

(OWA Intro Plays.....)

(COLD OPEN - We kick off the program as we fade into ringside with Julianna DeMarco hyping up the crowd.)

Julianna DeMarco: GET LOUDER, PEOPLE! WE ONLY GOT ONE MORE OF THESE SO GET CRAZY!

Crowd: WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Lance Hart: The OWA Arena is going nuts and it certainly does justice for tonight's show as tonight is the final episode of Kingdom before Final Destination! We have matches on matches in store for you tonight to serve as a preview to the big show and along with that we are hosting a PRESS CONFERENCE for the OWA Championship main event bout!

Morgan Shaw: That's right, there's been a change in plans! Forget about a signing in the ring, we're throwing our headliners to the wolves and letting them deal with the press! No time to prepare, nothing off the table! We do things off the cut and without censorship, something which suits the talent who are about to be in action to kick us off!

(DING DING DING!)

Juliana DeMarco: "The Following Contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!"

Fans: "ONE FALL!"

(The Lights Go Out. "Woe to you, oh Earth and sea, for the Devil sends the Beast with wrath Because he knows the time is short. Let him who hath understanding reckon the number of the Beast . For it is a human number, its number is six hundred and sixty six..." resonates over the PA:)

"Six six six the number of the Beast
Hell and fire was spawned to be released
Torches blazed and sacred chants were praised
As they start to cry hands held to the sky
In the night the fires burning bright
The ritual has begun Satan's work is done
Six six six the number of the beast
Sacrifice is going on tonight"

(Out Walk Constantine Diakos Being lead by Athena Paporizou as Constantine Diakos flexes in Most Muscular Pose as being Lead by Athena she walks up the step as Diakos holds ropes

open for Athena under in under the top rope as she leans in the corner as Diakos in under top rope as he flexes most muscular pose.)

Juliana DeMarco: "Introducing first...from Piraeus, Greece...weighing in at 265 pounds...making his OWA DEBUT...they call him CERBERUS...CONSTANTIIIIIIINE...DIIIIIIIEKOOOOOOS!!"

(A few fans applaud, but the rest remain fairly silent....Athena just smirks and shakes her head as she and Constantine converse in their corner...)

GONG!

(And the silence is immediately broken, the familiar opening gong of "Red Right Hand" by Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds whipping the fans into a frenzy. Almost every fan in attendance is giving the middle finger to the entranceway, where the curtain flips open...revealing the devil himself, Nate Cage.)

Juliana DeMarco: "AND his opponent...from Manchester, England....weighing in at 204 pounds...he is the DEVIL of OWA...he is....NATE....CAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!"

Lance Hart: He is probably the most hated man in the HISTORY...of not only Kingdom...but OWA in general.

Morgan Shaw: And he's never been better.

Lance Hart: He has never been more confident...more focused...more dangerous...Nate Cage is quite possibly the most dangerous entity in all of wrestling, and he is headed into the biggest match of his career on our biggest stage, Final Destination, with an unstoppable freight train of momentum behind him, and honestly? I can't shake the thought that he will be walking out as the New Spartan Champion.

(Nate stops just short of the ring and stares up at Constantine, before reaching down to his knee pad and pulling out the protruding mic. The fans grow louder as Cage raises the mic to his lips, cutting off the music...)

Nate Cage: "WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA! HOLD ON!! THIS is some BULLSHIT. I am 7 days out from the BIGGEST MATCH in my career, and I'm being put into a match with THIS unprofessional looking prick?! You have the GOD of Kingdom here tonight, and you put him in the fuckin' ring with the poster child for mediocrity and roid rage...fuck, you BOTH look like you're one shot of juice away from a murder/suicide..."

(The fans OOOOOOOOOOOO as Nate begins to pace the ring.)

Nate Cage: "You stand in there, in probably your pro wrestling debut, looking like you walked straight out of the worst part of 2001, with your skanky little girlfriend and your dumb ass belly button tattoo, and I can tell that you took a runny shit before you came out here Cos you're so fuckin nervous, and here I am...SEVEN FUCKIN' days away from taking the Spartan Championship and finally making it MEAN something...but first, I gotta put some green little pussy through the ringer and PROBABLY get injured Cos this fucker just lifts weights and never fucking learned how to wrestle? Bull. Shit."

(The boo's rain from crowd like a monsoon, but Cage simply walks up the steps, onto the apron, and into the ring. Constantine leans in the corner, smirking.)

Nate Cage: "Yeah, dumbass, stand there and smile. God is talking."

(Again, the fans groan as Constantine stomps forward, but is stopped by Rookie referee Harlan Gomes.)

Nate Cage: "I am the fastest rising star on this God Damn roster...I am the most dominant competitor this place has ever seen, and you look like you Jack off in the fuckin' mirror while that escort you brought out here lies dormant on the bed...for SOME fuckin' reason, this fuckin' rook has been granted the honor of facing ME in his debut match, and for SOME FUCKIN' REASON, I'm being punished and have to face the fuckin' straight-bait video reject...this is BULL. SHIT."

(More groans and boos from the fans.)

Nate Cage: "The FACT IS...I am going to win the fucking Spartan Championship and actually BE somebody here, while YOU are probably gonna fuckin quit in week cos you absolutely SUCK at this...this match is a fuckin tra-WHA?!"

Lance Hart: CONSTANTINE DIEKOS!! HUGE RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX SENDS NATE CAGE HURLING ACROSS THE RING!! THE BIG GREEK MONSTER HAS HEARD ENOUGH!!!

(DING DING DING!)

Lance Hart: This match is officially underway, and Constantine Diekos is just SWARMING all over Nate Cage! Right hands fall from the sky like hail, but Nate scrambles out from under Diekos and shoots to his feet...Constantine takes a moment to rise...OH, but a HARD Cage roundhouse kick lands flush! Constantine flops to the mat, and Nate Cage immediately shoves him over onto his back...pin!

Harlan Gomes: OOOOOOOOOOOOOOONE!

TWOOOO-

Morgan Shaw: NO! EmPHATIC kick out by Constantine Diekos...Cage glares at the ref before turning his eyes back to the Greek Leviathan...and DRIVES the point of his elbow into Diekos nose! Cage muscles Diekos back to standing...HARD slap! VICIOUS left forearm! DEVASTATING spinning back right elbow! Cerberus Diekos is OUT on his feet! Cage snarls...and takes off for the ropes...rebounds off...

Lance Hart: POPPED UP BY CONSTANTINE...CAUGHT...SAMOAN DROP! UNBELIEVABLE! Nate Cage GASPS for air, but is shoved over for a pin! COULD WE HAVE AN UPSET?!

Harlan Gomes: OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONE!

Morgan Shaw: NO! Just the one count, and Nate Cage wisely rolls away from Cerberus and towards the ropes...I can't believe this at all, Constantine Diekos appears to have the upperhand on Nate Cage!

Lance Hart: Cage, gasping for air as he pulls himself to his feet using the ropes...Diekos, off the opposite ropes as Cage takes a deep breath and turns...STRAIGHT INTO A HARD SHOULDER BLOCK! Nate Cage careens back and bounces off the ropes...RIGHT INTO A HUGE SIDE BELLY-TO-BELLY!! COVER!

Harlan Gomes: OOOOOOOOOOOOOONE!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Morgan Shaw: NO! Nate Cage gets the shoulder up at Two! Constantine Diekos stares for a moment at Harlan, but soon turns his attention back to slowly standing Cage...Diekos rises as well, casting an imposing shadow over Cage...and just MANHANDLES him up into a cradle! Constantine Diekos...marches around the ring! Look at that strength, carrying Nate Cage with one arm! Diekos stops...lets out a massive roar...AND JUST FLINGS CAGE ACROSS THE RING WITH A FALL AWAY SLAM!! NATE CAGE, ONCE AGAIN, ROLLS TO THE ROPES! COULD THIS BE THE UPSET OF THE YEAR?!?

Lance Hart: God, I hope so...Cage, meanwhile, out on the apron, attempting to pull himself to his feet, but the big Greek Monster rushes forward...NO! Rope-hung enziguri from Cage sends Constantine stumbling back! Both men shake the cobwebs loose...Diekos roars back with a lariat...CAUGHT by Nate Cage! Cage maintains the wrist...now the hand...DROPS off the apron...TWO FINGER SALUTE! JESUS CHRIST!! CAGE SPLIT DIEKOS HAND IN TWO ON THE TOP ROPE! Constantine clutches at his mangled hand as that deviant Nate Cage quickly slides back in the ring...Constantine turns...and eats a HUGE bicycle kick!! Diekos plummets to the mat...Cage dives for a cover...

Harlan Gomes: OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONE!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Morgan Shaw: NO! KICK OUT!

Lance Hart: That only infuriated Nate Cage more! Cage roars in anger as he shoots back to his feet, damn near DEADLIFTING the Greek Goliath up with him! Cage hooks the arm...LIFTS FOR A SUPLEX...AND SPINS...GOD! NECKBREAKER! DOGTAG!

Morgan Shaw: Wait! He's still holding on!

Lance Hart: Cage maintains the arm and swings his legs over...and RISES BACK TO HIS FEET, LIFTING DIEKOS WITH HIM! Cage lifts again...SPINS...NECKBREAKER!! ANOTHER DOGTAG...BUT HE AGAIN HOLDS ON...swings his legs over...rises to his feet again, dragging Constantine up with him...LIFTS...SPINS...NECKBREAKER! A THIRD DOGTAG!! Constantine Diekos is OUT! Cage floats over into a pin...Academic...

Harlan Gomes: OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONE!!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Morgan Shaw: And Nate LIFTS Diekos' head up, BREAKING his own pin! What in the hell?!

Lance Hart: Nate shakes his head and rises to his feet...slowly dragging Diekos with him...head between the legs...LIFT...AND POWERBOMB ONTO THE KNEES!! DEVIL'S BACKBONE! CONSTANTINE DIEKOS FOLDS UP LIKE AN ACCORDION, BUT NATE CAGE IMMEDIATELY GRABS HIS LEGS, STEPS THROUGH...CROSSES THE LEGS AND STEPS OVER...THE BRIG!! THE BRIG!! NATE CAGE FLOATS BACKWARDS AND GRABS DIEKOS HEAD, LOCKING IN A TIGHT ONE-ARMED CHANCERY!!

Morgan Shaw: AND HE TAPS!! HE HAD NO CHOICE!! CONSTANTINE DIEKOS HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO TAP!!

(DING DING DING!!)

(Nate wrenches back harder on the legs and neck of Constantine as the bell rings, before unceremoniously letting go and rising to his feet. Nate turns and delivers a swift boot to the ribs of Diekos, who smartly rolls out of the ring...)

Julianna DeMarco: "HERE is your Winner....BY Submission...NATE...CAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!!"

Lance Hart: Good lord, what a savage match!

Morgan Shaw: I'm not going to lie to you, I thought Constantine was going to be dead within seconds, but he actually managed to hit Nate Cage with some impressive moves. I don't think this is the last of the Greek Goliath, but tonight just wasn't his night.

Lance Hart: And unfortunately, this is DEFINITELY not the last we see of the Bastard Nate Cage, as he heads into the triple threat for the Spartan Championship riding a wave of momentum...Is THAT the face of our next Spartan Champion? God help us all...fans, we'll be right back...

(Nate stands in the middle of the ring, pointing up at the Final Destination sign as he makes a belt motion with his other hand. He stares directly into the camera and smiles the smallest of smirks as we head to commercial...)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(Our commercials lead us right to ringside as "Fight Like the Devil" begins playing throughout the arena. The OWA faithful murmur amongst themselves as the song picks up and Alex Scott shoots through the curtain, a look of focus and minor indifference on his face. He shows very little emotion, walking to the ring in his hooded sweatshirt, tights and boots.)

Julianna DeMarco: The following contest is scheduled for one fall!

Crowd: ONE FALL!

Julianna DeMarco: Introducing first! From Anaheim, California! Weighing in at 200 pounds! He is "The Answer".....ALEXXXX SCOTTTT!!!

Lance Hart: Alex Scott making his way to the ring for singles action. I saw this young man backstage earlier tonight and he let me know that he considers this upcoming contest to be his most important to date. A week from now he'll be in the Final Destination battle royal and it'll be sink or swim on the biggest stage of OWA. This match could be the turning point to let folks know he's going to make a change and make a massive statement to close off Season 1 and lead into Season 2!

(Alex finally hits the ring, uses the ropes to stretch, and then sits on the top turnbuckle, mentally preparing himself to wrestle. "Stormbringer" by ContRoVersy then starts to play as Layne Kurobane rushes out onto the stage with the OWA Championship around his waist. He speeds

down the ramp, giving high fives to those on the side of the aisle before sliding into the squared circle.)

Julianna DeMarco: And his opponent, from the Steel City, weighing in at 203 pounds.....he is The OWA Champion....."The Jack of All Trades".....LAAAAAAAAYNNNNE KUROOOBBANNNEEEE!!

Morgan Shaw: We talk a lot about momentum - well Layne is someone who constantly is on a roll. Besides a blemish caused by Nate Cage, Layne is heading into FD as the winningest Alpha in the company. Tonight will be an exercise of that fact if he can get past Alex Scott and get that one last win before his title match. Fellow Spartan Championship contender Nate Cage already got a win up on the board only a few moments ago so you know Layne would hate to be the one person out of that triple threat to look foolish.

(Layne Kurobane puts his belt to the side and gives the referee the go ahead as he complies by signaling for the bell.)

(DING! DING! DING!)

Morgan Shaw: The bell has sound, signaling the start of this match up and Layne Kurobane and Alex Scott both go on the approach right away. Layne Kurobane makes a pass at Alex looking for a grapple but Alex with a swing that forces Kurobane to lean away! Layne Kurobane taking those few steps back but advancing yet again -- Alex side steps him, grabs him by the arm and then tosses him back to the canvas with force! Layne Kurobane quickly scrambles to his feet and runs toward Scott only to get denied for the third time with a dropkick! It doesn't take Layne off of his feet but it's enough to stun him! Alex Scott rears his arm back, looking for a running forearm shot, but Layne Kurobane nails him with a back elbow!

Lance Hart: Alex Scott eats that shot and comes right back at Layne! Layne telegraphs it and hits Alex with a back body drop that sends him over the ropes! Alex nearly goes to the outside but thankfully he grips the ropes on the way down and plants his feet on the apron! He leaps up for a kick to the back of Layne's head! Layne is clearly in a daze as Alex then gives a shove to Layne which sends him tumbling forward! Hold on, Layne waking up to save himself at the last second and doing a combat roll back to his feet! Alex wanted that I think; he's looking ready to fly! Alex with a springboard.....OH MAN! Layne dives for the legs, avoiding Alex's strike and cutting him off in midair! All the wind got knocked out of Alex's sails as he crumples to the canvas, falling flat on his face!

Morgan Shaw: Layne Kurobane finally gets a good hold of Alex Scott and this is where he gets to put in work! Layne deadlifts Alex up in a gutwrench! OVERHEAD SUPLEX! Layne Kurobane keeps the gutwrench and brings Alex back up for a SECOND SUPLEX! Layne brings Alex up for a THIRD time! GUTWRENCH POWERBOMB! Layne then flips Alex off of his back and brings him onto his stomach! He's tying up the legs of Alex.....INVERTED INDIAN

DEATHLOCK! Alex yelling in pain as Layne then reaches over and bridges for a front chancery! A Muta lock being applied BUT ALEX SCOTT BASHES LAYNE IN THE FACE TO KEEP THE SUBMISSION FROM TAKING EFFECT FOR TOO LONG!

Lance Hart: Caught our Spartan Champion right in his eye! Layne Kurobane lets go of the chancery and rolls away to favor his injury as Alex Scott rises to his feet! Alex hovering over Layne Kurobane looking to guide him to his feet and OHHH!! He gets taken by surprise when Layne senses him coming and takes him off of his feet with a takedown! Alex Scott trying to turn over and wriggle free but Layne's got him in a mount! Looking to go for a choke here though Alex won't budge! Alex keeping his chin tucked so Layne can't get that arm around! Layne realizes no progress will be made and ends up letting go of the RNC. He instead takes off toward the ropes and hits a basement dropkick to the crown of Alex's skull!

Morgan Shaw: Alex is on his knees but he's not all there and Layne sees that! Layne jumps at his opponent! Running somersault neckbreaker! Layne Kurobane then follows it up with a moonsault which he lands fluh! Lateral press, we got a cover here!

Referee: ONNNEEEEEEEEEEE!! TWW --

Morgan Shaw: Only a one there but it's no big deal to Layne who grabs that arm of Alex's which shot up and uses it to yank him to his feet! EXPLODER SUPLEX INTO THE CORNER WITH A ONE FLUID MOTION! Alex Scott hit those turnbuckles so hard it damn near shook the foundation of the ring! Alex Scott wisely rolls out of the squared circle and uses the tarp to bring himself up to a vertical base. Alex Scott is shaking the cobwebs while Layne Kurobane is lining him up! Layne Kurobane seems like he's about to join him outside!

Lance Hart: Indeed he is! Referee Chet Kensington was starting up a count but Layne Kurobane told him it wasn't necessary! The Stormbringer goes shooting out of the ring with a baseball slide -- HUH!? Alex Scott pulls out the ring tarp and traps Layne in it! Alex Scott suckering Layne Kurobane in! He drapes Layne in that tarp and starts delivering rapid fire strikes! Pele kick! Layne Kurobane getting slumped over as Alex catches his body and then drags him out of the tarp in a front facelock! Half of Layne's body is hanging out of that tarp and oh no.....DDT TO THE FLOOR! Layne's head going bouncing off the ground!

Morgan Shaw: Alex Scott in one move may have sealed himself a major win; he could graduate from the Final Destination battle royal to making our Spartan Championship match a fatal four way! Alex Scott bringing up the body of Layne and rolling it into the ring before getting in himself! Alex Scott with a cover!

Referee: ONEEEEEEEEEEE!!!! TWWWWWWOOOOOOO --

Lance Hart: Layne Kurobane with the shoulder up! Kudos to him as Alex has been very game so far tonight! Layne Kurobane trying his best to get back to a vertical base but Alex is on him!

Layne throws a punch to the midsection! Another! And another! A flurry and -- OOF! Alex catches the hand and hits a jumping armbreaker! Layne holding that hurt arm which leaves him open to an enzuigiri! Dropped to the canvas harder than a sack of bricks! Alex Scott sprinkling in some stomps to a down Layne to keep him where he wants him! Notice there was kick which forced Layne to roll over!

Morgan Shaw: Alex Scott is calling his shot! He's pointing at that corner and signaling for something high risk! Layne did a standing moonsault....AND ALEX HOPES TO TOP HIM WITH A SPLIT LEGGED MOONSAULT BY LAYNE KUROBANE GOT THE KNEES UP! THOSE KNEES GET JAMMED INTO THE RIBS OF ALEX WHO SHOOTS TO HIS FEET SEEMING LIKE HE'S READY TO HACK UP A LUNG! Layne Kurobane with a leg sweep to put him ahead of the Kingdom prospect! Alex hopes to buy some time with a drop toe hold which fails as Layne scouts it and stands firm! Layne leans down and deadlifts Alex again.....SUPLEX TIME YET AGAIN AND THIS TIME IT'S A GERMAN!

Lance Hart: Alex Scott is on spaghetti legs as he is scooped up off of his feet and put in Fireman's Carry position. EUROPEAN UPPERCUT FOLLOWS! THEN A DRAGON PUNCH! Alex Scott falls back into the ropes....AND RETURNS LIKE A PENDULUM FOR A LARIAT!

Morgan Shaw: ROLLING KOPPU KICK!!!! LAYNE KUROBANE WAS QUICKER TO THE DRAW AND MADE UP THE DISTANCE BEFORE ALEX COULD! When Alex rebounds off the ropes this time there's no fight in him! SONG OF STORRRRRRRMMMMMMSSSS!!! Alex Scott getting his jaw jacked by a vicious superkick and Layne Kurobane isn't even done yet! The straps of his singlet go down and now HE points at the corner of the ring! Layne Kurobane is wasting no time as he scales to the top turnbuckle! He perches himself up high and looks left to right....THEN AT THE STAGE AND CHECK OUT WHO IS THERE!! There's Nate Cage stepping out past the curtain, watching him the same way he did a few weeks ago but this time Kurobane pays him no mind! He leaps off the top!

Lance Hart: BEAUTIFUL SHOOTING STAR SENTON! THE PLUS ULTRA CONNECTS Layne Kurobane lays on top of Alex Scott and with a hook of the inside leg and his eyes firmly placed on Nate Cage gets a pin!

Referee: ONNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEE!!! TWWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!
THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Morgan Shaw: ANNNDDDD IT'S OVER!

("Stormbringer" by ContRoVersy plays as Layne Kurobane stands himself up and is handed his OWA Spartan Championship, all while having his eyes fixed upon Nate Cage who is inching closer down the ramp toward him.)

Julianna DeMarco: Here is your winner.....LAYYNNNNE KURRROOBBANNNEEEE!!!

Lance Hart: Much needed momentum for Final Destination is obtained by yet another Spartan division competitor! Layne Kurobane did not let himself get distracted by Nate Cage this time and secured a win against an Alex Scott who was working harder than he ever has before! In one move Layne showed Nate Cage that he is not a bother to him, that he will keep on pushing despite Nate's attempts to slow him down!

Morgan Shaw: Nate Cage honestly looks really content. I don't know if its mind games or what but he has this congratulatory look on his face as he allows the fans to give Layne his ovation. Nate Cage walking up to those ring steps but Layne Kurobane steps forward and lets him know he has to stop right there!

Lance Hart: Nate Cage surprisingly accepting Layne's request and admiring his victory from afar! Nate not surrendering from this staring contest between him and the champion, or actually, spoke too soon there! Nate's now switching his gaze towards the OWA Spartan Championship. Layne noticing it and so he holds the belt proudly which appears to amuse Cage greatly.....Nate Cage giving me a strange vibe here.

Morgan Shaw: With respect to his tactical genius -- the dude's a creep; he always has a strange vibe. But I see what you mean. Nate Cage is starting to visibly make Layne uncomfortable as he's starting to see that something is up.

(Nate Cage snaps his fingers and in the blink of an eye, the lights go out in the arena.)

Lance Hart: NOT THIS AGAIN! The phone lights from the crowd giving us enough of a view to see some semblance of what's going on. There are shadows scurrying around the ring and you can hear a struggle going on. This is not good! I have a feeling I'm not going to like what I see when these lights came back on.....OHHHHH!!!

(The lights come back on as we see the bodies of James Anderson and Donny Dragon laying on the canvas with Jeff X leaned against the turnbuckle standing over them nonchalantly.)

Morgan Shaw: WHAT IS THIS! THE BODIES OF NATE'S GROUND ZERO FACTION ARE LAYING ON THE GROUND AND JEFF X IS IN THE RING!

Lance Hart: There's the source of that struggle! Nate Cage wanted to set Layne up to be attacked by his men to soften him up for Final Destination but Jeff X intercepted it and lent a hand to Layne! Nate Cage's eyes look like saucers right now. Layne who seems to have been in a stance ready to fight can't believe this! Nate Cage dropping off of the apron as his boys roll out of the ring to join him at the ramp! Layne Kurobane shouting obscenities at Nate as Jeff X is asking for a microphone, getting the attention of both of them!

Jeff X: No need to say “thank you”...I’ll take my payment in gold.

(Jeff X drops the mic as “Kick It In The Sticks” now takes over the PA system. The mood of the ring becomes fairly tense with Jeff X and Layne Kurobane locking eyes, the cameraman making sure to get a shot of Nate Cage between the two while on the ramp.)

Morgan Shaw: Jeff X keeps it short and sweet with a teasing statement that was sure to get under the skin of the OWA Spartan Champion! These three rivals, all with bones to pick with one another, all who want this win desperately; they clash for the title AT FINAL DESTINATION!

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

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

(The light darkens as a Lyre rendition of the Game of Thrones theme starts playing over the PA. Udy walks out slowly and a spotlight shines on him. He kneels down to one knee and howls with his arms spread. The tabla and flute blends into the theme song and picks up tempo. Udy stands and walks to ring climbs through the ropes and heads to a diagonal turnbuckle. He stands on the middle and top turnbuckles and spreads his hands talking trash to play the crowd.)

Julianna DeMarco: Introducing first...from the Scandinavian Mountains...weighing in at 204 lbs...The Demon Wolf...UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUDDDDDDYYYYYYY!!!

Morgan Shaw: The Udy made his debut match last week in an impressive, albeit losing, effort against Reginald Dampshaw III after Dampshaw put his spot in the Final Destination Battle Royal on the line against anyone who wanted the challenge.

Lance Hart: That’s right, the relatively unknown Udy answered the challenge and OWA has officially signed this man to a contract! They even awarded him with a chance to be in the Battle Royal we can officially report so it looks like he’ll have a second chance to get one over on Dampshaw!

(The lights go out and “Jerusalem” by Emerson, Lake & Palmer begins playing. Dampshaw slowly comes out, his eyes transfixed in front of him. He pays no mind to the audience, only to the ring. As he walks down the ramp, he quietly mutters to himself. Reginald slowly enters the ring and walks over to a turnbuckle. He turns towards it and stands there looking down at the mat. He begins muttering to himself again and turns around to face the crowd. He then again slips into his usual mannerism and smirks, then raises one hand in the air and the other behind his back.)

Julianna DeMarco: And his tag team partner...from Ryde, Isle of Wight, England...weighing in at 225 lbs...The Cracked King...REEEEGGGGIIIIINNNNAAAALLLLDDDD
DDDDDDAAAAAMMMMMPPPPPPSSSSSHHHHHHAAAAWWWWW TTTTHHHHEEE
TTTTHIIIIIIIRRRRRDDDDDD!!!

Morgan Shaw: Ha, my how things can change in a week! Tonight these two will have to TEAM together. We'll see if they can coexist as Dampshaw tries to build some much needed momentum as the odds on favorite to win the Battle Royal next week at Final Destination!

("Hello, My Name Is Human" by Highly Suspect hits the speakers and Nathan swaggers his way out of the curtain, holding his guitar and adjusting his personal over-the-ear mic. He yells "This is YOUR reality!" along with the crowd and begins to play his theme's melody on his guitar, interacting with the fans in song. When he wraps up his performance, he enters the ring and plays an encore, with the fans uniting in applause by the end.)

Julianna DeMarco: And their opponents...first, from Chicago, Illinois...weighing in at 217 lbs...The SoundCloud Savior...NNNNAAAAATTTTTHHHHHHAAANNN
FFFFIIIOOOOOOORRRRRRAAAA!!!

Lance Hart: Nathan Fiora is still trying to find his place at Final Destination after coming up short last week in his Keys to Kingdom match against Jeff X.

Morgan Shaw: But don't let that mislead you. Nathan Fiora is one of the absolute best in the business and has won championships wherever he's gone! Next week he has a chance to earn another accolade as with another official report we can confirm Nathan Fiora is IN THE ASCENSION TO HEAVENS MATCH. Udy and Dampshaw better bring their A-game here tonight.

("L's Theme" Composed by Yoshihisa Hirano and Hideki Taniuchi plays as the arena goes dark and haze fill the ramp way. Moongoose McQueen steps out in an oni mask and struts to the ring. Moongoose raises one fist in the air as he makes his way down the ramp, almost as if already celebrating a victory)

Julianna DeMarco: And making his way to the ring, from Austin, TX, weighing in at 236lbs.... He is the Disaster Artist..... MOOOONNNNNGGGGOOOOOOSSSSSEEEE
MMMMCCCCCQQQQQUUUUEEEEEENNNN!!!

Morgan Shaw: Moongoose is just a week away from competing in the Ascension to the Heavens Briefcase Match at Final Destination, but first he must get past Udy and Dampshaw, and co-exist with his future enemy Fiora!

Lance Hart: He has to stay focused though. I understand that his match at Final Destination is HUGE and is guaranteed to change the career of the winner forever, but you don't wanna slip

up and look past his opponents this week. Dampshaw and Udy are fully capable stars that will take advantage if McQueen isn't fully focused on the here and now.

(DING! DING! DING)

Morgan Shaw: And we are underway here in this tag team match up! It looks like Dampshaw and Fiora are going to start things out here as Udy and McQueen step out onto the apron. Dampshaw charges at Fiora immediately, trying to catch him off guard with a running clothesline!

Lance Hart: But Fiora ducks underneath it! He jumps up into the air and lands a Pele Kick right to the skull of Dampshaw and just like that RD3 is down! Fiora looking to follow up as he bounces off the ropes! He leaps as high into the air as he can and crashes down with a jumping knee drop right on Dampshaw's forehead! Fiora hooks the leg and tries to put this one away early!

Referee: OOOOONNNNNNEEEE!!!...

TTTTTWWWWWWOOOOOOOO!!!...

Morgan Shaw: And Dampshaws powers out! Fiora quickly goes to lift Dampshaw back up to his feet, but Dampshaw comes up off the mat with a European Uppercut! Fiora staggers backwards a bit and Dampshaw takes advantage by kicking Fiora in the midsection before lifting him high overhead and planting him to the mat with a vertical suplex!

Lance Hart: Now Dampshaw grabs the legs of Fiora and flips him over! He's got a boston crab locked in! Center of the ring! Fiora yelling out in agony as he reaches out for the bottom rope but he's a long way away Morgan!

Morgan Shaw: McQueen now into the ring as he shoves Dampshaw off of Fiora, breaking up the hold. He grabs the wrist of Fiora and drags him towards their corner before stepping onto the apron and making the tag. McQueen now re-enters the ring, but Dampshaw reaches up and tags the outstretched hand of Udy as well!

Lance Hart: They charge at one another and McQueen tries to strike Udy, but he ducks underneath and wraps his arms around the waist of McQueen! German Suplex! McQueen quickly pops back up...but he's met with a Super Kick! That drops McQueen down to his knees and Udy then plants him with a DDT! The newcomer is on fire here as he quickly goes for the cover!

Referee: OOOOONNNNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOO!!!...

Morgan Shaw: And a kickout at two from McQueen! Udy keeps on the offense now as he lifts McQueen off the mat. He Irish whips him into the ropes, but McQueen springs off of them and returns with a flying forearm smash that knocks the Demon Wolf to the ground. McQueen now stares at Udy, enraged at the youngsters early display of offense.

Lance Hart: And he's going to make him pay for it as he yanks him up off of the mat with authority by his waist...only to drive him HARD into the mat again with a deadlift German Suplex!

Morgan Shaw: He's not done there because he's running and springing off the ropes with the Lion's Song! That springboard moonsault connects and McQueen is in FULL control now! He remains on top of Udy as the ref starts the count!

Referee: OOOOOONNNNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTWWWWWWOOOOOO!!!...

Lance Hart: And Dampshaw is in there to break up the cover! McQueen glares at RD3 angrily as he climbs back out onto the apron at the refs orders. McQueen then snatches Udy up and drags him toward their corner, tagging in Fiora.

Morgan Shaw: Fiora steps into the ring and McQueen holds Udy up as Fiora runs and rebounds off of the ropes. McQueen releases Udy right as Fiora nails him with a jumping knee strike! A surprising display of teamwork by the two veterans here!

Lance Hart: Fiora lifts Udy back to his feet and lifts him up for the Michinoku Driver!

Morgan Shaw: But Udy slips out of it! He slides off the shoulders of Fiora and jumps into the air connecting with a jumping neckbreaker out of nowhere! Just when it looked like Udy was in real trouble here he found a way to comeback!

Lance Hart: And he's not done there! He runs and knocks McQueen off of the apron! He then runs and springs off of the far ropes before returning and diving through the ropes with the Flying Wolf, nailing McQueen! The crowds going nuts as this kid is REALLY showing us something here.

Morgan Shaw: And Udy not wasting any time at all as he climbs back up onto the apron and then up to the top turnbuckle. His eyes still locked on the downed Fiora. He leaps off of it and sails through the air landing the U-Turn on Fiora!!! He got all of that Frog Splash! He covers and McQueen is still down outside the ring!!!

Referee: OOOOOONNNNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTWWWWWWWWOOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTTHHHHHHRRR-

Lance Hart: NO!!! Fiora kicks out at the last possible second! Udy is up and he is feeling it! He goes over to the corner and motions for Fiora to get to his feet! I think he's going to try and hit the De Förbannelsen to put this one away!

Morgan Shaw: But look at this! Dampshaw just tagged himself into the match! Udy stares at Dampshaw a little agitated as he reluctantly steps out onto the apron while Dampshaw enters the ring. Dampshaw wants to be the one to put this match away! He grabs Fiora and lifts him into the air setting him atop the far turnbuckle before stepping up onto the middle rope. I think he's going for the Isle of Plight! He is! He hits it!

Lance Hart: But did you see that?! McQueen jumped back up onto the apron and tagged the shoulder of Fiora just as Dampshaw was lifting him off the top for that super German Suplex!

Morgan Shaw: Dampshaw is completely unaware but in comes McQueen! ONI GIRI! That running knee to the face caught The Cracked King COMPLETELY off guard and down he goes! McQueen covers and that could be it!

Referee: OOOOONNNNNNEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTWWWWWWWWOOOOOO!!!...

Lance Hart: And Dampshaw manages to kick out at two! McQueen sends several stiff right hands into the skull of the downed Dampshaw before making his way to the corner and climbing to the top! He's looking to put this thing away right here!

Morgan Shaw: Look at the athleticism of McQueen as he flies from the top rope with the TATSU MAKI!!!

Lance Hart: But Dampshaw got his knees up!!! That corkscrew moonsault backfired hard as Dampshaw was laying in wait! He quickly gets up, dragging McQueen to his feet with him as he hits him with the Queen's Rebuke!

Morgan Shaw: That German into a Dragon Suplex was a thing of beauty and McQueen is now paying for his high risk effort!

Lance Hart: But the Queen's Rebuke sent McQueen too far across the ring, and he is immediately able to reach out and make the tag to Fiora who has since gotten back onto the apron after the Isle of Plight earlier!

Morgan Shaw: In comes Fiora! He charges at Dampshaw with a big boot...but Dampshaw ducks underneath it! He kicks Fiora in the gut and lifts him overhead! The Golden Buster! He just nailed that brainbuster! Dampshaw is setting up now! He's ready to put this one away and turn his attention to the battle royal at Final Destination! He's looking to hit the Family Name and McQueen is still down on the apron! If he hits this it's over!!!

Lance Hart:: Dampshaw flips Fiora over his head....but before he could hit that Osaka Stunner, Fiora pushes Dampshaw off of him, sending him flying into Udy! Udy is knocked off of the apron and into the security railing! Dampshaw looks out at the downed Udy, appearing annoyed at knocking his own partner off of the apron. But finally Dampshaw turns around....

Morgan Shaw: ...AND RIGHT INTO THE PLATINUM HIT!!!! FIORA GOT IT!!! THE PLATINUM HIT CONNECTS!!! HE COVERS!!!

Referee: OOOOOONNNNNNEEEEE!!!!...

TTTTTTWWWWWOOOOOO!!!!....

TTTTTHHHHHHRRRRRREEEEE!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Julianna DeMarco: HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS....MOONGOOSE MCQUEEN AND NATHAN FFFFFIIIIIIIOOOOOOOOORRRRRRAAAAAAAA!!!

("Hello My Name Is Human" plays again as the ref lifts Fiora's hand up into the air. McQueen steps off of the apron smiling at his team's victory as he slowly makes his way towards the back, choosing not to celebrate with Fiora. Dampshaw then rolls out of the ring as he and Udy follow McQueen up the ramp, glaring angrily at one another, leaving Fiora alone in the ring to celebrate the win.)

Morgan Shaw: A tough fight put up by Dampshaw and Udy, but ultimately they couldn't stay on the same page and the unlikely pairing of the veterans, Fiora and McQueen came away with the victory, both gaining some much needed momentum just a week away from Final Destination!!!

(The Udy helps RD3 up to his feet upon recovering himself.)

Udy: Nice try.

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

“Medal (Remix)” by Jim Johnson plays to a pop as Hans Olsen makes his way out from behind the curtains. He poses on the stage before making his way down to the ring.)

Julianna DeMarco: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Approaching the ring, from Corvallis, Oregon! Weighing in at 237 pounds... he is “The Olympic Gold Medalist”
HAAAAAAAAAANNNNSSSSS OOOOOOLLLLLSSSSEEEENNN!!!

Lance Hart: And a man who has thrown his name into the battle royal at Final Destination, Hans Olsen is looking to pick up a big win here tonight to build some momentum towards that match! In fact we have comments from Hans earlier today; it's time to roll the footage!

(EARLIER TODAY: Hans Olsen)

Hans Olsen: Final Destination, the biggest pay-per-view event of the Spring is almost upon us and I am absolutely honored to say that I'm apart of it officially. Six months ago my stock in mainstream pro wrestling was barely a blip on the radar and now I'm getting looked at as one of the best newcomers in the game. There's a lot more expectations being placed upon - even more than what they were giving me in my Olympic days. People want big things from me and I can't let myself fall below the hype. It's been a mixed bag of a first few months between setbacks and sneak attacks but that will all be behind me once I step into that ring next week. I'm making every unpleasant event in my run because irrelevant with a single victory. I'm calling my shot and I'm promising a win in that battle royal! If you don't believe I'm going to hold to my convictions, watch as my attitude gets me the win over Keelan Callihan tonight!

(Video ended - return to ringside.)

Morgan Shaw: Passionate words but It will be no easy task for Hans although he has proven to show some fight in the ring against some big names! Let's see if he can't pull out a big victory here tonight!

“Oblivion” by 30 Seconds to Mars plays to HUGE boos as Keelan Callihan makes his way out. He looks around with a smirk on his face at the fans before squatting down for...)

Keelan Callihan: KEELAN CALLIHAN BAAAAYBAAAAYYYY!!!

Julianna DeMarco: And his opponent, from Gold Coast, Australia! Weighing in at 218 pounds... HE IS “THE KILLER”, KEEEEEEELLLLLAAAAANNN CAAAAALLLLLLIIHHHHAAAAANNN!!!

Lance Hart: That may have been the only time I've heard the crowd not join in on Keelan's catchphrase just then, Morgan. The Killer - the man who killed Jon McAdams' career as he's described - looking to defeat his next opponent.

Morgan Shaw: And it's important to note that Keelan still does not have a match for the biggest show of the year although he has guaranteed that he will have an opponent. Will he insert himself in the battle royal too?

Lance Hart: Guess we'll wait and see.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Lance Hart: There's the bell and we are underway as both men lock up in the center of the ring, trying to out-power one another. Hans ends up wrapping Keelan in a headlock but Keelan is quick to push him into the ropes before sending him off to the opposite side. Hans comes roaring back with a shoulder tackle, flooring Keelan!

Morgan Shaw: Hans heads for the ropes again and Keelan turns over onto his stomach, allowing Hans to leap over Keelan and head for the ropes. Keelan gets up and delivers a PICTURE PERFECT DROPKICK! THAT TAKES HANS DOWN!

Lance Hart: Keelan leans down now to lift up The Olympic Gold Medalist... JAWBREAKER! Keelan is sent stumbling back into the ropes as Hans gets up and CLOTHESLINES KEELAN OVER THE ROPES AND TO THE FLOOR!

Morgan Shaw: Well if both these men are to be in the battle royal at Final Destination, Hans would have just picked up a huge elimination there!

Lance Hart: No kidding! Hans leaves the ring and goes to pick up The Killer, but Keelan Callihan wraps his arms around Hans' body and FORCES HIM INTO THE RING POST! Uh-oh! Keelan grabs Hans from behind the neck now and tosses him into the security barricade!

Morgan Shaw: Keelan's not done though! He begins to stomp away at the downed Hans Olsen repeatedly, leaving no room for error before finishing it off with a vicious knee right to the face as Hans' head connects with the barricade.

Lance Hart: Keelan takes the time to pose to the crowd as they boo him. They really don't like him these days, Morgan!

Morgan Shaw: They really don't and they have every reason to despise this man! He's a sick individual and that's coming from me!

Lance Hart: Keelan rolls Hans into the ring and hooks the leg for the first cover of the match!

Referee: ONEEEEEEEEEEE!! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

Lance Hart: But a kick out!

Morgan Shaw: Keelan wastes no time and immediately applies a headlock on Hans in the center of the ring. Hans is struggling but these fans are trying to get him back into it, slow clapping for him as their support is slowly allowing him to get back to his feet. Hans delivers an elbow to the stomach of Keelan. And another one! And one more for good measure! Keelan releases. Hans heads for the ropes and rebounds off of them, but he ducks under a clothesline attempt from Keelan! Keelan is now the one who heads for the ropes! Keelan comes back looking for a second clothesline but Hans ducks under it and wraps his arms around the body of The Killer! RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX! KEELAN IS SENT LANDING ALMOST ON HIS NECK AND THE MOMENTUM OF THE MOVE ROLLS HIM BACK ON HIS FEET! KEELAN STUMBLES FORWARD AS HANS WRAPS HIS ARMS AROUND KEELAN'S BODY AGAIN! OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY! THE KILLER IS DOWN! COVER!

Referee: ONEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!! THRRRR--

Lance Hart: No good! Keelan kicks out! Olsen gets up and positions Keelan right by the corner. What's he thinking?! Hans begins to climb up the turnbuckle from inside the ring until he reaches the top. He slowly perches himself up before FLIPPING BACK FOR A MOONSAULT!!!

Morgan Shaw: NO! Keelan rolls out of the way at the last second and Hans connects with the canvas! Keelan gets to his feet and immediately runs to the ropes. He comes back as Hans is just looking to get up... ETERNAL REST!!! THE CURB STOMP DRIVES HANS' HEAD RIGHT INTO THE MAT! COVER NOW!

Referee: ONEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!
THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE---

Lance Hart: HANS OLSEN KICKS OUT!!! WOW! Keelan shakes his head almost in frustration as he gets to his feet before reaching down to lift up Hans... BUT HANS TRIPS HIM UP AND KEELAN IS DOWN! HANS OLSEN GRABS ONTO KEELAN'S LEFT ANKLE AND FLIPS HIM ONTO HIS STOMACH! HE'S CALLING FOR THE ANKLE LOCK! IT'S IN! IT'S IN! THE ANKLE LOCK IS IN AND KEELAN IS SCREAMING IN AGONY!

Morgan Shaw: Keelan though he's quick to think as he flips onto his back before sending Hans into the ropes with both feet! Keelan springs to his feet as Hans stumbles forward and picks him up onto his shoulders! Oh no this is the end! THERE IT IS!!! DEAD BY DAYLIGHT!! THE FIREMAN'S CARRY STUNNER!!! IT'S ALL OVER AS KEELAN HOOKS BOTH LEGS FOR THE PINFALL!

Referee: ONEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

“Oblivion” by 30 Seconds to Mars plays to HUGE boos again as Keelan rises up to his feet, holding his left ankle in pain, as the official raises his hand in victory.)

Julianna DeMarco: Here is your winner... KEEEEEEEEELLAAAANNN
CAAAAAAAAALLLLIIHHHAAAANNN!!!

Lance Hart: Great match, and an almost shocking upset at the end there! Hans managed to apply that Ankle Lock in like he promised to do this week, but Keelan managed to figure a way out of it in quick fashion allowing him to hit his main finishing move and pick up another win!

Morgan Shaw: Congratulations to Keelan for securing yet another victory here tonight!

(The crowd begin to roar in approval slowly as Keelan continues to pose in the ring.)

Lance Hart: Wait who the hell?

Morgan Shaw: What the?

Lance Hart: IT’S... IT’S JON MCADAMS!!! JON MCADAMS!!! KEELAN HAS NO IDEA!
KEELAN TURNS AROUND AND GETS SMACKED RIGHT IN THE HEAD WITH JON’S
CANE!!! KEELAN COLLAPSES TO THE GROUND AND THIS PLACE IS GOING WILD AT
THE SIGHT OF JON!

Morgan Shaw: I THOUGHT HE RETIRED! WHAT IS HE DOING HERE?!

Lance Hart: I DON’T THINK HE WANTED TO GO OUT ON THE NOTE HE WENT OUT ON AS
HE LIFTS THE SLUMPED BODY OF KEELAN UP TO HIS FEET! He takes a few steps back
before running forward... HEAD TRAUMA!!!! THE RUNNING DOUBLE KNEES CONNECTING
TO THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS! JON MCADAMS TAKES DOWN THE KILLER!

Morgan Shaw: He’s asking for a microphone now, Lance! What’s he gonna say?!

(Jon McAdams receives a microphone before walking by Keelan. He begins to poke Keelan with his cane as a way of mocking him to see if he’s dead or alive and the crowd laughs. Jon crouches down by Keelan’s head.)

Jon McAdams: You know what... I think I got one more match left in me.

(The crowd roar in approval.)

Jon McAdams: At Final Destination Keelan, you will raise your glass... FOR SOVEREIGN!!!

(Jon tosses the microphone back at the timekeeper's area as "Faust" by Silent Armada plays. Jon waves out at the crowd who applaud him.)

Lance Hart: WOW! Callihan vs. McAdams at Final Destination! Jon McAdams' FINAL match of his career! That is going to be one hell of a bout!

Morgan Shaw: I think Keelan's karma may have just come back to bite him on the ass! Keelan was not expecting this whatsoever!

Lance Hart: Keelan poked the bear but wasn't expecting it to awaken. Jon McAdams has his chance now to go out on a high note!

Morgan Shaw: Speaking of high notes, that's what we're ending the show on as we have our press conference coming up! My night will be done but Lance I understand you'll be involved with the event!

Lance Hart: Yeah, I have to hustle to the press room so it looks like we'll be parting ways until Final Destination! Crack open a couple of cold ones and enjoy the insanity from afar because my gut is telling me I'll be entering a war zone!

Morgan Shaw: That's what I'm hoping for so I envy you! It's goodnight from me I suppose but not for our program as we'll be right back and when we return, the press conference is upon us!

(FINAL COMMERCIAL)

INT. BACKSTAGE, OWA ARENA PRESS ROOM - 9:45 PM

With the programming having just returned from commercial we can see dozens and dozens of sports reporters and media representatives still filing in to take their seat for the advertised press conference. Those who have arrived early and have already taken their proper place at the event have their laptops with them taking notes or their cameras are out for preliminary photos as they make sure to take several snapshots of the stage in the front of them - this stage being the main focus of the conference as it has the table where both World Championship competitors will be sitting. While their seats are currently empty, standing between where they'd be with a microphone propped up before him is a suit clad Vernon Tressler. Vernon gives some quick smiles and waves to the still arriving press intermittently between away-from-mic discussions with fellows executives and stagehands.

Vernon Tressler: (off-mic)
Where the hell is he? We've been prepping for hours!

Co-Ordinator #1: (off-mic)
We informed him we'd need him on hand by at least 9:20 -- told us he was on his own time.

Co-Ordinator #2: (off mic)
Fifteen minutes guys. We have Aria, let's start. He'll come.

Vernon Tressler: (off mic)
God damn it....LANCE!

Lance Hart: (off mic/on mic) Gotcha!....ahem.....HOW ARE DOING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
ARE YOU ALL SETTLED IN!

The press excitedly clamour for the start in response while making sure to not get too wild with their reaction; a respectful frenzy if there ever was one.

Lance Hart:
Great to hear! We'd like to thank you for bearing with us but we will be waiting no longer! I won't be heading up this conference, instead we'll be having a special treat as taking the reigns is our Kingdom show-runner, Vernon Tressler! Give him a hand!

A nice round of applause echoes throughout the room as Vernon finally stands firm near his microphone and prepares to speak.

Vernon Tressler:
Thank you so very, very, much. I should applaud you all for being so patient! We've had a slight delay but we're about to get this thing started. We don't have time to wait and that doesn't just apply to tonight, OWA as a whole is in a big rush as we head into our biggest week in company history with Final Destination weekend. We are less than six days away from the massive event and joining us in just a moment are two people who are part of the leading men and women in this movement we've created with Omega Wrestling Alliance. Our two headliners for the big dance -- I'm talking Omega World Champion, Scott Oasis and Clash of the Titans winner, Aria Jaxon. These two will be capping off our wrestling season as the final title match for Kingdom in what has already been one of the most highly anticipated contests I've seen in all my years. Because of the hype which surrounds it and with all of the questions still left unanswered we decided to set up this press conference to provide a platform for YOU, the press, to let your voices be heard and get some time with our stars to gauge their thoughts. Now Scott Oasis is on his way but at ready we have Aria Jaxon so I'm sure she'll do until the champ arrives!

Vernon gestures to one of the empty chairs next to him as Aria Jaxon comes up from the side of the stage and takes her place. She removes the microphone from its set up and instead holds it personally as she lifts one hand up to say hello to the audience.

Aria Jaxon:
Great to be here, guys! I've been looking forward to this all day. Our Champion isn't too punctual -a bit strange given the reminders we got as recent as an hour ago - but it's more than fine

because we'll rock this all the same. I'm raring to go so let's get this show on the road. Who has a question for me?

Suddenly a massive sea of hands bursts into the air, urgently shaking about to fight for Aria Jaxon's attention. Aria lets out an amused laugh as she is overwhelmed by the display. She scans the audience and indecisively moves her finger about before pointing out a cheery woman in the front row who she picks with certainty.

Aria Jaxon:

You there, miss. (laughs) Yeah, you! You got this, question one!

Lance Hart makes his way over to the woman Aria decided upon and holds a microphone for her. The woman mouths a thank you and then leans in to speak, looking carefully at her notes as she does so.

Woman

Now Aria, you of course have made it known that you feel like you've had a very hard and rocky journey in OWA to get to this point. You've been pushing for this opportunity for a long while and in six days it is finally coming to you. As we are so close to the date can you expand on the significance of this match and what it represents?

Aria Jaxon

To say the opportunity is coming my way in six days wouldn't be the correct wording in my opinion, I've been grabbing opportunity by the throat and dragging it to my doorstep. You're right in that I've been pushing for a match like this for a while. It's been almost a year since I've been in World Championship contention and as far as Omega Wrestling Alliance goes I've went this entire run without doing a whole lot in terms of accolades. I was killing it in SSW and killing it in America up until I signed here but before Clash of the Titans came around the name Aria Jaxon would have barely sniffed a headline in this promotion. I spent a majority of 2018 desperately fighting to get out of the middle of the pack following years of being the main eventer time after time. It was like a clean slate was made for me and to be honest.....I've enjoyed a lot of it. And I'll tell you why, trust me, it'll connect right back to your question in a second. For years I've been treated like this polarizing figure in wrestling. The vast majority give me my due but there's also a very vocal minority - usually the people salty they can't beat me - who scream from the mountain tops about the injustice of seeing me at the top in any way, shape or form. Not even the top, but succeeding period. When I first entered mainstream wrestling in 2015 I was the bright young upstart who was surprising everyone, upsetting veterans in matches, getting the respect of people for my work ethic, overall being touted for how much honest effort I put in to every match I had....and by 2016 I was the overpromoted hasbeen a lot of my peers had seen enough of. My historic main events, my historic title reign, anything I did that I did on my own merit was soured and made to be invalid because:

"Aria Jaxon didn't deserve it!"

“Aria Jaxon is handed everything.”
“Aria Jaxon kissed the right asses to be where she is.”

I could put a million dollar investment into this place if I had a nickel for every time I was called the “golden girl” by wrestlers in the back. I’ve spent most of my career closing out the show that I’m on but in my heart I have always believed it was because of what I put in. For every person telling me I was some sort of talentless spotlight hog and I’m not just talking women, I’m talking about men who got uncomfortable when they saw the girl in the locker room ready to compete with them - every single one of those comments rolled off my back because I knew in actuality none of them were half the wrestler I am. None of them cared like I did. None of them hustled like I did. I remember being on the pre-show of televised events, I remember my matches getting cancelled, I remember being left off of the cards. I wasn’t manufactured by a company or handed a fucking thing from the moment you saw me strut down that ramp for the first time.

Things like this don’t just happen by management. They’re organic. Careers like mine are shaped by undying passion. I closed the show every week but I did it because I put the work in to maintain that spot no matter how many people say otherwise. And now here we are in OWA.

First show ever and I was the opener. First pay-per-view ever and I was in the middle of the show. First and only title shot I had? Lose to Roxy. Spent a whole other pay-per-view getting put in a cop car. That’s all during the first five months over in the Women’s division. Then here on

Kingdom? I said from the jump I wasn’t down to be given a thing either. I made a list of pre-established names to prove myself against and one by one I beat it. I had an endless carousel of obstacles cycled in for me to deal with afterward and I knocked ‘em down! Here I was recognized as big star Aria Jaxon but that label didn’t mean shit. I was right there in the mud with everyone else and I still pulled through and I’m still main eventing for the World Championship when it was all said and done! This match, beyond just giving management a quick “up yours”, is proof to everyone what I am about. It’s not debatable. Every hater from here on can simply admit it’s personal because I’ve earned my stripes not once but twice, the possibility of winning the Championship will be the icing on the cake. Final Destination is a victory lap after challenging myself to go through a marathon. It’s actually the perfect representation of the constant conflict in my career. The people who climb to the top versus the people who throw shots while taking the elevator.

The crowd lets out an “oooooo” in reaction to her comment. Aria has a tongue in cheek expression as she looks like she’s going to take it back.

Aria Jaxon

Don’t do that like I said something harsh, I’m messing around! No shots are being thrown because our Champion isn’t even here tonight. His passive aggression may have just turned into downright passive! In seriousness Oasis is legit and he beat Layne fair and square along with pulling off a daring defense against Moongoose. He is legit, I won’t play him like that. But since he won’t show up after being informed of this a good week ago I’ll have fun. Hopefully he gets me back with a zinger of his own but who knows. Anyway, next question. You there - black button up shirt, mustache. You’re up!

Lance Hart shuffles down past two rows and makes his way to the well dressed reporter who is appearing both happy and nervous to have been chosen. Lance Hart gives him a pat on the back to ease up before putting the mic to his face.

Man:

First off I want to give a massive congratulations for your OWA main event! Tim Broomsmen of WhyCulture here with a less pressing question but one that is of major interest. You have a lot of fans speculating on Twitter, Facebook, Tumblr and all sorts of fan pages trying to gather hints and clues as to what you're planning for Final Destination entrance wise. You always have a captivating aesthetic you bring with you heading into your bouts at big pay-per-views and we imagine FD will be no different. Can you let us know what will be in store for us when you arrive to the ring next weekend?

Aria Jaxon:

Oh, I like this one! Geez, I want to say so bad but I don't want to give too much away here.....the attire is being made to my liking, possible guests have been gone over for the past month or two, I finished some talks with a couple of representatives only a few ---

There's a commotion happening from the side opposite of where Aria Jaxon entered the scene. The reporters all turn to look and take pictures for the appearance of Sebastian Monroe who is leading the way for Scott Oasis and his Big Oasis Brand team members.

Sebastian Monroe: (off mic)

Stand up....STAND UP AND GET A GOOD SHOT OF THE CHAMP! This is once in a lifetime! Look at those massive, world destroying arms toting around that ten pounds of gold! Scott here....here, take your seat! Sit down and let the people know The Iceman has cometh!

Per Sebastian's request Scott Oasis sits down, surveys the audience and inbetween a chew of his gum gets a few words out into the microphone.

Scott Oasis:

Apologize for the lateness but honestly press conferences aren't too much a concern for me. This match is important of course but since it's so important I realize I'm far better off conferencing with my team and strategizing then doing some goofy P.R. runs. No offense to you all of course, I don't want to disappoint you all which is why I've come out here to do a speed run for these last.....

Scott Oasis looks down at his wrist to check the time on his *Apple Watch™*.

Scott Oasis:

Five or six minutes or so. So come on folks, throw some questions my way. Let's do this rapid fire!

Aria Jaxon:
I believe I was in the middle of a question, Scott.

Scott Oasis:
Come on now, does talking about an entrance really matter? We all know you're either going to call up Jay-Z's woman or that Scissors chick.

Sebastian Monroe:
Maybe get that "Cardi Bae" girl people keep tweeting about.....

Scott Oasis:
Good catch, I have no idea what the teen girls over in Cali listen to these days. Either way it's not what the people need or want to hear on the final public showing of OWA before Final Destination. They need an address from the Champion so let's go! Big dude to the left, give me a question!

Lance Hart makes his way to a really appreciative bigger man who confidently approaches the microphone.

Scott Oasis:
I picked you to kick things off, set the tone right and don't let me down.

Man #2:
I won't. Not going to over do it, I'm just going to ask you straight up do you think you will win at Final Destination?

Scott Oasis:
...WHAT!? What kind of options do I have to answer a question like that? "No, I'm going to lose."? No shit I think I'm going to win. I treat every match like it's a given as long as I continue the path that I'm on and right now I'm on the same path I have been against Layne and against Moongoose. I'm as strong as ever, my ring IQ is as sharp as ever and I'm going over every possible scenario with my trainers to guarantee victory. Day in and day out we've been in the "lab" putting together a game plan. Some of the best fighters in the world have told me they have my back, the betting odds have me in the lead and the stats heavily slant in my favor. Don't be mistaken, what's happening at Final Destination is the best possible match up like I said but it does not mean it's a literal even match. I got the edge over Aria and I have made so many strides in making that apparent that from my perspective the mere suggestion of Aria beating me is a ridiculous embarrassment.

The crowd once again "oooo" as Scott Oasis is the one trying to put out the fire.

Scott Oasis:

That's not an insult, I'm giving what I believe is my truth.

Aria Jaxon:

Your truth is me being a ridiculous embarrassment?

Scott Oasis:

The idea of losing to you. But that can be applied to anyone beating me at this stage. You're good and the mission you're on is noble but it doesn't compare to everything involving myself.

My passion. My mission, My path!

Aria Jaxon:

What is this "path" of yours? You've mentioned it twice already and you did it two weeks ago.

What do you believe your journey is heading towards?

Scott Oasis:

To put it in the most understandable way possible I'm on the path that involves a Champion state of mine. More than that actually. I'm on the path of someone who goes beyond even the title of legend. I'm floating above the trail and reaching into territories of a god! I wake up in the morning, pick the World Championship up off the nightstand and look at it every morning and know that it and I are meant to be attached to each other for years and years to come. When I finally *let* this title go, not lose it but let it go, I am bound to leave behind a footprint on this industry that nobody can ever measure up to. This title reign right here is one that'll be for the long haul. It's a title reign I can't allow to get cut short, especially not in the same fashion as the last one. Getting outshadowed by a fan favorite of the month; the cause the crowd chooses to rally behind that season. A cornerstone will not be displaced by a mere trend.

Aria Jaxon:

Whoa ---

Scott Oasis:

Final Destination is my way of redeeming that blunder and also providing me with the first of many epic footnotes to come in my history making reign. I've been nice, I've had a great time playing around with the fans but given the scenario I'm faced with I need to get serious. The public will not be getting another "inspirational", "shocking" win on pro wrestling's grand stage. They will be receiving a reminder. A reminder of the standard that OWA will continue to be held to. A reminder that OWA will forever bend at the knee to the Iceman. I lead the locker room, I damn near lead the company and I lead the entire sport of professional wrestling. Don't you laugh, Aria!

Aria Jaxon:

I'm sorry, everyone has a right to their hopes and dreams.

Scott Oasis:

I don't hope. I don't dream. I do.

Aria Jaxon:

And so do I. I'm all about actions, that's why I'm here.

Scott Oasis:

And it's a good point, congrats on reaching here but as for you getting the world title I'm going to need you to wait a week after FD and see if they have room on Friday Nights.

Aria Jaxon:

You're trying so hard to push me down and make me seem small.....this projection, it's really obvious. It makes you insecure the fact that I'm so popular. The fact that everyone wants me to be World Champion over you. The fact that I'm gaining on you so quickly. I've climbed and climbed and it's hitting you I'm not being turned away this time. I'm at your head. The title is in my reach. And that scares you. But instead of giving me my due it's easier to dismiss me. Call me to the ring to flex, watch my matches and shit talk me in Vernon's office, show up late to this conference to act like I'm irrelevant or unimportant. In the back of your mind it still eats at you.....I can take that belt away from you just like that. I'm not going to diminish your run as if it's a guarantee but you and I both know more than anyone else I'm your biggest threat. This "trend", this "cause of the season" has you scared.

Scott Oasis:

Scared? Scared!?..... I just pity you. If you want to show your hand like that well then fine, battlelines are truly drawn. No need for any respect. You're a waste of my time. Sebastian, Jasmine, Sam, let's go.

Scott Oasis gets out of his chair, grabs his OWA Championship and instructs his team to follow him as they head off the stage. Scott is talking with Jasmine who was waiting with him at the side of the table as Aria picking up her microphone and standing up can be heard.

Aria Jaxon:

Even the press can't help but boo that. No time is getting wasted when I get in that ring with you. I'm getting that win and you can't walk away from that. You know, Jasmine, you're my girl and all but I don't know how you can stand by and let him --

Jasmine Peyton takes the water bottle from Scott Oasis' hand and flings its contents at Aria as it hits her in the face. Aria Jaxon reacts immediately and reaches out for Jasmine. Scott Oasis is doing his best to contain the situation while laughing but eventually he lets his wife go. Not expecting Jasmine to have been allowed to advance, Aria is caught off guard when Jasmine throws a right hand. Aria Jaxon tosses her against the press conference table! Forearm smash to Jasmine as Jasmine's head bounces off of the table from the force of the strike. Realizing he made a mistake Scott rushes back up the stage to get involved but backs away when he notices someone coming: LAW tag partner of Jasmine LIETA COLLINS joins the fray and grabs Aria by

the hair, pulling her away from Jasmine before slapping in a choke. Aria struggles against it and shakes about trying to figure out an escape, smashing Lieta into the backdrop of the stage and tearing it down as the two scrap in what remains of the event stage. Aria Jaxon and Lieta Collins continue to tumble around in the wreckage for several moments, their shouting and the worried reaction of the press being the only sounds as we are without any commentary given the circumstances. Vernon scrambles to figure out what to do during this chaos and in the meantime Aria yet again manages to gain an upper-hand on her enemy. Aria gets on top of Lieta only to be distracted by Jasmine once again. Shortly thereafter, Lieta's Ground Zero comrades Donny Dragon and James Anderson run in to have her back. They get a hold of Aria and push the table off the stage, scaring away people in the front row and making space for their beatdown. It looks to be a four on one affair much to the delight of Oasis who sits back and watches at ease until:

“HANG ON JUST A MINUTE.”

Bursting through the press room are some unexpected visitors: Cloud Matsuda, the woman behind that booming statement, with the Wild Boys in tow. Donny Dragon is caught off guard with a right hook by Jimmy and at the same time James Anderson hopes to beat Billy to the punch by DIVING OFF STAGE WITH A LEAPING KNEE TO THE FACE. Not even a split second after that, Cloud Matsuda is grabbing Lieta by the foot and dragging her off the stage as she whallops her with several uppercuts.

Aria Jaxon:

How about you handle business yourself Scott, come on!

Aria Jaxon makes her way to Scott Oasis as Sebastian Monroe and the rest of the team try to provide some restraint between the two.

Sebastian Monroe:

Save it for Sunday Scott! Save it...OH!

Nate Cage pushes past them and can't help but to get involved as he throws a right hand directly at Cloud, protecting Lieta. Nate Cage then directs traffic amongst Donny and James. Scott turns to the commotion, and almost out of muscle memory, punches Nate Cage across the jaw. James turns his attention to Oasis and leaps at him, but is speared out of the air by none other than Jeff X. The Rampaging Redneck fires off a few more right hands before being rocked by a Nate Cage roundhouse to the back of the head. Nate spits at the writhing Jeff...before eating a HUGE SUPERKICK from the reigning Spartan's Champion, Layne Kurobane! Cage rolls back from the impact of the kick, but is immediately saved by Donny Dragon. Donny lays into the Spartan Champ with palm strikes as Scott Oasis fights off the returning James Anderson!

Jeff rises to his feet and makes a beeline for the Devil of OWA, but Layne Kurobane SHOVES Donny Dragon back into him, knocking both men to the ground, and now LAYNE is laying into Nate Cage! Jeff knocks Donny away with a solid head butt...and TAKES OUT LAYNE KUROBANE WITH AN X CRUSHER!! Jeff shoots to his feet and laughs...but is knocked COLD by a Nate Cage knee strike...Nate chuckles as he stands over his competitors...

Scott Oasis (off camera)

"Hey, Shit head."

Nate turns to the insult...and eats a FILTHY lariat from Scott Oasis! Donny Dragon flies in for an elbow...but is simply BIEL TOSSED across the room, sending the dozen or so reporters scrambling for cover! Donny lands amongst the chairs...JUST as the double doors to the backstage BURST open, revealing the brawling UDY and REGINALD DAMPSHAW III! RD3 wanting to take advantage of the chaos to get some licks in on his opponent, grabs Udy by the collar and tosses him towards Scott Oasis, who lifts the young Lycanthrope onto his massive shoulders, before DRIVING him through the chairs with a Burning Hammer!! RD3 rushes in to pick up the scraps...AND IS SENT STRAIGHT TO HELL WITH A BURNING HAMMER OF HIS OWN! Scott Oasis rises to his feet and looks around, ripping his tie off his massive neck as he does. James Anderson foolishly rushes in...and is simply shoulder-blocked away, crashing through a nearby table. Scott roars and grabs Udy by the jacket collar, tossing him towards the nearby Wild Boys. Cloud Matsuda runs past them towards Oasis who grabs her by the hair and lifts her on his shoulders, just as Aria kicks Lieta Collins away. Both whip around and stare at each other as Cloud struggles to get free.

Scott Oasis

If you so much as blink...this Chinese chick eats some mu shu concrete floor...

Cloud Matsuda

HEY! FUCK YOU!

Aria glares at Scott, who glares back...Aria shifts her back foot slightly, and that's all the prompt Oasis needs, spinning Cloud around and sending her flying through the air. She hits Aria with a sickening thud, knocking both to the hard concrete floor. Scott Oasis is the Last Man Standing as camera flashes go off all around him...Scott snorts and spits a bit of blood before buttoning the top three buttons on his shirt. He turns to Jasmine as she emerges from her hiding place and extends his hand to her. She takes it, carefully stepping over RD3's quivering carcass, just as Sebastian Monroe walks up, carrying the OWA Championship. Scott smiles slightly, and simply walks out of the room, his wife and manager close behind...

After a few moments, Vernon Tressler emerges from behind the Kingdom banner. He looks around at the bodies of his roster and shakes his head...

Vernon Tressler
God dammit...I just want ONE press conference to go well...

BLACK