

[COLD OPEN]

(Cut to the back halls. OWA World Champion Kenny Drake walks beside his wife, Niki Khan. Niki chuckles at something Kenny just said. Kenny has the OWA Title belt over his shoulder.)

Kenny Drake: ...but that's the thing, though, is he won't do it...so it's all moot.

Niki Khan: Unbelievable. I'm shocked he's still employed.

Kenny Drake: Eh hh my dad loves him. He's never lea-

(Kenny suddenly stops Niki, his eyes wide.)

Niki Khan: What?

(Kenny says nothing, just points ahead. In front of them is a door, marked "KENNY DRAKE DRESSING ROOM." The door is cracked open, and strobe lights are clearly on inside.)

Kenny Drake: Wait here...

Niki Khan: Yup.

(Kenny slowly pushes the door open, to reveal...

...nothing... a few half-blown up balloons, a ripped streamer, and the strobe light. In the middle of the room is a chair with a small gift box. A horrible birthday party. Kenny scoffs and shakes his head...)

(Just as a phone rings, seemingly from inside the gift. Kenny glances around for a moment before picking up the box and opening it. Inside is an iPhone 5. FaceTime Call from "YOUR BEST FRIEND"... Kenny begrudgingly presses the call button.)

Moongoose McQueen: "KENNY...KENNY...KENNY Fuckin' Drake! How ARE you?!"

(Kenny says nothing. He simply stares at the screen.)

Moongoose McQueen: "...a CUNNING linguist...Niki must be very happy...anyway! I came to the conclusion the other day, you and I haven't really...TALKED much...and you know...that has been weighing heavy on me. So...I figured, since we're WEEKS away from the biggest night of our lives...I would extend you an olive branch. HOW would YOU like to get a SURPRISE?!"

Kenny Drake: I hate surprises.

Moongoose McQueen: "Oh. ...well...shit, you're no fun, are you?"

Kenny Drake: What do you want, Goose?

Moongoose McQueen: "Iiiiiiiii want a definitive yes or no answer from you."

Kenny Drake: About?

Moongoose McQueen: "...if you're going to play or not."

Kenny Drake: What happens if I say no?

Moongoose McQueen: "well...that IS one of the options...I guess you're just gonna have to pick that and see what happens, aren't you?"

Kenny Drake: Don't waste my time.

Moongoose McQueen: "Wow...you really DO hate surprises...you are nowhere near as fun as I thought. How about this...If you say yes...we'll jump RIGHT into it. How's that sound?"

(Kenny says nothing. He sniffs sharply through his nose, almost as a silent affirmation for Goose to continue.)

Moongoose McQueen: "LOVEly...Let's get started, then! Your FIRST clue is at catering! Go on ahead an-"

(Kenny hangs up before Goose can finish. He slowly lowers his hand as Niki steps into the locker room.)

Niki Khan: Who was that?

Kenny Drake: ...Goose...

Niki Khan: What in the hell did that lunatic want?

Kenny Drake: He said he has a...surprise for me...wants me to go to catering to find my first clue.

Niki Khan: Hm.

(A brief silence.)

Kenny Drake: ..so this is what this feels like.

Niki Khan: mm, mind games?

Kenny Drake: mm.

Niki Khan: Yeaaaah.

(Another brief silence.)

Niki Khan: ...well...you seem to have this covered, I'm gonna go get high with Jackie and watch the show. Toodles, hot cock.

(Niki hops up and pecks Kenny on the cheek. She takes the title belt off his shoulder and gently smacks him in the balls before skipping off. Kenny is left standing in the doorway...)

Kenny Drake: ...seriously...this is an out of body experience...

(FADE IN: Yet another sold out OWA crowd filled with fans waving their signs and screaming their hearts out.)

(GRAPHIC: "LIVE! From The Colonial Arena in Charleston, South Carolina!")

(After swinging around the audience we settle on the squared circle, where hanging above it, stands the Hell in a Cell.)

(The Hell in a Cell begins to lower as the crowd rise to their feet and cheer.)

Lance Hart: And we are opening this show ladies and gentlemen with Keelan Callihan to talk about his upcoming match at Final Destination against Finnegan Wakefield!

("Oblivion" by 30 Seconds to Mars plays to boos as Keelan Callihan slowly makes his way out from behind the curtains, looking depressed. He wears his merch and sports some denim jeans and black sneakers.)

Rita Gonzales: Ladies and gentlemen please welcome... KEEEEEEEEEEEEELLAAAAANNNN  
CAAAAAAALLLLLLIIHHHAAANNN!!!

Lance Hart: And it has finally been made official! Finnegan Wakefield accepted the challenge Keelan made on Atlantis a few nights ago, and these two will meet again for the first time in almost two years at the company's biggest show - Final Destination 2! But not only that, it will be INSIDE Hell in a Cell!

Morgan Shaw: Their match a couple of years ago was one of the greatest matches I have ever witnessed in my entire life. The only way they can top it is by adding a cell into the equation! At Final Destination in just a number of weeks, things are going to get personal and they are sure as hell going to be gruesome!

(Keelan Callihan enters the cell and receives a microphone from Rita as she leaves the cell. He rolls into the ring as his music fades out.)

Lance Hart: Keelan has been visibly sad these last few weeks. He's seemed to come to terms of his biggest losses in his career coming down on him. He stopped giving the blame and started taking it.

Morgan Shaw: And it's turned him into this depressed filled individual, even though he's begun to accept his failures.

Keelan Callihan: Being inside this cell right now is almost like a metaphor for how I'm feeling with myself these days. I... I feel trapped. Confined. Imprisoned in my own mind and closed off from the rest of the world. I know all of you have been noticing how I've been feeling since Clash of the Titans. I have not been in the most healthy of mindsets that's for sure. The truth is, things have taken a turn for the worst ever since I once again came THIS close to winning the big one but just falling short in the end. It's been the definition of my career for the past few years. I've been unable to wrestle with this negativity inside of me for so long. I tried so hard to fight it, but lately, I gave up and just started letting it consume me. All of my losses and all of my downfalls - it's been on me. Nobody else.

(Keelan Callihan looks around the cell.)

Keelan Callihan: And in just a few short weeks, I will be back inside this cell not wrestling negativity but wrestling Finnegan Wakefield. My oldest friend in this business and easily my number one enemy. It's pretty obvious that he and I bring the best out of one another, and I feel like at Final Destination 2, we will bring the best out of one another again. It's amazing how our paths managed to cross again. While I did take you out a couple of weeks ago on Kingdom, I think you know just as well as I do, Finn, that we both need this match. We both need to defeat one another. You've been in a slump, trying to prove to the world and to everybody in this company that you still belong in the main event spot you dominated for the better half of the first season of this place. Since its birth, you were this company's face and its main champion. Every match and every title defence you entered, you walked out stronger, badder and better than before. But lately, you've been unable to even break through since you came back. Now, when you did come back the night I beat Nas, I broke down into tears. Usually I would have just blamed you but no... the reason I broke down is because I knew that all the hard work I put in with Zaibatsu to make it to the top of this show's division would all come crumbling in an instant and you would take over and pick up right where you left off. But luckily, that didn't happen. You couldn't climb up. You tried, but you failed.

(Keelan takes a deep breath, and it's almost like he's trying to fight back tears.)

Keelan Callihan: But here's what I do know. If you defeat me inside this cell at Final Destination 2, it will all become true. Everything I thought would happen, will happen. You will return to your spot in the main event scene and you will probably win a world championship again. As for me? Well, my career will be cemented as the failure that it is. My career will be nothing more than just a flash in the pan; a lengthy career with little accolades filled with mediocrity and luck. I can defeat all the big names and retire all the legends that I want, but if I am unable to prove my worth by winning a world championship, then it all means nothing. It all ... means ... nothing.

(Keelan tosses the microphone down onto the mat and begins to pace around the ring, breathing heavily.)

Morgan Shaw: This man is pouring his heart out here in one of the best promos I've ever heard - it looks like he's about to break down!

Lance Hart: This match obviously means more to Keelan than we realized... and he's right! If he can't beat Finn at Final Destination, he's back to square one!

(Keelan squats down with his head in his hands. After a few moments he picks up the microphone and looks up at the roof of the cell.)

Keelan Callihan: I didn't ask Julianna to come out here with me tonight. I told her I wanted to get some things off of my chest and needed to do it alone, but once again, I am lying.

(Keelan stands back up and looks into the hard camera.)

Keelan Callihan: So many people just say that I'm not "hardcore" anymore like I used to be back in the day. Finn, if I am to defeat you at Final Destination, I need to resort back to that careless individual. The man that turns off his mind and just lets himself go through hell just to get that victory. I've been putting myself through hell these past few weeks, and I know I won't be able to defeat you otherwise, so why not go a little further? ...if you'll excuse me...

(Keelan leaves the ring and exits the cell. He slowly begins to walk around it, not taking his eyes off the top of the cell as fans begin to rise to their feet.)

Lance Hart: What... what is this guy thinking?

Morgan Shaw: I have no idea...

(Keelan Callihan makes his way over to the commentary desk by Lance and Morgan. He drops the microphone before slamming his hands on the table. He has his head down, and looks at the floor.)

Lance Hart: Keelan, I don't know what you're wanting to do and I don't exactly know what you've got going in your mind, but do you--

Morgan Shaw: OH! He's removed the cover off of our announce table! He's thrown it away and now he's removing our monitors! Keelan, my guy, what are you doing?!

Keelan Callihan (off-mic): Shut up! I need to do this... I need... I need to.

Lance Hart: Keelan, you... WAIT... HE'S BEGINNING TO SCALE THE CELL! KEELAN CALLIHAN IS CLIMBING THE FUCKING CELL! GET DOWN YOU MANIAC WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

Morgan Shaw: A MAN FIGHTING THE DEMONS INSIDE OF HIM SHOULD NOT BE DOING SOMETHING LIKE THIS!

Lance Hart: And look, Julianna DeMarco is sprinting down to the ring with a referee! She comes over to our desk as the referee is yelling at Keelan to come down!

(Julianna DeMarco picks up a microphone.)

Julianna DeMarco: KEELAN! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?! GET DOWN FROM THERE!!!

Lance Hart: Keelan has reached the top and he rises to his feet slowly! He takes a couple of steps towards the edge and looks down - that's over 20 feet in the air, Morgan!

Morgan Shaw: More referees are running down the ramp now, and they bunch up together by our commentary desk, yelling at Keelan!

Julianna DeMarco: Keelan, come down, please baby. I don't know what you're thinking but please... come down. We can talk about this.

(We can see tears begin to fill in Keelan's eyes as he just slowly shakes his head.)

Morgan Shaw: Oh my god... I can't watch!

Lance Hart: KEELAN BEGINS TO SLOWLY TURN AROUND AS HE INCHES HIS FEET BY THE EDGE OF THE CELL! HE IS RIGHT ABOVE US, MORGAN!!

???: STOP THIS! KEELAN, NO!

(We see Scott Oasis storm out from behind the curtains in his wrestling attire and his jacket. He looks panicked.)

Lance Hart: It's the COO!

Scott Oasis: Dude, Keelan. This is going a little bit far, isn't it? We can't have you doing this... come down, please. Let's go to the back and talk about this.

(Keelan takes a deep breath and once again shakes his head. The crowd don't know how to react.)

Morgan Shaw: Oh god, this is... just, insane! This is insane!

???: KEELAN, STOP!!!

(The crowd react in a roar as Finnegan Wakefield runs out from behind the curtains and down to the cell. He rushes around to where everybody is standing. Scott Oasis begins to signal at the entrance for somebody to come over.)

Finnegan Wakefield: Keelan, turn around and look at me... look down into my eyes, Keelan.

(Keelan slowly turns back around and looks at Finn.)

Finnegan Wakefield: I've accepted the match. You don't have to do this. I expect you to put me through the wringer at Final Destination. I expect you to decimate me inside the cell, outside the cell, and all over the place. You don't need to prove anything to anybody. All you need to do right now is climb down this cell wall, come to the back, and talk to us.

(Keelan begins to breathe deeply again as he looks around at the crowd.)

Crowd: CLIMB DOWN!!! CLIMB DOWN!!! CLIMB DOWN!!! CLIMB DOWN!!!

Finnegan Wakefield: Please... I know better than almost anybody that there are wounds that people never see on the body that are deeper and more hurtful than anything that bleeds. Think about your friends, your family, your girlfriend... come down, brother.

(Keelan closes his eyes and takes one final deep breath.)

Lance Hart: He's... I think he's coming down.

Morgan Shaw: Keelan nods at Finnegan as the crowd cheer and applaud.....

(Keelan flips Finnegan off.)

Morgan Shaw: ....NO, WAIT NO!!!

Lance Hart: OH FOR FUCK SAKE, KEELAN! HE'S TURNING BACK AROUND AND STANDS BY THE EDGE. EVERYBODY BY OUR SIDE IS YELLING AT THIS MAN. KEELAN..... HE FALLS!!!!!!!!!! .....HOOOOOOOOLY FUCKING SHIT!!!!!!!!!!

(Keelan Callihan trust falls off of the cell and lands right through the announce table, as referees immediately surround him while Julianna breaks down in a heap.)

Lance Hart: FOR THE LOVE OF EVERYTHING THAT IS GOOD, KEELAN CALLIHAN JUST EXPLODED THROUGH OUR ANNOUNCE TABLE!!!

Morgan Shaw: HE IS LIFELESS, LANCE! HE IS LIFELESS! HE'S BREATHING, BUT HE AIN'T MOVING!

Lance Hart: SCOTT OASIS CONTINUES TO CALL TO THE STAGE AS WE NOW HAVE MEDICS HURRYING DOWN THE RAMP WITH A STRETCHER AS FINNEGAN WAKEFIELD HAS HIS HANDS ON HIS HEAD, IN ABSOLUTE DISBELIEF!!!

(We get a few replays from multiple angles of Keelan Callihan falling backwards off of the cell and landing through the announce table.)

Lance Hart: Right now, ladies and gentlemen, Keelan Callihan is being tended to. Medics begin to move him onto the stretcher and strap him down. Scott Oasis helps up Julianna as the referees and medics move Keelan around the cell and up the ramp. Julianna makes her way over to Finnegan... AND SHE SLAPS HIM RIGHT ACROSS THE FACE!! WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT FOR?!

Morgan Shaw: Good god, Scott Oasis pulls her away from Finn before telling her to get out of here! This is just such an unreal scene we've got here ladies and gentlemen!

(We fade out to commercial as Keelan Callihan is stretchered behind the curtains, soon followed by Oasis and Julianna.)

(COMMERCIAL)

(We cut backstage after commercial to Keelan Callihan getting stretchered to an ambulance, with Julianna DeMarco following closely by.)

Lance Hart: Ladies and gentlemen welcome back to Kingdom and just... a surreal moment we witnessed to open the show.

Morgan Shaw: Hold up a minute, Lance.

(We see Carlos Rosso rushing over in his ring attire.)

Carlos Rosso: JESUS H. CHRIST, WHAT HAPPENED?!

Julianna DeMarco: He just tried to kill himself, Carlos.

(Medics put Keelan into the back of the ambulance as Julianna DeMarco climbs in afterwards. Scott Oasis enters the scene and closes up the ambulance for the medics. The sirens turn on as the ambulance drives off.)

(We fade into ringside as Rita Gonzales is standing by.)

Rita Gonzales: The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!!!

(“Thy Wings, Thy Horns, Thy Sin” by Rotting Christ bursts forth from the speakers. Slowly from the back comes Demis Polymeros with Reginald Dampshaw III in tow. His hulking mass and expressionless eyes show his killer instinct and his will to destroy everything in his path. He pays no attention to the crowd, only to the ring as he steps through the ropes and stands stoically awaiting his opponent while Dampshaw sits smugly at ringside with the Spartans Championship draped over his shoulder.)

Rita Gonzales: Introducing first...being accompanied to the ring by Reginald Dampshaw III...weighing in at 301 lbs...from Thessaloniki, Greece...DEEEEMMMMMIIIISSSS  
POOOOOLLLLLYMMMEEEERROOOOSSSS!!!

Lance Hart: What transpired to kick us off was a lot to take in, but unlike the NBA, when tragedy happens we know that the show must go on! What a matchup we’ve got getting ready to take place here in just a few minutes. Reginald Dampshaw and his henchman Demis Polymeros brutally attacked Hayden Cross last week...only to be stopped by none other than Hayden’s fierce rival Arata Asakura!

Morgan Shaw: But Arata probably should have stayed out of Dampshaw’s business, cause now he’s going to have to take on this brute himself. Just look at the size of Demis! He looks like he could rip a man’s arms straight off his body!

(“I Fell” by Wicca Phase Springs Eternal blasts through the PA and the crowd cheers wildly as Arata Asakura emerges onto the stage heading straight down the ramp. He enters the ring and stands on the turnbuckle with his fist clenched up and raised high over his head. He stares

down at Dampshaw for a moment, who looks rather unimpressed, before hopping down and turning his attention to Demis Polymeros.)

Rita Gonzales: And his opponent...from Osaka, Japan...weighing in at 220 lbs...he is the holder of the Keys to the Kingdom...ARATAAAAAAAAA AAAASAKUUUUUUURRRRRRAAAAAA!!!

Lance Hart: It doesn't matter how big the opponent, Arata Asakura is never one to shy away from a challenge. We saw him take the fight right to Aria Jaxon last week and nearly came away with the victory over the former World Champion.

Morgan Shaw: Yeah he looked impressive against Aria...but what happened after the match? Dampshaw laid him out with those brass knuckles for sticking his nose in his business. And he could be in for more of the same here tonight.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: Well there's the bell and this match is officially underway as the two combatants go to lock up in the center of the ring...but Demis instead delivers a stiff kick right to the midsection of Asakura! Arata doubles over and Demis sends a clubbing shot right to the back of Arata, knocking him down to all fours.

Morgan Shaw: And look at the power of Demis as he reaches down and just rips Asakura off the mat! He drags him over to the corner and just slams Arata's head right off the top turnbuckle! Demis now starts pummeling away on the cornered Arata as Dampshaw watches on happily until the official finally has to step in and pull Demis off of him.

Lance Hart: Demis now grabs Arata and easily whips him across the ring towards the opposite corner and Demis follows behind him with a full head of steam looking for a big corner splash, but Arata grabs the ropes and lifts himself up and over Demis avoiding the big collision!

Morgan Shaw: Demis turns around and angrily runs at Arata again...but he runs right into an arm drag takedown from the Self Made Man! Demis gets right back up to his feet but in comes Arata! Double A!! He nails that patented Cartwheel Pele Kick of his and Demis stumbles into the corner!

Lance Hart: Arata looks to keep it going as he charges in at Demis...but Demis explodes out of the corner looking to decapitate Asakura with a big time clothesline...Arata ducks under it! He leaps onto the middle ropes and spins backwards connecting with a turning cross body onto Demis as he takes the big man down!

Morgan Shaw: And now Arata is heading up to the top! He's got Demis lined up and the crowd starts going crazy as they know what's coming! Arata is looking to polish this thing off with the Golden Dragon!

Lance Hart: But look at Dampshaw! He reaches in and grabs the leg of Demis, dragging him out of the ring and out of harm's way!

Morgan Shaw: But Arata Asakura now flies off the top anyway with a BEAUTIFUL Moonsault all the way to the outside as he wipes out both Demis AND the Spartans Champion!!!

Lance Hart: Arata now grabs Demis by the hair and drags him back up to his feet. He uses all his strength to hoist Demis up and shove him back into the ring before following him inside. The big man is already getting up but Arata throws a couple right hands trying to stagger the Earth Shaker...but Demis responds with one big right hand of his own and just like that Arata is sent stumbling back into the corner!

Morgan Shaw: Demis now grabs Arata and whips him so hard across the ring into the opposite corner, that as soon as Arata hits the turnbuckles he falls forward onto his knees. Demis calmly saunters over to Arata and rips him back up to his feet, pressing him back against the corner before delivering a sickening chop across his chest that echoes throughout this entire arena!

Lance Hart: Demis follows it up with a series of stiff right hands before finally backing off as Arata stumbles out of the corner. I'm not even sure Asakura knows where he is right now.

Morgan Shaw: Well he's about to find out because Demis grabs him and flips him up onto his shoulders as he delivers a devastating Powerbomb to the Japanese competitor! Look at the smile on Dampshaw's face as Demis drops down for the cover!

Referee: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWWWOOOOOOO!!!...

Lance Hart: Asakura kicks out after only two, but Demis immediately transitions right into a Rear Naked Choke!

Morgan Shaw: Demis is trying to put Asakura to sleep but look at the fight in Arata! He fights his way up to his feet and sends several elbow shots right to the ribs of Demis, forcing him to release him...but Demis fires back with another clubbing blow to the back of Arata!

Lance Hart: And Demis now whips Arata straight towards the ropes...Arata rebounds...but he runs right into a punishing Big Boot from Demis and Asakura is down once again! Another cover from Demis!

Referee: OOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWWWOOOOOOO!!!...

Morgan Shaw: And another kick out by Arata! And once again Demis transitions straight into that chokehold as Dampshaw taunts him from the outside of the ring, screaming at Arata to tap out!

Lance Hart: But there's no quit in Asakura! He once again fights his way up to his feet and starts firing elbows into the midsection of Demis trying to create some separation...and Demis releases him and throws a stiff elbow of his own right at the face of Arata, sending him flying back into the corner!

Morgan Shaw: Demis comes charging into the corner now looking to attack...but he runs into an elbow from Arata! Demis stumbles backwards and regroups as he once again sprints with a full head of steam...but this time he runs right into a boot from the Key Holder! Demis goes stumbling backwards again and this time Arata follows up by exploding out of the corner with a running dropkick that takes Demis right off his feet!

Lance Hart: Both men get back to their feet now with Demis using the corner to pull himself up...but in comes Arata once again! A running corner kick connects and there is no wasted motion in Arata's offense as he follows it up with a leg sweep and a quick Slingshot Dropkick that takes Dampshaw's protege down once more!

Morgan Shaw: And Arata is certainly feeling fired up now as he flips backwards and connects with a Standing Moonsault! Cover by Arata!

Referee: OOOOONNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTWWWWWOOOOOO!!!...

Lance Hart: And Demis powers out after only two! Arata can't believe it but he quickly regains focus as the two men get up to their feet. Asakura sprints at Demis, but Demis lowers his head and lifts Arata up and over the top rope! But Arata lands on his feet on the apron! Realizing this Demis spins around and throws a big right hand at Arata...Arata blocks it! Asakura with a right hand of his own as Demis stumbles backwards and Asakura climbs up to the top rope! He sails from the top and nails a beautiful missile dropkick on Demis and down he goes! Cover!

Referee: OOOOONNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTWWWWWOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTHHHHHRRRRREEEEE-

Morgan Shaw: NO! Demis kicks out again! Dampshaw breathes a big sigh of relief and Arata is shocked! He once again gets to his feet and the brute Demis also begins to stir. Arata runs

and springboards right off the ropes looking for another cross body...but he's caught right out of mid-air! HUGE Spinebuster by Demis! That might do it! Cover!

Referee: OOOONNNNNEEEEE!!!...

TTTTWWWWOOOOO!!!...

Lance Hart: And Arata kicks out at two! But he perhaps should have thought about just staying down because Demis has rage in his eyes! He yanks Arata right up off of the canvas and flips him up onto his shoulders as he heads towards the corner looking for a Buckle Bomb!

Morgan Shaw: But Arata counters with a Hurricanrana that sends Demis straight between the turnbuckles and colliding shoulder first with the ring post!

Lance Hart: Demis stumbles out of the corner clutching onto his shoulder in pain! Can Arata capitalize?! Yes! Yes he can as Arata nails Demis with a second Double A Pele Kick!!! Down goes Demis!!!

Morgan Shaw: And Demis is once again in position! Arata heads to the corner to climb up the top rope for that Golden Dragon...but Dampshaw!!! Dampshaw on the apron! He grabs the head of Arata and jumps off the apron, draping Arata's throat straight over the top rope! The official didn't see a thing as he was tending to Demis!

Lance Hart: But Demis is up now as Arata's staggers backwards clutching onto his neck...no...not like this! Dampshaw cost Arata this match as Demis reaches out and grabs Arata with those powerful arms of his and...SMALL PACKAGE!!! ROLLUP BY ARATA!!!

Referee: OOOOONNNNNEEEEE!!!...

TTTTWWWWWWOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTTHHHHHRRRRREEEEEEEEE!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Rita Gonzales: Here is your winner...ARATAAAAAAA AAAASAAAAKUUUURRRRRRAAAAA!!!

Morgan Shaw: He did it! Despite the interference by Dampshaw, Arata Asakura caught Demis off guard with that roll up and was able to escape out of here with the victory!

Lance Hart: And Dampshaw is NOT happy about it! He slides into the ring as he and Demis look to punish Arata, but Arata slips out of the ring to safety smirking at the irate Dampshaw in

the ring! And Arata is grabbing a microphone! Apparently he's got something to say to the Spartans Champion!

Arata Asakura: Hey Reggie! As you can see, there's NOTHING you can do to stop me from taking what I want. I wanted to take the Keys to the Kingdom...so I did. Tonight I wanted to beat your lackey Demis...and I did. But there's other things that I want too...like that OWA Spartans Championship of yours. So Dampshaw...I've decided...I'm cashing in my keys! And I'm doing it...for that title of yours...AT FINAL DESTINATION 2!!!

Morgan Shaw: WHAT HUGE NEWS!!! DAMPSHAW IS GOING TO HAVE TO DEFEND HIS CHAMPIONSHIP AGAINST ARATA ASAKURA AT FINAL DESTINATION!!!

Lance Hart: We saw Jeff X cash in his keys successfully last year to win the Spartans Championship! And he's rode that momentum all the way to the main event of Final Destination this year! Arata is planning on doing the exact same thing by challenging Dampshaw at this event! What a matchup that's going to be!

("I Fell" plays again as Arata backs his way up the ramp smiling slyly at Dampshaw and Demis in the ring. Dampshaw is still going ballistic, kicking the ropes and yelling at Arata while holding his championship up into the air. Arata simply nods back at him and motions around his waist that he'll be holding the gold soon.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(We cut back to what appears to be the catering room. Large buffet tables line the back wall, with silver pans and dishes laid ever-so-nicely. Chicken! Steak! Veggies! Mac and Damn Cheese! It's all laid out, looking oh-so-scrumptious...the beauty of the spread is ignored by Kenny Drake, who warily steps into the...surprisingly empty room...)

(Kenny looks around, taking in the scenery, trying to pick out if anything's off. Nothing. He steps forward slowly until he reaches the table...another look around...nothing. Kenny sighs and picks up a slice of Tri-tip before ripping out a bite.)

Kenny Drake: ....vintage Goo-

(WHAM!! A serving plate ricochets off the back of Kenny's skull, causing him to spit out the snack and crumble forward...within seconds, Cameron Dubois hops over the table and rain boot heels to the back of Kenny's head. Consuelo crawls out from under the table and joins in on the beating...)

Cameron: C'MON WORLD CHAMP! C'MON WORLD CHAMP!! NOT SO FUNNY NOW, HUH, B?!

Consuelo: WHERE THE COMMENTARY, YO?! HUH?! SO FUCKIN FUNNY, BLUH. PUNK ASS SCRUB...BUSTA ASS SCRUB!!

(Kenny tries his best to cover up...the stiff heel and toe of the Timbs, rocking every organ in his body...)

???: "FUCK OUTTA HERE!!"

??? 2: "GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!!"

(Cameron looks up...right as TJ Burns comes flying in with a bicycle knee. Tyler Bridges follows shortly after, smashing a trash can lid over Consuelo's skull. Kenny looks up through his fingers...GRiME, his students, have saved the day...TJ sends Cameron packing with swift Muay Thai knees, and Tyler wails away on Consuelo with uppercuts to the ribs...after so many hits, The Boys have enough punishment and take off...)

TJ Burns: THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT, PUSSIES...

Tyler Bridges: Dumbasses...

(Kenny slowly pushes himself up to a seated position as Tyler kneels beside him...)

Tyler Bridges: You good, boss?

TJ Burns: Just take a sec, coach...

(Kenny nods and takes a deep breath...just as Kyle strides up, munching on an apple.)

Kyle: .....hey...

(Kenny slowly looks up...)

Kenny Drake: ...oh...hey, Kyle...thanks for joining us...

Kyle: .....no prob...

TJ Burns: How did it take you this long? YOU told US about this.

(Kenny waves away TJ, knowing from experience not to try and find logic in Kyle. TJ shrugs and pulls Kenny to his feet...)

(Kenny's phone rings...He slowly answers...)

Moongoose McQueen: "How's the buffet?"

Kenny Drake: Where are you?

Moongoose McQueen: "you...answer questions with another question? That's really weird..."

Kenny Drake: What is this, Goose? The fuck was the point of this?

Moongoose McQueen: "That was more cos the Boys were mad at you, that wasn't really part of it..."

Kenny Drake: youmotherfucker...

Moongoose McQueen: "Sorrrrryyyyy..."

Kenny Drake: This is already getting old and it hasn't even started...

Moongoose McQueen: "You're right, that wasn't cool. Go on ahead to Col. McAdams' office and we can get started...he'll tell you more."

(Kenny sighs angrily as the screen goes black.)

TJ Burns: Mind games?

Kenny Drake: ...yeah...

Tyler Bridges: mm.

TJ Burns: Bit of karma, right?

Kenny Drake: ...THANK YOU BOTH. You are FREE to go.

Kyle: .....me too?....

Kenny Drake: ...sure.

Kyle: sick. ur welcome.

(Kyle wanders off.)

(Actually, no...he wanders back and grabs a Pop-Tart...or five...and wanders off. TJ and Tyler grab the plate before walking off...again, Kenny stands alone...)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(We cut to a Charleston street avenue, where we see two Kingdom roster members, Michael Bishop and Chris "Havoc" Sabertooth walking side by side, Bishop's manager Bo Maro in the middle. The two look tense, not talking to each other as they head down the street. Various fans of the show stop to take pictures with each, but then they return to walking to the arena).

Bo Maro: Sorry about the ride to the show boys.... Swear to god, ONE virus breaks out and everyone drops off the face of the earth....

(Bo looks back and forth to both Bishop and Havoc, both barely acknowledge him, and not at all each other. Bo sighs as he rubs his face).

Bo Maro: Okay boys, look... I get it!! You're pissed off, you hate each other, you hate those two Odyssey chicks for running in, you hate the fact that we're walkin', you hate the weatha'.... YAH HATE EVERYTHIN'!!!

(Bishop chuckles and stops walking, causing the other two to pause as well).

Bishop: Nahnahnah, Listen Bo, I got you.... You're managing like 6 other fighters in 3 sports, this virus shit has you messed up, you're overextended....

(Bishop and the camera pan over to Havoc)

Bishop: Maybe if someone's crazy fuckin' bitch girlfriend would've stepped in...

Havoc: Ex-CUSE ME?! You will not disrespect my fucking tag partner, Jada like that!!!

Bishop: oooooo-Oh Yes!!! Jada this, Jada that, Jada the great, Havoc the great- yet it didn't stop those two fucking thots from running in and ruining match of the year!!

Bo Maro: Guys....

Havoc: There were two people in that ring, Dreadknight, such a big fuckin man, all that muscle, yet you let Jonetta Stone hit you harder in the face than Scott Oasis ever did!!

Bo Maro: ...Lads?....

Bishop: All that fucking talk, and yet you still dragged your shit over to Kingdom, and put a fucking wrench into my warpath.... What? Had to get that No Contest because I woulda beaten you?

Bo Maro: Would you two jus-

Havoc: BEATEN ME?! Last I checked I had you all set up for a fucking burial before that run in!!! All those claims of “saying the truth” and yet all I see is a whole lot of bullshitting and covering your ass.

(Bishop and Havoc try to get right into each other’s faces, with Bo having to push the two men apart).

Bo Maro: HEY!!! HEY!! STOP IT YOU BOZOS!!!!

Havoc: Wanna test that broken knee out and have our rematch right here, Bitchop? I will fucking send you right back to the Performance Center in Philly

Bishop: Oh let’s fuckIN GO---

?????: Look, they still can’t even work together!!!! How are they ever gonna be able to make it in this company!!! Ha Ha Ha Ha!!!!

(Both men’s fury and eyes are drawn from each other, as the camera turns, and we see a crowd of JET Trainees, at least 10 or more, squaring up with the two at the end of the road).

Havoc: Ugh.... God not fucking them!!!

Bishop: Who the fuck are these A-Cup shitheads?!

Bo Maro: They’r-

Havoc: Azumi’s fuckin brats...

Bishop: What? Fuckin’ Sidekicks or something?

JET Trainee: Take Sensei’ Goto’s name out of your filthy mouths, you pigs!!!! We’ve seen how you’ve shamed her for the last few weeks!!!! She’s an OWA world champion, tried and tested, and all you are is a couple of journeymen who’ve never been one!!!

(Bishop and Havoc now look a lot more energetic, Bishop whistling as Havoc nods).

Bishop: Damn, they’re thrice the promoer she is!!

Havoc: They got us good on that one.. What would it be, now? One and ywenty seven like her fucking Pay Per View record.....

(Another one of the trainees tries to square up with Havoc, only to be stopped by Bo).

JET Trainee: I suggest you take that back...

Bishop: Yeah people keep saying that till they bring up ours, you little north pacific fuckin' hypocrites.... Run along before we drop you on your fuckin'-

????: You will be doing no such thing

Bishop: Oh what the *FUCK, NOW?!?!!*

(Bishop and Havoc turn to look behind him, they're greeted with an army of middle aged, acne filled, scrawny men in "DollHouse", "IDollENT", and "Jonetta Stone" merchandise).

Jonetta Stone Simps: All women are *QUEENS!!!!* And Jonetta stone is their *GOD!!!!*

Havoc: Yeah, Yeah, you simps forgot the old saying, if she breaths, she's a *THOT!!!!*

JET Trainee: ENOUGH OF THIS!!!! You two shittalkers need to be humbled, and it looks like we have to do it for you!!!!

(Havoc cracks his neck, and Bishop takes Bo, and walks him back to stand in the doorway of a nearby store, much to his protests, he walks back and squares up back to back with Havoc as the two opposing groups grow more and more aggressive)

Bishop: The enemy of thy enemy?

Havoc: Looks like it.... Still got that gym destroying bloodlust from two years ago?

Bishop: It never left!!

(Several of the JET trainees scream as they charge forward, Havoc meets them with a double clothesline flattening two of them. He ducks several haymakers from another one before hitting a jumping knee, that he then follows up with a sidekick to a trainee behind him).

Dollhouse Incel: *AUSTRIA BUTTER!!!-*

(Bishop produces a lead pipe from an alleyway nearby, swinging it full force with deadly accuracy at one Simp's head. He then roundhouse kicks another, before a bigger one tackles and forces him against the wall of a building. Bishop counters with several Muay Thai Knees, then pushing the man back, and nearly taking his jaw off with another swing of the pipe).

Bo Maro: S-Should I call the cops?!

Havoc/Bishop: NO!!!!

Bo Maro: Oh.... Alright then....

(Havoc Kicks off a nearby wall taking out two more trainees with a showtime kicks ala' Anthony Pettis. He ducks and dodges several attempted strikes by two trainees, before battering them with several strikes and chops. Bishop meanwhile drops a simp with a knuckle shattering right hand, before throat punching another, as one simp charges, he counters with a Judo toss, sending them spine first into a mailbox).

????: We all know JADA wears the pants!!!!

(Havoc stops ground and pounding a trainee to see a 5'11 buff JET trainee squaring up with him. He looks genuinely surprised, but cracks his knuckles as he charges, locking up with the super asian. Bishop now has a simp by the head, and begins to slam their head into the hood of a Range Rover several times, before pushing them to their feet, and crushing their adams apple with a chop. Havoc is being pushed back by the superasian, but counters by breaking the lock up and hitting a back body drop).

Super JET asian trainee: Ack- You fucking racist, you'd hit an asian?!

Havoc: That doesn't even make any fucking sense!!!-

(Havoc ducks a headkick by the trainee, before Muhammed Ali style avoiding several strikes, he counters with a double hand "Discombobulate" to both sides of her head, before bringing her head down onto her knee, then hitting a spinning elbow, before hitting her with a charging kick, sending her face first into the window of a car, shattering the glass).

Havoc: Hah- Take that you fuckin' developmental-.... Hey Bishop, behind you!!!!

(Bishop works another simp up against the wall, beating him bloody with clinch strikes before hitting a superman on his solar plexus, crushing it. He stops, looking confused at Havoc before looking towards the group of beaten up sims).

????: FEE FIE FOE FUM, I SMELL THE BLOOD OF A CHICAGO BUM!!!!

Bishop: (Sighs) *What the fuck....*

(Pushing several now bloody and beaten sims aside, a gigantic simp, wearing a torn Jonetta Stone shirt, near 6'5, and well over 400lbs, squares up with Bishop).

Bishop: Ho-Ly- SHIT!!!! And I call Oasis fat!!!!

Super Simp: IT'S CALLED BEING "WEIGHT-CHALLENGED"!!!!

(The Super Simp goes high, but so does Bishop as he runs at him with a running knee, the Simp throws the towering Bishop back, as both of them lock up. Bishop uses his MMA skill to batter the Super Simp with dirty boxing, but the Super Simp throws Bishop back into a car using "Special Ed Strength". Bishop shakes off the impact as he ducks right, causing the Simp to punch the car window, shattering it and cutting up his hand).

Havoc: Take this you power bottom son of a bitch!!!!

(The Super Simp holds his bloody hand, as Havoc throws the lead pipe from earlier into it's face, causing it to stagger back).

Bishop: *YEET!!*

(Bishop then tosses a Newspaper Machine, hitting the Super Simp right in the face, bouncing off his head and causing him to be on wobbly legs as both men charge in. Havoc hits him with a liver kick as Bishop goes for a punch straight across the face. Havoc counters with a devastating shot to the spine, as Bishop drills for gold with body shots. The Super Simp grows more and more agitated).

Bo Maro: (Filming entire incident with his samsung) *LOOK OUT!!!! HE'S POWERING UP!!!*

(Bishop ducks a sloppy haymaker, and so does Havoc, the Nightmare King hits a hard uppercut to the Super Simp, knocking him back as Bishop hits a running knee, causing the big man to stumble and go right into a running knee by HAVOC!!! Both men batter the man before with some strikes, before Havoc hits a front kick on the Simp, as he goes staggering, and then Bishop spears the big man through a shop window).

Havoc: *WHEW!!!!* That's what I'm talkin' about...!!!!

(Bishop pulls himself up from the fallen Super Simp, as both men stare around at the carnage on the street. Bo begins to console an angry store clerk as both men look impressed).

Havoc: Nice work, old man....

Bishop: Yeah not too bad yourself Schitzo.... So, Kingdom?

Havoc: You know it...

(Both men walk off as Bo scratches the back of his head as the store clerk continues to yell at him about his damaged window and car. We transition away from the scene.)

( )

Rita Gonzales: The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!!!

Crowd: One FALL!!!!

(‘Death March’ by Motionless in White plays to a mixed crowd as Thomas Galloway enters out onto the ramp. Galloway appears with a sick smile, before running and sliding into the ring. Galloway heads up to one of the turnbuckles, spraying a red mist towards the crowd before holding his hands high, with that same smile).

Rita Gonzales: Introducing first.... From Amsterdam, The Netherlands, weighing in at 210lbs..... THOMAS!!!! GAAAAALLOWAAAAAY!!!!!!

Morgan Shaw: Thomas Galloway, coming all the way from The Netherlands tonight to make his debut on Sunday Night Kingdom!! Galloway himself has had his fair share of words with Carlos Rosso tonight, and while odds shark has the “*strongest arm-*” as the favorite, I think Galloway has what it takes to make the upset!!

Lance Hart: Everyone always underestimates new guys coming in against veterans, but I think it only empowers them!!! Galloway has nothing to lose, and everything to gain, and with Carlos’ streak of being confident bordering on arrogance, I think he can work it in his favor shaw....

(‘Money, Power, Respect’ by Lox plays to an overwhelming sea of boos, that then clashes with the loud cheers of Rosso Stans, going back and forth as Carlos Rosso appears on the ramp. As he heads down the ramp, he gives an “I can’t hear you” gesture to the crowd, heightening the reaction. He climbs inside the ring, locking eyes with Galloway who squares up in his corner).

Rita Gonzales: And his opponent, from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, weighing at 225lbs..... CARLOS!!! ROOSSSOOOO!!!!

Morgan Shaw: Rosso is a polarizing figure, but no one can deny his skill in the ring, and reaction he creates from the crowd!!! Look at him, even right now as he warms up, he’s only heightening the hype!!! One half of the former OWA Tag Team Champions!!! One Third of Fight Club!!! He poses a dangerous opponent, and an exciting opportunity for Drew Galloway tonight!!!!

Lance Hart: Both men are looking ready to throw DOWN!!! Carlos has a size and reach advantage, but Galloway is an unknown!!! We can only see, and the intensity is BOILING!!!! LETS RING!!! THAT!!!! BELL!!!!

*The bell rings and both men come forward hands up, Rosso breaks out and attempts a few strikes, ducked by Galloway who backs up. Rosso goes for a spinning backfist, but Galloway*

*ducks it!!!! Gallow then PICKS UP Rosso with a front bear hug, and charges into a corner, crushing Rosso!!!!*

Morgan Shaw: GALLOWAY GETTING ROSSO ON THE ROPES!!!!!! Size matters not to the newcomer as Rosso has the wind knocked out of him!!!

Lance Hart: Rosso forced to cover up as Galloway now works Rosso in the corner!!!!

*Galloway starts to crack at Rosso's face with heavy shots, as Rosso covers up, he starts to work the body, the referee yells at Galloway to get out of the corner!!! One!!! Two!!! Three!!! Four- Galloway backing out, oh and a SPLASH back into the corner, throwing Rosso off once again!!! He follows this up with a soccer kick to the RIBS!!! Rosso is hurt badly as Galloway jumps to the second turnbuckle, he wraps his arm around Rosso's head, looking for a HARD DDT!!!!*

Lance Hart: THOMAS GALLOWAY LOOKING TO PUT ROSSO AWAY EARLY!!! A JUMPING DDT!!!

Morgan Shaw: The kid is on FIRE!!!!!!

*No dice!!!! Rosso just barely slips his head out, and SHOVES Galloway away, causing the "one true king" to go stumbling back, into a reverse somersault!!*

Lance Hart: -OR NOT!!! Carlos Rosso just barely escapes!!!

Morgan Shaw: Even if, Rosso's core looks absolutely worked from all those strikes!!! He's gonna need time to recover and capitalize!!!

*Galloway gets out of the stumblefest by going for a buzzsaw kick!!!! Rosso counters with excellent timing, hitting him with a hard headkick, that Galloway half blocks, sending him on retreat back into the corner!!! Rosso eyes him up, and GOES FOR A ONE!!! HIT!!! KILL!!!! BIG RIGHT HAND!!!!*

*-But Galloway ducks just underneath it, the punch scraping the top of his head as he hits a BLOODSHOT!!!! A Running Enziguri!!!! The Crowd roaring as Thomas Galloway looks unsurprised at the maneuver*

Lance Hart: An absolutely DEVASTATING show of skill!!!! I think Thomas Galloway just KNOCKED OUT Carlos Rosso!!!!

Morgan Shaw: HE DID!!!! Rosso drops DEAD!!!! GO FOR IT KID!!! PIN 'EM!!!

*Carlos Rosso goes catatonic as Thomas Galloway swoops in, and hooks both legs!!! The Crowd counting with the referee as Chet slides into place....*

Chet: OOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

.....

TWWWWWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

.....

.....

TTTTTHH-

Lance Hart: ROSSO KICKS OUT!!!!

*Carlos Rosso just BARELY gets his shoulder back up, as the crowd explodes!!! Thomas Galloway is sitting up now, a look of genuine confusion as he mouths-*

Morgan Shaw: "What the Fuck?!?!" Ha Ha!!!! The thought on everyone's mind!!!! Carlos Rosso shows just why he's the "King of the Roses", as he kicks out of a Enziguri that would of KILLED lesser men!!!

*Thomas Galloway wastes no time as he gets to his feet, he runs to a corner, taking a crouched position as he waits for Carlos Rosso, who's stirring once again!!! As Rosso shakes off the dust, Galloway readies himself to use his ace in the hole!!!*

Lance Hart: Galloway in the corner can only mean one thing.... The Two Foot Curbstomp!!!

Morgan Shaw: And I don't even think Rosso knows, he's probably concussed after that kick!!! Rosso getting to his hands and knees, and Galloway is ready!!!!...

*Galloway breaks from the corner, leaping in the air with both feet looking for Rosso's head!!- BUT ROSSO COUNTERS!!!! With a spinning back-elbow!!! Rosso Revolver!!! Catching Galloway midair, it drops him right on his ass!!!! Rosso pounds his chest, roaring at the crowd, then squaring up to Drew Galloway who now wipes his cracked jaw and looks at Rosso in shock!!!*

*Both men go at it again as Galloway races to his feet, but Rosso beats him to the punch, LITERALLY!!!! One Hit Kill!!!! This time square on the temple of the dazed Galloway!!! Rosso now Teeing off on Galloway as he's in the corner, a complete reverse of roles from earlier!!! Chet once again yelling for both men to get out of the corner and break it up!!! One!!! Two!!! Three!!! Four!!! FI- Rosso backs out!!!*

*But Rosso's been in the game long enough to know the tricks, especially one that Galloway played, and hits him with a spinning back kick!!!! Right to the jaw of Galloway!!!! Thomas crumbles as Chet gets in the face of Rosso, forcing him to back up as he acts like he did nothing wrong!!!*

*Galloway regains himself, and charges at Rosso!!! He ducks a right, but walks into a left elbow, staggering him!!!! Rosso now hitting Muay Thai Knees on Galloway, and then shoves him off, sizing up with his hands, looking for another right hand!! In Galloway's condition, one he doesn't look ready to take!!! Galloway wobbly moves after Rosso, but Rosso strikes first!!! A Right hand is counters, as Galloway hits a BICYCLE KICK!!!!*

*Rosso is planted on his back as Galloway runs to the ropes, Rosso getting to his feet as Galloway has already rebounded!!!! SKULLCRUSH-NO!!!! SOUTHERN LARIAT!!!! Rosso hits that devastating Lariat as Galloway leaped, the impact sounds like a gunshot just went off, as the arena goes bezerk!!!! Carlos cockily collapses back first onto Drew as Chet goes in for the count!!!*

Chet: OOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

• • • • •

TTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

• • • • •

TTTTTTTTTHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(Ding! Ding! Ding!)

Rita Gonzales: And HERE IS YOUR WINNER!!!! CARLOS!!!! ROOOOOOSSOOOOOO!!!!!!!

(‘Money, Power, Respect’ by Lox plays to a mixed ovation as Carlos Rosso gets up, cheering and roaring loudly. The crowd turns against him however, as he gets into the face of the beaten Galloway, mocking and gloating towards his downed opponent as Chet tells him to back off).

Carlos Rosso (Off Mic): YOU THINK YOU COULD BEAT ME?!?!?! I'M CARLOS ROSSO  
MOTHAFUCKA!!! AND I JUST BEAT YOU AFTER A NIGHT OF COCAINE!!!!

(Carlos Rosso gets on the middle turnbuckle, holding his hands up to the sea of boos. We then transition to a backstage view of Carlos' celebration on the monitors, with several people watching..... One of the people in question is the Queen herself, *Aria Jaxon*, shes there with OHC #1 Contender, *Jeff X*, and her husband and Pro Wrestling Legend.... *Aren Mistislav!!!*).

Aren: So..... you gonna serve that son of a bitch some humble pie and accept his challenge 'ri? Gettin' real tired of him talking shit as an Ex-Tag Champ.....

Aria: I.... don't know. Sure, everyone would love to see me knock some sense into 'Los and shut him up, but, what he's said...I almost don't know if I should even validate his argument.He's disrespected me, acted like everything I've done doesn't mean shit!!! He called me a *phase* in pro wrestling.... *Phase*. All of these years in this business, all of the matches, all of the wins, all of the championships -- and that's what he amounts me to. He's running around trying to get my attention, putting himself in the headlines using my name, running a campaign with a narrative based on nothing but complete bullshit. He's pretty much throwing dirt on my name to give him something to do.

Jeff X: I mean, all the more reason to shut him up. Why give him room to keep talking when you can remove all doubt and beat his ass?

(Aren gives a nod in agreeance to Jeff, but Aria still looks unsure, she shakes her head, crossing her arms as she looks back to the match replay).

?????: I know the man well, and even I gotta say.... That's bullshit....

(Aria turns around, looking surprised..... The look of surprise turns into a tense staredown, as Stephanie "Cloud" Matsuda enters the frame. She approaches, hands down, showing no sign of aggression).

Cloud: Aria...

Aria: Cloudy.... Come to get a signed #FuckAriaJaxon hat? I don't really have a title to steal this time around.

Cloud: Ha!!! No.... but I heard you talking and I want you to know.... Carlos, he's my friend, I know him like the back of my hand, and even though I love 'em to death.... He's been in this industry for years now, and it's made him a bitter asshole...

Aria: You don't say?

Cloud: When people who've come after him find success and fame, it's helped create this mindset in his head that he's getting run down, washed up..... He brings down everyone else around him in an attempt to relive his old glory days....

Aria: (snickers) So, what are you saying? He's jealous?

Cloud: I know first hand, that despite our past, our rivalry, the punches, kicks, and slams we've thrown at each other..... You are one of the toughest women I've ever stood across from and you are definitely not a phase, you are a leader in this business; you are this business personified.... So for everyone he's rubbed the wrong way, and everyone who wants to see him humbled..... You should be ready to show him that Aria Jaxon isn't just flavor of the month, she's the goddamn queen, and she's here to stay.....

(The camera pans over to Aria, who thinks on the sentiment, nodding with a smile).

Aria: You know what..... You're right. When I lost the belt I said I'd take on all comers to maintain my place around here, and I'm going to make sure that statement holds true, no matter how absurd my challenger's motivations are. Thanks Cloud...the stage is set then. At Final Destination 2, "the strongest arm in pro wrestling" is going to be made to salute The Queen.

Aren: Fantastic.

Jeff X: Damn straight!

Cloud: Great to hear. I'll be watching intently.

Aria: I'd focus on Tarah first.

Cloud: Don't have to worry about that. I will.

(The two lightly laugh before Stephanie Matsuda exits and Aria looks back to the monitor as Carlos Rosso is still celebrating, this time doing an extravagant rant at the announce table.)

Aria: Keep on shouting into the void, 'Los. Rant like a fool every day if you want. We'll see what happens to all of that energy once that closing bell rings.

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

Rita Gonzales: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a NO DQ MATCH!!!!

(Lights go out!

A graphic shows Udy's back as he is standing still in front of a mirror and faces of "The Infernal Beast" and a creepily smiling Dr. Ryland appears over his reflection!

The Tron video ends.

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

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

Udy walks out slowly wearing his wolf fur coat with a hood and demon mask and a red spotlight shines on him . A huge dog and Fenris stands by his side as well. Black smoke engulfs him and the entire ramp along with red mood lighting.

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

Rita Gonzales: Making his way to the ring, weighing in at 204 pounds from Scandinavian Mountains, accompanied on his way to the ring by his hellhounds, he is the unleashed and manifested, "The Infernal Beast" Udyyyyyy.....

Lance Hart: This match was made on the last episode of Atlantis. Udy seems to have caught the ire of OWA COO Scott Oasis after eliminating him from the Clash of The Titans Match.

Morgan Shaw: And that was *after* everybody destroyed him before he even officially entered the match. It must have been horribly embarrassing for Oasis. But you know what, Hart? Screw Oasis! He used to be one of the shining stars of Kingdom, but then sold out for Olympus to wear a suit and tie.

("Caterpillar by Royce Da 5'9" ft. Eminem plays as the crowd erupts in cheers Scott Oasis walks out, looking at the Sunday Night Kingdom audience. Oasis smiles as it's been a while since we've seen him on Sundays.)

Rita Gonzales: And his opponent, from Baltimore, Maryland weighing in at 270lbs...He is "The Iceman"....SCOOOOOOOTTTTTTTT OOOOOOOAAAAASSSSIISSSSS!!!!

Lance Hart: It's been a long time since we've seen The Iceman on Kingdom! The former OWA World Champion was confronted by Udy and Devon Slayton on Atlantis. Oasis made Udy an offer that if he could beat him tonight with no disqualifications, Udy and Slayton would be entered into the Tag Team Turmoil match at Final Destination 2.

Morgan Shaw: Sorry, sorry, sorry. But why are we talking about all of this anyways? Oasis is the head of Olympus and Devon Slayton wrestles on Friday nights. Does the brand split mean nothing?!?

Lance Hart: Oasis decided to step on Udy's show and make a statement. Oasis wants to prove he can still rule Sundays!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: Udy runs directly at Oasis but is swiftly met with a big boot. Oasis then leaves the ring and grabs a baseball bat from under the ring. He climbs back onto the apron and gets in the ring but then sees Udy getting back up. Oasis looks around, shakes his head and throws it on the ground. He goes to attack Udy, but Udy low blows Oasis.

Morgan Shaw: That's all legal in this kind of match up, Hart!

Lance Hart: Oasis drops to one knee and that's enough time for Udy to notice the baseball bat. He runs over to it and picks it up. He then takes the bat and swings it, smashing Oasis in the back. He swings it again and cracks Oasis in the back once more. Oasis falls to both knees now. Udy howls to get the crowd behind him and he backs up, waiting for Oasis to get to his feet. Udy gets a running start, going to hit Oasis in the stomach with the bat-but Oasis catches the bat and just stares a hole through Udy. He grabs the bat from his hands, throwing it down to the ground, and then snatches Udy around the waist before hooking him with a belly to belly suplex that launches Udy out over the top rope onto the floor below!

Morgan Shaw: If this was the Clash, Udy would be outta here!

Lance Hart: Udy's head and neck just slamming onto the concrete floor there!

Morgan Shaw: Oasis exits the ring and picks Udy up off of the ground. He hoists him up on his shoulder and runs towards the corner and throws Udy like a lawn dart, causing him to crash head first into the ring post. This match has barely even gotten underway and already Udy is bleeding! Oasis picks Udy up and rolls him into the ring. Oasis sees the baseball bat but kicks it out of the ring. Oasis looks down at Udy's bleeding body and laughs before pinning him.

ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-KICKOUT!

Lance Hart: The hell? Well, I guess Udy isn't ready to give up just yet. Oasis shrugs and picks Udy up again. Oasis goes for another belly to belly but Udy rakes Oasis' eyes. Oasis is sent back which gives Udy the advantage. Udy lights Oasis up with lightning fast kicks to the lower body. Oasis seems unfazed by them but this doesn't stop Udy. One more kick and Udy jumps up for a dropkick, but Oasis dodges the dropkick, catching Udy's legs in mid-air. He allows Udy to fall to the ground before picking him back up in a powerbomb position. He slams Udy down with a powerbomb. And then picks him up again for another. And then one more. Oasis covers Udy once more.

ONE!!! TWO!!! THREE-NO!

Morgan Shaw: Udy kicked out at the very last second! I can't believe and I don't think Oasis can either! Oasis slams his fists on the mat and rolls out of the ring. He-what the hell is he doing? No! Scott Oasis is ripping the protective padding off the floor, exposing the concrete. Oasis throws the padding away and-OUT OF NOWHERE UDY COMES SPRINGBOARDING OUT....HURRICANRANA TO OASIS ONTO THE CONCRETE!!!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Lance Hart: Look, Morgan! The back of Oasis' head is busted open from cracking open on the concrete! Udy actually has the advantage here! He's trying to pick Oasis up to get him back in the ring, but The Iceman is too large for him. So Udy decides another approach and goes to the top rope. He leaps off the top rope and goes for the "U-Turn" frog splash....BUT OASIS MOVES OUT OF THE WAY! UDY WENT SPLAT ON THE CONCRETE! JESUS CHRIST! Oasis isn't wasting any time as he rubbed the back of his head and can see his own blood now.

Scott Oasis: Little motherfucker...

Morgan Shaw: Oasis is picking Udy up off the concrete...God it's like he's scraping roadkill off of the street...And he's tossing him in the ring. Oasis grabs Udy from behind....he's going for the SEEK AND DESTROY! He hoists him up...but Oasis stops before the final slam?!? Wait a second....the hell is going on out in the audience?!?

(All of a sudden, Nasir Moore is seen walking towards the front row of the audience. The fans gather around him and try to get him to shake their hands or give them high-fives but he is hyper focused on getting to the ring)

Lance Hart: NAS IS HERE ON KINGDOM! And as we've seen on Olympus, Scott Oasis has had nothing but trouble with Nas and the one thing Nas wants more is a piece of Oasis' ass!

(Oasis drops Udy to the floor and just then, a mountain of security guards comes and grabs Nas and prevents him from getting even remotely close to Oasis. Oasis laughs and waves Nas goodbye)

Morgan Shaw: HOLD ON A DAMN SECOND! LOOK WHO'S IN THE RING! IT'S DEVON SLAYTON! DEVON SLAYTON WITH A CHAIR!

Lance Hart: SCOTT! TURN AROUND! JESUS! SLAYTON JUST BRAINED OASIS WITH THAT STEEL CHAIR! IT SOUNDED LIKE A GODDAMN GUNSHOT! AND NOW SLAYTON IS PULLING UDY ONTO HIM! THE REF HAS NO CHOICE THIS IS NO DQ! WE HAVE A PINFALL!

ONE!!! TWO!!! THREE!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

(The crowd explodes as the count completes!)

Morgan Shaw: I can't believe it, Hart! Scott Oasis just got screwed by Udy not once now, but TWICE!

Lance Hart: Yes, but give the assist to Nasir Moore AND Devon Slayton. But regardless, that means Udy and Slayton have a match at Final Destination and Scott Oasis is going to have to sign it on the dotted line...when he wakes up, of course.

(Udy slowly rolls off Oasis and Slayton picks him up off the ground. He starts slapping his face to get him to come to and once Udy realizes what happened, he begins jumping for joy. Just then, him and Slayton notice Oasis beginning to stir, and they hightail it out of the ring.)

Morgan Shaw: I swear to God, Udy is like a cockroach. If this goddamn Coronavirus kills us all, Udy will still be alive, I know it.

(Oasis stares at Udy and Slayton celebrating outside, glaring and fuming, his eyes almost bulging out of his head.)

(FINAL COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(Cut to backstage. Kenny Drake stomps up to the door of Kingdom GM, Col. Jon McAdams. Kenny, showing surprising restraint, gently pounds on the door.)

(Nothing.)

(Kenny pounds again, this time in a less polite manner...)

(Nothing...)

Kenny Drake: Unfuckinbelievable...

(Kenny sighs and just...opens the door. Inside is exactly what one would expect. An office. A table, a chair, a computer, a huge TV...)

(However, on the TV screen is what catches Kenny's eye...)

Jackie Khan (on TV): "Sid, ready to order?"

Sid (on TV): "muffin! Muffin!"

Jackie Khan: "ok! Hi, we'll have that muffin aaaand a tall chai, love. Cheers."

(Jackie Khan and Sid, Kenny's toddler son, ordering at a coffee shop plays on a loop. The view of the camera is from the glasses of the teller...Kenny begins to breath heavily...)

Kenny Drake: whatinthefu-

(His phone rings. He immediately answers, not bothering to look at who it is...)

Kenny Drake: The FUCK is going o-

Niki Khan: "KENNY?! I can't find Jackie or Sid! I CAN'T FIND SID! Kenny! Why is this happening?!?"

Kenny Drake: Wait, what? Niki...

Niki Khan: "I can't find Jackie or Sid! Jackie had him with her and they were coming to m-"

Kenny Drake: ...and what? Niki? NIKI? Hello?! Niki?!

(The line goes dead. Kenny's eyes go wide...he gasps for breath.)

(The phone rings again. Again he answers quickly...)

Kenny Drake: Oh thank G-

Moongoose McQueen: "Hey hey hey, champ."

(Kenny, for the first time in his career...possibly his life...is speechless. His anger boils over the second he hears Moongoose speak...Moongoose takes the silence as a cue...)

Moongoose McQueen: "So you're in McAdams office, I take it...that footage was amazing, right? So clear. Love those cameras. SO! This is the game! Ehhh?! Did you see where they were? At a coffee shop? A world famou-"

Kenny Drake: You. Need to tell me...IMMEDIATELY...what the fuck is going on.

Moongoose McQueen: "...if you were playing the game, you'd know. I think that's fair and logical, right?"

Kenny Drake: This is a GAME? A GAME?! My family is a GAME? You SAW what happened to me in the past year, right? You think I'm in the mood for this kind of shit?

Moongoose McQueen: "oh, no...oh, no you are RIGHT. But! Was Tarah? Was Oasis? Were the Sugar Girls? Carlos? Bishop? Udy?! Any of them? You think they were in the mood for YOUR shit?"

Kenny Drake: I never laid a FINGER on their families.

Moongoose McQueen: "And neither have I! See, you and I can go back and forth like this all day. I've done NOTHING wrong but follow in your Portland TrailBlazing footsteps. Is that so bad? I didn't think so. SO. WITH. THAT. BEING. SAID. World famous cof-"

Kenny Drake: ENOUGH! ENOUGH! Fuck this! I'll see YOU in a minute, you weird fuckin prick.

(Kenny suddenly snaps the phone in half with his hands before storming away...)

(Cut to Ringside...)

Rita Gonzales: "Ladies and Gentlemen...the following contest...is scheduled for ONE FALL!"

Fans: "ONE FALL!"

Rita Gonzales: "and is a HOT PROSPECT SHOWCASE Match! Already in the ring...from the PINE BARRENS of New Jersey...NOOOOOOSTAAAALGIAAAA!!"

(The fans boo. Nostalgia nods, knowing that's better than he deserves...)

Rita Gonzales: "AAAAND his opponent...also already in the ring, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada...LUKE REEEEE-"

**REACH OUT AND TOUCH FAITH**

(The arena comes unglued. Within a second of the opening of "Personal Jesus", Kenny Drake comes barreling out the curtain and down the ramp. He rips off his jacket before rolling into the ring...)

Lance Hart: Luke Reign, stupidly getting in the way of our world cha-HEADBUTT FROM KENNY DRAKE...hooks Luke's head...LIFTS....KILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLING JOKE!

Morgan Shaw: WHAT IN THE...

Lance Hart: LUKE REIGN GOT DRILLED!! He's CONVULSING from that impact...but Kenny picks him back up, and just CARCASS TOSSES him over the top to the outside...

Morgan Shaw: This is LUDICROUS!

Lance Hart: Kenny turns...and locks eyes with Nostalgia!

Morgan Shaw: OH! Even I KNOW their history!!

Nostalgia (n/m): "HEY! HEY! I'm a publis-"

Lance Hart: **BULLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLROOOOOOOOOOOOPE!!!!** NOSTALGIA JUST DID THE MOST ATHLETIC MOVE OF HIS CAREER AND BACKFLIPPED FROM THAT LARIAT!! KENNY'S NOT DONE, GRABBING A HANDFUL OF NOSTALGIA'S HAIR...PULLS HIS HEAD UP...

Morgan Shaw: ohnoohnoohno

Lance Hart: AND STOMPS HIS FACE RIGHT INTO THE MAT!! WE JUST WITNESSED A MURDER!! Hold on! Kenny Drake...immediately rolls to the outside...digging under the ring for...

Morgan Shaw: A CHAIR! NONONONONONO!!

Lance Hart: Kenny Drake, slides back into the ring...unfolds the chair and sets it up...oh God, he's got Nostalgia by the hair...AND THREADS HIS HEAD THROUGH THE BACK OF THE CHAIR! Nostalgia's FACE, laying on the cold metal seat!

Morgan Shaw: Kenny...Kenny slithers over to the turnbuckle...and LEAPS to the top!

Lance Hart: ...and LEAPS OFF!!

Morgan Shaw: NO!

Lance Hart: **LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANDING GEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAR!!!!!!**  
DOUBLE STOMP TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!! THE CHAIR FLATTENS UNDER THE  
IMPACT!! NOSTALGIA IS DEAD!! HES DEAD!! HEELS FROM ON HIGH DRIVEN INTO THE  
BACK OF HIS HEAD!! NOSTALGIA'S HEAD...SPIKED THROUGH THE CHAIR!! KENNY  
DRAKE SLOWLY RISES TO HIS FEET AND IS DEMANDING A MIC!!!

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

Kenny Drake (w/ mic): "MC**QUEEN!** GET THE FUCK OUT HERE, YOU FUCKING LUNATIC!  
NOW!"

(Again, the fans erupt. Kenny paces back and forth like a caged tiger, never taking his eyes off  
the curtain...)

Kenny Drake: "GOD DAMMIT, GOOSE! GET THE FU-"

(The OmegaTron sparks to life, with a man wearing an Oni mask taking up the screen. He  
slowly pulls it away, revealing...)

(Moongoose McQueen)

Moongoose McQueen: "Kenny. Fucking. Drake. You...this is really disappointing. You know  
that?"

Kenny Drake: GOOD!

Moongoose McQueen: "oooo gOoD. Of course. I had this WHOLE thing planned out...you  
just...don't know h-"

Kenny Drake: "I DONT CARE...what wood nymph pixie games you had planned...you fuckin  
loon..."

(The fans laugh and cheer. Kenny continues to stare up at the screen. Moongoose waits  
patiently.)

Fans: "YOU'RE A WOOD NYMPH!" \*clap clap clapclapclap\* "YOU'RE A WOOD NYMPH!" \*clap  
clap clapclapclap\*

Moongoose McQueen: "...fun..."

Fans: "PIX-IE! PIX-IE! PIX-IE! PIX-IE!"

Moongoose McQueen: "You know, I have people wa-"

Fans: "TINK-ER-BELL! TINK-ER-BELL! TINK-ER-BELL!"

(Goose hangs his head and holds up a key chain. The camera slowly zooms out to show Goose standing in front of three Acura sedans. He pushes a button on all three key fobs, popping the trunks of the three cars...)

(Niki Khan is bound and gagged in one...Jackie Khan suffers the same fate in the middle car...and in the third rests a car seat. A Cat in the Hat blanket laying over it. Sid.)

(The arena goes silent...)

(Goose checks his fingernails...then looks up. His eyes are cold.)

Moongoose McQueen: "...oh, are you done? Is everyone done laughing now? Is everybody DONE laughing at me, NOW?"

(A sickened silence befalls the arena...Goose nods.)

Moongoose McQueen: "Good...good...Because Kenny, I recall when YOU did this kind of stuff...it was all serious...nobody was laughing at YOU...were they? No, in FACT...you were considered GROUND-BREAKING. Right? Hm. Funny how when I just...*up the ante*...NOW, it's a joke. Is it me? Is it something I've done?"

Kenny Drake: "WHAT THE FUCK IS YOUR PROBLEM, YOU SON OF A BITCH?! THE FUCK IS THIS ALL FOR?!"

Moongoose McQueen: "BECAUSE...KENNY...YOU are not the ONLY one who has waited a long, LONG time for this moment...and this is the only way I can get your full, undivided, SERIOUS attention. Look at you...listening with ears ANDeyes. I could keep you waiting all night...I could do this until Final Destination, if I wanted to! I have you, the office, the whole world, hanging on every damn word I say...but...I won't. I'm not a...heh...a PSYCHOPATH or anythi-"

Kenny Drake: "GET. TO. THE POINT."

Moongoose McQueen: "Please stop interrupting me...you know how rude that is? It's like...my biggest pet peeve...anyway...there is something YOU need to do...and in order for any of this to move forward? YOU have to do it NOW."

(Kenny cocks his head to the side and glares at the Tron...)

Moongoose McQueen: "I know how you REALLY feel about this match...You think that your phone calls are silent, but...my people have heard. You think your TEXTS are unreadable, but maybe oh maybe you weren't paying attention around some worthless stage hand...and they took a peek at what you were telling your wife...You're not invincible, Kenny. You're not this...mythical figure...you're just a man, who makes mistakes like everyone else. And you have made one too many. Now...you're going to tell the world how you feel about this...how you REALLY feel towards me...or I'm going to have Revy here throw one of her LOL DuMbDuMb FaMoUs FLASHBANGS LOL into one of these trunks. Then we'll see how HiLaRiOuS it is. Five."

Kenny Drake: "You piece of shi-"

Moongoose McQueen: "Four."

Kenny Drake: "You fucking so-"

Moongoose McQueen: "Three."

Kenny Drake: "You CAN'T!"

Moongoose McQueen: "Two."

Kenny Drake: "I-"

Moongoose McQueen: "One."

Kenny Drake: "ALRIGHT GOD DAMMIT, FINE! STOP! THE TRUTH IS IM FUCKIN TERRIFIED OF YOU! YOU SCARE THE SHIT OUT OF ME! ARE YOU HAPPY?! THAT'S IT!"

(Goose stares deep into the camera...seemingly down at Kenny...Goose smirks...)

Moongoose McQueen: "...say that part again..."

Kenny Drake: "...No."

Moongoose McQueen: "Say that part again, or your family is barred from ringside at Final Destination..."

Kenny Drake: "wa-what? The fuck are you..."

Moongoose McQueen: "Pick now. Say that part again, or bar your own family from ringside."

Kenny Drake: "...I...I don't..."

Moongoose McQueen: "This is a horrible game, Kenny. It's so easy. Do you want to admit you're scared of me again, or bar your own family from the ring at Final Destination? That's your choice."

Kenny Drake: "I...bar them from ringside?"

(Goose laughs. He shakes his head and snaps his fingers.)

Moongoose McQueen: "You...you are shockingly un-fun. Very predictable. Fine. Your ego is saved. Revy?"

(A small figure steps out from behind Goose. Revy. She hands him what appears to be a flashbang and smiles at the camera.)

Revy: "Har dee har, dickhead."

(...Goose pulls the pin...)

(...and tosses the flashbang in the trunk with SID. He slams the door shut...)

**BANG**

(The arena collectively gasps as Kenny falls to his knees...he struggles to breath...Goose closes his eyes as he leans against the trunk...)

Lance Hart: ...this is...

(Kenny holds his head in his hands...a few shots of the fans in shock. A few are crying...)

(Until Cameron walks up beside Goose, carrying a sleeping baby with Elmo headphones. The real Sid. A collective sigh of relief falls over the fans, prompting Kenny to look up. He gasps for air as he sees his toddler son, asleep and cradled in the arms of the enemy...Kenny props himself up on the middle rope as he watches Cameron pass Sid to Moongoose. Goose smiles and begins to gently rock the child as he looks into the camera...)

Moongoose McQueen: "Sssshhhh...you didn't *really* think I'd stoop to that depth, would you?"

(Goose softly places the toddler on the concrete floor of the parking lot as Cameron and Consuelo viciously pull Niki and Jackie from their trunks and drop them beside Sid. The fall wakes up Jackie, whose eyes dart around before resting on Sid and Niki. Tears well in her eyes before Goose gently tilts the camera up to his face...)

Moongoose McQueen: "...remember, Kenny...I'm not the bad guy here. I'm just...giving you what you gave us...because I want you, everyone on the back, and all these people...to take this *seriously...*"

(Kenny is already up the ramp by the time Goose finishes...Cam, Consuelo, Goose, and Revy pile into the sedans...and drive off...)

(The OWA Logo buzzes...)