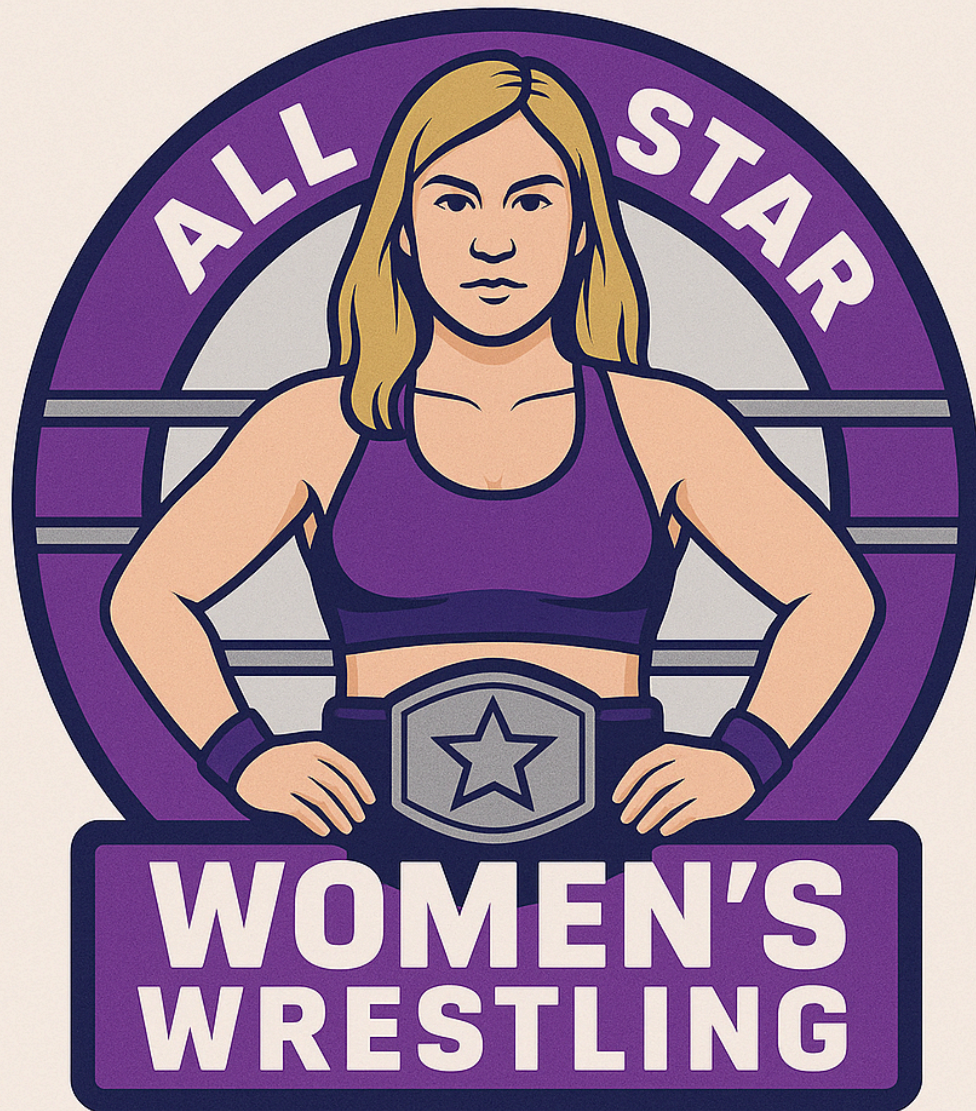




Presents

FRIDAY NIGHT FURY

The lights in the ASWW Coliseum flicker, then explode into a cascade of purple and silver pyrotechnics, the roar of the Atlanta crowd shaking the rafters. The camera sweeps over thousands of screaming fans holding signs, waving banners, and chanting A-S-W-W! as the brand-new era of women's wrestling officially begins.

The camera cuts to the broadcast desk where Doug Castle straightens his headset, a cool grin on his face. Beside him, Dottie Nightengale, glowing with excitement, leans forward as the fans continue to roar behind them.

DOUG CASTLE:

“Ladies and gentlemen... WELCOME to ATLANTA, GEORGIA! Welcome to the ASWW Coliseum! And welcome to the very FIRST episode of Friday Night Fury!”

The crowd erupts, a booming FURY! FURY! FURY! chant breaking out.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

“Doug, I’ve got chills! I’ve dreamed of nights like this my whole life. A brand-new promotion. A brand-new stage. And tonight, it ain’t just about makin’ history... it’s about crownin’ destiny.”

DOUG:

“That’s right! Tonight kicks off the ASWW World Championship Tournament—the quest to crown our FIRST EVER World Champion begins RIGHT NOW!”

The lights dim slightly as the tournament bracket flashes across the giant screen.

Dottie taps the bracket with her notes.

DOTTIE:

“And Doug, these aren’t warm-up matches. These aren’t tune-ups. These are four BIG-time, high-stakes, win-or-go-home battles.”

DOUG:

“We start with Kayla Maddox—crafty, cunning, and dangerous. She’s an in-ring strategist, the type who can turn a match on its head in seconds.”

DOTTIE:

“Mmm-hmm, but across from her is that mysterious mask of La Vampira Gótico from the Vale. Nobody knows what she’s capable of... and that makes her terrifying. She’s unpredictable, she’s eerie, and Doug... she’s hungry.”

DOUG:

“Next up, Paris Eris—the rule-bender, the referee-blocker, the ‘I-didn’t-see-nothin’ troublemaker.”

DOTTIE:

“She’s sneaky as a fox in a henhouse, Doug. But Milisandre Crowthorne? Creepy. Tough. Unshaken. She’s like somethin’ out of a nightmare—but built to fight.”

DOUG:

“The third match is brute force versus spoiled finesse. Miranda Fletcher: a powerhouse from Bunbury, Australia if she hits you, you stay hit.”

DOTTIE:

“And Vivian Venture... well, sugar, she’s rich, entitled, and meaner than a yacht-club membership committee. But let me tell you, she can wrestle, and she LOVES makin’ people miserable.”

DOUG:

“And in our main event, two unpredictable forces collide.”

DOTTIE:

“Azurine Vebbins, experience, creativity, charisma. A veteran who always finds a way.”

DOUG:

“But Cassandra Wilde? She’s unpredictable, wild literally. She fights like chaos wrapped in skin.”

The camera zooms in on Doug and Dottie as the crowd chants again.

DOUG:

“Four matches. Four winners. And by the end of tonight, four names will move one step closer to immortality.”

DOTTIE:

“Atlanta... buckle in. Because the road to the ASWW World Championship starts RIGHT NOW!”

Angelique Thibodaux stands in the center of the ring, spotlights glimmering off her auburn-tinted hair as she raises the microphone. The ASWW Coliseum hums with anticipation, fans cheering, clapping, stamping their feet as the first-ever episode of Friday Night Fury rolls on.

“Ladies an’ gentlemen of Atlanta... please welcome the owner of All Star Women’s Wrestling... CRAIG BARTON!”

The crowd erupts, the cheers rising into a rolling wave as the lights shift to the entrance ramp.

Craig Barton steps out in a sharp charcoal three-piece suit, polished shoes catching the light, his presence confident and commanding. Beside him walks his wife. Summer Page-Barton.

Golden blonde hair cascading in glossy waves down her shoulders.

Sunkissed skin glowing under the arena lights. Her figure sculpted, powerful, and undeniably glamorous.

She wears a sparkly black dress, the material shimmering like starlight with every step. A daring slit rises up her hip, revealing toned leg and confidence to match. Her smile is bright, charismatic, effortlessly drawing the camera's attention.

Fans near the ramp reach out, cheering louder as the power couple approaches.

Craig helps Summer up the ring steps, holding the ropes for her before stepping through himself. Once inside, he buttons his suit jacket and accepts the microphone from Angelique.

The crowd chants his name—

“BARTON! BARTON! BARTON!”

He laughs, shaking his head as he lifts the mic.

CRAIG BARTON:

“Atlanta... THANK YOU!”

The Coliseum pops again.

“Thank you for being here tonight... for making history with us... and for supporting the absolute BEST women's wrestling on the planet!”

Another massive cheer.

Craig gestures proudly around the arena.

“We built this promotion for ONE reason—to showcase the most talented, hardest-working, most explosive female athletes in the world! And tonight...”
He grins.

“Tonight, we begin our quest to crown the FIRST EVER ASWW World Champion.”

The crowd explodes—

“A-S-W-W! A-S-W-W!”

Summer beams beside him, waving at the screaming fans.

“You’re gonna see action, athleticism, drama, and heart like you’ve NEVER seen before. I promise you... we are going to deliver one hell of a show every single week!”

The audience roars in agreement.

Craig steps toward the ropes, leaning over slightly.

“Now Atlanta... are y’all READY for Friday... Night... FURY?!”

The roof nearly blows off as the crowd becomes a wall of sound.

Craig smiles wide, energized, thrilled.

He turns back to Angelique, offering her the microphone once more.

CRAIG BARTON:

“Let’s get this show rollin’. Angelique...take it away!”

Angelique grins, lifting the mic back to her lips as Craig and Summer step aside.

The crowd is electric.

ANGELIQUE THIBODAUX:

“Ladies an’ gentlemen... this is Match Number One in the ASWW World Championship Tournament!”

The crowd pops.

She turns toward the stage as the opening chords of Kayla’s entrance theme hit glitzy, sharp, dripping with Hollywood arrogance.

ANGELIQUE:

“Introducing first... from Hollywood Hills, California...”

The lights burst into a shimmering gold spotlight.

“She is The Spotlight Siren... KAAAY-LA MADDOX!”

Kayla Maddox strides onto the stage like she owns every inch of the spotlight. She pauses at the top of the ramp, chin lifted, striking a pose as the crowd showers her in a mix of boos and scattered cheers. Her smirk grows, she thrives on it.

She walks down the ramp with a slow, confident sway, running a hand through her hair as she soaks in the attention.

DOUG CASTLE:

“There she is, Dottie, The Spotlight Siren herself. Kayla Maddox doesn’t just enter an arena, she arrives. Everything about her screams ‘look at me.’”

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

“And she means every bit of it, Doug. Kayla believes she was born for center stage. Cameras, lights, attention—she feeds on it like oxygen.”

DOUG:

“And don’t let all that glitz fool you. Kayla Maddox is as crafty as they come. She’ll turn a match inside-out if she thinks it’ll get her one inch closer to that World Championship.”

DOTTIE:

“I’ll say this, though... if confidence could win matches, Kayla’d already have the belt polished and sittin’ on her mantle.”

Kayla circles the ring, giving the camera a slow, smug smile before slipping through the ropes. She climbs the turnbuckle, stretching her arms out wide as golden lights rain down on her.

The lights inside the ASWW Coliseum snap off, not dim...Not fade...OFF.

The crowd erupts in a startled murmur as the arena is swallowed in pitch-black darkness.

A single church bell tolls.

Once...

Twice...

A slow, ominous rhythm.

Then a thin red mist begins to crawl across the entrance stage—rolling like smoke from a crypt being opened. A deep, haunting violin shrieks through the speakers, followed by a low, echoing whisper in a language no one recognizes.

The fans fall silent.

They feel her before they see her.

“...And her opponent... from the shadowed lands known only as The Vale...”

A blood-red spotlight cracks to life at the top of the ramp.

There she stands.

La Vampira Gótico.

Her mask is bone-white and expressionless, carved with subtle jagged lines like ancient runes. Her eyes, visible through the dark slits, glow with a cold, inhuman focus. Her attire is deep black with crimson accents, shaped like something between ceremonial armor and a funereal gown. She moves with an eerie, unnatural grace, shoulders lowered, head tilting slowly as if listening to something only she can hear.

She begins her descent.

One slow step at a time.

Each footfall echoes sharply, louder than it should, as though the arena itself amplifies her presence.

Fog curls around her ankles, following her like tethered spirits.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE (hushed):

“Doug... I-I’ve got goosebumps runnin’ up my arms. She don’t even have to try to be scary, she just is.”

DOUG CASTLE:

“That, Dottie, is an aura you can’t teach. Look at the crowd—they’re frozen. La Vampira Gótico brings a presence from The Vale that no one understands... and maybe nobody should.”

DOTTIE:

“Kayla Maddox wanted the spotlight, but honey... the dark just swallowed it whole.”

La Vampira pauses at ringside.

Her head tilts, slow, predatory, locking eyes with Kayla Maddox in the ring.

Kayla’s confident smirk flickers for just a moment.

A long, pale hand reaches up.

La Vampira grips the edge of the apron. Then she slides into the ring, not rolling, not climbing, moving more like a shadow than a person.

She rises to full height, standing perfectly still in the red light, mask facing Kayla with unnerving stillness.

Angelique steps back, voice tight with tension.

ANGELIQUE:

“...LAAA VAM-PI-RA... GÓ-TI-CO.”

The lights slam back on.

The bell rings, and the tension in the ASWW Coliseum turns razor-sharp.

Kayla Maddox and La Vampira Gótico begin to circle, each step measured, slow, testing. Kayla keeps her chin high, trying to project confidence, but La Vampira moves with that unsettling, predatory glide silent, unreadable behind her bone-white mask.

They close the distance.

A sudden LOCK-UP.

Kayla digs in, muscles taut—but La Vampira Gótico doesn’t budge. With a steady, almost unnatural strength, she drives Kayla backward, forcing her into the turnbuckles.

The crowd reacts with a sharp pop.

The referee steps in between them.

REFEREE:

“Break it! Break it up!”

La Vampira raises her hands slowly... almost obediently.

Kayla exhales, relieved for half a heartbeat. Then La Vampira buries a boot into Kayla’s stomach, folding her in half.

The crowd gasps.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

“Oh! That woman ain’t got the slightest intention of playin’ nice tonight!”

DOUG CASTLE:

“La Vampira gave that clean break all of a half-second. Kayla Maddox better wake up fast, The Vale doesn’t show mercy.”

Kayla stumbles forward, clutching her midsection. La Vampira stands motionless for a moment, her head tilted at that disturbing angle—

Then she strikes.

A CRACK echoes across the arena as she lands a vicious backhand chop right across Kayla’s chest. The crowd winces in unison.

Kayla drops to her knees from the force, gasping.

La Vampira seizes her wrist, yanking her up only to short-arm clothesline her immediately, snapping Kayla flat onto the mat.

The impact thunders.

Kayla groans, reaching instinctively for her jaw.

La Vampira doesn’t pause.

She begins stomping, short, precise, merciless. One to the ribs. One to the shoulder. One between the shoulder blades, forcing Kayla’s breath out in a wheeze.

DOUG CASTLE:

“La Vampira Gótico wasting NO time asserting dominance here. Every move is cold, efficient, and devastating.”

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

“Kayla Maddox walked in here wantin’ the spotlight... but right now she’s just tryin’ to survive in the dark.”

La Vampira stands over Kayla, mask expressionless, chest rising slowly as she stalks her prey.

Kayla rolls to her side, clutching her ribs, sucking in air, but the moment La Vampira pauses to stalk forward, Kayla forces herself up, adrenaline kicking in.

La Vampira reaches for her...Kayla springs upward and fires off a standing dropkick, boots smashing square into La Vampira’s chest.

The masked woman staggers back, arms spreading as she’s knocked off balance. The crowd erupts at the sudden shift.

Kayla scrambles up and pounces, unleashing a barrage of stiff forearm shots to the mask, each one popping sharply through the arena.

La Vampira drops to one knee, momentarily stunned.

Kayla sees her opening.

She grabs La Vampira’s head, hooks the arm, and with a quick twist. DDT! La Vampira’s skull spikes into the canvas, the ring shaking from the impact.

The fans roar as Kayla rolls away, chest heaving, trying to build momentum.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

“There ya go, Kayla! That’s how you get back in this thing! She had to dig down deep for that one!”

DOUG CASTLE:

“Huge dropkick, rapid-fire shots—Kayla Maddox just turned the tide! And that DDT was picture-perfect. She absolutely planted La Vampira Gótico!”

DOTTIE:

“The Spotlight Siren finally got herself a spotlight moment but can she keep it with The Vale starin’ her down?”

Kayla rises slowly, determination replacing her earlier panic, while La Vampira remains facedown, the eerie stillness returning.

La Vampira Gótico begins to stir, pushing herself up from the mat with slow, deliberate movements. Kayla shakes out her arms, preparing herself, breathing hard but standing firm.

La Vampira rises fully—mask tilting upward.

They meet in the center of the ring.

Kayla fires a forearm.

La Vampira fires back.

Another from Kayla.

Another from La Vampira.

The crowd is roaring, every strike echoing like a gunshot. Neither woman gives an inch. Neither backs down.

Suddenly, the referee shifts position, trying to get a clearer view.

In that exact heartbeat, La Vampira’s hand shoots forward.

A quick, sharp eye poke.

Kayla yelps and stumbles back, clutching her face.

The ref turns, too late.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

“Oh come on! Ref! She stuck her fingers right in that girl’s eye!”

DOUG CASTLE:

“Classic Vale trickery, La Vampira using darkness in more ways than one. Kayla Maddox is blinded, and the referee didn’t see a thing!”

Kayla swings wildly, still disoriented.
La Vampira moves behind her like a shadow.

An arm snakes around Kayla’s throat.
Another hooks tight behind her head.

La Vampira locks in a sleeper hold, cutting off Kayla’s air and vision at the same time.

Kayla’s eyes widen, her legs kicking, arms flailing as she tries to pry free.

La Vampira leans back, tightening the hold with cold precision, her mask close enough that Kayla can feel the breath against her ear.

Kayla drops to one knee.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

“Kayla’s in trouble—real trouble! That sleeper is cinched in deep!”

DOUG CASTLE:

“And this is where La Vampira becomes terrifying. No wasted movement. No emotion. Just slow, suffocating control.”

DOTTIE:

“Kayla Maddox better find the ropes, find a counter, find SOMETHING, or she’s goin’ to sleep in the very first round!”

Kayla claws at La Vampira’s arm, fighting desperately as the arena watches in suspense.

Kayla’s movements grow sluggish, her knees wobbling as La Vampira Gótico squeezes tighter, the sleeper hold draining the life out of her. The referee steps in, lifting Kayla’s arm.

He lets go. It falls. Limp.

The crowd murmurs anxiously.

He lifts it again. Drops it. Limp again.

The referee signals for one more check, raising Kayla's arm a third time... It begins to fall...BUT KAYLA STOPS IT.

Her fingers curl. Her hand trembles but stays UP.

The crowd erupts into cheers.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

"She's still in it! She's still HERE! Kayla Maddox ain't goin' out like that!"

DOUG CASTLE:

"That's pure instinct! Pure fight! The Spotlight Siren refuses to let the curtain fall!"

Kayla's face is red, her breaths short and ragged, but she forces herself upward, inch by painful inch. La Vampira tries to drag her back down, tightening the hold, digging her masked face against Kayla's neck.

Kayla plants a foot.
Then another.

The crowd builds in volume.

Kayla musters everything she has left and suddenly runs backward, throwing all her weight behind the move.

La Vampira Gótico is slammed hard into the turnbuckles, her spine colliding with the steel beneath the padding. The impact jolts her and forces her grip to break.

Kayla stumbles forward, gasping desperately for air, clutching her throat.

La Vampira remains in the corner, her hands twitching slightly from the shock.

DOUG CASTLE:

"Perfect counter! Kayla used every ounce of strength she had left to break free!"

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

"I swear, Doug, that girl's runnin' on heart alone right now. She just drove La Vampira into that corner like her life depended on it—and tonight? Maybe it does."

DOUG:

“Momentum swings again, but Kayla Maddox is battered, exhausted, and shaken. Can she capitalize?”

Kayla wipes at her eyes, still struggling to breathe, but she forces herself back into the fight. La Vampira Gótico stumbles out of the corner, her posture slack yet eerily controlled—like a marionette regaining its strings.

Kayla sees her opening.

She steps in close, wraps her arms tightly around La Vampira’s waist, and with a guttural shout tries to lift her—

Kayla’s going for a belly-to-belly suplex!

The crowd rises... But before Kayla can execute the move, La Vampira’s masked head snaps forward.

A cloud of red mist explodes into Kayla Maddox’s face. Kayla screams and drops instantly, clutching her eyes as the crimson spray runs down her cheeks.

The crowd gasps in shock.

The referee’s eyes go wide.

REFEREE:

“No! That’s it...RING THE BELL! RING THE BELL!”

He waves his arms, practically throwing himself between the women as Kayla writhes on the mat.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

“Oh my LORD, no she didn’t! NO she DIDN’T!”

DOUG CASTLE:

“Red mist! Red mist! That’s illegal as it gets! La Vampira Gótico didn’t come here to win—she came here to make a statement!”

DOTTIE:

“Kayla could be blinded! Somebody get help down here!”

La Vampira stands motionless for a moment, the faintest smirk curling beneath her mask as the referee screams at her. She casually wipes the leftover mist from her lips with the back of her hand, leaving a streak of red across her glove.

Kayla rolls on the mat, in agony, desperately trying to clear her eyes.

Angelique raises the microphone, voice shaken.

ANGELIQUE THIBODAUX:

“Ladies an’ gentlemen... due to the use of an illegal substance, the referee has DISQUALIFIED La Vampira Gótico. Your winner... KAYLA MADDOX!”

The crowd cheers the decision but stays unsettled, watching Kayla’s condition with concern.

Medical staff rush down the ramp, sliding into the ring to tend to Kayla. She’s crying out, barely able to open her eyes, her face stained with streaks of sinister crimson.

Two trainers help her to her feet, guiding her toward the ropes as she stumbles blindly. The crowd applauds her effort as she’s escorted up the ramp, one arm over each medic’s shoulder.

La Vampira Gótico, however, doesn’t move to leave right away.

She watches Kayla being helped out, head tilted, body still, that wicked smirk still etched across her masked face.

Then, slowly... calmly...

She turns and slips through the ropes, gliding up the ramp with the same eerie grace she arrived with. The fans boo loudly, but she never looks back.

DOUG CASTLE:

“Kayla Maddox advances—but not the way she wanted. And certainly not without damage. She may have won the match, but La Vampira Gótico made sure she paid a price.”

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

"If that woman wanted to scare the entire roster, mission accomplished. That was dark. That was cruel. And Doug... that wasn't wrestling. That was a message."

DOUG:

"And the message is clear: The Vale doesn't care about rules... or challengers... or championships. Kayla needs medical attention, and Katie Anderson is gonna have a LOT to say about this."

La Vampira reaches the top of the stage, pauses just long enough for one last cold smirk beneath the red lights. Then disappears backstage.

BACKSTAGE SEGMENT

The camera cuts away from the roaring crowd and into the dimly lit backstage corridor of the ASWW Arena. The concrete walls echo with distant cheers as production crew members rush past, cables slung over their shoulders.

Bia steps into frame first.

Her bright pink hair is tied back, her gear already on, jaw clenched. Her eyes are sharp, scanning the hallway like a predator. She stops suddenly.

From the opposite end of the corridor, Rebecca Diamond appears.

Tall. Confident. Icy calm in her stride. Her blonde hair is perfectly styled, her ring gear pristine. She doesn't slow down.

The two women lock eyes.

No words. No gestures.

Just pure, simmering hatred.

The hallway seems to go quiet as they pass each other, shoulder to shoulder, neither one breaking eye contact until the very last second.

Rebecca's lips curl into the faintest smirk as she walks away.

A few steps later, Bia mutters just loud enough for the camera to catch it:

Bia:

"Horsefaced bitch."

Rebecca doesn't stop walking.

Without turning around, she fires back:

Rebecca Diamond:
“Pink-haired freak.”

The tension lingers in the air long after both women disappear down opposite hallways.

Cut to Commentary Desk

Doug Castle leans forward in his chair, shaking his head.

Doug Castle:

“Those two don’t even need to say a word to each other anymore, Dottie. You can feel the hostility from a mile away.”

Dottie Nightengale:

“This isn’t just competition, Doug. This is personal. The insults, the looks, the history between Bia and Rebecca Diamond, it’s been boiling for months.”

Doug:

“And the scary part? Neither of them looks like they’re backing down.”

Dottie:

“When these two finally collide in that ring, it’s not going to be pretty. It’s going to be violent.”

The camera fades back to the arena as the crowd roars, the storm between Bia and Rebecca Diamond far from over.

BACKSTAGE SEGMENT

The camera opens up backstage, as the cameras spot two lavish thrones in the backstage area, the locker room is done up in epic fashion sitting on the thrones is two of the newest All Star Women Wrestling stars on the left is the Queen B herself, the woman who has been on twitter trying to steal the attention from the tournament participants dressed in an extravagant dress, with a crown on her head, to the right is none other than Charity Michaels who had a big smile on her face as well, and an extravagant dress of her own, and crown. As the Queen soon begins to speak in a smug tone.

Bianca Davis: You thought I wouldn’t be here? You thought that the Queen would allow this tournament to commence with her presence? You are an amusing little lot but such ignorance is

typical of peasants. But yes it is I your Queen, High Society Bianca Davis, and guess what? I am not alone none sitting next to me is the only woman in this company worthy of that honor and her name is Charity Michaels.

Bianca has a big smile on her face as she introduced her friend to the viewing audience, maintaining her signature smugness.

Bianca Davis: She also like myself have been wrongly kept out of this tournament to crown the first ever champion in this company, but guess what? Now we are going to be the problem, until the proper order is restored!

Charity only aligns herself with the best. That being none other than the queen herself Bianca. Who has accomplished so much in the wrestling world. Now Charity was upset that she was left out of a tournament that she deserved to be in. Bianca deserved to be in it also! No matter where Charity goes she feels like every general manager is against her.

Charity Michaels: They kept us out of the tournament because they knew we would make the talent they chose for it look worthless. They knew we would dominate it. They can use that excuse we didn't sign on time. They can say there's other titles. Don't worry, we plan on taking those also. But we deserve the top title. I mean we're the queen bees around here. Just look at us flawless, beautiful and golden.

Charity would smile. She would adjust her crown on her head before turning her attention back to Bianca.

Bianca Davis: How true, I mean lets be honest we are royalty, and the rest of them are not. Everything Charity has said is true and then some, and speaking of truth lets speak about what you have in front of you right now.

Bianca points to herself and Charity with a smug smirk, feeling herself as she spoke.

Bianca Davis: The two hottest, most talented women in this damn place, and you will all recognize that, but what title should be first I mean, so many options, the US, the Television, hell we could create tag team titles and hold them hostage if we wanted to. The world is truly our oyster.

Bianca, and Charity give matching pageant waves, before blowing a pair of smug kisses toward the camera, as the newly minted Entitled Queens, are the last thing the camera sees before the scene fades to black.

ANGELIQUE THIBODAU:

“Ladies an’ gentlemen... this is Round One of the ASWW World Championship Tournament! Introducing first... from Manhattan, New York...”

The opening notes of “QUEEN” by Loren Gray hit the speakers—smooth, confident, dripping with attitude.

Cross my heart and hope to die
I don’t need another guy to fight my battles or overshadow me—
As lights go out...

The entire arena plunges into darkness except for a single white spotlight at the top of the ramp.

When it hits...Paris Eris stands there.

One hand on her hip.Chin slightly lifted. Eyes narrowed with regal disdain.

Don’t you know I’m dangerous?
Fire burnin’ in my blood...I’ve got this handled I don’t need rescuing...

She slowly raises her eyes toward the ring, giving the fans a look that says they’re lucky to witness her. Then she steps forward with deliberate poise, strutting confidently down the ramp.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

“Oh boy... here comes the princess of manipulation herself. Paris Eris is walkin’ like the whole world belongs to her.”

DOUG CASTLE:

“And why wouldn’t she? In her mind, she’s not entering this tournament—she’s gracing it with her presence.”

DOTTIE:

“Just don’t turn your back on her, sugar. She’s got more tricks than a politician in an election year.”

Paris reaches the steps, glances back at the crowd with an exaggerated eye-roll, then slowly ascends the steel stairs like she’s walking onto a private balcony.

She ducks her head and glides under the top rope, entering the ring with a deliberate slowness meant purely to draw attention to herself.

Once inside, she strolls to the nearest corner, leans her back against the turnbuckles, extending one leg out casually as though she's bored—and waiting for someone worthy of her time.

She flicks her fingers dismissively toward the entrance ramp.

A low vibration hums through the air, uneasy, ancient, followed by the opening rumble of “Cthulhu Awakens” by Apollon de Moura.

A collective hush falls over the ASWW Coliseum.

ANGELIQUE THIBODAUX:

“And her opponent... from Arkham, Massachusetts... MILISANDRE CROWTHORNE!”

A sickly green spotlight flickers to life at the top of the ramp.

From within the shadows, Milisandre Crowthorne emerges, wearing a long, tattered black robe that hangs around her like a shroud. The hood drapes forward, obscuring her face completely as she moves with slow, ritualistic grace.

She does not acknowledge the crowd.

She does not break stride.

She simply approaches, as though drawn by something only she can hear.

Paris Eris uncrosses her arms in the corner, her once-bored posture shifting with a nervous swallow.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

“Oh... oh no. Doug, she gives me the creeps. That is not someone I'd wanna meet in a lit hallway—much less a dark one.”

DOUG CASTLE:

“Paris Eris loves mind games, but Milisandre Crowthorne? She is one.”

DOTTIE:

“That's a whole horror movie walkin' down that aisle, Doug.”

Milisandre reaches the edge of the ring and stops.

Slowly, deliberately she removes the robe, letting it fall to the floor with a soft, unsettling whisper of fabric. She steps out of it, revealing her ring gear underneath, then climbs the ring steps with eerie stillness.

She slips between the ropes and stands in her corner, not moving, not adjusting gear not even breathing visibly. Just waiting.

Paris tries to shake the tension from her hands, rolling her shoulders, putting back on her smug expression, but her eyes betray her unease.

DOUG CASTLE:

"There's no emotion from Milisandre. None. Just this... cold focus. Paris Eris may have just realized this match is more than competition."

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

"Doug... this is survival."

The referee signals, the bell rings.

Paris Eris explodes out of her corner like a shot, sprinting straight at Milisandre before the eerie woman can even take a first step.

Paris connects with a sharp clothesline, snapping Milisandre's head back.

Milisandre takes a single step backward. Then slowly... deliberately...She smirks.

A small, unsettling grin that spreads across her face like a crack in something ancient.

Paris's eyes widen just a fraction.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

"She CLOBBERED her an' Milisandre didn't even blink! Doug, that woman smiled like she enjoyed it!"

DOUG CASTLE:

"Paris hit her best opening shot... and it barely registered! This is not the reaction Paris Eris expected!"

Paris snaps back into control, masking her fear with fury. She storms forward and swings...A vicious, echoing slap across Milisandre's face.

Milisandre's smirk only deepens.

Paris decides she's seen enough.

She bolts to the ropes, slides feet-first under the bottom rope, and drops to the floor outside, immediately putting space between them. The referee turns toward her, waving his hands.

REFEREE:

"One! ...Two!"

Paris walks along the outside, brushing her hair back, recovering her composure as she circles the ring.

DOUG CASTLE:

"Paris Eris using her brain here, get out of the danger zone, reset the pace. Milisandre Crowthorne is not someone you stand toe-to-toe with for long."

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

"Paris said 'Nope, not today!' and dipped right on outta that ring—and honestly? I don't blame her!"

DOUG:

"This is classic Paris: control the match, control the tempo, and frustrate your opponent."

Milisandre watches Paris from inside the ring, silent, unmoving, head tilted slightly as the referee's count continues.

Paris finally slides back under the bottom rope, brushing imaginary dust from her shoulder as if she is the one allowing the match to continue. Milisandre doesn't move, just waits, standing in the center of the ring like a specter.

Paris steps forward, jaw set, and cocks back for a punch. But Milisandre catches her fist mid-swing.

The crowd gasps.

Milisandre's fingers tighten around Paris's knuckles, bending her wrist just enough to force Paris onto her toes. Before Paris can yank free, Milisandre drives her boot straight into Paris's stomach, folding her over with a breathless wheeze.

In one fluid motion, Milisandre hooks Paris's arm, turns her hips, and launches her across the ring with a brutal Exploder Suplex, sending Paris crashing onto the mat and bouncing from the impact.

Paris rolls, gasping, scrambling with desperation until her back hits the bottom turnbuckle. She clutches the ropes, trying to pull herself upright, the confidence in her expression replaced by panic.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

"Lord HAVE MERCY! Paris got tossed like she weighed nothin'! That girl is rethinkin' all her life choices right now!"

DOUG CASTLE:

"That's raw power from Milisandre Crowthorne cold, efficient, and devastating. Paris Eris wanted to control the pace, but Milisandre just ripped the reins out of her hands."

DOTTIE:

"Paris crawlin' to that corner like it's base in a game of tag—she wants OUT of Milisandre's reach!"

DOUG:

"But in this ring? There's nowhere to hide."

Milisandre begins to stalk toward the corner, methodical and merciless. Milisandre closes in on the corner, shadow-like and unhurried, prepared to drag Paris up by force. Paris waits, panic in her eyes, masking calculation.

At the last second, Paris lashes out with a sharp kick to Milisandre's knee, the impact buckling her stance just enough to create an opening.

Paris explodes out of the corner.

SPEAR!

She drives her shoulder into Milisandre's midsection, taking her off her feet and slamming her onto the mat. The crowd pops as Paris lands on top of her opponent and immediately begins firing off punches.

Paris drives fists into the side of Milisandre's head, frantic and fierce, trying to keep the eerie woman grounded.

Milisandre's head snaps with each hit, but she doesn't cry out she merely absorbs the blows, her expression hidden but her body language coldly calm even under assault.

Paris scrambles up to her feet, breathing hard but sensing momentum. She runs the ropes and leaps. Going for a leg drop... But Milisandre rolls away at the last possible moment.

Paris crashes to the mat tailbone-first, letting out a sharp cry as she grabs at her lower back.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

"Paris Eris came outta that corner like a rocket! That spear knocked the breath clean outta Milisandre!"

DOUG CASTLE:

"Paris knew she needed something big, and she delivered. Those punches were desperation and strategy rolled into one."

DOTTIE:

"But that leg drop? Oof! Landin' flat on your backside like that'll make you reconsider your career choices."

DOUG:

"Milisandre Crowthorne may have taken the hit, but she stayed aware. Rolling out of danger shows that eerie ring instincts of hers."

DOTTIE:

"Paris better get up fast. Milisandre ain't the kind of woman who lets you recover."

Paris grimaces, trying to push herself up, while Milisandre begins to rise with unsettling calm, the momentum shifting once again.

Both women rise slowly, Paris clutching her lower back, Milisandre pushing up with eerie, unbroken calm. Paris swings wildly, desperation taking over.

But Milisandre ducks beneath the sloppy punch and snakes an arm around Paris's waist and shoulder.

With a sudden, violent snap, PATH OF HASTUR! A devastating GiGi Driver, spiking Paris hard into the canvas.

Paris's body bounces, then she collapses flat, writhing and clutching her head as the crowd erupts in shock.

Milisandre rolls to her knees, then rises to her full height with chilling slowness, her head tilting as she stalks Paris, watching her struggle, savoring the unraveling.

Paris tries to push herself up, her movements sluggish and disoriented, eyes glassy.

Milisandre backs into the far ropes.

She breaks into a run, BOW DOWN!

A brutal Double Knee Facebreaker shatters Paris's balance and sends her crashing onto her back, limbs sprawled.

The arena gasps.

Milisandre drops into the cover, hooking the leg.

REFEREE:

"ONE! ...TWO! ...THREE!"

ANGELIQUE THIBODAUX:

"Ladies an' gentlemen, your winner and advancing to the next round of the World Championship Tournament... MILISANDRE CROWTHORNE!"

Milisandre rises without emotion, without celebration, simply standing over Paris's fallen body like a dark omen fulfilled.

The referee lifts her arm.

She doesn't react, she simply pulls her wrist free and steps backward, watching Paris roll to her side in agony.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

“That’s it...THAT’S IT! Paris Eris just got broken in half! Milisandre hit Path of Hastur outta nowhere!”

DOUG CASTLE:

“And then Bow Down to finish the job. Paris never saw it coming. Milisandre Crowthorne didn’t just win, she dominated.”

DOTTIE:

“I said it earlier, this wasn’t about the spotlight. This was survival. And Paris Eris? She didn’t survive this one.”

DOUG:

“The message is loud and clear: Milisandre Crowthorne is a terrifying force in this tournament.”

Milisandre steps through the ropes, never once looking back as she leaves Paris motionless in the ring, the crowd buzzing with a mix of awe and unease.

BACKSTAGE SEGMENT

Craig walks back into his office and sees his wife “Spoiled” Summer Page-Barton sitting behind his desk. As he shuts the door behind him.

Craig Barton: You looking through my files and computer to get some dirt on me?

“Spoiled” Summer Page-Barton: I don’t need to get dirt on you. You adore me too much to hide any foul shit from me. Plus if I were to dig up dirt on you I wouldn’t be so obvious about it.

Summer stands up as Craig approaches his desk. Craig wraps his arms around Summer’s waist.

Craig Barton: I wouldn’t expect anything less, babe.

Craig and Summer smile at each other.

“Spoiled” Summer Page-Barton: So would you mind if I get out of here early?

Craig tilts his head to the side in wonder.

“Spoiled” Summer Page-Barton: I t’s just on Wednesday I was wrestling on top of the mountain on Zenith Peak, last night I was in Michigan wrestling on XWF Anarchy and once I arrived back here in Atlanta I came directly. Now that the show is up and running, I met with fans as well as the roster. I just want to be home in our bed.

Craig Barton: Go get some rest, babe.

“Spoiled” Summer Page-Barton: You’re the best, baby.

Craig and Summer give each other a peck on the lips.

Craig Barton: Come on I’ll walk you to the car.

Craig and Summer walk over to his office door and Craig opens the door for Summer.

Craig Barton: Do you want me to call Marc to bring the car around?

“Spoiled” Summer Page-Barton: No, no, I already did.

The camera fades as they step through his office door.

The lights dip into a stormy blend of purple and dark blue, strobe lights crackling across the stage as Angelique Thibodaux raises her microphone.

ANGELIQUE THIBODAU:

“Introducing first... from Bunbury, Australia... MIRANDA FLETCHER!”

A soft, melancholic whisper floats through the speakers.

Kill or be Killed
Kill or be Killed
Kill or be Killed
Kill or be Killed...

The final echo fades.

And the guitars detonate, ripping through the arena as “Kill or Be Killed” by New Years Day erupts into full force. The fans roar as the stage explodes with flickering purple and blue strobes.

From behind the curtain steps Miranda Fletcher.

Leather pants. Tight leather top. Muscles coiled. A look in her eyes that says she's more than ready for violence, she's hungry for it.

She walks with a slow, controlled swagger down the ramp, slapping hands with fans who reach out to her, though her smile never fully forms, just a glint of glee, a spark of anticipation for the fight she's about to unleash.

Miranda reaches ringside, steps onto the ring apron, and pauses looking out over the ASWW Coliseum with a confident nod.

Then she slips between the ropes in one smooth motion.

Inside the ring, she strides to her corner, rolls her shoulders, and locks her gaze on the stage, face set, body language saying:

Bring.

It.

On.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

"Oh, here we go, Doug! Miranda Fletcher looks READY to tear someone limb from limb tonight!"

DOUG CASTLE:

"She's a powerhouse, Dottie. No frills, no games, just pure damage waiting to happen."

DOTTIE:

"That look in her eye? Honey, that's not confidence. That's PREDATION."

Miranda waits, unmoving, as the crowd buzzes for what comes next.

The arena lights shift from deep purples to a soft, warm amber glow, giving the ASWW Coliseum a strangely upscale, almost lounge-like atmosphere. The crowd instinctively reacts, some booing already, others craning their necks to see the arrival of one of the most self-absorbed women in the company.

Angelique Thibodaux raises her microphone.

ANGELIQUE THIBODAU:

“And her opponent... from Stone Harbor, New Jersey... VIVIAN VENTURE!”

The unmistakable smooth, jazzy opening of “Time Out of Mind” by Steely Dan pours through the speakers an elegant, high-society theme completely out of place in the world of wrestling... which is exactly how Vivian likes it.

Soft cymbals. Dreamy guitar.

A vibe that says I’m richer than you, and I don’t care if you know it.

The crowd boos loudly.

And then...

Vivian Venture steps out onto the stage.

She stands there for a moment, soaking in the spotlight like it’s owed to her. Her designer ring gear sparkles under the lights, her hair styled immaculately, her expression unimpressed by the very idea of being in front of the ASWW faithful.

She lifts a single hand in a dainty wave. Not to greet the fans...But to dismiss them.

Then she begins her walk down the ramp, hips swaying with controlled precision, as if she’s strolling through her yacht club rather than heading into a fight.

Halfway down the ramp, a fan holds up a sign that reads:

“MIRANDA’S GONNA BREAK YOU!”

Vivian doesn’t even blink.

She just rolls her eyes and keeps walking.

Reaching the ring, she ascends the steel steps with a careful, practiced grace, she will NOT risk scuffing expensive boots. She steps through the ropes and immediately raises her chin, surveying the crowd with absolute disdain.

She turns her back on Miranda Fletcher entirely, pacing the ring like a queen inspecting an estate she finds... lacking.

Finally, she retreats to her corner, brushing imaginary dust off her gear as if the very arena dirtied her presence.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

“And here she is, folks... Vivian Venture, the human country club. I bet she charges herself rent just to live in her own head.”

DOUG CASTLE:

“She’s arrogant, she’s wealthy, and she thinks stepping into a wrestling ring is beneath her. But don’t let that fool you. Vivian can wrestle, and she knows how to weaponize that attitude.”

DOTTIE:

“Oh, absolutely. But Miranda Fletcher? She ain’t impressed by yachts, pearls, or fancy hair. She’s impressed by impact.”

DOUG:

“And if Vivian isn’t careful... she’s about to feel a LOT of it.”

Vivian delicately adjusts her wrist tape one last time, never glancing at Miranda.

Miranda cracks her knuckles.

The bell sounds and Miranda Fletcher storms out of her corner, ready for impact. Vivian meets her in the center of the ring, reluctantly engaging, but Miranda’s raw strength takes over immediately.

They lock up. And Miranda drives Vivian backward, step by step, forcing her all the way into the ropes with sheer power.

The referee steps in.

REFEREE:

“Break it up! Clean break!”

Miranda raises her hands and backs off. And Vivian IMMEDIATELY strikes.

A sharp forearm across Miranda’s jaw, snapping her head to the side and sending her staggering back a step.

The crowd boos loudly, but Vivian doesn’t care.

She quickly follows up, a stiff kick to Miranda's stomach, doubling her over.

Then Vivian raises both arms like she's delivering divine punishment and brings a forearm smash across Miranda's back, driving the Aussie powerhouse down to one knee.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

"Vivian with the cheap shot! She waits for the break, then gets nasty—typical yacht-club tactics!"

DOUG CASTLE:

"Vivian Venture said she came here to outsmart Miranda, not outmuscle her, and she's wasting NO time proving it."

DOTTIE:

"She better watch herself though—Miranda Fletcher ain't gonna take that disrespect for long. That woman's a powder keg with a short fuse."

DOUG:

"Right now, Vivian's picking her shots. But she's playing with dynamite."

Miranda grits her teeth, pushing up from her knee as Vivian smirks smugly, thinking she's found control.

Vivian backs away, shaking out her arm but Miranda rises with fire in her eyes. The moment Vivian turns, Miranda steps forward and Vivian's forearm hits her jaw again.

Miranda answers with a heavy right of her own, Vivian fires back, Miranda fires harder.

Soon the two are trading heavy blows in rapid succession. Each strike echoing through the ASWW Coliseum as the crowd roars.

Vivian, realizing she can't win a slugfest, switches tactics. She darts left, then right, using her speed to stay just out of Miranda's reach, peppering her with quick jabs and slaps, trying to frustrate the powerhouse.

Miranda lunges, Vivian slips away. Vivian charges, Miranda swings, Vivian ducks. But speed can't save her forever. Vivian tries to dart in again, Miranda catches her clean with a massive open-hand chop across the chest. The sound BOOMS through the arena like a gunshot.

Vivian's face contorts in pain as she staggers backward, clutching her chest. Miranda grabs her wrist, she sends Vivian hurtling into the ropes.

Vivian rebounds...BIG BOOT!

Miranda's boot explodes against Vivian's face, flattening her to the canvas. The crowd roars as Vivian's head snaps back and she crashes hard onto her back.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGAL:

"Good LORD! Vivian Venture's gonna feel that chop in NEXT YEAR! Miranda lit her up like a Christmas tree!"

DOUG CASTLE:

"And that big boot—textbook power from Miranda Fletcher! Vivian tried to dance around her, but you can't outrun force forever!"

DOTTIE:

"Vivian better rethink that game plan, 'cause Miranda just knocked her fancy teeth loose!"

DOUG:

"Miranda Fletcher in control, and Vivian Venture is in BIG trouble."

Miranda looms over Vivian, breathing steady, ready to dish out even more punishment. Vivian clutches her face, dazed and struggling to recover.

Miranda reaches down, grabbing a handful of Vivian's gear and hair to drag her back to her feet, but Vivian's eyes snap open.

In a flash, she hooks Miranda's arm and leg...SMALL PACKAGE!!

The crowd gasps as both women roll tightly across the mat.

REFEREE:

"ONE! ...TWO!"

Miranda explodes out of the hold just before the three-count, kicking Vivian off with authority. Vivian scrambles up first, clutching her chest but smirking, she nearly stole it. Miranda rises slower, shaking out the surprise, Vivian strikes again.

A stiff kick to Miranda's ribs, knocking the wind out of her and forcing her to drop to one knee. Vivian runs the ropes, rushing back with momentum, She grabs Miranda's head and DRIVES her face-first into the mat with a crisp, perfectly executed Sit-Out Facebuster!

Miranda's skull bounces off the canvas, and the crowd erupts in shock as Vivian sits there for a moment, breathing hard, pride flickering across her expression.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

"Ohhh she almost STOLE one right there! Vivian Venture trying to pull off the sneakiest win of the night!"

DOUG CASTLE:

"Miranda took her eye off the ball for ONE second,one moment...and Vivian pounced!"

DOTTIE:

"And that kick to the ribs? That FACEBUSTER? Honey, that'll rattle your teeth!"

DOUG:

"Vivian Venture using speed, cunning, and timing, everything Miranda doesn't want to deal with!"

DOTTIE:

"Believe me, Doug, Miranda Fletcher felt EVERY bit of that."

Miranda lies dazed, holding her face, while Vivian crawls toward the ropes, planning her next move with a glint of entitlement in her eyes.

Vivian gets to her feet first, brushing her hair back with a smug flick even as she winces. Miranda rises slower, shaking off the Facebuster, her expression turning cold and focused.

Vivian charges with a wild clothesline, but Miranda ducks, stepping behind her with predator-like timing.

Vivian turns, a stiff jab from Miranda snaps Vivian's head back violently. The crowd erupts.

Before Vivian can recover, a huge European uppercut sends her stumbling backward, legs wobbling like she's trying to stand on a rocking boat.

Miranda doesn't hesitate. She steps forward, wraps a massive hand around Vivian's throat. Lifts her sky-high...

TO THE MAX!!! A devastating stalling chokeslam, holding Vivian suspended for a brutal moment before slamming her into the mat. The ring shakes.

Vivian lies sprawled, eyes glassy, but Miranda isn't finished.

She hauls Vivian back up with ruthless precision, hooks her arms. The crowd rises to its feet...ESSENDON BOMBER!!!

A crushing Crucifix Powerbomb, folding Vivian in half before she crashes into the canvas with violent impact.

Miranda covers, hooking both legs deep.

REFEREE:

"ONE! ...TWO! ...THREE!"

ANGELIQUE THIBODAUX:

"Ladies an' gentlemen...your winner, and advancing to the next round... MIRANDA FLETCHER!"

The crowd explodes as Miranda rises to her feet, chest heaving, eyes blazing with victory. The referee lifts her arm high.

Vivian lies motionless on the mat, completely wrecked.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

"GOOD NIGHT, VIVIAN VENTURE! Miranda Fletcher just POWERED that woman straight into next week!"

DOUG CASTLE:

"That TO THE MAX chokeslam—then the ESSENDON BOMBER? That's a one-way ticket to Pain City!"

DOTTIE:

"Vivian tried to play cute, tried to be fancy... but honey, Miranda Fletcher ain't impressed by yacht money. She's impressed by IMPACT."

DOUG:

“Miranda Fletcher advances with authority, dominant, decisive, and downright devastating.”

Miranda stands tall, muscles tensed, glaring down at the damage she inflicted before turning to the crowd with a fierce, confident nod.

BACKSTAGE SEGMENT

The camera cuts to the polished wooden door marked: CRAIG BARTON – ASWW PRESIDENT

Inside, Craig Barton sits behind his desk, reviewing paperwork. Across from him stands General Manager Katie Anderson, arms crossed, mid-conversation. Suddenly, the door swings open without a knock.

“Classy” Bianca Page steps in.

Designer heels click against the floor. Her outfit is flawless. Her posture screams entitlement. Craig looks up, surprised.

Craig Barton:

“Bianca? I wasn’t expecting you tonight.”

Bianca casually adjusts her sunglasses before finally removing them.

Bianca Page:

“Well, I was in the area and thought I’d stop by to see my sister.”

Craig hesitates, then shakes his head.

Craig:

“Summer has already left for the night.”

Bianca’s lips purse in mild irritation.

Bianca:

“Of course she did. Always so busy playing supportive wife instead of spending time with her family.”

Katie raises an eyebrow, clearly unimpressed.

Katie Anderson:

“You know, if you’re going to be here in ASWW, a little respect would go a long way...”

Craig immediately lifts a hand, cutting her off.

Craig:

“It’s fine, Katie.”

Bianca smirks, clearly pleased.

Bianca:

“See? Someone here understands class.”

Craig stands up and gestures toward the door.

Craig:

“Come on, Bianca. Let’s talk in the hallway.”

Bianca tosses her hair and strolls out ahead of him, not even acknowledging Katie. As the door closes behind them, the camera stays on Katie. She exhales sharply and shakes her head.

Katie Anderson (muttering):

“Unbelievable...”

The screen fades to black.

Main Event

The lights in the ASWW Coliseum flicker as Angelique Thibodaux steps forward, microphone raised. A hush sweeps over the crowd, everyone knows the main event is moments away.

ANGELIQUE THIBODAU:

“Introducing first... from Salem, Massachusetts... CASSSSANDRA WILDE!”

The arena goes momentarily dark.

Then, a strange, off-kilter melody begins to play. A warped synth.
A playful xylophone.
A beat that's equal parts eerie and upbeat.

"Double Trouble" by Jack Stauber.

The lights strobe in disjointed bursts of neon pink and toxic green, perfectly matching the unsettling pop energy echoing through the arena.

The crowd shifts, murmurs rising.

Because Cassandra Wilde steps onto the stage looking like she just wandered out of a midnight séance and a punk rock concert at the same time.

Her grin is wide. Her eyes gleam with mischief. And her head tilts at an angle that makes the front row lean back instinctively.

She skips down the ramp, each bounce matching the strange, jittery rhythm of her theme music. She slaps the barricade randomly, spins mid-walk, and even climbs onto the steel steps backwards just to keep everyone guessing.

At the top of the steps, she pauses and licks her finger, holding it up like she's checking for wind direction inside the arena.

Then she giggles. A sharp, eerie giggle.

Cassandra ducks under the top rope, crawls two steps like a prowling animal, then hops to her feet, twirling in the center of the ring before leaning over the ropes to grin into a camera lens.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

"...Doug... what in the name of sweet peaches did we just witness?"

DOUG CASTLE:

"That... THAT is Cassandra Wilde. The human embodiment of chaos. You don't prepare for her—you SURVIVE her."

DOTTIE:

“I swear she skipped down here like she was goin’ to a haunted carnival.”

DOUG:

“And the unsettling part? She LOVES this. The lights, the unpredictability, the attention. Cassandra Wilde thrives in disorder.”

DOTTIE:

“Azurine Vebbins has experience, but sugar... I don’t think experience ever met CRAZY like this.”

Cassandra climbs the turnbuckles, sitting with one leg dangling over the side, swinging it like she’s waiting for recess to end, smiling, buzzing, unpredictable.

ANGELIQUE THIBODAUX:

“And her opponent... from New York City... ‘DA ADORKABLE ANGEL’... AZURINE VEBBINS!”

“Electric Energy” by Ariana DeBose, Boy George, and Nile Rodgers BLARES through the loudspeakers, filling the arena with rhythm, disco flair, and pure charisma.

Azurine Vebbins bursts through the entrance curtain like a vibrant lightning bolt, her presence immediately shifting the mood. She spins, twirls, and provocatively pirouettes, absorbing the roar of the crowd as if it’s the music’s natural harmony.

The fans cheer wildly, some dancing along, others holding signs, all basking in her infectious energy.

Azurine points outward and gives the crowd her signature gesture with her left pollex and little phalange, a hand sign that no one can ever universally interpret.

Some shout:

“Hang loose!”

Others yell:

“Call me!”

And many just laugh and enjoy the mystery.

Azurine simply smiles, knowing it’s all part of her charm.

She sashays and glides down the ramp, hips keeping perfect rhythm with the music, feet stepping like she's dancing her way to the ring rather than marching toward combat. Every movement is graceful, theatrical, and uniquely Azurine.

Reaching ringside, she hops onto the apron with a playful bounce.

She then crawls between the middle and bottom ropes, sliding into the ring in a flourish of personality before popping up smoothly to her feet.

She drifts toward her designated corner...

And immediately begins a short salsa routine, rolling her hips, spinning lightly, staying warm and limber as Cassandra Wilde watches her with a tilted head and an unnerving grin.

The contrast couldn't be sharper,
Chaotic darkness versus dazzling rhythm.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

"I love her! I LOVE HER! Azurine Vebbins just radiates joy! That woman could turn a funeral into a fiesta!"

DOUG CASTLE:

"And while everyone's dancing along, don't forget, Azurine is dangerous. Experienced. Creative. She knows how to turn momentum into a weapon."

DOTTIE:

"Cassandra Wilde looks like she wants to dissect her brain just to see how it works."

DOUG:

"This is going to be a clash of personalities AND styles. Buckle up, folks."

Azurine finishes her salsa warm-up, takes a deep breath, and locks eyes with Cassandra.

The bell rings and both women charge, no hesitation, no circling, no testing the waters.

Azurine Vebbins and Cassandra Wilde meet in the center of the ring with explosive strikes, fists flying in a chaotic flurry.

Azurine snaps a stiff forearm across Cassandra's cheek, Cassandra answers with a wild backhand that barely misses. Azurine steps in again, landing a sharp elbow. Cassandra snarls and swings.

But Azurine ducks, pivots, and fires a sharp right hand that staggers Cassandra. Now the tide shifts.

Azurine, feeling the rhythm, moves with quick, precise footwork with a little salsa in her steps as she overwhelms Cassandra.

She grabs Cassandra's wrist, Cassandra is sent hurtling into the corner turnbuckles, colliding hard.

Before she can even slump down, Azurine hits the ropes, gains full momentum.

And CRUSHES Cassandra with a running body splash, smashing her into the corner with all her lively force.

Cassandra lets out a sharp gasp, air driven from her lungs as she hangs dazed against the turnbuckles.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

"WOO! Look at Azurine movin'! She's hittin' Cassandra with a whole dance routine of PAIN!"

DOUG CASTLE:

"That striking exchange was fierce, but Azurine found her rhythm fast. And once she builds momentum—look out."

DOTTIE:

"And that body splash? Honey, Cassandra Wilde just got hugged by a hurricane!"

DOUG:

"Azurine Vebbins bringing experience, timing, and that signature energy, she's in control now."

Azurine stays on the attack, stepping in with a sharp kick aimed at Cassandra's ribs. But Cassandra's eyes snap wide with feral clarity.

She catches the kick mid-strike, her fingers digging into Azurine's ankle.

Azurine gasps, off balance. And Cassandra whips a leg sweep across the other leg, knocking Azurine flat onto the mat with a thud.

The crowd groans at the sudden shift.

Cassandra doesn't give Azurine a second to recover. She lunges forward, grabbing a fistful of Azurine's hair, yanking her up to her feet.

Azurine winces, reaching up to relieve the pressure. A stiff punch slams into Azurine's jaw, whipping her head to the side.

Azurine stumbles, blinking, disoriented, Cassandra steps in. A vicious backhand chop across Azurine's chest.

WHAP!
Another.

WHAP!
A third, harder than the last.

Azurine clutches her chest and staggers back, air knocked right out of her, the crowd wincing with each echoing strike.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

"Oh! Cassandra Wilde just turned the whole match upside down with that counter! That leg sweep came outta nowhere!"

DOUG CASTLE:

"That's Cassandra, unpredictable, explosive, and just plain mean. She caught that kick like she was WAITING for it."

DOTTIE:

"And those chops? Lord have mercy! Azurine's gonna be wearin' handprints across her chest tomorrow!"

DOUG:

"Azurine Vebbins had early control, but Cassandra Wilde will drag you into chaos the moment you blink. This match just got dangerous."

Azurine backs toward the ropes, shaking out her jaw, while Cassandra stalks her with a twisted smile spreading across her face.

Azurine shakes out the sting from Cassandra's blows and steps forward again. Cassandra meets her head-on, and the two begin trading shots in the center of the ring once more.

Azurine lands a sharp forearm. Cassandra answers with a stiff elbow.

Azurine fires back, Cassandra fires harder. The momentum swings back and forth like a pendulum, each woman briefly gaining the advantage only to lose it a heartbeat later.

Finally, Azurine ducks under a wild swing, hits the ropes, and comes back FAST, She grabs Cassandra by the head and DRIVES her face-first into the mat with a running bulldog!

Cassandra sprawls out, dazed.

The referee drops to one knee to check on her. And that's when it happens.

From the crowd, a figure vaults the barricade in one smooth motion, A blonde woman in expensive-looking gear and a hateful glare.

The crowd erupts:

DOUG:

"BIANCA DAVIS!"

DOTTIE:

"WHAT THE HECK IS SHE DOING OUT HERE?!?"

She sprints to ringside and hops onto the ring apron, just out of the referee's line of vision.

Azurine turns, eyes widening in frustration.

AZURINE (yelling):

"Get down from dere! What are you doin'?!"

Bianca smirks, and BLASTS Azurine across the face with a vicious closed-fist punch.

Azurine drops instantly to one knee, clutching her jaw in shock and pain.

Bianca hops off the apron just as quickly, disappearing around the ring as the referee turns back toward the action, none the wiser.

Inside the ring, Cassandra Wilde has recovered. She sees Azurine kneeling, struggling to get her bearings.

She tilts her head.

That twisted smile returns.

With slow, predatory steps, Cassandra begins to stalk Azurine from behind.

Azurine pushes herself up, wincing, unaware of the danger closing in.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

“WHAT THE?! What on EARTH is she doin’ out here?!”

DOUG CASTLE:

“She just decked Azurine Vebbins! That was a cheap shot if I’ve ever seen one!”

DOTTIE:

“Azurine had this match swingin’ in her favor, now she’s on her knee tryin’ to find her teeth!”

DOUG:

“And look at Cassandra Wilde, she’s stalking her like she just found fresh prey.”

DOTTIE:

“The referee has NO idea what just happened! This is bad, Doug. This is real bad for Azurine Vebbins.”

Azurine forces herself upright, shaking her head and Cassandra crouches, ready to strike like a wild animal.

Azurine rises to her feet slowly, her balance unsteady, vision still blurred from Bianca’s punch. She doesn’t see Cassandra circling behind her, breathing heavily, eyes gleaming with malicious delight.

Cassandra pauses for just a moment.

She lifts her free hand...

And with eerie calm, she traces a sigil in the air, her fingers moving in a strange, ritualistic pattern.

Azurine turns.

Cassandra's rolling elbow explodes against the side of Azurine's skull with brutal precision.

Hexbreaker.

Azurine collapses instantly, the impact sending her crashing flat onto the canvas, motionless except for shallow breaths.

Cassandra stands over her, chest rising and falling, smiling through the haze of violence she's just unleashed.

Cassandra stands over the fallen Azurine, chest heaving, grin stretching wider with every second. Slowly, almost tenderly, she leans down and grabs Azurine by the sides of her head, lifting her limp frame upright.

Azurine's eyes flutter, but she's barely conscious. Cassandra pulls her in close. A wicked smirk curls across her lips.

She hooks Azurine's neck, lifting her backward as though preparing a Scorpion Death Drop. Then she pauses.

Her lips move. She whispers something unintelligible, soft and chilling, right into Azurine's ear.

Azurine's breath catches.

Cassandra's grip tightens, she spins, twisting her own body while wrenching Azurine down with violent torque.

THE WITCH'S FALL!

A devastating lifting reverse DDT with a haunting rotation, spiking Azurine into the mat with brutal force.

Azurine is out.

Cassandra drops into a cover, hooking the leg deep.

REFEREE:

“ONE! ...TWO! ...THREE!!!”

DING! DING! DING!

Cassandra rises slowly, breathing heavily, a satisfied smile creeping across her face as she looks down at what she’s done.

ANGELIQUE THIBODAUX:

“Ladies an’ gentlemen... the winner of this match and advancing to the next round of the ASWW World Championship Tournament... CASSANDRA WILDE!”

DOTTIE NIGHTENGAL:

“Oh my stars! Azurine Vebbins never stood a chance after that ambush! Bianca Davis just handed Cassandra Wilde this victory!”

DOUG CASTLE:

“Azurine fought with everything she had, but that Hexbreaker and The Witch’s Fall... combined with Bianca’s interference... it was too much to overcome.”

DOTTIE:

“And look at Cassandra, smilin’ like she just finished Sunday brunch. That woman is trouble with a capital T.”

DOUG:

“Cassandra Wilde advances, but controversy follows her straight into the semifinals.”

Cassandra slowly backs up the ramp, her unsettling grin never fading, leaving Azurine motionless in the ring as officials rush in to check on her.

The camera cuts to the commentary desk as medical staff continue checking on Azurine in the ring. Cassandra Wilde is still grinning halfway up the ramp, basking in the unsettling chaos she’s left behind.

Doug Castle and Dottie Nightengale sit forward, headsets on, the roar of the crowd still buzzing around them.

DOUG CASTLE:

“Folks... what a night it has been here at the ASWW Coliseum. Four first-round matches. Four women advancing. And one VERY chaotic ending to cap it all off.”

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

“We saw power from Miranda Fletcher, mind games from Milisandre, pure grit from Kayla Maddox, and well, Cassandra Wilde bein’ Cassandra Wilde.”

She shudders.

“My nerves are shot, Doug.”

DOUG CASTLE:

“And this was just Round One! The ASWW World Championship Tournament is only heating up!”

The camera zooms slightly to center the two commentators.

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

“But y’all don’t even have time to catch your breath, because in two weeks, Friday Night Fury returns right here in Atlanta!”

DOUG CASTLE:

“That’s right,next time, we kick off Round Two of the World Championship Tournament!”

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

“AND we open the first two matches of the United States Championship Tournament! A whole new bracket, a whole new set of fights...new drama, new rivalries!”

DOUG CASTLE:

“And we’re not done yet!”

He leans in, lowering his voice with theatrical intrigue.

“Because the ASWW General Manager Katie Anderson has promised... a SURPRISE MAIN EVENT.”

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

"I LOVE surprises! I just hope this one doesn't involve gettin' misted, hexed, or hit with a powerbomb..."

DOUG CASTLE:

"Whatever happens, you're not gonna want to miss it."

The camera pulls back, giving a sweeping shot of the arena, the crowd still buzzing despite the chaos in the ring.

Purple and silver graphics flash across the screen:

FRIDAY NIGHT FURY RETURNS IN TWO WEEKS!

DOUG CASTLE:

"For Dottie Nightengale, I'm Doug Castle, thank you for joining us for the historic first episode of ASWW Friday Night Fury!"

DOTTIE NIGHTENGALE:

"Y'all drive safe, get some rest, and we'll see you soon. Night-night, sugar!"

The final shot lingers on the ASWW logo as the lights dim and the feed fades out.

