



Date:

Commentary

Cassie North and Noah Jackson

Backstage Interviewers

Carter Latimer & Jennifer Carter

Ring Announcer

Kimi Smith

"My Queen..."

~ Pre recorded ~

The scene opens backstage in the parking lot. A black limousine pulls into an empty space.

Once it comes to a complete stop, one of the back doors opens. Jessica Carter steps out. She walks around to the other side to open the door. The person she opens the door for is Aphrodite Noel. The Queen steps out. Jessica closes the door. Aphrodite takes a deep breath.

Aphrodite Noel:

Feel the energy in the air, Jessica?

Jessica smiles, making sure to stay a pace or two behind Aphrodite.

Jessica Carter:

I do, my Queen.

Aphrodite Noel:

I don't understand the need to compete twice across two shows. I am the last person to pin our current Valiant Champion. Why I haven't been given the chance to avenge her walking out on our tag match weeks ago is beyond me. In any event....

Aphrodite looks sternly at Jessica.

Aphrodite Noel:

... tonight you are going to do the right thing. You pledged your fealty to me. Don't let me down, you understand?

Jessica nods her head in compliance.

Jessica Carter:

I understand the assignment, and I know what I must do. Don't worry, my Queen. You will be winning tonight, that much is certain.

Jessica strokes her chin.

Jessica Carter:

As for tomorrow night? Well, let's just say that there's a reason I worship you. I know my faith is not misplaced.

Aphrodite grabs Jessica's hand.

Aphrodite Noel:

I am more than aware the people closest to you don't understand the choice you made. I don't have anything to prove to them. However, in time, they will see I have your best interest at heart. I am not looking for a slave. You can walk away from me anytime you wish. I am not the tyrant these misguided idealists think I am. I will reward your faith. Promise. But first, let's secure a spot in the main event tomorrow. Once I become the rightful Valiant Champion, all will be right in this company. Finally.

Jessica looks at Aphrodite, almost starstruck.

Jessica Carter:

I'm not going to ask them to understand, and if they want an explanation they know where

to find me. But I do hope that they support me. Because despite what they may think, bending the knee really is the best decision I could have made.

Jessica grins.

Jessica Carter:

And when you're the Valiant Champion? I hope that they make the same one.

Aphrodite and Jessica walk out of view of the camera as the scene fades to black.

“All In My Way.”

“It Girl” Taylor Voight walks out of the #VilaroFit locker room in her wrestling gear and begins walking through a hallway backstage of the Valiant Wrestling Arena.

“It Girl” Taylor Voight: I’ve made this walk from the #VilaroFit locker room to the ring several times now and there hasn’t been a time till now that there has been such big stakes tied to this walk. Because all that stands between me and the Valiant Wrestling championship is three victories. One today, one tomorrow on Inferno to make me the number one contender, and the title match itself.

Taylor takes a right turn down another hallway.

“It Girl” Taylor Voight: But first things first because in just a few minutes I’ll be stepping into the ring with three of the very best that Valiant Wrestling has to offer. I mean sure Jessica Carter and I have had our issues but she is a great wrestler. At least she is in places like NVR and Valiant Wrestling while at other places...Not so much. While Greco has the audacity to try to mix words with me, which I can also appreciate that he did because I would have done the same thing if the roles were reversed.

Taylor chuckles to herself.

“It Girl” Taylor Voight: So neither of them can expect me to bend the knee to them. Which brings me to the royalty of Valiant Wrestling Aphrodite Noel. I’ve got to say Dite, I like your style. I really do! You’re well accomplished in the ring and you’ve destroyed the lives of people on your way to the top.

Taylor begins a slow clap as she arrives just outside of the gorilla position.

"It Girl" Taylor Voight: Well done, girl. Well done but you, Jessica, and Greco are all in my way of getting what I want. That is what I can't stand for. So I'm going to start Glory with a victory and finish Inferno tomorrow night with a victory.

A smug Taylor smiles as she walks into the gorilla position.

Match One - 4-Way

Aphrodite Noel vs Jessica Carter vs Taylor Voight vs WYM Greco

Kimi Smith: "Ladies and gentlemen, this match is scheduled for one fall and will feature a four-way contest! Introducing first..."

Kimi Smith: "From El Paso, Texas, standing 6'2" and weighing in at 170 pounds... WYM Greco!"

Greco's entrance theme "Raw" by Wacotron hits the speakers as he steps out, cocky and oozing self-confidence. He strolls down the ramp, his eyes scanning the crowd with a mischievous grin, as if he already knows he's the centre of attention.

Kimi Smith: "Next, from Worcester, England, standing 5'3" and weighing 119 pounds... Jessica Carter!"

Jessica's entrance music "I Wish" by Cher Lloyd fills the arena as she bursts onto the stage. She's full of energy, her smile wide and her confidence evident. She waves to the fans as she heads down the ramp, giving playful winks and high-fives.

Kimi Smith: "And now, from Hillsborough, California, standing 5'4" and weighing in at 120 pounds... Taylor Voight!"

Taylor Voight steps out to her entrance music "It Girl" by Aliyah's Interlude, walking confidently down the ramp. She holds her head high, eyes fixed on the ring as she prepares for her match. Her every move exudes confidence.

Kimi Smith: "And lastly, from the land of the gods, standing 5'7" and weighing 137 pounds... Aphrodite Noel!"

The haunting strains of "You Should See Me In a Crown" by Billie Eilish echo through the arena as Aphrodite Noel strides down the ramp, her regal posture drawing the eyes of the crowd. She takes in the boos with a smug smile, almost as if she's enjoying every moment of the disdain directed at her.

The bell rings.

The bell rings, and the four competitors take their positions in the ring. Immediately, Jessica and Aphrodite seem to communicate with subtle nods, forming an early alliance as Greco and Taylor cautiously circle each other. Aphrodite lunges at Taylor, knocking her into the corner with a brutal shoulder block. Jessica, not one to miss an opportunity, leaps from the ropes, landing a spinning heel kick on Aphrodite's back, sending her to the mat.

Cassie North: "This match is already heating up! Jessica and Aphrodite have clearly decided to team up, but will that alliance last?"

Noah Jackson: "I don't know, Cassie. It could just be a temporary thing, but right now, they've got the numbers advantage."

Taylor recovers quickly from the corner and locks eyes with Greco. The two charge at each other, trading blows in the centre of the ring. Greco throws a hard right hand, but Taylor ducks and counters with a dropkick to the knee, sending him to the mat. As Greco stumbles, Taylor locks him in a quick armbar, but he quickly powers out, lifting her off the ground and slamming her into the turnbuckle.

Cassie North: "Greco showing his power there! But Taylor's speed is proving to be a problem for him. What a move!"

Meanwhile, Jessica is controlling the pace, hitting Aphrodite with a series of high-flying maneuvers. She catches Aphrodite in a tilt-a-whirl headscissors takedown, sending her tumbling to the mat. But as Jessica goes for the pin, Greco breaks it up, pulling her off with a sneaky chop to the throat.

Noah Jackson: "Greco may be a little rough around the edges, but he's got one thing—he's opportunistic. That was smart timing to stop Jessica from securing the win!"

As the match progresses, the chaos intensifies. Taylor climbs to the top rope, launching herself into the air with a diving crossbody. She takes out both Greco and Aphrodite, but

Jessica is quick to retaliate, catching her mid-air with a brutal powerbomb. The impact shakes the entire ring, and Jessica rolls into the cover.

Cassie North: "This could be it! Jessica with the powerbomb on Taylor! One! Two!"

But Aphrodite breaks the count with a stomp to Jessica's back, sending her sprawling across the mat. Greco quickly joins in, grabbing Aphrodite by the hair and tossing her into the ropes. As she rebounds, he launches her into a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker, leaving her gasping for air.

Noah Jackson: "Greco's got the power game, and he's proving it right now. Aphrodite's feeling that one for sure."

Aphrodite writhes in pain, clutching her back as she rolls out of the ring. Meanwhile, Greco sets his sights on Jessica, locking her in a headlock and grinding his forearm into her face. He taunts her, his voice dripping with arrogance, but Jessica powers out, flipping him over her head with a beautifully executed judo throw. The crowd roars as Greco crashes hard to the canvas.

Cassie North: "What a throw from Jessica Carter! She's proving she belongs in the ring with these top stars!"

Greco, dazed but furious, attempts to grab the barbed wire bat he had brought into the match earlier. He swings it wildly at Jessica, but she ducks again, sending a spinning kick into his midsection, forcing him to drop the weapon. Taylor, seeing her opportunity, leaps off the ropes, hitting a flying bulldog on Greco that plants his face into the mat.

Noah Jackson: "And Taylor's back in the mix! A bulldog to Greco, and now he's really in trouble."

The match reaches its crescendo as the chaos reaches a boiling point. Jessica and Aphrodite find themselves in a brutal back-and-forth, with Jessica hitting a stunning corkscrew 620 senton on Aphrodite from the top rope. She covers, but before she can get the three-count, Taylor comes out of nowhere, knocking her out of the ring and taking her place for the pin on Aphrodite.

Cassie North: "What a move! But I can't believe it—Taylor's taking the chance to get the pin on Aphrodite!"

Noah Jackson: "I don't blame her. This is the moment she's been waiting for! A win here could propel her career to new heights!"

But just as the referee is about to count to three, Jessica, who's recovered, pulls Taylor off and delivers a superkick to her jaw, sending her to the mat. She looks at Aphrodite, then back at the crowd. With a slight nod she lets Aphrodite, now recovered, hit a sudden Ex-Communication curb stomp on Taylor before making the cover herself.

Kimi Smith: "Here is your winner... Aphrodite Noel!"

Cassie North: "I can't believe it! Jessica just gave Aphrodite the win! She could have taken it herself, but nothing has been the same since she bent the knee!"

Noah Jackson: "Well, that's the power of being the queen. Aphrodite came into this with three opponents on paper, but two opponents and an ally in reality."

"I Hope She Knows What She's Doing..."

Glory continues as Carter Latimer is standing by backstage, ready to conduct another interview for tonight's show.

Carter Latimer: "Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time is Emily Carter..."

The crowd cheers over the arrival of Emily Carter into the frame. Email appears to be ready for what will surely be a physical 4-Way Chairs match with Thaïs Empristikí, Alex Andrews and Natalie McKinley.

Carter Latimer: "Emily, last week you got back to your winning ways when you picked up a victory over Thaïs Empristikí and Alora St. Hillaire."

Emily smiles and nods.

Emily Carter: "I sure did! Man, that was a close one, babes. Thaïs and Alora are tough, *tough* competitors. I knew going into that Triple Threat that they would be tough outs. I think it's pretty safe to say they proved my suspicions correct. I was super lucky to come away with a win. While I'm happy I got the W, there are some things that I know I can tighten up out there."

Carter Latimer: “Well, you'll definitely have a chance to do that because tonight, you will be in a 4-Way Chairs Match against Alex Andrews, Natalie McKinley and Thaïs Empristikí. Your thoughts?”

Emily Carter: “Well, I know Thaïs is looking forward to a one on one match with me one day. While this is far from that, this gives her another chance to... I don't want to say “exact revenge” or “get some payback”... but it gives her a chance to bounce back after the loss last week and pick up a win with me in the ring. Alex and Natalie are also a pair of quality competitors that I have the utmost respect for. They're both fighters. All three of my opponents are, actually. They're all gonna fight like hell, especially with the winner advancing onto the #1 Contender Ladder Match tomorrow night on Inferno. With this being a 4-Way, I don't even have to be involved in the fall to lose this match. So I've gotta be prepared for everything.”

Carter Latimer: “One thing that you *weren't* prepared for was your good friend, Jessica Carter, bending the knee and aligning with Aphrodite Noel last week. Your thoughts?”

Emily rolls her eyes.

Emily Carter: “Yeah, about that...”

Emily lets out a sigh.

Emily Carter: “I just... I just don't know what Jess is thinking. Look, I know things have been very chaotic as of late. The attacks on Jenn. The Championship loss. Things not going her way in the ring. Me and the rest of the babes have been there for her every step of the way. We've offered her all of our love and support. I understand her anger. I understand her frustration. I was there, too. I, too, felt lost. I, too, felt like this downward slide would never end. I, too, was at my wit's end. But this? THIS?! This isn't the solution. Not at all.”

Emily shakes her head at the thought of Jessica aligning herself with Aphrodite.

Emily Carter: “During *Zero Hour*, Jess and I had a good, long talk away from the cameras. We discussed a lot of things. Things that had been happening to us over the last several weeks and months. While I won't give the details of that conversation, I will say this. During that

discussion, we both came to a conclusion on the approach we were gonna take moving forward with our careers here in Valiant. We both came to the same understanding. Aligning with trash like Aphrodite wasn't the solution that we came up with!"

Emily lets out an annoyed sigh.

Emily Carter: "This is all just so frustrating. And it's sad. It really, really is. When I showed up in Valiant a couple of years ago, Jess was the first one that reached out to me. Since that time, she's become one of my best friends. She's like a sister that I never had. I actually look up to her. So seeing her go this route... It's just disheartening. Jessica is a successful woman. She's a championship wrestler in the ring. She's an accomplished businesswoman outside the ring. She doesn't need to lower herself to bend the knee and refer to anyone, let alone the likes of Aphrodite Noel, as her Queen. Jessica doesn't need to take a backseat to anyone. I absolutely hate this for her. I really do. Look, there are friends of mine that have taken different paths in this sport than I have. They do things a certain way and bend certain rules that I personally wouldn't. While I don't agree with those methods, I still respect them. But I can't respect this. Not at all. Jess is so much better than this and I'm not the only one that feels this way. I just hope she knows what she's doing..."

"Building My Resume Here."

Ahead of the second match of Glory, Four-Way edition, Natalie McKinley is seen standing somewhere backstage, dressed in her ring attire and a t-shirt, and she begins by offering a smile to the camera.

Natalie McKinley: "Hey, so, for the second weekend in a row, yours truly, Natalie McKinley, finds herself competing in a multi-person match, potentially with another one to come tomorrow evening; last week it was a triple threat ladder match for the Chaos Championship, tonight it's a four-way chairs match that could possibly lead to a shot at something greater than the Chaos title."

Following the briefest of pauses, she continues.

Natalie McKinley: "After tonight, I will have competed in a tables match here in Valiant, a ladder match, and a chairs match— in that order; I'm hoping that tonight's match will have a more favourable outcome as far as I'm concerned than the tables match and ladder match

did, but that is, of course, going to be easier said than done, as I'm going to have to get the better of no fewer than three opponents. Firstly, there's Alex Andrews, who I've been in the ring with twice before."

And who she has beaten twice before.

Natalie McKinley: "Then there's Thaïs Empristikí, who I have shared a ring with before, but not as a competitor."

Two months have now passed since Natalie was the special referee for a match that featured Thaïs.

Natalie McKinley: "And finally, there's Emily Carter, who I've never been in the ring with in any way, shape, or form before now, but who I expected I would cross paths with eventually, since she is a true cornerstone of Valiant."

And probably the favourite to win this upcoming match.

Natalie McKinley: "I could stand here and talk about each of my opponents in turn, and how I stack up against each of them, but really, I would much rather just go out to the ring and lock horns with the three of them instead- I think that's probably what all of you watching would prefer as well, so... I'm going to do just that; I'm going to throw hands, throw my opponents, and if I need to, throw some chairs- and then hopefully go on to the main event of Inferno tomorrow night."

She takes a breath.

Natalie McKinley: "And if I do make it to the main event of Inferno tomorrow night, I know that'll mean me having to compete in another ladder match, but I'll cross that bridge if and when I come to it; it'll be worth it if I can get my hands on one of those three briefcases."

Natalie gives a nod of her head and she then stares at the camera, before it cuts away.

"My Chance To Matter."

Thaïs Empristikí sits on the roof of her California home. The camera lingers on her, gazing over the Anaheim skyline. Even at this distance, the silhouette of Disneyland shimmers faintly in the background.

Thaïs: “So, I spent my first season with Valiant off to a solid start. Took on VilaroFit alongside my good friend Bia—we went back and forth, and I even picked up a win over Marisol in my debut. But what do I have to show for it?

No title opportunities.

No spotlight matches.

And as much as I love teaming with Bia, it feels like we’re drifting without a shared purpose beyond Convergence.

That was my whole first season: trying to get noticed. And it feels like nothing happened. I didn’t come to Valiant just to clock in and out. I came to matter. Right now, I feel like I’ve been cast adrift in the Mediterranean Sea—just floating.

But this next match? A chairs match? My first one ever? This might be my chance to find land. To plant my flag.

Emily Carter—you beat me and Alora St. Hillaire last time. I didn’t take the pin, but a loss is a loss. No excuses. You earned that win, no question. But I’d be lying if I said it didn’t sting. This time, I want to get one back.

Natalie McKinley—you reffed my match against Marisol. She still blames you for that loss, y’know? Kinda funny, honestly. But now I get to see what you can do in the ring. I’ve heard the talk—people say you’re a force. Let’s find out, assuming we’re not both too busy swinging for the fences.

And Alexandra—a fresh face with a good heart and a lot of honor. I respect that. I really do. But this is a chairs match. I know what it’s like to try and do things the right way, but don’t let honor become a cage. Let’s see how far you’re willing to go.

Each of you is a standout here in Valiant. Now it’s my turn—to rise to the occasion and stand out, too.”

Match Two - 4-Way Chairs

Alex Andrews vs Emily Carter vs Natalie McKinley vs Thaïs Empristikí

Kimi Smith: “The following contest is a four-way chairs match! The first competitor to score a pinfall or submission will be declared the winner!”

“Don’t Die Digging” by The Graduate hits, and Emily Carter bursts through the curtain, full of energy and focused intensity. She slaps hands with fans, her smile radiant as she heads to the ring with purpose.

Kimi Smith: “Introducing first... from Austin, Texas... weighing in at 133 pounds... Emily Carter!”

Cassie North: “Here she is, the high-flying heart of Valiant—Emily Carter! She’s coming off a string of incredible performances, and this could be her moment!”

Noah Jackson: “She’s got heart, I’ll give her that. But she’s also got three opponents, a pile of steel chairs, and no rules. That smile won’t last long.”

“Super Freak” by Rick James pumps through the arena as Thaïs Empristikí dances through the entrance with electrifying swagger. They twirl through pyro and hit the ring with fire in their eyes, raising their hands in the Sailor Jupiter-esque pose on the top turnbuckle.

Kimi Smith: “Next... from Alexandria, Virginia... weighing 130 pounds... ‘The Flame Bringer’... Thaïs Empristikí!”

Cassie North: “I love Thaïs’ vibe! They light up every room they walk into—figuratively *and* literally!”

Noah Jackson: “Let’s hope they don’t try to light up a chair. That’s not what fire safety’s about.”

“I Want It All” by Queen roars out and Alex Andrews strides through the curtain with a big, confident grin. She pounds her chest and high-fives fans, flexing slightly before heading into the ring.

Kimi Smith: “From Knoxville, Tennessee... weighing in at 146 pounds... Alex Andrews!”

Cassie North: “Alex has grown so much in such a short time! She’s got that never-say-die spirit—”

Noah Jackson: “And a spine made of steel. Let’s see how long that lasts with a chair across it.”

“Undegpedwar” by Y Niwl plays next, and Natalie McKinley makes her entrance calmly and coolly, her powerful frame commanding attention. She walks to the ring with no frills, just focus.

Kimi Smith: “And their opponent... from Swansea, Wales... weighing 174 pounds... Natalie McKinley!”

Cassie North: “Natalie’s one of the strongest competitors in Valiant. A powerhouse through and through—if anyone’s going to use a chair like a weapon, it’s her!”

Noah Jackson: “She could probably bench press all three of the others—and a few chairs too.”

The bell rings and all four competitors explode into motion. Emily Carter rushes Natalie McKinley, while Thaïs Empristikí launches themselves at Alex Andrews. The opening seconds are a frenzy of forearms, elbows, and shoulder blocks. Chairs remain untouched for now as the action kicks off with raw intensity.

Emily throws sharp forearms into Natalie’s chest, pushing her into the corner, but Natalie reverses with a big short-arm elbow smash that nearly knocks Emily off her feet. Alex and Thaïs trade kicks, both dodging and weaving before Alex catches them with a surprise STO.

Cassie North: “These four didn’t even hesitate! We’ve barely started and the pace is already off the charts!”

Noah Jackson: “They know what’s at stake, Cassie. Bragging rights, momentum, and maybe a new notch in the win column. Or a dent in the skull.”

Emily recovers with a hesitation dropkick in the corner, sending Natalie stumbling. She follows up with a running hurricanrana that flips the powerhouse across the ring. Meanwhile, Thaïs lands on their feet after a tilt-a-whirl headscissors from Alex and counters with a spin kick that catches her flush.

Chairs come into play when Emily slides one into the ring and sets it upright in the centre. She runs the ropes, leaps off the chair with a springboard forearm—but Natalie charges in and *catches her in mid-air* with a gorilla press! The crowd roars as Natalie turns and *throws* Emily over the top rope onto the floor.

Cassie North: “Oh my goodness! Did you see the *height* on that toss?!”

Noah Jackson: “Emily just got a frequent flyer mile for that landing. Someone check the airspace clearance!”

Alex charges Natalie, only to get scooped up for a cradle piledriver attempt, but she wriggles free and plants Natalie with a backdrop driver on the chair! Natalie arches her back in pain as Alex quickly transitions into a Fujiwara armbar, dragging her away from the ropes—not that they matter in this match.

Thaïs dives off the top with a double stomp—Dracarys!—onto Alex’s back, breaking the hold! They follow up with a flurry of forearms and a springboard knee to the jaw. Alex rolls to the outside, dazed, while Thaïs builds momentum.

They throw a chair at Emily, who barely ducks. Emily responds with a jumping calf kick, then rolls Thaïs into a surfboard stretch in the middle of the ring. The crowd rallies, but Thaïs doesn’t tap—they power out, flipping back and landing on top of Emily with a splash.

Cassie North: “That’s the heart of Thaïs Empristikí—refusing to give in, even when bent in half!”

Noah Jackson: “They’ve got more flexibility than a yoga class with a waiting list.”

Emily and Thaïs stagger to their feet, both exhausted already. Natalie returns and blasts both with a double clothesline, then follows up with a capture suplex on Thaïs that sends them crashing onto a pile of chairs. She grabs one and *smashes* it over Emily’s back, then swings again—only for Emily to duck and nail a roundhouse kick in return.

Alex is back in, slingshotting herself into the ring with a senton that hits both Emily and Natalie. She grabs a chair, throws it at Natalie’s head to stun her, then hits a spear that folds her in half. She covers—Thaïs breaks it up with a moonsault—Solar Eclipse!—out of nowhere!

Cassie North: “We are watching four stars absolutely *shine* in the most brutal way possible!”

Noah Jackson: “Someone’s going to need more than an ice bath after this one.”

Thaïs picks Emily up, looking for the Sign of Fire—Michinoku Driver II—but Emily counters into a tilt-a-whirl armbar! She transitions into the Carter Clutch! Thaïs screams in pain, crawling desperately—and manages to *roll* Emily back into a pinning predicament—two count only!

Both scramble up. Emily unleashes Unnecessary Roughness III, lighting up Thaïs with strike after strike. The final Busaiku knee sends them flying out of the ring. Emily turns—straight into a FALCON PUNCH! from Alex! She stumbles but doesn’t fall, firing back with a spinning backfist. Alex hits the ropes, looking for Kersplat!—but Emily counters *mid-air* into Emilution onto a chair!

Natalie breaks it up again, dragging Emily off the cover and throwing her violently into the turnbuckle. She lifts Alex—TAFF VALLEY DRIVER—onto a stack of chairs! Natalie covers—Thaïs *leaps* off the top rope with Greek Time, the 450 splash, breaking it up in the nick of time!

Cassie North: “How is anyone still moving?! This is unreal!”

Noah Jackson: “It’s like four different car crashes playing out at once—and I love it.”

Thaïs and Natalie brawl to the floor, leaving Emily and Alex in the ring. Both struggle to their knees, trading palm strikes and kicks. Emily gets the better of the exchange, staggering Alex with a savate kick. She lifts her up—Kick 2 Kill! Sleeper hold to penalty kick right across the jaw!

Emily collapses onto her—1... 2... 3!

Kimi Smith: “Here is your winner... Emily Carter!”

Cassie North: “Emily Carter *survives* and *thrives* in a war zone of steel and fury! What a match!”

Noah Jackson: “Give that woman a chair-shaped trophy, because she earned it the hard way.”

“Hunting Wrasslers.”

We open backstage where the cameras catch up to the eccentric and deranged Kimberly Williams. The Woman Scorned is not wearing her usual crimson red and black dragon inspired ring gear. Instead she sports camouflage attire that you might see an outdoorsman or a military person wear. Even her face is painted up with camouflage. She carries with her the beloved and dangerous penguin plushie Wasley who, yes, is also dressed up in camouflage like The Woman Scorned. The deranged ginger has what appears to be a water pistol attached to her side.

Kimberly Williams: “They gotta be around here somewhere, Wasley. I just know it!”

She continues to walk sneakily, quietly. Eventually she stops and turns to face the camera.

Kimberly Williams: “Be vewwy vewwy quiet! I’m hunting wasslers!
Huh-huh-huh-huh-huh!

The Woman Scorned then continues her sneaky movements. She spots a silhouette off in the distance. She quickly ducks down, hoping to avoid being seen. She looks down at Wasley and speaks to the penguin plushie in a hushed whisper.

Kimberly Williams: “Ok, Wasley, that’s gotta be one of them! Alora, Bia, or Corey. I can’t tell but that’s gotta be one of them! And if I can take one of them out right here and now then that’ll make it all the easier for me later on! Now you stay here while Kimmy does the dirty work!”

Suddenly, Kimberly springs into action. She leaps and charges at the silhouette...

Kimberly Williams: “DIE EVIL TERRORIST SCUM! DIE!”

She uses the water pistol to its fullest extent, but it doesn’t spray water, it sprays ghost pepper hot sauce and it is definitely hitting its target but the target doesn’t go down. Kim keeps charging, continues to spray, until she gets close enough to get a much better look at the silhouette to see that this was not any of her opponents this evening...

...it was a cardboard cutout of the Burger King mascot. Kimberly sighs with frustration and shakes her head.

Kimberly Williams: “Damn. Oh well, no use crying over spilled hot sauce.”

The Woman Scorned turns and walks back over to her former position. She retrieves Wasley from his hiding spot and smiles devilishly down at him.

Kimberly Williams: “False alarm, Wasley. But the hunt is far from over! Before the night is over I will have three heads to hang on my wall and I will have taken one giant step closer to another crack at the Valiant Title and another opportunity to crack JuJu’s skull wide open. Do you really think I am going to stop? No way! Not on your life! Tonight is just another step. Three names, three victims standing in my way. It can be backstage, it can be in the parking lot, it really doesn’t matter where this brawl takes place, because this brawl is ultimately about chaos and chaos is what I do best! I will mow through them all on my path of chaos towards getting what is rightfully mine!”

She skips away happily with Wasley in tow.

“Keeping In Check.”

Backstage in a quiet area away from most people, Max Thunder is doing his warm-ups in his full gear. The expression on his face looks either extremely focused or troubled, maybe a combination of both.

The energy about him is restless, so much so that he doesn’t even notice Jennifer Yang approaching him. Replacing Bia in the scheduled 4-way backstage brawl match, she is dressed in her usual ring attire with a Crucible Thunderdome shirt with cutoff sleeves over it.

Jennifer Yang: “Hey Max! Sorry to interrupt. Just wanted to say good luck tonight.”

At the sound of his name, Max finally looks up, blinking like he just snapped back to reality.

Max Thunder: “Oh hi Jenni! Sorry, what was that?”

Jenni chuckles at his confusion.

Jennifer Yang: “I said, good luck! For your match tonight?”

A sheepish look crosses Max’s face as he scratches the back of his head.

Max Thunder: “Ah yeah, cheers. You too. My bad, was proper zoned out there for a sec. Never been in a Hell in a Cell match before and there’s a lot riding on this one so...”

He offers a weak smile and shrug. Jenni nods with a lopsided grin.

Jennifer Yang: “Of course, yeah. Big match, big opportunity.”

She pauses as her face softens with concern.

Jennifer Yang: “Just turn down the noise and concentrate on what you’re here for, okay? That cage should keep out anyone who isn’t involved in your match.”

Max looks down momentarily with a bitter laugh.

Max Thunder: “Didn’t stop them the last time, did it? But yeah... Guess there’s no reason for them to do that tonight. I’ll still watch my back though. Can’t always be too careful, you know.”

Jennifer Yang: “I know. Just don’t let it mess with your head. It’s more than just a title opportunity riding on this one, right?”

There’s a tight frown on Max’s face but he nods, letting out a sigh.

Max Thunder: “Right yeah... Always is. I’ll—I’ll keep myself in check. Thanks for the reminder, Jenni.”

A warm smile spreads across Jenni’s lips as she reaches out for an assuring pat on Max’s shoulder.

Jennifer Yang: “Of course. Us Thunderdome trainers gotta look out for each other, right?”

Max chuckles, his face hesitates for a second before finally cracking into a genuine smile.

Max Thunder: “Yeah, defo. Good to see you here in Valiant too, mate. You think you’ll stick around longer than just a match tonight?”

Jennifer Yang: “Let’s see if I survive this one!”

She laughs.

Max Thunder: “Reckon you’ll smash it either way, hey. You’ve always had a knack for that, Jenni.”

Jennifer Yang: “I guess I do. Well, do you mind if I join in on your warm-ups then? Show me the ways of a Valiant wrestler!”

Max nods with a grin as he gestures for her to stand next to him.

Max Thunder: “Not at all, mate! Come on.”

Feeling more relaxed, Max happily leads their warmup session as the scene ends.

Match Three - 4-Way Backstage Brawl

Alora St. Hillaire vs Corey Grimes vs Jenni Yang vs Kimberly Williams

Kimi Smith: “The following contest is a four-way backstage brawl! There are no disqualifications, no count-outs, and no pinfalls until the referee declares the first fall. The only way to win is by pinfall or submission—*anywhere!*”

The camera cuts to catering, where Kimberly Williams is already launching herself across a folding table toward Alora St. Hillaire. The golden plates of fruit and bottled sparkling water scatter as Alora scrambles backward, only to get tackled into the drinks cooler by Kim. Corey Grimes walks in with a steel chair in hand, grinning like he owns the place. Jenni Yang, focused and furious, dashes in from the side and lands a hurricanrana on Grimes that sends him tumbling over a table.

Cassie North: “We are not wasting any time! Look at Jenni go—she’s like lightning!”

Noah Jackson: “Yeah, well lightning doesn’t dent your skull with a folding chair. That’s Grimes’ job.”

Kim lifts Alora by the hair and goes for a snap German suplex onto the catering floor. Alora hits hard but rolls through and catches Kim with a short-arm clothesline, snarling as she kicks over a tray of sushi like it personally offended her. Corey’s back up and uses the chair to level Jenni right in the midsection, doubling her over, then whips her spine-first into a drink machine.

Cassie North: “Oh come on! That’s uncalled for!”

Noah Jackson: “It’s a backstage brawl, Cassie, not afternoon tea.”

Alora charges at Corey with a rolling elbow—“Eww. Simp.”—but Corey ducks it and nails a spine-jarring Grimesbuster onto the tile floor. Jenni tries to rally, clutching her side, but Alora nails her with a swinging DDT—*Stunned Silence*—onto a metal tray.

Kim wipes fruit juice from her cheek, eyes wild, and flies back into action. She uses a rolling thunder onto both Corey and Alora, then locks Corey into the Scorned sharpshooter right there on the sticky floor. He growls in agony but refuses to tap, clawing toward a tipped-over drinks cart for leverage. Alora kicks Kim in the head to break the hold.

Cassie North: “Kimberly was *this* close to winning it right there!”

Noah Jackson: “But close only counts in horseshoes, hand grenades, and being too late to stop her chaos.”

The scene shifts as Alora flees through a service hallway. Kim gives chase, with Jenni and Corey limping behind. The group bursts out into the dim glow of the parking lot. Cars and delivery vans line the scene like a trap.

Jenni springboards off a trunk and hits a flying dragonrana on Alora that plants her hard onto the asphalt. Kim flings open a van door and pulls out a toolbox—because of course she does. She swings a wrench, but Corey ducks and retaliates with a sac-town sendoff combo: pop-up rolling elbow into a massive German suplex on the concrete.

Cassie North: “That’s brutal! These four are just tearing each other apart!”

Noah Jackson: “Corey Grimes doesn’t do ‘gentle.’ He does destruction.”

Jenni and Kim team up momentarily, hitting stereo superkicks on Corey to knock him backwards over a parked scooter. But their alliance doesn't last long—Jenni goes for a wristlock cutter, only for Kim to shove her off mid-springboard into the back of a van door.

Alora stumbles to her feet, bruised and furious, and tackles Kim into a pile of traffic cones. She climbs up the side of a production truck and dives with a crossbody—but Kim rolls through it and counters with a standing full nelson suplex onto the concrete.

Security is now backing pedestrians away as the brawl spills into the foyer of the arena. Fans scream from behind the barriers. Kim whips Jenni into the wall, where she slumps down. Corey tries for a jackhammer—SacTown Explosion—but Kim wriggles free and low-blows him. Alora grabs Kim and goes for *Press Send*, but Kim twists mid-air, lands behind her, and drills her with the *Shadowblade*.

Cassie North: “That’s it! That has to be it!”

Kim doesn’t waste a second. She scrambles over Alora and hooks the leg.

1... 2... 3.

Kimi Smith: “Here is your winner... Kimberly Williams!”

Noah Jackson: “Kimberly Williams just pinned Alora St. Hillaire in the middle of the arena foyer. Surrounded by fans. And trash bins. Very on-brand.”

Cassie North: “That was insane! They tore through catering, the parking lot, and now the arena itself! Kimberly Williams is *wild*, but she earned every bit of that win!”

“Got Your Back.”

Joss Morant is walking back from the catering area with a bottle of vitamin water. She is currently dressed in half her ring attire without her kneepads or vibrant coloured hair extensions.

?: “Hey Joss! Wait up!”

Joss turns around to find Max Thunder jogging towards her, wheeling his suitcase along. Joss’ face brightens up with a friendly smile.

Joss Morant: “Max! You just got here?”

Max nods as he joins walking beside her.

Max Thunder: “Sure did. I saw you ahead, thought I’d say hey and check in on you.”

Joss tilts her head slightly.

Joss Morant: “On me? About what?”

Max Thunder: “I mean, last we spoke, we were talking about all that’s been going on around here lately. With Junior, Jackie and everything. So you know I got your back. Whatever you need, yeah?”

Joss’ face softens into an appreciative smile at the touch of concern from Max. They both haven’t been feeling their best, letting the actions of others get to them.

Joss Morant: “Yeah, I know, Max. Thanks for that. I’ve tried to refocus my energy into preparing for this match tonight so I’m feeling a lot better.”

Max nods as they round a corner of the hallway towards the locker room area of the building.

Max Thunder: “That’s good. Like I’ve told you, Trinity and Becky will def be working together and the fact that it’s a tables match, well, you know they’ll be chuckin’ whatever they can get their hands on, yeah? Nadia’s no mug either so it might be a shout to team up with her early and even the odds a bit. And even then, don’t discount them out yet either. Those Followers might stick their noses in, yeah? I wish I had a more solid strat idea for ya but even I haven’t cracked the code for that one.”

Joss lets out a dry chuckle.

Joss Morant: “Oh no, I have NOT forgotten those Followers, trust me.”

Realising how much and how fast he’s been talking, Max suddenly pauses, a sheepish look on his face.

Max Thunder: “Ah, bugger. Sorry, mate. Didn’t mean to go full coach mode on ya. I know you’re more than capable. Hell, you’re a Nightfall trainer. Force of habit, I suppose... lookin’ out for the people I care about. Can’t help it sometimes. But yeah you know what you’re doin’. I’m not the one steppin’ in there tonight.”

Joss laughs as she waves it off.

Joss Morant: “Don’t worry about it, Max. I totally get it. Seeing what you’ve been through with them, I’d be the same. I appreciate your advice so I’ll take all the help I can get. I’ve had my fair share of experience with Becky and her Followers but this time, I’m on my own. So you’re right though, maybe working with Nadia tonight would be the smart thing to do. Becky and Trinity might just work together, that’s their advantage already.”

Max Thunder: “Exactly. And one more thing, though, Trinity doesn’t give a toss about championships but she lives for carnage. Wouldn’t surprise me if she helped Becky win just to watch it all burn. So, be careful, yeah?”

Joss nods thoughtfully as she sips more of her vitamin water.

Joss Morant: “That’s good to know. I’ve just prepared myself for mad chaos, to be honest. Eyes on the back of my head and everything. I’m hoping to get back on track with a win.”

That brings a smile to Max’s face.

Max Thunder: “Awesome. Alright mate, I gotta go get changed. If you need anything, come find me, yeah? Best of luck tonight.”

Joss Morant: “Okay, you too, Max!”

They bump fists before parting ways.

“Who is ??? then?”

Howard Rothchild III steps into the centre of the ring, microphone in hand. He pauses for a moment, scanning the crowd with a confident smile before he raises the mic to speak.

Howard Rothchild III: "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to clarify the mystery surrounding tonight's match. The opponent who will be joining Harper Morrow, Kendrick Kross, and Molly Reid in the ring is none other than the returning Miki!"

The crowd buzzes with excitement as they anticipate the announcement.

Howard Rothchild III: "That's right, she returns to action tonight after her impressive victory over Jessica Carter just recently."

He grins, the crowd reacting with cheers and murmurs of surprise.

Howard Rothchild III: "The stakes are higher than ever, and Miki's presence is sure to shake things up! Could an outsider win her way into title contention for our most prestigious championship? Who knows! Let's find out! This will be a match that no one will forget!"

With a final wave, he drops the mic and exits the ring, leaving the audience in anticipation of the chaotic match to come.

Match Four - 4-Way Tables

Becky Balfour vs Joss Morant vs Nadia Allen vs Trinity Locke

Kimi Smith: "The following contest is a four-way tables match! The only way to win is to put one of your opponents through a table!"

The crowd buzzes in anticipation as four tables are already set up around ringside.

Kimi Smith: "Introducing first... from San Francisco, California... weighing in at 120 pounds... 'Nasty' Nadia Allen!"

Nadia strides down the ramp with no-nonsense intensity, jaw clenched and eyes laser-focused. She slides under the ropes and instantly scans the ring, sizing up her prey.

Kimi Smith: "Next, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... representing #TheSociety... Becky Balfour!"

The arena erupts in jeers as Becky Balfour walks through a curtain of smoke, surrounded by her eerily silent Followers. She raises her hands, basking in the hate, before snapping her fingers and sending her group to surround the ring like a cult-like perimeter.

Kimi Smith: “And from Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 130 pounds... Joss Morant!”

Bright lights pulse in time with the beat of “Walking on Sunshine” as Joss bounces onto the stage, arms wide. She high-fives fans on her way to the ring, radiating optimism even as she eyes the chaos ahead.

Kimi Smith: “And finally... from Queensland, Australia... ‘The Hell Pup’... Trinity Locke!”

Trinity saunters out with cocky flair, blowing kisses to the crowd as she skips toward the ring. She hops up onto the apron and flips over the top rope, landing on her feet and sticking out her tongue at Nadia.

The bell rings and all four immediately break off into rapid-fire strikes. Nadia unloads on Joss with vicious elbows while Becky takes a cheap shot on Trinity with a snap DDT. The match starts fast and messy.

Nadia brutalises Joss with a series of knees and a rolling elbow, sending her tumbling out of the ring. Becky drags a table into the ring but Trinity cuts her off with a diving clothesline. The two briefly team up to isolate Nadia, cornering her with stomps.

Cassie North: “Is this... a Becky and Trinity alliance? I didn’t think Becky *did* partnerships.”

Noah Jackson: “Becky’s not teaming—she’s manipulating. Trinity’s just too bratty to realise it.”

Trinity and Becky hoist Nadia up together and set up for a double suplex through a table. But before they can execute it, Joss scrambles back into the ring and yanks Becky off her feet with a slingshot corkscrew crossbody that stuns both her and Trinity.

Becky tries to retaliate but eats a superkick from Joss that knocks her clean over the top rope. Trinity grabs Joss from behind and goes for a crooked arm lariat, but Joss ducks and counters with a spinning neckbreaker. Trinity rolls to the outside in frustration.

Nadia recovers and grabs Joss in a crossface chickenwing, dragging her down into the centre of the ring. Joss claws for the ropes instinctively, but there’s no rope breaks here. Trinity slides back in with a springboard diving knee to break the hold.

Cassie North: “Trinity just saved Joss! I didn’t think she had it in her!”

Noah Jackson: “She didn’t. That was just a stray boot. Don’t give her credit.”

Becky re-enters and gestures to Trinity, the two clearly gesturing a plan. Together, they double-team Nadia again. Trinity perches on the top turnbuckle while Becky sets up a table. The crowd boos loudly as the two lift Nadia up.

They hoist her for a powerbomb, but Joss comes flying in, dragging Becky down by the waist. Becky turns and slaps Joss hard across the face—but Trinity uses the distraction. She screams out, hoists Nadia up on her shoulders, and drives her off the turnbuckle through the table with a diving splash.

The crowd erupts as the bell rings.

Kimi Smith: “Here is your winner... Trinity Locke!”

Cassie North: “She did it! Trinity just put Nadia through a table and stole the win!”

Noah Jackson: “Stole? Please. That’s strategy. Trinity let Becky do the prep, then cashed in. I’m almost proud.”

Trinity jumps onto the second rope, smug and satisfied as Becky glares daggers at her from the outside. Joss looks disappointed but nods in respect, while Nadia clutches her ribs on the mat amid splinters.

“One Step At A Time.”

Backstage, Jennifer Carter is on standby with visiting guest wrestler, Miki.

Jennifer: “Guys, I’m happy to say I’m here with Miki ahead of her upcoming contest, as announced by Howard earlier this evening. Miki, good to see you again, firstly.”

Miki smiles warmly.

Miki: “Too kind, but thank you. I’m glad to be here, honestly. It’s not often you get a chance to guest compete at a place like this, let alone twice in a season.”

Nodding, Jenny looks to the camera for a moment, then back to her guest.

Jennifer: “No doubt, it’s a rare opportunity, and you get to potentially earn a championship match too when all is said and done. How do you approach this one?”

Miki: “Well, like any other match, really. Just...one step at a time, you know? It’s still all about the right place, right opportunity. Yeah, okay, so the people I’m going out there with are talented for sure. Harper, she’s been around a while now. Kendrick, he’s a champion here for a reason. Molly, she’s been doing this for a long, long time and even that break hasn’t dulled her. So it’s tough, but it’s exciting. I’m just glad to get this chance, really.”

Jennifer: “Well, thank you very much for your time and good luck to you, Miki.”

Miki waves as she heads off, leaving Jennifer to smile at the camera.

Match Five – 4-Way Elimination

Harper Morrow vs Kendrick Kross vs Miki (guest) vs Molly Reid

Kimi Smith: “The following contest is a four-way elimination match! Introducing first... from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 210 pounds... Kendrick Kross!”

Kendrick steps through the curtain to a chorus of cheers as “Seven Nation Army” pulses through the arena. He jogs to the ring with quiet intensity, eyes forward, bouncing on the balls of his feet before rolling in and rising to his feet with a glare at the stage.

Kimi Smith: “And his opponent... from Essex, England, weighing in at 145 pounds... the Hellraiser... Harper Morrow!”

“Bury Me Face Down” blasts through the arena as Harper Morrow struts out, arms wide. She mouths off to a few fans before sliding into the ring, her white tights shimmering under the lights. She leans against the ropes, sizing up Kendrick.

Kimi Smith: “Introducing next... from Newark, New Jersey, weighing in at 130 pounds... Mikayla Straughton... Miki!”

Miki bursts out to “That Won’t Save Us”, slapping hands with fans as she bounds to the ring. She flips herself onto the apron, strikes a confident pose, and enters with a twirl, throwing a few shadow kicks before facing off with the others.

Kimi Smith: “And finally... from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 134 pounds... Molly Reid!”

The crowd roars for Molly as “Higher” hits. She makes her way down with that signature cocky grin, leather jacket slung over her shoulder. She removes her sunglasses at ringside, hops onto the apron and leaps over the ropes, landing on one knee with her arms outstretched to the cheers.

The bell rings and the energy in the arena surges as all four wrestlers move to different corners, circling cautiously. Miki bounces on the balls of her feet, eyes scanning the ring. Kendrick cracks his knuckles and points toward Harper. Molly just smirks and motions for someone to bring it.

It’s chaos immediately — Kendrick charges at Harper, ducking under a wild lariat and catching her with a snap German suplex that dumps her on the back of her neck. Harper rolls under the bottom rope to escape. At the same time, Miki and Molly tie up centre ring. Miki ducks under and peppers Molly with a lightning-fast series of kicks to the ribs and thighs. Molly eats the shots and backs into the ropes, coming off with a flying forearm that drops Miki.

Kendrick re-enters the ring, grabbing Molly by the waist and looking for a German suplex of his own, but she elbows her way out and spins behind him, trying for a judo hip toss. Kendrick blocks it and transitions into a vertical suplex, holding Molly in the air before slamming her down hard.

Miki charges again — step-up enzuigiri! Kendrick stumbles, Miki keeps up the pressure with a spinning heel kick to the jaw, sending him spilling to the corner. She sprints, launching knee-first into Kendrick’s chest with a brutal strike. The crowd pops as Miki climbs up onto the second rope, raining down quick-fire elbow strikes to the top of Kendrick’s head.

Cassie North: “Miki’s bringing the storm! She’s showing why she earned this shot tonight!”

Noah Jackson: “And Kendrick’s face is paying the price for it.”

But Harper’s back in, pulling Miki down roughly by the ankle and yanking her into a nasty short-arm clothesline. Miki’s head bounces off the canvas. Harper stomps at her midsection, then drags her into the middle of the ring and applies an Octopus Stretch, wrenching back on the arm and neck. Miki grimaces but refuses to tap.

Molly breaks it up with a dropkick to Harper's side. She whips Harper to the ropes and leaps up — monkey flip! Harper lands hard, rolling to her knees just in time to catch Molly's *spinning backfist* to the jaw. Molly hits the ropes again and nails a rolling thunder. She covers — only a two-count.

Kendrick now pulls Molly away and lifts her into a *Falcon Arrow*, hooking the leg for a nearfall of his own. As he stands, Miki vaults off the ropes with a springboard missile dropkick that catches him flush.

All four are down briefly as the crowd cheers the high pace. Harper's the first to her feet. She slinks into the corner and waits, watching Miki groggily rise. Harper smirks.

She skips toward Miki... and *blows a kiss*.

Mist.

The black Asian mist blinds Miki instantly, and before she can wipe her eyes, Harper leaps — *codebreaker* to the face. Miki crumples as Harper sprawls over her.

1... 2... 3.

Miki has been eliminated!

Cassie North: "Oh come on! Miki didn't see it coming!"

Noah Jackson: "That's the idea, Cassie. It's called black mist for a reason."

Kendrick immediately pounces on Harper, furious at the underhanded tactic. He hurls her out of the ring, then springboards to the outside with a moonsault, crashing into her and the barricade. Harper tries to crawl back in, but Kendrick grabs her leg and yanks her into a rolling kneebar on the floor. She taps—but it doesn't count outside.

Back in the ring, Kendrick lines her up—*Tramp Stamp*! Curb stomp in the middle of the ring!

But Kendrick doesn't see Molly behind him.

Air Molly — the 450 frog splash connects flush on Kendrick's back just as he's getting up from the stomp. He crumbles to the mat.

1... 2... 3.

Kendrick Kross is eliminated.

Cassie North: “Out of nowhere! Molly just took Kendrick’s moment and stole the fall!”

Noah Jackson: “Like I’ve always said — Reid’s not just cardio and charm. She’s cold when she needs to be.”

Final two. Harper vs Molly.

Harper, worn down but still swinging, pulls herself up and immediately eats a spinning heel kick. Molly rushes into the corner and hits *Get Down!* — flying crossbody — then rolls through, hits the ropes and *Stay Down!* — flying superman punch connects!

Harper stumbles, dazed. Molly backs into the corner, slaps her thigh and waits... Harper turns—

Molly Kick! Superkick directly to the jaw.

1... 2... 3.

Kimi Smith: “Here is your winner... Molly Reid!”

Cassie North: “She had to go through fire, mist, and flying knees — but Molly Reid stands tall tonight.”

Noah Jackson: “I’d call her a queen, but Aphrodite might kick my face off.”

“Eyes Only Looking Upward.”

As the show cuts backstage, we find Carter Latimer standing next to the former Lionheart champion Leanne Jones.

Carter Latimer: Welcome back ladies and gentlemen. I’m standing here tonight with one of the most decorated wrestlers in Valiant, a day one original, Leanne Jones.

Jones nods at the camera, offering a smile.

Carter Latimer: Leanne, last week you called your shot, so to speak, announcing that you're not interested in a Lionheart championship rematch and that your sight is set solely on the Valiant championship. After tonight's main event, you might be one step closer to your goal.

Leanne flashes a slight smile.

Leanne Jones: A step closer but still so far away. A Hell In A Cell tonight, a clusterfuck ladder match between, potentially, 12 people for three briefcases. Howard really didn't make our job easy. Which is fair.

After a brief pause, she continues.

Leanne Jones I mean, the Valiant championship is the top prize in the company and one of the most coveted titles in the industry, more so after Julaina broke the record for most defenses. She set a high bar, her challenger should be someone who can at least come close to her level.

Carter raises an eyebrow, deciding to poke Leanne with a slightly provocative question.

Carter Latimer: Is that a snipe at the decision to give her cousin a shot at the Valiant championship last week?

Without losing her composure, Leanne answers the question.

Leanne Jones: I'm not a fan of handing out title shots like candies, even less so at people who are not even signed to the company. But Estrella did beat Juliana, although in a tag match and without pinning her, and nobody can deny her talent. All in all, I've seen far worse contenders being put in her way.

Carter Latimer: Fair enough. Let's start with your match, then. You, Max Thunder, Jenna Sharpe and Shaina. What are your thoughts on them? How did you prepare for the match?

She takes a moment to think before replying.

Leanne Jones: I have the utmost respect for Max, and as you know that's not something I give so easily. And this has nothing to do with his girlfriend being one of my students at

Southie. He's a solid guy, a talented competitor and with strong moral principles. As for how I prepared for the match? You can't prepare for something like this. You lock four people in a cell, there's no strategy at play. It's survival, it's instinct. And I trust mine.

Carter Latimer: You didn't say anything about Shaina and Jenna tho.

Carter teases her with a smirk.

Leanne Jones: And I rather not to. I have nothing good to say about them.

Her reply is blunt, lapidary. Carter simply nods and moves on.

Carter Latimer: That's.. fine. Well, I guess I should leave you to your match then. Good luck, Leanne.

Leanne Jones: Thank you Carter. See you tomorrow for the second part of the interview.

She replies with her usual confidence, before turning around and walking away.

Main Event - 4-Way Hell in a Cell

Jenna Sharpe vs Leanne Jones vs Max Thunder vs Shaina

Kimi Smith: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is now time for your *main event of the evening!* The following contest is a *Four-Way Hell in a Cell Match!* There are no disqualifications, no count-outs, and the only way to win is by pinfall or submission inside the ring!"

The ominous steel structure begins to lower, a towering cage enclosing the ring and ringside area. The crowd buzzes with anticipation as the lights dim.

Kimi Smith: "Introducing first... from Cardiff, Wales... weighing in at 125 pounds... she is *'The Dream Chaser'... Shaina!"

"Flowers (Sunship Remix)" by Sweet Female Attitude hits as Shaina struts out, all smiles and shimmer. She makes a show of taking selfies on the ramp, even stopping for a twirl that turns into a cautious glance at the descending Cell. Her demeanour shifts slightly as she steps inside the cage, clearly unnerved but putting on a brave face.

Kimi Smith: “Next... from Melbourne, Australia... weighing in at 199 pounds... he is Max Thunder!”

“Sucks 2 Suck” blasts through the arena as Max Thunder bursts through the curtain, hyped and fired up. He slaps hands with fans and races to the Cell, scaling the steps and staring up at the unforgiving steel with a mix of anticipation and defiance.

Kimi Smith: “And their opponent... from Calgary, Alberta, Canada... weighing in at 130 pounds... she is *‘The Canadian Wildcat’*... Jenna Sharpe!”

“Missile” by Dorothy plays as Jenna walks to the ring with determined focus. She nods to the crowd but keeps her eyes forward, stepping into the Cell like it’s just another day at the office. Her game face is on, her legacy in mind.

Kimi Smith: “And finally... from Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 117 pounds... she is Leanne Jones!”

“Nowhere Generation” by Rise Against blares as Leanne walks with purposeful swagger, arms spread like she owns the place. She kicks the steel steps with a smirk before rolling in, scanning her opponents with a calculating glance. The door slams shut. The Cell is locked. The war is on.

Cassie North: “Four different stories, four different motives, all about to collide in one of the most brutal environments in wrestling. I’ve got goosebumps!”

Noah Jackson: “Hell in a Cell: where careers die, hearts break, and Max Thunder learns a valuable lesson about knee injuries.”

The bell rings and chaos erupts instantly.

Leanne targets Jenna while Max and Shaina trade quick shots. Max takes early control, using his speed to dodge a roundhouse and land a corkscrew neckbreaker on Shaina. But Shaina rolls out under the ropes, avoiding any more punishment. Leanne unleashes a vicious striking combo on Jenna, landing a sharp dropkick that sends the Canadian into the corner. She follows with a running corner senton.

Cassie North: “Leanne Jones is striking with purpose—she’s here to send a message!”

Noah Jackson: “Yeah, the message is ‘don’t turn your back unless you want a foot to the skull.’”

Max catches Leanne mid-run with a beautiful kitchen sink and a football kick to the spine. He points to the top rope, leaps, and hits a moonsault double foot stomp to Jenna, then kips up to the roar of the crowd. But the moment he lands, his leg buckles slightly.

Cassie North: “That knee’s giving him trouble again! He’s pushing through it, but how long can that last?”

Noah Jackson: “I give it ten minutes or one big Shaina tantrum—whichever comes first.”

Shaina, now wielding a steel chair she casually “found”, sneaks in and blasts Max in the back, capitalising on his weakness. She hits a somersault buttdrop across his spine and poses for a phantom camera. Leanne tries to intervene, but Shaina drop toeholds her into the second turnbuckle, then follows with a Snap Shot superkick for good measure.

Jenna recovers and starts chaining submissions together—first a butterfly lock on Shaina, then turning it into a cross armbreaker on Leanne when she tries to break it up. She seamlessly transitions into a kneeling surfboard stretch on Max, wrenching back while shouting, “This is *my* moment!”

Cassie North: “Jenna Sharpe showing why she’s called the woman of a thousand holds! It’s a clinic!”

Noah Jackson: “It’s also a traffic jam of pain. Somebody get a ref with a whistle.”

Jenna shifts to target Shaina again, landing the Downfall for a close two-count. She attempts the Devil’s Trap on Leanne, but Leanne scrambles out and rams Jenna back-first into the steel mesh. Leanne climbs to the top rope—crowd on their feet—and connects with the Olympia Bomb on Shaina from the top rope!

Max barely breaks up the pin at two. Thunder rallies with a second wind, striking Leanne with Iron Tail, then lifts her up for the Thunderbolt—but Leanne counters in mid-air with a satellite DDT! Jenna hits a flying triangle choke on Max—he’s fading fast!

Shaina uses the distraction to grab a kendo stick from under the ring and cracks it across Jenna’s back. She scales the middle rope for the Rocker Dropper, but Leanne charges and powerbombs her *off* the middle rope and *through* a table outside the ring!

Cassie North: “Oh my *God*! Shaina is broken in half! Someone check on her!”

Noah Jackson: “Nah, she’s just doing her best ‘influencer in distress’ impression.”

Back in the ring, Leanne superkicks Max as he rises, then stomps on the back of his head with the Kinkaku-ji. Jenna tries to roll her up—Leanne kicks out at two. They brawl in the centre, exhausted, trading stiff shots until Leanne lands a desperate Cross The Lan.

She drags Jenna into position, takes a deep breath, and smashes a Zoned In to the back of her head.

1... 2... 3!

Kimi Smith: “Here is your winner... Leanne Jones!”

Cassie North: “What a performance by Leanne Jones! She fought off all three competitors and delivered the kill shot to Jenna Sharpe.”

Noah Jackson: “She didn’t just win—she *conquered*. Like a revolution in real time.”