Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 7

June 21, 2026 | Dunkin' Donuts Center - Providence, Rhode Island

JINX JESTER & TRICKSTER SISTER VS SUGAR CRASH SISTERS

The screen is black. A low rumble builds. Suddenly, the SLAM logo slams onto the screen with a thunderous metallic crash. Pyro erupts across the stage in a rapid-fire sequence, lighting up the Dunkin' Donuts Center in Providence. The crowd is already on its feet, signs waving, chants echoing.

Scott Cooper: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to SWF SLAM! We are live from the sold-out Dunkin' Donuts Center in Providence, Rhode Island, and this crowd is already at a fever pitch. I'm Scott Cooper, joined as always by Jimmy V and Valerie Vortex, and folks, we have a massive night ahead of us.

Jimmy V: Scott, I walked into this building and immediately felt like something was going to explode tonight. And I don't mean pyro. I mean spiritually. Emotionally. Possibly legally.

Valerie Vortex: I'm not sure what that means, but he's not wrong. There's a tension in the air tonight. Something's brewing. We've got five matches, major stakes, and a main event that could redefine the entire women's division.

Scott Cooper: And speaking of redefining, we're starting things off with a tag team match that promises chaos, unpredictability, and maybe even a little fear. The Carnival is in the building.

Jimmy V: My people. My family. My chaotic little nightmares.

Valerie Vortex: You say that with pride, which is concerning.

Scott Cooper: The Sugar Crash Sisters are set to take on Jinx Jester and The Trickster Sister, and if you know anything about the Carnival, you know this match could go off the rails in a heartbeat.

Camera cuts to the crowd. A group of fans in clown makeup are chanting "Carn-i-val! Carn-i-val!" Another group holds up neon signs for the Sugar Crash Sisters.

Jimmy V: Look at that. Providence came ready. You've got the neon sugar squad on one side, the clown cult on the other. This is going to be beautiful.

Valerie Vortex: Beautiful isn't the word I'd use, but it will certainly be something.

Scott Cooper: And with that, let's head to the ring. The opening contest of SLAM is about to begin.

The arena lights shift to bright neon pink and blue as the Sugar Crash Sisters' music hits. A sugary synth-pop beat hits the speakers. The crowd pops as the Sugar Crash Sisters burst onto the stage.

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Scott Cooper: And here we go! The Sugar Crash Sisters kicking off SLAM with their trademark energy. Providence is loving this.

Jimmy V: Scott, I feel like I just walked into a rave hosted by a cupcake. I'm overstimulated and underprepared.

Valerie Vortex: They're fun, they're fast, and they're deceptively sharp in the ring. Don't let the colors fool you.

Sugar Pop twirls down the ramp, blowing kisses to the crowd. Caramel Crash bounces behind her, hyping up the fans. They slide into the ring and hit a synchronized pose.

Scott Cooper: The Sugar Crash Sisters have been gaining momentum lately across the world. A win over the Carnival would be huge.

Jimmy V: A win over the Carnival would also be a miracle. And I don't believe in miracles. I believe in chaos.

The lights suddenly cut to black. A single spotlight hits the stage. A warped carnival jingle begins to play, slowly speeding up until it becomes manic.

Valerie Vortex: Oh no. Here we go.

Jinx Jester cartwheels out from behind the curtain, landing in a perfect split at the top of the ramp. She pops up instantly, waving wildly at the crowd. The Trickster Sister steps out behind her, head tilted, eyes locked on the ring with predatory focus.

Scott Cooper: And here come Jinx Jester and The Trickster Sister. Two of the most unpredictable competitors in the SWF.

Jimmy V: Unpredictable? Scott, these two are walking fever dreams. And I say that with love.

Valerie Vortex: Trickster Sister looks... different tonight. More intense. More focused. That's not good for anyone.

Jinx skips down the ramp, occasionally stopping to poke at fans' signs or mimic their cheers. Trickster Sister walks slowly, never breaking eye contact with the Sugar Crash Sisters.

Scott Cooper: The Carnival always brings a certain energy, but tonight feels... heavier.

Jimmy V: Heavier? Scott, this is delightful. Look at Jinx! She's thriving.

Valerie Vortex: Jinx is always thriving. Trickster Sister is the one I'm worried about.

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The Carnival enters the ring. Jinx immediately starts juggling imaginary balls. Trickster Sister stands perfectly still.

Bell rings.

Sugar Pop and Jinx start things off. Pop hits a quick arm drag. Jinx pops up laughing. Pop hits another. Jinx applauds her mockingly, bowing dramatically.

Scott Cooper: Sugar Pop showing off her agility early.

Jimmy V: Jinx is just letting her get it out of her system. She's polite like that.

Valerie Vortex: Nothing about Jinx is polite.

Caramel Crash tags in. The Sugar Crash Sisters hit a double dropkick that sends Jinx tumbling backward into the corner. The crowd cheers loudly.

Scott Cooper: The Sugar Crash Sisters are rolling!

Jimmy V: Rolling? Scott, Jinx is literally rolling. Look at her. She's rolling around the ring like a bowling ball.

Jinx rolls under the bottom rope, pops up on the outside, and starts clapping for the Sugar Crash Sisters like a proud parent.

Valerie Vortex: She's mocking them. She's absolutely mocking them.

Jinx slides back in and tags Trickster Sister.

The tone shifts instantly.

Trickster Sister steps into the ring with slow, deliberate movements. Caramel Crash charges. Trickster Sister sidesteps and hits a spinning backfist that drops Caramel instantly.

Scott Cooper: Oh! What a shot!

Jimmy V: That's the Trickster Sister special. She hits you like she's trying to knock your soul loose.

Valerie Vortex: And she might have succeeded.

Sugar Pop tries to intervene, but Jinx grabs her ankle from the outside, cackling. Trickster Sister lifts Caramel Crash and hits the Whiplash Waltz--her spinning neckbreaker variant.

Cover.

One.

Two.

And almost Three.

Trickster Sister immediately locks in a painful Spinal Tap as Sugar Pop frantically taps out before her partner can make the save.

Scott Cooper: And just like that, the Carnival takes the win.

Jimmy V: Beautiful. Efficient. Terrifying. I love it.

Valerie Vortex: Trickster Sister isn't celebrating. She's... staring at the stage?

Trickster Sister slowly turns her head toward the entrance ramp. Jinx stops laughing. The arena lights flicker once. A faint, distant laugh echoes through the speakers--low, distorted, almost inhuman.

Scott Cooper: Did... did anyone else hear that?

Jimmy V: Probably the HVAC system. Old building. Happens all the time.

Valerie Vortex: That wasn't the HVAC system, Jimmy.

Trickster Sister's eyes widen slightly. Jinx tilts her head, listening. The Sugar Crash Sisters retreat up the ramp, visibly shaken.

Scott Cooper: Something is off tonight. Something is very off.

Jimmy V: Off? Scott, this is the Carnival. This is normal.

Valerie Vortex: No. This is different. And I don't like where it's heading.

Camera cuts to replay footage.

LOKI VAN DAM VS JET JAGUAR JR.

Camera fades back in from commercial. The crowd is buzzing, still riding the emotional rollercoaster of the opening match. The ring announcer, Melissa Martinez, stands center-ring with microphone in hand.

Melissa Martinez: The following contest is scheduled for one fall... and it is for the Rising Star Championship!

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The crowd cheers loudly. The lights shift to a bright, electric blue as Jet Jaguar Jr.'s theme hits. A fast-paced, heroic guitar riff fills the arena. Jet Jaguar Jr. bursts onto the stage, full sprint, pumping his fists in the air.

Scott Cooper: And here comes Jet Jaguar Jr.! One of the most exciting young talents in the SWF today.

Jimmy V: This kid moves like he's late for a flight. I respect the hustle.

Valerie Vortex: Jet Jaguar Jr. has been building momentum for months. Tonight could be the night he breaks through.

Jet Jaguar Jr. sprints down the ramp, slides into the ring, and leaps onto the second rope, pointing to the crowd. They respond with a loud "JET! JET! JET!" chant.

The lights suddenly cut to black. A single spotlight hits the stage. A slow, confident beat drops. Loki Van Dam steps out wearing the Rising Star Championship around his waist, smirking like he owns the building.

Scott Cooper: And here comes the Rising Star champion. Loki Van Dam. A man who has held onto that title with a combination of skill, cunning, and sheer athleticism.

Jimmy V: And hair gel. Don't forget the hair gel. That stuff is championship-grade.

Valerie Vortex: Loki has been one of the most consistent performers in the division. Jet Jaguar Jr. is going to have to be perfect tonight.

Loki walks down the ramp with swagger, pointing at Jet Jaguar Jr. and mouthing "You're not ready." He hops onto the apron, wipes his boots, and steps into the ring.

Bell rings.The two circle each other. The crowd is loud, split evenly between both competitors.

They lock up. Loki transitions into a quick waistlock. Jet counters with a standing switch. Loki escapes with a cartwheel. Jet responds with a cartwheel of his own. The crowd applauds.

Scott Cooper: Beautiful chain wrestling to start this match.

Jimmy V: They're flipping around like they're auditioning for a gymnastics team.

Valerie Vortex: This is what the Rising Star division is all about. Speed, precision, and innovation.

Loki charges. Jet leapfrogs. Loki rebounds. Jet hits a deep arm drag. Loki pops up. Jet hits another. Loki rolls out of the ring to regroup.

Scott Cooper: Jet Jaguar Jr. is in control early!

Jimmy V: Loki's not retreating. He's... strategically relocating.

Valerie Vortex: He's stalling.

Loki slides back in. Jet goes for a dropkick. Loki sidesteps and hits a basement dropkick to Jet's knee. Jet collapses.

Scott Cooper: Loki Van Dam targeting the leg now.

Jimmy V: Smart. You can't fly if your landing gear is busted.

Valerie Vortex: Loki is methodical. He finds a weakness and exploits it.

Loki grabs Jet's leg and slams it into the mat. Twice. Three times. Jet screams in pain. Loki smirks and hits a dragon screw.

Loki covers.

One.

Two.

Jet kicks out.

Loki transitions into a single-leg Boston crab. Jet claws toward the ropes. The crowd claps rhythmically, urging him on.

Scott Cooper: Jet Jaguar Jr. fighting through the pain!

Jimmy V: He should just tap. Save himself the trouble.

Valerie Vortex: That's not who Jet Jaguar Jr. is.

Jet reaches the ropes. The ref forces the break. Loki argues, claiming Jet tapped. The ref shakes his head.

Jet uses the moment to pull himself up. Loki charges. Jet hits a sudden enzuigiri. The crowd erupts.

Scott Cooper: Jet Jaguar Jr. with a huge counter!

Jimmy V: How is he still standing on that leg?

Valerie Vortex: Pure adrenaline.Jet fires up. Running forearm. Another. Springboard back elbow. The crowd is roaring.

Jet climbs the ropes--slowly, favoring the leg.

Scott Cooper: He's going for the Jaguar Splash!

Jimmy V: On one leg? This kid is insane.

Jet leaps -- Loki rolls out of the way.

Jet crashes hard.

Loki immediately climbs the opposite turnbuckle.

Scott Cooper: Loki Van Dam looking to end it!

Loki leaps and hits the Van Damage--his diving corkscrew neckbreaker.

Cover.

One.

Two.

Three.

Melissa Martinez: Here is your winner... and STILL Rising Star Champion... Loki Van Dam!

The crowd gives a mixed reaction--respect for the match, frustration for Jet's loss.

Loki stands, smirking, holding the title high. Jet rolls to the ropes, clutching his knee.

Loki looks down at him... then offers a hand.

The crowd reacts with surprise.

Jet hesitates... then accepts. Loki pulls him up.

Scott Cooper: A rare show of respect from Loki Van Dam.

Jimmy V: I don't trust it. He probably sanitized his hand first.

Valerie Vortex: Regardless, that was an incredible match from both men.

Loki exits the ring, title held high. Jet stands in the center, the crowd chanting his name.

JET! JET! JET!

Jet nods, acknowledging them, before limping up the ramp.

Scott Cooper: What a match. And we still have much more action to come!

Jimmy V: And I have a feeling we're still just getting started. Full house tonight and free donuts!

Scott Cooper: What free donuts? Where did you get those?

Valerie Vortex: Umm....

Camera cuts to commercial.

MADE MEN VS NIGHTCLUB TWERKERS

Camera cuts from the rowdy fans in the arena to a quieter backstage hallway. The lighting is low, warm, and cinematic. A black luxury sedan graphic rotates on the LED screen behind interviewer Tony Styles. He stands centered, microphone in hand, adjusting his tie as he prepares to speak.

Tony Styles: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me now are two men who have made quite the impact since arriving in the SWF... The Made Men.

Dante Vellaro steps into frame first, adjusting the cuffs of his immaculate suit jacket. He smirks with the confidence of someone who believes the world owes him money. Bruno Marchetti steps in behind him, arms folded, expression stone-cold and unreadable. He looks like a man who has never smiled in his life.

Tony Styles: Dante, Bruno, tonight you face the Nightclub Twerkers. A team known for their speed, their energy, and their unpredictability. Your thoughts heading into this match?

Dante Vellaro: Tony, Tony, Tony... you're asking the wrong questions. You're talking about speed. Energy. Unpredictability. Come on! Look at us and then look at them! They're dancers. Performers. They're here to entertain the people.

Dante leans in slightly, lowering his voice.

Dante Vellaro: We're not here to entertain... not anymore. We're here to collect.

Bruno cracks his knuckles slowly, the sound echoing like distant thunder.

Tony Styles: Collect? Collect what, exactly?

Dante Vellaro: Debts. Respect. Wins. Whatever we feel like. See, the Twerkers? They've been out there shaking their hips, spinning their glow sticks, living their best lives. Good for them. Really. But tonight? Tonight they step into the ring with businessmen. Professionals. Men who understand that everything in this world has a price.

Dante taps Bruno's chest with the back of his hand.

Dante Vellaro: And Bruno here? He's the one who enforces the payment plan.

Bruno steps forward, towering over Tony Styles. He speaks slowly, voice deep and gravelly.

Bruno Marchetti: They dance. We break them in half. Simple.

Tony Styles: Strong words. But the Twerkers have pulled off some surprising wins lately. They've shown they can adapt.

Dante Vellaro: Adaptation is adorable. But it doesn't beat inevitability. And we? We're inevitable. Tonight, the Nightclub Twerkers learn a valuable lesson: when The Made Men walk into the room, the music stops.

Dante straightens his jacket, then looks directly into the camera.

Dante Vellaro: And tonight, business... is good.

Bruno steps closer to the camera, staring into the lens with cold, unblinking intensity.

Bruno Marchetti: Very good.

Dante snaps his fingers as an assistant gives him a towel. Bruno turns and follows Dante out of frame. Tony Styles exhales, visibly relieved.

Tony Styles: Back to ringside.

Camera cuts to the arena. The crowd is buzzing. The lights shift to deep purples and electric blues as a thumping nightclub beat kicks in. The Nightclub Twerkers burst onto the stage in a synchronized explosion of movement.

Scott Cooper: And we are back on SLAM with tag team action! The Nightclub Twerkers are in the building, and Providence is feeling the rhythm.

Jimmy V: Scott, I haven't been to a club in years, but this is exactly how I remember it. Loud music, questionable fashion choices, and someone inevitably getting thrown out.

Valerie Vortex: Let's hope no one gets thrown out tonight. The Twerkers have been gaining traction lately.

They're flashy, they're fast, and they've got chemistry.

DJ Pulse spins an imaginary turntable as he dances down the ramp, hyping the crowd. Rhythm Rocco follows, hitting sharp, precise dance steps that sync perfectly with the beat. They slide into the ring and hit a synchronized pose, arms out, hips popping.

Scott Cooper: The Twerkers are all about energy. They bring the party wherever they go.

Jimmy V: And tonight, the party is about to get shut down by two men who don't dance unless it's on someone's spine.

The music cuts abruptly. The lights shift to a cold, sharp white. A low, ominous bassline hits. The Made Men step onto the stage like they own the building.

Dante Vellaro leads the way, adjusting his suit jacket, smirking like he's already won. Bruno Marchetti follows behind him, cracking his knuckles with slow, deliberate menace.

Scott Cooper: And here come The Made Men. Business is about to pick up.

Jimmy V: Business is ALWAYS picking up when these two walk out. Look at them. They're like if Wall Street and a demolition derby had a baby.

Valerie Vortex: They're dangerous. Calculated. And they've been on a tear since arriving in the SWF.

Dante walks down the ramp with swagger, pointing at the Twerkers like they're overdue invoices. Bruno follows silently, eyes locked on the ring.

Dante steps onto the apron and demands the referee hold the ropes open for him. The ref hesitates, then complies. Bruno simply steps over the top rope.

Bell rings.

DJ Pulse starts against Dante Vellaro. Pulse immediately begins bouncing on the balls of his feet, moving rhythmically, juking left and right like he's dodging invisible lasers.

Scott Cooper: DJ Pulse using that footwork to stay unpredictable.

Jimmy V: He's dancing like he's trying to summon a rave spirit.

Valerie Vortex: It's working. Dante can't get a read on him.

Dante lunges. Pulse ducks under, spins, and hits a quick dropkick to Dante's knee. Dante stumbles. Pulse hits a second dropkick. Dante falls to one knee.

The crowd cheers.

Scott Cooper: The Twerkers are rolling early!

Jimmy V: Dante's not used to fighting someone who moves like a caffeinated hummingbird.

Pulse tags in Rhythm Rocco. They hit a double-team spinning heel kick that sends Dante rolling to the corner.

Dante tags in Bruno.

The crowd reacts with a collective "oh no."

Valerie Vortex: And here comes the muscle.

Bruno steps in, towering over Rocco. Rocco tries a quick kick to the thigh. Bruno doesn't move. Rocco tries another. Nothing.

Scott Cooper: Rocco's strikes aren't having any effect!

Jimmy V: He's kicking a refrigerator, Scott.

Bruno grabs Rocco by the wrist and yanks him into a massive short-arm clothesline. He flips inside out. The crowd groans.

Bruno drags him up and throws him into the corner like a sack of laundry. He tags Dante back in.

Dante enters with a smirk, slapping Rocco across the face.

Scott Cooper: Disrespect from Dante Vellaro.

Jimmy V: That's not just disrespect. That's a receipt.

Valerie Vortex: For what?

Jimmy V: Existing.

Rocco fires up, hitting a sudden flurry of strikes -- elbows, kicks, a spinning backfist. Dante stumbles. Rocco leaps for a tag -- Bruno yanks DJ Pulse off the apron at the last second.

Scott Cooper: Oh come on!

Jimmy V: Smart business move.

Valerie Vortex: That's cheating.

Jimmy V: Is it though?

Dante grabs Rocco from behind, hits a backstabber, and tags Bruno.

Bruno lifts Rocco into a powerbomb position. Dante climbs the ropes.

Scott Cooper: They're going for The Collection!

Bruno slams Rocco down as Dante hits a diving elbow drop.

Cover.

One.

Two.

Three.

The Made Men win.

Dante immediately stands, straightens his gear, and leans into the nearest camera.

Dante Vellaro: Business... is booming.

Bruno steps into frame, staring into the lens like he's memorizing the viewer's soul.

Bruno Marchetti: Pay up.

The Made Men exit the ring as the Twerkers recover slowly.

Scott Cooper: A dominant win for The Made Men tonight.

Jimmy V: Dominant? Scott, that was a masterclass in hostile takeovers.

Valerie Vortex: The Twerkers fought hard, but the Made Men were simply too much tonight.

Camera cuts to the capacity crowd before transitioning into a commercial.

RICKY ROMERO VS ATLAS REED

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Camera cuts from commercial to the backstage interview zone. The SWF logo rotates slowly on the LED screen behind interviewer Lexi Lane. The crowd buzz can still be heard faintly from the arena. Lexi stands poised with a microphone.

Lexi Lane: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time... the International Champion, Ricky Romero.

Ricky Romero struts into frame wearing sunglasses indoors, a shimmering scarf, and the International Championship slung over his shoulder like a fashion accessory. Ludvig Von CRUSH steps in behind him, arms crossed, looming like a stone gargoyle.

Lexi Lane: Ricky, tonight you defend the International Championship against Atlas Reed. Your thoughts heading into this match?

Ricky Romero: My thoughts? My thoughts, Lexi, are that this entire situation is a joke. A farce. A comedy of errors. Atlas Reed? Really? This man has never traveled internationally. He's never even been to Canada. Canada, Lexi. The land of maple syrup and politeness. And this is the man they think is worthy of challenging me?

Ludvig grunts. Ricky nods like this proves his point.

Ricky Romero: Look at me. Look at this belt. Look at the prestige. The International Championship deserves challengers who understand culture. Sophistication. Geography. Atlas Reed probably thinks the capital of France is "France City."

Lexi Lane: Atlas Reed has been on a hot streak lately. Many would say he's earned this opportunity.

Ricky Romero: Many would be wrong. Many are often wrong. Many people also think pineapple belongs on pizza. Many people think the Earth is round. Many people think Ludvig here can't read.

Ludvig slowly turns his head toward Ricky.

Ricky Romero: I mean -- he can read. Obviously. He reads... uh... heavy things.

Ludvig nods once, satisfied.

Lexi Lane: Ricky, are you at all concerned about Atlas Reed's power advantage?

Ricky Romero: Concerned? Me? Lexi, please. I have Ludvig Von CRUSH. Look at him. Look at this man. He is a walking avalanche. A human mountain. A slab of violence carved into the shape of a person. If Atlas Reed even thinks about getting momentum, Ludvig will --

Ludvig Von CRUSH: I crush him.

Ricky Romero: Exactly! He crushes him. It's simple math. Atlas Reed equals crushed. Ricky Romero equals victorious. The International Championship equals staying exactly where it belongs: on the shoulder of the most handsome, talented, internationally recognized superstar in the SWF.

Lexi Lane: Well, Ricky, best of luck tonight.

Ricky Romero: I don't need luck. I have Ludvig.

Ludvig steps forward, staring directly into the camera with cold, unblinking intensity.

Ludvig Von CRUSH: He crushes. We CRUSH!

Ricky pats Ludvig's chest like he's calming a guard dog.

Ricky Romero: Let's go educate the masses.

Ricky struts off. Ludvig follows, cracking his knuckles like thunder. Lexi watches them leave, then turns back to the camera.

Lexi Lane: Back to you at ringside.

The crowd is roaring, still talking about the eerie flicker and laugh from earlier in the night. The lights settle into a steady glow as ring announcer Melissa Martinez steps into the center of the ring.

Melissa Martinez: The following contest is scheduled for one fall... and is for the International Championship!

The crowd gives a mixed reaction--mostly boos, with a few scattered cheers from fans who enjoy the absurdity of Ricky Romero's reign.

Scott Cooper: And here we go. The International Championship on the line. Or... at least, that's what the graphic says.

Jimmy V: Scott, don't diminish the prestige of this title. It's international. It's worldly. It's cultured. It's --

Valerie Vortex: It's a prop Ricky Romero won in a four-way match where two competitors weren't even aware it was for a title.

Jimmy V: Semantics.

The arena lights dim. A spotlight hits the stage. A smooth, jazzy guitar riff plays. Ricky Romero steps out wearing sunglasses, a shimmering scarf, and the International Championship draped over his shoulder like a fashion accessory. He poses like he's on a runway.

Scott Cooper: And here comes the champion. Ricky Romero, looking as smug as ever.

Jimmy V: That's not smug, Scott. That's confidence. That's swagger. That's international flair.

Valerie Vortex: He's wearing sunglasses indoors. What a schmuck!

Jimmy V: International flair.

Ludvig Von CRUSH steps out behind Ricky, towering over him. He cracks his neck and knuckles in perfect sync, like a machine powering up.

Scott Cooper: And there's the real threat. Ludvig Von CRUSH.

Jimmy V: My sweet, violent locomotive of a man.

Valerie Vortex: Please don't call him that.

Ricky struts down the ramp, pointing at fans and shouting "You're welcome!" Ludvig follows silently, staring straight ahead like a predator.

Ricky enters the ring and immediately demands the referee hold the ropes open for him. The ref reluctantly obliges. Ricky wipes his boots dramatically on the apron before stepping inside.

The crowd suddenly erupts as Atlas Reed's music hits. A heavy, pounding beat fills the arena. Atlas Reed bursts onto the stage, fired up, slapping his chest and pointing to the crowd.

Scott Cooper: And here comes Atlas Reed! A man who has been grinding, fighting, and clawing his way up the ranks across the globe!

Jimmy V: Grinding? Clawing? Scott, he's about to get internationally educated.

Valerie Vortex: Atlas Reed has been on a tear lately. He's earned this shot, whether Ricky likes it or not.

Atlas slides into the ring. Ricky immediately bails out, shouting "Too aggressive! Too aggressive!"

Bell rings.

Ricky stays outside, pacing, pointing at Atlas and yelling instructions at the referee.

Scott Cooper: And Ricky Romero is refusing to enter the ring.

Jimmy V: He's strategizing, Scott. It's called pacing yourself.

Valerie Vortex: He hasn't even broken a sweat.

Ricky finally slides in, but immediately rolls back out. The crowd boos loudly.

Ricky Romero: Check him! Check his arms! Check his legs! He's hiding illegal muscles!

Scott Cooper: Illegal muscles? What does that even mean?

Jimmy V: It means Atlas Reed is too swole to be legal. Happens all the time.

Valerie Vortex: No, it doesn't.

Atlas finally grabs Ricky by the hair and drags him into the ring. Ricky screams like he's being murdered.

Atlas hits a big scoop slam. The crowd pops. Ricky rolls around clutching his back like he's been shot.

Scott Cooper: Atlas Reed taking control early!

Jimmy V: That was an illegal slam. Too much enthusiasm.

Valerie Vortex: That's not a thing.

Ricky staggers to his feet. Atlas charges. Ricky ducks behind the referee and shouts "Protect me!"

Ludvig hops onto the apron. The ref argues with him. Ricky pokes Atlas in the eye.

Scott Cooper: Oh come on!

Jimmy V: International technique, Scott.

Valerie Vortex: That's blatant cheating.

Ricky hits a weak chop. Atlas doesn't budge. Ricky hits another. Nothing. Ricky screams and tries a third. Atlas grabs his hand.

Atlas Reed: No.

Atlas pulls Ricky into a massive clothesline. The crowd erupts.

Atlas hits a running shoulder tackle. Ricky flops like a ragdoll.

Atlas covers.

One.

Two.

Ludvig yanks Atlas off by the ankle.

Scott Cooper: That should be a disqualification!

Jimmy V: Should be. Won't be.

Valerie Vortex: The referee needs to get control of this match.

Atlas argues with Ludvig. Ricky grabs the belt. He charges. Atlas ducks. Ricky hits the turnbuckle face-first.

Atlas covers again. One. Two....

The lights flicker. The titantron glitches. A low hum fills the arena.

Scott Cooper: What is happening?

Jimmy V: Oh no. Oh no no no.

Valerie Vortex: Something's coming.

The lights strobe gold and white. The hum grows louder. The crowd rises to their feet.

A silhouette appears at the top of the ramp.

Scott Cooper: Is that...?

Jimmy V: It can't be.

Valerie Vortex: It is.

Atlas PRIME steps through the light.

The crowd explodes.

Atlas Reed freezes in the ring, staring at the figure who looks like him--but stronger, sharper, ascended.

Ricky swings the belt at Atlas PRIME.

PRIME catches it with one hand.

The crowd loses their minds.

Ludvig charges.

Atlas PRIME lifts him effortlessly and slams him with the Prime Directive.

Ricky tries to run.

Atlas PRIME grabs him by the scarf.

Prime Driver.

Ricky is out cold.

The referee calls for the bell.

No contest.

Atlas Reed stares at Atlas PRIME, breathing hard, eyes wide.

Atlas PRIME stares back.

The crowd chants:

PRIME! PRIME! PRIME!

Scott Cooper: What did we just witness?

Jimmy V: A glitch in the universe.

Valerie Vortex: No. A correction.

Atlas PRIME slowly turns and walks back up the ramp as the lights flicker again.

VELVET EMPRESS VS BIG MAMA JOHNSON

Camera fades back in from commercial. The crowd is loud, energized, and buzzing with anticipation. The arena lights dim to a deep royal purple. A slow, ominous orchestral swell begins to build.

Scott Cooper: It is time for our Main Event! The SWF Women's Championship on the line. The Velvet Empress defends against Big Mama Johnson. There's nowhere to run and nowhere to hide!

Jimmy V: Scott, I've been waiting for this all night. This is going to be a collision. A demolition. A beautiful disaster.

Jimmy V takes a big bite out of another donut.

Valerie Vortex: Where do you keep finding those? In any event... Big Mama Johnson has been chasing this moment for months. She's earned this shot. But the Velvet Empress is one of the most dominant champions we've ever seen, shenanigans and all.

The music shifts to a booming bass drum. Big Mama Johnson steps onto the stage to a massive ovation. She stands tall, powerful, radiating confidence. She raises a fist to the crowd, who roar in response.

Scott Cooper: Listen to this crowd! Providence is behind Big Mama tonight.

Jimmy V: They should be. She's terrifying. In a good way. Mostly.

Valerie Vortex: Big Mama Johnson is one of the strongest competitors in the division. If anyone can dethrone the Empress, it's her.

Big Mama marches down the ramp, slapping hands with fans, her eyes locked on the ring. She steps inside, pacing like a caged lion.

The lights cut out completely. A single spotlight hits the stage. A haunting violin melody begins to play. The Velvet Empress appears slowly from behind the curtain, wearing a flowing black-and-gold robe, the Women's Championship around her waist.

Scott Cooper: And here comes the champion. The Velvet Empress. Regal. Ruthless. Unshakable.

Jimmy V: She looks like she's about to declare war on a small country.

Valerie Vortex: She might. She's been unstoppable since winning that title. I just don't know about the company she keeps behind the scenes.

The Empress walks down the ramp with cold, deliberate steps. She ignores the crowd entirely. Her eyes never leave Big Mama.

She enters the ring, removes her robe, and hands the championship to the referee without breaking eye contact.

Bell rings.The two women step forward, face-to-face. The crowd buzzes with anticipation.

Big Mama: You ready?

Velvet Empress: Always.

They lock up. Big Mama immediately overpowers the Empress, shoving her backward into the corner. The crowd erupts.

Scott Cooper: Big Mama showing her power early!

Jimmy V: She shoved the Empress like she was moving furniture.

Valerie Vortex: The Empress is going to have to adjust her strategy.

The Empress circles, recalibrating. She shoots in low, targeting Big Mama's knee with a sharp kick. Then another. Then another. Big Mama winces.

Scott Cooper: The Empress going after the leg now.

Jimmy V: Smart. You can't topple a tree if you don't chop the trunk.

Valerie Vortex: Big Mama needs to protect that knee.The Empress hits a running dropkick to the knee. Big Mama drops to one knee. The Empress hits a snap DDT.

Cover.

One.

Big Mama powers out, launching the Empress into the air.

Scott Cooper: What a kickout!

Jimmy V: She threw her like a sack of potatoes.

Valerie Vortex: Big Mama's strength is unreal.

Big Mama rises, shaking off the pain. She grabs the Empress and hits a massive spinebuster. The ring shakes. The crowd explodes.

Big Mama: LET'S GO!

The crowd chants:

BIG MAMA! BIG MAMA! BIG MAMA!

Big Mama lifts the Empress for the Big Mama Bomb--The Empress rakes the eyes.

Scott Cooper: Oh come on!

Jimmy V: Royal privilege.

Valerie Vortex: That's diabolical!

The Empress hits a roundhouse kick. Big Mama stumbles. The Empress charges--Big Mama catches her.

Big Mama Bomb!

The crowd erupts.

Scott Cooper: She hit it! She hit it! Big Mama Johnson is going to win the title!

Big Mama covers.

One.

Two --

Jessica Shimmer's music hits?

The arena freezes.

Jessica Shimmer limps onto the stage, clutching her ribs, tears streaming down her face. The crowd is confused. Big Mama looks stunned.

Scott Cooper: Jessica Shimmer? What is she doing out here?

Jimmy V: She looks hurt. Really hurt.

Valerie Vortex: This doesn't feel right.

Jessica slowly approaches the ring, shaking her head, crying.

Jessica Shimmer: I'm sorry... I'm so sorry...

Big Mama stands, confused, concerned.

Big Mama: Jess... what are you doing? You shouldn't be out here.

Jessica climbs onto the apron, still crying.

Jessica Shimmer: I'm sorry... I'm so sorry...

Big Mama steps toward her --Jessica swings a lead pipe from her leather jacket.

CRACK.

The sound echoes through the arena.

Big Mama collapses instantly.

The crowd gasps, then erupts into furious boos.

Scott Cooper: NO! NO! WHAT DID SHE JUST DO?!

Jimmy V: Oh my god...

Valerie Vortex: Jessica Shimmer just... betrayed Big Mama Johnson.

Jessica drops to her knees, sobbing uncontrollably, the pipe clattering to the floor.

The Velvet Empress crawls over, draping an arm across Big Mama.The referee hesitates... then calls for the bell.

Melissa Martinez: The referee has ruled this match a no contest!

The Empress rolls out of the ring, clutching her title, laughing hysterically.

Jessica remains on her knees, shaking, crying, staring at her own hands like she doesn't recognize them.

The lights flicker.

The arena darkens.

Jinx Jester and The Trickster Sister appear on the stage, silhouettes against the flickering lights.

Jessica looks up at them, tears still streaming.

A low, distorted laugh echoes through the arena.

The Shadow Trickster.

Lightning crashes.

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Jessica's crying stops.

Her breathing slows.

Her posture shifts.

Her expression twists into something cold... and wrong.

Scott Cooper: What... what is happening to her?

Jimmy V: This is bad. This is really bad.

Valerie Vortex: She's changing. She's becoming something else.

Jessica rises slowly, her face contorted into a monstrous smile.

The lights cut out.

The screen fades to black.

SLAM ends.

Show Credits

Match: "JINX JESTER & TRICKSTER SISTER VS SUGAR CRASH SISTERS" - Written by Greg.

Match: "LOKI VAN DAM VS JET JAGUAR JR." - Written by Leo.

Match: "MADE MEN VS NIGHTCLUB TWERKERS" - Written by Clyde.

Match: "RICKY ROMERO VS ATLAS REED" - Written by CoCo.

Match: "VELVET EMPRESS VS BIG MAMA JOHNSON" - Written by Gem.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite