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“Congratulations In Order.”

Backstage we find popular interview of any Valiant roster member Carter Latimer standing next to her new favourite person to interview, we all know, Matt Stone. Much like last week, he’s just getting his appearance perfect before he gives Carter the signal that she can start with her introduction. Carter manages to put a smile on her face before speaking.

Carter Latimer: “First thing, I see that congratulations are in order, you accomplished exactly what you said you would do in your Valiant debut.”

Matt smiles and nods, almost seeming surprised by that opening remark even though he likely told her to say it beforehand.

Matt Stone: “Thank you Carter, you are quite correct. Despite her remarks it appears that Gemma bit off a little more than she could chew last week, and that’s just the beginning. I know people here in Valiant think they’re the toughest competition in the sport but let that be a lesson to you all. Underestimate me, and I’ll crush you.”

Carter Latimer: “So it’s safe to say that you are feeling extremely confident to make this a repeat performance against Cody Baxter here tonight.”

Matt Stone: “To say the least, yeah. But since when have you known me to say the least?”

Before Carter can even pull the microphone back to answer, she’s cut off.

Matt Stone: “Exactly, never. Cody Baxter, childhood friend of Arthur the Aardvark for those that don’t know, likes to think of himself as a wolf. You know what’s great about wolves?

They stick together, they hunt in packs and look after one another. You know what one wolf is Carter?"

Once again she can barely make a movement before Matt cuts her off again.

Matt Stone: "A little bigger dog that I'm gunna put down here in just a few minutes."

Carter Latimer: "Sometimes I wonder why you don't just interview yourself."

Carter quips slightly in a sarcastic manner before giving Matt a smirk.

Matt Stone: "Well the reason is pretty simple Carter, I have a bone to pick with you. This husband of yours, he's becoming a real annoyance for me and I need you to have a talking to with him."

Carter shakes her head as she places both of her hands on her hips.

Carter Latimer: "You're both grown men, I'm not going to get in the middle of this."

Matt eyes her for a second, shaking his head.

Matt Stone: "You misunderstand me, again, I don't want to get you in the middle, I want you firmly on my side and getting your man in line. Spreading rumours, misrepresenting facts, getting my name wrong! All things that you as a journalist should be fighting against!"

Carter can't keep the amused expression off her face as she points the microphone firmly in Matt's face.

Carter Latimer: "Give me five reasons why I should be on your side exactly."

Matt holds up his hand and lowers a finger with every word he utters to count to five.

Matt Stone: "Because I said so...duh!"

Carter Latimer: "I don't think so. Duh!"

Carter finishes off her sentence with extra emphasis as she takes the palm of her hand and connects it directly against Matt's forehead before turning on her heels to walk away from him, leaving him to stand there with a slightly stunned expression on his face.

Match One – Singles

Cody Baxter vs Matt Stone

Brooke McKinsey: "Ladies and gentlemen, this next match is a singles contest scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from the wilds of the UK, standing 5'11" and weighing 255 pounds, the man with his trusty wolfdog, Shade, by his side, Cody Baxter!"

Brooke McKinsey: "And his opponent, from the streets of Hollywood, California, standing 6'0" and weighing 220 pounds, a true technical mastermind, 'The Straight Shooter' himself, Matt Stone!"

Missy Spinster: "Cody Baxter, a newcomer with a lot to prove here tonight! And we've got Matt Stone, the veteran with the cocky attitude to match his skill. This one's gonna be a real treat!"

Dre Hamilton: "Don't let Matt's bravado fool you, Missy. He's a dangerous technician in that ring, and I wouldn't bet against him."

Missy Spinster: "Oh, I know Dre, but you've got to admit, Cody's got that raw strength and stamina. And if his wolfdog's distractions work in his favour, we might see an upset tonight!"

Dre Hamilton: "Let's see if his inexperience proves to be a weakness, or if he can make his brawler style work."

The bell rings, and Cody charges in with a shoulder block, knocking Matt back a step. He follows up with a quick series of punches, his strength on display. Matt, however, is quick to counter, ducking under a lariat and sweeping Cody's legs out from under him, sending him crashing to the mat.

Missy Spinster: "Ooh, and Matt Stone proving right off the bat that he's got more tricks up his sleeve. That was a smooth counter."

Dre Hamilton: "He's been around the block. Cody's going to have to catch up quickly if he wants to keep up."

Matt takes control, pulling Cody into a side headlock. Cody struggles, using his strength to lift Matt and slam him with a body slam. Cody's stamina is on display as he gets back to his

feet, still feeling the effects of Matt's technical attack. Cody charges again, but Matt ducks, setting him up for a Stone Cutter! Cody barely escapes, rolling out of the ring to regroup.

Missy Spinster: "Cody's taking a breather, but I wouldn't blame him. Matt was looking for that Stone Cutter!"

Dre Hamilton: "This is where Cody needs to keep his composure. If he lets Matt dictate the pace, it's over."

Cody, with his wolfdog Shade beside him, regains his focus. He steps back into the ring, looking to utilise his power. He catches Matt's leg during an attempted suplex, countering with a devastating backbreaker. The crowd roars in approval.

Missy Spinster: "There we go, Cody's hitting hard now! That backbreaker is a thing of beauty."

Dre Hamilton: "He's got the strength, but can he keep up with Matt's technical wrestling?"

Matt, shaken, rolls out of the ring and takes a moment to recover, much to the frustration of the crowd. Cody watches closely, waiting for his moment to strike. When Matt re-enters, Cody charges with his signature Wolves At The Door spear, but Matt sidesteps, sending Cody crashing into the turnbuckle. Matt follows up with a quick combination of strikes before locking in The Danger Zone katahajime!

Missy Spinster: "Oh no, Matt's got that choke locked in. Cody's in real trouble here!"

Dre Hamilton: "This could be it. Matt knows how to finish people off with precision."

Cody struggles, desperately reaching for the ropes, but Matt pulls him back into the centre of the ring. Cody's movements slow, but with sheer determination, he powers out of the submission. Matt, frustrated, lifts Cody for a piledriver, but Cody counters with a running knee to the corner. He then attempts his finishing move, Fed To The Wolves, lifting Matt with brute strength, but Matt slides out and rolls Cody into a quick schoolboy pin!

Missy Spinster: "Matt with the sneaky pin attempt!"

Dre Hamilton: "That's the experience advantage. Cody didn't see it coming."

The referee counts, one, two, three!

Brooke McKinsey: "Here is your winner, Matt Stone!"

Missy Spinster: "A slick win for Matt Stone, using his experience and that well-timed roll-up. Cody put up a good fight, though."

Dre Hamilton: "Cody showed some promise, but Matt's technical prowess and ring awareness were too much tonight."

"Nothing Is Random."

We cut to a shot of the crowd, everyone cheering and screaming at the camera. It pans across until it settles on a group in an upper section. The crowd gets loud as the camera zooms in on Molly Reid lounging back in a chair.

Molly Reid: "Well hey there."

The superstar looks around with a grin before looking back at the camera.

Molly Reid: "I know, it's been a while since I really talked with you all. Sometimes life kicks your ass and all you want to do is get in the ring and wrestle. That's why I took my title shot as soon as I got it at Steel City. No sense in waiting right?"

Once again Molly looks around. Now she gets up out of her seat and starts walking towards the aisle.

Molly Reid: "Going back to back with an Elimination Chamber match and then the fatal four way was certainly a lot. But it was exactly what I wanted. Nonstop wrestling. A chance to step into the ring with the best."

Reid slowly reaches the aisle and begins to walk down it towards the ring.

Molly Reid: "I know it seems like I'm kind of aimless right now. Just coasting week to week, winning random match after random match. Teaming with Marissa and beating anyone who stands across from us. Just like we're going to beat Becky and her assistant this week."

A grin flashes across Molly's face as she reaches the bottom of the aisle and looks at the fans beside her.

Molly Reid: “But trust me. There’s something coming. Something big. Nothing I do is random, nothing I do is without meaning. You’ll see it all soon, I promise. So keep an eye on me. Keep an eye on all of Valiant. Because you aren’t ready for what’s coming.”

Another smirk flashes across Molly’s face as she hops the barrier and we face out.

Match Two – Singles

Harper Morrow vs Junior Hardy

The arena dims as the opening beats of *Come Together* by Junkie XL hit, the crowd reacting with a mix of cheers and anticipation. Harper Morrow strides out, a smirk playing on her lips as she surveys the audience. Dressed in her crisp white tights and cropped top, "Hellraiser" emblazoned down her legs, she exudes confidence with every step. She rolls her shoulders before making her way to the ring, keeping her long blonde hair loose as she slides in under the bottom rope.

Brooke McKinsey: “Introducing first, from Essex, England, weighing in at 145 pounds... hellraiser... Harper Morrow!”

Harper climbs the turnbuckle, blowing a playful kiss to the crowd before hopping down, eyes locked on the entrance ramp.

The lights shift as Junior Hardy appears, nodding confidently as he makes his way down the ramp. The second-generation star soaks in the moment, adjusting the tape on his wrists before jogging up the steps. He steps through the ropes, rolling his shoulders as he eyes Harper with a cocky smirk.

Brooke McKinsey: “And her opponent, from Las Vegas, Nevada, weighing in at 228 pounds... Junior Hardy!”

Junior leans against the ropes before stepping forward, his smirk widening as he mouths something at Harper, who simply tilts her head, unimpressed. The referee checks both competitors before calling for the bell.

The match begins with Junior circling Harper, attempting to use his reach advantage. Harper, ever watchful, darts in and out, testing Junior’s reactions with a few quick feints. Junior goes for a lock-up, but Harper ducks under, landing a sharp chop to his chest. Junior

flinches, but shakes it off, lunging in again—only for Harper to sidestep and land another stinging chop.

Missy Spinster: “Junior’s getting a crash course in the Essex special—nothing but sharp strikes and sharper attitude.”

Dre Hamilton: “He’ll need to adjust fast. Harper’s already in his head.”

Frustrated, Junior finally catches Harper’s wrist, yanking her in for a quick arm-trap DDT. He follows up with a rolling thunder, flattening her before going for a pin.

One.

Harper kicks out without much effort.

Junior hauls her up, but Harper rakes his eyes in one swift movement, using the momentary blindness to hit a dragonscrew. As Junior clutches his knee, Harper zeroes in, stomping viciously before locking in an Indian Deathlock. Junior grits his teeth, pushing himself up with his forearms, dragging them both closer to the ropes. He barely manages to grab the bottom rope, forcing a break.

Missy Spinster: “Harper’s like a shark with blood in the water. And Junior? He’s that poor swimmer who thought he’d just take a casual dip.”

Dre Hamilton: “Not a fan of this analogy, but you’re not wrong.”

Harper lets go just before the ref’s count, smirking as she stands. She gives Junior a playful tap on the cheek before dragging him up. Junior, still dazed, shoves her back and fires off a desperate superkick—Harper barely ducks, rolling behind him and leaping up for a springboard hurricanrana.

Junior crashes to the mat, dazed as Harper quickly moves into position. The crowd roars as she playfully blows another kiss—this time unleashing a black mist right into Junior’s eyes.

Junior stumbles back, blinded, allowing Harper to grab his head and drive him down with a codebreaker.

Dre Hamilton: “That’s it. Kiss of Death. It’s over.”

Harper covers.

One.

Two.

Three.

Brooke McKinsey: “Here is your winner... Harper Morrow!”

Harper rolls off Junior, brushing stray blonde strands from her face as she smirks down at him. The referee raises her hand, but she barely acknowledges it, stepping onto the middle rope to bask in the reaction of the crowd.

“Anarchy Forever.”

We open to a close-up of the Anarchy Tag Team Championship resting on a table, glimmering under the light. The camera slowly pans out, and we see a pale hand gently tapping against it. As the camera pulls back even more, we see Becky Balfour holding her newly won championship, her fingers running across the title with pride.

Becky Balfour: “Anarchy Forever.”

The words she spoke at the last event ring true as she rubs the championship lovingly, the gleam in her eyes unmistakable.

Becky Balfour: “Last week, Brogan and I made good on our promise to bring these tag team championships where they belong. Give the assist to Trinity, but that’s what we do. We work as one, and that’s why we’re going to be the best Anarchy Tag Team Champions that Valiant has ever seen. But tonight isn’t about the championships, is it? Tonight’s about Marissa and Molly. Marissa and I have no history, but Molly?”

Becky’s smirk widens as her gaze darkens.

Becky Balfour: “She’s someone I’ve spent time with away from all of this. Molly is someone who has earned my respect, and my trust. But tonight? None of that matters, because when push comes to shove? It’s BROGAN and BECKY.”

Her eyes are now colder than before, and she stares straight into the camera, her intensity palpable.

Becky Balfour: “If you two want a chance at these in the future? Earn it. Do what so many wish they could do... knock us off.”

A challenge, fierce and unapologetic, laces her voice as she continues.

Becky Balfour: “But you won’t, because you can’t. When I returned to Valiant, it was with a purpose in mind. You’ve seen hints. I’ve planted the seeds, but the roots are growing, and soon? You’ll see what that purpose is.”

Becky stands tall, dressed in her gear, one leg adorned with the word *ANARCHY* and the other with *FOREVER*, emphasising the commitment she’s made to her new reign.

Becky Balfour: “When you see Becky Balfour and Brogan Levandrier, you see the faces of the people in the world who are forgotten. The downtrodden. The ugly. And across the ring from us, you see the privileged. The Pretty. The weak.”

Her famous snarl curls her lip in disgust, and she sneers at the camera.

Becky Balfour: “There’s no room for the weak. There’s no sympathy for the sinful. There’s no end to the chaos... and that’s just the way we like it.”

Becky slowly lowers the championship, her eyes still burning with defiance, before she walks off-screen. The air crackles with the intensity of her words.

Match Three - Tag Team

Becky Balfour & Brogan Levandrier vs Marissa Kane & Molly Reid

Brooke McKinsey: “The following contest is a tag team match, scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, at a combined weight of 280 pounds, the team of Becky Balfour and Brogan Levandrier!”

The eerie presence of Becky Balfour is felt before she even steps onto the stage, her 'Followers' surrounding the entrance like a cultish force. Becky emerges with a smirk, basking in the devotion of her brainwashed admirers. Brogan Levandrier is beside her, looking less interested in theatrics and more focused on the fight ahead, her usual can of beer in hand. The Anarchy Tag champions may not be defending their belts tonight, but the confidence radiates off them as they make their way to the ring.

Brooke McKinsey: "And their opponents, at a combined weight of 280 pounds, the team of Marissa Kane and Molly Reid!"

Marissa Kane steps out first, ice-cold intensity in her eyes, her every step measured and deliberate. Molly Reid follows, energetic as always, hyping herself up as she slaps the barricade and paces on the stage. They exchange a nod before heading to the ring, both women clearly prepared for a fight.

The bell rings, and it's Becky Balfour starting against Marissa Kane. Becky grins, throwing her arms wide as if daring Marissa to strike first. Marissa doesn't hesitate, launching a stiff roundhouse kick that Becky barely ducks under. Becky retaliates with a snap DDT, spiking Marissa's head into the mat before rolling to her feet with an arrogant smirk.

Missy Spinster: "You know, I think Becky Balfour and I have something in common."

Dre Hamilton: "This should be good."

Missy Spinster: "We both have an army of devoted followers. Mine just happen to be cats."

Dre Hamilton: "Please stop."

Becky tries to keep control, but Marissa shoves her into the ropes and nails her with a vicious spinning back fist. Becky stumbles, and Marissa follows up with a ripcord throat chop that sends Becky into her own corner. Brogan tags herself in with a slap to Becky's back, rolling her shoulders before stepping in to meet Marissa head-on.

The two lock up, but Brogan quickly shifts to a brawling style, hammering Marissa with a series of clubbing forearms. Marissa absorbs the blows and counters with a knee strike to Brogan's ribs before sending her into the corner. Molly Reid tags in, immediately springboarding into a flying crossbody that sends Brogan crashing to the mat.

Missy Spinster: "Molly Reid moving like she just downed an entire energy drink. Or maybe an entire case."

Dre Hamilton: "Meanwhile, Brogan's probably thinking about her next drink."

Molly keeps up the pressure, bouncing off the ropes for a rolling thunder before kipping up to her feet. She measures Brogan for the Molly Kick, but Becky rushes in to cut her off, grabbing a handful of hair and dragging her to the mat. The referee warns Becky, but she

simply raises her hands in mock innocence as Brogan seizes the opportunity to hit a pendulum lariat.

Brogan and Becky take control, cutting the ring in half and isolating Molly with quick tags. Becky lands a blockbuster neckbreaker, followed by Brogan's running back elbow. Molly tries to crawl toward Marissa, but Becky yanks her back by the ankle before slamming her face-first into the mat.

Missy Spinster: "Becky Balfour is like that one friend who never lets you leave a party early."

Dre Hamilton: "Except she's dragging you to your doom instead of a karaoke session."

Molly finally creates separation with a spinning heel kick to Becky's gut, diving across the ring to tag in Marissa. Marissa storms in, ducking under a wild swing from Becky before taking her down with an STO backbreaker. She sees Brogan rushing in and meets her with a bicycle kick that sends her spilling through the ropes.

Marissa signals for Soullkiller, lining up Becky, but Brogan yanks her partner out of the way at the last second. Becky recovers, slipping behind Marissa and letting out a chilling scream before planting her with **Hear Me Out**, driving her down with a reverse DDT. Becky makes the cover, Brogan cutting off Molly just in time.

Brooke McKinsey: "Here are your winners... Becky Balfour and Brogan Levandrier!"

"Ready?"

Abby Blake walks down the hallway, adjusting her gear and focusing on her upcoming match. She spots Joss Morant rounding the corner, and the two exchange friendly glances.

Abby Blake: "Hey, Joss. Ready for this one?"

Joss Morant smiles and nods, giving her a thumbs-up.

Joss Morant: "Always, Abby. It's gonna be a good one tonight."

Abby Blake: "Definitely. Can't say I'm not looking forward to it. You've been putting in some solid work lately."

Joss Morant chuckles, shrugging modestly.

Joss Morant: "I'm just trying to keep up with the rest of you. You've been on fire yourself."

Abby Blake: "Thanks, I appreciate that. Should be a fun match. May the best person win, yeah?"

Joss Morant gives a warm grin.

Joss Morant: "No doubt about it. It's all about the competition, but at the end of the day, we're both just here to put on a show for the fans."

They share a nod of mutual respect before both head towards the stage, ready to face off in the ring.

Match Four – Singles

Abby Blake vs Joss Morant

Brooke McKinsey: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Las Vegas, Nevada, weighing in at 130 pounds... Joss Morant!"

Joss Morant bursts through the curtain with an infectious energy, high-fiving fans as she makes her way down the ramp. Her bright, colourful attire reflects her vibrant personality as she slides into the ring, hopping onto the second rope to soak in the crowd's cheers. She grins as she backflips off the ropes, shaking out her arms in preparation.

Brooke McKinsey: "And her opponent, from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 105.8 pounds... the luchadorka... Abby Blake!"

Abby Blake steps out onto the stage as "You Right" by Doja Cat plays. She doesn't rush to the ring, instead taking in the reaction from the crowd, nodding in approval as they chant her name. She slaps a few hands on her way down before rolling smoothly into the ring. She eyes Joss and smirks, pointing at the fans as they start a chant in her favour. Joss, ever the sportswoman, claps along with a grin.

The bell rings, and the two shake hands before circling. Joss moves in first, attempting a lock-up, but Abby ducks under and grabs a wrist, twisting into a quick arm wringer. Joss rolls through, kips up, and reverses, but Abby cartwheels out and immediately transitions

into a headlock takedown. Joss counters with a headscissors, but Abby flips out of it, and both women pop to their feet in a quick exchange to the crowd's delight.

Missy Spinster: "That's what I call a dynamic start! These two are fast as lightning, Dre. I blinked, and I think I missed four counters."

Dre Hamilton: "Then maybe don't blink, Missy. That was an impressive showcase of agility from both women."

They lock up again, this time with Joss taking control. She whips Abby into the ropes, but Abby leaps over Joss' dropdown, rebounds, and comes back with a headscissors takedown. Joss scrambles up, but Abby is already in motion, hitting a springboard hurricanrana that flips Joss across the ring! Abby kips up to applause and gestures for Joss to bring it.

Joss grins and nods, charging back in. She feints a lock-up before ducking under and catching Abby with a pendulum kick from the corner! Abby staggers back, and Joss springs up onto the second rope, leaping off with a slingshot corkscrew crossbody that takes Abby down for a quick cover!

One!

Abby kicks out!

Joss keeps the momentum, pulling Abby up and whipping her to the ropes, but Abby hangs onto them. When Joss charges in, Abby sidesteps, sending Joss tumbling to the apron. Joss recovers, but Abby is already in motion, hitting a springboard middle dropkick to the knee, sending Joss crashing to the floor!

Missy Spinster: "Oof! Right to the knee! That's like sweeping the leg, but with extra style points."

Dre Hamilton: "Abby knows exactly how to slow her opponent down. Joss thrives on movement—take away her speed, and you take away her advantage."

Abby slides out, grabbing Joss and rolling her back inside before climbing to the top rope. She leaps for the diving meteora—Pointeora!—but Joss rolls away! Abby lands on her feet, but Joss pops up and hits a superkick to the kneeling Abby! Joss quickly scrambles to the top rope, looking for the Sin City Escape, but Abby moves at the last second, sending Joss rolling on impact!

Abby takes advantage, grabbing Joss' arms and setting her up—Blake Lock! She locks fingers and slides through, tripping Joss up. The crowd buzzes as Abby transitions, rolling through into the Rose Lock Deluxe! The headscissors is in deep, and Joss struggles, trying to pry Abby's legs apart. She twists, managing to shift her weight into a pin attempt—

One!

Two!

Abby kicks out!

Both women scramble to their feet, but Abby is faster. She spins Joss around and catches her—Giant Slayer! The legmare high-angle Boston crab is cinched in, and Joss cries out, reaching for the ropes. Abby wrenches back, the hold deepening. Joss tries to inch forward, but she's trapped in the centre of the ring! She has no choice but to tap!

Brooke McKinsey: "Here is your winner by submission... Abby Blake!"

Abby releases the hold and stands, raising her arms as the crowd cheers. Joss sits up, holding her back, but nods in respect. Abby offers her a hand, and Joss takes it, allowing Abby to help her up. The two exchange words before Joss raises Abby's hand, giving her the spotlight.

Missy Spinster: "A great show of skill and sportsmanship! Abby came in with a plan, and she stuck to it."

Dre Hamilton: "Absolutely. She picked her spots, grounded Joss, and in the end, that Giant Slayer sealed the deal."

Missy Spinster: "A fitting name for a move that just put Joss down. Well, Dre, you know what they say—if you can't slay 'em, join 'em!"

Dre Hamilton: "No one says that, Missy."

"Cosplay Personal Trainer +2."

Carter Latimer is standing with the members of #VilaroFit outside of their locker room.

Carter Latimer: "Thank you for joining us, ladies. Tonight you have a big trios match against Natalie McKinney, Owen Trager, and Tyson Gregory..."

“It Girl” Taylor Voight: “Ugggghh! Who cares about that cosplaying personal trainer and those other two? We have bigger and better things to worry about, like winning Valiant Championships for instance. But we are nothing if not professional. So, as the most dominant force in all of Valiant Wrestling, we will do away with those fools.”

Shaina: “That’s right, Tay Tay! Nattie can boast about beating us all one on one as much as she wants, like the egomaniac we all know she is. I mean, she still has me to thank for giving her the kick in the bum she so clearly needed, but that’s what Vilaro Fit does. Despite what people think, we make everyone and everything better. I’m living proof of that...”

Shaina takes a moment to flaunt herself as the other two members cheer her on.

Shaina: “And tonight, that doesn’t change. Together, we’re unstoppable. Together, we are just better!”

Marisol Vilaro smirks as she speaks in a direct tone.

Marisol Vilaro: “I am so tired of Natalie McKinney; she can’t leave well enough alone. I beat her one on one, making her tap out, and she couldn’t accept that I am better than her in every single way. So she had to screw me last week when she was somehow allowed to be the special guest referee. I promise you, try a stunt like that again, Allie, and you will be speaking to my lawyers. Now, onto the match. It is sickening to see VilaroFit constantly disrespected by the fans, by the office, and by the rest of the roster, and tonight is going to be the end of all of that.”

Carter Latimer: “...”

Taylor rips the microphone out of Carter’s hands.

“It Girl” Taylor Voight: “You’re once again useless! Leave!”

Carter storms off in a huff.

“It Girl” Taylor Voight: “Unfortunately, this is how they all are, Mari. I’m talking about miscreants like Natalie, Bia, and T. They’re self-righteous fools who can’t accept a loss. They’re all sore losers trying to present themselves as the heroes. You’re each horrible examples as role models. But tonight we stop the outright disrespect!”

Marisol smugly smirks as she stands with her hands on her hips, looking directly into the camera.

Marisol Vilaro: “Just like poor little Thais got what they had coming to them, so will these three. In fact, they will learn the three pillars of VilaroFit live and in person. And for free too? Aren’t we just the most generous people?!”

“It Girl” Taylor Voight: “Yes, we had a great time on Glory last night, and we’ll cap off a great weekend with a victory. Because when it comes right down to it, #VilaroFit is the most dominant force in all of wrestling. As it should be.”

The three women each have a smug smile on their face.

Match Five – Tag Trio

Marisol Vilaro, Shaina & Taylor Voight vs Natalie McKinley, Owen Traeger & Tyson Gregory

Brooke McKinsey: “The following contest is a trios tag team match, set for one fall! Introducing first, the team of marisol vilaro, shaina, and taylor voight!”

Marisol Vilaro steps onto the stage, radiating confidence as she strikes a pose, showing off her chiselled physique. Shaina follows closely behind, adjusting her gear and basking in the attention. Taylor Voight struts alongside them, blowing a kiss to the camera before all three make their way to the ring, chatting among themselves with cocky smirks.

Brooke McKinsey: “And their opponents, the team of natalie mckinley, owen traeger, and tyson gregory!”

The opposing trio enters with a sense of unity, though Tyson and Owen exchange a brief, tense glance before stepping forward. Natalie leads the charge, rolling her shoulders as she locks eyes with Marisol. Owen cracks his knuckles, while Tyson keeps his gaze on the other team, a hint of arrogance in his smirk.

The bell rings, and Natalie starts things off against Shaina. Shaina, quick on her feet, circles the powerhouse, looking for an opening. She ducks a lock-up attempt and delivers a sharp kick to Natalie’s thigh, but Natalie barely flinches. When Shaina tries for another, Natalie catches her foot, spins her around, and flattens her with a discus clothesline. Shaina

scrambles to her corner, tagging in Taylor, who leaps onto the ropes and springboards off with a forearm smash—only for Natalie to swat her out of the air like a fly.

Missy Spinster: “Oh, that was rough! Like trying to do yoga on a trampoline and faceplanting instead.”

Dre Hamilton: “That...is oddly specific.”

Taylor writhes on the mat as Natalie lifts her into a gorilla press, showing off her raw power before dumping her onto the canvas. Taylor rolls away, tagging in Marisol. The self-proclaimed “fitness queen” enters cautiously, eyeing Natalie before engaging in a test of strength. Marisol feints, then rakes Natalie’s eyes behind the referee’s back, seizing control with a swinging neckbreaker. She follows up with a cocky elbow drop, finishing with a set of push-ups on top of Natalie.

Missy Spinster: “I don’t think those count towards her workout, but hey, she’s multitasking.”

Dre Hamilton: “I’m sure her personal trainer will be thrilled.”

Marisol drags Natalie to her corner, tagging in Taylor. The duo deliver a double suplex before Taylor covers for a two-count. She keeps the pressure on with a meteora, then tags in Shaina. Shaina mocks Natalie with a boot to the face, but when she goes for a snap shot superkick, Natalie ducks and counters with an exploder suplex!

The crowd cheers as Natalie crawls to her corner, reaching for a tag. Marisol rushes in, but Natalie shoves her aside and slaps Owen’s hand. Owen storms in, levelling Shaina with a big boot before launching Taylor across the ring with a belly-to-belly suplex. When Marisol charges him, he scoops her up and slams her down with the traeger driver ‘88.

Tyson watches from the apron, arms crossed. Owen turns and gestures for him to get in, and after a moment, Tyson tags himself in. He grabs Shaina, setting up for end of your sorrow, but Taylor leaps onto his back, clawing at his face. Owen steps in to pry her off, but the brief scuffle gives Shaina the chance to hit a desperate low dropkick, sending Owen stumbling back.

In the chaos, Marisol slips to the outside, reaching under the ring. She emerges with a dumbbell, grinning as she slides back in behind Natalie, who’s just getting back to her feet. Before anyone can react, Marisol swings, cracking Natalie in the side of the head! Natalie

crumples, and Marisol quickly discards the dumbbell before draping an arm over her. The referee counts—one, two, three!

Brooke McKinsey: “Here are your winners, Marisol Vilaro, Shaina, And Taylor Voight!”

Marisol, Shaina, and Taylor celebrate, slipping out of the ring before Owen and Tyson realise what happened. As Marisol smirks and flexes on the ramp, Owen and Tyson start arguing in the ring. Owen jabs a finger in Tyson’s chest, blaming him for the loss. Tyson fires back, shoving Owen. The shoving escalates until Tyson suddenly grabs Owen and hoists him up—before planting him through the commentary table with a colossal burnout!

Missy Spinster: “Okay, I did not see that coming! But at least it wasn’t our table this time.”

Dre Hamilton: “That’s a pretty low bar to celebrate, Missy.”

Tyson stands over Owen’s wrecked body, dusting off his hands before turning and walking away, leaving the crowd stunned.

“Tale As Old As Time.”

The camera cuts to backstage and we are immediately focused upon the grim expression of Brielle Gregory. The Canadian Gem takes in a deep breath as she reaches back with both of her hands to adjust the ponytail holding back her blonde hair. Brielle is dressed in her ring gear, fully prepared for her match this evening against Freddie Florentino. No doubt the effects of last week’s attack from behind are still fresh on her mind as she places her hands on her hips.

Brielle Gregory: “So here we are, a tale as old as time. A big ego guy decides the best way for him to make a statement when he joins a new company is to attack someone from behind. To declare that the opportunities they have earned, they don’t deserve them, and he should be the one to hold them instead. Why is that exactly? Because you’re screaming the loudest to get yourself some attention like a child who missed his naptime? Your little declaration reminds me of what happens when Torrance is cranky. It’s not pretty Freddie. It’s also not very manly.”

Brielle makes a face as she finishes off her sentence, clearly cringing in reference to the bold statement Freddie had made after he attacked her last week. The same statements he had continued to make when running his mouth later on all over social media.

Brielle Gregory: “We’ve all seen this song and dance before, okay? I experienced this with Molly not that long ago and I have to say that it was a lot more exciting the first time around. Yet again it would appear like you’re nothing more than a cheap knockoff here Freddie. It’s not original and it’s not going to give you the accolades that you think you deserve. Not here. Not in my Valiant. You wanted to put the target on my back? That was your first mistake and tonight I’m going to make it clear, even to someone as thick headed as you, that I don’t stay down.”

Brielle’s eyes narrow as she stares directly into the camera, clearing her throat.

Brielle Gregory: “Not for some flash of the pan who’s going to fade out here in Valiant while I will continue to give my everything to this company. I’ll go down in the history books, you? Nothing more than a punchline to a joke. It could have all been different Freddie, but this is the path you’ve chosen to take, so time to learn two can play this little game. It would have been a much safer and smarter decision for you to remain in your little villa. Focus more on living your best Jersey Shore life, because you’re not going to survive out here, I’m going to make sure of it. You’ve awakened the lionheart inside of me and there’s not putting her back in the cage.”

Brielle pauses for a moment, soaking it all in, closing her eyes as she takes a deep breath.

Brielle Gregory: “This is it. Right here. This is the business that I live and breathe, you’ve reminded me of that fact Freddie, and now it’s time to teach you a very important lesson that is clearly well overdue. This ego of yours, it’s about to get crushed, but I’m sure you can pacify yourself with some drinks again when you go back to your villa. Unless you get voted off there as well. Now that would make for some good ratings finally.”

Brielle laughs, giving the camera a playful wink, and with a wave of her hand she is turning on her heels so that she can walk away to finish preparing herself for her match. The camera quickly cutting back to the ringside area.

Match Six – Singles

Brielle Gregory vs Freddie Florentino

Brooke McKinsey: “The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, weighing in at 130 pounds... Brielle Gregory!”

Brielle Gregory steps onto the stage, a confident smile on her face as “Future Nostalgia” by Dua Lipa plays. She slaps hands with fans on her way down the ramp, rolling into the ring and stretching against the ropes, her eyes focused and ready for the match ahead.

Brooke McKinsey: “And her opponent, from Riverside, California, weighing in at 220 pounds... ‘flow daddy’ Freddie Florentino!”

Bad Bunny’s “MONACO” blasts through the arena as Freddie Florentino struts onto the stage, grinning like he’s already won. The cameras follow him, his every move exaggerated for effect—after all, the only reason he’s allowed out of the Locked In Love house tonight is to wrestle. He poses mid-ramp, blowing a kiss to a non-existent camera crew before hopping onto the apron and climbing in with a dramatic spin.

Missy Spinster: “Freddie Florentino, reality TV’s most unwilling prisoner, has been granted a one-night furlough to show off his moves outside the Locked In Love villa.”

Dre Hamilton: “And if he’s anything like his last couple of performances, he might be desperate to get back inside. Brielle Gregory is no easy win.”

The bell rings, and Freddie smirks as he circles Brielle. He reaches out for a handshake—whether out of genuine sportsmanship or just to mess with her, it’s hard to say. Brielle eyes him warily but obliges, only for Freddie to immediately pull her in for a headlock.

Brielle shoves him off, sending him into the ropes. Freddie rebounds with a flying forearm, but Brielle ducks and catches him with a snap suplex. Freddie rolls to his feet quickly, nodding as if acknowledging the solid technique before trying for a lock-up again. This time, Brielle twists behind him, applying a hammerlock before transitioning into a Russian leg sweep.

Missy Spinster: “Freddie might be all about style, but Brielle’s giving him a clinic in substance right now.”

Dre Hamilton: “You can’t out-flash technical excellence. She’s staying two steps ahead.”

Freddie rolls to the ropes, taking a moment to adjust his wrist tape, stalling as Brielle waits in the centre of the ring. He moves in cautiously, faking a lunge before quickly snapping a superkick into her midsection. With Brielle doubled over, Freddie follows up with a jumping knee strike, then a floatover DDT, spiking her into the mat.

Freddie grins, flicking his hair back as he poses over her for just a second too long before covering.

One... Two... Brielle kicks out!

Freddie pulls her up, setting her up for a Falcon Arrow, but Brielle shifts her weight mid-air, turning it into a cradle pin!

One... Two... Freddie kicks out, immediately going for a lariat as he stands. Brielle ducks, hooks his arm, and transitions into a backslide!

One... Two... Another kick-out!

Missy Spinster: “Freddie’s got the flash, but Brielle’s got the fundamentals! She’s out-wrestling him at every turn.”

Dre Hamilton: “You can see the frustration creeping in. He’s not used to being played like this.”

Freddie slaps the mat, clearly irritated. He pushes himself up and moves in aggressively, but Brielle sidesteps him and takes him down with a dragon screw. As he clutches his knee, she goes for the Helping Hand! She wrenches back, but Freddie scrambles for the ropes, managing to hook his foot on the bottom one. The referee calls for the break, and Brielle releases cleanly, backing off as Freddie pulls himself up.

Freddie shakes out his arm, nodding as if regrouping. He steps forward—and then suddenly stumbles, tripping over his own feet!

The crowd laughs, and Brielle capitalises immediately, grabbing his arm and yanking him into another Helping Hand! This time, she locks it in fully, and Freddie has no choice but to tap!

Brooke McKinsey: “Here is your winner, by submission... Brielle Gregory!”

Missy Spinster: “Oh, you hate to see it! Freddie Florentino, victim of his own bad footwork.”

Dre Hamilton: “For a guy who calls himself ‘flow daddy’, that was not very smooth.”

Brielle celebrates in the ring, rolling her shoulders as the referee raises her hand. Freddie, meanwhile, sits on the mat, staring at the floor in disbelief.

Then, with an angry shout, he kicks the bottom rope and rolls out of the ring, yanking the timekeeper’s chair away and hurling it into the barricade. He tears the cover off the announce table, sending monitors crashing to the floor.

Missy Spinster: “Temper, temper, Freddie! We’re not on reality TV anymore—you don’t get a producer to edit this meltdown out.”

Dre Hamilton: “Someone get security out here before he starts flipping tables.”

Freddie knocks over the steel steps and throws a water bottle into the crowd before storming up the ramp, running his hands through his hair in frustration. Meanwhile, Brielle watches from the ring, shaking her head with an amused smirk before rolling out and high-fiving fans on her way back up the ramp.

“Coming Together.”

The camera opens on Max Thunder and Ricky Rodriguez standing backstage, their eyes focused ahead as they prepare for the upcoming match. Max adjusts his gear, cracking his neck as Ricky leans against a nearby wall, arms crossed.

Max Thunder: “Tonight, it’s all about teamwork, Ricky. You and me, against two people who’ve made our lives a little more difficult than they need to be.”

Ricky Rodriguez nods, giving a small grin.

Ricky Rodriguez: “Yeah, no kidding. Seven and Trinity have been all over our backs lately. I don’t know what it is with these two, but they sure think they can get under our skin.”

Max Thunder: “I’m not a fan of their attitude. You know, they think they can talk all big, like they’re untouchable, but tonight, we’re gonna show them what happens when you mess with the wrong pair.”

Ricky Rodriguez: “Exactly. We’ve got history, Max. We’ve got chemistry. Seven and Trinity can play their games, but at the end of the day, they’re not gonna outmatch us.”

Max Thunder smiles, clapping Ricky on the shoulder.

Max Thunder: “We’ve got each other’s backs. That’s all we need.”

“Frauds.”

The scene cuts to a more focused environment where Seven Wolfe and Trinity Locke stand, their expressions cold as they talk about the upcoming match.

Seven Wolfe: "I can't stand these two. Max and Ricky are nothing but frauds. They act like they're the big deal around here, but we both know what they really are. They're just lucky."

Trinity Locke crosses her arms, nodding in agreement.

Trinity Locke: "You're right. Max thinks he's some kind of hero with his whole 'Thunderboi' gimmick, and Ricky? Don't even get me started. These two haven't earned a thing in this company. We're here to show them what real talent looks like."

Seven Wolfe: "Tonight's the night we take them down. They've been acting like they run this place, but they're about to learn who's really in charge."

Trinity Locke: "Exactly. We'll leave them in the dust, just like everyone else before them. Let's show them how it's done."

Main Event - Tag Team

Max Thunder & Ricky Rodriguez vs Seven Wolfe & Trinity Locke

Brooke McKinsey: "The following contest is your main event of the evening and is a tag team match scheduled for one fall! Introducing first..."

The iconic opening riff of *Thunderstruck* by AC/DC blasts through the speakers, and the crowd erupts as Max Thunder bursts onto the stage. With his usual electric energy, he pumps his fist in the air, mouthing along with the lyrics before making his way to the ring.

Brooke McKinsey: "From Melbourne, Australia, weighing in at 199 pounds... 'Thunderboi' Max Thunder!"

Max slaps hands with the fans on his way down, rolling into the ring before leaping onto the ropes, hyping up the crowd.

The lights dim slightly, and the pulse of *Empire* by Bring Me The Horizon kicks in. Seven Wolfe steps onto the stage, exuding calm confidence as he surveys the crowd.

Brooke McKinsey: "And his opponent, from Bangkok, Thailand, weighing in at 230 pounds... 'The War Wolfe' Seven Wolfe!"

Seven walks to the ring with his usual smooth swagger, rolling his shoulders as he steps inside. He locks eyes with Max, giving him a knowing smirk before taking his corner.

The bass-heavy beat of *Level Up* by PPCocaine hits next, and Trinity Locke struts onto the stage, twirling a piece of her hair with an almost smug expression. She winks at the camera before blowing a kiss toward the crowd, sauntering to the ring.

Brooke McKinsey: “And his tag team partner, from Queensland, Australia, weighing in at 128 pounds... ‘The Hell Pup’ Trinity Locke!”

Trinity slides into the ring, flipping her hair over her shoulder as she leans against the ropes, chatting with Seven while throwing a few glances toward Max and Ricky.

The atmosphere shifts when *Thunderstruck* fades, replaced by *Empire* again. The match is set, and the crowd is buzzing as the referee signals for the bell.

Max starts things off against Seven, and the two lock up in a test of strength. Seven, the bigger man, pushes Max back, but Max’s technical prowess kicks in as he spins out, twisting Seven’s arm into a wristlock. Seven rolls through and counters with a snapmare, but Max lands on his feet and immediately nails a lightning-fast dropkick to Seven’s chest, sending him staggering back.

Missy Spinster: “Max Thunder, living up to his name—fast as lightning and loud as thunder!”

Dre Hamilton: “That one barely moved Seven, though. He’s built different.”

Seven smirks and nods in respect before the two lock up again. This time, Seven takes control, using his size advantage to land a stiff knee to Max’s ribs before whipping him into the ropes. On the rebound, Max ducks under a lariat, springboards off the middle rope, and lands a picture-perfect corkscrew neckbreaker!

Max tags in Ricky, and Ricky comes in hot, hitting Seven with a series of sharp kicks to the leg and midsection. Seven absorbs the strikes before catching Ricky’s leg and yanking him into a dragon screw! Ricky winces, clutching his knee, and Seven capitalises with a running knee strike to the jaw! He goes for the cover—

One!

Two—

Ricky kicks out!

Dre Hamilton: “Ricky’s got fight in him, but Seven is breaking him down.”

Seven tags in Trinity, and she immediately struts over to Ricky, feigning sympathy before stomping on his fingers with a cruel smirk. Ricky shakes out his hand, but Trinity drags him up, hitting a Russian leg sweep before floating into a tight chin lock.

Ricky fights to his feet, elbowing his way free before sprinting to the ropes. Trinity tries to cut him off, but Ricky flips over her with an athletic handspring, landing on his feet and catching her with a springboard enziguri! The crowd roars as Ricky scrambles for the tag—

Max is in!

Max charges in with a flurry of offence, catching Trinity with a running clothesline before knocking Seven off the apron with a dropkick. He turns back to Trinity, lifting her for a sit-out powerbomb—

But Trinity rakes his eyes mid-move!

Max drops her, momentarily blinded, and Trinity scurries to tag in Seven.

Seven rushes in, but Max, still dazed, fires off a wild Iron Tail (Pele kick), catching Seven in the side of the head! The impact sends both men stumbling. Max crawls toward Ricky, reaching out—

Trinity sneaks around the ring, grabbing Max’s ankle from the outside to stop him!

Missy Spinster: “Hey, hey! That’s not legal!”

Dre Hamilton: “Since when has Trinity ever cared about legal?”

Max shakes her off and finally tags Ricky, who springboards in with a flying clothesline on Seven! Ricky stays on the attack, dodging Seven’s counterstrikes before hitting a standing Spanish fly!

Ricky hypes up the crowd, climbing the ropes for a high-risk move—

But Trinity suddenly jumps onto the apron, grabbing Ricky’s ankle!

Ricky kicks her away, but the distraction is enough—Seven jumps onto the ropes and drills Ricky with a superplex!

Max stirs on the apron, trying to get back in—

Trinity slides in behind him and delivers a vicious low blow!

Max crumples to his knees, clutching himself in agony as Trinity smirks and skips away.

Missy Spinster: “Oh, come on! That’s dirty!”

Dre Hamilton: “Effective, though.”

With Max incapacitated, Seven capitalises. He lets out a howl from the corner, measuring Ricky as he stirs. The moment Ricky stands—

Seven charges and CRUSHES him with *The Wolfe’s Howl*! The knee connects flush, and Ricky collapses. Seven hooks the leg—

One!

Two!

Three!

Brooke McKinsey: “Here are your winners... Seven Wolfe and Trinity Locke!”

Seven stands tall, smirking as he looks down at Ricky, while Trinity laughs on the outside, clapping her hands in delight. Max is still recovering, his frustration evident as he glares at Trinity, knowing exactly what she did.

Missy Spinster: “Max and Ricky had this match in the bag until Trinity decided to play dirty!”

Dre Hamilton: “And that’s why they lost. They weren’t ready for the Hell Pup’s tricks.”

Trinity slides back into the ring, throwing an arm around Seven’s shoulders as they celebrate their victory, while Max kneels beside Ricky, shaking his head in frustration. The crowd boos, but Trinity just gives them a smug little wave before blowing a kiss, relishing in their anger.
