

(Cold Open: We begin with a camera shot of a fireplace as messages begin to appear on the screen. "The Ashes of the Wake present:... Storytime with Edward Softly." The text fades away as the camera pans further out showing Edward Softly sitting on a chair, story book in hand. He notices the camera and looks at it before removing his reading glasses.)

Softly: Hello! Didn't see you there! I was just so caught up in this story that I was reading, man oh man.

(Edward pulls out a folder labeled "Moongoose's tax returns" before tossing it.)

Edward: Ooh, not that one. We don't have to know where he gets his money from. I'm talking about this... a book, full of tales of monsters and mystery. Oooh! Spooky! Can you imagine if any of this stuff was true? If all of the sudden, monsters and the boogie man are real. In your closet, under your bed, or right there on your television screen. That suspension of disbelief! Not knowing what is real and what isn't? But I know.

Halloween! It's the time of the year again. Dressing up! Pretending to be something else, presenting a harvest to the great deity in hopes that it will satisfy him. Alright, maybe the last one doesn't apply to you all. But I know one part does. TRICK OR TREAT!! That's right! Free Candy! ... but if I had to be honest, as much as a sweet tooth as I may have (Edward grabbing a hold of his belly), I prefer the Tricks. There is just nothing better than that feeling of manipulating someone's emotion and mind. Oooh... the taste is so much sweeter!

(Static and distorted images of Abholos flashes on the screen. "FEED ME MORE!!")

Softly: Oooh, that high is kicking in. Look at me. I'm shaking in excitement. After all, The Ashes have a big match tonight. The Queens of Wrestling, Aria Jaxon and Stephanie Matsuda for the OWA Tag Team Championship! Chills. I mean, how long has it been, Aria? Steph? Since... SSW. ... He misses you, you know? But look at me, getting ahead of myself. How about a story? Hmm?

(Edward puts his glasses back on and opens the book.)

Softly: This one is called "The Little Mongoose that Couldn't." Once upon a time, there once was a little mongoose. With his buddies, the mongoose had the world in his hands, but the mongoose. He was selfish, greedy. He wanted more, so one day, he heard about a creature with magical powers. Powers that could make one's wishes a dream come true. The mongoose and his friends got together and came up with a plot to capture the magical creature and take him back to his land. After weeks and weeks of torture, the mongoose was displeased. He simply couldn't believe that he couldn't possess the power. When all of a sudden, the magical creature took over the land, separating the little mongoose from his friends, leaving him all alone, terrified and afraid. The moral of the story is, appreciate what you have. It's the little things that count. Ask for too much, let your obsession take over, and with a snap of a finger, it

can all go away. Wasn't that a great story?! No? Well, I could tell you the real story, but that one might be... "unsuitable for children." After all, won't someone please, think about the children?!

Honestly, I'm not a fan of that. Much like how fairytales are toned down for being too morbid and grotesque, or the moral of the story being too "dark." Some people, they simply just can't handle the truth, so they try to bury it. Lock it all away and keep it a secret. We all have secrets. Mine is pretty big. If I told any of you all, who knows what I'd ... no... HE'd have to do to you all to keep your silence.

(Distorted images and screams flash on the screen)

Softly: You're probably wondering. It's been a few days since Abholos World opened and why yes, as we speak, our guest is still alive and well... unfortunately. I mean, he's a tough one. I'll give him that. Between fires, blizzards, flooding the room, and giant falling blocks. Moongoose McQueen has made it to level THREE of the Dreaded DEATH-T. Don't get it? Well, someone didn't watch Atlantis this week.... SHAME ON YOU! But how about a round of applause. Three Nights. Three whole Nights, Moongoose has survived this nightmare I've concocted for him. But in a way, I'm disappointed. After all, he stopped me once from capturing the OWA World Championship, and now, he won't be there to stop me from claiming another victim. What happened, Moongoose?

(Camera changes to Moongoose in Abholos Land leaning against the wall, cut up and bruised, trying to bandage his leg up. The entire time, Edward's speech has been playing over the PA system for Moongoose to listen. The camera returns to Edward Softly)

Softly: What happened to you being the only one capable of stopping the Ashes? How dare you fill Jeff and the Frontlines with hope that we can be stopped? Yet here I am. Stephanie Matsuda and Aria Jaxon probably hoped, praying that he, Abholos wouldn't be there. And you failed them. You failed OWA, and look at you now. Broken, beaten! All alone, and barely able to stand. Destroyed by your own folly and devices, on the grounds where you became the king, only for it to be your own grave. It's in poor taste to say this, but ... you kind of deserved it. For all the crimes and sins you've committed, this is justice, casted upon you, not by god, but yours truly. You can't win, and let this story be a lesson to those who dare to challenge the Ashes. Eat or be Eaten. Live and Let Live. Ashes to ashes, Dust to Dust. Nothing lasts forever, so don't be a fool who throws it all away. Accept your fate in the story, embrace it. Just... let.... Him..... in!

(Edward stares at the camera with intensity as the lights around him begins to dim.)

Softly: Alrighty! That's all for now! See you in the Main Event! Bye!!

(As Edwards waves away to the viewers, we see a drastic switch in tone as we cut to the sold out Rupp Arena, doing a 360 pan around the venue as crowd members show out for the camera with signs and merch of Alphas such as Jeff X, Arata Asakura, Moongoose McQueen, JD

Damon and Theodor Pavel. "Over and Over" by Reignwolf plays in the background as the voices of Lance Hart and Morgan Shaw are laid into the audio during the opening pyro.)

Lance Hart: We are LIVE in Lexington, Kentucky coming at you with another edition of Sunday Night Kingdom! We are REELING after the events of last week's show! We saw a NEW Spartan Champion with Wolvesden's JD Damon dethroning Arata Asakura in a championship CLASSIC! Miltiades made his in-ring return and he and Dampshaw set the tone for the runnings of Kingdom! The Vincent took a BRUTAL exit from The Ashes of the Wake, and to top it all off we had a World Championship main event between Havoc and Moongoose McQueen turn into a HEIST as Abholos was taken from the arena with help of The Frontline and Shin-SEKAI!

Morgan Shaw: We saw a straight up planned kidnapping of a dangerous...I don't even know what to call him! God? Entity!? I'm still floored two weeks later! And the craziest part is that Abholos is still expected to show up tonight and aid Maverick in a World Tag Team Championship match against defending Champions Stephanie Matsuda and Aria Jaxon!

Lance Hart: Uncertainty is the theme of our fall shows, if last time didn't prove it, then stay tuned tonight! We've got Miltiades back in the ring yet again, Elijah Hampton and Shea Flaherty forced to face off for an Openweight Championship opportunity! Havoc versus....

(The lights go out in the arena...)

Lance Hart: Whatthe...

Morgan Shaw: Why does this always happen when we're talking?!

(...a red spotlight appears near the curtains as smoke engulfs the entire stage. "Delusions of Saviour" by Slayer hits the PA System as men and women donning face paint crawl out of the smoke and surround the stage for the arrival of 'their savior'.)

Lance Hart: Ohhhhhh no...ohhhhhhhh no...

Morgan Shaw: SHUT UP, this is great!

("Repentless" by Slayer kicks in with red strobe lights, as Jada Blaire steps out of the smoke with a menacing grin, carrying the OWA World Title belt...she is followed by the stone faced Havoc, barbed wire baseball bat in hand. All the men and women around the stage place a hand on Havoc as he slowly makes his way down the ramp accompanied by Jada Blaire, and the red strobe lights lighting their path.)

Rita Gonzales: "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL, with a 30 minute tiime limit...introducing first, HEEEE is the OWA WORLD CHAMPION...they CALL HIM...HAVOC..."

(He places the bat at ringside before climbing up to the top turnbuckle and embraces the negative crowd reaction, however he never takes his eyes off the trembling Rita Gonzales...)

(Havoc hops down to the ring and stalks towards Rita...the music dies down, but the lights remain, casting the ring in a hellish glow.)

Lance Hart: HeyheyheyHEY! Get away from her!

(Havoc steps in front of Rita, looming over like a vulture...his eyes locked on hers...he leans forward, and she instinctively raises the mic to meet him...)

Havoc: ...Pavel...

(Havoc never breaks eye contact...Rita's lip quivers as he looms closer...)

(The Lights dim before flashing red and white strobe lights catch 'Freedom' by Rage Against The Machine. Havoc slowly turns his head towards the entrance...)

(Theodor Pavel steps onto the stage, and stands at the top until Mr. Morgan arrives, as the two make their way down the ramp.)

Rita Gonzales: "a-a-and his op-p-p-onen-"

(Havoc whips his head around and stares at Rita. She screams "Fuck It!" before scrambling out of the ring...Havoc slowly turns to face the ramp...)

(Morgan shouts a direction at Pavel, who goes for a jog around the ringside area. Pavel climbs onto the ring apron, and springboards over the top. Pavel's eyes lock on Havoc's...)

(DING DING DING!)

Lance Hart: And HERE WE GO! Theodor Pavel, called out by and now taking on the World Champion, Havoc!...Pavel takes a moment to finish strategizing with Banch Morgan...Havoc, shockingly enough, patiently waits in his far corner...

Morgan Shaw: Havoc pushes himself away from the corner, stoic look tattooed on his face as he stands toe-to-toe with Pavel...Havoc, giving up about four inches of height...

Lance Hart: He seems unfazed...both men circle each other...COLLAR and elbow lock up...Pavel, forces the champ into a side headlock...but Havoc effortlessly slips out, pulling the arm up into a hammerlock...Pavel groans, partially out of frustration, and reaches his free hand up and back...grabs hold of Havoc's head...SNAPMARE break the hammerlock! Pavel immediately locks in a headlock...

Morgan Shaw: But AGAIN, Havoc slips out of it and pulls that arm back into a hammerlock! The frustration POURS out of Pavel's mouth as he curses in Romanian...

Lance Hart: Havoc wrenches up...shoots to his feet...and DRIVES the point of his knee into Theodor's shoulder blade! He stands again...and ANOTHER knee!

Banch Morgan (o/m): THEODOR! LUPTĂ PRIN ASTA! FII ATENT LA FITEZA LUI!

Lance Hart: Havoc smiles a jackal like grin to Banch, before dragging Pavel up by that arm...Pavel winces in pain as he stands...Havoc, maintains the wrist as he twists it...DRIVES his shoulder into Pavel's for good measure! Shoves the Romanian back...and PULLS him in for another shoulder drive!

Morgan Shaw: Look at that, BRILLIANT work by our World Champion! Never giving his opponent a minute to recuperate!

Lance Hart: Havoc wrenches the arm once again...HARD Irish whip sends Pavel across the ring, rebounds off the ropes...DUCKS a WILD back elbow! Havoc looks SHOCKED!...Pavel again off the ropes, rushing back...ROLLING ELBOW FROM HAVOC...DUCKED by Pavel! Drops to a knee, swings himself behind Havoc and grabs a rear waistlock! Havoc senses danger, rushes for the ropes...but Pavel maintains the hold! Havoc hits the ropes chest first...but Pavel PULLS HIM BACK...O'CONNOR ROLL...DEADLIFT....GERMAN SUPLEX!! HOW IN THE HELL!?!? DEEP BRIDGE!!

Morgan Shaw: HAVOC'S SHOULDERS ARE DOWN!

Larry Blackwell: OOOOOOOOOOOOOOONE!

Morgan Shaw: KICKOUT at ONE! That raised my heart rate by a few beats!

Lance Hart: Banch Morgan is feeling the same way, yelling at Theodor to quickly follow up! Pavel listens and nods, but he's clearly favoring that left shoulder, Morg...he takes a few extra seconds to loosen the muscle before rising to his feet, grabbing Havoc by his goblin like ear and dragging him up with him...Havoc shakes the cobwebs loose...

****THWACK!****

Morgan Shaw: JEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEZUS...

Lance Hart: GOD, what a chop from Pavel!! Havoc's eyes go wide as he stumbles back, clutching his chest...Pavel raises his hands to cover his face...RIGHT palm strike lands FLUSH on Havoc's chin...LEFT palm strike hits his chest...Pavel grimaced with that shot, but follows up with a HARD right forearm to the NECK of the OWA World Champion...Havoc stumbles away,

but Pavel grabs a front waist lock...steps to his left...AND LIFTS! STEP OVER BELLY TO BELLY...

Morgan Shaw: COUNTERED into an ARM DRAG by Havoc!! He maintains the arm, shoves it down to the mat...LEAPS...AND DRIVES HIS HEELS INTO THEODOR PAVEL'S INJURED LEFT SHOULDER!!!

Lance Hart: JESUS, that DEMONIC speed that Havoc possesses! He can shift the momentum of a match in a SPLIT second! Havoc scrambles to the far corner, never taking his eyes off the rising Theodor Pavel...Pavel's too busy checking his arm to notice...he turns, JUST as Havoc rushes in...SLING BLADE!

Morgan Shaw: NO! PAVEL DUCKS UNDER! Havoc BARELY finds his footing as Pavel takes off for the ropes...rebounds off, Havoc turns...LARIAT FROM PAVEL!...DUCKED by Havoc...

Lance Hart: BUT THEODOR PAVEL SWINGS HIS LEFT ARM... LARIAT TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!!! HAVOC CRUMBLES TO THE MAT!!! Pavel shouts in pain as he drops to his knees, desperately trying to flip the champ over...he's got him! SHOULDERS DOWN!! COVER BY PAVEL!!

Larry Blackwell: OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONE!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Lance Hart: NO!! KICKOUT at TWO by Havoc!! Pavel backs up to the ropes, favoring his left shoulder, still...he winces in pain as he slowly rotates it, watching as Havoc gingerly pushes himself to his feet...God, Morgan...did YOU see this coming at ALL?!

Morgan Shaw: I know better than to ever count out a hungry young lion like Theodor Pavel, but he has been taking the fight DIRECTLY to the World Champion, Lance! I don't think ANY of us expected him to get the upper hand like this!

Lance Hart: Havoc stands upright, clutching the back of his neck...Pavel uses his right arm to grab the top rope and pull himself up...Havoc glares at him...AND RUSHES IN!! LARIAT FROM HAVO-

Morgan Shaw: NO!! NO!! PAVEL CAUGHT THE ARM!! The momentum of the lariat forces both men to spin...but Pavel drags Havoc to the mat...FUJIWARA ARMBAR!! FUJIWARA LOCKED IN!

Lance Hart: I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!! FUJIWARA ARMBAR LOCKED IN, MIDDLE OF THE RING!!! HAVOC, DESPERATE to find a break, SHRIEKING in pain!! He reaches out with his free arm, but he's MILES from that damn rope!!

Morgan Shaw: This isn't GOOD!

Lance Hart: No, this is GREAT!! Havoc, hopeless in the middle of the ring! Hold on...Havoc...pushes himself up...rolls his left arm under him...SHIFTS the weight and ROLLS Pavel backwards! SHOULDERS DOWN, PINNING PREDICAMENT!

Larry Blackwell: OOOOOOOOONE!

Lance Hart: NO! KICKOUT by Pavel, but the kick out forces him to relinquish the hold! Pavel rolls back and to his feet, Havoc does the same...both men stand at the same time...but PAVEL CONNECTS WITH A HUGE HEADBUTT TO THE NOSE!! Havoc's on dream street! He stumbles around, back to Pavel...Theodor reaches out with his left arm, grabs Havoc's shoulder...

Morgan Shaw: But Havoc GRABS his hand and falls back...PELE KICK TO PAVEL'S INJURED SHOULDER!! Theodor Pavel collapses to the mat as SHOCKWAVES of pain travel up and down his left arm! Both men are down, but I think that kick is the nail in the coffin of that arm, Lance!!

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

(The screen is filled with the always fun replay box, first showcasing the O'Connor Roll German from Pavel, followed by the Fujiwara Armbar attempt, pin attempt, and aftermath...leading us to...)

Lance Hart: Both men...struggling to get to their feet...but Pavel, shockingly, the first to do...there is a FIRE in this young man, Morgan, you can't deny it...He wants this win and BAD...Pavel shakes his left arm loose...Havoc slowly turns to him...and gets ROCKED with a forearm! Havoc stumbles back...but FIRES BACK with a forearm of his own!! Pavel, now, stumbles...but answers back with a HARD palm strike...Havoc winces from the impact...AND FIRES BA-NO! He gets CAUGHT with ANOTHER forearm from Pavel...WHO DIVES FOR A DOUBLE LEG!

Morgan Shaw: BUT HAVOC, REACTING IN AN INSTANT, LEAPS OVER HIM...AND COMES CRASHING DOWN, HEELS FIRST, INTO PAVEL'S LEFT SHOULDER!! AGAIN, THAT STANDING TWILIGHT BLITZ DOUBLE STOMP TO THE SHOULDER, AND I THINK THAT DID IT!!

Theodor Pavel (n/m): BRATUL MEU! BRATUL MEU, BANCH! CEVA NU ESTE ÎN REGULĂ!

Lance Hart: I have NO idea what he just said, but he's CLEARLY in pain and calling for his mentor, Banch Morgan!

Morgan Shaw: I speak a little Romanian! He said "I GIVE UP! ASHES ARE BETTER!"

Lance Hart: OH, WILL YOU STOP!?! Banch Morgan hustles to the side of the ring, where Pavel lays over the bottom rope, letting his left arm hang over it...

Banch Morgan (n/m): Ce s-a întâmplat?!

Theodor Pavel (n/m): Este separat...Este separat...

Lance Hart: ...oh, this isn't good...Larry Blackwell, telling Havoc to wait in a corner as he rushes to Pavel's side...but hold on, Havoc! Using the opportunity...to UNTIE THAT TURNBUCKLE PAD! The TOP TURNBUCKLE is EXPOSED!! LARRY!!

Morgan Shaw: HUSH, NARC! IT'S FINE, LARE!

Lance Hart: You're a DEGENERATE, Morgan! God, that will only exacerbate those problems Pavel is having with his arm...and Havoc, now, making a BEELINE for the Young Romanian!

Morgan Shaw: Havoc SHOVES Larry away...SPITS at Banch...and DRAGS Pavel up by that hideously injured left arm! Pavel screams in pain as Havoc wrenches and twists the wrist, before a HARD Irish whip...NO!

Lance Hart: REVERSED by PAVEL! Irish whip of his own sends Havoc CAREENING towards the corner...AND HAVOC HITS THE EXPOSED TURNBUCKLE HARD CHEST FIRST!! HAVOC stumbles back, gasping for breath...HOLD ON!! PAVEL...REAR WAIST LOCK...He lets out a ROAR before LIFTING...AND PLANTS HAVOC NECK FIRST WITH A HUGE GERMAN SUPLEX!!! The impact sends Havoc rolling backwards...to his knees...but EYES ON PAVEL! In a flash, he's up...HOT off the ropes....AND CONNECTS WITH A SLIDING LARIAT!!!

Morgan Shaw: BUT IT WAS WITH HIS BAD ARM, LANCE! Pavel SCREAMS in pain, but instinctively dives for the cover! He reaches out to hook a leg, not a great cover!

Larry Blackwell: OOOOOOOOOOOOOOONE!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Lance Hart: NO!! Kick out at two, and Pavel goes RIGHT back to favoring that arm! He rolls to his knees as Havoc flips to his stomach...both of these men are really feeling this match...but you have to expect Havoc is feeling desperation at this point, Morg!

Morgan Shaw: HOW?! He has Pavel RIGHT where he wants him! All he has to do is get ahold of that arm ONCE and this is over!

Lance Hart: I'm afraid I agree with you there...both men, now, up to their feet...

Morgan Shaw: Havoc, rears back...ROCKS Pavel with a STIFF chop...Theodor reels back...and LAYS IN with a HARD knife edge chop of his own!...FOREARM from Havoc...KNIFE EDGE CHOP from Pavel...Havoc stutter steps backwards...ROARS BACK WITH A ROLLING ELBOW!!

Lance Hart: **IN THE POCKET!!! 6-TO-12 ELBOW CRACKS HAVOC ON THE CHIN!!** BUT DAMMIT, PAVEL HIT IT WITH HIS INJURED ARM!! HE'S IN TOO MUCH PAIN TO FOLLOW UP!!

Morgan Shaw: RECOVER, HAVOC! GET HIM!

Lance Hart: The World Champion falls back into the corner as Pavel clutches at his separated shoulder...Havoc...sneers...MOUTH FULL OF BLOOD...and RUSHES PAVEL! Pavel turns...

VIEW OF THE LIGHTS!!! VIEW OF THE LIGHTS!!! LIGHTNING ROUNDHOUSE LANDS FLUSH!!!

Morgan Shaw: OH NO!

Lance Hart: But Havoc...struggles to remain on his feet...drops to a knee...

VIEW OF THE LIGHTS CONNECTS AGAIN!! HAVOC ON DREAM STREET...

Morgan Shaw: NO!

Lance Hart: THEODOR PAVEL...LETS OUT A ROAR AS HE FALLS BACK INTO THE ROPES...USES THE MOMENTUM TO SWING HIS LEG ONE MORE TIME...

VIEW! OF! THE! LIGHTS!!! THIRD ROUNDHOUSE CONNECTS!!! GOOD LORD I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!! HAVOC CRUMBLES IN A HEAP...THEODOR PAVEL, IN SEARING PAIN, COLLAPSES INTO A COVER!!

Larry Blackwell: OOOOOOOOOOOOONE!!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

(DING DING DING!!!)

Lance Hart: HE DID IT!!! THEODOR PAVEL JUST PINNED THE WORLD CHAMPION!!!!

Morgan Shaw: WHAT?!?

Rita Gonzales: "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...YOUR WINNER!! THEODOR
PAAAAAAAVAL!"

(Pavel slowly rolls towards the ropes, holding his left arm like it's a newborn, as "Freedom" kicks up over the PA. Pavel rolls out of the ring into the waiting arms of the ECSTATIC Banch Morgan. Banch swings his protégés good arm over his shoulder and quickly backs up the ramp...)

Lance Hart: Theodor Pavel...just pinned our World Champion, clean as a whistle...

Morgan Shaw: Wha...wha...huh?

Lance Hart: Fans, if you DIDN'T think Theodor Pavel was the future before this match? I'll be willing to bet you are now...take NOTHING away from Havoc...but Pavel was on another level tonight...this HAS to put him in Title contention! Fans...we'll be right back!

(Havoc lays on the ground as Jada heads toward him in shock. Havoc looks out at the ramp, breathing heavily, but smiling eerily as if he has vengeance on his mind.)

Havoc: Don't be upset. Don't be upset at all. *We* want this. *We* can work this. Just wait for later.

(COMMERCIAL)

(We return from commercial to see a title card reading "During The Commercial..."...Theodor Pavel and Banch Morgan enter Sparks Position, to the raucous applause and adulation of their fellow Frontline members. Pavel grins as his teammates swarm him, patting him on the back. Michael Bishop holds out his hand, which Pavel shakes. Banch places an ice pack on his shoulder as Jeff X walks up...)

Jeff X: Pinned the World Champ...You PINNED the World Champ! Absolutely incredible, brother! You should be damn proud of yourself! Excellent job!

(Banch enthusiastically translates, prompting the proud smile on Pavel's face to grow. He nods at Jeff...)

Ryo Sakazaki: You cut the head off the snake, Theodor...now, I say, we go and kill the rest of the beast.

Arata Asakura: The Ashes will be weakened by this loss...we can storm their lair and end this all RIGHT now.

(Jeff nods and looks between his teammates...he suddenly cocks a brow, and slowly turns...)

(Coming face to face...with The Udy, perched on a production crate. Bishop groans and sits down on a nearby couch.)

The Udy: The Ashes? LAIR, you say? You all must have wishes of death, you must! But Udy can help you, oh yes he can! Udy always helps if they ask - if they asks The Udy nicely!

(The room is completely silent. Udy smiles wide and leans in closer to Jeff, who raises a wary brow.)

The Udy: The Udy knows where The Ashes lurk...Udy does. The Udy can SHOW the Frontline where it is...where the light never beats the darkness...but be WARY, Frontline! The Udy can only lead you to the precipice of evil...it is your own misfortune, should you pass it!

(The room is deathly silent...)

(Banch throws down the ice pack.)

Banch Morgan: MAN, the FUCK is wrong with you?!?

Jeff X: You know where they are?

The Udy: Yes, Jeffrey X...The Udy knows...because The Udy dwells in the same darkn-

Jeff X: CAN YOU...show us where it is?

(The Udy cackles and leaps off the production crate. He scrambles through the members of Frontline and out the door to the hall, before peeking his head back in.)

The Udy: COMES, Frontline! Follow The Udy!

(With that, Udy rushes off. Bishop raises his eyebrows and looks at Jeff. Arata and Ryo are dumbfounded. Jeff sighs and shakes his head...)

Jeff X: ...well...I guess we follow...it...

(Jeff shrugs and steps towards the door, but Pavel grabs his arm and stops him...)

Theodor Pavel (broken English): ...do Note Trus' zat Gobelín...sneaky Gobelín...

(Jeff stares at him, glances at Banch, and then back to Pavel. Jeff nods and gently smacks him on the arm, before turning towards the door...the rest of Frontline follow him out of Sparks position, and into the hallway...)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(DING! DING! DING!)

Rita Gonzales: The following match is scheduled for one fall!

(Kingdom General Manager Reginald Dampshaw III sits at ringside, his hulking associate, Demis Polymeros stands by his side.)

Lance Hart: The GM's here and I'm sure he'll be watching this match closely. Involved are a man he despises and one he should certainly be thankful for after what happened on the last show.

(The heavy guitars of 'The Last Rain' by Elad Zalman echo across the arena. The stage lights dim to a soft golden glow that is rocked by bright green light in time to the music. On the stage appears Samuel Ogden, as the camera focuses in, his eyes are closed but open suddenly, Sam stares out, a cold emotionless stare that takes in all around him. As the fans boo. He takes in a deep breath before marching down to the ring. Just as he reaches the end of the ramp he takes a quick step forward and slides into and across the ring never rising even to his knees, using the power in his arms to reach the far ropes and stare wildly out into the crowd. He slowly uses the ropes to pull himself up and turns to glare up the ramp, his eyes never blinking as he awaits for the bell to ring.)

Rita Gonzales: Introducing first, from Richmond, Virginia, weighing in at 243 lbs, he is 'Poetry in Motion'...SAMUUEEEELL...OOOOOGDEEEENNN!

Lance Hart: The crowd being expectedly hostile towards Samuel Ogden after what we saw two weeks ago. After losing to RD3 and Miliatades, he joined in on a savage beatdown of his partner-turned-opponent tonight, Oliver Harpe. Classless behaviour from a man with all the skills to make it without such cheap methods.

Morgan Shaw: Oh can it, Lance. The man sided with the General Manager of Kingdom and The Council! It pays to have powerful allies in this world, Samuel Ogden wants to be given opportunities and with Reginald Dampshaw III on his side, those opportunities will come flooding in!

(RD3 nods in approval at Samuel Ogden, who maintains his usual icy stare, not giving away any hint of emotion, but nodding back at Dampshaw, signifying the newly-formed alliance between the two.)

('Change' by Deftones blasts through the PA system to a positive reaction. Oliver Harpe appears in the top floor of the arena, holding a crowbar against his right shoulder. Harpe takes a moment to look around the area with a smirk on his face. He makes his way down, rolling his

shoulders and head as the crowd moves away from him. Harpe jumps over the barricade and charges into the ring, heading straight for Ogden with the crowbar.)

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: And there will be no pleasantries exchanged here! Oliver Harpe is out for revenge as he swings that crowbar straight at Samuel Ogden's head! Ogden ducks and Harpe swung with such ferocity that the crowbar was flung out of his hands and to the outside! He turns around and ducks a spinning backhand from Ogden as the two men forcefully lock up!

Morgan Shaw: The bigger Ogden forces Harpe into the corner, Oliver Harpe just grabs Samuel Ogden's face and shoves! You really wanna piss this man off further?! But Ogden backs up and invites Harpe over for another lock-up, this time muscling him to the opposite corner. Harpe tries to block and Ogden's got him in an armlock, pulling down and wrenching that arm with intent!

Lance Hart: Oliver hits Samuel with a forearm to the side of the head, but that just annoys Ogden, who shoulder barges the locked up arm! Harpe drops to a knee but pulls himself up and hits a nasty knife-edge chop! Ogden *again* shrugs it off and hits Harpe with a MASSIVE chop of his own! Harpe's clutching his chest but still on his feet! He's stumbled to the corner and Samuel Ogden wraps the arm around the ropes and pulls!

Larry Blackwell: ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FI-

Morgan Shaw: Ogden releases the hold and SMASHES Harpe in the face with a back elbow! Now a snapmare takedown as Samuel continues to put pressure on that arm! If Harpe's arm is taken away from him, that severely limits his ability to lock in the crossface! Great strategy from Samuel Ogden so far!

Lance Hart: Oliver Harpe is feeling the energy of the crowd though, he's finding his way to his feet...forearm to the side of Ogden's head! He still has the hold in...another forearm! And a third! Harpe's free! Knife edge ch- Samuel Ogden just drops him with a headbutt! Good God, this man is a beast! He's got the arm again and is shoulder barging Harpe into oblivion...and now he flips him over with a back body drop using the arm as leverage! Holy smokes!

Morgan Shaw: This just isn't Oliver Harpe's night. He's a tough dude in his own right but Samuel Ogden is a monstrous presence, he's got that arm locked up again and...and Oliver Harpe slaps him in the face! What the hell is he thinking?!

(Samuel Ogden glares at Oliver Harpe, whose handprint is now freshly planted on his face. His icy demeanour changes into a stirring rage.)

Lance Hart: AND HARPE SLAPS HIM AGAIN! OGDEN LETS GO OF THE ARM AND RESPONDS WITH A SLAP OF HIS OWN! AND NOW ANOTHER FROM HARPE! AND ANOTHER FROM OGDEN! HARPE AGAIN!

Morgan Shaw: AND NOW OGDEN BRUTALISES HARPE WITH A SERIES OF PALM STRIKES! LIGHTNING SPEED AND PRECISION! HARPE'S BACK INTO THE CORNER TRYING TO DEFEND HIMSELF!

Lance Hart: Samuel Ogden with carefully placed rights and lefts into the gut of Oliver Harpe, followed by a wicked headbutt and an Irish whip into the opposite corner, running behind him...Harpe moves! Ogden headbutts the turnbuckle! Harpe grabs the waist and rolls Ogden up!

Larry Blackwell: ONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!

TWWWWWWOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!

Morgan Shaw: Kickout from Ogden! Harpe instantly grabs an arm and starts to stamp on it! Return to sender from Oliver Harpe! Ogden gets up and Harpe feints a punch to the head, Samuel ducks and Oliver knees him in the face! The big man is groggy! Oliver Harpe hits the ropes and drops Samuel Ogden with a massive lariat!

Lance Hart: The crowd are firmly behind him! Oliver Harpe has created an opening! He looks the GM square in the eyes and point!

Oliver Harpe (to RD3 w/o mic): You're next!

Lance Hart: Oliver needs to turn around! Ogden's up and hits him with some vicious slaps to the side of the head! Harpe doesn't care though! He hits a *spiteful* forearm that dazes Samuel! AND NOW HE'S JUST SLAPPING THE TASTE OUT OF HIS MOUTH! SLAP AFTER SLAP AFTER SLAP! BLOOD FLIES OUT OF SAMUEL OGDEN'S MOUTH! AND NOW A KNEE TO THE HEAD! FOLLOWED BY A HEADBUTT! SAMUEL OGDEN IS ON SPAGHETTI LEGS RIGHT NOW!

Morgan Shaw: Oliver Harpe hits the ropes and goes for another lariat! Ogden ducks and picks him up in a fireman's carry! Repeated elbows to the side of Ogden's head from Harpe though! GUILLOTINE! HE'S GOT OGDEN CAUGHT IN A GUILLOTINE! OLIVER HARPE MIGHT PULL THIS OFF! WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING?!

Lance Hart: That guillotine is in TIGHT! Samuel Ogden isn't giving up though, he forcefully pulls his head out of Oliver Harpe's arms and just stared at him! BUT HARPE FIRES MULTIPLE FOREARMS INTO THE SIDE OF THE HEAD! HE IS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE RIGHT NOW! Samuel Ogden just bull rushes into the corner and slams Harpe into the turnbuckles to get him off him...THE TELL TALE HEART! SAMUEL OGDEN DROPS OLIVER HARPE WITH THE MOST DEVASTATING OF HEART PUNCHES! GOOD GOOD!

Morgan Shaw: He's not done though, Ogden whips Harpe into the opposite corner AND LANDS THE SONNET 33 ON THE REBOUND! OLIVER HARPE GETS CRUSHED BY THAT SWINGING FLATLINER!

Lance Hart: Oliver Harpe is *somehow* pulling himself up in the corner, Samuel Ogden just beats him down with vicious lefts and rights! Now he's shoving his boot in the face of his opponent as the referee tries to stop him!

Larry Blackwell: ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! GET OFF HIM, SAMUEL! I'M NOT GONNA WARN YOU AGAIN!

Morgan Shaw: Ogden walks away and RUNS STRAIGHT AT OLIVER! Harpe is able to roll out of the way and get back up to his feet, charging at Samuel in the corner...OGDEN CATCHES HIM! EMERSON DRIVE! THAT SPINEBUSTER HAD SOME STANK ON IT! And now Samuel Ogden's just stalking the beat-up Oliver Harpe, he put up more of a fight than I expected, but this is a wash!

Lance Hart: Ogden pulls Harpe up on his back...ODE TO VICTORY! THE CRUCIFIX BOMB HIT WITH PURE MALICE! Oh God, he isn't done...ROAD NOT TAKEN! THE TONGAN DEATH GRIP IS IN! OLIVER HARPE IS FORCED TO TAP OUT!

Larry Blackwell: RING THE BELL!

(DING! DING! DING!)

('The Last Rain' by Elad Zalman plays over loud boos as Samuel Ogden keeps the hold on, Larry Blackwell has to pry him off. Oliver Harpe is still moving but looks to be in rough shape.)

Lance Hart: what a dominant display from Samuel Ogden tonight! Oliver Harpe came in emotional and it cost him. He had some flurries here and there, but the cool, calm, ice-cold precision of Samuel Ogden saw him get a solid victory in front of a man he was keen to impress.

Morgan Shaw: That was an amazing performance! And look at our General Manager! Look at how pleased he is!

(RD3 has risen from his chair and applauds Samuel Ogden while smiling.)

RD3 (w/o mic): Bravo! Bravo!

Lance Hart: Oh come on, this is just blatant favouritism from the GM! And he's really gonna applaud the unnecessary extra time Ogden left the hold on?

Morgan Shaw: Don't be such a snowflake! This is wrestling! Wrestlers are paid to hurt each other! This is how the game is played!

(RD3's appreciation is interrupted as a battered Oliver Harpe rolls out of the ring and gets in the GM's face.)

Oliver Harpe (w/o mic): You think this is fun? You sick fuck? You think it's fun to watch the people you're in charge of getting hurt? Go on, take a swing at me! I dare you! I double dare you, motherfucker!

Lance Hart: Wait, Samuel Ogden just pushed Oliver Harp INTO Dampshaw! What the...oh wait, oh no, I know why he did that!

(Demis Polymeros drags Oliver Harpe up from the ground as RD3 gets in his face this time.)

RD3 (w/o mic): You DARE lay your hands on the ruler of Kingdom?! On your monarch?! You coward! You peasant! I'll give you the thrashing of a lifetime!

Lance Hart: AND RD3 JUST KICKS THE DEFENCELESS OLIVER HARPE RIGHT BETWEEN THE LEGS! THE GM AND HIS BEASTLY CONSORT ARE BEATING THE CRAP OUT OF OLIVER! AND SAMUEL OGDEN IS JUST STANDING THERE AND WATCHING!

Morgan Shaw: Why should he do anything? You saw what happened! That idiot Oliver Harpe tried to attack the King! He put his hands on royalty! A commitment of treason on live television!

(Demis Polymeros picks Oliver Harpe up and launches him headfirst into the ring post like a lawn dart, busting him open as the bloodied, beaten Harpe drops to the floor.)

RD3 (w/o mic): That's enough for now, this cad will know his place in time. Come, I have a Kingdom to rule.

(RD3 and Demis Polymeros take their leave as the crowd heavily boo. Samuel Ogden just stands over Oliver Harpe's body, his cold, lifeless stare enough to send a shiver down your spine as we cut to commercial.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(Scene - A pitch black dark room, the only noticeable feature, echoes of footsteps as Moongoose limps around directionless. Angry, tired, and sleep-deprived, Moongoose takes small steps, almost teetering and falling over with each one. The sound of footsteps become louder and faster! Moongoose stops and looks around... he is not alone.)

???: I guess I got the last laugh.

Moongoose: This trick again? Bringing him into this?

Kenny Drake: What's the matter? Not happy to see me again? You didn't think it would be that easy, now did you?

Moongoose: You're not real.

Kenny: But yet I exist, all in the back of your mind. Amazing, isn't it? That not only was I responsible for you winning the championship, but I am responsible for ending it as well.

???: Don't go taking all the credit now. I did most of the work.

Moongoose: sigh. Hello.... Jeff.

(Emerging from the shadows, Jeff X steps in front of him, rubbing his hands together to a huge smirk on his face.)

Jeff: Hey Goose. You don't look so good. How about a drink?

(SMASH!! Jeff with a beer bottle in hand, smashing it across the skull of Moongoose, who drops down to his knees, drenched in cheap beer, shards sticking to forehead as blood runs down his face.)

???: Get up.

(Moongoose looks up, and before him, he sees the OWA Championship. He looks up higher as Havoc looks down upon him. Havoc presses his boot on the back of McQueen's neck, forcing him to bow. Moongoose brushes his foot off, only for another foot to come down and slam him, face pressed against the floor.)

???: You'll get it up when I tell you to get up!

(Moongoose tries to get up, his body shaking as he struggles from the sheer gravity. Moongoose manages to lift his neck up, and he sees ... Reginald Dampshaw III.)

RD3: Hmmph, Defiant til the end.

Havoc: Pathetic.

(Moongoose McQueen yells in pure frustrations and manages to push himself off the ground.... SMACK.... A wooden sign across the back of Moongoose McQueen as he writhes in pain. He looks at the remains of the object that just struck him... remnants of "Goosela".... Flash... "Abholos Wo." Moongoose rolls on his back in pain, he looks ups... a new face.... Niki Khan with the other half of the sign. Niki stands besides her husband, Kenny Drake who points and laugh.)

Havoc: Where are they? Your friends? Your family? Your support?

RD3: Look at him. He's nothing without them.

Jeff: Can't do anything by himself. He doesn't deserve anything.

Kenny Drake: Cheap Tricks and all talk. Now, it's time to make him eat his words. Hold him down.

(Niki Khan grabs Moongoose by the legs, Havoc and RD3 an arm each. Moongoose struggles, but is unable to fight them off. Kenny Drake walks over to the broken sign, he picks it up, and with a sinister smile, paces back to Moongoose. He breaks off a piece.)

Moongoose: Come on, Jeff! Help me! You wouldn't let something like this happen! You're better than this?!

(Jeff X looks on, only to turn his back on him, ignoring his plea. Moongoose shakes his head and stops struggling, accepting what is next to come. Kenny Drake grabs Moongoose by the jaw, forcing it to open.)

Kenny Drake: Open wide.

(Camera shifts to the floor, the shadow, showing Kenny Drake shoving splintered pieces of wood into the mouth and down the gullet of Moongoose. Muffled screams covered up by the sounds of laughter from the collective pinning him to the ground, as Drake continues to ram more and more pieces down McQueen's throat. Seconds of agony feels like an eternity.... Suddenly, they vanish. No longer pinned down, McQueen grabs a hold of his throat, rolling around the ground. McQueen on all four, throwing up wooden pieces of chunks covered in blood as McQueen's internals has been eviscerated by splinters. He gasps for air, only to feel more blood fill his scarred throat and mouth. He looks up... he beloved members of Shin-SEKAI, Revy, Maelstrom, Camille, The Boys. ... They had chased his demons away.)

Moongoose: ...H...h.....

(Unable to make the words, but they understood. Maelstrom extends his hand before him, offering to pick him up. Moongoose reaches up to him... Maelstrom pulls him up as McQueen gets back on his feet. A feeling of relief overwhelms him.)

Maelstrom: LET.... HIMIN!!

(PSYCHO CRUSHER!! THE STO FROM MAELSTROM TO MOONGOOSE! McQueen drops head first to the floor and his body lays flat. Moongoose coughing up blood as Maelstrom stands above him, Camille besides him. Moongoose reaches out to Revy. Revy shakes her head in disapproval, and stands besides Maelstrom, The Boys, Consuelo and Cameron align

themselves with Maelstrom. Maelstrom pressing his foot on the top of McQueen's sternum as he groans in pain... STOMP!...STOMP! STOMP! STOMP!! The Rest of Shin-SEKAI joining in.)

(Moongoose McQueen, helpless as he tries to protect himself, but is overwhelmed, but once again, it stops.... Moongoose opens one eye... with a peek, they are gone. He looks around. Suddenly, a door opens and emerges from it... Abholos!)

Softly: Look at them. Look at all these lives you've ruined. And they call me the monster. Do you get it now? That no matter what you do, you are doomed to fail and bring everyone down with you. We are better off in a world without Moongoose McQueen. Everybody hates you. They want to see you fail. Your greatest nightmare, already a reality, and all you do is delay the inevitable.

(Moongoose struggles to get up as Abholos closes the door behind him.)

Softly: Did you think my powers were just gonna magically make everyone like you? You think you were finally able to command the respect you feel entitled to through deception. You are wrong. My gift, shows the world the truth, your greatest fears exposed, and that will never change. You, Moongoose McQueen... are nothing!

(Moongoose back to his feet, blood still pouring from out of his mouth, he wipes it off and charges at Abholos... a tackle.. Driving him against the wall... SHATTERS!! Moongoose and Abholos are falling out of the tower! Moongoose and Abholos fight and struggle in the air, Moongoose getting a few punches in... Abholos waves goodbye... Poof... vanishing into the mist as McQueen continues to fall.)

(Heart pounding, legs and arm flailing through the air, Moongoose unable to scream as he descends at hit velocity, the drop, feeling like an eternity. Panic and anxiety setting in, Moongoose's eyes, not his life, but his many regrets playing in a loop. McQueen continues to fall... and fall... the ground.. Now visible... McQueen looks around.... Nothing to grab on... nothing to save him... he closes his eyes.... Accepting his fate.)

SPLAT!!

....

...

.

Splat! Splat! ...Splat!

(McQueen opens his eyes as water droplets hit him in the forehead. He wipes it off and sits up. ... He looks around him... his legs shackled by chains, connected to another being, a monstrosity 3 times his size in a mask, with chains wrapped around its neck. McQueen looks around and sees the carnage that has taken place in the. He tries to piece it together. He had been knocked out... forced to have the same nightmare he has had, the last 3 days..)

(Moongoose gets back to his feet. He attempts to walk towards the exit, unable to move forward, still shackled to the monster he is still unclear how he took down. Besides the creature, a chain saw, realizing just how close to death he may have truly been. Moongoose takes the chainsaw, covered in oil and blood, it runs. McQueen saws off the chain and tosses it to the side. Moongoose stands back up once more, battered, bloody, and full of cuts. He leans against the wall and stumbles out the door. He slams the door shut .He had made it pass the 4th Level, one more until the top. A sadistic laugh echoes as we fade to black.)

"huh-HAAAAH!"

"-HAAAAH!"

"-HAAAAH!"

"-HAAAAH!"

"-HAAAAH!"

"-HAAAAH!"

"-HAAAAH!"

"HEY YOU LIL' PISS BABY!"

(Kyle Boe dramatically slides out onto the stage, to an overwhelming roar from the OWA fans! Kyle Boe holds an air cannon straight-up into the air, leaning his head forward to allow his signature sunglasses to fall in front of his eyes. As he dances down the ramp, he fires the cannon into the crowd, showering them with shirts, scarves, and fanny packs - all courtesy of the Kyle Boe merchandise shop. Kyle Boe tosses the cannon aside as he slides into the ring. He hops to his feet before performing a no-hands cartwheel, striking a pose in the centre of the ring. Kyle Boe waits a few moments, breathing in the applause, before making his way to his corner.)

Rita Gonzales: Introducing first, wrestling out of Los Angeles, California in the USA and weighing in tonight at two hundred and sixteen pounds... he is The Human Highlight Reel, THE INFLUUUUUENCERRRR... KYYYYYYLLLEEEEE BOOOOOOOOOEEEE!!!

Morgan Shaw: Is this serious? This is who we've got coming out here first? Ugh fine, ladies and gentlemen, this is Kyle Boe. The man came through a tough loss to Elijah Hampton on Atlantis and well, he's something of a handful to hold. I'm sure the poor guy is one of those "zoomers" that everyone is about these days.

(Nero and Zaxaria both enter and make a hole. Nero stares stoically around while Zaxaria mocks and jeers the opponents. A few seconds later Miltiades comes out through the middle adorned with a mask covering his face. He motions for both Zaxaria and Nero to start walking and he follows behind. Zaxaria enters first, sliding in through the bottom rope and going to the

rope to look down on everyone. Nero walks along the inside of the ring. Staring down his opponents if they're there. Miltiades enters in and removes his mask and hands it to Nero who takes it and throws it to the side. They all meet in the middle and soak in the boos. Zaxaria smiling with content, Nero unfazed, and Miltiades with his head high and eyes closed.)

Rita Gonzales: And his opponent, first, being accompanied to the ring by The Council- wrestling out of Rome and weighing in tonight at two hundred and fifteen pounds... He is The Cinder King... MILLLLLTIADDDDDESSSS!!!!

Lance Hart: Morgan, tell me you never saw this coming from a mile away. Miltiades is back after what feels like a very long time away from the ring and he's brought some friends with him too. Zaxaria and Nero. Though I have no inside information on Nerio, I do know that Zaxaria had a brief stint on Omega Wrestling Tomorrow. Miltiades looks to make sure he comes back strong, as if he hasn't already, since he is the known attacker of Jon McAddams.

("Awaken" -- Dethklok begins to play through the PA System as the lights go dark in the arena, all of the house lights swivel around the arena until they shine down onto Camille Mishima walking out from the curtain and right behind her is Maelstrom, standing tall at the top of the ramp as he looks out upon the crowd before they both make their slow walk down the ramp.)

Rita Gonzales: And finally, being accompanied by Camille Mishima... Wrestling out of Parts Unknown and weighing in tonight at two hundred and forty pounds... He is "The Harbinger of Darkness"... MAEEEEELLLLLSTORRRRMMMMM!!!

(Maelstrom walks up the ring steps and enters the ring through the middle ropes, Camille joins him in the ring as he stands dead centre of the ring, the lights strobing down on the couple as Maelstrom stretches his arms out before the music fades away and the lights come back to normal.)

Morgan Shaw: Maelstrom has been on a bumpy road since he came here, it's been up and down but right now, he's focused on coming back strong here. I know that the whole thing for the Openweight Championship might be in play if he wins here or even the Spartans Championship- You can count on Maelstrom and Camille to be focused on those titles alone.

(DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: And this match will begin with Miltiades and Maelstrom looking across the ring from one another, and right in the middle is... well... Kyle Boe has just strutted his way to the middle of the ring and he's now default dancing. He's doing a default dance for everyone right now and there's no better feeling for it, this is a man that... as the kids would say these days... want to *vibe*. Boe turns to Maelstrom and then turns to Miltiades-- **MALICE AT THE PALACE!!! THE SICK KICK FROM OUT OF NOWHERE!!!!**

Morgan Shaw: About goddamn time too! I've just about had enough of that man already and we're only after getting started. Maelstrom charges into Miltiades with a Knee Trembler as he gets back to one knee, and now these two evil entities are able to go at one another. They're going to be swinging for the hills when both are up to a vertical stance. But Maelstrom is going to ground and pound Kyle Boe into the mat, he surely didn't take too kindly to what he said in that "diss track" of his. Maelstrom just SLAMS his head into the mat in a repeated manner, he's causing a lot of pain onto Kyle Boe- as if he hadn't taken enough from that one Sick Kick by Miltiades.

Lance Hart: Oh, stop it you! Anyway, Miltiades is back up and he's deadlifting up Maelstrom up and back down again with the German Suplex! Maelstrom rolls out of the ring and Miltiades goes for the ground and pound onto Kyle Boe before he forcefully brings him up to his feet and THROWS him into the corner, Miltiades throwing liver shots right into Kyle Boe and you can see the wincing on the face of Boe that those shots do hurt a lot, and I don't even know if he can keep up with Miltiades. Boe's grabbed from under his arms and he's TOSSED across the ring with FORCE from Miltiades!

Morgan Shaw: Good, good. Now, Miltiades is perched up in the corner and ready for another Malice at The Palace but Boe lands the Jumping Knee as Miltiades charges in. A quick dab from Boe before he dropkicks Miltiades into the corner, another dropkick follows and then a flying forearm from Boe. No taunting this time, he's going the whole way through this. Step Up Knee turned right into a Powerbomb from Miltiades, Boe is rolled up and back to his feet- HUGE DISCUS CLOTHESLINE TURNED BOE INSIDE OUT!! THAT'S HOW YOU TEACH THEM RIGHT THERE!!!

Lance Hart: Let's be civil here, Morgan, try to not be biased. Miltiades is now standing above the lifeless body of Kyle Boe with his arms stretched out wide, a devious smile on his face as he grabs Kyle Boe by the chin and lands a loud echoing headbutt to the jaw of Boe. Maelstrom comes sliding into the ring and attacks Miltiades with a clubbing blow to the back of the head. Maelstrom puts Miltiades into a Pumphandle hold, lifting him up and over his head with a Samoan Drop! God DAMN that was impressive from Maelstrom, and now it's a deadlift attempt as Maelstrom slowly walks to the middle of the ring and DROPS MILTIADES WITH THE PILEDRIIVER!!!

Morgan Shaw: Deadlift Piledriver that just spiked Miltiades into the mat and you know he's not done, Maelstrom is looking to finish this. He fed Boe to the wolves and now he'll feast on the remains of what's left-- HEADBUTT BY BOE! WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?! Kyle Boe comes out of nowhere with this fury, he's got the forearms firing down onto Maelstrom, he's firing away on everything here. Boe misses one and now comes the Psycho Crusher STO but Boe floats over and picks up Maelstrom with the Powerbomb, rolling him onto his knees with and Boe with a KNEE TO THE JAW! ANOTHER KNEE TO THE JAW! Kyle Boe-- oh the poor bastard just Double Dabbed... no... NO- DAMMIT!

Lance Hart: He hit the woah, what a move!

Morgan Shaw: Don't encourage him!

Lance Hart: Relax, Morgan. Boe falls back and rebounds off of the ropes with a Pump Knee Strike but MAELSTROM CAUGHT BOE! **SPINNING SPINEBUSTER!!!** THE COVER AND THE COUNT!!

ONE...

TWO...

Lance Hart: Not so fast, Maelstrom, Boe's still in this! Bodyscissors by Boe and now he's going to grab the head, that's a Guillotine Choke applied by Boe, he's tightening that grip for sure here! Miltiades is beginning to move a bit, Boe needs to keep that pressure applied to Maelstrom's neck and keep him down but Maelstrom is slowly getting back up to both of his feet, he's up to one knee now and now one foot- the second foot is down and now he's back up, Boe's sent into the turnbuckles AND HE'S THROWN ACROSS THE RING WITH A BELLY TO BELLY OVERHEAD!

Morgan Shaw: Here comes Miltiades now, he's picked up Maelstrom and dropped him back down with the Back Suplex here. If Miltiades was a smart man, and I know him to be one, he'd be aware of Maelstrom's threshold to pain, he'd be aware of that and he'd know it'll take a lot for that man to go down. Miltiades is stalking Maelstrom, stomps go down onto the head but Maelstrom is fighting through, he's pushing forward, he's not going to let this continue. Double Leg Takedown by Maelstrom and he's swinging for the fences, he's wildly going for the knockout blow!

Lance Hart: Palm Strikes, Forearm Strikes, Sharp Elbow attacks! You name it, Maelstrom is throwing it right now onto Miltiades! Stomps down onto the skull of the Cinder King, Maelstrom is unleashed, he's got no care to the damn world right now! And why should he? Boe's now slowly getting back to his feet and Maelstrom is taking notice, he's setting his sights on Boe here and charges in... PUMP KNEE STRIKE! Again, Boe comes out of nowhere with these strikes! Roundhouse Kick by Boe and the crowd are chanting for him, listen to them Boe chants!

Crowd: BOE! BOE! BOE! BOE! BOE! BOE! BOE! BOE!

Morgan Shaw: I wished I didn't hear them, they're repetitive already with that stupid chant. Boe looks furious, he's taken a hell of a beating and you can just see that seething look on his face that he wants to come back and win this, he wants to make sure that an exclamation point is made for his Kingdom debut! Boe comes to his feet, HUGE Lariat throws Miltiades over the ropes and down with his Council members! Boe turns around, Pump Kick to the side of Maelstrom's head and a German Suplex follows! There's the flexing on one knee, he's taunting but you know that'll cost him surely. I hope it does to teach him a lesson.

Lance Hart: Well, he's bringing Maelstrom up to his feet and he's hoisting him up for the Powerbomb and he'll DROP HIM WITH THE **POWER-BOE-MB!!!**

Morgan Shaw: The what?!

Lance Hart: The Power-Boe-mb.

Morgan Shaw: Jesus wept...

Lance Hart: And I think he's not done there, Boe's got a hold of that foot there and he's locking in the Spinning Boe Hold-- HUGE BOOT FROM MILTIADES! Boe is ABSOLUTELY STUNNED from the Big Boot as he falls to a knee and Miltiades LANDS THE **MAKE YOUR MARK SUPERKICK!!!** Boe's in trouble here as Miltiades hooks the arms and brings Boe to his feet, dragging him to the middle of the ring to plant Boe with that DDT of his but Boe, he's struggling to stay up on his feet, he's taken a hefty amount of pain here and I don't blame him, that's a struggle in itself to take in. He's going for broke here, slipping down out of Miltiades' grasp. ANOTHER **MAKE YOUR MARK** CONNECTS!!! Miltiades has now got Boe right where he wants him-- MAELSTROM! MAELSTROM! HOOKS THE ARMS AND LIFTS... **DARKNESS AWAITS!!!** HOOK OF THE LEG!

ONE...

TWO...

THR--

Morgan Shaw: BOE USED ALL OF HIS MIGHT TO PUSH HIMSELF FORWARD TO BREAK UP THE PIN! I give credit where credit is due, Boe has a never say die attitude about him after EVERYTHING thrown into his direction, he still manages to push through and fight on with everything he's got left in the tank but I'm afraid there's very little left in that tank. He looks weak, he's taken everything from both Maelstrom and Miltiades here tonight, he's got to perform some sort of miracle here to even succeed right now. Miltiades is slowly coming through, he's slowly coming together and making it to his feet, as is Maelstrom and both men are firing off with the forearm shots. Maelstrom. Miltiades. Maelstrom. Miltiades. Maelstrom. Miltiades. Maelstrom. Maelstrom! MAELSTROM! STIFF HEADBUTT TO THE BRIDGE OF MAELSTROM'S NOSE! LIVER KICK FROM MAELSTROM! ASCEND TO MADNESS!!!--

Lance Hart: NO! Miltiades slid down the back of Maelstrom... TURN OF THE CENTURY!!-- MISSED THE KICK! PSYCHO CRUSHER!!!-- BACK ELBOWS TO THE SIDE OF MAELSTROM'S HEAD! WAR HORSE!!!-- MAELSTROM TWISTS OUT OF IT... SHORT ARM LARIAT AND IT'S MAELSTROM WITH THE ADVANTAGE! Maelstrom might be looking for the ending right here, he's got to find a way to put an end to Miltiades here but he's putting his focus on Kyle Boe, maybe the smart choice but I'm not one to question his thought process. Hold on, Kyle Boe stopped him in his tracks, for what- He flipped him the bird! He flipped Maelstrom the

bird-- **NUT PUNT!!! NUT PUNT!!! NUT PUNT!!!** KYLE BOE WITH THE KICK RIGHT TO THE NETHER REGION OF MAELSTROM! AND NOW LOOK ON THE OUTSIDE! THE COUNCIL HAVE A TABLE SET UP, NERO'S PULLING KYLE BOE OUT OF THE RING AND INTO THE POWERBOMB POSITION!

Morgan Shaw: Oh come on, and now Zaxaria is perched up on the second turnbuckle. POWERBOMB DOUBLE FOOT STOMP COMBINATION FROM BOTH NERO AND ZAXARIA! KYLE BOE IS PUT THROUGH THAT TABLE RIGHT THERE ON THE OUTSIDE! Sickening! Absolutely sickening! The Council has laid waste to Kyle Boe and now it's Miltiades with Maelstrom... **BLOOD IN THE WATER!!!** OH MILTIADES DID SEE THE BLOOD IN THE WATER AND HE'S NOT DONE! **WARRRRR HORRRRRRSEEEEE!!!!** ELEVATION WITH THAT DOUBLE UNDERHOOK DDT! MILTIADES WITH THE COVER!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Rita Gonzales: Here is your winner... MILLLLTIAAADESSSS!!!!

(The Council enter the ring as they celebrate with their leader upon the victory, Miltiades kneeling beside a fallen Maelstrom as he looks down with a wicked smile on his face before slowly getting back up to his feet, the referee Larry Blackwell lifting up Miltiades' arm in victory as The Council stand behind their victorious leader.)

Morgan Shaw: Well, that's one certain way of making a huge comeback to OWA, Miltiades was dominant throughout that entire match and he looked damn good doing it too.

Lance Hart: Indeed he was dominant, and then The Council provided outside help by making sure that Boe wasn't going to stop Miltiades from capturing that win. Ruthless, pure ruthlessness from The Council. Up next though, we'll have the OWA World Champion going up against a young rookie in Theodor Pavel. I sense an upset here, can you?

Morgan Shaw: I don't think so, Havoc is too strong for that. I feel like it'll be something like what's been seen here. Decimation.

(The Council makes their way to the back, their heads held high in victory as we fade to commercial break.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(The previous match had come to an end and as we see Miltiades and his Council make it through the curtain, we find ourselves with The Prince of OWA standing on and watching on through a monitor, looking to survey the next match with Havoc and Theodor Pavel. Havoc walks up to the Prince and stands beside him, the championship wrapped tightly around his waist.)

Havoc: Are you ready for tonight?

Maverick: Of course I am, are you ready for tonight?

Havoc: Why wouldn't I be? Right now, The Ashes are stronger than ever. We might not have the Openweight Championship anymore, but it's dead weight no longer being carried, your choice two weeks ago was perfect. I couldn't have agreed more with you.

Maverick: I surely do not allow people to be weak every time they go out to that ring, and right now, I sensed that in both Jacob Knight and The Vincent. They both had to be taught that lesson.

(Havoc chuckled.)

Havoc: It seemed to me that you only decided to let The Vincent take the fall, what about Knight if you think that he is showing weakness all of the time?

Maverick: Give him a warning, of course. Show him what will happen if he dares to fail us again. Knight has been losing and losing and losing some more. Hell, I'm not even sure I've seen him win on his own.

Havoc: I believe you helped him win before, a six man tag match.

Maverick: I carried both of them to that win.

Havoc: You did. Now, all you need to do right now is to relax, you need to be focused out there. You know what it's like to share the ring with Aria more than anyone else does, considering your previous experiences with her. This is yours for the taking, along with Abholos if he can find his way back here to take those Tag Team Championships from the Queens of Wrestling.

Maverick: I'm very VERY hopeful of me winning those championships tonight.

Havoc: Good luck then, and don't come back empty handed. Whatever you do. I cannot see my second in command fail me again like you did with Kenny and your other two championship attempts.

(Maverick smiles from ear to ear.)

Maverick: I can assure you, I won't let you down.

(Havoc nods and walks off, looking to make his grand entrance. Maverick stands around, beginning to wrap the wrist tape around his hand and down his arm before a voice interrupts him.)

"I knew I could find you over here..."

(That voice belonged to Jacob Knight, furious over the events of The Trials of The Ashes two weeks ago, he has become furious and charges over at Maverick grabbing him by the jaw before The Prince could push him off and out of his way.)

Maverick: Get the fuck off of me, what the fuck is your problem?

Jacob Knight: My *problem*, Mav? My problem begins with you. What the hell did you do that for out there two weeks ago? You attacked me, like a savage hound, and thought of it as being this "cutting the fat from The Ashes" like I'm that fat?

Maverick: Have you ever decided to take a look at yourself? Take a look in the mirror and realise exactly who you are before you come at me and try to fucking assault someone superior than you in every fucking aspect of the word.

Jacob Knight: A superior you are *not*, I have been working my ass off for The Ashes, I have paraded their blessings to them on Twitter for being the superiors that we are. Mav, what have you done but lose these championship matches, lose to Kenny and almost get yourself killed for it? Have you no shame-

(A wild slap comes across the face of Jacob Knight.)

Maverick: Let me ask you something, you snobby little fucking cunt, what the fuck have you done since you joined the Ashes- let me rephrase that, what have you done since you joined the Kingdom roster- let me rephrase that again, what the fuck have you done since you joined this company? You've done absolutely nothing but embarrass yourself whereas I've planted myself as a Main Event fucking star. Even in losses, I end up looking like a million dollars where you look like a soggy and crusty fucking condom laying around on the floor.

(Maverick comes closer to Knight's face, tension could be cut with a knife between these two as Maverick is now seething with anger from Knight's choice of actions and words.)

Maverick: I've *made* you win matches, I've *made* you be in this position you are today. I told Havoc to keep you in The Ashes because I see a potential in you but you just throw it back in my fucking face without knowing it. I've looked at you and see what you can become and every fucking time I see it, it's never there when it comes down to where it actually matters. I was told to cut the fat from that match, I saved you. Havoc is fine with The Vincent being gone and never

to be seen again. I didn't need to tell you to act up and do something, you should fucking know that yourself. But no. You don't.

Jacob Knight: I gave Kenny Drake-

Maverick: **BULL-FUCKING-SHIT YOU DID.** I GAVE HIM A RUN FOR HIS FUCKING MONEY, NOT YOU. We are at fucking war, and if you want to be that man who stands side by side with his brothers then you better act the fuck up and make it look like you want to win this war. I'm not going to stand around and hear your bullshit excuses when we are this close to taking ALL of the Kingdom brand, we are THIS CLOSE to taking it all and making it become ours. You have a choice, you need to take a side, this decides your fate. You're either with us, or you are against us. I don't want to force a fucking answer out of you but I have no choice but to see where you align with us.

Jacob Knight: You're making me choose...

(Knight sighed.)

Jacob Knight: You're making me choose between the brothers I've stood tall with or the rest who would never accept me, and I get it, I see where you're coming from. This probably means a lot to you more than it might mean to me, and I'm grateful you never put me through what you did to Vincent. I'm glad you see that hope in me still but I'll say this to you, Mav. This is my war as well, not yours, mine and Havoc and Abholos. This is our war. The second in command should have the right to cut the fat but you are no second in command, I do not have to vouch for your words, I don't have to take orders from someone like you. We are all equal. We are all the same. I will not tolerate being shunned down like such because you have a higher ego than anyone else does in The Ashes.

(Knight begins to poke Maverick in the heart.)

Jacob Knight: You have no heart, you care for yourself and yourself only. If I were a betting man, you're just waiting for the right time and the right place to take your shot at Havoc and take reign of The Ashes itself. You have a fire in you, Mav, and you need to use it quickly. I know well you would not use it against us. You are no superior over me, you are nothing without The Ashes. The same could be said for me but who would you be without Havoc, huh? You would be a nobody, just like me. I know you're getting angry, and I'm glad I ignited a fire in you. But next time, do not take it out on me because you wanted to cut the fat, I'm the best you've got. The best The Ashes have. I stand my ground beside my brothers. I will always stand that ground, it's you I have the doubts about. That ego is just getting bigger and bigger, and it'll be a matter of time before it'll erupt.

(Jacob Knight slowly pats Maverick on the shoulder, giving him a smile before walking away from The Prince, who's stood there and nodding his head in approval of Knight's course of actions.)

Maverick: Exactly what I wanted to see, Knight. What I wanted to fucking see.

(The camera shot fades back into the arena, in preparation for the next match.)

Rita Gonzales: The following is an Openweight Championship Qualifier, scheduled for ONE FALL!

Crowd: ONE FALL!

Rita Gonzales: Introducing first...

("I'm Bad" by LL Cool J hits as the crowd responds with a loud chorus of boos as 'The Snazzy One' Elijah Hampton makes his way onto the stage. He pays no attention to their jeers as he flexes and dances to his theme like the humble man that he is. He makes his way down the ramp, taunting the fans with each step. He then enters the ring and heads towards the corner, stepping on the second rope as he looks up and kisses his wrists one at a time before stepping off. His music dies down.)

Rita Gonzales: From St. Louis, Missouri... weighing in at 195 pounds...
EEEEEEEEEEEEELIJJJAAAAAHHHH HHAAAAAAMPPTOOOOOOONNNNN!!

Lance Hart: Well that's certainly a way to make an entrance. This Elijah Hampton really does love himself, doesn't he? I'm amazed he even made it to the ring with how invested he was in that showboating!

Morgan Shaw: Wouldn't you when you look like that? Even I want a slice of that cake! Besides, Elijah's already proven himself pretty quickly that he's going to be a hot commodity for Kingdom along with his reluctant tag team partner. Or are you forgetting about how he defeated Kyle Boe on Atlantis earlier this month? I did my research and I can tell you right now that, in spite of his demeanor, he is not a man you want to take lightly! And what did Hampton do? He beat him, Lance! And I'm sure he's gonna be looking to keep the ball rolling with another win here tonight!

Rita Gonzales: And his opponent...

("True Nature" by Jane's Addiction hits next, and the crowd once again reacts negatively and boos fill the arena. Shea Flaherty makes his way out from the curtain, face painted and twisted into a scowl, he wastes no time making his way to the ring. He rushes and slides under the ropes and immediately hops up to his feet to go to his corner, preparing to make the first move as soon as the bell rings. His music eventually settles and there's silence once more.)

Rita Gonzales: From St. Louis, Missouri... weighing in at 206 pounds...
SSSSSSSSSHHHHEEEEEAAAAA
FFLLLLLAAAAHHHHEEERRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

Morgan Shaw: That'll be difficult to do though, especially when the man he's facing is his own tag team partner and long-time rival! This man, Shea Flaherty! I can't imagine what'd have to go through your mind to want to team up with someone you can't stand but they've managed to make it work up until now. Thanks to Reginald Dampshaw, whoever wins this tonight gets an opportunity at the Openweight Championship!

Lance Hart: Yeah... I can't imagine EVER teaming up with someone I despise. Not like we ever did that or anything. Not like we're STILL doing that either.

Morgan: Hey! I resent that.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: That's the bell and this match is starting hot as Shea immediately charges for a takedown on Elijah! Certainly no love lost here! Flaherty swings wildly but some "smooth operating" from Elijah Hampton allows him to dodge Shea's punches for now and he kicks his rival-turned-partner-turned opponent away with his feet and gets back up to his vertical base. Hampton was caught off his guard for a minute there and the tone for this match has definitely been set in the early goings.

Morgan Shaw: That's for damn sure! We already know Shea holds a lot of resentment towards his "partner" and it's clearly boiling over already. Let's hope Shea can keep that temper of his in check because we've already seen that Elijah is one slippery cat. On the flip side, Elijah's gotta keep his focus! That almost ended very poorly for him. The storm seems to have settled somewhat now, however, and the two reach out a hand each to lock up... but Hampton with a stomp to the toes! He locks in a headlock and tries to take Shea down to the mat!

Lance Hart: Well that's not technically illegal, I guess! He's managed to sink Flaherty down to one knee but it's going to take a hell of a lot more than a headlock to bring BLOODSHOT to the ground for good! He gets his foot back under himself... and he uses all of his strength to push himself and Elijah Hampton into the ropes before sending Hampton across the ring!-- DROPKI!-- Hampton grabs the ropes and holds on!-- but Flaherty didn't jump! A double fakeout! Flaherty's got a sinister grin but Hampton quickly rolls under the bottom rope. He wants none of this!

Morgan Shaw: These guys know each other so well, and with Elijah Hampton now on the outside you know he's gonna use as much of those ten seconds as he can. Shea wants none of it and he's trying to get to the outside but the referee won't have it! He's distracted the referee from making his count-- AND ELIJAH HAMPTON COMES IN FROM ANOTHER SIDE OF THE RING AND TWISTS INTO A SUNSET PIN ON FLAHERTY!! THE REF COUNTS!

ONE!!

TW--

Morgan Shaw: FLAHERTY KICKS OUT JUST BEFORE TWO AND HE'S IMMEDIATELY BACK UP TO HIS FEET! Elijah Hampton may not have picked up the win there but he's certainly succeeded in pissing Shea Flaherty off! Hampton swings for a punch but it's blocked by Flaherty who delivers a swift hook of his own to The Snazzy One's jaw! And a second! A third! Flaherty sends him flying into the corner with a European uppercut! Hampton's been knocked loopy but his partner ain't done yet! He pulls him out for a DRAGON SCREW! That may have just torn a muscle!

Lance Hart: And what smart thinking from Shea Flaherty, at least short term! He knows better than anyone that Hampton is going to need full use of both legs to pull off most of his signature maneuvers, though let's hope he doesn't do any permanent damage considering that's meant to be his partner!

Morgan Shaw: I don't know that Shea would care either way, honestly. A shot at the Openweight Championship is probably worth sacrificing Hampton in his eyes! Shea picks him up and... hooks him in for a snap suplex right in the center of the ring! Hampton immediately reaches for his back and you can see him wincing in pain from the impact that suplex had on his spine. Shea, not being one to remain patient, immediately delivers a stiff kick to the side of Elijah Hampton's head, adding insult to injury! He's not going to let him play any games tonight.

Lance Hart: We'll see just how effective his strategy is by the end of this match but it's certainly paying off right now. He lifts Hampton back to his feet... but Elijah with the snapmare! Dropkick to the back of the neck! Cat-like reflexes from Elijah Hampton! Flaherty picks himself back up as Hampton rushes for the ropes... FOR THE CARDINAL SIN! THE SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT! FLAHERTY STEPS OUT OF THE WAY-- AND HAMPTON LANDS ON HIS FEET! CHEF'S KISS!! SUPERMAN PUNCH RIGHT ACROSS SHEA FLAHERTY'S MOUTH! HE GOES DOWN!

Morgan Shaw: That landing from the Cardinal Sin attempt appears to have put some unnecessary strain on that leg of Elijah Hampton's leg but he's still standing and that's what matters. Shea is recovering, seated in the corner, but it looks like he's right where Jah wants him! Can you say "CAAANNONBAALL"?!?! He crushes Shea against the turnbuckles! Pulled into the middle of the ring for the pin!

ONE!!

TWOOOO!!!

Lance Hart: Shea kicks out at two but Hampton isn't having it! He's insisting that was a three! In what world?! Come on, that wasn't even close to a three cou-- FLARE GUN!! SHEA FLAHERTY, THE MANIAC, GOT BACK UP TO HIS FEET IN AN INSTANT AND HAS JUST DROPPED HAMPTON WITH THAT SPINNING FIREMAN'S CARRY CUTTER!! THAT MUST HAVE BEEN PURE ADRENALINE!! HE MAKES THE COVER!!

ONE!!

TWOOO--

Lance Hart: Jah with the shoulder up at the count of two! That's what he gets for trying to contest what was clearly nothing close to a three count. He's doing his best to recoup but Shea is hammering down on him with clubbing blows. Hampton shoves him away! He delivers a swift kick to the gut and he goes for a DDT-- but Shea twists out behind him AND A CHOP BLOCK! RIGHT TO THE BACK OF THE KNEE! THAT WAS GRUESOME! THERE'S NO WAY ELIJAH CAN STAND UP STRAIGHT AFTER THAT BUT HE MIGHT HAVE NO CHOICE!

Morgan Shaw: Shea picks him up from behind... and drops him back down with an inverted DDT! He very nearly snapped his neck on that one! Hampton's reeling, trying his best to keep up a defense but BLOODSHOT sees the opportunity... AND HE'S GOING FOR IT! THROWING SHEAD!! THE SHINING WIZARD HITS ELIJAH HAMPTON OOPS UPSIDE THE HEAD! I SAID OOPS UPSIDE THE HEAD! HAMPTON MIGHT BE OUT! SHEA WANTS THE PIN AGAIN BUT NO! Elijah's rolling out onto the apron! That's real dangerous territory. I'd keep my wits about me if I'm Shea but he wants to finish this NOW! He storms right over as Hampton tries to get to his feet-- and he's met with a stiff forearm to the jaw for his efforts! Flaherty with one of his own! Hampton again! Flaherty! Hampton! Flaherty! They're trading forearm shots back-and-forth until one of them gives! Shea backs off first.. BUT A LARIAT-- ducked! Hampton hits him with a shoulder block to the abdomen! A SNAZZY SLINGSHOT SPEAR FROM THE SNAZZY ONE!!

Lance Hart: He's not done! An elbow drop to the face, smashing right into the cheekbone of Shea Flaherty! You can see his face paint smudging onto Hampton's upper arm and I don't think either man's going to be happy about that... and Hampton drops another! He's DEFINITELY not happy! That left leg is still being favored as he picks Flaherty up-- and a sweep across the shin, planting Jah face-first into the mat! Flaherty stumbles back in the corner, still gathering himself... and he comes back over to lock in... a submission?! FLAHERTY PULLS BACK ON HAMPTON'S ANKLE, DIGGING HIS HEEL BEHIND THE KNEECAP! HE'S TRYING TO PUSH HIS KNEE OUT OF ITS DAMN SOCKET! HE'S PULLING BACK, FURTHER AND FURTHER, STRETCHING HAMPTON'S BACK, AND THE REFEREE IS ASKING IS HE WANTS TO QUIT! YOU CAN SEE THE EXCRUCIATING PAIN SWELLING HIS FACE! HE'S BEET RED! BUT HE'S NOT GIVING UP! HE'S REFUSING TO TAP OUT! HE'S PULLING HIMSELF TOWARDS THE ROPES... CLOSER... CLOSER... AND HE REACHES THEM! THE REF BEGINS COUNTING SHEA OUT!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

F--

Morgan Shaw: Shea doesn't let go until literally milliseconds before being disqualified! That couldn't have been any closer! Both men want this championship opportunity and if that wasn't clear enough from the beginning of this match it damn well is now! Elijah can barely stand and Shea knows this is the time to finish this match once and for all. HE HOOKS HAMPTON IN FOR THE FLAMBE!! HE'S GOT HIM IN THE FISHERMAN... BUT ELIJAH'S TOO MUCH DEAD WEIGHT WITHOUT A LEG TO STAND ON! FLAHERTY CAN'T LIFT HIM ALL THE WAY!! HE RELEASES! FLAHERTY WITH A ROUNDHOUSE-- but it's ducked! BACKSTABBER! HAMPTON WITH A BACKSTABBER TO THE TURNED AROUND SHEA FLAHERTY AND HE'S... laughing? HE KIPS UP! ELIJAH HAMPTON KIPS UP AND NOW HE'S BOUNCING AROUND ON HIS "BAD" LEG! HE'S BEEN PLAYING US FOR FOOLS THIS WHOLE TIME! HIS LEG IS FINE! HIS LEG IS FINE, LANCE! THAT SLIMY BASTARD!

Lance Hart: HE RUNS OFF THE ROPES AT ALMOST LIGHTNING SPEED... FORTY WINKS!!!
THE KNEE TREMBLER!! SHEA FLAHERTY IS LAID OUT FLAT!! JAH PICKS HIM UP AND
WE KNOW WHAT HE'S GOING FOR NOW! HE LOCKS IN THE DOUBLE UNDERHOOKS! HE
WANTS THE FACEBUSTER! THE BOOK OF... EEEELLIIIIIIII!!!!

ONE!!

TWOOOO!!!

THREEEEEE!!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

(Elijah Hampton raises up to a knee as “I’m Bad” by LL Cool J plays for the second time tonight. The referee raises his hand and he looks smugly towards the camera and then down to Shea, who struggles to pick himself up as he comes to. Shea scowls, clearly frustrated by how Hampton pulled off the victory, and Elijah just smirks. Flaherty almost looks as though he’s going to get in Hampton’s face before Roy Bandini, the team’s manager, slides into the ring and gets between them both, talking them down.)

Lance Hart: Well, that's one way to earn the victory! Shea Flaherty clearly isn't happy about that outcome — and you'd have to think Hampton's tactics played a big role in his frustration right now.

Morgan Shaw: It's a good thing Roy Bandini was never too far astray. It looks as though he's doing what he can to keep the peace as the last thing this team needs right now is an implosion. Hampton won so he gets the Openweight Championship match and that means the ENTIRE

camp has to be in support of him, Shea especially. You have to think that if the result had gone the other way he'd be telling Hampton the exact same thing.

Lance Hart: Of course! You have to keep the team on the same page at all times, and it looks like that's exactly what Bandini is facilitating.

(Bandini has both men shake hands and then the referee raises Hampton's arm in victory. Shea rolls out of the ring with the team's manager and the two talk for a minute before they shake hands individually as well, with Bandini essentially telling the young Flaherty that there's always a next time. Elijah continues to celebrate in the ring to his music as Kingdom goes to commercial.)

The camera transitions to the Rupp Arena backstage hallway. Jeff X, Arata Asakura, Ryo Sakazaki, Michael Bishop, and Theodor Pavel, along with his manager Mr. Morgan, are all standing outside a locker room door. An ominous "Ashes of the Wake Members Only" plastic sign hangs on the door. Jeff X cracks open a beer can, quickly gulps it down, and tosses the now-empty can aside, letting out a large belch at the same time. Jeff X grabs another beer from a nearby tray, pops it open, and drinks it dry in a few short seconds. Jeff X then crumples up the empty can and throws it at the locker room door, knocking the temporary sign off. As it hits the floor, a loud "BOOM" is heard from inside the room. All the other Frontline members nervously glance towards Jeff X, who looks back at everyone, and lets out another loud burp before shrugging his shoulders.

Jeff X: No one expected this shit to be easy, but fuck easy, because the Ashes' little mind games end tonight! They prey on fear through all their little amateur-magician magic tricks, thinking that their artificial "scare tactics" will keep them safe from others... keep them safe from us. Well, it's time to take the fight to them directly! No matter what any of you may see, feel, or experience, keep in mind this one important thought: None of it is real! It's all smoke and mirrors, let by a carnival sideshow that thinks himself a ringmaster... Now let's fuck their shit up!

All the members raise their arms and yell in a rallying cry, following Jeff X as he kicks open the door to the locker room, everyone else following, a cameraman close behind them. As the Frontline members burst into the room, they all stop moving, looking around in confusion. The locker room appears empty, aside from a few gym bags and outfits hanging in the wooden lockers. Nothing seems unusual inside the room. The camera then zooms in on Jeff X's face, which shows him smirking in disappointment, slightly shaking his head.

Arata Asakura: There's no one here... is this some sort of elaborate trap, or have they not arrived yet?

Michael Bishop: Well... then what was that loud sound we heard just before we entered the room? The showers also look empty, so no one could've gotten out past us! I still owe those motherfuckers for ruining my amazing gym! Theodor can testify to that! Seriously, you guys... those mirrors were awesome... and expensive.

Jeff X: Relax fellows, we have it on good... authority that we are in the... right place... heh heh heh...

At that moment, Jeff X raises up his arms, causing the locker room lights to go out. The lights flicker back on, showing Havoc standing in Jeff X's place, his arms still raised. The locker room is now filling with smoke, as a strobe lighting effect appears within the fog.

Havoc: You idiots are truly too gullible for your own good! Imagine, all I had to do to get you all here was to "rally" you all, throw down a couple of gross cold ones, and just like that... I've led you all directly into my trap! No one is bigger than the Ashes of the Wake, especially your little rag-tag group of misfits who dare to challenge my power! Now enjoy the waking nightmares we have in store for you! HAHAAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

The locker room becomes completely consumed with the dark mist and irregular strobe light, blocking out everything else on screen. The screen then transitions to pitch black, followed by the sounds of trampling feet. A small light appears, growing bigger by the second, as it illuminates itself to be a wall lantern burning a bright, blue flame. The blue light envelopes the room, now showing the interior of a dark, dusty cabin. Heads of various animals line the walls, along with a mounted shotgun hanging below the head of a large boar. Several old clocks, all showing different times, line a separate wall next to an old, wooden door, which is slightly hanging off the hinges, signs of rotting wood almost obvious in the glowing blue light. Arata Asakura, Ryo Sakazaki, and Mr. Morgan are all huddled together, fists up in a defensive formation, looking around in bewilderment.

Jeff X: Fucking Udy...

Ryo Sakazaki: What the hell just happened? Where are we? And what happened to Theo and Michael?

Arata Asakura: We may have fallen right into that evil bastard's hands, but keep your focus up and your mind sharp! Don't fall for anymore of his "hocus pocus." They think of themselves as "yōkai," but in truth, they are nothing more than silly "pieros."

Ryo Sakazaki: I'm tired of all this boogeyman bullshit! Where are you Havoc? Show yourself you fucking coward! Let's do this, right here and right now!

Suddenly the large boar head's eyes turn to a solid white, the head itself slowly coming to "life." The boar head turns its head towards the remaining Frontline members, whose mouths almost drop to the floor. The boar head begins to laugh maniacally, its voice extremely high-pitched and sinister in nature, before speaking directly to the group.

Boar Head: Did you morans really think that you could outwit the Ashes of the Wake? What did you hope to accomplish by this short-sighted goal? But since you mortals crave violence so

much, allow us to subject you to enough gore to quench the thirst of even the most bloodthirsty butcher! We... have... such... sights... to... show... you! HA! HA! H- OUCH!

The boar head dislodges from the wall as Arata Asakura nails it with a high running kick, causing it to suddenly go silent. A large hole appears where the head was mounted, filled up with total blackness. All of a sudden, the remaining animal heads, including some deer, a bear, and different rodents, all start tearing off the walls, leaving dark holes in their wake. A reverse camera shot, appearing from the large hole where the boar head came from, shows the approaching face of an inquisitive Mr. Morgan, whose eyes appear to be squinting as he cautiously and slowly draws closer. As his face nears, his eyes quickly pop open wide, his mouth open in horror. The screen cuts back to the first angle, showing Mr. Morgan looking into the hole, yelling out in terror, as streams of red liquid start spewing out at high pressure from all the holes, covering the group and the entire cabin in what appears to be... blood! The Frontline members scream out in fright and anger as the streams of blood continue soaking them, before abruptly stopping as fast as they started. The cabin then starts shaking violently, as if an earthquake was rocking its very foundations. The wooden floorboards then start pulling themselves apart, swallowing up all three Frontline members, an eerie red light and mist emitting from below. All the clocks on the wall start chiming together, despite clearly all showing different times. After the 12th chime, the screen goes black.

The camera transitions to a kitchen, which appears to have been abandoned for a long, lost time. Michael Bishop is looking around, checking the cabinets, a small pantry, and the old fridge. There are no windows, and the only door is boarded shut. There is an old tea kettle on the stove, along with a bag of coffee grounds next to it. Empty pots are scattered along the counter.

Michael Bishop: How the hell did I end up here? And how the hell do I get outta here? Where's a fucking hammer when you need one!

Michael Bishop begins kicking the boards holding the door in place, but the boards don't even bend, almost as if they were encased in iron. Bishop then tries to pry off the boards with his hands, but they don't even budge. Frustrated, Bishop throws up his hands in defeat, storming back over to the small pantry. He pulls out a can of baked beans, which are curiously labeled "Havoc's Pocket-Sized "Double" Baked Beans." Bishop holds up the can to his face, inspecting the label.

Michael Bishop: Hmm... "sure to bring out the evil in you, in bite-sized form." Well, I am hungry, and it doesn't look like I'm leaving anytime soon... at least it's low on sugar, apparently... might as well get some coffee going while I'm at it...

Bishop empties the can into a pot, turns on the stove burners, and begins cooking the beans, along with brewing the tea kettle, adding coffee grounds once it quickly steams.

The screen then transitions to a dark cellar, filled with brick walls and several medieval torture devices like a stretching rack, an iron maiden, and a pendulum. Several lit torches stand in a

circle, surrounding a figure laying in the dirt. As the camera zooms in closer, the figure is shown to be Theodor Pavel, who appears to be waking as if he just got up from a nap. He looks around in confusion, his face twisted in anxiety. As soon as Theodor gets to his feet, another figure emerges from the shadows. The figure steps into the light, showing it to be Mr. Morgan, a strange smile frozen on his face. A cautious Theodor takes a step back, instinctively going into a defensive stance, as Mr. Morgan begins speaking (although Mr. Morgan is speaking in Romanian, English subtitles translate at the bottom of the screen).

“Mr. Morgan”: My friend, my prodigy... how disappointing a prospect you have turned out to be... Why choose to fight along those whose talent you eclipse by miles? Why do you disgrace me... disgrace Romania... even disgrace your parents?

Theodor Pavel: I do not understand. It was you that encouraged me to join the Frontline, to fight against this perverse evil!

Mr. Morgan: Evil? Don't you know that “evil” is only a matter of perspective? What you've been told to see as “evil” is only manifested as such in your own mind. In reality, one could say that your friends are just as “evil,” if not more so... After all, they're just using you... they left you here alone...

Theodor Pavel: But... but you're here now, so I'm not alone... right?

Mr. Morgan: Well, maybe not... but only if you accept Havoc's offer to join the Ashes of the Wake, just as I have... Together, we shall be a part of restructuring the very balance of power on Kingdom, and then the entire OWA as well! Now come, take my hand...

This seemingly bizarre version of Mr. Morgan extends his hand out slowly towards Theodor Pavel, who appears to be contemplating the offer. After a few moments, Theodor extends his hand right back, but right before clasping Mr. Morgan's hand in return, he instead pushes him backwards, spitting on him in disgust.

Theodor Pavel: Never! You may have lost your way, but I will continue to fight for what's right! The Frontline will destroy the Ashes, and Havoc will be exposed as the fraud he is. He's no champion! He's a coward!

Mr. Morgan looks at Theodor Pavel in a disappointing manner, shaking his head from side to side.

Mr. Morgan: Ahh, what a pity... then I guess it's all over... there's no purpose for me left in this world, since you won't accept the offer of absolute power... Farewell, my friend... I hope this decision of yours was worth it!

“Mr. Morgan” then walks over to the open iron maiden. He turns his head around, looking at Theodor Pavel with sad eyes, before stepping into the iron maiden. As soon as Mr. Morgan is

completely inside the iron maiden, the spiked iron door slams shut behind an abnormal force. Mr. Morgan cries out in sheer pain and agony, blood spurting out at the seams. Theodor, yelling "NOOOOO," charges towards the iron maiden, trying very hard to pull it open, but to no avail. However, as Theodor steps back, the door swings open violently. Mr. Morgan is no longer present, though, instead a black, empty chamber is shown. Suddenly, Maverick and Jacob Knight charge through, attacking Theodor. Theodor holds his own at first, knocking down Jacob Knight with a strong right hand, followed by kicking him in the gut, which sends Jacob sailing into some tree branches. Maverick then clobbers Theodor from behind, sending him into the ground. Both Ashes members begin stomping Theodor over and over, as the camera quickly zooms out into darkness, before transitioning back to the kitchen where Michael Bishop is now sitting on the counter, stirring the baked beans inside the pot, an annoyed look across his face.

Michael Bishop: Man, I hope these beans ain't terrible... a little bit of hot sauce could do wonders for it... I think I saw an old bottle of some ghost pepper sauce in that pantry... time to spice things up a bit.

Bishop hops down, walks over to the pantry, and pulls out a bottle of ghost pepper sauce, which is covered in dust and cobwebs. However, the pot on the stove starts to violently shake, as small shrieks are heard coming from "inside" the pot. As the camera zooms inside the pot, the congealed mass of baked beans begin forming into a shape resembling a melted action figure. As the mass continues to take shape, it gains the appearance of Michael Bishop himself, though covered in goo and looking like a used candle. The figure then jumps out of the pot, landing on the stove, pointing at a shocked Bishop, speaking in a very high-pitched, sped-up voice.

Baked Bean Mini-Monster: Hey there, good-looking! Got a bit of a weird-but-beneficial proposal for you... How would you like me to be deep inside you?

Michael Bishop: What... in... the... fuck... are... you?

Baked Bean Mini-Monster: I'm exactly what you could be: an evil, more powerful version of yourself, courtesy of my "creator" Havoc... All you have to do is put me in your mouth... doesn't that sound the least bit... appetizing?

Michael Bishop: Whatever you are, remember one thing: There's only one Dreadkinght in this world! There's no substitute for the real thing! Now chew on this, you perverted pyxie piece of shit!

Bishop lunges for his baked bean doppelganger, but the bite-sized Bishop dives out of the way, causing Bishop to smack the hot stove burner, burning his hands. Bishop falls to the floor, holding his seared hands, screaming in pain. The Baked Bean Mini-Monster jumps back over to the stove's edge, laughing hysterically.

Baked Bean Mini-Monster: What's the matter, situation too hot to handle? Now, keep that pretty mouth open, because I'm ready to get some head! Geronimo!

The Baked Bean Mini-Monster then jumps off the stove in a “cannonball” position, diving down towards Michael Bishop’s open mouth. Bishop unintentionally swallows the thing, his eyes frozen in terror at the realization. He then starts heaving, trying to force himself to puke. He shoves his finger down his throat, but to no success. His body suddenly starts moving uncontrollably, slamming into the walls, cabinets, pantry, and the door. He appears to have no control over his body, his forehead covered in sweat.

Michael Bishop: So you wanna play rough, huh? You want something too hot to handle, well suck on some hot sauce, fuckface!

Bishop grabs the ghost pepper sauce, pops the top off, and gulps the entire bottle down, convulsing in pain the entire time, screams of agony gurgling out of his throat.

Michael Bishop: How’d you like the taste of that... ugh... you little bitch... let’s wash it down with some hot coffee! Hope you like it black and scalding hot!

Bishop then grabs the whistling kettle off the stove, pouring down the piping-hot coffee down his gullet, tiny screams echoing from “inside” his stomach. Bishop laughs manically, as he begins punching his own stomach several times. Finally, the little screaming stops, allowing Bishop to catch his breath while climbing to his feet. He stumbles towards the stove before suddenly freezing in place. He now appears physically ill, as he starts retching over the sink.

Michael Bishop: Oh man... I think I’m gonna be fucking sick... cooking those beans was a bad idea... yup, this is that Denny’s outside of Pittsburgh all over again!

Bishop begins heaving violently, before finally vomiting out the remains of the Baked Bean Mini-Monster, which still looks to be alive, although only its mouth and eyes are visible, as its otherwise more a blob than a figure at this point. Despite its form, the monster still manages to spit out some words.

Baked Bean Mini-Monster: You stupid motherfucking cunt! You... gave up power... for pride... I’m gonna... fucking... kill you... fucking bitch!

Michael Bishop: Whoa, guess that coffee wasn’t decaf. Sounds like someone needs to get his fucking mouth washed out!

At that moment, Michael Bishop turns on the sink’s hot water faucet, sending the blob mass down the sink. As the monster disappears down the drain, an exhausted and hurt Bishop slumps down to the floor, his eyes closing. The camera slowly zooms out, the door entering the frame on the right. The door, boards and all, then opens up, revealing two dark figures walking in towards an unconscious Bishop, the screen fading into a black circle.

The screen then transitions into a dingy, dirty room that looks to be a small county jail. There are three jail cells, surrounded only by steel bars and a lone cement wall that connects the three cells, lined up side-by-side. In the middle cell sits Jeff X, who is shackled by the wrists. The shackles are chained to the wall. He appears to be unconscious, his head hanging low, his chained arms keeping him from toppling face-first to the cold, hard floor. The cell on the left contains Ryo Sakazuki, Arata Asakura, Michael Bishop, and Mr. Morgan, who all also are unconscious, though none of them are shackled, instead all leaning on each other while sitting on the cold slab that doubles as a cot for prisoners. The cell on the right is too dark to see into, the only light source coming from the moon, peering into a small window on the far side of the first cell. A large sound of a door opening echoes throughout the jail, which prompts everyone to start stirring, including Jeff X, who slowly lifts up his head, evidence of dried blood crusted around his nose and the corners of his mouth. Havoc, followed by Abholos, Jacob Knight, Jada Blaire, and Maverick, all walk into the room. Maverick and Jacob Knight are holding up a beaten-down Theodor Pavel, who is awake but can barely stand without assistance. Havoc stops in front of Jeff X's cell door, opening it with an old, rusty key. Havoc kneels in front of Jeff X, cupping his chin in his hand.

Havoc: This has certainly been fun, I must say, but sadly, all good things must come to an end... You've been an annoying thorn in my side for far too long, but did you ever think that you and the "Peanuts" gang were lethal enough to stop me? Allow me to show you... something enlightening... something that will illustrate full-well how hopeless it is to stop me.

Havoc tilts Jeff X's head towards the darkened cell, which slowly lights up thanks to a few candles that suddenly ignite from within the cell. As the lights grow brighter, the camera zooms "into" the cell, the bars no longer obscuring the screen. Inside the cell is a wooden marionette that is held up by several strings, though no one is above controlling the puppet. The figure itself is hand-carved and painted, having a more-than-similar appearance to... Christopher Sabertooth, right down to the familiar ring attire and all. The camera stays focused on the marionette, as Havoc's voice narrates in the background.

Havoc: Once, me and my weaker self were able to see eye-to-eye. I allowed Chris Sabertooth to take control, if only to show him just how weak he was without my steady hand guiding the way. Slowly yet surely, he descended into desperation and despair, becoming nothing more than another ant in the OWA corporate colony. And what was the reward for his blind allegiance? Nothing... absolutely nothing... so I finally did what I had to... Observe.

Suddenly, another marionette appears to "fall" from the ceiling, except this one has no strings attached to it. This "puppet" looks exactly like Havoc, right down to the last detail. The Havoc "puppet" floats over to the Chris Sabertooth "puppet," moving in an overly-exaggerated manner. The Havoc marionette then grabs the Chris Sabertooth one, "lifting" it up in the air in a gorilla press position. The Havoc puppet then rips apart the Chris Sabertooth puppet in half, miniature innards and an unexplainable geyser of blood pouring out from the puppet's torn torso, showering the open-mouthed Havoc puppet. A wooden handle, attached to the strings holding up the Chris Sabertooth puppet, falls to the ground, the puppet itself tumbling behind in a bloody

heap. The camera then zooms back out to a grinning Havoc, who now holds his puppet clone in his hand, waving it in front of Jeff X's face.

Havoc: As you can see, my misguided friend... there are no "strings" on me... There never was, and now that I buried Sabertooth in the very depths of my darkened soul... there is nothing holding me back any longer from seizing control over everything. My powers are much more than just a little "hocus pocus!" What do you have to say to that, "leader" of the Frontline? You've fallen into my trap, your friends have been incapacitated and traumatized, and no one's coming to save you. You're all alone.

Havoc gives Jeff X a quick back-handed slap across the face. Almost impervious to the pain, Jeff X looks right back at Havoc, and a smile emerges across his face.

Jeff X: Three things... one, your breath reeks as if you just finished sucking off a dead possum... Two, it's only a matter of time before I reclaim my belt, so don't get too attached to your delusion of ruling with an iron fist... and three... whoever said that I was "alone."

A loud howl suddenly echoes from outside the jail, with several more howls quickly joining in unison. Havoc scrambles to his feet, Jada Blaire standing to his side. Maverick and Jacob Knight let Theodor Pavel slump to the ground, as they take a defensive stance towards the door leading out of the jail area. The door suddenly blasts open, slamming hard into the wall, the entryway covered with smoke. Three shadows slowly emerge from the door: Kenny Drake, Niki Khan, and J.D. Damon.

Kenny Drake: Did we catch you motherfuckers at a bad time? Has Maverick been allowed to drop the soap in the shower yet, cause we can always circle a block or two...

Niki Khan: Fuck that! Let's show these needle-dick retards who are the real children of the night! WOLVES AETERNUM!

J.D. Damon bursts through, triple-clotheslining Jada Blaire, Jacob Knight, and Maverick to the ground. Kenny Drake and Niki Khan follow close behind, with Niki Khan picking up Jada Blaire by the waist, before executing a devastating spinebuster onto the concrete floor. Kenny Drake grabs Jacob Knight's head and smashes it several times into the iron bars of the jail cell where the other Frontline members, now fully cognitive, are up on their feet and visibly angry. Michael Bishop reaches through the bars, grabs Jacob Knight's head, and continues to pound it into the bars.

JD Damon looks into the cell and gives a hi-sign to Arata and Ryo. Ryo gives an honorable nod while Arata merely focuses on spitting out some blood to the side, almost as if showing how he still feels. Kenny Drake pursues Havoc, who shuffles out of the way. Maverick goes to spear Kenny Drake, who sidesteps him at the last moment, causing Maverick to spear the open middle-cell door, knocking him hard to the ground.

Kenny Drake: Don't worry yourself Havoc, you nutty-looking bastard! You won't be the only one doing "hard time" tonight!

Kenny Drake then charges towards Havoc once again, who doesn't move from his position. As Kenny Drake gets close, Maverick pops right back up and grabs Kenny Drake from behind, trying to execute a German Suplex onto him. As Kenny Drake resists, his foot connects to Havoc's face, causing Havoc to blindly stumble backwards, Abholos moving in front to protect him. Kenny Drake then manages to regain his momentum, capturing Maverick in a reverse bulldog that drives them into the ground.

JD Damon: The hell is going on with them? You kill the bastards?

Kenny Drake: I doubt I "killed" anyone.

After a few seconds, both "Maverick" and "Knight"'s laid out bodies blow up in smoke, almost as if they weren't truly there. As Havoc regains his composure, he realizes that Jeff X is now standing before him, his wrists still shackled, but only connected to broken chains. Abholos is laid out on the ground, apparently suffering an off-screen attack from Jeff X. Jeff X winds the chains up in his hands, creating some makeshift "brass knuckles." Havoc sneers at Jeff X, still unwavering in his stance.

Havoc: So you brought some flea-infested friends to the party. So what? All of you still possess no shot against the "Nightmare Kin--"

Jeff X cuts off Havoc as he begins pummeling him in the face, nailing hook after hook with his chain-wrapped fists. Havoc reels backwards with each blow, blood splattering more and more with each strike. Finally, Jeff X hammers Havoc hard enough to force him down onto his knees.

Jeff X: OK, you David Copperfield-wannabe motherfucker, no vanishing act is gonna save you from a good, ol' fashioned, backwoods asswhupin'! You are about to experience your own nightmare, courtesy of North Carolina's favorite son!

Jeff X then moves to continue punching Havoc's face, but as his fist gets close, Havoc evaporates into a puff of smoke. Abholos, now standing, loudly snaps his fingers. The camera quickly zooms out, showing all the other Ashes of the Wake members vanishing into clouds of dark fog. Kenny Drake, undaunted, still keeps stomping away at the spot where Maverick was laying. Jeff X walks over to the cell containing the Frontline members, opening up the door to free them. As they all start walking out, a sinister voice echoes throughout the room.

Havoc: Do not think for a second that you've won anything! The Ashes of the Wake will consume you all... It has already begun... Soon, you all will bow down to my power! We are the Revolution Promised! Beware, for many have tried what you hope to accomplish... and ALL HAVE FAILED!!!

Jeff X looks around for a moment, then flips off the ceiling before following out everyone else. As Jeff X exits the jail, the camera fades into a black circle, transitioning into another locker room, similar to the Ashes' but different colored walls. Jeff X is sitting on a bench, leaning up against a locker, his back turned towards the camera, loudly snoring away. Several empty beer cans are strewn all over the place, as well as small puddles of beer scattered along the carpeted floor. A loud knock on the door startles Jeff X from his alcohol-induced slumber, as his head slowly turns over his shoulder towards the door, where a young female holding a clipboard walks in. She appears to be an unpaid college intern working in OWA's Business Program.

OWA Intern: Jeff X, sir... sorry to disturb you, but we need you in make-up. They're wanting to get some publicity photos for the upcoming Civil War programs.

Jeff X: OK, OK... damn, I just had the most fucked-up dream... I really gotta stop drinking during my horror film marathons...

OWA Intern: Um... sir... what's wrong with your hands?

The OWA Intern drops her clipboards, as Jeff X turns his body around. The camera zooms in slowly as Jeff X holds up his hands in front of his face, his mouth open in surprise. His hands are wrapped in chains, stained red with dried blood, attached to the shackles around his wrists. Jeff X then looks up at the stunned OWA Intern, his eyes wide in disbelief.

Jeff X: It was just a dream... wasn't it? WASN'T IT? That Freddy Krueger-cosplay enthusiasts just fucked up for the last fucking time...

At that instant, the locker room door opens, followed by the camera zooming out a bit to show Ryo Sakazaki, Arata Asakura, and Michael Bishop walk in, followed by a limping Theodor Pavel being assisted by Mr. Morgan. Ryo, Arata, and Mr. Morgan are all covered in dried blood, their clothes damp and stained red. Theodor, his arm wrapped around Mr. Morgan's shoulders, appears to be struggling to breathe, his other hand holding his freshly-bruised torso. Michael Bishop slowly walks in behind them, holding up a small, aluminum bucket near his head, his face very pale. They all gather around Jeff X, who just looks around in amazement, unable to comprehend the situation.

Ryo Sakazaki: It's hard to describe exactly all that we experienced... It was like living inside some H.P. Lovecraft hallucination bullshit. The question is... what now? How do we proceed from here?

Jeff X glances at everyone, thinking to himself for a moment, before standing up as he absentmindedly unwraps the chains from his hands. Jeff X takes off the shackles and let's them fall hard to the floor, smiles, and starts walking out the locker room. Before exiting, he pauses, and turns back towards the Frontline.

Jeff X: I don't know about any of you, but right, I could really use some **coffee** to get rid of this fucking hangover headache...

Upon hearing the word "coffee," Michael Bishop's eyes widened instantly in surprise as he quickly glares towards Jeff X's way before proceeding to puke in his bucket. Without missing a beat, Jeff X continues speaking.

Jeff X: ... and after that, maybe get some food in me, so later tonight I can get shitfaced enough to forget just how pissed off I am... Those "Ash-hole" motherfuckers are gonna regret fucking with us, mark my goddamn words... they will fucking beg for death before we're even halfway done with our retribution... But all that being said, I'm still hungry. I heard that Kentucky does have some great BBQ in these parts, and I could definitely go for some pulled pork, with a side of **baked beans**...

As soon as Jeff X mentions "baked beans," Bishop cries out in agony, instantly followed by violent vomiting, his teary eyes squinting in torture. Jeff X, looking down at Bishop with a perplexed expression on his face, just shrugs and turns to exit, the other Frontline members slowly following behind. The screen then dissolves to black, but a sinister laugh matching that of Havoc's voice is heard for a few moments, before cutting to a commercial break.

(Paid Advertisement: Hello Boys and Ghouls! Wanna go trick or treating as your favorite OWA Alphas! Come on down to your local Spirit of Halloween costume emporium, where we have all the officially licensed OWA gear you need! From our selection of rubber masks featuring Morrighan McDonnell's terrifying alter-ego, the Banshee, to the demonic visage of Havoc, the details found in these masks are incredible! Wanna dress up as America's favorite "Outlaw Queen?" We have Aria Jaxon costumes, complete with replica ring attire and a high-quality blue wig! Feel like a big baller? We even have official Scott Oasis Player Pajamas, available in most sizes and sure to steal the spotlight at any costume party this Halloween. So come on down, these deals are so good they're scary. DISCLAIMER: IT IS IRRESPONSIBLE TO PARTY DURING THE CURRENT PANDEMIC, PLEASE WEAR RESPONSIBLY. OWA IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY INCIDENTS THAT ARISE FROM WEARING THESE COSTUMES, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO ASSAULTS, STDS, UNWANTED SEXUAL ADVANCES, AND INDUCING NIGHTMARES IN SMALL CHILDREN.)

(NEXT WEEK ON KINGDOM: Aria Jaxon goes 2 for 2 with title matches as she FINALLY defends the Outlaw Championship again against Michael Bishop in BLOODSPORT RULES 4! The fourth one in the series promises to raise the stakes as this one is bigger than the mat! Bloodsport Rules takes us out of the ring and into the CAGE as Scott Oasis promises a "unique take" on the Octagon!)

Lance Hart: We are back, live, here on Kingdom and it is time for tonight's MAIN EVENT! Morgan we are former champs and it is always a great feeling when Tag Team wrestling gets to main event any show. And with the teams involved tonight, I am not sure who is walking out OWA Tag Team Champions.

Morgan Shaw: I'm not sure why you feel great, you kept us OUT of main events are entire careers! And after all these weeks, everything we have seen, you STILL doubt who will be champs here tonight. Damn Lance, I swore you were smarter than that, but yet again you have proven me wrong!

Hart: All I am saying is...

Shaw: *All I am saying is...* God just shut up and send this down to the ring.

Hart: Fine! Rita, take it away!

Rita Gonzalez: Ladies and Gentlemen, The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!

Crowd: ONE FALL

Rita: And is tonight's MAIN EVENT.

[Savage Remix by Megan thee Stallion tunes its way into the ears of the OWA Faithful. The crowd erupts into cheers as the lights dim and begin flashing purple, blue and gold. Out on to the stage strut the current OWA Tag Team Champions Aria Jackson and Stephanie Matsuda. Both women unlatch the belts from their waist and stand side by side. Aria with her right and raises the Tag Team title high and to her left Stephanie does the same, using her left hand to raise up the belt. The pose briefly, both talkin smack to the camera as it closes in. They shoulder the straps and head to the ring. Aria slides in under the bottom rope as Stephanie walks around the back side of the ring, climbing the steps and stepping between the ropes. Aria stands and ducks out the middle rope toward the camera holding out the belt as Stephanie steps up on the bottom rope over her partner raising her title high.]

Hart: And here they are, the reigning OWA Tag Team Champions. They won these belts in a war at Game Over, able to climb the ladder and pull them down. Since then they have had nothing but headaches as they have dealt with the strangeness from The Ashes of the wake.

Shaw: Nothing strange about it, Abholos just treated them to a nice trip with some party favors along the way. Now tonight they have to prove they are true champions because they are facing a united front in the Ashes! Honestly, I am not sure even at their best, they could handle what is in store for them tonight.

Hart: You may be right, for once, or is this the second time....Either way, The Queens of Wrestling have a fight on their hands tonight and that is for sure.

["Wash Us In The Blood" by Kayne West and Travis Scott echoes around the arena. The lights go out within the arena, leaving everyone in the crowd in complete darkness. A set of eyes appear on the screen, the eyes of The Prince. While the lights remain out, the light up jacket

illuminates the stage as Maverick walks out, he heads for the center of the stage and stops dropping to one knee as he holds his arms out, suddenly, his music stops and the lights go out on his jacket. As the opening melody from "Terror" by Magonia plays, out walks a creature from the depths of malevolence - Abholos. As this masked creature of carnage saunters towards the ring, the lights begin to flash incessantly. Just in front of him walks Maverick, the lights of his jacket flashing just like the lights of the arena. Mav seems amused by the light show as he sways up to the camera showing it off. Abholos saunters behind as both men make their way to the ring, Abholos stands center, eyes glaring into the camera as Mav drops in front of him on one knee and poses for the crowd.]

Hart: Abholos is here in the flesh! Last time we saw him, Shin-SEKAI had ran off with him! He hadn't been heard from in weeks! He's looking in perfect condition now, though I wonder where Moongoose McQueen is. How do you go from making someone vanish to having vanished yourself?

Shaw: A lot of strange things going on on Kingdom! We've heard word that several members of The Frontline have been left in bad condition both physically and mentally; there were quite a few of them shaken. And apparently they're crediting the incident to The Ashes, but The Ashes of the Wake were in the Eagle's Nest all night after that opening contest! We have footage of Havoc, Maverick, Knight, all filtering in and out! Unless they magicked up a way to be in two places at once, it's impossible to blame them.

Hart: We've seen Abholos conjure up illusions and projections before! It's not too strange to think he pulled something out of his sleeve to take out The Frontline while not being there! Abholos and The Ashes in general are an incredible danger to the roster, and with all of these events going on, Queens of Wrestling might need to watch their back!

A spotlight hits the ring as Rita Gonzalez and the ref come into focus.]

Rita: This match is for the Omega Wrestling Alliance TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS!! Introducing first, the Challengers for the evening! From Wexford Ireland, The THRONEBREAKER!!! ... And his partner, from The Far Plane, He is the Devour in the Mist, Together they represent the ASHES OF THE WAAAAAAAAAAAAAKE: MAVERICK AND ABHOLOOOOS!

[The spotlight focuses momentarily on the challengers as they both look prepared for the match to start.]

Rita: And in this corner, They are known around the world as THE Queens of Wrestling, and are your OWA TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!! ARIAAAAAAAA JAAAAAXXXON AND STEPHANIE MAAAAAAAAAAAAATSUUUDA!!!

[The ref takes the titles from both women as he walks to the center of the ring as Rita leaves, the spotlight focuses in on him as he raises the belts above his head....but as he does the lights

flicker. They suddenly go off entirely as a dark red spotlight replaces it and in the refs place is Abholos holding both of the titles. A sinister laughter is heard before the light goes back out and the arena lights come on. Abholos is on the apron, Mav in their corner. Stephanie and Aria are in the ring behind the now returned Ref about to strike. The ref who is once again holding the belt drops them but quickly recovers before handing them out of the ring and calls for the bell.

[DING DING DING]

Hart: Mind games right off the bat from Abholos as Stephanie and Aria are trying to decide who will start the match as it is clear Maverick is starting for the ashes. It looks to be Aria as Stephanie steps onto the apron. Aria and Mav start to circle and quickly go into a collar elbow tie up! Mav with the weight advantage pushes Aria back into the ropes but Aria not to be controlled spins Maverick around and raises a knee right into Maverick's stomach!

Shaw: Aria showing him that he isn't just going to push her around as the ref now steps in looking for a clean break which Maverick gives as he steps away, rubbing that spot in his ribs where Aria brought up the knee. Both move back to the center of the ring and once again lock up, this time Maverick wrenches the arm and spins back into a hammerlock.

Hart: Aria ducks down however and tries to pick the leg of Maverick, but he tightens the hold which pulls Aria up! She ducks again and goes behind, reversing the hold! She steps around and applies a side headlock. Maverick pushes her back into the ropes and uses the momentum to push her off and across the ring. As Aria comes back he drops down, Aria steps over him still running and it looks like - YES!

Shaw: Stephanie just made a blind tag early here as Maverick goes for a clothesline on Aria who ducks. Maverick turns around and is confused to see Aria has slid out of the ring. Matsuda however is the legal woman and she comes in behind and school boys up Maverick with the first pin of the match!

Ref: ONE!! TWO!!

Hart: That's called a Kickout Morgan, something you forgot how to do all those years ago when we had matches. No one expected it to end there as Maverick scrambles to his feet and Matsuda holds out her hand! Her fingers are pressed close, showing how she nearly stole one there. Maverick seems to be keeping his cool here as both competitors are now in the center of the ring. They go for a lock up and OH! Maverick is done with the lockups!

Shaw: That he is, he just kicked Matsuda in the gut doubling her over. Maverick with good measure also delivers a spinning back kick that drops Matsuda down to one knee. Maverick off the ropes, leaps, and comes crashing down on Matsuda's back and shoulders with a hard bicycle kick!

Hart: Stephanie hits the mat hard but Maverick is not looking to let up here as he grabs her by the head and pulls her to her feet! Matsuda still fighting, slaps his hand away then delivers a stiff forearm to Maverick's jaw that rocks him back! Stephanie steps forward and the whole arena hears that knife edge chop! Maverick now in the ropes, Stephanie with the Irishwhip, reversal from The Prince! Matsuda off the ropes, ducks the back elbow from Maverick, she leaps into the ropes and comes back as Maverick turns around right into a moonsault! Maverick is down on the mat as Matsuda lands on her knees and is right to her feet.

Shaw: She grabs up Maverick and whips him into the Queen's corner! She charges in and Aria holds Maverick in place as she delivers a running forearm that drops the Prince down in the corner and a Tag is made! In comes Aria as Stephanie pulls Maverick to his feet: DOUBLE DROPKICK sends Maverick down and rolling out of the ring as the Queens pose for the crowd that has come alive at the tandem offense!

Hart: Maverick however is already on his feet outside the ring and kicks the ring steps hard, splitting them away from the ring. He glares back at Aria who is rocking on her feet waiting for the Prince to re-enter the ring. He slides under the bottom rope but Aria charges in. NO! Prince slides back under the rope as Aria stops just as she reaches the ropes. Maverick reaches in and grabs her foot and yanks her down. Wait he has both legs and he pulls Aria out, spinning and sends her right into the ring side barricade! Aria lets out a scream of pain! Why did he have to stoop to this level, just because he was being outwrestled in the ring?

Shaw: You do what you must to win a match and if breaking your opponent on a metal barrier gets you the win, that's what you do. Not that you know what winning, since I secured our victories! Aria grabbing at her left shoulder as she tries to stand. Maverick grabs her up and rolls her back into the ring. Maverick is looking smug as he climbs back on the apron and is watching Aria try to get to her feet.

Hart: Aria to her knees now and slowly back to her feet but Maverick from the apron springboards in and plants Aria back down with a missile dropkick, I swear that caught her right in the back of the head! This would be a great time for Maverick to Tag in Abholos but Mav goes right back after Aria, who is on her hands and knees, Maverick with a Switchblade Kick to the top of her head, he falls into a pin rolling over the champion!!!

Ref: ONE!!! TWO!!

Shaw: Still willing to fight as Aria kicks out well before three. Stephanie was half into the ring as well ready to break up the fall for her team. Maverick shakes his head a little and now stands over Aria, deadlift, he arcs back for the German but NO! Aria flips to her feet from the momentum Maverick realises his folly and spins to his knees, right into a slingblade from the Golden Girl and both are down! Aria right back to her feet and drags Mav to her corner. Mav trying to fight her off but she gets the tag!

Hart: Great teamwork from the champs so far as Aria picks Mav up as Matsuda scales the rope. Mav swings for Aria who ducks and locks the arm over her shoulder. Matsuda off the ropes and nails a dropkick into the back of Mav as Aria drives him down to the canvas with the Reverse STO!!! Aria rolls out of the ring as Mav is trying to crawl to his corner. Maverick was showing out this match as if he wanted to go solo but now he's having second thoughts! Stephanie stands over the fallen Maverick, mocking him!

Stephanie (Off Mic) Oh, you wanna tag him in now huh? You were trying to do it all yourself. Now big boy Mav needs to tag?

Shaw: If I was her I would not be talking this trash. Mav reaching for his partner but still closer to the Queen's corner...WAIT THE LIGHTS ARE OUT!

Hart: NO NO GET THEM BACK ON...WE CAN'T SEE ANYTHING!

Shaw: CALM DOWN LANCE I GOT YOU!

Hart: STOP HUGGING ME! THE LIGHTS ARE BACK ON AND OH MY GOD....

Shaw: If I wasn't here seeing this myself I wouldn't believe it folks. Abholos is in the ring, on the ground in the spot that Maverick was laying. Maverick is now on the apron trying to recover. The ref doesn't know what to think but he just made the tag hand gesture. Abholos is now the legal man.

Hart: Stephanie looks like she has seen a ghost as Abholos then arches up off the mat and then spins to his knees gazing at Stephanie. He holds his hands out to his side. Wait is he offering her to his side? Matsuda looks at him a moment tilting her head and looking back at Aria. She shakes the cobwebs and rushes in but Abholos rises to his feet. Matsuda skids to her ass to stop from running into the monster in the ring and rolls back and away to her feet. Abholos is still standing there with his arms wide, as if asking her to join him.

Shaw: Could this be what he meant by Stephanie being the Maiden or whatever Softly was saying this week? Does Abholos look to her as a higher being? Matsuda looks to be under his spell and she is starting to move toward Abholos! Wait, she has stopped. Abholos tilts his head lowering his arms. **YAHTZEE!! MY GOD THE SUPERKICK JUST ROCKED THE HEAD OF ABHOLOS AND HE STAGGERS BACK. MATSUDA LINES HIM UP AND YAHTZEE AGAIN!!! MAVERICK TO HIS KNEES ON THE APRON LOOKS AS SHOCKED AS WE DO AS MATSUDA CHARGES IN BLUE TRIGGER!!!**

Hart: ABHOLOS IS DOWN! HE IS DOWN AND MATSUDA GOES FOR THE COVER!

Ref: ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-!!!

Hart: NO! NO! ABHOLOS LAUNCHES MATSUDA OFF HIM AND BACK TO HER CORNER. SHE ROLLS OVER AND ARIA TAGS HERSELF IN! MY GOD ABHOLOS IS ON HIS FEET AS ARIA IS BUSY CHECKING ON STEPHANIE! SHE TURNS AROUND AS ABHOLOS CHARGES IN!! BUT STEPHANIE SHOVES ARIA OUT OF THE WAY AND ABHOLOS AVALANCHES INTO MATSUDA!!

Shaw: NO, HE STOPPED! HE JUST STOPPED AND HE IS RIGHT IN THE FACE OF STEPHANIE, HE TILTS HIS HEAD TO THE SIDE AND SLOWLY BACKS AWAY FROM THE CORNER, AS HERE IS ARIA FROM BEHIND, STEPHANIE DROPS LOW!!
SLAAAAAAAAAAAY!!! AND AGAIN ABHOLOS IS DOWN!

Hart: MAVERICK IS BACK UP HOWEVER AND HE'S UP AS ARIA IS RISING FROM THE MOVE! **SUNSET OVERDRIVE!!!!** ARIA IS DOWN AND ROLLS OUT OF THE RING. MAV FOLLOWS AND IS ON THE ATTACK AS HE LIFTS UP ARIA ON THE OUTSIDE -- BUT STEPHANIE IS RUNNING AND DIVES THROUGH THE MIDDLE ROPE WITH A SUICIDE DIVE TAKING OUT MAVERICK! ALL HELL IS BREAKING LOOSE HERE -- AND NO NO THE LIGHTS ARE OUT AGAIN!

Shaw: We are in total darkness again, no one can see anything but last we did, Mav had taken out Aria and was about to inflict more damage on her but Matsuda with a suicide dive saving the day, then the lights went out!

Hart: Which I still do not like but as we wait for them to come back on, I hate to say it but the Queens are in trouble here, the belts may be on their way to the Ashes of the W..wake...sorry the lights have come back on....Mav has recovered and is standing here in front of us near Abholos, Who...folks Im not sure what happened but Stephanie looks dazed on her feet, as if in a trance just staring into the soul of Abholos. But where is Aria?

Shaw: RIGHT THERE! ARIA IS ON OUR TABLE! RUNNING ACROSS IT, SHE DIVES OFF AND CATCHES MAVERICK WITH A WICKED HURRICANRANA! AND OHHHH, THAT SENDS THE PRINCE HEAD FIRST INTO THE RING STEPS AND HE LOOKS ****OUT.**** THE REF FINALLY MAKING SENSE OF EVERYTHING HAS STARTED TO COUNT.

Ref: ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

Hart: ARIA ON HER FEET AS ABHOLOS HAS SNAPPED AROUND AND SNATCHED HER BY THE HAIR, HE PULLS HER IN, TWISTS TOWARD OUR TABLE! **HIS RAGE, HIS RAGE!!!** THAT URANAGE JUST SENT ARIA CRASHING THROUGH THE ANNOUNCE TABLE!!!

Ref: FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT

Shaw: ARIA IS OUT, MAV IS DOWN AND ABHOLOS ISN'T DONE! HE STANDS OVER THE FALLEN ARIA AND REACHES DOWN!

(Scene Switch: Purple Mist fills the room as Abholos steps through it and makes it all dissipate. With the mist gone we get a better glimpse of the room; a laboratory full of security monitors. We have returned to Abholos World.)

???: What took you so long?

(Abholos turns around, as the camera reveals Moongoose McQueen sitting on his throne with a glass of scotch in hand. He takes a sip, as Abholos stares on.)

Moongoose: I know you ain't much of a talker. That's what Eddie is for. You're more of an attack dog than anything. And from the looks of things, not a very good one, considering I don't see tag team gold. What happened?

(Abholos runs his hand through his slick hair as he tilts his head, non-stop eye contact with McQueen. Moongoose pushes himself up from his chair, still struggling. Abholos lets off a chuckle.)

Moongoose: So who won the bet? Which one of you Ashes guys thought I would make it all the way to the end? Was it Havoc?

(Abholos shakes his head)

Moongoose: Eddie?

(Abholos shakes his head)

Moongoose: You?

(Abholos nods)

Moongoose: You must really think you have my number, doing all this. Separating me from my friends and family. Taking over something I worked so hard to build and twisting it into your own image? Sending robots and manic killers for the past 4 nights? Inducing nightmares that tell me that the consequences of my actions will result in everyone turning their back against me? I won't lie. There were a lot of times I wanted to give up. I wanted to die, after all, how does one recover after being so humiliated like that. My plans, my trap, all used against me. I kept thinking to myself, please, Abholos. Just do it. Just end me, right here... right now.

(Abholos approaches)

Moongoose: Stop right there. I'm not done. Then I remembered. And all these dark thoughts, they didn't last long. Because in the end, all I can think about is just how angry I am. I'm mad. I'm mad at myself for letting this happen. I'm mad that it took me 3 days to finally get this far. I'm mad that despite all this, I'm still nowhere near understanding how your powers work. And most

of all, I'm mad that DEATH-T, I designed all this specifically for ARIA FUCKIN JAXON, AND YOU WENT AHEAD AND SPOILED THE GOT DAMN SURPRISE AND I HAD TO DESTROY MOST OF IT TO JUST BE HERE!

That's the thing about me, Abholos. No matter how many times I get knocked down, I don't stay down for long. Because of this, I resonate with people, my people. And you could try to twist it all you want, try to convince me they will betray and leave me, but I have faith in them. I'm not the ego maniac you all think I am. I'm not as selfish as you may be led to believe. The things I do, I do to protect not mine, but our way of living. And with that, I have no regrets.

(Abholos snaps his neck and cracks his fingers as he walks up to Moongoose McQueen. Moongoose snaps his finger... Abholos looks towards the right... BOOM!! A shadow figure strikes him down and pins him to the ground.)

Moongoose: Funny how you always had the ability to leave when you were our captive. I could say the same thing, but you didn't honestly believe that I would leave him behind. Abholos, you remember BANE, right?

(McQueen's personal bodyguard mounting on top of Abholos as he uses both hands to choke him out.. Abholos attempts to claw at the face of BANE, but he refuses to let go.)

Moongoose: I know it has been a while, but my brother here, he has been residing in Level 5. Now that I got him though.

(Moongoose hits the intercom to the PA system.)

Moongoose: Alright, Revy. Let's do it! Plan B!

(Moongoose puts on sunglasses. Camera shifts to the exterior of Abholos World, above them, Revy in a helicopter, signals the pilot to drop a payload. Attached to steel cables a giant metal sphere drops, it cracks open.... FLASH!!)

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(A blinding intense light, shockwaves caused by the burst, dissipating the mist, causing collateral damage to Abholos World. As the lights fade, McQueen looks out the window from the tower, seeing the night sky for the first time in days. He turns his back towards BANE and Abholos who continue to fight. Abholos with the mist to the face as BANE falls over backwards.

Abholos back up to his feet, he looks out the window, both fist banging against the windows as he screams in anguish, a wicked howl.)

(BOOM! ... an opening in the ceiling breaks through as a ladder drops through the ceiling. BANE although still eager to fight, Moongoose stops him and tells him to retreat. BANE doesn't hesitate and follows orders as Moongoose stands besides the ladder.)

Moongoose: I'm not gonna let you have any of this. Leave now or be buried with it, and I swear, I will make you and the Ashes pay.

(Moongoose grabs the ladders and begins to ascend out of the ceiling. Abholos chases after him as he looks up, Moongoose looking down as they lock eyes. Revy pulls the ladder into the helicopter and McQueen to safety. Moongoose takes a deep breath and a sigh of relief.)

Moongoose: What took you so long?

Revy: Hey, It takes a week to buy a gun, how long do you think it takes to make a giant ass flashbang and arrange an aerial strike? Yeah? Nothing?! Thought so! NOW SHUT UP AND EAT YOUR CHURRO!!

(Revy hands Moongoose a churro. McQueen takes a bite, he chews, and grumbles.)

Moongoose: It's cold and chewy.....

(Moongoose takes another bite as behind them, fighter jets fly past them and over Abholos World, missiles fired, fire and smoke fill the sky, the tower crumbling down. Gooseland and Abholos World is no more.)

Revy: BOMBARDMENT!! BOMBARDMENT!!

(The Camera gives us a close up shot of Moongoose as the sounds of Revy singing in the background is faded out. Moongoose looks off to the side, determination on his face, planning his next move. It's time to rebuild, restructure, regain. They ride off into the sunrise)

(Scene shifts to the wreckage and debris of the land formerly known as Abholos land. The Tower, the ferris wheel, roller coaster, everything, reduced to jagged, twisted, and melted metal. Ashes and soot blowing through the breeze. A shot pans over to a shot of a broken sign... "Abholos World" laying on top of rubble... fade to bla..

A hand emerges through the sign as purple mist fills the screen once more, devouring the camera and fading to black)

Edward Softly whispers:.... Happy Halloween!

