

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event



**Creative Force Wrestling proudly presents:**

## **Kingdom Come**

*All Matches Dice Decided*

Live from the Foundry in Venice FL

1/4/25

### **Featuring:**

Ace Dalton • Águila Feral • Jace Valor • Brandi Blight • Lena Wilde • Killjoy • Sudio • Alaric Green • Venessa Vale • Lucas Knox • Wyatt Storm • Ronnie Kixx ...and more.

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*“Tonight, iron will remember who forged it.”*

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The broadcast opens on a sweeping shot of **The Foundry**, louder than it has ever been — a wall of sound, a sea of faces, the kind of buzz that feels alive. Light smoke drifts above the crowd as the camera glides past handmade signs and leaning rails before settling at ringside.



**Bert McDaniels** and **Chaz Del Rio** stand beside the commentary desk — both sharp, both composed, both just a little overwhelmed in the best way. Chaz isn't in his trademark leather tonight; instead, a clean, modern suit that almost glows under the house lights.

Bert grins wide, hands pressed to the desk as if grounding himself.



## BERT MCDANIELS:

“Well, folks... look at this place.”  
(He sweeps a hand toward the crowd.)

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“You can *feel* it. Every brick of The Foundry is shaking tonight. Welcome... to **Kingdom Come.**”

A huge pop from the crowd.

## **CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“And before we get rolling, before we dive into the chaos and the grudges and everything tonight’s going to bring... I just want to say something from the heart.”

(He clears his throat, visibly moved — but steady.)

“Thank you. Truly. Whether you’re here in Venice or watching from wherever you are... the fact that you’re with us tonight — it means more than we can ever say on a microphone.”

## **BERT:**

“It really does. CFW started as a whisper... then a spark... and now? Look around. Listen. It’s real. And it’s because of you.”

The crowd cheers again — warm, appreciative, not wild, but *with them*.

## **CHAZ:**

“We don’t take this for granted. Not for a second. Every show we build, every match that hits this ring... we’re grateful you’re part of it. From everyone in Creative Force Wrestling — thank you for being here with us tonight.”

Chaz breathes out softly, a small smile breaking his usual composure.

## **BERT:**

“Alright... alright, before we get too sentimental out here...”

(He wipes under one eye theatrically to lighten the mood.)

“We’ve got a *huge* night ahead. Kingdom Come is stacked — and folks, **tonight we crown our champions.**”

## **CHAZ:**

“That’s right. Ace Dalton vs. Jace Valor for the World Championship... and Sudio vs. Brandi Blight for the Women’s Championship. Everything changes here.”

(He looks to the hard cam.)

“...tonight, we make history.”

The music hits.

The Foundry erupts.

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**Kingdom Come** begins.

The crowd is still roaring from the opening welcome when the arena lights soften, the hard-cam shifting to a slow push-in on the commentary desk. Bert straightens his jacket; Chaz folds his hands, the gratitude from moments earlier now shifting into something heavier... almost protective.

## **CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“Bert... if we’re talking about gratitude — if we’re talking about heart — then we have to talk about the women’s division. Because no part of CFW has grown faster, fought harder, or meant more to this company... than they have.”

## **BERT McDANIELS:**

“You’re not kidding. From the very first night at ***Reclamation***, those women set a tone for what CFW was going to be. Raw. Honest. Brutal when it needed to be. And if there’s one name that’s held that banner high from day one... it’s **Lena Wilde**.”

A warm crowd reaction rolls through The Foundry.

## **CHAZ:**

“Lena didn’t come into CFW with fanfare. She didn’t walk in with a spotlight or a hype reel. She came in the same way she wrestles — quiet... hungry... and ready to fight for every inch she’s ever been denied. And from the moment she stepped into that Falls Count Anywhere match with Brandi Blight at ***Reclamation***... everything changed.”

A split-screen graphic flashes: Lena bleeding, screaming in defiance during that match.

## **BERT:**

“She shocked the world that night — but we all found out it wasn’t luck. It was just the beginning of the hell she was about to walk through.”



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## CHAZ:

“Hell brought to her by Brandi Blight, who made it her mission to break Lena Wilde in ways that never show up on stat sheets. **Attacks from behind.** Cheap shots. And the night she dug through Lena’s gear bag — trashed her ring gear, stole her cash, and mocked her behind her back — that was humiliation designed to make her quit.”

The crowd boos hard at the memory.

## BERT:

“And still... she got up. Every single time. She kept swinging. Kept showing up to fight in these points matches, clawing for a championship opportunity that some thought she’d never reach.”

## CHAZ:

“Lena didn’t get that title shot tonight... but she earned something just as important. Respect. The heart of this division beats because women like Lena Wilde refuse to stay down, no matter who tries to bury them.”

## CHAZ DEL RIO:

“And you know... whether she’d ever admit it or not, Lena Wilde has become something to these people. Maybe not a perfect hero — she’d hate that word — but a fighter they believe in. A fighter even her enemies acknowledge.”

## BERT McDANIELS:

“Ronnie Kixx said it himself back on *SpeedRun*. He called her ‘the fans’ hero.’ And tonight? Ronnie claims Vanessa Vale is going to destroy that hero — cut her down in front of the world.”

A tense murmur washes over The Foundry.

REWIND



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## CHAZ:

“So how did we get here? How did **Vanessa Vale** — one of the sweetest, kindest voices in this company — end up standing across the ring from Lena Wilde tonight?”

## BERT:

“From day one, Vanessa was *one of us*. An announcer. A professional. A glue-and-tape part of this team who kept the show running. She was beloved. She was respected. She was a bright spot behind the scenes.”

## CHAZ:

“And then... something happened. Something we still don’t have answers for.”

The screen flickers with a brief, glitchy graphic — **LOCKED IN**.

## BERT:

“Let’s take a look back at **Locked In**. The moment everything changed.”



A replay rolls:

The Seers.

Vanessa Vale — terrified.

The leader of the Seers standing over her.

The chair.

The struggle.

The black VHS tape.

## CHAZ (voiceover):

“That night, the leader of the Seers — whoever, whatever he is — tied Vanessa to a chair at the close of the show... and forced her to watch that tape.”

That **damn** VHS tape that’s been twisting people from the inside out.”

Cut back to commentary.

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### **BERT:**

“I know it sounds insane. Believe me — we thought so too. Some folks in this building still don’t buy it. But I know what my eyes see. Vanessa Vale hasn’t been the same since.”

### **CHAZ:**

“And now, whether she chose this or something else chose her... Vanessa Vale stands aligned with MAR and The Seers. And tonight, she steps into that ring seemingly acting on MAR’s orders.”

### **BERT McDANIELS:**

“Orders to do one thing:  
Crush the woman these fans believe in.”

A hush ripples through the crowd — not silence, but tension, thick and alive.

### **BERT:**

“And Chaz... let’s be honest here. The Seers—this group, this... infection—has its hands in almost *every* match tonight. Their influence is all over Kingdom Come whether we like it or not.”

### **CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“You’re right, Bert. Earlier I said we didn’t have answers. And we don’t. Not about the tape. Not about Ronnie. Not about Vanessa. Not about MAR. But if there’s one thing I’m hoping—just one—”

He looks toward the ring, jaw set, eyes steady.

### **CHAZ:**

“—it’s that by the end of the night, we finally understand *something*. Anything. About what this **Black Tape** is, and what it’s doing to the people in this company.”

The crowd murmurs, anxious, invested.

### **BERT:**

“Well... whatever truth is waiting for us, it starts right here.”

### **CHAZ:**

“Lena Wilde versus Vanessa Vale... happens **right now.**”

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=====  Match One  =====

## Lena Wilde vs Venessa Vale

=====  One Fall – 20 Minute Time Limit  =====

There's a pause.

No music. No movement. Just a low murmur rolling through The Foundry as cameras hang on the darkened entranceway.

“Slipping Away,” The Seers’ theme, hits. Vanessa doesn’t appear right away.

The song builds. The house lights dim even more as a **purple mist** begins to creep out from the stage, thickening with every beat.

Finally, **Venessa Vale** steps through the haze.

She stands at the top of the aisle for a moment, shoulders relaxed, head tilted slightly... **that eerie smile** stretched across her face. No hurry. No nerves. Just calm, unsettling confidence.

She starts down the aisle, eyes fixed on the ring, the smile never quite leaving.



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## BERT McDANIELS:

“Vanessa Vale is a wild card in this match, Chaz. She’s had one of, if not *the* biggest transformations we’ve seen in CFW. You really don’t know what to expect from her anymore.”

## CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Yeah. We’ve watched her get more and more involved in matches, more and more loyal to the Seers — even putting herself in harm’s way for them. Whatever hold they’ve got on her... it’s real.”

Vanessa reaches ringside, slipping under the bottom rope with that same quiet, unnerving composure.

## BERT:

“The Seers are looking to extinguish Lena Wilde tonight. After everything Lena’s been through, all the wars and all the punishment... she’s never faced the *unknown* like she is right now.”

Vanessa stands in the corner, hands resting on the ropes, that smile still there as she waits for Lena’s music to hit.



Another pause.

The Foundry simmers — not buzzing, not roaring — **waiting**. It’s a different kind of anticipation. Heavy. Focused. Almost reverent.

Then **Lena’s music hits**.

The reaction is instant — a shockwave of cheering that erupts from the back-left section of the building, not the stage. Fans jump to their feet all at once, pointing, shouting. The camera swings wide, scrambling to find the source—

There.

**Lena Wilde steps out from the crowd.**

No spotlight. No pyro.

Just Lena — hood down, fists wrapped, sweat already forming, eyes locked on the ring.

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She's surrounded by fans, shoulder to shoulder with them, and the pop is deafening. Hands reach toward her, not grabbing, not clawing — **supporting**. Some pat her back, others clear a path for her, all of them chanting her name.

She doesn't smile.

She doesn't need to.

Her expression is her signature: **intense, focused, ready**, the look that built her reputation long before CFW. But there's something different tonight — a tiny shift in her posture, in the way she touches a fan's hand as she passes. Gratitude. Respect. A quiet acknowledgment that she knows exactly who has carried her to this moment.

And they know she's carrying them right back.

**Lena moves through the sea of fans**, the Foundry's heartbeat following her every step. When she reaches the barricade, two fans pull it aside for her, opening a path like it's a rite.

She climbs over and lands in front of the ring, staring up at **Vanessa Vale** — who hasn't moved, that eerie smile still fixed.

Lena's jaw sets.

Her shoulders rise with a slow, deep breath.

She steps onto the apron, wipes her boots, and enters



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the ring without breaking eye contact.

The crowd behind her chants her name in waves.

## **BERT MCDANIELS:**

“What an entrance... Lena Wilde coming out with *her people* tonight. That’s not just symbolism — that’s connection. That’s The Foundry saying, ‘We’ve got you.’”

## **CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“She’s not showing much emotion, but that’s Lena. That intensity? That’s her version of a thank-you. She doesn’t play to the crowd — she *walks with them*.”

## **BERT:**

“And tonight... she’s walking straight into the unknown.”

Both women stand in the ring now, and The Foundry feels like it’s crushing inward with anticipation. Vanessa Vale hasn’t budged since the moment she entered, that eerie half-smile fixed on her face, her eyes locked on Lena as if she’s studying a reflection only she can see. Lena Wilde stands opposite her, shoulders tight, fists flexing, breathing through her nose with that signature, unbreakable intensity. No theatrics. No flourish. Just readiness — the kind born from surviving everything thrown at her since Reclamation.

The house lights draw into a sharp white circle over the center of the ring as the ring announcer steps forward. The crowd simmers, waiting, listening.

## **RING ANNOUNCER:**

“Ladies and gentlemen... this opening contest is scheduled for one fall... with a twenty-minute time limit.”

A soft rise of noise passes through The Foundry. Vanessa doesn’t blink.

The announcer shifts toward her corner.

## **RING ANNOUNCER:**

“Introducing first... representing The Seers... making her official in-ring debut... from Atlanta, Georgia... **Vanessa Vale.**”

The response is a scattered, uneasy rumble — not hostile, not supportive, just unsure. Vanessa’s smile twitches a millimeter wider.

Then the announcer turns toward Lena.

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## RING ANNOUNCER:

“And her opponent... from Dade City, Florida... **the hard-hitting** reckoning of Creative Force Wrestling... **Lena Wilde.**”

The Foundry erupts — stomping, shouting, hands raised high. Lena lifts her chin once, taps her taped fist lightly to her chest, a quiet acknowledgment that says everything without a single smile. *I hear you. I'm with you.*

The referee steps between them, checks both corners, then signals.

A beat of silence.

=====  **DING! DING! DING!**  =====

Kingdom Come’s opening match is officially underway.

The bell echoes through The Foundry, and neither woman rushes in. Lena circles first — small steps, guarded, her eyes tracking every flicker of Vanessa’s posture. Vanessa mirrors her with that same unsettling calm, hands low, shoulders loose, as if she’s already imagined every exchange before it happens.

Lena reaches out, testing distance with a faint hand-check, but Vanessa doesn’t bite. She only tilts her head, the smile still faintly there, still unnerving. The crowd senses the tension immediately — this is not a sprint; this is Lena Wilde trying to *figure out* something she’s never seen in this company.

They lock up. A quick tie-up, nothing fancy — Lena shifts into a waist control, but Vanessa slips free with surprising speed, turning it into a clean wrist control. Lena rolls through, flips, counters, takes the arm back. **A feel-out period**, cautious but sharp.

## BERT McDANIELS:

“This is smart from Lena. We’ve never seen Vanessa in an official match — only when she’s getting involved in somebody else’s. Feeling her out first? That’s wisdom talking.”

Vanessa breaks the hold with a fast snap step and shifts into a standing switch. Lena reverses. Vanessa counters again. They chain-wrestle through three quick transitions before Lena finally breaks free with a short forearm to the shoulder to create space.

## CHAZ DEL RIO:

“And it goes without saying... Vanessa Vale *looks* like she belongs in there. She looks

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fantastic. Strong. Sharp. Whatever the Seers did to her mentally... it looks like there's been a physical transformation right along with it."

They circle again, this time with more speed. Vanessa shoots in low; Lena sprawls, spins behind. Vanessa rolls out, pops up with a sharp palm strike that Lena blocks, answers with one of her own, and they break.

A small burst of applause rises — the crowd appreciating the technical pace.

They tie up again. Lena hits a hip toss. Vanessa returns the favor with one of her own. Another exchange — another hip toss — this time Lena floats over but Vanessa kicks out before anything else can happen. The pace quickens. Arms bars, counters, standing switches, a brief exchange of sharp forearms, nothing too heavy but everything crisp.

And then something starts to emerge — something in the way Vanessa moves.

Her technique sharpens. Her footwork tightens. Her transitions become cleaner, smoother, more deliberate. She's not just reacting anymore — she's dictating the direction, tugging Lena into grappling exchanges where strikes don't exist.

Vanessa ducks a jab, slips behind, drags Lena down into a waist lock. Lena fights the hands, but Vanessa rides her, turning the struggle into a controlled pin attempt. Lena kicks out, but Vanessa stays glued to her, chaining the takedown into another hold, another transition, another way of keeping Lena grounded.

### CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Her style's starting to show, Bert. Vanessa Vale is a grappler. A wrestler's wrestler. She's using technique to smother Lena and take away the one thing she can't afford to deal with — the striking."

### BERT MCDANIELS:

"And we don't need to remind anybody... despite Lena's size? She is *one of the hardest strikers* in this entire division. Vanessa knows that too. She's doing a great job tying Lena up... keeping her down... taking the danger out of her hands — literally."

Vanessa shifts her hips, rolls Lena backward, and nearly traps her in a bridging cradle. Lena kicks out again, but the crowd reacts — not loudly, but with impressed murmuring — at Vanessa's crisp execution.

She pops up first, circles, shoots low, and drags Lena back to the mat with a beautifully timed single-leg. No wasted motion. No hesitation. Just pure, trained technique.

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The Foundry is behind Lena — always — but even here, even now, they can't help but acknowledge the craft on display. A respectful clap spreads through pockets of the crowd.

Lena, though? She's getting frustrated.

She tries to stand, but Vanessa rides her again, locking her up from behind and dragging her into another grounded exchange. Lena shoves up — Vanessa slips. Lena twists — Vanessa follows, dragging her back down with that eerie composure still on her face.

Finally, Lena breaks free — exploding upward and **catching Vanessa with a HARD shot across the jaw**, the kind that echoes off steel beams.

The crowd pops.

Vanessa absorbs it... staggers... and still manages to tie Lena up *again*, wrapping her arms around the Florida fighter's waist and dragging her back into the grappling trenches before she can throw a second strike.

Lena snarls — a flash of irritation.

Vanessa smiles — just a little wider.

The pace continues to climb.

Vanessa's grappling becomes the story. Every second she's in control, every transition she nails, every angle she cuts — it all begins to paint a clearer picture. This isn't luck. This isn't instinct. This is preparation. Intentional. Deliberate. Trained.

### CHAZ DEL RIO:

"It's becoming obvious, Bert — the Seers did *not* send Vanessa Vale into this match unprepared. Whoever's behind that curtain... they put her in the gym. They sharpened her. This is practiced. This is drilled."

### BERT McDANIELS:

"No doubt about it. Vanessa Vale has been working — and working *hard*. She's not just surviving Lena Wilde right now. She's neutralizing her."

Lena tries to stand, but Vanessa doesn't let her breathe. She shoots around the waist, yanks her forward, and smoothly transitions into a tight underhook. In one fluid motion — frighteningly clean — Vanessa lifts Lena and snaps her down with a **Fisherman's Buster Suplex**, bridging for a pin the moment they hit the mat.

**One!...**

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**Lena kicks out at one** with authority, but Vanessa doesn't look discouraged. She doesn't look surprised. She just rolls with the motion, keeps hold of Lena's arm, and pulls her into a grounded position.

Then—

**CRACK.**

A knee drives into Lena's midsection.

Another.

And another.

Each one targeted, precise, cutting into Lena's base and slowing her ability to spring back up. Vanessa leans her weight into the strikes, using her free arm to keep Lena pinned on her side, her movements disturbingly composed for someone in her first official match.

**CHAZ DEL RIO:**

"She's smothering her. Completely smothering her. That one big shot Lena landed? It barely slowed Vanessa down."

**BERT McDANIELS:**

"And she's right back to the strategy — keep Lena Wilde on the ground. If Lena can't stand? She can't strike. And if she can't strike? Vanessa Vale is in the driver's seat."

Lena blocks the next knee with her elbow, but she's still stuck underneath Vanessa's grip, still dealing with a version of her old colleague no one in The Foundry has ever seen.

**The crowd claps in support**, rallying behind Lena — but even they can't deny what they're witnessing.

Vanessa Vale can wrestle.

Vanessa drives another knee into Lena's ribs — then another, then another — keeping her folded, keeping her grounded, keeping the danger out of the air. Lena blocks the next strike with her forearm, wincing, but still stuck under Vanessa's grip.

Then Lena shifts.

A small turn of the hips — subtle, practiced — but enough. She gains leverage, hooks Vanessa's leg, and suddenly the tide flips as Lena rolls through and takes *Vanessa* to the mat with a surprisingly clean bit of grappling of her own.

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A murmur of surprise rushes through The Foundry.

## CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Look at that! Lena Wilde showing some grappling of her own tonight!”

## BERT McDANIELS:

“That’s not usually her game, folks — Lena’s not known for mat work. But she hit that counter like she’s been saving it for months!”

With Vanessa briefly stunned, Lena capitalizes.

She fires a short, stiff shot to the ribs.

Another to the shoulder.

Then a HARD strike across the jaw that snaps Vanessa’s head sideways.

The crowd roars as Lena finally cracks open space.

She surges to her feet — the intensity sharpening in her eyes — and drags Vanessa up by the arm. A sudden burst of offense follows: sharp forearms, body shots, quick fists to the midsection. Each blow heavier than the last, driving Vanessa backward into the turnbuckle.

The Foundry reacts with every hit — louder, louder, louder.

Lena steps back, plants her feet, and fires a brutal combination that forces Vanessa to cover up. Then Lena grabs her wrist and with a shout, **whips Vanessa across the ring.**

Vanessa SLAMS into the opposite corner — the impact echoing off the steel beams overhead.

Lena doesn’t wait.

She charges — leaps — and **drills Vanessa with a hard running elbow**, smashing it cleanly against her jaw. Vanessa’s head snaps back on impact, her knees dipping as the crowd EXPLODES for Lena’s momentum swing.



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Lena works Vanessa in the corner — **hard shots to the head**, then the midsection, then she drops her level and digs in. **Fast, tight fists hammer the ribs**, each one landing with a sickening smack that makes the front row wince.

**BERT:**

“Vanessa needs to close that gap again, Chaz. Letting Lena tee off on her like this... this isn’t going to end well.”

**CHAZ:**

“And this is where Lena lives. This pace, this pressure — nobody thrives in these exchanges like she does.”

The crowd is *loving* it — every shot draws another pulse of noise, the Foundry stomping in rhythm as Lena keeps firing, relentless, sharp, completely in control of the moment.

Vanessa covers up, absorbing what she can, but Lena’s striking is doing exactly what it always does:

Breaking down whatever’s in front of her.

Vanessa is rocked in the corner, barely upright. Lena grabs her by the wrist, yanks her to her feet, and **whips her hard** across the ring again. Vanessa hits the turnbuckles with a thud—

Lena **charges**, full speed, knee chambered high—

At the *very last second*, Vanessa **sidesteps**.

Lena’s knee **SLAMS** into the buckle.

She crumples, clutching it.



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Vanessa doesn't hesitate. She drops down behind her, hooks the waist, **rolls Lena into a tight cradle**—

**ONE!**

**TWO!**

Lena powers out, but she's hurt.

Vanessa stays glued to her, grabbing the leg, twisting Lena onto her back and **wrenching the knee** with sharp precision. On the mat, Lena tries to sit up, firing desperate shots at Vanessa's grip, but she can't break free. Vanessa leans back, torqueing the joint again, face tight with focus.

**BERT:**

"The Seers said Vanessa Vale would cut down Lena Wilde... and I don't think anyone expected *this*."

**CHAZ:**

"Not brute force. Not chaos. It's been *cerebral*. Vanessa's wrestling skill has kept her one step ahead all match long."

Vanessa transitions seamlessly, dragging Lena's leg into another angle, applying pressure wherever she can find it. Lena bites down, fists clenched, trying to push herself off the mat—but Vale keeps her trapped, unrelenting.

The knee is becoming the story.

And the crowd feels it.

Vanessa shifts her hips, still wrapped around Lena's damaged leg, and seamlessly transitions into a **kneebar**, extending the joint with vicious precision. Lena grimaces, trying to pry Vanessa's hands apart, but she can't get leverage — not from this angle, not with the knee compromised.

Vanessa releases just long enough to roll Lena sideways and trap her in a **heel hook**, twisting at the ankle to torque the entire knee line. Lena yelps, fists pounding the mat, but Vanessa keeps her body tight, every movement deliberate, every change of grip worsening the pressure.

**CHAZ DEL RIO:**

"This is surgical, Bert. Look at these transitions — Vanessa's chaining submissions like she's been doing this her whole life."

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## BERT McDANIELS:

“Lena cannot counter from this position. Her only hope is the ropes — she’s gotta get to the ropes.”

The Foundry picks up immediately, rallying behind their hero as Lena claws at the canvas. She digs her elbows in and tries to drag herself forward — but Vanessa reacts instantly, releasing the heel hook and shifting into a **single-leg grapevine**, arms laced around the knee while she pulls Lena **back to the center of the ring**.

The crowd groans as Lena loses ground.

Vanessa transitions again — this time into a **modified knee crank**, wrenching sideways while keeping Lena’s hips pinned. Every twist sends a jolt up Lena’s spine. She tries to sit up, tries to strike, but Vanessa tightens the hold and the pain forces her back down.

The rally grows louder.

Lena hears it.

She has to.

She tries again — pushes up, slips an elbow under her chest, and begins dragging both their bodies inch by inch toward the ropes. Vanessa fights it, switching to a **calf slicer variation** that bends the knee at a horrifying angle. Lena screams, but she keeps moving.

## BERT:

“She’s got no choice — she’s gotta crawl through it! She’s gotta take Vanessa with her!”

Vanessa wrenches harder, trying to halt the progress, but Lena fires a wild, desperate kick with her **good leg**, cracking Vanessa across the side of the head. It isn’t pretty, but it lands clean. Vanessa loosens for a moment — just long enough.

Lena drags herself a foot forward.

Vanessa shakes off the kick, dives back on the leg, and clamps down with a tighter grip, both hands around the ankle as she torques the knee sideways. The crowd rises, stomping, clapping, begging Lena to push through.

## CHAZ:

“She’s so close! Lena Wilde is inches away — but Vanessa Vale is *not* letting go without taking something with her!”

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Lena grits her teeth, plants her forearms, and **lunges**.

Another inch.

Another.

Vanessa gets dragged with her, wrenching all the way.

Lena stretches — fingertips out—  
the crowd screaming—

**She grabs the bottom rope.**

The referee dives in and forces the break.

Vanessa holds until four before finally letting go, rolling backward with that eerie, unreadable expression still fixed on her face.

Lena collapses against the ropes, clutching her knee, gasping.

The match is far from over —  
but the damage has been done.

Lena's escape to the ropes buys her breath, but not much more. The knee is compromised — badly — and as she tries to stand, it buckles underneath her. She drops to one knee, teeth clenched, sweat dripping down her brow.

Vanessa sees it instantly.

She lunges forward, wraps her arms around Lena's waist, and with a sudden burst of strength **rips her off the mat** into a **gutwrench slam**, sending Lena crashing onto her back. Vanessa covers—

**ONE!**

Lena kicks out.

The crowd erupts, trying to rally her back into the fight.

Vanessa doesn't give her a second.

She hauls Lena up again, turns her hips, and drives her down with a **side suplex**, folding her in half. Another cover—

**ONE!**

**TWO—**

Lena slips a shoulder free.

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## **BERT:**

“Vanessa Vale is picking up the pace — and she’s doing it with *power*. These aren’t lucky throws. These are big, dynamic slams meant to keep Lena on that bad knee.”

## **CHAZ:**

“And credit where it’s due — she’s executed every one of them with confidence. The Seers didn’t just change her mind... they hardened her body too.”

Vanessa pulls Lena up yet again, arm hooked, ready for another throw—

Lena counters!

She rolls her hips in desperation and catches Vanessa with a quick inside cradle—

**ONE!**

**TWO—**

Vanessa kicks out, immediately scrambling.

Lena tries to rise but **stumbles**, her knee screaming under the weight. Vanessa pounces, taking her down once more and stomping at the joint, dragging her into yet another attempt at a torque hold.

The Foundry groans — it’s becoming torture.

Vanessa grabs the leg, twisting—

Lena reacts on instinct—

**DDT!**

Lena SNATCHES Vanessa’s head on the way down and spikes her into the canvas with a violent snap — a sudden, desperate, vicious offshoot of **Bleed Out**, her signature snapping DDT.

Both women hit the mat HARD.

The crowd **EXPLODES**.

## **BERT:**

“That’s Bleed Out’s *little sister*, Chaz! If she had been closer to the ropes, she might’ve hit the full springboard version!”

## **CHAZ:**

“**Bleed Out** — that snapping DDT off the ropes or apron — it’s one of the nastiest finishers in this company. High risk, high pain, and always personal. If Lena had that extra step, this match might be over!”

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Both women lie motionless on the canvas —  
Vanessa dazed, eyes unfocused,  
Lena clutching her knee, breathing through agony.

The tide has shifted...  
but neither fighter can capitalize.

Both women lie on the canvas, breathing hard, neither able to capitalize. The referee starts the count, the crowd buzzing, sensing the turning point.

Lena stirs first.

She plants a hand, pushes through the pain in her knee, and slowly gets to her feet. Vanessa is still dazed, still on one elbow. Lena reaches down, hooks her head, and pulls her upright — thinking **DDT**, thinking another shot to put this match away.

But Vanessa counters.

She slips out the side, ducks under Lena's arm, and **takes the back** in one smooth motion. The crowd gasps. Vanessa clamps her hands together, holding tight around Lena's waist, and begins **backing her up**, step by step, toward the corner.

Lena struggles — her bad knee gives out.

Vanessa plants her feet—

And **launches Lena backward** with a violent **German Suplex**, sending her **CRASHING into the turnbuckles**.

Lena's body folds and snaps on impact, ragdolling against the padding.

The Foundry **EXPLODES** in shock.

Lena slumps to the mat, motionless for a second, her legs tangled beneath her.

## **CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“Oh my god—Vanessa Vale just **THREW** Lena Wilde into the corner! Did you see that landing?!”

## **BERT McDANIELS:**

“That could've knocked her out cold! Vanessa Vale is seconds away from the biggest upset we've ever seen!”

But Vanessa isn't finished.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

She wipes sweat from her face — still breathing steady, still eerily composed — and grabs Lena by the arm. No hesitation. No emotion. She pulls Lena up the turnbuckles, forcing her to the second rope. Vanessa climbs with her, locking her arm around Lena's neck, setting up for a **superplex**.

The crowd rises in a wave of dread.

But then—

Vanessa shifts her footing.

She adjusts her grip.

She pulls Lena vertical.

And instead of a superplex—

## **SHE DROPS LENA WITH A TOP-ROPE BRAINBUSTER.**

The ring **SHUDDERS**.

Fans clutch their heads.

Commentary goes speechless for a moment as the impact echoes through the Foundry.

Lena crumples to the mat.

Vanessa rolls over, draping an arm across her chest—

**ONE!**

**TWO!**

—LENA KICKS OUT.

Vanessa rolls off the failed pin attempt, chest heaving, sweat dripping down her jaw. And for the **first time all match**, that eerie confidence on her face cracks. Just a flicker — but it's there. Frustration. Confusion. The realization that everything she's thrown at Lena hasn't been enough.

### **CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“Look at her expression, Bert. That confidence... it slipped. Just for a second. And sometimes? That's all it takes.”

### **BERT McDANIELS:**

“She's proven she has the *skill*. No question. But the mental side of this sport? That's just as important. Vanessa has to keep it together.”

Vanessa slams her fist on the mat and forces herself back onto her feet. She grabs Lena by the arm, drags her into another cover—

# KINGDOM COME

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**ONE!**

**TWO!**

Lena kicks out again, and The Foundry erupts, the cheers shaking the rails. The crowd is fully behind her — not out of pity, but because they can feel how much she's fighting through.

**BERT:**

“Win or lose, I think the Seers are getting what they wanted already. Lena’s hurt — badly hurt — and Vanessa Vale has made damn sure of that.”

**CHAZ:**

“But if Vanessa wants to *win* her debut? She has to calm down. She has to go right back to what brought her here — technique, control, precision.”

Vanessa gets up slowly... then suddenly **screams** at Lena to stand. She backs up a step, drops her hands into a **boxing stance**, and screams again — daring Lena to get to her feet.

The crowd roars, half in disbelief, half in anticipation.

**CHAZ:**

“Do... do you hear this? Does Vanessa Vale actually want to stand and strike with Lena Wilde?”

**BERT:**

“Is she crazy?! That’s the one thing you DON’T do!”

Lena pushes off her palms, wobbling onto one knee. She tries to stand — the bad knee **buckles** beneath her, forcing her to grab the ropes for support. Vanessa taunts her from the center of the ring, fists up, shoulders loose, mocking Lena’s stance.

Vanessa fires the first shot — a stiff right hand to the jaw.

Then another — sharp, fast, trying to overwhelm her.

She shouldn’t have done that.

**BERT:**

“You don’t want to do that, Vanessa... you really don’t.”

Lena steadies herself, teeth clenched, eyes blazing through the pain. She eats the next punch — and fires back.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**A monster of a right hand** explodes off Lena's fist, snapping Vanessa's head sideways and sending her stumbling back into the ropes. The crowd detonates.

Vanessa catches herself — barely — blinking, disoriented, but prideful and stubborn enough to push off the ropes and walk right back into range.

Lena plants her foot, loads up, and **CRACK**—

A second, even bigger shot lands flush.

Vanessa Vale **collapses** backward into the ropes, her body sagging, her legs wobbling under her. The eerie smile is gone. The composure is gone.

Lena drops to one knee, her body trembling. The adrenaline that carried her through the last exchange is starting to burn off, and what's left is the raw damage she's absorbed. She blinks hard, trying to steady herself — but her eyes aren't fully focusing. Her head hangs for a moment as she breathes through the haze.

Across the ring, Vanessa Vale pries herself out of the ropes, half tangled, half dazed. She shakes her head violently, trying to clear the cobwebs from those heavy shots. Her jaw hangs open as she gasps for breath, but then she sees Lena — down on one knee, unsteady, barely conscious.

## CHAZ DEL RIO:

**“Look at Lena... she’s stunned, Bert. That brainbuster off the second rope — that might’ve concussed her. She’s not all there.”**

## BERT McDANIELS:

**“She’s running on pure adrenaline right now. Heart alone. But if Vanessa Vale gets a clean shot at her... this match could end right here.”**

Vanessa finally frees her arm from the ropes and straightens up. She spots Lena's wobbling frame and lets out a raw, furious scream — part frustration, part desperation — and **charges**.

Lena doesn't have time to think.

She just reacts.

Vanessa reaches for her —

Lena ducks low —

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

and **SNAPS** Vanessa's head into the mat with a sudden, vicious **snap DDT** that comes out of nowhere.

The Foundry **EXPLODES**.

Lena collapses on top of Vanessa, hooking the far leg:

**ONE!!**

**TWO!!**

**TWO-POINT-NINE—!!**

Vanessa kicks out at the last heartbeat.

The building shakes.

**BERT:**

“She almost had her! That was a lightning-fast DDT!”

**CHAZ:**

“And if she had been closer to the ropes — if she could've hit the *full* Bleed Out with that springboard torque — this match would've been over! But with that injured knee... she just couldn't get the leverage!”

Both women lie on the mat again, bodies heaving, chests rising and falling out of sync. The camera catches Lena on her back, blinking through the fog, her knee throbbing. Vanessa is staring at the lights, her breaths rough and ragged.

The Foundry rises to their feet — every single person.

Suspense floods the room.

Both women lie sprawled on the canvas, chests rising and falling in ragged, uneven breaths. The Foundry rises to their feet **again**, sensing that the end is close. The noise swells — a low rumble at first, then louder, then louder still, until the entire building is pulsing with anticipation.

Lena rolls to her side, clutching her knee. Vanessa pushes herself up by her fingertips, jaw trembling, sweat dripping from her chin. On opposite sides of the ring, they each find the ropes... and begin pulling themselves upright.

They reach their feet **at the same time**.

Lena limps, barely able to keep her balance. Vanessa steadies herself — then steps forward, fists raised, refusing to back down from the fight she started.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

And once again... she goes **toe to toe** with Lena Wilde.

Vanessa fires the first shot — a stiff right hand.

Then another.

Then another, screaming as she throws them, pushing past exhaustion, past fear, past doubt.

But Lena takes the last one clean —  
her head snaps —  
her body sways —  
yet she doesn't fall.

Her eyes widen.

Her jaw clenches.

And she throws **one** shot of her own.

**A stiff, brutal, perfect right hand** that lands flush and sends Vanessa Vale **CRASHING** backward into the ropes. She hits them hard — her legs go slack for a half-second — and momentum launches her forward, right back toward Lena like a slingshot resetting itself.

*Lena doesn't think.*

*Doesn't measure.*

*Doesn't hesitate.*

**Instinct takes over.**

She grabs Vanessa Vale's head mid-sprint and **SPIKES HER** into the mat with a devastating, third-and-final snap DDT — the kind that comes from pure muscle memory, pure need, pure survival.

The crowd **detonates**.

Vanessa's body bounces lifelessly once against the canvas.

Lena rolls over her, draping an arm across her chest —  
the referee slides in —

**ONE!**

**TWO!!**

...

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**THREE!!!**

=====  **DING! DING! DING!**  =====

Kingdom Come erupts in a wall of sound — cheers, stomps, shouts, everything exploding outward as Lena Wilde collapses on top of Vanessa, her body spent, her knee throbbing, her breath ragged.

**CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“She did it! On instinct—on HEART—Lena Wilde pulls it out at the last possible second!”

**BERT McDANIELS:**

“And Vanessa Vale—my god—what a debut. What a match. She wrestled the match of her LIFE tonight. The Seers said she would cut down Lena Wilde, and I’ll tell you what... she came damn close.”

In the ring, Lena rolls onto her back, staring at the ceiling, sweat mixing with the roar of the crowd.

Vanessa Vale lies still, blinking, stunned, the realization settling in that for all her technique — all her skill — all her transformation — she missed the upset by a heartbeat.

Tonight, Lena survives.

Tonight, Vanessa proves she belongs.

Tonight, **Kingdom Come** makes both of them bigger than they were before.

=====  **Winner**  =====

## Lena Wilde

=====  **By Pinfall**  =====

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

The Foundry is **alive**—every person on their feet, the roar washing over Lena Wilde like a tidal wave. She leans against the barricade, practically *in the crowd*, her people reaching toward her without grabbing, just wanting to be close to the woman who fought her heart out.

Lena is drenched in sweat, chest heaving, hair stuck to her face, but there's something new in her expression tonight—not joy, not relief—a quiet, hard-earned **satisfaction**.

She did it.

She survived.

Across the ring, Vanessa Vale is sitting upright now, blinking through the fog. The crowd gives her a respectful ovation—subtle at first, then growing louder as she slowly gets to her feet. Vanessa turns, bewildered for a moment at the sound, then lowers her head and begins her slow walk up the ramp. No theatrics. No posing. Just the exhausted body language of someone realizing she proved something tonight... even in defeat.

Lena stays ringside after the bell, one arm draped over the barricade as the fans crowd around her—cheering, chanting her name, soaking in every second of the moment. Sweat pours down her face, her breathing ragged, but her eyes are sharp, alive, locked in that familiar post-fight intensity.

Behind her, the Foundry is still rumbling.

Up the ramp, Vanessa Vale limps toward the curtain to a respectful ovation.

Bert McDaniels steps away from the commentary desk, microphone in hand, his suit jacket crooked from the hectic call. He approaches Lena slowly, giving her a nod—a blend of respect and awe at what she just survived.

He raises the mic gently toward her.

**BERT:**

“Lena... if you’ve got a second—can we get a word ringside?



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“No... they didn’t destroy anything, Bert.”

She wipes sweat from her brow, looking back out at the fans who are still chanting her name.

## LENA:

“I don’t know anything about them. And honestly? Since I’ve been here, I’ve stayed clear of whatever they’ve been doing. I’ve had my hands full.”

A beat. Her eyes sharpen.

“But I’ll tell you this, Bert... if they’re involved with that evil bitch Brandi Blight.”

She leans closer to the mic.

“They’re **definitely** on my radar.”

The crowd erupts again.

## BERT:

“Lena— congratulations on the win. Ronnie Kixx told us the Seers were going to *destroy* these people’s hero.”

(He gestures around at the roaring crowd behind her.)

“Clearly... that isn’t the case.”

Lena cracks the smallest smile—grateful, humbled, still breathing hard.

## LENA:

(no nonsense, between breaths)

# KINGDOM COME

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## BERT:

“And speaking of Brandi Blight... it does appear she’s joined the Seers. She’s in the co-main event tonight—against your friend Sudio—for the Women’s World Championship.”

Lena’s expression softens instantly. A real smile breaks through for the first time all night.

## LENA:

“Sudio... I love you.”

(She points toward the hard cam.)

“You’ve got this. Nobody deserves that title shot more than you.”

The crowd cheers the name *Sudio*.

## LENA:

“I’m gonna be standing tall next to you when you raise that championship over your head. I promise you that.”

## BERT:

“Thank you, Lena.”



Lena turns back toward the fans. She lifts both arms, letting the Foundry surround her in a wave of noise. Exhausted. Proud. United with her people.

## CHAZ (voiceover from commentary):

“That’s **Lena Wilde**, folks—heart, grit, and loyalty. She survives another war... and now her eyes are on the Seers.”

Fade out on Lena smiling through the sweat, fists raised, the crowd roaring at her back.



# KINGDOM COME

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The camera pans the Foundry as the crowd settles, still buzzing from the opener.

**BERT:**

“Alright folks, buckle in — we’ve got a straight-up slobberknocker coming your way.”

**CHAZ:**

“Alaric Green and Reign Rokk takes on KillJoy and Águila Feral. And that last part? Those two haven’t lost a tag match yet.”

**BERT:**

“That’s right. And what makes this wild is how it even started. See, Green and Rokk weren’t always partners. Far from it.”

A montage rolls: Dominic Hex mowing through early opponents.

**CHAZ (voiceover):**

“It all began with a different streak — Dominic Hex’s undefeated run. Everyone wanted that shot.”

Crossroads footage: Alaric Green stepping out of nowhere, staring Hex down.



**BERT (voiceover):**

“Then out of the blue, indie legend Alaric Green shows up at Crossroads and tells Hex point-blank he’s coming for him.”

Cut to Green vs Rokk clips — stiff shots, heavy slams.

**CHAZ (voiceover):**

“And Reign Rokk wasn’t about to let that chance slip either. Those two beat the hell out of each other for weeks trying to earn the right.”

Run It Back footage — Águila Feral takes Hex’s head off, ending the streak.

**BERT (voiceover):**

“But before either man could claim it... Águila Feral ended the streak at Run It Back.”

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Black Light 28 — KillJoy planting Hex.

**CHAZ (voiceover):**

“And KillJoy made sure it stayed ended.”

KillJoy and Feral stand dominant as a team.

**BERT (voiceover):**

“And now? Those two monsters have a streak of their own — undefeated in tag competition.”

Cut to Green and Rokk standing side-by-side for the first time.

**CHAZ (voiceover):**

“So Green and Rokk did the unthinkable. They joined forces. Rivals turned allies with one goal...”



A **chilling graphic** pulses onto the screen — KillJoy and Águila Feral, framed in fire, with the single word: **UNDEFEATED**

**CHAZ:**

**(voiceover):**

“End the streak of KillJoy and Águila Feral.”



# KINGDOM COME

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—————  Match Two  ———

## Alaric Green & Reign Rokk VS Killjoy & Águila Feral

—————  One Fall – 20 Minute Time Limit  ———

### **The arena lights die one by one.**

A low rumble fills the Foundry — the kind you feel in your ribs before you hear it.

#### **BERT:**

“...And here come the monsters.”

A sharp crack of distortion hits the speakers — then *BOOM* — a blast of flame across the stage as **Águila Feral** steps through the haze first. Chest rising and falling. Eyes burning red behind that carved, demonic mask. His body glistens under the firelight like something hunted and feral thrown into a cage.

#### **CHAZ:**

“Águila Feral — the man who ended Dominic Hex’s undefeated streak. The walking nightmare of CFW. If violence had a heartbeat... it’d sound like that man.”

Feral stalks forward without acknowledging the crowd. Not a gesture. Not a look. Just predatory purpose.

The lights shutter again — then slam red.

A figure rises behind him.

#### **KillJoy.**

Slow. Towering. Shoulders draped in those cracked leather straps, mask stitched into a permanent grin of malice. Every step he takes shakes the ramp. Every breath sounds like steel dragging against concrete.

#### **BERT:**

“And that... that is KillJoy. No remorse, no hesitation — and no stranger to dominance. A six-time world champion in Japan, a name that headlined arenas overseas... and the

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man whose arrival helped resurrect CFW from the ground up. You put KillJoy on a marquee, people show up.”

The two stop at the foot of the ramp — side by side — a united wall of brutality.

No music now. Just the shifting, uneasy murmur of the crowd.

## CHAZ:

“Green and Rokk asked for this. They *wanted* this challenge. But wanting a fight... and surviving KillJoy & Feral... those are two very different things.”

KillJoy finally lifts his chin toward the ring.

Águila Feral flexes his taped claws.

Then—

They march.

A synchronized, unhurried walk — like executioners approaching the block. They slide beneath the ropes in perfect rhythm, take opposite corners, and stare down the entranceway waiting for their challengers.



The lights shift from red to a bruised steel-blue as a gritty guitar riff kicks in — not showy, not polished, just raw noise that rattles the barricades.

## BERT:

“Here we go... the challengers. Two men forged in completely different fires — walking toward the same goal.”

From the curtain steps **Alaric Green** first — fists taped in that worn, stained white, shoulders tight, eyes locked forward. The Pittsburgh veteran moves with the grim certainty of a man who’s been bruised in every kind of ring there is. No pose. No theatrics. Just purpose.

## CHAZ:

“That’s thirty years of mileage coming down the ramp. A man who doesn’t waste motion, doesn’t waste breath, and doesn’t waste time. Alaric Green treats every match like work — and tonight, business is unfinished.”

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A roar hits the arena as **Reign Rokk** steps out beside him — towering, tattooed, denim and leather patched like a road-worn tour bus come to life. He drags an avalanche of energy behind him, headbanging once before locking eyes on the ring.

**BERT:**

“And his partner... Reign Rokk. Three hundred twenty-six pounds of outlaw electricity. A former frontman turned wrecking ball.”

The two men fall into step — not perfectly in sync, but close enough to show effort... and tension.

**CHAZ:**

“You gotta wonder about cohesion here. These two tried to *kill each other* fighting for Dominic Hex’s streak. Rivals. Opposites. Two very different storms.”

Cut to KillJoy & Feral in the ring, unblinking.

**BERT:**

“But tonight? They’re united by one thing: proving they can be streak-slayers. Raising their stock by taking down the undefeated monsters of CFW.”

Green cracks his knuckles.

Rokk spits water like the start of a concert.

They hit the apron together — rough, but aligned.

**CHAZ:**

“They don’t need to like each other. They don’t need to match. They just need to survive... and maybe end a streak that never should’ve belonged to anyone else.”

Green steps through the ropes.

Rokk climbs in after him.

They stare across the battlefield at KillJoy and Águila Feral — four men, two past grudges, one collision course.

**BERT:**

“Kingdom Come. Tag-team streak on the line. Let’s see what these two are really made of.”

The ring announcer’s voice cuts through the tension, naming each man as the crowd roars around them. Four fighters stare daggers across the canvas.

=====  **DING! DING! DING!**  =====

# KINGDOM COME

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Rokk and KillJoy step forward like two boulders rolling downhill – **no circling, no hesitation, no testing the waters.** They just collide.

## THWACK!

A massive open-handed slap caves into Rokk's chest, echoing like a gunshot. Rokk fires back with a clubbing forearm across KillJoy's jaw. Another. Another. The crowd winces with every impact.

## CHAZ:

“Good lord— they’re not even *pretending* to feel each other out!”

Both men stand in the pocket, trading heavy elbows that snap heads sideways. Sweat sprays. Teeth grit. Neither gives an inch.

Rokk hits the ropes and comes roaring back – **shoulder block!** KillJoy rocks back a half step... but doesn't fall.

## BERT:

“Rokk hit him like a linebacker and KillJoy barely flinched!”

Rokk tries again – another shoulder block, this one harder. KillJoy absorbs it, shakes the cobwebs loose—

—**and spins into a brutal elbow that blasts spit clean out of Rokk's mouth.**



# KINGDOM COME

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The crowd erupts as Rokk staggers.

KillJoy pounces, yanking Rokk into a **tight, grinding headlock**, wrenching his neck sideways, forearm grinding across Rokk's cheekbone.

## CHAZ:

“That’s the opening! You give KillJoy one inch and he takes the whole match!”

Rokk drops to a knee under the pressure, fists digging into the mat, as the opening minutes already feel like a fight that skipped straight to round twelve.

KillJoy grinds the headlock tight, knuckles digging into the side of Rokk's skull. Then, with a sudden roar, he *lets go* — only to wrap those massive arms around Rokk's midsection.

## CHAZ:

“Oh come on... no way—”

KillJoy *lifts*.

Three hundred pounds of Reign Rokk is hauled clean off the mat, KillJoy's boots digging into the canvas as he squeezes the air out of him.

## BERT:

“That’s unreal strength! KillJoy’s got Rokk in a bearhug — look at this!”

Rokk thrashes, head whipping side to side, but KillJoy only tightens his grip... and then **powers him up higher**, muscles bulging, before *driving* him down into the mat with a ring-shaking slam.

# KINGDOM COME

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The ropes tremble. The crowd erupts.

**CHAZ:**

“How do you even prepare for that? KillJoy just threw a *giant!*”

KillJoy isn’t done. He yanks the big man up by the head, muscles thrumming, and **whips Rokk into the corner** so hard the turnbuckles rattle and the ring lets out a deep wooden *THUD*.

**BERT:**

“I’ve never seen anyone manhandle Reign Rokk like this!”

KillJoy stalks across the ring, steps heavy, chest heaving like some engine from hell. But before he reaches the corner—

**Rokk EXPLODES forward**, launching his entire weight into KillJoy’s chest.

**BOOM.**

KillJoy rocks back, staggered, but still refuses to fall.

The crowd roars as both men start swinging again—

**meat-on-meat forearms**, fists cracking against jaws, ribs, shoulders, anything they can reach. Sweat flies like sparks off steel.

KillJoy shakes off a shot and fires back a brutal elbow that snaps Rokk’s head to the side. Rokk absorbs it—growls—and hits the ropes again.

This time he **comes back like a freight train**—

**SHOULDER BLOCK!**

KillJoy is nearly knocked off his feet, boots skidding across the canvas.

**CHAZ:**

“He almost got him down! Rokk felt that!”

Rokk hits the ropes one more time—harder, faster, angrier—

**ANOTHER SHOULDER BLOCK—**

And this time KillJoy **goes airborne**, crashing backward into the ropes—

—and **violently spills over the top**, flipping and slamming onto the floor outside in a heap.

The Foundry pops **HUGE**.

# KINGDOM COME

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**BERT:**

“GOOD LORD! KillJoy just got launched out of the ring!”

The brutality of the match so far hangs heavy in the air as Reign Rokk stands over the ropes, chest heaving, the crowd roaring behind him.

Rokk rises slowly, shaking the cobwebs loose. He turns, spots KillJoy writhing on the floor outside—and something wild flashes across his face.

**CHAZ:**

“Uh... what the hell is he doing!?”

Rokk grips the ropes... and starts climbing.

The crowd rises with him—half disbelief, half terror—as the 300-pounder hauls his massive frame up to the top turnbuckle.

**BERT:**

“No—NO WAY. Rokk isn’t a high flyer! He’s never—”

Rokk steadies himself. The Foundry *holds its breath*.

A full second of tension. KillJoy stirs below.



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**Rokk leaps.**



A *thunderous* crash explodes on the outside as Reign Rokk's entire weight slams down onto KillJoy. Bodies skid. The mat shakes. The crowd erupts.

**CHAZ:**

**“GOOD GOD!** Rokk just threw his whole life at him!”

**BERT:**

“And the landing wasn’t clean—he came down ugly! That might’ve hurt BOTH men—but Rokk doesn’t care! He’s trying to take the monster out by any means necessary!”

Rokk clutches his ribs, grimacing—but pushes through the pain, crawling toward KillJoy.

**CHAZ:**

“He’s giving everything... EVERYTHING... to put KillJoy down!”

# KINGDOM COME

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Rokk and KillJoy claw and scrape their way upright, using whatever they can grab—the apron, the railing, each other. Their chests heave in unison. Their eyes lock again.

And then they **detonate**.

**CRACK.**

KillJoy lights up Rokk's jaw with a forearm that echoes.

**THUD.**

Rokk answers with a meaty elbow that staggers KillJoy sideways.

Another. And another.

No defense. No hesitation. Just two giants throwing ordinance until one drops.

They stagger toward the timekeeper's area—

KillJoy grabs Rokk by the beard—

Rokk slams KillJoy's head into the barricade—

KillJoy fires a knee into Rokk's ribs that folds him over.

The crowd is losing its mind.

**CHAZ:**

**"This isn't offense, this is SURVIVAL!"**

Rokk swings wildly—KillJoy ducks—

but before KillJoy can react, **Águila Feral** comes sprinting into the shot and *obliterates* Rokk with a diving knee to the back.

Rokk hits the floor with a boom.

**BERT:**

**"Feral just sniped him! He waited—he WATCHED—and he pounced!"**

But Alaric Green isn't far behind.

Green charges like a bull, smashing Feral so hard into the barricade the entire panel jumps loose. Feral rolls, stunned. Green stays on him—hammerfists, clubbing shots, dragging Feral by the mask, slinging him stomach-first onto the railing.

KillJoy barrels back into the fray, ripping Green off his partner.

Green swings—KillJoy blocks—

the two muscle monsters slam into the announce desk, knocking monitors to the ground.

# KINGDOM COME

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Rokk crawls, trying to stand—  
Feral pounces again, stomping Rokk's spine into the concrete.

All four men are everywhere at once—  
no partners, no order, just raw instinct.

The ref tries to wedge between KillJoy and Green—  
gets tossed aside like he isn't even human.

## **CHAZ:**

"He's giving all the leeway he can... but honestly? These aren't men you *contain*!"

Green rallies—snaps KillJoy with a European uppercut—  
a second—  
a third—  
and for a moment KillJoy wobbles.

Green sprints—

KillJoy *catches him mid-run by the throat*.

The arena goes silent for a heartbeat.

KillJoy lifts—

## **AND DRIVES GREEN THROUGH A TABLE RINGSIDE.**

Wood splinters. Fans rise as one.

## **BERT:**

"ALERIC GREEN IS DESTROYED! KILLJOY JUST ENDED A MAN!"

KillJoy rises slowly, chest heaving, eyes burning behind the mask.  
Feral pulls himself up by the apron.  
Rokk crawls toward the ring, dazed.

The ref pleads—shouts—waves his arms—  
somehow gets KillJoy turned toward the ring.

Feral helps drag Rokk back inside—  
and KillJoy storms after him.

The moment KillJoy steps through the ropes, he reaches out—

**Tag. Feral enters legally.**

## KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Green is motionless rubble at ringside.  
Rokk is alone, battered, gasping for air.  
And Aguila Feral?

Fresh. Focused.  
A predator stepping into a wounded world.

The Foundry is **buzzing**—a low, rolling roar that never settles, every fan on their feet as the match spirals deeper into chaos.

KillJoy hauls Rokk upright, shoving him into Feral's waiting arms. They move with frightening precision for men so large—  
KillJoy hits the ropes, rebounds—

**BAM!** A brutal chop block takes out Rokk's leg as Feral clotheslines him at the same moment.

Rokk flips backward in a sickening spin.

### CHAZ:

"That's not just power— that's coordination! That's why these two haven't been beaten!"

Feral stays on him—stalking—circling—

**CRACK!** A stiff kick to the ribs.

**WHAP!** Another to the back.

Rokk tries to rise, and Feral meets him with a savage lariat that sends the big man crashing again.

KillJoy tags back in, immediately dropping a knee onto Rokk's spine.

Then another.

Then a third, right across the shoulder blades.

### BERT:

"Rokk is being *butchered alive*."

KillJoy drags him up by the jaw and rams him into Feral's knee.

They tag again.

Feral hits a running boot that folds Rokk in half.

The punishment becomes **cyclical**—

KillJoy in with elbows and suffocating holds, wrenching Rokk's neck sideways...

Feral in with speed, blasting him with body shots, a spinning back elbow, a snapmare into a penalty kick across the spine...

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Tag after tag—

impact after impact—

Rokk becoming less a man and more debris being passed between storm fronts.

Meanwhile, on the outside—

Alaric Green begins to move.

At first it's just a twitch of the fingers.

Then a roll onto his side.

Then he grabs the barricade and hauls himself up inch by inch, eyes foggy but determined.

He sees Rokk being dismantled and **rage burns through his exhaustion.**

Green climbs onto the apron, barely steady, arm stretched as far as it can go.

**CHAZ:**

**“Green’s alive out there— but Rokk is a mile away from salvation!”**

But salvation isn’t coming.

Feral is the legal man again stalks Rokk with cruel intent.

He pulls Rokk between his legs—

hooks the waist—

and lifts him for a **sit-down piledriver.**

The crowd groans in horror, hands on heads.

**BERT:**

**“IF HE HITS THIS, ROKK’S NIGHT MIGHT BE OVER!”**

Feral hoists—

Rokk kicks his legs—

Feral adjusts—

Rokk bucks wildly—

And in one last burst of fight—

**BACK BODY DROP!**

Feral is sent flying high and crashes flat on his back, gasping.

The Foundry erupts into an earthquake of noise.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Rokk collapses forward, hands trembling, dragging himself with nothing but instinct.

Feral rolls toward his own corner, clutching his spine.

KillJoy shouts warnings from the apron but is too far to intervene.

Rokk crawls.

Then crawls more.

Every inch looks like agony.

Green slaps the buckle, screaming for the tag, arm outstretched as far as his shoulder will allow.

Rokk lunges—

## TAG!

The roof comes off.

Alaric Green explodes into the match like a man rediscovering his purpose. The hot tag ignites him — stiff forearms, sharp kicks to the thigh, and that **signature snapping Greenlight knee strike** that folds Águila Feral over the middle rope.

Feral keeps trying to answer back with wild, predatory swipes, but every time he lunges, the veteran muscle memory takes over. Green slips behind, snaps off a **floating neckbreaker**, then floats straight into a grounded facelock to grind the air from Feral's lungs.

The Foundry rallies behind him as he strings together combinations with the calm, punishing rhythm of a man who's been doing this for twenty years. Two separate pin attempts force Feral to burn precious energy just to stay alive.

Rokk, still doubled over in the corner and bruised from the earlier onslaught, reaches out with a trembling hand — desperate to rejoin the fight — but Green stays in control, staying laser-focused on breaking Feral down piece by piece.

Eventually he drags the beast into friendly territory and tags Rokk back in. The big man storms through the ropes with rage in his veins, every strike powered by indignation and pain.

For the first time all match, the tide truly feels turned: Green and Rokk rotate tags with grinding precision, cutting the ring in half and isolating Feral. Minute after minute, they bully him deeper into the corner, suffocating his rhythm, bleeding the fight out of him, and proving exactly why two veterans — two rivals — can become the most dangerous kind of allies.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Alaric Green has **Águila Feral** trapped in the corner, grinding him down with stiff elbows—one after another—lining up a final, crushing blow.

But before it lands, the Foundry *erupts* as **KillJoy charges in illegally**, exploding into the ring like a monster let off its chain.

He **scoops Green straight off his feet**, hoisting him inverted—

## THE LAUGHING END.

Green's face crashes down across KillJoy's rising knee.

The veteran drops like a puppet with its strings cut.

The referee shouts, pushes, and wrestles KillJoy backward, finally forcing the monster back to his corner.

Green is motionless.

Feral crawls—inch by inch—until his hand reaches up.

## TAG.

KillJoy steps in *legally* now, towering over Green's limp body. He drags the veteran up again, setting him for another Laughing End—

—but **Reign Rokk storms into the ring to break it up**, clubbing KillJoy across the back with everything he has left.

The referee is losing control entirely, yelling at Rokk to get out.

Feral recovers just enough to dive back into the ring,

**grabbing Rokk and hurling him through the ropes.**

Rokk spills to the floor, and Feral jumps out after him, laying in heavy shots on the outside.

Inside the ring:

Only **KillJoy** and **Green** remain.

They are the legal men.

Green still hasn't moved.

KillJoy lifts the veteran one more time—slow, deliberate, merciless.

## A SECOND LAUGHING END.

No hesitation.

He hooks the leg.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**ONE!**  
**TWO!**  
**THREE!**

KillJoy and Feral stay undefeated—cold, dominant, unstoppable.

————— ♛ DING! DING! DING! ♛ ———

**CHAZ:**

“Look at that. Just... look at it. KillJoy and Águila Feral stand tall again. Dominant. Unanswered. And at this point, you have to start asking—*what does it take to beat a team like that?*”

**BERT:**

“It might take something special, Chaz. It might take a team with real history. Real chemistry. The kind of bond you only get after years together. Because power alone? That’s not enough.”

**CHAZ:**

“And that’s what excites me about what we’re seeing unfold here in Creative Force Wrestling. This is more than just two monsters winning matches—this is the foundation of a division being laid in real time.”

**BERT:**

“Tag team wrestling matters. Always has. Strategy, timing, trust—it’s an art. And teams like KillJoy and Águila Feral are forcing that art to evolve. They’re setting the bar whether anyone’s ready or not.”



## KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

### CHAZ:

“If this is the standard... if this is what teams are walking into... then the future of a full-fledged CFW tag team division? That could be something special.”

### BERT:

“I’d love to see it. And if championships are ever forged here—this is exactly the kind of team that makes them *mean something*.”

### CHAZ:

“No doubt about it. These monsters have planted their flag early. And whoever comes next? They better come prepared.”

—————  **Winners**  ———

## Killjoy & Águila Feral

—————  **By Pinfall**  ———

### CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Before we move on, folks — we need to take you back for a moment.”

The lights soften. The crowd settles, curious.

### CHAZ:

“At *SpeedRun 5*, our former broadcast partner Ronnie Kixx made an announcement that quietly set the wheels in motion for what we’re about to see next.”

### BERT McDANIELS:

“Quietly... or unsettlingly, depending on how you took it.”

Chaz nods.

### CHAZ:

“Ronnie revealed that tonight’s Battle Royal wasn’t just another match. According to him, it was part of MAR’s vision for *Kingdom Come*.”

A ripple moves through the crowd at the mention of MAR.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**BERT:**

“And then he went a step further.”



Royals turn into career moments. But this isn't a charity, and it's not a favor. You don't just *declare* you're winning something like this.”

**CHAZ:**

“Especially not with the field that's assembled tonight.”

The tone shifts — less skepticism, more gravity.

**CHAZ:**

“This Battle Royal has drawn serious attention. We've got hungry prospects looking to break through. We've got competitors from outside CFW stepping into The Foundry to make a statement.”

**CHAZ:**

“He announced he'd be entering it himself. Said he was going to win it.”

Bert exhales, almost laughing.

**BERT:**

“I'll be honest, Chaz — I didn't know whether to laugh or worry.”

**CHAZ:**

“You weren't alone.”

The camera pans across the ring, empty but waiting.

**BERT:**

“Look — we've seen Battle

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**BERT:**

“And that’s the thing — whatever Ronnie thought this was going to be, it’s turned into a proving ground.”

Chaz leans forward.

**CHAZ:**

“Every single person in this match wants the same thing: to be remembered.”

**BERT:**

“To survive the chaos. To outlast everyone else. To walk out of here with momentum in a company where momentum matters.”

A brief beat.

**CHAZ:**

“So yeah — Ronnie can talk about visions all he wants.”

**BERT:**

“But when that bell rings, it’s not about MAR.”

**CHAZ:**

“It’s about who can stand when everyone else is thrown out.”

The crowd begins to rise, anticipation building.

**CHAZ (firm):**

“Ladies and gentlemen... coming up next — the first Battle Royal in Creative Force Wrestling history.”



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

## Match Three

# CFW Player Battle Royal

## Over the top rope Battle Royal

The lights dip slightly as the first competitors start coming through the curtain.

**Nico Blaze** is already moving when he hits the ring, bouncing off the ropes and shaking out his arms. **Lobo Briggs** follows, slower and heavier, stepping through the ropes and taking a corner without ceremony. A steadier reaction rolls through the building as **Josh Conway** makes his way down, nods once, and settles in.

**Faze** comes next, grinning as he slides under the bottom rope and immediately crowds Blaze. **Theo Quinn** enters with focus, eyes on the ring the whole way. **Swanny** isn't far behind, circling the ring the second he steps in. **Chris Titan** slips in quietly and keeps his distance.

**Wendell Grimes** hangs at the top of the ramp for a moment, then commits, sliding in low. **Gunner Wade** brings up the rear of the field, climbing the steps and stepping through the ropes like he's done this a thousand times.

No introductions.

No pauses.

The ring fills quickly. Shoves start. Words get exchanged. Hands grip the top rope as competitors test their balance and each other.

Then the music hits.

**Ronnie Kixx** walks onto the stage.

The reaction is immediate. He heads straight for the ring, microphone already in hand, eyes locked on the bodies inside. Ronnie steps through the ropes, moves to the center, and **raises the mic as the boos swells around him**.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

## **RONNIE KIXX:**

“Ladies and gentlemen, tonight—”

### **♪ Shayna Vex’s music hits.**

The boos flip instantly into a huge pop.

Ronnie freezes mid-sentence.

## **CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“Wait a second—SHAYNA VEX?!”

The crowd is on its feet as Shayna Vex steps out onto the stage for the first time since *Run It Back*. She pauses there, letting the reaction wash over her.

Then—

**Jade Vierra** steps out beside her.

The noise doubles.

## **BERT MCDANIELS:**

“You’ve got to be kidding me.”

The two women stand shoulder to shoulder at the top of the ramp — no hesitation, no theatrics. Just confidence.

## **CHAZ:**

“We haven’t seen Shayna Vex since Run It Back, and now she’s here—”

## **BERT:**

“—and she didn’t come alone.”

The Foundry is buzzing now.

## **CHAZ:**

“It looks like two powerhouses from the women’s division are joining this Battle Royal”

## **BERT:**

“And listen to this place. The Foundry is *all* for it.”

Shayna and Jade start down the ramp together, measured and deliberate. No rush. No doubt. Eyes forward.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Inside the ring, the competitors shift uneasily. Ronnie backs up a step, jaw tight, still holding the mic.

Shayna reaches the apron first.

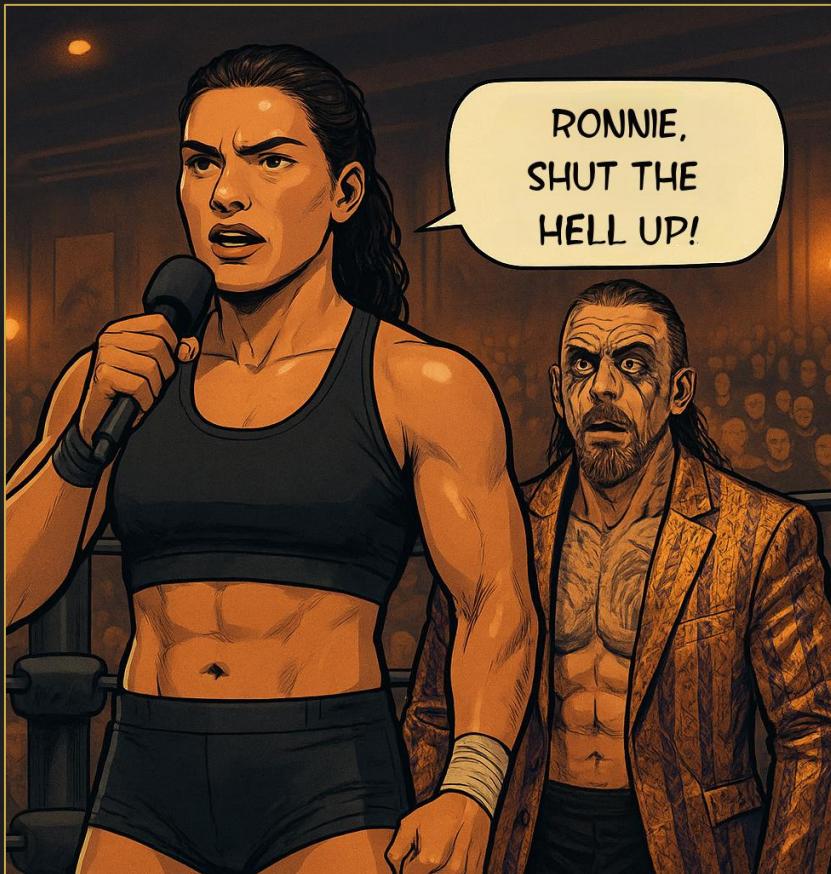
She steps through the ropes, never breaking eye contact with Ronnie.

One straight line. No detour.

She walks right up to him and **takes the microphone out of his hand.**

Ronnie looks stunned — then offended — opening his mouth in protest.

The crowd erupts.



**SHAYNA VEX:**

**“Ronnie, Shut the hell up.”**

Huge pop.

Shayna doesn't look at Ronnie. Not yet.

**SHAYNA:**

**“I’m not gonna lie.”**

She finally turns, mic steady.

**SHAYNA:**

**“Yeah — I wish I was in the title match tonight.”**

A murmur runs through the crowd.

**SHAYNA:**

**“But I’m not.”**

She shrugs it off like it's already settled.

She looks out over the ring.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**SHAYNA:**

“I respect the hell out of Sudio.”

The crowd cheers.

**SHAYNA:**

“And yeah — even Brandi.”

The boos hit hard. Shayna smirks just a little.

**SHAYNA:**

“That women’s division doesn’t have a damn thing left to prove.”

The crowd roars in agreement.

**SHAYNA:**

“We’ve left sweat in this ring. We’ve left blood in this ring. We’ve already earned our spot.”

She steps forward, voice lowering.

**SHAYNA:**

“So no — Jade and I aren’t walking into this Battle Royal to prove anything.”

She turns her head slightly. Jade stands tall beside her.

**SHAYNA:**

“We’re here to kick some ass.”

The crowd explodes.

Shayna drops the mic at Ronnie’s feet.



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event



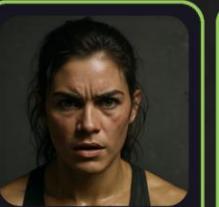
Swanny



Gunner Wade



Josh Conway



Shayna Vex



Theo Quinn



Ronnie Kixx



Wendell Grimes



Nico Blaze



Chris Titan



Faze



Jade Vierra



Lobo Briggs

## RING ANNOUNCER:

“Ladies and gentlemen, this match is a Battle Royal!”

The crowd responds, loud and ready.

## RING ANNOUNCER:

“There is no time limit, and no disqualifications.”

## RING ANNOUNCER:

“Participants are eliminated only when they are thrown over the top rope and **both feet touch the floor.**”

## RING ANNOUNCER:

“The last participant remaining in the ring... will be declared the winner.”

The referee checks the ring one last time.

—————👑 DING! DING! DING! 👑—————

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

The bell rings—

And there's no feeling-out period at all.

Fists fly immediately. Bodies collide. Dropkicks snap heads back. Someone gets slammed before the crowd even finishes reacting. The ring explodes into motion as alliances form and dissolve in seconds.

**Swanny** wastes no time.

He beelines straight for **Ronnie Kixx**, unloading wild right hands that back him into the ropes. The crowd roars as **Swanny** swings again—

—but **Ronnie** ducks low and **slides out under the bottom rope**, tumbling to the floor in a panic.

**CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“Oh come on!”

**BERT MCDANIELS:**

“The little weasel got away!”



Inside the ring, the chaos continues.

**Blaze** eats a stiff dropkick from **Quinn, Briggs** flattens **Titan** with a shoulder block, **Conway** trades heavy shots with **Wade** — but the camera cuts outside.

**Ronnie Kixx** is already on his feet.

He smooths his hair back. Adjusts his gear. And looks straight into the hard cam with a wide, smug grin.

**RONNIE KIXX:**  
“This is my destiny.”

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

The crowd rains down boos as Ronnie paces at ringside, content to let everyone else beat each other senseless.

**Swanny** lingers too close to the ropes, eyes locked on **Ronnie Kixx** at ringside after chasing him off moments earlier.

That's all the opening **Gunner Wade** needs.

Wade breaks away from **Josh Conway** and charges, slamming into Swanny from behind and driving him chest-first into the ropes. Swanny barely keeps his footing, arms hooked over the top as Wade leans his weight in, trying to muscle him out.

Swanny fires back—sharp elbows, a headbutt—forcing Wade to stagger. The crowd rises as Swanny turns, unloading heavy shots. Momentum swings. Gunner's on the back foot.

Desperate, Wade creates space, grabbing Swanny by the arm and **whipping him hard into the ropes**.

And in one perfectly timed, disgusting move—

**Ronnie Kixx** hops onto the apron.

He yanks the top rope down.

**Swanny** hits the ropes at full speed and has nothing there.

He spills forward, tumbling over the top rope and crashing to the floor.

The arena erupts in boos.

**CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“No way—did you see that?!”

**BERT McDANIELS:**

“Ronnie Kixx just stole one!”

Inside the ring, **Gunner Wade** looks stunned for half a second—then backs away fast as the referee signals the call.

At ringside, Ronnie throws his arms wide, laughing as Swanny explodes in disbelief on the floor.

Ronnie mouths off at him, soaking in the hate.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

===== 1<sup>st</sup> Elimination =====

**Swanny**

===== By Gunner Wade (1) =====

On the outside, **Ronnie Kixx** scrambles backward, hands up, trying to keep space between himself and the furious **Swanny**.



It doesn't last.

Swanny explodes forward and **levels Ronnie with a brutal clothesline**, flipping him inside out to a massive pop. Ronnie hits the floor hard, scrambling on instinct as Swanny grabs him by the collar and **hurls him back under the bottom rope**.

Inside the ring—

Ronnie barely gets to a knee before **Gunner Wade** is there.

Wade hauls him up

without hesitation and **drives him straight down with a crushing powerbomb**, the ring shuddering on impact. Ronnie lies motionless.

Wade doesn't wait.

He drags the dead weight up and **tosses Ronnie Kixx over the top rope**, sending him spilling back to the floor as the crowd erupts.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

## CHAZ DEL RIO:

“That’s it! That’s justice!”

## BERT MCDANIELS:

“Ronnie Kixx is DONE!”

The referee signals the elimination.

=====  2<sup>nd</sup> Elimination  =====

**Ronnie Kixx**

=====  By Gunner Wade (2)  =====

**Swanny** stands over him for a moment, chest heaving, eyes burning. **Ronnie** looks up, dazed.

Swanny considers it—

Then shakes his head.

He turns away, **shrugs Ronnie off**, and walks up the ramp without a word, clearly still pissed off but finished with him.

The crowd roars again as the battle royal rolls on behind him.

## CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Ronnie Kixx is gone. And if Ronnie and the Seers had some grand vision for Kingdom Come like he promised... it’s not looking too good right now.”

## BERT MCDANIELS:

“No. Lena already knocked off Vanessa earlier tonight, and now Ronnie’s been bounced from the battle royal. So far, KillJoy and Águila Feral are the only ones who’ve actually delivered a win for the Seers.”

## CHAZ DEL RIO:

“That’s coming up short if you ask me.”

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

## BERT MCDANIELS:

“Still—let’s not pretend this is over. The Seers don’t usually show their whole hand at once. Whether there’s something bigger coming later tonight or down the road... we’ll find out.”

Inside the ring, the action never slows.

## CHAZ DEL RIO:

“But look at this ring right now. This isn’t a roster you control.”

## BERT MCDANIELS:

“This talent pool is hungry. Skilled. Desperate to make a name. Whatever Ronnie thought he was walking into—these competitors are not playing along.”

Bodies collide as the chaos continues.

## CHAZ DEL RIO:

“I’m seriously impressed with these prospects. They look dominant.”

## BERT MCDANIELS:

“And right now, **Gunner Wade** is leading the charge—two eliminations already. The man looks like an absolute beast.”

With ten still in the ring, there’s no slowdown—only escalation. Bodies collide in every corner. Forearms snap. Boots fly. The Foundry is fully alive now.

**Shayna Vex** stands her ground in the center, trading sharp strikes with **Nico Blaze**. Blaze tries to overwhelm her with speed, but Shayna absorbs it, fires back, and refuses to give an inch. Every counter draws the crowd deeper into it.

Nearby, **Jade Vierra** explodes through **Chris Titan** with a thunderous German suplex that rattles the ring. She pops to her feet as Titan rolls away, stunned. The reaction is instant—two powerhouses, standing tall, making their presence undeniable.

Then the tone shifts.

In the middle of the ring, **Faze** and **Gunner Wade** lock eyes.

No words. No hesitation.

They crash together with heavy, clubbing blows—pure force, neither man backing down.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

The exchange drifts into the corner, shoulders and forearms hammering against turnbuckles, then spills back into open space. It's raw. It's violent. It's even.

A sudden reversal sends Faze crashing to the mat.

Gunner steps in, reaching down to haul him up—

—but in one sharp, calculated burst, **Faze** springs to life. He drops low, shoots for the legs, and uses Gunner's own momentum against him. In one fluid motion, he scoops, drives, and sends Wade tumbling over the top rope.

The crowd erupts.

**Gunner Wade** hits the floor hard.

He's out.

Faze rises slowly, breathing heavy, eyes locked on the ring around him as the battle royal roars on.

=====  3<sup>rd</sup> Elimination  =====

**Gunner Wade**

=====  By Faze (1)  =====

Fresh off eliminating **Gunner Wade**, **Faze** barely has time to rise before he's rocked by a sudden missile dropkick from **Theo Quinn**. Quinn—quicker, lighter, all speed—hits him flush in the chest and sends him crashing into the ropes. The two lock eyes and immediately start throwing hands. Power versus pace. Fists, forearms, quick counters. Faze shoves Quinn back with brute force, but Quinn fires right back, bouncing off the ropes and keeping the pressure on as their fight spills toward the corner.

Elsewhere, the ring shifts.

**Shayna Vex** and **Jade Vierra** stand shoulder to shoulder, muscling **Nico Blaze** toward the ropes. Blaze is teetering—arms flailing, boots scraping for grip—as the crowd senses it. Vex drives forward, Jade helps lift—

—but chaos intervenes.

## KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**Wendell Grimes**, reeling from an exchange on the opposite side of the ring, is whipped hard and collides straight into the group. The impact breaks the momentum. **Blaze** drops low, instincts kicking in. He yanks the top rope down and snakes an arm under Vex's, using leverage to pull her forward.

Shayna fights it.

The crowd rises with her as she digs in, clawing back toward center, refusing to go. She looks to Jade—

And Jade moves.

**Jade** steps in, grips **Shayna** by the legs, and without hesitation lifts.

The realization hits a split second too late.

Shayna Vex is dumped over the top rope, crashing to the floor.

The arena erupts in boos.

Jade stands alone at the ropes, expression cold, unflinching, as **Nico Blaze** scrambles away and the match explodes back into motion around her.

—————  4<sup>th</sup> Elimination  ———

**Shayna Vex**

—————  By Jade Vierra (1)  ———

### CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Jade saw the opening and she took it — and I don’t blame her for that. But Shayna Vex will. They walked in together, and no doubt Shayna feels betrayed. Jade’s going to have to answer for that.”

With the field thinning, **Faze** starts to loom over the chaos.

That wild mohawk streaked with war-paint cuts through the motion like a warning sign. He moves with no wasted effort—short, violent bursts—

## KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

throwing bodies aside with raw force. A shoulder block folds one competitor inside out. A follow-up lariat sends another scrambling to the ropes.

**CHAZ:** “Look at Faze. There’s nothing conventional about him—nothing comfortable. That look alone gets in your head.”

**BERT:** “And once he touches you, it gets worse. He doesn’t fight pretty—he fights to break momentum.”

**Faze** storms across the ring like a bull in a china shop, daring anyone to step up.

In the corner, another threat is being neutralized—at least for now.

The massive **Lobo Briggs** is trapped against the turnbuckles as **Theo Quinn** and **Josh Conway** unload with sharp, relentless stomps. Boots thud into ribs and thighs, keeping the big man grounded.

**CHAZ:** “That’s smart wrestling right there. You don’t trade shots with someone like Lobo Briggs—you swarm him.”

**BERT:** “Exactly. Big men don’t go out easy. You soften them first.”

But even as Lobo absorbs the punishment, he stays upright, hands gripping the ropes, teeth clenched—waiting.

Elsewhere, **Jade Vierra** is locked in a power struggle with **Nico Blaze**.

Jade muscles Nico up and drives him back toward the ropes, trying to dump him over. Nico desperately hooks an arm around the top rope, legs flailing, boots scraping for leverage as the crowd roars with every inch gained or lost.

Jade strains, jaw set, refusing to let go.

Nico kicks, twists, and hangs on—pure survival mode.

**CHAZ:** “This is what a battle royal does to you. There’s no plan—just instincts.”

**BERT:** “And Nico Blaze has plenty of those.”

Around them, bodies collide, alliances form and dissolve in seconds, and every wrestler is watching everyone else—waiting for the smallest opening.

No breathing room.

No safe corner.

## KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**Chris Titan** ducks a wild lariat from **Faze** and immediately creates space, circling out and staying light on his feet. He knows better than to engage the big man head-on at this stage — survival first, violence later.

On the opposite side of the ring, **Jade** and **Nico Blaze** get tangled up, their struggle tightening into sharp chain wrestling. Quick switches, wrist control, frantic counters — neither willing to give an inch as the chaos swirls around them.

Chaos finds focus when **Faze** turns his attention to “North Star” **Josh Conway** and **Theo Quinn**, who are trying to fend off **Lobo** near the ropes. It doesn’t last long.

Faze and Lobo lock eyes — an unspoken agreement.

The crowd rises as the big men take over.

Lobo hoists Conway high for a powerbomb. At the same time, Faze scoops up Theo Quinn just as easily. They step together — **boom** — smashing Conway and Quinn into each other mid-air before driving them down through the mat in stereo powerbombs.

The Foundry explodes.

Before **Theo** can even crawl, **Faze** snatches him back up and, with zero effort, hurls him over the top rope and to the floor below.

=====  5<sup>th</sup> Elimination  =====

**Theo Quinn**

=====  By Faze (2)  =====

The crowd roars as **Theo Quinn** crashes to the floor, a mix of shock and awe rippling through The Foundry.

### CHAZ DEL RIO:

“That’s raw power on display. Lobo and Faze just turned this thing into a demolition site.”

## KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**Chris Titan** stays on the outskirts, eyes darting, picking his moment — but **Wendell Grimes** sneaks up from behind and catches him off guard. Titan fires back fast, and the two fall into a stiff, grinding sparring exchange. Sharp forearms. Tight counters. Technical wrestling layered over raw aggression as neither man gives an inch.

Across the ring, **Jade** cinches in a crushing headlock on **Nico Blaze**, grinding him down methodically. Nico fights, but Jade keeps her base low and her grip tight, draining the fight out of him inch by inch.

Somehow, some way, **Josh Conway** slips free from the wreckage near the ropes. The veteran creates just enough space — and that moment of chaos turns into opportunity.

**Faze** turns, looking to strike Conway...

—and cracks **Lobo** instead.

The shot lands flush.

The big men square up, suddenly trading heavy blows as the crowd buzzes at the shift. Fists fly. Chests thump. The alliance fractures in real time.

**Josh Conway** backs away, shaking out his arms, catching his breath — the veteran finding his bearings as the battlefield reshapes around him.

**Lobo** and **Faze** are teeing off on each other now — huge, clubbing strikes, forearms and fists colliding with sickening force. Neither man backing down. Neither man giving an inch.

The crowd is on its feet, feeding off every heavy blow as the two beasts trade shots in the center of the ring.

### CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Listen to this place! This is what happens when two unstoppable forces finally collide — no strategy, no finesse, just raw power and pride!”

### BERT McDANIELS:

“Neither one of these men knows how to quit, and neither one wants to be the first to fall. This is a collision waiting to explode!”

## KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**Chris Titan** and **Wendell Grimes** heat up on the opposite side of the ring, the tempo spiking as their exchanges turn sharp and desperate. Grimes muscles Titan toward the ropes and nearly dumps him with a back body drop — Titan flips, barely catching the top rope at the last second.

The Foundry *erupts*.

Titan's boots scrape, his grip shaking, but he hangs on — pure instinct keeping him alive.

**Josh Conway** sees the opening and charges in, teaming up with Grimes to finally finish the job. They hammer Titan with shots, trying to pry his hands loose — but Titan fires back with a sudden elbow to Conway's jaw, knocking the veteran stumbling backward.

That hesitation costs them.

**Grimes** spins to reset — and **Conway** pays for being too close.

Wendell snaps on Conway without warning, drilling him with a crisp snap suplex that rattles the mat. The crowd gasps at the sudden betrayal.

As **Grimes** rises, **Titan** explodes off the ropes — **reverse DDT**, spiking Wendell hard into the canvas.

Now all three are tangled in the chaos — fists flying, bodies colliding, no alliances left standing. Titan scrambles to his feet, Conway shaking it off, Grimes already pulling himself back up.

On the far side of the ring, **Faze** and **Lobo Briggs** are locked in a slugfest — heavy forearms, no space, no finesse. Lobo muscles through and **whips Faze toward the ropes**, sending him straight into the mess where **Conway, Titan, and Grimes** are already fighting for survival.

For a split second, it looks like Faze is dead weight.

Instead, he makes a snap decision.

**Faze turns his momentum**, charges back in, and **levels Conway and Titan with a double lariat**, hunting a massive double elimination.

The crowd *erupts*.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**Conway hangs on**, barely – boots scraping the apron, hands locked tight to the rope.

**Titan doesn't.**

**Titan flips over the top and crashes to the floor.**

**The crowd pops.**

**BERT McDANIELS:**

“Ahh damn – Titan's out!”

**CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“And that's tough, Bert. Titan hasn't had the best run or the best luck in CFW so far, but I'll say this – the kid fought his ass off tonight.”

**BERT McDANIELS:**

“No question. There's something there. You can see the potential – sometimes the results don't come first, but the fight does.”

Titan sits on the floor, staring back at the ring – frustrated, exhausted, but clearly still hungry – as the match rolls on without him.

**BERT McDANIELS:**

“We're halfway through the field now – six competitors still standing. Chaz, what are you seeing out there?”



**CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“I'm seeing exactly what we've come to expect from CFW, Bert – heart and grit. Nobody coasting, nobody hiding. And look at

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**Jade Vierra** — the only woman left in this match — still swinging, still fighting to stay alive.”

## BERT McDANIELS:

“She’s hanging on by pure will right now.”

## CHAZ DEL RIO:

“And the other story, Bert, it’s power. Plain and simple. **Faze** with three eliminations already, and **Lobo Briggs** right there with him. I didn’t know a whole lot about either man coming into tonight — but I know this: they look like absolute beasts in there.”

## BERT McDANIELS:

“When size meets momentum like that, the whole match changes.”

=====  6<sup>th</sup> Elimination  =====

## Chris Titan

=====  By Faze (3)  =====

With **Titan eliminated**, the match explodes.

Dropkicks fly from every direction. Crossbodies crash into clustered bodies. For a moment, it’s pure disorder — no alliances, no targets, just survival.

**Lobo Briggs** cuts through the noise with a **violent spinning elbow**, flattening **Nico Blaze** and sending him scrambling to the ropes.

Slowly, the chaos begins to settle.

And when it does, the power asserts itself again.

**Faze** locks onto **Wendell Grimes**, muscling him around the ring, grinding him down. On the opposite side, **Lobo** singles out the veteran **Josh Conway**, testing experience against raw force.

Meanwhile, **Jade Vierra** sees her opening.

She charges at a visibly hurt **Blaze**, looking to capitalize — but Blaze plays possum. At the last second, he twists free, **turns her momentum against her**, and **dumps Jade over the top rope**.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

## The fans boo loudly.

Jade hits the floor in disbelief, slapping the apron in frustration as Blaze smirks inside the ring — chaos giving way to cruelty as the field thins.

=====  7<sup>th</sup> Elimination  =====

**Jade Vierra**

=====  By Nico Blaze (1)  =====

We're down to **five**.

**Josh Conway, Wendell Grimes, and Nico Blaze** lock eyes — no words, no signal — just an understanding. Across the ring, **Faze** and **Lobo Briggs** loom, still standing tall.

The three **charge at once**.

**BERT McDANIELS:**

“Looks like we might be seeing a temporary alliance here.”

**CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“They’ve realized the threat, Bert. Those two big men have been running this match.”

For a stretch, it works.

The numbers finally slow the monsters down. **Double-team slams, quick lariats**, bodies crashing into corners — the crowd coming alive as the giants stagger for the first time.

But it never lasts.

**Lobo Briggs** snatches **Josh Conway** out of the scramble and **drills him with a massive swinging sidewalk slam**, the ring shaking on impact.

**Faze** doesn’t hesitate.

He scoops **Conway** up and **hurls him over the top rope**.

The alliance shatters instantly.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Conway hits the floor, and the moment is gone.

Inside the ring, **Grimes** turns his attention to a wounded **Blaze**, looking to pick him apart — while **Faze** and **Lobo** lock eyes again, the truce fully dead as the two big men collide once more.

—————  8<sup>th</sup> Elimination  ———

**Josh Conway**

—————  By Faze (4)  ———

We're down to **four**.

**BERT McDANIELS:**

"You've got to think, Chaz — if there's ever a time for another alliance, it's now."

**CHAZ DEL RIO:**

"It would be in **Wendell Grimes'** and **Nico Blaze's** best interest to work together... but look at Blaze. He's the most hurt man in the ring right now."

Nico staggers on instinct alone — breathing heavy, ribs taped, face worn. He's still swinging, but it's clear he's running on fumes.

Grimes sees it.

He **backs away**, slipping into the corner, laying low.

The big men don't.

**Faze** and **Lobo Briggs** close in on the wounded Blaze and **crush him with back-to-back powerbombs**, before hoisting him up and **spiking him with a brutal double chokeslam**. Nico crumples to the mat.

Then — without warning —

**Faze snaps and blasts Lobo with a massive spinning elbow.**

The crowd roars as Faze **charges**, trying to muscle Lobo over the ropes. Lobo fires back, and the two giants **lock up in a grinding power struggle** near the apron — neither willing to give an inch.

That's when **Grimes** strikes.

## KINGDOM COME

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Like a vulture, he swoops in on the fallen Blaze, scoops him up, and looks for the kill — maybe a DDT —

**But Nico counters.**

With a burst of desperation, Blaze **spikes Grimes with a running bulldog**, the crowd exploding as the sudden impact rattles the ring.

It takes everything he has.

Nico can barely stand.

Grimes staggers back in again —

And Blaze digs **deep**.

He leaps forward and **snaps Grimes down with a jumping stunner**, the momentum carrying Wendell straight over the top rope.

**The crowd ERUPTS.**

**BERT McDANIELS:**

“HOW did he do that?!”

**CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“That’s heart, Bert. That’s survival.”

Grimes hits the floor, stunned — and somehow, impossibly, **Nico Blaze is still alive**.

=====  9<sup>th</sup> Elimination  =====

**Wendell Grimes**

=====  By Nico Blaze (2)  =====

We’re down to **three**.

**BERT McDANIELS:**

“You know what I’m hearing right now, Chaz?”

**CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“Yeah — that crowd’s changed their tune.”

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

## BERT McDANIELS:

“Earlier they were booing **Nico Blaze** for eliminating Jade Vierra... but listen to this now.”

The crowd **roars** as Nico struggles back to his feet, battered and barely standing, staring across the ring at **Faze** and **Lobo Briggs**.

## CHAZ DEL RIO:

“They see it, Bert. They see a gritty underdog who’s taken a beating and refuses to quit — left alone in the ring with two absolute beasts.”

## BERT McDANIELS:

“And in this moment, that changes everything.”

Nico wipes blood from his mouth, steadies himself against the ropes — the odds stacked impossibly high — as the final stretch looms.

The final **three** put on an absolute **war**.

What unfolds is the match’s defining stretch — a true triple threat, shifting rhythms and brutal contrasts. **Nico Blaze**, somehow still explosive despite the damage, throws everything he has into every opening. He’s fast, dynamic, reckless — and the crowd is **fully behind him now**.

Across from him, **Lobo Briggs** is pure punishment. Every strike lands heavy. Every shot echoes. He doesn’t rush — he **breaks people down**.

**Faze** picks his moments, letting the fight breathe before crashing back in, slowing the pace with raw power when the chaos threatens to spiral.

The momentum swings wildly.

High-impact collisions give way to exhausted standoffs. Brief lulls snap into violence again. At one point, **Briggs nearly goes over the ropes**, teetering on the edge — but he claws his way back in, refusing to fall.

Then disaster for Blaze.

**Faze grabs Nico and drills him with a thunderous chokeslam**, planting him hard in the center of the ring. As Nico lies motionless, **Briggs recovers at the ropes** and storms back in, **hammering Blaze on the ground**.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Faze hangs back.

Briggs **scraps Nico off the mat**, hoisting him up, looking to end it — the moment feels final.

But somehow... **Nico fights back.**

The crowd rises as Blaze fires elbows, desperation fueling him. The commentators can't believe what they're seeing. Nico **reverses**, shoving **Briggs** toward the ropes — for a split second, it feels like the impossible is happening.

Then **Briggs explodes forward.**

**A massive shoulder tackle** cuts **Blaze** in half.

Nico is sent **airborne**, barely grazing the ropes as he's **launched clean over the top**.

There's a moment where the crowd *wants* to be upset — and then the realization hits.

**That was unreal.**

The fans erupt, stunned by the sheer display of power as Nico crashes to the floor — empty, spent, but made in the process.



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

—————  10<sup>th</sup> Elimination  ———

## Nico Blaze

—————  By Lobo Briggs (1)  ———

**Nico Blaze** sits on the floor outside the ring, staring up at the ropes — **disappointed**, chest heaving, trying to process how close he came.

After a moment, he **shakes it off**.

The crowd rises to its feet.

A wave of **applause** rolls through the arena — not pity, not sympathy — **respect**.

Nico slowly pulls himself up and starts toward the aisle. Halfway there, he stops, leaning against the rail, catching his breath as the fans continue to clap, some pounding the barricade, others calling out his name.

**BERT McDANIELS:**

“This kid deserves it.”



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

## CHAZ DEL RIO:

“What a hell of an effort he gave tonight.”

The crowd continues to applaud as **Nico Blaze** disappears through the curtain.

Then — silence.

All eyes return to the ring.

**Faze** and **Lobo Briggs** lock eyes once more and **step toward the center**, the chaos finally stripped away. Just the two of them now.

## BERT McDANIELS:

“These two have been beating the hell out of each other all match long.”

## CHAZ DEL RIO:

“And don’t forget — Faze has been an elimination machine tonight. Four eliminations to his name.”

There’s a moment — a breath — and then they **crash into each other again**.

Heavy forearms. Clubbing blows. No finesse left, just will. Each strike lands slower than the last, but somehow harder. They wrestle between shots — clinches, shoves, desperate slams — refusing to give ground.

**Faze** muscles Lobo toward the ropes.

For a second time tonight, **Lobo Briggs is nearly out**.

But through pure, unbelievable strength, **he hangs on**.

The fight spills back to center. Another brutal exchange. A massive slam shakes the ring. Both men are clearly running on fumes now — sweat pouring, legs heavy, breathing labored.

The crowd **rises to its feet**, not roaring — **respectful**, understanding what they’re witnessing.

Once more, **Faze digs deep**.

He charges, drives Lobo back, lifting, pushing — **again nearly forcing him out**.

Lobo holds on — knuckles white, body screaming.

And then —

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

The momentum shifts.

The force of Faze's effort and the raw strength of Briggs collide in a split second — **Faze is pulled forward**, flipping over **Lobo's** back —

And **Faze** spills to the floor.

—————👑 DING! DING! DING! 👑————

**BERT McDANIELS:**

“That... was survival.”

**CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“He held on for dear life. **Faze** gave everything he had — and it carried him right over.”

Lobo Briggs slumps against the ropes, barely standing — not triumphant, not celebrating — just **still alive**.



**BERT McDANIELS:**

“Briggs held on.”

**CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“And I don't think we've seen the last of the battle between **Briggs** and **Faze**.”

**BERT McDANIELS:**

“Two bulls colliding.”

👑 11<sup>th</sup> Elimination 👑

**Faze**

👑 By Lobo Briggs (2) 👑

## KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

=====  Winner  =====

# Lobo Briggs

=====  of Battle Royal  =====

**Lobo Briggs** slowly manages to raise an arm.

The crowd responds immediately — not roaring, not exploding — but standing in **respect**, acknowledging the survival and raw strength it took to get there.

**BERT McDANIELS:**

“Like you said, Chaz... I don’t think we’ve seen the last of this stud in CFW.”

**CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“If you’re looking for a boost, winning this battle royal is it. The Foundry is impressed tonight.”

Briggs steadies himself, nods once, and begins the long walk to the back. Fans line the aisle, clapping, pounding the rail — respect earned the hard way.

**BERT McDANIELS:**

“Alright folks — most of tonight, the faction known as *The Seers* has had their hands all over the action.”

**CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“But this next one... this is outside their grasp.”

**BERT McDANIELS:**

“This match wasn’t born from strategy or power plays — it was born from **disdain**.”

**CHAZ DEL RIO:**

“That’s right. Since coming to CFW, **Lucas Knox** has had a problem.”

**BERT McDANIELS:**

“And his name... is **Wyatt Storm**.”

Lucas Knox — a dominating force by reputation — has failed to capitalize here in CFW. He hasn’t been able to get a win over Wyatt Storm.

Or anyone else, for that matter.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event



## CHAZ DEL RIO:

“This isn’t about momentum anymore.”

## BERT McDANIELS:

“This is about obsession.”

## BERT McDANIELS:

“This is Lucas Knox’s chance for revenge. No more excuses.”

## CHAZ DEL RIO:

“No place to run. No place to hide.”

## BERT McDANIELS:

“No rules. No mercy.”

## CHAZ DEL RIO:

“A Southwest Florida Death Match.”

And Wyatt never lets him forget it.

## CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Wyatt Storm is always there to remind him. Every loss. Every missed opportunity.”

## BERT McDANIELS:

“And it’s driven Lucas Knox absolutely crazy.”

Every time they share a ring, the hatred is unmistakable. No patience. No restraint. Just **pure, seething anger** — a man obsessed with silencing the one voice he can’t escape.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

—————  Match Four  —————

## Lucas Knox vs Wyatt Storm

—————  South West Florida Death Match  —————

Some moments pass.

The crowd murmurs — not bored, not quiet, just trying to understand what they're seeing. At the desk, **Bert McDaniels** and **Chaz Del Rio** say nothing. For once, there's no need. Workers begin filing out from the back, making trip after trip to the ring. Chairs. Bundles of barbed wire. Thick chains that clang loudly with every step. Trash cans already bent and scarred. Tables stacked high. The ring starts to disappear beneath the weight of it all.

Something near the apron hisses. Smoke creeps upward, slow and deliberate. The Foundry doesn't buzz — it holds its breath.

More workers. More trips. Wiring. Equipment no one recognizes. Objects that don't belong anywhere near a wrestling ring. Fifteen minutes pass. Then more. The crowd doesn't grow restless — they grow louder. Each new addition pushes the reaction further, from nervous laughter to disbelief, and finally to outright cheers as the setup crosses from excessive into ridiculous. Just when it feels like there's no possible way to add more, another cart rolls out from the back — and the building erupts again.

Chains are draped. Barbed wire is wrapped. Props are leaned carefully into place, almost reverently. Smoke thickens. The lights catch on steel and wire. The ring no longer looks like a ring — it looks like a warning. The Foundry feels smaller now. Hotter. Meaner.

—————  —————

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event



The stage is set.

The crowd roars, reacting to the sheer insanity of what's been built in front of them. Smoke hangs low. Steel and wire glint under the lights. For a long moment, the only sound is the Foundry losing its mind.

Then, finally, the voices return.

**CHAZ DEL RIO:**

Said simply... Lucas Knox hates Wyatt Storm. And tonight, this is his chance—

**BERT MCDANIELS:**

—His chance to what, Chaz? Kill the son of a bitch?

A beat.

**BERT MCDANIELS (continuing):**

I'll say it before anyone else gets the chance.

Bert exhales, eyes locked on the ring.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

## BERT McDANIELS:

Holy shit!

The crowd roars again.

An announcer stands by.

She isn't at ringside tonight. She's positioned deeper in the crowd, keeping distance from the weapons and wreckage spread across the battlefield. Her posture is steady. Her voice is loud. Brave. But there's no hiding the edge of fear that slips through.

She takes a breath.

## ANNOUNCER:

Ladies and gentlemen... this match is a **South West Florida Death Match!**

The crowd surges.

## ANNOUNCER:

The only way to win... is by pinfall.

Another reaction.

## ANNOUNCER:

There are *no other rules*.

A pause. She swallows.

## ANNOUNCER:

This match cannot be stopped... by any means... other than a pinfall.

The noise builds again.

## ANNOUNCER:

Please, for your safety, remain in your seats at all times.

One last beat.

## ANNOUNCER:

May God... have mercy on their souls.



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

## The Foundry explodes.

Lucas Knox comes to the ring first.

He is towering. Menacing. Hatred etched across his face. But as he steps closer, there's a flicker of something else — a brief hesitation as his eyes scan the landscape of pain surrounding the ring. Chains. Wire. Smoke curling off metal. This isn't just violence. It's excess.

### CHAZ:

Lucas Knox, in a way, manifested this match.

This didn't come from management. This came from hate.

### BERT:

His hatred for Wyatt Storm bred this. Plain and simple.

Lucas steps into the rigged ring without ceremony. He doesn't test the ropes. He doesn't pace. He just stands there, breathing, eyes forward.

Then — movement.

Wyatt Storm makes his way out.

No smile. No jokes. He looks energized. Locked in. Almost eager.

### CHAZ:

I'm not saying Wyatt has any of this coming... but he knows exactly how to push Lucas Knox's buttons.

### BERT:

How many times has he called him a psycho?

A beat.

### BERT (lower):

For his sake... let's hope he's wrong.

Wyatt enters the ring casually, as if the danger doesn't register. The two men stand across from each other. No words. No movement. Just tension thick enough to choke on.

Another beat.

—————👑 DING! DING! DING! 👑————

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

They move toward each other slowly, deliberately.

Each step is careful. Almost surgical. They step over glass, wire, things no one bothered to label. Every footfall matters. One mistake could end this before it begins.

Malice in their eyes. Caution in their feet.

Wyatt breaks first.

He snatches up a bottle and fires it without hesitation.

Lucas ducks.

The bottle explodes somewhere behind him as they crash together, chest to chest. Lucas doesn't hesitate—he shoves Wyatt with pure force, sending him stumbling backward.

Wyatt flies into the corner.

## CRASH.

A mirror shatters on impact, fragments raining down around him as the crowd erupts.

Lucas doesn't wait.

He grabs another bottle.

## SMASH.

It breaks across Wyatt's head in one violent motion, glass scattering across the mat as Wyatt staggers forward.

The noise in The Foundry spikes instantly.

## CHAZ:

Well... they are not wasting time.

## BERT:

**Folks, be forewarned—**

**I don't know how much of this we can show you tonight.**

The crowd roars louder, feeding off the chaos as shards crunch underfoot and the match fully crosses the line.



## KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Wyatt snaps early.

The sight of his own blood doesn't slow him—it flips a switch. He grabs anything within reach and turns it into a weapon. An **egg beater** cracks off Lucas's chin. Tin cans bounce off his ribs. A ceramic plant pot shatters against his chest, dirt and roots exploding into the air. Chains whip and clatter. A screwdriver glances off Lucas's arm, not driven in, just enough to sting and distract. It's frantic, desperate, relentless—Wyatt darting in and out, fighting the bigger man with speed, chaos, and sheer refusal to be overwhelmed. Lucas absorbs it. Until he doesn't.

A misstep sends him crashing backward into the barbed wire. The ring groans as the wire bows under his weight. The crowd gasps. Wyatt surges forward, firing more strikes, trying to keep the pressure on, trying to topple a monster before it fully wakes up.

That's when Lucas snaps.

He explodes forward, grabs Wyatt by the head, and drives him down—hard—spiking him face-first into a scattered pile of plywood. The sound is sickening. The crowd recoils. The building shifts from excitement to concern in an instant.

Lucas stands over him, breathing heavy.

That impact buys him time.

Lucas turns away and starts searching—not frantic, not rushed. Deliberate. He finds more plywood, but this is different. This one is wired. Crude devices bolted on. Nails jutting upward at ugly angles. He drags it into position and props it across four cinder blocks, creating something that doesn't even look like it belongs in a wrestling ring.

The Foundry goes quiet.

Lucas hauls Wyatt up, muscles straining, and lifts him onto his shoulder. He pauses there. Holds him. Looks down at the setup below—then out at the crowd.

And for the first time all match, people aren't cheering.

They're bracing.

**BERT:**

What the hell is that, Chaz? Something's smoking down there—

Lucas **drives Wyatt straight through the wired, smoking boards**, the structure collapsing in a violent explosive burst...

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event



**CHAZ:**



**BERT:**



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**BERT:**

That son of a bitch—he *blew him up!*

**CHAZ:**

That's... that's horrific.

The explosion rocked the ring, rattled the announcers' desk. The camera jolted violently as the cameraman stumbled backward, struggling to keep his footing. Smoke floods the frame. For a moment, no one can tell where either man is.

Lucas Knox is gone.

Wyatt Storm lies motionless in the wreckage, ash smeared across his face, smoke slowly rising from his body. The Foundry falls into a stunned silence—shock, disbelief, fear—before the crowd finally finds its voice.

**“HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!”**



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**CHAZ:** Where the hell is Lucas?

**BERT:** Is Wyatt breathing?

**CHAZ:** It looked like he dropped him on a bomb—

**BERT:** He did, Chaz. That's exactly what he did.

The crowd is on its feet now. No cheers. No boos. Just noise.

Nothing stirs—inside the ring or around it. Smoke hangs heavy. Then movement at ringside as **medical personnel rush in**, sliding under the ropes, surrounding Wyatt Storm.

He hasn't moved.

There's still no sign of Lucas Knox.

More medical staff rush down the aisle, surrounding Wyatt Storm. Voices overlap—shouting, counting, checking vitals. Panic without theatrics. This feels real.

A lone referee cautiously circles the ring, eyes scanning beneath it, each step deliberate—afraid to trigger whatever caused the blast.

Then—

**A hand shoots out from under the ring.**

The crowd notices first. The noise swells, sharp and urgent.

Slowly, Lucas Knox crawls into view, his massive frame coated in ash and grime, blood mixed with soot. He drags himself out from beneath the ring, knocking into weapons as he rises—chains clatter, glass crunches under his boots. He pulls himself upright and steps between the ropes.

Medical personnel rush toward him, pleading, hands out.

Lucas hesitates.

Then he snaps.

He swings wildly—grabbing one EMT and hurling him through a table. Another is scooped and slammed onto a pile of chairs. Glass explodes on impact. The crowd erupts with every violent collision, the sound growing louder, more unhinged.

Lucas stands alone in the ring now.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Wyatt still hasn't moved.

Lucas Knox stands over a motionless Wyatt Storm.

The boos rain down now—loud, sustained, unmistakable. The crowd knows what he's thinking.

**BERT:**

**Just pin him and end this. He kil—**

Bert stops himself.

Lucas soaks it in. Every boo. Every shout. He bends down and hauls Wyatt back onto his shoulders, just like before. The reaction flips instantly—fans back on their feet, sensing something terrible.

**CHAZ:**

**Now what?**

Lucas climbs—slow, deliberate—up to the top rope. Each step is labored. He pauses, trying to steady himself, trying to balance. Wyatt still hasn't moved.

Then—

Wyatt **stirs**.

The crowd erupts as Wyatt suddenly comes to life, sliding down Lucas's back and dropping to the mat. In one fluid motion, he scrambles up to the second rope behind him, hooks the waist—

And **he lifts**.

With a violent, jerking motion, Wyatt launches the much larger man backward in a release German suplex. Lucas sails through the air and crashes down onto a bed of light tubes.

**The Foundry explodes.**



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event



Lucas Knox lies **out cold**, buried beneath a pile of shattered light tubes. Smoke from the earlier explosion still hangs in the air, mixing with the smell of scorched debris. The ring is barely recognizable now — warped, littered, destroyed.

Across from him, **Wyatt Storm** has collapsed into the corner. His body hangs awkwardly, slightly upside down, one leg tangled in the ropes, chest rising and falling as he fights to stay conscious.

Neither man moves.

The crowd is on its feet again — not roaring, not chanting — just standing, waiting, unsure of what comes next.

The tension is suffocating.



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**CHAZ:**

Bert... you've been in this business a long time. Have you ever seen anything like this before?

**BERT:**

You know, brother, I've avoided death matches my entire career like the plague — and what you're looking at in that ring right now is exactly why. If I could go my whole career without seeing another exploding ring... or an egg beater to a man's face... I'd be just fine with that.

Wyatt Storm begins to stir in the corner.

Slowly. Clumsily. He works his legs free from the ropes, nearly losing his balance as he drops to the mat. He straightens up just enough to stand, bent at the waist, chest heaving. His eyes lock onto Lucas Knox, still buried beneath the shattered light tubes.

Wyatt pauses.

Then — **Lucas's foot twitches.**

**CHAZ:**

No... he's still got some life left.

Wyatt exhales, wiping soot from his face. He scans the ring — the wreckage, the debris, the aftermath of something that's gone far beyond a match. Chains. Broken boards. Twisted metal. Smoke still hanging in the air.

He nods to himself.

Wyatt Storm starts searching — not to punish.

To **end it.**



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Wyatt staggers, nearly dropping to a knee. He steadies himself on the ropes, chest heaving, eyes wild but focused. He starts kicking through debris—broken boards, bent chairs, coils of wire—searching with purpose now. Not rage. **Finality.**

He lifts a slab of plywood bristling with nails, grimaces, and tosses it aside.

Whatever he sees beneath it stops him cold.

The camera can't quite find the angle. The fans lean forward, trying to see past the smoke and ash. Wyatt slowly clears the rest away, revealing the shape just enough for the realization to hit.

The building changes.

**BERT:** *“What the hell, son—no. Don’t do that.”*

Wyatt doesn't answer. He just stands there, staring down at it, the noise of the crowd swelling into something uneasy. This isn't excitement anymore. It's disbelief.

**A chainsaw wrapped in barbed wire** lies there untouched.

And for the first time all match... Wyatt hesitates.



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

The crowd is on its feet now, groaning in disbelief as Wyatt lifts the chainsaw from the wreckage. A wave of sound rolls through The Foundry—half horror, half awe.

Behind him, Lucas Knox's leg twitches.

Then again.

An arm drags against the canvas.

Wyatt doesn't look back.

He moves fast—faster than anyone expects—climbing the corner with the chainsaw clutched tight. Step by step, careful, deliberate. At the top rope he steadies himself, then turns his back to the ring entirely, facing the crowd instead.

**CHAZ:** “What is he doing?”

**BERT:** “I don't know... but dear God, someone stop him.”

Wyatt plants his feet. He pulls the cord once.

Nothing.

A second pull—and the chainsaw roars to life.

The sound is sickening. **Sparks spit from the wrapped metal** as he squeezes the trigger, testing it once... then again. The noise echoes through the building, drowning out everything else.

He stops.

Takes a breath.

Tilts his head back, eyes closed, chainsaw idling in his hands—just long enough to feel like a silent prayer.

The crowd holds its breath.

And somewhere behind him... Lucas Knox starts to move both legs.

He launches himself backward, **a high moonsault into the void**—arms wrapped tight around the roaring chainsaw as both man and machine crash down in one violent blur. They smash into Lucas Knox through the bed of light tubes across his chest.

The impact is thunderous.

# KINGDOM COME

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**Glass explodes outward.** Smoke and dust erupt, swallowing the ring whole. The sound of shattering tubes echoes through The Foundry as the chainsaw continues to scream for a few terrifying seconds... then sputters out beneath the wreckage.

Silence.

When the smoke begins to clear, Wyatt is still draped across Knox. Neither man moves.

The crowd doesn't know how to react—then slowly, instinctively, they rise to their feet.

A referee, shaken but determined, carefully steps into the ring. He navigates the carnage inch by inch, brushing glass aside with his boot until he finds a sliver of canvas. He drops to one knee, checks position, hesitates just a heartbeat longer—

Then counts.

**ONE.**

**TWO.**

**THREE.**

—————  **DING! DING! DING!**  ———

—————  **Winner**  ———

## **Wyatt Storm**

—————  **By Pinfall**  ———

The sound of the bell fades, but nothing replaces it.

At the desk, Bert McDaniels and Chaz Del Rio remove their headsets and set them down quietly. Both are coughing, eyes burning from the smoke still hanging low over the ring. Neither speaks.

Inside The Foundry, an uncomfortable silence settles in.

Not shock. Not outrage.

Just the strange, unorganized confusion that follows something no one was fully prepared to witness.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**Crew members cautiously enter the ring area.** Medical teams move with urgency but without panic, carefully extracting both competitors from the wreckage. Lucas Knox is stretchered out first. Wyatt Storm follows shortly after, attended to on all sides. The crowd watches respectfully, subdued, unsure how to react.

Over the next **twenty-five minutes, the arena is slowly put back together.**

**The ring is stripped down.**

**The canvas replaced.**

**Debris cleared piece by piece.**

What was once chaos becomes procedure.

By the time the ring stands whole again, the smoke has cleared, the noise has faded, and Kingdom Come prepares to reset.

But the weight of what just happened doesn't leave.

Not for the crowd.

Not for the locker room.

And not for CFW.



The feed fades back in at the announce desk.

**Bert** sits upright, hands folded, headset on. There's still a faint haze in the air. Small pieces of debris remain scattered near the desk.

**Chaz** adjusts his notes, absent-mindedly brushing a fragment of splintered wood off the tabletop before he realizes what he's doing.

A brief pause.

**Bert:**

"Welcome back, everyone... and if you're just joining us, you've missed something none of us here are going to forget anytime soon."

He exhales slowly, choosing his words.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**Bert:**

“For the last twenty-five minutes, our ring crew and staff have been working nonstop to clear the damage left behind by that death match. The canvas has been replaced, the ring reinforced, and we are finally ready to continue *Kingdom Come*.”

The camera lingers just long enough to catch smoke drifting above the crowd.

**Chaz:**

“We want to give you an update as well. Medical teams are with Wyatt and Lucas right now. We’ve been told both competitors are conscious, being evaluated, and they will be okay.”



**A beat. Chaz picks up another piece of debris off the desk.**

**Chaz:**

“And we can confirm—no injuries reported ringside.”

Chaz glances down at the desk again, straightening a loose sheet of paper, grounding himself.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**Bert:**

“And now, as difficult as it is, this company does what it has always done. We reset. We move forward.”

**Chaz:**

“That’s the responsibility of this ring. Of this locker room. And of this moment.”

Another breath. The crowd hums in the background.

**Bert:**

“Kingdom Come continues.”

The camera pulls away from the desk and slowly pans toward the rebuilt ring.

**Bert:**

“Since the restart of Creative Force Wrestling, the women’s division hasn’t just grown—it’s become the heartbeat of this company.”

**Chaz:**

“Four competitors in particular have defined that rise: Lena Wilde. Sudio. Shayna Vex. And Brandi Blight.”

Quick cuts of the four throughout the night.

**Bert:**

“They fought through a brutal points battle—week after week, match after match—putting their bodies, their pride, and their futures on the line.”

**Chaz:**

“And when it was over... Sudio stood alone at the top.”

A beat.

**Bert:**

“She earned the right to choose her opponent for the CFW Women’s Championship.”

**Chaz:**

“And that choice told us everything.”

Crowd noise builds slightly.

**Bert:**

“Sudio chose Brandi Blight—the bitter rival of her closest friend, Lena Wilde.”

**Chaz:**

“She’s had her own history with Brandi. Her own scars. But this wasn’t just personal.”

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**Bert:**

“This was a message.”

**Chaz:**

“To Brandi... and to Lena.”



**Bert:**

“Tonight, Sudio doesn’t just fight for gold.”

**Chaz:**

“She fights for pride. For loyalty. And for everything this division has built since day one.”

**Bert:**

“This... is championship wrestling.”

A video package highlights the reveal of the CFW Women’s World Championship at **Locked In**.

The camera holds on the ring.



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

===== ♛ Match Five ♛ =====

## Sudio vs Brandi Blight

===== ♛ One Fall – 20 Minute Time Limit ♛ =====

===== ♛ For the CFW Women's World Championship ♛ =====

There's a pause.

The arena hums with anticipation as the lights dip just enough to change the air in the building.

Then—

**Sudio's music hits.**

The crowd **erupts**.

A beat passes...

and Sudio steps through the curtain.



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

She stops for a moment, taking it in.

The reaction washes over her — loud, sustained, genuine. The usual fire in her eyes is still there, but tonight it's tempered by something else. Pride. Gratitude. The weight of the moment. You can see it on her face — she feels this.

She adjusts her entrance coat, the colors unmistakably hers, and nods subtly as the crowd continues to roar.

**Pyro ignites** along the ramp — not overwhelming, just enough to frame her walk.

Sudio starts toward the ring, head held high, every step deliberate. This isn't a sprint. This is a champion's walk before the fight of her life.

She reaches ringside, pauses again, and looks out at the crowd one last time — almost emotional now — before turning her focus inward.

Tonight isn't about spectacle.

Tonight is about everything she fought through to get here.

Sudio steps through the ropes and into the ring. She pauses, taking in the noise, the faces, the weight of the moment. The usual electricity is still there — but it's measured now. Focused. Purposeful. She straightens her posture, eyes locked forward, head held high.

**Bert:**

**“You can see it on her face — the gratitude, the pride. That young woman *earned* this moment. The fans know it. And I know it.”**

Sudio stands still in the center of the ring, eyes fixed on the ramp. The noise settles into anticipation.

A beat.

Then the sound changes.

**“Slipping Away”** drifts through the Foundry — slow, low, unsettling. Not a hit. Not a pop. A mood. The lights dim just enough to feel wrong.

Another beat.

Brandi Blight steps into view.

She's draped in dark, midnight-blue gear, accented with black — a long, feathered entrance coat catching the light with every step. Subtle shimmer. No excess.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

The look isn't flashy; it's intentional. Calculated. Her expression is colder than before — no smirk, no arrogance. Just focus. Control.

She moves deliberately down the ramp, each step measured, eyes forward. This isn't the Brandi who demanded attention.

This is the Brandi who *expects* it.

**Chaz:**

**"This feels... different."**

Brandi reaches the ring, never breaking eye contact with Sudio. The Seers' presence



BRANDI BLIGHT  
REPRESENTING THE SEERS

hangs over the moment — quiet, ominous, undeniable — as she prepares to fight for the first CFW Women's Championship.

**Bert:**

**"Well... there's nothing left to interpretation now. Brandi Blight has clearly aligned herself with the Seers. The music says it all — it's right there in the title. She's owning it. What all of that means for CFW is still unfolding."**

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**Chaz:**

“And that’s what makes her more dangerous than ever before.”

Sudio and Brandi retreat to their corners, neither breaking eye contact. The noise of the crowd swells as both women steady themselves, knowing exactly what this moment represents. The referee steps to the center of the ring with the Women’s World Championship, and signals for the introductions.

**Ring Announcer:**

“Ladies and gentlemen...

The following contest is scheduled for **one fall...**

and it is for the **Creative Force Wrestling Women’s World Championship.**”

The crowd rises as the championship is held high.

“Introducing first...

from **Brooklyn, New York...**

standing **five feet tall**, weighing **112 pounds...**

she is the **Points Battle Winner...**

**SUDIO!**”

Sudio nods once from her corner, eyes locked, emotion steady but unmistakable.

“And her opponent...

from **Beverly Hills, California...**

standing **five feet six inches tall**, weighing **124 pounds...**

representing **The Seers...**

**BRANDI BLIGHT!**”

Brandi remains cold, unmoving, eyes forward as the crowd reacts.

“And now...

this is your **first-ever...**

**CREATIVE FORCE WRESTLING WOMEN’S WORLD  
CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH!**”

The referee hands the title to ringside. The bell is moments away.

=====  **DING! DING! DING!**  =====

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

For a moment, neither woman rushes in.

Sudio and Brandi circle the mat, eyes locked, the weight of the moment settling in. The crowd hums with anticipation — not impatience, but awareness. This is the first CFW Women's Championship match. Nobody wants to blink.

They engage.

An intense collar-and-elbow tie-up snaps the tension in half. Brandi immediately digs in, planting her feet and muscling Sudio backward. Sudio resists, tries to pivot, but Brandi's strength wins out early, driving her clean into the corner. The referee calls for space as Brandi leans in for just a beat longer than necessary — not illegal, just a message.

They reset.

The next exchange is faster. Wristlock to counter-wristlock. Sudio rolls through, floats behind, but Brandi counters with a standing switch and tight waistlock. Sudio drops low, slips free, and both women separate again to a rising reaction from the crowd.

They clash again — arm drag from Sudio, immediately answered by a snapmare from Brandi. Sudio springs back to her feet and fires off a sharp dropkick that sends Brandi back a step. Another dropkick follows, this one catching Brandi clean and forcing her to the ropes.

Sudio whips her off — Brandi rebounds hard — leapfrog by Sudio, drop down, and a second rebound ends with Brandi muscling through and leveling Sudio with a shoulder block. The difference in power is clear.

But Sudio pops right back up.

They lock up again, and the pace settles into something more deliberate. Headlock takedown by Sudio. Brandi powers to her knees, then to her feet, and shoves Sudio off — only for Sudio to snap her back down and reapply control. Brandi rolls through, stacks her briefly, then breaks free, frustration flashing across her face.

The opening minutes become a chess match: holds, counters, reversals — neither woman giving ground easily. The physicality is real, the technique sharp. This isn't chaos. It's precision.

Brandi begins to assert herself more — forcing breaks, controlling space, using her strength to disrupt Sudio's rhythm. It's subtle, but noticeable.

The crowd feels it.

This isn't about dominance yet.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

It's about who blinks first.

Brandi begins to slow things down.

She catches Sudio on a re-entry and plants her with a heavy body slam — not flashy, just deliberate. Sudio rolls to a knee, shaking it off, but Brandi is already there, pulling her back up and driving a stiff forearm into the side of the head. Another follows. Then a third.

Each strike lands with intent.

Brandi keeps er grounded now, cutting off space, guiding the match instead of chasing it. A snap suplex drops Sudio hard. Brandi floats into a tight cover — one... two — Sudio kicks out, but the impact lingers.

Brandi doesn't rush.

She pulls Sudio up again, turns her, and delivers a short, grinding slam that rattles the ring. Sudio rolls away, clutching her ribs, trying to create distance — but Brandi steps in front of her, blocking the escape, forcing her back toward center.

**Bert:**

“You can see it now — Brandi Blight is controlling the pace with her strength.”

Brandi applies a grounded side headlock, pressing her weight down, forcing Sudio to carry her. Sudio fights to a knee, then her feet, and fires elbows into the midsection — one, two, three — enough to break free. She hits the ropes looking for speed, but Brandi catches her again, cutting her off with a hard spinebuster.

The crowd winces.

Brandi sits back on the mat for a moment, breathing steady, eyes locked on Sudio as she struggles to recover. There's no taunt. No shortcut. Just focus.

**Chaz:**

“This is... different. Brandi isn't looking for an opening to steal something. She's trying to *win* this match.”

Brandi drags Sudio up by the arm and snaps her down with another controlled takedown, staying tight, never overextending. She attempts a bigger lift — looking for something more decisive — but Sudio slips out the back and rolls through, narrowly avoiding what could've been devastating.

The crowd applauds the escape.

# KINGDOM COME

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Sudio backs into the corner, breathing heavy now, clearly feeling the accumulated damage. Brandi doesn't charge. She walks forward, measured, cutting the ring in half, forcing Sudio to make the next move.

Sudio fires a quick kick to the leg — then another — trying to chop the base out from under her. It buys her a moment, but Brandi absorbs it, grabs her again, and shoves her back down to the mat.

Brandi muscles Sudio up suddenly — looking for the powerbomb.

The crowd reacts instantly.

Sudio fights it, raining quick elbows to the side of the head. Brandi adjusts, still trying to force her up — but Sudio slips her weight, hooks an arm, and flips through, landing behind her. A sharp kick to the thigh. Another to the ribs. A snap forearm catches Brandi turning.

**Bert:**

“Brandi’s got the edge — but she’s looking for that one big move to really swing this match.”

Brandi regroups fast and charges again, this time going for a lift out of the corner — but Sudio rolls through the attempt, fires off a quick dropkick to the knee, then a second one to the chest. Brandi stumbles back, surprised.

Sudio doesn't hesitate.

**She darts in with a fast combination** — forearm, low kick, spinning backfist — not all of them land clean, but the speed changes everything. Brandi swings back with a heavy strike of her own, but Sudio ducks under it, snaps off a sudden takedown, and transitions seamlessly into a tight roll-through.

The crowd comes alive.

Sudio hits the ropes — running knee! Then another quick strike as Brandi rises. She keeps moving, never staying in one place long enough for Brandi to grab hold.

**Chaz:**

“This is where Sudio becomes dangerous — the rhythm changes, and Brandi has to react.”

Sudio transitions into the mat now, chaining holds together — wrist control into a snap leg takedown, floating into a grounded front headlock. Brandi counters with strength, rolling through and powering her way free, but Sudio immediately re-engages, locking her back down.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Both women are wrestling hard now — gritty, close, no wasted movement.

Brandi catches Sudio with a sudden headbutt to break the hold.

Blood begins to show above Brandi's eye — a thin cut forming as she wipes at it, barely acknowledging it. The crowd murmurs, sensing the shift.

Brandi plants her feet.

She slows things again.

A crushing body slam puts Sudio flat. Then another — heavier this time. Brandi pulls her up and drives her back down with authority, stacking weight and intent behind every movement.

Sudio tries to scramble away, but Brandi drags her back in and lifts — a hard spine-jarring slam drops her again.

Now Brandi goes bigger.

She hauls Sudio up once more, turns her, and spikes her down with a brutal piledriver variation — controlled, but devastating.

The ring shakes.

Brandi stays on her knees afterward, breathing heavy, blood trickling down her face — not triumphant, not frantic — just focused.

**Bert:**

**"Brandi Blight is firmly back in control now — and these slams are starting to pile up."**

Sudio lies on the mat, clutching at her neck, the burst spent for the moment as Brandi rises to her feet, looming over her once more.

With the pace slowing, the story becomes unmistakable.

Brandi's focus narrows.

Every exchange now circles back to Sudio's neck. A snap down into a front chancery. A grinding forearm pressed across the back of the head. When Sudio tries to rise, Brandi clubs her back down, forcing her to carry her own weight before dragging her back to the mat.

Sudio gets up slower now.

After each slam, there's a pause—just long enough to notice. She rolls to her side, clutching at her neck, jaw clenched as she tries to will herself upright. Brandi doesn't

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

give her space. She stalks in, cutting off every attempt to reset, pressing her boot into Sudio's upper back, wrenching her down again.

This isn't flashy.

It's deliberate.

**Bert:**

"Brandi Blight is walking a very fine line here. This is vicious—targeting the neck like this."

**Chaz:**

"It's not illegal... but it's malicious. And tonight, it feels colder than usual."

Brandi hauls Sudio up once more, traps the arms, and drives her down with another brutal piledriver.

The impact echoes.

Sudio doesn't pop back up this time. She curls in on herself, hands immediately at her neck, breathing sharp and shallow. The referee checks in, asking if she can continue. Sudio nods—barely—but her eyes tell a different story.

Brandi steps back, watching. No celebration. No rush.

She waits.

And then we cut away.

**Backstage**, Lena Wilde and Shayna Vex stand frozen in front of the monitor. Neither speaks. Lena's hand lifts to her mouth without realizing it, eyes locked on the screen. Shayna's arms are crossed tight across her chest, jaw set, concern etched plainly across her face.



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

They don't look angry.

They look afraid.

The camera lingers just long enough to let it sink in—



—and then we're back to the ring, where Brandi Blight advances once more, sensing that the moment is tilting fully in her favor.

Time stretches.

Brandi never rushes. She keeps Sudio centered, dragging her away from the ropes whenever she stirs, making every movement cost something. The crowd grows restless—not from boredom, but dread. They can feel where this is heading.

Brandi lifts her again.

A third piledriver.

This one is different.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

She drops into a seated position, driving Sudio straight down with sickening force. The impact rattles the ring. Sudio's body goes completely limp, arms slack, eyes unfocused. The crowd gasps as one.

Brandi covers.

One.

Two—

**NO.**

Sudio kicks out.

The building erupts.

For the first time all night, something flickers across Brandi Blight's face. Not anger. Not panic.

Disbelief.

It's gone almost immediately, replaced by that same cold, calculating stare—but the crack was there. She felt it too.

Brandi rises slowly, breathing measured, and looks down at Sudio as if reassessing a puzzle that just refused to solve itself. She doesn't argue with the referee. She doesn't show frustration.

She adapts.

She hauls Sudio up and whips her hard into the corner. Sudio crumples forward, barely able to brace herself. Brandi keeps her there—driving shoulders in, clubbing forearms across the upper back, grinding her down against the turnbuckles. Sudio tries to fire back, but one arm hangs just a beat too long.

Brandi notices.

Immediately.

She switches gears.

She traps the arm, yanks Sudio out of the corner, and wrenches the shoulder down to the mat. A sharp twist. A stomp. Another wrench. Sudio cries out, clutching at her shoulder now as much as her neck.

**Bert:**

“Brandi Blight just made the adjustment. The moment she saw Sudio favor that shoulder, she pivoted.”

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

## Chaz:

“That’s what makes this dangerous. You start breaking down the neck *and* the shoulder, you take away everything.”

Brandi drags her back up and slams her again—this time driving Sudio shoulder-first into the mat. She floats into another cover.

One.

Two—

Sudio kicks out again.

The crowd roars louder, but Brandi doesn’t react. If anything, she slows down even more. She presses her forearm across Sudio’s face, leaning in close, methodically wearing her down. This isn’t about humiliation. This isn’t about sending a message.

This is about winning.

Another lift. Another heavy slam. Brandi stays on her, grinding pressure into the shoulder, forcing Sudio to carry her weight, making her fight just to stand.

## Bert:

“She’s not trying to end Sudio’s career here.”

## Chaz:

“No—but she *is* dissecting her.”

Brandi goes for another pin.

Again—only two.

Sudio is battered, barely holding herself together, but she’s still in this. Every kick-out feels less like defiance now and more like sheer willpower dragging her forward.

And for the first time, it’s clear—

Brandi Blight is doing everything right.

And Sudio is still surviving.

Brandi drives Sudio back into the corner, crowd rumbling as the referee moves closer, warning her about the closed strikes. Brandi doesn’t rush. She squares her stance.

**A sudden flash** — a spinning back elbow snaps across Sudio’s jaw.

The crowd reacts instantly.

But Brandi doesn’t follow through.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

She doesn't hook the waist.  
She doesn't go for the German.

Instead, she steps in again.

Another spinning back elbow — **lower**, crashing across the neck and shoulder.  
Then another.  
And another.

Sudio is trapped, arms draped over the ropes, body absorbing the blows. Her knees dip but she stays upright, refusing to fall. The referee counts, urging Brandi to break, but Brandi stays just inside the rules — ruthless, precise, controlled.

The crowd winces with every impact.

**Bert:**

“Those are the same strikes that start the *Golden Standard*... but she’s not ending it.”

**Chaz:**

“No — she’s choosing to punish. She’s choosing to dismantle.”

Brandi steps back, eyes locked, reading the damage. Sudio slumps forward, clutching her shoulder, breath ragged.

**CUT BACKSTAGE.**

Lena Wilde and Shayna Vex stand frozen in front of the monitor.

Lena’s jaw tightens. Her fists clench.

She turns — already moving.

Shayna reaches out and places a hand gently on Lena’s shoulder.

Not forceful.

Not confrontational.

Just enough.

Lena stops.

They share a look — heavy, knowing. Shayna doesn’t say a word, but the message is clear.



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event



This moment matters.

**Bert (voice over):**

“You can see it back there. Every instinct says **help your friend...** but this is bigger than instinct.”

**Chaz:**

“All four of these women fought for this division. For this championship. Sudio fought too hard for this moment for it to end any other way but in this ring by herself.”

Lena exhales, eyes never leaving the screen. She nods — barely.

Shayna keeps her hand there for a moment longer... then lets go.

**CUT BACK TO THE RING.**

Brandi stands over Sudio, expression unchanged. No arrogance. No celebration.

Just calculation.

She reaches down, gripping Sudio by the arm — testing the shoulder — deciding what comes next.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

The crowd buzzes, torn between fear and belief.

This match isn't about shortcuts.

It's about who survives what comes next.

Brandi doesn't rush it.

She drags Sudio out of the corner and plants her dead center in the ring, forcing her to stand on instinct alone. Sudio's legs are there, but everything above the shoulders is betraying her. One arm hangs. The other clamps tight around her neck as she fights back tears, back pain, back panic — all of it threatening to surface at once.

Brandi backs up a step.

She measures her.

The crowd knows what's coming.

Brandi explodes forward, swinging for another back elbow — the setup for *The Golden Standard* — looking to end it clean.

Sudio drops.

She sinks to one knee, still clutching her neck, and the elbow cuts nothing but air.

The opening is pure desperation.

Sudio shoots forward on instinct, tackling Brandi down to the mat. She lands in a loose mount, posture awkward, neck screaming — but she fires anyway. Short, ugly strikes. No form. No grace. Just will. Each shot draws a louder reaction than the last, the crowd rising with every blow because they can *feel* what it's costing her to throw them.

Brandi bucks hard and twists free, rolling them both through. They scramble — reversals back and forth, neither woman cleanly winning the exchange — until Sudio finds just enough space.

She plants.

And **snaps a superkick**.

It lands flush.

Brandi drops.

Sudio drops with her.

She collapses into the cover, barely able to hook the leg.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**ONE.**  
**TWO—**

Brandi kicks out.

The frustration flashes across Sudio's face immediately, but she doesn't give Brandi time to breathe. She drags herself back up, staying on her through grit alone. Another cover. Then another. Each pin attempt is slower than the last, each transition costing her more than she can afford — but she refuses to let momentum slip.

Commentary notes it plainly: Sudio isn't dominating — she's **surviving forward**.

Every time Brandi creates separation, she goes straight back to the neck. A forearm across the spine. A wrenching pull. A reminder that Sudio's window is shrinking. You can see it now — every offensive burst from Sudio looks harder to reach, harder to sustain.

She's still in control.

But it's slipping.

Brandi cuts her off.

She steps behind Sudio and locks her arms tight around the waist, lifting her clean off the mat before snapping her backward into a **high-angle release German suplex**. Sudio crashes down on her neck and shoulders, folding on impact as a low, uneasy groan rolls through The Foundry.

**BERT McDANIELS:**

Ohhh—no, no, no... that's the neck again.

Brandi is already moving.

She hauls Sudio back to her feet and fires a **second release suplex**, dumping her just as hard. Sudio doesn't roll this time — she stays down, clutching her neck as the concern in the crowd swells.

**CHAZ DEL RIO:**

She can't keep taking that. Every one of these is landing worse than the last.

Brandi drags her up a third time, positioning her carefully. She's measured now. Calm. Certain.

Then — without warning —

**Back elbow.**

It lands flush.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Sudio stumbles — and Brandi immediately snaps her backward into a **brutal German suplex**, drilling her into the mat to complete **The Golden Standard**.

The crowd explodes.

**BERT:**

There it is! **The Golden Standard!**

**CHAZ:**

She caught her clean—this has to be it!

Brandi rolls through and dives onto the cover. The referee drops fast, hooks the leg.

**ONE!**

Sudio doesn't move.

**TWO!**

Still nothing.

The referee's hand comes up —



**—AND  
STOPS.**

The building erupts.

Sudio's foot is draped over the bottom rope.

The referee waves it off.

**NO.**

**CHAZ:** She's still in this!

**BERT:** Unbelievable—Sudio got a foot on the rope!

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Brandi sits back on her heels, staring in disbelief.

Brandi doesn't panic.

She shakes it off, eyes hard, focus unbroken. She grabs Sudio again, hauling her up and swinging for another spinning back elbow — looking to end whatever life is still left in this match—

## **SUPER KICK.**

It lands out of nowhere.

Brandi drops.

Sudio drops with her, collapsing across the chest.

**ONE!**

**TWO—**

**TWO POINT NINE!**

Brandi kicks out at the last possible heartbeat.

**BERT:**

Where is Sudio getting this from?!

**CHAZ:**

This is heart. This is guts. She's fighting on fumes and still finding answers!

Both women roll apart, wrecked.

They struggle to their feet in opposite corners — Brandi blinking, still rocked from the kick... Sudio barely upright, one hand glued to her neck, breath ragged, pain written across her face. The crowd rises as they stagger toward the center, each step slower than the last.

They meet—

Sudio explodes forward.

## **SUPER KICK.**

A third one.

Brandi crashes backward into the ropes, caught and held there for a split second before the tension slingshots her forward. She stumbles out—

Sudio snatches her.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

She hooks the neck and drives her down with **COLOR RUSH** — the snapmare driver spiking Brandi head-first into the mat.

The building comes unglued.

**CHAZ:**

**COLOR RUSH!**

**BERT:**

**She hit it! She hit Color Rush!**

Brandi lies flat, unmoving.

Sudio stays crouched over her, still clutching her own neck, shaking with exhaustion. She drags Brandi up again — slowly, deliberately — never releasing the grip, refusing to let the moment slip away.

And then—

She spikes her again.

**SECOND COLOR RUSH.**

Both women collapse, Sudio sprawling across Brandi, staring up at the lights as the referee dives into position.

The mat slaps.

**ONE!**

**TWO!**

**THREE!**

=====  **DING! DING! DING!**  =====

Sudio is still sprawled across the mat, chest heaving, eyes unfocused — but it's over.

**BERT:**

**She did it!**

**CHAZ:**

**I don't know how... but she did it!**

Sudio finally rolls to her side, clutching her neck as the reality of what just happened begins to settle in.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

## **BERT:**

Two Color Rushes. Through the pain, through the agony — she dug deeper than anyone thought she had left.

## **CHAZ:**

It's been a long road to get here, but this moment belongs to Sudio.

Brandi Blight stirs, frustration etched across her face. She rolls out of the ring without protest, leaning against the barricade for a moment before pushing herself away. There's no outburst. No excuse.

An official slides into the ring, followed by the ring announcer, carrying the **CFW Women's World Championship**.

## **BERT:**

Brandi fought a vicious but fair battle tonight.

## **CHAZ:**

She wasn't trying to break the rules — she was trying to break Sudio.

Brandi pauses at ringside, glancing back once.

## **BERT:**

We've seen her step outside the lines before. With her new alliance with The Seers, I honestly expected it.

## **CHAZ:**

But that wasn't the case tonight. You can't take anything away from Brandi Blight — she threw everything she had at Sudio.

Inside the ring, Sudio pushes herself up to one knee, still guarding her neck, breathing shallow but steady.

## **BERT:**

And somehow... she survived all of it.

The ring announcer raises the microphone.

## **RING ANNOUNCER:**

Ladies and gentlemen — the winner of this match by pinfall... and **NEW CFW Women's World Champion... SUDIO!**

The crowd explodes.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Sudio is handed the championship. **She winces** as the weight settles into her hands, **pain flashing across her face** — but she **refuses to let it define the moment**. She draws a breath, feeds off the roar of the crowd, and lifts the title high above her head.

Both arms raised.

The smile breaks through.

She's not letting the pain take this away.



And then—

**Lena Wilde** sprints down the ramp.

She slides into the ring and wraps her arms around her best friend, grounding her as the moment finally catches up. Sudio leans into the embrace, the title still raised between them as the crowd cheers even louder.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Winner

## Sudio

By Pinfall

New CFW Women's World Champion

The ring slowly clears.

Officials help Sudio through the ropes, Lena Wilde still at her side, the championship held close as they disappear behind the curtain. Brandi Blight remains seated on the floor for a moment longer, gathering herself before rolling away and vanishing into the shadows.

The Foundry doesn't go silent—but it *settles*.

The crowd hums. Low conversations. Scattered applause that fades into anticipation rather than noise. The lights dim just enough to change the temperature in the room.

A suited ring announcer steps through the ropes and takes his place at center ring, microphone in hand. He doesn't speak yet. He waits. Letting the moment stretch.

At the desk, **Bert and Chaz** return from a brief intermission.

**BERT:**

“What a night it’s been here at Kingdom Come.”

**CHAZ:**

“Moments like that are why this place exists. Sudio showed heart, grit, and an unbelievable will to survive. Congratulations once again to the *first* CFW Women’s World Champion.”

**BERT:**

“And credit where it’s due—Brandi Blight fought a brutal, focused match. No shortcuts. No excuses. She pushed Sudio to the absolute limit.”

The camera lingers on the empty ring. The ropes sway ever so slightly. The announcer is getting prepared on the outside of the ring.

**CHAZ:**

“But now... the night turns.”

## KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

A subtle shift in the lighting. The crowd begins to stir again.

**BERT:**

“We’ve reached the moment everyone has been waiting for.”

**CHAZ:**

“A rivalry that’s defined CFW from the very beginning. One win apiece. No questions left. No room for doubt.”

**BERT:**

“After everything we’ve seen tonight... it’s time. And this main event isn’t just one rivalry – it’s three forces colliding.”

**CHAZ:**

“Because the CFW World Championship match sitting in front of us right now has been building from day one.”

**BERT:**

“The first force is **Jace Valor**. The indie darling. Reclamation was built partly on that name. He was the draw – indie wrestling royalty, a fan favorite... the face of this place.”

**CHAZ:**

“Or at least... he *thought* he was.”

**BERT:**

“Because then came the second force – **Ace Dalton**. The instant superstar of CFW.”

**CHAZ:**

“Their first collision at **Face Off** wasn’t just a match – it felt like an unofficial battle to be *the* face of this company.”

**BERT:**

“And Ace was victorious. And after that, his stock didn’t just rise... it skyrocketed.”

**CHAZ:**

“They met again at *Run It Back* – and that time, Jace Valor got the victory... but not without controversy surrounding Ace Dalton.”

**BERT:**

“So that’s two forces: Jace Valor – the original draw, the fan darling... and Ace Dalton – the man who beat him and threatened his spot in the company.”

(beat)

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

**CHAZ:**

“But there’s a third force. A man named **MAR**.”

**BERT:**

“Little is known... other than this: MAR is tied to the original failed CFW launch twenty years ago... and somehow tied to the CFW we have now.”

**CHAZ:**

“His presence isn’t always obvious — but it’s felt. And not in a way people like.”

**BERT:**

“And we know Ace Dalton has appeared to align himself with MAR and the Seers.”

**CHAZ:**

“What it all means, where it leads... we don’t know.”

**BERT:**

“But we do know this—”

**BERT:**

“Tonight, it all collides.

“For the CFW World Championship...”

**BERT: Ace Dalton...**

**...versus Jace Valor.**”

**CHAZ:**

“Right. Now.”

**The ring announcer** steps through the ropes, dressed sharp, microphone in hand. He walks with purpose to the center of the ring and pauses, letting the crowd come to him. The lights hang heavy above the canvas as he takes a breath, eyes scanning the packed house.

**This is it.**



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

—————  Main Event  ———

## Ace Dalton vs Jace Valor

—————  One Fall – 30 Minute Time Limit  ———  
—————  For the CFW World Championship  ———

A beat.

Then the arena sound cuts just enough for it to register—

Slipping Away begins to play.

Another beat.

The crowd response is immediate and mixed as **Ace Dalton** steps through the curtain.

He doesn't rush.

He doesn't play to them.



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Ace moves with calm certainty, eyes forward, wearing a **Seers** shirt — a deliberate choice, not a provocation. He walks the ramp like a man who already knows how this night ends.

**BERT:**

“Ace Dalton has made no attempt to hide it. He’s aligned himself with MAR and the Seers for opportunity.”

**CHAZ:**

“And on *Black Light*, he was as clear as a man can be. No riddles. No smoke.”

Ace pauses halfway down the ramp, looking out over the crowd before continuing toward the ring.

**BERT:**

“He said it himself — he’s taking advantage. He wants opportunity. He wants gold.”

Ace steps up onto the apron, wipes his boots, and enters the ring with purpose. He sheds the shirt and hands it off without ceremony, never breaking focus.

**CHAZ:**

“And tonight, this is that opportunity.”

Ace paces once, slow, measured, before stopping in the center of the ring. He looks toward the entrance, waiting.

**BERT:**

“It won’t be easy. These are two of the most talented wrestlers in the game — the two biggest names this company has.”

**CHAZ:**

“Ace beat Jace Valor once. Jace answered back. And now...”

A brief pause.

**BERT:**

“...this is **the rubber match.**”



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

*A beat.*

Ace Dalton stands alone in the ring, composed. Still. Waiting.

Then—

**Jace Valor's music hits.**

**The Foundry erupts.**

A massive roar pours down from the rafters as the crowd rises to its feet.

A second, even louder reaction explodes when **Jace Valor steps onto the stage.**

He pauses at the top of the ramp.

Draped in a regal green-and-white robe trimmed in gold, Jace stands tall beneath the lights. His expression is focused — calm, but burning with intent. This isn't spectacle for spectacle's sake. This is purpose. This is a man who knows exactly what this moment means.



# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

He takes one breath... and starts down the aisle.

**BERT:**

“Listen to this place. This is what Kingdom Come was built for.”

**CHAZ:**

“Jace Valor has been the heartbeat of this company from day one. The original standard bearer. The fan favorite. The man everyone thought would be holding this championship first.”

Jace walks with confidence, eyes locked on the ring — and on Ace.

No hesitation. No theatrics. Just resolve.

**BERT:**

“And what makes this harder... is that these two aren’t just rivals. They’re friends. Or at least they *were*.”

**CHAZ:**

“That’s the part people forget. When Ace Dalton was attacked by The Seers at Dominion — it wasn’t just a beating. It felt *ritualistic*. Deliberate. Like something meant to change him.”

Jace reaches the bottom of the ramp and slows, looking up at Ace.



**BERT:**

“Ace disappeared after that. And when he came back... he wasn’t the same.”

**CHAZ:**

“**Jace confronted him about it on Black Light.** Not as an enemy — as a friend. Trying to understand what that attack did to him. Trying to pull him back.”

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Jace steps onto the apron.

The two men lock eyes.

**BERT:**

“But Ace chose a different path. He aligned himself with The Seers. With MAR.”

Jace removes the robe and hands it off, standing in the ring now — face to face with Ace.

**BERT:**

“MAR has had that championship in his possession. Ace Dalton has worn it around his waist. There have been mind games, shadows, and questions... but *that championship is real.*”

**CHAZ:**

“It represents three unified, prestigious feds. It represents history. And tonight, it’s not about who controls the narrative — it’s about who walks out champion.”

Jace turns to the crowd, soaking in the reaction one last time.

**CHAZ:**

“It comes down to this.”

**BERT:**

The CFW World Championship.”

A beat.

The announcer raised the microphone.

**RING ANNOUNCER:**

“Ladies and gentlemen...

this is your **MAIN EVENT of the evening.**”

Crowd swells.

“This contest is scheduled for **one fall**, with a **30-minute time limit...**”

“And it is for the **CREATIVE FORCE WRESTLING WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP!**”

Pause.

“Introducing first...”

“From **Eureka, California...**

weighing **235 pounds...**”

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

“He is a master technician...  
a cross-promotional force...  
and the man standing at the center of CFW’s most dangerous questions...”

**“ACE. DALTON!”**

Mixed reaction.

“And his opponent...”

“From **Clearwater, Florida...**  
**weighing 220 pounds...**”

“The original CFW draw...  
the indie standard bearer...  
the man whose name helped build this company...”

**“JACE. VALOR!”**

**Huge pop.**

*A beat.*

The referee signals for the bell.

=====  **DING! DING! DING!**  =====

Neither man moves.

Ace Dalton and Jace Valor stand inches apart, eyes locked, the noise of The Foundry rolling around them. No rush. No wasted motion. This isn’t hesitation — it’s calculation.

They circle.

A hand reaches out. A quick tie-up — immediately broken. Another grip. Another release. Each man testing angles, leverage, timing. No strikes. No desperation. Just awareness.

The crowd begins to chant, feeding off the tension rather than noise.

**BERT:**

“They know each other too well for mistakes this early.”

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

They engage again — collar and elbow — and roll through a series of rapid reversals, neither man gaining ground. Jace slips free. Ace adjusts. Jace tries again. Ace denies him.

Then —

Ace does something *different*.

He shifts his base mid-exchange, catching Jace in an unorthodox counter that turns momentum just enough to surprise him. The crowd reacts immediately — not because it's flashy, but because it's *smart*.

Ace takes advantage.

A sudden **snap dragon suplex** plants Jace on the mat.

Ace doesn't celebrate. He moves.

His offense is quick and deliberate now, chaining smoothly, forcing Jace to react instead of dictate. But Jace doesn't panic — he stays in it, slipping out of danger, countering position with position, refusing to let Ace pull away.

They reset again.

Another technical exchange. Another flurry of counters. Each escape tighter than the last.

## CHAZ:

“This isn’t about speed or power — this is about who can outthink who.”

Ace presses. Jace answers.

Jace briefly gains leverage — Ace rolls through.

Ace grounds him — Jace twists free.

The crowd appreciates it, rising with each exchange, sensing the depth of what's unfolding. This isn't a sprint. This is two elite wrestlers navigating familiarity, trying to break symmetry.

Ace begins to edge ahead — not by overwhelming Jace, but by finding angles Jace isn't expecting. Unorthodox counters. Small adjustments. Just enough disruption to tilt the match.

Jace absorbs it without letting the gap grow.

The rhythm shifts.

Jace finds the opening first.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

He slips a counter, creates space, and bursts off the ropes — **a flying forearm** cracks Ace clean and sends him back a step. The crowd surges with him as Jace doesn't slow down, feeding off the momentum.

Ace tries to reset—

Jace doesn't allow it.

He accelerates again, springing off the ropes a second time and crashing into Ace with another aerial strike, driving him down to the mat. It's not reckless — it's calculated pressure. Jace finally has control, and he keeps it high-tempo, forcing Ace to stay defensive.

## BERT:

“This is Jace Valor in his element — when the pace rises, so does the crowd.”

Jace presses, pulling Ace up and staying on him, mixing speed with confidence. For the first time in the match, Ace is reacting instead of directing.

But Ace doesn't panic.

As Jace closes in again, Ace digs deep and answers with something ugly but legal — a **short, grinding elbow strike to the bridge of the nose**, just enough to disrupt Jace's balance and halt the momentum. Not a shortcut. Not a cheat. Just grit.

## CHAZ:

“That's experience. That's survival.”

The momentary break is all Ace needs.

He steps in, gets his hands on Jace, and turns the tide with authority — **a hard power slam** plants Jace on the mat, followed by another, heavier this time. Ace stays grounded, keeps his base, forcing the pace back down where he wants it.

Jace scrambles to sit up—

Ace's already there.

He hauls him back to his feet and drives him down again, chaining power with intent, making Jace *feel* every second of lost momentum. No wasted motion. No flair. Just control.

The crowd shifts uneasily — the surge cut off mid-swell.

Ace stands over Jace now, breathing steady, having weathered the storm and taken something from it.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Ace pulls Jace back to his feet.

He doesn't rush.

A sharp **forearm** snaps Jace's head back. Another follows — compact, efficient. Ace stays close, never giving Jace space to recover. He backs him into the ropes, short **knee strike** to the midsection, then a quick **snap suplex** that plants Jace flat on the mat.

Ace rolls through, already pulling Jace up again.

## **BERT:**

"This is where Ace Dalton thrives — controlling the tempo, forcing the match to be fought on his terms."

Jace tries to fire back, but Ace cuts him off with a **spinning back elbow**, staggering him just long enough to stay ahead. Ace transitions smoothly, lifts, and drops him with a second suplex, this one higher, more deliberate. The message is clear: momentum isn't being borrowed — it's being *taken*.

Ace slows it further.

He stalks Jace, pulling him into position, grinding him down with short strikes and constant pressure. Nothing flashy. Nothing wasted. Every movement has purpose.

## **CHAZ:**

"This is why Ace became an instant star in CFW. There aren't many people who can match him on the mat once he settles into a rhythm."

Ace drags Jace up again, fires another tight forearm, then drives him down with a **suplex**, holding just long enough before releasing. The crowd reacts — not explosively, but uneasily.

Ace stands, composed, breathing steady.

## **BERT:**

"And it's not just his skill — it's the confidence. The presence. That charisma."

Ace looks out over the crowd briefly, then back down at Jace.

## **CHAZ:**

"That's probably exactly why The Seers took interest in him. When Ace controls a room, people listen."

Jace stirs, trying to rise.

Ace steps in immediately, keeping him grounded, keeping the pace slow, heavy, and uncomfortable. He doesn't cover. He doesn't rush.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

He's dictating.

For now, the match belongs to Ace Dalton.

Ace hauls Jace back into position again.

**One snap suplex** — clean.

Ace holds on, rolls through.

**A second snap suplex** — tighter, sharper.

The crowd begins to murmur as Ace keeps his grip.

**CHAZ:**

“Hold on... that looks familiar.”

Ace rolls through again, pulling them both up.

**BERT:**

“Is he thinking Three Amigos?”

Ace shifts his base for the third — but Jace fights it, scrambling mid-lift. The counter isn't clean. The timing is off. For a split second, both men overshoot the exchange— —and Ace ends up right back in control.

No hesitation.

Instead of dropping again, Ace lifts Jace higher and **drives him straight down with a brainbuster**, spiking him hard into the canvas.

The Foundry gasps.

Ace hooks the leg immediately.

**ONE.**

**TWO.**

Jace kicks out — but not comfortably.

Not confidently.

Jace rolls away, clutching at the mat as he gathers himself, the realization setting in: that was closer than he wanted it to be.

**BERT:**

“That was the first cover of this match — and Jace Valor barely escaped it.”

Ace doesn't argue with the count. He doesn't react at all.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

He rises and stays on him.

Short **stomps**. Driving **kicks**. Relentless pressure, cutting off Jace's attempts to breathe, to reset. Ace keeps him grounded, keeping the tempo heavy.

Jace finally creates just enough space and rolls toward the ropes — then out to the floor.

The crowd buzzes again as Jace leans against the apron, gathering himself, eyes focused but shaken.

Ace stands in the ring, watching him. Then suddenly —

Ace bursts toward the ropes and drops low, sliding under — looking to catch Jace with a baseball slide.

Jace catches it out of the corner of his eye.

He reacts on instinct.

Jace snatches Ace from behind mid-motion, muscles him up, and **drives him down onto the edge of the ring apron**, the impact echoing through The Foundry. The crowd pops — then groans — as Ace crumples to the floor.

The referee immediately starts the count.

Jace doesn't rush.

He exhales, shakes out his arms, and then goes to work — grinding Ace down on the outside, slamming him into the barricade, keeping his offense tight and ugly. No wasted movement. No flair. Just survival.

**BERT:**

“Jace needed that — but it came at a cost.”

Ace absorbs it, fighting through, answering with grit of his own. Short strikes. A shove into the rail. Both men pushing through fatigue, neither willing to give ground.

The count climbs.

Four.

Five.

Ace staggers toward the apron. Jace grabs him again, sends him into the barricade one more time, then rolls him toward the ring.

Six.

Seven.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Jace pauses — just long enough to steady himself — then dives in after him.

Both men scramble.

Eight.

They slide under the bottom rope almost simultaneously —

NINE.

Both men make it back in just in time.

The crowd explodes.

Not for a move.

For the effort.

For the refusal to quit.

**CHAZ:**

“Listen to this place — they respect the hell out of both of them.”

They pull themselves up using the ropes, turn, and meet in the center of the ring.

No distance.

No hesitation.

They go **toe to toe**, trading heavy shots — neither backing down, neither willing to yield.

The tone shifts again.

He steps into Jace during the exchange — shoulder tight to the ribs, forearm grinding across the jaw. Not illegal. Just mean. He shortens everything. Punches become clubbing shots. Each one landing with purpose, not flair.

Ace backs him into the corner. A pause. A look. He drags Jace out instead of rushing — snapmare, short kick to the spine, then another. He stays on him. Pulls him up. Drives him back down. Time passes in these moments. Ace controlling space. Controlling breath.

**CHAZ:**

“He’s slowing this down again. This is Ace Dalton’s pace.”

Ace stays close. Front facelock. Wrench. Makes Jace carry him. Jace fights to a knee, to his feet — Ace snaps him back down. No cover. No rush.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Another exchange. Jace fires back — Ace answers first. A sudden knee. A forearm that turns Jace sideways. Ace presses, presses, presses.

Then Jace slips.

Not big. Not flashy. Just *enough*.

He rolls through a grip. Ducks under a strike. Ace turns—

Jace drags himself toward the ropes, instinct more than intention. He steps onto the bottom rope—

The crowd rises.

**CHAZ:**

“Wait—he’s looking for it—”

Jace springs—

But Ace shifts just enough.

Jace adjusts *mid-air*.

**Cutter!**

The reaction is instant.

**BERT:**

“He couldn’t get the position for the **Valor Breaker**—so he *changed it on the fly!*”

Jace scrambles into the cover, the building still buzzing from the recognition as much as the impact.

**ONE!**

**TWO!**

—Ace kicks out.

Not a lazy kickout.

A violent one.

Jace stays down on his knees for a second, breathing hard, staring at the referee’s hand like he thought that was it.

**BERT:**

“That was *close*. That was *real close*.”

The match has shifted again.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Ace rolls away.

**Jace pushes up to his feet**, breath heavy, eyes locked in front of him. The reaction in The Foundry changes — not louder, sharper. They feel it.

He's still hurting. That hasn't changed.

But now he's standing. Now he's ready. And **he knows this is the moment to take control.**



Jace closes the distance.

He doesn't rush — he *cuts angles*. A quick exchange, a short counter, and suddenly Ace is pulled off balance. Jace muscles him up and drives him down with a sharp slam, rolls through, stays on him. No wasted movement.

Ace scrambles. Jace stays glued.

A turn of the wrist. A reach for the head—

## **Valor Clutch!**

Ace feels it coming and slips free just in time, rolling his shoulders and breaking the grip. Jace doesn't argue with it. He pulls Ace back up and plants him again — a heavy lift, a grinding suplex that rattles the ring and keeps Ace grounded.

This is Jace's rhythm now.

Every counter flows into control. Every escape from Ace costs him something. Jace keeps dragging him back down, stacking pressure with slams and short lifts, never letting Ace reset.

Again — an opening.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Jace snaps behind him, hooks the arm, reaches across the face—

Ace claws his way out, barely.

BERT:

“He’s hunting it. You can feel it — Jace is trying to end this.”

CHAZ:

“And Ace knows it. Every time that grip comes close, he’s burning energy just to survive.”

Jace doesn’t show frustration. He just tightens the pace. Another lift. Another takedown. Another moment where it looks like the **Valor Clutch** is about to snap into place.

And every time, Ace slips away — not clean, not comfortable — but alive.

Jace changes his approach.

He backs off the Valor Clutch attempts — not out of doubt, but clarity. Grappling is Ace Dalton’s domain, and Jace knows better than to force a finish where Ace is most dangerous. Instead, he keeps the match moving.

He drives Ace down with quick, decisive slams, chaining them together just long enough to keep him grounded without letting him settle. A snap suplex drops Ace hard. Another lift follows, heavier this time, forcing the breath out of him. Jace stays on him, shifting position, never lingering.

The tempo rises again.

Jace adds bursts of aerial offense — sharp, sudden strikes that keep Ace guessing and the crowd engaged. Each impact builds momentum, each sequence pulling the match further into Jace’s rhythm.

Ace tries to slow it. Jace doesn’t allow it.

He pulls Ace back to center and presses again, mixing speed with control, keeping Ace off balance just long enough to stack advantage. A quick cover follows.

**One.**

**Two.**

Ace kicks out.

Not comfortably.

# KINGDOM COME

A Creative Force Wrestling Special Event

Jace doesn't argue with the count. He's already moving again, lifting Ace, driving him back down, forcing him to expend energy just to stay alive. Another pin. Another near fall. The pressure builds not through spectacle, but accumulation.

## **BERT:**

“Jace Valor has found the right formula here — he’s stopped trying to out-wrestle Ace Dalton and started making him *chase*.”

Jace turns it up.

He’s faster now, sharper, driving Ace down with quick slams and snapping him back up before control can settle. Short bursts from the air keep Ace guessing, cutting off counters before they form. Ace still answers — once, twice — but each escape costs him more than the last.

**Jace presses.** Another takedown. Another near fall.

Ace kicks out, breathing heavier now.

The crowd feels it. Jace does too.

This isn’t a rally anymore — it’s pressure. And for the first time tonight, Ace Dalton is being forced to fight at the edge of his limits.

## **Jace keeps pressing.**

A sharp strike snaps Ace’s head sideways — followed immediately by a second, heavier blow that staggers him back into the ropes. Jace explodes forward, cutting him down again before Ace can reset. The pace spikes. The crowd rises. This is the gear Jace Valor lives in.

## **CHAZ:**

“He’s chaining it together now!”

## **BERT:**

“These are his signatures — this is Jace Valor in rhythm!”

Ace stumbles, barely upright, and Jace wastes no motion. He surges in, drives him down, and rolls seamlessly through — no pause, no celebration — straight into the mat. In one fluid motion, Jace snaps into position and hooks the hold deep.

The crowd erupts.

## **BERT:**

**“Valor Clutch! He’s got it locked in!”**

Dead center of the ring. No ropes. No escape in sight.

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## CHAZ:

“He’s been hunting for this all night — and now Ace Dalton has nowhere to go!”

**Ace is trapped in the Valor Clutch** — face wrenched sideways, shoulder compressed, wrist cinched tight against his own body. **Jace has it locked in perfectly**, chest low, weight sunk, every angle sealed. Ace claws forward inch by inch, boots scraping against the canvas as he drags himself toward daylight, breath coming in sharp, panicked bursts. **He almost gets there — fingertips brushing escape** — and the arena roars at the sight of it. But Jace feels it. **He rolls with him, drags him back, cinches the grip even deeper**, forearm grinding across the face as the hold resets dead center of the ring. Ace bucks, twists, tries to turn his hips — **nowhere to go**. The referee drops to the mat, eyes locked on Ace’s face, hand hovering, voice cutting through the noise as he checks again and again. This looks like the end. **The crowd is on its feet**, half pleading, half bracing, waiting for the tap that feels inevitable as Ace’s resistance slows and the pressure only tightens. Ace raises his hand presumably to tap out...

## **The Seers’ music — “*Slipping Away*” — hits.**

The reaction is immediate. The Foundry erupts, shock cutting straight through the tension. Smoke pours across the ramp, purple light bleeding into the arena as the sound swells.

**BERT:** “What the hell is this? Not now!”

**CHAZ:** “They’ve stayed out of it all night — all night — and now, when the championship is hanging in the balance?”

**BERT:** “This is the moment you test the line. This is the moment you see how real this is.”

The camera flickers between the ramp and the ring — but inside the ropes, nothing changes.

Jace Valor doesn’t even look.

He tightens his grip.

The hold cinches deeper, shoulder grinding, wrist trapped, every ounce of pressure driven down as Ace fights just to breathe. The referee waves off the music, waves off the smoke, eyes never leaving Ace’s face. One hand hovers inches from the mat, ready — waiting.

**CHAZ:** “Jace doesn’t care. He’s unfazed.”

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**BERT:** "He's cranking on the Valor Clutch, Chaz. He's locked in."

**CHAZ:** "He is locked in."

Ace's hand stays raised.

The music plays.

The smoke rolls.

Then **HE** appears.



**MAR** steps into view, draped in his ceremonial robe — heavy, layered, ancient in its design. Dark fabric hangs from his shoulders like a mantle, embroidered with worn symbols and medallions that catch the light just enough to be noticed. His face is unreadable. No smile. No scowl. Just focus.

He doesn't rush.

He walks.

Each step is slow, deliberate, measured — as if the ring has been waiting for him, not the other way around. The smoke parts as he moves through it, purple light washing over

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the gold and black of his robes. The crowd reacts, not with cheers or boos, but with noise — disbelief, unease, recognition.

MAR never looks to the ring.

He never looks to the crowd.

He walks with purpose, eyes forward, expression unchanged — a presence passing through the moment rather than reacting to it.

And just like that, the atmosphere shifts.

MAR continues down the aisle.

Not fast. Not slow.

Every step deliberate.

## **BERT:**

“There’s a presence to this man. Since the very beginning of Creative Force Wrestling, he’s loomed over it.”

## **CHAZ:**

“What does he want right now?”

Inside the ring, Jace Valor doesn’t even look up.

He *wrenches* the Valor Clutch tighter.

Ace Dalton screams — not in panic, but in defiance — teeth clenched, fingers clawing at the mat as he drags himself forward inch by inch. The ropes are right there. So close he can feel the vibration when the crowd rises.

The referee drops to the canvas, eyes locked on Ace’s hand.

Ace stretches.

One more push.

MAR reaches ringside.

He stops.

He doesn’t speak.

He doesn’t move.

He just watches.

Ace’s fingertips brush air.

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Jace feels it.

In one violent motion, Valor releases the hold — not in mercy, but control — hooks Ace by the waist, and *drags him back to the center of the ring*.

The crowd explodes.



Jace drops again, locking the Valor Clutch back in, deeper this time. Perfect position. No escape. No ropes. No doubt.

**Ace screams again, raw and hoarse, his body twisting as the pressure multiplies.**

**BERT:**

**“He’s locked in now!”**

**Jace wrenches back, everything in his frame committed to the hold.**

MAR stands at ringside, unmoving, eyes fixed on the center of the ring.

The referee asks again. Ace doesn't answer—he can't. He just screams, raw and hoarse, as Jace sits deeper, wrenches harder, every inch of the **Valor Clutch** cinched tight. Ace's free hand rises, trembling, hovering in the air. The commentary is convinced. *He has to tap. There's no way out.* The crowd is already bracing for it.

But Ace shifts. Just enough.

**A subtle turn of the hips**, a desperate adjustment of leverage—barely visible, but it changes everything. The pressure loosens for half a heartbeat. Ace rolls, spilling free as Jace loses balance and tumbles backward. Jace surges forward immediately, smelling the end, while Ace staggers upright on instinct alone.

Jace explodes to the ropes, springboarding in one fluid motion, setting for the **Valor Breaker**—this is it—but Ace fires a rising knee straight up, catching Jace flush on the jaw mid-air. The impact snaps Jace back into the ropes. He rebounds—and Ace, barely standing, catches him out of pure survival. With everything he has left, Ace lifts and

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snaps him over into **Spinal Bloom**—a brutal, high-angle bridging dragon suplex, wrist trapped, pin locked in desperation rather than control. Ace unable to keep the bridge for the pin due to the damage from the **Valor Clutch**.

Ace lunges for the cover—but Jace rolls through, spilling out of the ring at the last possible second.

Jace rolls out of the ring and collapses, landing directly at MAR's feet.

The crowd is on its feet. The arena is shaking.

MAR does not move.

Jace pulls himself up and slides back into the ring.

He never looks at MAR.

His eyes stay locked on the ropes, on the fight, on survival. He drags himself upright just as Ace clings to the cables, barely standing, still reeling from the punishment.

Ace moves first.

He explodes forward and stomps down on the back of Jace's head, driving him face-first into the canvas. The sound echoes through The Foundry. Ace stumbles on the follow-through, but he doesn't hesitate. He hauls Jace back up on instinct alone, muscles screaming, balance barely there.

One last lift.

Ace snaps him over — **Spinal Bloom**, again. High angle. Clean. Desperate. Perfect.

The bridge holds.

The referee drops.

**One.**

**Two.**

**Three.**

=====  **DING! DING! DING!**  =====

Ace collapses backward, chest heaving, eyes unfocused, championship secured — not stolen, not gifted, but won in the narrowest margin imaginable. The crowd erupts, split between disbelief and respect.

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Winner

## Ace Dalton

By Pinfall

New CFW World Champion

Jace rolls out of the ring and heads up the ramp without a single glance back. He never looks at MAR. His eyes stay locked on Ace the entire time — a cold, unblinking stare burned into him as he disappears through the curtain.

The ring announcer cuts through the noise, voice echoing as the result is made official.

**RING ANNOUNCER:**

**“Ladies and gentlemen... your winner of this match... AND NEWWW  
Creative Force Wrestling World Champion...”**

**ACE. DALTON.”**

MAR steps onto the ring apron.

Slow. Deliberate.

He climbs the stairs and enters the ring, standing beside Ace as the crowd buzzes — the victory secured, but the air heavy with what comes next.

**CHAZ:**

“What a main event. Full stop. Technique, heart, desperation—everything you want from a championship match. Ace Dalton earned that victory the hard way.”

**BERT:**

“No argument there. Ace survived the Valor Clutch, dug deep, and hit when it mattered most. That’s championship composure.”

**CHAZ:**

“But the question everyone’s asking now—did MAR change anything? Because from where I’m sitting... Jace Valor never even looked at him. Never broke focus. If MAR was trying to get in his head, I’m not sure it worked.”

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**BERT:**

“How could it not, Chaz?”

**CHAZ:**

“Jace stayed locked in. He wrenched that hold harder. He dragged Ace back to the center. That doesn’t look like distraction to me.”



**BERT:**

“No—but that man doesn’t need eye contact. He doesn’t need interaction. His presence alone changes the temperature in the room. Every person in this building felt it, whether Jace wanted to or not.”

**CHAZ:**

“I’m not taking anything away from Ace Dalton. He fought through hell tonight.”

**BERT:**

“Absolutely. Ace Dalton is your World Champion. And now... he’s standing in the ring with a man who’s been looming over this company since day one.”

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## **CHAZ:**

“And for the first time tonight, it feels like we’re about to get answers.”

Ace Dalton and MAR stand alone in the center of the ring. The crowd hums—uneasy, expectant. Ace lifts a microphone, lets the noise wash over him for a beat... then, without ceremony, turns and hands it to MAR.

The reaction is immediate.

**BERT:** “Wait a minute... is he—”

**CHAZ:** “We’ve never heard this man speak.”

MAR takes the microphone. The building holds its breath.

MAR shows no reaction to the crowd. No expression. No acknowledgment. He reaches into his ceremonial robe with his free hand... and slowly produces a VHS tape.

The noise in the building shifts.

MAR raises the microphone—then stops. Instead, he lifts the tape for the camera to see.



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**MAR:**

“Creative Force Wrestling did not begin as a company.”

A beat.

**MAR:**

“It began as an idea. An obsession.”

The crowd murmurs.

**MAR:**

“I tried to make it perfect.

Controlled.

Obedient.”

MAR lowers the tape.

**MAR:**

“It collapsed because of me.”

A sharper reaction.

MAR turns slightly toward **ACE DALTON**.

**MAR:**

“CFW exists now because I stayed out of its way.”

He raises the VHS tape.

**MAR:**

“These tapes were never messages.”

**MAR:**

“They were tests.”

A pause.

**MAR:**

“Each tape a different trial.”

**MAR:**

“Each one showed its viewer something they didn’t want to face.”

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**MAR:**

“Fear.  
Guilt.  
Ambition.  
... A threat”

**MAR:**

“Something personal.  
Something ugly.”

The building is silent.

**MAR:**

“Some broke.  
Some panicked.  
Some submitted.”

MAR finally looks directly at Ace.

**MAR:**

“You didn’t.”

The crowd swells.

**MAR:**

“You saw what it was...  
and you chose to play the game.”

MAR steps closer. Calm. Precise.

**MAR:**

“I did not choose you because I control this place.”

**MAR:**

“I chose you because I no longer do.”

**MAR:**

“You are proof that this company survives without its creator.”

MAR lowers the microphone.

**MAR:**

“Be the light they follow.”

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HIUDAF

10A

10UDA

11A



HIUA

12A

12UDA

13A



HIUD

12A

13A

KINGDOM  
COME

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A beat.

**MAR:**

“You will lead the Seers.”

**MAR:**

“They will follow your direction — whether they understand it or not.”

He turns fully to Ace.

**MAR:**

“Tonight, you became Champion.”

**MAR:**

“And with that... **you inherit my kingdom.**”

The crowd erupts.

**MAR:**

“The Seers — and everything we stand for — belong to you now.”

MAR lifts the tape one final time, then lets it fall to his side.

**MAR:**

“I’ve seen the outcome.”

**MAR:**

“The way forward does not go through me.”

He locks eyes with Ace.

**MAR:**

“It goes through you.”

A final pause.

**MAR:**

“For this kingdom to survive...

I step away.”

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THANK YOU FOR WATCHING KINGDOM COME