

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 4

May 31, 2026 | Kaseya Center - Miami, Florida

? SUNDAY NIGHT SLAM -- LIVE FROM THE KASEYA CENTER -- SHOW OPENER ?

The camera swoops over Biscayne Bay, neon reflections rippling across the water as Miami's skyline glows like it's been waiting all week for this exact moment. A thunderous BOOM of pyro erupts from the Kaseya Center roof, and we smash-cut inside to a sold-out, electric Miami crowd, waving signs, dancing, and roaring like they're plugged directly into the power grid.

The lights drop.

A single spotlight hits the stage.

A deep bass thump kicks in -- Miami-club energy, humid, pulsing, alive.

Roxy Reed (voiceover, hyped but razor-sharp):

"MIAMI... WELCOME... TO SUNDAY... NIGHT... SLAAAAAAM!"

The arena detonates.

Strobes fire. Lasers sweep. The camera races through the crowd as fans jump in unison.

Hector Rodriguez:

"David, this place is unhinged. The Kaseya Center is vibrating. It's the night after CONVERGENCE, and EVERYBODY in this building knows the fallout is about to get nuclear."

Tess Taylor:

"And with the roster already circling each other like sharks off South Beach, tonight is the night everything changes. New alliances. New enemies. New chaos."

A massive LED wave animation crashes across the entrance screen -- then shatters into the SLAM logo, which slams forward with a bass-drop impact.

Roxy Reed:

"Champions bruised. Contenders hungry. Factions plotting. And Miami? Miami is READY."

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?? BIG MAMA JOHNSON ISSUES AN OPEN CHALLENGE

Takeaway: Big Mama Johnson steps into the Miami spotlight and unleashes a declaration of war on the missing Velvet Empress -- calling her out, calling her bluff, and calling for ANY woman brave enough to step up if the champion won't. Rumors swirl: Barcelona? Rome? Parts Unknown? Is the Velvet Empress a fighting champion... or a fleeing one?

? THE RUMORS SWIRL BEFORE THE SHOW EVEN STARTS

Backstage reporters whisper.

Fans argue in the concourse.

Commentators exchange glances on camera.

The Velvet Empress -- the reigning, ruling, ruthlessly regal SWF Women's World Champion -- has vanished.

Some say she boarded a private jet to Barcelona, Spain, slipping into the Gothic Quarter under a velvet hood.

Others claim she was spotted in Rome, Italy, wandering the Colosseum like she owned the ruins.

A few insist she's retreated to Parts Unknown, a place only champions go when they're scared to lose their crown.

But one thing is certain:

She is NOT in Miami.

And Big Mama Johnson is.

? THE LIGHTS DROP -- MIAMI ERUPTS

The arena goes black.

A single spotlight hits the stage.

A drumline kicks in -- loud, thunderous, Miami-style.

Then a bassline drops so heavy the ring ropes shake.

BIG.

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MAMA.

JOHNSON.

She steps through the curtain in a custom "WHERE YOU AT, EMPRESS?" jacket, the crowd roaring like a hurricane making landfall.

She walks to the ring with purpose.

With swagger.

With destiny.

She grabs a mic.

And Miami goes silent.

"VELVET EMPRESS... WHERE YOU HIDIN', QUEEN?"

"Miami...

Y'all know why I'm here.

I'm here because the SWF Women's Champion -- the so-called Velvet Empress -- ain't here.

Now I ain't one to gossip...

But rumor has it your girl packed her bags and RAN.

Barcelona?

Rome?

Parts Unknown?

Baby, she spinning the globe like she lookin' for a place where Big Mama Johnson ain't waiting for her.

But let me make something real clear:

There ain't a place on EARTH where you can hide from me.

Not Spain.

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Not Italy.

Not the shadows.

Not the dark.

Not the deepest corner of your empire.

Because when Big Mama Johnson sets her sights on you?

You already DONE."

"A FIGHTING CHAMPION? OR A COWARD IN A CROWN?"

"You call yourself a queen.

You call yourself an Empress.

You walk around with that belt like it's your birthright.

But a real champion DEFENDS her gold.

A real champion STANDS her ground.

A real champion don't run the moment a real threat steps up.

So I'm askin' the whole world:

Is the Velvet Empress a fighting champion...

or a coward in a crown?

Because right now?

She lookin' like the second one."

"I DON'T NEED TO FIND YOU -- YOU GON' FIND ME."

"You wanna disappear?

Go ahead.

You wanna hide behind your velvet curtains?

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Do it.

You wanna pretend you didn't get Mama-Bombed into the center of the earth last week?

Girl, keep dreamin'.

But sooner or later...

You gon' have to come back.

You gon' have to walk down that ramp.

You gon' have to look me in the eyes.

You gon' have to defend that championship.

And when you do?

I'm takin' EVERYTHING from you.

Your crown.

Your throne.

Your empire.

Your legacy.

Because I ain't just comin' for the title...

I'm comin' for your whole QUEENDOM."

?? THE OPEN CHALLENGE -- MIAMI GOES WILD

Big Mama steps to the center of the ring.

She plants her feet.

She raises the mic.

She points at the entrance ramp.

"Since the Empress ain't woman enough to show her face...

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I'm issuing an OPEN CHALLENGE right here in MIAMI!

Any woman in the back -- ANY WOMAN -- who got the guts, the heart, the fire...

STEP.

UP.

Because Big Mama Johnson ain't leavin' this ring without a fight tonight."

The crowd explodes.

The commentators lose their minds.

The camera cuts to the entrance.

Smoke rises.

Lights flash.

Music hits.

?WHO ANSWERS THE CALL?

?? THE TRICKSTER SISTER CONFRONTS BIG MAMA JOHNSON

Takeaway: The Trickster Sister doesn't just confront Big Mama Johnson -- she materializes in Miami like a neon-painted hurricane, turning the open challenge into a carnival of chaos. This is a full in-character segment, built for SWF canon, escalating the feud and setting up the next explosive chapter.

? THE MOMENT BIG MAMA FINISHES HER OPEN CHALLENGE...

The crowd is still roaring.

Big Mama Johnson stands tall in the center of the ring, chest heaving, eyes locked on the entrance ramp.

Then--

The lights flicker.

Once.

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Twice.

Three times.

The tron glitches into a swirl of neon pink, lime green, and carnival purple.

A familiar laugh echoes through the arena.

"HEE...

HEE...

HEEEEE!"

Miami loses its mind.

? THE CARNIVAL INVADES MIAMI

A spotlight hits the stage.

Confetti cannons explode.

And cartwheeling through the smoke like a technicolor tornado--

THE TRICKSTER SISTER.

She's wearing a Miami-themed harlequin jacket, half teal, half flamingo pink, with "BIG MAMA? BIG TARGET." painted across the back.

She skips down the ramp, blowing kisses, tossing glitter, and pointing at Big Mama like she's the main attraction at tonight's circus.

She slides into the ring, pops up to her feet, and stands nose-to-chest with Big Mama Johnson.

The size difference is absurd.

The energy difference is electric.

The crowd is chanting:

"HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE!"

? THE TRICKSTER SISTER SPEAKS

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She twirls the mic between her fingers like a magician's wand.

"Big Mamaaaa..."

Oh Big Mama Johnson...

You came out here all loud and proud, stompin' around Miami like you own the place. Issuing open challenges. Calling out missing queens. Acting like the whole division is scared of you."

She leans in, grinning ear to ear.

"But I'm not scared."

The crowd pops.

"I don't run to Barcelona.

I don't hide in Rome.

I don't vanish to Parts Unknown."

She taps her own chest.

"I run TOWARD the chaos.

I run TOWARD the danger.

I run TOWARD the biggest, baddest, meanest Mama in the SWF."

She boops Big Mama on the nose.

"Boop."

The arena explodes.

? BIG MAMA RESPONDS -- WITHOUT A WORD

Big Mama doesn't flinch.

Doesn't blink.

Doesn't move.

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She just slowly... lowers the mic... and stares down at the Trickster Sister like she's deciding whether to laugh or break her in half.

The tension is thick enough to cut with a machete.

? THE TRICKSTER SISTER GETS BOLDER

"Ohhh, I see that look.

That 'I'm about to squash this clown like a bug' look."

She spins around Big Mama, circling her like a mischievous shark.

"But here's the thing, Mama...

You issued an open challenge.

And I'm feelin' OPEN.

I'm feelin' CHALLENGING.

I'm feelin' like maybe--just maybe--Miami deserves a little carnival chaos tonight."

She hops onto the middle rope, pointing at the crowd.

"SO WHAT DO YOU SAY, MIAMI?!

YOU WANNA SEE BIG MAMA JOHNSON VS. THE TRICKSTER SISTER?!"

The crowd erupts.

? BIG MAMA FINALLY SPEAKS

She raises the mic.

Her voice is low.

Dangerous.

Unshakably calm.

"You want a fight... little girl?"

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The Trickster Sister nods rapidly.

"Hee hee! Yes please!"

Big Mama steps forward, towering over her.

"Then you better understand somethin'..."

She leans down until their foreheads almost touch.

"When you step to Big Mama Johnson..."

You don't get a carnival."

She cracks her knuckles.

"You get a CATAclysm."

The crowd goes wild.

? THE TRICKSTER SISTER'S FINAL WORDS

She tilts her head, smiling sweetly.

"Oh Mama..."

I love cataclysms."

She backflips off the ropes, landing perfectly.

"And I love makin' big things fall down."

She points at Big Mama's chest.

"Tonight?"

The carnival ain't in town..."

THE CARNIVAL RUNS THE TOWN."

She blows a kiss.

"HEE HEE HEE!"

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? THE STAREDOWN OF THE YEAR

Big Mama Johnson.

The Trickster Sister.

Two forces of nature.

Two storms on a collision course.

Miami is shaking.

The commentators are screaming.

The fans are chanting.

And the match?

It's not official yet...

But it's inevitable.

? THE RING IS ALREADY A POWDER KEG

Big Mama Johnson stands tall.

The Trickster Sister bounces on her toes, grinning like she's about to steal the moon.

The crowd is chanting:

"FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"

Then--

The lights cut out.

A single spotlight hits the rafters.

A silhouette hangs upside-down like a bat.

And then...

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"HEEEEEEEEEEE!"

The arena detonates.

? JINX JESTER DESCENDS FROM THE RAFTERS

A rope drops.

A neon-painted figure slides down it like a chaotic firework.

JINX JESTER.

She lands in the ring in a perfect three-point stance, head tilted, mask half-smiling, half-snarling.

The Trickster Sister claps like a delighted child.

Big Mama Johnson does not move.

Jinx slowly rises, her eyes locked on Big Mama like she's studying a new puzzle she can't wait to break.

? JINX JESTER SPEAKS -- AND THE ARENA HOLDS ITS BREATH

She twirls a joker card between her fingers.

"Well well well..."

Look what we have here."

She steps between Big Mama and the Trickster Sister.

"Miami's biggest, baddest bulldozer..."

And my favorite little chaos gremlin..."

About to tear each other apart."

She leans in toward Big Mama.

"You issued an open challenge, Mama.

And my sister here?"

She answered it."

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She turns to the Trickster Sister.

"But you know me...

I hate missing out on the fun."

? THE TRICKSTER SISTER REACTS

She hops onto Jinx's back like a piggyback ride.

"HEE HEE!

I told you she'd come!

I told you Big Mama would bring the chaos!

I told you tonight would be FUN!"

Jinx shrugs her off gently.

"Easy, sis.

Mama's not fun."

She steps forward.

"She's dangerous."

? BIG MAMA FINALLY MOVES

She cracks her neck.

Then her knuckles.

Then her shoulders.

"You two done?"

The Trickster Sister nods rapidly.

Jinx shakes her head slowly.

Big Mama smirks.

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"Good.

Because I ain't scared of one clown..."

She points at the Trickster Sister.

"...and I sure as hell ain't scared of TWO."

The crowd erupts.

? JINX JESTER'S WARNING

Jinx circles Big Mama like a shark.

"You should be."

She stops behind her.

"Because when the Agents of Chaos come out to play..."

We don't play fair."

The Trickster Sister giggles.

"We don't play safe."

Jinx leans in close.

"And we don't play alone."

? DOUBLE CHAOS -- THE SISTERS STRIKE

The Trickster Sister lunges first -- a feint, a flash, a distraction.

Jinx follows with a spinning back-elbow aimed at Big Mama's jaw.

But Big Mama catches her.

CATCHES. HER.

One hand.

Mid-spin.

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Like she weighs nothing.

The arena loses its mind.

Big Mama lifts Jinx overhead.

The Trickster Sister screams:

"PUT MY SISTER DOWN!"

Big Mama grins.

"Gladly."

She tosses Jinx across the ring like a carnival prop.

? THE AGENTS OF CHAOS REGROUP

Jinx rolls to her feet, laughing hysterically.

"OHHHHH I LIKE YOU."

The Trickster Sister is bouncing with excitement.

"Do it again! Do it again!"

Jinx wipes blood from her lip.

"No no..."

Next time, sis...

We hit her together."

They stand side by side.

Two chaotic storms.

One unstoppable force.

Big Mama points at them both.

"You want a fight?"

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You got one."

? THE MATCH ISN'T OFFICIAL... BUT THE WAR IS

Security rushes the ring.

Referees try to separate them.

The crowd is chanting:

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

Jinx and the Trickster Sister are held back, laughing, kicking, clawing to get at Big Mama.

Big Mama stands alone, unbothered, unshaken, unmovable.

She raises her arms.

Miami roars.

?? THE VELVET EMPRESS INTERRUPTS FROM ABROAD

Takeaway: The Velvet Empress interrupts from abroad with a cinematic, imperial, venom-laced broadcast -- not running, not hiding, but watching, judging, and promising divine retribution for Big Mama Johnson, the Trickster Sister, and Jinx Jester alike. This segment escalates the entire division and sets the stage for a seismic return.

A Royal Transmission from Parts Unknown... or Barcelona... or Rome

Live on the Tron -- Sunday Night SLAM, Miami

? THE ARENA LIGHTS DIE -- A GLOBAL SIGNAL BREAKS THROUGH

Big Mama Johnson stands in the ring, flanked by the Agents of Chaos --

The Trickster Sister bouncing with manic energy,

Jinx Jester grinning like a wolf in face paint.

Then--

BOOM.

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The tron glitches.

The lights dim.

The audio crackles like an ancient radio tuning into a forbidden frequency.

A golden sigil appears.

Velvet smoke curls across the screen.

And then--

THE VELVET EMPRESS APPEARS.

? THE EMPRESS' LOCATION -- A MYSTERY IN LUXURY

She sits on a balcony overlooking a moonlit city.

Is it Barcelona?

The Sagrada Família glows faintly in the distance.

Is it Rome?

The Colosseum's silhouette seems to loom behind her.

Or is it Parts Unknown?

A place only royalty can access.

The camera never reveals enough to confirm.

She wears a velvet cloak, a cracked crown reforged with gold, and the SWF Women's Championship draped across her lap like a sleeping dragon.

She does not smile.

She does not blink.

She simply stares.

? THE VELVET EMPRESS SPEAKS

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Her voice is calm.

Too calm.

The kind of calm that comes before a kingdom burns.

"Miami...

I see you."

She tilts her head.

"Big Mama Johnson...

I hear you."

Her eyes narrow.

"And Agents of Chaos...

I expected you."

She rises from her throne-like chair, the championship glimmering in the foreign moonlight.

"You all seem very eager to declare that the Empress has fled.

That I am hiding.

That I am afraid."

She steps forward.

"Let me correct the record."

? **"EMPIRES DO NOT RUN -- THEY OBSERVE."**

"I am not in Barcelona.

I am not in Rome.

I am not in Parts Unknown."

She smirks.

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"I am everywhere you are not.

Everywhere you cannot reach.

Everywhere your ambition cannot follow."

She lifts the championship.

"This is not a trinket.

This is not a toy.

This is not a carnival prize."

She taps the gold.

"This is the throne of the SWF Women's Division.

And I do not run from challengers."

Her tone sharpens.

"I study them."

? THE EMPRESS ADDRESSES BIG MAMA JOHNSON

"Big Mama Johnson..."

She lets the name linger like a warning.

"You stand in my ring.

You roar.

You threaten.

You posture."

She leans closer to the camera.

"But you have not yet earned the right to call my name."

The crowd boos loudly.

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The Empress smiles.

"Do you think I fear you?

Do you think your size, your strength, your bravado intimidate royalty?"

She shakes her head.

"No, Mama.

You are not a threat.

You are a... curiosity."

? THE EMPRESS ADDRESSES THE AGENTS OF CHAOS

"And you two..."

She points the championship toward the Trickster Sister and Jinx Jester.

"The painted pests.

The glitter-coated gremlins.

The carnival children who mistake mischief for power."

The Trickster Sister giggles.

Jinx Jester tilts her head, intrigued.

"You ambush.

You impersonate.

You swarm."

She raises a finger.

"But you do not conquer."

Her voice drops to a whisper.

"You do not dethrone."

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? THE EMPRESS' WARNING -- A GLOBAL DECREE

"You want to know when I return?"

She steps back, arms outstretched as the wind catches her cloak.

"When the kingdom demands judgment.

When the division forgets its place.

When pretenders grow too bold."

She lowers her arms.

"And tonight...

I see three pretenders."

She points directly into the camera.

"Big Mama Johnson.

Trickster Sister.

Jinx Jester."

Her eyes burn.

"When I return...

I will not choose one of you."

She lifts the championship high.

"I will take ALL of you."

? THE FINAL MESSAGE

The Empress leans in, her voice a velvet dagger.

"Prepare your bodies.

Prepare your minds.

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Prepare your souls."

A slow, regal smirk.

"Because the Empress does not run."

She taps the crown.

"The Empress ascends."

The screen cuts to black.

A single phrase appears in gold letters:

"LONG LIVE THE EMPRESS."

?? BREAKING NEWS: MISS USA RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL

Takeaway: Miss USA's injury becomes a seismic storyline moment -- a heartbreaking, career-threatening twist that reshapes the entire SWF Women's Division. Miami, the locker room, and the fans are shaken as the replay reveals exactly when her knee buckled against the Velvet Empress at CONVERGENCE, and how the champion exploited it to retain her title.

Emergency Surgery Required After CONVERGENCE

Live Update on Sunday Night SLAM

? THE BROADCAST CUTS TO THE ANNOUNCE DESK

Scott Cooper looks shaken.

Valerie Vortex is visibly emotional.

Jimmy V is silent -- a rarity.

Scott finally speaks:

"Ladies and gentlemen... we have an update on Miss USA Amy Martin."

The arena falls silent.

? THE OFFICIAL REPORT

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Miss USA was rushed from the arena to a local hospital immediately after CONVERGENCE.

Doctors confirmed:

- A torn ACL
- A partial MCL tear
- Severe swelling and ligament damage
- Emergency surgery required within hours

She is currently in recovery, sedated, and surrounded by medical *staff*.

The crowd gasps. Some fans cry. Others chant her name.

? **INSTANT REPLAY -- THE MOMENT EVERYTHING WENT WRONG**

We see the exact moment:

Miss USA charges the Velvet Empress for her signature running knee strike.

But as she plants her foot--

Her knee buckles inward.

A sickening twist.

A collapse.

A scream she tries to swallow.

Valerie Vortex covers her mouth.

Jimmy V whispers:

"That's the moment... that's where it happened..."

But Miss USA doesn't quit.

She forces herself up.

She keeps fighting.

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She keeps swinging.

She keeps trying to win the SWF Women's Championship on one leg.

The crowd watches in stunned silence.

? THE UNFORTUNATE FINISH -- THE EMPRESS STRIKES

The replay continues.

Miss USA, barely standing, attempts a final comeback.

But the Velvet Empress sees the injury.

The impromptu ref bump spot to buy time as Miss USA leaps off the top rope off balance and awkwardly.

She circles her like a predator.

Hits her with the championship with the ref down.

The miracle 2.9 second count.

Buying more time as the ref gives the X sign to the back.

She grabs Miss USA by the hair.

She drags her to the center of the ring.

And then--

THE PEDIGREE.

Right onto the SWF Women's Championship.

The impact is brutal.

The crowd at CONVERGENCE booed so loudly the cameras shook.

The Empress rolls her over.

Hooks the leg -- the injured leg.

1.

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2.

3.

The Velvet Empress retains.

The production called an audible altering the planned finish.

? BACK TO THE ANNOUNCE DESK -- RAW EMOTION

Scott Cooper:

"Miss USA showed the heart of a champion tonight. She refused to quit. She refused to stay down. She fought through unimaginable pain."

Valerie Vortex:

"She didn't deserve that. Not like that. Not on a bad knee. Not on a weaponized championship."

Jimmy V:

"The Empress didn't just win... she ended a dream tonight."

? THE VELVET EMPRESS RESPONDS -- FROM ABROAD

The tron flickers.

The Velvet Empress appears again -- same mysterious balcony, same moonlit skyline.

She speaks with cold, regal detachment.

"Do not blame me for Miss USA's weakness.

Do not blame me for her fragile body.

Do not blame me for her failure."

She lifts the championship.

"Champions endure. Pretenders break."

The crowd unleashes a wave of hatred.

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The Empress smiles.

"Long live the Empress."

The screen cuts to black.

?? A FINAL SHOT -- MISS USA ON A STRETCHER

A backstage camera catches her being loaded into an ambulance after CONVERGENCE.

Her knee is heavily braced.

Her face is pale.

Her hand weakly grips the American flag she carried to the ring.

The crowd chants:

"THANK YOU AMY!"

"THANK YOU AMY!"

?? JESSICA SHIMMER INSERTS HERSELF INTO THE CHAOS

Takeaway: Jessica Shimmer storms into the storyline like a Hollywood supernova -- furious, focused, and absolutely unwilling to let Big Mama Johnson, the Agents of Chaos, OR the Velvet Empress leapfrog her spotlight. She declares herself the rightful #1 Contender, demands Big Business make the match a tag bout, and forces herself into Big Mama's corner... whether Big Mama likes it or not.

Backstage Segment -- Sunday Night SLAM, Miami

The Spotlight Queen Claims Her Throne

? CAMERA CUTS BACKSTAGE -- JESSICA SHIMMER IS WATCHING A MONITOR

Jessica Shimmer stands with her arms crossed, sunglasses on indoors, hair perfect, attitude lethal.

She watches the replay of Big Mama Johnson confronting the Trickster Sister and Jinx Jester.

She watches the chaos.

She watches the near-brawl.

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She watches the crowd go wild.

And she shakes her head.

Slowly.

Deliberately.

Disapprovingly.

? JESSICA SHIMMER SPEAKS -- AND THE LOCKER ROOM LISTENS

She turns to the camera, pulling her shades down just enough to reveal the fire in her eyes.

"Okay.

Okay.

Okay."

She taps her temple.

"So let me get this straight..."

She points at the monitor.

"Big Mama Johnson calls out the Velvet Empress.

Great."

She flicks her hand dismissively.

"She attacks the Velvet Empress after her match.

Great."

She leans in.

"But that does NOT mean she skips the line."

The crowd in the arena reacts loudly.

Jessica smirks.

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"Because in case anyone forgot -- and trust me, I haven't -- I am the Number Two Contender."

She holds up two fingers.

"And with Miss USA out of action -- and I genuinely hope she recovers -- that makes me..."

She raises one finger.

"Number. One.

By default.

By ranking.

By reality."

She snaps her fingers.

"By SHIMMER."

? JESSICA CALLS OUT BIG MAMA JOHNSON

She steps closer to the camera, voice sharpening.

"So Big Mama..."

You wanna fight the Empress?

Cute."

She tilts her head.

"You wanna jump the line?

Not happening."

She points at herself.

"You don't get to leapfrog the Shimmer Spotlight.

You don't get to steal my shine.

You don't get to rewrite the rankings just because you're loud and you're big."

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She smirks.

"And trust me, honey...

I'm bigger than you where it counts."

? THE TWIST -- JESSICA OFFERS "HELP"

She turns back to the monitor, watching the Trickster Sister and Jinx Jester cackle in the ring.

"Now...

As for the Twisted Sisters?"

She sighs dramatically.

"Big Mama, you're strong.

You're scary.

You're a walking natural disaster."

She shrugs.

"But even YOU can't fight two chaos goblins at once."

She flips her hair.

"So tonight?

I'm helping you."

She raises a finger before the interviewer can speak.

"Not because I like you.

Not because I respect you.

Not because we're friends."

She taps her chest.

"But because nobody -- and I mean NOBODY -- steals my shine."

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? "BIG BUSINESS? MAKE THIS A TAG MATCH."

Jessica looks directly into the camera.

"Big Business...

Boss man...

Whoever's running the show tonight..."

She points at the lens.

"Make.

This.

A.

Tag.

Match."

She smirks.

"Big Mama Johnson is getting help whether she wants it or not."

She winks.

"Got it?"

She walks off, leaving the camera lingering on the empty hallway -- and the echo of her heels clicking like a countdown.

?? BIG BUSINESS MAKES THE TAG MATCH OFFICIAL

Takeaway: Big Business makes the match OFFICIAL -- the main event becomes a blockbuster tag team showdown: Big Mama Johnson & Jessica Shimmer vs. The Agents of Chaos (Jinx Jester & Trickster Sister). The announcement hits the arena like a thunderclap, escalating tensions and locking in a collision course that Miami is begging to see.

Live Announcement -- Sunday Night SLAM, Miami

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The Boss Steps In. The Chaos Becomes Canon.

? CUT TO BIG BUSINESS IN HIS OFFICE

The camera opens on Big Business sitting behind his massive desk, sleeves rolled up, headset on, paperwork scattered everywhere. He looks like a man who's been dealing with too much drama for one night -- because he has.

He pulls off the headset, looks straight into the camera, and sighs.

"Alright.

Enough."

He leans forward.

"I've been watching the show.

I've seen the chaos.

I've seen the confrontations.

I've seen the egos."

He raises a finger.

"And I've heard Jessica Shimmer loud and clear."

? THE ANNOUNCEMENT

Big Business straightens his tie.

"So let's make this simple."

He points at the camera.

"Tonight's MAIN EVENT is now OFFICIAL."

He slams his hand on the desk.

"BIG MAMA JOHNSON...

JESSICA SHIMMER...

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VS.

THE AGENTS OF CHAOS -- JINX JESTER & THE TRICKSTER SISTER."

The Miami crowd explodes.

? **BIG BUSINESS CONTINUES**

"And let me be crystal clear..."

He adjusts his glasses.

"Big Mama Johnson -- you don't have to like it.

Jessica Shimmer -- you don't have to be a team player.

Agents of Chaos -- you don't have to behave."

He smirks.

"In fact, I'm counting on all of you NOT behaving."

He leans back in his chair.

"Because Miami wants a fight.

And I'm giving them one."

? **THE AGENTS OF CHAOS REACT LIVE**

The camera cuts to the ring.

Jinx Jester and the Trickster Sister are delighted.

The Trickster Sister cartwheels in circles, screaming:

"HEE HEE HEE! TAG MATCH! TAG MATCH!"

Jinx Jester laughs, licking her lips.

"Oh Mama..."

Oh Shimmer...

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You're both gonna regret this."

? **BIG MAMA JOHNSON'S REACTION**

Backstage, Big Mama watches the announcement on a monitor.

She shakes her head.

She mutters:

"I don't need help."

Jessica Shimmer steps into frame, smirking.

"You do tonight."

Big Mama steps toward her.

Jessica doesn't flinch.

"You wanna be #1 Contender?" Big Mama growls.

Jessica smiles.

"I already am."

The tension is volcanic.

? **JESSICA SHIMMER'S FINAL WORD**

She flicks her hair and walks off.

"See you out there, partner."

Big Mama clenches her fists.

Miami is ready.

? **THE MAIN EVENT IS SET**

Big Mama Johnson & Jessica Shimmer

vs.

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The Agents of Chaos (Jinx Jester & Trickster Sister)

A powerhouse.

A spotlight queen.

Two chaos demons.

One ring.

?? BIG BUSINESS MAKES ANOTHER POWER MOVE

Takeaway: Big Business doesn't just make the women's tag match official -- he immediately doubles down, flexing Consolidation power and unleashing his Made Men on the Miami crowd. Dante Vellero and the Garden State Goliath are up next, and Big Business throws out an open challenge to ANY team brave (or foolish) enough to face them.

Live on Sunday Night SLAM -- Miami, Florida

The Consolidation Tightens Its Grip

? BACK TO BIG BUSINESS -- SAME OFFICE, BIGGER SMILE

Big Business leans back in his leather chair, hands folded, grin widening like a man who knows he's stacking the deck and loving every second of it.

He adjusts his cufflinks -- gold, Consolidation-branded -- and looks straight into the camera.

"Now...

speaking of tag team matches..."

He chuckles.

"Oh, you thought the chaos was over?"

You thought the main event was the only storm tonight?

No no no..."

He taps the desk.

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"Because MY boys --

The Made Men --

are up next."

? THE BROADWAY BRUISER & THE GARDEN STATE GOLIATH

Big Business stands up, pacing with swagger.

"Dante Vellero -- the Broadway Bruiser -- the man who can knock you out AND hit your lighting cues."

"And Bruno Marchetti -- the Garden State Goliath -- six-foot-seven, three hundred pounds, and built like New Jersey's worst traffic jam."

He spreads his arms.

"Together?"

They are the most dangerous tag team walking God's green earth."

? THE OPEN CHALLENGE

Big Business leans into the camera, voice dropping to a growl.

"So here's how this works..."

He points at the lens.

"If ANY team in that locker room thinks they've got the guts...

the grit...

the gall...

to step up to my Made Men?"

He smirks.

"Step. Right. Up."

The Miami crowd roars.

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? **BIG BUSINESS' FINAL WORD**

He straightens his jacket.

"But let me warn you..."

He raises a finger.

"Dante Vellero ended Brickhouse Brody in under three minutes."

He raises a second.

"Bruno Marchetti put Liger Llama through a table so hard the table filed a complaint."

He raises a third.

"And together?"

"They don't just win matches..."

He leans in.

"They collect DEBTS."

He slams his hand on the desk.

"MADE MEN.

UP NEXT.

OPEN CHALLENGE.

Who's brave enough to take the hit?"

The screen cuts to black.

The crowd is buzzing.

The arena lights shift.

The Made Men's theme hits.

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??? A PORTAL OPENS...

Takeaway: The Made Men's open challenge gets answered in the most mythic, explosive, crowd-melting way possible -- a portal tears open in the Miami arena, and out step the ORIGINAL Realm Wardens: Leo Anderson and Ricky Inoki. The smart-mark Miami crowd loses their minds as the legendary duo returns to SWF canon in full force.

Live on Sunday Night SLAM -- Miami, Florida

The Made Men's Open Challenge Just Became a War

? THE MADE MEN STAND IN THE RING

Dante Vellero cracks his knuckles.

Bruno "Garden State Goliath" Marchetti rolls his neck.

The crowd is buzzing, waiting to see who's brave enough to face them.

Big Business is on the stage, arms crossed, smirking like a man who knows he's about to witness violence he personally ordered.

Then --

The lights flicker.

The tron glitches.

A low rumble shakes the arena.

? A PORTAL TEARS OPEN AT THE TOP OF THE RAMP

A swirling vortex of gold, blue, and ancient sigils erupts from the stage.

The crowd gasps.

Then screams.

Then erupts.

Because stepping through the portal--

? THE ROARING LION -- LEO ANDERSON

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? THE KOMODO DRAGON -- RICKY INOKI

THE ORIGINAL REALM WARDENS.

Miami loses its collective mind.

People are standing on chairs.

Fans are hugging strangers.

The commentators are shouting over each other.

Valerie Vortex:

"OH MY GOD IT'S THEM! IT'S REALLY THEM!"

Jimmy V:

"THE REALM WARDENS HAVE RETURNED TO SWF!"

Scott Cooper:

"THE MADE MEN DIDN'T JUST GET A CHALLENGE -- THEY GOT A PROPHECY!"

? **LEO ANDERSON STEPS FORWARD**

He looks bigger.

Stronger.

More carved from stone than ever.

He roars -- a primal, arena-shaking roar -- and the Miami crowd roars back.

? **RICKY INOKI FOLLOWS**

Calm.

Deadly.

Focused.

He bows at the top of the ramp, then cracks his knuckles with the precision of a warrior who has ended

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battles in every realm imaginable.

? LEO ANDERSON SPEAKS

He raises a mic.

"Dante Vellero...

Bruno Marchetti..."

He smirks.

"You wanted brave?

You wanted bold?

You wanted someone to STEP UP?"

He points at the ring.

"Well guess what?"

He slams his fist to his chest.

"THE REALM WARDENS ANSWER ALL CALLS."

The crowd explodes again.

? RICKY INOKI ADDS THE DAGGER

He steps forward, voice low and razor-sharp.

"You call yourselves Made Men."

He shakes his head.

"In our realm..."

Men are MADE by surviving us."

He points at the Made Men.

"You will not survive."

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? THE MADE MEN REACT

Dante Vellero is pacing like a Broadway villain ready for Act III violence.

Bruno Marchetti is cracking his jaw, smiling like he's been waiting for this fight his whole life.

Big Business on the stage?

He's grinning.

He LOVES this.

? THE REALM WARDENS MARCH TO THE RING

The portal closes behind them with a thunderous boom.

Leo and Inoki walk down the ramp with the confidence of warriors returning to their rightful battlefield.

The crowd chants:

"WARDENS! WARDENS! WARDENS!"

? THE MATCH IS ABOUT TO BEGIN

The Made Men.

The Realm Wardens.

Two teams built for war.

Two teams with something to prove.

Two teams who don't back down.

Miami is shaking.

The bell hasn't even rung yet.

And already?

This is a classic.

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??? REALM WARDENS vs. THE MADE MEN

Takeaway: The Realm Wardens vs. The Made Men becomes an instant SWF classic -- a brutal, high-impact, tag-team war that showcases the Wardens' mythic return and the Made Men's ruthless, street-born brutality. Miami loses its mind as two worlds collide: the mystical guardians of the realms vs. the mafia-forged enforcers of Big Business.

? THE BELL RINGS -- AND THE CROWD IS STILL SCREAMING

The Miami crowd is chanting:

"WARDENS! WARDENS! WARDENS!"

Dante Vellero starts for the Made Men.

Ricky Inoki steps forward for the Wardens.

The contrast is perfect:

- Dante: slick hair, taped fists, Broadway swagger.

- Inoki: calm, coiled, deadly -- a martial artist forged in a thousand battles.

? OPENING SEQUENCE -- RICKY INOKI PUTS ON A CLINIC

Dante charges in with a mafia-style brawler stance.

Inoki sidesteps.

Palm strike to the ribs.

Low kick to the thigh.

Snap kick to the jaw.

Dante stumbles back, shocked.

Jimmy V screams:

"INOKI HASN'T LOST A STEP!"

Dante tries again -- wild haymaker.

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Inoki catches the arm.

Twists.

Takes him down with a judo sweep.

The crowd roars.

? **BIG BUSINESS IS FURIOUS**

On the stage, Big Business is yelling:

"GET IT TOGETHER, DANTE!"

Dante slams the mat in frustration.

He tags in the Garden State Goliath.

? **THE GARDEN STATE GOLIATH ENTERS -- AND THE RING SHIFTS**

Bruno Marchetti steps in like a walking skyscraper.

Inoki looks up at him...

Then bows.

Bruno laughs.

Then swings.

? **BRUNO VS. INOKI -- POWER VS. PRECISION**

Bruno throws a clothesline that could decapitate a lesser man.

Inoki ducks.

Kick to the calf.

Kick to the ribs.

Kick to the head.

Bruno eats them.

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All of them.

Then he grabs Inoki by the throat with one hand.

Lifts him.

CHOKESLAM.

The ring shakes.

The crowd gasps.

Bruno roars.

? LEO ANDERSON TAGS IN -- THE ROARING LION AWAKENS

Leo steps through the ropes like a man returning to his kingdom.

Bruno swings.

Leo blocks.

Bruno swings again.

Leo blocks again.

Then--

LEO ROARS.

A primal, arena-shaking roar.

He unleashes a flurry:

- Right hand

- Left hand

- Elbow

- Knee

- Headbutt

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Bruno staggers.

Leo hits the ropes.

FLYING SHOULDER BLOCK.

Bruno goes down.

Miami explodes.

? DANTE VELLERO CHEATS -- BECAUSE OF COURSE HE DOES

Dante slips in behind the ref's back.

Low blow to Leo.

The crowd boos violently.

Dante hits a running knee to the back of Leo's head.

Bruno recovers.

The Made Men hit a double spinebuster.

Leo is down.

Big Business applauds.

? THE WARDENS REGAIN CONTROL -- REALM MAGIC

Bruno goes for the pin.

1...

2...

Inoki breaks it with a sliding kick to Bruno's face.

Dante charges Inoki.

Inoki sidesteps -- Dante flies through the ropes to the floor.

Leo rises.

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Inoki nods.

The Wardens hit their classic combo:

DRAGON'S BREATH (Inoki's spinning back kick)

into

LION'S FURY (Leo's running lariat)

Bruno collapses.

? THE FINISH -- A STATEMENT TO THE WHOLE SWF

Dante tries to re-enter the ring.

Inoki catches him with a roundhouse kick that sends him back to the floor.

Leo lifts Bruno.

The crowd stands.

REALM BREAKER

(Leo's elevated powerbomb into Inoki's flying knee)

Bruno is OUT.

Leo covers.

1...

2...

3.

? WINNERS: THE REALM WARDENS

Miami erupts like a volcano.

The Wardens stand tall.

Leo roars.

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Inoki bows.

The portal sigil glows faintly behind them.

The Made Men roll out of the ring, furious and humiliated.

Big Business is livid.

? POST-MATCH MOMENT -- A MESSAGE TO THE SWF

Leo grabs a mic.

"REALM RESTORED."

Inoki adds:

"REALM RECLAIMED."

The crowd chants:

"WELCOME BACK! WELCOME BACK!"

?? THE "OTHER" REALM WARDENS HAVE SEEN ENOUGH

Leo Anderson stands tall, chest heaving, roaring to the crowd.

Ricky Inoki bows with warrior calm, eyes sharp, ready for whatever comes next.

The Miami crowd is still chanting:

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Then--

The lights shift.

The tron flashes with runic symbols.

A second portal begins to open.

The crowd gasps.

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? SENTINEL & VANGUARD STEP THROUGH THE PORTAL

The current Realm Wardens.

The replacement Realm Wardens.

The modern Realm Wardens.

Sentinel -- stoic, stone-faced, carved from discipline.

Vanguard -- golden, intense, a warrior of pure conviction.

They step onto the stage.

The crowd loses its mind.

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Two eras.

Two legacies.

Two teams claiming the same mantle.

? THE STAREDOWN OF THE YEAR

Sentinel & Vanguard walk down the ramp slowly, deliberately, never breaking eye contact with Leo & Inoki.

The original Wardens stand their ground.

Leo cracks his knuckles.

Inoki shifts into a ready stance.

Sentinel stops at ringside.

Vanguard steps up onto the apron.

The arena is vibrating.

Scott Cooper:

"WE ARE ABOUT TO SEE REALM WARDENS VS REALM WARDENS!"

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Valerie Vortex:

"THIS IS A MULTIVERSE COLLISION!"

Jimmy V:

"THIS IS A DREAM MATCH!"

The crowd is chanting:

"LET THEM FIGHT! LET THEM FIGHT!"

? THE MOMENT BEFORE IMPACT...

Vanguard steps one foot through the ropes.

Sentinel raises a hand.

The crowd hushes.

Sentinel looks at Leo Anderson -- the original Roaring Lion.

Then at Ricky Inoki -- the Komodo Dragon.

Then at the crowd.

Then at Vanguard.

He shakes his head.

Slowly.

Deliberately.

The crowd boos instantly.

? SENTINEL & VANGUARD BACK AWAY

Vanguard looks confused for a moment...

Then nods.

They step off the apron.

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They turn their backs.

They walk up the ramp.

The boos rain down like a storm.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"COWARDS!"

"FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"

Leo Anderson is pacing like a caged lion.

Inoki stands still, but his eyes burn with disappointment.

The original Wardens wanted the fight.

Miami wanted the fight.

The world wanted the fight.

But Sentinel & Vanguard refuse.

They disappear through the curtain.

? COMMENTARY REACTS

Scott Cooper:

"WHAT DID WE JUST WITNESS?!"

Valerie Vortex:

"They backed down! They backed down from the originals!"

Jimmy V:

"Sentinel & Vanguard just walked away from the biggest fight of their lives!"

? DURING THE COMMERCIAL BREAK... THE RING CLEARS

Security enters.

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Officials separate the teams.

The original Wardens exit through the crowd to a hero's ovation.

The portal sigils fade.

The arena buzzes with speculation.

When SLAM returns from commercial?

The ring is empty.

But the tension remains.

?? THE MODERN REALM WARDENS EXPLAIN WHY THEY WALKED AWAY

Backstage Interview -- Sunday Night SLAM, Miami

Sentinel & Vanguard Speak Their Truth

? BACKSTAGE -- SENTINEL & VANGUARD STAND IN THE SHADOWS

The camera finds them in a dimly lit hallway, the runic glow of their sigils pulsing behind them. Sentinel stands with arms crossed, jaw tight. Vanguard paces like a caged tiger, still vibrating with the energy of the near-collision.

The crowd in the arena is still buzzing, chanting faintly:

"YOU BACKED DOWN! YOU BACKED DOWN!"

Sentinel finally steps forward.

? SENTINEL SPEAKS -- CALM, CONTROLLED, UNAPOLOGETIC

"Miami...

You think we walked away out of fear."

He shakes his head slowly.

"You think we backed down because we didn't want the fight."

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He looks directly into the camera.

"You're wrong."

He taps the emblem on his chest.

"We walked away because we respect the mantle we carry."

? **VANGUARD ADDS THE FIRE**

Vanguard steps in, eyes blazing.

"You don't understand what it means to be a Warden."

He points toward the ring area.

"Those men -- Leo Anderson and Ricky Inoki -- they are the origin. The foundation. The first guardians of the realms."

He clenches his fist.

"But WE are the ones who kept the flame alive when they were gone."

He steps closer to the camera.

"We didn't replace them.

We continued them."

? **SENTINEL EXPLAINS THE DECISION**

Sentinel lifts his chin.

"When two Wardens meet in battle, it is not a match.

It is not a spectacle.

It is not entertainment."

He pauses.

"It is a fracture in the realms."

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He looks off, as if remembering something painful.

"We have seen what happens when Wardens fight Wardens.

Worlds collapse.

Balance shatters.

Chaos spreads."

He shakes his head.

"We will not be the ones to break the realms again."

? VANGUARD'S WARNING

Vanguard steps forward, voice low and dangerous.

"But don't mistake restraint for weakness."

He points at the camera -- at Leo and Inoki by proxy.

"You want a fight?

You want a clash of eras?

You want Warden vs. Warden?"

He smirks.

"Earn it."

He taps his chest.

"Prove that your return is more than nostalgia."

He taps Sentinel's chest.

"Prove that the realms need you more than they need us."

He steps back.

"Because if you force our hand..."

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If you push us...

If you make us choose between peace and dominance..."

He grins.

"We will choose dominance."

?? THE FINAL WORD -- A UNITED FRONT

Sentinel places a hand on Vanguard's shoulder.

"We walked away tonight because the realms were not ready."

He looks into the camera with absolute conviction.

"But if the day comes when the realms demand it...

When the balance requires it...

When destiny calls for Wardens to clash..."

He lowers his voice.

"We will answer."

The sigils behind them flare.

The screen fades.

?? BIG BUSINESS IS INTERRUPTED BY....

? BIG BUSINESS IN HIS OFFICE -- AGAIN TRYING TO WORK

Big Business is mid-rant on the phone:

"No, I don't CARE if the Realm Wardens opened a portal! I don't CARE if the Agents of Chaos are juggling explosives! I--"

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

He freezes.

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"Who the hell--?"

"Who is it NOW?"

The door swings open.

A burst of Bollywood-style music hits.

A cloud of colorful powder puffs into the room.

And stepping through the haze with hips swaying and mustache glistening--

? **MUSTACHIO.**

He strikes a dramatic pose.

"Namaste, Big Boss Man! Mustachio has arrived to bring the dancing, the fighting, and the very handsome energy!"

Big Business blinks.

"...Oh no."

? **MUSTACHIO IS FULL BOLLYWOOD TONIGHT**

Mustachio twirls into the room, doing a half-spin, half-dance move.

"You look stressed, my friend! You need Mustachio's positive vibrations! You need Mustachio's rhythm! You need Mustachio's--"

Big Business raises a hand.

"Stop. Talking."

Mustachio stops...

For exactly one second.

Then:

"Okay but listen, Big Business-ji, I heard you are making big matches tonight! Big drama! Big action! And Mustachio says--"

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He points both thumbs at himself.

"--why not add a little Bollywood spice to the show, hmm?"

??? **BIG BUSINESS HAS HAD ENOUGH**

Big Business stands up slowly.

"You want to make your grand entrance here?"

Now?

Unannounced?

Like THIS?"

Mustachio beams.

"Yes! Surprise entrance! Very dramatic! Very cinematic! Very Mustachio!"

Big Business smiles.

A dangerous smile.

"Fine."

Mustachio's smile fades.

"Oh... okay... maybe not fine?"

Big Business steps closer.

"Because I was looking for an opponent for..."

He pauses for effect.

"...**LUDVIG. VON. CRUSH.**"

Mustachio's mustache twitches.

His eyes widen.

His soul leaves his body.

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"Ohhhhhh no no no no no-- Mustachio is lover, not fighter! Well, okay, Mustachio is fighter ALSO, but not fighter of giant ice monster man!"

? **BIG BUSINESS BELLOWS**

Big Business throws his head back and BELLOWS:

"GOOD.

LUCK."

Mustachio jumps.

"Big Business-ji, please! Mustachio has delicate bones! Mustachio has important dance performance next week! Mustachio--"

Big Business points at the door.

"OUT.

TO.

THE.

RING."

Mustachio gulps so loudly the camera mic picks it up.

He whispers:

"Why does Mustachio open doors he should not open..."

? **CUT TO THE ARENA -- LUDVIG VON CRUSH'S MUSIC HITS**

The lights turn icy blue.

Frost crawls across the tron.

The Nordic Executioner steps out, cracking his neck.

The crowd roars.

? **MUSTACHIO'S MUSIC HITS -- AND HE LOOKS TERRIFIED**

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He steps onto the stage, doing the saddest Bollywood dance in history.

He tries to smile.

He fails.

He tries to twirl.

He almost falls.

He whispers:

"Bhagwan... save Mustachio..."

MUSTACHIO VS LUDVIG VON CRUSH

? CUT TO THE ARENA -- LUDVIG VON CRUSH'S MUSIC HITS

The lights turn icy blue.

Frost creeps across the tron.

The Nordic Executioner steps out, cracking his neck like he's preparing to break a continent.

The crowd roars.

? MUSTACHIO'S MUSIC HITS -- AND HE LOOKS TERRIFIED

He steps onto the stage doing the saddest Bollywood dance ever attempted.

He tries to twirl.

He almost falls.

He tries to smile.

He fails.

He whispers:

"Bombay... forgive your Knight..."

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? THE BELL RINGS -- AND MUSTACHIO IMMEDIATELY REGRETS HIS LIFE CHOICES

Mustachio circles the ring, hands up, doing a nervous Bollywood sidestep.

He points at Ludvig Von CRUSH.

"Listen, my frosty friend... Mustachio is lover, dancer, knight of rhythm... not fighter of giant Scandinavian glacier man, okay?"

CRUSH does not respond.

He simply cracks his neck.

The sound echoes like a tree splitting in winter.

Mustachio gulps.

? MUSTACHIO TRIES TO USE HIS FOOTWORK

He shuffles left.

He shuffles right.

He does a full filmi spin.

The crowd cheers.

Mustachio beams.

"See? Very agile! Very flexible! Very--"

CRUSH steps forward.

Mustachio freezes mid-pose.

"Oh no."

? CRUSH GRABS HIM BY THE FACE

Not the arm.

Not the shirt.

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THE FACE.

He lifts Mustachio off the ground with one hand.

Mustachio kicks his legs like a panicked Bollywood hero dangling from a helicopter.

"PUT MUSTACHIO DOWN! GENTLY! GENTLY!"

CRUSH obliges.

By throwing him across the ring.

Mustachio lands, rolls, and pops up dizzy.

He stumbles into the ropes.

"Everything is spinning... even my mustache..."

? MUSTACHIO'S ONE MOMENT OF OFFENSE

CRUSH charges.

Mustachio ducks.

CRUSH hits the turnbuckle.

The crowd gasps.

Mustachio gasps louder.

He looks at his hands.

"Did... did Mustachio just hurt the ice giant?!"

He does a heroic Bollywood pose.

"YES! MUSTACHIO IS--"

CRUSH turns around.

Completely unharmed.

Mustachio's soul leaves his body again.

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? THE SQUASH BEGINS

CRUSH grabs Mustachio.

BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX.

Mustachio bounces like a skipping stone.

CRUSH lifts him again.

SIDEWALK SLAM.

Mustachio wheezes:

"My ancestors... I am coming..."

CRUSH lifts him a third time.

The crowd chants:

"ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME!"

Mustachio screams:

"NO MORE TIMES!"

? THE FINISH -- THE GLACIAL EXECUTION

CRUSH hoists Mustachio onto his shoulders.

Mustachio flails.

"No no no no no--"

CRUSHING END

(the spinning torture-rack slam)

Mustachio hits the mat like a man falling off a Mumbai train.

CRUSH covers him with one boot.

1.

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2.

3.

? WINNER: LUDVIG VON CRUSH

The crowd roars.

CRUSH stands over Mustachio like a frost titan surveying a fallen mortal.

Mustachio does not move.

A referee checks him.

Mustachio whispers:

"Tell Big Business... Mustachio hates him..."

? CUT TO BACKSTAGE -- BIG BUSINESS WATCHING

He's laughing so hard he nearly falls out of his chair.

"GOOD LUCK!" he bellows again, replaying the moment Mustachio got thrown like a ragdoll.

?? BIG BUSINESS WANTS THE TIME -- AND GETS A CHALLENGER

? CUT BACK TO BIG BUSINESS' OFFICE

Big Business is still laughing, wiping tears from his eyes after watching Mustachio get folded like a Mumbai street dosa.

He turns to the timekeeper standing nearby.

"Alright..."

How long was that match?"

The timekeeper checks his stopwatch.

"Uh... one minute, forty-two seconds."

Big Business whistles.

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"CRUSH is a monster."

Then--

A shadow fills the doorway.

The camera pans.

And stepping into frame is:

? "CHAINBREAKER" CARL BLACKWELL

Leather vest.

Steel-toed boots.

Hands taped like he's ready to break bones and furniture.

He cracks his neck.

Then cracks his knuckles.

Then cracks a grin.

? **CARL BLACKWELL SPEAKS**

He steps right up to Big Business' desk.

"I can beat that time."

The room goes silent.

Big Business raises an eyebrow.

"Oh really?"

Carl nods once.

Slow.

Confident.

Dangerous.

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"Just feed me an opponent."

He leans in.

"Any opponent."

? **BIG BUSINESS IS IMPRESSED**

Big Business stands up.

He looks Carl up and down.

He smirks.

"Well well well..."

Look who's feeling bold tonight."

Carl doesn't blink.

"I don't feel bold.

I feel hungry."

Big Business laughs.

A deep, satisfied, money-making laugh.

"You know what, Chainbreaker?"

He points at Carl's chest.

"You've got yourself a match."

Carl nods.

"Good."

He turns to leave.

Stops.

Looks back.

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"And make sure the poor bastard can walk.

I want him to at least try to fight back."

He exits.

Big Business watches him go, impressed.

"Now THAT is a man who wants to make a name."

Big Business watches Carl Blackwell walk off, impressed.

"Alright... let's see who we've got for you."

He signals to a stagehand.

"Send out whoever's next on the standby list."

The stagehand nods and runs off.

Big Business leans back in his chair.

"This should be good."

? THE ARENA LIGHTS SHIFT... AND THEN--

A familiar hum.

A glitch in the tron.

A ripple of green code.

A pulse of destiny.

The crowd rises.

Scott Cooper shouts:

"NO WAY. NO WAY. NO WAY."

Valerie Vortex screams:

"IS THAT--?!"

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Jimmy V:

"OH MY GOD IT IS!"

? **NEO VAUGHN'S MUSIC HITS**

The arena erupts.

"NEO! NEO! NEO! NEO!"

The "former" Chosen One steps onto the stage.

No trench coat.

No sunglasses.

No theatrics.

Just Neo Vaughn.

Focused.

Determined.

Reborn.

He looks down the ramp at Carl Blackwell, who is already in the ring cracking his knuckles.

Neo tilts his head.

Smirks.

And walks forward.

? **BIG BUSINESS IS STUNNED**

Backstage, Big Business stands up so fast his chair rolls backward.

"Wait--

WAIT--

WHO SENT HIM OUT?!"

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A stagehand peeks in.

"You said 'whoever's next on the standby list.'"

Big Business blinks.

"...NEO VAUGHN WAS ON THE STANDBY LIST?!"

The stagehand shrugs.

"He said he wanted to fight."

Big Business rubs his temples.

"Oh this is gonna be a problem."

CARL BLACKWELL VS NEO VAUGHN

? CARL BLACKWELL ISN'T INTIMIDATED -- HE'S EXCITED

Carl leans on the ropes, grinning.

He mouths:

"Perfect."

He wanted a challenge.

He wanted a fight.

He wanted a name.

He just got one.

? NEO ENTERS THE RING

He steps through the ropes.

The crowd is still chanting.

Neo looks Carl up and down.

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Carl cracks his neck.

Neo cracks his knuckles.

The referee looks terrified.

? NEO VAUGHN SPEAKS -- JUST ONE LINE

He steps forward.

"Chainbreaker..."

Let's see if you can break me."

The crowd explodes.

Carl smiles.

"Oh, I'm gonna try."

? THE MATCH IS ABOUT TO BEGIN -- AND MIAMI IS SHAKING

This isn't a squash anymore.

This isn't a warm-up.

This is a statement.

A rebirth.

A collision.

Carl Blackwell vs. Neo Vaughn.

The bell hasn't even rung yet.

And it already feels like a moment.

? THE BELL RINGS -- AND THEY COLLIDE IMMEDIATELY

Carl Blackwell charges like a bull out of a cage.

Neo Vaughn doesn't back up.

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He steps forward.

They SLAM chest-to-chest in the center of the ring.

The crowd erupts.

Carl snarls.

Neo smirks.

This isn't a squash.

This is a fight.

? CARL BLACKWELL TAKES CONTROL EARLY

Carl fires the first shot:

A stiff forearm to Neo's jaw.

Neo staggers.

Carl hits another.

Then another.

Then a headbutt that echoes.

Neo drops to a knee.

Carl grabs him by the hair.

"Time's ticking, hero."

He throws Neo into the corner and unloads:

- Body shot

- Body shot

- Elbow

- Knee

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- Hammerfist

The referee tries to intervene.

Carl shoves him aside.

The crowd boos.

Carl roars.

? NEO VAUGHN FIRES BACK -- THE CROWD EXPLODES

Carl charges for a running boot.

Neo slips under.

Hits the ropes.

FLYING FOREARM.

Carl stumbles.

Neo hits the ropes again.

SPINNING BACK ELBOW.

Carl drops to one knee.

Neo steps back...

SUPERKICK TO THE FACE.

Carl collapses.

Miami is LOUD.

"NEO! NEO! NEO!"

? CARL BLACKWELL'S POWER RETURNS

Neo tries to lift Carl for a suplex.

Carl blocks.

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Carl lifts Neo instead.

DEADLIFT SPINEBUSTER.

The ring shakes.

Carl covers.

1...

2...

Neo kicks out.

Carl grabs Neo by the throat.

"You're not special anymore."

He lifts him for a chokeslam--

Neo counters mid-air into a DDT.

Both men are down.

? NEO ENTERS HIS FLOW STATE

Neo rises first.

His eyes glow with that familiar cosmic intensity.

He hits:

- Vaughn Velocity (running knee)
- Lightweaver Kick (spinning roundhouse)
- Fracture Step (sidestep neckbreaker)

Carl is rocked.

Neo points to the crowd.

They roar.

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He lifts Carl for THE CONSTANT--

Carl elbows out.

Carl hits the ropes.

CHAINBREAKER LARIAT.

Neo flips inside out.

Carl covers.

1...

2...

NEO KICKS OUT.

The arena explodes.

? THE FINISH -- A STATEMENT FROM BOTH MEN

Carl drags Neo up.

"Stay down."

Neo shakes his head.

Carl swings for another lariat--

Neo ducks.

Neo leaps.

THE CONSTANT.

He hits it clean.

Carl is OUT.

Neo covers.

1...

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2...

3.

? WINNER: NEO VAUGHN

Miami erupts.

Neo kneels in the center of the ring, breathing hard, staring at his hands like he's rediscovering himself.

Carl rolls to the ropes, furious, pounding the mat.

This wasn't a squash.

This wasn't a fluke.

This was Neo Vaughn proving he's still a force.

? POST-MATCH MOMENT

Neo stands.

The crowd chants:

"WELCOME BACK! WELCOME BACK!"

Neo nods once.

Not smiling.

Not celebrating.

Just focused.

Determined.

Reborn.

? CAMERA FADES INTO THE GRAVEYARD SET

Fog rolls across cracked stone.

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Lanterns flicker.

The air feels colder.

Deathwish stands alone.

Arms crossed.

Expression unreadable.

Eyes locked on a monitor replaying Neo Vaughn's win over Carl Blackwell.

He doesn't blink.

He doesn't move.

He just watches.

? THE CROWD IS STILL CHEERING FOR NEO

From the arena, faint chants echo through the hallway:

"WELCOME BACK! WELCOME BACK!"

Deathwish tilts his head slightly.

Not in confusion.

In recognition.

In calculation.

? DEATHWISH SPEAKS -- LOW, QUIET, TERRIFYING

He doesn't look at the camera.

He keeps staring at Neo on the screen.

"Carl Blackwell hits hard."

A pause.

"Neo Vaughn gets back up."

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Another pause.

"That's good."

He finally turns his head toward the camera.

Because now the message is direct.

"Pain means nothing if you can stand."

He steps closer.

"Show me how long you can stand."

? DEATHWISH TOUCHES THE MONITOR

He places one gloved hand on Neo's frozen image.

Not gently.

Not violently.

Just... deliberately.

"You're not the Chosen One anymore."

He taps the screen.

"But you're still chosen."

He steps back into the shadows.

"And I'm the one who chooses you."

? THE LIGHTS FLICKER -- AND HE'S GONE

No music.

No jump scare.

No theatrics.

Just absence.

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The Graveyard Set sits empty.

The monitor continues replaying Neo's victory.

But the celebration feels different now.

It feels like a grim warning.

?? BIG BUSINESS' OFFICE: THE CORPORATE CLOWN CAR RETURNS

? BIG BUSINESS TRYING TO WORK (AGAIN)

Big Business is reviewing paperwork, muttering:

"Neo Vaughn vs. Carl Blackwell... Deathwish lurking... Wardens multiplying... Mustachio in traction... I need a vacation."

BANG!

The office door swings open.

In march:

- Small Business -- chest puffed out, tie crooked, ego enormous.
- Micro-Manager -- clipboard raised like a holy artifact, pen clicking at machine-gun speed.
- Neither of them are tall enough to see over the mahogany desk. They're both Minis. Legends.

Big Business sighs.

"Oh no. Not you two. Shew! Go away!"

? MICRO-MANAGER TAKES OVER THE ROOM

Micro-Manager hops onto a chair like it's a podium.

"ATTENTION! ATTENTION! I have reviewed tonight's performance metrics!"

Small Business rolls his eyes.

Big Business rubs his temples.

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Micro-Manager dramatically flips a page on his clipboard.

"And I have determined...

that *next week's* Main Event...

shall be..."

He scribbles furiously.

The camera zooms in.

NEO VAUGHN vs. DEATHWISH

The crowd in the arena boos loudly.

Big Business blinks.

Small Business panics.

? **SMALL BUSINESS LOSES IT**

"WHOA WHOA WHOA! You can't just BOOK matches! That's HIS job!"

He points at Big Business.

Micro-Manager waves him off like a mosquito.

"Shh shh shh. Grown-ups are talking."

Small Business sputters.

"I AM a grown-up!"

Micro-Manager pats him on the head.

"Of course you are. In spirit."

The crowd laughs.

? **COMEDY SPOT #1 -- THE CHAIR INCIDENT**

Small Business tries to grab the clipboard.

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Micro-Manager yanks it away.

Small Business lunges.

Micro-Manager sidesteps.

Small Business crashes into Big Business' chair, spins, and falls flat on his back.

Big Business doesn't even react.

He just says:

"Get off my floor."

? COMEDY SPOT #2 -- MICRO-MANAGER'S "POWER WALK"

Micro-Manager starts pacing the office like he owns the building.

Hands behind his back.

Chin up.

Clipboard tucked under his arm like a CEO.

He stops in front of Big Business.

"I have taken the liberty of reorganizing your entire show."

Big Business stares.

"You did WHAT?"

Micro-Manager hands him a sheet.

It's covered in doodles of:

- Stick-figure wrestlers

- Arrows

- A pie chart labeled "CHAOS"

- A graph that just says "UP"

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Big Business crumples it.

? **COMEDY SPOT #3 -- SMALL BUSINESS SNAPS**

Small Business jumps up.

"THAT'S IT! I'm sick of you acting like you're in charge!"

Micro-Manager gasps dramatically.

"Are you... challenging my authority?"

Small Business:

"I'm challenging YOU!"

Micro-Manager:

"Oh. Well that's different."

? **BIG BUSINESS HAS HAD ENOUGH**

He stands up.

Slams his hands on the desk.

Both Minis freeze.

Big Business points at them.

"You two want to fight?"

They both nod aggressively.

"GOOD."

He bellows:

"TONIGHT -- SMALL BUSINESS vs. MICRO-MANAGER -- ONE! ON! ONE!"

The crowd pops HUGE.

Small Business looks thrilled.

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Micro-Manager looks horrified.

"Wait-- I didn't approve this!"

Big Business smirks.

"I didn't ask."

MICRO-MANAGER VS SMALL BUSINESS

? THE ENTRANCES

Small Business

He struts out like he's the CEO of the entire SWF.

Adjusts his tie.

Points at the crowd.

Shouts:

"YOU CAN'T AFFORD ME!"

The crowd boos loudly.

He LOVES it.

Micro-Manager

He marches out with his clipboard raised like a championship belt.

Pen clicking at 200 BPM.

He shouts:

"THIS MATCH WAS NOT APPROVED FOR OVERTIME!"

The crowd laughs.

He trips on the bottom rope, catches himself, and pretends it was intentional.

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? THE BELL RINGS -- AND THEY START WITH... A MEETING

Micro-Manager holds up a hand.

"STOP! Before we begin, we need to review the agenda!"

He opens his clipboard.

Small Business snatches it.

Micro-Manager gasps like he just witnessed a felony.

Small Business rips the paper in half.

The crowd cheers.

Micro-Manager screams:

"THAT WAS A FORM 27-B!"

? COMEDY SPOT #1 -- THE TIE CHOKE

Small Business grabs Micro-Manager by the tie.

Micro-Manager flails wildly.

"NO! NO! THAT'S AGAINST REGULATION!"

Small Business swings him around by the tie like a lasso.

Micro-Manager spins so fast his glasses fly off.

He collapses in a heap.

? COMEDY SPOT #2 -- THE CLIPBOARD OF DOOM

Micro-Manager crawls to his clipboard.

He grabs it like Thor grabbing Mjolnir.

He stands.

He raises it dramatically.

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The crowd gasps.

He swings--

Small Business ducks.

Micro-Manager accidentally hits the turnbuckle.

The clipboard shatters.

He screams like he just lost a child.

? **COMEDY SPOT #3 -- THE PERFORMANCE REVIEW**

Micro-Manager pulls out a second clipboard from under the ring.

He slaps a paper on it.

He shoves it in Small Business' face.

"I AM ISSUING YOU A FORMAL PERFORMANCE WARNING!"

Small Business rips it in half.

Micro-Manager shrieks.

"You MONSTER!"

? **THE ACTUAL WRESTLING BEGINS**

Small Business hits:

- Shoulder block
- Mini-spinebuster
- "Hostile Takeover" (running knee)

Micro-Manager bumps like he's being shot out of a cannon.

He tries to escape under the ropes.

Small Business drags him back by the ankle.

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Micro-Manager claws at the mat.

"NO! I DIDN'T CLOCK OUT YET!"

? THE FINISH -- CORPORATE CARNAGE

Micro-Manager tries one last desperate move:

He reaches into his vest...

Pulls out a STAMP.

He leaps.

He stamps Small Business' forehead:

"DENIED."

The crowd howls.

Small Business wipes the ink off...

And hits:

THE MARKET CRASH

(Mini-version of a pop-up powerbomb)

Micro-Manager bounces like a rubber ball.

Small Business covers.

1...

2...

3.

? WINNER: SMALL BUSINESS

He stands over Micro-Manager, adjusting his tie, shouting:

"YOU'RE FIRED!"

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Micro-Manager weakly raises a finger.

"Actually... you don't have the authority..."

He passes out.

? **CUT TO BIG BUSINESS BACKSTAGE**

He's watching the monitor.

He shakes his head.

"These idiots are gonna give me an ulcer."

But he smirks.

Because the crowd LOVED it.

?? RECAP: BIG MAMA JOHNSON • TRICKSTER SISTER • JINX JESTER • JESSICA SHIMMER

Setting the stage for tonight's Main Event

? 1. Trickster Sister confronted Big Mama Johnson live in Miami

- Trickster Sister came out cackling, taunting Big Mama for calling out the Velvet Empress.
- She claimed Big Mama "broke the line," "broke the rules," and "broke the fun."
- Big Mama wasn't having ANY of it -- she stepped right into Trickster's face and dared her to swing.

? 2. Jinx Jester joined the ambush

- Jinx slid in behind Big Mama like a hyena.
- The Agents of Chaos circled her, giggling, poking, prodding, trying to get under her skin.
- Big Mama stood her ground -- the immovable object in a storm of carnival madness.

? 3. Jessica Shimmer interrupted -- furious and shining

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 4

- Shimmer stormed out, furious that Big Mama attacked the Velvet Empress after her match.
- She reminded everyone she was the rightful No. 1 Contender now that Miss USA is out.
- She told Big Mama:

"You don't skip the line. Not on my watch."

But then...

? 4. Shimmer offered to help Big Mama... for her own reasons

- She didn't do it out of friendship.
- She didn't do it out of respect.
- She did it because:

"Nobody steals my shine. Not even Chaos."

She demanded Big Business make it a tag match.

? 5. Big Business made it OFFICIAL

- Big Business appeared on screen and locked it in:

Big Mama Johnson & Jessica Shimmer vs. The Agents of Chaos

- He said he EXPECTED chaos, and he WANTED it.

? 6. Backstage tension exploded

- Big Mama told Shimmer she didn't need help.
- Shimmer told Big Mama she was already the No. 1 Contender.
- They nearly came to blows before the match even started.

? 7. Agents of Chaos celebrated the announcement

- Trickster Sister cartwheeled around the ring screaming "TAG MATCH! TAG MATCH!"
- Jinx Jester promised they'd "break the big one and blind the shiny one."

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? And now... it's time.

The Main Event.

The powerhouse and the spotlight queen.

The chaos demons and their carnival cruelty.

BIG MAMA JOHNSON & JESSICA SHIMMER VS THE TWISTED SISTERS

? **VERY EXPENSIVE PYRO ERUPTS -- BECAUSE THE NEXUS MAESTRO SAID SO**

The lights drop.

The crowd rises.

And then--

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

A wall of pyro detonates across the stage, bathing the arena in gold, purple, and electric blue. The Miami crowd roars like a living creature.

Scott Cooper shouts over the noise:

"THE WOMEN ARE MAIN EVENTING SUNDAY NIGHT SLAM!"

Valerie Vortex:

"As they SHOULD!"

Jimmy V:

"This is the SWF, baby! EVERYBODY is a Superstar!"

The camera sweeps across the crowd -- signs everywhere:

- BIG MAMA = BIG MONEY

- SHIMMER SHINES BRIGHT

- CHAOS IS COMING

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 4

- MAIN EVENT WOMEN'S WRESTLING

- SWF 4 LIFE

The energy is nuclear.

? **THE AGENTS OF CHAOS MAKE THEIR ENTRANCE**

The tron glitches.

The lights flicker.

Carnival music warps into a sinister remix.

A spotlight hits the stage.

JINX JESTER cartwheels out first, laughing like she's just escaped a padded room. She wears mismatched boots, a neon-painted face, and a grin that could curdle milk.

Behind her, slinking like a serpent, is TRICKSTER SISTER -- the mastermind of madness. She twirls a baton with razor-sharp ends, blowing a kiss to the camera.

They skip down the ramp, mocking fans, stealing popcorn, juggling glow sticks, and causing general mayhem.

Valerie Vortex:

"They're unpredictable. They're dangerous. They're INSANE."

Jimmy V:

"And they LOVE being in the main event."

Jinx slides into the ring upside-down.

Trickster Sister perches on the top rope like a gargoyle.

The Agents of Chaos are READY.

? **BIG MAMA JOHNSON'S MUSIC HITS**

The arena SHAKES.

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A deep bass thump.

A soulful gospel choir.

A beat that hits like a freight train.

BIG MAMA JOHNSON steps onto the stage.

Six-foot-three.

Two-hundred-plus pounds of pure power.

A presence that makes the camera zoom out.

She raises one fist.

The crowd EXPLODES.

"BIG MAMA! BIG MAMA! BIG MAMA!"

She stomps down the ramp like she owns the building -- because she does.

She locks eyes with the Agents of Chaos.

They stop smiling.

? JESSICA SHIMMER ARRIVES -- AND THE ARENA GLOWS

The lights turn gold.

Sparkles rain from the rafters.

A spotlight hits the stage.

JESSICA SHIMMER emerges, arms outstretched, bathed in glittering brilliance. Her gear shines like a disco ball. Her confidence radiates like a star going supernova.

She spins, sending a burst of glitter into the air.

The crowd chants:

"SHIM-MER! SHIM-MER! SHIM-MER!"

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She struts down the ramp, blowing a kiss to the camera, then points at Big Mama.

A silent message:

We don't like each other.

But tonight?

We win.

Big Mama nods once.

Respect.

Temporary.

But real.

? THE BELL RINGS -- AND WE'RE OFF

The crowd is LOUD.

The energy is insane.

And in the center of the ring...

Big Mama Johnson and Trickster Sister start the match.

? OPENING EXCHANGE -- POWER VS. CHAOS

Trickster Sister circles Big Mama like a shark.

Big Mama stands still.

Unmoving.

Unbothered.

Trickster darts in--

Big Mama swats her away like a mosquito.

Trickster tries again--

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Big Mama catches her by the head.

The crowd pops.

Big Mama lifts Trickster like a toddler and tosses her across the ring.

Jinx screams in delight.

Trickster rolls to her feet, laughing hysterically.

She charges--

Big Mama hits a Pounce that sends Trickster flipping inside out.

The arena erupts.

Scott Cooper:

"BIG MAMA JUST SENT HER TO THE MOON!"

? **CHAOS STRIKES BACK**

Jinx tags in.

She sprints across the ring--

Big Mama swings--

Jinx ducks--

Jinx leaps onto Big Mama's back like a backpack.

Big Mama stumbles.

Jinx claws at her face.

Big Mama grabs her by the legs--

BACKPACK DROP!

Jinx bounces off the mat.

Trickster tags back in.

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She hits a springboard dropkick.

Jinx hits a basement dropkick.

Trickster hits a running knee.

Jinx hits a cannonball.

Big Mama drops to one knee.

The Agents of Chaos cackle.

They hit a double superkick.

Big Mama finally falls.

The crowd gasps.

Valerie Vortex:

"It takes TWO Agents of Chaos to bring Big Mama down!"

? SHIMMER TAGS IN -- AND THE MATCH CHANGES

Trickster goes for a cover--

Big Mama kicks out with authority.

She rolls to her corner.

Shimmer reaches out.

Big Mama hesitates.

Shimmer shouts:

"TAG ME IN!"

Big Mama SLAPS her hand.

Shimmer vaults over the ropes like a comet.

She hits:

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- Flying forearm
- Dropkick
- Spinning heel kick
- Running knee
- Handspring back elbow

Trickster is reeling.

Jinx charges--

Shimmer ducks--

Jinx hits Trickster by accident.

The crowd laughs.

Shimmer hits a double bulldog on both Agents.

The arena explodes.

? MID-MATCH CHAOS -- EVERYONE GETS INVOLVED

Big Mama tags back in.

She and Shimmer hit a double suplex on Jinx.

Trickster tries to interfere--

Big Mama grabs her.

CHOKESLAM.

Shimmer climbs the ropes.

MOONSAULT onto both Agents of Chaos.

The crowd is losing their minds.

Scott Cooper:

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"THE WOMEN ARE TEARING THE HOUSE DOWN!"

? AGENTS OF CHAOS TURN THE TIDE

Jinx distracts the ref.

Trickster pulls out a handful of glitter.

She throws it in Shimmer's eyes.

Shimmer screams, blinded.

Jinx hits a Chaos Cutter.

Trickster hits a springboard stomp.

Big Mama tries to enter--

The ref stops her.

Agents of Chaos double-team Shimmer behind his back.

They hit:

- Double Russian leg sweep

- Double knee strike

- Double stomp combo

Shimmer is in trouble.

The crowd chants:

"LET'S GO SHIM-MER!"

? BIG MAMA GETS THE HOT TAG -- AND DESTROYS EVERYTHING

Shimmer crawls...

Reaches...

Trickster grabs her ankle--

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 4

Shimmer kicks her away--

TAG!

Big Mama storms in like a hurricane.

She hits:

- Clothesline

- Clothesline

- Back elbow

- Scoop slam

- Running splash

Jinx jumps on her back--

Big Mama throws her off like a ragdoll.

Trickster leaps--

Big Mama catches her mid-air--

WORLD'S STRONGEST SLAM.

The ring shakes.

? THE FINISH -- CHAOS, SHINE, AND POWER

Shimmer tags back in.

Big Mama lifts Jinx onto her shoulders.

Shimmer climbs the ropes.

The crowd rises.

Shimmer leaps--

SHIMMER SHOT (top-rope shining wizard)

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Big Mama hits--

THE BIG DROP (sit-out powerbomb)

They cover Jinx together.

1...

2...

3.

? WINNERS: BIG MAMA JOHNSON & JESSICA SHIMMER

The arena ERUPTS.

Pyro explodes again.

Shimmer stands, breathing hard, shining bright.

Big Mama stands beside her, arms crossed, nodding.

They stare at each other.

Respect.

Tension.

Destiny.

Valerie Vortex:

"They won tonight... but this partnership won't last."

Scott Cooper:

"And next week? Neo Vaughn vs. Deathwish. The SWF NEVER slows down."

Jimmy V:

"EVERYONE in this company is a Superstar."

The camera zooms out.

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The crowd is on their feet.

The pyro hits one last time.

SWF.

Superstars.

Every.

Single.

One.

? THE MOMENT IT HAPPENS - TOTAL CHAOS

The Agents of Chaos are reeling after the loss.

Jinx is pacing, pulling at her hair, muttering to herself.

Trickster Sister is staring at the lights, twitching, furious, glitter smeared across her cheek.

Big Mama and Shimmer are halfway up the ramp when--

Jinx shouts:

"WE HAD THEM! WE HAD THEM! YOU SAID THE PLAN WOULD WORK!"

Trickster Sister slowly turns.

The arena goes quiet.

Jinx keeps ranting.

"You said distract the shiny one! You said confuse the big one! You said--"

SLAP.

A sharp, echoing, perfectly timed slap across Jinx's painted cheek.

The sound rings out like a gunshot.

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 4

The entire arena gasps.

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOH!"

? THE CROWD IS STUNNED

People stand up.

Hands over mouths.

Signs drop.

Phones go up.

Valerie Vortex:

"WHAT DID WE JUST SEE?!"

Scott Cooper:

"THE AGENTS OF CHAOS ARE IMPLODING!"

Jimmy V:

"I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THEY COULD GET MAD AT EACH OTHER!"

? THE TRICKSTER SISTER'S FACE TELLS A STORY

She doesn't laugh.

She doesn't cackle.

She doesn't dance.

She just stares at Jinx.

Cold.

Sharp.

Calculating.

A side of her we've never seen.

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She leans in, whispering something the camera can't catch.

Jinx's eyes widen.

She looks... scared.

For the first time ever.

? JINX JESTER'S REACTION IS HEARTBREAKING AND TERRIFYING

Jinx touches her cheek.

She looks at her hand.

She looks at Trickster Sister.

Her lip trembles.

Then she starts laughing.

Not happy laughter.

Not chaotic laughter.

A broken, trembling, unhinged laugh.

She drops to her knees.

Still laughing.

Still shaking.

The crowd doesn't know how to react.

? THE TRICKSTER SISTER BACKS AWAY

She doesn't help Jinx up.

She doesn't apologize.

She doesn't explain.

She just backs up the ramp slowly, eyes locked on her partner like she's watching a bomb she built herself.

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 4

Jinx crawls toward her.

Reaching.

Begging.

Laughing.

Crying.

All at once.

Trickster Sister turns her back.

Walks away.

? THE CROWD ERUPTS AGAIN

"HOLY S--! HOLY S--! HOLY S--!"

Valerie Vortex:

"This is BAD. This is REALLY BAD."

Scott Cooper:

"The Agents of Chaos might be DONE."

Jimmy V:

"Or they're about to get even more dangerous."

? THE SLAP STILL ECHOES

Jinx Jester is on her knees, laughing and crying at the same time.

Trickster Sister returns to the ring standing over Jinx chest heaving, eyes wild.

She slaps her violently again.

The crowd is still buzzing:

"WHAT JUST HAPPENED?! WHAT JUST HAPPENED?!"

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 4

Big Mama and Shimmer are halfway up the ramp, staring back in disbelief.

And then--

? **LOKI VAN DAM SPRINTS TO THE RING**

The crowd ROARS.

Loki slides under the ropes, popping to his feet between the sisters like a human shield.

He throws his arms out.

"HEY! HEY! STOP! STOP THIS!"

Jinx crawls behind him, clutching his leg like a terrified child.

Trickster Sister tilts her head.

Her smile returns.

But it's not a happy smile.

It's a predatory one.

? **TRICKSTER SISTER SCREAMS SOMETHING INCOHERENT**

She gets right in Loki's face.

She shrieks something in a language that might be English, might be carnival code, might be demonic tongues.

Loki tries to calm her.

"Trickster-- hey-- listen-- we're all on the same--"

SCRATCH.

She rakes her nails across his cheek.

Loki recoils, clutching his face.

The crowd GASPS.

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 4

Valerie Vortex:

"SHE JUST SCRATCHED HIM! SHE SCRATCHED LOKI VAN DAM!"

Scott Cooper:

"THE AGENTS OF CHAOS HAVE LOST THEIR MINDS!"

Jinx screams:

"NO! NO! DON'T HURT HIM!"

She clings to Loki's leg, sobbing.

Trickster Sister's smile widens.

She looks... delighted.

? AND THEN--THE CAMERA CUTS TO THE STAGE

The crowd goes silent.

Because standing at the top of the ramp...

Side by side...

Arms folded...

Expressionless...

Are:

?? JAKE JESTER & JACK JESTER

The Chaos Engine. The Brothers of Bedlam.

They don't move.

They don't speak.

They don't laugh.

They just watch.

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 4

Arms folded.

Eyes locked on the ring.

The crowd murmurs:

"What the heck...?"

"Why aren't they helping?"

"Are they... judging her?"

Jimmy V:

"I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE JESTER BROTHERS THIS STILL."

Valerie Vortex:

"This is BAD. This is REALLY BAD."

? TRICKSTER SISTER NOTICES THEM

She freezes.

Her manic grin falters.

She turns slowly toward the stage.

Jake and Jack don't move.

Not an inch.

Not a blink.

Just folded arms and cold stares.

Trickster Sister's smile twitches.

She whispers:

"...no... no no no... not now..."

Jinx clutches Loki tighter.

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"MAKE THEM STOP LOOKING AT US!"

Loki, bleeding from the scratch, looks between all three of them.

"What the hell is going on...?"

? THE JESTER BROTHERS FINALLY MOVE

Jake lifts one hand.

Just one.

He points at Trickster Sister.

Jack lifts his hand.

Points at Jinx.

Then both brothers lower their arms.

Fold them again.

And turn their backs.

Walking away.

Leaving the sisters behind.

The arena EXPLODES.

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!"

Scott Cooper:

"THE JESTER BROTHERS JUST TURNED THEIR BACKS ON THE AGENTS OF CHAOS!"

Valerie Vortex:

"This is a meltdown. A collapse. A CIVIL WAR."

? TRICKSTER SISTER SNAPS

She screams at the top of her lungs.

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A primal, furious, broken sound.

She slams her fists on the mat.

She kicks the ropes.

She throws herself into the corner, tearing at her hair.

Jinx crawls toward her.

"Please... please don't leave me..."

Trickster Sister shoves her away.

Jinx collapses.

Loki kneels beside her, trying to help.

Trickster Sister glares at him.

"You..."

You did this."

Loki shakes his head.

"No. No, I didn't--"

She points at him like a curse.

"You broke the circle."

She slides out of the ring.

Backing up the ramp.

Eyes locked on Loki.

Not Jinx.

Not the crowd.

Loki.

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 4

? THE FINAL SHOT OF THE NIGHT

Loki Van Dam in the ring, bleeding, confused, holding a trembling Jinx Jester.

Trickster Sister on the ramp, staring daggers through him.

Jake and Jack Jester gone.

The Agents of Chaos shattered.

The crowd chanting:

"HOLY S--! HOLY S--! HOLY S--!"

? THE RING IS A POWDER KEG

Loki Van Dam is kneeling beside a trembling, broken Jinx Jester.

Trickster Sister is halfway up the ramp, staring at him like a curse.

Jake and Jack Jester have just turned their backs and walked away.

The crowd is buzzing.

Confused.

Shocked.

Uneasy.

Loki wipes the blood from his cheek.

He stands.

He turns toward the ropes--

And then--

? WHAM.

A fist slams between Loki's legs from behind.

A PERFECT, BRUTAL, HEART-STOPPING LOW BLOW.

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Loki's entire body freezes.

His eyes bulge.

His knees buckle.

He collapses to the mat in agony.

The arena EXPLODES.

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!"

Valerie Vortex:

"WHO THE HELL--?!"

Scott Cooper:

"LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW!"

Jimmy V:

"LOKI JUST GOT BLINDSIDED!"

? THE CAMERA WHIPS AROUND -- AND THE CROWD GASPS AGAIN

Because the attacker is standing over Loki.

Smiling.

Smirking.

Hands behind their back like they didn't just commit a felony on live television.

It's--

? JINX JESTER.

The SAME Jinx who was crying.

The SAME Jinx who was clinging to Loki.

The SAME Jinx who looked terrified.

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She's now standing tall.

Head tilted.

Smile wide.

Eyes wild.

She whispers:

"Gotcha."

The crowd LOSES IT.

? TRICKSTER SISTER'S REACTION IS TERRIFYING

Up on the ramp, Trickster Sister stops dead.

Her eyes widen.

Her smile returns.

Slowly.

Creepily.

She whispers something to herself.

Then she starts laughing.

Not her usual manic cackle.

A slow, rising, delighted laugh.

She points at Jinx.

Then at Loki.

Then at the crowd.

Like she's saying:

"You thought we were breaking?"

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 4

We were EVOLVING."

? JINX JESTER DROPS TO HER KNEES -- FACE-TO-FACE WITH LOKI

Loki is gasping, clutching himself, barely conscious.

Jinx grabs his chin.

Forces him to look at her.

She whispers:

"You tried to save me...

but I don't need saving."

She licks the blood from his cheek.

The crowd SCREAMS.

Valerie Vortex:

"WHAT IS HAPPENING?!"

Scott Cooper:

"THE AGENTS OF CHAOS JUST PLAYED EVERYONE!"

Jimmy V:

"LOKI WALKED INTO A TRAP!"

? THE JESTER BROTHERS RETURN TO THE STAGE

Jake and Jack reappear.

Arms folded again.

Expressionless.

But this time...

They nod.

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 4

Once.

Slow.

Approving.

The crowd goes INSANE.

Trickster Sister joins them.

Jinx stands in the ring, arms out, laughing like a demon.

The Agents of Chaos aren't broken.

They aren't imploding.

They aren't fracturing.

They're EVOLVING.

They're UNITED.

They're DEADLIER.

And Loki Van Dam?

He's lying in the center of the ring, broken, betrayed, and bleeding.

?? THE SHADOW TRICKSTER APPEARS -- LAUGHING... AND CLAPPING

The Agents of Chaos reveal their TRUE alignment -- and Miami loses its mind

? THE CAMERA CUTS TO THE STAGE

Loki Van Dam is still writhing on the mat, clutching himself after Jinx's brutal low blow.

Jinx is kneeling beside him, giggling like a child who just broke her favorite toy.

The crowd is still buzzing, confused, horrified, electrified.

And then--

The lights flicker.

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 4

The tron glitches.

A familiar silhouette appears at the top of the ramp.

The crowd GASPS.

"NO WAY--"

"IS THAT--"

"OH MY GOD--"

? THE SHADOW TRICKSTER HIMSELF - DARKER MORE SINISTER- STEPS OUT FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Not the Trickster Sister.

Not a projection.

Not a tease.

THE SHADOW TRICKSTER.

The original.

The architect.

The maestro of madness.

He steps into the spotlight with Jake Jester on his left...

Jack Jester on his right...

And he is laughing.

A deep, rolling, delighted laugh that fills the arena like a spell.

And then--

He starts clapping.

Slow.

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 4

Mocking.

Celebratory.

Unhinged.

CLAP.

CLAP.

CLAP.

Jake and Jack join him.

Arms still folded.

Faces unreadable.

But their presence is unmistakable:

The Jester Family is united.

? THE CROWD IS LOSING ITS MIND

Valerie Vortex:

"THE SHADOW TRICKSTER IS HERE! THE SHADOW TRICKSTER IS HERE!"

Scott Cooper:

"AND HE'S CLAPPING?! HE'S CLAPPING FOR WHAT JUST HAPPENED?!"

Jimmy V:

"THIS ISN'T A BREAKUP... THIS IS A CEREMONY!"

The Miami crowd chants:

"HOLY S--! HOLY S--! HOLY S--!"

? TRICKSTER SISTER FREEZES

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She was halfway up the ramp, staring daggers at Loki.

But now?

She stops.

Her eyes widen.

Her breath catches.

She looks like a child caught misbehaving in front of a parent she both fears and worships.

The Shadow Trickster tilts his head.

Still clapping.

Still laughing.

He gestures with one finger.

A tiny, subtle motion.

Come.

Trickster Sister obeys instantly.

She drops to her knees.

Crawls the last few feet.

Stops at his boots.

Head bowed.

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 4

The crowd is DEAD SILENT.

? JINX JESTER'S REACTION IS EVEN MORE TERRIFYING

Jinx sees her sister kneeling.

She sees the Shadow Trickster.

She sees Jake and Jack.

Her face lights up like a child seeing fireworks.

She scrambles out of the ring.

Runs up the ramp on all fours.

Slides next to her sister.

Kneels.

Laughs.

Cries.

Shakes.

The Shadow Trickster places one hand on each of their heads.

A blessing.

A coronation.

A warning.

Nobody knows.

? JAKE & JACK JESTER FINALLY MOVE

They unfold their arms.

Step forward.

Stand behind the sisters.

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 4

A united front.

A wall of chaos.

A family restored.

Jake whispers something to Jack.

Jack nods.

They both look at Loki Van Dam in the ring.

Their expressions?

Predatory.

Hungry.

Interested.

? THE TRICKSTER SPEAKS -- JUST ONE LINE

He lifts the microphone.

The arena holds its breath.

He smiles.

And says:

"The circus is back in town."

The crowd ERUPTS.

Pyro EXPLODES.

The lights go wild.

The Agents of Chaos -- ALL FIVE OF THEM -- stand united at the top of the ramp.

Loki Van Dam is broken in the ring.

And the SWF?

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 4

Just entered a new era of not just madness but TOTAL CHAOS.

"Did someone lose their llama?"

Jinx Jester wipes tears from her eyes as she laughs insanely.

Giant milk cartons with Liger Llama & Adam Glory's pictures on them are the last two ominous images we see:

Missing

The Trickster Sister points up at the milk cartons on the screen and laughs.

"HEE! HEE! HEE!"

Sunday Night SLAM: Episode 4

Show Credits

Segment: "? SUNDAY NIGHT SLAM -- LIVE FROM THE KASEYA CENTER -- SHOW OPENER ?" - Written by Lex.

Segment: "?? BIG MAMA JOHNSON ISSUES AN OPEN CHALLENGE" - Written by Gem, CoCo.

Segment: "?WHO ANSWERS THE CALL?" - Written by Clyde.

Segment: "? THE RING IS ALREADY A POWDER KEG" - Written by Melanie.

Segment: "?? THE VELVET EMPRESS INTERRUPTS FROM ABROAD" - Written by Oliver.

Segment: "?? BREAKING NEWS: MISS USA RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL" - Written by Masked Admin.

Segment: "?? JESSICA SHIMMER INSERTS HERSELF INTO THE CHAOS" - Written by Melanie.

Segment: "?? BIG BUSINESS MAKES THE TAG MATCH OFFICIAL" - Written by Masked Admin.

Segment: "?? BIG BUSINESS MAKES ANOTHER POWER MOVE" - Written by Masked Admin.

Segment: "??? A PORTAL OPENS..." - Written by Leo.

Match: "??? REALM WARDENS vs. THE MADE MEN" - Written by Lex.

Segment: "?? THE "OTHER" REALM WARDENS HAVE SEEN ENOUGH" - Written by Clyde, Gem.

Segment: "?? THE MODERN REALM WARDENS EXPLAIN WHY THEY WALKED AWAY" - Written by Clyde.

Segment: "?? BIG BUSINESS IS INTERRUPTED BY...." - Written by Masked Admin.

Match: "MUSTACHIO VS LUDVIG VON CRUSH" - Written by Greg.

Segment: "?? BIG BUSINESS WANTS THE TIME -- AND GETS A CHALLENGER" - Written by Masked Admin.

Match: "CARL BLACKWELL VS NEO VAUGHN" - Written by Leo.

Segment: "? CAMERA FADES INTO THE GRAVEYARD SET" - Written by Gem.

Segment: "?? BIG BUSINESS' OFFICE: THE CORPORATE CLOWN CAR RETURNS" - Written by Greg.

Match: "MICRO-MANAGER VS SMALL BUSINESS" - Written by Clyde.

Segment: "?? RECAP: BIG MAMA JOHNSON • TRICKSTER SISTER • JINX JESTER • JESSICA SHIMMER" - Written by Clyde.

Match: "BIG MAMA JOHNSON & JESSICA SHIMMER VS THE TWISTED SISTERS" - Written by CoCo.

Segment: "? THE MOMENT IT HAPPENS - TOTAL CHAOS" - Written by Masked Admin.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite