

# Monday Night Ward: #360

March 3, 2026 | United Center - Chicago, Illinois

## Opening

*The broadcast fades in from black.*

Aerial shots sweep across the Chicago skyline at night before cutting hard to the United Center, lit up in crimson and steel. The camera dives inside the arena as "Asylum" by Disturbed hits over the sound system. The crowd erupts, a wall of noise echoing through the building.

*Quick cuts of the stage, the entrance ramp, the ring, and the sea of fans holding up AWS signs. The camera pans the lower bowl, then the upper deck, catching fans pounding on the barricades and chanting. Another sweeping pan catches the massive United Center crowd on their feet, before the shot finally settles at the broadcast booth, positioned to the right of the entrance ramp.*

***Sitting behind the desk are Salmia "Mia" Russo, Ginnifer "Gidget" Stephenson, and Daniel Greene III.***

### **Mia Russo:**

"Chicago, Illinois... welcome to the madhouse. Welcome to Asylum Wrestling Society's *Tuesday Night Ward Three-Sixty!*"

*The crowd roars again as the music continues to pulse in the background.*

### **Gidget Stephenson:**

"You can feel it in the air tonight, Mia. The United Center is absolutely electric, and after what went down on last Tuesday Night Ward, there's no doubt tensions are at a breaking point all across the roster."

*Footage briefly flashes on screen: chaotic brawls, confrontations from the previous show, and heated staredowns.*

### **Daniel Greene III:**

"Last week left a lot of unfinished business in its wake. Rivalries escalated, tempers flared, and the fallout brings us here tonight with one of the most stacked cards we've had in weeks."

*The camera cuts back to wide shots of the crowd as the music fades out.*

### **Mia Russo:**

"Eight matches on the card tonight here in Chicago, and every single one of them has implications moving forward in Asylum Wrestling Society."

### **Gidget Stephenson:**

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"But it's the main event that has the entire locker room watching closely. Four former AWS Unified World Heavyweight Champions collide in one ring, and only one will stand tall."

*The camera briefly shows still images of **Drake Nygma**, **Daron Smythe**, **Ethan Murphy**, and **Eric Herrera** in rapid succession.*

### **Daniel Greene III:**

"A Triple Jeopardy Elimination Match. Drake Nygma, Daron Smythe and Ethan Murphy. Three men who have all carried the top prize in this company, all with something to prove, and all with their own claim to being the face of AWS."

*The shot returns to the booth as the crowd noise swells again.*

### **Mia Russo:**

"This is Tuesday Night Ward at its absolute finest. Chicago is ready, the locker room is on edge, and the madness begins right now."

*The camera pulls back from the commentators, sweeping once more over the roaring United Center crowd, then cuts to the entrance ramp as the first competitor of the night is about to make their way out.*

## Tiffani Taylor versus Vera Eames

The bell rings and the crowd settle into an anticipatory hum.

Tiffani Taylor circles the ring with confident energy, jawing toward Vera Eames and brushing imaginary dust off her shoulder. Vera stands still in her corner, expression unreadable, eyes locked on her opponent.

They meet in the center.

Collar-and-elbow tie-up.

Tiffani quickly shifts behind with a waistlock, shoving Vera toward the ropes. Vera reverses, sends Tiffani off the ropes--shoulder tackle from Tiffani drops Vera to a knee. Tiffani runs the ropes again, springboards off the middle rope and lands a crisp arm drag, popping back to her feet with a flourish.

The Chicago crowd gives a mixed reaction.

Tiffani taunts. Vera slowly rises, rolling her neck as if resetting her focus.

Second lock-up.

This time Vera powers Tiffani backward into the corner. The referee calls for a clean break. Vera obliges--but

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delivers a sharp forearm just as she steps away. The tone shifts immediately.

Vera grabs Tiffani by the wrist and yanks her forward into a short-arm clothesline. Tiffani flips inside out.

Cover.

**One--**

Kickout.

