



Date: 13 April, 2025

Commentary

Dre Hamilton and Missy Spinster

Backstage Interviewers

Carter Latimer & Jennifer Carter

Ring Announcer

Brooke McKinsey

Match One - Singles

Alice Wagner vs Eve O'Donnell

Brooke McKinsey: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, making her Valiant Wrestling debut... from Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 121 pounds... Alice Wagner!"

Alice walks out to an energetic reaction from the crowd. Clad in black and silver gear, she pauses at the ramp and offers a humble nod to the fans before heading to the ring with purpose. She stretches out her hand for high-fives and smiles, though there's a visible intensity behind her eyes.

Brooke McKinsey: "And her opponent... from Virginia Beach, Virginia... weighing in at 136 pounds... 'The Goddess' Eve O'Donnell!"

Eve struts onto the stage under a darkened spotlight, arms raised as "Broken Dreams" echoes through the arena. She sneers at the fans who jeer her, clearly revelling in their disdain. Eve points arrogantly toward the ring as she slowly makes her way down the ramp, exuding smug confidence.

As the bell rings, Alice approaches Eve with her hand outstretched for a handshake.

Missy Spinster: “Look at that! Alice wants to start things off with sportsmanship! What a sweetheart!”

Dre Hamilton: “She’s wasting her time. Eve’s not here to make friends.”

True to form, Eve slaps the hand away and throws a hard forearm to Alice’s jaw, taking early control. She whips Alice into the corner and follows with a cannonball. Smirking, Eve lifts Alice and connects with a short-arm clothesline, then drops her with a quick spinning backfist.

Alice stumbles, but manages to counter a second backfist with a duck and springs off the ropes with a dropsault-enziguri combo that stuns Eve. Alice follows up with a sharp shotgun dropkick that sends Eve rolling to the outside.

Missy Spinster: “She downloaded Eve’s whole moveset like it was a Spotify playlist!”

Dre Hamilton: “What does that even mean?”

Eve regroups outside, furious. She pulls Alice to the outside, but the debutant counters with a dragon screw leg whip into the barricade. Back in the ring, Alice goes for Faithless—the bridging Northern Lights suplex—but Eve kicks out at two and a half.

Alice stays focused, applying a Fujiwara armbar to wear Eve down. Eve claws her way to the ropes, breaking the hold, and surprises Alice with a tilt-a-whirl slam. She drags her to the centre and calls for the Broken Dreams.

Alice wriggles out of Eve’s grasp and lands on her feet, hitting a Check My Brain scorpion kick to the back of Eve’s head. With Eve stunned, Alice connects with School of Hard(y) Knocks—bringing her down to one knee with a leg kick, followed by a downward roundhouse.

Alice grabs Eve, delivers the backstabber, then immediately locks in the dragon sleeper—Severed Wings cinched in tight in the middle of the ring.

Missy Spinster: “That’s it! Wings clipped, dreams shattered, and welcome to the big leagues, Alice Wagner!”

Dre Hamilton: “You know what? That was impressive. I’ll give her that.”

Eve thrashes for a moment but has no choice—she taps.

Brooke McKinsey: “Here is your winner by submission... Alice Wagner!”

Alice releases the hold and, true to form, kneels beside Eve, offering a post-match handshake. Eve glares at her from the mat and rolls out without accepting, leaving Alice alone in the ring as the crowd cheers her on.

“Lack Of Respect...”

Earlier in the Day

Marisol Vilaro, Shaina, and “It Girl” Taylor Voight are in the the #VilaroFit locker room sitting around a table. Taylor and Marisol are in their wrestling gear while Shaina is in street clothes. As Shaina stands in the background, clearly distracted by something, the other two women look annoyed as they sit there each in their own thoughts.

“It Girl” Taylor Voight: Well if no one else is going to say it then I will. The lack of respect we’ve been forced to endure around here is disgusting!!! I can’t even list off all the travesties going on around here against us because there are so many.

Shaina can be heard humming something in the background, but this doesn’t seem to bother the other two.

Marisol Vilaro: Don’t get me started I am a reality television star, a fashion icon, and a self made millionaire. The fact that every week we are forced to endure the same nonsense, from the same disgusting people makes me sick. This is about making the world a better place and we have the same people wanting to be in the way like an ogre trying to protect their swamp.

Marisol huffed in disgust.

Marisol Vilaro: Tonight we make an example of the two teaming against us, for VilaroFit.

“It Girl” Taylor Voight: I for one am tired of playing nice! If people don’t want to do what's best for them then so be it. It is time we start getting ours! And just because Brielle and Jenna are former Anarchy Tag Team Champions doesn’t mean a damn thing!

An annoyed Taylor stands up and looks at both ladies.

“It Girl” Taylor Voight: The world will only become a better place with us at the helm! So playing second fiddle to these undeserving sycophants is over! I for one have had my eyes on winning back the Mayhem title since I let slip through my fingers because that championship is at home in the #VilaroFit camp! Brielle and Jenna are simply in the way of progress!

Taylor walks away from the table, opens the locker room door, walks out and slams the door behind her. This finally catches Shaina’s attention, who turns back around, no longer distracted.

Shaina: Hey Mari, I know you and Tay Tay got this. Just like everybody else knows it. It's like what you told me. Just focus on your goal. And tonight, the goal is to let everybody know that we are true winners.

Marisol nodded in agreement.

Marisol Vilaro: We got this, and just like you are about to showcase to the world your musical talent, there isn’t anything VilaroFit can’t do. Now ladies, our spotlight awaits us.

Marisol winks at Shaina as both ladies smile devilishly.

Match Two – Tag Team

Brielle Gregory & Jenna Sharpe vs Marisol Vilaro & Taylor Voight

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

The crowd cheers as Dua Lipa’s “Future Nostalgia” hits the speakers. Brielle Gregory steps through the curtain with quiet confidence, stretching out her shoulders, then jogging to the ring with focus in her eyes.

Brooke McKinsey: “Her tag team partner, from Calgary, Alberta, Canada... ‘The Canadian Wildcat’... Jenna Sharpe!”

“Missile” by Dorothy roars to life and Jenna Sharpe bursts through the curtain, nodding to the fans and flexing her taped fists. She shares a determined look with Brielle and the two slap hands before sliding into the ring together.

Brooke McKinsey: “And their opponents... first, from Barcelona, Spain... ‘The Fitness Queen’... Marisol Vilaro!”

Taylor Swift’s “Shake It Off” blares through the arena to a chorus of boos as Marisol Vilaro struts onto the stage wearing a shimmering jacket and obnoxious smile. She carries a pink glittery megaphone, already raising it to her lips to shout insults at the crowd and opponents alike.

Missy Spinster: “Oh goodie, Marisol brought the megaphone. Maybe she’ll use it to project her bad opinions on nutrition again.”

Dre Hamilton: “I already have a headache. And she hasn’t even made it to the ring yet.”

Brooke McKinsey: “Her partner, from Hillsborough, California... ‘The It Girl’... Taylor Voight!”

“It Girl” by Aliyah’s Interlude hits and Taylor Voight steps out looking red carpet ready in a shimmering robe. She flips her hair and gives a perfect pageant wave before joining Marisol. The two strike a pose together before confidently sauntering down the ramp.

The bell rings and it’s Jenna Sharpe starting off against Taylor Voight. Taylor tries to play it cool with a smirk, but Jenna isn’t in the mood for games—she rushes in with a low dropkick that takes Taylor off her feet. Jenna keeps the pressure on with stiff forearms and a snap suplex, then tags in Brielle.

Brielle comes in with technical precision, twisting Taylor into a shoulder lock before transitioning into a Russian leg sweep. The momentum stays with the fan favourites as they isolate Taylor, showing off crisp teamwork with quick tags and double-team manoeuvres.

Dre Hamilton: “They’re working like a well-oiled machine. Taylor’s out of her depth here.”

Missy Spinster: “She’s swimming in shark-infested waters, Dre—and Jenna Sharpe is the Wildcat with fins. Wait... can wildcats swim? Never mind.”

Taylor finally wriggles free and lunges to her corner—Marisol tags in, megaphone still in hand. She doesn’t even lock up with Brielle before climbing to the second rope and shouting into the megaphone: “YOU’RE DOING EVERYTHING WRONG!”

Missy Spinster: “She’s not just cheating—she’s audibly cheating.”

Dre Hamilton: “Referee needs to toss that thing.”

Brielle, annoyed, lunges at Marisol, who hops down and darts out of the ring. The ref tries to regain control while Marisol struts around ringside, loudly declaring how much better her squats are than anyone in the audience. Jenna hops down and chases her back into the ring—but as Jenna climbs onto the apron, Marisol turns and blasts the megaphone in her face with a loud “YAAAAAASSS!”

The distraction gives Taylor time to recover. As Jenna stumbles, Taylor rushes over and hits the Tay Drop—a clean Code Red. She hooks both legs.

1... 2... 3!

Brooke McKinsey: “Here are your winners... Marisol Vilaro and Taylor Voight!”

Dre Hamilton: “Cheap win. Distraction, interference, and a Code Red. Textbook.”

Missy Spinster: “Textbook? That was a whole syllabus on how to be annoying and underhanded. Marisol should’ve been disqualified just for the vocal assault!”

Taylor celebrates like she’s just won an Oscar, hugging Marisol, who proudly lifts the megaphone again and announces, “Fitness always wins, darlings!”

Missy Spinster: “Someone please break that thing before she starts doing karaoke.”

Dre Hamilton: “She’s lucky that megaphone didn’t end up in the second row.”

“Preparation.”

Backstage, the camera tracks Nadia Allen pacing around the curtains. Periodically, she peeps her head up, head darting from the left to the right, taking in her surroundings. It’s a steady shot. Despite the sounds and murmurs from staff members calling out to one another, Nadia is the only one in view.

Nadia crouches down, stretching her legs and arms before tapping the concrete floor underneath.

When she aries back to her feet, a thunderous roar escapes her mouth. Followed by another.

The noises in the background come to a halt, for a moment. Nadia then tightens her face, retrieving the mouthpiece from within her leather ring jacket and places it inside her mouth. Another roar comes out of Nadia's mouth before she gives herself a couple of slaps on her face.

When her music hits the PA system, Nadia steps forward. Balling her fist, eager to push through the curtains.

“Danger, Thinking.”

The scene opens backstage, camera panning slowly as Matt Stone strolls into frame. He's wearing a designer bomber jacket, sunglasses indoors, and that ever-punchable smirk. A production assistant nervously hands him a mic and scurries away. Matt glares after them before turning to the camera.

Matt Stone: "You know, I've been doing a lot of thinking lately. Dangerous, I know. But it's a new season—fresh faces, new rivalries, a blank canvas just waiting for someone with actual talent to paint a masterpiece. And who better to do that... than me?"

He gestures to himself with both hands, as if the answer is obvious.

Matt Stone: "You see, while everyone else is excited about their 'big opportunities' and 'fresh starts,' I'm sitting here wondering why I still have to remind people who the hell I am. Because let's not forget—while everyone was getting hyped up for Zero Hour, while the hype train was leaving the station... Matt Stone? Nowhere to be found. Not a match. Not a mention. Not even a graphic."

He sneers, pulling off his sunglasses and pointing them at the camera like a weapon.

Matt Stone: "You left your undefeated star off the biggest show of the season? That's not just disrespect—that's bad business. But hey, I get it. Maybe someone in the back thought I'd be too big of a spotlight hog. Maybe they were scared I'd steal the whole damn show. You know what? They were right."

He smirks and slips the glasses into his jacket pocket, regaining his composure.

Matt Stone: "So now I get Nadia Allen. The golden girl. The technician. The fan favorite. The one everyone says 'brings out the best' in her opponents. That's cute. Real cute. But here's the thing, Nadia—this match? It's not about what you bring out of me. It's about what I show the world when I break you down and add another tally to my undefeated streak. Because I'm not here to be inspired, I'm here to be victorious."

He steps closer to the camera, intensity flaring up behind that cocky smile.

Matt Stone: "You're good, Nadia. I'll give you that. Not quite good enough to win the Mayhem championship but I digress. The difference though? I'm not just good—I'm inevitable. And when the dust settles and they're raising my hand again, maybe then Allie will realize that the name they should be building this season around is Matt Stone and no one they put in front of me can Shut. Me. Up!"

He drops the mic with a smug little shrug like he just blessed the entire arena with truth, turns on his heel, and struts out of frame as the camera lingers on the dropped mic.

Match Three - Singles

Matt Stone vs Nadia Allen

Brooke McKinsey: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from San Francisco, California, weighing in at 120 pounds... 'Nasty' Nadia Allen!"

Nadia Allen emerges to a burst of cheers, fiery and intense as ever. She marches down the aisle, tapping her fists together and locking eyes with the camera. Her boots hit the steps with purpose as she enters the ring, springing up and stretching her shoulders before rolling her neck, laser-focused and ready to go.

Brooke McKinsey: "And her opponent, from Montreal, Quebec, Canada... weighing in at 220 pounds... he is *The Straight Shooter* and *The Abominable Showman*... Matt Stone!"

"Almost Famous" by Eminem kicks in and out comes Matt Stone, arms spread wide like the stage belongs to him—because in his mind, it does. He's met with jeers, but he just grins, soaking in the spotlight. He gestures like he's going to high-five a fan and then pulls back at the last second, smirking as he slides into the ring. He climbs the corner, mouthing off to the crowd and pointing at himself before hopping down and loosening up, clearly feeling himself tonight.

Dre Hamilton: “Say what you want about his attitude, Matt Stone knows how to win. He’s cocky, but it’s earned.”

Missy Spinster: “He’s got more swagger than a peacock in a leather jacket, Dre. Still, I wouldn’t count out Nadia. She’s got elbows like razors and a mean streak to match.”

The bell rings and Nadia rushes Stone with a flurry of strikes, backing him into the corner. She unloads with elbows and knees, not giving him a second to breathe. Stone shoves her off and tries to regroup, but she comes right back with a running elbow smash that rattles his jaw.

Stone rolls out of the ring, regrouping with a frustrated scowl as the crowd roars for Nadia. He slides back in, fakes a lock-up, and instead rakes her eyes. The referee warns him, but he plays innocent.

Dre Hamilton: “Classic Matt Stone—never met a shortcut he didn’t like.”

Missy Spinster: “He’s like a wrestling gremlin. Dirty, sneaky, and probably shouldn’t be fed after midnight.”

Stone takes control with a snap suplex and follows up with a jawbreaker. He slaps the back of Nadia’s head, taunting her. When he goes for a piledriver, Nadia kicks her legs and reverses it into a backdrop driver, planting Stone hard.

Nadia keeps the pressure on, delivering a series of mounted elbows and then slapping on the Octopus Stretch in the centre of the ring. Stone grits his teeth, twisting for the ropes. He gets close, so Nadia releases and blasts him with a penalty kick to the ribs.

Missy Spinster: “That kick echoed like an overdue rent notice.”

Dre Hamilton: “And it might’ve cracked a rib.”

Stone crawls to the corner, and Nadia charges for a running knee—only for Stone to slip to the side and roll her up with a handful of tights! 1... 2... Nadia kicks out just in time.

They both pop up and collide centre-ring with stiff forearms. Stone goes low with a drop toe hold, transitions to a side headlock, and slows the pace. The crowd chants for Nadia, who fights back to her feet, only to be yanked down by her hair.

Stone hits the ropes and comes back with a standing fist drop after kissing his knuckles, then grins at the booing crowd. He hoists Nadia up and signals for the C-c-c-c-combo Breaker, but Nadia reverses into a Tiger Suplex out of nowhere! She bridges! 1... 2... Stone just gets the shoulder up.

Missy Spinster: "She nearly folded him like laundry on Sunday!"

Dre Hamilton: "It was close, but Stone's still in this."

Nadia calls for the Tortured Chambers. She grabs his arms and lifts—Stone kicks free and pulls her down into a school boy with the tights! 1... 2... she kicks out again!

They both scramble up and Stone ducks a lariat—springboards off the second rope and hits the MLG 360 No Scope! He doesn't waste time, pulling her up into the Codebreaker—C-c-c-c-combo Breaker connects!

1... 2... 3!

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

Dre Hamilton: "Matt Stone weasels out with another win, but credit where it's due—that final sequence was textbook."

Missy Spinster: "He's like a bad penny, Dre. Keeps turning up—and tonight, he cashed in."

"Absence Kills."

Becky Balfour: "Being absent...killed me."

The room was darkened and Becky's back was to the camera, but her bright hair from behind made it unmistakable that it was her.

Becky Balfour: "I want to thank Trinity again for stepping up and representing us in that championship match. That's what a family does, but tonight? I'm back."

Slowly, Becky spins and now faces the camera. The lighting dim enough to shield most of her face from the camera, but her pale skin stood out among the darkness.

Becky Balfour: "Brogan and I have proven to be the team to beat in all of Valiant and tonight, Jessica and Tiff are another team in a long line. We acknowledge what you two have

accomplished, but you need to acknowledge that a match against us changes people. This isn't a match you fight to win, it's one you fight to survive.

Before anyone throws around 'Becky is weak', or 'Becky has fallen off', the truth is, I was hurt. I stepped into the ring against someone and I pushed them to their limits and I came up short. But a show later, and I'm back here.

There's no taking me out. There's no matter of punishment that can deter me from sharing a ring with the future of this business, and someone that all of you should be placing on a pedestal. Brogan is more than a partner, she's my purpose. And tonight...our purpose is simple.

Remind you all who we are."

“Saving It For The Ring.”

The scene opens up to the image of Jessica Carter in her locker room, getting ready for her tag team match. She's just finished lacing up her boots by the time she hears a knock on the door. She nonchalantly waves the person in, assuming it's Tiff or one of her closest friends.

But then in walks one of her opponents tonight, Brogan Levandrier. With her half of the Anarchy Tag Team titles over her shoulder, she slowly approaches Jessica - whose stance is now combative and prepared to fight, if necessary.

Brogan Levandrier: “Relax, I'm not here to fight you. I leave that to the ring.”

Jessica lets out a relieved sigh, then arches an eyebrow out of curiosity.

Jessica Carter: “So, then... why are you here?”

Brogan forces a smile.

Brogan Levandrier: “To help you. Because believe it or not, I like you. And seeing you stood here right now is, and I mean this in the most respectful way, pathetic.”

Jessica starts to ball up her fists, ready to fight again. But Brogan puts out the fire once more.

Brogan Levandrier: “I get it, you had the season from hell last time out which resulted in a brutal loss at Zero Hour. I've been there. My very first season here, in fact. But I didn't let it define me. I hold gold here right now, and that's something that you can do again.”

Jessica sits down, now keen to hear Brogan out.

Jessica Carter: “Go on...”

Brogan Levandrier: “You just need guidance. Somebody to mould you into the best version of yourself. For me, that was Becky Balfour. But a guiding light can come in all different shapes and sizes.”

Jessica scoffs, finding the idea preposterous.

Jessica Carter: “Thank you Brogan, but I don't see myself as one of Becky's followers.”

Brogan chuckles slightly.

Brogan Levandrier: “No, no. You need your own guiding light, not MY guiding light.”

Brogan prepares to leave, seeing that Jessica has grown disinterested in the conversation.

Brogan Levandrier: “I can see that you're not convinced. That's fine, it sometimes takes a while. Don't worry though, because tonight you'll get an up close and personal look of just what true guidance can accomplish. I'll see you out there.”

Brogan leaves the scene, leaving Jessica to sit in silence and ponder what she said.

Match Four - Tag Team

Becky Balfour & Brogan Levandrier vs Jessica Carter & Tiff

Brooke McKinsey: “The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... accompanied by The Followers, representing The Society... from Toronto, Canada, now residing in Detroit, Michigan... weighing in at 122 pounds... Becky Balfour! And her partner... from Vancouver, British Columbia, weighing in at 139 pounds... Brogan Levandrier!”

Becky strides out first in her signature tattered gear, arms raised as the mass of Followers trail behind her like a hypnotised parade. Her smirk widens when she reaches the ramp, snapping her fingers to make them halt in perfect unison. Brogan follows with a slower, more measured pace, hoodie half-zipped, eyes half-lidded like she's already a few drinks deep. She barely acknowledges the crowd, but her tape-tightened fists show she's ready to brawl.

Brooke McKinsey: "And their opponents... first, from Worcester, England, now residing in Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 119 pounds... Jessica Carter! And her partner... from Newark, New Jersey... weighing in at 125 pounds... Tiff!"

Jessica jogs out first to a solid cheer, flashing a quick confident smile, though it flickers when she sees the sea of Followers lining the entranceway. Tiff bursts out right behind her, laser-focused and bouncing with kinetic energy. She nods once to Jess, then marches straight down the ramp like she's ready to kick someone's teeth in.

The bell rings, and it's Jessica and Brogan to start. Jess comes in hot, ducking a swing and landing a flurry of fast strikes and a spinning heel kick that sends Brogan stumbling into the corner. She tries to keep the momentum with a diving crossbody, but Brogan catches her mid-air and spikes her with a standing DDT. The tide shifts instantly.

From there, the match becomes a textbook display of isolation. Becky and Brogan cut the ring in half with sharp tags, dissecting Jessica with methodical strikes and joint manipulation. Becky mocks Jess mid-match, blowing kisses to Tiff on the apron while pulling Jessica's arm behind her back in a modified chickenwing. Jess tries to rally with a backstabber, crawling to her corner—but Becky yanks her back by the bootlaces, dragging her centre-ring.

Missy Spinster: "It's like watching a bad break-up in slow motion! Jess just can't get the tag!"

Dre Hamilton: "That's the plan, Missy. Classic tag team wrestling—cut the ring off, keep the fresh partner out."

Jessica finally manages to create space after countering Brogan's suplex attempt into a quick Shiranui. She leaps—and the crowd roars as she tags in Tiff!

Tiff explodes into the ring, a pint-sized tornado of fury. She floors Becky with a running big boot, then lands a swinging DDT on Brogan. A cannonball in the corner to Becky, followed by a snap Peacemaker knee to Brogan, and the match feels like it's shifted on a dime.

Missy Spinster: "Here comes the Five Foot Death Kicker! It's Tiff-asaurus wrecks!"

Dre Hamilton: "Oh god. Stop."

The ring descends into chaos as all four women brawl. Jess manages to land the Stunned Silence on Becky, but she's not the legal woman. Brogan takes advantage of the confusion, grabbing Jessica from behind and driving her down with the Hangover in the centre of the ring.

Tiff charges in, but Becky dives at her knees, sending her tumbling through the ropes.

Brogan covers.

1... 2... 3.

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

Dre Hamilton: "That was textbook execution. Becky and Brogan came in with a plan and worked it to perfection."

Missy Spinster: "Yeah, but I wouldn't call it clean. I've seen less manipulation in a soap opera!"

"A Joke."

The scene opens backstage at Valiant Wrestling's Inferno, the camera catching Corey Grimes standing in front of a caged steel shutter. The mood is tense, the lighting harsh. He's in his gear, fists taped, jaw set, no smile in sight.

Corey Grimes: "Y'know, people keep asking me what I think of Jackie Fowler. What I think of the dancing, the gifs, the dumb-ass banter. And honestly? I think he's a joke. A loud one, sure. A decorated one, yeah. But still a joke."

Corey tilts his head slightly, brow furrowing.

Corey Grimes: “You’ve always had a problem with my family, huh Jackie? Can’t go a week without bringing up Gavin. Can’t scroll your timeline without you crying about someone with the last name Grimes. Maybe that’s the real issue. you ain’t got shit going for you anymore, so you figured name-dropping the Grimes legacy might buy you some relevance. Newsflash, dickhead: it doesn’t.”

He steps forward now, tone sharper, darker.

Corey Grimes: “This isn’t banter. This isn’t one of your dumb TikToks or drunken tweetstorms. This is Valiant Wrestling. And tonight? I’m not here to trade punches or throw shade. I’m here to put you the fuck down.”

He shakes his head.

Corey Grimes: “You’ve had a long run, Jackie. And sure, you got fans. You’ve done the rounds, held the gold, made 'em laugh. But that bell rings? Ain’t nobody laughing. Because I’m coming for you like a man who’s done being disrespected. Like a man who’s sick of being overlooked. Like a Grimes that doesn’t play nice.”

Corey steps even closer, his voice just above a growl now.

Corey Grimes: “You wanted this, Jackie. You wanted to poke and prod and stir the pot. So I hope you brought more than middle fingers and one-liners. Because I’m coming to break your rhythm. Break your mouth. Break every last bit of that fake-ass confidence you’re hiding behind. And when I’m done? You’ll know exactly why this company doesn’t need another washed-up twat coasting on a highlight reel from five years ago.”

He finally allows the ghost of a grin to pull at his mouth, but it’s nothing friendly.

Corey Grimes: “You’re not fighting Gavin. You’re not fighting your ghosts. You’re fighting me. And I’m gonna drop you so hard, your dick won’t know which way gravity works. See you out there, Bellend.”

He walks off without another word. The camera lingers on the empty space where he stood, then fades out.

“Silent Jack.”

As the camera cut to backstage, Jackie Fowler could be seen arriving at the arena. His flat cap was down, wearing his traditional bomber jacket and a pair of worn looking jeans. He dragged his luggage along with him, throwing a fist to the camera. There was a clear message on it, "Bang And The Grime Is Gone." There were a few people that called out to him, but Fowler didn't respond, clearly his reported vow of silence was still in effect. This was enhanced as he has two pieces of black tape, forming an X, covering his lip. There were some words also written on there, "I Warned You" in plain white font. He carried on walking down the hallways, seemingly oblivious to any one that called him out, or chanted his name.

As he turned one corner, he could see through one of the curtains, seeing the fans in attendance. Some of them noticed him, shouting his name, a mixture of support on one hand and boos on the other, quite a mixed reaction for the former Valiant Champion. It was still not clear at all what this vow of silence was all about, or the message on his taped mouth meant, but he hadn't said a word on camera since his fateful loss to Marissa, or the loss of the Anarchy Tag Titles. This seemed to have spread across multiple companies, not just Valiant itself, and the fact he wasn't booked on the recent supershow, the first time that had ever occurred, raised a lot of eyebrows. There was still a twinkle in his eyes as he saw the fans, giving a short mocking wave in their direction, before he turned towards the locker rooms. He still ignored everyone he walked past, not responding to any greetings or comments made about his upcoming match with Corey Grimes. What was with all of this? The loudest voice in the locker room had suddenly become the most silent.

Match Five - Singles

Corey Grimes vs Jackie Fowler

Brooke McKinsey: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Sacramento, California... weighing in at 240 pounds... this is Corey Grimes!"

The crowd erupts as "Back to Me" by Of Mice & Men hits and Corey Grimes steps onto the stage, eyes focused, nodding along with the beat. He slaps hands with fans down the ramp, then jogs up the steps and launches himself over the ropes with a smooth vault. He poses on the turnbuckle, arms raised, before hopping down and stretching in the corner.

Brooke McKinsey: "And his opponent... from Bowland, England... weighing in at fifteen and a half stone... "The Bastard of Bowland" Jackie Fowler!"

The Oasis classic “Fuckin’ In The Bushes” hits and out strolls Jackie Fowler, leather jacket half-zipped, spray can in hand. He tags the barricade with a crude penis drawing, flips off a heckler in the front row, and saunters to the ring like he owns the place. Inside, he sprawls across the top turnbuckle like it's his living room couch.

The bell rings.

The two men circle. Jackie smirks. Corey nods respectfully. They lock up and immediately, Corey’s power takes over as he shoves Jackie across the ring. Jackie rolls through and pops up, grinning like a man who just found a fiver in his coat pocket.

They tie up again, but this time Jackie ducks under and peppers Corey with quick boxing jabs to the ribs. Corey responds with a sharp Pele kick that rocks Fowler, and then follows up with a snap dragonrana that brings the crowd to their feet.

Missy Spinster: “Look at Cor go! That was cleaner than my nan’s best china!”

Dre Hamilton: “Corey Grimes is all technique, all heart. He’s not going down without making Jackie work for every second.”

Corey lifts Jackie into position and nails the full Nelson bomb, transitioning seamlessly into a running shooting star press. He covers—one, two—kickout!

Jackie rolls to the apron, feigning exhaustion, but as Corey approaches, he pokes him straight in the eye with the Middle Finger Salute, drawing a warning from the ref. With the distraction, Jackie leaps up and drops Corey with the Glock 17.

Jackie slows things down, working in stiff European uppercuts and a brutal snap DDT. He swaggers, sings a line of Adele at the crowd, then turns into a spinning backfist—Punition! One, two—Grimes kicks out again!

Missy Spinster: “Corey’s chin must be made of granite. Or regret. Probably both.”

Dre Hamilton: “It’s that resilience. Fowler’s hitting hard, but Corey refuses to stay down.”

Jackie lines up for a proper football kick, but Corey rolls through and hoists him into a military press slam, launching Jackie halfway across the ring. Jackie scrambles up, only to eat a corner shining wizard followed by a buckle bomb that rattles the entire ring.

Corey signals for the CG-I Win. He grabs the arms, lifts Jackie into the air—but Jackie wriggles free mid-lift, lands behind, and catches Corey with a leaping low blow behind the referee's back!

Missy Spinster: "Oh come on! That was cheeky!"

Dre Hamilton: "That was Fowler."

With Corey hunched over, Jackie yanks him back into a sickening rope-assisted piledriver—#SMD! The impact echoes. Jackie doesn't cover immediately. Instead, he bounces off the ropes, fires up, and hits a wicked Lancaster Bomber flush to the jaw.

One... two... three!

Brooke McKinsey: "Here is your winner... Jackie Fowler!"

Missy Spinster: "Jackie Fowler snatches it like a pint from the last round!"

Dre Hamilton: "A hard-fought win, and just barely. Corey Grimes pushed him to the edge. No shame in that loss."

"Not For The Cameras."

We cut backstage and see Molly Reid walking down the hallway, dressed in street clothes. She's limping slightly, and her face and exposed arms are littered with cuts and bruises and bandages, remnants of her deathmatch against Kimberly Williams from the previous night. As she walks, Jennifer Carter approaches her.

Jennifer Carter: "Molly, quick word?"

Molly stops and smiles gingerly as she turns around to face Jennifer.

Molly Reid: "Anything for you Jenny."

Jennifer Carter: "How are you feeling after last night? That was your second deathmatch in a row, I'm surprised you're up and walking."

Another smirk from Molly, although this time she grimaces as she shifts her weight slightly to relieve whatever pain she's feeling.

Molly Reid: "Feel great. I've said it before Jenny and I'll say it again. When you've gone through what I've gone through in life, the pain from a match like that isn't suffering, it's a blessing. I live for it. I wish other people were brave enough to accept that in their lives and give in to those deep-down desires. So many are scared of pain, scared to feel. They're missing out. These past couple of matches really awakened something in me. When I came back to this sport, I was content to just wrestle in the ring, nice easy matches, going through the motions, not really feeling anything either way after. Maybe I was scared to go full out. Maybe I didn't think I had it anymore. Whatever the reason, I was being a bitch. But now? After I sat in that ring and inflicted as much pain on Josh and Kimmy as I could, while they did the same to me? It took me back to the old days. Back when Molly Reid was MOLLY REID. The Molly Reid who did anything and everything she could to succeed. The Molly Reid who was the first-ever female world champion in IWF history. The Molly Reid who won world championships in three different companies. The Molly Reid who wrestled ninety-minute matches, lego deathmatches, first bloods, last standings, extreme rules, you name it. The old Molly was one of the most violent women in the sport. She wasn't just respected, she was feared. I think it's about time I got back to that, don't you?"

Molly smirks, straightening up and standing tall next to Jennifer, who hesitates for a moment before asking the next question.

Jennifer Carter: "So what's next then?"

Molly Reid: "Well first, I need to take out some of the trash here in Valiant. Reshape this company into one where only the most deserving get to shine. But after that? I'll be taking that Valiant Championship. This is my company, and it's about time everyone else realized that."

With that, Molly pushes past Jennifer and starts walking away. The cameras don't fade out though, and instead follow Molly as she walks down the hallway some more. She reaches a door and knocks on it.

Voice: "Come in."

Molly opens the door, and the camera follows her to the doorway, where we see Howard Rothchild III, the new head of Valiant.

Howard Rothchild III: "Ah, Miss Reid. It's nice to see a familiar face."

Molly Reid: "Missed you too Howie. We had some good times back in the Empire days, didn't we?"

Howard Rothchild III: "You were a model champion and face of the company, I'll say that much."

Molly Reid: "And now you're here, and I'm here. And I think we both want the same thing."

Howard Rothchild III: "Oh Miss Reid, I think you may be even more right about that than you know."

As the camera starts to move into the office, Molly turns back to face it, smirking as she grabs the door and slams it right into the camera. We fade out at the shot of the closed office door, unable to hear what Molly and Howard are discussing.

"GFY."

The camera cuts to the bustling backstage hallway where Jennifer Carter stands poised with a mic in hand, eyes on the approaching storm: Harper Morrow, fresh off her match, still in gear, hair wild, a thin sheen of sweat on her brow.

Jennifer Carter: "Harper, can I get a quick word following the—"

Harper Morrow: "Wow. *You?* Got the brass to walk up to me after what happened a few weeks ago?"

Harper snorts, eyes narrowing with a cruel smile as she circles Jennifer slowly.

Harper Morrow: "You've got either guts or no memory, Jenny. Either way... not my problem."

Jennifer opens her mouth to speak, but Harper puts a hand up.

Harper Morrow: "Save it. I don't have time for an interview, and definitely not for *you*."

She turns to leave but throws one last parting shot over her shoulder.

Harper Morrow: "Oh, and you can tell Howard—your darling brother and the new GM—to go f—"

She catches herself with a smirk, winks at the camera.

Harper Morrow: “—figure himself out.”

With that, she strides off down the corridor, leaving Jennifer silent and the camera lingering on her reaction.

Match Six – Singles

Leanne Jones vs PPV

Brooke McKinsey: “The following contest is a singles match, scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... from Los Angeles, California... standing five-foot-eight, weighing in at one-hundred and seventeen pounds... Leanne Jones!”

Leanne strides out to “Nowhere Generation” by Rise Against, hood pulled low over her brow, jaw tight with purpose. She surveys the Inferno crowd with measured disdain, raising a single fist as red and white strobes light up the arena. She climbs onto the apron, wiping her feet before stepping through the ropes and pacing the ring like a caged tiger.

Brooke McKinsey: “And her opponent... from Palm Beach, Florida... standing five-foot-seven, weighing in at one-hundred and twenty-eight pounds... she is ‘The Hierophant’... Precious Pepper Vain!”

The mood shifts as “Sucker” by Marcus King hits. PPV emerges with a smirk, arms outstretched like she’s stepping into the Sistine Chapel. Draped in gold-accented gear and confidence, she mouths “masterpiece in motion” as she descends the ramp. She circles the ring like a shark, eyeing Leanne with an artist’s scrutiny before slipping in through the ropes, flicking her hair with theatrical flair.

The bell rings.

They circle with sharp focus, Leanne testing the waters with a low dropkick that PPV sidesteps. PPV retaliates with a wristlock takedown into a grounded hammerlock, wrenching on Leanne’s shoulder, but Leanne flips out and catches her with a quick schoolgirl—1—kickout!

They scramble to their feet, and Leanne unleashes a flurry of kicks to PPV’s thighs and midsection, ending with a sharp dropkick that sends her opponent through the ropes.

Leanne bounces off the far side and nails a springboard back elbow to the floor, knocking PPV into the barricade.

Missy Spinster: “That’s Leanne Jones flying first class with that elbow—no in-flight peanuts, just pain!”

Dre Hamilton: “...You done? PPV needs to re-centre, and fast. She can’t afford to let Leanne control the tempo.”

Back inside, Leanne connects with a corner senton, then a step-up knee strike before she tries for a quick pin with a tight cradle—1, 2—kickout again! Leanne grabs the wrist, pulling PPV up into a Cross The Lan, but PPV ducks and counters into a hammerlock backbreaker!

She follows with mounted elbows to Leanne’s shoulder, then laces in a Fujiwara armbar, yanking at the joint. Leanne claws to the ropes and forces a break.

Missy Spinster: “PPV’s got submission skills sharper than a catty group chat!”

Dre Hamilton: “That’s... not a real metric, Missy.”

PPV smirks, dragging Leanne to the corner and delivering stiff kicks to the upper back. She perches on the second rope and goes for a tornado DDT—no! Leanne pushes her off mid-rotation! As PPV rolls through, Leanne charges—Zoned In! The superkick slams into the back of PPV’s head as she kneels!

Leanne climbs up top—Shooting Star Press! She misses! PPV rolls clear and lands ENCORE! seamlessly—moonsault into standing moonsault! She hooks both legs—1, 2—no! Leanne kicks out just in time.

Dre Hamilton: “That fluidity. That awareness. That’s why she calls herself The Hierophant.”

Missy Spinster: “Hierophant? I barely passed English, Dre.”

PPV snarls, hoisting Leanne up and locking in the Rings of Saturn—Red Riot! She twists into the crossface, wrenching on Leanne’s neck and arm. Leanne screams, her free hand reaching desperately... then shifts her hips, inching toward the ropes... she gets a foot on the bottom rope!

PPV won't break! The ref counts to four before she finally lets go, smug and self-assured. She drags Leanne to centre again—but this time, Leanne explodes with a backstabber out of nowhere!

Leanne stumbles to the corner and climbs—PPV stirs—but it's too late! Leanne leaps and hits Kinkaku-ji clean to the back of PPV's skull! The impact snaps PPV down to the mat like a rag doll.

Leanne scrambles for the cover—1, 2, 3!

Brooke McKinsey: "Here is your winner... Leanne Jones!"

Missy Spinster: "Whoa! That was like a revolutionary manifesto in match form—fast, aggressive, and with a double-stomp exclamation point!"

Dre Hamilton: "Leanne knew exactly when to strike. One mistake from PPV, and she capitalised. That's the kind of precision that wins matches."

"Chaos Reigns."

PRE-RECORDED SEGMENT – SEVEN WOLFE, CHAOS CHAMPION

Location: Rooftop, dusk. City lights in the distance. Wind low and steady. Seven stands in his leather jacket, cigarette burning between his fingers, Chaos Championship slung over his shoulder, gleaming.

The screen opens to a quiet skyline, all gold and ash in the fading light. The camera pans slowly until it settles on Seven Wolfe, standing near the edge of a rooftop, staring out into the distance.

SEVEN WOLFE: "Twenty-five percent."

He lets the words linger, lets the smoke slip out between his teeth as he takes a slow drag off the cigarette.

SEVEN WOLFE: "That's the number they're banking on. That with four of us in the ring, the odds of me walking out with this—"

He taps the face of the Chaos Championship on his shoulder.

SEVEN WOLFE: “—drop to a quarter.”

He chuckles low, bitter.

SEVEN WOLFE: “Valiant thinks they’re slick. They think they can bury me in numbers. That if they throw enough bodies, enough chaos, enough Division blood into the fire, I’ll finally burn out.”

He shakes his head, lips twitching in something between a grin and a snarl.

SEVEN WOLFE: “But I’ve lived in the fire. I was born in it.”

He flicks ash to the concrete.

SEVEN WOLFE: “Harper Morrow...”

A pause. He nods, the respect clear even in his stillness.

SEVEN WOLFE: “You’re the real threat. You don’t flinch. Don’t quit. And you’ve got that name... that Division legacy. I know what that means. I know what you’ve been through. You’re not just another pretty face trying to prove herself, you’re a goddamn warhorse. And I’d be a fool to underestimate you.”

He shifts slightly, the wind catching the edge of his jacket.

SEVEN WOLFE: “As for Abby Blake? Thaïs?”

Another drag. Another breath.

SEVEN WOLFE: “You’re not slouches. You’ve earned your spot. But I see what this is. I see the setup. Throw every style you can into the pit. High-flyers, strikers, tanks, chaos-makers. Make me fight all of them. Make it impossible to survive.”

He turns to the camera now, eyes sharp, fire building.

SEVEN WOLFE: “But here’s the thing you forgot when you booked this—I am the impossible.”

He pauses for a beat.

SEVEN WOLFE: “You saw what happened to Max Thunder. You saw what happened to everyone else who tried to step the fuck up to me.”

He reaches up, fingers brushing over the slight dent in the Chaos Title.

SEVEN WOLFE: “I’m past Max. I’m past the ghosts. I’ve made peace with what I’ve done. And now? I don’t need to burn the world down anymore.”

A smirk, calm but dangerous.

SEVEN WOLFE: “Now I just need to win.”

The screen fades as he exhales one last cloud of smoke, the Vegas lights flickering like stars beneath his boots.

“Let’s Plug This Joint Event, Then.”



CONVERGENCE

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Main Event - Table Elimination

Chaos Championship

Seven Wolfe(c) vs Abby Blake vs Harper Morrow vs Thaïs Empristikí

Per the GM - Harper Morrow is banned from using weapons in this match, or face disqualification.

Brooke McKinsey: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is now time for your Valiant Wrestling: Inferno Main Event! The following contest is a Table Elimination Match for the Chaos Championship! The only way to eliminate your opponents is to put them through a table! The last wrestler standing will be declared the winner and Chaos Champion!"

Brooke McKinsey: "Introducing first... from Alexandria, Virginia... weighing in at 130 pounds... 'The Flame Bringer'... Thaïs Empristikí!"

Thaïs jogs down to the ring to the groove of "Super Freak", hyping up the crowd with a wide grin and a confident pose on the second rope. They stretch and roll their shoulders as they await the chaos ahead.

Brooke McKinsey: "And next... from Essex, England... weighing in at 145 pounds... she is the 'Hellraiser'... Harper Morrow!"

The heavy guitar of Junkie XL's "Come Together" hits as Harper Morrow storms out, white tights shimmering under the lights. She points to her "Hellraiser" lettering on her leg, then makes a slicing motion across her neck, mouthing "No mercy tonight" as she slides into the ring.

Brooke McKinsey: "And their opponent... from Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 105.8 pounds... she is the 'Luchadorka', Abby Blake!"

"You Right" hits as Abby appears on the stage, arms outstretched to a roaring ovation. She slaps hands with fans on her way down and climbs up the turnbuckle to lead a "Let's go Blake!" chant, smirking as the fans play along.

Brooke McKinsey: "And finally... from Bangkok, Thailand... weighing in at 230 pounds... he is the reigning and defending Chaos Champion... Seven Wolfe!"

"Empire" by Bring Me The Horizon shakes the speakers as Seven walks out with the Chaos Championship draped over his shoulder. He eyes his three challengers, never blinking, before slowly climbing into the ring and raising the belt overhead with a grim nod.

Missy Spinster: "Ohhh baby, look at this main event! It's about to get violent, wild, and probably full of splinters!"

Dre Hamilton: "Four fighters, one belt, and a ring full of tables. This is going to be ugly."

The bell rings and chaos unfolds instantly.

Harper and Abby go at each other immediately, a flurry of chops and kicks exchanged between them. Thaïs springboards into a flying crossbody that knocks both down, only for Seven to rush in with a spinning wheel kick that drops Thaïs.

The champion takes control early with stiff strikes and knees, sending Abby retreating to a corner. Harper goes for a Buckle Bomb on Thaïs, but they reverse into a sitout jawbreaker, bouncing Harper back into the ropes. Thaïs follows with a pele kick that staggers Harper—and Abby picks the moment to hit the Double Jump Skidoo, landing both feet on Harper’s back!

Seven sets up a table near the ropes, but before he can use it, Thaïs dives onto him with a top rope moonsault, sending them both sprawling. Harper, shaken but opportunistic, grabs Thaïs by the hair and yells, “You’re out first, flame girl!”

With surprising strength, Harper powerbombs Thaïs onto a standing table in the corner—but it doesn’t break! She snarls and lifts them again. This time, a brutal Buckle Bomb into the same table shatters it on impact.

Brooke McKinsey: “Thaïs Empristikí has been eliminated!”

Dre Hamilton: “That’s one down! Harper’s not messing around tonight.”

Missy Spinster: “Well, when you’ve got a table and an attitude problem, anything’s possible!”

Harper turns and blows a mock kiss toward Abby, who scowls and rushes in. They trade fast-paced strikes, Abby ducking a clothesline to hit a springboard hurricanrana that spikes Harper near a table. Abby shouts, “Soup!” to the crowd—setting up the Souper-Plex, but Harper drops to a knee and low-bridges Abby into a roll. Abby rebounds, leaps off Harper’s back and crashes into her with a shining wizard—SFSW! Harper stumbles onto the table... and Abby climbs the top rope.

Missy Spinster: “Deadshot incoming! You know she never misses!”

She leaps for the missile dropkick—Harper stumbles off the table at the last second and Abby crashes through the table herself. The crowd gasps—but the referee waves it off. **Abby went through the table without offensive contact.**

Dre Hamilton: “Not an elimination! Harper didn’t put her through.”

Missy Spinster: “Wrestling logic, Dre. It's very precise.”

As Abby crawls out of the wreckage, Harper grabs another table. She tries to suplex Abby onto it, but Abby counters with the Blake Lock! Harper struggles as Abby spins her into the Rose Lock Deluxe, her legs clamping around Harper’s neck. Harper flails—Abby transitions again, flipping over into the Somersault Cutter!

The table is reset and Abby shoves Harper onto it. With the fans chanting “Blake her up!”, Abby ascends again and hits the Pointeora—knees first through Harper and the table!

Brooke McKinsey: “Harper Morrow has been eliminated!”

Missy Spinster: “Oof! That’s karma with a double knee drop to the face!”

Dre Hamilton: “Harper’s out, but she doesn’t look done.”

As Abby celebrates, Harper slides back in, livid. She’s not holding back—she grabs a chair and blasts Abby from behind. The crowd boos viciously as Harper lifts her up—Kiss of Death! The black mist sprays across Abby’s face before the codebreaker hits hard.

Security rushes out to drag Harper away, but she’s already done the damage. Abby is lifeless on the mat, surrounded by shards of wood and steel.

Seven watches, waiting like a vulture. He steps in, pulls Abby up, and hits The Wolfe’s Howl—his knee smashing through her chin. With a cold expression, he scoops Abby and powerbombs her through the last table.

Brooke McKinsey: “Abby Blake has been eliminated! The winner of the match, and still Chaos Champion... Seven Wolfe!”

Missy Spinster: “Awww no. Not like this. Abby had it—she had it!”

Dre Hamilton: “She got robbed. Harper destroyed her, and Seven picked the bones. That’s survival. That’s chaos.”

Missy Spinster: “That’s disgusting! Harper’s banned from weapons, and she still broke the rules!”

Dre Hamilton: “And yet Seven’s still holding that belt. That’s all that matters.”