

The following episode of *OWA Olympus* is dedicated to the memory of Kenny Drake.

Wolves Aeternum.

REACH OUT AND TOUCH FAITH!

(‘Personal Jesus’ by Depeche Mode accompanies the Olympus opening. The usual wrestler clips are exclusively highlights of Kenny Drake, as we open on the Spokane Arena in Spokane, WA. The commentators do not speak as the camera pans over the arena, the majority of the fans are decked out in Wolvesden merch and holding up Kenny Drake signs. Inside the ring, there is a black lectern, wrapped in barbed wire and wolves’ fur. Next to it is a picture of the late Kenny Drake on a stand, a wreath of black dahlias around it.)

Crowd: KENNY! KENNY! KENNY! KENNY! KENNY!

(The crowd continue to chant Kenny’s name for a full minute before being abruptly cut off by the sounds of ‘No Love’ by Death Grips. The cheers quickly turn to overpowering boos, as a solemn-faced Nate Cage walks down the ramp, dressed head to toe in black with his hands held in prayer. As he approaches the ring, he takes a deep breath before ascending the steps and entering. He takes his place at the lectern and shuffles some paper, before clearing his throat and composing himself.)

Nate Cage: Now I know that I am the last person you people wanted to see tonight. I have done so many horrible things to so many people, chief among them is the man whose passing we are mourning tonight. But this is not about you people. Because none of you knew him like I did, none of you actually knew Kenny Drake. You do not know who any of us are. You fork over your cash to buy our t-shirts and watch us perform, but you have no idea what we go through. You see us as a product. Machines made for churning out your precious content. Vehicles through which you can create a gif of some dazzling sequence, or take a soundbite completely out of context and post it on Twitter to turn into a meme. That is all you people are: consumers.

I am here tonight to pay my respects to the man who taught me everything. The man who-

(Nate chokes up a little and wipes some tears from his eyes.)

-the man who took me under his wing. The man who saw something in me when I first came to the United States to wrestle and made me into who I am today. Before I met Kenny Drake, I was nothing more than an angry young man with no purpose in life. A lost dog who would bite anyone who dared get near it. Kenny changed all that. He showed me that there was more to life than rage. Together, we ruled over this company with an iron first. We became the first ever OWA World Tag Team Champions, we represented OWA in Japan, we were the first Alphas to wrestle on both the Kingdom and Olympus brands. We accomplished so much in such a short space of time.

A rift was caused in our relationship, a rift that I never had the chance to fix. We fought in epic battles. We beat each other senseless. Kenny beat me so bad that I was declared medically dead in this very ring! An experience like that changes a man. You don’t just...go

back to the way things were after knowing someone the way I knew Kenny. Whether we were the best of friends or were at each other's throats, there was always a mutual understanding that we needed each other. And now what? What do I do without the yin to my yang? Without the other side of the Wolvesden coin?

I was not invited to the funeral. I understand. I mean, I did kidnap Niki's child and burn down her home. But maybe I was just foolish to believe that time heals all wounds.

It's okay, because all I have now is a tremendous sense of clarity. I wanted to be the first person to pay tribute to Kenny as OWA returned for the new year. I wanted to tell you all how I felt. I have taken on a new mantra recently, the steadfast belief that no lives matter. Well, I am here to tell you that Kenny Drake-

Kenny Drake-

THAT KENNY DRAKE WAS NO EXCEPTION!

(The crowd erupt in boos and begin hurling objects at Cage. The ring crew immediately erect perspex barriers around the ring that they had prepared in the event of hostility.)

Cage: OH BOO ME! YEAH! THAT'S ALL YOU CUNTS KNOW HOW TO DO, ISN'T IT? YOU'VE NEVER UNDERSTOOD OR APPRECIATED MY PRESENCE AND NOW THAT KENNY DRAKE IS DEAD, NOW THAT THE ONE PERSON IN THIS COMPANY WHO COULD STOP ME HAS SHUFFLED OFF THIS MORTAL COIL, YOU'RE STUCK WITH ME! NO MAN COULD KILL ME EXCEPT FOR KENNY, AND HE GOT FUCKING SNUFFED OUT LIKE THE OLD, BEATEN DOWN DOG THAT HE WAS!

(A few fans jump the barricades and attempt to get inside the ring, multiple security guards tackle them as Cage continues, barely audible over the boos.)

Cage: Kenny was tough once upon a time, I admired him greatly, but he deserved to fucking die. My only regret is that I wasn't the one to finish him off myself! Havoc did the world a favour, because now there is absolutely ZERO standing in my way! You didn't lose a hero, you didn't lose an icon, you lost an old man who stayed here for too long and it got him killed! The great Kenny Drake, dying like a pussy with some painted up freak standing over him. That isn't the Kenny Drake I knew! What happened to the invincible force of nature? To the indomitable will of the OWA's sickest freak? It all went away, didn't it? He traded his fur coat for a sweater, his balls for a wife and his manhood for a son!

AND SPEAKING OF HIS FUCKING FAMILY. YEAH, NIKI KHAN, I'M TALKING TO YOU! IF GOD GAVE YOUR HUSBAND ANOTHER CHANCE, I'D FINISH HIM OFF FOR GOOD! I'D THROW HIS CORPSE INTO A MEATGRINDER AND FEED HIM TO HIS OWN DOGS! AND I'D MAKE YOU AND SIDNEY WATCH! I'D MAKE ALL YOUR CRACKHEAD FAMILY WATCH! YOU'D BETTER HOPE THAT YOU DIE OF FUCKING GRIEF AND THAT KID OF YOURS GETS PUT UP FOR ADOPTION. BECAUSE IF HE'S RAISED BY YOU AND YOUR WHORE OF A SISTER, HE'S GONNA BE DEAD IN A GUTTER FROM AN OVERDOSE BY THE TIME HE'S 25!

(Fans keep on jumping the barricade and start to overwhelm security. One even makes it into the ring and lunges at Cage, who sidesteps and grabs the fan by the scruff of his neck, before throwing him into the podium and destroying it. As more fans surround the ring and start to enter, Nate pulls a machete out from behind the lectern.)

Cage: THE NEXT MAN WHO GETS INTO THIS RING IS A DEAD MAN!

(The fans start to back down as extra security rush to ringside and pull them back.)

Cage: NO LIVES MATTER! NO LIVES MATTER! NO LIVES MATTER! NO LIVES MATTER! NO LIVES MATTER!

(Cage pulls the fan in the ring up and digs the machete into his shoulder. A spurt of blood comes out as Nate aims it at Kenny's picture, covering it in the fan's blood. Cage looks directly into the camera and pulls the God of War medallion out from under his shirt. It is suspended on a silver chain around his neck.)

Cage: This is what happens next. THIS is what matters. Not some dead hasbeen. Not his cunt wife or his cunt children. No, this is all about *me* now. Nate Cage is all that matters. I don't care if it's Nathan Fiora, Havoc, or ANYBODY. I will be cashing in this medallion. I WILL become world champion. And when that time comes...it will already be too late.

(Cage starts to laugh maniacally as he starts to inch the machete close to the fans neck-)

WE ARE CURRENTLY EXPERIENCING TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES, PLEASE STAND BY.

(The feed returns with a silent crowd, who appear rattled by what they have seen as we cut to Donny Diamond and Giovante Reese.)

Donny Diamond: I uh, ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Olympus and welcome to 2021. We must apologise for the heinous, sick, perverse opening to the show tonight. We all know that when Nate Cage is involved with anything, controversy will surely follow. We can confirm that the fan who Nate apprehended did experience grievous injuries to his shoulder and neck from that...machete. Security were able to intervene before things got any further and thankfully, the fan was not fatally wounded. But these actions from Mr. Cage will not be taken lightly and I imagine we will hear more on that in the coming days.

Giovante Reese: I told y'all we shouldn't have let that man do this! We all know that cracker's gonna pull some foul shit every damn time he walks in the arena! Just let him keep his ass at home!

(As the crowd are gathering their composure, a video full of destruction and war plays. Cries of children and mothers can be heard throughout the PA speakers. People are shown without hope, starving, and desiring a better world. The video then focuses on four silhouettes, with angel's wings and halos on their heads. The screen and the whole arena go black. "Save Us" by Atreyu blasts through the speakers and the lights turn on as the crowd roars in boos and disgust. Brother Jamal and other members of the Church of Fiora prepare

the entranceway and ramp with a white carpet. All members of The Awakening make their way to the stage, their championship belts around their waist. Each of them unhooks their belts and raises them together in a toast-like fashion. They make their way down the ramp, Noah and Eon split right as Mark and Fiora split left, all four men climb a corner on their side of the ring, raising their titles high above their head, in the ring, lasers etch the Awakening logo into the ring canvas. Each man enters the ring walking to the center of the logo once again raising their titles up in that toast-like fashion.)

Jamison Pierce: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome...the OWA Television Champion Noah Quinn, the OWA Hybrid Champion Mark Michaels, the NEW OWA Openweight Champion Eon Blue..AND THE NEEEEEEWWWWW OMEGA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...NATHAN FIOOOORRRRAAAAA...THEY ARE THEEEEEEE AWAAAAAKENIIINNNGGGG!!!!

Donny Diamond: Outside of what happened in The Great War, the biggest story coming out of Civil War was Nathan Fiora making good on his word and leading The Awakening to salvation. They now hold ALL the gold and command more power and respect than any other faction we've seen in OWA. Every singles title available to them is theirs, and leading the pack is The Father himself. A man many had written off as a joke, as someone whose career was a disappointment, that he could never win the big one. After years of being underestimated, he can stand atop the mountain and say that he is now the man.

Giovante Reese: Love how he did it or hate it, you gotta respect the hustle of one Nathaniel Fiora! He did everything in his power to make sure everyone in The Awakening walked out of Civil War with a belt around their waist and he accomplished just that!

(The group posture and pose in the ring, Noah Quinn breathes on his wrist and mimes polishing the TV Title, Eon Blue thrusts his abdomen right into a camera so the viewers at home can get a good look at the Openweight gold. Mark Michaels just smiles as he pats the Hybrid Title and nods. While Nathan Fiora just stands and smiles, microphone in-hand.)

Nathan Fiora: I keep telling people. I keep telling them that I am The Way, The Truth and The Life. That through me, all things are possible. For my blood is divine, my spirit exalted. I have taken these lost souls and brought all of them to Calvary, to Golgotha, to the great spiritual site of their awakening. Do you feel it, brothers and sisters? Do you feel it, my children? Do you understand the gospels as they are written?

(Fiora looks towards a camera and approaches, putting his hand on the lens.)

Fiora: All of you viewing at home, do not despair, The Father can spread his wisdom and divine powers through your television screen! You need only kneel in front of your set and touch my hand. Do not be afraid, this is His will. This is His plan. Do you feel it? Do you feel the energy and power coursing through your veins? That is what I offer you. The feeling of safety, comfort and salvation. Look at the men standing in this ring with me. All of them champions.

(Fiora walks up to Noah Quinn and places his left hand lightly on his forehead.)

Fiora: Noah Quinn, a prodigy! A man who has been in this company for less than a year and is already the greatest Television Champion we have ever seen! Gareth Cason? Layne Kurobane? Sinners! Heretics! Mere imitators of greatness when put next to this man! And much like the original Noah, he can save all of you! When my wave of wrath washes over the unclean and eliminates evil from this world, Noah Quinn will be my charge! He will provide shelter to every man, woman, child and creature who still believes in good!

(He moves on to Mark Michaels, also placing his hand on his forehead.)

Fiora: Mark Michaels, the first ever Hybrid Champion. Much like Apostle Mark did for my predecessor, Jesus Christ - the real one, not the simp - he shall write my Gospel! He shall found Alexandria and be venerated by those who believe!

(Finally, Eon Blue, who gets the forehead treatment also.)

Fiora: Dear, sweet Eon. Your name is the most appropriate of them all. For you shall hold that Openweight Championship FOR eons! It will be your prize for as long as the Earth spins! For as long as we are living on this planet before the day of Judgment comes.

Tonight, The Awakening proves why it is the only true path to follow. Mark Michaels will crush the infidel Nobi and retain his hybridity. The tandem known as Chaos Elite will VANQUISH The Corsairs! They will go on to challenge the Queens of Wrestling and take their tag titles, adding yet another sacred object to our shrine. And I, Father Nathan Fiora, YOUR Omega Heavyweight Champion...I will take this title with me to Heaven when I ascend. I will eternally be your champion. For the kingdom, the power and the glory are mine! Now and forever, amen!

(The boos intensify at this display of religious heresy. Matching the response Nate Cage received earlier in the night.)

Fiora: And as far as my namesake, Nate Cage is concerned, he can make all the threats he likes. I see the medallion he wears and the power he wields, but it is NOTHING in comparison to the awesome power that I wield. Nate Cage might be The Devil, but he is not the Father. The light will always extinguish the dark. Good will always triumph over evil. And whether it's two weeks from now or a year from now, he will never take this championship from me. For I am the word. And the word is good.

But tonight is about far more than making idle promises and threats. Tonight, we are extending an opportunity. We are so much more than the people standing in this ring. The Awakening is a brotherhood, forged in holy scripture, bound by divinity. Tonight, we are extending an invitation to the Olympus cohort. To the unwashed masses who skulk the hallways and creep through the corridors. Who will stand up and be saved? Who? WHO?!

(Nathan drops his mic arm down and gestures towards the ramp with the other, inviting someone to come down.)

Donny Diamond: He can't be serious. He really just came out here and talked about himself like he was the Second Coming? That he can save anyone? This blasphemy is too much, Nathan Fiora's gone too far!

Giovante Reese: Those who deny the saviour are doomed to damnation, Donny! I BELIEVE! I BELIEVE! HALLELUJAH! PRAISE THE FATHER! PRAISE HIM!

(After a brief silence, 'Who Am I' by Atif Aslam hits and Hassan Nasrallah walks down to the ring. The Awakening look a little surprised but are still welcoming to the young rookie.)

Donny Diamond: Well, this is interesting. This is Hassan Nasrallah, one of our newest signings and he's actually scheduled for a match tonight against another newcomer, Mayson Knox. He's a tough, no-nonsense guy and I guess he sees a potential path to a championship here.

Giovante Reese: This is a smart plan! Remember what Nate Cage talked about to start the night off? He was a total unknown and after just one week, he was aligned with Wolvesden! Look at where he is now! We could be seeing something similar playing out here! This could be the next star in the making!

(Hassan grabs a microphone and stands face-to-face with Fiora.)

Hassan Nasrallah: Tonight is a big night for me. I have my first match and I'm here to impress. I've heard everything you have to say and it's making sense to me. I look at four guys and I see four titles. I see success. I see greatness. That is exactly who I am and I want in. I want to bask in the greatness, I want to celebrate The Father and I want to become a champion. And through you, I can do that.

('Scream' by Misfits blares through the speaker system as Mayson Knox comes through the curtain and marches his way down to the ring.)

Donny Diamond: Another twist in the tale! Our other new signing - and Hassan's opponent for tonight - Mayson Knox, looks to be taking The Awakening up on their offer! And just look at the size of this man! A walking wall of muscle!

Giovante Reese: Hassan Nasrallah's a big dude, and he somehow looks small next to Mayson Knox! This is what the world needs, yo! BIG MEATY MEN SLAPPING MEAT!

(Knox grabs his own mic and gets right in Hassan's face, who doesn't look pleased to see his opponent.)

Mayson Knox: Don't listen to this chump! Look at this pipsqueak! Whaddya bench pal? Like 800? Pathetic! The Awakening needs a REAL man like Mayson Knox in its ranks! I'm big, I'm strong, and I can kick the ass of everyone that gets put in front of me.

(Fiora ponders the cases made by the two men in front of him, tilting his head to either side.)

Fiora: Well, I must say that the two of you have made rather compelling pitches. I am in awe of the initiative being shown by OWA's newest talent. True forward thinking from the stars of tomorrow. So I'm going to defer to Brother Mark on this one.

Mark Michaels: Now, our operation is small. But there's a looooot of room for...aggressive expansion. Oh, but there's only one spot open right now, so we're gonna have...tryouts.

(Noah Quinn and Eon Blue hand steel chairs to either men and The Awakening stand back.)

Donny Diamond: But, but these two have a match booked for later on! Are you telling me that The Awakening want them to bludgeon each other with steel chairs to swear fealty?

Giovante Reese: More to the point, did Mark Michaels just quote a scene from The Dark Knight verbatim?

(Mayson Knox stares at his chair, but Hassan Nasrallah hasn't taken his eyes off the big man.)

Donny Diamond: AND HASSAN NASRALLAH CRACKS THE CHAIR OFF OF MAYSON KNOX'S HEAD! THE BIG MAN IS STUNNED BUT STILL ON HIS FEET, HASSAN HITS THE ROPES...SPEAR! MAYSON KNOX IS TAKEN OUT! WOW!

(The Awakening applaud the display, as Hassan Nasrallah stands over the body of Mayson Knox.)

Fiora: Incredible grit and fortitude my friend. That is exactly the kind of drive that we need in The Awakening! Now, it is time for your initiation...

Donny Diamond: Oh and Nathan Fiora kicks Hassan Nasrallah square in the crown jewels! I knew this was a set-up! He wasn't gonna let anyone who could pose a potential threat to the group's championship stranglehold near!

Giovante Reese: Didn't you hear the man? This is an initiation! You have to make tough sacrifices in this world if you want something!

Donny Diamond: Well I don't recall Michaels, Eon or Quinn having to do anything like this. They joined the group with ease! And now the other three members of The Awakening are on Nasrallah like a pack of dogs! Beating him down! What a cowardly display! We were supposed to see two new talents in a match tonight, but I don't think that's gonna be happening!

Fiora: Let this be a message to you all! You do not come to The Awakening. WE come to YOU!

('Save Us' by Atreyu kicks in as the beatdown continues and Nathan Fiora spreads his arms out to welcome in the jeers of the crowd, his newly-won Omega Heavyweight Championship glistening as we cut to commercial.)

[COMMERCIAL: Have you been catfished recently? Has a man scammed you out of your money by posing online as a beautiful woman? You could be entitled to compensation! Phone our hotline now and see if you qualify for a claim at 1-800-HASSAN! Call today!]

(We cut back from commercial to an enraged Keelan Callihan, who is storming through the backstage area.)

Keelan Callihan: TAYLOR! WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU, YOU CUNT?! I MIGHT BE DONE WITH THIS COMPANY BUT I SURE AS SHIT AIN'T DONE WITH YOU! SHOW YOURSELF! I'M GONNA RIP YOUR FUCKIN' HEAD OFF!

(Keelan stops and the camera pans to reveal Buddy Taylor in the catering area. He sees Keelan approaching, drops his food and bolts.)

Keelan: GET THE FUCK BACK HERE, WEASEL!

(Keelan sprints after Taylor, who throws multiple people in Keelan's path to slow him down. Keelan is still rapidly gaining, but stops dead in his tracks after turning into a room that is in fact Aren Mstislav's office. Buddy Taylor is cowering behind the Olympus GM.)

Keelan: Stand aside, Aren, this doesn't concern you!

Aren Mstislav: Well it does, actually. I am the General Manager of Olympus and this is an Olympus referee. And need I remind you who his father is?

Keelan: Yeah? I thought you suspended this fucker! Why is he still in the back living it up in catering?

Aren Mstislav: Buddy is suspended from reffing matches, but he's still allowed backstage. Those are orders from above my paygrade, it's out of my hands.

Keelan: I don't think it's right that he's here. He screwed me, he tried to screw Finn and he screwed Derelict so bad that he left! He's a fucking liability! He's interfering in OWA business and I'm gonna teach him what happens when you fuck with business!

Aren: YOU'RE NOT GONNA DO A DAMN THING!

(Keelan is surprised at Aren's sudden outburst, who has remained calm and collected as GM up until this point.)

Aren: Listen, I can't give you Buddy. And believe me, after the stunts he pulled at Civil War, there will be consequences down the line. But my hands are tied right now. So, let me lay out an offer for you: I will reinstate your contract and pretend your little outburst at Civil War never happened. You won't be fined for the equipment you damaged or the employees you attacked...and you can face any member of The Awakening you want for their respective title. But only if you put this Buddy Taylor thing in the past. You don't want your career to end like this, do you? I've known you a long time, Keelan, I know that the only thing left in your

career right now is cementing yourself as an all-time great. So focus on that. Recapture the fire in your belly that I know is there.

(Keelan ponders for a moment before taking a deep breath.)

Keelan: Well, as much as I'd love to beat the breaks off of Noah Quinn and get that TV Title that Buddy ROBBED me of...I want to challenge the big man. Me vs. Nathan Fiora for the Omega Heavyweight Championship, at Clash of the Titans.

Aren: Consider it done. Now Buddy, get out of here before Keelan changes his minds and kicks your damn head off.

(Buddy scurries past Keelan before letting out a yelp.)

???: Long time no see, buddy.

(The camera pans to reveal Nate Cage, who is holding Buddy Taylor by the fingers he broke once upon a time. He lets Taylor go and smiles, before passing Keelan and flashing the God of War medallion at him.)

Cage: Another world title shot, eh? Do me a favour and kill that fucker so I can challenge a real man for the strap. Last time I checked, I'm 2-1 up against you.

Keelan: That was some sick shit you pulled earlier, Cage. Luckily, I was beefing with Kenny Drake before anyone even knew who you were. As far as tonight goes, I'm gonna work with you and Finn and hopefully, we can get Phantom Troupe to fuck off once and for all.

Cage: Chance would be a fine thing. A fine thing indeed. Now piss off, there's someone outside who wants to talk to you. Now, Aren, we've got some urgent business to discuss...

(Keelan takes his leave and waiting for him outside is none other than Rick Walton and CM Nas.)

Rick Walton: Keelan, would you do us the honour of having a private conversation?

Keelan: ...fine.

CM Nas: Oh don't you worry, I think you'll like what we have to say.

(The three men leave as we cut back to ringside.)



(Dramatic music begins playing, slowly growing louder and louder with beeps and whistles before the 'VNN' logo twists into full view around a red-and-white-coloured globe.

VNN Voiceover: Ladies and gentlemen, this is the Vedder News Network with Chase Vedder! Don't believe everything you hear!"

(The camera fades in with Chase Vedder, in a neck AND a back brace, sitting in front of a brand new — or at least freshly repaired — news desk.)

Chase Vedder: Tonight: An update on Chase Vedder after the unprecedented brutal attack at on him the hands of Cloud Matsuda, we discuss the controversy surrounding the OWA World Tag Team Champions being females despite competing on the KINGdom brand, and a voluntary piece on Chase Vedder's charity work with the Big Bhaker Medical Facility for the mentally disabled. But first, an interview with our guest. It's none other than The Greatest Wrestler Ever, the GodEmperor of OWA, The Dark Messiah himself... CM Nas!

(The camera zooms out to reveal that seated next to Vedder is, in fact, CM Nas, live and in the flesh.)

CM Nas: That's right! The Conquering Messiah is BACK! And in a bit I'm gonna enlighten everyone watching my New Olympus Initiative. But first, let's address today's weather. It's the exact same as it has been since November 8th, 2020. IT'S RAINING BITC#E\$ AND #OE\$! Most specifically? The Thots of Wrestling! Those goddamn thieves in the night that robbed myself and the moneyman Chase Vedder of our crowning moment at Civil War! It was a crime, a goddamn travesty in fact! WE SHOULD BE CARRYING GOLD RIGHT NOW AND I REFUSE TO HEAR OTHERWISE! Chase! Go ahead and fill all these simps, incels, and virgins on the scoops!

Chase Vedder: Oh boy, I hope we're not planning to air this on Twitch! I've already been banned from Twitter, TikTok and even Pinterest!

CM Nas: Well what about Spotify, Google, Reddit, and Pornhub?

Chase Vedder: Yes, yes, yes and yes but that last one wasn't because of what you think. I'd rather not talk about that. Or the fact that they also banned my favorite subreddit. It's been a rough week, I'll be honest with you. But enough about me! We have a very, very special announcement to make.

CM Nas: That's right Chase my boi! lay down the groundwork for my New Olympus Initiative please.

Chase Vedder: As the initiative begins to take over Olympus, I'd like to start by announcing that new rules will be put in place! Rule number one: When in the presence of CM Nas, you will only refer to him as 'GodEmperor Sir'. Not 'GodEmperor'. Not 'Sir'. 'God. Emperor. Sir.' Rule number two: When in the presence of either CM Nas OR myself you will recognize us as the true OWA World Tag Team Championship Holders, not those... females. Third and final rule: Any and all attempts at libel, slander, or any other kind of anti-CM Nas propaganda

WILL result in legal action being taken against you and trust me when I say that as a rich, white man I have very, VERY powerful lawyers and as a South African man I have equally as powerful friends OUTSIDE of the courtroom. You know exactly what I mean.

CM Nas: First thing first for my New Olympus Initiative! No more Poor People! That's a nice way of saying, Broke Muthaf%&#@\$ BEGONE! And I have already started to deliver on that promise. Our former OWA Omega Heavyweight Champion was a man with zero class, zero drip, and in the beginning zero clout. He somehow brainwashed you pissants into believing the fallacies that erupted from his big mouth. But one lie amongst all of the others is why he has eternally on my \$#!%list. That statement being his idea that I since my "descent into madness" have thrown away my future and my legacy and that I will forever live as a shell of what I could be. That's what that big son of a b!%#& said about ME! HE'S NOT EVEN AROUND ANYMORE! HE COULDN'T HANDLE LOSING HIS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP TO NATHAN FIORA! I don't blame him for having shame in failing to defeat Nathan Fiora of course. But this man dared to make such statements about MY legacy when he'd only been around for a year and will be forgotten to time in less than that amount of time. Whereas I will be remembered FOREVER AS THE ALL TIME GREAT! NOT 'A!' 'THE!' He sold out on his beliefs as a humble homeless man as well. The fame OWA presented to him and the daunting pressure of being champion of the world cracked his iron will and he threw away his morals! WE HERE AT VNN HAVE NOTHING BUT UTTER DISGUST FOR ANY MAN THAT TURNS HIS BACK ON HIS OWN BELIEFS! I CAN'T WAIT FOR DERELICT TO DIE COLD AND ALONE IN SOME INNER CITY ALLEY NEXT TO A DUMPSTER! WHEN HE DOES I'LL HEAD STRAIGHT THERE JUST TO PISS ON HIS GIANT CORPSE AND LAUGH ABOUT IT TO ALL THOSE P%\$\$!#\$ WHO CRY ABOUT IT ON TWITTER!

Chase Vedder: Which brings us to NOBI! We have had enough of listening to this roided up, talentless meathead giving his fake little speeches about how he respects all of his opponents, yada yada yada... none of that garbage anymore! If you're not willing to talk the talk then you straight up don't deserve to walk the walk! No more pussyfooting around! We're MEN. That means we talk like men! Not to mention how Nobi continues to try and use his wrestling career for more acting credentials! Don't let the "nice guy" facade fool you. He's shadier than a palm tree over a sweatbox! I mean just look at his nickname! "The White Knight"? What the %@\$& do you think that means? Nobi is CLEARLY a White Knight of the Ku Klux Klan! And there's one thing that VNN can't stand: RACISM. That goes for that \$!%&?-eyed Baba Yaga and his appropriation of white culture with his stolen European name too! We'll have his ass sent back to his home country in a wooden box so all of those stupid Japanese mother%&!\$ers can go back to clapping for him!

CM Nas: Now let me just make one thing perfectly clear. I seek the god's honest truth and I take no prisoners in my pursuits of that! And of course above all else I am one hundred percent opposed to hypocrites. And that's the beauty of this whole Phantom Troupe versus the Resistance B.S.! Now I want to focus on the two most famous names in that mix. Brian Daniels and Jacob Senn. Two men who I came up in this industry having the utmost respect for as a rookie wrestler myself. But as I've grown into a top star myself, I've realized even though they are opposite forces to each other right now, I HAVE ZERO RESPECT FOR EITHER ONE OF THEM! THEY ARE BOTH HYPOCRITES FOR ONE FUNDAMENTAL REASON! THEY BOTH CLAIMED THEY WOULD GO AWAY FOREVER! Brian Daniels was losing to me last year this time in SSW! Meanwhile Jacob Senn told us all after Final

Destination One that he would be gone from active OWA competition FOREVER! AND NOW LOOK AT BOTH OF THEM! MAKES ME SICK TO MY STOMACH! HOW CAN ANYONE RIDICULE ME FOR ANY REASON WHATSOEVER WHEN IT COMES TO GRIPPING MY HARD EARNED SPOT IN THIS BUSINESS WITH AN IRON FIST WHEN THESE TWO GEEZERS ARE RUNNING AROUND TAKING VALUABLE PAY-PER-VIEW SPOTS FROM MEN AND WOMEN WHO GRIND THEIR ASSES OFF 24/7! If I were in the ring with either one of them or even both of them at once...I'D BEAT THE DOG\$#!& OUT OF THE BOTH OF THEM AND RETIRE THEM BOTH FOR GOOD!

Chase Vedder: And if we're talking about retiring people, let's talk about that pea-brained, pencil-neck geek who dares call himself the wrestling artist! The only thing artistic about him is that he's shaped like a G*ddamned PAINTBRUSH! With the massive %\$\$ head to match! Just looking at him makes me wanna twist him up and throw him overboard like it was the Boston Tea Party all over again. Are we really supposed to take him as a threat? He lost to a manlet like Noah Quinn! I mean, come on now, that guy has the brain of a fifteen year old. Then he put on a competitive match with El Ironico! Who has competitive matches with El Ironico?! LOSERS, THAT'S WHO! That's why he spends all of his timesimping for his girlfriend on Twitter — who is WAY stronger than him by the way. Speaking of which, Nas, do you have her number? I'm just kidding, I already have it. Long story short, no more Henry Stickmin-looking mother****ers!

CM Nas: Speaking of numbers and all. Nathan Fiora MUST have Aren's number! He's got to have SOME KIND OF DIRT ON MY LONG TIME FRIEND! There's absolutely NO WAY I can possibly accept that Nathan Fiora managed to defeat The Derelict like that! Either Fiora and Aren have some kind of under the table agreement *wink wink nudge nudge*. OR The Derelict is MORE TRASHBAG THAN THE TRASHBAGS HE USED AS PILLOWS ON THE STREET! I think it's a mix of both to be honest with you. I do believe Derelict is the absolute lowest tier of world champ we've ever seen. AND Fiora's got Aren by his Putin Worshipping Ballsack! Knowing Nate for this long, he's probably swallowing those nuts as we speak. Kinda like that unseasoned turkey I heard he had this last thanksgiving. It's kind of a traditional dish at the House of Fiora. Either way they both need to recognize that I am the most powerful man in this business! Aren needs to go back to holding his more famous wife's purse. And Fiora needs to wake up from this delusional dreamscape he's been in for these last few months and realize his place once and for all as A MIDCARD MUTHAF&%\$@! I AM THE GREATEST WRESTLER EVER GODD@#%!&. YOU WILL REVERE ME AND PRAISE ME! Chase...I'm done here. Close out the show now.

Chase Vedder: Well, while my guest takes a moment to gather himself — as he very much deserves — let it be known to all the clowns in the clown car known as Olympus that you're officially on notice. You come for the GodEmperor? You have to go through me, you have to go through Nero Darkbringer AND you have to go through Cyrus Raines and we'll jump you like your name's Debra! Especially you corny Awakening goobers. I haven't forgotten what you did to me. That Hybrid Championship was MADE FOR ME and that means you stole what was rightfully mine. I promise you, I'll have your heads for that.

(Chase does his best to straighten himself up and coughs, neatening up his papers.)

Chase Vedder: That's all we have for now, ladies and gentlemen. Nas, thank you for joining me and sharing your ever-brilliant insight and, of course, for continuing to be a valued teacher to everyone in OWA. Olympus returns after this break.

[COMMERCIAL BREAK]

Donny Diamond: We are back from the commercials, and what a match we have for you up next. We have the championship pair of Chaos Elite. The revitalized Chaos Elite ever since their affiliation to The Awakening. Taking on the SSW Tag Team Champions, The Corsairs!!

Jamison Pierce: The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!

Crowd: ONE FALL!

("Let the Chaos Reign" by Pop Evil begins to play as the roar of boo's fills the arena as both Eon Blue and Noah Quinn emerge onto the stage with their respective championship belts draped over their shoulders. Blue pyro rains down onto the stage before both men march down the aisle towards the ring.)

Jamison Pierce: Introducing first, representing the Awakening! At a combined weight of 442 pounds! The OWA Television Champion, Noah Quinn! The OWA Openweight Champion, Eon Blue! They are! CHAAAPOOS!! EEELIIITEEE!!!

Giovante Reese: Words can not do justice to just how successful this group has become in such a short period of time. Not only have these two become champions respectively, but everyone in The Awakening is holding championship gold! They are holding so much power in their camp, they might already be the most decorated faction to have ever existed within the Omega Wrestling Alliance!

Donny Diamond: As much as their methods have been questionable at best, I have to, unfortunately, admit it has benefitted this group greatly. They have a grip on not only the three Olympus exclusive championships, but also the Openweight Championship too. That being said though, they have a lot of targets on their back, and the championships have only set more sights on them.

(The lighting in the arena dims down, leaving just a flickering light focused on the entrance way. The light beam flickers, alternating in white and Corsair-green, with the quick paced introduction of "Bulletz" by Aces High. This lasts for about ten quick seconds before the verses from the Boston-based rap group begin. When those verses start, the flickering light becomes steady which is exactly when Graham Baker pushes his way through the curtain, followed by Noah Reignier. The duo known as 'the Corsairs' stop on the top of the entrance way, both wearing their Corsair jackets and Graham Baker wearing a mask over his face. Noah, with an arrogant smirk, looks to his left at Baker - who looks to his right - and the two share a forearm bump before beginning their march down to the ring.)

Jamison Pierce: And their opponents! At a combined weight of 492 pounds! GRAHAM BAKER! NOAH REIGNIER! THE CURRENT SSW TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!! THEY ARE! THE COORSAAIIIRS!!!

Donny Diamond: It has been rough waters here in OWA for the Corsairs in recent weeks, especially with Civil War finding themselves on the losing end of the War Games match against the Phantom Troupe. Tonight they have a grand opportunity to turn it all around against an established team in the OWA that his highly decorated at the moment in Chaos Elite.

Giovante Reese: That's an understatement. A victory for Corsairs could essentially line them up for a shot at either men's singles championship, or even give them a jump in the tag team rankings towards those championships! If these men are truly "pirates" they're on the hunt for OWA gold and a victory here tonight is the map for them to do it!

(Once they approach the ring, Noah slides in underneath the bottom rope while Graham takes the stairs up, wiping his boots on the apron before ducking through the ropes. Inside of the ring, Noah and Graham hit another forearm bump before they posture up in the center of the ring. Graham removes his entrance mask, and the two stand tall as the lights return to normal. They share another forearm bump before Reignier gets onto the apron, on the opposite side Eon Blue doing the same as Buddy Taylor calls for the bell!)

(DING! DING! DING!)

Donny Diamond: Match officially underway, Graham Baker and Noah Quinn starting the match off for their individual teams. Circling the ring like sharks before the lock-up in the center, Graham with a 35-pound weight advantage manages to push Quinn into the ropes where he's raising his hands, Buddy Taylor counting for a break which Graham obliges... closing a fist and pulling back for a punch!

Giovante Reese: Quinn braces himself to block the punch but it never comes. Baker slaps Quinn on the chest and backs away with a grin on his face -- playing mind games with the Television Champion. Quinn doesn't seem so amused as they circle the ring from each other again, the lock-up initiated and Graham looks to win that one too until Quinn turns it around with the last inch and pushes him against the ropes. This time the roles are reversed as Taylor is giving Quinn the count of five for a clean break. Quinn pulls for a punch but Baker isn't falling for it.

Donny Diamond: He didn't have to fall for it as Eon Blue from the apron drives a knee into the small of Graham's back! Taylor didn't see the cheap shot with Quinn's distraction, Graham swipes at Eon who drops down from the apron and provides enough of a distraction for Quinn to chop block the knee out from underneath The Guillotine! Reignier tries to intervene but Taylor is telling him to stay on the apron, which he has no choice but to do as Quinn isolates Baker into the Awakening's corner.

Giovante Reese: Tag out to Blue, and it seems they've picked their mark on Graham Baker as Noah props his leg over the middle rope so Blue can hit a dropkick to his knee. Effective tag work from Chaos Elite in the early goings of this contest, Baker trying to fight back with some wildly swung arms but Eon using the damage to Baker's leg to evade them, before driving a knee into Baker's midsection to take the wind out of him. Eon looks for some momentum, off the ropes --

Donny Diamond: And gets blasted by a lariat from Baker! Just like that the momentum changes as Baker pulls Eon up, sending him off the ropes as he makes a tag to Reignier, Blue comes back to be taken to the mat with a drop toe hold, Reignier meets him on the comedown after picking up some momentum behind a basement dropkick! Tides have turned in the favor of the Genocidal Gaijin Pirates!

Giovante Reese: Noah Reignier in the action now, taking his time and pacing himself as he has Eon Blue in a mutual corner. Sharp roundhouse kick to the chest, the impact of kick pad on flesh leaving a red mark on Blue's chest. Reignier hangs Blue's arms over the top rope and a second kick on the exposed chest sends Blue crumpling into a seated position against the turnbuckle! Reignier pulling him up, Blue seemingly winded from those heavy shots as Reignier runs to the opposite corner, charges back and drives both his knees into Blue's chest! Snapmaring him onto the canvas, dropping into a cover!

Buddy Taylor: ONE! T--!

Donny Diamond: Reignier breaks the pinfall as he sees Noah Quinn pulling himself between the ropes to potentially break up the cover, the smug look on Reignier's face as he keeps eye-contact with the Television Champion who must leave the ring back into his corner. Reignier slowly pulls Eon to his feet, fighting back with some clubs to the midsection before a knee to the sternum shuts him down for the moment. Off the ropes, clothesline? Ducked by Blue, Noah turning around to be scooped and slammed into the canvas with a swift powerslam! This gives Blue enough of a break to make the tag to Quinn!

Giovante Reese: Quinn rushes in and runs past Reignier to get a forearm shiver on Graham Baker to knock him off the apron, Reignier getting to his feet **ONLY TO BE SANDWICHED BETWEEN DROPKICKS FROM CHAOS ELITE!** Reignier clutching his chest from the impact as Quinn grips him for the Russian Leg Sweep while Eon picks up momentum and connects with a blockbuster with Quinn's aid driving Reignier down hard on the back of his head! Quinn gets into the cover while Blue is watching out for Baker!

Buddy Taylor: ONE! TWO!

Donny Diamond: Only a two count from the tag team chemistry of Quinn and Blue. Blue gets onto the apron now as Quinn has control as cracks at the neck of Reignier. Baker, irate at the cheapshot is trying to get into the ring as Buddy Taylor has to restrict him back to the apron, but Chaos Elite are making good use of that distraction. Quinn throws Reignier into the Chaos Elite corner, Blue entering behind Taylor's back as Quinn drives a shoulder tackle into Reignier's rib cage before Blue charges in and hits a step-up knee strike to the jaw! Blue is back on the apron with Buddy Taylor none the wiser to the assist as Quinn pulls Reignier out of the corner and tosses him with a Gutwrench Suplex!

Giovante Reese: Reignier is reaching out, trying to crawl himself over to make the tag to Baker who has his hand outstretched but Quinn intercepts with a stomp to the back of Reignier, then one to the arm! The Corsairs are in a bit of peril right now, Quinn trying to make as much distance between them as humanly possible as he pulls Reignier back to the Chaos Elite corner, making the tag as Eon Blue comes in. Reignier trying to fight free as

Baker is again caught with a cheapshot from Quinn, but Blue shuts it down with a European Uppercut before whipping Reigner right into the running knee of Quinn! Quinn drops down for a second cover, Blue on the lookout once again!

Buddy Taylor: ONE! TWO!

Donny Diamond: Two again as Reigner kicks out but Baker has seen enough and has rushed into the ring. Blue tries to stop him at the pass but Baker cleans his clock with a stiff right hook that catches him on the jaw and sends him to the canvas clutching it in pain. Might want to look for some missing teeth. Buddy Taylor reprimanding Baker for being in the ring as Quinn looks to use the distraction for more damage as he sends Reigner over the top rope in the Chaos Elite corner so Blue can get some more licks in!

Giovante Reese: Reigner catches himself on the ropes, landing on the apron as Blue still groggy from the solid right-hand looks to charge him, but eats a jumping knee instead! That's makeshift dentistry if I've ever seen it! Quinn looked to milk the distraction longer, but seeing Reigner fend off Blue ends him charging towards Reigner, who uses the ropes to assist in an enzuigiri that catches Quinn right in the side of the skull! He's dazed, but is set up perfectly as Reigner pulls the middle rope and slingshots himself back into the ring with a spear!

Donny Diamond: This might be the opening Reigner needed for the tag, Baker is pleading for it on the apron, hand outstretched as he inches closer and closer. Blue is on the apron again, clutching the jaw as Quinn is winded and reaching for the tag! Quinn makes the tag to Blue who hurries into the ring, BUT REIGNER GETS THE TAG AND IN COMES GRAHAM BAKER!

Giovante Reese: Running forearm to Blue, one for Quinn, Baker throws a chop into Blue's chest that rings like a gunshot against his flesh! Another for Quinn this time! Chaos Elite manages to stop the barrage with a double kick to the gut, reeling him over before they Irish Whip him off the ropes, looking for some double team move that Baker ducks beneath, wrapping himself around to grab Blue around the waist and rushes with him towards Quinn to drive his back into the corner before sending Blue overhead with a German Suplex! Quinn is not in a place he wants to be as Baker stands back up, letting out a yell as he is a proverbial house of fire, seeing Quinn in the corner and is lighting up his chest with a series of stiff knife-edge chops to the chest! The last one crumples Quinn in the corner as Blue tries to rush Baker from behind, but is caught and is sent into Quinn with an Exploder Suplex!

Donny Diamond: Chaos Elite find themselves on the back foot now as a heated Graham Baker has taken back control of this match for the Corsairs, Reigner back on the apron and Baker is making the tag with Blue in his clutches. Superkick from Reigner to the right leg, superkick to the left by Baker dropping Blue to his knees, lighting him up and dumping the mag into Blue with a knee from Reigner, an Enzuigiri by Baker and culminated with a knee from both that sandwiches the groggy Openweight Champion! Corsairs don't stop there, pushing Blue into their corner as they deliver a running knee and running enzuigiri combo in the corner before dropping him to the canvas with Reigner hooking a leg for the cover!

Buddy Taylor: ONE! TWO!

Giovante Reese: That may have been it if Quinn didn't jump in just in time to break the count! Baker rushes in the ring and clotheslines Quinn over the ropes and to the floor. Baker gets on the apron to get the tag from Reignier, picking up Blue in the Canadian Backbreaker Rack as Reignier runs off the ropes and comes back to catch Blue with the Rogue Cutter! That's Stopping Power but Reignier isn't stopping! He goes off the ropes again and launches himself out of the ring with a suicide dive that rams Quinn into the barricade! Baker with the cover, no one to break this up!

Buddy Taylor: ONE! TWO! THR--

Donny Diamond: Hey someone has pulled Buddy Taylor underneath the bottom rope! Mark Michaels!? Michaels prevented his Awakening team mates from losing this match and Baker is irate, he had this match won! Michaels now threatens Taylor it seems, Baker's attention is taken away from Blue as he is yelling at Michaels. He is holding this match hostage with Taylor in his clutches BUT THERE IS NOBI! Nobi is coming down the ramp, Michaels opponent later tonight! Nobi is here to set things right, taking Michaels attention as we may see a preview of what will happen later tonight!

Giovante Reese: Hold on though, the distraction looks like it's going to pay off as Quinn has pulled himself up onto the apron and tagged Blue behind Bakers back. He is none the wiser as Blue gets to his feet, Baker connecting with a roundhouse kick that stuns him on his feet as Baker raises an arm in the air, signaling for Clean the Blade! Here comes the Lariat!

Donny Diamond: Blue throws a forward kick, Baker sees it coming but it was a feint! Blue twists around and connects with the Corruption back elbow and it's Baker that's stunned now! In comes Quinn, FALL TO YOUR KNEES METEORA! HE HAS THE COVER!

Buddy Taylor: ONE! TWO! THR--

Donny Diamond: REIGNER COMES IN, PULLING QUINN OFF THE COVER WITH THE SHOT DOWN! JUMPING DOUBLE UNDERHOOK DDT SPIKES HIM RIGHT ON HIS HEAD! BLUE IS GROGGY BUT SEES WHAT HAS HAPPENED, LOOKING TO STRIKE REIGNER FROM BEHIND WITH THAT VICIOUS ELBOW! RUIN!!!

Giovante Reese: BAKER HAS THE BACK OF BLUE'S TIGHTS! PULLING HIM BACK AND INTO THE HALF NELSON -- BACKBREAKER! FOLLOWED BY THE KNEE TO THE BACK OF THE SKULL! WHAT GOES AROUND SENDS BLUE LIMP TO THE FLOOR!

Donny Diamond: QUINN GRAPPLES REIGNER FROM BEHIND, PUSHING HIM INTO BAKER BEFORE RIPCORDERING HIM OUT, JUMPING UP FOR THE APEX KNEE! BAKER RUSHES IN AND INTERCEPTS WITH BASTARD SURPRISE! BICYCLE KICK KNOCKING QUINN DOWN IN A HEAP! BOTH CORSAIRS FALLING BACK INTO OPPOSITE SIDES ON THE RING! GIVING EACH OTHER THE LOOK TO FINISH THIS AS QUINN IS TRYING TO PULL HIMSELF TO HIS FEET!

Giovante Reese: ONE IN THE CHAMBER!

Donny Diamond: QUINNS LIGHTS JUST GOT TAKEN OUT WITH THE LARIAT AND SICK

KICK COMBINATION! BAKER DROPS INTO THE COVER, REIGNER JUMPS OVER HIM TO GRAB AND HOLD DOWN EON BLUE!

Buddy Taylor: ONE! TWO! THREE!

(DING! DING! DING!)

("Bulletz" by Aces High hits as Graham Baker kneels up from the cover, arms raised high in victory as Reignier joins him, arm over his shoulder, both men exhausted from the bout as Eon Blue and Mark Michaels pull the out-cold Noah Quinn from the ring.)

Jamison Pierce: Your winners of this match! Noah Reignier! Graham Baker! THE COOORSAAAIRS!!!

Donny Diamond: What a hellacious bout with both teams firing off on all cylinders! It was so hard to keep up with all the action going on, but what a victory this is for the Corsairs! Redemption for their loss at Civil War, picking up their first major victory as a team here in OWA in the process over the Awakening!

Giovante Reese: Being able to get the better of the Openweight and Television Champion is no easy feat, especially with Michaels' interference but they managed to pull it out in decisive fashion here tonight! You can only imagine, this is quite the setback for the Awakening, but a huge leap forward for the Corsairs!

(Reignier and Baker rise to their feet, arms being raised by Buddy Taylor as the Awakening retreat backstage assisting Quinn, their championships all in hand as we go to commercial break.)

[COMMERCIAL BREAK]

(The camera cuts back to the Spokane Arena, as "Tokyo Drift" covered by The Higher Brothers blasts through the arena, the crowd jumps to their feet in loud cheers, as a battle worn Baba Yaga enters through the curtains, just in his casual ring gear, nothing fancy, looking a bit more down than usual, but trying his best to live up to the crowd's energy, with a microphone at hand he doesn't even wait until he hits the ring to speak...)

Baba Yaga: Arigato, arigato.

("Tokyo Drift" fades as he speaks, rolling his shoulders, still feeling the after effects of that insane WarGames match, as he continues to walk down the ramp way...)

Baba Yaga: Gomen-nasai, I failed you. I failed you all. I set out on a mission, not Doe's, but my own! I blindly followed a sadistic bastard who played me like a fiddle! And what do I have to show for it? The scars of my losses! I've lost my cats, my title, my everything it appears! My mind? Nooooo, I lost that a while ago! Nobody can depict the imagery of insanity that has torn my mind to pieces! I look around at you all now and I can tell I failed you. Civil War wasn't meant to have The Phantom Troupe conquering us. But they did. And I have no excuses for it.

(Baba Yaga jumps onto the apron, entering the ring finally, while circling around for a few seconds, getting another good look at the fans)

Baba Yaga: But I can tell you don't want me to give up either!

(The crowd pops)

Baba Yaga: I can tell that there's enough energy within us all to still take the fight to them! But that's not the only thing I have in mind... no, no, no! I have a broader horizon, I have a future to cement! I'm not done with John Doe, not yet! I won't be done until John Doe is finally GONE—out of mind, out of sight! That's how you use that phrase, right? The Fake Troupe can pretend they're on a pedestal above us all, but I'm about to prove them wrong. I'm about to do what I almost did one year ago... on my debut! I'M ENTERING THE CLASH OF THE TITANS AND I'M NOT JUST MAKING THE FINAL FOUR, NO! I'M OUTLASTING TWENTY-NINE OTHER MEN TO WIN THE WHOLE DAMN THING! I'M DOING IT FOR MY LOST CATS! I'M DOING IT FOR MY LOST TITLE! AND I'M DOING IT TO BECOME A WORLD CHAMPION!

(The crowd loudly reacts with cheers to a Baba Yaga who's progressively getting happier as he speaks!)

Baba Yaga: When John Doe first got me a contract to sign for this company, I was told to not load myself with accolades, forget about my desires, forget about passion for the industry! I was told to blindly follow orders and do as I was told—

???: And how did that turn out for you?

(Baba Yaga turns toward the stage as John Doe walks through the curtain to ear deafening boo's)

Baba Yaga: You...

John Doe: Me? I'm still here, always here. I'm always going to be here, my former student. But take a moment to look at yourself, look at the washed up could've been, will never be, successful pupil of mine. You're exciting yourself with mere thoughts of success, but evidently you don't learn from your failures. You jump into the sight of war without thought, but all action. And that cost your team the victory. And your "mentor" Brian Daniels could be very well on his last legs after what we did to him. Do you really think I'd let you walk out here and celebrate? You have nothing to celebrate, kid, you don't deserve a spot in the Clash. You don't deserve to even be under contract with this company. I run this place, I call the shots. We have failures walking around pretending that The Phantom Troupe doesn't have them all by the neck, oh but we do! We always do! And I'm about to prove that just by tempting the sick greed that lurks within your "passion", because I truly believe you're a waste of a spot in the Clash. You only went to the final four last year, because I made it happen. How do you think you came in so late? I make moves, I have power, you have nothing.

Baba Yaga: SHUT UP! SHUT UP! BAKA!

John Doe: NO... you listen here, kid. I'm about to offer you an opportunity of a lifetime. I can see your hatred for me, for my existence, for using you like a tool. And I can see a worthless washed up pupil from a mile away. But the difference? I'm confident, you want in the Clash? Okay, but you want me gone too, right? Aright! How about it then? I'm giving you the chance to finally rid the wrestling world of John Doe FOREVER. There's no coming back from taking a loss from the likes of you, anyway. You versus me, next Olympus, if I lose, I won't ever show my face in any company again, OWA, Wrestleworld, Strong Style Wrestling, hell I wouldn't be desperate enough to show my face in EAW! But you're risking a dream, the passion, your desires! If I win, you sacrifice your spot in the Clash of the Titans! You don't see the headlines of Final Destination... and you go back underneath me. And to prove that you're stuck in this world WITH ME, it will be within A STEEL CAGE!

(John Doe maniacally laughs at a very flustered Baba Yaga in the ring, the thoughts running through his mind, as he paces back and forth, weighing his options... before lifting up the microphone to respond)

Baba Yaga: YOU THINK I'M AFRAID OF YOUR RAT BASTARD ASS? BAKA! BAKA! BAKA! NO! I'LL BEAT YOU AND WIN THE CLASH! YOU'RE ON!

(Baba Yaga still flustered, willingly agrees to the challenge, throws down the microphone, as "No Church in the Wild" starts to play, John Doe continues to laugh on the stage...)

John Doe: I'll see you in hell, kid.

(John Doe drops the mic, amused at the anger of Baba Yaga, as the camera cuts to the ring)

Donny: Welcome back to what has already been an amazing return to Olympus in this new year! And we are going right back to action as we have a huge title defense in line for you tonight.

Giovante: For once you are right Donny! And I for one can't wait as we get to see the Newly crowned Hybrid Champion Mark MOTHER..F..

Donny: Michaels...Mark Michaels, c'mon Gio we talk about this every week.

Giovante: Fine..FINE...The Hybrid Champion Mark Michaels and he has to defend it against that man who never earns his spot. Nobl!

Donny: Don't you think that's a little unfair. Nobl is a world beater here in OWA and around the world. He just came off a huge Puroresu World title reign in SSW! He has been a tag team champion. How can you say he hasn't earned this?

Giovante: He just had his head caved in at Civil War in that War Games match and walks out with a title shot? Donny read the room!

(‘Welcome Home’ by Coheed and Cambria blast across the arena sound system. The crowd erupts in cheers as the spotlight hits the stage. Out walks Nobi and the fans reach a fever pitch cheering for their Hero as he makes his way out. Nobi Salutes the fans before running to the ring and sliding in under the bottom rope. He pops to his feet and throws his hands into the air to acknowledge his fans!)

Jamison Pierce: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is a 30 minute IRON MAN MATCH for the OWA HYYYYYBRID CHAMPIONSHIP where the winner will be determined by the number of falls they are able to record in the time period. Out first, he is the challenger, he hails from Hollywood California! He is the Privateer!
NoooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooB!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Donny: And if I read the room correctly, these fans love this man and love that he is in the hunt for this title.

Giovante: The fans here in Spokane are biased!

Donny: Whatever you say Gio.

(‘Just cos you Got The power’ by Motörhead erupts over the arena speakers. The crowd explodes into a chorus of boos as the lights darken. A Spotlight hits the stage where standing tall is Mark Michaels. The Hybrid title is in his hand and he has it raised above his head. His eyes are locked on the ring at his opponent showing his focus on tonights match. His eyes never leave the ring as he makes his way down the ramp.)

[illegible]

Giovante: Now here is a champion and someone deserving of where he is! Mark Michaels is a cornerstone of The Awakening, he won the tournament that Nobi was in for this title. This will be his first defense and I predict the first of many!

Donny: That is indeed a bold prediction and assumption that Mark walks out of here tonight still champion. The way I see it, he left the rest of The Awakening in the back and if he wins this it will have to be all on his own.

Giovante: Mark would not want that any other way!

[DING DING DING]

Donny: And there is the bell as the timer starts on this Ironman match. Nobu and Mark are circling each other in the ring and Mark makes the first move as he closes in looking for a lock up. Nobu however side steps AND ROLLS MARK UP FROM BEHIND LOOKING FOR A QUICK SCORE!!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

Giovante: And Mark Kicks out easily rolling to his knees as he looks pissed off. Nobu holds up his hand and shows just how close he was. Mark storms right back in and this time the two lock up. Mark transitions into a side headlock, then grabs the arm of Nobu spinning around back and locking in a hammerlock. Nobu searching for a way to get out of the hold, the elbow shot isn't there, but Nobu bends forward and picks the Leg of Michaels!

Donny: Michaels falls to the canvas but rolls away before Nobu has a chance to try for another roll-up as both men come face to face again and again lock...no! Mark Michaels with a stiff right hand to Nobu! Nobu was not ready for it and it staggers him back into the ropes. The Lethal Injection follows him in and whips Nobu Across the ring. Nobu rebounds from the other side and Mark with a clothesline that Nobu Ducks and continues running!

Giovante: and Nobu bounds off the ropes again and dives through the air with a shoulder tackle! NO MARK MICHAELS FALLS TO HIS BACK and Nobu sails over him crashing hard on the canvas and sliding out of the ring! Michaels had that move telegraphed!

Donny: Nobu is trying to get up on the outside and here comes Mark who hops from the apron down to the floor. Nobu not quite to his feet as Mark grabs him by the waist and hoists him up and over with a huge Gutwrench Suplex and the thud Nobu's body just made was sickening and he grabs at his back in obvious pain.

Giovante: The ref is up to a 5 count as these two keep battling outside the ring. Mark however smart rolls just under the bottom rope and back out which will reset the count here. Nobu is back to his feet but Mark is waiting. He whips Nobu towards the ring steps..NO REVERSAL AT THE LAST SECOND AND MARK IS FLUNG INTO THE RING STEPS AND FLIPS OVER THEM LANDING HARD!

Donny: Nobu down to his knees though as that suplex seems to have done a number on his back. Folks we are over 5 minutes into this match and the score is still 0-0 as neither man has been able to score a fall! Nobu now able to roll himself into the ring as Mark is up, shaking off his leg that clipped the steps just moments ago. He too rolls into the ring.

Giovante: Both men are now on their feet. Mark moves in but Nobu meets him with a European Uppercut! The rocks back Michaels who delivers a hard right in return, another uppercut from Nobu, and then another and Mark is sent into the ropes AND HE REBOUND OUT WITH A DISCUS PUNCH THAT LEVELS THE PRIVATEER!! Mark quickly lifts Nobu back up and pushes him back to the ropes. Irish Whip, No that's reversed by Nobu and Mark is sent into the ropes. Nobu ducks down BUT ITS TOO EARLY AS MARK CATCHES HIM WITH A KNEELING FACEBREAKER ACROSS HIS KNEE. NOBU IS DOWN AND MARK COVERS!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

TH---!!

Donny: Nobl kicks out at two and this match is still dead even! Mark seems a little frustrated here as he clearly wants to get a fall recorded. Michaels on his feet, Nobl on their knees and Mark pulls him up. Looks like Mark is looking for that spinning neckbreaker but Nobl twists out and has Mark from behind. Mark with a hard elbow to the side of The Privateers head and then another!

Giovante: But with a howl of aggression Nobl doesnt let go and suddenly arcs back! GERMAN SUPLEX TO MARK MICHAELS AND IT FOLDS HIM INSIDE OUT! Nobl runs the ropes as Mark is getting to his feet and Nobl delivers a diving shoulder block that takes Michaels down again! Nobl pops right up and runs the ropes again and again just as Mark gets to his feet he takes him down with another tackle! Mark pops up faster this time and tries for his discus punch but NOBI DUCKS AND LIFTS MARK INTO THE AIR SPINNING HIM AROUND AND DROPS DOWN WITH HIS **SITOUT POWERBOMB!!!!** THE COVER FROM NOBI!!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THR--!!!

Donny: NO NO MARK KICKS OUT AT THE LAST SECOND AND WE STILL HAVE A TIED SCORE! Nobl checks with the ref to verify the two count and seems dejected to hear it was. Nobl gets to his feet as Mark tries to crawl into the corner. Michaels pulls himself up and Nobl suddenly charges in!

Giovante: But that was a mistake as Mark gets up a boot and catches Nobl right in the face. Nobl stumbles back and Mark charges out and dives low! CHOP BLOCK!! AND IT FLIPS NOBI DOWN TO THE MAT. Nobl is howling in pain grabbing his right knee. Mark stalks in pulling Nobl up. He hooks the leg and lifts and drops Nobl down across his knee with a knee breaker!!

Donny: And again Nobl lets out a howl BUT MARK DOESNT RELEASE THE LEG NOBI SQUIRMING TRYING TO GET OUT OF HIS GRIP BUT MARK ROLLS HIM OVER, HE HOOKS HIS LEG UP AND DROPS DOWN INTO **AN INVERTED FIGURE FOUR LEG LOCK!!**

Giovante: AND NOBI HAS NOWHERE TO GO HE IS IN THE CENTER OF THE RING ROPES ARE MILES AWAY AND HE IS SCREAMING IN PAIN FROM THIS HOLD AND **NOBI TAPS OUT!!!!**

[DING]

Jamison: Mark Michaels now leads with a score of 1-0!!

Donny: I can't believe it. Nobl Tapped so quickly to that hold!

Giovante: But it may have been the best thing. The tap out releases the hold and allows Nobi precious time to recover in the corner! Mark Celebrates on the ropes as this crowd rears its ugly head with thunderous boos and jeers. Meanwhile Nobi seems to be up in the corner, we are 15 minutes in and Michaels has an early advantage scoring the first fall via Tap Out.

Donny: Mark now sees that Nobi is on his feet and he moves in to the corner and delivers a hard chop across the chest of Nobi. Nobi responds with a Euro uppercut and then another and then another and now Mark Michaels is stumbling back to center of the ring.

Giovante: Nobi comes charging out of the corner, slowed slightly by his right knee but still delivers the diving shoulder block! Mark is down but quickly gets to his feet as again Nobi runs the ropes. **BUT MICHAELS WAS READY FOR HIM AND LIFTS HIM UP FOR THE SPINEBUSTER!!!!**

Donny: NO NO, LAST SECOND NOBI SHIFTS HIS WEIGHT AND TURNS IT INTO HIS **TORNADO DDT!!!!** IT PLANTS MARK HEAD FIRST INTO THE MAT FLIPPING HIM OVER BUT HES RIGHT BACK TO HIS FEET.

Giovante: BUT HE IS OUT ON SAID FEET AS NOBI SINCHES THE ARM INTO A HAMMERLOCK AND THEN SPINS HIM AROUND **RED NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEDLE!!** MY GOD THAT CLOTHESLINE SPINS MARK MICHAELS THROUGH THE AIR AND DOWN HARD ON THE MAT NOBI WITH THE COVER!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!

[DING]

Jamison: After that pinfall, the score is all tied at 1-1

Giovante: 20 minutes into this match and we are all tied up again! That clothesline ripped the head off Mark Michaels and I am starting to think he may need the rest of Awakening down here to help him win this as time is starting to run out!

Donny: What's the matter Gio? Starting to worry he isnt man enough to win on his own? Nobi looks to keep the pressure on here as we continue this match but Mark Michaels has rolled out of the ring and is trying to recover outside. Nobi see's this and steps out the opposite side of the ring and makes his way around. This gives Mark time to get to his feet and he and Nobi meet half way and both are raining down punches on the other! Back and forth blow for blow. The ref is leaning through the ropes trying to tell them they have to get back in the ring if they are going to win this match!

Giovante: Mark raises a knee that catches Nobi unaware and doubles him over. He then slings Nobi into the ring side Barricade! Nobi slumps down to the floor and Mark picks him

right up and rolls him back into the ring. Mark follows him in but Nobu continues rolling to the far side and out of the ring. Mark slides back under the bottom rope clearly frustrated and takes off in a run to get around to the other side.

Donny: Where Nobu was waiting for him and flips Mark into the air with a back body drop and Mark crashes into the first row of fans at ring side! And the Fans do not take kindly to the intrusion and lift and toss Mark back over the barricade at Nobu's feet. Nobu Salutes the fans before picking Mark up and rolling him back into the ring. Nobu climbs into the ring and sprints past Michaels as he is getting to his feet. NOBU JUMPS INTO THE ROPES AND FLIES BACK CATCHING MARK AROUND THE HEAD! **SPRINGBOARD STUNNER!!**

Giovante: And Michaels is down and here comes Nobu with the cover this could give him the lead and Mark really needs some help!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THR---!!!

Giovante: NO NO MARK KICKS OUT THIS THING IS STILL TIED 1-1!! BUT NOBU ISNT DONE AND HE LIFTS UP MICHAELS...OH NO...HE HAS HIM UP IN A FIREMANS CARRY WE KNOW WHAT THIS IS! **ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT!**

Donny: I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. MARK MICHAELS SHIFTED HIS WEIGHT AT THE LAST SECOND AND DRIVES NOBU DOWN WITH A DDT!!! HE REVERSED THE AA!! BOTH MEN ARE DOWN!

Giovante: Mark Michaels is stirring first, and we have less than three minutes in this match. Mark moves to Nobu who is starting to rise to his knees and picks him up and delivers a nasty looking front russian leg sweep. That drives Nobu's head right back into the mat. Mark now not slowing the pace as time is winding down. He lifts up Nobu and Pushes him back into the corner. Micheals moves in and lifts Nobu onto the top rope. Mark starts to climb and he may well be looking for a superplex here!

Donny: BUT LOOK AT THE FIGHT IN NOBU, HE STARTS TO DELIVER BODY SHOT AFTER BODY SHOT TO MICHAELS WHO LOSES HIS BALANCE AND MY GOD LOOK AT THE STRENGTH OF NOBU WHO CATCHES THE UNBALANCED MARK MICHAELS AND HAS HIM ON HIS SHOULDERS.

Giovante: AND NO NO HE IS STANDING NOBU NOW STANDING ON THAT MIDDLE ROPE AND LETS OUR A YELL AS HE LIFTS MARK UP AND JUMPS FROM THE ROPES AND WE HAVE A MINUTE LEFT!!

Donny: **ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT FROM THE MIDDLE ROPE!!!**

Giovante: NO..NOOO...MARK MICHAELS LANDS ON HIS FEET OUT OF THE FLIP! AND NOBU CRASHES ON THE CANVAS! MARK RUNS IN

DDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDOWNFALLLLL!!!! THAT STOMP DRIVES NOBI INTO THE MAT BUT MARKS NOT DONE. HE RUNS THE ROPES AGAIN, NOBI TRYING TO GET TO HIS KNEES BUT NO **DOWNFALL!! A SECOND DOWNFALL**. COVER HIM MARK THERE IS ONLY TWENTY SECOND LEFT!!!

