

("Over and Over" by Reignwolf plays us in as we zoom around The Spectrum Arena, showcasing the North Carolina fans as Lance and Morgan Shaw shout over the pyrotechnics blasting off on stage.)

Lance Hart: CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA KINGDOM HAS ARRIVED AND WE'RE NOT PULLING ANY PUNCHES TONIGHT ON FXX! On this program we will see the God of War tournament, Jeff X taking on Elijah Hampton, Havoc vs JD Damon AND MICHAEL BISHOP FACING ARIA JAXON FOR THAT OUTLAW CHAMPIONSHIP IN BLOODSPORT RULES PART FOUR!

Morgan Shaw: This is one of our most stacked cards to date, and after the wild week we've had in America I think this is a much needed pick me up! Hopefully the war on Kingdom can help me forget about the war about to be caused by Sleepy Joe!

Lance Hart: Are you trying to get us off the air with this foolishness!? Save that for your Infowars interviewer! Anyway, we're starting things off hot this week! Things got SCARY on our previous show, but our roster made it through and it's time to deal with the aftermath!

("Battle Without Honor and Humanity" by Tomoyasu Hotei plays as the arena goes dark and haze fills the ramp way. Moongoose McQueen and his entourage come out in suits, McQueen with a smiling oni mask and struts to the ring. His crew slowly follows behind him as he makes his way down towards the ring.)

Rita Gonzales: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome... SHIN... SEKAAAI!!!!!!!

Morgan Shaw: Can you imagine what Moongoose feels right now?

Lance Hart: Pissed off, that's what I see on his face.

(Moongoose, Maelstrom, Revy and The Boys all enter the ring to a chorus of boos, still reeling in the effects of what transpired at Gooseland two weeks ago, and from the look and demeanours on all of their faces, they want revenge. Moongoose stands in the middle of the ring and begs The Boys for a chair, Consuelo exits the ring and slides in a chair, which Moongoose caught with his foot. The music fades away as Cameron re-enters the ring with a microphone for Moongoose.)

Moongoose McQueen: ...

Crowd: **"YOU GOT FUCKED! YOU GOT FUCKED! YOU GOT FUCKED!"**

(Moongoose sighs, looking down at the chair under his foot.)

Moongoose McQueen: ...I've had two weeks to think about this, two weeks to think about what Abholos had done to us, and to be quite honest with you all here, I don't even know what to do.

I've been in the ring with Abholos, so I knew it wouldn't be as easy as before but I also knew that I could beat him at his own mind games. But, now, it may have been made clear that he has adapted to what we're capable of.

(Moongoose fumbles around with the microphone in his hand as he continues to look down at the chair below him.)

Moongoose McQueen: Quite frankly, it's irked me for far too long. So I shall keep things short and simple.

(Moongoose hands over the microphone to Maelstrom as he picks up the chair and sets it down in the middle of the ring, taking a seat as he gestures for the microphone to be handed back, which Maelstrom does.)

Moongoose McQueen: I'm not looking to leave here... *We're* not looking to leave here... until we get exactly what we want right now and what do we want right now? Easy. We want Abholos. I just want to have a nice little conversation with you, man. Come on out, I'm *inviting* you out here.

(Moongoose drops the microphone to the mat, Revy kicks it away and all of Shin-SEKAI waits patiently for Abholos to arrive. The fans in the arena begin to chant for Abholos, and as they do, a cloud begins to form around the ring. The lights go out as the arena is enveloped in darkness. As the opening melody from "Terror" by Magonia plays, out walks a creature from the depths of malevolence - Abholos. As this masked creature of carnage saunters towards the ring, the lights begin to flash incessantly, as if heralding the arrival of a supernatural force of terror. He turns to the camera for a moment before climbing into the ring. As the lights continue to flash, Abholos stands across from Shin-SEKAI, who all are behind a seated Moongoose McQueen. The music fades and the lights come back to normal, Moongoose slowly stands up and looks into the piercing yellow and red eyes of Abholos, they're nose to mask with one another and Moongoose hasn't blinked away from the eyes of Abholos.)

**"REACH OUT AND TOUCH FAITH!"**

Lance Hart: OH SHIT-

("Personal Jesus" plays out through the PA System and the North Carolina fans erupt the arena with loud cheers as the curtain swings wide open for the arrival of the OWA Spartan Champion, the OWA Women's World Champion and the former OWA World Champion. J.D. Damon, Niki Khan and Kenny Drake all stand together as the Wolvesden chants echo throughout The Spectrum Arena. Kenny already has a microphone in his hand as he gestures with his right for some quietness, the music then quickly fades away.)

Kenny Drake: My apologies for interrupting a very sexual moment here, the tension in this arena is so slim you can cut it with a knife between these two.

Moongoose McQueen: Look, what the hell do you want?

(Kenny laughs as he and Wolvesden make their way down to the ring.)

Kenny Drake: Oh please, Goose, I'm not here for entertainment sakes. I'm much rather out here because I need to stop whatever the fuck it is you're doing before you two perform some monster porn on live TV. You've been out here for the past five minutes parading around and asking for your lover Abholos to come out, and you sat there as he did like Rapunzel sat in the fucking castle until her lover came along--

Moongoose McQueen: LISTEN KENNY. YOU, MY FRIEND, ARE OUTMANNED AND OUTGUNNED. IT IS FIVE TO THREE. GET. TO. THE. POINT.

(Kenny stays silent for a moment, looking to Damon and then to his wife before turning his head back to Moongoose with a perked eyebrow raised. Kenny enters the ring and stands in front of Abholos, blocking a direct sight between Abholos and Moongoose McQueen.)

Kenny Drake: Okay. I'll tell you, Gooser. Abholos, that man right there you almost lipsed, is ours. The Ashes of The Wake, they're ours. We, all of Wolvesden, have been given the greenlight to them at any point we want because we've proven to take them down whereas you could not.

(Kenny points right at Moongoose.)

Kenny Drake: You, Goose, have proven yourself incapable of taking down The Ashes like we have. You, Goose, have failed on countless attempts to prove even worthy of someone that can tear down the fabrications of everything happening right now on Kingdom. I've been back for what feels like a cup of tea and I've already proven that I can tear down those walls with my bare fucking hands.

Moongoose McQueen: Hey, remember who drove you out of Kingdom before you grew a pair to come back?

Kenny Drake: Remember all those times you got pimp slapped until Jeff and Havoc came along? You proved to nobody that you were a better champion than me, you scarred my kids for the heinous shit you did to me on your land, and when you lost that OWA World Championship, you became Scooby Doo and the gang. Hell, you had a trap for Abholos and you couldn't even succeed in that. You really are fucking pathetic.

(Moongoose steps closer to Kenny's face, Damon looks to make a move but Khan holds him back with one arm, as if to not advance.)

Moongoose McQueen: Listen to yourself, Kenny. Always bringing up the past as if you didn't have some plans fail yourself. How are your kids, Kenny? How are they when they see me on

the TV? Do they cry? Do they weep a little knowing that I almost killed their father and their grandfather? Traumatized, I'd think they must be.

(Moongoose looks around him and stares right at the cameraman standing on the apron.)

Moongoose McQueen: Hi kids! It's Uncle Goosey! Remember me--

(Kenny steps forward and grabs Moongoose by the shoulder, quickly turning him around before getting face to face with Moongoose.)

Kenny Drake: You leave my fucking kids out of this. I will personally make sure you never have kids if you even tried, and my wife will make sure of that too, she'll rip your balls off with her bare hands and make you fucking swallow them.

Moongoose McQueen: Is that what she did with you, Kenny?

(Moongoose pokes Kenny in the shoulder but Kenny fires back with a stiff headbutt to the bridge of Moongoose's nose and Shin-SEKAI pounce but Wolvesden quickly enter the ring, leaving Moongoose and Cameron to fight off against Drake, Damon fights off with Maelstrom and Consuelo, and Khan takes the fight to Revy. Security looks to take care of things but the lights quickly cut to darkness.)

**CLICK.**

Morgan Shaw: Uh oh, you know what's coming!

Lance Hart: Sadly, I do!

(As the clicking of fingers echoes through the arena, the lights come back to life and standing in the ring is The Ashes of The Wake. Maverick, Havoc, Knight and Abholos reunited with his faction. All four men take a side and begin to hound both Shin-SEKAI and Wolvesden. Havoc and Maverick attack Moongoose and Kenny Drake as Knight and Abholos take down Maelstrom and Damon. Maverick is dragged from the pile by Kenny Drake but he fights back with a series of kicks to the head and torso of Drake. Maverick brings Kenny to the Electric Chair position and looks to land Deus Ex Machina but Kenny slides down the back of The Prince and quickly turns him around, looking to land Killing Joke but Maverick pushes Kenny forward and lands the Blood Sacrifice Knee to the jaw.)

Morgan Shaw: Maverick took down Kenny Drake and he's smiling from ear to ear-- BEHIND YOU, MAV!

Lance Hart: **X-CRUSHERRRR!!!!**

(Maverick is quickly taken out of the fight with an out of nowhere X-Crusher from Jeff X, and with that, The Frontline have swarmed the ring, pulling out anyone they can get their hands on and wiping them out. Michael Bishop, Arata Asakura and Ryo Sakazaki all begin to take down members one by one whilst Jeff X has targeted one man only, Havoc. Moongoose hops into the fight and attacks both men but Kenny Drake is back to his feet and throws Moongoose off of the pair. Security are swarming the ring, dozens upon dozens of men look to pull apart the four factions in the heat of war. The crowd is hot and fired up, they're witnessing a riot like no other. Security is in their dozens as they pull Jeff X and Havoc from the ring but the fight doesn't end there. Members of The Frontline and The Ashes get involved with the pile up on the outside, as does Shin-SEKAI and Wolvesden. But there's one man left in the ring, and it's Maverick, he takes notice of the pile up down below and seizes his opportunity right there and then, rebounding off of the ropes and leaping over the ropes with a Tope Con Hilo. Everyone falls down along with Maverick as the four factions look to finally separate themselves from one another.)

???: **ENOUGH OF THIS!**

(All of a sudden the voice echoes through the arena and Scott Oasis flies through the curtain looking heated as ever.)

Scott Oasis: I thought I'd have to come in here and tell you all to not go at one another but this is too much, this has gone on for far too long and I *will* put an end to this once and for all. I have gone over tapes of previous matches involving faction parties' members and I've seen all the dirty tactics done, I've seen all the deception happening, I've looked through them all and there's only one way to finally put an end to this.

(Every member of the factions looks to Scott Oasis as he speaks.)

Scott Oasis: I will now officially announce that all of you are going to end this, and you will all end this on my terms, because I am your boss and it seems like most of you forget that. This will end on my terms and my terms only, and it will end at Civil War, it will end there and then. There's two catches to this, and I want all of you to listen, because these are extremely important. I know that all four of you hate one another and that's fine but you're going to hate it a whole lot more because the saying goes that you keep your friends close and your enemies closer. I say that because you four teams are going to be teaming with one another in one whole supersized match.

(The crowd erupts into a frenzy and every member of each faction looks at one another in shock.)

Scott Oasis: And then as I watch all of you cause an absolute riot here in North Carolina that this cannot happen in my arena, oh fuck no, so I have taken the absolute care to my fans and my ringside personnel and taken the liberty of having this match outside of the arena in an

undisclosed location. Don't think you won't be watched either, because I'll have people watching and making sure that none of you kill one another.

(As soon as Oasis finishes his sentence, The Council slowly exits through the curtain behind Scott Oasis.)

Lance Hart: Mil...MILTIADES!?

Scott Oasis: I've also taken the liberty of having The Council watch over you four, they've promised that they'll oversee everyone and everything that happens. So my trust is in them. Boys, men and women, whomever dares to even step up for the challenge. I promised everyone that this will end soon and it will reach its climatic ending on my terms, and those terms are on the table, so I shall see you at Civil War. Do not come back to Kingdom until there is a proper ending. The ending *I want*.

Miltiades: I'll be setting the stage for you lot. You all talk about being men, talk about being warriors. Well it's time to enter the arena and show that.

("Caterpillar" echoes throughout The Spectrum Arena as Scott Oasis drops the microphone and makes his way to the back along with The Council. All four factions are now fully separated with the vast amount of security.)

Lance Hart: What a match announced for Civil War, an actual civil war is happening!

Morgan Shaw: Just like Oasis said, he wanted this to end and it will end, it'll end on his terms and again, as he said, his terms are now on the table. He's laid down the law for all members of each faction, this will be a true civil war that nobody will ever forget.

Lance Hart: And what a Civil War it will be, I cannot wait for the climatic ending to this war on Kingdom!

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

Lance Hart: That was quite the opening to Kingdom, and now we are ready for the first match of the evening, Now this is exciting as this match starts Kingdom's entries into the God of War Tournament for OWA. And our first match should be quite amazing. First up, We have the General Manager of Kingdom himself, Reginald Damshaw The Third, and he will be taking on a man who just last kingdom took it too and beat the current World Champion Havoc in a nasty fight, Theodore Pavel!

Morgan Shaw: And after what we just heard from Co-Owner Oasis, This is also a preview of what we will get to see at Civil War. I got to say, I think our GM may be a bit distracted here tonight after hearing all of that and well, You just cannot be distracted when dealing with a man

like Pavel who since his debut has been on a tear through just about everyone here on Kingdom.

Hart: I for one am left to agree with you on that, however, we cannot count out the GM either. He has proven time and time again that he can hang with and dish it out with the best of them. Just at Game Over, he took Havoc to the limit himself so I would not be surprised to see this be quite the match. Makes me think back to our matches in Canada. Belts on the line...

Shaw: And coke on the brain, if you are trying to say we were not distracted...

Hart: Really, you couldn't just roll with the memory one time. This is why we are retired!

Shaw: Woah, woah alright, yeah, it was a great time...

Hart: Whatever, let's gets this match started.

Rita Gonzalez: Good evening ladies and gentleman. This is the first match of the night and is part of Round One of the God of War Tournament! The match is scheduled for One Fall!

Crowd: ONE FALL!!

(‘Jerusalem’ by Emerson, Lake & Palmer begins to blare over the arena speakers as the crowd erupts into a negative reaction that grows louder as the lyrics to the song begin to play. Out onto the stage walks Reginald Dampshaw III. He pauses and takes in the jeers before waving them off and heading to the ring.)

[illegible]

Shaw: The crowd does not know when to shut up. Honestly this man has made sure week in and out that Kingdom is delivering some of the best matchups in OWA, honestly they should be singing his praises!

Hart: Or lambasting them as they are for allowing group after group to run roughshod on a brand he is supposedly in charge of. But as we found out earlier tonight. That all may change at Civil War!

('Freedom' by Rage Against the Machine begins to play as the crowd comes alive at the theme. Lights dim before flashing red and white strobe lights catch 'Freedom' by Rage Against The Machine. Theodor Pavel steps onto the stage, and stands at the top until Mr. Morgan arrives, as the two make their way down the ramp. Morgan shouts a direction at Pavel, who goes for a jog

around the ringside area. Pavel climbs onto the ring apron, and springboards over the top, meeting up with Morgan in the ring. Pavel's eyes lock on his opponent, waiting for the bell.)

Rita: And his opponent, he weighs in tonight at 215 pounds. He hails from Bucharest, Romania, joined tonight at ringside by Banch Morgan, Please welcome, THEEODORRRRRRRRRRRR PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAVELLLL!!!

Hart: This man, this man took every shot from the world champion and kept coming back. He finally struck true and was able to get the victory. Havoc has almost seemed untouchable since winning that strap at Game Over, and now, well now he has been made to look human next to Theodor Pavel.

Shaw: Would you...(hand over mic) Would you suit up you are going to get us killed..(removes hand) Folks, what my uhm partner was saying is Theodor was lucky to get one over on our champion.

Hart: Don't change what I said. I ain't scared. Why are you?

Shaw: I...I'm not scared. Oh, look, the ref is in place.

(DING DING DING)

Hart: And Banch clears out of the ring as RD3 and Pavel start to circle one another. RD3 looks to take a quick move and steps in to Pavel and the two lock up, No, Pavel instead lifts his knee and catches RD3 right in the chest!

Shaw: Pavel not looking to lock up at all and Dampshaw stumbles back into the ropes. Pavel closes in quickly and delivers several lightning fast jabs to the chin of RD3 who falls through the ropes and to the outside. Pavel backs toward the center of the ring as Reginald looks to regroup on the outside.

Hart: Dampshaw walks up the ring steps and is now on the apron and he is making the ref hold back Pavel to allow him back into the ring. Pavel backs off and Reginald steps through the ropes and again the two begin circling one another. This time it's Pavel that moves in. Lock up with RD3, Reginald breaks the hold and delivers a stunning European uppercut. That one snapped Pavels head back. Dampshaw follows up by grabbing the back of Pavels head before twisting out another perfect uppercut and now Pavel is rocked back toward the corner.

Shaw: And here comes the GM as he moves to strike but Pavel looks ready as he shoots out a leg kick that connects to RD3's knee and drops him to one knee. Pavel moves in, hooks the arm and slings Dampshaw over his shoulder with a quick and powerful snap suplex!! The GM right back to his feet turns around, Kick to the gut from Theodor doubles him over and a second just as fast snap suplex, this time Pavel floats over!



ONE!!! TW...!!!

Hart: And a kick out before two from RD3 who is already getting to his feet but Pavel is there as well. Pavel moves in and Reginald sticks a foot right in his gut that doubles Theo over, he hooks his hands around the head Theo and pushes a foot into the back of his knee as he locks in the Cravate, really twisting the head around as he tries to wear down Pavel. Theo however rolls down and onto his back, hooking his legs around the arm and neck of Reginald and locks in an arm and head triangle choke!

Shaw: RD3 trying to force his way out of it but Pavel has it locked tight. Reginald needs to do something here to break the hold. He seems to get his feet under him, Pavel tries to keep his shoulder off the mat so a count can be made. Look here as RD3 forces his other arm into the hold breaking it. As he hooks both legs and uses Pavels own momentum to roll him over into a Boston Crab!

Hart: Pavel cries out and looks, Banch runs around to look his employer right into the eyes, he seems to be telling him something as Theodor pushes up onto his arms and combat crawls himself right to the ropes. Reginald Loses his balance and falls over breaking the hold.

Shaw: And Pavel goes to pick himself up using the ropes. RD3 also to his feet and he moves in grabbing Theo from behind. Looking for a German suplex but as Reginald lifts back Pavel ducks forward and tries to roll up Reginald but No, Reginald sits down in place and Pavel is pinned!

ONE!!! TWO!!!

Shaw: But not enough to keep Pavel down but Banch does look like he saw a ghost for a second there. RD3 is back to his feet and so is Pavel. RD3 comes in running with a clothesline!

Hart: And ducked! Pavel ducks down and then spins around just as RD3 comes around and A HUGE SPINNING BACKFIST JUST DROPPED THE GM TO THE MAT LIKE A SACK OF POTATOES! RD3 in a bad way here as Pavel picks him off the mat. He hooks the arm and lifts up RD3 into a vertical suplex, which he walks to the center of the ring before dropping the GM down!

Shaw: Pavel gets right back up as RD3 writhes in pain on the mat. Theodor leans down and picks up RD3, he is hooking the arm again and looks like it's another Suplex. He lifts up the GM who drives a knee down into the top of Theo's head. This stumbles him back as RD3 Lands on his feet. Pavel however recovers and whips Reginald across the ring, off the ropes and Pavel lowers his head.

Hart: Which is never a good Idea as RD3 slides in and drops him with a devastating DDT! AND BOTH MEN ARE DOWN! RD3 looks to be stirring first and yes, he is to his feet. Pavel up on his knees, and now to his feet as well. Dampshaw from behind! GERMAN SUPLEX, Dampshaw just planted Pavel on the back of his head and folded him inside out.

Shaw: Well he may have but look. Pavel is standing and on his feet! I can't Believe what I am seeing! He Rushes RD3 who was just getting to his feet! He has him from behind! He's going for his own German. NO, Elbows from Reginald, two, three, a fourth stun Pavel and he stumbles back. RD3 Turns around PAVEL LUNGES FORWARD AND CONNECTS WITH **A HEADBUTT RIGHT ACROSS RD3'S NOSE!!**

Hart: Morgan, look at Reginald, that shot planted him right on his ass, but Pavel is rocked too as he falls back into the ropes. Dampshaw stirring, trying to get to his feet, and he makes it as Pavel comes toward him. RD3 looks shaky on his feet. Pavel lines up. **VIEW OF THE LIGHTS!!**

Shaw: NO NO THE GM COLLAPSED AND THE KICK SAILED OVER HIM AND RIGHT INTO THE REF WHO WAS MOVING IN TO CHECK ON RD3. THE REF WAS TURNED FOR A LOOP BY THAT DEVASTATING KICK!! HE IS OUT!!

Hart: And now RD3 and Pavel are both staring at the ref and back at each other, they both square up and ref or not they appear ready to keep going...wait..Shaw are you seeing this?

Shaw: I am not blind Lance, you wore contacts in the ring remember. I see it though, a deep purple mist is filing out from under the ring and surrounding us here at the ringside area. Lance, LANCE this is ABHOLOS MIST!!

Hart: I was going to say it but then I saw it. Look at the ringside! ABHOLOS, HAVOC, JACOB KNIGHT AND MAVERICK HAVE ALL APPEARED OUT OF THE MIST. PAVEL AND RD3 HAVE NOTICED AS WELL AND HAVE TURNED THEIR BACKS TO EACH OTHER WATCHING THE ASHES AT RINGSIDE.

Shaw: Each of the members of the Ashes of the wake pull themselves onto the apron! The ref is down, what are they going to...AND ABHOLOS ENTERS THE RING FIRST, PAVEL RUSHES HIM AND RIGHT INTO **HIS RAGE!!!** THE URANAGE PLANTS PAVEL TO THE MAT!

Hart: RD3 RUSHES OVER TO TRY AND AIDE BUT IS CUT OFF BY A LARIAT FROM JACOB KNIGHT! MAVERICK IS IN NOW TOO AND PICKS UP OUR GM. JACOB KNIGHT GRABS THE ARM **THE BLACK KEEP!!!** AND THAT NECKBREAKERS HAS PLANTED DAMPSHAW DOWN. MAVERICK DIRECTS TRAFFIC TELLING KNIGHT TO PULL THE GM BACK TO HIS FEET AND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RING HAVOC HAS ENTERED AND HE HAS A BAT!

Shaw: HAVOC INSTRUCTS ABHOLOS TO PICK UP PAVEL, BUT BANCH MORGAN IS IN, HE HAS TAKEN OFF HIS COAT AND IS READY TO THROW DOWN WITH HAVOC!! OH BUT THE EQUALIZER FROM HAVOC WITH THAT BAT TO HIS RIBS DROPS HIM TO THE CANVAS!! HAVOC THEN THROWS HIM FROM THE RING!

Hart: MAVERICK AND KNIGHT CONTINUE TO POUND AWAY ON DAMPSHAW AND MAVERICK AGAIN DIRECTS KNIGHT, WHO PICKS UP RD3 IN A MODIFIED CAMEL CLUTCH OF SORTS. MAVERICK TAKES A FEW STEPS BACK AND RUNS INTO THE HELPLESS GM! **VANITY KILLER!!!** THAT PUNT KICK CONNECTS FLUSH AND RD3 IS OUT HE SLUMPS TO THE MAT IN A HEAP.

Shaw: AND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RING WE SEE HAVOC DELIVERING THE THIRD SHOT TO THE RIBS OF PAVEL WITH THAT BASEBALL BAT! PAVEL IS DOWN ON ALL FOURS BLOOD SEEPING FROM HIS MOUTH!!

Hart: Havoc now turns around, my god they are destroying these two competitors...I I don't understand why no one else is coming out here to help. Where is the Frontline, where is anyone?

Shaw: That mist has to have them blocked out! Havoc seems pleased but Pavel is rising, he is back to his knees!!

Hart: AND HAVOC LOOKS INCENSED! HE TAKES OFF FOR PAVEL, HE HANGS THE BAT JUST IN FRONT OF HIS KNEE AS HE LEAPS **DEAD TRIGGER, DEAD TRIGGER!!!!** AND WITH THE ADDED EFFECT OF THE BAT CAVES IN THE SIDE OF PAVEL'S HEAD AND NOW HE IS DOWN AND OUT!! WHY WHY ARE THEY EVEN HERE!

Shaw: Only they can answer that...but with Havoc leading the way we know there is a reason and being beaten by Pavel two weeks ago may be part of it.

Hart: And now they go to leave, Maverick, Knight and Abholos are already out of the ring and on the ramp. Havoc is still in the ring however. He is looking back and forth between RD3 and Pavel. He now walks over to RD3. C'MON HE HAS HAD ENOUGH... no he isn't attacking, he grabs RD3 by the wrist and is dragging him across the ring, he drags him up onto the lifeless body of Theodore Pavel, Pavel has not moved since that knee with the bat! Havoc leans down and picks up Reginald by the head, looking him dead in the eyes.

HAVOC:(off mic): "You owe me now.....I WILL collect."

Shaw: What? What does he owe him? Wait Havoc signals to Knight at ringside who just grabbed a bottle of water from a fan. He tosses it to Havoc who opens it up and pours it over the ref who starts to come too. WAIIIIIIT, HAVOC THEN LEAVES THE RING - THAT MIST JUST SWEEPING THROUGH THE ARENA; HAVOC IS GONE AND THE FRONTLINE IS ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE RING UNABLE TO GET THEIR HANDS ON ANYONE! THE REF STRUGGLES TO HIS KNEES AND SEES RD3 PINNING PAVEL!!!

Hart: HE CRAWLS IN FOR THE COUNT, NOT LIKE THIS DAMMIT!

ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

DING DING DING!!!

Rita: HERE IS YOUR WINNER BY PINFALL!!! THE TIME LIZARD REGINALD DAMPSHAW  
THE THIRRRRRRRRRRRD!

Hart: What the damn hell! Havoc just made sure RD3 advanced to the next round in the God of War tournament!! That's why RD3 owes him now!!

Shaw: And he was able to do it while getting a measure of his own revenge on Theodore Pavel, who is just now starting to show signs of life. Banch has made it back to the ring, I'm sure he has a few broken ribs after that bat shot. And the ref while trying to recover himself is checking on our General Manager. Lance, do you have a feeling this may just piss off the boss?

Hart: I think it's going to be complicated at the very least. The Ashes have made a statement here tonight and they did it at The expense of one of the Frontline. We are just getting started here folks please don't go anywhere as we need to take a quick break!

(The Frontline help Theo and Banch to their feet, helping them to the back as they apologize for not being to arrive in time. Arata and Ryo are noticeably in their ring gear, still needing to compete in just a few moments.)

Shaw: Arata and Ryo will have to make the stop to the infirmary quick! They're in action after this!

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

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

Crowd: ONE FALL!

Rita Gonzales: Introducing first...

("I Fell" By Wicca Phase Springs Eternal hits and the crowd comes to life for the former Spartan Champion. Arata steps out, bathed in golden lights. He walks at a controlled pace, his eyes focused on the ring. His goal tonight is clear: win.)

Rita Gonzales: From Osaka, Japan... weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds... The One Real Shogun... AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARATA  
AAAAASAAKUUUUUUUURRRRRRAAAAAA!!!

Lance Hart: It's been a few weeks now since Arata lost his championship. How do you think he's feeling, Morgan?

Morgan Shaw: How would I know? I'm not his shoe-shiner! I ain't his bag boy! I've never even spoken to the guy, Lance. I have no idea how he's feeling! All I know is how he SHOULD be feeling. He should be feeling like kicking some major ass tonight, even if it is against an "ally" in the form of Ryo Sakazaki.

Lance Hart: Y'know, I get the feeling Arata probably doesn't like him very much.

Morgan Shaw: I don't either. You seen how he's named his signature moves after those fucking emo bands? That's some straight up simp shit right there.

Rita Gonzales: And his opponent...

("The Final Countdown" plays out through the arena as Ryo Sakazaki makes his way out of the entrance ramp and, after soaking in the crowd's energy for a moment, he makes his way to the ring, rolling his wrists.)

Lance Hart: Come on, Morgan! Look at this guy! He even uses the Final Countdown as his theme. That's an excellent piece of music.

Morgan Shaw: Better than that Brandon guy or whatever his name is and his fucking "Picnic at the Disco". Let's hope he focuses less on his taste in music tonight and more on the fact that he's against someone on the level of Arata Asakura tonight.

Lance Hart: Oh I'm sure he will. I think Ryo's got something to prove to Arata tonight. Whether or not he'll accomplish that remains to be seen but there's no denying there's a certain fire in his eyes right now.

Morgan Shaw: Maybe he just heard about there being a new Piercing Veil album. I hear they're hip with the kids these days. Would never listen to that garbage in my day though, I tell you that much.

Lance Hart: ...Let's just get to the match.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: That's the bell and Ryo Sakazaki and Arata Asakura immediately begin circling the ring. Despite Ryo having both size and weight on his side, I have to give the early advantage to the more experienced and accomplished Arata based on that alone. Ryo knows this and he's cautious as the two men lock into the collar-and-elbow. Arata seems unfazed and still somehow catches Sakazaki off-guard, twisting his arm into a wristlock. He hooks the arm behind Sakazaki's back and tries to bring him down to the mat... but Ryo with a forearm-- and it's ducked! BACK SUPLEX! Sakazaki rolls over but Arata doesn't move! Side kick to the gut of Ryo Sakazaki! Arata is showing a lot of confidence early on! Ryo is groggy from that kick and Arata hooks him in... for a snap suplex! Early cover!

ONE!!

Morgan Shaw: A quick kickout from Ryo Sakazaki at the count of one but Arata doesn't skip a beat, immediately picking Sakazaki up and tossing him into the corner. Ryo struggles against the Golden Dragon, trying to shove him away but he's CLOCKED with a forearm to the jaw! He shakes the cobwebs but as soon as he does he's met with ANOTHER forearm to the jaw! Arata whips him into the corner and immediately follows up with a leaping forearm smash to the face! He snapmares Ryo down onto his back and goes for another cover!

ONE!!

TW--

Lance Hart: Ryo Sakazaki with another kickout! This feels like a lesson from Arata more than anything right now, like he's trying to prove to the young Sakazaki that in spite of their alignment together as part of The Frontline that he simply isn't on his level! I'm not sure that's gonna go over with this spirited young man. He's gonna do everything he can to prove himself! Arata picks him back up-- and is struck with a knife edge chop from the Invincible Dragon! Asakura does NOT look pleased as he clutches his chest. You can see the temptation in his eyes to return the favour but he relents, instead turning to face Ryo who goes for another chop, leaving a red handprint right across the left pectoral of the One True Shogun! He tries for a third but it's caught by Arata who twists his arm into a wristlock yet again before maneuvering into a headlock takeover! Sakazaki fights up, onto a knee... up onto his feet... and he shoves Arata into the ropes! BEST DROPKICK EVER!

Morgan Shaw: NO! ARATA HOLDS ONTO THE ROPES! He charges for a bicycle knee and connects across the jaw of Ryo Sakazaki! Dragon suplex! Ryo goes down hard onto the back of his neck. Arata sees the opportunity and... HE CARTWHEELS! THE DOUBLE A CONNECTS RIGHT AS RYO SAKAZAKI WAS GETTING BACK TO HIS FEET! HE HITS THE MAT LIKE A SACK OF POTATOES! SOMEONE CALL MAVERICK!

ONE!!

TWOOOO!!!

Morgan Shaw: ANOTHER kickout! I can't tell if that was heart or stupidity! Arata ain't playing around! He lifts Ryo up again... AND A SCHOOLBOY! SCHOOLBOY ATTEMPT FROM RYO SAKAZAKI!

ONE!!

TWOOOO!!!

Lance Hart: KICKOUT! INSIDE CRADLE FROM RYO SAKAZAKI!!

ONE!!

TW--

Lance Hart & Morgan Shaw: KICKOUT AGAIN!!

Lance Hart: Arata charges! Ryo ducks underneath AND LIFTS HIM UP FOR THE PANIC AT THE DISCO! ALABAMA SLAM FOLLOWED BY THE ELBOW DROP! RYO SAKAZAKI JUST TOOK THE WIND RIGHT OUT OF ARATA ASAKURA! He's got the advantage! Come on, kid! He takes Arata to the corner and begins drilling him with forearms of his own, whipping him into the opposing corner and rushing! It's almost as though he's repeating Arata's every st-- BOOT TO THE FACE FROM ARATA! RYO RESPONDS WITH ANOTHER KNIFE EDGE CHOP! A CHOP FROM ARATA IN RETURN! Ryo stumbles backwards but Arata walks right into THE BEST DROPKICK EVER! BDE!! HE GETS SENT STRAIGHT BACK TO THE CORNER! Sakazaki is quick to regain his vertical base and he hooks in the German... FOR THE SLEEPY HOLLOW HANGOVER! RIGHT INTO THE TURNBUCKLES!! ARATA CRUMBLES AND ROLLS HIM INTO THE CENTER OF THE RING FOR THE PIN!!

ONE!!

TWOOOO!!!

Morgan Shaw: ARATA WITH THE SHOULDER UP! It's gonna take more than that to take down a former champion, especially one of Arata's caliber, but even I have to admit Ryo's putting on a show so far! He's... he's going up top! Ryo Sakazaki is climbing to the top rope! Slowly but surely... but Arata makes it to his feet just in time for a European uppercut and Ryo stumbles! He barely holds on AND ARATA WITH A HURRICANRANA!! HE JUST SENT SAKAZAKI FLYING ACROSS THE RING! He's clutching his back in pure agony! My goodness...

Lance Hart: And Arata's frustration is showing now. He's definitely not done! PAINKILLER!! HE DRIVES RYO SAKAZAKI INTO THE MAT HEAD-FIRST WITH THE HURRICANRANA DRIVER!! I don't think he knows where he is after that one! Arata hits the ropes... and a swift penalty kick connects right into the upper abdomen of Ryo Sakazaki! Now it's Arata's turn to climb up top and he's watching his back... climbing up in reverse... oh I love when he hits this! MOOOOONSAULT!! HE HITS IT FLUSH AND HOOKS THE LEG!!

ONE!!

TWOOO--

Morgan Shaw: Ryo Sakazaki STILL kicks out! He's showing some resilience tonight that I've not ever seen from him before, that's for sure. Arata, though... well, let's just say he's looking to

finish this NOW! He's got Ryo by both wrists and you know what this means, Lance... AYATSU-- NO! RYO CATCHES THE LEG! HE SPINS ARATA AND TWISTS HIMSELF... INTO A DISCUS LARIAT! HE TURNS THE GOLDEN DRAGON INSIDE OUT! Now he's clobbering Arata on the back with swing after swing after swing, doing everything he can to keep the Self-Made Man down but it's to no avail! He won't give! Arata shoves him aw-- YAHTZEE! SUPERKICK! ARATA DROPS TO HIS KNEES! THIS IS IT! THIS IS THE OPENING! RYO HAS REALISED HE'S GOT THE OPPORTUNITY TO END THIS! I CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S ABOUT TO DO IT! HE REELS BACK FOR THE.... GEEEEEEENK!!! CANNNNNNNOOOOONNN!!

Lance Hart: ARATA TELEGRAPHED IT!! HE SIDESTEPS AND GRABS THE WRISTS AGAIN!! AYATSURI!!! RYO'S DONE FOR!! HE'S OUT!! But Arata's not done! He's ending this the only way he knows how: by climbing the top rope once more! He's up to the top turnbuckle... and here it comes!! GOLDEN! DRAGON!!! THAT'S IT!!

ONE!!

TWOOOOO!!!

THREEEEEE!!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

(The crowd cheers as 'I fell' by Wicca Phase Springs Eternal hits. Arata rises from a knee back up to his feet and has his arm raised by the official as he checks on himself, definitely feeling the chops he received at the hands of Ryo Sakazaki, who rolls out of the ring.)

Lance Hart: A valiant showing from Ryo Sakazaki but the in-ring intelligence of Arata Asakura still proved to be too much. This is a man who has had his nose to the grindstone for a long time and, although he may not have taken Sakazaki seriously at first, there's no doubt that he knew what he was dealing with by the end of tonight.

Morgan Shaw: You've got that right. He knew what he was dealing with... then he crushed him under his boots! I loved every second of that match. I'll admit Ryo got in a lot more offense than I would have predicted but hot damn did the Golden Dragon look good tonight! This was almost as fun as watching what he did to that Sterling kid! I want more of THAT Arata!

Lance Hart: I'm, uh... not sure I'd agree with you there, Morgan, but I'd love to see more of THIS Arata, there's no doubt about that.

(Ryo Sakazaki gets into the ring, looking to offer a handshake to Arata...but Arata doesn't seem to pay too much attention to it as he takes his exit to acknowledge some fans.)

Ryo Sakazaki: (off mic) Why do you have to do this.....why can't you respect me!?



(Ryo Sakazaki sees a camera get in close and pushes it away. He then rolls out of the ring and spins Arata around, giving him a quick shove into the barricade before walking off.)

Ryo Sakazaki: I'm done with this.....

Morgan Shaw: First Theo and Banch being attacked, now trouble in paradise between Arata and Ryo....The Frontline is looking really shaky right now!

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(The camera cuts to a backstage area in the Spectrum Arena. A few OWA crew workers are gathered around Samuel Ogden, standing next to a microphone stand, a wrinkled piece of paper held up to his face. The microphone stand does not have an actual microphone, but Ogden's loud voice appears to be sufficient for the small crowd, as they nod their heads in appreciation at what Ogden just said right before the camera zooms in.)

Sam Ogden: Thank you again for listening, though it's you who should be thanking me for enlightening your sad lives with rich, fine art live and in person. Again, these poems are a work-in-progress, but you all clearly desire to become patrons of the arts, especially when considering what an honor it is to witness the beauty in the written verses spoke aloud from myself, a humble bard, especially when thinking of the company that has preceded me, from Sir Shakespeare to Robert Frost. This next one I titled, "The Path of Peace and Plenty." Ahem...

*Allow us to carve from stone... A path of those flesh and bone...  
Spare a thought for some with none... Evil persists from the end of a gun...  
Courage it takes to forge anew... Prosperity takes both me and you...  
For thou heart beats red with blood... But their souls be dirtier than mud...*

(At that moment, loud and slow clapping is heard from the corridor. Ogden looks up, obviously confused and slightly annoyed that he hasn't finished his poem quite yet. Out of the corridor emerges Oliver Harpe, who continues to "golf clap" sarcastically. Kyle Boe follows behind Harpe, holding a small bullhorn while snickering at Harpe's antics. Harpe stops a few feet away from Ogden, grabbing the bullhorn from Boe while never taking his eyes off Ogden. Boe pulls out a smartphone and opens up a streaming app, pointing the smartphone's camera directly at Harpe, apparently filming for his live vlog.)

Oliver Harpe: Beautiful ditty you wrote there... did you plagiarize it from "Writing Poetry for Idiots?" I know you like to think very highly of yourself, but the fact is, anyone can spout out words in a pattern in order to sound much more eloquent than they really are. To prove my point, I wrote a little something in honor of your newest allegiance with that pinhead puppet Reginald Dampshaw.

(Harpe clears his throat loudly, then holds up the bullhorn to his mouth, while a seething Ogden appears to be trembling with rage.)

Oliver Harpe: I call this one... "The GM's Newest Bitch:"

*This motherfucker lost his mind... this motherfucker has no spine...  
Sam Ogden, you make me sick... especially the way you crave RD3's dic-*

(Ogden suddenly explodes in a fit of rage, tackling Harpe over a box of electronic equipment. As Harpe and Ogden begin trading blows while rolling on the ground, the OWA crew, along with some officials and security officers, attempt to separate the two. Kyle Boe, meanwhile, continues to film the impromptu brawl, appearing amused by the entire endeavor. After a few tense moments, the fight is finally broken up, as Ogden and Harpe are physically pried away from each other. Ogden is sporting a busted lip, while some blood is seen dripping from Harpe's nose. Both wrestlers continue trying to get at each other, but continue being physically held back by several personnel, as more OWA crew members attempt to help regain order. The camera then cuts to commercial.)

(Commercial Break)

Rita Gonzales: LADIES AND GENTLEMAN, the following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL, with a twenty minute time-limit! Introducing first, from St. Louis, Missouri, being accompanied to the ring by Shea Flaherty and Roy Bandini, weighing in at 195 pounds... "The Snazzy One"... EEEELIIIIJAAAAAHHHHHH HAAAAMMMPTOOOOOONNN!!!

("I'm Bad" by LL Cool J hits the arena speakers, the crowd responding with a loud chorus of boos as Elijah Hampton, flanked by Shea Flaherty and Roy Bandini, all makes their way to the ring. Elijah flexes and dances to his theme, while Shea and Roy largely look disinterested and a bit embarrassed. They make their way down the ramp, Elijah pausing to taunt some fans occasionally. Elijah then enters the ring and heads towards the corner, stepping on the second rope as he looks up and kisses his wrists one at a time before stepping off. Shea and Roy stand on the outside, arms crossed as they survey the crowd.)

Lance Hart: Elijah Hampton's success may be inflating his already-large ego, but credit the man, he is officially the number one contender for the Openweight Championship. I'm sure Shea's not too thrilled being out here in his partner's corner right now, though, since the contendership match was between the two of them, with Elijah using some "questionable" tactics to secure the victory.

Morgan Shaw: Oh, I don't want to hear you bitch and moan about "questionable" tactics, because that's all based on your narrow-minded perspective. Like you're some boy scout yourself or something. It came down to strategy, plain and simple. Had the opportunity been reversed, I'm sure Shea Flaherty would've done the same damn thing. But look, Shea is out here, supporting his partner, showing some great sportsmanship. Everyone, that's called a positive relationship, something that many here on Kingdom don't have, including you.

Rita Gonzales: AND HIS OPPONENT!!!

("Kick It in the Sticks" by Brantley Gilbert starts blaring over the PA system, the audience erupting in a loud chorus of cheers. Jeff X appears on the stage, guzzling down a can of beer while flicking away a lit cigarette. He then spends a moment to smile at the reception that the crowd gives him. He makes his way down to the ring with a purpose, sliding in under the bottom rope. He goes to each turnbuckle and crosses his arms over each other to make an "X" symbol, saluting the fans who cheer him even more loudly as they all throw up the "X" symbol in

response. As Jeff X hops down the last corner, he pegs Shea Flaherty in the head with the empty beer can. An angry Shea tries to scramble into the ring, but Roy Bandini manages to hold him back. Jeff X finally removes his hat and biker's cut, tossing them aside as he awaits the match to begin.)

Rita Gonzales: Coming from Askin, North Carolina, weighing approximately 237 pounds... he is the "KING OF APPALACHIAN STRONG STYLE"... JEEEEEEEEEEEEEE XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX!!!

Lance Hart: Has one man been more turmoil and tribulations than the former OWA World Champion? It seems like every time we're on the air, Havoc and his minions, the Ashes of the Wake, find some new ways to torture Frontline's fearless leader. Elijah may be overly-arrogant now, but once that bell rings, he'll likely be singing a different tune entirely.

Morgan Shaw: Jeff X continues to let Havoc have the last laugh, so you gotta believe that frustration is going to manifest itself tonight against Elijah Hampton. But let's say for a moment that Elijah, somehow, manages to secure the victory tonight! How exciting would that be for the young man? A win over arguably one of the best in the world, not just the OWA, should convince the higher-ups that Elijah truly belongs in the main event picture. A good showing should make him a highly-coveted Alpha to recruit. If I'm Havoc, I'm watching this match with more than a raised eyebrow.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: Larry Blackwell has called for the match to begin. Jeff X approaches Elijah Hampton in the center of the ring, both wrestlers jawing back and forth. Elijah is feeling very sure of himself right now, because Jeff X is definitely someone you don't want to get pissed off. Jeff X looks a mixture of annoyed and amused right now, no surprise given that he said himself that, for this match, "it's impossible to be OVERCONFIDENT" facing Elijah Hampton.

Morgan Shaw: That may be a mistake, because Elijah has come a long way in a short time, and he is an actual title contender at the moment. Last time I checked, Jeff X isn't scheduled to face Havoc for a title shot, or any other champion for that matter. Being a belt holder still means something, Lance, and Elijah may be the one holding gold long before Jeff X gets the chance to do so again.

Lance Hart: Elijah brazenly takes another step towards Jeff X... and he slaps him hard! Jeff X looks absolutely shocked, as do we all. Elijah, perhaps mistakenly, is gloating to his partner and manager now. I can't imagine that this will end well for him, as Jeff turns his attention back towards Elijah with a smile of his own... Elijah steps back towards Jeff... Jeff with a kick to the gut! Now he grabs a hunched Elijah... and plants him on his head with a DDT!

Morgan Shaw: You know, maybe you're right about the over-arrogance so far, because slapping Jeff X and gloating about it is an extremely fucking stupid thing to do. Jeff X may be smiling right now, but I doubt he's finding anything funny from that act of disrespect. I've been to St. Louis many times, Lance, and I can assure you that behavior isn't very common.

Lance Hart: Jeff X now gets Elijah up on his feet... he scoops him up now... **POWERSLAM!** But hold on, he's forcing Elijah up again... another quick scoop... and **ANOTHER POWERSLAM!** **HOLY HELL, HE'S LOOKING TO PARALYZE HIM!** Wait a sec, he's got Elijah up again... **AND ELIJAH EATS ANOTHER POWERSLAM!** That's three in a row! You talk about making a statement to Havoc, that's exactly what Jeff X is doing right now!

Morgan Shaw: Don't blink now, because Jeff X is **LITERALLY** scooping up Elijah from the ground... **YET ANOTHER POWERSLAM!** He shoveled up Elijah as expertly as he probably shovels up his roadkill dinners... You've gotta be kidding me, right? Jeff X is dragging Elijah's carcass back up for something... **A FIFTH POWERSLAM!** This crowd is going absolutely nuts! I don't think Elijah knows what zip code he's currently in anymore!

Crowd: CAR-O-LINA! CAR-O-LINA! CAR-O-LINA! CAR-O-LINA!

Lance Hart: This capacity crowd is chanting for North Carolina's favorite son, Jeff X being from Askin, just four hours east of here in Charlotte. As for Elijah, I hope he learned a powerful lesson tonight: don't mess with a wily veteran like Jeff X, especially after the last few months he's had. And it looks like Jeff X is going for the win here early, as he signals for the X-Crusher! But Shea Flaherty is up on the apron, arguing with the official. That quickly gets Jeff's attention, as he storms right towards Shea... and Shea Flaherty eats a dropkick for his troubles! Jeff now shouting things towards him that... I uh, rather not repeat on the air here...

Morgan Shaw: Jeff X is wasting time here, as that momentarily distraction has given Elijah Hampton just enough time to regain his bearings... Elijah now sneaking up behind Jeff... and he rolls Jeff up in a pin, grabbing a fistful of tights! Blackwell doesn't see it, as he's going for the count!

Larry Blackwell: ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

Lance Hart: Jeff X kicks out just in time! Wow, even with the extra leverage and unfair advantage, Elijah still couldn't steal the win from Jeff. He should remember to send Shea some Oral-Gel, because that dropkick nearly gave him the match!

Morgan Shaw: Remember, if the ref didn't see it, then it never happened! However, Elijah's eyes shows that he knows he fucked up, as he gazes upon the now-angry scowl on Jeff's face. He nearly embarrassed the former OWA World Champ, and now he's backing away... but Jeff charges at him... Jeff X with the lariat... but Elijah ducks! Elijah quickly turns, jumps towards Jeff X's back... **BACKSTABBER!** Elijah injects both his knees hard into Jeff's back as they both crash down into the mat!

Lance Hart: Both men are down on the mat now, but if I'm being truthful here, I certainly didn't expect such a brilliant reversal from Elijah Hampton. Perhaps if he's able to get out of his own way, he could capitalize on his obvious potential. It's that same old cliché, though: He's his own worst enemy... Elijah is now back upright, but Jeff X is slowly behind him... Elijah grabs Jeff's head... and he nails him with a one-handed bulldog!

Morgan Shaw: Those powerslams may've finally knocked some sense into Elijah, as he stays on top of things here... Elijah's got Jeff's head tucked underneath his arm, knees pressed into his back... he's got him in a dragon sleeper! That's a brilliant idea right there. Jeff X possesses the advantage in both size and strength, so the best thing to do if you're Elijah is to both keep your opponent grounded, in addition to sapping out his strength and air. Jeff is trying to grab out at the ropes, but he's nowhere near any.

Lance Hart: Elijah's made some pretty big boasts, like his "childhood" desire to be the Openweight Champion, a title that, like the OWA itself, didn't even exist at that point. However, he took it a step further by claiming that he was indirectly responsible for creating the OWA. I would normally think it a jest, but Elijah's attitude suggests that he actually believes it. A win here, however, will go a long way to validating some of his hype, though not the ridiculous ones.

Morgan Shaw: Oh, that's all just swagger and showmanship. This guy's a natural entertainer. He wants the fans to get their money's worth. Do you think they all paid just to see Jeff X drown himself in beer? No, they wanted to see a competitive wrestling match tonight, and it's Elijah, not Jeff, who's currently delivering the goods! Larry Blackwell now checking on Jeff X, who looks to be out!

Lance Hart: Jeff's eyes are closed, his arms appear limp... Blackwell now raising up the arm... It falls down! Two more times, and we'll be witness to a huge upset here tonight! Blackwell attempting to raise the arm again... and it collapses straight down! That's two! Could we be seconds away from an Elijah Hampton victory here?

Morgan Shaw: You say upset, but perhaps they're more evenly matched than you believe. Elijah ate five powerslams in a freakin' row before turning things around in the blink of an eye! That's rare tenacity we don't see in many newcomers here! Blackwell now raising Jeff X's arm for the third, and possibly final time tonight... the arm drops...

Lance Hart: Ladies and gentleman, Elijah has- **NO! THE ARM STOPS SHORT OF HITTING THE MAT! THERE'S STILL LIFE LEFT INSIDE JEFF X!**

Morgan Shaw: Wow, how close was that? Elijah keeping that hold locked on, but Jeff looks to be regaining his composure... He's getting a second wind here, as he slowly forces himself and Elijah up... Elijah switches to a normal sleeper hold, probably because he's losing his leverage... but Jeff X is rising up! He's got Elijah hanging on his back like some spider-monkey! Jeff swings Elijah around... what power! He's got Elijah cradled... **FALL-AWAY SLAM!**

Lance Hart: Incredible! Just incredible! Elijah almost had Jeff X dead-to-rights, but that soul, that spirit, that part of him just refuses to quit! I challenge anyone to find someone on the roster tougher than Frontline's fearless leader!

Morgan Shaw: Well said, but I'm sure many will disagree with that notion... that may've bought Jeff X a few moments to recover, but how much more can he possibly have left in the tank? Elijah, unfortunately, is still writhing in pain. I'm willing to bet all those powerslams probably bruised the poor bastard's spinal cord, and that fall-away slam only exacerbated the pain!

Lance Hart: Both wrestlers are on opposite ends now, pulling themselves up using the ropes. At the moment, it's anyone's ballgame. Whoever can seize the opportunity here will stand the best chance of having his hand raised in victory... Jeff X is on his feet! Elijah's almost there, but he's still holding himself up on the ropes... Jeff X sees Elijah, and goes to bounce himself off the ropes... but Shea grabs his foot, tripping him up! But hold on, the official saw it happen! He's pointing towards both Shea Flaherty and Roy Bandini!

Larry Blackwell: **THAT'S IT! YOU BOTH ARE OUTTA HERE! HEAD TO THE LOCKER ROOMS NOW!**

Lance Hart: YES! Shea Flaherty and Roy Bandini have been officially ejected from ringside! Jeff is still on the ground, but I'm sure once he gets up he'll feel better about having less issues to contend with. But Elijah now looks like he's seen a ghost! He's trying to plead with the official to rescind his decision, but Blackwell isn't having it! Elijah should feel lucky he wasn't disqualified just now.

Morgan Shaw: Yes, Shea Flaherty was caught red-handed, but tell me, what the hell did Roy Bandini do to deserve this humiliation? All he did was offer moral support to Elijah. He never got involved in this contest. This is abject prejudice, simply guilt-by-association. That's what's so wrong with this country today.

Lance Hart: Well, whatever your stance, the fact remains that Elijah Hampton doesn't have his fellow cronies in his corner trying to give him the unfair advantage. Remember folks, cheaters never win! Elijah, however, is looking to cheat fate here, as he motions for Jeff to get up... Jeff now on his feet, right as Elijah launches himself from the ropes... **SLINGSHOT SPEAR! SLINGSHOT SPEAR! JEFF IS DRIVEN INTO THE CANVAS! ELIJAH COVERS!**

Larry Blackwell: OOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

TWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE...

Morgan Shaw: FOOT ON THE ROPE! The official breaks the count as he notices Jeff's foot on the rope. Jeff had his foot up right as the count started, so he definitely got a bit of luck there. Blackwell once again on top of things, even if he's being a little unfair towards Elijah tonight.

Lance Hart: If anything has been unfair, it's been the numbers game for Jeff X tonight, but he proves why he's one of the best and most popular superstars in the OWA time and time again by overcoming the odds. Elijah, showing more frustration, forcefully grabs Jeff's head, tucking it between his legs as he then hooks the arms... he's trying to end this now... **BOOK OF ELI... NO! BACK BODY DROP FROM JEFF X! AND DOES HE LOOK LIVID NOW!**

Morgan Shaw: Boy, I'd really hate to be in Elijah's shoes right now... Elijah trying to scoot himself into the corner, his hand outstretched in mercy... He's practically begging for his life now, but I don't think Jeff X cares one goddamn bit! Jeff kicks away Elijah's hands... and starts stomping a mudhole in him! He's brutally hammering his foot right into Elijah's front torso... Blackwell trying to regain order, but Jeff X is ignoring him! He better break before he's disqualified!

Larry Blackwell: ONE... TWO.... THREE... FOUR...

Lance Hart: And Jeff X stomps away right before the five count, but the damage is done! Elijah could have broken ribs and a punctured lung, courtesy of that North Carolina ass-kicking Jeff X just dished out to him! The official goes to check on Elijah... and he gets pushed back! Elijah maybe thought it was Jeff X in his face, and possibly reacted purely out of instinct! Larry Blackwell stumbles backwards, but he doesn't look too hurt... Jeff X turns to check on him... **LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW!** What a dirty, low-down damn cheap shot by Elijah!

Morgan Shaw: Nothing dirty about it, Lance! As you just said, it's all instinct, and if your gut reaction is to win the match, than you're going to do whatever is absolutely necessary to secure it! Elijah is back on his feet now, as is the official, but Jeff X is hunched over in agony, and as any guy who's ever been hit in the nuts can tell you, not a single thing is more painful than that. Those females on Odyssey don't know how lucky they are that a "cunt punch" doesn't carry the same impact as a low blow does for us men!

Lance Hart: Come on, Morgan... Inapprops... Elijah tucks in Jeff's head, going for the Book of Eli yet again... He hooks the arms... **HERE COMES THE BOOK OF- NO, WAIT! JEFF X TWISTS OUT OF IT! Elijah quickly tries to grapple Jeff... X-CRUSHER! X-CRUSHER! ELIJAH GOT JACKED OUT OF HIS BOOTS! COVER!**

Larry Blackwell: OOOOOONNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

TWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: Jeff X able to pick up the win with an X-Crusher right out of thin air! Despite the interference and cheating from Elijah Hampton, Jeff X proves that there are no odds that he cannot overcome! I have to imagine that Havoc was watching every second of this match tonight, and if I'm the Ashes of the Wake's leader, I should be very concerned for the moment when he and Jeff X meet again in the ring! Perhaps he overlooked his opponent, perhaps everything going on in his life momentarily distracted him, but Jeff X didn't just beat Elijah Hampton, he survived a potential scare. There were a couple of times I thought the upset was coming.

Morgan Shaw: You may not like it when someone bends the rules for their own benefit, but this was still a mainly one-on-one matchup between an established veteran and a fresh, young talent in Elijah Hampton. You can't take away anything from his performance tonight, he certainly took Jeff X by surprise, as well as anyone watching. He may not have won the match tonight, but he definitely won some warranted respect from true wrestling fans. Mark my words, Lance, this guy will be headlining PPVs in the near future!

Lance Hart: Yeah, I'm not sure I would go that far, but he did turn in a very spirited performance that was likely offset by his cocky attitude. Maybe he learns from this, and takes solace that whenever he was focused, he was able to keep up with one of the best to ever lace up a pair of boots. However, smart money says that any success he had in this match will go straight into his head. But folks, we still got plenty of more action tonight in store, so stay tuned for more Sunday Night Kingdom!

(Jeff X continues to celebrate with the crowd, climbing on each turnbuckle and making an "X" symbol by crossing his arms. Elijah Hampton manages to get up on his knees, as Jeff X grabs a six-pack of local beer from a crew member outside the ring. Jeff opens up a beer, and gulps it down in one swig. He pops open another one, then looks at Elijah Hampton, who's barely standing while holding his ribs. Jeff tosses a full can to Elijah, who looks down at it, confused, before looking back up at Jeff X.)

Elijah Hampton: (Off-mic) No thanks! Unlike... \*gasp\*... you... I don't.... ugh.... put this poison in my body!

(Elijah then throws the full beer can outside the ring. Jeff X looks towards the thrown can, then back to Elijah, a mischievous grin across his face. He raises his beer up as if to "toast" his competitor. Elijah looks on, stunned, then slowly starts to smile, as he extends his hand out to Jeff X. Jeff X guzzles the last of his second can of beer, tosses it aside, **then kicks Elijah before nailing him with another X-Crusher!** The crowd erupts in cheers, the arena shaking so much it's practically vibrating. Jeff X opens another can of beer, kneels down, and starts pouring it into Elijah's mouth. Elijah starts gagging and spitting it up, clutching at his throat, before rolling out the ring onto the floor. Jeff X then continues to celebrate with the crowd, as the camera fades to commercial.)

(Commercial Break)

"Love The Way You Hate Me" by Like a Storm blares through the arena speakers as OWA Spartan Champion JD Damon emerges from backstage, a pissed off look on his face as he does so. He holds the title high in one hand as he spits vitriol at the fans, before approaching the ring. He slides in with two middle fingers high before staring daggers at the entrance ramp.

Morgan Shaw: Coming off a loss to Theodore Pavel, Havoc clearly has some momentum to make up for-but will he get it off of the shoulders of the Spartan Champion, J.D Damon?

Before the question can be answered, "Delusions of Saviour" by Slayer rips through the speakers as the OWA World Heavyweight Champion emerges on the entrance ramp. Havoc has fury in his eyes and blood on his mind after his most recent performance, and he's showing a desire to take his rage out on J.D Damon. Havoc ignores the fans as he approaches the ring, pulling himself up onto the apron and laying his championship across it for a moment before entering. Damon mouths off at Havoc, but Havoc ignores it.

Lance Hart: I don't know, but I do know that Damon nearly killed himself to try and win that Spartan Championship at Game Over. To see him lose here against Havoc would require a ton of effort off the back of our World Champion-but if anyone can do it, it's Havoc.

Morgan Shaw: The tension in this ring is rising to a fever pitch as Havoc and Damon are waiting for that bell to ring! Both men look primed to kill!

Both men rush forward into a lockup as the bell rings, Damon quickly trying to maintain the advantage against Havoc, but the world champion shows his pedigree with a quickness by nailing Damon down with an armdrag followed up by a nasty stomp to the right arm of JD Damon! Havoc hits the ropes and looks for an early Dead Trigger, but Damon drops low! Damon hits the ropes and springboards for a crossbody, but Havoc catches him, rams his knee into Damon's ribcage, and then nails him with a big Swinging Fisherman Suplex! He tries again for another Dead Trigger to Damon, but Damon shoots low and catches Havoc onto his shoulders! Havoc struggles against him, but JD is quick to follow up with a DVD into the corner, dropping



JD-AND THEN AN EPIC KICK OFF THE JAW! Havoc goes down hard, and JD pulls him up-BRAINBUSTER-AND THEN A COVER!

ONE!

TWO!-NO!!!

Morgan Shaw: Havoc kicks out! But JD's got the advantage here!

Lance Hart: JD's trying to pull Havoc up to his feet-but the world champ is fighting back! Rights! Lefts! Forearms! A Backfist! And he goes for another Dead Trigger, but JD catches him with a superkick! JD looks for another, but Havoc throws it down, single underhook, looking for the Giga Drill, but Damon fights off! Damon with a superkick! Damon with a forearm! Damon with a running knee that sends Havoc over the top rope! Good god!

Havoc hangs onto the top rope and springs over with a springboard stomp as Damon rushes in, bringing both of his boots down on Damon's lower back! Damon cries out in pain as Havoc catches him with a roundhouse kick, and then a Discus Elbow! Damon falls back into the corner, and Havoc rushes in with a dropkick that catches Damon as he fires out of the corner! Damon falls neck-first back into the turnbuckle, and Havoc pulls him in, looking for a snap DDT to the canvas, but Damon counters at the last minute! He forces himself back over to the ropes, pulling up onto the second rope and pulling Havoc up with a Double Underhook, looking for a leaping double underhook DDT, but Havoc counters at the last minute into a release Butterfly Suplex, sending Damon back into the buckles! Havoc hits the ropes and follows up with one more attempt at a Dead Trigger, but Damon catches him with an Epic Kick, and then a Dragon Suplex!

Havoc hits the ground hard, and Damon hits the ropes, looking for another dropkick to Havoc, but Havoc rolls out of the way, sending Damon crashing and burning! Havoc grabs Damon as he rolls through, grabbing hold of both arms in a Double Underhook and hitting Damon with a big Kneeling Double Underhook Powerbomb! He pops Damon back up, and then into a Powerbomb onto the knee, and then up again into a Torture Rack! He tightens his hold in place, before throwing Damon down with a Fold Over Torture Rack Bomb! Damon cries out in pain as his back slams into the canvas, and Havoc hits the ropes for a big Sick Kick that catches Damon off the jaw, sending him back-first to the canvas!

Morgan Shaw: Havoc with a brutal combination of powerbomb to take Damon's edge off! JD's gotta be hurting after a brutal salvo like that!

Lance Hart: You never know, Morgan-we've seen the Spartan Champion shrug off worse!

Havoc dives onto Damon for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

TH-NO!

Morgan Shaw: And Damon kicks out this time!

Announcer: A battery of offense from Havoc, but it's not enough to put the Spartan Champion away!

Damon pulls back to his feet as Havoc lines up in the corner for a kill shot, but as he runs in for another Dead Trigger, Damon catches him with a big discus lariat that sends Havoc off course and back into the corner! Damon runs in for a Murder Kick, but Havoc manages to get out of the way at the last moment, causing Damon to leap up onto the middle rope! Havoc catches Damon with a package superkick, but as he tries to pull Damon down for a powerbomb into the center of the ring, Damon jumps off the ropes and catches Havoc with a big Double Stomp! Damon tries to catch Havoc with an Epic Kick as Havoc bounces up to his knees, before pulling Havoc in for another Brainbuster attempt-but Havoc counters and shoves Damon off! ROARING ELBOW STRIKE TO THE SKULL OF JD DAMON! Damon staggers, and Havoc tries for a Spinning Spinebuster-

Morgan Shaw: BUT DAMON SHOVES HAVOC OFF! Damon drills Havoc with a wicked Enziguri to the skull that sends Havoc back into the ropes, before following up with a massive lariat that sends him over the top rope! Damon gets a running start as Havoc tries to recover-DROPKICK TO THE SKULL! JD Damon is on fire-brutal kick to the skull, a headbutt, a forearm strike, and he grabs Havoc by the throat-

Lance Hart: And sends Havoc flying skull-first into the ringpost! Havoc looks to be in pain as he hits the post! Damon points two fingers and rushes forward, nailing him with a NASTY dropkick to the back of the head! Damon drags Havoc back into the ring, and goes to the top rope, leaping-FROG SPLASH onto Havoc! Damon hooks both legs, getting a one, two, and a three-NO!!! Havoc kicks out!

Damon tries for a Double Underhook to hit the Bullet Point, but Havoc counters with a massive Double Underhook Powerbomb onto the knee, rolling Damon off and blasting him with a single leg Busaiku Knee Strike! Damon goes down, and Havoc drags him back to his feet, but both men begin nailing each other with further and further brutal strikes! Damon comes in for a Chaos Theory, but Havoc counters with a Discus Lariat and follows it up with a Dead Trigger attempt-but Damon shoves him out of the way! Damon hits Havoc with another enziguri that sends him out onto the apron, and then he follows up with a big meteora that sends Havoc crashing to the outside of the ring! Both men enter into a scramble of a fight on the outside, trading forearms and blows back and forth! Havoc kicks Damon in the skull and sends him back, but as Havoc comes in for one more lariat, Damon counters into a dumping powerbomb into the apron! Havoc rolls into the ring, and Damon goes high for another Frog Splash, but as Havoc

gets up to counter it-DAMON TAKES HIM DOWN WITH THE FALL FROM GRACE! He falls back for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!-NO! HAVOC KICKS OUT!

Morgan Shaw: That stomp couldn't put Havoc away tonight! Damon's going to have to look to one of his finishers to end the champion's night, it seems!

Lance Hart: but don't count Havoc out just yet! He's not yet hit that Dead Trigger-but if he does, it could be lights out for Damon!

Damon yanks Havoc up to his feet and throws him into the corner, looking for another Murder Kick, but Havoc ducks low and catches Damon with a brutal spinebuster into the canvas! He rolls through, and looks for one more Dead Trigger, but Damon ducks it low, popping Havoc up onto his shoulders and looking for Death by Damon, but Havoc counters this with a big spike inverted 'rana! Damon hits the canvas hard, and Havoc hits him with a brutal falling Enziguri, before pulling him up and drilling him down with a Brainbuster! He follows up with an attempt at the Zero Eclipse-but Damon catches him on his knees!

Damon drags Havoc back up to his feet for another Death By Damon, but as he gets Havoc onto his shoulders, Havoc counters into a double stomp as he gets free of Damon's arm! Damon rolls back into the center of the ring, and Havoc rushes forward-DEAD TRIGGER! HE FINALLY HITS IT! Havoc collapses onto Damon and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

"HERE IS YOUR WINNER....HAVOC!!!"

Morgan Shaw: A hell of an effort from both men, but Havoc just scraped it out here! Damon showed he can take a beating and hand one back out, too!

Havoc sits up, looking back at Damon for a moment before collecting his championship. Damon seems to be down for the count-and, somewhat, in a bit of disbelief.

Lance Hart: You said it, Morgan. It could have been either man's night-but tonight, it belonged to Havoc --

(Havoc snaps his fingers and in an instant the lights go out. There is some muttering among the audience, and then a universal gasp when the lights cut back on and everyone can see what's in front of them. JD Damon is being hung up on a cross in the center of the ring as Abholos, Maverick and Knight have now joined the fray around him. Abholos has a torch in hand while laughing manically. Smoke is starting to fill the arena, but just enough is being left to show what's going on in the ring! Havoc smiles wickedly as Damon looks down from his precarious position, noticing a mic in one hand and a can of gasoline in the other.)

Havoc: Kingdom is at war, Damon! And you've just made the fatal mistake of stepping into a battle you couldn't win! I initially thought the only casualties necessary in my conquest would be the bodies of The Frontline, but noooo, you and Kenny decided to get involved! You two decided to send a threat and say you were taking us down yourselves! Well how did that work out for you tonight, Mr. Second in Command? Mr. Big Bad Spartan Champion? SO-CALLED LEGEND IN THIS INDUSTRY! You're a disgrace. You and Kenny are the exact people I want to see torn down in MY landscape! You false idols! You lowly sheep who posture in wolves clothing, making yourself more revered and respected than you deserve to be. You two have walked around, trying to gatekeep US? Trying to act like you laid down the blueprint for US? The only example you two set is for what we should NOT do! I don't know how Oasis plans on sorting out the teams, I don't know what's in store, but it makes me sick to my stomach thinking I'd have you two by my side! I don't even want to waste these boots by staining them with your blood! All you are good for....is for me to send a message. Give off the first shot before the true bloodbath. When I wanted to send a message to RD3 I burned an effigy.....we'll be doing the same tonight. You...a living representation of what I'm looking to keep Kingdom away from....going up in smoke.

(Havoc turns to Knight and Maverick with cold, dead eyes. Havoc offers the can to Jacob Knight while Abholos offers his torch, beckoning to Maverick in particular.)

Havoc: Set it ablaze. Now.

Jacob Knight: You can't be serious. What!?

Havoc: Do you believe in the cause or not!?

Maverick: I'll gladly step up and do it!

Lance Hart: ARE THE ASHES TRYING TO SET JD DAMON ON FIRE!? NO! NO! GET SOME HELP OUT HERE IMMEDIATELY! SOMEBODY STOP THIS!

Morgan Shaw: The fog is thickening! We're being blocked out! I think all we're going to be able to visualize is the light of the flames in a few.....HANG ON! WAIT!

(Two pairs of lights shoot through the mist right before it engulfs the arena, peering right into the ring. We can make out some confused movement going on in the ring...AND THEN A HUGE FLASH IN THE RING AS THE MIST DISSIPATES! Seated in tandem motorcycles at the ramp are Jeff X and Kenny Drake as they go to clear the ring! Kenny with a cane shot to Maverick, then to Knight! He swings wildly at Havoc who backs into Abholos! Havoc looks at Abholos, and the arena flickers as Abholos follows his command of helping them retreat.)

Lance Hart: Kenny Drake and Jeff X, the last two members left unharmed of their respective factions coming through and saving JD Damon from something that would have ended his career -- surely his LIFE! Jeff returning the favor after Wolvesden's assist as they are helping JD Damon off of that cross....GOD, THAT WAS CLOSE! Jeff learning from what happened with Theo as he and Kenny were able to get to their guy before anything could happen through the fog! It seems like an alliance between Wolvesden and The Frontline has went from forming to being concrete!

Morgan Shaw: And it was established with a FLASHBANG! Shin-SEKAI's signature tactic! It's like Jeff just cheated on Moongoose!

Lance Hart: I wouldn't say all of that...but I know he won't be too happy about being pushed out of any partnership with Jeff after they were working together only a few weeks ago!

Morgan Shaw: I look forward to the fallout! We're going to try to fix things up here in the arena, but when we return it will be time for our main event! I have no idea if Michael Bishop even knows what went down as he's been in his locker room this past hour doing last minute prep! It's Bloodsport Rules as we see ARIA JAXON TAKING ON BISHOP FOR THE OUTLAW TITLE!

(FINAL COMMERCIAL BREAK)

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

(A bell tolls...the fans immediately erupt... "For Whom The Bell Tolls" by Metallica rips through the PA.)

(After a few moments, the curtain flips open and Michael Bishop stomps out to thunderous applause...he glances around... before the curtain again flips open...  
...and he is flanked by Scott Oasis and Carlos Rosso...the fans go berserk.)

Lance Hart: I DON'T BELIEVE MY EYES...Carlos Rosso, Scott Oasis, Michael Bishop...FIGHT CLUB is IN THE HOUSE!!

(Carlos tugs at the towel around his neck as Oasis raises a FIGHT CLUB flag. Bishop pops in his Chicago flag mouthpiece before stalking down the ramp.)

Lance Hart: Morgan, we are seeing a career renaissance unfold in front of our eyes...Michael Bishop returned from a catastrophic knee injury and has not only MET his already high bar, but EXCEEDED IT...major wins over TOP names...he finally closed the book on his feud with Wolvesden with an EMOTIONAL win over Kyle, the man who took him out in the first place...he was INCHES away from becoming the new OWA World Champion...and tonight, he looks to add to this resurgence with a win here over one of his greatest rivals...

Morgan Shaw: I'm going to go on record here and say, a focused Michael Bishop is the BEST PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER in the WORLD...a focused Michael Bishop is the BEST PROFESSIONAL FIGHTER in the WORLD...And I'm looking at his eyes right now, and that man is LASER focused on the task at hand.

(Bishop stops at the steps and turns to Carlos. They bro hug before Bishop turns to Oasis and does the same. Bishop turns to the ring, sprints up the steps, and into the bare ring...)

(Again, the lights go out...the fans somehow grow louder in anticipation...)

*THE LOS ANGELES LAKERS...HAVE WON THE NBA CHAMPIONSHIP!!*

*THE DODGERS HAVE DONE IT!! THE LOS ANGELES DODGERS HAVE JUST WON THE WORLD SERIES!!*

*HERE IS YOUR WINNER...AND STILL OWA OUTLAW CHAMPION...*

("Formation" blares over the PA. The fans are whipped into a frenzy. A few moments pass before blue lights swirl around the arena...the curtain flips open, and out struts Aria Jaxon, flanked by Stephanie Matsuda, who holds Aria's championships in the air...Aria looks prepared, adorned in Dodger blue Vale Tudo shorts and one of her signature tops. Her hands are heavily taped, as are her feet and ankles...Aria cracks her knuckles and begins her walk down the ramp...)

Lance Hart: OWA Tag Team Champion...OWA Outlaw Champion...to say that 2020 has been a banner year for Aria Jaxon would be an understatement to end all understatements...Aria Jaxon is riding a wave of momentum that does not seem to have a break...she has pushed herself to new heights of her already Hall of Fame worthy career, and tonight, she looks to add another accolade to her resume with a DECISIVE win over her opponent, Michael Bishop...

Morgan Shaw: The war of words between these two has been absolutely legendary...but let's be honest, she has everything to lose here tonight, Lance. She got the win over Bishop in their last contest in a highly controversial manner, and she's coming in as a red hot champion...but mark

my words here, partner, she's Aria god damn Jaxon, and she is no stranger AT ALL to the big moment, big money, high stakes matches.

(Aria stops at the steps and turns to Stephanie. She whispers a final word into Aria's ear before the two embrace. Aria scurries up the steps,, points to the lights, mouths "Brody", and enters the ring...she side steps a lap around the canvas before stopping in front of Bishop...Larry immediately steps in and pulls her away as a 20-something man in a bright red suit steps into the middle of the ring...)

Brian Buffer: LAAAAAAAAAAAAADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THIS IS...YOUR Maaaaaaaaaaaaaain Event OF the EVENING!! The following contest is sponsored by Sesame Street - “Do *You* know the way?”; Ace Hardware - Keys are guaranteed to pierce the jugulars of leatherneck MMA fighters or its free; RAID, Shadow Legends - “Let’s play Raid Shadow Legends”; FRONTLINE 2020, Make Omega Great Again; WOLVESDEN 2020, Fuck Everybody; SHIN-SEKAI 2020, **FLASHBANG**; Starbucks, HOME of the Tinaccino; and Stop N Shop - “Fuck Expiration Dates”. Doctors at ringside are Dennis Montclair and Maureen Holt...When the action begins, the referee in charge is Larry Blackwell...

**AAAAAAAND NOW...**with THOUSANDS in attendance, and MILLIONS MORE watching around the world...LIVE from a SOLD OUT SPECTRUM ARENA, in WRESTLING COUNTRY CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA...**The TIME IIIIIIIIS...NOW!**

(The fans roar. The lights go down, save for two spotlights on the competitors.)

Brian Buffer: A ONE on ONE contest, with a time limit of ONE hour...contested under BLOOOOOODSPORT RULES...and it is for...THE OWA OOUUUTLAW CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WOOORLD!

(The roar from the crowd is deafening. Aria cracks her neck and rolls her shoulders as Stephanie Matsuda raises the Outlaw and Tag Team Championship belts in the air. Bishop paces back and forth, never taking his eyes off Aria. Oasis and Carlos stand behind him, clapping and cheering for their teammate and friend...)

Brian Buffer: Introducing first...FIGHTING out of the corner to my right...he holds a professional MMA record of FIFTY SIX WINS...SIX LOSSES and ONE No Contest...HE STANDS SIX Foot, FOUR inches tall...and weighs in tonight at TWO HUNDRED FORTY SEVEN pounds...FIIIGHTING OUT OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS...AND REPRESENTING THE FRONTLINE AAAAND FIGHT CLUB...HE IS THE CURRENT AAAAAAND CHALLENGING...NUMBER ONE CONTENDER FOR THE OWA OUTLAW CHAMPIONSHIP...

[illegible]

(Bishop stalks to the center of the ring and points at Aria. She simply stares back. Bishop slowly backs up, never lowering his hand until he reaches his corner...)

Bruce Buffer: Aaaaand his opponent...FIGHTING out of the corner to my left...she holds a professional OWA record of TWENTY SEVEN WINS...SIX LOSSES...and TWO No Contests...she stand FIVE feet, FOUR inches tall...and weighs in tonight at ONE HUNDRED FOURTEEN POUNDS...FIIIIIGHTING out of LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA...AND REPRESENTING THE QUEENS OF WRESTLING...she is ONE HALF of the OWA Tag Team Champions...AND IS THE REEEEEIGNING...DEEEFENDING...O-W-AAAA OUTLAAAAAAW CHAMPION...

***SHE...IS THE GOLDEN GIRL...SHE IS HERA INCARNATE...SHE IS THE QUEEN...SHE IS...ARIAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA...JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAXON!!!!***

(Aria grabs the Outlaw title from Matsuda and steps forward, raising the championship high above her head. She glares at Bishop, who remains stoic in his corner...)

(Larry Blackwell calls them both to the center...Brian holds the mic in front of him...Bishop stalks forward, inches away from Aria...he looms over her like a vulture, but Aria remains unfazed...she snarls slightly as she leans in...)

Larry Blackwell: We went over the rules in the back, so I'm expecting a clean, no nonsense fight. I want to see you both working, defend yourself at all times, follow all my instructions. We clear?...Touch gloves if you want...

(A tense moment. They both stare at each other...Bishop backs up to his corner, as does Aria. She checks her hand wraps...Bishop slaps himself a few times...)

|   |          |            |
|---|----------|------------|
| JAXON                                     | VS.      | BISHOP     |
| 25  | AGE      | 33         |
| 5'4                                       | HEIGHT   | <b>6'4</b> |
| 114 lbs                                   | WEIGHT   | <b>247</b> |
| Royal Blue                                | FINISHER | Asylum     |
| SPONSORED BY:                             |          |            |
| Butterfinger - The REAL Choice of Winners |          |            |

Lance Hart: There we see the Tale of the Tape...Aria Jaxon, 8 years younger, but giving up a full foot in height and Bishop is more than DOUBLE her weight...Aria Jaxon, on paper, is the underdog here in this fight...Brian Buffer has left the ring, Larry Blackwell is the man in charge...

Larry Blackwell: Bishop, you good?...Aria, you good? ...Alright...RING THE BELL!

(DING DING DING!)

Lance Hart: AND HERE! WE! G-



Morgan Shaw: **HELLRAISER!! HELLRAISER KNEE!! THE SECOND THAT BELL RANG, BISHOP WAS LIKE A DAMN BULLET! FLASH KNOCKOUT! ARIA COLLAPSES TO THE MAT!! ARIA NEVER SAW IT COMING!! IT'S OVER!! BISHOP DROPS TO HIS HANDS AND KNEES BESIDE HER AND SLAPS THE MAT!!**

Michael Bishop (o/m): THIS SHIT IS REAL! STEPHANIE CAN'T SAVE YOU!! THIS SHIT IS REAL!

Lance Hart: NO! NO! Aria scrambles to her stomach...that moment of uncontrollable emotion gave her the second to recover... BUT BISHOP SHOVES HER OVER...scrambles into a full guard...**GROUND AND POUND BOULEVARD!! GOOD LORD ALMIGHTY!!**

Morgan Shaw: Oh GOD!! Aria Jaxon, covering her face as best as she can, but those NASTY hooks are landing flush! I think this is it! Bishop grabs one of her hands...pulls it away...RIGHT HOOK!

Lance Hart: NO! Aria caught the arm...PULLS Bishop in...**AND LOCKS IN A GUILLOTINE!!!**

Morgan Shaw: HOW?! HOW IS SHE NOT UNCONSCIOUS?!

Lance Hart: Aria Jaxon, trying to get her right forearm in a better position...transitions her legs into butterfly guard...and BISHOP ESCAPES THE GUILLOTINE, stumbling backwards to create distance...and I guess we have a STALEMATE!

Morgan Shaw: Bishop chuckles a little as Aria adjusts her mouth guard...both slowly rise to their feet...I'm still shocked that she's not out COLD from that flying knee!

Lance Hart: Aria Jaxon is no stranger to punishment, Morg. She's been in her fair share of wars in the past, one of those against the man she faces today, and she walked out of THAT the victor due to STOPPAGE...I hate to sound flippant, but it's going to take a lot more than that to keep Aria down...back to the action, both combatants make their way to the center of the ring...hands up...both appear more hesitant...Bishop, steps in...

*Thwack!*

Lance Hart: LEG kick from Aria...right to the left knee of Michael Bishop. He chuckles...shakes his head...

**THWACK!**

Morgan Shaw: ANOTHER leg kick from Aria! Jeeeesus...

Lance Hart: That one buckled Bishop's leg, but he just shrugs it off...He smirks again...JAB connects on the jaw of Jaxon...

**THWACK!**

Morgan Shaw: JEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEesus Christ...

Lance Hart: And AGAIN, Aria fires off a vicious leg kick to that surgically repaired knee!

Morgan Shaw: Michael Bishop has said time and time again that his knee is back to 100%...

Lance Hart: And Aria is just chipping away at that percentage with those vicious leg kicks! Bishop, to his credit, shrugs the kick off, but that smile is long gone now...Bishop steps in...Aria swings for another kick...

Morgan Shaw: STRAIGHT RIGHT connects flush on the jaw before the kick makes contact! Aria stumbles back, DUCKS a looping left hook...shuffles to the right...

**THWACK!**

Morgan Shaw: That sound is sickening...

Lance Hart: ANOTHER leg kick! Bishop snarls as he turns...Aria Jaxon backs away, hands up on the sides of her face, ready for a Bishop retaliation...Aria...FEINTS a left hook...

**THWACK!**

Morgan Shaw: JEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEZUS...

Lance Hart: BISHOP BUCKLES! BISHOP'S KNEE GOES LIMP...ARIA LEAPS IN...**BICYCLE KNEE CONNECTS!! ABSOLUTE MONARCHY HITS FLUSH ON THE NOSE, AND MICHAEL BISHOP IS BUSTED OPEN!!** OH MY GOD!!! THESE FANS ARE GOING NUTS!! BISHOP SCRAMBLES BACK, MAKES IT BACK TO HIS FEET...Aria Jaxon...steps in...left UPPERCUT...MISS...Bishop steps to his left-

**THWACK!!**

Morgan Shaw: **JEEEEEEEEEEesus** Christ!

Lance Hart: AND ARIA SHOOTS IN, SINGLE LEG...picks it...Michael Bishop, hopping on his right foot...swings a left hook, but Aria dodges...**AND RETALIATES WITH A DRAGON SCREW LEG WHIP...STRAIGHT INTO A SINGLE LEG CRAB!!**

Morgan Shaw: WOW!

Lance Hart: MICHAEL BISHOP, SCREAMING IN PAIN...PUSHES HIMSELF UP...BUT ARIA **WRENCHES** BACK ON THE LEG...hold on, Bishop...shifts his shoulder under...grabs Aria's left ankle...and **PULLS** it out from under her! Aria staggers forward, forcing her to relinquish the hold enough...and BISHOP kicks free!

Morgan Shaw: Bishop is no newbie to the ground game...he immediately rolls to his feet...

Lance Hart: But Aria Jaxon is there to greet him...RIGHT FOREARM...LEFT PALM STRIKE to the ribs...RIGHT HAND SLAP...LEFT HAND SLAP...Bishop on wobbly legs...DROPPED WITH A SUPERMAN ELBOW STRIKE!!!

Morgan Shaw: That straight sat him down! Michael Bishop is a hundred miles away! Aria Jaxon...backs up a few feet...RUSHES FORWARD!! PENALTY KICK!!

Lance Hart: NO! Bishop, at the last second, ducks under the swinging leg! Aria stumbles forward, but retains her foundation...BUT BISHOP IS UP...REAR WAIST LOCK...

**HUUUUUUUUGE BRIDGING GERMAN SUPLEX DRILLS ARIA ON THE BACK OF HER NECK!! BOTH FIGHTERS ARE DOWN!!**

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

Lance Hart: These fans...they speak the truth...this is an absolutely incredible battle between these two...

Morgan Shaw: It's been a very interesting battle of styles, Lance...the speed and skill of Aria Jaxon versus the power and brutality of Michael Bishop...the near knockouts from Bishop versus Aria's submission attempts...they're two sides of the same blood stained coin...

Lance Hart: Great point, partner...back in the ring...Bishop is back up on his right foot, heavily favoring that battered left knee...he takes a moment to stretch it out, get the feeling back in there, before grabbing Aria by that Dodger blue hair and dragging her up...Bishop...LAYS IN with a **HARD** right hand slap...rears back...

**THWAP!**

Lance Hart: GOOD...GOD...LEFT HOOK TO THE BODY, RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RIBCAGE!! Aria drops to a knee, trembling from the world ending pain...BUT BISHOP CARCASS TOSSES HER ONTO HIS SHOULDER, LOOKING FOR A POWERSLAM!!

Morgan Shaw: Bishop rushes forward...BUT ARIA SLIPS BEHIND HIM...DIVES IN...

**CHOP BLOCK TO THE BACK OF THE LEFT KNEE!!** MICHAEL BISHOP YELPS IN PAIN AS AGAIN, HIS SURGICALLY REPAIRED KNEE IS TARGETED AND ATTACKED!!

Lance Hart: Aria stands quickly, but is forced to take several excruciating breaths because of it...she lets out a warriors scream...and GRABS hold of Bishop's left ankle!! She pulls him over, onto his back...STOMP TO THE SIDE OF THE KNEE! ANOTHER! A THIRD FOR GOOD MEASURE! BISHOP FIRES HIS RIGHT BOOT UP LIKE A ROCKET, BUT ARIA SLIPS HER HEAD TO THE SIDE AND DRIVES THE POINT OF HER KNEE INTO BISHOP'S THIGH!!!

Morgan Shaw: Bishop is in BIG trouble here...Aria smells blood in the water! She places her right foot on the side of Bishop's knee...and DRIVES HER HEEL DOWN...before SPINNING...

**STRAIGHT INTO A KNEE BAR!! GOOD LORD, SHE'S GONNA SNAP HIS LEG IN HALF!!**

Lance Hart: NO! She doesn't have his other leg controlled...Michael Bishop swings his free leg over, onto his stomach...and PULLS his leg out of the grasp!! Aria swears in frustration...Both competitors scramble to their feet, but Aria is a hiccup quicker...Bishop turns...SWINGS FOR A MASSIVE LEFT HAYMAKER...

Morgan Shaw: **BUT ARIA DROPS...FRONT DROPKICK TO THE LEFT KNEE!!** BISHOP DROPS, LOOKING NAUSEOUS FROM THE PAIN...Aria rolls back...pops up to her feet...RUSHES IN...

Aria Jaxon (o/m): YOU'RE DEAD!

Lance Hart: **SLIDING REVERSE STO...STRAIGHT INTO THE KOJI CLUTCH!! ONE! EIGHT! SEVEN!! 187, LOCKED IN TIGHT!!! MURDER WAS THE CASE THAT THEY GAVE HER!!**

Morgan Shaw: OH MY GOD!!

Fans: TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP!

Lance Hart: MICHAEL BISHOP...DESPERATELY ATTEMPTING TO ROLL ARIA OVER, BUT HE CAN'T PUSH OFF WITH HIS LEFT LEG TO DO SO...ARIA INTERTWINES HER FINGERS, MAKING THE HOLD EVEN TIGHTER...BUT BISHOP...waitamminute...steps his right foot over Aria's free leg...that seems to give him some space to breath...and he DRAGS his left leg over...He's in full guard! WAIT...MICHAEL BISHOP...PLANTS HIS FEET...

**LIFTS!!!!**

**AND DRIVES ARIA JAXON INTO THE MAT WITH A SIT-OUT POWERBOMB!!!** ARIA JAXON RELEASES THE HOLD AND SPASMS IN PAIN AS BISHOP ROLLS BACKWARDS...ARIA RISES TO HER FEET, ALMOST OUT OF INSTINCT...BISHOP UP TO HIS...

Morgan Shaw: **SPEAR!! SPEAR!! SPEAR!!!**

Lance Hart: WHAT?!?!?

Morgan Shaw: MICHAEL BISHOP HIT ARIA LIKE A GOD DAMN BULLET...SHE COUGHS UP A LUNG AS BISHOP SHOVES HIMSELF TO HIS FEET...AND DRAGS ARIA UP WITH HIM...Hooks her head, SLINGS HER ARM OVER HIS SHOULDERS...

Lance Hart: LIFTS...

SPINS

**DEBELLLLLLLLLLATIOOOOOOOOOO!!!! JACKHAAAMMMMMMMER!!** AS GOD IS MY WITNESS...ARIA JAXON WAS JUST DRILLED STRAIGHT TO HELL!! BISHOP, ROARING IN PAIN, CLUTCHES AT HIS LEFT KNEE, BUT ARIA JAXON IS DOWN!

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

Lance Hart: This is...just the most incredible damn thing...Aria Jaxon hasn't moved a centimeter...Michael Bishop is writhing in pain across the ring from her...and Larry Blackwell is starting his count! If Aria can't beat the count, it's a Knockout!

Larry Blackwell: ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

Lance Hart: Michael Bishop rises to his feet...but only just...

Larry Blackwell: FOUR...

FIVE...

SIX...

Morgan Shaw: Wait a minute...Aria...she just sputtered to life...slowly rolls to her stomach...

Larry Blackwell: SEVEN...

Lance Hart: Michael Bishop, watching like a hawk...ARIA...SLOWLY PUSHING HERSELF UP...

Morgan Shaw: HOW?!

Larry Blackwell: EIGHT...

Lance Hart: ARIA JAXON IS UP TO A KNEE...SHE'S DAZED, BUT STEPHANIE MATSUDA, THESE FANS, THEY'RE ALL WILLING HER ON TO STAND AND FIGHT! SHE SLOWLY...BARELY...WILLS HERSELF UP...

Larry Blackwell: NINE...

Lance Hart: **SHE'S UP! ARIA JAXON IS BACK UP!** BISHOP ROARS IN ANGER AND RUSHES IN, JUST AS ARIA TURNS...

**ROOOOOOYAAALLLLLLL BLUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUE!!! BICYCLE SUPERKICK JUST CAUGHT MICHAEL BISHOP FLUSH!! HE'S DOWN....**

**AND SO IS ARIA...BOTH FIGHTERS ARE DOWN!**

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

Lance Hart: I am STUNNED...What happens now, Morg?! Double KO?!

Morgan Shaw: I don't know, Lance! I say it's Aria's KO, considering it came off of her move, but I have no idea!!

Lance Hart: Larry looks between them...

Larry Blackwell: ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

Lance Hart: Aria Jaxon, sits up but she's breathing heavy...winces as she gently touches her ribs...BISHOP is out COLD...

Larry Blackwell: FOUR...

FIVE...

Lance Hart: NO...BISHOP sputters and spits, before rolling over to his right shoulder...that left knee is just...bright damn purple...

Morgan Shaw: Wait, look at Aria!

Lance Hart: ARIA...CRAWLING over to Bishop, a look of absolute RAGE carved into her face! Bishop slowly sits up...and eats a HEAVY FOREARM TO THE JAW...HARD SLAP TO THE EAR...THAT ONE DROPPED HIM BACK TO THE MAT...

Morgan Shaw: ARIA SCRAMBLES INTO TOP MOUNT... AND STARTS LAYING IN WITH **HUGE PALM STRIKES TO THE FACE!!**

Lance Hart: Bishop gets his hands up, but the Palm Strikes DON'T STOP! MORE AND MORE HEAVY PALM STRIKES RAIN DOWN FROM ABOVE...

Aria Jaxon (o/m): FUCKIN TALK SHIT NOW, MOTHERFUCKER...TALK SHIT NOW...

Morgan Shaw: I don't think many are getting through, Lance! Aria is throwing them as hard as she can, but she's not looking at where! Bishop is blocking most of the major shots!

Aria Jaxon (o.m): FUCKIN BITCH! WHERE YOU AT, MOTHERFUCKER?! WHERE'S THE BADASS NOW, MOTHERFUCKER?!

Lance Hart: You're right, Morg...Michael Bishop...weathering the storm...waiting as Aria tires herself out...that has to be soon, considering how badly her ribs are broke and how hard it is for her to breath! Aria...switches to heavy hooks, but they don't have the gas behind him...and that's ALL Bishop NEEDS...CATCHES the left arm, and shoves her over...TRANSITIONING INTO FULL GUARD!! Aria shrieks and kicks him away!

Morgan Shaw: Both fighters stumble back and roll away...they both force themselves to their feet...BOTH RUSH IN...

**ROOOOOOYAL BLUUUUE!**

Lance Hart: **NO!** BISHOP SIDE STEPS...

**ONE! NINE! NINE! CONNECTS!!! THE INFAMOUS OVERHAND RIGHT!! BISHOP JUST SWATTED ARIA JAXON OUT OF MID AIR, AND DOWN SHE GOD DAMN GOES!!**

Morgan Shaw: THAT WAS UNBELIEVABLE TIMING!! UNBELIEVABLE ACCURACY FROM MICHAEL BISHOP!!

Lance Hart: Aria hits the mat like a goddamn meteorite crashing into Earth, and The REVENANT SWARMS!! Aria manages to get her hands up over her face, but Bishop just TEES OFF...RIGHT HOOK, LEFT HAMMERFIST...RIGHT HOOK TO THE JAW...LEFT ELBOW TO THE RIBS, RIGHT FOREARM TO THE NOSE...ARIA IS SPURTING BLOOD, BUT BISHOP LAYS IN WITH VICIOUS FOREARMS!!! ARIA...DESPERATELY SCRAMBLES TO HER HANDS AND KNEES...**BUT BISHOP LAYS IN WITH A HUGE KNEE TO THE RIBS!! ARIA'S SOUL LEFT HER BODY ALONG WITH ALL OF HER OXYGEN!! SHE FLIPS ONTO HER BACK...AND TAKES AN ELBOW TO THE FACE!!**

Michael Bishop (o/m): Give up...Just...GIVE up! You have to give up...

Lance Hart: **ANOTHER KNEE TO THE RIBS!!**

Michael Bishop (o/m): It's OVER...You know this...I deserve this!

Lance Hart: **ELBOW TO THE BRIDGE OF THE NOSE!!!**

Michael Bishop (o/m): OUT OF EVERYBODY, I DESERVE THIS!!

Lance Hart: **PALM STRIKE! ARIA TRIES TO COVER UP, BUT BISHOP RIPS HER HANDS AWAY...ANOTHER PALM STRIKE!**

Michael Bishop (o/m): JUST GIVE UP!!

Lance Hart: ARIA REACHES UP, TRYING TO BLOCK ANOTHER SHOT...

**AND BISHOP GRABS THE ARM...WRAPS HIS LEGS AROUND ARIA'S HEAD AND NECK...AND LOCKS IN THE ASYLUM...THE MODIFIED TRIANGLE CHOKE!!!**

Morgan Shaw: OH MY GOD!! WHAT THE HELL?!

Lance Hart: THE FANS ARE GOING INSANE!! ARIA JAXON IS SPRAYING BLOOD FROM HER FOREHEAD AND NOSE AND DESPERATELY TRYING TO CLAW FREE, BUT BISHOP SIMPLY TIGHTENS THE HOLD...HE FALLS TO HIS SIDE, DRAGGING ARIA WITH HIM...JESUS CHRIST, THAT'S LOCKED IN TIGHT!!

Morgan Shaw: STEPHANIE MATSUDA IS SCREAMING FOR ARIA TO FIGHT, BUT THERE'S ONLY SO MUCH SHE CAN DO! MATSUDA LOOKING TO GET INVOLVED AGAINST REF WARNING, LOOKING TO BREAK THE INTEGRITY OF THIS MATCH -- BUT BEFORE FIGHT CLUB CAN EVEN STOP HER, *NAS COMES THROUGH WITH AN ETHER!* MATSUDA LAID OUT, AND NAS JUST INADVERTENTLY DID HIS ENEMIES A SOLID!? THE QUEEN IS ON HER OWN ...ARIA FLAILS HER LEGS, TRYING TO ROLL OVER, BUT BISHOP PULLS DOWN ON HER HEAD, CRUSHING HER THROAT AGAINST HER OWN ARM!! ARIA JAXON IS IN DEEP, DEEP, DEEP TROUBLE!



Lance Hart: BISHOP...RAISES AN ARM...

**12-6 ELBOW TO THE TOP OF ARIA'S SKULL...ANOTHER ELBOW!! THAT ONE CUT HER OPEN AGAIN, AND HER BLUE HAIR IS TURNING PURPLE!! ANOTHER ELBOW STRIKE!! ANOTHER!! ANOTHER!! MICHAEL BISHOP, UNLOADING WITH MACHINE GUN ELBOW STRIKES!!! ARIA GOES LIMP...**

***AND LARRY HAS SEEN ENOUGH!! HE'S CALLING FOR THE BELL!! THIS MATCH IS OVER!! BY GOD, THIS MATCH IS OVER!!!***

**(DING DING DING!!)**

Morgan Shaw: WOW...

Lance Hart: MICHAEL BISHOP...IS THE NEW OWA OUTLAW CHAMPION...

Morgan Shaw: WOW...

(Bishop relinquishes the hold and falls back...he stares up at the lights for a moment before smiling and laughing...)

Nas: Don't mind me, I'll just be taking this...

(Nas reaches out, grabbing a hold of the OWA Tag Championships as the timekeeper grabs the Outlaw belt. The recovering Matsuda reaches out but Nas quickly takes his exit into the crowd, leaving the focus back on the Bloodsport cage. Matsuda knows what's more important and rushes to Aria's side as Scott Oasis and Carlos Rosso swarm their friend...Oasis drags Bishop up and straight onto his shoulders as several doctors and EMT's crowd around Aria...)

Brian Buffer: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...The referee in charge has called a STOP to this contest, due to TKO...declaring YOUR WINNER...AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAND **NEW** OWA OUTLAW CHAMPION....THEEEEE REVENANT...MICHAEL...BIIIIISHOP!

(The fans drown out the Metallica blaring through the arena, Scott Oasis places Bishop down, rips the Outlaw championship from Larry's hands...)

Scott Oasis (o/m): IM THE FUCKIN CHAIRMAN, GIMME THAT STRAP!

(...and whips it around the waist of the new champion. Carlos Rosso holds up a bottle of champagne and pops the cork, sending the bubbly flying into the air, before he shakes and pours it over the head of the emotional Michael Bishop...)

Lance Hart: She NEVER tapped out...she NEVER stopped fighting...Aria Jaxon is one of the toughest, strongest competitors this sport has ever seen, and she made that championship one of the most sought after titles in the industry...but right now, with all credit to Aria, it is The REVENANT who sits on top of the Outlaw mountain...Michael Bishop had a plan, he executed it to PERFECTION, and here he is...Ladies and Gentlemen, Michael Bishop...is your NEW Outlaw Champion!

Morgan Shaw: What does this mean for Aria going forward?! What will this do to the landscape of an already constantly shifting Kingdom?!

Lance Hart: Only time will tell, partner, but one thing is for sure...there is a NEW Outlaw King...for Morgan Shaw, I'm Lance Hart! THANK you, and we'll see you next time!

(The fans in attendance are all on their feet. Carlos drapes a Chicago flag over the shoulders of the bloody, smiling Michael Bishop as the screen fades to black...)

(The OWA Logo buzzes...)