

(OWA Intro Plays....)

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<https://www.wwenetworknews.com/wp-content/uploads/2019/05/Saudi-Arabia-Crowd-The-Greatest-Royal-Rumble-e1556741153257.jpg> )

(We fade into an extravagant, energetic scene as over sixty thousand people have been packed into The Shining Jewel in what appears to be OWA's most immersive environment yet. Hundreds of lights are shining down upon the arena as it illuminates the building with a colorful hue of green, red, purple and gold. Those same exact colors shoot up into the sky in a thunderous display of fireworks that powers on for several minutes. By the time the sequence ends the crowd is at a fever pitch, showing an enthusiasm fitting of a country that isn't used to seeing their favorite stars too often. The camera pans to row after row of smiling faces with OWA merchandise worn and signs being held. After hanging onto the opening pleasantries for long enough, the voices of Lance Hart and Morgan Shaw finally introduce themselves for the first time of the season.)

Lance Hart: We reached our Final Destination in Tokyo, Japan and saw a changing of the guard within the OWA. Many of our top titles switched hands and many of our newer generation stepped up to the plate to carry the crown. We saw legends have their last match, old favorites turn to death themselves, and saw the end to sagas which could only happen at a show meant for our season's closer.

Morgan Shaw: OWA has hit a reboot of sorts and that means we can begin a whole new journey with the kickoff to Season Five, the first stop being LIVE FROM THE SHINING JEWEL IN JEDDAH, SAUDI ARABIA!!! The atmosphere here is incredible! The people of Saudi Arabia have shown us nothing but love and we'll return the favor with a hell of a premiere!!

("For Whom The Bell Tolls" by Metallica hits the PA System, causing a burst in cheers from the entire arena.)

Lance Hart: And who better to start off the premiere than Final Destination Four's biggest success story?

(Friends and family first step out onto the stage as we see Rebecca and Lita Bishop, Frontliners Jeff X, Theodor Pavel and Christopher Sabertooth, and Mafia's Jason Long, Cyka and Viktor Bannon. They all move to the side to make way for the man of the hour: a suit-clad Michael Bishop who strolls into the picture with his OWA World Championship proudly strewn over his shoulder.)

Rita Gonzales: Ladies and gentlemen please welcome the NEW OWA World Champion...."THE DREADKNIGHT".....MICHAEEEEEEEEEEEL BISHOPPPPPPP!!!!

(The crowd cheers carry on while Bishop's crew all applaud, following him like a parade toward the ring. They all make their way inside as Saudi journalists and photographers get in close to capture the moment. Confetti soon falls down upon them while fireworks take off around the rim of the arena. This all concludes with one more ovation from the Saudi crowd who chant Bishop's name as he holds his microphone in hand.)

Crowd: BISHOP! BISHOP! BISHOP!

Michael Bishop: Jeddah, Saudi Arabia.....thank you.

(The crowd pops once again as they break out in a second ovation, The Frontline and Bishop's family both encouraging him to allow the reaction to ride out.)

Michael Bishop: Thank you to everyone in the ring with me as well. Thank you to the boys in the back. Thank you to everyone watching at home. Thank you to the entire pro wrestling world because the outpouring of love I've been receiving not only tonight, not only in the past two weeks, but through my entire journey to winning this World Championship is a big reason why I felt like I was a champion long before I even got to hold this title. You all have always believed in me. I can think back to the night I returned and from that very moment I felt this movement brewing, this kind of support that I have never had before. There was a push from so many of the OWA faithful to see Michael Bishop hit the main event scene. I was fresh off 18 months of rehabbing and not even a match deep with a brand new knee but you all were clamoring for me to win the Ascension to the Heavens, to win The Clash, to be World Champion. You all wanted me at the top long before I had the confidence in myself, and for damn sure before some of these executives thought I was "ready." I had the strength of millions by my side as I dove head first into a whole new landscape of OWA, fought the best there is, experienced setback after setback, and as I looked GOD dead in the face and told him that he would not deny me! You all fueled me to push through, you are who I fought for, and after all of the stock you've put in me I had no option but to make good on the investment and bring home this OWA World Title!

(Michael Bishop holds up the Championship once again to the roar of the crowd.)

Michael Bishop: It took me an hour and a half to beat thirty nine other men but three seconds to make all of my dreams come true. With a ring of the bell all of the sleepless nights became worth it. All of the bumps and the bruises, the year and a half of damn near killed myself to get back into this ring, and more importantly all of the stress I put my family under. Rebecca, I know you've probably hated me these past two years, from all of the chair shots to the knee, to the blood I've spilled in this ring, to running after my Frontline boys into fights across the dimension in all these world ending wars - I'm sure I've almost given you a heart attack more times than I can count. But all of that is over with. I'm still going to be cracking skulls and I'm damn sure going to be getting my ass kicked plenty, but the time for worrying is done. The Gods have been smited, all of the obstacles have been overcome, we are at the TOP now and you and Lita can rest easy with the fact everyone on this planet knows I will fight tooth and nail to protect what's mine, including you two!

(Rebecca and Michael both smile at each other as Bishop waves to their child.)

Michael Bishop: It's been a long time coming, but I am finally where I wanted to be, where I NEEDED to be in life. I've conquered every realm of combat sports possible when I was in the octagon and now I do the same here in the OWA. The Dreadknight is in his prime. THE HEAVYWEIGHT KING IS HERE!!! And I don't plan on letting this be my peak. Winning the world championship was a moment for the history books, but the reign is what'll define me and my legacy. You don't get to end the run of an excellent competitor like Azumi Goto and then sit on your hands doing nothing. Unlike the man that came before her I'm not going to say I'm better than anybody. I'll prove it by outworking everyone every single week. This reign is going to personify the idea of a fighting champion taking any and all comers. I was bullshitted way too much to try and do the same to the next man. If you feel like you can beat me, step up, I don't need you to jump through hoops to see me in this ring. I came to OWA to avoid all of the politicking and nonsense about hierarchy. At times we've lost our way but as world champion I'll make sure to right the ship and set an example. I hold this belt and I look back on the locker room leaders it created. Like Finnegan Wakefield. Like Aria Jaxon. Like our man Jeff X over here!

Jeff: Damn straight!

Michael Bishop: Those three people uplifted the entire OWA brand and inspired people with their triumphs. Break down their identities before they got here. A fellow new breed competitor, a woman who was erased from history and replaced by the company she gave her all to, a man who was in a prison cell only a few years prior. They all were given set roles but threw them away and wrote their own path. It is their stories that not only molded mine, but the story of OWA. This company was founded on being the land of opportunity. Well as of Final Destination I AM the opportunity. Let's throw out the rulebook with this reign! I told Kenny Drake this morning that he can go ahead and empty out the waitlist because I'm defending against everybody! I lost my fear a long time ago, now all that's in my heart is a burning desire for the next challenge! Bring on the uncertainty! Send me your toughest! I didn't win this belt to take any days off so to the young up and comers looking to make a name for themselves, to the workhorses keeping their nose to the grindstone, to the veterans who have more than proven they can carry a main event.

(Bishop pauses, looking around the ring to Jeff, then to Chris, then to Jason, then to Theo.)

Michael Bishop: To the men in this ring who have fought alongside me and more than deserve to hold this belt here. All of you are welcome to come get this. I'm declaring it right here to start season five. It is open season on the OWA World Championship! So if you want to seize the moment, now is the time. Floor is yours.

(Bishop puts the microphone down and props up his OWA World Championship, truly showing no care as he lays down the gauntlet to the locker room.)

Lance Hart: An incredible speech by Michael Bishop and the perfect way to establish a new era on Sunday Night Kingdom! Bishop wants smoke with EVERYONE and he plans on taking no breaks as champion

Morgan Shaw: Most people take at least the first to celebrate and relax, maybe get a photo shoot in or hang with the crowd, but after a two year journey Bishop is right back at it with his next goal! The guy is hungry for competition —

("Morning Glory" by Oasis hits the speakers....)

Morgan Shaw: Really?

Lance Hart: Yes, really!

(Michael Bishop smiles and lets out a chuckle as he looks up at the ramp to see Finnegan Wakefield step out onto the stage with a microphone in one hand and his championship in the other.)

Morgan Shaw: Finnegan Wakefield is in Saudi Arabia! Arguably our company's greatest World Champion is back on an OWA stage and it looks like he's about to confront our new World Champion!

Lance Hart: And he's brought along a title of his own! The APEX World Championship which he won only a few weeks ago! This right here could be historic!

(Finnegan Wakefield walks up the stairs and enters the ring, stepping past everyone to go straight to Michael Bishop as they stand face to face while holding their respective titles. There's a look of excitement on Michael Bishop's face as he waits for Finn to speak.)

Finnegan Wakefield: Mike, what a moment it was to see you win that World Championship. You and I have been through a lot, haven't we? 2017 it was you and I coming up together on NEO, leading the "new breed" as they called it. There were several other names who brought fire to that little neglected island of misfit toys but it was you and I who managed to take that platform and put it in the main event. Neither of us were truly made men until we etched out our reputations in blood during that infamous steel cage match of ours. That was the first time in my entire career I had been pushed to that sort of limit, and as I literally tightrope walked across the walls and sent us both crashing from the top of the cage, even if for a fraction of a second I had gotten the better of you, I knew then and there we'd be destined to be 1A and 1B with one another. You were to be a champion just like I was, not only as a new guy, but in the headline. Now look where you are. Look where we are.

Michael Bishop: \*\*Right where we need to be to go at it one more time.\*\*

Finnegan Wakefield: That'd certainly be the money match!

Lance Hart: Oh hell yeah!

Finnegan Wakefield: But now is not the time for that. As you can see, OWA is not my territory to fight for anymore. This is your turf now. You've been crowned the king and I am not here to step on your coronation, but rather to add to it. You said it yourself, I helped mold the foundation of OWA with my title reign and set in motion the aspirations of those who came after me. I broke out of the moniker of new breed champion to carve out my place as first OWA world champ and spent almost 300 days fighting off all comers! Go back to the OWA Network and see it yourself, I'm talking weekly episodes, monthly pay-per-views, all to end up with the most defenses that title has ever seen. I did that not for my vanity, but because I wanted to live up to the faith that had been placed in me. I wanted to earn my paycheck and embody that World title. While some see that belt as a stat, I saw it as an honor, a privilege, something sacred to be respected, and I see that exact same spirit within you. The same way I fought as if my reputation were on the line, you have been doing it for years just to BE champion. You inspire ME. If anyone is going to surpass what I did with the OWA title, or Aria, or Jeff, it is going to be YOU!!

(Finn points directly at Bishop, calling for the crowd to show admiration AGAIN.)

Finnegan Wakefield: But your reign isn't about following us. This isn't you being passed a torch. No, no, you sparked your own flame and ran with it before you crossed paths with any of us. You are the leader of your own era. Which is why that belt you're holding doesn't represent you.

(Finnegan Wakefield calls out to a stagehand as they fumble around by the timekeeper's area and retrieve a bag, passing it to Finn. Finn opens it up, pulling out a gift which draws the awe of everyone. )

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<https://cdn.discordapp.com/attachments/430943734843179008/985793911433879562/OWAWorldS5.png> )

Finnegan Wakefield: This is the belt that represents you.

(Finnegan Wakefield hands the title to Michael Bishop who looks at his name plated into the gold.)

Finnegan Wakefield: Produced by Catch Sports Academy with permission from Kenny Drake, I present to you the NEW OWA World HEAVYWEIGHT Championship, the official title that you will be defending and get to make synonymous with your surely epic reign.

Michael Bishop: This is beautiful. From Heavyweight Champion of mixed martial arts to the Omega Wrestling Alliance. Perfect.. The man makes the title and I will be sure to make this rendition of the title the most memorable, respected, competitive and company defining we've

had. I appreciate this Finn, and just know....I expect you to give me that rematch before I break your record with this strap.

(Bishop shakes hands with Wakefield who then steps to the side, joining the rest of the supporters behind the champ who goes back to being the main focus. Bishop rests each belt on his shoulder, taking a moment to adjust to holding all of that gold before bringing the mic to his mouth.)

Michael Bishop: New Champion. New title. And a NEW ERA FOR THE OWA!!! I'm here to stay and I'm ready to fuck up the entire locker room if they wanna try me for this title -- LET'S FUCKING GO!!!!!!

(Bishop slams the microphone into the canvas so hard that it bounces out of the ring to the outside! "For Whom The Bell Tolls" begins again to play us out of the speech as Bishop holds up both versions of the OWA World Championship for a glorious shot for the viewers at home.)

Lance Hart: MESSAGE SENT!!!! The Dreadknight is now the keeper of the Kingdom, and he's prepared to do battle with everyone across the land if they look to take his territory!!

Morgan Shaw: Season 5 for Kingdom has a whole new energy to it! The tyrants are gone, Sabertooth is in the Frontline, Arata was bested and whatever other threat is on the horizon has a pissed off OWA World Heavyweight Champion to deal with!

Lance Hart: An OWA World Heavyweight Champion with a new title to make famous!! Bishop has been given a clean slate in some ways to define his OWA title run. The lineage is there but this belt is one that has been given to him, there is a clear stopping and starting point between those before him and where he's picking things up! This period of Kingdom has effectively been declared the time of Michael Bishop!

(Michael Bishop does a walk around the ring with both of his World titles, speaking with his friends in the ring as they give him final congratulations. After soaking in a few more moments with his pals he walks over to Rebeca Bishop as he carries their child, Lita. Bishop leans in to give his daughter a kiss on the forehead and then extends his world title to her, letting her touch the plate.)

Morgan Shaw: And that time is sure to last a long time if that proud father has anything to say about it! That's who he's fighting for and he has no plans of letting...them...down...hmm?

(As Michael lets Lita touch his new OWA World Championship, the belt begins to slip out of his hand. Bishop brings the belt back up to his shoulder but then takes a step back in a daze. Something appears to be bothering the champion as we notice a level of disorientation in his eyes. Rebecca asks if he's ok as he responds.)

Lance Hart: Bishop looking a little out of it right now as his team is checking on him. The Saudi heat seems to be getting to the champ most likely, that suit and having to carry those two heavy titles sure isn't helping.

Morgan Shaw: Man just needs to take a breather and not exert himself. Definitely gotta get him some water and out of these lights for sure.

(Bishop leans against the ropes, breathing a bit heavy as Bo Maro gets in his ear. Bishop again shakes his head to let everyone know he's fine. Maro offers to help him out of the ring but he rejects it.)

Theodor Pavel: Are you sure you're ok?

Michael Bishop: I'm fine...I'm...fine.

Bo Maro: We can get a medic. Medic?

Jeff X: Mike --

Lance Hart: Whoa...whoa...OHHH!!!!

Morgan Shaw: He's falling! HE'S FALLING!! BISHOP JUST COLLAPSED!! MICHAEL BISHOP JUST FELL OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR RING!!!

Rebecca Bishop: \*\*MICHAEL!\*\*

(There is hysteria in the ring as everyone crowds around Michael Bishop to try and check his status. Bo Maro begins trying to make peace, putting his hand out to make everyone back off.)

Bo Maro: Everyone calm down and give him space! Let the guy have some room to breathe!

Lance Hart: Ladies and gentlemen we apologize, we're certainly going to get some help immediately out here! Michael Bishop appears to be unconscious as his friends are trying to resuscitate him here --

(Bo Maro gets in close and holds Bishop's head up, talking to him as Bishop is unresponsive. The Frontline and Mafia both look on while Bishop's wife calls out to him. Two EMTs soon slide into the ring and take over, checking Bishop's movements and breathing with concerned faces.)

EMT: Michael! MICHAEL! Stay with us, Michael!

Rebecca Bishop: What's wrong with him!

EMT: Stay back, ma'am!

(There is a panic among the medical team as they begin calling out for additional help.)

Lance Hart: I think we're going to have to take a break here to get some help out for Bishop. I have no idea what could have happened to him but Bishop right now is not responding and is in serious need of help.

Morgan Shaw: This is worrying. What in the world could have happened?

( <https://tenor.com/bju4B.gif> )

(Hearts in the arena collectively drop as the familiar sound of Arata Asakura's laugh echoes through the building. Those in the ring look up to see him on the OmegaTron in an unknown location, applauding at the sight before him.)

Arata Asakura: Poor Michael, he's not looking too good now is he? How could this have happened? Who could have done this?

Jason Long: Son of a bitch....

Jeff X: ARATA, WHAT DID YOU DO?

Arata Asakura: At Final Destination, I had to suffer in a way that none of you entitled westerners could have ever imagined. Not only did I have to walk into my home country without the fruits of my labor because it had been TAKEN FROM ME by a sell-out race traitor who got to be painted as the hero over me, but I then I had the whole world fighting against me to make sure their WHITE SAVIOR Michael Bishop got his story book ending whether he deserved it or not. \*\*I was the better competitor that night. I put everything in place to guarantee that I would win that match but the system came together to shut me out, all while further humiliating my country by forcing me to watch as Azumi disgraced us all by taking the fall for her masters!\*\* OWAs historic visit to Japan ends up amounting to a show of flexing American superiority by disrespecting my people, all while making me an unwilling participant. Do you have any idea what it is like to fight for a year and a half backing a movement, being the face of a cause you know is right no matter how much the evil majority tells you otherwise, to build it up brick by brick through pure hard work...just for the authority to blindside you and tear it all down because they feel threatened. Then see them build over your work and act like it never happened!?

(Arata slams his fist on the table as everyone looks at him with uncomfortable concern. Bishop is still not responding as EMTs desperately try to figure out what's wrong)

Arata Asakura: Final Destination 4 might as well have been called the great replacement as the talent of Japan was taken out of the history books one by one. In a single weekend all of the progress I made was erased as a narrative got crafted right before our eyes. Suddenly everything the Golden Dawn did was treated as a lead up to Michael Bishop slaying us and

taking his moment at the throne. Good triumphed over evil and I was a footnote to be casted aside by society with my role in making your hero now complete. FD4 was your way of forcing me to exile. That night was to be the catalyst in disgracing the Asakura name and putting me next to the Stalins, the Hitlers, the disgusting leaders we all look back on with contempt. With the deck surely stacked against me from getting another run at that World Championship, one would say I have been cursed with a lifetime of being a mockery, constantly having to pay back my resistance against injustice. But everyone forgot my ace in the hole.

My wish is still in my possession. Or at least, it *was*.

(Everyone collectively looks at one another, slowly putting together what Arata is implying.)

Arata Asakura: After how badly I had been treated I could have nuked the country or blown up the planet like I had suggested before. I could have wished back my World Championship or started that night all over again, but for me, watching Michael Bishop hold up MY World Championship, hearing the commentary and seeing all that fanfare in the ring I realized what would satisfy me more than anything else. I don't need to destroy the World, it will be mine regardless, but what I do need to see is all of you humbled. I need to see a world where the great American hero has fallen in the kind of tragedy that my people have been on the receiving end of for years. I wanted Michael Bishop to really enjoy that win of his, bask in all of the media frenzy and the love for these past two weeks, then have that little celebration of his ripped away right after you all got your hopes up to sing his praises. I wanted this image to be imprinted in your minds after sucking his dick during his greatest moment, living blindly in your echo chambers shouting him out as this all powerful good guy. You Americans have not been rescued! You bootlickers have not been vindicated for selling out to the West! Your karma is still coming back because thanks to my wish, Superman has seen his last day!

**\*\*I KILLED MICHAEL BISHOP.\*\***

(Arata Asakura tilts his head back and lets out a maniacal laugh as everyone in the ring stares at him in horror, eyes wide and mouth agape. Rebecca is unable to believe it as she rushes in to shake her husband.)

Lance Hart: No....

Morgan Shaw: He can't be serious. That's what he used his wish on? I don't know what to say here...

Lance Hart: If what Arata is saying is true then we have just witnessed a man die in the ring before our eyes.

Morgan Shaw: In front of his friends. In front of his wife. In front of his newborn daughter.

Rebecca Bishop: **\*\*Michael, wake up!\*\***

(Jason Long goes to pull Rebecca back but is stopped by Jeff and Sabertooth as they allow her to have her moment. Rebecca pushes past the medics and shales Bishop furiously, in denial of his state. There is a solemn silence in the building as her screams stand out throughout the arena, soon realizing The Dreadknight won't open his eyes. Sensing the problem going on around her, Lita begins to cry as well.)

Arata Asakura: Long live Michael Bishop, America's Champion.

(Arata waves goodbye and the screen turns static, leaving everyone in the ring at a loss.)

Lance Hart: We need to go to break...NOW!!

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(We return from commercial break to see absolute BEDLAM going on in the backstage area. Agents and producers are running around making calls and sending out orders, members of the roster are being detained in their locker room to keep from asking questions, and medics are currently rushing to transport Michael Bishop and his family away from the scene, all the while members of The Frontline and Mafia are shouting out to board members Kenny Drake and Scott Oasis.)

Jason Long: I knew it! I knew that piece of shit would rear his ugly head and ruin EVERYTHING!

Jeff X: WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS ARATA!?

Kenny Drake: We don't know where he is; Arata hasn't talked to anyone in management SINCE Final Destination. He's probably hunkered down somewhere. You don't think he would know there'd be a mob of people who would want his head?

Jeff X: Well then what the FUCK are we going to be doing about this!? Someone's got to find him and make him pay! He's damn sure not showing his face around here again unless he wants a bullet in his brain.

Jason Long: Don't worry, we'll gladly burn his contract right in front of his face for you right before we beat him into a pulp.

Scott Oasis: You can all feel free to dole out whatever street justice you want when you see it, but unless you end up killing the man to take him off the roster, Arata's contract isn't being touched.

Jason Long: What in the hell are you talking about, you fucking knacker? LOOK BEHIND YOU!! Bishop is not breathing! He was wished DEAD on live TV in front of friends and family, and thousands of people in the building tonight -- and you think Arata should get off scot free?

Scott Oasis: I don't think he should get away with anything, but I've also run this company for years and have learned to accept that the rules of the regular world don't apply here. We abandoned being a fair sport a long time ago....this.....I don't even know what OWA is anymore. This is a place with otherworldly powers at work. We've had world changing wars with implications across dimensions, the Gods themselves have their hands in what goes on here, and you think I'm really about to be handing out fines or firings to Arata Asakura? I've watched that man SMITE DOWN men in the middle of the ring, make threats of terrorism, LITERALLY KILL INNOCENTS ON THE STREET JUST BECAUSE HE COULD. You know how many times this company should have been investigated? The government won't even challenge him but you expect ME to put myself at risk by letting anyone here cut ties with him? From the moment all of that supernatural shit came into play, any liability was taken out of company hands. People die in the OWA every year now, that's the risk that gets taken.

(Scott Oasis points directly at The Frontliners.)

Scott Oasis: And you all knew that this could happen when you entered Dimensional Warfare. The winning team earned whatever wishes they wanted. Arata won his wish and he chose to use it tonight. I have nothing but respect for Bishop, that's my Fight Club brethren, but he knew the rules of the game and you should be happy Arata only took HIM tonight. He died in the ring like he likely expected many times before. This place is a battlefield and when a soldier falls the war doesn't stop. All you can do...

(An agent hands Scott Oasis the new OWA World Championship.)

Scott Oasis: -- Is move on.

Jason Long: Why the hell are you taking his title?

Scott Oasis: He's dead, Jason. Why on earth would I keep the title in his possession?

Jeff X: Because that's his belt and he's the champ!

Scott Oasis: You can't really be the champion if you're not breathing. This is not HIS title, it's company property. Listen, I know I probably should wait a few days before ripping off the bandaid publicly but the fact is Bishop is not with us anymore, and that means this belt is no longer under his care. He earned it, yes, but a champion has a lot of maintenance and responsibilities which for him are far from viable; outright impossible. This is not about to be the Michael Bishop memorial strap to keep everyone safe and happy - this is for ACTIVE competitors.

Kenny Drake: And Michael Bishop will still be an active competitor. Death isn't permanent when we're talking about what goes on around here. I am living proof of that and I am willing to stake

my reputation on Bishop backing that up as well. Bishop is dead but not gone. He'll be with us once again and I won't allow him to be replaced.

Scott Oasis: Bishop may return like you did but in how long? You were dead for an entire calendar year and it took a miracle wish to bring you back in the first place. The opportunity of reviving him is possible but it's not a gift falling from the sky now is it? Who knows how long it'll take for you all to even sniff a chance at bringing him to life. I am running a program with a schedule of set dates and deadlines we need to meet for business.

Kenny Drake: And the nearest date for the OWA World Champion is GameOver as we agreed upon. The champion must defend by the Pay-Per-View and he WILL defend by the Pay-Per-View - that's point blank. OWA is your company, yes, but Kingdom is MY show and I am going to go with my gut when it comes to this decision.

(Kenny Drake snatches the OWA World Championship from Scott Oasis.)

Kenny Drake: When I didn't come home after The Great War, those in my camp did not give up on me, and so neither will I in this case. I refuse to write that man's eulogy. This belt is still Michael Bishop's, and he will be back in action before you know it. I guarantee that.

Scott Oasis: How the hell can you guarantee that!?

Kenny Drake: Because I'm putting it on THESE MEN to see to that.

(Kenny Drake motions to The Frontline.)

Kenny Drake: They're going to bring him back. Then he's going to walk out live on Kingdom and have this title placed back into his possession, so he can come out and defend it at GameOver. That's exactly what's going to happen, and nothing else. No vacating, no replacements, you're going to trust me and my champion to deliver. You're right, there are a lot of forces at work in OWA, but the will of these men and everyone I got on Kingdom? That's the shit that will move mountains.

Scott Oasis: ....You and YOUR roster have until Game Over to perform this miracle you're promising, otherwise that belt that's in your hand will be getting passed over to the number one contender we agreed upon earlier -- MYOJIN.

Jeff X: MYOJIN!? What are you talking about?

Jason Long: How could you possibly want to give him a title shot! We saw what his Golden Dawn leader did before our eyes; he literally took out the champion! Kenny?

Kenny Drake: We did agree on him being number one contender prior to tonight's events.

Scott Oasis: The X-Factor Champion, unpinned in OWA for nearly a full year and had one of the best Outlaw Championship runs to date. Theo hasn't called his shot yet so we needed a name. He absolutely deserved the Game Over nod, and I don't believe Arata's independent actions should dampen his qualifications. MYOJIN is set to take on Michael Bishop at Game Over and if Michael Bishop is still pushing daisies by then he'll be disqualified from the contest and the championship will default to his challenger. Seeing as you all have this hate in your heart for Arata and anything Golden Dawn I suppose this end result would be a nightmare for you to watch. More incentive to bring our guy back to life, now isn't it?

(Kenny Drake and The Frontline look at each other with a silent understanding.)

Kenny Drake: You make a good point, Scott. Glad to see we have a compromise.

Scott Oasis: Excellent. Now if you excuse me, I have a show to run.

(Scott motions to Jasmine Peyton, giving out a quick instruction.)

Scott Oasis: Pass along a message to the announce team that we're resuming business as usual. No mentioning what happened, just call the show as is and keep it pushing.

Jasmine Peyton: Understood.

Theodor Pavel: Business as usual? You mean you're following through with the show? A father just died!

Scott Oasis: A father who I am sure can understand business. Everyone's been flown out, the set's been built, the fans are in the arena, we must provide a SERVICE. The Saudi prince is paying us millions to do this show for his people and the government is very keen on it being a success. I'm sure they need the PR after that Tim Broomsman guy got chopped up. I'll be damned if I don't come through on my end of the deal. Besides, do you think an assassination means anything to Saudi Arabia? They're probably numb to this by now; this was just part of the show to them. You're all not booked tonight so you can worry less about OWA making history and more about rescuing your friend from the afterlife. I expect a progress check soon enough.

(Scott Oasis walks off, leaving behind Kenny and the Frontliners.)

Jason Long: I think I'm going to go with Bishop. I'm sure Rebecca won't want to be on her own.

Jeff X: Of course. Someone's got to help out his family during all of this. We'll clue you in with the plan.

Christopher Sabertooth: There is a plan, right?

Theodor Pavel: Kenny was speaking so confidently I'm sure he's willing to give us a lead. After all, he's got a connection to the Grand Elder does he not?

Kenny Drake: I do, and she absolutely won't reverse Arata's wish simply because it's "unjust." The whole point of Dimensional Warfare was to allow us to move on and handle things in house. You were lucky Emmanuelle had her wish or Chris and Jeff over here would still be sweltering in fire and brimstone. She's not going to set a precedent and intervene in a death because you asked nicely.

Theodor Pavel: She might have if Jeff didn't do that dirty skit for his entrance.

Jeff X: It was a good entrance, I KNOW she found it funny.

Kenny Drake: Listen. In my time away from the living, I was able to develop a rapport with certain figures who are knowledgeable in affairs such as these, and there's one person in particular I think can help us greatly. I never thought I'd call upon this man but desperate times call for desperate measures. You'll meet him tonight and he should be able to aid you in resolving this.

Christopher Sabertooth: That sounds good with me.

Theodor Pavel: Whatever gets Bishop back home.

"I'm in too."

(Finnegan Wakefield interjects as he joins the group.)

Finnegan Wakefield: I presented that belt to Michael Bishop and he's damn sure going to get to carry it as champion. Might not be in OWA, but I'll go to war with you guys again for the brand.

Jeff X: I'm game. But who exactly is this guy we're waiting on, you're just going to keep us in the dark?

(As Kenny Drake explains a bit further, we return to the regularly scheduled program.)

Rebecca Sawyer: The following contest is an Odyssey Rookie Showcase...and it is scheduled for ONE FALL!!!

Crowd: ONE FALL!!!

("Her Portrait In Black" by Hidden Place hits the speakers and the cameras head backstage to Becca Black's locker room where she has an MMA-Esque walkout, with the camera following her all the way from backstage and through the crowd before getting up onto the barricade and

hyped the people of Saudi Arabia up as the chorus plays before hopping down and rolling into the ring.)

Rebecca Sawyer: Introducing first...from London, England...weighing in at 123 lbs...BECCAAAAAAAAA BLAAAAAAAAACCCCKKKKK!!!

Gia Cervantes: Well with a new season comes new faces to the Odyssey roster as the pink brand continues to grow each and every year! And we're going to start this fifth season of Odyssey by showcasing two of the newest women to be signed to the roster, starting with Becca Black! Ashley, what do you know about this young lady?

Ashley Walker: Well, she may be a rookie to Odyssey, Gia, but she's certainly not new to the ring. Becca has competed all over the world for years now, but now she's found her way to the OWA where she, admittedly, is hoping to rediscover her own love for the business. Well she better discover it quickly, because if you grow complacent at THIS level...it will certainly not work out well for you.

(As "Roadhouse" by The Wild! kicks off and blares through the speakers, the crowd rises and turns their attention towards the stage. Meanwhile, purple and white lights begin to swirl around both the stage and crowd. Smoke begins to pour out onto the stage, reaching ankle-high levels. After a few more seconds, Ellie Quinn storms through the curtains as the vocals kick in. Ellie stands center stage, her trademark baseball bat in her hand and dangling towards the floor. Ellie soaks in the crowd's reactions to her arrival before draping the baseball bat over her shoulder and marching down to the ring. As she gets down the ramp, Ellie jumps up and slides into the ring under the bottom rope, sliding on her backside until she stops and gets up to a knee. After posing for a few moments, Ellie hops up onto her feet, removing her entrance gear and handing her bat to a ringside attendant, as Becca looks on.)

Rebecca Sawyer: And her opponent...from Chicago, Illinois...weighing in at 128 lbs...ELLIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII EEEEEEE QUIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII NNNNNN!!!

Gia Cervantes: Yet another new face to the Odyssey roster, Ellie Quinn certainly has some buzz about her. She's brash and confident and certainly has the look of someone who could make some noise here, but does she have the ability? I guess we're going to find out here in just a moment!

Ashley Walker: This is such a big night for these two, being able to make their debut here at THIS stage at the Season 5 Kickoff Show. And remember...you only get one chance to make a first impression. Which of these two women are going to seize the opportunity to potentially springboard themselves towards success here as they begin their OWA tenure? It's time to find out!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Gia Cervantes: AND RIGHT AWAY HERE WE GO! BOTH WOMEN MARCH TOWARDS EACH OTHER AND START EXCHANGING A FLURRY OF RIGHT HANDS AS THESE TWO EACH TRY AND PROVE THEIR WORTH TO THE OWA FANBASE!

Ashley Walker: But it's Becca who begins to gain the advantage as she fires off, right after right, backing Ellie up into the ropes! And now Black bounces Quinn off the ropes, looking to whip her across the ring...but Ellie reverses! Becca rebounds off the ropes straight back at Ellie...but she gets caught! ELLIE QUINN WITH AN EXPLODER SUPLEX THAT SENDS BECCA FLYING ACROSS THE RING!

Gia Cervantes: Becca now crawls to the corner, dragging herself back up to her feet...BUT IN CHARGES ELLIE QUINN, DRIVING HER SHOULDER RIGHT INTO THE RIBS OF THE CORNERED BECCA! AND SHE'S NOT STOPPING THERE! AGAIN, ELLIE SENDS THE SHOULDER CRASHING INTO HER RIBS, AND A THIRD TIME...AND A FOURTH!

Ashley Walker: Finally, the official manages to pull Ellie off of Becca...but Ellie brushes right past her looking to send a big right hand Becca's way...ducked by Black! And Black catches her arm, dragging her down into a backslide pin attempt!!

Amanda Aspen: OOOONNNNNNEEEEEEEE!!!...

Gia Cervantes: But Ellie manages to kick out after only one! Both women scramble back up to their feet, but Becca makes it there just a hair earlier...and wipes out Ellie Quinn with a beautiful dropkick! Ellie hits the deck but quickly manages to get back up, only for Becca to go right to work, connecting with an elbow that sends Ellie staggering back into the corner!

Ashley Walker: And Becca now turns, running and bouncing off the ropes...AND SHE SPRINTS RIGHT IN CONNECTING WITH A BIG TIME RUNNING KNEE ONTO THE CORNERED ELLIE QUINN THAT SENDS HER FALLING TO THE MAT!

Gia Cervantes: Ellie Quinn now trying to pick herself back up...but here comes Becca!  
**\*\*HEADSHOT SUPER KICK!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: NO! Ellie ducks underneath it! Becca is thrown off balance and Ellie LEAPS into the air, NAILING a picture perfect standing front dropkick of her own! Becca hits the deck and now...NOW ELLIE LEAPS ON TOP OF HER, UNLOADING WITH A BARRAGE OF RIGHT HANDS! ONE STRIKE AFTER THE OTHER, ELLIE QUINN UNLEASHES WITH EVERYTHING SHE HAS!

Gia Cervantes: Finally Ellie Quinn relents, smirking as she gets up to her feet and looks down at Becca who is struggling to try and pick herself up to her hands and knees! Ellie now delivers a stomp to the back before reaching down, grabbing Becca by the hair and BOUNCING her face straight off the canvas, not just once...but TWICE!

Ashley Walker: Becca now crawls to the ropes, trying to pick herself back up to her feet, but once again Ellie Quinn is on her! She places a knee on the back of Becca's head, pressing her throat down right across that middle rope as she tries to choke the life out of Becca Black!

Amanda Aspen: ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Gia Cervantes: And Ellie lets her go to avoid the disqualification as Becca hits the mat and immediately Ellie hops on top of her, hooking the leg!

Amanda Aspen: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!!...

Ashley Walker: But only able to get a one count there as Becca kicks out! Becca crawls over to the corner now, but Ellie reaches down, grabbing her by the hair and dragging her back up...and now she goes to work! Ellie Quinn with a series of VICIOUS elbow shots in the corner and they ALL find their mark as Becca drops down into a seated position! And now Ellie continues the assault by stomping away on Becca! Repeated stomps one after the other from the Chicago native!

Gia Cervantes: Finally, Amanda Aspen intervenes, pulling Ellie off of Black with a warning for her. But Ellie reaches down now, grabbing Becca and pulling her up and out of the corner! Ellie hooks her leg and...A BIG TIME FISHERMAN'S SUPLEX CONNECTS ONTO BECCA BLACK! ELLIE QUINN IS IN COMPLETE CONTROL AS SHE GRABS BLACK'S HEAD AND SLAMS IT INTO THE CANVAS AGAIN FOR GOOD MEASURE!

Ashley Walker: Becca Black is in trouble here as she tries to pick herself up...BUT ELLIE HAS HER BY THE ARM! HERE WE GO! FUJIWARA ARMBAR! THE ARMBAR IS APPLIED AS ELLIE QUINN TRIES TO FORCE BECCA TO TAP!

Gia Cervantes: BECCA IS SCREAMING IN PAIN AS ELLIE QUINN WRENCHES BACK! THIS ONE COULD BE OVER RIGHT HERE AS ELLIE QUINN PUTS ALL THE PRESSURE SHE CAN MANAGE ON THAT LIMB OF BECCA!

Ashley Walker: BUT BLACK IS REFUSING TO GIVE! SHE SQUIRMS AND SHE WRIGGLES AND ELLIE IS UNABLE TO KEEP THE LOCK APPLIED! BECCA BREAKS FREE, ROLLS OVER, AND NAILS ELLIE WITH AN ELBOW SHOT AS SHE TRIES TO REAPPLY THE HOLD!

Gia Cervantes: Ellie is rocked after that and Becca quickly reaches up, grabbing her by the head and connecting with a jawbreaker! Ellie Quinn is stunned as Becca scrambles back to her feet and hits the ropes...

Ashley Walker: ONLY TO BE DECAPITATED WITH A BIG TIME RUNNING LARIAT FROM ELLIE QUINN!!!! COVER!!!

Amanda Aspen: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!!...

TTTTTTWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!...

Gia Cervantes: But Becca kicks out after only two! Ellie Quinn has been in complete control up to this point, as she once again drags Becca back up to her feet! This time, she hooks the head of Black and it appears as if she's going for a DDT...

Ashley Walker: BUT BECCA COUNTERS RIGHT INTO A SMALL PACKAGE ROLLUP, COMPLETELY SHOCKING ELLIE QUINN!!!

Amanda Aspen: OOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!...

Gia Cervantes: But Ellie kicks out at two! Both women scramble back up to their feet...AND ELLIE QUINN ABSOLUTELY BLASTS BECCA RIGHT IN THE JAW WITH A DEVASTATING EUROPEAN UPPERCUT! THE LIGHT LEAVES BECCA'S EYES AS SHE DROPS INTO A HEAP ON THE CANVAS AND ELLIE HOOKS THE LEG!!

Amanda Aspen: OOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!...

Ashley Walker: And Becca kicks out at two! Frustrated now, Ellie drags Becca back up and looks to bounce her off the ropes and whip her across the ring...but Becca counters! She pulls Ellie right into a right hand! She follows it up with another! Ellie looks to respond with one of her own...but Becca ducks it! SCHOOLBOY ROLLUP! ELLIE'S SHOULDERS ARE ON THE MAT!

Amanda Aspen: OOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!...

Gia Cervantes: Ellie kicks out at only two! Both women are quick to get up, but Becca gets there just a hair earlier! She goes for a kick right to the midsection of Ellie...BUT QUINN CATCHES IT! SHE CATCHES THE LEG OF BECCA AND NOW SHE LIFTS HER RIGHT INTO THE AIR! REGALPLEX!!!! ELLIE QUINN PLANTS BECCA WITH THE REGALPLEX AND HOOKS BOTH LEGS!!

Amanda Aspen: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!...

Ashley Walker: And STILL only able to get a two count there! Ellie is clearly starting to wonder what it's going to take as she's getting frustrated here. Becca picks herself up to her hands and knees...BUT ELLIE NAILS HER WITH A KICK TO THE SIDE OF THE HEAD!

Gia Cervantes: Becca rolls away now...BUT AGAIN ELLIE COMES IN WITH A STOMP TO THE BACK!

Ashley Walker: Becca's still in trouble here as Ellie grabs her and goes to drag her back to her feet...BUT BECCA FIGHTS BACK! BECCA CATCHES HER WITH AN ELBOW TO THE RIBS! AND NOW BECCA GETS UP AND CONNECTS WITH A KNIFE EDGE CHOP! FOLLOWED BY A SECOND! AND NOW A FOREARM SHOT!

Gia Cervantes: BUT ELLIE COMES FIGHTING RIGHT BACK AS SHE BEGINS ABSOLUTELY UNLOADING ON BECCA BLACK WITH A BARRAGE OF RIGHT HANDS! ONE AFTER THE OTHER FIND THEIR MARK AS BECCA DROPS DOWN TO HER KNEES!

Ashley Walker: AND ELLIE QUINN GOES RIGHT BACK INTO THE FUJIWARA ARMBAR!!! AGAIN THE HOLD IS APPLIED TIGHT IN THE CENTER OF THE RING!!!

Gia Cervantes: BUT BECCA IS REFUSING TO QUIT! ELLIE SHIFTS GEARS HERE AS SHE SPINS HER OVER INTO A BACKSLIDE PIN...BUT BECCA ROLLS THROUGH, GRABBING THE LEGS OF ELLIE AS BECCA HAS HER IN HER OWN PINNING PREDICAMENT!

Amanda Aspen: OOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWOOOOOOOO!!!...

Ashley Walker: AND ELLIE FLIPS OVER! SHE HAS BECCA'S SHOULDERS DOWN NOW!

Amanda Aspen: OOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWOOOOOOOO!!!...

Gia Cervantes: AND NOW IT'S BECCA WHO REVERSES! SHE'S GOT THE PIN ON ELLIE!

Amanda Aspen: OOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWOOOOOOOO!!!...

Ashley Walker: And Ellie kicks out again! This time Becca looks to follow up by moving in behind quickly with another schoolboy rollup...but Ellie kicks her off of her! Becca is sent flying back as she hits the ropes...AND REBOUNDS STRAIGHT BACK AT ELLIE WITH A RUNNING LARIAT!

Gia Cervantes: Ellie is ROCKED but she looks to respond with a right hand...it's caught by Becca! And now Becca NAILS a right of her own! Ellie stumbles backwards and Becca follows up with an elbow shot, then a kick to the gut! Ellie doubles over...AND BECCA BLACK NAILS HER WITH A RUNNING KNEE STRIKE! DOWN GOES ELLIE QUINN!

Ashley Walker: And now FINALLY Becca Black is building some momentum! She drags Ellie Quinn back up to her feet, bouncing her straight off the ropes and whipping her across the ring! Ellie Quinn rebounds and...BECCA BLACK PLANTS HER RIGHT INTO THE CANVAS WITH A BIG TIME SPINEBUSTER!!!

Gia Cervantes: Ellie Quinn now drags herself to the corner, slowly trying to pick herself back up to a vertical base...but in comes Becca! RUNNING CORNER CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS! ELLIE COMES STAGGERING OUT OF THE CORNER NOW, LOOKING OUT ON HER FEET...

Ashley Walker: **\*\*CHELSEA GRIN!!!!!! BECCA BLACK ABSOLUTELY BLASTS HER WITH THAT SIGNATURE SPINNING BACKFIST OF HERS!!!!!! DOWN GOES ELLIE QUINN!!!!!! THAT COULD DO IT!!!!\*\***

Gia Cervantes: BUT BECCA CAN'T MAKE THE COVER IN TIME AS ELLIE WISELY ROLLS UNDER THE BOTTOM ROPE AND FALLS TO THE RINGSIDE FLOOR!

Ashley Walker: Ellie Quinn trying to take this moment to recover from the Chelsea Grin...but I don't think Becca is going to let her! As Ellie Quinn grabs the apron to pick herself back up, Becca Black is already rebounding off the ropes! A BASEBALL SLIDE CONNECTS RIGHT INTO THE CHEST OF ELLIE QUINN, SENDING HER FLYING BACKWARDS ALL THE WAY ONTO THE ENTRANCE RAMP!

Gia Cervantes: And Ellie Quinn is ROCKED as she slowly starts to pick herself back up to her feet...BUT LOOK AT BECCA! BECCA HAS HER SIZED UP!!! SHE SPRINTS RIGHT IN AT ELLIE! **\*\*LIGHTS OUT!!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: NO! ELLIE QUINN BLOCKS THE ELBOW BY CATCHING THE ARM OF BLACK! SHE SPINS HER AROUND, HOOKING THE OTHER ARM AND HOISTING BECCA UP INTO THE AIR! **\*\*FLEX AND FLOW RIGHT ONTO THE STEEL ENTRANCE RAMP!!! DEAR LORD WHAT A COLLISION AS BECCA BLACK'S HEAD JUST BOUNCED OFF THE UNFORGIVING STEEL!!!!\*\***

Gia Cervantes: HOLY CRAP! BECCA BLACK MIGHT BE DEAD! THAT'S ALL THIS IS GONNA TAKE AS ELLIE NAILED HER SIGNATURE TIGER DRIVER 98 ON BECCA RIGHT ONTO THAT STEEL RAMP AND THIS ONE IS ACADEMIC AT THIS POINT AS ELLIE CASUALLY JUST ROLLS BACK INTO THE RING AS AMANDA ASPEN STARTS THE COUNT!

Amanda Aspen: ONE!...

TWO!...

THREE!...

FOUR!...

Ashley Walker: Becca hasn't even moved yet, Gia. We're gonna need to get some help out here, this one is over.

Amanda Aspen: FIVE!...

SIX!...

SEVEN!...

Gia Cervantes: WAIT! Becca is stirring! She's coming to as she realizes what's about to happen!

Amanda Aspen: EIGHT!...

Ashley Walker: Becca gets up and makes a move towards the ring! But she's not gonna make it, Gia!

Amanda Aspen: NINE!...

Gia Cervantes: AND BECCA BLACK DIVES UNDER THE BOTTOM ROPE AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND, KEEPING HERSELF IN THIS MATCH!

Ashley Walker: BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT AS AN ANGRY ELLIE HAS HER BY THE ARMS AGAIN! SHE LIFTS HER UP! **\*\*FLUX AND FLOW FOR THE SECOND TIME!!!!!! THIS TIME IN THE CENTER OF THE RING!!! AND THAT HAS TO DO IT!!!! ELLIE HOOKS THE LEGS!!!\*\***

Amanda Aspen: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTHHHHHRRRRREEEEEEEE-

Gia Cervantes: BECCA BLACK KICKS OUT AT TWO AND THREE QUARTERS!

Ashley Walker: ELLIE CAN'T BELIEVE IT! NEITHER CAN !! BUT ELLIE QUINN IS MAINTAINING HER COMPOSURE! SHE ANGRILY STARES AS BECCA SLOWLY PICKS HERSELF BACK UP TO HER KNEES! AND NOW BECCA HITS THE ROPES!

Gia Cervantes: **\*\*WRIGLEY GUILLOTINE!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: DUCKED BY BECCA BLACK! ELLIE IS THROWN OFF BALANCE AND BECCA LEAPS INTO THE AIR WITH A DROPKICK!!! ELLIE HITS THE CANVAS AND RIGHT AWAY, BECCA JUMPS ON TOP OF QUINN AND STARTS UNLEASHING A FLURRY OF LEFT AND RIGHT HANDS! THERE'S STILL SOME FIGHT LEFT IN BECCA BLACK!

Gia Cervantes: ELLIE DESPERATELY USES EVERYTHING SHE HAS TO KICK BECCA OFF OF HER, BUT BECCA MOVES RIGHT BACK IN, DRAGGING ELLIE UP TO HER FEET AND HOISTING HER ONTO HER SHOULDERS...**\*\*BECCA DRIVER!!!! SHE HITS IT!!!! SHE PLANTS ELLIE QUINN INTO THE CANVAS WITH THE BECCA DRIVER!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: AND SHE'S NOT DONE THERE! BECCA BLACK FOLLOWS UP BY TAKING THE ARM AND HEAD OF ELLIE QUINN IN HER POSSESSION...**\*\*LONDON BRIDGE!!!! THE CROSSFACE IS IN!!!! THE LONDON BRIDGE CROSSFACE IS APPLIED!!!! ELLIE QUINN SCREAMS IN AGONY!!!!!!\*\***

Gia Cervantes: YOU CAN SEE THE PAIN ON THE FACE OF ELLIE QUINN!!!! BUT BECCA IS RELENTLESS! SHE WRENCHES BACK WITH EVERYTHING SHE HAS!!!! ELLIE QUINN HOLDS HER ARM OUT AND...

Ashley Walker: SHE LUNGES FORWARD, DESPERATELY GRABBING HOLD OF THE BOTTOM ROPE AND FORCING BECCA BLACK TO BREAK THE HOLD!!!

Gia Cervantes: Becca Black reluctantly releases Ellie Quinn! But she's not giving up just yet! As Ellie tries to recuperate on the canvas, Becca Black heads to the corner! She begins scaling all the way up to the top turnbuckle as she has her sights set on finishing this right here, right now!

Ashley Walker: But she took too long!!! Ellie is back up and she grabs Becca, RIPPING her down from the top! Becca lands on her feet however...but in comes Ellie with a clothesline...AND SHE'S CAUGHT BY BECCA! BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX SENDS ELLIE SAILING ACROSS THE RING!!

Gia Cervantes: AND WITH ELLIE DOWN, BECCA BLACK ONCE AGAIN HEADS TO THE CORNER! SHE SCALES ALL THE WAY UP TO THE TOP!!! BECCA BLACK IS PERCHED UP HIGH AS SHE MOTIONS FOR ELLIE QUINN TO GET BACK UP TO HER FEET!!! HERE WE GO!!! **\*\*BLACKOUT!!!!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: NO! ELLIE QUINN WITH A BURST OF ENERGY OUT OF NOWHERE SPRINTS FORWARD, GRABBING BECCA BY THE WRIST AND FLIPPING HER OFF THE TURNBUCKLE AND ONTO THE CANVAS!!! BECCA TRIES TO QUICKLY SIT BACK UP, BUT ELLIE TAKES OFF RUNNING!!! **\*\*WRIGLEY GUILLOTINE!!!!!! THE KNEE RIGHT TO THE BACK OF THE SKULL CONNECTS!!!! BECCA IS OUT AND ELLIE HOOKS THE LEGS!!!\*\***

Amanda Aspen: OOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWWOOOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTTHHHHRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Rebecca Sawyer: Here is your winner...ELLIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII QUIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!!!

Gia Cervantes: She's done it! Ellie Quinn with an impressive and dominating first showing here defeating Becca Black! Give Becca some credit cause she certainly got some licks in, but Ellie Quinn just made a statement in her debut match that she could be a force to be reckoned with here on the Odyssey roster!

Ashley Walker: Indeed, Gia! This makes me excited for what the season holds for these newcomers who have joined the pink brand and I...**\*\*HEY WAIT! LOOK!\*\***

(As Ellie Quinn is having her hand raised in victory by the official, a hooded figure hops the barricade and slides into the ring.)

Gia Cervantes: WHO THE HELL IS THAT?!?!?

Ashley Walker: I DON'T KNOW, BUT WHOEVER IT IS, IS STANDING RIGHT BEHIND ELLIE AND ELLIE HAS NO IDEA! TURN AROUND ELLIE! TURN AROUND!

Gia Cervantes: **\*\*SPEAR!!!!!! DEAR LORD THAT HOODED FIGURE JUST BROKE ELLIE QUINN IN HALF WITH A DAMN SPEAR!!!! ELLIE QUINN HAS BEEN LAID COMPLETELY OUT!!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: AND IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THIS PERSON IS DONE THERE! THEY NOW TURN THEIR ATTENTION TOWARDS BECCA BLACK, RIPPING HER UP OFF THE CANVAS!!! **\*\*BECCA IS HELPLESS AS SHE'S DRIVEN STRAIGHT INTO THE CANVAS WITH A MODIFIED CORKSCREW NECKBREAKER!!!! WHO IS THIS?!?!?!\*\***

(The crowd murmurs confused as the mysterious woman stands up and pulls her hood back.)

<https://tenor.com/view/charlotte-flair-evil-smile-wwf-royal-rumble-wrestling-gif-22768402>

Gia Cervantes: **\*\*OH MY GOD! IT'S BIANCA!!!! BIANCA IS HERE!!!! BIANCA IS BACK IN OWA!!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: THE FORMER OWT CHAMPION AND ODYSSEY ALPHA HASN'T BEEN SEEN IN QUITE SOME TIME!!!! BUT SHE JUST MADE HER SHOCKING RETURN HERE AT THE KICKOFF SHOW, COMPLETELY LAYING OUT BOTH ELLIE QUINN AND BECCA BLACK!!!! BUT WHY?!?!!

Gia Cervantes: I have NO idea, Ash, but it looks like Season 5 is getting started with a BANG and we could be in for a year FULL of surprises, starting with none other than the return of The Top Tier herself!!!

("Same Ol" by The Heavy hits the speakers as BIANCA stands in the center of the ring, smiling widely with Ellie and Becca laid out at her feet. BIANCA holds her arms out wide, embracing the mixed reaction from the crowd as we fade to commercial.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(AD: To all of our OWA faithful in Saudi Arabia code "SHOWSTER" to get Uber discounts on camel pick-up throughout all of this week!)

(We return to ringside.)

Rita Gonzalez: The following contest is scheduled for One Fall....

Crowd: ONE FALL!!!!

Rita Gonzalez: And is part of the Dark Kingdom Tournament!

("X-Wing" by Denzel Curry begins to play throughout the arena. Darius Harrell makes his way to the ring, looking energetic. He then halts himself in the middle of the stage and looks down to the walkway that will be his path to the ring)

Rita Gonzalez: Making their way to the ring first, from Atlantic City, New Jersey, weighing in at 155 pounds, he is "The Eternal Saint".....DAAAARIIIIIIUS HAAAAAARRELLLLLLLLLLLL!!!!!!!

Lance Hart: Alright, Round One action coming up for the Dark Kingdom Tournament, and in this tournament, we have a couple of promising individuals getting their chance to shine and make an impression at the beginning of Season Five.

(Darius' expression looks confident as he arrives in front of the ring; he then hops up onto the apron and enters)

Morgan Shaw: Darius Harrell is just 22 years old, trained by his father in the art, and having wrestled for three years prior to signing with OWA. However, this tournament is a bit different than what you'd expect from an individual debuting in OWA.

Lance Hart: He already had to be in isolation before this, but he doesn't appear that way at all. We'll see how the youngster goes, though, as he's going to have his hands full here.

(Darius Harrell's entrance music faded out as he got to the ring; suddenly, "Wild Thing" by X started to play throughout the arena, and Jacob Striker walked through the curtain with a look of determination in his expression)

Rita Gonzalez: And his opponent, from Sleepy Hollow, New York, weighing in at 235 pounds, he is "TOTAL ELIMINATION"..... JAAAACOOOOB STRIIIIIIKERRRRRRRR!!!!!!!!!!

Lance Hart: And here comes a talent that's returned to OWA recently, no longer a rookie and no longer as dewy-eyed as when he started. And tonight, Jacob Striker gets a chance to show his experience off.

Morgan Shaw: And one of those attributes to make it through this business is part of the Dark Kingdom Tournament: adaptation. Both Darius Harrell and Jacob Striker are coming into this contest after spending time isolated away and then having to participate in a contest where they don't know the rules until it starts. Unpredictability is definitely part of the game in OWA

(The music fades and the referee is shown carrying a rope with a steel cowbell hanging off the middle, and the crowd looks at the ref with perplexed expression; both Jacob Striker and Darius Harrell don't understand what is going on)

Rita Gonzalez: This match for the Dark Kingdom Tournament will be a BULL ROPE MATCH!!!!!!

Lance Hart: And as expected, we get something unexpected. That's part of the Dark Kingdom Tournament, right?

(As Rita Gonzalez exits the ring, the referee approaches Darius Harrell first, holding the bull rope towards his direction)

Darius Harrell: (off-mic) Fuck is this?!

(Darius Harrell and the referee talk momentarily about the bull rope; Jacob Striker stands at his corner, gesturing for his opponent to wrap the end of the rope around his wrist)

Darius Harrell: (off-mic) Why can't this just be a normal match?

Lance Hart: I guess Darius Harrell didn't get the memo about the way this tournament works. Must've gone into isolation too early or something.

Morgan Shaw: He's not a dunce, so he knew beforehand....I think.

Lance Hart: Probably was also too busy getting bitches.

Jacob Striker: (off-mic) Just PUT THE DAMN THING ON. Let's get this shit over with.

Darius Harrell: (off-mic) Man, who you talking to like that?!

(Darius Harrell looks at the end of the bull rope for a second and then at the crowd, with a few people shouting at him for a second to get it over with; he then puts the rope around his wrist and makes sure his hand can grip it comfortably)

Lance Hart: So, for those at home not familiar with this type of match, in this type of Bull Rope match, both wrestlers have to keep their wrists connected to the rope at all times or be disqualified. Otherwise, it's win by either pinfall or submission.

Morgan Shaw: The bull rope can also be used as a weapon by either wrestler as well, and there's no count-outs.

(Jacob Striker then takes his end of the rope from the referee and does the same thing while looking at Darius Harrell, testing out his grip of the rope with his left hand)

Lance Hart: AND JACOB STRIKER JUST RUSHES AT DARIUS HARRELL! Darius Harrell trying to fight back against the strikes, both exchanging right hands, but Striker gets a hard Forearm Smash to the left side of his face and backs Harrell down. NOW A RIGHT HOOK from Striker reels Darius Harrell back to the corner!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Morgan Shaw: AAAAND HERE WE GO WITH THE MATCH officially underway! STRIKER NOT LETTING UP AGAINST HARRELL, laying in those right Forearm Smashes on Darius, trying to wear him down with multiple in succession. And Jacob Striker is now using that rope to choke at Harrell! Jacob wraps that bull rope around the neck of Harrell and then tosses him across the ring! Darius Harrell speeds up, but then Jacob grabs him and sends him face first into a turnbuckle before tossing him once again! And Jacob Striker maintains control in the beginning; he runs to the ropes and kicks Darius Harrell in the face as he's trying to get to his feet once more.

Lance Hart: Jacob in control after pretty much bum-rushing the young boy, and he goes for a quick pin...

ONE!!!!!!!

Morgan Shaw: And a kickout by Darius Harrell. Striker grabs the rope once again and using it as a weapon around Darius' neck and eventually lets him go as Harrell tries to fight him off. The Natural now grabs Darius and sends him to the ropes, goes for the lift, but Darius leaps around him....Knee Strike to the gut. European Uppercut...AND A KNIFE EDGE CHOP!



and loosening it around him. Jacob Striker gets back to his feet on the apron, and Darius hangs him neck first off the top rope! Darius then grabs Jacob Striker with the rope and sends him over the top rope, back into the ring.

Morgan Shaw: Harrell's feeling his head a bit after that cowbell strike, but he goes for a pin.

ONE!!!!!!!!!!

.....

TWO!!!!!!

Lance Hart: And Jacob Striker gets the shoulder up. Darius keeping control and looks for a Suplex, but Jacob Striker tries to stop it. Darius punches at the ribs a few times and then switches up. TORNADO DDT INSTEAD! Darius covers!

ONE!!!!!!!!!!

.....

TWO!!!!!!!!!!

.....

Morgan Shaw: And Jacob Striker once again gets the shoulder up. Darius now moving towards the turnbuckle, going high risk. He's up top.....and JACOB STRIKER PULLS ON THE BULL ROPE, AND DARIUS FALLS ONTO THE MAT! Jacob Striker gets to his feet at the same time as Darius and goes for a right hand, but Darius catches it and spins him aro- OH! DISCUS CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS!!!!!!!!!!!!

Lance Hart: He calls that the Age of the Fall, and immediately grabs Darius...INVERTED EXPLODER!!!! THAT MIGHT BE IT!!

ONE!!!!!!

.....

TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!

.....

.....

Morgan Shaw: AND DARIUS MANAGES TO RAISE HIS SHOULDER OFF THE MAT!

Lance Hart: Jacob Striker getting control again, and tries to use the rope again on Darius' neck, but Darius slips under and tries for a Roll Up!

ONE!!!!

TWO!!!!!!

Morgan Shaw: And Striker breaks free! Both men rush up....SUPERKICK BY DARIUS! DIARUS HARRELL WITH THE EMERALD FLOWSION ON STRIKER!!!! Darius goes for a pin!!!!  
Hooking the leg....

ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!

.....

TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!

.....

.....

Lance Hart: And Jacob Striker gets out of the pin! Darius Harrell quickly goes for an Armbar. Fujiwara Armbar attempt on Striker, but Striker rolls out. He gets to his feet to try and distance himself, but Darius pulls on the bull rope. Jacob resists while Darius gets back up, using the rope for advantage, and he reels in Jacob Striker. Darius scoops him up and looks for a Powerslam...and Jacob Striker makes his way out, pushing him to the corner after. Darius stops himself and sees Jacob Striker and kicks him back. Darius runs off the turnbuckle.....FLIPPING REVERSE DDT! Darius Harrell once again goes for the pin!

ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!

.....

TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!

.....

.....

Morgan Shaw: AND JACOB STRIKER ONCE AGAIN BREAKS OUT OF THE PIN!!! Darius gets to his feet slowly, looking at the crowd once again, and he signals for the end! Darius Harrell grabs Jacob Striker t- WAIT!! Jacob Striker with a Small Package!!

ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!

TW-

Lance Hart: Darius Harrell breaks out quickly. Both speed to their feet. Darius Harrell has the cowbell in hand, though, and goes for Jacob Striker with it, but he ducks under it. Darius Harrell turns...LAST SURPRISE ON DARIUS HARRELL, and Jacob Striker looking to end this match!!!

He sets Harrell up with the scoop...THE APOCALYPSE ON DARIUS!!!! SHADES OF MISAWA WITH THE IMPACT IF THAT EMERALD FLOWSION, AND JACOB STRIKER WRAPS THE BULL ROPE AROUND DARIUS HARRELL'S ANKLES AND THEN HOOKS BOTH LEGS!!!!

ONE!!!!!!!!!!

.....

.....

TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

.....

.....

.

.....

.....THREEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

("Wild Thing" by X plays once again.)

Rita Gonzalez: And here is your winner.....JAAAAACOOOOB STRIIIIKER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Lance Hart: And Jacob Striker gets the win, advancing in the Dark Kingdom Tournament against a very promising looking upstart!

Morgan Shaw: Jacob Striker won this match, but both put in a great effort!

Lance Hart: Striker advances in a hard fought contest, but the DK Tournament still has another opening round contest later tonight!

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(AD: Maggall helps the OWA faithful around the world join the audience in their scheduled prayer toward Mecca.)

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

("Dad Vibes" by Limp Bizkit hits the speakers to boos from the crowd as James Diamond walks down to the ring.)

Jamison Pierce: Introducing first, from Chicago, Illinois, weighing in at 247 pounds... JAMES DIAMOND!!!

Giovante Reese: This guy has quickly become one of my favorites on Olympus! Of course the fans are booing him, they wouldn't have any appreciation for a good old fashioned fighter who respects the ring and takes no shit from anyone. He's a man's man, not a soyboy! They were calling him old and washed yet he stepped into the ring with four athletes in their primes and walked out with the damn Icarus Championship in an Ultimate X of all matches! Until that salty motherfucker Ryo stole his belt!

Benito Molina: He's not that upset about the belt from his own admission. We saw him kick the championship belt right after winning it and on the Olympus special that aired right after Final Destination, James Diamond attacked Noah Reigner completely unprovoked! He told him that he blames Noah for the current state of Olympus for not holding things down as the top guy! James Diamond thinks he can do Reigner's job better than he can as the Ace of Olympus, but it's easy to talk that shit until you get into the ring with Noah Reigner and realize WHY he's the Ace.

(There was a low buzz in the crowd when the lights died down to almost complete darkness. All attention shifted to the entrance way just as a single spotlight shined onto the curtain. Eminem's voice in acapella hit the sound systems in the arena, ripping through the chorus of a particular song.

"Where am I supposed to go from here? Oh hey (oh-oh-oh)  
Really I have no idea  
All I know it's every time I think I hit my ceiling  
I go higher than I've ever fuckin' been..."

There was a hint of reverberation to the chorus, echoing faintly before the beat of the song hits the speakers hard. The drum pattern is catchy, bringing the crowd to clap in unison to the beat. The video screen comes to life with a video package of Noah Reigner, which garners some cheers in the arena. But it wasn't until the curtain parted and he appeared, that the energy level in the building peaked. Screams and cheers so loud that the entire building felt as if it were shaking.

"I look at me now I'm thinkin, "Damn"  
How proud of me I am  
What I did, it's nothin' to sneeze at  
Even if your allergies are bad  
I'm up in a balcony in France  
I look around, I see the fans  
How they surround me in the stands  
Probably could drown in a sea of hands."

During that section of the first verse, Noah Reigner would fully walk into the spotlight that descends down onto the stage. The Immortal Heavyweight Championship is strapped around his waist, partially covered by his entrance jacket. With a smile on his face, Noah surveys the crowd before beginning his walk down the rampway, reaching out on both sides to slap the extended hands of fans.

"They hollerin', "Shady"

Yellin' it out to me and that's what I mean when I say

That one day someday, somehow, if I get a chance to get a crowd

I'll flip it around and have a crowd give me the chance

I've done it all, man

But in actuality I haven't, yet..."

In preparation, the fans in attendance replaced "Shady" in the song by screaming "REIGNER". By now Noah had climbed into the ring, the spotlight still following him. Effortlessly, he climbs the turnbuckles to stand on the middle ropes and raises the title high into the air - which immediately brings forth flashlights from camera phones and even the off flash bulb from cameras.)

Jamison Pierce: And his opponent! From Seattle, Washington, weighing in at 184 pounds... THE ASSAULT RIFLE!!!!.... NOAH REIGNER!!!!!!

Giovante Reese: The ovation of the crowd every time this guy comes out... It's crazy. I might not understand it but there's no denying that the people LOVE him. Noah Reigner is the Ace without a doubt and I don't think he's trying to slow down anytime soon. He's taking the fight to James Diamond after being called out and he's intent on winning!

Benito Molina: That's right. Noah Reigner has been through much worse and won wars you'd never expect. He's an icon and I don't think James Diamond knows what he's in for here!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Benito Molina: This contest is underway and the two men begin to circle each other! The crowd is locked into a rhythmic "Noah!" chant and it's safe to say he has the home court advantage in any arena he walks into! James Diamond keeps circling and Noah Reigner keeps a safe distance. Both men are looking for an opening, trying to find that hole to thread... Diamond comes in first!

Giovante Reese: He goes low for a waistlock but Reigner sees it coming and side steps it! Diamond's down on a knee but pushes himself right back up and catches Reigner's wrist! Reigner goes for a kick to the side but Diamond uses his other arm to catch Reigner's ankle! He's got Reigner's left arm and right leg caught and spins him out - ROUNDHOUSE KICK!!!! DIAMOND WITH A ROUNDHOUSE TO THE SIDE OF REIGNER'S HEAD AND THE ACE GOES DOWN TO HIS BACK ON THE MAT! WHAT THE HELL!

Benito Molina: Noah Reigner's head hit the canvas hard on the way down! He might be knocked out! No way! Not like this! The crowd is raining boos down on James Diamond as he stands tall with a slight hint of a smirk on his face! He knows that everyone was betting against him here tonight just like they were at Final Destination 4 and he might've gotten addicted to the taste of proving people wrong!

Giovante Reese: The referee is checking on Noah Reigner trying to see if he can even continue the match but Reigner pushes the referee away and stands back up! Diamond gives him no quarter though! He runs up with a knee to the gut of Reigner that sends him stumbling back and Diamond steps forward with a CHOP! Reigner falls back a step and Diamond follows with another CHOP! Reigner falls into the ropes and tries to bounce back but Diamond lashes his arm across with another CHOP! That one left a mark!

Benito Molina: Diamond grabs Reigner's arms and whips him across the ring! Reigner bounces off the ropes and comes running back as James runs him down for the Kitchen Sink! It connects and Noah Reigner gets doubled over to the mat on his back! James Diamond stands up over Reigner and begins to rub his boot in his face now! The disrespect! Who the fuck does this guy think he is?!

Giovante Reese: He's a champion on this brand Benny and he thinks he has what it takes to beat Noah Reigner this soon into his run on Olympus! This guy has something going for him here - call it confidence, arrogance, hubris, whatever! You don't make it to the top without believing that you're the best, Noah Reigner was like this too at one point and the grizzled veteran James Diamond knows exactly how to exploit that! Diamond is new to the brand but not this sport, it's unique to see a rookie in OWA over the age of 40 but James Diamond is defying all expectations!

Benito Molina: You're not wrong about that, he's been impressive so far. Diamond places his boot underneath Reigner's chin and starts to pick his head off of the mat... AND GOES FOR A ROUNDHOUSE KICK TO THE SIDE OF THE HEAD -- NO! REIGNER CATCHES THE ANKLE AND STANDS UP! DRAGON SCREW LEG WHIP AND DIAMOND GOES DOWN TO THE MAT! THERE WE GO! Noah Reigner might get his shit kicked in but he always gets back up to fight and he always finds a way to win!

Giovante Reese: Diamond goes down to the mat on his back but quickly rolls over and back up to his feet! Reigner isn't giving him breathing room now as he steps forward with a KICK TO THE RIBS! Diamond yells in agony and Reigner kicks him again in the side to send him towards the ropes! One thing I'll give you is that Noah can get nasty man... He's got the love and adoration of a top face but at the end of the day he can fight like a motherfucker and make you think he came up on the streets with Darkane or something. It's crazy!

Benito Molina: Diamond tries using the ropes to get up but Reigner doesn't let him! STOMP TO THE BACK! He plants Diamond down on the mat and now Reigner is paying him back, rubbing

his boot in Diamond's face before picking his foot up for a STOMP!!!! WAIT! DIAMOND CAUGHT THE BOOT! Noah got too caught up with the taunting and James Diamond saw his opening! Diamond trips Reignier to the mat and rolls out to the apron to stand up to his feet! Reignier quickly gets up and swings at Diamond but the Icarus Champion ducks and shoulder blocks him!

Giovante Reese: Noah Reignier goes stumbling back towards the center of the ring and Diamond grabs onto the top rope... THIS MAN IS GOING CRAZY RIGHT NOW! HE SPRINGBOARDS UP AND BALANCES ON THE TOP ROPE... THEN LEAPS!!! THE FLYING CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS AND PUTS NOAH REIGNIER DOWN!!!! James Diamond may have taken a liking to some high flying moves after Ultimate X because I did not expect THAT from him just now!

Benito Molina: He wrestles a slower and more methodical style compared to the mile a minute rate that Noah Reignier has been competing at for the past few years. I guess when two styles like that clash, you can't underestimate that slow and steady could very well win the race! James Diamond gets back up now, watching as Noah Reignier starts to push himself up after that clothesline, but Diamond reaches down and puts Reignier in a rear headlock! Diamond kneels and uses his other arm to reach under Reignier's arm to now lock his head and right arm into the Sleeper Hold!

Giovante Reese: God damn these boos are loud! Does no one appreciate a good headlock these days?! Noah Reignier is struggling and fighting but to no avail! That is a PERFECT headlock! Even an Olympic level wrestler couldn't break out of that one! James Diamond has the technique down pat! Noah Reignier isn't used to wrestling this kind of style and James Diamond knows it! That arm-trapped Sleeper is starting to take some effect now! Reignier's frantic attempts at breaking out of it get less and less intense... He's starting to fade.... AND DIAMOND PICKS REIGNIER UP FOR THE ARM TRAPPED SUPLEX, DROPPING HIM STRAIGHT ON THAT STACK OF DIMES HE CALLS A NECK, OH HELL YEAH!!!

Benito Molina: James Diamond stands back up to his feet as Reignier twitches on the ground! That looked bad man! Noah got dropped right on his neck! Diamond takes a walk around Noah Reignier as the Ace tries to push himself back up... DIAMOND STOMPS ON REIGNIER'S HAND! NOW HE'S RUBBING HIS BOOT TRYING TO SEPARATE THE BONES! Diamond is just viciously methodical man, this is crazy. Noah Reignier is pushing himself up with his other arm but Diamond quickly hops over and STOMPS down on that hand now!

Giovante Reese: Diamond drops and kneels on Reignier's left arm while reaching over to hook his right arm and trap his fingers across his face... DIAMOND HAS THE KNEELING CROSSFACE LOCKED IN!!!! REIGNIER IS IN TROUBLE! I've never seen the Ace this helpless but maybe James Diamond was right! Noah Reignier has both arms trapped and his breathing is being cut off, this Kneeling Crossface is a dangerous move with no escape! Reignier has to find some way to survive or this is about to be OVER!

Benito Molina: Noah Reignier is trying to reach out towards the ropes but right now he's trapped damn near in the center of the ring! Diamond has both of his arms trapped! I'm not sure how he's supposed to fight back! James Diamond is keeping that locked in tight, pulling back as much as he can to apply as much torque and cut off Reignier's blood circulation as much as he can! Noah Reignier is starting to fade... HE'S OUT?! NO WAY -- NO!!! REIGNER'S KICKING HIS LEGS OUT! FRANTICALLY! I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HE'S GOING FOR HERE!

Giovante Reese: His arms are trapped and those are his only free appendages! Reignier's thrashing his legs against the mat trying to -- HOW?! HE PLACES THE TOES OF HIS BOOT AGAINST THE MAT AND KICKS FORWARD! HE JUST PUSHED HIMSELF AND DIAMOND A FOOT FORWARD! REIGNER PLANTS HIS OTHER BOOT DOWN AND KICKS FORWARD AGAIN!

Benito Molina: EVEN WITH DIAMOND'S WEIGHT ON HIM, THE SIXTY POUND WEIGHT DIFFERENCE, REIGNER IS KICKING HIMSELF FORWARD ONE FOOT AT A TIME! REIGNER DOES IT AGAIN AND THE ONLY WAY DIAMOND CAN STOP HIM HERE IS TO BREAK THE HOLD! REIGNER PLACES BOTH BOOTS DOWN NOW... AND KICKS FORWARD! HE REACHES OUT FOR THE ROPE WITH THE HALF OF HIS RIGHT ARM THAT'S FREE... HE GRABS THE BOTTOM ROPE!!!! REIGNER HAS FOUND A WAY OUT! HOW DOES HE DO IT?!!!

Giovante Reese: THE ARENA HAS BECOME UNGLUED AND I CAN'T BLAME THEM! EVEN I'M MARKING OUT! NOAH REIGNER REALLY IS JUST SOMETHING ELSE! BUT JAMES DIAMOND IS THE MOST INCREDULOUS OF ALL AS HE STANDS UP! HE'S RAINING DOWN STOMPS ON REIGNER'S ARMS AND BACK AND HEAD NOW! The cheers quickly turn back into boos as reality sets in! This match is still squarely in James Diamond's advantage and all it'll take is one more submission hold like that to put Reignier away for --- YOOOOO!!!! REIGNER FROM OUT OF NOWHERE! HE JUST TRIPPED JAMES DIAMOND FORWARD AND HOOKS HIS LEG TO ROLL HIM UP!!! SMALL PACKAGE!!!!

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

Benito Molina: JAMES DIAMOND KICKS OUT BUT GOD DAMN THAT WAS CLOSE!!! NOAH REIGNER ALMOST JUST STOLE THE MATCH LIKE THAT! But that break of momentum for Diamond was more valuable than anything else! Noah is back up to his feet as is an incensed James Diamond who runs forward for a Lariat -- REIGNER POPS UP WITH A DROPKICK JUMPING NEARLY SIX FEET INTO THE AIR!!! DIAMOND GOES RIGHT DOWN TO THE MAT AND REIGNER GETS BACK UP TO HIS FEET! REIGNER RUNS TO THE ROPES WHILE DIAMOND TRIES TO STAND UP --- REIGNER WITH A JUMPING HIGH KNEE TO THE SIDE OF DIAMOND'S HEAD AND THE ICARUS CHAMPION GOES DOWN!!!!

Giovante Reese: James Diamond is rocked after that one and we've seen Reignier build momentum like this before as he steps up to the second rope now! Diamond gets back up to his feet... REIGNER JUMPS FROM THE SECOND ROPE TO THE TOP ROPE AND

SPRINGBOARDS BACK WITH THE MOONSAULT TO WIPE DIAMOND OUT AGAIN!  
REIGNER GETS UP AND PICKS DIAMOND UP! HE PULLS HIM IN! GERMAN SUPLEX --  
WAIT! DID -- REIGNER'S ARM JUST GAVE OUT! AND DIAMOND FIRES A BACK ELBOW  
THAT CATCHES NOAH IN THE MOUTH TO STUN HIM! DIAMOND GRABS REIGNER'S ARM  
AND FLIPS HIM OVERHEAD WITH THE JUDO TAKEDOWN!!!

Benito Molina: Diamond keeps his grip on Reigner's arm and TWISTS IT TO THE SIDE! OUCH!  
He's going to keep working the arm here, he's done a lot of damage already and if he can keep  
it up then it's going to be much harder for Reigner to still have a fighting chance! Diamond traps  
Reigner's arm around his own neck and presses his knee into Reigner's back now. I don't even  
know what to call this move at this point but Diamond knows how to keep the hurt coming! He's  
trying to break Reigner down to the point where that patented comeback of the Ace will mean  
nothing!

Giovante Reese: Noah Reigner is again trying to use his legs to get out of this, planting his feet  
on the ground and pushing himself up, as much as Diamond tries to hold him in place, Reiger is  
pushing himself up... Diamond transitions and holds Reigner in place! INVERTED DDT!!!! He  
plants Reigner and holds onto his neck to roll him over and pick him up! Diamond's got Reigner  
in position for a proper DDT, but he picks him up into the air instead, perhaps going for the  
Vertical Suplex... DIAMOND BRINGS REIGNER DOWN!!! THE VERTICAL SUPLEX --

Benito Molina: REIGNER PLACES HIS HANDS ON DIAMOND'S SHOULDERS AND FLIPS  
OVER AND OUT OF THE VERTICAL SUPLEX! Reigner lands on his feet but loses his balance  
and falls into the ropes! He uses that to his advantage though and runs at Diamond who turns  
around with a LARIAT!!! Reigner ducks and runs across the ring, bouncing back the other way  
off the ropes jumping for the -- DIAMOND CATCHES REIGNER ON HIS SHOULDERS!!! OUT  
OF NOWHERE!!!! GO!!! TO!!! SLEEP!!!!!! LIGHTS OUT -- BLOCKED!!! REIGNER BLOCKS  
THE GTS AND LANDS ON HIS FEET!

Giovante Reese: SPINNING HEEL KICK!!! REIGNER WITH THE SPINNING HEEL KICK AND  
DIAMOND GETS CAUGHT IN THE JAW! I THINK I SAW A TOOTH GO FLYING OUT!  
Diamond falls back into the ropes and Reigner gets up to run at him with a BICYCLE KNEE!!!  
RIGHT TO THE FACE!!! REIGNER PICKS DIAMOND UP TO HIS SHOULDERS NOW! HE  
RUNS FORWARD AND DROPS DIAMOND ON HIS BACK WITH THE AIR RAID CRASH!!!!!!  
ACE IN THE HOLE CONNECTS!!!!

Benito Molina: BUT WAIT!!!! DIAMOND KEEPS HIMSELF LATCHED ON REIGNER'S BACK  
AND TRAPS HIS ARM! DIAMOND ROLLS BACK ON TOP OF REIGNER TO PRESS HIS  
SHOULDERS INTO THE MAT! IT'S A PIN AND NOAH REIGNER IS COMPLETELY  
TRAPPED!!!!!!

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

Giovante Reese: REIGNER KICKS OUT -- AND HE KIPS RIGHT UP TO HIS FEET! NOAH REIGNER RUSHES TO THE ROPES BEFORE JAMES DIAMOND EVEN GETS A CHANCE TO RECOVER --- SHINING WIZARD TO THE FACE!!!! REIGNER IS CLIMBING UP TO THE TOP ROPE NOW! THE ENTIRE CROWD IS UP TO THEIR FEET... REIGNER FLIES!!!! THE DIVING DOUBLE FOOT STOMP!!!! HOLLOW POINT!!!! --- JAMES DIAMOND ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY!!!!

Benito Molina: REIGNER CRASHES INTO THE MAT IN AN AWFUL WAY AND DIAMOND GETS UP TO RUN AT NOAH! KICK TO THE GUT! STUNNER!!!!!! TIME'S UP CONNECTS!!! REIGNER IS STUNNED INDEED AND DIAMOND PICKS REIGNER UP TO HIS SHOULDERS... LIGHTS OUT!!!!!! THE GTS CONNECTS AND REIGNER GOES DOWN TO THE MAT --- AND KIPS RIGHT BACK UP!!!!

Giovante Reese: WHAT! HOW?!!! NOAH REIGNER JUST KIPPED UP RIGHT OUT OF A GO TO SLEEP AND REIGNER SLAPS THE TASTE OUT OF DIAMOND'S MOUTH! REIGNER HEADBUTTS DIAMOND AND THE TWO ARE FACE TO FACE CURSING AT EACH OTHER! THIS GOT PERSONAL QUICK! DIAMOND PUSHES REIGNER BACK! A SLAP TO THE FACE! REIGNER WITH A CHOP! DIAMOND WITH AN ELBOW! REIGNER WITH A FOREARM! THEY'RE GOING BACK AND FORTH EXCHANGING STRIKES AT MACH SPEED NOW!

Benito Molina: DIAMOND PLAYS DIRTY GOD DAMN IT! A KICK TO THE KNEE OUT OF NOWHERE! DIAMOND SCOOPS REIGNER UP TO HIS SHOULDERS AGAIN!!! LIGHTS OUT -- REIGNER FLIPS OUT OF IT! SUPERKICK!!!! DIAMOND IS ROCKED! REIGNER IS OFF THE ROPES... KILLSHOT!!!!!! BUT DIAMOND GETS HIS ARMS UP IN AN X!!!! HE BLOCKS THE KILLSHOT BUT THE IMPACT STILL SENT HIM FLYING BACK INTO THE ROPES, BUT DIAMOND USES THE MOMENTUM TO COME BACK AS REIGNER GETS BACK UP TO HIS FEET!!!

Giovante Reese: REIGNER JUMPS WITH THE KILLSHOT!!!!!!!!!! --- BUT DIAMOND STOPS IN HIS TRACKS AND SPINS ON LEG WHILE THROWING OUT THE ROUNDHOUSE KICK WITH THE OTHER!!!!!! HE JUST ROUNDHOUSE KICKED REIGNER OUT OF THE AIR!!!! DIAMOND PICKS REIGNER UP!!!! LIGHTS OUT!!!!!! THE GO TO SLEEP CONNECTS!!!

Benito Molina: JAMES DIAMOND ISN'T DONE!!! HE'S SCREAMING AT THIS POINT BUT HE POWERS THROUGH IT AND PICKS REIGNER BACK UP TO HIS SHOULDERS.... GO TO SLEEP!!!!!! ANOTHER GTS -- BUT THIS TIME DIAMOND JUMPS WITH THE BICYCLE KNEE TO FINISH OFF THE LIGHTS OUT!!!!!! JESUS CHRIST!!!!!! THE KNEE TO THE HEAD CONNECTS AND NOAH FLIPS OVER TO THE MAT AS JAMES DIAMOND DROPS TO COVER BOTH LEGS!!!!

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

(DING! DING! DING!)

("Dad Vibes" hits the speakers as the crowd goes silent for a few moments before the boos start to roll in. James Diamond sits up off of Noah Reignier but collapses down next to him. Diamond has a smile on his face despite being spent physically, knowing he just defeated Noah Reignier.)

Jamison Pierce: The winner of this match by way of pinfall... JAMES DIAMOND!!!!

Benito Molina: I can't believe it... James Diamond just did it! Something that only Jacob Senn and Graham Baker have been able to do all season... Noah Reignier was just defeated! James Diamond just backed up everything he said... Are we really looking at the next Ace of Olympus?!

Giovante Reese: You guys want to KEEP doubting this man! He's 4-0 here on Olympus now including winning at FD on his debut and beating Noah Reignier the week after after saying he'd do it! He talks shit and delivers on it every time! James Diamond just picked up the biggest win of his career and now he looks to reclaim his Icarus Championship... although with a clean win over Reignier like this, I think we'll be seeing James at the top of the card soon enough!

(James Diamond finally gets up to his feet to celebrate his win, walking to the back. Noah Reignier sits in the ring, looking dejected as he shakes his head and rolls out of the ring.)

Benito Molina: Alright man, one loss isn't shit! Noah Reignier will bounce back, and still prove why he's the Ace!

(Noah Reignier heads to the back as the feed transitions.)

(As we come back from commercial break, we find Ashley Walker standing in the ring with a podium containing something covered in a velvet tarp.)

Ashley Walker: Ladies and gentlemen, a few short weeks ago, we witnessed absolute history as for the first time EVER, the women of the Odyssey brand were able to main event Final Destination and, not only that, but unify both the Women's World Championship and Omega Heavyweight Championship in the process. All five women involved in the weekend's mini-tournament to crown an Undisputed Women's World Championship put it all on the line in three breathtaking matchups. Alyssa Grace, Hana Nakajima, April Song, and Cloud Matsuda should all be proud of the showings they put on as they PROVED beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Odyssey is the PREMIER destination for Women's Wrestling ANYWHERE on the planet!

(The crowd cheers for the Odyssey brand and for the three Final Destination matches that we witnessed last month.)

Ashley Walker: But there was one woman who rose above the rest to claim the title of Undisputed Women's World Champion. I may have had my issues with her conduct in the past, but I have to say that I'm more than impressed with the athletic display she put on at Final

Destination and it is my great pleasure to introduce to you all...the NEW Undisputed Women's World Champion...REBECCA FILTH!!!

(The crowd offers a mixed reaction as "Whore" by In This Moment blasts over the speakers. Rebecca Filth comes out, uncharacteristically wearing a full body suit, covering up all the revealing parts of her body. She also, curiously, has no championships with her as she merely stops at the stage and smirks at the sea of people before her before locking eyes with Ashley Walker in the ring. She smiles politely before making her way down the ramp, winking at a few crowd members in the front row, before hopping up onto the apron, looking at the camera and licking her lips seductively. Stepping into the ring, she heads over to Ashley Walker, who appears a bit uncomfortable as the music fades out.)

Ashley Walker: Rebecca, first off, thank you for dressing appropriately and not getting us in trouble with the Saudi government here tonight. I was a bit worried about that.

(Filth just smirks in response.)

Ashley Walker: But last month, you capped off what has to be considered the most impressive rookie year in OWA history by becoming the Undisputed Women's World Champion. What does that mean to you?

Rebecca Filth: It means that I was right all along, Ashley. I've told you all since the beginning that I am the domme of this brand. I am the most feared and destructive member of this roster and I've proved it since the MOMENT that I stepped into this ring for the first time. My reign of terror as the OpenLegs Champion was one for the ages, and I topped that by winning the biggest Women's Clash of the Titans match in history. And from there, all I did was do something nobody else has EVER done, winning TWO world championships at Final Destination and claiming the title of Undisputed Women's World Champion...and I looked damn fine doing it, didn't I, Ashley?

Ashley Walker: I suppose you did...any thoughts on your opponents at Final Destination?

Rebecca Filth: Oh don't get me wrong...the nice little threesome I had with April and Cloud was certainly fun. Those two really know how to get me going. And Alyssa? Well you know what they say...fire on the head equals fire in the bed...and more importantly, in this case, fire in the ring. Everyone of them wore me out like I'd never been worn out before...and that's saying something...but in the end...I always finish on top, Ash. And I think you know that. That's why we're out here, isn't it? Don't you have something for me? Maybe a kiss to say you're sorry for judging me the way you do?

(Filth steps towards Ashley, rubbing her finger down her chest and Ashley hurriedly steps away.)

Ashley Walker: Ugh...please don't do that...ESPECIALLY not here. But you are right. I DO have something for you. And well...we might as well get right to it, huh? It's my honor to present to you, Rebecca Filth...the NEW Undisputed Women's World Championship title belt!

(Ashley removes the velvet tarp revealing the shiny new championship.)

<https://cdn.discordapp.com/attachments/430943734843179008/986255399034454056/OWAWomensWorldTitleS5.png>

(Rebecca Filth smiles as she walks over to the podium and runs her finger across the front plate that reads 'Rebecca Filth'.)

Rebecca Filth: Well, well, well...I do like this. A brand new toy for me to play with...and trust me...everyone likes it when I play with my toys.

(Ashley grimaces slightly.)

Ashley Walker: Right but um...I have to ask...where are the other two belts? The Omega Heavyweight title and the old Women's World title? I assumed you'd have them with you?

Rebecca Filth: Oh, I do, Ashley. Would you care to see them?

(Ashley cocks an eyebrow, a bit confused.)

Ashley Walker: I mean...I guess?

(Rebecca Filth smiles mischievously as she takes center stage in the ring, looking out at the crowd. Suddenly, the crowd gasps audibly.)

Ashley Walker: OH MY GOD!

(In one fluid motion, Rebecca Filth RIPS her bodysuit off, letting it fall to the canvas, revealing Rebecca Filth standing there wearing NOTHING but her two championship titles - with the Women's World title covering her breasts and the Omega Heavyweight title concealing her netherregions. The camera pans to the Saudi prince in the crowd as he stands up in anger.)

Rebecca Filth: Ooooh, standing up to get a better look, prince? Don't worry...I can give you a private look at these later. Might even let you do something that NOBODY on this roster will be able to do...and that's take this gold off of me.

(Rebecca winks at the prince, who looks irate, when suddenly "Buttons" by The Pussycat Dolls hits the speakers. Rebecca looks intrigued as the sounds of camera flashes fill the arena and a lengthy red carpet is rolled down the entrance ramp. A security detail and a mob of paparazzi lines either side of the carpet as the stunning visage of Angelina Magnum struts to the top of the

ramp, fixing her hair and paying no attention to anyone but herself. She's wearing a silk robe, covering her body, and her hips sway as she walks the carpet and the male members of the audience appear split. Some look appalled, others transfixed on her figure. She approaches the ring apron and hops up before lying on it in a seductive pose and blowing a kiss to the camera. The cameraman is so overwhelmed that he falls over and the view quickly whips to the ceiling as we cut to an alternative angle of Angelina confidently strutting around the ring with her hands on her hips, as Rebecca looks on at her impressed, and Ashley looks uncomfortable.)

Angelina Magnum: Oh no so fast there Bex...NOBODY on this roster is going to be able to take gold off of you? Maybe you've forgotten...but I happen to be the new number one contender to that pretty little title of yours over there.

Rebecca Filth: I'm sorry...who are you, again?

(The crowd laughs, but Angelina merely smirks.)

Angelina Magnum: Oh, I'm sorry, how rude of me. I forgot we haven't met. Allow me to introduce myself. I am the Main Attraction. The Icon. The NEW Goddess. The TRUE Thirst Queen of Odyssey...and the next Undisputed Women's World Champion. I am Angelina Magnum.

Rebecca Filth: Well don't get me wrong, Angelina, I...

(Rebecca eyes Angelina lustfully for a moment.)

Rebecca Filth: I certainly am impressed. Your figure certainly is one that I can't wait to roll around with...although I can think of a few places I'd rather do it than an OWA ring. BUT...that being said...don't get it twisted sweetie...this whole hot chick, make guys thirst for you routine...it's already being done. By someone better and wetter than you could you could ever be. I AM The Gutter Whore. I AM the Undisputed Women's World Champion. And I AM everything that you could ever WISH to be. You wanna take my gold? Fine. You can try. But like everyone else, you will fall at my feet, worshipping me.

Angelina Magnum: Worship YOU?? Oh, sweetie, I don't think so. I am the one that gets worshiped around here, not the other way around. Because while men around the world may want us both, it's for different reasons. They want you because you're easy and men are lazy. They know they can have you because you'll let anyone in. That's what happens when you're a 'Gutter Whore' I suppose. But me? They want me because men also want what they can never have. Do you see my body? Do you think any of these people could ever have this? No, of course not. But they will all worship the ground I walk on just in the hopes that maybe I'd entertain the idea. So you can stop with the comparisons or pretending I'm trying to be you. We're nothing alike, Bex. I'm going to prove that when I take your title. And I'm going to prove it again, right now.

Rebecca Filth: Well don't tempt me with a good time, baby, let's see what you got.

Angelina Magnum: Very well...people of Saudi Arabia...allow me to present to you...what a REAL woman looks like.

Ashley Walker: OH. MY. GOD.

(Angelina Magnum undoes her robe, and again the crowd gasps in shock as Angelina lets the robe fall to her feet. She stands there wearing nothing but a lace black bra and the tiniest black thong you've ever seen. Angelina struts around the ring, her hips swaying, and her hands on her hips, showing off her body. Rebecca Filth bites her bottom lip and smiles as she stares at Angelina.)

Rebecca Filth: Damn...impressive.

Angelina Magnum: Oh...I know.

Rebecca Filth: But not impressive enough. You think you can one up me? Baby, I'm the most dominant and intimidating woman that this brand's ever seen. I don't get one upped. Let me demonstrate.

(Filth reaches behind her and goes to unclasp the Women's World Championship and Omega Heavyweight Championships, which would leave her naked body totally exposed, but suddenly she's interrupted.)

???: ENOUGH!!!!

(The camera pans towards the crowd where we see Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud, the King of Saudi Arabia, standing up out of his seat, his face beat red and an enraged look on his face.)

Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud: THIS HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH! I WILL NOT TOLERATE THIS IN MY COUNTRY! I INVITED YOU HERE OUT OF THE GOODNESS OF MY HEART AND EVEN ALLOWED YOU FILTHY AMERICAN WOMEN TO SHOW YOUR FACES!

Rebecca Filth: I'm English-

Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud: SILENCE! I ALLOWED ALL OF THIS WHEN I KNEW BETTER! AND NOW YOU HARLOTS MAKE YOUR WAY OUT HERE TO MY COUNTRY, DESPITE OUR HOSPITALITY AND GENEROSITY AND WHAT DO YOU DO? YOU SPIT ON MY COUNTRY! YOU SPIT ON MY CULTURE! YOU SPIT ON ALLAH HIMSELF AND REVEAL YOUR DEMONIZING BODIES TO MY PEOPLE! THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! THIS IS DISRESPECTFUL! YOU ALL HAVE GONE TOO FAR! I TRIED TO BE HOSPITABLE BUT I WILL NOT TOLERATE THIS A MOMENT LONGER! EVEN WITH YOUR COUNTRIES

RECENT STEPS IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, YOUR PEOPLE HAVE LET YOU WOMEN GET AWAY WITH TOO MUCH FOR TOO LONG! IT'S TIME YOU REMEMBER YOUR PLACE! GUARDS! SEIZE THEM!!!!!!

(Suddenly, as if from out of nowhere, a dozen members of the Saudi Arabian Royal Guard surround the ring, each of them carrying AKs, pointed straight at the women in the ring.)

Ashley Walker: OH MY GOD!

Random Saudi Royal Guard Member: You there! You're free to go.

(The man points his gun, motioning for Ashley to leave the ring. She does so in a hurry, as the rest of the Guard converge on the ring. Rebecca and Angelina look uneasy now, their confidence gone as they go back to back. As the guard steps up onto the apron, the two normally brash women, actually look genuinely scared. With guns pointed directly at them, the Guard shouts in Arabic to them, pressing the barrels of the gun to their chest as the women drop to their knees.)

Gia Cervantes: OH MY GOD! SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!

(Four members of the guard grab Angelina and Rebecca, two guards on each woman, while the rest keep their guns pointed at them. They yank the women violently up.)

Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud: NOW TEACH THEM A LESSON! TEACH THEIR WHOLE WRETCHED GENDER A LESSON RIGHT NOW **\*\*EXECUTE THEM!!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: WHAT?! NO!

(The guards all take aim at the two women and they shield their faces in their arms preparing for what's to come...but suddenly the lights in the arena go out.)

Gia Cervantes: Wait...what happened?! ARE THEY OKAY?! Oh my God, we never should have come to this country. Us women would be better off in Missouri, for crying out loud! WHAT IS GOING ON WITH THE LIGHTS?!?!?!

(After a moment, the lights come back on...Rebecca Filth and Angelina Magnum are still on their knees, their hands over their faces, but they appear safe. The Saudi Royal Guard however are in shambles. Every member of the guard is lying in a puddle of blood on the canvas, completely unconscious. Only one figure is left standing.)

Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud: Im-impossible...it's...it's ILBIS!!!

(The camera pans to reveal the one person still in the ring now.)

<https://tenor.com/view/abadon-gif-24780116>

Ashley Walker: **\*\*IT'S THE BANSHEE!!!\*\*** WHAT IS THE BANSHEE DOING OUT HERE?!?!?!?

(The Banshee cocks her head towards the Saudi King and he seems paralyzed in fear. Trembling, he sits back down in his seat. Angelina and Filth now uncover their eyes, shocked to see The Banshee before them. Angelina looks slightly disgusted at the sight of The Banshee, but after looking around at the downed Saudi Royal Guard, she gleefully leaps to her feet and wraps The Banshee in a hug.)

Angelina Magnum: OH MY GOD! THANK YOU! THANK YOU, YOU SAVAGE BEAST! YOU SAVED US!

Gia Cervantes: **\*\*THE CRY OF THE BANSHEE!!!! THE BANSHEE JUST LAYS OUT ANGELINA MAGNUM WITH THE CRY OF THE BANSHEE IN THE CENTER OF THE RING!!!! WHAT IS GOING ON?!?!?!\*\***

(Rebecca Filth gets up, no longer fearful, as she smiles at Angelina Magnum, who's laid out next to the Saudi Guard. She walks up behind The Banshee and clasps her hand on her shoulder while still looking at Angelina.)

Rebecca Filth: You fool. I told you...I always win.

Ashley Walker: AND THE BANSHEE NOW WHIPS AROUND AND CLASPS HER HAND AROUND THE THROAT OF REBECCA FILTH!!!! WITH ONE HAND, SHE HEAVES REBECCA FILTH HIGH INTO THE AIR!!! **\*\*FALLEN ANGEL CHOKESLAM!!!! THE BANSHEE DRIVES REBECCA FILTH HARD INTO THE CANVAS AND THIS CROWD IS STUNNED AS THE BANSHEE HAS LAID OUT THE CHAMPION, THE NUMBER ONE CONTENDER, AND THE ENTIRE SAUDI ROYAL GUARD!!!\*\***

(The Banshee then smirks as she walks over to the new Undisputed Women's World Championship, picking it up. She looks at it for a moment, stepping back over to Rebecca Filth's downed body.)

The Banshee: You silly little whore. You have had your success...that much is true. But you have NEVER been the most dominant and feared force on this brand...THAT LABEL BELONGS TO THE BANSHEE!!!! I may have been preoccupied dealing with Jonetta Stone...and that's allowed you to take your place at the top of this brand. But Jonetta is gone now...I BURIED that bitch six feet under. And now...now I'm coming for what's mine. I don't care which one of you looser than life skanks wins...just know that whoever emerges as champion...that The Banshee is waiting in the wings...and I'm tired of waiting.

(The Banshee then drops the new Undisputed Women's World Championship onto the lifeless body of Rebecca Filth and the crowd erupts as "Monster" by Reckless Love hits the speakers.)

Gia Cervantes: WHAT a statement made by The Banshee here tonight! I cannot BELIEVE what we just saw as that was one of the most terrifying scenes I've ever witnessed! I thought Rebecca and Angelina were going to be EXECUTED on live TV!!!

Ashley Walker: I did too, Gia...but what they got may be even worse. It appears that The Banshee wants the winner of Angelina vs. Filth and...well, we just saw what this creature did to the ENTIRE Royal Guard of Saudi Arabia...I think I'd rather take my chances with the AKs.

(The Banshee then exits the ring and backs her way up the ramp, smiling and soaking in the cheers from the crowd, as we cut to commercial break.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(AD: Help save the career of Savannah Sunshine by fighting against the overturn of Roe vs Wade! OWA stands with women's rights!)

(We return to ringside)

Rita Gonzales: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a first round match... FOR THE DARK KINGDOM TOURNAMENT! The type of match will be randomly determined by general manager Kenny Drake's spin on the roulette wheel after both competitors have entered the ring!

(The opening notes of "Hollywood is Bleeding" (Frontliner Bootleg Mix) by Post Malone comes throughout The Shining Jewel stadium. A burst of epileptic strobe lights accompanied by a pounding bass beat, builds up to a crescendo before fading away into a more subdued musical backing. As the remixed track continues playing, the first of the lyrics can be heard:

*Hollywood is bleeding, vampires feeding  
Darkness turns to dust  
Everyone is gone, but no one is leaving  
Nobody left but us*

A large group of OWA security officials emerge from the stage, closely surrounding Chad Ecclestone, who is dressed in his wrestling gear already. He looks extremely irritated, possibly due to both the hours spent in isolation or the requirement to be escorted to the ring by security. The security guards, all dressed in official "OWA" black polo shirts, dark tactical pants, and armed with pistols and taser guns strapped to their waist, slowly walk the agitated wrestler down to the ring, the music continuing to play.

*We're running out of reasons, but we can't let go  
Yeah, Hollywood is bleeding, but we're coming home*

The song begins to fade out as security stops in front of the ring steps, two of the officers going inside the ring as Chad is directed to follow them. The Saudi Arabian crowd boos the Hollywood star very loudly and passionately, clearly not a fan of the American actor. Chad pushes a guard away as he steps through the top and middle ropes, the guards quickly sequestering him to a corner, the other guards surrounding him outside the ring. He starts rolling his neck and shoulders, his gritted teeth showing an anxiety to begin the match immediately.)

Rita Gonzales: Introducing first, from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 225 lbs... he is "The Influencer," CHAAAAADDDDD ECCCCLLLESTTTOOOOONNNNNNEEEEE!!!!

Lance Hart: Yes, he's a recognizable star OUTSIDE of the ring, but judging on what this man has to say about himself, you'd think he's a ten-year veteran that's lived in the spotlight. However, it's not about how many movies you make, or how many tabloid covers you've graced... it's about what you do in the ring, and how you conduct yourself as a legitimate Alpha here in the OWA. It sickens me to hear him disparage our organization with such disdain... We don't need more Hollywood snobs with outrageous senses of self-entitlement!

Morgan Shaw: Calm down there, let's not forget that you consider *Soul Plane* a cinematic classic...

Lance Hart: Uh, that's not even remotely true-

Morgan Shaw: (interrupting) Anyways, you're looking at a legitimate action star that's already got the physical pedigree to compete here on Kingdom! Have you even seen any of his films? He does his own stunts flawlessly, to the point that Jackie Chan CALLS HIM for advice! Look around here, see how much these "Jawas" love him here? Even in a third-world cesspool like Saudi Arabia, the man draws like Tom Cruise in his prime! I only hope I can get his autograph to frame up next to my Steven Seagal-singed poster of *Half-Past Dead*!

("Take What You Want" by Post Malone blasts out the PA system speakers, eliciting a decent-sized pop from the crowd. The lights in the stadium dim down as a red spotlight shines onto the stage entrance. More OWA security personnel step out, all flanking the other newcomer in the match, Noah Krieger, who is usually all smiles but appears to have a serious demeanor in his expression as he lightly jogs in place, looking to be all-business tonight. The red spotlight begins to follow and focus on Krieger, as he continues to jog behind, besides, and in front of his large security entourage. The security team leads him to the corner that is opposite of his opponent's, who is still being held back in his corner from the posted security sentries. Krieger walks up the steps, spring-boarding himself into the ring from the outside ropes, as additional security guards all pile into the ring to form a human fence to keep him contained.

While this commotion is going on, Kingdom's GM Kenny Drake walks out onto the stage, where a large roulette wheel has been wheeled out. He's holding a microphone in hand, patiently standing there while Krieger's music fades out.)

Rita Gonzales: And his opponent, hailing from the Windy City of Chicago, weighing approximately 231 lbs... He is known as "Chicago's Finest," NOOOAAAAHHHH KRIIIEEEEEGGEEERRRR!!!!

Lance Hart: Despite coming up short overall in the BOB Games at Final Destination IV in Tokyo, one could hardly call Noah Krieger a "loser" in his first appearance in the company. He really went far in the field, giving plenty of trouble to the established veterans. In fact, he was so damn impressive that he was rewarded with a FUTURE TITLE SHOT for the Spartans Championship. That's not too shabby a consolation prize, now is it? Now we can see the future star go one-on-one in a standard match... although this match will be anything BUT standard, as we can see Kenny Drake standing there, waiting at the Dark Kingdom Match Roulette.

Morgan Shaw: I won't take anything away from this young man either, but the BOB Games are a far cry from the plethora of punishment that's in store for Krieger here tonight. He can talk about having "heart" all he wants, but he's going up against a physical specimen like Chad Ecclestone, a guy whom once took out an entire nest of vampires in that one film he put out a couple years ago... remember? It was called... *Sucking the Night Away*, or something like that...

Lance Hart: Uh, yeah... I'm pretty sure that was a borderline-softcore porn disguised as a mediocre action film, but considering you hold him in as much high esteem as you do Steven Seagal, I can't say that I'm all that surprised... It looks like our GM is ready to speak, as we find out what type of match these two will be competing in!

Kenny Drake: Alright everyone, who's fucking ready to see me spin this fucking wheel!?!

(The crowd roars approvingly with an overwhelming positive response, to which the smiling GM nods as he grabs the wheel handle, and forcefully spins it like a The Price Is Right contestant! The wheel spins very quickly, the crowd anticipating the result with bated breath, while both Noah Krieger and Chad Ecclestone stare each other down intensely, both still being corralled by a score of security guards.)

Lance Hart: This wheel has some of the most brutal and imaginative matches ever conceived here on Kingdom... Some of the options here include a classic bullrope match, the INSANE Clockwork Orange match... look, it's slowing down! Could it be...? Concrete Jungle Deathmatch... no... perhaps a scaffold match...?

Morgan Shaw: The wheel has stopped... oh my!

(Upon the wheel stopping, Kenny Drake raises the mic up, speaking into the mic.)

Kenny Drake: Both competitors will take part... IN A **DESERT DEATHMATCH!** The winner of this match will be the Alpha who leaves his opponent submerged inside the large, coffin-sized

glass tank that officials are currently setting up in the center of the ring... A glass tank that will be filled with... **LIVE SCORPIONS!!!** As soon as the ring setup is finished, the official will instruct security to leave the ring, allowing the match to... OFFICIALLY BEGIN! LET'S GET IT ON!

Lance Hart: OH MY GOD! How appropriate a selection this is, with us being in the Middle-East, which of course, is primarily made up of sand and dunes, with nary an oasis in sight! For those unfamiliar, the only way to win this deathmatch is to put your opponent inside a large glass tank, which is still being set-up in the middle of the ring as we speak, along with some cacti being spread around the edge of the ring itself. That glass tank is lined with more than sand inside... it's also full of scorpions! Furthermore, your opponent has to be submerged beneath the rim of the tank for a **FULL TEN SECONDS!**

Morgan Shaw: That tank isn't filled with any pussified-pet trade scorpions that you can find in the exotic pet trade either, Lance! You can easily see a large potato sack of *Leiurus quinquestriatus* being dumped in that tank right now, otherwise known as deathstalker scorpions, and considered one of the most dangerous species of scorpions in the world! EMTs are ringside with plenty of antivenom, but that's no guarantee that anyone stung by those little motherfuckers will even survive long enough to be treated! When you're poisoned by something as venomous as a scorpion, ten seconds can be a FUCKING ETERNITY!

Lance Hart: Not sure why you had to say the scientific classification first there, Jungle Jack Hanna, but deathstalkers aren't the only breed of scorpions that will be populating that death-tank, as the more commonly-known fat-tailed scorpions will also be vying it out to inject whatever unfortunate soul with as much venom as possible! In fact, their Latin classification loosely translates to "man-killer!" That tank measures out at three feet high, maybe four feet wide, and eight feet long, taking up a large portion of the ring itself!

Morgan Shaw: Now who's being a teacher's pet, Lance, you math dick... Thankfully, science class is over, as the official has signaled to the security teams that everything is now in place, and this match can officially begin as soon as the bell rings!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: The security squads all quickly exit the ring, leaving both competitors facing off against each other... and they're wasting no time at all, both charging to meet each other in the center of the ring, right next to that large glass tank! Chad nails Krieger with a haymaker... but Krieger responds with a forearm to the face... Chad strikes with a knife edge chop that echoed throughout the stadium... but Krieger hits one of his own! Red marks are showing up on both their chests already, as they continue exchanging chops! !

Morgan Shaw: Krieger might have the upper-hand here, as Chad takes a couple steps backwards... Krieger locks up Chad now, looking for a suplex here... but Chad blocks it, looking to counter with a vertical suplex of his own... and he has Krieger lifted high up in the air...

## **CHAD DROPS KRIEGER RIGHT ACROSS THE TOP OF THE TANK! KRIEGER BOUNCES OFF THE RIM HARD! BRAVO! WHAT A MOVE BY THE CELEBRATED HOLLYWOOD ICON!**

Lance Hart: That was an impressive counter by the wrestling rookie, who clearly is in amazing shape, no doubt owing much to the best trainers, gym memberships, and state-of-the-art exercise equipment that money can buy... Krieger's back took every bit of that tank's rim, fully reinforced with a solid steel frame and bulletproof glass! In other words, that tank can take far more damage than either of the chiseled bodies we see in the ring! Also keep in mind that this is a DEATHMATCH, which means ANYTHING GOES! There are no count-outs or disqualifications, no holds barred... it's a free pass for attempted murder! Now Chad forcing Krieger back up... going for a cradle position, possibly looking to scoop-slam him inside the tank... but Krieger reverses it into a single-arm DDT, planting Chad's million-dollar smile straight into the mat!

Morgan Shaw: Krieger, grimacing in pain, immediately gets Chad back up to his feet... Irish whip to the corner... Chad crashes back-first into that unforgiving post, his body thundering from the impact... Krieger dashes right after him... nailing Chad with a wicked forearm smash! He's focused on damaging the skull of "The Biz," especially after that DDT, and it's not a bad strategy, especially if you're trying to keep your opponent subdued for ten seconds, let alone laying inside a tank full of scorpions!

Lance Hart: Krieger now drops his knee into the back of Chad's head... he does for a second time... now a third... fourth... and he finally stops at five! Those knee strikes maybe causing as much damage as if he was using a steel chair, which doesn't bode well for the inexperienced Chad! Krieger now looking around the ring, eyeing a particularly large cactus plant near the tank... he's kicking it over near Chad, clearly with bad intentions in mind!

Morgan Shaw: This kind of behavior just shows everyone why Chad Ecclestone's desire to get "revenge upon the sport of professional wrestling itself" is a selfless and admirable mission. It's disgusting to see someone like Chad, who has brought millions joy, and made billions through the box office, be forced to compete with the riff-raff like Noah Krieger... right out in front of Chad's lovely wife, Chastity, no less! Look at her, sitting ringside, obviously worried for the safety of the love of her life... it's enough to make a grown man cry!

Lance Hart: Oh, give me a fucking break! She's only worried about her meal ticket, because she's clearly the type of gold-digging bitch that Kanye warned us about... before he lost his damn mind... You know that her late sister was Chad's FORMER FLAME, whose death SUPPOSEDLY gave Chad his "motivation" to "expose the ugliness" of this business, but anyone with a brain and working set of eyes can CLEARLY SEE that he's no longer the box-office draw he once believed himself to be, and is only here to try to capitalize on the surging popularity of OWA, trying to make a quick buck... he's learning the HARD WAY that nothing comes easy here, though!

Morgan Shaw: Speaking of the lovely Mrs. Ecclestone, she's rolled inside the ring, putting herself in harm's way, though Noah hasn't noticed her... Krieger, meanwhile, is trying to pick up Chad from the mat, looking to further damage that beautiful face of his...

Lance Hart: **LOW BLOW FROM CHASTITY! DAMMIT, THAT WITCH! THAT DAMN JEZEBEL HAS NO BUSINESS BEING IN THAT RING! POOR KRIEGER DROPS TO HIS KNEES IN OBVIOUS PAIN!**

Morgan Shaw: It's a goddamn deathmatch, you simple-minded idiot! Jesus, you sound as dumb as that North Carolina piece of raccoon roadkill and skunk shit Jeff X... Well, ok, maybe you don't sound THAT FUCKING STUPID, but come on... it's a fucking DEATHMATCH! ANYTHING GOES! I think it's quite beautiful to see her conquer fear in the name of true love!

Lance Hart: You know, one of these days, Jeff X is gonna take enough exception to the shit you keep saying about him... and on that day, I want a front-row seat to that ass-whupping! Now look, Chastity just handed something to Chad, who's gotten up to his knees... Krieger's focus is back though, and his eyes are now laser-focused on Chastity, who can't scramble out the ring fast enough... but Krieger catches her by the hair, and is looking at her with understandable rage! Krieger picks up Chastity...

Morgan Shaw: **CHAD WITH THE SAVE! HE RESCUED HIS WIFE WITH A VERY HARD SHOT TO KRIEGER'S JAW! KRIEGER IMMEDIATELY COLLAPSES LIKE A HOUSE OF CARDS! WOW, WHAT A PUNCH!**

Lance Hart: Look, Chad just tossed Chastity a pair of gold-plated brass knuckles, which is what she gave him in the first place! Chad's gonna steal a victory, thanks to that damn harlot Chastity, an ironic name considering her background of work! Krieger appears to be out cold... oh, wonderful, Chad Ecclestone is showboating now, like he's won an award for acting or something... this makes me sick to my stomach! Damn them both!

Morgan Shaw: So what!? Chad is the inexperienced one here! He's never been in a wrestling match before in his fucking life, and to be subjected to a deathmatch type so brutal, that it's banned in most civilized countries, as his first official test... it's a testament to the sheer size of that man's balls of steel! He didn't whine and bitch like a fucking female about it, unlike one of the current tag champs not named Chris... You want to talk about fair? Krieger may be new here, but he's got a bit of experience already, so who REALLY has the disadvantage?

Lance Hart: Morgan, is your chin itchy at all? Because it sounds like Chad's dick has been deep in your throat ever since this match started! Christ, give it a fucking rest... Chad now getting Krieger up, though Krieger can barely stand right now... Chad lifts Krieger up by his hind legs... **BOX-OFFICE EARNINGS INTO THE TANK! THAT SIGNATURE SPINEBUSTER PUT KRIEGER INTO THE TANK! CHAD JUST HAS TO HOLD HIM THERE FOR TEN SECONDS!**

OWA Official: **ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR...**

**FIVE... SIX...**

**SEVEN... EIGHT...**

**NINE.....**

Lance Hart: NO, I DON'T BELIEVE IT... **KRIEGER BARELY GETS UP ENOUGH TO BREAK THE COUNT! ALL IT TOOK WAS ONE ARM!**

Morgan Shaw: I can't even grasp how the fuck Krieger got his arm out the tank! You can even see one of those scorpions STILL STUCK INSIDE HIS ARM, HANGING BY IT'S FUCKING STINGER! How many times was he stung for that very long nine count? Remember, NO ANTIVENOM UNTIL THE MATCH IS CONCLUDED!

Lance Hart: Even Chad can't believe it, and he's quickly looking outside the ring for answers... and he believes he may have found it, in the form of a steel chair... Meanwhile, Krieger has managed SOMEHOW to pull himself out of that tank, but he's clearly hurt, with some swelling already becoming obvious... this is... this is too dangerous, even for Kingdom! But like Krieger said this week, it's all about "heart," and right now, he's showing it to the world!

Morgan Shaw: Maybe he should trade in some "heart" for "brains," because his are clearly too scrambled to realize that he's already been conquered. He's already got a future date set with Jason Long, or whomever may be the Spartans Champion at that time, so why risk your pride with not only your career, but your damn life? Chad is now back in the ring, wedging that chair in the corner, looking to punctuate his debut victory here... Chad drags Krieger slowly to his feet... Chad whips his opponent towards the corner...

Lance Hart: **BUT KRIEGER REVERSES THE WHIP! CHAD CRASHES HEADFIRST INTO THAT CHAIR! THAT LOOKED LIKE PURE INSTINCT! CAN KRIEGER CAPITALIZE HERE!?! HE'S HEADING RIGHT FOR CHAD...**

Morgan Shaw: **DECAPITATION! DECAPITATION! NOAH KRIGER JUST SMASHED CHAD'S HEAD RIGHT AGAINST THAT CHAIR! NOW BOTH MEN ARE DOWN!**

Lance Hart: Krieger probably used up every ounce of strength he could muster, no easy feat when your bloodstream is coursing with scorpion venom! Chad is now sitting on his privileged ass in the corner, a far-away look in his eyes, probably wondering if he's filming a horror movie right now, because this is turning into a freak show of superhuman efforts!

Morgan Shaw: I have to agree with you, Lance. I still can't believe how Krieger managed to turn the tables on "Hollywood's Shadow" in his current condition! But as praiseworthy as his efforts are, it's all going to be in vain. Chad's inexperience may have allowed Krieger to catch him off-guard, but he's already gotten back up to his feet! Don't forget, Chad took out a platoon of

terrorists... many of which look like the majority of the live crowd here in Agrabah... in his classic action caper, *Always Shoot to Thrill!*

Lance Hart: You mean the Razzie record-setting film that was universally panned and hated by... well, everyone? Poor taste in cinema aside, you might unfortunately be right, though Krieger at least is back on his own two feet, hunched over in obvious pain... Chad wrestles that chair out of the corner, looking to charge the defenseless Krieger... Chad rushes ahead...

Morgan Shaw: **KRIEGER WITH A BACK-BODY DROP! CHAD PLUMMETS INTO THE TANK... BUT THE CHAIR SAVES HIM... KIND OF! I'M FUCKING SPEECHLESS! HOLY SHIT!**

Lance Hart: Right as Chad flipped over, the chair landed across the tank, allowing Chad's upper body to bounce right off it, keeping MOST of his body outside the glass coffin full of angry scorpions... but his left leg wasn't so lucky! It's covered with fat-tailed scorpions, who are stinging the ABSOLUTE FUCK out of his leg! I bet he wishes he had a stuntman in there right now! This isn't a fucking film set, this is OWA son!

Morgan Shaw: I'm disappointed in your lack of empathy towards an inexperienced rookie, Lance! Thank God Chad was able to get his leg out, but he needs medical attention immediately! Hollywood's lost enough young icons, we can't afford to lose a national treasure like Chad Ecclestone! I don't expect you to understand, and I especially don't expect the Sand People here in Tatooine to understand either, because only real Americans will get it, Lance!

Lance Hart: I swear Morgan, if Jeff X came out and knocked you in your jaw right now, Chad would be castrated on the spot! Furthermore, maybe now the odds will be a bit more even, but don't forget that Hollywood hooker is still standing ringside, making this area smell like an open can of Starkist... Meanwhile, Krieger is using the ropes to keep himself propped up, as Chad tries limping over towards him... Krieger bounces his upper back off the tope rope, going right for Chad... **KRIEGER WITH THE DEADLINE!**

Morgan Shaw: **NOT SO FAST! CHAD LIMBO-DUCKS THE LARIAT! FUCK YOU KEANU REEVES! CHAD GRABS KRIEGER'S HEAD, TUCKS IT UNDERNEATH... HE'S MOONWALKING LIKE THE KING OF POP... WALK OF FAME! HE DRILLS KRIEGER... RIGHT INTO A CACTUS! JAMONE!!!!**

Lance Hart: Chad with an impressive "Moonwalk" DDT, though it was more like a "Moonlimp" thanks to the plethora of scorpion stings, but he's back in the driver's seat, though he apparently expended a ton of energy to execute it, as BOTH men are down, right next to that foreboding glass tank... Christ Almighty, what's that damn strumpet up to now? She's climbing into the ring, looking down at Krieger... now she's stomping him, which can't feel pleasant with her high-heeled stripper shoes!

Morgan Shaw: Come on, Lance, she looks like she barely weighs 98 pounds! If Noah Krieger can't fight off a delicate little flower like Chastity, then what hope does he have for a future here on Kingdom? This is a tournament, after all. These types of brutal matches are only going to get harder, so-

Lance Hart: Krieger just caught the tiny hussy by the heel! Krieger, holding Chastity's foot in hand, forcefully pushes up, causing the Tinsel-town tramp to lose her balance... face-first right into that steel chair that's still laying across the tank, not really doing Chastity any favors! She rolls out the ring immediately, her nose gushing blood like it's a gunshot wound! Welcome to Kingdom, you streetwalking skank!

Morgan Shaw: That's just real classy there, Lance. Way to represent the company by advocating violence on women, Chris Brown, but don't wet your *G.I. Joe* underwear just yet, because she bought Chad enough time to recover somewhat, as "The Influencer" pulls the nearly-dead Krieger up to his feet... Chad's got him next to that tank, his arm wrapped around Krieger's shoulder and neck... **CHAD'S GONNA HIT THE LEADING MAN ON KRIEGER INSIDE THAT TANK! THE LEADING MAN!**

Lance Hart: **NOAH KRIEGER BLOCKS THE MOVE! CHAD STRUGGLES TO LIFT HIM AGAIN... BUT KRIEGER RESPONDS WITH A HEADBUTT! CHAD STUMBLES BACKWARDS, WHILE KRIEGER SCOOPS HIM UP... SIDE DOWN! HE'S GOT CHAD SET UP FOR THE RIGHT OF PASSAGE! KRIEGER SPINS AROUND... HE PLUNGES CHAD'S HEAD DOWN INTO THAT STEEL CHAIR, BOUNCING IT OFF THE TANK! CHAD'S BODY JUST COLLAPSED INTO THE TANK! KRIEGER FALLS OVER IT, AS THE REF BEGINS THE COUNT!**

OWA Official: **ONNNEEE... TWWOOOO... THRREEEE... FOOUURRR...**

**FIIIIIVVEEE... SIIIIXXX...**

**SEEEVEENNN... EIIIGGHHTT...**

**NIIINNNEEE.....**

**TEEENNNNN!!!**

(DING! DING! DING!)

Rita Gonzalez: Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, and advancing further into the Dark Kingdom Tournament... **CHICAGO'S FINEST, NOOOOAHHHHH KRRRIIEEGGEERRR!!!!**

("Take What You Want" by Post Malone comes out through the sound system of The Shining Jewel stadium, as EMTs immediately flood into the ring, some hoisting out Chad Ecclestone

from the glass tank, putting him on a gurney, while others roll Noah Krieger out onto a stretcher outside the ring, injecting both wrestlers with IVs filled with scorpion antivenom doses. The official helps up Chastity on the outside, who can be heard complaining about how “expensive” nasal reconstruction surgery can be, not appearing too concerned with her husband’s health at the moment. While some EMTs continue treating Chad inside the ring, the rest begin escorting Noah to the back. As they go up the ramp, Noah weakly raises his arm, which elicits a very loud pop from the appreciative crowd.)

Lance Hart: This wasn’t just another match tonight, this was an **ALL-OUT WAR** between two of Kingdoms most recent signees! I’ll be honest, I thought Chad Ecclestone has this match **WON SEVERAL TIMES** throughout, but Noah Krieger was able to find enough **HEART** to take himself to another level, getting the win in the end, but only **BARELY**! Considering the fact that **NOT ONLY** was this Chad Ecclestone’s **DEBUT MATCH**, let alone being the first time he’s ever **ACTUALLY COMPETED** in the ring, you can’t help but be **EXTREMELY IMPRESSED** by the tenacity and guts from this young stud. I’m not a fan of Chad’s antics and beliefs outside the ring, but I do think he has a **BRIGHT FUTURE** here on Kingdom, perhaps even brighter than whatever Hollywood could ever offer!

Morgan Shaw: Noah Krieger made a solid believer out of me, so I won’t take anything away from what was an extremely **HARD-FOUGHT** victory! However, let’s remember that Noah Krieger had an edge with more in-ring experience, which allowed him to get one over the amazing performance from someone that was considered by many, especially most of the boys in the back, nothing more than a Hollywood actor chasing new streams of fame and revenue. You don’t have to like or agree with Chad’s motivations, but he just **PROVED** that he is every bit as credible as he says! If we had more Alphas like him, we could then flush out the old and soggy garbage that continues to stink up the show, like that inbred backwoods possum-fucker Jeff X!

Lance Hart: Again, I agree with a lot of what you said about Chad, but keep in mind that he had a bit of help from his trophy wife Chastity, yet Noah Krieger was still able to overcome all of it. If I’m Jason Long right now, after watching this match, I’m probably sleeping with the Spartans Championship held just a little bit **TIGHTER** tonight, because Noah Krieger showed us that he’s not only “Chicago’s Finest,” but that he’s also one of Kingdom’s Finest, in only his **SECOND** match in the company! Stay tuned everyone, as we continue our Season Five kickoff show with more pulse-pounding OWA action!!!

(The screen transitions elsewhere.)

(We cut to the backstage area as Cori Simmons is standing by.)

Cori Simmons: Noah Krieger advances in the Dark Kingdom tournament, and as we go from celebrating the Spartan Championship contender, allow me to introduce the **FORMER** Spartan Champion along with our current Outlaw Champion - ladies and gentlemen please welcome my guests at this time Raivo and DT The Ruler!

(Stepping into the scene in their finest suits and pairs of shades, Raivo and DT seem to differ in energy as DT has a level of pride as he flashes his Outlaw title while Raivo is clearly impatient and snappy with this interview.)

Raivo: That's how you choose to segue into this interview with us? By talking about some bum nobody can remember the name of, and announcing me as a FORMER Champion? You don't lead with my brother DT's successes, you don't lead in with the fact I spent seven months unpinned in the OWA and was the glue that held together one of the best matches in Final Destination HISTORY, but instead you gotta prop up a failure. Matter of fact, not even a failure, a slight misstep, a fluke, a blemish on a perfect record of a career that doesn't represent a damn thing! You got the two greatest talents in the game, two brothers who have risen up with no company support using nothing but skill and integrity, who have BUSY schedules that took the time to visit your raggedy ass set, and THAT was the first comment to come slipping out of your thin lips? Former Champion!? I am a champion all day, every day, belt or NOT! When I wake up and get out of bed I am a champion of the people! So corect yourself, girl. You have THE AUTHENTIC Raivo and The Outlaw Champion, Donovan T! RECOGNIZE!!!

Cori Simmons: I apologize....allow me to reiterate, we have one of OWA's breakout stars, an incredible competitor in Raivo, and a living legend in the sport, our Outlaw Champion Donovan T. Now I heard that you two asked for this time to speak your thoughts after Final Destination? Can we start first with the champion --

Raivo: "Start with the \*champion.\*" WHAT DID I JUST SAY!?

(Raivo is close to really letting Cori have it until DT steps in and takes over.)

DT: Raivo is hyped up, and for good reason. He was not beaten at Final Destination, not by Jason Long at least. Raivo had a misstep, a lapse in judgment, and Jason Long now gets to parade around as a paper champion because of it. When you have years of perfection, you're bound to have an error eventually. So as much as people wanna play my friend, they're just setting themselves up for some awful embarrassment once he makes them shove their words down their throat for EVER doubting him when he gets into that ring again. When Raivo brought me into that skybox all of those months ago he had a vision! A vision of two brothers coming together and having each other's backs to take everything they can out of a business that isn't willing to give them shit. We were going to do it big on our own and make ourselves the number one names in this company, to let those boys know they need US and we're merely doing a favor to their platform. The takeover has begun since The Clash when we ran roughshod through that match and outlasted your favorites! Then it continued when we won our first main event together! Now I've caught up to Raivo and acquired my first championship! I knew that when I walked down that ramp at Final Destination that no matter what I was leaving there with something! Diantha Rosso got away with the case, but what people really couldn't stop talking about was me getting some get-back on MYOJIN's punk ass and SMASHING his unpinned record on the grandest stage. The Breakout Star got broken in half, isn't that right!

Raivo: FACTS!

DT: I've got myself some clout in this game, and I don't plan on letting it go. For me I just wanted this time to let the whole world know that as the 24/7 defending champion, I dare ANYONE to come pull up on me and test my place as titleholder. I've had people make plays on my life at business meetings, dinners, at my home, this is nothing different. My plan with this belt is to go beyond anyone else who's held it and build a reputation bigger than anyone in OWA through a collection of bodies a mile wide. That's my path for Season 5, that's how I'm going to put all of you on notice, and as for Raivo - he's on to greater things himself! It's time to refocus my man and see that Spartan title loss as a blessing! You had to let those midcard boys breathe otherwise you would have had that scene in a chokehold. The Spartan's belt is a PIT STOP before you get where you're meant to be! We aren't a pair that's complacent or happy with the crumbs, we want the whole table!

Raivo: You haven't told a lie! You are damn right! I don't need that dusty Spartan Championship, it won't be shit without me anyway! Especially with that bozo Jason Long holding it, we all saw how boring he was with it the last time! The Mafia as a whole aren't capable of being champions, I mean damn, Bishop couldn't even make it to the first defense before all that cash shit he was talking caught up to him! Which reminds me, I never thought I'd say this -- but I wanna give a special shoutout to Arata Asakura! I didn't see the vision at first, but now I realize you are really holding it down For The Minorities! **\*\*THAT'S ONE LESS!! ONE LESS CRACKER WE GOTTA WORRY ABOUT!!!\*\***

Cori Simmons: Oh come on....

Raivo: What's the matter? Listen, while Bishop is busy partying with Pop Smoke, the OWA faithful are out here hurting for someone to lead this company! Word on the street is MYOJIN is the number one contender, and if he's just going to be given the belt by forfeit I say we actually make him work! He got bodied by my boy DT, and he can get the same ass whooping from me! With all the chaos on Kingdom, I'm throwing my name into the hat for the World Championship! I'm putting the pressure on Kenny right here, right now! PUT ME IN, COACH! Let me save your show and get what I deserve, because I've definitely been carrying your programming for too long without the proper compensation! Season Five we're moving on up, and me and DT are going to be getting the respect from the higher ups that we have been asking for! We've made ourselves two of the hottest commodities in wrestling, so now you all are going to treat us like the high value men we are. Or else.

(With that, Raivo and DT step out of the picture, leaving behind an uncomfortable Cori Simmons.)

Cori Simmons: To the family of Michael Bishop and the OWA faithful I sincerely apologize for Raivo's disgusting comments. I think I speak for everyone when I say we do not condone what he just said. Let us return to ringside for a BIG time matchup from the Odyssey brand!

Rebecca Sawyer: The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!!!

Crowd: ONE FALL!!!

(The lights in the arena dim completely down as “Antagonist” by Nova Twins begins to blast throughout the arena. A sudden and bright white spotlight beams down at the top of the entrance ramp and Alyssa Grace steps out into it, a bright smile on her face and a gleam in her eye, clearly full of energy. After taking a moment to soak in the captivating reaction emanating from the sold out crowd, Alyssa pumps one fist into the air before turning it into a two finger salute, setting off a series of brightly coloured pyrotechnics beside and behind her. Dropping her arm back to her side, she confidently struts down the ramp, slapping hands with the front row audience, doing her best to interact with as many of the adoring onlookers as she possibly can. Before she slides into the ring, she finds a small child at ringside and approaches them, taking her leather jacket off and giving it to them to keep. Alyssa then gives an energetic hop and lifts herself up onto the apron, immediately leaning her body against the ropes as she looks to take in the atmosphere from ringside before doing the standard rock ‘n’ roll salute, index finger up, middle fingers down, pinky up and thumb in, unable to hide a subtle smile from escaping her lips at the sheer number of people on their feet letting their approval known with raucous cheers and applause. After having finally absorbed her surroundings, Alyssa enters the ring through the ropes and immediately heads towards the top turnbuckle, perching herself upon the second rope to signal for the crowd to get up on their feet one last time and cheer for the Crimson Combatant. She raises her arm up high pointing towards the sky, her smile now on full display. The music fades out once she makes her way back down into the ring and she begins to warm up in her corner.)

Rebecca Sawyer: Introducing first...from County Wicklow, Ireland...weighing in at 130 lbs...,  
AAAAALLLYYYYSSSSAAAAA GGGGGGGGRRRRRAAAAAAACCEEEEE!!!

Gia Cervantes: Well here she is folks! One of the two women who made history in competing in Odyssey’s very first Final Destination main event about a month ago! It seems only fitting that Alyssa was one of the women to take part in that matchup, as she has been seemingly destined for superstardom since the moment she arrived here in OWA.

Ashley Walker: She may have wound up on the short end of the stick, but nevertheless, Alyssa proved to everyone that she’s one of the best in the world by becoming one of the very few to be a two time World Champion here in OWA and competing in what was unquestionably the biggest Odyssey match of all time against Rebecca Filth. I have no doubts that Alyssa will be back in the World title scene again soon and she’s not wasting any time getting there as she’s looking to make history once more here tonight.

(The entire arena is engulfed in darkness, flickers of red flash all around. Standing still, shrouded by smoke at the top of the ramp is Natalie Cage. She is clad in her classic outfit:

military fatigues emblazoned with various flags, blacked-out engineering goggles and a bandana covering her face. She doesn't move a muscle as the crowd starts to cheer.)

Voiceover: Death is not the end.

(‘I Hope You Suffer’ by AFI hits to a deafening ovation as the lights come up, Natalie rips off the goggles and bandana, letting out a guttural roar. She removes her denim vest to reveal a blood-stained white shirt underneath. On it, in plain black block text are seven words...)

**\*\*\*BRING ME THE HEAD OF ALYSSA GRACE\*\*\***

(Natalie marches with purpose towards the ring, ignoring the fans reaching out for high fives, focusing only on the fight ahead of her.)

Rebecca Sawyer: Ladies and gentlemen, making her final appearance in an OWA ring, the inaugural OWA Clash of the Titans winner, the former and longest-reigning OWA Women's World Champion, and OWA Hall of Famer...NATAAAALLLIIIIEEEEEE CAAAAGGGGEEEEEE!!!!

Ashley Walker: I can't believe this day has come. An icon, a trendsetter, one of, if not the greatest Odyssey performer there has ever been. There is no mountain she hasn't climbed, no battle she hasn't conquered, this is a woman who I feel could stick around for years and find success, but she is calling it a day on her terms. Tonight, we will see her wrestle her last match and she does not appear to be giving in to the fanfare we knew would accompany this entrance.

Gia Cervantes: I wouldn't have it any other way. Natalie isn't interested in pretending to be nice, she isn't here to be respectful, she has made her mission clear: she wants to put Alyssa Grace's head on a spike and make a point that even at the end of her career, even with a beaten down body and retirement looming, she is still capable of putting down anybody on the roster. We grew to love and hate her in equal measure for her sadistic tendencies. She doesn't care how you feel about her, she is confident in what she's accomplished. We are looking at one of the foundations of Odyssey, a woman whose influence and legacy can't be overstated. This is the Natalie I hoped would show up tonight and boy am I glad.

(Natalie rolls into the ring and instantly gets in Alyssa's face, the two women butt heads and have a heated exchange as Elle Halen tries to separate them.)

Natalie (w/o mic): I'm taking you to Hell with me!

Ashley Walker: AND NATALIE CAGE JUST SLAPS THE TASTE RIGHT OUT OF ALYSSA GRACE'S MOUTH!!! NATALIE NOT WASTING ANY TIME AS THE HALL OF FAMER STRIKES FIRST!!

Gia Cervantes: AND THAT SENDS ALYSSA GRACE INTO A FRENZY! SHE DESPERATELY TRIES TO GET AT NATALIE CAGE, BUT REFEREE ELLE HALEN HOLDS HER BACK,

DEMANDING SHE KEEP HER COOL WHILE NATALIE CAGE SMIRKS AT HER FROM THE CORNER!

Ashley Walker: THIS is the Natalie Cage we wanted to see here tonight! Not the Hall of Famer on the verge of retirement taking one last joyride, not the fun loving superhero...but the calculated and vicious former World Champion that will play mind games, that will bend the rules, that will let NOTHING get in her way of victory. This one is going to be good. For the first time ever AND the last time ever...two of the greatest in Odyssey's history are about to go at it! It's Natalie Cage and Alyssa Grace going one on one as the official calls for the bell!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Gia Cervantes: And here we go! Right away the two women converge on one another...AND ALYSSA GRACE DUCKS DOWN LOW, DRIVING HER SHOULDER INTO THE RIBCAGE OF NATALIE CAGE AND PICKING HER RIGHT UP OFF HER FEET! AN ENRAGED ALYSSA DRIVES NATALIE ALL THE WAY BACK INTO THE CORNER, PLANTING HER AGAINST THE TURNBUCKLES! AND NOW ALYSSA PULLS BACK ONLY TO DRIVE HER SHOULDER INTO THE MIDSECTION OF CAGE AS HARD AS SHE CAN ONCE MORE!

Ashley Walker: I get Natalie's strategy but she may have made a miscalculation against the Irishwoman as Alyssa Grace is INCENSED! She NAILS Natalie Cage with a STIFF right hand now, dropping Cage to the canvas and right away Natalie rolls to the outside, trying to reassess the situation!

Gia Cervantes: But Alyssa isn't having any of that as she exits the ring as well, dragging Cage back to her feet and shoving her right back into the ring! Alyssa goes to slide in as well...BUT RIGHT AWAY NATALIE JUMPS ON HER WITH A DOUBLE AXE HANDLE AND NOW BEGINS UNLOADING WITH A VICIOUS BARRAGE OF RIGHT HANDS! NATALIE TAKING THE FIGHT TO ALYSSA NOW!

Ashley Walker: And now Natalie places her head on the back of Alyssa's neck, PULLING on the bottom rope and CHOKING Grace! Finally, Elle Halen PULLS Natalie off of Grace as this one is getting tense early! Cage brushes past Elle now, dragging Alyssa up and bouncing her off the ropes, whipping her across the ring! But Alyssa reverses! Cage is sent rebounding off the ropes instead and Alyssa lowers her shoulder looking for a back body drop...but Cage stops short, cinching in a side headlock on the Irishwoman!

Gia Cervantes: But Alyssa uses all her strength, SHOVING Natalie off of her and sending her into the ropes! Natalie rebounds and Grace once again lowers the shoulder for the back body drop...and Cage stops short, PUNTING Alyssa right between the eyes as she does so!

Ashley Walker: Alyssa stumbles backwards into the ropes and bounces off...right into a clothesline from Cage! NO! Alyssa ducks it! She keeps running, hits the opposite ropes, comes back at Cage...and Natalie looks to leapfrog right over her!

Gia Cervantes: NO! ALYSSA CATCHES HER RIGHT OUT OF MIDAIR AND PLANTS NATALIE CAGE INTO THE CANVAS WITH A SPINEBUSTER!!

Ashley Walker: Natalie Cage now is trying to get back up to her feet as Alyssa just took the wind right out of her! But Cage is tougher to keep down than that! Natalie slowly makes her way back up to her feet...ONLY FOR ALYSSA GRACE TO SPIN AROUND AND DECAPITATE THE HALL OF FAMER WITH A VICIOUS DISCUS LARIAT!!! AND ALYSSA DRAGS NATALIE TO THE CENTER OF THE RING, HOOKING THE LEG FOR THE COVER!

Elle Halen: OOOOOONNNNNNNNEEEEEEEE!!!!...

TTTTTWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!!...

Gia Cervantes: And Natalie kicks out at two! Alyssa wastes no time, however, as she drags Natalie Cage right back up to her feet! And Alyssa now wraps her arms around Cage...AND SENDS HER SAILING ACROSS THE RING WITH AN EXPLODER SUPLEX!

Ashley Walker: Natalie Cage is trying desperately to pull herself back up again, but Alyssa is there! She RIPS Cage to her feet and...ANOTHER EXPLODER SUPLEX SENDS CAGE FLYING!!!

Gia Cervantes: Cage is in trouble now as she crawls to the ropes, grabbing them and trying to pick herself up...but Alyssa has her by the hair! She drags Natalie back up to her feet, spinning her around...AND A **\*\*THIRD\*\*** EXPLODER SUPLEX CONNECTS AS NATALIE LANDS FLAT ON HER BACK ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RING AGAIN!!!

Alyssa Grace (no mic): WE'RE DONE! I'M ENDING THIS RIGHT FUCKING NOW!

Ashley Walker: And Alyssa Grace is ready to put this one away! She heads to the corner and scales all the way up to the top rope as Natalie Cage is trying to pick herself up! She makes it up to her hands and knees...but she has no idea where Alyssa is! Alyssa Grace sails!

Gia Cervantes: **\*\*NO HAPPY ENDINGS!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: NO! NATALIE CAGES MOVES OUT OF THE WAY! ALYSSA GRACE LANDS ON HER FEET IN THE RING AND SHE TURNS AROUND...RIGHT INTO A SPINNING HEEL KICK FROM NATALIE CAGE!!!

Gia Cervantes: NO! ALYSSA DUCKS IT! NATALIE IS THROWN OFF BALANCE AND ALYSSA HOOKS HER BY THE ARMS! SHE LIFTS CAGE UP AND BRINGS HER CRASHING RIGHT DOWN ONTO HER NECK AS SHE NAILS THE DRAGON SUPLEX!!

Ashley Walker: Natalie Cage is in SERIOUS trouble here as she drags herself to the corner, trying desperately to get away from Alyssa, but it's not going to work! Alyssa Grace is right back on her as she lifts Cage up and places her up on the top turnbuckle! Alyssa Grace now climbs up there onto the middle rope with her...HERE WE GO! **\*\*ASTRAL CONVERGENCE!!!\*\***

Gia Cervantes: NO! NATALIE SLIPS BETWEEN HER LEGS AND BACK DOWN TO THE MAT AND SHE YANKS ALYSSA'S LEG RIGHT OUT FROM UNDERNEATH HER! ALYSSA FALLS FROM THE MIDDLE ROPE AND HER FACE BOUNCES RIGHT OFF THE TOP TURNBUCKLE! SHE LOOKS OUT ON HER FEET AS SHE TURNS AROUND...RIGHT INTO A KICK TO THE GUT FROM CAGE! ALYSSA DOUBLES OVER AND CAGE GRABS HER BY THE HEAD, SPIKING HER SKULL RIGHT OFF THE CANVAS WITH A DDT! CAGE HOOKS THE LEG!

Elle Halen: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!...

Ashley Walker: But Alyssa kicks out at two! AND CAGE IMMEDIATELY TRANSITIONS RIGHT INTO THE RINGS OF SATURN! SHE'S GOT THE RINGS OF SATURN CINCHED IN TIGHT ON GRACE!!!

Gia Cervantes: ALYSSA SCREAMS IN AGONY! THE OFFICIAL ASKS HER IF SHE WANTS TO QUIT, BUT IF WE KNOW ONE THING ABOUT ALYSSA, IT'S THAT SHE DOESN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD!

Ashley Walker: Slowly, Alyssa fights as hard as she can to make it back up to one knee, but Cage STILL has the hold applied! Alyssa is now up to her feet! She frees one arm...AND SHE DRIVES AN ELBOW INTO THE RIBCAGE OF NATALIE! ALYSSA IS FREE NOW AND SHE SENDS AN UPPERCUT RIGHT INTO THE MIDSECTION OF CAGE!

Gia Cervantes: BUT NATALIE RESPONDS BY KICKING THE KNEE RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER ALYSSA GRACE AS SHE FALLS BACK TO THE CANVAS!

Ashley Walker: Natalie reaches down now, wrapping her arms around the waist of Alyssa and DRAGGING her back to her feet....AND NOW NATALIE CAGE HEAVES HER INTO THE AIR AND CONNECTS WITH A BEAUTIFUL GERMAN SUPLEX! ALYSSA IS DOWN AND CAGE ROLLS OVER INTO THE PIN!

Elle Halen: OOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!...

Gia Cervantes: But Alyssa gets the shoulder up at two! Alyssa survives for now...but Cage is back up to her feet...AND SHE MOVES IN, DRIVING A KNEE RIGHT INTO THE TEMPLE OF ALYSSA! GRACE FALLS LIMP AND AGAIN NATALIE JUMP ON HER FOR THE COVER!

Elle Halen: OOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!...

Ashley Walker: And AGAIN Alyssa kicks out at two! ONLY FOR CAGE TO ROLL RIGHT INTO THE DOUBLE UNDERHOOK CROSSFACE! SHE'S GOT THE CROSSFACE APPLIED!

Gia Cervantes: But AGAIN, Alyssa is not going to stay down! With everything she has, she fights her way back up to her feet, with Cage wrenching back on that head of hers! But Alyssa is up...AND SHE FIRES AWAY WITH A RIGHT HAND TO THE RIBS! AND SHE FOLLOWS IT WITH A LEFT! ANOTHER RIGHT! ANOTHER LEFT! CAGE IS FORCED TO RELEASE HER AS SHE SHOVES ALYSSA AWAY FROM HER!

Ashley Walker: Alyssa stumbles back into the corner, escaping the Crossface...but not escaping Natalie Cage! She moves in and UNLOADS with a series of right hands, ROCKING the former Omega Heavyweight Champion! And now Natalie backs up, smiling at the cornered Alyssa...and she takes off! Natalie Cage with a full head of steam looking for a corner clothesline!

Gia Cervantes: BUT SHE RUNS RIGHT INTO AN ELBOW FROM ALYSSA GRACE! NATALIE FALLS DOWN TO HER KNEES! AND ALYSSA...HERE SHE GOES! SHE HOPS UP QUICKLY ONTO THE TOP ROPE WITH NATALIE CAGE RIGHT IN THE WORST POSSIBLE POSITION FOR HER! **\*\*NO HAPPY ENDINGS!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: NOT QUITE! NATALIE QUICKLY SITS UP AND REACHES OUT, GRABBING THE BOOT OF ALYSSA AND RIPPING HER FROM THE TOP ROPE! ALYSSA FALLS AND THE BACK OF HER SKULL CONNECTS HARD WITH THAT TOP TURNBUCKLE AS SHE DOES SO!

Gia Cervantes: And Natalie POUNCES on Alyssa like she's a wounded animal now! She places her knee right across the throat as Natalie shows that ruthlessness that made her a household name in the first place!

Ashley Walker: Elle Halen PULLS Natalie off of Alyssa now...BUT NATALIE RUSHES RIGHT BACK TO GRACE, GRABBING HER BY THE ARM AND LOCKING IN THE ARMBAR! ALYSSA GRACE GETTING A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE RIGHT HERE! SOMEWHERE HANA NAKAJIMA HAS TO BE LOVING THIS AS CAGE WRENCHES BACK ON THE ARM OF ALYSSA!

Gia Cervantes: But Alyssa ROLLS right over onto her knees! Cage STILL has control of that arm, but Alyssa fights her way back up to a vertical base! She uses her free arm and...SENDS A BIG LEFT HAND INTO THE GUT OF CAGE! CAGE RELEASES HER AND NOW GRACE CONNECTS WITH A RIGHT!

Ashley Walker: But Cage HALTS the comeback with a kick to the gut, doubling over Alyssa Grace! Cage follows it up with a kick to the back of the knee and Alyssa drops! Natalie now reaches down, grabbing Alyssa by the hair and pulling her up! HERE WE GO! VINTAGE NATALIE CAGE! **\*\*IT'S THE DOGTAG!!!\*\***

Gia Cervantes: NO! ALYSSA CONTORTS HER BODY AND LANDS ON HER FEET BEHIND CAGE! SHE SHOVES NATALIE FROM BEHIND AND CAGE HITS THE ROPES, REBOUNDED BACK AT ALYSSA...ONLY TO BE TAKEN OUT WITH A SHORT ARM CLOTHESLINE BY GRACE!

Ashley Walker: Natalie is quick to get back to her feet...BUT AS SOON AS SHE DOES, ALYSSA TAKES HER OUT WITH ANOTHER SHORT ARM CLOTHESLINE!

Gia Cervantes: AGAIN Natalie is quick to get up, but she's met with a kick right to the chest from Alyssa! Cage is sent stumbling into the ropes, rebounding back at Alyssa...ONLY TO GET CAUGHT IN YET ANOTHER EXPLODER SUPLEX AS THE IRISHWOMAN HAS TAKEN CONTROL OF THIS MATCHUP!

Ashley Walker: Natalie is in trouble now as Alyssa pulls her back up and bounces her off the ropes, whipping her across the ring! Natalie rebounds off the opposite ropes and right back to Alyssa...WHO SPINS HER AROUND AND RIGHT INTO A TILT-A-WHIRL BACKBREAKER!!! NATALIE IS DOWN AND ALYSSA HOOKS THE LEG!

Elle Halen: OOOOONNNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!...

Gia Cervantes: And Natalie Cage is able to get the shoulder up after only two! But Alyssa Grace is undeterred! Slowly she drags Natalie back up to her feet and towards the corner! Alyssa bends down, picking Natalie Cage up and onto the top turnbuckle! Now Alyssa steps up with her and...we saw her attempt this earlier! If she hits this it could end the match! Both women perched up top now...

Ashley Walker: **\*\*ASTRAL CONVERGENCE!!!!\*\***

Gia Cervantes: SHE HITS IT! SHE HITS IT! ALYSSA NAILS THE ASTRAL CONVERGENCE AND NOW SHE ROLLS OVER, HOOKING THE LEG OF NATALIE CAGE!!!

Elle Halen: OOOOONNNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTTHHHHRRREEEEEEEEEE!!!

Ashley Walker: BUT NATALIE CAGE KICKS OUT AT THE LAST SECOND!

Gia Cervantes: Alyssa Grace is starting to get frustrated here, but she's not going to let it get to her! She knows she has Natalie Cage right where she wants her! Once again, she heads to the corner and scales all the way up to the top rope! The crowd rises with her as she stands to her feet and motions for Cage to get up! Cage makes her way up to her knees...AND THERE GOES GRACE!!! **\*\*NO HAPPY ENDINGS!!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: BUT NATALIE HOPS BACK TO HER FEET WITH A FRONT KICK THAT CATCHES GRACE OUT OF MIDAIR AND SENDS HER SAILING BACK INTO THE CORNER!!!! ALYSSA HAS HAD THE WIND KNOCKED OUT OF HER AND CAGE CHARGES IN AT THE CORNERED GRACE!

Gia Cervantes: BUT SHE RUNS RIGHT INTO A KNEE STRIKE!!! CAGE IS ROCKED AND ALYSSA GRABS HER HEAVING HER UP ONTO HER SHOULDERS!!!! HERE WE GO!!! **\*\*STUN FOR FUN!!!! THE DEVASTATING TURNBUCKLE STEENALIZER FINDS ITS MARK AND THIS ONE IS OVER!!!! NATALIE CAGE IS OUT AND GRACE HOOKS BOTH LEGS!!!\*\***

Elle Halen: OOOONNNNNNEEEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!...

**\*\*TTTTTHHHHRRREEEEEEEEEE!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: AND NATALIE CAGE KICKS OUT SOMEHOW!!!! THIS IS WHY SHE'S IN THE HALL OF FAME!!!

Gia Cervantes: I thought that was over. Hell, I think ALYSSA thought that was over! But Natalie Cage is NOT going to call it a career without a fight! Alyssa now bends down, grabbing Natalie Cage and dragging her back up to her feet. Alyssa is READY to put a bow on this one! She doubles Natalie over and here she goes!!!

Ashley Walker: **\*\*A LAMB TO SLAUGHTER!!!!\*\***

Gia Cervantes: NO! NATALIE GRABS ALYSSA BY THE WRIST FLIPPING HER OVER HER HEAD AND ALYSSA SAILS THROUGH THE ROPES AND ALL THE WAY TO THE OUTSIDE OF THE RING! I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW CAGE IS STILL MOVING BUT SHE MANAGED TO JUST CREATE SOME MUCH NEEDED SEPARATION BETWEEN HERSELF AND ALYSSA GRACE!

Ashley Walker: But Alyssa isn't done! She angrily gets back to her feet and slides RIGHT back into the ring, getting back up to her feet!

Gia Cervantes: **\*\*CUNT PUNT!!!! NATALIE CAGE WITH THE CUNT PUNT RIGHT BETWEEN THE LEGS OF ALYSSA GRACE AS SHE DROPS TO THE CANVAS!!!! AND CAGE HOPS ON TOP OF HER FOR THE COVER!!!\*\***

Elle Halen: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!..

TTTTWWWOOOOOOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTTHHHHRRREEEEEE-

Ashley Walker: BUT ALYSSA GRACE KICKS OUT JUST IN TIME!

Gia Cervantes: Natalie Cage is beginning to let frustration sink in now! She heads over to the corner and...HEY WAIT! WHAT'S SHE DOING?! NATALIE CAGE IS UNDOING THE MIDDLE TURNBUCKLE PAD! SHE REMOVES THAT PROTECTIVE PADDING AND NOW ELLE HALEN IS IN HER FACE!

Elle Halen (no mic): WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

Natalie Cage (no mic): WHATEVER THE HELL I WANT!

Elle Halen (no mic): YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

Ashley Walker: BUT NATALIE SEES ALYSSA GETTING BACK UP TO HER KNEES! SHE SHOVES ELLE TO THE SIDE AND RUNS STRAIGHT AT ALYSSA! **\*\*SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!!!!!!\*\***

Gia Cervantes: BUT ALYSSA DUCKS UNDERNEATH THE SHINING WIZARD! NATALIE SCRAMBLES BACK TO HER FEET! SHE TURNS AROUND! **\*\*GOLDEN GRACE!!!! SHE HITS IT!!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: NATALIE CAGE IS DOWN AND NOW ALYSSA KNOWS THE END IS NEAR! SHE HEADS TO THE CORNER AND FOR THE LAST TIME CLIMBS TO THE TOP TURNBUCKLE! SHE'S READY TO END THE CAREER OF NATALIE CAGE!!! NATALIE SLOWLY GETS UP GO HER KNEES!!!! ALYSSA SAILS AND EVERYONE IN THE ARENA WATCHES IN AWE!!!

Gia Cervantes: **\*\*NO HAPPY ENDINGS!!!!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: SHE HITS IT!!! SHE HITS IT!!!! SHE GETS EVERY BIT OF IT AS ALYSSA ROLLS OVER INTO THE COVER!!!!

Elle Halen: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWWOOOOOOOO!!!...

**\*\*TTTTTHHHRRRREEEEEEEEEE!!!\*\***

Gia Cervantes: AND THAT'S IT!!!! WHAT A MATCH BETWEEN TWO OF THE GREATS, BUT THAT'S IT!!! NATALIE CAGE'S CAREER IS OFFICIALLY OVER!!!!

Ashley Walker: WAIT!!! THE REFEREE IS WAVING IT OFF!!!! NATALIE CAGE GOT HER FOOT ON THE BOTTOM ROPE!!!! WE'RE STILL GOING!!!

Gia Cervantes: ALYSSA GRACE CAN'T BELIEVE IT! SHE'S PLEADING WITH ELLE HALEN, BUT THESE TWO COMBATANTS ARE NOT DONE YET!!!

Ashley Walker: Meanwhile, while Alyssa argues with the official to no avail, Natalie Cage slips to the outside of the ring, trying to buy herself some time to recover. But Alyssa notices this and she's not willing to grant Cage that time! She takes off running, hits the ropes, and, right as Natalie Cage gets up...

Gia Cervantes: **\*\*ALYSSA SAILS STRAIGHT THROUGH THE ROPES RIGHT AT HER!!! THE IRISH INCENDIARY!!!! THE SUICIDE TORNADO DDT FINDS ITS MARK AS ALYSSA PLANTS NATALIE'S SKULL OFF THE RINGSIDE FLOOR!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: But Alyssa can't finish the match out here at ringside and she knows it! She quickly grabs Natalie Cage, heaving her up and back into the ring! And as Natalie TRIES to pick herself back up, Cage enters the ring as well!

Gia Cervantes: BUT CAGE GRABS HER BY THE HEAD RIGHT AS SHE WAS SLIDING IN! NATALIE CAGE RIPS HER TO HER FEET AND HOISTS HER INTO THE AIR! **\*\*THE DOGTAG!!!! THE DOGTAG!!!! SHE HITS IT!!!! SHE HITS IT!!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: ALYSSA GRACE HAS JUST BEEN PLANTED WITH THE DOGTAG!!!! SHE TRIES DESPERATELY TO SIT BACK UP, BUT NATALIE CAGE IS ALREADY RUNNING AND REBOUNDED OFF THE ROPES!!!

Gia Cervantes: **\*\*SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!!!!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: NATALIE CAGE GETS ALL OF THAT SHINING WIZARD TO THE BACK OF THE SKULL!!!! WE'VE SEEN NATALIE PUT AWAY A MILLION OPPONENTS WITH THAT

MOVE AND IT LOOKS LIKE SHE'S GOING TO ADD ONE LAST NAME TO THAT LIST AS NATALIE HOOKS BOTH LEGS!!!!

Elle Halen: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!...

**\*\*TTTTHHHHRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!\*\***

Gia Cervantes: I DON'T BELIEVE IT! ALYSSA GRACE JUST KICKED OUT OF SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!!!!

Ashley Walker: NATALIE CAN'T BELIEVE IT EITHER! ALYSSA GRACE SHOWING THE HEART SHE DISPLAYED AT FINAL DESTINATION! SHE'S NOT GOING TO LET NATALIE WIN JUST YET!

Gia Cervantes: And Natalie Cage now, wondering what it's going to take! She heads towards the corner and scales all the way up to the top turnbuckle! This crowd is on their feet as Natalie motions for Alyssa Grace to get back to her feet! Slowly but surely she begins to do just that, but she may want to stay down if she knew what was to come! Alyssa Grace now up to her feet...AND NATALIE FLIES!!!

Ashley Walker: **\*\*ICBM!!!!!! THE MISSILE DROPKICK RIGHT TO THE BACK OF THE SKULL CONNECTS!!!! THE LIGHT LEAVES ALYSSA'S EYES AS SHE HITS THE CANVAS!!!!!! AND NATALIE CRAWLS OVER TO HER, DRAPING AN ARM OVER HER CHEST!!!\*\***

Elle Halen: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTTHHHHHRRRREEEEEEEEE!!!

Gia Cervantes: BUT ONCE AGAIN, ALYSSA GRACE GETS THE SHOULDER UP IN TIME!!!

Ashley Walker: NATALIE CAGE IS FURIOUS! BUT SHE HAS TO KNOW HOW CLOSE SHE IS TO PUTTING THIS ONE AWAY! SHE GETS UP AND ANGRILY LOOK AT ALYSSA, MOTIONING FOR HER TO GET UP AS WELL! SLOWLY ALYSSA GRACE GETS BACK UP TO HER KNEES! AND HERE COMES CAGE!

Gia Cervantes: **\*\*SHE TAKES OFF RUNNING! SHOUT AT THE DEVIL AGAIN!!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: NO! ALYSSA HOPS BACK TO HER FEET AND NATALIE RUNS RIGHT INTO A SUPER KICK FROM GRACE!!! NATALIE IS ROCKED AS SHE, PERHAPS OUT OF SHEER INSTINCT GETS BACK TO HER FEET!!!!

Gia Cervantes: **\*\*GOLDEN GRACE!!!!!! ALYSSA CONNECTS WITH THE CRAVATE KNEE FACEBREAKER!!!!!! NATALIE CAGE IS IN SERIOUS TROUBLE NOW!!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: AND IT'S ALL ACADEMIC AT THIS POINT!!!! ALYSSA GRACE WASTES NO TIME DRAGGING NATALIE BACK UP TO HER FEET AND HOISTING HER INTO THE AIR!!!

Gia Cervantes: **\*\*A LAMB TO SLAUGHTER!!!!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: WAIT! NATALIE IN MIDAIR RAKES AT THE EYES OF ALYSSA! BLINDED, ALYSSA LETS GO OF CAGE AND SHE LANDS ON HER FEET BEHIND ALYSSA! SHE SHOVES GRACE FROM BEHIND...

Gia Cervantes: **\*\*RIGHT INTO THAT EXPOSED MIDDLE TURNBUCKLE!!!!\*\***

Ashley Walker: ALYSSA HITS THE EXPOSED TURNBUCKLE FACE FIRST AS SHE FALLS TO HER KNEES AND NATALIE CAGE IS OFF THE ROPES AGAIN!!!

Gia Cervantes: **\*\*SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!!!!!! NATALIE DRILLS GRACE RIGHT IN THE BACK OF THE SKULL WITH THE SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!!!!!! DOWN SHE GOES AND NATALIE HOOKS THE LEG!!!!\*\***

Elle Halen: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEEEE!!!!...

TTTTTWWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!!...

**\*\*TTTTTHHHHRRRREEEEEEEEEE!!!!\*\***

(DING! DING! DING!)

Rebecca Sawyer: Here is your winner...NATALIIIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEE  
CAAAAAAAGGGGGEEEEEEEE!!!

Gia Cervantes: SHE'S DONE IT! NATALIE CAGE WITH HER BIGGEST WIN IN YEARS, ONE OF THE BIGGEST WINS OF HER LEGENDARY CAREER, AND THE FINAL ONE AT THAT! NATALIE CAGE HAS GONE OUT ON HER OWN TERMS!!!

Ashley Walker: The longest reigning Women's World Champion in history, a former Clash winner, and a Hall of Famer. What an incredible career for the woman who put this brand on the map. I'm so grateful to be able to be here to witness one last classic from this woman as she and Alyssa Grace pushed each other to the absolute limits. WHAT a matchup!

Gia Cervantes: Take NOTHING away from Alyssa Grace...after a brilliant two matches at Final Destination, she came out here tonight and provided us with another instant classic, this time against one of the pillars of this brand and one of the best to ever do it. She may not FEEL like a winner right now, but when her career's all said and done, I'm sure this is going to be one that she's proud of.

Ashley Walker: The question for her becomes...what's next? We know that now Natalie Cage is going to walk away from the sport with a brilliant career, but where does Alyssa go from here? I suppose we'll have to find out on the next edition of Odyssey. But tonight...tonight's about Natalie Cage! Congratulations on a LEGENDARY career Natalie!

Gia Cervantes: I would like to echo that sentiment...and thank you Natalie! Thank you for everything!

("I Hope You Suffer" blares through the speakers again to a thunderous ovation. Natalie Cage rolls off of Alyssa and gets up to her knees, tears streaming down her eyes. She gets up to her feet and Elle Halen raises her arm into the air in victory. Alyssa Grace rolls out of the ring and sits at ringside, her face buried in her hands, clearly once again very disappointed. But the camera focuses back on Natalie now, who has her arms raised high, crying as the crowd showers in 'THANK YOU NATALIE' chants, as we fade to commercial break.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(As we return from commercial, we find the ring has a podium on it, with a tarp draped over it. The crowd murmurs in excitement, but those murmurs quickly turn to a chorus of boos as "Superthug" by N.O.R.E. hits the speakers. Llorona comes out, with a smug expression on her face. As she makes her way down the ramp, she embraces the boos, smiling at them even, as she steps up into the ring.)

Rebecca Sawyer: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome...the General Manager of Saturday Night Odyssey...LLOOOOOOROOOOOONNNNAAAAAAAAA!!!

Gia Cervantes: Well, this should be interesting. We've been promised a major announcement from our general manager here tonight that is going to change the landscape of Odyssey, I have to wonder what this is about.

Ashley Walker: Probably nothing good, Gia. Llorona has constantly used her power to harm those that she disagrees with. We all saw what happened to Revy at Final Destination.

Gia Cervantes: ASH! SHUSH! SHE'S IN HOLLYWOOD, REMEMBER?!

Ashley Walker: Oh whatever, Gia. We both know that's not what happened regardless of what we were instructed to say. Nevertheless, I am curious on what this supposed blockbuster announcement is going to be.

(The theme music dies down and Llorona takes her place next to the podium, picking up a microphone and giving it a moment for the boos to die down before speaking.)

Llorona: Now I'm well aware that I have my detractors. Most of you fans and a large portion of the people backstage don't seem to like how I do things...but to tell you the truth, that doesn't matter to me. The only thing that matters to me are results. And like it or not...under my rule, Odyssey has reached heights previously NEVER seen under Aria Jaxon or Viola DeMarco! We're coming off the BIGGEST Pay-Per-View in our company's HISTORY and WHO was it that main evented? That's right...MY show! Odyssey had THREE world title matches that culminated in the crowning of an Undisputed Women's World Champion! Not only that, but we had a brilliant fatal four way match for the Openweight Championship! A BRUTAL Buried Alive contest! We WON the Ascension to the Heavens, DOMINATED the BOB Games! And I guess we had an okay Goddesses title match too. The point is, Odyssey STOLE the show at Final Destination! Something that's happened over and over again since I came into power whether you want to admit it or not!

Gia Cervantes: Well she does have a point there. Odyssey has been making waves since Llorona took over...although I'm not sure if that's her doing or just coincidence.

Llorona: But...despite Odyssey reaching these never before seen heights, I'm not one to rest on my laurels. The only way to STAY on top is to always keep improving. And that's why tonight, I have an announcement that's going to shake up the way things are done on Saturday nights. We all know that the roster is becoming bigger and bigger with each passing day. The Undisputed Women's World Championship scene is STACKED! The Goddesses title scene is FILLED with hungry competitors waiting to break out! And the Openweight title has never before been so hotly contested for with all these talented newcomers we see coming into the picture seemingly every week. Now those three titles are very prestigious indeed...but...with the way our roster is growing...I don't think that three titles are enough...

Ashley Walker: Wait...are we getting a new title on Odyssey?

Llorona: So without further ado...I would like to reveal...the NEWEST prize for Saturday night Odyssey!

(Llorona grabs the tarp on the podium, proudly ripping it aside to reveal...)

<https://tenor.com/view/womens-tag-team-championship-champions-wwf-elimination-chamber-wrestling-gif-13691594>

Llorona: THE OWA WOMEN'S WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS!!!

Gia Cervantes: WHOA!!! THAT CERTAINLY IS A HUGE ANNOUNCEMENT!!!

Llorona: For far too long, Olympus and Kingdom have HOARDED the Tag Team titles. Interbranded my ass. The other two brands know that their talent doesn't stack up to Odyssey's so they keep them as far out of reach as possible and I'm quite frankly tired of it. So from this point forward, Odyssey will have our OWN Tag Team division!

(The crowd cheers at the announcement.)

Llorona: Now I haven't decided who will be competing for these yet...but over the next few weeks, I will be determining what teams will be competing in the very first Women's World Tag Team Championship match at Game Over 5!!! So ladies...if you have a friend...and you think you're ready to win some gold on this brand...now could be your time to shine as we embark on a brand new era of women's tag team wrestling, further cementing Odyssey as the PREMIER brand for women's wrestling ANYWHERE in the world!

Ashley Walker: This actually is pretty cool, Gia! I'm excited about this!

(Llorona smiles for a moment as the crowd cheers, however, the smile quickly fades from her face.)

Llorona: But that's not all I'm out here for...if you'd please...I'd like to guide you all to the OmegaTron and show you all some footage from the Goddesses Championship Match at Final Destination IV...

(The camera cuts to the OmegaTron and we're shown some footage from Final Destination IV...

Ashley Walker: Llorona is now in the ring, screaming angrily at Chet, though it's mostly sounding like a mix between Spanish and English curse words, so I'm really uncomfortable repeating the gist of it... NAMI is now approaching Llorona from behind, her arms out wide, obviously pissed that a potential winning pinfall went up in smoke thanks to OWA's resident idiot that SOMEHOW remains employed, likely as an ongoing joke at the whim of Scott Oasis, because he really fricking sucks at his job! Llorona is now pointing her finger in NAMI's face, screaming at her to back down before she embarrasses her in front of her hometown friends and family! What a vile woman our GM is!

Gia Cervantes: Be careful what you say, Ash. You know that she listens to every match!

Ashley Walker: So what? Screw her, she doesn't sign my paychecks anyways, so what repercussions do us commentators have to fear from her? Llorona, in a classless move, flips our Goddesses Champion the middle finger, while kicking Chet in the ribs for good measure... I can really understand why Revy misses Aria so much-

**\*\*CLANG!\*\***

Ashley Walker: **\*\*REVY JUST SLAMMED A STEEL CHAIR DOWN ONTO THE GM'S SKULL! LLORONA IS BLINDLY STUMBLING AROUND THE RING, HOLDING HER FACE WITH BOTH HANDS...\*\***

**\*\*CLANG!\*\***

Gia Cervantes: **\*\*ANOTHER CHAIRSHOT FROM REVY TATTOOS LLORONA'S HEAD, CUTTING HER WIDE OPEN! LLORONA TOPPLES TO THE OUTSIDE! CHET HAS ROLLED TO THE OUTSIDE AS WELL!\*\***

(With that, the footage ends and Llorona turns to look at Ashley Walker.)

Ashley Walker: Shoot...

Gia Cervantes: I tried to warn you!

Llorona: Now first off...Revy's heinous actions at Final Destination aside...I'd like to personally reprimand you for your actions at Final Destination, Ashley. That is hardly unbiased commentary and I expect more from my employees. But I'll get to you in a second...

(Llorona now turns to face Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud, the King of Saudi Arabia, in the crowd. His arms are crossed, clearly not enjoying seeing women in the ring after what happened earlier.)

Llorona: King Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud...as I stated I expect more from ALL of my employees. So I'd like to formally issue you a personal apology for the actions of my roster. You opened your country to us...and in turn, select people decided to spit on your values and traditions. For that...I am sincerely sorry.

(Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud cocks his head a little, somewhat intrigued.)

Llorona: And...I'm a firm believer that actions do have consequences. Someone should pay for what happened earlier, wouldn't you agree?

Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud: I would, indeed.

Llorona: And I know, I know...you attempted to dish out this punishment on Rebecca Filth and Angelina Magnum and...not to question your judgment, great King...but they're not the ones at fault. I implore you...take out these punishments on the one who TRULY is responsible for this.

Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud: You mean...that Iblis from earlier...that Devil...

Llorona: No, no...not even her. The Banshee has her issues, yes, but she was not responsible for it. Not even Filth or Angelina were responsible. No...you see they were all put up to it. They were all put up to it by ONE person...the person who hosted the event...

(All eyes in the arena turn to Ashley Walker at the commentary booth.)

Ashley Walker: Wait...what...I didn't do anything!

Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud: I didn't see this young woman do anything though.

Ashley Walker: THANK YOU!

Llorona: Oh you wouldn't. But I have my sources as the one who rules Odyssey...as I'm sure you do here in the great country of Saudi Arabia. And I can assure you...she is the mastermind behind these vile acts. You see, it's no secret Ashley's disdain for Rebecca Filth. We've witnessed her biased commentary towards Ms. Filth ever since she first arrived in this company. Isn't that right, Ashley?

Ashley Walker: I mean...I have my issues with Filth but I didn't-

Llorona: Exactly! And Ashley decided to take this opportunity, KNOWING we were in the great kingdom of Saudi Arabia, and KNOWING your values and beliefs...and GOADED both Rebecca Filth AND Angelina Magnum into coming out here earlier and acting as vile as they did. They both may be naive and misguided, but please great King...do not blame them for they were led astray by the TRUE culprit...ASHLEY WALKER!!!

(Llorona points at a stunned Ashley Walker.)

Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud: I see...and what would you like to do about this? I assume you will punish her justifiably.

Llorona: I would, but I am not that rude, good sir. This is your country. These are your customs. And it is you and your people who she disrespected. So...on behalf of Odyssey and the OWA...I would like to offer an olive branch of sorts...and offer you Ashley Walker...right now...to punish however you see fit.

Ashley Walker: WHAT?! LLORONA YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! GIA!!!

Gia Cervantes: LLORONA YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

Llorona: QUIET GIA! OR YOU WILL BE NEXT! I CAN DO WHATEVER I LIKE!

(Llorona turns back to Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud.)

Llorona: Do you accept this token of my sincere apologies so that the Omega Wrestling Alliance and the great kingdom of Saudi Arabia can further continue our business in the future?

(Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud thinks, stroking his chin for a moment.)

Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud: Very well.

(Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud waves his arm and suddenly a dozen armed members of the Royal Guard appear around the announce table. Ashley Walker begins crying as they surround her. Gia gets up out of her seat to protect Ashley.)

Gia Cervantes: NOW WAIT JUST A FUCKING MINUTE!

Random Saudi Arabian Royal Guard: QUIET WOMAN!

(Three guards point their rifles at Gia and she turns pale white as she sits back down.)

Random Saudi Arabian Royal Guard: You...come with us.

(Ashley, still crying, shakes her head.)

Llorona: Go, Ashley. Don't make this worse than it needs to be.

(The guards violently grab Ashley and she kicks and screams as she's taken through the crowd. Gia is held at gunpoint, unable to help. As Ashley is dragged through the crowd, many of the men cheer as the women remain silent.)

Ashley Walker: NOOOO! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! SOMEBODY HELP! GIA!!!!

(Ashley's screams start to trail off. Gia is now shown, paralyzed in fear, tears rolling down her face as the guards keep their guns pointed directly at her.)

Gia Cervantes: ...no...

(As the Royal Guard disappears into the crowd and Ashley's cries fade, the camera focuses back onto Llorona.)

Llorona: It was a pleasure doing business with you King Abdulaziz.

Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud: Likewise, I look forward to continuing this business relationship in the future.

(Llorona bows politely and looks at a sobbing Gia with a smile on her face as “Superthug” hits the speakers again. Llorona exits the ring and heads back up the ramp and as we fade out two sounds are heard.)

**BANG!**

A gunshot is heard.

**ASHLEYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!!**

(The scream of Gia Cervantes is imprinted in our minds forever as we go to commercial.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(Graphics appear on screen breaking down what’s in store for this upcoming Kingdom!)

Lance Hart: Two weeks from Sunday is Kingdom’s first broadcast of the season and Kenny Drake has signed several things onto the schedule!

Morgan Shaw: Yessir! First things first, JD Damon promises to be in the building as he explains his SHOCKING actions against Kyle! The Ultimate Disharmony opens up on his betrayal in our opening episode! PLUS Father Fiora announces his next move in OWA after banishing Noah Quinn!

Lance Hart: Along with that, we have two remaining matches in the Dark Kingdom tournament’s opening round as Taniguchi Sena takes on Dick P Slaughter! Along with that, TITAN makes his big move to Sunday Night Kingdom by taking on the debuting Ty Kulina! The winners of those matches move on to face Noah Krieger and Jacob Striker respectively!

Morgan Shaw: The debuts don’t stop there either! Alejandro De Leon crosses over to the OWA to take on Donovan T in his first defense as Outlaw Champion! Raivo will not be there by his side as he is currently under SUSPENSION by Kenny Drake until he issues a public apology directly to Rebecca Bishop, something which hopefully we will hear about on the program.

Lance Hart: And speaking of Outlaw Champions, the former Outlaw Champion MYOJIN has been informed he must be in attendance as he makes his claim for the World title number one contendership, and hopefully the rest of The Golden Dawn will arrive with him as Mafia members Jason Long and CYKA have both laid out an open challenge!

Morgan Shaw; All of this and so much more with Sunday Night Kingdom’s first episode of the season, but until then we have to send things over to the Olympus table as they wrap up the kickoff in Saudi Arabia with the Immortal Heavyweight Championship match!

Jamison Pierce: The following contest is set for one fall and is tonight's MAIN EVENT! This match is for the IMMORTAL HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!!!!

("The Stroke" by Billy Squier hits as Michelangelo (Matt Miles' Younger Brother) jogs down to the ring.)

Jamison Pierce: Introducing first, from Oakland, California, weighing in at 217 pounds... HE IS MATT MILES' YOUNGER BROTHER!!!!.... MICHELANGELO!!!!!! (MATT MILES' YOUNGER BROTHER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!)

Giovante Reese: This dude is ready to go, and he's a cold-ass honkey to boot! His BOB Games performance was impressive as hell and despite not officially ranking he came as close as possible to doing so - still! While the rest of the competitors there had to fight the rest of that match out to make it to the finals, it looks like fortune favors Michelangelo here as his solo debut is straight in a World Championship match!

Benito Molina: I've not seen anything else like this to be honest but Jacob Senn was keen for the challenge - maybe he thinks it's an easy defense? I mean, after what he did to Darkane, I can't blame him if he'd be feeling invincible. Darkane main evented a night of Final Destination for the second year in a row but this time it didn't go his way! Jacob Senn pulled out all the stops in that Inferno Deathmatch including bringing out a visage from Darkane's past - Lazarus Arjen - to help him seal the deal. Senn walked out as Immortal Heavyweight Champion, and Darkane is out of action indefinitely. I don't know what Michelangelo thinks he's going to do here that even Darkane couldn't but good luck to this kid.

("Sanguinem" by Mephorash begins to play as the lights in the arena dim with a red underglow of light enveloping the ramp and stage. Jacob Senn steps out to the stage with the Immortal Heavyweight Championship over his shoulder, walking down to the ring as the fans drown him in boos. Senn steps into the ring and shakes his head with disgust as he looks at his opponent for tonight.)

Giovante Reese: The Don himself! Calling himself the "Almighty Pariah" now, a man standing on the fringe of society with a set of beliefs that no one agrees with, but he has the power to carry out and make it reality, to force his will upon the lesser peasants of this world, like you Benito! It's clear to see how Jacob Senn feels about Michelangelo! This could've been a night of rest or preparation for the "mission" that Senn seeks to carry out, but now he's got to defend the title against someone who's had exactly one other match in OWA! This isn't a bad way to start the season though for Senn! Get an easy defense, then rest and wait for Elijah Hampton to come through!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Benito Molina: We're underway! The first Immortal Heavyweight Championship defense of Season 5 as Senn approaches the hundredth day of his reign, with two defenses to his name

right now as he looks to add one more tonight! One thing I'll say is that even compared to Darkane, there is ZERO fear or apprehension on Michelangelo Matt Miles' Younger Brother's face! Even Darkane showed some signs of humanity for once at Final Destination, that was more emotion I've seen from him in one night than ever before. But Michelangelo Matt Miles Younger Brother? Pure stoicism. He's just staring at Jacob Senn like he doesn't even know him! This just looks like business!

Giovante Reese: Maybe he's just too stupid to realize the lion's den he's walked into. Either way, Jacob Senn looks unbothered himself. Michelangelo Matt Miles' Young Brother walks up to Jacob Senn as the champion looks straight ahead to his challenger, the two coming face to face...

Michelangelo (Matt Miles' Younger Brother): You killed my brother. Prepare to die.

**\*\*THWACK!!!!\*\***

Benito Molina: OH! MICHELANGELO MATT MILES' YOUNGER BROTHER WITH A BIG CHOP TO THE CHEST!!! Jacob Senn falls back a step but comes right back -- ANOTHER CHOP FROM MICHELANGELO MATT MILES' YOUNGER BROTHER! CHOP TO THE THROAT! AN UPPERCUT! AN ELBOW SMASH! MICHELANGELO MATT MILES' YOUNGER BROTHER JUMPS WITH A DROPKICK!!!

Giovante Reese: That combo came out of nowhere! Senn was probably thinking this was going to be a strike exchange but Michelangelo Matt Miles' Young Brother just threw out the line and Senn took the bait! Senn falls back into the ropes and comes running back with a Lariat attempt but Michelangelo Matt Miles' Younger Brother ducks! He grabs Senn by the tights and pulls him in picking him up for a Suplex but Senn throws an elbow back and grounds himself! Senn with another back elbow and he spins around for a forearm smash, another forearm smash, then takes a step back... AND COMES FORWARD WITH THE ROLLING ELBOW!!!!

Benito Molina: Michelangelo gets both arms up and takes the Rolling Elbow to the forearms! Michelangelo falls back a step and Jacob Senn sees his advantage now! A kick to the gut doubles Michelangelo over and Senn pulls him in for the DDT -- NO! Michelangelo pushes him away and charges forward with a Shoulder Tackle! Michelangelo takes Senn against the ropes and holds him there! Senn is clubbing down on Michelangelo's back but Michelangelo is holding firm, I think he has a plan here... He grasps his arms around Senn's waist and suddenly pulls himself away to drag Senn out AND PICK HIM UP INTO THE AIR! THE POWER! MICHELANGELO WITH A HIGH ANGLE BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX AND HE GOES FOR THE PIN!

Referee: ONE!!!!....

Giovante Reese: Senn throws the shoulder up at one! Michelangelo picks him back up to his feet but Senn grabs Michelangelo's wrist and pulls him into a BACK ELBOW! Jacob Senn's

been throwing those elbows out like he's still wrestling strong style in Japan! Senn grabs Michelangelo by the hair and picks him up to his knees, but Michelangelo is immediately back on the offensive! He's throwing punches out left and right to Senn's midsection! I think Senn just looks more annoyed than anything as he takes a step back for a big KNEE to the face -- AGAIN! MICHELANGELO WITH THE COUNTER! HE HOOKS SENN'S LEG AND PICKS HIM UP INTO A FIREMAN'S CARRY WHILE HE'S DOWN ON HIS KNEES... THEN POPS UP INTO A SQUAT AND STANDS UP! JUST LIKE THAT MICHELANGELO HAS SENN IN THE FIREMAN'S CARRY!!!

Benito Molina: MICHELANGELO DROPS SENN FORWARD AND TRANSITIONS IT INTO A POWERDRIVER!!! WITH AN ELBOW DROP ON THE WAY DOWN TO TOP IT OFF!!! I'm so lost right now! He goes from looking like a helpless child to an Olympic level wrestler in seconds! What is going on here?! Matt Miles had a younger brother this good and this elite but he's just been sitting at home this entire time?!

Giovante Reese: Michelangelo runs to hit the ropes as Jacob Senn writhes on the ground! He jumps over Senn and hits the ropes to run back the other way but Senn gets up to his knees now bending over for the Back Body Drop but MICHELANGELO LEAPFROGS IT! He jumps up to the ropes and springboards back... JUMPING CUTTER!!!! MICHELANGELO SPIKES SENN'S FACE INTO THE GROUND AND PICKS HIM UP! CHOP! CHOP! CHOP! CHOP! CHOP!!! THE FIFTH CHOP HITS SO LOUD IT ECHOES AROUND THE ARENA EVEN WITH THE CHEERING OF THE FANS FOR THE INSANITY OF MICHELANGELO TAKING THE FIGHT TO SENN LIKE THIS!

Benito Molina: MICHELANGELO STEPS BACK! HE'S MEASURING IT UP... BICYCLE PUMP KICK!!!!!! --- SENN CATCHES MICHELANGELO'S ANKLE AND SPINS HIM OUT! SENN RUNS UP WITH A LARIAT TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD SENDING MICHELANGELO INTO THE ROPES! SENN GRABS MICHELANGELO BY THE WAIST AND PULLS HIM OUT FOR THE GERMAN SUPLEX!!! SENN ROLLS BACK WITH THE WAISTLOCK STILL ON AND GETS BACK UP, HE'S PICKING MICHELANGELO UP FOR ANOTHER GERMAN SUPLEX... AND THIS TIME HE SENDS HIM HEADFIRST INTO THE MIDDLE TURNBUCKLE WITH A RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX!!!! MY GOD!!!! HIS HEAD SNAPPED BACK AGAINST THE TURNBUCKLE, EVEN WITH THE PADDING THE SHEER IMPACT WOULD BE ENOUGH TO BREAK HIS NECK!!!

Giovante Reese: Jacob Senn stands back up now and the crowd seems entirely deflated! The energy that was building behind Michelangelo has been put to an end as Jacob reminds us exactly why he's the top guy on Olympus, and why he gets to be the Immortal Heavyweight Champion while the rest of them continue to want. Senn turns around to look at Michelangelo as he lays against the turnbuckles, gasping for air! He might even have a concussion! Senn gets ready... AND RUNS FORWARD! HE JUMPS INTO THE AIR!!! HESITATION DROPKICK!!!!!! BOTH FEET CRASHING INTO MICHELANGELO'S FACE!!!! Senn gets back up and I think he's calling for the end now!

Benito Molina: Michelangelo is trying to crawl away, but Jacob Senn has his eyes locked on him with that bloodthirst we've come to know so well from him as of late... Senn steps up... THEN PICKS UP THE PACE BEFORE HE JUMPS!!! CURBSTOMP!!!! SHADOW STEP!!!! -- MICHELANGELO AT THE LAST SECOND REACHES FOR THE ROPES AND PULLS HIMSELF AWAY TO THE APRON!!!! Senn's boot crashes HARD into the mat! Jesus Christ he was trying to cave in Michelangelo's skull with that one! Jacob falls back a step trying to regain his footing while Michelangelo gets up to his feet on the apron, holding onto the ropes... MICHELANGELO SPRINGBOARDS FOR THE BLOCKBUSTER!!!! THE THROWBACK!!!! MICHELANGELO BRINGS SENN'S HEAD DOWN TO THE MAT GIVING HIM WHIPLASH ON THE WAY DOWN!

Giovante Reese: Both men crash into the mat - BUT MICHELANGELO KIPS UP AND THE CROWD STARTS GOING WILD! Michelangelo falls back into the ropes now, holding onto the back of his head! As much as he'd want to capitalize off of that break, getting a quick second to rest is only going to help! Michelangelo had the quick burst of offense at the start but the onslaught from Senn that followed, even the best would struggle to get up from that. Kudos to this kid for keeping up and if he wants to keep it going, he has to do it NOW, because Jacob Senn is already getting back up to his feet!

Benito Molina: Michelangelo's trying to cut him off! He runs by with the KNEE LIFT! Senn gets hit in the face and his head snaps back! Michelangelo CHOPS him in the chest to keep him stunned in place as he runs off the ropes with momentum for the ENZU LARIAT!!!!!! JACOB SENN GETS TURNED INSIDE OUT AS HE FALLS TO THE MAT! I can't believe it! Michelangelo is back in this! Jacob Senn quickly pushes himself up but Michelangelo KICKS HIM IN THE SIDE OF THE HEAD! AND NOW HE COMES DOWN WITH A STOMP TO THE FACE! JESUS CHRIST! MICHELANGELO REACHES DOWN AND GRABS SENN'S ARMS!... STOMP! STOMP!! STOMP!!!! THE WRIST LOCKED STOMPS ARE COMING IN!!! HIT THE BRICKS!!!! MICHELANGELO IS TRYING TO TURN SENN'S HEAD INTO MUSH WITH THE STOMPS!!!!

Giovante Reese: THE CROWD IS COUNTING ALONG! WE'RE AT SIX NOW! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE! TEN!!!! MICHELANGELO FINALLY STOPS AND HE'S CALLING FOR THE END AS HE PICKS SENN UP... MICHELANGELO TAKES A STEP BACK... AND SPINS FORWARD!!!! THE DISCUS CLOTHESLINE!!!! MASTERSTROKE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Benito Molina: SENN DUCKS!!! SENN DUCKS!!! THAT WAS PURE INSTINCT, I DON'T THINK HE WAS EVEN FULLY CONSCIOUS AT THAT MOMENT OF TIME BUT THAT FIGHTING SPIRIT OF HIS HAS NOT YET FADED! SENN FLIPS BACK WITH THE PELE KICK AND IT CONNECTS SENDING MICHELANGELO STUMBLING TOWARDS THE ROPES! SENN GETS RIGHT BACK UP BUT MICHELANGELO COMES RUNNING BACK OFF THE ROPES --- SENN CUTS HIM OFF! A KICK TO THE GUT AND THE STUNNER!!!!!! WEAPON X!!!!!!!!!! MICHELANGELO GETS ROCKED AND SENN STANDS UP TO PULL HIM IN! HE HOOKS BOTH ARMS AND PICKS MICHELANGELO UP FOR THE PACKAGE PILEDRIVER!!!!!!!!!!

Giovante Reese: MICHELANGELO BREAKS OUT OF IT! AT THE LAST SECOND HE BREAKS OUT OF IT! MICHELANGELO GROUNDS HIS LEGS AND SENDS SENN OVERHEAD WITH THE BACK BODY DROP! MICHELANGELO HITS THE ROPES FOR SPEED AND COMES BACK TO JUMP FOR THE DOUBLE FOOT STOMP!!!! BUT SENN KICKS HIS RIGHT LEG OUT AND TRIPS MICHELANGELO IN MIDAIR!!!

Benito Molina: Michelangelo goes flying forward and crashes on the mat, face first! That was a bad face plant! Jacob Senn pushes himself back up now with a rare smile on his face, this match was a hindrance to him and he's ready to call this a night, and he knows he's just moments away from doing that! Michelangelo gets up to his hands and knees and Jacob Senn measures him from behind... Senn runs forward... THEN LEAPS OVER MICHELANGELO TO GRAB ONTO THE ROPES AND SPRINGBOARD EVEN HIGHER INTO THE AIR... TO COME DOWN WITH THE CURBSTOMP!!!!!! A SHADOW STEP FROM --- YOOOOO!!!!!!!

Giovante Reese: NO WAY!!!! MICHELANGELO POPPED BACK UP TO HIS FEET AND HE CATCHES SENN IN THE AIR!!!! MICHELANGELO SPINS HIM AROUND INTO THE POWERBOMB!!!! SENN TRIES GETTING RIGHT BACK UP BUT MICHELANGELO REBOUNDS WITH A PENALTY KICK TO JACOB SENN'S JAW!!!! MICHELANGELO IS STANDING TALL OVER JACOB SENN! THIS ENTIRE ARENA IS UP ON THEIR FEET! WILL HE DO THE IMPOSSIBLE?!!!! MICHELANGELO HOOKS BOTH OF SENN'S ARMS... AND LIFTS HIM INTO THE AIR!!!!..... DOUBLE UNDERHOOK PILEDRIVER!!!!!!!! THE MIDAS TOUCH!!!!!!!!!!!! IN MEMORY OF HIS OLDER BROTHER MATT!!!! THE MIDAS TOUCH CONNECTS AND JACOB SENN FALLS OVER TO THE MAT!!!! MICHELANGELO DROPS DOWN AND HOOKS BOTH LEGS!!! NO WAY!! NO WAY!!!!

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

Benito Molina: JACOB SENN THROWS THE SHOULDER UP!!!! HE SURVIVES!!!! THE CHAMPIONSHIP REIGN IS NOT OVER BUT MICHELANGELO'S DREAMS HAVE JUST BEEN DASHED AS THE DESPAIR SETS IN!!!! IF THE MIDAS TOUCH COULDN'T SEAL THE DEAL... THEN WHAT WILL?!!!

Giovante Reese: I don't know but he has to figure it out NOW! Michelangelo shakes off the self-doubt that must be creeping into his head now as he looks around at the Saudi Arabia crowd who is firmly behind him at this point. Michelangelo walks over to the corner and begins to climb up the turnbuckles... High risk, high reward but if he pulls this off... The title is his! Michelangelo is perched at the top but he stands up tall, looking down at Jacob Senn with contempt in his face for what he did to his older brother... MICHELANGELO DOES THE SIGN OF THE CROSS AND THEN FLIES!!!!

Benito Molina: THIS IS ALL HE'S GOT LEFT!!!!!! A FIVE STAR ELBOW DROP!!!! ---- AIN'T NO WAY!!! AIN'T NO FUCKING WAY!!!!!! JACOB SENN JUST KIPPED UP OUT OF THE WAY!!!! MICHELANGELO CRASHES ELBOW FIRST INTO THE MAT WHILE JACOB SENN -- I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID THAT!! WHAT THE FUCK?! HE'S JUST ON ANOTHER LEVEL RIGHT

NOW! HE JUST TOOK A PILEDRIVER LESS THAN A FEW MINUTES AGO AND TWO MINUTES LATER HE'S KIPPING UP AND OUT OF THE WAY OF AN ELBOW DROP! HE IS TRULY WORTHY OF BEING CHAMPION AS MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT!

Giovante Reese: Michelangelo's arm is FUCKED on the mat and Jacob Senn... HE'S ALREADY OFF THE ROPES FOR THE SHADOW STEP!!!!!! THE CURBSTOMP CONNECTS AND JACOB SENN DROPS FOR THE COVER!!!!

Referee: ONE ---

Benito Molina: NOT EVEN A ONE COUNT AND MICHELANGELO KICKS OUT?!!! WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON RIGHT NOW?! JACOB SENN LOOKS SHOCKED -- BUT HE JUST PICKS MICHELANGELO RIGHT BACK UP!!! HE HOOKS BOTH ARMS!!! PACKAGE PILEDRIVER!!!! THE LAST WORD!!!!!! BUT JACOB SENN ISN'T DONE! EVEN SPIKING MICHELANGELO'S HEAD INTO THE MAT CAN'T GUARANTEE A WIN AFTER WE JUST SAW THAT KICKOUT... JACOB SENN IS STEPPING UP TO THE MIDDLE ROPE!!!! INSANE!!! HE LEAPS!!!! SHADOW STEP!!!!!! FROM THE SECOND ROPE!!!! AND SENN MAKES THE COVER!!!!!!

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

(DING! DING! DING!)

("Sanguinem" hits the speakers as the crowd's deflation turns into anger. The boos start reigning in over the chugging of the heavy music as Jacob Senn stands up to his feet, dusting off his shoulders and being handed the Immortal Heavyweight Championship as he raises it up high.)

Jamison Pierce: The winner of this match by way of pinfall... AND STILL!!!! -- THE OWA IMMORTAL HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!!!!!!... JACOB SENN!!!!!!

Giovante Reese: There's just no beating this man! Michelangelo came out the gate swinging and never stopped until he had the fight knocked out of him! Much respect to his fight here, he had that dawg in him for sure. For just debuting in wrestling less than a month ago, being able to take the World Champion to a twenty minute fight and kicking out of a finisher in less than a one count... Good shit. But the champion is Jacob Senn for a reason, and as much as people want to hate him for the things he's done we just can't deny that it's a privilege to watch him go on a run like this so late into his career. He's a true legend.

Benito Molina: No doubt, and now the final nail seems to have been put in the coffin that was once The Dynasty. Elijah Hampton is the last line of defense and no offense to Elijah but damn... I just don't see how ANYONE could beat Jacob Senn right now. He might be champion for a long time to come...

(Jacob Senn continues to hold the Immortal Heavyweight Championship up high but is suddenly cut off by microphone feedback. Senn looks down the ramp and sees the man in a suit and smiling mask on the stage.)

Giovante Reese: What is... That's Project Smile isn't it? They were meant to appear tonight and take over Olympus officially, I guess they waited until the very end of the night!

Smiling Man: Good evening. Thank you everyone for your support in our project. Project Smile was created with the intention of bringing smiles to people's faces. Our founder and CEO has lived with much pain and suffering in his life... Everything he has done to this point with Project Smile is with the goal to make things better in this world. Whatever it takes. As long as the power remains with the people, we will survive the worst and come out better on the other side.

(Jacob Senn stares down the ramp with a confused look on his face.)

Benito Molina: What is this guy talking about, who is this CEO?

Smiling Man: Please welcome the CEO of Project Smile and the new General Manager of Olympus.

<https://youtu.be/SiMBG6cvSQU>

("712PM" by Future hits the speakers to confusion from the crowd...)

Benito Molina: What is this music? Who is this?

Giovante Reese: I'm not sure... But... AYOO!!!! NO WAY!

(The camera pans to the stage as the CEO of Project Smile steps out to the stage...)

<https://64.media.tumblr.com/88a9f121b2247615538e53d7029377f2/3457253288972a9b-16/s500x750/eab4c14bcc127952225980f8e4a919a4aa0fed30.gif>

Benito Molina: ARYX?!!! IT IS!!! IT'S ARYX!!!!

Giovante Reese: ARYX?! Why is he the CEO of Project Smile? What the hell is going on? We haven't seen ARYX in over six months! Since Civil War! He debuted out of OWT last October and went straight for The Dynasty! You can say he's single-handedly responsible for the collapse of The Dynasty, the man who drove Jacob Senn insane alongside Eon Blue... But damn. I'm confused!

(ARYX takes the microphone out of the Smiling Man's hands and walks down to the ring. ARYX steps into the ring coming face to face with Jacob Senn.)

ARYX: Hello.

(ARYX laughs.)

ARYX: I heard the commentary call me ARYX on the way down here. I don't go by that no more. My name is Alex Carter.

Jacob Senn, as much of a plan or mission you think you're on right now... I know what motivates you. I know what that voice is that speaks to you. I've known for longer than you have. For longer than Eon has. You see, I was searching for the same man you were, Senn.

"The Hero".

At one point, He thought it was you. I did too. After all, the legend of war, a man with almost fifteen years of experience of combat at the highest level. You were the perfect choice. Yet in most eras, The Hero fought alone. You though?

You had an army behind you. The Dynasty.

I assembled my forces, the best I could. The Acolytes. A deal with The Big Oasis Brand. I thought we had it won. We took apart your numbers one at a time to the point you were left with the likes of Devi Krysis and Ryo Sakazaki... But you still won. You led The Dynasty to victory.

During that match though... You heard His voice. For the first time. What you thought was just the self-doubt and insecurity in your head was actually Him speaking to you. Priming you for the role you had to fill. Because during that match, during the Civil War which you were supposed to lose so we could kill The Hero before he became a problem...

That's when we realized it.

**\*\*You were the King all along.\*\***

(ARYX kneels before Jacob Senn.)

Benito Molina: Wait... Why... No... No..... Don't tell me Jacob Senn --

(Jacob Senn begins to laugh.)

Jacob Senn: I know. He told me of your arrival. Everything went according to His plan. The era of the Goetial King will begin. We have The King. The Beast. And now, you have finally arrived. The last piece of the puzzle. The man with the keys to the kingdom. I welcome you... The Herald.

(Alex Carter stands back up to his feet.)

Alex Carter: If He wishes for you to reign, then reign you shall. I serve Him, and if He serves you, then so will I... But remember Jacob. This is not YOUR era. It is His. If you ever forget that...

**\*\*I will dispose of you.\*\***

(Jacob Senn and Alex Carter stare down with some palpable tension, but then Jacob begins to laugh.)

Jacob Senn: That is fair. That is a problem for another time. For now... Does it need to be spelled out? **\*\*Olympus is now in my control.\*\***

Alex Carter: What my representative said was not incorrect. We do aim to make things better. This is not Graham Baker's spoiled reign of self-indulgence. This world is rotten and wicked. With His power and influence, we will create a new kingdom without the horrors of this world. The things I've had to experience to get to this point, the future generations will be spared from that. But to make paradise a reality... First we must all suffer through Hell.

Jacob Senn: And of that, I am the King. So that brings me to my next point. There is still much to explain to you all, but now is not the time nor the place. Everything must be done at the right time. Still, this man you all consider to be a "Hero", Elijah Hampton... You all don't realize it. He's the greatest threat of all. As I make the moves necessary to bring this world into a new era, a prosperous and fair era like He had once made reality long ago in the past - there will be men that try to stop me. These fools and charlatans who think that they must take me down. It's not about vengeance Elijah.

You're greedy. You just wish to sit upon this throne that I am burdened to sit on. I don't do this because I want to. I do it because I have to. If you knew the things I do, you'd understand that too. Instead, you oppose me, blindly.

You see, I didn't expect it to be you, Elijah. You're selfish, short-sighted, and self-serving. Your entire career in OWA up to the point you joined The Dynasty was the story of a man who jumped from group to group, trying to find his place in the world. You were a rat, Elijah. Expendable. Shea Flaherty, Havoc, the rest of The Ashes, they all shunned you and exiled you. When you joined The Dynasty, I thought you'd be a good little soldier.

But it went to your head.

I thought it would be Matt, at first. I thought he would be The Hero. The thorn in my side. He blindly devoted himself to me and it led to his own destruction. However, when it came down to it...

It wasn't him.

It was you, Elijah. I won't give you the chance to fight destiny. You don't deserve it. But I won't let myself be a dictator. I will respect the wishes of Alex Carter. So I'll give the people of OWA two choices... You can decide.

Would you rather Elijah Hampton relinquish the God of War Medallion and his Immortal Heavyweight Championship match against me?

**\*\*Or would you rather he be fired from OWA altogether?\*\***

(Alex Carter chuckles.)

Alex Carter: We'll find out on the first Olympus. Welcome to the new era. All hail the Goetial King.

(Jacob Senn raises the Immortal Heavyweight Championship as "Sanguinem" hits the speakers. Alex Carter stands next to Senn with his arms behind his back.)

Giovante Reese: That was a lot to take in, holy shit... How long was this planned?! Alex Carter, ARYX, whatever - he was behind Project Smile from the start? It's been months of Project Smile fan votes and it genuinely seemed like it was just a good way to get fans involved in the decision making process... It was a tool to get the power of Olympus in Senn's hands all along! This is a next level heist!

Benito Molina: This isn't good... If things weren't bleak enough on Olympus following Final Destination... Noah Reigner was defeated tonight and Jacob Senn has now locked in control of Olympus while he reigns as Immortal Heavyweight Championship? Now this ultimatum about Elijah Hampton?! The bullshit has already begun! We just finally got rid of Baker and Oasis! When will this end?!

Giovante Reese: No one's left to fight it! Darkane is gone, The Dynasty is in shambles, more and more villains have been rising the ranks of Olympus - it's crazy. Olympus is in disarray right now but maybe we just need to take Senn's word for it! This might just be the storm before the calm, so to speak - Jacob Senn and Alex Carter wish to bring Olympus and the world as a whole to a new era of prosperity altogether - these might be the sacrifices necessary! Anyways, I'm voting for that lightskin menace to get fired from OWA!

Benito Molina: You're a piece of shit. Well, things look bleak and this is just the kick off show! Let's see how things look on Olympus! We're signing off for tonight, thank you for joining us!

(As the program concludes in the arena, The Frontline are outside of the building awaiting the arrival of an important man.)

Finnegan Wakefield: This is the place right?

Jeff X: Kenny told us to meet at the back of the parking lot.

Theodor Pavel: Given who we're talking about, it wouldn't be too surprising if he's running late.

Finnegan Wakefield: Not at all. Pretty in character actually.

Jeff X: Damn sure not acceptable, though. We're trying to keep our friend being six feet under and this motherfucker is taking an eternity to come through with whatever "help" he can offer? I still don't get how he's the one who can pull this off.

Christopher Sabertooth: You know he has his ways.

Theodor Pavel: His ways of coming at just the right time...I think this is him.

(A van pulls up beside them, stopping and opening its door. The driver waits for a few seconds, the silence being taken as an indicator that he wants them to hop in. They all step inside and take their seats in the vehicle.)

Jeff X: Took you long enough.

Finnegan Wakefield: This is like history. First time we've been face to face in -- what is it? A year and a half maybe? Here you are in the flesh.

Theodor Pavel: Now that you're here though, can you explain how you play into all of this?

Christopher Sabertooth: Yeah, clue us in. Is Kenny being hopeful or can you really help us bring back Bishop?

?: Trust me.....

( <https://theovertimer.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/01/Tetsuya-Naito.jpg> )

Moongoose McQueen: I sure can. You think Kenny would turn to one of his worst enemies for no reason? I'm a crafty guy. Call me as much of a weirdo as you want, but you can never discount how tactical I get when it comes to "problem solving." That's especially true for all that supernatural shit going on in OWA. We got gods and demons walking around and yet I always find a way to even the odds. I put away Abholos long enough for Jeff X to win that world title, now didn't I?

Christopher Sabertooth: Yeah, we all appreciated that....

Moongoose McQueen: And having my consciousness stuck in limbo for almost a year after that allowed me to think of a way to engineer the greatest equalizer yet. Guys like Abholos, the Elder

and even Arata are always going to be more powerful than us in the current day, but man always has its way of catching up. The mind of a scientist can trump god with the right tools, and even mortality is something that can be beaten if you look in the right place. We can't wish Bishop back, and we can't travel back to the Unknown Realm; we don't need to. I know how to get that heart beating again with nothing but the genius of man.

Finnegan Wakefield: That sounds cool and all but is it a fact or are you rambling like a lunatic.

Jeff X: Yeah, can you cut to the chase and tell us where we are heading?

Mongoose McQueen: The better question is \*when\* are we heading?

Theodor Pavel: ...Come again, crazy man?

Moongoose McQueen: I've been back among the living going on six months and almost nobody has seen a hair of me before Final Destination- do you think I spent that time sitting around twiddling my thumbs? I had almost a year of my life taken away from me and was unable to do anything to save myself. Doctors couldn't help, prayers couldn't do anything. I was stuck in a comatose state with nothing in the world able to assist me. Never again, though. I plan on being here a long time, and I think I've just made my breakthrough to guarantee that. I had the realization that the answer to immortality might not be here, but perhaps it can be found further ahead in time.

(Moongoose revs up the engine as the dashboard of the vehicle lights up unusually. While everyone in the back of the van looks at the sight in amazement, Moongoose is nonchalant, fumbling around the car as his radio plays.)

Joe Rogan: Now apparently the government of Saudi Arabia has closed off all airline flights back to America for the stars of OWA, did you hear about this?

Jamie Vernon: No way, what happened?

Joe Rogan: Well, the organization is currently in the country as they were meant to be performing a special show for the Saudi people. The King of Saudi Arabia claims the show as haram as it displayed vulgar, heathenistic content which betrayed the "pleasant" and "uplifting" PR affair that Chairman Scott Oasis promised.

Jamie Vernon: Oof.

Joe Rogan: While the Saudi King accepted an offer of apology, a representative of the OWA claims the two are locked into meeting to renegotiate the expectations on both sides for future shows, which will hopefully lead to tighter standards and supposedly higher payouts for Mr. Oasis. The plan is for the new deal to be done in time to get the Alphas back home by morning. I tell ya, Dana would never negotiate with those terrorists --

(Moongoose turns off the background noise and presses a button on the steering wheel. Popping out from where the airbag should be is an adjustable clock with the current time and date. Mongoose begins to change it.)

Moongoose McQueen: It would probably be better to stop this from happening but so far I only know how to move this thing forward....

Theodor Pavel: Whoa, it's like we're in Star Trek or something!

Christopher Sabertooth: Mongoose are you ok? There's no way you're suggesting what I think you are?

Jeff X: How the hell would you have been able to do this?

Moongoose McQueen: Going from the heavens back down to earth can put your mind on a whole other level. I don't know what it is, but creating this came to me so easily. I can explain everything to you on the way, but for now we must deal with the urgent situation at hand. Bishop is dead and right now we can't bring him back. BUT....medicine advances everyday, so surely somewhere down the line someone must have figured out the way to fix these circumstances. Something which could put an end to Arata's advantages once and for all. It's just a matter of what year the breakthrough happened.

Jeff X: So you're talking about us going....into the future? I just want to make this clear?

Christopher Sabertooth: Screw it. We literally traveled across the dimensions, at this point I'm not questioning anything.

Finnegan Wakefield: I sure am! You reveal all of this, dodge any explanation, and now expect us to just go diving into some random time period. What is our destination, where is this mythical time where we can find the way to cheat death?

Moongoose McQueen: I don't know yet.

(Moongoose recklessly begins to move the clock ahead.)

Moongoose McQueen: This might be a good year to take a stab at it, though.

(Moongoose puts his hands to the wheel.)

Mongoose McQueen: You're all going to have to trust me here.

(Moongoose looks back to everyone in the van with a charming smile.)

Moongoose McQueen: \*\*Put on your seatbelts, kickback, relax and let's take a ride to 2150, shall we?\*\*

(The Frontline all look at each other, unsure of what to make of Moongoose's offer. Moongoose smiles as the four slowly begin to process the wild turn things have taken for season five.)

( <https://media1.giphy.com/media/7TZvWKVkm0xXi/giphy.gif> )

(Cut to black.)