Donny: AND HE DOES MICHAELS WITH THE COVER!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

[DING]

Jamison: Mark Michaels now leads after that pinfall 2-1!!

Giovante: AND THERE IS ONLY 5 SECOND LEFT 4, 3, 2, 1!!!! HE DID IT AND HE DID IT ALONE JUST LIKE I SAID HE WOULD!!

Donny: Unbelievable!!

[DING DING DING]

Jamison: AND HERE IS YOUR WINNER, WITH A SCORE OF TWO FALLS TO ONE. **AND STILL YOUR OWA HYBRID CHAMPION!** MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARK
MIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIICHAELS!!

Giovante: Woووو lets go Mark! What a way to show the world just how good the Awakening is! A huge title defense for the new champion goes JUST the way he wanted it too.

Donny: I have to hand it to Mark Michaels, he pulled out one of the craziest reversals to the AA I think we have ever seen and not only then but kept Nobi from hitting the move at all this match which may be why he is still champion!

Giovante: He knew what he had to do to win and he got the job done. Our main event is really going to have to work hard to top this match tonight! Folks we will be back after a short break!

[FINAL COMMERCIAL BREAK]

Giovante Reese: Good to be back from the commercials... And it's time for our main event bay bay! This shit is STACKED to the brim. No cap.

Donny Diamond: I don't deny it. A faction that has been on a tear off late. And a group of individuals that hate each others guts. Can they be a cohesive unit to take on the very dangerous Phantom Troupe? Let's find out!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Jamison Pierce: The following contest is tonight's MAIN EVENT!! And it is scheduled for ONE FALL!

Crowd: ONE FALL!!

(An ominous beeping sound fills the arena. Suddenly, the voice of Soulja Boy is heard over the P.A. System as 'Pretty Boy Swag' begins playing and Matt Miles walks through the curtain. In a pair of black tights with the letter 'M' repeatedly paint brushed down one leg in white and gold with a pair of matching white boots and a black racer jacket to complete the visage, he tunes out the antagonistic reaction from the crowd until it's nothing but white noise to him. He looks down, closes his eyes, then takes a deep breath as he spreads his arms wide. He clenches his fists, then breathes out and revs his arm into a strut down the ramp.)

Donny Diamond: The Vanguard of the Phantom Troupe has made quite a mark on the wrestling world ever since his debut. Besting the likes of Graham Baker and being part of the winning side at Civil War! Matt Miles has certainly changed the narrative about his career since his OWA debut. A big name elsewhere-- out here with vengeance. Aligning himself to the Troupe may very well have been a business decision, as the Troupe looks to be going strong heading into the new year.

Giovante Reese: Ain't no doubt bout that! The Phantom Troupe was a household name, to begin with-- with a promise to spread their poison into the OWA. They wanted to kill the company for nothing but their pleasure. John Doe is a sick and sadistic individual and we have seen that time and time again, having assembled a monstrous group of individuals. Each more vindictive, more conniving, more sadistic than the other. And Matt Miles, as the youngin' of the group, has plenty of that to pass around. What a bright future ahead for this man. The Man with the Midas Touch! It's only time before he gets his hands on gold.

("Born Too Late" by Saint Vitus echoes throughout the arena to a loud reaction from the crowd as the camera pans around to the concession stands. The GraveWorm makes his way through the crowd, trying to get a hold of him, as he nonchalantly passes through the booing masses and makes his way down the stairs. With a nasty snarl to boot, he leaps over the barricade and finds himself around ringside, eyeing and taunting the fans along the way. He rolls into the ring and walks up to Miles as they both nod at each other)

Donny Diamond: What about the man who got the Troupe the victory at Civil War? The man who put Brian Daniels through a flaming table. We still don't know what is the update on the legendary dragon as of yet. Daniels was unresponsive-- probably having competed in the last match of his career. All because of this man. Darkane has now ended TWO careers, for all we know, in his short time in OWA. Both being accomplished world champions at that. It's no easy feat. This man takes sadism to another level-- Heck, you can even label him as a sadomasochist since he clearly does not care about his own well being.

Giovante Reese: That's why he's successful, Donny. This man will go to any limits to get the job done. After a few shaky weeks leading up to Civil War-- Darkane has completely flipped

the switch. It's like he's shifted gears and moving at a very fast pace towards inevitable gold. I say, Darkane has my money for having the best 2021 in OWA. You can quote me on that.

(The lighting changes throughout the arena suddenly once "Head Like A Hole" by Nine Inch Nails to reveal the black hooded figure recognized as Jacob Senn standing in the middle of the stage, squatting down and motioning back and forth to the rhythm of the music, before the next set of lyrics to signal him to shoot up to his feet with a double-gun taunt pointed to the ring with pyrotechnics firing from his side. Senn makes his way down the ramp, shrugging off fans in the front rows. His swagger is unmatched and his confidence is unshaken, as Jacob Senn makes a leap towards the apron. He springboards off the top rope and does a forward flip, landing on his feet, before posing in the middle with the gun fingers as a single spotlight appears over the ring. The fans show their disapproval for the legend, as the boos reign in. Unfazed by the reaction, he joins his comrades in the ring as they discuss their strategies)

Jamison Pierce: INTRODUCING FIRST! At a combined weight of 684 lbs!! The team of MATT MILES, DARKANE, AND JAAACOOOB SENNN!!! THEY ARE-- THE PHAAAAAANTOOOOOOM TROOOOOOUUUPPEEEEEEE!!!!

Donny Diamond: And what is to be said about this man? Not only has he been a complete bastard ever since his return, but he also was involved in the demolition of his supposed best friend! What kind of a sick and twisted individual just watches his long time friend in Brian Daniels have his career shortened-- or even worse, ENDED! Jacob Senn has been the voice that has guided the Phantom Troupe along with the leadership of John Doe. He has been the veteran mind that leads the charge-- as he did at Civil War. Jacob Senn has never looked this vicious. This demented. Everything he does is brutal. It's unnerving. What has gotten into this man! The OWA Hall Of Famer has turned a completely new leaf ever since his return. The group he fought to stop not too long ago is now who he aligns himself with. Jacob Senn has changed-- He has changed for the worse! What is wrong with the guy?!

Daniel Wilson: What do you mean? Jacob Senn is and always will be a legend of this business. No matter WHO he aligns with. But let's not forget, this isn't the first time we have seen The Punisher come out of him. In fact, back in the days, this was to be expected. You know that, Donny! Senn is and always has been ruthless in the ring. And now, he has a purpose. A reason to return to OWA. He wants to take down the same brass that FAILED him not too long ago. Jacob Senn is out for vengeance. He is out for gold! And he will kill a man if he has to. It's just business.

("No Love" by Death Grips hits the PA System to a loud chorus of boos. After the stunt he pulled at the beginning of the show, it's a surprise that a riot hasn't broken through. Cage proudly showcases the God Of War Medallion he won at Civil War, before marching down the ramp with the killer's intent. Looking up to his opposition in the ring, Cage breaks a smile-- pointing at the dog tag he always wears around the ring. He brings the cameraman close to what is etched onto it -- With Kenny Drake's and Finnegan Wakefield's name scratched out-- There is one particular name that stands out. Jacob Senn. A former Omega Heavyweight Champion. Cage has vowed to destroy everything along his way to become champion and Senn happens to be on his hit list. With a devilish smirk on his face, he climbs

up to the apron and taunts the Troupe as Ichiro steps in to make sure that the match doesn't break into chaos right from the get-go)

Jamison: And their opponents! Introducing first... From Machester, England! Weighing in at 207 lbs!! He is the GOD OF WAR.... "THE DEVIL" NAAAATE CAAAAAGE!!

Giovante Reese: What a Civil War this man has had, hasn't he? Beating out Keelan Callihan in the tournament semi-finals, Cage finally captured the God Of War Medallion that GUARANTEES a title shot of his choosing, whenever he wants it. We are living in a world where a Nate Cage run as the Omega Heavyweight Champion isn't too far away from reality. That's a terrifying thought, to begin with. The very same medallion that eluded him in the Tournament's first iteration. Cage has come a long way since his debut-- but singles' accolades have never been in his line of sight. Well, that changes very soon. Or whenever Cage chooses to cash his opportunity.

Donny Diamond: Let's not gloss over the antics that Nate Cage pulled out at the beginning of the show. We know his never-ending grudge with his former stable-mate and brother. Even after the death of Kenny Drake, Nate Cage continues to disrespect him and his family. What a sick bastard he is. I absolutely hate his guts. I surely hope he gets his comeuppance tonight. Cause the crowd sure wants it.

("Oblivion" by 30 Seconds to Mars now bursts through the speakers as Keelan Callihan makes his way onto the stage with Julianna DeMarco by his side. Callihan poses on the stage, reveling at the boos he receives, before making his way down the ramp. The number one contender for the Omega Heavyweight Championship sure does look confident, as he flips off the bird to the crowd as they disapprove of his existence. Keelan's main squeeze is enjoying it as much as he is, as Callihan looks towards the opponents in the ring in disgust. He climbs up the apron and up the top turnbuckle, posing for the crowd that wants none of it. Callihan joins Nate Cage and they have their own verbal back-and-forth in the ring)

Jamison Pierce: And his partner, from Gold Coast, Australia. Weighing in at 218 lbs!! Accompanied to the ring by Julianna DeMarco-- He is "THE KILLER" KEEEEEEELAAAN CAAAALLLIHHAAAAAN!!!!

Donny Diamond: I don't know about you, Gio-- But Keelan sure comes off as an entitled piece of shit.

Giovante Reese: What do you mean?! Are we ignoring the fast count that happened at Civil War. Yes-- Buddy Taylor had seen the light and joined our Father-- But Keelan was certainly robbed in the process. That Television Championship match just wouldn't have ended there if it wasn't for the divine intervention.

Donny Diamond: Okay, I will give him that. But throwing a tantrum after the match and tonight-- And DEMANDING a world title shot seems a bit much. Usually, those things aren't handed-- But Keelan Callihan has used the situation with his contract to blackmail the management. He vowed to take everything before he leaves at Civil War. Let's see if he can stay true to his promise.

Giovante Reese: I would believe in the words of The Killer. He's out here tonight with a reason... Maybe he'll earn his title shot for ya in this match!

Donny Diamond: I wouldn't be so confident, Gio. There already appears to be some trouble in paradise between Cage and Callihan. And let's not forget who their tag team partner is. Keelan's mortal enemy. The guy who Cage almost KILLED in 2019. While Finnegan Wakefield has been on another level ever since his return -- getting himself a TV title run. But now he has his eyes set on the Clash of the Titans. Finnegan Wakefield wants to end Season 3 with the World Championship BACK around his waist. And the two men he's teaming with, if he put away their history, might be his biggest obstacles. With Keelan challenging for the title at Clash and Cage looming in the background with the God of War medallion, it sure will be interesting to find out who can head into Final Destination as the challenger and the champion.

(The crowd comes alive at the sound of the trademark distorted cords of "Morning Glory" by Oasis as the lights dim with blue strobe scanning over the crowd. As the perverse hits its stride and the lights flicker and focus towards the stage, Finnegan Wakefield emerges from the back wearing his signature bomber jacket, hands behind his back as he stands at the top of the ramp with a grin as he overlooks the sea of fans. As the first verse kicks in, Wakefield makes his way down the ramp with a stride to his step, hands outstretched to slap the outstretched hands of the front row, before coming to a halt, seeing the men in the ring. The Phantom Troupe -- somebody Finn isn't too keen on. And his partners-- the two biggest rivals he has had in OWA. Keelan has a nasty snarl on his face seeing his forever rival climb up to the apron)

Jamison Pierce: And introducing their partner! From Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk, England, weighing in tonight at 181 pounds! HE IS THE PRODIGAL SON! FIIINNEEEEGAAAN!!! WAAAKEEEEFIIIEEELD!!!

Donny Diamond: Speaking of the man, we can see that there's no love lost between the trio standing on one side. They do not like each other and now they face a cohesive unit in the Phantom Troupe. Things aren't looking best for their opposition at the moment--

Giovante Reese: HUH?!

Donny Diamond: NATE CAGE JUST HIT FINNEGAN WAKEFIELD WITH A SPINNING BACK KICK, SENDING HIM OUTSIDE THE RING. IT DIDN'T TAKE CAGE A SECOND TO TURN ON HIS PARTNER TONIGHT. BUT THE TROUPE TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION!! THE PHANTOM TROUPE HAS JUMPED ON THE TWO MEN LEFT IN THE RING! ICHIRO YAGATA IS TRYING TO SEPARATE THE TEAMS BUT IT ISN'T AN EASY TASK. THE TROUPE IS ABSOLUTELY MAULING DOWN ON KEELAN AND CAGE! STOMPS GALORE!

Ichiro Yagata: Break away or I call this match off!

Jacob Senn: Alright! Alright! Have it your way then.

Giovante Reese: It seems like the warning worked out. The Troupe has backed away towards the corner as Ichiro checks on the two men. It seems like Matt Miles has decided to start the match off as Nate Cage simply rolls out of the ring to recover himself leaving Keelan on his own.

Matt Miles: Ring the fucking bell already!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Donny Diamond: And the matchup is finally official as Miles carries on with the work that the Troupe started. He is ruthlessly stomping down on the chest of The Killer, not giving him any moment to recover. He drags Keelan towards his corner before dropping consecutive elbows down to the chest of Callihan. Another! And another! Miles is ruthless off the bat as he lifts Keelan up by his hair to the dismay of the referee. SNAPMARE! He follows through the ropes and connects with a low dropkick to the face of Callihan. A quick cover attempt... but Keelan is able to break free before the referee can even get into position. Miles quickly works down on the neck of Callihan, applying a neck crank-- before transitioning into a Sleeper Hold! But Keelan is quick on his feet, he forces Miles off the canvas and onto his feet-- Elbows to the gut of Miles as Keelan tries to free himself!

Giovante Reese: That lasts about fifteen seconds. Miles reverses the Irish Whip and sends Keelan right into uncharted territories! And look at that-- Darkane grabs him in a fish hook. MILES RUNS IN WITH A RUNNING KNEE STRIKE to the corner as Darkane makes the tag. Miles follows the high knee strike with a snap mare as both Darkane and Miles hit the ropes. DOUBLE PENALTY KICK ON OPPOSITE ENDS! Keelan got flattened by the Troupe as Darkane drops an elbow onto the shoulder of Keelan. He grabs Keelan by his arm and traps it behind his neck-- JEEZ! VICIOUS STOMP ONTO THE ELBOW! THAT ARM ISN'T SUPPOSED TO BEND THAT WAY! Callihan shrieks in pain as Darkane enjoys tearing him apart. That stomps never stop with this lot. Keelan is absolutely feeling it right now-- Finn is just back on the apron and it seems Cage is taking his sweet time with it. You know Keelan wants nothing to do with Finn. He's swallowing his pride and taking the beating, just so he doesn't tag in his mortal enemy.

Donny Diamond: I don't think that Keelan has a choice. It's not going to bode well for him if he continues to keep it up. Darkane lifts up Keelan and plants him with a gutwrench suplex! And does so with ease as Keelan crashes down to the canvas. Darkane with a disrespectful foot over his head as Ichiro falls down for a cover--

Ichiro Yagata: ONNEEEEE!!!! T-

Giovante Reese: Just the one. Keelan is seemingly furious at the disrespect shown to him by Darkane-- somebody he happens to be butting heads with over the last couple of weeks. Keelan is trying to recollect himself but Darkane gives him no time. Darkane lets out a flurry of strikes as Keelan gets backed up to a corner. He follows it up with knife-edge chops to boot. One after the other. Darkane with the Irish Whip to the opposite corner-- FOLLOWED BY THE STINGER SPLASH! Absolutely squashing The Killer in between the steel turnbuckles! Keelan stumbles down to a knee-- ONLY TO GET HIT WITH A ROUNDHOUSE KICK! Darkane falls down for another cover!

Ichiro Yagata: ONNEEEEE!!!! TWOOOO--

Donny Diamond: And just like that, Darkane is dragging Keelan towards his corner to tag in Jacob Senn. Senn leaps off the top rope and lands with a nasty leg drop onto the face of Callihan! Senn lifts Keelan and connects with the Michinoku Driver! He quicks prop back up to his feet and connects with a double foot stomp to the chest of Callihan-- followed by a basement dropkick. Things are not looking good for The Killer as Senn rallies the Troupe. Quite literally. Keelan is backing towards the corner as Senn lets him have space-- Only to run back in with a HANDSPRING ELBOW STRIKE INTO THE CORNER! Senn now has him up in a Fireman's Carry! USHIGOROSHI! JACOB SENN IS FIRING ON ALL CYLINDERS AS HE REBOUNDS OFF THE ROPES-- BICYCLE KNEE STRIKE THAT NEARLY TAKES HIS HEAD OFF! KEELAN CALLIHAN MIGHT BE OUT! SENN HOOKS THE LEG FOR THE COVER...

Ichiro Yagata: ONNNEEE!!! TWWWOOOOO!!! TH-

Giovante Reese: Nahhh! It ain't over yet, son. Keelan shows his passion for the biz with that powerful kickout. He isn't getting punked by the Troupe again. Callihan quickly scrambles towards the ropes and starts pulling himself up. But Senn connects with a ruthless kick to the calf. Another shin kick! He stomps on his feet before connecting with a spinning gut kick that almost sends Keelan falling to the outside. But Callihan hangs on... Senn runs the ropes and tries to take Keelan with him-- NO! ROPE ASSISTED ENZUIGIRI! Keelan catches Senn flush on the face and that has rendered the Punisher groggy! Sennstumbles around as Keelan leaps off the ropes-- SLINGSHOT DDT! Keelan plants him on his cranium! Callihan finally gets the break he needed. Trying to catch his breath as he crawls away from Senn. Callihan looks at Finn towards his corner and turns a blind eye to him-- Quite a persistent man. Ain't no way he tagging him in!

Donny Diamond: Persistence could lead to his downfall. He has taken too much damage early on and he needs to recuperate. But Keelan is eyeing up Senn as Keelan hits the ropes-- LARIAT takes Senn down. Senn is quickly back on his feet-- only to walk into another Lariat! Frustration settling in as Senn is back up for more-- trying to connect with a lariat of his own. But Keelan ducks under. SUPERKICK from Callihan. SUPERKICK TO AN UNSUSPECTING MATT MILES! SUPERKICK FOR DARKANE-- NO! DARKANE CATCHES IT... ENZUIGIRI! Keelan uses his grip against him as Darkane stumbles down to the floor. Jacob Senn walks right into the arms of Callihan who lifts him up in a vertical lift-- FOR A PUMPHANDLE... INTO A DEATH VALLEY DRIVER! THE DYING LIGHT CONNECTS! And Keelan makes the first cover for his team and he just might have him! What a comeback!

Ichiro Yagata: ONNNEEE!!! TWWWOOOOO!!!-

Giovante Reese: The Punisher can continue on but The Killer surely is looking to end it early. He has Senn in his sights as he possibly sets up for the Killer Crusher! CALLIHAN IS FEELING HIMSELF! HE WANTS IT! KEELAN LEAPS UP INTO THE AIR-- KILLER CRUSHEEEER!!! NO! NO! SENN BLOCKS THE ATTEMPT AND PUSHES HIM AWAY! SUPERKICK FROM SENN-- BUT KEELAN REBOUNDS OFF THE ROPES WITH A PENDULUM LARIAT... WHICH SENN SLIDES UNDER... SPRINGING BACK UP WITH A PELE KNEE STRIKE! HE DOUBLES HIM OVER-- BUCKLE BOMB!! JACOB SENN

PLANTS KEELAN WITH A BUCKLE BOMB. AND NOW HE IS LOOKING FOR THE SHADOW STEP! TO END IT ALL! SENN RUNS THE ROPES-- NO! CAGE! CAGE GRABS ONTO HIS FOOT, STOPPING HIM IN HIS TRACKS!

Donny Diamond: And look at Julianna! She is joining in on the action too! Climbing up to the apron talking a whole lotta shit to Senn. But that is exactly what Keelan needed! Keelan is pulling himself back up as Senn turns around-- INTO A SLING BLADE! Keelan is now edging closer to Finn. Is he actually going to make the tag! Is he tagging in his mortal enemy? These two absolutely hate each other's guts! But Finnegan Wakefield sure doesn't want to lose this match. He has his hands extended to their limits! Finnegan wants the tag and Keelan is reaching out for it! TAG!

Giovante Reese: HAHA! ABSOLUTELY BRILLIANT! Nate Cage just swooped right in at the last second and stole the tag. Finn is furious but it doesn't matter! Nate Cage now finds himself in the match. And he immediately is taking it to Senn. Slamming his head off the canvas repeatedly to his heart's amusement. Cage lifts Senn up to a kneeling position to start laying in the shoot kicks to the chest. Another! And Another! Cage is not holding back on the kicks at all-- As Senn's chest begins to bruise up. Nate tries to finish the sequence with a roundhouse but Senn pushes him away. Senn does a kip-up to get back up to his feet! Incredible agility-- but it doesn't matter. A brutal knee to the gut and a clobbering blow to the back later-- Cage has Senn by the ropes. He traps the arms of Senn in between the two ropes before SLAPPING the taste out of him. Cage is no stranger to disrespect as he runs the ropes and rebounds back with a NASTY shotgun dropkick! Jacob Senn collapses onto the grip of Cage, who floats over behind him. Arms hooked behind the neck-- T-BONE SUPLEX! Senn got folded like an accordion by the brutal onslaught of Nate Cage! The Devil surely lives up to his moniker every time he steps into the ring.

Donny Diamond: Cage picks up Senn and picks up Senn for a snap suplex-- No! Knee to the head by Senn, who lands back on his feet. Jacob Senn now laying it thick on Cage with lefts and rights. Shoot kick! Spinning backfist connects! AND A LARIAT THAT LEVELS CAGE DOWN TO THE CANVAS! THE SECOND CITY SAINT COMBINATION! Cage is quick on his feet but not for long as Senn connects with a Bicycle Knee strike to the face before planting him with a DDT.... But Cage is STILL not going down. Senn backs up, knowing very well that The Devil wasn't the one to stay down for long. But Jacob Senn vows to make him stay down! PENALTY KICK! FOLLOWED BY A STANDING 450 SPLASH ONTO CAGE! HE QUICKLY ROLLS OVER AND SPRINGS ONTO THE MIDDLE TURNBUCKLE FOR A SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT! COVER BY SENN!

Ichiro Yagata: ONNNEEE!! T-

Giovante Reese: All that for just a one-count?! Well, Senn sure isn't going to stop the offense coming. He is familiar with Cage's antics and she sure as hell isn't going to let that man stand back up. Keep him grounded. Senn with a running senton on Cage as he drags him towards his corner! Tag to Matt Miles. Miles leaps off the middle rope, TRIANGLE DROPKICK to the face of Cage. Miles simply punts the gut of Cage-- A kitchen-sink esque maneuver. He's got a foot over Cage's throat, using the ropes as leverage to push it further down. Ichiro runs in for the break.

Ichiro Yagata: Break! Now!

Matt Miles: It's a multi-man match, you buffoon.

Donny Diamond: And a nasty stomp to the neck of Cage. Miles grabs the arms of Cage into a double chickenwing-- driving his knee into the spine of Cage. The Devil might not be as impervious to pain as he used to be-- The clear struggle on his face as he tries to maneuver around the knee and get back up to his feet while Miles holds him down. But Cage using his brute strength to get himself off the ground while Miles tries to crank back on the arms of Cage. But Cage slips through with the first-- A backfist to Miles. A spinning kick to the gut! Cage with a high-knee lift strike to the face that sends Miles backward-- only to rebound back into the arms of Cage for a BELLY-TO-BELLY Suplex! Miles comes crashing down, as he clutches onto his back. Look at the anger on Cage's face. Nate certainly has a reputation to uphold at the moment. The God Of War isn't letting off his victim that easy. He claws into the nostrils of Miles!! HE IS TRYING TO RIP HIS NOSE APART! JEEZ!

Giovante Reese: And now Cage is returning the favor with systematic stomps to every joint of Matt Miles. Cage drags Miles by his hair and slams him by the turnbuckle. Knee strikes to the head of Miles, who is doing what he can to block the damage to the best of his ability. Cage is relentless with his strikes. He pulls Miles over, doubling him up. POWERBOMB TIME! NO! MILES IS FIGHTING THROUGH! MILES WITH FOREARM STRIKES! MILES SLIDES OFF! AND NOW A BACKHEEL LOW BLOW! THE REFEREE DOESN'T SEE SHIT! MILES REBOUNDS OFF THE ROPES-- HEAT STROKE! HEAT STROKE! HE CLOBBERS DOWN NATE CAGE! MILES HOOKS THE LEG FOR A COVER!

Ichiro Yagata: ONNEEE--

Donny Diamond: WHAT THE-- NOT EVEN A ONE?! WHAT IS THIS MAN?! THE RESILIENCE OF NATE CAGE SHINES THROUGH AS MILES LOOKS ON IN FRUSTRATION. Miles tries to set him up in a seated position. He rebounds off the ropes-- IN FOR THE KILL!? THE SINGLE LEG DROPKICK CONNECTS! ANOTHER QUICK COVER IN SUCCESSION!

Ichiro Yagata: ONNEEEEEEE!! TWOOOOOOO!!!!!! T-

Giovante Reese: Aha! Miles got the two count. He knows if he keeps it going, eventually, Nate Cage will fall. He won't be able to kick out for much longer. Miles is confident of that. Miles picks up Cage and gets an inverted face look. He looks to be going for the Gold Rush! GOLD RUSH CONNECTS-- NO! NO! CAGE SPINS OUT OF IT! KICK TO THE FACE OF MILES! FOLLOWED BY A NASTY LARIAT! Miles is down to a knee-- AND NATE CAGE IS DEADLIFTING HIM OFF THE GROUND. HE IS LOOKING FOR THE GERMAN SUPLEX! THE INHUMAN POWER OF NATE CAGE IS AT DISPLAY AS HE LIFTS MILES OFF THE CANVAS--WAIT! TAG! DARKANE MAKES THE TAG AND CAGE IS UNAWARE!

Donny Diamond: DEADLIFT GERMAN WITH A BRIDGE CONNECTS! CAGE HAS THE COVER BUT MILES ISN'T THE LEGAL MAN! DARKANE WITH A MUSHROOM STOMP ONTO THE CHEST OF CAGE! HE LIFTS CAGE UP--- PREMATURE BURIAL!

PREMATURE BURIAL CONNECTS! MILES HAS ROLLED OUT OF THE RING! CAGE IS DOWN AS DARKANE HOOKS THE LEG!

Ichiro Yagata: ONNEEEEEEE!! TWOOOOOOOO!!!!!! THREEEEE--

Giovante Reese: Cage stays in this! He somehow kicks out! Finn was convinced the match was over! But Nate Cage stays alive! Darkane finds himself by the corner. He takes a seat as he watches Cage struggle to get back up to his feet. Darkane has an ice-cold stare on-- He has Cage in his sights. He wants him gone! CAUSE EVEN THE DEVIL MAY CRY! DARKANE-- HE PICKS HIMSELF UP AS CAGE UNKNOWINGLY GETS BACK UP TO HIS FEET-- DARKANE RUNS IN!! WAIT! FINN WITH THE SUPPORT! CAGE LEAPFROGS HIM JUST AS HE APPROACHED, HEADING STRAIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF FINNEGAN WAKEFIELD! FINN WITH A FOREARM STRIKE FOR HIS TROUBLES!! CAGE! CAGE LIFTS DARKANE UP! DOGTAG! DOGTAG CONNECTS! COVER!

Ichiro Yagata: ONNEEEEEEE!! TWOOOOOOOO!!!!!! THREE--

Donny Diamond: NO! NO! DARKANE STAYS IN! Wait... Hold up! Cage just walks up to Finn and looks him in the eye. What is he planning to do? He attacked the man at the starting of the match. Cage surely isn't looking to attack his partner once again? Not so far deep into the match!! HUH?! CAGE... CAGE JUST TAGGED IN FINN! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THIS MATCH! FINN IS IN! WAKEFIELD WASTES NO TIME! ABSOLUTELY NO TIME! HE RUNS IN LEAPING OVER DARKANE AND CONNECTING WITH A EUROPEAN UPPERCUT ON MILES! FOREARM STRIKE FROM SENN-- NO! FINN CATCHES IT! SPINNING BACKFIST FROM FINN! AND HE DRAGS SENN BY HIS HEAD AND SLAMS HIS HEAD ONTO THE STEEL POST! DARKANE IS SLOWLY GETTING UP-- BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER! FINN IS FAR TOO FRESH IN COMPARISON TO THE OTHER! SHOOT KICK TO THE CHEST-- INTO A LEAPING ENZUIGIRI! DARKANE COLLAPSES ONTO THE ROPES BUT FINN CATCHES HIM OVER. O'CONNOR ROLL!!! INTO THE GERMAN SUPLEX! FINNEGAN WAKEFIELD IS ON FIRE!

Giovante Reese: But look at Senn, he leaps off the ropes! KNEE STRIKE-- NO! CAGE RAN IN! HE TOOK THE BRUNT OF THE STRIKE! CAGE IS RENDERED GROGGY BUT FINN IS OKAY. FINN CAPITALIZES ON THE MISTAKE AS HE RUNS IN-- JUDO THROW INTO A BEAUTIFUL CROSS ARMBREAKER! IT'S LOCKED IN! DOESN'T MATTER THOUGH! SENN AIN'T THE LEGAL MAN! BUT MILES NEVERTHELESS IS CLIMBING ONTO THE TOP ROPE! HE LEAPS OFF THE TOP-- FINN LETS GO OF THE HOLD JUST IN TIME TO CATCH MILES BY HIS LEG! HEEL HOOK AND CROSS ARMBREAKER AT THE SAME TIME! HE HAS BOTH SENN AND MILES IN TROUBLE! THE IN-RING PROWESS SHOWN BY THIS MAN!

Donny Diamond: But he sees no point in it, finally. He lets go of the hold as Senn and Miles clutch on to their limbs. The limb collector isn't stopping there. He runs in and connects with a lethal penalty kick to the arm of Darkane-- who just got up in a seated position. Finn is single-handedly taking out the Phantom Troupe! The benefit of him staying out of the match for as long as he did has paid in full! Wakefield is ready to go! An uppercut to Miles. Knife Edge chop to Senn. Rolling kick to the gut of Darkane-- followed by AN AXE KICK! Wakefield is clearing house! He eyes up Miles-- NIRVANA! NIRVANA CONNECTS! THE

CYCLONE MAFIA KICK! WHILE SENN IS CAUGHT-- WAKEFIELD LIFTS HIM UP! THE STANDING TIGER DRIVER-- OR THE TORA DRIVER AS HE CALLS IT! INTO--DRAGON'S COLLAR! THE STRETCH MUFFLER IS LOCKED IN! AND NOW FINN TAKES A SEATED POSITION. IT IS SYNCHED IN TIGHT! WAKEFIELD IS LOOKING TO GET THEM ALL TAP OUT AT ONCE! HE WILL MAKE EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM BREAK!

Giovante Reese: Darkane rushes in and gets caught in a drop toe hold! Face first goes Darkane as Finn rebounds off the ropes-- WHAT THE! THAT'S TEDDY MAC! MAC HAS FINALLY SHOWN HIS PRESENCE AFTER WAITING THIS LONG! MAC CATCHES FINN WITH A CLUBBING BLOW TO THE BACK OF HIS HEAD! FINN REALLY GOT CAUGHT BAD WITH THAT-- HE IS SHAKING! WOBBLING ALMOST! DARKANE WITH A CHOP BLOCK WHILE MILES RUNS THE ROPES-- SHOT IN THE DARK! THE FEINT SHINING WIZARD INTO THE REVERSE ROUNDHOUSE! Cage tries to rally back but the group now gets back together! Teddy Mac has joined the fray and the referee is helpless. No DQs to be had here tonight! Senn doubles Cage over-- JACOB'S LADDER CONNECTS! And now Finn is surrounded by all four members. He is helpless. There is nothing he can do. He knows he's done for! The Phantom Troupe moves forward like a pack of hyenas.

Donny Diamond: ... LOOK WHO HAS JOINED FINN IN THE RING! KEELAN CALLIHAN! FINN AND KEELAN, STANDING BACK TO BACK! THEY ARE READY TO FIGHT THEM TOGETHER! WAKEFIELD AND CALLIHAN! BITTER RIVALS! HELPING EACH OTHER! BUT THE PHANTOM TROUPE POUNCE! WOAH! SOMEHOW! SOMEWAY! WAKEFIELD AND CALLIHAN ARE WORKING TOGETHER! Left and right shots to Teddy Mac as Finn connects with an Uppercut to Darkane. The Killer Instinct has kicked in as Callihan dumps Senn over his shoulders and onto Finn- who connects with a picture-perfect Northern Lights Suplex! WAKEFIELD WITH A HEADBUTT TO DARKANE! CALLIHAN WITH A SUPERKICK TO MILES! THEY ARE SOMEHOW SURVIVING THROUGH THE NUMBER'S DISADVANTAGE. IN FACT-- THEY ARE THRIVING!

Giovante Reese: I can't believe it! These two put their differences aside for a moment! And they have brought The Phantom Troupe on their knees. But look at Mac-- He grabs Callihan with a sleeper hold-- WAKEFIELD WITH A MAFIA KICK TO MAC! THESE TWO ARE ON FIRE! Keelan heads to the apron now-- He wants to be a part of this match legitimately. And he wants to be the one to end it. The Phantom Troupe is hurting! WAKEFIELD HAS TAGGED IN CALLIHAN!

Finnegan Wakefield: Don't fuck it up, mate.

Keelan Callihan: In your dreams, cunt.

Donny Diamond: And now-- Keelan is eyeing Mac. Mac isn't in the match but his interference will be paid back in full. Keelan has him scouted-- KILLER CRUSHEEEEEER!!! KILLER CRUSHER FOR MAC'S EFFORTS! TEDDY MAC IS OUT! DARKANE IS THE LEGAL MAN AND KEELAN KNOWS IT. HE PICKS HIM UP-- DOUBLE UNDERHOOK! KEELAN IS GOING FOR THE LUCID DREAMS! HE WANTS THAT-- WHAT?! WHY?! CAGE JUST LOWBLOWED FINN ON THE APRON! I THOUGHT THEY WERE WORKING TOGETHER FINALLY?! WHY NOW?!

Giovante Reese: OF COURSE! OF-FUCKING-COURSE! CAGE CHOSE AN OPPORTUNE MOMENT TO STRIKE BACK! MOMENT THAT WAKEFIELD WOULDN'T HAVE EXPECTED. AND NOW HE HAS WAKEFIELD-- T-BONE SUPLEX ONTO THE STEEL STEPS! JESUS CHRIST!!! THE DEVIL'S BACKBONE OF SORTS ONTO THE STEEL STEPS!

Nate Cage: See you at Clash, buddy.

Donny Diamond: He just scoffs at him! Nate Cage is walking out. He is walking out on Finnegan Wakefield. Keelan Callihan is alone in the ring. SUPERKICK FOR MILES! SUPERKICK FOR SENN! HE IS TRYING TO KEEP EVERYBODY AT BAY BY HIMSELF! CALLIHAN IS A ONE MAN MACHINE! THE KILLER NOW HAS HIS SIGHTS SET ON DARKANE ONCE AGAIN! TRYING FOR THE LUCID DREAMS-- NO! NO! DARKANE TURNS IT OVER. SENN WITH A KICK TO THE GUT-- HE REBOUNDS OFF THE ROPES FOR A SHADOW STEP! SHADOW STEP ON KEELAN! MILES PICKS HIM UP-- GOLD RUSH! GOLD RUSH CONNECTS! AND NOW DARKANE HAS KEELAN IN HIS SIGHTS. DARKANE RUNS IN-- DEVIL MAAAAAY CRRYYYYYYY!!!! DEVIL MAY CRY!!! THE SPEAR TO THE SPINE! KEELAN CALLIHAN COLLAPSES LIKE BRICKS! JULIANNA HELPLESS WATCHES AS TEDDY HOLDS HER BACK! FINN IS DOWN! COVER BY DARKANE! NOT LIKE THIS!

Ichiro Yagata: ONNEEEEEEE!! TWOOOOOOOO!!!!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!

("Born Too Late" by Saint Vitus echoes throughout the arena as the crowd erupts in a chorus of boos. The Phantom Troupe regroup by ringside, attacking an already down Finnegan Wakefield for the laughs. Julianna runs in to check on Keelan, who watches with the utmost anger. The Phantom Troupe celebrates at the top of the ramp, looking stronger than ever)

Jamison Pierce: Here are your winners! Matt Miles! Jacob Senn! AND Darkane!!! THE PHAAAANTOM TROUUUPEEEE!!!

Donny Diamond: An all-out war towards the end between the men involved. Although the ending was not as we expected it to be-- Phantom Troupe has found yet another way to stay winning. They keep their momentum going forward into the Clash. The Troupe will indeed be taking part in the Clash of the Titans match. Each and every one of em. That is 4 times more of a chance that a Phantom Troupe member will walk out of Clash with the victory.

Giovante Reese: Wakefield and Callihan put up quite a fight towards the end and it seemed like Cage had turned a new leaf by tagging in Finn into the match-- But it was all a ruse. His ploy to hit him where it hurts when he didn't expect it. Cage already has the God Of War Medallion to boot, but seemingly announced his interest in participating in the Clash. Maybe, he wants both the belts at FD!

Donny Diamond: Keelan Callihan, slowly getting back to his feet with a nasty snarl on his face. He can't believe that the Phantom Troupe got one up on him, yet again. He has a championship match to worry about while the combatants prepare themselves for the Clash.

(Camera cuts to the Omega Heavyweight Champions, “Father” Nathan Fiora enjoying the match and its outcome at the comfort of his locker room, fully fitted with special dining and the top-most amenities. Fiora chuckles to himself as the camera cuts back to the arena)

Giovante Reese: Oh boy! The Father sure did enjoy that one.

Donny Diamond: Why wouldn't he? His challenger just got laid out in the ring.

Giovante Reese: Regardless, we had an incredible night tonight. Some top-notch action! A title defense from Awakening's own Mark Michaels. The Corsairs beating the unstoppable pair of Chaos Elite! And the chaotic main event! Clash happens to be one of the most exciting times of the year. Anything could happen. Anybody could win. One shot! A chance at immortality at the biggest show of the year. The Road to Final Destination has begun. What a way to welcome 2021!

Donny Diamond: Absolutely, Gio! It was a pleasure to call this night with ya, as always. We have started the New Year with a bang. Can't wait to see the rest of the year unfold. Until then, my name is Donny Diamond.

Giovante Reese: And I'm the homie, Giovante Reese.

Donny Diamond; Thank you for watching! Good night everybody!

(The final image shows Keelan Callihan screaming profanities at Fiora from the stage as we fade to black)

(OWA 2021 LOGO BUZZES)