

('Adrenaline' by Shinedown plays as the camera pans over the crowd in a jam-packed Moda Center. A dazzling pyro display goes off as we get close-ups of fans in the shirts of all their favourite OWA stars, such as Tarah Nova, Hans Olsen, Bull Connors, Jake Keeton, Layne Kurobane and Gareth Cason. We go to ringside and the commentary desk.)

Mark Stephens: We're live in sold out Moda Center in beautiful Portland, Oregon! It is the final Olympus before Boiling Point, and it's sure to be a good one! We've got the final round to see who progresses to the Apollo and Artemis Tag Team Classic, we've got the highly anticipated debut of Hardan Ardelean...

Daniel Wilson: And we have a KILLER main event set! After pinning the Television Champion two weeks ago, Jake Keeton is getting a shot at Maggall's gold! With a title match already booked for Boiling Point, he might be able to make himself the first ever double champ!

Mark Stephens: All that and plenty more. And we're gonna be opening the night with singles action between James Anderson of Ground Zero, and Devon Slayton of Mavericks Incorporated! Let's throw it to Jamison Pierce!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Jamison Pierce: The following contest is scheduled for one fall!

('The Vengeful One' by Disturbed kicks in as Devon Slayton stoically appears at the top of the ramp. The lights are all down as he's surrounded by a thick fog at his feet.)

Jamison Pierce: Introducing first, representing Mavericks Incorporated, weighing in at 215 lbs...THE BLACK SAVIOUR...DEVON SLAAAAYTTTOOONNNNN!!!

Mark Stephens: This man is an intimidating presence to say the least. The entire arena falls silent when he makes his presence known. This will be our first time seeing Devon Slayton in singles action in OWA, and I for one am very excited to see him thrive in a one-on-one scenario!

Daniel Wilson: He and his partner took a tough loss two weeks ago. But taking losses is all about seeing how you bounce back. He's not got an easy ride tonight though, his opponent has all the momentum over him!

(Devon mounts the ring apron and flips over the ropes, rolling into a cross-legged position and turning his head towards the ramp in anticipation of his opponent.)

('Immigrant Song' by Led Zeppelin hits the PA system to loud boos. James Anderson struts out onto the ramp with a cocky smile on his face, rocking out to his own music and flexing his muscles.)

Jamison Pierce: Aaaaand his opponent, representing Ground Zero, from Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, weighing in at 210 lbs...THE PRODIGAL SON...JAMES  
AAAANNDEEERRRSSSSOOONNN!!!

Mark Stephens: The arrogance of James Anderson is matched only by his in-ring ability. Don't let his cocky attitude fool you, you're looking at one of the most naturally gifted professional wrestlers in the game today.

Daniel Wilson: It's not arrogance if you can back it up, simple as that! James hasn't been pinned or submitted since debuting in OWA. He's on a hot win streak right now, and his team put away Slayton's team two weeks ago. Way I see it, ball's in his court and it's all on Devon to prove that he belongs tonight!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Mark Stephens: And the two men start the proceedings cautiously circling each other with their hands stretched out, two dangerous mat specialists right here. Neither man wants to give the other an inch. And James Anderson initiates the conflict by taking Slayton down to the ground with a single leg takedown! James is on top of Devon and is smothering him, grinding his forearm over his face and really being the aggressor. Now he transitions into a headlock with expert technique, no wasted motion when it comes to James Anderson, who moves on from the headlock into an armlock, just trying to keep the bigger man grounded. But Devon Slayton uses his size advantage and gets back up to his feet...big arm drag breaks the two men apart!

Daniel Wilson: James gets up quickly, Devon goes for an Irish whip, James reverses into an Irish whip of his own. He goes down for a back body drop but Devon just rolls off of the top of James' back with precision! Great timing! James turns around and swings with his right hand, Devon catches and counters with a spinning elbow! Now he goes the other way and hits another spinning elbow with his other arm! Muay Thai knee to the face of Anderson! Kick to James' thigh! Anderson drops to one knee...big knee to the side of James Anderson's head! James is scrambling around on the floor as Devon Slayton pauses to admire his handiwork!

Mark Stephens: It's not easy to dismantle a man Like James Anderson like that, but Devon Slayton made it look as much as the crowd cheer him on! Devon approaches James who's nestled away in the corner, kick to the gut from Anderson that backs up Slayton! James pushes forward to deliver another kick, Devon blocks, ANOTHER spinning elbow to the side of James' head! AND DEVON IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWS UP WITH A GERMAN SUPLEX! BRIDGE TO COVER!

Buddy Taylor: ONE!

TWO!

Daniel Wilson: James Anderson kicks out! But he really needs to dig down deep and find something right now, this has been almost all Devon Slayton so far!

Mark Stephens: Devon goes to get James up...but James pulls on Devon's hair and pushes him away! Dirty tactics from the Ground Zero representative!

Daniel Wilson: You gotta do what you gotta do! James is leaning against the ropes now, the enraged Devon Slayton hotly pursues! But James Anderson ducks down and flips Devon over the top rope to the floor! Devon lands on his feet and rolls through, but James hits the other side of the ring and runs through the middle ropes, keeping his hands on the top and connecting with both boots to the face of Devon Slayton! And just like that, he's back in the driver's seat!

Mark Stephens: Slayton is up and absorbs a big knife edge chop to the chest that sends him reeling towards the steel steps! And now James picks Devon up and DUMPS HIM BACK-FIRST ONTO THE STAIRS! HOLY HELL THAT MUST HAVE HURT!

Daniel Wilson: James Anderson is a master of picking apart the back, this is exactly the tempo he wanted this match to go at! And now James sends a stiff forearm shot into the face of Devon Slayton before rolling him back inside the ring! Devon's crawling around on his stomach and James drops down with a knee to the spine! Picking apart every vertebrae!

Mark Stephens: He's certainly turned this one around as he circles the wounded Devon Slayton like a lion stalking a gazelle. He picks Slayton up by his hair and loads him up...and drops him right across his knee! Huge backbreaker from James Anderson! And he follows up by pressing his knee against the back once more, locking his fingers across Slayton's face to create an excruciating rear chinlock! Are we gonna see Devon Slayton tap?

Daniel Wilson: The crowd are trying to will Devon on, and it's giving him some life as he starts to rise to his feet. A punch to the ribs of James Anderson, and another! That's broken the hold! Now Devon goes up top with a punch but James ducks and shoots with a double leg! He's got Devon down on the ground again! He's just straight up out-wrestling Devon Slayton tonight!

Mark Stephens: Once again, James Anderson is smothering Devon Slayton on the ground and is trying to force his opponent's shoulders to the mat for a pin, but Devon's resisting the force applied. And now James mercilessly elbows the ribs of Devon Slayton over and over, before transitioning into a front facelock! Absolutely perfect fundamentals on display right here!

Daniel Wilson: They don't call him the prodigy for nothing, he's putting in work and is maintaining that dominant position no matter what. He knows that if he gives Devon too much space, he'll be able to utilise his superior striking and possibly land a knockout blow to end things badly for Anderson!

James Anderson (w/o mic): Is that all you've got, you son of a bitch?!

Mark Stephens: Some on-brand trash talk from the Prodigy, as he keeps his arms tightly wrapped around the throat of Devon Slayton in that front facelock...but the bigger man is hearing the crowd cheering him on and is finding his footing. James is trying to pin him down but that strength advantage is coming into play as he's back to both feet! And he drives James Anderson right into the turnbuckles to break the hold! Some much-needed breathing room has been created by one half of Mavericks Incorporated!

Daniel Wilson: And he shoulder barges Anderson into the corner one more time for good measure, neutralizing whatever advantage James had! Now a big forearm shot is sent into James' face that rocks him! Devon follows up with an Irish whip to the opposite corner...but James reverses and Slayton's back connects flush with the turnbuckles! His back has taken so much damage in this match that it's hard to believe he can stand!

Mark Stephens: Well right now he isn't standing! Slayton's fallen to the ground, but so has James Anderson. Now it's a race to see who can make it to their feet first and keep the momentum on their side! And it appears to be Anderson who's up first, having definitely absorbed the least amount of punishment in this one. He hits Devon with a big basement dropkick that sends Slayton rolling out of the ring, but James rolls out himself in hot pursuit!

Daniel Wilson: Anderson grabs his opponent and shoulder barges him right into the ring apron! Devon Slayton has a pained grimace on his face, his back has been torn to ribbons! Anderson rolls him back inside and stands over him, grabbing his leg and stomping down hard on his ribs! Now he pulls Devon up and pushes him into the corner, the exhausted Devon Slayton's trying desperately to hold himself up...knife edge chop lights up Devon's chest! This isn't looking good at all for him!

Mark Stephens: Anderson picks Devon up now and sits him on the top turnbuckle...he's climbing up with him...oh God, he's looking for a superplex! He wants to break Devon Slayton in half! He wants to make sure he never walks again! But Devon's doing everything he can to block, he's sending punches into James' head and is able to slip off the ropes!

Daniel Wilson: He's got James in the powerbomb position! Anderson's up on the shoulders with nowhere to go! Here it comes!

Mark Stephens: No! Devon Slayton's back gives out! He drops James Anderson and falls to a knee, and James instantly picks him up and connects with yet ANOTHER backbreaker! This is getting harder and harder to watch! Cover!

Buddy Taylor: ONNNNEEEEE!!!!

TWWWOOOOO!!!!!!!

Daniel Wilson: Somehow, Devon Slayton is able to get his shoulder up! I don't know how he has anything left after the surgical dissection of his back tonight, but he is still in this thing! And the crowd are 100% behind him right now!

James Anderson (w/o mic): You're gonna regret that, Devon! Get up!

Mark Stephens: More trash talk from James Anderson, he needs to not get too cocky. He might be dominating as it stands but he doesn't want to lose sight of the task at hand. He hooks Devon's neck, I think he might be looking for a vertical suplex here. He lifts Devon up...but Devon counters with a perfect knee to James' head in midair! James Anderson is stunned and falls to the ground while Devon Slayton lands on his feet!

Daniel Wilson: Slayton moves to the corner to ready himself, but James shoots up and goes forward with a running bicycle knee! Devon moves though, Anderson's knee connects directly with the turnbuckle! Slayton hits the ropes but James is hot on his heels and connects with a knee to the gut! Anderson runs at Devon again but he's dropped with a counter elbow! He gets up and is dropped with another elbow! He's up again and tries to throw a kick, but Devon grabs Anderson's foot and kicks his other leg! And he follows that up with a spinning leg sweep that trips James up! Now Devon hits the ropes and he connects with a brutal sliding knee to the side of James Anderson's head! You could hear that impact all the way in the cheap seats!

Mark Stephens: Devon kips back up from his back as well! Almost in defiance of the targeted offence he's sustained throughout this contest! He's eyeing James as he tries to get to his feet...AND HE BOUNCES OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE WITH A PERFECT BACKFLIP LANDING STRAIGHT ON TOP OF JAMES ANDERSON! Devon Slayton is cooking with gas now! He hoists James up with a rear waistlock, possibly looking for another German, but James desperately tries to escape with an elbow to the side of the head! Now another elbow on the other side of the head! Devon breaks the hold. Now James attempts to throw a punch- but Devon blocks it by kicking James' hand mid-swing! And follows up with a hook kick that catches James flush on the side of the head! That had to rattle his brains!

