



REDEMPTION #XIV – 22nd October, 2025

*"It breaks my heart
They ain't believe in us (We The Best Music)
They played themselves
While you hatin' and bein' jealous
You could be over here embracin' that love
More love, more blessings, more life*

*God did (God did)
You either win with us or you watch us win (DJ Khaled)*

*They wanted us down, oh
But look at us now, oh
They counted us out (time to say a prayer)
They didn't think that we would make it far, oh (may we bow our*

heads)
They didn't believe in us, oh (huh)

But I know God did, God did (oh, yes, He did)
Oh, God did (oh, Khaled)
Oh, yes, God did (oh, Khaled)
Oh, God did (God is great)
But I know God did"

The camera fades in on a roaring crowd inside the eWo Arena, here in Miami. Pyro explodes across the stage, the eWo logo pulses on the titantron, and the energy is electric. The camera cuts to the commentary desk where Steven Brody sits in a tailored navy suit, smiling warmly, while Mike Sweeny lounges beside him in a leopard-print tank top, sunglasses, and a grin that screams "HR violation."



Steven Brody:

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to eWo Redemption #XIV! I'm Steven Brody, and tonight... tonight is going to be one of those nights we talk about for years: debuts, grudges, gold on the line, and chaos around every corner.

Mike Sweeny:

Chaos? Brody, this card reads like a sex dream I had in a dumpster behind a strip club. We've got violence, vengeance, and a main event that's gonna make your grandma cry into her knitting.

Steven Brody:

Please don't bring your grandmother into this.

Mike Sweeney:

She's dead, Brody. But if she were alive, she'd be front row with a flask and a middle finger for Dickie Watson.

Steven Brody:

Well, speaking of Dickie Watson, our main event tonight sees the Uncensored Champion defend his title against the ever-dangerous Random McConalogue. And if history tells us anything, it's that Random won't play nice.

Mike Sweeney:

Random doesn't play at all. She just shows up, breaks bones, and leaves with a smirk. If Dickie's not careful, he'll be coughing up vowels by the end of the night.

Steven Brody:

Also tonight, Elite Champion Shawn Warstein warms up for Devil's Playground in a non-title clash against former Uncensored Champion Ken Davison.

Mike Sweeney:

Warm-up? That's like calling a chainsaw a back scratcher. Warstein's gonna try to decapitate Davison, and Davison's gonna try to make him eat his own kneecaps. I'm here for all of it.

Steven Brody:

Jaclyn Pierrot faces part-owner Cross Recoba in a Falls Count Anywhere match, punishment for failing to defeat Matt Knox two weeks ago. And if you think Recoba's going to play fair, you haven't been paying attention.

Mike Sweeney:

Recoba doesn't play fair. He plays smart. And Jaclyn? She's a walking fever dream. This match is gonna spill into the parking lot, the concession stand, maybe even the women's restroom. I hope.

Steven Brody:

Then we've got a triple threat match: PerZag, Maxwell Mason Stone, and Matt Knox. Three men with something to prove, and only one can walk out with momentum heading into the next phase of eWo's calendar.

Mike Sweeney:

Three egos, one ring, and probably a few broken ribs. I'm betting on PerZag. He's got that 'I'll kill you and write a poem about it' energy.

Steven Brody:

And kicking off the night, Diana Watts makes her debut against Tehuai Anxiu. A clash of styles, philosophies, and unpredictability. Watts has the fire, but Anxiu?

Mike Sweeny:

Mind games, mist, and moves that make chiropractors cry. If Watts survives, she's earned her spot. If not... well, there's always commentary. Worked for you.

Steven Brody:

Thanks, Mike. Folks, buckle up. Redemption #XIV is live, and it's going to be violent, unpredictable, and unforgettable.

Mike Sweeny:

Just like my last divorce. Let's get this bloodbath started!

SEGMENT

A pulse of applause erupts from inside the arena as the scene shifts to the parking lot. The black #3 Escalade pulls diagonally across several spaces, just as its four doors open. The Miami Hate Club, Thumper driving, Jaclyn riding shotgun, Casanova and Bash in the back (with Johnny begrudgingly in the bitch seat) all pour from the vehicle. Bugs — driving a moped that he is far too large for — zips into the parking space beside them. A reverberating chant of *HATE* can be heard.

Thumper moves to the back, popping open the trunk. The final member, PERFECT KILROY, rolls free — desperately gasping for air.

P. KILROY: I COULDN'T BREATH-ahhh.

HITMAKER: It's because...*you were holding your breath!!*

P. KILROY stands up straight, then takes a deep breath.

P. KILROY: Oh. Right. That's why we have you, Johnny boy.

Suddenly, a man — whose shirt has been shredded and is now bleeding profusely — appears, weaving through the cars towards the group.

MAN: No! NO! GET AWAY FROM ME!

Frantically, he looks back while running. Distracted from the path in front of him, he hits the side of a Ram pickup car that, despite its name, decided against Dodging. A second figure, this one cloaked in darkness, emerges from the lot. They move slowly at first, however, when the fallen man's head emerges they break into an almost inhuman sprint. In a single bound, the figure leaps over a Ford Fiesta, landing gingerly behind the panicked man.

MAN: PLEASE HELP!

Jaclyn blinks, looking over to her equally confused goons. As they silently debate their position, the figure catches the man from behind.

SNIPES: Hey!

With a hiss, the figure turns to find the great Hollywood actor, Wesley Snipes — decked out in full leathers — standing behind him. The pole light overhead reveals the figure's face. He's a young pale man with crimson eyes wearing a bib of blood.

HITMAKER: HOLY SHIT! Is that a vampire?

The vampire shoves the bloodied man aside, who immediately takes the opportunity to flee.

SNIPES: Takes one to know one.

Wesley Snipes smiles, his porcelain teeth glowing. Two small fangs extend down. The vampire goes on the offensive, but Wesley is faster. He sidesteps the incoming fiend and in the same motion, withdraws a large katana. The vampire turns, a sinister smile playing at his lips.

VAMPIRE: You think that little toy can hurt me?

The vampire begins to laugh, but before he can fully invest in the humor, his right arm falls off. There is a pause, and then, like a volcano, the wound erupts with a spray of blood.

VAMPIRE: YOU'RE REALLY A DAYWALKER?

Wesley Snipes grins back. The vampire thrashes his still attached arm at the movie star turned tax evader, then does some creative maneuvering of his own, spinning past the Daywalker. The gushing wound blinds Wesley. The injured vampire takes flight in an attempt to escape.

SNIPES: Stop him!

The vampire rushes towards the still startled Hate Club, a spray of blood painting the side of the SUV. Jaclyn pulls her pistol, aims, and opens fire. The back windshield explodes.

THUMPER: What the hell are you doing?

PIERROT: THEY'RE SILVER BULLETS.

As the duo begin arguing about the metal silver and the color being very different things, Kilroy leaps into action. Quite literally. The Terror of Mount Lee snatches the fleeing fiend as he attempts to pass, hoisting them into the air.

VAMPIRE: Let me go!

The blood makes it difficult for him to get ahold of, so naturally, P. KILROY does what any lunatic would do: he clamps onto the vampire's neck with his own teeth. The vampire howls a melody of pain.

Wiping the crimson goo from his face, Snipes closes the gap. He motions for P. KILROY to let go, and as soon as there is distance, drives the blade through the vampire's chest. The vampire screams. As the actor withdraws the blade, there is an explosion of guts and gore. Only Casanova manages to escape unscathed.

Wesley Snipes wipes the blood from his blade before returning it to his sheath. He turns to P. KILROY, who is now completely soaked in gore, extending a thumbs up.

SNIPES: Thanks kid.

P. KILROY returns the gesture and with a wave of his trench coat, Wesley Snipes exits back into the night. Still in shock, the group

watches as P. KILROY — as if nothing happened at all — collects his belt. The Terror of Mount Lee makes his way towards the building, whistling.

HITMAKER: What in the fuck did I just waaaatch?

PIERROT: Sooo...if you bite a vampire...

The group slowly turns to look at P. KILROY. They watch as he opens the door. Jaclyn gently lifts her gun, closing an eye to help with the aim, but before she can open fire, Thumper snatches the gun away.

PIERROT: Hey!

THUMPER: That's fucking werewolves!

PIERROT: NO! THAT WAS DEFINITELY A VAMPIRE!

Thumper sighs as she snatches it back. The camera tilts towards the blood moon in the sky. A lone bat flutters across the frame as the scene fades to black.

RINGSIDE

Cue the opening theme. The crowd roars. The first match graphic flashes across the screen: Diana Watts vs. Tehuai Anxiu.

SINGLES MATCH **Diana Watts vs. Tehuai Anxiu**

Liliana Esparaz: *This match is scheduled for one fall, and...
Introducing first... Coming to the ring, weighing in at 115 pounds,
hailing from Cleveland, Ohio... **DIANA WATTS...***

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uNLOWAWQJN8>

“So Easy” hits in the arena. Green strobe lights give the arena a mild headache as Diana Watts walks out from the curtain. She slowly walks down to the ring, avoiding fan reactions. She slides into the ring, awaiting her opponent for her debut here in eWo.

Liliana Esparaz: And her opponent, hailing from Beijing, China...
THE RED MISTRESS... TEHUAI ANXIU...

■ **Fmr. CIA Director:** 'I'm not going to be intimidated by the like...

"Chinatown" begins playing as Tehuai Anxiu walks out from the back. The crowd starts to boo right away, but as Anxiu sweeps her cold gaze across the arena, the crowd silences quickly into hushed whispers. She glides to the ring with an Imperial grace, climbing between the ropes. As she paces around the ring, starting to take off her dress for the match, a brave male fan spouts something obscene. She stops to glare at the man, turning him into a crying, whimpering fool before she finishes removing the dress and folding it neatly in her corner.

DING! DING! DING!

Steven Brody: "Here we go, folks! Diana Watts, the Ohio Brawler, is stepping into the ring with Tehuai Anxiu, the cold-blooded kung-fu tactician. This one's going to be stiff, it's going to be brutal, and it's going to be unforgettable."

Mike Sweeny: "I'm already stiff, Brody. And it ain't from the action. Look at Diana in those shorts, God bless America."

Steven Brody: "Mike, please. Let's focus on the match."

Mike Sweeny: "I am! I'm focused on every inch of it."

Diana storms across the ring, fists cocked, and throws a wild haymaker. Tehuai ducks with fluid grace, spinning into a low sweep that clips Diana's knee. Watts stumbles, but doesn't fall. She lunges forward, grabbing Tehuai by the waist and driving her into the corner with a thudding shoulder block.

Steven Brody: "Diana's not here to dance. She's here to fight."

Mike Sweeny: "She can grind me into the corner any day."

Tehuai absorbs the impact, then counters with a palm strike to Diana's jaw, followed by a lightning-fast side kick to the ribs. Diana reels back, coughing, but snarls through the pain and charges again, this time catching Tehuai with a brutal lariat that flips her inside out.

Steven Brody: "That's the brawler instinct! Diana's not technical, she's not pretty, she's punishment in motion."

Mike Sweeney: "She's pretty enough for me. But Tehuai's got that ice queen thing going on. I wouldn't mind being choked out by her thighs."

Steven Brody: "Mike!"

Tehuai rolls to the outside, clutching her neck. Diana follows, grabbing a steel chair from under the ring. The crowd roars. Tehuai turns just in time to catch the chair across her shoulder blades. She drops to one knee, and Diana raises the chair again, but Tehuai springs up with a spinning back kick that sends the chair flying from Diana's hands.

Steven Brody: "That's the kung-fu precision! Tehuai's strikes are surgical."

Mike Sweeney: "She's got legs like scalpels. I'd let her operate on me any day."

Tehuai grabs Diana by the wrist and whips her into the barricade. Diana crashes hard, but roars back with a clothesline that sends both women tumbling into the front row. Fans scatter as the brawl spills into the crowd.

Steven Brody: "This is chaos! No countouts, no disqualifications, this is eWo at its rawest!"

Mike Sweeney: "I love it when the ladies get dirty."

After a brutal exchange among the fans, complete with Tehuai using a fan's umbrella as a weapon and Diana powerbombing Tehuai onto a folding chair, the action returns to the ring.

Diana's bleeding from the forehead. Tehuai's limping. Both women are breathing heavily.

Tehuai hits a springboard roundhouse kick that catches Diana flush. She follows with a flurry of strikes. Palm, elbow, knee, spinning backfist. Diana drops to one knee.

Steven Brody: "Tehuai's in full flow now. That's her signature combo!"

Mike Sweeney: "She's flowing alright. I'm about to..."

Steven Brody: “Mike, for God’s sake.”

Tehuai goes for the kill, leaping into her finisher “**Downward Tide**”. But Diana ducks, and Tehuai crashes to the mat.

Diana grabs her by the hair, lifts her, and hits a sit-out spinebuster that rattles the ring.

Steven Brody: “What a spinebuster! She’s going for the cover!”

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

The crowd is on its feet, roaring after the near fall.

Steven Brody: “I thought that was it! Diana Watts nearly had her! What a spinebuster!”

Mike Sweeny: “Nearly doesn’t cut it, Brody. You don’t get paid for ‘almost.’ You get paid for finishing the job. And if Diana wants to finish the job, I’ve got a few suggestions...”

Steven Brody: “Stop it. Just stop.”

Diana wipes the blood from her forehead, glaring at Tehuai with fire in her eyes. She pulls the kung-fu master up by the hair again, but Tehuai explodes with a sharp thrust kick to the gut. Diana doubles over. Tehuai follows with a spinning heel kick that cracks across Diana’s jaw, sending her staggering into the ropes.

Tehuai charges, looking for a flying knee, but Diana sidesteps and uses Tehuai’s momentum to hurl her over the top rope. Tehuai crashes to the floor outside.

Steven Brody: “That’s ring awareness! Diana knew exactly where she was and used it to her advantage.”

Mike Sweeny: “If she had that kind of awareness in the bedroom, I’d marry her.”

Steven Brody: “Mike!”

Diana follows Tehuai out, grabbing her by the wrist and whipping her into the steel steps. Tehuai collides shoulder-first, the steps exploding apart. The crowd chants **"DIA-NA! DIA-NA!"**

Diana pulls a table from under the ring, sliding it inside. The fans erupt.

Steven Brody: "Oh no... oh no, this is going to get ugly."

Mike Sweeny: "Ugly? Brody, this is beautiful. Nothing turns me on like splinters and concussions."

Back inside, Diana sets up the table in the center of the ring. She drags Tehuai up, looking to powerbomb her through it. But Tehuai fights back, rapid-fire elbows to the skull. Diana stumbles, and Tehuai counters with a Dragon Whip Kick that drops her flat.

Tehuai senses the end. She climbs to the top rope, clutching her ribs, and signals for the finish. The crowd boos furiously.

Steven Brody: "If she hits this, it's over!"

Mike Sweeny: "Hit it, baby! Put her down, and then come put me down."

Tehuai leaps, corkscrew flying knee aimed at Diana's temple. But Diana surges to her feet and catches her mid-air, transitioning into a thunderous powerbomb through the table!

The table shatters into splinters. Both women lie in the wreckage.

Crowd: **"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"**

Steven Brody: "Powerbomb through the table! Diana Watts just turned Tehuai inside out!"

Mike Sweeny: "I think I just turned inside out, too. Somebody get me a towel."

Diana, bloodied and exhausted, crawls through the debris. She drapes an arm over Tehuai.

ONE...

TWO...

THR—NO!

Tehuai kicks out at the last heartbeat.

The arena gasps.

Steven Brody: “How did she survive that?!”

Mike Sweeny: “Kung-fu magic, Brody. Or maybe she’s just too stubborn to die.”

Diana slams the mat in frustration, then pulls herself up by the ropes. She rips off her elbow pad and staggers to the corner. The crowd rises, sensing the end.

Tehuai slowly pushes herself up, glassy-eyed, swaying on her feet.

Diana charges across the ring and smashes her with the **“WATTS KICKIN”**.

Tehuai crumples like a puppet with its strings cut.

Steven Brody: **“WATTS KICKIN”** She nailed it!”

Mike Sweeny: “She nailed it, alright. And I’d let her nail me too.”

Diana collapses on top of Tehuai.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

DING! DING! DING!

Liliana Esparaz: “Here is your winner... **DIANA WATTS!**”

The crowd explodes in cheers. Diana rolls off Tehuai, clutching her ribs, blood streaming down her face. She raises a fist to the fans, who chant her name.

Steven Brody: “What a war! Diana Watts just proved she’s got the heart, the grit, and the toughness to overcome one of the most dangerous strikers in eWo!”

Mike Sweeny: “She’s got the heart, the grit, and the thighs. Don’t forget the thighs.”

Steven Brody: “Mike, you’re impossible. But folks, what a victory for Diana Watts. This is one for the highlight reels.”

Diana climbs the turnbuckle, battered but triumphant, as the fans roar their approval. Tehuai rolls to the outside, clutching her jaw, glaring back at Diana with venom in her eyes. This war is far from over.

SEGMENT

*Miami, Florida: The eWo Arena
Redemption #XIV: October 22, 2025*

I

I just learnt sumthin

The

The other day

Yeah

It allllllll started

No wait

It was

Today

You just SAWR it all HAPPEN!

Right uh-fore yer very EYES!

And ME! PERFECT KILROY, THE Bible Belt AND Elevator Champeens,
PERFECT KILROY the Great! is an EX-PIRT on
eyyyyyyyyyyyessssssssssss.

And my eyes done seen, FELT somethin when Coun' Chogula got tasted
on. And NO, NO, him did not taste like no chocolatey cereal milk,
guessin the opposite!

Heh heh heh

So

Ya know how when you bite a Dracula you become a-

Shit, I ruined that, lemme try that again

We're live, pal.

Well, I don't GIVE no fuck ANYWAY! What me MEANED ta say wuz: when a
Dracula bites a people, what happens. That's right. Anudder
Dracula. VAM-PARH!

GET it?!

But lookee lookee, I gave that dumb-dumb a hickey from the inside
OUT!

So what, uhhhhhhhhhhh, do, uh, do ya think that, ya know, that
MEANS.

It MEANS

As I-

Live?

And

And

And, uh

Breathe?!

Uhhh

Which I don't think they do neither, but

Ok ok, it means ME! PERFECT KILROY, THE Bible Belt AND Elevator
Champeen, PERFECT KILROY the Great!

Am

IS

...

...

...

...

...

A Dracula.

The scene pans out, revealing P. KILROY was speaking to Steven Brody & Mike Sweeny this whole time, who were in catering at the absolute worst possible moment. The Elite commentary team look at each other, neither willing to cause any sudden moves to elicit the unhinged ire of the monkey-lizard-brained Terror of Mount Lee.

***The eWo Arena: Backstage Catering
October 22, 2025: Listeria Outbreak Imminent***

P. KILROY fingers the ample spread, grimy hands landing like a fly upon the garlic bread, its proverbial shitty pulvilli scuffing over any and all surfaces like a moonwalking dysentery dispenser. Steven raises an eyebrow, meanwhile Mike stifles a smirk.

What does that meeeeeean-ah fer every-buddy?

Hmm. Well, yet to be seen!

On accounta it JUST HAPPENED!

But hopefullally bad news!

P. KILROY snatches up the wedge of garlic bread.

Uh-

Mike nudges Steven, subtly shaking his head.

Let's-a brain-hurricane.

Brain hurricane?

P. KILROY looks annoyed.

Oh my GAWD!!! Like a brained-storm but STRONGER! Aren't you referees supposta be SMART?

Hey hey there!

A greasy claw clamps down across an appalled Mike's mouth. It smells horrible. The Neither Man Nor Beast looks off in thought, the buttery slab of warm goodness closing in on my maw, closer and closer.

So there's bein strong, fast, immoral - whatever DAT word means - turn into bats and rats and dogs, hippo-sis, bitin with sharp teeth, funny accent, cape, green skin, you can eat people-

Steven looks over to a pleading Mike, muffled heavy breathing and gagging the only modes of communication for his otherwise incendiary ringside partner.

But... you're eating garlic bread.

So?! Whatya got against garlic bread?

**Nothing, but, isn't garlic basically kryptonite for vampires -
Draculas?**

P. KILROY stops chewing.

Wut.

He finally albeit lazily slides his other hand off Mike's face. Mike wretches off-camera. P. KILROY looks cautiously at the PERFECT spaghetti pairing. He keeps chewing, swallowing.

Then that means-

Steven nods, glad the shaved gorilla finally gets it.

**If'n Draculas get died from garlic bread, then that makes PERFECT
KILROY**

Is

UnKILLable!!! Ha ha HAAA!!! GREAT!!

He excitedly crams the rest of the bread down before storming off.

RINGSIDE

TRIPLE THREAT MATCH

PerZag vs. Maxwell Mason Stone vs. Matt Knox

Liliana Esparaz: Ladies and gentlemen of the eWo universe, it's now time for our Triple Threat Match. Introducing first, from Monterey, CA... **THE FORMER UNCENSORED CHAMPION... MATT KNOX...**

▶ Tom Waits - "Hell Broke Luce"

The house lights cut out, a single Raven cries out, soon joined by another, then another until the cries of an entire unkindness fill the house sound system, soon broken by "Hell Broke Luce" by Tom Waits cutting through, the house lights coming up to a dull blue as a single white strobe light pulses in time to the song's percussion. Standing in the middle of that pulsing light, back to the ring, stands Matthew Knox, adorned in his ring gear and a sleeveless hoodie. Arms outstretched like a bird in flight, he pivots on a heel and begins making his way to the ring, sliding under the bottom rope and picking a corner to charge and leap upon to scream the audience into a frenzy. He takes a lap around the ring before kneeling in a corner and patiently waiting for his opponents.

Steven Brody: "And here comes Matt Knox, the Raven. A man who's fought through injuries, through demons, through everything this business can throw at him. He's not here to play games."

Mike Sweeny: "Yeah, yeah, cue the violins. He's tough, he's gritty, he's got bad knees. We get it. Let's see if he can actually win."

Liliana Esparaz: And introducing the first of his opponents, hailing from Los Angeles, CA... **MAXWELL MASON STONE...**

▶ College & Electric Youth - A Real Hero (Drive Original Movie ...

The arena lights slowly dim. Just as total darkness is about to hit, the soft ethereal synthesizer tones of "A Real Hero" by College & Electric Youth begin pulsing throughout the venue. Calming, gentle blue and purple lights begin drifting around the arena, allowing the crowd to become almost hypnotized by their wavelike movements. The tron lights up with "MAXWELL MASON STONE" in big red neon letters over a blue smokey background.

A thick fog envelops the entrance area, creating a canvas to display the swirling neon lights as Maxwell Mason Stone steps out from the back. He stops at the top of the ramp before closing his

eyes and saying something inaudible to himself before peacefully, slowly walking down to the ring, smiling the entire time.

In one fluid motion, he ascends the ring steps and right to the center of the ring, where he extends his arms outward, taking in the energy of tonight's crowd and vibing to the music and the lights. The neon lights fade, and as the arena resets to its default lighting, Max hops up and down, psyching himself up for the upcoming contest.

Steven Brody: "Maxwell Mason Stone. Twenty-five years in this business. He's been through wars, and tonight he's got two similar opponents. Their experience is unmatched."

Mike Sweeny: "He's old, Brody. Old bones break easily. He's one hip toss away from a hip replacement."

Liliana Esparaz: And their opponent, hailing from Victoria, Australia... **THE WORTHIEST OF THEM ALL... PERZAG...**

▣ Imagine Dragons x J.I.D – Enemy (from the series Arcane League...

"Look out for yourself."

The beginning of 'Enemy' by Imagine Dragons continues after the first line of the lyrics as the lights dim down in the arena. A spotlight shines on the stage where a man stands with a blue wrestling robe on, his back to the ring and to the audience. On the back of the robe is written six letters in white capital letters: WORTHY. The man shrugs the robe off his shoulders, it dropping to the ground, showing him wearing an identical coloured collegiate-style singlet with the word WORTHY on the back.

"Tell you you're the greatest."

"But once you turn, they hate us."

Steven Brody: "PerZag believes he's the hero of this story. The fans don't buy it, but he's convinced."

Mike Sweeny: "He's the hero we deserve, Brody. Look at him, handsome, athletic, versatile. If I had his body, I'd never wear clothes again."

PerZag turns around as the crowd begins to boo aggressively towards him. He waves it all off with a smile and a flipping of the bird as he marches down towards the ring. He reaches the steel steps, sprinting up them, and he steps into the ring. He walks to the centre of the ring and kneels on the mat, arms out to the side as a spotlight shines on the ring, creating an image with the word WORTHY spread out across the centre of the mat. The crowd boos more, but PerZag laughs it off, standing up from the mat as the spotlight disappears and the lights return to normal, leaving PerZag to get ready for his match, with the word WORTHY on the back.

DING! DING! DING!

Steven Brody: “Ladies and gentlemen, buckle up. This is going to be a war. Three men, three very different paths, one winner. You can only win by pinfall, submission, or disqualification. No count-outs, no running away. This is going to be decided in the ring.”

Mike Sweeny: “And hopefully decided by someone bleeding all over the mat. That’s what I paid to see. Well, that and maybe Knox’s knees exploding again. That’s always fun.”

All three circle. PerZag smirks, pointing at both men, then at himself. He shouts, “**I’m the hero here!**” Knox and Stone glance at each other, then both charge PerZag.

They hammer him with fists, driving him into the corner. Knox unloads with Muay Thai knees, Stone follows with a flying knee strike. PerZag collapses to the mat, rolling out to the floor.

Steven Brody: “And just like that, PerZag’s out of the ring. Smart strategy, let the other two tear each other apart.”

Mike Sweeny: “Smart? It’s cowardly. But hey, if I had two guys beating me up, I’d run too. Usually it’s just one angry husband.”

With PerZag outside, Knox and Stone square up. They lock up. Stone transitions into a double wrist lock, wrenching Knox’s arm. Knox counters with a Fujiwara armbar attempt, but Stone rolls through and plants him with a DDT.

Stone covers.

ONE...

Knox kicks out.

Stone drags him up, hits an inverted atomic drop, then a fallaway slam. Knox rolls to his knees, only to eat a stinger splash in the corner.

Steven Brody: "Stone's experience is showing. He's chaining moves together, keeping Knox off balance."

Mike Sweeny: "Yeah, but Knox is like a cockroach. You can stomp him, spray him, burn him, he keeps crawling back."

Knox fires back with a European uppercut, then a snap exploder suplex. He follows with a springboard leg drop across Stone's chest. Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Stone kicks out.

PerZag slides back in, blindsiding Knox with a shining wizard. He kips up, arms wide, taunting the crowd.

Mike Sweeny: "That's my guy! Look at that form. Poetry in motion."

Steven Brody: "He's wasting time. He should be capitalizing."

PerZag grabs Stone, hitting a German suplex, then another. He transitions into a belly-to-belly suplex. Stone's down. PerZag climbs the ropes, going for a flying crossbody, but Knox catches him mid-air and rolls through into an ankle lock!

PerZag screams, clawing for the ropes. Stone breaks it up with a stomp.

All three are up. PerZag swings at Stone, who ducks and plants him with a piledriver. Knox charges, but Stone catches him with a hip toss into the corner.

Stone signals for the "Renegade Spike". He lifts Knox, but PerZag nails him with a dropkick to the back, sending Stone crashing

forward. Knox counters mid-lift into a half-and-half suplex on Stone!

Steven Brody: "What a counter! Knox turned disaster into offense."

Mike Sweeny: "He's lucky. That's all it is. Luck."

Knox fires up, hitting a rolling thunder on PerZag, then a discus elbow on Stone. He sets up for the **"E.E.G.F.Y"** combo, elbow, heart punch, knee strike, and roundhouse. Stone collapses.

Knox covers.

ONE...

TWO...

PerZag breaks it up with a Stinger Splash on Knox!

Crowd: "HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

PerZag drags Knox up, going for the **"Worthiest Move of All"** (powerbomb into double knees). He lifts, but his ego gets the better of him. He pauses, shouting to the crowd, **"This is for YOU!"** That split-second costs him. Knox wriggles free, landing behind him, and nails a one-legged codebreaker.

Stone seizes PerZag, planting him with the **"Renegade Spike"** and covers him!

ONE...

TWO...

Knox breaks it up with a springboard roundhouse kick!

Steven Brody: "Nobody can keep momentum for long. Every time someone gets close, the third man breaks it up."

Mike Sweeny: "That's why I hate triple threats. Too many cooks.
Unless it's three women, then I'm all in."

Knox climbs the ropes, signaling for a **450** splash. He launches and
PerZag rolls away! Knox crashes hard on his knees.

Steven Brody: "That could be catastrophic. His knees are his weak
point."

Mike Sweeny: "Snap, crackle, pop! That's the sound of Knox's career
ending."

PerZag capitalizes, locking Knox in the **"Hero's Agony"** (Torture
Rack). Knox screams, writhing in pain, until Stone soars in with a
flying crossbody, crushing both men!

All three are down. The crowd is electric.

Stone rises first. He grabs PerZag, setting up the **"Momenta Axis"**
(Inverted Powerbomb). He hoists him, but Knox blasts Stone with the
"Ode" (Busaiku Knee) mid-lift! Stone crumples to the mat.

PerZag staggers up, dazed. Knox unloads the full **"E.E.G.F.Y"** combo,
discus elbow, heart punch, knee strike, and roundhouse, dropping
PerZag flat. The Raven doesn't waste time, he shoves PerZag under
the bottom rope, clearing the ring.

Knox turns back to Stone, dragging him up by the head. He hooks
him, twists, and drives him down with **"Oh, Honey"** (Inside Out
Flatliner)!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

DING! DING! DING!

Liliana Esparaz: "Here is your winner... **THE RAVEN... MATT KNOX!**"

The crowd erupts. Knox kneels in the center, clutching his knee, exhausted but victorious. Stone groggily rolls away from Knox, as PerZag is shaking his head in frustration at ringside, shouting, "I'm still your hero!" as fans boo.

Steven Brody: "What a match! Three warriors, nonstop action, and in the end, Matt Knox survives. He's proven once again why he's one of the toughest men in this business."

Mike Sweeney: "Survives, yeah. Wins, sure. But look at him, he's broken. He won the battle, but his body's losing the war. Enjoy it while it lasts, Knox."

Knox raises a fist to the fans, the crowd roaring in approval. Suddenly, the arena lights dim, and a familiar theme hits. The boos are instantaneous.

Steven Brody: "Wait a second... Oh no. That's the music of Shawn Warstein, the eWo Elite Champion!"

Mike Sweeney: "Finally! Someone worth watching. The champ's here, Brody, and he's not coming out to shake hands."

Shawn Warstein strides onto the stage, the Elite Championship gleaming over his shoulder. He smirks, soaking in the venom from the crowd. Without hesitation, he marches down the ramp, eyes locked on the battered Matt Knox still kneeling in the ring.

Knox, exhausted but defiant, pulls himself up on the ropes, motioning for Warstein to bring it. The fans erupt in anticipation.

Steven Brody: "Knox just went through hell in that triple threat, and now Warstein's picking this moment? This is disgusting!"

Mike Sweeney: "Disgusting? This is brilliant. Why wait for Devil's Playground when you can soften him up right now?"

Warstein slides into the ring. Knox swings first, throwing a desperate right hand, but Warstein ducks and drives a knee into Knox's gut. He clubs him across the back, sending Knox sprawling

to the mat. The champion wastes no time; he unstraps the Elite Championship from his shoulder, stalking Knox like a predator.

Knox staggers to his feet, clutching his ribs. Warstein charges...

CRACK! The title belt smashes across Knox's skull. The crowd erupts in boos as Knox collapses, motionless on the canvas.

Steven Brody: "Oh, come on! That was uncalled for! He just hit him with the championship!"

Mike Sweeny: "Uncalled for? That was a statement, Brody. That was Shawn Warstein telling the world that Matt Knox doesn't stand a chance at Devil's Playground."

The camera zooms in on Knox, blood trickling from his forehead, eyes glazed, while Warstein plants a boot on his chest, raising the title high. The boos rain down. He grabs a microphone, sneering.

Shawn Warstein:

"Look at him. Your so-called Raven. Your big hero. He just went through two men and barely survived. And I put him down with one shot. One. Shot.

You people cheer for him like he's some savior. But at Devil's Playground, he's not walking out. He's not flying out. He's not crawling out. He's going to be carried out.

Because I am the Elite Champion. I am the standard. And Matt Knox? He's just another broken body in my way."

Warstein crouches down, grabbing Knox by the hair, forcing his limp head up to face him.

Shawn Warstein:

"You want this belt, Knox? You'll never have it. This is mine. Forever."

He shoves Knox's head back to the mat and stands tall, raising the championship high as the boos shake the arena.

Steven Brody: "This is sickening. Matt Knox fought his heart out tonight, and this is how he's treated? Warstein should be ashamed of himself."

Mike Sweeny: "Ashamed? He should be celebrated. That's how a champion acts. That's how you send a message. Devil's Playground just got a whole lot more dangerous."

The camera pans out with Warstein standing tall, the Elite Championship glinting under the lights, the fans booing relentlessly.

RINGSIDE

FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE MATCH Jaclyn Pierrot vs. Cross Recoba

Liliana Esparaz: *This match is scheduled for one fall, and... Introducing first... Coming to the ring, standing at six feet and one inch, and weighing in at 230 pounds, hailing from Filicudi, Italy.... and the self-proclaimed 'Box Office Smash'..... 'THE FOX' CROSS RECOBBBAAA!!*

▣ Highly Suspect - My Name Is Human [Official Video]

"My Name Is Human" by Highly Suspect begins to play inside the arena as the lights dim and a single spotlight illuminates the stage. Out from the curtain steps Cross Recoba, a titanium cane with a golden lion's head handle in one hand, touching the crucifix necklace for luck with the other. The crowd responds with a cavalcade of boos and jeers. Cross uses the handle of the cane to push his shaggy haircut from his face, flicking his head back confidently as he smiles cockily towards the audience. He holds up the cane that has caused so much trouble in the past to an even more venomous response from the fans, and begins down the ramp still holding it aloft.

Liliana Esparaz: *And his opponent, Introducing, hailing from Baltimore, MD... THE RAGDOLL... JACLYN PIERROT...*

Lights out.

▣ Kill Of The Night

The first chords of 'Kill of the Night' rip across the arena. After the second screech, Jaclyn Pierrot struts from backstage, so smug, a smile plastered across her face. She pauses at the top of the ramp, surveying her terrain. Bugs and Thumper walk out just behind her, arms folding across their chests.

*'My cold desire
To hear the boom, boom, boom of your heart'*

She mimes firing a gun with the lyrics (aiming at her opponent if they are in the ring). Jacky has an almost bouncing motion to her movements as she prowls towards the ring. Fans reach and yell at her, but she will mock them along the way. Anyone who gets too close is immediately removed by her escort. When the music picks up, she slides in and will then proceed to pull herself into a turnbuckle in celebration of herself. Her bodyguard scans the crowd for any would-be attackers.

*'I'm gonna catch ya
I'm gonna get ya, get ya'*

She makes her way to the center ring as her goons slide in to flank her. Jacky extends her arm in a killing shot gesture as the lights fade to one downlight.

'You're my kill of the night.'

DING! DING! DING!

Pierrot's goons leap into the ring, choking Recoba with steel chair straps. He ducks a kendo swing and counters with a springboard dropkick that sends Bugs over the top. Recoba follows with a Torpedo Moskau, an airborne European uppercut, to Thumper's jaw. They collapse in a heap as Pierrot shrieks.

Steven Brody: "Recoba cleared the ring! Now it's one-on-one. And everywhere, count, anywhere."

Mike Sweeny: "He leaves them writhing; that's efficient. Pierrot's going to hate that."

Pierrot rushes him, hitting a **Monkey Flip** to send Recoba through the ropes. He tumbles outside into the ringside barriers; she

follows, flying off the apron with a **Shotgun Dropkick** that rattles his spine on the steel.

Pierrot grabs a folded chair, whips it open, and hammers Recoba's knee, each clang echoing through the arena. He buckles, clutching the leg. She cackles, honks her **"Big Bang Theory"** taunt, then plants him in a seated **"Chairface Chippendale"** chair across his skull. Blood seeps through his hairline.

Steven Brody: "That was illegal under standard rules, but here it's encouraged. Pierrot fights to kill."

Mike Sweeney: "And he almost got killed."

Recoba rolls under the guardrail to the commentators' desk. Pierrot stalks him, and Brody ducks just in time as she swings a kendo stick through the table. Monitors crash, coffee mugs fly. Recoba springs to his feet and lands a Spinning Back Heel Kick to Pierrot's chin, staggering her into Brody's table. The table cracks in half.

Steven Brody: "Watch the table! She just split my commentary desk!"

Mike Sweeney: "Best seat in the house, Brody. You're welcome."

They crash through the curtain into the backstage concession area. Pierrot shoves Recoba into a display of glass bottles; they shatter, cutting both legs. She disappears behind a popcorn machine, tossing handfuls into his face before drilling him with a Switchblade Kick. He falls backward through a countertop, smashing pipes and sending soda gushing.

Recoba yanks her through the debris and hits a Dragon Sleeper on the concrete, wrenching her neck. Pierrot taps his shoulder, prompting an immediate Poison Rana. He moonsaults through a broken aisle table, suplexing her into the cold tile. She lies unmoving under soda cans.

Steven Brody: "Props everywhere! This is cinematic brutality."

Mike Sweeney: "Cinematic? This is like a low-budget slasher flick, and I'm all for it."

They burst into the machine room, industrial fans, piping, and crates everywhere. Pierrot scrambles up a stack of barrels and leaps into an Iron Octopus on Recoba, wrenching his arms and neck

with vicious pressure. He screams, topples forward onto a chain, and swings back into another pile of crates.

Pierrot yanks a utility knife from her boot, stalking toward his prone body. He blocks the blade with his forearm, twisting her arm into a Bridging Tiger Suplex on top of a generator. Sparks fly from the machinery.

Steven Brody: "Recoba's suplex sent her crashing right into the power unit. This is pure hardcore."

Mike Sweeny: "I hope the union is paying their overtime for these welders."

Back into the arena, they tear through a hallway lined with decorative iron gates. Pierrot pulls a length of chain and wraps it around Recoba's legs, yanking him off his feet. She taunts him with her **"Deadeye"** pistol gesture, then belts him with a Ripcord Knee to the face. He crumples.

Pierrot slams him head-first into the iron bars, then hauls him to the center and delivers **"Button Buster"**. He topples outside, so she throws him over a camera crane.

Steven Brody: "He's dangling from the crane arm! This is madness!"

Mike Sweeny: "That's showbiz, dickhead!"

Pierrot climbs the crane and leaps off with a Frog Splash, crashing through scaffolding. Recoba catches her on the descent and rolls her up in a German Suplex on the floor.

They emerge into the loading dock, surrounded by parked trucks. Recoba drags Pierrot onto the bed of a flatbed truck, planting her with a Dai Bosou suplex onto the metal. She spews blood, but jumps right up, honks, then knees him in the jaw with The **"Hare Trigger"**.

She positions him on his knees, taunts again, and lines up for **"Full Metal Jacky"**, a punt kick to the skull. The impact echoes. She hooks his leg.

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Steven Brody: "He kicked out of that punt! On a steel truck bed!"

Mike Sweeney: "He must have some concrete skull in there."

They stumble into the parking lot beneath the floodlights. Cars, trucks, and police barriers litter the ground. Recoba grabs a tire iron, swinging with all his might. Pierrot blocks with a folding chair, metal shrieking as it buckles. She counters with a **"Murder She Wrote"** jumping goomba stomp to the back of his head onto the asphalt.

Steven Brody: "That stomp cracked the pavement!"

Mike Sweeney: "Punch card paid. One more, she gets her free coffee."

Pierrot drags him upright, sets him on the hood of a squad car, and ascends a light pole. She perches on the siren and leaps for **"Surfboard Curb Stomp"** through the windshield. Glass shatters; the siren wails in tandem.

The squad car's windshield is a graveyard of glass and blood as Recoba writhes, clutching his face. Pierrot staggers back, chest heaving, and she barrels back into frame, steel chain in hand.

Steven Brody: "Where the hell did that steel chain come from?!"

Mike Sweeney: "From the shadows, Brody! She's like a horror movie villain, always one step behind you with a weapon."

Jaclyn wraps the chain around Recoba's throat, yanking him off the hood and dragging him across the asphalt. He claws at the links, gasping, but she swings him around and plants him with a brutal DDT onto the hood of a pickup truck. The crowd outside the barricades roars in disbelief.

Pierrot, battered but grinning, nods in approval as she climbs onto the truck bed. She hooks Recoba, lifts, and spikes him down with a powerbomb through the rear windshield. Shards explode outward, alarms blaring.

Steven Brody: "That's it! That's the exclamation point!"

Mike Sweeney: "Recoba's body is a crime scene!"

The referee, who's been trailing the chaos, dives in and counts amidst the wreckage:

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

DING! DING! DING!

Liliana Esparaz (shouting): "Here is your winner... **JACLYN PIERROT!**"

But the celebration is short-lived. From the shadows of the lot, Thumper and Bugs emerge, steel pipes in hand. They storm the scene, circling Recoba like vultures.

Thumper drives the pipe into Recoba's ribs, Bugs follows with a sickening crack across his back. Jaclyn laughs maniacally, directing traffic as her allies stomp him into the broken glass.

Steven Brody: "This is a mugging! A sanctioned mugging!"

Mike Sweeny: "Forget sanctioned, this is a damn execution!"

Jaclyn stands tall on the hood of the squad car, arms outstretched as Thumper and Bugs continue the assault. The sirens wail, the crowd chants in a frenzy, and Recoba lies broken beneath the floodlights as the trio pose over him, a statement of dominance written in blood and glass.

SEGMENT

Backstage interview area. PerZag storms into frame, still sweating and furious from his loss. He shoves aside a production assistant and snatches the microphone from the interviewer.

PerZag (shouting):

“ENOUGH! Do you people not see it yet? Do you not understand? I am the Hero of this company! I am the Worthiest of Them All! Every time I step into that ring, I prove it. And yet, somehow, somehow, the unworthy keep stealing MY moments! The fans boo me, the referees rob me, and tonight, tonight. I was cheated again!”

He paces, running his hands through his hair, eyes wild.

PerZag:

“You can chant for your so-called heroes all you want, but the truth is simple: I am the only one saving this place from mediocrity. I am the Hero you all need, whether you like it or not!”

Suddenly, the crowd in the arena pops as a newly signed, Ethan Valor walks into frame. Calm, composed, but with fire in his eyes. He folds his arms, staring at PerZag.

Ethan Valor:

“You done, PerZag? Because all I hear is excuses. Every time you lose, it’s the referee’s fault, the fans’ fault, the world’s fault. But here’s the truth, you’re not a hero. Heroes don’t whine. Heroes don’t blame everyone else. Heroes fight, and they keep fighting, no matter what.”

The crowd cheers loudly from the arena as PerZag glares at him.

Ethan Valor (stepping closer):

“You want to call yourself the Hero? Fine. But the people already know the difference. They know who’s real, and who’s just pretending. And PerZag... you’re pretending.”

PerZag’s face twists with rage. He gets nose-to-nose with Valor, gripping the mic tight.

PerZag (snarling):

“You think you’re better than me? You think you’re the Hero? No. You’re just another unworthy man standing in the way of destiny. And I’ll prove it when I break you in half.”

Tension builds as both men stare each other down. Officials rush in to separate them before it explodes into a brawl. The camera lingers on PerZag screaming **“I AM THE HERO!”** as Valor calmly raises a fist to the crowd’s cheers.

RINGSIDE

SINGLES MATCH

Ken Davison vs. Shawn Warstein ●

Liliana Esparaz: Ladies and Gentlemen, if you could settle down and turn your attention to me... This match is scheduled for one fall, Introducing first, **THE ELITE CHAMPION... SHAWN WARSTEIN...**

■ Fall Out Boy – Centuries (Remix / Audio) ft. Juicy J

“With all this bread, I need a bigger stomach.”

The opening chords of “Centuries Remix” begin to play over the PA System.

“My name rings bells so they can hear me coming”

A cloud of smoke fills the entrance ramp as the lights begin to dim.

“Did it all on my own, they ain’t give me nothin”

Shawn walks down the ramp as he mocks a few of the fans who are giving him shit. Shawn doesn’t hesitate and runs into the ring, as he climbs the turnbuckle, holding aloft his Elite Championship so the fans can bask in his glory, before flinging it to the referee.

Liliana Esparaz: And his opponent...

■ Parkway Drive – “Crushed”

The lights go down as the angelic sound of a choir begins singing. As the choir continues, a spotlight slowly comes on, revealing the silhouette of a man with his arms held out, forming a cross. The back outline of angel wings flanks him on both sides. The choir goes quiet as the lead vocals come in.

The house lights come up, and the man known throughout the wrestling world as “Godly” Ken Davison stands center stage, taking in the reaction of the crowd. As the main verse kicks in, Davison methodically walks down to the ring, slapping hands with the fans.

Liliana Esparaz: From Baltimore, Maryland, weighing two hundred and thirty-two pounds... **THE former eWo UNCENSORED CHAMPION...**
‘Godly’ Ken Davison!

Davison gets to the ring side area and jumps onto the ring apron. He wipes his feet and enters the ring between the top and middle ropes as the chorus kicks in. The song continues, and Davison removes his vestments, handing them to the ring attendant as the song continues.

Davison circles the ring, and as the chorus kicks in again, Davison stands in the middle of the ring, once again posing with his arms out. As he stands still, a red laser circles the arena.

The red dot of the laser finally settles on the center of Davison's forehead, and the sound of a gunshot echoes throughout the arena as the lights once again go dark. When the lights come back up, Davison is on his knees with his arms still extended.

DING! DING! DING!

The bell rings, and the two veterans circle, lock up in a classic collar-and-elbow tie, each feeling out the other's balance. Ken Davison, keeping low to protect that repaired spine, whips Shawn Warstein into the ropes, follows up with a snap suplex that snaps the ring canvas, but Warstein rolls through, lands on his feet, and drives a hard step-up knee into Davison's chest.

Mike Sweeny: "Oh, you felt that? Shawn just dropped a jackhammer knee. Ken's gonna need a chiropractor after this!"

Steven Brody: "That was textbook timing by Shawn. Ken's back takes enough punishment already, he can't afford too many of those."

Ken responds by chopping Shawn across the chest, then lifts him for an overhead belly-to-back suplex. Davison bridges into a pin, hooks the leg.

ONE...

TWO...

Warstein powers out at two.

Mike Sweeny: "Ha! Ken's pulling out all the old-school tricks, beautiful bridge, but Shawn's too solid to stay down."

Steven Brody: “He’s mixing power with precision. Davison’s ring IQ is off the charts tonight.”

Warstein fights free, grabs Davison’s arm, and transitions into a torturous cross armbreaker, wrenching back with a scream from Ken.

Steven Brody: “Shawn’s submissions are sneaky and effective. That twist could sideline Ken’s arm if he’s not careful.”

Mike Sweeney: “I’d pay good money to see that arm pop, no mercy tonight!”

Ken inches toward the ropes, but Warstein drags him back to the center, a rain of elbows to the body. Suddenly, Davison rolls through, lands an enziguri that staggers Warstein, then drops into a bridging Northern Lights suplex for another cover.

ONE...

TWO...

Warstein again powers out at two.

Mike Sweeney: “Look at that. Ken’s lucha roots are kicking in! Who needs a mask when you’ve got moves like this?”

Steven Brody: “He’s blending old styles with new strength. That adaptability is what makes him a legend.”

The match picks up pace. Ken blasts Shawn with a Pendulum Backbreaker, forcing Warstein to collapse mid-ring in agony. He sells it, clutching ribs, taking nearly 15 seconds to sit up.

Mike Sweeney: “Devastating! That looked like eating a two-by-four, and poor Shawn’s winded!”

Steven Brody: “Ken’s hardcore past is shining through. He smells weakness, and he’s going right for it.”

Warstein gets to his feet and rallies with a snap German suplex, holds the bridge.

ONE...

TWO...

Davison kicks out...

Unfazed, Shawn pulls Davison up, into a reverse DDT that rattles the former Uncensored Champion's skull. He covers.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

NO... DAVISON KICKS OUT AT TWO-AND-A-HALF!

Mike Sweeny: "Someone get the defibrillator, reverse DDT nearly cooked his brains!"

Steven Brody: "Shawn's textbook execution, but Davison's heart refuses to quit."

They trade forearms in the center ring until both stagger. Ken ducks a right and counters with a Tilt-a-Whirl Backbreaker. Warstein lies flat, selling that midsection, drapes an arm limply outside the ropes. Davison drags him up, locks in a Dragon Screw on the knee, wrenching it tortuously.

Steven Brody: “He’s attacking that knee like a surgeon, setting up something big later.”

Mike Sweeny: “Can you imagine your knee twisting like that? Ugh, makes me hard...er, I mean ouch!”

Warstein endures, rolls through, lands on his feet, and drives Davison shoulder-first into the turnbuckle.

Both men brawl to the apron. Warstein reverses a **“Jawdropper”** attempt, hurls Ken over the top rope to the floor with brute force. Davison crashes hard onto the floor. He sells it brilliantly, clutching his back and laying out for nearly 20 seconds.

Mike Sweeny: “He flew face-first into concrete! That spine’s screaming bloody murder!”

Steven Brody: “That landing looked catastrophic. Ken’s pain tolerance is legendary, but that was brutal.”

They fight back into the ring. Shawn fires off a flurry. PPF sequence, hooking Davison’s arm for **“Afterthought”**. Ken reverses, stands, and lands a stiff shot to the jaw, then hits the **“Jawdropper”** in the center.

ONE...

TWO...

Warstein kicks out at TWO.NINE!

Mike Sweeny: “Jawdropper nearly snapped his head off, what resilience!”

Steven Brody: “Ken’s composure is cracking, but that counter was genius.”

Ken signals for the **“ARD Driver”**, paces Warstein, lifts him for the spinning sitdown double underhook facebuster. Warstein slips out, lands behind Davison, and snaps him with **“DreamWeaver”** (dragon sleeper with legs wrapped). Davison sells, teetering, reaches desperately for the bottom rope.

Steven Brody: “Incredible veteran instincts by Shawn, he sees the danger and turns it around!”

Mike Sweeny: “That reversal was pornographic, utterly filthy, and Ken’s hanging by a thread!”

Davison claws for the ropes, fingertips brushing the bottom strand, but Warstein wrenches back on the **“DreamWeaver”**. The crowd is on their feet, roaring. Ken twists, shifts his weight, and manages to roll through, breaking the hold. Both men scramble up, sweat flying, eyes locked.

Steven Brody: “Ken’s survival instincts are off the charts, but he’s running on fumes!”

Ken swings wildly with a lariat. Shawn ducks, rebounds off the ropes, and blasts Davison with a running knee to the gut. Ken doubles over, gasping. Warstein backs into the corner, slapping his thigh, the crowd sensing what’s coming.

Mike Sweeny: “Oh, hell yes! He’s loading the chamber!”

Ken stumbles upright, dazed, and turns. **CRACK!** Warstein explodes forward, drilling him with the **“King’s Crown”** (Kinshasa)! Davison flips inside out from the impact, crashing to the canvas.

Steven Brody: “King’s Crown! Right on the button!”

Mike Sweeny: “That knee just erased Ken Davison’s dental records!”

Warstein collapses into the cover, hooking the far leg deep.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

DING! DING! DING!

Liliana Esparaz: "Here is your winner... **SHAWN WARSTEIN!**"

The crowd erupts as Warstein rolls to his knees, arms raised, sweat and exhaustion etched across his face.

Steven Brody: "What a war! Both men pushed to the brink, but Shawn Warstein proves once again why he's one of the most dangerous closers in this business."

Mike Sweeny: "Dangerous? He's lethal, Brody. That King's Crown was a guillotine, and Ken Davison's head was on the block."

SEGMENT

Shawn Warstein rolls out of the ring, clutching the Elite Championship tight against his chest. He wipes sweat from his brow, smirking as the crowd gives a mixed reaction, half respect, half venom. He starts up the ramp, raising the belt high.

Suddenly, the lights dim and the opening chords of "*Hell Broke Luce*" hit. The arena erupts as **Matt Knox** steps through the curtain, eyes locked on Warstein.

Steven Brody: "Business just picked up! That's Matt Knox, and he's not here to congratulate Shawn."

Mike Sweeny: "Oh, this is delicious. The Raven is trying to circumnavigate the King, that's laughable."

Knox paces slowly down the ramp, microphone in hand, never breaking his stare. Warstein stops dead halfway up the ramp, jaw tight, belt slung over his shoulder.

Matt Knox:

"Congratulations, Shawn. Another notch in your belt. Another

night where you walk around with that Elite Championship. But at **Devil's Playground...** that belt doesn't just belong to you anymore. It belongs to fate. It belongs to me."

The crowd roars. Warstein sneers, mouthing off without the mic.

Matt Knox (raising his voice):

"And management has made it official. You're not just defending against me, you're defending the Elite Championship in a **Japanese Lumberjack Match**. No escape. No reprieve. The ring surrounded by wolves, ready to throw you back in every time you try to slither out. You can't run, Shawn. You can't hide. At Devil's Playground, the Raven clips the Tyrant's Crown... and takes his throne."

Knox lowers the mic, smirking as he points at the Elite Championship. Warstein hoists the belt high in defiance, shouting back at him. The crowd is molten, chanting **"LET THEM FIGHT!"** as security and officials rush in to keep the two apart.

Steven Brody: "The stage is set! Warstein versus Knox, Elite Championship, Devil's Playground, Japanese Lumberjack rules!"

Mike Sweeny: "That's not a match, Brody, that's a death sentence with a referee!"

SEGMENT

Cameras cut backstage to Ethan Valor being interviewed by Carrie Benjamin. He's still fired up from his earlier face-to-face with PerZag.

Carrie Benjamin:

"Ethan, earlier tonight you confronted PerZag after he once again declared himself the 'Hero.' What's your response to his claims?"

Ethan Valor (calm but passionate):

"PerZag can call himself whatever he wants. But the truth is simple, heroes don't demand respect, they earn it. I'll keep fighting for these people, night after night, because that's what a real hero does. And if PerZag wants to prove otherwise, he knows where to find me."

Suddenly, PerZag storms into frame from behind, blindsiding Ethan with a steel chair across the back. The crowd in the arena erupts in boos.

Steven Brody (on commentary):

“Oh, come on! PerZag just ambushed Ethan Valor!”

Mike Sweeny:

“Finally! A real hero takes action when words aren’t enough!”

PerZag rains down stomps, screaming at Ethan.

PerZag (yelling):

“You think you’re the People’s Hero? You’re nothing! I am the Hero!
I am the Worthiest of Them All!”

He drags Ethan up and slams him into a stack of production crates.
Ethan crumples, clutching his ribs. Officials rush in, trying to
pull PerZag away, but he shoves them aside.

PerZag (snarling into the camera):

“Look at your so-called hero now! Broken! Beaten! Unworthy!
Remember this moment, because the only Hero this company has... is
ME!”

PerZag finally storms off, leaving Ethan writhing on the floor as
medics rush to check on him. The camera lingers on Ethan
grimacing in pain, but defiantly trying to push himself up, as the
crowd chants **“VAL-OR! VAL-OR!”** from the arena.

The camera still lingers on Ethan Valor, clutching his ribs,
trying to push himself up. The crowd chants **“VAL-OR! VAL-OR!”** when
suddenly the lights flicker and a guttural laugh echoes down the
hallway.

Steven Brody: “Wait a minute... what the hell is that sound?”

Mike Sweeny: “Oh no... oh yes... it’s him. It’s Kilroy.”

Perfect Kilroy stumbles into frame, shirt half-torn, eyes wild,
muttering nonsense under his breath. He’s dragging a length of
chain behind him, letting it scrape across the concrete floor like
nails on a chalkboard. He starts humming a broken tune, then
suddenly breaks into a twisted little dance, spinning around
Ethan’s fallen body like he’s in his own private music video.

Kilroy drops to his knees beside Ethan, tilting his head, licking
his lips. He slaps Ethan’s face a few times, then looks around
wildly before waving frantically at a nearby referee.

Perfect Kilroy:

“HEY!! STRIPEY!!! Get your carCASS over here! This is a
chamPEENship der-fense, baby! Count it! COUNT IT OR I’LL COUNT
YOUR TEETH!”

The referee hesitates, looking horrified, but Kilroy drags Ethan's limp body onto the floor, sprawls across him in a grotesque cover, tongue hanging out as he presses his forearm into Ethan's face.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

DING! DING! DING!

Liliana Esparazi:

"Here is your winner, and STILL the 305 Elevation Champion...

PERFECT KILROY!"

Kilroy leaps up, clutching the belt to his chest, spinning in circles and shrieking with laughter. He stomps on Ethan once more for good measure, then starts gnawing on the championship plate like it's raw meat.

Steven Brody: "That was disgusting! Ethan Valor was already assaulted by PerZag, and Kilroy just picked the bones!"

Mike Sweeny: "Picked the bones? He devoured the whole carcass, Brody! That's why he's the champ, because he's too insane to be stopped!"

Kilroy dances off into the shadows, dragging the belt and chain behind him, leaving Ethan Valor broken, medics swarming, and the crowd in stunned silence, but as he leaves we hear him utter a few words.

Perfect Kilroy:

"PERFECT KILROY is the Mostest Fearded Elevator Champeen of all. Everyone is cowards."

Steven Brody: "O...k....a.....y"

SEGMENT

Steven Brody: “Ladies and gentlemen, we’ve just received word from management regarding the chaos in the parking lot earlier tonight. After her brutal assault on Cross Recoba, culminating in the post-match attack with Thumper and Bugs. Jaclyn Pierrot has been **fined** and will be **suspended for Redemption #XV.**”

Mike Sweeny: “Suspended? That’s a slap on the wrist, Brody! She put Recoba through a windshield, and then her little cartoon crew turned him into roadkill. If anything, she should be getting a bonus!”

Steven Brody: “Be that as it may, the ruling is official. Jaclyn Pierrot will not be competing at Redemption #XV. The fine is substantial, and the suspension sends a clear message, this kind of carnage will not be tolerated.”

Mike Sweeny: “Oh, please. You think a suspension is gonna stop Jaclyn? She thrives on chaos. If I were Recoba, I’d be sleeping with one eye open.”

Steven Brody: “The fallout from this is far from over. We’ll keep you updated as more details come in.”

SEGMENT

After a short commercial break, the camera cuts to the loading dock. Broken glass still crunches under boots. Jaclyn Pierrot is pacing, blood spattered across her gear, with Thumper and Bugs flanking her like guard dogs.

Jaclyn Pierrot (laughing, wild-eyed):

“Suspended? Fined? That’s the best they’ve got? You think Redemption can *banish* me? You think a piece of paper and a dollar sign is gonna stop me from carving my name into this company’s bones? I don’t need your stage, I don’t need your blessing. I’ll make my own circus wherever I damn well please.”

Thumper slams a pipe against a crate, Bugs snarls into the camera.

Jaclyn Pierrot:

“Recoba learned tonight what happens when you step into my world. And when I come back, because I *will* come back, there won’t be fines big enough, or suspensions long enough, to save the rest

of you. Redemption #XV? Consider it lucky. Because the real show doesn't start until I decide it does."

She spits at the camera lens, then throws her head back in manic laughter as Thumper and Bugs drag a battered Recoba jacket into frame, tearing it apart like prey. The feed cuts back to commentary.

RINGSIDE

UNCENSORED CHAMPIONSHIP

Random McConalogue vs. Dickie Watson •

Liliana Esparaz: This match is scheduled for one fall and it's for the eWo UNCENSORED CHAMPIONSHIP... Introducing first, hailing from Glasgow, Scotland.. The Challenger... **The Ethereal Mathematician... RANDOM... MCCONALOGUE...**

▶ MASTER BOOT RECORD – ROBOCOP

Light suddenly drops into almost complete darkness as the middle section of Robocop kicks in, oozing into an eerie teal green.

They slowly pulse as each chord hits, the screen showing serene images of a tea room, a physics lab full of cardboard boxes and cats, the butterfly garden, and a cave beneath a wishing well before settling on the empty lecture hall. The intro hits its climax as the lecture hall lights flare up and dice fall from its ceiling as Random McConalogue emerges onto the stage, towel tied to her wrist.

Her shoulders sway lightly with the music, her ring walk like a moonlight stroll in the park as the lights slowly percolate in time. Her body looks calm and relaxed, but her gaze is fixed on the ring, staring with snake-eyed focus. Wiping her feet on the apron as she enters the ring and scanning the arena as she rests herself in the corner, awaiting Dickie.

Liliana Esparaz: And her opponent, the eWo UNCENSORED CHAMPION, from London, England... **THE MOLOTOV... DICKIE WATSON...**

▶ Code: Pandorum & GHØSTKID – DEATHLIST

The lights die without warning. Not a fade, but a full blackout that sucks the air out of the arena like the calm before a fire. Then, a strobing light, lime green, flares beneath the metal of the floor. Another, quicker and sharper. A third, holding longer now. Long enough for the crowd to catch a glimpse of the static forming on the screen overhead.

The distorted bass of **"DEATHLIST"** by Code: Pandorum and GHØSTKID blares across the arena's speaker system low, grinding, and industrial. It doesn't start like music, but more like a warning, like the hum of something broken beneath concrete. The speakers rattle, and with them the crowd begins to stir as the opening continues to play, rhythmic and angry. Noise from the crowd rolls through like a cold draft in a sealed room, a few cheers, a few chants. But mostly unease.

*"Do I love you? Or do I hate you?
Can I trust you without failing you?
Gonna tell you what the secret is...
You're number one on my DEATHLIST."*

Whispered, the lyric doesn't rise above the crowd but cuts under it, precise and personal. The music drops out completely, not a fade, and not a glitch, just the same as the lights as they die out entirely. But then, detonation as the bass slams back in without warning, twisted and violent, louder than before. Strobe lights erupt in a manic wash of toxic green, casting sharp, flickering shadows across the stage. It's disorienting, like a spotlight wielded as a weapon. Motionless in that moment, Dickie Watson stands framed in light. No grand pose, no war cry, hair falling in his face and shoulders loose like a man who doesn't need to prove he belongs here -- he already knows he does.

He holds this, eyes floating over everyone, and then moves a beat later. Not with urgency, not with showmanship. Just steps forward like the rest of the world is moving slower than him. He doesn't look to the sides, doesn't soak it in. He's not here for the moment; he's here for the thrill. Every movement is precise, like a blade being unsheathed. Quiet, measured. He walks down the ramp towards the ring, eyes still glancing off to the side, turning his head slightly to acknowledge fans and enemies alike. At the barricade, he reaches out and slaps a few hands, not necessarily out of

respect, but more out of obligation. These are the people who kept him alive for so long, and what he does is for them.

He rounds the corner to the right, bypasses the steps, and jumps, both feet hitting the apron in one clean lift. Without grabbing the ropes, without pause, he slings himself over the top and lands near the dead center of the ring, bent knees taking the brunt of his leap. He circles the ring once, loose-limbed, cracking his neck slightly, and stops. Near the far corner, he crouches with his elbows on his knees, fingers dangling in between as his music fades.

DING! DING! DING!

The bell rings. The crowd's roar settles into a low, chanting hum; Dickie paces restlessly, while Random crouches, eyes locked, circling the champion like a chessmaster plotting the first move.

Mike Sweeny: "You can feel it, Brody! Watson's ready to turn this ring into an abstract expressionist's nightmare, flesh and plywood! Random's coming in there like she's gonna finish a six-point reversal and call it a day, but Dickie's liable to hurl himself through a door before this thing's over."

Steven Brody: "But Mike, you've got to respect how Random stays in her lane. She knows Dickie's gonna try to draw him out, force a brawl, but if Random can impose her game on the champ, target a limb, keep him grounded, this could be a master class in mat wrestling. Well, as much as anything's a 'class' in eWo!"

Dickie opens with a flurry of kicks, aiming to keep Random off balance, using his mobility to evade Random's grappling attempts. The space in the ring is Dickie's first weapon, he bounces from ropes to corners, faking a dive before sliding beneath a Random clothesline and springing up for a snap dropkick. Random weathers the storm, tucking her chin and absorbing, looking for an opening.

Suddenly, Dickie grabs a folding chair and vaults off the second rope, swinging the chair overhead for a missile shot. Random ducks, traps Dickie's arm on the landing, and in a heartbeat, transitions Dickie to the mat for a Fujiwara armbar.

Steven Brody: “That’s the danger, Mike! One slip, and Random’s got you. Watch the positioning, see how she’s got Dickie’s right arm hyperextended, and now, she’s shifting, working that shoulder!”

Mike Sweeny: “She’s gonna snap that arm like a breadstick! Remember folks, this is all legal! No rope breaks, nothing but pain and” (pauses as Dickie arcs backward, wriggling desperately) “and maybe a little humility for our champ!”

Dickie claws to the ropes, not for a break, but to swing himself, using the bottom rope as leverage, twisting Random’s grip loose enough to squirm free.

Both competitors return to their feet. Dickie shaking out his right arm, Random slower, homing in on the weakness. Dickie feigns another high spot, luring Random into a standing suplex attempt, but instead mule-kicks her in the knee and, in one fluid motion, dropkicks Random’s left leg, sending him sprawling.

Dickie wastes no time, he grabs a trashcan from ringside, hurls it into the ring. He propels himself off the ropes and leaps, landing a tight senton with Random’s chest atop the upturned can. The clang reverberates, the crowd erupts.

Mike Sweeny: “That’s art, Brody! Watson’s making Jackson Pollocks of these weapons! There’s nothing random about pain!”

Steven Brody: (groans empathetically) “You have to be careful with your body, Dickie, that’s an edge of control landing. And look, he’s flexing that arm. Random hasn’t even been on offense, but already she’s got damage to work with.”

The pace slows perceptibly. Dickie covers

ONE...

TWO...

RANDOM KICKS OUT ON TWO...

and instantly latches onto Dickie’s wrist, whips him around, and maneuvers him into a standing Octopus Hold, the limb entanglement sapping the champion’s strength. Dickie’s only escape is to stagger backward into the corner, literally crushing Random into the exposed turnbuckle.

Both are down briefly. Random from the collision, Dickie from exhaustion and the strain on his shoulder. A hush falls before Sweeny pipes back in.

Mike Sweeny: “Now, see, there’s psychology for you. Nobody popping up, nobody shrugging off a steel can like it’s confetti. Both these guys are staying down when they need to, selling the damage.”

Steven Brody: “Absolutely. That’s how you know it’s for keeps. You don’t rush the big moments, you savor the impact, you let the pain register. The best technical matches, the ones kids rewatch for decades, they’re built on that kind of patience.”

As both wrestlers struggle upright, the match subtly shifts. Dickie, still shaking his right arm, drags a table into the corner and props it up. Random carefully scouts Dickie’s footwork, baiting him in before slapping on a quick single-leg takedown and rolling into a Cloverleaf submission.

The pain is written on Dickie’s face. Random sits deep, twisting the hold, amplifying the pressure on Dickie’s knees and lower back.

Steven Brody: “Cloverleaf, an old favorite, look at the arch in Random’s back, Mike. That takes energy from the up top and just pours it into those knees. If Dickie can’t get to his feet, he can’t launch himself.”

Mike Sweeny: “But Random’s not gonna win on style points! She’s gotta HOLD it, gotta survive long enough to get the tap or Dickie’s gonna find a way, and look at that! Out of nowhere!”

Indeed, Dickie, summoning resolve, inches his way to the trashcan, grabs the handle, and swings it awkwardly backward into Random’s flank. The force loosens the submission. Dickie limps toward the table, desperate to build space.

Random, undeterred, circles and attempts another takedown, but Dickie leapfrogs her in the corner. In one movement, Dickie dashes up the turnbuckles, perches atop the upright table, and somersaults backwards for a corkscrew moonsault that connects with Random mid-ring. Both bodies writhe on the mat, showing the cumulative toll.

Steven Brody: “You see the price here. Dickie’s high risk, high reward, but there’s no instant pop up, no miraculous recovery.

Random's winded, but so is Dickie. This is where champions make their bones, Mike."

Mike Sweeney: "That's a bumper sticker: 'Champions make bones!' You don't get this kind of show at the county fair, Brody!"

It's at this point that both wrestlers signal the gravity of the contest through their body language and pacing. Dickie, now clearly favoring his right arm and left leg, relies less on running attacks, attempting rolling thunder but only finding success when Random is slow to rise. Random, meanwhile, shifts tactics. She attacks Dickie's left leg, sweeping it and smashing the knee onto a chair repeatedly before applying a figure four leglock. The agony is underscored in both facial expression and physicality.

Steven Brody: "Smart, methodical work from Random, you can't fly if you can't stand. The figure four, see how Dickie's back is just barely staying off that mat? Every time Dickie tries to twist out, more energy bleeds from his tank."

Mike Sweeney: "He's not bleeding, per the rules, but his championship hopes might be hemorrhaging!"

After a long struggle, Dickie manages to reverse the pressure, flipping over and forcing Random to release. The effort leaves both gasping, neither rises on the first try. The cumulative damage to one another.

Now outside the ring, Dickie capitalizes on the falls count anywhere rule. He suplexes Random onto the ramp, grabs a kendo stick, and, after three solid strikes to Random's back, improvises, locking Random's left arm in the steel barricade and wrenching it, further softening her for his own submission game. Random howls but resists, prying herself free with a nimble roll and, with a sudden burst, traps Dickie in a standing Koji Clutch against the guardrail.

The referee remains vigilant but hands-off, his only job to count falls or check for genuine submissions.

Mike Sweeney: "This isn't just pro wrestling, Brody, it's performance art mixed with creative weaponized trauma. Koji Clutch on cold steel! Can you imagine the torque on Dickie's neck and arm right now?"

Steven Brody: “And it’s moments like these you wonder how much strategy and improvisation go into every second.”

As the match returns to the ring, Dickie, battered but defiant, seizes a last chance at glory. He sets Random up on the propped table, climbs to the top rope, and signals to the audience. The crowd rises in anticipation. Sweeny’s voice punches through the noise.

Mike Sweeny: “He’s going for the kill, Brody! Table, top rope, that’s Watson’s canvas!”

Steven Brody: “But wait, Random’s moving!”

At the last second, Random slips free, and Dickie’s high-risk flight ends with a shocking crash through the table. Splinters scatter, Dickie moaning in the debris.

Random does not go for the pin. Instead, she drags Dickie from the splinters, circles behind, picks up the champion’s damaged arm, and in one smooth, deliberate motion, applies **the double-arm Cattle Mutilation**. Dickie’s shoulders and back torqued in a grotesque arch.

The agony is unmistakable. Dickie fights, submerged in pain, the hold is tight, Random’s weight centered just right. Seconds tick, a chorus of **“Tap! Tap! Tap!”** rising. The referee asks, Dickie shakes his head, fighting on.

Steven Brody: “He’s got nowhere to go, Random’s arms are locked! This is top-tier submission wrestling, Mike, that bridge is ****perfect—**that’s how you master a champion.**”

Mike Sweeny: (leaning in) “Is he gonna snap? Is he gonna.. Wait.. look, he’s fading!”

With no movement for several beats, the referee checks. Dickie is out cold. The ref leaps up, calls for the bell. Boos and cheers mix as Random is declared the winner. **Submission via Cattle Mutilation**. But in the chaos, the timekeeper reveals a twist. **The finish is ruled inconclusive because Dickie passed out rather than tapped, the match must have a definitive submission or pinfall under eWo’s main event rules. The bout is restarted!**

Steven Brody: "I've never seen anything like this, Mike, she got a finish, but not the finish. It's got to be completely decisive, someone must tap or be pinned!"

Random is momentarily crestfallen, exhaustion etching her features. Dickie, helped by the referee and medical staff, refuses to be pulled from the match. Barely conscious, he staggers upright, holding his arm limply, a haunted resolve in his eyes. The narrative now is one of endurance, the champion as underdog, wounded and reliant on instinct, while the challenger is forced to dig deeper, her best attack having failed to end it.

Mike Sweeny: "He shouldn't be standing! Somebody throw in the towel.. Wait.. listen to the crowd, Brody, they want a war, and Dickie is going to give it to them."

Steven Brody: "That's the champion's heart, Mike. He's working on borrowed time. Every second he continues, Random's job gets harder, because now it's not just a victory, it's about closing the book."

Random goes in for the kill, again targeting Dickie's battered left leg. A lightning fast drop toe hold sends Dickie barreling into a chair wedged in the corner. Still, Dickie rallies, pulling himself up, eyes blazing. In a last, wild gamble, he shoves Random back, loads her onto his shoulder, and using every last ounce of strength, delivers a rolling Death Valley Driver onto the steel ramp.

Neither moves, the referee hovers, searching for signs of consciousness.

Steven Brody: "Both men down, there's nothing left in the tank. This is the reality of the Uncensored Championship, the cost, the pain, the honor."

Mike Sweeny: "If neither can get up, what happens then? Flip a coin?"

After about eight seconds, Dickie stirs, barely crawling. Random, slower, but with iron resolve, traps Dickie's boot as he crawls, ankle lock! Random grapevines the leg, twisting for maximum pressure.

Dickie, writhing, scrapes at the ramp, pain etched in every inch of his body. He turns onto his back, launching a frantic flurry of right hands to Random's exposed face. Momentarily, Random loosens

her grip, and Dickie, with an explosive burst, rolls them both off the ramp, crashing to the arena floor amidst the audience, chairs and fans parting in awe.

Both competitors are battered, spent.

The action eventually moves back to ringside. Dickie, bloody mouthed but not bleeding, grabs a kendo stick, swings. Random intercepts, tries for a takedown. Dickie lands a desperation superkick. Random stumbles into the wreckage of a table. Dickie, now searching, finds a ladder, sets it beside the ring. Dragging Random atop the table, Dickie climbs, pauses only briefly to steady himself, and then, in a defiant act of championship will, launches himself off the ladder, executing a **corkscrew plancha** that bombs them both through the wood and metal. The crowd erupts, every spectator aware of the danger, the toll, and the enormity of the moment.

Mike Sweeny: "Sweet mother of God! That's not a move, that's a cry for immortality!"

Steven Brody: "Listen to the audience, this is the match they'll tell their kids about, Mike. This is how legacies are made."

Both competitors lie motionless. The referee begins the count. At six, Dickie, through sheer willpower, drapes an arm over Random's chest.

ONE...

TWO...

Random kicks out!

Gasping, Dickie rolls Random over and, with all strength gone, tries for a quick crucifix pin. Random reverses into a crossface!

Both competitors arms shaking, sweat and adrenaline mingling with the clamor of 15,000 fans. Dickie, refusing to submit, claws to the ropes, but there are no rope breaks. In a twist, Dickie uses the ropes to roll Random backward, pinning her shoulders down.

ONE...

TWO...

Random kicks out!

In a last stand, Dickie kicks Random in the jaw, bounds off the barricade, vaults onto the apron, and springboards in-catching Random in mid-turn with a shattering running knee. Both collapse, Dickie rises after several beats, his left leg betraying his every step. With every ounce of balance, Dickie lifts Random, hooks the arms, and spikes him center ring onto a bent steel chair with his “Dickie’s Revenge”.

He doesn’t cover at once, staggers, then throws himself over Random.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

Mike Sweeny: “Unbelievable! Unbelievable! Dickie Watson drags himself out of the grave and pins a master technician at her own game. There’s not a person alive who can question his right to that belt tonight.”

Steven Brody: *(standing in applause)* “My heart goes out to both competitors, Mike. Random’s submission mastery nearly brought her the gold twice over, but Dickie proved something about resilience, about what it means to be champion in eWo. Nobody walked out of this unscathed, but everyone walks out a bigger part of history.”

The camera lingers on both competitors. Dickie, hand raised shakily by the referee, collapsing out of exhaustion as Random, sitting up, offers a respectful nod. The silent understanding between two masters of their craft is palpable, a testament to the drama and mutual respect that defines the best of professional wrestling.

Random McConalogue is still in the ring after her grueling match, soaking in the respectful applause. She leans against the ropes, exhausted but proud. Suddenly..

CRACK!

Sierra Williams slides in from the crowd side, steel chair in hand, and smashes it across Random's back. The ovation turns to a chorus of boos as Sierra rains down stomps, targeting Random's ribs and shoulder, the same shoulder she nearly wrenched off Dickie Watson.

Steven Brody: (shouting): "What the hell is this?! Sierra Williams just blindsided Random McConalogue!"

Mike Sweeny: "And look at where she's striking, Steven. She's going after the arm, the very foundation of Random's submission arsenal. This is calculated!"

Sierra tosses the chair aside, grabs Random by the wrist, and twists her into a vicious Fujiwara armbar right in the middle of the ring. Random writhes, clawing at the mat, but Sierra wrenches back with a sadistic grin until referees swarm the ring to break it up. Sierra gets to her feet, grinning from ear to ear as she takes a microphone.

Sierra Williams:

"Respect? Respect is earned, Random, not handed out with a nod and a handshake. You pushed Dickie to the brink, I'll give you that, but let's not rewrite history. You didn't walk out with the belt. You didn't walk out with the win. And yet, everyone's acting like you're the standard bearer for technical wrestling in eWo. That's where I draw the line."

Sierra steps closer, her tone tightening, her eyes locked on Random.

Sierra Williams:

"I've spent my entire career breaking down opponents piece by piece, limb by limb. I don't need steel chairs, I don't need chaos. I need a mat, four corners, and someone foolish enough to test me hold-for-hold. And Random, that's you. At *Devil's Playground*, while the rest of the world tears itself apart in cages and carnage, you and I are going to strip it down to the essence. No shortcuts. No excuses. Just wrestling."

She stands over Random.

Sierra Williams:

"You call yourself a master technician? Then prove it. Because when that bell rings, I'm going to expose every weakness in your

game, and when you tap out in the middle of that ring, the world will know there's only one true technician in eWo. And her name is Sierra Williams."

The crowd in the arena roars as the challenge echoes. Random, still laying on the canvas, as the tension between the two women promises a clash of pure skill at Devil's Playground, but before Redemption #XIV can end, we cut to backstage.

SEGMENT

Camera cuts to the interview set. Carrie Benjamin stands with microphone in hand. Beside her, Ken Davison steps into frame, still taped up from his earlier war, but with a determined fire in his eyes. The crowd in the arena pops at the sight of him on the tron.

Carrie Benjamin:

"Ken, earlier tonight you went through hell against Shawn Warstein, but I understand you've requested this time to make an announcement regarding Devil's Playground?"

Ken Davison (steady, intense):

"Carrie, I've been in this business long enough to know that opportunities don't wait for you. You either seize them, or you watch them pass you by. And at Devil's Playground, I'm not watching anything, I'm taking what's mine."

He steps closer to the camera, voice rising.

Ken Davison:

"The eWo Evolution Championship has been left vacant. A title that represents not just survival, but evolution, becoming something greater than you were yesterday. And management has made it official. At Devil's Playground, it's going to be **Ken Davison versus Cross Recoba...** for the vacant Evolution Championship."

The crowd reacts audibly from the arena feed, a mix of cheers and gasps.

Ken Davison (smirking):

“And it won’t be just any match. No, no, no. This is Devil’s Playground. This is where careers are shortened and legacies are written in blood. So it’s going to be one of Cross’s favourite matches. A **TABLES, LADDERS, and CHAIRS match**. No pinfalls. No submissions. Just me, Cross, and the climb to destiny.”

He points upward, miming the climb of a ladder.

Ken Davison:

“Cross Recoba, you’ve made a career out of calling yourself the smartest man in the room. But at Devil’s Playground, brains won’t save you when I put you through a table, when I smash you with a chair, when I climb that ladder and pull down the prize. The Evolution Championship is my next step... and your final fall.”

Davison storms off, leaving Carrie wide-eyed as the camera cuts back to commentary.

Steven Brody: “Ken Davison versus Cross Recoba, TLC, for the vacant Evolution Championship! That’s going to be absolute carnage!”

Mike Sweeny: “Carnage? That’s going to be a demolition derby with gold hanging above the wreckage! And I’ll tell you this, if anyone can thrive in that chaos, it’s those two maniacs. And with that announcement, that’s all we’ve got time for tonight folks. See you in two weeks time for the last stop before Devil’s Playground.”



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DEVILS PLAYGROUND
23RD NOVEMBER 2025