Vera transitions into a grounded headlock, grinding her forearm into Tiffani's temple. Tiffani fights to her knees, then to her feet, driving elbows into Vera's ribs. She slips out and connects with a spinning heel kick that staggers Vera toward the ropes.

Tiffani charges--

Vera sidesteps and sends her crashing shoulder-first into the ring post.

The impact echoes.

Vera pulls Tiffani back inside and immediately goes to work on the arm and neck--twisting, stretching, forcing her opponent into uncomfortable positions. The pace slows as Vera methodically dismantles her.

Tiffani fires back with desperation--jawbreaker! Vera stumbles.

Tiffani hits the ropes and lands a running crossbody.

**One--Two--**

Vera kicks out with authority.

The crowd rallies as Tiffani pulls Vera up, attempting a suplex--

Blocked.

Vera counters with a knee to the midsection. She hooks the arm--

Tiffani slips free and rolls her up!

**One--Two--**

Vera kicks out and both women scramble to their feet.

Tiffani ducks a lariat, lands a forearm, then another. She hooks Vera for a snap suplex--connects. Tiffani climbs to the middle rope, measuring her opponent.

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Diving blockbuster--

Vera catches her in midair.

The crowd gasps.

Without hesitation, Vera shifts her grip, hooks the leg and arm tightly--

She spins--

### **ALTERED STATE!**

Fisherman's Neckbreaker, driven flush into the canvas.

Vera floats into the cover, maintaining the bridge.

**One.**

**Two.**

**Three.**

The bell rings.

Vera Eames releases the hold and rises to her feet as the referee raises her hand. The Chicago crowd reacts with a mixture of shock and respect after the sudden, decisive finish.

Tiffani rolls to the outside, clutching her neck.

Vera stands in the center of the ring, composed, focused--having made a definitive statement to open Tuesday Night Ward #360.

## **Hector Venegas versus Adam Stryker**

The bell rings and the Chicago crowd buzzes with anticipation.

Hector Venegas steps forward first, intense and focused, pacing in tight circles. Across from him, Adam Stryker stands tall, cracking his neck once before extending his arms slightly--calm, calculating.

They meet center ring.

A quick collar-and-elbow tie-up turns into a struggle for leverage. Venegas drops low, transitions to a single-leg takedown, and grounds Stryker immediately. Hector floats into a front facelock, keeping pressure on.

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Stryker powers up, lifting Hector and backing him into the corner. Clean break.

Venegas fires first--sharp chop to the chest. The sound echoes.

Stryker answers with a forearm that snaps Hector's head sideways. Venegas rebounds with a spinning back elbow. Stryker stumbles. Venegas hits the ropes--

Tilt-a-whirl backbreaker connects.

Cover.

**One--Two--**

Stryker kicks out.

Venegas keeps the pace high, landing a basement dropkick to the side of Stryker's head. He pulls him up for a vertical suplex--

Blocked.

Stryker shifts his weight, hooks the leg, and delivers a heavy fisherman's suplex of his own. He rolls through and deadlifts Venegas for a second one. The crowd reacts loudly.

Stryker doesn't cover. Instead, he drags Hector to his feet and plants him with a stiff short-arm lariat.

**One--Two--**

Venegas kicks out.

The match begins to intensify.

Stryker attempts a powerbomb--Venegas slips free and lands on his feet. Superkick to the jaw. Stryker drops to a knee.

Venegas hits the ropes--running knee strike connects flush.

**One--Two--**

Stryker barely escapes.

Chicago rallies behind the near falls.

Venegas climbs to the top rope, looking to finish it. He leaps--

Stryker catches him mid-air in a fireman's carry.

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Venegas wriggles free, lands behind Stryker, and shoves him into the ropes. On the rebound--Venegas connects with a spinning spinebuster. The impact shakes the ring.

Both men are down.

The referee begins the count.

At six, both competitors rise and immediately start trading forearms center ring. The strikes grow heavier. Venegas lands a headbutt. Stryker responds with a knee to the midsection.

Stryker hooks both arms--

Venegas counters with a back body drop.

Venegas charges for a corner splash--Stryker sidesteps. Hector crashes chest-first into the turnbuckles.

Stryker capitalizes instantly.

He lifts Venegas up onto his shoulders in a Gory Special position, arms hooked tightly behind Hector's back. The crowd rises as Stryker steadies himself in the center of the ring.

With a sudden pull and violent snap downward--

### **THE LAST DAY ON EARTH!**

Gory Special Head-Pull Piledriver, spiking Hector Venegas directly on the crown.

Stryker sits over him, hooking both legs tightly.

**One.**

**Two.**

**Three.**

The bell rings.

Adam Stryker remains seated for a moment, breathing heavily, before rising to his feet as the referee raises his arm. The Chicago crowd gives a strong reaction after the hard-fought battle.

Hector Venegas rolls slowly to the outside, clutching his head and neck.

Adam Stryker stands in the center of the ring, eyes intense, having survived a back-and-forth war and putting an emphatic end to it with The Last Day on Earth.

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### Wild Willie versus Jax Calder

The bell rings and the energy in the United Center surges again.

Wild Willie stomps out of his corner with a fired-up intensity, jawing toward Jax Calder. Calder stands firm, jaw set, arms flexed slightly at his sides. No theatrics. Just focus.

They meet center ring.

Heavy collar-and-elbow tie-up.

Calder immediately muscles Willie backward, trying to impose his size advantage. Willie plants his boots and fires a forearm to the ribs. Calder answers with one to the jaw. The two begin trading stiff shots right out of the gate.

Willie ducks a lariat and rebounds off the ropes--running shoulder tackle. Calder barely budes.

Calder hits the ropes himself--shoulder tackle of his own sends Willie sprawling.

The crowd roars at the collision.

Willie pops back up, shakes it off, and slaps his chest. He challenges Calder to bring it again. Calder smirks and charges--Willie sidesteps and sends him hard into the turnbuckles. Willie follows with a corner clothesline, then a bulldog out of the corner.

Cover.

**One--Two--**

Calder powers out.

Willie keeps the pressure on with mounted punches before dragging Calder to his feet. Irish whip--Calder reverses. Willie ducks a big boot and springs off the ropes into a crossbody.

Calder catches him.

Fallaway slam.

Willie crashes hard into the canvas.

Calder stalks him now, methodical. He yanks Willie up and lands a stiff European uppercut. Then another. Calder hooks him for a delayed vertical suplex, holding Willie high in the air for several seconds before dropping him flat.

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### One--Two--

Willie kicks out.

Calder looks frustrated but doesn't hesitate. He pulls Willie up for a powerbomb attempt--Willie fights free with repeated punches to the head. Willie drops down and sweeps Calder's legs out from under him. Basement dropkick connects.

Both men are slow to rise.

Willie fires up, feeding off the Chicago crowd. He hits the ropes--flying forearm smash. Calder staggers but doesn't fall. Willie charges again--running lariat finally takes Calder off his feet.

Willie signals for something bigger.

He tosses Calder into the corner and charges--but Calder explodes out with a thunderous spinebuster of his own. The ring shakes.

### One--Two--

Willie barely gets a shoulder up.

Calder wastes no time. He pulls Willie up and attempts a pop-up powerbomb--Willie counters mid-air into a hurricanrana that sends Calder tumbling toward the ropes.

The crowd rises as both men get back to their feet and begin trading strikes center ring again. Forearm. Chop. Elbow. Headbutt. Neither man backs down.

Calder goes for a clothesline--Willie ducks and grabs him from behind, shoving him hard into the ropes.

Calder rebounds.

Willie times it perfectly--

He scoops Calder up into a spinebuster position mid-stride, muscles him high against his chest--

Willie spins 180 degrees--

And drives him down with brutal force into the mat.

### THE WRANGLER!

The impact echoes through the arena.

Willie hooks both legs tightly.

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**One.**

**Two.**

**Three.**

The bell rings.

Wild Willie rolls to his knees, pounding the mat before rising to his feet as the referee raises his arm. The Chicago crowd gives a strong ovation for the hard-hitting battle.

