# HVW Revolution: HVW Revolution - Episode 3

**Promotion:** Heroes & Villains Wrestling
**Date:** November 14, 2026
**Location:** Propst Arena — Huntsville, AL

## Results

### The Final Countdown

Segment

The final Revolution before Black Circuit begins with a different kind of energy.

For the last two weeks, this new unified show has been finding its identity. The former Saturday Night and Evolution rosters have shared one stage, old rivalries have crossed paths, new alliances have started to form, and the first phase of Ultima has steadily narrowed the field. But tonight, Revolution reaches its final stop before Black Circuit—and the consequences of what happens inside Propst Arena will shape the biggest event of this new era.

The broadcast opens not with the usual arena flyover, but with a fast-moving sequence of images: a steel cage lowering over the ring in Baton Rouge, a bloodied Adam Hansen raising the Territory Championship, Queen Bianca Davis being led away by Max Walker, the first Ultima qualifiers celebrating, and Jaiden Rishel sitting behind his office desk.

A low electronic pulse builds beneath the footage.

Then a voice cuts through.

Jaiden Rishel: "Two weeks ago, I told you that Revolution was going to be different. One roster. One stage. No more dividing this company into separate kingdoms and pretending that what happens on one side doesn't matter to the other. Everybody is here now. Everybody has an opportunity. And everybody has to live with the consequences."

The footage shifts to the first episode of Revolution: the opening Ultima victories, the first wave of tournament qualifiers, and the unified roster competing under one banner.

Jaiden Rishel: "Last week, we saw what happens when people finally get the opportunities they've been demanding. Adam Hansen fought through HOSTILITY, stepped inside a steel cage with Queen Bianca Davis, and walked out with the Territory Championship. The Queen lost her crown. The Carolina Cowboy took his place at the top of the division. And whether HOSTILITY likes it or not, that is what this new era is supposed to be about."

Adam's championship celebration fills the screen. The image freezes on him holding the title high as Lex Collins and Emi Marek celebrate beside him.

The music swells, then takes a darker turn.

The camera cuts to the attack on Dan Highlander and Jace Parker Davidson during their Alliance Championship match against Bad Juju. HOSTILITY flooding the ring. Griffin Hawkins rushing in to help. Deacon St. John cutting him off with the Darkheart Championship. Security struggling to contain the chaos.

Then Jaiden Rishel appears on the stage, announcing War Games.

Jaiden Rishel: "And when people decide that the rules don't apply to them, when they decide that they can turn this company into their own personal playground, I have to remind them who runs this place. HOSTILITY has been allowed to operate like an empire for long enough. Next week, they get to prove whether they can actually stand together when the entire opposition is standing across from them."

The footage shows the War Games announcement graphic: HOSTILITY against Team Vera, with the stakes displayed beneath it.

Jaiden Rishel: "If Danielle Page's team wins, she gets to choose her own opponent for the World Heavyweight Championship at Black Circuit. If Team Vera wins, Vera Vega gets that championship opportunity. No more arguing about who deserves it. No more interference to decide who gets the next shot. Five against five. Inside War Games. And when that match is over, we'll know who earned the right to stand across from the champion."

The montage cuts away from the ring and into the office footage from last week's announcement about Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca.

Jaiden Rishel: "And then there's Lorenzo."

The music drops almost completely away.

Jaiden Rishel: "Last week, I told you that the investigation into the shooting may finally be reaching its conclusion. The police have someone in custody. I've made contact with the department, and next week, I'm going to Jefferson County Prison to sit across from the person suspected of shooting Lorenzo DeLuca. I'm going to ask the questions that need answering, and you're going to see that interview for yourselves."

A brief pause.

Jaiden Rishel: "I know there are people who think I should leave this to somebody else. I know there are people who would rather I stay behind this desk and let other people do the difficult work. But this company is my responsibility now. Lorenzo's shooting happened under this company's roof, and I want answers. If you want the job done right..."

The screen cuts to Jaiden staring into the camera.

Jaiden Rishel: "...do it yourself."

The footage ends.

A sudden burst of sound brings the broadcast back to the present. The camera reveals the Propst Arena at the Von Braun Center, packed with fans. The arena lighting sweeps across the crowd in brilliant white, electric blue, and deep red. The Revolution stage stands at the far end of the building, its vertical panels pulsing in time with the opening theme.

The central screen flashes:

HVW REVOLUTION

THE FINAL COUNTDOWN

ONE ROSTER. ONE STAGE. ONE WEEK UNTIL BLACK CIRCUIT.

The camera cuts to the two commentary desks.

Michelle Rylan is already standing, visibly energized, while The Bandit leans over the desk with a grin. Across the arena, Roxie Voltage is on her feet, applauding the crowd, while Kingston Rhymes looks toward the ring with a serious expression.

Michelle Rylan: "HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA! WELCOME TO REVOLUTION!"

The crowd erupts.

The Bandit: "One week! One week until Black Circuit! And if you thought the first two episodes of Revolution were something, I don't think anybody is ready for what tonight could bring. This is the final stop before the biggest night of this new era, and there are still people fighting for their place on that card!"

Roxie Voltage: "This is the night where everything comes together! We've got championships on the line, rivalries reaching a breaking point, and two final spots in the Ultima field still waiting to be claimed. Everybody has been talking about Black Circuit, but tonight they have to get through Revolution first!"

Kingston Rhymes: "And let's not forget the people who already qualified. Fourteen names are in that sixteen-person field. Two spots remain. Once those are filled, the next step is the sixteen-person battle royale, and only the final four move on to the contract ladder match. Everybody wants that opportunity, but nobody gets to skip the line."

The screen displays the Ultima graphic, with the fourteen qualified names appearing in succession.

Michelle Rylan: "Cayden Cole, Christopher $t. James, Dalton Adams, Dan Highlander, Dangerous Dan, Derrick Vayden, Emi Marek, Jace Parker Davidson, Jude Mitchell, Kashe Keibler, Leo Lions, Max Walker, Samara Astrid, and Staci Doll have all secured their places. Tonight, Alexandria Monroe and Tyler Anderson will fight for one of those remaining spots, and Queen Bianca Davis will have another opportunity to earn her way into the field when she faces Roxanne Rodriguiz."

The Bandit: "And those are two very different situations. Alexandria and Tyler are both trying to get their first step toward that battle royale. Bianca, meanwhile, just lost the Territory Championship to Adam Hansen. You know she's furious. You know she wants to prove that losing that title didn't knock her off course. But Roxanne Rodriguiz isn't exactly going to roll over and make it easy."

Roxie Voltage: "There is so much happening around Ultima right now. Fourteen people have made it through, and the final two qualifiers are going to join a field that already has some serious competition. The battle royale is going to be unpredictable, and that contract is going to change somebody's career."

Kingston Rhymes: "Assuming they survive long enough to get to the ladder match. Four people make it that far. Four. Everybody else goes home empty-handed."

The camera cuts to footage of Dalton Adams and Dangerous Dan standing together, followed by Fire & Ice in a separate shot.

Michelle Rylan: "We also have a tag team match with plenty of implications tonight. Forged in Conflict, Dalton Adams and Dangerous Dan, will face Fire & Ice, Dean and Seth Moxley. Two teams with very different histories, but both looking to build momentum before Black Circuit."

The Bandit: "Dalton and Dan have already shown what they can do individually. Now they have to show whether they can put those abilities together. And Fire & Ice? They're fighting for their place in this company after everything that's happened with the Andersons. I don't think they're going to be in a generous mood."

Roxie Voltage: "And speaking of the Andersons, Tyler has a huge night ahead of him. He's got Alexandria Monroe in Ultima competition, and the stakes couldn't be higher. One loss and he misses out on that sixteen-person field."

The screen transitions to Madison Carter and Staci Doll.

Michelle Rylan: "Madison Carter and Staci Doll meet in singles action tonight. Both women have had their share of ups and downs in this new era, and tonight is an opportunity to make a statement before Black Circuit."

The Bandit: "Madison has already shown she can hang with the best, but Staci has been finding her footing. And with two very different personalities, I wouldn't expect either one to make this easy."

A graphic appears showing Echo Layne, Emi Marek, Jude Mitchell, and Tinsley Fairchild.

Roxie Voltage: "And how about this fatal fourway? Echo Layne, Emi Marek, Jude Mitchell, and Tinsley Fairchild. Four competitors, one ring, and absolutely no reason to believe this one is going to stay orderly for very long."

Kingston Rhymes: "Especially with Emi and Echo having already crossed paths, and Tinsley always looking for a way

to make sure the spotlight stays on her. Jude Mitchell might be the one person in that match who wants nothing to do with the drama, but he'll have to deal with it anyway."

The camera shifts to the next match graphic, showing Lex Collins, Bad Juju, and Corey Townsend on one side, with The Playboys on the other.

Michelle Rylan: "And we have an eight-person tag team match that could easily steal the show. Lex Collins, Bad Juju, and Corey Townsend will join forces against The Playboys: Eric Paisano, Kashe Keibler, Nick Micevski, and Sione Maivia."

The Bandit: "That's a lot of personalities in one ring! Lex Collins is still the No Limits Champion, Bad Juju are the Alliance Champions, and The Playboys have been making their presence felt all over this roster. And don't forget Sione Maivia. He already made a statement by attacking Lex after his championship defense last week."

Roxie Voltage: "That's what makes this so interesting. Lex has a score to settle with Sione, and he's got some very capable partners beside him. But eight-person tags can get chaotic in a hurry, and The Playboys aren't going to care how many championships are on the other side of that ring."

Kingston Rhymes: "They don't need to beat everybody individually. They just need to find the right person at the right time. That's the danger of a match like this."

The screen now displays Cayden Cole and Derrick Vayden.

Michelle Rylan: "Cayden Cole goes one-on-one with Derrick Vayden tonight. Cayden has already qualified for Ultima, but Derrick is going to have a lot to prove after the way his last match ended. These two have very different approaches, and I think we're going to see a fascinating clash."

The Bandit: "Cayden has the heart, the energy, and the crowd behind him. Derrick has that cold, methodical style where he just keeps coming until something breaks. I wouldn't want to be standing across from either one."

The footage transitions to Deacon St. John holding the Darkheart Championship, followed by Leo Lions.

Roxie Voltage: "And there's a championship match with a lot at stake. Deacon St. John defends the Darkheart Championship against Leo Lions. Deacon has been making some very interesting moves lately, and after what happened with Griffin Hawkins and Max Walker last week, there are questions about where his loyalties really lie."

Kingston Rhymes: "Deacon has a championship to defend, and Leo Lions has a chance to take it away. Whatever else is going on, that's what matters when the bell rings. But you can bet Griffin Hawkins will be watching closely after what happened to him."

The camera returns to the main commentary desk as the lighting around the arena begins to darken slightly.

Michelle Rylan: "And then we get to the match that could define the entire night. War Games. HOSTILITY against Team Vera. Five against five, and the stakes couldn't be bigger."

The screen displays the two teams.

WAR GAMES

HOSTILITY

Danielle Page (c)

Christopher $t. James

Reaper

Max Walker

Samara Astrid

TEAM VERA

Vera Vega

Adam Hansen (c)

Jace Parker Davidson

Dan Highlander

Griffin Hawkins

If HOSTILITY wins: Danielle Page chooses her Black Circuit opponent.

If Team Vera wins: Vera Vega becomes Danielle's World Heavyweight Championship challenger.

The Bandit: "This is the one! This is the match that could change the entire Black Circuit main event! Danielle Page has made it clear that she wants control over her own destiny. If HOSTILITY wins, she gets to choose who challenges her. But if Team Vera wins, Vera Vega gets the opportunity she's been fighting for!"

Michelle Rylan: "And look at the people involved! Vera Vega, Adam Hansen, Jace Parker Davidson, Dan Highlander, and Griffin Hawkins. Five people who have all had their own battles with HOSTILITY. On the other side, Danielle Page, Christopher $t. James, Reaper, Max Walker, and Samara Astrid. Five people who believe this company belongs to them."

Roxie Voltage: "And Adam Hansen enters this match as the new Territory Champion after what he accomplished last week. He's got momentum, he's got the championship, and now he has to step into War Games with the very people who tried to keep him from ever getting that opportunity."

Kingston Rhymes: "But don't overlook Danielle. She's the World Heavyweight Champion. She's got four people standing beside her, and if they win, she gets to make the decision about who stands across from her at Black Circuit. That's a lot of power in one match."

Michelle Rylan: "And let's not forget the other major story developing tonight. Jaiden Rishel's interview with the suspected shooter of Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca is scheduled to be shown next week. There are still questions, there are still people waiting for answers, and next Saturday's Revolution could bring us closer to finding out exactly what happened."

The Bandit: "The new boss has put himself right in the middle of it. He's going to Jefferson County Prison, and he's going to ask the questions himself. That's a dangerous situation, but Jaiden seems determined to see it through."

The camera pulls back to a wide shot of Propst Arena. The crowd is on its feet, the Revolution stage glows behind the ring, and the central screen begins displaying the Black Circuit logo.

HVW BLACK CIRCUIT — ONE WEEK AWAY.

The logo transitions into the currently announced event card.

Unstoppable Force (Billy Anderson, Tyler Anderson & Kyle Bright) vs. Fire & Ice (Dean, Roman & Seth Moxley) — Loser Leaves Town

Lex Collins (c) vs. Sione Maivia — No Limits Championship

Deacon St. John (c) vs. Griffin Hawkins — Darkheart Championship

Ultima Phase 2 — Sixteen-Person Battle Royale; final four advance

Ultima Phase 3 — Contract Ladder Match

Danielle Page (c) vs. TBD — HVW World Heavyweight Championship

Michelle Rylan: "Black Circuit is next Saturday, November twenty-first, at Legacy Arena in Birmingham. The first major pay-per-view of the unified Revolution era, and the card is already taking shape. The Loser Leaves Town match, two championship defenses, the Ultima battle royale, the contract ladder match, and the HVW World Heavyweight Championship main event."

The Bandit: "And that World Championship opponent? We find out tonight. HOSTILITY wins, Danielle gets to pick. Team Vera wins, Vera gets her shot. There is no way to overstate how important that War Games match is."

Roxie Voltage: "This is the final Revolution before Black Circuit. No more waiting. No more wondering. Tonight, the field gets finalized, the rivalries get hotter, and the championship picture gets a whole lot clearer."

Kingston Rhymes: "Everybody has spent two weeks telling us what they want to accomplish. Tonight, they have to show us. And next Saturday, somebody's going to find out whether all that work was worth it."

The camera returns to Michelle and The Bandit.

Michelle Rylan: "Huntsville, this is your final Revolution before Black Circuit! Nine matches, championship gold on the line, the final Ultima qualifiers, and War Games in our main event!"

The Bandit: "One week until Black Circuit! Let's find out who's ready!"

The Revolution theme hits at full volume. The camera sweeps across the audience one final time before cutting to the entrance stage. The vertical panels flash white, blue, and red in rapid succession as the Revolution logo fills the screen.

REVOLUTION: EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT.

The camera cuts to the ring.

The show is underway.

### No More Collateral Damage

Segment

The camera opens backstage at Propst Arena, where Dakota Anderson is standing with a Revolution interviewer. She looks composed, but there is an unmistakable frustration in her expression as she discusses the ongoing conflict between the Andersons and Fire & Ice.

Dakota Anderson: "At this point, I don't even know what else there is to say. Last week was supposed to be the night everything got settled. Loser Leaves Town. One team walks away, and the other gets out of HVW. Instead, nobody could keep their hands to themselves long enough for the match to have a finish. Now we're right back where we started, except this time it's a tornado tag, no holds barred, and apparently nobody is going to be able to hide behind the rules."

Before Dakota can continue, Seth Moxley walks into the shot, immediately drawing her attention.

Seth Moxley: "You know, that's funny. You keep talking about people not being able to keep their hands to themselves, but maybe you should be asking your brother why he can't keep his nose out of our business."

Dakota turns toward him, clearly unimpressed.

Dakota Anderson: "Excuse me? You came over here to start something with me?"

Seth Moxley: "I'm just saying, your family has made this personal. Billy wants to run his mouth, Tyler wants to play peacemaker, and somehow everybody else has to deal with it. Maybe you should tell them to stop getting involved."

Dakota steps closer, her patience wearing thin.

Dakota Anderson: "Don't drag me into something I have nothing to do with. If you've got a problem with Billy or Tyler, take it up with them. Don't come over here looking for an argument with me."

Seth Moxley: "Oh, I'm sorry. Did I interrupt your little interview? Maybe you should be more concerned about what happens when your family finally gets what's coming to them."

Dakota doesn't hesitate. She slaps Seth hard across the face, leaving him momentarily stunned. Seth turns back toward her, his expression changing as he takes a step forward.

Before things can escalate, Dean Moxley rushes into the frame, with Billy Anderson appearing from the opposite direction. Dean immediately gets between Seth and Dakota, while Billy moves toward his brother.

Dean Moxley: "What the hell is going on here?"

Seth Moxley: "Ask her! She just slapped me!"

Billy Anderson: "You walked up to her, Seth. Don't act surprised when somebody finally gets tired of your mouth."

Tyler Anderson: "Billy, don't. We have enough problems without making this worse."

The camera catches the four men glaring at one another, with Dakota standing her ground behind Billy and Seth still looking ready to retaliate. Dean keeps a hand against Seth's chest, while Tyler tries to prevent Billy from moving any closer.

Michelle Rylan: "And just like that, this situation has gotten even more personal. Dakota wasn't even part of this confrontation until Seth decided to bring her into it."

The Bandit: "Well, Seth got a response he wasn't expecting! You don't walk up to somebody and start poking at their family unless you're ready for what comes back."

Roxie Voltage: "The Andersons and Fire & Ice are supposed to be preparing for Black Circuit, but it seems like nobody can make it through a single night without another confrontation."

Kingston Rhymes: "And with no holds barred and Loser Leaves Town still hanging over that six-man tornado tag, I don't think anybody should expect these families to suddenly find common ground."

The camera stays on the tense hallway as security personnel begin moving into the area, attempting to keep the two sides apart. The argument continues as the shot fades away.

### Welcome To The Madness

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to find TEAM MADNESS standing together. Alexandria Monroe has her arms folded, looking confident as ever, while Echo Layne stands beside her with a noticeably frustrated expression. Both women have plenty on their minds, and neither looks particularly interested in playing nice.

Alexandria Monroe: “Well, well, well. Looks like it’s time for Alexandria Monroe to remind everybody why you should never count me out. I’ve got Tyler standing across the ring from me, and apparently, people think I’ve got the odds stacked against me. That’s cute. Really cute.”

Alex lets out a sarcastic little laugh before continuing.

Alexandria Monroe: “Here’s the thing about me. I’ve never needed things handed to me. I’ve never needed an easy road, and I sure as hell don’t need anybody believing in me to get the job done. I’ve got an Ultima Match ahead of me, and I’m walking into that match with one thing on my mind: winning. Tyler can bring whatever he’s got, but I’m not walking away empty-handed. The odds can be against me all they want. I have every intention of overcoming them.”

Alex turns toward the camera, giving it a confident smirk.

Alexandria Monroe: “Remember my name. Because when Ultima is over, you’ll be talking about Alexandria Monroe.”

Echo shifts beside Alex, rolling her eyes before finally speaking.

Echo Layne: “And speaking of bad weeks… apparently, I’m having one hell of a time lately.”

She shakes her head.

Echo Layne: “Last week, I stepped into that ring against Emi, and unfortunately, things didn’t go my way. I lost. Am I happy about it? Absolutely not. Am I going to sit backstage and cry about it? Hell no. But you’d think after a loss like that, I’d get a little breathing room. Nope. Instead, I’m right back in another match with Emi, except this time I’ve got two other people thrown into the mix.”

Echo scoffs.

Echo Layne: “Seriously? What is this? Some kind of punishment? I’ve already had one bad week, and apparently, the universe decided I needed another.”

Her expression turns more serious as she looks directly into the camera.

Echo Layne: “But here’s where things change. I’m tired of being disappointed. I’m tired of walking away from matches wondering what went wrong. Emi might have beaten me last week, but that doesn’t mean she’s going to do it again. And adding two more people into the equation doesn’t exactly scare me. If anything, it gives me more people to prove wrong.”

Echo gives a small, mischievous smirk.

Echo Layne: “My bad week ends now. I’m turning this whole damn thing around, and somebody is going to find out that counting Echo Layne out is a pretty stupid mistake.”

Alex glances over at Echo with a grin.

Alexandria Monroe: “That’s the spirit. Around here, we don’t stay down. We get back up, cause a little chaos, and make everybody regret underestimating us.”

Echo Layne: “Exactly. That’s what TEAM MADNESS is all about.”

Both women look toward the camera.

Alexandria Monroe & Echo Layne: “Welcome to the madness.”

Alex flashes a wicked grin while Echo throws up a playful, mocking wave. The two walk off together, leaving the camera behind as the segment fades out.

### Alexandria Monroe vs. Tyler Anderson

Match

The arena comes alive as the opening notes of “Burn In My Light” by Mercy Drive hit the speakers. Tyler Anderson emerges from the entrance, making his way down the ramp with his familiar no-nonsense intensity. He slaps a few outstretched hands along the way, but his attention remains fixed on the ring. With the Andersons' ongoing war with

Fire & Ice threatening to boil over again, Tyler has plenty on his mind. Tonight, however, he has a chance to put his name into the next phase of Ultima.

Tyler climbs into the ring and raises a fist toward the crowd before settling into his corner. The music changes, and “All I Need” by Within Temptation brings out Alexandria Monroe, accompanied by Echo Layne. The five-foot powerhouse walks with confidence, flashing a knowing grin as Echo follows close behind. Team Madness has been fighting to make its mark in HVW, and with only two Phase Two positions remaining, Alexandria knows this is her opportunity.

Shirley Powers steps forward to make the introductions.

Shirley Powers: "The following contest is an Ultima Tournament First Phase Match! The winner will advance to the sixteen-person Ultima Battle Royale at Black Circuit!"

She introduces both competitors, and referee Trent Robbins signals for the bell.

Alexandria wastes little time trying to use her speed against the much taller Anderson. Tyler catches her initial charge and sends her across the ring with a hard shove, but Alexandria rolls through and comes back with a sharp superkick to the jaw. Tyler staggers, giving her an opening for a swinging side slam and a quick cover. Tyler kicks out before the count of two, then powers back to his feet and catches Alexandria with an inverted backbreaker. He follows with a rope-hung DDT, leaving her clutching her head as Tyler takes a moment to look toward the crowd.

Tyler starts building momentum, landing a Georgia Kick that nearly puts Alexandria away. He pulls her up and begins setting up for the Georgia Bomb, but the crowd suddenly turns its attention toward the entrance.

Dean and Seth Moxley make their way down the ramp, drawing Tyler's attention immediately. The two Fire & Ice members stop near ringside, staring up at the man they've been battling for weeks. Tyler steps toward the ropes, shouting for them to stay out of his match.

Michelle Rylan: "You've got to be kidding me! The Moxleys are here, and Tyler Anderson has every reason to be concerned!"

The Bandit: "After everything that's happened between these two teams, you can't blame Tyler for keeping an eye on them!"

Before the situation can go any further, Billy Anderson storms out from backstage and heads straight for Dean and Seth. The two sides begin jawing at one another, and Tyler finally climbs out of the ring to stand beside his brother. Billy and Tyler move toward the Moxleys, and the confrontation quickly turns physical. Tyler helps Billy send Dean and Seth retreating up the ramp, refusing to let them turn another Anderson family moment into an ambush.

But the distraction has cost him dearly.

Tyler turns and rushes back toward the ring, only to find Alexandria already waiting. She catches him as he slides beneath the bottom rope, drives a knee into his midsection, and quickly follows with This Is Madness, planting him with the leg-trap sunset flip powerbomb. Tyler struggles to get back up, but Alexandria is already climbing the turnbuckles. She launches herself into What Greatness Looks Like, connecting with the twisted moonsault and crashing down across Tyler's chest.

The referee drops into position.

One!

Two!

Three!

The bell rings, and the crowd erupts as Alexandria rolls away from the cover, exhausted but victorious.

Shirley Powers: "Here is your winner, and advancing to the Ultima Battle Royale at Black Circuit… ALEXANDRIA MONROE!"

Echo Layne rushes into the ring, embracing her longtime tag-team partner as the two celebrate together. Tyler remains down for a moment, visibly frustrated, while Billy looks back toward the ring from the entrance ramp. The Moxleys have disappeared into the backstage area, but their presence has cost Tyler his opportunity.

Michelle Rylan: "Alexandria Monroe has done it! Team Madness is officially represented in the Ultima Battle Royale!"

Roxie Voltage: "She didn't need anybody to hand her an opportunity. She took advantage when it mattered, and now she's going to Black Circuit!"

Kingston Rhymes: "Tyler Anderson had his eyes on Fire & Ice, and Alexandria made him pay for it. That's what happens when you take your attention off the person standing across from you."

The broadcast graphic fills the screen, confirming Alexandria Monroe as the fifteenth competitor qualified for the Ultima Battle Royale. She and Echo stand together in the ring, looking up at the screen as the crowd cheers.

ALEXANDRIA MONROE ADVANCES TO BLACK CIRCUIT!

One spot remains. Later tonight, Queen Bianca Davis and Roxanne Rodriguiz will battle for the final place in the sixteen-person field.

## Forged in Conflict

Segment

The camera finds Dalton Adams backstage at Propst Arena, standing quietly near the entrance tunnel. His wrists are taped, his expression focused, and the noise of the Huntsville crowd rolls through the corridor behind him. He looks directly into the camera.

Dalton Adams: "Ten years in Japan taught me a few things. One of 'em is that you don't really know a man until you've stood across the ring from him. Anybody can shake your hand. Anybody can tell you what you wanna hear. But when somebody's trying to knock your damn head off? That's when you find out who they really are."

Dalton pauses, looking down briefly before continuing.

Dalton Adams: "Dangerous Dan and I have been on opposite sides of that ring. We've hit each other, we've tested each other, and we've found out a few things. He beat me. I ain't forgotten that. But I learned something about him that night, too."

He adjusts the tape around one wrist, his voice remaining measured.

Dalton Adams: "And then there was the Fight Back In. Five men, one opportunity, and nobody getting anything for free. Dan had already earned his place in Ultima. I had to fight my way back into the picture. Now we're both heading to the Battle Royale at Black Circuit. That's not something either of us should take lightly."

Dalton takes a breath and glances toward the entrance tunnel.

Dalton Adams: "Forged in Conflict. That's what they're calling us. And you know what? I kinda like it. Because anything worth a damn has to be tested. Steel doesn't get stronger sitting on a shelf."

He turns his attention back to the camera.

Dalton Adams: "Now we've got Fire & Ice standing across from us. Dean and Seth Moxley have made a habit of turning every disagreement into a fight. Their business with the Andersons is their own, but tonight they're stepping into the ring with us. And Dan and I aren't going to spend the evening worrying about somebody else's family feud."

A faint, confident smile crosses Dalton's face.

Dalton Adams: "This isn't about friendship. It isn't about convenience. Respect isn't something you get because somebody says the right words or offers you a handshake. It's what happens when two competitors recognize something worthwhile in one another. Dan and I have already tested that. Tonight, we find out what we can build with it."

Dalton gives a small nod and starts walking toward the entrance area.

Dalton Adams: "Steel doesn't get stronger without pressure. Let's see what we've got."

The camera follows him for a few steps before cutting away.

Forged in Conflict isn't built on promises. It's built on what happens when the bell rings.

### Respect is Earned, Not Given

Segment

The camera opens backstage at Propst Arena, where Dangerous Dan stands beside a monitor displaying footage from last week's Ultima Tournament. The replay shows Dan and Dalton Adams battling through their hard-fought match before exchanging a handshake afterward. Dan watches the footage for a moment before turning toward the camera.

Dangerous Dan: "You know, everybody keeps talking about that handshake like it was some kind of miracle. Like two grown men showing each other respect is something the wrestling world has never witnessed before. Dalton and I went to war in that tournament. We beat the hell out of each other because that's what we were supposed to do. We both wanted to advance. We both wanted to win. And when it was over, I was the man who got his hand raised. But that doesn't mean Dalton walked out of that ring with nothing. He walked out with my respect, and believe me, that's something you don't get just because you show up and put on a pair of wrestling boots."

Dan pauses as the monitor switches to the Ultima Battle Royale graphic.

Dangerous Dan: "Now we're both heading to Black Circuit. Sixteen men, one Battle Royale, and four spots in the final phase. I know what I'm chasing, and I know Dalton does too. But tonight, we're putting that individual business aside for a little while. Forged in Conflict has a job to do."

Dalton Adams briefly steps into frame, already dressed for competition. He gives Dan a small nod.

Dalton Adams: "Let's get to it."

Dan returns the nod, and Dalton heads toward the entrance corridor, leaving Dan to finish his thoughts.

Dangerous Dan: "That's all there needs to be. We don't have to be best friends. We don't have to agree on everything. We know what the other man brings because we've already experienced it firsthand. And when somebody asks whether I can trust Dalton Adams, my answer is simple. I'd rather stand beside a man who's already proven what he's made of than somebody who spends every waking moment telling the world how dangerous he is."

Dan's expression changes as he looks toward the camera.

Dangerous Dan: "And then there's Dean and Seth Moxley. Two men who've made a career out of turning every situation into a fight. They've got their issues with the Andersons, and that's their business. But tonight, they've got us standing across the ring from them. They can bring the punches, the threats, the chaos, and whatever else they think is going to make us uncomfortable. But they need to understand something. Violence isn't a language exclusive to the Moxleys. I speak it fluently."

Dan picks up his jacket and throws it over his shoulder.

Dangerous Dan: "They can question our partnership all they want. They can wonder whether two former opponents can actually work together. But they're making one hell of a mistake if they think we're going to spend tonight worrying about whether we trust each other. We're coming to win."

He takes a step toward the entrance corridor, then looks back toward the camera with a slight grin.

Dangerous Dan: "Dean. Seth. You wanted a fight? You're getting one. And when the dust settles, don't come looking for excuses."

Dan pauses.

Dangerous Dan: "The ENDD is near. Can you feel it?"

Dan walks toward the entrance area, where Dalton is waiting. The two men fall into step beside one another, heading toward the ring without another word.

Michelle Rylan: "Dangerous Dan and Dalton Adams have a very unusual partnership, but there's something to be said for two men who have already tested each other in the ring."

The Bandit: "And now they've got to put that experience to work against Dean and Seth Moxley. That's not going to be an easy assignment."

Roxie Voltage: "The Moxleys have history together. Dan and Dalton are still figuring out what they can accomplish as a team. That's a big difference."

Kingston Rhymes: "Maybe. But respect is a pretty strong foundation. We'll find out tonight if it's enough to overcome experience."

Former opponents. New partners. One common enemy. Forged in Conflict is ready for Fire & Ice.

### Forged in Conflict (Dalton Adams & Dangerous Dan) vs. Fire & Ice (Dean & Seth Moxley)

Match

The camera returns to the ring at Propst Arena, where Dalton Adams and Dangerous Dan are already waiting in their respective corners. The two members of Forged in Conflict stand together, exchanging a few words as they look toward the entrance ramp. Neither man appears particularly interested in waiting around. They have a match to win, and after the way their partnership began, tonight is another opportunity to prove that their mutual respect can translate into results.

Michelle Rylan: "Forged in Conflict already in the ring, and they've got a difficult assignment ahead of them. But after what we heard from both men earlier tonight, I think they're looking forward to finding out exactly what this partnership can accomplish."

The Bandit: "They've got a good thing going, Michelle. They tested each other in that Ultima Tournament match, and now they're standing on the same side. That's not something you see every day."

Roxie Voltage: "And they're facing two men who have had their attention pulled in about six different directions tonight. Fire & Ice have been involved in this Anderson family situation all evening."

Kingston Rhymes: "Which makes this a dangerous situation for Dean and Seth. They've got to get their heads back in the game before they even think about getting in that ring."

The arena lights shift as Fire & Ice finally make their entrance. Dean Moxley and Seth Moxley emerge onto the stage, but they barely have time to acknowledge the crowd before Billy Anderson comes charging into the picture from the side.

Billy tackles Dean into the barricade and immediately starts throwing punches. Seth turns toward the commotion, but Billy catches him with a forearm before driving him backward into the barricade as well. The crowd erupts as the earlier confrontation between the Andersons and Fire & Ice spills into the entranceway once again. Billy is furious, unloading on both men as Dean tries to fight back and Seth struggles to get himself between Billy and his partner.

Michelle Rylan: "BILLY ANDERSON! BILLY ANDERSON IS ATTACKING FIRE & ICE BEFORE THIS MATCH HAS EVEN STARTED!"

The Bandit: "Somebody get out here and stop this! We already saw what happened with Tyler earlier tonight, and Billy clearly isn't finished!"

Roxie Voltage: "This is exactly what Fire & Ice didn't need! They've got a match to wrestle, and Billy Anderson is making sure they don't get there in one piece!"

Security personnel rush out from the backstage area, grabbing Billy and trying to pull him away from Dean and Seth. Billy continues fighting against them, attempting to break free and get another shot in, while Dean tries to lunge back toward him. Seth catches Dean around the shoulders, attempting to keep his partner from getting himself dragged into another fight.

Then Tyler Anderson appears.

Tyler rushes down the ramp and gets between his brother and the security personnel, grabbing Billy and helping hold him back. Billy continues shouting toward Fire & Ice, but Tyler keeps pulling him away from the entranceway. Security finally manages to create enough distance to separate the two sides, with Billy still visibly furious as Tyler guides him toward the backstage area.

Dean and Seth are left leaning against the barricade, visibly hurting and breathing heavily. They exchange frustrated looks, but neither man is willing to walk away from the match. After a few moments, they begin making their way down the ramp, slower than usual but determined to compete.

Kingston Rhymes: "Well, I don't know what kind of condition Fire & Ice are in right now, but they've made it clear they're still coming to the ring."

Michelle Rylan: "And that deserves some credit. They've just been jumped, they've been fighting with the Andersons all night, and they're still going to compete."

Shirley Powers: "The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, already in the ring, the team of Dalton Adams and Dangerous Dan... FORGED IN CONFLICT!"

The crowd responds with a solid reaction as Shirley turns toward the entranceway.

Shirley Powers: "And their opponents, from Las Vegas, Nevada, Dean and Seth Moxley... FIRE & ICE!"

Dean and Seth finally reach the ring and climb onto the apron. They take a moment to compose themselves before stepping through the ropes. Referee Trent Robbins checks both teams, making sure the competitors are ready, before calling for the bell.

The opening moments are immediately difficult for Fire & Ice. Dean starts against Dalton, but his movements are noticeably slower after the attack. Dalton recognizes it and keeps the pressure on, driving Dean backward with a stiff forearm before following with a sharp kick to the midsection. Dean tries to answer with a punch, but Dalton catches him with a knee and sends him stumbling toward the corner. Dalton makes the tag to Dan, and the two members of Forged in Conflict quickly begin working together, keeping Dean isolated and preventing him from reaching Seth.

Dan takes control with a snap suplex, then follows with a running strike that leaves Dean down near the ropes. He pulls Dean up and attempts to send him across the ring, but Dean reverses the whip and catches Dan with a desperate

Downward Spiral. Both men hit the canvas, and the crowd begins to rally behind Dean as he slowly crawls toward his corner.

Dean stretches out his arm, but Dan grabs him by the ankle and tries to drag him back. Dean kicks free, gets to his feet, and catches Dan with a sudden Spear that sends both men crashing down. Dan rolls toward the ropes, and Dean finally manages to reach Seth for the tag.

Seth enters with a burst of energy, despite the damage from the attack. He catches Dalton as he tries to intervene with a forearm, then turns toward Dan and connects with a sharp kick. Seth follows with a Pop-Up Powerbomb attempt, but Dan manages to slip free and stumble toward his corner. Dalton reaches out and makes the tag, stepping into the ring just as Seth turns around.

Seth tries to keep the momentum going, connecting with a Beautiful Disaster that catches Dalton across the head. He covers!

One! Two!

Dalton kicks out!

Seth sits up, visibly frustrated, but he refuses to slow down. He pulls Dalton up and attempts to set him for another big move, only for Dalton to fight his way free with a series of heavy strikes. Seth fires back, and the two exchange shots in the center of the ring. Seth catches Dalton with a knee and turns him around, looking to set up the Cross Rhodes. Dalton fights the grip, however, and drives an elbow backward into Seth's ribs.

Seth stumbles away, clutching his side, and Dalton uses the opening to catch him with a sudden Uranage. The impact sends Seth crashing to the mat, but Dalton doesn't immediately go for the cover. Instead, he looks toward his corner and reaches out for Dan.

Michelle Rylan: "Dalton needs that tag! Fire & Ice have actually brought themselves right back into this match!"

The Bandit: "And if Seth had been able to finish that Cross Rhodes, we might have been talking about a very different result!"

Dalton tags Dan, and the two members of Forged in Conflict move quickly. Dalton pulls Seth up and catches him with a heavy strike, keeping him upright long enough for Dan to charge in with a running knee. Seth drops to one knee, and Dalton immediately follows with another powerful strike that sends him forward into Dan's waiting arms.

Dan catches Seth, turns him away from the ropes, and drives him down with a forceful slam. Dalton steps out to the apron as Dan covers.

One! Two!

Dean dives into the ring and breaks up the pin!

Dean throws himself across Dan's back, forcing the cover to break just before the three-count. Trent Robbins immediately orders Dean back to his corner, but Dean refuses to leave without getting one more shot at Dan. Dan shoves him away, and Dalton steps through the ropes to intercept Dean before the situation can turn into a full-blown brawl.

Dean manages to catch Dalton with a forearm, but Dalton answers with a stiff strike of his own and sends him tumbling through the ropes to the floor. Seth tries to use the distraction to get back to his feet, but Dan is already waiting.

Dan pulls Seth upright, hooks him into position, and looks toward the crowd as they rise in anticipation.

Michelle Rylan: "He's got him! Dangerous Dan has Seth right where he wants him!"

Dan launches himself upward and crashes down with The ENDD, the Swanton Bomb landing squarely across Seth's

chest!

Dan hooks both legs as Trent Robbins drops into position.

One! Two! Three!

Shirley Powers: "Here are your winners... FORGED IN CONFLICT!"

The crowd cheers as Dan rolls off Seth and sits up, taking a moment to catch his breath. Dalton climbs back into the ring and joins him, offering a hand. Dan accepts, and the two men stand together as Trent Robbins raises their arms.

Dean has made his way back to the ring and checks on Seth, clearly unhappy with the result but more concerned with his partner after the attack and the match. Fire & Ice have come up short, and the frustration is written across both men's faces as they regroup on the mat.

Michelle Rylan: "A hard-fought victory for Forged in Conflict, but you have to wonder how much different this match might have been if Fire & Ice hadn't been attacked before they ever made it to the ring."

The Bandit: "No question about it. Dean and Seth showed a lot of fight, but they were already hurting before that bell rang. Still, Dalton and Dan took advantage of the opportunity and finished the job."

Roxie Voltage: "And that's what a partnership is supposed to do. Dalton and Dan didn't need to be best friends. They needed to trust each other when the moment came, and that's exactly what happened."

Kingston Rhymes: "They've got momentum now, and with the Ultima Battle Royale coming up at Black Circuit, both men have another reason to keep building that chemistry."

Dan and Dalton exchange a brief nod in the center of the ring before raising their arms once more. Forged in Conflict have passed another test together, while Fire & Ice are left to deal with the consequences of a night that has gone badly for them from the moment they stepped onto the entrance ramp.

The camera catches Dean helping Seth toward the ropes as the scene fades away from the ring.

### UPRISING: Reckoning

Segment

Check out the WILD season finale of UPRISING: the 6 Anniversary RECKONING pay per view!

### Assassination Mission

Segment

The camera opens in an isolated corner backstage at Propst Arena. Unlike the usual busy corridors of Revolution, this part of the building is almost completely quiet. There are no production staff rushing between segments, no wrestlers preparing for their matches, and no Tara Robinson waiting with a microphone. The camera is pointed toward the floor for several seconds before slowly panning across the concrete.

A pair of polished black knee-high boots comes into view.

The camera travels upward, revealing a sleek black dress with red accents, fitted neatly against the figure wearing it. Long black hair falls over her shoulders, and in each hand she holds a golden stiletto knife. The camera finally reaches the face of Madison Carter, dressed as Yor Forger from Spy x Family.

Madison turns one of the golden blades between her fingers. Her expression is not playful tonight. There is irritation

written across her face, and when she finally looks directly into the camera, her eyes narrow.

Madison Carter: "You know, I was starting to think somebody around here had a personal problem with me."

She gives a short, humorless laugh.

Madison Carter: "Because apparently, no matter what I do, no matter how many times I prove I belong in that ring, somebody always finds a way to make sure I'm the one left standing outside looking in."

She raises one of the knives.

Madison Carter: "Dalton Adams. Congratulations, sweetheart. You survived a gauntlet and walked away with a spot in the second phase of Ultima. Must feel pretty good, huh? Getting the opportunity that was supposed to belong to me."

Her smile disappears.

Madison Carter: "And don't get me wrong. I know Dalton is talented. I know he's spent ten years wrestling in Japan. I know he's a big, strong, technically sound competitor. I don't give a damn. There is no way in hell that man is better than me. And if that had been a singles match last week, he wouldn't have beaten me."

She takes a step closer to the camera.

Madison Carter: "I had already wrestled two matches before he even stepped into that ring. Two! I had to survive a gauntlet against four other people, including a former two-time World Champion, while he got to walk in fresh and take advantage of the situation. And somehow, that's the guy who gets to move forward."

She shakes her head, then slowly points the knife toward the camera.

Madison Carter: "It's bullshit. It's a conspiracy. I don't know what the hell I did to Baby Rish, but somebody clearly doesn't want me in that Battle Royale."

Madison begins counting names off on her fingers.

Madison Carter: "Leo Lions. Kashe Keibler. Emi Marek. Max Walker. Samara Astrid. Christopher $t. James. Jace Parker Davidson. Dan Highlander."

She pauses, letting the list hang in the air.

Madison Carter: "People I've beaten. People I've gone toe-to-toe with. People who, quite frankly, aren't even skilled enough to lace my boots. And now they're all getting ready for Black Circuit while I'm left wondering what else I have to do to get the same opportunity."

Her voice grows sharper.

Madison Carter: "Nobody else had to take the road I did. Nobody else had to survive multiple opponents in a gauntlet. Nobody else had to deal with the kind of obstacles I've been handed. Everyone else gets their spot on a silver platter, and Madison Carter gets booked to fail."

She lowers the knife, then tilts her head slightly.

Madison Carter: "And now... now Baby Rish wants to add insult to injury."

A beat passes.

Madison Carter: "Staci Doll."

She laughs again, this time with open contempt.

Madison Carter: "Slayyyter. The woman who also managed to get herself into the second phase of Ultima. The woman who gets to walk into Black Circuit with her spot secure, knowing that no matter what happens tonight, she'll still be in

that Battle Royale."

Madison rolls her eyes.

Madison Carter: "If there was any justice in this company, her spot would be on the line tonight. If this were anybody else, that's exactly what would happen. But because it's me, Staci gets another free pass. She gets to keep her opportunity, and I get another match where I'm supposed to smile, perform, and pretend that everything is fair."

She takes a breath, then gives the camera a cold smile.

Madison Carter: "Well, here's the thing, Staci. I'm going to beat you tonight. And when I do, you'll still walk into Black Circuit with your place in the Battle Royale, while I'll be standing here with absolutely nothing to show for it."

She raises both golden knives.

Madison Carter: "I promised I was done with this shit. I promised I was done sitting around and accepting it every time somebody else gets handed something I earned. I said I was going to start stabbing people."

She looks down at the blades, admiring their golden finish.

Madison Carter: "And that's exactly what I'm going to do."

Madison steps closer, her expression turning almost unnervingly calm.

Madison Carter: "I'm on a mission now. A mission to expose every fraud who advanced to that second phase instead of me. Every person who thinks they're better than Madison Carter just because their name is on a graphic and mine isn't."

She holds one knife upright beside her face.

Madison Carter: "Staci, you might have your spot secured. You might get to walk into Black Circuit and pretend you've already accomplished something. But there's not a chance in hell you're walking into that Battle Royale at one hundred percent."

Her smile widens.

Madison Carter: "I'm not just going to beat you. I'm going to steamroll you. I'm going to make sure everybody watching understands exactly what happens when they keep pushing somebody who has absolutely nothing left to lose."

She brings the two golden blades together with a quiet metallic click.

Madison Carter: "And don't worry, Staci. It isn't personal."

Madison pauses, looking directly into the lens.

Madison Carter: "It's just a mission."

Madison turns and walks out of the frame, the heels of her boots clicking against the concrete. The camera remains fixed on the empty corridor for several seconds.

A retro green graphic begins typing itself across the screen, one letter at a time.

ASSASSINATION MISSION

TARGET: STACI DOLL

The image cuts back to the Revolution arena as the crowd awaits the upcoming singles match.

### Madison Carter vs. Staci Doll

The camera returns to the arena as the Revolution crowd settles in for the next contest. The ring is already prepared, but before the music can hit, Staci Doll makes her way onto the entrance ramp with a microphone in hand. Slayyyter is dressed for the occasion, wearing a confident smile and carrying herself like someone who already knows how the night is going to end. She pauses at the top of the ramp, looks around at the crowd, and begins speaking before she even reaches the ring.

Staci Doll: "Okay, okay! Before we get this little match started, I think we need to talk about something."

The crowd responds with a mixture of cheers and boos.

Staci Doll: "Tonight, I get to wrestle Madison Carter. And honestly? I'm not really sure why we're pretending this is some big, important match. I mean, look at the situation. I'm already qualified for the second phase of Ultima. I'm already going to Black Circuit. I've got my spot, I've earned my spot, and there's absolutely nothing Madison can do about it."

She smiles and brushes a hand through her hair.

Staci Doll: "Meanwhile, Madison has spent the last several weeks losing matches, complaining about losing matches, and then complaining some more. She lost to Dan Highlander twice. She couldn't win the gauntlet. She couldn't get past Dalton Adams. And now she's apparently decided that the reason she isn't going to Black Circuit is because everybody else is conspiring against her."

Staci shakes her head with an exaggerated look of sympathy.

Staci Doll: "Honey, maybe the problem isn't everybody else. Maybe you're just not as good as you think you are."

The camera cuts toward the entranceway as Madison Carter's music hits. Madison emerges wearing her Yor Forger-inspired outfit, the sleek black dress with red accents, long black hair, and polished black knee-high boots. She walks toward the ring with a focused expression, carrying the same simmering frustration that was evident in her earlier backstage comments.

Staci Doll: "Oh, look! Here she comes! Everybody's favorite little victim!"

Madison steps through the ropes, never taking her eyes off Staci. Staci continues smiling, enjoying every second of the attention.

Staci Doll: "Come on, Madison. Don't look so upset. You should be happy! You get to share the ring with somebody who's actually going to be in the Ultima Battle Royale next weekend. You can tell all your little fans that you almost made it."

Madison slowly approaches her, allowing Staci to finish speaking. Staci gestures toward the Ultima graphic displayed on the arena screens.

Staci Doll: "And just so we're clear, my spot is safe. You can kick me, punch me, throw yourself off the top rope, and do whatever little anime routine you want. At the end of the night, I'm still going to Black Circuit, and you're still going to be Madison Carter."

Madison finally snaps.

She reaches forward, snatches the microphone directly out of Staci's hand, and steps right into her face. The smile disappears from Staci's expression as Madison glares at her.

Madison Carter: "SHUT UP!"

The crowd reacts loudly.

Madison Carter: "You want to stand there and run your mouth about how you're already going to Black Circuit? You want to tell me how safe your little spot is? Then put your money where your mouth is!"

Madison points toward the Ultima graphic.

Madison Carter: "Put that spot on the line! If you're so confident that you can beat me tonight, then let's make this mean something. Your place in the second phase of Ultima against my place in the second phase of Ultima. Winner goes to Black Circuit. Loser goes home!"

Staci stares at Madison for a moment before bursting into laughter. She looks toward the crowd, then back at Madison, shaking her head as though the challenge is the funniest thing she's heard all evening.

Staci Doll: "You seriously want to do that?"

Madison doesn't blink.

Madison Carter: "I'm waiting."

Staci laughs again, then shrugs.

Staci Doll: "Sure! Why not? I'll take your little spot, too. It'll be even sweeter when I beat you and get to watch you complain about it afterward!"

Staci turns toward the referee and gestures for the match to begin. Trent Robbins looks between the two competitors, clearly aware of the sudden change in stakes. After confirming the stipulation with both women, he signals toward the timekeeper.

Michelle Rylan: "Hold on a second! Staci Doll just agreed to put her Ultima spot on the line!"

The Bandit: "Well, she certainly wasn't expecting Madison to ask for that! But she agreed, and now there's a whole lot more riding on this match."

Roxie Voltage: "Madison has been telling everybody that she believes she's been denied opportunities. Well, here's an opportunity she just created for herself. All she has to do is win."

Kingston Rhymes: "And Staci might have just made the biggest mistake of her night. She was perfectly happy talking about how secure her spot was until Madison put the challenge directly in front of her."

Shirley Powers: "Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall, and the winner will earn a place in the second phase of the Ultima Tournament at Black Circuit! Introducing first, Staci Doll... SLAYYYTER!"

Staci gives the crowd a smug smile before turning toward Madison.

Shirley Powers: "And her opponent, Madison Carter!"

Trent Robbins checks both competitors, then calls for the bell.

DING DING!

Madison doesn't wait.

The moment the bell rings, she charges across the ring and catches Staci with a sharp forearm that sends her stumbling backward. Staci tries to raise her hands and plead for a moment, but Madison immediately follows with a series of kicks to the midsection and a hard roundhouse that drops her to the canvas.

Staci scrambles toward the ropes, clearly caught off guard by the sudden aggression. Madison grabs her by the arm and pulls her back into the ring, catching her with a snap hurricanrana that sends Staci tumbling across the mat. Madison is on top of her almost immediately, driving a knee into her shoulder before pulling her back to her feet.

Staci tries to create some separation with a desperate shove, then catches Madison with a quick kick and attempts to

turn her into a Kentucky Kiss. Madison ducks underneath it, spins around, and catches Staci with a sharp kick of her own. Staci staggers into the corner, and Madison charges forward with the Big Bang Attack, driving her hip into Staci's face while she sits against the turnbuckles.

Michelle Rylan: "Madison Carter is absolutely unloading on her! Staci hasn't been able to get anything going!"

The Bandit: "That is a completely different Madison Carter from the one we've seen in recent weeks. She's not giving Staci a second to breathe!"

Madison pulls Staci out of the corner and sends her across the ring. Staci attempts to reverse the whip, but Madison springs off the ropes and catches her with a running knee to the back of the head. Staci drops to the mat, clutching her head as Madison stands over her, breathing heavily but showing no signs of slowing down.

Staci finally finds a brief opening when Madison reaches down to grab her. She drives an elbow into Madison's stomach, then manages to catch her with a quick jawbreaker. Madison staggers backward, giving Staci just enough room to get to her feet. Slayyyter immediately switches gears, forcing a smile and raising her hands as if she wants to calm the situation down.

Staci Doll: "Wait, wait! Come on! We're good!"

Madison steps forward.

Staci suddenly tries to catch her with the Douchebag Drop, but Madison shoves her away before the cutter can connect. Staci turns around and attempts a springboard maneuver, looking for the Catalog Cover, but Madison catches her on the way down and drives her into the canvas with a hard slam.

Roxie Voltage: "Staci tried to steal one there, but Madison saw it coming!"

Kingston Rhymes: "And she hasn't forgotten what Staci said before this match. Madison is wrestling with a purpose tonight."

Madison pulls Staci upright, hooks her into position, and delivers a devastating Fan Service, sending Staci crashing down to the mat. Staci rolls onto her back, visibly dazed, and Madison looks toward the turnbuckles.

The crowd begins to rise as Madison climbs to the top rope.

Michelle Rylan: "Madison is going upstairs! She could be looking to finish this!"

Staci barely manages to move as Madison launches herself into the air, rotating into the Spirit Bomb and crashing down with both feet across her fallen opponent.

Madison immediately hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Winner: Madison Carter

Shirley Powers: "Here is your winner, and the newest qualifier for the second phase of the Ultima Tournament... MADISON CARTER!"

The crowd erupts as Madison rolls away from Staci and sits up, looking almost stunned by what she has just accomplished. Trent Robbins raises her hand while the arena screens update the Ultima graphic, replacing Staci Doll's name with Madison Carter's.

Michelle Rylan: "SHE DID IT! MADISON CARTER IS GOING TO BLACK CIRCUIT!"

The Bandit: "And she did it in a hurry! Staci agreed to put that spot on the line, and Madison made her pay for every single word she said!"

Roxie Voltage: "Think about what this means for Madison. After losing twice to Dan Highlander, after losing the gauntlet, after feeling like every opportunity had slipped away, she just fought her way back into Ultima!"

Kingston Rhymes: "And she didn't just win. She dominated Staci Doll from the opening bell. That was a statement."

Madison climbs onto the second turnbuckle and raises both arms, soaking in the crowd's reaction. She points toward the Ultima graphic, where her name now appears among the sixteen competitors heading into the Battle Royale at Black Circuit.

Across the ring, Staci has finally managed to sit up. Her expression is one of complete disbelief. She looks toward the screen, then back at Madison, realizing that the spot she had been so confident was safe has just been taken away from her. She opens her mouth as if to protest, but there is little she can do. The result is official.

Madison notices Staci watching her and turns toward her, giving her a small, satisfied smirk. She doesn't need to say anything. The message has already been delivered.

Madison Carter is going to Black Circuit.

And after everything she's been through to get there, she may have just found the momentum she needed at exactly the right time.

### The Song Isn't Finished

Segment

Backstage at Propst Arena, Tara Robinson stands near the Revolution interview backdrop with a microphone in hand. The camera catches her looking toward the hallway before Emi Marek steps into frame. Emi is wearing her feathered robe, her expression composed but noticeably more serious than usual. She gives Tara a polite nod before turning toward the camera.

Tara Robinson: "Emi, tonight marks your first time competing since your match with Echo Layne was cut short by an attack from Samara Astrid. Before we talk about tonight's fatal four-way, I want to start there. Have you had an opportunity to speak with Echo since what happened?"

Emi takes a moment before answering.

Emi Marek: "I have. And first, I want to say something directly to Echo. I'm sorry."

She looks into the camera, speaking carefully.

Emi Marek: "Our match was supposed to be about the two of us. Two competitors who wanted to prove something in that ring. I had a lot of respect for Echo before we stepped between those ropes, and I still have that respect now. What happened wasn't the ending either of us deserved. We didn't get to find out who was better that night, and I know neither of us was satisfied with how things ended."

Emi briefly looks down, then back up.

Emi Marek: "I don't blame Echo. I don't blame the referee. I don't even blame the circumstances of the match. I blame the person who decided that our opportunity to compete was less important than making a statement."

Tara Robinson: "Samara Astrid."

Emi's expression tightens.

Emi Marek: "Samara."

She lets the name linger for a moment.

Emi Marek: "I've been in the ring with her before. I've seen what she and HOSTILITY are willing to do when things aren't going their way. At Nightmare Protocol, I stood across from her and Max Walker, and I helped Adam Hansen get the victory. I thought that might have been enough to make my position clear. Apparently, it wasn't."

Tara Robinson: "Do you believe Samara's attack was specifically intended to target you, or was it another attempt by HOSTILITY to send a message to the entire roster?"

Emi Marek: "Does it really matter? Whether it was meant for me or whether I was simply standing in the wrong place at the wrong time, the result is the same. I was taken out of a match, Echo was robbed of a proper contest, and HOSTILITY got exactly what they wanted. Attention."

Emi adjusts the robe over her shoulders.

Emi Marek: "But I want Samara to understand something. Every time she interferes, every time she brings a chair into a match that should be decided by wrestling, every time she and her friends decide that nobody else deserves to have their moment, she gives me another reason to stand across from her."

Tara Robinson: "HOSTILITY has been involved in a lot of the major developments here on Revolution, particularly with the War Games match tonight. Danielle Page, Christopher $t. James, Reaper, Max Walker, and Samara Astrid are all preparing for that battle. Do you think the group has become too comfortable believing they can control everything?"

Emi Marek: "I think they've mistaken fear for respect."

Her answer is immediate.

Emi Marek: "They have numbers. They have influence. They have people willing to step into a ring and do their dirty work. But none of that makes them better wrestlers. None of that makes them untouchable. And none of it changes what happens when somebody finally stands in front of them and refuses to move."

Tara nods before shifting the subject toward the match ahead.

Tara Robinson: "Tonight, though, you have three other competitors to worry about. Echo Layne, Tinsley Fairchild, and Jude Mitchell. This is a fatal four-way with no tournament spot on the line, but with Black Circuit just one week away, every opportunity to build momentum matters. How are you approaching it?"

Emi smiles faintly at the mention of Echo.

Emi Marek: "Echo and I have unfinished business, but I don't intend to treat her as an enemy. She's a talented competitor, and I know what she's capable of. If we find ourselves standing across from one another tonight, I want it to be because we've both earned that moment in the ring. Not because somebody decided to ruin it for us."

Her expression changes when she considers the other two opponents.

Emi Marek: "Tinsley Fairchild is a different kind of challenge. We've had our history, and I know she isn't going to make anything easy. She likes to control the pace, control the attention, and make everybody else feel like they're lucky to share the same ring with her. But I didn't come this far to be intimidated by somebody's attitude."

She pauses.

Emi Marek: "And Jude Mitchell is another competitor I'll have to be ready for. In a fatal four-way, you can't spend too long watching one person. You have to be aware of everything happening around you. One mistake, one opening, one second of looking in the wrong direction, and the match can be over."

Tara Robinson: "And then there's Ultima. You've already secured your place in the second phase at Black Circuit. The sixteen-person Battle Royale is coming up, and the final four will move on to the contract ladder match. Does having that spot secured change your approach tonight?"

Emi's eyes briefly move toward the Ultima graphic visible behind Tara.

Emi Marek: "No. It gives me something to prepare for, but it doesn't change who I am."

She takes a breath.

Emi Marek: "I know what that tournament represents. Sixteen people, all fighting for the same opportunity. Four people will survive the Battle Royale and get the chance to climb for a contract that could change their careers. I want to be one of those four. I want to earn that opportunity, and I want to do it by proving I belong there."

She gently adjusts the feathered robe.

Emi Marek: "But I don't want to become so focused on what happens next weekend that I forget about the opportunity standing in front of me tonight. Echo, Tinsley, Jude... they all deserve my attention. I'm not going to overlook any of them."

Tara Robinson: "One final question. You said earlier that Samara has given you another reason to stand across from her. With HOSTILITY involved in tonight's main event, and Black Circuit approaching, is this something you're prepared to take further?"

Emi looks directly into the camera. Her respectful composure remains, but there is a noticeable intensity behind her eyes.

Emi Marek: "Samara, I know you're watching."

She slowly tightens the wrist tape around one hand.

Emi Marek: "You interrupted my match. You took away my chance to compete, and you took away Echo's chance to finish what we started. You wanted to make sure everybody knew that HOSTILITY could do whatever it wanted without consequences."

She steps slightly closer to the camera.

Emi Marek: "You made me a target when you attacked me. So understand this: I am not going to forget what you did, and I'm not going to let you decide when our story is finished."

A brief pause.

Emi Marek: "You can bring your friends. You can bring your numbers. You can bring another chair if that's what makes you feel brave. But the next time you come looking for me, Samara, make sure you're ready for the fight you started."

Emi gives Tara a respectful nod, then turns toward the entrance.

Tara Robinson: "Emi Marek, focused on tonight's fatal four-way, but with a very clear message for Samara Astrid and HOSTILITY. She'll have to navigate three opponents tonight before turning her attention toward the Ultima Battle Royale at Black Circuit."

Emi reaches the curtain and pauses for just a moment. She looks back toward the camera, tightens the final strip of wrist tape, and gives one last determined stare, then she heads through the curtain.

The camera lingers on the empty hallway before cutting back to the arena, where the crowd is waiting for the next contest.

## THREE WOMEN AND A FUNERAL

Segment

The camera finds a quieter corner of the backstage area at Propst Arena, away from the traffic of production staff and the steady movement of wrestlers preparing for the final Revolution before Black Circuit. A battered road case sits against the wall, its metal edges scratched and its surface marked by years of travel. Sitting on top of it is Jude “The Pariah” Mitchell, dressed in faded black jeans, worn sneakers, and a distressed punk band shirt. His bleached hair is slightly disheveled, and the black X across the tape on his right hand is visible as he holds his phone in the other.

The screen displays the Revolution match card.

Jude stares at it for a moment, scrolls down, then scrolls back up as though hoping the information might have changed while he wasn't looking.

Jude Mitchell: "Well. That's interesting."

He squints at the screen.

Jude Mitchell: "Last week, I beat the ambassador from Planet Roxie. Apparently, that means I'm going to Black Circuit. Great. Fantastic. Love that for me."

He gives a small, dismissive nod, then scrolls again.

Jude Mitchell: "And this week..."

He pauses.

Jude Mitchell: "Echo Layne. Emi Marek. Tinsley Fairchild."

He looks at the screen again, then slowly raises his eyes toward the camera.

Jude Mitchell: "Okay. So one's a friend, one's a fucking headache, and one's apparently a person."

A beat.

Jude Mitchell: "Wonderful."

He lowers the phone, turning it over in his hand.

Jude Mitchell: "I don't know who puts these things together. Maybe there's a dartboard somewhere. Maybe somebody draws names out of a hat. Maybe there's a very sophisticated algorithm that takes into account travel schedules, audience demographics, and how much it would annoy the guy who's actually got to go out there and do it."

He looks back at the phone.

Jude Mitchell: "Whatever the process is, congratulations. You've managed to create a match that requires me to have three completely different conversations with myself before I even get to the ring."

He scrolls back to Emi's name, and his expression softens into a small, genuine smile.

Jude Mitchell: "Emi Marek. Now there's somebody I actually know."

He leans back against the wall, phone resting loosely in his palm.

Jude Mitchell: "UPRISING. That's where I know Emi from. And I remember her. Good person. Good heart. She's been there for Lex when things got ugly, and I don't forget things like that. Especially when it comes to Lex. We've been through enough together that I tend to pay attention to the people who show up when he's got his back against the wall."

He gives a faint nod.

Jude Mitchell: "And she's a hell of a wrestler. Let's get that out of the way before somebody decides I'm doing the whole 'aw, she's so nice' thing. I'm not. Being a good person doesn't mean you can't knock somebody's teeth out. I've been doing this long enough to know that some of the nicest people in the locker room are also the ones you ought to be watching most closely."

He glances down at Emi's name again.

Jude Mitchell: "So, Emi? Nothing but love. Seriously."

A pause.

Jude Mitchell: "But I'm still gonna try to beat you. That's kind of the point of the evening. I assume you understand. If not, I can get you a pamphlet."

He scrolls down to Tinsley's name. The smile disappears. He exhales through his nose.

Jude Mitchell: "Tinsley Fairchild."

He lets the name sit there for a second.

Jude Mitchell: "Oh, I remember you. TWA. Very exclusive. Very important. Very 'you can't sit with us.'"

He looks directly into the camera.

Jude Mitchell: "Lady, I'm forty-three years old. I survived high school the first time. I'm not doing it again for somebody who thinks being a bitch counts as a personality."

He shifts on the road case, one sneaker scraping lightly against the floor.

Jude Mitchell: "And for the record, I've been unwanted in better places than your lunch table."

His eyes return to the screen.

Jude Mitchell: "Look, I understand having an image. I understand building a character. I've spent most of my adult life being the guy people don't particularly want around. I get the whole outsider thing. But there's a difference between being treated like you don't belong and spending every waking moment trying to convince everybody else that they don't."

He shrugs.

Jude Mitchell: "Maybe that's your thing. Maybe it works for you. I'm not here to give you a personality review. I've got enough problems of my own."

He taps the phone with his thumb.

Jude Mitchell: "But if you plan on spending the match deciding who deserves to share oxygen with you, I'd recommend keeping an eye on the other three people in the ring. They might have something to say about it."

He scrolls to the final name.

Jude Mitchell: "Echo Layne."

He studies it.

Jude Mitchell: "Don't know you."

A pause.

Jude Mitchell: "That's it. That's all I've got."

He turns the phone slightly, as if the screen might offer a more useful biography if he holds it at a different angle. It

doesn't.

Jude Mitchell: "Now, this is where we get to the part that reminds me of last week. I had an opponent who openly admitted she didn't know who I was, didn't know what the tournament was, and apparently hadn't spent a whole lot of time figuring out what she was getting herself into."

He gives the camera a crooked half-smile.

Jude Mitchell: "I wound up giving an introductory course in professional wrestling. Very educational. Probably should've charged tuition."

He sets the phone briefly against his knee.

Jude Mitchell: "But here's the difference between me and the last person who stood in a ring talking about not knowing her opponent."

He gestures toward the screen.

Jude Mitchell: "I know that means I've got homework to do."

He picks the phone up again.

Jude Mitchell: "See, that's the funny thing about wrestling. Sometimes you get booked against somebody you've never met. So you watch some tape. You ask around. You figure out what they do well, what they don't, what they like to set up, and how to avoid getting your fucking head kicked off."

He looks into the camera.

Jude Mitchell: "Revolutionary concept, I know."

A faint, amused shake of his head follows.

Jude Mitchell: "I don't know Echo. I don't know what she's like outside the ring. I don't know what she's accomplished, who she knows, or what she thinks of me. And I'm not going to make any of that shit up just to fill a few minutes of television. Maybe I'll like her. Maybe I won't. Maybe she'll turn out to be the kind of wrestler who makes me regret not doing more homework."

He gives a small shrug.

Jude Mitchell: "Either way, I'll find out. That's what the match is for."

For a moment, Jude stops scrolling. The match card remains on his screen, the four names lined up beneath the words FATAL FOURWAY. His thumb rests near the edge of the phone. The sarcasm doesn't disappear exactly, but it quiets.

Jude Mitchell: "Look, I don't make the matches. Never have. Somebody puts a name on a piece of paper, somebody else puts mine next to it, and suddenly that's my Saturday."

He shrugs.

Jude Mitchell: "And I can bitch about it. Believe me, I'm very fucking good at bitching."

A short laugh escapes him.

Jude Mitchell: "But a few months ago, I was sitting in a doctor's office wondering if I was ever gonna get to do this again."

He looks down at his taped hand. The black X across it is worn but still unmistakable.

Jude Mitchell: "No clever comeback for that one. No sarcastic little speech. Just a whole lot of waiting around for somebody to tell me whether the thing I've spent my entire adult life doing was over."

He rubs his thumb against the edge of the phone.

Jude Mitchell: "I've already had one career disappear on me. I know what that's like. I know what it's like to spend years trying to get back to something and to have no idea whether your body is ever going to cooperate. You start making plans around the possibility that the thing you love most might not be there anymore."

He pauses, then looks up.

Jude Mitchell: "And now I'm sitting in Huntsville, Alabama, complaining because somebody booked me in a match I don't entirely understand."

A small, almost embarrassed smile crosses his face.

Jude Mitchell: "Which is probably a pretty good problem to have."

He glances at the match card again.

Jude Mitchell: "I still don't know what the fuck the point of this particular match is. Emi's somebody I respect. Tinsley's somebody I'd rather not spend an afternoon trapped in an elevator with. Echo's somebody I need to learn about. And somehow all four of us are going to wind up in the same ring."

He pockets his phone.

Jude Mitchell: "But I know what the point of showing up is."

He looks directly at the camera. There's no grand declaration in his voice, no attempt to make the moment bigger than it is.

Jude Mitchell: "Because I still get to do this."

He lets the words sit for a second, then seems to recognize that he's been sincere for a little too long. His expression tightens into the familiar crooked grin.

Jude Mitchell: "Which is nice. Don't tell anybody. I've got a reputation to maintain."

Jude slides off the road case and starts toward the locker room, his hands settling into his pockets. He makes it a few steps before stopping and turning back toward the camera.

Jude Mitchell: "Oh, and one more thing."

He points loosely toward the lens.

Jude Mitchell: "Emi? Nothing personal."

He shifts his weight.

Jude Mitchell: "Tinsley? Probably a little personal."

He pauses, considering the final name.

Jude Mitchell: "Echo?"

A shrug.

Jude Mitchell: "We'll figure that out Saturday."

He turns and starts walking again. The camera follows him for a few steps before he mutters just loudly enough for the microphone to catch.

Jude Mitchell: "Three women and a funeral. Jesus Christ. Sounds like the worst fucking wedding I've ever been to."

Jude disappears down the hallway, leaving the camera lingering on the empty road case for a moment before the shot

fades.

The Pariah still has plenty to complain about. At least this time, he's got somewhere to be when he's finished.

### Echo Layne vs. Emi Marek vs. Jude Mitchell vs. Tinsley Fairchild

Match

The camera returns to the arena as the Revolution crowd settles in for the next contest. Four competitors are about to step into the ring, each with something different to prove. Emi Marek is looking to put the interruption of her previous match with Echo Layne behind her. Jude Mitchell has already secured his place in the Ultima Tournament's next phase, but that doesn't mean he's about to take tonight lightly. Tinsley Fairchild is determined to make sure the spotlight stays on her, while Echo has an opportunity to remind everyone why she and Alexandria Monroe have been such a formidable team as Team Madness.

Michelle Rylan: "This is an interesting matchup, because every competitor has a different reason to want this victory. Emi Marek wants to keep building momentum, Jude Mitchell has already earned his place in the Ultima Battle Royale, and both Echo Layne and Tinsley Fairchild are looking to make a statement."

The Bandit: "And I don't think we should overlook Tinsley. She might not have the tournament opportunity Jude and Emi have, but she's got plenty of motivation. Nobody likes being left out of the big picture, especially somebody who thinks the entire picture should revolve around her."

Roxie Voltage: "There's also the history between Emi and Tinsley. Those two have never exactly seen eye to eye, and we've watched that tension develop since they both arrived here. I wouldn't be surprised if that becomes a major part of this match."

Kingston Rhymes: "And don't forget Echo. She's had her own unfinished business with Emi after their previous match was interrupted. Tonight gives them both a chance to settle things in the ring, although a four-way match doesn't exactly make that easy."

The entranceway lights shift as Echo Layne makes her way onto the stage. The familiar opening of "Toxic" by Lauren Babic fills the arena, and Echo steps out to a strong reaction from the crowd. The Meowgician of Mayhem takes a moment to acknowledge the fans before making her way down the ramp. Her attention briefly shifts toward the ring, where she looks over the three competitors awaiting her. Echo has the agility and unpredictability to make life difficult for anyone in this match, and she knows that she cannot afford to focus on just one opponent.

Next, Emi Marek emerges from the entranceway. Wearing her entrance robe, she pauses beneath the Revolution lighting as the crowd responds warmly. Emi takes a moment to acknowledge the audience before walking toward the ring, her expression calm but determined. She has already earned her place in the Ultima Battle Royale, but the attack by Samara Astrid and the interruption of her previous match have left her with plenty of unfinished business. Emi looks toward Echo as she approaches the ring, offering a respectful nod. Echo returns the gesture, and for a moment the two appear to recognize that whatever happened between them previously was not either woman's fault.

Jude Mitchell is next. There is no elaborate presentation or attempt to make a spectacle of the moment. Jude walks onto the stage with his familiar understated attitude, dressed in his faded punk shirt, black jeans, and worn sneakers. He looks toward the ring, then briefly toward the crowd, offering a small, almost reluctant acknowledgment before continuing down the ramp. Jude has already secured his place in the Ultima Battle Royale, and although he may not be particularly interested in the pageantry surrounding the tournament, he understands exactly what another victory could mean.

Finally, Tinsley Fairchild makes her way onto the stage. She pauses beneath the lights, looking toward the ring with an

expression that suggests she considers the entire situation an inconvenience that everyone else should be grateful she agreed to participate in. Tinsley takes her time walking down the ramp, making sure the crowd gets a good look at her before stepping onto the apron. She enters the ring and immediately looks toward Emi, who is standing in the opposite corner. The two exchange a long stare, neither particularly interested in looking away first.

Shirley Powers introduces all four competitors, and referee Trent Robbins calls them toward the center of the ring. He reminds them that this is a standard Fatal Fourway contest, with the first pinfall or submission determining the winner. There are no eliminations, and a competitor does not need to defeat all three opponents individually to leave with the victory.

The four competitors spread out around the ring. Echo keeps her eyes moving between the other three, Emi settles into a ready stance, Jude rolls his shoulders and watches the developing situation, and Tinsley takes one last moment to adjust herself before turning toward the others.

The bell rings.

Echo and Emi are the first to move toward one another, but neither immediately throws a strike. They circle briefly, recognizing the familiarity between them, before Tinsley rushes forward and catches Emi with a forearm to the side of the head. Echo steps in to help, but Jude intercepts her with a sharp kick to the midsection. The opening seconds quickly turn into two separate exchanges, with Tinsley trying to take advantage of Emi's attention and Jude attempting to keep Echo from getting involved.

Jude catches Echo with a snapmare and follows with a running kick to the back. Echo rolls through the impact and gets back to her feet, catching Jude with a quick enzuigiri that sends him stumbling toward the ropes. She charges after him, but Jude ducks beneath her next strike and catches her with a sharp forearm. Echo answers with a leg-feed enzuigiri, and Jude falls backward through the ropes to the floor.

Across the ring, Tinsley has Emi backed into the corner. She delivers a series of sharp forearms before pulling Emi away and attempting to send her across the ring. Emi reverses the whip, catches Tinsley with a spinning heel kick, and follows with a Meteora that drops her onto the canvas. Emi quickly moves into a cover.

One!

Tinsley kicks out before two.

Emi pulls her up, but Tinsley catches her with a sudden knee to the midsection and shoves her toward the ropes. Tinsley attempts to catch her with a clothesline, but Emi ducks underneath and rebounds with a running dropkick that sends Tinsley tumbling through the ropes.

Michelle Rylan: "Emi Marek is moving quickly here. She's not giving Tinsley much time to settle into her game, and that could be important in a match with this many moving parts."

The Bandit: "Tinsley doesn't like being rushed, Michelle. She likes to control the pace, control the presentation, and control everybody else's attention. Emi isn't exactly cooperating with any of that."

Jude climbs back onto the apron and catches Emi with a forearm as she turns away from Tinsley. He steps through the ropes and pulls her into a quick snap DDT, driving her into the canvas. Jude rolls her onto her back and hooks the leg.

One!

Two—

Echo dives into the ring and breaks up the cover with a double knee backbreaker, forcing Jude to release Emi. Echo pulls Jude upright and attempts to send him toward the corner, but he reverses the momentum and catches her with a running forearm. Echo stumbles backward, and Jude follows with a snapmare into another kick to the back.

Jude turns toward Emi, who is beginning to recover near the ropes. He approaches her and attempts to pull her upright, but Emi catches him with a sharp elbow to the jaw. She follows with a quick spinning heel kick, then catches him with a Snap Dragon Suplex that sends him rolling across the ring.

Emi gets back to her feet and looks toward Echo, who is recovering in the opposite corner. The two exchange a brief glance before Tinsley slides back into the ring and catches Emi from behind with a running knee to the back. Tinsley immediately grabs Emi by the hair and pulls her upright, shouting something toward her before attempting to connect with Tinsley's Tease.

Emi manages to twist free and shove Tinsley away. Tinsley turns around and walks directly into a sharp roundhouse kick. Emi follows with a quick combination of strikes before catching Tinsley with a wheelbarrow facebuster.

Roxie Voltage: "Emi has been impressive tonight. She's showing that she can adapt to the pace of this match, and she's not letting Tinsley dictate how things are going to unfold."

Kingston Rhymes: "That's one of the things that makes Emi so dangerous. She's got the aerial ability, but she can also change direction and hit you with something completely different before you realize what's coming."

Emi turns toward Jude, who is getting back to his feet. She charges, but Jude catches her with a knee to the midsection and attempts to lift her into position for a power move. Emi slips behind him, lands on her feet, and catches him with a sudden running back elbow. Jude staggers into the corner, and Emi follows with a running knee that catches him against the turnbuckles.

She pulls him away and attempts another Meteora, but Jude moves out of the way. Emi lands on her feet, turns, and finds Jude charging toward her. She ducks beneath his clothesline and catches him with a spinning kick that sends him stumbling toward the ropes.

Echo sees her opening and rushes forward, catching Jude with a Soaring Dropkick that sends him over the top rope and onto the floor. Echo turns back toward Emi, and the two women finally find themselves alone in the ring.

They circle each other for a moment. Emi offers another respectful nod, and Echo responds with one of her own. The crowd applauds as the two begin exchanging strikes. Echo catches Emi with a forearm, Emi answers with a spinning heel kick, and Echo counters the next attack with a Matrix Evasion that allows her to duck beneath Emi's strike. Echo follows with a sharp STO that drops Emi onto the canvas.

Echo quickly moves into a cover.

One!

Two—

Tinsley rushes into the ring and breaks it up with a stomp to Echo's back.

The Bandit: "And there goes the sportsmanship! Tinsley doesn't care about anybody's respectful little moment. She saw a chance to stop a pin, and she took it."

Michelle Rylan: "That's the danger of this match. You can be having a great exchange with one opponent, but there are always two others waiting for an opportunity to change the situation."

Tinsley pulls Echo upright and catches her with a sharp forearm. She follows with a snap suplex, then gets back to her feet and adjusts her hair before turning toward Emi. Tinsley looks down at Echo for a moment, clearly pleased with herself, before moving toward Emi and attempting to pull her away from the ropes.

Emi catches her with a sudden kick to the ribs and follows with a wheelbarrow facebuster. Tinsley rolls toward the corner, clutching her face, while Emi turns and sees Jude climbing back onto the apron.

Jude steps through the ropes and catches Emi with a forearm. He follows with a second, then attempts to send her across the ring. Emi reverses the whip and catches him with a running knee. Jude staggers, and Emi grabs him around the head, attempting to set up a DDT. Jude blocks the hold, drives an elbow into her ribs, and catches her with a sharp kick to the side of the head.

Jude pulls Emi toward the center of the ring and attempts to connect with Dead Letter, but Emi fights free and shoves him away. Jude rebounds off the ropes, and Emi catches him with a spinning heel kick that drops him to one knee. She takes a step back and charges, but Jude catches her with a sudden forearm that sends her crashing backward.

Jude turns and sees Echo getting back to her feet. He moves toward her, but Echo catches him with a quick enzuigiri. Jude stumbles, and Echo follows with a snap DDT that drives him into the mat.

Echo rolls him over and hooks the leg.

One!

Two—

Tinsley grabs Echo by the ankle and drags her away from the cover.

Echo gets back to her feet and turns toward Tinsley, who immediately backs away with her hands raised, pretending she had no choice but to intervene. Echo steps forward, but Tinsley catches her with a sudden kick to the midsection. She grabs Echo and connects with a snap suplex before quickly climbing to the second rope.

Tinsley looks toward the crowd, raises her arms, and launches herself into a standing moonsault. She lands across Echo and immediately hooks the leg.

One!

Two—

Echo kicks out.

Tinsley sits up, visibly irritated, and looks toward referee Trent Robbins as if she cannot believe he has failed to award her the victory. She pulls Echo up and attempts to set her up for the Inheritance, but Echo catches her with a sudden forearm and slips behind her. Echo grabs Tinsley around the waist and attempts a German suplex, but Tinsley fights the hold and drives an elbow backward into Echo's jaw.

Tinsley turns and catches Echo with a sharp kick before pulling her into position for the Contour Check. She snaps Echo down with the suplex combination and immediately rolls her over for another cover.

One!

Two—

Emi dives into the ring and breaks up the pin with a running Meteora.

Tinsley rolls away, clutching her chest, while Emi gets back to her feet and turns toward Echo. Emi reaches down to help her up, but Echo is still recovering from the damage. Emi gives her a moment before turning toward Tinsley, who is already back on her feet and charging.

Emi catches her with a spinning heel kick. Tinsley stumbles, and Emi follows with a Snap Dragon Suplex that sends her across the canvas. Emi gets up and turns toward Jude, who has recovered near the ropes. Jude charges, but Emi catches him with a running back elbow and follows with a quick DDT.

Jude rolls toward the corner, and Emi looks around the ring. For a moment, she has all three opponents down or recovering. She takes a breath and begins climbing the turnbuckles, looking toward the center of the ring.

The crowd rises as Emi reaches the top rope.

But before she can launch herself, Tinsley gets back to her feet and rushes toward the corner. She grabs Emi by the leg and pulls her down from the turnbuckle, sending her crashing against the ropes. Tinsley climbs onto the second rope and catches Emi with a series of forearms before attempting to pull her into position for a superplex.

Emi fights back, driving several elbows into Tinsley's ribs. She manages to shove Tinsley away, and the two women exchange strikes on the ropes. Tinsley finally loses her footing and drops back onto the canvas. Emi steadies herself, but Jude is already climbing the opposite turnbuckle.

Jude launches himself toward Emi, catching her with a diving forearm that sends both competitors crashing to the canvas.

Kingston Rhymes: "Jude Mitchell just came out of nowhere! Emi was trying to get back into position, and Jude saw the opportunity before anybody else."

Roxie Voltage: "That's the experience showing. Jude doesn't need to dominate every second of a match. He just needs to recognize the moment when somebody is vulnerable."

Jude rolls away from Emi and begins pulling himself upright. Echo is also getting back to her feet, and the two meet near the center of the ring. Echo catches Jude with a forearm, then another, before attempting to send him into the ropes. Jude reverses the whip and tries to catch her with a clothesline, but Echo ducks underneath and connects with a spinning kick.

Jude staggers, and Echo follows with a running dropkick that sends him backward into the corner. Echo charges forward, but Jude moves aside and catches her with a knee to the midsection. He pulls her away from the turnbuckles and attempts to connect with another DDT, but Echo twists out of the hold and catches him with a quick leg-feed enzuigiri.

Jude drops to one knee.

Echo takes a step back and charges forward, looking to connect with another strike, but Jude catches her around the waist and drives her down with a sudden Dead Letter. Echo hits the canvas, and Jude rolls her over, attempting to hook the leg.

One!

Two—

Tinsley rolls into the ring and breaks up the pin just in time.

Jude sits up, visibly frustrated, and turns toward Tinsley. She immediately catches him with a forearm, then pulls him upright and sends him toward the center of the ring. Tinsley takes a step back, measures him, and connects with a standing moonsault that lands across his chest.

She rolls him over and hooks the leg.

One!

Two—

Emi comes flying off the top rope.

FINAL CHORUS!

The Phoenix Splash crashes down across all three competitors, with Tinsley taking the brunt of the impact as Emi lands across the pile. The arena erupts as all four wrestlers hit the canvas. Emi rolls away from the collision, clutching her ribs, while Jude and Echo remain sprawled across the mat. Tinsley is the first to show signs of movement, but she

is clearly in no condition to defend herself.

Emi slowly turns toward Tinsley.

She crawls across the canvas, reaches for Tinsley's leg, and manages to roll her onto her back. Emi drapes herself across Tinsley's chest and hooks the leg as referee Trent Robbins slides into position.

One!

Two!

Three!

Winner: Emi Marek

The bell rings, and the crowd erupts into cheers. Emi rolls away from Tinsley and lies on her back, exhausted, staring up at the lights as she tries to catch her breath. The Phoenix Splash has taken just as much out of her as it has her opponents, but she has managed to find the opening when it mattered most.

Shirley Powers announces Emi Marek as the winner, and the Revolution screen above the stage displays her name as the victor.

Michelle Rylan: "Emi Marek has done it! What an incredible finish! She waited for the right opportunity, came off the top rope, and took out all three of her opponents with the Final Chorus!"

Roxie Voltage: "That was spectacular! Emi didn't just find a way to win this match. She found a way to turn the entire contest around in one moment, and she had the awareness to make sure Tinsley was the one taking the pin."

Kingston Rhymes: "And that's another big victory for Emi as we head toward Black Circuit. She's already qualified for the Ultima Battle Royale, and tonight she's shown that she can hang with three very different competitors in a match where one mistake can cost you everything."

The Bandit: "I think Tinsley is going to have a few things to say about that finish. She was trying to win the match herself, and instead she ended up being the one underneath Emi's Phoenix Splash. That's not exactly the kind of attention she was hoping to get tonight."

Emi slowly pulls herself up using the ropes. She looks down at Tinsley, who is still recovering from the Phoenix Splash, before turning toward Echo. Echo has made it to a seated position and is looking toward Emi. The two women exchange a nod, the respect between them still evident despite the competitive nature of the match.

Alexandria Monroe makes her way toward ringside and checks on Echo, offering her a hand as Echo gets back to her feet. Echo accepts, and the two share a brief moment before looking toward Emi, who is now standing near the ropes.

Jude Mitchell has also made it back to a seated position. He looks toward Emi and gives her a small, knowing smirk, recognizing that she found the opening and took advantage of it. He doesn't appear particularly pleased with the result, but he doesn't argue with it either.

Tinsley finally rolls onto her side and looks toward the referee, visibly unhappy with the outcome. She pushes herself up to one knee, staring at Emi as the winner continues to celebrate. Tinsley shakes her head, clearly frustrated that she was the one pinned, and slowly makes her way toward the ropes.

Emi climbs onto the second turnbuckle and raises her arms toward the crowd. The fans respond with another strong cheer as the Revolution screen displays her name alongside the Ultima Tournament branding. She has already earned her place in the sixteen-person Battle Royale at Black Circuit, and tonight's victory gives her another reason to believe she can go even further.

Michelle Rylan: "Emi Marek is heading into Black Circuit with momentum, and after tonight, nobody can question

whether she belongs in that Battle Royale."

The Bandit: "She belongs there, sure. But there are fifteen other people who want exactly what she wants. And if tonight proved anything, it's that getting through the first phase is only the beginning."

Roxie Voltage: "That's what makes Ultima so exciting. Everybody has a different path to the same opportunity, and Emi is continuing to build hers one match at a time."

Kingston Rhymes: "And with the final qualifiers being decided tonight, the field is nearly complete. Black Circuit is going to be something special."

Emi steps down from the turnbuckle and raises her hand once more as the crowd continues cheering. Echo and Alexandria remain together near the ropes, Jude watches from the opposite side of the ring, and Tinsley continues to recover with a frustrated expression.

The camera holds on Emi celebrating her victory beneath the Revolution logo before fading away to the next segment.

### The Curio Cabinet: A Little More Bad Juju

Segment

The familiar trail of purple smoke rolls across the screen, drifting through the shelves and antique curiosities of the Curio Cabinet. Candlelight flickers over old books, strange bottles, peculiar trinkets, and the many mysterious objects collected by the two women who call this place home. But tonight, there is something different about the room. The usual playful atmosphere has given way to something considerably more serious.

‘Madame’ Colette LaVieille stands beside a small table, her arms folded and her expression unusually stern. The Alliance Championship rests nearby, its gold catching the candlelight. ‘Madame’ Cosette LaJeune sits close beside her, looking equally displeased. Neither woman is giggling, flirting, or making the usual magical gestures. For once, Bad Juju appears to have something genuinely weighing on their minds.

Colette looks directly toward the camera.

Colette: "We must speak about the last Révolution. Because, franchement, we are not very happy with what has happened."

She pauses, taking a breath before continuing.

Colette: "We are the champions of the Alliance. We come to defend our beautiful championships against Monsieur Jace and Monsieur Dan, and what happens? HOSTILITY arrives. They attack everybody. They attack Monsieur Jace, they attack Monsieur Dan, they attack the people around them...and, naturellement, they attack moi et Cosette also!"

Cosette nods firmly, her lips pressed together.

Colette: "And then, Monsieur Jaiden, he announces the great match of War Games. All our friends, they are there. Monsieur Jace, Monsieur Dan, Monsieur Griffin, Mademoiselle Vera...they are all there. But moi et Cosette? Non!"

Colette spreads her hands in disbelief.

Colette: "We are attack also, but Monsieur Jaiden, he do not put us in the team for the match of war. All our friends, they are in it, but us, non!"

Cosette gives another emphatic nod, finally leaning forward to add her own thoughts.

Cosette: "And Monsieur Deacon, I say one time of more…now I am really not your girl! Now I have the HOSTILITY for you!"

She folds her arms and looks away, clearly satisfied that she has finally made her feelings known. Colette glances toward her partner and nods approvingly before returning her attention to the camera.

Colette: "Oui. We have many things to say, and perhaps we will say more another time. But at the least, this match here, avec Monsieur Lex et Monsieur Corey, it is something. It makes pleasure."

Her expression softens slightly as she gestures toward the Alliance Championship resting on the table.

Colette: "We are very happy to stand beside Monsieur Lex and Monsieur Corey. We are happy to have a match, to have the opportunity to fight, and to show everybody what we can do together."

But the smile doesn't last. Colette's expression darkens again.

Colette: "We expect that this time here, it arrives at the least to start. All this story of attackings, it is very fatigating."

Cosette nods solemnly.

Cosette: "Very fatigating."

Colette: "Très fatigant."

Cosette: "Very, very fatigating."

The two share a brief look, but neither seems particularly amused. Colette then turns her attention toward the camera again.

Colette: "And Messieurs Les Playboys, they feel a bit bad, eh? They feel a bit bad that they lose the belts of Champions de l’Alliance. But there is no reason. They are very good Champions during that they have the belts."

Cosette nods.

Cosette: "Very good."

Colette: "Oui. They are strong, they are talented, and they have made a very good team. We do not say anything bad about them. They have worked hard, and they have been champions."

Cosette: "But now we are the champions."

Colette: "Oui. And we are very happy about this."

Colette's expression finally begins to change. The seriousness gives way to a familiar grin as she glances toward Cosette. Her partner recognizes the look immediately, and the two women share a knowing smile.

Colette: "The only problem is…moi et Cosette, we are more than good. We are…"

She pauses deliberately, turning toward her partner.

Colette: "...magiques..."

Cosette's expression lights up as she immediately jumps onto the cue.

Cosette: "...et magnifiques!"

Colette winks toward the camera.

Colette: "We see ourselves at Révolutions, Messieurs les Playboys!"

Cosette leans forward, her expression suddenly more mischievous.

Cosette: "And perhaps we make some new friends tonight! Monsieur Eric, Monsieur Nick, Monsieur Sione, and Mademoiselle Kashe. We know you very well, and we hope you are ready for a little magic."

She begins moving her fingers in the familiar subtle gestures, as though weaving an invisible spell through the air.

Colette: "But remember, this is an elimination match. One by one, somebody must leave. And when the magic begins, it is not always easy to know who will be the last person standing."

Cosette smiles and blows a playful kiss toward the camera.

Cosette: "Perhaps you should not look into our eyes for too long, Messieurs."

Colette gives a little laugh, then looks toward the Alliance Championship once more. Her expression becomes serious again, though this time there is a determined smile beneath it.

Colette: "We have worked very hard for these championships. We have fought for them, we have defended them, and we do not intend to lose them. Tonight, we stand beside Monsieur Lex and Monsieur Corey. We are one team, and we are ready."

Cosette: "And if somebody wants to take our shiny things..."

Colette looks toward her partner.

Colette: "We give them a little bad juju?"

Cosette's grin widens.

Cosette: "A very big bad juju."

Colette nods approvingly.

Colette: "Exactement."

The two women rise from their seats and move toward the Alliance Championship. Colette carefully lifts the title, while Cosette stands beside her, placing one hand over the gold plate. They look toward the camera, their expressions now carrying the familiar mixture of confidence, mischief, and something a little more dangerous.

Colette: "So, Messieurs Les Playboys, we see you tonight. We hope you have a very good match."

Cosette: "But we hope we have a better one!"

Colette: "We are the champions. We are Bad Juju. And tonight, we make it..."

She glances toward Cosette.

Colette: "...magique..."

Cosette: "...et magnifique!"

Both women raise their hands, fingers moving in elaborate magical gestures. Purple smoke begins to gather around their feet, slowly curling upward as the familiar atmosphere of the Curio Cabinet returns.

Colette gives the camera one final wink.

Cosette blows another kiss.

The purple smoke thickens until the two Alliance Champions disappear completely from view.

CUT TO THE ARENA.

## A Proper Introduction

Segment

The camera settles outside a backstage room at Propst Arena. A small plaque beside the door identifies the occupants as Bad Juju, and from somewhere inside comes the faint sound of conversation and the occasional burst of Cosette's

laughter.

A pair of footsteps approaches. Corey Townsend stops outside the door, straightens his jacket, and considers the room for a moment as he notices purple smoke beginning to pour from the bottom of the door. Then he raises his hand and delivers a somewhat musical knock: a little rhythm, a pause, and one final tap.

The door opens. 'Madame' Colette LaVieille stands in the doorway, with 'Madame' Cosette LaJeune just behind her.

Corey smiles warmly despite the purple smoke coming from the room.

Corey Townsend: "Bonjour, charmantes dames."

He gives them a polite nod, then strolls straight past them and into the room without waiting for an invitation.

Colette watches him pass, momentarily caught between surprise and amusement. Cosette turns to follow him, already smiling.

Corey looks around as though he has been expected all along.

Corey Townsend: "We have not been properly introduced, and I felt that was important, seeing as we are meant to be on the same side tonight. My name is Cornelius Ulysses Nancy Townsend, but do feel free to call me Corey, Mr. Townsend, or any fun little pet name you desire."

He pauses, placing a hand over his chest.

Corey Townsend: "It is your pleasure to meet… no, no. It is my pleasure to officially meet you both."

He removes his hat and bows. As he straightens, he reaches into the space beneath it and produces two small bouquets, one in each hand. He offers them separately, presenting each woman with her favorite flowers.

Cosette's reaction is immediate. Her eyes widen, and she lets out a delighted gasp as she accepts her bouquet. She brings the flowers to her face, breathing in their scent before turning in a little circle with them held lightly against her chest.

Cosette LaJeune: "Oh! Monsieur Corey! They are beautiful!"

Corey Townsend: "I am delighted they meet with your approval, Madame."

Colette accepts her own bouquet more cautiously. She studies the flowers, then looks back at Corey with an expression that suggests she is still deciding what to make of this unexpected visitor.

Colette LaVieille: "Merci, Monsieur Corey. This is very gentil of you."

Corey Townsend: "Only proper, surely. One should never arrive empty-handed when making an introduction."

Colette looks at him for another moment before allowing a small smile to show.

Colette LaVieille: "Then perhaps you should come inside properly this time."

Corey gives a slight bow.

Corey Townsend: "A most generous invitation. Thank you."

Colette steps aside, and Corey finally turns toward her with the appearance of a man who has just been granted permission to do something he already did. Cosette, meanwhile, has disappeared farther into the room with her flowers.

Corey glances after her.

Corey Townsend: "I do hope I haven't interrupted anything important."

Colette LaVieille: "Only our preparations for tonight. But perhaps you have come to help with those?"

Corey Townsend: "That was the general idea. I thought it best that we become acquainted before we find ourselves in the rather unusual position of relying upon one another in the middle of a wrestling match."

Colette gives a knowing nod.

Colette LaVieille: "Oui. It is a strange situation, non? We are champions together, and now we have two new gentlemen to help us."

Corey Townsend: "And I, in turn, have two very distinguished ladies to rely upon. I suspect we shall manage."

Cosette returns, having found somewhere to put the flowers in water. She approaches Corey with a bright smile.

Cosette LaJeune: "Merci encore, Monsieur Corey."

Before he can answer, she rises onto her toes and gives him a quick peck on the cheek.

Corey blinks once, then smiles.

Corey Townsend: "Well. I shall consider that a very promising start to our partnership."

Cosette giggles and returns to Colette's side. Colette gives her a playful look.

Colette LaVieille: "You are very easy to impress, ma chère."

Cosette LaJeune: "They are beautiful flowers!"

Colette LaVieille: "Oui, oui. They are."

Corey replaces his hat, looking between them.

Corey Townsend: "I must confess, I was hoping to make a good first impression. I see no reason why we should not get along. We may have arrived at this arrangement through some rather peculiar circumstances, but tonight we are on the same side."

Colette nods, her expression becoming a little more thoughtful.

Colette LaVieille: "We understand. Last night, we were not on the same side as Monsieur Lex. Tonight, we are. It is not necessary to be enemies because of this."

Cosette nods along.

Cosette LaJeune: "And tonight, we have a match to win. We must look after one another."

Corey Townsend: "Precisely. Though I should warn you both, I do have a habit of asking questions at inconvenient moments."

Colette raises an eyebrow.

Colette LaVieille: "Questions?"

Corey Townsend: "Riddles, on occasion. I am afraid I have only two good ones at present, so I shall have to ration them."

Cosette laughs.

Cosette LaJeune: "Perhaps we have some riddles for you, Monsieur Corey."

Corey Townsend: "Oh, I should like that very much."

The conversation continues as the three settle into a more comfortable rhythm. Colette gestures toward the room, inviting Corey to join them as they begin discussing the match ahead. Cosette remains close by, occasionally glancing

at her flowers with a pleased smile.

The camera pulls back as Colette moves to close the door. Just before it shuts, Corey can be heard beginning another sentence.

Corey Townsend: "Now, regarding our opponents, I believe the first question we ought to ask ourselves is—"

The door closes, leaving the three of them inside to talk strategy.

### Playboy Bootcamp: The Night Before War

Segment

The screen opens on a replay from Nightmare Protocol. The footage shows Bad Juju standing together in the ring, their Alliance Championship victories complete. Colette and Cosette hold the titles high while The Playboys remain on the outside of the moment they had hoped to own. The replay freezes briefly on Eric Paisano and Nick Micevski, neither man having been pinned in the match that cost them the championships.

The picture changes.

Last week's Revolution. Corey Townsend catches Nick Micevski during the Ultima Tournament gauntlet and eliminates him from contention. Nick's frustration is plain as he watches Corey celebrate his advancement. Another cut takes us to Eric Paisano challenging Lex Collins for the No Limits Championship. Eric comes close, but Lex retains. Then, after the bell, Sione Maivia steps into the ring and drops the champion with the Bay Area Execution. Lex is left down on the canvas as Sione stands over him, expressionless.

The screen cuts to black.

A few seconds later, the image fades in on a hotel room in downtown Huntsville. It's the middle of the night. Rain taps against the windows, and the only light comes from the faint glow of a digital clock.

Eric and Nick are asleep in separate beds when a car horn suddenly blares from outside.

Eric stirs, turns over, and pulls a pillow over his head.

Another blast of the horn.

Nick sits upright, blinking toward the window.

Nick Micevski: "What the hell?"

Eric Paisano: "If that's room service, tell them we're closed."

The horn sounds again, longer this time. Eric finally sits up and looks toward Nick. Neither man seems particularly pleased with the interruption, but they both recognize that whoever is outside isn't going to leave quietly.

A short while later, the two emerge from the hotel entrance, dressed and visibly unimpressed by the weather. A rental car idles at the curb. The driver's window lowers to reveal Kashe Keibler, smiling brightly behind the wheel. Sione Maivia sits in the passenger seat, looking straight ahead.

Kashe Keibler: "Get in!"

Eric looks at the rain, then at the car.

Eric Paisano: "Good morning to you too."

Nick Micevski: "It's the middle of the night."

Kashe Keibler: "And you're both late. Come on!"

Sione turns his head just enough to look at them. He says nothing.

Eric glances at Nick.

Eric Paisano: "I have a feeling we should've stayed asleep."

Nick: "I have a feeling we're about to find out why we weren't allowed to."

They climb into the back.

CUT TO:

The rental car pulls into the grounds of Columbia High School. The rain has eased, leaving the pavement dark and reflective beneath the facility lights. Kashe steps out first. The camera begins at her black combat boots and pans upward over her camo shorts and white top, finally settling on her blonde curly hair. Sione emerges beside her, a considerably more imposing presence.

Eric and Nick get out, looking around at the newly opened JROTC facility and its military-style obstacle course.

Eric: "You brought us to school?"

Kashe: "Not exactly. I brought you to bootcamp."

Nick looks toward the obstacle course.

Nick: "At this hour?"

Kashe points toward the course.

Kashe Keibler: "It's time to go to war."

Sione walks past them toward the first obstacle. He doesn't offer an explanation or encouragement. He simply expects them to follow.

The montage begins.

The Playboys crawl beneath a low net through sand and mud. Eric makes it halfway before a section of the net catches against his back. He struggles forward, muttering to himself, while Nick follows behind, pushing through the mud with considerably less patience. Sione moves through the course with an imposing, steady determination, making the obstacle look far less difficult than it is.

Next comes a narrow log balance beam. Kashe crosses with controlled steps, using her balance and agility to make it look easy. Eric takes a more cautious approach, arms extended as he works his way across. Nick wobbles, nearly loses his footing, and manages to recover before reaching the other side. Sione crosses without looking down.

The monkey bars follow. Kashe moves across with surprising speed, her athleticism immediately apparent. Nick powers his way through, while Eric's progress becomes increasingly labored. Sione grips the bars and moves across with the strength expected of a man his size, dropping to the ground at the other end without a word.

Finally, the rope wall.

The four gather at its base. Kashe goes first, climbing with quick, efficient movements before reaching the top and ringing the bell. Nick follows, then Eric, each pushing through the final stretch. Sione climbs last, his size making the task look imposing, but he reaches the top and rings the bell with a heavy strike.

The montage ends with all four standing together at the base of the wall, soaked with rain and sweat, breathing hard. Kashe produces face paint and begins applying it to each of them, marking them for the fight ahead. Eric and Nick exchange a look as she works. Sione remains still, his eyes fixed forward.

Kashe steps back to inspect her work. The four gather together, no longer joking about the hour or the weather. She

looks directly into the camera.

Kashe Keibler: "Bad Juju took our Alliance Championships. Lex Collins kept his No Limits title. Corey Townsend took Nick out of Ultima. We've got a lot of reasons to remember those names."

She glances toward Eric.

Kashe Keibler: "Eric, you've already been in the ring with Lex. You know what it takes to get close to that championship. Tonight, you get another chance to make him pay attention."

Eric wipes rain from his face.

Eric Paisano: "I don't need another lesson in what Lex Collins can do. I've already felt it. But he hasn't seen the last of me."

Kashe turns toward Nick.

Kashe Keibler: "And Corey Townsend? You haven't forgotten him, have you?"

Nick's jaw tightens.

Nick Micevski: "Not for a second."

Kashe looks toward Sione. He remains silent, his eyes fixed on the camera.

Kashe Keibler: "And then there's Sione. I think Lex knows exactly what to expect from you now."

Sione says nothing. He doesn't need to. The image of Lex lying on the canvas after the Bay Area Execution says enough.

Kashe steps forward, her expression suddenly fierce.

