

HVW Saturday Night: Episode 2

Promotion: Heroes & Villains Wrestling
Date: June 13, 2026
Location: Westlake District High School Gym — San Antonio, Texas

Results

A Hot Start

Segment

The screen fades in from black. A handful of pyrotechnics erupt from either side of the entrance stage.

POP!

POP!

POP!

The modest display is enough to send the packed high school gym into a frenzy as hundreds of fans rise to their feet.

"H-V-W!"

"H-V-W!"

"H-V-W!"

The camera sweeps across the building. Hand-painted signs. Kids standing on chairs. Parents screaming. Old wrestling fans leaning against guardrails.

Heroes & Villains Wrestling may not be performing in giant arenas, but tonight every seat in Westlake District High School Gym is occupied.

The HVW logo flashes across the screen as the San Antonio fans give a respectful cheer. The camera cuts to ringside as an ever-enthusiastic The Bandit and Michelle Rylan sit behind the commentary desk.

The Bandit: "Welcome everybody to Heroes & Villains Wrestling Saturday Night!"

Huge applause.

The Bandit: "I'm The Bandit, joined as always by Michelle Rylan, and what a week it has been for HVW!"

Michelle Rylan: "Last week this company held its first ever event."

The Bandit: "And this week we're already launching the Championship Classic, with the winner becoming the inaugural HVW World Champion!"

The crowd cheers as a graphic appears on the screen saying "WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP CLASSIC: ROUND ONE".

Michelle Rylan: "Four Fatal Four Way matches."

The graphic cycles through the night's card.

Blind Ambition vs Franklin Fredrickson vs Magik The Gatherer vs Wildcard

Ezekiel Graves vs Silas Graves vs Wyatt Boone vs Wildcard

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca vs Taylor Rayne vs Vivienne Vale vs Wildcard

Cade Mercer vs Evelyn Hart vs Samara Astrid vs Wildcard

Michelle Rylan: "One winner from each match advances."

The Bandit: "And every match contains a mystery wildcard entrant that nobody knows about except The Sheriff."

Michelle Rylan: "That means tonight could change this entire company."

The Bandit: "And speaking of changing this company..."

His voice softens as the camera slowly pans toward the ring. Samara Astrid is already standing inside, microphone in hand. The crowd immediately begins applauding.

"SAMARA!"

"SAMARA!"

"SAMARA!"

The Neon Rebel stands quietly. No smile. No energy. No excitement. A small bandage remains visible near her forehead from Golden Intentions. The crowd eventually settles. Samara takes a breath.

Samara Astrid: "Last week was supposed to be the best week of my life. I debuted here."

The fans cheer Samara as she paces back and forth in the ring.

Samara Astrid: "I won the first main event in HVW history."

Whistles and more cheers from the San Antonio fans brings a smile to Samara's face for just a moment.

Samara Astrid: "Then I got invited to compete in the Golden Intentions Rumble."

The crowd applauds again.

Samara Astrid: "That was the opportunity of a lifetime."

A brief pause as the flashbacks of the night before clearly unsettle the Neon Rebel.

Samara Astrid: "And I never even got to enter."

Boos immediately fill the building. Samara nods her head slowly.

Samara Astrid: "Because somebody decided I didn't deserve that opportunity."

More boos.

Samara Astrid: "Somebody I thought was my friend."

The crowd gets louder.

Samara Astrid: "You know Evelyn..."

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Samara Astrid: "Last week you wished me luck."

Samara shakes her head.

Samara Astrid: "You laughed with me."

Boos continue.

Samara Astrid: "And then you stabbed me in the back."

The crowd erupts.

Samara Astrid: "I don't know why."

Samara points toward the entrance.

Samara Astrid: "But if you've got something to say..."

The crowd suddenly roars, getting to their feet from the floor to the rafters.

The Bandit: "UH OH!"

Evelyn Hart bursts through the curtain, steel chair already in hand.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Michelle Rylan: "Not again!"

Evelyn doesn't even wait. She sprints full speed toward the ring, the chair raised high. Samara sees her coming, waving her hands to call her in. Evelyn slides underneath the ropes.

SWING!

Samara ducks.

CRACK!

SPINNING HEEL KICK!

The chair smashes directly back into Evelyn's face. The crowd absolutely loses its mind.

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

The chair goes flying. Evelyn stumbles backward. Blood instantly appears near her lip.

The Bandit: "SAMARA GOT HER!"

Michelle Rylan: "FOR THE FIRST TIME EVELYN WASN'T THE ONE DOING THE AMBUSHING!"

Evelyn immediately fires back.

RIGHT HAND!

Samara answers.

RIGHT HAND!

Evelyn!

Samara!

Evelyn!

Samara!

The crowd comes alive. Both women completely abandon any attempt at wrestling. They are fighting all over the HVW ring like cats and dogs. Hair pulling, forearms, shoves, kicks. Anything they can land.

Evelyn Hart: "YOU THINK YOU'RE BETTER THAN ME?!"

Samara Astrid: "YOU COST ME EVERYTHING!"

Security rushes from backstage. Six. Seven (ha). Eight guards. It takes all of them to separate the two women.

Evelyn is dragged toward one side. Samara toward the other. Both still trying to break free. Both screaming. Both fighting.

Michelle Rylan: "This is personal."

The Bandit: "This isn't just a friendly rivalry anymore."

Evelyn finally manages to break one arm loose.

Evelyn Hart: "I'LL SEE YOU IN THE TOURNAMENT!"

The crowd erupts.

Samara jerks free from two guards.

Samara Astrid:

"GOOD!" BECAUSE I'M DONE WAITING!"

Massive reaction as the San Antonio fans are once again on their feet!

The Bandit: "These two will finally settle the score tonight in the main event!"

Michelle Rylan: "Samara Astrid. Evelyn Hart. Cade Mercer. A mystery wildcard."

The camera catches both women glaring at each other from opposite sides of the ring. The hatred is unmistakable.

The Bandit: "And somehow that's only one of four Championship Classic matches tonight."

HVW Saturday Night fades to commercial with Samara and Evelyn still trying to get at one another.

Blind Ambition vs. Franklin Fredrickson vs. Magik The Gatherer vs. Wildcard

Match

The crowd is still buzzing from the explosive confrontation between Samara Astrid and Evelyn Hart moments earlier.

The Bandit: "Folks, if that's how we're starting tonight, we may not have a gym left by the end of the evening!"

Michelle Rylan: "The Sheriff promised a World Championship Classic and now we're about to begin it."

Shirley Powers stands in the center of the ring.

Shirley Powers: "The following contest is a Fatal Fourway Match scheduled for one fall and is part of the HVW World Championship Classic!"

Huge reaction from the crowd.

Shirley Powers: "Introducing first..."

The lights dim. A pulsing electronic beat begins. Blind Ambition steps through the curtain, headphones already pressed firmly over their ears.

Shirley Powers: "From Nowhere Visible...weighing in at one hundred and eighty-seven pounds...BLIND AMBITION!"

Blind Ambition moves with laser focus toward the ring.

The Bandit: "One of the most unique competitors I've ever seen."

Michelle Rylan: "Everything they do is built around rhythm and timing."

The lights shift again. An eerie glow fills the gym. Magik The Gatherer appears.

Shirley Powers: "And introducing next...from The Archive District...THE CARD WITCH...MAGIK THE GATHERER!"

The crowd applauds as Magik slowly walks toward the ring, flipping a glowing card between her fingers.

The Bandit: "And there's their partner in weirdness."

Michelle Rylan: "She's dangerous. Don't let the theatrics fool you."

"Lark On My Go Kart" suddenly blasts through the speakers.

The crowd cheers as Franklin Fredrickson emerges from behind the curtain already talking.

Shirley Powers: "And their opponent...from New York City, New York...weighing three hundred and fifty-five pounds...THE FACETIOUS ONE...FRANKLIN FREDRICKSON!"

Franklin points toward a teenager in the front row.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Hey kid! Nice haircut! Did your lawnmower quit halfway through?"

The crowd laughs. Franklin nods proudly.

Franklin Fredrickson: "See? Still got it."

The Bandit: "I love this guy."

Michelle Rylan: "That's because you're twelve years old emotionally."

Franklin enters the ring and immediately begins arguing with a fan.

Shirley Powers: "And introducing the wildcard competitor..."

The crowd rises. A few seconds pass. No music. No entrance.

Confusion spreads through the gym.

Then suddenly—

"Diamonds" by Rihanna hits.

The crowd erupts.

The Bandit: "WAIT A MINUTE!"

Michelle Rylan: "NO WAY!"

A confident blonde woman steps onto the stage wearing expensive silver-and-white ring gear.

She smirks as the crowd reaction grows louder.

Shirley Powers: "Making her HVW debut...from Dallas, Texas by way of New York City..."

Huge pause.

"THE DIAMOND PRINCESS...DANIELLE PAGE!"

The crowd explodes.

The Bandit: "That's not just a wildcard! That's one of the biggest signings in company history!"

Michelle Rylan: "The Sheriff said HVW intended to compete with anybody. Danielle Page proves it."

Danielle slowly walks to the ring as if she owns the building already. Inside the ring, Franklin shakes his head.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Great. A rich person."

DING DING DING!

The match begins immediately. Blind Ambition and Magik instinctively move together. Franklin points at them.

Franklin Fredrickson: "See? That's cheating. There are no friends in professional wrestling."

Blind Ambition nails him with a running forearm. Franklin drops backwards.

Franklin Fredrickson: "OW! Friendship hurts!"

The crowd laughs. Magik follows with a spinning heel kick. Blind Ambition hits a shotgun dropkick. Franklin tumbles

into the corner.

The Bandit: "They're working together!"

Michelle Rylan: "Not officially. But clearly they're on the same wavelength."

Danielle wisely hangs back. She studies everyone...waiting. Watching. Franklin finally charges from the corner.

TEN FINGERS OF DOOM!

The massive double-handed chop nearly caves Blind Ambition's chest in.

"WOOOOOO!"

Franklin points toward the crowd.

Franklin Fredrickson: "That one's called health insurance!"

Blind Ambition doubles over. Magik rushes in, but Franklin catches her.

Sidewalk Slam!

The ring shakes.

The Bandit: "Franklin is cleaning house!"

Franklin attempts Hard Times, the crowd rising with him. Franklin slowly climbs. And slowly. And slowly. And somehow slower.

Franklin Fredrickson: "This was easier when I was dead."

The crowd roars laughing. Before he can jump—

Danielle Page yanks his foot. Franklin crashes painfully onto the turnbuckle.

Michelle Rylan: "That's veteran instinct from the Diamond Princess."

Danielle immediately attacks.

Spike DDT!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Franklin somehow survives. The action picks up. Blind Ambition catches Danielle with Echo Step. Spinning elbow! Magik follows with Chimera Rush. Danielle falls into the ropes. Blind and Magik share a glance.

The crowd senses something coming. Blind Ambition launches Danielle into position.

DRAW PHASE!

FINAL ENCOUNTER—

NO!

Danielle shoves Magik into Blind Ambition. Both competitors collide.

The Bandit: "Friendly fire!"

Danielle capitalizes instantly.

Princess Kick!

Magik drops. Franklin reappears.

OPEN MIC NIGHT!

Running senton onto everybody brings the crowd on their feet! All four competitors are down.

"HVW! HVW! HVW!"

Franklin gets to his feet first. He grabs Blind Ambition.

THE PUNCH LINE—

NO!

Blind escapes.

Volume Maxed!

The precision knee strike rocks Franklin. Blind follows with Sound Barrier! Franklin collapses.

ONE!

TWO!

BROKEN UP BY DANIELLE!

Magik dives in and suddenly chaos takes over. Blind and Magik begin working together once more. Double strikes. Double counters. Perfect synchronization. Until Danielle sees them opening.

She yanks Blind Ambition shoulder-first into the ring post. Blind spills outside.

Magik turns—

Michelle Rylan "CROWN JEWEL! Magik crashes hard!"

Danielle immediately hooks her.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

NO!

Magik survives. The crowd comes alive.

The Bandit: "Shootin' tootin', whatta match to start this week's Saturday Night!"

Danielle can't believe it. She drags Magik up.

BeautyRest attempt—

No!

Magik escapes.

Final Encounter attempt—

No! Danielle rakes the eyes.

BOOOOOOO!

Michelle Rylan: "There it is. That's the Danielle Page everybody knows."

Princess Kick!

Magik stumbles.

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER!

Reverse neckbreaker sends Magik crashing to the canvas.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Shirley Powers: "YOUR WINNER...AND ADVANCING IN THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP CLASSIC...THE DIAMOND PRINCESS...DANIELLE PAGE!"

The crowd screams aloud as Danielle rises with a smug smile spread across her face.

The Bandit: "What a debut!"

Michelle Rylan: "One match into the tournament and Danielle Page may already be one of the favorites."

Danielle climbs the turnbuckles and soaks in the reaction, but the screens light up suddenly to show backstage. Inside a locker room sits Queen Bianca Davis, arms crossed, watching carefully on a television monitor. No smile. No applause. Just observation.

The Queen slowly nods once.

Back inside the gym, Danielle celebrates in the ring while the camera briefly returns to Bianca watching.

The message is clear. The Diamond Princess may have won the battle. But someone else has already taken notice.

Fade to commercial break.

Earlier Today...

Segment

The screen fades in. The bright lights and noise of the gymnasium are gone. Instead, the Texas countryside stretches endlessly beneath a golden afternoon sun.

An old pickup truck rolls down a dusty back road. Soft acoustic guitar music plays underneath.

The camera eventually finds Cade Mercer sitting on the tailgate of that truck parked beside an open field. Cowboy hat resting next to him. A bottle of water in one hand.

No crowd. No arena. Just Cade.

For several moments he simply looks out toward the horizon, then finally speaks.

Cade Mercer: "You know, most folks get into wrestling because they want something."

He shrugs.

Cade Mercer: "Money. Fame. Championships."

A small smile crosses his face.

Cade Mercer: "Some of 'em just wanna hurt people."

The footage cuts briefly to highlights from last week's victory over Silas Graves.

Texas Stampede. Dust Devil Lariat. Last Stop. The crowd roaring.

Cade continues speaking over the footage.

Cade Mercer: "I ain't ever had much use for any of that."

The footage returns to Cade sitting on the truck.

Cade Mercer: "My old man used to tell me that every town needs somebody willing to stand up when everybody else sits down."

He nods to himself.

Cade Mercer: "Most towns don't get that person."

The camera slowly zooms closer.

Cade Mercer: "HVW's a brand new place. We don't got history. We don't got legends. We don't got champions."

Cade pauses.

Cade Mercer: "Not yet."

His expression hardens slightly.

Cade Mercer: "But what we do got is opportunity."

The footage shifts to clips from Episode One. Samara Astrid celebrating. Magik The Gatherer making her debut. Franklin Fredrickson arriving at the building. Blind Ambition standing motionless. The Sheriff overlooking the ring with a daft hand.

Cade Mercer: "Every person in that locker room is trying to build something. Trying to leave their mark. Trying to become the first."

The music becomes slightly more dramatic. Highlights now show Evelyn Hart attacking Samara Astrid as the crowd boos around her. Security separating them earlier tonight.

Cade Mercer: "Problem is... Some people think the easiest way to get ahead is stepping on everybody else."

The image freezes briefly on Evelyn Hart.

Cade Mercer: "I've met people like that my whole life."

The footage cuts back to Cade. His voice remains calm. Never angry. Never shouting. Just honest.

Cade Mercer: "And if Evelyn Hart's listening...I hope she understands something. Tonight ain't about revenge. It ain't about payback. It's about proving who belongs."

A brief pause as the camera zooms in.

Cade Mercer: "And if I gotta go through Evelyn... Or Samara...Or whatever wildcard The Sheriff has hidden up his sleeve...Then that's exactly what I'll do."

The music begins building. The footage cuts to slow-motion shots of Cade training. Heavy bag work. Running dirt roads. Lifting old farm equipment. Throwing lariats into a practice dummy.

Cade Mercer: "I respect Samara. I don't trust Evelyn. And I don't know a damn thing about whoever that wildcard is."

He smirks.

Cade Mercer: "But that's wrestling. You don't always get to choose what's waiting for you when that bell rings. You just choose whether you're willing to face it."

The music reaches its peak. Cade places his cowboy hat back onto his head, and stands from the truck. He looks

directly into the camera for the first time.

Cade Mercer: "Tonight... The road to becoming the first HVW World Champion starts. And if anybody wants that road...They're gonna have to come through me."

Open Mic Problems

Segment

Backstage in the Westlake District High School Gym, a handmade cardboard sign hangs crookedly from a curtain rod.

FRANKLIN FREDRICKSON'S COMEDY CORNER

A small platform has been assembled out of folding tables and plywood. About twenty unfortunate people stand in front of it. Most of them appear to be production assistants. A few are referees.

One looks like he was simply trying to find the restroom.

Standing center stage, with a microphone in hand, is "Facetious" Franklin Fredrickson.

Franklin Fredrickson: "So apparently I lost earlier tonight."

The crowd offers polite applause. Franklin nods back at them, impressed with himself already.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Thank you. Thank you. Please hold your sympathy until the end of the set."

Nothing. Franklin points toward one of the referees.

Franklin Fredrickson: "You laughed. I saw it."

The referee shakes his head.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Coward."

A couple people chuckle. Franklin smiles proudly.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Anyway, congratulations to Danielle Page. Wonderful debut. Really inspiring. Rich girl shows up, steals my tournament spot, and now I have to explain to my therapist why a woman named Diamond Princess ruined my weekend."

A few laughs. Franklin points finger guns in the air.

Franklin Fredrickson: "See? That's comedy."

Then his attention drifts toward the back of the room as several wrestlers have gathered near the entrance.

Taylor Rayne. Evelyn Hart. Queen Bianca Davis. And newly victorious Danielle Page.

The conversation is already getting heated. Franklin lowers the microphone.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Uh oh."

Danielle immediately steps forward.

Danielle Page: "You got something to say, Franklin?"

Franklin sighs.

Franklin Fredrickson: "About seven minutes worth, actually."

Danielle doesn't smile.

Danielle Page: "Didn't learn your lesson earlier?"

Franklin opens his mouth, but before he can answer—

Bianca Davis cuts in.

Queen Bianca Davis: "Please. It doesn't appear like he's learned a thing. Have you?"

Danielle turns. Queen Bianca Davis adjusts her hair while looking Danielle up and down.

Queen Bianca Davis: "Whatever mystery opponent I receive later tonight will make a much bigger impact than you ever will, sweetie. I know you, I've seen you. We've even been friends in the past. But here in HVW? I'm the star."

Danielle takes a step forward.

Danielle Page: "Keep telling yourself that."

Queen Bianca Davis: "I don't have to. Everyone else already knows it."

The tension rises immediately.

Taylor Rayne rolls her eyes.

Taylor Rayne: "God, you're both exhausting."

Evelyn Hart leans casually against the wall.

Evelyn Hart: "No. Let them continue. This is the most entertaining thing I've seen all day."

Danielle points toward Bianca.

Danielle Page: "Say that again."

Bianca steps forward.

Queen Bianca Davis: "Gladly."

Franklin suddenly jumps off the stage. The landing nearly kills him. The entire platform rattles, and Franklin immediately grabs his lower back.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Good lord."

He hobbles forward.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Everybody stop yelling."

Nobody listens.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Seriously."

Still nothing.

Franklin Fredrickson: "I am trying very hard not to become a statistic."

The argument only grows louder. Danielle and Bianca are nearly nose to nose, Taylor is shouting over both. Evelyn is somehow making everything worse by quietly adding comments from the side.

Franklin finally snaps.

Franklin Fredrickson: "WILL EVERYBODY SHUT UP?!"

Silence. For exactly one second. Then another voice enters the room.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca.

Lorenzo stands near the doorway in an immaculate charcoal suit, an expensive watch visible beneath his cuff.

He looks disgusted. Not angry. Disgusted.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "My God."

Everyone turns. Lorenzo slowly surveys the room.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "This is what passes for professionalism around here?"

Franklin immediately groans.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Oh no."

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "A failed comedian."

He points toward Franklin.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "Four screaming broads."

He gestures toward the women.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "And somehow I am expected to share a locker room with all of you."

Instant boos from the backstage staff. Taylor, Bianca, and Danielle all look offended. Even the normally nonchalant Evelyn has a deep scowl all over her face, which is impressive.

Lorenzo straightens his jacket.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "The Sheriff didn't sign me to participate in this circus."

He taps his chest.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "He signed me because I am the future face of Heroes & Villains Wrestling."

Franklin stares at him...then begins laughing. Hard. Lorenzo's expression darkens.

Franklin Fredrickson: "You?"

More laughter from the entire room as Franklin wipes tears from his eyes.

Franklin Fredrickson: "Buddy, I've literally died and come back to life."

Another laugh, but Lorenzo isn't amused as he steps closer. Franklin steps forward to meet him.

Now they're nose to nose, and the room suddenly feels very different.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca: "Then perhaps tonight I should finish the job."

The crowd of workers collectively goes silent. Franklin's smile slowly fades.

Franklin Fredrickson: "You can try."

Neither man backs down. Around them the women continue glaring at one another, the tension hanging in the air. And somewhere in the distance, a production assistant quietly folds up Franklin's comedy stage before anyone gets hurt.

Ezekiel Graves vs. Silas Graves vs. Wyatt Boone vs. Wildcard

Match

The camera cuts to ringside where Shirley Powers stands ready, microphone in hand as the atmosphere inside the HVW arena shifts from anticipation to tension.

Shirley Powers: "The following contest is a WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP CLASSIC ROUND ONE FATAL FOURWAY MATCH!"

A brief pause.

Shirley Powers: "Introducing first..."

The lights dim to a dull industrial red. A distorted prison alarm blares through the speakers. Chains rattle.

“ESCAPE PROTOCOL INITIATED.”

From behind the curtain, Ezekiel Graves steps out. The reaction is immediate unease from the crowd.

Shirley Powers: “From Blackwater State Penitentiary... weighing 260 pounds... EZEKIEL GRAVES!”

Graves doesn't acknowledge the audience. He just walks like he's surveying property he intends to destroy later.

Michelle Rylan: “That man doesn't walk to the ring like a competitor... he walks like a sentence being carried out.”

Next, a heavy boot-stomp rhythm echoes. No music at first—just footsteps. Then—

A low, ominous tone.

Silas Graves emerges.

Same last name. Same aura. Completely different kind of wrong.

Shirley Powers: “And his opponent... from unknown origins... weighing 278 pounds... SILAS GRAVES!”

Silas and Ezekiel lock eyes immediately. No reaction. No recognition. Just stillness.

The Bandit: “I don't know what's worse... that they might be related... or that they might not care if they are.”

Then—

The arena shifts. Country grit hits the speakers.

“BLUE COLLAR BLOOD” blasts through the arena.

The crowd erupts.

Wyatt Boone steps out.

Hard hat mentality in every step.

Shirley Powers: “From Tulsa, Oklahoma... weighing 278 pounds... WYATT BOONE!”

Boone nods at the crowd, cracking his neck, already focused on the ring.

Michelle Rylan: “Finally, someone in there who looks like he actually wants to fight for something real.”

Boone enters the ring. The Graveses never break eye contact with each other.

And then—

Silence. The lights shift to gold and pink. A soft, luxurious jingle plays.

A mirror ball reflection flickers across the stage.

Queen Bianca Davis steps out.

Designer robe. Perfect hair. Perfect makeup. Perfect disgust for everything around her.

Shirley Powers: “And their opponent... from Malibu, California... QUEEN BIANCA DAVIS!”

The crowd reaction is mixed—boos, confusion, and a few laughs as Bianca immediately stops at the top of the ramp.

She looks at the ring, then at her nails. Then back at the ring.

The Bandit: “Oh this is going to go great. She looks like she thinks this is a red carpet event.”

Bianca slowly walks down the ramp... then immediately stops halfway. She pulls out a compact mirror, and checks her lipstick. She then fixes her hair, pointing at her face and mouth like she's offended by the very concept of physical

contact.

Bianca Davis: "Absolutely not. I just had my makeup done."

Boone looks confused. The Graveses don't react. She finally slides into the ring—

AND IMMEDIATELY ROLLS RIGHT BACK OUT.

The bell rings anyway.

DING DING DING!

Boone charges at Ezekiel Graves early—BIG SHOULDER BLOCK!

Graves barely moves. Silas immediately answers with a brutal forearm to Boone's spine. The Graveses begin tearing into Boone from both sides. Double power offense.

Corner avalanche from Ezekiel!

Backbreaker from Silas!

Boone absorbs it, fighting through instinct, firing back with a stiff lariat that actually staggers Ezekiel for the first time. The crowd rallies.

"BOONE! BOONE! BOONE!"

Meanwhile—

Bianca is sitting cross-legged on the floor outside the ring, watching. Still fixing her hair, and occasionally checking the action like it's inconvenient background noise.

Michelle Rylan: "She has not attempted a single offensive move."

The Bandit: "She's wrestling the concept of effort right now."

Inside the ring, Boone and both Graveses explode into chaos. Ezekiel and Silas finally collide. Not teamwork. A full on collision.

Graves vs Graves.

Forearms. Headbutts. Brutal exchanges.

The crowd rises as the two monsters unload on each other. Boone seizes the moment—

RAILROAD SPIKE TO EZEKIEL GRAVES!

Running knee connects flush. Ezekiel stumbles out of the ring!

Silas grabs Boone—

BLACKWATER LARIAT!

Boone spins inside out! Silas covers—

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Silas doesn't react. He just stares at Boone like he's recalculating damage. Outside the ring, Bianca slowly slides her handbag closer. Like she's waiting for traffic to clear.

Inside—

Wyatt Boone fights back again. Foreman Slam to Silas!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

EZEKIEL BREAKS IT UP!

Ezekiel pulls Boone up—

MAXIMUM SECURITY!

Overhead belly-to-belly suplex rocks Boone across the ring! The Graveses now stand over Boone. And then—

They notice each other again.

Silence returns...until Bianca suddenly claps slowly from outside.

Bianca Davis: "Honestly, this is exhausting to watch. Could someone just finish this already? Some of us have appearances to maintain."

She rolls back under the ropes, and immediately rolls back out again.

The Bandit: "That's the closest she's been to action all night and she still didn't commit."

Boone slowly rises—pure grit. He takes down Ezekiel with a powerslam!

He turns—

Ironhand Lariat—

NO! Silas intercepts him!

Silas hooks him—

DEAD MAN'S DROP!

Release uranage spikes Boone!

Silas covers!

ONE!

TWO!

BROKEN UP BY EZEKIEL GRAVES!

Chaos erupts again! The Graveses begin trading absolute destruction on each other. Boone crawls toward the corner. Bianca watches the carnage unfold. Everyone is down except Boone. Boone slowly pulls himself up. The crowd is on their feet. He grabs Silas—

BOONE BOMB!

NO!

Ezekiel clubs him from behind!

Silas and Ezekiel both stagger. They turn—

AND COLLIDE AGAIN IN A DOUBLE LARIAT THAT DROPS BOTH MEN!

Boone sees it, and knows he has an opening. The crowd rises. Boone drags himself over to make the cover on Ezekiel Graves.

ONE!

TWO!

BIANCA SLIDES IN—

SHE BREAKS IT UP WITH A SUDDEN KICK TO THE BACK OF BOONE'S HEAD!

The crowd erupts in boos. Boone stumbles forward as Bianca finally changes gears. A flash of venom replaces vanity.

KILLER B — REGAL CUTTER!

She spikes Boone hard into the mat. Silas and Ezekiel are still down from their collision. Bianca looks at the referee, fixing her hair one last time before stepping delicately onto Boone.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Shirley Powers: "Here is your winner... AND ADVANCING IN THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP CLASSIC... QUEEN BIANCA DAVIS!"

Bianca immediately sits up, smoothing her hair, as if she just finished a photoshoot instead of a fight. She looks down at Boone with disgust. Then blows a kiss to the crowd.

Mysterious Arrival

Segment

The cameras cut away from ringside to the parking lot outside the Westlake District High School Gym as a sleek black Aston Martin slowly rolls into frame.

The expensive sports car comes to a stop near the side entrance. The crowd murmurs in bewonderment.

Michelle Rylan: "Well that's certainly not one of our production vehicles."

The driver's side door opens first. A small, awkward-looking man in an expensive suit quickly steps out and hurries around the front of the car. He nervously adjusts his tie before opening the rear passenger door.

A figure steps out.

Black athletic track pants. Black hooded sweatshirt, hood pulled low over their face. The person notices a camera nearby, and immediately turns away. The camera pans to reveal Tara Robinson already approaching with a microphone.

Tara Robinson: "Excuse me! Excuse me!"

The hooded figure freezes for a moment. Not enough to identify them. Just enough to know they heard her.

Tara Robinson: "Tara Robinson, HVW. Can I ask who you are?"

No answer. The suited driver suddenly becomes very interested in checking his watch.

Tara Robinson: "Are you someone The Sheriff has signed?"

The figure slightly adjusts their hood, still hiding their face.

Tara Robinson: "Are you here for Heroes & Villains Wrestling?"

Nothing.

Tara Robinson: "Are you one of the wildcard participants in the Championship Classic?"

The figure finally starts walking, quickly away from the camera.

Tara Robinson: "Can you tell us your name?"

No response from the large figure in front of her, as they continue to get further and further away.

Tara Robinson: "Can you at least tell us why you're here tonight?"

Their pace quickens, the suited man awkwardly hurries after them. The camera follows.

Tara Robinson: "Are you a wrestler?"

Still nothing. The figure reaches the entrance doors, and pushes them open before disappearing inside. The camera zooms in as the doors begin to swing closed. Just before they shut completely—

The back of the black sweatshirt becomes visible. Large white lettering across the shoulders.

THE LIVING LEGEND

The crowd inside the arena immediately begins buzzing.

Michelle Rylan: "The Living Legend?"

The Bandit: "Well that's either a very confident teenager or somebody important."

Michelle Rylan: "You don't think—"

The Bandit: "I have absolutely no idea."

The camera lingers on the now-empty entrance. Questions swirling. Then cuts back to ringside.

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca vs. Taylor Rayne vs. Vivienne Vale vs. Wildcard

Match

The arena lights dim to a warm gold glow as Shirley Powers steps into the center of the ring, microphone raised.

Shirley Powers: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a **WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP CLASSIC ROUND ONE FATAL FOURWAY MATCH!**"

A pause. The crowd is already buzzing—this one feels different.

Shirley Powers: "Introducing first..."

A slow, luxurious orchestral sting rolls through the arena. A spotlight hits the stage.

Out steps Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca in a tailored black-and-gold suit, adjusting his cufflinks like he's walking into a board meeting instead of a fight.

Shirley Powers: "From Naples, Italy... weighing 235 pounds... 'IL FINANZIATORE'... **LORENZO VITTORIO DELUCA!**"

Lorenzo pauses on the ramp, smirking as if the crowd is already beneath him.

The Bandit: "That man wrestles like every match is a hostile takeover."

A shift in tone as a pop-rock, venomous feminine beat hits.

Taylor Rayne walks out with a smile that doesn't match her eyes.

She twirls once at the top of the stage, soaking in the reaction like it's oxygen.

Shirley Powers: "From Charleston, South Carolina... **TAYLOR RAYNE!**"

She blows a kiss to the crowd, then immediately points at a fan and mouths something insulting before continuing down the ramp.

Michelle Rylan: "That's a smile you see right before someone ruins your entire day."

A different energy next. Cold. Controlled.

Vivienne Vale appears in complete silence at first.

Then a soft, deliberate track begins—like a fashion show walking into a courtroom. She doesn't look at the crowd. She evaluates them.

Shirley Powers: "From Palm Beach, Florida... 'THE VELVET KNIFE'... VIVIENNE VALE!"

Vivienne steps slowly, perfectly measured, like every movement is calculated for camera framing.

The Bandit: "That woman looks like she'd sue you for existing."

Finally...the arena goes dark.

No music. Just silence. Then—

A faint heartbeat sound. The stage lighting flickers. And out walks a man who feels like a ghost from wrestling history itself.

ALEX CAIN!

The crowd explodes for the CWF Hall of Famer.

Some in shock. Some in recognition. Some in disbelief.

Shirley Powers: "And their opponent... from London, England... weighing 265 pounds... THE LIVING LEGEND... ALEX CAIN!"

Cain doesn't rush. He walks like a man who has already survived everything once and doesn't intend to lose today.

Michelle Rylan: "That is a Hall of Famer. That is a multi-time World Champion. That is a man who should not be here—but absolutely is."

Cain steps into the ring. Lorenzo immediately studies him like an asset. Vivienne studies him like a liability. Taylor studies him like prey.

And Cain? Cain just stares forward.

DING DING DING!

Taylor Rayne moves first—sneaky angle behind Lorenzo, into an eye rake. Lorenzo stumbles, furious. Vivienne immediately intercepts.

VELVET TOUCH!

A crushing lariat folds Taylor backward! Vivienne doesn't cover. She doesn't rush. She simply resets.

Lorenzo applauds sarcastically.

Lorenzo DeLuca: "Efficient. But not profitable."

Cain steps forward.

STIFF FOREARM SMASH TO LORENZO!

The crowd roars. Cain follows—

SNAP SUPLEX!

Lorenzo rolls out immediately, clutching his back, yelling in Italian.

The Bandit: "That's the difference right there—Cain hits you like he's offended you exist."

Taylor tries to recover as Vivienne pulls her in.

MARKET CORRECTION!

Power slam spikes Taylor into the mat. Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Vivienne leans in, whispering.

Vivienne Vale: "You're not relevant enough to end this yet."

Cain pulls Vivienne off, but Lorenzo slides back in.

EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!

Cain staggered. Lorenzo starts taking over with corner stomps. Cheap shots that bring the San Antonio fans on their feet booing. Rope-assisted choke while arguing with the referee.

Michelle Rylan: "Classic DeLuca—turning chaos into control."

Taylor climbs slowly—clearly uncomfortable. Lorenzo notices.

RUNNING KNEE TO THE MIDSECTION!

She drops immediately, but Cain breaks it up.

CLOTHESLINE FROM HELL LEVEL IMPACT FROM CAIN!

Lorenzo flips inside out through the air. Vivienne re-enters.

IRON VERDICT!

A jumping knee from Vivienne sends Cain stumbling into the ropes! The crowd rises as all four are now down or staggered.

The Bandit: "This is exactly what Round One is supposed to feel like—nobody survives clean."

Taylor crawls toward the ropes, seeing Cain rising. She hesitates, her fear of heights taking over as she slowly starts her climb. Cain turns...Taylor tries...

CLICKBAIT!

She jumps into a Thesz press, biting at Cain mid-fall! Cain shoves her off in disgust, and Taylor rolls away laughing. Vivienne and Lorenzo begin circling each other. Two manipulators. Two strategists.

Vivienne strikes first—

PUBLIC RELATIONS!

Lorenzo stumbles, but smiles back at Vale.

Lorenzo DeLuca: "Now we are negotiating."

He grabs Vivienne, pulling her in.

VESUVIAN DROP!

But Cain breaks it up mid-lift!

ANOTHER CLOTHESLINE FROM HELL!

Lorenzo is wiped out. Taylor sneaks in.

SPAMMING FLICK TO THE FOREHEAD!

The Living Legend barely reacts. He grabs her—

STAGGERING FIREMAN'S CARRY DDT FROM CAIN!

The crowd erupts. Vivienne watches Cain now carefully. Respect? No. Assessment. Cain turns, Vivienne rushes towards him.

HOSTILE TAKEOVER!

BUT CAIN CATCHES HER...IN YOUR FACE STF!

Vivienne screams in pain. Taylor tries to break it, Lorenzo slides back in...but Cain releases just in time. Chaos again as everyone is down...except Lorenzo, slowly rising. He looks at Cain, Vivienne, Taylor, then adjusts his suit.

Lorenzo DeLuca: "Enough inefficiency."

He pulls Cain up.

THE FINAL AUDIT!

Sit-out powerbomb spikes the Living Legend into the mat with authority. Lorenzo holds the cover like a statement.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

The crowd is stunned.

Shirley Powers: "Here is your winner... advancing in the World Championship Classic... LORENZO VITTORIO DELUCA!"

Taylor sits up in disbelief. Vivienne slowly pushes herself to her feet, expression unreadable. Cain remains down for a moment longer than expected. Lorenzo is handed a microphone immediately.

He wipes sweat from his brow, still composed, still superior.

Lorenzo DeLuca: "You see? This is not wrestling."

He steps over Cain's fallen body.

Lorenzo DeLuca: "This is evaluation."

He kneels slightly, looking directly at Cain. Then smirks.

Lorenzo DeLuca: "And I just acquired the most valuable asset in this entire company."

He drops the microphone onto Cain's chest. Hard. It clatters across the mat. Lorenzo adjusts his suit one last time and steps away without looking back. Vivienne watches him leave, clearly displeased. Taylor laughs from the corner, still wiping blood from her lip.

Cain finally sits up—slowly—staring after Lorenzo with something brewing beneath the surface.

And the camera lingers for a moment before cutting backstage.

A King's Arrival

Segment

Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca stands in the center of the ring, suit jacket draped over one shoulder, microphone in hand.

The crowd showers him with boos.

Around him, Alex Cain is slowly recovering while officials help Vivienne Vale and Taylor Rayne out of the ring. Lorenzo smirks.

Lorenzo DeLuca: "As I was saying..."

B00000000000!

Lorenzo DeLuca: "Please. You are interrupting greatness."

Even louder boos. Lorenzo spreads his arms.

Lorenzo DeLuca: "Tonight, Heroes & Villains Wrestling witnessed exactly what I promised it would witness."

He points at himself.

Lorenzo DeLuca: "The best investment this company has ever made."

More boos.

Lorenzo DeLuca: "A man capable of defeating legends."

He glances toward Alex Cain.

Lorenzo DeLuca: "A man capable of—"

The lights go out. The crowd immediately reacts. A loud murmur spreads throughout the Westlake District High School Gym.

Michelle Rylan: "What's going on?"

The Bandit: "Well that's never good."

Darkness. Silence. Then—

The opening notes of "Edge of Seventeen" by Stevie Nicks hit the speakers.

The crowd erupts.

Pyrotechnics explode from the stage. Gold sparks rain from both sides of the entrance.

And then—

JARVIS KING steps through the curtain.

The reaction is loud and mixed. Some cheers. Some boos. A whole lot of fucking surprise.

Michelle Rylan: "You've got to be kidding me!"

The Bandit: "JARVIS KING?!"

Jarvis stands at the top of the ramp, arms spread, taking in the moment.

Michelle Rylan: "What a weekend for the King family!"

The Bandit: "His cousin Gordy King just reclaimed the CWF World Heavyweight Championship last night at Golden Intentions!"

Michelle Rylan: "A two-time World Champion once again!"

Jarvis slowly nods his head, then begins marching toward the ring. Lorenzo doesn't back away. Doesn't move, doesn't blink. The Velvet Don simply waits. Jarvis slides into the ring.

The music cuts.

The crowd buzzes.

Face to face. Nose to nose. Neither man says a word. The tension builds. Lorenzo smirks. Then swings.

WHIFF!

Jarvis ducks effortlessly.

GERMAN SUPLEX!

The crowd explodes. Lorenzo crashes hard.

The Velvet Don stumbles up—

BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX!

Down again. Lorenzo tries rolling away, but Jarvis follows.

OVERHEAD SUPLEX!

Lorenzo gets launched across the ring.

The Bandit: "Business is bad!"