Jax Calder slowly rolls toward the ropes, shaking his head after the war.

Wild Willie stands tall in the center of the ring, having survived a no-slack, back-and-forth fight and putting it away emphatically with The Wrangler.

### **Brittani Bezos versus Avery McCullen**

The bell sounds and the tempo inside the United Center remains high after the first three contests.

Brittani Bezos steps forward confidently, rolling her shoulders and flashing a smirk toward Avery McCullen. Avery stays grounded, bouncing lightly on the balls of her feet, eyes locked in with a technical calm.

They circle.

Quick lock-up.

Avery transitions immediately into a wristlock, twisting Brittani's arm behind her back. Brittani rolls through, flips forward, and counters into a hammerlock of her own. Avery drops to a knee and reverses the pressure with a snapmare takeover, flowing straight into a grounded headlock.

The opening exchange is crisp and technical.

Brittani fights to her feet and shoots Avery off the ropes. On the rebound--Brittani leapfrogs, then catches Avery with a sharp arm drag. She follows with a dropkick that sends Avery retreating to the corner.

The Chicago crowd responds.

Brittani charges in--Avery sidesteps and Brittani collides shoulder-first with the ring post. Avery capitalizes immediately, targeting the leg with a chop block from behind.

Brittani drops to a knee.

Avery grabs the left leg and wraps it around the bottom rope, pulling back until the referee forces a break at

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four. Avery backs off but maintains control, dragging Brittani to the center of the ring and driving a knee into the thigh.

Cover.

### **One--Two--**

Brittani kicks out.

Avery keeps the attack focused on the leg--dragon screw leg whip. Brittani cries out and clutches at her knee.

Avery attempts an early setup for the Figure Four, but Brittani kicks her away with her free leg. Brittani scrambles to her feet and fires back with a back elbow. Then another. She hops slightly on the damaged leg but manages to connect with a spinning neckbreaker.

Both women are down momentarily.

Brittani pulls Avery up and lands a snap suplex. She hooks the leg.

### **One--Two--**

Avery kicks out.

Brittani tries to maintain momentum with a running knee lift, but her leg buckles slightly. Avery seizes the opening, grabbing the leg and yanking Brittani down face-first. Avery transitions into a single-leg Boston crab, sitting deep.

Brittani claws toward the ropes.

The crowd rallies as she inches forward--

She grabs the bottom rope.

Break.

Avery releases reluctantly, frustration visible.

Brittani drags herself up using the ropes. Avery rushes in--Brittani counters with a sudden inside cradle.

### **One--Two--**

Avery escapes.

Both women spring up at the same time.

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Brittani throws a clothesline--Avery ducks and delivers a chop block to the injured leg again. Brittani collapses.

Avery wastes no time now.

She grabs Brittani's left leg and steps through carefully, turning her opponent onto her back. Avery crosses the legs precisely, locking them tight. She falls back--

### **FOUR LEAF CLOVER!**

Figure Four Leglock cinched in dead center of the ring.

Brittani screams, trying to sit up and reverse the pressure. She reaches desperately for the ropes, but they're too far away.

Avery arches her hips to increase the torque.

Brittani pounds the mat, shaking her head--refusing--

The pain becomes too much.

She taps.

The bell rings.

Avery McCullen releases the hold immediately and rolls to her knees as the referee calls for the bell. The Chicago crowd reacts strongly to the technical finish.

Brittani clutches her knee, rolling toward the ropes as officials check on her.

Avery stands, composed, as her arm is raised. She glances down briefly at her opponent before looking toward the hard camera--sending a clear message that her submission game remains one of the most dangerous in Asylum Wrestling Society.

## **KD Feigel & Vin Halsted versus Black List Mafia (AWS Pinnacle Heavyweight Champion Leon Roberts & AWS Parental Advisory Champion Silver Baron)**

The atmosphere shifts as championship gold glimmers under the lights. Leon Roberts and Silver Baron enter with calculated swagger, titles draped proudly over their shoulders. Black List Mafia look composed, dangerous, unified.

Across the ring, KD Feigel and Vin Halsted stand shoulder-to-shoulder. No theatrics--just focus. A nod

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between them.

The bell rings.

Vin Halsted starts against Silver Baron.

They circle cautiously before locking up. Baron lands a quick knee to the midsection and backs Vin into the corner, tagging in Leon Roberts early. Roberts steps in and immediately delivers a heavy right hand. The power difference is clear.

Roberts attempts a power slam--Vin slips behind and shoves him into the ropes. On the rebound, Vin lands a dropkick that staggers the Pinnacle Champion.

Tag to KD Feigel.

KD enters with speed, landing rapid forearms before hitting a spinning back kick to Roberts' midsection. He hooks Roberts for a snap suplex--clean execution.

**One--Two--**

Roberts powers out.

Roberts rolls to his corner and tags Silver Baron. Baron slows the pace immediately, catching KD in a side headlock and grinding him down. KD fights to his feet, shoves Baron off the ropes--leapfrog, arm drag, second arm drag, then a basement dropkick.

KD fires up the Chicago crowd.

Tag to Vin.

Double team maneuver--assisted spinebuster to Baron. Vin covers.

**One--Two--**

Baron kicks out.

Momentum swings as Roberts blindsides Vin from behind while the referee is distracted. Baron capitalizes with a chop block. Black List Mafia begin isolating Vin in their corner.

For several minutes, Roberts and Baron cut the ring in half. Hard tags. Methodical stomps. Quick double-team strikes when the referee's back is turned.

Vin absorbs punishment but refuses to stay down.

Roberts hits a delayed vertical suplex and floats into a cover.

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### One--Two--

Vin kicks out.

Roberts attempts a powerbomb--Vin counters mid-lift with a hurricanrana that sends Roberts into the ropes. Both men crawl.

Hot tag to KD.

KD explodes into the ring, knocking Baron off the apron and landing a springboard forearm to Roberts. He ducks a lariat, hits a spinning heel kick, then a running knee in the corner.

Silver Baron re-enters--Vin intercepts him with a big boot.

All four men collide in the center of the ring, trading blows. The referee struggles to maintain order.

The match crosses the 15-minute mark as chaos builds.

Roberts lines KD up for a finishing lariat--

Suddenly--

**Executive Director Donovan Cross appears at the top of the entrance ramp.**

The crowd erupts.

Cross raises a microphone.

"This has gone far enough. If you want to tear each other apart--fine. As of right now, this match is NO DISQUALIFICATION!"

The crowd explodes.

Immediately, Silver Baron slides to the outside and grabs a steel chair. He tosses it into the ring. Roberts grabs it first--

CRACK.

He smashes it across Vin Halsted's back.

KD rushes him--Baron nails KD from behind with another chair shot.

Black List Mafia take control brutally now. Roberts wedges a chair in the corner and attempts to whip KD into it--

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KD reverses.

Roberts crashes into the steel.

Silver Baron tries for a low blow on Vin--Vin blocks it and delivers a thunderous right hand. Vin hoists Baron up for a powerbomb--

Baron rakes the eyes.

Roberts recovers and plants Vin with a devastating spinebuster onto the steel chair.

**One--Two--**

KD dives in to break it up.

The chaos spills to the outside.

Roberts sets up a table at ringside as Baron holds KD against the barricade. Roberts charges--

Out of nowhere--

**Derek Wellings sprints down the ramp.**

The crowd roars in shock.

Wellings slides into the ring and grabs the steel chair Roberts left behind. As Roberts turns--

**CRACK.**

Chair shot to the back.

Roberts stumbles forward into the ring.

Silver Baron releases KD and charges at Wellings--Vin Halsted intercepts him with a massive spear through the table Roberts set up at ringside.

The United Center explodes.

Inside the ring, Roberts swings wildly at KD--

KD ducks.

Roberts turns--

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KD hooks him into a cradle roll-up, using the ropes for leverage as Wellings distracts the referee just long enough to avoid detection.

**One.**

**Two.**

**Three.**

The bell rings.