Kashe Keibler: "Tonight, there are eight people walking into that match. But only one team is walking out together."

The four bring their hands together. Kashe looks directly into the lens.

Kashe Keibler: "The Playboys will survive!"

CUT TO BLACK.

## #ONEOFMANY

Segment

The camera finds a quieter stretch of the backstage area at Propst Arena, away from the production desks and the steady traffic of wrestlers making their way toward the curtain. A row of equipment cases sits against the wall, and a few road crew members move through the background as the camera settles on 'Madame' Colette LaVieille, 'Madame' Cosette LaJeune, and Corey Townsend.

Colette and Cosette stand together with their Alliance Championship belts. Corey is nearby, looking considerably more relaxed than the two women, who seem to be having a quiet conversation of their own. Cosette has her attention on something in her hands, while Colette leans in to inspect it.

Corey glances between them.

Corey Townsend: "I don't know whether I'm supposed to be preparing for a wrestling match or attending a very exclusive meeting of a rather unusual book club."

Cosette looks up with a bright smile.

Cosette LaJeune: "We have many books, Monsieur Corey. Some of them are very old."

Colette LaVieille: "Some of them, they are not for reading."

Corey considers that for a moment.

Corey Townsend: "Right. I'll try not to borrow anything."

Before either woman can respond, Lex Collins steps into view. He's carrying his gear bag over one shoulder, the No Limits Championship tucked under his arm, and a large manila envelope in his free hand. He looks comfortable, alert, and entirely too pleased with himself for a man who has somehow managed to end up on a team with two people he was trying to beat up the night before.

Lex looks at the group, then at the two Alliance Championship belts.

Lex Collins: "Well. Look at this. A little team meeting. Everybody getting along. Nobody trying to throw anybody through a table. It's almost unsettling."

Corey gives him a small nod.

Corey Townsend: "We were just discussing the unusual circumstances of our evening."

Lex: "Yeah? Let me guess. Somebody's got a map, somebody's got a spellbook, and I'm the idiot who didn't read the itinerary."

He sets his gear bag down beside the equipment cases.

Lex: "Before anybody says anything, yeah, I know. Twenty-four hours ago I was trying to kick your teeth down your throat, and tonight I'm supposed to trust you to keep mine where they belong. Wrestling's a beautiful fucking business."

Cosette giggles. Colette gives Lex a measured look, as if she's deciding whether the remark deserves a smile or a curse.

Colette LaVieille: "You are very funny, Monsieur Lex. But we remember you were not so funny yesterday."

Lex: "I was pretty funny yesterday. You just weren't in the mood."

Colette gives him a little shrug.

Colette LaVieille: "Perhaps."

Lex turns toward Cosette, lifting the manila envelope.

Lex: "Anyway. I brought you something."

Cosette's expression changes immediately. She looks from the envelope to Lex, curious.

Cosette LaJeune: "For moi?"

Lex: "Unless Corey has been secretly collecting pictures of me, yeah. For you."

Corey raises an eyebrow.

Corey Townsend: "I assure you, I have not."

Lex: "Good. That would've made this weird."

He opens the envelope and carefully slides out a glossy, freshly printed promotional headshot. It's a current photograph of Lex, considerably more recent than the one Cosette had previously mentioned having on her wall. He holds it up for her to see.

Lex: "Heard you've still got a picture of me hanging on your wall. Figured it was time for an upgrade. That old one

probably predates at least three concussions and a couple of my kids."

Cosette takes a moment to look at it. Her smile widens, and she accepts the photograph with both hands, treating it like something much more valuable than a piece of promotional material.

Cosette LaJeune: "Oh! Monsieur Lex! It is magnifique!"

Lex: "Well, I wouldn't go that far. The lighting's doing most of the work."

Cosette: "Non, non! It is very handsome. I shall put it beside the other one."

Lex: "That's either incredibly flattering or a little concerning. I'm choosing flattering."

Colette leans closer to examine the photograph.

Colette LaVieille: "Ah, oui. It is a very nice photograph. He looks almost respectable."

Lex looks at her.

Lex: "Almost?"

Colette nods, perfectly serious.

Colette LaVieille: "Almost."

Cosette holds the photograph against her chest, looking up at Lex.

Cosette LaJeune: "You remember that I told you?"

Lex: "Yeah, I remember. Figured if somebody's going to keep my face on their wall, the least I can do is make sure it's the current one."

He reaches into his pocket and produces a marker, then looks down at the photograph.

Lex: "All right. Who am I making this out to? Your legal name, or should I go with 'Madame'? Because I don't wanna accidentally autograph something that gets me cursed."

Cosette laughs and offers the photograph back to him. Lex takes it, finds a clear space, and begins writing. He takes his time, adding the message before signing his name.

Cosette — Thanks for making the old bastard feel like a rock star. Never stop raising hell. We ride. — Lex Collins

He hands the photograph back.

Cosette reads the message, and the smile on her face softens into something genuinely touched. She looks at the words again before lifting her eyes to Lex.

Cosette LaJeune: "Thank you, Monsieur Lex. I shall keep it forever."

Lex: "Well, don't put it somewhere damp. I don't want to be responsible for water damage to your shrine."

Cosette laughs again, and Colette looks between them with an expression of growing suspicion.

Colette LaVieille: "Wait. Wait, wait, wait. You give Cosette a photograph?"

Lex looks at her.

Lex: "Yeah."

Colette: "With your signature?"

Lex: "That's generally how autographs work."

Colette gestures toward Cosette's picture.

Colette LaVieille: "And where is the photograph for moi?"

Lex stares at her.

Lex Collins: "Fuck. I only brought the one."

Corey turns his head, briefly looking away as he tries not to laugh. Cosette holds the photograph protectively against herself, suddenly looking very pleased with the situation.

Colette folds her arms.

Colette LaVieille: "I see. So this is how it is."

Lex: "Look, I didn't know I was walking into a hostage negotiation. I'll get you one. Christ. I'll get you two if it'll keep me from waking up with a frog in my boot."

Colette's expression brightens just slightly.

Colette LaVieille: "A photograph with a signature?"

Lex: "Apparently that's the going rate."

Colette: "And a message?"

Lex: "You're pushing your luck."

Cosette leans toward Colette and whispers something that the camera doesn't quite pick up. Colette considers it, then gives a small, satisfied nod.

Colette LaVieille: "Très bien. We will accept this arrangement."

Lex: "Good. Glad we got that settled before the main event."

The laughter fades naturally as Lex retrieves his gear bag and sets the championship more securely beneath his arm. He looks toward Corey, then back to the two women.

Lex: "All right. That's enough of the autograph convention. We've got a match to get ready for."

Corey nods.

Corey Townsend: "Indeed. Although I suspect our opponents may be somewhat less interested in collecting memorabilia."

Lex: "Yeah. That's the part I'm getting to."

He looks at Corey directly, his expression still relaxed but more focused.

Lex: "Look, I know you're friendly with the Playboys. That's not news to anybody. You know them, you've spent time with them, whatever. I'm not here to tell you who you can talk to or who you can have a pint with after the show."

Corey listens without interrupting.

Lex: "But when that bell rings, we're on the same side. I don't give a shit who anybody's friends with outside that curtain. Corey's got friends over there? Cool. I got friends I've knocked unconscious for considerably less money than we're making tonight."

He gives Corey a brief, almost apologetic glance.

Lex: "Nothing personal. Just wanna make sure we're all reading the same fucking playbook."

Corey doesn't take offense. He looks toward the two Alliance Champions, then back to Lex.

Corey Townsend: "I understand perfectly. Friendship is one thing. A match is another. I can enjoy someone's company

without confusing which corner I'm supposed to be standing in."

Lex gives him a small nod.

Lex: "That's all I need to hear."

Cosette lifts one hand, making a small, playful gesture with her fingers.

Cosette LaJeune: "And we shall be watching your back, Monsieur Lex. We are very good at making trouble for people who deserve it."

Colette gives a knowing smile.

Colette LaVieille: "And sometimes for people who do not."

Lex: "Well, that's reassuring."

Colette: "You are welcome."

Lex turns his attention to the two women.

Lex: "And for the record, I'm not expecting you to forget what happened yesterday. We were on opposite sides of the ring. We did what we had to do. Tonight, we're on the same side. That's the whole arrangement."

Colette nods.

Colette LaVieille: "We understand, Monsieur Lex. We have no need to make enemies where there are none. But we will defend what is ours."

She rests a hand against the Alliance Championship.

Cosette LaJeune: "And we will not be afraid to make a little magie."

Lex looks at the belts.

Lex: "I gathered."

Colette and Cosette exchange a glance.

Colette LaVieille: "Magique…"

Cosette LaJeune: "Et magnifique!"

Lex lets out a quiet breath through his nose.

Lex: "Yeah. That too."

The subject of their opponents returns, and Lex's expression grows more serious. He shifts the No Limits Championship beneath his arm.

Lex: "I already gave Paisano his shot. We had a match, he got his opportunity, and I walked out with this still where it belongs."

He taps the faceplate of the championship.

Lex: "Now there's four of these assholes on the other side of the ring, and I'm starting to feel like I signed up for some kinda subscription service."

Corey gives a small smile.

Corey Townsend: "Perhaps they are simply very committed to your company."

Lex: "Well, they can cancel anytime."

He pauses, then looks toward the corridor leading to the arena.

Lex: "And Sione. I know he's got his own ideas about where this is all going. Maybe he wants to make a statement tonight. Maybe he wants to see what happens when he gets in the ring with me. Whatever it is, I'm not going to pretend I haven't noticed him."

Lex adjusts the title on his shoulder.

Lex: "If Sione wants to be next? He can ask. I'm not exactly hard to find."

He doesn't sound angry. There's no grand challenge in the words, no declaration that a championship match is already decided. Just a veteran acknowledging that another man may be looking at the same prize.

A voice comes from just beyond the edge of the camera's frame.

Sione Maivia: "You seem to have a lot to say about us tonight."

The group turns. Sione Maivia stands a short distance away, with no sign of the other Playboys. He looks toward Lex's No Limits Championship, then back at the champion.

Lex: "I was talking about the people I'm wrestling. You happen to be one of them."

Sione's eyes remain on the title.

Sione Maivia: "You beat Eric. That doesn't mean you've dealt with all of us."

Lex: "Didn't say it did."

A brief silence settles between them.

Sione: "We'll see how much you have left after tonight."

Lex gives him a faint, crooked smile.

Lex: "That's generally how wrestling works, yeah."

Sione holds his gaze for another moment before turning away. There is no physical confrontation, no attempt to get the last word. Just the impression that neither man has forgotten the other's presence.

Lex watches him disappear down the corridor, then turns back to his teammates.

Lex: "See? Subscription service."

Corey gives a quiet chuckle. Cosette shakes her head, still holding her signed photograph.

Cosette LaJeune: "You are a very strange man, Monsieur Lex."

Lex: "I've been called worse by better people."

Colette steps forward, extending one hand toward the others. Cosette places hers over it, and Corey joins them. Lex looks down at the small gathering of hands, then up at their faces.

Lex: "Are we really doing this?"

Corey Townsend: "It would appear so."

Lex pauses, then places his hand over theirs.

Lex: "All right. Whatever happened Friday, whatever happens after tonight, and whoever's buying the drinks afterward... for the next little while, we're on the same side."

Colette nods.

Colette LaVieille: "We are together."

Cosette smiles.

Cosette LaJeune: "And we are magnifique!"

Lex gives a reluctant nod.

Lex: "Let's try for effective first. We can work on magnificent later."

The four separate, gathering their belongings and preparing to head toward the arena. Cosette carefully slips her autographed headshot back into the envelope, keeping it safe. Colette notices.

Colette LaVieille: "Do not forget, Monsieur Lex. You owe me one."

Lex starts walking, then looks back over his shoulder.

Lex Collins: "Yeah, yeah. I'll get you a picture. Apparently I've opened a fucking gift shop."

Corey follows him, shaking his head with amusement. Colette and Cosette share one last knowing smile before heading after them.

The camera lingers for a moment on the two Alliance Championship belts and the No Limits Championship as the group disappears toward the curtain.

Four unlikely teammates. Four very different personalities. One shared corner.

And four men waiting on the other side of the ring.

Cut to the arena.

### Lex Collins ©, Bad Juju (‘Madame’ Colette Lavieille & ‘Madame” Cosette Lajeune) © & Corey Townsend vs. The Playboys (Eric Paisano, Kashe Keibler, Nick Micevski & Sione Maivia)

Match

The atmosphere inside Propst Arena shifts as the ring announcer, Shirley Powers, steps forward to introduce the next contest. This isn't a standard eight-person tag team match. There will be no single fall deciding the outcome, no quick escape once one competitor is beaten, and no opportunity for a team to simply survive one bad moment. Four competitors must be eliminated from one side before the opposing team can claim victory.

Shirley Powers: "The following contest is a Survivor Series Elimination Eight-Person Tag Team Match! The only way to win is to eliminate every member of the opposing team by pinfall, submission, count-out, disqualification, or knockout!"

The crowd responds with a mixture of cheers and boos as Shirley introduces the competitors. First, the team of the current No Limits Champion, Lex Collins, and the reigning Alliance Champions, Madame Colette LaVieille and Madame Cosette LaJeune, accompanied by Corey Townsend. Their opponents are The Playboys: Eric Paisano, Kashe Keibler, Nick Micevski, and Sione Maivia.

Both teams gather in their respective corners, and the referee makes certain that each competitor understands the rules. Only teammates may tag one another. Once eliminated, a competitor must leave the ringside area, and the match continues until one entire team has been eliminated.

Michelle Rylan: "This is going to be a test of endurance, teamwork, and strategy. You can't just win one fall and celebrate. You have to keep going until the other team has nobody left."

The Bandit: "And that's a whole different kind of pressure. You might be the first one out, or you might be the last one standing. Either way, there's nowhere to hide."

Roxie Voltage: "The Playboys have had a rough couple of weeks, but they've got four very different competitors who can make life miserable for anybody."

Kingston Rhymes: "And look at the other corner. Lex Collins and Bad Juju are champions for a reason. Corey Townsend might be the wildcard, but this team has plenty of ways to hurt you."

Shirley Powers introduces the first two competitors: Nick Micevski for The Playboys and Corey Townsend for the opposing team. The other six competitors remain in their corners as the bell rings.

Nick and Corey circle one another before locking up in the center of the ring. Corey initially gets the better of the exchange, slipping behind Nick and attempting to control the larger man's arm. Nick powers free, shoving Corey toward the ropes and catching him with a heavy shoulder block on the rebound. Corey hits the canvas, quickly rolling back to his feet and giving Nick a grin before inviting him to try again.

The two exchange holds and counters, Corey relying on his agility and technical experience to keep Nick turning while the Playboys powerhouse uses his strength to make every collision count. Corey catches Nick with a European uppercut, then follows with a quick kick before attempting a Tornado DDT. Nick catches him before he can complete the move and plants him with an inverted gutwrench suplex.

Michelle Rylan: "Nick Micevski is making Corey Townsend work for every inch of that ring."

The Bandit: "And Corey keeps trying to find a shortcut around that strength. So far, Nick's not giving him one."

Corey eventually creates separation with a sharp knee strike and catches Nick with a pendulum backbreaker. He follows with a cover, but Nick powers out before the referee can get beyond one. Corey tries to keep the pressure on, but Nick catches him coming off the ropes with a sudden powerslam. He hooks both legs.

One! Two! Three!

The bell sounds, and Shirley Powers announces the elimination.

Shirley Powers: "Corey Townsend has been eliminated!"

Nick rolls away from the pin and throws both arms into the air. The Playboys immediately pour into the ring, celebrating around him as if the match has already been won. Eric grabs Nick by the shoulders, Kashe raises his arm, and even Sione steps closer as Nick basks in the moment.

But Corey Townsend is not celebrating.

The eliminated competitor gets back to his feet, his expression changing from disbelief to outright fury. He storms toward Nick, grabs him by the shoulder, spins him around, and drives a vicious boot between his legs. Nick drops immediately, clutching himself as Corey shouts in frustration before storming out of the ring.

The celebration ends abruptly.

When the Playboys turn around, Lex Collins and both members of Bad Juju are already inside the ring. Lex charges Eric, Colette goes after Kashe, and Cosette collides with Sione as the four Playboys scramble to fight back. The ring becomes a pier-six brawl, with competitors spilling toward the ropes and the referee desperately trying to regain control.

Michelle Rylan: "This has completely broken down! Corey Townsend may be eliminated, but he has just turned this into absolute chaos!"

Roxie Voltage: "And the Playboys were so busy celebrating that they forgot there were still three people standing across the ring from them!"

The referee finally manages to force the competitors back toward their respective corners. Corey is already gone, and

Nick is still recovering from the low blow. The referee checks on him briefly before confirming that he can continue. Once everyone is in position, the match resumes with only Nick and Lex remaining in the ring.

Lex approaches Nick with a measured confidence, but the No Limits Champion doesn't rush into anything. He works Nick over with deliberate strikes and grappling, using a headlock to slow the larger man down before transitioning into a side slam backbreaker. Nick fights back with a heavy forearm and a knee to the midsection, creating enough room to reach his corner.

Nick tags Kashe.

Lex looks toward the opposite corner and makes the tag to Colette.

The two women enter, and the crowd responds as Kashe circles the Alliance Champion. Colette is compact but powerful, and she doesn't give Kashe much room to use her speed. Kashe begins with a series of kicks, using her reach to keep Colette at a distance before catching her with a leg sweep. Colette rolls through the impact and rises quickly, grabbing Kashe around the waist and throwing her across the ring with a powerful suplex.

Kashe gets back to her feet and fires another kick, this time catching Colette cleanly. She follows with an enzuigiri that sends the champion staggering toward the ropes. Kashe tries to capitalize, rushing forward with a running attack, but Colette catches her and brings her down with a swinging sit-out fireman's carry facebuster.

Colette doesn't immediately go for the cover. She takes a moment to look toward Cosette, who gestures from the apron with a playful smile. Colette turns back to Kashe, pulls her up, and delivers Colette's Curse once more, driving Kashe face-first into the canvas.

She hooks the leg.

One! Two! Three!

Shirley Powers: "Kashe Keibler has been eliminated!"

The match is now even. Three members remain on each side.

The Bandit: "That's a huge elimination. Kashe was the speed and the energy for the Playboys, and Colette just shut that down."

Michelle Rylan: "The Playboys have to regroup. They cannot afford to let one elimination turn into two."

Kashe sits up in frustration as the referee directs her away from ringside. Eric climbs through the ropes to take her place, and Colette turns toward the Playboys corner. Lex reaches out from his corner, offering to take over. Colette accepts the tag, leaving Eric to face the No Limits Champion.

Eric comes in aggressively, looking to avenge Kashe's elimination. He catches Lex with a roundhouse kick and follows with a quick elbow drop. Lex rolls away from the next attack, but Eric stays on him, using a lifting inverted DDT to bring the champion down. Eric covers.

One! Two!

Lex kicks out.

Eric immediately tries to transition into a Fujiwara armbar, but Lex manages to roll toward the ropes and force the break. Eric gets back to his feet and attempts to continue the assault, but Lex catches him with a sharp right hand. He follows with a knee to the body and a series of grounded strikes, then pulls Eric into position for Damaged Goods, his snap sit-out uranage.

Eric fights to escape, but Lex drives him into the canvas. The champion doesn't waste time. He pulls Eric up, lands the sudden knockout right hook known as Bricks, and follows with the cover.

One! Two! Three!

Shirley Powers: "Eric Paisano has been eliminated!"

Lex gets back to his feet, looking down at Eric before turning toward the Playboys corner. The elimination leaves Nick and Sione against Lex and both members of Bad Juju. The Playboys are now outnumbered three to two.

Roxie Voltage: "That's a serious problem for the Playboys. Eric is gone, Kashe is gone, and now Nick and Sione are looking at three champions standing across from them."

Kingston Rhymes: "And the problem is that those three aren't just surviving. They're still fresh enough to keep coming."

Nick stands on the apron, staring at the ring. Sione remains in the corner, watching the three opponents with a cold expression. Nick turns toward him, slapping him hard across the chest.

Nick Micevski: "I've got this."

Sione looks at Nick for a moment before stepping through the ropes.

The massive Samoan enters the ring, and the atmosphere changes immediately. Lex takes a step toward him, but Sione's attention is fixed on the three opponents. Colette approaches first, only to be met with a heavy forearm that sends her backward. Cosette tries to get involved, but Sione catches her and throws her aside before turning his attention to Lex.

The No Limits Champion fires a series of punches, but Sione absorbs the blows and answers with a powerful headbutt. He sends Lex toward the corner, then turns and catches Colette with a belly-to-belly suplex. Cosette attempts to take advantage of the opening, but Sione catches her with a spinebuster that shakes the ring.

Nick watches from the apron, growing more confident with every collision.

Sione turns back toward Colette, lifts her, and drops her with another powerful slam. Lex tries to intervene, but Sione catches him with a running big boot, sending the champion tumbling through the ropes and onto the floor. Sione then turns toward Cosette, who has managed to reach her feet.

She tries to strike him, but Sione catches her with a sudden powerslam.

Nick, apparently deciding that his teammate has done enough, steps through the ropes and begins celebrating. He raises his arms and points toward Sione, who remains standing over the fallen champions.

Cosette struggles to her feet, only to be caught by Sione and dropped with another heavy slam. Nick looks around, sees all three opponents down, and decides to join in. He steps into the ring, raises his arms again, and turns toward the crowd.

Then he takes one step backward.

And another.

And suddenly Nick simply falls flat onto his back.

The crowd laughs as Nick lies motionless, apparently exhausted from watching Sione do all the work. Cosette, however, is still moving. She crawls across the canvas, drapes an arm over Nick's chest, and the referee slides into position.

One! Two! Three!

Shirley Powers: "Nick Micevski has been eliminated!"

The crowd erupts in surprise as Nick rolls away in disbelief. The Playboys are now down to one. Sione stands alone in the ring, facing Lex Collins and both Alliance Champions.

Michelle Rylan: "Nick Micevski has been eliminated! I don't think he even realized Cosette was still moving!"

The Bandit: "He spent so much time celebrating Sione's work that he forgot he was still in a wrestling match!"

Sione watches Nick leave the ring. He bites his lower lip, his expression unreadable, before turning his attention back to the three remaining opponents.

The numbers are now three against one.

But the advantage doesn't last long.

Sione charges toward Colette and catches her with a brutal forearm. He lifts her off the canvas and drives her down with a powerful slam before hooking the leg.

One! Two! Three!

Shirley Powers: "Madame Colette LaVieille has been eliminated!"

Cosette rushes toward Sione, but the Samoan catches her before she can build momentum. He pulls her into position and clamps on the Coquina Clutch, locking his arms around her neck and dragging her down toward the canvas. Cosette struggles, reaching for the ropes, but Sione keeps the hold secured and refuses to let her escape.

The referee checks her arm.

It drops once.

Twice.

A third time.

The referee immediately calls for the bell.

Shirley Powers: "Madame Cosette LaJeune has been eliminated!"

The crowd is stunned. In the space of moments, Sione has eliminated both Alliance Champions, leaving the entire match down to one final confrontation.

Lex Collins versus Sione Maivia.

Roxie Voltage: "What are we watching right now?! Sione Maivia has just eliminated both members of Bad Juju!"

Kingston Rhymes: "He came into this match as the last man standing for the Playboys, and he's turned the entire thing upside down!"

Sione rises slowly, looking across the ring at Lex. The No Limits Champion steps through the ropes and meets him in the center. The two men stare at one another as the referee checks both competitors before allowing the final stage of the match to continue.

Lex is visibly the fresher man. He has spent less time in the ring than Sione, and he has avoided much of the damage that has accumulated throughout the contest. But there are still questions surrounding the champion. Ever since UPRISING's RECKONING, there has been something difficult to read about Lex Collins. Whatever happened there has left a lingering question mark, and as this match progresses, those questions begin to surface again.

Lex starts with a sharp right hand, followed by a series of strikes to the body. He tries to work around Sione's power, moving in and out and looking for an opening. Sione catches him with a heavy forearm, but Lex answers with a knee to the midsection and a sudden DDT. He hooks the leg.

One! Two!

Sione powers out.

Lex doesn't waste time. He pulls Sione toward the ropes and attempts to send him across the ring, but the Samoan reverses the whip and catches Lex with a Pacific Grip running big boot. Lex drops to the canvas, and Sione follows with a heavy elbow to the chest.

The No Limits Champion rolls away and struggles back to his feet. He fires another right hand, then catches Sione with a sudden side slam backbreaker. Lex tries to capitalize with a cover, but Sione powers out again, forcing the champion to reconsider his approach.

Michelle Rylan: "Lex Collins is doing everything he can to keep Sione off balance, but the longer this goes, the more dangerous that size and strength advantage becomes."

The Bandit: "And Lex isn't looking quite like himself. He's fighting, but there's something missing tonight."

Lex attempts to keep Sione grounded, grabbing for an arm and trying to transition into a submission. Sione powers his way back up, breaking the hold with sheer strength. He drives a knee into Lex's stomach, then catches him with a spinebuster that leaves the champion flat on his back.

Sione doesn't immediately cover. He looks toward the corner, then climbs onto the ropes. Lex struggles to sit up, but Sione is already moving. He launches himself into the air, using the ropes to complete the Island Maelstrom, the triple-jump moonsault crashing down across Lex's chest.

Sione hooks both legs.

One! Two! Three!

The bell rings, and the crowd erupts in a mixture of shock and loud boos.

Shirley Powers: "The winner of the Survivor Series Elimination Eight-Person Tag Team Match... THE PLAYBOYS!"

Sione rolls off Lex and slowly gets to his feet. The remaining members of The Playboys have been eliminated, but the team has survived through the performance of its final man. Sione steps through the ropes and leaves the ring without any celebration toward the crowd, making his way up the ramp as the audience rains down boos.

Nick and Eric come out to meet him, and the three Playboys celebrate together. Kashe joins them, smiling and raising her arms as the group makes its way toward the back. This time, there is no confusion about whether the match is over. The victory is real.

Inside the ring, Lex Collins struggles to sit up. Both members of Bad Juju remain at ringside, and they move in to help the No Limits Champion back to his feet. Lex looks frustrated and disoriented as he tries to regain his balance, while Colette and Cosette remain close by.

Michelle Rylan: "What an incredible comeback by Sione Maivia! The Playboys were down to one, and he eliminated all three remaining opponents!"

The Bandit: "He went through the entire opposing team by himself. That's not just surviving. That's domination."

Roxie Voltage: "And Lex Collins has to be wondering what just happened. He had the numbers advantage, he had the fresher legs, and somehow Sione walked out of here with the victory."

Kingston Rhymes: "The Playboys came into Huntsville looking like a team on the verge of falling apart. They're leaving with one of the biggest wins they've had since this whole thing began."

The camera closes in on Lex as he finally gets upright, still leaning heavily on the support of the two Alliance Champions. The No Limits Champion looks toward the ramp, where Sione has disappeared backstage, and the final image is of Bad Juju helping Lex steady himself while the crowd continues to boo.

Michelle Rylan: "We'll be right back!"

The broadcast cuts to commercial.

## The Silence in the Room

Segment

The cameras cut backstage to a group of Ultima Tournament qualifiers gathered near one of the production areas. A few of the wrestlers are talking amongst themselves, their attention divided between the upcoming matches tonight and the sixteen-person Battle Royale waiting for them at Black Circuit next weekend. The conversation is casual enough at first, with the competitors discussing the tournament and what it might take to survive Phase Two.

But gradually, something begins to feel different.

One of the wrestlers glances over a shoulder. Another pauses mid-sentence, looking toward the far end of the room. The conversation trails off as they become aware that somebody has been watching them.

The camera slowly pans away from the group.

Sitting alone in a chair against the wall is Derrick Vayden.

He isn't looking at his phone. He isn't talking to anyone. He isn't even making any effort to hide the fact that he's been watching. His hands rest quietly in his lap, his expression completely blank, his eyes fixed on the group.

Nobody seems entirely certain how long he's been sitting there.

One of the competitors shifts uncomfortably, looking toward the others before glancing back at Derrick. The Wanderer offers no reaction. No smile. No acknowledgment. Just that same motionless stare.

After several seconds, Derrick slowly rises from his chair.

The others fall silent as his towering frame straightens. He looks across the group one last time, then turns and begins walking down the corridor. His steps are measured, deliberate, and entirely unhurried. He never says a word, never looks back, and never gives anyone an explanation for why he was there.

The camera follows him briefly before returning to the wrestlers, who remain watching the direction he disappeared.

Tonight, Derrick Vayden faces Cayden Cole. Both men have already secured their places in the Ultima Phase Two Battle Royale at Black Circuit.

But while the other qualifiers are busy discussing how they'll survive next weekend, The Wanderer seems to have his attention fixed on something else entirely.

And Cayden Cole is standing directly in his path.

The camera fades out.

## Nothing Is As It Seems

Segment

The broadcast cuts away from the arena. The Revolution logo disappears, replaced by a simple title card:

EXCLUSIVE FOOTAGE — THE JEFFERSON COUNTY PRISON

The camera opens on the exterior of the Jefferson County Prison. A vehicle pulls into the secured entrance, and the passenger door opens. Jaiden Rishel steps out, carrying nothing but a folder containing his prepared questions. His expression is serious. This is the interview he promised the HVW audience last week, and after everything surrounding the shooting of Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca, he has no intention of leaving without answers.

Inside, Jaiden approaches the reception desk and presents his identification. A corrections officer checks his credentials against the paperwork, confirms the appointment, and directs him through the initial security screening. His belongings are secured, he passes through the metal detector, and another officer takes custody of his folder before allowing him to proceed.

The camera follows from a short distance as Jaiden is escorted farther into the facility.

A heavy security door opens into a narrow passage. The officer leads him through, waits for the first door to close completely, and then releases the next. Another checkpoint. Another set of keys. Another reinforced door sliding open before the officer allows Jaiden to continue. The process repeats several times, each gate separating the outside world from another increasingly restricted section of the prison.

Finally, they reach a small interview room. A square concrete table sits in the middle, with two chairs on opposite sides. There is a security camera mounted high in one corner and a reinforced door behind them.

The officer gestures toward the empty chair.

Corrections Officer: "Have a seat, Mr. Rishel. Your interview will take place here. I'll be right outside. If there's a problem, you let me know."

Jaiden nods and steps inside. The officer closes the door behind him. A heavy lock engages.

For a moment, Jaiden looks down at the table, straightening the papers in front of him. He takes a breath, then raises his eyes toward the person seated on the opposite side.

And stops.

The man sitting there is shackled to the table, his hands secured in front of him. His face is older than Jaiden remembers, but there is no mistaking him.

Dez.

His father's former best friend. The man who once stood beside J. Rish as a trusted confidant, only to turn against him and join the Amoralist army during the events of 2326. The man whose loyalty had always seemed unquestionable until the day Jaiden discovered just how much had been hidden behind it.

Jaiden's mouth opens slightly, but no words come out. He stares at the man across from him, almost as if he's waiting for the image to change.

Dez simply stares back.

Jaiden Rishel: "You..."

He pulls the chair out slowly and sits down, never taking his eyes off Dez.

Jaiden Rishel: "You're the shooter?"

Dez doesn't answer. He barely moves. His eyes remain fixed on Jaiden, carrying a strange expression that is difficult to read.

Jaiden leans forward.

Jaiden Rishel: "I came all the way here because I was told you were the person responsible for shooting Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca. I wanted answers. I wanted to know why somebody would do that, who sent you, and what the hell any of this has to do with my father."

Silence.

Jaiden looks down at his papers, then pushes them aside.

Jaiden Rishel: "Nothing? You're not even going to acknowledge me?"

Dez continues to stare.

Jaiden Rishel: "You know what? I'm getting really fucking tired of this. I'm tired of unanswered questions. I'm tired of people disappearing, people lying, and people acting like they know something I don't. I didn't come all the way here to play games with you, Dez. I'm not leaving until you give me something!"

Outside the room, the corrections officer looks through the window. He reaches toward the door, preparing to intervene and end the interview before it gets out of hand.

But before he can unlock it, Dez slowly raises one hand.

The officer pauses.

Dez finally speaks.

Dez: "Nothing is as it seems."

Jaiden stares at him, visibly unimpressed.

Jaiden Rishel: "Oh, don't you fucking start with that. I know that line. I've heard it before. I know exactly what you think you're doing, and I'm not interested in another one of your riddles. You were arrested for shooting Lorenzo DeLuca. Tell me why."

Dez lowers his hand and looks down at the restraints around his wrists.

Dez: "I only did what had to be done."

Jaiden leans forward.

Jaiden Rishel: "What had to be done? You think that's an answer? You think you can shoot a man in front of an entire arena and then sit here telling me you had no choice?"

Dez slowly lifts his eyes.

Dez: "Did I?"

Jaiden pauses.

Jaiden Rishel: "Did you what?"

Dez: "Shoot him."

Jaiden's expression tightens.

Jaiden Rishel: "You were the one wearing the mask. You were the one caught on camera. You're the person the police have in custody. Don't stand there and pretend this is some kind of misunderstanding."

Dez tilts his head slightly.

Dez: "And you know that Lorenzo was the target?"

Jaiden doesn't answer immediately.

Dez: "How do you know he was the one I came for? How do you know he wasn't simply an unfortunate person standing in the wrong place at the wrong time?"

Jaiden Rishel: "Because he was the one who got shot!"

Dez: "That doesn't answer my question."

Jaiden pushes his chair backward slightly, his frustration growing.

Jaiden Rishel: "Then answer mine! Who paid you? Who put you up to this? Was somebody trying to get Lorenzo out of the way? Was this about the company? Was it about my father? Was it about you and whatever unfinished business you think you have with the Rishel family?"

Dez remains quiet for several seconds.

Dez: "You always did ask the wrong questions."

Jaiden's hands curl into fists.

Jaiden Rishel: "I've spent years trying to understand what happened between you and my father. I watched you turn your back on him. I watched you stand with people who wanted to destroy everything he built. And now you're sitting here, in a prison, after somebody gets shot, and you're still doing the exact same thing!"

Dez finally leans forward as far as his restraints allow.

Dez: "Your father understood."

That does it.

Jaiden suddenly springs out of his chair and lunges across the table, reaching for Dez. The chair crashes backward as the corrections officer immediately throws open the door. Two guards rush inside, grabbing Jaiden by each arm before he can reach the prisoner. They pull him backward, forcing him away from the table as he struggles against their grip.

Corrections Officer: "That's enough, Mr. Rishel!"

Jaiden Rishel: "Get your hands off me! I'm not finished with him!"

The guards hold him firmly while Dez remains seated, watching the commotion with that same unsettling expression. He doesn't struggle. He doesn't even raise his voice.

Jaiden twists his head toward him one last time.

Jaiden Rishel: "You don't get to do this again! You don't get to hide behind those fucking riddles and leave everyone else to pick up the pieces!"

Dez says nothing.

The guards begin leading Jaiden toward the door.

Dez: "Nothing is as it seems, Jaiden."

Jaiden stops for just a fraction of a second, looking back over his shoulder.

But Dez has already lowered his eyes.

The door closes behind Jaiden.

The footage cuts to black.

Back at ringside — Propst Arena, Huntsville, Alabama

The broadcast returns to the arena, where the four commentators are visibly trying to process what they have just watched.

Michelle Rylan: "I... I don't even know where to begin. Dez? Jaiden Rishel's father's former best friend? The same Dez who turned against him all those years ago?"

The Bandit: "And apparently the man the authorities believe was behind the shooting of Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca! But

did you hear what he said? He didn't even confirm that Lorenzo was his target!"

Roxie Voltage: "That's what has me concerned. Jaiden went there looking for a confession, and instead he got more questions. Dez is clearly holding something back, and whatever connection he has to J. Rish goes much deeper than we thought."

Kingston Rhymes: "I don't think Jaiden realized just how personal this was going to get. He walked into that room expecting to confront a suspected shooter. Instead, he came face-to-face with a piece of his father's past that he probably thought was buried for good."

Michelle Rylan: "And we're still left wondering who was really meant to be in the line of fire that night. Was Lorenzo the target? Was somebody else? And what exactly did Dez mean when he said he only did what had to be done?"

The Bandit: "Whatever the answer is, Jaiden isn't getting it from him tonight."

The camera briefly catches Jaiden's office portrait on the arena's backstage monitor before returning to the ring.

Michelle Rylan: "Well, we have to move forward, but I have a feeling this story is far from over. Coming up next, the former Darkheart Champion Cayden Cole takes on The Wanderer, Derrick Vayden!"

The Revolution graphics return to the screen as the broadcast transitions toward the next match.

The interview has ended. The questions haven't.

### Cayden Cole vs. Derrick Vayden

Match

Shirley Powers: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall!"

The crowd comes alive as the former Darkheart Champion, Cayden Cole, makes his way toward the ring. The Northern California native looks focused, slapping hands with fans along the aisle before climbing through the ropes. He raises a fist toward the crowd, feeding off their energy as he prepares for the match.

Michelle Rylan: "Cayden Cole has already secured his place in the Ultima Phase Two Battle Royale at Black Circuit, and tonight he has an opportunity to build some momentum against a very dangerous opponent."

The Bandit: "And don't forget, Derrick Vayden has qualified too. Both men are going to be in that sixteen-man Battle Royale next weekend. A win tonight could mean a whole lot more than just another result on the record."

The arena atmosphere changes as Derrick Vayden appears. There is no rush in his movements. The Wanderer walks toward the ring with the same measured pace he has shown all night, his expression hidden behind an unsettling calm. He climbs onto the apron, steps through the ropes, and takes his position across from Cayden. He doesn't acknowledge the crowd or even look particularly interested in his opponent. His attention is fixed entirely on the man standing opposite him.

Shirley Powers: "And his opponent, weighing in at 234 pounds... Derrick Vayden!"

The referee checks both competitors before calling for the bell.

Cayden starts quickly, using his athleticism to get around Derrick and catch him with a sharp forearm. He follows with another, then sends Vayden into the ropes and catches him with a running single-leg dropkick. Derrick staggers backward, and Cayden keeps the pressure on with a hip toss that sends him across the canvas. The crowd responds as Cayden rises and signals for the next attack.

Cayden charges, but Derrick steps aside and catches him with a sudden bicycle kick to the midsection. The impact stops Cayden in his tracks. Derrick follows with a sharp Slingblade, then slowly pulls the former champion back to his

feet and drives him into the corner. A series of deliberate strikes forces Cayden down, and Derrick steps away without any wasted movement.

Roxie Voltage: "Cayden came out with a lot of energy, but Derrick just took that away from him in a hurry."

Kingston Rhymes: "That's the thing about Vayden. He doesn't need to outpace you. He just needs to find the moment where you make a mistake, and then he starts taking things apart."

Cayden tries to rally, fighting his way out of the corner with a forearm and a quick kick. He manages to catch Derrick with a power slam, and the crowd rises as he makes the cover.

One! Two!

Derrick kicks out.

Cayden pulls him up, looking to build on the opening, but Derrick catches him with a sudden knee to the body. He follows with a dragon suplex, bridging long enough to force Cayden to kick out before the count reaches three. Derrick doesn't show frustration. He simply releases the hold, rises, and turns back toward Cayden.

From there, the match becomes increasingly one-sided.

Derrick methodically works Cayden down, using a Falcon Arrow to drive him into the canvas before taking him toward the corner. He positions Cayden in the tree of woe and delivers a diving stomp, leaving the former champion sprawled against the turnbuckles. Derrick backs away and waits for Cayden to struggle upright.

Cayden refuses to quit. He gets to one knee, then both feet, and throws a desperate forearm. Derrick absorbs it, catches Cayden with another bicycle kick, and sends him stumbling into the ropes. Cayden rebounds with a desperate attempt at Backdraft, but Derrick moves just enough to avoid the dropkick and catches him with Vicious Cycle, the spinning brainbuster dropping Cayden hard onto the mat.

Michelle Rylan: "Cayden Cole is fighting, but Derrick Vayden has taken control of every exchange. This is becoming a very difficult night for the former Darkheart Champion."

The Bandit: "And Vayden isn't giving him a second to breathe. There's no celebration, no taunting, nothing. Just one move after another."

Derrick slowly rises and looks down at Cayden. He pulls him up and drives him into the canvas with Street Justice, the curb stomp leaving Cayden down on his knees before he collapses forward. Derrick doesn't pause. For the first time in the match, he accelerates, hitting the ropes and returning at full speed with Journey To Nowhere, the V-Trigger knee strike crashing into Cayden's head.

Derrick drops into the cover.

One! Two! Three!

The bell rings.

Shirley Powers: "Here is your winner... Derrick Vayden!"

The crowd reacts to the decisive finish as Derrick rolls away from Cayden and slowly rises. He doesn't raise his arms or acknowledge the audience. He simply turns toward the ropes, steps through them, and drops to the floor.

Cayden remains on the canvas, blinking in disbelief as he tries to process how quickly the match ended. The former Darkheart Champion eventually sits up, looking toward the departing Wanderer with an almost shocked expression.

Derrick, meanwhile, is already heading up the ramp. He never looks back.

Kingston Rhymes: "That was brutal. Cayden Cole had some early success, but once Vayden found his opening, he

never let him recover."

Roxie Voltage: "Both men are still qualified for the Phase Two Battle Royale at Black Circuit, but Derrick just sent a very clear message to everyone else in that field."

Michelle Rylan: "Sixteen competitors will enter that Battle Royale next weekend. Derrick Vayden has just reminded them that surviving him may be a very different challenge altogether."

The camera catches Cayden still sitting in the ring, watching Derrick disappear backstage. The Wanderer has his victory, and he leaves Huntsville just as silently as he arrived.

### Planet Roxie: The Family That Never Stops Believing

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to the familiar sight of the Planet Roxie spaceship, its colorful lights glowing against the otherwise busy backstage area of the Propst Arena. Inside, the atmosphere is quieter than usual. Roxanne Rodriguiz sits near the entrance to the ship, looking down at her hands, while Angel of Thunder stands beside her. Sage Fury Vixen, Big Mama V herself, watches both women with the protective expression of someone who knows when her family needs a little encouragement.

Sage Fury Vixen: "Alright, Roxie. I know you've got a big one tonight, and I know the last few weeks haven't exactly been easy on this family. But sitting here worrying isn't going to change what happened. You've got Queen Bianca Davis waiting for you, and that woman has held the Territory Championship twice. So you better be ready to give her everything you've got."

Roxanne looks up, nodding slowly.

Roxanne Rodriguiz: "I know, Sage. I know what's at stake. I have to win tonight. I have to make it through this first phase, and I have to bring something home for this family. I keep thinking about everybody back on Planet Roxie watching us. They're rooting for us, and I don't want to let them down. I don't want to let you down, Angel. I don't want to let Rosa down either. I just want everyone back home to be proud of us."

Angel of Thunder steps closer and gently places a hand on Roxanne's shoulder.

Angel of Thunder: "Roxie, you have nothing to apologize for. We have all experienced difficult moments lately. My loss last week hurt, and I know there are things happening around our family that we cannot simply forget. But none of that changes who we are. You are not walking into that match alone. You carry every one of us with you, and you carry the strength of our home. Queen Bianca may have experience, but she has never faced the entire spirit of Planet Roxie."

Sage Fury Vixen: "That's right. And if that queen thinks she's going to walk all over one of my girls, she's got another thing coming. Roxie, you go out there and fight like you always do. Don't worry about the crown, don't worry about the reputation. Make her earn every inch."

Roxanne rises from her seat, her familiar spark beginning to return.

Roxanne Rodriguiz: "And while we're talking about championship gold, I've got something else to say. Bad Juju, Madame Colette and Madame Cosette, you two have those Alliance Championships, and I haven't forgotten about them. So here's my challenge: Black Circuit. You put those championships on the line against any two members of Planet Roxie. You heard me! Any two! We'll decide who steps up, but I want those titles, and I want to bring that gold home to our family!"

Angel smiles and nods, while Sage folds her arms with an approving grin.

Sage Fury Vixen: "Now that's what I like to hear. Let those two Madames think about that one."

Angel brings her hands together in her familiar prayer position. Roxanne and Sage step beside her, the three forming a close circle in front of the glowing spaceship.

Angel of Thunder: "No matter what happens tonight, we stand together."

Sage Fury Vixen: "Nobody gets left behind."

Roxanne Rodriguiz: "And nobody gets to tell Planet Roxie when our time is over!"

All three raise their voices together.

All Three: "I LOVE U, PLANET ROXIE!"

They share a group hug before Roxanne steps away, her expression now noticeably more determined. She turns toward the hallway leading to the arena, ready for her match against Queen Bianca Davis.

Roxanne Rodriguiz: "Catch me before I go Houdini!"

The camera holds on Angel and Sage cheering her on as Roxanne heads toward the curtain. The spaceship's lights continue to glow behind them.

Planet Roxie may be far from home, but their family is never far away.

### The Crown Doesn't Need a Championship

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to Queen Bianca Davis's private royal suite. Black velvet curtains frame an ornate throne, with silver and gold accents catching the light. The former two-time Territory Champion stands before a full-length mirror, carefully adjusting her hair while Simple Simon holds her scepter and compact nearby. The Territory Championship is noticeably absent from its usual place in her royal presentation.

Bianca studies her reflection for a moment before turning toward Simon with a dissatisfied expression.

Queen Bianca Davis: "Well, Simon? I certainly hope you've prepared something appropriate to say, because tonight is a rather important occasion. The final opportunity to qualify for Ultima, and naturally, the tournament would be incomplete without its Queen."

Simple Simon immediately nods and gestures toward Bianca in enthusiastic agreement.

Bianca Davis: "Exactly! The winner is practically standing right in front of you. I mean, look at me. Do you honestly believe some little Brooklyn girl named Roxanne Rodriguiz is going to stop me from claiming what is rightfully mine?"

Bianca gives herself another look in the mirror, smiling as she adjusts her outfit.

Bianca Davis: "And before anyone gets confused, losing that little Territory Championship last week has not changed a thing. Adam Hansen may be carrying around my former property, but a championship doesn't make someone royalty. I was a two-time champion before that cowboy ever got his hands on it, and I'll be a whole lot more than a Territory Champion when Ultima is finished."

Simon offers her the compact mirror. Bianca accepts it, checks her reflection, and hands it back with a satisfied nod.

Bianca Davis: "Tonight, Roxanne gets a front-row seat to what real royalty looks like. She can bring her little spaceship, her little friends, and all the encouragement she wants from whatever planet she's from. None of that will help her when she's standing across the ring from me."

She turns toward the camera, lifting her chin.

Bianca Davis: "The Territory Championship was never the limit of my ambitions, sweetie. It was simply one more

accessory in a collection that is destined to grow. Ultima belongs to me. The spotlight belongs to me. And everyone else should be grateful they're allowed to witness it."

Bianca turns back to Simon, who is still nodding enthusiastically. She extends one hand, and he immediately presents her scepter.

Queen Bianca Davis: "Simon, tell them what happens when the Queen enters a tournament."

Simon enthusiastically gestures toward Bianca, then bows.

Bianca Davis: "That's right. They move aside. They recognize greatness. And when I win Ultima, perhaps I'll finally have a prize worthy of my attention."

She places the scepter against her shoulder, gives herself one final approving glance in the mirror, and turns toward the camera.

Queen Bianca Davis: "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a little match to attend to. Do try to keep up, sweeties."

Bianca blows a kiss toward her reflection before turning her attention to the camera and delivering an exaggerated, perfectly practiced pageant wave.

Queen Bianca Davis: "Long live the Queen!"

Simple Simon bows once more as Bianca exits the room, leaving him to collect her compact and remaining accessories before following. The camera lingers briefly on the empty throne before fading out.

### Queen Bianca Davis vs. Roxanne Rodriguiz

Match

The camera returns to the Propst Arena as the crowd begins to stir in anticipation. On the screen above the entrance, the Ultima Tournament graphic appears, displaying fifteen competitors who have already secured their places in the Phase Two Battle Royale at Black Circuit. One final position remains. One final opportunity. And tonight, two very different women are about to fight for it.

Jim Gunt: "Fifteen competitors have already qualified for Phase Two, Mike. This is the final First Phase match. Whoever wins tonight joins that group and gets one step closer to potentially earning a World Heavyweight Championship contract."

Mike Rolash: "And look at the two women involved, Jim! One wants to bring championship gold home to her family, and the other believes she should be handed every championship in the company simply because she has a crown and a mirror!"

Kingston Rhymes: "That's a pretty accurate description of Queen Bianca Davis, actually."

Roxie Voltage: "Don't forget, though, Bianca is a former two-time Territory Champion. She knows how to win, and she knows how to make an opponent miserable doing it."

The lights shift as the familiar Planet Roxie presentation begins. A voice comes over the loudspeaker, announcing that the audience is about to be invaded by Planet Roxie. Gray and purple smoke rolls across the entrance area, and the doors of the Planet Roxie spaceship open. Roxanne Rodriguiz steps out to a strong reaction from the crowd, with Angel of Thunder and Sage Fury Vixen accompanying her.

Roxanne makes her way down the ramp, looking toward the ring with a focused expression. She pauses briefly to acknowledge Angel and Sage before climbing onto the apron and entering the ring. Angel and Sage remain near the ringside area, offering their support as Roxanne raises her arms to the crowd.

Michelle Rylan: "Roxanne has had a difficult couple of weeks, but she's made it clear that she's fighting for more than herself tonight. She wants to make her family proud, and she's looking to turn that determination into a place in Phase Two."

The music changes, and the atmosphere takes on a decidedly different tone. Queen Bianca Davis emerges with Simple Simon at her side, carrying her scepter and compact mirror. Bianca takes her time at the top of the ramp, checking her reflection before raising one hand and delivering an exaggerated pageant wave. She looks toward the ring with a smug smile, seemingly unimpressed by the reception.

Bianca walks down the ramp with Simon following close behind. As she reaches ringside, she stops to inspect her reflection once more before handing the compact back to Simon. She climbs the steps, carefully steps through the ropes, and immediately begins adjusting her hair. Simon takes his position on the floor near her corner, holding her scepter.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is an Ultima Tournament First Phase qualifying match! The winner will advance to the sixteen-person Phase Two Battle Royale at Black Circuit! Introducing first, from Brooklyn, New York, Roxanne Rodriguiz! And her opponent, from Malibu, California, accompanied by Simple Simon, the Queen... Bianca Davis!"

Bianca blows a dismissive kiss toward Roxanne, who simply stares back at her.

The referee checks both competitors and signals for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Bianca immediately backs toward her corner, raising one hand as though demanding that Roxanne give her space. She looks toward the referee and begins complaining about something, taking a moment to straighten her hair and adjust her attire. Roxanne isn't interested in waiting around. She steps forward, motioning for Bianca to get into the match.

Jim Gunt: "Bianca needs to be careful here. Roxanne has an opportunity to advance to Phase Two, and she isn't going to let the Queen dictate the pace."

Mike Rolash: "She's not dictating anything, Jim. She's making sure the presentation is right. Some of us appreciate quality."

Kingston Rhymes: "I think Roxanne would appreciate it if Bianca actually wrestled."

Bianca finally approaches, but when Roxanne reaches for a collar-and-elbow tie-up, Bianca immediately recoils and grabs at her upper body. For just a moment, her expression changes. She tries to hide it, but the damage from last week's steel cage match against Adam Hansen is still evident. There are lingering signs of the punishment she absorbed during that encounter, and even the simple act of engaging Roxanne in a physical exchange seems to aggravate her.

Bianca quickly turns away, pretending to adjust her hair.

Roxanne isn't fooled. She grabs Bianca by the wrist, twists her arm, and pulls her into a standing arm wringer. Bianca winces as Roxanne transitions into a quick kick to the midsection, followed by a sharp forearm that sends the Queen stumbling backward. Roxanne catches her with a second forearm, then whips her across the ring. Bianca hits the ropes and comes running back into a hip toss that sends her crashing onto the canvas.

Roxanne follows with a running back elbow, catching Bianca across the upper chest and sending her rolling toward the ropes. Bianca immediately grabs the bottom rope and pulls herself toward the outside, trying to create some distance.

Roxie Voltage: "Roxanne is moving quickly, and that's exactly what she needs to do. Bianca is still carrying damage

from that cage match. If Roxanne keeps the pressure on, she can make this a very uncomfortable night for the Queen."

Michelle Rylan: "Bianca doesn't want to acknowledge that damage, but it's there. She lost the Territory Championship last week, and now she's fighting to keep her tournament hopes alive. That's a lot to deal with in a short amount of time."

Bianca turns toward Simon and begins complaining, gesturing toward her ribs and then pointing accusingly at Roxanne. Simon tries to offer encouragement, but Bianca waves him away and demands that he remain ready.

Roxanne doesn't give her the opportunity to recover. She grabs Bianca as she returns through the ropes and delivers a snapmare, sending the Queen sitting on the canvas before following with a running kick to the upper back. Bianca rolls over, clutching herself as Roxanne quickly hooks a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Bianca kicks out!

Roxanne pulls Bianca back to her feet, but Bianca suddenly grabs a handful of Roxanne's hair and tries to yank her down. Roxanne responds with a sharp elbow to the side, breaking the grip before delivering a superkick that catches Bianca cleanly across the jaw. Bianca staggers backward and falls against the turnbuckles.

Roxanne charges in with a running back elbow, then pulls Bianca out of the corner and connects with a snapmare. She climbs to the second rope and looks toward the crowd, raising one hand before dropping down with a sharp strike to Bianca's upper body. Bianca rolls away, visibly frustrated, while Roxanne gets back to her feet and looks around the arena.

Roxanne Rodriguiz: "CATCH ME BEFORE I GO HOUDINI!"

The crowd responds with a loud cheer.

Roxanne turns back toward Bianca and grabs her by the arm, attempting to pull her into position for another attack. Bianca suddenly drops to one knee, clutching at her side and looking toward the referee with an exaggerated expression of pain. The referee steps closer to check on her, but Bianca uses the moment to reach up and rake her fingers across Roxanne's eyes.

Jim Gunt: "Oh, come on! The referee needs to see that!"

Mike Rolash: "What? Bianca was clearly in distress! Are you suggesting the Queen would do something dishonest?"

Kingston Rhymes: "Yes. Yes, we are."

Roxanne staggers backward, both hands covering her face. Bianca immediately takes advantage, grabbing Roxanne by the hair and pulling her forward into a sharp facebuster knee smash. Roxanne drops to the canvas, clutching at her face as Bianca quickly turns her over and hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Joey Garcia: "Here is your winner, and advancing to Phase Two of the Ultima Tournament... QUEEN BIANCA DAVIS!"

Bianca immediately rolls away from Roxanne and rises to her feet, throwing both arms into the air. Simon climbs onto the apron and applauds enthusiastically, holding Bianca's scepter out toward her. Bianca takes it and raises it above

her head as the crowd rains down boos.

Jim Gunt: "Bianca Davis has done it, but that was an opportunistic victory. Roxanne was controlling much of this match until that thumb to the eyes."

Mike Rolash: "An opportunistic victory is still a victory, Jim! Fifteen people have already qualified, and now the Queen is number sixteen. That's what happens when you have experience, intelligence, and a little royal assistance."

Roxie Voltage: "Roxanne was in control, and Bianca knew it. She couldn't afford to let that continue."

The camera cuts to the large screen, where the Ultima Tournament graphic updates. Bianca's name appears among the sixteen competitors advancing to the Phase Two Battle Royale at Black Circuit. Bianca turns toward the screen, pointing proudly at her name before raising her scepter and giving the audience another exaggerated pageant wave.

Queen Bianca Davis: "Of course! Did anyone honestly expect anything different?"

Simon bows beside her, nodding emphatically.

Bianca Davis: "The Queen has arrived, and the rest of you should start making room!"

Bianca blows a kiss toward the camera before turning and making her way toward the ropes. Simon follows, collecting her belongings as she exits the ring. The two begin walking up the ramp, Bianca continuing to celebrate her qualification while the crowd loudly voices its displeasure.

Inside the ring, Roxanne slowly rolls onto her side, still trying to recover from the eye rake and the sudden finish. Angel of Thunder and Sage Fury Vixen immediately slide into the ring to check on her. Sage kneels beside Roxanne, while Angel helps her sit upright.

Sage Fury Vixen: "Hey, hey. Look at me. You alright?"

Roxanne Rodriguiz: "She got me. I had her, Sage. I really thought I had her."

Angel of Thunder: "You fought with everything you had, Roxie. Do not allow one moment to make you forget what you accomplished out there. We are proud of you."

Roxanne looks down, frustrated, but Sage places a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

Sage Fury Vixen: "You hear me? We're not going anywhere. You fought hard, and nobody can take that away from you."

The three women embrace briefly as the crowd continues to cheer Roxanne. But before they can leave the ring, the camera cuts toward the entrance stage.

Standing beneath the Revolution lighting are Madame Colette LaVieille and Madame Cosette LaJeune, the two members of Bad Juju. The Alliance Championships rest proudly around their waists. Cosette wears a playful smile, giving Roxanne a little wave before blowing a kiss in her direction. Colette stands beside her with a more reserved expression, watching the trio in the ring.

Cosette LaJeune: "Oooooh, mes amies! We hear somebody has been making a little challenge!"

Colette LaVieille: "A challenge for our championships, oui?"

Cosette giggles, raising her hands and making small, deliberate finger gestures as though casting a spell.

Cosette LaJeune: "Two members of Planet Roxie against the two Madames? At Black Circuit?"

Colette glances at Cosette, then back toward the ring. She gives a small nod.

Colette LaVieille: "We accept, mes chéries."

Cosette claps excitedly.

Cosette LaJeune: "Oh, magnifique! We shall see you at Black Circuit! Bring your magic, bring your family, bring all your little planetary friends!"

Colette blows a kiss toward the ring.

Colette LaVieille: "But be careful what you wish for, mes amies. Sometimes a little challenge becomes something wicked."

Cosette leans toward Colette with a mischievous grin.

Cosette LaJeune: "Magique..."

Colette LaVieille: "...et magnifique!"

Both women giggle as they raise their Alliance Championships toward the ring. Angel and Sage exchange glances before Roxanne slowly gets back to her feet. The disappointment of her loss has given way to a renewed sense of purpose as she looks toward the stage.

Roxanne Rodriguiz: "You heard them! Black Circuit! Angel and me are coming for those championships, and we're bringing that gold home to Planet Roxie!"

Angel brings her hands together in her familiar prayer position, smiling toward the stage.

Angel of Thunder: "We accept. We will stand together, and we will fight for our family."

Sage Fury Vixen steps forward, raising one arm toward the crowd.

Sage Fury Vixen: "That's what I'm talking about! Planet Roxie is going to Black Circuit!"

The camera captures Roxanne and Angel standing together in the ring as Colette and Cosette continue displaying their championships from the entrance stage.

Jim Gunt: "Well, there it is! Bad Juju have accepted the challenge, and we have ourselves an Alliance Championship match at Black Circuit!"

Roxie Voltage: "Angel of Thunder and Roxanne Rodriguiz against Colette and Cosette. Planet Roxie will have an opportunity to bring championship gold home after all."

Kingston Rhymes: "And don't underestimate those Madames. They're playful, they're unpredictable, and they've got a dangerous side that can turn a match around in a heartbeat."

Mike Rolash: "Roxanne didn't get into the Ultima Battle Royale, but she might have just found another way to make Black Circuit special. Of course, she'd better hope her planetary magic is stronger than Bad Juju's!"

The final image shows Angel and Roxanne raising their arms together inside the ring while Bad Juju hold their Alliance Championships high on the stage.

Officially set for Black Circuit:

HVW Alliance Championship Match: Bad Juju (Colette LaVieille & Cosette LaJeune) (c) vs. Planet Roxie (Angel of Thunder & Roxanne Rodriguiz)

### A Crown Within Reach

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to Tara Robinson standing near the Revolution interview backdrop. Beside her is Leo Lions, dressed and ready for his Darkheart Championship opportunity later tonight. Despite the importance of the occasion, Leo carries his familiar, relaxed smile.

Tara Robinson: "I'm joined now by Leo Lions, who has already secured his place in the Phase Two Battle Royale at Black Circuit. But tonight, Leo, you've got an opportunity that could make your trip to Birmingham even more interesting. You're challenging Deacon St. John for the Darkheart Championship."

Leo Lions: "That's right, Tara! And honestly, it's hard not to be excited about that. I've already got my place in Phase Two, which is something I'm incredibly proud of. But imagine walking into Black Circuit with a championship around my waist as well. That's a pretty special opportunity."

Tara Robinson: "Deacon is a two-time champion, and he's certainly had his attention divided lately. He's been keeping a close eye on Griffin Hawkins and Adam Hansen, but perhaps he hasn't been paying quite as much attention to you. Do you think that could work to your advantage?"

Leo's smile widens slightly.

Leo Lions: "Well, I certainly hope he's been paying attention to the championship match on his schedule! I know Deacon is a tough competitor. He's a two-time champion for a reason, and I'm not going to stand here and pretend that I can just walk in and take that title from him. But if he's spending all his time worrying about everybody else, that's his decision. I'm focused on what's right in front of me."

Tara Robinson: "And with your place in Ultima already secured, does that change how much you're willing to risk tonight?"

Leo Lions: "Not at all. I've grown up around this business. I've spent my whole life learning what it takes to compete, and I know opportunities like this don't come along every week. I'm not going to pass one up just because I've already qualified for the tournament. I want that championship, and I'm going to give Deacon everything I've got to earn it."

Tara Robinson: "So you could potentially arrive at Black Circuit as the Darkheart Champion and one of the sixteen competitors in the Ultima Battle Royale?"

Leo Lions: "That's the plan! One match at a time, though. Tonight, I have to earn the right to call myself champion. Then I'll turn my attention to the Battle Royale. I know there's a lot of talented competition waiting for me there, but I didn't come this far just to be happy with making it into Phase Two. I want to win the whole thing."

Leo pauses, looking directly into the camera.

Leo Lions: "And if I can leave Black Circuit with the Ultima contract and the Darkheart Championship still around my waist? Well, I think that's a pretty good way to make some history."

Tara Robinson: "Leo Lions, thank you for your time. Best of luck tonight!"

Leo Lions: "Thank you, Tara!"

Leo gives Tara a friendly nod before turning toward the hallway leading to the arena. He takes a few steps, then pauses and looks back toward the camera with that same familiar, confident smile.

Leo Lions: "Let's see what happens!"

He flashes his signature smile once more before disappearing down the hallway.

Tara Robinson: "Leo Lions has already earned his place among the sixteen Ultima competitors, but tonight he has a chance to add championship gold to that accomplishment. Deacon St. John may have plenty of other things on his mind, but he'd better not overlook the challenger standing right in front of him."

The camera fades as Revolution prepares for the Darkheart Championship match.

### Deacon St. John © vs. Leo Lions

Match

The lights inside the Propst Arena settle as the Darkheart Championship graphic appears across the screens. The championship bout is next, and the crowd rises with anticipation as Leo Lions makes his way onto the stage. Having already secured his place in the Phase Two Battle Royale at Black Circuit by defeating Seth Moxley on the first episode of Revolution, Leo now has an opportunity to add championship gold to that accomplishment. He takes a moment to acknowledge the crowd before heading down the ramp, focused on the ring and the title waiting for him.

Michelle Rylan: "Leo Lions has already punched his ticket to the next stage of Ultima, but tonight he has the chance to walk out of Huntsville with something even more tangible. The Darkheart Championship is on the line."

The Bandit: "And he's got a champion who has plenty of reasons to be looking over his shoulder. Deacon St. John lost his first-round Ultima match last week. He hasn't exactly had the smoothest couple of weeks."

Roxie Voltage: "But don't mistake a bad week for a weak champion. Deacon won that championship back at Outlaw's Reckoning, and he did it against three other men. He's not going to hand it over because Leo has a good attitude and a nice smile."

Kingston Rhymes: "Leo's got to be careful. Deacon is the kind of guy who sees every situation as a transaction. If he can't buy an advantage, he'll find another way to get one."

Leo enters the ring and makes his way to his corner, stretching his arms and keeping his eyes fixed on the entranceway. Shirley Powers steps into the ring with the championship as the crowd begins to boo at the arrival of the champion.

Deacon St. John appears with the Darkheart Championship held high, a confident smile on his face. He takes his time walking toward the ring, occasionally looking down at the championship as if reminding everyone exactly who owns it. The first defense of his second reign is an opportunity to reestablish his position, and despite the recent Ultima loss, Deacon carries himself like a man who expects the evening to end exactly as he planned.

Shirley Powers: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall, and it is for the HVW Darkheart Championship! Introducing first, the challenger, already qualified for the second phase of the Ultima Tournament, weighing in at 200 pounds, Leo Lions!"

The crowd cheers as Leo raises his arms.

Shirley Powers: "And his opponent, weighing in at 254 pounds, the reigning and defending HVW Darkheart Champion, Deacon St. John!"

Deacon lifts the championship above his head before handing it to Shirley. The referee holds it aloft, displaying the prize to both competitors before passing it outside the ring. The official checks each man, confirms they are ready, and calls for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Deacon immediately extends his arms as if inviting Leo to step into a test of strength, but the moment Leo reaches forward, Deacon snaps a sharp kick into his thigh. He follows with a forearm across the jaw, then another, forcing Leo backward into the ropes. Deacon sends him across the ring with an Irish whip, but Leo ducks beneath a clothesline and catches the champion on the rebound with a quick arm drag. Deacon scrambles back to his feet, only to be caught with a second arm drag that sends him sliding toward the ropes. Leo advances, but Deacon slips through the ropes and

onto the apron, holding his hands up while the referee begins his count.

Deacon: "Easy! Easy! I'm the champion. You might want to remember that."

Leo approaches, but Deacon suddenly reaches through the ropes and grabs him by the head, snapping his throat across the top rope. Leo stumbles backward, giving Deacon the opening to spring back inside with a Pele Kick that catches him flush in the side of the head. Deacon immediately drops into a cover, hooking one leg with a smug grin.

The referee counts one… two… Leo kicks out.

Deacon shakes his head, almost amused by the result, before pulling Leo upright and driving a knee into his midsection. He hooks him for an implant DDT, but Leo twists free, catches Deacon's arm, and takes him down with a double-leg takedown. Leo transitions into a grounded headlock, keeping the champion's shoulders pinned while Deacon tries to work his way toward the ropes. Deacon finally creates enough space to roll through and escape, but Leo stays attached, catching him with a snap suplex. The crowd responds as Leo bridges into a cover.

One… two… Deacon escapes.

Michelle Rylan: "Leo is making Deacon work for every inch here. He's not giving the champion much time to settle into his rhythm."

The Bandit: "And that's exactly what he needs to do. Deacon has a lot of ways to get himself out of trouble, but he can't negotiate with a suplex."

Leo pulls Deacon up and attempts a second German suplex, but Deacon drives an elbow backward into his face. He turns, catches Leo with a backstabber, and immediately rolls him onto his back for another cover. The referee drops down.

One… two… Leo kicks out!

Deacon sits up, looking toward the official with disbelief before holding up three fingers.

Deacon: "That was three! Count the damn shoulders!"

The referee holds up two fingers and tells Deacon to get back to the match. The champion gets to his feet, visibly irritated, and stomps down on Leo's shoulder before dragging him toward the corner. Deacon climbs the turnbuckles, measuring the challenger as he slowly gets upright. He launches himself into a moonsault, but Leo rolls away at the last possible second. Deacon crashes onto the canvas, clutching his midsection as the crowd roars.

Leo takes a moment to recover, then charges forward with a running knee to the side of Deacon's head. He pulls the champion up, lands a German suplex, and maintains his grip to roll through into a second. Deacon struggles, but Leo powers him up once more and completes the third with a bridging pin!

One… two… Deacon barely gets a shoulder up!

Roxie Voltage: "That was dangerously close! Deacon almost lost his championship right there!"

Kingston Rhymes: "Leo's got the champion in trouble, and Deacon knows it. You can see the frustration building."

Leo rises and gestures for Deacon to get back to his feet. The champion crawls toward the ropes, using them to pull himself upright, but Leo is already moving. He catches Deacon with a running forearm, then another, before sending him across the ring. Deacon reverses the whip, but Leo plants his feet and catches him with a belly-to-belly suplex. The champion lands hard and rolls toward the corner, where Leo follows with a running dropkick that sends Deacon slumping against the bottom turnbuckle.

Leo backs away, giving himself room before charging again. Deacon manages to move, leaving Leo to collide with the corner. Deacon quickly grabs him from behind, attempting to roll him into a pin with his feet on the ropes, but the

referee spots the leverage and refuses to count. Deacon releases the hold and immediately gets in the official's face.

Deacon: "You have got to be kidding me! You didn't see anything!"

The referee warns him, and that moment of frustration allows Leo to turn Deacon around. Leo catches him with a headlock takedown, transitions into a quick pinning combination, and hooks both legs.

One… two… Deacon kicks out!

Leo doesn't let him escape. He pulls Deacon upright, hooks him, and delivers another snap suplex. The champion rolls onto his stomach, trying to get away, but Leo grabs his arm and brings him back to the center of the ring. The crowd begins to rally behind the challenger as Leo looks around the arena, feeding off their energy.

Michelle Rylan: "Leo Lions is putting together one heck of a championship challenge! He's been able to answer every shortcut Deacon has tried to take."

The Bandit: "And Deacon's starting to look like a man who doesn't have a good backup plan. That's a dangerous place for him to be."

Leo pulls Deacon up and attempts to lift him into another German suplex, but the champion fights the grip, drives his heel down onto Leo's foot, and slips behind him. Deacon reaches around the waist, but Leo throws an elbow backward and turns, catching Deacon with a sharp forearm. Deacon staggers, and Leo charges forward with a Lion Pounce from the top rope, crashing into the champion and taking him down!

Leo hooks the leg!

One… two… Deacon gets his shoulder up just in time!

Leo looks toward the referee, then back at Deacon. He knows how close he came. He pulls the champion up and begins setting him for the Lion's Den, trying to secure the first Northern Lights suplex. Deacon blocks it, driving his weight down and throwing a punch into Leo's ribs. Leo doubles over, and Deacon suddenly catches him with a ripcord knee strike, sending him stumbling forward with his back turned.

Deacon sees the opening and charges for The Art of the Deal, but Leo spins out of the way at the last possible second! Deacon runs past him, turns around, and walks straight into a sudden Lion's Pounce-style running crossbody from Leo. Both men hit the mat, and Leo rolls across Deacon into another cover.

One… two… Deacon kicks out!

The crowd is on its feet. Leo gets up first, breathing heavily, and looks toward the corner as he prepares to climb. Deacon remains down, seemingly struggling to gather himself. Leo climbs to the top turnbuckle, turns toward the champion, and measures the distance for another high-risk attack.

But before he can launch, Remi Storm suddenly appears at ringside and climbs onto the apron!

Remi Storm: "Come on! Count quicker! You need to count quicker than that!"

The referee immediately turns toward her, warning her to get down from the apron. Leo looks over, confused and irritated, shouting for her to get out of the way.

Leo: "Get down! Get off the apron!"

Deacon, who had been slowly getting back to his feet, turns toward Remi with a puzzled expression of his own.

Deacon: "Remi? What the hell are you doing?"

The champion takes a step toward the ropes, momentarily distracted by the unexpected interference. Leo climbs down from the corner and moves toward Deacon, still shouting at Remi to leave the match alone. But while the referee is

occupied with Remi on the opposite side, Brixx Nox quietly appears on the other side of the ring.

Brixx crouches beside the apron and rolls the Darkheart Championship beneath the bottom rope.

Deacon notices it.

His expression changes instantly. The confusion disappears, replaced by a knowing smile. He bends down, retrieves the championship, and turns back toward Leo just as the challenger is turning around.

CRACK!

The championship smashes across Leo's jaw.

Leo collapses backward onto the canvas, completely laid out. The force of the impact sends the championship flying out of the ring, where it skids across the floor. Remi immediately drops down from the apron, and the referee turns around to find Leo motionless on the mat and Deacon standing over him.

The official looks toward the outside, then back at the two men, but Deacon doesn't give him a moment to investigate. He drops down across Leo's chest and hooks the leg tightly.

One!

Two!

Three!

DING! DING! DING!

Shirley Powers: "Here is your winner, and STILL the HVW Darkheart Champion… DEACON ST. JOHN!"

The crowd erupts in boos as Deacon rolls away from Leo and sits up, immediately throwing his arms out with a triumphant grin. Remi and Brixx slide into the ring to join him, and Brixx retrieves the championship from ringside before handing it back to the champion. Deacon raises the title high, standing between his two allies as the referee checks on Leo.

Michelle Rylan: "Come on! That is absolutely disgraceful! Remi Storm gets involved, Brixx Nox slips the championship into the ring, and Deacon St. John uses it to retain!"

The Bandit: "He was in trouble! He was in serious trouble, and he knew it! Leo had him beat on more than one occasion, and Deacon couldn't find a way to finish him without help!"

Roxie Voltage: "You can complain all you want, but the record book is going to say Deacon St. John retained the Darkheart Championship tonight. That's his first defense, and it's successful."

Kingston Rhymes: "Successful? Sure. Convincing? Not even close. Leo Lions had this match won until Deacon's people decided to get involved."

Deacon steps through the ropes with Remi and Brixx flanking him. He holds the championship against his shoulder, smiling as he starts up the entrance ramp. But the reaction changes when the crowd begins chanting a name.

Crowd: "GRIF-FIN! GRIF-FIN! GRIF-FIN!"

Deacon's smile slowly disappears.

He stops halfway up the ramp and looks back toward the ring, his grip tightening around the championship. The chant grows louder, echoing throughout the Propst Arena. The mention of Griffin Hawkins—the man waiting for him at Black Circuit—has clearly struck a nerve.

Deacon turns his head toward the crowd, his expression now filled with anger. Remi and Brixx stay close beside him as the champion continues toward the stage, no longer celebrating quite so confidently.

Michelle Rylan: "The people here in Huntsville have something to say about Deacon St. John, and apparently they have someone else on their minds!"

The Bandit: "He can walk out of here with that championship, but he can't walk away from the question of Griffin Hawkins. And after what we just witnessed, I don't think Griffin is going to be the only one with something to say!"

Kingston Rhymes: "Deacon wanted to make a statement with his first defense. Instead, he gave everybody another reason to question what kind of champion he really is."

The camera returns briefly to Leo Lions, still recovering in the ring, before cutting to Deacon glaring back at the crowd with the Darkheart Championship held tightly in his hands.

### One Night, One Fight, One Revolution

Segment

Backstage at the Propst Arena, the camera finds Jace Parker Davidson stepping out of the Team Vera locker room. His expression is as serious as ever, his right eye covered by its familiar eyepatch. He adjusts the sleeve of his jacket and starts down the corridor, but before the camera can follow him, the locker-room door opens again.

Vera Vega steps out, wearing her usual gear with a black-and-gold WAR GAMES! shirt over the top. She spots the camera and gives a quick smile before stepping into its path.

Vera Vega: "Oh! Well, look at that. You caught us at just the right time."

She glances down the corridor in the direction Jace disappeared, then turns her attention back to the camera.

Vera Vega: "Tonight is a big night. I mean, obviously, you can see that from the giant cage hanging over the ring and the fact that five of us are about to climb inside it and try to make each other regret every decision we've ever made. But this is about so much more than that."

Her smile fades into a determined expression.

Vera Vega: "For me, this is about getting another opportunity at the World Championship. I've spent nearly twenty years working toward that moment, and I'm not going to pretend that it doesn't mean everything to me. But tonight isn't just about Vera Vega getting another shot at Danielle Page. It's about making sure HOSTILITY finally gets told that enough is enough."

Vera gestures toward the locker-room door.

Vera Vega: "Adam Hansen took the Territory Championship away from HOSTILITY last week. That's a pretty good start, don't you think? And tonight, we've got an opportunity to deal them another massive blow. Not just to Danielle, but to the entire group that's been running around this company like they own the place."

She takes a breath and looks back toward the room.

Vera Vega: "Now, the marquee might say Team Vera, but I want to make something very clear. This is everybody's team. I couldn't be happier with the people who agreed to stand beside me tonight. And believe me, I know we're not exactly five people who would normally sit around a table and agree on everything."

A faint smile returns.

Vera Vega: "Some of us have history. Some of us have differences. Some of us might even have a few things we'd like to settle with each other when all of this is over. But tonight, we're putting that aside. Tonight, we're working together. Not because we're suddenly best friends, not because all our problems have magically disappeared, but because there's something bigger than any one of us."

Vera turns toward the locker room and begins acknowledging her teammates one by one.

Vera Vega: "Adam Hansen, the Carolina Cowboy. A man who has already proven that when he sets his sights on something, he doesn't let go easily. And now he's carrying the Territory Championship into that cage. I'm glad he's riding with us tonight."

The camera briefly catches Adam Hansen inside the room, standing with his championship nearby. His black cowboy hat is in his hands, and he gives Vera a small nod.

Vera Vega: "Dan Highlander. A veteran who's been through just about every kind of fight this business can throw at him. He's been at the top, he's been knocked down, and he's always found a way back up. You don't have to wonder whether Dan is going to give everything he's got tonight. You already know."

Dan gives a respectful nod from inside the room, his expression focused.

Vera Vega: "And Griffin Hawkins. The Jukebox Hero himself. Eleven-time World Champion, one of the most entertaining people to ever step into a ring, and apparently somebody who has had a very busy evening already."

The camera shifts briefly to Griffin, who is still visibly feeling the effects of Deacon St. John's attack earlier in the night. He rolls his shoulders and gives Vera a reassuring nod, refusing to let the assault keep him down.

Vera Vega: "I know what happened out there. I know HOSTILITY and Deacon thought they could take a little something out of him before the main event. But if there's one thing I've learned about Griffin, it's that you don't count him out just because somebody knocks him down. He knows how to put on a show, and I have a feeling he's got a few more hits left in that jukebox."

Griffin gives a small grin and raises one finger toward the camera.

Griffin Hawkins: "Still got a few songs left."

Vera laughs before turning toward Jace's now-empty spot in the hallway.

Vera Vega: "And then there's Jace Parker Davidson. Now, I could stand here all night talking about Jace, but I'm pretty sure he'd tell me I'm talking too much."

A faint smirk crosses her face.

Vera Vega: "He's one of the most experienced and dangerous men in this business. He's been through things that would have ended other people's careers, and he's never been somebody who needs a crowd cheering for him to know exactly what he's capable of. I know what he's bringing into that cage, and I'm glad he's on our side tonight."

Jace's voice can be heard from somewhere farther down the corridor.

Jace Parker Davidson: "You done yet?"

Vera looks toward the sound, laughing.

Vera Vega: "See? What did I tell you?"

She turns back to the camera, and the playful expression slowly gives way to something more serious. Her eyes settle directly on the lens.

Vera Vega: "And Danielle? I have a message for you."

She takes a step forward.

Vera Vega: "Tonight isn't about you. I know that's probably difficult for you to understand, considering you seem to think every single thing that happens in this company has to revolve around you. But tonight, you've got four people standing beside you who have spent enough time watching HOSTILITY do whatever it wants. And you've got five

people standing across from you who are ready to put a stop to it."

Vera pauses.

Vera Vega: "You might think this is just another night where you get to walk into an arena, put on a show, and remind everybody that you're the World Heavyweight Champion. But tonight, you have something to lose. If Team Vera wins, I get exactly what I've been fighting for. I get another opportunity to stand across from you with that championship on the line."

Her voice grows stronger.

Vera Vega: "And when Team Vera succeeds and walks out of that cage victorious, I promise you, Danielle, you'll get all the attention you've been demanding. At Black Circuit, the spotlight will be right where you like it. On you. On that championship. And on the woman who's coming to take it away."

Vera holds the camera's gaze for another moment before giving a determined nod.

Vera Vega: "But first, we've got a WarGames match to win. And I think it's about time we reminded everybody what happens when this locker room stands together."

She turns toward the door and raises her voice.

Vera Vega: "All right, boys! Let's go!"

The camera follows as Vera heads back toward the locker room. She stops just inside the doorway, looks down the corridor again, and notices that Jace has apparently continued walking without waiting for her.

Vera Vega: "Oh, for crying out loud. I'm coming!"

She shakes her head with an amused smile before disappearing into the room. The door closes behind her as the camera lingers on the WAR GAMES! lettering across the back of her shirt.

The scene fades out with the sound of the arena crowd rising in anticipation.

Michelle Rylan: "There's a lot of different personalities in that locker room, but Vera Vega has made it clear that tonight they're united by one thing: stopping HOSTILITY."

The Bandit: "And don't overlook what Adam Hansen did last week. That Territory Championship is proof that HOSTILITY can be beaten. Now they've got to survive five of them inside that cage."

Roxie Voltage: "But the stakes are enormous. If Team Vera wins, Vera gets her World Championship opportunity at Black Circuit. If HOSTILITY wins, Danielle Page gets to choose who challenges her. That's a lot of power resting on one match."

Kingston Rhymes: "And every single person in that cage has something else to think about. Ultima's Battle Royale is coming at Black Circuit, and several of these competitors are going to be fighting for their own futures there, too. But none of that matters if they can't get through tonight."

The camera cuts back to the arena, where the WarGames structure looms above the ring.

Tonight, five members of Team Vera will enter the cage together. Only one team will leave with the power to decide Danielle Page's next challenger.

### The Face in the Glass

Segment

The camera cuts backstage at the Propst Arena, where the noise of the Huntsville crowd is reduced to a distant

rumble. Inside one of the dressing rooms, Samara Astrid sits alone in front of a vanity mirror, already dressed for tonight's War Games main event. Her HOSTILITY gear is in place, her wrist tape is neatly secured, and her eyes are fixed on her reflection.

A monitor mounted in the corner displays the Revolution graphic for tonight's main event: HOSTILITY versus Team Vera. Samara glances toward it, studying the names and faces of the people she'll be fighting alongside and against. Her eyes linger on the image of Danielle Page before moving to Vera Vega, Griffin Hawkins, and finally Jace Parker Davidson.

Samara: "Five on five. One cage. One chance to make sure nobody forgets what happens when they get in HOSTILITY's way."

She leans back in her chair, rolling her shoulders before returning her attention to the mirror.

Samara: "I've been in worse situations. Higher places. Longer falls. Everybody thinks they know what pressure feels like until they're standing on the edge and looking down."

A faint voice interrupts her.

Nefaria: "And what happens when you fall?"

Samara's expression tightens. She looks toward the door, then back at the mirror.

Samara: "Not now."

Nefaria: "Why not? You're about to walk into a cage with ten people who would love nothing more than to tear you apart. Surely you have time for a little conversation."

Samara looks down at her hands and takes a slow breath.

Samara: "I know what tonight is. I know what I'm doing. I know who I'm fighting for."

Nefaria: "Do you?"

The reflection appears to smile.

Samara: "I'm fighting for HOSTILITY. I'm fighting for myself. And I'm fighting because I've already earned my place in the next phase of Ultima. Black Circuit is coming, and I'm not about to let anybody take that opportunity away from me."

Nefaria: "Such certainty. Such confidence. You really believe that little tournament is going to give you everything you want?"

Samara: "It gives me an opportunity. That's all I need."

Nefaria: "An opportunity to climb higher? To stand above everyone else? To prove that you're stronger than the people who once cheered for you?"

Samara's jaw tightens.

Samara: "I don't care what they think anymore."

Nefaria: "Then why are you still trying so hard to convince yourself?"

Samara abruptly stands, knocking her chair backward. She takes a step away from the mirror, but her reflection remains fixed on her.

Samara: "You don't get to question me. You don't get to tell me what I want. I made my choices. I left behind what I needed to leave behind, and I found somewhere I belong."

Nefaria: "HOSTILITY."

Samara: "Yes."

Nefaria: "Danielle. Max. Reaper. Christopher. All those people around you. You think they understand you?"

Samara pauses.

Nefaria: "Or do they simply appreciate having someone willing to throw herself into the fire whenever they need another weapon?"

Samara steps closer to the mirror, her voice becoming sharper.

Samara: "I'm not anybody's weapon."

Nefaria: "Then why are you so eager to fight their battles?"

Samara doesn't answer immediately. Her eyes remain locked on her reflection, and for a moment, the anger in her expression gives way to something less certain.

Samara: "Because I choose to."

Nefaria: "Good."

The reflection's smile widens.

Nefaria: "Then choose something tonight."

Samara: "What?"

Nefaria: "When that cage closes, when the shouting stops, when the bodies are on the floor and nobody can get away… choose who gets back up."

Samara's breathing becomes heavier. She reaches toward the mirror, her fingertips hovering just short of the glass.

Samara: "I don't need you."

Nefaria: "You keep saying that."

Samara: "I'm Samara Astrid."

Nefaria: "For now."

Samara suddenly strikes the vanity with her palm. Several small items rattle across its surface, and she steps backward, staring at the reflection. Her expression is now a mixture of anger and fear, but she quickly tries to regain control.

Samara: "I'm going out there. I'm doing my job. And you're staying here."

She turns toward the door.

Nefaria: "You really think you can leave me behind?"

Samara stops.

The camera holds on her face as she slowly turns back toward the mirror. The reflection appears completely normal again. Samara studies it for several seconds, then forces a faint smile.

Samara: "Everyone hits the ground eventually."

She pauses, remembering her own words.

Samara: "The only question is… who gets back up?"

She turns and walks out of the dressing room, closing the door behind her.

The camera remains inside.

The room is silent. The monitor continues displaying the War Games graphic, with Samara's image among the five members of HOSTILITY. The camera slowly moves toward the vanity mirror.

For a few seconds, nothing happens.

Then the reflection's eyes shift toward the camera.

A faint smile appears.

Nefaria: "Tonight…"

A quiet laugh follows.

Nefaria: "…we find out."

The screen cuts to black.

### Three Hundred and Sixty-Five Days

Segment

Pre-recorded promo — November 13, 2026 | Los Angeles International Airport (LAX)

The camera opens on a quieter corner of Los Angeles International Airport late Friday night. The terminal is still busy, with travelers passing through the background, rolling suitcases across the polished floor, and the occasional announcement echoing overhead. A flight information display shows departures heading east, including one bound for Huntsville, Alabama.

Sitting in a row of airport seats is Adam Hansen, his black cowboy hat resting on his head and a coffee cup held loosely in one hand. Beside him, resting prominently across the empty seat, is the HVW Territory Championship. Adam looks down at the belt for a moment before turning toward the camera.

A little farther behind him, Lex Collins is visible, occupied with his phone and his own preparations for the trip. He doesn't interrupt or participate.

Adam Hansen: "Three hundred and sixty-five days. One whole year since I put down that bottle."

Adam takes a sip of coffee, then sets the cup down beside him.

Adam Hansen: "I ain't gonna stand here and tell ya every one of those days was easy, 'cause I'd be lyin'. Some days were harder than others. Some days I had to remind myself why I made that choice in the first place. But I'm still here. Still sober. And I've got people in my life who made damn sure I never forgot I was worth fightin' for."

He glances down at the Territory Championship and gives a small, almost disbelieving smile.

Adam Hansen: "And what a year it's been. Thirteen years I've been doin' this business. Thirteen years of gettin' in that ring, puttin' my body on the line, and tryin' to make somethin' of myself. This right here is my first singles championship. Nobody handed it to me, either. I went through Samara Astrid. I went through Max Walker. And last Saturday, I stepped inside a steel cage with Bianca Davis and walked out the HVW Territory Champion."

Adam rests his hand on the title.

Adam Hansen: "That's somethin' I'm proud of. Not because it makes me better than anybody else, but because I know exactly what it took to get here. And I know I wouldn't be sittin' here with this belt if I'd given up on myself."

His expression gradually becomes more serious.

Adam Hansen: "Now, tomorrow night, I'm walkin' into another cage. And this time, it's War Games. See, some folks seem to think my problems with HOSTILITY started when Danielle Page and Bianca Davis came into the picture. Nah. I remember Christopher $aint James. I remember Reaper. I remember Xander Daniels. I've been in that ring with HOSTILITY before, back when those three were the ones raisin' hell. And now, Saturday night, two of 'em are gonna be standin' across from me again."

He leans forward, resting his forearms on his knees.

Adam Hansen: "Vera Vega and Griffin Hawkins are my friends. They've been there for me, and when Vera needed somebody to stand beside her, I wasn't about to turn my back. That's why I'm goin' into War Games. Not for glory. Not for another championship. For people who matter to me."

Adam pauses, looking briefly toward Lex in the background before returning his attention to the camera.

Adam Hansen: "Now, I ain't gonna pretend everybody on our side is somebody I'd invite over for Sunday dinner. Jace Davidson and me? We've got history, and I don't trust the man. Dan Highlander? Truth is, I don't know enough about him to say one way or the other. But I ain't askin' either one of 'em to be my best friend. I'm askin' 'em to remember who's standin' on the other side of that cage."

He picks up his coffee, takes one final sip, and sets it down. His hand settles on the Territory Championship.

Adam Hansen: "I spent the last year learnin' how to fight the battles that matter. Saturday night, that cage closes, and there ain't gonna be nowhere to run. I know who I'm standin' up for. I know who I'm fightin' against. And that's all I need to know."

Adam lifts the Territory Championship from the seat and rests it against his shoulder. He stands, adjusts his cowboy hat, and picks up his coffee.

Adam Hansen: "Come on, Lex. Huntsville ain't gonna wait on us."

In the background, Lex finishes whatever he is doing on his phone, gathers his things, and quietly follows Adam toward the departure gate. Adam never looks back at the camera.

The shot lingers for a moment on the now-empty airport seats before fading to black.

Revolution 3, the cage closes.

### The Odds Are Still in His Favor

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to Tara Robinson, standing near the entrance to the competitors' locker-room area. Dan "The Hammer" Highlander steps into view, dressed for competition and wearing a focused expression. He gives Tara a friendly nod, though the familiar stiffness in his knee remains noticeable after his recent battles. Tonight, however, there is no time to worry about the damage. In just a little while, he'll be stepping into War Games alongside four men and women who have their own reasons for wanting to see HOSTILITY fall.

Tara Robinson: "Dan, thank you for joining me. Tonight is a massive opportunity for Team Vera. If you win, Vera Vega gets her rematch against Danielle Page for the HVW World Heavyweight Championship at Black Circuit. If HOSTILITY wins, Danielle gets to choose her own opponent. How are you feeling heading into this match?"

Dan Highlander: "Honestly? Pretty good. I've been in plenty of fights where the odds weren't exactly stacked in my favor, and this one is no different. HOSTILITY have been a thorn in everybody's side for months. They've interfered, they've manipulated things, they've made life miserable for anyone who doesn't fall in line with them. So tonight, we get to lock the door behind us and settle some of that business the old-fashioned way."

Tara Robinson: "And one of the people standing beside you tonight is Jace Parker Davidson. The two of you have had quite a history together. You've been allies, you've been opponents, and your most recent encounter left you both dealing with some serious consequences. Now you're expected to fight alongside one another again."

Dan lets out a short laugh and shakes his head.

Dan Highlander: "You know, Tara, I was looking at the lineup earlier, and I realized something. Five people on each side, two teams, one cage, and somehow I've still managed to end up with the one person I'd least like to share a locker room with."

Tara Robinson: "Jace?"

Dan Highlander: "Bingo."

He smiles briefly before his expression becomes more serious.

Dan Highlander: "Look, Jace and I have unfinished business. We both know it. We're both qualified for the Ultima Battle Royale at Black Circuit, and neither one of us is going to walk into that match intending to make the other's life easy. But tonight isn't about that. Tonight, we're on the same side of the cage, and we've got a job to do. I'm not going to pretend we're best friends, but I'm also not going to let my personal feelings get in the way of stopping HOSTILITY."

Tara Robinson: "So for tonight, you can put the rivalry aside?"

Dan Highlander: "For tonight, absolutely. Tomorrow? Well, we'll see how much patience I've got left."

Tara chuckles, but Dan continues, shifting his attention toward the camera.

Dan Highlander: "There's something else about tonight that I think people might be overlooking. The stakes don't really affect me."

Tara Robinson: "The stakes don't affect you?"

Dan Highlander: "Let's face it, the one with the upside here is Vera. If we win, she gets another shot at Danielle and the World Championship. And I'm absolutely going to fight my hardest to make sure that happens. Vera deserves that opportunity, and God knows Danielle needs taking down a peg or two. But at the end of the day, if I want a World Title match at Black Circuit, I actually have a better chance if my team loses!"

Tara looks at him with a raised eyebrow.

Tara Robinson: "How exactly do you figure that?"

Dan Highlander: "Math, love."

He gestures with his hands, as if laying out a very simple equation.

Dan Highlander: "If we win, the probability of me getting a title match at Black Circuit is zero. Vera's the number one contender. She's getting her rematch. Good for her. If we lose? Well, the odds are still pretty close to zero, because I doubt Danielle wants to throw down against me if she gets to choose her own opponent. But who knows? Maybe she'll grow a spine and pick somebody who can actually give her a fight."

Tara Robinson: "So you're saying you're motivated to win tonight, even though losing might actually benefit your own championship ambitions?"

Dan Highlander: "I'm saying I'm not going to throw a match to get ahead. That's not who I am, and it never will be. I didn't spend fifteen years fighting my way back to the top just to start taking shortcuts now. If I want another shot at the World Championship, I'll earn it. If Vera gets hers tonight, I'll be right there beside her. And if Danielle gets to choose her opponent, then I suppose we'll find out whether she wants an easy night or a real fight."

Tara nods, then brings up the other major opportunity awaiting both men at Black Circuit.

Tara Robinson: "You mentioned Ultima. You and Jace are both through to Phase Two, and tonight's War Games match could leave either of you with a lot of momentum heading into that sixteen-man Battle Royale. Does that add another layer to your partnership?"

Dan: "Of course it does. Neither of us is going to forget that we're competing against one another next week. But I know what Jace is capable of, and he knows what I'm capable of. We don't need to like each other to recognize that. If we can put HOSTILITY through the wringer tonight, then we'll both walk into Black Circuit knowing we've survived something that most people wouldn't want any part of."

He pauses, glancing down briefly at his knee before looking back toward Tara.

Dan Highlander: "And for me, that's what this is really about. I've been knocked down, I've lost championships, I've fought through injuries, and I've had to start over more times than I care to count. But I'm still here. HOSTILITY haven't managed to run me out of this company, and they aren't going to start tonight."

Tara Robinson: "Dan Highlander, thank you. Best of luck tonight."

Dan gives her a respectful nod.

Dan Highlander: "Thanks, Tara. And to HOSTILITY? Enjoy the time you have left before that cage door closes. Because once we're locked in there, there won't be anywhere left to hide."

Dan turns and begins walking toward the locker room, taking a moment to glance back over his shoulder with a confident smile.

Dan Highlander: "And Jace? Try not to hit me this time. We've got bigger problems."

He continues down the corridor, leaving Tara looking toward the camera.

Tara Robinson: "Dan Highlander may not be thrilled about sharing a team with Jace Parker Davidson, but tonight, personal differences will have to take a back seat. Five competitors against five, with a World Championship opportunity hanging in the balance. War Games is coming up next!"

The camera fades out as the Revolution broadcast prepares to return to the arena for the main event.

### The Price of Admission

Segment

The broadcast returns from commercial to find the Propst Arena crowd already buzzing. Inside the ring, a black table has been positioned beneath the bright Revolution lights. Two chairs sit on opposite sides, and a contract rests neatly in the center, accompanied by a pair of pens. A championship match graphic fills the arena screens: BLACK CIRCUIT — DARKHEART CHAMPIONSHIP — DEACON ST. JOHN (c) VS. GRIFFIN HAWKINS.

Standing beside the table is Griffin Hawkins. The Jukebox Hero wears his familiar pink zebra-print tights, white boots and fingerless gloves, with his leather jacket still hanging over his shoulders and his silver aviator shades in place. He looks around at the crowd, taking in the cheers before accepting a microphone.

Griffin Hawkins: "Well, normally, you wouldn't be seeing me out here right now. Normally, I'd be somewhere backstage, getting ready to walk into that WarGames cage with four of my friends and help beat the absolute hell out of HOSTILITY."

The crowd cheers loudly.

Griffin Hawkins: "And believe me, I am looking forward to that. But before we get to the main event, there's a little

business we need to take care of. Because at Black Circuit, I've got another appointment. One more time, it's Griffin Hawkins versus Deacon St. John, and this time, the Darkheart Championship is on the line."

Griffin turns toward the entrance ramp, glancing at the contract.

Griffin Hawkins: "Now, I've got the contract. I've got the pen. I've got the ring. There's only one thing missing. The champion."

The crowd begins chanting Griffin's name.

Griffin Hawkins: "And Deacon, I know you're somewhere around here. I know you've heard me. So why don't you come on out here and sign this thing? Unless, of course, you're still a little uncomfortable being in the same room with me after what you pulled last week."

Griffin removes his aviators and folds them carefully, setting them on the table.

Griffin Hawkins: "You see, Deacon, you've been doing a whole lot of avoiding lately. You've had your little helpers, you've had your distractions, you've had your championship belt to hide behind. But we're running out of places to hide. So get your prima donna ass out here, sign the contract, and let's get this done. And just so we're clear, I'm not leaving this ring until you do."

The arena lights shift as Deacon St. John's music hits. The Darkheart Champion emerges at the entrance with the championship draped over his shoulder. He stops at the top of the ramp, looking toward Griffin with an expression of utter irritation. He takes a microphone from a ringside attendant but makes no effort to approach the ring.

Deacon St. John: "This is absolute bullshit."

The crowd immediately responds with boos.

Deacon St. John: "I mean, seriously. What are we doing here? I've already beaten you. I've already proven that I'm better than you. And yet here you are again, like some kind of bad rash that just refuses to go away."

Deacon gestures toward the ring.

Deacon St. John: "By all means, I should be walking away from this. I should be enjoying my evening, enjoying my championship, and preparing for the next legitimate challenger. But apparently, our illustrious boss, Jaiden Rishel, has decided that if I don't come out here and sign this contract, I'm going to be stripped of my championship. Worse yet, he's apparently prepared to hand it right over to you."

The crowd erupts with cheers. Deacon looks around with an exaggerated, disgusted expression.

Deacon St. John: "Of course you people would like that. Of course you'd love to see this championship handed to somebody who hasn't earned a damn thing. But unfortunately for all of us, I have a business to run, and apparently, this is part of the cost of doing business."

Deacon adjusts the championship on his shoulder.

Deacon St. John: "So I'll sign the contract. I'll defend my championship at Black Circuit. But I'm not getting in that ring with him tonight. I have absolutely no intention of allowing that desperate little showman to take a cheap shot at me before my title defense."

Griffin leans against the ropes, shaking his head.

Griffin Hawkins: "Wow. That's a lot of words to say you're scared."

The crowd cheers.

Griffin Hawkins: "Seriously, Deacon. You come out here talking about how you've already beaten me, how you're

better than me, how I don't deserve another shot. But you're standing all the way up there on the ramp, and I'm standing right here in the ring. What's the matter? Afraid that if you get a little closer, all that confidence might disappear?"

Deacon's expression hardens.

Deacon St. John: "I'm not afraid of you, Griffin. I'm protecting an investment. Unlike you, I understand that this championship represents something. It represents prestige. It represents value. And I am not going to jeopardize that because you want to put on another little performance for these people."

Griffin Hawkins: "Then let's get the paperwork done. Send your lawyer down here. Send Saul Goodman, for all I care. Just get somebody down here to put a signature on that contract so we can all go home happy."

The crowd laughs. Deacon gives Griffin a cold stare before gesturing toward the entrance. A sharply dressed man carrying a leather briefcase emerges from the backstage area and makes his way down the ramp. He approaches the ring, climbs the steps and carefully enters between the ropes, setting his briefcase on the table.

The lawyer opens it, removes a second copy of the contract and places it in front of Griffin.

Lawyer: "Mr. St. John has authorized me to execute the agreement on his behalf. If you'll sign first, we can conclude this matter."

Griffin looks at the lawyer, then at Deacon, who remains stationed at the top of the ramp.

Griffin Hawkins: "Of course he has."

Griffin picks up the pen and signs his name. He slides the contract back across the table, then leans against the ropes with an impatient expression as the lawyer prepares to sign for Deacon.

But before the pen touches the paper, Deacon's voice cuts through the arena.

Deacon St. John: "Hold on."

Griffin closes his eyes and lets out a long sigh.

Griffin Hawkins: "Oh, for fuck's sake."

Deacon St. John: "Before we finalize anything, I have one question. I'm putting my championship on the line at Black Circuit. That's a considerable investment. But what exactly are you putting on the line?"

Griffin looks at the contract, then back toward the champion.

Griffin Hawkins: "I'm the challenger, Deacon. You're the champion. That's generally how these things work. You put the title on the line, I try to take it from you."

Deacon slowly smiles.

Deacon St. John: "You see, that's where you're wrong. I've always believed that people like you should be working for people like me. You spend your career entertaining people who will never have the money, influence or connections to understand what it takes to operate at my level. You make people smile, you make them cheer, and you convince yourself that somehow that makes you important."

Deacon takes a few steps down the ramp, enjoying the growing irritation on Griffin's face.

Deacon St. John: "But I have an empire, Griffin. I have businesses. I have employees. I have people who make sure that everything runs exactly the way I want it to. And I think it's time you learned what it feels like to be on the other side of that arrangement."

Griffin straightens up.

Deacon St. John: "So here's my proposal. If you win at Black Circuit, you become the Darkheart Champion. Simple enough. But if I win, you don't just lose your opportunity. You become mine."

A wave of murmurs moves through the arena.

Deacon St. John: "You'll report to work at Sinners & Saints in Las Vegas. You'll be one of my employees. You'll serve drinks at the bar. You'll wait tables. You'll open doors for VIP guests. You'll light my cigars. And if I decide you're better suited to scrubbing toilets, then that's exactly what you'll be doing. Believe me, Griffin, the toilets in my establishment are considerably larger than anything you're accustomed to."

The crowd boos as Deacon laughs to himself.

Deacon St. John: "Every degrading job I can find, you'll do it. And while you're busy making sure my guests have a wonderful evening, you can think about all those nights you used to spend partying with your little friend Vera Vega. Because if you lose, your Saturday nights are going to look a whole lot different."

Deacon raises the championship slightly.

Deacon St. John: "So, Griffin Hawkins, are you really sure you want to put something on the line against me?"

Griffin looks down at the contract. He takes a moment, rubbing his chin as the crowd waits for his response. Then he looks back up, a smile slowly returning to his face.

Griffin Hawkins: "Let me get this straight. If I win, I become the Darkheart Champion. If I lose, I become your... what? Your manservant? Your butler? Your personal little errand boy?"

Deacon St. John: "You'll join the rest of the employees who work for me. And you'll be expected to do exactly what you're told."

Griffin nods slowly.

Griffin Hawkins: "Well, that's certainly an interesting offer. I've had a lot of jobs in my life, Deacon. I've been told I wasn't good enough, I've been told I didn't have what it takes, and I've spent my entire career proving those people wrong. So I suppose one more person telling me what I can and can't do isn't going to change much."

He steps closer to the table.

Griffin Hawkins: "I'll accept your little provision. But I want one thing in return."

Deacon raises an eyebrow.

Deacon St. John: "Oh? And what might that be?"

Griffin Hawkins: "I get to choose the match stipulation."

Deacon bursts into laughter.

Deacon St. John: "That's it? That's what you want? You want to pick the stipulation? Griffin, I've already beaten you. I've proven I'm the better wrestler. But fine. Go ahead. Pick whatever you want. I'm feeling generous."

Griffin nods, as if he has been waiting for that answer.

Griffin Hawkins: "I've been thinking about this for a while, Deacon. And the more I think about it, the more I realize there's one thing you're really good at."

Deacon smirks.

Griffin Hawkins: "Running."

The crowd reacts with a loud cheer.

Griffin Hawkins: "That's what you do, isn't it? You run away when things get uncomfortable. You hide behind your money, you hide behind your employees, you hide behind your little backup crew. And whenever somebody gets close enough to actually hold you accountable, there's always somebody there to pull you out of trouble."

Griffin points toward the entrance.

Griffin Hawkins: "So I figured we should give you a match that's right up your alley. A match where you can do what you're best at. Run."

Griffin pauses, letting the crowd build in anticipation.

Griffin Hawkins: "At Black Circuit, I want you and me locked inside a STEEL CAGE!"

The arena explodes. Griffin drops the microphone slightly as the crowd roars its approval. Deacon's smile disappears. For the first time since appearing on the stage, the Darkheart Champion looks genuinely uncertain.

Griffin Hawkins: "That's right. Just you and me. No Remi Storm. No Brixx Nox. No hired help. No convenient distractions. No one to slide a championship belt under the bottom rope when the referee isn't looking. Just two men, one cage, and nowhere to run."

Deacon shakes his head.

Deacon St. John: "No. Absolutely not. That's ridiculous. I didn't agree to a steel cage match. I agreed to a championship match. A wrestling match. Not some barbaric spectacle where you get to throw me into a fence and pretend you've accomplished something."

Griffin Hawkins: "What's the matter, Deacon? I thought you were better than me."

Deacon St. John: "I am better than you!"

Griffin Hawkins: "Then what's the problem? You said you've already beaten me. You said I'm not on your level. You said you have nothing to worry about. So why are you suddenly having trouble with the idea of standing across from me without anybody else around?"

Deacon clenches his jaw.

Griffin Hawkins: "You're a two-time Darkheart Champion, aren't you? You're supposed to be one of the best this company has to offer. And now you're standing on the ramp, looking like somebody just told you the VIP lounge is closed."

The crowd laughs and cheers. Deacon starts pacing, visibly furious.

Griffin Hawkins: "Come on, Deacon. Tell me you're not actually second-guessing yourself. Don't tell me the great Deacon St. John is afraid to fight me alone in a cage."

Deacon raises his microphone, his face reddening with anger.

Deacon St. John: "I am NOT afraid of a steel cage! And I am certainly not afraid of you!"

The crowd responds with another roar.

Deacon St. John: "You want a steel cage match? Fine! You've got your steel cage match! I'll walk into Black Circuit, I'll walk into that cage, and I'll walk out with my championship. And when it's over, you'll be reporting to work at Sinners & Saints. I'll make sure your first shift is a living hell!"

Griffin smiles, nodding as if he has finally gotten the answer he wanted.

Deacon St. John: "In fact, why wait until Black Circuit? You want to find out what happens when you get in my way? We can settle this right now!"

Deacon drops his microphone and begins walking down the ramp. Griffin removes his leather jacket, handing it to the lawyer before turning toward the entrance, practically bouncing on the balls of his feet as he waits for the champion to reach the ring. He gestures for Deacon to hurry up, clearly more than happy to give the crowd an early preview of what's coming.

But before Deacon can reach ringside, two figures suddenly emerge from the crowd.

The first is Max Walker. The second is Christopher $t. James.

The two HOSTILITY members rush Griffin from behind, catching him completely off guard. Max drives a heavy forearm into the back of Griffin's head, sending him stumbling forward into the ropes. Christopher grabs him around the upper body and pulls him away from the ropes, holding him in place as Max unloads with a series of heavy punches to the side of Griffin's head.

The crowd erupts in furious boos.

Griffin struggles to fight back, throwing an elbow that briefly catches Max across the jaw, but Christopher tightens his grip and keeps him from turning around. Max steps in again, hammering Griffin with another punch before driving a knee into his midsection. Griffin drops toward one knee, trying to cover up as the two HOSTILITY members continue the assault.

Deacon stops halfway down the ramp.

And smiles.

The Darkheart Champion takes his time walking the rest of the way to ringside, his championship resting comfortably over his shoulder as if he has all the time in the world. He climbs the steps, enters the ring and approaches Griffin, who is still being held upright by Christopher.

Deacon looks down at him, then glances toward the crowd with an amused grin.

Deacon St. John: "You wanted my attention, Griffin. You wanted to get in my face. You wanted to make this personal."

He looks directly into Griffin's eyes.

Deacon St. John: "Congratulations."

Deacon grabs Griffin by the arm, pulls him forward and whips him around into position. He hooks him, delivers the ripcord knee strike of The Cover Charge, and as Griffin stumbles around with his back exposed, Deacon catches him and drives him down with The Art of the Deal!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Griffin crashes to the canvas. Deacon stands over him, adjusting his jacket and brushing his hands together as Max and Christopher finally release their hold. The Darkheart Champion looks down at the fallen challenger with a smile stretching from ear to ear.

But the reaction in the arena suddenly changes.

The boos turn to cheers as Jace Parker Davidson and Vera Vega sprint down the entrance ramp. Jace slides into the ring first, immediately shouting at the three men as Vera rushes in behind him.

Jace Parker Davidson: "YOU BETTER RUN, YOU FUCKING COWARDS!"

Deacon, Max and Christopher waste no time. They retreat through the ropes and back toward the floor, with Deacon collecting his championship before joining the two HOSTILITY members. Jace advances toward the ropes, daring them to come back, while Vera drops beside Griffin to check on him.

Griffin slowly rolls onto his side, one arm wrapped around his midsection. Vera speaks to him, helping him sit up as Jace continues to shout at the retreating trio. Griffin shakes his head, clearly frustrated, but refuses to stay down. With Vera's help, he gets one foot beneath him and begins pulling himself upright.

Across the ringside floor, Deacon raises the Darkheart Championship high above his head. Max and Christopher stand alongside him, satisfied with the damage they've inflicted.

Griffin sees the title.

His expression changes. The pain is still evident, but his eyes remain fixed on Deacon. He points toward the champion, then gestures toward the contract still sitting on the table.

Deacon smiles and taps the championship plate with his hand.

The message is unmistakable: he may have gotten the last word tonight, but the match is signed.

At Black Circuit, there will be no Max Walker. No Christopher $t. James. No Remi Storm. No Brixx Nox. No one to deliver a championship belt or pull Deacon out of trouble.

Just Griffin Hawkins and Deacon St. John, locked inside a steel cage.

At the commentary desk, Michelle Rylan looks on with concern as The Bandit shakes his head at the attack. Across the arena, Roxie Voltage and Kingston Rhymes are equally animated, with the discussion quickly turning toward the consequences of what just happened.

Michelle Rylan: "Deacon St. John just made his intentions crystal clear! He doesn't want to fight Griffin Hawkins on equal terms, and tonight he proved exactly how far he's willing to go to keep that championship!"

The Bandit: "He needed two men to do his dirty work, Michelle! And now he's got a steel cage waiting for him at Black Circuit. No escape from the consequences this time!"

Roxie Voltage: "But let's not forget what else is happening tonight. Griffin is supposed to be heading into that WarGames cage with Team Vera, and HOSTILITY just made sure he won't be walking into that main event at one hundred percent!"

Kingston Rhymes: "That's the point! Deacon doesn't have to be in WarGames to affect WarGames. HOSTILITY is sending a message to every single person standing across from them tonight. They can hurt you before the bell even rings!"

The camera catches one final shot of Griffin standing beside Vera, Jace positioned between him and the retreating HOSTILITY members. Griffin is battered, but his eyes never leave Deacon, who continues to hold the Darkheart Championship aloft.

The graphic for the Black Circuit Steel Cage match fills the screen as the broadcast prepares to move toward the main event.

Griffin Hawkins vs. Deacon St. John — Darkheart Championship — Steel Cage Match.

And tonight, before that cage can be built, Griffin still has one more fight to survive.

### The Blueprint for Hostility

Segment

The camera opens inside a quiet conference room backstage, away from the noise and movement of the Revolution production area. A large monitor mounted against the wall displays the War Games match graphic: HOSTILITY vs. TEAM VERA. Beneath it, the words TONIGHT — WINNER DETERMINES THE WORLD TITLE CHALLENGER AT

BLACK CIRCUIT remain illuminated.

Standing beside the monitor is Xander Daniels, one hand resting against the edge of a small table. A digital tablet sits in front of him, displaying a breakdown of the opposing team's lineup. He studies it with the same detached concentration someone might give a complicated equation.

Seated nearby is Danielle Page, the HVW World Heavyweight Championship resting across her lap. Her posture is relaxed, but her attention is fixed on Xander. Christopher $aint James stands beside her, adjusting his cuffs. Max Walker leans against the wall, wearing a confident smirk, while Samara Astrid watches the monitor in silence. Behind them, Reaper stands motionless, his enormous frame almost filling the space between the wall and the door.

Xander taps the tablet, bringing up the opposing lineup.

Xander Daniels: "Vera's team has five people with five different motivations. Hansen wants to prove he belongs at the top of this company. Highlander wants another opportunity at Danielle. Griffin wants revenge against Deacon, and Jace has his own agenda with just about everybody. Vera is the only one who needs all of them to believe they're fighting for the same thing."

He glances toward Danielle.

Xander Daniels: "That's the weakness. They aren't a unit. They're an arrangement."

Christopher gives a small, knowing smile.

Christopher $aint James: "An arrangement can be useful. It can even be profitable. But it tends to fall apart when the people involved realize they're not getting the same return on their investment."

Max Walker: "Then we make sure they figure that out the hard way."

Xander doesn't look at him.

Xander Daniels: "We don't need to chase all five of them. We need to control the pace, separate them, and make every decision cost them something. If they start fighting amongst themselves, we let them. If they stay together, we take away the person holding them together."

His eyes shift to Vera's image on the screen.

Xander Daniels: "Vera."

Danielle finally rises, lifting the championship from her lap. She walks toward the monitor, stopping directly in front of the image of her challenger. She doesn't look particularly concerned. If anything, she seems mildly inconvenienced by the amount of attention Vera has managed to command.

Danielle Page: "It's almost impressive how many people Vera has convinced to stand beside her. She has a former champion, a current champion, a few people with grudges, and a man who apparently thinks every problem in this company can be solved by putting someone through a table."

She turns, letting the World Championship catch the overhead light.

Danielle Page: "But let's be honest about something. None of them are doing this for Vera. They're doing it because they want something. They want revenge. They want recognition. They want another opportunity. And Vera has promised them all that standing behind her somehow makes them important."

Danielle's expression hardens.

Danielle Page: "It doesn't."

Samara looks toward the monitor, then back to Danielle.

Samara Astrid: "And when the cage closes?"

Danielle turns her attention toward her.

Danielle Page: "Then they find out that standing together doesn't make them stronger. It just gives us five people to break."

A faint smile crosses Christopher's face. Max pushes away from the wall, rolling his shoulders. Reaper remains perfectly still.

Danielle steps closer to the group, her championship held firmly at her side.

Danielle Page: "Vera Vega is not getting another World Championship match. Not because Jaiden Rishel put a cage around us. Not because she found four people willing to fight beside her. And certainly not because she believes she deserves something that belongs to me."

She looks around the room, meeting each member's eyes before settling on Christopher.

Danielle Page: "We didn't come this far to let somebody else decide what happens to our kingdom. We built this position. We earned it. And tonight, we're going to remind everybody exactly why HOSTILITY is the only force in this company that matters."

Christopher gives a subtle nod.

Christopher $aint James: "Then let's make sure the message is understood."

Xander switches off the tablet. The monitor continues displaying the War Games graphic, but Danielle has already turned away from it. She walks toward the door, the championship resting against her shoulder.

Max follows, still wearing that confident grin. Samara falls in behind them, her expression difficult to read. Christopher takes one last look at the screen before joining the others.

Reaper is the last to move.

He slowly turns from the monitor and follows without saying a word.

The camera stays behind for a moment, focused on the empty conference room and the five names displayed beneath the HOSTILITY logo.

Then the screen cuts to black.

Tonight, HOSTILITY isn't fighting for a championship opportunity. It's fighting to decide who gets the right to stand across from its champion.

And Danielle Page has already decided who that won't be.

The Diamond Princess doesn't intend to leave that decision in anybody else's hands.

### No One Carries The Villain

Segment

Backstage — Moments Before War Games

The camera catches Jace Parker Davidson marching through the backstage corridor, already dressed for competition. His black gear is fitted tightly, his right eye concealed beneath its familiar eyepatch, and the expression on his face suggests that anybody foolish enough to get in his way is about to regret it.

Tara Robinson spots him coming and quickly moves to intercept.

Tara Robinson: "Jace! Where are you going?"

Jace Parker Davidson: "To the goddamn ring."

He doesn't slow down. Tara hurries ahead and steps directly into his path, raising her microphone.

Tara Robinson: "You're about to compete in War Games, but your teammates haven't even made their way out here yet. Where are Vera, Adam, Griffin and Dan?"

Jace stops. He looks down at her, his jaw tightening.

Jace Parker Davidson: "What makes you think I need a team to handle HOSTILITY?"

Tara Robinson: "Because this is a five-on-five War Games match, Jace. And the stakes couldn't be higher. If your team wins, Vera gets her World Championship match at Black Circuit. If HOSTILITY wins, Danielle Page chooses her own opponent."

Jace lets out a sharp, humorless laugh.

Jace Parker Davidson: "And that changes what, exactly? I don't need four people holding my hand to get through that cage. I'm doing this for two reasons. One, Vera. And two, because I'm going to get my hands on every single one of those miserable bastards who have been running around this company like they own the place."

He takes a step closer, forcing Tara to hold her ground.

Jace Parker Davidson: "I've been taking the fight to HOSTILITY for months. With people watching my back, without people watching my back. It makes no difference. But now I'm supposed to trust Adam Hansen and Dan Highlander in one of the most dangerous matches in this business?"

His voice rises.

Jace Parker Davidson: "I've been in a dozen War Games matches. I've won quite a few of them. I've even used a fucking harpoon gun to shoot at a man I considered my best friend. And that shot would've gone straight through his heart if somebody else hadn't jumped in front of it. That's the kind of situation we're walking into tonight. And I'm supposed to carry Hansen and Highlander on my back because we happen to have a common enemy?"

He shakes his head.

Jace Parker Davidson: "That common enemy bullshit is a lie. If we had all been on the same side when it mattered, HOSTILITY wouldn't still be standing. Danielle Page wouldn't be World Champion. And let's not forget how she got that championship in the first place. Highlander handed her the opportunity through his own stupidity, and Hansen was right there helping him make the mistakes that let her get away with it. Now Adam has a shiny little Territory Championship, and suddenly he's ready to fight HOSTILITY again."

Jace's expression turns colder.

Jace Parker Davidson: "I have no idea why Vera gets along with people like that. But I refuse to let them screw this up for her. Or for me."

Tara Robinson: "So what exactly are you planning to do?"

Jace Parker Davidson: "I'm starting the match."

He points toward the arena.

Jace Parker Davidson: "I'm going to be inside that cage from the beginning, and I'm staying in the fight until there's nobody left to put through it. I want Danielle. I want Christopher. I want Max. I want Reaper. I want Samara. And I want every last one of them to understand that tonight, there are no excuses and nowhere to hide."

He pauses, then gives Tara a sharp, knowing look.

Jace Parker Davidson: "And when that's finished? Everybody seems to think Black Circuit is where this little war ends. It isn't. I've already earned my place in the second phase of Ultima. Sixteen people, one Battle Royale, and four spots in the contract ladder match. I'm winning that tournament. I'm taking the contract, and I'm guaranteeing myself another opportunity to get my hands on Danielle Page."

He leans forward slightly, his voice dropping.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Because if she somehow manages to walk out of Black Circuit with that championship, I want to be the one who takes it away from her. Vera can have her opportunity. I'll help her get it. But don't mistake that for me giving up on my own."

Jace steps around Tara.

Jace Parker Davidson: "I don't need an alliance. I don't need permission. And I sure as hell don't need anybody carrying me."

He shoves past the camera operator and continues toward the entrance tunnel. Tara remains where she is, microphone lowered, watching him disappear around the corner.

A moment later, the distant roar of the Huntsville crowd grows louder.

The Villain is heading to War Games. He may have four partners, but he's only counting on one person to get the job done. Himself.

### HOSTILITY (Danielle Page ©, Christopher $t. James, Reaper, Max Walker & Samara Astrid) vs. Team Vera (Vera Vega, Adam Hansen ©, Jace Parker Davidson, Dan Highlander & Griffin Hawkins)

Match

The camera returns from commercial to a sight that has transformed the entire arena.

The ring used for Revolution earlier in the evening is no longer alone. A second ring has been positioned directly beside it, the two canvases forming one enormous fighting surface. Surrounding both rings is a towering steel structure, its framework rising high above the ropes and enclosing the entire double-ring area. The cage doors stand at opposite ends, each facing the entrance aisle where the competitors will make their way into the structure.

Two smaller steel shark cages have also been positioned beside the entrance ramp. One bears the HOSTILITY insignia. The other carries the branding of Team Vera. Each cage is large enough to hold four competitors, and each has a heavy locking mechanism that will keep its occupants separated from the action until their time comes.

The production crew makes one final inspection of the cage doors. Officials check the locking mechanisms. The referee assigned to the match stands between the two rings and raises both arms, signaling that the structure is ready.

The camera cuts to the four-person commentary team.

Michelle Rylan: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is it. The final Revolution before Black Circuit, and we are about to witness a main event unlike anything we've seen since this company came together. Two rings, one steel cage, ten competitors, and a World Heavyweight Championship opportunity hanging in the balance."

The Bandit: "And let's not pretend this is just some friendly little team-building exercise. These people have been trying to hurt one another for months. Tonight, they get locked inside a cage with weapons, no disqualifications, and absolutely nowhere to run."

Roxie Voltage: "There is so much more at stake than bragging rights. If HOSTILITY wins, Danielle Page gets to choose

who she defends her World Heavyweight Championship against at Black Circuit. If Team Vera wins, Vera Vega gets that championship match. That is a career-defining opportunity."

Kingston Rhymes: "And look at the people involved! You've got former champions, current champions, people who can't stand one another, and people who have spent months trying to tear HOSTILITY apart. There isn't a single person in this match who can afford to make a mistake."

Michelle Rylan: "Let's make the rules clear. One member from each team will start inside the double-ring cage. After that, another competitor will enter every three minutes, with the teams alternating in the order established before the match. There are no eliminations. There are no count-outs. There are no disqualifications. The match cannot be won until all ten competitors have entered the cage. Once everyone is inside, the first team to score a pinfall or submission wins."

The Bandit: "And with that many people in there, I wouldn't be surprised if somebody forgets what day it is before this thing is over."

The camera pans toward the entrance.

Shirley Powers steps into the center of the stage, microphone in hand. The crowd rises in anticipation, some standing on their feet, others leaning over the barricades to get a better view of the enormous structure.

Shirley Powers: "Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is your Revolution main event! It is a TEN-PERSON WAR GAMES MATCH!"

The crowd erupts.

Shirley Powers: "The winning team will be determined by pinfall or submission, but no victory can be declared until all ten competitors have entered the double-ring steel cage! The winning team will earn the advantage of determining the future of the HVW World Heavyweight Championship at Black Circuit!"

The camera focuses on the HOSTILITY shark cage first.

The First Two Entrants

The arena lights dim, and the entrance presentation shifts to the stark, imposing imagery associated with HOSTILITY. The first competitor is already inside the structure before the opposing team's first entrant arrives.

Shirley Powers: "Introducing first, representing HOSTILITY, he is the silent force of destruction... REAPER!"

Reaper emerges from the entrance tunnel without fanfare. There is no grand gesture, no attempt to acknowledge the crowd, and no expression that suggests he is particularly interested in the magnitude of the occasion. He simply walks down the ramp, his massive frame moving with that familiar, deliberate pace.

He reaches the cage door, steps inside, and stops near the center of the first ring. He turns slowly toward the opposite entrance, waiting.

Michelle Rylan: "Reaper is an imposing first choice. HOSTILITY has selected someone who can absorb punishment and dish it out in equal measure."

The Bandit: "You don't need a strategy when you've got a human wrecking ball. Just point him in the right direction and let him go to work."

The camera cuts back to the entrance stage.

Shirley Powers: "And his opponent, representing Team Vera... JACE PARKER DAVIDSON!"

Jace Parker Davidson walks through the curtain with his eyepatch firmly in place. He doesn't rush. He doesn't play to the crowd. His eyes are fixed on the cage and, more specifically, on the enormous man waiting inside it.

He reaches the entrance, pauses, and looks up at the towering steel walls.

Jace: "Let's get this over with."

He steps through the door.

The official secures the entrance behind him, and the bell sounds to signal the beginning of the opening period.

There is no immediate charge.

Jace and Reaper stand several feet apart in the center of the first ring, sizing one another up. Jace is considerably smaller, but there is no hesitation in his posture. Reaper doesn't appear to recognize the difference in their sizes as something worth considering. He simply takes one step forward.

Jace circles to his left.

Reaper follows.

Jace changes direction, trying to find an angle, but Reaper's long reach makes the available space feel considerably smaller than it is. Jace finally steps in, firing a sharp right hand into Reaper's ribs, then another to the body. He follows with a third strike toward the jaw.

Reaper barely moves.

Jace tries to create separation with a kick to the thigh, but Reaper catches his leg beneath one enormous arm. Jace immediately hops forward, driving an elbow into Reaper's temple before the larger man can use the captured leg against him. Reaper releases him, and Jace backs away before another strike can land.

Kingston Rhymes: "Jace is doing exactly what he needs to do. He can't afford to stand directly in front of Reaper and trade power shots."

Roxie Voltage: "But he's got to be careful. Reaper doesn't need many openings. One grab, one throw, and Jace could be in serious trouble."

Jace moves back toward the ropes. Reaper advances, and Jace suddenly darts forward with a running forearm smash. It catches Reaper across the jaw, but the larger man absorbs it and responds with a short-arm clothesline that sends Jace crashing to the canvas.

Reaper doesn't rush to cover him. There are no pins that count yet, and both men know it. Instead, Reaper bends down, grabs Jace by the throat and shoulder, and hauls him back to his feet.

Jace answers with a thumb to the eye.

The crowd reacts as Reaper staggers backward, and Jace immediately follows with a kick to the stomach. He hooks Reaper's head and tries to bring him down with a DDT, but Reaper's strength prevents him from getting the larger man's weight off balance. Reaper shoves him away, sending Jace stumbling across the ring.

Jace catches himself against the ropes.

Reaper charges.

Jace drops his shoulder and pulls the top rope down. Reaper's momentum carries him over the ropes and onto the narrow space between the two rings, where he lands hard on his feet but stumbles into the second set of ropes. Jace follows with a running knee to the back, driving Reaper chest-first into the ropes.

Michelle Rylan: "Jace has found an opening! He's using the space between the rings to his advantage!"

The Bandit: "He'd better keep finding openings, because that big man is going to run out of patience eventually."

Jace climbs onto the middle rope and begins throwing forearms into Reaper's back. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. He

then hooks Reaper's head and attempts to pull him backward into a neckbreaker, but Reaper catches him in midair.

Reaper turns.

A heavy uranage sends Jace crashing onto the canvas.

Reaper drops to one knee beside him and begins delivering short, brutal punches to the side of Jace's head. Jace covers up, trying to shield himself, but Reaper pulls him away from the ropes and drives a knee into his ribs.

Reaper rises and drags Jace toward the center of the ring. He lifts him for a chokeslam.

Jace kicks his legs, twists his body, and slips down behind Reaper. He immediately drives a knee into the back of Reaper's leg, then uses the opening to hit a low dropkick that sends the giant stumbling forward. Jace scrambles up, catches Reaper turning around, and drives a running knee into his face.

Reaper drops to one knee.

Jace doesn't waste the opportunity. He grabs Reaper's head and drives him down with a leaping piledriver.

The crowd roars.

Jace gets back to his feet, breathing heavily. He looks toward the HOSTILITY shark cage, then back at Reaper. The next entrant is not due yet, and Jace knows that every second matters.

He grabs Reaper by the wrist and tries to drag him toward the corner. Reaper resists, but Jace manages to pull him close enough to drive his shoulder into the steel post. Jace follows with another shoulder thrust, then a third.

Reaper finally shoves him away.

Jace stumbles backward, but he doesn't fall. He raises his hands and motions for Reaper to come forward.

Reaper obliges.

Jace sidesteps a massive clothesline and drives Reaper shoulder-first into the steel cage wall. The impact rattles the structure. Jace immediately grabs the back of Reaper's head and smashes it against the steel.

Once.

Twice.

On the third attempt, Reaper blocks the collision with both hands, turns, and drives Jace backward into the cage instead.

The crowd winces as Jace's back hits the steel.

Reaper grabs him by the throat and lifts him away from the cage, then sends him crashing down with a sidewalk slam.

Roxie Voltage: "Jace has been able to make Reaper work for everything, but the longer this goes, the more that size advantage becomes difficult to overcome."

Kingston Rhymes: "And Jace has to survive this opening stretch without any help. That's the whole point of the staggered entries. The first man in has to endure it."

Jace rolls onto his side, clutching his back. Reaper stands over him, expression unchanged.

The clock continues to count down.

A loud warning buzzer sounds throughout the arena.

Michelle Rylan: "Three minutes have elapsed! The next competitor is about to enter!"

Entrant Three — Max Walker

The HOSTILITY shark cage door unlocks.

Shirley Powers: "Entering next, representing HOSTILITY... MAX WALKER!"

Max Walker steps out with a confident grin, rolling his shoulders as he looks toward the cage. He doesn't appear concerned about the fact that Reaper has already spent three minutes fighting. If anything, he seems delighted by the opportunity to join the numbers advantage.

He strides down the ramp and enters the cage.

The door shuts behind him.

Max immediately joins Reaper, and the two men turn toward Jace.

The Bandit: "Oh, this is going to get ugly."

Jace is still on one knee when Max reaches him. Max grabs him by the hair and pulls him upright, then drives a sharp knee into his stomach. Reaper takes Jace by the other arm, and together they send him running toward the far corner.

Jace hits the turnbuckles hard.

Max charges with a running forearm, then Reaper follows with a massive corner splash. Jace collapses forward, and Max catches him with a snap reverse DDT.

Max rises and looks down at Jace.

Max Walker: "You wanted to do this alone? How's that working out for you?"

Max stomps Jace across the ribs.

Reaper pulls Jace up and holds him in place while Max backs into the opposite corner. Max charges with a bicycle kick, but Jace ducks at the last possible moment.

The kick catches Reaper instead.

Reaper staggers backward, and Jace immediately shoves Max into him. The two HOSTILITY members collide, giving Jace a brief opportunity to escape toward the second ring.

Jace grabs the ropes and pulls himself up.

Max comes charging after him.

Jace catches him with a sudden spinebuster.

The impact brings the crowd to its feet. Jace rolls away, trying to create enough space to recover, but Reaper is already approaching. Jace fires a kick into his midsection, then a second, before attempting to lift him for another piledriver.

Reaper blocks it.

Max gets back to his feet and grabs Jace from behind. He turns Jace around and hits a Purana Surprise, driving him down with a snap reverse DDT.

Max makes a theatrical motion as though he is about to cover him, but stops short and looks toward the referee.

Max Walker: "Oh, that's right. Can't win yet!"

He laughs and kicks Jace in the side.

Michelle Rylan: "That is the problem with this format. A pinfall right now means absolutely nothing, and HOSTILITY knows it. They can spend this time trying to take Jace apart without worrying about a referee counting them out of the

match."

The Bandit: "They're not trying to win yet. They're trying to make sure that when the match can be won, Jace isn't in any condition to stop them."

Max and Reaper drag Jace toward the space between the rings. Reaper holds him by the arms while Max runs toward the ropes and rebounds with a running forearm smash. Jace's head snaps backward.

Max turns and begins jawing at the crowd.

Max Walker: "This is what happens when you get in the way of HOSTILITY!"

Jace suddenly drives his head backward into Max's face.

Max staggers.

Jace twists free of Reaper's grip and catches Max with a V-Trigger. Max drops to one knee, and Jace immediately grabs him for Bend The Knee, driving his boot into the back of Max's head with a curb stomp.

The crowd erupts.

Jace turns around, but Reaper is already waiting. Reaper catches him with a massive boot that sends him tumbling across the canvas.

Max rolls toward the ropes, holding his face.

Reaper grabs Jace and drives him into the steel cage wall. Jace tries to fight back with elbows, but Reaper traps him against the structure and delivers a series of heavy body shots.

The three-minute clock continues.

Entrant Four — Griffin Hawkins

The warning buzzer sounds again.

Michelle Rylan: "Another three minutes have passed! Team Vera is next!"

The camera cuts to the Team Vera shark cage.

Shirley Powers: "Entering next, representing Team Vera... GRIFFIN HAWKINS!"

The crowd erupts as the music hits.

But the man who steps onto the stage is not wearing his familiar pink zebra tights, leather jacket, and silver aviators.

Griffin Hawkins emerges dressed as Jason Voorhees.

A hockey mask covers his face, and he pushes a shopping cart down the ramp. The cart is filled with an assortment of weapons: kendo sticks, trash cans, lids, a fire extinguisher, and other objects that will make the coming minutes considerably more dangerous.

The Bandit: "Oh, come on! What is this?"

Roxie Voltage: "It's Griffin Hawkins. What did you expect?"

Kingston Rhymes: "I expected him to bring a shopping cart full of trouble, and somehow he has exceeded expectations."

Griffin pushes the cart toward the shark cage, parks it beside the entrance, and turns toward the crowd. He slowly removes the hockey mask and raises it overhead.

The arena explodes with cheers.

Griffin gives the crowd a moment to appreciate the spectacle before placing the mask on top of the cart. He then turns toward the cage entrance.

But before he can get there, a figure rushes out from the side of the stage.

Deacon St. John.

The Darkheart Champion charges Griffin from behind and drives him face-first into the shopping cart. The weapons rattle violently as Griffin's head strikes the metal frame.

The crowd erupts in boos.

Deacon grabs Griffin by the back of his jacket and smashes his head into the cart again. He then takes one of the loose weapons and strikes Griffin across the upper back, sending him down beside the cart.

Michelle Rylan: "WHAT THE HELL IS DEACON ST. JOHN DOING HERE?!"

The Bandit: "Griffin has a steel cage championship match against him at Black Circuit! This is personal!"

Deacon stands over Griffin, looking down at him with a satisfied smile. He bends forward and says something inaudible before turning away and walking back toward the entrance tunnel.

Officials rush over, but Griffin begins moving before they can reach him.

He rolls onto his side, pushes himself up using the shopping cart, and shakes his head. He looks toward the cage, then back toward the weapons.

Griffin picks up the hockey mask, holds it for a moment, and drops it into the cart.

He isn't going to let Deacon keep him out of this match.

Griffin grabs the fire extinguisher, then pushes the cart toward the cage entrance. The officials step aside as he enters, and the door is secured behind him.

Inside the cage, Max and Reaper have Jace trapped between them.

Griffin immediately grabs a kendo stick from the cart and charges.

He cracks Max across the back.

Max stumbles forward.

Griffin swings again, this time striking Reaper across the shoulder. Reaper turns toward him, and Griffin steps in with a third shot across the ribs.

Michelle Rylan: "GRIFFIN HAWKINS HAS ARRIVED!"

Griffin tosses the kendo stick aside and grabs Max by the head, driving him into the steel cage wall. He follows with a forearm smash, then turns and catches Reaper with a dropkick to the knee.

Jace is finally able to get back to his feet.

For the first time since the opening bell, Team Vera has two competitors inside the cage.

Jace and Griffin exchange a quick look.

Jace nods.

Griffin nods back.

They turn toward HOSTILITY.

The Bandit: "I don't care how much they dislike one another outside this cage. Right now, they've got the same

problem."

Jace charges Max while Griffin goes after Reaper. Jace drives Max into the corner and unloads with a series of punches, then catches him with a running knee. Griffin, meanwhile, grabs Reaper by the wrist and whips him toward the ropes. Reaper rebounds, and Griffin catches him with a Japanese arm drag that sends the larger man tumbling onto the canvas.

Griffin grabs a trash can lid from the cart and raises it.

Reaper gets back to his feet.

Griffin swings.

The lid crashes against Reaper's head.

Reaper staggers, and Griffin follows with a second shot before tossing the lid aside.

Jace has Max down near the ropes and is stomping away at his ribs. Griffin turns toward him, and the two exchange a quick nod before grabbing their respective opponents.

Jace and Griffin attempt to send Max and Reaper toward one another.

HOSTILITY collides in the center of the ring.

The crowd roars.

Griffin grabs the fire extinguisher and pulls the safety pin. Max is beginning to rise, and Griffin turns the nozzle toward him.

A blast of white foam engulfs Max Walker.

Max stumbles backward, blinded and coughing, while Griffin continues spraying until the canister is nearly empty.

Kingston Rhymes: "MAX WALKER JUST GOT PUT OUT OF COMMISSION BY A FIRE EXTINGUISHER!"

Roxie Voltage: "I don't think that was part of the original plan, but it's certainly working!"

Griffin tosses the extinguisher aside and turns toward Reaper. Reaper has already recovered and charges across the ring. Griffin ducks beneath a clothesline, rebounds off the ropes, and catches Reaper with a running dropkick.

Reaper staggers but stays upright.

Griffin hits the ropes again and leaps toward him with a hurricanrana attempt. Reaper catches him, but Griffin twists his body and manages to pull the larger man forward, sending him crashing into the ropes.

Jace sees the opening and charges.

He drives a knee into Reaper's face.

The two Team Vera competitors have finally begun to turn the tide.

Entrant Five — Samara Astrid

The next warning buzzer sounds.

Michelle Rylan: "Three minutes have passed since Griffin entered. HOSTILITY is next!"

The HOSTILITY shark cage door unlocks.

Shirley Powers: "Entering next, representing HOSTILITY... SAMARA ASTRID!"

Samara steps onto the stage with a focused expression. She doesn't play to the crowd. She doesn't acknowledge the chants. Her attention is fixed on the cage and the two people who have been fighting against her team.

She walks down the ramp, enters the structure, and steps into the first ring.

The door locks behind her.

Griffin turns toward her.

Samara immediately sprints forward and leaps into a crossbody that takes both Jace and Griffin down.

The crowd reacts as she lands across them, then rolls away and springs back to her feet with a kip-up.

She stands in the center of the ring.

Her head lowers.

Her shoulders rise and fall.

Then a guttural roar bursts from her throat.

It is not a triumphant yell or a familiar crowd-pleasing cry. It is something far more unsettling, and for a moment even the people standing beside her seem surprised by the intensity.

Max, still recovering from the fire extinguisher, looks toward her and begins laughing.

Max Walker: "Now that's what I'm talking about!"

Samara turns toward him.

Max charges.

Griffin steps in from the side and blasts Max directly in the face with the remaining foam from the fire extinguisher.

Max staggers backward, and Samara turns away from him to attack Jace.

She catches Jace with a running dropkick, then follows with a snap DDT. Griffin gets back to his feet and attempts to intervene, but Samara catches him with a hurricanrana that sends him tumbling toward the ropes.

Roxie Voltage: "Samara has changed the pace of this match completely. She's moving so quickly that Team Vera can't get a sustained advantage."

Michelle Rylan: "And remember, she has an opportunity of her own at Black Circuit. She is one of the sixteen competitors who will be fighting for the Ultima contract. Every bit of momentum matters."

Samara grabs Griffin by the wrist and sends him toward the corner. She follows with a running forearm, then climbs to the second rope and delivers a series of punches.

Griffin tries to block, but Samara keeps swinging.

Jace approaches from behind.

Samara sees him coming and jumps down, turning just in time to catch him with a kick to the midsection. She hooks his head and attempts a snap DDT, but Jace shoves her away.

Jace charges.

Samara ducks beneath the Beheading attempt and catches him with a spinning heel kick.

Jace falls backward.

Samara turns toward Griffin, but he catches her with a sudden superkick. She drops to one knee, and Griffin grabs her for a snap suplex.

Samara lands hard, rolls through, and gets back to her feet.

Griffin charges.

She sidesteps him and sends him shoulder-first into the cage wall.

The three-minute clock continues to count down.

Entrant Six — Adam Hansen

The warning buzzer sounds.

Shirley Powers: "Entering next, representing Team Vera... ADAM HANSEN!"

The crowd responds as the Territory Champion steps onto the stage.

Adam Hansen is carrying a bullrope with a cowbell attached to one end. He pauses at the top of the ramp, looking at the cage and the chaos unfolding inside.

He then walks toward the structure.

As Adam approaches the entrance, the camera catches Jace looking toward him from inside the cage. Jace's expression changes immediately. There is no smile, no welcoming gesture, and certainly no suggestion that the two men have suddenly become friends.

Adam notices the look.

He raises one hand.

Adam Hansen: "Not tonight."

Jace doesn't answer.

Adam enters the cage.

The door shuts behind him, and he immediately swings the cowbell into Reaper's shoulder.

The metallic crack echoes through the arena.

Reaper turns.

Adam swings again, striking him across the ribs.

Michelle Rylan: "ADAM HANSEN HAS BROUGHT A LITTLE COUNTRY JUSTICE INTO THIS CAGE!"

The Bandit: "And that cowbell is going to make a very memorable sound every time it connects!"

Adam grabs Reaper by the wrist and pulls him toward the center of the ring. He swings the cowbell a third time, this time catching Reaper across the back.

Reaper drops to one knee.

Adam steps forward and drives a boot into his chest.

Meanwhile, Samara has Jace trapped against the ropes. She grabs him by the head and attempts to pull him into a running knee, but Jace catches her leg and shoves her away.

Jace turns toward Adam.

Adam has just caught Max with a fallaway slam.

Jace and Adam briefly make eye contact.

Jace gestures toward Samara.

Adam nods.

Jace turns and charges Samara, catching her with a spinebuster that sends her crashing onto the canvas. Adam takes the opportunity to swing the cowbell toward Reaper again, but Reaper catches his arm.

Reaper twists the wrist and drives Adam backward into the ropes.

Max, still recovering from the fire extinguisher, comes from behind and attacks Adam with a forearm to the back of the head.

Griffin sees it.

He charges Max and throws him into the cage wall.

Max bounces off the steel and stumbles backward into Griffin's arms. Griffin catches him with a swinging neckbreaker.

Adam breaks free of Reaper's grip and retrieves the cowbell.

He swings.

The bell catches Reaper directly across the jaw.

Reaper falls to one knee.

Adam turns toward Samara, but she is already getting up. He charges her, and she drops down, pulling the top rope toward herself. Adam's momentum carries him over the ropes and into the space between the two rings.

Samara follows with a running dropkick that sends him crashing onto the canvas of the second ring.

The crowd reacts as she stands over him.

Samara turns toward the other competitors.

For a moment, she looks around the cage as though taking in the chaos.

Then she smiles.

Not a friendly smile.

A cold, satisfied expression.

Michelle Rylan: "Samara Astrid is embracing this environment. She is not looking for a way out. She is looking for someone else to hurt."

Kingston Rhymes: "And every time somebody thinks they've got her figured out, she finds another way to turn the situation around."

Adam begins pulling himself up using the ropes.

Jace approaches him.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Don't get in my way."

Adam Hansen: "Then don't get in mine."

The two men turn away from each other and go back to fighting HOSTILITY.

Entrant Seven — Christopher $aint James

The warning buzzer sounds once again.

Michelle Rylan: "Another three minutes have passed! HOSTILITY is next!"

The HOSTILITY shark cage door unlocks.

Shirley Powers: "Entering next, representing HOSTILITY... CHRISTOPHER $AINT JAMES!"

Christopher $aint James steps onto the stage carrying Danielle Page's World Heavyweight Championship.

The crowd immediately begins booing.

Christopher doesn't react. He simply raises the title high above his head, displaying the championship that Danielle has spent so much time defending and protecting.

He looks toward the cage and begins walking down the ramp.

Inside, Jace has just caught Samara with a V-Trigger and turned toward the entrance. He sees Christopher carrying the championship and begins shouting at him.

Jace: "Bring that damn thing in here!"

Christopher enters the cage.

He doesn't immediately join the fight. Instead, he walks toward Jace with the championship still in his hands.

Jace steps forward.

Christopher swings the title toward the back of Jace's head.

Jace ducks.

Christopher's swing carries the championship past him, and Jace springs upward with an enzuigiri that catches the belt and sends it crashing directly into Christopher's face.

The championship flies from Christopher's hands.

Christopher falls backward.

The crowd erupts.

The Bandit: "HE JUST KICKED THE WORLD TITLE INTO HIS FACE!"

Michelle Rylan: "Jace Parker Davidson has no interest in showing Christopher $aint James any respect!"

Jace stands over Christopher for a moment, then turns away.

Christopher rolls toward the ropes, clutching his face.

Adam has Reaper trapped in the corner and is delivering a series of heavy body shots. Griffin has Max down in the second ring and is stomping away at his legs. Samara is back on her feet and catches Jace with a running forearm.

Christopher slowly retrieves the championship.

He looks at the title, then toward Jace.

Christopher $aint James: "You're going to regret that."

Jace turns around.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Get in line."

Christopher charges.

Jace catches him with a superkick.

Christopher staggers backward into the ropes, and Jace follows with a running knee. Christopher drops to the canvas.

Jace turns toward Samara, but Reaper has finally recovered and grabs him from behind. Reaper lifts Jace and sends him crashing down with a release German suplex.

Adam sees the opening and charges Reaper with the cowbell.

Reaper turns and catches him with a massive boot.

Adam falls backward.

Max Walker gets back to his feet and joins the attack, delivering a bicycle kick to Adam's head.

Griffin attempts to intervene, but Christopher catches him with a jumping knee.

The two rings are now filled with individual battles, each competitor fighting for space and trying to keep the opposition from gaining a numerical advantage.

Michelle Rylan: "This is exactly what makes War Games so dangerous. There are no safe corners, no place to regroup, and every time someone gets back to their feet, there's another opponent waiting."

Roxie Voltage: "And Team Vera is still one entrant short of being even with HOSTILITY. They have to survive this next stretch before Dan can get inside."

The clock continues.

Entrant Eight — Dan Highlander

The warning buzzer sounds.

Shirley Powers: "Entering next, representing Team Vera... DAN HIGHLANDER!"

Dan Highlander steps onto the stage to a tremendous reaction.

The former two-time HVW World Heavyweight Champion walks toward the cage with a focused expression. He knows the numbers are still against his team, and he knows the people waiting inside have been trying to destroy him and everyone standing beside him.

He reaches the cage entrance and steps inside.

The door closes behind him.

Dan immediately charges into the first ring and catches Christopher $aint James with a running forearm smash.

Christopher drops to the canvas.

Dan turns and catches Max with a European uppercut.

Max stumbles backward.

Dan follows with a short-arm clothesline that sends him crashing down.

The crowd roars as Dan turns toward Reaper.

Reaper charges.

Dan ducks beneath the clothesline, grabs Reaper around the waist, and attempts a German suplex. Reaper blocks the lift, but Dan changes direction and drives a knee into his midsection.

Dan grabs Reaper again and delivers a second German suplex attempt, this time managing to bring the larger man down onto the canvas.

Michelle Rylan: "DAN HIGHLANDER HAS ARRIVED, AND TEAM VERA HAS FINALLY EVENED THE NUMBERS!"

The Bandit: "That's a veteran right there. He didn't waste a second. He came in and immediately started hitting people."

Dan turns toward Jace.

Jace is standing near the ropes, breathing heavily, with Samara approaching him from behind.

Dan charges Samara and catches her with a spinning enziguri.

Samara drops to the canvas.

Jace turns toward Dan.

The two men stare at one another.

There is no handshake.

There is no friendly gesture.

Dan gives Jace a short nod.

Jace responds with a nod of his own.

For the moment, they understand the situation.

Dan turns toward Reaper while Jace goes after Christopher. Adam gets back to his feet and joins Dan in the first ring, while Griffin keeps Max occupied in the second.

Team Vera has finally found a rhythm.

Dan catches Reaper with a belly-to-belly suplex. Adam follows with a running shoulder block that sends the larger man into the corner. Dan steps forward and delivers a series of European uppercuts, then grabs Reaper for a spinebuster.

Reaper lands hard.

Adam turns toward Max and catches him with a pop-up powerbomb.

Griffin climbs onto the middle rope and delivers a diving forearm smash to Christopher, who has just managed to get back to his feet.

Jace follows with a V-Trigger.

Christopher drops again.

For the first time in the match, HOSTILITY is struggling to keep control.

Michelle Rylan: "Team Vera is beginning to work together! They're not necessarily friends, but they understand that they have a common goal tonight!"

Kingston Rhymes: "And that's what makes them dangerous. They don't have to like each other. They just have to survive long enough to win."

Dan and Adam exchange a quick glance.

Adam points toward Reaper.

Dan nods.

They grab Reaper by the arms and send him toward the ropes. Dan catches him with a running knee, and Adam follows with a fallaway slam.

Reaper rolls toward the second ring.

Jace and Griffin have Christopher trapped between them. Jace drives a knee into his stomach while Griffin catches him with a snap DDT.

Samara attempts to intervene, but Dan catches her with a belly-to-belly suplex.

Team Vera is in control.

But there is still one more member of HOSTILITY waiting.

And she is the most important one of all.

Entrant Nine — Danielle Page

The warning buzzer sounds.

The arena lights shift.

Michelle Rylan: "Three minutes have passed. The reigning World Heavyweight Champion is next!"

The HOSTILITY shark cage door unlocks.

Shirley Powers: "Entering next, representing HOSTILITY, she is the HVW World Heavyweight Champion... DANIELLE PAGE!"

Danielle Page steps onto the stage carrying Queen Bianca Davis's ornate scepter.

The World Heavyweight Championship is not around her waist. It is already inside the cage, having been carried in by Christopher. Danielle doesn't need to display it to remind anyone who she is.

She walks down the ramp with a confident smile, watching the chaos unfolding inside the structure.

The Bandit: "Here comes the woman who has everything to lose tonight!"

Roxie Voltage: "And everything to gain. If HOSTILITY wins, Danielle gets to decide who challenges her at Black Circuit. If Team Vera wins, she has no choice. Vera gets the match."

Danielle reaches the cage entrance.

She steps inside.

The door shuts behind her.

Danielle doesn't rush into the fight. She stands just inside the first ring and watches Dan Highlander and Adam Hansen trying to keep Reaper down.

Then she smiles.

Danielle takes the scepter in both hands and waits for Dan to turn around.

He does.

Danielle swings.

The scepter crashes against Dan's back.

Dan drops to one knee.

Michelle Rylan: "DANIELLE PAGE JUST HIT DAN HIGHLANDER WITH THE SCEPTER!"

Adam turns toward her.

Danielle immediately steps away, allowing Reaper to rise behind him. Reaper grabs Adam by the throat and drives him backward into the corner.

Danielle turns toward Dan and delivers a sharp kick to his ribs.

Dan tries to get back to his feet, but Danielle strikes him across the back with the scepter again.

She drops the weapon and grabs him by the head, pulling him into position for Diamonds Are Forever.

Danielle hits it.

Dan crashes onto the canvas.

Danielle rolls him over and gestures toward the referee, who reminds her that the match cannot be won until the final entrant has entered.

Danielle laughs.

Danielle Page: "I know."

She stands over Dan and stomps him across the chest.

Jace sees what is happening and charges toward her.

Danielle drops the scepter and ducks beneath the Bend The Knee attempt. Jace's boot catches the ropes, and Danielle uses the opening to roll away.

Jace turns.

Danielle catches him with a Princess Kick.

Jace stumbles backward.

Christopher joins Danielle, and the two of them begin attacking Jace together. Samara gets back to her feet and joins the assault, while Max and Reaper regroup.

HOSTILITY has regained control.

The crowd begins booing as the five members of the faction stand together in the center of the first ring.

Danielle points toward the second ring.

Reaper and Max grab Jace and drag him across the narrow space between the rings. Christopher and Samara follow, while Danielle retrieves the scepter.

Jace is placed against a table that has been positioned near the corner. Max holds him in place while Christopher climbs onto the second rope.

Danielle raises the scepter.

She brings it down across Jace's ribs.

Jace collapses against the table.

Christopher jumps down and delivers a running knee.

The table breaks beneath Jace's weight.

The crowd erupts in boos.

Michelle Rylan: "JACE PARKER DAVIDSON HAS JUST BEEN PUT THROUGH THAT TABLE!"

The Bandit: "And that's what happens when HOSTILITY gets five people working together. They can take somebody apart in a hurry."

Griffin rushes toward the scene, but Reaper catches him with a chokeslam.

Adam attempts to intervene, but Max hits him with the Cadel Evans Special.

Dan is still down from Danielle's attack.

For a moment, Team Vera appears to be on the verge of collapse.

Danielle stands over Jace, looking down at him with a satisfied expression.

Danielle Page: "You should have stayed out of my way."

Jace struggles to move.

Danielle turns toward the entrance.

There is only one person left.

Entrant Ten — Vera Vega

The warning buzzer sounds for the final time.

The arena lights change.

The crowd begins chanting.

"VE-RA! VE-RA! VE-RA!"

Shirley Powers: "And finally, representing Team Vera... VERA VEGA!"

Vera steps onto the stage wearing her WAR GAMES! shirt over her normal ring gear.

She pauses at the top of the ramp and looks toward the enormous steel structure.

Inside the cage, Danielle Page is waiting.

The two women stare at one another.

Vera begins walking.

She carries a scepter of her own, but something about it is different. Hidden within the decorative handle is a small taser.

Vera reaches the cage entrance.

Danielle smiles.

The door opens.

Vera steps inside.

The door closes behind her.

The referee signals to the timekeeper.

The bell rings.

The Match Beyond has officially begun.

Michelle Rylan: "ALL TEN COMPETITORS ARE INSIDE! THE MATCH BEYOND HAS BEGUN!"

The Bandit: "Now there's nowhere left to hide!"

Vera immediately charges Danielle.

Danielle raises her scepter, attempting to strike Vera across the head, but Vera ducks beneath it and drives a forearm into Danielle's jaw. Danielle stumbles backward, and Vera follows with a running dropkick that sends her crashing into the corner.

The crowd erupts.

Christopher charges toward Vera, but she catches him with a hurricanrana that sends him tumbling across the canvas.

Samara comes from behind and grabs Vera by the shoulders.

Vera twists around and delivers a spinning headscissors takedown, sending Samara crashing onto the mat.

Vera gets back to her feet.

Reaper approaches.

Vera immediately backs away.

Reaper reaches for her, but Vera ducks beneath his arm and runs toward the ropes. She rebounds and launches herself into a flying crossbody, taking Reaper down.

The crowd is on its feet.

Vera rolls away and gets back to her feet.

Danielle is already waiting.

She charges with a Princess Kick.

Vera ducks.

Danielle turns around and catches a spinning kick to the ribs.

Vera hooks her head and attempts Vera Painful.

Danielle shoves her away.

Christopher charges from the side, attempting to catch Vera with a running knee. Vera sidesteps, and Christopher's knee catches Danielle instead.

Danielle falls backward.

Christopher turns, realizing what he has done.

Vera takes advantage.

She catches Christopher with a tornado DDT.

The crowd erupts again.

Michelle Rylan: "VERA IS FIGHTING BACK! SHE'S TAKING THE FIGHT DIRECTLY TO HOSTILITY!"

Dan and Adam are beginning to recover.

Dan pulls himself up using the ropes and catches Max with a European uppercut. Adam gets to his feet and charges Reaper, driving him into the corner with a shoulder block.

Griffin climbs onto the second rope and delivers a diving forearm to Samara.

Jace is still recovering from the table, but he manages to pull himself up and catches Christopher with a V-Trigger.

For the first time since Danielle entered, HOSTILITY is being overwhelmed.

Danielle sees Vera getting back to her feet.

She reaches for the scepter.

Vera notices.

Danielle raises the weapon and activates the hidden taser.

The electric crackle is audible through the arena.

The crowd reacts with shock.

Danielle smiles.

Danielle Page: "Let's see how brave you are now."

Vera looks at the weapon.

She looks at Danielle.

Then she looks at the crowd.

Danielle advances.

Vera backs away, keeping her distance.

Danielle lunges, attempting to touch the taser to Vera's body.

Vera sidesteps at the last possible moment.

The taser misses and sparks against the top turnbuckle.

Danielle turns, frustrated.

Vera reaches forward and grabs the scepter.

For a moment, she holds it in both hands.

She could use it.

She could take the weapon and give Danielle a taste of her own medicine.

But Vera looks at the taser, then back at Danielle.

She drops the scepter to the canvas.

The crowd cheers.

Roxie Voltage: "Vera had the opportunity to use Danielle's own weapon against her, and she refused!"

Michelle Rylan: "That's the difference between them. Danielle will do anything to hold onto that championship. Vera wants to win it without becoming the person she's fighting."

Danielle charges.

Vera catches her with a kick to the stomach and hooks her head.

She attempts Vera Painful.

Danielle struggles, but Vera manages to turn her around.

Christopher suddenly charges and shoves Danielle out of the way.

Vera's tornado DDT catches Christopher instead.

Christopher crashes onto the canvas.

Danielle rolls away, avoiding the impact.

Vera gets back to her feet.

Danielle catches her from behind.

She grabs Vera's head and hits Diamonds Are Forever.

Vera crashes onto the canvas.

Danielle rolls her over and hooks both legs.

The referee drops to count.

One!

Two—

Adam Hansen breaks the pin.

The crowd erupts.

Adam grabs Danielle by the head and pulls her to her feet.

Danielle tries to fight him off, but Adam catches her with Carolina Sunset, dropping her head and shoulders hard onto the canvas.

The World Heavyweight Champion rolls away, clutching the back of her head.

Kingston Rhymes: "ADAM HANSEN JUST DROPPED THE WORLD CHAMPION!"

The Bandit: "And he might have just saved the entire match for Team Vera!"

Adam turns toward Reaper.

Reaper charges.

Adam catches him with a sudden kick to the stomach and attempts to lift him for a powerbomb, but Reaper blocks the move and drives a knee into Adam's ribs.

Reaper grabs Adam around the throat.

Griffin charges from behind and catches Reaper with a running forearm smash.

Reaper releases Adam.

Griffin and Adam turn toward him together.

They grab Reaper by the arms and send him toward the ropes.

Dan catches him with a spinning fisherman driver.

Reaper lands hard.

The crowd roars.

Vera is beginning to recover near the corner. Jace has gotten back to his feet, and Dan is helping him clear space in the first ring.

The two men turn toward one another.

Dan extends a hand.

Jace looks at it.

He hesitates.

Then he takes it.

The crowd reacts to the brief moment of cooperation.

Dan and Jace turn toward Max and Christopher.

Jace catches Christopher with a running knee, while Dan drives Max into the corner with a series of European uppercuts.

Adam joins them, delivering a shoulder block to Samara that sends her tumbling across the canvas.

For a brief moment, Team Vera has all five members standing.

Danielle Page is alone on the canvas.

She looks up at the five people surrounding her.

Her expression changes.

The World Heavyweight Champion is no longer smiling.

She begins crawling toward the ropes, but Vera steps forward and blocks her path.

Vera looks down at Danielle.

Vera Vega: "You wanted this. Now you've got it."

Danielle tries to rise.

Vera catches her with a forearm smash.

Danielle falls backward.

The crowd roars.

The Final Battle

The momentum shifts again when Reaper gets back to his feet.

He catches Dan with a short-arm clothesline, then turns and delivers a massive boot to Adam's chest. Griffin charges toward him, but Reaper catches him with a chokeslam that sends him crashing onto the canvas.

Jace tries to intervene.

Reaper grabs him by the throat.

Jace kicks his legs and drives a knee into Reaper's midsection, but the larger man refuses to release him.

Max charges from the side and hits the Cadel Evans Special.

Jace drops.

Christopher joins Max, and the two begin stomping Jace across the canvas.

Samara turns toward Vera and catches her with a running dropkick.

Vera falls backward into the corner.

Danielle gets back to her feet and begins directing traffic.

Danielle Page: "Get them up! All of them!"

HOSTILITY begins regrouping.

Reaper pulls Adam to his feet and drives him into the cage wall. Max grabs Griffin and sends him crashing into the opposite corner. Christopher catches Dan with a jumping knee, while Samara keeps Vera trapped against the ropes.

Danielle retrieves the scepter.

She stands in the center of the ring, watching her faction take control.

The crowd boos.

Danielle looks toward the broken table in the corner of the second ring, then toward the wreckage left by the earlier weapons.

She points toward Jace.

Reaper and Max drag him across the canvas.

Christopher joins them, and together they send Jace into the corner.

Danielle raises the scepter.

But before she can strike, Dan Highlander gets back to his feet and grabs her from behind.

He spins her around.

Danielle swings the scepter, but Dan ducks and catches her with a European uppercut.

The weapon falls from her hands.

Dan grabs her around the waist and attempts a German suplex.

Danielle elbows him in the side of the head, breaking free.

She turns and catches him with a Princess Kick.

Dan drops to one knee.

Danielle grabs his head and attempts to hit Diamonds Are Forever again, but Dan catches her arm and reverses into a spinning fisherman driver.

Danielle crashes onto the canvas.

The crowd roars.

Dan crawls toward the corner, trying to recover.

Vera is still fighting Samara.

Samara catches her with a snap DDT, then climbs onto the middle rope and begins delivering punches.

Vera blocks the next strike and shoves her away.

Samara jumps down.

Vera catches her with a spinning headscissors, sending her tumbling toward the ropes.

Samara gets back to her feet.

Vera charges.

Samara catches her with a sudden kick to the stomach and attempts a snap DDT.

Vera blocks it, grabs Samara around the waist, and drives her into the canvas with a spinebuster.

Vera gets back to her feet.

She looks toward Danielle.

Danielle is beginning to rise.

Vera charges.

Danielle catches her with a knee to the stomach, then attempts to lift her for another Diamonds Are Forever.

Vera fights free.

She catches Danielle with a running dropkick.

Danielle stumbles backward.

Vera follows with a springboard dropkick that sends the champion crashing into the corner.

The crowd erupts.

Michelle Rylan: "VERA IS NOT GOING AWAY! SHE'S BEEN THROUGH EVERYTHING HOSTILITY CAN THROW AT HER, AND SHE'S STILL FIGHTING!"

The Bandit: "That's the problem for Danielle. She can't scare Vera out of this. She can't intimidate her. And she can't make her quit!"

Danielle tries to climb out of the corner.

Vera grabs her and attempts Vera Painful.

Danielle blocks the move and shoves Vera into the ropes.

Vera rebounds.

Danielle catches her with a back elbow.

Vera drops to one knee.

Danielle turns toward the referee and begins shouting at him, demanding that he do something about the weapons and the chaos.

The referee reminds her that there are no disqualifications.

Danielle turns back toward Vera.

Vera catches her with a sudden kick to the stomach.

She hooks Danielle's head.

Vera Painful!

Danielle crashes onto the canvas.

Vera rolls her over and hooks the leg.

One!

Two!

Max Walker breaks the pin.

Max grabs Vera by the hair and drags her away from Danielle.

Vera kicks at his legs, but Max lifts her and drives her into the ropes.

Christopher joins him.

The two HOSTILITY members begin stomping Vera across the canvas.

Dan sees the attack and charges.

He catches Christopher with a running forearm smash, then turns toward Max and hits a European uppercut.

Max stumbles backward.

Dan follows with a spinebuster.

The crowd cheers.

Reaper approaches.

Dan turns.

Reaper catches him with a massive boot.

Dan drops.

Reaper grabs him and lifts him for Dead Man Walking.

Dan fights free and drives an elbow into Reaper's temple.

Reaper staggers.

Dan catches him with a spinning enziguri.

Reaper drops to one knee.

Adam Hansen gets back to his feet and charges toward Reaper.

He catches him with Carolina Crush, driving his forearm into the larger man's chest.

Reaper falls backward.

Adam turns toward Max.

Max charges.

Adam catches him with a fallaway slam.

Griffin climbs to the top rope.

He launches himself across the ring and connects with a Phenomenal Forearm to Christopher.

Christopher crashes onto the canvas.

Griffin gets back to his feet and looks toward the crowd.

The crowd responds.

He turns toward Samara.

Samara charges.

Griffin catches her with a sudden superkick.

She drops to the canvas.

The crowd erupts.

But Danielle has recovered.

She grabs Griffin from behind and drives him into the corner.

She begins striking him across the back of the head.

Griffin tries to turn around, but Danielle catches him with a knee to the stomach.

She hooks his head and attempts another Diamonds Are Forever.

Griffin shoves her away.

Danielle turns.

Griffin catches her with a running knee.

Danielle stumbles backward.

Griffin follows with a snap DDT.

The crowd roars.

Michelle Rylan: "GRIFFIN HAWKINS HAS THE CHAMPION DOWN!"

Griffin looks toward the broken table and the remaining weapons scattered across the canvas.

He begins dragging the table debris away from the corner, then finds another table that has been pushed against the cage wall.

He pulls it into the center of the second ring.

The table is damaged, but still intact.

Griffin looks toward the weapons.

He retrieves a length of barbed wire that has been brought into the cage and begins wrapping it across the tabletop.

The crowd reacts as the danger becomes clear.

The Bandit: "Oh, no. I don't like where this is going."

Roxie Voltage: "That table is going to be brutal!"

Dan and Adam notice what Griffin is doing.

Dan approaches and helps him secure the barbed wire.

Adam joins them, holding the table steady while Griffin wraps the final length around the edge.

Team Vera is setting something up.

HOSTILITY sees it too.

Reaper begins moving toward them.

Jace gets back to his feet and catches Reaper with a V-Trigger.

Reaper staggers.

Jace follows with a running knee to the face.

Reaper drops to one knee.

Max charges Jace.

Jace ducks and sends Max crashing into the cage wall.

Christopher attempts to attack Dan from behind, but Dan turns and catches him with a short-arm clothesline.

Samara gets back to her feet and charges Griffin.

Griffin catches her with a spinning heel kick.

She stumbles into the corner.

Dan and Adam finally finish preparing the table.

They position it between the two rings, close to the top rope.

The barbed wire glistens beneath the arena lights.

The crowd rises.

Dan turns toward Reaper.

Adam turns toward Max.

Jace and Griffin keep Christopher and Samara occupied in the opposite ring.

Vera is still down near the ropes, but she begins pulling herself up.

Dan and Adam look toward her.

Dan gestures toward the table.

Vera understands.

She nods.

Reaper has recovered and begins charging toward the group.

Adam steps in front of him.

Reaper grabs Adam by the throat.

Adam fights free with a forearm to the jaw, then drives a knee into Reaper's stomach.

Dan catches Reaper with a European uppercut.

Together, they begin forcing him toward the corner.

Reaper fights back.

He drives a forearm into Dan's face, then shoves Adam backward.

He grabs Dan and attempts to lift him for a chokeslam.

Dan slips behind him and catches him with a German suplex.

Reaper lands hard.

Adam immediately charges and hits Carolina Sunset.

Reaper crashes onto the canvas.

The crowd erupts.

Vera begins climbing the ropes.

Dan and Adam turn toward her.

Vera steps onto the top rope.

Reaper is beginning to recover.

Dan catches him from behind and drives a forearm into his back.

Adam joins him, grabbing Reaper around the waist and helping lift him toward the corner.

Reaper fights back.

He drives an elbow into Adam's jaw, then shoves Dan away.

Reaper turns and grabs Vera by the waist.

The crowd gasps.

Reaper lifts Vera onto the top rope.

He positions her above the barbed-wire-covered table.

The entire arena is on its feet.

Michelle Rylan: "NO! REAPER HAS VERA UP ON THE TOP ROPE!"

Roxie Voltage: "SHE'S RIGHT ABOVE THAT TABLE!"

Reaper attempts to lift her higher.

Vera fights.

She drives an elbow into the side of Reaper's head.

Once.

Twice.

Reaper refuses to release her.

Vera reaches down and grabs his head.

She twists her body, using the ropes for leverage.

Reaper loses his balance.

Vera hooks his head.

She falls backward.

VERA PAINFUL!

The tornado DDT brings Reaper crashing down from the top rope.

The two competitors fall directly through the barbed-wire-covered table.

The impact is horrific.

The table collapses beneath them.

The crowd explodes.

Dan and Adam immediately drop to their knees, checking on Vera.

Griffin and Jace turn toward the wreckage.

Christopher attempts to reach the scene, but Jace catches him with a V-Trigger.

Samara tries to intervene, but Griffin catches her with a running forearm smash.

Max gets back to his feet and charges toward Dan.

Dan catches him with a European uppercut.

Max drops.

Dan turns toward the referee.

Vera is beginning to move.

She crawls over the broken table and reaches across Reaper's chest.

The referee drops to count.

One!

Two!

THREE!

TEAM VERA WINS

The bell rings.

The arena erupts.

Shirley Powers: "Here are your winners... TEAM VERA!"

Michelle Rylan: "THEY DID IT! TEAM VERA HAS WON WAR GAMES!"

The Bandit: "I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! VERA VEGA HAS DONE IT! HOSTILITY HAS BEEN BEATEN!"

Roxie Voltage: "And that means Vera Vega is going to Black Circuit to challenge Danielle Page for the HVW World Heavyweight Championship!"

Kingston Rhymes: "The champion has no choice now! Danielle doesn't get to pick her opponent. Vera has earned that opportunity!"

Vera rolls off Reaper and lies on her back, breathing heavily.

Dan and Adam help her sit up.

Griffin and Jace join them.

The five members of Team Vera gather in the center of the double-ring structure.

There is no grand display of friendship.

There are no declarations that they have become a family.

They simply look at one another, exhausted, bruised, and victorious.

Vera slowly gets to her feet.

The crowd begins chanting her name.

"VE-RA! VE-RA! VE-RA!"

Dan raises her arm.

Adam raises his own fist.

Griffin points toward the crowd.

Jace stands a little apart from the group, looking toward the opposite ring.

Across the canvas, Danielle Page is on her knees.

Christopher $aint James is helping her up, while Max Walker and Samara Astrid stand nearby. Reaper remains down amid the wreckage of the table.

Danielle looks toward Vera.

Her expression is furious.

She has lost control of the situation.

She has lost the right to choose her opponent.

And now, at Black Circuit, she must defend the championship against the woman who just survived everything HOSTILITY could throw at her.

Danielle slowly gets to her feet.

She looks toward the camera.

Danielle Page: "You think this changes anything?"

Vera hears her.

She turns toward Danielle and raises one hand, pointing directly at the championship.

Vera Vega: "I'll see you at Black Circuit."

The crowd erupts again.

The camera cuts to the enormous screen above the entrance stage.

BLACK CIRCUIT

HVW WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

DANIELLE PAGE (c)

VS.

VERA VEGA

OFFICIAL — WORLD TITLE MATCH

The camera cuts between Danielle, still fuming in the opposite ring, and Vera, standing with the four people who helped her get there.

The Bandit: "Danielle Page has spent weeks telling everybody that HOSTILITY is untouchable. Tonight, they found out that isn't true."

Michelle Rylan: "And what a way to close out Revolution before Black Circuit. Vera Vega has earned her shot at the World Heavyweight Championship, and Danielle Page has nowhere left to run."

Roxie Voltage: "The question now is whether Vera can turn this incredible victory into the biggest moment of her career."

Kingston Rhymes: "Because at Black Circuit, there won't be a team waiting outside that cage. There won't be anybody to save her. It's going to be Vera Vega against Danielle Page, one-on-one, for the World Heavyweight Championship."

The camera holds on the championship graphic one final time.

Danielle Page (c) vs. Vera Vega.

The Revolution broadcast fades to black.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite