

['Adrenaline' by Shinedown plays as the camera does a sweep of the Prudential Center. An impressive pyro display goes off and a sea of fans wearing shirts and sporting signs of their favorite Alphas are shown. Names like The Derelict, Finnegan Wakefield, Keelan Callihan, Jacob Senn, Nas among others. We then go to Donny Diamond and Giovante Reese at ringside.]

Donny Diamond: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ARE LIVE!!!

Giovante Reese: Certainly not two shows in a row!

Donny Diamond: Trust me, this time we're actually live.

Giovante Reese: What day is it?

Donny Diamond: October 9th.

Giovante Reese: I thought it was--

Donny Diamond: OCTOBER NINTH! EXACTLY!! Where was I? Ah yes! We are LIVE from the PPG Paints Arena in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania!! My name is Donny Diamond! Joined, as always, by my partner Giovante Reese. On the last Olympus, we had quite a doozy, didn't we? Some incredible matches. But more importantly, one of the most controversial segments in our show's history. The despicable and downright disgusting actions of one Nas certainly left a sour taste in my mouth. Sadly, our GM Tarah Moore has to take a sabbatical from all of wrestling. I don't think it's the physical pain that hurts right now. It's the mental trauma that has been left by a man to his OWN WIFE, which has led to her stepping away from her role. But we have some updates on who could possibly be the new General Manager for Friday Nights, tonight!

Giovante Reese: You're overreacting, Donny. It was just a couple's quarrel.

Donny Diamond: More like domestic violence.

Giovante Reese: Don't twist his actions to something it wasn't. Nas had to make a statement and that he did. But enough about that. We've got plenty of action here tonight. The OWA Television Championship is being defended as Noah Quinn of The Awakening and Chaos Elite fame will be defending his belt against the newly crowned SSW Puroresu Heavyweight Champion, Nobi!

Donny Diamond: We've also got the much-awaited debuts of Noah Reignier and Graham Baker as they each take on a Phantom Troupe member in Jacob Senn and Darkane! A couple of dream matches, right off the bat! We've also got the much-awaited in-ring return of El Ironico when he faces Eon Blue!

Giovante Reese: And finally, what promises to be the finale in their chapter. "Father" Nathan Fiora goes head to head against Stark in the Eternal Sacrifice Match! I can't wait for that one!

Donny Diamond: We don't have to wait much longer-- I am sure we've all waited enough. Let's get the night started!... Nevermind, it's Nas.

Giovante Reese: Oh stop it! Nas was right about you all. Y'all just a bunch of haters.

[[“When You're Evil” by Voltaire hits as the arena goes dark except for a few bright lights swirling around throughout the arena. Eventually all the lights beam on to one location where Nas is seen on his knees looking down at the ground. Nasir points to his shirt. Afterwards Nas screams out "IT'S CONQUERING TIME!" then march down to the ring. Throughout his walk down the ramp Nas would raise his arms high in the air and tag fans hands. Once hitting the ring, Nas would climb up the nearest turnbuckle and raise his arms up, yelling “GREATEST! WRESTLER! EVER! Afterwards Nas hops into the ring and glares at the incredibly negative crowd. He chuckles to himself as he grabs a microphone.]]

Crowd: BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Giovante Reese: Oh PLEASE People! Will you LET THE MAN SPEAK?! This is HIS arena after all!

Donny Diamond: I'm just sick seeing his face at all after the horrible actions he committed last Olympus.

Giovante Reese: That is the relieved face of a man who dropped the weight of the entire world from his shoulders! THE SHACKLES ARE FREE LADIES AND GENTS AND NAS IS FREE!

Donny Diamond: Enough! The fact that he can even smile at all just shows what kind of a sick and self centered human being Nas is deep down.

Crowd: NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS!

[[Nas slowly turns his head towards Donny and a creepy smile comes over his face.]]

Nas: I hope we've all learned our lesson from last week people. Because if not, I can always make a second demonstration out of someone right here tonight.

Crowd: BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Nas: Ssshhhhh please. The man who owns the entire world you live on is about to speak. And he hopes all of you peons pinned in the peanut gallery have the common decency to at least hear out his almighty word this week! BECAUSE CLEARLY YOU PEOPLE LEARNED NOTHING LAST WEEK!...Well...except the fact that no one is safe from my reach, hehehe. I

MEAN COME ON! I GAVE THE LITERAL SERMON OF THE CENTURY! NO ONE HAS CUT A MORE NECESSARY PROMO IN ALL OF WRESTLING HISTORY, AND ALL PEOPLE CAN TALK ABOUT HIS ME KICKING TARAH Moore IN THE HEAD! THE LITERAL LEAST RELEVANT PART OF MY ENTIRE SEGMENT FROM LAST OLYMPUS!

Crowd: NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS!

Nas: It only proves how unsalvageable you all are. Your minds have been THAT WARPED by the subpar standards that the political machine here in the Omega Wrestling Alliance has forced upon you for Three Seasons now! But fear not! I am here to save you all. And no, not some false prophet kind of salvation like the wannabe champion Nathan Fiora. No no no, I mean actually rescue each and every single one of you ingrates here tonight from your own mediocrity and your horrible opinions, perspectives, and tastes when it comes to Professional Wrestling! Then again, I guess I shouldn't expect anything better from a second rate city like Pittsburg now should I? I mean people get on me for not being a World Champion since 2018, but y'all's last major championship came from the Penguins in 2017 right?! And how about them Steelers not winning the Super Bowl since 2009?! I wasn't even WRESTLING BACK THEN! And then there's your PATHETIC PIRATES! WHO HAVE NOT CLAIMED A WORLD SERIES SINCE 1979! ABSOLUTE FUCKING TRASH YOUR ENTIRE CITY! I mean you're not even good enough to have an NBA Team to begin with. You people just have to piggyback off of the Sixers HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

Crowd: NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS!

Donny Diamond: Does he even have a point for why he's being such a dick anymore?!

Giovante Reese: All I hear is the same thing I heard last week Donny. A man telling the unfiltered truth. Spittin straight fax if you would! Honestly I feel both you and all of these people are just a little biased against Nas even though he comes out here and outperforms everyone else in the entire industry for OUR viewing pleasure.

Donny Diamond: That might be both your and his opinions Gio, but being the best in an industry like ours is quite subjective.

Giovante Reese: Hence why he calls himself the Greatest Ever now, not the Best!

Nas: Ladies and Gentlemen I could go on and on shitting on you all the exact same way you've shat on me every time I came out to this ring and performed in some form or fashion FOR YOU ALL! Now when I come out here, it's for ME! Well...not JUST me, because over the last few weeks heading into this show I was able to find a few men who share my vision of Pro Wrestling. AND A few men who emphatically were delighted to give me the admiration and respect that a Once in a Generation Talent such as myself SHOULD ALWAYS GET! So allow me to introduce those men, starting with two young guns who will make a huge impact here OVERNIGHT! One of them some of you may be familiar with, the other is a brand new face

however. Either way they are both exceptional performers much like myself, and I will mold the two of them into the flag bearers of Professional Wrestling's Future! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WELCOME NERO DARKBRINGER AND WELCOME BACK CHASE VEDDER!

[[“Only the Strong Survive” by Saliva hits as Chase Vedder and Nero Darkbringer walk out onto the stage. The pair have quite pleased grins on their faces as they saunter down the ramp and climb into the ring, before both embracing Nas. Nas ruffles Nero’s hair and pats Chase on the back like a proud dad.]]

Giovante Reese: CHASE VEDDER HE’S BACK! YOU LOVE TO SEE A YOUNG KING RETURN TO GET HIS DUE!

Donny Diamond: Alongside him is a young Nero Darkbringer, a man trained by the legendary Jaydayne Pendragon and who is now the current protege of Nas. Both of these young men are fantastic athletes with bright futures no doubt about that.

Crowd: BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Nas: Chase mah boi! It’s good to see you again! And Nero, you know I’ve been pushing to get you up here in OWA Television for FAR TOO LONG NOW! Now you bois will have more time to formally introduce yourselves to the OWA Peasants in the coming weeks. But I’ve got a few more people to get through. Next being a necessity a figure such as myself that leaves so many around me envious. That being a Heater, all of my true wrestling fans know what that means. If you don’t know what I’m talking about, you don’t deserve to be reading this right now dipshit! Either way, That individual is a ma- no not a man...A MONSTER NAMED CYRUS RAINES!

[[The aforementioned Behemoth of a man appears on the stage and scowls all around the arena. He then quickly stomps down the ramp and slides into the ring with incredible intensity. Cyrus stands before Nas before slowly kneeling before him.]]

Donny Diamond: LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THIS MAN GIO!

Giovante Reese: Oh I see Donny, and I dare anyone here tonight to try and step up to Nas now with that mack truck standing beside him!

Crowd: BOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!! BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!! BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! BOOOOOOOOOO!!

Nas: HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! Yes yes Thank you Cyrus, I am quite incredible I understand. You know this entire arena worth of Pilgarlics should bend the knee to greatness the exact same way you are, big man! But rise to your feet Mr. Raines. I’m sure you’ll be needed very quickly should one of these fools either out here or back there attempt to strike me! Now as for the final man I’m introducing. You all know him far too well. The man who stood alongside me during my highest of highs in this industry, RICK WALTON!

Crowd: NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS!

[[Nas' former Manager during his Omega Heavyweight Champion days appears on stage with a wide smile on his face. He walks down the ramp with quite the swagger and climbs into the ring eagerly embracing his longtime friend Nas and shaking his hand.]]

Giovante Reese: STAND UP AND CLAP YOUR HANDS DONNY! WE'RE WATCHING A LEGEND MAKE HIS TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO OWA TELEVISION LIVE!

Donny Diamond: Sit down will you! Have some goddamn self respect Gio!

Giovante Reese: I respect both myself AND the legendary Rick Walton!

Crowd: BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Rick Walton: Mr. Nas! It has been FAR TOO LONG!

Nas: Of course it has Rick. Now you know all too well why I brought you out here, but these people don't yet.

Rick Walton: Oh please, not like they really have a right to know.

Nas: Actually Rick, the one thing I will always tell them is the truth, unfortunately for them though, that means telling them things they don't want to hear. Such as the fact that Rick Walton will be permanently replacing Tarah Moore as the Acting General Manager of the Friday Night Olympus Brand!

Rick Walton: AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!! INCREDIBLE DECISION MAKING NAS! THAT HEAD OF YOURS, YOU MIGHT NOW POSSESS AN EVEN GREATER MIND FOR THIS INDUSTRY THAN EVEN I DO!

Crowd: NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS!

Nas: Oh Rick, the flattery is unnecessary hehe...but I do appreciate it of course. Anyways, yes. We'll go backstage and get the paperwork all signed off, and then this show will be in your hands! And of course with you as the brains of this show, Olympus will undoubtedly BECOME THE GREATEST SHOW IN PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING HISTORY!

Rick Walton: NO QUESTION ABOUT THAT NAS! AND YOU CAN BE SURE ONCE I TAKE THE HELM, I'LL ENSURE THE GREATEST WRESTLER EVER TAKES HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE AT THE TOP OF THE CARD AS THE NEXT OMEGA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!

Crowd: NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS!

Nas: THAT'S DAMN RIGHT RICK, BECAUSE THE ONES WHO WILL RULE OVER THIS SHOW ARE THE GROUP OF MEN YOU SEE STANDING INSIDE OF THIS RING RIGHT NOW! THIS IS A MOMENT THAT WILL TRANSCEND TIME AND REALITY ITSELF! BECAUSE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN YOU HAVE HAD THE PLEASURE AND HONOR OF BEING IN ATTENDANCE FOR THE BIRTH OF THE NAS WORLD ORDER! AND I CAN PROMISE YOU NOTHING WILL EVER BE THE SAME AGAIN AROUND HERE!

Crowd: BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Nas: Now come on Rick, these ingrates have wasted enough of our oxygen. Let's go backstage and get that paperwork sig-

[[“Long Live the Chief” by Jidenna hits outta nowhere as the crowd rises to their feet.]]

Crowd: YES! YES!

Donny Diamond: IT CAN'T BE!

Giovante Reese: WHAT THE?!

Donny Diamond: That sound can only signal one man! BUT RIGHT HERE RIGHT NOW?!

[[Aren Mstislav appears on the stage and looks all around the arena with a sly smirk on his face. He points towards the fans trying to get them as hyped up as possible before walking down the ramp. The OWA Hall of Famer enters the ring and grabs a microphone before standing in the middle of the ring facing Nas.]]

Crowd: AREN! AREN!

Aren Mstislav: Well...it's been a minute since you and I have shared a ring like this hasn't it bro?

Nas: Aren my brotha! This is such a surprise! I mean I REALLY was NOT expecting you out here right now especially...

Aren Mstislav: Oh I know that, but I figured you know. I was in the area. I knew you were here too and it had been a minute since we saw each other. Why not come through and see what's up with my boy Nas huh?

Nas: Yeah Yeah...I mean sure, I'm just about to wrap up out here. So we can head to the back, I gotta fill out some paperwork with Rick, but after that we can hit the town, shit bro Pittsburg is such a lovely city and the people are just so welcoming and hospitable!

Crowd: NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS! NAS SUCKS!

Giovante Reese: WHAT?! BUT HOW?!

Donny Diamond: I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS, BUT THANK GOD OASIS IS CO CHAIRMAN OF OWA WITH NAS!

Nas: GODDAMNIT ALL! WHY?! YOU PIECE OF SHI-

[[Aren immediately gets right up in Nas' face and pulls the mic up real close.]]

Aren Mstialav: To steal an old phrase you used to say back in the day bro...there's two things you can do about that, absolutely nothin and like it! But I can promise you one thing Nas. You have had the pleasure of being in attendance for the birth of MY tenure as General Manager of Olympus. And I can promise you that nothing will ever be the same again around here, hehe.

Donny Diamond: AN EMPHATIC STATEMENT FROM THE NEW GENERAL MANAGER OF FRIDAY NIGHTS!

Giovante Reese: I can already tell this guy is going to be anything EXCEPT FAIR AND UNBIASED!

Donny Diamond: Oh yeah because Rick Walton would've made every decision down the middle I'm sure.

Giovante Reese: I'm glad you see things my way, Donny!

[[“Long Live the Chief” by Jidenna sounds off once more as Aren drops the mic before walking off, raising both of his arms up high as Nas looks utterly embarrassed and defeated in the middle of the ring, being comforted by his new posse of followers.]]

Nas: YOU PIECE OF SHIT! I'M YOUR BOSS! YOU IRRELEVANT WASTE OF SPACE! LOOK AT ME WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU! I AM THE GREATEST WRESTLER EVER! YOU ARE A LONG FORGOTTEN RELIC!

[[Aren chooses to ignore Nas all the way down the ramp and backstage to the delight of everyone in attendance in the PPG Paints Arena as we head to commercial]]

[COMMERCIAL BREAK]

Donny Diamond: We return from commercial break ready for the following match but during the break we were joined at the commentary booth by former Television Champion, Finnegan Wakefield. Finn, welcome to the booth.

Finnegan Wakefield: Thank you, pleasure to be here.

Giovante Reese: Let's skip the pleasantries, shall we? Finn, last week your former tag team partner returned and has seemingly cut all ties with you. Tell us what has been going through your head.

Finnegan Wakefield: ...

Giovante Reese: Nothing? You have nothing to say?

Finnegan Wakefield: Oh, I have plenty to say -- just none of it to you. I have plenty to say to Irónico. I'm just out here to keep an eye on him.

Giovante Reese: Well, aren't you just going to be an entertaining guest...

Finnegan Wakefield: ...

(The opening guitar riff of "Atmosphere" by Shinedown blares over the speakers as the lights flash blue and white with the rhythm of the music. A bright spotlight lights up the entrance ramp as Eon Blue walks out with Awakening faction mate Mark Michaels in tow. He pauses on the ramp and his arms extend to either side of him. His index and middle fingers pointed out like barrels of a gun as a shower of blue rain pyro pours down behind him.)

Jamison Pierce: Introducing first, accompanied by Mark Michaels! Weighing in at 232 pounds! THE APOCALYPSE! EON BLUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

Giovante Reese: With Noah Quinn occupied by a Television Championship defense later tonight and Nathan Fiora preparing for a reignited rivalry with Stark, Eon Blue is coming into this match with only Mark Michaels watching his back. The Awakening dividing to conquer tonight though they are seemingly marked men, it only makes sense that they don't come alone.

Donny Diamond: Eon Blue with an impressive victory over a former Television Champion in Stark is looking to raise his profile here on Olympus with another victory tonight. Finn, you've faced Eon Blue at Game Over in that triple threat match where you were unsuccessful in retaining the Television Championship, surely you have some remarks about Eon Blue here.

Finnegan Wakefield: Eon Blue has a lot of talent, I won't deny him that. He's a driven man that has a lot of bite behind his bark. I was in an uphill battle at Game Over, I lost the title, but I didn't lose the battle. Noah pulled the trigger on Blue to get the championship, I've come to terms with that, I also know that will only makes Eon Blue more determined to hold gold in the near future. He is, however, unfortunately running with the wrong cro--

Giovante Reese: Successful crowd, Finn. Two of them are currently champions here on Oly--

Finnegan Wakefield: Don't peddle that bullshit to me, Giovante. Anyone with two eyes and a functioning brain know for a fact Nathan Fiora isn't the Omega Heavyweight Champion. Mere

possession doesn't give it any legitimacy. I don't know what's more desperate; him claiming to be champion or Nas dummy-spitting from last week.

(He stands back to the ring and poses with the double gun out to his sides again and then arcs back and up with a high angled backflip before landing in the ring. He spins around into the center of the ring bringing both hands from their outstretched position to pointing skyward.)

("Let's Dance To Joy Division" by The Wombats plays as El Ironico emerges with Buckfast Tonic Wine in hand to a ruckus of boos from the crowd. He cups his hand over his ear, even lifting up the right side of his mask to stick a finger in pretending to clean it out as if he is mishearing his reception before blowing it off completely to make his way down to the ring, hands mockingly out to slap extended hands but completely out of reach from anyone who does actually seem wanting to receive an interaction.)

Jamison Pierce: Introducing his opponent! From Doncaster, England by way of the The Youn Palace, weighing in at 190 pounds! He is the Iron-Bruiser -- The Ironic Luchador! EL!!!
IRRRRRRRRRRR*rolling R's*ÓÓÓÓNICOOOOOO!!!

Donny Diamond: A surprising return to a familiar face turned into one of the most confusing turn arounds I have ever seen. After an extended disappearance from professional wrestling, El Irónico returned to seemingly reunite with his former tag team partner -- the man that sits beside us right now in Finnegan Wakefield -- only to hit him with the superkick and Malice in Sunderland. Onto a six-pack of lagger no less.

Giovante Reese: Irónico said the cure for a broken heart was to tear this bond between them apart. I am not entirely sure what that meant but we saw that his intention was not to bring back the legendary short-tenured tandem of We Are The Bollocks. We have you here for insight, Finn, why don't you tell us what you believe he meant?

Finnegan Wakefield: ...

Giovante Reese: Again with the silent treatment? Just give us an answer.

Finnegan Wakefield: I don't know... I don't know what's going through his head. I don't know how long he has been stewing on this feeling. I always held him dearly as a friend but it's clear as day that it's not mutual. He stabbed me in the back, that hasn't sat well with me. But I am not out here to get answers or exchange theories.

Giovante Reese: Then, why are you out here?

Finnegan Wakefield: ...

(Irónico rips off his "We Are The Bollocks" T-Shirt as he enters the ring, tossing the remains over to the commentary desk in front of Wakefield as he hotdogs and grandstands in the center of

the ring as “Let’s Dance to Joy Division” dies down. Irónico leaves the bottle of Buckfast Tonic Wine on the steel steps as Otis Burch calls for the bell.)

(DING! DING! DING!)

Donny Diamond: The bell has rung and it’s clear Irónico is in no hurry to get this match started, trying to rally the fans behind a “YOU’RE THE BOLLOCKS *clap clap clap clap clap*” chant only to be given boos in disapproval. Hand to his ear, leaning against the ropes like he’s waiting to hear the chants come while Eon Blue is beginning to show signs of irritation at the display his opponent is giving.

Finnegan Wakefield: Irónico being a clown. This isn’t a new revelation.

Giovante Reese: That’s no way to speak about your former tag team partner and friend. He was up to these similar antics when you were teaming, you only have a problem with them now because he has broken loose from you.

Finnegan Wakefield: His antics were harmless fun back then. It didn’t come from malicious intent or to piss anyone off, it was just two competitors cutting loose a little and still trying to be serious competition in the tag team division. This here is intentionally trying to get on everyone’s nerves.

Giovante Reese: Regardless, it looks like Eon Blue and Irónico are going to get the match underway with a lock up as they circle the ring and... Irónico rolls himself under the bottom rope. He’s telling Blue and Burch he needs to properly warm up and... now he’s jogging a lap around the ring...

Donny Diamond: Eon Blue is telling Otis this is ridiculous, he wants to have a match and Irónico is seemingly making a joke of it and not taking it seriously. He has done a lap around the ring and it looks like he just ran a marathon. He is picking up the tattered remains of the We AreThe Bollocks shirt and is toweling himself off with it before tossing it backwards into Finn’s lap without even giving him a passing glance.

Finnegan Wakefield: He’s really trying to get on my nerves...

Giovante Reese: He is back in the ring now, looking for the lock up once more with Irónico and this time it happens. Eon shows a considerable strength advantage as he pushes Irónico into the ropes who raises his hands. Burch giving Eon the count of five to back up as Irónico is audibly telling the referee to back him off. Eon gives him a clean break but Irónico kicks Eon in the shin and grabs him into a grinding headlock! Blue backs him into the ropes to launch him off, Irónico keeps the headlock on dragging Eon to a knee. Back up, Eon tries again and this time manages to shove Irónico off the ropes. Irónico ducks under a clothesline, Eon looks to leapfrog over Irónico who catches him in the air for a body slam! He shakes the top rope like an animal!

Finnegan Wakefield: Excessive pride in one scoop slam...

Donny Diamond: Irónico is a house of fire, turning around to eat an impressively leaped dropkick from Eon that sends Irónico sprawling to the floor! Eon looks to dive outside with a plancha but Irónico walks out of the way before Eon gets the chance to dive. Is he calling for a time out? He's taking a seat on our commentary booth and calling for a time out while Otis is yelling out to him there are no timeouts in this match. He just took my bottle of water! He is drinking and gargling my water and HE JUST TURNED TO SPIT IT AT FINN! He just spat water on Finn's face and Finn is irate, taking off his headset and standing up from his chair!

Giovante Reese: Oh, Irónico is under Finn's skin now. He knows it too, he's beckoning for Finn to come and hit him. Hand him that DQ victory. You can see it on his face, Finn looks extremely annoyed. Irónico is pleading with him, offering his chin for a free shot, the fans are even chanting for Finn to hit him. But Finn opts instead to sit back down, using his own shirt to towel his face off. Irónico is still trying to push Wakefield's buttons to the point he isn't paying attention as Eon Blue comes diving off the apron with a running knee that crashes him down to the floor! Blue has had enough of being an afterthought in this match and shoves Irónico back into the ring under the ropes.

Donny Diamond: Back in the ring now, Eon Blue slides back in as Irónico throws a desperate superkick that gets caught, hobbling on one leg and, if I am hearing Irónico right, he's calling for a lock up? He wants to start the match over? Well, Blue doesn't seem to be entertaining the shenanigans anymore, tossing Irónico's leg away and snaps him over with a beautiful powerslam! Leg hooked, not paid by the hour!

Otis Burch: ONE! TWO! T--

Donny Diamond: Only a two count! Blue looks to keep the control but, as soon as he pulls Irónico to his feet, Irónico claws at the eyes! Superkick to the knee follows that knocks Eon to the mat clutching at it! What is he doing now? He's pulling Eon to the ropes, hooking it around the bottom rope right in front of Finn who is watching on!

El Irónico (no mic): How fuckin' tekkers am I?!

Giovante Reese: Irónico trying to send a message as he applies a rope-assisted single leg boston crab! That puts pressure on the hamstring of Eon Blue but it's an illegal hold! The referee giving Irónico the count of five to break it up but the entire time he is staring at Wakefield, mocking him before he opts to let go of the hold before he's disqualified. Irónico again taking too much time trying to get on Wakefield's nerves as he turns, looks for a springboard but eats a roundhouse kick from Blue that leaves Irónico hanging on the top rope. Blue pulls him out, hanging with his feet on the ropes before being DROPPED with a swinging neckbreaker! Another leg hook, another pin attempt!

Otis Burch: ONE! TWO! THR--

Donny Diamond: Another close call but Irónico is still in this. Blue's irritation is very visible on his face, the antics of Irónico seemingly getting on his nerves more than they are getting on Finns. He removes his elbow pad, tossing it away as he makes his distance and waits for Irónico to get onto his knees! Looking for the back elbow strike! RUIN! NO! Irónico ducks beneath it and -- AH! HE STICKS HIS THUMB RIGHT UP BLUES ASS! THIS IS VINTAGE IRÓNICO AS HE LIFTS BLUE AND DROPS HIM WITH THE THUMB IN THE BUM BACK SUPLEX! HE THINKS HE HAS IT, LEG HOOKED!

Otis Burch: ONE! TWO! TH--!

Giovante Reese: The stun of the thumb in the bum may have had Blue give a delayed reaction there, but he manages to kick out in time much to Irónico's surprise! Irónico not looking to toil, heads to the top rope, Blue stirring as Irónico stands tall on the top rope, looking for --

El Irónico (no mic): I BELIEVE I CAN FLY! I BELIEVE I CAN TOUCH THE SKY! I THINK ABOUT IT EVERY NIGHT AND DAY! I SPREAD MY WINGS AND I FLY AWAY! ... R. Kelly did nothing wrong!

Giovante Reese: Controversial statement as Irónico leaps -- Blue gets the knees up! But Irónico lands on his feet, psyched him out and delivers a standing leg drop instead! An atomic leg drop connects and Irónico goes for a deep locked cover! He's confident this is going to do it!

Otis Burch: ONE! TWO! --!

Donny Diamond: Blue kicks out at two and Irónico is immediately to his feet and yelling at Otis that the match is over -- that was a three count! Otis is telling him it was only a two but Irónico is insisting he counted way too slow. Irónico needs to keep his attention on the task at hand, keeps giving Blue time to get back up and turns around, Irónico swats away the boot but eats the back elbow of Corruption! Irónico has his lights knocked out as he slumps against the ropes and falls out of the ring! What a shot!

Giovante Reese: Irónico doesn't seem to know where he is right now, crawling on the floor and reaches for his bottle of Buckfast Tonic Wine, taking a swig to hopefully collect himself but Mark Michaels -- who has been watching this match from ringside -- only see's Irónico messing around behind the steel steps. Blue is getting to his feet as Mark Michaels tries to inspect what Irónico is doing ONLY TO GET THE WINE SPAT IN HIS FACE! Irónico puts the bottle on the apron slides back into the ring while Otis is now yelling at an irate Mark Michaels who swats at Irónico's leg trying to pull him back out of the ring to get some payback but Irónico manages to kick him away.

Donny Diamond: Otis is distracted telling Mark Michaels to keep his hands off the competitors, Mark is protesting as Eon pulls Irónico to his knees AND GETS A LOW BLOW BY IRÓNICO!

IRÓNICO GOES LOW WITH AN UPPERCUT BETWEEN THE LEGS! MARK MICHAELS SEES IT AND JUMPS ONTO THE APRON, YELLING AT OTIS ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED BUT OTIS IS TELLING MARK TO CALM DOWN AND GET OFF THE APRON! This is only providing more of a distraction as Irónico now retrieves the bottle of Buckfast Tonic and wields it! Otis is too distracted with Mark who is demanding Otis to turn around and see what's happening! Irónico waits for Eon Blue to get to his knee's looking to smash the bottle over his skull!

Giovante Reese: Whoa, hold on! Finn just rushed to the ring from the commentary booth, jumped onto the apron and stole the bottle from Irónico's hands! Irónico's attention is now on Finn who drops back to the floor with the bottle in hand, Irónico wants the bottle back but Finn isn't giving it to him. LOW BLOW! Turn about is fair play as Eon Blue hits low with a low blow while Irónico's back was turned and attention was on Finn! He pulls Irónico to the mat with a school boy! Mark has dropped from the apron and Otis now sees the pin attempt -- but doesn't see Eon Blue with his feet on the ropes!

Otis Burch: ONE! TWO! THREE!

(DING! DING! DING!)

(Eon Blue rolls out of the ring as "Atmosphere" by Shinedown hits, being helped by Mark Michaels as Blue is holding his own genitals. Hobbling up the ramp with Mark's support who raises his arm as Irónico is on the canvas clutching at his own in pain.)

Jamison Pierce: Your winner of this match... EON BLUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

Donny Diamond: A chaotic bout to say the least. Irónico with so much focus on getting under Wakefield's skin, irritates his opponent in Eon Blue, took him lightly and in the end his antics came back to bite him as Finnegan -- although unsure if it was intentional or not -- cost him the match by snatching the Tonic from his hand. I don't think he intended to help Eon Blue, it looked like he finally had enough of Irónico's antics and found his time to get some payback.

Giovante Reese: He came out on commentary, hardly said a thing the entire match and just decided to get involved when the referee's back was turned. Wakefield stooped to a low level doing that, and he gifted Eon Blue a victory by doing it. Intentional or not, Finn helped the Awakening get the first of potentially three victories tonight. Maybe he's just finally seeing the light.

Donny Diamond: I doubt that...

(Eon Blue and Mark Micheals celebrate on the stage as Irónico uses the ropes to get to his feet, holding his genitals as he glares at Wakefield who mockingly cheers' him with the bottle of Buckfast Tonic, looking to take a swig ... but pours the contents of the bottle onto the remnants of the "We Are The Bollocks" shirt at his feet.)

Donny Diamond: It looks like the break up of We Are The Bollocks has become mutual with that symbolic gesture. Tensions only mounted more between the former tag team partners.

(Wakefield rolls the bottle into the ring with Irónico before he turns his back to him to walk up the ramp. Irónico seething as we cut to backstage)

(New General Manager Aren Mstislav is seen standing backstage with Hugh Jass standing right beside him)

Hugh Jass: What an incredible announcement early on in the night as I have the new General Manager standing next to me. Please welcome OWA Hall Of Famer and GM of Olympus, Aren Mstislav!

Aren Mstislav: Thanks for having me. And yes, you're right! Quite the announcement. But things are only getting started. I don't know if Nas thought that he's going to get everything his way, but I was selected to be a stark reminder to him that he's the CO Chairmen. There is somebody with as much authority as he does and they both answer to the Board of Directors. I am very happy with their decision to select me. And plenty of big things to come to Friday Nights. I'll keep it short for you, Jass. Tarah had an incredible idea to introduce the OWA Hybrid Championship. And I will make sure that I see that idea come to fruition. Next week, we'll have the first-round matches of the tournament to decide the first-ever OWA Hybrid Champion. Stay tuned!

Hugh Jass: You heard the man! Aren Mstislav everybody!

(The feed transitions back to the arena as Jamison Pierce is seen standing in the middle of the ring)

Jamison Pierce: The following contest is a street fight scheduled for one fall!

("Born Too Late" by Saint Vitus hits the speakers as Darkane walks down to the ring with his signature shovel draped over the back of his shoulders.)

Jamison Pierce: Introducing first, from NOLA, weighing in at 240 pounds... HE IS THE GRAVEWORM!!!!... DARKANE!!!!

Reese: Darkane has had an eventful October, capturing the SSW Puroresu World Championship as well as continuing his war on OWA alongside The Phantom Troupe -- but with new enemies on the horizon like Graham Baker, the road to the top for Darkane continues! Safe to say though, in a street fight, he's definitely in his element here.

(Fog and smoke billow out from the stage as the opening bars to 'Forever' spew forth from the speakers. The 'tron lights up with imagery of a guillotine in a dark wood dropping, and Graham Baker bursts forth as Killer Mike's harsh lyrics spit through the arena while Baker slaps hands with fans who support him while flipping off and spitting at those who don't. Baker's clad in a

denim patch jacket, a pair of Aviator glasses, and a bandana around his nose and mouth. He pulls himself up onto the apron, and rolls over the ropes and into the center of the ring, holding a finger-gun up to his head before pointing it at Darkane and firing.)

Jamison Pierce: And his opponent, from London, England, weighing in at 245 pounds... THE AVIATOR!!!!... GRAHAM BAKER!!!!

Diamond: Graham Baker's war with Noah Reigner has continued into their OWA careers, but tonight Baker has to go through one of the most fearsome men here on Olympus in Darkane. Both men have GOAT level resumes - and now we get to see them face off in a street fight. Let's see who reigns supreme!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Reese: Let's go! Baker wastes no time coming in hot on the offense! Running in with the Bicycle Kick! Darkane easily sidesteps it but Baker goes to the ground for a roll to get right back up to his feet. Darkane lunges at Baker again, but Baker sees him coming and stuns him in place with a knee to the head! Darkane staggers back and Baker swings around with the backhand chop to the chest! Baker to the ropes now and Darkane readies himself with the back body drop -- Baker hops right over him! Darkane turns around -- BAKER WITH A BIG SLAP TO THE SIDE OF THE FACE! Baker takes a step back and comes back with the big boot but Darkane steps to the side! Baker fires an elbow to the side but Darkane hooks the arm and plants Baker with the overhead armdrag toss!

Diamond: Darkane hits the ropes while Baker quickly gets back up to his feet -- Baker sees Darkane coming and steps to the side, grabbing Darkane by the head and sending him into the ropes across the ring, running right after him and catching him from the back of the tights rolling him back with the O'Connor Roll! Baker rolls back up to his feet trying to deadlift Darkane up for the German Suplex -- Darkane grabs Baker around the neck and SLAMS HIM FACE FIRST INTO THE GROUND WITH THE BULLDOG!!! And Darkane hits the ropes! Elbow drop to Baker! Darkane picks Baker up and whips him into the corner, charging after him... CORNER SPLASH!!! Baker is stunned and Darkane tops off the combo with a Reverse Exploder Suplex! Baker gets slammed to his back in the center of the ring!

Reese: Darkane pops himself up to the second rope while Baker starts to push himself up... Darkane comes flying off! Double Axe Handle to the back! Baker falls back down and Darkane hits the ropes while Baker gets up to his hands and knees... DARKANE COMES FLYING IN!!! ROLLING ELBOW TO THE BACK OF THE -- NO!!! Baker turns around just in time to catch Darkane's arm, pulling him down to the mat and rolling him over to the side! Baker is trying to clench in the armbar but Darkane is blocking it with his other arm! Baker kicks at Darkane's head trying to subdue him but Darkane is absorbing those shots like it's nothing, flexing his signature resiliency... AND DARKANE ROLLS BAKER OVER!!! HE'S GOT HIM ON HIS SHOULDERS PINNED TO THE MAT!!!!

Referee: ONE!!!!...

Diamond: Baker kicks out at an easy one! Baker breaks out of the pin and rolls back up to his feet falling into the ropes! Baker comes back with momentum swinging a wild clothesline but Darkane slips behind him and bounces off the ropes himself -- CHOP BLOCK -- BAKER JUMPS OVER IT AND COMES DOWN WITH A MUSHROOM STOMP TO THE BACK OF DARKANE'S SPINE!!!! Baker grabs Darkane by the hair and picks him up to his knees before falling into the ropes again falling back with the ROLLING ELBOW!!!! Baker grabs Darkane by the arm and rolls over to his side, twisting Darkane's arm while he picks him up at the same time... BAKER UNRAVELS HIM!!!! GOING FOR THE POINT BLANK PUMPING BOMBER LARIAT!!! CLEAN THE BLADE!!!!

Reese: DARKANE DUCKS IT!!!! BAKER WHIFFS AND DARKANE GRABS HIM FOR THE DOUBLE LEGGED TAKEDOWN, AND BOTH MEN COLLIDE IN A FRENZIED BRAWL ON THE MAT!!!! DARKANE HAS BAKER PINNED ON HIS BACK ON THE MAT AS HE SWINGS WITH FIST AFTER FIST!!!! GRAHAM BAKER IS HOLDING HIS GROUND, SWINGING BACK --- BAKER CATCHES DARKANE ON THE JAW WITH A SWINGING RIGHT, AND PUSHES HIM OFF, BEFORE SLAMMING DARKANE INTO THE MAT ON HIS BACK, AND NOW GRAHAM BAKER HAS TAKEN THE REIGNS!!!! BAKER TWISTS DARKANE'S NECK TO THE RIGHT AND RAMS HIS ELBOW DOWN ON THE LEFT SIDE OF HIS HEAD!!!! DARKANE IS FLAILING AND THRASHING BUT BAKER HAS FIRMLY HELD DOWN -- DARKANE REACHES AN ARM UP AND GRABS BAKER BY THE EAR, FORCEFULLY YANKING HIS HAND DOWN -- AND OH MY GOD!!!! DARKANE WITH A THUMB TO THE EYE!!!! THAT'S THE SEPARATION DARKANE NEEDED AS HE SHOVES BAKER OFF OF HIM AND PUSHES HIMSELF UP TO HIS FEET!!!!

Diamond: Baker picks himself back up - DARKANE KNOCKS HIM FOR A LOOP WITH A SNAP JAB TO THE MOUTH!!!! Baker staggers back and Darkane LUNGES WITH ONE MORE!!!! BAKER SWINGS OUT OF THE WAY!!!! ELBOW SMASH TO THE SIDE OF THE HEAD!!!! DARKANE FALLS INTO THE ROPES AND BAKER TAKES A STEP BACK BEFORE COMING FORWARD WITH AN HUGE CLOTHESLINE THAT SENDS BOTH MEN OVER THE TOP ROPE!!!! Darkane drops to the floor while Baker hangs on the apron, looking down as Darkane pushes himself to his feet... ONLY FOR BAKER TO LEAP FROM THE APRON WITH A SHOULDER BLOCK!!!! BAKER CRASHES INTO DARKANE SENDING HIM STUMBLING INTO THE BARRICADE!!!!

Reese: Baker picks himself off of the floor while Darkane recovers against the barricade, but Baker kicks the top half off the steel steps, picking it off of the ground while he approaches Darkane... DARKANE COMES FORWARD WITH A KICK TO THE GUT BUT BAKER SAW IT COMING!!!! BAKER BRINGS THE STEPS DOWN AND BASHES IT OVER DARKANE'S KNEE!!!! DARKANE COLLAPSES TO THE GROUND CLUTCHING HIS LEG AND GRAHAM BAKER TAKES ADVANTAGE OF HIS VULNERABILITY, BRINGING THE STEPS DOWN RIGHT OVER HIS RIBS!!!! DARKANE MUST BE STRUGGLING TO BREATHE BUT BAKER

PICKS HIM UP IN POSITION FOR THE VERTICAL SUPLEX!!!!... AND BAKER DROPS DARKANE ON HIS BACK OVER THE STEEL STEPS!!!!

Diamond: Baker's got Darkane in a vulnerable position there as he reaches under the ring now... What's he gonna pull out... IT'S A BASEBALL BAT!!!! Baker swings the bat around while he mouths off at Darkane... He's got the bat up in the air... Darkane is still laid flat out on the steel steps. BAKER SWINGS AT THE STILL-LYING DARKANE -- HE WAS PLAYING POSSUM!!!! DARKANE ROLLS AWAY AND RISES UP TO HIS FEET WITH A SWIFT KICK TO THE GROIN!!!! BAKER DOUBLES OVER AND DARKANE DROPS THE BIONIC ELBOW ON THE TOP OF HIS HEAD!!!! Baker drops to his knees and swings up at Darkane, but Darkane catches the fist and twists Baker's wrist back in an unnatural angle... DARKANE COULD SNAP BAKER'S WRIST HERE AND THERE'S NOTHING BAKER CAN SEEMINGLY DO!!!!... OH MY GOD!!!! BAKER REACHES OVER AND GRABS A FIRE EXTINGUISHER FROM UNDER THE RING!!!! BAKER THROWS THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER STRAIGHT UP!!!! IT CATCHES DARKANE ON THE JAW AND FORCES THE SEPARATION!!!!

Reese: DARKANE FALLS AGAINST THE APRON, YELLING AS BLOOD STARTS SEEPING OUT OF THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD!!!!... Baker looks down at the fire extinguisher and back at Darkane who rolls into the ring for safety... Baker grabs the fire extinguisher and slides into the ring with it while Darkane wipes the blood off of the side of his head before pushing himself up to his feet. You have to respect Darkane for staying on his feet after a brutal shot like that... BUT THERE ARE MORE TO COME!!!! BAKER SWINGS THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER STRAIGHT AT DARKANE -- THIS TIME DARKANE IS READY!!!! DARKANE SIDE STEPS THE SHOT AND LEAPS AT BAKER WITH A SPEAR!!!! DARKANE FOLDS BAKER IN HALF AND PRESSES HIM INTO THE MAT TO NAIL HIM WITH A RABID BARRAGE OF FISTS!!!!

Diamond: DARKANE TARGETS THE NOSE SPECIFICALLY, BUSTING BAKER OPEN, REPAYING THE FAVOR FROM THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER SHOT EARLIER!!!! DARKANE HAS BAKER BLEEDING PROFUSELY FROM THE NOSE AND CONTINUES TO RAIN THE FISTS!!!! BAKER BRINGS HIS ELBOW UP AND NAILS DARKANE IN THE FACE!!!! MOMENTARY SEPARATION ALLOWS BAKER TO DRAG HIMSELF AWAY TOWARDS THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER... DARKANE POUNCES ON BAKER AND SLAMS HIS HEAD INTO THE MAT!!!!... OH MY -- NO!!!! THIS IS INHUMANE!!!! DARKANE HAS HIS THUMBS PRESSED INTO BAKER'S EYES!!!! HE'S GOING TO BLIND HIM!!!!

Reese: NO!!!! BAKER REACHES OVER!!! HE'S GOT THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER AND SPRAYS IT ALL OVER HIMSELF AND DARKANE!!!! A HUGE CLOUD OF FOAM COVERS BOTH OF THEM --- AND BAKER SLIDES OUT!!!! HE ROLLS OUT OF THE RING!!!! BAKER GRABS THE APRON TO PICK HIMSELF UP --- DARKANE!!!! DARKANE COMES FLYING OVERHEAD!!!! TOPE CON HILO!!!! WHAT THE HELL!!!! DARKANE PULLING OUT FUCKING LUCHA LIBRE TONIGHT TO PUT GRAHAM BAKER AWAY!!!! HE WIPES THE AVIATOR OUT!!!!

Diamond: Darkane is going all out! He pulls a table out from underneath the ring now... and Darkane puts it in the ring! Darkane picks Baker up and pushes him into the ring as well, setting up the table vertically in the corner... Darkane picks Baker up... AND WHIPS HIM INTO -- NO!!! BAKER GROUNDS HIMSELF!!!! BAKER WHIPS DARKANE INTO THE TABLE AND COMES RUNNING AFTER HIM --- CLEAN THE BLADE!!!!!! PUMPING BOMBER LARIAT DRIVING DARKANE THROUGH THE TABLE!!!! IT SHATTERS INTO HUNDREDS OF PIECES!!!! BAKER SCOOPS DARKANE UP... HE'S GOT BOTH ARMS HOOKED!!!! DOUBLE UNDERHOOK POWERBOMB!!!!!! GROUND ZERO!!!!!! BAKER COVERS!!!!!!

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

Reese: DARKANE THROWS THE SHOULDER UP!!!! JESUS CHRIST!!!!!! HE JUST TOOK A POINT BLANK CLEAN THE BLADE THROUGH A TABLE FOLLOWED BY A GROUND ZERO... TWO OF GRAHAM BAKER'S FINISHERS... AND DARKANE THROWS THE SHOULDER UP!!!! Baker sits up, the frustration is clear on his face... and he rolls outside of the ring... HE'S GOT THE SHOVEL!!!! HE'S GOT DARKANE'S SHOVEL!!!! BAKER ROLLS INTO THE RING!!!! AND WITH NO HESITATION SWINGS THE SHOVEL OVERHEAD --- DARKANE ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY!!!! DARKANE GETS UP TO HIS FEET!!!! YAKUZA KICK!!!!!!

Diamond: The Yakuza Kick connects and Baker staggers back, still holding the shovel... HE SWINGS IT RIGHT BACK AT DARKANE BUT DARKANE DUCKS!!!!!! DARKANE HITS THE ROPES BEHIND BAKER!!!!!! YAKUZA KICK TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!!!! BAKER DROPS THE SHOVEL AND FALLS TO HIS HANDS AND KNEES!!!! DARKANE PICKS THE SHOVEL UP AND HITS THE ROPES IN FRONT OF GRAHAM BAKER SWINGING THE SHOVEL UNDERHANDEDLY LIKE IT'S A FUCKING GOLF CLUB --- NO!!!!!!!!!!!! BAKER WITH THE LOW BLOW!!!!!! BAKER DRIVES HIS ARM STRAIGHT UP INTO DARKANE'S NETHER REGION!!!!!! BAKER PUSHES DARKANE DOWN INTO THE MAT AND PINS HIS SHOULDERS DOWN WITH HIS HANDS PULLING DOWN DARKANE'S TIGHTS!!!!!!

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

(DING! DING! DING!)

Reese: BAKER STOLE IT!!!!

("Forever" hits the speakers and Graham Baker immediately jumps off of Darkane and rolls out of the ring. Darkane gets up to his hands and knees trying to get up and go after Baker but the referee holds Darkane back trying to check on him. Darkane gets up to his feet and shoves the referee back to the ground. Darkane walks to the edge of the ring and starts yelling at Baker, who's already made it up to the stage, cackling at his win.)

Pierce: The winner of this match by way of pinfall... GRAHAM BAKER!!!!!!

Diamond: These two were in the middle of a hardcore clinic, a match that could have possibly ascended to the level of a classic... but Graham Baker took the easy way out at the end!

Reese: Easy way out? NAH! THAT WAS THE SMART WAY! It doesn't matter how you win, all that matters is that you DO win. Now tell me, Donny, what are the results for the show gonna say? Are they gonna give you the asterisk? Or is it just going to say that Graham Baker just pinned a former multiple-time world champion right here in a street fight!

Diamond: I guess that's true... But making enemies of Darkane... now Baker has potentially made enemies of the entire Phantom Troupe! He might've won this battle against Darkane... but starting a war against the GraveWorm?! I don't know if that was a smart choice!

Reese: In this rat race to the top of Olympus you gotta do what you gotta do! And tonight Graham Baker stole a huge win that will surely open his prospects to championship contention here! As for Darkane, he'll always have his chance for revenge... but tonight was Baker's night!

(Darkane and Graham Baker continue staring down across the ramp before the feed cuts away to commercial)

[COMMERCIAL BREAK]

Donny Diamond: We are back to Friday Night's Olympus. What a match we just witnessed and what a debut! Graham Baker makes an immediate impact here in OWA with a monumental victory over The GraveWorm, Darkane! Things could have easily gone either way but GB showed the OWA faithful exactly what he's capable of.

Giovante Reese: And it seems like we've got Nate Cage coming up next. On last Olympus, Keelan shocked the world by defeating Nate Cage in what seems like YEARS since he was last pinned for a three count. But Cage isn't done yet. Let's see what he's got to say!

('No Love' by Death Grips hits to overwhelming boos. Nate Cage storms to the ring with a purpose, snatching the mic out of Jamison Pierce's hands before he can even be announced and rolling into the ring. He looks pissed, pacing around the ring in a manic fashion.)

Nate Cage: No no no no no no no no no, this is all wrong! All of it! All this shit is out of order! I've bit my tongue and I've let these things go on but I have to call it like I see it: this fucking brand is rotten to its core. I'm not saying I haven't played my part, but Christ, isn't anyone gonna do anything? I have done nothing but work my fingers to the bone here. You all despise me and I don't fucking care, I'm not here to please you, I'm here to be the most dominant, feared professional wrestler alive. And I just keep getting handed shit.

No world title shots until I get stuck in a Thunderdome. No title shots before that since THE FIRST FINAL DESTINATION. People like Shaker fucking Jones are getting title shots and not

me? Fucking Nobu getting his millionth title shot over me? Give me five minutes with Noah Quinn and I'll have him pissing his trousers. That TV Title would be mind so fucking fast.

All the while, I have to sit back and watch as a man like Keelan Callihan fucks around with all of us because he's not satisfied. I respect Keelan, I really do. He's the first person to pin me in this company in TWO FUCKING YEARS. Civil War 2018, Bull Connors, the God of War final. Nobody had pinned me since. Then Keelan comes along and puts me away and I'm not even mad. Couldn't have happened to a better fella. Because Keelan's a sick, twisted bastard and I can respect sick, twisted bastards. But what's he doing now? Is he talking about how beating me is a monumental feat? Or is he bitching and complaining about everything?

Keelan Callihan's had plenty of title shots here, plenty of chances to be the man, a lot more than I ever had. He co-founded this company, he has more clout than anyone. And here he is, talking about walking out once his contract is up. Making this big song and dance about how he's leaving. That man is afforded luxuries that he knows not what to do with, and immediately after THE BIGGEST WIN OF HIS OWA TENURE, he claims to be undervalued, says he's done. I'm sick of it. I'm sick of the amount of entitled brats around here who don't know when to shut the fuck up, bite down on their mouthpiece and just swing.

So Keelan, if you're not a coward, you'll come out here right fucking now and face me like a man. And you can leave your woman in the back, because this doesn't concern her. This is about me, you and your ego being too big to understand when to stop.

(There is a slight refrain, before 'Oblivion' by 30 Seconds to Mars plays as the crowd keep booing, two of OWA's most vilified figures in the arena. Keelan doesn't look please and demands a microphone as he gets in the ring and goes nose-to-nose with Cage.)

Keelan Callihan: You wanna talk about entitlement, mate? Who here does more moaning than you? You had your shot at Game Over and it didn't fucking happen. You talked on and on and on about how when you finally got your shot to step up, you'd win. That when that mythical Nate Cage world title shot finally happened, you were walking out with the strap. And it didn't fucking happen, did it? I was nice to you before our match because you extended that courtesy to me, but now you wanna act like we're mortal enemies or some shit? Cut the crap, Nate, you're just bitter that when it comes down to it, you're below me in the pecking order.

You always talk about how much you've scratched and clawed like I haven't been here since the foundations were laid. Like I wasn't competing in front of thousands back in my old place of work while you were still working shows at the Electric Ballroom in Camden. I was hanging Carlos Rosso by his fucking neck in the chamber while you were working the regional circuits, wrestling in front of 200 neckbeard virgins for £200 a match. Before anyone knew who the hell you were, I'd acquired enough capital to set up the company YOU MADE YOUR NAME IN. You don't fucking EXIST without me, Nate, understand? I was one of the people who saw you wrestling in the UK indies and said to the brass that they should give you a shot. I championed

you, I supported you. I saw greatness in you and that contract you signed when you joined this company has my fucking name on it as well.

Now look at you. An ungrateful little twat. Where do you get off going on your long and winding rants? We've let you get away with some pretty fucked up shit here. You have any idea how hard our lawyers work when you pull off one of your mental schemes? All while paying you an insane amount of money. We made you a millionaire, we made you a star. You went from a cult name in Britain to one of the most known and hated bastards in this sport. You've achieved things most wrestlers only dream of. You've exceeded any and all expectations and now I just see disappointment. And hell, I'd be disappointed too if my own sister leapfrogged past me less than two years into her career. Natalie's already the GOAT of Odyssey and what the hell are you, Nate? Some guy who talks tough and fights hard, and all he's got to show for it is a tag title that Kenny Drake won for him.

(Nate just stares Keelan dead in the eyes and starts to chuckle.)

Cage: You done?

Keelan: Truth hurts, huh?

Cage: The truth is often a bitter pill to swallow, that much is true, but if you want to talk about not living up to potential, where do you fit into all this? We're both rich, we're both hated and we're both famous. But neither of us became the man, did we? Neither of us became a Nas, or a Senn, or a Jaxon or...or a Natalie Cage. But who's to say that opportunity's passed us by? Your solution is a selfish one: you're putting a time limit on your own career, trying to strongarm the powers that be into giving you what you want. For all your clout as a co-founder, you're still having to scheme and plot like...well, like me. It's not a good look on you, Keelan.

So, here is my proposal. You face me again. Two weeks from now on Olympus. Neither of us beaten and bloodied after Thunderdome, our heads perfectly clear. I know that I can beat you, but you have confirmation that you can beat me. I can't live with that. If you walk away from all of this and I can't say I've beat you, that is something I would consider a professional letdown. It's true, you were one of the people who helped me get in here. And like all the people who helped me, I've ended up going to war with you. Scott Oasis, Aria Jaxon, people who showed me the ropes like Kenny Drake and Gareth Cason. I've stabbed every friend in the back and the front. I've done nothing but make lives miserable. But I'm done being the spoiler to someone's good time. Now, now is the time where I move towards taking my spot at the head of the table, and that won't happen as long as you're ahead of me in the line. So fight me again, Keelan, fight me again and show me that you can put me away when I'm at my best. Because frankly, I don't know that you can.

(Cage holds out his hand and Keelan looks dumbfounded at the calm, measured response from his rival. He looks at the hand and clasps it, as the two men pull each other in and have an intense staredown.)

Keelan: The only person you're going to let down is yourself.

Cage: The Devil always delivers.

(“No Love by Death Grips kicks in as Cage exits the ring and leaves Keelan Callihan to ponder what he's just agreed to.)

Donny Diamond: Wow, there are no words to describe the intensity on display there. Keelan Callihan and Nate Cage are going to have a rematch in two weeks, and Nate is more determined than I've ever seen to correct his mistake from last time.

Giovante Reese: Keelan's got the confidence heading into it, but I got a feeling that that crazy mofo Cage has an ace or two up his sleeve. You can never trust him!

Donny: What a night it's been so far here on Olympus! The crowd is still going crazy and I can't wait to get into our next bit of Action!

Giovante: For once you are actually right! We are getting quite the treat, as we get to see Noah Quinn defend his OWA TV Championship here tonight! And AND he gets to defend it against Nobi!

Donny: Noah has been impressive for sure since winning that title at Game Over, but tonight is his toughest challenge to date.

Giovante: I don't think he has anything to worry about, not with the Awakening in his corner!

Donny: Or maybe with Teddy Mac in his, Nobi will bring a little balance to the outside shenanigans of the Awakening. Either way we are all set here lets send it down to the ring!

Pierce: Ladies and Gentleman the following contest is scheduled for one fall!

Crowd: ONE FALL

Pierce: And is for the OWA Television Championship!!!

“Welcome Home” By Coheed and Cambria begins to blair across the arena speakers as the crowd jumps to their feet. On stage appears Nobi, over his shoulder is the SSW Puroresu World Heavyweight Championship. He links his fingers underneath the title and raises it up above his head as the crowd starts chanting “NOBI NOBI” Just behind him Teddy Mac joins his partner on the stage. He raises his arms up as the crowd showers him in applause! Both men then head down to the ring. Nobi sprints and slides under the bottom rope, popping up and walking to a corner posing for the elated fans as Teddy walks around to Nobis Corner and claps up cheering his friend on.

push him off. But Noah hangs on sliding down to a knee he has this initial headlock locked in tight.

Giovante: Noah wrenching down into that side headlock hard but Nobu gets him back to his feet, a forearm shot to the ribs, and another makes Noah release and step away. Nobu cracks his neck a little as they are once again circling each other. They go for another lockup, but no Noah ducks and slides behind with a rear waist lock, that he quickly transitions into another side headlock, but Nobu rolls to the mat and the momentum rolls Noah off the hold and both men are back to their feet!

Donny: A feeling out process to start for sure. As once again the two men lock up. This time its Nobu with an wrist lock. He tries to cinch it in but Noah reaches out and quickly grabs the ropes!

Noah(Off Mic): Back him up ref! Back him up!

Giovante: Noah wanting to make sure Nobu gives him space after the ref breaks the hold and both men return to the center of the ring. This time they go for a lock up but NO Noah kicks Nobu in the gut, reaches in and whips Nobu into the ropes. Nobu rebound and a shoulder block sends Noah to the mat. Nobu hops over him and runs the ropes. Noah with a quick recovery drops down as Nobu passes over his head and then as he comes back he's on his feet with a leapfrog. Nobu again into the ropes and Noah looks to take him down with a back elbow!

Donny: But Nobu ducks and has some high speed as he rebounds yet again and this time takes Noah down with a huge flying shoulder block. Noah his the ground and rolls out of the ring quickly to regroup with the Awakening. Nobu is on his feet and walks to the ropes. He is holding them open for Noah to return!

Giovante: A Disgusting show from Nobu mocking the champion here! Noah walks around his corner and re-enters the ring away from Nobu. Nobu comes marching in at Noah but Noah backs into the corner demanding the ref to keep him away but Nobu wants his hands on Noah, the ref is trying to hold him back and Noah reaches over the refs shoulder and pokes Nobu right in the Eye!!!

Donny: now THAT is disgusting behavior for a champion! Nobu reels back to the center of the ring trying to see right as Noah moves in and clotheslines the challenger down! Nobu trying to get to his feet but Noah grabs his waist and takes him over hard with a snap gutwrench suplex!

Giovante: Noah looking to gain momentum here grabs Nobu up by the head and then whips him hard into the corner. Nobu comes stumbling out and is taken down the the mat with a Discuss Clothesline! Noah with a cover!

Ref: ONE!!! TW!!!

Donny: And the White...excuse me the Privateer kicks out before the two count. We all know it takes more than that to keep this man down but Noah does not look phased. He mounts Nobi and begins to deliver some stiff shots to the head and neck of Nobi who is trying his best to cover up. Noah gets off and gets to his feet and runs the ropes as Noah gets to his knees. Noah comes running in but Nobi jumps to his feet and delivers a huge European Uppercut that takes Noah down! Noah scrambles to his feet but is rocked by a second uppercut! Again he gets to his feet but Nobi with a kick to the ribs doubles him over! Nobi with a sunsetflip rollup!!

Ref: ONE!!! TWO!!!

Giovante: and a Kick out by the champion as Nobi tried to steal one there! Noah using the ropes to try and get back to his feet Nobi comes rushing in and Noah dumps him over the top rope and right to the ringside floor! OH but Noah grabs his back and stumbles toward the center to the ring the ref is going to check on him. Man I hope he is ok.

Donny: No he is distracting the ref! Nobi was dumped right at the feet of Eon and Mark Michaels. Eon goes to pick him up but Nobi unloads with a huge right hand and then a left as Eon is rocked back but Nobi doesn't see Mark Michaels who spins him around drops him on the floor with a huge bodyslam! Eon back now as he looks like he is going to do more but finally Teddy Mac is there with a huge clothesline to Mark Michaels. Eon Quickly backs away from the man who helps Nobi to his feet. Nobi looks to be in pain as Teddy helps him up and Nobi rolls back into the ring.

Giovante: Where Noah pounces on him with an elbow drop right into that lower back. And Thank all Noah seems to be ok now. That looked serious from the way he was holding on to the ref! Noah drags Nobi to his feet and has wrist control as he ties up Nobi from behind. Ripcords him around right into a knee that connects to Nobi's chin and he drops to the canvas! Noah with a cover!

Ref: ONE!!! TWO!!! TH!!!

Donny: There is still plenty left in Nobi as he gets the shoulder up after the two count. Noah looks a little frustrated and gets back to his feet. Nobi crawls to the Corner and pulls himself up as Noah rushes in and Nobi Moves out of the way as Noah was going for a diving shoulder tackle and has found nothing but the sickening crunch of a corner post! Nobi pulls Noah from the corner by his trunks, arms around the waist! Huge German Suplex turns Noah inside out and he is face first on the mat!

Giovante: But Noah starts to stir right away as he gets to his knees. Nobi marches in, he locks in a half nelson and pulls Noah to his feet but quickly spins him down into a neckbreaker. He goes for a cover, cmon Kick out Noah!

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

Donny: And again Noah is able to kick out but each time seems to be getting harder. Nobu is wasting no time as he is back on his feet and he goes to the ropes, climbing up top but Noah is also up and meets him at the corner. Noah climbs up with him as the both are now trying to gain the advantage! Nobu seems to be winning and he is able to shove Noah back!

Giovante: Noah runs back in and leaps up catching Nobu with a huge Enziguri and Nobu is out on the ropes. Noah back to his feet and back up there with him. He hooks Nobu's arm. Looks like a big superplex is coming!

Donny: But Nobu still has a hold on the top rope as Noah tries and tries again to yank him free to no avail. Nobu slides down from the top rope and grabs up Noah pulling him from the top rope. Noah sitting on Nobu's shoulders as he tries and tries to reach for the ropes for anyone but Nobu lunges forward! **SITOUT POWERBOOOOOOMB!!!** Nobu rocks the champion down with a huge powerbomb and he holds it for the cover!

Ref: ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-!!!

Giovante: NO NO the champ is still alive and kicks out at the last moment! We almost had a travesty take place here as Nobu was moments away from that win! Noah c'mon my man you need to get up! Nobu however is dragging him back up. He has him on his shoulders and is looking for the AA! But Noah with hard elbows into the side of Nobu's head! One, two, three, four! And Noah slides off his back and delivers a nasty dropkick right to the back of Nobu's Head that drops him hard on the mat!

Donny: Noah moves to the corner now lining up Nobu who is struggling to get to their feet is using the ropes to pull themselves up. OH and look at this Eon Blue walking around to where Nobu is pulling himself up but Teddy is right there Eon backs down as Teddy yells at him to move away! Oh Cmon look out! Mark Michaels with a cheap chop block from behind takes down Teddy Mac as Eon helps his partner Mark up and the laugh at the fallen warrior moving back to their own side of the ring. The ref has his hands full here but these guys arnt in the match so he has to get focused back in the ring.

Giovante: Which is where Noah comes flying in with **DOOOOMSDAY!!!** The running kneestricke misses though as Nobu ducks out of the way. Noah trying to get back to his feet after the missed knee! Nobu off the ropes **SPRINGBOARD STUNNER!!!!!! NO** Noah dives out of the way and Nobu crashes into the unsuspecting Ref!! The Ref is down!!

Donny: And like sharks smelling blood Eon and Mark Michaels slide into the ring but Look at Nobu, He takes down Eon with an Uppercut! Then Mark with a left hook! Noah runs in but is met with a right hand to the face! Nobu Holding his own! OH! Chop Block from Mack Michales Brings Nobu to his knees. NO NO **RUIN ELBOW!!** Eon Connects with that sickening hidden blade strike, Nobu is Down.

Giovante: But Not Alone, as Teddy Mac is up and is that a chair in his hands? The Coward slides in the ring with the weapon! Noah sees him though and charges in! Back Body drop to Noah spills him out to the floor. Teddy turns and sends the end of the chair into Eon's ribs! He doubles over from the pain and drops to his knees. Mark tries to try and stop Teddy but he kicks him in the gut doubling Michaels over, Hard shot across the back and Mark drops to the ground rolling out of the ring. Eon is trying to get back to his feet as is Nobi. Teddy lines up a kill shot and swings for Eons Head!!!!

Donny:Oh...Oh My God....

Giovante:

Donny: Eon...Eon ducked the chair shot...it just..My god..Teddy mack just crushed that chair over..over Nobi's head. Teddy is in a look of shock as Eon has rolled out of the ring. Mark Back in and Tackles a frozen Teddy out of the ring. Nobi is out, there is blood coming from the top of his head. Eon Moved, he moved from the shot and Nobi was there. Folks it was a pure accident!

Giovante: Yeah, Im sure it was, that man was on a warpath and Noah is now back in the ring. Nobi, stirring to some form of life, but cant even get to his knees after that chair shot. Noah scales the ropes and waits as somehow Nobi is on his knees, off comes Noah! **QUINNS SPECIAL!!!** That diving stomp just sealed the deal as Nobis Skull is stomped into the mat. The ref is on his knees still kind of out of it but slides over as Noah makes the pin!

Ref: ONE!!.....TWO!!!!.....THREE!!!!

[DING DING DING]

Pierce: Here is your winner, AND STILL YOUR OWA TELEVISION CHAMPION!
NOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH QUIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIINN!!

Giovante: Noah with a win just like I said he would! I also said The Awakening would not be why he lost and how sweet it was that Teddy Mac just cost his friend and partner the Title!

Donny: Oh to hell with you Gio, The Awakening used their numbers to confuse them the whole time, and When Teddy tried to make the save....That was one of the sickest chair shots I have seen and Eon was seconds away from receiving it. He moved and found Nobi by Mistake. The Awakening is making their way up the ramp to Boos and trash as Teddy is now in the ring. Nobi is on his knees dazed and confused. Teddy is trying to explain what happened and Nobi seems to be understanding.

Giovante: I don't know if I could ever understand that kind of mistake. But Noah is sure making waves with another strong defense here tonight! Folks we will be back right after this!

[COMMERCIAL BREAK]

Donny Diamond: We're back from commercial and Gio, what an exciting matchup we've got coming up next! It's the debut of the ASSAULT RIFLE, Noah Reigner as he goes up against possibly the greatest wrestler in this history of OWA, former Omega Heavyweight Champion, OWA Hall Of Famer, and PT member, Jacob Senn!

Giovante Reese: It's a rematch from their SSW days as Noah Reigner was the man to beat Senn for the Puroresu belt. Let's see if Senn can get his win back here tonight!

Jamison Pierce: The following contest is set for one fall!

"ONE FALL!"

Jamison Pierce: Introducing first...

(The lights inside of the arena are completely snuffed out, the people in attendance left in awe from the darkness surrounding them, before the initial lyrics start up.)

"Bow down before the one you serve.
You're going to get what you deserve.
Bow down before the one you serve.
You're going to get what you deserve."

(The lighting changes throughout the arena suddenly once "Head Like A Hole" by Nine Inch Nails to reveal the black hooded figure recognized as Jacob Senn standing in the middle of the stage, squatting down and motioning back and forth to the rhythm of the music, before the next set of lyrics to signal him to shoot up to his feet with a double-gun taunt pointed to the ring with pyrotechnics firing from his side.)

"God money I'll do anything for you.
God money just tell me what you want me to
God money nail me up against the wall.
God money don't want everything he wants it all."

Jamison Pierce: From Chicago, Illinois and weighing in tonight at two hundred and twenty-pounds, he is "The Iconic One", THE PUNNNNISHERRRR... JAAAAACOB BBBB SENNNNNNN!!!!

(After the pyrotechnics finish up, he throws the hood off of his head and, with a lackadaisical strut to his step, makes his way down the ramp with a smirk upon his face. He spins around to look throughout the entire arena with the sea of bodies in attendance before he walks up to the camera, placing his hands together to show off the logo emblazoned upon it, before parting them and leaving the camera to start taunting at one of the fans right when the chorus of the song kicks in.)

"Head like a hole.
Black as your soul.
I'd rather die than give you control.
Head like a hole.
Black as your soul.
I'd rather die than give you control."

(After finishing taunting at a fan, he starts to climb up the steel steps and further up onto the top of the turnbuckle. He extends his hands out to his side before he looks over to his opponent at the opposite side of the ring, performing a gun taunt straight towards them as he mimics firing the gun as he drops down to the mat. Jacob leans back up against the turnbuckle he was just standing on before waiting on the introduction from the referee or the bell to be rung.)

Donny Diamond: It was only two weeks ago since Jacob Senn was reeling in the affects taken from Game Over and the Thunderdome, but still picking up a win against Eon Blue and Noah Quinn of The Awakening and Chaos Elite. Tonight, there is no Phantom Troupe- there is just Jacob Senn as he will now battle one of the newest and biggest signings to OWA.

Jamison Pierce: And his opponent-

(There was a low buzz in the crowd when the lights die down to almost complete darkness. All focus turned onto the entrance way when Machine Gun Kelly's voice was heard over the P.A. system.)

"THE EVERYDAY ONE HUNDRED,
THIS AIN'T NO FACADE SHIT.
THIS THAT "LOOK MY IN MY EYES, AND DON'T YOU FUCKIN' LIE" SHIT.
STILL DON'T NEED NO OPINIONS, BITCH,
MOST THESE ARTISTS MY MINIONS

WHOA."

(A faint purple light hit the stage when the last word was uttered. A custom mixed version of Machine Gun Kelly's "The Gunner" continued to play, cutting right to...)

"WE ARE NOT THE SAME,
SAY THE FUCKIN' NAME."

(The sound of guns loading mixed with the audio, followed by the repeated hook of "I AM THE GUNNER" and that is the cue for Noah Reigner to walk through the guerrilla curtain and out onto the stage. Noah stops on top of the ramp, his eyes scanning the crowd as the verses of the song begin to take over. For his entrance, Noah wears a leather jacket with the words

"ASSAULT RIFLE" stylized in text on the back. Noah stopped on top of the ramp way, his arms hanging loosely at his sides.)

Jamison Pierce: From Seattle, Washington and weighing in tonight at one hundred and eighty-four pounds, he is THE ASSAULT RIFLE... NOOOAHHH REEEEEIIIGNNNNEERRR!!

(Just after his name was announced, he brought his arms up into a "assault rifle" and took several shots at the ring and crowd before quickly dropping his arms and marching down to the ring as the song returned to the normal cut. By now Noah has reached the ring and pulled himself onto the apron using the middle rope. Once there, he ducked underneath the top rope to enter the ring - where he marched to the far corner, closest to the hard camera. Climbing up to stand on the middle rope and with a grin - his arms formed into the "assault rifle" again and, timing it perfectly with the song - he fired the last shots at the hard camera just as the gun in the song was fired. He would then jump his arms and jump off of the second rope, turning in mid-air to land on his feet, facing the opposite way than previous. He would remove the jacket as his theme music came to an end.)

Giovante Reese: Man, I thought we were holding a funeral for this goon- anyway, ladies and gentlemen, this is Noah Reigner. The former SSW Puroseau Heavyweight Champion and [REDACTED] World Heavyweight Champion has finally made his way to the Omega Wrestling Alliance but I think we're all aware of Graham Baker's presence nearby too. Reigner taking on Senn, let's get this started quickly!

(DING! DING!)

Donny Diamond: Here we go, the start of what could be an amazing match here tonight- A dream match to many! Noah Reigner and Jacob Senn! These two have faced off against one another in Strong Style Wrestling before and on that night, it was Reigner that walked out victorious and even won the SSW Puroseau Heavyweight Championship from Senn that night!

Giovante Reese: That's right and now they meet in Reigner's OWA debut here tonight as Reigner and Senn stare each other down and slowly walk to the middle of the ring where both men meet one another, and this is a surprise indeed- Some sportsmanship! A quick shake of the hands from both men before they back away from one another and into their corners, but here we go- NOAH WENT FOR THE SICK KICK! HE WENT FOR THE KILL SHOT EARLY BUT SENN MOVED OUT OF THE WAY! Senn rolled out of the way and Noah is getting back to his feet with a smile on his face-- WEAPON X!-- NO!! NOAH GRABS THE ARM AND THE HEAD!! SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX!!

Donny Diamond: Noah and Senn are throwing everything at one another and now Noah runs and rebounds off of the ropes but the dropkick from Senn drops Noah back down to the mat! This match is already kicking things off strong as fuck right now and I'm all here for it! Noah rolls to the ropes and pulls himself up. Senn walks over with a kick to the calves of Reigner, and another kick to the calves but Reigner fires back with a punch to the jaw of Senn. Reigner goes

behind Senn and brings the knees to the back of Senn with the Lungblower, Reigner using his long legs to push Senn back up and into the ropes as Noah gets to his feet but is caught with a Superkick to the jaw and the Springboard Backflip DDT that spikes Reigner's head into the mat.

Giovante Reese: Senn drags Reigner into the middle of the ring and turns him over, grabbing the arm and the Bridging Fujiwara Armbar is locked in tight, Senn is pulling the arm back as far as he possibly can right now and Reigner is reaching for the ropes with his feet. He's coming so close but Senn is pulling the arm, trying to pop it out of Reigner's socket at this rate! Reigner is fighting back, he's fighting through it, and he's punching away at the arm of Senn to break the grip which he does!

Donny Diamond: Reigner gets to his feet, as does Senn but Reigner catches Senn with the Pump Kick and follows with another Pump Kick before rebounding off of the ropes with the Jumping Knee to the head! Reigner might be going for another Jumping Knee but Senn catches Reigner into the Powerbomb position and charges into the corner, throwing Reigner spine first into the buckles with the Buckle Bomb. Senn charges in and connects the forearm to the jaw of Reigner. A couple of steps are taken back by Senn and then a Step Up Knee Strike by The Punisher but Reigner comes out of the corner with the Lariat that almost turns Senn inside out!

Giovante Reese: Reigner grabs the arm of Senn and places his hand down flat on the mat, Noah stomps down on the fingers! Reigner keeps his foot on Senn's forearm to hold his arm in place and now he's taking off Senn's glove- Another stomp down onto the fingers! Reigner is being ruthless here tonight, he's attacking the joints at any possible chance he can take and it seems to be working to his own favour here if he keeps it up.

Donny Diamond: Reigner using the legs to trap Senn's left arm in an omoplata here and begins to stomp down on the back of the head, viciousness being brought by House Reigner here as now Noah grabs the right arm of Senn- the ungloved hand is grabbed and the fingers are being bent backwards! Reigner using that joint manipulation to his advantage at all costs right here- FINGER SNAP!! Oh and it echoed throughout the arena here! ANOTHER FINGER SNAP!! Senn is screaming in pain from the snapping of his fingers-- A THIRD FINGER SNAP!!

Giovante Reese: Snapping at the fingers of Jacob Senn and now Reigner is placing Senn's hand flat on the mat with his elbow pointing upward- NOAH STOMPS DOWN ON THE ARM!! Noah has Senn retreating to the outside, trying to regain some energy to fight but Reigner stays on the attack with the Slingshot Crossbody but Senn slides back into the ring and Noah lands on his feet but Senn rebounds off of the ropes and leaps over with the Somersault Senton! Both men are down and out as the referee begins his count here.

ONE!

TWO!

Donny Diamond: Senn is slowly making it to his feet with assistance from the barricade beside him there, and he's feeling all of that pain in his arm still as Reigner also begins to make it back to his feet as well, both so slowly making it up as the fans cheer on for both men here tonight.

THREE!

FOUR!

Giovante Reese: Senn and Reigner are both teeing off here, throwing the kicks at one another, throwing the punches at one another. They're going to hurt one another if it's the last thing they do to one another, they're going to make sure that this will put a conclusive ending to what they already had in SSW.

FIVE!

SIX!

Donny Diamond: Senn with the kick to the thigh between the legs, any higher and that'll be a low blow but he just managed to keep it in the rule book- Senn hoists Reigner into the Powerbomb position-- BUCKLE BOMB INTO THE RING POST!! REIGNER'S HEAD BOUNCES OFF OF THE METAL WITH A HARD THUD!!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

Giovante Reese: Dastardly that was as Senn throws Reigner back into the ring and hops to the apron, awaiting for Reigner to stand back up and look at Senn. Slowly as ever does Reigner get back to his feet and awaiting him is the Springboard Knee Strike! Senn drags the body of Noah Reigner to the corner and begins the climb to the top rope, standing perched above Reigner and looking down as he corkscrews for **VINDICATION!!!** The Spiral Tap by Jacob Senn as he goes for the cover, the hook of the outside leg of Reigner.

ONE!

TWO!!

T--

Donny Diamond: A kick out by Reigner and that match continues on, Senn is taking a few steps back as Reigner is getting back to his feet, Senn charges in for the Shadow Step- Reigner bounces back up with the Jumping Knee! Senn is staggering, Reigner falls back into the corner- Busaiku Knee Strike by Reigner out of the corner! Senn has once again resorted to scrambling

his way to the outside but Reigner isn't having any of it as he comes off of the ropes with a Suicide Dive through the ropes and down onto Senn on the outside!

Giovante Reese: Reigner now throws Senn into the ring, climbing up top himself and falling with the Sennon down onto the ribs of Senn! Reigner has Senn right where he wants him to be, he'll go for the cover but Senn's foot is stuck underneath the bottom rope! Reigner goes to move Senn away from the ropes but a kick to the side of the head catches Reigner as he falls back. Senn slowly gets to his feet and lands the Yakuza Kick to the head of Reigner. Senn lands two quick forearm smashes and then a Shoot Kick to the leg, followed by the backfist-- **ROGUE CUTTERRRR!!!!**

Donny Diamond: Rogue Cutter out of goddamn nowhere, Giovante! Reigner is now raining down the Knee Strikes to the head of Senn, and now Noah brings Senn to his feet... **ROGUE CUTTER IIIIIII!** Reigner with the cover and the count on Senn now!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR--

Giovante Reese: Kick out by Senn just before the three! Senn is still in this one and it might be coming to a close soon, Reigner is readying himself up in the corner- he's looking for the Kill Shot, the final bullet in the clip. Senn is back to his feet, Reigner goes in for the charge-- **SENN MOVED HIS HEAD AND NOW REIGNER IS IN A PREDICAMENT HERE, SENN STEPS OVER THE ARMS!!! JACOB'S LADDER!!!!** Senn will turn him over, and hook the legs here! The cover and the count!

ONE!

TWO!!

THRE--

Donny Diamond: NO! Reigner kicked out at the final millisecond! Senn has had enough, he's calling for the end as he climbs up to the top, there's no way he could be going for it now, can he? He's waiting for Reigner to get to his feet, he's patiently waiting for it, and Noah's on his feet. **SENN LEAPS!!! WEAPON OMEGAA--- NO!!!! REIGNER CAUGHT IT!! REIGNER CAUGHT SENN!!! ROGUE CUTTER IIIIIII! AND RIGHT INTO THE CROSSFACE CHICKENWING!!!!** SENN IS IN TROUBLE HERE, THERE'S NO ESCAPE!!!

Giovante Reese: The long legs of Noah Reigner are wrapped around the body of Jacob Senn! He's in trouble as Senn rolls to his stomach-- **DARKANE!!! DARKANE!!! A SHOVEL TO THE BACK OF REIGNER!!!**

(DING! DING! DING!)

Giovante Reese: The Phantom Troupe were scouting for the opportunity, as we should have expected, damn it all to hell! This isn't just scouting them and picking apart Reigner, this is a mugging. Senn and Darkane are attacking Noah Reigner in the ring and now they've got the shovel... Oh no... Not like this, Darkane has placed the edge of the shovel in the mouth of Reigner! Senn is stepping back... NO--

Donny Diamond: GRAHAM BAKER!!!

(The fans erupted as Graham Baker ran down to the ring, a fire in his eyes as he looked directly into the direction of Darkane for his actions earlier in the night.)

Donny Diamond: Baker is HAULING ass to the ring, and just like that The Phantom Troupe are running away! Baker was attacked earlier in the night by the hands of Darkane but a bigger surprise- Baker just saved Reigner! I've no idea what Baker has on his mind now but this will be good if he's going to say anything.

Giovante Reese: Baker leaps to the ropes and watches the Troupe run through the crowd, and Baker has locked eyes with Darkane- Uh oh. Reigner is back to his feet and now both men are staring at one another, we might need security here soon-- ...or not, Baker leaves the ring and Reigner is the last man standing in the ring. Mutual feelings for now, you'd assume, Donny?

Donny Diamond: No idea, but this is interesting for sure.

[FINAL COMMERCIAL BREAK]

(The feed opens up to a desert town. Abandoned decrepit buildings surround the town center, where the man known as Saul Abzu stands on a wooden box, preaching to an empty crowd.)

Saul Abzu: Yes, yes! The time is coming! Lies and deception may fill this world but the truth shall always come out at the end! What makes the King? His crown, or his might?! And what inspires the people? A King's wealth, or his generosity? Yes! That is what makes The Derelict so great! He is a man ascended beyond the confines of human greed. He is a man who has abandoned the path that scoundrels like Nathan Fiora choose to travel. He is a man above us all! A behemoth! A King! And most importantly... he is the Omega Heavyweight Champion.

(Saul Abzu shakes his head before continuing.)

Saul Abzu: And yet. His crown was stolen. Now the bastard known as Nathan Fiora is the one masquerading with the King's true crown. A false icon! He must be stopped! Yet, Nathan Fiora's power does not come from the belt he wears around his waist, the belt that belongs rightfully to The Derelict. Fiora's power comes from his deception. Whereas The Derelict reinforces the

simple truth that MIGHT rules above all, Nathan Fiora spreads a dangerous ideology - that through lies and deception, one can find their way to the top and call himself a King. However, as I said, the crown does not make the King. His might does. So that is why Nathan Fiora hides himself behind three other men, three other men that The Derelict has already proven he can fight all at once. If you four combined cannot measure up to The Derelict, then it has already been decided. His might rules over you all. He is the true king. Championship belt or not. In fact Fiora, I implore you to keep the belt. The Derelict will gain nothing from you returning it to your hands. The materialism that you hold onto - your trinkets, your money, that belt... none of it matters to The Derelict. What he will prove, without a doubt, is that his power far exceeds yours. The crown does not define the King. The belt does not define the champion. The Derelict will soundly defeat The Awakening and prove that he is without a doubt the champion of Olympus, the champion of OWA, the rightful King to stand above the rest... And 'Father' Nathan Fiora... Your days as a false icon will end, and the true King shall rise again.

(Saul Abzu raises his arms into the air and the feed cuts back into the ring.)

Giovante Reese: The Derelict has declared war upon The Awakening. But before we get to that-- Father Fiora has another war he needs to get over with. I am talking about his never-ending rivalry against Stark. What started years ago-- has continued to be one of the most prolific rivalries in all of OWA. And tonight is its final chapter.

Donny Diamond: This is the end, Gio!

Giovante Reese: It's certainly weird thinking about how intertwined their OWA runs have been, At every step of the way, these two have had each others number.

Donny Diamond: And here we go! Nathan Fiora has promised the final sacrifice of Stark at his hands tonight. The so-called celebration of The Awakening was rudely interrupted by Stark on Olympus two-- maybe three weeks ago.

Giovante Reese: Stop being a hater, Donny! The Awakening had every reason to celebrate. Not only did Noah Quinn beat Finnegan Wakefield for the OWA TV Championship, but Fiora managed to walk out of Game Over with the Omega Heavyweight Championship! Father Fiora had done everything he said he would!

Donny Diamond: Well, for one... The title isn't exactly his! The Derelict is STILL the Omega Heavyweight Champion no matter what this messiah truly says.

Giovante Reese: Possession is nine-tenths of the law, Donny! Simple as that! The champion wasn't careful enough to walk out of Game Over with the title. After all, the Father was the only man left standing! The brutal affair of the Thunderdome still continues to affect all of its participants to this day. BUT NOT OUR FATHER!

Donny Diamond: He's got you in a spell, just like the others. Speaking of which, where IS Fiora? Or Stark for the matter. Wait-- I am getting a note from backstage. Apparently, Fiora and Stark are not in the building right now! Where the fuck did they go? How unprofessional of those two to not --

Giovante Reese: Actually, I am getting ANOTHER message from backstage. Apparently, we're getting footage from a while ago. Father Fiora fled the building to avoid getting in contact with the former champion, The Derelict. We have the footage right here!

(The feed transitions to backstage as Nathan Fiora can be seen walking around with the Omega Heavyweight Championship in his grasp. When suddenly he sees The Derelict and Saul Abzu standing across the hallway. Before they could see him, Fiora makes a quick U-Turn and makes a bee-line for the parking exit. He sees Mark Michaels and Chaos Elite standing by the hallway who end up following their messiah to the exit. As Fiora reaches the gate, he is met with a legion of New York Goons along with Stark who has a baseball bat in his hand)

Father Fiora: SCREW YOU, STARK! GET OUT OF MY WAY!

Stark: Why don't you make me, fucking simp.

Father Fiora: DON'T CALL ME THAT! That's absolutely blasphemous. I do not associate with that life anymore. I have seen the light, Stark. This isn't about respecting anymore. It's about this unjust world trying to make a mockery out of me and my fellow blessed men. They formed their opinions around our past-- which wasn't really in our control. Now, we take over and do what WE want.

Stark: Quit the act, Fiora. We both know EXACTLY what kind of person you truly are. You still have the belt, I see. Although I am not against the idea of somebody taking the belt in his own accord and running with it. But it really does irk me that YOU-- YOU out of all of them have the belt. YOU! I HUMILIATED YOU! And I will do that again.

Father Fiora: Stark, this isn't about you right now. Get out of my way!

Stark: Are you forgetting something? We have a match later tonight. What do you plan to do? Run away? What about this eternal sacrifice that you promised!?

Father Fiora: Oh don't you worry about that. Your sacrifice is imminent! If you want to fast track your fate, then so be it. HAHAAAAHA! ALAS! YOUR FATE HAS BEEN CALLED UPON!

Stark: What the fuck are you talking about?--

Papichulo: PAPI-- WATCH OUT!!

(At the very last second, Stark leaps out of the way as a limousine pulls up, right by the parking lot. Brother Jamal can be seen behind the wheel as The Awakening rush their way towards the car and take a seat. The limo quickly pulls out of the parking lot as Stark brushes off the dust on his attire as the New York Goons check up on their leader)

Stark: WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?! GET IN THE TRUCK! FOLLOW THEM! GO! GO! GO!

(Stark and the rest of the New York Goons settle into multiple black Escalades as they zoom out of the parking lot, trying to tail The Awakening. The feed transitions back to the arena as the camera points at the commentary table with Donny and Giovante looking dumbfounded with what just happened)

Donny Diamond: So... What now? I guess we don't have a match?? Cause they're long gone now. And as we heard earlier, they aren't even in the building anymore. So-- is that a wrap? We done?

Giovante Reese: Not so quick, Donny! This situation only gets weirder because I've got news that one of the referees is missing too! Buddy Taylor has not been seen backstage after this very commotion. Could there be any correlation to that?

Donny Diamond: I have a bad feeling about this... We've got a news report from a couple of moments ago. We're going to lose our jobs, aren't we?

(The feed transitions to a news report from CBS Pittsburg)

Heather Abraham: Welcome back to 'Your Day Pittsburg'. There have been multiple reports of a high-speed car chase being down around the highway. None of the cars in question belong to the local authority. In fact, this bizarre chase gets even more so when you find out who these people are. Apparently, some wrestlers signed to Omega Wrestling Alliance are the culprits of this wild car chase. We've got some live bird's eye view footage of the chase right now!

(The footage of the car chase along the national highway can be seen as the Black Escalades are trying to catch up with the Limousine while avoiding the oncoming traffic. All the cars in question are driving on the wrong side of the road, with cars coming head-on towards them. The Awakening barely dodge an oncoming truck as one of the Escalades goes out of control and smashes into the barricade)

Heather Abraham: These wrestlers are a danger to society. As we see, an accident has already taken place because of this high-speed chase. The authorities are bound to get involved very soon.

(The feed transitions to the 'New' Church of Fiora. After having the last one destroyed by Stark and his goons, Father Fiora was quick to get another established in the meantime. Not as fancy as the previous establishment, Fiora made sure to have his murals transferred over. One thing

to note is that the Church is significantly bigger than the last one, and it can be assumed that further updates will be done to match the grandiose of the Father himself. The church doors slam open as Brother Jamal is seen walking in with a terrified Buddy Taylor by the collar. The rest of The Awakening follows through with a look of concern on their face)

Eon Blue: What the fuck was that all about?! We've got the Police coming our way. What do we do now?

Mark Michaels: And it seems like we lost Stark but we can't be sure of it. Although, he did lose some men in that wreckage early on. WHOSE IDEA WAS IT TO DRIVE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD?

Noah Quinn: Ayyo, I am just glad I am alive after all of that shit. I'm never driving with you again, Jamal!

Father Fiora: MY CHILDREN! Assemble the forces of Fiora because I can feel the presence of that petulant bastard around our vicinity. The Police will not be a problem. I've got an insider who hates the system as much as we do, on the payroll and he will sort everything out. The Eternal Sacrifice is upon us! We need to show the world what we're truly made of! The Awakening shall prevail!!!

(Fiora stands by the door awaiting the arrival of Stark as the rest of the group scatters around the building, rallying their own troops. The door bursts wide open as Stark walks through the doorway with his bat in hand and a nasty snarl on his face. He's got Papichulo and El Cabron by his side. An army of other masked goons stand behind him)

Stark: You can't run anymore.

Father Fiora: Who said I was running? This went EXACTLY how I planned it to go. You're here under my roof because I wanted you here. The Eternal Sacrifice cannot take place on unholy grounds. And this was the only way to get you here.

Stark: I lost plenty of good men out there. I had asked the Bollywood World Order for their help and their brothers were in that car. They're all dead now. Their blood is on you, simp. The Incel Army will always beat the simps. I read that on Reddit.

Father Fiora: Maybe they would. But I have ascended beyond that. Defeating Jesus Christ opened my eyes-- It gave me purpose when I thought all was lost. I hated this world for what it had done to me! They made me into a joke! A punchline! But look at me now! I am the Omega Heavyweight Champion!!

Stark: You're not though...

Father Fiora: I SAID-- I AM THE OMEGA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!! These men chose to follow me for they had been discriminated against as well. This society CHOOSES who they want at the top. They don't reward effort. Those are all LIES fed to the world by our ancestors who didn't know any better. The rich and powerful have ALWAYS taken advantage of their position to increase the gap between themselves and the poor exponentially! The world has gone for shit! And NOW!! NOW people are beginning to see the truth. Fuck the system. Fuck the rules set up by society that defines us on the basis of our color, creed, or religion. We shall rise above all that with a religion that we ALL can stand for. The Church of Fiora has ALWAYS welcomed you, Stark. ALWAYS! But today, your sacrifice will be the beginning of a change! People will listen! People will revolt! For there is an Awakening brewing amongst us! FEEL THE LOVE OF FIORA! FEEL MY TRUE POWER!

("Father" spreads his arms to engulf the essence of the Church itself into him. The doors shut behind Stark and his goons along with the BWO. Candles light up all around the Church on its own as a heavenly light shines upon the Father from the ceiling. Nathan Fiora is loving every second of it, as Stark looks on in confusion. Fiora has a menacing look on his face as he waves his arms around. Men dressed in all white and white hoods show up out of nowhere and grab the members of the BWO by their arms)

Stark: What is the meaning of all of this?!

(Fiora manically laughs to himself as his voice echoes throughout the church. It almost sounds like he has been possessed with the tone of his voice being very different than usual)

Father Fiora: YOU FOOL! Don't you feel it?! This is the essence of all the people that have ever loved me. The love for Fiora flows through my body and I have harnessed it to become the most powerful man known to mankind! I cannot be stopped! The Awakening has begun, Stark! This is my true form! I am a MESSIAH to all of these people and their trust in me-- Their love for my cause has made me ascend beyond the limits of a mortal man. These walls have been sealed shut. Not a single soul will hear your cries of pain and struggle-- JUST THE WAY THEY IGNORED MINE WHEN I NEEDED THEIR HELP!! THEY LAUGHED AT ME WHEN YOU STOLE MY TV CHAMPIONSHIP! AND NOW IT BELONGS TO THE AWAKENING! JUST LIKE THE OMEGA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP! YOU WILL SUFFER THE SAME WAY I DID FOR WHAT YOU HAD DONE TO ME!! YOU WILL DIE!

Stark: Quit clowning, Simp. The theatrics won't work on me.

Father Fiora: You think this is all an act!? Your sacrifice will be my answer to all the people looking out for The Awakening. They want to see us prevail. They want me to SAVE THEM from their misery. They want me to preach my holy name to their souls. You? You are nothing but a plague that has infested all of wrestling and I will be doing the world a favor by wiping you out of existence. For this is your final judgment, Stark! THIS IS YOUR ETERNAL SACRIFICE!

(The men in all white cloaks and hoods pull BWO down under the Church floor with them as they scream in agony. Stark is shaken by the quick dismissal of the BWO as he rushes towards Fiora. He leaps onto Fiora, who stood on a pedestal, and spears him through a glass mural behind him as both men crash onto the floor. Eon Blue and Noah Quinn are seen taking a seat by a table on the side as Michaels and Brother Jamal walk in with an army of priests armed with metal crosses)

Eon Blue: It looks like we're doing commentary for this one.

Noah Quinn: You lead the charge, partner. It seems like Fiora just got speared out of his boots through that damn mural. I told him that putting it right behind the pedestal wasn't the brightest of ideas.

Eon Blue: He does what he wants. Also, do we have the KKK on payroll?? Where the fuck did the White cloaked men take the BWO? There are too many racist implications on that alone and I am not sure if I want to be associated with that.

Noah Quinn: I am sure they're just normal priests... with a hood. I am sure.

Eon Blue: I had a stupid night myself with that match with El Ironico. That is my quota of BS for the day. Fiora is getting the shit kicked out of him. Shouldn't we help?

Noah Quinn: No. The orders were to let it transpire the way it is right now. We're not allowed to interfere with the workings of our Messiah. This is all part of his grand scheme.

Eon Blue: Are you sure? Cause Stark is pummeling fists onto the face of 'Father' Fiora. But-- Is he smiling? Maybe you are right. Father seems to have something in mind as he even fails to defend himself as Stark unleashes a barrage of close-fisted strikes to the face.

Father Fiora: IT'S ALL IN VAIN, STARKMAN!

Stark: Shut the fuck up! El Cabron-- Hand me the bat!

Eon Blue: Oh yeah. That reminds me-- PRIESTS OF FIORA!! ATTACK!! THE APOCALYPSE IS NOW!

(With that, the army of priests jump in on the action and attack the New York Goons. Chaos ensues in the building as the gunshots can be heard within the compound. Priests are seen shoving the metal crosses into the eye-sockets of the masked goons as the carnage spills all around the church. Priests are being sent through glass murals. The goons have been nailed to the Church walls. The New York Goons may be better fighters. But they're outnumbered by a large margin in this fight and the numbers are finally catching up to them. Meanwhile, Mark Michaels and Brother Jamal come face to face with Papichulo and El Cabron.)

Noah Quinn: Brother Jamal has Papichulo by his throat! Crush the man! Jamal runs across the church hallway and slams Papichulo onto the statue of Fiora. The marble statue cracks at impact as Brother Jamal repeatedly slams Papichulo's head onto the statue, causing his head to bust open! That's how we do it!

Eon Blue: And Triple M ain't far behind either! He's got El Cabron down to the floor and now he's choking him with his own bandana! The Liberation has begun!! Stark's goons are outnumbered and outmatched! This is already looking good for Fiora!

Noah Quinn: Speaking of which, Stark has his hands on the bat! He's going to cave Fiora's skull in! I almost want to do something here but his orders were clear. This is his battle to win.

Eon Blue: HE SWINGS THE BAT-- WOAHH! Father just caught the bat like it was nothing. And that has Stark shook to his core! Just like I did about three weeks ago. Father snatches the bat from him and swings it at the gut of Stark, who stumbles towards a doorway around the church. Fiora kicks him right in the face and BAM! Stark goes right through the door and on to the backyard. We should probably follow them around to catch the action.

Noah Quinn: Good call, partner.

(Stark and Fiora make their way past the two armies fighting against each other. The respective leaders make their way to the garden. The camera pans around to reveal a makeshift wrestling ring in the center of the yard as Fiora relishes at the sight. A clearly disgruntled Buddy Taylor is standing in the ring awaiting the arrival of the two competitors. Fiora rolls Stark into the ring before reaching down under to grab something)

Eon Blue: It seems like Father has finally found his way to the ring. And look-- He has the holy water in his hands! Starkman is about to be baptized before the holy sacrifice. Just the way he planned.

Noah Quinn: FIORA CRACKS THE VIAL OF HOLY WATER ACROSS THE SKULL OF STARK! HAAAAHA! THAT'S BRILLIANT! The holy water is burning up the wounds of Starkman, adding on to the pain! And now, he picks up Stark-- CONTRAPASSO!!! CONTRAPASSO!!! HE NAILED HIM! AND NOW OUR FATHER HAS PUT HIS FOOT OVER THE CHEST OF STARK! IT'S OVER! COUNT IT TAYLOR!

Buddy Taylor: ONNNNEEEEE!!!

TWWWWOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

THRRREEEEEEEEE!!!

Eon Blue: ... Did that motherfucker kickout?! HOW DARE HE?! Just get it over with and we can go back home. But no! This man wants to keep it going. He's just delaying the inevitable. He's outnumbered and outmatched. There's no way he can win this. That's for sure.

Noah Quinn: Yeah. This man lost to Finnegan Wakefield. And you know exactly what we did to him--

Eon Blue: Uhh yeah. Anyway, Stark is about to get dropped once again. Fiora is going to end it any second now.

Father Fiora: You have served your purpose, Stark-- OOF.

Noah Quinn: WHAT THE-- THE LOW BLOWED HIM! THAT'S ILLEGAL! CALL THE MATCH, REFEREE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! THIS IS THE TYPE OF INJUSTICE WE ARE TRYING TO COMBAT. YOU SEE THIS? BUDDY TAYLOR IS JUST STANDING THERE LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED!

Stark: I--I'll show you my purpose, simp.

Eon Blue: NO! ANOTHER LOW BLOW! STOP IT! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING HERE! HE'S ATTACKING THE CROWN JEWELS OF OUR MESSIAH! And now Stark is backing up to the opposite corner. I don't like this, Noah! He's going for that knee strike. LOOK OUT FIORA!

Noah Quinn: FATHER NO! SAMADHI FROM STARK! THE RUNNING KNEE STRIKE TO THE HEAD. HE'S GOT THE COVER! KICKOUT FIORA!!

Buddy Taylor: ONNNNEEEEE!!!

TWWWWOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

THRRREEEEEEEE!!!

Noah Quinn: YESS! YESS!! YESSS!! FIORA KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT! THE MATCH ISN'T OVER! IT ISN'T OVER YET! OUR MESSIAH WILL ONCE AGAIN SHOW US HIS BLESSED WAYS! COME ON FIORA! GET BACK UP!!

Eon Blue: Stark has Fiora by the hair-- That should be illegal too. And he throws him into the post. The ring almost collapses by the sheer force of that throw. He's got the ripcord-- ROUNDHOUSE KICK BY STARK! FOLLOWED BY A SUPERKICK! AND FIORA IS DOWN AGAIN! He floats behind him-- FOR A SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX! FUCKING HELL! HE'S GOT THE BRIDGE!

Buddy Taylor: ONNNNEEEEE!!!

TWWWWOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

THRRREEEEEEEE!--

Noah Quinn: Oh fuck. I thought that was over for a second. OH! LOOK! FINALLY! OUR BROTHERS ARE BACK! Michaels and Jamal are here and they look okay! It seems like we've won the great battle! I was worried they weren't going to make it out of there. Especially since-- We weren't really helping with all of that. We had a match to call!

Eon Blue: We're just following the directives given to us. Michaels and Jamal have climbed up to the apron-- STARK CONNECTS WITH THE FIRE FIST TO JAMAL. WHAT THE FUCK?! HAHAHA!! BUT MICHAELS HAS HIM! HE'S GOT HIS BACK! BACKSTABBER! INTO THE LEBELL LOCK! THE LIBERATION HAS BEGUN! HE'S GOING TO MAKE STARK TAP OUT FOR OUR FATHER! STARK IS STRUGGLING WITH EVERY MOMENT!! GOOD! END HIM! DO IT, MARK! END THIS MAN!

Noah Quinn: Oh no!! Stark rolls through and gets his feet on the canvas. And now he's lifting Mark along with him-- BUT OUR FATHER HAS RETURNED! SPINNING BACK ELBOW TO STARK AS MICHAELS LANDS ON HIS FEET. SPINNING SPINEBUSTER FROM MICHAELS! AND FIORA JUST PUNTS HIS FUCKING HEAD IN! BRILLIANT!

Father Fiora: You FOOL! Don't you see around you? Your men have lost. There is no purpose to your defiance. Sacrifice yourself to the Church of Fiora and your death will be mourned by many for years to come. It's the honorable choice, Stark. It's your ONLY choice!

Stark: FUCK YOU!

Eon Blue: WHAT THE--

Noah Quinn: What's going on!? Did Stark just drop a smoke bomb in the ring?! I can't see anything! Do we have like a giant fan to clear the smoke or something? This is annoying.

Eon Blue: The smoke is slowly clearing away-- But where the hell is Stark? I don't see him. He couldn't have run that far. He has to be around here.

(The camera points at the top of the church. Stark is standing there with a smirk on his face as Fiora looks on in confusion. He shakes his head as The Awakening tries to figure out how he climbed up to the roof of the Church so quickly)

Stark: Did you REALLY think that I won't come here with backup? I know your games, Fiora. I know you better than ANYBODY else. Let's see how you deal with this.

(Just as Stark finishes his sentence, a large group of scantily clad women rushes through the Churches gate. Fiora is flustered at the arrival of all these gorgeous women in his compound)

Father Fiora: Uhm. What do you think you're doing, Stark?

Stark: Like I said! I know you better than anybody else! You're telling me that you're seeing these beautiful women standing in front of you-- And you wouldn't simp?!

Father Fiora: Of- Of course! What do you think you're doing here?

Stark: SIMP FOR THEM, FIORA! I KNOW YOU WANT TO! SIMP FOR THESE WOMEN!

Father Fiora: NO! I AM NOT A SIMP!

Stark: LIES! ALL LIES! YOU CAN'T TAKE YOUR EYES OFF THEM! YOU WANT TO SIMP, DON'T YOU!? YOU'VE LIED TO YOURSELF FOR LONG ENOUGH. EMBRACE YOUR INNER SIMP, FIORA! THAT'S WHO YOU ARE! THAT'S WHO YOU WILL ALWAYS BE!

Father Fiora: I WILL NOT SIMP!

Stark: SIMP!

Father Fiora: NO!

Stark: SIMP!

Father Fiora: NO!

Stark: SIMP!

Father Fiora: NO!

Noah Quinn: The simp rules don't apply to us, does it?

Eon Blue: Did you say anything? I-- I am a bit distracted at the moment.

Stark: SIMP!

Father Fiora: NO! NO! NO! STOP IT! YOU! ALL OF YOU! GET OUT OF MY CHURCH! WE HAVE NO PLACE FOR YOU IN THE CHURCH OF FIORA! YOU ARE VERY INAPPROPRIATELY DRESSED IN A HOLY VICINITY! ARE THESE THE VALUES THAT HAS BEEN INSTILLED UPON THE WOMEN OF THIS GENERATION? WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS?! HOW DARE YOU WEAR SUCH CLOTHING IN FRONT OF A MAN OF RELIGION! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?! GET OUT! ALL OF YOU! GET OUT!!

Stark: Wow! I am impressed! Truly! Great sense of control you've got there, Fiora. I kinda had a feeling that this wouldn't work on ya. And I'm glad! But let's see how good you do against this one.... particular woman of interest.

(As Stark finishes his sentence, a familiar Samoan woman walks through the Church's doors and approaches Nathan Fiora)

Astraea: Hey Fiora! How have you been? It's such a shame that you never called back. I thought you had lost interest in me. After everything I did for you! I literally KILLED that man standing right there. But seeing him come back from the dead and tell me about the horrible things you had to go through-- I just couldn't bear knowing that. I just wanted to let you know that I am here for you.

Stark: Oh hi there! Great to see my killer out and about with no consequences. Either way, that was quite a romantic gesture right there! Y'all should go on a date. Heck, maybe introduce Fiora to your family. I am sure they'd be happy to meet you. Fuck it. I've got some Roasted Turkey in the back of my truck if y'all want to get going right now--

Father Fiora: STOP! JUST STOP YOUR STUPID GAMES! YOU THINK I CARE ABOUT THIS UNHOLY WOMAN? YOU THINK I'LL STOOP DOWN TO HER LEVEL AND RUIN MY CHANCES TO BE SOMETHING IN THIS WORLD? THESE STUPID GAMES IS WHAT BROUGHT ME DOWN TO THIS POSITION AT THE FIRST PLACE! I WANT NOTHING FROM HER UGLY ASS OR YOU!

Astraea: Excuse me--

Eon Blue: OHSHIT! FATHER FIORA JUST CATCHES HER BY THE ARM AND TURNS HER OVER FOR THE CONTRAPASSO!! He dropped her right on the canvas!

Noah Quinn: Father has no chill.

Stark: Oh... Okay. I didn't expect that. And damn bro-- You had to hit her with the finisher like that? I mean, she ain't perfect. But she still kinda cute tho-- Uhm. Nevermind! I had planned for this as well! I didn't expect that it'll get to this, but if you won't simp... Maybe a dose of your past would remind you.

(Boujee Alan makes his way dancing to his own tunes with a big shit-eating grin on his face. He walks up to the 'Father' and tries to dap him up)

Boujee Alan: Ayyo. Check it, cuz!

We back in this biz. Killing all the bitches.

We got a lot of clout.

That's not an STD, I promise.

I am chilling with my homie... He the SoundCloud Messiah!
We making banger tunes and setting this world on FYREEE!!

BARS!!

I've missed ya! Might have ignored the memo but what's with all the Priest shit? Ain't they touch kids?

Eon Blue: Aaaaand a punch to the face should set him right. He grabs that chinless freak by his head-- NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX BY FIORA. And now he's got the Camael's Chains locked in! Mercy shall not be had tonight as Father nearly RIPS his head off his shoulders. Don't think any amount of tapping is going to save him.

Stark: Okay! Okay! I get it! You've changed. You're not the same guy I fought for all this time. You're not a simp. You're not a corny ass white boy rapper. But despite all of that-- I can't let you win, Fiora. Not this time. It's the end of an era. Tonight-- You go down with me. I guess we have to do an old fashioned war, eh? So be it!!

(Stark lets out a loud whistle as a small group of masked goons appears behind him. They leap off the top of the Church and land right in front of the ring. Michaels and Jamal rally the troupes as Eon and Noah leave their designated roles as commentators and joins the rest of The Awakening. Few of the Priests that were left standing, appear from inside the church, bearing their weapons. Stark and Fiora standoff against each other as a battered and bruised Papichulo and El Cabron pull up next to Stark. Both parties know exactly what's going to go down. They have their weapons at bay, ready for a fight)

Father Fiora: If I were you, I wouldn't fancy my chances right now. You're outnumbered yet again. This is the end, Stark. This is where you die.

Stark: Hmm... Are you sure about that?

Father Fiora: Positive.

Stark: We'll see...

(Stark and his goons part ways like the sea as a group of young altar boys appear behind them. Some of the Priests drop their weapons almost out of instinct and make their way towards the young altar boys as they head back into the church with them)

Eon Blue: ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?! WHO HIRED THESE PRIESTS?! WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE ARE WE REALLY WORKING WITH?!

Noah Quinn: I am sure the Pope will move these Priests to other Parishes as punishment.

Eon Blue: What do you mean?! Somebody go check on those kids!

Stark: So-- About that numbers advantage! Not looking that good now, is it?

Father Fiora: I don't care... I frankly could care less. All I want is to bathe in your blood as compensation for all of this bullshit. This ends here! THIS ENDS NOW!

Stark: Bring it on!

(With that, the two groups collide. Plenty of punches and kicks-- Steel crosses to the face. The weak were left in a pool of their own blood. Battle lines had been drawn and both groups had suffered multiple casualties to their numbers. Eon Blue smashes the head of two of Stark's goons against each other before hitting the spinning back elbow to Papichulo. Quinn slams the head of El Cabron on the concrete floor with the Quinn special. Michaels powerbombs an unsuspecting goon onto a large group of them, taking them all down. But the numbers advantage had flipped over. The Awakening was outnumbered. They were surrounded)

Stark: Didn't I tell you? This is how it all ends! This is your SIMPRIFICE! You will turn back to your old ways, Fiora! There is no other option! Choose your fate!! OR DIE WITHIN YOUR OWN HOLY GROUNDS!

Father Fiora: NEVER!

Stark: Your men have been surrounded. You're all alone Fiora. Even they cannot outmuscle their way out of this predicament. It's time for YOUR judgment. And here's my verdict--

(Before Stark could finish his sentence, one of his masked goons picks up a bat and walks up behind him-- ONLY TO CLATTER HIM AT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD WITH A BASEBALL BAT. Stark couldn't believe it. Blood began to trickle down the back of his head as he falls down to his knees. The man pulls out his mask to reveal BABA YAGA)

Baba Yaga: NOW we're even.

Father Fiora: WONDERFUL! ABSOLUTELY BRILLIANT! I've said it before-- I have always had a soft spot for you Baba Yaga. The Awakening will welcome you with open arms! You have done the Lord's work tonight. WE will help you take down the Phantom Troupe!

Baba Yaga: You? Help me? BAKA! NAZE WATASHI WA ANATA TO CHĪMU O KUMU NODESU KA? SAIKUDA NA! FUCK YOU, FIORA! Phantom Troupe is mine.

(With that said, Baba Yaga storms out of the vicinity as Stark is still kneeling down with a look of shock on his face. The adrenaline has kept the pain to the minimum at the moment but Stark already seems to be out. He has somehow managed to stay upright in a kneeling position as

Fiora approaches him. The rest of The Awakening takes advantage of the distraction and lay waste to the NY Goons)

Father Fiora: Any last wishes, Stark? What happened? Cat got your tongue? HAHAHA!!! It was ALWAYS going to end like this. You on your knees--

Eon Blue: Pause

Father Fiora: Very mature. Where were we? Ah yes. The evil monologue. You made me say those heinous words back in our first encounter. Words that still haunt me to this day. You took away my moment from me! You ridiculed me at every step of the way!! But now, I get to shut you up for good. JAMAL! THE CROSS!

(Brother Jamal picks up the steel cross and pierces it through the ground to keep it upright, right in front of Stark)

Father Fiora: And now... You die. Goodbye forever, Stark.

(Eon Blue and Noah Quinn perch Stark onto all fours right in front of the metallic cross. Fiora recites his sermons to the gathering as he approaches Stark for one last time. With no mercy, HE STOMPS STARK'S HEAD ONTO THE METALLIC CROSS. Not hard enough to pierce through the other side as the cross is nearly halfway down Stark's throat. Fiora pulls the cross, and subsequently Stark, out of the ground, and rolls him onto his back as he goes for the cover. An absolutely horrified Buddy Taylor quickly falls to the ground and makes the count.)

Buddy Taylor: ONNNNEEEEE!!!

TWWWWOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

THRRREEEEEEEEEE!!!

(As soon as he finishes the count, Buddy makes a bee-line for the exit as The Awakening gathers around the lifeless and seemingly unconscious body of Stark. Fiora nods his head towards Jamal who easily picks up Stark off the ground and places him over his shoulder)

Father Fiora: Good. I could use him to serve my purpose. Take him with us. We have won, my children. The Eternal Sacrifice has been made. Nobody can't stop us anymore. NOBODY! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHA!!!

(Father Fiora makes his way around the wreckage and heads back to the Church as the rest of The Awakening follow him with Brother Jamal carrying Stark with him as the scene comes to an end)

(Fade to black)

(OWA 2020 LOGO BUZZES)