

Monday Night Ward: #358

January 3, 2026 | Lanxess Arena - Cologne, Germany

Cold Open

[COLD OPEN - LIVE BROADCAST]

The screen snaps to life in a wash of crimson and steel.

A low, industrial **AWS Ward** theme hums through the sound system as the camera glides high above the **LANXESS Arena**, revealing a sold-out Cologne crowd on its feet--banners waving, flags draped over railings, camera flashes popping like fireworks. The lighting rigs sweep the arena in slow arcs of red and white as the roar builds.

Cut to ringside.

The camera pans along the entrance ramp--cold steel, LED panels pulsing--then swings right, settling on the broadcast desk positioned just off the ramp. Three figures are already locked in, headsets on, eyes sharp.

SALMIA "MIA" RUSSO leans forward, energized.

GINNIFER "GIDGET" STEPHENSON sits upright, composed but smiling.

DANNY GREENE III nods, arms folded, soaking in the atmosphere.

The crowd swells again as the music fades out.

MIA RUSSO:

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the asylum! We are **live** from Cologne, Germany--inside the electric LANXESS Arena--and this is **Asylum Wrestling Society's Ward #358!**"

The camera cuts wide again--fans chanting, some pounding the barricades, others holding up handmade signs welcoming AWS back to Europe.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"And Mia... it's not just another night. It's not just another Ward. This is the **first Ward of 2026**, and you can feel it in this building."

DANNY GREENE III:

"New year, clean slate--or maybe a fresh coat of chaos. Either way, Ward doesn't do 'slow starts.' Cologne knows that, and the locker room sure as hell knows it."

*Quick cuts: fans screaming, a German flag with AWS spray-painted across it, a close-up of a sign reading **"WELCOME TO 2026 - NO MERCY"**.*

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MIA RUSSO:

"Twenty-six years into this company's legacy and somehow, *some way*, the stakes keep getting higher. New rivalries. Old grudges. Championships in sight--and tonight is where the tone for 2026 gets set."

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"This arena has hosted legends, champions, and moments that echo for years--and tonight, someone's story is going to change. That's not hype. That's history in motion."

DANNY GREENE III:

"And if you think the calendar flipping magically calms things down in AWS? You haven't been paying attention. The asylum doesn't reset--it *reloads*."

The camera slowly dollies back, framing the broadcast desk with the entrance ramp looming behind them, lights flickering like a warning.

MIA RUSSO:

"Strap in, Cologne. Strap in, world. From all of us here at ringside--happy new year... and welcome to **Ward #358**."

The crowd erupts as the entrance lights dim, the first theme of the night about to hit.

[FADE TO BLACK -> ENTRANCE MUSIC HITS]

Backstage

The feed cuts from the roaring arena to a quieter, colder space backstage.

Concrete walls. Exposed piping. The distant thrum of the crowd bleeding through the structure.

DONAVAN CROSS stands alone near a production crate, dressed sharp in a dark tailored coat, posture rigid but relaxed--someone who knows exactly where they stand. He scrolls through his cell phone, expression unreadable.

A beat.

The phone **VIBRATES**.

Donavan glances down.

CALLER ID: CHARLIE FEIGEL

He exhales slowly before answering.

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DONAVAN CROSS:

"...Charlie."

Split screen graphic appears--stylized, crimson AWS overlay.

CHARLIE FEIGEL (V.O., controlled, direct):

"Happy New Year, Donavan."

DONAVAN CROSS:

"Didn't expect a call tonight. Especially not *this* early."

CHARLIE FEIGEL:

"I don't make calls unless they matter. And tonight? Things matter."

Donavan shifts his weight, eyes narrowing slightly.

DONAVAN CROSS:

"We're live in Cologne. Ward three-fifty-eight. You know the temperature in that building right now."

CHARLIE FEIGEL:

"That's exactly why I'm calling. New year, fresh slate... but unresolved business doesn't magically disappear when the calendar flips."

A pause. The crowd noise swells faintly in the background.

DONAVAN CROSS:

"So, what's the problem."

CHARLIE FEIGEL:

"The problem is perception. Talent thinks 2026 means opportunity. Management thinks it means control. And some people backstage think they can test limits on *my* show."

Donavan's jaw tightens.

DONAVAN CROSS:

"And you're telling me because...?"

CHARLIE FEIGEL:

"Because you don't flinch. You don't grandstand. When situations spiral, you stabilize them--or you end them."

Donavan looks off-camera, thoughtful.

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DONAVAN CROSS:

"You want order."

CHARLIE FEIGEL:

"I want results. How you get there is why I'm calling *you*."

Another beat. Donovan smirks faintly.

DONAVAN CROSS:

"Then say it straight."

CHARLIE FEIGEL:

"Keep your eyes open tonight. If something crosses the line... you have my authority to handle it."

Silence hangs heavy.

DONAVAN CROSS:

"No second chances?"

CHARLIE FEIGEL:

"This is Ward. Second chances are a luxury."

The call clicks off.

Donavan lowers the phone slowly, the faint echo of the dial tone replaced by the distant roar of the crowd.

He slips the phone into his coat, straightens his cuffs, and looks directly into the camera for the first time--calm, deliberate, dangerous.

DONAVAN CROSS:

"New year... same consequences."

He turns and walks down the corridor, disappearing into the shadows.

[CUT BACK TO ARENA]

In Ring

As we return from commercial break, we see Song Teng in the ring. The bell rings, signalling that another match is about to begin.

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Song Teng: The following contests is a tag team match, set for one fall!

The lights immediately fade to black. Once The arena is surrounded by total darkness, mOBSCENE by Marilyn Manson begins to play. Fog is seen enveloping the stage.

Ladies and gentlemen...

The Black List Mafia (Silver Baron and Lacey Roberts) walk through the fog, appearing on stage. The crowd gives them a mixed reaction.

*We are the things of shapes to come
Your freedom's not free and dumb, this Depression is Great
The Deformation Age, they know my name
Waltzing to scum and base and married to the pain.*

*Bang, we want it
Bang, we want it
Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang*

As the Silver Baron and Lacey Roberts do their own signature poses on the stage, pyro explodes behind them. They then begin to walk their way to the ring.

Song Teng: Introducing first. Representing the Black List Mafia. The AWS Women's World Champion, Lacey Roberts, and the Parental Advisory champion, the SILVER BARON!

*You came to see the mobscene
I know it isn't your scene
It's better than a sex scene
And it's so fucking obscene, obscene, yeah*

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Upon reaching the ring. Lacey goes into the ring first, with the Silver Baron admiring the view, and pointing out the view to the crowd, before entering the ring.

You want commitment?

Put on your best suit

Get your arms around me, now we're going down, down, down

You want commitment?

Put on your best suit

Get your arms around me, now we're going down, down, down

Lacey then kisses the Silver Baron, as he is handed a mic. The music fades out. The crowd cheers loudly for the husband and wife duo in the ring.

Silver Baron: What's up Germany!

The crowd pops very loudly at that cheap plug. The Silver Baron smirks, waiting for the crowd to quiet down.

Silver Baron: Yeah we're doing awesome. We're both champs again, and we've been celebrating non stop and all over the place.

Lacey playfully smiles, before she wraps her arms around the Silver Baron, kissing him on his cheek.

Silver Baron: Oh yeah. The things we've been doing certainly define the term, parental advisory, if you catch my drift.

The crowd begins the laugh at the Silver Baron's statement. The Silver Baron then unsnaps his title, before

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draping it over his shoulder.

Silver Baron: But what husband and wife does, doesn't pay the bills. Not that either of us need to worry about that. But as I've said before, I want to redefine this title. So here's the deal.

The Silver Baron paces around the ring for a moment, as the crowd pays close attention to what he's about to say.

Silver Baron: Anyone who wants to step up and challenge me, go right ahead. I'm declaring open challenges for the Parental Advisory championship. Anyone who wants to step up, go ahead. But since this is for the Parental Advisory title, it ain't going to be defended in standard matches. Both sides of me want violence and glory, and we're going to -censored- get, violence and glory. From steel cages, to street fights. From tables to death matches. We want it all. If anyone has the balls to step up, it's time for you to do so.

Dan Greene III: Alright! You got to respect the Silver Baron for setting this challenge up.

Silver Baron: The challenge begins next Ward, and only for Ward. However, why stop there? I want an opponent for our next Pay Per View, Survival Of The Fittest. So I've been having a look to see who's possibly worthy of facing off against me at that event. We'll also be determining who that will be next Ward. For on the next episode, we will be seeing Kofi Von Erich, Kaja Vinter, Kemal Yilmez, and Giovanni Sabbatini...In a hardcore fatal four way elimination match!

The crowd erupts in cheers upon hearing said announcement

Mia Russo: This is a golden opportunity for those four individuals.

Gidget Stephenson: Indeed. One of those four will be the number one contender for the Parental Advisory

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title for Survival Of The Fittest.

Dan Greene III: That's regardless of who is the champion going into the event.

Silver Baron: But enough of that for now. My sinfully hot wife and I have some business to attend to. Of course while we wait, shall we dance, love?

The Silver Baron tosses the mic behind him, as he extends his arm forward, offering it to Lacey. She happily accepts. The Silver Baron spins her around, bringing her in close.

Liang Shiyue/Hollow Vale Vs Silver Baron/Lacey Roberts

Lights dim slightly. Song Teng steps to the center ring, posture flawless, mic steady.

Song Teng: "Ladies and gentlemen... prepare yourselves. The next battle is about to begin! This contest is scheduled for one fall... and it is a tag team match!"

Storm-blue lighting floods the arena. Low thunder rolls through the sound system.

A sharp crack of lightning splits the stage.

Liang Shíyuè appears -- posture immaculate, expression unreadable. A short imperial storm mantle rests on her shoulders, lightning embroidery glowing faintly as she glides forward with regal precision.

She does not acknowledge the crowd.

Halfway down the ramp, another lightning crack hits. She removes the mantle without breaking stride, handing it off calmly.

Inside the ring, Liang draws an invisible dueling circle with her boot... then stands perfectly still.

Waiting.

Song Teng: "Introducing first... From the Imperial Storm Courts... Standing five feet eight inches tall, weighing one hundred thirty-seven pounds... She is The Tempest Empress... The Sovereign of Precision... LIANG-- SHÍ--YUÈ!"

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Mia Russo: "That is discipline personified. Liang Shíyuè doesn't rush, she doesn't pose -- she claims space."

Gidget Stephenson: "She looks like she'd correct your footwork mid-argument."

Danny Greene III: "That's not an entrance, that's a declaration. Precision over spectacle -- and trust me, that's scarier."

The lights drop to a cold, sterile white.

No pyro. No smoke.

A single spotlight.

Hollow Vale steps through the curtain, hoodie up, wrists already taped. She doesn't play to the crowd -- she scans the ring like she's checking whether it's real.

She slides under the bottom rope, settles into the corner, pulls her hood down, and waits.

Still. Ready. Detached.

Song Teng: "Her partner... Billed from wherever the lights are still on...Known as The Last Champion...HOLLOW... VAAAALE!"

Mia Russo:"Hollow Vale wrestles like the floor could give out at any second. That's not fear -- that's experience."

Gidget Stephenson: "She doesn't look impressed. Or unimpressed. She just... is."

Danny Greene III: "That's someone who survived a system collapse. You don't fake that kind of readiness."

The arena drops into darkness.

A motorcycle engine snarls to life.

Pyro detonates as Lacey Roberts rides onto the stage atop her Harley, revving the engine with a wicked grin. Red-and-black lights strobe as she circles the ring, soaking in the noise.

She dismounts slowly, curls a finger at the camera, then slides between the ropes -- bending low, unapologetic.

She climbs the corner, tongue out, devil horns raised.

Song Teng: "Introducing next... From Toronto, Ontario...She is The Devil's Little Sister...LACEY ROBERTS!"

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Gidget Stephenson: "That entrance alone should come with a warning label."

Mia Russo: "Flashy, fearless, and dangerous -- but let's not forget she's back from a serious injury. That matters."

Danny Greene III: "She's chaos with muscle memory. That's a volatile mix."

A single spotlight hits the stage.

Silver Baron rises from beneath it, flanked by local talent, arms linked. He smirks, soaking in the reaction before casually walking to the ring -- slapping hands, flirting, owning the moment.

He slides in, climbs the turnbuckle, spreads his arms wide, taps his chest with his scepter.

Sin City confidence. Calculated menace.

Song Teng: "And their partner... From Sin City...Standing six feet three inches tall, weighing two hundred twenty-five pounds...He is The Sin City Knight...THE SILVER BARON!"

Mia Russo: "Silver Baron plays games -- but don't let the theatrics fool you. He's dangerous when he gets serious."

Gidget Stephenson: "That smile means somebody's about to regret trusting him."

Danny Greene III: "This team's chemistry is chaos and confidence. That can either implode... or steamroll."

Mia Russo: "Here we go! Liang Shíyuè and Hollow Vale against Silver Baron and Lacey Roberts -- and these styles could not clash harder."

Gidget Stephenson: "Precision versus provocation, control versus chaos -- I love this already!"

Danny Greene III: "You've got a royal storm, a drifter survivor, a chaos biker, and a Sin City schemer all sharing one ring. That's not a match -- that's a pressure test!"

Mia Russo: "Alright, here we go -- Liang Shíyuè and Hollow Vale against the Women's World Champion Lacey Roberts and Silver Baron. Buckle up."

Liang Shíyuè steps forward first -- posture straight, hands loose, eyes locked.

Lacey Roberts grins and cracks her neck, rolling her shoulders like she's about to start a bar fight.

They circle.

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Lacey lunges with a dropkick -- Liang pivots, letting it skim past her ribs, answering with a calf kick that snaps Lacey's leg back.

Lacey fires right back with a hip toss, rolls through, leg drop across Liang's shoulder.

Gidget Stephenson: "Oh! That was fast. No feeling-out process at all!"

Liang rolls away instantly, tagging out without hesitation.

Hollow Vale slides in low, already throwing short forearms into Lacey's ribs. She whips Lacey to the corner and follows with Vacancy Notice -- knee after knee driving into the midsection.

Lacey shoves her off and dives to her corner--

Silver Baron vaults in with a springboard clothesline, flattening Hollow. He follows with a snap suplex, then floats into a quick cover.

ONE--

Kickout.

Danny Greene III: "Silver Baron turning on the style early -- but Hollow Vale does not stay down."

Baron pulls Hollow up, attempts a Pimphammer setup--

Hollow counters with a short headbutt, then a low sweep, immediately crawling to her corner.

Liang steps in and unloads a precision roundhouse to Baron's ribs, followed by a snap suplex. She doesn't rush the cover -- instead, she resets.

Baron scrambles up, charges--

Liang slips behind, drop saito suplex, smooth as glass.

Mia Russo: "That's the difference -- Liang doesn't chase momentum. She curates it."

Baron escapes under the ropes, tagging out.

Lacey storms in with a running knee smash, rocking Liang. She hammers her with Implant DDT, spikes her clean, and hooks the leg.

ONE--

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TWO--

Kickout.

Lacey snarls, drags Liang up, slams her with a Northern Lights suplex, bridges--

ONE--

TWO--

Liang kicks free again.

Gidget Stephenson: "She's throwing everything at her!"

Lacey backs Liang into the corner and drives in with a Bronco Buster, then turns and flexes -- arrogance bleeding through.

That's the opening.

Liang slips out, snaps a knife-edge kick to the thigh, then tags out.

Hollow explodes in with Final Eviction -- buckle bomb into a knee strike that folds Lacey forward. Hollow drops into ground-and-pound, fists hammering down until the referee forces separation.

Silver Baron rushes in--

Liang intercepts with a spinning backfist, sending Baron spilling to the floor.

Danny Greene III: "Everybody's moving -- nobody's safe!"

Lacey rakes Hollow's eyes on the break -- subtle, quick -- then slams her with a sidewalk slam and dives to her corner.

Baron ascends the ropes -- missile dropkick to Hollow's chest. He follows with a curb stomp, then drags Hollow up for another suplex--

Hollow counters into Drift Away, dropping Baron flat.

Both crawl.

Liang and Lacey spring in simultaneously.

Liang strikes first -- Thunder Palm to the sternum.

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Lacey answers with a German suplex, rolls through, another--

Liang flips out on the third attempt, landing on her feet.

The crowd rises.

Lacey swings wild --

Azure Whiplash -- cartwheel evade, low sweep, rib roundhouse.

Lacey staggers but refuses to fall, roaring as she charges--

Bluebolt Execution.

The knee cracks her jaw.

She stumbles forward on instinct alone.

Liang pivots--

IMPERIAL CROWNBREAKER.

Lacey collapses face-first.

Liang hooks the leg.

Silver Baron sprints--

--but Hollow Vale steps into his path, planting herself dead-center between Baron and the ring.

No strike. No grab.

Just refusal.

Baron shoves her -- Hollow absorbs it.

That second is everything.

ONE--

Baron dives.

TWO--

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Hollow clips his ankle just enough.

THREE.

Mia Russo: "That's it! Liang Shíyuè just pinned the Women's World Champion!"

Gidget Stephenson: "He was right there! He was right there!"

Danny Greene III: "One second late -- and against someone like Liang, that's fatal!"

Liang rises immediately. No celebration. No taunt.

She looks down at Lacey -- composed, unreadable.

Hollow Vale is already stepping through the ropes.

Silver Baron kneels beside Lacey, furious -- jaw tight, eyes burning.

Not at them.

At himself.

Mia Russo: "Lacey Roberts was not dominated tonight -- she was caught."

Danny Greene III: "And Liang Shíyuè doesn't need chaos. She just needs one opening."

Liang exits the ring without a glance back.

Hollow never stops moving.

Silver Baron & Lacey Roberts remain -- shaken, not broken.

AJ Flare versus TJ Alexander

The lights snap back up as the ring announcer finishes the introductions. Cologne buzzes--this crowd knows they're about to get a wrestling match, not a sprint.

MIA RUSSO (commentary):

"Second match of the night, and this one's built for momentum. Two-out-of-three falls--no flukes, no shortcuts."

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DANNY GREENE III:

"You want to prove you belong in 2026? This is how you do it."

FIRST FALL

The bell rings and both men circle cautiously. AJ Flare keeps his distance early, snapping quick leg kicks and darting in with sharp forearms. TJ Alexander absorbs it, patient, grounded--wrestling smart.

AJ shoots for a headlock takeover, transitions smoothly, and cranks down, forcing TJ to work to his knees. TJ powers up, shoves AJ into the ropes, leapfrog--AJ ducks--TJ goes for a lariat, AJ counters with a crisp dropkick that sends TJ to the mat.

AJ smells blood.

He strings together a fast sequence--arm drag, snap suplex, immediate cover.

ONE... TWO...

TJ kicks out.

AJ doesn't slow down. He catches TJ coming up with a rolling thunder splash, hooks the leg--

ONE... TWO... THREE!

FIRST FALL: AJ FLARE

The crowd reacts with surprise as AJ pops to his feet, confident, pacing the ring.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"Textbook execution from AJ Flare. He struck fast and took advantage before TJ could settle in."

SECOND FALL

TJ rolls to the corner, breathing heavy, eyes locked on AJ. The ref checks with him--TJ nods.

Bell rings again.

This time TJ charges forward, leveling AJ with a brutal shoulder block that flips the tone instantly. He drags AJ up, backs him into the corner, and unloads with clubbing forearms and knife-edge chops that echo through the arena.

AJ tries to fire back, but TJ cuts him off with a spinebuster that rattles the ring.

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MIA RUSSO:

"Different TJ Alexander now. He's done playing defense."

TJ slows the pace--ground-and-pound control. Short-arm elbows. A stiff neckbreaker. He hooks the leg.

ONE... TWO...

AJ kicks out.

TJ stays on him, hauling AJ up, attempting a suplex--AJ wriggles free, lands on his feet, fires a desperation enzuigiri that staggers TJ.

AJ rushes in for another dropkick--TJ catches him mid-air.

POWERSLAM.

TJ floats over, stacks the shoulders.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

SECOND FALL: TJ ALEXANDER

The arena comes alive as the score evens up.

DANNY GREENE III:

"That's the danger of two-out-of-three falls. You make one mistake, and suddenly it's all square."

THIRD FALL - DECISIVE

Both men are slow to rise now. Sweat. Bruises. No wasted motion.

They meet in the center with forearms--*thud--thud*--neither backing down. AJ tries to pick up speed, hits the ropes, springboards--

TJ steps forward and **cuts him in half with a lariat**.

TJ signals--crowd responds.

He pulls AJ up, hooks him--attempts **Game Over**--

AJ counters out, rolls TJ up!

ONE... TWO...

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TJ kicks out and explodes to his feet.

AJ charges--TJ ducks, grabs the arms, pivots--

GAME OVER (ANGEL WINGS).

Perfectly planted.

TJ doesn't rush the cover. He hooks both legs deep.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE.

WINNER - TWO FALLS TO ONE: TJ ALEXANDER

TJ Alexander sits up slowly, chest heaving as the referee raises his hand. AJ Flare rolls to the side, frustrated but spent.

MIA RUSSO:

"What a fight. AJ Flare took the first fall, but TJ Alexander adjusted, endured, and finished the job."

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"That wasn't luck--that was composure. TJ Alexander just made a statement to start 2026."

TJ rises, nods once toward AJ--respectful, restrained--then looks out at the Cologne crowd, eyes focused, jaw set.

DANNY GREENE III:

"Two-out-of-three falls don't lie. TJ Alexander just proved he can go the distance."

The camera lingers on TJ as his music hits, the tone of Ward #358 clearly set--gritty, competitive, and unforgiving.

Backstage II

The broadcast cuts away from the ring as TJ Alexander's music fades out.

A quiet backstage corridor comes into view. The noise of the crowd is muffled here--distant, vibrating through concrete and steel.

DONAVAN CROSS stands near a monitor bank, arms folded, watching a replay of the finish from **AJ Flare**

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vs. TJ Alexander. His expression is neutral, analytical. He reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out his phone, glancing down.

It **VIBRATES**.

He looks at the screen.

CALLER ID: MANDI FEIGEL

A subtle tightening at his jaw. He answers.

DONAVAN CROSS:

"Ms. Feigel."

MANDI FEIGEL (V.O., sharp, controlled):

"That performance was unacceptable."

Donavan says nothing. He listens.

MANDI FEIGEL:

"AJ Flare embarrassed himself, embarrassed this company, and embarrassed the brand on the first Ward of the year. I want him fired. Publicly. Tonight."

Donavan exhales through his nose, already shaking his head.

DONAVAN CROSS:

"Under no circumstances do I have the authority to fire AJ Flare--or anyone else."

A beat.

MANDI FEIGEL:

"You're Executive Director."

DONAVAN CROSS:

"I manage competition. I enforce order. I don't terminate contracts. And even if I did--"

He pauses, voice firm now.

DONAVAN CROSS (cont'd):

"I wouldn't fire AJ Flare."

Silence on the line.

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MANDI FEIGEL:

"You're refusing a direct request."

DONAVAN CROSS:

"I'm refusing a bad decision. AJ didn't quit. He didn't break protocol. He lost a match. That's not a firing offense--that's professional wrestling."

Another pause--longer this time.

MANDI FEIGEL (cold):

"Noted."

The line **DISCONNECTS**.

Donavan lowers the phone slowly, staring at the dark screen for a moment before slipping it back into his pocket.

He looks up at the monitor again--AJ Flare sitting in the ring post-match, frustrated, exhausted.

DONAVAN CROSS (quiet, to himself):

"Lose a match... and suddenly everyone wants blood."

He turns from the monitors and walks off down the corridor, expression unreadable as the camera lingers for a second before cutting back to the arena.

[CUT TO RINGSIDE]

Sarah-Jane Parker versus Genevieve Feigel

The tournament graphic flashes across the screen--cold steel, crimson trim, one name advancing.

MIA RUSSO (commentary):

"This is where things get serious. Survival of the Fittest doesn't reward popularity or pedigree--only results."

Genevieve Feigel enters first, focused, methodical, carrying herself with quiet confidence. No theatrics. Just intent. The Cologne crowd gives a mixed reaction--respectful, cautious.

Sarah-Jane Parker follows, eyes locked on the ring, jaw set. No wasted movement. This isn't about the crowd. This is about advancement.

The bell rings.

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OPENING EXCHANGE

They circle. Lock up.

Genevieve immediately takes control, snapping Sarah into a side headlock, grinding her down, forcing her to carry weight early. Sarah shoves her off into the ropes--shoulder tackle from Genevieve sends Sarah to the mat.

Genevieve stays on her--short kicks to the ribs, sharp snapmare, basement dropkick to the back of the head.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"Genevieve Feigel is wrestling like someone who understands tournament pressure. Efficient. No panic."

Genevieve hooks the leg.

ONE... TWO...

Sarah kicks out.

SHIFT IN MOMENTUM

Genevieve drags Sarah up, attempts a suplex--Sarah blocks, shifts her hips, counters with a stiff forearm. Another. And another.

Sarah fires off a sudden flurry--clothesline, snap leg kick, then a running knee in the corner that rocks Genevieve.

Sarah pulls her out--fisherman suplex, bridge.

ONE... TWO...

Genevieve escapes.

Sarah doesn't slow down. She stalks, pulls Genevieve up by the wrist--twists the arm, yanks her in--

BACKBREAKER.

Genevieve rolls to the apron, clutching her back.

DANNY GREENE III:

"Sarah-Jane Parker just flipped the switch. That's danger."

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FINAL SEQUENCE

Genevieve fights back in, desperation setting in. She catches Sarah with a sudden rolling elbow, then a low dropkick that knocks Sarah into the ropes.

Genevieve charges--Sarah sidesteps.

Genevieve turns--

Sarah hooks her.

CRIMSON CRUSADE (GIGI DRIVER).

Clean. Violent. Center of the ring.

Sarah collapses into the cover.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE.

WINNER - SARAH-JANE PARKER

Advances in the Survival of the Fittest Tournament

The bell rings as Sarah rolls off, sitting up slowly, breathing heavy. The referee raises her hand.

Genevieve Feigel remains down for a moment, then rolls to her knees--frustrated, disappointed, but composed.

MIA RUSSO:

"That's the reality of Survival of the Fittest. One opening. One mistake. And it's over."

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"Genevieve brought discipline and control--but Sarah-Jane Parker brought finality."

Sarah stands in the center of the ring, eyes hard, no celebration--just a nod to the referee before stepping through the ropes.

DANNY GREENE III:

"Sarah-Jane Parker survives. And in this tournament, that's all that matters."

The camera lingers on Genevieve Feigel regrouping as Sarah disappears up the ramp--one step closer to proving she belongs among the elite.

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Commercial

The screen snaps to black.

A single heartbeat echoes.

THUMP.

THUMP.

White text flashes--sharp, aggressive.

SURVIVAL

ISN'T

A MATCH.

Cut to rapid-fire clips: bodies crashing, bloodied faces, exhausted wrestlers collapsing in corners, referees pulling competitors off one another.

The music builds--industrial, relentless.

MIA RUSSO (V.O., intense):

"In Asylum Wrestling Society... survival isn't about winning once."

Cut to a wrestler locking in a submission. Another screaming in pain. A bell ringing over chaos.

GIDGET STEPHENSON (V.O.):

"It's about lasting longer than everyone else."

The screen glitches.

A tournament bracket slams onto the screen--names blurred, slots filling in violently, one name crossing out another.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

Quick cuts:

- A competitor vomiting into a bucket backstage
- Ice packs slapped onto shoulders

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- A trainer taping ribs

- A stare-down inches apart

DANNY GREENE III (V.O.):

"No excuses. No shortcuts. No mercy."

The visuals slow.

One by one, wrestlers stare into the camera--sweat-drenched, bruised, focused.

MIA RUSSO (V.O.):

"One tournament."

A hard cut--someone tapping out.

Another--someone refusing to tap.

Another--someone collapsing after the bell.

GIDGET STEPHENSON (V.O.):

"One survivor."

The screen fills with bold crimson lettering:

AWS

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

PAY-PER-VIEW

The music cuts out.

Silence.

Then--

A final clip: a lone competitor standing in the ring, hands on knees, breathing heavy as the crowd roars around them.

DANNY GREENE III (V.O., low):

"If you can't endure... you don't belong."

The AWS logo slams onto the screen.

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**LIVE ON PAY-PER-VIEW
ONE NIGHT. NO RESET.**

The heartbeat returns... then flatlines.

[CUT BACK TO LIVE ACTION]

Mason Hurst versus Autumn McGraw

The tournament graphic flashes across the screen as the crowd noise swells again.

MIA RUSSO (commentary):

"Fourth match of the night, and now we turn our attention to the **Survival of the Fittest Tournament**--where one loss can erase your entire year."

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"No margin. No safety net. This is advancement or elimination."

THE MATCH

The bell rings and the contrast is immediate.

Mason Hurst comes forward with raw power--wide stance, heavy hands--trying to bully Autumn McGraw into the corners early. Autumn keeps her distance, circling, baiting him to commit.

Mason lunges for a collar-and-elbow. Autumn slips under, snaps off a quick arm drag, then another, sending Mason scrambling to regain balance. The Cologne crowd pops as Autumn stays one step ahead.

Mason regroups and charges again--this time catching Autumn mid-move and driving her back-first into the corner with a crushing body check. He unloads with clubbing forearms, trying to sap her speed.

DANNY GREENE III:

"Mason Hurst wants this to be ugly. He wants it slow and painful."

Mason hoists Autumn up and drops her with a hard slam, immediately following with a stiff elbow drop and a cover.

ONE... TWO...

Autumn kicks out.

Mason stays on her--short-arm clotheslines, grinding pressure, forcing Autumn to carry his weight. He

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attempts a powerbomb--

Autumn fights free, firing elbows, then bounces off the ropes and blasts Mason with a running knee that knocks him back a step.

She builds momentum--snap suplex, kip-up, then a low dropkick to the knee that finally takes Mason off his base.

MIA RUSSO:

"That's smart. Chop the tree down."

Autumn presses the advantage with rapid strikes, forcing Mason upright. She ducks a wild swing, spins--

Mason catches her again and lifts for another slam--

Autumn slips behind, shoves him into the ropes, and on the rebound **pops him straight up--**

HOE DOWN (JACKHAMMER).

The impact shakes the ring.

Autumn hooks the leg, eyes locked on the referee.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE.

RESULT

WINNER - AUTUMN MCGRAW

Advances in the AWS Survival of the Fittest Tournament

The crowd erupts as Autumn rolls to her knees, breathing hard, then rises to her feet. The referee raises her hand as Mason Hurst sits up slowly, stunned.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"That's it. One move, one moment--and Autumn McGraw punches her ticket forward."

MIA RUSSO:

"Mason Hurst brought the power, but Autumn brought precision. That's how you survive."

Autumn stands tall, nodding to the crowd before casting one final look down at Mason--no celebration, just

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focus.

DANNY GREENE III:

"Survival of the Fittest doesn't care how strong you are. It cares who's left standing."

Autumn McGraw exits the ring, the tournament bracket looming large as the show moves on.

Commercial

The screen cuts hard to black.

Silence.

Then--
the sharp **HISS** of a can opening.

A cold pour hits glass in slow motion. Foam climbs the rim.

A deep, gravelly voice cuts in.

VOICEOVER:

"No slogan. No mascot. No fake story."

Quick cuts:

- A cracked knuckle gripping a cold can
- Boots on concrete after a long night
- A bar TV replaying a brutal AWS moment
- Someone wiping blood from their eyebrow... then taking a drink

VOICEOVER:

"This isn't a lifestyle brand."

The music kicks in--low, bluesy, unapologetic.

VOICEOVER:

"It's just beer."

Close-up: a plain can. No logo. No name. Just metal and condensation.

NO NAMED BEER

Cut to different people, different places:

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- A wrestler backstage, icing their shoulder
- A mechanic closing the garage door
- A bartender sliding a can across the bar
- A woman on a stoop at 2 a.m., city lights behind her

VOICEOVER:

"For people who don't need permission...
don't need validation...
and damn sure don't need branding shoved down their throat."

A heavy swallow. The can hits the table.

VOICEOVER (firmer):

"No Named Beer doesn't care if you like it."

Beat.

VOICEOVER:

"It just shows up."

Final shot: the can on a table. One word fades in above it.

BEER.

Then below it, smaller:

NO NAME.

NO BULLSHIT.

The screen snaps back to black.

[CUT BACK TO AWS WARD - LIVE]

Kurokumo versus Dragonlistico

? DRAGONLISTICO -- El Guardián de los Dioses Perdidos

Lights dim to deep emerald.

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Low thunder rolls through the arena.

Tribal drums echo -- slow, ceremonial, ancient.

A green mist creeps down the ramp like poison fog.

? FWOOSH -- emerald flame erupts from the stage.

Dragonlistico emerges through the smoke, never from the center -- always offset, half-shadowed.

Arms crossed. Mask horns gleam. White-and-gold eye trim catches the light like a predator's gaze.

He does not acknowledge the crowd.

He does not rush.

Every step is measured -- a ritual, not a walk.

A hooded masked interpreter follows several paces behind, stopping at the ramp's edge.

Interpreter (low, reverent tone):

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"From the rain-soaked realm where gods were forgotten summoned by broken oaths...returned to judge the unworthy--"

Dragonlistico steps onto the apron, pauses, then vaults cleanly into the ring with effortless power. He turns once. Slow. Controlled.

? Pose: One fist to the mat. Other raised skyward.

Crowd:

"DRA-GON-LIS-TI-CO! ?

DRA-GON-LIS-TI-CO!"

He never removes the mask.

He never speaks.

Mia Russo: "Every time Dragonlistico walks into the Asylum, it feels like a judgment day."

Gidget Stephenson: "Lucha tradition wrapped in myth, muscle, and menace -- that's not a man, that's a warning label."

Danny Greene III: "Yeah, and tonight that warning label just got peeled open, because waiting on the other side is something that doesn't care about gods... or legends."

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? KUROKUMO -- The Burrowed God

Lights cut. Instantly.

No music.

A single white spotlight hits the stage.

Dust falls from above -- real, visible, unsettling.

TAP... TAP... TAP... TAP...

Then eight rapid taps.

Silence.

A ripple moves beneath the stage.

Then--

Kurokumo crawls out.

Not walking.

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Not rising.

One limb at a time.

Too smooth.

Too quiet.

Behind them, Koharu Kumo walks first, lantern in hand. Silk threads sway faintly from its frame.

She never looks back.

She kneels at ringside, palm flat to the mat -- offering.

Kurokumo slips under the bottom rope like entering a burrow. Circles the ring in a low crouch. Fingertips drag along the canvas like silk being spun.

Then--

They freeze in the corner.

Completely still.

Head tilts.

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The hunt has begun.

Gidget Stephenson (hushed): "Okay... nope. Nope. I've wrestled monsters before -- that's not a gimmick."

Mia Russo: "That's a predator that wandered into our ring, Gidget. And the scariest part? It knows exactly where it is."

Danny Greene III: "This isn't about wins or losses. This is territory. And Dragonlistico just stepped into something ancient."

Ring Announcer: Song Teng

(Song waits for absolute silence -- then speaks with precise authority.)

Song Teng:

"Ladies and gentlemen... prepare yourselves.

The next battle... is about to begin."

(Beat.)

"Introducing first..."

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(Emerald lights pulse.)

"Accompanied by his interpreter... From Tlalocan -- the Realm of the Rain Gods... Standing six feet one inch, weighing two hundred seventeen pounds... He is El Guardián de los Dioses Perdidos..."

? "DRAGONLISTICOOOOOO!"

(Crowd roars.)

(Lights snap to white.)

"And his opponent..."

(Song's tone lowers. Slows.)

"Billed from... The Hollow Beneath... Standing six feet two inches, weighing two hundred thirteen pounds... Accompanied by Koharu Kumo..."

(Lantern flickers.)

"Known as The Burrowed God..."

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? "KUROKUMOOOOO."

(Uneasy silence -- then scattered, nervous cheers.)

Bell rings.

Dragonlistico stands tall, grounded, hands raised in classic lucha posture.

Kurokumo does not rise.

They sink lower.

A slow prowling crawl, one knee bent inward at the wrong angle. Head tilted. Stillness -- then motion.

They slide forward, suddenly, grabbing a low single-leg takedown, dragging Dragonlistico off balance and yanking him face-first to the mat.

Mia Russo: "And right away -- Kurokumo refusing to meet him on equal footing."

Gidget Stephenson: "That's not wrestling stance, that's hunting posture."

Danny Greene III: "Dragonlistico came here to test skill -- Kurokumo came here to claim territory."

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Kurokumo crawls over Dragonlistico, not mounting -- looming. Long fingers hook around the wrist, twisting sharply into a rope-trap armbar attempt before the ropes are even involved.

Dragonlistico rolls, powering through, snapping to his feet and blasting Kurokumo with a double palm strike combo, forcing separation.

Dragonlistico hits the ropes -- springboard crossbody -- but Kurokumo ducks under, spider-walking backward, then suddenly slides in with a knee to the ribs that folds Dragonlistico mid-air.

Kurokumo immediately transitions into a neck crank, bending the head sideways at an angle that makes the crowd wince.

Gidget: "Ohhh no no no, that neck is bending where it should not bend."

Mia: "This is joint manipulation with malicious intent."

Danny Greene III: "And Dragonlistico's trying to wrestle -- Kurokumo's trying to dismantle."

Dragonlistico powers to one knee, then explodes upward with a sudden deadlift shove, breaking the hold.

He backflips out of range --

? VENENO DEL DRAGÓN!

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The spinning heel kick cracks Kurokumo across the jaw.

Kurokumo stumbles.

Dragonlistico doesn't hesitate -- he hits the ropes, springboards, and COLMILLO CELESTIAL slams Kurokumo to the mat with a spear that echoes through the arena.

Crowd erupts.

Danny Greene III: "There it is! That's lucha power meeting divine wrath!"

Mia: "Dragonlistico just reminded everyone why tradition still matters."

Gidget: "She got caught -- and that doesn't happen often!"

Dragonlistico pulls Kurokumo up --

They go completely limp.

Then -- snap -- Kurokumo snatches the wrist, claws digging in, twisting sharply into a short-arm clawing grab, pulling Dragonlistico nose-to-nose.

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They don't blink.

They headbutt, then immediately drag him to the mat, stomping down on elbows and wrists with precise cruelty.

Dragonlistico tries to roll -- Kurokumo hooks the ankle, dragging him back like prey resisting a burrow.

Mia: "This is invasive. This is methodical."

Gidget: "She's not rushing -- she's deciding where to break him."

Danny Greene III: "This is psychological warfare disguised as wrestling."

Dragonlistico manages to spring free, stunning Kurokumo with a snap kick, then launches to the top rope.

He leaps--

Kurokumo meets him mid-air, deadlifting into a gutwrench throw, spiking him hard.

Crowd gasps.

Dragonlistico still kicks out at two.

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He rises again -- battered but defiant.

Danny Greene III (rising): "THIS is where legends are tested."

Dragonlistico charges --

Kurokumo drops into a low animal crouch.

? SILK COLLAPSE.

The running low-angle spear drives Dragonlistico into the mat, crushing breath and momentum.

Kurokomo doesn't cover.

They crawl up his body.

And then--

Kurokomo hooks the mask.

One sharp pull.

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Fabric tears.

The crowd erupts in shock as Dragonlistico turns away instinctively, hands snapping up.

The referee immediately dives in -- waving arms -- shouting for the bell.

Mia: "NO-- NO, THAT'S A LINE YOU DO NOT CROSS!"

Gidget: "That's sacred -- that's his identity!"

Danny Greene III: "Kurokumo didn't want the pin -- this was the point!"

The bell rings repeatedly.

Officials swarm.

Dragonlistico collapses to one knee, clutching what remains of the mask, back turned to the hard camera.

Kurokumo backs away slowly, head tilted, breathing steady -- unbothered.

Koharu steps forward with the lantern.

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Kurokumo never looks at the referee.

They leave first.

Mia Russo: "That's not a win -- that's desecration."

Gidget Stephenson: "And Dragonlistico never surrendered. Never broke."

Danny Greene III: "The Asylum just learned something tonight -- some monsters don't want victory... they want violation."

Commercial

The screen cuts to black.

A low **crowd murmur** fades in--then the unmistakable sound of a bell ringing once.

DING.

The image fades up to the **Paris skyline at night**, the Eiffel Tower cutting through the darkness. Crimson AWS graphics bleed across the screen like ink in water.

MIA RUSSO (V.O., measured):

"Paris has seen revolutions..."

Cut to slow-motion shots of wrestlers colliding--elbows, kicks, bodies crashing into turnbuckles.

GIDGET STEPHENSON (V.O.):

"...and on Saturday night--another one comes to life."

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The music builds--sleek, dangerous, cinematic.

A hard cut to the exterior of the **ACCOR ARENA**, lights blazing, fans flooding in.

SATURDAY NIGHT ASSAULT #9

Quick flashes:

- A referee sliding into position
- A fist taped tight
- A stare-down in the aisle
- A championship belt glinting under the lights

DANNY GREENE III (V.O.):

"Assault isn't a warm-up. It's where grudges turn violent."

The pace quickens.

Montage hits:

- A body driven through the ropes
- A high-impact dive to the floor
- A submission cinched in deep
- A scream cut short by the bell

Bold text slams onto the screen:

LIVE FROM PARIS, FRANCE
ACCOR ARENA

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The music drops out for a beat.

A single clip--two wrestlers nose to nose, neither backing down.

MIA RUSSO (V.O.):

"No filters. No safety net."

The final graphic explodes onto the screen in crimson and white:

AWS

SATURDAY NIGHT ASSAULT #9

GIDGET STEPHENSON (V.O.):

"International stage. Relentless consequences."

The AWS logo burns onto the screen.

LIVE -- FROM PARIS

THE ASYLUM GOES GLOBAL

The screen glitches--static--then cuts back to the live broadcast.

Julian Creed versus Kemal Yilmaz

The tournament graphic flashes across the screen as the crowd buzzes--this one matters.

MIA RUSSO (commentary):

"Sixth match of the night, and this is Survival of the Fittest territory. One loss and your road ends right here."

DANNY GREENE III:

"No safety net. No next week. You either adapt--or you're done."

OPENING MOMENTS

The bell rings and Julian Creed comes out aggressive, pressing forward with fast footwork and stiff strikes, trying to overwhelm Kemal Yilmaz before he can settle into his rhythm.

Creed snaps off a quick arm drag, follows with a low dropkick to the knee, and immediately targets the arm--wrapping it up, wrenching at the elbow.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

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"Smart strategy from Julian Creed. You don't out-wrestle Kemal Yilmaz--you try to break him down early."

Kemal absorbs it, rolls through, and calmly disengages, shaking out the arm as Creed smirks, sensing momentum.

SHIFT IN CONTROL

Creed charges again--Kemal sidesteps and unloads with a brutal palm strike to the chest that echoes through the arena. Another strike. Then a snap kick to the thigh that drops Creed to one knee.

Kemal slows the pace, methodical now. He hooks Creed's arm and drives him into the mat with a short-arm takedown, transitioning seamlessly into grounded control.

MIA RUSSO:

"That's Kemal Yilmaz pulling the match into deep water."

Creed scrambles, trying to reach the ropes, but Kemal stays glued to him--hammering short elbows, grinding pressure, constantly re-centering the fight.

DESPERATION & COUNTERS

Creed explodes with urgency, landing a sharp forearm and a sudden snap suplex that gives him breathing room. He fires up, hits the ropes, connects with a running knee strike, then climbs the turnbuckles.

Creed leaps--

Kemal rolls through and catches him on the way down, immediately trapping the arm.

The crowd reacts as Kemal transitions with frightening speed.

DANNY GREENE III:

"Uh-oh--this is bad positioning for Creed!"

THE FINISH

Kemal twists, rolls his hips, and locks it in dead center of the ring--

THE TURKISH ACID CROSS (ARMBAR CROSSFACE).

Creed screams out, trapped flat on the mat. He claws forward, stretching desperately for the ropes, but

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Kemal drags him back, re-sinks the hold, and wrenches harder.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"There's nowhere to go! This is survival or surrender!"

Creed fights--seconds tick by--but the pressure is relentless.

Finally--

JULIAN CREED TAPS OUT.

WINNER BY SUBMISSION - KEMAL YILMAZ

The bell rings repeatedly as Kemal releases the hold and rises to his feet, composed, cold, and focused. Julian Creed rolls away clutching his arm, eliminated.

MIA RUSSO:

"Submission victory--and that means Kemal Yilmaz advances in the Survival of the Fittest Tournament!"

DANNY GREENE III:

"That wasn't flashy. That was efficient. That was dangerous."

Kemal stands tall, breathing steady as his hand is raised. He looks straight into the hard camera, no celebration--just intent.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"In a tournament like this, that mindset will take you far."

The camera lingers on Kemal Yilmaz as the tournament bracket updates--his name moving forward--before cutting back to ringside.

Commercial

The screen cuts to black.

A sudden **record scratch**.

Silence.

Then--

? an over-the-top synth beat kicks in ?

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IN SPACE...

The screen EXPLODES into neon stars, asteroids drifting past the camera far too slowly.

...NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU GO NUTS.

Cut to a battered spaceship spinning out of control.

Inside the cockpit:

Four astronauts.

Zero discipline.

Negative brain cells.

ASTRONAUT #1:

"Who gave the hamster control of the ship?!"

A HAMSTER IN A SPACE HELMET slams a big red button.

ALARM KLAXONS BLARE.

Smash cut to bold chrome letters:

SPACE NUTZ

Cue rapid-fire chaos:

- A laser gun misfiring and blowing up the snack storage
- Someone floating away mid-scream
- An alien giving a thumbs-down
- An astronaut slapping another astronaut in zero gravity

NARRATOR (V.O., absurdly dramatic):

"This summer... humanity sends its *worst possible crew* beyond the stars."

Cut to an alien war council.

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ALIEN OVERLORD:

"So... these are your best warriors?"

Hard cut to the crew duct-taping a cracked helmet.

ASTRONAUT #2:

"...We're gonna die."

Explosion.

Record scratch again.

NARRATOR (V.O.):

"They weren't chosen."

Cut to text:

THEY WEREN'T READY.

Another explosion.

NARRATOR (V.O.):

"They definitely weren't trained."

A space monkey launches itself out of an airlock with finger guns.

SPACE MONKEY:

"WOOOO!"

The music drops.

Slow-motion shot of the ship barely missing an asteroid.

ASTRONAUT #3 (whispering):

"I miss Earth."

Immediately smashed by floating debris.

BOOM.

Title card slams back on screen--bigger, louder:

SPACE NUTZ

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NARRATOR (V.O.):

"Saving the galaxy... accidentally."

Final rapid montage:

- The ship crash-landing on a purple planet
- An alien screaming
- Someone screaming louder
- The hamster saluting

Text flashes:

RATED PG-13

FOR SCI-FI CHAOS, SPACE HAMSTERS, AND POOR LIFE CHOICES

COMING SOON TO THEATERS

One last beat.

Cut to black.

A quiet voice:

ASTRONAUT #1 (V.O.):

"...We're never getting home, are we?"

ALIEN (V.O.):

"No."

? *music cuts hard* ?

[CUT BACK TO LIVE ACTION]

Vin Halsted © & KD Feigel versus The War Gods ©

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The atmosphere shifts the moment the introductions finish. Gold is everywhere--singles and tag--yet nothing is on the line except pride and momentum.

MIA RUSSO (commentary):

"Non-title on paper... but don't be fooled. The Legacy Champion and the Unified Tag Team Champions in the same ring? This has consequences written all over it."

DANNY GREENE III:

"Four champions. Four egos. And not a single one of them likes backing down."

OPENING EXCHANGE

The War Gods insist on starting strong--Ares and Odin looming, methodical, confident. Vin Halsted steps through the ropes first, staring down Ares as the bell rings.

They lock up hard. Ares muscles Halsted back into the corner, talking trash, asserting power. Halsted answers with sharp body shots and a sudden snapmare, tagging in **KD Feigel**.

KD explodes in--low kicks, fast hands, relentless movement. Odin reaches in for a blind tag and storms the ring, flattening KD with a massive shoulder block.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"The War Gods are trying to slow KD Feigel down--take away that speed advantage."

WAR GODS IN CONTROL

Odin and Ares isolate KD in their corner. Heavy tags. Clubbing forearms. Odin plants KD with a spinebuster and leans into a grinding cover.

ONE... TWO...

KD kicks out.

Ares tags in and hammers KD with a running senton, then drags him up, smirking as he measures him.

MIA RUSSO:

"KD Feigel in serious trouble right now."

KD fires back with desperation--sharp elbows, a sudden snap kick to the knee of Ares--and dives, fingertips brushing--

TAG TO HALSTED!

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The Legacy Champion storms in, clearing house. A clothesline for Ares. One for Odin. Snap powerslam. The crowd erupts.

CHAOS BREAKS LOOSE

The match breaks down. Odin charges--Halsted ducks, KD re-enters and rocks Odin with a stiff forearm. The two double-team briefly before KD sends Odin to the corner.

KD hoists Odin up--

CHALKLINE DRIVER (STALLING BRAINBUSTER).

The crowd roars as Odin crashes to the mat.

DANNY GREENE III:

"Odin just got planted! Chalkline Driver--beautiful execution!"

Across the ring, Ares turns straight into Halsted.

Halsted points to the corner.

He climbs.

The arena holds its breath.

HALSTED HANGOVER -- *somersault stunner from the turnbuckle*, snapping Ares down violently.

THE FINISH

Halsted hooks the leg immediately.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

WINNERS - VIN HALSTED & KD FEIGEL

The bell rings as Cologne explodes. KD Feigel rises slowly, nodding to Halsted. The War Gods are stunned--Ares rolling to the ropes, Odin still clutching his head.

MIA RUSSO:

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"Non-title or not--that's a pinfall over one-half of the Unified Tag Team Champions!"

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"And it was decisive. That combination--Chalkline Driver into the Halsted Hangover--was surgical."

DANNY GREENE III:

"The War Gods don't lose often. And when they do? The entire division takes notice."

Halsted raises the Legacy Championship high as KD stands beside him, the two icons staring down the tag champions--lines drawn, messages sent.

Backstage Later

[BACKSTAGE - LATER IN THE NIGHT]

The camera cuts in abruptly--handheld, shaky, urgent.

A concrete loading corridor backstage. Flight cases stacked high. A catering table half-cleared. **VIN HALSTED** and **KD FEIGEL** are walking side by side, still breathing heavy from their match, championship gold slung over shoulders.

They turn a corner--

CRACK.

A steel pipe smashes across Halsted's back.

He drops to one knee instantly.

The camera whips around--

THE WAR GODS.

ARES grips the pipe, eyes wild with rage.

ODIN stands beside him, another pipe in hand, jaw clenched.

MIA RUSSO (V.O., alarmed):

"NO--NO--NOT BACK HERE!"

KD spins and swings--

CRACK.

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Odin drills KD across the ribs with the pipe. KD stumbles back, gasping, crashing shoulder-first into a stack of equipment boxes that topple violently around him.

DANNY GREENE III (V.O.):

"This is retaliation--pure and simple!"

Halsted tries to fight up--

Ares boots him in the gut, doubles him over, and drives him backward--

THROUGH A TABLE.

The wood explodes on impact as Halsted crashes through, landing hard in the wreckage.

The War Gods don't stop.

Odin grabs KD by the collar, hauls him up--

PIPE SHOT TO THE SPINE.

KD collapses to his knees. Odin snarls and **HEAVES HIM FULL FORCE** into another wall of production crates. Metal rattles. Latches burst open. Gear spills across the floor as KD slumps down, clutching his side.

GIDGET STEPHENSON (V.O.):

"This is a message--and it's brutal!"

Ares stands over Halsted, pipe resting on his shoulder, chest heaving.

ARES:

"You don't pin gods... and walk away."

Odin steps beside him, staring down at KD.

ODIN:

"Non-title. No mercy."

The War Gods drop the pipes simultaneously--**CLANG**--the sound echoing down the corridor.

They stand tall amid the wreckage: shattered table, scattered equipment, fallen champions.

Producers and officials rush into frame, shouting, checking on Halsted and KD as The War Gods walk off calmly, unhurried, unstoppable.

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MIA RUSSO (V.O., shaken):

"This has crossed a line."

The camera lingers on Halsted being helped up, grimacing in pain, and KD Feigel sitting against the boxes, breathing hard--eyes burning with fury.

[CUT TO BLACK]

Leon Roberts © versus Derek Wellings

The stakes are unofficial--but the implications are massive.

The Unified World Heavyweight Championship is displayed at ringside as Leon Roberts steps through the ropes, calm, focused, champion's presence undeniable. Derek Wellings enters with a different energy--tight, keyed up, fully aware this is the biggest opportunity of his career.

MIA RUSSO (commentary):

"This is non-title, but don't misunderstand--beating the Unified World Heavyweight Champion puts you at the front of the conversation."

DANNY GREENE III:

"And Derek Wellings knows it. This is his shot to change everything."

OPENING PHASE

The bell rings and Leon immediately controls the center, measured and confident. He out-wrestles Derek early--tight headlocks, firm takedowns, grinding pressure meant to establish dominance.

Derek keeps scrambling, refusing to be grounded long. He fires back with quick strikes, sharp movement, and risky counters, trying to disrupt Leon's rhythm.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"Derek isn't trying to out-muscle Leon--he's trying to outlast him."

Leon cuts him off with a stiff lariat that flips Derek inside out. The champion barely breaks a sweat.

CHAMPION IN CONTROL

Leon continues to punish Derek--corner clotheslines, a brutal backbreaker, then a slow, almost dismissive cover.

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ONE... TWO...

Derek kicks out.

Leon shakes his head, visibly annoyed. He drags Derek up and rocks him with a heavy forearm that sends him staggering.

MIA RUSSO:

"Leon Roberts is sending a message--this is the level you're trying to reach."

Derek rallies briefly--landing a sudden DDT, then a running knee--but Leon absorbs it and answers with a crushing spinebuster that rattles the ring.

THE TURNING POINT

Leon stalks Derek, setting him up, jaw clenched. He pulls Derek in, cocking his fist--

Leon swings--

AND MISSES.

The punch sails wide.

Leon's momentum carries him forward just enough--

Derek drops instinctively, grabs the waistband--

ROLL-UP!

ONE--

Leon's eyes widen.

TWO--

Leon thrashes, trying to power out.

THREE!

SHOCK IN COLOGNE

WINNER - DEREK WELLINGS

The bell rings.

Monday Night Ward: #358

For half a second, the arena is silent.

Then the noise detonates.

MIA RUSSO:

"WHAT--DID--WE--JUST--SEE?!"

Leon rolls to his knees, frozen, staring at the referee in disbelief.

DANNY GREENE III:

"He got caught. One mistake. One split second."

Derek Wellings scrambles to his feet, hands on his head, breathing hard--realizing what he's just done. He looks at Leon, then at the crowd, shock turning into defiant satisfaction.

FINAL IMAGE

As Leon rises slowly, still stunned, Derek slides out of the ring and snatches the **Unified World Heavyweight Championship** from the timekeeper's table.

Boos mix with stunned cheers.

Derek backs up the aisle, holding the belt high--not won, but **claimed**.

Leon stands in the ring, eyes locked on him, jaw tight, fury simmering beneath disbelief.

GIDGET STEPHENSON:

"Non-title match... but that just shook the foundation of this division."

Derek stops halfway up the ramp, draping the championship over his shoulder, smirking.

Leon takes a step forward.

Too late.

The camera frames Derek standing tall in the aisle with the stolen championship as the crowd roars.

MIA RUSSO:

"This is how Ward #358 ends--and nothing about 2026 just got easier for the champion."

The screen fades out on Derek Wellings holding the gold as the show goes off the air.

Show Credits

Segment: "Cold Open" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Backstage" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "In Ring" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Backstage II" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Commercial" - Written by Ben.

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Segment: "Backstage Later" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite