

HVW Destiny's Divide: Destiny's Divide 2026

Promotion: Heroes & Villains Wrestling
Date: July 4, 2026
Location: Genesis Dome — San Antonio, Texas

Results

The Theft

Segment

The Destiny's Divide pay per view begins backstage near the talent entrance. A familiar pickup of cheers comes from somewhere off-screen as Jarvis King arrives at the Genesis Dome carrying his wrestling bag over one shoulder. He's dressed casually in jeans, a black hoodie, sunglasses, and looks relaxed. Jarvis pauses and looks around before flashing a bright smile.

Jarvis King: "Nice building."

He adjusts the bag.

Jarvis King: "Nice crowd."

Adjusts the bag again.

Jarvis King: "Nice day to make history yet again. Hell that should be my middle name at this point."

The smugness of King's words hang in the air for a moment before a large shape slowly creeps into frame behind him. 355 pounds of bad decisions, Franklin Fredrickson. The crowd immediately starts laughing as Franklin tiptoes, well as much as a 355-pound man can tiptoe. His giant boots somehow making cartoonishly loud squeaking noises. Jarvis somehow remains completely unaware as Franklin reaches out and grabs the bag. He pauses for a moment, before looking directly into the camera.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Fun fact."

Franklin lets the moment breathe before winking.

Franklin Fredrickson: "The perfect crime requires confidence."

He slowly pulls the bag away.

Franklin Fredrickson: "And low expectations."

Then he waddles away with it. Three seconds later, Jarvis turns and freezes. He looks over his shoulder and then all around the area.

Jarvis King: "...where's my bag?"

Cut.

The Battle Lines Are Drawn

Segment

Black screen, pure silence. The calm before the storm only lasts seconds.

BOOM!

Red fireworks explode across the screen.

BOOM!

Blue fireworks answer from the opposite side.

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

The opening video package concludes as a voice echoes.

"For weeks..."

Quick flashes showing The Sheriff's disappearance. The Hacker's messages. The handshake agreement. The split HVW logo.

"Everything has been building to this."

The music swells.

"Tonight..."

A flash of Danielle Page. Dan Highlander. Old Redhook. Bianca Davis. Lunar Lunacy. Evelyn Hart. Samara Astrid. So many more.

"Destiny..."

The HVW logo appears, then cracks directly down the center.

"...is divided."

Pyro erupts all across the stage as the camera immediately cuts live to the Genesis Dome in San Antonio, Texas. Five hundred fans packed shoulder to shoulder inside the largest venue HVW has ever presented. The atmosphere is electric as red and blue lights sweep throughout the building. Massive fireworks blast from both sides of the entrance stage. The crowd is already standing.

"H-V-W!"

"H-V-W!"

"H-V-W!"

The camera pans through the audience, there are signs everywhere.

"THERE'S STILL ONLY ONE SHERIFF"

"EVOLUTION > SATURDAY NIGHT"

"HACK THE PLANET"

"DANIELLE FEARS TEXAS"

"HIGHLANDER FOR CHAMP"

"REDHOOK STINKS"

"BIANCA FOR QUEEN"

"I DROVE 4 HOURS FOR THIS"

"I HOPE EVELYN FINALLY GETS HERS!"

The crowd roars as the camera circles ringside. The ring is decorated in red and blue ropes. Destiny's Divide banners

hang throughout the arena. The stage glows with alternating colors. One side decorated in western themes, the other glowing with futuristic blue graphics. Michelle Rylan and The Bandit sit at commentary. Michelle is smiling calmly, The Bandit looks blown away.

The Bandit: "Would ya look at this place!"

Huge reaction.

Michelle Rylan: "Ladies and gentlemen welcome to Destiny's Divide!"

The crowd explodes.

Michelle Rylan: "The first pay-per-view in the history of Heroes & Villains Wrestling!"

The Bandit: "This is what we've all been waiting for!"

Michelle Rylan: "Tonight we crown our first ever World Champion."

Graphic appears.

DAN "THE HAMMER" HIGHLANDER

vs

"DIAMOND PRINCESS" DANIELLE PAGE

Massive reaction.

Michelle Rylan: "The Championship Classic comes to an end."

The Bandit: "One of them leaves tonight with history."

Another graphic.

TERRITORY CHAMPIONSHIP

OLD REDHOOK (c)

vs

"QUEEN B" BIANCA DAVIS

Mixed reaction to both of these very different villains.

Michelle Rylan: "The first title defense in company history."

The Bandit: "And I have a feeling somebody's getting punched."

The crowd laughs, Michelle simply nods.

Michelle Rylan: "But before any of that..."

The crowd begins cheering. The Bandit grins.

The Bandit: "It's draft time."

Massive reaction from the packed San Antonio crowd.

Michelle Rylan: "The future of Heroes & Villains Wrestling begins right now."

The camera turns toward the stage. Standing on opposite sides are two podiums. To the left, The Sheriff's polished wooden podium. The Saturday Night logo proudly displayed. To the right, a futuristic steel and digital podium glowing blue. Evolution. The crowd begins buzzing as The Sheriff steps forward first to huge cheers. The Hacker receives a mixed but loud reaction, his illuminated mask glows beneath the arena lights. The Sheriff adjusts his hat. The Hacker

folds his hands.

The Sheriff: "San Antonio."

The crowd explodes.

The Sheriff: "Y'all ready to make some history?"

Massive pop and The Sheriff smiles. The Hacker slowly lifts a microphone.

Hacker: "Enjoy the applause."

The crowd boos.

Hacker: "By the end of tonight..."

He gestures around the building.

Hacker: "Half these people will belong to me."

More boos. The Sheriff laughs.

Sheriff: "Keep dreamin'."

The crowd cheers. The Hacker reaches into his jacket and produces a coin. The crowd grows curious.

Hacker: "Let's make this fair."

The Sheriff immediately narrows his eyes.

Hacker: "Heads or tails?"

The Sheriff doesn't answer. Instead—

SNATCH.

He takes the coin directly from the Hacker's hand. Huge reaction from the shocked Texas crowd. The Sheriff studies it, turns it over, then over again. The crowd begins laughing.

Sheriff: "You serious?"

He holds the coin toward the camera. Both sides.

HEADS.

HEADS.

The crowd erupts. The Bandit nearly falls out of his chair laughing.

The Bandit: "HE BROUGHT A CHEATER COIN!"

Michelle Rylan: "Oh my God."

The crowd chants.

"CHEAT-ER!"

"CHEAT-ER!"

"CHEAT-ER!"

The Hacker simply shrugs.

Sheriff: "No shenanigans tonight."

Huge cheer.

Sheriff: "I'm making the first pick."

Massive reaction as The Sheriff opens his folder. He looks down at his paperwork, then back up to the camera with a small smirk on his face.

Sheriff: "If I'm building a perfect roster for Saturday Night..."

Pause.

Sheriff: "I'm starting with somebody that knows how to make headlines."

Mixed reaction already.

Sheriff: "My first draft pick..."

The moment hangs in the air as the crowd wait in anticipation for the first pick of the HVW draft.

Sheriff: "The Diamond Princess."

The crowd reacts loudly.

Sheriff: "Danielle Page."

Danielle's music hits. The curtain parts and Danielle Page emerges. Silver, sparkling, arrogant. Beautiful. A giant grin across her face. She extends both arms, taking in the reaction. Some cheers, many boos. Danielle absolutely loves every second of it.

Michelle Rylan: "There she is."

The Bandit: "First overall pick in HVW history."

Danielle slowly struts toward the podium. Ole Sheriff extends the contract and Danielle immediately snatches it. She looks him up and down, then smirks before turning toward the audience.

Danielle Page: "Of course I was first."

Loud boos from not pleased Texan crowd. She laughs, waves her hands flashing the contract high in the air, then exits back through the curtain.

The Sheriff nods. The Hacker applauds sarcastically.

Hacker: "Great pick."

The crowd boos.

Hacker: "Unfortunately..."

He opens his own folder.

Hacker: "You picked the runner-up."

The crowd reacts.

Hacker: "I'm taking the future World Champion."

Huge pop.

Hacker: "Dan Highlander."

The Genesis Dome erupts as Highlander's music hits. The veteran emerges to one of the biggest reactions Heroes &

Villains Wrestling has seen thus far.

Michelle Rylan: "Listen to this crowd!"

The Bandit: "The Hammer just got drafted to Evolution!"

Highlander walks to the podium. The Hacker offers the contract and Highlander stares at him. He doesn't shake his hand, he simply takes the contract. Huge cheers as he raises it high in the air. The Hacker nods his head as if he's pleased with what he sees as Highlander makes his exit.

Round One continues with The Sheriff's next selection.

Sheriff: "With my next pick, I'm going to make a big statement. Someone who has already made a huge presence in this company, and is guaranteed to do so tonight as well. I'm taking a champion."

The crowd buzzes.

Sheriff: "Old Redhook."

Boos immediately from the now standing crowd as Old Redhook storms through the curtain. Full fisherman gear, Territory Championship around his waist. No smile, no acknowledgement of the crowd. He marches directly to the podium, takes the contract, never breaking eye contact with The Sheriff as intensity runs through him like boiling salt water. Then he leaves just like that.

Michelle Rylan: "Saturday Night just secured the Territory Champion."

The Bandit: "That's if he retains against Queen Bianca Davis later tonight, Michelle!"

The Hacker nods.

Hacker: "Good."

The Sheriff looks confused.

Hacker: "Because I'm taking two."

The crowd reacts with shocked awe as The Sheriff just blinks.

Hacker: "Lunar Lunacy."

The crowd explodes. Ace Sky. Wallace. Angus Bernstein. The trio bursts through the curtain in complete chaos. Dancing, laughing, playing to the crowd. The Genesis Dome comes alive.

Michelle Rylan: "What a pickup!"

The Bandit: "Ace Sky has been doing this for years and Wallace is one of the most unpredictable men in wrestling."

The Bandit hands over the contracts and the trio immediately disappear backstage almost as quickly as they arrived. The Sheriff looks visibly annoyed.

The Bandit: "I don't think he realized teams counted."

The crowd laughs as The Sheriff flips through his paperwork, thinking. Then he smiles that trademark Ole Sheriff smile.

Sheriff: "Well then."

Pause.

Sheriff: "If I already got the champion..."

The crowd begins realizing as they get to their feet on both the ground level and rafters of the Genesis Dome.

Sheriff: "I might as well take the challenger too to shore things up."

Huge reaction.

Sheriff: "Queen B Bianca Davis."

Bianca's music hits as boos rain down. Bianca emerges absolutely ecstatic. Pageant wave, huge smile. The spotlight entirely on her. She reaches the podium, accepts the contract. Then grabs the microphone.

Bianca Davis: "First round draft pick."

She beams.

Bianca Davis: "The crown fits."

More boos.

Bianca Davis: "And after tonight the title will too."

Huge reaction. She leaves proudly as The Sheriff grins. The Hacker simply laughs back at him mechanically.

Hacker: "You really thought that was clever."

The crowd buzzes as The Hacker closes his folder.

Hacker: "Allow me to raise the stakes."

Pause.

Hacker: "My final pick of Round One..."

The arena goes quiet.

Hacker: "Is a man whose reputation speaks for itself."

The crowd watches.

Hacker: "A Hall of Famer. A former champion all over the globe."

Pause.

Hacker: "Jace Parker Davidson."

The Genesis Dome absolutely explodes.

Michelle Rylan: "WHAT?!"

The Bandit: "NO WAY!"

The crowd jumps to their feet as Jace Parker Davidson walks through the curtain. Long golden hair, blue jeans, brand new black HVW shirt. Tattooed arms crossed over his massive frame. Cocky grin staining his face. The reaction is thunderous as JPD slowly walks to center stage, allowing the moment to breathe. The fans can't believe it. The Hacker hands him the contract. JPD takes it, then takes the microphone.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Let's get one thing straight."

The crowd boos.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Heroes & Villains Wrestling isn't good enough for a guy like me."

More boos.

Jace Parker Davidson: "But you're welcome anyway."

Massive heat.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Because the second I walked through that curtain..."

He smirks.

Jace Parker Davidson: "The stock value of this company doubled."

The crowd showers him with boos. JPD laughs, then disappears backstage. The camera returns to the stage. The Sheriff. The Hacker. Both staring at one another. The first battle lines drawn.

Sheriff: "We'll see how long that smile lasts."

Hacker: "Round Two later tonight."

The crowd erupts.

Sheriff: "Enjoy the show."

Hacker: "Enjoy the future."

The camera pulls back as red and blue lights flood the arena.

Michelle Rylan: "What a start to Destiny's Divide!"

The Bandit: "And we've only just begun!"

The crowd roars as Destiny's Divide officially rolls on.

Good People And Bad Apples

Segment

"They say that this business is about Heroes and Villains. The good and the naughty. The ones cheered for and those that are booed!"

The voice as the HVW camera pans around the decorated locker room. One of a few within the Genesis Dome. Sat on the floor with his knees up and his back to the wall behind him was veteran Jason Cashe. A bandana folded and wrapped around his shaved head. That same head was slumped forward, dropped down but lifted as the cameras center on him.

JCashe: "While all of that is true. There are good people and bad apples, that's just life in general. No.. To me, this business, this sport is about TWO kinds of people. Victims and Victors..."

Grunting as he shoves against the floor and rises up to a standing. Cashe rolls his shoulders to give himself a chance to work the joints and stretch out a bit.

JCashe: "See, some days, I am all kinds of naughty! To some, I am among the worst. Petty, Bitter, if my attention arrives at your doorstep then often enough, I am a corruption on your life and career. I own that! I am that often.. But to others.. I am consistently me. I am what I am and that's all I can and care to be. Take me for how you wish to participate and trust that sometimes? Ignoring me. Steering clear of my forward progress is your best option. I seek the Victor role but more so than that, I crave the action that takes place in that ring."

Giving the goosebumps that form along the hairs on his arms or the chill that climbs up his spine. The idea of being out there in the thick of it has always created a thirst.

JCashe: "So be it tonight in a Gauntlet for a Title in my debut or tomorrow, the day after or next month when the roster in place has altered some. Added, subtracted a few names here and there, I will still be here. The same me. The same fight. The draft is upcoming and I don't care where my name is called. Make me last, make me top five. I'm not looking to be the Hero or the Villain in a tug of war between two people I don't know and have no loyalties with but regardless of the drawing, I aim to be the Victor.. That makes everyone else in my way, the Victim. So if you want to stand in victory then you better be willing to do whatever it takes to keep me from TAKING it from you by hook, crook or with a spit shake after the respect between us is found post match. I am letting you all choose who I am to you.. If you're in

my way, I will be the villain to even the worst kind of bad intentions. Boo me.. Cheer me.. Just remember that it's MY name that will be synonymous with Victor amongst the Heroes and Villains of HVW."

Taking a hard sniff through his nose. Cashe walks past the camera and leaves the scene.

Security Footage

Segment

A grainy black-and-white security camera feed appears, the camera overlooks a hallway. Franklin Fredrickson is pushing Jarvis King's bag on a rolling equipment cart. He is wearing sunglasses, a fake mustache, and a somehow oversized janitor's vest. Nobody knows why, probably not even himself. Franklin stops beneath the camera, and looks up with a coy look in his eye.

Franklin Fredrickson: "You can't prove anything."

He points upward.

Franklin Fredrickson: "This footage is circumstantial."

He continues rolling. Seconds later Jarvis runs into frame.

Jarvis King: "FRANKLIN!"

Franklin immediately dives behind a stack of production crates. Somehow disappearing completely despite being enormous. Jarvis skids to a stop, looks left and then right. Nothing. The bag is gone. Jarvis slowly looks up at the camera.

Jarvis King: "...He's not invisible."

Cut.

Tag Team Match- Lunar Lunacy (Ace Sky & Wallace) vs. Blind Magic (Blind Ambition & Magik The Gatherer)

Match

The Genesis Dome crowd remained buzzing from the opening draft as the lights dimmed and an eerie violet glow washed over the arena. A deck of glowing cards appeared on the massive screen overhead.

"A fresh archive begins..."

Magik The Gatherer emerged first, slowly stepping onto the stage while flipping one of her strange cards between her fingers. Beside her came Blind Ambition, adjusting the headphones over their ears as they stood motionless for a moment, listening to a rhythm only they could hear. Michelle Rylan called them one of the most fascinating teams in HVW. The Bandit simply admitted they scared the hell out of him.

The mood shifted instantly as "Gemini" by The Alan Parsons Project echoed through the Genesis Dome. The crowd erupted as Ace Sky burst onto the stage pointing toward the fans while Wallace followed behind him in his usual bizarre fashion, waving enthusiastically before stopping halfway down the ramp to perform an awkward bow to absolutely nobody. Angus Bernstein marched behind them proudly as the veteran Ace Sky slapped hands all the way to ringside.

DING DING DING!

Wallace and Magik started things off. The Windy City Weirdo immediately confused both Magik and the audience by attempting a handshake, then trying to inspect one of Magik's cards before pulling a rubber chicken from somewhere inside his jacket.

Magik stared. Wallace stared back. The crowd laughed. Then Magik kicked him square in the chest. Wallace folded in

half like an accordion. Blind Ambition tagged in and immediately accelerated the pace. A precision forearm. A low spinning kick. A shotgun dropkick sent Wallace stumbling into the corner.

Blind Magic showed impressive teamwork early, cutting the ring in half and keeping Wallace isolated. Eventually Wallace escaped a German suplex attempt by twisting himself into a position that looked physically impossible.

Michelle Rylan: "I have to question whether Wallace's spine is actually connected properly following that crazy display."

The Bandit: "Perhaps medical should investigate after the show, Michelle."

Wallace dove across the ring.

TAG!

The crowd exploded as Ace Sky entered like a rocket. Running savate kick. Spinning heel kick. Flying headscissors.

Blind Ambition found themselves completely overwhelmed as Ace's decades of experience took over. The veteran Texas native had the crowd firmly behind him. Blind Ambition managed to reverse momentum with an impressive Echo Step counter, slipping outside a charging attack before blasting Ace with a spinning elbow. Right to the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The near fall earned a huge reaction. Magik entered and Blind Magic began firing on all cylinders. A running meteora. Rapid palm strikes. A beautiful Phantom Step Combo. Ace narrowly kicked out at two. For a moment it looked as though Blind Magic might steal the match. Magik theatrically drew one of her glowing cards.

"Draw Phase!"

The crowd rose as she charged. Ace ducked, and Wallace blind-tagged himself in. The audience cheered as Wallace tied Magik into a bizarre knot of limbs that somehow resembled a wrestling hold. Nobody—including Magik—seemed entirely sure what had happened. Wallace immediately released the hold and shouted:

"You're welcome!"

The distraction was enough. Blind Ambition rushed in, but Wallace absorbed the collision. Ace launched himself from the top rope with perfect precision.

MISSILE DROPKICK!

The crowd jump to their feet as Lunar Lunacy finally found their rhythm. Wallace dropped Blind Ambition with a drop-toe hold. Ace followed with a beautiful standing corkscrew senton. The veteran signaled to the crowd and San Antonio came alive. Ace climbed to the top rope as Blind Ambition staggered upright.

GALAXY LEAP!

The spectacular shooting star press landed flush.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Shirley Powers: "Your winners of this match, Ace Sky and Wallace...LUNAR LUNACY!"

The Genesis Dome erupted into cheers as Ace Sky rolled to his knees as the referee raised his hand. Wallace celebrated as though they had just won the Super Bowl, sprinting laps around the ring before nearly tripping over the bottom rope. Angus Bernstein entered the ring applauding proudly. Across the ring, Blind Magic recovered and shared a respectful nod with their opponents. Ace returned the gesture.

No bad blood. No controversy. Just four competitors putting on a showcase to officially open Heroes & Villains Wrestling's first pay-per-view.

Michelle Rylan: "The veteran Ace Sky for proving exactly why the Hacker spent such a valuable draft pick on Lunar Lunacy."

The Bandit nodded.

The Bandit: "That man has been doing this almost thirty years, Michelle. Tonight he looked like he could do it another thirty."

The crowd gave one final ovation as Ace Sky stood atop the turnbuckles, pointing out into the sea of fans while fireworks exploded across the Destiny's Divide stage. HVW's inaugural pay-per-view was officially underway.

The Witness

Segment

Tara Robinson stands backstage conducting an interview with Leo Lions. The interview is going perfectly as she prepares her next question, but Jarvis suddenly walks into frame.

Jarvis King: "Have either of you seen Franklin Fredrickson?"

Leo just blinks back at him. Tara does as well.

Leo Lions: "Like today?"

Jarvis King: "Preferably."

Leo points down the hallway.

Leo Lions: "I saw him carrying a giant duffel bag."

Jarvis immediately lights up.

Jarvis King: "THANK YOU."

He runs off down the hall in a hurry. A few moments pass in silence before Leo looks toward Tara.

Leo Lions: "Was I supposed to tell him Franklin was riding the bag like a horse?"

Tara bursts out laughing.

The Carolina Cowboy Arrives

Segment

The camera cuts away from the arena and into the backstage parking area of the Genesis Dome as a dusty black pickup truck slowly rumbles into frame. The engine cuts, and for a moment, nothing happens. The driver's side door swings open, cowboy boots hit the pavement. The crowd watching on the big screen gives a small reaction as Adam Hansen steps out. Cowboy hat. Black vest. Calm expression. The kind of man that looks like he belongs on a ranch more than a wrestling show.

He grabs a duffel bag from the truck bed and slings it over his shoulder before taking a long look at the building in front of him. A smile creeps across his face as Adam nods to himself.

Adam Hansen: "Well... reckon this'll do."

The camera follows him as he heads inside. A few moments later, backstage, production crew members hustle past carrying equipment. Wrestlers and staff move throughout the hallways as anticipation builds for the continuance of the Destiny's Divide Draft later tonight. Adam leans casually against a wall near the entrance to the locker room area. A production assistant notices him and makes his way over to him.

Production Assistant: "You lost, cowboy?"

Adam chuckles.

Adam Hansen: "Nah."

He adjusts the brim of his hat.

Adam Hansen: "Just figurin' out where the trail goes from here."

The assistant shrugs and walks away, the intensity of the night already being too much for him. Adam looks directly into the camera as the crowd begins applauding.

Adam Hansen: "Name's Adam Hansen."

A slight nod.

Adam Hansen: "The Carolina Cowboy."

Another polite nod and a tip of his cowboy hat as Adam looks directly into the camera.

Adam Hansen: "Twelve years in this business taught me somethin'."

He pauses.

Adam Hansen: "A man's got two choices."

Adam holds up two fingers.

Adam Hansen: "He can spend his whole life complainin' about where the road takes him..."

He lowers one finger.

Adam Hansen: "...or he can saddle up and ride."

The crowd cheers, bringing a smirk to Adam's face.

Adam Hansen: "Tonight, everybody's worried about gettin' drafted."

He shrugs.

Adam Hansen: "Me? Don't much matter where I end up."

A confident grin appears.

Adam Hansen: "Evolution. Saturday Night."

The moment holds in the air.

Adam Hansen: "Makes no difference."

He points toward the arena.

Adam Hansen: "Because one thing's for certain."

The smile fades into something more serious.

Adam Hansen: "This cowboy's backin' the Sheriff no matter what."

The packed San Antonio crowd pops loudly. Adam tips his hat toward the camera.

Adam Hansen: "And whichever side of the fence I land on..."

A determined look crosses his face.

Adam Hansen: "...somebody's gonna find out just how long the road home can be."

Adam gives a quick "YEEHAW!" and slaps his chest. The crowd cheers as he turns and heads deeper into the locker room area. Michelle Rylan's voice cuts in from commentary.

Michelle Rylan: "A new signing for Heroes & Villains Wrestling, and judging by that introduction, Adam Hansen isn't concerned about where he's drafted tonight."

The Bandit: "Anybody who willingly drives across Texas in a pickup truck and calls it a good time is already a dangerous man."

The camera follows Adam disappearing around the corner before fading back to ringside as Destiny's Divide continues.

The Duchess Prepares

Segment

The camera cuts backstage inside the Genesis Dome. The noise of Destiny's Divide can still be heard echoing through the hallways as crew members hurry past carrying equipment, referees move between locker rooms, and production staff coordinate the next portion of the show.

One hallway, however, feels noticeably quieter.

A door stands partially open, the camera slowly moves inside to show Marilyn Matthews sits alone on a wooden bench, already dressed in her ring gear. Already taped up, ready to go. A pair of headphones hangs loosely around her neck while she methodically wraps the final layer of athletic tape around her left wrist. The veteran stares straight ahead for a moment before noticing the camera's arrival. She exhales. Not annoyed, not welcoming, simply accepting.

Marilyn Matthews: "Guess it's my turn."

The camera settles.

Marilyn finishes securing the tape and rises to her feet.

Marilyn Matthews: "Everybody's been talking about the draft tonight."

She nods once.

Marilyn Matthews: "The Sheriff."

Another nod.

Marilyn Matthews: "The Hacker."

A faint smirk appears.

Marilyn Matthews: "Everybody trying to figure out where they belong."

She begins pacing slowly.

Marilyn Matthews: "Saturday Night."

A step.

Marilyn Matthews: "Evolution."

Another step.

Marilyn Matthews: "Red. Blue."

She shrugs.

Marilyn Matthews: "I've spent most of my career surviving things a hell of a lot worse than a brand split."

The crowd inside the arena can be heard reacting through the monitor nearby. Marilyn glances toward it.

Marilyn Matthews: "I've wrestled in places where nobody thought I'd walk back out. I've held championships people told me I'd never touch."

She pauses.

Marilyn Matthews: "I've buried friends."

The room grows quiet.

Marilyn Matthews: "I've watched entire companies disappear."

Her expression never changes.

Marilyn Matthews: "And then..."

A slight smile.

Marilyn Matthews: "I retired."

The smile disappears almost immediately.

Marilyn Matthews: "Or at least I was supposed to."

She leans against a nearby production crate.

Marilyn Matthews: "Funny thing about wrestling...it doesn't always let you leave."

The veteran looks down briefly before raising her eyes back toward the camera.

Marilyn Matthews: "I got years I wasn't supposed to have."

She taps her chest.

Marilyn Matthews: "Years with my family. Years watching my daughter grow up."

A small smile, then gone.

Marilyn Matthews: "Years where I thought my story was finished."

She shakes her head.

Marilyn Matthews: "Turns out I still had another chapter."

The crowd begins cheering from somewhere deeper inside the arena. Marilyn hears it, so does everyone watching. Her focus sharpens.

Marilyn Matthews: "That's why tonight matters."

She takes a step closer to the camera.

Marilyn Matthews: "Not because of a draft. Not because of a brand. Because tonight there's a championship waiting for somebody."

The mention of the Darkheart Championship draws a reaction from the live crowd. Marilyn nods.

Marilyn Matthews: "The Darkheart Championship."

A small laugh escapes her. Not amusement, recognition.

Marilyn Matthews: "Sounds like something that would've fit me pretty damn well ten years ago."

The veteran's eyes narrow.

Marilyn Matthews: "Maybe it still does."

A tense silence follows.

Marilyn Matthews: "The Hacker thinks he knows what that title represents."

She shrugs.

Marilyn Matthews: "Maybe he does."

Another pause.

Marilyn Matthews: "What I know is this. I've spent my entire career adapting."

She points toward the arena.

Marilyn Matthews: "Different opponents. Different eras. Different versions of myself."

Her hand lowers.

Marilyn Matthews: "The one thing that's never changed..."

Beat.

Marilyn Matthews: "Is when the bell rings."

The crowd pops.

Marilyn Matthews: "When that bell rings, everybody's accomplishments stop mattering. Everybody's reputation stops mattering. Everybody's excuses stop mattering."

She stares directly into the camera.

Marilyn Matthews: "All that's left is whether you can win."

The intensity in her eyes has fully arrived now. The veteran isn't reminiscing anymore. She's hunting.

Marilyn Matthews: "Tonight there are a lot of people walking into that gauntlet match thinking about opportunity. I'm thinking about legacy."

The word hangs in the air.

Marilyn Matthews: "Because if I walk out with that championship? Then the comeback becomes real."

The crowd cheers loudly.

Marilyn Matthews: "And if somebody wants to stop me..."

Her expression hardens completely.

Marilyn Matthews: "They better bring more than hope."

Silence over the room now as Marilyn adjusts the tape around her wrist one final time. She reaches down and grabs her bag.

Marilyn Matthews: "I've been counted out before. Didn't work then."

She heads towards the doorway. She stops just before exiting frame with one final glance back toward the camera.

Marilyn Matthews: "Let's see if it works tonight."

The crowd erupts as Marilyn gives a single nod. She turns and walks down the hallway toward the arena. The camera follows her for several steps before finally letting her disappear around the corner.

Hide And Seek Champion

Segment

The camera finds Franklin hiding inside a production truck, his giant body somehow folded into a tiny storage compartment. The wrestling bag sits beside him as Franklin whispers to the audience.

Franklin Fredrickson: "People always ask how I became a former champion."

He nods.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Adaptability."

The compartment door suddenly swings open and there is the Internet Icon, Jarvis King. The crowd erupts as he charges towards him.

Jarvis King: "GOT YOU!"

Franklin immediately throws a smoke bomb. A tiny puff appears, barely enough smoke to hide a hamster. But when it clears...Franklin is gone. Jarvis looks around in his place, dumbfounded.

Jarvis King: "...I hate him."

Cut.

Loser Leaves Town Match- Ezekiel Graves vs. Silas Graves

Match

The atmosphere inside the Genesis Dome changed immediately. The cheers that had filled the building moments ago faded into nervous anticipation. Michelle Rylan lowered her voice.

Michelle Rylan: "One of these men is leaving Heroes & Villains Wrestling tonight."

The Bandit nodded.

The Bandit: "And honestly, Michelle? I don't know if that's a bad thing."

The crowd erupted into boos as Ezekiel Graves emerged first. The massive escaped convict stomped onto the stage like a man headed toward an execution. His eyes darted around the arena as security personnel lined the entranceway. Several fans along the barricade immediately backed away.

Then the lights dimmed.

Silas Graves walked onto the stage. No theatrics, no music cues beyond the opening notes. No reaction to the crowd. Just a six-foot-five monster in a black denim coat walking toward the ring like he already knew how this night would end.

The two men locked eyes. Neither blinked. Neither looked away. The referee immediately called for the bell.

DING DING DING

The fight exploded. Not a wrestling match, a fight.

Forearms. Headbutts. Clotheslines. Both men stood in the center of the ring hammering each other with shots that echoed throughout the Genesis Dome. Ezekiel landed a brutal headbutt. Silas answered with a short-arm clothesline.

Ezekiel refused to fall. The crowd roared as The Blackwater Beast grabbed Silas by the throat and hurled him across the ring. Silas popped right back up.

The two men collided again and again, and again. Neither willing to give an inch. Ezekiel finally gained momentum with a vicious Corner Avalanche that nearly folded Silas in half. He followed with Lockdown, repeatedly smashing Silas' face into the turnbuckle.

The referee desperately tried to intervene but Ezekiel ignored him completely. The crowd showered him with boos.

Michelle Rylan: "That's not a wrestler!"

The Bandit: "That's a criminal!"

Ezekiel dragged Silas to the center of the ring.

DEATH ROW!

The swinging powerslam connected.

ONE!

TWO!

Silas kicked out at two, bringing the crowd to their feet. For the first time all night Ezekiel looked uncertain. That hesitation cost him. He charged in but Silas sidestepped.

Blackwater Lariat!

The impact turned Ezekiel inside out. The crowd gasped as Silas slowly stood over him. Cold. Emotionless. He pulled Ezekiel up.

LAST RIDE TO BLACKWATER!

The ring shook as he dropped down for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Shirley Powers: "And your winner...SILAS GRAVES!"

The crowd gave a mixed reaction. Nobody was entirely sure how to feel. One monster had defeated another. Silas remained kneeling beside the fallen Ezekiel. The referee raised his arm and Silas ignored him. Instead he motioned toward ringside as a microphone was handed to him. The Genesis Dome fell silent, eEven Michelle and The Bandit stopped talking. Silas stared down at Ezekiel for several moments before finally speaking. His voice was low, calm, and measured.

Silas Graves: "Enough."

The crowd quieted further.

Silas Graves: "We've fought long enough."

Silas looked down at Ezekiel. For the first time since arriving in HVW, something resembling emotion crossed his face.

Silas Graves: "Truth's overdue."

The crowd leaned in.

Silas Graves: "Ezekiel Graves..."

A pause.

Silas Graves: "...is my brother."

The Genesis Dome ERUPTED. Michelle Rylan nearly stood from her chair.

Michelle Rylan: "WHAT?!"

Bandit: "I KNEW IT! I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING MORE BETWEEN THESE TWO THAN MET THE EYE!"

The crowd buzzed with disbelief as Silas continued.

Silas Graves: "When Blackwater wanted him buried..."

Silas pointed toward Ezekiel.

Silas Graves: "...I got him out."

The audience gasped.

Silas Graves: "When nobody would hire him..."

Another pause.

Silas Graves: "...I got him into this business."

The crowd roared. Years of mystery suddenly snapping into place. Silas looked ready to continue but suddenly chaos erupted.

Sirens. Blue and red lights flashed throughout the arena. The crowd turned toward the entrance. Michelle Rylan's voice cracked as she spoke.

Michelle Rylan: "What the hell is happening?!"

Nearly a dozen Texas State Police officers stormed onto the stage. Then another group, then another. The audience erupted into confusion as Silas stopped speaking. Ezekiel slowly sat up, for the first time since his HVW debut a sense of true fear in his eyes. Neither man attempted to run as the officers surrounded the ring. The referee immediately backed away with his hands high in the air. More officers entered from every side of the arena. The crowd began chanting.

"LET THEM TALK!"

"LET THEM TALK!"

"LET THEM TALK!"

The lead officer climbed into the ring. Silas simply stared at him. The officer spoke with him briefly, the microphone not picking it up. Ezekiel rose to his feet, for a second the crowd expected a fight. Expected violence, expected carnage.

Instead...

Both men slowly extended their arms. Handcuffs clicked shut, and the Genesis Dome fell into stunned silence. Silas never broke eye contact with the officer. Ezekiel simply laughed. A cold, unsettling laugh.

The officers escorted both men toward the entranceway. The brothers exchanged a glance. No words, no resistance. Then they disappeared through the curtain. The camera focused on the empty ring before cutting to the announce booth where Michelle Rylan looked completely stunned.

Michelle Rylan: "We just learned that Silas and Ezekiel Graves are brothers..."

Bandit: "And now they're both being taken away by Texas State Police."

Michelle Rylan: "What did Silas mean when he said he got Ezekiel out of Blackwater? What else was he about to tell

us?"

Bandit: "And what happens now? Silas won the match. Ezekiel lost. But after what we just saw... does any of that even matter anymore?"

The camera lingered on the entranceway one final time. No answers, only questions. And two Graves brothers disappearing into custody as Destiny's Divide rolled on.

Lines In The Sand

Segment

The camera lingers for a moment on the roaring San Antonio crowd before cutting back to ringside. The energy hasn't dipped one bit as red and blue lights continue to pulse across the Genesis Dome. There's a noticeable shift now, though, something heavier. The first round is over. The surprises have already begun, and both men know it. At the dual podiums, The Sheriff is still visibly shaking his head, one hand resting on the brim of his hat as he stares across at The Hacker. The Hacker, meanwhile, is leaning slightly forward... almost amused.

Michelle Rylan: "If you thought Round One was wild, you might want to buckle up."

The Bandit: "Brother, I'm already holding on to the table."

The Sheriff finally speaks first, voice low, still clearly bothered.

Sheriff: "I'll be damned..."

He exhales through his nose, glancing toward the curtain where Jace Parker Davidson just exited not long ago.

Sheriff: "You really gonna end Round One like that?"

The Hacker tilts his head.

Hacker: "Like what?"

Sheriff: "Like you just walked into my damn house and rewired the electricity."

A small smirk from The Hacker.

Hacker: "Business decision."

The Sheriff shakes his head, then suddenly straightens up. Something changes in his posture—more controlled now. More deliberate.

Sheriff: "Alright."

He taps the folder in front of him.

Sheriff: "You wanna play like that..."

The crowd murmurs.

Sheriff: "Then I'm gonna start Round Two the same way you did."

The Bandit: "Uh oh..."

Sheriff leans forward.

Sheriff: "You made a big entrance with Jace Parker Davidson..."

He nods slowly.

Sheriff: "So I'm gonna answer it with somebody who didn't need a phone call, didn't need a teaser, and damn sure didn't need permission."

The crowd starts buzzing.

Sheriff: "He was already here tonight..."

A short pause as the crowd begins to murmur.

Sheriff: "You just didn't know it yet."

A pause that stretches the entire arena. Then—

Sheriff: "Carolina Cowboy..."

The crowd reacts instantly.

Sheriff: "Adam Hensen."

BOOM!

Country-style guitar hits the speakers as the Genesis Dome erupts into a mixed reaction; strong cheers layered with shocked confusion. A man steps out from behind the curtain who was, indeed, already in the building earlier in the night, just not as an official name on any list. Adam Hensen, "The Carolina Cowboy," adjusts his hat as he steps into view, looking just as surprised as half the arena.

Hensen walks down the ramp, shaking his head with a grin like he can't believe what just happened. He climbs the steps, steps into the ring, and The Sheriff immediately extends the contract. Adam takes it with no speech, just a nod. He looks out at the crowd... then raises it high. A short, humble double-arm raise follows; more acknowledgment than arrogance. Then he tips his hat before turning to exit through the curtain to a mostly positive reaction, the crowd still processing the move.

Michelle Rylan: "That is a major addition to Saturday Night."

The Bandit: "The Sheriff just answered JPD with a man who didn't even have a spotlight five minutes ago!"

Across the ring, The Hacker claps slowly.

Hacker: "Interesting."

The Sheriff doesn't sit on it.

Sheriff: "Your turn."

The Hacker exhales through a laugh.

Hacker: "My turn..."

He taps the side of his podium once.

Hacker: "Let's talk about something you clearly didn't know existed."

The crowd quiets as The Sheriff narrows his eyes.

Hacker: "That little gauntlet match you've all been hyped about later tonight..."

He pauses.

Hacker: "The Darkheart Championship..."

A reaction of confusion ripples through the arena. The Sheriff immediately cuts in.

Sheriff: "Hold on—what did you just say?"

The Hacker looks at him through his lit up mask.

Hacker: "I said the Darkheart Championship. HVW's newest title belt, being taken home to Evolution where it belongs tonight."

The crowd erupts in shocked reaction. The Sheriff steps forward, a deep snarl on his face.

Sheriff: "You don't just 'make' championships without runnin' it through me!"

The Hacker laughs, shaking his head.

Hacker: "Business is business."

He spreads his hands.

Hacker: "And right now? Business is booming."

The crowd scream their lungs out, they clearly agree. The Sheriff looks like he's about to explode, but The Hacker doesn't even acknowledge it.

Hacker: "So if I created it..."

He gestures toward the stage.

Hacker: "Then I'm going to draft someone who can actually take it home. So my first pick for Evolution of the second round goes to..."

The crowd leans in.

Hacker: "The Deranged Digital Duchess..."

A wave of boos hits immediately.

Hacker: "Marilyn Matthews!"

The lights shift harshly as Marilyn Matthews steps out, calm, composed, almost regal in a distorted way. The veteran presence alone changes the temperature in the building.

Michelle Rylan: "Oh no..."

The Bandit: "That's a multi-time World Champion walking into what is sure to be a chaotic Gauntlet match later tonight!"

Marilyn slowly walks to the ring, soaking in the mostly jeers from San Antonio. She doesn't flinch once. She steps up, takes the contract from The Hacker, and finally brings a microphone close.

Marilyn Matthews: "The Darkheart Championship..."

She smiles faintly.

Marilyn Matthews: "Belongs to the only mind here twisted enough to understand it."

A beat.

Marilyn Matthews: "Me."

She drops the mic. No celebration, no extra motion, just a cold stare toward the camera before she exits. The Hacker nods once, approving.

Across from him, The Sheriff exhales sharply.

Sheriff: "Alright..."

He cracks his knuckles.

Sheriff: "Now we're playing."

He flips a page in his folder.

Sheriff: "You wanna talk about chaos?"

The crowd rises slightly.

Sheriff: "I'm gonna bring in a man who's been causing it longer than most of your entire existence in this business."

The crowd reacts instantly.

Sheriff: "DiOGee..."

He smirks.

Sheriff: "Jason Cashe."

Massive reaction.

"CASHE! CASHE! CASHE!"

Jason Cashe walks out to a thunderous ovation—grinning, missing-tooth smile wide as ever, soaking in every reaction like it fuels him.

Michelle Rylan: "Jason Cashe is Saturday Night!"

The Bandit: "That man fights like he's allergic to losing!"

Cashe reaches the ring, grabs the contract without hesitation, and raises it up with a nod to the crowd before backing away, still smiling like he's ready to fight someone right now. The Sheriff gives a small approving nod. But The Hacker just chuckles.

Hacker: "You really think that's going to be enough?"

The Sheriff tilts his head.

Sheriff: "Go ahead."

The Hacker leans forward.

Hacker: "If you're going to pick a dog..."

He pauses.

Hacker: "Pick one that isn't going to bite your own hand."

The crowd buzzes.

Hacker: "You know Jason Cashe's biggest problem? He's not the only one who's an outsider."

The crowd begins to stir.

Hacker: "In fact..."

He lifts a finger.

Hacker: "Let's bring out the original."

The arena erupts in boos before the music even hits. Then—

LEX COLLINS steps out.

"The Outsider."

Cold. Confident. Smirking like he owns the arena already.

Michelle Rylan: "Oh my god, it's Lex Collins!"

The Bandit: "That is a dangerous, dangerous man right there!"

Lex walks down slowly, eyes locked forward, ignoring everything except the ring. He steps in, takes the contract from The Hacker without hesitation, and flashes a cocky grin toward the hard cam.

Lex Collins: "This place just got real."

He doesn't say another word, exiting immediately as the Hacker nods in satisfaction. The Sheriff just stares.

Sheriff: "You got jokes."

The Hacker: "I've got roster depth."

The crowd reacts as tension builds. The Sheriff suddenly straightens.

Sheriff: "Alright. "If you're stacking chaos..."

He glances out to the crowd.

Sheriff: "Then I'm balancing it with heart."

The crowd starts buzzing.

Sheriff: "There's been one name since day one of this company that represents everything Saturday Night is supposed to be."

He pauses.

Sheriff: "She's not the loudest. But she might be the toughest damn fighter on this roster."

The crowd begins rising to their feet.

Sheriff: "Samara Astrid."

Massive ovation.

"NEON REBEL! NEON REBEL!"

Samara Astrid steps out immediately—already in gear, focused, emotional but composed. She doesn't hesitate. She walks straight to the ring, takes the contract, and for the first time in weeks... she smiles. She raises it high as the crowd erupts.

Michelle Rylan: "What a moment for Samara Astrid!"

The Bandit: "That's Saturday Night's heart right there!"

Samara exits slowly, soaking it in. The Sheriff watches her go, satisfied. But the moment doesn't last, because The Hacker raises his microphone.

Hacker: "Beautiful. Really touching."

He tilts his head.

Hacker: "Almost makes you forget what's coming next."

The crowd quiets as the Sheriff narrows his eyes.

Hacker: "You just drafted the Neon Rebel."

He nods slowly, mockingly.

Hacker: "So I guess I should draft..."

A pause that feels like it stops the entire arena.

Hacker: "The problem she can't seem to solve."

The crowd erupts as the Hacker smirks through his mask.

Hacker: "Evelyn Hart."

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

"The Viper Next Door" steps out slowly, cold and emotionless. No theatrics. No celebration. Just presence. She walks directly to the ring with Samara Astrid is still at the stage. The two lock eyes. No words between the two, they don't even blink. The contract is handed to Evelyn Hart, but she doesn't even look at it. She just steps closer to the ropes. Samara remains at the top of the ramp, staring silently.

Michelle Rylan: "These two... they don't even need to speak."

The Bandit: "This is personal on a level we haven't even touched yet."

The camera tightens as Evelyn Hart and Samara Astrid remain frozen in that stare-down as security begins subtly moving in the distance—but neither woman acknowledges it. The cameras cut back to Michelle Rylan and The Bandit at the announce desk, both still reacting to what they just witnessed.

Michelle Rylan: "I don't even know what to say after that."

The Bandit: "I'll say it for you—this draft is out of control."

The shot lingers on the divided arena—red on one side, blue on the other—before fading back into the chaos of Destiny's Divide continuing forward.

Draft Night

Segment

During the closing moments of the second draft round, The Sheriff and Hacker are arguing. Suddenly an extremely frazzled Jarvis King storms onto the stage. The crowd pops as the Internet Icon comically gets the attention of the two HVW heads.

Sheriff: "Jarvis?"

Jarvis King: "Erm...yes. Have either of you seen Franklin?"

The Sheriff points.

Sheriff: "No."

The Hacker points the opposite direction.

Hacker: "Definitely not."

Jarvis narrows his eyes.

Jarvis King: "One of you is lying."

Both men immediately point at each other.

Sheriff: "Him."

Hacker: "Him."

Jarvis sighs and leaves through the curtain as the crowd laughs. As soon as he's gone...

Franklin slowly emerges from underneath the draft podium, holding the bag. The Sheriff nearly jumps out of his cowboy

boots.

Sheriff: "WHAT THE HELL?!"

Franklin Fredrickson: "I've been here for twenty minutes."

Cut.

Remember That

Segment

The camera opens inside the HVW backstage production area. A wide monitor is rolling a pre-produced hype package on loop—dark, cinematic cuts of the Darkheart Championship Gauntlet. Quick flashes of competitors, steel lighting, chains rattling, the championship itself briefly glinting before being swallowed by shadow. The audio swells with a low, ominous pulse that matches the theme of Destiny's Divide.

The video package ends as the screen cuts to the concrete hallway just beyond production. And standing there, already waiting, is Vera Vega.

She stands ring-ready and composed, arms folded loosely as she watches the monitor finish its loop. The faint hum of the arena outside bleeds through the walls. Her expression is focused... but there's something heavier behind it. Experience. Time. Pressure she's carried for years. A few seconds pass before Tara Robinson carefully steps into frame with a microphone.

Tara Robinson: "Vera Vega... tonight you enter the Darkheart Championship Gauntlet. One of the most dangerous matches in HVW so far. What's going through your mind heading into Destiny's Divide?"

Vera doesn't answer immediately. She glances once at the monitor, then back to Tara.

Vera Vega: "You know what that video shows me?"

She exhales softly through her nose.

Vera Vega: "It shows every mile I've put on my body. Every locker room I've sat in. Every company I've walked into where people said, 'She's good... but she's not the one we build around.'"

A pause. Her voice doesn't rise. It doesn't need to.

Vera Vega: "I've heard that for almost twenty years."

She shifts her stance slightly, the confidence of someone who has been through every version of this industry.

Vera Vega: "And somehow... I'm still here."

Tara nods, letting her continue.

Vera Vega: "This gauntlet? This isn't just another match to me. This is a division-defining moment. This is a championship that demands grit, endurance... survival."

She looks directly into the camera now.

Vera Vega: "And I've been surviving longer than most of these women have even been in the business."

The hum of the arena grows louder for a moment as the crowd reacts faintly off-screen.

Vera Vega: "I know what people are going to say. They're going to talk about age. They're going to talk about speed. They're going to talk about how the new generation is faster, stronger, more 'ready.'"

Her eyes narrow slightly—not angry, just resolved.

Vera Vega: "But I don't need to be new."

She taps her chest lightly.

Vera Vega: "I just need to be right."

Tara steps in carefully.

Tara Robinson: "Is this... a last chance situation for you?"

That question hangs in the air for a second longer than expected. Vera finally nods.

Vera Vega: "Yeah."

No hesitation.

Vera Vega: "If this is it... if this is the last real shot I get to carry something that matters on a stage like this?"

Her voice softens, but only slightly.

Vera Vega: "Then I'm not leaving anything behind."

She steps forward just a half step, closer to the camera now.

Vera Vega: "I don't cheat. I don't cut corners. I don't take shortcuts because I don't need them. Everything I've earned... I've earned the hard way."

A small pause as she gathers herself.

Vera Vega: "That's what makes me dangerous in a match like this. Because while everyone else is trying to survive each other..."

She tilts her head slightly.

Vera Vega: "I'm trying to outlast history itself."

The seriousness in her tone settles into the hallway like a weight.

Tara Robinson: "And if you do win tonight?"

Vera's answer comes immediately.

Vera Vega: "Then I make sure this division remembers my name again."

The moment holds before her expression shifts—just a fraction softer, but still determined.

Vera Vega: "Because I didn't come all the way here just to be part of the story."

She turns slightly away from the camera, beginning to walk. But before she fully exits frame, she pauses. The camera follows her movement as she adjusts her jacket—revealing the back of her shirt. Bold lettering across the fabric reads:

"Eternally Yours."

She doesn't explain it. She doesn't need to.

Vera Vega: "Remember that."

And with that, she walks off down the corridor, disappearing into the noise of production and distant crowd reaction as the camera lingers on the empty hallway... and the words left behind.

Match Time

Segment

With his match against the Facetious One nearing call time, the cameras catch Jarvis standing near gorilla position. He looks annoyed. Exhausted. Defeated.

Still wearing his jeans, sneakers. No gear, no bag. A production assistant approaches.

Production Assistant: "Mr. King, you're up next."

Jarvis sighs.

Jarvis King: "Of course I am."

The assistant notices.

Production Assistant: "Where's your gear?"

Jarvis stares into space with a cold look in his eye. Several seconds pass in silence before he breaks it up.

Jarvis King: "That's a wonderful question."

His music suddenly hits. The crowd explodes in anticipation. Jarvis takes one final breath.

Jarvis King: "You know what?"

He cracks his neck.

Jarvis King: "I'll find Franklin after I punch him."

Huge pop from the San Antonio crowd as Jarvis heads through the curtain in street clothes, the camera following him out.

As soon as he disappears, the camera pans to see Franklin is sitting inside a giant equipment case ten feet away. Holding the bag, and an comically large bag of popcorn.

Franklin Fredrickson: "I probably should've hidden this better."

He shrugs.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Nah."

Fade out as he casually tosses another handful of popcorn into his mouth. Jarvis King vs. Franklin Fredrickson is next.

History Repeats Itself

Segment

The screen fades to black as a low drum beat begins to play.

Slow, heavy, measured. Old footage flickers across the screen.

A younger Franklin Fredrickson. A much younger Jarvis King.

Larger arenas, grainier cameras. Different times, different companies.

Narrator: "Some rivalries begin with hatred."

Clips flash of Jarvis delivering suplexes. Franklin firing back with heavy strikes. Championship Wrestling Federation logos appear from years past.

Narrator: "Others begin with opportunity."

The screen freezes on an image from 2009. Franklin Fredrickson standing in the ring, Rising Star (later renamed Paramount) Championship around his waist. Young, confident, cocky. The words appear across the screen:

RISING STAR CHAMPION

The crowd noise rises.

Narrator: "In 2009..."

Footage rolls of Franklin holding the championship high. Jarvis staring at him from the stage.

Narrator: "One man had everything."

Another cut, this time showing Franklin knocking Jarvis to the mat. Standing over him, laughing.

Narrator: "The other wanted it."

The music begins building. Fast-paced clips now. Match after match, show after show. Jarvis and Franklin colliding over and over again. Punches, suplexes, arguments.

Narrator: "What followed became one of the defining rivalries of an era."

The pace quickens showing Jarvis fighting uphill. Franklin escaping. Franklin cheating. Jarvis surviving. Both men refusing to stay down. The music crescendos. Then—

A clip of Jarvis finally winning. The championship raised high. The crowd exploding.

Narrator: "Jarvis King defeated Franklin Fredrickson..."

The image freezes on Jarvis holding the title.

Narrator: "And everything changed."

More images flash. Championships, main events, Hall of Fame ceremonies. World title victories. Historic moments. The rise of Jarvis King.

Narrator: "The victory launched a career."

A clip of Jarvis standing atop a ladder holding championship gold. Another of him celebrating in front of thousands. Another entering the Hall of Fame.

Narrator: "A legacy."

The music slows as the screen darkens. Then another image appears. Franklin Fredrickson, years later. Older, heavier, still smiling, still talking, still somehow standing.

Narrator: "But while Jarvis King became a legend..."

Footage of Franklin from across the years. Championships. Chaos, comedy, violence. Even stranger moments.

Narrator: "Franklin Fredrickson refused to disappear."

A quick montage. Franklin as Paramount Champion. Franklin having his throat slit by Lilliana Primrose in a Bloodbath Match for that very Paramount Championship. Franklin fighting back to live as a cyborg beast in the Amoralist Army. Franklin disappearing once again when CWF was launched back into the present time. Franklin returning to professional wrestling, joining the Sheriff's HVW to get us to where we are today.

The crowd chuckles as the package leans into the absurdity.

Narrator: "Death couldn't stop him."

Clip.

Narrator: "A cyborg body couldn't stop him."

Clip.

Narrator: "Common sense certainly couldn't stop him."

The crowd laughs as the music shifts. Everything becomes more serious. Current footage begins playing. HVW footage. Jarvis arriving earlier tonight. Franklin stealing the bag. Jarvis chasing him, Franklin hiding. Jarvis growing

increasingly frustrated.

The crowd laughs again.

Narrator: "Fifteen years later..."

Clip.

Narrator: "Some things have changed."

Jarvis in street clothes. Franklin eating popcorn with the stolen bag.

Narrator: "Some things haven't."

A split screen appears: the Internet Icon on one side. The Facetious One on the other. The music begins building again.

Narrator: "One became a Hall of Famer."

Jarvis.

Narrator: "One became..."

The screen cuts to Franklin grinning.

Narrator: "Franklin."

The crowd laughs as the music explodes. Fast cuts to Suplexes, spinebusters, and championship moments. Hall of Fame images, career highlights. HVW footage. Everything colliding together.

Narrator: "Two veterans."

Jarvis.

Narrator: "Two survivors."

Franklin.

Narrator: "One rivalry. One more chapter."

A simple graphic fills the screen.

JARVIS KING

VS.

FRANKLIN FREDRICKSON

DESTINY'S DIVIDE

The music reaches its final crescendo.

Narrator: "Legends never stop chasing greatness."

A pause.

Narrator: "And Franklin Fredrickson never stops being a pain in the ass."

The screen cuts instantly to black as the Genesis Dome erupts in laughter and applause. A second later—

"HELLO TIMEBOMB" hits the speakers. And Jarvis King makes his entrance for the match.

Singles Match- Jarvis King vs. "Facetious" Franklin Fredrickson

Match

The Genesis Dome is buzzing now, but in a different way. The novelty of HVW's first-ever pay-per-view has settled into something heavier—something with history behind it. And now, two men who carry a shared past step toward the center of it.

The lights dim slightly as "Hello Timebomb" by Matthew Good Band hits the speakers. The reaction is immediate. The crowd rises as Jarvis King, the Internet Icon, CWF Hall of Famer, multiple-time champion, steps through the curtain. Bare towel over his shoulder, that familiar wry smirk cutting through the arena haze. He pauses at the stage for just a moment longer than usual—soaking it in like he's measuring time itself.

Michelle Rylan: "There he is... Jarvis King. One of the most decorated names in CWF history, and a man who helped define an entire era of wrestling online."

The Bandit: "And tonight he's in HVW... in a gym in Texas... facing a guy who literally used to be dead."

Jarvis doesn't react to the commentary. He just walks with absolutely no rush. Then he pauses as his music comes to a stop..And suddenly "Lark On My Go Kart" by Asher Roth smacks over the speaker system like Frankie spanked your mom's bum last night. The crowd laughs before he even appears. "Facetious" Franklin Fredrickson waddles out holding a foam microphone like it's a sacred artifact.

Franklin Fredrickson: "SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS! YOU'RE WELCOME FOR MY RESURRECTION!"

Huge pop of laughter from the crowd. Frankie points at his own chest as he speaks proudly.

Franklin Fredrickson: "I was a corpse in a dystopian future like... last Tuesday emotionally, and now I'm here LIVE!"

He starts jogging, slowly, after Jarvis.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Wait for me. I don't think you can start this match without me!"

Jarvis is already halfway down the ramp as Franklin stops and shrugs.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Typical Canadian emotional repression!"

The crowd roars.

DING DING DING!

The bell rings, and something unexpected happens immediately:

They don't rush, they circle. The history between them sits in the air like a ghost neither man acknowledges out loud—but both understand perfectly.

Lock-up and Jarvis takes wrist control. Franklin responds with raw strength, muscling him into a shove-off that sends Jarvis into the ropes clean, respectful. A reset as the crowd gives them a round of applause.

Michelle Rylan: "This feels less like a fight... and more like a conversation."

The Bandit: "A very sweaty conversation between two men who've tried to kill each other professionally."

They lock horns again, and Jarvis transitions instantly into an arm drag. Franklin pops up trying to transition out of it, but falls victim to yet another arm drag. Franklin stands again, nodding like he's reviewing feedback.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Okay. Okay. Good technique. A little smug though."

Jarvis smirks, looking back at his longtime rival, then Franklin suddenly explodes with a heavy shoulder tackle nearly levels Jarvis out of his boots.

Franklin Fredrickson: "That one was sponsored by unresolved trauma!"

Jarvis rolls to his feet, the tempo rising as the Internet Icon hits a huge European Uppercut. Franklin answers with

short-arm clothesline that shakes the ring. Jarvis rebounds; spinning backfist attempt. But Franklin catches him.

Sidewalk Slam!

ONE!

TWO—kickout.

Franklin doesn't argue. He just leans down to speak right into the ear of King.

Franklin Fredrickson: "You used to kick out faster. You're getting sentimental in your old age."

Jarvis shoves him away and rises. A sudden shift as Jarvis fires a sharp knee to the gut, snap suplex, bridge.

ONE!

TWO!

Franklin powers out with raw strength, launching Jarvis off him like a malfunctioning cannon. The crowd rises as the Internet Icon lands hard on the canvas.

Michelle Rylan: "Franklin Fredrickson is 355 pounds of unpredictable violence when he gets going."

The Bandit: "And 300 of those pounds are jokes."

Franklin starts to cook. Corner splash crushes Jarvis. Another. A big running body avalanche follows. Jarvis stumbles out, Franklin grabs him.

TEN FINGERS OF DOOM!

Massive double-handed chop echoes through the gym. The crowd recoils.

Franklin Fredrickson: "That one's for everyone who said I couldn't act!"

Jarvis drops to a knee, down but not out. He grabs the Facetious One's arm and suddenly—

BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX FROM JARVIS KING!

The crowd ERUPTS!

Franklin crashes but rolls through to his feet in disbelief.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Okay THAT was impressive. I'll add it to the review notes."

Jarvis is already moving. German suplex. Another as he struggles to get the big man over but is finally able to successfully do so. Delayed vertical suplex holds Franklin for a full five seconds before dropping him, the noise echoing around the Genesis Dome as the big man lands.

Michelle Rylan: "Jarvis King is dragging Franklin Fredrickson into deep water!"

The Bandit: "And Franklin is arguing with the water!"

Jarvis goes for Royal Mutilation, but Franklin claws his way to the ropes, finally getting a rope break. Jarvis nods, a rare moment of restraint. Franklin stumbles back up, and laughs.

Franklin Fredrickson: "You know what I like about you? You hit like you're still trying to prove something."

Jarvis responds immediately. Spinning backfist—

No, Franklin ducks!

Michelle Rylan: "RUNNING BODY AVALANCHE!"

The Bandit: "Jarvis is crushed in the corner!"

Franklin steps back, breathing heavy.

Franklin Fredrickson: "And you know what I like about me? I'm still standing after it."

He climbs, slow and heavy to the top rope. The crowd rises with him in awe.

Michelle Rylan: "No way... Franklin's going up top..."

The Bandit: "This is a structural safety issue."

Franklin steadies himself.

Hard Times—Banzai Drop attempt—

BUT JARVIS MOVES!

Franklin crashes hard into nothing but mat. The ring shakes, the gym gasps and Jarvis crawls. Franklin slowly sits up, stunned.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Okay... that one's on me."

Jarvis sees it. Opportunity. He pulls Franklin up—

Straightjacket Suplex! No- Franklin attempts to free his hands from the grasp of the Internet Icon, but Jarvis locks it in.

STRAIGHTJACKET SUPLEX! BRIDGE!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Shirley Powers: "Here is your winner... **JARVIS KING!**"

The crowd erupts. Not because Franklin lost, but because they saw something bigger than that. They saw a fight worth remembering.

Jarvis stands, catching his breath. Franklin slowly rolls to his knees, rubbing the back of his neck. For a moment, neither man speaks. Then Jarvis offers a hand. Franklin looks at it, smirks, and takes it. The crowd applauds as Jarvis pulls him up. A nod between them. Respect. Not nostalgia; a sense of true understanding between two in-ring veterans.

Franklin Fredrickson: "You still hit like you're mad at physics."

Jarvis King: "You still talk too much."

Franklin Fredrickson: "Yeah. But I'm consistent."

They share a brief half-smile. Franklin raises Jarvis' arm for the crowd, Jarvis lets it happen. Then they separate with no animosity, no tension, just two men who've been through too much history to pretend it never mattered. As Jarvis exits up the ramp, Franklin watches him go. Then he turns back to the crowd.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Okay... so... I lost."

He pauses.

Franklin Fredrickson: "But I didn't die. So honestly, that's a personal best."

The crowd laughs and applauds as Franklin rolls out of the ring, still talking to himself about "adjustments" and "strategic failure rates." The camera lingers on the ring as Destiny's Divide continues forward.

Walking Into Destiny

Segment

The cameras cut backstage inside the Genesis Dome as the energy of Destiny's Divide continues to build. Production assistants hustle through the hallways, wrestlers prepare for their matches, and the distant roar of nearly twenty thousand fans can be heard filtering through the concrete walls of the arena.

The scene settles on Leo Lions as he steps into frame.

The second-generation wrestler is already dressed to compete. His hooded vest hangs open over his ring gear. He looks calm and focused. When most would be nervous coming into a big night like tonight, Leo looks ready. Leo offers the camera a polite nod before turning his full attention toward it like he's staring directly at the person watching from the other side. For a brief moment his attention is diverted towards the hallway in the direction of the arena. The noise from the crowd grows louder. When he finally speaks, there's genuine emotion behind it.

Leo Lions: "Ever since I've walked in here, I've heard the chatter. Do I think I'm good enough for Heroes & Villains Wrestling? How does it feel to be here? Honestly?"

He smiles.

Leo Lions: "I feel grateful."

Leo continues.

Leo Lions: "I've been around wrestling my entire life."

He folds his arms.

Leo Lions: "I've helped set up rings. I've torn down rings. I've carried equipment. I've sat in empty buildings wondering if I'd ever get a chance like this."

He nods.

Leo Lions: "And tonight... I'm standing in the Genesis Dome at the first pay-per-view in HVW history, with a chance to become a champion."

The crowd can be heard cheering faintly from the arena. Leo smiles at the sound.

Leo Lions: "Not everybody gets moments like that. But do you think that adds any pressure for me to go out there and perform tonight?"

Leo thinks for a second before shaking his head.

Leo Lions: "No. It adds perspective."

He taps his chest.

Leo Lions: "My dad spent years in this business. My family sacrificed a lot so I could chase this dream."

His expression softens.

Leo Lions: "Tonight isn't just about me. It's about every mile driven. Every ring built. Every match wrestled in front of twenty people."

He shrugs.

Leo Lions: "It's about proving all of that meant something."

The crowd reaction grows louder again through the arena walls. Leo lets the moment breathe before continuing.

Leo Lions: "When the match is over. I'll shake my opponent's hand if they'll let me. I'll thank the fans. And I'll walk out of

this building as a champion. Simple as that."

Michelle Rylan: "A confident statement. No arrogance whatsoever in the words of Leo Lions."

The Bandit: "The confidence of someone who believes he belongs. Ya gotta love it."

Leo smiles to the camera.

Leo Lions: "But simple doesn't always mean easy."

The crowd pops from inside the arena. Leo adjusts the hood of his vest.

Leo Lions: "Here's the thing though, I didn't come to Destiny's Divide or Heroes & Villains Wrestling hoping."

He nods once.

Leo Lions: "I came here believing. And tonight I believe I can become Heroes & Villains Wrestling's first Darkheart Champion."

Leo gives a final respectful nod toward the camera.

Leo Lions: "Thank you."

With that, he turns and begins walking down the hallway toward the entrance area, toward the biggest match of his HVW career. The camera follows him for a few moments before Leo disappears around the corner, heading toward destiny.

The Future Takes Shape

Segment

The cameras return from commercial to a wide shot of the Genesis Dome. The atmosphere has changed as Destiny's Divide and the mega HVW draft has progressed. The show is deeper now, the surprises have grown larger, the stakes have become clearer. Several matches have already reshaped the future of Heroes & Villains Wrestling. Lunar Lunacy has scored a huge victory. Silas and Ezekiel Graves have been dragged from the building in handcuffs. Jarvis King has proven he still belongs.

And yet...

The draft continues.

The camera settles on the stage where The Sheriff and The Hacker once again stand behind their respective podiums. The crowd immediately begins cheering.

"SHER-IFF!"

"SHER-IFF!"

"SHER-IFF!"

The Hacker simply folds his hands together, waiting and watching through his lit up mask. The Sheriff looks out across the Genesis Dome and raises his microphone with a smirk.

Sheriff: "Alright. We're halfway through Destiny's Divide."

The crowd applauds.

Sheriff: "And for the first time tonight..."

He gestures toward the arena.

Sheriff: "Folks can actually start seeing what these two shows are gonna look like."

The crowd reacts.

Sheriff: "Saturday Night ain't gonna be built around trends. It ain't gonna be built around glitches."

More cheers.

Sheriff: "And it sure as hell ain't gonna be built around whatever weird nonsense this jackass over here keeps cooking up."

Massive laughter. The Hacker smirks.

Sheriff: "It's gonna be built around stars. And with my next pick..."

He nods confidently.

Sheriff: "I'm taking somebody I believe could very easily become the inaugural Darkheart Champion later tonight."

The crowd immediately starts buzzing.

Sheriff: "Vera Vega."

BOOOOOOM.

"Eternally Yours" by Motionless In White blasts throughout the Genesis Dome. The reaction is enormous. A mixture of cheers, screams, and excitement. The curtain parts and Vera Vega emerges. Confident, stylish and completely comfortable under the spotlight. She smiles as the crowd rises to their feet.

Michelle Rylan: "That is a huge pick."

The Bandit: "That's championship material right there."

Vera approaches the stage and The Sheriff immediately hands her the contract. She glances down at it, then toward the crowd with clear emotion running through her.

Vera Vega: "Saturday Night?"

She smiles.

Vera Vega: "I think I can work with that. And if things go my way later tonight..."

She raises the contract.

Vera Vega: "You'll be looking at your first Darkheart Champion."

The crowd cheers as Vera flashes one final smile before exiting through the curtain. The Sheriff looks pleased with himself. Across the stage, The Hacker starts laughing. Not loudly, just enough. The Sheriff sighs.

Sheriff: "What?"

The Hacker shakes his head.

Hacker: "Nice try."

The crowd buzzes.

Hacker: "I see what you're doing."

The Sheriff rolls his eyes.

Hacker: "Earlier tonight I already told you."

He points at himself.

Hacker: "The Darkheart Championship belongs to Evolution."

Mixed reaction.

Hacker: "Whoever wins it is wrestling for me."

Boos.

Hacker: "But here's the funny part..."

He taps his podium.

Hacker: "If I really was The Sheriff..."

Pause.

Hacker: "I would've taken my lead from earlier and took Vera Vega and her so called "social media friend" as a team instead. You missed an opportunity."

He points toward the stage as the Sheriff narrows his eyes.

Hacker: "Evolution won't."

The crowd starts stirring.

Hacker: "Leo Lions."

Huge pop as "Waking Lions" by Pop Evil hits. The Genesis Dome erupts as Leo Lions steps through the curtain. The young star looks genuinely surprised. He pauses for a moment, taking it in, then begins walking toward the stage.

Michelle Rylan: "Leo Lions continues to rise."

The Bandit: "And now he's heading to Evolution."

Leo reaches the podium. The Hacker extends the contract. Leo looks at him before taking a glance at the contract. Not entirely sure what to think. Finally...

He accepts it. The crowd applauds as Leo slowly raises the contract overhead. The young star nods respectfully then heads backstage. The Sheriff watches him go before turning back toward The Hacker.

Sheriff: "That's interesting."

The crowd chuckles.

Sheriff: "But you're still not The Sheriff. "So I don't reckon I'll be taking advice from you anytime soon."

Cheers and laughter from the crowd as hee flips through another page.

Sheriff: "With my next pick...I'm drafting somebody who just proved exactly why the phrase 'you still got it' became a thing."

Huge reaction in anticipation.

Sheriff: "A Hall of Famer."

Cheers.

Sheriff: "An internet icon."

Louder cheers.

Sheriff: "And one stubborn son of a gun."

The crowd already knows.

Sheriff: "Jarvis King."

The roof nearly comes off as "Hello Timebomb" by Matthew Good Band hits. The Genesis Dome damn near implodes on itself as Jarvis King emerges through the curtain. Still sweaty, still exhausted, still limping slightly from his match with Franklin Fredrickson. The crowd gives him a tremendous ovation as Jarvis reaches the stage.

The Sheriff offers the contract and Jarvis looks at it, then back at the Sheriff. A small sneer, then a grin forms on the face of the Internet Icon. He snatches it from the Sheriff's hand. A huge laugh comes from the crowd, and The Sheriff just smirks. Jarvis raises the contract, bringing his fans right to their feet. Then the veteran disappears backstage. The Hacker slowly shakes his head.

Hacker: "Are you building a wrestling company..."

He pauses.

Hacker: "...or a retirement home?"

The Genesis Dome explodes with laughter. Even Michelle struggles not to laugh. The Sheriff's expression immediately darkens.

Hacker: "Because from where I'm standing..."

He points toward the stage.

Hacker: "I think I'll take somebody a little more current."

The lights dim as the crowd buzzes.

Hacker: "Allow me to introduce Evolution to its newest acquisition."

The moment hangs in the air.

Hacker: "Marcus Steele."

BOOOOOOM.

"The Devil In I" by Slipknot erupts through the speakers. The crowd instantly boos. A loud reaction.

Out walks Marcus Steele.

Burberry scarf draped around his neck. Custom black singlet with gold lettering. Expensive boots. An ego visible from fifty yards away. The self-proclaimed Belt Collector slowly steps onto the stage, looking around like he already owns the place.

Michelle Rylan: "Oh my, we don't know much about the arrival of Marcus Steele but he certainly looks like he'll be a force for the Hacker's Evolution show."

The Bandit: "That man looks like he sneezes and dollar bills fall out."

Marcus approaches The Hacker, the contract is already extended. Marcus barely acknowledges it. Instead he grabs a microphone first, the crowd boos loudly as he raises it to his face.

Marcus Steele: "Let's get one thing straight."

More boos.

Marcus Steele: "You people should be thanking The Hacker for creating this Evolution show."

A mixture of cheers overrides the boos for that particular statement of truth.

Marcus Steele: "Because now you get to watch the greatest wrestler in the world every Tuesday night."

Nuclear heat.

Marcus Steele: "And you're welcome."

He casually takes the contract before handing the microphone back and walks away, like the entire building exists solely for his amusement. The Hacker nods approvingly. The Sheriff looks disgusted.

Sheriff: "Well..."

He flips another page.

Sheriff: "Let's fix that."

The crowd cheers.

Sheriff: "With my final pick of Round Three..."

Pause.

Sheriff: "Eric Paisano."

Massive boos as out walks Eric Paisano, Candy at his side. Both looking incredibly pleased with themselves. Paisano smirks as the crowd showers him with hatred. He reaches the podium. The Sheriff hands him the contract and Paisano takes it without a word. He raises it to even more boos, remaining standing on stage. Not leaving. The Sheriff notices. The crowd notices. Then...

The Hacker smiles.

Hacker: "Good."

The crowd buzzes.

Hacker: "Stay right there."

Paisano slowly turns as The Hacker raises his microphone.

Hacker: "Because my final selection of Round Three..."

Pause.

Hacker: "...is somebody you're about to become very familiar with. My third and final pick of this round...Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca."

The crowd erupts as "Cash King" hits. Out steps The Velvet Don.

Velvet scarf, ring gear already on. Ready for war. Lorenzo walks straight onto the stage, never taking his eyes off Paisano. Paisano doesn't blink. Neither does Lorenzo.

The tension is immediate. The crowd comes alive.

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

Lorenzo reaches the podium and The Hacker hands him the contract. He accepts it, never breaking eye contact with Eric. Paisano steps forward, and Lorenzo steps forward to meet him. Nose to nose as the fans get on their feet.

Michelle Rylan: "Business is about to pick up!"

The Bandit: "These two are gonna kill each other!"

The Sheriff suddenly slams his hands onto the podium.

Sheriff: "Well don't stand around lookin' pretty!"

Huge pop.

Sheriff: "Get your asses to the ring!"

The crowd erupts as Paisano immediately starts toward the ramp. Lorenzo follows, still jawing at one another. Still ready to throw hands. As officials rush into position, the camera catches The Sheriff and The Hacker staring at each other across the stage.

Another round complete. Another line drawn. And the future of Heroes & Villains Wrestling continues to take shape.

Michelle Rylan: "Round Three is in the books!"

The Bandit: "And somehow this draft keeps getting crazier!"

The camera follows Paisano and Lorenzo toward the ring as the crowd roars for the next match. Fade to ringside.

The Arrival of Justice Cross

Segment

The cameras return from commercial and the Genesis Dome is buzzing. All night long, short teaser packages have aired between matches and draft rounds.

A silhouette. A countdown. No name, no explanation. Just one simple message.

COMING TONIGHT.

Michelle Rylan sits forward at the announce desk.

Michelle Rylan: "We've been seeing those mystery vignettes for weeks now."

The Bandit: "I have changed my prediction six times."

Michelle Rylan: "Nobody knows who it is."

Suddenly—

The lights go out.

A murmur sweeps through the building. Then the opening guitar riff of "Fighter" hits the speakers. The reaction grows louder as a single spotlight lands on the entranceway. And through the curtain steps a woman with a confident grin already spread across her face.

JUSTICE CROSS.

The crowd explodes into a mixture of cheers, surprise, and curious reactions.

Michelle Rylan: "OH MY GOD!"

The Bandit: "NO WAY!"

Michelle Rylan: "Justice Cross is in Heroes & Villains Wrestling!"

Justice stands at the top of the stage for a moment, taking in the reaction. Not soaking it in, measuring it. Then she starts moving, dancing lightly to the music. Pointing toward fans, smiling, rolling her shoulders to the rhythm, looking completely comfortable. Completely confident. The crowd grows louder with every step. She slaps hands on both sides of the aisle before reaching ringside.

One smooth motion later and she's standing inside the ring as the music fades. Justice takes a microphone. The arena remains loud. She waits for the crowd to die down a little bit, not impatiently, not arrogantly. Just calmly. Eventually the noise settles and Justice nods once respectfully.

Justice Cross: "Well..."

A small smile.

Justice Cross: "That's one way to say hello."

More massive cheers as Justice slowly paces the ring.

Justice Cross: "For those of you who know who I am..."

She shrugs.

Justice Cross: "Good."

A few laughs.

Justice Cross: "And for those of you who don't?"

She raises the microphone again.

Justice Cross: "My name is Justice Cross."

A strong reaction follows.

Justice Cross: "I've spent most of my life in professional wrestling."

She points toward the canvas.

Justice Cross: "I grew up in it. I bled for it. I walked away from it."

She points to her heart.

Justice Cross: "And then I realized something."

She stops pacing, her expression sharpens.

Justice Cross: "This is the only place I've ever truly belonged."

The crowd applauds as Justice nods once.

Justice Cross: "So now I'm here."

She turns slowly, looking around the arena.

Justice Cross: "And before anybody gets any ideas..."

A faint smirk appears.

Justice Cross: "I'm not here to join a side."

The crowd quiets slightly.

Justice Cross: "I'm not a hero."

She looks toward one side of the arena.

Justice Cross: "I'm not a villain."

Then toward the other.

Justice Cross: "And I don't particularly care which side of the locker room thinks they're running this company."

The reaction grows.

Justice Cross: "I didn't come here looking for friends. And I definitely didn't come here looking for enemies."

She smiles.

Justice Cross: "Those things tend to find me on their own."

A few cheers as Justice leans casually against the ropes.

Justice Cross: "What I came here for is much simpler. I came here to prove that after everything..."

A pause as she taps her chest.

Justice Cross: "I'm still the best wrestler in the building."

That gets a louder reaction. Some cheers, some boos. Exactly the response she expected.

Justice Cross: "Not one of."

She shakes her head.

Justice Cross: "The best."

The crowd buzzes.

Justice Cross: "And if that bothers you?"

She shrugs.

Justice Cross: "Good."

A small grin.

Justice Cross: "Competition should bother you."

Justice begins slowly circling the ring again.

Justice Cross: "So here's your warning."

Her tone becomes colder, sharper. More serious.

Justice Cross: "Every woman in this company. Every man in this company. Every champion, every future champion."

She points to the camera.

A pause.

Justice Cross: "Every person sitting backstage right now thinking they know exactly where they stand in HVW..."

She shakes her head.

Justice Cross: "You don't."

Silence.

Justice Cross: "Because now I'm here."

The crowd erupts as Justice takes a breath, then exhales slowly. The expression on her face never changes, never wavers.

Justice Cross: "And whether you cheer me. Whether you boo me."

She gestures to both sides.

Justice Cross: "Or whether you decide you can't stand me."

She smirks.

Justice Cross: "Makes absolutely no difference. Just don't get in my way."

The crowd roars as Justice looks around the arena one final time.

Justice Cross: "See you soon."

THUD.

The microphone hits the mat. No flourish, no pose, no celebration. Justice simply steps through the ropes and drops to the floor. The crowd remains loud as she calmly begins walking up the ramp. Neither smiling nor frowning, just focused. A few fans cheer, others boo. Many simply stare, trying to figure her out. Justice doesn't acknowledge any of it. Halfway up the ramp she pauses for a brief moment and looks back toward the ring before turning to continue toward the backstage area entirely on her own terms.

Michelle Rylan: "What an introduction."

The Bandit: "I don't know whether to cheer her, boo her, or stay out of her way."

Michelle Rylan: "I think that's exactly how Justice Cross wants it."

The camera follows her all the way to the curtain as she disappears backstage. The crowd still buzzing about the newest arrival to Heroes & Villains Wrestling as Destiny's Divide rolls on.

Velvet "Bull" Rope Match- Eric Paisano vs. Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca

Match

Michelle Rylan: "This rivalry has been simmering for weeks."

The Bandit: "And somehow we're about to settle it with a ten-foot velvet scarf."

Michelle Rylan: "Only in Heroes & Villains Wrestling."

The lights dim as a luxurious orchestral theme begins to build through the Genesis Dome speakers. The crowd immediately erupts into boos as Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca emerges onto the stage in a custom black suit with gold trim. His trademark velvet scarf drapes around his neck, trailing behind him like a royal banner. He pauses at the top of the ramp and smirks, then raises both arms as if the audience should be grateful he's here. The boos grow louder.

Michelle Rylan: "The Velvet Don doesn't seem concerned."

The Bandit: "The man looks like he owns the deed to the building."

Lorenzo slowly removes the suit jacket and hands it off to one of his associates before entering the ring.

A moment later an upbeat hip hop tune plays and Eric Paisano storms onto the stage with Candy beside him. Paisano wastes no time acknowledging the crowd. His eyes never leave Lorenzo. The two men stare holes through one another as Paisano enters the ring. The referee produces the weapon of choice; a lengthy velvet scarf. One end is secured around Lorenzo's wrist, the other around Eric's. The crowd buzzes in anticipation for the start of the Velvet Rope match.

Michelle Rylan: "There it is."

The Bandit: "That's the fanciest weapon I've ever seen."

The bell rings.

DING DING DING!

The two men immediately start pulling against the scarf, neither giving ground. Then Lorenzo yanks Eric forward.

CRACK!

A huge European Uppercut drives but his opponent backward, but Paisano fires back with a Roundhouse kick then an

uppercut of his own.

Forearm.

Uppercut.

Forearm.

The crowd erupts as both men begin trading bombs in the center of the ring.

YEAH!

BOO!

YEAH!

BOO!

Paisano finally gains momentum and whips Lorenzo using the scarf itself. Lorenzo bounces off the ropes, springing back as Paisano turns his body in preparation.

PELE KICK!

The Velvet Don crashes to the mat. Paisano quickly pulls him back up. Snap suplex brings him down hard on his neck!

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout.

Lorenzo immediately rolls outside. Unfortunately, the scarf won't let him escape. Paisano follows, the fight spills around ringside. Paisano slams Lorenzo face-first into the barricade. The crowd cheers as Lorenzo stumbles. Paisano yanks him backward using the scarf.

CRASH!

Lorenzo goes shoulder-first into the ring post. The Velvet Don collapses to one knee.

The Bandit: "Business is not booming right now!"

Paisano pulls Lorenzo up but Lorenzo suddenly rakes the eyes.

BOOOOOOO!

Michelle Rylan: "Of course!"

The Bandit: "There's the shortcut."

Lorenzo takes control. He begins wrapping the scarf around Paisano's throat. The crowd boos loudly as Paisano struggles desperately. Lorenzo pulls tighter and tighter and tighter, until the referee finally forces a break. Lorenzo argues immediately. Naturally.

Lorenzo DeLuca: "Read the contract!"

The crowd boos harder. Back inside the ring, Lorenzo begins targeting the neck. Targeted European Uppercuts, corner stomps and a nasty running knee. Then—

Michelle Rylan: "LEDGER BREAKER!"

Snap DDT cracks Paisano on his dome. The Velvet Don wastes not a second to make the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The crowd rises as Paisano survives. Lorenzo looks disgusted. The Velvet Don rises and begins talking down to him.

Lorenzo DeLuca: "You're depreciating."

BOOOOOOO!

Paisano responds by punching him square in the jaw. Both men rise, trading shots again. Forearm. Uppercut. Forearm. Uppercut. Forearm. Uppercut.

Paisano suddenly explodes.

SLINGBLADE!

The crowd roars as Paisano pulls Lorenzo up.

Michelle Rylan: "Lifting inverted DDT!"

Bandit: "It could be lights out for the Don!"

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lorenzo kicks out and the match continues to escalate. Paisano lands The Dropzone. The running dropkick sends Lorenzo crashing into the turnbuckles. The crowd rises as Paisano climbs.

Killshot incoming—

NO!

Lorenzo jerks the scarf violently and Paisano loses balance.

CRASH!

He lands awkwardly across the ropes. Lorenzo immediately capitalizes.

VESUVIAN DROP!

Side slam.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

NO!

Paisano once again survives, bringing the fans to their feet giving him a mixed but mostly respectful response.

Michelle Rylan: "What a match!"

The Bandit: "These two absolutely hate each other, and it's all over a girl!"

Lorenzo begins losing his composure. He pulls Paisano up. Attempts The Final Audit—

NO!

Paisano escapes.

Brainbuster!

Both men are down flat on the canvas as the sold out crowd begins to chant.

"H-V-W!"

"H-V-W!"

"H-V-W!"

Slowly both men rise. Paisano swings but Lorenzo ducks. Lorenzo swings, and Paisano ducks. Both pull on the scarf at the same time—

WHAM!

The referee gets crushed between them. The official collapses instantly. The crowd gasps and a loud "OOOHH!" goes through the Genesis Dome.

Michelle Rylan: "Referee down!"

The Bandit: "Oh no!"

The match continues for several seconds before both competitors realize the referee is out. Paisano sees his opening. His expression changes as he turns toward ringside.

Eric Paisano: "CANDY!"

The crowd buzzes as Paisano points outside.

Eric Paisano: "Chair! Get me a chair!"

Candy freezes, the hesitation is noticeable. Paisano grows angrier by the second.

Eric Paisano: "NOW!"

The crowd watches as Candy slowly kneels and reaches beneath the ring. After a few seconds she pulls out a steel chair. Boos rain down from the Genesis Dome faithful as they watch her wield the chair, Lorenzo is still just recovering. Paisano smirks as Candy slides into the ring carrying the chair. Paisano extends his hand as he leans over to grab it.

Candy approaches, the chair inches away. Paisano grabs hold—

LOW BLOW!

Eric's eyes nearly leave his skull. He drops to both knees instantly, and the chair falls from his hands. The crowd absolutely loses their minds.

Michelle Rylan: "WHAT?!"

The Bandit: "CANDY JUST BETRAYED ERIC PAISANO!"

Paisano slowly turns. The look on his face isn't anger. It's disbelief. Candy simply stares back, cold. Lorenzo begins rising behind him. The crowd knows what's coming. Paisano slowly gets to his feet and turns.

THE VELVET CONTRACT!

Implant DDT spikes Paisano head-first into the mat. Candy rushes to the referee, shaking him and shouting. The referee slowly begins coming around. Lorenzo hauls Eric up.

FINAL AUDIT!

Sit-out powerbomb.

The referee finally sees it, crawling at a slow pace as Lorenzo hooks both legs.

OOONNNEE!

TTTWWOO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Shirley Powers: "And the winner...LORENZO VITTORIO DeLUCA!"

BOOOOOOO!

Michelle Rylan: "Lorenzo DeLuca steals it!"

The Bandit: "Forget Lorenzo! What just happened with Candy?!"

Lorenzo sits on the mat breathing heavily then slowly looks over toward Candy. Candy looks back. The crowd senses something. Paisano rolls onto his side clutching himself in agony, still trying to process what happened. Lorenzo rises as Candy steps closer. Paisano finally looks up, his eyes widen as The Velvet Don smirks. Then Candy grabs Lorenzo by the face and kisses him. The Genesis Dome erupts.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Paisano's expression becomes pure devastation.

Michelle Rylan: "Oh my God."

The Bandit: "Eric just lost the match and his girlfriend slash manager in the same minute!"

Lorenzo wraps an arm around Candy's waist. A distraught Paisano pounds the mat in frustration. The Velvet Don looks down at him.

Lorenzo DeLuca: "Bad investment."

BOOOOOOO!

Paisano tries to stand but security immediately begins moving toward ringside. Candy doesn't even look back. She simply takes Lorenzo's hand. The two begin walking toward the ramp together. The crowd rains down hatred as Lorenzo raises one arm triumphantly. Candy remains at his side. Behind them, Eric Paisano is left alone in the ring, writhing and humiliated. Absolutely betrayed.

Michelle Rylan: "Weeks of tension finally exploded tonight."

The Bandit: "And somehow Lorenzo DeLuca walked away with everything."

The camera focuses on Paisano clutching the bottom rope while Lorenzo and Candy disappear through the curtain together. A final image of heartbreak before Destiny's Divide rolls on.

Close Isn't Enough

Segment

The camera fades in backstage inside the crowded corridor of the arena, the noise of the live crowd muffled but constant, like a heartbeat through concrete walls. HVW correspondent Tara Robinson stands ready, microphone in hand, posture professional... but slightly tense.

Because standing beside her is Nick Micevski.

No pacing this time, no controlled breathing. Just perfect stillness with an expression that looks like it's barely holding itself together. His jaw is tight. His shoulders are stiff. The faint sweat on his brow hasn't come from preparation—it's come from frustration. Tara glances to camera, then carefully turns toward him.

Tara Robinson: "Nick... last week you came in here with big promises and delivered in your debut triple threat match. You came into HVW talking about opportunity, about making an impact, but tonight you weren't able to pick up the win in your preshow match against the Living Legend, Alex Cain. What's going through your mind right now?"

For a moment, Nick doesn't respond, he just stares at the floor for a moment before letting out a slow breath through his nose... and shakes his head.

Nick Micevski: "What's goin' through my mind?"

He repeats it like the question itself is insulting. Nick finally looks up at her, intensity in his eyes.

Nick Micevski: "You really wanna know?"

Tara hesitates, sensing the shift.

Tara Robinson: "I—yes. That's why I'm asking."

Nick steps half a pace closer. Not aggressive yet... but heavy. Like the air around him just got denser.

Nick Micevski: "I'm thinkin' about how I've done this for almost twenty years."

He taps his chest once.

Nick Micevski: "I'm thinkin' about every gym. Every town. Every busted ring canvas that smelled like sweat and bad decisions."

His voice rises slightly.

Nick Micevski: "And I'm thinkin' about how I come into a brand new company... HVW... and I still end up right back in the same place I always end up."

A bitter laugh escapes him.

Nick Micevski: "Close."

He leans in toward the microphone now.

Nick Micevski: "Always close."

Tara tries to interject softly.

Tara Robinson: "Nick, it's only one match..."

That's all it takes. Nick snaps his head toward her with an almost threatening look in his eyes.

Nick Micevski: "ONE match?"

His voice echoes slightly down the hallway.

Nick Micevski: "You think that was just ONE match to me?"

He points down the corridor toward the arena.

Nick Micevski: "That was supposed to be the start. That was supposed to be me putting everybody in this place on notice."

He exhales sharply through his nose, shaking his head again.

Nick Micevski: "Instead I'm standin' here... listenin' to people try and sugarcoat failure. You wanna know what's goin' through my mind?"

He steps even closer now, voice low and sharp.

Nick Micevski: "It's that I'm tired of hearin' my own name come with excuses attached."

Nick's eyes flick away for a moment... then back.

Nick Micevski: "I don't need sympathy. I don't need 'almosts.' I don't need questions like that."

His tone cracks just slightly, not weakness, but pressure.

Nick Micevski: "I need results."

Tara opens her mouth to respond, but before she can speak Nick interrupts.

"WITH A SMILE!"

The arena's sound system suddenly bleeds into the backstage area as Nick's theme hits somewhere far off in the building. The timing makes him freeze for half a second. Then something in his expression shifts. Not calm. Not relief. Worse. Disgust.

Nick Micevski: "Yeah..."

He scoffs under his breath.

Nick Micevski: "Real funny."

He looks back at Tara, eyes colder now.

Nick Micevski: "You got your soundbite?"

Tara Robinson: "Nick, I was just trying to—"

Nick doesn't let her finish. He turns away sharply, already done with the conversation.

Nick Micevski: "Save it."

He starts walking off down the corridor, rolling his shoulders as he goes, jaw still clenched tight.

Nick Micevski: "Next time you interview me... make sure I've got somethin' worth talkin' about."

He disappears around the corner. The music still faintly echoes through the building. Tara Robinson stands frozen for a moment, microphone still raised... before slowly lowering it, visibly unsure how to recover.

Tara Robinson: "...I... don't think I've ever seen him like that."

The camera lingers on her silence for a moment before fading out.

HVW Darkheart Championship Gauntlet Match- Andrew Garrison, Jason Cashe, Justice Cross, Leo Lions, Marilyn Matthews, Vera Vega, Yuna Obsidian

Match

Michelle Rylan: "It all comes down to this."

The Bandit: "The first-ever Darkheart Champion is about to be crowned."

Michelle Rylan: "Seven competitors. One championship. Survive the gauntlet."

Shirley Powers stands in the center of the ring holding the brand new Darkheart Championship high above her head.

Shirley Powers: "The following contest is the Darkheart Championship Gauntlet Match! Two competitors will begin. The

winner of each fall remains in the match until only one competitor remains. The final survivor will become the inaugural... HEROES & VILLAINS WRESTLING DARKHEART CHAMPION!"

The championship is carried to ringside as the lights dim. "Eternally Yours" by Motionless In White fills the Genesis Dome. The crowd erupts as Vera Vega steps onto the stage, soaking in the ovation before making her way to the ring.

Michelle Rylan: "Nearly twenty years of experience."

The Bandit: "She has waited a long time for another opportunity like this."

The music fades, dark purple lighting washes over the arena. Yuna Obsidian slowly emerges from the curtain. No emotion, no wasted movement. Only cold focus. She steps into the ring without taking her eyes off Vera. The referee calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

The two circle before Yuna moves in for a sharp backhand slap. This stuns Vega more than hurts her, but leaves her prone to a painful running knee. A basement dropkick follows, driving her right into the corner. Vera struggles to her feet as Yuna stalks toward her. Knife-edge chop. Another. Yuna attempts a running Meteora—

Bandit: "Nobody home. Vera sidesteps!"

Dropkick. Springboard dropkick. The momentum shifts immediately as the veteran quickens the pace. Hurracanrana sends Yuna flying. The crowd cheers as Vera follows with a spinning headscissors before climbing the ropes. Yuna stumbles up.

Girls Can Fly!

Crossbody from the top!

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Yuna kicks out at two, keeping her in the Gauntlet. She fires back with a spinning back elbow followed by a running knee.

Obsidian Bloom—

Countered!

Vera spins out, following over Obsidian while hooking her head.

Michelle Rylan: "VERA PAINFUL!"

The Bandit: " And that Tornado DDT certainly looked painful!"

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Shirley Powers: "Yuna Obsidian has been eliminated!"

Michelle Rylan: "A veteran performance from Vera Vega!"

The Bandit: "One down..."

"Waking Lions" suddenly blasts through the speakers. The crowd rises as Leo Lions appears on the stage. He smiles toward the audience before looking at Vera inside the ring. The two friends meet in the center. They pause for a moment before shaking hands. The crowd applauds loudly.

DING DING DING!

The two immediately begin wrestling clean.

Arm drag by Leo. Vera answers with one of her own. Headlock takeover. Headscissors escape. Quick standoff and the crowd applauds again.

Leo lands a beautiful belly-to-belly suplex. Snap suplex. Near fall.

Vera answers with a springboard dropkick. Leo responds with a German suplex. Vera rolls through.

Hurricanrana-

But Leo bridges out.

Northern Lights Suplex!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

The pace continues increasing, neither competitor willing to bend the rules. Leo attempts Lion's Den—

Vera slips free. Sunset flip, but Leo rolls through. Both stand simultaneously just as the packed crowd inside the Genesis Dome do the same.

Dropkick by Vera. Lion Pounce—

Misses!

Vera ducks and floats over into a Schoolgirl!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Shirley Powers: "Leo Lions has been eliminated!"

The crowd gasps.

Michelle Rylan: "She caught him!"

The Bandit: "A veteran's awareness!"

Leo sits up in disbelief...then smiles. He nods toward Vera. The two shake hands once more before Leo exits to a standing ovation.

"Fighter" immediately hits. Justice Cross dances onto the stage. The crowd comes alive. She slaps hands on her way down before stepping into the ring. She notices Vera breathing heavily after two straight victories. Justice nods, eyes narrowing.

DING DING DING!

Justice wastes no time as soon as the match begins. Missile dropkick right into a Step-up enzuigiri. Shining Wizard nearly knocks out Vega on the spot.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Vera barely survives, the crowd beginning to chant her name. Justice stays aggressive, staying on the offense with a Tilt-a-whirl backbreaker. She looks down at the rising Vega, smiling before leaping up onto the ropes and nailing her with a Springboard bulldog. The veteran struggles to recover.

The Bandit: "Two matches are catching up with her."

Justice smiles and exhales, signaling for Lights Out.

Vera stumbles up.

RKO—

NO!

Vera shoves her away.

Springboard dropkick!

Both women crash to the mat. The crowd rallies behind Vera. She climbs.

Girls Can Fly—

Justice gets the knees up just in time and Vera crashes hard. Justice immediately hooks her.

LIGHTS OUT!

RKO out of nowhere!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Shirley Powers: "Vera Vega has been eliminated!"

The crowd gives Vera a huge ovation as she slowly rises. Justice surprisingly helps her to her feet. The two share a respectful nod before Vera exits.

"Ready or Not" begins playing. Jason Cashe storms onto the stage. The crowd gives the veteran a strong ovation. He cracks his neck and points toward Justice before sliding into the ring.

DING DING DING!

Cashe immediately starts throwing hands. Left. Right. Left. Right. Stiff Headbutt!

Justice answers with forearms. Cashe catches an incoming kick, no-Enzuigiri!

Cashe rebounds with a snapping exploder suplex. Justice fires back with a springboard bulldog.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

The pace becomes physical as Justice locks in Spider's Web. Cashe bites her hand, bringing a few whistles and cheers from the San Antonio crowd. The referee reprimands him, the crowd laughs. Cashe follows with a cannonball senton in the corner.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Justice refuses to stay down. She lands a sunset flip.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Shining Wizard. And another as Cashe just won't stay down!

Justice exhales and signals again for Lights Out. She charges in looking for the killshot, but Cashe ducks.

MARK OF JASON!

Roaring elbow!

Justice spins and falls right into Cashe's grasp.

SCRAP ACTION DRIVER!

Northern Lights Bomb!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Shirley Powers: "Justice Cross has been eliminated!"

Michelle Rylan: "Jason Cashe just changed the complexion of this gauntlet."

The Bandit: "He's dangerous when he gets rolling."

The crowd buzzes as "The Curse" by Killswitch Engage hits. Andrew Garrison walks onto the stage to a mixed reaction. The Carolina Cowboy confidently marches toward the ring, eyes locked on Cashe. He steps through the ropes. Neither man backs down as the referee calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

The crowd immediately senses the importance. They trade forearms.

Cashe. Garrison. Cashe. Garrison.

Neither man gives an inch. Andrew lands a belly-to-belly suplex. Cashe answers with a Tiger Suplex.

Two count.

Andrew pops up with a superkick. Another near fall. The Carolina Cowboy lifts Cashe. Brainbuster!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Cashe barely escapes. The crowd rises as Andrew signals for Fatality. But Cashe slips free.

UTI!

Jumping neckbreaker!

Both men are down.

"H-V-W!"

"H-V-W!"

"H-V-W!"

Cashe rises first.

MARK OF JASON!

Andrew staggers and Cashe hooks him.

SCRAP ACTION DRIVER—

No!

Andrew escapes.

V-Trigger!

Cashe stumbles into the ropes, right back forward as Andrew hoists him into the air.

Homicide Backdrop—

Countered!

Cashe lands behind him. Roaring elbow to the back of the head! Andrew turns.

SCRAP ACTION DRIVER!

Northern Lights Bomb spikes him into the canvas. Cashe hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Shirley Powers: "Andrew Garrison has been eliminated!"

Jason Cashe collapses to one knee, exhausted after surviving both Justice Cross and Andrew Garrison. He wipes sweat from his face as the referee checks on him.

Michelle Rylan: "Jason Cashe has survived two brutal matches back-to-back."

The Bandit: "But he hasn't survived the gauntlet yet!"

Before Shirley Powers can make the announcement, the opening notes of "Centuries" by Fall Out Boy explode

throughout the Genesis Dome.

The crowd erupts.

Purple and green lights flash around the arena as Marilyn Matthews steps onto the stage with a huge smile spread across her face. She raises both arms toward the fans, soaking in the ovation before confidently making her way toward the ring, slapping hands along both sides of the aisle.

Michelle Rylan: "Wait a minute... we still have one more competitor!"

The Bandit: "Jason Cashe thought he had climbed the mountain. Turns out there was one more peak waiting for him."

Cashe leans back against the ropes, breathing heavily as Marilyn climbs onto the apron. She steps through the ropes and looks across the ring at the weary veteran. Cashe simply nods.

DING DING DING!

Marilyn wastes no time.

Dropkick!

Cashe is knocked into the corner before he can properly reset himself. Marilyn follows with a flurry of forearms before whipping him across the ring.

Running back elbow.

Bulldog out of the corner!

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Cashe powers out.

Marilyn stays on him, refusing to allow the veteran any breathing room. She sends him into the ropes before connecting with a beautiful Northern Lights Suplex.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

The crowd applauds as Marilyn kips back to her feet, feeding off the energy inside the Genesis Dome. Cashe slowly pulls himself up using the ropes only to eat a crisp Pele Kick.

The Troubled One spills through the ropes to the floor.

Michelle Rylan: "Marilyn Matthews is taking advantage of every ounce of fatigue Cashe is carrying."

The Bandit: "Exactly what she should be doing."

Marilyn races across the ring.

TOPE SUICIDA!

She crashes into Cashe on the outside, driving both competitors into the ringside barricade as the crowd roars.

She quickly rolls him back inside before heading to the top rope.

Moonsault!

Right across the chest!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Cashe barely gets his shoulder off the mat.

Marilyn can't believe it.

The crowd rallies behind both competitors as Cashe struggles to his feet. Marilyn fires off forearms before attempting another Irish whip. Cashe reverses, but Marilyn springs onto the middle rope and flies backward with a picture-perfect crossbody.

ONE!

TWO!

Another kickout!

Cashe rolls toward the corner, clutching his ribs. Marilyn points toward the top turnbuckle, drawing another loud ovation from the crowd.

Michelle Rylan: "She's thinking big here!"

Marilyn climbs to the top rope, taking just a moment too long to acknowledge the cheering fans.

The Bandit: "That confidence might cost her..."

She launches.

450 Splash—

Nobody home!

Cashe rolls out of the way at the very last second.

Marilyn crashes hard into the canvas.

Both competitors remain down as the referee begins his count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

Cashe drags himself toward the ropes, using them to pull himself upright. Marilyn is already trying to stand, holding her ribs after the missed impact.

She turns—

MARK OF JASON!

The roaring elbow lands flush against her jaw.

The crowd gasps.

Cashe doesn't waste a second.

He hooks her.

SCRAP ACTION DRIVER!

The Northern Lights Bomb plants Marilyn squarely on the back of her head and shoulders.

Cashe hooks both legs, too exhausted to even fully cover her.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Shirley Powers: "Marilyn Matthews has been eliminated! And the winner of the Gauntlet Match... and the INAUGURAL HVW DARKHEART CHAMPION... JASON CASHE!"

The Genesis Dome erupts into a thunderous ovation.

Michelle Rylan: "Now he's done it! Jason Cashe survived every challenge the Darkheart Championship Gauntlet could throw at him!"

The Bandit: "Justice Cross... Andrew Garrison... and finally Marilyn Matthews. Three incredible competitors in a row, and somehow The Troubled One found a way to outlast them all."

Marilyn slowly sits up, disappointed but respectful. She looks across the ring at Cashe and gives him a small nod before rolling out under the bottom rope to a well-earned ovation from the crowd.

Shirley Powers receives the Darkheart Championship before stepping back into the ring. She presents it to Jason Cashe, who remains kneeling on the canvas, completely spent. Cashe stares at the championship for a long moment, emotion beginning to show across the battle-worn veteran's face.

He finally reaches up and takes it.

The Genesis Dome explodes.

Cashe slowly rises, lifting the Darkheart Championship high above his head as silver and black confetti begins raining from the rafters. He climbs to the second turnbuckle, then the top, holding the championship proudly over his head while pounding his chest with his free hand.

Michelle Rylan: "Seven competitors entered Destiny's Divide chasing a place in history."

The Bandit: "After surviving four grueling matches and refusing to stay down, Jason Cashe has cemented himself as the very first Darkheart Champion in Heroes & Villains Wrestling."

The final image is Jason Cashe standing atop the turnbuckle with the Darkheart Championship raised triumphantly overhead as the sold-out Genesis Dome celebrates the crowning of the inaugural champion and Destiny's Divide continues.

Present Like A Storm

Segment

The camera opens in a dim backstage corridor of the Genesis Dome, fluorescent lights buzzing overhead like trapped insects. The noise of the arena is distant but constant—crowd reaction swelling and fading like waves against a hull.

A door marked "HVW LOCKER ROOM – AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY" sits half ajar.

From inside, a low orange glow spills into the hallway. Smoke drifts out first. Thick. Slow. Tobacco-sweet. Then comes

the sound of something heavy shifting—wood against metal.

Inside, Old Redhook sits alone.

Not pacing. Not preparing in any traditional sense. Just present, like a storm that has already decided where it's going to land.

His Territory Championship hangs from the rusted gaff hook necklace resting across his chest. The gold catches the light in dull, uneven flashes. In one hand, a battered pipe burns quietly. In the other, the hook—turned slowly between thick, calloused fingers. The camera edges closer but Redhook doesn't look up.

Old Redhook: "Draft don't change the sea."

A slow drag from the pipe. He exhales through his nose.

Old Redhook: "Just changes who thinks they're sailin' it."

The sound of distant backstage commotion—announcers reacting to the ongoing draft—bleeds faintly through the walls. A voice over the arena speakers calls it out:

"With the third overall pick in the HVW Draft Round... The Sheriff selects... OLD REDHOOK!"

A mixed reaction from the live crowd outside the room. Redhook doesn't react. Not even a blink.

Old Redhook: "Second pick."

He finally looks up slightly—not at the camera, but past it, like he's seeing something further away.

Old Redhook: "Means I'm somethin' he thinks he can steer."

A low, dry chuckle escapes him.

Old Redhook: "Men like The Sheriff... they like lines on maps."

He taps the pipe against the edge of a metal crate beside him. Ash falls like dead salt.

Old Redhook: "Territories. Brands. Rosters."

A pause.

Old Redhook: "Water don't care about any of that."

His hand tightens around the hook necklace. The camera catches the Territory Championship belt hanging nearby—resting on a chair, almost discarded, like something too heavy to wear comfortably for long. Redhook's eyes drift toward it. Still no urgency. Just inevitability.

Old Redhook: "They put me on a show."

A slow inhale.

Old Redhook: "Or another."

He finally turns his head slightly toward the camera. Those eyes—flat, weathered, unwelcoming.

Old Redhook: "I don't care which dock they tie me to. I still drown folks the same."

From outside the room, faint footsteps pass by. Someone laughing. A production hand calling out names for the next draft round. None of it reaches him. Redhook leans forward just slightly now, pipe still in hand.

Old Redhook: "Tonight, I defend this."

His gaze drops to the Territory Championship.

Old Redhook: "Queen Bianca Davis thinks she's comin' for a crown."

A pause as something almost like amusement flickers at the corner of his mouth.

Old Redhook: "Crowns float."

He finally sets the pipe down on the crate beside him with deliberate care.

Old Redhook: "Weight sinks."

He reaches out slowly. Fingers curling around the edge of the championship belt. The leather creaks as he lifts it. He studies it for a long moment—like a man inspecting a broken net before deciding whether it's still useful. Then—

He stands.

The room suddenly feels smaller. Redhook brings the hook up into view, resting it against the side of the belt. A faint, dangerous smile forms. Not warm. Not proud. Something far older. Something patient.

Old Redhook: "Sheriff can draft what he wants."

A pause.

Old Redhook: "Hacker can shuffle his wires."

He adjusts the belt against his shoulder.

Old Redhook: "But the tide still comes in... no matter who's watchin' the clock."

He turns toward the door and stops before looking back once at the camera.

Old Redhook: "And when it does..."

A slow grin widens.

Old Redhook: "...it don't ask permission."

He steps out of frame, belt in one hand, hook in the other. The camera lingers on the empty room. The pipe still smolders. The screen cuts to black.

HVW Territory Championship Match- Old Redhook (c) vs. "Queen B" Bianca Davis

Match

Michelle Rylan: "Last week Old Redhook survived an eight-person battle royal to become the very first Territory Champion."

The Bandit: "And tonight he gets his first title defense against one of the most accomplished women in wrestling."

Michelle Rylan: "Bianca Davis has won championships all over the world."

The Bandit: "Yeah, but she's also spent the last week telling everyone this championship already belongs to her."

The lights dim as a foghorn echoes throughout the Genesis Dome. The crowd immediately begins booing as Old Redhook slowly emerges through the curtain, the Territory Championship resting over one battered shoulder. His cold eyes scan the arena, his weathered face never changes.

Michelle Rylan: "There he is."

The Bandit: "Looks less like a champion and more like a man who crawled out of a shipwreck."

Redhook trudges toward the ring with purpose. No posing, no wasted motion, only business as usual. He steps between the ropes, removes the championship and hands it to the referee, never taking his eyes off the entrance. Moments later...

A royal fanfare fills the arena. Gold lights dance across the stage.

BOOOOOOOOO!

Queen Bianca Davis steps through the curtain wearing an extravagant jeweled robe and crown. Simple Simon follows several steps behind carrying her scepter and designer handbag. Bianca looks around in complete disgust.

Queen Bianca Davis: "Honestly..."

She wrinkles her nose.

Queen Bianca Davis: "This place smells poor."

The crowd erupts with boos.

Michelle Rylan: "She's wasted no time insulting San Antonio."

The Bandit: "She probably started before she got off the plane."

Bianca finally reaches ringside. Simon holds the ropes open for her. She elegantly steps inside as Shirley Powers stands in the center of the ring.

Shirley Powers: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the Heroes & Villains Wrestling Territory Championship!"

The crowd cheers.

Shirley Powers: "Introducing first...the challenger! Accompanied by Simple Simon...from Malibu, California...weighing one hundred and thirty pounds...The Queen...Biiiiiaaanca Daaaaavis!"

Mixed with overwhelming boos.

Shirley Powers: "And her opponent...from Port Grimm, Maine...weighing two hundred and eighty pounds...he is the reigning and defending HVW Territory Champion..."

She raises her voice.

Shirley Powers: "Old...REEEEEEDHOOOOOK!"

The crowd roars. The referee raises the championship high overhead then calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Bianca circles cautiously. Redhook barely moves, his eyes remain locked on her like a predator watching prey. Bianca finally darts in with a sharp kick to the thigh. Another. Spinning heel kick catches the side of Redhook's jaw. The champion barely stumbles. Bianca smirks.

Queen Bianca Davis: "See? It's called technique, sweetie."

She lands a running neck snap before making a quick cover.

ONE!

Redhook powers her completely off him. Bianca lands on her backside as the crowd laughs. She glares toward them.

Queen Bianca Davis: "Shut up!"

BOOOOOOO!

Michelle Rylan: "Not exactly the best use of her time."

The Bandit: "She spends almost as much time complaining as she does wrestling."

She turns back—

THWACK!

A clubbing forearm from Redhook nearly folds her in half. The crowd gasps as he swings another. And another. Bianca collapses to her knees, but Redhook doesn't let her fall, grabbing a fistful of her hair. He launches her across the ring with a Biel throw. She crashes hard with a thump on the canvas, and the champion slowly stalks forward. No urgency, no panic. Bianca desperately rolls into the ropes as the referee steps in. Redhook slowly backs away.

Bianca immediately points at him.

Queen Bianca Davis: "He pulled my hair!"

The referee tries explaining she did the exact same thing moments ago but Bianca refuses to listen. The crowd boos louder. Redhook exhales a deep sigh before grabbing her by the throat and launching her into the corner. Boot across the throat and the referee begins counting.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Redhook steps away at the very last second.

Michelle Rylan: "Right up until four."

The Bandit: "He's got that count memorized."

Bianca coughs violently. Simon pounds the apron trying to encourage her, but she waves him quiet, then suddenly pretends her ankle is hurt. The referee kneels beside her. Bianca points dramatically toward her boot. Redhook simply watches, expressionless. Then Bianca pops up.

Eye rake!

BOOOOOOO!

Running facebuster knee!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Bianca slams both hands against the mat.

Queen Bianca Davis: "That was three!"

She begins arguing again. The referee calmly shakes his head. She keeps yelling, hands waving through the air like a madwoman. Behind her...

Redhook is already standing. The crowd begins buzzing as Bianca finally turns.

HARPOON KICK!

The ripcord big boot explodes into her chest. She flips inside out as the Genesis Dome erupts.

Michelle Rylan: "Good Lord!"

The Bandit: "She got run over!"

Redhook drags her upright and hooks her.

THE UNDERTOW!

The Fisherman's Buster plants Bianca directly on the top of her shoulders. She barely moves. Instead of covering...

Redhook slowly kneels beside her and leans down.

Old Redhook: "Storm's over."

He hauls her up one final time. Short-arm pull—

LOW TIDE LARIAT!

The clothesline nearly decapitates the Queen B. Bianca crumples to the canvas. Redhook hooks one leg, looking out at the booing crowd with an intense impression on his face.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Shirley Powers: "Here is your winner...and STILL Heroes & Villains Wrestling Territory Champion..."

She raises his arm.

"Old...REEEEEEDHOOOOOK!"

The crowd applauds as Redhook rises to his feet.

Michelle Rylan: "An impressive first title defense."

The Bandit: "Bianca had some early success, but she kept getting in her own way. Every complaint, every argument, every little distraction gave Redhook another opening."

Simple Simon quickly slides into the ring to check on Bianca. She immediately shoves him away.

Queen Bianca Davis: "This is YOUR fault!"

Simon looks completely confused. Bianca snatches her handbag from him before storming toward the ropes, continuing to berate both Simon and the referee all the way to the floor. Meanwhile, Old Redhook quietly accepts the Territory Championship from the official. He looks down at the title, then out into the crowd. Without celebration, showing absolutely no emotion, he simply slings the championship over his shoulder and slowly walks back up the ramp, leaving another broken challenger behind in his wake.

Michelle Rylan: "Old Redhook promised to drag anyone who challenged him into deep waters."

The Bandit: "Tonight, Queen Bianca Davis found out exactly what happens when you can't swim."

The camera follows the champion disappearing through the curtain as Destiny's Divide rolls on.

The Final Divide

Segment

The cameras return to the Genesis Dome moments after the conclusion of the brutal Territory Championship Match. Old Redhook stands atop the turnbuckle, the Territory Championship raised high above his head while officials check on Queen Bianca Davis outside the ring after the war they just survived. The San Antonio crowd gives both

competitors one more standing ovation before Redhook finally disappears through the curtain.

The broadcast cuts to Michelle Rylan and The Bandit at ringside.

Michelle Rylan: "What a championship defense. Old Redhook just survived the fight of his life."

The Bandit: "That's exactly why The Sheriff wanted him from the very beginning. The Territory Champion isn't just the face of Saturday Night...he might be the future of this entire company."

Michelle nods.

Michelle Rylan: "We've watched titles defended...rivalries explode...new stars debut...but we're not done yet."

The Bandit grins.

The Bandit: "Because we've still got one more round of this draft."

The crowd immediately erupts as the cameras pan toward the stage. The red and blue lighting once again divides the entranceway in half. Standing beneath them...

The Sheriff. The Hacker. One final time.

Each man stands behind his podium. Stacks of paperwork, microphones, and contracts. Only a handful remain. The Sheriff adjusts the brim of his hat.

Sheriff: "Well..."

He looks across the arena.

Sheriff: "I reckon we're just about at the finish line."

Cheers from the still somehow not exhausted San Antonio fans.

Sheriff: "I'll admit..."

He glances toward The Hacker.

Sheriff: "You've thrown a few curveballs tonight."

The Hacker smirks.

Sheriff: "But lucky for me..."

The Sheriff taps his folder.

Sheriff: "I've still got a couple tricks tucked underneath this ol' hat."

Huge reaction as he opens the folder.

Sheriff: "And with my first pick of the final round of the inaugural HVW draft..."

He pauses for just a moment.

Sheriff: "I'm drafting somebody that may not have walked away with the Darkheart Championship tonight..."

The crowd begins buzzing.

Sheriff: "...but she walked away proving she's got one hell of a future. Justice Cross."

"Fighter" explodes throughout the Genesis Dome. A strong ovation greets the newcomer as Justice Cross walks through the curtain. Confident, relaxed and still showing the wear and tear from surviving the Darkheart Championship Gauntlet earlier in the evening. She smiles and points toward fans lining the entranceway, then walks directly to The Sheriff. He hands her the contract. Justice studies it for a second as she looks toward the audience.

Justice Cross: "Looks like Saturday Night just got another reason to tune in."

She smiles and raises the contract overhead to another loud ovation. Then calmly exits through the curtain. The Sheriff watches her leave proudly. Across the stage, The Hacker nods.

Hacker: "I'll give you that one."

The crowd murmurs.

Hacker: "She impressed me. She's got heart."

Pause.

Hacker: "But heart doesn't win championships."

Mixed reaction.

Hacker: "Your roster keeps getting older."

The Sheriff rolls his eyes.

Hacker: "My roster keeps getting better."

He points toward the stage.

Hacker: "And speaking of better..."

A grin.

Hacker: "Here's somebody you brought into Heroes & Villains Wrestling."

He laughs.

Hacker: "I'm just going to make better use of him."

The crowd stirs.

Hacker: "Nick Micevski."

"With A Smile" by Def Rebel fills the arena. The crowd boos as Nick Micevski walks onto the stage wearing his trademark unsettling grin. He almost looks delighted by the hatred raining down from the audience. He approaches The Hacker and the contract is handed over. Nick accepts it with a firm handshake, then flashes another disturbing smile toward the hard camera before disappearing backstage.

The Sheriff chuckles to himself.

Sheriff: "Interesting."

He nods.

Sheriff: "If he couldn't even win the pre-show tonight..."

Big laughter.

Sheriff: "...I reckon he'll fit in just fine over there."

The crowd laughs as The Hacker simply sighs. Sheriff turns toward the audience.

Sheriff: "Now..."

He cups one hand around his ear.

Sheriff: "How we feelin', San Antonio?"

Huge cheers.

Sheriff: "I got another question. Y'all like to laugh?"

Massive reaction.

Sheriff: "I sure do."

He grins.

Sheriff: "So let's bring in the funniest man in Heroes & Villains Wrestling."

The crowd already starts laughing.

Sheriff: "The Facetious One... The former comedian..."

Cheers.

Sheriff: "Former wrestler... Former corpse..."

Laughter grows louder.

Sheriff: "Former cyborg..."

The crowd loses it.

Sheriff: "And somehow..."

Sheriff shakes his head.

Sheriff: "...former comedian turned wrestler again..."

Pause.

Sheriff: "Franklin Fredrickson!"

Huge applause as Franklin Fredrickson waddles out with the biggest grin imaginable.

Franklin: "Thank you! Thank you! Please hold your applause until after my first bad joke!"

Laughter from the San Antonio fans, and they aren't even forced to do so this week with death threats or cue cards. He walks to the podium and looks at the contract.

Franklin: "Does this thing come with dental?"

Another laugh. He signs absolutely nothing, but takes the contract anyway, and raises it before pointing at The Sheriff.

Franklin: "You're buying lunch."

He exits while still talking to himself. The Sheriff can't help laughing. The Hacker slowly performs an exaggerated mechanical yawn.

Hacker: "Touching. Really inspirational."

He pretends to wipe away a tear.

Hacker: "You've officially turned your roster into a comedy club."

The Sheriff folds his arms.

Hacker: "Meanwhile..."

He gestures behind him.

Hacker: "I'm building a revolution."

Cheers and boos mix together.

Hacker: "And sometimes..."

A smile.

Hacker: "You have to think above the rules."

The crowd buzzes in anticipation of that vague statement.

Hacker: "So I'm making another executive decision."

Pause.

Hacker: "I'm drafting..."

He raises one finger.

Hacker: "Blind Magic."

Huge ovation as Blind Ambition and Magik the Gatherer emerge together. The unlikely duo exchange a quick glance. Neither seems thrilled by being selected by The Hacker, but they walk to the podium anyway. The contracts are presented, and they reluctantly accept them. After a brief hesitation, both competitors raise their contracts together to a decent round of applause.

Michelle Rylan: "That is a huge acquisition for Evolution!"

The Bandit: "Talk about instant chemistry!"

Blind Magic exits together as The Sheriff scratches his chin.

Sheriff: "I'll admit...That one was impressive."

The Hacker bows sarcastically.

Sheriff: "But here's the thing..."

He looks around the arena.

Sheriff: "Not everybody's getting drafted tonight."

The crowd quiets as a few "OOHHH's" can be heard.

Sheriff: "There are gonna be folks left on the board. And somewhere down the road..."

He pauses, letting the moment sink in.

Sheriff: "They'll find a home."

The Sheriff smiles.

Sheriff: "But my final pick of the night goes to..."

The crowd inside the Genesis Dome stand in excitement for Saturday Night's final draft choice.

Sheriff: "...isn't somebody I overlooked."

He grins.

Sheriff: "It's somebody I saved."

Huge anticipation.

Sheriff: "They always say....save the best for last."

The crowd begins roaring.

Sheriff: "Ladies and gentlemen...The Drifter..."

Long pause before he tips his hat.

Sheriff: "Cade Mercer."

The roof nearly blows off the Genesis Dome as the hometown Texas hero steps through the curtain. Blond-highlighted hair flowing behind him, leather jacket open, confident smile. The cheers are deafening.

"COWBOY!"

"COWBOY!"

"COWBOY!"

Cade reaches the podium. The Sheriff hands him the contract and Cade smiles as he gladly takes it, raising it overhead as the crowd goes crazy. One final nod toward the audience...

Then Cade disappears backstage. The Hacker stares down at his paperwork, flipping pages. Again. And again. His expression slowly changes. Disbelief. He mutters quietly to himself.

Hacker: "...How..."

The Sheriff smirks knowingly. The Hacker exhales. Then finally raises the microphone.

Hacker: "Fine."

The crowd laughs.

Hacker: "I'll recover."

He flips to another page.

Hacker: "Because even though she didn't have the night she wanted..."

Pause.

Hacker: "I still see something."

He nods.

Hacker: "Potential."

The lights dim slightly.

Hacker: "Evolution exists to build tomorrow. And tomorrow starts with..."

Pause.

Hacker:

"Yuna Obsidian."

A mixed reaction fills the arena as The Toxic Bloom quietly steps onto the stage. She bows respectfully before walking to the podium. She accepts her contract without saying a single word, and bows once more before silently disappears backstage.

The Hacker closes his folder. The Sheriff does the same. For the first time all night, neither man speaks. Instead...

They simply stare across the stage.

Saturday Night.

Evolution.

The future officially divided. The Genesis Dome erupts into applause. The cameras cut back to commentary.

Michelle Rylan: "What a night. Heroes & Villains Wrestling has officially changed forever."

The Bandit: "Saturday Night has its roster. Evolution has its roster. Rivalries are already brewing, championships are already being chased, and next week both brands begin writing completely different stories."

Michelle nods.

Michelle Rylan: "The draft may be complete...but Destiny's Divide isn't finished yet."

The Bandit: "We've still got one match left before tonight's blockbuster main event, and this one has become deeply personal."

A graphic fills the screen.

Falls Count Anywhere: Samara Astrid vs. Evelyn Hart

Michelle Rylan: "These two women have spent weeks trying to destroy one another. Tonight, there are no count-outs...no disqualifications...and no place to hide."

The Bandit: "Saturday Night versus Evolution. The Sheriff's first draft pick against The Hacker's answer. If the draft drew the lines...this match is about to paint them in blood."

The cameras cut toward the ring as the San Antonio crowd rises to its feet, ready for the next chapter in one of HVW's fiercest rivalries.

Falls Count Anywhere Match- Evelyn Hart vs. Samara Astrid

Match

The Genesis Dome is already vibrating before the first entrance even hits. The entire building feels less like an arena and more like a pressure cooker about to burst. Shirley Powers stands center ring, microphone in hand, visibly bracing herself.

Shirley Powers: "Ladies and gentlemen... the following contest is a FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE MATCH!"

The crowd detonates.

"H-V-W!" "H-V-W!" "H-V-W!"

Michelle Rylan leans forward at commentary.

Michelle Rylan: "There is no more running. No more escape. One of these two is getting dragged to a finish anywhere in this building."

The Bandit: "And after what we've seen the last few weeks... I don't think 'finish' is the word I'd use. I think it's 'survive.'"

The lights pulse neon blue as "Bones" hits. Samara Astrid bursts through the curtain like a spark hitting gasoline. No hesitation. No theatrics. Just fire in motion. She doesn't even wait for the ramp to clear—she sprints halfway down it before sliding under the bottom rope. The crowd is already on their feet.

Michelle Rylan: "Samara Astrid has fought like her body doesn't understand consequences since day one in HVW."

Samara paces the ring, shaking out her arms, eyes locked on the stage.

The boos arrive before she does. Evelyn Hart steps out slowly, jacket still on, expression calm in a way that feels wrong in this environment. A look of pure intensity in her eye as she stops at the top of the ramp and tilts her head slightly, like she's listening to the noise rather than reacting to it.

The Bandit: "That's the look of someone who thinks this is already decided."

Evelyn finally walks down the ramp. Samara doesn't move. Evelyn doesn't blink. They meet inside the ring.

DING DING DING!

No pause, no respect. No opening bell hesitation. Samara herself into the air with reckless abandonment—

RUNNING DROPKICK—NO!

Evelyn sidesteps and immediately snaps a knee into Samara's midsection. The tone shifts instantly as Evelyn grabs her wrist—

RUSSIAN LEG SWEEP—DOWN GOES SAMARA!

Evelyn doesn't cover, she looks down on Samara and runs her mouth instead.

Evelyn Hart: "You always start fast. You never finish smart."

Samara tries to rise—

SPINNING HEEL KICK!

Samara crashes into the corner. Evelyn stalks her like she's reading a page she already memorized. Evelyn isolates the leg immediately with a dropkick to the knee. Snapmare driver. Another leg strike. Every time Samara tries to build momentum, Evelyn cuts it off. The crowd tries to rally, rising to their feet clapping as Samara fires forward—

HURRICANRANA—BLOCKED!

Evelyn powers through it, holds her up, and drives her spine-first into the mat.

The Bandit: "She just shut down gravity itself."

Evelyn smirks.

Evelyn Hart: "You don't fly tonight."

Samara absorbs punishment, then explodes forward with a flying forearm. Snap DDT crunches Evelyn face first into the mat. Corner enzuigiri as she tries to rise to her feet. The crowd rises as Samara hits the ropes—

STARFALL!

No, Evelyn rolls out of the way just in time, and Samara crashes hard. Evelyn is already there, preying on her like a lion smelling blood.

POISON SMILE!

Backstabber connects clean. Evelyn hooks the leg as the fans let her have it.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Samara kicks out. A rare flicker of frustration crosses Evelyn's face. Not panic, annoyance. Evelyn drags Samara to the outside immediately. Samara is whipped into the barricade—

THUD.

Again—

THUD.

Evelyn grabs a steel chair. The crowd boos violently as she raises it.

CRACK!

Samara dropkicks it into her face mid-swing!

WOO!

The chair flies twisting turning through the air as Evelyn staggers backward in a complete daze. Samara snaps alive.

FLYING FOREARM OFF THE BARRICADE!

Both crash into the front row barricade again, sending fans scrambling. Back inside the ring—barely. Samara is running on instinct now. Evelyn tries to slow her again—

EVASION!

Samara slips under a strike.

MOONLIT CHAOS!

Top rope Whisper-in-the-Wind connects perfectly. The dome erupts as Samara crawls to the corner. One last climb. She looks out at the crowd—

Not reckless now. Focused.

Shooting Season loading...

She leaps—

Michelle Rylan: "SHOOTING SEASON!"

Corkscrew shooting star press lands flush. The impact shakes the ring. Samara collapses into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

EVELYN GETS A SHOULDER UP!

The crowd explodes in disbelief.

The Bandit: "HOW DID SHE SURVIVE THAT?!"

Samara stares at the mat, stunned for half a second. That's all Evelyn needs. Evelyn rises slowly behind her. Samara turns, seeing an evil smile forming on the Viper Next Door's face.

HEARTBREAKER!

Jumping reverse DDT spikes Samara dead center. The crowd gasps, but Evelyn doesn't cover immediately. She just sits up beside Samara, breathing heavily.

Evelyn Hart: "Now we're talking."

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Samara kicks out again, bringing the fans to their feet screaming and chanting her name. Evelyn slams the mat. For the first time... she looks frustrated. Evelyn tries "Hold That Thought"—crossface locked in—but Samara claws, rolls, refuses. She fights to her feet on instinct alone, and flips Evelyn over into the ropes.

GRAVITY CHECK!

Springboard cutter out of nowhere. Both women are down. The dome is shaking. Samara drags herself up first. Evelyn stumbles up behind her and Samara sees it. One look. One decision. No hesitation.

She runs the ropes—

COMET TRAIL!

Corkscrew senton crushes Evelyn.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Shirley Powers: "Here is your winner... SAMARA ASTRID!"

The Genesis Dome erupts as Samara doesn't celebrate immediately. She just lies there, breathing hard, staring at the lights like she can't believe she survived it. Evelyn rolls onto her side, glaring at her.

Not respect, not acceptance. Just unresolved fury. Slowly, Samara pushes herself up, looking right at Evelyn. A long silence runs through the entire Genesis Dome before Samara extends her hand. The crowd reacts instantly—uncertain, hopeful. Evelyn stares at it, her expression tightening. She slowly raises her hand—

The crowd leans in—

THEN THE LIGHTS CUT OUT!

BLACK.

A beat.

Then—

A modern pop-rock track hits the arena. Clean. Confident. New.

The crowd buzzes instantly as the lights snap back on. A third figure is standing in the ring between them. She stands calm, centered, and familiar in a way that immediately changes the energy.

Athletic build. composed posture. sharp presence. She looks at both Samara and Evelyn like she's known them longer than the ring itself.

Samara and Evelyn both freeze.

Not confusion, recognition. The commentary table erupts in confusion.

Michelle Rylan: "WHO IS THAT?!"

The Bandit: "They BOTH know her... I swear I've seen that reaction before!"

The mysterious female figure asks for a microphone and Shirley hands it over cautiously.

Camden Falls: "My name is Camden Falls."

A murmur rolls through the Genesis Dome as she looks at Samara, then Evelyn. Her voice softens—but doesn't weaken.

Camden Falls: "I've known both of you for a very long time."

The crowd reacts loudly at that. Samara lowers her hand slightly. Evelyn doesn't move at all. Camden steps closer.

Camden Falls: "I've sat back and watched you two tear each other apart for weeks."

A pause.

Camden Falls: "They may be sending you to different rosters after tonight..."

That lands hard.

Camden Falls: "But I'm not letting this continue."

She looks between them now, fully serious.

Camden Falls: "So I'm saying this here. Tonight. In front of everyone."

Her grip tightens on the mic.

Camden Falls: "No matter what I have to do... no matter who I have to become in the process..."

The arena goes quiet.

Camden Falls: "This war between Samara Astrid and Evelyn Hart ends here."

Silence hovers for a moment, Samara and Evelyn don't look at each other anymore. They both look at Camden. Not angry, not relieved. Just... recalibrating. Camden stands between them. Samara's hand still half-extended. Evelyn's fist still half-raised. And for the first time in this entire feud...

Neither of them moves.

A Goal Worth Taking

Segment

The camera cuts backstage where Tara Robinson stands in front of an HVW backdrop, microphone in hand. The crowd reacts immediately when they see who is standing beside her. The reaction is enormous, mixed but mostly boos echoing through the Genesis Dome as the newly announced Number One Draft Pick for Team Saturday Night stands perfectly composed.

Danielle Page.

The Diamond Princess is dressed impeccably as always, arms folded, confidence radiating from every inch of her posture. She barely acknowledges the camera, instead staring somewhere past it as though she has more important things to concern herself with.

Tara Robinson: "Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is the number one overall selection in tonight's Destiny's Divide Draft..."

Tara glances toward Danielle.

Tara Robinson: "The Diamond Princess, Danielle Page."

The boos grow louder. Danielle simply smirks, fixing her hair.

Tara Robinson: "Danielle, earlier tonight the Sheriff selected you as the first overall pick for Team Saturday Night. What does that mean to you?"

Danielle finally looks toward Tara, a smile slowly spreads across her face.

Danielle Page: "What does it mean?"

She laughs softly.

Danielle Page: "It means they got it right."

More boos but Danielle doesn't care.

Danielle Page: "Let's be honest, Tara. If we're drafting the best wrestler in Heroes & Villains Wrestling..."

She gestures toward herself.

Danielle Page: "...the conversation starts with me."

Another shrug.

Danielle Page: "And it ends with me."

The crowd boos louder. Danielle actually seems amused by it.

Danielle Page: "Dan Highlander was selected second."

A small smirk.

Danielle Page: "Which is fitting."

She tilts her head.

Danielle Page: "Because that's exactly where he'll be when tonight is over."

The crowd reacts loudly.

Tara Robinson: "You sound incredibly confident heading into the Championship Classic Finals."

For the first time, Danielle's expression softens. Not completely, but just enough. Enough to reveal something genuine beneath the arrogance.

Danielle Page: "You know..."

She pauses.

Danielle Page: "People see the championships. They see the victories. They see the spotlight."

Her voice becomes quieter, more reflective.

Danielle Page: "What they don't see is how long it takes to get there."

The crowd settles.

Danielle Page: "It took me five years to become a World Champion."

A slight nod.

Danielle Page: "Five years of watching other people get opportunities. Five years of being told to wait my turn. Five years of proving I belonged."

She takes a breath.

Danielle Page: "Then I finally got there."

Another breath.

Danielle Page: "And less than two months ago..."

Her jaw tightens slightly.

Danielle Page: "...I lost it."

The confidence remains, but now there's something underneath it. Frustration, determination, purpose.

Danielle Page: "And if I'm being honest?"

She looks directly into the camera.

Danielle Page: "I was lost."

The crowd quiets.

Danielle Page: "For the first time in years, I didn't know what came next."

Danielle glances toward the arena. Toward the ring where the HVW World Championship hangs somewhere in the future.

Danielle Page: "Then Heroes & Villains Wrestling happened."

The confidence returns.

Danielle Page: "And suddenly there was a mission. A goal."

A small smile comes over her face.

Danielle Page: "A prize worth taking."

The crowd begins booing again as they realize exactly where this is heading. Danielle welcomes it.

Danielle Page: "Tonight isn't about being the number one draft pick. Tonight isn't about Team Saturday Night or Team Evolution."

Another step toward the camera.

Danielle Page: "Tonight is about becoming the first HVW World Champion."

A pause.

Danielle Page: "Dan Highlander is standing between me and that goal."

Her eyes narrow.

Danielle Page: "And unfortunately for Dan..."

That cold smile now takes over her face.

Danielle Page: "I've never been very good at letting people stand in my way."

The crowd erupts with boos. Danielle doesn't flinch.

Tara Robinson: "And what about Griffin Hawkins serving as special guest referee tonight?"

Danielle laughs. Actually laughs.

Danielle Page: "Griffin can count to three, can't he?"

She shrugs.

Danielle Page: "Then he'll do just fine."

More boos as Danielle straightens her jacket.

Danielle Page: "The Diamond Princess is about to become the Queen of Heroes & Villains Wrestling."

She gives one final glance toward the camera.

Danielle Page: "And unlike fairy tales..."

A smirk.

Danielle Page: "This story gets the ending I want."

Danielle walks away without another word. Tara watches her disappear down the hallway. The camera lingers for a moment before cutting back toward ringside.

Michelle Rylan: "Danielle Page sounds like a woman who has found her purpose again."

The Bandit: "And that's bad news for everybody else."

Michelle Rylan: "Especially Dan Highlander."

The camera fades as anticipation continues building toward the Championship Classic Finals later tonight.

Hammer Time

Segment

Michelle Rylan and The Bandit sit at ringside, still abuzz at all the action from earlier tonight.

Michelle Rylan: "What an unbelievable scene we just witnessed here at Destiny's Divide."

The Bandit: "Massive names popping up as surprises for both shows. Battles finally getting settled while others just have just begun. And the Graves brothers got arrested. I don't know whether we're running a wrestling show or an episode of Cops anymore."

The crowd laughs. Suddenly the arena lights dim as a familiar guitar riff begins to echo throughout the Genesis Dome, the beginning of "Let The Hammer Fall". The crowd instantly erupts.

"HAMMER! HAMMER! HAMMER!"

"HAMMER! HAMMER! HAMMER!"

Dan "The Hammer" Highlander steps through the curtain. Game face already on and a microphone already in hand. The ovation is massive. This isn't just another wrestler walking out. This is one half of tonight's main event. One half of the match that will crown the first-ever HVW World Champion. Highlander pauses at the top of the ramp and looks out over the sea of fans before slowly walking to the ring. The crowd continues cheering the entire way. Several "Hammerheads" can be seen holding inflatable hammers high above their heads.

One sign reads:

"15 YEARS IN THE MAKING"

Another:

"FINISH THE STORY, DAN"

Highlander notices both, his expression softens as he nods back at them. He climbs into the ring and stands in the center. The crowd chants.

"HAMMER!"

"HAMMER!"

"HAMMER!"

Highlander waits patiently. Eventually the crowd settles. He raises the microphone.

Dan Highlander: "April 17th, 2011."

The crowd quiets immediately.

Dan Highlander: "CWF Modern Warfare."

A small cheer.

Dan Highlander: "That was the first..."

He pauses.

Dan Highlander: "...and the last time I won a World Championship."

The audience grows quiet as Dan walks around the ring before stopping in the center, nodding slowly.

Dan Highlander: "It's been a long damn time."

A respectful reaction follows as Highlander leans against the ropes, thinking. Reflecting.

Dan Highlander: "You know, when you're young, you think you've got forever."

He chuckles.

Dan Highlander: "You're twenty-something years old, your knees work properly, your back doesn't sound like a bowl of cereal every morning..."

The crowd laughs.

Dan Highlander: "And you convince yourself there'll always be another opportunity."

He shakes his head.

Dan Highlander: "Turns out that's not how this business works."

The audience applauds.

Dan Highlander: "I've had some incredible moments since then."

He begins pacing slowly.

Dan Highlander: "I stood across the ring from Jaiden Rishel in a Bloodbath Match."

The crowd cheers.

Dan Highlander: "I survived a Tower battle against Elisha that very nearly ended my career."

A louder reaction.

Dan Highlander: "I spent months learning how to be myself again after that."

The audience listens intently.

Dan Highlander: "And not too long ago..."

A grin forms.

Dan Highlander: "I managed to fight AnHellica herself to a bloody stalemate."

Huge reaction.

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

Michelle Rylan: "The resume speaks for itself."

The Bandit: "That's a list most wrestlers would kill for."

Highlander nods.

Dan Highlander: "Aye. It was one hell of a ride."

His expression changes. More serious now.

Dan Highlander: "But none of it..."

Pause.

Dan Highlander: "None of it reached the pinnacle."

Silence falls over the Genesis Dome momentarily.

Dan Highlander: "None of it was for the World Championship."

The crowd begins clapping.

Dan Highlander: "But tonight?"

He points down at the mat.

Dan Highlander: "Tonight is my shot."

The cheers explode.

Dan Highlander: "Tonight I have the opportunity to become the first-ever HVW World Champion."

Another huge ovation.

Dan Highlander: "And for that..."

He nods toward the entrance.

Dan Highlander: "I owe some people thanks."

The crowd settles.

Dan Highlander: "The Sheriff gave me an opportunity."

Cheers.

Dan Highlander: "HVW gave me a place to fight again."

More cheers as he hesitates, just slightly.

Dan Highlander: "And apparently..."

He smirks.

Dan Highlander: "...The Hacker thought enough of me to draft me first overall to Evolution."

A mixed reaction.

Dan Highlander: "That's a sentence I never expected to say again, as I used to wrestle for a show of the same name once long ago..."

The crowd laughs.

Dan Highlander: "But thank you."

A respectful nod, then Highlander turns serious again. Everyone knows where he's headed next.

Dan Highlander: "And finally..."

He looks directly into the hard camera.

Dan Highlander: "Danielle Page."

The reaction becomes mixed. Some cheers, some boos. All heart.

Dan Highlander: "You've done incredible work in this tournament."

He nods sincerely.

Dan Highlander: "You've shone bright like a diamond. You've demonstrated a talent as rare as a diamond. You've proven you're tough as a diamond."

The crowd applauds, and Highlander smiles before raising the microphone again.

Dan Highlander: "But guess what?"

The audience buzzes as a grin forms across his face.

Dan Highlander: "A diamond can still be crushed by a hammer."

The Genesis Dome erupts.

"HAMMER! HAMMER! HAMMER!"

"HAMMER! HAMMER! HAMMER!"

Highlander lets the chant build, then continues.

Dan Highlander: "Tonight, Danielle Page..."

His voice lowers.

Dan Highlander: "You are the one thing standing between me..."

Pause.

Dan Highlander: "...and what I have sought for fifteen years."

The crowd hangs on every word.

Dan Highlander: "I have fought for far too long. I have bled way too much. I have crawled through hell one too many times."

He points toward the entrance.

Dan Highlander: "To stop now."

Thunderous applause.

"HAMMER!"

"HAMMER!"

"HAMMER!"

Highlander lowers the microphone, and looks around the packed Genesis Dome one last time. Then, he simply lets the microphone fall from his hand.

THUD.

A literal mic drop. The crowd absolutely loses its mind. Dan Highlander climbs through the ropes and heads toward the back as the Hammerhead faithful continue chanting his name.

Michelle Rylan: "Dan Highlander has waited fifteen years for this moment."

The Bandit: "And tonight he either completes the journey..."

He watches Highlander disappear through the curtain.

The Bandit: "...or the dream slips away one more time."

The camera lingers on the roaring crowd as Highlander's music plays and the scene fades out.

Behind The Mask

Segment

The cameras fade away from the chaos that was the Falls Count Anywhere Match, leaving the roar of the Genesis Dome behind as they transition backstage. Deep beneath the arena, a hallway glows with an eerie blue light. Electronic hums echo through the concrete corridors before the camera reaches a section that looks completely out of place inside the Genesis Dome. Dozens of computer monitors flicker with scrolling lines of code.

Digital world maps. Security camera feeds from throughout the arena. HVW logos constantly glitch into Evolution insignias before changing back again.

Blue LED light strips run beneath metal worktables littered with laptops, external drives, circuit boards, half-disassembled masks and stacks of freshly signed Evolution contracts. A large banner reading EVOLUTION IS INEVITABLE hangs behind the room's centerpiece—a sleek black desk emblazoned with the glowing Evolution logo.

Standing behind it...

The Hacker.

Still wearing the illuminated mask, still dressed in all black. He flips casually through the contracts from tonight's draft while speaking directly into the camera.

Hacker: "Look at this."

He lifts one folder.

Hacker: "Dan Highlander."

Another.

Hacker: "Lex Collins. Jace Parker Davidson."

He tosses the folders back onto the desk.

Hacker: "The future belongs to Evolution."

His mechanical laugh echoes softly.

Hacker: "The draft is over."

He slowly spreads his arms.

Hacker: "The revolution has begun."

Suddenly—

BANG!

The office door slams open so hard it bounces off the wall. The Sheriff storms inside. Hat pulled low, jaw clenched, not amused in the slightest. The Hacker doesn't even flinch. He simply keeps organizing paperwork.

Sheriff: "Alright..."

The Sheriff marches straight toward the desk.

Sheriff: "Enough's enough."

The Hacker slowly looks up.

Sheriff: "I let you have your show."

Another step.

Sheriff: "I let this whole draft happen."

Another.

Sheriff: "I kept my word."

The Sheriff plants both hands firmly on the desk.

Sheriff: "Now you keep yours."

Silence as The Hacker tilts his head.

Sheriff: "You said once this draft was over..."

His eyes narrow.

Sheriff: "...you'd finally tell the world who the hell you really are."

The Hacker slowly stands. He walks around the side of the desk, almost thoughtfully.

Hacker: "Identity..."

A soft electronic chuckle.

Hacker: "Such a fragile construct."

He slowly taps the side of his glowing mask.

Hacker: "Names are variables."

Pause.

Hacker: "Faces are passwords."

Another pause.

Hacker: "Truth..."

His head tilts.

Hacker: "...is encrypted."

The Sheriff's patience finally evaporates.

Sheriff: "Dammit!"

He lunges across the desk, grabbing for The Hacker's collar—

—but in one fluid motion, The Hacker catches both of his arms. The Sheriff barely has time to react. The Hacker plants his feet, using the Sheriff's own momentum, and launches him clean over the desk.

WHAM!

The Sheriff crashes flat onto the concrete floor, contracts exploding everywhere. The Hacker simply stands over him. Then that distorted mechanical laugh fills the room once again. He extends one gloved hand, mockingly.

The Sheriff glares up at it. After a long moment...

He slaps the hand away and pulls himself to his own feet. The Hacker's mask stares directly into his eyes. Its glowing X-shaped eyes never blinking.

Hacker: "You're right."

The Sheriff says nothing.

Hacker: "A deal..."

He nods once.

Hacker: "...is a deal."

Another pause.

Hacker: "So tonight..."

His voice lowers.

Hacker: "I will reveal my identity to the world."

The Sheriff's expression softens, just slightly as he looks on at the figure that's been terrorizing him for weeks. Until—

Hacker: "...right after you, Sheriff."

Confusion immediately replaces it.

Sheriff: "...What?"

The Hacker leans in, almost whispering.

Hacker: "You heard me."

The Sheriff shakes his head.

Sheriff: "What in God's name are you talkin' about?"

The Hacker laughs again.

Hacker: "Oh..."

He slowly points at the Sheriff's chest.

Hacker: "You know exactly what I'm talking about."

Silence.

Hacker: "One secret..."

A pause.

Hacker: "...for another."

His mask inches even closer.

Hacker: "Only fair...right ole Sheriff?"

He lets the name sink like a dead body.

Hacker: "...if that is your real name."

The room goes dead silent as the Sheriff steps forward until the brim of his hat nearly touches the glowing mask. Neither man blinks, neither backs away. Finally, the Sheriff breaks the silence.

Sheriff: "I'll see you Tuesday."

Another step back.

Sheriff: "Because there ain't no way in hell I'm missin' Evolution."

He points directly at The Hacker.

Sheriff: "I'll be there. And I'll make damn sure your first show runs smoothly."

The Hacker slowly nods back.

Hacker: "I wouldn't want it..."

The mechanical voice almost sounds amused.

Hacker: "...any other way."

The Sheriff turns and exits the room without another word. The camera lingers as the Hacker watches the door close. One of the computer monitors behind him flickers. For only a split second, a grainy security camera image appears.

The Sheriff...

Standing alone...

Removing his hat.

Before the image instantly glitches away into static. The Hacker lets out one final quiet laugh.

Cut to black.

"Still to come... the Championship Classic Finals for the vacant HVW World Championship."

Destiny Is Decided

Segment

The screen fades in with a cold, metallic hum.

Highlights flash across the Genesis Dome jumbotron:

Danielle Page stepping through the curtain as a surprise Wild Card entrant, smirking as she adjusts her wrist tape.

Dan "The Hammer" Highlander doing the same moments later, the crowd erupting in recognition of a living legend entering the bracket unannounced.

Page outwrestling her first-round opponent with cold precision, locking in the BeautyRest early and forcing a tap in under five minutes.

Highlander surviving a brutal slugfest, finishing his opponent with a crushing Falling Hammer out of nowhere.

The montage shifts.

Danielle Page in the semi-finals against Queen Bianca Davis—two former allies turned competitors. Bianca nearly steals it, but Page counters a pin attempt and snatches victory with the Diamonds Are Forever.

Dan Highlander standing face-to-face with Jarvis King in a war of attrition—King targeting the leg, Highlander refusing to fall, ending it with a sudden Southern Cross into a Falling Hammer combination that shakes the arena.

Final shot:

Dan Highlander on one knee.

Danielle Page holding the bracket trophy mockingly above her head.

Text flashes:

“ONLY ONE WILL BECOME THE FIRST HVW WORLD CHAMPION.”

The Genesis Dome erupts into madness, anticipation at a breaking point. The Destiny's Divide main event is next.

HVW World Heavyweight Championship Match (Special Guest Referee- EHWF's Griffin Hawkins)- "Diamond Princess" Danielle Page vs. Dan "The Hammer" Highlander

Match

Shirley Powers: “THE FOLLOWING CONTEST IS THE FINALS OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP CLASSIC... AND IT IS FOR THE INAUGURAL HVW WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP!”

The Genesis Dome erupts as the camera pans across a sold-out crowd still buzzing from a night of chaos, upsets, and violence.

Michelle Rylan: “This is it. The entire tournament. Every match. Every sacrifice. It all comes down to this one final fight.”

The Bandit: “Two Wild Cards who shocked the entire field... and now one of them walks out as the first ever HVW World Champion.”

The lights dim as a sharp, echoing voice hits the PA.

“Let The Hammer Fall...”

Dan “The Hammer” Highlander steps through the curtain. The crowd immediately rises. No flashy reaction. No hesitation in his eyes. Just a man whose legacy has already been written across continents and promotions, now standing at the edge of a brand new era. He walks slowly, eyes locked on the ring, jaw tight, every step deliberate like he already knows what this night demands of him.

Michelle Rylan: “Dan Highlander has been everywhere, done everything—but this would be the crown jewel of his career.”

The Bandit: “First HVW World Champion... that’s a line you never lose.”

Highlander steps into the ring and doesn’t pose. Doesn’t celebrate. He simply stands center ring rolling his neck in shoulders in preparation as the crowd begins to murmur.

Then the tone shifts. Booming starts before her music even hits. When "Diamonds Are Forever" finally does, “The Diamond Princess” Danielle Page walks out with a smug, satisfied smile, adjusting her wrist tape like the entire arena is beneath her. She pauses at the stage, looking over the crowd as if she’s already above them, then slowly makes her way down the ramp without urgency, without respect, without concern for anything except what’s in the ring.

Michelle Rylan: “Danielle Page has manipulated her way through entire tournaments before. If there’s a shortcut, she finds it.”

The Bandit: “Yeah, but there’s no shortcut tonight. Just pain.”

She steps into the ring and immediately locks eyes with Highlander. No words. Just contempt and arrogance meeting experience and patience. And then—

Griffin Hawkins walks out, his heavy rock theme playing through the Genesis Dome's speakers. The EHWF official, newly signed for the night by The Sheriff himself, the special guest referee for the biggest match in HVW history. He doesn’t soak in the reaction. Doesn’t smile. Just walks with authority, down the ramp, into the ring, and immediately signals for both competitors to hear him loud and clear.

Michelle Rylan: “Griffin Hawkins has been brought in to make sure this doesn’t get out of hand.”

The Bandit: "Good luck with that."

He raises the HVW World Championship high above his head. The arena erupts as he hands it off, then calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

The two circle slowly at first, tension thick enough to choke on. Highlander moves first, collar-and-elbow tie-up, and immediately drives Page back into the corner with strength alone. Clean break. Griffin Hawkins steps in, watching closely, making it clear from the start he's not allowing anything dirty.

Page smirks at him.

Another lock-up, and this time she's quicker, slipping into the arm immediately, twisting, grinding, trying to isolate it early. She snaps into a wrist lock, transitions fast, trying to drag Highlander down into her submission game, but Highlander powers through, shoving her off with authority.

She rolls back to her feet smiling like she's enjoying the process.

Michelle Rylan: "That's classic Danielle Page—find the limb, break it down, control the match."

The Bandit: "Yeah, but Highlander doesn't break easy."

Page goes back to the arm again, more aggressive now, trying to torque it awkwardly, dragging him down, but Highlander counters with a short-arm clothesline that sends her rolling out of the ring to regroup. Griffin Hawkins immediately tells her to get back inside.

She doesn't like that. She argues with the specially appointed official. Griffin doesn't flinch. She rolls back in, immediately targeting the leg this time, adapting on the fly, cutting him down with a chop block before wrenching into a leg hold, twisting at the knee, trying to slow the bigger man down before he can build momentum.

Highlander grits his teeth, forcing himself up, dragging her up with him, and then spikes her with a belly-to-belly suplex that shakes the ring. The crowd comes alive as Highlander follows with a stiff strike combination, backing her into the ropes, Irish whip—

Southern Cross! Crucifix powerbomb into the corner!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Page barely gets the shoulder up and immediately rolls away, holding her arm, glaring at Griffin Hawkins as if blaming him for even allowing the count.

Michelle Rylan: "Near fall for Highlander and Page is already arguing with the referee."

The Bandit: "She's always got someone else to blame."

She gets up in Griffin's face, talking fast, insistent, claiming a faster count, insisting she had control. Griffin calmly tells her to focus on the match. She shoves him lightly. He doesn't move. She shoves him harder.

Griffin Hawkins suddenly **SHOVES HER BACK**, firm and immediate, and the crowd explodes at the rare display of authority.

Michelle Rylan: "OH—GRIFFIN HAWKINS IS NOT PLAYING GAMES!"

Page stares at him, stunned for a second, then turns back...and Highlander rolls her up from behind!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! TWO COUNT!

She explodes to her feet furious, and immediately the match breaks open into a brawl. Forearms, stiff shots, both competitors unloading everything now. Page tries to regain control by targeting the arm again, snapping into a twisting hold, but Highlander powers through and drills her with a massive spinebuster. He hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-KICKOUT!

The crowd is fully invested now as Highlander pulls her up for the Falling Hammer. She slips behind—

Spike DDT!

Page scrambles, hooks the arm, transitions quickly into a Bling Lock attempt! Highlander fights, crawling, inching toward the ropes, but she drags him back center. Griffin Hawkins drops in to check, but Highlander refuses to tap. He rolls, shifts weight, and breaks the hold just enough to create space. Both competitors collapse to the mat, gasping.

Michelle Rylan: "This is championship-level desperation now."

The Bandit: "And neither one is backing down."

Page is first up again, furious, pulling Highlander up and landing a sharp spinning heel kick, then another attempt at the Diamonds Are Forever—but Highlander counters, shoving her forward and catching her with a brutal enziguri that snaps her head sideways. He lifts her—

Crown Jewel brainbuster!

Cover!

ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

Page gets the shoulder up again and immediately rolls out of the ring, screaming at Griffin Hawkins that it was a slow count, that she had it, that he's ruining the match. Griffin just tells her to get back in. She glares at him with a disgusted look on her face before sliding back in slowly. The Hammer is waiting, ready for Page. He grabs her, but she suddenly snaps him into position.

Michelle Rylan: "Diamonds Are Forever!"

The Bandit: "Reverse neckbreaker connects!"

She crawls into the cover immediately.

ONE!

TWO!

Griffin Hawkins hesitates for a split second—

TWO AND A HALF—

AND HE STOPS IT.

NO COUNT.

The crowd erupts as Page sits up screaming. She is furious, insisting it was three. Griffin shakes his head, pointing down at Highlander's boot on the bottom rope. The crowd explodes again as the replay confirms it. Page turns red with rage and SHOVES GRIFFIN HAWKINS again. He stares at her. She shoves him again harder. Griffin Hawkins suddenly SHOVES HER DOWN with authority and the Genesis Dome erupts into chaos-level reaction.

Michelle Rylan: "GRIFFIN HAWKINS HAS HAD ENOUGH!"

The Bandit: "She just poked the bear!"

Page loses control completely, screaming, but behind her Highlander slowly rises. She turns—

FALLING HAMMER!

SCISSORS KICK OUT OF NOWHERE!

The crowd is on its feet screaming as Highlander collapses into the cover. Griffin Hawkins drops instantly.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING!

The San Antonio faithful lose their voices screaming so damn loud. Confetti begins pouring down from the Genesis Dome rafters as the entire place erupts in celebration.

Shirley Powers: "HERE IS YOUR WINNER... AND THE INAUGURAL... HVW WORLD CHAMPION... DAN "THE HAMMER" HIGHLANDER!"

Highlander rolls off, exhausted, barely able to process what just happened as Griffin Hawkins reaches down and officially raises his arm. Clean. Respectful. No controversy in the result, only clarity in the chaos that led to it. Page sits in the corner, screaming that she had it won, refusing to accept it, glaring at Griffin Hawkins like he robbed her of destiny itself.

Michelle Rylan: "Danielle Page is furious—but Griffin Hawkins called it right down the middle."

The Bandit: "And that's why Dan Highlander is standing there with the gold."

Highlander is handed the HVW World Championship. He looks at it, trying his best to hold back the emotion clearly running through him, then raises it high in the air as the crowd roars. Confetti rains harder. Griffin Hawkins raises his arm one final time.

Michelle Rylan: "History has been made tonight in HVW!"

The Bandit: "The first ever World Champion has been crowned!"

Michelle Rylan: "From all of us here at Destiny's Divide—thank you for joining us tonight!"

The Bandit: "And don't forget—Tuesday night, The Hacker launches EVOLUTION!"

Highlander stands tall in the center of the Genesis Dome, gold held high above him as Danielle Page seethes at ringside and the camera slowly fades out on the moment HVW's future officially begins.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite