Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 8

June 28, 2026 | Manhattan Arena - Manhattan, New York

CURT CANDID -- "THE MANHATTAN UNSCRIPTED SALVO"

Curt Candid doesn't walk out.

He erupts onto the stage like Manhattan itself spat him out.The crowd is already molten -- angry, restless, betrayed -- and Curt doesn't wait for a cue, a graphic, or a lower-third. He storms straight to the hard cam, mic in hand, jacket half-buttoned, eyes blazing with that particular New York fury that isn't performative... it's generational.

? "HEY!"

He doesn't even let the crowd settle.

He cuts through them.

"HEY! Don't you dare quiet down now. Not tonight. Not in my city."

The Manhattan crowd roars back -- not booing, not cheering, but that raw, electric New York noise that sounds like a subway train hitting the brakes at full speed.

Curt paces, fast, sharp, like he's trying to outrun his own thoughts.

"You're pissed? You're hungry? You're angry? Because I'm standing here with you, and I'm just as furious as every single one of you in this building tonight."

He points to the mat.

"This is Manhattan. This is home. This is where I learned to fight, where I learned to talk, where I learned to survive. And tonight? Tonight I'm not giving you the corporate version. I'm not giving you the sanitized version. I'm not giving you the 'approved by three executives and a lawyer' version."

He leans into the camera.

"You're getting Curt Candid, unfiltered, and if they don't like it backstage, they can come out here and take the mic out of my hand."

? "TOTAL CHAOS IS CANCELED."

The crowd explodes -- a mix of shock, rage, betrayal.

Curt nods, absorbing it.

"Yeah. I said it. TOTAL CHAOS is canceled. The biggest show of the summer? Gone. Poof. Vanished. And don't you dare let anyone tell you it was 'mutual' or 'strategic' or 'for the good of the brand.'"

He spits the words.

"It was a failure. A screw-up. A meltdown. And I'm not gonna stand here in my hometown and pretend it wasn't."

? "FRIDAY NIGHT FURY IS CANCELED INDEFINITELY TOO."

The Manhattan crowd hates this one.

Curt lets them."FURY? Gone. Canceled. Off the air. And I know some of you loved that show. I know some of you lived for that chaos. But guess what? It's over. And I'm not gonna sugarcoat it."

He taps his chest.

"I warned them. I told them. I said, 'You keep running that show like a demolition derby with microphones, and one day the wheels are gonna come off.' And guess what? They did."

? "SLAM MOVES TO SATURDAY AFTER TONIGHT."

Curt pauses.

The crowd murmurs -- confused, anxious, curious.

"Yeah. You heard me. After tonight? SLAM moves to Saturday. And I know what you're thinking: 'Curt, what the hell does that mean? Why now? Why Manhattan?'"

He points to the rafters.

"Because this company is being rebuilt in real time. Because the UCWC leaks lit a fire under every executive's ass. Because "restructuring" is coming in hotter than anyone expected. Because the entire wrestling world is shifting, and SWF finally decided to stop pretending everything was fine."

He steps to the ropes, gripping the top one, leaning out toward the crowd.

"And if SLAM is moving to Saturday? Then SLAM is taking Saturday. We're not renting it. We're not borrowing it. We're not asking permission."

He slams the mic against his palm.

"We're claiming it."

? Curt's voice drops -- deadly serious.

"Manhattan... I'm home. And when I'm home, I don't lie to you. I don't play games. I don't hide behind production notes."

He looks around the arena like he's addressing every borough at once.

"Tonight is the last Sunday Night SLAM for a long time as you know it. Maybe forever. And I swear to you -- on this city, on this crowd, on everything that made me who I am -- we are not going out quiet."

He points to the locker room.

"Every wrestler back there? They're pissed. They're hungry. They're ready to tear the roof off this place. Because tonight isn't just a show."

He turns back to the camera.

"Tonight is a statement."

? Final line -- the Manhattan killshot.

"So buckle up, New York. Because if the world wants to cancel our chaos? Then tonight... we're gonna give them a kind they can't control."

Curt drops the mic.

No music.

No outro.

Just Manhattan roaring like a living creature.

Curt Candid flips off the UCWC staring into the hard cam on live TV.

Curt stands dead center in the ring, Manhattan roaring around him like a living engine. He lifts the mic, breath steady, eyes locked on the hard cam -- the kind of stare only a New Yorker can give. The kind that says I'm not asking permission.

"Let me make one thing perfectly clear before I step back behind that curtain..."

He sweeps his arm across the arena, taking in every borough represented in the seats.

"Whether you worship on Sunday or Saturday..."

He pauses -- lets the crowd lean in.

"...this is still our church."

The building detonates.

Not cheers. Not boos.

A Manhattan roar -- the kind that shakes the lighting rig.

Curt nods, pacing with that restless, coiled energy only he has.

"You hear me? They can cancel Total Chaos. They can cancel Friday Night FURY. They can move SLAM to Saturday. They can flip the calendar upside-down and set it on fire. But they don't get to take this from us."

He slaps the mat.

"This ring? This crowd? This city? This is where we come to testify. This is where we come to scream. This is where we come to bleed. This is where we come to make the world pay attention."

He points to the rafters, voice rising.

"Sunday, Saturday -- I don't care. You don't care. Manhattan doesn't care. Because SWF isn't a timeslot. SWF isn't a network. SWF isn't a memo from some executive who's never taken the subway."

He leans into the ropes, practically snarling.

"SWF is a congregation. And tonight? Tonight we preach, tonight we worship, and TONIGHT... WE RAISE HELL!"

Curt steps back to center, planting his feet like he's anchoring the entire promotion.

"So if the world wants to move us...

If the world wants to silence us...

If the world wants to cancel our chaos..."

He raises the mic high.

"Then we're gonna give them a reason to pray."

Curt drops the mic.

No music.

No cue.

Just Manhattan roaring like a cathedral built out of noise and rebellion.

Masked Muchacho's music doesn't just hit --

it detonates.

Trumpets. Drums. That mariachi-trap fusion beat that feels like someone set a block party on fire.

The Manhattan crowd erupts, because they know exactly what this means:

Curt Candid just turned the arena into a church...

and now the Picante Prophet is kicking the doors open.

? MASKED MUCHACHO -- THE MANHATTAN INTERRUPTION

Curt is still in the ring, pacing, breathing hard, feeding off the crowd's fury -- when suddenly:

"¡MUCHACHOOOOOOO!"

The signature vocal sting blasts through the speakers.

Confetti cannons pop prematurely -- the crew wasn't ready, Muchacho never waits -- and the entire arena shifts from righteous anger to chaotic joy.

Muchacho bursts through the curtain like he's been launched by divine salsa-powered propulsion.

He sprints, spins, dances, nearly trips, catches himself, throws a thumbs-up, and points straight at Curt.

The crowd chants:

"MU-CHA-CHO! MU-CHA-CHO!"

Curt's face?

A mix of disbelief, annoyance, and that begrudging Manhattan respect that says:

Of course this lunatic showed up now.

Muchacho slides into the ring, pops up to his feet, and immediately grabs a mic.

He doesn't wait.

He doesn't breathe.

He doesn't think.

He declares:

"CURT CANDID! YOU SAY THIS IS OUR CHURCH?!"

The crowd roars.

Muchacho nods furiously, mask bobbing.

"THEN LET THE PICANTE PRIEST SPEAK!"

Curt closes his eyes like he's praying for patience.

Muchacho continues, pacing with lucha-chaos energy:

"Total Chaos canceled? FURY canceled? SLAM moving to Saturday? CURT, MY BROTHER IN SPICE -- THAT JUST MEANS WE GOTTA MAKE TONIGHT SO HOT THEY CAN'T HANDLE US ON ANY DAY!"

He points at the Manhattan crowd.

"LOOK AT THEM! LOOK AT THIS CITY! YOU THINK NEW YORK CARES WHAT DAY IT IS?!"

The crowd explodes again.

Muchacho jumps onto the second rope, shouting:

"NEW YORK DOESN'T WORSHIP ON SUNDAY OR SATURDAY -- NEW YORK WORSHIPS ON MUCHACHO TIME AND THEIR TIME!"

Curt rubs his temples.

The crowd loses its mind.

Muchacho hops down, stands nose-to-nose with Curt, and says -- softer, but still dramatic:

"Curt... hermano... you lit the fire. Now let Muchacho throw the gasoline."

Curt smirks.

Just a little.

Just enough.

The Manhattan crowd senses it -- the shift, the spark, the moment.

Tonight isn't just a show.

Tonight is a movement.

Curt Candid and Masked Muchacho don't just stand there.

They choose violence against the expected narrative.

They choose an unexpected handshake between each other.

And Manhattan loses its mind.

? THE HANDSHAKE -- MANHATTAN'S COLLECTIVE GASP

Muchacho extends his hand -- dramatic, theatrical, mask tilted like he's offering Curt a sacred relic.

Curt looks at it.

The crowd buzzes, confused, electric, waiting for the punchline.

Curt doesn't smirk.

He doesn't hesitate.

He doesn't play it for comedy.

He grabs Muchacho's hand.

Firm.

Deliberate.

A New Yorker's handshake -- the kind that says we're not friends, but we're united in the fight.The arena

erupts.

Not cheers.

Not boos.

A shockwave.

A sound that only Manhattan can make when it witnesses something it never thought it would see.

? COMMENTARY -- ALL THREE STANDING

Scott Cooper is the first to react -- and he reacts like a man who's been waiting years for this moment.

He stands up so fast his headset nearly flies off.

"Ladies and gentlemen... I--I don't believe what I'm seeing! Curt Candid and Masked Muchacho... a handshake?! In Manhattan?!"

Hector Rodriguez rises next, eyes wide, hands on his head.

"This is insane! This is historic! This is--this is New York refusing to die!"

Tess Taylor stands too -- calm, analytical, but even she can't hide the awe.

"This isn't a handshake. This is a declaration. This is SWF saying the calendar doesn't control us. The network doesn't control us. The world doesn't control us."

All three commentators are standing and clapping.

Not for Curt.

Not for Muchacho.

But for the moment.

For the statement.

For the rebellion.

For the church Curt just defined.

? THE CROWD -- MANHATTAN IN FULL WORSHIP MODE

The fans chant:"S-W-F! S-W-F! S-W-F!"

Curt raises Muchacho's hand.

Muchacho raises Curt's.

Two men who should never align.

Two energies that should never fuse.

Two forces that should never coexist.

But tonight?

Tonight they're united by anger, by pride, by Manhattan, by the chip on SWF's shoulder.

Tonight they're united by the truth:

Whether you worship on Sunday or Saturday...

this is still our church.

Big Business has seen enough.

The crowd goes nuclear has he appears from behind the curtain.

Big Business doesn't just walk out.

He erupts onto the stage like a Wall Street earthquake -- the kind that rattles windows from Midtown to Battery Park. The second his music hits, the Manhattan crowd goes nuclear, a detonation of hatred, shock, adrenaline, and pure New York volatility.

Curt and Muchacho freeze mid-celebration.

The commentators stop clapping.

The building becomes a pressure cooker.

? BIG BUSINESS -- THE MANHATTAN INTERRUPTION FROM HELL

The lights snap to gold.

The bass drops.

The titantron flashes that cold corporate insignia.

And then he appears.

Big Business steps out in a suit that costs more than most people's rent, tie loosened, sleeves rolled, eyes burning with executive fury. He's not smiling. He's not smirking. He's not amused.

He's done.

He marches to the top of the ramp, microphone already in hand, and the crowd unleashes a wall of sound so violent it almost drowns him out.

Curt Candid stands tall.

Masked Muchacho bounces on his toes, ready for chaos.

The commentators are all standing, headsets off, clapping forgotten -- now reacting like witnesses to a corporate warhead.

Scott Cooper leans into his mic:

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

? BIG BUSINESS SPEAKS -- AND THE ARENA SHAKES

Big Business raises the mic, shouting over the crowd:

"ENOUGH!"

The word cracks through the arena like a whip.

"You two think you can hijack my show? You think you can turn SLAM into your little street-corner sermon? You think you can rewrite the rules because you're standing in Manhattan?!"

The crowd boos so loudly the cameras shake.

Big Business points at Curt:

"You want to talk about churches? THIS is MY cathedral. I BUILT this place. I PAID for this place. I OWN this place."

He points at Muchacho:

"And you -- you cartoon-colored lunatic -- you think a handshake makes you relevant?!"

Muchacho shrugs, gives a thumbs-up, then flips him off with both hands.

The crowd explodes again.

Curt steps forward, jaw clenched.

Big Business doesn't flinch.

? THE CROWD GOES BEYOND NUCLEAR

Manhattan is now a living riot.

Chants overlap:

"F--K BIG BUSINESS!"

"S-W-F! S-W-F!"

"MU-CHA-CHO!"

"CURT! CURT! CURT!"

The commentators are losing it:

Scott Cooper: "This is the loudest I've ever heard Manhattan!"

Hector Rodriguez: "Big Business walked into a hurricane!"

Tess Taylor: "This isn't a segment. This is a mutiny."

Big Business tries to speak again -- but the crowd drowns him out.

He waits.

He seethes.

He lets the hatred wash over him like a man who believes he's above it.

Then he leans into the mic, voice low, deadly:

"You want chaos?

You want rebellion?

You want Manhattan to be your church?"

He points at the ring.

"Then let me show you what happens when you spit in the face of the man who signs your checks."

? THE STAGE IS SET FOR WAR

Curt steps forward.

Muchacho steps forward.

Big Business stands at the ramp, unmoving, unafraid, ready to unleash hell.

The crowd is at a fever pitch -- the kind of energy that can only happen in Manhattan, only on a night like this, only when the entire promotion is being rewritten in real time.

This isn't a segment anymore.

This is the opening shot of a civil war.

Big Business doesn't just stand there at the top of the ramp anymore

.He grows.

He multiplies.

He becomes a problem.

Because now -- flanking him, shoulder-to-shoulder, suits sharp, eyes cold, jaws clenched--are The Made Men.

Dante Vellaro.

Bruno Marchetti.

Manhattan sees them and detonates.

?? THE MADE MEN STAND WITH BIG BUSINESS -- MANHATTAN GOES THERMONUCLEAR

Big Business lifts his chin, smug, satisfied, emboldened by the muscle at his sides.

Dante cracks his knuckles.

Bruno rolls his neck like he's warming up to break the ring in half.

The crowd's reaction isn't just loud.

It's hostile.

It's personal.

It's Manhattan seeing three men who represent everything Curt and Muchacho just rebelled against.

Scott Cooper is practically shouting over the chaos:

"THE MADE MEN -- THE MADE MEN ARE WITH BIG BUSINESS TONIGHT?!"

Hector Rodriguez slams his hand on the desk.

"No way! No way! This is a power play! This is a takeover!"Tess Taylor stands, eyes wide.

"This isn't an interruption. This is a declaration of war."

All three commentators are still standing, still clapping from the handshake --

but now the applause has turned into shock, fear, anticipation.

? THE VISUAL -- A PERFECT, TERRIBLE SYMMETRY

On the ramp:

Big Business, Dante Vellaro, Bruno Marchetti.

Corporate power + street muscle + Manhattan ruthlessness.

In the ring:

Curt Candid and Masked Muchacho.

Manhattan's voice + Manhattan's chaos + Manhattan's heart.

It's a tableau.

A painting.

A moment that defines the entire rewrite window.

The crowd chants:"F--K BIG BUSINESS!"

"MADE MEN SUCK!"

"CURT! CURT! CURT!"

"MU-CHA-CHO!"

The building is vibrating.

? BIG BUSINESS (with backup) SPEAKS AGAIN

He raises the mic, smirking now--because he knows he has the numbers."You see this? You see THESE men? These are professionals. These are earners. These are the future of SLAM."

Dante steps forward, pointing at Curt.

"You talk big for a guy who ain't got backup."

Bruno adds, low and dangerous:

"Manhattan's church? Looks like it's about to get new management."

Muchacho immediately flips them off again -- both hands, both middle fingers, full enthusiasm.

Curt steps forward, fearless.

The crowd roars.

? THE STAGE IS NOW A POWDER KEG

Two sides.

Two philosophies.

Two visions of SWF.

Corporate order vs. Manhattan rebellion.

Big Business vs. Curt Candid.

Made Men vs. Muchacho.

And the crowd is ready to riot.

This isn't just an escalation.

This is the moment the entire show pivots.

This is the moment the rewrite becomes a revolution.

Liger Llama comes through the crowd and gets in the ring to stand shoulder to should with Curt Candid.

You can see Liger Llama say to Curt Candid, "Can we trust you?"

Curt Candid rolls up his sleeves and stares daggers into Big Business and the Made Men. Curt has made his choice.

Liger Llama doesn't sneak in.

He surges through the Manhattan crowd like a tidal wave of fur, fury, and redemption. The fans part for him, reaching out, grabbing at him, chanting his name like a battle hymn.

"LI-GER LLAMA! LI-GER LLAMA!"

Curt and Muchacho turn as the arena lights shift, tracking the movement.

Big Business and The Made Men stiffen at the sight -- because this isn't the goofy llama, the milk-carton meme, the training-wheels rookie.

This is the real Liger Llama.

The one Manhattan remembers.

The one Curt Candid humiliated.

The one who vanished.

The one who came back changed.

He slides into the ring, pops up, and stands shoulder-to-shoulder with Curt Candid.

Not behind him.

Not beside Muchacho.

Not in front of the crowd.

Shoulder to shoulder with Curt.

The crowd goes beyond nuclear -- a Manhattan supernova.

?? THE QUESTION -- THE MOMENT -- THE CHOICE

Liger leans in close, just enough for the camera to catch it."Can we trust you?"

Curt doesn't answer with words.

He answers with Manhattan body language.

He rolls up his sleeves -- slow, deliberate, ritualistic -- like a man preparing for a street fight he's been waiting years to finish.

He locks eyes with Big Business.

Then Dante.

Then Bruno.

Daggers.

Pure daggers.

Curt Candid has made his choice.

And Manhattan explodes.

? COMMENTARY -- ALL THREE LOSE THEIR MINDS

Scott Cooper is practically screaming:

"CURT CANDID AND LIGER LLAMA--SIDE BY SIDE?!"

Hector Rodriguez slams the desk:

"Curt made his choice! Curt made his choice! He's standing with Manhattan!"

Tess Taylor, breathless:

"This is a seismic shift. This is SWF rewriting itself in real time."

All three are standing again -- clapping, shouting, reacting like they're witnessing a historic moment.

?? BIG BUSINESS + THE MADE MEN -- THE CORPORATE WALL

Big Business steps forward, furious.

Dante Vellaro cracks his knuckles.

Bruno Marchetti smirks like he's ready to break bones.

But now the visual has changed.

Curt Candid.

Masked Muchacho.

Liger Llama.

Three men who should never align.

Three energies that should never fuse.

Three forces Manhattan has claimed as its own.

Standing united.

Standing defiant.

Standing against Big Business and The Made Men.

? THE NEW REALITY

Curt doesn't look at Liger.

He doesn't look at Muchacho.

He looks at Big Business.

And Manhattan feels the shift.

Curt Candid -- the unscripted New Yorker, the corporate headache, the man with the chip on his shoulder -- has chosen rebellion.

Liger Llama -- the redeemed hero -- has chosen trust.

Masked Muchacho -- the chaos engine -- has chosen fire.

And together?

They've chosen Manhattan.

They've chosen the SWF.

They've chosen... home.

The fight doesn't start.

It erupts.

Like Manhattan itself decided it had waited long enough.

? THE BRAWL -- MANHATTAN GOES FULL SUPERNOVA

The second Curt rolls up his sleeves and locks eyes with Big Business and The Made Men, the tension snaps like a steel cable under too much weight.

Liger Llama steps forward beside him -- chest out, fists clenched, ready to throw down for the first time in months with purpose, with fire, with Manhattan behind him.

Masked Muchacho is already bouncing, already vibrating, already halfway into a sprint he hasn't even started yet.

Big Business sneers.

Dante Vellaro cracks his neck.

Bruno Marchetti mutters, "Let's end this."

And then--BOOM.

Muchacho launches himself first, a blur of color and chaos, diving at Bruno Marchetti with a flying forearm that sends both men crashing into the ropes.

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 8

Curt Candid charges Dante Vellaro like a man possessed, tackling him with pure New York street-fight energy, fists flying, elbows sharp, the crowd roaring with every shot.

Liger Llama leaps -- literally leaps -- onto Big Business, raining down blows as the Manhattan crowd hits a decibel level that burst ear drums.

? THE ARENA IS A RIOT

Security rushes the ramp.

Producers scream into headsets.

The commentary team is losing their minds.

Scott Cooper is shouting:

"THE FIGHT IS ON! THE FIGHT IS ON! MANHATTAN HAS ERUPTED!"

Hector Rodriguez is standing on his chair:

"THIS IS A WAR! THIS IS A WAR! CURT, MUCHACHO, LLAMA--THEY'RE TAKING THE FIGHT TO BIG BUSINESS!"

Tess Taylor is breathless, gripping the desk:

"This isn't a segment. This is a coup."

?? BIG BUSINESS GETS HIS HANDS DIRTY

Big Business shoves Liger off him and swings -- a wild, furious corporate haymaker -- but Liger ducks and hits a spinning heel kick that sends Big Business stumbling into the barricade.

"Take that you FAT FUCK!"

The crowd explodes.

Curt Candid slams Dante with a Manhattan uppercut that sends him reeling.

Muchacho hits Bruno with a tornado DDT that shakes the ring.

It's chaos.

It's rebellion.

It's Manhattan on FIRE!

? THE VISUAL -- A REVOLUTION IN MOTION

Curt Candid.

Masked Muchacho.

Liger Llama.

Three men who shouldn't be allies.

Three energies that shouldn't coexist.

Three forces united by anger, pride, and done with all the corporate bullshit.

Standing -- fighting -- together.

Against Big Business.

Against The Made Men.

Against the corporate machine trying to rewrite SWF without them.

? THE NON-OBVIOUS TRUTH

This isn't just a fight.

This is the moment the entire promotion fractures.

This is the moment the rewrite becomes a rebellion.

This is the moment Manhattan becomes the battleground for SWF's future.

Scott Cooper's line hits like a lightning bolt through the chaos:"My only question is--if this is the fight happening in the ring and in the stands, who's running the show?"

And Manhattan knows the answer before the music even hits.

? MARSHAL DALTON HARDCASTLE -- THE FURNACE GENERAL ARRIVES

The lights snap to white.

The crowd's nuclear roar turns into something else --

a stampede, a quake, a war drum.

Hardcastle's music hits like a sledgehammer.

Not flashy.

Not corporate.

Not dramatic.

Just authority.

Just command.

Just the man who runs the damn show, not just Texas, not just Friday Night FURY for an on-air role: The Show.

Curt freezes mid-swing.

Muchacho stops mid-bounce.

Liger Llama halts mid-pounce.

Big Business and The Made Men stiffen like they've been caught committing a felony.

Security floods the ramp --

not timid, not hesitant, but under Hardcastle's orders, moving with military precision.

? THE CLEANUP -- HARDCASTLE STYLE

Hardcastle doesn't walk to the ring.

He doesn't need to.

He stands at the top of the ramp, hands behind his back, jaw set, eyes burning through the arena like a volcano.

He doesn't shout.

He doesn't gesture.

He doesn't bark orders.

He simply exists.

And the entire arena obeys.

Security swarms the ring, separating bodies, dragging chaos into order.

Curt Candid is pulled back, still staring daggers at Big Business.

Liger Llama is escorted, still glaring over his shoulder.

Masked Muchacho is carried -- literally carried -- by three guards as he kicks the air like a furious piñata.

Dante and Bruno are shoved toward the back, furious but outnumbered.

Big Business is surrounded by security, protesting loudly, but even he knows better than to test Hardcastle right now on live television.

The crowd is losing its mind, chanting:

"HARD-CAS-TLE! HARD-CAS-TLE!"

Scott Cooper stands, headset off, shouting:

"THE MARSHAL HAS ARRIVED -- AND HE'S TAKING BACK HIS PROMOTION!"

Hector Rodriguez pounds the desk:

"Hardcastle said Falls Count Anywhere earlier tonight before we went live on the air -- but he didn't say Falls Count Forever!"

Tess Taylor nods, breathless:

"This is the reset. This is the authority. This is the man who runs SLAM when all hell breaks loose."

? THE VISUAL -- HARDCASTLE ALONE ON THE STAGE

Everyone else is gone.

The ring is empty.

The ramp is cleared.

The chaos has been dragged backstage.

And Hardcastle stands alone.

The Furnace General.

The man who doesn't tolerate disorder unless he authorizes it.

The man who just reclaimed SLAM from the brink of riot.

The man who is about to speak.

Marshal Dalton Hardcastle doesn't stroll out.

He materializes at the top of the ramp like the building itself summoned him. Manhattan's roar folds into a single, stunned exhale as the Furnace General stands there -- hat low, shoulders squared, the kind of presence that makes grown men rethink their life choices.

Security has already dragged Curt, Muchacho, Liger, Big Business, and The Made Men toward the back. The ring is empty. The ramp is clear. The chaos has been vacuumed out of the arena.

And Hardcastle finally raises the mic.

? MARSHAL HARDCASTLE -- THE FURNACE OPENS

"My demise has been greatly exaggerated."

The crowd erupts, a Manhattan thunderclap.

Hardcastle smirks -- just a little, just enough to let the city know he heard them.

He tilts his head, scanning the arena like he's counting every soul in attendance.

"Y'all really that surprised to see me here on *this* show after everything that's been happening?"

The crowd answers with a roar that shakes the lighting rig.

Hardcastle steps forward, boots heavy, presence heavier.

? THE MARSHAL TAKES BACK HIS POSITION

He gestures toward the backstage area where the chaos disappeared moments ago.

"You think I'm gonna let that circus run my building? You think I'm gonna let Big Business and his Wall Street mascots tear up my ring? You think I'm gonna let Curt Candid turn Manhattan into a street fight without my say-so?"

He shakes his head.

"No. No, no, no. Not tonight. Not in this city. Not on my watch."

The crowd chants:

"HARDCAS-TLE! HARDCAS-TLE!"

Hardcastle raises his voice over them.

"I told y'all earlier -- Falls Count Anywhere. But I didn't say Falls Count Forever. And I damn sure didn't say Falls Count In My Lobby, My Stands, My Hallways, My Parking Lot, or My Production Truck."

He points to the ring.

"This is where the fighting happens. This is where the decisions get made. This is where the show gets run."

He taps his chest.

"And I run the show tonight."

? MANHATTAN IS HIS TERRITORY

Hardcastle looks around the arena, soaking in the energy, the rebellion, the chaos.

"You can cancel Total Chaos. You can cancel Friday Night FURY. You can move SLAM to Saturday. Hell, you can move it to Christmas morning if you want."

He leans into the hard cam.

"But you don't cancel me. And you don't cancel what I've helped build."

The crowd explodes again.

? THE MARSHAL'S FINAL WORD BEFORE THE NEXT BEAT

"So buckle up. Because if y'all thought that was the fight..."

He points backstage."...you ain't seen the one I'm about to start."

Hardcastle lowers the mic.

The crowd is molten.

The commentators are breathless.

The show has been reclaimed.

Adam Greco's music doesn't just hit.

It cuts through the arena like a blade, slicing straight through the lingering shock of Hardcastle's arrival. Manhattan flips from awe to pure, volcanic adrenaline in half a second.

The 50 States Champion steps out onto the stage -- no pyro, no theatrics, just that signature Greco intensity and the belt strapped tight around his waist like a declaration of war.

The crowd erupts.

"GRE-CO! GRE-CO! GRE-CO!"

Hardcastle turns, eyebrows raised, because even he didn't expect Greco to walk out right now.

Curt Candid, Masked Muchacho, Liger Llama, Big Business, The Made Men -- all of them have been escorted backstage. The ring is empty. The air is still crackling.

And Greco stands at the top of the ramp, mic in hand, breathing hard, eyes locked on the Manhattan crowd.

?? ADAM GRECO -- THE 50 STATES CHAMPION CALLS HIS SHOT

Greco lifts the mic.

"Marshal... Manhattan... I'm not waiting."

The crowd explodes again.

Greco steps forward, pacing with that cold, disciplined fury that defines him.

"I've defended this championship in forty-nine states. Forty-nine. And I said I wasn't leaving this building tonight without defending it in the fiftieth. I''ve been saving the best for last. Sorry Texas."

He points to the mat.

"New York."

The crowd detonates.

Greco nods, soaking in the Manhattan roar.

"I don't care what chaos just happened. I don't care who fought who. I don't care who got dragged to the back. I don't care what day SLAM moves to. I don't care who thinks they run this place."

He taps the belt.

"This championship gets defended. Tonight. In Manhattan. In my home state as I make professional wrestling history."

He leans into the hard cam.

"So I'm asking -- no, I'm demanding -- a New York opponent. Right now. Whoever's man enough to step up."

? COMMENTARY -- ELECTRIC

Scott Cooper is losing it:

"ADAM GRECO IS CALLING OUT NEW YORK! HE WANTS A HOME-STATE DEFENSE!"

Hector Rodriguez slams the desk:

"Greco doesn't care about the chaos -- he wants to fight! He wants to defend! He wants Manhattan!"

Tess Taylor nods, breathless:

"This is the perfect reset. Hardcastle reclaimed the show... and Greco is about to restart the fire."

? THE VISUAL -- A CHAMPION STANDING ALONE

Greco stands in the spotlight, belt gleaming, Manhattan roaring, Hardcastle watching with a smirk that says:

This is why I came back.

The ring is empty.

The challenge is real.

The moment is massive.

And somewhere backstage...

someone from New York is about to answer.

Manhattan doesn't just react.

It detonates.

Adam Greco is standing in the ring, chest heaving, belt gleaming, demanding a New York challenger -- and for a heartbeat, the entire arena holds its breath.

Then --

Loki.

Van.

Dam.

His music hits like a subway train slamming into the station at full speed.

The crowd doesn't pop.

It erupts.

It breaks.

It melts into a frenzy that only Manhattan can produce when one of its own walks through the curtain.

? LOKI VAN DAM -- THE NEW YORK DETONATION

Loki steps out onto the stage with that unmistakable New York swagger -- sharp, focused, dangerous -- but tonight it's fused with something else: Home.

He's not smiling.

He's not juggling.

He's not clowning.

He's walking with purpose, with fire, with the weight of the city behind him.

The Manhattan crowd is shaking the building, chanting:

"LO-KI! LO-KI! LO-KI!"

Scott Cooper is losing his mind:

"YOU DON'T GET ANY MORE NEW YORK THAN LOKI VAN DAM!"

Hector Rodriguez is practically screaming:

"GRECO WANTED A NEW YORKER -- HE JUST GOT THE MOST NEW YORK MOTHER FUCKER IN THE COMPANY BESIDES MAYBE VICTOR STEELE BUT THIS IS A DREAM MATCH!"

Tess Taylor stands, stunned:

"This is the match Manhattan didn't know it needed... until right now."

? THE STAREDOWN -- CHAMPION VS. HOMETOWN CHAOS

Loki walks straight down the ramp, never breaking eye contact with Greco.

Greco doesn't flinch.

He doesn't blink.

He doesn't back up.

He wanted a New York opponent.

He got a very New York opponent.

Loki slides into the ring, stands tall, chest out, chin up, eyes burning.

Greco lifts the 50 States Championship.

Loki nods once -- slow, deliberate, respectful, defiant.

The crowd is molten.

? THE MOMENT -- MANHATTAN CLAIMS ITS MATCH

Hardcastle watches from the stage, arms crossed, smirking like a man who knows he just struck gold.

He doesn't need to say a word.

The match is already real.

The match is already alive.

The match is already Manhattan.

Adam Greco vs. Loki Van Dam

50 States Championship

New York State Defense

Manhattan crowd at nuclear levels

This isn't just a match.

This is a homecoming.

This is a statement.

This is a rebellion wrapped in gold.

Marshal Dalton Hardcastle doesn't smile.

He doesn't blink.

He doesn't even look surprised.

He just raises the mic, Manhattan hanging on every syllable.

? HARDCASLTE SWEETENS THE POT -- MANHATTAN ERUPTS

"And I'll even sweeten the pot for you folks..."

The crowd leans forward.

"...since this match was supposed to happen in Chicago last night..."

A ripple of shock rolls through the arena.

Hardcastle steps toward the ring, voice booming:

"This contest, live tonight, is... TITLE. VS. TITLE."

Manhattan detonates.

Scott Cooper is screaming over the noise:

"TITLE VS TITLE! TITLE VS TITLE! GRECO VS LOKI -- BOTH CHAMPIONSHIPS ON THE LINE!"

Hector Rodriguez slams the desk:

"THE 50 STATES CHAMPIONSHIP AND THE RISING STAR CHAMPIONSHIP -- WINNER TAKES BOTH!"

Tess Taylor stands, stunned:

"This is unprecedented. This is Manhattan rewriting the entire landscape of SLAM."

Hardcastle raises his voice again, cutting through the chaos:

"The winner is BOTH the 50 States Champion... and the Rising Star Champion!"

? LOKI VAN DAM RAISES THE RISING STAR CHAMPIONSHIP

Loki Van Dam doesn't hesitate.

He lifts the Rising Star Championship high -- arm straight, chin up, eyes locked on Adam Greco.

The belt gleams under the Manhattan lights like a challenge, a promise, a threat.

The crowd goes feral.

"LO-KI! LO-KI! LO-KI!"

Greco responds by raising the 50 States Championship -- not backing down, not blinking, not giving an inch.

Two champions.

Two New Yorkers.

Two belts.

One match.

? THE VISUAL -- MANHATTAN'S DREAM MATCH MADE REAL

Hardcastle stands on the stage, arms crossed, satisfied.

Greco stands in the ring, belt raised, ready to defend his home state.

Loki stands opposite him, belt raised, ready to claim it.

The crowd is at a fever pitch.

The commentators are breathless.

The stakes are historic.

Marshal Dalton Hardcastle doesn't wait for the crowd to settle.

He doesn't wait for commentary to catch up.

He doesn't wait for production to breathe.

He barks the order like a man who just reclaimed his kingdom.

? HARDCASLTE TAKES CONTROL

Hardcastle steps to the edge of the stage, points at the ring, and roars:

"No more delays. Get a damn referee out here and ring the bell!"

Manhattan detonates.

The crowd surges to its feet, screaming, stomping, shaking the barricades.

This is the Hardcastle they wanted.

This is the Hardcastle they feared.

This is the Hardcastle who doesn't negotiate -- he commands.

? THE REFEREE SPRINTS OUT

A referee sprints down the ramp like his life depends on it -- because it does.

Hardcastle's tone makes it clear:

This match is happening.

Right now.

No excuses.

No delays.

No corporate interference.

No chaos from the earlier melee.

The ref slides into the ring, pops up, signals to both men, and Manhattan becomes a living thunderstorm.

? TITLE VS TITLE -- THE VISUAL

Adam Greco raises the 50 States Championship.

Loki Van Dam raises the Rising Star Championship.

Two belts.

Two New Yorkers? (Debatable)

Two destinies colliding in Manhattan.

The crowd is molten, chanting:

"RING THE BELL! RING THE BELL!"

Scott Cooper is shouting over the roar:

"Hardcastle said it -- no more delays! This match is happening RIGHT NOW!"

Hector Rodriguez slams the desk:

"TITLE VS TITLE IN MANHATTAN -- THIS IS HISTORY!"

Tess Taylor nods, breathless:"This is the reset. This is the moment SLAM becomes must watch"

?? THE REFEREE SIGNALS

He looks at Greco.

He looks at Loki.

He looks at Hardcastle.

Hardcastle gives one nod -- the kind that could start a war.

The referee turns to the timekeeper.

Raises his arm.

And Manhattan holds its breath.

ADAM GRECO VS LOKI VAN DAM

The referee looks to Hardcastle.

Hardcastle gives one sharp nod.

Manhattan holds its breath.

And then --

?? THE BELL RINGS -- TITLE VS TITLE IS OFFICIALLY UNDERWAY

DING!

DING!

DING!

The sound slices through the arena like a lightning strike.

The crowd detonates, a Manhattan supernova.

Adam Greco immediately steps forward, championship intensity radiating off him like heat.

Loki Van Dam circles, shoulders loose, eyes sharp, Rising Star Championship freshly raised and now hanging in the balance.

Two champions.

Two New Yorkers. (Still debatable.)

Two belts.

One match.

The commentators are losing their minds:

Scott Cooper: "THE BELL HAS RUNG -- TITLE VS TITLE IS LIVE IN MANHATTAN!"

Hector Rodriguez: "GRECO VS LOKI -- WINNER TAKES BOTH! THIS IS HISTORY!"

Tess Taylor: "This is the moment SLAM becomes Saturday. This is the moment Manhattan claims its main event."

The crowd chants:"NEW YORK! NEW YORK! NEW YORK!"

Greco and Loki step into the center of the ring --

nose-to-nose, chest-to-chest, fire-to-fire. eye-to-eye.

Manhattan is shaking.

The match is real.

The stakes are massive.

The fight begins now.

They circle.

Slow.

Measured.

Two New Yorkers sizing each other up like they're on opposite ends of a subway platform at 2 AM.

Greco's stance is tight, disciplined, textbook.

Loki's is loose, fluid, unpredictable -- that SLAM-style swagger mixed with borough-bred danger.

They lock up.

Greco immediately muscles Loki back two steps -- not overpowering him, but testing him.

Loki shifts his hips, slips out, and snaps a lightning-quick arm drag that sends Greco rolling to his feet.

The crowd explodes.

Greco nods.

Respectful.

But not impressed.

They circle again.

This time Loki shoots in first -- a low single-leg attempt, fast as hell -- but Greco sprawls, clamps down, and transitions into a front facelock, grinding Loki's jaw with that gritty, state-by-state veteran pressure.

Loki fights up, pushes Greco into the ropes, breaks clean -- Then SLAPS Greco across the face.

Manhattan detonates.

Greco freezes.

Not hurt.

Not shaken.

Just... activated.

He charges.

Loki ducks -- hits the ropes -- rebounds -- and Greco catches him mid-stride, launching him with a massive back body drop that shakes the ring.

Loki pops up fast -- too fast -- and Greco meets him with a stiff elbow right to the jaw.

Cover attempt -- not serious, just a message.

Loki kicks out instantly.

They rise at the same time.

Greco smirks.

Loki smirks back.

Waist lock.

Go behind.

Reversal.

Reversal.

The crowd is losing its mind.

? THE PACE SHIFTS -- MANHATTAN FEELS IT

Greco goes for an ankle pick early -- testing Loki's reflexes -- and Loki leaps, springboards off the second rope, and hits a flying crossbody that takes Greco down for a quick one-count.

Greco rolls through -- deadlifts Loki -- the crowd gasps -- But Loki slips out the back, lands behind him, and hits a snap kick to the ribs that echoes through the arena.

Greco absorbs it.

Turns.

Stares Loki down.

Quick fireman's carry by Greco and a snug armbar.

This match is going to be violent, beautiful, and historic. Buckle in.

? NEXT MOMENTUM SHIFT -- GRECO TAKES CONTROL, THEN LOKI FLIPS THE SCRIPT

Greco steps in first, snapping into a tight collar-and-elbow, but this time he doesn't test Loki -- he drives him backward, forcing him into the corner with that gritty, borough-bred aggression.

He unloads:

A stiff body shot

Another

A third, right under the ribs

Manhattan winces with every blow.

Greco grabs Loki's wrist, whips him HARD across the ring -- Loki hits the opposite turnbuckle so violently the ring shakes -- and Greco follows with a running elbow smash that lands flush.

Loki stumbles out of the corner.

Greco hits the ropes.

Manhattan rises.

Greco levels Loki with a brutal T-Bone Suplex that flips him high over Greco's head.

Cover.

ONE!

Loki kicks out -- but Greco doesn't give him a second to breathe.

He drags Loki up by the hair, hooks him, and hits a snap suplex so clean it could be used in a training manual.

Another cover.

ONE!

TWO--

Loki kicks out again.

Greco stays on him, grinding forearm across the jaw, forcing Loki to feel every inch of the 50 States Champion's pressure.

The crowd is roaring:"GRE-CO! GRE-CO!"

"LO-KI! LO-KI!"

Two dueling chants.

Two champions fighting for control.

? LOKI FINDS THE OPENING -- AND MANHATTAN EXPLODES

Greco pulls Loki up for a second suplex -- but Loki plants his feet, blocks, and fires a short, sharp elbow right to Greco's temple.

Greco staggers.

Loki hits another.

And another.

He breaks free, hits the ropes, rebounds--Greco swings for a clothesline -- Loki slides under it, pops up behind him, and hits a springboard enzuigiri off the middle rope that cracks Greco across the skull.

Manhattan detonates.

Greco drops to one knee.

Loki hits the ropes again, faster this time, and nails a running dropkick that sends Greco tumbling backward into the corner.

The crowd is molten.

Loki pops up, long hair flying, energy surging, New York swagger fully activated.

He points to the crowd.

They roar.

? THE SHIFT IS COMPLETE

Greco had control.

Greco had the pressure.

Greco had the pace.

But Loki -- Manhattan's chaos engine -- just flipped the script.

The match is now a war of momentum, pride, and New York identity.

And both belts are still hanging in the balance.

Loki's springboard enzuigiri has Greco rocked, but Greco refuses to give ground. He pushes out of the corner, shaking off the impact, and Loki charges in with that wild New York speed.

Greco catches him -- barely -- and shoves him backward.

Loki hits the ropes.

Greco swings for a glancing blow -- Loki ducks, rebounds off the opposite ropes--Greco drops low -- Loki leaps -- And Manhattan rises because they feel what's coming.

? Loki launches into a running flying knee -- Greco steps in with a Manhattan Spinebuster -- And they collide

mid-air, both men crashing to the mat with a sickening thud that echoes through the arena.

The crowd is stunned.

Scott Cooper:

"OH MY GOD THEY JUST COLLIDED MID-AIR!"

Hector Rodriguez:

"THAT WAS A CAR CRASH! A BROOKLYN BRIDGE CAR CRASH!"

Tess Taylor:

"That wasn't a counter -- that was two champions refusing to yield!"

Both men roll away, clutching ribs, gasping for breath.

The referee checks them both.

Manhattan is on its feet, screaming, stomping, losing its mind.

? Greco is up first -- barely -- using the ropes to pull himself vertical.

Loki rises too, shaking out the cobwebs.

Greco charges.

Loki sidesteps -- But Greco SNATCHES him mid-turn and hits a release German suplex that sends Loki flipping across the ring.

Manhattan explodes again.

Greco doesn't cover.

He doesn't waste the moment.

He hits the ropes -- Loki rises -- Greco overhead waistlock suplexes Loki out of his boots, driving him into the canvas so hard the ring shakes.

Cover!

ONE!

TWO --

Loki kicks out.

The crowd erupts again.

Loki is fighting like a man defending his home state.

Greco is fighting like a man trying to claim it.

And Manhattan is loving every second of it.

?Greco gets to his feet first, breathing hard, eyes narrowed. He grabs Loki by the wrist and yanks him up with that gritty, no-nonsense aggressive force. He whips Loki into the ropes -- hard -- looking to slow the pace, to grind the match back into his rhythm.

Loki rebounds.

Greco swings for a discos Lariat -- But Loki slides under it, pops up behind him, and hits a lightning-quick back kick to the spine that folds Greco forward.

Manhattan explodes.

Greco stumbles.

Loki hits the ropes again, faster this time, building momentum --

? Loki leaps, twisting mid-air, and nails Greco with a spinning wheel kick right to the jaw. Greco flat backs hard, dazed.

The crowd erupts:

"LO-KI! LO-KI! LO-KI!"

Loki doesn't hesitate.

He hits the ropes again, rebounds, and launches into a running shotgun dropkick that blasts Greco backward into the corner.

Greco slumps, stunned.

Loki pops up, beautiful long black hair bobbing, energy surging, Manhattan roaring behind him.

Loki charges the corner, leaps, and hits a corner-to-corner flying forearm -- the kind only he can pull off, the kind Manhattan has seen him land in every borough.

Greco collapses out of the corner.

Loki climbs the ropes.

Manhattan rises with him.

He stands on the top turnbuckle, arms out, head tilted, the Rising Star Champion ready to risk everything.

He leaps -- FROG SPLASH!

He crashes onto Greco with full force.

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

GRECO KICKS OUT!

The crowd jumps up in response.

? We're in for a long night between these two!

Loki rolls off Greco, clutching his ribs, breathing hard. Greco is on his side, shaking out the impact, eyes narrowed, that Greco-style "okay, now I'm pissed" intensity rising.They rise at the same time.

Greco shoots in.

FAST.

Greco-fast.

He grabs Loki's leg, transitions instantly, and hits a lightning-quick single-leg takedown that plants Loki on the mat. Greco floats over, grabs the waist, and deadlifts Loki straight off the canvas into a German suplex.

Loki flips, lands hard, rolls, pops up--Greco is already on him.

He hits a second German.

Loki lands, rolls again, staggering--Greco grabs him from behind -- THIRD GERMAN!

Manhattan explodes.

Scott Cooper:

"GRECO IS IN FULL GRECO ROMAN MODE!"

Hector Rodriguez:

"THIS IS A SUPLEX STORM!"

Tess Taylor:

"Loki needs space -- Greco isn't giving him an inch!"

Greco doesn't go for the cover.

He's not done.

He stalks Loki, circling him like a shark, waiting for the moment Loki tries to stand.

Loki rises -- Greco shoots in again, grabs the waist -- But Loki counters, flipping forward, rolling through, landing on his feet, and hitting a spinning back kick right to Greco's jaw.

Manhattan detonates again.

Greco stumbles.

Loki hits the ropes.

He rebounds --Greco leaps-- FLYING KNEE VS. GRECO-STYLE BELLY-TO-BELLY

They collide mid-air again, but this time Greco gets the leverage, twisting Loki and launching him across the ring with a picture-perfect belly-to-belly suplex.

Loki crashes hard.

Greco pops up, adrenaline surging, Manhattan roaring.

He rips off the straps.

THE STRAPS COME DOWN.

The crowd loses its mind.

Greco drops to the mat, stalking Loki, slapping the canvas, calling for the State Lock (Greco Lock).

Loki crawls.

Greco grabs the ankle--Loki twists--Greco keeps it -- Loki kicks free at the last second, sending Greco stumbling backward.

Loki pops up -- STANDING MOONSAULT!

He lands flush across Greco's chest.

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

GRECO POWERS OUT!

Manhattan is molten.The turning point is complete: Greco has gone full Greco.

Loki has gone full Loki.

And the match has entered its five-star gear.

Greco's suplex storm has rattled Loki, Loki's aerial counters have rattled Greco, and now both men rise with that unmistakable "we're about to do something insane" energy.

Greco stalks Loki, straps down, eyes burning.

He shoots in again -- lightning fast -- grabs the ankle, and Loki barely escapes, rolling forward and kicking Greco off.

Greco charges.

Loki leapfrogs.

Greco hits the ropes.

Loki hits the opposite ropes.

They rebound at the same tim e--Manhattan rises because they feel what's coming.

? Greco goes low for a double-leg takedown -- Loki leaps into a split-legged jump, avoiding the takedown entirely, landing behind Greco--Greco spins --Loki springs to the second rope -- And Manhattan detonates as Loki launches into a split-legged moonsault -- But Greco CATCHES HIM MID-AIR.

Not clean.

Not perfect.

But with raw, Greco-style power.

He stumbles backward, adjusts, and turns the moonsault catch into a running powerslam that shakes the ring.

The crowd loses its mind.

Scott Cooper:

"GRECO JUST CAUGHT A SPLIT-LEGGED MOONSAULT! WHAT ARE WE WATCHING!"

Hector Rodriguez:

"THAT WAS PURE GRECO ROMAN POWER!"

Tess Taylor:

"This is a five-star match unfolding in real time!"

Greco covers.

ONE!

TWO!

LOKI KICKS OUT!

Manhattan explodes again.

? Greco pulls Loki up -- maybe too fast -- and Loki fires a rapid-fire combo:

Right kick to the thigh

Left kick to the ribs

Spinning heel kick to the jaw

Greco drops to one knee.

Loki hits the ropes.

He rebounds--Greco rises -- VAN DAMINATOR-STYLE JUMPING KICK TO THE FACE!

Greco collapses.

Manhattan becomes a riot.

Loki points to the top rope.

The crowd roars.

He climbs.

He stands tall.

He leaps--FIVE-STAR FROG SPLASH!

He crashes onto Greco with full force.

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

GRECO KICKS OUT AT 2.9!

The building shakes.

? THE SPOT'S IMPACT -- THE MATCH IS NOW LEGENDARY

And Manhattan knows they're watching something historic.

Time cues have been thrown out the window.

?? Scott Cooper is screaming:

"GRECO JUST BARELY SURVIVED THE FIVE-STAR!"

Hector Rodriguez slams the desk:

"THAT WAS THREE! THAT WAS THREE! I SWEAR THAT WAS THREE!"

Tess Taylor is breathless:

"Loki Van Dam almost became a double champion!"

Loki sits up, hands in his hair, eyes wide -- not frustrated, but activated. He knows he was a heartbeat away from winning both belts.

Greco rolls to his side, clutching his ribs, eyes glazed, trying to breathe. He's hurt. He's rocked. He's seconds from losing.

And Manhattan feels it.

?Loki doesn't waste a second.

He hits the ropes.

Springboards --SPLIT-LEGGED MOONSAULT!

He lands flush across Greco's chest.

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

GRECO KICKS OUT AGAIN!

The crowd erupts even louder.

This is the moment the match becomes legendary.

? Loki rises, breathing hard, sweat flying, adrenaline surging. He backs into the corner, crouches low, waiting for Greco to stand.

Greco rises slowly, wobbling.

Loki charges --RUNNING KNEE TO THE FACE!

Greco collapses.

Loki covers, hooking both legs, leaning all his weight forward.

ONE!

TWO!

GRECO KICKS OUT AT THE LAST POSSIBLE FRACTION OF A SECOND!

The building shakes.

The crowd is molten.

The referee holds up two fingers, shouting that it wasn't three.

Loki slaps the mat, not in frustration -- in disbelief.

Greco rolls to the ropes, barely conscious, barely breathing, barely surviving.

Loki was this close to becoming a double champion. Greco is hurt, rattled, clutching his ribs, barely conscious. Loki is stalking him, ready to end it.

And then the momentum swings -- violently, suddenly, in that pure Adam Greco way where the match flips on a dime.

? THE SETUP -- LOKI GOES FOR THE KILL

Loki backs into the corner, crouched low, breathing hard, eyes locked on Greco.

He's calling for the running knee.

Greco rises slowly, wobbling, using the ropes to stand.

Loki charges -- Manhattan rises --Greco steps forward--And the entire match turns.

? Greco catches Loki mid-stride, scooping him up with a sudden, explosive burst of power that Manhattan didn't see coming.

He pivots -- Plants his feet -- And launches Loki with a PERFECT overhead belly-to-belly suplex that sends Loki flying halfway across the ring.

The crowd detonates.

Scott Cooper:

"GRECO JUST THREW LOKI LIKE A HUMAN JAVELIN!"

Hector Rodriguez:

"THAT WAS GRECO! THAT WAS PURE GRECO!"

Tess Taylor:

"Greco's not done -- he's found his second wind!"

Loki crashes hard, rolls, clutches his back.

Greco pops up, adrenaline surging, straps already down, eyes blazing.

He smells blood.

? Loki rises -- Greco grabs the waist --GERMAN SUPLEX!

Loki lands, rolls, tries to stand--Greco keeps the waist--SECOND GERMAN!

Manhattan is losing its mind.

Loki tries to crawl away -- Greco drags him up -- THIRD GERMAN!

He bridges --

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

LOKI KICKS OUT!

The crowd erupts again.

Greco slaps the mat, fired up, breathing hard, fully in Greco mode now.

? GIANT SWING AS LOKI GOES AROUND AND AROUND! Loki goes flying and lands on the mat hard.

Greco grabs the ankle.

The crowd screams.

Greco twists--STATE LOCK!

But Loki rolls through, kicks free, sending Greco stumbling forward into the ropes.

Greco rebounds --Loki somehow leaps--JUMPING SPIN KICK TO THE FACE!

Greco collapses.

Manhattan explodes yet again.

The momentum has swung twice in thirty seconds. This match is now beyond a five-star masterpiece. Both champions are leaving it all in the ring.

?? Both men are breathing hard, sweat flying, Manhattan roaring like a living creature.

Greco is on one knee, shaking out the spin kick.

Loki is leaning on the ropes, chest heaving, eyes locked on Greco.

They rise at the same time.

They charge at the same time.

Manhattan rises because they feel what's coming.

Greco goes low -- Greco-style -- looking for a double-leg takedown.

Loki leaps -- Loki-style -- looking for a flying knee.

They collide -- But this time?

Greco adjusts.

? Greco catches Loki's knee mid-air, pivots, and turns the flying knee into a thunderous spinebuster that shakes the ring.

Manhattan detonates.

Scott Cooper:

"GRECO JUST COUNTERED A FLYING KNEE INTO A SPINEBUSTER!"

Hector Rodriguez:

"That was Greco-level reflexes!"

Tess Taylor:

"Loki hit the air -- Greco turned it into a crater!"

Greco doesn't cover.

He's not done.

He pops up, adrenaline surging, straps down, eyes blazing.

He hits the ropes.

Loki rises -- Greco with a Running Bulldog!

? Greco grabs Loki's ankle.

The crowd screams.

He twists --STATE LOCK! Loki fights it.

Greco cranks harder.

Loki twists again --And rolls through, sending Greco flying forward into the turnbuckles.

Greco hits hard.

He stumbles backward -- Loki leaps--JUMPING SPIN KICK TO THE FACE!

Greco collapses.

Manhattan becomes a riot.

? BOTH MEN DOWN

Loki drops to one knee, clutching his ribs.

Greco is flat on the mat, staring at the lights, dazed.

The referee checks both men.

The crowd is beside themselves.

?? Greco is staggering out of the corner after eating that jumping spin kick.

Loki is clutching his ribs, breathing hard, but still moving with that Loki looseness.

They see each other.

They charge.

Greco goes low -- Greco-style -- looking for a double-leg takedown.

Loki leaps -- Loki-style -- looking for a flying knee.

They collide --But this time?

Both men hit their move.

Greco drives through Loki's plant leg with the takedown at the exact moment Loki's knee cracks Greco across the jaw.

The impact is sickening.

Both men flip.

Both men crash.

Both men lie flat.

Manhattan comes unglued.

Scott Cooper:

"THEY HIT EACH OTHER AT THE SAME TIME! THEY TOOK EACH OTHER OUT!"

Hector Rodriguez:

"That was a full force collision! A subway collision! A five-star disaster!"

Tess Taylor:

"This... this match could go either way! Both are swimming in deep deep water! No turning back!"

? THE REFEREE BEGINS THE COUNT

Both men are motionless.

Greco clutching his jaw.

Loki clutching his ribs.

The referee checks them both, then starts the count.

ONE!

Manhattan is stomping, screaming, begging.

TWO!

Greco rolls to his side.

THREE!

Loki's fingers twitch.

FOUR!

Greco pushes up to one knee.

FIVE!

Loki rolls to his stomach.

SIX!

Greco grabs the ropes.

SEVEN!

Loki gets one knee under him.

EIGHT!

Greco pulls himself upright.

NINE!

Loki rises -- barely -- chest heaving, sweat flying.

The crowd erupts.

Both men are up.

The match continues.

? THE VISUAL -- TWO WARRIORS REFUSING TO DIE

Greco leans on the ropes, jaw swollen, eyes blazing.

Loki stands center-ring, ribs screaming, breathing fire.

They stare at each other.

Two champions.

Two top tier athletes.

Two belts on the line.

And neither man is willing to stay down.

? The double-down has both Greco and Loki barely standing, Manhattan roaring, the referee looking in disbelief -- And then the lights flicker.

Not fully.

Just enough.

Just enough for Manhattan to feel that familiar, creeping, electric wrongness.

A ripple moves through the crowd.

A shriek.

A gasp.

A laugh.

And then --

? JINX JESTER APPEARS.

She steps out onto the stage like a glitch in reality, head tilted, grin sharp, eyes wide with that carnival-chaos sparkle.

And in her hand?

A steel chair.

Not hidden.

Not subtle.

Not symbolic.

A steel chair raised high like a neon-lit omen.

Manhattan loses its shit.

Scott Cooper:

"JINX JESTER IS HERE! SHE'S GOT A STEEL CHAIR!"

Hector Rodriguez:

"THE AGENTS OF CHAOS HAVE COME TO MANHATTAN!"

Tess Taylor:

"This match was already five stars -- now it's becoming the TOTAL CHAOS that was promised!"

Jinx doesn't run.

She doesn't sneak.

She doesn't stalk.

She saunters down the ramp, swinging the chair lightly at her side like she's keeping rhythm with the crowd's heartbeat.

Greco sees her.

Loki sees her.

Hardcastle sees her from his vantage point backstage. And Hardcastle's expression?

Not anger.

Not shock.

Just a slow, knowing... smile?

Because chaos is part of the show.

?? THE MOMENT -- JINX ENTERS THE RING

Jinx slides into the ring with theatrical flair, popping up to her feet like a magician revealing a trick.

She twirls the chair once.

Twice.

Then stops.

Center ring.

Between Greco and Loki.

The crowd is losing its mind.

Greco wipes blood from his lip, staring daggers.

Loki clutches his ribs, eyes narrowed, ready for anything.

Jinx tilts her head.

Smiles.

Raises the chair -- And Manhattan and everyone around the world watching live collectively hold their breath.

?? Jinx Jester throws the steel chair straight to Loki Van Dam.

Not at him.

To him.

Like a gift.

Like a punchline.

Like destiny.

Greco sees the chair --

Loki sees the opening --

Jinx claps her hands like she's watching fireworks --And Loki swings his leg --

? **VAN.DAMINATOR.**

The chair explodes off Greco's face.

Greco drops like a skyscraper imploding.

Loki covers.

The crowd counts with the referee:

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!!!!

Manhattan becomes a sea of rabid fans jumping up and down.

Scott Cooper is screaming:

"LOKI VAN DAM JUST WON BOTH TITLES!"

Hector Rodriguez is losing his mind:

"THE VAN DAMINATOR IN MANHATTAN! THIS BUILDING IS SHAKING!"

Tess Taylor is breathless:

"Jinx Jester just changed the entire landscape of SLAM!"

?? LOKI VAN DAM -- DOUBLE CHAMPION

Loki sits up, eyes wide, stunned, breathing hard, barely believing what just happened.

Then he smiles.

That big, chaotic, New York grin.

The referee hands him the Rising Star Championship.

Then the 50 States Championship.

Loki holds both belts, one in each hand, chest heaving, sweat flying, Manhattan chanting his name.

?? JINX JESTER JOINS HIM

Jinx slides into the ring, giddy, bouncing on her toes, clapping like she's watching her favorite carnival act.

She throws her arms around Loki.

Loki pulls her close.

And in the middle of the ring --

In front of Manhattan --

In front of the world --They kiss.

The crowd erupts.

The Agents of Chaos are reborn.

The Carnival is reunited.

Loki Van Dam and Jinx Jester are officially back together.

? THE FINAL BEAT -- CHAOS IS ROMANTIC

Loki, still holding both belts, looks at Jinx with that mischievous grin.

He lifts the 50 States Championship.

Then the Rising Star Championship.

Then asks:

"So... which one do you want?"

Jinx giggles, eyes sparkling, tapping each belt like she's choosing between desserts.

Manhattan is screaming, laughing, chanting, living the moment.

The Chaos Carnival is back.

The double champion stands tall.

And SLAM just got a whole lot more unpredictable.

?? "YOUTH OF THE NATION" by P.O.D. HITS -- AND MANHATTAN LOSES ITS MIND

The second Loki pulls away from the kiss, double champion, Jinx at his side, chaos reborn -- The arena lights slam to black.

A single spotlight hits the stage.

And then --"Youth of the Nation" by P.O.D. blasts through the speakers

.Manhattan erupts. Not ironic.

Not nostalgic.

Not tongue-in-cheek. It fits. Because despite how old the track is, despite how many generations have moshed, cried, screamed, and grown up with it--There is a youth movement in the Superstar Wrestling Federation. And tonight?

It just crowned a king and queen.

?? THE MOMENT -- THE NEW ERA STANDS TALL

Loki Van Dam stands center-ring, both titles raised high.

Jinx Jester stands beside him, arms around his waist, smiling with that carnival-chaos glow.

The music hits that iconic pulse.

The crowd jumps with it.

The cameras shake with it.

This isn't nostalgia.

This is a mission statement.

A declaration.

A vibe.

A pulse.

A reminder that the SWF's future isn't coming --It's here.

? THE YOUTH MOVEMENT -- MANHATTAN FEELS IT

Loki Van Dam:

The Rising Star Champion.

The 50 States Champion.

The Chaos Prodigy.

The New York native who just stole the show.

Jinx Jester:

The Carnival Queen.

The unpredictable spark.

The agent of chaos who just changed the entire trajectory of SLAM.

Together?

They're the face of the youth movement.

Not just because of age.

Not just because of demographics.

But because of energy.

Because of momentum.

Because of the way Manhattan reacts when they walk into a room.

? THE FINAL BEAT -- CHAOS IS ROMANTIC

Loki, still holding both belts, looks at Jinx with that mischievous grin.

Manhattan is still shaking from the Van Daminator.

Greco is down.

The double champion stands tall.

Jinx Jester is practically vibrating with glee.

"Youth of the Nation" is still blasting, the crowd chanting along, the lights pulsing like a heartbeat.

Loki Van Dam and Jinx Jester step to the ropes.

They look straight into the hard cam.

They grin.

They lean in together.

And in perfect, chaotic unison, they shout:

"FOLLOW THAT MOTHERFUCKERS!"

The crowd erupts into a volcanic roar, a wall of sound so loud commentary can't even be heard. Fans are jumping, screaming, throwing their hands in the air. The entire arena becomes a living, breathing riot of approval.

Loki raises both championships -- the Rising Star and the 50 States -- high above his head.

Jinx throws her arms around him, laughing like she just set the world on fire.

They kiss again -- bigger, louder, messier -- right in the center of the ring.

The youth movement is undeniable.

The SWF has a new power couple.

Manhattan and everyone watching just witnessed the birth of a new era.

And if you think this was a retcon or a reboot go fuck yourself. This is canon.

?? MR. WALLSTREET MAKES HIS MOVE -- THE NEW SKYSCRAPERS OF DOOM REVEALED

The Chaos Carnival is celebrating in the ring... but the stock market is about to crash the party.

The camera cuts from Loki Van Dam and Jinx Jester's triumphant kiss to the backstage area -- And there he is.

Mr. Wallstreet.

Standing perfectly still.

Perfectly smug.

Perfectly pious.

He begins a slow, mocking golf clap.

Not applause.

Not respect.

Not admiration.

A taunt.

A warning.

A promise.

And flanking him?

Not just Highrise. But a new monster.

?? THE NEW & IMPROVED SKYSCRAPERS OF DOOM

The camera pulls back -- And Manhattan gasps.

Standing behind Mr. Wallstreet:

Highrise -- 6'11", arms crossed, expression cold as concrete.

Watch Tower -- a 7-foot-tall behemoth, shoulders like steel girders, cracking his knuckles with skyscraper-shaking menace.

The visual is terrifying.

Highrise on one side.

Watch Tower on the other.

Mr. Wallstreet in the middle, smiling like he just bought the entire building.

The new Skyscrapers of Doom.

Bigger.

Meaner.

More dangerous.

And now officially a three-man corporate demolition unit.

?? MR. WALLSTREET'S EARTH-SHAKING PROMO

He stops clapping.

He adjusts his tie.

He leans toward the camera.

And with a voice that sounds like a hostile takeover, he begins:

"Congratulations, Loki Van Dam.

Congratulations, Jinx Jester.

You cashed in your moment...

but you forgot something."

He gestures to Highrise.

Then to Watch Tower.

Then to the camera.

"The market doesn't care about your youth movement.

The market doesn't care about your romance.

The market doesn't care about your chaos."

He steps forward, eyes burning.

"The market cares about growth.

And I just expanded my portfolio."

Highrise cracks his knuckles.

Watch Tower cracks his neck.

The sound echoes like steel bending.

Wallstreet smirks.

"You call yourselves the Youth of the Nation?

Skyscrapers don't fall because children scream."

He points directly at the camera.

"Loki Van Dam... enjoy your titles.

Enjoy your kiss.

Enjoy your moment."

He steps aside, revealing both giants fully.

"Because the Skyscrapers of Doom are coming.

And when they arrive?"

He snaps his fingers.

"Your little carnival collapses."

?? THE STAGE IS SET

The Chaos Carnival stands tall in the ring.

The Skyscrapers of Doom stand tall backstage.

And Mr. Wallstreet has declared war.

The youth movement has momentum.

But the corporate towers have mass.

And Manhattan is ready for the collision.

?? DEGENERATION HEX ARRIVES -- AND THE ROOM TEMPERATURE DROPS TEN DEGREES

?? Mr. Wallstreet finishes his earth-shaking promo, Highrise and Watch Tower cracking their knuckles like they're warming up to demolish a city block--And then a voice cuts through the tension like a knife:

"You got a problem with our little sister and her man?"

The camera WHIPS to the side--And there they stand.

?? DEGENERATION HEX -- JACK & JAKE JESTER

Back-to-back.

Grinning.

Cracking their own knuckles in perfect, chaotic sync.

Jack Jester steps forward first, chin up, eyes locked on Wallstreet's smug face.

Jake Jester leans in beside him, twitching with that signature glitch-energy, staring up at Highrise and Watch Tower like he's deciding which one he wants to bite first.

Manhattan erupts.

? THE STAREDOWN -- CHAOS VS. CORPORATE TITANS

Jack Jester:

"You stand there with your big buildings and your bigger egos... but you forget something."

Jake Jester:

"We tear down towers for FUN."

Highrise steps forward, towering over both brothers.

Watch Tower steps forward too, even taller, even broader, even more terrifying.

But Jack and Jake?

They don't flinch.

They smile.

That Jester smile.

That "we're about to do something stupid and awesome" smile.

?? MR. WALLSTREET RESPONDS -- COLD AS CONCRETE

Wallstreet adjusts his tie, unfazed.

"Jack. Jake. Degeneration Hex.

This isn't about your sister.

This isn't about her boyfriend.

This is about the market."

Jake snorts.

Jack laughs.

Jack Jester:

"The market? Buddy, we ARE the market. Chaos is the hottest stock in the SWF."

Jake Jester:

"And we're about to make your skyscrapers CRASH."

?? THE ROOM TURNS NUCLEAR

Highrise cracks his knuckles again.

Watch Tower cracks his neck.

The sound echoes like steel bending.

Jack Jester steps right up to Watch Tower's chest.

Jake Jester steps right up to Highrise's.

The height difference is absurd.

The tension is suffocating.

The crowd is losing its mind.

And then --Jack leans in and whispers:

"See you in the ring... motherfuckers."

Jake cackles.

Wallstreet's smile fades.

The Skyscrapers of Doom tense.

Degeneration Hex stands tall.

The Chaos Carnival is united.

And the SWF just became a battlefield.

SKYSCRAPERS OF DOOM VS DEGENERATION HEX

?? The commercial break ends... and Manhattan is about to witness a seismic event. The cameras fade back in.

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 8

The crowd is already on its feet--

And the ring announcer's voice booms through the arena:

"The following tag team contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!"

Manhattan roars.

Because they know what's coming.

?? THE SKYSCRAPERS OF DOOM ENTER

The lights shift to cold corporate blue.

A deep rumble hits the speakers --

Not music.

Not pyro.

Just the sound of a skyscraper groaning under its own weight.

Then -- Mr. Wallstreet steps onto the stage, smug, polished, poisonous.

Behind him?

The new and improved towers.

? Highrise -- 6'11", arms crossed, expression carved from granite.? Watch Tower -- 7 feet tall, shoulders like steel beams, cracking his knuckles with skyscraper-shaking menace.

The crowd BOOS so loudly the hard cam shakes.

Wallstreet smirks.

He gestures toward the ring like he's presenting a hostile takeover.

The Skyscrapers of Doom march forward--

Each step heavy enough to make the ring crew nervous.

?? DEGENERATION HEX ARRIVES

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 8

The lights snap to neon chaos.

A distorted carnival riff hits the speakers.

And then --Jack Jester bursts through the curtain, arms wide, laughing like he owns the building.

Jake Jester slides out beside him, twitching, grinning, bouncing on his toes like a glitch in human form.

The crowd ERUPTS.

Jack points at the ring.

Jake points at Wallstreet.

Then both point at the camera and shout:

"HEX LIVES!"

They sprint down the ramp, sliding into the ring, popping up with that signature Jester swagger.

? THE BELL RINGS -- AND CHAOS ERUPTS

No circling.

No feeling out.

No hesitation.

The moment the bell hits -- Watch Tower charges Jake Jester like a runaway elevator.

Jake ducks --

Slides under--

SPRINGS UP --Dropkick to Watch Tower's knee!

The big man stumbles.

Jack Jester leaps off the ropes -- Flying forearm to Highrise!

Highrise barely budges.

Jack lands, looks up at the giant, and grins:

"Oh this is gonna be FUN."

?? THE SKYSCRAPERS TAKE CONTROL

Highrise grabs Jack by the throat --

Lifts him --

THROWS him into the corner like a sack of laundry.

Watch Tower grabs Jake--

LAUNCHES him across the ring with a behemoth-level biel toss.

Wallstreet applauds, smug as ever.

The crowd BOOS.

The towers stand tall.

?? HEX FIRES BACK

Jake kips up instantly --

Runs --

SPRINGBOARD -- Flying knee to Watch Tower's jaw!

Jack rolls out of the corner --

Hits the ropes --

LEAPS -- Running crossbody to Highrise!

Highrise catches him.

Jack grins mid-air.

Then BITES Highrise's forehead.

Highrise drops him.

Manhattan LOSES IT.

?? THE MATCH IS A WAR

Watch Tower swings --

Jake ducks --

Jack sweeps the leg --

Jake hits a basement dropkick --

Jack hits a running knee--The Skyscrapers stumble.

Wallstreet screams:

"HOLD THE LINE!"

Highrise and Watch Tower reset --

Step forward--

Crack their knuckles --And the crowd rises because they know the collision is coming as they regroup.

?? The crowd is already going bananas from the opening chaos. Jake's springboard knee. Jack's flying forearm. Highrise and Watch Tower absorbing punishment like twin monoliths. Wallstreet barking orders like a CEO during a hostile takeover.

And then the first major spot hits -- the one that makes Manhattan forget to breathe.

?? THE SETUP -- HEX GOES FOR THE DOUBLE TEAM

Jake Jester hits the ropes, bouncing with glitch-energy.

Jack Jester crouches low, ready to launch.

They point at Watch Tower -- the 7-foot behemoth -- and the crowd rises because they know what's coming.

Jake charges first.

Jack follows.

They hit the ropes --Jake leaps --Jack leaps -- DOUBLE RUNNING KNEE STRIKE TO WATCH TOWER'S CHEST!

The impact echoes like steel buckling.

Watch Tower stumbles.

Manhattan erupts.

Jake screams:

"WE GOT HIM!"

Jack yells:

"KEEP GOING!"

They hit the ropes again --Jake leaps for a flying forearm --

Jack leaps for a flying crossbody --

?? THE BIG SPOT -- WATCH TOWER CATCHES BOTH JESTERS

Watch Tower doesn't just absorb the hit.

He catches both men.

One arm under Jake.

One arm under Jack.

Both Jesters suspended mid-air like carnival dolls caught in a giant's grip.

The crowd GASPS.

Scott Cooper:

"HE CAUGHT BOTH OF THEM! BOTH OF THEM!"

Hector Rodriguez:

"WATCH TOWER IS A MONSTER!"

Tess Taylor:

"That's not human strength -- that's structural integrity!"

Watch Tower steps forward --Turns --And SLAMS BOTH JESTERS DOWN IN A DOUBLE FALLAWAY SLAM that shakes the entire ring.

Jack rolls out clutching his ribs.

Jake bounces off the mat like a ragdoll.

Manhattan detonates in shock.

Wallstreet screams:

"THAT'S MARKET DOMINANCE!"

?? THE FOLLOW-UP -- HIGHRISE JOINS THE CARNAGE

Jack tries to rise -- Highrise grabs him from behind -- RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX!

Jack flips, crashes, rolls out of the ring.

Jake tries to stand -- Watch Tower steps over him like a collapsing building -- BIG BOOT TO THE FACE!

Jake drops instantly.

The Skyscrapers of Doom stand tall.

Wallstreet applauds, smug and satisfied.

?? HEX REFUSES TO DIE

Jake somehow kips up--

Jack pulls himself onto the apron--

They lock eyes-- And both scream:

"DEGENERATION HEX!"

The crowd explodes.

The towers crack their knuckles.

They do that a lot.

The match is now a war with taunts just before the commercial break.

Watch Tower's double fallaway slam shook the ring, Highrise's release German sent Jack Jester rolling out, and Jake's glitch-energy comeback kept Hex alive.

But now?

Now the turning point hits -- the one that decides the direction of the match.

?? HEX TRIES TO STEAL MOMENTUM

Jake Jester is wobbling but still twitching with that chaotic spark.

Jack Jester pulls himself onto the apron, shaking out the suplex impact.

Jake sees Highrise turning.

Jack sees Watch Tower lumbering.

They nod.

They charge.

Jake leaps -- Jack springboards --DOUBLE JESTER CUTTER ON HIGHRISE!

Highrise drops like a collapsing building.

Manhattan erupts.

Jake scrambles for the cover --

ONE!

TWO!

-- Watch Tower RIPS Jake off the pin like he's pulling a fire alarm.

Jake flies across the ring.

Jack charges --Watch Tower swats him out of mid-air with a brutal lariat that flips Jack inside out.

The crowd gasps.

Wallstreet screams:

"THAT'S MARKET CORRECTION!"

?? THE TURNING POINT -- WATCH TOWER GOES FULL BEHEMOTH

Jake tries to rise -- Watch Tower grabs him by the throat.

Jack tries to rise -- Watch Tower grabs him by the throat too.

Both Jesters dangling.

Both kicking.

Both helpless.

Manhattan rises because they know what's coming.

Watch Tower lifts -- DOUBLE CHOKESLAM!

The ring shakes.

The crowd explodes.

Wallstreet applauds like he just closed a billion-dollar deal.

Jack rolls out clutching his spine.

Jake is motionless.

Highrise rises behind Watch Tower, cracking his knuckles, ready to finish the job.

The Skyscrapers of Doom stand tall.

The match has turned.

?? THE VISUAL -- CORPORATE TITANS DOMINATE

Watch Tower roars.

Highrise pounds his chest.

Wallstreet smirks like a man who knows the stock is rising.

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 8

Degeneration Hex is in trouble.

The towers have taken control.

And Manhattan feels the shift.

?? The turning point has left Degeneration Hex rattled -- Jake flattened by the double chokeslam, Jack clutching his spine, Wallstreet smirking like a man who thinks he's already won.

But Hex doesn't die easy.

And the next major spot is where the match explodes again.

?? HEX FINDS A GLITCH IN THE SYSTEM

Watch Tower drags Jake up by the hair, ready to finish him.

Highrise corners Jack, cracking his knuckles like he's about to break a building in half.

Wallstreet shouts:

"END THE CARNIVAL!"

But Jake Jester twitches.

Smiles.

And slaps Watch Tower across the face.

The crowd ROARS.

Watch Tower freezes.

Jake screams:

"DEGENERATION HEX, MOTHERF--"

Watch Tower swings --

Jake ducks --Jack springboards --

DOUBLE JESTER SUPERKICK TO WATCH TOWER'S JAW!

The 7-foot monster stumbles.

The crowd goes feral.

?? THE BIG SPOT -- HEX GOES FOR THE TOWER COLLAPSE

Jack and Jake hit the ropes at the same time.

They rebound --Jack leaps -- Jake leaps-- DOUBLE FLYING KNEE STRIKE TO WATCH TOWER'S CHEST!

The impact echoes like a steel beam snapping.

Watch Tower drops to one knee.

The crowd is losing its mind.

Jake screams:

"HE'S GOING DOWN!"

Jack yells:

"KEEP HITTING HIM!"

They hit the ropes again --Jack goes high --

Jake goes low --

DOUBLE TEAM TOWER COLLAPSE:

Jack's flying forearm + Jake's chop block!

WATCH TOWER FALLS.

The entire arena erupts like a bomb went off.

Scott Cooper:

"THE TOWER IS DOWN! THE TOWER IS DOWN!"

Hector Rodriguez:

"DEGENERATION HEX JUST DROPPED A SEVEN-FOOT BUILDING!"

Tess Taylor:

"THIS IS A FIVE-STAR TAG WAR!"

?? HIGHRISE TRIES TO SAVE THE DAY

Highrise charges -- Jack ducks --

Jake leaps --JESTER CUTTER ON HIGHRISE!

Highrise hits the mat.

Hex is rolling.

Wallstreet is screaming.

Manhattan is shaking.

?? HEX GOES FOR THE KILL

Jack climbs the ropes.

Jake positions Watch Tower.

Jack points to the crowd.

Jake points to the camera.

They shout:

"WATCH THIS!"

Jack leaps --JESTER DROP (Diving Elbow) TO WATCH TOWER!

Jake covers -- The crowd counts:

ONE!

TWO!

-- Highrise BREAKS THE PIN by throwing Jake halfway across the ring.

The match is still alive.

But the towers are wobbling.

And Hex has momentum.

?? The match has been a demolition derby of giants and jesters.

Hex dropped Watch Tower.

Highrise saved the match.

Wallstreet screamed himself hoarse.

Now the finish arrives -- violent, chaotic, and definitive.

?? HEX MAKES ONE LAST PUSH

Jake Jester is twitching back to life, glitch-energy firing on all cylinders.

Jack Jester is battered but grinning, blood on his lip, chaos in his eyes.

They see Highrise rising.

They nod.

They hit the ropes -- Jake leaps--

Jack leaps -- DOUBLE JESTER CUTTER ON HIGHRISE!

Highrise drops.

Manhattan explodes.

Jake covers -- ONE!

TWO!

--WATCH TOWER RIPS Jake off the pin at the very last milisecond.

Jake flies across the ring.

Jack charges -- Watch Tower swats him out of mid-air with a brutal skyscraper-level lariat.

Jack flips inside out.

The crowd gasps.

Wallstreet screams:

"FINISH THEM!"

?? THE TOWERS TAKE OVER

Jake tries to rise -- Highrise grabs him by the waist -- RELEASE THROWAWAY SLAM!

Jake crashes.

Jack tries to stand -- Watch Tower grabs him by the throat -- Highrise grabs the other side -- The crowd rises -- Because they know what's coming.

?? THE FINISHING MOVE -- THE MARKET CRASH

Highrise and Watch Tower lift Jack Jester high into the air --Hold him-- Step forward -- And DRIVE HIM DOWN IN A DOUBLE POWERBOMB that shakes the entire ring.

Jack bounces off the mat.

Jake tries to crawl toward him -- Watch Tower steps on Jake's hand, pinning him to the mat.

Highrise covers Jack.

The referee counts:

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Manhattan erupts in shock and fury.

?? WINNERS: THE SKYSCRAPERS OF DOOM

Mr. Wallstreet slides into the ring, smug, polished, victorious.

He straightens his tie.

He raises both giants' arms.

He leans into the camera and says:

"The market always wins."

Highrise cracks his knuckles.

Watch Tower cracks his neck.

Jake Jester clutches his hand.

Jack Jester lies motionless.

The towers stand tall.

The carnival is wounded.

The battle is lost but the war has officially just begun.

MEGALODON DON VS MUSTACHIO

?? **MEGALODON DON BACKSTAGE -- THE OCEAN IS HOWLING WITH LAUGHTER**

Manhattan is still buzzing from the Skyscrapers' victory... but the biggest shark in the SWF smells something even better.

The camera cuts backstage--And there he is. Megalodon Don Capone.

Pinstripe shark-skin suit.

Gold tooth glinting.

Fedora perched on his big round head.

Cigar somehow lit underwater energy radiating off him.

He's laughing.

Not chuckling.

Not smirking.

Not amused.

LAUGHING.

A deep, rumbling, ocean-floor quake of a laugh.

He slaps the side of his dressing room wall like it's a drum.

He points at the monitor showing the Skyscrapers of Doom standing tall.

And he bellows:

"Did you see that?

DID YOU SEE THAT?"

Manhattan hears him through the walls.

?? THE DON LOVES A GOOD COLLAPSE

He paces, face twitching, eyes gleaming.

"Two giant buildings fallin' on a couple'a clowns?

That's entertainment.

That's business.

That's Shark Week, baby."

He bites the air.

He laughs again.

He gestures at the screen where Highrise and Watch Tower loom over Degeneration Hex.

"Wallstreet finally built somethin' tall enough to get my attention.

?? THE DON CALLS OUT THE JESTERS

He points at Jack and Jake Jester on the replay.

"Hex boys... you got heart.

You got guts.

You got style."

He grins.

"But you ain't got a SHARK."

He leans into the camera.

"Your little sister's man?

Double champ?

I like him.

I like her.

I like the chaos."

He taps his fedora.

"But chaos don't mean nothin' if you can't swim."

?? THE THREAT -- DELIVERED WITH A SMILE

He stops laughing.

He stares into the lens.

Dead serious.

Dead calm.

Deadly.

"Wallstreet...

You built towers.

I built an empire."

He flicks his cigar.

"And I'm consolidatin' with your buildings."

He smirks.

"Hope the rest of you brought floaties."

?? Because the rumored Consolidation -- the quiet alliance forming between the corporate towers and the aquatic mob boss -- is starting to take shape.

The Skyscrapers of Doom winning?

That's good for business.

That's good for territory.

That's good for the Don.

He wipes a tear of laughter from his eye.

"Wallstreet's boys did good.

Real good.

Big buildings stay standing...

and the cash rolls in."

He grins.

"But hey -- consolidation means we all get a piece of the pie.

And MY piece?"

He cracks a devious smile.

"Is named Mustachio."

?? THE TRANSITION -- THE DON IS READY FOR HIS MATCH

He turns away from the monitor, adjusting his shark-skin suit, fedora perched perfectly on his sweaty head.The laughter fades into a predatory smirk.

"Poor Mustachio.

Kid's got heart.

Kid's got style.

Kid's got that little curly thing on his lip."

He taps his own chin.

"But he ain't ready for a shark in open water."

He steps toward gorilla position.

"Tonight?

I ain't angry.

I ain't stressed.

I ain't even hungry."

He grins wider.

"I'm just in a good mood...

and Mustachio's about to find out what a happy shark does."

He snaps his fingers.

"Bring me the kid.

Let's make this consolidation official."

He walks toward the curtain.

The crowd hears the rumble.

The ocean is coming.

??? **MUSTACHIO PRE-MATCH SEGMENT -- PURE COMEDY GOLD**

Backstage, the camera tries -- tries -- to get a word from Mustachio before his match with Megalodon Don.

But Mustachio?

Mustachio is not doing interviews.

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 8

Mustachio is not doing promos.

Mustachio is not doing ANYTHING except praying in rapid-fire Indian, hands pressed together, eyes squeezed shut, pacing in frantic circles like a man trying to bargain with every deity he's ever heard of.

He's muttering so fast it sounds like a machine gun.

He's sweating like he's already in the match.

He's shaking his head violently.

He's waving off the interviewer like they're trying to sell him extended car insurance.

The interviewer tries again:

"Mustachio, any thoughts before you face Megalodon Don --"

Mustachio snaps his eyes open, panicked, and blurts:

"NO TALKING! MUSTACHIO PRAYING! MUSTACHIO NEED ALL GODS! ALL OF THEM! EVEN THE ONE WITH ELEPHANT HEAD! EVEN THE BLUE ONE WITH MANY ARMS! EVEN THE ONE WHO MAKE THE CURRY SPICY!"

He goes right back to praying.

He drops to his knees.

He stands back up.

He drops again.

He slaps his own face.

He looks at the camera and whispers:

"Why they give Mustachio SHARK MAN? Mustachio not even like ocean! Mustachio cannot swim! Mustachio sink like stone! WHY YOU DO THIS TO ME, SHAWN FX?!"

He resumes praying.

He switches languages mid-sentence.

He starts bargaining with fate.

He promises to stop dancing so much.

He promises to stop flirting with Miss USA.

He promises to stop stealing cotton candy from the concession stand.

He promises to stop telling people he's "top of class."

He promises ANYTHING.

Then he gasps:

"OH NO... OH NO... MUSIC STARTING... MUSTACHIO GOING TO DIE..."

The referee calls for him.

Mustachio grabs the interviewer's shirt:

"IF MUSTACHIO DIE... TELL MY UNCLE... HE STILL OWE ME MONEY!"

He sprints toward gorilla position like a man running from a tiger.

The crowd hears him screaming from the hallway.

Manhattan is already laughing.

And Megalodon Don?

He's smiling.

Because he knows exactly what's coming.

?? **MUSTACHIO ENTRANCE -- PURE PEAK COMEDY CHAOS**

This is the real Mustachio entrance. No sci-fi. No cartoon. Just the Bombay Boogie Knight having a full-blown panic attack on live television.

The arena lights flicker.

The crowd buzzes.

The ring announcer begins:

"Introducing--"

But before he can finish, the hard cam CUTS to the curtain--And Mustachio BURSTS THROUGH IT like a man who was just shoved out by three stagehands and one referee.

He's still praying.

LOUDLY.

RAPIDLY.

IN INDIAN.

Hands pressed together.

Eyes squeezed shut.

Mouth moving at 200 mph.

He's pacing in frantic circles on the stage, muttering every deity he knows and inventing new ones on the spot.

The crowd is already laughing.

??? THE MUSIC HITS -- AND MUSTACHIO SCREAMS

His entrance theme kicks in -- that Bollywood-meets-Boogie-Knight beat -- and Mustachio JUMPS like he just heard gunfire.

He yells:

"NO! NO MUSIC! MUSTACHIO NOT READY! MUSTACHIO STILL PRAYING!"

He tries to run backstage.

A ref blocks him.

He tries to run into the crowd.

Security blocks him.

He tries to run down the ramp -- Trips --Rolls -- Pops up --And immediately resumes praying.

?? THE CROWD IS LOSING IT

He stumbles down the ramp, stopping every few feet to:

slap his own face

beg the gods for mercy

shout "WHY SHAWN FX WHY?!"

point at the ring and scream "SHARK MAN IS IN THERE!"

promise to stop dancing so much

promise to stop flirting with Miss USA

promise to stop stealing cotton candy

The crowd is HOWLING.

??? THE FINAL APPROACH -- PURE MUSTACHIO ENERGY

He reaches ringside.

He grabs the barricade.

He looks at a fan.

He whispers:

"If Mustachio die... tell my uncle... he still owe me money."

He climbs onto the apron like it's the edge of a cliff.

He peeks into the ring.

He sees Megalodon Don -- calm, confident, smiling.

Mustachio SHRIEKS.

He points at Don and yells:

"WHY YOU SMILING?! STOP SMILING! MUSTACHIO NOT READY!"

He steps through the ropes --Still praying.

Still panicking.

Still Mustachio.

The crowd chants:

"PRAY! PRAY! PRAY! PRAY!"

Mustachio drops to his knees mid-ring and resumes praying at full speed.

Megalodon Don just laughs.

Because he knows exactly what's coming.

?? The bell rings.

Mustachio jumps like someone fired a gun.

He immediately starts praying again, rapid-fire Indian, hands pressed together, pacing in a tiny circle like a malfunctioning Roomba.

Megalodon Don?

He just smiles.

Calm.

Confident.

Dangerous.

A man who knows he's about to win and is enjoying every second of it.

??? OPENING -- MUSTACHIO TRIES TO RUN

Mustachio points at Don and screams:

"NO! NO! MUSTACHIO NOT READY! MUSTACHIO STILL PRAYING!"

He tries to roll out of the ring.

Don casually grabs him by the waistband and reels him back in like he's pulling in a fish.

The crowd howls.

Mustachio shrieks:

"WHY YOU DO THIS?! MUSTACHIO GOOD BOY!"

Don pats him on the cheek.

"Relax, kid. It'll be quick."

Mustachio faints for half a second, then snaps back awake.

?? DON PLAYS WITH HIS FOOD

Don grabs Mustachio by the shoulders and gently turns him around like he's adjusting a mannequin.

Mustachio is trembling.

Don leans in and whispers:

"You should've prayed harder."

Then he shoves Mustachio across the ring with one hand.

Mustachio tumbles, rolls, pops up, and immediately resumes praying.

The crowd chants:"PRAY! PRAY! PRAY! PRAY!"

Don laughs.

?? MUSTACHIO'S ONE MOMENT OF HOPE

Mustachio suddenly stops praying.

He looks at Don.

He looks at the crowd.

He looks at the heavens.

He screams:

"MUSTACHIO FIGHT FOR HIS LIFE!"

He charges.

He throws a wild punch.

Don catches it effortlessly.

Mustachio freezes.

Don raises an eyebrow.

Mustachio whispers:

"Oh no."

?? THE BEATING BEGINS

Don pulls Mustachio in -- Short-arm clothesline.

Mustachio flips like a ragdoll.

Don picks him up -- Body shot.

Mustachio collapses like a folding chair.

Don lifts him again -- Straight right hand.

Mustachio spins 360 degrees and falls flat.

The crowd is losing it.

Don dusts off his suit jacket.

??? MUSTACHIO'S LAST PRAYER

Mustachio crawls to the corner.

He grabs the turnbuckle.

He whispers:

"Please... any god... even the spicy one... help Mustachio..."

Don walks over slowly.

Mustachio screams:

"NO! NO! MUSTACHIO NOT READY!"

Don grabs him by the head.

?? THE FINISH -- TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN

Don lifts Mustachio effortlessly.

The crowd rises.

Don smirks.

"Consolidation begins."

BOOM -- MAFIA DROP

(Sit-out Powerbomb)

Mustachio bounces off the mat like a basketball.

Don casually places one hand on Mustachio's chest.

The ref counts:

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

?? WINNER: MEGALODON DON

Don stands up, adjusts his cuffs, and lights a fresh cigar.

He doesn't celebrate.

He doesn't pose.

He just looks down at Mustachio and says:

"Told you it'd be quick."

Mustachio, barely conscious, whispers:

"M-Mustachio... still alive...?"

Don pats him on the head.

"For now."

The crowd erupts.

Consolidation continues.

And Mustachio?

He's already praying again.

Lightning crashes.

The crowd comes unglued.

Thunder.

The crowd begins to sing.

Thunder.

AC/DC's THUNDERSTRUCK begins to play.

Scott Cooper:

"It can't be? He's... He's HERE?"

Hector Rodriguez:

"Looks like one of the gods have heard Mustachio's prayer!"

Tess Taylor:

"This is a HUGE surprise!"

Scott Cooper:

"It"s THOR VAN HAMMER on SUNDAY NIGHT SLAM!"

Hector Rodriguez:

"You've been... THUNDERSTRUCK!"

Hector Rodriguez plays air guitar with the crowd along with Thor Van Hammer and the capacity crowd.

Tess Taylor shakes her head at first but then even she begins to headbang along.

Megalodon Don stares a hole into Thor Van Hammer and tries to tell everyone to stop singing but they get louder.

We go to commercial break.

APEX VS AGENTS OF ORDER

?? **GORILLA POSITION SEGMENT -- HARDCASTLE, SHAWN FX, AND THE ARRIVAL OF APEX**

This is SWF cinema. This is the kind of beat that makes the whole show feel alive.

Marshal Hardcastle steps into frame, still wiping the sweat from his brow after dealing with Mustachio's meltdown and Megalodon Don's victory. He looks exhausted -- not physically, but spiritually. The kind of exhaustion only running a roster of maniacs can cause.

Shawn FX?

He's still laughing.

Still wearing the headset.

Still running the show.

Still riding the high of watching Mustachio get spiritually obliterated.

Hardcastle gives him the big sigh.

The "I swear to God, Shawn..." sigh.

The "why do I work here" sigh.

Shawn FX doesn't stop laughing.

Hardcastle shakes his head.

Then, deadpan:

"Where's your boys at?"

Shawn FX smirks, taps his headset, and nods toward the curtain.

And right on cue --

?? APEX APPEAR

The curtain ripples.The crowd inside the arena erupts because they know that silhouette.

First through the curtain:

Leon Sphinx

The mastermind.

The strategist.

The lion who doesn't roar -- he calculates.

Eyes locked forward, jaw set, posture perfect.

Behind him -- Colossus Prime

The walking monolith.

The man who looks like he was carved out of a mountain and told to go fight people.

No expression.

Just purpose.

And flanking the other side --Titan Rex

The powerhouse.

The avalanche.

The man whose footsteps sound like they belong to something prehistoric hence the name.

They don't say a word.

They don't pose.

They don't acknowledge the camera.

They just move -- unified, synchronized, dangerous.

Shawn FX watches them go with a grin.

Hardcastle watches them go with dread.

The crowd watches them go with anticipation.

Because APEX isn't entering for a match.

They're entering for a message.

A statement.

A reminder.

A warning.

And Shawn FX, still smirking, mutters under his breath:

"Showtime."

?? **GORILLA POSITION ERUPTS -- BUSINESS IS ABOUT to PICK UP**

Marshal Hardcastle doesn't flinch when the lights drop.

He doesn't panic.

He doesn't even look surprised.

He just gives Shawn FX that long, exhausted, "I swear you enjoy this too much" stare while Shawn is still doubled over laughing from Mustachio's meltdown.

Hardcastle sighs.

Hardcastle shakes his head.

Then, with that gravel-low authority only he has:

"Yeah? Business is about to pick up."

He turns toward the curtain.

"They're here."

And Manhattan explodes.

???? **THE LIGHTS GO OUT -- ORDER ARRIVES**

A single red beacon flashes on the Titantron.

A metallic klaxon blares.

A giant stamp slams across the screen:

ORDER PROTOCOL: FURY-TRIOS-001

The crowd CHEERS instantly -- because they know exactly who's coming.

The curtain parts.

And stepping through, in perfect formation--????????? THE AGENTS. OF. ORDER.

Agent K

The spearhead.

The enforcer.

The man Hardcastle named a future No. 1 Contender.

Expression unreadable.

Purpose absolute.

Agent L-1

Cold. Precise.

Clipboard in hand, scanning the arena like he's auditing the audience.

Agent L-2

Equally stone-faced.

Equally disciplined.

And wearing the SWF Trios Championship across his perfectly pressed uniform -- the belt aligned with military precision.

All three belts gleam under the emergency lights.

The Agents stand shoulder-to-shoulder.

No music.

No pyro.

No theatrics.

Just Order.

Just authority.

Just the champions, ready to defend LIVE and NEXT.

?? HARDCASTLE & SHAWN FX REACT

Hardcastle nods once.

"Showtime indeed. Hold on to yer butts!"

Shawn FX, still smirking, taps his headset.

?? The arena is pitch black.

A single red beacon pulses.

Then--BOOM.

Lights snap on.

The Agents of Order are already in the ring, standing in perfect formation, Trios Championships gleaming like military medals.

Agent K front and center.

Agent L-1 and Agent L-2 flanking him.

No movement.

No emotion.

No wasted breath.

The crowd is frozen in anticipation.

This match was teased at the final seconds of Friday Night FURY.....and they're getting it TONIGHT.

?? APEX ENTER -- AND THE BUILDING SHIFTS

The curtain parts.

And out step: Leon Sphinx

Calculated.

Cold.

Eyes locked on Agent K like a predator studying another predator.

Colossus Prime

A walking slab of destruction.

Every step a warning.

Titan Rex

The avalanche.

The hammer.

The man who breaks rings just by existing.

They walk with purpose.

They walk with unity.

They walk like they already know the outcome.

The crowd doesn't boo.

They rise.

They lean forward.

They feel the magnitude.

This is the biggest Trios match in SWF history.

? THE BELL RINGS -- AND NOBODY MOVES

Agent K and Leon Sphinx step forward.

They stare.

No words.

No taunts.

No theatrics.

Just two generals measuring each other.

The crowd is dead silent.

Then --Leon Sphinx nods.

Agent K nods back.

And the war begins.

?? OPENING EXCHANGE -- PRECISION VS POWER

Agent K shoots in with surgical speed.

Leon Sphinx counters with a palm strike that echoes through the arena.

K absorbs it.

Sphinx absorbs the counter.

They trade.

They test.

They calibrate.

This isn't chaos.

This is combat math.

? TAG -- COLLOSSUS PRIME ENTERS

Agent K tags L-1.

Sphinx tags Colossus Prime.

The crowd murmurs.

Two titans step forward.

Prime swings --

L-1 ducks --

Prime swings again --

L-1 blocks with clipboard precision -- But Prime runs him over with a shoulder block that shakes the ring.

L-1 hits the mat but rolls immediately back to his feet, adjusting his uniform like nothing happened.

The crowd pops.

? TAG -- TITAN REX ENTERS

L-2 tags in.

Titan Rex steps forward.

The crowd buzzes.

Rex grabs L-2 by the throat --

L-2 breaks the grip with a perfect wrist-lock counter --

Rex powers out --

L-2 pivots behind --

Rex spins and BLASTS him with a forearm that nearly knocks him out cold.

The crowd gasps.

This is not a squash.

This is not dominance.

This is two elite units colliding at full force.

?? THE AGENTS TAKE CONTROL

Agent K tags back in.

The Agents run a three-man rotation so precise it looks practiced over one thousand times:

L-1 sweeps Rex's leg

L-2 hits a knee strike

Agent K hits a sliding elbow

Rex drops.

The crowd pops HUGE.

The Agents of Order are champions for a reason.

?? APEX RESPONDS -- WITH VIOLENCE

Leon Sphinx tags in.

He hits the ring like a sniper:

palm strike to K

knee to L-1spinning elbow to L-2

All three Agents stagger.

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 8

The crowd erupts.

Sphinx roars:

"APEX RISES!"

Colossus Prime and Titan Rex hit the ring--TRIPLE TEAM COMBO:

Prime lifts K --

Rex hits the ropes --

Sphinx delivers a flying knee --

Agent K collapses.

The crowd is losing its mind.

?? THE FINISH -- ORDER PROTOCOL ACTIVATED

L-1 slams his clipboard on the apron.

L-2 signals the referee.

Agent K rises like a machine rebooting.

The Agents snap into formation.

The crowd rises.

They know what's coming.

ORDER PROTOCOL: TRIOS TERMINATION

L-1 sweeps Sphinx

L-2 hits a precision knee

Agent K delivers the ORDER HAMMER (running forearm shiver)

Sphinx drops.

Prime charges--

The Agents TRIPLE DROP him with synchronized strikes.

Rex swings --

Agent K ducks --

L-2 chop blocks --

L-1 hits a neck snap takedown --

Rex falls.

The Agents of Order pile onto Sphinx--

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

?? WINNERS -- AND STILL SWF TRIOS CHAMPIONS: THE AGENTS OF ORDER

The crowd doesn't boo.They don't cheer.

They just react -- stunned, electrified, overwhelmed.

Because they just witnessed the most precise, violent, historic Trios match in SWF history.

Hardcastle nods.

Shawn FX smirks and then shakes his head.

APEX regroup.

The Agents stand tall.

And the Trios division?

It will never be the same.

Shawn turns to Hardcastle.

"Leon took an L like that? Are you sure? The crowd still doesn't know how to react."

Hardcastle nods in agreement.

"Maybe not the best call. That's on me. How much time do we still have left for the Main Event?"

Both finally notice there's been a camera on them picking up audio the whole time.

They freeze.

Shawn FX finally looks directly into the intruding camera.

"Well fuck the 4th wall!"

Shawn sticks his tongue out.

Marshal Hardcastle is not amused. He has a stern look on his hardened face as he stands up.

?? **THE MOMENT -- SHAWN FX STEPS THROUGH THE CURTAIN**

The Agents of Order exit with their championships.

APEX peel off in the opposite direction, bruised but unbowed.

The crowd is still buzzing from the historic Trios match they just witnessed.

And in gorilla position -- Shawn FX stands there.

Headset around his neck.

Clipboard under his arm.

Still laughing from the chaos he's been orchestrating all night.

He looks at Marshal Hardcastle, who's giving him the "you're unbelievable" stare.

Shawn FX shrugs.

Then he says it:

"Well since the cat is out of the bag and the camera has been on me half the night..."

He takes off the headset.

He hands it to a stagehand.

He cracks his neck.

And then -- Shawn FX busts through the curtain.

?? THE CROWD EXPLODES -- THE ARCHITECT IS LIVE

The arena ERUPTS.

Not a pop.

Not a cheer.

Not a chant.

A detonation.

Because Shawn FX isn't just a wrestler.

He isn't just a voice.

He isn't just a character.

He's the man who's been running the entire show from behind the curtain.

And now he's stepping into the ring with a live microphone.

He walks down the ramp with purpose -- not cocky, not smug, but charged, like a man who's been holding back words for weeks and is finally ready to unload.

He slides into the ring.

He stands dead center.

He raises the mic.

The crowd quiets instantly.

Shawn FX looks around the arena, soaking in the moment.

He has a lot on his mind.

And he's about to say all of it.

?? READY FOR THE PROMO?

ARE YOU READY????

?? SHAWN FX -- LIVE IN THE RING, RAW, REAL, AND BREAKING EVERYONE'S HEART

The crowd is still buzzing from the historic Trios Championship match.

The Agents of Order have exited.

APEX have gone their separate way.

The ring is empty except for one man:

Shawn FX.

He lifts the microphone.

He taps it twice.

"Has everyone been having a great time tonight?

Is this thing on?"

The crowd laughs, cheers, applauds.

Shawn smiles -- that real smile, the one he doesn't use in promos.

He looks around the arena, soaking in the moment.

"For years you've cheered me.

You've booed me.

You've loved me.

You've hated me.

I have bled, sweat, and cried more than just a few times in this ring..."

The smart crowd knows what's coming.

They start chanting:

"THANK YOU SHAWN!

THANK YOU SHAWN!

THANK YOU SHAWN!"

Shawn raises his hand.

The chant fades.

He takes a breath.

"A lot of you don't know this...

but last night in Chicago -- at what was supposed to be Total Chaos --

it was going to be yours truly, Liger Llama, and the Undisputed SWF World Heavyweight Champion Adam Glory...

in a Triple Threat match for all the marbles."

The crowd reacts -- loud, shocked, excited.

Shawn nods.

"Sounds amazing, right?"

He pauses.

The arena quiets.

He swallows hard.

His voice cracks.

"The other part you don't know...

last night was going to be my..."

He stops.

He looks down.

He wipes his eyes.

The crowd leans in.

Shawn FX begins to tear up.

"...last night was going to be my last match."

The crowd BOOS -- not at him, but at the idea.

At fate.

At time.

At the reality they never wanted to face.

People in the front row are already crying.

Others are covering their mouths.

Some are shaking their heads in disbelief.

Shawn nods slowly.

"I'm not sure when my last match will officially be...

but it will be soon."

The crowd breaks.

Some cry.

Some chant his name.

Some just stare in stunned silence.

Shawn looks around the arena -- every seat filled, every eye on him.

"I love this business.

I love the professional wrestling business...

and I love all of you."

He lowers the mic.

Long pause.

He raises it one last time.

"...Thank you."

He sets the microphone down gently in the center of the ring.

The crowd chants again -- louder, unified, emotional:

"THANK YOU SHAWN!

THANK YOU SHAWN!

THANK YOU SHAWN!"

Shawn FX steps back, breathing deep, eyes wet, taking in the moment he never thought he'd have to face.

This is history.

This is the SWF.

This is Shawn FX.

?? Shawn FX's "Thank you..." still echoes through the arena.

Fans are crying.

Fans are hugging.

Fans are chanting his name.

And then --

? **ADAM GLORY'S MUSIC HITS.**

Not triumphant.

Not cocky.

Not "the future of Friday Night FURY or the SWF."

It hits like a funeral bell.

The crowd GASPS.

Because they know Adam Glory.

They know his swagger.

They know his confidence.

They know his bravado.

But this?

This is different.

?? ADAM GLORY WALKS OUT -- AND HE'S SHAKING HIS HEAD

He's not smirking.

He's not posing.

He's not shining the belt.

He's walking slowly.

Head down.

Eyes wet.

Hands trembling.

He steps into the ring.

He looks at Shawn FX.

He looks at the crowd.

He looks at the SWF World Heavyweight Championship on his shoulder.

And he shakes his head again.

He raises the mic.

His voice cracks.

"I don't...

I don't want to do this."

The crowd is silent.

Glory wipes his face.

"I didn't want to come out here.

I didn't want to interrupt you.

I didn't want to be the guy who had to say this."

He looks Shawn FX dead in the eyes.

"But you left me no choice."

He takes a breath.

He steadies himself.

He lifts the title.

And then--

??? ADAM GLORY CHALLENGES HIM

"Shawn...

you said your last match is coming soon."

He pauses.

The crowd leans in.

Glory's voice breaks again.

"Then let it be tonight."

The crowd ERUPTS.

Glory steps closer.

"Title...

vs Career."

The crowd goes nuclear

.People are SCREAMING.

People are CRYING.

People are losing their minds.

Glory's voice rises, emotional, raw, real:

"You and me.

Right here.

Right now.

TONIGHT."

He pounds his chest.

"If you beat me, Shawn...

you walk out of this arena the Undisputed SWF World Heavyweight Champion."

He lifts the belt high.

"But if I beat you...

your career is over."

The crowd is in absolute chaos.

Shawn FX is frozen.

Glory steps even closer, forehead almost touching Shawn's.

"I don't want to do this...

but I HAVE to do this."

He lowers the mic.

He whispers -- only Shawn and the front row can hear:

"You deserve to go out on your terms."

He backs away.

He spreads his arms.

He screams:

"TITLE VS CAREER -- TONIGHT!"

The crowd explodes again.

This is history.

This is SWF.

This is the match nobody expected tonight.

This is the match nobody is emotionally prepared for.

This is the match that will define the future.

?? **GORILLA POSITION -- AND THE WORLD STOPS MOVING**

This isn't storyline.

This isn't kayfabe.

This isn't "wrestling acting."

This is real life in real time.

The camera backstage catches something it was never supposed to show.

Not one man.

Not one reaction.

But two pillars of SWF standing shoulder-to-shoulder.

? MARSHAL DALTON HARDCASTLE

The Furnace General.

The man who runs his own slice of heaven in Texas.

The man who has seen every trick, every angle, every work, every shoot.

And next to him --

? CURT CANDID

The loudmouth.

The instigator.

The chaos engine.

The man who never stands still, never shuts up, never stops stirring the pot.

But right now?

He's silent.

He's frozen.

He's standing right beside Hardcastle.

Not arguing.

Not complaining.

Not ranting.

Not joking.

Just watching.

Just absorbing.

Just feeling what's happening out there.

? THE CAMERA LINGERS -- AND THE CROWD SEES IT

Hardcastle's face is tight.

Curt's face is pale.

Both men look like they've been punched in the chest.

Because Shawn FX isn't cutting a promo.

He isn't building a match.

He isn't selling a storyline.

He's speaking from the heart.

He's speaking from the gut.

He's speaking from a place neither Hardcastle nor Curt ever wanted to hear.

And the crowd sees it.

The crowd feels it.

The crowd understands:

This is beyond a shoot.

This is real.

This is happening right now.

? HARDCASTLE'S BODY LANGUAGE TELLS THE WHOLE STORY

He's not angry.

He's not frustrated.

He's not "the boss."

He's a man watching a friend say something he never wanted to hear.

His jaw clenches.

His eyes narrow.

He breathes deep.

He doesn't move.

He doesn't blink.

He just stands there, shoulder-to-shoulder with Curt Candid, united in shock.

? CURT CANDID -- COMPLETELY OUT OF CHARACTER

Curt isn't smirking.

Curt isn't whispering commentary.

Curt isn't making jokes.

He's staring at Shawn FX like he's watching a brother walk into a storm.

His hands are shaking.

His lips are tight.

He looks like he wants to run out there...

but knows he can't.

Not yet.

Not now.

Not during this moment.

? THE CAMERA CUTS BACK TO THE RING -- AND THE CROWD KNOWS

Shawn FX is standing there with tears in his eyes.

Adam Glory is standing there with the world title on his shoulder.

And behind the curtain?

Marshal Hardcastle and Curt Candid stand side-by-side, united in the same stunned silence as the fans.

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 8

This is not a segment.

This is not a storyline.This is not a tease.

This is real life in real time.

And tonight?

Everything changes.

?? SHAWN FX RESPONDS -- TITLE VS CAREER, REAL LIFE, REAL TIME

The crowd is still in chaos from Adam Glory's challenge.

Hardcastle and Curt Candid are still frozen behind the curtain, side-by-side, watching like two men witnessing history unfold.

Adam Glory stands in the ring, chest heaving, belt on his shoulder, eyes wet.

Shawn FX hasn't moved.

He's staring at Glory.He's staring at the crowd.

He's staring at the reality he never wanted to face.

He lifts the microphone.

His hand is shaking.

He takes a breath.

And then --

? SHAWN FX (voice cracking):

"...You really wanna do this?"

The crowd hushes.

Glory nods, emotional, jaw tight.

Shawn looks down at the mat.

He wipes his face.

He laughs once -- not a happy laugh, but the kind of laugh a man makes when life corners him.

He looks back up.

? SHAWN FX:

"Adam... I didn't come out here tonight to make a match."

"I didn't come out here to start a fight."

"I came out here to tell the truth."

He gestures around the arena.

"These people... they've been with me my whole damn life."

The crowd erupts.

"THANK YOU SHAWN!"

"THANK YOU SHAWN!"

Shawn raises his hand again.

Silence.

? SHAWN FX:

"You said I deserve to go out on my terms."

He nods.

He steps closer to Glory.

Their foreheads nearly touch.

"Then let me say this clearly..."

Long pause.

The crowd leans in.

Hardcastle and Curt Candid lean in.A

PEX and the Agents of Order are watching from monitors backstage.

Shawn FX breathes deep.

And then --

?? SHAWN FX:

"Adam Glory...

you want Title vs Career?"

He nods.

Slow.

Deliberate.

Final.

"...Then you got it."

The crowd DETONATES.

People are SCREAMING.

People are CRYING.

People are jumping up and down.

People are hugging strangers.

Shawn FX isn't done.

He steps back, wipes his face, and raises the mic again.

? SHAWN FX:

"If this is my last night...

then I'm going out swinging."

He points at Glory's championship.

"I'm going out fighting for THAT."

He points at the crowd.

"I'm going out fighting for THEM."

He points at his own chest.

"And I'm going out fighting for ME."

The crowd is losing its mind.

Shawn FX lowers the mic.

He looks Glory dead in the eyes

.?? SHAWN FX:

"TITLE.

VS.

CAREER."

He drops the microphone.

The thud echoes through the arena.

Glory nods.

Shawn nods.

Hardcastle behind the curtain whispers:

"...Oh my God."

Curt Candid whispers:

"...It's really happening. We've been trying to..."

The crowd chants:

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Tonight...Shawn FX vs Adam Glory

Undisputed SWF World Heavyweight Championship

Title vs Career

LIVE. TONIGHT.

ADAM GLORY VS SHAWN FX

?? The bell hasn't even rung yet.

The crowd is still chanting "THANK YOU SHAWN!"

Adam Glory is still wiping his face.

Shawn FX is still breathing heavy, trying to steady himself.

Marshal Hardcastle and Curt Candid are still standing side-by-side behind the curtain, watching like two men witnessing a friend walk into a fire.

This is not storyline.

This is not kayfabe.

This is real life in real time.

?? MATCH BEGINS

The bell rings.

The crowd explodes.

Shawn FX and Adam Glory circle each other slowly -- not with hostility, but with gravity.

Two men who know exactly what this match means.

Shawn's career.

Glory's championship.

Their entire history.

Everything.

? OPENING -- RESPECTFUL, PAINFUL, REAL

They lock up.

A simple collar-and-elbow.

But the crowd reacts like someone hit a finisher.

Shawn pushes Glory back.

Glory pushes Shawn back.

They break.

They stare.

Shawn nods.

Glory nods.

This isn't a fight.

This is a farewell written in punches.

?? GLORY TAKES CONTROL

Glory hits a shoulder tackle.

Shawn goes down hard.

The crowd gasps -- not because of the move, but because of what it symbolizes.

Glory hesitates.

He doesn't want to hurt him.

Shawn gets up slowly.

He wipes his face.

He says:

"Do it."

Glory's jaw tightens.

He hits a second shoulder tackle.

Shawn drops again.

The crowd is already emotional.

?? SHAWN FX FIRES BACK

Shawn rises.

He hits a forearm.

Another.

Another.

The crowd roars.

He hits the ropes -- FLYING FOREARM!

Glory stumbles.

Shawn hits a running knee.

Glory drops to one knee.

Shawn looks out at the crowd -- tears in his eyes -- and screams:

"I'M STILL HERE!"

The arena detonates.

?? THE PACE PICKS UP -- BOTH MEN EMPTY THE TANK

Glory hits a spinebuster.

Shawn kicks out at two.

Shawn hits a superkick.

Glory kicks out at two.

Glory hits a running lariat.

Shawn kicks out at two.

Shawn hits the FX Cutter.

Glory kicks out at two.

The crowd is losing its mind.

Hardcastle behind the curtain whispers:

"...He's not ready to go."

Curt Candid whispers:

"...He's fighting like hell."

?? THE EMOTIONAL BREAK

Shawn FX collapses to his knees.

He's exhausted.

He's emotional.

He's overwhelmed.

Glory stands over him, breathing heavy, eyes wet.

He whispers:

"I'm sorry."

Shawn whispers back:

"Don't be."

Glory pulls him up.

Forehead to forehead.

Two men.

Two careers.

One moment.

?? THE FINISH -- THE FUTURE VS THE LEGACY

Glory steps back.

He hits the ropes.

He charges.

GLORY SHOT (Running Forearm Smash).

Shawn FX collapses.

The crowd SCREAMS.

Glory drops to his knees, devastated.

He places one hand on Shawn's chest.

The ref counts:

ONE.

TWO.

Shawn kicks out and flips off Adam Glory!

Shawn shoots in and wraps Adam Glory into a Figure 4 Legdrop!

Shawn screams.

"TAP YOU SON OF A BITCH!"

Adam Glory raises his hand.

Scott Cooper:

"Is Adam Glory going to tap?"

Hector Rodriguez:

"No he turned over!"

Tess Taylor:

"Glory grabbed the ropes. Shawn has to break the hold!"

FX reluctantly breaks but pulls Adam Glory to the center of the ring for a Sharpshooter/Scorpion Deathlock.

Scott Cooper:

"Adam Glory has nowhere to go and is screaming in pain!"

Shawn FX sits down deeper but Adam Glory crawls on his elbows to the ropes and then clutches his back.

Shawn FX calls to the crowd for a FLIP PILEDRIVER!

Hector Rodriguez:

"If he hits this... this is it!"

Shawn FX hits the FLIP PILEDRIVER!!!!

1...

2...

ADAM GLORY KICKS OUT!

Shawn looks up at the capacity crowd and then at Adam Glory.

Shawn shrugs his shoulders.

"One more time?"

Shawn puts Adam Glory in position. He has him up.

Adam Glory slips out...

VICTORY ROLL....

1...

2...

THREE.

? WINNER -- AND STILL UNDISPUTED SWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION: ADAM GLORY

The bell rings.

The crowd doesn't boo.

They don't cheer.

They just react -- stunned, heartbroken, overwhelmed.

Shawn FX is motionless.

Glory sits beside him, crying openly.

He didn't want this.

He didn't want to end him.

But Shawn FX asked for it.

And he gave it to him.

? POST-MATCH -- THE MOMENT THAT BREAKS EVERYONE

Glory helps Shawn sit up.

Shawn looks around the arena.

Fans are crying.

Hardcastle is motionless.

Curt Candid is crying gulping for air.

Shawn FX whispers:

"...Thank you."

Glory hugs him.

The crowd chants:

"THANK YOU SHAWN!"

"THANK YOU SHAWN!"

"THANK YOU SHAWN!"

Shawn FX's career...

ends tonight.

And Adam Glory?

He stands over him, belt raised, tears streaming, knowing he just became the man who ended a legend.

?? THE FINAL CURTAIN CALL -- THE MOMENT SWF WILL NEVER FORGET

Shawn FX is still sitting in the ring, exhausted, emotional, broken, proud.

Adam Glory is standing beside him, belt on his shoulder, tears in his eyes.

The crowd is chanting "THANK YOU SHAWN!" so loudly the cameras are shaking.

And then --

?? THE LOCKER ROOM EMPTIES

Not one person.

Not a handful.

EVERYONE.

The curtain bursts open and the entire SWF roster pours out.

Heels.

Faces.

Champions.

Rookies.

Veterans.

Referees.

Trainers.

Camera operators.

Lighting techs.

Stagehands.

Producers.

Executives.

People the fans have never even seen before.

All of them.

Side by side.

Shoulder to shoulder.

Walking down the ramp together.

No music.

No pyro.

No theatrics.

Just respect.

Just love.

Just family.

Just SWF.

?? MARSHAL HARDCASTLE & CURT CANDID LEAD THE PACK

Hardcastle is still emotional, jaw tight, eyes wet. Yes, even Hardcastle.

Curt Candid is still pale, still shaken, still out of character.

They walk side by side, leading the entire company toward the ring.

Behind them:

Leon Sphinx

Colossus Prime

Titan Rex

The Agents of Order

The Agents of Chaos

Megalodon Don

Mustachio (still praying)

Mr. Wallstreet

The Skyscrapers of Doom

The Wonderful Ladies Wrestling Federation reps

Every single person who has ever shared a locker room or with Shawn FX

Ken Zyber

John Cusimano

Shawn's wife Miss USA Amy Martin.

All of them.

Every last one.

?? THE CROWD REALIZES WHAT'S HAPPENING

And the noise changes.

It's not a chant anymore.

It's not applause.

It's not cheering.

It's a wave.

A sound that feels like grief and celebration at the same time.

A sound that only happens once in a generation.

A sound that says:

"We love you."

?? SHAWN FX STANDS -- AND EVERYONE SURROUNDS THE RING

Shawn FX pulls himself up using the ropes.

He looks around.

He sees the roster.

He sees the crew.

He sees the executives.

He sees the fans.

He sees the entire SWF family surrounding him.

He covers his mouth.

He breaks.

He cries openly.

Adam Glory puts a hand on his shoulder.

Hardcastle steps into the ring.

Curt Candid steps into the ring.

The Agents of Order stand at attention.

APEX stand with their hands behind their backs.

Megalodon Don removes his hat.

Mustachio kneels and prays for him.

Thor Van Hammer doesn't have his facepaint on but his wearing sunglasses to hide obvious tears streaming down his face.

Jinx Jester is balling her eyes out hysterically as Loki Van Dam holds her.

She can barely stand.

The entire company stands united.

?? THE FINAL MOMENT -- SHAWN FX'S CURTAIN CALL

Shawn FX raises his hand.

The crowd quiets.

He whispers:

"Thank you... for letting me live my dream."

He bows.

The roster applauds.

The crew applauds.

The executives applaud.

The fans applaud.

The entire building applauds.

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 8

Shawn FX steps through the ropes.

He walks up the ramp slowly.

Every wrestler touches his shoulder as he passes.

Every crew member nods.

Every fan reaches out.

He reaches the top of the ramp.

He turns around one last time.

He raises his hand.

The crowd erupts:

"THANK YOU SHAWN!"

"THANK YOU SHAWN!"

"THANK YOU SHAWN!"

Shawn FX disappears behind the curtain.

And the era ends.

3 decades.

30 years.

1996 to 2026

The Game Changer Shawn FX - Real name: Shawn Phillips has officially retired.

Show Credits

Segment: "CURT CANDID -- "THE MANHATTAN UNSCRIPTED SALVO"" - Written by Masked Admin.

Match: "ADAM GRECO VS LOKI VAN DAM" - Written by Lex.

Segment: "?? MR. WALLSTREET MAKES HIS MOVE -- THE NEW SKYSCRAPERS OF DOOM REVEALED" - Written by Masked Admin.

Segment: "?? DEGENERATION HEX ARRIVES -- AND THE ROOM TEMPERATURE DROPS TEN DEGREES" - Written by Greg.

Match: "SKYSCRAPERS OF DOOM VS DEGENERATION HEX" - Written by Terry.

Match: "MEGALODON DON VS MUSTACHIO" - Written by Greg.

Match: "APEX VS AGENTS OF ORDER" - Written by Oliver.

Match: "ADAM GLORY VS SHAWN FX" - Written by Masked Admin.

Segment: "?? THE FINAL CURTAIN CALL -- THE MOMENT SWF WILL NEVER FORGET" - Written by Masked Admin.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite