Road to the Throne: 08.21.2026

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: August 21, 2026
Location: Scotiabank Arena — Toronto, Ontario

Preview

Round one of the Ring King tournament kicks off in Toronto.

Results

Introduction

Segment

The broadcast opens with a sweeping aerial shot of downtown Toronto.

The CN Tower cuts into the evening skyline as the camera moves across the city before finally settling over Scotiabank Arena.

Tonight, the road stops being about getting in.

Tonight, the tournament begins.

The UTA logo flashes across the screen.

ROAD TO THE THRONE

TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

AUGUST 21, 2026

The opening video package hits before we cut LIVE inside Scotiabank Arena!

The Toronto crowd is already on its feet as the camera sweeps across the packed arena. Signs rise throughout the building. Fans lean over the barricades. The entrance stage glows at one end of the arena while the Ring King logo dominates the massive video screen above it.

We cut down to ringside.

Mark Bravo: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Toronto! Welcome to Scotiabank Arena! Welcome to Road to the Throne! I'm Mark Bravo alongside John Phillips, and after two weeks of qualifying matches, sixteen competitors remain with one goal!"

John Phillips: "Become the 2026 Ring King—or Ring Queen—and earn a guaranteed opportunity at the UTA Championship."

Mark Bravo: "The qualifiers are finished. The field is set. And tonight, there are no more second chances to get into this tournament."

John Phillips: "Now you lose, you're out."

The camera cuts toward the ring.

A large RING KING graphic appears on the screen.

Mark Bravo: "Six champions received automatic entry. Ten more fought their way through qualifying matches over the

last two weeks. Tonight, the bracket takes over."

John Phillips: "And look at the four matches we've got. Champions. Former champions. People with grudges. People with something to prove. This bracket didn't exactly ease us into things."

A graphic fills the screen.

RING KING — ROUND ONE

SOL AZTECA vs. SELINA SANTORINO

Mark Bravo: "We begin with two women who earned their positions just one week ago. Sol Azteca defeated Darren Valiant after finally getting exactly what she had been asking for—a clear ring and an opportunity to simply wrestle."

John Phillips: "And she proved her point. Sol said there was more to her than everything we'd seen surrounding Emily Hightower and her family. Darren Valiant gave her a straight-up wrestling match, and Sol beat him."

Mark Bravo: "Across the ring tonight will be Selina Santorino, who defeated Savior Hawkins."

John Phillips: "Clean."

Mark Bravo: "And that matters."

John Phillips: "It absolutely matters. After everything that's happened with Selina—the shortcuts, the attitude, what she did to Susanita Ybanez—she went out there against Savior Hawkins with no Vanessa, no interference, no cheating, and she won."

Mark Bravo: "Tonight, one of them advances. One of them goes home."

The graphic changes.

RING KING — ROUND ONE

BIANCA PAGE vs. LINDSEY LOTHARIO

Mark Bravo: "Then we've got two competitors who qualified on our first Road to the Throne show. Bianca Page meets Lindsey Lothario."

John Phillips: "Bianca defeated Trey Mack. Lindsey defeated Clovis Black. Two very different competitors, and now only one gets to move into the next round."

Mark Bravo: "Bianca Page has Ace Andrews in her corner. Lindsey Lothario has Eli Creed and The Creed Method behind them. There is a lot surrounding this match before that bell even rings."

The next graphic hits.

RING KING — ROUND ONE

MADMAN SZALINSKI vs. SAMUEL SCYTHE

The Toronto crowd reacts loudly at the sight of Madman's name.

Mark Bravo: "And then there is this one."

John Phillips: "This might hurt to watch."

Mark Bravo: "Madman Szalinski defeated Tyger II last week to keep what he openly admits could be his final meaningful opportunity alive."

John Phillips: "Madman knows what condition his body is in. He knows there might not be another tournament. There might not be another run. There might not be another chance."

Mark Bravo: "And his reward for surviving Tyger II?"

The graphic emphasizes the other name.

SAMUEL SCYTHE.

John Phillips: "The Fighting Champion."

Mark Bravo: "Samuel Scythe didn't have to qualify. His championship guaranteed his position in Ring King."

John Phillips: "Madman said somebody was going to have to eliminate him. Well, tonight Samuel Scythe gets the opportunity to be that somebody."

The graphic disappears.

There is a slight pause.

Then two championship belts appear on opposite sides of the screen.

The UTA WrestleZone Championship.

The UTA Championship.

The crowd immediately gets louder.

Mark Bravo: "And our final first-round match tonight..."

John Phillips: "Yeah."

The competitors appear beneath their respective championships.

MIKEY UNLIKELY.

CHRIS ROSS.

RING KING — ROUND ONE

MIKEY UNLIKELY vs. CHRIS ROSS

Mark Bravo: "The WrestleZone Champion against the UTA Champion."

John Phillips: "And these two don't need introductions to each other."

Mark Bravo: "Mikey Unlikely made something very clear last week. This isn't a nostalgia tour for him. That WrestleZone Championship isn't a souvenir. In Mikey's words, it's proof."

John Phillips: "He said he's not here to remember. He's here to win."

Mark Bravo: "Chris Ross has had a very different attitude toward this tournament."

John Phillips: "Because Ross already has what everybody else wants."

The camera pushes toward the Ring King logo hanging over the entrance.

Mark Bravo: "For fifteen other competitors, winning Ring King guarantees an opportunity to challenge for the UTA Championship."

John Phillips: "Chris Ross is already carrying it."

Mark Bravo: "But tonight, the champion still has to step into this tournament. And standing across from him will be a man who has absolutely no intention of letting Chris Ross use him as a stepping stone."

The graphic flashes one final time.

ROAD TO THE THRONE

ROUND ONE BEGINS TONIGHT.

The Toronto crowd erupts as we return to a wide shot of Scotiabank Arena.

Mark Bravo: "Sixteen entered the tournament."

John Phillips: "And we're about to start cutting that number down."

Mark Bravo: "Toronto—Ring King starts RIGHT NOW!"

The camera swings toward the entrance stage as the crowd rises in anticipation.

Sol Azteca vs. Selina Santorino

Match

Back inside Scotiabank Arena, the camera settles on the ring as the Toronto crowd buzzes in anticipation.

The massive screen above the entrance displays the tournament bracket.

Two names are highlighted.

SOL AZTECA.

SELINA SANTORINO.

One will leave Toronto with a place in the second round.

The lights begin to shift.

Mark Bravo: "Here we go. The qualifying matches are behind us. The 2026 Ring King tournament officially begins right now."

John Phillips: "And after what we saw from Selina Santorino last week, Mark, I'm interested to see which Selina walks through that curtain."

The opening notes of Mariah Carey's "Obsessed" hit.

The response is immediate.

Boos pour down from the Toronto crowd.

Selina hasn't even appeared yet.

Instead...

A gold drone descends into view.

The Santorino Sentinel.

Its ring light flickers rapidly, creating a series of paparazzi-style flashes across the entrance stage.

John Phillips: "Well, there's our answer."

Mark Bravo: "Did you really expect one clean victory to suddenly make Selina Santorino humble?"

John Phillips: "No. But I was willing to dream."

The Sentinel rotates toward the curtain.

Flash.

Flash.

Flash.

Then—

Selina Santorino steps through.

The Dominican Diamond stops directly beneath the drone's light.

Six feet tall.

Chin raised.

Completely ignoring the thousands of people booing her because, as far as Selina is concerned, there is only one audience that matters.

The camera.

She adjusts her hair.

Turns slightly.

Finds her angle.

And begins her walk toward the ring like the entrance ramp belongs at Fashion Week instead of a professional wrestling tournament.

Mark Bravo: "Last week, Selina Santorino defeated Savior Hawkins to qualify for this tournament. And I want to emphasize something because of everything we've seen from her since arriving in UTA—she did it clean."

John Phillips: "No Vanessa. No outside interference. No cheating. Savior Hawkins gave her everything he had, and Selina beat him with S.I.S. right in the middle of that ring."

Mark Bravo: "Which answered a question that's followed Selina for quite some time. Take away the shortcuts. Take away the distractions. Take away all of this—"

Bravo pauses as Selina stops halfway down the aisle specifically so the Sentinel can circle her for another shot.

Mark Bravo: "—whatever we're calling this."

John Phillips: "Content."

Mark Bravo: "Take away the content. Selina Santorino can wrestle."

Selina continues toward ringside.

A fan along the barricade gives her an earful.

Selina stops.

Slowly turns.

Looks the fan up and down.

Then looks directly into the Sentinel.

She gestures toward the fan with an exaggerated expression of disgust before mouthing:

"Why are you so obsessed with me?"

The boos get louder.

Selina smiles.

Perfect.

Engagement.

John Phillips: "See, this is the problem. Last week should've taught her something."

Mark Bravo: "Maybe it did."

John Phillips: "What?"

Mark Bravo: "That she can act like this and still win."

John Phillips: "...That's actually worse."

Selina reaches ringside and turns toward the Sentinel again.

She raises two fingers.

Poses.

Then mouths directly into its camera:

Selina Santorino: "Love me. Hate me. It's all the same."

A beat.

Selina Santorino: "I'm simply better."

She vaults onto the apron.

Selina steps through the ropes and immediately takes control of the space.

She accelerates across the canvas.

Front flip.

She lands perfectly into a flat split in the center of the ring.

The Sentinel follows every movement.

Selina rotates through a smooth 360-degree spin on the mat before rolling backward and using the momentum to rise fluidly back to her feet.

The instant she reaches full height—

BLACKOUT.

The arena disappears.

One brilliant white light remains.

The Sentinel's spotlight.

Directly on Selina.

She crosses her legs into a model's stance.

Raises both hands toward her temples.

And slowly lowers an imaginary crown onto her head.

The Toronto crowd rains boos into the darkness.

Selina stares straight into the drone.

Selina Santorino: "Subscribe... to become influential."

FLASH!

The Sentinel fires one enormous strobe.

The house lights return in a soft magenta glow.

Mark Bravo: "She certainly doesn't suffer from a lack of confidence."

John Phillips: "She thinks this tournament is sixteen people competing for the privilege of appearing in her highlight reel."

Selina yawns.

Actually yawns.

Then she walks toward the corner and climbs onto the top turnbuckle.

Rather than stand, she sits.

Lounging across the top rope like she's waiting for someone to bring her a drink.

The Santorino Sentinel floats closer.

Its LIVE indicator flashes.

Selina immediately begins speaking to the drone, adjusting her gear for an impromptu outfit check before blowing a kiss toward the lens.

Mark Bravo: "There's another part of last week's victory we shouldn't overlook. Scott Stevens gave Selina what was essentially a final opportunity after she deliberately injured Susanita Ybanez at One Last Stop."

John Phillips: "Susanita needed surgery because of that attack. She's still out. And she made it very clear last week that when she's medically cleared, Selina Santorino is one of the people she's coming back for."

Selina continues talking to her livestream, seemingly unconcerned with anything Bravo and Phillips are discussing.

Mark Bravo: "But Susanita isn't here tonight."

John Phillips: "Sol Azteca is."

That gets a reaction from the crowd.

Selina hears it.

Her eyes finally leave the Sentinel.

She looks toward the entrance.

The smile remains.

But there's a slight change behind it.

Mark Bravo: "Last week proved Selina Santorino belongs in this tournament."

John Phillips: "Now she has to prove she belongs in the second round."

Selina leans back against the turnbuckles.

The Sentinel turns away from her.

Its camera rotates toward the entrance.

Waiting.

So is Selina.

Selina Santorino remains perched comfortably on the top turnbuckle.

The Santorino Sentinel hovers nearby.

Then the arena sound changes.

The opening beat of "Gasolina (Instrumental)" by Daddy Yankee hits.

The Toronto crowd comes alive.

Selina's expression immediately flattens.

John Phillips: "And here comes the woman who has absolutely no interest in Selina Santorino's livestream."

Mark Bravo: "Sol Azteca asked for one thing heading into last week's qualifier, John. She wanted the distractions gone. No Hightowers. No chaos. No excuses. Give her a ring, give her an opponent, and let her wrestle."

Sol Azteca bursts through the curtain.

She's already moving with the rhythm.

The masked luchadora throws an arm into the air before pointing out toward the Toronto crowd.

She claps.

The fans respond.

Sol claps again.

Louder this time.

And the crowd follows her.

John Phillips: "And Darren Valiant gave her exactly that last week."

Mark Bravo: "He did. No tricks. No interference. Two competitors trying to earn their way into Ring King. Darren pushed her, Sol beat him, and there was respect surrounding the result."

Sol spins once at the top of the ramp and immediately starts toward the ring.

Quick steps.

Fluid movement.

Never standing still.

She reaches toward both sides of the aisle, slapping hands with fans as she makes her way toward ringside.

The camera briefly cuts back to Selina.

Still sitting on the turnbuckle.

Still trying to look bored.

But she's watching.

Mark Bravo: "For much of Sol Azteca's time in UTA, we've talked about Emily Hightower. We've talked about the Hightower family. We've talked about everything happening around Sol."

John Phillips: "Last week we finally got to talk about Sol."

Mark Bravo: "And what we saw was the combination that makes her so difficult to prepare for. The lucha libre foundation from Mexico, refined by the discipline and physicality she learned training at the Sendai Girls Dojo in Japan."

Sol reaches ringside.

The Santorino Sentinel immediately rotates toward her.

Its lens follows Sol as she moves around the ring.

Sol notices it.

She looks directly into the lens for a moment.

Then keeps walking.

No pose.

No argument.

No attempt to steal Selina's camera.

Nothing.

Selina's eyebrow rises.

John Phillips: "Oh, Selina isn't going to like that."

Mark Bravo: "Sol isn't here for the camera."

John Phillips: "That's exactly why Selina isn't going to like it."

Sol turns toward the ring.

She dives beneath the bottom rope.

In one continuous motion, Sol springs back to her feet and heads directly for the corner.

She climbs.

Throws both arms wide.

The crowd responds.

Sol holds the position for only a moment before dropping back to the canvas.

The energy changes immediately.

The smile fades.

Her shoulders settle.

Her stance tightens.

Sol rolls her neck once and begins shifting lightly from foot to foot.

The celebration is over.

Now she is here to fight.

Mark Bravo: "Watch the difference. That's Sol Azteca. She feeds off the crowd getting here, but once she's inside those ropes, everything becomes purposeful."

John Phillips: "And this is a very different opponent than Darren Valiant. Selina has six inches on her. She's athletic enough to keep up with Sol, she's dangerous in the air, and we just learned last week that when Selina actually focuses, she's more than capable of winning without any of the nonsense."

Selina finally climbs down from the turnbuckle.

She stands to her full height.

Across the ring, Sol continues moving lightly on the balls of her feet.

Selina looks down the several inches separating their heights.

A smirk forms.

Sol looks back up at her.

No reaction.

Selina motions toward the Sentinel.

The drone moves between them, framing both women in the same shot.

Selina turns toward the lens.

She poses.

Sol doesn't.

Instead, Sol steps sideways.

Right out of the shot.

The crowd laughs.

Selina slowly turns her head.

Sol is already in her corner.

Still moving.

Still focused.

John Phillips: "Oh, that's going to bother her."

Mark Bravo: "Then Selina better get over it quickly, because this isn't a photoshoot. This is the first round of Ring King."

The tournament graphic appears at the bottom of the screen.

2026 RING KING — ROUND ONE

SOL AZTECA vs. SELINA SANTORINO

Sol reaches up and carefully adjusts her mask.

Selina backs into her corner, continuing to talk toward the Sentinel as it retreats outside the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "Sol Azteca. Selina Santorino. Both fought their way through qualifying last week."

John Phillips: "One of them is about to become the first person through to the next round."

Sol lowers into her stance.

Selina finally turns her full attention away from the camera.

The two women stare across the ring at one another.

Toronto rises with them.

The bell rings.

DING! DING!

For the first time tonight, Selina Santorino completely ignores the Santorino Sentinel.

Her eyes stay on Sol.

Sol remains light on her feet, circling to her left.

Selina turns with her.

Sol changes direction.

Selina adjusts.

Neither woman rushes.

Mark Bravo: "And the 2026 Ring King tournament is officially underway."

John Phillips: "And I think Selina understands that this isn't the time to play around. Sol Azteca is not going to stand there waiting while Selina finds her good side."

They move toward the center.

Collar-and-elbow tie-up.

Immediately, the size difference matters.

Selina plants her feet and drives forward.

Sol gives ground.

One step.

Two.

Selina continues pushing until Sol's back reaches the turnbuckles.

The official calls for the break.

Selina releases.

Clean.

But not without making sure Sol understands what just happened.

Selina takes a step backward and spreads her arms.

Then looks toward the Sentinel.

Selina Santorino: "Simply better."

Boos.

Sol watches her.

No frustration.

No embarrassment.

She simply steps out of the corner and begins moving again.

Mark Bravo: "That's the advantage Selina has tonight. Six feet tall, one hundred fifty pounds. Sol Azteca is giving up height and weight."

John Phillips: "And Sol isn't going to win a match by trying to prove she can overpower Selina. That's not what she does."

They circle again.

Another lockup—

No.

Sol ducks beneath Selina's reaching arms.

She slips behind.

Waistlock.

Selina immediately reaches down to break the grip.

Sol releases before she can.

Side headlock.

Selina pushes Sol toward the ropes.

Sol hits them and rebounds.

Selina braces herself.

Shoulder block!

Sol hits the canvas.

Selina barely moves.

She looks down at Sol.

Then toward the drone.

A grin.

John Phillips: "And there's the size again."

Selina takes off toward the ropes.

Sol rolls onto her stomach.

Selina hurdles her.

Off the opposite side.

Sol pops up.

Leapfrog!

Selina runs underneath.

Sol turns as Selina rebounds again.

Selina charges—

Sol redirects her momentum!

Arm drag!

Selina rolls through and gets back up.

Another arm drag!

Selina rises again—

Sol catches the arm.

Twists.

Wrist control.

Selina tries to pull away.

Sol moves with her.

Selina reverses the wristlock.

Sol rolls forward.

Kips up.

Turns underneath the arm.

Reverses again.

The crowd applauds the exchange.

Mark Bravo: "That's where Sol wants this match. Movement. Angles. Make Selina react."

Selina reaches for Sol's head.

Sol ducks.

Selina turns—

Dropkick!

Right to the chest!

Selina stumbles backward through the ropes and lands on her feet on the floor.

Sol gets up immediately.

The crowd rises as she looks toward Selina.

Selina looks back.

Sol takes two quick steps toward the ropes—

Selina braces for the dive!

But Sol stops.

She grabs the top rope.

And smoothly swings herself backward into the ring.

The crowd cheers.

Selina's face tightens.

John Phillips: "Sol didn't need the dive."

Mark Bravo: "Exactly. Selina was waiting for it. Sol saw that and didn't give it to her."

Selina points angrily toward Sol.

Sol gestures toward the ring.

Come back in.

That gets another reaction.

Selina looks around at the crowd.

Then up at the Sentinel.

She says something toward the livestream before climbing onto the apron.

Sol gives her room.

Selina steps through the ropes.

They reset.

John Phillips: "There's something else happening here, Mark. Selina likes people playing her game. Sol isn't."

Selina approaches more cautiously this time.

She offers one hand.

Test of strength.

Sol looks at it.

Then at Selina.

Selina raises the hand higher.

Using the height difference.

A smug smile spreads across her face.

Sol reaches up—

Selina pulls the hand away.

She laughs.

The crowd boos.

Sol exhales through her nose.

Selina offers it again.

Higher.

Sol reaches.

Selina starts to pull away—

Sol kicks her in the thigh!

SMACK!

Selina's smile disappears.

Another kick!

SMACK!

Selina swings wildly.

Sol ducks underneath.

She catches the arm.

Springboards off the middle rope—

Springboard arm drag!

Selina sails across the ring!

She comes up near the corner.

Sol is already moving.

Running dropkick!

Selina crashes backward into the turnbuckles!

The crowd surges.

Sol gets back to her feet.

She doesn't pose.

Doesn't celebrate.

She circles away, resetting her footing as Selina pulls herself out of the corner.

Mark Bravo: "Look at Sol. She's not giving Selina time to turn this into a show."

John Phillips: "And Selina is getting irritated."

Selina charges.

Sol sidesteps.

Selina catches herself against the ropes.

Sol comes behind her—

Selina fires backward with an elbow!

Sol sees it coming and leans away.

The elbow misses.

Sol sweeps the leg!

Selina drops to one knee.

Sol hits the ropes.

Basement dropkick to the knee!

Selina goes down.

Sol covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Selina kicks out!

Sol rolls directly back to her feet.

Selina sits up.

And for the first time since the bell...

She looks genuinely annoyed.

John Phillips: "Sol's already starting to work that leg."

Mark Bravo: "Take away Selina's base and you take away a lot of what makes her dangerous. The explosiveness. The aerial offense. The ability to use that size advantage."

Sol approaches.

Selina suddenly grabs the front of Sol's gear and pulls her forward—

Sol catches herself.

Selina reaches higher.

Her fingers brush across the edge of Sol's mask.

Sol freezes.

Not in fear.

Everything about her changes.

She immediately knocks Selina's hand away.

Hard.

Selina looks at her.

Then slowly smiles.

She realizes she found something.

Mark Bravo: "Don't."

John Phillips: "Selina has no idea what she's playing with."

Selina reaches toward the mask again.

Sol catches her wrist.

The smile disappears from Sol completely.

She twists the arm.

Hard kick to the ribs!

Another!

Another!

Selina tries to pull free.

Sol maintains wrist control.

Spinning back elbow!

Selina staggers!

Sol grabs her.

Snapmare!

Selina sits upright—

Sol explodes forward with a running kick!

THWACK!

Selina drops flat.

Sol hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

Shoulder up!

Sol releases immediately.

She sits beside Selina for half a second.

Breathes.

Then rises.

The anger recedes.

The composure returns.

Mark Bravo: "That's one of the few things that will change Sol Azteca immediately. That mask means something to her."

John Phillips: "And Selina just learned that touching it doesn't make Sol reckless. It makes her mean."

Sol reaches down for Selina.

But Selina suddenly rolls underneath the bottom rope.

She drops to the floor.

Creates distance.

Sol stops herself rather than following.

Selina limps a few steps away.

The Santorino Sentinel immediately floats toward her.

Selina looks into the camera.

She starts complaining to the livestream.

Sol watches from inside the ring.

The official begins counting.

ONE!

TWO!

Selina motions toward the drone as though explaining why none of this is her fault.

THREE!

John Phillips: "She's losing a wrestling match and giving a postgame press conference in the middle of it."

FOUR!

Selina waves dismissively toward the ring.

FIVE!

Sol doesn't chase.

She remains in the center.

Waiting.

SIX!

Selina finally turns toward the ring.

She slides underneath the bottom rope.

Sol steps forward—

Selina surges up and catches her!

Jumping clothesline!

Sol is turned inside out!

Selina lands beside her.

And suddenly the frustration is gone.

The smile returns.

John Phillips: "There it is."

Mark Bravo: "Sol gave Selina the space to return cleanly. Selina used every second of it to choose her moment."

Selina kips up.

The Sentinel catches it perfectly.

Selina turns toward the drone.

Peace sign.

The crowd boos.

Selina blows them a kiss.

Then looks down at Sol.

And this time...

the Dominican Diamond looks ready to show exactly why she belongs in Ring King.

Selina doesn't waste the opening.

She reaches down and pulls Sol back to her feet.

Forearm!

Sol staggers.

Another forearm!

Selina grabs the wrist and sends Sol hard toward the ropes.

Sol rebounds—

Selina catches her!

Exploder suplex!

Sol crashes across the canvas!

Selina rolls immediately into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Sol kicks out!

Selina sits up and looks toward the official.

Two?

The official confirms it.

Selina turns toward the Sentinel.

She holds up three fingers anyway.

John Phillips: "Apparently we're just editing the count in post."

Mark Bravo: "She can tell her Influencies whatever she wants. It was two."

Selina gets back to her feet.

Sol is already trying to rise.

Selina drives a boot into her ribs.

Sol rolls toward the ropes.

Another boot catches her in the side.

Selina grabs Sol by the arm and drags her away from the ropes.

She looks toward the Sentinel.

Checks its position.

Then pulls Sol up.

Snap suplex!

Sol hits hard.

Selina floats over.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Sol gets a shoulder up.

Selina doesn't argue this time.

She immediately grabs Sol around the head and pulls her into a grounded side headlock.

Mark Bravo: "And this is the Selina Santorino that gets lost underneath everything else."

John Phillips: "She's good, Mark."

Mark Bravo: "Very good."

John Phillips: "That's what makes all the nonsense so frustrating. Look at her right now. She's using the size advantage, she's keeping Sol grounded, and she's making Sol carry her weight."

Selina squeezes tighter.

Sol reaches toward the ropes.

Too far.

So she changes direction.

She rolls onto one knee.

Selina bears down.

Sol gets one foot underneath herself.

Then the other.

Selina tries to wrench her back down—

Sol fires an elbow into the ribs!

Another!

A third!

Selina releases.

Sol immediately starts moving.

She hits the ropes—

Selina follows her!

Slingshot superkick!

Sol gets blasted across the jaw!

She drops.

Selina covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Sol kicks out!

Selina's eyes widen slightly.

She looks down at Sol.

Then the smile slowly returns.

Selina Santorino: "Okay."

She nods.

Selina Santorino: "Content."

John Phillips: "And there it is."

Selina points upward.

The crowd begins booing before she even moves.

Mark Bravo: "This is exactly what you were talking about."

Selina steps through the ropes onto the apron.

She begins climbing.

The Sentinel rises with her.

Selina reaches the top turnbuckle.

She looks down at Sol.

Sol remains on her back.

Selina looks toward the drone.

Adjusts her hair.

Then turns around on the top rope.

She looks over her shoulder.

Perfect framing.

Perfect angle.

Selina starts to move her hips.

The Toronto crowd erupts in boos.

John Phillips: "You have got to be kidding me."

Mark Bravo: "She did this against Savior Hawkins last week."

Selina makes sure the Sentinel has the shot.

Then launches backward!

Corkscrew moonsault!

But Sol rolls!

Selina sees it!

At the last possible moment, she adjusts in the air and lands on her feet!

The crowd reacts to the athleticism despite themselves.

Selina turns—

Sol is already there!

Kick to the thigh!

SMACK!

Selina buckles.

Sol kicks the same leg again!

SMACK!

Selina swings!

Sol ducks.

Spinning back elbow!

Selina stumbles backward.

Sol hits the ropes.

Skyfire Kick!

The running spinning heel kick catches Selina flush!

Selina drops!

The crowd erupts!

Sol covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Selina kicks out!

Sol rolls away immediately.

She rises.

Her breathing is heavier now.

But she's moving.

Still moving.

Mark Bravo: "That's the difference! Sol didn't panic when Selina took control. She stayed with it. She waited for the opening."

John Phillips: "And look where she's going right back to."

Selina tries to stand.

Sol catches the damaged leg.

Selina hops once—

Enzuigiri!

Selina's free leg cracks across the side of Sol's head!

Sol falls away.

Both women are down.

The crowd applauds.

Selina rolls toward the ropes.

Sol rolls in the opposite direction.

Both begin pulling themselves up.

Selina gets there first.

Sol turns—

Jumping clothesline!

Sol ducks!

Selina lands and turns around.

Sol explodes into a handspring—

Enziguri!

AZTECA RUSH!

Selina collapses!

Mark Bravo: "Beautiful combination!"

Sol doesn't cover.

She sees Selina rolling instinctively toward the ropes.

Instead, Sol moves with her.

She grabs Selina's ankle.

Selina kicks backward.

Sol releases before taking the shot.

Selina gets one knee underneath herself.

Sol moves toward the ropes.

Springboards—

Corona Strike!

The springboard knee catches Selina!

Selina goes down again!

Sol hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

TH—

Selina gets the shoulder up!

The crowd groans.

Sol releases the cover.

She looks at the official.

Two.

Sol nods.

No argument.

She gets back up.

John Phillips: "That's twice now Sol has gotten very close."

Mark Bravo: "And look at her response. No frustration. No wasted time arguing about the count. She's already thinking about what comes next."

Sol pulls Selina up by the wrist.

Selina suddenly jerks her forward—

Knee to the stomach!

Sol doubles over.

Selina hooks her.

Underhook!

John Phillips: "S.I.S.!"

Selina tries to drop—

Sol twists out!

She maintains wrist control!

Selina spins through.

Sol catches the other arm.

Selina realizes what's happening and immediately fights it.

Sol tries to pull her down.

Selina uses the height advantage to stay upright.

She drives Sol backward into the turnbuckles!

The hold breaks.

Selina backs away.

Then charges!

Sol moves!

Selina crashes chest-first into the corner!

She staggers backward.

Sol comes out behind her—

Selina suddenly spins!

BLOCK!

The pumphandle X-Factor drives Sol face-first into the canvas!

Selina rolls her over!

ONE!

TWO!

TH—

SOL KICKS OUT!

Selina sits straight up.

The crowd explodes.

She stares at the official.

Then down at Sol.

John Phillips: "Now she's mad."

Mark Bravo: "Sol Azteca just survived BLOCK, and Selina Santorino cannot believe it."

Selina gets to her feet.

She starts arguing with the official.

Two fingers are held up in response.

Selina shakes her head.

She turns toward the Sentinel.

Selina Santorino: "Replay that!"

The drone hovers outside the ropes.

Selina Santorino: "That was THREE!"

Behind her...

Sol rolls onto her side.

Then onto one knee.

John Phillips: "Selina."

Selina is still talking to the drone.

John Phillips: "SELINA."

Sol gets to her feet.

She doesn't charge.

She steadies herself.

Waits.

Selina finally turns—

Sol strikes!

Forearm!

Selina answers!

Sol fires another!

Selina fires back!

Sol!

Selina!

Sol!

Selina!

The crowd rises as the exchange accelerates!

Selina uses her reach to land a hard forearm that knocks Sol backward.

Sol rebounds off the ropes.

Selina swings again—

Sol redirects beneath it!

She comes off the opposite side!

Selina catches her—

Pop-up!

THE MANDATORY SUBSCRIPTION!

Sol is driven into the canvas with the pop-up powerbomb!

Selina drops down!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

SOL KICKS OUT AGAIN!

Toronto erupts.

Selina remains over Sol.

Her mouth hangs open.

The official holds up two fingers.

Selina slowly looks toward the Sentinel.

Then back down at Sol.

The performance is starting to disappear.

Mark Bravo: "Selina Santorino has hit Sol Azteca with some of her best offense, and Sol is still here."

John Phillips: "That's what Sol does. You don't get rid of her easily."

Selina rises.

She looks down at Sol.

No posing this time.

No smile.

She reaches down and pulls Sol up.

Waistlock.

Then Selina pauses.

Her eyes shift.

Toward the Sentinel.

The crowd realizes it.

John Phillips: "Oh no."

Selina signals.

The gold drone begins descending toward eye level.

Mark Bravo: "She's thinking Cancel!"

Selina keeps one arm around Sol and reaches toward the camera with the other.

She forces Sol around toward the lens.

Sol is dazed.

Selina flashes the bored pout.

The Sentinel lines up the shot.

Selina is seconds away from trying to turn the first Ring King match into another viral clip.

The Santorino Sentinel settles into position.

Its lens points directly at Selina and the dazed Sol Azteca.

Selina tightens her grip.

She turns her face toward the camera.

Pout.

Pose.

FLASH!

Selina Santorino: "CANCEL!"

Selina spins Sol around!

She reaches to hoist her into the fireman's carry—

But Sol keeps moving!

She slips down behind Selina!

Selina turns—

Sol catches the arm!

She twists underneath!

Selina tries to pull free!

Sol drops her weight!

Selina rolls through before Sol can fully secure the transition!

Both women scramble back to their feet.

Selina swings!

Sol ducks!

Kick to the damaged leg!

SMACK!

Selina buckles!

Another kick!

SMACK!

Selina drops to one knee!

Sol immediately turns toward the ropes.

Springboard—

Selina dives out of the way!

Sol lands on her feet!

Selina pops up behind her—

Waistlock!

Sol throws an elbow backward!

Selina ducks it.

Sol throws another!

Selina releases.

Sol spins around—

SUPERKICK!

Selina catches Sol flush!

Sol drops to one knee.

Selina sees her opening.

She grabs Sol.

Underhook!

Mark Bravo: "S.I.S. AGAIN!"

Selina pulls—

Sol blocks it!

Selina tries again!

Sol plants her feet!

She twists!

Breaks the underhook!

Selina tries to grab her again—

Sol drives a knee into the body!

Selina folds.

Sol hits the ropes.

Running dropkick!

Selina is driven backward!

She hits the ropes and rebounds toward Sol.

Sol catches the arm.

Redirects.

Selina spins through.

Sol catches her again—

Snapmare!

Selina lands seated.

Sol runs—

Selina ducks the kick!

Sol continues into the ropes!

Selina gets up!

Sol rebounds—

Selina launches her!

Sol goes high!

But instead of crashing down, Sol turns through the momentum and lands on her feet!

The crowd erupts!

Selina freezes for half a second.

Sol turns.

Selina charges.

Sol redirects her past!

Selina hits the ropes.

Sol follows.

Selina rebounds—

Sol springs to the middle rope!

She twists through the air!

SOLAR FLARE!

The springboard corkscrew crossbody wipes Selina out!

Sol hooks both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

SELINA KICKS OUT!

The Toronto crowd can't believe it.

Neither can Sol.

But the reaction lasts only a moment.

She closes her eyes.

One breath.

Then she's moving again.

John Phillips: "That right there. That's the difference in how these two react when something doesn't go their way."

Mark Bravo: "Sol doesn't waste energy being angry about what already happened. Selina survived. Fine. Find the next opening."

Sol gets up.

Selina crawls toward the ropes.

Sol grabs her ankle.

Selina immediately grabs the bottom rope.

The official calls for the break.

Sol releases at once.

Selina pulls herself onto the apron.

Sol backs away.

The Sentinel moves toward Selina.

Selina sees herself in the drone's lens.

Hair disheveled.

Breathing hard.

Sweat running down her face.

Not the image she wants.

Her expression changes.

John Phillips: "Don't do it."

Selina begins adjusting her hair.

John Phillips: "You are in the middle of the Ring King tournament!"

Selina mouths something angrily toward the livestream.

Then points toward Sol as though explaining why her current appearance is somehow Sol's fault.

Mark Bravo: "And there it is again. Sol has forced Selina into a fight, and Selina is worried about how the fight looks."

Sol remains in the ring.

Watching.

Waiting.

Selina finally turns back toward her.

Sol steps forward.

Selina snaps the top rope across Sol's face!

Sol recoils!

Selina immediately springboards in!

Flying clothesline!

Sol goes down!

Selina lands and scrambles into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Sol kicks out!

Selina slaps the mat.

She grabs Sol.

Pulls her up.

Forearm!

Sol answers!

Selina fires another!

Sol answers again!

Selina!

Sol!

Selina!

Sol!

Selina uses her reach to shove Sol backward.

Then blasts her with another forearm!

Sol staggers into the ropes.

Selina charges—

Sol drops!

She pulls down the top rope!

Selina tumbles over!

But catches herself on the apron!

Sol turns.

Selina throws a forearm through the ropes!

Sol catches the wrist!

She twists it!

Selina cries out!

Sol steps onto the middle rope.

Springboards—

Arm drag from the apron back into the ring!

Selina rolls through!

She gets up clutching the arm.

Sol is already there.

Kick to the leg!

Selina stumbles.

Sol grabs the wrist.

Kick to the arm!

Selina pulls away.

Mark Bravo: "Now Sol's taking pieces away. The leg has been a target all match, and she's starting on that arm."

John Phillips: "Because every one of Selina's big options gets harder when those limbs stop cooperating."

Selina suddenly drives a knee into Sol's stomach!

She grabs her around the waist.

Pop-up—

Sol counters in midair!

She hooks Selina's head!

Momentum carries both women down!

Sol rolls through!

She maintains control of the arm!

Selina realizes the danger immediately.

Mark Bravo: "Sol's looking for Luz Final!"

Selina fights desperately.

She clasps her hands.

Sol tries to separate them.

Selina rolls.

Sol rolls with her.

Selina reaches.

The ropes are several feet away.

She stretches her long frame toward them.

Fingertips—

Almost—

Sol adjusts!

She drags Selina back toward the center!

The crowd erupts!

John Phillips: "She's got her away from the ropes!"

Selina's eyes widen.

Sol transitions again.

But Selina uses her size to roll hard toward her shoulders!

Sol's back hits the mat!

ONE!

TWO!

Sol releases to escape the pin!

Both women spring up!

Selina swings!

Sol ducks!

Selina turns—

SKYFIRE KICK!

Selina drops!

Sol falls to one knee from the exhaustion.

The crowd is on its feet.

Mark Bravo: "Sol Azteca has an opening!"

Sol looks toward Selina.

Then toward the ropes.

She rises.

Selina begins pushing herself up.

One knee.

Then both feet.

Sol moves.

Springboard—

CORONA STRIKE!

The knee catches Selina square!

Selina collapses!

Sol doesn't cover.

John Phillips: "She's got more in mind!"

Sol grabs Selina.

Selina is barely there.

Sol positions herself.

But outside the ring...

The Santorino Sentinel suddenly moves.

It rises from ringside.

Then drifts toward Sol's line of sight.

Its ring light flickers.

Once.

Twice.

Sol sees it.

The crowd boos.

John Phillips: "Come on!"

Mark Bravo: "The drone!"

The Sentinel moves closer.

Sol turns her head slightly.

Selina begins to stir behind her.

The light flashes again.

Sol looks directly at the drone.

And then...

She simply steps sideways.

The Sentinel follows.

Sol steps sideways again.

The drone follows again.

Selina gets to her feet.

She charges from behind!

Sol moves!

Selina stops herself at the last second!

The Sentinel is directly in front of her.

Selina's eyes go wide.

Selina Santorino: "NO!"

She throws both hands out to protect the drone.

Sol doesn't attack it.

She doesn't need to.

Selina catches the Sentinel against her chest, protecting her precious livestream.

The crowd erupts in laughter.

John Phillips: "She saved the drone!"

Mark Bravo: "And completely forgot about Sol!"

Selina carefully pushes the Sentinel away.

She turns around—

Sol is waiting.

Selina's expression drops.

Sol kicks the damaged leg!

Selina falls to one knee!

Sol grabs the arm!

She transitions down!

LUZ FINAL!

Sol locks it in!

The crowd explodes!

Selina immediately begins fighting!

John Phillips: "She's got it! She's got Luz Final!"

Selina reaches toward the ropes.

Too far.

She tries to roll.

Sol adjusts with her.

Selina stretches again.

Her fingertips claw against the canvas.

The Sentinel hovers helplessly outside the ring.

Selina looks toward it.

Then toward the ropes.

Then back toward the drone.

Her livestream is capturing every second.

Including this.

Mark Bravo: "Selina Santorino is trapped in the center of the ring!"

John Phillips: "And there's no filter that's going to fix this!"

Selina refuses to tap.

Not yet.

She grits her teeth.

Tries to drag both herself and Sol toward the ropes.

One inch.

Another.

Sol tightens the hold.

Selina cries out.

Her hand rises over the canvas.

Toronto is roaring for her to tap.

But the hand remains suspended.

Shaking.

Sol pulls back harder.

Selina's hand starts to drop—

Selina's hand drops—

But not to the mat!

She plants her palm!

Selina pushes herself upward, trying desperately to create enough space to relieve the pressure.

Sol adjusts with her.

Selina gets one knee underneath herself.

Then another.

John Phillips: "Look at Selina! She's still fighting!"

Mark Bravo: "Whatever you think of Selina Santorino, this is Ring King. She knows exactly what losing means."

Selina forces herself higher.

Sol remains attached to the arm.

Selina twists.

Turns.

And finally manages to roll Sol forward!

Sol's shoulders hit the mat!

ONE!

TWO!

Sol releases!

Both women scramble up.

Selina immediately retreats toward the ropes, clutching her arm.

Sol comes forward.

Selina kicks her in the stomach!

Sol doubles over.

Selina grabs her.

Underhook!

Mark Bravo: "S.I.S.!"

Selina drops—

NO!

Sol twists free!

Selina spins around.

Sol catches her with a forearm!

Selina fires one back!

Sol answers!

Selina answers!

Sol!

Selina!

Neither woman gives ground!

Selina finally uses her reach to catch Sol with a forearm that rocks her backward.

Sol stumbles.

Selina charges—

Sol redirects her!

Selina hits the ropes.

She rebounds.

Sol drops low—

Basement dropkick to the knee!

Selina's damaged leg gives out!

She crashes to the canvas!

John Phillips: "Right back to the leg!"

Sol doesn't stop.

She hits the ropes.

Selina pushes herself onto one knee.

Sol comes back—

Selina suddenly catches her!

She powers Sol upward!

THE MANDATORY SUBSCRIPTION!

NO!

Selina's leg buckles beneath the weight!

Sol slips free!

Selina turns—

SPINNING BACK ELBOW!

Selina staggers!

Sol keeps moving!

She hits the ropes.

SKYFIRE KICK!

Selina crashes backward into the turnbuckles!

The Toronto crowd rises.

Sol sees it.

She doesn't rush.

She measures.

Selina stumbles out of the corner.

Sol springs onto the middle rope—

CORONA STRIKE!

The springboard knee connects flush!

Selina drops!

Mark Bravo: "CORONA STRIKE! Sol's got her!"

Sol could cover.

She doesn't.

She looks down at Selina.

Then toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "She's not finished!"

Sol moves to the apron.

She grips the top rope.

The crowd begins to rise even higher.

Selina slowly pushes herself up.

One hand on the canvas.

One knee underneath her.

She has no idea where Sol is.

The Santorino Sentinel hovers nearby.

Its lens catches everything.

Sol waits.

Selina reaches her feet.

Turns—

Sol launches!

SUNFALL!

Selina is driven into the canvas!

The arena erupts!

Mark Bravo: "SUNFALL!"

Sol hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

The Toronto crowd explodes as Sol immediately releases the leg and rolls onto her back.

For a moment, she simply lies there.

Chest rising.

Breathing hard.

Then the reality hits.

Sol sits up.

"Gasolina (Instrumental)" hits again.

Mark Bravo: "Sol Azteca advances!"

John Phillips: "And she earned every bit of that one."

Sol gets to her knees.

The official takes her wrist.

Sol rises.

Her arm goes up.

The crowd responds with another roar.

Mark Bravo: "Last week, Sol Azteca wanted the opportunity to show everyone what she could do when the distractions were stripped away. Tonight there were distractions. There was Selina's size. There was the Sentinel. There was one of the most gifted athletes in this tournament standing across from her."

John Phillips: "And Sol adjusted to all of it."

The replay begins.

Selina overpowering Sol early.

Sol using movement to change the pace.

The repeated attacks to Selina's leg.

BLOCK nearly ending the match.

The Mandatory Subscription nearly ending it again.

Sol escaping Cancel.

Luz Final trapping Selina in the center of the ring.

Selina fighting her way out.

Then the damaged leg giving way when Selina tries the Mandatory Subscription one more time.

Corona Strike.

Sunfall.

Three.

Mark Bravo: "This wasn't Selina Santorino getting embarrassed. Selina came within fractions of a second of winning this match more than once."

John Phillips: "That's what makes this win bigger for Sol. Selina was good tonight. Really good. Sol still beat her."

Back live, Selina has rolled onto her side.

She looks toward the official.

Then toward Sol.

Then toward the Santorino Sentinel.

The red LIVE indicator is still blinking.

Everything was captured.

Selina stares at it.

Her loss.

Live.

For everyone.

She reaches out and angrily shoves the drone away from her face.

The Sentinel quickly rises out of reach.

John Phillips: "I don't think we're getting the post-match livestream."

Mark Bravo: "For once, Selina Santorino may not want the engagement."

Sol climbs onto the second turnbuckle.

She throws her arms wide.

The crowd cheers.

But she doesn't stay there long.

Sol drops back to the mat.

She looks toward the giant Ring King bracket above the entrance.

The graphic updates.

SOL AZTECA — ADVANCES

Her name moves forward.

Sol watches it happen.

A small nod.

Then she taps the front of her mask.

Mark Bravo: "One match down."

John Phillips: "And the first name moving forward belongs to Sol Azteca."

Mark Bravo: "The road continues."

Sol climbs through the ropes and drops to the floor.

She begins making her way back up the aisle, slapping hands with the fans along the barricade.

Behind her, Selina sits against the bottom turnbuckle.

For once, she isn't looking at the camera.

The shot returns to Sol.

Still moving.

Still standing.

And now...

one round closer.

One More Bullet in the Chamber

Segment

The camera cuts backstage.

Melissa Cartwright stands in the interview area, microphone in hand.

Beside her...

Madman Szalinski.

The mask is on.

His ring gear is underneath a faded zip-up hoodie.

His wrists are already taped.

One knee is wrapped considerably heavier than the other.

Madman shifts his weight.

Then immediately shifts it back.

Apparently that side wasn't any better.

Melissa Cartwright: "Madman, later tonight you face the current UTA Fighting Champion Samuel Scythe in the first round of the Ring King Tournament."

Madman nods.

Melissa Cartwright: "Last week you defeated Tyger II to qualify, but you've been very open about what this opportunity means to you. You don't know how many more of these chances you're going to get."

Madman's eyes drop toward the floor.

For once, there isn't an immediate joke.

Madman Szalinski: "No."

He exhales.

Madman Szalinski: "I don't."

Madman looks back toward Melissa.

Madman Szalinski: "And that's a weird thing to admit out loud, Melissa."

He rubs his hands together.

Madman Szalinski: "Because when you're twenty-five, you don't think about the last one."

Madman Szalinski: "You think about the next one."

Madman Szalinski: "Next match. Next town. Next championship. Next stupid idea that seemed like a whole lot more fun before somebody told you how high the damn balcony actually was."

Melissa smiles slightly.

Madman does too.

For a moment.

Madman Szalinski: "Then one day you're forty-one."

The smile disappears.

Madman Szalinski: "Your knees hurt."

Madman Szalinski: "Your back hurts."

Madman Szalinski: "Your neck doesn't turn all the way anymore."

He tries turning it.

Stops.

Madman Szalinski: "See?"

Madman Szalinski: "That's as far as that bastard goes."

Melissa laughs quietly.

Madman looks back toward the camera.

Madman Szalinski: "And suddenly you realize there might not always be a next one."

A beat.

Madman Szalinski: "So last week mattered."

Madman Szalinski: "Tyger II mattered."

Madman Szalinski: "Because I needed to know."

Melissa raises the microphone slightly.

Melissa Cartwright: "And did you get your answer?"

Madman doesn't hesitate this time.

Madman Szalinski: "Yeah."

He nods.

Madman Szalinski: "I did."

Madman Szalinski: "I can still do this."

A small cheer can be heard from somewhere beyond the interview area.

Madman hears it.

Madman Szalinski: "Maybe not the way I did it twenty years ago."

Madman Szalinski: "Hell, probably not the way I did it ten years ago."

Madman Szalinski: "But I can still fight."

Madman Szalinski: "I can still win."

Madman Szalinski: "And I'm still here."

Melissa nods.

Melissa Cartwright: "But tonight isn't Tyger II."

Madman's expression changes.

Melissa Cartwright: "Tonight is Samuel Scythe."

Madman slowly nods.

Madman Szalinski: "Yeah."

A beat.

Madman Szalinski: "That's the part that sucks."

Melissa almost smiles.

Madman Szalinski: "Because I could stand here and give you the old Madman speech."

He straightens himself.

Puffs out his chest.

Madman Szalinski: "Samuel Scythe! Tonight you enter the asylum! Tonight the Madman rides again! GOD DAMN, SON!"

He holds the pose.

Then relaxes.

Madman Szalinski: "But that'd be bullshit."

Melissa's expression becomes more serious.

Madman Szalinski: "Samuel Scythe is the Fighting Champion for a reason."

Madman Szalinski: "He's younger than me."

Madman Szalinski: "He's bigger than me."

Madman Szalinski: "He's stronger than me."

Madman Szalinski: "And from what I've seen, the guy wakes up every morning disappointed there aren't more people standing between him and whatever he wants."

Madman pauses.

Madman Szalinski: "He's a wrecking machine."

Melissa Cartwright: "Does that scare you?"

Madman looks at her.

He thinks about it.

Madman Szalinski: "Yes."

Melissa wasn't expecting the answer.

Madman Szalinski: "I'm forty-one years old, Melissa. I've had a heart attack. My body's held together with athletic tape and bad decisions."

Madman Szalinski: "If Samuel Scythe doesn't scare me a little bit, I'm either lying to you or I'm too stupid to be allowed outside without supervision."

Madman looks directly into the camera.

Madman Szalinski: "But being scared of somebody and believing you can't beat them are two completely different things."

His voice becomes quieter.

Madman Szalinski: "I believe I can beat Samuel Scythe."

Madman Szalinski: "I have to."

Melissa studies him.

Melissa Cartwright: "You said last week this could be your final meaningful opportunity. Does that put additional pressure on tonight?"

Madman looks away.

Down the hallway.

Toward the direction of the arena.

Madman Szalinski: "You know what I've learned about final opportunities?"

He looks back.

Madman Szalinski: "Nobody tells you when it's the final one."

Madman Szalinski: "There's no guy standing behind the curtain with a clipboard saying, 'Hey Madman, just so you know, this one's it. Make it count.'"

He shakes his head.

Madman Szalinski: "Sometimes you only find out afterward."

A beat.

Madman Szalinski: "And I don't want to find out tomorrow that tonight was my last chance..."

Madman taps himself on the chest.

Madman Szalinski: "...and I left something in here."

He taps his head.

Madman Szalinski: "Or in here."

He points toward the arena.

Madman Szalinski: "So Samuel Scythe is going to get everything."

Madman Szalinski: "Whatever's left in the knees."

Madman Szalinski: "Whatever's left in the back."

Madman Szalinski: "Whatever's left in the lungs."

Madman Szalinski: "Every stupid goddamn thing I've learned from doing this for most of my life."

Madman steps closer to the camera.

Madman Szalinski: "And if Samuel Scythe wants to end my Ring King tonight..."

A pause.

Madman Szalinski: "...he's going to have to end it."

Madman Szalinski: "I'm not giving it to him."

Madman stares into the lens.

Then the familiar grin finally appears beneath the mask.

Madman Szalinski: "Because the old gun had one bullet last week."

He points toward the arena.

Madman Szalinski: "Let's find out if the crazy son of a bitch has another."

Madman starts to walk away.

He gets several steps down the hallway.

Stops.

Turns back toward Melissa.

Madman Szalinski: "Oh."

Melissa raises the microphone.

Madman points directly toward the camera.

Madman Szalinski: "GOD DAMN, SON!"

He turns and disappears down the hallway.

Melissa watches him go.

Her smile slowly fades as the weight of what he just said settles in.

The camera lingers on the empty hallway.

Then cuts away.

Are You Kidding Me?

Segment

A scream echoes through the hallway.

Selina Santorino: "ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!"

Selina storms into frame.

Still in her ring gear.

Still sweating from her first-round loss to Sol Azteca.

She rips at the tape around one wrist as she walks.

Selina Santorino: "This is BULLSHIT!"

She tears the tape free.

Throws it against the wall.

It doesn't make nearly the impact she wanted.

That seems to make her angrier.

Selina Santorino: "One match! One stupid match and that's it?!"

She rounds the corner.

And nearly runs directly into—

Scott Stevens.

Stevens stops.

Selina stops.

For half a second.

Then her eyes widen.

Perfect.

Selina Santorino: "YOU."

Stevens closes his eyes.

Just briefly.

Because of course.

Scott Stevens: "Selina."

Selina Santorino: "You need to do something."

Stevens looks at her.

Scott Stevens: "About what?"

Selina Santorino: "ABOUT THAT!"

She points back toward the arena.

Selina Santorino: "You saw what happened!"

Scott Stevens: "I did."

Selina Santorino: "Then do something!"

Stevens stares at her.

Scott Stevens: "Like what?"

Selina looks almost insulted that he would ask.

Selina Santorino: "I don't know! You're the one in charge!"

Scott Stevens: "You want me to restart the match?"

Selina Santorino: "Yes!"

Scott Stevens: "No."

Selina Santorino: "Then put me back in the tournament."

Scott Stevens: "No."

Selina Santorino: "Give me another match!"

Scott Stevens: "Against who?"

Selina Santorino: "I DON'T CARE!"

Stevens waits for the echo to die down.

Scott Stevens: "Then let me make this very simple."

Selina folds her arms.

Scott Stevens: "You had your chance."

Selina's eyes narrow.

Scott Stevens: "Against all my better judgment, you had your chance."

Selina Santorino: "Excuse me?"

Scott Stevens: "Did you forget how you got here?"

Selina doesn't answer.

Stevens steps closer.

Scott Stevens: "After what happened with Susanita, I sent you home."

Scott Stevens: "I told you I should fire you."

Scott Stevens: "Instead, I gave you a Ring King qualifying match."

Scott Stevens: "You beat Savior Hawkins."

Scott Stevens: "You earned your spot."

He points toward the arena.

Scott Stevens: "And tonight you had Sol Azteca."

A beat.

Scott Stevens: "You blew it."

Selina's face changes.

Selina Santorino: "I did not blow anything."

Scott Stevens: "You lost."

Selina Santorino: "That's not the same thing."

Scott Stevens: "In a single-elimination tournament?"

Stevens shrugs.

Scott Stevens: "Pretty much exactly the same thing."

Selina steps closer.

Selina Santorino: "You think this is funny?"

Scott Stevens: "Not particularly."

Selina Santorino: "I am supposed to be in that tournament."

Scott Stevens: "You were."

Selina Santorino: "I am supposed to win that tournament."

Scott Stevens: "You're not."

Selina's jaw tightens.

Stevens remains completely unimpressed.

Scott Stevens: "Sol Azteca beat you."

Scott Stevens: "She's moving on."

Scott Stevens: "You're not."

Scott Stevens: "That's Ring King."

Selina stares at him.

Her breathing gets heavier.

Selina Santorino: "Fix it."

Scott Stevens: "No."

Selina Santorino: "Scott."

Scott Stevens: "No."

Selina Santorino: "I'm telling you—"

Scott Stevens: "And I'm telling you."

Stevens cuts her off.

Scott Stevens: "You don't get to scream loud enough until the result changes."

Scott Stevens: "You wanted back in."

Scott Stevens: "I let you back in."

Scott Stevens: "What happened after that was up to you."

A long silence.

Selina looks toward the floor.

Then back at Stevens.

The anger hasn't gone anywhere.

It's just become quieter.

Selina Santorino: "You're going to regret this."

Stevens stares at her.

Then...

he sighs.

A long, exhausted sigh.

Scott Stevens: "I always do."

Selina doesn't laugh.

Selina Santorino: "I'm serious."

Scott Stevens: "So am I."

Stevens starts to walk past her.

Selina turns.

Selina Santorino: "Don't say I didn't warn you."

Stevens stops.

He doesn't turn around.

Scott Stevens: "Selina..."

A beat.

Scott Stevens: "That sentence stopped scaring me a long time ago."

Stevens continues down the hallway.

Selina remains behind.

Watching him leave.

Her hands slowly curl into fists.

Whatever she wanted from Scott Stevens...

she didn't get it.

And judging by the look on her face...

she isn't planning to let that be the end of it.

Bianca Page vs. Lindsey Lothario

Match

The shot returns to the entrance stage inside Scotiabank Arena.

The Toronto crowd is still buzzing from Sol Azteca advancing when the arena lights begin to fade.

Not to darkness.

To soft gold.

The noise begins to change.

Boos start rolling through the building.

Then—

"Glory and Gore" by Lorde begins to play.

John Phillips: "And here comes Eli Creed."

A single spotlight finds him.

Eli Creed stands alone at the center of the stage.

White shirt.

Sleeves rolled.

Hands calmly clasped in front of him.

The Morningstar doesn't acknowledge the boos.

He closes his eyes.

Smiles.

Lets them wash over him.

Then he opens his eyes.

And turns toward the curtain.

Mark Bravo: "This isn't Eli Creed's match."

John Phillips: "No, but you wouldn't know that looking at him."

Eli extends one hand toward the entrance.

Presenting.

Inviting.

The music changes.

A heavier rendition of "Born This Way" kicks through the Scotiabank Arena speakers.

And Lindsey Lothario steps through the curtain.

No explosion of personality.

No stopping to demand the camera.

No attempt to make the entrance bigger than the fight waiting at the end of it.

Lindsey simply walks into the light.

Six-foot-one.

Two hundred and twenty-two pounds.

Hands already taped.

Eyes locked on the ring.

The transformation under Creed has stripped away much of the flamboyant presentation that once defined Lindsey. The confidence remains, but now it has been sharpened into something colder and considerably more dangerous. :contentReference[oaicite:0]{index=0}

Eli watches them approach.

Lindsey stops beside him.

Creed says something.

Too quiet for the cameras to pick up.

Lindsey doesn't answer.

They just nod once.

Then Eli turns.

And begins walking.

Lindsey follows.

Mark Bravo: "Last week in Philadelphia, Lindsey Lothario punched their ticket into Ring King by defeating Clovis Black."

John Phillips: "And what stood out to me wasn't just that Lindsey won. It was how they won. We've watched this change happening for months now, Mark. Lindsey isn't trying to turn every second into a performance anymore."

Mark Bravo: "Everything has gotten tighter. The guard. The kicks. The elbows. The knees. Less wasted motion."

Lindsey and Eli continue down the aisle.

Eli walks several steps ahead.

Not looking back.

There is an unsettling certainty to it.

Like he already knows Lindsey will follow.

And they do.

The crowd leans over the barricades shouting toward them.

Lindsey ignores almost all of it.

Almost.

One particularly loud fan catches their attention.

Lindsey turns their head.

That old Lindsey Lothario smirk appears for just a second.

Then it's gone.

Eyes forward.

Back to work.

John Phillips: "There. You still see it sometimes."

Mark Bravo: "Of course you do. Eli Creed didn't erase Lindsey Lothario."

John Phillips: "He'd probably tell you he corrected them."

Mark Bravo: "And that's what bothers me."

Eli reaches ringside first.

He stops.

Turns.

Lindsey arrives directly in front of him.

For a moment, neither moves.

Eli reaches up and places a hand on Lindsey's shoulder.

He leans closer.

Eli Creed: "Purpose."

One word.

Lindsey's jaw tightens.

They nod.

Then move past him.

Lindsey climbs onto the apron.

They step through the ropes.

No twirl.

No theatrical pose.

They walk directly toward the center of the ring.

Stop.

Turn toward the entrance.

And begin lightly bouncing on the balls of their feet.

Shoulders loose.

Hands rising into a compact guard.

Ready.

Mark Bravo: "There was a time when Lindsey Lothario needed everyone looking at them. Eli Creed has convinced Lindsey that version was dead weight."

John Phillips: "And whatever anybody thinks of Creed or the Creed Method, Lindsey has been producing results."

The camera cuts outside.

Eli Creed has taken his place at ringside.

Hands folded.

That faint smile.

Watching Lindsey like a craftsman inspecting finished work.

Mark Bravo: "But tonight is a different level of test. Bianca Page qualified by defeating Trey Mack. Lindsey qualified by defeating Clovis Black. Now one of them is moving on in Ring King, and the other one's tournament ends right here in

Toronto."

Lindsey rolls their neck once.

Then looks toward the stage.

The music fades.

Eli never takes his eyes off the ring.

Lindsey never takes theirs off the entrance.

Waiting for Bianca Page.

Lindsey Lothario remains in the ring.

Hands raised.

Weight shifting lightly from foot to foot.

Focused.

At ringside, Eli Creed stands completely still.

Then the opening notes of "Wildest Dreams" by Taylor Swift begin to play.

The reaction inside Scotiabank Arena immediately turns.

Boos rise through the building.

John Phillips: "And here comes the other half of this equation."

Mark Bravo: "Classy Bianca Page."

The curtain parts.

Bianca Page steps onto the stage.

And stops.

She looks out across Toronto with a wide smile.

Not because she likes them.

Because she likes that they're looking.

Bianca lifts one hand to her lips.

Blows an exaggerated kiss toward the audience.

The boos grow louder.

Her smile grows with them.

Then Ace Andrews steps through the curtain behind her.

Perfectly tailored suit.

Tinted glasses.

The Corporate Cutthroat carries himself with the easy confidence of a man who has spent a lifetime believing every room eventually belongs to him.

Bianca glances back.

Ace gives her a small approving nod.

That's all she needs.

Bianca starts down the aisle.

Ace follows half a step behind.

Mark Bravo: "Bianca Page earned this position two weeks ago when she defeated Trey Mack in the first round of Ring King qualifying."

John Phillips: "And Lindsey Lothario defeated Clovis Black that same night. So this isn't somebody who received a favorable draw against somebody who scratched their way in. Both of these competitors earned this match."

Bianca walks slowly.

Deliberately.

Never rushing.

She looks from one side of the aisle to the other, smiling at the fans as though their hostility is merely admiration with poor manners.

Ace occasionally leans toward her.

A word here.

A quiet comment there.

Bianca listens.

Then continues.

Inside the ring, Lindsey doesn't react.

They just watch.

Mark Bravo: "There may not be anybody in UTA more convinced of their own value than Bianca Page."

John Phillips: "And unlike a lot of people who talk that way, Bianca has the résumé and the ability to make you take it seriously."

Mark Bravo: "Sneaky. Opportunistic. Cerebral. Bianca Page doesn't necessarily enter a match planning to cheat."

John Phillips: "But if the door opens?"

Mark Bravo: "She walks through it."

The camera cuts briefly to Ace.

He adjusts one cuff.

Expression completely calm.

John Phillips: "And then there's him."

Mark Bravo: "Ace Andrews."

John Phillips: "Fourteen-time World Champion. Billionaire. Casino owner. And a man who has never exactly been embarrassed about taking the shortest possible route to getting what he wants."

Ace looks directly toward the commentary position.

Smirks.

John Phillips: "See? He heard me."

Mark Bravo: "I think he took it as a compliment."

John Phillips: "Of course he did."

Bianca reaches ringside.

She stops.

Looks into the ring.

Lindsey looks back.

The size difference is immediately apparent.

Lindsey stands several inches taller and carries considerably more weight.

Bianca doesn't seem impressed.

She simply smiles.

Then turns away.

Bianca performs a small twirl at ringside.

The Toronto crowd boos again.

She makes her way toward the steps.

Ace remains nearby, watching Lindsey.

More specifically...

watching Eli Creed.

Creed notices.

The two managers lock eyes across ringside.

Ace smiles.

Eli smiles back.

Neither expression has anything pleasant behind it.

Mark Bravo: "That's an interesting situation outside the ring too."

John Phillips: "Yeah. Eli Creed and Ace Andrews may have very different sales pitches, but both men are absolutely convinced they know what's best for the person they're standing beside."

Bianca climbs the ring steps.

She reaches the apron.

Stops.

Then gestures expectantly toward the ropes.

The official looks at her.

Bianca gestures again.

Open them.

The official reluctantly does.

Bianca smiles sweetly.

She steps through.

Once inside, Bianca walks directly toward the center of the ring.

She raises both arms out to her sides.

Chin lifted.

Smile wide.

Completely comfortable in her own importance.

Lindsey watches from the opposite corner.

No applause.

No taunt.

No reaction at all.

Bianca notices.

Her eyes shift toward Lindsey.

The smile remains.

But it becomes slightly sharper.

John Phillips: "Bianca likes people acknowledging Bianca."

Mark Bravo: "Lindsey Lothario doesn't seem interested."

John Phillips: "Under Eli Creed, Lindsey doesn't seem interested in much besides the person they're about to hit."

Bianca slowly lowers her arms.

She walks toward her corner.

Ace moves into position outside.

As Bianca reaches the turnbuckles, Ace steps closer and says something quietly through the ropes.

Bianca listens.

Her eyes never leave Lindsey.

Then she nods.

Mark Bravo: "Two different philosophies."

The camera shows Eli Creed.

Still.

Calm.

Watching.

Then Ace Andrews.

Smiling.

Calculating.

Mark Bravo: "The Creed Method on one side."

The shot moves to Bianca.

Mark Bravo: "Platinum Made Society on the other."

John Phillips: "And somewhere in the middle of all that, Lindsey Lothario and Bianca Page still have to wrestle."

The music fades.

Bianca removes her entrance gear and hands it through the ropes to Ace.

Ace takes it without looking away from Lindsey.

Bianca turns.

Lindsey steps forward from their corner.

Bianca does the same.

They meet near the center.

Lindsey looks down slightly.

Bianca looks up.

Neither backs away.

Mark Bravo: "One of these two is going to the second round."

John Phillips: "And with Eli Creed and Ace Andrews both at ringside, you might want eyes in the back of your head."

Bianca gives Lindsey one last smug smile.

Lindsey raises their guard.

Ace takes one step backward from the apron.

Eli remains motionless.

The official moves between the competitors.

Toronto waits for the bell.

The bell rings.

DING! DING!

Neither competitor immediately moves.

Lindsey Lothario remains in that compact stance.

Hands high.

Chin tucked.

Bianca Page stands more upright across from them.

She studies Lindsey.

Lindsey studies her back.

Outside the ring, Ace Andrews and Eli Creed stand on opposite sides.

Mark Bravo: "Second Ring King match of the night is underway, and there's something very different about this matchup from our opener."

John Phillips: "Lindsey has the size. Six-foot-one, two hundred twenty-two pounds, and that matters against Bianca.

But Bianca Page has never needed to be the biggest person in the ring to control a match."

Bianca takes a step forward.

Lindsey follows.

They lock up.

Lindsey immediately drives Bianca backward.

Bianca tries to turn them.

Lindsey plants their feet.

Another push—

Bianca hits the turnbuckles.

The official calls for the break.

Lindsey releases immediately.

One step back.

Bianca looks at them.

Then toward Ace.

Ace says nothing.

He simply taps his temple.

Bianca nods.

John Phillips: "Okay. Question answered."

Mark Bravo: "Bianca isn't going to overpower Lindsey Lothario."

John Phillips: "Which means she shouldn't try."

They circle again.

Bianca reaches for another lockup—

Then suddenly drops underneath.

She catches Lindsey's wrist.

Twists.

Arm wringer.

Lindsey immediately rolls forward.

They come back up.

Reverse the pressure.

Bianca rolls through.

Back to her feet.

She tries to reverse again.

Lindsey doesn't let her.

Instead—

SMACK!

A hard low kick catches Bianca across the thigh!

Bianca's entire expression changes.

The crowd reacts.

Lindsey still has the wrist.

Another kick!

SMACK!

Bianca yanks her arm free and retreats.

Lindsey doesn't follow.

They reset their guard.

Mark Bravo: "There's that Muay Thai influence we've seen become such a major part of Lindsey's offense."

John Phillips: "And Bianca felt that one."

Bianca rubs her thigh.

Looks toward Lindsey.

Then forces a smile.

She steps forward again.

Lindsey moves to meet her.

Bianca suddenly slaps them across the face!

The crowd reacts sharply.

Lindsey's head turns.

Bianca smiles.

Bianca Page: "Classy."

Lindsey slowly turns back.

Their expression hasn't changed.

Bianca's smile starts to disappear.

Lindsey steps forward.

Bianca backs up.

Lindsey follows.

Bianca throws a forearm!

Lindsey blocks it!

Body kick!

Bianca doubles slightly.

Lindsey grabs the back of her head.

Knee to the body!

Another!

Bianca tries to cover up.

Lindsey pulls her into a clinch.

Another knee!

Bianca's feet leave the mat!

Lindsey releases.

Bianca stumbles backward into the ropes.

John Phillips: "Maybe don't slap Lindsey Lothario."

Mark Bravo: "Bianca wanted a reaction."

John Phillips: "She got knees."

Lindsey advances.

Bianca ducks through the ropes.

The official immediately steps between them.

Lindsey stops.

Bianca remains halfway through the ropes.

She looks at Lindsey.

Smiles again.

Then slowly steps back inside.

Mark Bravo: "And that's Bianca Page. She felt the momentum turning against her and stopped it."

John Phillips: "Nothing illegal about using the ropes for the break."

Mark Bravo: "No. Smart."

Bianca circles away.

Lindsey turns with her.

They meet again.

Bianca reaches—

Lindsey throws another low kick!

Bianca pulls the leg back!

She was waiting for it.

Bianca immediately catches Lindsey with a forearm!

Then another!

She grabs the wrist.

Irish whip!

Lindsey reverses!

Bianca hits the ropes.

She rebounds—

Lindsey swings a clothesline!

Bianca ducks!

Off the opposite ropes!

Lindsey turns—

Bianca leaps!

Crossbody!

Lindsey catches her!

The crowd rises!

Bianca's eyes widen.

Lindsey adjusts their grip.

Then launches her overhead!

Fallaway slam!

Bianca crashes across the ring!

John Phillips: "There is the power difference!"

Bianca rolls toward the corner.

Lindsey is already getting up.

They charge.

Bianca sees them coming!

She slips through the ropes onto the apron.

Lindsey stops themselves against the turnbuckles.

Bianca grabs the top rope.

Enzuigiri from the apron!

Lindsey staggers away!

Bianca immediately climbs.

Top rope.

Lindsey turns—

Missile dropkick!

Lindsey goes down!

Bianca crawls into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Lindsey kicks out!

Bianca sits beside them.

She glances toward Ace.

Ace holds up two fingers.

Then points toward Lindsey.

Stay on them.

Bianca does.

She grabs Lindsey by the head as they rise.

Forearm!

Another!

She drives Lindsey toward the corner.

Shoulder to the stomach!

Another!

Another!

Lindsey's back presses against the turnbuckles.

Bianca backs away.

Charges—

Lindsey explodes out!

Big boot!

Bianca gets caught flush!

She hits the canvas!

Lindsey doesn't cover.

Instead, they grab Bianca as she tries to rise.

Front headlock.

Bianca reaches around Lindsey's waist.

Lindsey drives a knee into her chest!

Bianca drops to both knees.

Lindsey hits the ropes.

Running knee—

Bianca rolls away!

Lindsey catches themselves.

Turns—

Bianca sweeps the leg!

Lindsey falls forward!

Bianca immediately jumps onto their back.

She grabs the head.

Wrenches backward.

Lindsey reaches toward the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "Bianca has to keep changing the question. She can't stay in front of Lindsey and trade."

John Phillips: "That's what Ace was telling her. Don't fight Lindsey's fight."

The camera cuts outside.

Ace watches intently.

Across from him, Eli Creed remains almost unnervingly calm.

Lindsey pushes onto their hands.

Bianca pulls harder.

Lindsey gets one knee underneath them.

Then the other.

Bianca's eyes widen.

Lindsey begins standing with Bianca still hanging from their back!

The crowd comes up!

John Phillips: "Uh-oh."

Lindsey reaches backward.

Gets hold of Bianca.

Bianca realizes what's coming.

She releases the hold!

Drops behind Lindsey!

Chop block!

Lindsey's knee buckles!

They drop to one knee.

Bianca immediately hits the ropes.

Running dropkick to the side of the head!

Lindsey goes down!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Lindsey kicks out!

Bianca rolls away.

She gets to her feet.

This time she doesn't smile.

She looks down at Lindsey.

Then toward Ace.

Ace points to Lindsey's leg.

Bianca looks down.

Then back at Ace.

A slow smile returns.

Mark Bravo: "And Ace Andrews just saw something."

John Phillips: "Bianca sees it too."

Lindsey starts to rise.

Bianca kicks the back of the knee!

Lindsey drops again.

Another kick!

Then Bianca grabs the leg.

She twists it.

Lindsey immediately reaches for her.

Bianca stays outside their reach.

She drives the knee into the canvas!

Lindsey grimaces.

Bianca does it again!

Then drags Lindsey toward the ropes.

She places the leg across the bottom rope.

Bianca steps onto the middle rope.

She jumps—

And drives her weight down across Lindsey's knee!

Lindsey grabs the leg and rolls away.

The official admonishes Bianca.

Bianca raises both hands.

Innocent.

Bianca Page: "What?"

Ace applauds.

Slowly.

Three deliberate claps.

John Phillips: "Ace Andrews approves."

Mark Bravo: "Of course he does."

Lindsey pulls themselves upright using the ropes.

Eli finally moves.

One step closer.

He doesn't touch Lindsey.

Doesn't shout.

He simply looks at them.

Eli Creed: "Pressure."

Lindsey looks toward him.

Eli taps his own temple.

Eli Creed: "Use it."

Lindsey turns back toward Bianca.

Bianca charges!

Lindsey steps away from the ropes—

And blasts Bianca with an elbow!

Bianca's legs wobble!

Another elbow!

Bianca staggers backward!

Lindsey follows.

Low kick!

Bianca buckles.

Body kick!

Bianca folds.

Lindsey grabs her in the clinch!

Knee!

Knee!

KNEE!

Bianca collapses to the mat!

The Toronto crowd erupts!

John Phillips: "There it is! Lindsey found the opening!"

Lindsey backs toward the ropes.

The damaged leg slows them.

But only slightly.

Bianca pushes herself up.

Lindsey explodes forward—

RUNNING KNEE!

Bianca gets crushed!

Lindsey hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

TH—

BIANCA KICKS OUT!

The crowd groans.

Lindsey sits up.

They stare straight ahead.

No complaint.

No argument.

Just one deep breath.

Mark Bravo: "That's what Eli Creed has been drilling into Lindsey. Don't waste time mourning what didn't work."

John Phillips: "And Bianca Page just found out how quickly Lindsey can turn a match around."

Lindsey gets back to their feet.

They test the damaged leg.

It holds.

Bianca is still down.

Lindsey reaches for her.

Outside the ring, Ace Andrews removes his tinted glasses.

He folds them carefully.

Slides them into his jacket.

And for the first time since the bell...

the Corporate Cutthroat doesn't look amused.

Lindsey reaches down and pulls Bianca Page back toward her feet.

Bianca is unsteady.

Lindsey grabs her behind the head.

One hand slides into position for the clinch—

Bianca immediately drives a forearm into the damaged knee!

Lindsey releases her.

Bianca drops to the mat.

Lindsey stumbles backward.

Bianca rolls away, creating distance.

Mark Bravo: "Bianca Page knows exactly what she has to do now. Lindsey is winning these exchanges whenever they get close, so Bianca goes right back to that knee."

John Phillips: "And that's not cheap. That's smart wrestling. Lindsey has a bad wheel because Bianca made it a bad wheel."

Bianca uses the ropes to pull herself up.

Lindsey comes after her.

Bianca kicks the knee!

Lindsey stops.

Another kick!

Bianca grabs the leg—

DRAGON SCREW!

Lindsey twists through the air and hits the canvas!

They immediately grab the knee.

Bianca crawls over.

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Lindsey kicks out!

Bianca rolls directly onto the leg.

She hooks it.

Twists.

Lindsey reaches toward the ropes.

Too far.

Bianca leans back harder.

Lindsey's face tightens.

Outside the ring, Eli Creed watches.

Still no panic.

Eli Creed: "Solve it."

Lindsey hears him.

They stop reaching.

Plant both hands.

Turn their hips.

Bianca adjusts.

Lindsey turns again.

Then drives the free boot directly into Bianca's shoulder!

Bianca loses the hold.

She scrambles up.

Lindsey gets to one knee.

Bianca charges—

Lindsey catches her!

They surge upright despite the bad leg!

SPINEBUSTER!

Bianca is driven into the canvas!

Both competitors are down.

The Toronto crowd applauds.

John Phillips: "Bianca has done a tremendous job taking away Lindsey's base, but she hasn't taken away the power."

Mark Bravo: "And she hasn't taken away Lindsey's ability to adapt."

The official begins counting.

ONE!

TWO!

Bianca rolls onto her stomach.

Lindsey reaches for the ropes.

THREE!

Ace slaps the apron.

Ace Andrews: "Up, Bianca."

Across the ring, Eli doesn't raise his voice.

Eli Creed: "Build."

FOUR!

Lindsey gets to their feet.

Bianca follows a moment later.

They meet in the center.

Bianca throws a forearm!

Lindsey answers with one of their own!

Bianca!

Lindsey!

Bianca!

Lindsey!

Bianca throws another—

Lindsey catches it!

They pull Bianca into the clinch!

KNEE!

Bianca's head snaps backward!

Another knee!

Bianca tries to escape.

Lindsey pulls her back!

Third knee!

Bianca's legs give way!

Lindsey releases her.

Bianca falls to both knees.

Lindsey steps backward.

They shake feeling into the damaged leg.

Then move forward—

Bianca dives at the knee!

Lindsey sees it coming!

They sidestep!

Bianca slides past.

She gets up—

ROUNDHOUSE KICK!

Bianca gets caught across the side of the head!

She drops!

Lindsey falls across her!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

BIANCA GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

Lindsey rolls onto their back.

Toronto is getting louder.

Mark Bravo: "Lindsey Lothario is getting closer."

John Phillips: "Bianca's taken a lot of punishment. Those aren't flashy strikes. Lindsey is beating her up."

Lindsey sits up.

Their eyes move toward Eli.

Creed meets them.

No instructions.

Just a slow nod.

Lindsey nods back.

They get up.

Bianca crawls toward the corner.

Ace steps closer.

Ace Andrews: "Time."

Bianca looks toward him.

Ace taps his wrist.

Bianca understands.

She grabs the middle rope and begins pulling herself upright.

Lindsey comes forward.

Bianca suddenly explodes out of the corner!

Forearm!

Lindsey takes it.

Bianca fires another!

Another!

She hits the ropes.

Comes back—

Lindsey catches her with an elbow!

Bianca spins around!

Lindsey grabs her!

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Bianca lands hard!

But Lindsey's damaged knee gives way on the bridge!

They can't hold the pin!

John Phillips: "There! That's what all that work on the knee bought Bianca!"

Mark Bravo: "Lindsey had her, but they couldn't maintain the bridge!"

Bianca rolls toward the ropes.

Lindsey grabs their knee.

Ace immediately starts shouting.

Ace Andrews: "Bianca! Move!"

Bianca pulls herself onto the apron.

Lindsey forces themselves up.

Bianca stands outside the ropes.

Lindsey approaches.

Bianca fires a shoulder through the ropes!

Lindsey catches her!

Front facelock!

Bianca's feet leave the apron as Lindsey tries to bring her inside!

Bianca kicks wildly.

She lands back on the apron.

Forearm to Lindsey!

Lindsey releases.

Bianca grabs the top rope.

Springboards—

Lindsey catches her in midair!

The crowd erupts!

Bianca is trapped against Lindsey's chest!

John Phillips: "Caught!"

Lindsey adjusts.

Bianca immediately starts throwing elbows!

One!

Two!

Three!

Lindsey loses the grip.

Bianca drops behind them.

She grabs Lindsey around the waist.

Lindsey blocks.

Bianca tries again.

Lindsey fires an elbow backward!

Bianca ducks!

Lindsey turns—

Bianca jumps!

TORNADO DDT!

Lindsey is planted!

Bianca covers!

ONE!

TWO!

TH—

LINDSEY KICKS OUT!

Bianca's head snaps toward the official.

Two.

She looks toward Ace.

Ace holds up two fingers.

Bianca exhales.

Gets back up.

Mark Bravo: "Now we're getting deep into this match."

John Phillips: "And neither one can put the other away."

Bianca pulls Lindsey up.

Lindsey suddenly fires a palm strike!

Bianca staggers.

Elbow!

Bianca falls backward into the ropes.

Lindsey comes forward.

Bianca tries another kick to the knee—

Lindsey checks it!

Bianca recoils.

Lindsey answers with a low kick!

Bianca's leg buckles!

Another!

Bianca tries to retreat.

Lindsey doesn't let her.

Body kick!

Bianca folds!

Lindsey grabs the head.

ELBOW!

Bianca falls backward!

She lands seated against the bottom turnbuckle.

The crowd comes alive.

Lindsey backs toward the opposite corner.

John Phillips: "Bianca's in trouble."

Lindsey looks across the ring.

Bianca tries to pull herself up.

Ace reaches through the ropes.

Not touching her.

Just shouting.

Ace Andrews: "MOVE!"

Bianca gets upright.

Lindsey charges!

Running knee—

BIANCA MOVES!

Lindsey crashes knee-first into the turnbuckles!

They collapse!

Bianca immediately rolls them up!

ONE!

TWO!

LINDSEY KICKS OUT!

Both scramble up!

Bianca charges!

Lindsey catches her with a knee to the body!

Bianca doubles over.

Lindsey hooks her.

Bianca realizes the danger.

She fights!

Lindsey holds on.

Bianca throws a shot to the ribs!

Another!

Lindsey drives a knee upward!

Bianca goes limp for a moment.

Lindsey pulls her into position.

The crowd rises.

Mark Bravo: "Lindsey may have her!"

Outside the ring, Eli Creed's smile finally grows.

Ace Andrews sees it.

And Ace moves.

He climbs onto the apron.

The official immediately turns.

John Phillips: "Oh, come on."

Ace points across the ring toward Eli.

He's shouting at the official.

Claiming Creed is doing something.

Eli hasn't moved.

He looks almost amused.

Mark Bravo: "Eli Creed hasn't done a thing!"

The official orders Ace down.

Ace keeps arguing.

Lindsey looks over.

Only for a second.

But it's enough.

Bianca slips free!

She shoves Lindsey forward!

Lindsey stops before colliding with the official.

Ace finally jumps down from the apron.

The official turns back.

Bianca charges Lindsey from behind—

Lindsey turns!

ELBOW!

Bianca gets blasted!

She drops to one knee!

The crowd erupts!

John Phillips: "Didn't work!"

Lindsey grabs Bianca.

Pulls her upright.

They secure the clinch.

Knee!

Bianca's head snaps back!

Another!

Bianca is barely standing!

Lindsey releases.

Bianca sways in place.

Lindsey steps backward.

They measure her.

Bianca turns—

Lindsey explodes forward!

But their damaged knee gives a slight hitch on the first step.

Just enough to slow them.

Bianca sees the strike coming.

She ducks!

Lindsey goes past!

They hit the ropes.

Ace is waiting.

The official's view is blocked by Bianca.

Ace reaches in—

And grabs Lindsey's ankle!

Lindsey's leg is ripped out from underneath them!

They crash face-first onto the canvas!

The crowd erupts in boos!

John Phillips: "ACE ANDREWS!"

Mark Bravo: "The official didn't see it!"

Ace immediately releases.

Hands into his pockets.

Walking away.

Nothing to see here.

Eli Creed's smile disappears.

Completely.

Bianca turns.

She sees Lindsey down.

She sees Ace.

And Bianca Page understands exactly what happened.

A smile slowly spreads across her face.

John Phillips: "Oh, she knows."

Mark Bravo: "Of course she knows!"

Bianca looks down at Lindsey.

Then toward Ace.

Ace gives her one small nod.

Bianca turns back toward Lindsey.

And now...

Classy Bianca Page has an opening.

Lindsey Lothario pushes up onto their hands and knees.

They know something happened.

They don't know exactly what.

But Eli Creed does.

His eyes are locked on Ace Andrews.

Ace simply adjusts the front of his jacket.

Completely innocent.

At least according to him.

John Phillips: "Ace Andrews just changed this match."

Mark Bravo: "Lindsey had Bianca reeling. They had momentum. They had control. And Ace took the leg out from under them when the official couldn't see it."

Bianca stalks forward.

Lindsey gets one foot underneath them.

Bianca charges—

BINX!

The high knee catches Lindsey flush!

Lindsey falls backward!

Bianca dives into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

LINDSEY KICKS OUT!

The crowd erupts!

Bianca sits straight up.

Her eyes go wide.

Ace looks toward the official.

Two.

John Phillips: "Lindsey is STILL alive!"

Mark Bravo: "After everything Bianca has done to that knee, after Ace Andrews gets involved, Lindsey Lothario still refuses to go away!"

Bianca grabs Lindsey by the head.

She pulls them up.

Lindsey can barely put full weight on the damaged leg.

Bianca spins—

DISCUS CLOTHESLINE!

RIGHT STUFF!

Lindsey crashes down!

Bianca covers again!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

LINDSEY GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

Bianca slaps the mat.

The frustration finally shows.

She looks toward Ace.

Bianca Page: "What the hell?!"

Ace immediately points toward Lindsey.

Ace Andrews: "Finish it."

Bianca gets up.

She turns toward the ropes.

Lindsey remains down.

Bianca steps through to the apron.

She begins climbing.

Mark Bravo: "Bianca Page looking to end this now."

Bianca reaches the top rope.

She looks down.

Lindsey begins to stir.

Bianca launches—

MAJESTIC!

The top-rope elbow—

MISSES!

Lindsey rolls away!

Bianca crashes hard into the canvas!

The Toronto crowd explodes!

John Phillips: "Nobody home!"

Lindsey grabs the ropes.

They drag themselves upright.

Bianca rolls onto her side.

Both are hurting.

Both are exhausted.

But Lindsey moves first.

They limp toward Bianca.

Bianca reaches one knee.

Lindsey grabs her.

MUAY THAI CLINCH!

Bianca immediately tries to pull away!

Lindsey holds on!

KNEE!

Bianca's head snaps backward!

Another knee!

Bianca's legs wobble!

Third knee!

Bianca drops to both knees!

The crowd rises!

Mark Bravo: "Lindsey has her!"

Lindsey releases the clinch.

Bianca sways on her knees.

Lindsey takes one step backward.

The damaged leg nearly gives way.

They steady themselves.

Then spin—

CENTER STAGE!

The discus lariat turns Bianca inside out!

The building erupts!

John Phillips: "CENTER STAGE!"

Lindsey drops to the mat beside Bianca.

They grab her.

Pull her upward.

Lindsey hooks her for the powerbomb.

Mark Bravo: "FINAL BOW!"

Ace's eyes widen.

Eli Creed leans forward.

Lindsey lifts—

Bianca goes up!

High above the mat!

Lindsey pauses—

The bad knee shakes.

But holds.

They sit out!

FINAL BOW!

BIANCA IS DRIVEN INTO THE CANVAS!

Lindsey folds over her!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

ACE ANDREWS PUTS BIANCA'S FOOT ON THE BOTTOM ROPE!

The official stops the count!

The arena ERUPTS in boos!

John Phillips: "NO! NO! COME ON!"

Mark Bravo: "Ace Andrews just saved Bianca Page!"

Lindsey looks toward the rope.

Bianca's boot rests across it.

Their expression changes.

For the first time all match—

real frustration.

Lindsey looks toward Eli.

Eli is staring at Ace.

Creed points toward the ring.

Eli Creed: "Finish."

Lindsey turns back.

They pull Bianca away from the ropes.

Cover again!

ONE!

TWO!

BIANCA KICKS OUT!

Lindsey sits up.

They know what just happened.

Toronto knows what just happened.

Ace knows exactly what he did.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page was beaten."

Mark Bravo: "Absolutely beaten. Final Bow had her. Ace Andrews kept her tournament alive."

Lindsey gets back up.

Slowly.

The knee is becoming a major problem now.

Bianca barely moves.

Lindsey grabs her.

Pulls her upright.

Bianca suddenly fires a forearm!

Lindsey answers!

Bianca!

Lindsey!

Bianca!

Lindsey fires an elbow!

Bianca staggers!

Lindsey follows with another!

Bianca drops against the ropes.

Lindsey charges—

Bianca ducks!

Lindsey hits the ropes!

Ace is there again.

This time Eli sees him moving.

Eli starts around the ring!

Ace reaches for Lindsey's ankle—

But Eli grabs Ace by the wrist!

The crowd erupts!

John Phillips: "CREED CAUGHT HIM!"

Ace turns.

His smile disappears.

Eli holds the wrist.

Not attacking.

Just stopping him.

Ace yanks free.

The two men go nose-to-nose on the floor.

The official turns toward them.

Mark Bravo: "Now the official's watching Creed and Andrews!"

Inside the ring—

Bianca drops to one knee.

Lindsey turns back toward her.

Bianca reaches into her gear.

Something small flashes in her hand.

The camera barely catches it.

John Phillips: "What does Bianca have?!"

Lindsey approaches.

Bianca rises—

And drives the concealed object into Lindsey's ribs!

Lindsey folds instantly!

Bianca tosses it out of the ring!

The official is still dealing with Ace and Eli!

Mark Bravo: "You've got to be kidding me!"

Bianca grabs Lindsey.

She turns—

GRACEFUL!

The Ace Cutter plants Lindsey!

Bianca doesn't stop.

She gets back up.

Lindsey barely moves.

Bianca heads toward the corner.

She climbs.

Ace backs away from Eli.

The official turns back toward the ring.

Bianca is already on top.

She launches!

PURE ELEGANCE!

The corkscrew moonsault lands flush!

Bianca hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

The Toronto crowd rains boos down on the ring.

Bianca rolls away from Lindsey.

She sits up.

Breathing hard.

Then smiles.

Mark Bravo: "Bianca Page advances."

John Phillips: "Yeah. Thanks to Ace Andrews."

Ace slides into the ring immediately.

He helps Bianca to her feet.

Bianca throws both arms into the air.

The official raises one.

Ace raises the other.

Mark Bravo: "Lindsey Lothario came within inches of advancing. Final Bow had this match won."

John Phillips: "Not almost. Won. Ace put Bianca's foot on the rope, and when that wasn't enough, Bianca found another shortcut while the official was distracted."

The replay begins.

Lindsey surviving Bianca's targeted attack on the knee.

The Muay Thai combinations.

Center Stage.

Final Bow.

The referee's hand descending toward three.

Then Ace reaching through and placing Bianca's foot on the rope.

The crowd boos the replay.

Then another angle.

Eli catching Ace trying to interfere again.

The official turning toward them.

Bianca's hand disappearing briefly into her gear.

The shot to Lindsey's ribs.

Graceful.

Pure Elegance.

Three.

Mark Bravo: "There it is."

John Phillips: "That's disgusting."

Back live, Bianca rests one arm across Ace's shoulders.

Ace looks enormously pleased with himself.

Bianca looks toward the Ring King bracket.

The graphic updates.

BIANCA PAGE — ADVANCES

Bianca applauds herself.

Ace joins her.

Outside the ring, Eli Creed kneels beside Lindsey.

Lindsey is sitting against the barricade now, one hand pressed against their ribs.

They look furious.

Eli speaks quietly.

Lindsey looks toward him.

Eli Creed: "Do not confuse theft with failure."

Lindsey looks back toward the ring.

Bianca and Ace are still celebrating.

Lindsey's jaw tightens.

Eli rises.

He extends a hand.

Lindsey takes it.

Creed pulls them up.

Mark Bravo: "Bianca Page is going to the second round."

John Phillips: "But Lindsey Lothario just showed everyone in this tournament how dangerous they've become."

Bianca climbs onto the middle rope.

Arms stretched wide.

Ace applauds beneath her.

Across ringside, Lindsey stares back at them.

The result belongs to Bianca Page.

But there is absolutely no question who Ace Andrews was afraid might win.

One down

Segment

Sol Azteca is just beyond the curtain.

Still catching her breath.

Gold-and-white gear.

Mask straight.

A fresh scrape runs along one forearm.

No entourage.

No handlers crowding the frame.

Just Sol.

A road case.

And Katy Winters stepping into frame with a microphone.

Katy Winters: "Sol — Round One, in the books. How does that one feel?"

Sol takes a moment before answering.

Not for effect.

She's actually thinking about it.

Sol Azteca: "It feels like the first one that was only about the match."

She glances back toward the curtain.

Almost like she's still expecting someone to come through it.

Sol Azteca: "No family at ringside. No excuses waiting in the wings. No one to blame it on if it went wrong."

Sol looks back toward Katy.

Sol Azteca: "Just Selina. Just me. Just the ring deciding."

Katy shifts the microphone slightly.

Katy Winters: "Selina's built her whole career on being watched. Did that change anything about how you approached her?"

Sol lets out a small, sharp exhale.

Almost a laugh.

But not quite.

Sol Azteca: "Selina's used to an audience that claps because she told them to."

A beat.

Sol Azteca: "Tonight she got an opponent instead."

Sol rolls her shoulder.

Testing it.

She winces slightly.

Sol Azteca: "I didn't need a storyline to beat her. I needed thirty seconds of her forgetting this wasn't content."

Sol Azteca: "That's all it took."

Sol turns fully toward the camera.

The earlier lightness disappears from her voice.

Sol Azteca: "For a long time, every match I had came with a shadow attached to it. A family standing at ringside deciding how far I was allowed to get."

Sol Azteca: "Tonight there was nobody left to blame but the two of us in that ring."

She pauses.

Sol Azteca: "And I'm still standing."

Sol lets the words sit.

Her attention shifts toward a nearby monitor.

The Ring King bracket fills the screen.

Her name has advanced.

Katy follows her gaze.

Katy Winters: "Round Two puts you across from Bianca Page. What's the read on that one?"

Sol's expression sharpens.

Not fear.

Not bravado.

Calculation.

Sol Azteca: "I don't know Bianca Page the way I knew Selina. I haven't studied her tape the way I studied that whole Hightower situation for months."

Sol Azteca: "But I know what a throne does to people who think they're already sitting on it."

Sol glances toward the bracket again.

Sol Azteca: "It empties the room of excuses. Same as it did for me tonight."

Sol reaches toward the road case.

She picks up a folded hoodie.

Pulls it over her shoulders.

Her eyes remain fixed on the camera.

Sol Azteca: "So whoever Bianca Page is when that bell rings — I'll find out the same way everyone found out about me."

A beat.

Sol Azteca: "In the ring."

Sol steps closer to the camera.

Sol Azteca: "Where it actually counts."

She turns and starts down the hallway.

Then stops.

Sol looks over her shoulder.

Her eyes settle once more on the Ring King bracket glowing on the monitor behind Katy.

Sol Azteca: "One shadow down."

She looks toward the camera.

Sol Azteca: "Let's see who's left standing when the next one shows up."

Sol disappears down the hallway.

Katy watches her leave.

The camera slowly pushes toward the monitor.

The bracket remains on-screen.

SOL AZTECA

BIANCA PAGE

Round Two.

The camera holds on the matchup for another moment.

Then fades away.

Make him understand

Segment

We find Ace Andrews walking through the hallway.

There's a little extra swagger in his step.

Understandably so.

He just watched Bianca Page punch her ticket to the second round of Ring King.

How she got there doesn't appear to be weighing particularly heavily on his conscience.

Ace rounds the corner.

Waiting there is Samuel Scythe.

The UTA Fighting Championship rests nearby.

Scythe is already prepared for battle.

Hoodie on.

Wrists taped.

Head down.

Still.

Silent.

Ace approaches him.

Ace Andrews: "One."

Scythe slowly raises his head.

Ace holds up a single finger.

Ace Andrews: "One down."

A smug grin stretches across Ace's face.

Ace Andrews: "Bianca is through."

Ace Andrews: "Which means the Platinum Made Society has already accomplished half of what we came here to do tonight."

Scythe says nothing.

Ace steps closer.

Ace Andrews: "Now it's your turn."

Scythe rolls his shoulders.

Ace looks him over.

Ace Andrews: "Madman Szalinski."

Ace almost seems amused by the name.

Ace Andrews: "You know, Samuel, there was a time when that name meant something."

Scythe's eyes remain fixed on him.

Ace Andrews: "People loved Madman."

Ace Andrews: "People feared Madman."

Ace Andrews: "People bought tickets because they never knew what insane thing Madman Szalinski might do next."

Ace nods slowly.

Ace Andrews: "And I'll give the old bastard credit."

Ace Andrews: "He's still here."

A beat.

Ace Andrews: "After everything that body has been through..."

Ace Andrews: "He's still here."

Ace's smile disappears.

Ace Andrews: "That's exactly why I don't want you taking him lightly."

Scythe's head tilts slightly.

Ace Andrews: "I know."

Ace Andrews: "You don't take anyone lightly."

Ace Andrews: "That's why you and I work."

Ace taps Scythe lightly on the chest.

Ace Andrews: "But Madman thinks this might be his last chance."

Ace Andrews: "And you know what happens when a desperate man thinks there's nothing waiting for him tomorrow?"

Scythe stares back.

Ace Andrews: "He'll give you everything he has today."

Ace takes a step backward.

Ace Andrews: "So let him."

Scythe's jaw tightens.

Ace Andrews: "Let him throw everything he has left at you."

Ace Andrews: "Let him dig down into every memory."

Ace Andrews: "Every trick."

Ace Andrews: "Every last piece of whatever made Madman Szalinski a legend in the first place."

Ace spreads his hands.

Ace Andrews: "And then..."

His grin returns.

Ace Andrews: "...take it away from him."

Scythe finally moves.

One step toward Ace.

Samuel Scythe: "I will."

Low.

Flat.

No wasted emotion.

Ace smiles.

Ace Andrews: "That's my boy."

Ace turns toward the Fighting Championship.

He picks it up.

Looks at the faceplate.

Then holds it out toward Scythe.

Ace Andrews: "This proves you're the Fighting Champion."

Scythe takes the championship.

Ace Andrews: "Ring King proves you're more."

Ace's eyes narrow.

Ace Andrews: "Sixteen people walked into this tournament thinking they could sit on the throne."

Ace Andrews: "Bianca is going to handle her side."

Ace Andrews: "You handle yours."

Scythe places the Fighting Championship over his shoulder.

Ace Andrews: "And if the road eventually puts the two of you across from each other..."

Ace pauses.

Then smiles.

Ace Andrews: "Well."

Ace Andrews: "That's a Platinum Made problem for another night."

Scythe doesn't react.

Ace chuckles.

Ace Andrews: "Tonight is much simpler."

He steps beside Scythe.

Ace Andrews: "Tonight there's an old warrior standing in your way."

Ace Andrews: "A man desperately trying to prove that he still belongs here."

Ace's voice lowers.

Ace Andrews: "Samuel..."

Ace Andrews: "Don't beat him."

Scythe looks toward him.

Ace's grin disappears entirely.

Ace Andrews: "Make him understand that it's over."

A long silence.

Scythe adjusts the championship on his shoulder.

Then turns toward the direction of Gorilla.

Samuel Scythe: "You reap..."

Scythe looks back at Ace.

Samuel Scythe: "...what you sow."

Ace's smile returns.

Ace Andrews: "Exactly."

Scythe starts down the hallway.

Ace falls into step beside him.

Manager and monster.

Tonight...

their target is Madman Szalinski.

The camera watches them disappear toward Gorilla.

Then cuts away.

Madman Szalinski vs. Samuel Scythe

Match

The camera returns to the entrance stage.

For a few seconds, nothing happens.

Then—

Madman Szalinski's music hits.

Scotiabank Arena erupts.

Not politely.

Not nostalgically.

The crowd rises for him.

Mark Bravo: "Listen to Toronto."

John Phillips: "They know what this means."

The curtain moves.

And Madman Szalinski steps through.

The familiar blue-and-red mask.

Ring gear beneath a weathered jacket.

Tape.

Lots of tape.

Knees.

Wrists.

Places where the body underneath has long since stopped pretending it hasn't been through hell.

Madman stops at the top of the ramp.

He looks out across the building.

And for once...

there is no immediate joke.

No exaggerated gesture.

No wild-eyed performance.

He just stands there.

Taking it in.

CROWD: "MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN!"

His head lowers slightly.

Then rises.

The chant gets louder.

Mark Bravo: "One week ago, Madman Szalinski told Melissa Cartwright that he didn't know how many bullets were left in the old gun."

John Phillips: "And then he went out there against Tyger II and unloaded everything he had."

Mark Bravo: "Tyger didn't give him a ceremonial victory. He didn't treat Madman like an aging legend who deserved a moment. He tried to beat him."

John Phillips: "And Madman beat him anyway."

Madman starts walking.

Slowly.

There is still life in the stride.

Still that familiar loose movement.

But every few steps tell a story.

A slight hitch in one knee.

A shoulder rolling carefully.

The neck turning more with the body than independently.

The physical reality isn't hidden.

Madman himself has refused to hide it.

He openly admitted last week that his knees are shot, his neck barely turns the way it once did, and his back and hips have been fighting him for years.

Mark Bravo: "This man has been brutally honest about where he is physically."

John Phillips: "Because how could he not be? Look at him. He's forty-one years old. He's been doing this for decades. His body doesn't have secrets anymore."

Madman reaches one side of the aisle.

A fan holds out a hand.

Madman slaps it.

Then another.

Another.

He picks up speed slightly.

The old grin begins to show beneath the mask.

Someone in the front row shouts something toward him.

Madman stops.

Turns.

Points at the fan.

Then points toward the ring.

He throws both hands up.

Madman Szalinski: "GOD DAMN, SON!"

The place explodes.

John Phillips: "There he is."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah."

Madman starts walking again.

But Bravo's voice changes.

Mark Bravo: "Enjoy it."

A beat.

John Phillips: "What do you mean?"

Mark Bravo: "I'm saying enjoy it."

Madman continues down the aisle.

The crowd reaches for him from both sides.

Mark Bravo: "Because Madman himself doesn't know how many more times he's going to make this walk."

Phillips doesn't immediately respond.

Madman reaches ringside.

He places both hands on the apron.

Pauses.

Then looks up at the ring.

The smile fades again.

This is where the fun stops.

He climbs onto the apron.

Not quickly.

But under his own power.

He steps through the ropes.

Toronto gets even louder.

Madman walks to the center of the ring.

He slowly turns in a circle.

Looking around.

Section by section.

Face after face.

CROWD: "MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN!"

Madman reaches up.

Touches the side of his mask.

Then taps his chest.

John Phillips: "Last week after beating Tyger II, Madman said something that stuck with me."

Mark Bravo: "He's still here."

John Phillips: "Exactly."

Madman moves toward the ropes.

He leans back into them, testing the tension.

Then steps away.

Rolls one shoulder.

Tries to turn his neck.

Stops halfway.

He reaches down and gives one knee a quick slap.

Then the other.

Both hands go to his hips.

Madman looks toward the hard camera.

He shrugs.

The crowd laughs.

That grin returns.

John Phillips: "I think that's the medical examination."

Mark Bravo: "Everything still attached?"

Madman holds up one thumb.

Mostly.

Then he turns toward the entrance.

The humor disappears.

His posture changes.

He knows who's coming.

Mark Bravo: "This is the part we haven't talked about yet."

Madman slowly backs into his corner.

John Phillips: "Samuel Scythe."

The crowd reacts at the name.

Madman stares toward the stage.

Mark Bravo: "Last week Madman had to defeat Tyger II to prove he belonged in this tournament."

John Phillips: "Tonight he has to survive the Fighting Champion."

Mark Bravo: "Samuel Scythe is six-foot-three, two hundred fifty pounds, and there is nothing complicated about what he does. He runs through people."

Madman bounces lightly once.

Immediately stops.

His knee apparently votes against doing that again.

He looks down at it.

Points a warning finger.

John Phillips: "Did he just threaten his own knee?"

Mark Bravo: "Wouldn't be the strangest conversation Madman Szalinski has ever had."

Madman looks back toward the stage.

Still smiling.

But behind the smile...

focus.

Last week, Madman said this business didn't owe him another great moment. He only wanted the chance to earn one.

He earned tonight.

Now he has to do something even harder with it.

Mark Bravo: "Madman Szalinski has already been UTA Champion. He's already stood on top of this company. He's already had a career most wrestlers would trade everything for."

Madman grips the top rope.

Mark Bravo: "But that's not why he's here."

John Phillips: "He's here because he needs to know."

Mark Bravo: "Does he still have it?"

The camera pushes closer.

The mask.

The eyes behind it.

The years.

The damage.

The determination.

John Phillips: "And there's only one problem."

Madman keeps staring at the entrance.

John Phillips: "The man coming through that curtain doesn't care about Madman's story."

The crowd begins buzzing.

Madman's grip tightens around the rope.

Mark Bravo: "No."

A beat.

Mark Bravo: "Samuel Scythe is coming to end it."

The lights inside Scotiabank Arena cut completely.

Black.

The crowd noise hangs there for a moment.

Then the titantron flickers to life.

A field.

Dark.

Still.

A scythe sweeps slowly through it.

One phrase burns across the screen.

REAP WHAT YOU SOW.

The opening riff of "Useless Sacrifice" by Death Decline crashes through the arena.

The mood changes instantly.

John Phillips: "And there he is."

A single spotlight illuminates the stage.

Samuel Scythe stands beneath it.

Hood over his head.

Face angled toward the floor.

Motionless.

The UTA Fighting Championship rests around his waist.

Beside him stands Ace Andrews.

The expensive suit.

The tinted glasses.

The satisfied little smile of a man who knows exactly what he is bringing to the ring.

Mark Bravo: "Samuel Scythe didn't have to qualify for Ring King."

John Phillips: "Because he's already carrying proof of what he is."

The camera closes in on the championship.

UTA FIGHTING CHAMPION.

Mark Bravo: "The Fighting Champion. Six-foot-three. Two hundred fifty pounds. And quite possibly the worst possible draw Madman Szalinski could have received."

Scythe finally moves.

One step.

Then another.

He begins walking down the ramp.

No acknowledgement of the crowd.

No playing to the cameras.

No urgency.

Ace walks beside him, slightly behind.

Scythe's eyes remain locked on the ring. His entire presentation is built around exactly what he is: brute force, destruction, and a refusal to back down from anything put in front of him.

Inside the ring, Madman Szalinski watches him come.

The grin is gone now.

John Phillips: "Mark, think about what we're looking at here."

Mark Bravo: "I am."

John Phillips: "Madman is giving up seven inches and sixty-five pounds."

Mark Bravo: "Against a man whose entire offense is built around running through you."

Scythe continues down the aisle.

Fans shout from behind the barricades.

One reaches toward him.

Scythe doesn't even look.

Ace does.

He smirks toward the fan.

Then turns his attention back toward the ring.

Mark Bravo: "Ace Andrews described Samuel Scythe as his Reaper when he brought him into UTA."

John Phillips: "Not his client. Not his athlete. His weapon."

Scythe reaches ringside.

He stops.

Looks up.

Madman stands across the ring staring back.

For just a moment, neither man moves.

The visual says everything.

Madman Szalinski.

Five-foot-eleven.

One hundred eighty-five pounds.

A body held together by tape, experience, and refusal.

Samuel Scythe.

Six-foot-three.

Two hundred fifty pounds.

The Fighting Championship around his waist.

Built like the answer to the question Madman has spent the last two weeks asking himself.

Do I still have it?

John Phillips: "Madman said he wanted to know whether he could still do this."

Mark Bravo: "He's about to find out."

Scythe turns toward the steps.

He climbs them.

One heavy step at a time.

Ace remains on the floor.

Scythe steps onto the apron.

He enters between the ropes.

The ring suddenly looks smaller.

Madman stays in his corner.

Scythe walks to the center.

He reaches up.

Pulls the hood away.

The crowd boos.

Scythe doesn't react.

His eyes immediately find Madman.

Then Samuel raises one hand.

Slowly draws his thumb across his throat.

The cut-throat gesture.

John Phillips: "Subtle."

Mark Bravo: "Samuel Scythe isn't subtle."

Ace climbs onto the apron outside Scythe's corner.

Scythe turns.

Ace reaches through the ropes and unfastens the Fighting Championship.

He takes it from Samuel.

For a moment, Ace looks down at the title.

Then toward Madman.

A grin.

Ace lifts the Fighting Championship slightly.

Almost showing Madman what Scythe already has.

What Madman is trying to prove he can still chase.

Madman looks at the championship.

Then at Ace.

Then back at Scythe.

He raises both hands.

Come on.

The Toronto crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Madman isn't backing down."

Mark Bravo: "He never has."

Scythe steps forward.

Madman steps forward too.

They meet near the center of the ring.

The size difference becomes even more dramatic up close.

Scythe looks down.

Madman looks up.

Neither man says anything.

Ace watches from outside.

The Fighting Championship now rests over his shoulder.

Mark Bravo: "Samuel Scythe is not going to care that Madman Szalinski is a former UTA Champion."

John Phillips: "He's not going to care that Madman's a Hall of Famer."

Mark Bravo: "He's not going to care about the heart attack. The comeback. The bad knees. The years. The crowd."

Scythe takes another step forward.

Madman doesn't move.

Mark Bravo: "Samuel Scythe is going to try to hurt him."

John Phillips: "And Madman knows it."

The official steps between them.

Scythe backs toward his corner.

Madman does the same.

Madman grabs the top rope.

Rolls his shoulders.

Looks down at one knee.

Then the other.

He takes a breath.

Across the ring, Scythe doesn't stretch.

Doesn't bounce.

Doesn't warm up.

He simply stands there.

Waiting.

Like a wrecking ball that hasn't been released yet.

Ace leans against the apron.

He looks across at Madman.

Then toward Scythe.

One tiny nod.

That's enough.

Scythe's shoulders tighten.

John Phillips: "Madman wanted one more chance."

Mark Bravo: "He got it."

The crowd begins chanting again.

CROWD: "MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN!"

Madman looks around.

Lets himself hear it.

Then turns back toward Samuel Scythe.

Mark Bravo: "Now he has to survive it."

The bell rings.

DING! DING!

Madman Szalinski comes out of his corner first.

Not recklessly.

Not wildly.

He circles.

Samuel Scythe does not.

The Fighting Champion simply turns with him.

Tracking.

Waiting.

Mark Bravo: "Madman cannot afford to stand in front of Samuel Scythe and trade power."

John Phillips: "He knows that. The question is whether his body can still execute the plan his brain knows he needs."

Madman feints low.

Scythe barely reacts.

Madman reaches for a lockup—

Then slips underneath.

He grabs the wrist.

Twists.

Scythe immediately yanks him back.

Madman is pulled chest-first into Samuel.

Scythe throws a short shoulder.

Madman goes down.

Hard.

He rolls away immediately.

Gets to one knee.

Then looks up at Scythe.

John Phillips: "That was one shoulder."

Mark Bravo: "And Madman felt all two hundred fifty pounds of it."

Madman gets back up.

He circles again.

This time faster.

Scythe reaches.

Madman ducks.

Kick to the thigh!

Another!

Scythe turns.

Madman fires a forearm!

Another!

He hits the ropes.

Comes back—

RUNNING SHOULDER BLOCK!

Madman hits Scythe.

Scythe barely moves.

Madman bounces backward.

The crowd reacts.

Madman looks at Scythe.

Looks down at himself.

Then back up.

Madman Szalinski: "Well... shit."

The crowd laughs.

Scythe does not.

He charges.

Madman moves!

Scythe hits the ropes.

Madman runs to the opposite side.

They rebound—

Madman drops low!

Scythe steps over him.

Madman gets up.

Scythe rebounds again—

Madman catches him with a dropkick to the knee!

Scythe stumbles!

The crowd rises!

Madman immediately attacks the leg!

Kick!

Kick!

Another kick!

Scythe reaches for him.

Madman backs away.

Then runs forward—

BASEMENT DROPKICK!

Scythe drops to one knee!

Mark Bravo: "There! That's what Madman has to do! Change the level, attack the base, make the big man work!"

John Phillips: "He's fighting smart."

Madman hits the ropes.

Scythe begins standing.

Madman comes back—

Running forearm!

Scythe rocks backward.

Madman keeps moving.

Another forearm!

Scythe hits the ropes.

Madman backs up.

Runs—

Scythe explodes forward!

RUNNING SHOULDER BLOCK!

Madman is launched through the air!

He crashes onto his back!

The arena groans.

John Phillips: "Oh God."

Madman rolls onto his side.

One hand immediately goes to the lower back.

Scythe walks toward him.

Not hurried.

Madman tries to rise.

Scythe grabs him.

European uppercut!

Madman's head snaps back!

He falls against the ropes.

Scythe grabs the wrist.

Irish whip.

Madman hits hard.

Rebounds—

SPINEBUSTER!

Samuel plants him!

Madman's entire body bounces off the canvas.

Scythe covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Madman kicks out!

The crowd cheers.

Scythe sits up.

No frustration.

No surprise.

He looks down at Madman.

Then toward Ace.

Ace simply nods.

Mark Bravo: "That's the scary part about Samuel Scythe. He doesn't care that Madman kicked out."

John Phillips: "Because to Scythe, that just means he gets to hit him again."

Scythe grabs Madman by the mask and pulls him upright.

Madman immediately fires a shot to the ribs!

Another!

Scythe answers with a clubbing forearm across the back!

Madman drops to both knees.

Scythe pulls him up.

Front facelock.

He lifts.

And holds.

Madman hangs upside down.

The crowd begins reacting as the seconds pass.

Scythe keeps him there.

Stalling vertical suplex.

John Phillips: "Come on."

Still holding.

Madman's feet kick slightly.

Scythe finally throws him forward!

SOWING THE FIELDS!

Madman crashes face-first and chest-first onto the canvas!

The crowd groans again.

Scythe rolls him over.

ONE!

TWO!

Madman kicks out!

Toronto erupts.

Scythe looks at the official.

Two.

He turns back toward Madman.

John Phillips: "Madman is surviving."

Mark Bravo: "That's what he does."

Scythe grabs Madman's wrist.

Pulls him up.

Short-arm clothesline!

Madman flips inside out!

He lands hard.

Scythe stands over him.

Ace leans toward the apron.

Ace Andrews: "Again."

Scythe reaches down.

Madman suddenly pulls him forward!

Small package!

ONE!

TWO!

Scythe kicks out!

The crowd explodes!

Both scramble up.

Madman gets there first!

Forearm!

Scythe rocks!

Another!

Another!

Madman unloads!

The crowd gets louder with every shot!

Mark Bravo: "Madman's firing everything he has!"

Scythe swings.

Madman ducks!

He hits the ropes.

Comes back—

Flying forearm!

Scythe stumbles!

Madman gets up!

He runs again!

Another flying forearm!

Scythe hits the ropes!

Madman climbs to the second rope!

He looks out at Toronto.

The crowd is roaring.

Madman leaps!

DOUBLE AXE HANDLE!

Scythe goes down!

For the first time in the match...

Samuel Scythe is flat on his back.

The building explodes.

John Phillips: "HE GOT HIM DOWN!"

Madman falls beside him.

He grabs his back.

But forces himself up.

Scythe rolls onto one knee.

Madman hits the ropes.

Comes back—

Running knee to the head!

Scythe goes down again!

Madman covers!

ONE!

TWO!

SCYTHE KICKS OUT!

The crowd groans.

Madman sits beside him.

He looks toward the official.

Then toward the crowd.

And smiles.

Not because he almost won.

Because for a moment...

he looked like himself again.

Mark Bravo: "Look at Madman."

John Phillips: "He knows."

Mark Bravo: "He knows he can still hurt this man."

Madman gets up.

Slowly.

Painfully.

But he gets up.

Scythe is rising too.

Madman grabs him.

Forearm!

Scythe answers!

Madman nearly falls.

He catches himself.

Then fires back!

Scythe!

Madman!

Scythe!

Madman!

Every Madman strike gets a cheer.

Every Scythe strike sounds heavier.

Scythe finally catches Madman with a European uppercut!

Madman collapses into the ropes.

Scythe backs up.

Charges—

Madman drops!

Scythe goes over the top rope!

He lands on his feet on the floor!

The crowd comes alive.

Madman looks toward him.

Then toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "No."

Madman backs up.

John Phillips: "Madman, don't."

He runs.

Scythe turns—

MADMAN DIVES THROUGH THE ROPES!

He crashes into Scythe!

Both men hit the floor!

Toronto erupts.

Mark Bravo: "MADMAN SZALINSKI JUST THREW HIMSELF AT SAMUEL SCYTHE!"

Madman lies on the floor.

Scythe lies beside him.

Ace looks furious.

The official begins counting.

ONE!

TWO!

Madman rolls onto his stomach.

THREE!

He grabs the barricade.

Pulls himself up.

Fans reach toward him.

FOUR!

Scythe begins to stir.

Madman looks at him.

Then toward the ring.

He grabs Scythe by the head.

Rolls him underneath the bottom rope.

FIVE!

Madman climbs onto the apron.

He stops.

One hand goes to his chest.

Not dramatically.

Just catching his breath.

The crowd sees it.

So does Bravo.

Mark Bravo: "Take your time."

Madman steps through the ropes.

Scythe is already getting up.

Madman looks at him.

The smile disappears.

He knows the storm isn't over.

But neither is he.

Madman Szalinski steps fully through the ropes.

Samuel Scythe is waiting.

Madman takes one step toward him—

Scythe explodes!

BIG BOOT!

Madman gets absolutely leveled!

His body hits the canvas and rolls from the impact.

John Phillips: "GOOD GOD!"

Mark Bravo: "Madman took the risk on that dive, he got Scythe down, but getting back into this ring gave the Fighting Champion time to recover!"

Madman rolls onto his stomach.

Scythe grabs him.

Pulls him up.

Madman fires a shot to the ribs!

Scythe clubs him across the back!

Madman drops to a knee.

Scythe pulls him back up.

Another clubbing forearm!

Madman goes down again.

Ace Andrews watches from the floor.

He doesn't need to say anything.

Scythe knows exactly what to do.

Mark Bravo: "This is where it gets dangerous for Madman. He's been surviving on movement, experience, finding openings. Samuel Scythe is starting to take the movement away."

Scythe grabs Madman around the waist.

He lifts—

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Madman lands high across his shoulders!

Scythe doesn't release.

He rolls through.

Pulls Madman back up.

Madman desperately grabs at Scythe's hands.

Another German suplex!

Madman crashes down!

Scythe releases him.

Madman rolls toward the corner.

He reaches the bottom turnbuckle.

Uses it to pull himself upright.

His legs aren't cooperating.

He gets halfway up.

Falls back to one knee.

The crowd begins clapping.

Slowly at first.

Then louder.

CROWD: "MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN!"

Madman grabs the middle rope.

Pulls again.

This time he gets up.

He turns around.

Scythe charges!

Madman moves!

Scythe crashes into the turnbuckles!

Madman stumbles toward the center.

He turns.

Scythe comes out of the corner—

Madman catches him with a forearm!

Scythe stops.

Madman throws another!

Another!

Another!

Scythe shoves him away!

Madman rolls backward.

Comes back to his feet!

He charges!

Flying forearm!

Scythe stumbles into the ropes!

The crowd erupts!

John Phillips: "He won't stay down!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the whole reason Madman is here! He needed to know whether this was still inside him!"

Madman grabs Scythe.

He tries to pull him away from the ropes.

Scythe blocks.

Madman tries again.

Scythe plants his feet.

Madman changes plans.

He stomps Scythe's foot!

Scythe reacts.

Madman grabs the head—

DDT!

Scythe is planted!

Madman rolls him over!

Hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

SCYTHE POWERS OUT!

Madman is thrown off the cover.

He lands beside Scythe.

For a moment, both men stay down.

Then Madman begins crawling.

Toward the corner.

John Phillips: "What's he thinking?"

Madman grabs the ropes.

He pulls himself onto the bottom rope.

Then the middle.

He pauses.

One hand goes to his lower back.

Toronto starts getting louder.

Madman looks out at them.

Then up.

Mark Bravo: "Madman..."

He climbs.

Slowly.

One foot reaches the top rope.

Then the other.

Madman crouches there.

His balance isn't perfect.

His knees shake.

But he's there.

Samuel Scythe lies below him.

Madman looks down.

Then out at Toronto.

He throws his arms wide.

Madman Szalinski: "GOD DAMN, SON!"

The building erupts!

Madman leaps!

DIVING ELBOW!

IT CONNECTS!

Madman crashes across Scythe's chest!

He bounces from the impact!

Grabs his own back!

But immediately crawls back!

He throws himself across Scythe!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

SCYTHE KICKS OUT!

Toronto groans.

Madman rolls onto his back.

He stares at the lights.

His chest heaves.

John Phillips: "I thought he had him."

Mark Bravo: "So did this building."

Madman slowly sits up.

He looks at Scythe.

Then at the official.

Two.

Madman nods.

No complaint.

He looks down at his own hands.

Flexes his fingers.

Then looks toward the crowd.

The chant begins again.

CROWD: "MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN!"

Madman gets onto one knee.

John Phillips: "Listen to them."

Madman gets his other foot underneath him.

Mark Bravo: "They're trying to carry him."

He stands.

Scythe begins getting up.

Madman waits.

Samuel reaches one knee.

Madman charges!

RUNNING KNEE!

Scythe gets caught across the jaw!

But he doesn't go down!

Madman backs away.

He looks almost surprised.

Then grins.

Madman Szalinski: "Okay."

He runs again!

SECOND RUNNING KNEE!

Scythe drops to one hand!

Toronto explodes!

Madman backs into the ropes.

He's breathing hard.

He can barely stand.

But he sees Scythe vulnerable.

And something changes in his eyes.

This isn't about surviving anymore.

Madman thinks he can win.

Mark Bravo: "Look at him!"

John Phillips: "Madman believes!"

Madman charges for a third time!

Scythe suddenly rises!

FAMINE!

The spear nearly cuts Madman in half!

The noise inside Scotiabank Arena collapses into a collective groan.

Madman folds around the impact.

Scythe drives him into the canvas.

Madman's arms fall beside him.

John Phillips: "Jesus Christ!"

Mark Bravo: "FAMINE! FAMINE OUT OF NOWHERE!"

Scythe remains on his knees.

He looks down at Madman.

Ace points into the ring.

Ace Andrews: "Cover him."

Scythe doesn't.

He stands.

Ace pauses.

John Phillips: "Why isn't he covering him?"

Scythe reaches down.

He grabs Madman by the wrist.

Pulls.

Madman doesn't come up.

Scythe pulls harder.

Madman's body follows.

He somehow gets his feet underneath him.

Barely.

His head hangs.

Mark Bravo: "Samuel Scythe could probably end this right now."

Scythe grabs Madman by the jaw.

Forces his head up.

Looks directly into the eyes behind the mask.

Then releases him.

Madman sways.

Scythe steps backward.

John Phillips: "No."

Scythe charges.

FAMINE!

A SECOND SPEAR!

Madman is launched backward!

He hits the canvas violently.

The crowd boos Scythe.

Ace smiles.

John Phillips: "That's enough!"

Mark Bravo: "Samuel Scythe isn't interested in proving he can beat Madman Szalinski. He's trying to put him down."

Scythe gets back up.

Madman doesn't move.

Scythe stands over him.

For several seconds.

Then he places one boot against Madman's shoulder.

Pushes.

Madman rolls onto his stomach.

Scythe bends down.

Grabs him.

Pulls Madman onto his knees.

Madman's arms hang at his sides.

Scythe hooks him.

The crowd realizes what's coming.

John Phillips: "No, no, no..."

Scythe lifts.

Madman goes up.

High.

Scythe holds him there.

For one horrible second.

Then—

REAP WHAT YOU SOW!

Madman is DRIVEN into the canvas!

The impact echoes through the building.

Scythe covers.

Hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

MADMAN GETS A SHOULDER UP!

Scotiabank Arena EXPLODES!

Scythe looks down at him.

Ace's smile disappears.

John Phillips: "HOW?!"

Mark Bravo: "MADMAN SZALINSKI IS STILL HERE!"

The crowd rises as one.

CROWD: "MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN!"

Madman's shoulder falls back to the mat.

He barely seems conscious.

But he kicked out.

Scythe sits beside him.

Staring.

Not angry.

Not shocked.

Almost studying him.

Then Samuel Scythe gets back to his feet.

Madman rolls onto his side.

He reaches for the ropes.

His fingers drag across the canvas.

He pulls himself forward.

One inch.

Another.

Mark Bravo: "Stay down."

Madman keeps crawling.

Mark Bravo: "Madman, stay down."

His hand reaches the bottom rope.

He grips it.

The crowd is roaring.

Madman pulls.

His body rises a few inches.

Falls.

He pulls again.

Gets to one knee.

John Phillips: "He can't help himself."

Mark Bravo: "No."

Madman reaches for the middle rope.

Mark Bravo: "He never could."

Scythe watches from the center of the ring.

Madman pulls himself upright.

He turns.

His legs shake underneath him.

Scythe stands across from him.

Madman raises his fists.

The guard is terrible.

The stance barely exists.

But the fists are up.

Toronto erupts.

Madman waves him forward.

Come on.

Samuel Scythe stares at him.

And starts walking.

Samuel Scythe starts walking.

Madman Szalinski waits.

His fists remain raised.

His entire body is trembling.

Scythe reaches him.

Madman throws a right hand!

It connects.

Scythe barely moves.

Madman throws another!

Scythe's head turns slightly.

Madman throws a third!

Scythe catches the wrist.

Madman immediately throws the other hand!

Scythe catches that too.

For a moment...

Madman is trapped.

Scythe looks down at him.

Madman looks back.

Then Madman drives his forehead into Scythe's face!

Scythe releases him!

The crowd erupts!

Madman nearly falls from the effort.

He catches himself against the ropes.

John Phillips: "He is running on absolutely nothing!"

Mark Bravo: "No. He's running on them."

The camera pans across Scotiabank Arena.

Thousands standing.

Thousands shouting.

CROWD: "MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN!"

Madman pushes himself away from the ropes.

Scythe turns back toward him.

Madman charges!

Or tries to.

His first step is slow.

His second nearly gives out.

But he keeps coming.

Forearm!

Scythe takes it.

Another!

Scythe rocks backward.

Madman throws another!

And another!

And another!

Scythe hits the ropes!

Madman backs away.

He raises one finger.

One more.

He charges—

Scythe steps forward.

Madman jumps!

Scythe catches him!

Madman's eyes go wide.

Samuel turns—

URANAGE!

Madman is driven into the canvas!

The crowd groans.

Scythe stays on him.

He grabs Madman by the wrist.

Pulls him upright.

Madman can barely stand.

Scythe whips him toward the ropes.

Madman rebounds.

Scythe charges—

FAMINE!

THE SPEAR DESTROYS MADMAN!

Madman folds around Scythe's shoulder and crashes onto the back of his neck and shoulders!

John Phillips: "THAT'S THREE!"

Mark Bravo: "Cover him!"

Scythe doesn't.

Again.

He gets to his feet.

The boos begin.

Ace Andrews looks into the ring.

Even Ace isn't smiling anymore.

John Phillips: "Samuel, that's enough."

Scythe looks down at Madman.

Madman's eyes are open.

Barely.

Scythe bends down.

He grabs Madman by the mask.

Pulls him upward.

Madman's knees immediately buckle.

Scythe holds him up.

The crowd boos louder.

Mark Bravo: "Madman has already survived two Famine spears. He survived Reap What You Sow. He doesn't need to prove anything else."

Madman's head hangs.

Scythe releases him.

Madman drops to his knees.

Samuel stands over him.

Madman slowly lifts his head.

Looks up at the Fighting Champion.

And raises one hand.

Middle finger.

Scotiabank Arena EXPLODES.

John Phillips: "Of course."

Mark Bravo: "Madman Szalinski."

Scythe stares down at the finger.

Then at Madman.

Madman laughs.

Weakly.

But he laughs.

Madman Szalinski: "GOD... DAMN..."

He struggles to raise his other hand.

Madman Szalinski: "...son."

Scythe grabs him.

John Phillips: "Oh no."

Samuel pulls Madman up.

Hooks him.

Lifts.

Madman rises high into the air.

No fight left in the legs.

No escape.

Nothing left but gravity.

Scythe drives him down!

REAP WHAT YOU SOW!

Madman hits the canvas HARD.

And this time...

he doesn't move.

The crowd falls silent.

Scythe drops into the cover.

He hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

For a moment, nobody says anything.

Samuel Scythe rises.

His music hits.

Ace Andrews climbs onto the apron.

Then enters the ring.

The official raises Scythe's arm.

Mark Bravo: "Samuel Scythe advances."

John Phillips: "And he had to damn near destroy Madman Szalinski to do it."

Ace retrieves the Fighting Championship.

He brings it to Samuel.

Scythe takes the title.

Raises it over his head.

The boos return.

Mark Bravo: "Madman threw everything he had at him. Experience. Speed. Risk. Heart. He put Samuel Scythe on his back. He made the Fighting Champion work."

John Phillips: "And when Madman finally started believing he could actually win this thing, Scythe took him apart."

The Ring King graphic appears.

SAMUEL SCYTHE — ADVANCES

Ace looks toward it.

Then pats Scythe on the shoulder.

Business completed.

Samuel steps through the ropes.

Ace follows.

Neither man looks back.

Scythe walks up the aisle with the Fighting Championship over his shoulder.

Ace beside him.

The camera doesn't follow them for long.

Because in the ring...

Madman Szalinski still hasn't moved.

The music fades.

Scythe and Ace disappear through the curtain.

And the building grows quiet.

Madman rolls onto his side.

A cheer immediately rises.

He stays there.

Breathing.

Then slowly...

painfully...

Madman pushes himself onto his hands and knees.

The cheering grows.

John Phillips: "Come on, Madman."

He crawls toward the ropes.

Stops.

Looks at them.

Then changes his mind.

Madman turns around.

And sits.

Right in the middle of the ring.

His legs stretched in front of him.

His arms resting across his knees.

His head lowered.

The crowd begins to understand.

Mark Bravo: "This meant more than advancing in a tournament."

Madman looks down at the canvas.

The same canvas where Samuel Scythe just put him down.

Mark Bravo: "Madman came back because he needed to know if there was still something left."

Madman slowly raises his head.

He looks toward the Ring King graphic.

Samuel Scythe's name has moved forward.

His hasn't.

John Phillips: "Last week he got his answer."

A pause.

John Phillips: "Tonight he got another one."

The first chant begins somewhere in the lower bowl.

CROWD: "MAD-MAN!"

Another section joins.

CROWD: "MAD-MAN!"

Then another.

CROWD: "MAD-MAN!"

Soon the entire arena is together.

CROWD: "MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN!"

Madman looks around.

He doesn't smile.

Not yet.

He just listens.

His eyes move slowly from one side of Scotiabank Arena to the other.

Taking in the people.

The signs.

The hands in the air.

The chant.

John Phillips: "You know what I'm wondering, Mark?"

Bravo doesn't answer immediately.

Madman lowers his head again.

Mark Bravo: "Yeah."

A long pause.

Mark Bravo: "I'm wondering it too."

Madman plants one hand on the canvas.

He tries to stand.

His knee gives out.

He drops back down.

The crowd gets louder.

CROWD: "MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN!"

Madman looks up.

He nods.

Tries again.

One knee.

One foot.

Then the other.

He rises.

Slowly.

Unsteadily.

But he rises.

Scotiabank Arena erupts.

Madman stands in the center of the ring.

Alone.

He turns toward one side of the building.

Raises one hand.

The crowd gets louder.

He turns toward another.

Raises the other.

Louder.

Madman turns toward the hard camera.

And finally...

the smile comes.

Small.

Tired.

Emotional.

He taps his chest.

Then points out toward the crowd.

John Phillips: "Madman Szalinski wanted to prove he could still do this."

Mark Bravo: "I think he did."

Madman looks toward the entrance.

For several seconds.

Then back toward the ring.

He runs his hand across the top rope.

Slowly.

Almost absentmindedly.

John Phillips: "But was that enough for him?"

Madman climbs onto the second turnbuckle.

Not with the energy from earlier.

He takes his time.

When he gets there, he looks out across Toronto.

The fans rise again.

Madman spreads his arms.

He closes his eyes.

And lets himself have the moment.

No jokes.

No shouting.

No "GOD DAMN, SON."

Just Madman Szalinski.

And the people who still remember.

Mark Bravo: "Is this really it?"

Madman opens his eyes.

Mark Bravo: "I don't know."

He steps down from the turnbuckles.

John Phillips: "Neither does he."

Madman walks toward the ropes.

Stops one final time.

Looks back over his shoulder at the center of the ring.

The place where he sat moments ago.

The place where another opportunity slipped away.

Then he turns back.

Steps through the ropes.

And drops carefully to the floor.

Fans reach for him.

Madman begins making his way up the aisle.

Slapping hands.

Stopping occasionally.

Looking around.

Remembering.

CROWD: "MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN!"

The camera stays behind him.

Madman reaches the top of the ramp.

He stops.

His back remains toward the ring.

For a moment, it looks like he'll simply disappear through the curtain.

Instead...

he turns.

One final look at the ring.

One final look at Toronto.

Madman raises a fist.

The arena erupts.

He lowers it.

Then disappears through the curtain.

The camera lingers on the empty entrance.

John Phillips: "Was that goodbye?"

Silence from Bravo.

Several seconds pass.

Mark Bravo: "I hope not."

No One is Safe

Segment

Lindsey Lothario sits on a production case in the hallway.

Still in their ring gear.

Elbows resting on their knees.

Hands clasped together.

The disappointment is obvious.

They came close.

Very close.

But Bianca Page is moving on in Ring King.

Lindsey isn't.

Footsteps approach.

Eli Creed enters the frame.

He doesn't immediately say anything.

He simply stands beside Lindsey.

Lindsey keeps staring at the floor.

Lindsey Lothario: "I had her."

Eli nods.

Eli Creed: "You did."

Lindsey Lothario: "I had her."

This time there's more frustration behind it.

Lindsey Lothario: "I could feel it."

Lindsey Lothario: "Everything was working."

Lindsey Lothario: "I was right there."

Lindsey finally looks up at Eli.

Lindsey Lothario: "And then Ace."

Eli holds up a hand.

Eli Creed: "No."

Lindsey's brow furrows.

Lindsey Lothario: "No?"

Eli Creed: "We're not doing that."

Eli crouches down in front of them.

Eli Creed: "Ace Andrews did what Ace Andrews does."

Eli Creed: "Bianca Page took advantage of it."

Eli Creed: "And you lost."

Lindsey looks away.

Eli Creed: "Look at me."

Lindsey does.

Eli Creed: "You lost."

A beat.

Eli Creed: "That doesn't mean you failed."

Lindsey exhales through their nose.

Lindsey Lothario: "Feels like it."

Eli Creed: "Good."

Lindsey looks at him.

Eli Creed: "It should."

Eli Creed: "If losing stops hurting, you stop learning from it."

Eli stands.

Eli Creed: "You know what I saw out there?"

Lindsey doesn't answer.

Eli Creed: "I saw Bianca Page needing Ace Andrews."

Eli Creed: "I saw Bianca Page getting pushed further than she expected."

Eli Creed: "And I saw Lindsey Lothario standing across from one of the most dangerous people in this tournament and proving they belonged there."

Lindsey shakes their head.

Lindsey Lothario: "Belonging doesn't move my name to the next round."

Eli Creed: "No."

Eli points back toward the arena.

Eli Creed: "But that's one tournament."

He points at Lindsey.

Eli Creed: "This is a career."

Lindsey goes quiet.

Eli Creed: "You think the Creed Method is about never losing?"

Eli shakes his head.

Eli Creed: "Anybody can stand beside you after you win."

Eli Creed: "Anybody can tell you you're great when your hand is raised."

Eli Creed: "This is where the work matters."

He taps Lindsey lightly on the shoulder.

Eli Creed: "Right here."

Eli Creed: "When it hurts."

Eli Creed: "When you're angry."

Eli Creed: "When you want to sit here all night replaying the three seconds you wish you could have back."

Eli steps back.

Eli Creed: "Break."

Lindsey looks up.

Eli Creed: "Bend."

A beat.

Eli Creed: "Build."

Lindsey's expression begins to change.

The disappointment remains.

But they're listening.

Eli Creed: "Tonight?"

Eli points toward the floor.

Eli Creed: "You break."

Eli Creed: "Tomorrow, we look at every second of that match."

Eli Creed: "We find every place Bianca got an advantage."

Eli Creed: "Every place you gave her one."

Eli Creed: "Every opening you missed."

Eli Creed: "Every opening you created."

Eli Creed: "And then we build."

Lindsey slowly stands.

Lindsey Lothario: "And Ace?"

Eli pauses.

A faint smile appears.

Eli Creed: "We remember."

Lindsey nods.

That's enough.

Eli puts a hand on their shoulder.

Eli Creed: "Ring King ended tonight for you."

Eli Creed: "Lindsey Lothario didn't."

Lindsey looks toward the direction of the arena.

Lindsey Lothario: "Break."

Eli nods.

Lindsey Lothario: "Bend."

They look back at him.

Lindsey Lothario: "Build."

Eli Creed: "Now you're getting it."

Lindsey takes a deep breath.

Then starts down the hallway.

Eli walks alongside them.

No celebration tonight.

No advancement in Ring King.

But the Creed Method continues.

Until—

SMACK!

Lindsey's head snaps sideways!

They crash shoulder-first into the wall before dropping to the floor!

Eli Creed: "WHAT THE HELL?!"

Selina Santorino storms into frame.

Still in her ring gear.

Still carrying every ounce of anger from her loss to Sol Azteca.

And apparently looking for somewhere to put it.

She found somewhere.

Lindsey.

Selina pounces!

She drives a boot into Lindsey's ribs!

Another!

Lindsey tries to cover up!

Selina grabs them by the hair and pulls them halfway upright.

Then drives them back into the wall!

Selina Santorino: "YOU WANT TO BUILD?!"

Selina throws Lindsey down.

Selina Santorino: "BUILD FROM THAT!"

Eli grabs Selina from behind!

Eli Creed: "ENOUGH!"

Selina immediately throws an elbow backward!

CRACK!

It catches Eli directly across the nose!

Eli stumbles away.

His hand immediately covers his face.

Selina turns back toward Lindsey.

Lindsey is trying to push themselves up.

Selina kicks their arm out from underneath them!

They hit the floor again.

Eli Creed: "SELINA!"

Eli starts forward again.

Selina spins toward him.

Her fists raised.

Selina Santorino: "COME ON!"

Eli stops.

Not because he's afraid.

Because Lindsey needs him more than Selina needs another fight.

Selina looks down at Lindsey.

There's no history there.

No grudge.

No score to settle.

Lindsey Lothario just happened to be standing in the wrong hallway at the wrong time.

Selina backs away.

Breathing heavily.

Her eyes move between Lindsey and Eli.

Selina Santorino: "You want to know why?"

Eli glares at her, one hand still covering his nose.

Eli Creed: "There isn't a fucking reason."

Selina smiles.

Selina Santorino: "Exactly."

Eli's expression changes.

Selina points down at Lindsey.

Selina Santorino: "They didn't do anything to me."

Selina Santorino: "They didn't cost me anything."

Selina Santorino: "They were just here."

Selina steps closer.

Selina Santorino: "That's the point."

She looks directly at Eli.

Selina Santorino: "Nobody is safe."

A beat.

Selina Santorino: "You make sure Scott Stevens hears that."

Eli lowers his hand from his nose.

There's blood on his fingers.

Selina notices.

She smiles.

Selina Santorino: "Tell him I gave him a chance to do something."

Selina Santorino: "He didn't."

Selina backs away.

Selina Santorino: "So now I will."

She turns.

And walks away.

No hurry.

No concern about who might be coming.

Eli immediately drops beside Lindsey.

Eli Creed: "Hey."

Lindsey grimaces, holding their ribs.

Lindsey Lothario: "I'm okay."

Eli Creed: "No, you're not."

Lindsey looks toward the hallway where Selina disappeared.

Anger begins replacing the disappointment from moments ago.

Lindsey Lothario: "What the hell was that?"

Eli looks down at the blood on his hand.

Then toward the same hallway.

Eli Creed: "A mistake."

Lindsey looks at him.

Eli's expression hardens.

Eli Creed: "Hers."

The camera holds on the two members of the Creed Method.

Ring King may have ended for Lindsey Lothario tonight.

But something else may have just begun.

No Pitty

Segment

The camera cuts backstage.

Not to an interview area.

Not to anything staged.

Just a hallway near Gorilla.

Madman Szalinski comes around the corner.

Slowly.

He's changed out of some of his ring gear, but not all of it.

The mask is still on.

A towel hangs around his neck.

His body shows every bit of what Samuel Scythe just put it through.

Madman walks with a noticeable limp.

But it's his eyes that tell the story.

The energy from earlier is gone.

No jokes.

No grin.

No "God damn, son."

Just disappointment.

He reaches the intersection of two hallways.

And nearly walks directly into someone.

Chris Ross.

The UTA Championship rests over his shoulder.

Long black jacket.

Already dressed for the main event.

Already somewhere else mentally.

The Reaper is heading toward Gorilla.

Ross stops.

Madman stops.

For a moment, neither man says anything.

Ross looks at him.

Not the mask.

Not the battered body.

The eyes.

Madman looks down.

Madman Szalinski: "Well..."

He lets out a long breath.

Madman Szalinski: "That sucked."

Ross says nothing.

Madman gives a weak laugh.

Madman Szalinski: "Had him, though."

Ross' expression doesn't change.

Madman Szalinski: "For a minute there."

A beat.

Madman Szalinski: "I really thought I had him."

Ross finally responds.

Chris Ross: "I know."

Madman looks up.

Ross shifts the UTA Championship slightly on his shoulder.

Chris Ross: "That's the worst part."

Madman studies him.

Chris Ross: "When you get blown out, you can explain that to yourself."

Chris Ross: "Wrong night. Wrong opponent. Wasn't good enough."

Ross' eyes remain cold.

His voice stays even.

Chris Ross: "It's when you empty everything you have into it..."

A beat.

Chris Ross: "...and you're close enough to touch what you came for."

Chris Ross: "Then you watch it disappear anyway."

Madman nods slowly.

Chris Ross: "That stays with you."

There's no sympathy in Ross' voice.

But there is understanding.

Madman looks at the UTA Championship.

Ross notices.

Madman notices that Ross notices.

A tiny bit of the old Madman creeps back into his expression.

Madman Szalinski: "Soooo..."

Ross stares at him.

Madman Szalinski: "Speaking of things close enough to touch..."

His eyes drop toward the UTA Championship again.

Ross looks down at the belt.

Then back at Madman.

Madman Szalinski: "You know."

Ross waits.

Madman Szalinski: "Old times' sake?"

A beat.

Madman Szalinski: "Madman Szalinski."

He gestures toward himself.

Madman Szalinski: "Chris Ross."

He gestures toward the championship.

Madman Szalinski: "UTA Championship."

Madman gives the smallest shrug his battered shoulders will allow.

Madman Szalinski: "One more ride?"

Ross stares at him.

Silence.

Then...

Ross lets out a soft chuckle.

Madman's little smile fades.

Chris Ross: "No."

Simple.

Madman blinks.

Madman Szalinski: "Can't blame a guy for asking."

Chris Ross: "You can ask."

Ross adjusts the championship on his shoulder.

Chris Ross: "But I'm not giving out pity shots."

That lands.

Madman's eyes change.

Madman Szalinski: "Pity?"

Chris Ross: "What would you call it?"

Madman doesn't answer.

Chris Ross: "You had your chance."

Chris Ross: "You qualified."

Chris Ross: "You got into Ring King."

Chris Ross: "You stepped into that ring tonight and you gave Samuel Scythe everything you had."

Ross pauses.

Chris Ross: "And you lost."

Madman's jaw tightens.

Ross isn't enjoying this.

But he isn't softening it either.

Chris Ross: "The stars didn't align."

Madman Szalinski: "Yeah."

Ross takes a step past him.

Then stops.

Chris Ross: "But hey."

Madman looks over.

Chris Ross: "You got your answer."

A beat.

Chris Ross: "You proved you could still do it."

For just a second, Madman's expression softens.

Then Ross finishes the thought.

Chris Ross: "Now you can enjoy retirement."

Silence.

The little bit of warmth that had returned to Madman's eyes disappears.

Ross doesn't seem to notice.

Or doesn't care.

Madman stares at him.

Madman Szalinski: "Retirement."

Chris Ross: "Nothing wrong with knowing when it's over."

Madman's jaw tightens again.

He looks away.

Ross glances toward Gorilla.

The distant sound of the arena can be heard through the curtain.

Chris Ross: "I gotta go."

Ross starts walking.

Madman watches him.

There is something different in his eyes now.

The sadness is still there.

But it's sharing space with something else.

Something sharper.

Ross gets several steps away.

Madman Szalinski: "Hey, Chris."

Ross stops.

Looks back over his shoulder.

Madman forces a smile.

Madman Szalinski: "Go out there and knock 'em dead."

Ross gives him a small nod.

Then turns.

He continues toward Gorilla.

The UTA Championship over his shoulder.

Madman remains where he is.

Watching.

The smile slowly disappears from beneath the mask.

Ross reaches the end of the hallway.

Turns the corner.

Gone.

Madman doesn't move.

His eyes stay fixed on the empty hallway.

A long beat.

Madman Szalinski: "...retirement."

He looks down.

Then back toward the direction Chris Ross disappeared.

Something has changed.

Madman turns.

And walks away.

Ring King

Segment

The screen fades to black.

A low rumble begins.

Then...

A single spotlight.

An empty throne.

A crown rests above it.

Voiceover: "A throne isn't given."

A beat.

Voiceover: "It's taken."

The music begins to build.

The Ring King bracket appears.

Sixteen names.

Sixteen paths beginning from opposite sides.

Voiceover: "Sixteen competitors began the journey."

Images flash across the screen.

The six champions who received automatic entry.

The competitors who fought through qualifying matches to join them.

Voiceover: "Champions."

Voiceover: "Challengers."

Voiceover: "Veterans."

Voiceover: "Those still searching for the moment that will define them."

The bracket fills the screen again.

Voiceover: "Tonight, the first battles began."

Quick flashes from earlier in the evening.

Sol Azteca.

Selina Santorino.

Bianca Page.

Lindsey Lothario.

Madman Szalinski.

Samuel Scythe.

Victories.

Defeats.

Three names advance.

Three names disappear.

One matchup remains highlighted for tonight.

MIKEY UNLIKELY vs. CHRIS ROSS

Voiceover: "But Round One isn't over."

The other half of the bracket illuminates.

Four untouched first-round matchups remain.

Voiceover: "Next week, the opening round continues."

Voiceover: "Eight must survive before the next battle can even begin."

The bracket slowly begins extending toward the center.

Round Two.

Then beyond.

Voiceover: "And from there..."

Voiceover: "...the road only gets harder."

The images accelerate.

Empty brackets waiting to be filled.

Eight becoming four.

Four eventually becoming two.

But no names appear.

No faces.

Nothing has been decided yet.

Voiceover: "Week after week."

Voiceover: "Round after round."

Voiceover: "The field will shrink."

Voiceover: "Until only two remain."

The bracket finally reaches its center.

Two blank spaces.

A crown appears between them.

Voiceover: "And on September twenty-sixth..."

The screen explodes into gold.

RING KING: 2026

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 2026

CRYPTO.COM ARENA

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Voiceover: "...the final two will meet."

The empty throne appears again.

Voiceover: "One match."

Voiceover: "One winner."

The crown slowly lowers.

Voiceover: "One..."

A beat.

Voiceover: "...Ring King."

RING KING 2026 TOURNAMENT FINAL

WHO WILL BE CROWNED?

The graphic burns away.

Another image replaces it.

The UTA International Championship.

Bobby Dean appears on one side.

Eric Dane Jr. on the other.

Voiceover: "And the crown won't be the only prize fought for in Los Angeles."

Footage flashes of Bobby Dean and Eric Dane Jr.

Two men with history.

Two men who once called each other friends.

Voiceover: "Eric Dane Junior had a guaranteed opportunity."

The image freezes on Eric.

Voiceover: "He chose Bobby Dean."

The International Championship fills the screen.

Voiceover: "He chose the International Championship."

Bobby appears.

Championship in hand.

Voiceover: "Now Bobby Dean gets the opportunity he's been waiting for."

A beat.

Voiceover: "Not just to defend his championship..."

Eric and Bobby appear face-to-face.

Voiceover: "...but to settle the score with the man he once called a friend."

UTA INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

BOBBY DEAN

vs.

ERIC DANE JR.

The screen fades back to the empty throne.

The Ring King logo rises behind it.

Voiceover: "The journey has only just begun."

Voiceover: "There are still matches to win."

Voiceover: "Rounds to survive."

Voiceover: "And a throne waiting at the end."

The crown settles onto the throne.

RING KING: 2026

SEPTEMBER 26 · LOS ANGELES

WHO WILL BE CROWNED?

Black.

Then...

The live feed returns to Scotiabank Arena.

The Toronto crowd is already roaring.

Because before Round One can continue next week...

there is still one more battle tonight.

UTA Champion Chris Ross.

WrestleZone Champion Mikey Unlikely.

Ring King.

Round One.

Next.

Mikey Unlikely vs. Chris Ross

Match

The camera returns to ringside.

Scotiabank Arena is buzzing.

The Ring King bracket fills the screen.

One final first-round match remains tonight.

Then the graphic changes.

RING KING — ROUND ONE

MIKEY UNLIKELY vs. CHRIS ROSS

The reaction is immediate.

Mark Bravo: "And now we get to the main event."

John Phillips: "Two champions."

Mark Bravo: "Two men who know each other."

John Phillips: "And two men who absolutely cannot stand each other."

The lights begin to shift.

The crowd gets louder.

Mark Bravo: "The WrestleZone Champion, Mikey Unlikely. The UTA Champion, Chris Ross. One of them is advancing in Ring King tonight."

John Phillips: "And if you think those championships make this about professional respect between two champions, you haven't been paying attention."

Then—

"Blinding Lights" by The Weeknd hits.

The reaction swells.

And Mikey Unlikely steps through the curtain.

Perfectly tailored entrance jacket.

Designer sunglasses.

The UTA WrestleZone Championship draped over his shoulder.

And that smile.

Relaxed.

Self-satisfied.

The smile of a man who believes every camera in the building has finally found what it came to see.

Mikey stops at the top of the stage.

He adjusts the WrestleZone Championship.

Then slowly lowers his sunglasses.

He looks directly into the camera.

Winks.

John Phillips: "There he is."

Mark Bravo: "Mikey Unlikely has never lacked confidence."

John Phillips: "Confidence? Mark, Mikey walks into a room and assumes the room should thank him."

Mikey raises the WrestleZone Championship.

He turns slightly.

Giving one side of the arena a better angle.

Then the other.

Only when he's satisfied does he start down the aisle.

Mark Bravo: "But don't allow all of this to distract from what Mikey Unlikely is capable of inside that ring."

John Phillips: "That's always been the mistake with Mikey. You see the sunglasses. You see the clothes. You hear the mouth. You want to punch him in the face so badly that eventually you forget the guy can wrestle."

Mikey continues toward ringside.

He slows near the barricade.

A fan reaches toward the WrestleZone Championship.

Mikey immediately pulls it away.

He looks offended.

Mikey Unlikely: "Eyes only."

Mikey continues walking.

Mark Bravo: "And tonight, that personality may actually be part of the strategy."

John Phillips: "Because Mikey knows Chris Ross."

The smile on Mikey's face remains.

But at the mention of Ross, his eyes shift toward the ring.

Mark Bravo: "This isn't some first-time meeting where Mikey has to figure out what makes Chris Ross tick. There is history here. There is bad blood here."

John Phillips: "And Mikey has seen different versions of Chris Ross."

Mikey reaches ringside.

He stops beside the ring.

Looks toward the entrance.

Then back at the camera.

He removes his sunglasses.

Slowly folds them.

Mark Bravo: "The Chris Ross we've seen since reclaiming the UTA Championship at One Last Stop has been different."

John Phillips: "The Reaper."

Mark Bravo: "Cold. Methodical. Calculated. He doesn't waste movement. He doesn't waste words. He doesn't seem interested in giving anybody the emotional reaction they're looking for."

Mikey climbs onto the apron.

He wipes his boots.

Then steps between the ropes.

John Phillips: "And that's exactly why I think Mikey Unlikely is dangerous for him."

Mikey walks into the center of the ring.

He raises the WrestleZone Championship high.

Then slowly turns toward the entrance.

Mark Bravo: "Explain."

John Phillips: "Because Mikey doesn't want to wrestle the Reaper."

Mikey backs toward the ropes.

He leans casually against them.

Waiting.

John Phillips: "Mikey wants Chris Ross."

Mark Bravo: "The old Chris Ross."

John Phillips: "Exactly. The unpredictable Chris Ross. The emotional Chris Ross. The guy who could be baited into forgetting whatever plan he walked into the building with because somebody pissed him off badly enough."

Mikey's smile grows.

Almost as if he can hear Phillips.

Mark Bravo: "So you're saying Mikey's game plan is to make Ross angry."

John Phillips: "I'm saying Mikey's game plan might be to make Ross Chris Ross again."

Mikey hands the WrestleZone Championship through the ropes.

Then immediately reaches for it again.

He takes it back.

The official looks confused.

Mikey points toward the stage.

Not yet.

He wants Ross to see it.

John Phillips: "See? It's already starting."

Mikey walks toward the ropes facing the entrance.

He places the WrestleZone Championship over his shoulder.

Then sits on the middle rope.

Waiting.

Smiling.

Mark Bravo: "Mikey Unlikely knows exactly what he's doing."

John Phillips: "And the question isn't whether Mikey can push Chris Ross' buttons."

Mikey adjusts his hair.

Checks his reflection in the faceplate of the WrestleZone Championship.

Then looks toward the entrance again.

John Phillips: "The question is whether those buttons still work."

The music begins to fade.

Mikey finally hands the championship away.

He removes his entrance jacket.

But he doesn't retreat to his corner.

Instead, Mikey walks back to the center of the ring.

Turns toward the stage.

And opens both arms.

Come on.

The grin returns.

Mark Bravo: "Mikey Unlikely is inviting the UTA Champion out here."

John Phillips: "No."

A beat.

John Phillips: "He's inviting Chris Ross to come out."

Mikey waits.

And somewhere in the darkness beyond the curtain...

the Reaper is waiting too.

The lights inside Scotiabank Arena go out.

Completely.

Mikey Unlikely's smile remains.

At least at first.

Then—

GONG.

The sound of the Liberty Bell echoes through the darkness.

The Toronto crowd erupts.

A few seconds pass.

GONG.

On the screen above the entrance...

Harrisburg.

Empty streets.

Industrial buildings.

Cold concrete.

Black-and-white images flickering beneath intermittent flashes of red and blue police lights.

GONG.

Mikey slowly lowers his arms.

He watches.

Mark Bravo: "And here comes the UTA Champion."

"Black Flame" by Bury Tomorrow erupts through the arena.

The stage floods with harsh white light.

And Chris Ross steps through the curtain.

The UTA Championship around his waist.

Long black jacket.

Head slightly lowered.

No smile.

No acknowledgement of the reaction.

No wasted movement.

The Reaper of Harrisburg has arrived.

John Phillips: "Look at him."

Ross stops at the top of the ramp.

His eyes lift.

They find the ring.

They find Mikey Unlikely.

And stay there.

Mikey smiles again.

He raises one hand.

A little wave.

Hello, Chris.

Ross doesn't respond.

Mark Bravo: "That's what we were talking about. There was a time when something that simple might have gotten an immediate reaction from Chris Ross."

John Phillips: "Mikey knows it too."

Ross begins walking.

Slowly.

Deliberately.

Each step measured.

His eyes never leave Mikey.

Mark Bravo: "At One Last Stop, Chris Ross walked into a Triple Threat Match with Maxwell Jett and Mike Best and walked out UTA Champion."

The camera tightens on the championship.

Mark Bravo: "Since then, he's treated that championship differently."

John Phillips: "He called it evidence."

Mark Bravo: "Evidence that when Chris Ross says he's inevitable, he can point to something tangible."

Ross continues down the aisle.

Fans reach over the barricade.

He doesn't reach back.

He doesn't even look.

John Phillips: "And remember what Ross said two weeks ago. This isn't a gimmick to him. The Reaper isn't Chris Ross putting on a costume."

Mark Bravo: "This is who he believes he has become."

Inside the ring, Mikey walks toward the ropes.

He leans over the top one.

Mikey Unlikely: "CHRIS!"

Ross keeps walking.

Mikey Unlikely: "You look miserable!"

The crowd reacts.

Mikey laughs.

Ross does not.

John Phillips: "And there it is."

Mark Bravo: "Mikey isn't waiting for the bell."

Mikey cups his hands around his mouth.

Mikey Unlikely: "WHERE'S MY GUY?!"

Ross reaches the bottom of the ramp.

Stops.

Slowly looks up at Mikey.

Mikey spreads his arms.

Mikey Unlikely: "There he is!"

Ross' expression doesn't change.

He turns toward the ring steps.

Mikey looks almost disappointed.

John Phillips: "Nothing."

Mark Bravo: "That's the game tonight. Mikey Unlikely wants a reaction."

John Phillips: "Because he doesn't want Ross thinking. He wants Ross feeling."

Ross climbs the steps.

One.

Two.

Three.

He reaches the apron.

Mikey walks toward him.

Ross stops outside the ropes.

The two champions stare at one another.

UTA Champion.

WrestleZone Champion.

History between them.

Years of it.

None of it forgotten.

Mark Bravo: "There are matches where you have to manufacture animosity."

John Phillips: "Not this one."

Mikey steps closer.

Only the ropes separate them.

He says something.

The camera doesn't quite catch it.

Ross does.

His eyes narrow.

Just slightly.

Mikey sees it.

And smiles.

John Phillips: "There."

Mark Bravo: "Mikey saw it."

Ross steps through the ropes.

Mikey immediately backs away.

Hands raised.

Innocent.

Ross walks toward the center of the ring.

Mikey continues backing toward his corner.

That grin never leaves his face.

Ross reaches the middle.

He removes the UTA Championship from around his waist.

Looks down at it.

Then raises it.

High.

The crowd roars.

Mikey looks up at the title.

His smile fades for just a moment.

Because whatever else exists between these two men...

that championship matters.

Ross lowers it.

His eyes return to Mikey.

Mikey responds by walking to his own corner.

He retrieves the WrestleZone Championship.

Ross watches.

Mikey walks back toward him.

Raises his championship.

Ross raises his.

They stand face-to-face.

Two champions.

Two titles held between them.

Mark Bravo: "Neither championship is on the line."

John Phillips: "But don't tell either of these men this doesn't matter."

Mikey lowers his title first.

He looks at Ross' UTA Championship.

Then at Ross.

He taps the faceplate of the WrestleZone Championship.

Mikey Unlikely: "Mine looks better."

Ross stares at him.

Mikey waits.

Nothing.

He exhales dramatically.

Mikey Unlikely: "God, you're boring now."

The crowd reacts.

Ross takes one step toward him.

Mikey immediately takes two backward.

Smiling.

John Phillips: "That's exactly what Mikey wants."

The official steps between them.

Ross hands over the UTA Championship.

Mikey reluctantly gives up the WrestleZone Championship.

The belts are carried away.

Ross removes the long black jacket.

Folds it.

Hands it through the ropes.

Methodical even now.

Mikey watches the entire process.

He begins mimicking Ross.

Slowly.

Overly seriously.

He pretends to fold an imaginary jacket.

Smooths it.

Hands it to an imaginary attendant.

Then stands rigidly.

The crowd laughs.

Ross turns.

Sees him.

Mikey immediately stops.

They stare at each other.

Mark Bravo: "Mikey Unlikely is playing with fire."

John Phillips: "No. He's trying to start one."

Ross walks toward his corner.

Mikey's smile fades.

Just slightly.

Because it didn't work.

Not yet.

Ross turns around.

He settles into his corner.

Still.

Cold.

Watching.

Mikey bounces lightly across from him.

Loose.

Smiling.

Already thinking about the next button to push.

Mark Bravo: "Mikey Unlikely wants chaos."

John Phillips: "Chris Ross wants control."

The official looks at both men.

Mikey waves Ross forward.

Ross doesn't move.

Mark Bravo: "And with everything that's happened between these two men..."

The camera closes in on Ross.

Then Mikey.

Mark Bravo: "...something has to give."

The bell rings.

DING! DING!

Mikey Unlikely immediately steps toward the center of the ring.

Chris Ross does the same.

The crowd rises.

Here we go.

Mikey raises his hands.

Ross closes the distance.

They are inches apart—

And Mikey rolls underneath the bottom rope.

The crowd erupts in boos.

Ross stops.

Mikey lands on his feet at ringside.

He walks away from the ring.

Casually.

John Phillips: "Oh, come on."

Mark Bravo: "The match has been underway for approximately four seconds."

Mikey turns toward Ross.

He holds up one finger.

Just a minute.

Ross remains in the center of the ring.

Watching him.

Mikey begins walking around ringside.

The official starts counting.

ONE!

Mikey nods.

TWO!

Ross doesn't follow.

THREE!

Mikey stops.

He looks disappointed.

He points toward Ross.

Then motions for him to come outside.

John Phillips: "Mikey wants Ross to chase him."

Mark Bravo: "And Ross isn't doing it."

FOUR!

Mikey shrugs.

He walks toward the apron.

FIVE!

Mikey climbs onto the apron.

Ross takes one step toward him.

Mikey immediately drops back to the floor.

The crowd boos louder.

Mikey laughs.

John Phillips: "He's twelve years old."

Mark Bravo: "No. He's calculating."

Mikey looks toward Bravo.

Points at him.

Exactly.

Mark Bravo: "Don't encourage him."

The count restarts.

Mikey circles around the ring.

Ross slowly turns with him.

Never leaving the center.

Never taking the bait.

Mikey stops near another side of the ring.

He grabs the middle rope.

Looks at Ross.

Ross waits.

Mikey slides inside.

Ross moves forward.

Mikey scrambles backward!

Ross stops again.

Mikey smiles.

He points at Ross.

Mikey Unlikely: "Almost."

John Phillips: "He's not trying to win yet. He's trying to irritate him."

Mark Bravo: "He's testing the Reaper."

They circle.

Mikey reaches forward.

Ross raises his hands.

Mikey pulls away.

Another feint.

Ross doesn't react.

Mikey steps forward again.

This time they lock up.

Ross immediately drives Mikey backward.

Mikey twists.

Ross maintains control.

He forces Mikey toward the corner.

Mikey realizes where he's going.

He quickly ducks through the ropes.

The official calls for the break.

Ross releases immediately.

He backs away.

Mikey looks almost offended.

Mikey Unlikely: "That's it?"

Ross stares at him.

Mikey steps back inside.

He approaches.

Another lockup—

Mikey ducks underneath!

Waistlock!

Ross immediately reaches down to break it.

Mikey releases before he can.

SLAP!

Mikey slaps Ross across the back of the head!

The building reacts.

Mikey immediately rolls out of the ring.

John Phillips: "Ohhhhh, that's a bad idea."

Mikey backs away at ringside.

Ross slowly turns.

His eyes find Mikey.

Mikey grins.

Mikey Unlikely: "There you are."

Ross walks toward the ropes.

Mikey takes several quick steps backward.

Ross stops.

Again.

He doesn't leave the ring.

The grin fades from Mikey's face for half a second.

Mark Bravo: "That's what Mikey wants. He wants Ross angry enough to follow."

John Phillips: "And Chris knows it."

Mikey begins pacing outside.

The official counts.

ONE!

TWO!

Mikey looks toward the WrestleZone Championship at ringside.

He walks over.

Picks it up.

John Phillips: "What is he doing now?"

Mikey puts the championship over his shoulder.

Then begins walking toward the aisle.

THREE!

Mikey waves over his shoulder.

Mikey Unlikely: "Good match!"

FOUR!

The crowd boos.

Ross remains inside.

FIVE!

Mikey stops.

Looks back.

Ross is standing exactly where he was.

SIX!

Mikey rolls his eyes.

He turns around.

Walks back.

Hands the championship away.

SEVEN!

He slides into the ring.

Ross is on him immediately!

Mikey scrambles to his feet—

Ross grabs him!

Mikey fires an elbow!

Ross absorbs it!

Mikey throws another!

Ross catches the arm!

He twists!

Mikey rolls through!

Gets back to his feet!

Quick kick to Ross' thigh!

Another!

Mikey hits the ropes.

Ross turns—

Running forearm!

Ross staggers backward!

Mikey hits the ropes again!

Dropkick!

Ross goes down!

Mikey immediately dives onto him!

ONE!

Ross powers out!

Mikey doesn't wait.

He rolls straight through the ropes.

Back to the floor.

The crowd boos again.

Mikey walks backward with both arms spread.

Mikey Unlikely: "I GOT ONE!"

Ross sits up.

He looks toward Mikey.

John Phillips: "And there is the actual strategy."

Mark Bravo: "Hit him. Leave. Reset. Make Ross start over every single time."

John Phillips: "And remind him that Mikey can get to him whenever Mikey decides to engage."

Ross gets up.

He walks toward the ropes.

Mikey braces himself.

Ross stops.

Turns around.

Walks back to the center.

Mikey's jaw tightens.

John Phillips: "Chris still isn't chasing."

Mikey climbs onto the apron.

Ross doesn't turn.

Mikey steps through.

Ross remains facing away from him.

Mikey sees the opportunity.

He charges—

Ross turns!

BACK ELBOW!

Mikey gets caught flush!

He hits the canvas!

Ross grabs him before he can escape.

Mikey immediately starts fighting!

Ross pulls him upright.

Forearm!

Mikey staggers.

Ross follows.

Another forearm!

Mikey hits the corner.

Ross doesn't unload.

He places one hand against Mikey's chest.

Measures.

Then drives a short elbow into his jaw.

Mikey's legs buckle.

Ross catches him.

Pulls him back upright.

Another elbow.

Mikey drops to a seated position.

Mark Bravo: "Look at Ross. No frenzy. No explosion. He's taking Mikey apart one piece at a time."

Ross grabs Mikey by the wrist.

Pulls him up.

Whips him hard across the ring.

Mikey crashes chest-first into the opposite turnbuckles!

He staggers backward.

Ross catches him.

BACKDROP SUPLEX!

Mikey lands high across his shoulders!

Ross covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Mikey kicks out!

Ross immediately transitions.

He grabs Mikey's arm.

Presses his knee into the shoulder.

Pulls.

Mikey grimaces.

John Phillips: "And now Ross is slowing it down even further."

Mark Bravo: "This is exactly what Mikey doesn't want. Chris thinking. Chris controlling."

Mikey reaches toward the ropes.

Ross adjusts his position.

Mikey can't reach.

So he changes direction.

He rolls toward Ross.

Gets one knee underneath himself.

Ross keeps the arm.

Mikey rises.

Ross twists again—

Mikey suddenly pokes him in the eye!

The official doesn't have a clear angle!

Ross releases!

Mikey immediately rolls outside!

John Phillips: "There it is again!"

Ross covers his eye.

Mikey walks around ringside laughing.

Mikey Unlikely: "REAP THAT!"

The crowd reacts.

Ross lowers his hand.

He looks through the ropes.

Mikey points at him.

Mikey Unlikely: "Come on, Chris!"

Ross takes a step toward the ropes.

Mikey backs away.

Mikey Unlikely: "Come get me!"

Ross stops.

Mikey's smile fades.

Mikey Unlikely: "COME ON!"

Ross backs away again.

The crowd reacts.

Mikey looks genuinely irritated now.

Mark Bravo: "Interesting."

John Phillips: "Mikey's getting frustrated because he can't frustrate Ross."

Mikey climbs onto the apron.

He steps through.

This time he doesn't run.

He approaches Ross.

Ross approaches him.

Mikey suddenly spits in Ross' face.

The arena erupts.

Silence from commentary.

For one beat.

Two.

Ross doesn't move.

Mikey stares at him.

The smile slowly returns.

Ross wipes his face.

Looks down at his hand.

Then back at Mikey.

John Phillips: "...there it is."

Mikey's smile widens.

Ross steps forward.

Mikey immediately backs away.

Ross follows.

Mikey backs toward the ropes.

Ross keeps coming.

Mark Bravo: "Mikey finally found it."

Mikey ducks through the ropes!

Drops to the floor!

Ross reaches the ropes.

Mikey backs away.

Laughing.

Ross grips the top rope.

His jaw tightens.

John Phillips: "Don't do it, Chris."

Mikey spreads his arms.

Mikey Unlikely: "THERE HE IS!"

Ross steps through the ropes.

The crowd erupts.

Mikey's eyes widen.

Then he turns—

AND RUNS.

John Phillips: "And now Mikey's got exactly what he wanted!"

Mikey races around ringside.

Ross follows.

Not recklessly.

But faster now.

Mikey rounds the corner.

Ross follows.

Mikey slides into the ring!

Ross reaches the apron.

Mikey charges!

BASEBALL SLIDE!

Ross moves!

Mikey slides underneath the bottom rope and lands outside!

He turns—

Ross grabs him by the throat!

The crowd explodes!

Mikey's eyes go wide.

Mark Bravo: "CAUGHT!"

Ross drives Mikey backward!

Mikey crashes into the barricade!

Ross doesn't release him.

He drives a knee into Mikey's stomach!

Mikey folds.

Ross grabs him by the back of the neck.

He walks Mikey along ringside.

Throws him shoulder-first into the barricade!

Mikey drops to one knee.

Ross stands over him.

The crowd is roaring.

John Phillips: "Mikey spent this entire match trying to bring this out of Chris Ross."

Mikey tries to crawl away.

Ross grabs his ankle.

Mikey kicks backward!

Ross avoids it.

Mikey scrambles up.

He throws a right hand!

Ross blocks!

Forearm!

Mikey staggers toward the timekeeper's area.

Ross follows.

Mikey throws another desperate shot!

Ross catches the wrist.

Pulls Mikey toward him.

SHORT-ARM CLOTHESLINE!

Mikey flips onto the floor!

The crowd erupts again.

Ross stands over him.

Breathing heavier now.

The cold expression is beginning to crack.

Not much.

But enough.

Mikey rolls toward the barricade beside the timekeeper's area.

He tries to pull himself upright.

Ross closes in.

Mark Bravo: "Mikey wanted Chris Ross angry."

Ross grabs Mikey by the hair.

Pulls him to his feet.

John Phillips: "Congratulations, Mikey."

Ross turns Mikey toward the barricade.

His grip tightens.

Mikey reaches desperately for anything nearby.

The barricade.

The edge of the timekeeper's table.

Anything.

Ross draws him back.

Ready to send Mikey crashing forward.

John Phillips: "You found him."

Chris Ross draws Mikey Unlikely backward.

Ross looks toward the barricade.

Then toward Mikey.

Mikey realizes what's coming.

He throws an elbow into Ross' ribs!

Ross absorbs it.

Another elbow!

Ross' grip loosens.

Mikey turns and throws a right hand!

Ross blocks it.

HEADBUTT!

Mikey staggers backward!

Ross grabs him by the back of the head.

He drives Mikey forward—

FACE-FIRST INTO THE APRON!

Mikey collapses against the side of the ring.

Mark Bravo: "This is exactly where Mikey did not want this match to go."

Ross grabs Mikey around the waist.

He lifts him.

And rolls him underneath the bottom rope.

Mikey tumbles across the canvas.

He comes to a stop near the ropes.

Ross remains on the floor.

Inside the ring, the official drops to a knee beside Mikey.

Checking on him.

Talking to him.

Mikey rolls onto his side.

The official's back is completely turned toward Ross.

Ross faces the ring.

He reaches for the ropes—

Suddenly...

the crowd noise changes.

Not louder.

Different.

A wave of confusion begins spreading through the fans near ringside.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute."

The camera abruptly pulls away from Ross.

It tracks movement through the crowd.

Someone is coming.

Fast.

A man in a hooded sweatshirt pushes through the final row.

His hood pulled low.

His face covered.

Mark Bravo: "Who the hell is that?"

The man LEAPS THE BARRICADE!

He lands directly behind Chris Ross.

Ross doesn't see him.

Ross reaches for the bottom rope.

The man grabs Ross by the shoulder!

Ross spins around—

The attacker steps backward.

Then explodes forward!

SUPERKICK!

RIGHT TO THE FACE OF CHRIS ROSS!

Ross' head snaps backward!

He stumbles!

John Phillips: "WHAT THE HELL?!"

Ross doesn't even have time to fall.

The hooded man grabs him by the head!

Pulls Ross forward!

Down!

Ross is bent toward him—

KNEE!

A HUGE KNEE DRIVES DIRECTLY INTO ROSS' FACE!

Ross goes flat onto his back!

Mark Bravo: "ROSS IS DOWN! ROSS IS DOWN!"

The crowd is coming unglued.

Inside the ring...

the official still doesn't see it.

He's still checking on Mikey.

Mikey begins sitting up.

He hears the crowd.

He looks past the official.

His expression changes.

Something is happening.

He doesn't seem to know what.

But he sees enough.

Mikey grabs the official by the arm.

Mikey Unlikely: "HEY!"

The official turns toward him.

Mikey points at his own face.

Mikey Unlikely: "CHECK ME!"

John Phillips: "Mikey can see something's happening out there!"

Mark Bravo: "He may not know what, but he's making damn sure the official doesn't find out!"

Outside the ring, the hooded attacker stands over Ross.

He stomps down!

Again!

Again!

Again!

Violent stomps into the UTA Champion!

Ross tries to cover himself.

The attacker doesn't stop.

He turns.

Looks toward the timekeeper's area.

Then moves.

Fast.

The timekeeper barely has time to react.

The attacker grabs the chair!

RIPS IT AWAY!

John Phillips: "NO! NO! SOMEBODY GET OUT HERE!"

The attacker turns back toward Ross.

Ross is moving.

Barely.

He rolls onto his stomach.

Plants one hand against the floor.

Then the other.

He begins pushing himself up.

The hooded man raises the chair.

Mark Bravo: "CHRIS! TURN AROUND!"

Ross gets one foot underneath himself.

He lifts his head—

CRACK!

THE CHAIR SLAMS INTO ROSS' HEAD!

Ross drops instantly.

Flat.

The arena explodes in shock.

John Phillips: "GOOD GOD!"

Ross isn't moving.

The attacker looks down at him.

Then raises the chair again.

CRACK!

ANOTHER SHOT!

Mark Bravo: "ENOUGH! HE'S OUT!"

Inside the ring, Mikey is still talking to the official.

Pointing toward his head.

Complaining.

Anything to keep those eyes on him.

But the crowd is too loud now.

The official looks over his shoulder.

Mikey reaches for him again.

Mikey Unlikely: "HEY! I'M TALKING TO YOU!"

The official pulls away.

Mikey can't keep him occupied any longer.

The official turns.

The hooded man sees it.

He lowers the chair.

And casually backs away.

Nothing to see here.

The official looks outside.

Ross is lying on the floor.

The official looks confused.

He looks toward the hooded man.

Then back toward Ross.

John Phillips: "He has no idea what happened!"

Mikey pulls himself to his feet using the ropes.

He looks outside.

Then toward the official.

Mikey Unlikely: "COUNT!"

The official looks at him.

Mikey Unlikely: "START THE DAMN COUNT!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, come on!"

Mikey points furiously toward Ross.

Mikey Unlikely: "HE'S OUTSIDE! COUNT!"

The official hesitates.

Then begins.

ONE!

Ross doesn't move.

The hooded man has backed several feet away.

Watching.

TWO!

Mikey grips the top rope.

His eyes locked on Ross.

THREE!

Ross' hand twitches.

The crowd gets louder.

John Phillips: "Come on, Chris!"

FOUR!

Ross rolls slightly onto his side.

He reaches toward his head.

FIVE!

Ross plants a forearm against the floor.

He tries to push himself upward.

He collapses.

SIX!

Mikey watches.

No smile now.

Just focus.

Ross pushes again.

He gets onto one knee.

SEVEN!

The building is roaring.

Ross reaches toward the apron.

Misses.

His hand drops.

He reaches again.

EIGHT!

Ross grabs the ring skirt.

Pulls himself forward.

His other hand finds the edge of the apron.

Mark Bravo: "He's getting up!"

Ross drags himself upright.

He leans against the apron.

His legs barely underneath him.

NINE!

Scotiabank Arena erupts.

Ross reaches toward the bottom rope.

His hand touches it.

He tries to lift himself.

But his other hand suddenly goes back to his head.

Ross' knees buckle.

He drops onto one knee.

TEN!

DING! DING! DING!

The arena explodes.

Mikey Unlikely has won.

Chris Ross remains on one knee outside the ring.

One hand against the apron.

The other clutching his head.

Mark Bravo: "You've got to be kidding me."

John Phillips: "Chris Ross has been counted out! Mikey Unlikely advances!"

The official turns toward Mikey.

And behind him...

the hooded man moves again.

He reaches down.

Grabs the discarded chair.

Ross doesn't see him.

Ross is still trying to stand.

The attacker approaches from behind.

Raises the chair high.

Mark Bravo: "NO! LOOK OUT!"

CRACK!

THE CHAIR SLAMS INTO THE BACK OF CHRIS ROSS' HEAD!

Ross collapses face-first to the floor.

The crowd ERUPTS.

John Phillips: "AGAIN! AFTER THE BELL!"

The hooded man stands over the motionless UTA Champion.

Chair still in his hands.

Mikey Unlikely stands inside the ring.

The official beside him.

And outside...

the unidentified attacker looks down at what he's done.

The ring announcer's voice cuts through the chaos.

Ring Announcer: "Ladies and gentlemen, as a result of a countout... advancing in the Ring King Tournament..."

The official is still staring toward ringside.

Still trying to understand what just happened to Chris Ross.

Mikey Unlikely grabs him by the wrist.

Mikey Unlikely: "Hey!"

The official looks back.

Mikey points at himself.

Then raises his own arm halfway.

Mikey Unlikely: "I won."

The official looks back toward Ross.

Mikey pulls his arm again.

Mikey Unlikely: "No. He lost. I won. Do your job."

Ring Announcer: "...the UTA WrestleZone Champion..."

Mikey thrusts his arm toward the official.

Finally, reluctantly...

the official raises it.

Ring Announcer: "MIKEY... UNLIKELY!"

Mikey throws his other arm into the air.

Mark Bravo: "Mikey Unlikely is advancing in Ring King."

John Phillips: "And Mikey didn't ask for what happened out there, but the second he realized something was happening, he made damn sure it helped him."

Mikey points toward himself.

That's right.

Winner.

But then...

CLANG.

The dented steel chair slides underneath the bottom rope.

Mikey stops celebrating.

His eyes move toward it.

The hooded attacker climbs onto the apron.

Then steps into the ring.

Mikey's expression changes immediately.

His eyes widen.

Whatever celebration was happening...

it's over.

John Phillips: "Wait."

The man reaches down.

He picks up the chair.

Mikey takes a step backward.

Mark Bravo: "Look at Mikey."

The attacker begins walking toward him.

Mikey looks toward the official.

Then toward the attacker.

Then the chair.

John Phillips: "Mikey doesn't know who this is."

Mark Bravo: "No. That reaction tells you everything. Mikey Unlikely took advantage of what happened, but he wasn't expecting this."

The attacker stops several feet away.

He grips the dented chair.

Then slowly raises it.

Mikey immediately puts both hands up.

Mikey Unlikely: "Whoa."

The attacker takes another step.

Mikey takes one backward.

Mikey Unlikely: "Hey."

Another step backward.

Mikey Unlikely: "You do you."

Mikey points toward the attacker.

Then toward Chris Ross outside the ring.

Mikey Unlikely: "Whatever this is? Not my business."

The attacker doesn't respond.

Doesn't lower the chair.

Mikey nods.

Message received.

He backs toward the ropes.

Steps through.

Drops to the floor.

And creates as much distance between himself and the stranger as possible.

John Phillips: "I've never seen Mikey Unlikely surrender the spotlight that quickly."

Mark Bravo: "Would you stay in there?"

Mikey moves around the opposite side of the ring.

Then stops.

Because Chris Ross is moving.

The crowd begins to react again.

Ross' hand appears on the edge of the apron.

Then the other.

Somehow...

the UTA Champion is trying to pull himself up.

John Phillips: "How is Ross even conscious?"

Ross drags himself upward.

His head hangs.

His legs barely support him.

But he gets his chest against the apron.

He looks into the ring.

Trying to focus.

Trying to understand.

The hooded man sees him.

He turns toward Ross.

Ross' eyes struggle to find the figure standing in the ring.

Mikey watches from the opposite side.

Confused.

Curious.

Still keeping his distance.

The attacker lowers the chair.

He reaches up.

Grabs the edge of his hood.

Mark Bravo: "Who the hell are you?"

The hood comes down.

The crowd noise spikes.

But the face is still covered.

The man reaches behind his head.

Grabs the covering.

And pulls it away.

For a moment...

nobody says anything.

Blue.

Red.

That unmistakable mask.

John Phillips: "...no."

The camera zooms tight.

Mark Bravo: "MADMAN?!"

The building EXPLODES.

John Phillips: "THAT'S MADMAN SZALINSKI!"

Mark Bravo: "MADMAN SZALINSKI JUST COST CHRIS ROSS THE MATCH!"

Mikey's eyes become enormous.

His mouth drops open.

He looks at Madman.

Then Ross.

Then back at Madman.

Mikey Unlikely: "What the fuck?!"

There is no grin.

No smugness.

No celebration.

Mikey Unlikely is every bit as shocked as everyone else in Scotiabank Arena.

Inside the ring...

Madman Szalinski stands motionless.

The dented steel chair hanging from his hand.

This is the same man who, earlier tonight, sat in the middle of this ring wondering whether his last opportunity had just slipped away.

The same man whose battered body has already forced the question of how much longer he can keep doing this. :contentReference[oaicite:0]{index=0}

Now...

he's standing over the wreckage of the UTA Champion.

John Phillips: "Why?"

Ross sees him.

At first, there's nothing.

His eyes aren't focusing.

Then they do.

He sees the mask.

Confusion.

Then recognition.

Then hurt.

Not just physical.

Ross' expression asks the question his body can't.

Why?

Madman gives him nothing.

Ross tries to pull himself higher.

His arm gives out.

He slides down the apron.

Drops to the floor.

And this time...

he doesn't get back up.

John Phillips: "Ross is out."

Mark Bravo: "Somebody needs to get to Chris Ross."

Madman looks down at him.

Then at the chair.

The steel is warped.

Dented from what he has done.

Madman grips it with both hands.

And raises it high over his head.

The reaction rains down around him.

Cheers.

Boos.

Shock.

Confusion.

Madman doesn't acknowledge any of it.

He holds the chair overhead.

Then lowers one arm.

And points.

Directly at Chris Ross.

Mikey watches from outside.

Still stunned.

Mark Bravo: "Mikey Unlikely moves on in the Ring King Tournament."

The camera cuts to Mikey.

Then Madman.

Then the unconscious Chris Ross.

John Phillips: "But I don't think Ring King is the story anymore."

Madman continues pointing at Ross.

Chair held high.

No explanation.

No smile.

No "God damn, son."

Nothing.

Mark Bravo: "Earlier tonight, we wondered whether we had just seen the end of Madman Szalinski."

A beat.

Mark Bravo: "We were wrong."

Madman lowers the chair onto his shoulder.

His eyes never leave Chris Ross.

John Phillips: "This isn't the end."

The camera tightens on the blue-and-red mask.

John Phillips: "This is the beginning."

FADE TO BLACK.

Conclusion

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