Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 5

June 7, 2026 | Amica Mutual Pavilion - Providence, Rhode Island

Segment 1: Television Open & Broadcast Introduction

The signature, high-octane SWF Sunday Night SLAM intro video package blasts across the screen. Heavy electric guitars and rapid-fire highlights of the roster flash in synchronization with the rhythm before the roaring blue-and-silver SLAM logo shatters the screen.

Fade up inside the Amica Mutual Pavilion. A massive array of silver and blue pyrotechnics explodes from the top of the entrance stage, raining sparks down onto the ramp. The camera pans the deafening, sold-out Providence crowd, sweeping past fans holding up homemade signs before diving down to the broadcast table situated at ringside.

SCOTT COOPER: "Welcome everyone to a packed house here in Rhode Island! We are live for Sunday Night SLAM from a completely sold-out Amica Mutual Pavilion! I am Scott Cooper alongside the legendary Jimmy V, and our resident analyst, Valerie Vortex. Partners, the energy in this building is absolutely off the charts tonight!"

JIMMY V: "You aren't kidding, Coop! Providence is notoriously rowdy, and this steep seating bowl has the acoustic volume turned up to eleven! The tension in the air is thick enough to cut with a dull butter knife. Tonight, the landscape of the SWF shifts permanently. We've got a massive main event to crown a new Number One Contender for the Women's Championship!"

VALERIE VORTEX: "And don't look past the tactical nightmare that is our opening contest. You have the chaotic, unpredictable nature of Degeneration HEX trying to disrupt the meticulous, disciplined machine that is The Made Men. In terms of pure strategy, whoever dictates the tempo wins this match early--and the Ocean State crowd is itching for a fight."

SCOTT COOPER: "That tag team collision is happening right now! Let's go to the ring for our opening contest!"

DEGENERATION HEX VS THE MADE MEN

The arena lights glitch and flash wildly as a chaotic, heavy techno-punk beat drops over the sound system.

RING ANNOUNCER:

"The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... at a combined weight of 395 pounds... Jack and Jake Jester... DEGENERATION HEX!"

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Degeneration HEX bursts through the curtain in a whirlwind of neon facepaint, shredded fishnets, and unhinged energy. They sprint down the ramp, sliding into the ring simultaneously and scaling opposite turnbuckles, playing to the screaming Providence crowd.

The chaotic music is violently cut off by a heavy Italian horn arrangement that drops into a slow, booming orchestral march. The arena lights shift to a deep, dramatic crimson.

RING ANNOUNCER:

"And their opponents... at a combined weight of 510 pounds... representing the CONSOLIDATION... Dante Vellaro and Bruno Marchetti... THE MADE MEN!"

Dante Vellaro and Bruno Marchetti emerge from the back, walking with cold, synchronized precision down the ramp. Vellaro adjusts the cuffs of his tailored shirt, while Marchetti cracks his neck, staring holes through the Jester brothers. They enter the ring deliberately, never breaking eye contact.

SCOTT COOPER:

"The contrast here is unbelievable. You've got the absolute kinetic madness of Degeneration HEX going up against the cold, corporate, calculated execution of The Made Men. Valerie, how do the Jesters crack a defense that tight?"

VALERIE VORTEX:

"They have to create sensory overload, Scott. The Made Men thrive on structure. If Jack and Jake can make this a track meet, they disrupt Vellaro's positioning. But if they slow down for even a second, they're walking into a meat grinder."

[BELL RINGS]

Jack Jester starts the match by dancing around the center of the ring, sticking his tongue out and doing a handstand on the top turnbuckle to psych out Dante Vellaro. Vellaro doesn't blink. He simply stands his ground in a textbook wrestling stance. Jack drops down, bounding off the ropes, but Vellaro explodes out of his corner with a vicious, stiff European uppercut that drops Jack instantly to the canvas.

JIMMY V:

"Oof! Cleaned his clock right in front of the front row! He hit him so hard his facepaint is going to come off on the canvas! Welcome to Rhode Island, kid!"

VALERIE VORTEX:

"Perfect positioning by Vellaro. He didn't bite on the theatricality. He waited for the center of gravity to shift

and punished Jack for playing to the crowd. That is textbook."

Vellaro drags Jack by his neon hair over to the corner and tags in Bruno Marchetti. Marchetti enters the ring with a heavy boot right to Jack's ribs. For the next several minutes, The Made Men systematically cut the ring in half. Marchetti delivers a thunderous gutwrench suplex, tossing Jack across the ring like a ragdoll. Cover by Marchetti. One... Two... Jack kicks out.

Marchetti lifts Jack up, trapping him in a tight front facelock, dragging him back to their corner. Vellaro tags back in, delivering a heavy clubbing blow to Jack's exposed back.

SCOTT COOPER:

"The Made Men are just dissecting Jack Jester right now. Total isolation. Jake Jester is practically falling over the ropes on the apron, desperate to get into this match."

JIMMY V:

"That's because Jake knows his brother is running out of gas, Coop! The Made Men are suffocating him out there. It's beautiful business!"

Jack desperately fights back, landing a desperation jawbreaker on Vellaro. Vellaro stumbles back. Jack lunges across the canvas, avoiding a diving elbow drop from Vellaro, and makes the diving hot tag to JAKE JESTER!

The crowd explodes as Jake Jester enters the ring like a house on fire. He ducks a clothesline from Vellaro, hits the ropes, and takes him down with a spinning heel kick. Bruno Marchetti charges in, but Jake hits him with a dropkick that sends the big man tumbling through the ropes to the outside floor. Jake turns back to Vellaro, hitting a standing moonsault!

SCOTT COOPER:

"Jake Jester is clearing house! The Amica Pavilion is absolutely rocking! Cover on Vellaro! One... Two... No! Marchetti pulls the referee's leg from the outside!"

JIMMY V:

"Smart move by Bruno! Protect the investment!"

The match breaks down into a complete four-man brawl. The referee completely loses control as Jake Jester sprints across the ring and launches himself over the top rope with a suicide dive, wiping out Marchetti on the floor!

Inside the ring, Jack Jester scales the top turnbuckle, looking for his signature high-flying splash to finish

Vellaro. Jack stands on the top rope, letting out a wild scream, and leaps. But Vellaro showcases incredible power--catching the airborne Jester mid-air, absorbing the impact, and driving him directly into the canvas with a brutal spinebuster!

JIMMY V:

"Spinebuster! Spinebuster! The spine of Jack Jester just met the hardwood, folks! The AMP is shaking!"

VALERIE VORTEX:

"And look at the outside, Scott. Marchetti just recovered and rammed Jake Jester spine-first into the steel ring post. He took away the savior. The structural defense of Degeneration HEX is entirely broken."

Inside the ring, Vellaro stands over a broken Jack Jester. He drags him up by the neck and tags in Marchetti. Vellaro hooks Jack's arms, lifting him straight up into a devastating double-team powerbomb as Marchetti drives him down from the second rope. Vellaro hooks the leg tightly as the referee slides into position.

REFEREE:

"One! ... Two! ... Three!"

[BELL RINGS]

RING ANNOUNCER:

"Here are your winners... THE MADE MEN!"

SCOTT COOPER:

"A surgical, dominant victory for The Made Men to open Sunday Night SLAM! They weathered the chaotic storm of Degeneration HEX and proved why they are the most dangerous unit in the tag team division."

VALERIE VORTEX:

"They are a machine, Scott. The moment the match dissolved into chaos, they didn't panic. They isolated the variables, neutralized Jake on the outside, and executed the finish. Flawless tag team wrestling."

Marchetti and Vellaro stand in the center of the ring, their hands raised by the referee, looking entirely unbothered as the crowd boos them out of the building.

SCOTT COOPER:

"Fans, don't go anywhere--we are going backstage to hear from these victors with Alicia Vance right after

this quick commercial break!"

Backstage Interview -- The Made Men

[LIVE CUE - BACKSTAGE]

Fade up from commercial break. The screen displays the bustling backstage area of the Amica Mutual Pavilion. The camera tracks down the concrete hallway, locking onto a slick, silver Sunday Night SLAM backdrop where ALICIA VANCE stands holding a microphone. Standing to her left are Dante Vellaro and Bruno Marchetti, completely composed, without a single bead of sweat on them despite just finishing a grueling match.

ALICIA VANCE:

"Fans, I am backstage with the victors of our explosive opening contest, Dante Vellaro and Bruno Marchetti--The Made Men. Gentlemen, an incredibly chaotic match against Degeneration HEX just moments ago, but you managed to completely impose your will and walk away with a definitive win. What does a statement like this mean for the rest of the SWF tag team division?"

Dante Vellaro steps forward, adjusting the sharp collar of his shirt, a look of utter disdain on his face as he looks directly into the camera lens.

DANTE VELLARO:

"Alicia, look at me. Do I look surprised? Does Bruno look surprised? Chaos is a children's game. The Jester brothers want to flip around the ring, they want to take ridiculous risks, they want to paint their faces and play to the crowd. But this ring isn't a playground. It's a business. And New England is a Made Men town. We didn't come to the SWF to trade wins with a couple of clowns. We came to collect what's owed to us. We proved tonight that discipline beats madness every single day of the week."

Bruno Marchetti steps up beside Vellaro, his massive frame completely casting a shadow over Alicia Vance as he stares intensely into the microphone.

BRUNO MARCHETTI:

"The foundation has been laid. Whoever is holding those SWF Tag Team Championships right now... you need to start counting your days. Because when The Made Men come to collect a debt, we don't leave empty-handed."

Vellaro smirks, patting Marchetti on the shoulder before turning back to Alicia with a cold, dismissing nod.

DANTE VELLARO:

"Business is booming in Providence, Alicia. Next question."

Before Alicia can even utter another word, Vellaro and Marchetti walk right past the camera, pushing their way through the production crew as they head down the hallway toward their private dressing room.

SCOTT COOPER (VOICEOVER):

"Unbelievable confidence from The Made Men, but after a performance like that, who can blame them? They are putting the entire tag division on notice tonight!"

JIMMY V (VOICEOVER):

"They're businessmen, Coop! And business is good! Up next, fans, we have a total clash of cultures as 'The Paragon of Perfection' Leo Maximus takes on the grit of The Maniac Mechanic! Don't go away, Sunday Night SLAM will be right back!"

LEO MAXIMUS VS THE MANIAC MECHANIC

A flashy, upbeat pop-synth track hits as the arena lights shift to a vibrant wash of pink and gold.

RING ANNOUNCER:

"The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... accompanied by 'Material Girl' Cheryl Martinez... weighing in at 255 pounds... from Beverly Hills, California... he is THE PARAGON OF PERFECTION, LEO MAXIMUS!"

"The Paragon of Perfection" Leo Maximus struts through the curtain wearing a shimmering gold robe that catches every light in the building. He has a hand mirror raised, admiring his own reflection with an arrogant smirk, while Cheryl Martinez walks right beside him, fanning him and sneering at the fans. They take their sweet time walking down the ramp, ensuring the Providence crowd gets a long look at "Perfection."

The pop music is abruptly cut by the harsh, heavy clanking of a metal wrench hitting an iron pipe over the sound system. The arena lights instantly drop into a gritty, factory-floor amber.

RING ANNOUNCER:

"And his opponent... accompanied by 'Diamond' Dana Cortez... weighing in at 295 pounds... from the Rust Belt... THE MANIAC MECHANIC!"

The Mechanic steps through the curtain wearing grease-stained blue overalls, a heavy tool belt, and carrying a industrial-grade steel toolbox. Right next to him is "Diamond" Dana Cortez, chewing bubblegum and holding up a heavy steel chain. The Mechanic slams his toolbox onto the entrance stage, lets out a guttural

roar, and stomps down the ramp with pure blue-collar rage.

SCOTT COOPER:

"Well, Leo Maximus certainly doesn't lack confidence. A man who claims his technical execution inside the squared circle is just as flawless as his facial structure."

JIMMY V:

"Hey, look at the guy, Coop! If I looked like that, I'd bring a mirror to downtown Providence too! And Cheryl Martinez out there looks like a million bucks. That's star power right there!"

VALERIE VORTEX:

"Confidence is fine, Jimmy, but narcissism creates blind spots. Maximus spends so much time looking at his own reflection that he forgets to watch his flanks. His technical execution is top-tier, but he absolutely hates getting his hands dirty--and that's a dangerous trait against a man who literally works with heavy machinery."

[BELL RINGS]

Maximus immediately folds his gold robe and hands it to Cheryl, turning around to fix his hair. The Mechanic doesn't wait. He charges across the ring and shoves Maximus hard, sending him flying across the canvas into the turnbuckles. Maximus clutches his back, his eyes wide with shock and outrage.

JIMMY V:

"Hey! He messed up the hair, Mechanic! That's a structural violation!"

The Mechanic corners Maximus, unloading with heavy, grease-stained right hands to the ribs. He whips Maximus across the ring into the opposite corner and follows up with a thudding short-arm clothesline that turns the pretty boy inside out. The Mechanic hoists him up, driving him into the mat with a massive sidewalk slam. Cover by The Mechanic. One... Two... Maximus violently kicks out, scrambling toward the ropes.

SCOTT COOPER:

"The Mechanic hits a massive sidewalk slam! He is absolutely dismantling the Paragon early on here!"

For the next few minutes, The Mechanic uses his weight advantage to grind Maximus down. He locks in a grueling bearhug, squeezing the breath out of Maximus. Cheryl Martinez hops onto the apron, screaming at the referee and waving her hand mirror to create a distraction. On the opposite side of the ring, Dana Cortez has seen enough. She marches over, grabs Cheryl by her high heels, and yanks her down to the floor.

JIMMY V:

"Hey, look at the apron! Cheryl and Dana are about to pull each other's hair out! The ref's got his hands full! The crowd is going wild!"

SCOTT COOPER:

"The referee is completely distracted trying to separate the managers on the outside floor!"

Inside the ring, The Mechanic breaks the bearhug and lifts a breathless Maximus onto his shoulders, setting up for his signature running powerslam to finish the match. But with the referee's back completely turned to the action, Maximus showcases his desperate, cynical side. He reaches back and violently rakes his fingers directly across the eyes of The Mechanic, before jamming a thumb straight into his eye socket.

VALERIE VORTEX:

"A textbook thumb to the eye! The Mechanic is blinded!"

The Mechanic stumbles backward, clutching his face in agony. Maximus slips off his shoulders, dropping to the canvas. He boots the back of the Mechanic's knee, forcing the big man down to one knee. With lightning speed, Maximus hooks the head and executes a flawless, crisp rolling neckbreaker, slamming the Mechanic's head into the canvas. Maximus hooks the leg tightly as the referee finally turns around to count.

REFEREE:

"One! ... Two! ... Three!"

[BELL RINGS]

RING ANNOUNCER:

"Here is your winner... LEO MAXIMUS!"

JIMMY V:

"Perfection strikes again, Coop! Flawless victory!"

VALERIE VORTEX:

"Say what you want about his attitude, Jimmy, but Leo Maximus understands ring awareness. He leveraged the chaos at ringside, found the blind spot, and executed seamlessly when it mattered most. The Mechanic got a blue-collar lesson in ring psychology."

Cheryl Martinez slides back into the ring, handing Maximus his hand mirror and his gold robe. Maximus stands over the fallen Mechanic, checking his jaw in the mirror to ensure it's still perfect, as the Providence

crowd boos them out of the ring.

SCOTT COOPER:

"A highly controversial win for Leo Maximus, but it goes in the record books all the same. Up next, fans, the tag team division takes center stage once again as The Realm Wardens take on a true dream team of the "Roaring Lion" Leo Anderson and the "Komodo Dragon" Ricky Inoki! Sunday Night SLAM will be right back!"

Jimmy V holds up their action figures and starts playing with them. Valerie Vortex tries not to laugh.

THE REALM WARDENS VS LEO ANDERSON & RICKY INOKI

The arena house lights suddenly plunge into a deep, galactic wash of purple and neon green. A low, cinematic drone rumbles through the stadium speakers as smoke billows from the entrance way.

RING ANNOUNCER:

"The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... at a combined weight of 540 pounds... Sentinel and Vanguard... THE REALM WARDENS!"

Sentinel and Vanguard step through the smoke wearing full chrome-plated armor chest pieces and heavy dark hoods. They march down the ramp in terrifyingly synchronized lockstep, looking like two futuristic sentries sent to lock down the arena. They climb the steel steps and enter the ring, standing side-by-side like an immovable wall of muscle.

The heavy galactic drone is violently shattered by a sharp, traditional Japanese flute melody. The crowd instantly cheers, but the flute track is abruptly ripped apart by a blistering, high-octane heavy metal guitar riff that sends the Providence crowd into an absolute frenzy.

RING ANNOUNCER:

"And their opponents... at a combined weight of 465 pounds... the team of 'The Roaring Lion' Leo Anderson and 'The Komodo Dragon' Ricky Inoki!"

LEO ANDERSON and RICKY INOKI storm through the curtain side-by-side. Anderson is slapping his chest, firing up the fans, his long blonde hair wild as he lets out a thunderous shout. Inoki walks with intense, hyper-focused precision, his hands wrapped tightly in white athletic tape, staring directly at the giants in the ring. They sprint down the ramp and slide under the bottom rope, instantly forcing the Wardens to step back.

JIMMY V:

"Now this is a dream team, Coop! You got the absolute raw fire and explosive intensity of Leo Anderson

paired up with the lethal, ice-cold martial arts precision of Ricky Inoki! The Wardens have a massive size and weight advantage, but these two challengers have world-class championship pedigree--and this historic Providence wrestling crowd knows exactly what they are looking at!"

VALERIE VORTEX:

"This is an incredibly dangerous match for the Realm Wardens. Vanguard and Sentinel rely on absolute, suffocating perimeter control. They want to trap you in a phone booth and crush you. But Anderson has the explosive leverage to match their strength, and Inoki has the anatomical knowledge to dismantle a giant's joints limb by limb."

[BELL RINGS]

Ricky Inoki volunteers to start the match against Vanguard. Vanguard, standing a towering 6'8", looks down at Inoki with a mocking smirk, gesturing for a classic test of strength. Inoki circles him cautiously. Vanguard lunges forward to grab him, but Inoki ducks underneath the massive arms, firing off three rapid, blistering leg kicks directly into Vanguard's inner thigh.

SCOTT COOPER:

"Inoki utilizing that lightning speed early! Chopping down the tree!"

Vanguard grunts in pain, swinging a wild, clubbing right hand. Inoki effortlessly ducks it, slips behind the giant, and delivers a stiff kick to the back of Vanguard's knee. Vanguard stumbles back into his own corner, clearly frustrated, and tags in Sentinel. Sentinel enters the ring aggressively, catching Inoki off guard with a running shoulder tackle that sends the martial artist crashing to the canvas.

For the next eight minutes, The Realm Wardens showcase their brutal tag team chemistry. They cut the ring in half, keeping Inoki completely isolated from his partner. Vanguard tags back in, lifting Inoki up and executing a brutal, running assisted shoulder block right into the turnbuckle. Vanguard covers. One... Two... Inoki barely gets a shoulder up.

Sentinel tags in and hoists Inoki onto his shoulders, setting up a crushing powerbomb. The Providence crowd is desperately chanting for a comeback. Inoki refuses to quit--he fights out of the air, utilizing incredible flexibility to transition mid-drop into a sunset flip! Sentinel stumbles backward, missing the impact. Inoki rolls through, ducking under Sentinel's legs, and makes a spectacular, diving hot tag to LEO ANDERSON!

SCOTT COOPER:

"Here comes the Roaring Lion! Anderson is tagged in!"

The Amica Mutual Pavilion goes completely unhinged as Leo Anderson explodes into the ring. He clotheslines a charging Vanguard over the top rope to the floor. Sentinel moves toward him, but Anderson

catches him with a leaping flying forearm. Anderson hits the ropes, his momentum fully revved up, and launches Vanguard across the ring with a massive, overhead belly-to-belly suplex that rattles the entire ring!

JIMMY V:

"He threw the big man! Anderson is clearing house! The Roaring Lion is completely unleashed here on SLAM!"

The match dissolves into pure, chaotic adrenaline. Vanguard recovers on the outside and pulls Anderson's leg from the apron, dragging him out to the concrete floor. Sentinel tries to capitalize inside the ring, but he turns directly into a thunderous, out-of-nowhere Spear from Leo Anderson, who had just broken free on the outside! The impact sends both Anderson and Sentinel crashing through the ropes into the timekeeper's area.

Inside the ring, Vanguard slides back in, looking to ambush the lone Ricky Inoki. He scoops Inoki up, looking for a definitive sidewalk slam to end the match. But as Vanguard drives forward, Inoki showcases world-class tactical defense.

Instead of taking the impact, Inoki catches Vanguard's arm mid-move, shifting his own weight entirely. He wraps his legs around Vanguard's head and left arm, pulling the giant down to the canvas and locking in a deep, hyper-extended Cross Armbreaker right in the center of the ring!

SCOTT COOPER:

"Inoki counters mid-move! He's got the armbar locked in! It's deep! Vanguard is completely trapped in the center of the ring!"

Vanguard bellows out in sheer agony, his arm locked at a horrific angle. He tries to hoist Inoki up to slam him down, but Inoki wrenches the arm even deeper, locking his hips down securely. With Sentinel completely incapacitated on the arena floor after the spear, there is no savior coming. Vanguard frantically taps his good hand against the canvas.

REFEREE:

"Ring the bell! Ring the bell!"

[BELL RINGS]

RING ANNOUNCER:

"Here are your winners... LEO ANDERSON AND RICKY INOKI!"

The crowd inside the Amica Mutual Pavilion explodes into a massive ovation as Inoki releases the hold.

Anderson crawls back into the ring, his forehead bruised from the floor brawl, and embraces Inoki as the referee raises both of their hands in victory.

VALERIE VORTEX:

"That was pure martial arts mastery from Ricky Inoki, Scott. He let Vanguard use his own immense forward momentum against him, and the absolute second that submission was locked in, the size difference ceased to exist. An absolutely world-class performance from a world-class tag team."

SCOTT COOPER:

"An unbelievable statement victory for Anderson and Inoki here in Providence! Fans, the action is only heating up. When we come back, the ominous GIDEON OXFORD steps into the squared circle against the wild Safari Jackson! Do not touch that dial, Sunday Night SLAM will be right back!"

CARNIVAL STRONGMAN VS SAFARI JACKSON

The arena house lights shift to a dusty, sepia-toned amber as a creepy, slow-rolling calliope organ melody echoes through the arena speakers.

BARKER BARNABAS:

"Step right up, ladies and gentlemen! Witness the DEFINITION OF DESTRUCTION, the man who tears steel apart with his bare hands! The Carnival Strongman... THE FINAL CHAPTER - GIDEON OXFORD!"

Barker Barnabas steps through the curtain wearing a striped velvet vest and a black bowler hat, gesturing grandly behind him. Out steps the towering, menacing figure of Gideon Oxford. Sporting a thick, old-school handlebar mustache and a scowl that could crack concrete, The barrel chested Oxford marches down the ramp like a human brick wall, slamming his massive fists together.

The eerie carnival music is abruptly blown apart by an explosive jungle drumbeat and a heavy, pounding hip-hop bassline that brings the Rhode Island crowd right back to their feet.

RING ANNOUNCER:

"And his opponent... accompanied by OG Money... weighing in at 285 pounds... SAFARI JACKSON!"

Safari Jackson bursts through the curtain alongside OG Money. Jackson is a ball of pure, explosive energy, leaping into the air, beating his chest, and sprinting down the ramp. OG Money struts right behind him, waving a gold cane and hyping up the front rows. Jackson slides smoothly into the ring, scales the turnbuckle, and lets out a passionate shout to a massive pop.

SCOTT COOPER:

"Safari Jackson brings a level of raw, explosive athleticism to the ring that very few men can replicate, but tonight he faces a completely different kind of challenge in the immovable Gideon Oxford."

JIMMY V:

"Immovable is right, Coop! Oxford doesn't care about your speed or your agility. He's old-school grit. He wants to grab you, break you, and put you in a side-show exhibit!"

VALERIE VORTEX:

"The key for Jackson here is the perimeter. He cannot allow Oxford to trap him against the ropes. If Safari keeps his distance and forces Oxford to move his heavy frame around the canvas, he can exhaust the big man. But if Oxford catches him mid-air, it's a wrap."

[BELL RINGS]

Jackson immediately hits the ropes, using a burst of speed to attempt a running crossbody right off the bat. But Oxford doesn't even budge. He catches the airborne Safari Jackson right out of mid-air, absorbs the entire impact with his massive chest, and violently hurls him across the ring with a thudding front slam.

JIMMY V:

"Boom! Caught him like a fly in a web! Total shutdown!"

Oxford slowly walks over to Jackson, dragging him up by his waistband. For the next several minutes, the Carnival Strongman completely dominates the pace. He locks Jackson into a grueling, rib-cracking bearhug right in the center of the ring. Jackson groans in pain, his long legs lifting slightly as Oxford squeezes the breath entirely out of his lungs. The Providence crowd tries to clap Jackson back to life.

Jackson refuses to submit. He channels his energy, bringing his hands up to deliver a sharp sequence of double earsmacks right across Oxford's skull. Oxford's grip breaks. Jackson hits the canvas, ducks a wild clothesline, and springs off the middle rope with a beautiful springboard dropkick! Oxford stumbles backward, gasping for air. Jackson follows up with a second running dropkick, finally forcing the giant down to one knee.

SCOTT COOPER:

"Jackson is fighting back! He's got the giant off his feet!"

Sensing his moment, Jackson scales the turnbuckles, pointing to the sky as the crowd roars. But on the outside, Barker Barnabas hops onto the apron, waving his bowler hat to violently distract the referee. Seeing the blatant interference, OG Money sprints around the ring, grabs Barnabas by his striped vest, and yanks

him face-first onto the arena floor!

JIMMY V:

"Hey! Look at the floor! OG Money just laid out the ringmaster!"

SCOTT COOPER:

"The managers are brawling on the floor, and the referee is completely occupied trying to restore order!"

Up on the top rope, Safari Jackson leaps, launching himself off the turnbuckle for a diving clothesline to finish the match. But the distraction cost him precious seconds. Oxford recovers instantly, tracks the airborne Jackson, and intercepts him mid-air by the throat! Oxford grips Jackson's neck with both hands, hoists him high above his head, and drives him spine-first directly onto his knee with a devastating, bone-shattering gutbuster slam!

VALERIE VORTEX:

"Incredible counter! The gutbuster slam directly across the knee!"

Jackson collapses to the canvas, clutching his abdomen in agony. Oxford drops over him, hooking both legs with immense weight as the referee slides back into position to make the count.

REFEREE:

"One! ... Two! ... Three!"

[BELL RINGS]

RING ANNOUNCER:

"Here is your winner... GIDEON OXFORD!"

Barker Barnabas Barnaby (Yes that's his full name. What?) scrambles back into the ring, holding his jaw but cackling wildly as he raises Gideon Oxford's hand in victory. Oxford stares coldly into the camera, looking entirely unfazed by the battle he just endured.

VALERIE VORTEX:

"Safari Jackson played right into Oxford's hands at the very end, Scott. When you take a high-risk gamble from the top rope against a man with that kind of catch-radius and brute strength, you invite utter disaster. Gideon Oxford calculated the trajectory and took away his breath permanently."

SCOTT COOPER:

"A brutal, physical victory for the Carnival Strongman who is still undefeated in the Superstar Wrestling Federation. Fans, up next, it is time for our highly anticipated Main Event of the evening! The Number One Contender's spot for the SWF Women's Championship is on the line as Jessica Shimmer clashes with Big Mama Johnson! The Main Event is NEXT!"

MAIN EVENT HYPE & ENTRANCES

[LIVE CUE - BROADCAST]

Fade up from a brief commercial break. The arena lights are dimmed as the massive video screen above the entrance stage lights up. A slick, high-production hype package begins to play, immediately capturing the attention of the sold-out crowd.

The video opens with a black-and-white montage of JESSICA SHIMMER. Emotional music swells as we see footage of her grueling journey--the countless near-misses, training in empty gyms, and nursing taped-up ribs after vicious encounters.

JESSICA SHIMMER (VOICEOVER):

"I've been told 'no' my entire career. I've been told I'm too small, that I don't have what it takes to be at the top of the food chain in the SWF. But every time I get knocked down, I crawl back up. Tonight, it's not just a match. It's my life's work. I am stepping in there with a giant, but I'm leaving as the Number One Contender."

The screen violently flashes to vibrant crimson and steel-grey as the music shifts to a thunderous, industrial baseline. Heavy clips flash of BIG MAMA JOHNSON flattening her opponents, delivering crushing body avalanches, and standing over fallen bodies with total authority.

BIG MAMA JOHNSON (VOICEOVER):

"Underdog? Heart? Determination? Those are words ya'll use to comfort yourselves when somebody realizes they can't match their mouth with my power. Jessica Shimmer is a great story, but stories get crushed under three hundred pounds of reality and the gospel truth. I am the gatekeeper of this division, and tonight, I slam the door. I RUN THIS!"

The video shatters into the Sunday Night SLAM logo before fading back to the live arena, where the atmosphere is palpable.

SCOTT COOPER:

"The stakes could not be any higher, fans. The winner of this next contest earns an official date with

destiny--a guaranteed shot at the SWF Women's Championship against The Velvet Empress!"

JIMMY V:

"This is the classic unstoppable force meeting the immovable object, Coop! Shimmer has all the momentum and the backing of these fans, but Big Mama Johnson is a completely different animal when a title shot is on the line! BOTH are crowd favorites!"

VALERIE VORTEX:

"The psychological divide here is fascinating. Shimmer is fighting for her dream, while Big Mama is fighting to maintain her dominant aura. In a main event environment, the person who lets emotion cloud their judgment first is the one who blunders."

The arena lights suddenly plunge into darkness before a heavy, rhythmic bass drum echoes through the arena speakers, mimicking a slow, menacing heartbeat. The lights shift to an intense, warning-track crimson.

RING ANNOUNCER:

"The following contest is our MAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING! And it is scheduled for one fall until a finish! Introducing first... from Baltimore, Maryland... weighing in at 285 pounds... BIG MAMA JOHNSON!"

The curtain parts and Big Mama Johnson steps onto the stage. She is draped in a heavy, steel-grey hooded robe, her arms crossed over her massive chest. She looks down the long entrance ramp with absolute focus and fire for the Providence crowd, who are raining down a chorus of heavy, echoing cheers. She walks down the ramp with slow, deliberate steps, exuding an aura of pure, unadulterated power. She climbs onto the apron, steps through the ropes, and stands in the center of the ring, staring holes into the camera lens.

The crimson lights instantly vanish, replaced by a dazzling array of silver and electric blue strobe lights that dance across the rafters. A high-energy, uplifting pop-rock anthem blasts through the stadium sound system.

RING ANNOUNCER:

"And her opponent... from Orlando, Florida... weighing in at 135 pounds... JESSICA SHIMMER!"

The Amica Mutual Pavilion completely explodes into a deafening roar as Jessica Shimmer bursts through the curtain. She has a white athletic wrap tightly bound around her midsection and ribs, but her face is a mask of pure, fiery determination. She sprints down the ramp, slapping the outstretched hands of fans in the front rows, before sliding under the bottom rope. She leaps onto the second turnbuckle, raising a fist to the roaring crowd as blue and silver streamers rain down from the ceiling.

SCOTT COOPER:

"Listen to this ovation in Rhode Island! Jessica Shimmer has captivated the imagination of the SWF universe, but look at the tape around those ribs. Big Mama has to be licking her chops seeing that vulnerability."

VALERIE VORTEX:

"That's a glaring target, Scott. Shimmer's fighting spirit is undeniable, but entering a match against a powerhouse with pre-existing core damage is a tactical catastrophe. Big Mama will try to squeeze the life out of her early."

Inside the ring, the referee calls both competitors to the center. The height and weight disparity is staggering--Big Mama towers over Shimmer, looking down with a stoic, cold grin. Shimmer doesn't back down an inch, stepping right into Big Mama's space and looking up, staring directly back into the eyes of the giant.

JESSICA SHIMMER VS BIG MAMA JOHNSON

The referee calls for the bell.

[BELL RINGS]

The historic crowd inside the Amica Mutual Pavilion splits into thunderous, competing chants, shaking the very rafters of the building.

SCOTT COOPER:

"Here we go! The main event is underway, and you can feel the floorboards vibrating under our feet! The number one contendership is on the line!"

Jessica Shimmer circles the perimeter of the ring, light on her feet despite the heavy white tape binding her midsection. Big Mama Johnson stands dead center, slowly pivoting, her arms outstretched, beckoning the smaller challenger to try her strength. Shimmer steps in for a collar-and-elbow tie-up, but Big Mama pushes her off instantly with immense force, sending Shimmer flying across the canvas onto her back.

JIMMY V:

"Just like a fly on a windshield, Coop! The power advantage is staggering!"

Shimmer nimbly rolls back to her feet, shaking out her arms. She circles again, ducking a wild swipe from Big Mama, and lands a crisp forearm smash to the jaw. She hits the ropes, looking to build momentum, but Big Mama tracks her perfectly and catches her on the rebound with a devastating kitchen-sink knee strike right into the bruised ribs. Shimmer collapses to the mat, gasping for air and clutching her midsection.

VALERIE VORTEX:

"And there it is. Big Mama went straight for the tactical vulnerability. That rib cage was already compromised coming into tonight, and a knee from a 285-pound athlete can fracture bone."

Big Mama methodically takes control of the next ten minutes, turning the main event into a grueling showcase of power. She drags Shimmer up by her hair, throwing her into the corner and delivering a crushing body avalanche that visibly compresses Shimmer's ribs against the turnbuckle. Shimmer screams out in agony. Big Mama follows up by scooping Shimmer off the canvas and locking her into a vice-like half nelson.

SCOTT COOPER:

"Big Mama is squeezing the absolute life out of Jessica Shimmer! The referee is checking on her... looking closely at her eyes. Shimmer is fading fast!"

JIMMY V:

"This is where the dream ends, folks! You can't fight anatomy! Big Mama is just breaking her in half!"

Shimmer's arms go limp as she hangs in the hold, the Providence crowd desperately screaming her name, clapping in a frantic rhythm to spark a comeback. Shimmer's eyes suddenly snap open with pure adrenaline. Refusing to let her moment slip away, she brings both fists down on top of Big Mama's head, breaking the giant's grip. Shimmer drops to the canvas, pulling the top rope down as Big Mama charges, sending the powerhouse tumbling over the top rope down to the floor!

The crowd explodes as Shimmer pulls herself up using the ropes, her breathing ragged. She hits the opposite ropes, building every ounce of speed she has left, and launches herself through the middle ropes with a spectacular suicide dive!

SCOTT COOPER:

"Suicide dive from Shimmer! She connects! But Big Mama is still on her feet on the outside!"

Shimmer quickly slides back into the ring and scales the turnbuckle as Big Mama stumbles back toward the apron. Shimmer leaps, delivering a beautiful diving crossbody into the ring--but Big Mama catches her mid-air! The powerhouse absorbs the entire impact, shifting her weight to position Shimmer for a definitive, running powerslam.

JIMMY V:

"She caught her again! It's over! Powerslam incoming!"

As Big Mama drives forward to slam her into the canvas, Shimmer showcases unbelievable mid-air agility. She shifts her weight completely at the peak of the throw, wrapping her arms around Big Mama's neck and transforming the impact into a lightning-fast swinging DDT! Both women crash hard to the mat, the ring canvas shaking violently.

SCOTT COOPER:

"Swinging DDT! Shimmer countered it out of mid-air! Both women are down!"

VALERIE VORTEX:

"Incredible ring awareness by Shimmer. She used Big Mama's own gravitational mass against her. But look at Jessica--she's spent. She has to make the cover right now."

Shimmer painfully crawls across the canvas, every movement bringing a wince of agony to her face. She drapes one heavy arm across Big Mama's massive chest, hooking the far leg with everything she has left. The referee slides into position, his hand striking the mat.

REFEREE:

"One! ... Two! ... !"

CURT CANDID:

"BIG MAMA JOHNSON KICKED OUT! SURPRISE!"

SCOTT COOPER:

"Curt Candid? What are you doing here?"

CURT CANDID:

"Kharma is a bitch. Keep watching..."

Jimmy V:

"Jessica Shimmer is checking with the referee about the count but even I have to admit that was an impressive kickout."

CURT CANDID:

"This next part you're gonna LOVE!"

VALERIE VORTEX:

"Big Mama has Shimmer by the throat... CHOKESLAM!"

CURT CANDID:

"And my favorite part..."

SCOTT COOPER:

"MAMA BOMB!!!!"

The referee is back in position....

1....

2.....

3!!!!!

RING ANNOUNCER:

"Here is your winner... and the NUMBER ONE CONTENDER TO THE SWF WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP... BIG MAMA JOHNSON!"

Curt Candid stands up and claps as he watches his soon to be ex-wife Jessica Shimmer taste defeat.

The Amica Mutual Pavilion completely unhinges into an absolute wall of sound. Streamers flood the ring as a towering, triumphant and emotional Big Mama Johnson celebrates with the stunned, shocked, and excited audience in attendance.

SCOTT COOPER:

"Big Mama Johnson's UNDEFEATED AURA has leveled up even more!"

Post-Match Fallout -- The Velvet Empress Confrontation

[LIVE CUE - BROADCAST]

Inside the ring, a battered, emotional Jessica Shimmer is still on her knees, clutching her bruised ribs with one hand while the referee signals for medical attention. The Providence crowd is on its feet, showering both competitors with a thunderous ovation as both women make history in the Main Event tonight.

Suddenly, the arena house lights violently plunge into a deep, rich violet.

The high-energy celebration music cuts out instantly, replaced by a smooth, chilling classical violin arrangement that plays for several seconds before dropping into a heavy, booming trap baseline. The crowd inside the Amica Mutual Pavilion turns on a dime, raining down a chorus of intense, heavy boos.

RING ANNOUNCER:

"Ladies and gentlemen... please welcome the reigning, defending SWF WOMEN'S CHAMPION... THE VELVET EMPRESS!"

The Velvet Empress steps through the curtain. The prestigious SWF Women's Championship belt is fastened tightly around her waist, gleaming under the purple spotlights. She is carrying a polished gold microphone. She doesn't rush; she walks down the ramp with a slow, regal, and entirely smug composure, looking at the fans with utter indifference. She glides up the steel steps, steps through the ropes, and enters the ring, standing ten feet away from Big Mama Johnson.

SCOTT COOPER:

"The champion is here! The Velvet Empress making her presence felt, and she has a front-row seat to look at the woman who is coming for her crown!"

JIMMY V:

"Look at that championship belt, Coop! That is the top of the mountain right there, and the Empress looks like she has absolutely no intention of letting anyone touch it!"

VALERIE VORTEX:

"This is highly calculated. Big Mama Johnson has just decimated a top challenger in Jessica Shimmer. Shimmer is physically compromised, emotionally drained, and the Empress is stepping into her space to completely control the narrative."

The Velvet Empress slowly brings the gold microphone up to her lips, waiting for the heavy boos from the Rhode Island crowd to slightly subside, though they continue to echo off the rafters.

THE VELVET EMPRESS:

"Look at you, Jessica. Just look at the pathetic, broken state of my freshly destroyed 'Challenger.' You bleed, you cry, you crawl on the canvas... and you honestly expect these people in Rhode Island to look at you like an equal to me? You expect them to look at you like a champion? How does it feel to be No.2? No.3? Irrelevant? Big Mama Johnson did her job well tonight."

The crowd erupts into a loud chant of "JESSICA! JESSICA!" trying to drown out the champion. The Empress simply smiles coldly, waving a dismissive hand.

THE VELVET EMPRESS:

"Chant her name all you want. It doesn't change reality. Jessica, you fought like a desperate, starving dog tonight just to get a microscopic taste of what could of been but you came up short didn't you? You dug deep, you took a beating, and you got oh so close to your miracle victory over Big Mama. Unfortunately... the PEN is mightier than the sword!"

The Velvet Empress looks over seductively at Curt Candid the rumored new Lead Writer of Sunday Night SLAM.

Curt Candid smiles.

The Velvet Empress unclasps the SWF Women's Championship from around her waist. She steps forward, lifting the heavy gold title belt high in the air, shoving it directly in front of Shimmer's face.

Jessica Shimmer, breathing heavily and visibly trembling from the pain in her ribs, uses the ring ropes to pull herself up to her feet. She stands straight, stepping directly forward into the champion's personal space. Shimmer doesn't say a word--she simply locks her eyes directly onto the Empress's gaze, without a single ounce of fear or hesitation.

SCOTT COOPER:

"What... what's going on here? The pen is mightier than the sword? Curt Candid? Are you..."

JIMMY V:

"The Empress is playing world-class mind games, Coop! She wants Shimmer defeated psychologically before they even lace up the boots any time in the future in this company courtesy of.... Curt Candid?"

CURT CANDID: Now you get it Jimmy!

VALERIE VORTEX:

"Meanwhile this is supposed to be Big Mama Johnson's moment but she's being restrained by security. Big Mama wants a piece of the Velvet Empress right now! Big Mama Johnson yeeting security like they're lawn darts!"

Big Mama Johnson is finally restrained and handcuffed by Rhode Island law enforcement. Two of the officers look a lot like Jinx Jester & The Trickster Sister without makeup. ?

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 5

CURT CANDID

"All part of the plan.... Ha! Ha! Ha! You'll see...."

SCOTT COOPER:

"Plan? What PLAN? Curt Candid I want answers!"

Curt Candid stands on the commentators table and claps for the Velvet Empress to a chorus of vehement boos.

CURT CANDID:

"You're the Champion of Champions, BABY!"

Just how we wrote it.

[END OF BROADCAST]

Show Credits

Segment: "Segment 1: Television Open & Broadcast Introduction" - Written by Gem.

Match: "DEGENERATION HEX VS THE MADE MEN" - Written by Lex, Terry.

Segment: "Backstage Interview -- The Made Men" - Written by Gem.

Match: "LEO MAXIMUS VS THE MANIAC MECHANIC" - Written by Clyde.

Match: "THE REALM WARDENS VS LEO ANDERSON & RICKY INOKI" - Written by Greg.

Match: "CARNIVAL STRONGMAN VS SAFARI JACKSON" - Written by Gem, Oliver.

Segment: "MAIN EVENT HYPE & ENTRANCES" - Written by Gem.

Match: "JESSICA SHIMMER VS BIG MAMA JOHNSON" - Written by Gem, Melanie.

Segment: "Post-Match Fallout -- The Velvet Empress Confrontation" - Written by Gem, CoCo.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite