

HVW Saturday Night: HVW Saturday Night - Episode 14

Promotion: Heroes & Villains Wrestling
Date: October 2, 2026
Location: Eagle Pass Independent School District Gym — Eagle Pass, TX

Results

The Morning After The Aftermath

Segment

The screen is black.

For several seconds, there is nothing.

No music.

No commentary.

No graphics.

Just darkness.

Then—

A GUITAR RIFF.

A loud, dirty southern-rock guitar tears through the silence.

The screen flashes to life.

A long stretch of Texas highway.

The camera rides low beside the asphalt as a pickup truck tears past.

Cut.

A weathered highway sign.

EAGLE PASS

Cut.

A row of storefronts along a downtown street.

Cut.

A pair of boots stepping onto concrete.

Cut.

A Texas flag hanging from a light pole.

Cut.

A hand-painted sign being lifted over a crowd.

SATURDAY NIGHT IS HERE.

The guitar continues.

The drums kick in.

And then—

BOOM!

Fireworks erupt outside the Eagle Pass Independent School District Gym.

The camera pulls back.

The building is surrounded by parked trucks, cars and tailgaters.

People are pouring toward the doors.

HVW shirts.

Homemade signs.

Cowboy hats.

Denim.

Work boots.

Families.

Teenagers.

Old wrestling fans who have clearly been doing this for decades.

The camera follows the crowd through the entrance.

And suddenly—

The gym explodes.

The familiar Saturday Night atmosphere is there.

But tonight, it feels different.

The bleachers are packed.

Fans are standing shoulder-to-shoulder around the floor.

The ring sits beneath a simple lighting rig.

No giant digital wall.

No futuristic holographic spectacle.

No elaborate technological production.

Just ropes.

Steel.

A canvas.

A packed Texas gym.

And a whole lot of noise.

Another volley of fireworks erupts above the entrance.

The crowd roars.

The southern-rock theme hits its final guitar chord.

The camera cuts to ringside.

Michelle Rylan sits behind the commentary desk, microphone already in hand.

Beside her, The Bandit adjusts his cowboy hat and looks out at the crowd.

Michelle Rylan: "Eagle Pass, Texas!"

The crowd erupts.

Michelle Rylan: "Welcome to Heroes & Villains Wrestling Saturday Night!"

Another huge reaction.

The Bandit leans toward his microphone.

The Bandit: "Now THAT sounds like a Saturday night."

Michelle smiles.

Michelle Rylan: "And believe me, Bandit, after what we've seen over the last four days, I don't think anybody in this building quite knows what tonight is going to look like."

The Bandit: "I know what it's gonna look like."

Michelle Rylan: "Oh?"

The Bandit: "Loud."

The crowd cheers.

The Bandit: "Violent."

Another cheer.

The Bandit: "Probably a little stupid."

Michelle Rylan: "That's your prediction?"

The Bandit: "I'm from Texas, Michelle. I'm not predicting. I'm describing."

Michelle shakes her head as the camera sweeps across the crowd.

Michelle Rylan: "Saturday Night is coming off one of the most consequential weekends in the short history of Heroes & Villains Wrestling."

The screen cuts to footage from Iron & Glory.

Danielle Page standing inside Hell in a Cell.

Dan Highlander lying on the canvas.

Danielle holding the HVW World Heavyweight Championship.

Cut.

Queen Bianca Davis raising the Territory Championship.

Cut.

Cayden Cole grabbing the Darkheart Championship contract.

Cut.

Bad Juju standing over The Gentleman's Club.

Cut.

Then—

The footage abruptly cuts away.

Michelle Rylan: "Iron & Glory changed championships."

The Bandit: "Changed friendships."

Michelle Rylan: "Changed allegiances."

The Bandit: "Changed brands."

Michelle Rylan: "And apparently changed a few people's dental records."

The Bandit: "Derrick Vayden and Jason Cashe would like to subscribe to that statement."

The crowd laughs.

The footage continues.

Queen Bianca Davis holding the Territory Championship.

The Bandit: "Queen Bianca walked out of Belton with the Territory Championship and walked into Tuesday night."

Michelle Rylan: "The Cross Lions survived their Alliance Championship defense at Iron & Glory..."

The screen cuts to Cross Lions celebrating.

"...only to lose those championships three nights later at Digital Aftershock."

Eric Paisano and Nick Micevski raise the titles.

Michelle Rylan: "The Playboys are now champions."

Cut.

Lex Collins holding the No Limits Championship.

Michelle Rylan: "Lex Collins became the new No Limits Champion."

Cut.

Madison Carter celebrating.

Michelle Rylan: "Madison Carter became the number-one contender."

Cut.

Danielle Page holding the World Championship.

Michelle Rylan: "And Danielle Page remains the HVW World Heavyweight Champion."

The screen freezes on Danielle.

The Bandit: "Again."

Michelle Rylan: "Again."

The Bandit: "That woman is becoming a problem."

Michelle looks toward him.

Michelle Rylan: "A problem?"

The Bandit: "For everybody who keeps trying to take that belt from her."

Michelle Rylan: "Fair."

The screen changes.

Danielle Page standing over Angelica.

Then—

Jaiden Rishel entering the ring.

The crowd's reaction immediately changes.

Michelle's expression becomes more serious.

Michelle Rylan: "But none of that..."

The footage shows Jaiden standing across from Angelica.

"...was the story that closed Digital Aftershock."

The screen goes black.

The crowd quiets.

Michelle Rylan: "Because after Danielle Page successfully defended the World Heavyweight Championship against Angelica..."

The screen flashes.

JAIDEN RISHEL.

The crowd reacts.

The Bandit: "The CWF CEO."

Another flash.

ANGELICA.

Michelle Rylan: "The former Hacker."

Another flash.

THE SHERIFF.

The crowd grows louder.

Michelle Rylan: "And then..."

The screen cuts to the final moments.

The Sheriff standing at ringside.

Jaiden turning toward him.

The Sheriff's hand reaching toward his own face.

The Eagle Pass crowd watches the footage almost silently.

The Bandit: "And then everything changed."

The Sheriff begins tearing away the artificial skin.

One piece.

Then another.

Then another.

The screen reveals the face underneath.

J. RISH.

The crowd erupts.

Michelle Rylan: "J. Rish."

A massive reaction rolls through the gym.

The Bandit removes his hat.

For once, he doesn't have a joke.

The Bandit: "Jaiden Rishel's father."

Michelle Rylan: "The founder of Championship Wrestling Federation."

The screen shows Jaiden's stunned reaction.

Michelle Rylan: "A man who has been believed dead for years."

The Bandit: "A man whose death became part of the history of CWF."

Michelle Rylan: "A man who apparently wasn't dead."

The Bandit: "That's the part I'm having trouble getting past."

Michelle looks toward the camera.

Michelle Rylan: "And perhaps most disturbing of all..."

The screen cuts to Angelica.

Smiling.

Watching.

Michelle Rylan: "...Angelica knew."

The crowd murmurs.

The Bandit: "Oh, she knew."

Michelle Rylan: "She wasn't surprised."

The Bandit: "She wasn't confused."

Michelle Rylan: "She wasn't asking questions."

The Bandit: "She looked like somebody finally turned the last page of a book she'd already read."

A pause.

The Bandit looks directly into the camera.

The Bandit: "And I don't know what that means."

Michelle Rylan: "Neither do I."

The camera cuts back to the packed Eagle Pass crowd.

Michelle Rylan: "But tonight, for the first time since that reveal, Heroes & Villains Wrestling is back in front of you."

The crowd cheers.

Michelle Rylan: "And we're not in Corpus Christi."

The Bandit: "Nope."

Michelle Rylan: "We're not in Belton."

The Bandit: "Nope."

Michelle Rylan: "We're right here in Eagle Pass."

The Bandit: "Where we like it."

Michelle Rylan: "Because this is Saturday Night."

The crowd cheers again.

The Bandit points toward the fans.

The Bandit: "This is our house."

Michelle Rylan: "Although..."

The Bandit looks over.

The Bandit: "Here we go."

Michelle Rylan: "There is one little piece of news that these fans should know."

The Bandit sighs dramatically.

The Bandit: "Don't tell 'em."

Michelle Rylan: "The October Saturday Night event will be the final time this brand performs inside one of these Texas gymnasiums."

The crowd gives a mixed reaction.

Michelle Rylan: "After the October pay-per-view, Saturday Night is going to begin moving beyond the gymnasiums that have helped define this brand."

The Bandit: "Now, before everybody gets upset—"

The crowd boos playfully.

The Bandit: "—I didn't say we're leaving Texas."

The crowd cheers.

The Bandit: "I said we're leaving the gymnasiums."

Michelle Rylan: "Saturday Night is growing."

The Bandit: "Getting bigger."

Michelle Rylan: "But we're not losing what makes it Saturday Night."

The Bandit looks around the building.

The Bandit: "That's the important part."

He gestures toward the fans.

The Bandit: "You can take away the bleachers."

He gestures toward the ring.

The Bandit: "You can put us in a bigger building."

Then he points toward the crowd.

The Bandit: "But you better not take away THIS."

The crowd erupts.

Michelle Rylan: "The noise."

The Bandit: "The people."

Michelle Rylan: "The Texas roots."

The Bandit: "The southern rock."

Michelle Rylan: "The unpredictability."

The Bandit: "And the fact that somebody is probably gonna get thrown through something before we're done tonight."

Michelle Rylan: "That, unfortunately, is probably a guarantee."

The crowd laughs.

The Saturday Night graphic appears on the screen.

HVW SATURDAY NIGHT

EPISODE 14

EAGLE PASS, TEXAS

Michelle Rylan: "And tonight, the fallout from the PPV weekend doesn't stop."

The Bandit: "Not even close."

Michelle Rylan: "We start with Emi Marek taking on Tinsley Fairchild."

The crowd reacts.

The Bandit: "Two competitors who are going to be looking to make an impression tonight."

Michelle Rylan: "Then Team Madness—Alexandria Monroe and Echo Layne—goes to war with HOSTILITY's Reaper and Xander Daniels."

The Bandit: "And considering what HOSTILITY has been doing lately, I wouldn't exactly call that a friendly reunion."

Michelle Rylan: "Not by any definition."

The graphic changes.

KASHE KEIBLER vs. YUNA OBSIDIAN

Michelle Rylan: "Kashe Keibler meets Yuna Obsidian in singles competition."

The Bandit: "And after everything that happened between Yuna and Samara Astrid at Iron & Glory..."

Michelle Rylan: "Yuna has a lot to prove."

The graphic changes.

THE PLAYBOYS vs. DERRICK VAYDEN & STEVIE WARWICK

Michelle Rylan: "The brand-new Alliance Champions, The Playboys, are back in action tonight against Derrick Vayden and Stevie Warwick."

The Bandit: "That's always an interesting situation."

Michelle Rylan: "Because Eric Paisano and Nick Micevski haven't exactly had time to celebrate."

The Bandit: "They've got gold around their waists and targets on their backs."

Michelle Rylan: "Exactly."

The graphic changes.

DARKHEART CHAMPIONSHIP

DEACON ST. JOHN © vs. CAYDEN COLE

The crowd gets louder.

Michelle Rylan: "And then we have the first championship match of the night."

The Bandit: "Cayden Cole."

Michelle Rylan: "The winner of the Ultimate X match at Iron & Glory."

The Bandit: "He outlasted five other people hanging from those wires."

Michelle Rylan: "And now he gets Deacon St. John."

The Bandit: "That's a whole different kind of problem."

Michelle Rylan: "The Darkheart Championship is on the line."

The graphic fades.

Then—

MAIN EVENT

DANIELLE PAGE & CHRISTOPHER \$T. JAMES

vs.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS & VERA VEGA

The crowd immediately becomes louder.

Michelle Rylan: "And then, our main event."

The Bandit: "Oh, boy."

Michelle Rylan: "Danielle Page and Christopher \$t. James against Griffin Hawkins and Vera Vega."

The Bandit: "And there's a lot more than pride on the line."

Michelle Rylan: "There certainly is."

The graphic changes.

WHOEVER GETS THE PINFALL BECOMES THE NEW HVW WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP #1 CONTENDER

The crowd erupts.

The Bandit: "There it is!"

Michelle Rylan: "The competitor who scores the winning pinfall becomes the new number-one contender for Danielle

Page's HVW World Heavyweight Championship."

The Bandit: "Which means Danielle Page could literally be fighting tonight to determine who gets to fight Danielle Page."

Michelle Rylan: "That is exactly what it means."

The Bandit: "And if Christopher \$t. James gets that pin?"

Michelle Rylan: "He becomes the number-one contender."

The Bandit: "If Griffin Hawkins gets it?"

Michelle Rylan: "Same thing."

The Bandit: "Vera Vega?"

Michelle Rylan: "Same thing."

The Bandit pauses.

The Bandit: "What if Danielle gets the pin?"

Michelle looks at him.

Michelle Rylan: "Then Danielle Page becomes the number-one contender for her own championship."

The Bandit stares at her.

A beat.

The crowd laughs.

The Bandit: "That's gonna be one hell of a rematch."

Michelle bursts out laughing.

Michelle Rylan: "That's not how it works, Bandit."

The Bandit: "I'm just making sure we're reading the fine print."

Michelle Rylan: "You're something else."

The Bandit looks back toward the ring.

The Bandit: "But seriously..."

His expression becomes more serious.

The Bandit: "That main event could change everything."

Michelle nods.

Michelle Rylan: "Because coming out of this weekend, we know Danielle Page is still the champion."

She pauses.

Michelle Rylan: "We know the landscape around her has changed."

Another pause.

Michelle Rylan: "And we know that somebody tonight is going to walk out of Eagle Pass with a guaranteed opportunity at that championship."

The Bandit: "Assuming Danielle doesn't find some way to make sure they don't."

Michelle Rylan: "That's the other question."

The camera slowly pulls back.

The Eagle Pass crowd is standing.

The ring lights brighten.

The opening music begins again.

Michelle Rylan: "The PPVs are over."

The Bandit: "For now."

Michelle Rylan: "The champions have been crowned."

The Bandit: "And dethroned."

Michelle Rylan: "The brands have changed."

The Bandit: "And apparently somebody who was supposed to be dead came back from the grave."

Michelle Rylan: "And we still have no idea what that means."

The Bandit puts his hat back on.

The Bandit: "Welcome to Saturday Night."

Michelle Rylan: "Welcome to the aftermath."

The camera cuts toward the entrance.

Michelle Rylan: "Welcome to Eagle Pass."

The crowd erupts.

BOOM!

Another massive burst of fireworks explodes over the entrance.

Michelle Rylan: "Let's get this thing started!"

The camera cuts away from the commentary desk.

CUT TO BACKSTAGE.

A Very Expensive Grudge

Segment

The camera opens backstage inside the Eagle Pass Independent School District Gym in Eagle Pass, Texas.

The building is already buzzing outside.

But down one particular hallway, things are noticeably quieter.

The camera settles on a door.

And directly in front of it sits a custom-made doormat.

Pink.

Fluffy.

Covered in rhinestones.

And right in the center is a cartoonish poop emoji.

Underneath it, in glittering letters:

EMI MAREK'S WELCOME MAT

The camera lingers on it for a moment.

Then—

Knock. Knock. Knock.

The door opens.

Standing behind it is Tinsley Fairchild.

She's dressed in a pastel pink bodysuit, impossibly high heels and enough jewelry to make the hallway lights reflect off her from several feet away.

She looks at Tara Robinson.

Then at the camera.

Then down at the doormat.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Oh, don't mind that."

She smiles.

Tinsley Fairchild: "It's just a little inside joke."

Tara Robinson looks down at the mat.

Tara Robinson: "Emi's?"

Tinsley puts a finger to her lips.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Shhh."

She giggles.

Tinsley Fairchild: "You're learning."

Tinsley opens the door wider.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Come in."

Tara steps inside.

Immediately, a sharply dressed butler appears.

Tinsley gestures toward him.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Please close the door, James."

The butler closes it.

The camera follows Tara farther inside.

And the room is absurd.

There are framed photographs of Tinsley.

Tinsley action figures.

Tinsley shirts.

Custom Tinsley handbags.

Tinsley posters.

A display case filled with jewelry.

A miniature replica of a wrestling ring with a tiny Tinsley figure standing in the center.

There is even a large illuminated sign on the wall:

THE TINSLEY ERA

Tara slowly looks around.

Tara Robinson: "Wow."

Tinsley smiles proudly.

Tinsley Fairchild: "I know."

She walks toward one of several elaborate chairs.

Tinsley Fairchild: "James?"

The butler approaches.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Gin and tonic."

James nods.

Tinsley points toward Tara.

Tinsley Fairchild: "And..."

She looks Tara up and down.

A pause.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Nothing for her."

Tara blinks.

Tinsley Fairchild: "She can have water if she finds the courage to ask."

Tinsley sits down in one of the plush chairs.

She gestures toward a single metal folding chair positioned several feet away.

Tinsley Fairchild: "You can sit there."

Tara looks at the chair.

Then at Tinsley.

Tara sits.

Tinsley smiles.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Perfect."

She crosses her legs.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Now."

She picks up a compact mirror.

Checks her reflection.

Adjusts her hair.

Then finally looks at Tara.

Tinsley Fairchild: "You wanted to talk about Emi."

Tara Robinson: "I did."

Tinsley's expression immediately changes.

The smile remains.

But the sweetness disappears.

Tinsley Fairchild: "I hate Emi Marek."

Tara raises an eyebrow.

Tinsley Fairchild: "And I don't mean wrestling-hate."

She closes her compact.

Tinsley Fairchild: "I mean I've genuinely disliked that girl since before either one of us ever stepped foot inside HVW."

She leans back.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Before HVW. Before Eagle Pass. Before any of this."

Tinsley points toward the camera.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Emi and I already had history."

She pauses.

Tinsley Fairchild: "And she took something from me."

Tara Robinson: "A championship?"

Tinsley nods.

Tinsley Fairchild: "My first championship."

Her expression hardens.

Tinsley Fairchild: "My first belt. My first taste of being the champion."

She shakes her head.

Tinsley Fairchild: "And Emi Marek took it."

A beat.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Do you know what it's like to have something that belongs to you..."

She looks toward the camera.

Tinsley Fairchild: "...and have some happy little sunshine girl walk away with it?"

She scoffs.

Tinsley Fairchild: "I couldn't stand her."

Tinsley rises from her chair.

She walks over to a shelf containing several pieces of memorabilia.

Tinsley Fairchild: "And then she came into that company acting like..."

She adopts an exaggeratedly cheerful voice.

Tinsley Fairchild: "'Oh my gosh! I'm so excited to be here! Everyone is so amazing! This is so awesome!'"

Tinsley rolls her eyes.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Girl."

She turns toward Tara.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Please."

She laughs.

Tinsley Fairchild: "I walked into that locker room and knew exactly who I was."

She points toward herself.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Tinsley Fairchild."

She gestures around the room.

Tinsley Fairchild: "She walked in acting like she won a sweepstakes."

Tara Robinson: "You weren't exactly beloved in that locker room either."

Tinsley freezes.

Slowly turns.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Excuse me?"

Tara smiles slightly.

Tara Robinson: "You weren't."

Tinsley stares at her.

Then smiles.

Tinsley Fairchild: "You're right."

She walks back toward her chair.

Tinsley Fairchild: "I wasn't."

She sits.

Tinsley Fairchild: "The first time I walked into that locker room, I got into an argument with half the women's roster."

She shrugs.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Apparently people don't like hearing the truth."

Tara Robinson: "You were criticizing their outfits."

Tinsley Fairchild: "They were criticizing themselves by wearing them."

Tara fights a smile.

Tinsley Fairchild: "And then I had a heated argument with one of their veterans at their Hall of Fame."

She crosses her legs again.

Tinsley Fairchild: "My first time meeting everyone."

She smiles.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Iconic."

Tara Robinson: "You didn't have many friends."

Tinsley Fairchild: "I didn't need them."

Her answer comes immediately.

Tinsley Fairchild: "That's the difference."

She leans forward.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Everyone hated me."

A smile.

Tinsley Fairchild: "So I used it."

She taps her finger against the armrest.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Every insult motivated me."

Another tap.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Every person who told me I didn't belong made me work harder."

She smiles wider.

Tinsley Fairchild: "And eventually?"

She gestures around herself.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Tag team champion."

A beat.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Part of one of the biggest factions in that company."

She leans back.

Tinsley Fairchild: "And suddenly all those people who couldn't stand me had to look at me holding championship gold."

Tinsley looks directly into the camera.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Funny how that works."

James returns with her drink.

Tinsley takes it without looking at him.

She takes a sip.

Tinsley Fairchild: "And now I'm here."

She looks around the room.

Tinsley Fairchild: "HVW."

She smiles.

Tinsley Fairchild: "New company."

She takes another sip.

Tinsley Fairchild: "New locker room."

She looks toward the camera.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Same Tinsley."

Tara Robinson: "And Emi is here too."

Tinsley's smile disappears again.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Yes."

A long pause.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Unfortunately."

She puts her glass down.

Tinsley Fairchild: "But that's okay."

She stands.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Because before the Tinsley Era really begins..."

She walks toward the door.

Tinsley Fairchild: "...I have one little piece of unfinished business."

She looks directly at the camera.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Emi."

She smiles.

Tinsley Fairchild: "You took my first championship from me."

A pause.

Tinsley Fairchild: "You annoyed me."

Another.

Tinsley Fairchild: "You embarrassed me."

Her smile becomes colder.

Tinsley Fairchild: "And tomorrow night, I'm going to return the favor."

Tara Robinson: "Tomorrow night?"

Tinsley glances at her.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Tonight."

She checks her wrist.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Actually, in about..."

She looks at the time.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Oh, whatever."

She waves dismissively.

Tinsley Fairchild: "The point is, I'm kicking Emi Marek's ass."

She picks up a small designer purse.

Tinsley Fairchild: "And then?"

She smiles.

Tinsley Fairchild: "The Tinsley Era officially begins."

Tara stands.

Tinsley immediately points toward the door.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Okay, that's enough."

Tara looks confused.

Tara Robinson: "Enough?"

Tinsley Fairchild: "I have a three o'clock mani-pedi."

She gestures toward the door.

Tinsley Fairchild: "And unlike some people, I respect appointments."

Tara starts walking.

Tinsley Fairchild: "James?"

The butler opens the door.

Tara steps through.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Escort her out."

James nods.

Tinsley stays behind.

As Tara exits, a cleaner immediately walks into the room carrying disinfectant.

He approaches the steel chair.

Tinsley watches.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Make sure you sanitize that."

The cleaner nods.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Who knows where she's been?"

The door closes.

A moment later, the door opens again.

Tinsley steps into the hallway holding a tiny, perfectly groomed puppy.

She smiles sweetly.

She waves at Tara.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Bye!"

The puppy's tiny paw is lifted toward the camera.

Tinsley blows a kiss.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Wish Emi luck."

A beat.

Tinsley smiles.

Tinsley Fairchild: "She's going to need it."

The door closes.

The camera remains on the ridiculous pink doormat.

The poop emoji sits directly in the center of the frame.

CUT TO BLACK.

A Matter of Minutes

Segment

Backstage at the Eagle Pass Independent School District Gym, Tara Robinson stands beside Emi Marek as the sounds of the Saturday Night crowd rumble through the walls.

Emi is already dressed for competition, her posture relaxed but her eyes focused. She looks toward the camera as Tara raises the microphone.

Tara Robinson: "Emi, in just a few minutes you're going one-on-one with Tinsley Fairchild. You've both had history together before coming to HVW, and judging by what we've heard from Tinsley tonight, that history isn't exactly—"

A voice cuts her off.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Oh, please."

The camera shifts.

Tinsley Fairchild steps into frame wearing immaculate high-end streetwear, designer sunglasses pushed onto the top of her head. One hand holds her phone while the other lazily fans herself with what appears to be a luxury shopping receipt.

She doesn't even look at Emi at first.

Tinsley Fairchild: "We're really still talking about that?"

She glances at her phone.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Emi, babe, losing those promotion tag titles was a minor inconvenience. That's all it was."

She finally looks up.

Tinsley Fairchild: "For you, maybe it was devastating. For me? It barely made the schedule."

Emi's expression doesn't change.

Tinsley takes a few steps closer, looking Emi up and down.

Tinsley Fairchild: "And now we're supposed to pretend this little match is some huge opportunity for you?"

Emi Marek: "No."

Tinsley pauses.

Emi looks directly at her.

Emi Marek: "You are."

The faintest smile crosses Emi's face.

Emi Marek: "You keep talking about your status. Your money. Your clothes. Your name."

She takes one step toward Tinsley.

Emi Marek: "But the only thing bigger than your ego..."

A beat.

Emi Marek: "...is the beating you're about to receive."

Tinsley's expression drops.

For perhaps the first time, the smugness disappears completely.

She slowly adjusts her sunglasses.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Cute."

She scoffs and turns away.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Enjoy your fifteen minutes."

Tinsley struts off down the hallway, already returning her attention to her phone as though the conversation never happened.

Tara looks toward Emi.

Emi doesn't answer.

She simply watches Tinsley disappear around the corner, her expression becoming colder and more focused by the second.

Then Emi turns toward the camera.

A quiet breath.

Emi Marek: "Let's go."

She walks toward the arena.

CUT TO: the roaring Eagle Pass crowd.

Emi Marek vs. Tinsley Fairchild

Match

The opening bell sounds inside the Eagle Pass Independent School District Gym, and the packed Texas crowd immediately comes alive. There is a noticeably different energy surrounding this one compared to the usual opening contest. This isn't simply two competitors making their HVW singles debuts against one another. There is history here, and after everything both women have said about each other tonight, there is something personal hanging over the ring.

Shirley Powers introduces both competitors, and the contrast could not be more obvious.

Emi Marek emerges first to a strong ovation, moving with the same composed confidence she has displayed throughout her arrival in HVW. She makes her way down the aisle in her ornate robe, the gold and white feathers catching the light as she walks. Once inside the ring, Emi removes the robe with deliberate grace and hands it away before turning toward the opposite corner. She waits.

Then the music changes.

Tinsley Fairchild steps onto the stage dressed like she's walking into a fashion show instead of a wrestling match. She pauses at the top of the aisle, checks her reflection in her phone, flips her hair, and gives the crowd a sarcastic little kiss before beginning her runway-style walk toward the ring. The Eagle Pass crowd responds with a chorus of boos.

Michelle Rylan: "Tinsley Fairchild has spent the entire day telling everyone that this match is beneath her."

The Bandit: "And she's spent the entire day making sure everybody knows how expensive she looks while doing it."

Michelle Rylan: "Well, eventually all the designer clothes in the world stop mattering when that bell rings."

Tinsley climbs through the ropes and immediately looks across the ring at Emi. She slowly removes her sunglasses, hands them to an official at ringside, and gives Emi a dismissive little wave.

Emi simply nods.

The bell rings.

Tinsley immediately backs toward the ropes.

The crowd boos.

Emi takes a step forward.

Tinsley takes another step backward.

Then, without warning, Tinsley suddenly charges.

Emi meets her in the center of the ring with a sharp arm drag, sending Tinsley rolling across the canvas. Tinsley pops back up and charges again, only for Emi to catch her with another arm drag. This time Tinsley lands harder, rolls toward the ropes, and immediately checks her hair.

The Bandit: "She's checking her hair."

Michelle Rylan: "She just got thrown across the ring!"

The Bandit: "Exactly. You want to make sure the important things are still intact."

Tinsley angrily gets to her feet, but Emi is already waiting. The Skyward Songbird catches her with a quick spinning heel kick that sends Tinsley stumbling backward into the corner. Emi follows with a series of rapid strikes, moving with the explosive speed that has defined her career. A forearm. A kick to the ribs. Another forearm. Tinsley covers up as Emi forces her deeper into the corner, and the crowd begins clapping along with every shot.

Tinsley finally manages to shove Emi away and rolls underneath the bottom rope.

The crowd rains down boos.

Emi moves toward the ropes, but Tinsley immediately raises both hands.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Back off!"

Emi stops.

Tinsley points toward her own face.

Tinsley Fairchild: "You almost ruined my makeup."

Michelle Rylan: "I don't think that's what Emi was trying to do."

The Bandit: "It's obviously what she was trying to do, Michelle. She's ruthless."

Tinsley slowly climbs back onto the apron, but Emi catches her with a kick to the midsection before she can fully enter. Emi grabs her by the wrist and attempts to pull her through the ropes, but Tinsley drops her weight. The two struggle for position before Tinsley suddenly drives Emi's shoulder into the top rope. Emi recoils, and Tinsley uses the opening to rake her boot across Emi's face.

The referee immediately warns her.

Tinsley throws her hands up innocently.

Tinsley Fairchild: "What? I slipped."

The crowd boos again.

Tinsley smiles.

Then she attacks.

Tinsley grabs Emi from behind and drives her face-first into the turnbuckle. She follows with a running knee to the back, trapping Emi against the corner before pulling her into a snap DDT. Tinsley hooks one leg.

One!

Two!

Emi kicks out.

Tinsley immediately sits up and looks at the referee in disbelief.

Tinsley Fairchild: "That was three!"

The referee shakes his head.

Tinsley rolls her eyes and gets back to work. She drags Emi toward the center of the ring and starts slowing the match down, using short kicks and stomps whenever Emi tries to rise. Every time Emi gets one knee underneath her, Tinsley knocks her back down. There is nothing frantic about it. Tinsley is deliberately trying to frustrate Emi, and every time the crowd starts getting behind her opponent, Tinsley turns toward them and blows a mocking kiss.

Michelle Rylan: "This is where Tinsley's arrogance becomes dangerous. She knows she can't match Emi's speed for an entire match, so she's trying to control the pace."

The Bandit: "She's also trying to make Emi angry."

Michelle Rylan: "That could be a mistake."

It is.

Tinsley grabs Emi by the hair and pulls her toward the ropes, but Emi suddenly drives an elbow into Tinsley's stomach. Another elbow follows. Then another. Emi breaks free and explodes forward with a combination of strikes that catches Tinsley completely off guard.

A back elbow.

A high kick.

A spinning heel kick.

Tinsley staggers.

Emi rebounds off the ropes and catches her with a wheelbarrow facebuster.

Both women hit the mat.

The crowd erupts.

Emi rolls onto her back, breathing heavily, then slowly pushes herself upright. Tinsley is crawling toward the ropes, but Emi is already moving. She grabs Tinsley's wrist and pulls her toward the center.

Emi Marek: "Get up."

Tinsley looks up at her.

Emi Marek: "You wanted this."

Tinsley swings.

Emi ducks.

Emi springs off the ropes and catches Tinsley with a running back elbow — Sweet Dreams.

Tinsley crumples.

Emi covers.

One!

Two!

Tinsley kicks out.

The crowd groans.

Emi doesn't show frustration. Instead, she sits up, takes a deep breath and looks around at the crowd. The Eagle Pass fans begin building behind her.

Emi rises.

She pulls Tinsley to her feet and hooks her for the Asai DDT setup.

Tinsley panics.

She drives a knee into Emi's stomach.

Emi doubles over.

Tinsley grabs her by the head and attempts The Trust Fund, but Emi shoves her away. Tinsley rebounds off the ropes and Emi catches her with a snap dragon suplex!

Tinsley lands hard.

She rolls through the impact and scrambles toward the corner.

Emi is already climbing.

The crowd rises.

Emi steps onto the second rope.

Tinsley suddenly grabs the referee.

Michelle Rylan: "Oh, come on!"

The Bandit: "That is strategically sound."

Michelle Rylan: "She's using the referee as a human shield!"

Emi hesitates when she sees the official trapped between her and Tinsley. That split second is enough.

Tinsley reaches through the ropes and grabs Emi by the ankle.

She yanks.

Emi loses her balance and crashes face-first onto the top turnbuckle before tumbling awkwardly to the canvas.

The crowd boos furiously.

Tinsley immediately releases the referee and drops down beside Emi.

Tinsley Fairchild: "You should've stayed on the runway."

Tinsley drags Emi toward the middle of the ring.

She pulls Emi up.

Emi is dazed, but still fighting.

Tinsley swings for Inheritance.

Emi ducks.

Tinsley spins around.

Emi catches her with a desperate kick to the jaw.

Both women stumble.

Emi somehow remains upright.

She grabs Tinsley.

Asai DDT!

Tinsley crashes onto the mat.

Emi covers!

One!

Two!

Tinsley barely gets her shoulder up.

The Eagle Pass crowd is on its feet.

Emi looks toward the ropes.

She knows what she needs.

She begins climbing.

Michelle Rylan: "Emi Marek is going upstairs!"

The Bandit: "If she hits the Phoenix Splash, Tinsley Fairchild is finished!"

Emi reaches the top rope.

Tinsley lies motionless below her.

Emi steadies herself.

Then Tinsley rolls away.

Emi sees her move and immediately adjusts, climbing down from the turnbuckle instead of blindly taking the risk.

She goes after Tinsley.

Tinsley turns.

Emi charges.

Tinsley drops.

Emi flies over her and lands awkwardly on her feet.

Tinsley catches Emi from behind.

Beauty Mark!

The running knee/codebreaker connects flush.

Emi collapses.

Tinsley doesn't cover immediately.

Instead, she looks toward the corner.

She smiles.

She climbs to the second rope.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Watch closely."

She launches.

Platinum Plunge!

The moonsault connects!

Tinsley rolls through the impact and hooks both legs.

One!

Two!

Emi kicks out!

The building erupts.

Tinsley sits up in absolute disbelief.

Tinsley Fairchild: "WHAT?!"

She looks at the referee.

Then at Emi.

Then back at the referee.

The crowd starts chanting for Emi.

Tinsley angrily grabs Emi and starts pulling her upright.

Tinsley Fairchild: "You are not embarrassing me again!"

She goes for The Trust Fund.

Emi blocks it.

The two struggle.

Emi manages to slip behind her.

She spins Tinsley around.

Final Chorus!

Emi hits the Phoenix Splash!

But the impact has taken everything out of her. Emi rolls over slowly and crawls toward Tinsley.

She hooks the leg.

One!

Two!

Tinsley gets her foot on the bottom rope.

The referee immediately sees it and stops the count.

Emi sits up.

Tinsley is still down.

Then, slowly, Tinsley looks toward ringside.

Her eyes land on something.

The crowd notices too.

Tinsley reaches outside the ring and grabs the edge of her expensive designer jacket, which had been left near her corner.

Michelle Rylan: "What is she doing?"

The Bandit: "Whatever it takes."

Tinsley slips the jacket underneath herself and pulls it close.

Emi grabs her and begins dragging her back toward the center.

Tinsley suddenly swings the jacket.

Emi ducks.

The jacket misses.

But Tinsley immediately drops to the canvas and rolls into a small package!

One!

Two!

Emi kicks out!

Both women scramble to their feet.

Emi charges.

Tinsley sidesteps.

Emi stops herself before hitting the ropes and turns around.

Tinsley kicks her directly in the knee.

Emi drops.

Tinsley grabs her head.

Tinsley's Tease!

Snap DDT!

Tinsley immediately hooks the leg.

One!

Two!

Three!

The bell rings.

For a moment, the crowd is stunned.

Then the boos explode.

Shirley Powers: "Here is your winner... TINSLEY FAIRCHILD!"

Tinsley rolls away from Emi and immediately sits up, clutching her hair and checking her face. She looks exhausted, but the smile slowly returns.

Michelle Rylan: "Tinsley Fairchild stole that one!"

The Bandit: "Stole? I prefer secured."

Michelle Rylan: "She tried using the jacket, nearly got caught with a small package, and then capitalized on Emi's injured knee!"

The Bandit: "And yet the record book is going to say Tinsley Fairchild won."

Tinsley gets to her feet and demands that Shirley Powers raise her hand.

The official does so.

Tinsley immediately pulls her hand away, straightens her hair, and looks down at Emi.

She gives her a slow, mocking round of applause.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Fifteen minutes."

The crowd boos.

Tinsley points at herself.

Tinsley Fairchild: "Mine."

She turns and walks toward the ropes, but stops halfway through them.

For just a moment, she looks back.

Emi is sitting against the ropes, still catching her breath. She looks furious, but she doesn't throw a tantrum. She simply watches Tinsley.

Their eyes meet.

Tinsley smiles.

Then she blows Emi a kiss and disappears through the ropes.

Emi slowly gets back to her feet.

She looks toward the aisle.

Tinsley is already halfway up the ramp, celebrating her victory.

Emi doesn't chase her.

Instead, Emi looks down at the mat, takes a deep breath, and then looks back toward Tinsley with a cold, unwavering stare.

The crowd begins chanting her name.

Emi nods once.

Not in defeat.

In recognition.

This isn't over.

The camera follows Tinsley as she disappears behind the curtain, still celebrating.

Then it cuts back to Emi standing alone in the ring.

CUT TO BLACK.

UPRISING: Revolution 15- THE SYSTEM IS DOWN

Segment

01010100 01001000 01000101 00100000 01010011 01011001 01010011 01010100 01000101 01001101 00100000
01001001 01010011 00100000 01000100 01001111 01010111 01001110

// SIGNAL... LOST //

The static becomes deafening. The picture never returns.

[END TRANSMISSION.]

The Numbers Don't Lie

Segment

The camera opens inside the HOSTILITY locker room.

The room is quiet.

A single overhead light hangs above a table covered with papers, statistics, and a tablet. Xander Daniels sits at the table, scrolling through match results with the same detached concentration he might use to study an opponent's wrist tape. Across from him, Reaper sits against the wall, his enormous frame nearly swallowing the chair beneath him. He says nothing.

Xander scrolls again.

Xander Daniels: "The numbers aren't improving."

Reaper slowly raises his eyes.

Xander Daniels: "Iron & Glory was supposed to change that."

He taps the screen.

Xander Daniels: "It didn't."

Another swipe.

Xander Daniels: "Cross Lions beat us."

He pauses.

Xander Daniels: "Danielle lost nothing."

Reaper stares at him.

Xander Daniels: "Which means her patience is the variable we should be concerned about."

Silence.

Xander places the tablet on the table and looks directly at Reaper.

Xander Daniels: "You know what happens when the numbers stay like this?"

Reaper doesn't answer.

Xander Daniels: "People start getting removed from the equation."

Reaper's eyes remain fixed on him.

Reaper: "I know."

Xander nods once.

Xander Daniels: "Good."

He picks up one of the papers and studies it.

Xander Daniels: "We have opportunities. We have the resources. We have the size advantage. We have the technical advantage. And yet every time we reach the point where we're supposed to produce..."

He drops the paper onto the table.

Xander Daniels: "Something goes wrong."

Reaper's expression doesn't change.

Xander Daniels: "No more excuses."

A long pause.

Xander Daniels: "No more explanations."

Another.

Xander Daniels: "No more blaming circumstances."

He stands and walks around the table.

Xander Daniels: "Tonight is different."

Reaper slowly rises.

The room suddenly feels considerably smaller.

Xander stops in front of him.

Xander Daniels: "Alexandria Monroe."

A beat.

Xander Daniels: "Echo Layne."

He says both names as though entering variables into an equation.

Xander Daniels: "Team Madness."

For the first time, there is the faintest hint of amusement in his expression.

Xander Daniels: "That's appropriate."

Reaper looks toward him.

Xander Daniels: "Because by the time we're finished tonight, they're going to understand exactly how mad this situation can become."

Reaper takes one slow step forward.

Reaper: "Madness ends."

Xander looks at him.

Reaper: "Pain doesn't."

Xander gives a small nod.

Xander Daniels: "Exactly."

He picks up the tablet one last time.

Xander Daniels: "Alexandria likes to create momentum. Echo feeds off it. They move quickly, they communicate, they turn chaos into an advantage."

He locks the tablet.

Xander Daniels: "So we take the chaos away."

He looks toward Reaper.

Xander Daniels: "You break the rhythm."

Then he looks down at the tablet.

Xander Daniels: "I'll break the rest."

Reaper says nothing.

Xander walks toward the locker room door, stopping with his hand on the handle.

Xander Daniels: "The time for excuses is over."

He looks back.

Xander Daniels: "Tonight is the beginning of a new day."

The door opens.

Xander steps into the hallway.

Reaper remains behind for a moment.

He looks directly into the camera.

Reaper: "Alexandria."

A pause.

Reaper: "Echo."

His eyes narrow.

Reaper: "Run."

Reaper walks through the doorway.

The door closes behind him.

The camera holds on the empty room.

Then, from somewhere in the hallway outside, comes the unmistakable sound of Reaper's heavy footsteps moving slowly toward the arena.

One.

Two.

Three.

The screen cuts to black.

Team Madness (Alexandria Monroe & Echo Layne) vs. HOSTILITY (Reaper & Xander Daniels)

Match

The second match of Saturday Night is ready to go inside the Eagle Pass Independent School District Gym, and there is a noticeably different energy in the building after the opening contest between Emi Marek and Tinsley Fairchild. The crowd is still buzzing when the lights shift and the opening notes of "All the Good Girls Go to Hell" begin to play. Alex Monroe and Echo Layne emerge together, the longtime Team Madness pairing immediately feeding off the reaction from the Eagle Pass crowd. Alex is bouncing from foot to foot while Echo points toward the ring, both women slapping hands with fans as they make their way down the aisle. They have been teaming together since 2018, and that experience is obvious in the way they move together even before the bell rings.

Michelle Rylan: "Team Madness has been together for years, and that experience could be absolutely critical tonight."

The Bandit: "Eight years, Michelle. That's a long time to learn how to deal with your partner's insanity."

Michelle Rylan: "You're calling them insane?"

The Bandit: "They call themselves Team Madness!"

Michelle Rylan: "Fair enough."

Alex and Echo reach the ring and climb through the ropes together, immediately going to opposite corners and throwing their arms up to the crowd. The reaction is strong, but it changes when the music cuts.

The lights seem to get darker.

Reaper steps through the entranceway.

Behind him comes Xander Daniels.

The contrast is immediate.

Xander walks with his usual cold precision, eyes fixed on the ring and hands clasped behind his back for several steps before he finally adjusts his wrist tape. Reaper follows several feet behind him, his enormous frame making the entranceway look smaller. Neither man acknowledges the boos. Neither man looks toward the fans. They simply walk toward the ring like they are arriving at work.

Michelle Rylan: "This is a completely different HOSTILITY than the one we saw at Iron & Glory."

The Bandit: "Because they lost."

Michelle Rylan: "And they were told very clearly that losing wasn't acceptable."

The Bandit: "I saw that segment earlier tonight. Xander Daniels was talking about numbers, percentages, opportunities, outcomes..."

Michelle Rylan: "And Reaper had about four words."

The Bandit: "Four very unsettling words."

Reaper steps onto the apron.

Xander follows.

The two men enter the ring.

Xander looks across at Alex and Echo.

Reaper looks at them too.

Neither smiles.

Neither speaks.

Shirley Powers steps into the center of the ring and calls for both teams to their corners. The referee checks all four competitors before calling for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Alex Monroe and Xander Daniels start.

Alex immediately circles to Xander's left.

Xander doesn't move.

He watches her feet.

Alex darts forward.

Xander catches the initial collar-and-elbow attempt, but Alex slips underneath his arm and immediately attacks the wrist. She twists it, drops low and uses a quick Russian leg sweep to put Xander on the mat.

The crowd cheers.

Alex springs back to her feet and hits the ropes.

Michelle Rylan: "Alex Monroe is not going to let Xander Daniels dictate the pace!"

The Bandit: "That's smart. If you're five feet tall and you're standing across from a six-foot-two-hundred-and-twelve-pound technician who thinks he's smarter than everybody else, you better make him chase you."

Alex rebounds.

Standing double knee drop!

Xander rolls away just before the follow-up standing moonsault can connect.

Alex lands on her feet.

Xander is already standing.

He throws a standing dropkick.

Alex ducks underneath it.

The crowd pops again.

Alex comes off the opposite ropes.

Xander turns.

Superkick!

Xander catches her foot.

Michelle Rylan: "Got her!"

Alex immediately spins through.

Enzuigiri!

Xander releases her leg and stumbles toward the ropes.

The crowd cheers as Alex gets back up.

She grabs Xander by the arm.

Alex tries to drag him toward her corner.

Xander rolls forward.

He reverses the wrist control.

Alex rolls with him.

She comes back up.

Xander is waiting.

Dragon screw!

Alex hits the mat clutching her leg.

The Bandit: "There it is."

Michelle Rylan: "What?"

The Bandit: "The Blueprint."

Michelle Rylan: "That's a dragon screw."

The Bandit: "Blueprints have dragons now."

Xander doesn't waste the opening.

He grabs Alex by the ankle.

He drags her several feet across the canvas.

Alex reaches toward Echo.

Xander steps over her.

He pulls her upright.

German suplex!

Alex lands hard.

Xander immediately floats over.

One!

Two!

Alex kicks out.

Xander doesn't react.

He simply gets back to his feet.

He reaches toward his corner.

Reaper extends his hand.

Tag.

Reaper enters.

The reaction changes immediately.

Reaper grabs Alex by the throat.

The crowd gasps.

He lifts her completely off the canvas.

Alex kicks.

Reaper drops her.

Sidewalk slam!

The ring shakes.

Michelle Rylan: "That may have taken the air completely out of her!"

The Bandit: "Reaper doesn't need to be flashy. He just needs to make you regret having bones."

Reaper stands over Alex.

He doesn't celebrate.

He doesn't look toward the crowd.

He simply waits.

Alex begins pushing herself up.

Reaper grabs her again.

Snake Eyes!

Alex is thrown face-first into the turnbuckles.

She staggers backward.

Running splash!

Reaper crushes her against the corner.

Alex falls into a seated position.

Reaper backs away.

The crowd boos.

Reaper charges again.

Big boot!

Alex ducks.

Reaper's leg goes over her head.

Alex rolls underneath him.

She reaches her corner.

TAG!

Echo Layne explodes into the ring.

Michelle Rylan: "TAG!"

Echo immediately catches Reaper with a soaring dropkick!

Reaper takes a step backward.

Echo hits another!

The crowd rises.

Leg-feed enzuigiri!

Reaper drops to one knee.

Echo hits the ropes.

Suicide dive!

She flies through the ropes and crashes into Reaper on the floor.

The crowd erupts.

The Bandit: "MEOWGIC!"

Michelle Rylan: "That's Echo Layne!"

The Bandit: "I know! I'm being supportive!"

Echo gets back up and immediately rolls Reaper back inside.

She climbs onto the apron.

Alex reaches through the ropes.

Echo tags her.

Team Madness begins working together.

Alex enters.

Standing double knee drop!

Echo follows with a soaring dropkick!

Reaper falls backward.

Alex hits the ropes.

Shining Wizard!

Echo follows.

Natural Selection!

Reaper crashes to the mat.

The crowd is roaring.

Michelle Rylan: "This is exactly what Team Madness needed!"

The Bandit: "They're moving too quickly for Reaper!"

Alex grabs Reaper's arm.

Echo grabs the other.

They pull him upright.

Alex looks at Echo.

Echo nods.

They whip Reaper toward the ropes.

Reaper rebounds.

Both women strike simultaneously.

Reaper doesn't fall.

The crowd goes quiet for half a second.

Reaper looks at them.

Then grabs both women.

One in each hand.

The crowd gasps.

He throws them apart.

Alex crashes into the ropes.

Echo lands hard near the corner.

Reaper turns toward Alex.

Alex charges.

Reaper catches her.

Uranage!

Alex is driven violently into the mat.

Michelle Rylan: "GOOD LORD!"

The Bandit: "There goes the momentum!"

Reaper doesn't cover.

He turns toward Echo.

Echo is already coming.

She fires a leg-feed enzuigiri.

Reaper catches her ankle.

Echo spins.

She attempts an inverted stomp facebreaker.

Reaper catches her around the waist.

He lifts her.

Belly-to-belly suplex!

Echo lands hard.

Reaper stands.

Xander reaches out.

Tag.

Xander enters.

He immediately grabs Echo's leg.

He pulls her away from Alex.

Michelle Rylan: "And this is where Xander Daniels becomes so dangerous."

The Bandit: "Because he doesn't care that Echo's hurt."

Michelle Rylan: "Exactly."

The Bandit: "He sees an injured leg and thinks, 'Wonderful. A new target.'"

Xander stomps Echo's knee.

Once.

Twice.

Then a third time.

Echo tries to crawl away.

Xander grabs the leg.

Dragon screw!

Echo rolls over clutching her knee.

Xander immediately attacks the other leg.

He is methodical.

No wasted movement.

No wasted strikes.

He grabs Echo's ankle.

He pulls her toward the center.

Alex reaches out.

Xander deliberately turns Echo away from her.

Echo manages to get one hand onto the canvas.

She pushes herself up.

Xander catches her with a standing dropkick.

Echo falls backward.

Xander covers.

One!

Two!

Echo kicks out!

The crowd cheers.

Xander sits up.

There is no frustration.

He simply looks at Echo.

Then at Alex.

Then at Reaper.

Michelle Rylan: "That was a very deliberate cover."

The Bandit: "Everything Xander Daniels does is deliberate."

Michelle Rylan: "He was making Alex watch."

The Bandit: "That's worse."

Xander pulls Echo up.

Echo suddenly catches him with a jawbreaker.

Xander staggers.

Echo hits the ropes.

Soaring dropkick!

Xander falls.

Echo dives toward her corner.

Xander reaches.

Echo reaches.

Alex reaches farther.

TAG!

Alex comes through the ropes.

She unloads.

Superkick!

Xander staggers.

Elbow smash!

Shining Wizard!

Xander falls to one knee.

Alex hits the ropes.

Standing double knee drop!

She immediately climbs.

Standing moonsault!

The knees connect.

Cover!

One!

Two!

Xander kicks out!

The crowd erupts.

Michelle Rylan: "Alex Monroe nearly had him!"

The Bandit: "That might have been the best opportunity Team Madness gets tonight."

Alex grabs Xander by the arm.

She attempts This Is Madness.

Leg trap!

Sunset flip powerbomb!

Xander counters!

He lands on his feet!

Alex turns.

Blueprint Knee!

Xander's running bicycle knee catches Alex directly in the jaw.

She collapses.

The crowd lets out a collective groan.

Xander doesn't cover.
He looks toward Reaper.
Reaper extends his hand.
Tag.
Reaper enters.
Alex is barely moving.
Reaper grabs her by the throat.
He lifts.
Chokeslam!
Alex crashes down.
Echo screams from the corner.
Echo reaches through the ropes.
Michelle Rylan: "Echo is trying to get in there!"
The Bandit: "She's watching her partner get dismantled!"
Reaper grabs Alex again.
He pulls her upright.
Echo suddenly enters the ring.
She attacks Reaper from behind.
Forearm!
Another!
Another!
Reaper turns.
Echo hits Sugar Rush!
Stunner!
Reaper's head snaps backward.
The crowd explodes.
Echo doesn't hesitate.
She hits the ropes.
Echolocation!
Spiked hurricanrana!
Reaper finally goes down.
Michelle Rylan: "SHE GOT HIM!"
The Bandit: "REAPER IS DOWN!"

Echo rolls through.

She grabs Alex.

She pulls her toward the corner.

Alex is barely standing.

Echo helps her up.

TAG!

Team Madness is together again.

The crowd gets louder.

Alex and Echo look at each other.

They know they have one opportunity.

Alex points.

Echo nods.

They grab Reaper.

Earth 52!

They start with the double superkick to the knees—

Reaper catches Alex's foot.

Echo's kick hits his shoulder.

Reaper jerks Alex forward.

Alex crashes into Echo.

Both women tumble apart.

Reaper throws Alex into the ropes.

Xander reaches out.

TAG!

Xander enters.

Alex turns.

Xander grabs her.

Double underhook!

He lifts.

Daniels Driver!

Alex crashes down.

Xander covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

The bell rings.

For a moment, the Eagle Pass crowd is almost silent.

Then the boos come.

Michelle Rylan: "It's over!"

The Bandit: "HOSTILITY just ran right through Team Madness!"

Michelle Rylan: "Alex Monroe and Echo Layne absolutely had their moments tonight, but once Xander Daniels and Reaper started isolating them, they could not get back into this match!"

The Bandit: "And that was the whole plan!"

Michelle Rylan: "Xander said it earlier tonight: break the rhythm."

The Bandit: "And then break everything else!"

Shirley Powers enters the ring.

Shirley Powers: "Here are your winners... REAPER AND XANDER DANIELS... HOSTILITY!"

Xander stands over Alex for a moment.

He looks down at her.

No celebration.

No smile.

Just calculation.

Reaper steps beside him.

The enormous man looks down at Echo.

Then back toward Xander.

Xander gives him a single nod.

Reaper raises one arm.

Xander raises the other.

The crowd rains down boos.

Michelle Rylan: "This is the most focused we've seen these two since joining HOSTILITY."

The Bandit: "Because Danielle Page told them exactly what was at stake."

Michelle Rylan: "And they listened."

The camera suddenly cuts backstage.

Danielle Page stands in the HOSTILITY locker room.

The World Championship is around her waist.

She is watching the monitor.

And she is clapping.

Slowly.

Deliberately.

Clap.

Clap.

Clap.

Danielle smiles.

Back at ringside, Xander and Reaper remain standing over Team Madness.

Michelle Rylan: "Danielle Page is watching."

The Bandit: "And she's happy."

Michelle Rylan: "After everything HOSTILITY has been through, that may be the most important thing they've accomplished tonight."

The Bandit: "The Blueprint said the excuses were over."

Michelle Rylan: "Tonight, they proved it."

The camera holds on Danielle clapping backstage.

Then cuts back to Xander and Reaper.

Two men.

No celebration, no emotion.

Just a victory, and a warning delivered exactly as promised.

Fade out.

CWF Crossing Lines

Segment

Check out the card for CWF's Penultimate PPV: CROSSING LINES HERE!

Farm Strong

Segment

The camera opens on a beautiful Texas sunrise.

The sky over the countryside is painted in shades of orange and gold as the first rays of morning break across a sprawling ranch. A light breeze moves through the tall grass. Birds chirp somewhere in the distance. A rooster calls from behind a weathered red barn.

For once, there is no alarm clock.

No screaming.

No protein shakes.

No Kashe Keibler standing over two exhausted men demanding that they run another mile.

Just peace.

The camera slowly pans across the property.

A wooden fence.

A weathered farmhouse.

A line of horses standing quietly in a field.

Then—

A pair of cowboy boots steps into frame.

The camera tilts upward.

Kashe Keibler stands in the middle of the ranch wearing a cowboy hat, a cutoff flannel tied above her waist, denim daisy dukes and cowboy boots. She looks completely at home in the Texas morning, one hand resting on her hip as she watches the sunrise with a satisfied smile.

Kashe Keibler: "Beautiful, isn't it?"

She turns toward the camera.

Kashe Keibler: "A new day."

Kashe tips the brim of her hat.

Kashe Keibler: "A fresh start."

She smiles.

Kashe Keibler: "And a new challenge."

A loud clucking sound comes from behind her.

Kashe turns.

CUT TO:

The camera suddenly finds Eric Paisano and Nick Micevski standing shirtless inside a chicken coop.

Both men are covered in sweat.

Both are breathing heavily.

Both look absolutely miserable.

Surrounding them are several chickens.

Eric slowly looks toward the camera.

Eric Paisano: "I have questions."

Nick Micevski: "I've stopped asking questions."

From outside the coop, Kashe's voice rings out.

Kashe Keibler: "You shouldn't!"

Eric looks toward the fence.

Kashe is standing outside with her hands on her hips.

Kashe Keibler: "You wanted to be champions."

Eric Paisano: "We are champions."

Kashe Keibler: "Exactly."

She points toward the championship belts sitting on a nearby wooden fence post.

The HVW Alliance Championships gleam in the morning sunlight.

Kashe walks over and runs her fingers across one of the belts.

Kashe Keibler: "Getting to the top of the division was only half the battle."

She looks toward the two men.

Kashe Keibler: "The real challenge is staying there."

Nick nods.

Nick Micevski: "Okay."

Kashe smiles.

Kashe Keibler: "Exactly."

She raises one finger.

Kashe Keibler: "You don't rest on your laurels."

A second finger.

Kashe Keibler: "You don't celebrate yesterday's victory forever."

A third.

Kashe Keibler: "And you definitely don't start thinking those championships make you untouchable."

She points toward the chickens.

Kashe Keibler: "Because there is always something hungry coming after you."

Eric looks at the chickens.

Then back at Kashe.

Eric Paisano: "Are you comparing our opponents to chickens?"

Kashe smiles.

Kashe Keibler: "No."

A pause.

Kashe Keibler: "I'm comparing your opponents to very angry chickens."

Nick looks at Eric.

Nick Micevski: "That somehow made it worse."

Kashe reaches into her pocket.

She pulls out a whistle.

Eric's eyes widen.

Eric Paisano: "Kashe."

Nick Micevski: "Don't."

Kashe raises the whistle to her lips.

She blows.

WHISTLE!

Every chicken in the coop suddenly scatters.

Eric and Nick stare.

Kashe points into the chaos.

Kashe Keibler: "GO!"

The Playboys take off.

Eric lunges toward one chicken.

It darts between his legs.

Eric nearly falls.

Nick grabs for another.

It flaps wildly and escapes underneath his arm.

Kashe is laughing outside the coop.

Kashe Keibler: "QUICK FEET!"

Eric spins around.

Eric Paisano: "THEY'RE TOO FAST!"

Kashe Keibler: "WORK ON THAT AGILITY!"

Nick dives toward another chicken.

It changes direction at the last possible second.

Nick hits the dirt.

The camera cuts to Kashe, who is now practically doubled over laughing.

Kashe Keibler: "Come on!"

She cups her hands around her mouth.

Kashe Keibler: "THINK OF THEM AS YOUR OPPONENTS!"

Eric finally manages to corner one.

Kashe points excitedly.

Kashe Keibler: "THAT'S IT!"

Eric reaches down.

The chicken escapes again.

Kashe's smile disappears.

Kashe Keibler: "They're hungry!"

She points toward Eric and Nick.

Kashe Keibler: "AND YOU HAVE TO STOP THEM!"

The music picks up.

The footage becomes a rapid training montage.

Eric sprinting through the coop.

Nick crawling underneath a wooden divider.

Eric diving across the dirt.

Nick finally catching one chicken against his chest.

The chicken immediately escapes.

Nick stares after it.

Nick Micevski: "I hate this farm."

CUT TO:

Kashe sitting on a large haystack, watching the two men chase the last remaining chickens.

Kashe Keibler: "Come on, Playboys!"

Eric is breathing heavily.

Nick looks exhausted.

Eric points toward the chicken.

Eric Paisano: "That one has been mocking me for ten minutes."

Kashe smiles.

Kashe Keibler: "Then catch it."

Eric takes a breath.

He lowers his stance.

The chicken moves.

Eric moves.

The chicken cuts left.

Eric cuts left.

The chicken cuts right.

Eric follows.

Finally—

Eric dives.

He catches it.

At almost exactly the same moment, Nick manages to grab another.

Both men sit on the ground, exhausted, each holding a chicken carefully against his chest.

There is a moment of silence.

Then Eric slowly raises his chicken into the air.

Eric Paisano: "CHAMPIONS!"

Nick raises his as well.

Nick Micevski: "CHAMPIONS!"

Kashe begins clapping.

Kashe Keibler: "That's what I'm talking about!"

Eric and Nick grin at each other.

The Alliance Championships remain sitting proudly on the fence behind them.

Kashe climbs down from the haystack and walks toward the two men.

Kashe Keibler: "You see?"

She gestures toward the chickens.

Kashe Keibler: "It isn't about the chicken."

Eric looks confused.

Eric Paisano: "Then what was the point?"

Kashe smiles.

Kashe Keibler: "The point is that yesterday, you were chasing those championships."

She points toward the belts.

Kashe Keibler: "Today, you're defending them."

She looks between Eric and Nick.

Kashe Keibler: "And tomorrow?"

Her expression becomes more serious.

Kashe Keibler: "Tomorrow somebody else is going to wake up hungry."

Eric's smile fades slightly.

Nick nods.

Nick Micevski: "Then we'll be ready."

Kashe looks at both men.

A proud smile returns.

Kashe Keibler: "That's my Playboys."

Eric and Nick hold their chickens up triumphantly.

Kashe applauds.

Then—

A low metallic CLANG echoes from somewhere behind the barn.

Everyone stops.

Eric slowly looks over his shoulder.

Nick does the same.

Kashe's smile fades.

Another CLANG.

This one louder.

The camera turns toward the barn.

For several seconds, nothing happens.

Then a massive shadow appears from behind it.

A pair of enormous shoulders.

Then a thick neck.

Then a towering, heavily muscled figure steps into view.

Sione Maivia emerges from behind the barn.

Six-foot-three.

Two-hundred-eighty-five pounds.

Muscle stacked upon muscle.

He wears a completely blank expression as he slowly walks toward them.

Eric's chicken stops squirming.

Nick's does too.

Even the normally energetic Kashe doesn't say anything.

Sione stops several feet away.

He says nothing.

He simply stares at the two Alliance Champions.

The playful atmosphere is gone.

Kashe slowly looks at him.

Then, after a moment, she reaches up and tips the brim of her cowboy hat.

A small smirk crosses her face.

Kashe Keibler: "Welcome to the group, Sione."

Sione remains silent.

The camera slowly pushes in on his expressionless face.

Then cuts back to Eric and Nick.

The two Playboys exchange a nervous glance.

Eric looks down at the chicken in his arms.

Eric Paisano: "I suddenly feel like the chickens aren't the dangerous part of this training."

Nick doesn't take his eyes off Sione.

Nick Micevski: "Nope."

Sione takes one slow step forward.

CUT TO BLACK.

The sound of a rooster crowing echoes over the darkness.

END SEGMENT.

Kashe Keibler vs. Yuna Obsidian

Match

The Eagle Pass Independent School District Gym is still buzzing after HOSTILITY's decisive victory over Team Madness when the lights begin to shift once again. The crowd settles into a curious murmur as the opening music hits and Kashe Keibler steps through the entranceway.

Kashe is all smiles.

She pauses at the top of the ramp, soaking in the reaction before turning slightly and posing for the crowd, one hand brushing through her hair as she makes her way toward the ring. There is a confidence to her tonight, but it is the relaxed confidence of someone who knows exactly what she is capable of. She slaps hands with fans along the aisle before climbing onto the apron and slipping through the ropes.

Michelle Rylan: "Kashe Keibler has had quite a week. She and The Playboys finally captured the HVW Alliance Championships at Digital Aftershock, and we've already seen earlier tonight that they're taking the responsibility of being champions very seriously."

The Bandit: "Very seriously? Michelle, I watched them chase chickens around a farm this morning."

Michelle Rylan: "That was training."

The Bandit: "That was poultry-based psychological warfare."

Michelle Rylan: "Whatever you want to call it, Kashe has certainly embraced the idea that championships create new responsibilities."

Kashe climbs onto the second rope and flashes another smile toward the crowd.

The Bandit: "And now she's got Yuna Obsidian."

Michelle Rylan: "Which is an entirely different kind of problem."

Kashe steps down.

Her smile remains.

Until the music changes.

The lights dim.

A cold reaction rolls through the gym.

Yuna Obsidian steps onto the stage.

There is no grand display.

No theatrics.

Yuna simply stands there, staring toward the ring.

Her expression is calm.

Almost completely emotionless.

She slowly begins walking toward the ring.

Michelle Rylan: "Yuna Obsidian has had a very different few weeks."

The Bandit: "She lost the Supermarket Sweep match to Samara Astrid at Iron & Glory."

Michelle Rylan: "And that loss had consequences far beyond the match itself."

The Bandit: "Samara was then moved to Evolution, where she joined Queen Bianca Davis and Max Walker as part of that new branch of HOSTILITY."

Michelle Rylan: "While Yuna remained right here on Saturday Night."

The Bandit: "And apparently she's found some new friends."

Michelle Rylan: "Ophelia Onyx and Dahlia Serpentine. Saints & Serpents."

The Bandit: "Or, as I like to call them, 'the reason Yuna probably doesn't have to walk anywhere alone anymore.'"

Michelle Rylan: "That may be true, but here's the interesting part tonight: neither Ophelia nor Dahlia is out here."

Yuna reaches ringside.

Michelle Rylan: "Neither are Eric Paisano or Nick Micevski."

The Bandit: "So for once, we're going to see Kashe Keibler and Yuna Obsidian completely on their own."

Yuna climbs onto the apron.

She steps through the ropes.

Kashe walks toward her.

The two women stand across from one another.

Yuna looks Kashe up and down.

Kashe smiles.

Yuna's eyes narrow slightly.

Kashe extends a hand.

Yuna looks at it.

Then looks back at Kashe.

She doesn't take it.

Michelle Rylan: "No handshake."

The Bandit: "Shocking."

Shirley Powers steps between them and checks both competitors before sending them to opposite corners.

The crowd begins clapping.

The referee looks toward both women.

DING! DING! DING!

Kashe immediately smiles.

Yuna watches her.

Kashe takes one step forward.

Yuna takes one step forward.

They circle.

Kashe reaches out.

Yuna backs away.

Kashe smiles again.

Michelle Rylan: "Kashe is showing that trademark confidence."

The Bandit: "And Yuna is showing that trademark patience."

Kashe lunges for a collar-and-elbow tie-up.

Yuna slips underneath.

She grabs Kashe's wrist.

Arm wringer!

Kashe rolls through.

She reverses.

Yuna rolls forward.

Both women come back to their feet.

Kashe catches Yuna with a quick leg sweep!

Yuna hits the canvas.

Kashe immediately drops beside her.

Yuna kicks her away.

Both women scramble up.

Kashe smiles.

Yuna does not.

Kashe throws a quick kick toward the ribs.

Yuna catches the leg.

She sweeps Kashe's other leg.

Kashe falls.

Yuna immediately drops into a cover.

One!

Kashe kicks out.

Yuna stays attached.

She grabs the leg.

Low dropkick to the knee!

Kashe rolls away.

Michelle Rylan: "There's the first real shot from Yuna Obsidian."

The Bandit: "And that was deliberate. Yuna likes to find something she can attack and then keep coming back to it."

Kashe gets up.

Yuna comes forward.

Running knee strike!

Kashe moves.

The knee catches the ropes instead.

Kashe grabs Yuna from behind.

She spins her around.

Long-Leg Lariat!

Yuna goes down.

Kashe follows with another leg sweep.

Yuna rolls toward the ropes.

Kashe stalks her.

Yuna pulls herself up.

Kashe charges.

Yuna drops.

Kashe sails over her.

Yuna turns.

Basement dropkick to the knee!

Kashe's leg buckles.

Yuna immediately grabs the ankle.

She twists.

Kashe kicks her away.

Yuna hits the ropes.

Sliding forearm smash!

Kashe drops to one knee.

Yuna catches her.

Snap suplex!

Kashe lands hard.

Yuna rolls through.

She grabs Kashe's wrist.

Arm trap!

She pulls the arm across the mat and drives a knee into Kashe's shoulder.

Michelle Rylan: "Yuna is slowing this down now."

The Bandit: "That's her match. That's what she wants."

Michelle Rylan: "Make the opponent uncomfortable."

The Bandit: "Make them impatient."

Michelle Rylan: "And then punish the mistake."

The Bandit: "Exactly."

Kashe tries to stand.

Yuna keeps hold of the arm.

Kashe throws a back elbow.

Yuna ducks.

Kashe turns.

Spinning leg sweep!

Yuna hits the canvas.

Kashe immediately gets back up.

The crowd cheers.

Kashe runs the ropes.

Running big boot!

Yuna ducks underneath.

Kashe turns around.

Yuna catches her with a spinning heel kick!

Kashe drops.

Yuna covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Kashe kicks out!

Michelle Rylan: "Kashe gets the shoulder up!"

The Bandit: "Yuna thought she had her there."

Yuna sits up.

She stares at Kashe.

Kashe is breathing heavily.

Yuna grabs her by the hair and pulls her upright.

Yuna says something quietly.

Kashe's expression changes.

She answers with a forearm!

Yuna staggers.

Kashe fires another!

Another!

Kashe grabs Yuna.

Snapmare!

Kashe hits the ropes.

Keibler Kick!

Yuna moves at the last moment.

Kashe's boot crashes into the turnbuckles.

Yuna grabs her from behind.

Backstabber!

Kashe folds backward!

The crowd reacts.

Yuna doesn't cover.

Instead, she grabs Kashe's legs.

She drags her away from the ropes.

Yuna locks in a hammerlock body scissors!

Kashe immediately starts fighting.

Michelle Rylan: "Look at the positioning from Yuna!"

The Bandit: "Kashe is in trouble."

Michelle Rylan: "Yuna has isolated that arm."

The Bandit: "And she's got the legs trapped!"

Kashe reaches toward the ropes.

Yuna keeps pulling her back.

Kashe grits her teeth.

She reaches again.

Her fingertips brush the bottom rope.

Yuna releases just before the referee can begin the count.

She immediately stands.

Kashe pulls herself up using the ropes.

Yuna charges.

Rope-assisted knee strike!

Kashe moves!

Yuna's knee crashes into the turnbuckles.

Kashe grabs her.

Spinning leg sweep!

Yuna crashes down.

Kashe follows with an enzuigiri!

Yuna rolls through the impact.

Kashe hits the ropes.

Long-Leg Lariat!

Yuna is nearly knocked over the ropes.

She catches herself.

Kashe grabs her.

She attempts to pull Yuna back into the ring.

Yuna rakes the eyes.

The crowd boos.

Michelle Rylan: "Yuna Obsidian with a shortcut!"

The Bandit: "Hey, she found an opening."

Michelle Rylan: "That's not exactly the same thing as earning one."

The Bandit: "I didn't say it was."

Yuna pulls Kashe forward.

Reverse STO!

Kashe crashes down.

Yuna immediately covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Kashe kicks out!

Yuna looks toward Shirley Powers.

She doesn't argue.

She simply turns back toward Kashe.

Yuna grabs her.

Snap dragon suplex!

Kashe lands on the back of her neck and shoulders.

The crowd winces.

Yuna sits beside her.

She brushes her hair away from her face.

Then smiles.

Just slightly.

Michelle Rylan: "That's the first real smile we've seen from Yuna."

The Bandit: "And I don't think that's good news."

Yuna pulls Kashe up.

Kashe fires a desperate forearm.

Yuna absorbs it.

Kashe fires another.

Yuna responds with a backhand slap.

Then a spinning back elbow!

Kashe staggers.

Yuna charges.

Toxic Trigger!

Running knee to the jaw!

Kashe collapses!

The crowd erupts in boos.

Yuna drops over her.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE—

KASHE KICKS OUT!

The gym explodes.

Michelle Rylan: "SHE KICKED OUT!"

The Bandit: "HOW?!"

Yuna sits up sharply.

For the first time in the match, the calm expression cracks.

Only slightly.

She looks down at Kashe.

Kashe is barely moving.

Yuna gets to her feet.

She grabs Kashe by the wrist.

She pulls her up.

Yuna goes for another strike.

Kashe ducks!

Yuna turns!

Keibler Kick!

The boot catches Yuna flush!

Yuna falls backward.

Kashe collapses against the ropes.

Both women are down.

Michelle Rylan: "Both competitors are down!"

The Bandit: "And this match has become a fight!"

Shirley Powers begins the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Kashe moves.

FIVE!

Yuna moves.

SIX!

Kashe pulls herself toward the ropes.

SEVEN!

Yuna is on one knee.

EIGHT!

Both women rise.

Kashe charges first!

Yuna meets her!

The two women trade forearms in the center of the ring!

Kashe!

Yuna!

Kashe!

Yuna!

Kashe ducks!

Yuna spins!

Kashe catches her!

Long Kiss Goodbye!

The spinning leg-assisted DDT connects!

Yuna is planted!

Kashe covers!

ONE!

TWO!

YUNA KICKS OUT!

Michelle Rylan: "Another near fall!"

The Bandit: "These two are refusing to stay down!"

Kashe slaps the canvas.

She gets to her feet.

Her smile is completely gone.

The switch has flipped.

She grabs Yuna.

Fisherman position!

Kashe lifts!

She tries for Keibler Legacy!

Yuna blocks!

She elbows free!

Yuna spins behind Kashe!

She grabs her!

Venom Protocol!

Rolling elbow!

Kashe ducks!

The elbow misses!

Kashe grabs Yuna from behind!

Backstabber!

Yuna folds backward!

Kashe immediately hooks the legs!

Yuna's eyes go wide!

Kashe has her!

Michelle Rylan: "BACKSTABBER!"

The Bandit: "YUNA'S DOWN!"

Kashe pulls Yuna up just enough to transition.

Fisherman suplex!

Bridge!

Keibler Legacy!

The bridge is locked in!

Yuna fights!

She twists!

She reaches!

Kashe keeps the hold!

Yuna's shoulders remain down!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

The bell rings.

Michelle Rylan: "KASHE KEIBLER HAS WON IT!"

The Bandit: "What a match!"

Kashe releases the hold and rolls away, breathing heavily.

Shirley Powers grabs her arm.

Shirley Powers: "Here is your winner... KASHE KEIBLER!"

Kashe raises both arms.

The crowd cheers.

Yuna sits up.

She looks furious.

Kashe turns toward her.

For a moment, the two women lock eyes.

Then—

Yuna suddenly stands.

She looks toward the entrance.

Her expression changes.

Michelle Rylan: "Wait a minute."

The Bandit: "What's she doing?"

Yuna steps toward the ropes.

She looks outside the ring.

She starts climbing through.

Michelle Rylan: "Yuna Obsidian is leaving!"

The Bandit: "After losing?"

Yuna lands on the floor.

She turns back toward the ring.

And then—

The music hits.

Two figures come sprinting down the entrance ramp.

Ophelia Onyx and Dahlia Serpentine.

Michelle Rylan: "THERE THEY ARE!"

The Bandit: "SAINTS & SERPENTS!"

Yuna's angry expression immediately turns into a smile.

She watches her new allies charging toward the ring.

Michelle Rylan: "Yuna looks delighted!"

The Bandit: "She finally found her backup!"

Ophelia and Dahlia reach ringside.

At almost the exact same moment, two more figures come charging down the aisle.

Eric Paisano.

Nick Micevski.

The crowd explodes.

Michelle Rylan: "WAIT!"

The Bandit: "THE PLAYBOYS!"

Eric and Nick immediately collide with Saints & Serpents!

Dahlia throws the first shot!

Eric answers!

Ophelia grabs Nick!
Nick shoves her backward!
Dahlia launches herself at Eric!
Eric ducks!
Dahlia crashes into the barricade!
Nick grabs Ophelia around the waist!
She elbows backward!
Eric and Dahlia exchange forearms!
The ringside area erupts into chaos!
Michelle Rylan: "EVERYBODY IS FIGHTING!"
The Bandit: "THIS IS ABSOLUTE MAYHEM!"
Yuna is still smiling.
She turns back toward the ring.
Kashe is nowhere near the ropes.
Yuna looks toward her new partners.
Then back toward Kashe.
Her smile gets wider.
She starts climbing back onto the apron.
Michelle Rylan: "Yuna is going back after Kashe!"
The Bandit: "She's taking advantage of the chaos!"
Yuna steps through the ropes.
She turns.
She takes one step toward Kashe—
Kashe grabs her from behind!
Yuna's eyes widen.
BACKSTABBER!
Kashe drives Yuna down!
The crowd explodes!
Michelle Rylan: "BACKSTABBER!"
The Bandit: "SHE CAUGHT HER!"
Yuna rolls onto her back.
Kashe is already pulling her up.
Yuna tries to swing.

Kashe ducks.

She catches Yuna around the waist.

FISHERMAN SUPLEX!

Kashe bridges!

KEIBLER LEGACY!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings again.

Michelle Rylan: "KASHE KEIBLER DOES IT!"

The Bandit: "SHE BEAT HER TWICE!"

Michelle Rylan: "Technically, the first victory was the official result, but Kashe just put an exclamation point on it!"

The Bandit: "And Yuna's face tells the entire story!"

Yuna sits up.

Her eyes are wide.

She looks furious.

Outside the ring, the fight continues.

Dahlia is throwing forearms at Eric.

Eric is laughing.

Ophelia has Nick backed against the barricade.

Nick shoves her away.

She comes right back.

Nick catches her!

He lifts her!

Ophelia slips free!

Dahlia leaps onto Eric's back!

Eric spins around laughing!

The crowd is losing its mind.

Michelle Rylan: "Security is finally coming down the aisle!"

The Bandit: "They're going to need more than a couple of people!"

Several security personnel rush toward ringside.

They separate Eric from Dahlia.

Another group pulls Nick away from Ophelia.

Dahlia is still shouting over the security personnel.

Ophelia remains completely calm, staring across the chaos toward Yuna.

Eric and Nick are finally forced backward.

And both men are smiling.

Huge smiles.

They raise their hands into the air.

Michelle Rylan: "Look at The Playboys!"

The Bandit: "They are loving this!"

Eric points toward the Alliance Championships that are nowhere near ringside, then points toward Saints & Serpents.

Nick raises both hands.

The crowd cheers.

Back inside the ring, Kashe stands tall.

She raises her arms.

The smile has finally returned.

Michelle Rylan: "Kashe Keibler gets the victory, and The Playboys have made absolutely certain that Yuna Obsidian knows she's not going to have free rein around here."

The Bandit: "And now we've got Saints & Serpents and The Playboys ready to tear each other apart!"

Michelle Rylan: "This situation is only getting bigger."

The camera catches Yuna standing in the ring.

She stares directly at Kashe.

Then toward Ophelia and Dahlia.

Then toward Eric and Nick.

Her jaw tightens.

The smile is gone.

Kashe raises her arms again as the crowd continues cheering.

Security finally manages to separate everyone.

Eric and Nick are still grinning with their hands raised.

Ophelia and Dahlia are furious.

Yuna looks ready to explode.

And Kashe Keibler stands in the middle of the ring, victorious.

Fade out.

The Grounds

Segment

EVERY PROMOTION NEEDS A HOME.

OURS HOLDS 500.

THE GROUNDS

SOUTH ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

500 SEATS.

NO BAD ONES.

RIVER CITY WRESTLING

COMING JANUARY 2027

Trust

Segment

Backstage at the Eagle Pass Independent School District Gym, the sounds of the crowd bleed through the concrete walls. The building is alive with the noise of Saturday Night, but one particular locker room is noticeably quieter.

The door opens.

Stevie Warwick steps inside.

Derrick Vayden is sitting on a bench with his elbows resting on his knees. His hood is up, his mask hanging loosely around his neck. He doesn't look toward the door.

Stevie closes it behind her.

Stevie Warwick: "Hey."

Nothing.

Stevie looks at him.

Stevie Warwick: "Derrick?"

Derrick Vayden: "Yeah."

Stevie pauses.

Stevie Warwick: "That's it?"

Derrick nods.

Derrick Vayden: "That's it."

Stevie exhales through her nose.

She walks farther into the room and stops in front of him.

Stevie Warwick: "Okay. We should probably talk strategy."

Derrick looks up.

Derrick Vayden: "Okay."

Stevie waits.

Stevie Warwick: "You know this is a tag match, right?"

Derrick nods.

Derrick Vayden: "Yes."

Stevie Warwick: "So, I'm thinking we establish early who's starting. We keep the match in our favor, don't let the Playboys isolate one of us, and if one of us gets caught, the other person needs to be ready to make the save."

Derrick nods again.

Derrick Vayden: "Makes sense."

Stevie stares at him.

Stevie Warwick: "You're really not going to give me anything more than that?"

Derrick shrugs.

Derrick Vayden: "No."

Stevie's jaw tightens.

She starts pacing.

Stevie Warwick: "Fine. Eric Paisano is the technical one. He's going to try to slow things down, get you grounded, probably work an arm or a leg and make you chase him. Nick is the bigger guy, so he's probably going to try to keep you in his corner and wear you down."

Derrick listens.

Stevie Warwick: "I can deal with Eric. You deal with Nick. We keep our tags quick, we don't let them dictate the pace, and—"

Derrick Vayden: "Okay."

Stevie stops.

She slowly turns around.

Stevie Warwick: "Do you have anything to say?"

Derrick thinks about it.

Derrick Vayden: "No."

Stevie closes her eyes for a moment.

Stevie Warwick: "You're unbelievable."

Derrick looks toward the floor.

Derrick Vayden: "I've been called worse."

Stevie lets out a frustrated breath before pulling a chair across from him and sitting down.

For the first time, her tone becomes quieter.

Stevie Warwick: "Look... I'm serious."

Derrick looks at her.

Stevie Warwick: "I don't need you to give me some big speech. I don't need you to tell me we're going to win. I just need to know that when things get ugly out there, you're going to be where you're supposed to be."

Derrick's expression remains unreadable.

Stevie Warwick: "Because I'm not going to quit."

A beat.

Stevie Warwick: "And I'm not going to leave you out there."

Another beat.

Stevie Warwick: "But I need to know I can trust you."

Silence.

Derrick stares at Stevie.

For several seconds, he says nothing.

Then—

Derrick Vayden: "Yes."

Stevie blinks.

Stevie Warwick: "Yes?"

Derrick nods once.

Derrick Vayden: "You can trust me."

That's it.

Stevie studies him, trying to determine whether she believes him.

Finally, she gives a small nod.

Stevie Warwick: "Okay."

She stands.

Stevie Warwick: "Then let's go."

Derrick slowly rises.

He reaches for his mask.

Stevie turns toward the door.

Then she stops.

Stevie Warwick: "One more thing."

Derrick looks at her.

Stevie Warwick: "Please don't do anything... weird."

Derrick stares at her.

Derrick Vayden: "Define weird."

Stevie looks at him.

Stevie Warwick: "I knew I shouldn't have asked."

She opens the door.

Before either of them can step through—

A loud BANG echoes somewhere down the hallway.

Both freeze.

Stevie slowly turns.

Derrick's expression changes.

His hand closes around the mask.

Another BANG.

Stevie looks at Derrick.

Stevie Warwick: "Was that your voice?"

Derrick says nothing.

A third BANG.

This one sounds much closer.

Derrick slowly pulls his mask over his face.

Stevie watches him.

Stevie Warwick: "Derrick?"

He turns toward the hallway.

Derrick Vayden: "Stay close."

Stevie's eyes narrow.

Stevie Warwick: "I thought you said I could trust you."

Derrick looks back at her.

Derrick Vayden: "You can."

He steps into the hallway.

Stevie follows.

The camera remains inside the locker room as the two disappear around the corner.

Silence.

Then, from somewhere off-camera—

A low, distorted voice whispers:

"Wanderer..."

CUT TO BLACK.

The Playboys (Eric Paisano & Nick Micevski) vs. Derrick Vayden & Stevie Warwick

Match

The Eagle Pass Independent School District Gym is already loud by the time the bell rings for the next match. There is

a distinctly old-school feeling to the building tonight, the kind of venue where the crowd feels close enough to reach out and touch the wrestlers as they make their way around ringside, and the four competitors seem to fit that atmosphere in very different ways. The Alliance Championships are nowhere near the ring tonight, but Eric Paisano and Nick Micevski carry themselves like men who know exactly what those titles mean after taking them from Cross Lions at Digital Aftershock. Across from them, Stevie Warwick is all business, while Derrick Vayden stands in the corner with that same unsettling stillness that has become synonymous with The Wanderer. This is the first time Stevie and Derrick have ever teamed together in HVW, and the question isn't whether either one can fight. It's whether two very different competitors can function as one team.

Michelle Rylan: "Here we go, Eagle Pass! We have a very interesting tag team match for you fine people up next, and what a test this is for our newly crowned Alliance Champions. The Playboys have only had those titles for a few days, but tonight they aren't defending them; they're defending the idea that they belong at the top of this division!"

DING DING DING!

Eric Paisano and Stevie Warwick begin the match for their respective teams. Stevie immediately drops into a low fighting stance, her eyes fixed on Eric's chest rather than his face, while Eric circles with a confident smirk and raises his hands as if inviting her to come forward. Stevie doesn't take the bait. She steps in, reaches for the wrist, and Eric quickly slips around behind her, attempting to secure a waistlock. Stevie immediately drops her weight and fires a short elbow backward, catching Eric across the jaw and forcing him to release the hold. Eric stumbles one step, and Stevie follows with a sharp knee to the body before snapping his arm into an armbar. Eric rolls through almost immediately, using his technical instincts to reverse the pressure and come up with Stevie's wrist trapped between his legs. Stevie kicks free, springs back to her feet, and the two separate for a moment as the crowd responds to the crisp opening exchange.

The Bandit: "That's the difference between these two, Michelle. Stevie Warwick fights like she's trying to solve a problem. Eric Paisano fights like he's trying to make the problem regret existing."

Michelle Rylan: "And both of them are very good at what they do. Stevie has that combat-sports background, Eric has spent years absorbing styles from all over the world. This is a fascinating opening matchup."

They meet again in the center, this time Stevie catching Eric's wrist and twisting into a standing hammerlock before sweeping his legs out from underneath him. Eric hits the mat hard enough to bounce, but Stevie stays attached, immediately transitioning into a grounded wrist control and driving her knee into the back of his shoulder. Eric reaches toward the ropes, but Stevie drags him back toward the center and begins wrenching the arm. Eric grimaces, then manages to turn onto his side and use his free leg to push against Stevie's hip, creating enough space to roll through. He pops up, catches Stevie with a sudden roundhouse kick that she barely ducks, and then attempts a slingshot. Stevie catches him in mid-motion, however, planting her feet and throwing Eric over her hip with a judo-style toss that sends him skidding across the canvas.

Eric rolls toward his corner, and Nick immediately extends his hand. Eric reaches out and tags his partner.

Nick Micevski steps through the ropes.

The Bandit: "And here comes the heavy artillery."

Michelle Rylan: "Nick Micevski has nearly fifty pounds on Stevie Warwick, and that's going to matter every second he's in there."

Nick charges before Stevie can fully reset, but Stevie's athletic instincts save her. She slips underneath his first clothesline and catches him with a step-up knee strike to the side of the head. Nick barely moves. Stevie hits the ropes and comes back with another knee, this one landing squarely under his chin, but Nick simply absorbs it, turns, and grabs her around the waist. Stevie immediately begins hammering short elbows backward into his temple, forcing him

to loosen his grip, but Nick powers through the shots and launches her across the ring with a belly-to-belly suplex. Stevie lands hard and immediately rolls onto her stomach, clutching her ribs as Nick rises. The Playboys' champion stalks her without rushing, then grabs her by the arm and pulls her toward the corner.

Nick drives a shoulder into Stevie's abdomen, then another, using his size to crush her against the turnbuckles. He steps backward, charges, and blasts her with a diving shoulder tackle that folds Stevie against the corner. Nick grabs her around the waist and lifts her into a delayed vertical suplex, holding her suspended above him for several seconds before dropping her onto the canvas. He covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Stevie kicks out.

The Bandit: "That was close!"

Michelle Rylan: "Nick Micevski is doing exactly what a powerhouse should do here—make Stevie Warwick carry his weight, make her absorb the punishment, and force her to spend energy just surviving."

Nick doesn't waste time. He pulls Stevie up and whips her toward the Playboys' corner, where Eric reaches out and tags himself back into the match. Nick holds Stevie in place as Eric climbs onto the second rope and drives a double-axe handle across her back. Nick steps out as Eric takes over, immediately hooking Stevie's arm and wrenching it behind her before snapping off a sharp elbow strike. Stevie tries to fight her way free, but Eric catches her with a lifting inverted DDT that spikes her onto the back of her head and shoulders. Eric hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Stevie gets the shoulder up.

Eric shakes his head, but he isn't frustrated. He simply drags Stevie back toward the Playboys' corner and tags Nick again. The champions continue rotating seamlessly, never giving Stevie enough time to recover.

Nick comes through with a hard kneebreaker, catching Stevie's leg and driving her down across his knee. He follows with a backbreaker, then hoists her up for a second delayed vertical suplex. Stevie manages to wriggle free before Nick can complete the motion, landing behind him and immediately blasting him with a step-up knee strike. Nick staggers. Stevie hits another. Then another. The third knee finally sends the larger man stumbling into the ropes, and Stevie grabs him by the wrist, trying to pull him toward her corner.

Nick reverses.

Stevie gets sent across the ring.

She rebounds—

And Nick catches her.

He scoops her up for a powerslam, but Stevie twists in midair and lands behind him, immediately trapping his arm and driving a knee into his elbow. Nick roars and swings blindly. Stevie ducks underneath the shot and hits a discus elbow strike.

Nick drops to one knee.

Stevie sees the opening.

She grabs his head.

A second elbow.

Nick falls forward.

The crowd rises as Stevie crawls toward her corner.

Derrick Vayden has his hand extended.

Stevie reaches—

Tag!

The arena reacts as Derrick steps through the ropes.

The Bandit: "And now we get our first look at Stevie Warwick and The Wanderer as an actual team!"

Michelle Rylan: "This is where their preparation becomes important. They had that tense conversation earlier tonight, and Stevie specifically asked Derrick if she could trust him. He told her yes. Now they have to prove it."

Derrick doesn't say a word.

He walks toward Nick.

Slowly.

Deliberately.

Nick pulls himself upright and swings a right hand.

Derrick simply moves his head aside.

Nick swings again.

Derrick moves again.

A third time.

Again, Derrick avoids it.

The crowd begins reacting to the strange rhythm, and Derrick finally catches Nick with a bicycle kick to the stomach that folds the champion in half. Derrick grabs him by the head, pulls him forward, and plants him with a vicious spinning brainbuster. Nick hits the canvas hard.

Derrick doesn't cover.

Instead, he simply stands over him.

His masked face stares down at Nick.

Michelle Rylan: "Derrick Vayden is taking his time here."

The Bandit: "That's what he does. He doesn't rush. He makes people wonder when the next thing is coming."

Derrick finally turns Nick over and hooks his leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Eric breaks the pin.

Stevie immediately enters the ring and charges Eric, catching him with a knee strike that sends him stumbling through the ropes. The referee orders Stevie back to her corner, while Derrick pulls Nick up and whips him into the ropes. Nick rebounds directly into a Falcon Arrow.

Derrick covers again.

ONE!

TWO!

Nick kicks out.

Derrick sits up slowly.

He looks toward the ropes.

Then toward the corner.

Then back down at Nick.

Something about his posture changes.

He gets to his feet and begins walking toward the Playboys' corner.

Stevie watches him.

Michelle Rylan: "What is he doing?"

The Bandit: "I have no idea."

Derrick reaches toward the top turnbuckle.

He doesn't climb.

He simply places one hand against the pad and stares at it for several seconds.

Eric, now back on the apron, watches him with confusion.

Nick uses the distraction to rise.

Derrick suddenly turns.

Nick charges.

Derrick catches him with a slingblade.

Both men hit the mat.

Derrick rolls away.

Nick crawls toward Eric.

Derrick crawls toward Stevie.

Both teams make the tag almost simultaneously.

Eric Paisano bursts into the ring while Stevie Warwick comes flying through the ropes.

The two collide in the center.

Eric throws a roundhouse.

Stevie ducks.

Stevie answers with a knee.

Eric catches her leg.

Stevie spins.

A spinning leg sweep isn't exactly her usual weapon, but she adapts on instinct, dropping Eric with a quick takedown and immediately transitioning into a grounded arm control. Eric rolls through, reaches for the ropes, and uses his momentum to launch Stevie toward the corner. Stevie hits the turnbuckles, springs off, and catches Eric with a sunset flip powerbomb.

ONE!

TWO!

Eric kicks out.

Stevie immediately gets to her feet.

She hits the ropes.

Eric rises.

Stevie rebounds—

Manus Capere!

The discus elbow catches Eric flush across the jaw.

Eric collapses.

Stevie hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Nick dives into the ring and breaks the count.

The Bandit: "The champions almost lost the whole thing right there!"

Michelle Rylan: "Nick Micevski just saved Eric Paisano! That is why tag-team wrestling is so dangerous—you can do everything right for ten minutes, and your partner can still be the only thing standing between you and a loss."

Stevie rises and immediately turns her attention to Nick. She rushes him with a knee, but Nick catches her around the waist and powers her up. Stevie fights desperately, hammering elbows down across his back until Nick finally releases her. She lands on her feet and hits a step-up knee. Nick staggers backward into the ropes, and Stevie follows with another. Nick fires back with a roundhouse kick of his own, catching Stevie across the ribs. She doubles over, and Nick grabs her for a snap DDT.

He covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Stevie kicks out.

Nick looks toward Eric.

Eric has recovered enough to stand on the apron.

Nick crawls over.

Tag.

Eric enters.

The Playboys begin working together again, Eric grabbing Stevie from behind while Nick charges from the opposite

side with a diving shoulder tackle. Stevie drops at the last possible second, causing Nick to crash into Eric instead. The champions collide and stumble apart, and Stevie uses the opening to grab Eric by the arm and throw him through the ropes.

She turns toward Nick.

Nick charges.

Stevie catches him with a judo throw.

Nick lands heavily.

Stevie climbs to the second rope.

She waits.

Nick gets up.

Stevie launches.

A diving knee strike!

Nick catches her.

For one horrifying moment it looks like he is going to powerbomb her.

Stevie twists.

She lands behind him.

She immediately hooks the head.

Dragon sleeper!

Nick drops to one knee.

Stevie grapevines her legs around his abdomen and begins squeezing.

Michelle Rylan: "She's got it! Stevie Warwick has that dragon sleeper locked in!"

The Bandit: "Look at Nick! He's fading!"

Nick claws at Stevie's arms.

He tries to stand.

Stevie tightens the hold.

Eric reaches through the ropes.

Nick is starting to lose consciousness.

Eric slams his foot against the apron.

The referee turns.

Eric reaches farther.

Stevie refuses to release.

Nick manages to get one foot underneath himself.

Then another.

He rises.

And with a desperate burst of strength, Nick throws himself backward into the corner, crushing Stevie between his back and the turnbuckles.

Stevie releases.

Nick collapses to his knees.

Eric reaches down.

Tag!

Eric comes in and immediately catches Stevie with a Pele kick.

She falls backward.

Eric hits the ropes.

Dropzone!

The running front dropkick sends Stevie crashing backward into the turnbuckle.

Eric doesn't hesitate.

He climbs to the top.

Killshot!

He launches.

Both feet drive toward Stevie's chest—

Stevie moves.

Eric crashes onto the canvas.

The crowd explodes.

Stevie crawls toward her corner.

Derrick is waiting.

She reaches.

Tag!

Derrick enters.

Eric gets to his feet.

Derrick stalks him.

Eric throws a punch.

Derrick catches the arm.

Dragon suplex!

Eric lands hard.

Derrick pulls him up.

Vicious Cycle!

The spinning brainbuster connects.

Derrick doesn't cover.

He looks toward Stevie.

She is standing on the apron.

For a moment, the two make eye contact.

Stevie nods.

Derrick nods back.

The partnership finally seems to be clicking.

Derrick grabs Eric and drags him toward the center.

Eric suddenly fires a roundhouse kick.

Derrick absorbs it.

Eric hits another.

Derrick barely reacts.

A third—

Derrick catches the leg.

He twists.

Eric falls.

Derrick hooks the arms.

He begins setting up Street Justice.

Michelle Rylan: "This could be it!"

The Bandit: "The Wanderer has him!"

Derrick drives Eric down with the curb stomp.

Eric bounces off the canvas and lands on his knees.

Derrick immediately turns toward the ropes.

Journey To Nowhere!

He takes off.

But just before Derrick can connect, something catches his attention.

A sound.

A faint metallic CLANG.

Derrick stops.

Completely.

The crowd doesn't understand what just happened.

Derrick's head slowly turns toward the entrance side of the arena.

Michelle Rylan: "What was that?"

The Bandit: "I heard it too."

Derrick stands motionless.

Eric is still on his knees behind him.

Stevie begins shouting from the apron.

Stevie Warwick: "Derrick!"

Derrick doesn't respond.

Stevie slaps the top rope.

Stevie Warwick: "Derrick! Finish it!"

Derrick slowly turns his head toward Stevie.

For a second, he seems to come back to the match.

But that single moment is enough.

Eric Paisano explodes upward.

He catches Derrick with a sudden Slingblade.

Derrick crashes down.

Eric rolls away.

The crowd erupts.

Stevie reaches through the ropes.

Stevie Warwick: "TAG!"

Derrick crawls.

Eric crawls.

Both are reaching for their corners.

Eric reaches Nick first.

TAG!

Nick Micevski enters like a freight train.

He grabs Derrick before The Wanderer can recover and launches him with an inverted gutwrench suplex.

Derrick lands hard.

Nick immediately pulls him up.

Spinning powerbomb!

Derrick is driven into the canvas.

Nick hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

DERRICK KICKS OUT!

Michelle Rylan: "HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!"

The Bandit: "That's Derrick Vayden! You can knock the Wanderer down, but getting three seconds out of him is another matter entirely!"

Nick doesn't panic.

He grabs Derrick and drags him toward the Playboys' corner.

Eric reaches out.

Tag.

The Playboys are back together.

Eric grabs Derrick's arm.

Nick charges.

The Dropzone!

Derrick moves.

Nick stops himself before colliding with his own partner.

Eric turns—

Stevie suddenly comes flying from the apron with a step-up knee that catches Eric in the jaw.

Eric drops.

Stevie gets back onto the apron.

Nick turns toward her.

The referee steps between them.

Derrick is still down.

Nick turns back.

Derrick suddenly rises.

Street Justice!

The curb stomp catches Nick.

Nick pops up onto his knees.

Derrick hits the ropes.

Journey To Nowhere!

Derrick explodes forward—

But Nick moves at the last second.

Derrick's knee misses.

He lands awkwardly and rolls toward the corner.

Nick grabs him from behind.

Spinning powerbomb—

Derrick counters!

He lands behind Nick.

Vicious Cycle!

No!

Nick elbows backward.

Derrick staggers.

Eric is back up.

The two Playboys exchange a glance.

They know exactly what they're doing.

Eric charges.

Nick catches Derrick.

Eric hits the ropes.

Killshot!

Derrick is thrown backward by Nick directly into Eric's incoming double-footed strike.

The impact folds Derrick in half.

Nick covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings.

The crowd erupts as The Playboys' music hits.

Michelle Rylan: "The Playboys have done it! Eric Paisano and Nick Micevski defeat Stevie Warwick and Derrick Vayden in an incredible opening contest!"

The Bandit: "Champions' advantage, Michelle! They had the experience as a team, and that one strange moment from Derrick cost him and Stevie everything!"

Michelle Rylan: "And it wasn't cowardice. It wasn't Derrick abandoning Stevie. He simply lost focus for one moment—and against the Alliance Champions, one moment is all it takes!"

The Playboys roll toward the outside of the ring, both men exhausted but grinning as they slap hands with one another. Eric points toward the Alliance Championship belt draped over the timekeeper's table, while Nick pounds his chest and raises one fist toward the crowd. They may not have had their titles on the line tonight, but the victory gives them another piece of momentum as the Alliance Champions continue to establish themselves atop the division.

Inside the ring, Stevie sits up slowly.

She looks toward Derrick.

He is still on one knee.

Derrick looks back at her.

For several seconds, neither says anything.

Stevie finally stands and walks toward him.

She extends a hand.

Derrick looks at it.

Then takes it.

Stevie pulls him to his feet.

There is no argument.

No accusation.

No anger.

Just a long look between the two.

Stevie Warwick: "You okay?"

Derrick nods.

Derrick Vayden: "Yes."

Stevie looks toward the entrance.

Then back toward Derrick.

Stevie Warwick: "Then we're not done."

Derrick says nothing.

But his eyes drift toward the same darkened entranceway where he heard the metallic clang.

For just a moment, the strange look returns to his face.

The crowd notices.

Stevie notices too.

Derrick slowly turns back toward her.

Derrick Vayden: "No."

A pause.

Derrick Vayden: "We're not."

The two leave the ring together, Stevie walking beside him rather than ahead of him, while The Playboys celebrate their victory at ringside.

Michelle Rylan: "The Playboys get the win, but something tells me this isn't the last we're going to see of Stevie Warwick and Derrick Vayden together."

The Bandit: "Especially if whatever Derrick heard out there follows him into the next one."

Michelle Rylan: "That's a problem for another night. Tonight, the Alliance Champions have another victory."

The camera holds on Derrick and Stevie disappearing behind the curtain.

Derrick looks back one final time.

The entranceway is empty.

Nothing moves.

Nothing makes a sound.

CUT TO BLACK.

The Voice in the Dark

Segment

The camera fades in slowly.

There is no music.

No production graphics.

No familiar backstage hallway.

Just darkness.

In the middle of the frame sits Derrick Vayden, occupying a steel folding chair in what appears to be an empty storage room somewhere inside the Eagle Pass gym. The only light in the room comes from the camera itself, barely illuminating the lower half of his face. His hood is pulled over his head. His mask hangs loosely around his neck. One elbow rests against his knee while his hands hang together between his legs.

For several seconds, Derrick says nothing.

Then, quietly:

Derrick Vayden: "Stevie deserved better."

He pauses.

Derrick Vayden: "We lost."

His eyes lift toward the camera.

Derrick Vayden: "That's what happened."

There is no anger in his voice. No attempt to blame Eric Paisano. No complaint about the referee. No excuse for the Alliance Champions. Just a flat acknowledgment.

Derrick Vayden: "The Playboys did what champions do. They found the opening. They took it. They won."

He slowly rubs his thumb across his knuckles.

Derrick Vayden: "But that's not what I'm thinking about."

A long silence.

Derrick Vayden: "I'm thinking about the moment before the end."

His eyes narrow.

Derrick Vayden: "I heard it again."

The room seems to get quieter.

Derrick Vayden: "That voice."

He tilts his head slightly.

Derrick Vayden: "It told me to look."

A beat.

Derrick Vayden: "So I looked."

He exhales through his nose.

Derrick Vayden: "And I lost focus."

His hand closes into a fist.

Derrick Vayden: "That's on me."

Derrick leans back slightly, the steel chair giving a faint metallic creak beneath his weight.

Derrick Vayden: "I've spent too much time trying to figure out what it wants."

He looks directly into the camera.

Derrick Vayden: "I don't need to figure it out anymore."

Another pause.

Derrick Vayden: "I need to use it."

The statement hangs in the darkness.

Derrick Vayden: "I came back to HVW because there was something inside me that wouldn't stay quiet. I thought I could control it. I thought I could walk back into this business, fight my fights, win my matches, and leave the rest buried."

He shakes his head once.

Derrick Vayden: "That isn't happening."

Derrick slowly rises from the chair but remains standing behind it.

Derrick Vayden: "So here's what's next."

He looks down at the floor.

Derrick Vayden: "No more waiting."

He looks back up.

Derrick Vayden: "No more trying to make myself comfortable."

Derrick Vayden: "No more wondering who I'm supposed to be."

His voice becomes quieter.

Derrick Vayden: "The Wanderer is back."

A faint metallic sound echoes somewhere beyond the room.

Derrick's eyes immediately snap toward the darkness behind the camera.

Nothing.

He looks back toward the lens.

Derrick Vayden: "And I'm going to find out exactly how far he wants to go."

Without warning, Derrick abruptly stands fully upright and shoves the steel chair backward.

CLANG!

The chair crashes violently into the wall behind him and tumbles onto its side.

Derrick doesn't look at it.

He simply walks toward the camera.

The frame goes black.

The Official Story

Segment

The camera opens backstage inside the Eagle Pass Independent School District Gymnasium.

A folding table has been placed against one of the walls.

Sitting behind it is Deacon St. John, the Darkheart Championship resting proudly across his lap.

Beside him stands Brixx Nox, arms folded, staring at him with an expression that can only be described as exhausted.

Deacon is speaking directly toward the camera.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Before we get started tonight, I think there are a few things that need to be cleared up."

Brixx closes her eyes.

She already knows where this is going.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Specifically, there have been some... inaccurate reports regarding what happened at Iron & Glory."

Brixx immediately shakes her head.

BRIXX: "Deacon..."

DEACON ST. JOHN: "No, no. I'm glad you're here."

He gestures toward her.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Because you can actually verify this."

Brixx stares at him.

BRIXX: "Verify what?"

Deacon leans toward the camera.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "I did not ask Brixx to attack Griffin Hawkins."

Brixx's eyebrows rise.

BRIXX: "I attacked Griffin Hawkins."

Deacon nods.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Right."

A pause.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "But that doesn't mean I asked you to."

BRIXX: "You literally looked at me after the match and smiled."

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Because I was happy to see you."

BRIXX: "I was underneath the ring."

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Exactly."

Brixx looks at him in disbelief.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Which is why I was happy."

BRIXX: "Why were you happy that I was underneath the ring?"

Deacon thinks for a moment.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Well..."

He points toward the championship.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Safety."

Brixx slowly lowers her arms.

BRIXX: "Safety."

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Absolutely."

He gestures as though this should be obvious.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "I know you were under the ring making sure it was stable enough and wasn't going to collapse and injure me."

Brixx's mouth falls open.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "You were looking out for the Sheriff's interests because you know my lawyers would have been all over it."

BRIXX: "No."

DEACON ST. JOHN: "That's one possibility."

BRIXX: "No, Deacon."

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Fine."

He snaps his fingers.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "I know what it was."

Brixx reluctantly waits.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "You were helping Griffin."

BRIXX: "What?"

DEACON ST. JOHN: "You were under there helping Griffin get back out."

BRIXX: "I was choking him with a chain!"

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Exactly."

Brixx stares at him.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "He was having trouble breathing."

BRIXX: "BECAUSE I WAS CHOKING HIM!"

DEACON ST. JOHN: "And you were helping him become more aware of his breathing."

Brixx puts both hands over her face.

BRIXX: "Oh my God."

Deacon turns toward the camera with a satisfied nod.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "See? This is why I have people around me."

Brixx lowers her hands.

BRIXX: "I was there to help YOU."

Deacon immediately shakes his head.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "No."

BRIXX: "Yes."

DEACON ST. JOHN: "No."

BRIXX: "Deacon!"

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Brixx, I appreciate the sentiment, but I told everybody at Iron & Glory that I didn't need anybody."

He taps the Darkheart Championship.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "And I meant it."

BRIXX: "Then why did you put Griffin underneath the ring?"

Deacon pauses.

His eyes move slightly to the side.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "I didn't."

Brixx just stares at him.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Griffin got underneath the ring."

BRIXX: "You dragged him there."

DEACON ST. JOHN: "He resisted."

BRIXX: "Because you were dragging him!"

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Exactly."

Brixx looks like she is beginning to regret every decision that led her to this conversation.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "I was trying to stop him from going underneath the ring."

BRIXX: "By pushing him underneath the ring?"

DEACON ST. JOHN: "It was an intervention."

BRIXX: "An intervention."

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Yes."

He nods confidently.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "He needed to calm down."

Brixx points at him.

BRIXX: "You knew I was under there."

Deacon immediately shakes his head.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Absolutely not."

BRIXX: "You looked directly at me."

DEACON ST. JOHN: "There was a lot happening."

BRIXX: "You looked at me and smiled."

DEACON ST. JOHN: "I smile a lot."

BRIXX: "You gave me a thumbs-up."

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Positive reinforcement."

BRIXX: "You pointed at Griffin!"

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Directional communication."

BRIXX: "You walked away and let me choke him!"

Deacon's expression suddenly becomes serious.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Brixx."

He slowly stands.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about."

Brixx just looks at him.

A long silence.

Then Deacon's eyes drift toward the camera.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Now..."

He picks up the Darkheart Championship.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Cayden Cole."

His entire demeanor changes.

The comedy disappears just enough for the champion to make his point.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "You earned your opportunity. I'll give you that."

He pats the championship.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "But earning an opportunity and taking something from me are two very different things."

Brixx watches him quietly.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "You have your little story. Your little firefighter background. Your little angels."

He smirks.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "That's adorable."

Deacon adjusts the championship on his shoulder.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "But this?"

He raises the Darkheart Championship.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "This is business."

A beat.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "And tonight, business is booming."

Brixx nods.

BRIXX: "So we're helping you tonight, right?"

Deacon immediately looks at her.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "No."

BRIXX: "No?"

DEACON ST. JOHN: "I don't need help."

BRIXX: "Okay."

She starts walking away.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "But..."

Brixx stops.

Deacon looks around to make sure nobody else is listening.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "If something happens to be under the ring..."

Brixx slowly turns around.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "...that's none of my business."

Brixx smiles.

BRIXX: "Got it."

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Good."

BRIXX: "Very clear."

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Excellent."

Brixx walks away.

Deacon watches her go.

He waits a beat.

Then quietly calls after her.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "And Brixx?"

She looks back.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Don't forget the chain."

Brixx grins.

BRIXX: "What chain?"

Deacon's eyes widen.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Exactly."

The camera lingers on Deacon's completely satisfied expression.

He turns toward the arena entrance.

The roar of the Eagle Pass crowd can already be heard through the walls.

Deacon lifts the Darkheart Championship onto his shoulder.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Let's go make some money."

The screen cuts to black.

The Angels of Cayden Cole

Segment

The camera opens on the packed Eagle Pass Independent School District Gymnasium.

The crowd is still settling into their seats as the noise inside the building suddenly begins to build. A few fans near the aisle point toward the entranceway.

Then the opening drumbeat of "Firestorm" by Iron Savior hits.

The reaction grows.

Cayden Cole steps through the curtain.

Tonight, however, he isn't carrying himself like a man walking toward just another match.

He stops at the top of the entrance ramp and looks around the gymnasium, taking in the crowd. The smile comes naturally. He nods toward several fans near the barricade before making his way down the ramp.

But halfway to the ring, Cayden stops.

He turns toward the crowd on his left.

There are two elderly women sitting together at ringside.

One has a bright blue cardigan on.

The other is wearing a small HVW cowboy hat.

Both women are smiling.

Cayden points toward them.

Cayden Cole: "There they are!"

The crowd laughs.

Cayden walks over and leans against the barricade.

Cayden Cole: "Ladies, you ready?"

The woman in the cowboy hat gives him a thumbs up.

Cayden nods approvingly.

Cayden Cole: "That's what I like to hear."

He climbs onto the apron and enters the ring.

Cayden walks toward the center and takes a microphone from a ringside official.

The music fades.

The crowd settles.

Cayden looks around.

Cayden Cole: "Alright, Eagle Pass!"

The crowd cheers.

Cayden Cole: "I know what you're thinking."

He puts one hand on his hip.

Cayden Cole: "There goes that boy scout again."

The crowd laughs.

Cayden shakes his head.

Cayden Cole: "First of all..."

He raises one finger.

Cayden Cole: "Firefighter."

Another finger.

Cayden Cole: "Not boy scout."

A third.

Cayden Cole: "There's a difference."

The crowd cheers.

Cayden Cole: "A boy scout learns how to tie knots."

He pauses.

Cayden Cole: "A firefighter learns how to run into burning buildings while everybody else is running out."

The reaction gets louder.

Cayden nods.

Cayden Cole: "So, yeah. Maybe I'm still a little old-fashioned."

He shrugs.

Cayden Cole: "I still believe in helping people. I still believe in protecting people. I still believe in serving people."

He looks around the gym.

Cayden Cole: "Actually, I was helping people right before I came out here tonight."

Cayden turns toward the two elderly women at ringside.

Cayden Cole: "You remember what happened, right?"

The woman in the blue cardigan nods enthusiastically.

Cayden Cole: "That's right."

He points toward them.

Cayden Cole: "I helped these two lovely ladies cross the street."

The crowd applauds.

Cayden smiles.

Cayden Cole: "And before anybody starts laughing, let me tell you something."

He leans against the ropes.

Cayden Cole: "These two have got more attitude than half the locker room."

The two women laugh.

Cayden points at the woman in the cowboy hat.

Cayden Cole: "This one's the dangerous one."

The woman shakes her head innocently.

Cayden Cole: "Don't let her fool you."

The crowd laughs again.

Cayden steps through the ropes and walks toward them.

Cayden Cole: "Come on."

He gestures toward the ring.

Cayden Cole: "You two wanted to see what happens tonight, right?"

The women nod.

Cayden Cole: "Then let's introduce you properly."

He points toward the woman in the blue cardigan.

Cayden Cole: "What's your name?"

The woman raises the microphone Cayden has handed her.

Evelyn: "Evelyn!"

The crowd cheers.

Cayden points toward the second woman.

Cayden Cole: "And you?"

The woman smiles.

Margaret: "Margaret!"

The crowd cheers even louder.

Cayden takes the microphone back.

Cayden Cole: "Evelyn and Margaret!"

He gestures toward them.

Cayden Cole: "My angels for tonight."

The crowd laughs and applauds.

Cayden turns back toward the ring.

His smile remains.

Cayden Cole: "Now, I know Deacon St. John has his angels."

The crowd immediately reacts.

Cayden nods.

Cayden Cole: "He's got his people. He's got his darkness. He's got whatever it is he thinks he needs to keep that Darkheart Championship around his waist."

He looks toward the entranceway.

Cayden Cole: "So I figured if Deacon gets to bring his angels..."

He points toward Evelyn and Margaret.

Cayden Cole: "Then I get to bring mine."

Evelyn raises both hands triumphantly.

Margaret points toward the entranceway and shouts something that gets a laugh from the crowd.

Cayden looks at her.

Cayden Cole: "You want to call him out?"

Margaret nods.

Cayden grins.

Cayden Cole: "Go ahead."

Margaret cups her hands around her mouth.

Margaret: "DEACON!"

The crowd erupts.

Cayden doubles over laughing.

Cayden Cole: "Oh, we're starting early!"

Margaret points toward the entrance.

Margaret: "BRING THAT BELT OUT HERE!"

The crowd gets even louder.

Cayden slowly straightens up.

He looks at Margaret.

Then Evelyn.

Then back toward the entrance.

Cayden Cole: "See?"

He gestures toward the women.

Cayden Cole: "That's what I was talking about."

He steps back into the ring.

Cayden's expression begins to change.

The playful smile fades just slightly.

Cayden Cole: "But here's the thing, Deacon."

He looks directly toward the entrance.

Cayden Cole: "Tonight isn't about whether I'm a boy scout."

A beat.

Cayden Cole: "It's not about whether I'm the nice guy."

He taps his chest.

Cayden Cole: "And it isn't about whether I'm the rookie everybody keeps telling me I am."

The crowd begins to clap.

Cayden Cole: "I earned my shot."

He raises one hand.

Cayden Cole: "Ultimate X."

Another.

Cayden Cole: "Five other people."

He points toward the sky.

Cayden Cole: "One contract."

Then toward the entrance.

Cayden Cole: "And tonight, I get you."

The crowd cheers.

Cayden Cole: "I've spent a lot of time in HVW proving that I can get back up."

His expression hardens.

Cayden Cole: "Tonight I'm proving I can stay standing."

The crowd gets louder.

Cayden Cole: "Deacon St. John..."

He pauses.

Cayden Cole: "You can have your angels."

He looks toward Evelyn and Margaret.

Both women smile.

Cayden Cole: "I've got mine."

Cayden turns toward the hard camera.

Cayden Cole: "And when that bell rings?"

He nods.

Cayden Cole: "I'm coming for the Darkheart Championship."

The crowd erupts.

Cayden drops the microphone.

He raises both fists.

Evelyn and Margaret cheer from ringside.

Cayden turns toward them and gives them a salute.

Then he looks toward the entrance one final time.

Cayden Cole: "Deacon..."

A confident smile returns.

Cayden Cole: "Bring the belt."

He points toward the championship graphic displayed above the entrance.

Cayden Cole: "I'm bringing the fire."

Cayden's music hits.

The crowd erupts as he climbs onto the second rope and raises both arms.

At ringside, Evelyn and Margaret stand and applaud.

Cayden points toward his two "angels" before turning back toward the entrance.

The camera lingers on the confident challenger as the crowd continues chanting his name.

CAY-DEN! CAY-DEN! CAY-DEN!

CUT TO BLACK.

Deacon St. John © vs. Cayden Cole

Match

The camera cuts back toward the entrance area inside the Eagle Pass Independent School District Gymnasium in Eagle Pass, Texas, where the crowd is still buzzing after the previous match. The ring has been cleared, the ropes checked, and the Darkheart Championship is once again the center of attention. Shirley Powers steps into the middle of the ring with the microphone in hand as the crowd begins to anticipate the arrival of the champion.

Shirley Powers: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall... and it is for the Heroes & Villains Wrestling DARKHEART CHAMPIONSHIP!"

The crowd erupts.

Michelle Rylan: "This is the fifth match of the night, and there is a championship on the line. Deacon St. John has held onto that Darkheart Championship through three defenses already, and tonight he faces a challenger who is hungry for his second opportunity at championship gold here in Heroes & Villains Wrestling."

The Bandit: "And let me remind everybody, Michelle, Deacon has already survived Jason Cashe, Nick Micevski, and Griffin Hawkins. At this point, that championship might as well have a permanent address."

Michelle Rylan: "Well, Cayden Cole is hoping to change the mailing address tonight."

The lights inside the gymnasium suddenly fade.

A heavy bassline rolls through the speakers.

Then—

"Look..."

The opening notes of Drake's "Nonstop" hit.

Gold light spills across the entranceway as thick white smoke rolls across the floor. The LED presentation at the top of the entrance cycles through the logos of NOIR • MIAMI and SINNERS & SAINTS • LAS VEGAS, mixed with images of champagne, casino chips, luxury cars, and neon nightlife.

The reaction is immediate.

Boos pour through the gymnasium.

Deacon St. John steps through the curtain.

The Darkheart Championship rests over his shoulder.

He stops at the top of the ramp and slowly surveys the crowd, his expression carrying the same smug confidence he has displayed every time he has walked into an HVW ring. He removes his sunglasses and hands them to an attendant without looking in the man's direction, then begins his slow walk toward the ring.

Behind him come Remington Storm and Brixx Nox.

Remi walks with an irritated, businesslike expression, while Brixx simply looks like a human brick wall following her employer into battle.

The Bandit: "There they are! The Angels!"

Michelle Rylan: "And considering what happened at Iron & Glory, I don't think Cayden Cole is going to forget that Brixx Nox was underneath the ring."

The Bandit: "Deacon says he didn't know she was there."

Michelle Rylan: "And you believe him?"

The Bandit: "I believe Deacon believes whatever Deacon needs to believe."

Deacon reaches ringside and slowly circles the ring. He climbs the steel steps, wipes an imaginary speck of dust from the top rope, and steps between the ropes.

He stands in the center of the ring, raises the Darkheart Championship, and turns toward the hard camera.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "You all paid to watch me."

He spreads his arms.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "And business..."

A smug grin.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "...is booming."

The crowd responds with another wave of boos.

Deacon hands the championship to Shirley Powers, but not before giving the official a pointed look.

The official takes the title and raises it overhead.

Michelle Rylan: "For all of Deacon St. John's faults, you can't deny the man has been successful. He won this championship from Jason Cashe at Crown of Legends Night Two, defended it against Nick Micevski on Night Three,

defended it against Griffin Hawkins at Iron & Glory, and now this is defense number four."

The Bandit: "Fourth defense?"

Michelle Rylan: "Yes."

The Bandit: "I was counting the people underneath the ring."

Michelle Rylan: "That's not how title defenses work."

The Bandit: "It should be."

The music cuts.

The gymnasium suddenly goes dark again.

A single drumbeat echoes through the building.

Then another.

The crowd begins to recognize what is coming.

"FIRESTORM" by Iron Savior explodes through the speakers.

The reaction is immediate and completely different.

Cayden Cole bursts through the entranceway with his arms raised, feeding off the energy of the Eagle Pass crowd. He slaps hands along the barricade as he makes his way toward the ring, his eyes locked on the Darkheart Championship waiting inside.

Michelle Rylan: "And here comes Cayden Cole!"

The Bandit: "The firefighter!"

Michelle Rylan: "Former junior firefighter, yes."

The Bandit: "Not a boy scout."

Michelle Rylan: "Nobody said boy scout."

The Bandit: "Deacon did."

Cayden reaches ringside and pauses.

He looks toward Deacon.

The champion raises the Darkheart Championship slightly and gives him a smug smile.

Cayden climbs onto the apron, steps through the ropes, and immediately moves toward the champion.

The two men stand across from one another.

Deacon raises the championship between them.

Cayden points toward it.

CAYDEN COLE: "I'm coming for that."

Deacon smiles.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Everybody does."

The referee steps between them and orders both men back.

Shirley Powers takes the championship.

She holds it high.

The crowd cheers.

Then she hands it over to the official at ringside.

Michelle Rylan: "Cayden Cole has already learned how difficult championship opportunities can be in HVW. His first title shot came back at Saturday Night Episode 11 against Vera Vega for the Territory Championship, and he came up short."

The Bandit: "He has been knocking on the door ever since."

Michelle Rylan: "And tonight he's trying to kick it down."

The referee checks both men.

Deacon talks trash under his breath.

Cayden remains focused.

The official signals for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Cayden immediately steps forward.

Deacon circles.

Cayden reaches for a collar-and-elbow tie-up, but Deacon slips around behind him and immediately grabs a waistlock. Cayden widens his stance and tries to peel the champion's hands away, but Deacon suddenly releases and backs away with both hands raised.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Whoa. Whoa. Take it easy."

The crowd boos.

Cayden looks annoyed.

Michelle Rylan: "Deacon already playing games."

The Bandit: "He's conserving energy. That's what rich people do. They don't carry their own groceries either."

Cayden steps forward again.

This time Deacon meets him.

The two lock up.

Cayden uses his size advantage to drive Deacon backward, forcing him into the corner. The referee calls for a break, and Cayden immediately releases him.

Deacon raises both hands.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "See? We can be professional."

Cayden gives him a look.

The crowd laughs.

Deacon suddenly slaps Cayden across the chest.

The smile disappears from Cayden's face.

Cayden fires back with a hard forearm.

Deacon stumbles.

Cayden follows with another.

Then another.

The champion retreats toward the ropes as Cayden drives him backward with a series of heavy shots before whipping him across the ring. Deacon rebounds and Cayden catches him with a shoulder block that sends the champion crashing onto his back.

Michelle Rylan: "Cayden Cole with the early power advantage!"

The Bandit: "Deacon's face just made the same expression people make when they realize their steak costs eighty dollars."

Cayden grabs Deacon by the wrist and pulls him upright.

Deacon responds with a thumb directly toward Cayden's eye.

Cayden recoils.

The referee immediately warns the champion.

Deacon shrugs.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "I was checking his contact lens."

Michelle Rylan: "He doesn't wear contact lenses!"

The Bandit: "You don't know that."

Deacon follows with a sharp knee to Cayden's stomach and quickly drives him backward into the ropes. He fires a forearm across Cayden's back, then another, before hooking the leg for a mocking pin.

ONE!

Cayden kicks out immediately.

Deacon sits up and applauds sarcastically.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Great job!"

The crowd rains down boos.

Deacon immediately drops another quick cover.

ONE!

Cayden kicks out again.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Almost!"

Michelle Rylan: "Deacon will pin you after absolutely anything just to make a point."

The Bandit: "It's called customer service."

Cayden gets back to his feet, but Deacon catches him with a Pele Kick that snaps Cayden's head backward. The champion immediately hits the ropes and connects with a running knee, then follows with an Implant DDT.

Cayden hits the canvas.

Deacon hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Cayden kicks out.

Deacon shakes his head and slaps the mat.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Come on!"

He pulls Cayden up by the hair and drives a knee into his ribs. Deacon hooks him for another maneuver, but Cayden blocks it and suddenly lifts Deacon into a powerslam position.

Deacon slips free.

Cayden turns.

Deacon catches him with a backstabber.

The champion covers again.

ONE!

TWO!

Cayden kicks out.

Michelle Rylan: "Cayden continues to survive!"

The Bandit: "That's the problem with firefighters. They're annoyingly difficult to get rid of."

Deacon rises and begins talking directly into Cayden's face.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "You should have stayed in the fire department."

Cayden shoves him backward.

The crowd erupts.

Deacon charges.

Cayden catches him with a Backdraft!

The running single-leg dropkick sends Deacon flying backward.

Cayden follows with a German suplex.

He holds on.

A second German!

He holds on again.

A third!

The crowd comes alive as Cayden releases the champion and scrambles toward the corner.

Michelle Rylan: "Cayden is building momentum!"

Cayden climbs.

The crowd knows what is coming.

Cayden launches—

STANDING MOONSAULT!

The former junior firefighter lands cleanly across Deacon's chest.

ONE!

TWO!

Deacon kicks out!

The crowd groans.

Cayden looks toward the referee, then back at Deacon.

He pulls the champion upright.

Cayden hooks him.

MAYDAY!

The lifting Reverse STO plants Deacon into the mat.

Cayden covers.

ONE!

TWO!

DEACON KICKS OUT!

Michelle Rylan: "Another near fall!"

The Bandit: "Deacon is discovering that sometimes money cannot solve a problem."

Michelle Rylan: "He'll probably try."

The champion rolls toward the ropes.

Cayden follows.

Deacon suddenly grabs the top rope and pulls himself onto the apron.

Cayden reaches for him.

Deacon catches Cayden's arm and yanks him throat-first across the top rope.

Cayden staggers backward.

Deacon climbs through the ropes and immediately nails a Front Flip DDT.

Cayden lands hard.

Deacon crawls over him.

ONE!

TWO!

Cayden kicks out!

Deacon sits back on his knees.

He looks furious.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "STAY DOWN!"

The crowd boos.

Deacon pulls Cayden up and attempts another maneuver, but Cayden suddenly explodes forward with a clothesline.

Deacon goes down.

Cayden hits another.

Deacon scrambles up.

Cayden catches him with a powerslam!

ONE!

TWO!

DEACON KICKS OUT!

Cayden pounds the mat.

The crowd begins chanting.

"CAY-DEN! CAY-DEN! CAY-DEN!"

Cayden rises.

He looks toward the corner.

He begins measuring Deacon.

The champion slowly gets to his feet.

Cayden charges.

BACKDRAFT!

Deacon moves!

Cayden crashes into the corner!

Deacon grabs the ropes and pulls himself up.

He suddenly grabs his left knee.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "AH!"

He collapses against the ropes.

Cayden freezes.

Michelle Rylan: "What's this?"

Deacon drops to the mat, clutching his knee.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "MY KNEE!"

The referee immediately moves toward him.

Cayden looks confused.

CAYDEN COLE: "What happened?"

Deacon rolls onto his back, grimacing.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "You hurt me!"

Cayden's eyes widen.

CAYDEN COLE: "I didn't touch you!"

Deacon points accusingly.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "You hit me!"

CAYDEN COLE: "You moved!"

Deacon screams in pain.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "MY KNEE!"

The referee kneels beside him.

At ringside, Remington Storm suddenly begins shouting toward Cayden.

REMYINGTON STORM: "LOOK WHAT YOU DID!"

Brixx Nox steps toward the apron.

She points at Cayden.

BRISX: "You hurt him."

Cayden turns toward them.

CAYDEN COLE: "I didn't do anything!"

Brixx steps closer.

The crowd begins booing her.

Michelle Rylan: "This is ridiculous!"

The Bandit: "It is either ridiculous or brilliant."

Michelle Rylan: "You think this is brilliant?"

The Bandit: "I think Deacon is capable of both."

Deacon continues writhing on the canvas.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "I can't feel my leg!"

Cayden throws his hands into the air.

CAYDEN COLE: "What am I supposed to do?!"

Remington points angrily at Cayden.

REMYINGTON STORM: "Stay away from him!"

Cayden turns toward her.

CAYDEN COLE: "He's wrestling!"

The referee tries to keep Cayden away.

Cayden looks down at Deacon.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Don't touch me!"

Cayden backs away.

Deacon immediately stops screaming.

His eyes flick toward the ropes.

Then toward Brixx.

Then toward Remington.

A tiny nod.

The crowd doesn't notice.

Cayden does.

CAYDEN COLE: "Wait..."

Brixx steps onto the apron.

Cayden turns toward her.

BRIXX: "You think this is funny?"

Cayden shakes his head.

CAYDEN COLE: "No, I think something's wrong."

Brixx steps through the ropes.

The referee immediately orders her back out.

Remington begins shouting at Cayden again.

REMINGTON STORM: "You better apologize!"

CAYDEN COLE: "For what?!"

Deacon's screaming suddenly stops.

Silence.

Cayden turns around.

Deacon is standing.

Perfectly fine.

He doesn't even limp.

Cayden's expression changes from confusion to realization.

CAYDEN COLE: "Oh, you've got to be kidding me."

Deacon grins.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Surprise."

Deacon explodes forward.

RIPCORDER KNEE!

Cayden spins.

His back faces Deacon.

Deacon hits the ropes.

THE ART OF THE DEAL!

Deacon drives Cayden face-first into the canvas.

Michelle Rylan: "THE ART OF THE DEAL!"

The champion immediately rolls Cayden onto his back and hooks both legs.

The referee drops.

ONE!

TWO!

The referee's hand is coming down for three—

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "HEY! HEY! HEY!"

The crowd erupts.

Griffin Hawkins is standing at ringside.

Michelle Rylan: "GRIFFIN HAWKINS!"

The Bandit: "Where did he come from?!"

Griffin points directly toward the ring.

His finger is aimed at Cayden's leg.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "LOOK AT HIS LEG!"

The referee stops.

His hand freezes inches above the mat.

Griffin points again.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "THE ROPE! HIS LEG IS ON THE ROPE!"

The referee looks.

Cayden's leg is indeed propped across the bottom rope.

The official immediately stops the count.

The crowd erupts.

Deacon sits bolt upright.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "WHAT?!"

Griffin points toward Cayden's leg.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "BREAK THE PIN!"

The referee tells Deacon the count is off.

Deacon stares at him.

Then looks toward Griffin.

Then back at Cayden.

Then back at Griffin.

His fake injury suddenly disappears.

Deacon springs to his feet.

He walks directly toward the ropes.

He is moving perfectly normally.

Michelle Rylan: "LOOK AT DEACON!"

The Bandit: "The knee seems to have made a miraculous recovery!"

Deacon screams toward Griffin.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!"

Griffin points back at him.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "SAVING THE MATCH!"

DEACON ST. JOHN: "GET OUT OF HERE!"

Griffin laughs.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "YOU'RE WELCOME!"

Deacon is absolutely furious.

He throws his hands up.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "YOU RUINED IT!"

The crowd bursts into laughter.

Michelle Rylan: "HE JUST ADMITTED IT!"

The Bandit: "DEACON!"

Deacon suddenly realizes what he said.

He looks toward the referee.

Then toward the crowd.

Then toward Brixx and Remington.

Brixx is pointing urgently toward the ring.

BRIX: "DEACON!"

Remington points too.

REMINGTON STORM: "TURN AROUND!"

Deacon turns.

Cayden is waiting.

SCHOOLBOY!

Cayden rolls Deacon up from behind and hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

The gymnasium explodes.

Michelle Rylan: "HE GOT HIM!"

The Bandit: "CAYDEN COLE JUST WON THE DARKHEART CHAMPIONSHIP!"

Deacon immediately kicks free and rolls onto his knees.

His face is frozen.

He looks toward the referee.

The referee points toward Cayden.

Shirley Powers rushes into the ring.

She takes the Darkheart Championship from the official and hands it to Cayden.

Cayden stares at the championship.

His eyes widen.

He slowly takes it into his hands.

The crowd is deafening.

Michelle Rylan: "Cayden Cole has done it! After falling short against Vera Vega at Episode 11, Cayden Cole has finally won championship gold in Heroes & Villains Wrestling!"

The Bandit: "And he did it by surviving Deacon St. John's latest scheme!"

Cayden raises the Darkheart Championship over his head.

He looks toward the crowd.

His face is pure disbelief.

CAYDEN COLE: "I DID IT!"

The crowd erupts again.

Cayden climbs the second rope.

He raises the championship.

Behind him, Deacon slowly stands.

The champion's expression has completely changed.

There is no smugness.

No comedy.

Only rage.

Deacon looks at Cayden.

Then at the championship.

Then at Griffin Hawkins.

Griffin is standing outside the ring with a huge grin.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "YOU'RE WELCOME!"

Deacon points furiously at him.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "YOU!"

Griffin laughs.

Cayden turns around.

Deacon suddenly charges.

He grabs the Darkheart Championship directly out of Cayden's hands.

Cayden turns.

BANG!

Deacon smashes the championship directly across Cayden's face.

The crowd instantly turns.

Boos rain down.

Michelle Rylan: "NO!"

Cayden collapses to the canvas.

Deacon stands over him, clutching the championship to his chest.

The Bandit: "Deacon St. John just snapped!"

Griffin immediately slides underneath the bottom rope.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "DEACON!"

Deacon sees him coming.

He immediately backs toward the ropes.

Griffin reaches the center of the ring.

Deacon rolls underneath the bottom rope and retreats up the aisle.

Brixx Nox and Remington Storm quickly follow him.

Griffin stands in the ring, furious.

Cayden slowly rolls onto his side.

The crowd begins chanting his name.

"CAY-DEN! CAY-DEN! CAY-DEN!"

Michelle Rylan: "Cayden Cole is the NEW Darkheart Champion!"

The Bandit: "But Deacon St. John has stolen the championship!"

Michelle Rylan: "He has absolutely no right to leave with that championship!"

The Bandit: "Apparently he believes possession is nine-tenths of the law!"

Deacon reaches the top of the ramp.

He turns around.

The Darkheart Championship is still clutched tightly against his chest.

Cayden sits up in the ring.

Griffin stands beside him.

Deacon raises the championship defiantly.

The crowd rains down boos.

Deacon shouts something inaudible toward the ring before turning and disappearing backstage with Brixx and Remington.

Inside the ring, Cayden is helped to his feet.

Shirley Powers raises his arm.

The crowd continues roaring.

Michelle Rylan: "Cayden Cole came into Eagle Pass tonight looking for his second championship opportunity in HVW history."

The Bandit: "And he leaves as a champion!"

Michelle Rylan: "The Darkheart Championship belongs to Cayden Cole!"

The Bandit: "Even if the former champion is currently running around with it!"

Cayden looks toward the entrance.

His eyes remain fixed on the place where Deacon disappeared.

Then he looks down at his empty hands.

He looks back toward Griffin.

Griffin gives him a nod.

Cayden raises his fist.

The crowd erupts once more.

The camera lingers on the new Darkheart Champion standing in the ring as the show prepares to move toward its final match.

The Hat Comes Off

Segment

Backstage in the Eagle Pass Independent School District Gymnasium, the noise from the arena feels strangely distant.

The camera moves slowly down a narrow hallway lined with the familiar Saturday Night decorations — framed Texas photographs, old wrestling posters, a battered wooden sign bearing the words SATURDAY NIGHT, and pieces of memorabilia that have become synonymous with the brand. At the end of the hallway sits the office that once belonged to The Sheriff.

The door is partially open.

Inside, J. Rish sits behind his desk.

His cowboy hat is sitting off to the side.

For the first time since his shocking revelation at Digital Aftershock, he isn't wearing it.

He isn't looking toward the camera, either.

Instead, his eyes are fixed on an old television sitting in the corner of the office.

The screen shows footage from January 27th, 2026.

Portland, Maine.

The footage is something J. Rish has apparently watched before.

But that doesn't make watching it any easier.

On the television, the younger version of himself walks out of the rental car with Amber Rishel beside him.

J. Rish watches silently.

On screen, Amber points across the street.

Amber: "Well yeah!"

The younger Rish laughs.

Rish: "Anything for you, honey."

J. Rish's eyes soften.

For just a moment, he almost smiles.

Then the footage continues.

The Garden of Life and Death.

The grave.

His own name.

Justin Rishel.

January 27th, 2026.

Gone abruptly, but never forgotten.

J. Rish's jaw tightens.

He watches his younger self smash the plaque.

He watches the blood run down his knuckles.

He watches Amber pull him back from the edge.

Then the graves appear.

Anubis.

Lionheart.

Angel.

Alex Cain.

Angelica.

Freddie Styles.

Jace Valentine.

Jaiden Rishel.

All dead.

All on the same date.

J. Rish leans back in his chair.

His eyes don't leave the screen.

Then comes the phone call.

Rish: "Jaiden, this is your father. Please, when you get this call, you GOTTA call me back, dude! I know we haven't talked in years, and I'm sorry for everything that I said at Dez's, but this is a life and death situation. This is all going to sound bat shit, but try to follow me. You remember everything that happened in 2018 when we got sucked into that world 300 years in the future where the Amoralists ran everything and I watched the world burn to the ground with Elisha smiling back at me? Yeah I know that never came to truly be, but Jaiden, my point is...it will. Or I mean...it's going to happen again."

The younger Rish takes a rapid breath, knowing his time on the voicemail is limited.

Rish: "Just...please call me back, Jaiden. You are the only one who can stop this."

The younger Rish ends the call.

J. Rish's expression changes.

He knows what's coming.

The television shows him walking toward the road.

Amber gets into the passenger seat.

The younger Rish crosses back toward the rental.

J. Rish watches himself take another step.

Another.

Then—

CRASH.

The black SUV tears through the frame.

J. Rish's body is thrown violently through the air.

The television shows Amber screaming.

"OH MY GOD!! NOOO!!!"

J. Rish doesn't blink.

The SUV stops.

The driver's window rolls down.

The rifle appears.

Two shots.

The footage becomes chaotic.

Police.

Ambulances.

Amber.

Blood.

His younger body lying motionless in the street.

J. Rish finally looks away.

He takes a slow breath.

His hand reaches toward the television remote.

His thumb hovers over the power button.

Before he can press it—

KNOCK. KNOCK.

J. Rish freezes.

A moment passes.

Tara Robinson's voice comes from the other side of the door.

Tara Robinson: "J. Rish? Can I come in?"

J. Rish looks toward the door.

He shuts off the television.

The office suddenly feels much quieter.

J. Rish: "Come on."

Tara enters cautiously, microphone in hand.

She looks at J. Rish.

Then at the television.

Then at the cowboy hat sitting beside his desk.

Tara Robinson: "I was hoping I could have a word with The Sheriff..."

She pauses.

Tara Robinson: "...or should I call you J. Rish now?"

J. Rish looks at her.

For a second, there is almost a smile.

It disappears.

J. Rish: "Your boss would be fine."

Tara's expression shifts.

She wasn't expecting that.

Tara Robinson: "Your... boss?"

J. Rish: "Yeah."

He gestures toward the chair across from his desk.

J. Rish: "But you know what? You may not have a word with me after all."

Tara lowers the microphone slightly.

J. Rish: "Because I already know what you're gonna ask."

He leans forward.

J. Rish: "You wanna know the how."

Beat.

J. Rish: "The why."

Another beat.

J. Rish: "The when."

His eyes narrow.

J. Rish: "You wanna know how a man everybody watched get hit by a damn car, get shot, and get left bleeding in the middle of a Portland street somehow ended up running a wrestling company in Texas under a cowboy hat."

Tara says nothing.

J. Rish slowly stands.

He reaches toward the cowboy hat.

But he doesn't pick it up.

J. Rish: "And guess what?"

He looks directly into the camera for the first time.

J. Rish: "Next weekend..."

His voice becomes firmer.

J. Rish: "...when Saturday Night rolls into the Beeville Jones High School Gym for episode number fifteen..."

That familiar Sheriff grin briefly returns.

But there's something different behind it now.

J. Rish: "Yer ole Sheriff..."

The sarcasm in the phrase is almost startling.

J. Rish: "...will be starting the show front and center."

J. Rish picks up the cowboy hat.

He looks at it.

Then back toward Tara.

J. Rish: "So stay tuned, Tara."

He turns his attention directly toward the camera.

J. Rish: "And you wonderful HVW fans watching here live and at home..."

He slowly lowers the hat onto the desk.

J. Rish: "Because the hat comes off next Saturday night."

Silence.

J. Rish turns away from the camera.

Tara stands frozen for a moment, realizing she has just been given the biggest announcement of the night.

The camera lingers on the cowboy hat sitting alone on the desk.

Then it cuts to black.

The Elephant in the Room

Segment

The camera cuts backstage inside the Eagle Pass Independent School District Gymnasium.

The roar of the crowd continues to echo through the concrete hallways following the shocking conclusion of the Darkheart Championship match.

The camera turns a corner and finds Vera Vega sitting in a folding chair beside a large whiteboard.

Standing in front of it is Griffin Hawkins, marker in hand.

Griffin is still wearing his leather jacket and silver aviator shades, but there is a noticeable difference from his usual relaxed demeanor.

He has clearly just come from ringside.

On the whiteboard are four crudely drawn stick figures.

DANIELLE.

C\$J.

GRIFFIN.

VERA.

Griffin draws a large circle around Danielle.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Okay. First thing tonight—we have to take Danielle out of the equation."

He draws an arrow from his stick figure toward Danielle.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "I've been waiting weeks to get my hands on her. I'm not walking into that ring thinking about anything else. I want payback."

Vera nods.

Griffin draws another arrow toward C\$J.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Christopher is where you come in. He's a spineless sycophant who jumps whenever Danielle tells him to jump."

Vera looks at the board.

VERA VEGA: "So you want me on Christopher?"

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Exactly."

He points at C\$J's stick figure.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "He's dangerous, but he's predictable. Danielle tells him where to go, and he goes there. You can

strike with him, you can keep up with him, and you've got enough experience to know what he's trying to do before he does it."

Griffin draws a thick line between the two opposing stick figures.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "When we get to them, we don't stop. We don't give them room to breathe."

He looks toward Vera.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "We leave nothing left of them."

Vera smiles.

VERA VEGA: "I like this strategy."

Griffin nods.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Good."

Vera studies the board for another second.

Then she points at her stick figure.

VERA VEGA: "Why am I so small?"

Griffin freezes.

He looks at the drawing.

Then at Vera.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Perspective."

Vera raises an eyebrow.

VERA VEGA: "Perspective?"

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Yeah."

VERA VEGA: "You drew yourself six feet tall."

Griffin quickly starts erasing.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Artistic interpretation."

VERA VEGA: "And I'm apparently four foot eight."

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "I said I was sorry."

He makes her stick figure taller.

VERA VEGA: "Better."

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "See? Problem solved."

Vera points at his stick figure.

VERA VEGA: "You gave yourself muscles."

GRIFFIN looks at the board.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Those are arms."

VERA VEGA: "Those are chicken wings."

Griffin laughs.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Okay. Moving on."

He turns back toward the board.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Now..."

He pauses.

His expression becomes more serious.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "...the elephant in the room."

Vera immediately knows what he means.

VERA VEGA: "The World Championship."

Griffin nods.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Yeah."

He puts the marker down.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "That part is weird."

VERA VEGA: "Because whoever gets the pinfall becomes the number one contender."

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Exactly."

He shakes his head.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "I don't know if the Sheriff booked this because he wants to test us."

A beat.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "I don't know if somebody thought it would be funny."

He looks toward the camera.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "And after everything we've seen from Angelica, I wouldn't exactly rule out the possibility that she somehow got involved because she wanted to drive a wedge between us."

Vera nods.

VERA VEGA: "Wouldn't surprise me."

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "But whatever the reason..."

He looks at Vera.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "...we have to win."

Vera nods.

Griffin takes a breath.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "And look, I'm not gonna lie."

He gestures toward the arena.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "I would love another shot at Deacon."

Vera's expression changes.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Especially after what happened out there."

He shakes his head.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Cayden won that championship."

VERA VEGA: "He did."

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "I know because I was the one who saved the match."

He smiles faintly.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Deacon had that fake injury thing going, tried to steal the match with The Art of the Deal, and I saw Cayden's leg on the bottom rope."

He points toward the arena.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "I yelled at the referee. The count stopped. Deacon lost his mind."

Vera laughs.

VERA VEGA: "He really did."

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Then Cayden rolled him up."

He nods.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "One, two, three."

Griffin pauses.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Cayden Cole is the Darkheart Champion."

VERA VEGA: "Right."

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Or at least he should be."

His expression hardens.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Because Deacon stole the championship after the match."

Vera shakes her head.

VERA VEGA: "He actually left with it?"

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Yep."

He laughs incredulously.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "I guess Deacon decided if he couldn't win the championship, he'd just take the damn thing home."

Vera shakes her head.

VERA VEGA: "That's Deacon."

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "And believe me, I'd love nothing more than to get another shot at him and that belt."

He looks toward the arena.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "But this World Championship opportunity?"

He pauses.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "That's huge."

Vera listens.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "And I don't want to end up taking something away from you."

Vera immediately shakes her head.

VERA VEGA: "You wouldn't."

Griffin looks at her.

VERA VEGA: "That's not who you are."

She stands.

VERA VEGA: "You've been to the mountain top, Griff."

She gestures toward him.

VERA VEGA: "Eleven times."

Griffin nods.

VERA VEGA: "Eleven World Championships."

She takes a breath.

VERA VEGA: "I've never had one."

Her tone becomes more vulnerable.

VERA VEGA: "Not once."

She looks down for a moment.

VERA VEGA: "I've watched people hold that championship. I've watched them walk around calling themselves the best in the world."

She looks back at Griffin.

VERA VEGA: "And I've always hoped that one day it would be me."

A small smile.

VERA VEGA: "So I'm sorry if that sounds selfish."

Griffin immediately shakes his head.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "No."

Vera looks at him.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "You're not being selfish."

He steps closer.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "If you're not here because you want to be World Champion—if you're not here because you want to prove you're one of the best in the world—then what's the point?"

Vera smiles.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "You should want it."

He points toward the arena.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "And if you get the winning fall tonight?"

He steps aside.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "I'm not standing in your way."

Vera nods.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "I'd love to see you chase that dream."

Vera smiles.

VERA VEGA: "And if you get the pinfall?"

She points toward him.

VERA VEGA: "I won't interfere either."

Griffin looks at her.

VERA VEGA: "You've been World Champion before."

She smiles.

VERA VEGA: "You can do it again."

Griffin's grin returns.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Okay."

He picks up the marker again.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Now we're on the same page."

He draws a huge X through Danielle and C\$J.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Because tonight, one of us is becoming the number one contender."

VERA VEGA: "And Danielle isn't going to like either option."

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Not one bit."

He points toward the arena.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Deacon can complain."

He draws another X.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Danielle can complain."

Another X.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Bianca can complain."

He pauses.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "And every boot-licking sycophant Danielle has collected in HOSTILITY can complain."

Vera laughs.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "But when this is over, one of us is walking out of here with a World Championship opportunity."

Vera extends her fist.

VERA VEGA: "Deal."

Griffin bumps it.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Deal."

They turn toward the hallway leading to the arena.

Griffin stops.

He looks back at the whiteboard.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "You know what?"

Vera looks over.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "I think the drawing looks pretty good now."

Vera glances at it.

VERA VEGA: "You still made yourself taller."

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "I'm six-two."

VERA VEGA: "And?"

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "Accuracy."

Vera shakes her head, laughing.

The two begin walking toward the arena.

Neither notices the figure standing around the corner.

A pair of expensive shoes step into view.

Then the Darkheart Championship.

Deacon St. John slowly emerges from the shadows.

He is holding the championship tightly against his chest.

His eyes remain fixed on Griffin and Vera as they disappear around the corner.

He heard everything.

Especially Griffin saying that Cayden Cole is the rightful Darkheart Champion.

Deacon's jaw tightens.

He looks down at the championship in his hands.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Rightful..."

He scoffs.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Everybody's an expert."

Deacon adjusts the championship onto his shoulder.

His eyes narrow toward the direction Griffin disappeared.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "Eleven times?"

A pause.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "We'll see about twelve."

Deacon turns and walks away.

The camera cuts back toward the commentary desk.

Michelle Rylan: "Griffin Hawkins and Vera Vega have made their intentions very clear tonight."

The Bandit: "One of them wants that World Championship opportunity."

Michelle Rylan: "And either one could earn it."

The Bandit: "Meanwhile, Deacon St. John is walking around with a championship that he no longer officially owns."

Michelle Rylan: "That's important. Cayden Cole won the Darkheart Championship tonight. Deacon St. John stole it after the match."

The Bandit: "And somehow I don't think Cayden is going to let that go."

Michelle Rylan: "Nor should he."

The camera returns to the arena as the crowd begins to build toward the main event.

Michelle Rylan: "Now we find out whether Griffin Hawkins or Vera Vega can survive HOSTILITY and earn a shot at the most prestigious championship in Heroes & Villains Wrestling."

The screen fades toward the entranceway.

MAIN EVENT — NEXT.

You Bring The Idea. We Build The Story.

Segment

Backstage — Moments Before the Main Event

The camera opens on a quiet hallway inside the Eagle Pass Independent School District Gymnasium.

The noise of the crowd is distant here.

No HOSTILITY members are present.

No security.

No entourage.

Just Danielle Page.

The Diamond Princess stands against a concrete wall, the HVW World Heavyweight Championship secured around her waist. She checks the championship's position in the reflection of a nearby production case, adjusts one strand of hair, and then looks toward the approaching footsteps.

Christopher \$aint James enters the frame.

C\$J is dressed for the main event, sleeves neatly adjusted, expression composed.

He stops a few feet away.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "There she is."

Danielle looks at him through the reflection.

DANIELLE PAGE: "There you are."

C\$J straightens one of his cuffs.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "I wanted to go over the game plan."

Danielle turns toward him.

DANIELLE PAGE: "Of course."

C\$J takes a step closer.

Then stops.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "But before we do..."

Danielle waits.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "I have a question."

Danielle's expression barely changes.

DANIELLE PAGE: "Go ahead."

C\$J folds his arms.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "Why wasn't I the one you chose to lead the Evolution side of HOSTILITY?"

A beat.

Danielle doesn't answer immediately.

She simply looks at him.

C\$J continues.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "Bianca gets Evolution."

He gives a small shrug.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "I understand Bianca. I do."

Another pause.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "But I've built businesses from nothing. I've negotiated acquisitions. I've managed people who would've eaten most of this roster alive. I've spent my entire life putting myself in rooms where other people weren't smart enough to belong."

He adjusts his cuff again.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "So when I hear we're expanding HOSTILITY into another brand, naturally, I wondered why I wasn't the one sitting at the head of that table."

Danielle smiles.

Not warmly.

Knowingly.

DANIELLE PAGE: "Because I need you here."

C\$J's expression remains neutral.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "That's the answer?"

DANIELLE PAGE: "It's the answer."

She steps closer.

DANIELLE PAGE: "Christopher, look at my schedule."

She gestures toward herself.

DANIELLE PAGE: "I'm the World Champion."

She taps the championship.

DANIELLE PAGE: "I'm leading HOSTILITY."

Another tap.

DANIELLE PAGE: "I'm dealing with Dan Highlander. I'm dealing with Angelica. I'm dealing with every person in this company who suddenly thinks they have the right to tell me what my championship means."

Her eyes remain fixed on C\$J.

DANIELLE PAGE: "And I'm doing all of it at a breakneck pace."

C\$J nods slightly.

DANIELLE PAGE: "That's the cost of being the World Champion."

She pauses.

DANIELLE PAGE: "Everybody wants something from you."

Her voice lowers.

DANIELLE PAGE: "Everybody needs something from you."

Then a faint smile.

DANIELLE PAGE: "Which is precisely why I need someone I can depend on to get things done."

C\$J studies her.

DANIELLE PAGE: "I don't need you on another brand wondering whether you're getting enough attention."

She takes another step toward him.

DANIELLE PAGE: "I need you beside me."

A beat.

DANIELLE PAGE: "Because when I tell you something needs to happen..."

She smiles.

DANIELLE PAGE: "...it happens."

C\$J looks down for a moment.

He isn't completely satisfied.

But he understands.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "So you're telling me I'm more valuable here than I would be over there."

DANIELLE PAGE: "I'm telling you that I wouldn't put you anywhere I didn't believe you belonged."

C\$J slowly nods.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "Fair enough."

A pause.

Then the corner of his mouth rises.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "Besides..."

He looks toward the arena.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "There's a pretty interesting incentive tonight."

Danielle's expression changes slightly.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "One pinfall."

He looks back at her.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "One opportunity."

He straightens his jacket.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "And I could walk out of here as the number one contender to the World Championship."

Danielle says nothing.

C\$J smiles.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "Would that make you happy?"

Danielle looks down at her championship.

Then back at him.

DANIELLE PAGE: "Would it make you happy?"

C\$J considers the question.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "You know it would."

Danielle smiles.

DANIELLE PAGE: "Then yes."

She turns toward the arena.

DANIELLE PAGE: "It would make me happy."

C\$J follows her gaze.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "Interesting."

DANIELLE PAGE: "Why?"

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "Because most people would be threatened by the idea of their own partner becoming the number one contender."

Danielle slowly turns her head toward him.

DANIELLE PAGE: "I'm not most people."

C\$J smiles.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "No."

He nods toward the championship.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "You're Danielle Page."

A moment of silence.

Then Danielle's expression becomes businesslike again.

DANIELLE PAGE: "Now..."

She gestures toward the entranceway.

DANIELLE PAGE: "The game plan."

C\$J nods.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "Vera is experienced. She'll try to make this about pace."

DANIELLE PAGE: "Then don't give her one."

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "Griffin will want the crowd."

DANIELLE PAGE: "Then take it away from him."

C\$J smiles.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "And if they try to isolate one of us?"

Danielle doesn't hesitate.

DANIELLE PAGE: "We don't let them."

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "If they get momentum?"

DANIELLE PAGE: "We break it."

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "If the opportunity presents itself?"

Danielle looks directly into his eyes.

DANIELLE PAGE: "Take it."

C\$J nods.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "And if that opportunity happens to be a three-count..."

Danielle gives him a knowing smile.

DANIELLE PAGE: "Then take that too."

C\$J adjusts his cuffs one final time.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "That's why I like working with you."

Danielle turns toward the arena.

DANIELLE PAGE: "That's why I kept you here."

They begin walking down the hallway together.

After several steps, C\$J glances toward the championship around Danielle's waist.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "One question."

Danielle looks over.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "If I become number one contender..."

He pauses.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "...do you expect me to go easy on you?"

Danielle stops walking.

She turns toward him.

For the first time, there is something almost amused in her expression.

DANIELLE PAGE: "Christopher."

A beat.

DANIELLE PAGE: "If you ever went easy on me..."

She steps closer.

DANIELLE PAGE: "...I'd replace you."

C\$J laughs softly.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "Good."

Danielle turns back toward the arena.

DANIELLE PAGE: "Now let's go."

C\$J follows.

The two members of HOSTILITY disappear around the corner together.

The camera lingers on the empty hallway for a moment.

Then the roar of the Eagle Pass crowd swells.

CUT TO THE ARENA.

Danielle Page (c?) & Christopher \$. James vs. Griffin Hawkins & Vera Vega

Match

Winner of the fall becomes the #1 Contender for the HVW World Heavyweight Championship

If Danielle Page scores the fall, she may choose her challenger for Outlaw's Reckoning

The camera returns to the Eagle Pass Independent School District Gymnasium, where the atmosphere has changed completely.

The casual energy of the earlier matches is gone.

The crowd knows exactly what is at stake.

The HVW World Heavyweight Championship sits around the waist of Danielle Page, the Diamond Princess, and tonight she has the opportunity to do something almost unheard of: if she personally scores the winning fall, she gets to choose who challenges her at Outlaw's Reckoning on October 24.

But standing across from her are two wrestlers with everything to gain.

For Griffin Hawkins, it is another chance to climb toward a championship he has held eleven times.

For Vera Vega, it is something much more personal.

A World Championship opportunity has eluded her entire career.

Tonight, she is one three-count away.

The lights around the gymnasium dim.

The crowd immediately begins to boo.

Shirley Powers steps into the center of the ring.

Shirley Powers: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!"

The first notes of "Separate Ways" by Journey hit the speakers.

The reaction changes immediately.

A huge cheer rises from the Eagle Pass crowd as Griffin Hawkins emerges from the entranceway wearing his leather jacket and silver aviators.

Shirley Powers: "Introducing first... from Windsor, Ontario, Canada... weighing in at 227 pounds... THE JUKEBOX HERO... GRIFFIN HAWKINS!"

Griffin points toward the crowd before removing his sunglasses.

He makes his way down the ramp, slapping hands with fans along the barricade before climbing onto the apron. He pauses there for a moment, looking across the gymnasium at the World Champion and her partner.

Griffin removes his jacket.

Then the smile disappears.

He knows this isn't another opportunity to entertain.

This is business.

Michelle Rylan: "Griffin Hawkins has been a World Champion eleven times in his career, Bandit, but tonight he's got a very different kind of challenge in front of him."

The Bandit: "Yeah. Usually when Griffin wins a World Championship, somebody actually gives him a championship after the match."

Michelle Rylan: "Let's not forget what happened earlier tonight."

The Bandit: "Oh, I haven't forgotten. Cayden Cole won the Darkheart Championship, Deacon St. John stole it, and Griffin Hawkins was right in the middle of the reason Deacon lost."

Michelle Rylan: "And now Griffin has to put all of that aside."

The music changes.

"Eternally Yours" by Motionless In White fills the gymnasium.

Another tremendous ovation follows.

Vera Vega emerges from backstage.

She stops at the top of the ramp.

For just a moment, she looks around at the packed gymnasium.

This isn't the biggest building she's wrestled in.

It isn't the most prestigious arena she's ever stood inside.

But tonight feels different.

Because she knows exactly what could be waiting at the end of this match.

Shirley Powers: "And his tag team partner... from Richmond, Virginia... weighing in at 115 pounds... VERA VEGA!"

Vera walks toward the ring with purpose, touching the hands of fans along the aisle before sliding beneath the bottom rope.

She rises immediately.

Across the ring, Danielle watches her.

The World Champion's expression is completely composed.

Vera looks down at Danielle's championship.

Then back at Danielle.

No words.

Just a stare.

Michelle Rylan: "Vera Vega has never been World Champion."

The Bandit: "Not once."

Michelle Rylan: "And we've heard her say tonight that this is something she's dreamed about her entire career."

The Bandit: "Well, dreams are wonderful. Three-counts are better."

Vera moves to her corner.

The arena lights shift again.

A polished, expensive presentation replaces the previous entrance.

Christopher \$aint James steps through the entranceway.

He straightens his cuffs before beginning his walk.

Shirley Powers: "And their opponents..."

C\$J walks with the confidence of a man who believes the result has already been calculated.

He doesn't acknowledge the boos.

He doesn't need to.

He simply smiles.

Shirley Powers: "From Chicago, Illinois... weighing in at 228 pounds... THE VISIONARY... CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES!"

C\$J reaches ringside, stops, and looks across the ring.

Griffin points toward him.

C\$J simply smiles.

Michelle Rylan: "C\$J made it very clear earlier tonight that he believes he can become the number one contender."

The Bandit: "And he asked Danielle if that would make her happy."

Michelle Rylan: "She told him yes."

The Bandit: "That's either tremendous confidence or a really complicated relationship."

Michelle Rylan: "Probably both."

C\$J steps through the ropes.

The music abruptly cuts.

The gymnasium falls almost completely silent.

Then a single spotlight catches the entranceway.

The first notes of the Diamond Princess's music hit.

The crowd erupts in boos.

Danielle Page emerges wearing the HVW World Heavyweight Championship around her waist.

She stops at the top of the ramp.

She doesn't look at the crowd.

She looks directly at Vera.

Then Griffin.

Then back toward the ring.

Shirley Powers: "And finally... the reigning and defending HVW World Heavyweight Champion... THE DIAMOND PRINCESS... DANIELLE PAGE!"

Danielle slowly makes her way down the ramp, championship around her waist, her expression calm and almost dismissive.

She climbs the steps.

Before entering the ring, Danielle stops and raises the championship slightly.

The crowd rains down boos.

Danielle smiles.

She enters.

C\$J stands beside her.

Danielle removes the championship and hands it to Shirley Powers.

Shirley holds it up for the entire gymnasium to see.

Michelle Rylan: "That is what everybody in this building wants."

The Bandit: "And only one person gets to leave with the opportunity to take it."

Danielle stares across the ring.

Vera stares back.

Griffin steps forward.

C\$J steps forward.

The four wrestlers stand opposite one another.

The official calls both teams into the center.

He gives the final instructions.

Then sends them to their corners.

Michelle Rylan: "Here we go."

The bell rings.

THE MATCH

Danielle and Vera are the first two in the ring.

The crowd immediately comes alive.

Vera raises her hands.

Danielle circles her.

Neither woman rushes.

Danielle makes a small gesture toward Vera, almost inviting her forward.

Vera steps in.

They lock up.

Danielle immediately slips around to the side and takes Vera down into a headlock, but Vera quickly works her way back to her feet and shoots Danielle off the ropes. Danielle comes back with a spinning heel kick that Vera ducks beneath, then Vera fires a quick dropkick that catches Danielle square in the chest and sends the World Champion rolling toward her corner. Danielle immediately retreats to the ropes and looks irritated rather than hurt. Vera doesn't celebrate; she simply waits. Danielle tags C\$J.

The crowd boos.

Michelle Rylan: "Quick exchange, and Danielle immediately makes the tag."

The Bandit: "Smart. She doesn't need to prove anything in there."

Michelle Rylan: "She certainly believes that."

C\$J steps between the ropes.

Griffin tags himself in.

The two men meet in the center.

C\$J extends a hand.

Griffin looks at it.

The crowd begins laughing.

Griffin reaches out.

C\$J suddenly pulls his hand away and smiles.

Griffin shakes his head.

The Bandit: "Oh, come on!"

Michelle Rylan: "C\$J playing games already."

Griffin responds by ducking under a clothesline and catching C\$J with a Japanese arm drag. C\$J rolls up immediately, but Griffin kicks free before the referee can even get into position. C\$J rises into a second arm drag, then a third, and Griffin follows with a dropkick that sends C\$J through the ropes.

The crowd cheers.

C\$J lands on his feet outside and immediately straightens his gear.

Michelle Rylan: "Griffin Hawkins is moving!"

The Bandit: "Christopher \$aint James is moving too, but he's moving away from Griffin."

C\$J climbs back onto the apron.

Griffin waits.

C\$J gets through the ropes.

Griffin immediately catches him with a snapmare and drops a quick elbow across the upper back before transitioning into a front facelock. C\$J tries to fight up, but Griffin keeps him grounded, forcing him to carry the veteran's weight. C\$J eventually reaches the ropes and forces the break.

Griffin releases immediately.

C\$J smiles.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "Good."

Griffin looks confused.

C\$J suddenly catches Griffin with a European uppercut.

Then another.

A third sends Griffin staggering backward.

C\$J grabs him by the wrist and whips him across the ring, catching him on the rebound with a running neckbreaker. Griffin hits the canvas hard.

C\$J doesn't cover.

He simply straightens his cuffs.

Michelle Rylan: "That's C\$J."

The Bandit: "He could have gone for the cover."

Michelle Rylan: "But he wants Griffin to know he was in control."

C\$J bends over Griffin.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "You wanted the opportunity."

He pats Griffin on the cheek.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "Earn it."

Griffin suddenly rolls C\$J into a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

C\$J kicks out!

Both men scramble up.

Griffin fires a Rocket Kick!

C\$J ducks!

Griffin spins through and lands on his feet.

C\$J catches him with a jumping knee!

Griffin stumbles.

C\$J follows with a Russian legsweep!

ONE!

TWO!

Griffin kicks out.

C\$J immediately tags Danielle.

Danielle enters.

She stomps Griffin's knee before he can reach his corner.

Michelle Rylan: "There it is."

The Bandit: "The Diamond Princess saw the opening."

Danielle grabs Griffin's leg and drags him away from Vera, wrapping it around her own leg and dropping down into a methodical leg lock. Griffin reaches toward his corner, but Danielle keeps his hips trapped.

Griffin tries to turn.

Danielle adjusts.

She pulls harder.

DANIELLE PAGE: "You wanted my championship."

Griffin grimaces.

DANIELLE PAGE: "Then get used to looking at it."

Griffin starts crawling.

Danielle pulls him back.

The crowd begins rallying behind him.

Michelle Rylan: "Danielle has immediately gone after the leg."

The Bandit: "Exactly what she said she would do. Methodical. Patient. Find something and take it apart."

Griffin finally manages to roll through, forcing Danielle forward.

He scrambles.

Danielle grabs his ankle again.

Griffin jumps.

He catches Danielle with an enzuigiri!

Danielle stumbles.

Griffin dives!

TAG!

Vera explodes into the ring.

The crowd erupts.

Vera immediately attacks Danielle with a spinning headscissors, sending her across the ring. C\$J charges in, but Vera ducks underneath and catches him with a springboard dropkick that knocks him through the ropes.

Vera turns back toward Danielle.

Danielle gets up.

Vera hits another headscissors.

Danielle rolls through.

Vera follows with a hurricanrana!

Danielle lands hard.

ONE!

TWO!

Danielle kicks out.

Michelle Rylan: "Vera Vega nearly caught the World Champion!"

The Bandit: "That's the problem with Vera. You can never let her get comfortable."

Vera grabs Danielle's arm and twists it.

Danielle reverses.

Vera reverses again.

Danielle drives a knee into Vera's stomach.

Vera doubles over.

Danielle hits a spike DDT!

Danielle covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Vera kicks out!

Danielle immediately sits up.

For the first time, the frustration shows.

DANIELLE PAGE: "Stay down."

Vera pushes herself up.

Danielle grabs her.

Vera counters with a sunset flip!

ONE!

TWO!

Danielle kicks out.

Both women rise.

Danielle throws a spinning heel kick!

Vera ducks!

Vera charges!

Danielle catches her!

A belly-to-belly suplex!

Vera lands hard.

Danielle immediately tags C\$J.

C\$J enters and begins methodically working Vera over, first with a European uppercut, then a snap suplex that keeps her grounded. He follows with a Russian legsweep and immediately hooks the arm, transitioning into an armbar. Vera twists her body, trying to create enough leverage to reach the ropes, but C\$J keeps adjusting his position. He isn't rushing. He is making her spend energy.

Michelle Rylan: "C\$J is doing exactly what he told Danielle he would do."

The Bandit: "He's taking Vera's pace away."

Michelle Rylan: "And that's a dangerous thing to do against a veteran."

Vera manages to roll onto her knees.

C\$J pulls her back.

She twists.

She catches him with a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

C\$J kicks out!

C\$J immediately swings!

Vera ducks!

She fires a step-up knee!

C\$J staggers backward!

Vera follows with a springboard dropkick!

C\$J goes down!

Vera dives toward her corner!

C\$J grabs her ankle!

Vera kicks!

C\$J loses his grip!

Vera tags Griffin!

Griffin flies into the ring.

C\$J barely gets to his feet before Griffin catches him with a Japanese arm drag.

Then another.

Then a hurricanrana.

Griffin hits the ropes.

STAGE DIVE!

The second-rope legdrop connects!

Griffin covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Danielle breaks the count!

The crowd erupts.

Michelle Rylan: "Danielle Page breaking up the pin!"

The Bandit: "She is not letting her championship's future get decided that easily!"

Griffin immediately gets up.

Danielle is already waiting.

He points at her.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "You want me?"

Danielle smiles.

Griffin charges!

Danielle sidesteps!

Griffin stops himself just before colliding with the referee.

Danielle catches him from behind with a jumping knee!

C\$J grabs Griffin!

Executive Decision!

The rolling cutter connects!

C\$J covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Vera breaks it up!

Now all four are in the ring.

The crowd explodes.

Vera attacks Danielle.

Griffin attacks C\$J.

Danielle and Vera trade forearms in one corner while Griffin and C\$J battle in the opposite corner. The official struggles to regain control as all four wrestlers spill toward the center, but eventually Griffin and C\$J roll outside while Danielle and Vera remain inside.

Danielle grabs Vera.

Vera counters!

Vera Painful!

No!

Danielle escapes the tornado DDT and rolls underneath the bottom rope.

The crowd boos.

Danielle immediately looks toward C\$J.

C\$J climbs back onto the apron.

Danielle tags him.

Michelle Rylan: "HOSTILITY has regained control."

The Bandit: "And this is where their experience together becomes dangerous."

C\$J enters.

Vera is still recovering.

C\$J grabs her.

Danielle reaches through the ropes and catches Vera's arm.

C\$J smiles.

The World Champion pulls Vera forward.

C\$J hits a rolling cutter!

Executive Decision!

Vera crashes down.

C\$J hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Vera kicks out!

The crowd erupts.

C\$J looks genuinely surprised for half a second.

Then he smiles again.

Danielle reaches in and tells him something.

C\$J nods.

He pulls Vera up.

Vera catches him with a knee!

Another!

Another!

C\$J staggers!

Vera hits a spinning headscissors!

C\$J rolls!

Vera crawls toward Griffin!

C\$J grabs her ankle!

Vera kicks backward!

C\$J falls!

Vera leaps!

TAG!

Griffin enters!

The Jukebox Hero hits the ring like a missile.

C\$J gets caught with a Rocket Kick!

Then a Red Right Hand!

Then Griffin hits the ropes!

STAR PLATINUM!

The Phenomenal Forearm connects!

ONE!

TWO!

Danielle pulls Griffin out of the ring!

The crowd boos furiously.

Michelle Rylan: "Danielle Page again!"

The Bandit: "She doesn't have to be pinned to lose this opportunity, Michelle!"

Michelle Rylan: "But she absolutely does not want Griffin Hawkins becoming number one contender!"

Griffin lands on his feet outside.

He turns.

Danielle is standing there.

Griffin smiles.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "You know..."

He points toward the ring.

GRIFFIN HAWKINS: "...I think you're worried."

Danielle's smile disappears.

She throws a forearm!

Griffin ducks!

C\$J dives through the ropes!

Griffin sidesteps!
C\$J nearly collides with Danielle!
Griffin grabs C\$J!
Sends him shoulder-first into the ring post!
C\$J drops!
Griffin rolls back inside!
Vera is waiting!
They look at one another.
Vera nods.
Griffin nods.
They set up C\$J.
Vera charges!
Griffin catches her!
They hit their tandem sequence!
C\$J is sent crashing into the corner!
Griffin charges!
C\$J moves!
Griffin crashes into the turnbuckles!
Vera catches C\$J with a spinning headscissors!
C\$J lands!
Vera goes for Vera Painful!
C\$J blocks it!
He shoves her away!
Danielle tags herself in!
Danielle enters and immediately hits Vera with a Princess Kick!
Vera drops!
Danielle covers!
ONE!
TWO!
Vera kicks out!
Danielle's eyes narrow.
She pulls Vera up.
Princess Cut!

No!

Vera slides free!

She hits Danielle with a springboard dropkick!

Danielle tumbles backward!

Vera dives!

TAG!

Griffin!

Griffin hits the ropes!

Rocket Kick!

Danielle ducks!

Griffin spins!

Danielle catches him!

Crown Jewel!

The brainbuster connects!

Danielle covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Griffin kicks out!

Michelle Rylan: "Griffin Hawkins survives!"

The Bandit: "The World Champion almost had him!"

Danielle pounds the canvas once.

Her composure is beginning to crack.

She grabs Griffin's leg and starts dragging him toward the center.

DANIELLE PAGE: "You're not taking this from me."

Griffin reaches.

Vera reaches.

C\$J tags himself in.

Danielle looks at him.

C\$J nods.

HOSTILITY begins working together.

C\$J grabs Griffin.

Danielle strikes.

Griffin ducks!

Danielle nearly hits C\$J!

C\$J catches Griffin!

Executive Decision!

Griffin ducks!

C\$J hits the ropes!

Griffin catches him with a back body drop!

C\$J lands!

Griffin dives!

TAG!

Vera!

Vera charges!

C\$J catches her!

Vera slips free!

She hits a step-up knee!

C\$J staggers!

Vera Painful!

C\$J catches her halfway!

He tries to lift!

Vera elbows free!

She rolls behind!

C\$J turns!

Vera hits a tornado DDT!

ONE!

TWO!

C\$J kicks out!

Vera rises!

Danielle is staring at her from the apron.

Vera stares back.

The crowd begins chanting:

"VERA! VERA! VERA!"

Danielle's face hardens.

Vera smiles.

Then Griffin suddenly looks toward the entranceway.

His expression changes.

Michelle Rylan: "Wait a minute."

The Bandit: "What's Griffin looking at?"

A figure has appeared at the top of the ramp.

Dark suit.

Dark expression.

And over his shoulder...

The stolen Darkheart Championship.

Deacon St. John.

The crowd immediately erupts into boos.

Deacon slowly walks down the ramp, carrying Cayden Cole's championship as though it belongs to him.

Michelle Rylan: "DEACON ST. JOHN!"

The Bandit: "He's still got that championship!"

Michelle Rylan: "The Darkheart Championship that Cayden Cole won earlier tonight!"

The Bandit: "And Deacon stole!"

Deacon continues down the ramp.

Griffin is staring directly at him.

Vera looks toward Griffin.

C\$J sees the distraction.

Danielle sees it too.

But Griffin isn't watching the match anymore.

He looks at Vera.

She looks back.

Griffin shrugs.

Then he hops off the apron.

Michelle Rylan: "Griffin's leaving!"

The Bandit: "He's going after Deacon!"

Michelle Rylan: "But the match is still happening!"

Griffin walks up the ramp.

Deacon smiles.

DEACON ST. JOHN: "You really want to do this?"

Griffin doesn't answer.

He keeps walking.

Deacon steps forward.

Griffin steps forward.

Then Griffin throws the first punch.

The crowd explodes.

Deacon swings back.

Griffin ducks!

They collide!

Deacon drives Griffin into the barricade!

Griffin fires back with a forearm!

Deacon drops the championship!

The belt hits the floor!

Cayden Cole suddenly emerges from backstage.

The crowd erupts again.

Michelle Rylan: "CAYDEN COLE!"

The Bandit: "OH, NOW IT'S THREE!"

Cayden charges down the ramp.

He goes directly after Deacon.

The three men begin brawling up the ramp, Griffin hammering Deacon with forearms while Cayden tries to retrieve his championship.

The official inside the ring watches the chaos.

He looks toward the timekeeper.

Then toward the ramp.

He clearly doesn't know whether to call for the bell.

Michelle Rylan: "The official doesn't know what to do!"

The Bandit: "He's got a World Championship number one contender match happening in the ring and a Darkheart Championship war happening on the entrance ramp!"

The official hesitates.

Then finally points toward the ring.

KEEP GOING.

Michelle Rylan: "He's continuing the match!"

The Bandit: "Good decision!"

Inside the ring, Danielle and C\$J have Vera trapped.

Two against one.

Danielle grabs Vera.

C\$J blocks the escape.

Danielle hits the Princess Kick!

Vera drops!

Danielle grabs her!

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER!

The reverse neckbreaker plants Vera!

Danielle doesn't cover.

Instead, she looks toward C\$J.

DANIELLE PAGE: "Finish her."

C\$J nods.

Danielle tags him.

C\$J enters.

He hooks Vera's leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

VERA KICKS OUT!

The crowd explodes!

Michelle Rylan: "SHE KICKED OUT!"

The Bandit: "HOW?!"

C\$J sits upright, stunned.

Danielle's eyes widen.

Then the frustration takes over.

DANIELLE PAGE: "GET UP!"

C\$J looks toward her.

DANIELLE PAGE: "GET UP!"

She points at Vera.

DANIELLE PAGE: "FINISH HER!"

C\$J grabs Vera and pulls her to her feet.

CHRISTOPHER \$AINT JAMES: "Time to go home."

He hooks her for Saint's Blessing.

He lifts!

Vera drops out!

She lands behind him!

C\$J turns!

Vera hits a trademark strike!

C\$J staggers!

Vera catches him!

VERA PAINFUL!

The tornado DDT explodes C\$J onto the canvas!

The crowd rises as one.

Vera rolls onto her knees.

She looks toward the ropes.

Danielle is climbing back onto the apron.

Vera gets up.

C\$J is motionless.

Vera turns toward him.

Danielle steps through the ropes!

DANIELLE PAGE: "NO!"

Danielle charges!

Vera ducks!

Danielle's running clothesline misses!

Vera grabs her!

Danielle is dumped over the top rope!

The World Champion crashes onto the floor!

Michelle Rylan: "DANIELLE OVER THE TOP!"

The Bandit: "VERA JUST SAVED HERSELF!"

Vera turns around.

C\$J is standing.

He catches her!

SAINT'S BLESSING!

C\$J lifts Vera into the fireman's carry position!

The crowd gasps!

Vera slips out!

She lands behind him!

C\$J turns!

Vera catches him!

VERA PAINFUL!

C\$J crashes down!

Vera hooks both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

BELL RINGS!

The gymnasium explodes.

Fireworks erupt around the entranceway as Vera immediately rolls onto her back, staring at the ceiling in disbelief.

Shirley Powers: "THE WINNER OF THE MATCH... AND THE NEW NUMBER ONE CONTENDER FOR THE HVW WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP... VERA VEGA!"

The crowd erupts into a deafening chant.

"VERA! VERA! VERA!"

Michelle Rylan: "VERA VEGA DID IT!"

The Bandit: "SHE DID IT!"

Michelle Rylan: "After nearly twenty years in this business, Vera Vega has just earned a World Championship opportunity!"

The Bandit: "And she had to survive Danielle Page, Christopher \$aint James, AND that whole mess involving Deacon and Cayden!"

Michelle Rylan: "And let's be clear—the person who scores the fall becomes the number one contender. Vera Vega scored the fall!"

Vera slowly gets to her feet.

She looks down at C\$J.

Then toward the floor.

Danielle is pulling herself back toward the ring.

Vera looks toward her.

The World Champion climbs onto the apron.

Vera walks toward the ropes.

Danielle steps into the ring.

The two women stand several feet apart.

Danielle's expression is furious.

Vera's face is completely different.

She is smiling.

Not because she's mocking Danielle.

Because she finally realizes what she's accomplished.

The fans begin chanting louder.

"VERA! VERA! VERA!"

Vera points toward the championship belt being held at ringside.

Then points at Danielle.

VERA VEGA: "October twenty-fourth."

Danielle stares at her.

Vera smiles.

VERA VEGA: "You and me."

Danielle looks down at the World Championship.

Then back at Vera.

No words.

Just an intense stare.

Michelle Rylan: "The Diamond Princess has her challenger!"

The Bandit: "And it is the woman who has been waiting her entire career for this moment!"

Michelle Rylan: "Vera Vega is going to Outlaw's Reckoning!"

The Bandit: "Vera Vega is going to challenge Danielle Page for the HVW World Heavyweight Championship!"

Vera raises both arms.

The crowd roars.

Danielle stands across from her, still holding her ground.

C\$J slowly rolls out of the ring.

Vera never takes her eyes off Danielle.

Danielle never takes hers off Vera.

The fireworks continue.

The chant grows louder.

"VERA! VERA! VERA!"

Michelle Rylan: "October 24th. Doggett Ford Arena. Beaumont, Texas."

The Bandit: "The biggest opportunity of Vera Vega's career."

Michelle Rylan: "A World Championship has alluded Vera Vega for her entire career."

The Bandit: "Not anymore."

Michelle Rylan: "She is one match away."

Vera looks toward the crowd.

Then back toward Danielle.

The Diamond Princess slowly raises the HVW World Heavyweight Championship into the air.

Vera points directly at it.

The two women stare each other down as the camera pulls back, revealing the packed Eagle Pass gymnasium, the fireworks, the roaring crowd, and the World Championship hanging between them.

Michelle Rylan: "Danielle Page."

A beat.

Michelle Rylan: "Vera Vega."

Another.

Michelle Rylan: "Outlaw's Reckoning."

The camera holds on the two women.

October 24th.

Doggett Ford Arena.

Beaumont, Texas.

The World Championship.

The screen fades to black.

HVW SATURDAY NIGHT — END OF BROADCAST.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite