

We're back for Night Two, it's...

A TWO NIGHT EXTRAVAGANZA IN SNAPDRAGON STADIUM!



EVP

**ENTER THE
SNAPDRAGON**

EMERYVILLEPRO

NIGHT 1:
26TH APRIL



NIGHT 2:
27TH APRIL

EMERYVILLEPRO

LIVE on The Battleground Network!

From the **Snapdragon Stadium** in San Diego, California (**35,000 capacity**)

April 2025

COLD OPEN: SET MY WORLD ABLAZE



HAYLEY MORGAN (VO): *"I was seconds away..."*

A grayscale filtered version of the first Emeryville show, the title tournament, over a low, instrumental version of Bring Me the Horizon's *"Hospital for Souls"*--specifically, the ending of the show, Helena Hope's arm around Hayley Morgan's throat, strangling the life from the Phantom Queen. Hayley resisted as long as she could, but when there's no air coming in, there's only so much that can go out...and, eventually, she fell to "The Last." There's an exhale of breath away from the camera, as the footage plays on loop.

HAYLEY MORGAN (VO): *"Seconds away--but I made one mistake. And that was all it took...people have talked ever since about how I never outright submitted that night, who knows what would've happened if...if I'm blunt about it, it's a question that nags at me all the time. Every time I step into training, every match I've had since, both here and in other promotions...I think about what would've happened, if I didn't overcommit. What might've happened, if I didn't make that choice, on that night, at that moment...would I be the one standing in the middle of a ring, that title in my hands, raised up over my head?"*

The footage shifts to *EVP Prime Time*--Hayley arguably survives the Thunderbolt from Max Thunder because of Greco's intervention, only to succumb to Famemaker 411, and this time, she has to submit. There's no alternative, there's nowhere to go. There's a level of frustration in Hayley's voice when she eventually speaks again, as the clip starts back over.

HAYLEY MORGAN (VO): *"Would I have fallen at the first hurdle, if I were holding that title? Would I have had to give up that title as quickly as I won it, if I'd walked into Prime Time with it around my waist? Would I have stumbled in that title match, like I did in the three-way? Or would I have had a different purpose, a different...fate, if you believe in such a thing? Sometimes...these things are blessings in disguise. It's hard to see that in the moment, but sometimes...if you take a step back, these things look different. Two major stumbles, right out of the blocks..."*

The scene switches again, as the guitar starts to come in on the song--and, indeed, the color of the footage starts to restore. Slowly but surely, the lights come in, and now we're at EVP On a Pole; Helena hoisted up onto Hayley's shoulders, spiked down with Divine Punishment, her head rocking off the mat. The footage slows, as the Raven lets out a breath, just in time for the One, Two, Three.

HAYLEY MORGAN (VO): *"I learn...from every match, from every misstep I make, from every trick of the trade. Helena and Greco played their hands, but that night, I dealt the cards. I showed them both that they're not unbeatable, I showed them both that they're not untouchable...Helena looked like she'd seen a ghost when she heard the news, when she heard my name echoing thru the room..."*

The footage comes back to full color when Hayley has her arm raised, an echo of Ralph Adler's commentary from that night--**Hayley got lucky! REAL lucky! And so did Erza Lazarus!**--playing over the last of the footage, before we cut abruptly to the present, and the smirking face of the Phantom Queen.

HAYLEY MORGAN: "Small blessings...I'd much rather be entering this match with the EVP Championship around my waist, but I'll take the consolation prize of giving myself the biggest advantage in the meantime. I'll take the consolation prize, for now, of being the first one to beat the champion...and proving I could've done it back at the tournament. I stuck the woman who's beaten everyone to the mat, and it wasn't even with my best shots. And everyone watching, everyone coming into this match...they all watched it happen, they can tell themselves...whatever they need to hear, but they all knew what happened..."

The camera pans back, and the footage projected on the wall behind Hayley blanks for a moment--then replaces itself, black wings extending across the wall, like they were extruding from her back. The Raven looks up to see the message emblazoned over her head, in foggy text: **#AndNew**.

HAYLEY MORGAN: "Sometimes...you need a reminder of what it is you're working for. I owe every single person in this match tonight a thank you...for reminding me what I've put so much work into, what I've spent years trying to come back to...tonight, there won't be any mistakes, there won't be any excuses, there won't be anything...but the EVP throne being assumed...by the Phantom Queen of Swords."

There's no catchphrase or pose--Hayley hasn't even lowered her expression back to the camera, just staring up at the wall as if she were reading the text upside-down still...but she stays like that, until the video cuts away.

SEGMENT: OPENING...PART DEUX!



"EVP! EVP! EVP! EVP!"

It's loud in here. Again.

My *God* it's loud in here.

Again!

San Diego, California and its surrounding areas have come OUT for this weekend at Snapdragon Stadium. We are 30,000-odd for the second night in a row! The biggest weekend in the history of Emeryville Pro Wrestling Academy, and we are joined once again by Ronnie Ward and Ralph Adler!

RONNIE WARD: A show so nice, we're doing it twice. It is APRIL 27TH! It is Sunday Night! And it's time to ENTER THE SNAPDRAGON!

RALPH ADLER: ...Night *Two*.

RONNIE WARD: On our first night here at Snapdragon Stadium, we recrowned Kendal Harlow as the Prime Time Champion in an epic Last Woman Standing main event, we saw the debuts of Ever Greentree, Bella Townshend, The Sensationals and Levi Blixt AND, on top of all that, after an incredible back and forth with our founder Emery Layton, coming out of retirement for one night only, Claire Lichfield defeated the She-King to win a spot in Emeryville Pro. My GOD, what a crazy new chapter we're seeing come to fruition before our very eyes!

RALPH ADLER: And that's only Night One. Tonight's got The Menu challenging SBYA for the Tag Team Championships, KING Hendrix and Sachin Kamal fighting for the chance to challenge the Prime Time Champion - who we now know to be Kendal Harlow - and on top of more debuts and craziness, we've got a Falls Count Anywhere grudge match between Saika Kamigawa and *JERRRRRRRIKA*.

RONNIE WARD: Enjoyed that one, huh.

RALPH ADLER: Gotta really roll your 'R's, that's how you pronounce it.

RONNIE WARD: And if that wasn't enough, that's not even mentioning our insane main event, the EVP Championship Scramble. Helena Hope defends against WYM Greco, Erza Lazarus, Hayley Morgan *and* Gia! Folks, you won't wanna miss a second of the show!

OPENING MATCH: *Nova The Soothsayer vs. Jinx The Jestress*



RONNIE WARD: Nova The Soothsayer, back in EVP for our biggest show of all time! A renowned clairvoyant in the world of pro wrestling, part of the same class of Emeryville Pro that came up with you, me, KC, Dasha and Mara. Y'know, Nova actually told me about this show about a year ago.

RALPH ADLER: We've got a bit more of a history with her than that, Ronnie! Hey, if Nova didn't give me a kick up the ass like she did, we'd have never won the Borderline Tag Team Championships.

RONNIE WARD: Mind you, I've heard that was actually a different Nova...

RALPH ADLER: What are you talking about?

RONNIE WARD: Nevermind, it's very complicated and we've only got so much show. And we still need to talk about her opponent, Jinx The Jestress, making her debut here tonight. I've heard some stories about her, and, uh...they seem...*concerning*.

RALPH ADLER: Me too. She seems delightful!

RONNIE WARD: That's...not exactly the word I'd use. Maybe chaotic. Unpredictable. *Dangerous*.

RALPH ADLER: My God. What a *woman*.

RONNIE WARD: Jesus. Anyway, Nova The Soothsayer vs Jinx The Jestress in our opening battle! Hold onto your butts!

DING DING!

Order vs Chaos here, as we begin Night Two of *Enter The Snapdragon*.

Nova The Soothsayer and JINX The Jestress circle with measured pace, each sizing the other up.

Nova with composed mystery. JINX with erratic energy in her every twitch.

JINX strikes first, charging in wild with a flurry of chops and elbows that back Nova into the ropes. Nova ducks a wild lariat and springs off the ropes with a Running Dropkick, sending JINX staggering. Nova kips up right after the dropkick! Ahh, Time's Champion in the house, lads.

Nova then follows with a crisp Headscissor Takedown. She floats into a cover!

ONE!

Noo, too early.

JINX kicks out and immediately rakes the eyes while the ref's view is obscured. A sharp Thrust Kick drops Nova to her knees, and JINX spikes her with a Snap DDT! She grins as she stomps Nova's fingers, then applies a Fujiwara Armbar, yanking back hard.

Nova twists free and scrambles up, catching JINX with a surprise Calf Kick to the jaw. A Sunset Flip...and into another pin from Nova!

ONE!

TWO!!

T- No! Kickout from JINX!

Nova rises quickly, hits a Forearm Smash, then European Uppercut, then leaps with a Crossbody, but she's caught! JINX counters into a Sidewalk Slam! And now JINX drives her knee repeatedly into Nova's spine before applying a vicious Camel Clutch!

Slowly but surely, the crowd has chosen Nova as their fave here and wills her back. She bites through the pain and fights to her knees, then surges upward, backpacking JINX into the corner!

With her stationary, a low Dropkick stuns the Jestress, and Nova hits the ropes, rebounds, and comes back at JINX with a big Step-Up Enziguri! Nova hooks the leg once again!

ONE!

TWO!!

And a half, as JINX gets her shoulder up!

JINX retreats to the outside to regroup, but Nova is already in flight. I guess you could say she saw it coming.

Springboard Splash to the outside from Nova! Nova chucks JINX back in and climbs the top rope, she's staying on her. Moonsault, but JINX rolls away! Nova crashes! JINX wastes no time—Running Senton from JINX!

ONE!

TWO!!

But it's not enough!

Frustrated, JINX grabs Nova by the hair and slams her head repeatedly into the mat. She sets up for Twisted Laughter—but Nova slips out!

DRAGON SCREW KICK from Nova The Soothsayer!

JINX kneels, but this is it. This is prime position for Nova. She doesn't see every detail of the future but she does get flickers of moments and where they might lead and she saw this coming ages ago, and knew what she'd need to do right here, right now.

BUZZSAW KICK to the temple! And now, once again, Nova goes for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

...

TH— No! It's not enough!

Nova fuck about. She'd expected to win by now and yet we're still here. She pulls JINX, looking to lock on a LaBell Lock but JINX traps Nova's arms and shifts, reversing it into a pin!

ONE!

TWO!!

But it's not enough to put Fate's Champion away just yet!

Back on their feet, JINX rocks Nova with a Carny Kick! The Defender of the Timeline drops like she's been hexed, but JINX catches her. She's got her held in place, facing upward.

JINX looks at us. She looks right at us.

And with an Inverted Spinning STO, she takes Nova down with CURTAIN JERK!

She makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

...

THREE!!!

WINNER: Jinx The Jestress!

RALPH ADLER: Well, I'm sold! Guess Nova didn't see *that one* coming.

RONNIE WARD: A ferocious debut from JINX The Jestress, but my GOD what a fight from Hope Levitt there.

RALPH ADLER: Fight, Schmight! JINX is amazing, and powerful and oh my God did she just look at me? It wasn't me, it was HIM! He said all the mean things!

RONNIE WARD: No, she wasn't looking at you. Also stop shaking my shoulders like that.

RALPH ADLER: Oh. Right. Well thank God for that!

If you would like to support these characters, you can follow Nova The Soothsayer [here](#) and JINX The Jestress [here](#).

ONE ON ONE: KING Hendrix vs. Sachin Kamal

Winner faces Prime Time Champion Kendal Harlow at our next event!



RALPH ADLER: Hail to the King, baby, we're about to see KING Hendrix stamp his ticket to the Prime Time Championship. God, KING Hendrix vs. Kendal Harlow, what a match that's gonna be.

RONNIE WARD: You seem very sure.

RALPH ADLER: Yeah! Why wouldn't I be? Didn't you see how he beat Charlie St. Haven at *EVP On A Pole*? In a Texas Bullrope match no doubt! Have you met that girl? She's more cowboy than a copy of Red Dead Redemption, and he beat her at her own game!

RONNIE WARD: I mean he *did*...but Sachin Kamal beat Mara Jade Miller at *EVP On A Pole*, too. In a deathmatch, no less! Well, Monster's Ball, but same idea. And we all know deathmatches are Mara's forte, as it were. Sachin did exactly the same thing as Hendrix, in effect! And now, we have two men with a lot of momentum on their sides, both impressing so greatly on the last show with their efforts they've been given the opportunity to get to the Prime Time Championship, won back last night by Kendal Harlow. Folks, we are in for a BANGER!

DING DING!

KING Hendrix stares across the ring. His jaw clenched, his posture regal.

Sachin Kamal. Defiant and resolute, shifts on his feet, eyes locked.

They circle, and then, finally, they meet in the middle. The pair of them meet with some chain! And it's your usual fare - wristlocks, hammerlocks, headlock takedowns, headscissors, all of that being reversed and countered back and forth like a tennis match, and there doesn't seem to be much of a clear winner between either.

When it comes to the fundamentals, what's clear is they're very equally matched.

Well, until Sachin sends Hendrix off to the ropes. Hendrix then comes back with a shoulder block. He moves across the ring, springing off the ropes as he runs, but Sachin avoids him both times, first with a dropdown 'sleep', then with a leapfrog. When Hendrix comes back, Sachin takes him down with a quick armdrag! He covers!

ONE!

TWO!!

But Hendrix kicks out! Too early.

And then once Hendrix springs up, he strikes Sachin with a spinning back kick to the ribs! Then a rolling elbow that staggers Sachin back into the ropes. Hendrix Irish Whips him, Sachin rebounds, ducks the clothesline, leapfrogs again!

Armdrag! Hendrix rolls to his feet, another armdrag from Sachin!

Sachin pops up, Hendrix pops back up. DROPKICK to the chest from Sachin! He's in control of this one for the moment, and San Diego knows it!

Hendrix rolls to the outside, just to give himself a few moments here. Regroup, as it were. Sachin, however, doesn't wait, as he rolls to the outside but Hendrix sees him coming and WHAM! He chucks him into the barricade, head first. The ref warns them to get back into the ring, reminding them that they ended Thunder/Fowler just one night earlier because they couldn't keep it together and they weren't afraid to do so here.

So Hendrix pulls Sachin back into the ring with him and takes him down with a quick Big Boot once Sachin is stood upright!

And now he hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

But Sachin kicks out!

As they both get back to their feet, Sachin begins the fight back with a knife edge chop! Then another! But Hendrix shuts that shit right down with a European uppercut which properly rocks Sachin for just enough time to follow with a Discus Knee Strike! Sachin drops to a knee, but Hendrix isn't done. He grabs his opponent - BIG snap underhook suplex! Hendrix covers again!

ONE!

TWO!!

...

THR- But once again, Sachin kicks out!

Hendrix is methodical now. He's aware, as we all have come to be over the last few shows, that Sachin is at his most dangerous in the sky, just like him. And if he can stop Sachin being able to use the same weapon HE has access to, he's got the advantage. So he targets the leg.

Knee stomps.

Elbows onto the knee and thigh area.

He pulls Sachin up - Dragon Screw!

Ending this sequence, he hoists Sachin up and takes him down with a fireman's carry backbreaker! Hendrix hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

But no! Sachin fights out of it!

Hendrix stays on him, pulling him up and wrapping around for a German suplex. He chucks him back, but Sachin flips through and lands behind him! Hendrix turns - forearm smash from Sachin! And then a back elbow! And finally a superkick takes Hendrix down!

Hendrix rolls to the apron, trying to catch a breath, create a bit of space, but Sachin hits the ropes, chucking a dropkick at Hendrix, which sends him crashing off the apron! Sachin hits the far side. His leg aches from the attack on it earlier, but he's still pushing through.

TOPE CON HILO!

Sachin rolls Hendrix back into the ring and takes his time climbing to the top rope, allowing enough time for Hendrix to get back his feet before he hits him with a big missile dropkick!

He clutches his knee, slowed by the earlier damage, giving himself a little bit of time to recover before pulling himself back up in the corner. Hendrix gets to his feet slowly, dragging himself up, and Sachin lines himself up. This could be a good chance for Kamal Cometh, and he can put this thing away and go on to challenge for the Prime Time Championship, but as he comes running in, spinning back elbow from Hendrix! He heard him!

BEND THE KNEE! A Sitout Lifting Double Underhook Facebuster from The KING!

Hendrix hooks the leg once again!

ONE!

TWO!!

...

***THRE-* BUT SACHIN KICKS OUT! RIGHT at the last second!**

Hendrix can't believe it.

He slams the mat. He gets in the ref's face, he demands an explanation for the 'slow' count (which didn't happen, obviously), and then, with a look of pure anger on his face as Sachin lies there, he climbs up to the top rope. Sachin's hit an aerial move, now it's Hendrix's turn. So he leaps for a Spiral Tap!

But no!

Sachin rolls out of the way!

Hendrix crashes!

Both men are down.

They crawl to opposite sides of the ring. Each a corner to themselves, pulling themselves up using the rope as they lock eyes in this ultra competitive match. They both want a shot at the Prime Time Championship, and they're not afraid to go all the way for it.

Hendrix charges in, but Sachin cuts him off with a running clothesline! Then another! Hendrix reaches his feet - KAMAL COMETH! The Meteora he was going for before connects and Hendrix drops.

Sachin drops with him!

ONE!

TWO!!

...

THRE- BUT HENDRIX KICKS OUT NOW!

Sachin exhales, on his knees. What the hell is it gonna take?

He pulls Hendrix up, maybe thinking Kiss of Venus to put this match behind him, but Hendrix fights back! YAKUZA KICK! Spinning Backfist! Rolling Clothesline! He's got Sachin absolutely rocked at the moment. He drags Sachin up, but wait! No! Sachin goes behind!

Hendrix turns - SUPERKICK from Sachin!

Sachin scoops him—KISS OF VENUS! Center of the ring!

He hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

...

THREE!

WINNER: Sachin Kamal!

RONNIE WARD: SACHIN DOES IT! Sachin Kamal is the next challenger for Kendal Harlow's Prime Time Championship! And what a match to do it in.

RALPH ADLER: I feel like I just did a cardio workout, and I usually hate cardio. But Jesus Christ, man, they tried to kill each other out there. And I have to think KING Hendrix won't be happy about losing out on this opportunity. Not at all, and I bet it's not the last we'll hear of this...

If you would like to support these characters, you can follow KING Hendrix [here](#) and Sachin Kamal [here](#).

SEGMENT: AFTER THE BELL: REDEMPTION ARC (ICYMI)



And before we continue on with the show, we go now to the announcer's desk, where Ronnie Ward and Ralph Adler are standing (well, sitting) by.

RONNIE WARD: Hell of a show so far, folks, but before we continue on and get set up for our next match, we're going to take you back to something that occurred backstage on our last show, an online-exclusive *After The Bell* interview with Erza Lazarus, one of the five participants in the EVP Championship Scramble later tonight.

RALPH ADLER: *After The Bell*? I didn't know we did *After The Bell*. Why didn't anyone tell me we did that?

RONNIE WARD: Well, we do! And we're gonna show it now for those of you who may have missed it. We heard from "The Queen of Swords" Hayley Morgan earlier tonight, also challenging in our main event, but let's hear what Erza had to say after our last show, *EVP On A Pole*!

It's an EVP After The Bell special! Not an official name or anything, but fuck it the Lazarus-Written Universe is fluid like gender, baby! With cameras rolling backstage alongside correspondent Erica Waters—who is, of course, exhibiting nothing but flawless professionalism after narrowly escaping the wrath of an irate Emery Layton. She is definitely not distracted or drifting off while watching the entrances for the impending Brooke Morgan vs. Kendal Harlow main event. No, certainly not gawking at the monitor in absentmindedness at the challenger's rear end during her entrance. Her reverie is broken as Erza Lazarus strides through the hallway unwrapping wrist tape and tongue-in-cheek with her match result that had just occurred. Erica scrambles to action, **GET BACK TO WORK!**, dragging a reluctant cameraman in tow and tapping the mic to make sure it's live before closing the distance with The Superhuman.

ERICA WATERS: Erza! First off, congratulations on the win tonight — and for securing that fourth entry spot in the EVP Championship match at Snapdragon Stadium. Just wanted to get your immediate reaction to gaining the fourth entrant advantage, and where your head's at going into such a huge matchup next month.

Erza plants her hands on her hips, a wry smirk tugging at her lips. Her thoughts swirl like a maelstrom she can barely keep up with, and she lets out a quiet, knowing laugh under her breath.

ERZA LAZARUS: If I'm being completely honest with myself, Erica; I've not been my best self lately. Something has been eating away at me since Prime Time, and I haven't really been able to shake it. No matter how many pushups I do, or how much I bench press, or how far I run in the morning; knowing the reason I am not EVP Champion is because I tapped out has been plaguing me. Dare I say... It has compromised my confidence.

ERICA WATERS: GASP... No!

ERZA LAZARUS: It's true. I mean I am The Superhuman, and yet that moment was the most human I've felt in a long time... And I know it's Emeryville policy to pat all the students on the shoulder and tell them good job, you did your best, chin up and for whatever intern running the Twitter (fuck you Elon) account to spin a narrative that you're doing great in 160 characters or less — but I am supposed to be better than this. Sure, on one hand we got the victory tonight — **we** being the prominent word — because on the other; I wasn't the one who got the pin on Hope. I mean I went from being the last-minute replacement in the title tournament; yet I still feel like I'm still just a participant.

Erza turns away slightly, biting down gently on the edge of her clenched fist in a tense, quiet effort to keep it together. The frustration is clear, simmering just beneath the surface, but she clings to the silver lining of tonight like a lifeline.

ERZA LAZARUS: I came to this Academy because steel sharpens steel. I've got more road experience than most people here. I'm putting in the miles across Frontier Grapple Arts, OATH Wrestling, Slaughterhouse Wrestling — to which by the way; check out tomorrow's Love at First Fight event where I kick Generic Skipping Blonde #626's ass and become Brightburn Champion, there's no way in hell this plug doesn't age well — yet those big career-defining moments keep slipping through my fingers! And it's starting to have me second-guess if I've overstayed my welcome.

ERICA WATERS: Say that's not so!

ERZA LAZARUS: I can only be a match highlight reel so many times, especially if all those highlights lead to that 'oh-so-close yet oh-so-far' results. And tonight's win? It has an asterisk beside it. I mean you heard Ronnie out there, it's hard not to hear him screaming and bouncing in his chair — Hayley Morgan pins Hope! Hayley pins the champ! Which by the way; I haven't forgotten that Hayley tapped me out also! So I've got a fucking bone to pick with her also when Snapdragon Stadium comes around. It's ultimately coming down to that nut up or shut up, that get good or get gone mentality. My spot here isn't set in stone, this is an Academy show; I might be in the next graduating class. All I know for sure is that I can't accept moving on until I become EVP Champion. Tonight proved Hope can be beaten. Something I came inches within doing at Prime Time. Proved Hope has been huffing her own fars and riding early success like it pays by the hour. Before, I just stepped in to fill a void. Now I need that championship. I need to prove I'm not just here to fill a seat. I NEED to prove the tap-outs don't define me — that I'm not just a participant — That I am Erza FUCKING Lazarus; the next EVP Champion!

Erza suddenly explodes with energy, the frustration from moments ago twisting into something electric. Louder, wilder, pacing in a tight circle, hyping herself up with chest slaps and rapid-fire breaths, her voice rising like she's about to cut a promo straight out of the '80s. With no shirt of her own to tear, her eyes lock on the nearby merch stand. She storms over, snatches one of her own t-shirts off the rack, and slowly rips it down the middle, the cotton tearing like thunder. Erica Waters instinctively takes a cautious step back, blinking as the storm of hotdogging and grandstanding erupts before her — less an interview now, more a one-woman freight train roaring with purpose.

ERZA LAZARUS: *Enter The Snapdragon;* I have a fire lit within me like I haven't felt before. These setbacks have been the steel that have sharpened me, they have humbled me but oh-ho-ho how they've failed to reshape me I'm not! I settled for being really fucking cool; but after tonight; I'm striving to be really fucking awesome. And that comes with YEETing Greco into the 5th Row like a classic Vine. It comes with a KAIO-KEN to shatter Gia's jaw so she has to crop it out of her thirst traps. It comes with dropping Hayley on her head so hard she'll finally come up with an entrance theme song — but above all else; it comes with ripping that title out of Hope's hands and her with that shitty nickname under my boot. *Enter The Snapdragon;* The Erza Lazarus Redemption Arc.

Erza is hype incarnate now — slapping her face with both hands, teeth bared in a manic grin as she storms off toward the locker rooms, fists pumping, muttering something about Snapdragon Stadium and destiny under her breath like a war chant. Erica Waters just stands there, watching her go with wide eyes and a stunned kind of admiration, like she's not sure if she just witnessed a meltdown, a miracle, or both. The silence lingers for a beat — until the distant crash of the main event jolts her back to reality. She spins on her heel and dashes back toward the monitors, heels clacking, ready to see what chaos Brooke Morgan and Kendal Harlow are unleashing next.

Aaaaaaand we're back!

RALPH ADLER: It is ALL to play for later tonight for all five competitors. But with Helena Hope acting as such a dominant EVP Champion for the last several months, I'm not 100% sure any of these guys can do it...

RONNIE WARD: ...Am I really that loud and bouncy over here? I didn't think I was that loud. Am I loud?

RALPH ADLER: *Shhh!* Ronnie! Inside voices!

ONE ON ONE: Leila Jade Robertson vs. Jo Mayberry



RONNIE WARD: Guys, I hope you're all ready for another debut. Or should I say...debussy! Am I saying that right? I think that's how it's said.

RALPH ADLER: No. No you shouldn't. At all.

RONNIE WARD: Oh come on, man, we've got Jo Mayberry coming out for her first match in EVP! Second debut of the night! We're about to serve some C-Word!

RALPH ADLER: Stop it. Stop it now. This is really unbecoming of you and frankly I'm disappointed. Horrified. Not just because I had to hear that, but because you're entertaining this. How can you talk about Jo Mayberry when we have Leila Jade Robertson in the ring with her? As you know, huge JERRIKA guy, but she couldn't make it out to her match last month and no matter what you say, Leila Jade Robertson has some momentum from that. She's been here longer, and I think she'll have Jo's number here.

RONNIE WARD: A hell of a challenge for both competitors - Jo vs Leila, and it's right now!

DING DING!

Jo Mayberry absolutely *shines*, bouncing on her toes like a boundless ball of energy.

Leila Jade Robertson, however, narrows her eyes. Very unimpressed.

She's The All-American Baddie, and if anyone is serving 'cunt' around here, it's her!

So they circle, and given her annoyance at this blonde bimbo's existence, Leila is the first to strike with a sharp spinning back fist, catching Jo flush on the jaw! Oh yeah, no chain wrestling here, sod it. We're getting straight into it here, as a pair of Leila-flavoured knife-edged chops echo through San Diego.

Leila runs in, while Jo's a bit wobbly on her feet and nails her with a HIP ATTACK!

Lotta hate on Leila for that, of course. And all of this, really. But the All-American Baddie simply drinks it all in. Leila pulls Joe up, but it's time to SLAY apparently as Joe nails Leila with a roaring elbow! And then she follows up with a Wheelbarrow Suplex! Fans are on Jo's side here, and Leila is furious about it.

This isn't Jo's territory, it's hers! She was here first! SHE can slay with the best of them, better in fact!

Leila scrambles back up and swings, but Jo ducks, hooks her leg and takes her down with a Drop Toe Hold! Leila looks up, and Jo looks back at her - hands on chin, big angelic grin.

And that's when Leila sees redder than her hair, because she realises something - Jo is *mocking* her.

Which, of course, she's not. She's just like this. But that's not how Leila sees it. And she shows as such when she pulls herself up off the ground and BOOM - just a fucking boot to Jo's ribs.

Jo stumbles and Leila capitalizes, going behind and hitting an inverted DDT which plants her!

She hooks the leg...

ONE!

TWO!!

But Jo kicks out!

Dead pissed off now, Leila drags Jo up off the ground and fires her into the ropes with the most Irish of all Whips, but when Jo comes back, she counters with a tilt-a-whirl arm drag! Leila's back up and Jo's waiting, picking Leila up, holding her high and dropping her with a big ol' Military Press Slam! She goes for a pin!

ONE!

TWO!!

But now Leila kicks out!

Jo drags her back up, but WAIT!

Leila pulls her into a rollup!

The lying shit, she was playing possum!

ONE!

TWO!!

BUT JO KICKS OUT AGAIN!

To say Leila is annoyed would be an understatement. She's the most desirable woman in EVP, last show proved that. She's better than *this*, surely. Come on now. So now Leila tries a different strategy. Pulling the newcomer up by her hair, she chucks her into the corner, before running into it herself with a clothesline. Nothing too fancy. Well, not until Jo drops down into a seated position in the corner. And now there are a few things she could do here. She could read her Miranda's Rights (or a Bronco Buster to you and I) as it were if she wanted to really embarrass her, but no. She wants to beat her.

And so she runs.

BACK ASSWARDS! The running hip attack slams Jo's head into the buckle.

With Jo stunned, Leila climbs. It's time, friends. It's time to "Get Lei'd"! Jo lies there. She's helpless!

Leila jumps, she's turning in the air...

BUT JO ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY!

Leila crashes stomach-first, the air knocked from her lungs!

And this is it. This is Jo's moment. She pulls herself up and sizes Leila as she drags herself up - Big Boot!

Jo is on a roll, and she continues said roll when she hoists Leila up - Exploder Suplex!

But Jo isn't done. She climbs to the top!

SLAY QUEEN SAULT!

Jo covers!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR- But no!

Jo can't believe it.

Fans can't believe it.

Jo pulls herself up. Leila pulls herself up, but it's not long before she's pulled into Jo's grasp once again. She lifts her up onto her shoulders in a sitting position. She's going for it - the Pussy Popping Powerbomb!

But wait! NO! Leila spins herself around!

POISON RANA!!

After taking a fucking *kicking* from Jo, Leila spikes Jo on her head! She crawls over, draping her arm!

ONE!

TWO!

THR - BUT JO KICKS OUT!

Both women are down.

With the help of the fans, They rise together, swaying.

Leila strikes first hitting a three-fold strike of crescent kick, elbow strike and a front thrust kick! She shoves Jo into the corner and charges - but Jo bursts out of the corner and decapitates her with a Lariat!

She pulls Leila up, right now, while she has the upper hand.

At long last! The PUSSY POPPING POWERBOMB!

ONE!

TWO!!

...

THREE!!!

WINNER: Jo Mayberry!

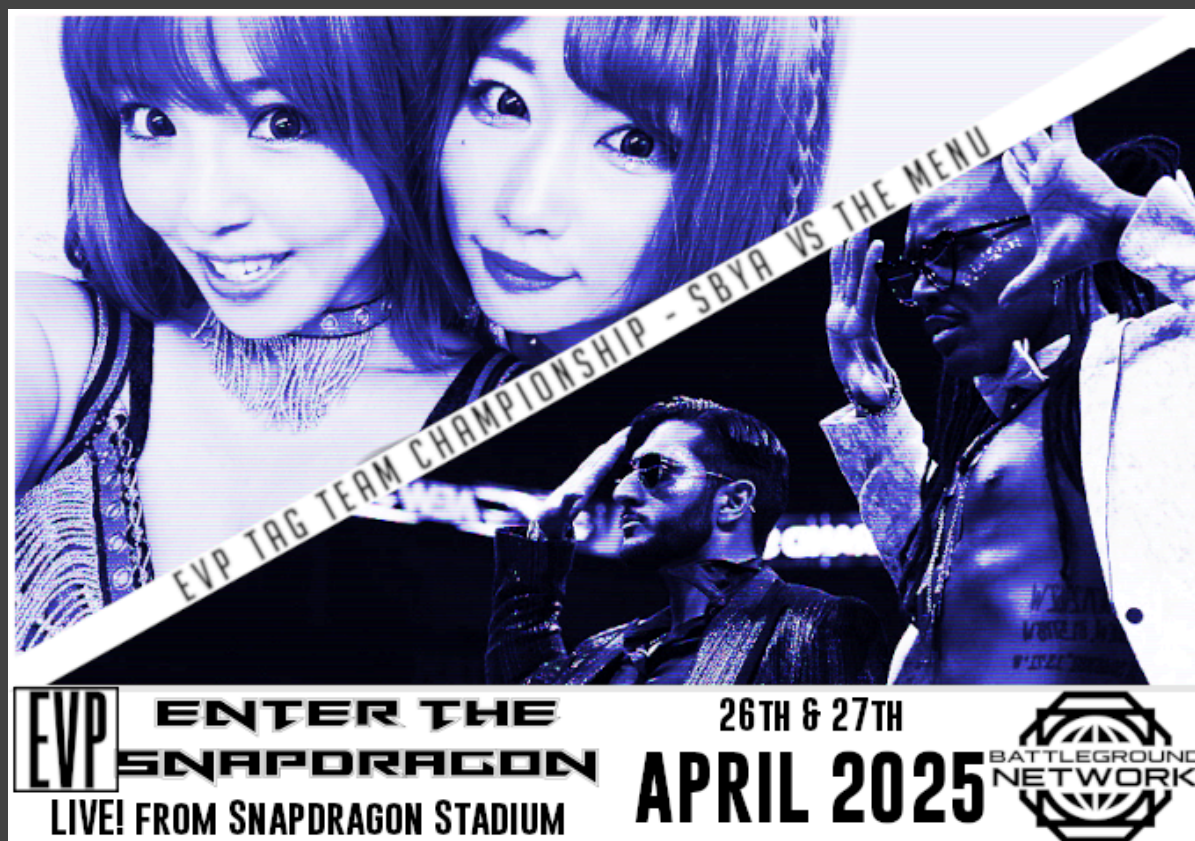
RONNIE WARD: Jo Mayberry SLAYS in her debut! My God, what a match though. It got super close at the end there.

RALPH ADLER: Close because this was maybe the best performance we've seen out of Leila Jade here in EVP so far, and I gotta think Jo Mayberry got lucky there. But that's what wrestling is. This game is 70% right-place-right-time, I've said it before.

RONNIE WARD: But look at the expression on Leila Jade Robertson's face. That is the face of someone who just met her newest enemy...

Logan Fowler is [here](#).

TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP: SBYA (Akihiko & Etsuko Iwasaki) vs. The Menu (Jazz Hansel & Khalid Rashid)



RONNIE WARD: Our tag team division has grown gradually in recent months, as we saw last night with Almost Famous and The Sensationals going head to head, but now we have gone back to the two teams who started it all. The Menu once again challenges SBYA for the Tag Team Championships!

RALPH ADLER: They've been buzzing around each other ever since the inaugural tag title match at *Opportunity Knocks*, but finally The Menu get SBYA to themselves with no bullshit, no gimmicks, just two teams who want the gold! Fellas, if the last few months have been anything to go by, expect chaos from here on out!

DING DING!

The bell rings, and it's Khalid Rashid starting off against Etsuko Iwasaki.

Etsuko lunges, ducking a tie-up and slapping on a quick side headlock, wrenching hard. Khalid tries to push her off, but she grabs a wrist, springboards off the second rope, and drags him down into a tight arm drag.

Khalid pops up. Etsuko hits the ropes, ducks a spinning neckbreaker, bounces again - hurricanrana! He stumbles back into the ropes, wide-eyed. When she lunges again, he bails to the outside, shaking his head, taking a breather.

They can't let it happen again. SBYA are, as they have learned over their confrontations with them since January, relentless.

So they have to be, too.

As he gets back into the ring, Jazz Hansel slaps Khalid on the back, tagging himself in.

Etsuko tags in Akihiko, and now the rhythm shifts.

Jazz charges. Akihiko rolls beneath a big boot, spins, and fires off shoot kicks to Jazz's legs, peppering him fast. Jazz grabs her by the head, tries for a gutwrench, but Akihiko floats out, hits the ropes, drop toe hold into a running senton! She tags Etsuko right back in.

SBYA isolates Jazz, working him over in their corner with crisp, chaotic, back and forth tags. Etsuko hits a running bulldog, then holds him down as Akihiko lands a diving senton across his chest! But Jazz doesn't stay down. He powers up under Akihiko's attempt at a lungblower, turning it into a Samoan Drop!

And now, Jazz crawls for the corner.

TAG TO KHALID!

Khalid bursts in, putting the "Hot" in hot tag, springboarding off the ropes with a spinning neckbreaker on Akihiko! He nails a running boot to Etsuko, sending her off the apron! Get the hell outta here! He drags Akihiko up, hooks her, Snap suplex! With an impressive, fluid float over, he hooks the leg-

ONE!

TWO!!

But it ain't three just yet!

Khalid tags Jazz back in, and The Menu double-team Akihiko with a Flapjack into a Thirst Quencher from Jazz! ASS straight to face! And now Jazz covers!

ONE!

TWO!!

But now Etsuko is back in after taking the boot from Khalid, and dives in to break it up!

The ref forces her back the fuck out. Jazz drags Akihiko up and launches her across the ring with a gutwrench suplex before tagging Khalid back in again. The Menu starts cutting the ring in half, controlling the pace, much as they've seen SBYA do over the last few confrontations with them. They've become wise to their tricks.

Khalid clamps on a rear chinlock, wrenching back. He's got to control the pace of this one, he can't let either of SBYA get the upperhand like the whirling dervishes they are.

Slowly, but surely, Akihiko fights up, feeding up to her feet. One elbow! Two elbows! And a third hits in just the right spot for Khalid to release the hold! Akihiko hits the ropes, rebounding and coming back but Khalid is ready this time and hits her with a meeeean Slingblade! And then he tags in Jazz!

Jazz comes in, licking his lips, he's ready to win. He's ready to Fade to Black on this whole thing, but Akihiko fights him off before he can even hit it and knocks him to the ground with a step-up into a roundhouse kick! Right on the absolute perfect spot on his head to knock him down to the ground for just a few moments!

Akihiko goes down too.

She turns. Her sister's arm is held out. It's within reach. And so...she tags her in! Here comes Etsuko!

Etsuko springboards in, nails a big ol' dropkick to Jazz, bounces to the other side, headscissors into the turnbuckles! Khalid charges in, Etsuko dodges, and he eats the ring post shoulder-first!

Jazz tries to regain control, but Etsuko rolls him up!

ONE!

TWO!

A KICKOUT from Jazz!

But now as he gets back up, Jazz grabs her by the wrist and pulls her into a spinebuster, or as we call it in Menu world - the JAZZBUSTER! And now *he* covers!

ONE!

TWO!

But Akihiko runs in and breaks it!

Jazz tosses Akihiko aside, taking her down with a stiff lariat and chucking her to the outside before tagging Khalid back in and it's double-team time. The Menu lifts Etsuko - double vertical suplex! Khalid tries for the Splice of Life, his rolling cutter, coming in fast, but Etsuko manages to capture Khalid. She's sat on him, but his shoulders aren't down, but don't worry. That's not what she wants - she's holding his wrist with both hands, looking at his hand like a big tasty treat.

She's gonna bite him again! He's been here before!

And no! Defiant, Khalid balls his hand up into a fist and fights! He pulls! He pulls that arm down, out of Etsuko's reach and...he's out!

And then he grabs ETSUKO'S ARM!

And *HE* bites *HER*! YEAH! See how *YOU* like it!

Etsuko screams and Khalid bounces up once she's released him, ignoring the referee's warnings not to bite! Etsuko turns around - STO Backbreaker into Reverse STO!

And now, Khalid covers!

ONE!

TWO!!

But no! Etsuko kicks out!

Etsuko dives across the ring and tags Akihiko back in!

Akihiko rushes in, ducks a clothesline and dropkicks Khalid, following up with a springboard roundhouse kick that sends him tumbling to the mat! When Khalid gets back up, he walks right into a big Lungblower!

Akihiko signals for the end. She wraps Khalid in a sleeper hold as he's on the ground. You Go Ni Night incoming, but again The Menu are wise to SBYA and everything they are. They've fallen prey to their tricks more than once since January, and it's cost them. So Khalid rolls backward, turning it into a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout from Khalid!

And now *Khalid* dives across the ring and tags *Jazz* back in!

Jazz barrels in and hits a running knee to Akihiko! She pulls herself, but before she can do anything, Jazz pulls her in - Fade to Black! The spinning side slam takes her down!

And now Jazz tags Khalid back in. Khalid fucking legs it across the ring and knocks Etsuko out of the ring before she can get in and meet her there!

The pair of them grab Akihiko - FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LOVE!

The Magic Killer puts Akihiko down!

Khalid pins. It's now or never.

ONE!

TWO!

...

THREE!

WINNERS and NEW EVP TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS: The Menu!

RALPH ADLER: Hahaha looks like GOLD is on The Menu, boys!

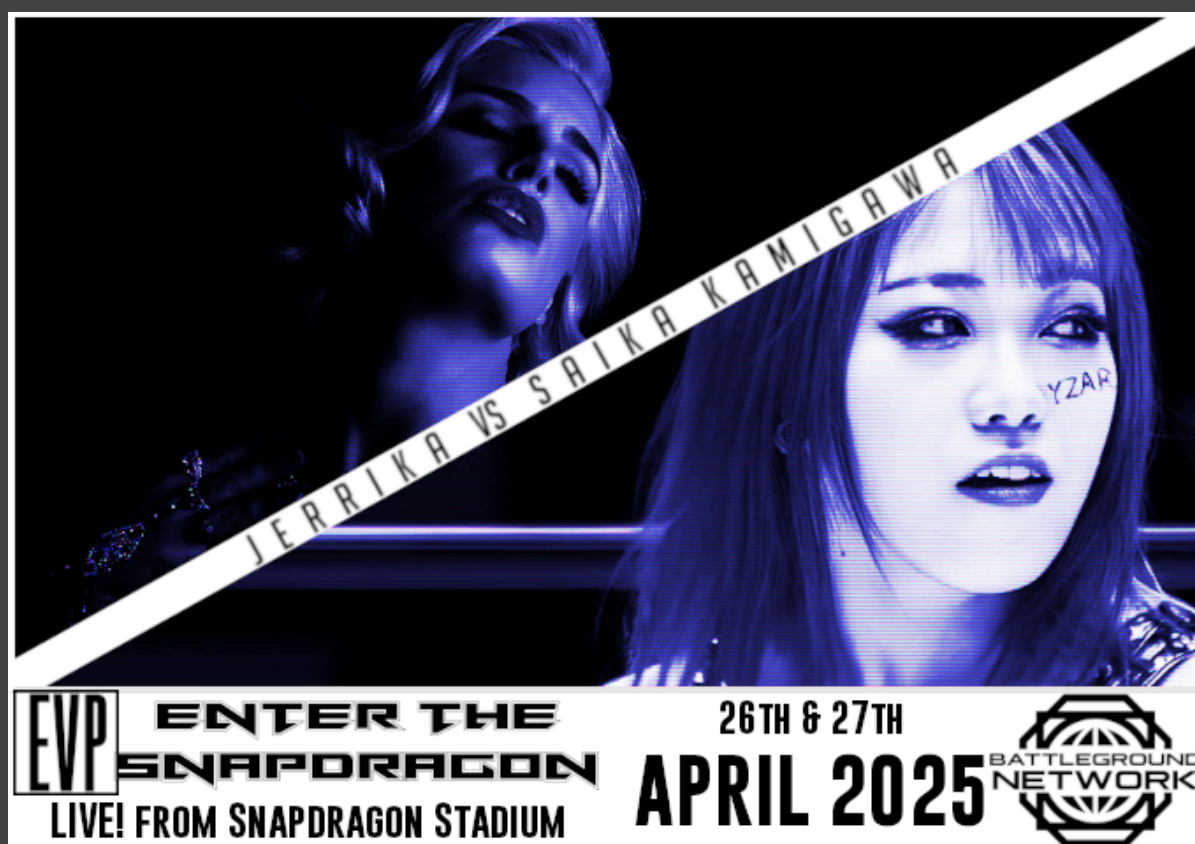
RONNIE WARD: They did it! The Menu are your NEW Tag Team Champions! An excellent effort by SBYA, incredible defence there, but not enough tonight!

RALPH ADLER: Jazz and Khalid learned. They learned SBYA's tricks over the last few months, they were ready for everything they threw at them and four months of feuding has paid off. The Menu are at the tippy-top of the tag division! This is exactly why women want to see them and men want to be them.

RONNIE WARD: With Kendal regaining the Prime Time Championship last night and now The Menu winning the Tag Team titles, that's two title changes across *Enter The Snapdragon*. There's something in the air in Snapdragon Stadium. Could we see a hattrick later tonight in the main event for the EVP Championship?

If you would like to support these characters, you can follow SBYA [here](#) and The Menu [here](#).

FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE: JERRIKA vs. Saika Kamigawa



RALPH ADLER: FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE! Our sub-Main Event is here and it's time to raise some HELL!

RONNIE WARD: A rivalry that began in our *Opportunity Knocks* Gauntlet back in January, the woman who would go on to win that match, Saika Kamigawa, has found herself- at her behest- continuously involved with JERRIKA ever since. Saika won the gauntlet, JERRIKA and The Menu defeated Saika and SBYA in a six person tag match, and then last month Saika caused JERRIKA to miss her match with a backstage attack. And that's how we got here!

RALPH ADLER: Look, I'm a red blooded male so I'm as big of a fan of JERRIKA as the next man, but it's not because of the reasons you might think. Since she's been here, she's silenced every single doubt by every person who ever claimed her previous line of work would hinder her. JERRIKA has

brought that self-confidence into the business with her, that athletic skill, and applied it to become a very solid competitor. And that's something Saika Kamigawa probably doesn't wanna hear.

RONNIE WARD: But at the same time, Saika Kamigawa is chasing heritage and legacy, this industry is in her blood no matter what you think of Ryuji Kamigawa and his history. This is more than just a mutual dislike. This falls count anywhere and folks, no titles on the line here. This one is *personal*.

DING DING!

Finally.

After months of going back and forth, we're here.

Saika Kamigawa and JERRIKA, two competitors who couldn't be any more different, in the ring one on one.

And bad blood couldn't be any more palpable.

JERRIKA confidently struts into the center of the ring, blowing a kiss toward the Saika. It's a message. A warning. Despite everything, despite the battles, despite attacking her last month in the way she did, JERRIKA still does *not* sweat Saika Kamigawa.

And that? Oh, that's enough for her.

We're falls count anywhere here. The time for polite competition died months ago.

So Saika doesn't wait, as she spears JERRIKA out of her boots, driving her hard into the canvas, and immediately starts raining down hammer fists!

We begin with chaos!

JERRIKA covers up, then flips Saika over with her hips and slaps on The Thigh Master out of nowhere, trapping Saika's head between her thighs. She rolls Saika back and forth, squeezing tight. She's gaining back control of the situation, after a very Saika-heavy start. But Saika after much rolling and mugging for the cameras from JERRIKA, Saika wriggles free, getting to her feet and clocking JERRIKA with a brutal penalty kick to the chest!

JERRIKA rolls to the outside but Saika follows and catches her with a basement dropkick to the back, sending her crashing into the steel steps! The ref slides out and follows - call Barry Blaustein, we're taking the action beyond the mat.

Saika drags JERRIKA to her feet and slams her face-first into the barricade, over and over again, relentless and ruthless. But JERRIKA fights back with a sharp elbow to the ribs, then whips Saika around and monkey flips her over the barricade into the front row!

JERRIKA stands on the barricade, her arms held out. This is it. Her moment. She might be the Queen of RAW Arts but that doesn't mean anyone can fuck with her, and she's about to show it here as she takes Saika and a few now-empty chairs out as fans in the front row move back, hitting a huge moonsault!

Ref pops over the barricade in time for JERRIKA to hook the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

But it's a kickout from Saika, and our war continues.

JERRIKA and Saika brawl their way up the stairs of the stadium, the crowd parting like the Red Sea around them. Saika grabs a fan's drink and splashes it into JERRIKA's face! Unnecessary. Fans are happy. Son's crying now, thanks. But Saika doesn't give a fuck about your son, as she shows when she grabs JERRIKA by her luscious blonde hair and hurls her into a steel railing! JERRIKA stays put, but as Saika moves in, JERRIKA pops up and hits a big forearm, before chucking her into the railing herself! And now she chokes Saika against the railing, using the barricade for leverage. Eventually Saika claws free, furious, but JERRIKA rakes her eyes and slips behind her, spinning her around into an Arm Twist Reverse Roundhouse Kick that's so loud, nearby dogs can hear it.

And now, let's all go to the lobby. JERRIKA drags Saika toward the concourse and throws her into a concession stand. Nachos and pop corn goes absolutely everywhere, it's a fucking mess. After chucking Saika into a hot dog stand, JERRIKA grabs a weiner for herself and holds it up. She holds it for everyone to see...

And then, head tilted all the way back, *deep throats* the weiner. Whole thing, devoured in one go.

Yeah.

After JERRIKA has taken this moment to show us her party trick/incredible skill, she backs up for The Pretty Peach, and charges in, but Saika counters mid-sprint with a pop-up Running Lariat!

JERRIKA flips over backward and crashes into the hard floor.

Saika drags JERRIKA's limp body back through the concourse and down the steps towards ground/ring level once again. And how does she get there? Well, with effort, she hoists JERRIKA onto her shoulders and marches back down the stadium stairs.

And when she gets to ground level, BOOM! DEATH VALLER DRIVER on the floor!

She hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

...

THR- but JERRIKA gets the shoulder up!

Saika pulls JERRIKA up and chucks her back over the railing and into the ringside area, following. But as she grabs her head, JERRIKA switches it and throws her into the barricade herself head-first! The Dragonborn is down, and JERRIKA uses this lull period in the action to figure out her next move. And in order to do that, she needs as much space as possible. Give

Saika a reason to take a while to get to her while she considers strategy. So JERRIKA stumbles and splutters her way towards the entrance stage area. And there's a few second delay, yes, but Saika, of course, follows.

She follows with increasing speed. She's nearly behind JERRIKA. She's almost there.

The Queen of RAW Arts has to think fast.

Saika is right behind her!

The scaffolding of the stage is right there in front of her!

JERRIKA leaps onto it with both feet and then spins in the air! THE GRITTY FLICK KICK! A JERRIKA-flavoured Disaster Kick takes Saika down!

JERRIKA hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

...

But SAIKA KICKS OUT!

JERRIKA, exhausted and heaving, grabs Saika before she can get up. Head hooked with one arm, leg hooked with the other.

DIRTY MARTINI! A Cradle DDT, JERRIKA Style! And once again, she hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

...

THRE—NO! SAIKA KICKS OUT AGAIN!!

JERRIKA pauses. She allows herself just a few seconds to breathe.

And now it's fucking go time. Put this thing to sleep.

JERRIKA drags Saika up and walks her toward the main entrance tunnel. They pass the production area, and JERRIKA throws Saika into a line of wheeled equipment cases, toppling them like dominoes.

JERRIKA wants the kill.

She sets Saika up for her finisher. One Night in JERRIKA.

But Saika fights out of it mid-lift! She shoves JERRIKA backward into a lighting truss!

SPARKS FLY EVERYWHERE!

JERRIKA holds her hand in front of her eyes, making sure none of it gets over her face, her moneymaker. But because she does this, she doesn't see Saika ready herself, and as soon as she's sorted - WHAM! Samoan Spike! In years gone by and family members' past, it was a Kabukicho Lullaby. Now? In Saika's hands? It's DRAGON'S CLAW! A variation on a legacy. Because that's what this is all about for Saika. That's what annoyed her the most. JERRIKA gets to flaunt herself in a business she learned to respect, a business that was taught was her heritage.

So now, she climbs. As JERRIKA lies there, Saika grabs hold of the scaffolding and using it like rungs on a ladder she climbs, and climbs and climbs.

She looks down. JERRIKA is beginning to stir.

Saika keeps climbing.

We're about 20 feet in the air now. And JERRIKA is up. Saika takes a deep breath. If he's dead, he's watching. If he's alive, he'll hear about her. Either way, she's doing this. No turning back. And so, she leaps backwards!

TEN KARA!! An ASAI MOONSAULT FROM TWENTY FEET IN THE AIR!

Both women crash.

Both women lie there. Saika holds one arm over JERRIKA's fallen body.

ONE!

TWO!!

...

THREE!!!

WINNER: Saika Kamigawa!

RONNIE WARD: I can't believe what we've just seen! Saika Kamigawa just jumped from TWENTY FEET in the air! These two just...well, they beat the tar out of one another across this entire stadium!

RALPH ADLER: It was chaos, it was insanity, it was everything I love about wrestling. Sometimes you have a grudge match like this, you expect it to—

RONNIE WARD: Wait! What's this? Ralph, look who it is!

By this point, Saika has very much moved on. Onto the next stage of her masterplan. This has left JERRIKA alone...well, for a few moments. Because eventually, she's joined by none other than BELLA TOWNSHEND! Bella helps JERRIKA to her feet, and the two of them share a look.

They look out to the gathered crowd of the Snapdragon Stadium, then back to one another...and they shake hands, before Bella raises JERRIKA's arm in the air. And then, after several seconds of basking in the love from San Diego, they finally leave.

RONNIE WARD: Ralph, what on Earth was that?

RALPH ADLER: Wel, if you know your stuff, Ronnie, you'll know that Bella Townshend and JERRIKA have formed a tag team known as The RAW ART Society in recent times, and if what we just saw is anything to go by, The Duchess and The Queen just joined forces here too. We have new tag team champions, more joining the division, and now The RAW ARTS Society have joined the fray!

If you would like to support these characters, you can follow Saika Kamigawa [here](#) and JERRIKA [here](#).

MAIN EVENT - EVP CHAMPIONSHIP SCRAMBLE: *Gia vs. WYM Greco vs. Helena Hope vs. Erza Lazarus vs. Hayley Morgan*



EVP ENTER THE SNAPDRAGON
LIVE! FROM SNAPDRAGON STADIUM

26TH & 27TH
APRIL 2025

BATTLEGROUND NETWORK

RONNIE WARD: And here we are, ladies and gentlemen. The biggest main event in EVP so far. Five of the absolute top competitors in Emeryville Pro going at it for the EVP Championship in front of thirty thousand people, it doesn't get much bigger than this.

RALPH ADLER: And it's Scramble Rules! Time limit on the clock, whoever scores a pinfall or submission is the current EVP Champion. If someone else scores one after you, they're the champion. Whoever walks out having scored the final fall once the timer has run out is the bonafide, lineal EVP Champion. To the winner goes the spoils! EVP Enter The Snapdragon Night Two main event, and it's ALL to play for!

ENTRY #1: Helena Hope



And because we're in a big stadium setting, this calls for a big stadium entrance! She's first out, and she's taking full advantage. Big orchestra on stage to back up Within Temptation there too! And we're getting "Aquarius" played live as the reigning and defending EVP Champion Helena "The Last" Hope makes a strong walk down to the ring.

RONNIE WARD: Can she do it? Helena "The Last" Hope, our first, reigning and defending EVP Champion has defeated three of the four people in this scramble, but can she do it again AND Gia as well?

RALPH ADLER: It's been a while since I've seen a champion so dominant, so crafty as Helena Hope has been as EVP Champion. She's more than justified why she won the title first out of everyone in the tournament back in December, and I think we're about to see an absolute clean sweep by The Last Hope, here.

RONNIE WARD: But with Hayley Morgan never tapping out to her and pinning her last show, you can't say that 100%!

RALPH ADLER: Sure I can! She's the best we have!

RONNIE WARD: And what about Greco? And Erza? Both of them came incredibly close to beating Helena in their respective challenges. And we don't even know how Gia would match up! She's undefeated in singles competition so far!

RALPH ADLER: And SO is Helena Hope! She's got everyone in this one over a barrel! I'm telling you, dude. Better get prepared for a title retention at the end of this.

And with Helena Hope in the ring now having been soundly played to the ring, the Champion waits.

And we change to "FE!N" by Travis Scott!

ENTRY #2: WYM Greco



Motion sweeps Snapdragon Stadium, and here he is. WYM Greco, in front of the biggest crowd in Emeryville Pro history. Right in his element, as he makes his way down to the ring.

RALPH ADLER: I gotta say I'm glad Travis Scott isn't here to do this live because the last time he showed up to a big stadium show, he ruined the whole thing.

RONNIE WARD: I dunno, I think he got the exact response he was looking for.

RALPH ADLER: Shut up, Ronnie.

RONNIE WARD: Well, the person who IS here is WYM Greco! Now, what's interesting here is that not only did he come very close to beating Helena but on our last show, Greco did NOT take the pin in the tag match where he teamed with Helena Hope. These two are starting us off at a disadvantage and it isn't his fault, it's the champion's! AND he's been able to tap out Hayley Morgan- again, something Helena wasn't able to do.

RALPH ADLER: Yeah but quick thing - Gia is in this match too, and he and Gia are good friends. Could that come into play here? How does all of this change when he has an ally in there with him? Could she help him? Could he help her? Or is it all gonna fall apart for the sake of gold? It's things like this we need to look out for because the moment Helena or any of the other competitors sniff that out, they're gonna stick the knife in and twist it.

RONNIE WARD: Lotta moving parts to this one. More than any other match in EVP so far.

DING DING!

The bell rings.

Helena Hope and WYM Greco circle, slowly. It has ALL led to this.

Sliding in, Helena immediately targets Greco's legs, tying him up with a swift Dragon Screw Leg Whip, but Greco isn't about that life. We're not doing that submission shit this early on, this isn't like other matches. Can't allow any of his body parts to get worked on and worn down, it won't help when the others come out. Instead Greco set-goes straight to his feet, only to eat a MASSIVE Lariat that folds him in half!

The champion paces methodically, and unfortunately for Greco, Helena IS planning on the exact thing he wasn't wanting to happen just yet. Helena grabs him quickly, swiftly, locking his hand in her grip and pulling his fingers into horrible shapes and contorting them into directions your fingers really shouldn't be able to go into. And then, after this she carefully places his hand down on the ground, before standing up and STOMPING on his elbow!

Helena smiles, before backing up into the ropes as Greco stays grounded. The Champion bounces off the ropes and comes running, her knee lifting, but Greco sees it coming and rolls out of the way before nailing a forearm strike rather than a palm strike cos those fingers are still a little sore. Helena's dazed for just long enough that Greco can speed across the ring, pulling himself up onto the second rope and spring off the middle rope, taking Helena down with a big Springboard Moonsault!

He hooks the leg, making the first attempt in this match to become "current" EVP Champion...

ONE!

TWO!!

...

But we're not there yet!

As they both get back up to their feet, Helena regains control with a very quick Snap Vertical Suplex and transitions into a grounded Leg Capture Triangle Choke, wrenching Greco's head and arm.

He reaches the ropes instinctively, but there are no breaks in a Scramble. There are only two ways to get out of a hold like this - tap out or fight out.

And he's tapped out to Helena once before. Never again.

The Big Purp pulls himself, using every bit of his body not currently locked in the hold, he uses this as leverage and then, with enough pressure, he fights out of the hold, rolling outside in the process, staggering to the barricade.

And just as he does, the timer hits the last three seconds.

We have The Last. We have The Cornerstone. It's time to meet The GAAAWWDD.

THREE!!!

TWO!!

ONE!



ENTRY #3: Gia



RONNIE WARD: And here she comes! The wildcard of the Scramble, earning her spot in an Ultimate X match last show. Gia is here and this place is electric!

RALPH ADLER: Y'know, once upon a time, if you'd have asked me what Gia would've been doing at Enter The Snapdragon, I'd have probably said maybe a tag team title match or something dragging along a partner coasting on Gia's goodwill, but we don't live in that world anymore and here she is! She earned it, she earned a spot in this thing just as much as anyone else.

RONNIE WARD: Didn't get booked in time to be part of the EVP Championship Tournament, proved herself with a win over the original Ace of Emeryville, Sachin Kamal, won Ultimate X last show. Gia's time may very well be NOW!

Gia sprints down the ramp.

When she's in the ring, she's face to face with the EVP Champion. And Helena doesn't waste any time - she runs for her but Gia ducks a line and hits a huge dropkick on Helena, knocking her into a sitting position in the corner!

She looks around. She's feeling it, and so is Snapdragon Stadium...and she runs at the champ! BRONCO BUSTER! Gia pulls Helena up, runs to the ropes as she positions Helena in the middle of the ring and hits a big BULLDOG! Helena bounces off the mat and falls to the side.

But as she does, Gia turns right around as she gets back up from her feet she turns right into Greco.

Stood across the ring. Looking right back at her.

They started together, they stand here as the only survivors of their first match in EVP together. They made it. They got here together. The main event.

But enough of that, there's a belt to be won and a clock ticking. So the pair meet in the middle, firing back right and left hands in the way only good friends can. A palm strike from Greco rocks Gia, but she fires back with a Back Elbow Smash. And then sends him across the ring with a monkey flip!

Helena, back in now, comes running for a Thrust Kick, but Gia weaves out of the way! She runs the ropes and comes back taking Helena down with a Tilt-a-Whirl Headscissors, flinging Helena away now! She's on a roll!

Helena and Greco both get back up at the same time, having fallen prey to "Gia Thee Great", and once they both get back up, having used one another for leverage, Gia has already made it to the top rope, and is now leaping!

And she takes them BOTH DOWN with a diving crossbody!

She hooks Greco's leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

...

THREE!!!

CURRENT EVP CHAMPION: Gia!

Eruption.

Everyone sits up.

Gia's eyes widen. She's the current EVP Champion! And if no one else makes a pinfall or submission in this thing, it's staying that way.

Fans are going crazy.

Ronnie and Ralph are yelling and arguing.

Greco, having just been the person who she pinned, locks eyes with her.

And worst of all, Helena is *furious*.

If she doesn't do something quick, if she doesn't make a pinfall or make someone submit here, she's lost her title and that, friends is NO way to live. So Greco, Helena and Gia all come crashing in the middle, a furious champion, a hungry challenger and the new champion 'defending' her 'title', and fighting until those speech marks disappear and it's actual fact.

But just when things couldn't get any more complicated...

THREE!!!

TWO!!

ONE!



ENTRY #4: Erza Lazarus



RONNIE WARD: You heard her After The Bell, friends - Erza Lazarus says she NEEDS to win here tonight.

RALPH ADLER: I'd say she does, too. I mean she's right - how much longer can someone just be a 'highlight reel'. It's like I keep telling you, Ronnie, results beat moments any day of the week. You can't pay the rent with aura, you do it with the winner's purse, you do it with success, and there's no success in this place like the EVP Championship. But like you just saw, we've already got a new interim champion, Helena's already lost her belt, potentially - the competition is stiffer now than it's ever been!

RONNIE WARD: A Weapons-Grade Superhuman walks into the Championship Scramble. Folks, it's not just about titles, it's about REDEMPTION!

And in comes Erza Lazarus! Much less interested in staredowns or basking in the moment like Gia was, Erza runs in, jumping over to the ropes and pouncing off them to a turning Helena Hope - **SPRINGBOARD HURRICANRANA!**

Greco turns around now, throwing a line but missing as Erza runs to the ropes again - **SPRINGBOARD EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!**

Gia and Erza find themselves fighting now, trading left and right hands. As far as Erza is concerned, that's the Champ. And Erza came here for the Fucking Champ.

Gia mounts a comeback now, hitting some stiff chops before another back elbow. She runs the ropes, as she has many a time now in this one but Erza's watched on the monitors, eyes kept firmly on the action, she's prepped for it. As Gia comes running back, Erza pops her up with both hands and hits her with a big European Uppercut as she comes down!

Now she picks Gia up to her feet before lifting her onto her shoulders with a big Rolling Samoan Drop, and then - **MIDDLE ROPE PHOENIX SPLASH!**

She hooks Gia's leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

...

THREE!!!

CURRENT EVP CHAMPION: Erza Lazarus!

But there's no time to celebrate as HELENA LOCKS ON HOPE AGAINST HOPE! The latter part of it anyway, as the Bodylock Dragon Sleeper keeps Erza grounded.

It's locked in fully, too. She's snuck right up behind her, slithered like a snake into position this whole time. And now she's struck. No rope breaks. Erza tapped out to Hope Against Hope last time, that's how Helena got her at *Prime Time*. She can't let it happen again. Erza refuses to be defined by tapping out.

So she fights. She fights her way out of the legs scissored around her mid-section and she back-rolls!

And once Helena is back up - Erza takes Helena down with a big German Suplex!

Helena rolls to the outside and Erza watches. She didn't do it this time. She didn't get her.

She controlled the situation.

But what she hasn't done is keep an eye on Greco! The Aura Farmer has been tending to his crops of Motion. That is to say, he's been removing the bottom turnbuckle in one of the corners! And as soon as Erza turns, she's immediately drop toe-held into it! THE DROP!

And from here he climbs to the top rope, as Erza holds her busted bottom lip, checking it was just that and she's not lost like a tooth or something, but as she pulls herself up, Greco jumps from the top rope, his feet coming down on Erza's chest with a big double foot stomp.

DIGITAL FOOTPRINT!

And with Erza down, throws himself into a lateral press!

ONE!

TWO!!

...

THREE!!!

CURRENT EVP CHAMPION: WYM Greco!

Greco pounces to his feet, arms extended! He's the current champ, and all he has to do is make sure no one else makes a pin during the time they're out there. And when he looks at the big screen displaying the timer, he notices that we're not far now from our next competitor coming out. Our final competitor.

In fact, we're so close to her coming out...we only have three more seconds!

Hark! The Raven. She approaches!

THREE!!!

TWO!!

ONE!



ENTRY #5: Hayley Morgan



RONNIE WARD: Hayley Morgan book-ends *Enter The Snapdragon Night Two* as the first person to speak to us and the last person to enter the EVP Championship Scramble!

RALPH ADLER: I've got my thoughts on Hayley, I've said time and time again that I still don't trust her, even now, but you can't take away how integral she's been to the main event scene here in EVP.

RONNIE WARD: She's made Erza tap out. She refused to give in to Helena until her body made the decision for her back at *The EVP Championship Tournament* and in a different timeline, she might've been walking into this match as defending champion. Two months later, she tapped to Greco, something no one else has been able to make her do. But Hayley Morgan walks into this match as the only person in all of Emeryville Pro Wrestling Academy that has been able to pin Helena Hope. Folks, all FIVE competitors are out here now and things just got a little more interesting!

Hayley Morgan, fired up and intense, completes the five as now everyone involved in this match finds themselves out there.

The Phantom Queen of Swords goes straight for Greco. He's the man who just became interim champ, and what's more he tapped her out back at Prime Time. And Hayley Morgan doesn't forget. Hayley Morgan *learns*.

Greco swings a forearm, she ducks, High Knee to the chin, Snap Suplex into another! Helena tries to intercept her with a Dragon Screw, but Hayley reverses into a roll-up!

ONE!

TWO!

But a two count only!

Hayley grabs Greco and DRIVES him with a Fisherman's Suplex Lift, then transitions, spins, and sits out into a Spinebuster! HANGOVER!

She pins him again!

ONE!

TWO!!

Greco kicks out, but Hayley traps his legs! She's not done!

PHANTOM LOVE! Bridging Sharpshooter! She leans back with venom. Greco tries to fight it... but he can't!

HE TAPS!

CURRENT EVP CHAMPION: Hayley Morgan!

Helena slides in, seeing red.

And again, like she did to Erza, she locks in! LAST BREATH! Last breath locked in on Hayley!

The Rear Naked Choke is cinched in tight, and it's all a little bit of history repeating itself here.

Hayley begins to fade.

Just like last time, there's no rope nearby, there's nothing.

Helena is yelling... "TAP!"

Helena tightens the grip, eyes bulging. If you didn't know any better, you'd think she was trying to kill Hayley. But no, she's just demanding, commanding, yelling at the top of her lungs for Hayley to tap out. Do it. Finally just do it. You did it to him, why not me? Tap!

But Hayley refuses. Her hand balled into a fist. Body shaking.

Ref raises her arm.

ONE - it drops.

TWO - it drops.

THRE— No! This time Hayley keeps her arm up! She doesn't fade! She's still in this!

And this time, with all of her strength, Hayley pulls herself up and crashes backwards into the corner, crushing Helena against the turnbuckle to release the hold!

Once again, Helena Hope could NOT make Hayley submit.

Hayley picks herself up. While she's tapped, she's no less beaten. The current interim EVP Champion turns around, and who should be staring back at her than Erza Lazarus.

The two who started it all. The very first match in EVP.

If it wasn't for Erza injuring Hayley in their match, Erza might've won the title later on in the night. But at the same time, Hayley tapped her out.

And now here they are, in an EVP Championship match. Together. It's all come full circle.

And then...they explode!

Forearm exchange! What Erza fires at Hayley, Hayley fires right back. Back and forth until Hayley blocks Erza's last attempt and hits a side suplex! But as quick as a whip, Erza's back up and hits a running shoulder thrust! Hayley's down for a moment, but pulls herself back up and pulls Erza in before she can do anything else, nailing her with a big powerbomb!

They both pull themselves up and then go for the other once again.

FOREARM SMASH from both of them to the other!

ANOTHER!

They both double back and take each other out with massive clotheslines, dropping to the ground, exhausted and beaten!

Greco tries to seize the moment, cleverly seeing what's happened in the middle of the ring as he slithers and slides up the top rope, aiming for Erza or Hayley. They're both down, it's fair game.

But wait. He feels a hand - it's GIA!! Gia has grabbed his back and before he can do anything, Gia pushes him!

Gia shoves him off! But Greco is quick to land on his feet!

Gia jumps over the top rope and into the corner.

Greco turns. Gia sprints.

BAJA BLASTER! To her OWN FRIEND!

And once again, she hooks his leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

...

THR-

But wait! Greco locks her arms with a leg scissor and his own arm, pulling her over. He's got her in a pin of his own!

ONE!

TWO!!

...

THRE-

But now Helena comes in and punt kicks Greco in the back of the head! She pulls Gia up to her feet-

CAPTURE BACKBREAKER!

Helena hooks the leg herself now.

ONE!

TWO!!

...

THREE!!!

CURRENT EVP CHAMPION: Helena Hope!

Less than five minutes remaining.

Bodies everywhere.

And once again, Helena Hope has the EVP Championship. If no one can figure out a way around this, then The Last Hope continues her strangle-hold on the main event scene. She beats everyone, just as she said she could.

Helena wastes no time, fucking BOOTING Gia, the woman who nearly took her title away and kicking her to the outside. Now, she targets Erza. Pulling her up and nailing her with a Snap

Vertical Suplex, it's a Duel Of The Fates redux as these two go at it again. Erza pulls herself up again, before nailing Erza with a huge European Uppercut, knocking her back a few steps!

But now Hayley bursts in! Big headbutt to Erza, knocking her into the corner! Helena comes running in but Hayley ducks under - EMERALD WEAPON!

A jumping cutter. From outta nowhere, you might say!

But all the while, Gia has pulled herself up to her feet. Hayley pulls herself up to the top rope, she's got a Diving DDT in mind, but as she jumps - ERZA jumps in and catches her!

Hayley ascends the ropes—Diving DDT on Gia! She turns—Erza with the catch!

TSUNAMI ARMS! A moonsault fallaway slam ground Hayley! And now Erza attempts a cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

Time is ticking.

One minute left.

Greco pulls Erza into place, leaning on the bottom rope, he's going for WATCH YO' MOUTH. And so he runs in, stomping across the ring...but Erza DODGES, rolling onto her side as he goes spilling to the outside. As he stands, Erza runs in and hits a Tiger Feint Kick, but as he's on the outside looking in, her feet connect with the back of his head! He drops right down.

Helena goes after Hayley again. She's got forty five seconds left, and she's still the champion. And that amount of time means she has more than enough time to do the one thing left she couldn't do here - tap Hayley out. So she pulls the Raven up, but before she can, she hears something. She turns -

GIA!

BAJA BLASTER!!!

HELENA IS DOWN!!!!

Gia covers!!!

ONE!

TWO!!

...

THR - But Helena kicks out!

Gia wipes both of her hands over her face.

We almost, *almost* saw a miracle.

Twenty seconds left.

And as we back away, Hayley's waiting for Gia. Stalking her from behind. As Gia pulls herself up, onto her knees, Hayley's head drops down. A Kubrick Stare.

And before Gia even knows it - WHAM!

A huge forearm WHACKS across the back of her head.

GAE BULG from Hayley Morgan.

Gia is *down*.

But before Hayley can pin her, Erza's back in. KAIO-KEN! A Superman Forearm, takes Hayley down in a second.

Erza looks at the clock, counting down to the end of the match.

Ten seconds.

Erza fucking legs it across the ring, climbing up to the top rope. She only has so long to do this here.

Seven. Eight.

She leaps! COLOR OF THE SUPREME KING! A Shooting Star Senton, hitting the downed Hayley Morgan! Erza covers.

Five. Four.

ONE!

Three.

TWO!!

Two.

...

THREE!!!

One.

WINNER and NEW EVP CHAMPION: Erza Lazarus!

RONNIE WARD: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! WE HAVE A NEW CHAMPION! ERZA LAZARUS IS CHAMPION! ERA. LAZARUS. IS. EVP. CHAMPION!

RALPH ADLER: Helena Hope has lost. And what's more she STILL hasn't been able to tap Hayley Morgan out! What an absolute disaster.

RONNIE WARD: And how close did we come to seeing Gia win there? I'm absolutely stunned beyond belief at the things we've seen in our main event here. I can't imagine Greco will be happy after Erza took him out there. But nevertheless, folks, she came into EVP as a last minute placement in the initial tournament, she's worked her way up the card from repeat opener to the main event but now Erza Lazarus is EVP Champion! We've got Kendal Harlow holding the Prime Time Championship, The Menu holding the Tag Team Championships. A brand new chapter has been written for Emeryville Pro Wrestling Academy!

RALPH ADLER: But where does this leave Helena Hope now? And WYM Greco?! Where does this leave Hayley and Gia?!

RONNIE WARD: I guess we'll find out in June, when we return for our next event, *EVP Pride*! We hope you'll join us there! For myself, for Ralph Adler, and for Emeryville Pro Wrestling Academy, thank you for joining us. Good night everybody!

Helena Hope sits in the corner, hand on the back of her head, a look of scorn aimed at Hayley Morgan.

Gia sits on the apron, a little disappointed, but fans being told what an amazing job she did by fans in the front row, and how she'll get back there soon.

Greco leans against the barricade on the outside, his eyes firmly on Erza Lazarus. He wasn't done. No sir. And he isn't done.

But in the middle of the ring, surrounded by confetti and cheers, the Weapons Grade Superhuman holds her title in the air. Erza Lazarus is the EVP Champion, and the next chapter in our story has begun.

If you would like to support these characters, you can follow Helena Hope [here](#), WYM Greco [here](#), Hayley Morgan [here](#), Gia [here](#) and Erza Lazarus [here](#).

END OF SHOW

