

(The scene fades in to the back parking lot of the OWA Arena. Two large, white moving trucks sit idly as workers pull assorted bits and pieces of the stage from the backs. A man in a sharp grey suit and matching vest strides through, flanked by six security guards. The man is Vernon Tressler, and he looks like he's going to have a heart attack.)

Vernon Tressler: I want two of you around me at all times...you three, guarding that main entrance there, and you...walking the grounds. Radio me if you see ANYTHING, got it? ANYTHING. Go. Now.

(The Guard runs off. The other three maneuver themselves towards the aforementioned door. A pop comes over Tressler's radio.)

Guard on Radio: "See nothing yet, Boss."

Vernon Tressler: I-ugh- dammit I CAN STILL SEE YOU! Go!

(Tressler shakes his head as puts the radio into his pocket. He mutters something to himself before looking around...and freezing in his tracks...)

Vernon Tressler: Ah Sh - IT'S HAPPENING!!

(Vernon fumbles into his jacket pocket, haphazardly pulling out the walkie talkie...)

Guard on Radio: "Still nothing. Want me to come ba-"

Vernon Tressler: IT'S HAPPENING!! ALL GUARDS ON ME!!

(Vernon lowers the walkie and stomps off...to the nonchalant-as-ever, approaching Scotty Adams. Scotty smiles slightly as he drags his luggage behind him.)

Scotty Adams: What's goin' on, Vern? You seem upset.

Vernon Tressler: YOU!

Scotty Adams: Me!

Vernon Tressler: You listen and you listen DAMN good! You single handedly RUINED one of the biggest matches the OWA has ever seen! YOU have gone from my next big thing to my next big heart attack, all in a damn week! MARTIN! CARL!

(The two security guards flanking Vernon step beside Scotty, who looks them both dead in the eyes. Scotty finally smiles at Carl and gives him a smoochie face...)

Scotty Adams: This is hilarious, man. All this for little ol' me? You scared I might ruin another event?

Vernon Tressler: Oh...no, not at all, Scotty...and let me be clear here; this security isn't for OUR benefit. Noooooonono...after what YOU pulled? It's for YOU.

Scotty Adams: What?

Vernon Tressler: I-

(Before Vernon can speak, a loud CRASH from behind him. Vernon twists on his heels...)

Finnegan Wakefield: ADAMS!

Vernon Tressler: YOU THREE! GET BETWEEN THEM!! CARL! MARTIN!! FORM A LINE!! This is NOT happening here!

Finnegan Wakefield: You little prick! You little wanker PRICK!

Scotty Adams: Cool words.

(Finn lunges for Scotty, but the row of security luckily get between them before he can. Vernon, himself, is embedded in the line.)

Scotty Adams: Now Now now, Gentlemen...this all seems a bit excessive! I'm sure that cooler heads will prevail here! We're all adults! Go on, give Finn some room, it's ok!

(The security guards look back and forth between each other, before slowly backing away. Only Tressler remains, looking shocked at the guards for moving.)

Scotty Adams: There...mu-

(A right cross lands flush across the jaw of Scotty, sending him falling back. Tressler grabs Finn's arm and pulls him back.)

Scotty Adams: AGH FUCK IT! Phalanx! Wall! More security! All the security!

(Finn smiles the smallest smile before pulling his arm away from Tressler. The guards form another wall between Finn and Scotty, who slowly rises to his feet, clutching at his jaw.)

Finnegan Wakefield: You owe me a God damn explanation, Adams. What the hell were you and Thornton thinking?!

Scotty Adams: I think you knocked a filling loose...

Finnegan Wakefield: Answer Me...

Scotty Adams: just kidding, I have perfect teeth...

Finnegan Wakefield: Why did you cost me that match?! What the hell is your problem?!

(Scotty looks up at Finn, and a horrible smirk crosses his face.)

Scotty Adams: It's obvious...Finn...it's obvious to everyone but you...I DESERVE to be where you are. I DESERVE the recognition and adulation that you receive. Jon McAdams? Aria Jaxon? You? You don't. Not anymore. Yet here you stand, the Champ! Still on every poster and billboard...in front of me. So this little team up...this collaboration...between me and Isaac? It's all to get to You. You...your title...your career...THAT is the finish line. You...EMBARRASSED...me...and I am going to do everything that I can to bring you down. If that means siding with Isaac? So be it. If that means interfering in your matches? So be it. If it means going to your disgusting little caravan village in England...and turning every single one of those losers against you...So be it. I will not STOP...until that title is around MY waist...or I'm dead.

(Scotty, having lost the smirk during his speech, smiles a wide, gloating grin. He bends down and picks up his bag handle before staring Finn directly in the eyes.)

Scotty Adams: If it makes you feel better, its nothing personal...Finn...only business.

(With that, Scotty walks off, whistling his new theme music. Finn and Vernon glare at him as he walks off. Vernon is still holding Finn's arm.)

Finnegan Wakefield: ...Jesus Christ...you can let me go now... dammit...

(Finn rips his arm away and shoves one of the guards backwards before walking off towards his side of the arena...Vernon stands between the security guards.)

Vernon Tressler:why did you all move when he said to move? ... the hell is wrong with you?

Guard on Radio: "Still nothing, Boss."

(Vernon sighs...)

(The OWA logo buzzes...we transition into the OWA Arena as Lance Hart and Morgan Shaw are standing by amongst the crowd for our intro.)

Lance Hart: After an absence with Civil War and an off location event we are back in Philadelphia where we belong and it is business as usual - or as usual as it gets in this UNUSUAL environment! We are dealing with the aftermath of Civil War and it was apparent from that footage we got just now of earlier today. We have a major question - what is with this alliance between Thornton and Scotty? Why Scotty?

Morgan Shaw: I'll tell you why! The man went from major PPV headliner to being left off the cards! Him and Isaac are two of our biggest homegrown talents and if they got to create this union to get their due so be it. Tonight we'll be seeing both of them in action as Thornton takes on McAdams and Scotty takes on blue chipper Jeff X! We've got a whole lot of other stuff going down as well from Layne Kurobane's Spartan title open challenge to Goose taking on Mace to Kenny Drake and Scott Oasis meeting up.....

Lance Hart: To our opener this evening! Let's stop explaining what we got and start showing it off! Let's head to ringside with Julianna DeMarco!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Julianna DeMarco: The following contest, is scheduled for ONNEEE FALLL!!!!

Crowd: ONE FALL!

Take a little walk to the edge of town, go across the tracks

('Red Right Hand' by Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds plays. Nate Cage steps out onto the ramp with dry ice at his feet, resembling mist. He slowly, confidently walks down the entrance ramp, his eyes fixated on the ring, which he enters with a disarming smoothness.)

On a gathering storm comes a tall handsome man, in a dusty black coat with a RED RIGHT HAND!

(Nate shoots his hand wrapped in red tape into the sky in time with the iconic bell toll of the song. He has arrived.)

Julianna DeMarco: From Manchester, England, weighing in at 240 lbs, he is the Red Right Hand of Wolvesden..."The Righteous"...NAAAATEEEEE.....CAAAAAGGGGEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!

Lance Hart: Nate Cage showcasing a new theme song and new attitude it seems. He's looking a lot darker and dare I say, even more sadistic than ever. He has not took the loss to Bull Connors well in the God of War finals and feels like he needs to win tonight.

Morgan Shaw: I don't know if Nate Cage can be intimidated. It took two Revolution Bombs and a package piledriver to be put away at Civil War. He never even landed his own finisher in that

match. He's one of the toughest sons of bitches I've ever seen and I can see him going to an incredibly dark place to get the W tonight!

('Sweet Dreams' by Beyonce plays as a supremely confident Aria Jaxon steps out. She looks straight down the ring at Nate Cage and raises her eyebrows before striking her signature pose. Nate scowls at her mockery and has to be physically stopped by the referee from leaving the ring.)

Hart: Aria Jaxon is one of the best in the game and she is underneath Nate Cage's skin right now. He's in a fowl mood and she has no issues with stoking the flames a little. She was the ultimate victor in the War Games match at Civil War and now that Strong Style Wrestling has sadly shut its doors, she is 100% focused on being the top Alpha in the OWA.

Shaw: But you can't help but feel like there has to be a little bit of guilt on her part, Lance. She was the first ever SSW Puroresu Heavyweight Champion. She led the Phantom Troupe. That company built itself around her and as Nate Cage alluded to in his promo this week, that makes her partly responsible for its downfall!

(Aria suddenly breaks out into a sprint and darts into the ring, meeting Nate in the middle as the two exchange shots.)

(DING! DING! DING!)

Hart: AND WE'RE UNDER WAY! NO WASTED MOTIONS HERE FOLKS! THESE TWO ARE GOING AT IT RIGHT OUT OF THE GATE! THIS IS GONNA BE A DAMN FIGHT!

Shaw: Nate getting the advantage of the striking battle, the man's more than twice Aria's size, she's giving up 126 lbs to Cage and he's using every ounce of that power advantage! Relentless punches to Aria Jaxon's temple as she leans against the ropes and tries to get her hands up, she ducks a shot from Nate though and starts to hit back with kicks to the ribs! Nate's trying to block but she's got a decidedly large speed advantage here!

Hart: And Nate rolls out of the ring to collect himself, clutching his ribs- AND ARIA JAXON FOLLOWS UP WITH A SUICIDE DIVE! NATE IS SENT STUMBLING HALFWAY UP THE ENTRANCE RAMP!

Shaw: He's still on his feet though! As Aria runs full pelt at Cage and is met with with a brutal big boot! Oh God! Did you see how Aria's neck bounced off the ramp?! That was brutal!

Chet Kensington: ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Hart: The ref begins his count as a groggy Nate Cage rips Aria up and puts her on his shoulders. He's marching back to the ring with Aria Jaxon, carrying her like a sack of potatoes!

Chet Kensington: FIVE! SIX! SEVEN!

Shaw: Nate dumps her back in the ring. Aria Jaxon is looking unresponsive! Her head and neck hit that ramp hard! She might have a concussion!

Hart: And Nate with a disrespectful cover, just shoving his forearm into Aria's face!

Chet Kensington: ONNNNEEEEE!!!!

TWWWOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Shaw: Aria kicks out! But this was so unexpected! Nate Cage has almost put Jaxon out of commission right out of the gate! I don't think anyone was expecting this.

Hart: He's got a chip on his shoulder the size of Gibraltar and boy is it showing. Nate is bitter and he is violent, a deadly combination. He's getting Aria up now, looks like he's going for the Devil's Backbone already! But Aria Jaxon comes to life! She's hitting Cage with endless elbows to the top of his skull! Nate stumbles back and dumps Aria over the ropes, but Aria holds on and Nate hasn't realised! She's climbed to the top rope!

Shaw: Aria Jaxon with a diving meteora! The back of Nate Cage's head connects flush with the ring canvas! And now it's Nate Cage who's having a hurting laid on that neck!

Hart: Remember all those powerbombs and piledrivers he took from Bull Connors at Civil War. I'd wager Nate's neck is an ideal target for Ms. Jaxon! Nate is clutching his neck and screaming in agony!

Nate (w/o mic): FUCK YOU! YOU BITCH!

Aria (w/o mic): Oh honey, not if my life depended on it.

Shaw: Aria talking some smack to Nate Cage as she smiles wide, she has a weak point to home in on now! Nate's crawling to his knees and Aria bounces off the ropes, shining wizard to the back of the neck! Nate drops like a lead balloon! Cover!

Chet Kensington: ONNNEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!

TTTTWWWWWWOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Hart: Nate Cage gets his shoulder up on instinct alone! Aria Jaxon has found the crack in his armour early on and wants to end things sooner rather than later! She's waiting for him to get to his feet...PURPLE REIGN! NO! NATE GRABS ARIA'S FOOT AND SWEEPS THE LEG! ARIA

DROPS TO THE MAT AND GRABS HER NECK! THIS IS A BATTLE OF ATTRITION, WHO CAN SURVIVE THE LONGEST WITH THE SAME ISSUE?!

Shaw: Nate grabs Aria's left arm and pulls it up the sky as he presses his knee into the back of Aria's neck now, he's punishing her!

Nate (w/o mic): Talk shit now, cunt! Talk shit now!

Hart: Aria's screaming out, she's desperately reaching for the ropes but I don't see her moving anywhere. Surely she won't tap?!

Shaw: Nate continues to apply the pressure, but Aria is refusing to quit! He seems to be getting impatient and lets go of the hold to pull her up, looks like he's going for a brainbuster!

Hart: No! Aria slips out and lands on her feet and nails Nate in the neck with a forearm! He falls towards the corner and Aria follows up with a running knee strike- no! Nate moves out of the way as Aria bounces off the turnbuckle, German suplex! Aria sent crashing down on that neck! Nate keeps the hands clasped and pulls her up for another one, looks like he wants to suplex her into the turnbuckle this time!

Shaw: Aria roars to life though! Relentless elbows to Cage's face and he's forced to let go! Aria delivers a swift kick to the back of Nate's knee and he drops down slightly- ARIA JAXON WITH AN STO INTO THE TURNBUCKLE! THE BACK OF NATE CAGE'S NECK JUST GOT DESTROYED! AND HIS SCREAMS OF PAIN TELL THE STORY!

Nate (w/o mic): FUCK! AHHHH!!! GOD FUCKING DAMN IT! SHIT! CUNT!

Hart: Nate is leaning in the corner now, holding his neck tight and screaming profanities, Aria runs to the other corner, double knees to the grounded Nate Cage! That's gotta be it! Nate has gotta be done!

Chet Kensington: ONNNEEEEE!!!!

TWWWOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

THREEE-

Shaw: No! Nate Cage gets the shoulder up! He isn't going down without a fight! Aria Jaxon looks pretty damn frustrated, she was certain that she had it! Nate's stirring once more and Aria is setting up for something...

Hart: Oh God! Aria Jaxon just hit Nate Cage with a roundhouse kick to the head so hard that it sent his mouthguard flying into the third row!

Shaw: But Nate's not gone down... what the? He just looks pissed off! Nate Cage is looking at Aria Jaxon with pure rage and contempt! He shoots at her with a double leg takedown and is battering her with a barrage of punches! Nate Cage has snapped!

Hart: He's a sick man and Aria awoke something deep inside of him. He's thrown caution to the wind and is trying to cave her skull in! Aria's trying to defend herself but he won't quit! Aria Jaxon is all but knocked out now as Nate Cage gets to his feet, this crowd are booing relentlessly as he laughs and holds out his arms, welcoming the hostility!

Shaw: He's got one of the industry's biggest names dead to rights, he deserves to gloat! Aria is crawling to her knees now as Nate Cage removes his kneepad, this is gonna hurt!

Hart: SHINING WIZARD! NATE CAGE WITH A SHINING WIZARD OF HIS OWN TO THE BACK OF ARIA'S NECK. HE RETURNS THE FAVOUR WITH INTEREST IN THE FORM OF NO KNEEPAD! COVER!

Chet Kensington: ONNNNEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

TWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THHHHRRRRR-

Hart: BUT ARIA JAXON GETS THE SHOULDER UP! ARIA JAXON SURVIVES THAT TWISTED ASSAULT FROM NATE CAGE!

Shaw: Both of these Alphas are running on fumes right now. They're known for having great cardio and being able to go for a long time in matches, but the early damage to their necks has meant they're just looking to end things quickly to avoid further damage. Wait, what is Nate Cage doing?

Hart: He appears to be rolling out of the ring and heading into the crowd...is he, is he trying to retrieve his mouthguard?

Nate (w/o mic): Where is it? Where the fuck is it?!

Shaw: He appears to have found the fan who caught it, they might wanna hand that over if they know what's good for em!

Hart: Nate Cage just decked that poor crowd member! He sent him right down to the floor! Referee Chet Kensington has followed Nate out and is trying to control him, shouldn't he be counting?

Shaw: He's a damn idiot, Lance! Who knows what that dweeb's doing?

(Nate puts his mouthguard back in and shoves Chet away, hopping back over the barricade.)

Hart: Well, Nate's got what he wanted and- OH MY GOD! ARIA JAXON! ARIA JAXON! SPARKS FLY! SPARKS FLY! SHE JUST HIT THAT SOMERSAULT NECKBREAKER FROM THE TOP ROPE TO THE OUTSIDE ON NATE CAGE! NATE IS CONVULSING ON THE FLOOR! HE MIGHT HAVE A BROKEN NECK!

Shaw: That was freaking insane! And NOW Chet starts the count? Typical!

Chet Kensington: ONE! TWO! THREE!

Hart: Aria Jaxon is trying to lift Nate Cage to roll him back into the ring, but he's 240 lbs of dead weight right now, and she risks further damaging her own neck in attempting to lift him!

Chet Kensington: FOUR! FIVE! SIX!

Shaw: Aria appears to have given up and is waving Nate off with a dismissive gesture as she re-enters the ring. I know she doesn't want a count-out win but Nate's immobile right now!

Chet Kensington: SEVEN!

Hart: Nate's showing some signs of life! How the hell is Nate Cage moving! He's just moving his arm a little but he must be done for!

Chet Kensington: EIGHT!

Shaw: He's up to his knees! He looks like he has no idea where he is!

Chet Kensington: NINE!

Hart: He's got his hands on the ring apron but I really don't think-

Chet Kensington: TE-

Shaw: HE DOES IT! NATE CAGE ROLLS BACK INTO THE RING AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND! YES!

Hart: Aria's just laughing though, she wants to finish Nate off right here and right now. Here it comes...PURPLE REIG-

Shaw: NO! NATE CAGE SIDESTEPS AND PICKS THE ARM! CROSSFACE! CROSSFACE!
ON WHAT MUST BE INSTINCT ALONE, NATE CAGE HAS ARIA JAXON IN A CROSSFACE!

Hart: This is incredible! Nate Cage shouldn't be able to walk right now, let alone counter Aria Jaxon's best shot! The crossface puts so much pressure on the neck and Nate is pulling back with everything he's got! Aria is fingertips away from the ropes though!

Shaw: No! Nate releases the hold and pulls her into the middle of the ring and locks it in again! She's got nowhere to go! This has gotta be it! Tap out, Aria! Tap out!

Hart: How in God's name is she gonna escape this? Wait! She's kicking the back of Nate's neck with her heel! Brilliant! She won't stop! And Nate has to let go! The pain is too much!

(The crowd all cheer as Nate and Aria lie in the middle of the ring, exhausted.)

Shaw: These two have left it all in the ring tonight. They've put each other's bodies through hell, something's gotta give!

Hart: And they're both using each other as support to get to their feet, resting their heads on the other's shoulder as their eyes lock and looks of pure hatred adorn their faces! Aria hits Nate! Now Nate hits Aria! Aria to Nate! Nate to Aria! They're trading haymakers ladies and gentlemen!

Shaw: Aria winds up for a big punch- but Nate just grabs her fist and stops it mid-swing! Aria drops to her knees as Nate smiles! He's forced her to empty her gas tank but he's still got fuel to spare!

Hart: He's dragging her towards the corner now, pulling her up to the top rope, is he gonna hit it?!

Shaw: THE DEATH SENTENCE! T-BONE SUPLEX FROM THE TOP ROPE! THIS ONE'S OVER!

Hart: But what the hell?! Nate landed the move but there was so much momentum behind it that Aria Jaxon ricocheted off the mat and back up to her feet! But she's completely out of it, surely? Nate gets up and-

Shaw: PURPLE REIGN! NO FREAKING WAY!

Hart: ARIA JAXON HITS PURPLE REIGN AND BOTH ALPHAS COLLAPSE IN A HEAP! THEY JUST TRADED THEIR BEST SHOTS AND ARE OUT OF IT!

Chet Kensington: ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX!

Hart: Don't tell me that this ends in a draw! There has to be a winner!

Chet Kensington: SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!

Shaw: Hold up -- Chet pausing as he sees Nate Cage showing signs of life! Nate Cage is turning off of his back and dragging himself over to Aria Jaxon! He's inching closer and closer.....THERE HE IS, HE'S GOT THE ARM OVER HER! CHET DROPS DOWN TO COUNT!

Chet Kensington: ONNNNEEEEEEE!!! TWOOOOOOOO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

("Red Right Hand" plays for the second time this evening as Nate Cage pulls himself off of Aria Jaxon and motions his hand to the referee to raise it.)

Julianna DeMarco: The winner of this match.....NAAAAATTTEEEEE CAGGGGEEEE!!!

Hart: Well I'll be damned! Nate freakin' Cage came through and just gave Aria Jaxon her first loss on Kingdom! Nate Cage has been in a serious rut as far as big matches but tonight he was on another level, he somehow had more gas in the tank than our Queen and he seems to be getting into the moment heavily!

(Nate Cage pounds on the mat upon regaining his senses and lets out a terrifying yell as he leans against the ropes and seeths into the camera.)

Nate Cage: (w/o mic) The war is not lost yet, my friends! I still have many, many battles left in me and no Pay-Per-View loss is going to change that. Kingdom is being put on notice and you better believe I'm not done yet! Watch out tonight, watch out next week, watch out every time this show is on the air until my point is drilled into your skulls and I get some goddamn respect around here.

(Nate Cage rushes out of the ring and stamps up the ramp, crossing paths with Vernon Tressler who gives him a pat on the back as he goes to ringside clapping over the match.)

Hart: We have a guest out at ringside! Vernon Tressler seems like he was impressed with the match but I'm wondering why he had to leave his office to give his applause here?

Shaw: he's making his way over to Aria Jaxon who is still recovering and is looking to talk to her -- the first time they've talked since Aria chose to work with a dying SSW and went against OWA!

(As Aria Jaxon takes a knee and is holding onto the ropes while she shakes the cobwebs, Vernon talks to her.)

Vernon Tressler: A nice streak Aria. A real good run you had. If only you kept the same energy you had at Civil War, maybe you would have come out as the winner tonight. Still though, nice match you and Cage had. Figured I'd show you my appreciation.

(With that, Vernon Tressler backs away as Aria Jaxon watches him exit in annoyance -- still favoring her injuries. She holds her gaze on Vernon as we fade into commercial.)

(GRAPHIC: TONIGHT - JON MCADAMS TAKES ON ISAAC THORNTON IN OUR MAIN EVENT!)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

Juliana DeMarco: The following match is scheduled for one fall and is for the OWA Spartan Championship!

("Tuyo" by Rodrigo Amarante plays as the crowd begins roaring with boos. He pushes those around him away as he becomes disgusted as the fans try to touch him while he's making his way down the ramp. Once he enters the ring, Narcisa gives him a pep talk while he clenches on the chain around his fist with a face full of cockiness.)

Juliana DeMarco: Introducing first, from Tegucigalpa, Honduras, weighing in at 210 pounds...he is El Capitan....CAAAAAAAAAASSSSPPPPPIIIIIIIIAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Lance Hart: CASPIAN looks very cocky tonight and I'm sure he's pleased about the possibility that he could take the Spartan Title with him tonight. While I do have some issues with his tactics, CASPIAN is a creative yet aggressive competitor.

Morgan Shaw: You got that right! I'm putting my bets on CASPIAN, but I can't help but realize that this will be uphill battle for the challenger tonight. Layne has been a fighting champion and has overcome people who CASPIAN even couldn't, so El Capitan needs to think wisely.

('Stormbringer' by contRoVersy hits, as a focused Layne Kurobane intensely marches towards the ring. The crowd cheer wildly, but he is trying his hardest to tune them out, he can't afford to make any mistakes. Layne looks at CASPIAN and goes back to focusing on his title defense mindset.)

Lance Hart: The champion has arrived and looks more determined than ever. He prevailed last week but CASPIAN is a hell of a challenger he has to beat. Layne will have to depend on his skill and perseverance.

Morgan Shaw: I won't lie, Layne has impressed the hell out of me and has done the Spartan title well. He's made the Spartan title one of the top titles in OWA, but if he loses focus at any point in this match, his initiative to be a defending and reigning champion will definitely end.

Juliana DeMarco: And his opponent, from The Steel City, weighing in at 203 pounds...he is The OWA Spartan Champion, The Storm

Bringer....LAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
KUUUUUUUURRRRRROOOOOOOOOBAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: And the match begins with Layne not hesitating to maneuver himself behind CASPIAN, turning CASPIAN away from the turnbuckle and tosses him across the ring with a German Suplex! Layne showing his quickness here, causing CASPIAN to get back up angrily. El Capitan runs towards Kurobane and Layne slides under the Kingpin and drops him again with a neckbreaker! He's definitely got the upperhand as CASPIAN needs to reevaluate his strategy before he takes the L tonight!

Morgan Shaw: CASPIAN has to focus on the prize that he has been struggling to obtain since OWA's inception. However, Kurobane continues on the offense with a beautiful elbow drop on his challenger's chest! El Capitan holds onto his chest in pain and rolls away at Layne's second attempt at the same move. Layne grabs CASPIAN by the head, but El Capitan begins to send his sharp elbows to the champ's gut! Kurobane, holding onto his gut receives a hell of a kick to the head from Caspian!

Lance Hart: If the hits to the gut didn't faze him, the kick definitely did because the champion is now on the defense! Caspian grabs Layne by the hair and begins to stomp repeatedly on his head. Ref Chet Kensington begins to yell at Caspian for his scummy hair pulling while assaulting Kurobane! Chet shoves Caspian away and checks on Layne, but El Capitan is quick to move the ref away and continue wearing down the champion.

Morgan Shaw: There we go, Caspy! He's gotta use that Honduran aggression to beat down Layne; the less the champion can fight back, the easier the win. Layne's holding on to different parts of his body now, showing some pain early into this match. El Capitan continues to drag Layne by the hair and tosses him to the bottom turnbuckle and laughs sadistically as Narcisa watches with absolute glee. I love these two!

Lance Hart: Oh, brother, get a hold of yourself. Caspian has bad intentions for Kurobane as he begins to grab him by the legs in a swinging stance...What's he thinking about doing here?! Caspian's about to send Layne's head right against the rough turnbuckle- Layne kicks Caspian's knee and causes the challenger to get down on one of them! The Jack of All Trades capitalizes

and uses the rest of his strength in a headbutt directed CASPIAN's forehead! The Kingpin goes down! Layne lays over CASPIAN and goes for the pin.

Referee:

OOOOOONNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!.....TWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!.....THHHHHR-

Morgan Shaw: HA! SIKE! CASPIAN kicks out with ease. What does this kid think he's doing? At least he doesn't seem too surprised, but Narcisa is now yelling at CASPIAN to get up and take the advantage. Layne starts dragging his body toward the middle rope while The King of Carnage begins to realize what just hit him. Kurobane manages to get back on his feet while El Capitan is on his knees and now he begins to calculate his shot. CASPIAN is up and DRAGON PUNCH! CASPIAN GOES BACK TO THE GROUND AFTER MEETING A VICIOUS PUNCH TO THE NOSE.

Lance Hart: AW, WHAT THE HELL?! Before Layne can react, Narcisa jumps to the top rope, causing a distraction for not only the Spartan Champ but also Chet Kensington! Narcisa is yelling obscenities at The Stormbringer but Chet Kensington is threatening to throw her out! This is disgusting and oh, really?! CASPIAN BLINDSIDES LAYNE WITH ONE OF THE LOUDEST BACKSTABBERS I'VE EVER HEARD IN MY LIFE!

Morgan Shaw: I just cringed at how Layne's back just bent against the Kingpin's knees. Narcisa laughs in Layne's face as Caspian drags The Stormbringer to the middle of the ring. What's he thinking about doing now? OH YEAH, THIS HAS GOTTA BE OVER! El Capitan implements the crossface and this might just be over for Layne's reign! Layne begins to yell in pain, waving his arms around, trying to find a way out of the excruciating hold.

Lance Hart: I don't know how well this will go, but the Spartan Champ is desperate right now. If he doesn't figure something out now he'll be forced to either submit or pass out; either way CASPIAN will win the belt if so! The Champ's about to tap! Huh?! Somehow Kurobane is trying his best to slip out of the hold, but I think he may have figured something else out! Layne uses the side of his head against CASPIAN's, causing him to loosen his hold! The tides have absolutely changed!

Morgan Shaw: Indeed, Lance! It's anyone's game now as each man tries to get up first. Layne is holding onto his arm and back, but on one of his knees, as is CASPIAN. CASPIAN exchanges a strong right to Layne and he reciprocates with an elbow from his good arm! Punch! Elbow! Punch! Elbow! Both men have managed to get off their knees and are exchanging these series of blows! Another one from Kurobane and CASPIAN is extra groggy! CASPIAN TRIES TO GO LOW WITH A KICK BUT LAYNE CATCHES HIS LEG AND LANDS ONE LAST HEADBUTT!

Lance Hart: LAYNE'S NOT DONE YET! LARIATOOOOO!!!!!! The heat seeking lariat connects and CASPIAN is down for the count. The Master of None heads to the top rope and shows the world his beautiful Plus Ultra! The Shooting Star Senton connects and this one may be over folks! Kurobane goes for the pin as Narcisa yells at CASPIAN to kick out!

Referee:

OOOOOONNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!.....TWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!.....THHHHHRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Juliana DeMarco: Here is your winner, and STILL YOUR OWA Spartan
Champion....LAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
KUUUUUUUURRRRRROOOOOOOOOBAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Lance Hart: And that's all she wrote! What a bout between some of Kingdom's finest talents ladies and gentlemen. Both men gave it their all in the ring and Layne is very aware that CASPIAN nearly had him at some points throughout their battle. Kurobane holds his title and walks to CASPIAN, lending him a hand to get up. What a class act, even treating human scum as an equal.

Morgan Shaw: CASPIAN reluctantly accepts his offer and both men don't let go of each other's hands. The champion and the challenger shake hands, what a sight to see! I'm glad to see the work ethic and respect that Layne brings to the title, continuing the legacy of his predecessors.

Lance Hart: Layne Kurobane with a hell of a first defense and now he's asking for a microphone, perhaps to celebrate his win?

Layne Kurobane: Tonight I went through hell and yet I still survived. There was some doubt if I would be able to beat the mighty CASPIAN, but I proved the doubters wrong. I may feel tired, I may be beaten up, but right now I'm as proud as ever. I feel the way I've wanted to ever since I entered OWA and started chasing after the Monoliths of the world: like a champion. A respected, fighting champion. I knew once I won this title that I had major shoes to fill and heavy expectations to meet -- expectations that I will exceed time after time when given the opportunity! I want to be the best champion in OWA and with that, I'm ready next person who's willing to go one on one against me! Who wants dibs, come on, let's make it first come first serve. Who's going to accept the challenge so we can make this official?

(Layne Kurobane drops his microphone and waits in the ring, seeming puzzled at nobody having taken up his offer yet until "Kick in The Sticks" by Brantley Gilbert hits the PA system.)

Lance Hart: ...It's....Jeff X! The fast rising blue chipper is out here and he's going to challenge the champ! This would be a huge night for him, booking a title match with Layne for this month then beating Scotty Adams tonight! We could see the genesis of Jeff - What in the world?! It's Nate Cage and he's got a bone to pick against Jeff X! Cage lariats X into the LED lights with authority! Jeff hits the LED hard as Nate Cage stands over him, smiling and looking at Layne. Kurobane is covered with a look of confusion as Nate Cage drags Jeff X away from the opportunity that was rightfully his!

Morgan Shaw: Nate Cage dragging X to his feet - an overwhelmed X tries to stop him by swinging with a right hand but Cage stops him with a knee to the gut! No, no, no! Nate Cage grabs Jeff X and THROWS him off the stage! Jeff X goes tumbling to the ground, rolling around in agony as security are now pushing Nate Cage away as the damage has been done! Nate Cage was incensed when we saw him before the commercial break and he said he was not done proving his point tonight, it looks like he came back out to let everyone know that he was not lying as he just made an example of Jeff X! EMTs heading toward Jeff X to try and help him out as Layne is still in that ring flabbergasted at what just went down!

Lance Hart: Can you blame him? He was about to have a major defense set in stone for down the line with Jeff X but it seems like his open invite is back on the table. Given the uncomfortable circumstances we just witnessed it might be a good idea to wait a week before looking for potential contenders....or, come on, we already have another guest making their way to the OWA Arena? Reginald Dampshaw is literally pushing past the EMTs helping out Jeff and has a microphone in hand!

Reginald Dampshaw III: It seems like my late arrival worked out in the end given the events that have transpired. It's a damn shame what just happened to you X, rest up before you match tonight, but you just gave me an opportunity to set myself up for success. Now Layne you said it yourself you're looking to find out who would be down to challenge you next and right now you're looking at the guy who is more than up for the task! You are someone I've been scouting since I got here. There are a lot of admirable attributes about you, Kurobane. You want to usher in a new era with the Spartan Championship. You want to set new heights as a competitor. You want to be the best in this movement that is Omega Wrestling Alliance. You have all of these goals for yourself and I can respect all of that. I relate to them actually. Since entering mainstream television I've been regarded as a person to watch out for in this new wave of professional wrestling and now that I'm in this different environment of OWA I know I can reach my full potential as one of the leaders of this latest crop of major stars. You and I want the same things so if anyone would be a proper opponent for you, a true, legitimate equal unlike that goof CASPIAN it would be ME! I know it and you know it so instead of wasting my time "developing" a reputation like I did previously I'm just going to jump right in to the spot where I belong. I might only be a few matches deep in this company but I have years of credibility preceding me. If you can beat me after I give you the best match of your career, arguably the best match to air on Kingdom, then you can truly call yourself the best Layne. Let's get this sorted out with Vernon ASAP, Layne - bet on me to give you the challenge you want.

(Layne Kurobane doesn't even bother reaching down for his microphone, instead pleasantly shaking his head as he is intrigued at who stands before him. The crowd cheers at his approval as they anticipate the match that is down the line.)

Morgan Shaw: Would you look at this?! A real challenger has emerged in RD3! Reginald Dampshaw III has taken Layne's offer and it looks like the champ has accepted it! What will come of what may be the biggest opportunity RD3 has received on his time in Kingdom?! When is Vernon gonna set it up and when it does happen will Layne's reign continue or come to a screeching halt?

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(Back from Commercial Break, 'Introvert - Rich Brian ft. Joji' plays as Mace removes his jacket and slides into the ring and poses on the second rope to the crowd)

Lance Hart: Ladies and Gentleman, welcome back to Kingdom as we look towards our next singles match between the Goose and Mace. Now last time, the Goose attacked Mace after his match. The Goose has since established that the Mace would be his new nemesis going forward, and set out to make his life a living hell.

Morgan Shaw: The reasoning isn't clear, but I'm sure after that assault, the Mace wants this match just as much as Goose. Mace, already in the ring shaking the ropes in anticipation.

Announcer: The following is a singles match set for one fall or submission. Introducing first, from Long Island, New York weighing in at 185lbs.... He is the Psychedelic Psychopath.....
MAAAAAAAAAACE!!

Lance Hart: Mace is all psyched up for this confrontation, but I'm sure the Goose is all giddy about it, essentially fangirling all over him. Obsessing over him.

('Black in Black' by Santana feat. Nas plays as the arena dims purple and smokes fills the stage. Fan give mixed reaction..... only to go silent as The Goose doesn't appear..... the music stops)

Morgan Shaw: Um.... Where is he? The Goose. You can't tell me he is going to no show after all that hype he made?

Lance Hart: Nah, It's the Goose, you know he's always trying that weird mind games stuff to mess with his opponents. Mace is confused, just like the rest of us, but it looks likes Mace is gonna try to make his way to the back of the stage and find Goose.

('L's Theme' composed by Yoshihisa Hirano and Hideki Taniuchi plays and Mace stops mid-way through the ramp.)

Morgan Shaw: Who is that come from the back? A Figure in a white suit and figure is emerging and stops at the ramp. Mace moving forward... BUT BEHIND THE FIGURE!! ANOTHER MASKED FIGURE.

Lance Hart: HE'S HUGE!! JUST LOOK AT HIM TOWER OVER THE OTHER GUY! This isn't looking good for Mace who hesitates now. This might just become a two on one assault.

Morgan Shaw: LOOK, FROM UNDER THE RING!! 1... NO 2.... NO... 3 OTHER FIGURES ARE COMING OUT!! MACE... LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!! And the two nail Mace from behind. The other one, a woman. She looks familiar..... Is that..... Revy?

Lance Hart: Who?

Morgan Shaw: The Gooses' twin sister. What is she doing here?! She's commanding those two other men, and then send Mace into the barricade. The men are now grabbing and tossing Mace in the ring now. The first man slides in, but Mace throwing some punches, but the numbers games starting to catch up to him.

Lance Hart: Mace is pinned into the corner now, and one of the figure charges with a huge splash! The other two guys are making their way to the ring now. Mace is being held in place now. The figure in white grabs Mace by the chin, only for Mace to defiantly spit on the mask.

Morgan Shaw: Revy now with a kick to the gut, but the man in white pulls her off. He signals the two to release Mace, Mace is pushed forward... and right into the monster.... HE PLACES HIS HAND IN THE MOUTH... HE APPLIES THE MANDIBLE CLAW!! THAT'S NOT ALL! HE'S LIFTING HIM IN THE AIR NOW....AND SLAMS IN IN THE CENTER OF THE RING!

Lance Hart: IT'S NOT OVER!! THE MONSTER CONTINUES TO PRESS DOWN ON THE NERVE AS MACE GET'S MANHANDLED HERE. MACE SQUIRMING AS THE FIGURE IN WHITE APPROACHES HIM. He removes the mask..... IT'S THE GOOSE!

Morgan Shaw: Of course it is! But what is going on here?! Goose making sure Mace knows who is responsible as he starts to pass out, he's fading... fading... and now..... lifeless. The monster still refusing to let go, but The Goose snaps his fingers.

Lance Hart: The Monster releases, just how powerful is this man. Who is he?! The Goose pushes him to the side now, the fans are booing. Goose approaches Mace, and look at that! He's going for the Elbow. Goose gesturing for the FOR THE BOYS ELBOW! He runs off the ropes, and rebounds off the others, he goes for the elbow drop!.... NO A FEINT AS HE ROLLS AND LAYS ON THE SIDE.

Morgan Shaw: Goose with a smug look on his face as he lays there before slapping Mace on the face before getting himself back up. The Goose making his way out of the arena now. If you weren't sure to cheer or boo this man now, the answer should be clear as day now. The Monster follows.

Lance Hart: Revy and the other two are still in the ring now. Revy screaming and demanding more be done. Goose with his back turn, turning his head to the side. He raises his arm in the air now... and motions the thumbs down!

Morgan Shaw: Revy with a huge grin on her face as she tells the Boys to go up to the top ropes now.... Both of them perched at the top now. Goose and the monster slowly making his way to the back, not even batting an eye on what is happening behind them. The Boy leap.....
DOUBLE FROGSPLASH TO MACE!!

(The fan boo and toss trash into the ring as Revy and the Boys celebrate.)

Lance Hart: Can someone get Mace some help here?! The man has just been assaulted.

Morgan Shaw: Goose making a statement tonight, but I wasn't expecting this. He didn't just bring it, he brought a whole gang. Revy and the Boys making their way up the ramp now, meeting the Goose and the monster on stage.

Lance Hart: Goose and Revy raising their arms in victory. Oh they must be so proud of themselves, but what about that ... thing. Who or what is that?

Morgan Shaw: I don't know man, EMTs checking on Mace now as both the McQueen celebrate on stage. Folks, we'll get to the bottom of this. But until then, let's hope Mace a speedy recovery, and stay tune as Kingdom continues.

(Commercial Break)

Cori: Ladies and Gentleman, welcome back, as we just witnessed The Goose and a group of other people assault Mace before their match can even happen. I have here, right now, the Goose. Please Goose, can you go ahead and tell us, who are these guys and why did you do what you did just now?

The Goose: Cori Simmons. Sweet naïve Cori..... It's not Goose..... It's Moongoose.

(Moongoose walks away as the monster, and the boys follow. Revy looks directly at the camera, mouthing "Hai Mom" before following them. Cori Simmons looks on in confusion trying to make sense what has happened.)

(We cut to the backstage area as Jeff X is seen in his locker room, grimacing in pain as he tries to put on his T-Shirt before heading out to the ring. He manages to do it but not longer after goes back to holding his ribs, muttering under his breath.)

Jeff X: Fucking Cage.....

“Cage isn’t who you should be worrying about, Jeffrey.”

(Jeff X turns around to see an unwanted visitor: Scotty Adams with Isaac Thornton in tow.)

Scotty Adams: He did you a favor honestly. You had no business trying to look ahead to the Spartan Championship - the belt I made famous, when you’ve barely cut your teeth here and have a tall order like me to deal with tonight. I am your focus right now. Me. Not Cage. Not Layne. Not all the fans in the stands gassing you up, not even that little injury you have; just Scotty Adams. The Silver Bullet. The person who before you were around was the number one rising star in Omega Wrestling Alliance. If anything has deserved your attention more than anything in your entire career it would be this match and if you didn’t know already, we’re up next. So hustle.

(Scotty Adams starts to head out as Isaac Thornton lags behind, choosing to stay and give some words to Jeff.)

Isaac Thornton: Have a good match out there, buddy.

(Isaac Thornton gives “playful” punch to the side, obviously aggravating Jeff’s injury as he winces in pain. Isaac Thornton smirks after seeing the result and heads off laughing to himself.)

(GRAPHIC: Scotty Adams vs. Jeff X - NEXT!)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

Julianna DeMarco: The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!!!

The beginning of Stria's 'Red Hour' can be heard blasting out of the PA system, as the lights dim, save for a hazy maroon spotlight that shines on a currently empty stage, before a silhouette can be made out of a male figure, standing just behind the spotlight with his hands extended out in a cross formation, before the spotlight expands to reveal that the figure is wearing a black 'Adidas' hoodie (with the hood up, concealing his identity at this time), Maroon/Purple/Gold wrestling rights and black/blue 'Asic' sneakers Raising his right hand, the figure slowly pushes the hood off, revealing that it is none other than Scotty Adams.

Slightly smirking, he begins to make his way down the ramp as the lights return to their normal radiance, each step with a swagger about it that to some, could very well border on arrogance

--- to others, it is just another exhibit of the belief, the confidence that exudes itself from Scotty, born from a meticulous attention to detail he has. Running his hands down his body, he once again extends them out into a cross, only this time he accomplishes it with a quick flick of the wrists once he reaches full extension and pauses to allow the crowd a moment to let everything sink in.

Julianna DeMarco: Introducing first, from Melbourne, Australia, weighing in at 185 lbs...SCOOOTTTTYYY AAADDDAAMMMSSSS!

Lance Hart: I know I'm supposed to be an unbiased reporter, but I can't deny that after Scotty Adams turned his back on OWA while aligning himself with Isaac Thornton of all people, that I will be rooting against him.

Morgan Shaw: You're right...you are supposed to be unbiased. Do your job right, Hart! Walking around the ring, he slowly takes his jumper off; handing it to one of the attendants at ringside, before making his way up the steel steps in the near right hand side corner and smirking as he glances out to the crowd once more, before stepping between the middle and top rope; turning his full attention and focus to the task at hand.

Julianna DeMarco: And his opponent...

"Kick It In The Sticks" by Brantley Gilbert starts blaring over the speakers as the audience erupts to a chorus of cheers. But after a few moments, no one comes out to the ramp.

Lance Hart: Well that is Jeff X's music. But...there's no Jeff X.

Morgan Shaw: Look!

Jeff X walks slowly from the back, clutching his ribs yet still with a determined look on his face.

Lance Hart: I was wondering how the attack from Nate Cage earlier would affect Jeff X, and I think I got my answer! Should he even be out here right now?

Morgan Shaw: He's a wrestler, Hart. Injured or not, the show must go on!

Julianna DeMarco: From Askin, North Carolina, weighing in at 285 Lbs....JEEEEEEEEEEFFFFXXXXXXXXXXXX!

Jeff X enters the ring and winces. The referee goes over and checks on him and asks him if he is ok to wrestle. Jeff nods and the referee goes to call for the bell but without hesitation, Scotty

Adams runs at X and sends a boot to his midsection. X falls down to one knee and Adams continues kicking X in the midsection.

Lance Hart: C'mon, Scotty! At least wait until the match actually starts!

Morgan Shaw: He saw an opportunity and he took it. That's called being smart!

(The referee grabs Adams off of X and reprimands him. Adams backs off, with a smirk on his face. The referee checks on X again who this time pushes the referee off and yells at him to start the match. The referee shrugs and calls for the bell.)

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: Jeff X uses the time apart from Adams' attack to collect himself. He motions for Adams to come at him and they lock up. Adams then sends a knee into X's ribs again as X falls down to his knees again. Adams shakes his head and looks disappointed at his opponent. He picks X up and hits him with a European uppercut, causing X to fall back into the ropes. Adams Irish whips him and sends yet another knee to his midsection. X falls to his knees. Adams runs and comes back with a running knee strike. Adams goes for the cover.

Referee: ONNEE!!! TWOOO!!! - KICKOUT!

Lance Hart: It's been all Adams so far, but is that really something he should be proud of?

Morgan Shaw: The hell are you talking about, Hart? He's whipping his ass. That's all that matters.

Lance Hart: Adams begins kicking X in the chest and after a few kicks, begins playing to the crowd. The audience begins booing Adams, which seems to only fuel Adams more. He begins walking around the ring with his hands in the air.

Morgan Shaw: Congratulate yourself, Scotty! You deserve it!

Lance Hart: The match isn't over yet! Adams walks over to X to pick him up...but X rolls him up! Cover!

Referee: ONNEE!!! TWOOO!!! KICKOUT!!

Lance Hart: That's what happens when you screw around and act like a jackass!

Morgan Shaw: X gets up gingerly, helping himself up with the ropes. Adams walks over to X but X elbows him in the stomach. He waits for Adams to stand up and lights him up with a knife edge chop. And another. And another! Adams pushes X away and X pushes him as well. Adams runs to X but X picks him and slams him down with a spinebuster.

Lance Hart: That was one hell of a spinebuster!

Morgan Shaw: Yeah, sure. But he's not going for the cover.

Lance Hart: You mean like when Adams did it earlier?

Morgan Shaw: Whatever. There's a match going on. Back to the action, X yells down at Adams to get up. Adams does and X jumps and hits him with a dropkick! Scotty hitting the canvas hard there as X makes the cover.

Referee: ONNNEEE!!! TWOOOOOO!!! KICKOUT!!!

Lance Hart: Jeff X finally asserting himself here. Both men stand and stare at each other. Adams rubs his face while X is still clutching at his ribs. Both men go to lock up but Adams thumbs X in the eye. The referee reprimands Adams who pushes the referee aside.

Lance Hart: Call the damn match off, ref! Are there no rules in this damn company?

Morgan Shaw: Rules are meant to be broken. I keep telling you, Hart. Anything to get the upper ha-

Lance Hart: SOUTHERN MAYHEM OUTTA NOWHERE!

(X slowly rolls over and covers Adams.)

Referee: ONNNEEE!!! TWWWOOOO!!!

Lance Hart:THRRRRR-NO! KICKOUT! X is still too injured to make the cover in enough time. But it was close! X hits the mat in frustration while Adams holds his neck while on his back. X picks Adams up and goes for a belly to belly suplex but Adams boxes X's ears and blocks the suplex. Adams runs for the ropes but when he comes back, X slams him down with a fast powerslam. X pops up and walks towards the corner.

Morgan Shaw: What is this idiot doing? Go for the pin!

Lance Hart: I can't say that I disagree with you on this one, Morgan. X gets on the top rope and jumps for a diving elbow drop....but Adams quickly moves out of the way, causing X to slam down on his side.

Morgan Shaw: What did I say? What did I say? Idiot. Adams takes the advantage as X rolls on his stomach on locks him in a surfboard submission. He cranks on his arms causing X's arms to be strained and putting even more pressure on his ribs

Lance Hart: Adams with a crazed look in his eye! He's just wrenching this hold on Jeff X! The referee is asking X to quit but he's yelling no. Adams continues pulling on X, but then X rolls Adams on his back! Adams' shoulders are down!

Referee: ONNEE!!! TWOOOOO!!!

Lance Hart: KICKOUT!

Adams quickly gets up and kicks X in the lower back. And another one. Adams yells at X to get up. X gets to his knees and runs at X, punting him square in the ribs.

Morgan Shaw: Jesus Christ, what a kick!

Lance Hart: That was a sickening sound! Adams picks X up and throws X's arm around his head. He lifts him up into a Northern Lights Suplex and follows with a Brainbuster --Melbourne Lights!

Morgan Shaw: Adams picks X up again and gets him in a reverse double leg slam position trapping the legs. He then jumps and drives X DOWN ON HIS HEAD -- SHATTERED FAITH! SHATTERED FAITH! It's over! Adams makes the cover!

Referee: ONNNEE!!! TWWOOO!!! THRRREEEEEE!!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

(“Red Hour” plays yet again as Scotty Adams rises to his feet and has his hand raised.)

Julianna DeMarco: And your winner...SCOOOTTTTYYY AAADDDAAMMMSSSS!

Lance Hart: Dammit! Jeff X had a disadvantage coming in this match hurt, but I'd be lying if I wasn't impressed with Scotty Adams tonight. He had a killer's edge this entire match.

Morgan Shaw: And what a match it was, Hart! Sure, X put up a valiant fight, but Scotty Adams is just on another level. And you can thank Isaac Thornton!

Lance Hart: You have to wonder if Scotty Adams will return the favor! They're heading to the back to regroup and in a matter of moments Thornton will be back out to take on Jon McAdams!

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(The back office of Vernon Tressler. The poor man has already been through a lot already, and you can read his stress on his face. He looks down at his phone, muttering to himself, before being interrupted by a knock at the door.)

Vernon Tressler: Yeah, come in.

(The door swings open. Niki Khan steps into the room, followed shortly by Kenny Drake. Kenny removes his sunglasses as Niki hops up and sits on Vernon's desk. Vernon is the personification of unimpressed.)

Vernon Tressler: Kenny. Niki.

Niki Khan: Vernon.

Kenny Drake: What is it?

Vernon Tressler: How are you?

Kenny Drake: Tired. Of you wasting time, mainly. Why did I have to come to Philly?

Vernon Tressler: Well...it's been awhile...you haven't made an appearance here in awhile.

Kenny Drake: Yeah, it's been nice.

Vernon Tressler: While I wholeheartedly agree with you on that point, it is still in your contract to be here...you know...at your job.

Kenny Drake: And here I am, still having my time wasted. Well done, Boss. Big money moves.

Niki Khan: How is this not a phone call, Vern? You know we value our privacy.

Vernon Tressler: Frankly, after all the bullshit you two and your gang have caused? I don't care at ALL about what you value. You're here because you two are obligated to be here. AND, because I promised you would be.

Kenny Drake: ...promised Who?

Vernon Tressler: Heh...

(A knock on the door. Actually, more of a slam. A Christmas ham being thrown against the door. The sound startles Kenny, making him jump slightly. The door swings open...)

Kenny Drake: whatthefu-

(Scott Oasis stomps in, grinning from ear to ear as he makes a beeline for Kenny.)

Scott Oasis: Nowhere to run now, you little shit!

Vernon Tressler: Actually...there will be no violence here tonight...not from you two, at least.

(Oasis looms over Kenny, damn near foaming at the mouth. Kenny simply looks up at him, smiling an infuriating smile.)

Kenny Drake: Even when I'm right in front of you, you can't get to me...pathetic...

Scott Oasis: He hasn't told you yet, has he?

Kenny Drake: ...what the hell are you talking about? The fuck is he talking about, Tressler?

(Vernon smiles and steps forward. He places a hand on Kenny's shoulder.)

Vernon Tressler: Next week...you and Scott are going to have a match.

Kenny Drake: WHAT?!

Vernon Tressler: It will be you two...against the other living ulcers, Scotty Adams and Isaac Thornton.

Kenny Drake: WHAT?!?!?

Vernon Tressler: AND? There's stipulations. I want you two to work together on this one...mainly Cos it's funny to watch you squirm...so if you two win, then Kenny, you get to pick the stipulation for your match with Scott Oasis...

Kenny Drake: What Match?!

Scott Oasis: I told you...you can't run forever...

Kenny Drake: Shut the fuck up! Tressler!

Vernon Tressler: And if you LOSE...then Scott Oasis gets to pick the stipulation.

(Kenny simply stands, mouth agape, staring at Vernon. Tressler shrugs and smiles.)

Vernon Tressler: I would start working on my people skills if I were you, Kenny...good luck!

Scott Oasis: See you next week...partner.

(Scott Oasis lets out a loud belly laugh as he turns and walks out. Vernon chuckles to himself. Kenny remains frozen in place, staring into the middle distance. Oasis' laugh resonates through the halls...)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

Julianna DeMarco: The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!!!

("Breakout" by Through Fire blasts over the PA system and Isaac Thornton makes his way out onto the stage to a chorus of boos from the audience. He stares out at the crowd smugly, as if he's enjoying their negative reaction towards him, before making his way down the ramp and stepping into the ring.)

Julianna DeMarco: Introducing first...from Los Angeles, California...weighing in at 190 lbs...IIIIIISSSSAAAAAACCCCC
TTTTTHHHOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRNNNNTTTTTOOOOOONNNN!!!

Lance Hart: We're getting ready for yet another big matchup here on Kingdom, as Isaac Thornton prepares for action. He didn't actually have a match at Civil War, but he made his presence felt in a big way by interfering in Finnegan Wakefield's matchup with Jaydane Pendragon. Isaac and Scotty Adams interference would ultimately wind up costing Finnegan and OWA the match.

Morgan Shaw: I'm sure Wakefield isn't too happy about that, Lance, but it appears that Isaac and Scotty have formed some sort of an alliance and that could spell trouble for not just Finnegan, but the entire Kingdom locker room.

(The lights turn off and flash to the kick drum as "Faust" by Silent Armada plays. Jon McAdams appears center stage as the piano playing gets more complicated. As the beat drops he raises his hand in the air, holding an imaginary glass before making his way down to the ring. He steps inside and stares across the ring at Isaac Thornton.)

Julianna DeMarco: And his opponent...from London, England...weighing in at 210 lbs...JOOOOOONNNNNN MMMMMCCCCCAAAAAADDDDAAAAAAMMMMMSSSS!!!

Lance Hart: Jon McAdams, while also not competing at Civil War, was there to lend a helpful hand to Finnegan Wakefield by leaving his spot at the commentary booth to prevent Thornton and Adams from causing any further damage to the OWA World Champion.

Morgan Shaw: But despite that, we know that McAdams only has one thing on his mind and that's becoming World Champion himself. He's made it clear that every step he takes from here on out is with that one goal in mind.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: And we are underway here in Philadelphia as the two lock up in the center of the ring. McAdams get the early strength advantage and backs Thornton up into the turnbuckle. Upon having him there, he immediately releases the lockup and lays a sick chop right to the chest of Thornton. He doesn't stop there however as he delivers another...and another!

Morgan Shaw: Isaac Thornton's chest has already turned a bright shade of red as McAdams continues to lay chop after chop into Thornton. Finally McAdams gives Thornton a break from the chops as he drags him back to the center of the ring and plants him with a DDT.

Lance Hart: McAdams then immediately rolls over and locks the downed Thornton into a headlock. You have to be impressed by the aggressiveness that McAdams has come out here showing early on in this matchup.

Morgan Shaw: But Isaac is slowly beginning to make his way back to his feet, despite still being in that headlock. He's up now and pushes McAdams' back into the ropes, using the momentum from McAdams' springing off of the ropes to push him towards and opposite ropes and slide out of that headlock.

Lance Hart: McAdams returns to Isaac with a clothesline, but Isaac ducks underneath it and runs at the ropes. He springboards off of them and twists around, landing a cross body on the Sovereign one. Isaac remains on top of him going for the first pinfall of the matchup.

Referee: OOOONNNNNNEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWOOOOO!!!...

Morgan Shaw: And McAdams gets caught off guard by that cross body, but manages to kick out before the count of three. Both men now quickly get back to their feet, but Thornton delivers a hard kick to the midsection of McAdams, doubling him over. Isaac then delivers a lightning fast snap suplex to McAdams. He wastes no time getting up and bouncing off of the ropes, leaping high into the air and landing a knee drop right to the forehead of McAdams.

Lance Hart: Isaac is clearly in control now as he grabs McAdams by the back of the neck and drags him to his feet. He throws one of McAdams' arms over his head and lifts him high into the air. He's going for the Crown of Misery!

Morgan Shaw: But McAdams has wriggled free, twisting and landing on his feet behind Isaac Thornton. He grabs the LA native by the shoulders and delivers a devastating backstabber! McAdams immediately follows it up by hooking Thornton's leg and going for a pin of his own.

Referee: OOOOONNNNNEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWOOOOO!!!...

THR-

Lance Hart: And Isaac kicks out at two! McAdams appears slightly frustrated but he quickly gets back up and runs, bouncing off of the ropes. He returns to the still downed Thornton by leaping into the air and delivering a double foot stomp right to the chest of Isaac Thornton!

Morgan Shaw: Thornton rolls out of the ring, clutching his chest in pain. He's clearly looking for a reprieve from the assault that the Englishman is putting on him, but McAdams has no interest in giving him that reprieve. He steps through the ropes, following Isaac out onto the ringside floor.

Lance Hart: McAdams grabs Isaac by the back of his head and goes to slam his face into the ringside barrier, but Isaac puts his hand on the barrier, blocking the attack. He delivers an elbow directly to McAdams ribs and then grabs McAdams' head, slamming him face first into the barrier instead!

Morgan Shaw: McAdams drops to one knee now as he clutches onto the railing to avoid going completely down. Isaac Thornton turns and slides back into the ring, but he doesn't stay there long as he runs and springboards off of the far ropes. He then dives through the ropes and hits a suicide dive on McAdams who had JUST turned around.

Lance Hart: McAdams is down outside the ring now, but Isaac quickly yanks him to his feet and shoves him under the bottom rope and back into the ring. Isaac follows him inside and immediately goes to pull McAdams back up to his feet.

Morgan Shaw: However, McAdams shoves Thornton making him stumble backwards several feet. Thornton looks enraged by that and charges at McAdams now. SUPER KICK! Thornton charged straight into the right foot of Jon McAdams as he pulled that Super Kick out of absolutely nowhere. McAdams rolls over onto Thornton for the cover and this might be it!

Referee: OOOONNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTWWWWOOOOO!!!...

THHHRRREEE---

Lance Hart: No! Thornton gets his shoulder up at the last second and this match shall continue! McAdams' yells in anger, but despite his frustration, manages to maintain his focus on the task at hand. He grabs Thornton by the back of his neck and drags him to his feet. Still holding onto his neck McAdams delivers a stiff headbutt right to the skull of Thornton. Thornton drops to one knee and McAdams delivers yet another headbutt that sends Thornton completely back down to the mat.

Morgan Shaw: This crowd is going nuts in support of McAdams right now and he is absolutely feeling it. He's motioning for Thornton to get back to his feet, which he's slowly beginning to do. McAdams positions himself behind Thornton and as soon as he's completely up he moves in and hits the Kingbreaker!

Lance Hart: No he doesn't! Isaac Thornton flipped out of it! He landed on his feet behind McAdams and quickly strikes with a Bulldog! Thornton jumps right back to his feet afterwards and hits a standing moonsault!

Morgan Shaw: Again, Isaac Thornton leaps back to his feet and runs, springboarding off of the ropes. He dives and rolls across the mat....he hits the ROLL CREDITS!

Lance Hart: Isaac could go for the pin right here, but he has something else in mind! He walks over to the corner and climbs the turnbuckle. He sizes McAdams up for a moment before leaping from the top connecting with a diving elbow drop! This time Isaac does go for the pin as the referee begins his count!

Referee: OOOOONNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTWWWWWWOOOOO!!!...

TTTTHHHHRRRRREEEEEEEE-

Morgan Shaw: NO! Again, McAdams kicks out before the three count. McAdams wants to get himself into that world title conversation once again more than anything in the world and he knows that a loss here to Thornton would be a devastating blow towards that goal. You have to admire the resiliency that he's showing here tonight, refusing to lose.

Lance Hart: But Isaac is back up now just waiting on McAdams to begin to stir. He's sizing McAdams up and clearly has something in mind. McAdams manages to get up to one knee...and Thornton hits THE BLACK ROSE!!!

Morgan Shaw: Isaac Thornton got every bit of that super kick right to the back of McAdams head! He is out Lance! Thornton immediately jumps on top of him for the pin!

Referee: OOOOONNNNNEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWWWOOOOO!!!...

TTTTHHHHHRRRRREEEEE!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Julianna DeMarco: HERE IS YOUR WINNER...IIIIIISSSAAAAAACCCC
THOOOOOOOORRRRNNTTTTOOOOONNNNN!!!

Lance Hart: Well this was an impressive back and forth contest, but ultimately it was Isaac Thornton who would decisively win this with the Black Rose and...wait...what's this? Soctty Adams is now running down the ramp! He slides under the bottom rope and both Isaac and Scotty start kicking the downed McAdams! There's no reason for this! The damn match is over already!

Morgan Shaw: That might be but that doesn't seem to deter these two. They're adding insult to injury as they attack the defeated McAdams and...HERE COMES WAKEFIELD!

Lance Hart: The crowd cheers wildly as the OWA World Champion sprints down the ramp and into the ring! He delivers a right hand to Isaac...and then one to Scotty! But Isaac then clotheslines Wakefield to the ground! The numbers game is too much for Wakefield as Scotty and Isaac now pummel Finnegan into the mat!

Morgan Shaw: Finnigan was trying to return the favor from Civil War, but with McAdams still laid out on the mat, Thornton and Adams are able to double team the champion and his efforts to help McAdams have failed. Isaac lifts Finnegan up off of the mat and holds him up as Scotty runs at him and connects with a Bicycle Knee!

Lance Hart: Wakefield is now completely out on the mat and Isaac climbs up the turnbuckle. He comes soaring off of it and hits the Corkscrew Shooting Star Press! I don't know what kind of unholy alliance these two have made, but they have left Wakefield and McAdams completely laid out in the ring here tonight.

("Breakout" by Through Fire hits over the PA again as Isaac Thornton and Scotty Adams step out of the ring, smiling and laughing at the beatdown they just delivered to Jon McAdams and the OWA World Champion. They lift each other's arm into the air in victory as they make their way up the ramp.)

Morgan Shaw: Two matches, two wins...and one World title main event laid out by their hands. If this is a sign of things to come Kingdom might just become under their rule.

(Isaac Thornton and Scotty Adams stand side by side on the ramp for our final shot as we close the show.)