Daniel Wilson: Devon grabs the waist again, but Anderson counters by running chest-first into the ropes and bucking Slayton off. He runs straight for Devon but is met with a roundhouse kick to the head for his troubles! James Anderson's on dream street! Now Devon's hooked up his head and picks him up...BRAINBUSTER! COVER!

Buddy Taylor: ONNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!

TWWWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

Mark Stephens: Anderson gets a shoulder up somehow! I thought that might have been it! Devon Slayton's striking ability has come out in full force in the later stages of this highly physical bout! Devon is looking a little gassed right now, but he's got James Anderson exactly where he wants him. And he just sticks his boot underneath James' chin and lifts him up with his foot! That is an exertion of dominance if ever I've seen one!

Daniel Wilson: But James quickly backs off and nails Devon in the face with a big boot! And a step-up enzuigiri! James hits the ropes and goes for broke with a running knee, but Devon

sidesteps and hits a lightning fast front kick to James' face! Devon runs the ropes and heads straight for his target...BUT JAMES ANDERSON JUST THROWS DEVON STRAIGHT UP IN THE AIR AND DROPS TO THE GROUND WITH HIS KNEES UP! MASSIVE GUTBUSTER COMPLETELY KNOCKING THE WIND OUT OF DEVON SLAYTON! NOW HE HITS THE ROPES AND GUNS FOR DEVON- BUT SLAYTON'S UP AND CATCHES HIM WITH A BICYCLE KNEE SQUARE ON THE JAW! AND THE FORCE OF IT SENDS JAMES ANDERSON FLYING OUT OF THE RING!!

Mark Stephens: James Anderson is leaning against the guard rail with glazed over eyes...AND DEVON SLAYTON LEAPS OVER THE ROPES AND ONTO THE APRON, I THINK HE'S GONNA TRY FOR A MOONSAULT OFF OF THE TURNBUCKLES FROM THE OUTSIDE!

Daniel Wilson: No! James Anderson leaps up onto the apron and grabs the legs of Devon Slayton! He's hanging onto them for dear life! He has to ground him!

Mark Stephens: Slayton responds with a sharp elbow to James' face! And James responds to that with some clubbing forearms across that badly damaged back! Oh God! He's got Devon Slayton on his shoulders now! I think he's gonna try and drop him across the apron!

Daniel Wilson: Slayton slips off in a hurry though! He wanted NO part of that! But James Anderson's back on the hunt and sends a big boot right into Slayton's face! And he's got Devon Slayton on his shoulders in the torture rack! What's he gonna do?!

Mark Stephens: OH MY GOD! JAMES ANDERSON HURLS THE BACK OF DEVON SLAYTON'S NECK ONTO THE TOP OF THE RING POST! DEVON SLAYTON CRUMBLES IN A HEAP TO THE OUTSIDE! THAT WAS ONE OF THE MOST HORRIFYING MOVES I'VE EVER SEEN!

Crowd: HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Daniel Wilson: And James wastes NO time in jumping to the floor and pulling Devon up, throwing him back inside the ring like a man possessed! He hooks the leg for a deep cover!

Buddy Taylor: ONNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

TWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THHHHHHRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Mark Stephens: NO! HE KICKED OUT! DEVON SLAYTON JUST KICKED OUT! AMAZING!

Crowd: THIS IS AWESOME! THIS IS AWESOME!

Daniel Wilson: I have to agree, what an incredible match to kick off the show! How the hell is anybody gonna be able to even top this?!

Mark Stephens: It'll be a tall task indeed. But James Anderson's looking to finish now. He's through playing games, he's finding out just what Devon Slayton is made of tonight!

Daniel Wilson: James is up on his feet and grabbing at the leg of Devon Slayton, possibly looking to lock in a half crab for the submission. He's struggling though, Devon sends a boot square into his face! And another! AND ANOTHER! But James is refusing to let go! Devon's created enough space though that he's managed to get himself underneath the ropes!

Buddy Taylor: ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Mark Stephens: James Anderson with slingshot! Devon Slayton's throat just got crushed against the very ring ropes he saved himself with! What a brilliant, sadistic move! Slayton's up but he's clutching his throat in pain and stumbles towards the corner...James Anderson comes steaming in with a step-up knee strike that connects right on the jaw! And James instantly grabs the arm and pulls Devon into THE FLASHBANG! PATENTED BELLY-TO-BACK FACEBUSTER LANDS WITH PERFECTION! HE HOOKS THE LEG!

Buddy Taylor: ONNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!

TWWWWWWWWWWOooooooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Daniel Wilson: I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HE KICKED OUT AGAIN! DEVON SLAYTON KICKED OUT AGAIN! THIS GUY ISN'T FREAKING HUMAN!

Mark Stephens: What an incredible show of resilience from the Maverick! James Anderson's on the cusp of pulling his damn hair out right now! He looks consumed with anger! He thought that he 100% had things wrapped up there!

Daniel Wilson: But we must never assume this man is short of offensive innovation. The gears are turning in his head right now, he wants to end this once and for all!

Mark Stephens: James is now dragging the lifeless body of Devon Slayton up by the head! It's taking everything he has to pull that 215 lb frame to an upright position! He's staring Devon down right now, looking to destroy him! Big forearm to the side of the head! And a straight up slap with the other hand! Now another forearm! Knee to the gut! He's got the arms locked! IED!

Daniel Wilson: NO! DEVON REVERSES AND DROPS BEHIND! HE PUSHES JAMES INTO THE ROPES! SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK! JAMES IS OUT ON HIS FEET! DEVON LOCKS IN A NECK CRANK AND LIFTS JAMES UP FOR THE DEVIL'S TOUCH!!

Mark Stephens: NO! JAMES SLIPS BEHIND AND LOCKS UP THE ARMS IN A FULL NELSON FOR A DRAGON SUPLEX INTO THE TURNBUCKLES! THE BACK OF DEVON

SLAYTON'S NECK JUST GOT DEMOLISHED! AND HE FALLS ONTO HIS KNEES! JAMES HOOKS THE ARMS! I. E. D! THE TIGER DRIVER CONNECTS! HE HOOKS THE LEG!

Buddy Taylor: ONNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

TWWWWWWOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

('Immigrant Song' by Led Zeppelin plays as an absolutely exhausted James Anderson rolls off of Devon Slayter. The two men lie motionless in the ring for about ten seconds, as the crowd rise to their feet and offer up a standing ovation.)

Jamison Pierce: Here is your winner...JAMES...AAAANNNDDEEERRRRSSSOOONNNNN!!!

Mark Stephens: WHAT A MATCH! WHAT A WAR! INCREDIBLE! SIMPLY INCREDIBLE!

Daniel Wilson: That might have been the greatest opening match in the history of Olympus! Both men gave each other everything that they had! And I mean everything! James Anderson spent the majority of the bout working over the back of Devon Slayton, who in turn kept on rattling James with barrages of deadly strikes! But in the end, it was the Ground Zero prodigy who was able to hit that all important killing blow to secure a key victory heading into Boiling Point.

Mark Stephens: This crowd usually boo the antics of James Anderson and his running buddies, but they are all on their feet here and showing their appreciation for what was a thrilling contest! And they should be, that right there is what professional wrestling is all about!

(James Anderson manages to pull himself up via the ring ropes and looks around in surprise at the crowd cheering his efforts. With a pained expression, he allows referee Buddy Taylor to raise his arm, before falling to a knee and clutching at his leg.)

Daniel Wilson: Wait a minute, I think something is wrong here...

(A replay is shown of the ending of the match, showing that James' left leg buckled as he landed from countering the Devil's Touch.)

Mark Stephens: It would appear that James landed at an awkward angle on his left leg near the end of the match. It seems to be giving him a bit of trouble, but he's rolling out of the ring and limping up the ramp under his own power. Here's hoping it's not too serious a problem.



Daniel Wilson: It would really suck to suffer an injury after having arguably the best match of your career. But he's walking unaided so he might just be in the clear. It's just as well, he has the biggest match of his career in two weeks with the Apollo and Artemis Tag Team Classic finals!

(The cameras cut back to Devon Slayton, who's managed to get up and looks disappointed in not being able to secure a victory. Regardless, the crowd stand up and loudly cheer.)

Crowd: DEVON! DEVON! DEVON! DEVON!

Mark Stephens: This crowd showering praise upon the man who did not win, but made a real case for being one to watch here on Olympus. And I'm sure his tag team partner Ethan Stryfe is watching somewhere with a smile on his face, knowing that the Mavericks are very much a real threat here in the OWA.

Daniel Wilson: James Anderson is my boy, but I've gotta give props to Devon for taking the fight to him like nobody ever had up until now. Definitely a bright future for the Mavericks Incorporated if that performance is anything to go by.

(We cut to Nathan Fiora, who is sitting in a concert hall, looking out over a keen audience.)

Nathan Fiora: Tonight, we're honouring victims. Yes, victims of horrific fates. These brave men and women were subjected to the insane pursuit of fool's gold that has infected the Omega Wrestling Alliance. People like Ethel...

(The camera cuts to the old lady whose hotel room CM Nas burst into thinking it was Christopher Sabertooth's.)

Nathan Fiora: This poor old woman had to endure the fear of seeing CM Nas and his posse force their way into her hotel room. She's told me that ever since that day, she hasn't been able to sleep at night. That every time she closes her eyes, she sees the face of CM Nas and enters sleep paralysis. Does that sound like a life that anybody wants? Because all I know is that nobody should have to suffer because someone picked the wrong goddamn hotel room. Then there's Rakesh...

(We cut to Rakesh, the gas station attendant who got the shit kicked out of him by Carson Ramsay.)

Nathan Fiora: Rakesh was beaten to a bloody pulp by someone who isn't even a fully contracted wrestler in OWA! There he was, minding his business, selling gas to hard working Americans, doing his duty. When suddenly, a collection of lunatics wreck his place of work and give him a hard time in the process. And don't think I've forgotten about Kyle and his nacho cheese scam. People like him are the reason this country's in the toilet, everyone wants something for nothing. It makes me sick, sick, I tell you! And how about my friend Manks?

(The camera quickly cuts to Manks, still in his McDonald's uniform, before cutting back to Fiora.)

Nathan Fiora: Actually, we don't really have time to go into that and I don't even recall inviting him. Oh yeah, and there was this movie theatre attendant whose name I can't remember, no don't cut to him, camera guy, people who willingly work in movie theatres don't get my respect. Buncha losers. If they hate it so much, why don't they leave? Anyway, I wrote a song for all of you and it's damn good so listen up.

"There's a prize in the game, we all know its name  
The longer you hold it, the more fortune and fame  
But it comes with a price, won't you hear me proclaim  
The man who shall hold it, no peace he shall gain  
But come one, come all, hear my cry!  
The spirit of champions never shall die!  
And when the day comes that you're broken and- DO YOU MIND?!