The crowd roars. Lorenzo staggers into the corner. Jarvis charges.

YAKUZA KICK!

SMACK!

The kick nearly takes Lorenzo's head off. The Don slumps into the turnbuckles. Jarvis backs away as the crowd rises. Running start.

CORNER DROPKICK!

Lorenzo's head snaps backward. Jarvis lands, and immediately backflips to his feet. The crowd pops.

Then—

Pushup. Pushup. Pushup.

Jarvis casually knocks out three pushups while Lorenzo collapses in the corner. The audience loses their minds.

Michelle Rylan: "He's showing off now!"

The Bandit: "I'd show off too!"

Lorenzo crawls toward the center of the ring, trying desperately to escape. Jarvis grabs him, hooks the arms, and lifts.

STRAIGHTJACKET SUPLEX!

The ring shakes. Huge reaction. Lorenzo writhes in pain, but Jarvis isn't finished. He drags him to the center and turns him over. The Internet Icon steps through.

ROYAL MUTILATION!

The Sharpshooter is locked in! Lorenzo screams. Frantically reaching for ropes that aren't coming. The crowd erupts as he frantically taps the mat.

TAP! TAP! TAP!

Lorenzo pounds the mat, and Jarvis finally releases. The fans cheer loudly as King rises to his feet, looks around, then spots the hard camera. He slowly walks toward the ropes, staring directly into the lens.

The crowd realizes what's coming. Jarvis smirks, raises one hand.

And flicks off the camera.

The arena explodes.

The Bandit: "OH COME ON!"

Michelle Rylan: "You know exactly who that's for."

The crowd starts chanting.

"GORDY!"

"GORDY!"

"GORDY!"

Jarvis hears them, and a sarcastic smirk graces his face. He turns around eyeing up Lorenzo, who has just managed to reach his feet.

Big mistake.

Jarvis explodes across the ring.

POUNCE!

The Bandit: "GOOD LORD!"

Lorenzo flies halfway across the canvas before crashing violently into the turnbuckles. The crowd absolutely erupts. Jarvis stands tall. The Velvet Don laid out.

The King family making headlines once again.

And Jarvis simply stands over Lorenzo's fallen body as the cameras fade to commercial.

The Sheriff Knows

Segment

The cameras cut backstage. The familiar halls of the Westlake District High School Gym stretch out before the audience.

Walking through them is none other than The Sheriff.

Cell phone in hand. Cowboy boots echoing off the linoleum floor.

On the phone screen is footage from the World Championship Classic Fatal Fourway currently taking place in the ring. Alex Cain just launched Taylor Rayne halfway across the canvas with a thunderous spinebuster.

The Sheriff lets out a low whistle.

The Sheriff: "Well now..."

He watches for another few seconds.

Cain levels Vivienne Vale with a clothesline. The crowd can be heard roaring through the phone speakers. The Sheriff grins.

The Sheriff: "That's gon' make a whole lotta folks start talkin'."

His thumb moves. Text message. Pause. Another text. The audience never sees who he's messaging.

The Sheriff: "Yep."

Another text.

The Sheriff: "This one's liable ta make some real big waves."

A smirk crosses his face.

The Sheriff: "Bigger'n most folks realize."

He glances down at the phone again. Another message sent, the implication hangs in the air. The final wildcard spot, the main event. Whoever it is, the Sheriff seems very pleased with himself. Then suddenly—

His phone rings.

The ringtone blasts through the hallway.

"MAMAS DON'T LET YOUR BABIES GROW UP TO BE COWBOYS."

The Sheriff jumps nearly a foot.

The Sheriff: "SON OF A—"

He fumbles the phone, barely catches it and answers.

The Sheriff: "Yeah?"

The smile remains for about two seconds, then disappears into thin air. His eyebrows lower, and the grin fades.

The Sheriff: "You serious?"

Silence. The person on the other end can't be heard, but The Sheriff listens. His expression grows darker with every second.

The Sheriff: "Well that's just fantastic."

Another pause.

The Sheriff: "No."

Longer pause.

The Sheriff: "No, I hear ya."

The camera stays tight on his face. Whatever he's hearing—

He doesn't like it. Not one bit. Finally he exhales.

The Sheriff: "A'right."

Pause.

The Sheriff: "Yeah."

Another pause.

The Sheriff: "I'll handle it."

His Texas drawl grows heavier.

The Sheriff: "Leave it with me."

Click. The call ends. The Sheriff stares at the phone, and shakes his head.

The Sheriff: "Dammit."

He turns a corner, his office just ahead. He looks up to see the familiar nameplate mounted on the door.

THE SHERIFF

But something immediately catches his eye. Something that wasn't there earlier. Pinned directly over the center of the door.

A large sheet of white paper. Held in place by a hunting knife driven through it.

The Sheriff stops walking as the camera slowly zooms in. Written across the page in thick red letters are only two words.

I KNOW.

The crowd reacts instantly.

Michelle Rylan: "What?"

The Bandit: "Well that's unsettling."

The Sheriff sighs. Long. Frustrated. Like this is not the first time tonight somebody has tested his patience. He walks up to the note. Grabs the knife, and yanks it free. Then tears the paper down.

The Sheriff: "I'm gonna kill that Italian."

The crowd laughs.

The Sheriff: "Soon as I figure out how he keeps gettin' in my damn office."

He crumples the paper, shakes his head and unlocks the door.

The Sheriff: "Lorenzo..."

Another sigh.

The Sheriff: "You are becomin' expensive."

The Sheriff steps into the office. The door closes behind him. And the cameras cut back to ringside.

Cade Mercer vs. Evelyn Hart vs. Samara Astrid vs. Wildcard

Match

The camera returns from commercial to a packed arena. The crowd is buzzing as the first three Championship Classic matches have already delivered surprises, shocking victories, and one appearance from a living legend.

Now only one spot remains in the semifinals. Shirley Powers stands center ring.

Shirley Powers: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP CLASSIC ROUND ONE FATAL FOURWAY MATCH!"

The crowd cheers.

Shirley Powers: "Introducing first..."

"COWBOY HAT BLUES" hits the speakers. The audience immediately erupts.

CADE MERCER steps through the curtain and heads toward the ring.

Shirley Powers: "From Amarillo, Texas... weighing 232 pounds... THE DRIFTER... CADE MERCER!"

Mercer slaps hands on his way down the ramp. Focused. Determined. Ready.

The Bandit: "This man already knocked off Silas Graves last week. You know he's thinking championship."

Michelle Rylan: "One of the biggest fan favorites in the company already."

The music changes. Neon lights fill the arena. The crowd cheers again.

SAMARA ASTRID bursts onto the stage.

Shirley Powers: "From Asheville, North Carolina... THE BEAUTIFUL ENIGMA... SAMARA ASTRID!"

Samara runs down the ramp and slaps the barricade, firing up the audience.

The Bandit: "The human insurance nightmare has arrived."

Michelle Rylan: "One day she's going to attempt something that makes me quit this job."

The lights dim. A slower theme begins. The crowd boos.

EVELYN HART walks onto the stage wearing a pleasant smile that immediately makes everyone suspicious.

Shirley Powers: "From Orlando, Florida... FLORIDA'S FAVORITE PROBLEM... EVELYN HART!"

Evelyn smiles sweetly at a young fan before immediately rolling her eyes once she turns away.

Michelle Rylan: "See? That's exactly what I'm talking about."

The Bandit: "She's mean in a way that requires effort."

The three competitors stand in the ring. The crowd begins chanting.

"WILD-CARD!"

"WILD-CARD!"

"WILD-CARD!"

Shirley waits as the arena lights dim. A spotlight hits the entrance. Then suddenly—

"LET THE HAMMER FALL"

The crowd absolutely explodes. A massive reaction. Some fans immediately leap to their feet. Others don't believe what they're seeing.

WRESTLING LEGEND DAN HIGHLANDER walks through the curtain.

The Hammer.

Former World Champion. Former Impact Champion. Tag Team Champion. One of the most decorated competitors in CWF history.

Fresh off appearing at Golden Intentions, less than twenty-four hours earlier.

Shirley Powers: "And their opponent... from Canberra, Australia... weighing 240 pounds... DAN 'THE HAMMER' HIGHLANDER!"

The ovation grows even louder.

Michelle Rylan: "Are you kidding me?!"

The Bandit: "The wildcard is Dan Highlander!"

Highlander stands at the top of the ramp soaking in the reaction. The fans continue cheering.

Michelle Rylan: "Just last night he competed in the Golden Intentions Rumble."

The Bandit: "And got thrown out by MJ Flair!"

The crowd laughs.

Michelle Rylan: "After she patted him on the back!"

The Bandit: "His own wife's friend betrayed him! That's cold!"

Highlander just shakes his head with a grin before marching toward the ring.

Michelle Rylan: "The Hammer has had a rough stretch lately. Caledonia has become World Champion. Mark Carlton is making headlines. Dan's been taking a backseat."

The Bandit: "Tonight feels important."

Highlander enters the ring, and the crowd immediately rises. The bell rings.

DING DING DING!

Immediately chaos erupts as Mercer and Highlander lock up. Samara and Evelyn collide.

Two separate battles. Two completely different styles. Evelyn immediately begins talking, nobody can hear her. But Samara clearly can.

And whatever she says works.

Samara gets visibly annoyed, Evelyn grins. Cheap slap!

Another.

Another.

Samara finally fires back with a forearm that sends Evelyn scrambling. Meanwhile Mercer and Highlander are exchanging heavy shots.

Forearm. Forearm. Forearm!

The crowd loves it.

The Bandit: "That feels like two pickup trucks colliding."

Highlander catches Mercer, lifting up the Drifter for a snap suplex. Mercer pops right back up.

TEXAS STAMPEDE!

Highlander gets flattened. Huge reaction from the San Antonio fans. Across the ring Samara springboards. Flying crossbody!

Evelyn goes down. Samara keeps moving. Dropkick. Hurricanrana. Running forearm.

The crowd comes alive. Samara hits the ropes, but Evelyn sidesteps. Samara crashes hard to the mat. Evelyn sees the opportunity and immediately starts stomping. Talking, mocking the entire time she picks apart the knee.

Michelle Rylan: "This is exactly what Evelyn wants."

The match settles into organized chaos. Near falls begin piling up. Mercer nearly finishes Evelyn with a Dust Devil Lariat. Samara nearly steals the match after a Divine Leg Drop.

SUCH IS LIFE ON MERCER!

Nobody can keep anyone down. The crowd gets louder with every exchange.

Then everything breaks down. Samara launches herself with a Starfall onto everyone at ringside. The gymnasium erupts into cheers as bodies lie everywhere. All four competitors crashed down on the mat.

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

Michelle Rylan: "Somebody check if she's still alive!"

Samara sits up smirking, but Evelyn isn't smiling. She tackles Samara immediately. The two women begin brawling. They throw punches, forearms, yanking at each other's hair as they tumble around the ring. Neither woman wants to stop. Officials try to separate them.

Bad idea.

They get shoved aside. The fight spills into the crowd. The audience goes wild.

The Bandit: "They're leaving!"

Michelle Rylan: "Somebody stop them!"

Samara and Evelyn disappear deeper into the audience while still fighting. Security follows. The camera eventually gives up.

Back at ringside only Mercer and Highlander remain.

The crowd senses the moment.

Hero versus hero. One semifinal spot. Two fan favorites.

Mercer offers a nod. Highlander nods back. Then they start swinging. The audience explodes.

Mercer.

Highlander.

Mercer!

Highlander!

Neither man gives an inch. Highlander lands a huge clothesline. Mercer answers with a powerslam.

ONE!

TWO!

Highlander kicks out. Mercer tries Last Stop, but Highlander escapes.

SOUTHERN CROSS!

Mercer crashes violently into the turnbuckles. The crowd rises as Highlander follows him in.

SUPERKICK!

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

MERCER KICKS OUT!

Massive reaction from the packed gym.

Michelle Rylan: "I thought that was it!"

Highlander can't believe it as he wipes a trickle of sweat from his eyes. Mercer slowly rises. The crowd begins clapping. Both men are exhausted. Both men swing again. Mercer ducks.

DUST DEVIL LARIAT!

Highlander flips inside out. Mercer covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

Highlander barely survives. Mercer pulls him up. Last Stop attempt.

No!

Highlander slips behind.

SUCH IS LIFE!

The enziguri connects flush, leaving Mercer staggering. Highlander hits the ropes.

FALLING HAMMER!

The scissors kick lands clean. Mercer collapses like a sack of bricks. With the fans screaming his name, Highlander drops and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

The crowd erupts.

Shirley Powers: "Here is your winner... and advancing in the World Championship Classic... DAN 'THE HAMMER' HIGHLANDER!"

The audience rises to their feet. Highlander sits on the mat for a moment, relief visible on his face. Not arrogance, not celebration. Relief. A victory, and a meaningful one at that.

Mercer slowly gets back to his feet. The two men lock eyes. Mercer extends his hand, and Highlander accepts. The crowd cheers for both competitors.

Michelle Rylan: "That is respect."

The Bandit: "And maybe exactly what Dan Highlander needed."

Highlander climbs the turnbuckles, the audience roars. For the first time all night he allows himself a smile. The camera pulls back showing the Hammer standing tall.

One step closer to redemption. One step closer to becoming the first HVW Champion.

And with the crowd cheering thunderously around him...

HVW Saturday Night fades to black.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite