

(A video package recaps the ThunderBastard from Civil War - all of the insanity - Lazarus Arjen's nail-gun, Mark Michaels being disqualified by the mysterious higher power who ended up being the new owner of Olympus - Remington Ivory Prescott, Darkane with an inexplicable bazooka with which he killed King Kong, and Elijah Hampton's miracle win, both in the ThunderBastard itself, and the defense of the Immortal Heavyweight Championship against Brandon Hendrix less than 24 hours after the fact.

Olympus now enters the road heading into OWA5, the Clash, and Final Destination 5, marked by the new Ace, Elijah Hampton, new ownership under Remington Ivory Prescott, a new force of evil on the horizon in the Seventh Ward, and a whole new field of opportunity as we approach the climax of OWA's Fifth Season...)

(The feed opens up to the Olympus Studio at OWA Headquarters in Philadelphia. Benito Molina is standing by with Nate Cage at the booth.)

Benito Molina: Welcome to a special episode of Olympus! No matches set for tonight but after the hell that was ThunderBastard, General Manager Nate Cage has decided to give the entire roster a break. However, Nate, we'll be opening this show with a special request made by the new Owner of Olympus, Remington Ivory Prescott... Your performance review.

Nate Cage: I believe my performance as General Manager speaks for itself. The brand's never been better!

(Remington Ivory Prescott clears his throat as the camera pans over to the entrance to the studio. RIP walks into the studio with Monster Truck by his side, beginning to speak as he makes his way down.)

Remington Ivory Prescott: Never been better? I'd call you delusional if I didn't know any better but after having to work under you for the last few months I realize what the real issue is Nate, you're just a LIAR. You're an agent of chaos, and of course, everyone loves that kind of nonsense until they actually have to come to deal with it themselves. Please tell me how Olympus is better than ever.

(RIP gets face to face with Cage.)

Remington Ivory Prescott: Cage. Since you've joined, Olympus has lost names like Jacob Senn, James Diamond, Drago Santiago, and not to mention, YOU HAD ME REMOVED FROM THIS BRAND! **ME!!!** THE BIGGEST FUCKING NAME ON THIS ROSTER! THE FUTURE IMMORTAL HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!

Nate Cage: Hey listen ---

Remington Ivory Prescott: **SHUT UP!!!!**

(RIP straightens his tie and regains his composure.)

Remington Ivory Prescott: When your boss speaks to you, you will SHUT UP and LISTEN. You risked the safety of this entire brand for a hair-brained match like the ThunderBastard. The ONLY reason you had to book the entire roster in ONE match is because you are simply too STUPID to have come up with anything better. Now thankfully you were stupid enough to fire me beforehand so I didn't have to participate in that nonsense, but you make me walk into ownership with everyone's limbs hanging off of their bodies after a match like that. What the hell were you thinking?

(Cage shrugs his shoulders. RIP just shakes his head.)

Remington Ivory Prescott: Cage, if my performance review hasn't been obvious, let me just cut to the chase and stop wasting my own time talking to someone as worthless as you... Cage. **YOU'RE FIRED.**

Nate Cage: No.

Remington Ivory Prescott: What the hell do you mean, no? I'm your boss!

(Nate Cage pulls out his cell phone and leans against the booth. He's FaceTiming someone, and the other person picks up.)

Nate Cage: Oh hey Scott!

Scott Oasis [on phone]: Oh God... Is this about Prescott firing you?

Nate Cage: Yep!

Scott Oasis [on phone]: Alright fine, put him on the phone.

Remington Ivory Prescott: What is the meaning of this? I paid good money for this brand, and you're telling me I can't even fire this bum Nate?!

Scott Oasis [on phone]: Well, he is *technically* on a Hall of Fame contract after that sham of an induction, so when it comes to firing him from what is *technically* an administrative office position within the company, there's a lot of hoops to jump through, and frankly with all that I need to deal with heading into OWA5 and Final Destination, I'm just really not in the mood to deal with it. Unfortunately, you guys are going to need to work this out yourselves.

Remington Ivory Prescott: I WANT A REFUND!

Scott Oasis [on phone]: Sorry, deal was final.

(Oasis hangs up.)

Remington Ivory Prescott: Cage. I will PAY YOU to leave.

Nate Cage: No. I quite enjoy this position of power actually, it's the only good thing I have going for me in life right now. HOWEVER... Money also sounds good to me. So let's take a gamble here, Remington.

Remington Ivory Prescott: A gamble, you say? What's on the line for me though, I'm already richer than you'll ever be in your life, there is nothing financially that you could ever offer me.

Nate Cage: Indeed, but the one thing that even someone as wealthy as you can't put a price on... is my *dignity*.

Remington Ivory Prescott: Alright, you've piqued my interest. What's your pitch here, Nate?

Nate Cage: Now, as much as I don't want to step down from this position, and as much as I don't want to give you the gratification of actually firing me, I can see the writing on the wall. You're going to do everything in your power to make my life a living hell, and any sort of satisfaction that I get will quickly be snuffed out by your pettiness and grudge against me. SO, there's really only one thing I can get out of this, and that's to see you get the kind of ass-beating that you deserve.

Remington Ivory Prescott: Explain yourself.

Nate Cage: Believe me, Remy, I have wanted to eviscerate you myself but I couldn't lay my hands on you as GM, nor can I now that you're the owner. And as much as I want to fight you myself, it just wouldn't be proper decorum for me to, in this position. I want to stay as GM, but I also want you gone as owner, so here comes the gamble, I present to you my wager - your ownership, for my General Manager spot - a one on one match, a champion of your choosing against my own... I challenge you to a classic stipulation of this industry... TRIAL BY COMBAT!

Remington Ivory Prescott: ... That's Game of Thrones.

Nate Cage: No, it's from EAW Showdown, actually.

Remington Ivory Prescott: And this is the only way I'd be able to get you out of this contract...

Nate Cage: That's right! Either your entire run as owner of Olympus is stained by my supposedly terrible performance as General Manager, making you a bigger joke of an owner than Elon Musk was, or you take my offer and give yourself just the *smallest* chance of getting me out of this position.

Remington Ivory Prescott: Okay. I accept. But there isn't a single person on this brand I can trust to represent me better than I could represent myself. So choose your worst, Nate.

Nate Cage: Oh of course, I already had someone in mind... And I had a REALLY good feeling you were going to accept. See, I don't want to fight you, Remington. If I am to remain in my role as GM, I don't want to have the responsibility of disposing of you myself. Instead, I've asked an old friend to humble you for me. You're going to lose ownership and become another regular roster member once again, except this time, you're going to be nothing more than my job boy... You understand?

Remington Ivory Prescott: In your dreams. Who do you have in mind? I'll beat anyone, any day. I ain't scared, plus I've got months of rest. I'm the best I've ever felt and in the best shape of my life. Plus I need to get some ring rust off of me before I take Elijah Hampton on anyways.

Nate Cage: Don't sound too cocky, I've already asked my representative champion to show up tonight, and given that he was already looking forward to the OWA5 festivities, he was more than happy to come. Shall I ring him?

???: No need.

(A gruff voice is heard from the entrance to the studio. Remington turns around with a smirk on his face that quickly turns into a look of despair as he sees the man Cage has chosen to represent him in Trial by Combat...)

Nate Cage: Oh hey Carlos!

(Carlos Rosso walks down the entranceway, passing RIP, giving him a glance out of the side of his eye before dapping up Nate Cage.)

Remington Ivory Prescott: This isn't what I meant, Cage. You need to choose an active member on the Olympus roster or I'm not accepting this match.

Nate Cage: Who said anything about that? And fine, if you don't accept this match, I can carry on as General Manager then. Fine by me! Let's go, Carlos!

(Carlos shrugs his shoulders, and he and Nate walk past RIP, about to exit the studio...)

Remington Ivory Prescott: ... Fine, wait.

Nate Cage: I'm sorry?

Remington Ivory Prescott: I said wait. I'll take the challenge... but I'm not fighting Carlos myself.

Carlos Rosso: What's wrong little boy, you scared?

Remington Ivory Prescott: To step into the ring with an unhinged coke-addicted animal like you? Yeah, I'm scared. I have no business putting my health and livelihood at risk like that. But for a beast like you, I'll find another subhuman to fight you Carlos. Don't worry, Nate, I'm taking your challenge, and I'll have the *perfect* opponent set up for you by the end of the night. Now get the fuck out of my studio.

(Nate Cage grins and looks at Carlos, who nods his head slowly. The two leave the studio and a frustrated RIP bangs his fist on Benito's desk before walking off.)

Benito Molina: What a shocking development here! Trial by Combat is Olympus's second official match set for #OWA5 alongside Noah Reigner vs Elijah Hampton! The only question now is - who will RIP choose to represent him against Nate Cage's champion, Carlos Rosso?! Still to come tonight though, Elijah Hampton meets Noah Reigner face to face in the final segment of tonight's broadcast, and up next - we hear from one of the most impactful new roster members of Olympus, Reginald Dampshaw the Third!

('Jerusalem' by Emerson, Lake & Palmer hits the speakers in the studio as Reginald Dampshaw III enters, sporting a black suit with gold accents. Dampshaw walks over to Benito and shoos him aside, taking the main seat on the booth.)

Reginald Dampshaw III: Let's get straight to business here. I did not come to Olympus to merely be another body on this brand, the way that the brass on Kingdom saw me. I know that I am much more than that. If I were ever afforded the same opportunities that the likes of Jason Long or Arata Asakura were given on Kingdom, over and over again despite their failures... I would have reached greater heights than they ever had. But don't take what I say here the wrong way. I'm not bitter. That's just my motivation now. That anger that once resided inside me is now my power. I will do whatever it takes to ascend to the top of Olympus... and fortunately for me...

(RD3 chuckles.)

Reginald Dampshaw III: There seems to be a golden ticket right here on Olympus, right? **The Icarus Championship**. I'm staking my claim to that title right now.

???: A fine idea, indeed.

(RD3 looks over to the stage, as Wraith enters the studio. Wraith walks down to RD3 and the two come face to face, RD3 staring Wraith down seemingly through his mask.)

Reginald Dampshaw III: I know who you are. What do you want with me?

Wraith: This is nothing more than our first meeting, my *friend*. Olympus will soon be under new management, once Remington gets rid of Nate Cage. Reginald, you are one of the chosen few who will come to gain power on the new Olympus, the better Olympus to come. Reginald, I am

simply a liaison. I am here to tell you that your claim to the Icarus Championship? It will be granted. And we will work to make things as easy for you as possible. That's why we've already found you a suitable opponent, one that will make your chance to be Icarus Champion a walk in the park. Don't worry Reginald, I've already cleared this with Nate Cage himself. In his eyes, this is tanking the value of the brand for RIP. What he doesn't realize is... **We** have already checkmated him. So, let's meet your opponent for #OWA5. Why don't you come on out...

Landerson.

(El Landerson walks out into the studio as an ecstatic grin overtakes Reginald Dampshaw III's face. RD3 looks at Wraith and chuckles. Landerson walks up between the two of them and looks up at RD3.)

El Landerson: I will win OWA Icarus Championship at the Hashtag OWA Five PPV event.

(RD3 begins laughing at this point and looks at Wraith, shaking his head.)

Reginald Dampshaw III: How can I say no to this? It will be my pleasure doing business with you, my friend.

Wraith: No, no, the pleasure is all ours. Welcome to the *family*.

(Wraith and RD3 shake hands and the feed cuts to an undisclosed location...)

Darkane and Lazarus Arjen are standing by in the dimly lit ruins of what seems to have once been a house.)

Darkane: These were the old stomping grounds of the Big Easy Undercity, you remember those days Lazarus?

Lazarus Arjen: How could I ever forget? Those were the glory days. I wish the rest of the boys were here to celebrate with us, but shit, they're the lucky ones, getting to rest in peace. We're the ones that have to live with the carnage we strew upon this world, until we join them in Hell once we're six feet deep ourselves. But that's just the reality of what we do.

Darkane: There's nothing else I *would* rather do. I tried that bullshit. Playing the hero. Playing nice with people. Working with the Dynasty. Defending Elijah from Senn, fighting for Aizen, doing what was supposed to be the right thing... But there is never a time I feel more alive than when bodies lay at my feet, blood stains my hand, guts line the walls... This is where I belong. And Hell is where I am destined to go.

Lazarus Arjen: The ThunderBastard, we were this close, THIS fucking close... But it's alright. Darkane and I did what we could. We'll give it to Elijah. He was the better man that night, and as easy it would be for Darkane and I to hunt him down and finish the job, to **take his life**... Nah.

That would be too easy. Why don't you go on and tell them what we have cooked up next, Darkane?

Darkane: Of course. You all already know I've already accomplished everything there is to accomplish... except one thing. **The OWA Tag Team Championships.** Jeff X and Christopher Sabertooth, and now For the Minorities, for over a year those belts have been hiding in the Kingdom from the men who are the biggest threats to those titles. You cowards won't be able to hide from us for long. We've patiently waited long enough but we're not going to wait any longer...

Lazarus Arjen: Whoever the tag team champions are after #OWA5... **We'll see you soon.**

(Lazarus gives the camera a sly smile before he punches it, cracking the screen and abruptly ending the feed.)

(The feed returns to the OWA Studio. Marce Rambeaux is standing by with C, Nobi, and Ryo Sakazaki. Benito Molina stands in between Marce and the other three men.)

Benito Molina: Ladies and gentlemen please welcome my guests at this time - Marce Rambeaux, Nobi, Ryo Sakazaki, and C! All four of you have been impact players on Olympus over the last few months, Marce of course the newest signing, C coming in after making a name for himself in APEX Wrestling, Ryo Sakazaki reaching a new height in his career in 2022 capturing both the Icarus and Prestige Championships, and Nobi being a consistent part of some of the highest rated segments of Olympus alongside Nate Cage and the Sacred Salami. I can now announce that the four of you have been chosen to compete at #OWA5 in an Olympus Showcase match where the winner will receive a match for the OWA Prestige Championship against Elijah Hampton at a future date. Can I have all of your thoughts on this contest? Nobi we'll start with you.

Nobi: Thank you Benito. You know I'm close to being a ten year veteran of this industry and while there are still a few stones I've left unturned here in OWA, I'd say for my career overall I'm as accomplished as can be. I've ventured out of wrestling into the entertainment industry, starring in Hollywood productions, sponsoring brands, building a following around the world, and making a bigger name for myself in the mainstream than most wrestlers are able to do. But, that's not why I started training right? At the end of the day, every wrestler wants the same thing - championship gold. I had fun working with Cage and Mussolini, the stuff with the Salami, but it's time for me to refocus. I look at my rivals like Stark who have risen to the rank of World Champion in OWA and I think it's time I focus on doing the same. Now Elijah Hampton, he's the best of the best on Olympus. He proved that at ThunderBastard. And I respect him for defending the Prestige Championship alongside the Immortal Heavyweight Championship - I would do the same. So really, all I can say is that it's time for me to get my career back on track. I want to win this fatal four way at #OWA5 and then defeat Elijah Hampton for the Prestige Championship so I can start proving myself among the best of the best too.

Ryo Sakazaki: Nobi, I respect you, but let's be real. You've become nothing more than a comedy act on this brand, and that's fine! Nothing wrong with that. You probably have more fans than me anyways. But you know what? I'm used to being hated. I'm used to being a third option. I'm never the guy they want. I have to scratch and claw for everything I've ever earned. Last year was the best year of my career, but I want this year to be better. Maybe I wasn't able to do it in the ThunderBastard. But when I win this fatal four way and go one on one with Elijah Hampton... I'll do the impossible. They told me that I'd never win the Icarus Championship but I did it. They told me I'd never win the Prestige Championship but I did it. Now they'll tell me I'll never beat Elijah Hampton... Guess what? I'll prove everyone wrong once again.

C: I know that based on the expectations that were placed upon me coming into Olympus as the top face of APEX Wrestling... I've not really lived up to those expectations. Time and time again I've been embarrassed - by Rich Gatsby, by Darkane, by Marce himself over here. I underperformed in the ThunderBastard, believe me, I know. All I can do now is look towards the future. Every loss is a learning experience. I don't let it take me off my game. Step by step I will make myself better, I will make myself stronger, I will make myself worthy of being a champion... This fatal four way? This could be my last chance to prove it, and I won't let this chance go lightly. I WILL win.

(Marce stares down at C as the other three wait for him to speak. Marce has a quiet and expressionless look as he eyes C up and down.)

Benito Molina: Excuse me Mr. Rambeaux, do you have any --

Marce Rambeaux: Shut up.

Benito Molina: Okay then...

C: What, you got a problem or something? --

(MARCE GRABS C BY THE HEAD AND SMASHES HIM FACE FIRST INTO THE BOOTH! Benito screams and gets out of the way. Nobi and Ryo try to pull Marce back but he grabs Ryo and throws him into the wall, then scoops Nobi up to POWERBOMB him onto the floor. Marce pushes Benito down to the floor, and picks C up... END OF VIOLENCE! Marce spikes C's head into the floor with the High Angle Backdrop Driver. Marce stands back up and looks around at the destruction he caused.)

Marce Rambeaux: This upcoming **triple threat**... you already know who's going to win.

(Marce walks off as medical staff rushes into the studio room to take care of the fallen roster members. The feed cuts away to commercials for #OWA5.)

(The feed returns as a shaken up Benito Molina is standing by at the booth.)

Benito Molina: Uhm, excuse me ladies and gentlemen... We've just received some terrible news... Marce Rambeaux's attack on C has left him with a broken neck and he will now be out of action indefinitely... Let's give our thoughts and prayers to C who can hopefully recover from this terrible, career-threatening injuries. Such senseless violence... I'm sorry to all of you who had to see that.

???: Hahaha...

(The camera pans to the entrance of the studio, revealing a legend of the Mexican lucha libre scene, El Commandante, Rafael Barrera. Rafael chuckles as he walks down to the booth and shakes hands with Benito Molina.)



Rafael Barrera: Es un placer conocerte, Benito. It's good to be here in America, on Olympus Wrestling. We have watched from Mexico as the OWA has taken over the world, becoming the new platinum standard for wrestling. This is where the money is, and I **always** follow the money. So, Benito, I heard you just say that senseless violence is something that you must apologize for? No, no, mi amor. I promise you, now that I am here, the **violence has only begun**. In Mexico, we do not pull our punches, we do not apologize for the harm we cause to others, lucha libre is not just a sport, it's not just a lifestyle, it is our LIVES, it is what we live and die by, and when you must do things that take you away from God and bring you closer to Hell, we do not repent, we just close our eyes and say... Es la vida. Now, why am I here on Olympus? I was recruited by a most *interesting* man. I hope to see him here soon. Until then, ciao.

(Rafael pulls Benito in for a hug around his neck and tousles his hair just a little too roughly before walking away.)

Benito Molina: Well then... That's an exciting new signing to Olympus. A long-time veteran of Mexican wrestling, Rafael Barrera in his own words has been "recruited" to Olympus! Let's see what the man has in store and -- oh... I'm getting word from Remington Ivory Prescott that Rafael will in fact debut at #OWA5 in a HUGE match against none other than Rich Gatsby! That's going to bring the house down, I can't wait for that one! Now --

(The feed abruptly cuts to the lobby of OWA Headquarters, many floors down from the Olympus Studio. Mark Michaels pushes his way past security and pushes the metal detector aside as he storms his way through.)

Mark Michaels: Where the FUCK is Prescott?! I'm not going to stand for this. I'm not going to work under that piece of shit ever again in my life. I am either getting to the bottom of this or I am going to **quit Olympus**, I can't put up with this bullshit anymore.

(Cameramen are desperately trying to keep pace with Mark Michaels as he approaches the elevators and calls for one. The elevator opens and someone steps out from it, coming face to face with Mark Michaels... **Brandon Hendrix**.)

Brandon Hendrix: YOU BITCH!

(Hendrix FIRES with a big body shot to Mark Michaels. Michaels doubles over and Hendrix kicks him to the floor.)

Brandon Hendrix: DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU DID AT CIVIL WAR?! HUH?! YOU FUCKING GYPSY!

(Hendrix stomps Michaels on the floor and goes for another stomp but Michaels rolls away and gets back up to his feet, catching Hendrix and slamming him into the wall.)

Mark Michaels: Oh, getting cheated out of a World Title match isn't fun is it? No way I was going to let RIP's little lap-dog steal the IHC from someone like Elijah Hampton. Go to Hell, I need to go see Prescott.

(Hendrix ignores Michaels and HEADBUTTS him before slamming him into the elevator. Hendrix pulls the cameraman inside with him and presses the button to get up to the Olympus studio.)

Brandon Hendrix: It's your lucky day then you dog, he actually just asked me to bring you upstairs! He needs you to see something, let's go.

(Michaels lunges up for Hendrix but Hendrix catches his head and slams it into the elevator wall, then puts him on the floor and puts his knee on his back to hold him in place.)

Brandon Hendrix: Trust me Mark, I want to rip you apart, but Boss's orders, he needs you in good shape for what's coming next.

(The elevator continues to go up as the feed cuts back to the Olympus Studio.)

Benito Molina: Uh, sorry for that interruption I guess, but it's time now! For the closing segment of tonight's special broadcast... The match was made official before Civil War, but little did we know that Noah Reigner's challenge to Elijah Hampton to survive the ThunderBastard so that he could face him as the OWA Immortal Heavyweight Championship would be fulfilled! Elijah did the impossible two nights in a row, and he now walks into #OWA5 as the reigning Immortal Heavyweight Champion, set to face perhaps his greatest challenge yet, the man who once stood in Elijah's spot as the ultimate underdog who became the ultimate hero! These two are more alike than anyone could have ever imagined they'd be, and now they are set to go one on one in what will be more than just a dream match... This will be the greatest match in Olympus' history!

("I'm Bad" by LL Cool J hits the speakers as a dripped out Elijah Hampton walks down the entranceway to the booth. Hampton holds up the OWA Immortal Heavyweight Championship and gives it a kiss before placing it on the booth.)



Benito Molina: Welcome to the studio champ! Before Noah Reigner comes out here, both myself and everyone else in the OWA fanbase wants to hear from you after not one, but two successful, legendary defenses! It goes without saying that you were the MVP of Civil War just as you've been the MVP of Olympus ever since you captured that Immortal Heavyweight

Championship from Jacob Senn. You've ascended to the ranks of being amongst the greatest of all time. A sure-fire First Ballot Hall of Fame inductee. A man who will go down in the top ten, no, top five lists of all of OWA History. Now before I keep going on and embarrassing myself like a fangirl, let me let you take the stage and say your peace, Elijah.

Elijah Hampton: Haha, thank you for that hype-up Benito. I appreciate it, truly. Now, there's no way you can expect me to feel even close to 100% right now. I'll be lucky if I'm even batting .500 heading into #OWA5 at this point. The ThunderBastard, I was lucky to walk out of that alive, and even luckier to still be champion. Against Brandon Hendrix, that bum should have had the easiest opportunity of his life to become the OWA Immortal Heavyweight Champion but he failed, and of course he did - he was facing **me**. I'm not shy or afraid to admit it anymore. I know I'm the best damn man the Olympus roster has ever seen. Go back all the way to the start, name every Omega Heavyweight Champion, every Immortal Heavyweight Champion - Senn, Darkane, Baker, *Reigner* - I've surpassed them all. There's not much else to say Benito, I've been fighting an uphill battle for my entire career but after Civil War, I have become the King of that very hill, so whoever wants to bring it to the champ... Just come on down. I'm looking forward to this first-time match-up with Noah Reigner for the championship that he christened

and gave all of this heart and energy to. I respect Noah Reigner. I wish I was at 100% so I could give him and the fans the match they deserve between me and him, but it is what it is. Even at 50%, even at 25%, even at 10%, even if only 1% of my body was working - I will find a way to win, because that's what I do.

("Higher" by Eminem hits the speakers of the Olympus Studio. Elijah Hampton and Benito Molina both look down the entranceway as they anticipate the return of Noah Reigner...

But a few seconds pass and Noah Reigner doesn't come out. Benito Molina looks confused as he seemingly focuses on what he's hearing through his headset.

Suddenly, Mark Michaels appears on the entranceway, being kicked down to the floor again by Brandon Hendrix, who grabs him by the hair and drags him over to the booth. Hendrix picks Michaels up and smashes his face into the booth before kicking him away and coming face to face with Elijah Hampton.)

Elijah Hampton: What's the meaning of this, you want a rematch? Get to the back of the line bum.

(Hendrix scowls at Hampton but doesn't say a word. Hendrix takes a step back... **AND TWO MEN JUMP ELIJAH HAMPTON FROM BEHIND! WRAITH AND REGINALD DAMPSHAW III!**

Dampshaw pushes Hampton to the floor and begins stomping him out alongside Wraith. Hendrix joins the beatdown and the three of them begin laying waste to Elijah Hampton....

Two more men come rushing down to join the beatdown perhaps -- BUT INSTEAD ONE PUSHES HENDRIX AWAY AND THE OTHER BEGINS FIGHTING WRAITH AND DAMPSHAW -- **NATE CAGE AND CARLOS ROSSO!** Reinforcements arrive for Elijah Hampton as a brawl breaks out in the Olympus Studio. Hampton gets up and helps Carlos fight Wraith and Dampshaw, while Nate Cage brawls with Brandon Hendrix. Mark Michaels gets up trying to join the action...)

Remington Ivory Prescott: Break it up, break it up. HEY I SAID BREAK IT UP!

(RIP appears at the entranceway and begins to walk down.)

Remington Ivory Prescott: This is the kind of show you want to run, Cage? Where is Reigner, huh? OH RIGHT! I PAID FOR HIS PLANE TO GET STUCK IN SEATTLE! HE ISN'T HERE TONIGHT, AND HE WON'T BE HERE AT #OWA5 EITHER! HAHHAHAHA! Now listen, listen. Cage, you've got wild animals like Mark Michaels running around causing property damage to OWA Headquarters. You have men like Marce Rambeaux injuring C and losing yet ANOTHER roster member of the brand that I OWN! I know, you want me to fight Carlos and I know what your plan is, but I won't lower myself to that level...

Because I have another match for myself at #OWA5.

Noah Reigner won't be making it to the anniversary show. Elijah, at #OWA5... YOU WILL DEFEND THE OWA IMMORTAL HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP AGAINST ME! And as for you, Mark...? If you EVER want to wrestle ANYWHERE in the world ever again... YOU ARE GOING TO REPRESENT ME IN TRIAL BY COMBAT! MARK MICHAELS VS CARLOS ROSSO! AND MARK, IF YOU LOSE... NOT ONLY WILL YOU BE FIRED... NOT ONLY WILL I MAKE SURE YOU WILL BE BLACKLISTED FROM EVERY WRESTLING PROMOTION IN THE WORLD... **I WILL BUY EVERY SINGLE RATHOUSE TRAILER THAT YOUR SHITTY GYPSY FAMILY LIVES IN AND BANISH THEM ALL TO THE FUCKING STREETS WHERE THEY BELONG.** DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME MARK?! YOU WILL NEVER BE ANYTHING. YOU DON'T DESERVE TO BE ANYTHING! AND I WILL MAKE SURE OF THAT!

(Mark Michaels looks defeated at this point as he turns over to Carlos Rosso. Elijah Hampton picks himself up but coughs up blood and drops to one knee after the beatdown. Hampton forces himself to stand up as he walks up to RIP. Dampshaw and Wraith step forward but RIP gestures to them to stand back.)

Elijah Hampton: Do... whatever... you want... You, alone, can **NEVER** beat me... Just like I walked out of Civil War as champion... I'll do the same... at #OWA5... Prescott... You're a weakling... and a coward... and you will never be the man you think you are.

(Hampton spits in RIP's face and RIP immediately punches him in the mouth to drop him to the floor. Prescott picks up the Immortal Heavyweight Championship and stares deeply at it before dropping it over Elijah. Wraith, Dampshaw, and Hendrix walk over to RIP as the four leave the studio, leaving the carnage of the fallen body of Elijah Hampton, a bloodied Mark Michaels leaning against the booth, and Nate Cage and Carlos Rosso standing by as the feed fades to black...)

(POST CREDITS:



The feed opens up to a house in an undisclosed location, somewhere in the woods. A man with long black hair appears in front of the camera, wearing a black suit. He walks up to the cabin and knocks on the door, only to find that it opens by itself. The man walks inside to see someone sitting in a chair, facing the wall, reading a book. The other man doesn't turn around, instead he simply runs a hand through his brown hair and coughs before he begins to speak.)

Man in the Cabin: I knew you'd come eventually. Are you here to finish what you started?

Visitor: No. Those days have long since passed us. We have both suffered for our transgressions against our fellow men, against God. We have lost everything we had. Our friends, our families, our lives, they are gone. We have become nothing more than ghosts in this mortal plane.

Man in the Cabin: Then why are you here?

Visitor: Is this how you want to spend the rest of your days? In isolation? With nothing to live for? Why not just end your own life now and spare yourself the decades of hell?

(The man in the cabin closes his book.)

Visitor: There is a chance for us. For both of us. To find **redemption**. To right our wrongs and to do the right thing... To undo the damage we've caused to the world.

(The man in the cabin does not reply, instead he stands up and walks into another room.)

Visitor: I see...

(The visitor walks forward and sits down in the chair the man was sitting in, opening the book he was reading.)

Visitor: You've made your choice. I will see you soon.

(The feed cuts to black.)