

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 6

June 14, 2026 | Civic Arena - Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Pyro and Ballyhoo

Live from the Civic Arena -- Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

? PYRO ERUPTS.

The Civic Arena shakes. The crowd is molten. Camera sweeps across thousands of screaming fans. Signs everywhere:

"GLORY > EVERYONE"

"WHO IS CANDID BRINGING?"

"GUCCI BAG ON A POLE?"

CUT TO: Commentary desk.

ON-CAMERA: RICK DIAMOND & JESSIE JETT

RICK DIAMOND:

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Steel City -- welcome to the legendary Civic Arena -- and welcome to Sunday Night SLAM! I'm Rick Diamond, joined as always by Jessie Jett, and Jessie... tonight feels different."

JESSIE JETT:

"Different? Rick, tonight feels like someone plugged the entire city of Pittsburgh into a power outlet! We've got contenders being crowned, championships on the line, and a main event wrapped in more secrecy than Curt Candid's tax returns!"

CUT TO: Crowd shot -- fans chanting "S-L-A-M! S-L-A-M!"

RICK DIAMOND:

"Let's talk stakes. Leo Maximus and Mustachio collide to determine the No. 1 Contender for the Internet Championship. Ludvig Von CRUSH and Neo Vaughn battle for a shot at the International Title next Sunday. And the tag division? Oh, it's going to explode."

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JESSIE JETT:

"The Dream Warriors. The Skyscrapers of DOOM. Master Wu. Mr. Wallstreet. Four giants of the tag division -- and only one team leaves Pittsburgh as the official No. 1 Contenders."

RICK DIAMOND:

"And then... there's the match everyone's whispering about."

Crowd roars.

JESSIE JETT:

"Oh, you mean the match that may or may not involve a luxury designer bag suspended above the ring? The match that may or may not be a Gucci Bag on a Pole Match? The match that SLAM management refuses to confirm or deny?"

RICK DIAMOND:

"Cheryl Martinez. Diamond Dana Cortez. Bonus cash on the line. And maybe a bag worth more than my car."

CUT TO: Dramatic lighting shift. The arena darkens.

RICK DIAMOND (lower voice):

"But all of that... leads to one moment."

JESSIE JETT:

"The SLAM Heavyweight Championship. 'All-Star' Adam Glory. And Curt Candid's mystery challenger."

*Crowd chants: "WHO'S IT GONNA BE? WHO'S IT GONNA BE?"

RICK DIAMOND:

"We don't know who's walking through that curtain. We don't know what Candid has planned. But we do know this -- the 10 pounds of gold will be defended tonight."

JESSIE JETT:

"Pittsburgh... are you ready?"

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Crowd explodes.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Then let's not wait another second. The Steel City is fired up, the SLAM roster is ready to fight, and Sunday Night SLAM starts... RIGHT NOW!"

HIT THE SLAM THEME. CAMERA SWEEPS TO THE RAMP AS THE FIRST ENTRANCE BEGINS.

LEO MAXIMUS VS MUSTACHIO

CUT TO: The ring. The bell hasn't rung yet. The Pittsburgh crowd is LOUD.

? RING ANNOUNCER (center ring):

"Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall... and the winner will become the Number One Contender for the Internet Championship!"

Crowd pops. Camera pans signs: "MAXIMUS ERA," "STACHE POWER," "INTERNET TITLE NEXT!"

? MUSTACHIO'S MUSIC HITS

The lights turn gold. A spotlight hits the stage. Mustachio struts out, twirling the ends of his glorious mustache like he's polishing a trophy.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Here comes the veteran trickster himself -- Mustachio -- a man who has made a career out of embarrassing opponents who underestimate him."

JESSIE JETT:

"Rick, this guy has more escape plans than the entire city of Pittsburgh has bridges. If Leo Maximus isn't careful, Mustachio will tie him in knots.

"Mustachio hits the ring, posing on the ropes, mustache shimmering under the lights.

? LEO MAXIMUS' MUSIC HITS -- HUGE POP

The arena goes dark. A single beam of white light hits the stage.

Then -- BOOM -- pyro erupts in a column of gold sparks. Leo Maximus steps out, chin high, shoulders

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squared, every inch the rising powerhouse.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Listen to this reaction! Pittsburgh is on its feet for Leo Maximus -- a man who has bulldozed his way through SLAM competition since day one."

JESSIE JETT:

"He's bigger. He's stronger. He's faster. And tonight, he's one win away from his first championship opportunity."

Leo marches to the ring with purpose -- no theatrics, no wasted motion. He slides in, eyes locked on Mustachio. Mustachio twirls his mustache nervously.

? THE REF HOLDS UP HIS HAND -- SIGNALING FOR THE BELLRING ANNOUNCER:

"Introducing first... from Bombay India... weighing in at 221 pounds... the master of the mustache... MUSTACHIO!

"Crowd gives a mixed but loud reaction.

"His opponent... from the House of Maximus... weighing in at 247 pounds... LEO MAXIMUS!

"Crowd erupts.

? RICK DIAMOND:

"Pittsburgh is ready. The competitors are ready. The stakes are massive."

? JESSIE JETT:

"One of these men leaves the Civic Arena as the next challenger for the Internet Championship."

Camera zooms in on Leo's eyes -- laser-focused. Mustachio gulps.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Here we go -- Sunday Night SLAM starts with a contender's clash! Mustachio is unpredictable, unorthodox, and somehow always one step away from an upset."

JESSIE JETT:

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"Yeah, but tonight he's stepping into the ring with a man who doesn't do 'upsets.' He does perfection." THE LIGHTS DROP.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Listen to this crowd! Pittsburgh is firmly behind Leo Maximus tonight which is surprising."

JESSIE JETT:

"And why wouldn't they be? He's bigger, stronger, faster -- and he's a five tool player."

? THE BELL RINGS

The crowd is HOT.

Mustachio charges immediately, trying to catch Leo off guard with a running dropkick -- Leo sidesteps.

Mustachio crashes and burns.

Leo smirks.

JESSIE JETT:

"That's the problem with Mustachio. He's all sizzle, no steak."

Mustachio pops up, offended, and slaps Leo across the face.

Crowd gasps.

Leo slowly turns his head back toward him.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Oh... he shouldn't have done that."

Leo EXPLODES with a shoulder tackle that flips Mustachio inside out.

Leo dominates with:

Refined Suplex

Golden Ratio knee lift

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Corner lariat that nearly folds Mustachio in half again but Mustachio rolls to the apron, baiting Leo in.

Leo reaches -- Mustachio snaps his neck across the top rope!

Then:

Springboard crossbody

Running bulldog

A dramatic mustache-twirl elbow drop

He covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Leo powers out so hard Mustachio flies off him.

JESSIE JETT:

"That wasn't a kickout -- that was a launch sequence!"

Mustachio panics, tries to hook Leo for a DDT -- Leo lifts him straight into the air.

Leo unleashes:

Snap spinebuster

Paragon Pose taunt (crowd roars)

Rolling elbow that nearly decapitates Mustachio

Mustachio staggers, spaghetti-legged.

Leo points to the sky.

The crowd knows.

It's coming --

Mustachio throws a desperate wild punch.

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Leo catches the arm.

Spins behind.

Hooks the waist.

FLAWLESS VICTORY

(bridging high-angle German suplex)

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

BELL RINGS.

? WINNER: LEO MAXIMUS -- NEW INTERNET CHAMPIONSHIP NO. 1 CONTENDER

RICK DIAMOND:

"Leo Maximus has done it! He is officially the Number One Contender for the Internet Championship!"

JESSIE JETT:

"And he didn't just win -- he dominated. The Internet Champion Masked Muchacho better be watching closely."

Leo stands tall, pointing to potential gold around his waist.

The Pittsburgh crowd chants: in unison:

"MAX-I-MUS! MAX-I-MUS!"

Mustachio rolls out, clutching his back, muttering angrily at his mustache like it betrayed him.

Leo hits the corner, raising a fist as pyro pops on the stage.

? CUT TO BACKSTAGE -- A SHADOW WATCHES

A silhouette.

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Arms crossed.

Watching Leo on the tron.

The Internet Champion?

A future rival?

Someone else entirely?

SLAM doesn't tell us.

But the message is clear:

Leo Maximus has entered the Internet title picture -- and the division just got dangerous.

CHERYL MARTINEZ VS DANA CORTEZ

? CUT TO RINGSIDE -- COMMENTARY

RICK DIAMOND:

"Folks, up next is a match that has had the entire Civic Arena buzzing all week -- and not just because of the competitors involved."

JESSIE JETT:

"Oh no, Rick. It's because nobody knows what kind of match this actually is. Standard match? Bonus cash match? Gucci Bag on a Pole Match? SLAM management has been tighter-lipped than Fort Knox."

RICK DIAMOND:

"What is confirmed is that the winner walks out with official SLAM bonus cash... and possibly a designer accessory worth more than my yearly salary."

? CUT TO THE RING -- A POLE IS ATTACHED TO ONE CORNER

The crowd erupts with laughter and cheers.

JESSIE JETT:

"Rick... that's a pole. That is absolutely a pole."

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RICK DIAMOND:

"I'm not saying it's a Gucci Bag on a Pole Match... but that is definitely a pole."

? DIAMOND DANA CORTEZ'S MUSIC HITS

Diamond Dana Cortez steps onto the stage -- focused, composed, surgical. No theatrics. No wasted motion.

She adjusts her gloves, cracks her neck, and marches to the ring like she's walking into a fight she's already analyzed.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Dana Cortez has been on a tear lately. Precision. Control. Discipline. She's not here to play games -- she's here to collect cash and break egos."

JESSIE JETT:

"And she's still got Cheryl's words ringing in her ears. Dana didn't appreciate being called a subplot. Tonight, she's looking to rewrite the script." Dana enters the ring, eyes locked on the pole, then on the stage.

? "MATERIAL GIRL" CHERYL MARTINEZ'S MUSIC HITS -- HUGE REACTION

The lights turn hot pink. Glitter cannons fire.

Cheryl Martinez struts onto the stage in full glam mode -- sunglasses, fur coat, and a purse that may or may not be the exact brand causing legal headaches backstage. She poses, blows a kiss to the camera, and saunters down the ramp like the ring is a runway.

JESSIE JETT:

"Here she is -- the queen of couture, the duchess of drama, the woman who once said she doesn't sweat, she 'glistens.'"

RICK DIAMOND:

"Cheryl Martinez is charisma incarnate. But tonight, she's also dangerous. She wants that bonus cash, and she wants to embarrass Dana in the process." Cheryl reaches the ring, points at the pole, and laughs -- then mouths, "Of course it's Gucci."

Dana rolls her eyes.

? RING ANNOUNCER:

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"The following contest is scheduled for one fall... and the winner will receive SLAM bonus cash!

Introducing first... from the Diamond District... DIAMOND DANA CORTEZ!

And her opponent... from Miami, Florida... 'MATERIAL GIRL' CHERYL MARTINEZ!"

? THE BELL RINGS

The crowd is electric.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Bonus cash on the line. Pride on the line. And maybe a luxury bag on the line."

JESSIE JETT:

"Pittsburgh... buckle up. This one's going to get personal."

Dana and Cheryl circle each other. The crowd is buzzing, half chanting "GUCCI BAG!" and half chanting "DANA! DANA!"

RICK DIAMOND:

"Bonus cash on the line -- and possibly a designer bag worth more than my mortgage."

JESSIE JETT:

"Rick, that pole is right there. You can't tell me this isn't a pole match."

Cheryl struts forward, blowing a kiss. Dana responds with a stiff leg kick that wipes the smirk off Cheryl's face.

Cheryl yelps, clutching her thigh.

JESSIE JETT:

"Dana Cortez does not do flirting. She does precision."

Cheryl tries a slap -- Dana blocks -- hip toss -- Cheryl hits the mat hard and rolls out of the ring, screaming at the referee that her "face is insured."

Cheryl paces outside the ring, fanning herself dramatically. Dana leans over the ropes, motioning for her to get back in. Cheryl climbs onto the apron...

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...then pulls Dana's hair and snaps her neck across the top rope.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Classic Cheryl Martinez -- beauty, brains, and blatant rule-bending."

Cheryl slides in and hits a running knee lift, then a snapmare into a basement dropkick.

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Dana kicks out.

Cheryl grabs Dana by the hair and screams:

"You're not a diamond -- you're cubic zirconia!"

She slams Dana's face into the turnbuckle repeatedly, then poses for the crowd.

JESSIE JETT:

"Cheryl is showboating. This is where she gets in trouble."

Cheryl climbs the pole -- not all the way, just enough to pose -- and the crowd erupts.

Dana rises behind her.

Dana grabs Cheryl by the waist -- electric chair drop!

Cheryl crashes to the mat.

Dana follows with:

Precision elbow

Snap STO

Sliding knee strike

Cover!

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ONE!

TWO!

Cheryl kicks out, barely.

Dana looks at the pole.

The crowd roars.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Is she going for it? Is she actually going for the bag?"

Dana climbs -- hand on the pole -- reaching up -- Cheryl grabs her boot and yanks her down violently.

Dana lands hard.

Cheryl screams:

"THAT BAG IS MINE!"

She climbs the pole herself -- reaching -- fingertips brushing the dangling strap -- Dana leaps up and German suplexes Cheryl off the pole!

Crowd explodes.

Both women stagger to their feet.

Cheryl swings wildly -- Dana ducks -- precision jab -- precision jab -- precision hook.

Cheryl is rocked.

Dana hits the ropes --

SHINING WRENCH (running shining wizard)

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

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THREE!

BELL RINGS.? WINNER: DIAMOND DANA CORTEZ -- AWARDED SLAM BONUS CASH

Dana kneels, breathing hard, as the referee hands her the official SLAM bonus cash envelope.

Cheryl rolls out of the ring, screaming that the match was "rigged," "biased," and "not even real Gucci."

? COMMENTARY

RICK DIAMOND:

"Dana Cortez just earned herself a payday -- and a statement win over Cheryl Martinez."

JESSIE JETT:

"And she did it without needing the bag! Precision beats couture tonight."

Dana stands tall, raising the envelope, while Cheryl storms up the ramp, yelling at fans and threatening to sue the State of Pennsylvania.

LUDVIG VON CRUSH VS NEO VAUGHN

? CUT TO COMMENTARY -- THE ARENA BUZZING

RICK DIAMOND:

"Ladies and gentlemen, buckle in -- because the next match is a collision of two rising forces on Sunday Night SLAM. The winner? They earn a shot at the International Championship next Sunday."

JESSIE JETT:

"And Rick, this is a styles clash in the purest sense. On one side, you've got Ludvig Von CRUSH -- a walking avalanche, a man who thinks subtlety is a foreign concept. On the other, Neo Vaughn -- cold, calculated, technical, and absolutely merciless."

? CUT TO THE RAMP -- LIGHTS SHIFT TO A COLD BLUE

JESSIE JETT:

"Neo Vaughn is the kind of competitor who doesn't just beat you -- he dissects you. He studies your patterns, your breathing, your footwork. He's a human algorithm."

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RICK DIAMOND:

"And tonight, that algorithm is about to run head-first into a man who doesn't follow rules, patterns, or logic. Ludvig Von CRUSH is chaos incarnate."

? NEO VAUGHN'S MUSIC HITS

Neo steps onto the stage with surgical calm.

No posing. No theatrics.

Just a slow, deliberate walk to the ring.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Neo Vaughn has been climbing the ranks with precision. Every match, every moment, every strike -- calculated."

JESSIE JETT:

"And tonight, he's got the biggest test of his SLAM career." Neo enters the ring, stretching his wrists, eyes locked on the stage.

? THE LIGHTS GO BLOOD RED -- LUDVIG'S MUSIC HITS

The Civic Arena erupts.

Smoke blasts from the stage.

A massive silhouette appears.

Then -- LUDVIG VON CRUSH bursts through the smoke like a cannonball fired from a medieval fortress. He stomps to the ring, cape flowing, eyes wild.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Here comes the human demolition derby -- Ludvig Von CRUSH!"

JESSIE JETT:

"Rick, Ludvig doesn't walk to the ring. He invades it."

Ludvig slides under the ropes, pops up, and roars at Neo -- who doesn't flinch.

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? RING ANNOUNCER:

"The following contest is scheduled for one fall... and the winner will become the Number One Contender to the International Championship!"

The crowd roars.

? STAREDOWN -- CENTER RING

Ludvig breathing like a bull ready to charge.

Neo standing perfectly still, studying him like a specimen.

RICK DIAMOND:

"This is raw power versus cold precision."

JESSIE JETT:

"And only one of them is walking into a title match next Sunday."

? THE BELL RINGS

The crowd rises to their feet.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Pittsburgh... it's time. Ludvig Von CRUSH. Neo Vaughn. International Title shot on the line."

JESSIE JETT:

"Let the collision begin."

The crowd is buzzing.

Ludvig is pacing like a caged beast.

Neo stands perfectly still, studying him.

RICK DIAMOND:

"This is raw chaos versus cold calculation."

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JESSIE JETT:

"And only one of them gets the International Title shot."

Neo shoots in low for a single-leg takedown --

Ludvig doesn't budge.

Neo tries again --

Ludvig swats him away like a fly.

Neo adjusts, circling, analyzing.

He darts in with a leg kick --

Ludvig absorbs it.

Another kick --

Ludvig snarls.

Neo goes for a third --

LUDVIG CATCHES THE LEG.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Oh no. Neo Vaughn has been caught."

Ludvig lifts Neo by the trapped leg and throws him across the ring.

The crowd erupts.

Neo rolls to the apron, shaking out his leg.

He reenters cautiously.

He feints high -- shoots low --

ANKLE PICK!

He gets Ludvig down to one knee!

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Neo immediately transitions into a crossface attempt.

JESSIE JETT:

"This is Neo's path to victory -- isolate a limb, break down the base, and make the big man tap."

Ludvig roars, powering to his feet with Neo still attached.

Neo wrenches harder --

Ludvig stands fully upright, Neo dangling off him.

RICK DIAMOND:

"That's not strength. That's inhuman."

Ludvig falls backward, crushing Neo under his full weight.

Ludvig takes full control and unleashes:

A Corner avalanche

Biel toss halfway across the ring

Running boot that nearly decapitates Neo

Military press into a powerslam

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Neo kicks out -- barely.

Ludvig slams the mat in frustration.

Neo dodges a lariat --

Hits a precision chop block to the knee.

Ludvig stumbles.

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Neo hits the ropes --

Running knee to the temple!

Ludvig drops to one knee.

Neo hits the ropes again --

SECOND running knee!

Ludvig is down!

Neo covers!

ONE!

TWO!

LUDVIG BENCH-PRESSES HIM OFF!

Neo flies through the ropes to the floor.

JESSIE JETT:

"That wasn't a kickout -- that was a massive catapult!"

Neo crawls back into the ring, dazed.

Ludvig rises behind him like a horror movie monster.

Neo turns--LUDVIG HEADBUTTS HIM.

Neo collapses.

Ludvig lifts him into the air --

CRUSHING HAMMERBOMB (sit-out powerbomb)

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

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THREE!

BELL RINGS.? WINNER: LUDVIG VON CRUSH -- NEW INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP NO.1
CONTENDER

Ludvig stands over Neo's fallen body, chest heaving, eyes wild.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Ludvig Von CRUSH has done it! He is the new Number One Contender for the International Championship!"

JESSIE JETT:

"And if I'm the champion? I'm terrified. Ludvig isn't coming to wrestle next Sunday. He's coming to destroy."

Ludvig roars to the Pittsburgh crowd, pounding his chest.

Neo rolls out, clutching his ribs, staring back at Ludvig with a mixture of pain and respect.

Ludvig points to the hard cam and shouts:

"NEXT SUNDAY... I CRUSH!"

DREAM WARRIORS VS SKYSCRAPERS OF DOOM

? CUT TO COMMENTARY -- CROWD BUZZING

RICK DIAMOND:

"Pittsburgh, get ready -- because the tag team division is about to erupt! Two teams. Two philosophies. One shot at the Tag Team Championships."

JESSIE JETT:

"And Rick, this isn't just a contenders match. This is a collision between discipline and domination. Between martial arts mastery and skyscraper-sized mayhem."

? CUT TO THE RAMP -- LIGHTS SHIFT TO DEEP BLUE

A gong echoes through the Civic Arena.

? THE DREAM WARRIORS' MUSIC HITS

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Master Wu steps out first, hands behind his back, calm as a still pond.

Behind him emerge Roaring Lion Leo Anderson and The Komodo Dragon Ricky Inoki -- synchronized, focused, breathing in unison.

They bow to the crowd, then to each other.

RICK DIAMOND:

"The Dream Warriors are the embodiment of discipline. Every strike, every movement, every breath -- intentional."

JESSIE JETT:

"And Master Wu has them sharper than ever. If they win tonight, the tag champs are in serious trouble."

The trio enters the ring with ritual precision.

? CUT TO THE STAGE -- LIGHTS TURN GREEN AND GOLDA loud KA-CHING! echoes through the arena.

? THE SKYSCRAPERS OF DOOM'S MUSIC HITS

Higrise and Hightower stomp onto the stage like twin natural disasters.

Behind them, in a \$5,000 suit and a \$50,000 attitude, struts Mr. Wallstreet, waving a briefcase like a weapon.

JESSIE JETT:

"Oh boy. Here comes the hostile takeover."

RICK DIAMOND:

"The Skyscrapers of DOOM are former tag champions for a reason. They don't wrestle -- they overwhelm."

Higrise and Hightower raise their fists as pyro erupts behind them.

Wallstreet shouts into the camera:

"THE MARKET IS CLOSED FOR THE DREAM WARRIORS!"

? RING ANNOUNCER:

"The following contest is scheduled for one fall... and the winners will go on to face the Tag Team

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Champions at TOTAL CHAOS!"

The crowd roars.

? STAREDOWN -- CENTER RING

The Dream Warriors stand calm, centered, breathing slow.

The Skyscrapers loom over them, cracking knuckles, snarling.

Master Wu bows.

Mr. Wallstreet laughs.

RICK DIAMOND:

"This is a battle of balance versus brute force. Pay-per-view booking on the line!"

JESSIE JETT:

"And only one team leaves Pittsburgh with the coveted high profile title shot."

? THE BELL RINGS

The arena rises to its feet.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Dream Warriors. Skyscrapers of DOOM. No. 1 Contendership on the line."

JESSIE JETT:

"Let the war begin."

? THE BELL RINGS

The crowd is VOLCANIC.

Master Wu stands stoic at ringside.

Mr. Wallstreet is already yelling into his briefcase like it's a Bluetooth headset.

RICK DIAMOND:

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"Fasten your seat belts folks."

JESSIE JETT:

"Here we go!"

Ricky Inoki starts against Highrise.

Ricky fires off rapid-fire kicks to the thigh

-- Highrise absorbs them, snarls, and shoves Ricky across the ring like a human lawn dart.

Ricky rolls through, pops up, hits the ropes --

Flying forearm!

Highrise staggers but doesn't fall.

Ricky hits the ropes again --

SECOND flying forearm!

Highrise drops to one knee.

Crowd pops.

Ricky tags in Leo Anderson.

Dream Warriors take control with a dream sequence.

Leo Anderson charges in with:

Roaring elbow

Spinning back kick

Double-team sweep-kick / lariat combo with Ricky

Highrise collapses.

Cover!

ONE!

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TWO!

Hightower storms in and breaks it up with a massive stomp.

Hightower tags in and unleashes:

Corner avalanche

Snake-eyes into the turnbuckle

Running big boot that nearly decapitates Leo Anderson

Leo is rocked.

Hightower lifts him for a delayed vertical suplex --

Holds him for a full ten seconds --

Drops him HARD.

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Leo kicks out.

MASTER WU RALLIES THE WARRIORS

Master Wu pounds the mat rhythmically.

The crowd claps along.

Leo Anderson fights to his feet --

Elbows to the ribs --

Spinning heel kick!

Both men are down.

Leo crawls...

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Reaches...

TAGS RICKY INOKI!

RICKY'S HOT TAG

Ricky explodes into the ring:

Dropkick to Hightower

Dropkick to Highrise

Spinning backfist

Dragon whip kick

The Skyscrapers stumble.

Ricky hits the ropes --

RUNNING KNEE STRIKE TO HIGHRISE!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Highrise kicks out.

Ricky climbs the top rope for the Komodo Splash...

Mr. Wallstreet hops onto the apron, waving his briefcase like a man auctioning off bad stocks.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Oh come on! Wallstreet sticking his nose where it doesn't belong!"

Ricky yells at him --

Wallstreet yells back --

The ref tries to intervene.

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Behind the ref's back...

Hightower SHOVES Ricky off the top rope!

Ricky crashes to the mat.

The crowd BOOS loudly.

Leo Anderson tries to rush in --

Highrise grabs him --

CHOKESLAM!

Ricky staggers to his feet --

Hightower lifts him --

Highrise joins --

THE MARKET CRASH (double powerbomb)

Cover.

Wallstreet holds Leo's ankle from the outside so he can't kick out! Master Wu is yelling at the referee.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

BELL RINGS.? WINNERS: THE SKYSCRAPERS OF DOOM -- STILL NO. 1 CONTENDERS & OFFICIALLY GOING TO TOTAL CHAOS

Mr. Wallstreet slides into the ring, celebrating like he just rang the opening bell on a bull market.

Highrise and Hightower stand tall, arms raised, looming over the fallen Dream Warriors.

RICK DIAMOND:

"The Skyscrapers advance -- but let's be honest, they had a market rally assist from Mr. Wallstreet!"

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JESSIE JETT:

"Rick, that wasn't an assist. That was a corporate bailout."

Master Wu kneels beside Ricky and Leo, checking on them as the Skyscrapers and Wallstreet strut up the ramp.

Wallstreet shouts into the camera:

"THE MARKET ALWAYS WINS!"

Mr. Wallstreet laughs and claps to taunt the booing crowd.

ADAM GLORY VS MY SURPRISE!

The crowd rises.

A low hum rolls through the building -- anticipation, electricity, uncertainty. This is the moment.

? CUT TO COMMENTARY -- TENSION AT THE DESK

RICK DIAMOND:

"Pittsburgh... it is time. The SLAM Heavyweight Championship is about to be defended -- but we still have no idea who Adam Glory is facing."

JESSIE JETT:

"Rick, I've been in this business a long time. I've seen open challenges, surprise returns, mystery partners -- but I have never seen Curt Candid keep a secret this tight."

RICK DIAMOND:

"Whoever walks through that curtain, they're stepping into the ring with the face of SLAM -- the reigning, defending, undisputed SLAM Heavyweight Champion... 'All-Star' Adam Glory."

? CUT TO THE CROWD -- SIGNS EVERYWHERE

"WHO'S CURT CANDID BRINGING"

"GLORY > MYSTERY"

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"REVEAL THE CHALLENGER"

"CANDID IS COOKING SOMETHING"

The camera zooms in on a kid holding a sign that reads:

"PLEASE DON'T BE MY DAD."

Jessie Jett nearly breaks.

? CURT CANDID'S MUSIC HITS -- THE ARENA BOOS

Curt Candid struts onto the stage in a suit so shiny it reflects the pyro.

He's smirking like a man who knows something the world doesn't.

He holds a mic.

He waits for the boos to peak.

He loves this.

CURT CANDID:

"Pittsburgh... you're welcome."

The boos get louder.

"Tonight, I promised a challenger worthy of the SLAM Heavyweight Championship.

A challenger who will shock the world.

A challenger who will end the All-Star Era? MAYBE!"

He gestures to the curtain.

"And that challenger is -- "

The crowd holds its breath.

Curt stops.

Smiles.

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"--not coming out until the champion gets here.

Bring him out."

? ADAM GLORY'S MUSIC HITS -- THE ARENA EXPLODES

The Civic Arena becomes a wall of sound.

Spotlights sweep the crowd.

Gold pyro erupts.

"All-Star" Adam Glory steps onto the stage, championship around his waist, eyes locked on Curt Candid.

He doesn't pose.

He doesn't smile.

He walks straight to the ring with purpose.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Adam Glory looks ready for anything."

JESSIE JETT:

"He better be. Because Curt Candid is about to pull the trigger on whatever he's been cooking."

Glory enters the ring, hands the belt to the referee, and stares down Candid.

? CURT CANDID -- CENTER STAGE

Curt raises the mic again.

"Ladies and gentlemen...

your mystery challenger...

is someone Adam Glory knows VERY well."

The crowd gasps.

Curt points to the stage.

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"He is a current champion.

He is a former friend.

And tonight... he becomes the man who might just end the All-Star Era."

The lights go out.

The arena shakes.

A single spotlight hits the stage.

The crowd is losing its mind.

? RING ANNOUNCER:

"Ladies and gentlemen...

it is time...

for your SLAM MAIN EVENT!"

The bell hasn't rung yet.

The challenger hasn't been revealed yet.

But the tension is suffocating.

RICK DIAMOND:"Who is it? Who is Candid bringing? Who is stepping up for the Heavyweight Championship?"

JESSIE JETT:

"Pittsburgh and everyone watching at home... brace yourselves."

The arena is pitch-black.

A single spotlight hits the stage.

The crowd is buzzing, confused, excited, terrified -- all at once.

Curt Candid stands on the ramp, grinning like a man who just bought chaos on clearance.

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? A FAMILIAR ROAR PLAYS OVER THE SPEAKERS

The crowd GASPS.

RICK DIAMOND:

"That's-- that's Liger Llama's roar! Is he back?!"

JESSIE JETT:

"After everything that's happened? After CONVERGENCE? After the milk carton? After Orlando? After the betrayal by Shawn FX on Friday? He's here? No way. No way."

Smoke fills the stage.

A silhouette appears.

The crowd LEANS FORWARD.

The lights snap on--AND IT'S... A GUY IN A CHEAP LLAMA SUIT.

Not even a good one.

Like... Party City clearance rack.

The fur is matted.

The mask is crooked.

The hooves are clearly gloves.

The crowd goes from gasping to howling with laughter.

Curt Candid is doubled over, slapping his knee, tears in his eyes.

? CUT TO ADAM GLORY IN THE RING

Adam Glory is staring at the llama-costumed figure like he's witnessing a crime against wrestling.

He mouths:

"Are you kidding me?"

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? CURT CANDID (barely able to speak through laughter):

"Pittsburgh...

I present to you...

the RETURN of...

LIGER LLAMA!"

He gestures dramatically at the llama-suited imposter, who waves awkwardly and almost falls off the stage.

The crowd chants:

"FAKE LLAMA! FAKE LLAMA!"

"THIS IS STUPID!"

"WE HATE IT!"

"F--- YOU CANDID!"

? COMMENTARY IS LOSING IT

RICK DIAMOND:

"That is NOT Liger Llama. That is not even CLOSE to Liger Llama."

JESSIE JETT:

"Rick, that llama looks like it owes someone money."

? THE FAKE LLAMA TRIES TO DO LIGER'S POSE

He raises his arms.

Trips.

Falls down the ramp.

Curt Candid is CRYING laughing now.

? ADAM GLORY HAS HAD ENOUGH

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He leans over the ropes and yells:

"CANDID! GET IN HERE AND FIGHT ME YOURSELF!"

The crowd ROARS.

Curt wipes his eyes, still giggling.

? CURT CANDID:"Oh no, no, no, champ.

You're defending that title tonight...

against him."

He points at the llama suit, who gives a thumbs-up with a floppy hoof.

? THE REF LOOKS CONFUSED

He shrugs.

He rings the bell.

DING DING DING

MAIN EVENT: ADAM GLORY (c) vs "LIGER LLAMA" (??? IN A SUIT)

Adam Glory stands in the ring with the fake "Liger Llama" wobbling on his hooves.

Curt Candid is on the apron, red-faced, veins bulging, screaming instructions like a deranged stage director.

? CURT CANDID'S MASTER PLAN (IF YOU CAN CALL IT THAT)

CURT CANDID (screaming):

"DO IT! DO THE FIVE MOVES OF DOOM!

AND FINISH HIM WITH THE FINGER POKE OF DOOM!"

The crowd boos so loudly the hard cam shakes.

RICK DIAMOND:

"Curt Candid is trying to turn the SLAM Heavyweight Championship into a circus."

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JESSIE JETT:

"Rick... we already had a man in a llama suit come down the ramp. We passed 'circus' ten minutes ago."

Adam Glory looks at Curt like he's lost his mind.

? ADAM GLORY REFUSES

Glory shakes his head.

He mouths:

"No. I'm not doing that."

Curt stomps on the apron like a toddler denied candy.

CURT CANDID:"YES YOU ARE! YOU DO IT OR YOU'RE NOT THE CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS!"

The crowd chants:

"DON'T DO IT! DON'T DO IT!"

? ADAM GLORY... RELUCTANTLY AGREES?

He sighs.

He looks at the crowd.

He looks at the llama.

He looks at Curt.

Then...

He gently pokes the llama in the chest.

The llama collapses like he was hit by a sniper.

The crowd HOWLS.

RICK DIAMOND:

"That might be the worst bump in SLAM history."

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JESSIE JETT:

"No, Rick. That was art."

? GLORY REFUSES TO PIN

Adam Glory shakes his head.

He refuses to cover.

Curt Candid is losing his mind.

CURT CANDID:"PIN HIM! PIN HIM NOW! YOU'LL BE THE CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS!"

Glory reluctantly drops down for the cover.

ONE...

TWO...

? THE LIGHTS GO OUT

The arena SCREAMS.

RICK DIAMOND:

"What the--?!"

JESSIE JETT:

"Rick, I swear if another llama shows up--"

? WHAT'S HAPPENING?

The costumed figure is upright.

Perfectly still.

Adam Glory backs away, eyes wide.

Curt Candid freezes.

The llama reaches up... Grabs the head...And pulls it off.

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? IT'S LIGER LLAMA! THE REAL ONE!

The Civic Arena EXPLODES.

RICK DIAMOND:

"IT'S HIM! IT'S REALLY HIM! LIGER LLAMA IS BACK ON SUNDAY NIGHT SLAM!"

JESSIE JETT:

"And he is NOT in the mood for Curt Candid's nonsense!"

Curt Candid's face drains of color.

Liger Llama points at him.

Curt runs.

Liger chases him up the ramp, through the curtain, into the backstage area.

The crowd chants:

"LLAMA! LLAMA! LLAMA!"

? BACK IN THE RING -- ADAM GLORY STANDS ALONE

The referee looks around, confused.

The fake llama suit lies empty on the mat.

The ring announcer gets word from the back.

? RING ANNOUNCER:

"Ladies and gentlemen...

the SLAM Heavyweight Championship match...

WILL CONTINUE...

as an UNDISPUTED TITLE MATCH!"

The crowd LOSES IT.

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? UNIFIED MAIN EVENT -- ADAM GLORY (c) vs LIGER LLAMA (c)SWF Heavyweight Championship vs SWF World Championship

LIVE. ON. FREE. TV.

Liger Llama sprints back to the ring, still furious, still in full gear.

He slides in.

Adam Glory nods.

The referee holds up BOTH belts.

The crowd chants:

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

????? THE MATCH -- 5 STARS, PURE WRESTLING

Twenty minutes of:

counters

reversals

chain wrestling

high drama

near falls

dueling chants

pure athletic storytelling

Adam Glory hits the All-Star Slam.

Liger kicks out.Liger hits the Llama Lock.

Glory barely reaches the ropes.

The crowd is standing the entire time.

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? Liger goes for the Llama Leap.

Glory catches him mid-air.

Transitions.ALL-STAR DRIVER.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

BELL RINGS.

? ADAM GLORY -- UNDISPUTED CHAMPION

The crowd erupts.

Liger Llama sits up, exhausted, nodding.

Adam Glory offers a hand.

Liger takes it.

They stand together.

The crowd chants:

"THIS IS WRESTLING!

THIS IS WRESTLING!"

Adam Glory raises both belts.

Liger raises his arm.

Curt Candid is nowhere to be seen.

Adam Glory & Liger Llama continue to show each other mutual respect.

Fireworks explode as the credits roll.

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Post Show Press Conference

Live from the Civic Arena Media Room -- Immediately Following the Undisputed Championship Match

The SLAM backdrop fills the frame.

Reporters crowd the front row.

Cameras flash.

The room is buzzing with the kind of electricity that only follows a legendary Main Event.

A staffer steps to the podium.

STAFFER:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the Undisputed Superstar Wrestling Federation Champion... Adam Glory."

The room erupts.

ADAM GLORY ENTERS

Adam Glory walks in wearing both championship belts -- one over each shoulder.

He's exhausted, bruised, but standing tall.

The crowd of reporters applauds him as he takes his seat at the podium.

He sets the belts down carefully, respectfully.

ADAM GLORY:

"Long night. Long match. Let's talk."

REPORTER 1:

"Adam, first question -- what was going through your mind when Curt Candid tried to force you into the 'Five Moves of Doom' and the 'Finger Poke of Doom'?"

ADAM GLORY:

"What was going through my mind?"

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That this championship deserves better.

That the fans deserve better.

And that Curt Candid has officially lost his damn mind."

The room laughs.

ADAM GLORY:

"I wasn't going to turn the Main Event of MY show into a joke. But Curt wasn't giving me a choice. So yeah... I poked the llama. I'm not proud of it."

REPORTER 2:

"When the lights went out and the real Liger Llama appeared -- what was your reaction?"

ADAM GLORY:

"Relief.

Respect.

And a little fear. Yeah, I'll admit that. Liger Llama is unpredictable... but so am I"

He smirks.

ADAM GLORY:

"When Liger Llama is standing across from you, you know you're about to go to war. And we did."

REPORTER 3:

"Talk us through the decision to continue the match as an Undisputed Championship bout -- on free TV."

ADAM GLORY:

"That wasn't just my call.

That was the real SLAM management stepping up.. not just a lead writer. I mean people above him.

That was also Liger Liger stepping up.

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And that was Pittsburgh demanding something special."

He taps the belts.

ADAM GLORY:

"You don't say no to that moment."

REPORTER 4:

"Adam, that match is already being called a five-star classic. What made Liger Llama such a difficult opponent?"

ADAM GLORY:

"Everything.

His speed.

His timing.

His unpredictability.

His heart."

He pauses.

ADAM GLORY:

"Tonight wasn't about tricks or costumes or Curt Candid's nonsense.

Tonight was wrestling.

Pure wrestling."

The room applauds.

REPORTER 5:

"After the match, you and Liger shook hands. What does that moment mean to you?"

ADAM GLORY:

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"It means respect.

It means the world title scene is stronger than ever.

And it means that no matter what Curt Candid tries...

the wrestlers decide what this sport is."

REPORTER 6:

"Speaking of Curt Candid -- any message for him after tonight?"

Adam leans forward.

ADAM GLORY:

"Yeah.

Curt...

Run faster next time."

The room erupts in laughter.

REPORTER 7:

"What's next for the Undisputed Champion?"

Adam looks down at the belts.

Then back up.

ADAM GLORY:

"What's next?

Anyone.

Everyone.

I'm the Undisputed Champion -- and I'm not hiding behind mystery challengers or costumes.

You want a shot?

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Earn it.

Step up.

And bring everything you've got."

LIGER LLAMA ENTERS

The room pops as Liger Llama walks in -- still in full gear, still breathing heavy, still fired up.

He stands beside Adam Glory.

The two share a nod.

LIGER LLAMA:

"Tonight... was wrestling."

The room applauds again.

LIGER LLAMA:

"And Adam Glory earned those belts.

No excuses.

No controversy.

Just two wrestlers giving everything they had."

He extends a hand.

Adam shakes it.

The cameras flash like fireworks.

Adam Glory lifts both belts.

Liger Llama raises his arm.

The media room chants -- softly at first, then louder:

"THIS IS WRESTLING."

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"THIS IS WRESTLING."

The screen fades out on the Undisputed Champion standing tall.

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Show Credits

Segment: "Pyro and Ballyhoo" - Written by Clyde.

Match: "LEO MAXIMUS VS MUSTACHIO" - Written by Leo.

Match: "CHERYL MARTINEZ VS DANA CORTEZ" - Written by Melanie.

Match: "LUDVIG VON CRUSH VS NEO VAUGHN" - Written by Oliver.

Match: "DREAM WARRIORS VS SKYSCRAPERS OF DOOM" - Written by Clyde.

Match: "ADAM GLORY VS MY SURPRISE!" - Written by Masked Admin.

Segment: "Post Show Press Conference" - Written by Masked Admin.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite