

## ***“Playing Telephone”***

(OWA intro plays.)

(Odyssey intro plays: <https://youtu.be/QiSvZeqYIKw> )

(A video package recapping the events of the previous episode of Odyssey fades in from black.

In the first match of the night, The Banshee managed to defeat NAMI. There was no time for her to bask in the glow of her success, however, as Diantha Rosso stormed the ring immediately after the final bell to enact some revenge. When Aria Jaxon tried to quell the flames by setting up a match at Game Over between the two, Rosso demanded that the match be moved up to Odyssey LXIV -- and they'd do battle inside of a steel cage.

Later on, Stephanie Matsuda and Samantha Garza continued to press the issue of who should be number one contender for the Women's World Championship. Their remarks of course drew out Natalie Cage, who didn't take kindly to Matsuda's remarks about Viola DeMarco. Llorona took this opportunity to insert herself into the equation, beating Cage down with a steel chair in the name of getting even with Natalie. Dulce Torres showed up as well, throwing herself into the melee and kicking off a giant brawl between the four women. Aria Jaxon came out to put a stop to everything, announcing that none of them would be challenging for the World Championship at Game Over. Instead, they would be competing in a Fatal Four-Way to determine the new number one contender.

Next, Openweight Champion Liz Karlson and her number one contender, Daisy Thrash, aired their grievances in a contract signing. The heated exchange ended with a beer-swilling Karlson putting Thrash through a table.

In the next match of the night, Revy scored a decisive victory over Nakita DuBov. She didn't have any chance to process her victory, as Jonetta Stone took to the titantron in the immediate aftermath to run down her former stablemate. The silver lining was that the Women's World Champion capped it all off by saying she'd put her gold on the line against Revy at Game Over. The huge announcement would also prove to be a great distraction, as Jonetta was able to attack Revy when her back was turned, leaving the new number one contender a bloody mess in the ring.

The next match featured BIANCA taking on Emmannuelle, with Alyssa Grace soaking in all of the action from the commentary desk. The presence of Miss Ascension to the Heavens ultimately worked to the detriment of BIANCA, and her constantly being distracted played a part in Emmanuelle being able to win the match.

In the most chaotic affair of the night, Rebecca Brookes put her Goddesses Championship on the line against Gwen Harper. The challenger came out guns blazing, laying Brookes out before the match officially started. When the bell actually did ring, the two women threw everything they

had at each other -- until Hana Nakajima appeared. With all three women worse for wear by the time the violent scene came to its conclusion, everyone looking on was left to wonder what laid in the immediate future of the Goddesses Championship as the video package faded to black.)

(The feed transitions to the interior of the Stan Sheriff Center, where members of the Odyssey faithful are packed wall-to-wall inside of the sold-out venue. "When the Lights Come On" -- Asking Alexandria blares over the PA system as a pink nameplate reading "LIVE! LOS ANGELES" briefly appears on the screen before fading away. The fans in attendance wear merchandise supporting the likes of Jonetta Stone, Rebecca Brookes, Llorona, Stephanie Matsuda, Alyssa Grace, and more. We get one more sweeping overhead shot of all of the excitement before moving over to the commentary table.)

Gia Cervantes: Not that long ago, the road to Final Destination III ran right through the City of Angels. Tonight, we're just two weeks away from Game Over, and our go-home show is emanating from one of the most famous venues in the entire world! The only thing hotter than the weather outside is the show that we've got on tap for all of you tonight. Coming to you live from the Staples Center, I'm Gia Cervantes...

Ashley Walker: ...and I'm Ashley Walker! With tonight being the last chance for all of our Odyssey Alphas to tie up any loose ends going into Game Over, you have to believe that a slew of emphatic statements will be made tonight. Wondering just how all of those will play out will be a sight to see, I'm sure!

Gia Cervantes: We'll see Emmanuelle going one-on-one with everyone's favorite lovable underdog, Devi Krysis. Can the LAW Lethal Sparks Champion put everyone on notice by putting Emmanuelle away, or can the hometown girl add another W to her already-impressive rookie resume?

Ashley Walker: Speaking of hometown girls, LA's own Azurine Vebbins will also be in action tonight, taking on Nakita DuBov! Both of these ladies could certainly use a win right now, but of course, only one can take a step in the right direction. Which one walks away with the W tonight?

Gia Cervantes: Two of Odyssey's most impressive new stars will tangle tonight when Skylar Arceneaux meets Rebecca Filth! The very bright future of the brand will be on display when these two clash. The fans are in for a treat.

Ashley Walker: And in our HIGHLY-ANTICIPATED main event, we've got action that was originally meant to take place at Game Over! The bad blood between Diantha Rosso and The Banshee FORCED Aria Jaxon to move this one up! We're getting a Steel Cage match between these two bitter rivals, and I hope the paramedics are ready to earn their keep, because they're gonna be working overtime after what these two do to each other!

Gia Cervantes: Word on the street has it that we'll also be hearing from Jonetta Stone, Revy, Rebecca Brookes, Stephanie Matsuda, Alyssa Grace, and more tonight, so trust me when I say you won't want to miss a second of the show! Don't go anywhere!

(We cut back to the parking lot area where we see a black Lexus pulling up. The car comes to a halt and the driver's side door opens as Hana Nakajima steps out of it. She grabs her bag and begins making her way across the lot towards the locker room area.)

Gia Cervantes: And look who just arrived! Hana Nakajima is here at the Staples Center for Odyssey and just look at that smug look on her face! She seems awfully pleased with herself after interrupting an absolute classic Goddesses Championship match two weeks ago between Gwen Harper and Rebecca Brookes. She had a damn bullwhip, Ashley!

Ashley Walker: I'm telling you Gia, this thing between Hana and Rebecca has gotten out of control. These two former friends have been at each other's throats for months and it only gets worse with every passing week. I don't know what it's going to take for these two to settle this, but if this continues to escalate, somebody is going to wind up seriously hurt.

Gia Cervantes: I agree with you Ashley. These two have- SPEAK OF THE DEVIL! IT'S REBECCA BROOKES! REBECCA BROOKES FROM OUT OF NOWHERE SPEARS HANA NAKAJIMA TO THE GROUND IN THE PARKING LOT! AND THE FIGHT IS ON! REBECCA BROOKES RAINING DOWN PUNCHES ON HANA! LEFTS AND RIGHT HANDS BEING THROWN IN A FLURRY AS REBECCA LOOKS FOR VENGEANCE!

Rebecca Brookes: YOU JUST CAN'T KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT MY FUCKING BUSINESS, CAN YOU?!

Ashley Walker: But Hana Nakajima fights back now as she kicks Rebecca off of her! Hana scrambles back to her feet and in charges Brookes again! BUT HANA STEPS OUT OF THE WAY! REBECCA GOES RUNNING RIGHT INTO A CAMRY BACK THERE IN THE GARAGE! AND HANA NOW STARTS POUNDING AWAY WITH BODY SHOTS TO REBECCA WHO TRIES TO PROTECT HERSELF, BUT HANA NOW HAS THE ADVANTAGE!

Gia Cervantes: HANA GRABS REBECCA BY THE HAIR AND SMASHES HER FACE RIGHT OFF THE HOOD OF THAT CAR! REBECCA STUMBLES AWAY BUT HANA ATTACKS HER FROM BEHIND, KNOCKING HER TO THE GROUND! REBECCA FALLS ON ALL FOURS AND HANA GETS A RUNNING START! SHE DRIVES A STIFF KICK RIGHT INTO THE RIBS OF REBECCA!

Ashley Walker: AND NOW IT'S HANA ON TOP OF BROOKES AS SHE SWINGS RIGHT HAND AFTER RIGHT HAND! THE GODDESSES CHAMPION IS IN TROUBLE!

Gia Cervantes: AND REBECCA GRABS A BOTTLE OFF OF THE GROUND, SMASHING IT RIGHT OVER HANA'S HEAD! THE BOTTLE SHATTERS AS HANA FALLS BACKWARDS AND REBECCA POPS BACK UP TO HER FEET!

Ashley Walker: HANA HAS BLOOD DRIPPING DOWN HER SKULL NOW...AND REBECCA RUNS IN WITH A PUNT KICK RIGHT TO THE FACE! HANA IS OUT!

Gia Cervantes: Rebecca goes and retrieves the Goddesses Championship up off the ground now and stalks Hana as she tries to crawl away!

Rebecca Brookes: HEY HANA! WHERE YOU GOING?! I THOUGHT YOU WANTED THIS, HUH?! DON'T YOU WANT YOUR SHOT AT THE TITLE AGAIN?! WHY YOU TRYING TO RUN AWAY!

Ashley Walker: Rebecca now reaches down and grabs Hana by the hair, dragging her back up to her feet as she shoves the championship into her face!

Rebecca Brookes: YOU WANT THIS, HANA?! FINE THEN YOU'VE GOT IT! ME AND YOU AT GAME OVER...**ONE MORE TIME!** IF YOU CAN MAKE IT THAT IS!

Gia Cervantes: REBECCA SWINGS THE CHAMPIONSHIP AT HANA'S HEAD!

Ashley Walker: BUT HANA DUCKS! REBECCA SWINGS AND MISSES AND NOW HANA DESPERATELY TRIES TO GET AWAY AS SHE BARRELS THROUGH DOUBLE DOORS LEADING INTO THE HALLWAY! REBECCA SEES HER GETTING AWAY AND SHE'S IN HOT PURSUIT!

Gia Cervantes: Rebecca bursts through the doors herself, just in time to see Hana rounding a corner and going out of sight. Undeterred, Rebecca remains in pursuit! She sprints around the corner as Hana is limping through the hallways of the Staples Center trying to get to safety-

**SNAP!**

(Hana Nakajima drops onto the floor letting out a loud scream. Rebecca Brookes looks confused as she sees Hana lying on the floor, clutching her ankle in agony as she shrieks in pain. Cautiously Rebecca approaches her.)

Hana Nakajima: GET ME OUT OF THIS FUCKING THING!

Rebecca Brookes: ...what the hell?

Gia Cervantes: What the hell?

Ashley Walker: What the hell?

(As Rebecca draws closer, she sees that Hana Nakajima is caught in a bear trap. The clamps of the trap are clenched tightly into Hana's ankle, drawing blood and leaving her in considerable pain. Rebecca looks confused for a moment, but then finds herself smiling at Hana's struggle.)

Hana Nakajima: GET THIS OFF OF ME!

(Rebecca smirks as she begins walking around Hana, title in hand.)

Rebecca Brookes: Now why in the hell would I do something like tha- OH SHIT!

(Rebecca is suddenly yanked right off her feet and into the air, upside down.)

Gia Cervantes: WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON BACK THERE?!

(Rebecca Brookes head slams against the wall as she's spun upside down, hanging from her ankles by a snare trap she's found herself caught in. It takes her a minute to blink and come to. She tries to reach up to free herself, but it's no use. Hana is unable to even appreciate this as she's still in considerable pain caught in her own trap.)

Ashley Walker: Wait if Rebecca didn't set that trap then who-

(Suddenly, from the shadows, Gwen Harper comes walking up to the two of them, a large smirk plain as day upon her face and a bow clenched in her hand. Hana glares at her, through tears in her eyes while Rebecca tries to put what's happening together.)

Rebecca: The fuck...GWEN?!

Gwen Harper: What'd you think? That HANA did this? I mean, okay it might be believable that the bitch is dumb enough to step in her own bear trap, but you really think she knows how to set up a snare? Please.

Hana Nakajima: GET ME THE FUCK OUT OF THIS THING!

(Gwen pulls an arrow from the quiver and draws it backwards aiming it right at Hana who quickly shuts up.)

Gwen Harper: I hardly think that you're in the position to be making demands right now, Hana. Especially after that shit you pulled two weeks ago. A bullwhip? Really? That's clever, I'll give you that. Still have a scar from it. So I wanted to make sure I returned the favor. How's that ankle feeling? Sure hope for your sake that it's healed up by Game Over.

(Hana can't even mount a response as she whimpers in pain. Gwen merely smiles as she lowers her bow.)

Rebecca Brookes: Okay, but what the fuck did I do?!

(Gwen snaps her head towards Rebecca with an angry look on her face. She draws the arrow back and aims it at Rebecca this time.)

Gwen Harper: What did YOU do? You reward this pathetic behavior. Look at you...so quick to offer up Hana yet ANOTHER title opportunity after she lost in the middle of the ring at Final Destination! And for what?! Attacking you every time you turn around?! But no, that's probably not it. It's probably to thank her for continuing to keep that title on your shoulder. You SHOULD have lost it to Jonetta Stone two months ago. And you DEFINITELY should have lost it to ME two weeks ago! You shouldn't be able to decide who the next challenger is because you SHOULDN'T EVEN BE CHAMPION RIGHT NOW! I SHOULD BE! AND IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT LITTLE SLUT RIGHT THERE, I WOULD BE!

(Suddenly about a half dozen security guards and officials burst onto the scene and immediately rush to help Rebecca and Hana, but Gwen spins around and aims the bow at them, with the arrow drawn all the way back.)

Gwen Harper: AAT-AAT! Not so fast boys.

(They all freeze, dead in their tracks, as they put their hands in the air. Gwen smiles at them as she side-eyes Rebecca.)

Gwen Harper: So here's what's going to happen. Unless you two want to stay like this for the rest of the night...you're going to add me to this little Goddesses Championship Match of yours. It's going to be Rebecca Brookes...vs. Hana Nakajima...vs. Gwen Harper, FOR THE TITLE at Game Over!

(Rebecca bites her lip, not wanting to cave to Gwen's demands.)

Hana Nakajima: FOR FUCK'S SAKE, JUST DO IT!

Gwen Harper: Yeah Becks...just do it.

(Rebecca groans, but knows she doesn't have a choice at this point.)

Rebecca Brookes: FINE! FUCKING HELL, JUST LET US GO!

Gwen Harper: Good call.

(Gwen lowers her bow and motions towards the security team to move in and free the two. Right away, the men storm over to them. Three of them cut Rebecca down, who falls into a heap on the floor, holding onto her ankle and head in pain, while the other three manage to pry

the bear trap from Hana's ankle. Gwen meanwhile bends down and picks up the Goddesses Championship off the floor while the two injured women glare up at her.)

Gwen Harper: Enjoy your last few precious moments as champion. Just know, you may have been freed tonight...but at Game Over...it's hunt to *kill*.

(Gwen tosses the championship to the floor by Rebecca and turns, walking off, leaving Hana and Rebecca both to tend to their injuries. Rebecca reaches out to grab her championship but suddenly...)

**THWICK!**

(Rebecca jerks her hand back as an arrow lands right in the leather strap of the belt right where Rebecca was about to put her hand. She looks up at Gwen who's now standing across the parking lot, her bow in hand. She smiles widely at Rebecca and waves one last time before we cut back to commercial.)

[COMMERCIAL BREAK]

(We cut to the backstage area of the locker room where we find Stephanie Matsuda sitting down in a folding chair with Samantha Garza standing next to her. Cloud makes no motion towards the camera, and just continues to stare down at the two title belts lying at her feet on the floor while cracking her knuckles. Samantha looks down at her and smiles before looking back up at the camera with that arrogant smirk of hers.)

Samantha Garza: Two weeks from tomorrow, the path to finally putting this brand on the map officially begins. Now I suppose you could make the case that actually started at Final Destination 3 when Viola DeMarco was forcibly removed from her position of power that she had abused for years, but at Game Over, the REAL work begins when the greatest women's wrestler who ever walked this Earth, Stephanie "Cloud" Matsuda, becomes the number one contender for the OWA Women's World Championship. Now, of course it's bullshit that Stephanie should even have to compete in this fatal four way match to be named number one contender. She should be challenging for the title YESTERDAY. But apparently, Aria Jaxon doesn't have as good of a nose for what's best for business as I thought she would...but you know what, that's fine. If Aria wants Cloud here to embarrass and disgrace three of the so-called cornerstones of this brand on her way to her rightful place atop this brand, then so be it.

(Stephanie reaches down now and grabs the PWN World Championship, as well as the WWH International Championship. She throws one over each shoulder as she glances at Samantha and nods slightly. Garza smiles as she takes her cue to exit the frame and the camera zooms in on Stephanie, who looks none too pleased.)

Stephanie Matsuda: Dulce Torres. Natalie Cage. Llorona. All three former Women's World Champions. All three have put their blood, sweat, and tears into making this brand what it is, as they all seem so happy to constantly remind me of. And you know what? You three should be proud of yourselves for that. Hell, I'm proud of you women for that. I'm proud of everything you've done to build this brand up to the best of your abilities. But now? Now it's time for me to take Odyssey further than it's ever been before. To heights that you three just weren't able to push it to. And that's not your fault, it's just what it is because you all are who you are and I am who I am. That's nothing to be ashamed of, but it's just facts. I'm the Queen of Fighters. I've elevated every place I've ever been just by showing up. I've made every championship I've ever held feel like the most important one in the industry. You all think that I don't respect this brand and everything that you've done, but that couldn't be further from the truth. I *love* this brand. I love what you've done for it. I don't *want* to have to destroy you all at Game Over. But sometimes, if you want to build something up...you have to tear it down first. And that's exactly what I'm going to do at Game Over. I'm going to wipe out the women who put their all into making this brand what it is. So I can rebuild it **better** than it's ever been. And ladies...you don't have to like it. Jonetta Stone doesn't have to like it. The rest of the locker room doesn't have to like it. The fans don't have to like it. Hell, Aria Jaxon doesn't even have to like it. But you all **will** respect it. And when it's all said and done...you will all be better for it. And you may not believe it now, but one day...*one day*, you'll thank me for this. You'll realize that I was never your enemy...but rather, I was the Queen that you all never knew you needed.

(Stephanie glances over at Samantha Garza, who is smiling proudly alongside her. Samantha heads towards the door and opens it up for Stephanie to walk through. As Stephanie exits, Samantha looks back at the camera.)

Samantha Garza: She's a queen of wrestling...she's the queen of fighters...and soon, you will all recognize Stephanie "Cloud" Matsuda...as the **queen** of Odyssey.

(Samantha follows Stephanie out the doorway, allowing the door to slam shut behind her as the camera cuts away.)

Rebecca Sawyer: The following contest is scheduled for one fall!

Crowd: ...ONE FALL!

("Wolf at Your Door" -- Chloe x Halle hits to cheers. Devi Krysis comes out shadowboxing, followed closely behind by her manager, Damian McArthur. She proudly points at the Lethal Sparks Championship around her waist as she makes her way down the aisle.)

Rebecca Sawyer: IIIIIINTRODUCING FIRST! From Raleigh, North Carolina...weighing in at 135 pounds...SHE IS THEEEEEEE LAW LETHAL SPARKS CHAMPION..."THEEEEEEE UNTAMED BLOODWOLF"...DEVIIIIIIIII KRYYYYYYYYYYSIS!



Gia Cervantes: That championship around Devi Krysis' waist is proof that she's in the process of putting all the pieces together. Not too long ago, you could've said that she was running on little more than enthusiasm. Now, here in LAW's home territory of LA, one of OWA's most endearing talents has the chance to score a big victory!

Ashley Walker: Devi's MMA acumen can go a long way toward dismantling an unlucky opponent. She'll need to use all of those talents to the best of her ability tonight, because saying that she's up against some tough competition is an understatement.

("Cash Flow" -- Ace Hood hits to a much more positive reaction than what would normally await Emmanuelle. She saunters out onto the stage, soaking in all of the adulation and attention before making her way down to the ring.)

Rebecca Sawyer: AAAAAAAND HER OPPONENT! From Pacific Palisades, California...SHE IS "THEEEEE PLATINUM STANDARD "... LOS ANGELES' OWN EMMMMAAAANNNUUELLLLLEE!!

Gia Cervantes: While Emmanuelle is never short on self-confidence, you have to believe she's feeling especially grand after beating BIANCA two weeks ago. She has a chance to build some serious momentum tonight and continue moving in the right direction -- here in her hometown, no less!

Ashley Walker: Emmanuelle comes into this match as one of the hottest recent signings that Odyssey has ever had at its fingertips. She brings a wealth of ability to back up all of the hype, and while she's as capable as they come, Devi Krysis isn't to be written off either!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Gia Cervantes: We're on our way now, and Emmanuelle motions for Devi to bring it on! Krysis is all too happy to oblige, attempting to shoot for a takedown on the Californian. Emmanuelle laughs and wags a finger at her, chuckling as she hops just out of range each time Devi tries to take her down. OH! There's some fire from Emmanuelle as she pops Krysis right in the mouth with a straight right jab! There's another! And another! She's playing the game exactly as she should, using something of a stick and move method to stun the MMA-savvy Devi and not play too much into her wheelhouse! Those blows to the face have The Untamed Bloodwolf reeling, and Emmanuelle starts lighting up the legs of Krysis with a series of pinpoint accurate shoot kicks!

Ashley Walker: She's trying to knot up her legs and ensure that the Lethal Sparks Champion is unsteady on her feet! Devi drops down to a knee, and Emmanuelle backpedals furiously before rushing back in Miss Krysis' direction -- **OH!** Devi pops back up onto her feet and lays out her oncoming adversary with a HELLACIOUS European uppercut! The impact completely floors The Platinum Standard!

Gia Cervantes: Devi keeps the pressure on, roughly yanking The Silver Starlet from the canvas and spinning her around. She slaps on a rear waistlock -- **RELEASE GERMAN!** The form on that suplex was phenomenal, and check out the air that Emmanuelle got! She's sent crashing down onto the back of her head! Emmanuelle rolls through and tries to pull herself up to her feet, stumbling backwards -- **AND KRYSIS FINISHES THE JOB WITH A SUPERMAN PUNCH THAT THROWS EMMY BACK INTO THE TURNBUCKLES!** Krysis is more than holding her own tonight!

Ashley Walker: Devi begins lighting the cornered Emmanuelle up with a barrage of kicks to the body. She then switches it up, laying into The Silver Starlet with one painful straight jab after another. This is the last place on earth that any sane person would want to be -- in close quarters with a trained fighter and nowhere to go! Devi relents for a split second, ensnaring Emmanuelle in a close-quarters front facelock before firing away with a pinpoint accurate knee lift right to the bridge of the nose! Devi backpedals several paces before charging back into the corner! She's got Emmanuelle sized up! **RUNNING BICYCLE KICK INCOMING!**

Gia Cervantes: Emmanuelle is able to side-step it at the last second! The long leg of Devi is now trapped by the top turnbuckle, and I think The Silver Starlet is about to capitalize! She stands back-to-back with Devi and hooks the arms! She's trying to pull her down into a back slide pin! Krysis rolls over the back of Emmy and lands on her feet -- **STANDING UP RIGHT INTO A JUMPING KNEE STRIKE FROM THE WRESTLEWORLD STAR!** Krysis goes to stumble away, but Emmanuelle grabs the arm! She pulls Devi right into a **NASTY short-arm clothesline!** Emmanuelle drops down to cover!

Elle Halen: **ONEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!**

**TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!**

Ashley Walker: Devi throws the shoulder up with authority! In the aftermath of the pin attempt, Emmanuelle is the first one up to her feet. She stoops down so that she's eye-level with Miss Krysis, but that proves to be a mistake! She's in the ideal position for Devi to drill her with a painful elbow to the side of the head! Being struck right in the temple is enough to drive Emmanuelle away for now, and she staggers backwards! Devi charges in, stunning Emmanuelle with a palm strike to the face! She's got The Silver Starlet right where she wants her, reeling her in! She heaves Emmy up -- **AND DRIVES HER RIGHT BACK DOWN WITH A SITOUT POWERBOMB!** Check out the power Devi put behind that one! Here comes the count!

Elle Halen: **ONEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!**

**TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!**

Gia Cervantes: Emmanuelle stays alive! Devi backs up and motions for Emmanuelle to get up to her feet, at which point she moves right back in and nails her with a side kick to the stomach! The Silver Starlet is doubled over clutching her ribs! Krysis follows it up with a roundhouse -- **OR**

NOT! She ducks down beneath the leg and creeps up alongside Krysis, heaving her up into position for a back suplex! Just like that, the momentum swings back into Emmanuelle's favor! Krysis crashes down hard on the canvas, but she's trying to push through the pain and scramble up to her feet! The Platinum Standard rushes over to the ropes! She comes springboarding off, sailing through the air with a springboard moonsault, looking to wipe Devi out!

Ashley Walker: SHE'S CAUGHT! Miss Krysis snatches Emmanuelle right out of the air! She pops The Silver Starlet up onto her shoulders -- **SEEING SPARKS!** Shades of Brody Sparks as she drops Emmanuelle with that fireman's carry dropped into a roundhouse! Devi could end it here! Cover!

Elle Halen: ONEEEEEEEEEEE!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!

THREEEEEEEEEEEE--

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Gia Cervantes: NO! Emmanuelle still has enough left in the tank to throw that shoulder up! It's only good enough for a two-count! The Platinum Standard rolls onto her side and tries to shake out the cobwebs. To Devi's credit, it doesn't seem like she's letting frustration set in. She just knows that she has to keep hammering away if she wants to end this match, and she's on the right track! She slaps a straightjacket hold, trying to set Emmanuelle up for the Bloodcross, but the LA native manages to wriggle free! She doubles Krysis over with a knee to the midsection before taking her head under her arm! She makes her way over to the nearest corner and deftly runs up the ropes -- **MALIBU SHINE, ON THE MONEY!** The tornado DDT spikes Krysis! Emmanuelle makes the cover!

Elle Halen: ONEEEEEEEEEEE!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ashley Walker: Not quite! Devi hangs tough!

Crowd: LET'S GO DE-VI!

Crowd: LET'S GO EM-MY!

Crowd: LET'S GO DE-VI!

Crowd: LET'S GO EM-MY!

Gia Cervantes: It sounds like this crowd is split right down the middle! They're 50/50 between their hometown star and the endearing Devi! Emmanuelle nods at the fanfare, having zeroed in on Devi as she staggers up to a vertical base. She rushes in looking for a running big boot -- SPINEBUSTER! DEVI SHUTS THAT DOWN WITH A SUDDEN COUNTER! THAT ONE FLOORS EMMANUELLE! STILL, THAT ISN'T EXACTLY THE KIND OF STAMP SHE WANTS TO PUT ON THIS MATCH! KRYISIS YANKS EMANUELLE UP TO HER FEET AND WHIPS HER INTO THE ROPES! THE SILVER STARLET IS DEAD ON HER FEET! SHE REBOUNDS OFF -- **AND BRODIE TAKES HER HEAD OFF!** DEVI PUT EVERYTHING SHE HAD BEHIND THAT DISCUS LARIAT! EMMY WAS PRACTICALLY TAKEN OUT OF HER BOOTS! THAT'S IT!

Elle Halen: ONEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

THREEEEEEEEEEEE --

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Ashley Walker: NOT QUITE! Emmanuelle kicks out at 2.99! Devi is floored!

Crowd: ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME!

Gia Cervantes: Our fans think they've got the solution! When all else fails, just...spam something until your opponent is comatose! Krysis lets out a roar as she drags herself up to her feet! She charges toward Emmanuelle! A SECOND DISCUS LARIAT CONNECTS!

Ashley Walker: EMMANUELLE DUCKS! DEVI'S EYES GO WIDE AS SHE REALIZES WHAT'S HAPPENED! SHE QUICKLY SPINS AROUND AGAIN, ONLY TO BE CAUGHT WITH A SPINNING BACKFIST FROM EMMANUELLE! DEVI IS LOOPY NOW! THIS COULD BE EMMANUELLE'S ONLY CHANCE! SHE HOOKS DEVI UP! SHE JUMPS -- **THERE'S THE PALISADES BOMBER!** THE SOMERSAULT REVERSE DDT LEVELS DEVI! EMMANUELLE COVERS!

Elle Halen: ONEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

THREEEEEEEEEEEE

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--EEEEEEEEEEEE!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

("Cash Flow" hits once again as Emmanuelle rolls away from the pin. She takes a moment to catch her breath before rising up to her feet and having her hand raised, throwing her head back and basking in the reaction of the crowd.)

Rebecca Sawyer: HEEEEEEEEERE IS YOUR WINNER...EEMMANNUUUELLLLLEEEEE!

Gia Cervantes: That match got pretty spicy toward the end there! Here in the Odyssey commentary booth, we never discredit the heart and tenacity of one Devi Krysis. To say that she held her own against Emmanuelle is an understatement. She flat-out controlled portions of this match, and she almost ran away with it at the very end!

Ashley Walker: Emmanuelle had to work for this win tonight. The Lethal Sparks Champion will live to fight another day. For now, here's to a happy homecoming for Emmanuelle! Soak it in!

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(Backstage, an area has been cordoned off with a light blue backdrop hung up. A huge fan blows wind through the shoulder-length turquoise tresses of the Openweight Champion, Liz Karlson. A knowing smile rests on Liz's lips, her gleaming prize is draped over her shoulder and a can of Dead to Rights beer rests in a hand of black-painted fingernails, held out toward the camera of the waiting photographer. With each pop of the flashbulb, another shot is snapped.)

Photographer: BEAUTIFUL, Liz! Let's get another just like that one!

(Liz flips off the camera and grins.)

Photographer: There you go, sell that shit!

(The photographer lowers his camera just a bit.)

Photographer: Just imagine how these will look on billboards! Or...wherever beer adverts go. You're gonna sell so much of this stuff! If there's any left, that is.

(He gestures over to the empty cans of DTR that have surely been accumulated over Liz's time here on the set.)

Liz Karlson: What, I've gotta sample the product, don't I? You think DTR wants a spokeswoman who's not familiar with the product?

(The photographer shakes his head and raises the camera once again.)

Photographer: Can we get some more light over here?

(As if right on cue, a hoodie-wearing production assistant goes to move over a lighting fixture...

...only to keep moving it, and keep moving it, until it tips over onto Liz! Before Karlson can even try to defend herself, the hooded person is laying into the downed champion with stomps, before dropping down and raining down forearms and punches onto Liz. Screaming production assistants clear the area. The assailant relents on the assault for a split second, just long enough to rip the hood off and reveal herself to be Daisy Thrash!)

Photographer: What the hell are you --

Daisy Thrash: Keep the camera clicking, shit for brains. Trust me, this is gonna be way better than any boring-ass photoshoot!

(The photographer, too intimidated to protest, does indeed continue to take pictures of the scene unfolding before him. An irate Liz staggers up to her feet, one hand clutching the back of her head.)

Liz Karlson: What, getting your ass beat last week wasn't enough for you?!

(Karlson throws her shoulder down and charges forward, spearing Daisy right through the backdrop! The two women collide with the wall, crumpling to the floor in a heap. Liz grabs two handfuls of Daisy's lavender hair, flinging Thrash back-first into the wall. Thrash manages to roll away from the fray, using a nearby rolling cart full of hair and makeup supplies to pull herself up to her feet. Daisy's quick thinking buys her a few seconds of time, as a desperate blast of hairspray from a nearby can momentarily blinds Liz! The Openweight Champion goes staggering away, pawing at her eyes. Thrash takes the opportunity to mow Liz down with a running knee that catches her right under the chin. Defiantly, Karlson pushes herself up onto a knee, prompting Daisy to laugh.)

Daisy Thrash: As much as I hate to admit it, Liz, you had a point.

(A harsh kick to the ribs causes pain to flicker across Karlson's face.)

Daisy Thrash: Pickup games and track meets...those were never gonna get my point across. The B.O.B. Games alone would never make the right kind of impact, even if I'm getting my shot at the belt because of it. But all of this?!

(Daisy chuckles and cracks open a can of Dead to Rights, pouring it over the downed Liz.)

Daisy Thrash: This shows precisely how serious I am. The thing about momentum is that it can shift in the blink of an eye, and you were a fool to think you'd be getting the last word after that shit you pulled two weeks ago.

(A clubbing blow to the back halts Liz's attempt at pushing herself up onto all fours. Daisy crouches down, putting herself eye-level with the champion.)

Daisy Thrash: I hope you laughed it up two weeks ago. I hope that joy and hilarity is all burned into your brain, because that's the last shot of dopamine your brain is getting for a while. It's all downhill from here, Liz. It's all disappointment and pain and memories of the time you let the Openweight Championship slip through your fingers. It's almost time!

(Daisy scoops Liz up, only to drop her on the cold, hard unforgiving floor backstage with the Grim Masquerade! The Northern Lights bomb leaves Karlson lying motionless, drawing a shocked gasp from the photographer. Daisy gets up to her feet and reaches to grab the Openweight Championship, which had clattered to the floor amongst all the chaos. Thrash gives the center plate of the belt a loving pat before draping it over Liz's body and walking away, destruction left in her wake.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(We cut away to a dark alleyway, only dimly lit by a streetlight in the distance. Graffiti covers the walls on either side of the alleyway, and broken glass lies everywhere on the ground. The camera moves back down the alley as police sirens are heard in the distance. Suddenly, a hooded figure begins to emerge from the shadows. As they get closer, we can see the shiny blade of a butterfly knife, twirling around back and forth in their hand as the person plays with the weapon as calmly as can be. They stop in front of the camera and flip the blade closed before pulling their hood down, and we can see that it is none other than former Women's World Champion, Llorona.)

Llorona: At Game Over, I take on three of the so-called best women that our industry has to offer all at the same time. Three women who all have more experience at this than I do. Three women who have become synonymous with women's wrestling in this country. Dulce Torres, Natalie Cage, and Stephanie Matsuda. For most people, that would seem like a fool's errand. An impossible task that most people would run from. But if there's one thing that I've proved in my life, it is that I am **NOT** 'most people'. I am far, far from it. You see, by the time I was 16, while most of my contemporaries were busy training for their dreams of being a wrestler, I was working my way through Caro-Quintero. Moving product, making enemies, carrying on the legacy of my family's name by spilling the blood of any who opposed us. I rose through the ranks of one of the most violent and dangerous cartels in the world until I, a young woman in a predominantly male dominated industry, was respected and feared by all because everyone knew what I was capable of. Sound familiar?

(Llorona begins to play with the knife again, twirling it back and forth in her hands as she walks down the alleyway, glass crunching under her boots with every step she takes.)

Llorona: I didn't enter this brand with the same kind of fanfare that many of my opponents did. I wasn't famous for some championships I'd won in another promotion. I didn't have the fortune of having a brother or a fucking girlfriend already in the industry to help speed up the process. And I damn sure wasn't going to kiss ass and suck up to those leeches in the stands to make my way. Nah, I got to where I am today the EXACT same way that I found myself at the forefront of the Sonora Cartel...through fucking blood. I came onto Odyssey as just another young bitch expected to fall by the wayside so that Diantha, Dulce, Azumi, and Natalie could continue to garner all the attention, but things didn't exactly go according to plan, did they? I quickly proved that I wasn't here to be anybody's bitch when I dominated the Promethean Chamber, as well as the Athena's Cup Tournament, only to be hoed out at the very end. But did you hear me bitch and complain? No. I went right back to work lining up a trail of bodies that would make my father proud and forged a temporary alliance that I used to my advantage until I found myself with a chance to claim the top prize in women's wrestling all in less than two years time. And that fateful night at Clash of Titans...April had the experience on me just like you ladies do this time. She was confident as ever that she would walk out as the victor...just as you ladies are now. But by now we all know what happened. I'm still picking pieces of her face off my boots. I became the OWA Women's World Champion and I fucking still should be. If it wasn't for la perra Diantha Rosso, that belt would still be mine. But nah...I lose my belt in a match I was never fucking pinned in, and do I get my rematch? Fuck no. I have to go through these fucking hoops and beat **three** other women first. Funny how that happens, isn't it? Diantha got her rematch almost instantly. Same thing with Dulce. But that's fine. I'm used to having to grind and hustle for what I want. And it may come at the expense of a lot of other people's blood, but make no mistake about it...one way or another...I *a/ways* get what I want."

(Llorona flips the knife back up and suddenly reaches back before slamming the blade straight into a poster on the wall.)

Llorona: And what I want now...is my fucking property back.

(Llorona walks off and the camera zooms in on the poster. We see that it's a promotional poster for Game Over, featuring Jonetta Stone and Revy. The knife however has been stabbed directly through the chest of a smiling Jonetta Stone carrying the world championship. The camera lingers on the sight of the blade protruding from her for a moment before we cut back to ringside.)

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

(The lights go out throughout the arena. And the beats of "Increase The Dosage" By Bionic Jive blast through the PA system. Just as the song dives right in, a trap door opens and a hooded figure rises from underneath and up onto the stage surrounded by a large fountain of showering



pyrotechnics that engulfs them within. When the pyro and smoke clears, the hooded figure soon reveals herself to be Nakita DuBov. She then walks down the aisle with sheer focus and intensity within her green eyes. She vaults up from the floor to the top of the ring apron and slides between the ropes, running to each of the four sides of the ropes and bouncing off of them, before spinning into the center of the ring where she poses and lets out a blood curdling battle scream directed at the crowd. "Increase the Dosage" slowly fades out as Nakita paces around the ring like a caged animal ready to strike at the sound of the bell.)

Rebecca Sawyer: Introducing first...from Phoenix, Arizona...weighing in at 180 lbs...NAKITAAAAAAAA DUUUUUBOOOOOOOVVVV!!!!

Gia Cervantes: Nakita DuBov is coming off of a tough loss to Revy two weeks ago in which she absolutely dominated for the majority of the contest, but look at the look in Nakita's eyes tonight! I get the sense that she is ready to get back to her winning ways tonight.

Ashley Walker: It was a tough draw last week, having to face a crazed Revy who's more focused now than she's ever been, but even so, Nakita came out SWINGING. She ragdolled Revy for the entire match and one small mistake wound up costing her in the end, but that's part of being a young Alpha here in OWA Gia. Mistakes are going to happen, but my bet is that Nakita learns from it and continues to improve.

("Radio Gaga" by Queen prominently starts to play throughout the arena and "The Adorkable Angel" Azurine Vebbins pirouettes onto the entrance ramp. A solitary spotlight provides an ethereal glow as she begins to descend down the ramp like an automaton practicing aerobics. She performs various other dance steps while making her way to the eastern ring apron. Along the way, she waves, high-fives and hugs certain chanters she comes into contact with. When a chanter puckers up for a kiss, she points to her halo [neck collar]. Upon entering the eastern ring apron, she glides between the bottom and middle ropes before awaiting the ringing of the bell.)

Rebecca Sawyer: And her opponent...from Los Angeles, California...weighing in at 115 lbs...she is The Adorkable Angel...AZURIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIINE  
VEEEEEEEBBBBBBIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNNSSSSSSSSSS!!!

Gia Cervantes: And here comes the loveable Azurine Vebbins! Azurine has had a rough go of it as of late, failing to capture the tag team championships alongside her partner Devi Krysis a few weeks back, but that has not affected her spirits! She's out here just as eager and ready to prove herself as she was the first night she arrived on Saturday nights!

Ashley Walker: She's developed a solid fanbase here on Odyssey Gia, as this crowd is firmly behind her here tonight. And that only seems to be angering the powerful Nakita DuBov. But Azurine is a crafty one. She holds wins over names like Jason Long and Stephanie Matsuda. Nakita better not be taking her lightly or she could find herself in trouble yet again.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Gia Cervantes: There's the bell and we are underway as the two women lock up in the center of the ring! The more powerful Nakita easily shoves Vebbins back into the corner and the official steps in to force the two of them to break it up. Nakita releases Azurine and confidently steps backwards towards the center of the ring, smirking at her competition. But Vebbins angrily comes charging straight out of the corner and back into another lock-up and this time, DuBov just shoves her straight down to the canvas!

Ashley Walker: But she's not going to stay there long as Nakita grabs her by the head and rips her straight up off of the mat! She Irish Whips Azurine straight into the corner and Nakita follows quickly behind her looking to attack! But Azurine puts her hands on the ropes and goes to propel herself up and over Nakita...but Nakita catches her right over her shoulder! She carries Vebbins back over to the center of the ring and...Azurine slips over her shoulder, landing behind Nakita! She drops down and pulls the legs right out from under DuBov causing her to fall face first onto the canvas!

Gia Cervantes: Nakita DuBov not looking pleased with that as she gets back to her feet looking rather upset, but now it's Azurine who confidently smirks at Nakita, showing that she will NOT be intimidated by the Fem Phenom here tonight!

Ashley Walker: Nakita charges at Azurine and immediately transitions into a rear waistlock, but Azurine throws a back elbow right into the face of Nakita, causing her to release the hold! As DuBov stumbles backwards, Vebbins sprints and rebounds off the ropes, taking Nakita off her feet with a running elbow strike! Again she bounces off those ropes and leaps into the air, this time connecting with an elbow drop right across the chest of Nakita!

Gia Cervantes: Nakita now wisely rolls out of the ring to try and collect herself. She stands out here at ringside, leaning on the apron for support and I don't think she was expecting this kind of fight from the Adorkable one. But Azurine isn't going to give her any time to recuperate as she steps through the ropes and out onto the apron herself. She runs and delivers a vicious kick right to the side of the skull of Nakita who falls in a heap out here on the ringside floor!

Ashley Walker: Azurine VeBBins looking impressive early as she scoops Nakita up off the floor and hurls her back inside the ring. She quickly follows her in and hooks the leg looking to score the quick victory!

Tiana Royce: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!!...

Gia Cervantes: And a kick-out after only one by Nakita! Azurine looks to stay on the offense as she pulls Nakita back up to her feet now...but Nakita grabs VeBBins and whips her straight into the corner! She runs into attack, but Azurine rolls out of the way! This time it's VeBBins who charges in at a seemingly unsuspecting DuBov...but Nakita lifts her up into the air and sends her crashing face first into that top turnbuckle!

Ashley Walker: And as Azurine holds onto the top rope to keep herself from falling to the mat, Nakita runs in and drives a shoulder straight into her ribs! And this is how dominant Nakita DuBov can be when she does have the advantage as she repeatedly drives that shoulder straight into the midsection of the newcomer! Four...five times now until the official forcefully has to pull her off!

Gia Cervantes: And Azurine now stumbles out of the corner...and right into a Belly To Belly Suplex from DuBov! She gets back to her feet quickly...but she's taken right back down with a huge Bicycle Kick from Nakita! Cover!

Tiana Royce: OOOONNNNNNEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWWOOOOOOO!!!...

Ashley Walker: She gets the shoulder up after only two! But Nakita DuBov grabs a fistful of Azurine's hair and rips her up off the mat and into the air, scooping her up and dropping her with a Gutwrench Suplex!

Gia Cervantes: And Nakita isn't done yet as she tries to pull Azurine up once again...small package roll-up!!! Azurine with a surprise pin attempt out of nowhere!!!

Tiana Royce: OOOONNNNNNEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWWOOOOOOO!!!...

Ashley Walker: Vebbins nearly pulls it off, but Nakita kicks out and both women make their way back up to their feet! Azurine charges in looking for a running clothesline...but Nakita ducks it and catches her! Powerslam from DuBov! Another cover!

Tiana Royce: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWWOOOOOOO!!!...

Gia Cervantes: And again Vebbins kicks out at two! But Nakita quickly transitions right into a Rear Naked Chokehold on the canvas!

Ashley Walker: Azurine Vebbins could be in trouble now as the more powerful Nakita has her in the center of the ring with nowhere to go! I don't think she's going to find a way out! She's going to pass out!

Gia Cervantes: No she won't! Azurine flips over her and Nakita's shoulders are on the mat!

Tiana Royce: OOONNNNNNEEEEE!!!...

TTTTWWWWOOOOOO!!!...

Ashley Walker: And Nakita is forced to release the choke to avoid being pinned right there! Clever tactic from the adorkable competitor! But Nakita is back up and not happy about that sequence of events! She charges in at Azurine...but Vebbins hits a drop toehold that sends Nakita face first into the bottom turnbuckle!

Gia Cervantes: Nakita stumbles back up to her feet...right into a stiff right hook from Azurine! Nakita drops but immediately gets back up...only to be hit with a running clothesline from Vebbins! Again she's back to her feet...and ANOTHER clothesline by Vebbins! Nakita again getting up, perhaps out of sheer instinct, but this time Azurine hits her with a running elbow that sends Nakita staggering into the ropes where she is forced to lean on them for support!

Ashley Walker: Vebbins steps out onto the apron and right as Nakita looks up at her, Azurine NAILS her with an elbow smash that drops her to the mat! She tries to drag herself out of the ring, but Azurine hops off the apron and plants Nakita with the stiffest uppercut you've ever seen causing the Red-Headed Leviathan to roll back into the ring! I'm not even sure she knows where she is right now!

Gia Cervantes: She is absolutely stunned by the Damsel in Dat Dress as Azurine slides back into the ring! Nakita gets to her feet, clearly looking dazed...only to get hit with the Springboard Double Axe Handle!!! Nakita may be knocked out, Ashley! Azurine hooks the leg! This could be over!

Tiana Royce: OOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTWWWWOOOOOO!!!...

Ashley Walker: Again Nakita kicks out after only two! But Azurine, undeterred, drags Nakita back up and...Crucifix DDT!!! She plants Nakita's skull off the canvas! She's lifeless Gia! This has to be it as Azurine covers!

Tiana Royce: OOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTWWWWOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTTHHHHRRRRRREEEEEE-

Gia Cervantes: NO!!! Somehow Nakita once again finds a way to kick out JUST in time! Nakita is so out of it that Azurine is now struggling just to lift her to her feet. She tries to pull her up with all her might...but Nakita suddenly bursts forward and drives Vebbins back into the corner! She tries to once again drive that shoulder into the ribs of Azurine...but Azurine leaps up and over Nakita! She lands on her feet behind her and...Nakita angrily whips around and CLOCKS

Azurine with the Boom Goes The Dynamite! That Pounce of hers connects! Azurine falls in a heap on the canvas and that could do it!

Tiana Royce: OOOONNNNEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTWWWWOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTTHHHHHRRRREEEEEE!!!...

Ashley Walker: NO! Nakita DuBov can't believe it but Azurine Vebbins kicked out! The frustration is written all over the body language of DuBov as Azurine is giving her all she can handle here tonight!

Gia Cervantes: Nakita angrily pulls Azurine back up to her feet...but Vebbins delivers a stiff right hand! And Nakita returns it with one of her own! Now one from Azurine! Nakita! Azurine! Nakita!

Ashley Walker: These women are throwing everything they have at one another and neither is willing to give an inch! A flurry of punches being traded from the two...and finally after a particularly stiff strike, Azurine is sent reeling back into the ropes! But she uses that momentum to propel herself off them with a running clothesline as she looks to take Nakita's head clean off her shoulders!

Gia Cervantes: BUT NAKITA DUCKS UNDERNEATH IT! SHE LIFTS AZURINE!!! ARMAGEDDON IT!!!! SHE HITS IT!!! COVER!!!

Tiana Royce: OOOONNNNNNEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWWWOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTTHHHHHRRRREEEEEE!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Rebecca Sawyer: Here is your winner...NAKITAAAAAAA DUBOOOOOOVVVVV!!!

Ashley Walker: What a matchup! Nakita DuBov took everything that Azurine Vebbins threw at her and wound up coming away with the victory!

Gia Cervantes: But take absolutely NOTHING away from Azurine Vebbins. She was overpowered here tonight but still gave Nakita DuBov EVERYTHING she could handle.

("Increase the Dosage" plays again as Nakita rolls off of Azurine. Visibly exhausted she gets to her feet as the official raises her arm into the air in victory. The crowd now all booing as Nakita rolls out of the ring and heads back up the ramp.)

[COMMERCIAL BREAK]

(The screen returns back to a medium shot of Rebecca Sawyer standing in the ring. The arena lights darken a bit, as Rebecca speaks on the mic.)

Rebecca Sawyer: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome to the ring at this time... the 2021 Ascension to the Heavens winner, ALYYYSSSSSSSSSAAAAA  
GRRRAAAAACCCCEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

(The crowd begins cheering and screaming wildly, as the first notes of "Lost in Stereo" by All Time Low begin playing over the Staples Center's PA system.)

*Lost in stereo, lost in stereo  
Lost in stereo, lost in stereo*

(A bright spotlight suddenly beams down at the top of the stage, as the music's introductory beats lead into the song's beginning verse.)

*She works for the weekend  
Mixtape of her favorite bands  
Tearin' up the radio  
Lost in the stereo's sound*

(At that moment, Alyssa Grace steps out into the spotlight, a slight smile on her face. She holds up the Ascension to the Heavens briefcase, getting a large pop from the crowd, before beginning to walk down ramp, making an attempt to greet as many fans as she possibly can.)

*"She's trouble in a tank top,  
Pretty little time bomb, blowin' up,  
Take you down, living in the radio.  
Lost in the stereo's sound."*

Gia Cervantes: Here comes one of Odyssey's top stars out to the ring! Alyssa Grace seems to have some stuff on her chest that she wants to get out, and smart money says it has something to do with that briefcase in her hand. Theoretically, she can cash it in AT ANY TIME! I personally believe that Alyssa wants to win the Women's Title fair and square, but perhaps we'll find out exactly what Alyssa's plans with that briefcase are shortly!

(Alyssa continues to connect with the audience, still slapping hands along the aisle up to ringside. Alyssa then makes a full lap around the ring, interacting with the excited fans before

finally stopping back in front of the ring, sliding into the ring with nearly inhuman agility. Upon entry to the ring, she jumps onto the middle turnbuckle to pose before jumping down and heading over to Rebecca Sawyer. Rebecca smiles at Alyssa as she hands her the microphone, leaving the ring while Alyssa begins to pace a bit, the final notes of “Lost in Stereo” buried underneath the massive chants for Alyssa. She smiles as the crowd gradually quiets down, waiting until there is enough silence to begin speaking.)

Alyssa Grace: You know...

(Before Alyssa can even finish her sentence, the crowd erupts in another massive chant, which forces Alyssa to smile, trying to remain humble as the Staples Center continues chanting her name.)

Crowd: A-LYS-SA GRACE! A-LYS-SA GRACE! A-LYS-SA GRACE! A-LYS-SA GRACE!  
A-LYS-SA GRACE! A-LYS-SA GRACE! A-LYS-SA GRACE! A-LYS-SA GRACE! A-LYS-SA GRACE!

(Alyssa continues smiling, almost seeming embarrassed from the very warm reception she’s getting from the LA crowd. The change quiets down after a few moments, though echoes and pockets of the chant can still be heard throughout the arena.)

Alyssa Grace: Wow, thank you so much LA! I can’t begin to tell you just how much I love it here, the center of Hollywood! I don’t watch too many films, especially with my current training regiment, but there’s one thing I’ve always loved about classic films made in this very city: the “Hollywood Ending.” Who doesn’t love a good Hollywood ending? You see, while I’ve always believed that I was good enough to get to this level of success, I never quite imagined it happening in the ways that it happened. But I’m only getting started, so believe me when I tell you that my “Hollywood Ending” isn’t going to “end” once I cash in this briefcase, and emerge as the new OWA Women’s Champion, because my career is still in its beginning chapters!

(The crowd erupts into cheers as Alyssa Grace hoists up the briefcase in the air.)

Alyssa Grace: Just look at everything I’ve accomplished since I’ve joined the Odyssey roster, a young rookie that earned every opportunity she got by sacrificing the same three things that embody a true champion: my blood, my sweat, and my tears. After my first match, everyone saw that I wasn’t just another rookie... I was the future of Odyssey, perhaps the entire OWA itself! My work ethic and success led to me winning the Goddesses Championship in only a few short months, followed by the longest defense of that title in the company’s history! How did I cap all that off? By successfully overcoming several other top OWA superstars in the Ascension to the Heavens match at Final Destination in order to win this briefcase, guaranteeing that I WILL HAVE MY FUTURE TITLE-

(The opening notes of “Coming Undone” by Korn blare loudly throughout the PA system, cutting off Alyssa Grace on the microphone, who angrily glares at the stage entrance right as BIANCA

makes her way out, her expression a mixture of amusement and confusion. Although some pockets of fans faintly cheer for her, the pro-Alyssa crowd responds to the interruption with a chorus of “BOOS.” BIANCA then walks down to the ring, sliding in and popping right up, her face only inches from Alyssa’s, neither opponent showing a glimpse of fear in their eyes. BIANCA, keeping her eyes fixed on Alyssa, slowly raises her mic up to her lips.)

BIANCA: You got some nerve, Little Miss Ascension to the Heavens, to stand here in this ring, and talk about the “future” of Odyssey, trying to attach yourself to a label that doesn’t fit. If I had to guess, I’d say you probably have a closet full of pants that are either too big... or too small... because you have a fondness for wearing “labels” that don’t fit... Isn’t that right, “future champion?”

Alyssa Grace: How cute. The young rookie already thinks she’s at my level. Look, BIANCA, obviously I’ve got my own questions to ask you, but there’s something personal that I absolutely must know immediately: why do you spell your name in all caps? And quick follow-up: did you change it LEGALLY to reflect your obvious compensation for any perceived weaknesses of yours? Like Cher or Madonna, or even Prince? Remember when he was just a symbol for a while? Will that be the next “evolution” of BIANCA... and when I say your name, I LITERALLY MEAN your name!

(The crowd roars with laughter as Alyssa lowers her microphone, her serious gaze somewhat offset by her amused smile. BIANCA, however, doesn’t appear to care much about Alyssa’s words, her expression not once changing.)

BIANCA: Your first mistake, Alyssa, is thinking that I’m just another fresh face on Odyssey... let me remind you... nay, let me remind EVERYONE that I’m NOT some ambitious rookie trying to grab for opportunities beyond my reach! I’ve won the OWT Women’s Championship without so much as breaking a sweat! I dominated in JET, both as a Tag Team Champion... and as the JET World Champion! Sure, you’ve had ONE impressive title run, but your run ended the instant Rebecca Brookes took away your Goddesses Championship at last year’s Civil War.

Alyssa Grace: So you’ve been champion elsewhere... you know how many “former champions” come through these doors every month? This is the highest level of our industry, right here on the Odyssey brand! Normally I’d ignore types like you, but just like training a new puppy... sometimes you have to show the YOUNG BITCH whose boss! Would you prefer a rolled-up newspaper, or an old-fashioned Irish ass-kicking, courtesy of the Crimson Combatant?

BIANCA: I’d prefer you to open your eyes and admit the truth: you’re not and never were “Odyssey’s future.” You’re just the “current feel-good story” that went well past its expiration date! Don’t you see that the “REAL FUTURE” of Odyssey is the TOP TIER!

Alyssa Grace: Look, Top Shelf... Top Chef... Top Tier, whatever silly name you want to call yourself... as if BIANCA wasn’t ridiculous enough... Do you realize how many superstars come to the OWA claiming to be the “future” or whatever? Do you also know that I’ve already beaten



MOST of those same “superstars” in the ring? By the way, didn’t you technically begin wrestling nearly TWO FULL YEARS BEFORE I MADE MY IN-RING DEBUT, so how the hell are you the “real future” of Odyssey over me? If anything, you’re much closer to your expiration date than I am, and look at everything I’ve accomplished over you already, despite your twenty-three month head-start?

BIANCA: You’re focusing on the wrong details, and I don’t have the time or patience to explain to you just exactly how fucking stupid your reasoning is! While you were practically “gift wrapped” opportunity after opportunity, I was over in Japan, already becoming a legend amongst the Puroresu faithful. You competed in small tournaments, I competed in daily marathons! You don’t even wrestle every week, where I wrestled nearly every damn day! It’s a shame that you’ve allowed these people here, the people watching around the globe, and every zit-faced wrestling journalist to massage your massively inflated ego, because if you look at the situation objectively... You’d quickly realize that you are outmatched in strength AND experience.

(BIANCA points to the ATTH briefcase, still being held by Alyssa. Alyssa looks down, then back to BIANCA, still proudly wearing a defiant and confident smile.)

BIANCA: You think that briefcase makes you a worthy title contender, but you’re nothing more than a fucking circus clown... a clown with a briefcase that, by all rights, she doesn’t deserve to have! But then again, perhaps it’s very appropriate that you have that briefcase after all... because “funny business” has surrounded EVERY SINGLE OPPORTUNITY you’ve been HANDED on Odyssey!

(Alyssa lets the briefcase drop from her hand, balling it up into a fist, as she glares directly at BIANCA, her eyes narrowed and teeth clenched tightly. BIANCA returns the glare with a menacing stare of her own, taking a couple steps forward towards Alyssa, who responds by doing the same. BIANCA and Alyssa continue to trade their steps forward until they are standing nose-to-nose, a furious Alyssa not blinking once at the smiling BIANCA.)

Alyssa Grace: Bitch, let me make things crystal-clear for you... nothing, AND I SAY IT AGAIN, NOTHING WAS EVER HANDED TO ME! I didn’t spend my time fighting local nobodies like you did in Japan... I fought the very best of the best in the entire wrestling industry! I’ve battled women that would turn you inside out without a second thought... yet I learned through my mistakes too, so no, my path certainly hasn’t been smooth... but that’s EXACTLY how I like it! I’ve never once backed down from a single challenger once, no matter the odds or logic involved!

(Alyssa then takes a few steps backwards, picking up the briefcase but never breaking eye contact with BIANCA. Alyssa then steps right back up to BIANCA, holding the briefcase high and out to the side, a visual that makes the crowd loudly react with excitement over the anticipation of what Alyssa is conveying through the symbolic gesture.)

Alyssa Grace: Well, I'm always ready to humble brash wrestlers like you, because we both know the real reason why you've been all up in my business the last few weeks: you're way too egotistical to accept the blunt truth that ALL your past accomplishments and title reigns DON'T MEAN A GODDAMN THING HERE, because you're now in the big leagues, bitch! Face facts, you're back at the bottom... just like ANY ROOKIE! But since your narcissism won't allow you to simply shut your mouth and work hard like everyone else, you instead chose to find your "shortcut" to the top, and you think this...

(Alyssa raises the briefcase high up in the air, causing BIANCA to break her gaze from Alyssa, her eyes clearly staring directly at it.)

Alyssa Grace: ... you think this guaranteed title shot will sling-shot you into Odyssey's crowded main event picture... Haven't you learned anything from your past title runs? True competitors and fans in this industry know that "the belt doesn't make you a champion." It's common knowledge here that a "true champion" not only "ELEVATES" the belt's nobility and value... A "true champion can enhance the value of the entire organization that the belt represents." In other words, only a "true champion" can bring prestige to a championship, not the other way around!

BIANCA: Get to the fucking point. I'm starting to get bored listening to you whine about being a noble champion. Fuck your nobility, Captain America, at least I possess the one thing you only dream you had: a killer instinct!

Alyssa Grace: Fine, then why don't you PUT-UP or SHUT UP? You think you deserve to have this briefcase... this "opportunity?" Let me show you the qualities of a "true champion." At Atlantis: Battle Pass, I will personally "HAND" you the "opportunity to prove that you are indeed the "real future" of Odyssey... because I will put my Ascension to the Heavens briefcase on the line!

(The crowd breaks out into excited cheers, immediately amped up from Alyssa's shocking declaration.)

Ashley Walker: Oh my stars, Gia, what an incredibly courageous and noble gesture by Alyssa! I'm speechless!

(Alyssa Grace lowers the briefcase, the microphone still resting against her chin. BIANCA even appears to be taken back by the announcement, but she quickly masks her surprise by slowly crossing her arms, never taking her eyes away from Alyssa. BIANCA then smiles, nodding her head in acceptance to Alyssa's challenge.)

Alyssa Grace: Not because you deserve it... it's because I'm so confident that I'll walk out the ring the same way I entered: the owner of this EARNED title opportunity! Now, don't you have some Gamera movie marathon to catch once your shift at Hot Topic ends? I'll see you at Battle Pass... ROOKIE!

(Alyssa Grace drops the microphone, then proceeds to exit the ring, putting her leg through the middle ropes. However, BIANCA yells at her to wait, causing her to pause and look at the approaching BIANCA, who stops a foot shy of Alyssa while slowly extending out her hand, showing her a sign of respect. Alyssa pauses and stares at BIANCA's outstretched hand, occasionally looking up at BIANCA's face, then back down at her hand, unsure what to do.)

Gia Cervantes: BIANCA is actually well-liked and respected by many fans and fellow wrestlers, especially in her native Japan, but she didn't earn all her success by making friends with her opponents. I think Alyssa should just pick the most logical action here, and simply walk away.

Ashley Walker: You might be right, Gia, but I don't see that happening; it's just not in-character for someone like Alyssa, who relishes every opportunity to represent why Odyssey is the top brand: because we have "championship-caliber" ambassadors like her. Alyssa has previously said that she doesn't want to be thought of as some sort of "role-model," but ironically, that's the very thing she evolved into, all while staying true to herself.

(BIANCA takes a step closer, but Alyssa doesn't flinch, still half-inside/half-outside the middle ropes, her briefcase in hand. Alyssa finally looks up at BIANCA, her face showing some clarity.)

Alyssa Grace: (off-mic) If you can actually beat me fair and square, and not only will I shake your hand, I'll also raise it in victory myself... see you in the "future..." Rookie.

(As Alyssa turns her head to the outside so she can exit the ring, BIANCA charges her, slamming the microphone down on her head. Alyssa stumbles back inside the ring, dropping the ATTH briefcase on the mat, quickly trying to regain her bearings.)

Gia Cervantes: Now that's low right there, but BIANCA clearly doesn't follow the same "champion code" that Alyssa believes in!

(BIANCA now stands behind Alyssa, whose forehead is now dripping with blood from being busted open by the microphone shot. BIANCA spins Alyssa around, ducking a wildly-thrown punch before picking up Alyssa into a fireman's carry position, before slightly angling her head and neck downwards, positioning Alyssa's head directly above the briefcase.)

Ashley Walker: Oh no, we've seen this before in OWT! BIANCA's gonna hit the Kaiju Attack Siren on Alyssa! Is this a premonition of what's to come?

Gia Cervantes: Maybe BIANCA is just- KAIJU ATTACK SIREN ONTO THAT STEEL BRIEFCASE! SHE JUST DENTED SOLID STEEL WITH ALYSSA'S BUSTED-OPEN SKULL!

Ashley Walker: Look! BIANCA is picking up the briefcase. Is she going to make a dramatic and symbolic gesture that suggests she will be the new owner of the ATTH briefcase, and all the perks it brings?

(BIANCA begins to hoist up the steel briefcase in a similar manner to Alyssa, but then she stops and looks at Alyssa, who is rolling on the mat, her hands pressed up against her wounded head. BIANCA, now using both hands, lifting the briefcase up over her head as she walks over to Alyssa. BIANCA, wielding all her strength, slams the briefcase down onto the back of Alyssa's exposed head, a loud "clang" echoing throughout the arena.)

Gia Cervantes: Nope! She's using it now as a weapon! BIANCA slams it down on Alyssa's head! And again! Dammit, she can't even defend herself! Don't we have enough egotistical women on the brand already!? Where the hell is security?

(BIANCA hits Alyssa on the back of her head, neck, and spine with the briefcase several more times, before she tosses it to the side, lowering herself down to one knee, crouching next to Alyssa's head. She picks up Alyssa by her hair, much of which is wet and matted with fresh blood.)

BIANCA: (off-mic) Hey Alyssa, I got some advice for you: THINK ABOUT THE FUTURE! And when you do, keep one important fact in mind: THE TOP TIER BIANCA IS THE FUTURE!

("Coming Undone" by Korn begins playing softly throughout the booing Staples Center, the majority of the fans unhappy with BIANCA's assault of Alyssa Grace. BIANCA slides out the ring and starts walking towards the back, before turning around and looking at the bloodied Alyssa, who is already sitting up but still very much stunned, her eyes glossed over like glass.)

Gia Cervantes: I've followed BIANCA's career since her days as a prominent figure in JET, so her punishing sneak attack on Alyssa isn't all that surprising. And you have to give... well, technically, BIANCA is more of the "veteran" here, and that message she sent to Alyssa just now signifies that, since Alyssa turned her back on the human-kaiju hybrid!

Ashley Walker: To be honest, Gia, I'm not entirely sure that the attack by BIANCA was even planned or thought out, as it appeared to be more reactive than anything, especially after being called a "rookie" by Alyssa, a name which BIANCA clearly doesn't like to be called!

Gia Cervantes: Whatever her reasoning for the attack, she deserves some credit for successfully employing what was, apparently, her well-executed "battle-plan," resulting in an opportunity for Alyssa's guaranteed future title shot. She goaded Alyssa into this match, apparently gambling on Alyssa's fearlessness, tenacity, and champion spirit... and BIANCA hit the jackpot. However, she hasn't probably realized yet that she's going to face an angry and determined Alyssa, who just doesn't lose, especially when something important is at stake, and what's more important than the OWA Women's Championship?

Ashley Walker: It's going to be a phenomenal battle, and if I had to guarantee one thing about the match, it's this: there will definitely be blood. Lots of it. At least Alyssa looks to be OK for

now, but we won't know much until after she gets checked on by the medics, who are trying to tend to her now.

(As the medics attempt to examine Alyssa in the ring, she suddenly stands up and pushes them away, fully determined to walk away on her own two feet. The medics quickly scramble away, while Alyssa stumbles over to her dented briefcase, reaching down to pick it up right as the hook for "Lost in Stereo " by All Time Low begins softly playing over the PA system. Alyssa picks up the briefcase, her other hand pressed against the wound on her forehead, as she glares towards the stage where BIANACA just exited.)

Gia Cervantes: OK Odyssey Nation, we got to pay some bills real quick, so here's some words from our sponsors! But please stick around, there's still plenty of action left on our final Odyssey before we get to Game Over weekend!

[COMMERCIAL BREAK]

Ashley Walker: Welcome back everyone to what is shaping up to be one crazy night here on Odyssey.

Gia Cervantes: You can say that again Ashley! We are looking to keep everything moving right along with our next stellar matchup of the night with two rising stars! Coming off a very close but still upsetting loss to none other than Natalie Cage is Rebecca Filth and she is taking on Skylar Arceneaux who took Alyssa Grace to the limit but also came up short!

Ashley: I can see the frustration for both these women coming off losses two weeks ago, but a loss does not tell the whole story. These two took two bonafide standard bearers here on Odyssey and pushed each of them to their limits. I see such amazing promise in both of these young ladies and well, let's send it down to the ring. I think Rebecca is ready for the match introductions!

Rebecca Sawyer: The following contest is scheduled for one fall!

Crowd: ONE FALL!!

(The house lights go dim as "Destroy" by Sidewalks and Skeletons plays into the arena. Cerise strobe lights scan over the crowd as Skylar Arceneaux saunters onto the stage wearing a L'Agence Perfecto Studded Leather Jacket as the suited Damian Aguilara follows closely behind. As she looks over the crowd, a smirk is painted on her lips as she's suppressing laughter at her negative reaction from the crowd, she gestures for Damian to carry her on his shoulders towards the ring, which he does almost effortlessly.)

Rebecca: Introducing first...from New York City...weighing in tonight at 103 pounds! She is La Verduga! Skylar! ARCENEUX!"

Skylar unmounts from Damian's shoulders onto the apron, posing herself on the ropes to once again take in her reception before she steps in. She takes the center of the ring where the spotlight falls on only her, basking in her moment.

Gia: You have to be impressed with what Skylar was able to do last show and how close she came to taking down our current Ascension to the Heavens briefcase holder! Alyssa Grace was on her heels more than once in that match and Skylar really showed why she is an exciting new member to the Locker Room.

Ashley: I couldn't agree more. And here she is tonight and she is looking to start building some momentum. Either of these ladies tonight could find their way into title opportunities a lot sooner than later.

("Whore" by In This Moment blasts over the speakers as out from behind the curtain stomps Rebecca Filth. She doesn't stop at the top of the ramp and just marches down to the ring before sliding in under the bottom rope. She walks right over to Skylar who has her back turned to her warming up and just grabs a handful of her ass. Skylar whips around but Filth grabs her face and licks the side of her cheek while smirking. Skylar slumps into the corner unsure of what to make of the bold move from Filth as Rebecca backs away slowly blowing a kiss before turning to the corner and posing for the crowd that now erupts for her arrival.)

Rebecca: Aaaaand her opponent...from Blackpool England...weighing in tonight at 127 lbs! The Duchess of Rubbish! Rebecca FILTH!

Gia: Wow! What a way to make an entrance...and like our ring announcer, I too am at a loss for words.

Ashley: She has said in the past she will use anything to gain an advantage, even her sex appeal. This is the only good thing she has in her life and she wants to prove it.

[DING DING DING]

Ashley: And as the bell rings Skylar is back to her feet and whipping the saliva from her face and it looks like rage is taking over. She lets out a howl and charges at Filth. Rebecca ducks the lariat attempt however and spins Skylar around and grabs her head for a snapmare takedown.

Gia: She follows that up with a quick snap dropkick right to the back of Skylar's head! She transitions right into a cover!

ONE!!

TWOOOO-!!

Ashley: Skylar kicked out just before the two count as she still has a lot of gas left in the tank. Skylar rolls out of the ring to get her bearings. She paces back and forth for a moment but Rebecca is not going to wait as she reaches through the ropes and snags Skylar by the hair!

Gia: Skylar yelps and is pulled back to the apron. But she grabs hold of Rebecca's head and jumps down, dropping Filth's neck across the middle rope. Filth rolls back into the ring grabbing at her neck as Skylar smirks to the crowd before re-entering the ring. She stalks over to Rebecca and picks her off the mat.

Ashley: Skylar lifts Filth from the side and drops her down hard in a pendulum backbreaker. Filth wails out in pain but Skylar follows that with a knee drop across the back. She reaches down and takes a handful of Rebecca's hair and yanks back on it, bending her back against her knee. The ref however is there and forces her to break the illegal hold!

Gia: No love lost between these two it seems. Skylar, undeterred by her previous actions, brings Filth to her feet and whips her into the ropes. On the rebound Skylar is looking for her Tilt-a-whirl backbreaker but Rebecca rotates around more than once. She snaps her legs around the neck of Arceneaux and slings her to the mat with a huge headscissor takedown!

Ashley: Both women right back to their feet and are now exchanging elbow strikes. Back and forth they go but the slightly bigger Filth takes control with several rapid fire shots to the side of the head. She whips Skylar into the ropes!

Gia: Reversal from Arceneaux sends Filth into them instead. Rebecca ducks the clothesline, picking up speed from the other side and leaps with a huge Lou Thez Press! This takes down Skylar hard and Filth starts laying in punches left and right. The ref is pulling Filth off and she stands and leaps with a huge double stomp right into the chest of Skylar!

Ashley: That was cheap, the ref was trying to pull her off and is now admonishing Filth who just flips off the ref. She walks past her to Skylar who pops up and grabs her down into a small package!!

ONE!!

TWOOOOOO!!!

THRE----!!!

Gia: NO GO! Rebecca is able to kick out from the sudden pin attempt. She does look shocked though as she gets to her feet. Skylar is rising as well. Filth leans through the middle rope and smacks the hell out of Damian who was minding and has been minding his own!

Ashley: He jumps on the ring apron and the ref is there to keep him out of the ring. Skylar tries to get him to get down but Rebecca is there spinning Arceneaux around and jabs both thumbs right into the eyes of Skylar who lets out a howl dropping to her knees grabbing at her face.

Gia: The ref didn't see it, Rebecca taking full advantage here..she rushes in **GORE WHORE!!!** OMG SHE JUST LAID OUT SKYLAR ARCENEAUX WITH THAT SICKENING TORNADO ENZIGURI!!!

Ashley: LOOK AT THE FACE OF FILTH SHE IS PROUD OF HERSELF AS SHE STANDS UP AND HEADS TO THE TOP ROPE! SKYLAR ISN'T MOVING!! SHE FLIPS OFF DAMIAN WHO CAN DO NOTHING BUT WATCH! **FULL METAL WHORE!!** AMAZING!! THAT 540 SENTON CONNECTS TO THE HELPLESS SKYLAR.

Gia: Oh but look at this...look at her slink her way across the downed body of Arceneaux! IS THIS EVEN A PIN?

ONE!!

TWOOOOO!!!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

[DING DING DING]

Rebecca Sawyer: AND HERE IS YOUR WINNER BY PINFALL!!! STREET TRASH REBECCA FILTH!!

(Before releasing the pin Filth grabs another big handful of Skylar's rear and once more licks down her cheek. She rolls seductively off the pin and out of the ring, licking her fingers as she walks up the ramp.)

Gia: She doesn't care how she did it, but she got the win here tonight. Skylar showed hints of what we saw last week but just wasn't able to overcome the games being played but the self proclaimed street trash. Filth gets another win on her belt and after her showing against Cage, she is starting to gain some traction here.

Ashley: But what does it say that she had to stoop to illegal means to win Gia.

Gia: That's just it, she didn't have too, she just chose to and some of the best in the game have done that for their entire careers. We may not like it Ash, but she did what she wanted to win here tonight.

Ashley: Well I definitely do not like it. Folks we have more and more to come, I hate it but we need to take a quick break. Stay Tuned Odyssey returns right after this!



[COMMERCIAL BREAK]

(The camera cuts to a quaint living room, where we see a familiar face - former Odyssey General Manager, Viola DeMarco. Although, she isn't exactly about to speak to the camera, as she lies on the couch, completely passed out with a book in hand. The camera pans backwards and we find Natalie Cage standing in the doorway to the kitchen, just watching her significant other. She sighs and smiles slightly before turning around and heading into the kitchen. The camera follows her and finds her standing at the counter, pouring herself a glass of rum.)

Natalie Cage: She acts like everything is fine...even when it's just me and her. But I'm not naive. I know it's eating her up inside. Viola put everything she had into this brand. When it was nothing more than an upstart idea, Viola always knew the potential of the women in OWA and she worked tirelessly to make Odyssey the premier destination for women's wrestling, anywhere on the planet. OWA as a whole reached new heights, largely thanks to her ideas and innovations. The Promethean Chamber, the Goddesses Championship, the Athena's Cup Tournament. All staples of OWA now, but they came from the brain of that woman lying in there right now. Odyssey was everything to her...and it was ripped from her grasp long before she was ready to give it up. And...the blame for that lies with me.

(Natalie takes a sip from the glass as she shakes her head.)

Natalie Cage: Sure, I could blame Cloud and Samantha for the depths that they sank to in order to secure victory at Final Destination, but I'm not a hypocrite. I've employed tactics like that before, I'm just pissed at myself for not seeing it coming. I let Viola down. I let Odyssey down. I let myself down. And that loss has been eating away at me ever since then as I watch how it affects the woman I love. But I can't change the past. But what I can do is make sure that what she built doesn't go to complete shit. Because that's exactly what would happen if Cloud winds up as the number one contender to the Women's World Championship. It's been well documented that Llorona and I have never been friends. And Dulce and I have gone at it more times than I can count now. But this isn't even about them. This is about making sure that some part time bitch with a God complex doesn't ruin everything that we all built together. It's about seeking vengeance for a good woman who was wrongly terminated. And, yeah, maybe it's also about the pleasure I'm going to get from snapping my foot off in that bitch's ass. You see, I've been here since the beginning. I've been to the top of the mountain. I've beaten every big name that there is to beat. I've held the championship for longer than anyone in this company's history. But that feels like an eternity ago now. I don't know if I got complacent or burnt out or had my head somewhere else...but Cloud...thank you. Because whatever was wrong with me is long gone now. I feel that edge and that hunger again that led me to topple Azumi Goto at Final Destination. I feel that hunger for violence that I haven't felt since I was a soldier in Wolvesden. I feel like the championship is ready to come back home to the Queen Shit of Fuck Mountain. Maybe you three forgot...hell, maybe I forgot just who the fuck I am. But I think it's high time I reminded the world that I am Natalie fucking Cage. And I am the very fucking best at what I do. Llorona...Dulce...Cloud...you're all going to find out at Game Over that

I am *back*. And I'm coming for what's mine. Jonetta...Revy...neither of you get too comfortable. Because I'm going to win my damn championship back.

(Natalie stands up and walks over, leaning in the doorway again as she sips on her liquor.)

Natalie Cage: I have to...for her.

(Natalie takes one last drink as she walks towards Viola and we cut to commercial.)

[COMMERCIAL BREAK]

(Jonetta Stone's eyes open slowly and sleepily, a groan falling from her lips as she sits up in the bed of her massive hotel suite. She winces, raising a hand to shield her face from the late afternoon sun streaming through the drapes.

...

...

Wait, *late afternoon*?

Jonetta gasps and reaches for her phone on the bedside table, appraising the time to be even later than she thought. Almost six PM. How could she have overslept to this extent?! And how could she have possibly been so tired in the first place? It wasn't that she was worried about being fired or anything...she was too big of an asset to Odyssey for that to *ever* be a concern, but this was about her ego. The World Champion, showing up so long after the show had begun, the judgemental eyes of lesser lifeforms backstage fixed on her as they took in the one moment she hadn't been at her best. It was a hellish thought.

The blonde leapt out of bed, furiously kicking back the covers. She *paid* people for this precise reason, to make sure that things like this didn't happen. She stood at the foot of the bed with her hands on her hips.)

Jonetta Stone: Bernard? Ernest? You ill-conceived wastes of space, don't you know what time it is?!

(Only silence hung in the air. Her butlers, her maids, her personal assistants...none of them responded.)

Jonetta Stone: I know that good help is hard to find these days, but my God--

(The only thing that cut Jonetta off was the fact that she stumbled, falling to the carpeted floor of the hotel suite with a muted thud. It wasn't a pair of designer shoes or an errant Louis Vuitton suitcase that she'd tripped over...it was her butler, Bernard, tied up and not moving. The fact that

he was breathing suggested that he was alive, but he was of no use to her at this particular moment. Stone jumped up to her feet.)

Jonetta Stone: One of you, any of you, call for help! Something's happened!

(Jonetta peered into the bathroom, frantically flicking on the lights to see that Ernest, another butler, was tied up and knocked out in the bathtub. Her heart sank. Something was going on. She rushed back over to her bed, sure that she'd left her phone there after checking the time...right? That had totally happened? She'd left it right here. Jonetta stumbled into the adjoining room of the palatial suite, the "living room", so to speak. Her maids were tied up and unconscious on the couch. A bodyguard was tied up and left on the floor just in front of the door to the suite. She'd have to get over him -- his *body*? -- to get out of here. Something was happening, in broad daylight, no less. Normally, yes, it would be her ego talking when she said she believed that anyone would've jumped at the chance to take her out. Her mere existence inspired rage, insecurity, and irritation, but now...it seemed as if *someone* had actually jumped at the chance. The blonde took a single stride toward the door before the sound of the phone ringing cut through the air suddenly and made her jump. She hated that. Jonetta Stone didn't do trepidation and she sure as hell didn't do fear. Should she even waste her time to go back and answer the phone? Should she follow her instincts and rush right out the front door to find help? What if the person calling was trying to help? What if it was some Odyssey backstage stooge calling from the arena to make sure she was okay? She had to chance it. Jonetta followed the sound of the ringing phone back into the bedroom. Jonetta stood looming above the phone as it continued to ring, nearly petrified by what she saw.

The number flashing across the caller ID was her cell phone number.

Whoever was calling her, they'd taken her phone. Somehow, they'd gotten in here, laid out everyone who was paid to protect her, stolen her phone, and now was able to taunt her in this way. She'd never felt more vulnerable in her life. If nothing else, she needed to know who was doing this. Her list of enemies was a mile long. A shaky, manicured hand reached out to pick up the phone.)

Jonetta Stone: ...hello?

???: Took you long enough to get over here. I thought you were gonna let the damn phone ring all day!

(Jonetta would've recognized that voice anywhere -- and it was coming from underneath the bed. Stone threw the phone down and backed away.)

Jonetta Stone: *REVVY?*

(Revy rolls out from underneath the bed. Sure enough, she's holding Jonetta's phone. She ends the call and underhand tosses the phone onto the bed, where it lands with a soft thud. She sighs and cracks her neck to either side.)

Revy: Ya know, if you've made *such* a point of trying to run me down and make my life a living hell, it would make a lot of sense to cross your T's and dot your I's.

(The Texan gestures around.)

Revy: Hiring all these people that can so easily and quickly be taken down by Shin-SEKAI. Ordering champagne from room service that can so easily be spiked. That's how it all goes, though. The most egotistical bitches are always the most careless ones in the end.

(Her gaze travels to Bernard, who is still lying on the floor. Revy rolls her eyes.)

Revy: He's not *dead*, don't worry about it. That's what chloroform is for. And before you ask, I'm alone now. Everyone else left hours ago. They had plenty of time to get in and out while you were getting your beauty sleep. I'm all about proving a point, though. My mercy extends about as far as these goons of yours. Which means that by the time I get to you...

(Revy advances forward, pressing Jonetta back against the window beside the bed.)

Revy: ...it'll be all used up. That's bad news, wouldn't you say?

(Jonetta sneers and shakes her head.)

Jonetta Stone: You haven't got it in you.

Revy: Taunting someone while you're thirty stories away from going splat on the sidewalk. Bold.

(Revy chuckles.)

Revy: I don't need you to say that you're afraid, JoJo. I saw all I needed to see and heard all I needed to hear. It's amazing how the facade slips when you think nobody's watching. That paranoia that comes with knowing someone can take you out whenever they want is a *bitch*, isn't it? That helplessness, that sorrow...it's followed me since I lost my brother. And there I was, thinking I could tell my friend all about it. Or at the very least, that I had someone to empathize with my pain. No matter what you might think, I always could've handled not having you as a friend, Jonetta, but for you to spit on his memory the way you did...

(She shakes her head.)

Revy: ...you've made it a point to try and take everything from me. I guess it makes sense. Old habits die hard. A poacher doesn't know how to turn those predatory instincts off. So what happens when the script gets flipped?

Jonetta Stone: It takes a true hunter to know that there's no point in maiming your prey. You grow balls and you kill them. I'm warning you now, whatever you've got planned...make it stick. Make it hurt. Take me out, because if I get the chance to enact revenge, you really will be joining your brother.

Revy: Oh, not too long ago, that would've done it for me. This window would be broken, and you...well, you'd be kissing concrete. But like I already said, blondie, the veil slipped down already. I'm in your head. I can slip in, fuck you psychologically, and slip right back out. You won't hurt me before Game Over. You won't get rid of your only chance to make me pay on a stage that big. I got what I wanted. You'll be looking over your shoulder now. You were never really in control.

(A slight smile flickers across Revy's face as she takes a step back, and Jonetta's body noticeably defenses. Revy looks around.)

Revy: Now, if you'll excuse me, I think I should head over to Staples Center now. Shouldn't you be there, too?

(She turns and walks out of the bedroom. After a few more seconds pass, the distant sound of the door to the suite opening and closing cuts through the silence and tension. Jonetta clenches her fist, her red nails almost digging deep enough into her palm to draw blood. Now that she'd been hunted, she had two choices -- take it lying down and lose her title, or prove to Revy that she had always been the one in control.)

[COMMERCIAL BREAK]

(We cut backstage where we find Cori Simmons standing by with Dulce Torres.)

Cori Simmons: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm joined now by one of the women who will be competing in the number one contender's fatal four way match at Game Over, a former World Champion in her own right, Dulce Torres! Dulce, how are you feeling just two weeks away from facing off with three of the best in the business today?

Dulce Torres: You're right Cori. Cloud, Llorona, Natalie. They're all amazing competitors in their own right. I've been in the ring with all of them before and I can attest to that first-hand. Cloud has been successful all over the world. Natalie is the most dominant champion in OWA history. Llorona never even got pinned to lose the championship. Each and every one of them are amazing and would be a daunting task individually. But you want to know how I'm feeling about having to face them all at once? *Confident*. I'm feeling confident because I'm Dulce Torres. I've been here in this brand since the very beginning. I've seen a lot of people

come...and I've seen a lot of people go. But the one constant that has always remained is Dulce Torres. Final Destination main events, Goddesses Championships, Promethean Chamber, World Championship, I have done it all here. I have no reason not to be confident because in the last three years I have honed my craft here, putting every single thing that I have into this brand and in return, this show has given me everything. During my time here, I've gone from a young, inexperienced kid from Texas to one of the best in the world at what I do. And I don't think that makes me arrogant, I think I've earned the right to say that. So yes...I'm feeling confident. I know it won't be easy, but I trust in my abilities, my preparation, and my gameplan.

Cori Simmons: What exactly is your gameplan?

(Dulce smirks.)

Dulce Torres: Come on, Cori. You know I can't tell you all that. But what I can tell you is that despite the name of this event, there will be no games being played in two weeks. Winning the Women's World Championship was the pinnacle of my career and ever since I lost it last year, I've been striving to get it back. I've come close on a few occasions now, but at Game Over, the opportunity is right there for me to take. I know that Natalie and Llorona likely feel the same way, but I promise you Cori, that nobody wants this as badly as I do. Look at the facts. Three years I've been here. No vacations. No breaks. I've worked hurt. I've worked sick. Rain or shine, Dulce Torres has always come to work. This title...this brand...it's my life. Everything I do is to prove that I am the best and that championship...that's the physical proof that I need to be able to make that statement without question. And while everyone has garnered my respect, I just genuinely don't care about Cloud's desire to elevate the brand, or Natalie's need to avenge Viola, or Llorona's thirst for bloodshed. The only thing that I care about is getting back the Women's World Championship. And if I have to beat three other women to do so? Then, hey, I've faced longer odds than that before and still walked out on top. It's just another day at the office, Cori.

Cori Simmons: Confident words from a confident woman. Thank you for your time Dulce and good luck at Game Over!

Dulce Torres: No, thank you, Cori.

(Dulce politely nods and smiles as she walks out of the frame and Cori looks to the camera.)

Cori Simmons: I'll tell you what Ashley and Gia, I would not be betting against The Beacon of Hope, Dulce Torres this weekend! Back to you guys!

(We cut back to ringside, where a steel cage is being lowered down over the ring as Rebecca Sawyer stands on the outside, mic in hand.)

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

Crowd: ONE FALL!!!

(A loud scream echoes throughout the arena for a few seconds before the sounds of "Living Dead Girl" by Rob Zombie hit the speakers. The lights then go completely off, as fog machines lined up along the ramp and around the ring begin to create an illusion of mist. Suddenly, a soft green light illuminates the entrance as The Banshee appears to a chorus of boos. She slowly walks to the ring, looking down towards the ground the entire way. Her muscles are twitching, although she barely moves her arms at all. She twirls around her lead pipe as if it was a baton, yet never once breaks stride as she continues to march down the ramp. Upon reaching the ring, she steps through the cage door and scales the wall to the top of the cage. She then arches her back, tilts her head up high as she looks directly at the crowd and lets out a loud, primal scream. After she is finished screaming, the arena is covered again in darkness for a brief moment before the lights return to normal.)

Rebecca Sawyer: Introducing first...from The Banshee's Realm...weighing in at 145 lbs...THEEEEEEEE BAAAAAAAANSHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

Gia Cervantes: Everytime the Banshee enters the arena, it feels like the temperature drops ten degrees. This woman is absolutely terrifying as she has laid waste to everyone who's encountered her in recent months, including sending Azumi Goto packing at Final Destination in something that could only be described as a horror movie more so than a wrestling match.

Ashley Walker: And now The Banshee has turned her sights on Diantha Rosso as she has brutally attacked her for seemingly no reason and been inside of the Iron Lioness' head. Diantha, of course, would never back down from a challenge, but being locked inside a steel cage with this monster seems like a fool's errand, Gia.

("Eclipse" by Yngwie Malmsteen begins to blare through the arena as a camera finds Diantha Moreau, focused and ready, standing with eyes closed in silent prayer clutching a bag filled with various things. Her eyes snap awake as she finishes and makes her way through the curtain once the music picks up. The stage is bathed in golden light as she walks down the ramp to a chorus of cheers from the capacity crowd. She stops at the foot of the ramp and stares at The Banshee, showing no fear as a scowl forms on her face.)

Rebecca Sawyer: And her opponent...from New Orlean, Louisiana...weighing in at 125 lbs...she is The Heavenly Lioness...DIANTHAAAAAAAAA ROOOOOOOSOOOOOOOOO!!!

Gia Cervantes: Ladies and gentlemen, no woman has encompassed the spirit of Odyssey quite like Diantha Rosso. She has been right here since the very beginning, fighting for her family, for her friends, for the fans, and for herself. She has reached legendary status as a star in Women's Wrestling. A two-time Women's World Champion, a two-time Clash of the Titans winner, a former SSW Tag Team Champion, the only Promethean Chamber winner in OWA history. Diantha Rosso is the epitome of hard work paying off!

Ashley Walker: But has she ever faced a challenge quite like this? Don't get me wrong, I believe in Diantha Rosso as much as anyone. The younger sister of the legendary Carlos Rosso has proven that success runs in her family, but The Banshee is a different breed. I don't even know if she's human! But Diantha doesn't know what it means to back down. If anybody is ready for this fight, it's her.

(Diantha makes her way to the ring, carrying a bag full of items with two wooden swords tucked under her arm as well. Once she walks through the door, it is locked behind her. The Banshee looks around her at the cage walls and shakes her head.)

The Banshee: This isn't good enough.

Gia Cervantes: What the hell is she talking about?!

(Suddenly the lights go out.)

Ashley Walker: OH COME ON! NOT THIS MADNESS ALREADY!

(After a moment, the lights come back on. The steel cage is gone and instead it has been replaced with the larger cell of the Chaos Crypt matchup.)

Gia Cervantes: WHAT?! SOMEHOW THE CAGE IS GONE! IT HAS BEEN REPLACED WITH THIS UNFORGIVING STEEL CELL STRUCTURE KNOWN AS THE CHAOS CRYPT! HOW?! WE SAW THIS AT FINAL DESTINATION 3 IN A BRUTAL AFFAIR BETWEEN DARKANE, NATE CAGE, AND NATHAN FIORA! BUT NOW DIANTHA ROSSO AND THE BANSHEE ARE LOCKED INSIDE OF IT!

Ashley Walker: IS THIS EVEN LEGAL?! DIANTHA DIDN'T AGREE TO THIS!

(The Banshee simply stares at an emotionless Diantha. Diantha looks around her, but doesn't even seem surprised as she nods and smirks as the referee reluctantly calls for the bell.)

(DING DING DING!!!)

Ashley Walker: And after a strange series of events, our main event is underway inside the Chaos Crypt cell walls! Or at least we think it is. Diantha hasn't moved since stepping into the ring. This cell was built to allow some movement near the ring and above it, but there is no escaping. You can only win this match by pinfall, submission or referee stoppage.

Gia Cervantes: This is just very strange. These two women have tried to tear each other apart for the last month and now they're just waiting? What's going on here?



{Diantha drops the bag near her corner and tosses one of the wooden swords she brought with her out of the ring to the floor. The other she tosses onto the mat and kicks it towards The Banshee, who is confused.)

Banshee: (no mic) Are you fucking touched in the head? HAHAAHAHAHAHA.....

Diantha: (no mic) Handicap.

Ashley Walker: I'm sorry, is Diantha offering The Banshee a **weapon?!** This, this abomination has destroyed people, including Diantha, without the aid of a weapon. Has she lost her mind?

Gia Cervantes: I think she's completely gone, Ash. Banshee doesn't have to be asked twice to inflict punishment and she grabs the sword and goes swinging, BREAKING IT STRAIGHT OVER DIANTHA'S HEAD! SHE'S BUSTED OPEN BUT.....My God.....

(The crowd absolutely explodes as Diantha, now bleeding from her forehead and the top of her hairline simply smiles before grabbing the Banshee and giving her stiff forearm blows!)

Ashley Walker: Diantha took that blow like it was nothing, she even SMILED, and now she's landing forearm shots, blasting the Banshee back into the corner, and she continues to pound away and there isn't much the referee can do! No disqualifications, no count outs, nothing that can stop this beating being administered! Diantha seems satisfied enough with forcing The Banshee to the canvas in the corner as she sprints across the ring...AND THEN SPRINTS ACROSS AGAIN TO LAND A DROPKICK RIGHT TO THE BANSHEE'S HEAD!

Gia Cervantes: Diantha is not finished as she pulls The Banshee up to a vertical base...Saito Suplex! That suplex had a little extra snap in it as well as Diantha is not interested in messing about here tonight.

Ashley Walker: Diantha is just stalking her opponent. Banshee sits right up and gets a boot to the face for her troubles! The former Women's World Champion is stomping away and this crowd is on its feet, going into a frenzy. Diantha tries to pull Banshee up again by the hair but a strike right to the throat sends Diantha to a knee.

Gia Cervantes: And now the Banshee sprints into the ropes....A THESZ PRESS TAKES DOWN DIANTHA AND THIS...THIS MONSTER IS JUST BRUTALIZING DIANTHA WITH STRIKES TO THE HEAD, AND NOW SHE'S GRABBING THE LIONESSE BY THE HAIR AND JUST DRIVING THE BACK OF HER HEAD INTO THE MAT! Diantha's bleeding profusely now and this match may have to stop before she's damaged badly!

Ashley Walker: The referee is looking to check in on Diantha but Banshee shoves her away before covering Diantha. She wants to end this with a pinfall!

ONEEEEEEEEE!!!!

Ashley Walker: Diantha kicks out immediately and the Banshee immediately mounts her and starts throwing more elbows. Diantha's conscious, as far as I can tell, but she's not even making an effort to defend herself.

Gia Cervantes: The Banshee stops after a while and just starts screaming, dropping Diantha's bloodied form to the canvas. She now slips out of the ring and goes rummaging underneath the ring....a table, a steel chair, some unused cables, all of them are coming into the ring now! This is not good, this is not good at all!

Ashley Walker: Banshee rolls back into the ring and.....OH MY GOD! She immediately comes face to face with a bloody, emotionless Diantha, who is up...AND THE TWO JUST START EXCHANGING PUNCHES! The Banshee's laughing as they go full force with one another, Diantha just completely robotic, I've never really seen her quite like this before....BUT DIANTHA'S WINNING, DIANTHA'S WINNING THIS SLUGFEST, SHE PULLS THE BANSHEE IN BY THE HAIR AND DELIVERS A VICIOUS HEADBUTT! Diantha quickly on her feet....BURNING MOON!

Gia Cervantes: The Banshee sits up immediately...laughing...BUT A SECOND BURNING MOON LEVELS HER AND THIS TIME SHE DOESN'T GET UP NEARLY AS FAST! Diantha's going back over to that bag she brought to the ring, she's pulling a black pouch out of said bag and.....Oh no....

(The crowd gasps as Diantha starts pouring out shards of glass in the ring.)

Ashley Walker: What on earth!?! Diantha's spreading glass around the canvas and she grabs both wrists of The Banshee and delivers another Burning Moon! She's....NO! DIANTHA STOP! She's behind the Banshee now, clutching both of her wrists and pulling her arms taut behind her back...she's using her foot on the back of the Banshee's head and trying to push her towards the glass!

Diantha: (no mic) You.....are an abomination.

Gia Cervantes: The Banshee is struggling but she can't get away from it...her face is going closer and closer to the canvas! MY GOD....

Diantha: (no mic) You must be exterminated.

Ashley Walker: DIANTHA IS PUSHING THE SIDE OF THE BANSHEE'S FACE INTO BROKEN GLASS! NOW BOTH OF OUR MAIN EVENT COMPETITORS ARE A BLOODY MESS AS DIANTHA FORCES THE BANSHEE INTO THAT BROKEN GLASS FACE FIRST!

(Diantha lets go as the Banshee wails in pain, pulling herself up from the broken glass with a twisted smile on her face, that erupts into psychotic laughter.)

The Banshee: (no mic) DAMN DO YOU KNOW HOW TO SHOW A GIRL A GOOD TIME!

Gia Cervantes: Diantha goes charging in looking for another Burning Moon but the Banshee is ready with a European Uppercut that levels Diantha mid-flight! And now she's setting up that table in the ring, but what does she have in mind with that chair!? Diantha on all fours, trying to rise up and the Banshee starts wailing away with that Steel Chair! This isn't a wrestling match, this isn't even a brawl, it's a damn car crash in the ring right now, broken glass, whatever's left of that wooden sword that got broken over Diantha's head! Blood everywhere!

Ashley Walker: Every time Diantha tries to rise up to a kneeling position Banshee just wails away at her back. This is very difficult to watch, damn disturbing. The Banshee is admiring her handiwork now, allowing Diantha to struggle to her knees. She's waving her up, sarcastically encouraging her. AND SHE TAKES A SWING!

Gia Cervantes: BUT DIANTHA CATCHES THE CHAIR WITH BOTH HANDS RIGHT BEFORE IT COMES CRASHING DOWN OVER HER HEAD! The Banshee even is taken aback by this, she's trying to pull the chair out of Diantha's grip but Diantha is just smiling at her! Diantha pulls the chair away and The Banshee gives her a vicious boot right to the face....but Diantha just eats it and swings the chair and nails the Banshee right in the side!

Ashley Walker: The Banshee staggers back as Diantha pulls herself up to her feet chair in hand, she grabs that same bag that she took that glass out of and now she's pouring out thumbtacks....BUT THIS TIME THE BANSHEE IS READY...A RAKE OF THE EYES AND A QUICK SCOOP SLAM TO DIANTHA RIGHT INTO THOSE THUMBTACKS....

(The camera pans in on a bloodied, emotionless Diantha, her back and shoulders full of thumbtacks as she very slowly rises to her feet, an equally bloody Banshee looking on in a mix of confusion and amusement.)

Banshee: I'm the abomination, huh? Look at you. All this time, you've lied to everyone! YOU LIED TO YOUR BROTHER, YOUR FRIENDS...YOURSELF! You are just a coward....a liar.....

Diantha: Shut up and fight.

Gia Cervantes: The Banshee doesn't have to be asked twice to bring the fight as she immediately starts wailing away on Diantha, who remains undaunted, absorbing blow after blow....Another hard forearm from the Banshee...BUT DIANTHA STAGGERS HER WITH A EUROPEAN UPPERCUT OF HER OWN! She takes a moment to pull some of those thumbtacks out of her body and goes digging into her bag again.

Ashley Walker: This is bad, she's got handcuffs now. The referee is completely powerless in this, just in there to watch one of these women possibly kill the other as Diantha goes about cuffing the Banshee's wrists to the ring ropes. The Banshee, as strange as it is to say, is

completely helpless! And now that second wooden sword, the one that didn't get destroyed is in play as Diantha is now just mercilessly battering the Banshee! She's wielding that bokken of hers with ruthless precision! Body strikes, strikes to the head, strikes to the knees, The Banshee is helpless!

Gia Cervantes: Diantha is on fucking auto-pilot! She's just bludgeoning The Banshee....The referee is trying to intervene, maybe call for a stoppage I think...BUT DIANTHA HITS HER IN THE RIBCAGE AS WELL! The Banshee is....she's snickering? She's laughing!! WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH THESE TWO?!

Ashley Walker: I don't understand, I really don't understand at all. W-well someone's trying to come out here and talk some sense into Diantha as she moves on to set up a table in the center of the ring, right in the middle of all those leftover thumbtacks and broken glass. It's Dulce Torres!

Gia Cervantes: We all know the long, complicated friendship that Dulce has with Diantha and we certainly know that she has no love in her body for the Banshee at all, but even someone as brutal as her, I think she's seen enough. Imagine how brutal this match has been from the outset, that **Dulce Torres** thinks its too fucking violent!

Ashley Walker: Dulce can't get in the cell, it's locked and there's no way in otherwise, but she's battering on the steel grating, trying to get Diantha's attention.

Dulce Torres: (no mic) WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?! You don't have to do this...THIS FUCKING ISN'T YOU, DI! FUCKING STOP IT BEFORE ONE OF YOU GETS KILLED!

Gia Cervantes: Dulce is trying to reason with Diantha, but the Lioness isn't even listening, she's setting up the table just like she wants it before resuming to batter a still-handcuffed Banshee, who surprisingly enough is quiet for once!

Ashley Walker: Diantha isn't done with her....DIANTHA NO! SHE'S LIGHTING THE TABLE ON FIRE! DULCE IS TRYING TO GET HER ATTENTION, TRYING TO SNAP HER LONGTIME RIVAL AND FRIEND OUT OF THIS BUT SHE'S COMPLETELY UNHINGED AS SHE UNCUFFS A LIFELESS BANSHEE AND STARTS....She's going up to the top turnbuckle!?

Gia Cervantes: Diantha, Diantha is going to try to destroy what she called an abomination, to permanently end the Banshee menace once and for all....SHE'S HOISTING THE BANSHEE UP.....AVALANCHE DIANTHA DRIVER THROUGH A FLAMING TABLE AND ONTO GLASS AND THUMBTRACKS! IF THERE IS ANYTHING LEFT OF EITHER THERE CAN'T BE MUCH!

Ashley Walker: Neither woman is moving. The referee is barely moving, Dulce is pacing around, demanding for anyone within earshot at ringside to get in there and stop this carnage, but nobody's listening! Heck, I don't think anyone even has a key besides the referee, whose hands are tied because of the rules here! She's not even bothering with a count....

Gia Cervantes: Ashley....The Banshee's moving. I don't know how the hell this is possible, but she's moving towards the ropes, trying to pull herself up. Diantha is lifeless right now and she delivered that move. I don't think I've ever seen that much blood in the ring during a regular Odyssey match, this is just insanity.

Ashley Walker: Diantha is pretty much gone. Maybe the blood loss from earlier has finally overridden the adrenaline and whatever else has been driving her to do all of these horrible things. I don't even see how the Banshee is walking, much less pulling Diantha up to her feet through this wreckage.....CRY OF THE BANSHEE! JUMPING CUTTER AND THANKFULLY, MERCIFULLY THIS SHOULD BE OVER! BANSHEE SHOTS THE HALF!

ONEEEEE!!!!

(Diantha kicks out immediately after the one count, sending the arena into an uproar. Dulce Torres is so stunned she looks on in disbelief. The Banshee looks completely confused, but pulls Diantha up again.)

Ashley/Gia: ANOTHER CRY OF THE BANSHEE!!!!

Ashley Walker: Diantha's not moving this time. This should be all. Banshee rolls over a lifeless Rosso and hooks both legs. This is academic.

ONEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

Gia Cervantes: Are you kidding me!? IS THIS REAL LIFE!?

Ashley Walker: SOMEHOW, SOME WAY, DIANTHA KICKED OUT AGAIN...RIGHT BEFORE THE COUNT OF THREE AND NOW THE BANSHEE LETS OUT AN EAR SHATTERING SCREAM! She drags whatever's left of Diantha towards the corner, looking to set her up for something big....

Gia Cervantes: THE HAUNTING OF THE BANSHEE! SHOOTING STAR ELBOW DROP! BUT SOMEHOW DIANTHA MANAGED TO ROLL OUT OF THE WAY! We very seldom see the Banshee risk it from the top rope but Diantha managed to move! The crowd is trying to get behind her, chanting her name, clapping, stomping, everything to get behind one of Odyssey's pillars!

Ashley Walker: The whole time Diantha has been seemingly ignoring anything with a pulse that wasn't the Banshee, but now she looks around, she sees Dulce pleading with her to call this off,

to not continue! The Banshee is trying to gather her bearings after that failed move and Diantha just looks over at Dulce and shakes her head.

Gia Cervantes: Diantha wants to finish this. She's bloodied, she's battered, but she's seemingly snapped out of whatever trance she was in to start this match as the Banshee gets up to her feet....DIANTHA WITH A MASAMUNE RIGHT TO THE FACE....FOLLOWED BY A BURNING MOON STRIKE! The Banshee is smiling, sticking out her tongue in amusement....BUT DIANTHA QUICKLY CATCHES HER WITH A STOCK BREAK! A nod to April Song's Widowmaker has the Banshee staggered but Diantha tries to run back in...THE BANSHEE TAKES HER DOWN WITH A VICIOUS LARIAT!

Ashley Walker: BUT DIANTHA KIPS UP IMMEDIATELY AND TAKES THE BANSHEE DOWN WITH A LARIAT OF HER OWN! Diantha lets out a primal scream as she pulls the Banshee up....HIGH ANGLE GERMAN SUPLEX...INTO A BEAUTIFUL BRIDGE.....

ONEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

TWOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Gia Cervantes: NO! The Banshee kicks out but Diantha is already making her way towards the turnbuckles, her step wobbling a bit, the fatigue and blood loss setting in. This could be Space Turbulence... SHE WENT FOR THIS MOVE AT FINAL DESTINATION AND IT WAS COUNTERED, PROBABLY COSTING HER THE WORLD TITLE.....THIS TIME SHE IS TRYING TO FINALLY END THIS MADNESS FROM ODYSSEY'S BIGGEST THREAT.....SPAAAAAAACE TURBULENCE!!!

Ashley Walker: She got all of it, She got ALL OF IT! The Banshee collapses to the mat like a sack of potatoes and Diantha hooks the leg....IS THIS WAR FINALLY OVER!?

ONEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

Gia Cervantes: NO! THE BANSHEE KICKED OUT! I DON'T KNOW HOW BUT SHE KICKED OUT! Now Diantha is quickly looking around, trying to find something....she sees what's left of that steel chair they used on each other earlier and she brings it over...and now she's got the Banshee....

Ashley Walker: She's trying to plant The Banshee skull first on that chair...but it seems like her energy is fading.....SHE TRIES TO WILL HERSELF TO PULL THE BANSHEE UP...BUT SHE CAN'T AS THE BANSHEE COUNTERS WITH A BACK BODY DROP! Now...the Banshee

waiting for Diantha to rise up, she is moving extremely slowly.....***CRY OF THE BANSHEE  
ONTO THE STEEL CHAIR!***

Gia Cervantes: A bloodied, cleaved, exhausted Banshee falls on top of what's left of Diantha....

ONEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

(DING DING DING!)

(An exhausted Banshee rolls off an unconscious Diantha while "Living Dead Girl" blares over the loudspeakers as a hushed capacity crowd takes in what they have just witnessed.)

Rebecca Sawyer: Ladies and Gentlemen, here is your winner....THEEE BANSHEEEEE!!

Ashley Walker: This woman, this monster, this ABOMINATION is nearly unstoppable. Diantha went to a dark, horrible place that I've never seen from her for the majority of this match. Maybe the presence of Natalie here at ringside brought the light back, but the Banshee survived a nearly endless onslaught to pin Diantha Rosso....

Gia Cervantes: BUT SHE'S NOT FINISHED! SHE JUST HIT THE REFEREE WITH THE STEEL CHAIR AND THERE'S NO ONE WITH A KEY TO OPEN THE CELL! DIANTHA IS COMPLETELY AT HER MERCY....DIANTHA IS TRYING TO GET UP TO HER FEET...THE BANSHEE BATTERS HER WITH A STEEL CHAIR!

Dulce Torres: (no mic) WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU.....ITS OVER....STOP IT!

Ashley Walker: Security is trying to break that lock, but the Banshee has enough time to go look under the ring....OH NO...SHE'S GOT THAT PIPE THAT SHE TALKS TO...KARMA! She's going to try to finish off Diantha once and for all! We've got someone out here with some cutters and they're trying to get in there, but The Banshee is standing in the ring with that lead pipe raised above DIANTHA'S HEAD! PLEASE! IF THERE IS ANYTHING LEFT OF YOU IN THERE MORRIGHAN, DON'T DO THIS!!!

(The Banshee raises the pipe up to strike and swings down as the lights go out. After a few moments, the lights are restored and the Banshee looks around in confusion. The ring is cleaned completely of debris and blood, the Banshee has stopped bleeding....and Diantha Rosso is nowhere to be found.)

Gia Cervantes: What the...what on earth is going on here!? We're so used to seeing the Banshee pull the disappearing act, but Diantha is gone? They've opened up the cell door finally

and security is pouring in, Dulce Torres is looking for Diantha but to no avail. Aria Jaxon has come out here and is flanked surprisingly enough by Emmanuelle. They're all trying to find a trace of Diantha, but nothing. Emmanuelle is a close personal friend of Diantha's; she trained with her older brother Carlos so she's definitely genuinely concerned, as is our General Manager.

Ashley Walker: The Banshee is looking around as well...and she's utterly furious...SECURITY IS GETTING CRUSHED! THE BANSHEE IS UNLEASHING HELL ON ANY LIVING BEING IN THE RING AS SHE WILDLY SWINGS THAT PIPE, BLOODYING UP AND BATTERING ALL THESE SECURITY GUARDS!

The Banshee: (no mic) WHERE ARE YOU!? WHERE THE HELL DID YOU GO YOU COWARD! COME BACK SO YOU CAN **DIE!**

Ashley Walker: Fans...I don't know how to describe what we have just witnessed. The fans are in stunned silence, our General Manager and two of Diantha's friends are just as stunned and confused as we are...and even in victory Odyssey's Greatest Threat is absolutely furious because of Diantha's disappearance right before she could end her career or even worse. I think we'd better sign off here. Thank you for joining us for this edition of Odyssey. We'll see you at Game Over...but the big question after tonight is, will we see Diantha Rosso again...ever?

(As the show fades to black with an enraged Banshee standing in the ring, Dulce and Aria find one clue: a single white Magnolia hidden under the ring apron.)

(OWA Logo buzzes)