(Suddenly, an exhausted Hayden Cross bursts through the doors of the concert hall.)

Hayden Cross: Sorry...I'm...late...is this the benefit gig where I'm protected?

Nathan Fiora: No! I'm not throwing this to protect you! The whole point of this concert is that it's for people who are affected by your title! How selfish can one man-

???: He's here! Get him!

(A number of audience members get to their feet and begin pulling off wigs, sunglasses and elaborate face masks, revealing Miltiades, Kyle, Udy, CM Nas, Christopher Sabertooth, Moongoose McQueen, CASPIAN and The Wild Boys are revealed.)

Nathan Fiora: Oh for fuck sake.

(Nathan ducks behind a grand piano on the stage as the crowd members who aren't wrestlers bolt for the doors, not before 20 of them take notice of CM Nas.)

Adoring Crowd: OH MY GOD! IT'S CM NAS! HEY NASIR! HEY NASIR! GIMME A PICTURE!

CM Nas: NO! NO! NOT NOW! I'M TOO FAMOUS! GODDAMN IT! AHHHH!!

(Nas is lost in the sea of fans and disappears completely from view. The Wild Boys have a stand-off with Moongoose and CASPIAN.)

CASPIAN: You gringos stay away, the gold is ours.

Billy Wild: I don't understand a word you just said but I'm gonna answer with a superkick.

(Hayden Cross blindsides both Wild Boys and tackles them to the ground, before gunning it to the stage with Moongoose, CASPIAN, Miltiades, Udy and Sabertooth in pursuit. Manks tries to grab Hayden, but Cross simply headbutts him before grabbing the movie theatre attendant's flashlight and cracking him in the jaw with it.)

Moongoose McQueen: Rakesh! Stop that man!

(The confused Rakesh grabs Hayden, who responds by hurling him full force onto the stage.)

Hayden Cross: Not today, Apu!

(As poor old Ethel attempts to escape, Moongoose flattens her en route to Hayden, who has now hopped up onto the stage, apparently making his last stand.)

Hayden Cross: I'm right here you sons of bitches!

(CASPIAN and Moongoose get up on the stage and lunge for Hayden, who defends himself with a snare from a nearby drum set. CASPIAN finds an electric guitar and reigns down shots onto Hayden, who uses the snare as a shield as it's torn to pieces by the guitar.)

CASPIAN: Take that, El Capitano Americana!

Moongoose McQueen: Where's the referee?!

(Chet Kensington appears and guides Stephanie Matsuda onto the stage, before Miltiades comes from out of nowhere and drops Stephanie with a Malice at the Palace. Immediately after this, Udy appears with a cymbal in hand, which he cracks over the head of Miltiades.)

Udy: Cross! I'm retaking what you stole from me!

CASPIAN: This lobo is loco.

(Udy charges at Moongoose and CASPIAN, the latter levels him in the head with the guitar, causing him to drop to the floor like a sack of bricks, while Moongoose grabs some drumsticks and plays a little solo on Udy's back.)

Moongoose McQueen: My mother always said I could be a musician.

Christopher Sabertooth: Time for your encore!

(Sabertooth swings from a nearby scaffolding on some electrical cables, taking out Moongoose and landing with finesse. Hayden Cross finds his footing as the three men stare each other down, a helpless Chet Kensington watching from a safe distance.)

Christopher Sabertooth: This here is my rodeo, fellas, time for the king to reclaim his crown.

(CASPIAN swings his guitar with great force, only for Sabertooth to duck and for the instrument to catch Hayden flush on the side of the head. Christopher dives at CASPIAN and the two men are sent flying off the stage and into the few remaining crowd members, being buried under bodies. With the dust settled, the ever-present, rarely active Kyle strolls up onto the stage and notices the unconscious Hayden Cross. He looks at Chet, gives a shrug, and gently places his foot onto Hayden's chest with his hands still in his pockets.)

Chet Kensington: ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

(Chet unbuttons the belt from Hayden's waist and tries to award it to Kyle, who doesn't seem to be motivated enough to hold his own title. The celebration is short-lived, however, as a grand piano is wheeled into Kyle full force, who flips into the air as though he's been hit by a car. Natha Fiora quickly hooks the leg of the destroyed Kyle.)

Chet Kensington: ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

(Fiora takes the belt from Chet and notices the wrestlers starting to wake up.)

Nathan Fiora: I DID IT! I DID IT! THE NATHAN FIORA 24/7 TOUR BEGINS RIGHT NOW!

(Fiora grabs his acoustic guitar from its stand and heads for the side exits as we cut back to the arena. Shortly after this, Rakesh gets up and surveys the carnage around him.)

Rakesh: Fucking white people.

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(DING! DING! DING!)

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

Crowd: ONE FALL!!

(The lights in the arena dim down as "Storytime" by Nightwish hits the PA System. Smoke engulfs the stage as flashes of light sporadically light it up, as the crowd wait in anticipation. The lights come back on as a hulking figure walks through the curtains, leading to a chorus

of boos. Schizm steps through the smoke along with Amaranth as they quickly make their way down the ramp and to the ring. With a crude expression on his face, he awaits his opponent.)

Jamison Pierce: Introducing first, accompanied to the ring by Amaranth, from New Orleans, Louisiana!! Weighing in at 310 lbs!! He is "THE HOLLOW ONE", SCHIZZZMMMM!!!!

Daniel Wilson: Two weeks ago, Schizm absolutely dismantled The Boston bruiser before the referee even signalled for the bell to start the match! Standing at 6'10" 310 lbs, Schizm is a freak of nature, practically at Amaranth's disposal.

Mark Stephens: Speaking of Amaranth, she played an important role in putting away Boston Bruiser, using the green mist to completely blind the man. Let's see if she will be playing a role in Schizm's match tonight.

Daniel Wilson: I must add, Schizm is terrifyingly quick for a man of his size and his explosive offense could be a problem for his opponent tonight.

(The scene begins at the arena parking lot near a caravan as OWA official knocks on the door. Harman Ardelean pops his head out of the van, with a look of disgust on his face)

OWA Crew: What are you doing here? Your music is about to hit the arena!

Harman Ardelean: You expect me to wait around backstage till it's my turn? Pfft.. Fine. Let me just finish up my wine.

OWA Crew: But...

(Harman Ardelean slams the door as the OWA Crew member leaves. Moments later, he bursts through the caravan with a smug look on his face.)

Harman Ardelean: The KANG has arrived.

(The feeds cuts back to the arena as Schizm looks on in confusion.)

Mark Stephens: Well, he's a bit laid back isn't he?

Daniel Wilson: I guess... That's the gypsy way of life. Either way, he should be out here soon.

(The feed cuts backstage as Harman is seen talking to female staff backstage.)

OWA Crew: Harman PLEASE! LET'S GO!

(Harman flips off the crew member before whispering something to the female staff. He finally heads towards the stage.)

("Start Wearing Purple" by Gogol Bordello hits the PA System as Harman Ardelean finally makes his way through the curtains to a mixed reaction from the crowd. He slowly struts down the ramp, interacting with the crowd along the way, mostly women... Only women. Harman rolls underneath the bottom rope to enter the ring, finally head to head with his opponent.)

Jamison Pierce: And his opponent! From... um.

Harman Ardelean(w/o mic): The Caravan!

Jamison Pierce: .. his caravan? Weighing in at 215 lbs!! He is "THE GYPSY KING"

Harman Ardelean (w/o mic): KANG!

Jamison Pierce: HARMAAAAN ARDEEEEEAAANNNNN!!!!

Mark Stephens: Oddly enough, Harman is not signed to Friday Nights. He claims to be a free agent.

Daniel Wilson: That is the Gypsy way!

Mark Stephens: And you know all about it, do you? Anyway, Harman Ardelean made his intentions clear to challenge for the Openweight Championship.

Daniel Wilson: Let's not forget, that he is a former OWA 24/7 Champion! And he did that before his official debut in the ring!

Mark Stephens: Well, tonight on his official debut, he is set with a difficult challenge going up against the monster, Schizm.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Mark Stephens: And the matchup is finally underway as Harman immediately rolls out of the ring to avoid the charging Schizm.

Harman Ardelean (w/o mic): What's the rush?

Daniel Wilson: Harman just walks up to Amaranth and places his hand around her shoulder, who immediately shrugs it off. I don't know how smart that was as Schizm looks pissed. He rushes out of the ring and tries to hit Harman with a lariat... But he ducks under it!

Mark Stephens: Harman rolls into the ring and Schizm chases after him. WHAT THE HELL?! HE JUST CONTINUES TO ROLL... ROLLING BACK OUT ON THE OTHER SIDE! Schizm is clearly frustrated as Amaranth signals something to him. Looks like they are surrounding him from both sides!

Harman Ardelean (w/o mic): Hey Shrek! Over here!

Daniel Wilson: Well, provoking Schizm might not be the smartest of strategies. SCHIZM RUSHES IN FOR A LARIAT BUT HARMAN FORWARD ROLLS AND LEAPS INTO THE RING THROUGH THE MIDDLE ROPE. Schizm nearly hit Amaranth right there, who is clearly displeased by it.

Mark Stephens: While Amaranth throws a fit on the outside, HARMAN RUNS THE ROPES AND RUSHES IN FOR THE SUICIDE DIVE!!! HE CALLS THAT THE MISHTO!!

Daniel Wilson: AMARANTH GOES DOWN! What did she ever do to deserve that?! But Schizm is still on his feet, although stumbling as Harman heads to the ring once again. He rushes back in WITH ANOTHER MISHTOOO!!!! AND SCHIZM IS DOWN!

Mark Stephens: But Schizm is quick to get back to his feet and he doesn't look happy! He sees Harman, tooting his own horn on the outside. HE RUSHES IN FOR A SPEAR BUT HARMAN SIDESTEPS IT AT THE LAST INSTANT SENDING HIM SHOULDER FIRST TO THE RING POST! Harman follows that with A BICYCLE KICK TO THE KNEELING GIANT!

Daniel Wilson: Schizm's head was sandwiched between the steel post and Harman's boot! Harman quickly rolls back to the ring and asks the referee to count Schizm out!

Buddy Taylor: ONNNEEE! TWWWOOOO!! THREEEE!!!

Mark Stephens: I don't blame Harman for trying to get the countout victory here. But Schizm is a tough man to put away.

Buddy Taylor: FOURR!!! FIVVEE!! SIIIXXX!!

Daniel Wilson: Schizm is now stirring on the outside as he gets back on all fours.

Harman Ardelean (w/o mic): FASTER! COUNT FASTER!

Buddy Taylor: SEVEENN!! EI-

Mark Stephens: And Schizm is back in the ring. Harman quickly rushes over and hooks both arms!! BUT SCHIZM BLOCKS THE ATTEMPT! Harman quickly catches Schizm with a kick to the gut.... He runs the ropes!! NO! SCHIZM CATCHES HARMAN WITH A SPINEBUSTER! He has had enough of the cat and mouse chase as he deadlifts Harman back to his feet for a RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX! Harman almost thrown to the outside with that throw!

Daniel Wilson: Harman folds over with that German. He may not know where he is right now!

Mark Stephens: Amaranth is back up on the outside and she is screaming at Schizm to end this! Schizm stalks Harman who is slow to get back up, using the ropes as support... HE RUSHES IN WITH A BICYCLE KICK!! Harman is sent crashing into the turnbuckle! Harman rebounds off the impact into Schizm's grasp. LIFTING URANAGE SLAM BY SCHIZM!! HE HOOKS THE LEG FOR A COVER!

Buddy Taylor: ONNEEE!!! TWWWOOO!!! T-

Daniel Wilson: No! Harman is able to kick out in time as Schizm has a menacing look on his face. He lifts Harman by placing his feet under his chin and forcing him back up. HE IS SETTING UP FOR THE DYING LIGHT. SPINNING ROUNDHOUSE-

Mark Stephens: HARMAN DUCKS UNDER! A KNEE TO THE GUT OF SCHIZM! ARM WRINGER.... FOLLOWED BY A ROLLING ARM SNAP! Harman Ardelean has once again turned the match around!

Daniel Wilson: He heads to the apron waiting Schizm to get back to his feet.... Schizm is not an easy man to put down and Harman knows it. He leaps off the rope for a SPRINGBOARD BIONIC EL- NO! SCHIZM JUST CAUGHT HIM WITH THE MIDNIGHT HOUR. A SNAP HEADBUTT STOPS HARMAN RIGHT IN HIS TRACKS AS SCHIZM GOES FOR THE COVER.

Buddy Taylor: ONNEEE!!! TWWWOOO!!! THR-

Mark Stephens: Harman somehow manages to kick out! Though the headbutt certainly rung his bells. Amaranth is furious to why Schizm isn't ending the match as she climbs up to the apron screaming at Schizm.

Amaranth (w/o mic): FINISH HIM! NOW!!

Buddy Taylor: Hey! Step down right now!

Amaranth (w/o mic): What did you say to me, you little shit?!

Daniel Wilson: Schizm is going to execute Amaranth's command as he picks up Harman to a reverse Fireman's carry. He is setting up for his finishing move! TOYS IN THE ATTI- NO! HARMAN SLIPS OUT OF HIS GRIP AND WHAT THE!- LOW BLOW!

Mark Stephens: HARMAN JUST DECKED HIM IN THE SCHNOZ AND THE REFEREE MISSED IT. AN IRATE AMARANTH IS POINTING IT OUT BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER. BUDDY DIDN'T SEE IT! SNAP DOUBLE UNDERHOOK DDT!!! SCARAMUCCIA!! COVER BY HARMAN!

Buddy Taylor: ONNNNEEEEE!!! TWWWWOOOOO!!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)



("Start Wearing Purple" by Gogol Bordello hits the arena once again as Harman Ardelean quickly rolls out of the ring as an irate Amaranth rushes in to check on Schizm. He just shrugs at her and makes his way to the stage, laughing hysterically at his opponent in the ring.)

Jamison Pierce: HERE'S YOUR WINNER.... "THE GYPSY KING"

Harman Ardelean (w/o mic): KANG!

Jamison Pierce: HAAAARMAAAAN ARRDEEEEEEAAAANN!!!!

Daniel Wilson: Harman just stole a victory against Schizm! He pinned the big man for the three count!!

Mark Stephens: Although, through nefarious means.

Daniel Wilson: It doesn't matter, Mark! A very successful debut for the former OWA 24/7 Champion! Not many wrestlers can claim to be champions before their official debut! And Harman has certainly built momentum as we head to Boiling Point.

Mark Stephens: I am sure that Kevin Maverick will be keeping a close eye on this man. Harman Ardelean strengthening his claims to challenge for the OWA Openweight Championship. But we still have a lot more to go! The OWA TV Champ, Maggall will be putting his title on the line against the impressive Jake Keeton with both Layne Kurobane AND Kevin Maverick at ringside, for our main event tonight!

(The Second Coming: Arrival: The Holy Spirit. The video opens to a man in a suit, face obscured by his black hat, walking down the side of an unknown road. On either side of him lie sick and dying people, with the town in ruins, likely from an attack on the city. Down the road lies a grand church. The man enters the church, finding a priest inside, sitting at the altar with two beautiful women next to him, sipping from a glass of wine. The priest notices the man and raises his glass.)

Priest: All in the name of the Lord, my old friend.

The Man: All in the name of the Lord.

Priest: Amen.

The Man: However... our Lords are different.

(The mystery man turns towards the cameraman and beckons him to lower it. The sound of glass breaking followed by the screams of the Priest and the women beside him are heard. The cameraman finally lifts his camera again and turns back to the altar. The priest and his whores are gone, with just a large red stain remaining behind him.)

The Man: The days of false idols and false worship is over. The days of victory approach. What we are about to witness today... is a miracle. He has returned.

(The Man steps back outside the church, and all hundred or so people who were sick and dying on the sides of the roads are now on their feet, glowing with radiance. As The Man looks around, the people all drop to their knees and bow.)

The Man: Save your praise for our lord.

(The Man continues walking down the road as he approaches a highway, with a sign for Los Angeles appearing on the horizon. The Man chuckles and continues walking down the road as the video abruptly ends.)

Mark Stephens: Another one of those strange messages, just like the one we saw a couple of shows back. What does it all mean?

Daniel Wilson: I swear to god if we have another cult leader running amok...

D-O-L-L-H-O-U-S-E

("Playtime" by contRoVersy plays all throughout the Moda Center as DiVa and Sweet Roxy make their way out to the stage to a chorus of boos - both dressed in street clothes and carrying their Women's Tag Team Championships along with their OWA Openweight Tag Team Championships)

Mark Stephens: Always the center of controversy, The Dollhouse last time on Olympus had an opportunity to show why they're every bit as much of a threat competitively as they claimed to The Wild Boys that they are, and they were on the right track when Roxy scored a dominant victory over Billy Wild, but their natural tendency seemed to have gotten in their way...

(A replay is shown from last Olympus as DiVa and Jonetta Stone rush the ring to help beat down Billy Wild after the match, attempting to crush his throat with a steel chair before Jimmy Wild made the save. The camera cuts back to the arena as Roxy and DiVa enter the ring with microphones in hand as the crowd continues to jeer)

Daniel Wilson: What's that supposed to mean, Mark? Their "natural tendency" of what? Proving themselves right? Proving they ARE, in fact, the most dominant group in OWA history?

Mark Stephens: I think you know exactly what I mean... They had no reason whatsoever to attempt to end the damn career of Billy Wild after the match! Roxy proved her point when she won!

Daniel Wilson: Well evidently The Dollhouse didn't think that was enough, and maybe it wasn't! The Wild Boys have no business being in this match period, so perhaps what they were doing was all for the better of the Tag Team Division!

Mark Stephens: You're ridiculous...

("Playtime" fades out as a solemn Sweet Roxy and DiVa stand in the middle of the ring, silent for several moments)

Sweet Roxy: Tonight....

(The crowd's booing grows louder)

Sweet Roxy: ..... Tonight, we were supposed to come out here and address our match at Boiling Point, as well as who might be the next challengers for the Openweight Tag Team Championships when the winner of the Apollo and Artemis Tag Team Classic is decided as well.... However... I feel as though that would be inappropriate. Because last time on Olympus, The Dollhouse did something that we... We are just not proud of.

(Roxy looks visibly upset as DiVa tries to console her while the crowd buys none of it)

Sweet Roxy: This.... This isn't something that's easy to do. Sometimes things get out of hand when emotions are running high. People make mistakes. And that's exactly what happened last time on Olympus when I beat Billy Wild in a great back and forth contest. But afterwards... Well, we know what happened.

(Sweet Roxy looks towards the stage)

Sweet Roxy: So I think it's only right that we not worry about the match at Boiling Point right now, or even who might be the winners of the Apollo and Artemis Tag Team Classic, and instead address the elephant in the room... And simply apologize.

Daniel Wilson: What on Earth is Roxy talking about? She has nothing to apologize for!

Mark Stephens: ... Are you sure about that? I can think of several things off of the top of my head...

Sweet Roxy: So if The Wild Boys could please come out here and let us just get this off of our chests, then that would be great, because what happened is something that I don't think anyone wanted and it's not something we want to be known for. The Dollhouse set out to make the OWA Tag Team Division something that can be admired and respected, and we threw that all away like it was nothing. We besmirched our name with our actions and we can't just waltz on into Boiling Point without clearing things up and hopefully--

("Wild Boys" by Duran Duran plays all throughout the arena as Billy and Jimmy Wild make their way out to the stage in street clothes with steel chairs and microphones in their hands as they don't hesitate to make their way down to the ring)

Daniel Wilson: Now what's all this! Why would they need to walk out here literally carrying WEAPONS when all Roxy wants to do is apologize???

Mark Stephens: Something tells me The Wild Boys aren't interested in any sort of apology...

("Wild Boys" fades out as The Wild Boys enter the ring with their chairs and microphones in hand, both with an unamused expression on their faces)

Sweet Roxy: Thank you both for joining us. This isn't easy to do by any--

Billy Wild: Cut the bullshit. Who are you two trying to fool? Are you serious with this? You think anyone is buying what you're selling out here? Literally ANYONE? The people in this arena? Nope. The people at home? Not a chance. You had a chance to prove you're not the joke we think you are, and yeah, you beat me. You beat my ass right here in the middle of the ring. Yet, you immediately proved just how terrified you truly are of us at Boiling Point when you went out of your way to attempt to end my Goddamn career!

Sweet Roxy: Now hold on, I think we're getting off on the wrong--

Jimmy Wild: No, I don't think we will hold on. I think we all know exactly what happened. You did nothing but prove us right. The Dollhouse is nothing but cowards! Cowards that pretend they have any right to carry the torch and sit atop the Tag Team Division while my brother and I have busted our asses since we were children to get here and represent tag team wrestling! While the two of you were handed literally everything! So wrapping a chair around my brother's throat to prevent us from competing at Boiling Point - all that was, was you showing that you're nothing but a couple of spoiled brats that can just toss aside anyone and anything they please because they've never had to put actual effort into anything.

Billy Wild: Oh but they will. Because last time on Olympus, they failed to end us. They FAILED to stop us from getting to Boiling Point, and now they know that they're going to have to actually try when the time comes and the bell rings, because make no mistake about it, we're not going to just win and take OUR Championships back... We're going to humiliate you. You're not a real team, and you never were.

Jimmy Wild: You're just a bunch of spoiled rich kids with nothing better to do.

(The crowd cheers for The Wild Boys' words as Sweet Roxy and DiVa look visibly sad)

Sweet Roxy: Well... I'm very sorry to hear that you feel that way. I'd like to say that The Dollhouse is welcome to any and all challengers who come our way, and that everything we do, we do for the sake of the Tag Team Division. But we're women of our word. We asked you to come out here so that we could apologize, and that's exactly what we're going to do.

So, Jimmy.... Billy.... We apologize... We intended to end your career last week, Billy, and we failed.

Mark Stephens: ... Huh?

Sweet Roxy: And that's not something that we're proud of. We fully intended to snap your neck or at least crush your throat and prove you aren't worthy of being in the ring with us, and you still aren't, but now we kind of have to keep pretending you deserve to compete with us at Boiling Point.

Daniel Wilson: HOLD ON--JONETTA STONE SLIDES INTO THE RING FROM BEHIND AS SHE NAILS JIMMY WILD WITH AN ELBOW TO THE BACK OF THE SKULL!!

Mark Stephens: WHERE DID SHE JUST COME FROM? WAS SHE HIDING UNDER THE RING?!

Daniel Wilson: IT DOESN'T MATTER WHERE SHE WAS, MARK, SHE'S A PART OF THE DOLLHOUSE AND HAS EVERY RIGHT TO BE HERE! THE WILD BOYS HAVE BEEN CAUGHT OFF GUARD AS THE DOLLHOUSE OVERWHELM THEM!! THEIR CHAIRS AREN'T DOING THEM MUCH GOOD NOW AS THE DOLLHOUSE LAY INTO THEM!

Mark Stephens: This is absolutely disgusting! ROXY GRABS A CHAIR AND NAILS BILLY WILD WITH A HARD SHOT! ANOTHER STRIKE WITH THAT CHAIR! She picks her mic back up!

Sweet Roxy: So let me apologize again! Let me emphasize how sorry we are for letting you two spend another two weeks thinking you have ANY right to compete for OUR Championships! OUR CHAMPIONSHIPS! We're so sorry for not finishing you off then, but don't worry, we're not as sorry as you'll be! Sorry for insulting us! Sorry for wasting our time! Sorry for the gall to call us a joke! YOU'RE THE JOKE! AND IT'S TIME FOR YOUR PUNCHLINE!

(Roxy tells DiVa to grab another weapon from under the ring as DiVa goes to the outside)

Mark Stephens: Somebody needs to put a stop to this! Where the Hell is security?!

Daniel Wilson: The only security needed here is iDoll Entertainment Security and they certainly won't stop this!

Mark Stephens: HOLD ON! SOMEONE JUST JUMPED THE BARRICADE!! THEY TACKLE DIVA!! DIVA FORCES THEM OFF! WHO ON EARTH IS... THAT'S JULIANNA DEMARCO!! A HOODED JULIANNA DEMARCO PULLS A LED PIPE OUT OF HER SLEEVE AND DRIVES IT INTO THE GUT OF AN UNSUSPECTING DIVA!!!

Daniel Wilson: WHAT THE HELL DOES SHE THINK SHE'S DOING HERE?! SHE HAS NO BUSINESS HERE!

Mark Stephens: JIMMY AND BILLY WILD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE DISTRACTION AS THEY FIGHT BACK AGAINST ROXY AND JONETTA IN THE RING! SOME CALVARY HAS COME IN FROM ZAIBATSU TO HELP LEVEL THE PLAYING FIELD AS JULIANNA SLIDES INTO THE RING TO HELP THE WILD BOYS! JONETTA GETS CAUGHT WITH STEREO SUPERKICKS FROM THE WILD BOYS!!! SHE DROPS TO THE OUTSIDE!!

Daniel Wilson: Come on! Not like this! Sweet Roxy is on her own against three people in the ring! Someone help her!

Mark Stephens: I don't think she's going to get any help! ROXY SWINGS AT JULIANNA, BUT SHE'S CAUGHT WITH A SUPERKICK FROM BILLY WILD!! HE PICKS ROXY UP!! THEY'VE GOT ROXY SET UP!! ROLLING FIREMAN'S CARRY CONNECTS AS THE WILD BOYS LOOK FOR BORN TO BE WILD!!!!

Daniel Wilson: No--Jonetta and DiVa pull Roxy out of the ring from the outside as The Dollhouse escapes! I can't believe the gall The Wild Boys have to bring in help from Zaibatsu! THEY'RE the cowards!

(A furious Sweet Roxy backs away up the ramp with DiVa and Jonetta Stone as they look on at The Wild Boys and Julianna DeMarco in the ring with their weapons in hand)

Mark Stephens: The Wild Boys came more than prepared tonight for whatever The Dollhouse had in mind! They aren't taking anymore chances now that they know what The Dollhouse is capable of! They'll do whatever it takes to get to Boiling Point, and they fully intend to dethrone The Dollhouse to once again become OWA Openweight Tag Team Champions!

Daniel Wilson: Well keep dreaming! The Dollhouse isn't going to let this slide! They're not gonna forget this! I hope Zaibatsu has some auditions planned, because they're gonna need three replacement members after what happens to these three at Boiling Point!

(The Dollhouse stares down with The Wild Boys from the stage as the camera fades.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

(DING! DING! DING!)

Jamison Pierce: The following tag team contest is a part of the Apollo and Artemis Tag Team classic and it is scheduled for ONE FALL!!!

("Studio" by ScHoolboy Q feat. BJ The Chicago Kid hits the speakers and Megan Harper appears on the stage, smiling widely. She struts down to the ring quickly and steps through the ropes. Raising her hands high above her head, she poses for the crowd as she awaits her tag team partner.)

Jamison Pierce: Introducing first...from Hammersmith, London, England...weighing in at 110 lbs...The Storm...MEEEEGGGGGAAAAAAAAANNNNNN  
HAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRPPPPPEEEEEEEEEERRRRRR!!!

Daniel Wilson: The Apollo and Artemis Tag Team Classic continues here on Olympus as we are getting set to find out who will be the third team to advance to the triple threat match at Boiling Point.

Mark Stephens: Last month, we saw Reginald Dampshaw III and Adelmair Sauer punch their ticket to the finals and just two weeks ago, Ground Zero advanced as well. In a matter of moments, we'll know the third piece to that puzzle!

(“Insane” by Centaur plays over the PA and April Song steps through the curtain and emerges out onto the stage. The crowd cheers and she affectionately smiles back at them as she makes her way down the ramp before sliding under the bottom rope and into the ring. She and Megan exchange a quick hand slap before turning and staring at the ramp as they prepare for the task at hand.)

Jamison Pierce: And her partner...from Colorado Springs, Colorado...weighing in at 120 lbs...The Killer Bee...APRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII  
SooooooooooooNNNNNNNGGGGGGGG!!!

Daniel Wilson: April Song has been quite the busy woman lately. She's been very vocal about her intentions of going after the Openweight Championship for weeks now here on Olympus as well as maintaining her full time schedule over on Odyssey...and now she finds herself chasing tag team success too!

Mark Stephens: You have to admire her workhorse approach, but one has to wonder if she's spreading herself a little thin. Nobody can deny the talent that both Megan and April possess, but too much at one time can take its toll on anyone.

(The remix of “Medal” by Jim Johnson blasts throughout the arena as Hans Olsen walks out to a loud cheers from the crowd. He lifts his head up and points two fingers into the sky as red, white, and blue pyro goes off behind him. He marches down the ramp and into the ring before removing his gold medals from around his neck and handing them to a ringside worker for safe-keeping.)

Jamison Pierce: And their opponents...first...from Corvallis, Oregon...weighing in at 237 lbs...The Olympic Gold Medalist...HAAAAAAAAANNNNSSSSS  
OOOOOOOOLLLLLLSSSSSEEEEEEEENNNNNNN!!!

Daniel Wilson: April and Megan are going to have their hands full tonight, that's for sure. Hans Olsen is out here now and he very well could be the best pure athlete in the business today. And his partner is someone who needs no introduction.

(“Welcome Home” by Coheed and Cambria blares over the speakers and the crowd jumps to their feet in cheers. Nobu walks through the curtain and every person in the arena is screaming wildly as he takes a moment to smile and soak in the appreciation of his fans. Finally, he looks at the three people in the arena and smirks confidently before sprinting down the ramp and sliding in under the bottom rope. He gives a quick handshake to Hans Olsen before turning and facing Megan and April.)

Jamison Pierce: And his partner...from Indonesia...weighing in at 251 lbs...The White Knight...NOOOOOOOBBBBB!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Mark Stephens: Everyone is happy to see Nobi back here in OWA and just two weeks ago, he NEARLY managed to take the Omega Heavyweight Championship from Tarah Nova in an AMAZING main event matchup. But now he finds himself again on the hunt for gold as he and Hans Olsen try and make their way to Boiling Point.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Daniel Wilson: And it looks like it's going to be Hans Olsen and April Song who start this thing out as Megan Harper and Nobu step out onto their respective aprons. The two submission specialists circle each other momentarily before locking up in the center of the ring. The larger Hans Olsen easily overpowers April as he backs her up into the corner turnbuckle. The referee steps in and asks Hans to release the lockup, which he does cleanly...but April reaches out and grabs him, flipping Hans into the corner and laying a barrage of punches into the Gold medalist!

Mark Stephens: Not just punches, but knee strikes too! April is really laying into Olsen now! Finally the official steps in and backs April off and Hans stumbles out of the corner trying to regain his composure. However, he stumbles right into a drop toehold from April Song and she transitions that RIGHT into the STF! Already, she's showing off those submission skills that make her so dangerous in the ring.

Daniel Wilson: Hans Olsen is in trouble early here! His only saving grace is that he isn't that far from the ropes and he has a clear size advantage on April. He uses his upper body strength to drag himself a few feet to his right so that he can manage to lunge forward and grab the bottom rope. The referee forces the break and April Song immediately obliges.

Mark Stephens: Back to her feet April readies herself as Hans Olsen tries to drag himself back up to his feet. Hans has been rocked early in this matchup and he grabs the ropes picking himself up to his knees and here comes April! It looks like she's going for the Shining Wizard but NO! Instead she transitions it into the Triangle Choke! The Shining Triangle! She has Hans in trouble yet again!

Daniel Wilson: But AGAIN Hans Olsen using his size advantage to just drag April towards the ropes so that he can grab a hold of them allowing himself to get free once more. April Song appearing somewhat annoyed now as she releases Hans, knowing that she had him in



trouble twice now. She doesn't allow Hans to get up on his own this time as she drags him to his feet. She hoists Olsen up and looks to hit the Grand Cannon!

Mark Stephens: But NO! Olsen wriggles free and lands on his feet behind April! He picks her up! American Spinout Powerbomb connects! This may be the opening Hans Olsen needed as he drags himself towards the corner and tags in Nobu as the crowd goes wild!

Daniel Wilson: Nobu steps through the ropes and heads straight over to April who is still laid out in the ring. He looks around and this crowd is going nuts as they all know what's coming! Off the ropes Nobu goes! FIVE! KNUCKLE! SHUFFLE! NOBU COVERS!

Referee: OOOOOONNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTTTWWWWWWWOOOOOOOO!!!...

Mark Stephens: April kicks out at two! Nobu wastes no time as he quickly picks April back to her feet only to drill her with a big European Uppercut that sends April spinning around backwards. Nobu then moves in and wraps his arms around the waist of April, connecting with a big German Suplex!

Daniel Wilson: Now it's April Song who's going to get a taste of some submission skills as Nobu grabs her legs and steps through, flipping her over, and locking in the Sharpshooter!

Mark Stephens: April is screaming out in pain right now! She may be forced to tap as Megan Harper is forced to watch on helplessly from the outside, just DYING to get into this matchup.

Daniel Wilson: Slowly April Song begins to use every bit of strength she has to pull herself towards the ropes. Little by little, inch by inch, she moves towards those ropes as she has her arms completely outstretched. She's almost there...just a little closer....she lunges forward and...she tags Megan Harper! Instead of going for the ropes she makes the tag to the outstretched arm of Megan and into the ring she comes!

Mark Stephens: I don't think Nobu has any idea though! Megan jumps up and springboards off of the top rope and into the ring! She drills Nobu right in the back of the head with the One Hit Wonder! Springboard forearm smash connects causing Nobu to release April Song and fall face first onto the mat! Megan quickly flips him over and hooks the leg, going for the win!

Referee: OOOOONNNNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTWWWWWWWOOOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTTTTHHHHHRRRRR-

Daniel Wilson: NO! Just in the nick of time, Nobu gets the shoulder up and this match will continue! Megan can't believe it as she was sure that she'd put this match away, but she'd better get over it fast cause the resilient Nobu is already getting back up to his feet.

Mark Stephens: But Megan is still arguing with the referee about the count. I don't think she even notices that Nobu is up to one knee and about to be back on his feet!

Daniel Wilson: Or maybe she does!!! Megan Harper just turns around and DRILLS Nobu with a Super Kick that sends him staggering back into the corner before falling into a seated position! Megan then turns and walks to the opposite corner and sizes Nobu up for a moment before taking off at a full sprint! She leaps and hits Project Runway!

Mark Stephens: That double knee strike connected right to the skull of Nobu as he falls forward flat on his face! Megan Harper is feeling it now! She's ready to put this one away!

Daniel Wilson: She stands behind Nobu just gesturing for the beloved Indonesian to get up to his feet and we all know what she's looking for. Slowly Nobu begins to come to as he climbs up onto one knee...and here comes Megan. SNAPSHOT!!!

Mark Stephens: NO!!! SOMEHOW Nobu knew it was coming! He ducked underneath that knee strike and a surprised Megan Harper turns around, still trying to figure out what happened...only to be hoisted up off of her feet by Nobu!

Daniel Wilson: ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT!!! NOBU HITS IT!!!

Mark Stephens: In comes April Song, to try and help, but Hans Olsen is in as well! April tries to clothesline Nobu, but Nobu ducks underneath it and...OLYMPIC SLAM!!! Hans Olsen just hit April Song with the Olympic Slam and BOTH women are out of it! Nobu falls on top of Megan Harper for the pin!

Referee: OOOOONNNNNNNEEEEEEE!!!...

TTTTTTWWWWWOOOOOOOO!!!...

TTTTTHHHHHRRRRRREEEEEEEE!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

Daniel Wilson: Nobu and Hans Olsen have done it! They've punched their ticket to Boiling Point! A valiant effort from the team of April Song and Megan Harper, but Nobu and Olsen could not be denied here tonight!

Jamison Pierce: Here are your winners...NOOOOOBBBBBIIIIII AND HANS  
OOOOOOOLLLLSSSSEEEENNNNN!!!

Mark Stephens: It was a rather impressive outing for the Olympic Gold Medalist and the White Knight and a long awaited one at that as Nobi earns his first win here in the OWA, but I'm afraid the challenges for these two are far from over, because now they'll face the team of Adelmair Sauer and Reginald Dampshaw III, as well as Ground Zero, in a triple threat tag team match just two weeks from this Sunday at Boiling Point in the finals of the first ever Apollo and Artemis Tag Team Classic!

Daniel Wilson: And I for one can't wait to see that one first hand. The 28th can't get here fast enough Mark!

("Welcome Home" hits again as Nobi rolls off of Megan Harper and stands to his feet, a look of relief on his face. Hans Olsen immediately runs over and the two share a big embrace as they smile from ear to ear. When they finally separate, the referee lifts both their arms in victory as the crowd showers them with cheers.)

(FINAL COMMERCIAL BREAK)

Jamison Pierce: Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome your OMEGA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION, "THE SHOCKCOLLAR OF HARDCORE WRESTLING", TAAARAAAAH NOOOOVAAAAA!!!!

("Boss's Daughter" by POP Evil hits the PA System as Tarah Nova enters the stage to a loud ovation from the crowd. She has the OHC wrapped around her waist as she hops down the ramp and climbs up to the top turnbuckle, posing with her title. She heads into the ring and grabs a microphone.)

Mark Stephens: Two weeks ago, Tarah successfully defended her Omega Heavyweight Championship against Nobi, in what was an incredible match.

Daniel Wilson: Tarah said she wanted to be a fighting champion and that's exactly what she did. But the match was then overshadowed by what followed next.

Mark Stephens: And I believe that's why the champ is out here tonight.

Crowd: TA-RAH NOVA! TA-RAH NOVA! TA-RAH NOVA! TA-RAH NOVA!

Tarah Nova: What an incredible crowd we have here tonight at the Moda Center!

Crowd: TA-RAH NOVA! TA-RAH NOVA! TA-RAH NOVA! TA-RAH NOVA!

Tarah Nova: Thank You! But let's get to addressing the elephant in the room. Two weeks ago, I put my title on the line against Nobi, like I said I would. Nobi is certainly no slouch and it was a hard fought victory! But, what transpired AFTER the match was... interesting, to say the very least. I have to hand it to Gareth... Even after getting jumped by Zaibatsu, he marched down the ramp and stared me down with his briefcase in hand. Crimson mask and all! And then my friend, my former tag team partner, the number one contender for MY

Omega Heavyweight Championship, Bull Connors, made the unlikely “save”. So instead of me trying to explain what transpired, let’s just hear it straight from the horse’s mouth, shall we?

(“Walk” by Pantera engulfs the arena as “The Unbreakable”, Bull Connors makes his way through the curtains to a loud ovation. He quickly makes his way down the ramp and into the ring, getting face to face with Tarah. They both have a faint smile on their faces as Bull raises his God of War Medallion, before turning towards the crowd and embracing the chants.)

Mark Stephens: Here comes the challenger for Tarah Nova’s Omega Heavyweight Championship at Boiling Point, Bull Connors! A month ago, Bull announced that he will be cashing in his God of War Medallion against for the title, setting the wrestling world on fire.

Daniel Wilson: I certainly did not expect to see Bull cashing in his opportunity against his former tag team partner.

Mark Stephens: Speaking of cash ins, Bull Connors stopped Gareth Cason from cashing in his ATTH Briefcase, telling him that he was in no shape to do so.

(Footage plays from two weeks ago plays with Bull Connors heading down to the ring and snatching the briefcase away from the wounded Gareth Cason, preventing him from cashing it in.)

Crowd: BULL! BULL! BULL FUCKING CONNORS! BULL! BULL! BULL FUCKING CONNORS!

(Bull nods in approval of the chant with a smile on his face, before grabbing a microphone.)

Bull Connors: Thank you for having me, Tarah. But, I believe that my actions were pretty straight forward. In two weeks, I head into Boiling Point in what will be the most important night of my career so far. Everything I have done in this company has been leading to this very moment. From my battle against Gareth Cason for the inaugural OWA Television Championship... to me becoming the first GOD OF WAR! And even what we achieved together as the Killer Alpha Squad! All these career defining moments will pale in comparison to what lies ahead of me. A chance to go down in the history books as THE Champion in all of wrestling. A chance to leave behind a legacy that people will model their careers after. And I cannot think of doing it with anybody else, but you Tarah. I have known you for a long time and I am lucky to call you a friend. But friendships aside, that title is something I have been wanting ever since I stepped foot in OWA.

Tarah Nova: I, better than anybody else, know what you have been through to get to the position you’re at. Those countless hours of training, honing your craft to perfection, each and every day! Regardless of Gareth Cason constantly looming around for the past month or two, I knew the second I won this title that I will be putting a target on my back. And, I am honored that you chose to cash in your title shot against me because I wouldn’t have had it any other way too! I am glad that you chose me, and regardless of the end result, what you

and I will have at Boiling Point will go down in history. But like you said, we're putting friendships aside for the TOP prize this company has to offer. I won this title by beating two bonafide legends in this business, one being my husband, CM Nas. I know what it truly means to set emotions aside and strive to be the very best, because that's what I do, every single DAY! My victory at Final Destination was a culmination of a LONG... LONG journey. I am not going to let go of this that easily.

Bull Connors: Trust me... I wouldn't have it any other way. What I did two weeks ago was to guarantee that I get the ONLY matchup that transcends the final result itself. I know what you're capable of Tarah. I admire you! I can only hope to continue on the legacy of that championship as you have so far. But I am not going to lose, Tarah. I CAN'T lose! Boiling Point is where I cement Bull Connors as a mainstay in all of professional wrestling and I will do EVERYTHING in my power to realize my dreams. I -

("The Warrior" by Disturbed hits the PA System as an irate Gareth Cason bursts through the curtains, to a mixed reaction from the crowd. He storms down the ramp, with his Ascension to the Heaven's briefcase in hand. He stares down Bull and Tarah in the ring before grabbing a microphone.)

Mark Stephens: Gareth Cason has a menacing look on his face tonight. Does he plan to cash in his briefcase right now?!

Daniel Wilson: There's only one way to find out!

Gareth Cason: Bull... You seriously have a lot of nerves to be out here right now when you RUINED my chances of becoming the Omega Heavyweight Champion.

Bull Connors: Let's be real, Gareth. You were in no shape to -

Gareth Cason: Who the fuck are you to decide that? Injured or not, I DECIDE when I cash in this briefcase, not you! I should be the CHAMPION right now! I... I should be heading into Boiling Point and caving your face in, like I have always done when you and I have come face to face. I feel like kicking both of your asses RIGHT NOW and cashing in this briefcase for that title.

Mark Stephens: OH SHIT! We might be getting a cash in tonight!

Daniel Wilson: I am sure our GM loves that idea.

Gareth Cason: But... there's one man who I despise more than the two of you. And that man is Carlos Rosso. That bitch thinks he can get away with doing what he did two weeks ago... But boy, he has NO FUCKING IDEA what awaits him. I am going to cave his head in and I am NOT going to stop till he tastes his own blood! So, you two can tug each other off for the moment... Because there's one thing I want MORE than that title. Carlos Rosso is a dead man! He wanted a challenge?! So be it! I ACCEPT! ALL OF IT! THE BRIEFCASE... BLOODSPORT RULES. FUCKING EVERYTHING! Carlos Rosso made the worst mistake of

his life... He dug his own grave and I am going to put him six feet under! WHY? BECAUSE I AM LEGIT. FUCKING. DANGEROUS!!! AND THAT OLD MAN IS SKIPPING THE RETIREMENT HOME.

Mark Stephens: LOOK! CARLOS ROSSO JUST JUMPED THE BARRICADE! THE WILD BOYS ARE WITH HIM! THEY HAVE SURROUNDED THE RING!

(Carlos Rosso snatches a microphone from the timekeeping area.)

Carlos Rosso: Boy... If you keep running that mouth, YOU WILL NOT BE MAKING IT TO BOILING POINT. YOUR BITCH ASS GETTING ROCKED TONIGHT!

Mark Stephens: ZAIBATSU ATTACK GARETH AS CARLOS UNLEASHES A BARRAGE OF FOREARM STRIKES!! GARETH IS DOING HIS BEST TO BLOCK IT BUT THE NUMBER'S GAME IS TOO MUCH FOR EVEN HIM TO HANDLE. WAIT!!

Daniel Wilson: TARAH NOVA AND BULL CONNORS!!! THEY HAVE EVENED THE ODDS! TARAH AND BULL ARE LAYING IT IN TO THE FORMER TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! THEY HAVE A SHARED HISTORY TOGETHER AS THE WILD BOYS WERE THE TEAM TO DETHRONE KILLER ALPHA SQUAD!! THE KILLER ALPHA SQUAD REUNITE FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY AS CONNORS HITS BILLY WILD WITH THE SUPERKICK! RUNNING T-SPIKE FROM TARAH NOVA TO JIMMY WILD!

Mark Stephens: GARETH AND CARLOS ARE GOING BLOW FOR BLOW. CARLOS GOES FOR A SOUTHERN LARIAT BUT GARETH DUCKS UNDER. BULL AND GARETH RUN IN TOGETHER CLOTHESLINING ROSSO OVER THE TOP ROPE TO THE OUTSIDE!!!

(Zaibatsu retreat as Gareth Cason screams at Rosso to come back to the ring. They stare each other down as "The Warrior" by Disturbed hits the PA System. Zaibatsu exit as Gareth turns over to Tarah and Bull in the ring. He has a snarly look on his face before he leaves. Bull and Tarah stare each other down next, with a smirk on their faces, as they pose with their respective gold.)

Mark Stephens: In an unlikely team up, Gareth Cason, Bull Connors and Tarah Nova fought off the Zaibatsu together!!

Daniel Wilson: Although their alliance was short-lived, it was definitely a cool moment to see. It looks like Gareth Cason will be putting his Ascension to the Heavens briefcase on the line against Carlos Rosso in a Bloodsports Rules match!! A setting that is familiar to both of these competitors with their MMA backgrounds.

Mark Stephens: And that means, Tarah Nova is certainly heading into Boiling Point as the Omega Heavyweight Champion, putting it on the line against her former tag team partner, Bull Connors! That match is bound to be amazing!!

Daniel Wilson: Boiling Point is certainly shaping up to be an incredible event!

Mark Stephens: Indeed! But we still have our HUGE main event left for tonight when Maggall defends his TV Title against Jake Keeton! And that match is next!

('Be Somebody' by Clams Casino hits to a rousing ovation. Kevin Maverick appears with his Cruiserweight Title, high fiving the fans on his way to the announce desk.)

Jamison Pierce: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the special guest commentators. First, he is the OWA Cruiserweight Champion...KEVIN MAVERICK!

Mark Stephens: Well, he's the Cruiserweight Champ now, but come Boiling Point, that title will be renamed the OWA Openweight Championship and be open to ALL members of the roster, regardless of size, gender or brand.

Daniel Wilson: If Kevin can get past his opponents on that night, it'll only be the start of his problems. Everybody in OWA will be able to have a crack at the champ!

(Kevin takes his headset and sits down.)

Kevin Maverick: Mark! Daniel! What's poppin'? Ready for our main event? I know I am!

Mark Stephens: Oh you bet, champ!

('Stormbringer' by contRoVersy kicks in to a massive cheer. Layne Kurobane makes his way down the ramp.)

Mark Stephens: I was so excited when it was announced that this man was on Olympus. And now, he could be on the verge of adding the TV Title to his collection!

Daniel Wilson: Layne is a hell of a competitor, but he can't sleep on Maggall. Tonight, he's gonna see the true destructive force possessed by the Magnanimous one.

('I'm Broken' by Pantera hits to a loud response. Jake Keeton confidently makes his way down the ramp, taking deep breaths and nodding his head.)

Mark Stephens: It's been one hell of a success story with this man in OWA. He started out just hoping to get on the match cards, and now he finds himself in a situation where he just has to win two matches, and he'd be the first ever double champion in OWA!

Daniel Wilson: That's a HUGE task though. I mean, if he even survives his match tonight, what kind of shape is he gonna be in for Boiling Point? They might have to remove him from the triple threat and make it a singles affair if he's too beaten down!

Kevin Maverick: A singles match with Derelict? Damn, you want me to get killed?

(As Jake steps into the ring, 'Not For Radio' by Nas hits to overwhelming boos. An irate Maggall marches down the ramp, immediately rolling into the ring and getting in the face of Jake Keeton.)

Mark Stephens: You can understand why this man is frustrated. Jake Keeton pinned Maggall clean as a whistle two weeks back and as a result of that, has to defend his title just two weeks before his blockbuster encounter with you, Layne!

Layne Kurobane: That's the requirement of the TV Champion, Mark. You have to be ready to defend that belt on short notice on the regular shows. That's what it was made for and that is what I intend to do once I have it. Doesn't matter if it's Maggall or Jake, they're only keeping hold of it for me until Boiling Point.

(DING! DING! DING!)

Jamison Pierce: The following contest is scheduled for one fall...

Crowd: ONE FALL!

Jamison Pierce: And it is your main event of the evening...FOR THE OWA TELEVISION CHAMPIONSHIP!! Introducing the challenger, from Denver, Colorado, he weighs in at 234 lbs...THE MACHINE...JAAAKKKKEEE...KEEEETOONNNN!!!!

(The crowd cheer loudly as Jake raises his hands high in the air, never taking his eyes off Maggall.)

Jamison Pierce: Aaaaaand his opponent, hailing from Harlem, New York, he weighs in at 319 lbs...HE IS THE OWA TELEVISION CHAMPION...MAGGGGAAALLLLL...THE MAGNANIMOUSSSSS!!!

(Maggall raises the title right up, staring down Jake, before handing it to referee Ichiro Yagata, who shows it to both men before raising it up and signalling for the bell.)

(DING! DING! DING!)

Mark Stephens: And here we go! The two men stand centre of the ring, there is no fear in the eyes of Jake Keeton, but Maggal has a significant size advantage that Jake will have to overcome with superior technique and dogged determination. Maggall presses forward and Jake starts to back up a bit...and that's the only invitation that Maggall needed! He sends a big boot to the gut of Jake Keeton, who instantly falls into the corner. And now Maggall shoulder barges Keeton in the corner! And again! And again! And again! Maggall grabs Jake by the hair now and just hurls him to the other side of the mat! Jake lands badly and hits the ring ropes hard! That had to have hurt!

Daniel Wilson: Welcome to the champ's house, Jake. Enjoy your stay. Maggall just dragging Jake up now by the head, shooting massive knees into the mid-section! Each one with more



stank behind it than the last! Knee! Knee! Knee! This is a demolition as Maggall forces Jake into another corner and just throws him again! Jake lands square in the opposite corner! I don't think he counted on being mauled like this!

Mark Stephens: Maggall has so much pent-up rage after being pinned by Jake. He doesn't just want to beat him tonight, he wants to cripple him, he wants to hospitalise him! Maggall stands Jake up and just clasps his hands round his throat! A blatant illegal choke in full view of the referee!

Ichiro Yagata: ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! GET OFF HIM NOW, MAGGALL!

Maggall (w/o mic): THE CHAMP DOES AS THE CHAMP PLEASES!

Layne Kurobane: See, that's the kind of lack of impulse control that I plan on exploiting. Maggall is too emotional and lets it cloud his judgement.

Daniel Wilson: Maggall lets go, but referee Ichiro Yagata showing some discretion there. This is a championship main event, after all. Maggall lets Jake fall to the ground, as the challenger crawls towards the ropes and desperately pulls himself up, the champion not far behind him. And Jake with a punch to the face of Maggall! But that only pissed the champ off more as he sends another knee into Jake's gut!

Mark Stephens: Jake drops down to a knee as Maggall hits his back with a clubbing forearm that sends him all the way down. And now Maggall grabs the top rope and shoves his boot down onto Jake's throat! Another illegal action!

Ichiro Yagata: ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! GET OFF!

Daniel Wilson: Maggall obliges and cracks that cocky smile of his. This is exactly the kind of match he wanted tonight.

Kevin Maverick: See, it's hard for me to worry too much about Jake Keeton being a threat when he's taking an ass whoopin' like this. He's done what, thrown a single punch so far? Where's his fire? His competitive spirit?

Mark Stephens: Maggall sends down a series of vicious stomps to Jake Keeton, crushing him into the canvas like an ant, before dragging him by the hair to the opposite corner of the ring, the raw, animalistic strength of Maggall is unparalleled. Now he's got Jake up and is sending more of those stiff knees right into his liver!

Kevin Maverick: Lord knows Jake puts his liver through enough punishment on his own. These might just finish him off.

Daniel Wilson: And Maggall tops off the beating with a GIANT overhead belly-to-belly suplex! Jake it turned inside out by the impact of that one!

Layne Kurobane: See, this is where I would have landed on my feet.

Mark Stephens: Maggall strolls on up to the pained Keeton, who's writhing in agony on the floor, and now he just playfully nudges his head with his boot as he pulls Jake up from the mat, ANOTHER belly-to-belly! Maggall follows the carcass of Jake Keeton, yanks him up and just throws him straight over the ropes to the outside! Jake Keeton is lying in front of us here in a heap! I've never seen him dominated in such fashion!

Ichiro Yagata: ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Daniel Wilson: And now Maggall rolls out of the ring and goes to collect Jake himself...but not before throwing him shoulder-first into our announce desk! My God! Jake just bounced off us like a pinball! And how exactly would you counter that, Layne?

Layne Kurobane: Daniel, please, I'm scouting my next opponent.

Kevin Maverick: And I'm scouting a guy who's probably gonna be dead by the time Boiling Point rolls around.

Mark Stephens: Maggall pulls up the limp body of what used to be Jake Keeton and hurls him back inside the ring, following hotly behind. He grabs Jake's neck from the ground and pulls him all the way up for a vertical! A MASSIVE deadlift vertical suplex crunches Jake Keeton's spine on the ring! The referee really needs to think about calling this one off!

Daniel Wilson: Jake is using every ounce of strength that he has to pull himself up in the corner...and Maggall just runs with a full head of steam and crushes him with the full weight of his body! Jake falls to the ground but is trying his hardest to pull himself back up, and Maggall only looks amused by this. Jake tries to throw a punch but Maggall ducks under it, Jake goes for another but it's ducked again! Now Jake with a kick attempt, but Maggall just grabs his leg and sends him down to the ground with a lariat!

Kevin Maverick: Hoo-hoo boy ain't that a bitch.

Mark Stephens: Maggall once again drags Jake to a corner and pulls him up- BUT WAIT! Jake Keeton starts firing off with right hands! He's hitting Maggall with big closed-fist punches to the temple! He's landing shot after shot! He's backed Maggall up into the corner now! Knife edge chop to Maggall and-

Daniel Wilson: A headbutt drops Jake Keeton! The only flurry of offence he's managed to muster in this match, and Maggall put a stop to it instantaneously with a headbutt! And now

Maggall looks a little ticked off! He's glaring at the downed Jake Keeton and wants to take him out! He pulls Jake up and locks in a half-nelson, he's going for the Marra Driver to put an end to it all!

Mark Stephens: No! Jake Keeton is rallying! He uses that free arm to send elbows to the side of Maggall's head! How does Jake have ANYTHING left?! It's a damn miracle! And now the hold's been released as Jake retreats to the corner! But Maggall immediately chases after with a spear! No! Jake moved! Jake moved! Maggall throws himself shoulder-first into the ring post! His right shoulder might be separated! Jake pulls Maggall out and sends a stiff forearm into that right shoulder, and he transitions into a side Russian leg sweep! Maggall's down! Maggall's down!

Layne Kurobane: Alright, now things are getting interesting...

Kevin Maverick: These white boys be crazy!

Daniel Wilson: Jake slowly rises to his feet, but the much fresher Maggall is getting up as well! Jake's took stock of this though and sends more forearms into the shoulder! One after the other! He's created a weak point and he's exploiting it! Maggall drops to a knee and Jake just kicks him square in the face! But Maggall's got life left and pushes Jake into the ropes to create some space, Jake responds in kind with an enzuigiri that rattles Maggall! I can't believe this!

Mark Stephens: Now Jake moves into the corner again, trying to bait Maggall, who runs full charge as Jake sidesteps and throws Maggall's head right into the turnbuckle! A small trickle of blood has appeared on Maggall's forehead! He's hurt!

Layne Kurobane: It's a damn miracle!

Daniel Wilson: Maggall is on wobbly legs as Jake looks to take advantage! He kicks the champ square in the head and hooks up Maggall's arms for a DDT, he's looking for The KO! But Maggall is too strong and just pushes Jake away! Keeton's not deterred though, he runs right back in and executes a swinging neckbreaker on Maggall! The champ is down! The champ is down!

Mark Stephens: Jake is ascending to the top rope! He wants to hit that flying headbutt! We could be on the cusp of seeing a new TV Champion! HE JUMPS!

Daniel Wilson: BUT MAGGALL ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY! JAKE JUST HIT THE MAT HEADFIRST!

(A replay is shown of Jake's head bouncing off the mat.)

Kevin Maverick: You hate to see it.

Mark Stephens: Now Maggall's up and takes Jake with him, another belly-to-belly! And Jake Keeton did a full rotation in mid-air and landed on his front! He got flattened!

Daniel Wilson: It is terrifying just how quickly Maggall can turn things around like that. Jake's STILL somehow pulling himself up via the ring ropes, I have no idea what this guy is made of, but it ain't human flesh! Maggall runs right at him but Jake drops and pulls down the top rope! Maggall crashes to the outside and lands on that bad right shoulder! Jake has managed to create another opening!

Mark Stephens: Jake is taking every opportunity he can get as he steps out onto the apron and waits for Maggall to regain his footing, massive elbow drop from the apron caves in Maggall's skull! Jake's somehow swung the momentum his way again!

Ichiro Yagata: ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Daniel Wilson: Maggall is trying to pull himself up using the steel steps- AND JAKE PULLS MAGGALL UP AND CONNECTS WITH A SPINEBUSTER ONTO THE STEPS! HOW THE HELL DID HE GET MAGGALL UP FOR THAT?!

Ichiro Yagata: FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

Mark Stephens: Maggall has rolled off of the steps, but Jake's climbed on top of them, he has to be wary of the ref's count right now. Jake with a huge elbow drop from the steps! Another elbow drop and Maggall goes down!

Ichiro Yagata: SEVEN!

EIGHT!

Daniel Wilson: Jake is trying to pull the big man up, he's pulling at him with everything he's got left in the tank!

Ichiro Yagata: NINE!

Mark Stephens: He gets Maggall back in! Jake JUST beating the ref's count and preserving his chances right now. Maggall is back up though and connects with a huge right hand to Jake's face...BUT JAKE JUST SHRUGS IT OFF LIKE IT'S NOTHING! ANOTHER ENZUIGIRI DROPS MAGGALL WHERE HE STANDS!

Layne Kurobane: This crazy bastard might actually pull it off. What happens if we wins? Do we both have to face him at Boiling Point or what?

Kevin Maverick: That's a great question!

Daniel Wilson: Jake is looking at Maggall, who is still somehow making his way up like some kind of slasher villain. But he hooks both arms...THE KO! MASSIVE DOUBLE ARM DDT CONNECTS! COVER!

Ichiro Yagata: ONNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

TWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Mark Stephens: It's not enough! Maggall gets the shoulder up at two! Jake needs to hit him with more than that if he wants to secure the title!

Daniel Wilson: And he knows what that something is, he's got Maggall's head between his legs and is looking for the Jake Break! His patented spike piledriver! And I have to believe that that could do the job! He's having trouble lifting the bigger man up for it though...Maggall powers out of it with a back body drop! And he almost instinctively grabs Jake from behind, MARRA DRIVER!

Mark Stephens: NO! JAKE BREAKS FREE AND SCURRIES BETWEEN MAGGALL'S LEGS! HE TRIPS HIM! MAGGALL'S FACE HITS THE MAT! KEETON KLUTCH! THE KEETON KLUTCH IS LOCKED IN! OH MY GOD! THEY'RE SQUARE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING! THE CROWD ARE ON THEIR FEET!

Daniel Wilson: ALL OF KEETON'S 234 LB FRAME IS SITTING ON THE BACK OF MAGGALL! HE IS WRENCHING BACK! THINK ABOUT HOW MUCH TORQUE IS BEING APPLIED TO THAT HURT SHOULDER! MAGGALL'S FACE IS IN AGONY! HE HAS NOWHERE TO GO! HE'S STARTING TO FADE! HIS EYES ARE CLOSING! NEW CHAMP! NEW CHAMP!

Layne Kurobane: I'll be damned-

Kevin Maverick: OH SHIT! WATCH YOURSELF!

Mark Stephens: MAGGAL IS HEADBUTTING KEETON IN THE FACE WITH THE BACK OF HIS HEAD! ONE AFTER ANOTHER! AND KEETON IS FORCED TO BREAK THE HOLD! I THINK HIS NOSE MIGHT BE BROKEN!

Daniel Wilson: There is indeed blood coming out of his nose. What a way to escape the Keeton Klutch, just destroy the guy's face with the back of your head! Maggall's up now and he grabs the scrambling Keeton from behind once more, he wants to land the Marra Driver once and for all to end this thing! Wait, Keeton reverses and goes behind...THE SWAN

SONG! HE GOT HIM WITH THE SWAN SONG! HE JUST HIT A 300 PLUS POUNDER WITH A GERMAN SUPLEX! AND I DON'T THINK EVEN JAKE CAN BELIEVE IT!

Layne Kurobane: Screw it! I'm a believer! Come on, Jake! You can do it!

Kevin Maverick: Yeah! Get em! This is awesome!

Mark Stephens: Jake's eyeing the top rope, he knows what he has to do! He's making the climb up to the top! Maggall's still prone on the floor! This is it! This is happening! DIVING HEADBUUUUTTTTTT!!!!!!! HE HIT IT! HE HIT IT! HE HOOKS THE LEG!

Ichiro Yagata: ONNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Daniel Wilson: What a monumental moment!

Ichiro Yagata: TWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Layne Kurobane: COME ONNNN!!!!

Ichiro Yagata: THHHHHRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Mark/Daniel/Layne/Kevin: WHAT?!

Mark Stephens: HE KICKED OUT! MAGGALL KICKED OUT! THAT WAS SO CLOSE! JAKE KEETON COULD TASTE IT!

Daniel Wilson: I thought we had a new champ right there and then! My heart was in my fucking mouth!

Crowd: THIS IS AWESOME! THIS IS AWESOME!

Layne Kurobane: Jesus Christ, I haven't been this invested in a match in years!

Kevin Maverick: Hit him again, Jake! You can do it!

Mark Stephens: Jake is looking at that turnbuckle once more, does he even have the energy to make that climb again?

Daniel Wilson: You gotta do what you gotta do when it comes to the belt! Jake's making the climb! He's making a believer outta me, I think! He's on the top rope! All he has to do is turn around and-

Mark Stephens: MAGGALL RUNS UP BEHIND AND HOOKS THE ARM! OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! MARRA DRIVERRRRRR!!!! MAGGALL JUST CONNECTED WITH A MARRA DRIVER OFF THE TOP ROPE!! JAKE KEETON'S BODY JUST EXPLODED FROM THE IMPACT!

Crowd: HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Daniel Wilson: I never doubted you, Maggall! He just has to crawl for the cover! Fight through the pain!

Ichiro Yagata: ONNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

TWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THHHHHHRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(DING! DING! DING!)

(‘Not For Radio’ by Nas hits the PA system as Maggall makes his way to his feet, clutching his shoulder and looking a little unaware of where he even is.)

Jamison Pierce: Here is your winner and STILL the OWA Television Champion...MAAAAGGGGGGAAAAAALLLLLLLLL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Layne Kurobane: Hell of an effort! Jake Keeton should be proud of himself.

Kevin Maverick: Man, maybe I underestimated Jake. I’ve got a lot of thinking to do ahead of that triple threat.

Mark Stephens: Jake Keeton put everything he had into this match and came within inches of winning. But ultimately, Maggall was able to rise from the ashes and execute a MASSIVE avalanche Marra Driver to retain his title for the third time!

Daniel Wilson: Maggall needed a signature victory ahead of facing Layne Kurobane at Boiling Point, and this was definitely it. One of the best Olympus matches of all-time! Between the opener and this, match of the night is a damn competitive field!

Mark Stephens: That is indeed true. He may not have won, but Jake Keeton made a hell of an impression tonight and has created some serious buzz around himself ahead of Boiling Point.

(Suddenly, Maggall’s music is cut off by ‘Skinned’ by Blind Melon. The Derelict appears to loud boos, walking down the ramp with his eyes on Keeton.)

Kevin Maverick: This asshole?

Layne Kurobane: Gentlemen, I believe this is where we part ways.

Mark Stephens: The Derelict has arrived and got into the ring, looking at the downed Jake Keeton while Maggall looks at him with caution. But Layne Kurobane and Kevin Maverick have entered and are standing either side of Jake!

Daniel Wilson: Jake's made his way up and realises just what's staring across the ring from him, but Derelict's not making a move and Maggall appears to want no part of this, he's just been through a hellacious match himself!

(Maggall raises his title high in the air in Layne's face, as Kevin Maverick does the same with his, looking directly at Derelict before turning his attention to Jake.)

Mark Stephens: A staredown for the ages! All of these combustible elements will come together in two weeks at Boiling Point! I can't wait! Goodnight everybody!

Daniel Wilson: They're all gonna tear each other apart! You're not gonna wanna miss it!

(The staredown continues as we fade to black.)

(OWA 2019 logo buzzes.)