy's about to get a little bit of a reprieve, though, as our referee Elle steps in to warn Megan to back off if she doesn't want to be disqualified. She begrudgingly concedes, but doesn't waste any time rushing right back into the corner! OW! Roxy was ready this time, and she clocks the oncoming Harper with a SICK forearm smash to the face! The impact stuns Megan and she backpedals a bit, long enough for Roxy to get her bearings back and run in Megan's direction! RUNNING TORNADO DDT, ON THE MONEY! Harper's dropped right on her head, and Roxy is quick to roll Megan over and hook the leg! Here comes the first pin attempt of the match!

Elle Halen: ONEEEEEEEEEEE!

Gia Cervantes: Megan throws the shoulder up just after one! She's still got plenty in the tank, but the early goings of the match should be taken as a lesson by her; take your prospective pinfalls where you can get them, and don't waste time gloating! Both pop up to their feet somewhat fast after that first cover. Roxy strikes first by trying to hook Megan up for a Russian legsweep, but Harper puts a prompt stop to that by throwing a sharp elbow back into the stomach of Roxy! Roxy's forced to let go, and Megan follows it up with another blow to the midsection in the form of a well-placed spin kick! Harper hooks Roxy up before taking her up and over with a Northern Lights suplex, and there's the bridge! Roxy's shoulders are down!

Elle Halen: ONEEEEEEEEEEE!

Ashley Walker: Roxy throws that shoulder up with authority early into Elle's count, but as she sits up in the aftermath, you can see she's got an arm over those ribs that Megan's been targeting! Megan's already up to her feet as Roxy's trying to do the same. OH! Harper puts an end to that as she rushes right in and NAILS the kneeling Roxy with a toe kick to the face, causing The Mafiosa's head to snap back violently! Roxy rolls toward the ropes, using them

to pull herself up as she tries to shake out the cobwebs. LOOK OUT! MEGAN IS RUNNING RIGHT TOWARD HER, BUT LOOK AT ROXY! WONDERFULLY QUICK THINKING THERE AS SHE YANKS DOWN THE TOP ROPE! MEGAN HITS THE RINGSIDE FLOOR WITH A CRINGEWORTHY THUD!

Gia Cervantes: Elle leans over the top rope to check on the condition of Megan now, who's barely beginning to stir after taking that nasty tumble! As she's trying to pull herself up, Elle's got no choice but to start the count!

Elle Halen: ONEEEEEEEEEEE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

Ashley Walker: Roxy is glaring down at Megan on the outside, and you can see the wheels turning in this young lady's head! She latches onto the top rope with both hands, and as soon as Megan is steady on her feet...ROXY SOARS! THERE'S A SLINGSHOT CROSSBODY TO THE OUTSIDE, WIPING OUT THE STORM! Roxy falls flat on those ribs, but she's gritting her teeth and pushing through the pain as she pops back up onto her feet! This crowd is loving it!

Elle Halen: THREEEEEEEEEEEE! FOUUUUUUUUUR!

Gia Cervantes: The youngest Vendetta is in the driver's seat as she peels Megan from the arena floor and uses a battering ram to drive the Brit back-first into the edge of that ring apron! OUCH! Megan slumps down onto the floor, one hand instinctively going to that afflicted back!

Elle Halen: FIIIIIIIIIVE! SIIIIIIIIIX!

Ashley Walker: Roxy turns Megan around and grabs onto the back of her head, slamming Harper's face into the ring apron a couple of times for good measure before heaving her up onto the ring apron and rolling her back in there. Roxy herself then follows suit.

Elle Halen: SEVENNNNNNNNNN! EIIIIIII--

Gia Cervantes: Roxy officially touches down on the canvas again, breaking the count and moving right into a cover on the woman she just brutalized! She's got the leg of Harper hooked!

Elle Halen: ONEEEEEEEEEEE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

Ashley Harper: There's another kickout! Still, Roxy's not fazed, and she's got every intention of keeping the pressure on! She seizes Megan and slaps on a front facelock to pull the London native up to her feet before she jumps! GOOD GRIEF! There's a hell of a jumping DDT from Roxy, and that could be lights out for Megan!

Elle Halen: ONEEEEEEEEEEE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

Gia Cervantes: Megan stays alive! And check out the top of the ramp! Mia Marie Vega is on her way down here! She picked a hell of a time, too, and I'm sure she's loving the fact that Roxy is in control of the match at the moment! She's got a big smile on her face as she strolls right up to ringside! Roxy nods to her before going to grab Megan once again, but look! Harper hobbles Roxy with a kick to the knee and buys herself a little bit of time! Roxy drops down to a knee and Megan slaps on a front suplex lift! UH-OH! Harper lifts Roxy up and uses that front suplex lift to hang her up stomach-first across the taut top rope! The assault on the ribs of Roxy has resumed, and you just KNOW she's in a world of hurt right now! MEGAN FOLLOWS IT UP WITH A SUPERKICK TO THE SIDE OF THE HANGING ROXY'S HEAD! JEEEEEEEEESUS! Roxy falls limp onto the canvas, and Megan is cheesing up a storm as she moves right into the pin and stacks her up!

Elle Halen: ONEEEEEEEEEEE!

Ashley Walker: LOOK, LOOK! MEGAN'S FEET ARE ON THE ROPES! I DON'T THINK ELLE SEES!

Elle Halen: TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE--

Gia Cervantes: NO DICE! Mia Marie Vega shoves the foot of Megan off the ropes, breaking up the pin attempt in the process! Megan thought she had this match in the bag and she's pissed right now! She turns around and now she's engaged in a shouting match with Mia! A furious Harper unties one of those Jordans she's wearing and throws it at Mia, smacking her right on the side of the head! I don't think that was the best idea! Megan turns her attention back to the still-downed Roxy, trying to pull the younger woman up to her feet --

Ashley Walker: HERE COMES MIA! She slides under the bottom rope and enters the ring, flattening Megan with a lariat to the back of the head! Elle's got no choice but to call for the bell!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Julianna DeMarco: HEEEEEEERE IS YOUR WINNER BY WAY OF DISQUALIFICATION...MEGAAAAAAAAAAN HAAAAAAAAAAAAAARPER!

Gia Cervantes: There goes the bell, but it doesn't matter to Mia in the slightest! She's battering Megan on the canvas with punches and elbows! Elle is trying to insert herself into the fray, but Mia's not listening! She only relents to go and check on Roxy! Mia helps Roxy to her feet, giving her a once-over before turning her attention back to Megan. Harper is on spaghetti legs, but Mia props her up and traps her arms before she nods to Roxy. The Heiress smiles before rushing right in...TRAMP STAMP TO MEGAN! Shades of her mom right there as she connects with a jumping superkick on her opponent tonight!

Ashley Walker: Mia throws Megan down onto the mat and grabs onto Harper's legs, tying her up and rolling over into a sharpshooter! As if she's not in dire enough straits, Roxy piles on and ensnares the trapped Megan in a crossface as well! There's the V&V Vice, and

Megan is tapping out instinctively, but there's nothing Elle can do! Both of those holds are being wrenched and there's nowhere for her to go! After what probably feels like an eternity to her, Roxy and Mia let go. Megan was technically the winner here tonight, but I can guarantee you she doesn't feel like one right now!

Gia Cervantes: These girls have started a game of one-upmanship here beginning with that exchange last week. Megan might've fired the first shot, but these two damn near emptied a whole clip into her tonight! This rivalry is nowhere near over, and I think that's the only thing we all know for certain right now!

(The camera pans back to the ring, where Roxy and Mia are shown looking down at the fallen Megan as the feed fades elsewhere.)

Julianna DeMarco: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a fatal 4-way match.

(The arena begins to fill with "The Rhythms of Africa" as Jerome enters performing the traditional dance of Wakanda as he makes his way down to the ring.)

DeMarco: Introducing first, hailing from Wakanda and weighing in at 400 pounds... "DAT BOI"... JEROME!!!

Lance Hart: Literal wrestling royalty in the ring now as the King of Wakanda makes his way to the ring. I have heard it said that this dance is a ritual designed to visit the wrath of the dead up Wakanda's enemies. Spooky.

("Bad & Boujee" by Migos ft. Lil Uzi Vert hits the speakers as Boujie Alan enters looking remarkably strung out as he tosses his mixtapes wildly into the crowd.)

DeMarco: From Miami, Florida and weighing in at 176 pounds... "The SoundCloud Grappler"... BOUJIE ALAN!!!

Shaw: I don't know about that Lance. It looks like Jerome has Boujie Alan's latest track stuck in his head and he just can't stop cutting shapes. Alan is arrogant, garish, and by the looks of things up to his eyeballs in prescription drugs. But there is just something infectious and irresistible about this man's presence which makes him dangerous in any business be it wrestling, or music.

("The Stroke" by Billy Squier begins to play as Bo Tista enters wearing the American flag as a cape. The crowd goes wild with patriotic fervor.)

DeMarco: From America and weighing in at 231 pounds... "The Animal"... BO TISTA!!!

Hart: OK here is where my money really is. Nothing says PASSION quite like the Patriotism and love of this country held by the American Bolievers and THIS MAN The Animal Bo Tista in particular. In a match like this you are going to get blindsided, you are going to get spun

for a loop from time to time but that is where the drive to really roll with the punches surmounts everything.

(The ominous sound of a plane falling from the sky is heard. When it finally crashes, "Beware" by Panjabi MC ft. Jay Z explodes from the speakers as The Bollywood World Order enters the stage. Hussein Hussein takes point for the first time in his short wrestling career as they make their way down the ramp.)

DeMarco: And lastly, representing the Bollywood World Order. He hails from Saudi Arabia and weighs in at 245 pounds... "The Son of an Oil Magnate"... HUSSEIN AL-HUSSEIN JAFFAR IBN SADDAM!!!

Shaw: You sure about that, Lance? As always, the entire BWO comes down to ringside for any individual member's matches and they always have a trick up their sleeves. This is Hussein Hussein's first outing as a competitor here in OWA so he is something of an unknown quantity. But the known quantity here says that BWO have that numbers game on lock.

Hart: We'll see.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Shaw: THE ENTIRE BOLLYWOOD WORLD ORDER IMMEDIATELY HIT THE RING ON THE BELL! JEROME RUSHES TO MEET THEM BUT CATCHES A BIG BOOT FROM THE MEDIOCRE KHALED FOR HIS TROUBLES! Boujie Alan and Bo Tista are getting the hell out of Dodge. The BWO just cleared the ring in mere seconds.

Hart: And there doesn't seem to be a lot that any body can do about it. Fatal 4 rules, there are no disqualifications here so the Bollywood World Order are free to run riot, claiming the ring all to themselves as they mock the fans and their fellow competitors in just some of the 2500+ languages of India, and Arabic. Jerome is still out of it. Bo Tista turns to Boujie Alan and... YES! THEY GRIP HANDS IN A TIGHT, MANLY FASHION! IT LOOKS LIKE AN ALL-AMERICAN ALLIANCE HAS BEEN SEALED TO FACE OFF THESE FOREIGN INVADERS! BOTH MEN RUSH TO HIT THE RING!!!

Shaw: WAIT!!! BO SLIDES IN BUT BOUJIE THINKS BETTER OF IT! HE HAS LEFT BO TISTA TO THE WOLVES! THIS PATRIOT IS SURROUNDED!

Hart: Don't you know what happens when you corner an ANIMAL! IT TURNS VICIOUS, MORGAN! BO TISTA PUNCHES OUT BOTH SINGH BROTHERS WITH A QUICK ONE-TWO! The Mediocre Khaled stomps forwards with a titanic clothesline but doesn't adjust for the height difference and swings clean OVER Bo Tista's head. Bo sprints past, rebounding off the ropes WITH A FREEDOM BASH!!! BO SPEARS KHALED OFF HIS FEET AND NOW MOUNTS HIM WITH THE WILD GROUNDED PUNCHES! BUT HERE IS BADA DIK BAAP! HE HOOKS BO FROM BEHIND WITH THE COBRA CLUTCH AND STARTS TO THRASH THE LIFE OUT OF HIM! THE NUMBERS FINALLY PAYING OFF AS

BAAP HITS THE COBRA CLUTCH SLAM!!! He actually has a name for this move in each of the 22 official government scheduled languages of India but I cannot pronounce any of them so you get what you are given here.

Shaw: It was a brave fight back against the odds there by Bo Tista but I guess not much advised. BAH GAWD! NOW HE'S GOT THE ENTIRE BWO WAILING ON HIM! BO TISTA IS IN SERIOUS PERIL HERE BUT BOUJIE IS STAYING WELL ENOUGH AWAY! CAN NOTHING STOP THE BOLLYWOOD WORLD OR-

Hart: WHAT THE HELL!? IS THAT?!?!?

Shaw: IT'S BRAX AND JHEVAUNTE KYOFU! THEY ARE SPRINTING OUT DOWN THE RAMP FROM BACKSTAGE TO EVEN THE ODDS OUT HERE AND GIVE THEIR BOYS A CHANCE!

Hussein: YALLAH IMSHI! IMSHI BISURA! GO! GO STOP THEM!!!

Hart: Hussein barks some commands in Arabic and Bada Dik Baap and The Mediocre Khaled race off to brawl with the new threats at the bottom of the ramp. FLAPJACK! BRAX LAUNCHES BADA DIK BAAP RIGHT OVER ONTO THE BARRICADE! AND THERE'S THE TESTICULAR CLAW!!! JHEVAUNTE HAS THE MEDIOCRE KHALED PARALYSED WITH THAT MYTHIC WAKANDAN NERVE HOLD! And now this is the chance Boujie has been waiting for. Alan mounts the apron and steps through the ropes - BUT HUSSEIN RUSHES IN AND PULLS HIM CLOSE! ITS A ROPE-ASSISTED REVERSE STO DRIVING BOUJIE RIGHT DOWN ONTO HIS SKULL!!!

Shaw: And he isn't done there either. Hussein drags Boujie out to the centre of the ring AND SITS IN DEEP INTO HIS BACK FOR THE CAMEL CLUTCH! HUSSEIN IS WRENCHING THAT HEAD BACK TIGHTLY BY THE... Hold the phone... BOUJIE ALAN SLIPS FREE! Hussein found no chin to grip onto and so Boujie Alan easily makes the escape, scurrying backwards between Hussein's legs to catch him from behind AND BOUJIE LOOKS FOR A CAMEL CLUTCH OF HIS OWN! XXXTENSION! HIS PATENTED DOUBLE-CHICKENWING VARIANT! AND JUST LIKE THAT IT COULD ALL END RIGHT HERE! HUSSEIN IS ABOUT TO TAP...

Hart: WHITEOUT!!! JEROME BREAKS IT UP WITH THE HIP ATTACK!

Jerome: THIS IS YOUR ALPHA?!?!?

Hart: NO WAY! HE'S GOING STRAIGHT FOR THE BIG ONE!!! JEROME LIFTS HUSSEIN ONTO HIS SHOULDERS FOR THE KFC! KILLMONGER'S FIREMAN'S CARRY! IT IS AS THOUGH HUSSEIN AL-HUSSEIN HAS STEPPED OUT OF THE FRYING PAN AND INTO THE DEEP FAT FRYER!!! APU AND BAPU SINGH HURRY TO HUSSEIN'S AID, QUICKLY DRAGGING HIM DOWN TO THE RELATIVE SAFETY OF HIS OWN FEET, BUT NOW THEY ARE CAUGHT IN THE VANILLA GORILLA'S SIGHTS! BIONIC WAKANDA ELBOW! Apu drogs like a sack of potatoes and Jerome turns Bapu cowering by the turnbuckles...

CORNER SPLASH! 400 POUNDS OF AFRICAN FURY CRUSHING THE POOR SINGH!
And now he turns to face his real opponent in Hussein again...

Shaw: BO TISTA, HE'S BACK IN THE FIGHT! He ambushes Jerome, pulling his legs out from under him from outside the ring. AND NOW HE DRAGS HIS CROTCH INTO THE RINGPOST! JEROME'S VOICE HAS GONE UP A COUPLE OF OCTAVES AS HE BEGINS TO ROLL HIS HEAD OUT UNDERNEATH THE BOTTOM ROPE... AMERICAN UPPERCUT! BO RATTLES HIS JAW BEFORE CLIMBING UP ONTO THE APRON!

Hart: As soon as Bo goes up, Hussein goes down and rolls out of the ring. Bo Tista hurls insults at him for being a coward and... Well, I can't repeat it but he may or may not have uttered a racial slur.

Shaw: What do you mean? So you don't call people from Pakistan p-

Hart: He's from Saudi Arabia and NO you don't.

Shaw: But you didn't even hear what I was going to-OH MY LORD! BOUJIE SPRINGS UP OUT OF NOWHERE AND KICKS THE LEGS OUT FROM UNDER BO ON THE APRON! TISTA'S SPINE BOUNCES HARD OFF THE EDGE OF THE RING AS HE TUMBLES TO THE OUTSIDE! AND NOW BOUJIE ALAN IS FEELING HIMSELF! He begins to celebrate being the only one up on his feet in the ring by trap dancing for all the fans. This boy got moves. But what is this? Jerome is starting to push himself back to his feet. He rubs his sore crotch and chin with opposing hands before joining in with Boujie. JEROME CUTTING SOME WAKANDAN DANCE MOVES OF HIS OWN AND - BOUJIE BACKHANDS HIM ACROSS THE FACE!!! JEROME COLLAPSES INTO THE CORNER AND BOUJIE ALAN IS NOT LETTING ANYBODY STEAL HIS THUNDER TONIGHT!

Hart: UZI CHOPS!!! BOUJIE ALAN LIGHTS UP THE CHEST OF JEROME WITH THOSE VICIOUS RAPID FIRE CHOPS! Jerome starts to wince in pain and Alan backs off to the opposite corner. Alan kicks off it and zips back in... CORNER CLOTHESLINE! Jerome is left to stumble out of the corner after that blow, but Boujie lines up for another shot... AND THERE'S THE CLOTHESLINE TO THE BACK OF JEROME'S HEAD! THE BIG MAN GOES DOWN AND BOUJIE TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO HUSSEIN!

Shaw: Not so fast. It looks like Bada Dik Baap and The Mediocre Khaled have gotten the better of Brax and Jhevaunte for the time being and they are hurrying back to Hussein's side. Bada climbs up onto the apron... THE KUSHPRINT III!!! BOUJIE CLOCKS HIM FLUSH WITH THE SUPERKICK AND BADA FALLS DOWN ONTO HUSSEIN BELOW! Alan climbs the corner turnbuckles. OH LORD! HERE GOES... DIVING HEADBUTT TO THE OUTSIDE BY BOUJIE ALAN! HE AGAIN TAKES OUT BADA DIK BAAP BUT HE MIGHT HAVE HURT HIMSELF IN THE PROCESS! Khaled looks to move in on Boujie before he recollects himself...

Hart: Khaled needs to keep his wits about him though. THE ANIMAL BO TISTA IS GETTING BACK INTO THE ACTION! HE RUNS ALONG THE APRON AND LEAPS ONTO KHALED'S

BACK... SLEEPER HOLD! HE HAS THE SLEEPER LOCKED IN TIGHT!!! HUSSEIN IS PLEADING BUT IT IS DOING NO GOOD! KHALED HAS THE SIZE BUT NOT THE ENDURANCE AND QUICKLY FADES, COLLAPSING DOWN TO HIS KNEES! Bo Tista slips off his back, taking a few steps backwards for a run up and BIG BOOT! RIGHT TO THE SIDE OF THE MEDIOCRE KHALED'S HEAD! THAT'S A KNOCKOUT!!!

Shaw: The Bollywood World Order's plan for this match appears to have gone to hell in a handbasket pretty fast. An alarmed Hussein Al-Hussein retreats from his opponents before nervously reaching under the ring to retrieve a bag of unknown contents before marching over to the timekeepers area to retrieve a microphone.

Hussein: STUPID BOUJIE BOY! PATHETIC AMERICAN PATRIOT BO TISTA! YOU DARE DISRESPECT THE SON OF AN OIL MAGNATE!?!? YOU ACTUALLY "BOLIEVE" YOU CAN WIN!?!?

(Hussein reaches his hand into the bag.)

Hussein: INSHALLAH!!! IT IS TIME FOR ME TO UNLEASH MY WEAPON OF MASS DESTRUCTION!!!

Hart: HIS WHAT!?!?

(Hussein pulls out a remote control of some kind. At the press of a button the titantron flicks over and a device with a digital clock is seen ticking as the crowd gasps and gets ready to clear the arena.)

Shaw: HOLY MOTHER OF GOD!!!

Hussein: Clock is ticking. Nobody will ever be able to locate my device before timer runs out so you have only one choice. If you do not both lay down and allow me to take this victory. Then each and every one of you American pigs will be blown to he-

Shaw: A FIGURE LEAPS THE BARRICADE OUT OF THE CROWD! IT'S BOUJIE'S ENFORCER BAD NEWS BART! BART FOOTBALL TACKLES HUSSEIN AND PINS HIM TO THE GROUND! SECURITY FLOOD IN FROM ALL ANGLES AND DOGPILE ON HUSSEIN, WRENCHING THE DEVICE FROM HIS HANDS! BUT THE DEVICE ON THE TITANTRON! OH GOD!!! THE COUNTER CONTINUES TO COUNT DOWN...

Hart: Um... Morgan.

Shaw: YES LANCE, OF COURSE! I LOVE YOU TOO BUDDY I JUST HOPE WE GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE!

Hart: That's great but, on closer inspection... Does that look like the microwave from a local 7/11 counter to you?

(On the titantron footage, a figure walks in front of the “device”, opening it up and pulling out of it a steaming hot dog which is likely more harmful to human life than the device itself. Security finally manages to calm the crowd and usher them back to their seats.)

Shaw: Oh... Nice catch.

Hart: Right... Well... If it's possible, Boujie Alan and Bo Tista are looking even more confused than we are at the announcers' table but they are slowly coming to the realisation that the only thing that stands between themselves and victory right now is each other. BO CRACKS HIM WITH A BACK ELBOW TO THE JAW! BOUJIE IS ROCKED! HE TRIES TO STAGGER AWAY, SLIDING INTO THE RING BUT BO TISTA IS HOT ON HIS TAIL AND CATCHES HIM FROM BEHIND... AMERICAN SUPLEX!!! NO! BOUJIE ALAN COUNTERS WITH THE SNAPMARE! HE RACES OFF THE ROPES AND REBOUNDS FOR A PENALTY KICK SQUARE INTO BO TISTA'S CHEST! That knocks the wind out of him and Boujie heads over to the corner where he climbs up on the second rope in preparation for finishing this match off with the InXanity diving reverse STO BUT BO'S SPEED CATCHES HIM OFF GUARD AS HE MEETS ALAN WITH AN AMERICAN UPPERCUT!

Shaw: Boujie almost falls off the turnbuckle from that blow but Bo catches him and lifts him right up to the top. AND HE IS GOING FOR IT! BO TISTA IS PUTTING IT ALL ON THE LINE AS HE LOOKS TO FINISH THIS IN SPECTACULAR FASHION WITH THE SUPER FRANKENSTEINER!!! HE TRIES IT... OH MY GOD!!! NO! HE DIDN'T QUITE GET THE ROTATION ON IT! BO WENT HIGH RISK AND LANDED DIRECTLY ON HIS OWN HEAD!!! BOUJIE POUNCES ON THE OPPORTUNITY AND STACKS HIM UP!!!

Referee: ONE!... TWO!...

Hart: JEROME! JEROME BREAKS IT UP WITH A LARIAT TO THE BACK OF BOUJIE'S HEAD! JEROME LOOKING TO PICK UP THE PIECES AS HE GOES TO LIFT BOUJIE UP IN THAT FIREMAN'S CARRY - BUT BOUJIE STILL HAS SOME FIGHT IN HIM!?!? ELBOWS TO THE SIDE OF THE HEAD! JEROME'S GRIP IS LOOSENING AS BOUJIE SLIDES DOWN THE BACK OF JEROME...AND BRINGS HIM DOWN IN A CRUCIFIX!? NO FREAKING WAY! THE SHOULDERS ARE ON THE MAT!

Referee: ONEEEEEEE!!! TWWWOOOOOO!!! THHHHHRRRREE!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

(Jerome kicks out but is a whole second late with the pin escape as “Bad & Boujie” hits the speakers to cheers from the crowd. Boujie Alan starts to celebrate but then remembers his image and puts on his Kanye face.)

DeMarco: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner by way of pinfall... BOUJIE ALAN!!!

Hart: That must have been without a doubt the most chaotic match that this promotion has seen since inception and it isn't even close.

Shaw: Fatal 4-ways are always sure to be hellacious contests where anything can happen at any time but this one surely did take the biscuit. Interference. Dance moves. A suspected bomb threat. Sounds like TELEVISION GOLD and a spectacle that I'm sure will see Boujie Alan's twitter followers skyrocket after the performance he put on tonight. Congratulations to him.

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(We see city lights, honking cars and people talking with each other. The camera points at a clock and then towards the bright glistening moon. Slowly, everything goes mute.)

Tarah Nova: We all fight for dominance, to be the alpha and the omega. I find myself in a situation where my legacy is being threatened by a dangerous man.

(The noise returns as several cameras begin to pan towards a street. We see the nightlife, but are lead into a dark alley. A light is flickering, but stays off for a few seconds. Tarah Nova can somewhat be seen, wearing a black leather jacket and holding a mysterious object.)

Tarah Nova: Now I see myself in the battle to be the ONLY leader of the pack; the true lone wolf.

(Tarah reveals what's in her hand when she goes towards better lighting. She smiles as she presents a barbed wire bat and looks at it as if it were a priceless gem. Immediately after, she begins to walk around the streets with reflection in her eyes.)

Tarah Nova: Kenny has brought out a side of me that I haven't seen in such a long time. A side of me that I need to remind myself of. Given everything going on right now, it seemed fitting that I returned to this city. Afterall, Detroit made me. This is my home because not only am I from here, but I found myself here. These streets taught me how to be the badass icon I am today. The person you all see - Tarah Nova - didn't happen overnight. Kenny can patronize me and treat me like I'm this poor little girl who doesn't know what I'm getting into but I have experienced far more than he has in far less time. I'm not like any of the Goddesses in OWA. I exude violence, I have lived it for most of my life. I could have been one of the flashy women in the wrestling scenes who only rely on their looks or never want to get their hands dirty but I decided to create my name in this business the hard way. I engrossed myself in the hardcore wrestling scene. Thumbtacks, barbed wire, light tubes....that's the kind of stuff that makes things interesting for me. There would have been easier paths to get to the top but I don't like things being easy. That's not me. I did what any wolf would do and I went for blood; I tore apart my enemies.

(Tarah stops at a closing shop, which has some dying neon lights.)

Tarah Nova: After choosing to make my living by maiming my peers and ending my competition, I became The Vixen Killer.

(Tarah continues and passes through a recently opened store.)

Tarah Nova: Many people have hated me for taking up that moniker, believing it to be an untrue statement. "Tarah Nova can't hurt me" "Tarah Nova won't be a threat to me; I'm different" Ha. Plenty of idiots have hoped to break the cycle and each one of them took a Murder City Plunge for their troubles. These doubters of me - they thought that my legacy could be erased, but I'm the one in charge of it. Omega belongs to me and this business refers to me as The Shock Collar of the Alpha Division. The Alpha Division, full of silly men. None of them have the balls to lace my boots each week...but one man thinks he can.

(The lights across the street turn off, leaving the area pitch black. Tarah can be seen unimpressed, but she is interrupted by an exploding light, shining a wall towards a large skeleton. We return to normalcy.)

Tarah Nova: Kenny Drake believes he can. The OWA's lone wolf, leading his ways towards the OWA roster, but that won't be allowed. He doesn't know who he's fuckin' with at all, yet he begins to test me. I'm Tarah motherfucking Nova, bitch! You've seen that I'm capable of ruining your career and life, but yet you insist on going against me.

(Tarah grabs her bat and hits the wall with Kenny's skull logo spray painted on it. The walls foundations falls to the feet of Tarah, looking possessed with determination.)

Tarah Nova: Kenny, prepare to be hardcore because I know you can't handle me. Once our war is over, nothing will be left to these viewer's imagination. I'll leave on my two feet, possibly fucked up, but you'll be heading towards an ambulance. I will walk out of this arena as the true Lone Wolf of OWA. So for now... let that sink in before you meet your fate.

(Tarah Nova continues to walk the streets, her head down and the barbed wire bat dragging against the pavement as a gust of wind shoots by and she slowly fades away. A wolf can be heard howling in Tarah's absence, now carrying on in the city in her place.)

(Transition from | Camera fades to the ring as 'For Whom The Bell Tolls' By Metallica kicks up, and Michael Bishop walks out, some sort of booklet in his right hand, heading down to the ring with purpose. As he reaches the ring he pries a microphone from the hand of the ring announcer and slides in).

Bishop: Let's cut to the chase here.....

(The music fades out as Michael rests against a set of ring ropes).

Bishop: I love Metallica as much as anyone, but two weeks too many..... You all know why I'm here. Hardcore Havoc is just around the corner, and while, the company's gonna bend over, and foam at the mouth about their precious plastic championship..... That's not what anyone, really wants to see. Tell me how many of the same plain brand wrestlers who're being treated as top guys, have you see in other promotions?

(Bishop waits, only a murmur response from the audience as he stands up from the ropes and walks to the center).

Bishop: Young, Hip with the internet darlings, Early Twenties middleweight who can do flips, smile and act like an absolute cunt- now while it's all well and good to have seventeen Finnegan Wakefields, Keelans, all who spew the same bullcrap as CM Nas..... I think the reason all of you cheered me when I came out is you expected something different on the card, something good. Sure you can have the same multiman match over and over..... But I think we all know what the real fight for next Sunday is.... It's why I brought this...

(he holds up the booklet with his off hand).

Bishop: So like I said, let's cut to the chase..... **Scott Oasis**..... I know you're back there, saw your overblown limo and bodyguards parked in the garage..... Ice Man your manager said it himself, we're from the same, very different breed that what the rest of the industry offers. You're the Destroyer himself, The Devil Incarnate..... I'm a two time MMA Heavyweight Champion.... So how about we put our cards on the table, and face each other man to man. No more hiding, no more ignoring, and I promise this time, I won't floor your gym....

(Bishop drops the contract booklet into the center of the ring as he heads to the edge, grabbing a steel folding chair, and unfolding it just behind the booklet, taking a seat, and watching the entrance ramp).

Lance Hart: Michael Bishop has not been playing games here at all when it comes to pursuing Scott Oasis. Last week he absolutely destroyed the gym that Oasis owns, taking out it's staff and causing thousands of dollars in damages - now here he is tonight making one last stand! Hardcore Havoc is one week away so if Scott Oasis no shows and avoids Bishop's challenge once more, the window of opportunity for this match will be officially closed!

Morgan Shaw: As someone who enjoys a good fight, I would HATE for that happen. To have this match even be brought up and put on the table....just for us to not get it? That would be incredibly disappointing. It would be like a robbery to the fans! We need this match and god damn it we better get it --

(Morgan Shaw is interrupted by the sudden boos echoing throughout the arena. The crowd is at the height of its anger tonight as everyone's attention is focused on the ramp. We switch cameras as we can see Sebastian Monroe making his appearance on the program.)

Sebastian Monroe: Now, now you mouthbreathers, shut up for a moment and let me speak so I can wrap this up. I would love nothing more than to get out of the cesspool that is Philadelphia as quickly as humanly possible.

(The crowd's negative reaction increases meanwhile Michael Bishop is pacing around the ring, looking rather impatient.)

Sebastian Monroe: QUIET! All of you! Given everything I've done for this industry it should be without question that you all pay me the respect that I deserve. That includes you too Mr. Bishop as you don't look too happy to see me. Were you expecting someone else, my good man? There is no way that you could have really thought Scott Oasis would personally come out to deal with your request! The way you have carried yourself these past few weeks honestly disgusts me. Our team viewed you as someone who could be a great prospect to bring to our brand, a diamond in the rough that simply needed to be brought out and polished! Scott Oasis and I could have gave you everything under our agency, but what did you do? You chose to bite the hand that feeds you! You spit in our face after we gave you the chance to make something of yourself! And now here you are calling Oasis out on his name to gain relevance for yourself, thinking you take his spot on the totem pole! It's delusional! It's outright insane! But most importantly it is DISRESPECTFUL! Blatant disrespect to a legend in this business! Blatant disrespect to a man who paved the way for you! Blatant disrespect to the person who is dominating the lane that you are allowed to be a part of! Blatant disrespect to a GOD! That is what Scott Oasis is to ants like you, to up and comers who haven't even accomplished a tenth of what he has managed to do! And you have the nerve to try and tear down everything he has built! You fly all of the way out to Baltimore - HIS CITY - and you destroy one of his businesses to try and get his attention? You're no wrestler. You're not even a fighter. You're a criminal. A low rate thug! The scum of the earth! You are the dirt on the bottom of Scott Oasis' boots and that is why he won't even bother to lower himself by coming out and addressing you tonight! Yes he is in the building tonight but he has far bigger fish to fry. I hate to break it to you, KID, but the only contract Scott Oasis and the Big Oasis Brand will be signing by the end of the night is the multi-million dollar deal we're about to get out of FOX and Bob Taylor.

(Sebastian Monroe has a sh*t-eating grin on his face as he delivers that last sentence, the crowd being in a frenzy as they yell at and insult him. A cup of beer goes flying at Sebastian which he is quick to avoid and chants of "Scott's a pussy" begin to fill the OWA Arena.)

Sebastian Monroe: Get angry, act as if Scott's a coward, it's fine! My client is not scared of Mr. Bishop in the slightest, he would beat him with EASE! With what Scott Oasis is capable of he's practically doing Bishop a favor by not stepping into a ring with him and putting that young man's life at risk.

Bishop: Young Man? Young Prospect? KID? Monroe no wonder why you crawled right up Scott's ass with half the shit you say. Wanna know why I didn't take your fucking business card to heart? Why I didn't bend and buckle for that multimillion dollar part timing junkie in the back?... I'm not some 26 year old Macadams, or a pre teen prospect from Ohio, You're callin' me a kid? I'm a grown fucking man, who's had more MMA experience than Scott's short and sweet bid with the Octagon! I walked into this industry a veteran, and I'm gonna walk out, a fucking legend, because I don't need the help of you, or your bullshit brand!!...

(Bishop walks over to the rampside ropes and leans forward).

Bishop: You build world champions, right? Tell me let's take a quarterly review, How'd that work out for your little gym back in Baltimore? How'd that work out for your indie darling recruits, how'd did all your help work out for Nico Borg in the end? Flattened by me, Flattened by medicore little shits, and your latter, the prodigal son, got beat by the same skinny high flying guys you've insulted..... I'm doing myself the biggest favor in the world by not ruining my career with management like yours, so how about you stop embarrassing yourself, shove that microphone up your ass, and tell Scotty to get the fuck out here, before I stroll back there and shove the contract up his, right after, I crack that chrome dome of yours wide open.....

(Michael backs away from the ropes, shrugging).

Bishop: Times' burning Scott-

(A loud, boom bap instrumental begins to play on the PA System, confusing everyone in the arena, including Sebastian Monroe. Michael Bishop is looking at the stage intently as the beat starts to simmer, building up to the vocals. "Caterpillar" by Royce Da 5'9' ft. Eminem plays in full swing, hitting the vocals as suddenly Scott Oasis steps out onto the stage side by side with Sebastian Monroe. He has on a black sports jacket with the collar of his shirt underneath being worn loose.)

Morgan Shaw: HERE HE IS! SCOTT OASIS! SCOTT OASIS HAS STEPPED FOOT INTO THE OWA ARENA! THE CROWD IS ON THEIR FEET AS BUSINESS MIGHT JUST PICK UP!

Lance Hart: MIGHT? WITH THIS GUY IN THE BUILDING IT'S A GUARANTEE! SCOTT OASIS WITH HIS FIRST TELEVISED APPEARANCE IN OVER A MONTH AND MICHAEL BISHOP LOOKS LIKE HE COULDN'T BE HAPPIER! HE'S GOT SCOTT OASIS IN FRONT OF HIM JUST LIKE HE'S BEEN WANTING! WILL HE GET HIS MATCH THOUGH? WE WANT THIS MATCH, THE CROWD WANTS IT, ALL WE NEED IS FOR THESE TWO TO FIND COMMON GROUND AND SET IT UP!

(Sebastian Monroe looks to Scott Oasis and shows some concern, quietly questioning him on what he is doing there as Scott Oasis visibly cuts him off and gestures for him to ease up. He takes the microphone out of Sebastian's hand and holds it, shaking it about as he ponders his thoughts. Oasis continues to stand in silence with that mic in his hand, making the audience and Bishop wait before finally putting it up to his lips.)

Scott Oasis: Here I am, Michael. Are you feeling good about this? You've got me back into the public eye. I returned to TV just to address you, you must think you're so special, don't you? Shit, I probably would be thinking that if I was you. This is probably the most spotlight that's been put on your name since you decided to lace up a pair of boots. After years of being a mediocre competitor in the mixed martial arts world and almost an additional year of being a loser in professional wrestling, I took pity on you and lowered myself to your level to try to be nice and bring you up. I could have saved your career

without all of this additional drama but instead you got greedy. Instead you tried to take my name down with you and started acting reckless in the hopes of getting some clout off of my career. I've wanted to keep my hands clean of all this given my status and the way I'm viewed in this industry. I didn't want you to feel validated by me directly acknowledging you in this little one sided beef. I was so close to keeping to that but since you want to mess with my money by destroying my gym and then you want to straight up insult me and entertain these chants WHILE I'M IN THE BUILDING TRYING TO GET THIS DEAL DONE, you have given me no choice. I don't like doing this. I don't like stepping out onto the stage without a check being cut or a deposit being put down beforehand. I have prided myself on being a businessman, a professional, a mogul in a field full of worker ants but at the end of the day I know that I am a man first and foremost and I can't just sit in my meetings and allow people to speak out on me with contempt - with the kind of disrespect that I would have beaten folks half to death over a few months ago. That's not me, that goes against everything I have built my position in this industry on! You are compromising everything I've worked for and from the way you're talking it seems like you won't stop until you get a piece of me. So alright then Michael Bishop, you've got me riled up! You've made me leave the desk, put the phone down and step through that curtain looking for a problem! I'm right in front of you now! In the flesh, live and in person! Staring across from you for all of the world to see! YOU CALLED ME OUT FOR WEEKS AND NOW I'M ACCEPTING IT! WHAT DO YOU NEED, MIKE - ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP THE SAME ENERGY NOW THAT I'M ACTUALLY HERE TO LOOK YOU IN THE FACE OR HAS REALITY HIT YOU AND YOU REALIZED HOW STUPID WANTING A MATCH WITH ME IS?

Bishop: You really should leave the talking to Monroe. Now get the fuck up here and sign this contract...

(Bishop holds up a contract with his off hand, tossing the microphone away).

Scott Oasis:

(Scott Oasis chuckles to himself and looks around, letting the fearlessness of Bishop's comments sink in. He puts his head down and continues to smirk before shooting his end up and "waking up". He charges into the ring and slides under the bottom rope as Michael Bishop gets into a stance.)

Lance Hart: OH NO!

Morgan Shaw: IT'S ABOUT TO GO DOWN LANCE! IT'S HAPPENING! MICHAEL BISHOP IS LOOKING READY TO DEAL WITH OASIS....HMM? Darn, it looks like the fight isn't going down just yet! Michael Bishop no longer tensing up as Scott Oasis has the microphone still in his hand and is looking down at the contract.

Scott Oasis: You have a lot of guts, Mike. You certainly don't give a fuck about your well being stepping up to me like this and in a strange way.....I can respect it. It reminds me of how I used to act. Going in, guns blazing. Aiming at the old heads trying to earn my spot. You've got me riled up in a way that I haven't felt in years. I'm wanting to rip a person's head

off just LOOKING AT YOU. My blood is BOILING. You want this match....and I want to see you bleed. But at the same time I don't fight for peanuts and I don't do small time matches which is why I won't be signing this.

(The crowd ERUPTS in boos.)

Lance Hart: YOU GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!

Morgan Shaw: All of this lead up just for him to duck out at the last second? SON OF A BITCH! Scott Oasis better be playing around.

(Michael Bishop approaches Scott Oasis looking furious at what he said.)

Scott Oasis: Calm down, tiger. I'm not signing THIS version of the contract.

(Scott Oasis drops down and picks up the contract, holding it in his hand.)

Scott Oasis: This contract, it ain't doing it for me. What I'm going to do is head to the back, finish my meeting with Bob Taylor and Fox Entertainment Group and once I finish up the stipulations of my select match deal with this promotion I'm setting my first fight - with you. Not in some regular match though. That's what I mean by "small-time". I want a hook. Something much more grandiose for a first match back. And I have the perfect idea. You see, you and I, we came up by having down and dirty fights. I was made in the underground and you cut your teeth there as well. I admit that I was aiming for the jugular when I called you mediocre - I know you're actually a killer out there, I've seen the footage. It's just that I'm another level and my work shows. If you want to dispute that and actually take me down then you're going to have to earn it. This isn't about wrestling, or the flashing lights, or wanting to make a statement at a major event, this is about two men duking it out. So let's take it back to where we both came up from, where we both rose and earned our credibility. Let's bring it back to the underground and mixed martial arts. When I first entered the fight scene, no holds barred combat was the biggest test of one's ability. If you wanted to show that you were about it you put it all on the line with no restrictions, no safety net in place, just the mat under your feet, the opponent in front of you and a gathering of blood thirsty fans surrounding you. Being in the type of situation gave me a rush; it made me fall in love with fighting and I feel that same type of motivation, anger and passion for this match so it's only fitting that that is how we meet and settle this all. I say that at Hardcore Havoc we do battle and we do so under what I like to call "Bloodsport Rules". Forget the guidelines of a match, forget the pinfalls, we go until one of us can't continue. That's how I want it, how about you? What do you say?

(Michael Bishop nods in approval as the two begin to smile competitively, looking forward to the contest. Scott drops his mic, Bishop drops his and without saying a word they have more or less confirmed the match, drawing a major reaction from the crowd.)

Morgan Shaw: NO HOLDS BARRED? DID YOU HEAR THAT, LANCE! THESE TWO ARE TAKING IT BACK TO THE UNDERGROUND FIGHT SCENE, TO THEIR COMBAT

SPORTS BACKGROUND AND THEY'RE GOING TO MEET EACH OTHER IN "BLOODSPORT" RULES! NO EXTRA FLASH, NO RULES NEEDED, ONE OF THEM IS GETTING BEATEN TO THE POINT THAT THEY CAN'T CARRY ON! THIS IS THE PERFECT MATCH FOR SCOTT OASIS TO RETURN IN, BUT IT COULD ALSO BE THE PERFECT MATCH FOR MICHAEL BISHOP TO BECOME "THE GUY"!

Lance Hart: BOTH MEN WANT TO STAKE THEIR CLAIM AS ONE OF THE TOP FIGHTERS IN SPORTS AND WILL DO ANYTHING TO OBTAIN IT! BOTH MEN ARE IN THE SAME LANE, SHARE THE SAME STYLE AND CARRY THE SAME MENTALITY! THIS IS THE PREMIERE DREAM MATCH IN MY OPINION AS FAR AS CLASHING OF GENERATIONS! THIS IS GOING TO BE UGLY AND MOST CERTAINLY THERE WILL BE BLOOODDDDD!!!

(Scott Oasis takes off his sports jacket and unbuttons his dress shirt, showing off his improved conditioning as he hopes to intimidate Bishop with a staredown. Michael Bishop though does not falter, seeming much more nonchalant and with less to prove in the confrontation. We get a view of their face to face from a direct angle, capturing Sebastian Monroe standing on the ramp as he appears to be between the two of them, looking on in shock at what just transpired as we fade away.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(We cut back after commercial to ringside.)

Julianna DeMarco: The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!

("Don't Get Captured" -- Run The Jewels hits as the arena is plunged into darkness temporarily. As the lights come back up, a fatigued-clad Nate Cage is seen making his way through the booing crowd, paying the audience members no mind as he hops the barricade and makes a beeline for the ring. Following in behind him were a few of the Wolvesden Soldiers following in hot pursuit, flanking around the ring to surround their War Adviser.)

Julianna DeMarco: Introducing first, from Manchester, England...weighing in at 240 pounds...HE IS "THEEEEEEE RIGHTEOUS"...NAAAAAAAAATE CAAAAAAAAAAGE!

Lance Hart: Wait-wait-wait, who are all these people? I only see Nate Cage's name here on the rundown of the card.

Morgan Shaw: Well, Lance, you obviously don't pay much attention! These are soldiers, ladies and gentlemen! Wolvesden Soldiers! Following their War Adviser, Nate Cage out to the ring!

Lance Hart: Well, that's not really fair, now is it? Axl Willow already had his hands full with this dangerous up and comer, but now he has to deal with these soldiers too?

("I'm Weird" -- Ghost Town plays in the arena next, new music debuting here tonight for Axl Willow, and he runs out on stage with a lot more pep in his step than he usually has. However he stopped his movements just before walking down the ramp and turned around, running back through the curtain for a few moments only to return back onto the stage this time with Sunshine! That... Blow Up Doll, but Axl was treating Sunshine like a regular person, dancing with her down the ramp.)

Morgan Shaw: Excuse me?!

Lance Hart: I... Uh... What is that?

Morgan Shaw: Why does Axl Willow have a sex doll on national television? Is this even allowed on FX?! Are we going to get thrown off the air?

Lance Hart: Okay, I'm getting word now that this is... Sunshine. Axl Willow calls her... uh... it... Sunshine?

Morgan Shaw: Oh my god! No wonder the doll is wearing Savannah Sunshine's old gear! What a freaking weirdo this Axl Willow guy is!

Julianna DeMarco: And hiiiiis opponent! From Bunker Hills, Illinois! Weighing in at 180 pounds!... THE LIIIIIIIIIIIVING WEEEEEEIRD! AXXXXXXXXXXL WIIIIIIIIIILOW!

Morgan Shaw: SEE?! I knew he was a weirdo!

Lance Hart: Well... The Living Weirdo is just getting even weirder, what is he doing now?!

Morgan Shaw: He's putting Sunshine on the apron, pinning her against the corner to keep her standing up, that's not a real person! What is wrong with him!

Lance Hart: Nate Cage doesn't look too amused from this either right now, he looks highly annoyed!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Axl Willow: WHOA! WHOA! WHOA! WHOA! TIMEOUT! C'MON TIMEOUT! I SAID TIMEOUT MAN!

Referee: Timeout?!

Lance Hart: Did he just call a timeout?!

Morgan Shaw: This is professional wrestling, there is no timeouts! What is he doing?!

Lance Hart: Why is Axl grabbing Sunshine? Is... Axl... No...

Morgan Shaw: Axl just planted a kiss on the sex doll! What is wrong with him?! Someone fire this freak before he kicks us off the air!

Lance Hart: OH NO! LOOK OUT, AXL!

Morgan Shaw: FINALLY! NATE CAGE HAS HAD ENOUGH! WHAT A HUGE GERMAN SUPLEX THAT SENDS AXL WILLOW TO THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

Lance Hart: Axl is out of it already! Slowly rising up to his knees, but Nate Cage is nowhere near done yet!

Morgan Shaw: What's he looking for here?!

Lance Hart: HE JUST POPPED AXL UP INTO THE AIR FROM A KNEELING POSITION! HE'S GOT HIM IN PRIME POSITION NOW FOR THE DEVIL'S BACKBONE!

Morgan Shaw: UP AXL GOES ANDDDDDDDDDDD..... DOWN HE GOES! WHAT A HUGE POWERBOMB BACKSTABBER FROM NATE CAGE! THAT COULD BE IT ALREADY!

Lance Hart: That's the quickest Nate Cage has ever hit The Devil's Backbone! Can it be over?! Can it be?!

Referee: ONEEEEEEEEE!

Referee: TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Referee: THRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

("Don't Get Captured" -- Run The Jewels plays once more as Nate Cage rolls out of the ring and quickly leads his soldiers right to the back in formation, not skipping a beat.)

Julianna DeMarco: Here is your winner.....NAAAAATTTEEE CAGGGGEEEEEE!!!!

Lance Hart: I CAN NOT BELIEVE THIS! AXL WILLOW DEBUTING THAT, THAT....THAT *THING* AND FOCUSING ON IT COST HIM AS NATE WAS WAITING FOR HIM WITH A BRUTAL ATTACK! THAT MAN JUST LOST IN UNDER THIRTY SECONDS!!!!

Morgan Shaw: I'M HEARING NOW THAT IT WAS TWENTY THREE SECONDS IN TOTAL! IT JUST GOES TO SHOW TO NOT LET YOUR GUARD DOWN AGAINST A TRAINED VET IN COMBAT LIKE AXL'S OPPONENT! NATE CAGE IS A FORCE TO BE RECKONED WITH! WHO CAN STOP THIS ANIMAL?!

Lance Hart: The men in the Ultimate X better watch their backs with this man in the fray come Hardcore Havoc!

(COMMERCIAL)

(We come back after commercial where in the ring, we already see Aria Jaxon and Diantha Moreau inside waiting to compete.)

Gia Cervantes: Welcome back to Kingdom everybody where we have up next, Aria Jaxon stepping into the ring for the second time here in OWA against newcomer Diantha Moreau!

Ashley Walker: And by the look on her face Gia, she isn't happy. For the second straight week in a row, Aria Jaxon's entrance was NOT featured on the broadcast! She made it during the commercial break!

Gia Cervantes: Perhaps Aria's crazy idea of this conspiracy against her may not be so crazy after all!

(Ding Ding Ding)

Gia Cervantes:: Aria and Diantha glance slightly at one another, neither one really wanting to give anything away to their foe. Neither one, wanting to be the first to make a misstep in this battle. Slightly 'jab stepping', Diantha teases lunging in for a takedown of sorts, but then backs away with a smirk once she notices Aria bracing for her to make her move. Softly laughing, Aria then steps back, arms outstretched and almost attempting to lure Moreau in --- inviting her to actually follow through with her jab steps; fire the first shot --- though Diantha just icily stares at her, not wishing to bite.

Ashley Walker: Glancing out to the crowd, Jaxon smirks, pivoting her body to face them, then mockingly bowing --- before Diantha decides to drop down and attack "The Queen's" knees with a chop block, leaving her sprawling atop the mat --- a slight cheer emitting itself from the crowd at that manoeuvre. Kipping herself up, Moreau then delivers a pointed knee to Aria's sternum, before clasping her right hand within Diantha's own --- even if only to then leap about three feet into the air; crash down atop the arm with a viscous double foot stomp, watching as Aria grabs it it, lowly groaning as the pain begins to race up and down the area where Moreau's boots made impact (the bicep). .

Gia Cervantes:Turning her head back to Aria after peering out at the crowd, Diantha realises that Jaxon has made it to her feet; is wringing the pain out of her arm, waiting for Moreau to engage with her once more. Which occurs when Diantha slightly hooks her left arm under Aria's left shoulder, before pivoting her body --- hoisting "OWA's Queen" over over an armdrag, whilst a "Forgotten Senshi" chant begins to radiate throughout the arena. Smirking at that, Moreau poses for the crowd, before stomping on Aria, then driving an elbow into the sternum, allowing a loud gasp to float into the air, Aria starting to feel pain pulsate throughout her body --- the frustration of not being able to really get started in this bout getting to her.

Ashley Walker: Extending her right hand out, Diantha raises Aria to her feet --- hoping to either Irish whip her into the ropes, or send her back to the mat with a kick, before deciding

to commit to the Irish whip strategy. Or, that's what she *desired* anyway --- it's actually Aria who is able to stabilise the feet; initiate the whip into the ropes, before connecting with a spinning heel kick as Moreau rebounds back, causing Diantha to fall back first onto the mat, and granting Jaxon some 'recovery time'.

Gia Cervantes: Some time, to prepare her next point of attack. Grasping The Forgotten Senshi's right hand in a wrist lock, Aria drops a knee right into the sternum of her foe --- allowing a soft chuckle to emit itself after doing so, to 'drown out' the grunt that leaves her opponent's lips, before pushing herself up and delivering four rapid fire kicks right to the skull of Diantha, trash-talking her as each one's impact radiates into the air. Releasing the wrist, Jaxon poses once more, before falling forward; connecting with a diving headbutt just underneath Diantha's bust, causing her to wriggle around in agony, as soft groans continuously float into the air.

Ashley Walker: Rolling to the right and off Diantha's body, it's Aria's turn to kip up, now, as she then hoists Moreau to her feet --- a move that Moreau would show her thanks for, by responding with a sharp thrust kick to the right hand side of Jaxon's temple, causing her to fall back onto the mat once more, her eyes slightly glazed over at the impact. Diantha then simply drops down, hooking the outside leg for the pinning attempt.

... 1/2 ...

... 1 ...

... 1 1/2 ...

Gia Cervantes: At a count of about 1 and three-quarters, Aria is able to raise her left shoulder about a quarter inch off the mat, enough to cause Diantha to glare at her, a slightly irritated expression across her face --- although she knows she still has more work to do in order to get the win, she was hoping she was at least on the right track. That she could have gotten a 2 count --- before she delivers a straight right to the bridge of Aria's nose as she works her way back to a vertical position. When she achieves it, she tilts her head to glare deep into the glazed yet still alert irises of her foe, before raising her left boot; coming down with a stomp that connects right with Aria's forehead.

Ashley Walker: You know, the type of stomp that if it were done with a high heel --- would more than likely rip flesh from the forehead; cause blood to pour onto the mat. Luckily though, it was inflicted with a wrestling boot, so doesn't quite penetrate or break the skin. That is followed by a second stomp, this time to the sternum before Diantha lifts Aria up once more --- only this time, she immediately whips her into the corner, watching as Aria's body contorts upon impact with the turnbuckle padding as she rushes forward; connecting with a reverse DDT as Aria stumbles backwards, a soft 'crack' sound being heard as Aria's head slams against the matting. Rolling atop of her, Moreau goes for a lateral press pin.

... 1/2 ...

... 1 ...

... 1 1/2 ...

... 2 ...

... 2 1/2 ...

Gia Cervantes: About three inches before the ref's hand would have come down for the count of 3, Aria manages to gently raise her right shoulder --- not in the most commanding of fashion, but enough to alert the referee and bring a halt to the count. Much to Diantha's chagrin, as she screams at the ref "It was three", before frustratingly throwing an elbow into the right hand side of Aria's temple, before landing a second one about three seconds later.

Ashley Walker: Pushing herself up, she gives the ref an aggressive 'death stare' --- partially for the 'slow count'; partially for the admonishing she was being given on the elbows, before a yell leaves her lips. Aria had managed to use the lapse in concentration in order to repay Diantha for the chop block she inflicted at the start of the match, by delivering one of her own, causing the knee to buckle as The Forgotten Senshi sprawls backwards atop the mat. Feeling her legs slightly wobble, Aria manages to get to her feet, but then slightly grasps at her side, a jolt of pain having seared through before she simply looks down at Diantha; leaps into the air and crashes atop the sternum with a pointed elbow drop, before pushing herself up and running the ropes --- this time coming back with a viscous Shinning Wizard, that leads to a pinning attempt.

... 1/2 ...

... 1 ...

... 1 1/2 ...

... 2 ...

Gia Cervantes: A split moment after the 'two' resonates throughout the crowd, Moreau is able to push Aria off her; roll onto her right side --- though she slightly clutches at her stomach as she does, the pain having caused it to begin feeling like mashed potatoes internally --- whilst Aria lays back first on the mat, looking upwards and feeling her breathing become slightly staggered in nature. Both slowly making their way upwards, they pause --- both knowing that if they are the first to 'flinch'; if they are the first to make a mistake, or the first to err in their strategy --- that they *will* be the one looking up at the lights once it is all said and done.

Ashley Walker: Posing, Aria slightly smirks at Moreau, hoping to irritate her to the point where she can 'lure her in'; once again control the tempo of the match, but just like it was when the match commenced, Diantha doesn't budge --- well, save for mouthing a word or two in the direction of the one who deems herself "Hera Incarnate".

Gia Cervantes: Stepping forward, Aria mockingly extends her right hand for Diantha to clutch, only for her foe to slap it away --- enough for a slightly annoyed look to come across the eyes of Jaxon, before she teases going for her "Purple Reign" finisher. Bracing for it, Moreau simply dares her to follow through with it, before "OWA's Queen" simply flashes a smile and laughs, knowing that she now has Diantha right where she wants her --- using the hesitation as an opportunity to connect with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex. Arching her back as she lands, Diantha feels her internal nervous system begin to go crazy, a mixture of pain and adrenaline racing throughout her, as she attempts to rise back to her feet.

Ashley Walker: *Attempting* because Aria is right there to deny her the opportunity to get back vertical, thought she would raise Diantha up --- even if only to level her back onto the mat with a hurricanarana driver that she names "Ultraviolet". Hearing the boos of the crowd resonate around the crowd --- although they are matched by equally appreciative cheering, Aria asserts that she is the Queen of OWA, before looking back at the downed Diantha, waiting for her to stir --- though after about ten seconds of her simply laying there, grabbing at her sternum and feeling the pain race up and down her body, Aria shrugs her shoulders and lifts her up. This time though, Moreau slides her left leg behind Aria's own right leg, before kicking back and turning it into a modified small package

... 1/2 ...

... 1 ...

... 1 1/2 ...

... 2 ...

Gia Cervantes: Aria rolls herself forward, serving the purpose of breaking the count on Diantha's pin; turning it into a pinning attempt of her own.

... 1/2 ...

... 1 ...

... 1 1/2 ...

... 2 ...

Ashley Walker: At what one would say is '2 and a quarter', Diantha is able to roll her left shoulder off the mat, breaking up the pin as a slight expression of frustration appears on Aria's face, followed by a slight twitch of her mouth and right hand, the match beginning to take its toll on both competitors. Though all Aria would do in response, is stand up; lift Diantha up with her --- then connect with a reverse STO into a koji clutch that she calls the '187'.

Gia Cervantes: Agonising screams penetrating the air, Moreau struggles mightily, attempting to fight a way out. Attempting to show the inner strength that she had showcased in this match --- the spirit, that had been evident for the world to see, even as Aria torques the move back more. But it's too much --- the pain is consuming her entire body at this point, and her breath; her eyes are starting to fade with each second she fights. Each moment, she attempts to break free of Aria's grasp --- and ultimately, after about thirty-seven seconds within the hold, she is forced to tap Aria's leg's thrice in submission.

(Ding Ding Ding)

("Freedom" by Beyonce & Kendrick Lamar plays to boos as Aria Jaxon throws Diantha away from her before rolling to her feet as the referee raises her arm in victory.)

Julianna DeMarco: Here is your winner via submission... AAAARRIIIAAAA
JAAAAAAXXOOONNN!!

Gia Cervantes: And a big statement win from Aria Jaxon here tonight just days out from her big upcoming matchup against Savannah Sunshine at Hardcore Havoc!

Ashley Walker: Aria was looking the goods here tonight, and your SSW Puroresu Heavyweight Champion came out victorious!

Gia Cervantes: Now she must focus... on... WAIT!!!

(The crowd all rise to the feet with a huge roar of approval as they see Savannah Sunshine roll into the ring holding something.)

Gia Cervantes: IT'S SAVANNAH SUNSHINE!! SAVANNAH SUNSHINE!! WHAT'S SHE GOT IN HER HANDS?!

Ashley Walker: IT'S A GIANT CANDY CANE, GIA! WHAT ON EARTH?! ARIA JAXON HAS NO IDEA BUT SHE'S LISTENING TO THE CROWD IN CONFUSION! OHHHH!!
SAVANNAH JUST SMACKED THAT GIANT CANDY CANE OVER THE BACK OF ARIA AND IT SNAPS IN HALF!! ARIA DROPS TO HER KNEES IN COMPLETE AGONY!

Gia Cervantes: BUT SAVANNAH ISN'T DONE YET. SAVANNAH GRABS THE CURVED BIT OF THAT CANDY CANE... OH NO SHE'S NOT... SHE'S NOT THINKING...

Ashley Walker: SHE IS!! SAVANNAH PUTS IT AROUND ARIA'S THROAT AND PUTS HER LEFT FOOT INTO ARIA'S LOWER BACK BEFORE PULLING! SHE IS CHOKING HER WITH THAT CANDY CANE!! OH MY GOD!! SHE IS CHOKING THE DAMN LIFE OUT OF ARIA JAXON!!

Gia Cervantes: HOLD UP NOW! THREE OFFICIALS ARE RUNNING DOWN AND THEY ENTER THE RING AND SAVANNAH IMMEDIATELY RELEASES. ARIA FLOPS TO THE CANVAS IN A HEAP! WOW!

Ashley Walker: This is a very different side of Savannah Sunshine here Gia, but Aria did provoke it! You can't deny that she didn't! If this is the Savannah Sunshine that we see at Hardcore Havoc, Aria Jaxon is going to have some trouble on her hands! We'll be right back!

(Savannah Sunshine poses to the crowd before rolling out of the ring and making her way up to the entrance stage as Aria Jaxon begins to come to...)

(COMMERCIAL)

(DING! DING! DING!)

Julianna DeMarco: The Following contest is...OUR MAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING...and is scheduled for ONE FALL!

("Faust" by Silent Armada blasts through the OWA arena speakers. The crowd gives Jon McAdams quite an ovation as he heads to the ring with confidence.)

Julianna DeMarco: From London, England...weighing in at 210 pounds....he is "SOVEREIGN".....JOOOOOOOOOON MCAAADAAAAAAMS!!!!!!!!!!!!

("Oblivion" by 30 Seconds to Mars plays as a chorus of boos echo around the arena as Keelan Callihan makes his way out to the stage. He takes a moment to look around at the crowd before making his way to the ring.)

Julianna DeMarco: From Gold Coast, Australia...weighing in at 218 pounds....he is "THE KILLER".... KEEEEEEEEEEEEELAAAAAAN CAAAAALLIIIIHAAAAAAN!!!!!!!!

("Morning Glory" by Oasis plays to a huge ovation as Finnegan Wakefield comes out wearing his usual United Kingdom jacket. He pops the collar and points out to the crowd before making his way to the ring.)

Julianna DeMarco: From Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk, England....weighing in at 181 pounds....he is "THE WRESTLING ARTIST".....FIIIIINNEEEEGAAAAAN WAAAAAAAKEFIIIIEEEEEEELD!!!!!!!!

("King's Dead" by Kendrick Lamar to a huge ovation as Miltiades comes out with a grin on his face as he looks out into the crowd. He points up to the sky before making his way to the ring.)

Julianna DeMarco: From Rome....weighing in at 235 pounds...he is "AUGUSTUS".....MIIIIILTIIIAADEEESSSSSSSSS!!!!!!!!!!!!

("I'm the One" by Static X plays to big heat as CM Nas makes his way out onto the stage with a hoodie on. He takes his hoodie off before unzipping the jacket and poses to the fans before making his way down to the ring.)

Julianna DeMarco: From Newark, New Jersey...weighing in at 222 pounds...he is THE OMEGA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...C! M! NAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!!

("S.O.A.R" by Devour The Day plays to a big ovation as Jacob Senn slowly makes his way out from behind the curtains to a huge, "JACOB SENNI!" chant. Senn takes the time to pose for a few moments to let it all in before he makes his way down to the ring.)

Julianna DeMarco: From Chicago, Illinois...weighing in at 218 pounds....he is "THE PUNISHER".....JAAAAAAACOOOOOOOOOB SEEEEEENNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!!!!!!!!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: Here we go as we begin with Finnegan Wakefield and Jacob Senn starting us off in this massive main event! And here they go as- Oh for the love of...CM Nas just tagged himself in and now he's barking at Jacob Senn to get on the apron. Senn of course not thrilled about this, but not going to let his team implode so quickly, is forced to follow the rules and allow Nas to compete. And now we see both Nas and Finn circling one another as they enter a collar and elbow tie up! The larger Nas quickly overpowering Finnegan and getting him into a side headlock. But Finn being a technically gifted as he is quickly slithers his way out and catches Nasir in a waist lock instead! Finn attempts to roll Nas back, but the champ forces all his weight down on top of The Wrestling Artist and grips his hair, pulling him up. Wise by CM Nas, and a bit unorthodox. CM Nas now with a quick Back Elbow to the side of Wakefield's head. And a second! A third!

Morgan Shaw: This time Finnegan ducks Nasir's elbow and traps his arm! ARM TRAP NECKBREAKER! Nas is down as Finnegan quickly rises back to his feet. Finn picks up Nasir as the Heavyweight Champ shoves the smaller competitor away and quickly scrambles to his team's corner. Miltiades gets the tag! Miltiades quickly rushes in with a hard dropkick to Finnegan Wakefield! Finn staggers back as Miltiades keeps the pressure on him with knife edge chops! Finn catches his arm and wrenches it! Finn drops Miltiades to the ground and gets him in a Hammer Lock! Wakefield kneels down and pulls back on Miltiades head while keeping his arm locked up! HAMMER AND CHIN LOCK! A VERY VICIOUS SUBMISSION HOLD RIGHT AWAY! CM NAS RUNS INTO THE RING AND STOMPS FINN IN THE BACK REPEATEDLY! Keelan is trying to jump in as well, but the referee is holding him back! And now he's ordering for Nasir to go back out!

Lance Hart: Finn crawls over and tags Keelan into the ring! Keelan charges in and lands a big time Discus Clothesline on Miltiades right off the bat! Now Keelan stomping at the legs of Miltiades! LEG SWEEP! Miltiades kips up to his feet, BUT so does Keelan! They eye each other down. LOCK UP! Keelan slips behind Miltiades and lands a big Back Suplex on the Tres Comas Club member! And now The Killer is climbing up to the top turnbuckle! DIVING DOUBLE KNEE DROP! MILTIADES ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY! SHINING WIZARD! MILTIADES STRIKES SWIFTLY! AND NOW HE'S STALKING KEELAN CALLIHAN! ET TU BRUTE! THE BACKSTABBER! COVER!

Ref: ONE!....

TW-

Morgan Shaw: Keelan Callihan kicks out! Miltiades drags his body right into the middle of the ring. And now he's scaling up to the top turnbuckle...this could end very badly for either man, or even both! PHOENIX SPLA- JON MCADAMS JUST TOSSED MILTIADES OFF THE TOP! MILTIADES JUST WENT SPLAT ON THE CANVAS AND BOTH FINN AND MCADAMS ARE SCREAMING FOR KEELAN TO TAG ONE OF THEM IN! Keelan is slowly inching his way over to his team's corner as...JON MCADAMS GETS THE TAG! BUT WAIT MILTIADES JUST TAGGED IN CM NAS! Both men enter the ring as CM Nas hits a big Kitchen Sink on Jon McAdams! AND A SECOND KITCHEN SINK! CM Nas runs at McAdams again as he goes for a Running Dropkick, but CM Nas ducks under him and keeps moving! Nas bounces back off the ropes with a HUGE JUMPING CLOTHESLINE! CM NAS IS ALL FIRED UP RIGHT NOW! IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S ABOUT TO SET UP FOR THE SUPERMAN PUNCH OF HIS! THE SUPER GOD FIST! JON MCADAMS RISES TO HIS FEET AND-

Lance Hart: JACOB SENN JUST TAGGED HIMSELF IN! NAS LOOKS LIVID AND SENN IS ENJOYING EVERY BIT OF THIS! Nas reluctantly goes back to the apron as Jacob Senn now is the one measuring Jon McAdams...SINGLE LEG DROPKICK! Jon gets back up...CLOSED HANDED PUNCH! AND A STIFF ONE AT THAT! A SECOND PUNCH! SHOOT KICK! SPINNING BACKFIST! AND A LARIAT! THE SECOND CITY COMBINATION! WAIT KEELAN CALLIHAN JUST JUMPED INTO THE RING! HE'S NOT SUPPOSED TO DO THAT! IT DOESN'T MATTER THOUGH! SENN DUCKS HIS SUPERKICK ATTEMPT PELE KICK! And now look at Jon McAdams taking advantage! BIG GERMAN SUPLEX WITH THE BRIDGING PIN!

Ref: ONE!...

TWO!....

THR-

Morgan Shaw: JACOB SENN KICKS OUT! McAdams looks frustrated now...HE SIZES SENN UP FOR A BIG TIME HEADBUTT! MCADAMS JUST CRACKED HIS HEAD UP AGAINST SENN'S! THAT WAS DEFINITELY BRUTAL! Now McAdams is lifting Senn up in a Back Suplex clutch...is this it? The Kingbreaker?! NO! Jacon Senn flips back and lands on his feet! WEAPON X! THE STUNNER OUTTA NOWHERE! WAIT KEELAN'S BACK IN THE RING! HE'S CLUBBING SENN IN THE BACK AND MCADAMS IS JOINING IN! MILTIADES JUST JUMPED INTO THE RING! FINNEGAN AND CM NAS ARE JOINING IN NOW! THIS MATCH HAS COMPLETELY DERAILED INTO PURE CHAOS! NAS AND FINN TRADING FISTS! MILTIADES AND KEELAN DOING THE SAME! AND JON MCADAMS STOMPING AWAY AT THE BODY OF JACOB SENN! THE REF IS THROWING THIS MATCH OUT AS HE CANNOT GET CONTROL OF THESE MEN!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: This match is concluding as a double disqualification on account of both teams as McAdams tosses Senn out of the ring and Finn Clotheslines Nasir out! WAIT KEELAN GETS MILTIADES ON HIS SHOULDERS! DEAD BY DAYLIGHT! THE FIREMAN'S CARRY STUNNER! CM NAS GETS BACK IN THE RING! ETHER! THE GO TO SLEEP ON KEELAN CALLIHAN! HERE COMES JON MCADAMS! THE KINGBREAKER! BACK SUPLEX DROPPED INTO A DOUBLE KNEE BACKBREAKER ONTO CM NAS! FINNEGAN WAKEFIELD AND JACOB SENN BOTH ROLL IN AT THE SAME TIME! SENN RUSHES OVER AND PULLS NASIR BACK IN AS FINN TAKES HOLD OF JON MCADAMS! ANDROMEDA AND SHADOW STEP! THE FULL NELSON SUPLEX AND THE CURBSTOMP AT THE SAME TIME!

Morgan Shaw: Finnegan and Jacob turn to face each other! This is very interesting...are they going to fight?!

Lance Hart: NO! THEY SHAKE HANDS! Finnegan even goes as far as to hand Jacob Senn the Omega Heavyweight Championship! Senn takes it and raises it, but then uses his free hand to raise Finn's arm into the air as well! THIS VERY WELL COULD BE YOUR PAIR OF WORLD CHAMPIONS AFTER HARDCORE HAVOC! THESE TWO I PERSONALLY BELIEVE WOULD BE THE BEST CHOICES FOR OUR REPRESENTATIVES HERE IN OW-

Morgan Shaw: ANDRE VIRGO AND CHASE VEDDER! ANDRE JUST SMASHED THE SSW JUNIOR HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE AGAINST THE BACK OF JACOB SENN'S SKULL! MEANWHILE CHASE VEDDER LIFTS UP FINNEGAN WAKEFIELD FOR THE LETHAL WEAPON! THE NORTHERN LIGHTS BOMB SHAKES THE ENTIRE RING! JACOB SENN IS ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES LOOKING DOWN AT THE BODY OF FINNEGAN WAKEFIELD!

Lance Hart: Andre has called for Miltiades to reenter the ring! DON'T TELL ME THIS IS HAPPENING! NERO'S LAST CALL! THE CURBSTOMP ONTO JACOB SENN HIMSELF! MILTIADES LIFTS UP THE OMEGA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP AS BOTH HE AND CHASE VEDDER CLIMB UP TURNBUCKLES, ANDRE VIRGO CLAPPING FOR THEM! THIS VERY WELL COULD BE ANOTHER ENDING TO HARDCORE HAVOC...WITH TRES COMAS CLUB RULING OVER THE LANDSCAPE OF OWA!

Morgan Shaw: It's an ending that I would honestly bet on if tonight has any say in future events!

Lance Hart: Well the only real way to know for sure is to tune in to Hard Havoc LIVE on FPV May 13th and check it out for yourselves!

Morgan Shaw: Don't feel sorry for yourselves because you missed it!

Lance Hart: INDEED! As for tonight however, this has been Lance Hart signing off for both myself and Morgan Shaw on yet another must watch edition of KINGDOM! Don't tune out of OWA now just when things are getting interesting!

(The OWA Logo flashes on the screen before the camera fades to black.)