Black List Mafia have been robbed.

Leon Roberts sits up in disbelief as KD Feigel and Vin Halsted quickly roll out of the ring. Derek Wellings backs up the ramp with a satisfied expression, never taking his eyes off Roberts.

In the ring, Roberts is furious. Silver Baron slowly pulls himself up from the wreckage at ringside.

KD and Vin stand at the top of the ramp, staring back at the champions as the crowd roars.

The war between these factions has escalated--and with No Disqualification now in play, the lines have clearly been crossed.

## **Ace Sky versus AJ Flare**

The vacant AWS Fusion Championship rests on a pedestal at ringside as the referee holds it high before handing it off.

The bell rings.

Ace Sky and AJ Flare circle quickly, both light on their feet. No hesitation.

They lock up--chain wrestling exchange. Arm drag by Sky. Flare kips up. Flare answers with a drop toe hold. Sky flips through and lands on his feet.

The pace is electric from the opening seconds.

Sky hits the ropes--springboard arm drag sends Flare rolling across the ring. Flare pops up and responds with a handspring back elbow that drops Sky.

The crowd erupts.

Sky rolls to the apron and slingshots in with a cutter attempt--Flare shoves him off mid-air. Sky lands on his feet and immediately delivers a spinning enzuigiri that rocks Flare into the corner.

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Sky charges--

Flare explodes upward, flipping over Sky in the corner and landing behind him. German suplex--bridge!

**One--Two--**

Sky kicks out.

Flare stays aggressive, going for a running shooting star press--

Sky gets the knees up.

Momentum swings again.

Sky climbs to the top rope quickly. High-risk early--diving crossbody connects perfectly.

**One--Two--**

Flare kicks out.

The two men escalate further.

Sky attempts a springboard 450--Flare rolls out of the way at the last second. Sky crashes hard. Flare capitalizes with a standing moonsault.

**One--Two--**

Sky survives.

They exchange rapid-fire counters in the center of the ring. Superkick from Sky. Flare answers with one of his own. Both men stagger but refuse to fall.

Sky attempts a tornado DDT--Flare blocks it mid-spin and turns it into a Northern Lights suplex.

The match passes the ten-minute mark with neither man giving ground.

Flare goes for a top-rope Spanish Fly--

Sky shoves him off the turnbuckle.

Sky leaps--

Missile dropkick connects.

Sky signals for the finish. He hooks Flare for a springboard cutter--

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Flare shoves him away.

Sky rebounds off the ropes--

Flare charges and nearly decapitates him with a lariat.

Both men collapse.

The referee begins the count. At seven, they rise again.

Forearm exchange center ring. Chop. Back elbow. Knee strike. Neither man yields.

Flare ducks a spinning heel kick and hooks Sky's arm.

He pauses for a split second, looking out at the crowd.

Flare pulls Sky in tight, hooks him--

And spikes him straight down with a devastating **Spike DDT**, a clear tribute to the legendary Demolition Ax, Barry Darsow.

The impact is emphatic.

Flare floats into the cover.

**One.**

**Two.**

**Three.**

The bell rings.

AJ Flare rolls onto his knees, exhausted but victorious. The referee retrieves the championship and hands it to him.

AJ Flare rises to his feet as the referee raises his arm and drapes the newly won AWS Fusion Championship over his shoulder.

Ace Sky slowly rolls to the apron, having pushed Flare to the limit in a high-flying showcase worthy of the vacant title.

AJ Flare climbs the turnbuckles, holding the championship high above his head as the Chicago crowd gives a strong ovation.

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A new AWS Fusion Champion has been crowned.

### Mike Dimter © versus TJ Alexander

The AWS C4 Division Championship is held high as Mike Dimter stands stone-faced in his corner. Across from him, TJ Alexander rolls his shoulders and cracks his neck, eyes locked on the champion.

The bell rings.

They meet center ring for a tense collar-and-elbow tie-up. Immediate technical exchange--Dimter transitions into a wristlock, Alexander rolls through and counters into a grounded hammerlock. Dimter bridges out, flips forward, and grabs a side headlock.

Alexander shoves him off the ropes. On the rebound--shoulder block from Dimter. Alexander doesn't move.

Alexander hits the ropes--shoulder block of his own sends Dimter back a step.

The pace tightens.

Alexander lands a stiff forearm to the jaw. Dimter answers with a knife-edge chop that echoes through the arena. The two begin trading heavy strikes--forearm, chop, elbow, repeat.

Strong style intensity early.

Dimter ducks a spinning backfist and takes Alexander down with a single-leg. He transitions smoothly into a heel hook attempt. Alexander scrambles, rolling through and grabbing the ropes to force the break.

Reset.

Alexander shoots in for a double-leg takedown, driving Dimter hard into the mat. He floats into side control and peppers him with short elbow strikes before Dimter regains half-guard and forces separation.

Back on their feet.

Alexander unleashes a rapid combination--body shot, forearm, roundhouse kick to the ribs. Dimter absorbs it and fires back with a European uppercut that snaps Alexander's head back.

Dimter hooks him for a German suplex--bridge!

**One--Two--**

Alexander kicks out.

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Dimter keeps control, working a crossface in the center of the ring. Alexander powers to his knees and counters into a deadlift gutwrench suplex.

The ring shakes on impact.

**One--Two--**

Dimter escapes.

Alexander signals for something big. He hoists Dimter for a powerbomb--Dimter counters mid-air with a hurricanrana that sends Alexander tumbling into the corner.

Dimter charges--running knee strike connects.

He pulls Alexander up and lands a short-arm lariat.

**One--Two--**

Alexander survives again.

The champion grows frustrated but focused.

Alexander answers with a sudden rolling elbow that drops Dimter to a knee. He follows with a penalty kick to the chest. Dimter absorbs it and stands defiantly, daring Alexander to hit him again.

Another kick.

Dimter catches the leg.

Dragon screw leg whip.

Alexander rolls through and springs up with a jumping knee that nearly decapitates Dimter.

Both men collapse.

The crowd counts along as they slowly rise.

They begin trading forearms center ring again--each strike heavier than the last. Alexander gains momentum with a spinning back elbow and hooks Dimter for a brainbuster--

Dimter blocks it.

He shifts position, hooks Alexander's arms in a Gory Special hold.

The crowd reacts immediately.

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Dimter steadies himself, lifting Alexander high--

He drops backward with force.

### **SOUTH PHILLY SPECIAL!**

Gory Bomb spikes Alexander into the canvas.

Dimter rolls through into the cover, hooking both legs tight.

**One.**

**Two.**

**Three.**

The bell rings.

Mike Dimter remains on his knees for a moment, breathing heavily, before the referee hands him the AWS C4 Division Championship.

Alexander rolls toward the ropes, having pushed the champion to his limit in a bruising technical and strong style war.

Dimter rises and raises the championship high above his head as the Chicago crowd reacts loudly. The champion retains after a hard-fought battle.

## **Drake Nygma versus Daron Smythe versus Ethan Murphy**

**Three of the last AWS World Champions face off for bragging rights and title shots.**

*1st Elimination - Becomes the AWS Television Champion.*

*2nd Elimination - Becomes the AWS American Champion.*

*Winner - Challenges for the AWS Pinnacle Heavyweight Championship at a future date.*

The three championships are displayed at ringside as the crowd rises to its feet.

Drake Nygma stands calm and calculating.

Daron Smythe paces like a caged animal.

Ethan Murphy cracks his knuckles, jaw set.

The bell rings.

No hesitation.

Murphy charges Nygma immediately, while Smythe waits half a beat--then blindsides Murphy from behind.

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The match erupts instantly into chaos.

Murphy recovers and lands a stiff forearm on Smythe. Nygma pulls Murphy into a snap dragon screw. Smythe retaliates with a running knee to Nygma's jaw.

The pace is frantic.

Murphy hoists Smythe for a powerbomb--Nygma chop blocks Murphy's leg, breaking it up. Smythe tumbles to the outside.

Nygma and Murphy square off. Rapid technical exchange--arm wringer, counter into a waistlock, standing switch, back elbow. Murphy lands a release German suplex.

Smythe re-enters with a lariat that flips Murphy inside out.

The brutality escalates.

Smythe launches Nygma over the top rope to the floor. Murphy and Smythe trade heavy strikes center ring--forearm after forearm. Murphy opens up with a spinning elbow that splits Smythe above the eyebrow.

Blood begins to flow.

Smythe laughs through it.

He tackles Murphy to the mat and rains down punches. Murphy rolls through and locks in a crossface. Smythe claws his way to the ropes.

Outside, Nygma pulls out a steel chair.

He slides back in and cracks it across Murphy's spine. Then across Smythe's ribs.

The referee can only count falls--no disqualifications in this elimination format.

Nygma wedges the chair in the corner and whips Smythe into it. Impact.

Murphy catches Nygma with a spinebuster onto the chair.

All three men are down.

The match passes ten minutes. Blood now streaks Murphy's forehead after being driven face-first into the ring post moments earlier. Nygma's lip is busted open from a stiff elbow. Smythe's face is a crimson mask.

Murphy climbs the top rope for a diving elbow drop--

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Nygma shoves him mid-air. Murphy crashes hard to the outside.

Smythe grabs Nygma and plants him with a sit-out powerbomb.

**One--Two--**

Nygma kicks out.

Smythe roars and lines up Murphy as he slides back in. Running knee strike connects flush.

**One--Two--**

Murphy survives.

The exhaustion begins to show.

Nygma traps Smythe in a submission attempt, wrenching back hard. Murphy breaks it up with a double stomp to Nygma's back.

Murphy lifts Smythe for a brainbuster--

Nygma springboards in with a cutter that wipes Murphy out mid-lift.

All three collapse again.

Twenty minutes in.

Murphy staggers up first and hoists Nygma for his finishing powerbomb variation--connects.

He crawls into the cover.

**One.**

**Two.**

**Three.**

### FIRST ELIMINATION - DRAKE NYGMA

The bell rings briefly.

Drake Nygma has been eliminated.

By virtue of being the first man eliminated, Nygma is declared the new **AWS Television Champion**. Officials rush to the ring and hand him the Television Title as he rolls out, dazed but smirking through blood.

Now it's down to two.

## Monday Night Ward: #360

Murphy vs. Smythe.

Both men barely stand.

They trade forearms again, slower now but just as violent. Smythe lands a headbutt that opens Murphy's cut further. Murphy answers with a superkick that drops Smythe to a knee.

Murphy climbs the ropes again.

Smythe meets him up top.

They trade shots precariously on the turnbuckle. Murphy attempts a superplex--Smythe blocks it and transitions mid-air--

Avalanche powerbomb.

The ring shakes.

Smythe crawls into the cover.

**One.**

**Two.**

**Three.**

### **SECOND ELIMINATION - ETHAN MURPHY**

Ethan Murphy is eliminated and, as the second man out, is awarded the **AWS American Championship**. Officials present the title as he lies exhausted, barely able to lift it.

Now only one remains.

Daron Smythe.

Smythe collapses to his knees as the referee signals for the bell.

### **DARON SMYTHE WINS THE TRIPLE JEOPARDY MATCH.**

He will challenge for the **AWS Pinnacle Heavyweight Championship** at a future date.

Smythe stands slowly, blood streaming down his face, chest heaving. He looks out over the United Center crowd, then directly into the hard camera.

At the top of the ramp, the AWS Pinnacle Heavyweight Champion watches, stone-faced.

## **Monday Night Ward: #360**

Inside the ring, three men have been brutalized.

Drake Nygma leaves as Television Champion.

Ethan Murphy leaves as American Champion.

Daron Smythe leaves with a guaranteed shot at the top prize.

The camera lingers on Smythe holding his contract opportunity high as the Chicago crowd roars and Tuesday Night Ward #360 fades to black.

**Show Credits**

Segment: "Opening" - Written by Ben.

*Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite*