

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

June 8, 2026 | The Crow's Nest - Las Vegas

Introduction

The screen fades in from black.

The haunting opening notes of "**Asylum**" by **Disturbed** begin to echo throughout the arena as crimson and silver pyrotechnics erupt from the stage. Massive LED screens illuminate the darkness with flickering images of barbed wire, cracked asylum walls, and distorted flashes of the AWS logo.

The camera sweeps high above the crowd.

Thousands of fans are on their feet inside The Crow's Nest, nestled deep within the legendary Las Vegas Neon Graveyard. Historic neon signs from decades past cast eerie reds, blues, greens, and pinks across the audience, creating an atmosphere unlike anywhere else in professional wrestling.

A giant six-sided ring sits illuminated beneath blood-red spotlights.

The camera circles the arena once.

Then again.

And again.

Signs wave throughout the crowd.

"STRYKER FEARS THE GOLD STANDARD!"

"WELCOME TO THE ASYLUM!"

"WARD 363 NIGHT 2!"

"AWS IS WRESTLING!"

Fans pound against barricades while others chant loudly.

"A-W-S! A-W-S! A-W-S!"

The cameras continue panning across every corner of the building, capturing the electric atmosphere.

A final sweeping shot reveals the entire arena before the camera transitions upward toward the luxurious

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skybox overlooking the arena floor.

Inside sits the broadcast team.

Salmia "Mia" Russo

Ginnifer "Gidget" Stephenson

Daniel Greene III

All three are seated behind the AWS broadcast desk overlooking the sold-out crowd.

Mia Russo

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to the absolute madhouse that is Asylum Wrestling Society!"

The crowd erupts.

Mia smiles.

"We are coming to you live from The Crow's Nest in the heart of Las Vegas' Neon Graveyard, and tonight is the second half of a special two-night presentation of Monday Night Ward Number Three Hundred Sixty-Three!"

Gidget Stephenson

"What an incredible atmosphere, Mia."

"The fans have packed every available seat in this building, and after everything we witnessed last week, the anticipation for tonight is absolutely off the charts."

Daniel Greene III

"Last week was pure chaos."

"We saw rivalries explode."

"We saw championships defended."

"We saw competitors push themselves beyond their limits."

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"And somehow, after all of that madness, tonight might actually be even bigger."

Mia Russo

"You're absolutely right, Daniel."

"Tonight we've got six huge matches scheduled from top to bottom."

"We've got personal grudges."

"We've got championship implications."

"And we have competitors looking to make statements heading into what promises to be a massive summer season for AWS."

Gidget Stephenson

"But let's talk about what everybody around the world is talking about."

"The main event."

The crowd cheers loudly.

Daniel Greene III

"The AWS Undisputed Heavyweight Championship."

A graphic flashes across the screen.

ADAM STRYKER (c)

vs.

"THE GOLD STANDARD" VIN HALSTED

The crowd reacts loudly.

Daniel Greene III

"For months Vin Halsted has called himself the standard by which all others are measured."

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"He has fought his way through challenge after challenge."

"He has earned this opportunity."

"And tonight he finally gets his shot."

Gidget Stephenson

"But standing across the ring from him is arguably the most dominant champion we've seen in recent memory."

"Adam Stryker has beaten everyone placed in front of him."

"Tonight he'll attempt to add another name to that list."

Mia Russo

"The Gold Standard versus The Champion."

"One man chasing destiny."

"One man protecting his throne."

"And only one man can leave Las Vegas with the AWS Undisputed Heavyweight Championship."

The crowd roars.

Suddenly--

CRASH!

A loud noise echoes somewhere below.

The commentators stop.

The music continues playing faintly in the background.

Daniel Greene III

"...What was that?"

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Another crash.

This one louder.

The camera shakes violently.

A production assistant suddenly runs across the floor beneath the skybox.

Mia Russo

"Hold on."

"What's happening?"

The camera turns toward the entrance area.

Several figures dressed entirely in black have emerged from the shadows.

Each wears a featureless black mask.

No logos.

No identifying marks.

Nothing.

The crowd begins murmuring.

Security personnel rush toward them.

Then--

BOOM!

One masked individual levels a security guard with a steel pipe.

The crowd gasps.

Gidget Stephenson

"Oh my God!"

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Another masked intruder grabs a roaming cameraman and throws him violently into a production crate.

Equipment crashes everywhere.

Monitors fall.

Wires scatter across the floor.

Fans begin standing and pointing.

Mia Russo

"Somebody get security out here!"

A second cameraman attempts to retreat.

One of the masked figures catches him.

CRACK!

The camera feed suddenly drops sideways as the cameraman is driven into the barricade.

Static briefly flashes across the screen.

Daniel Greene III

"This isn't part of the show!"

"This isn't scheduled!"

The remaining cameras struggle to maintain visual coverage.

Another masked intruder jumps the ringside barricade.

He storms directly toward the timekeeper's area.

Mia Russo

"No!"

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The timekeeper attempts to flee.

Too late.

The masked figure shoves him over the table before smashing the ring bell onto the floor.

Gidget Stephenson

"Security! Security!"

The crowd is now in complete chaos.

Fans are screaming.

Security personnel rush from every direction.

Several producers attempt to intervene.

They are immediately overwhelmed.

One producer is thrown into a stack of lighting equipment.

Another is sent crashing through a production table.

Daniel Greene III

"There are at least eight of them!"

Mia Russo

"Who are these people?!"

The masked intruders continue dismantling everything in sight.

Monitors.

Cables.

Broadcast equipment.

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Camera stands.

Nothing is safe.

The arena lights begin flickering.

The crowd grows louder with every passing second.

Suddenly--

One masked figure stops.

He slowly turns toward the hard camera.

The crowd noise becomes deafening.

The intruder steps forward.

Directly into view.

He stares into the lens.

Breathing heavily.

Silent.

Motionless.

Then he points directly toward the skybox.

Toward the commentary team.

Toward Mia.

Toward Gidget.

Toward Daniel.

The commentators immediately stand.

Gidget Stephenson

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"I don't like this."

Daniel Greene III

"Get more security up here now!"

The masked figure slowly lowers his hand.

Then raises a single finger to his lips.

Shhhhhhh.

The screen momentarily fills with static.

The crowd erupts into a mixture of boos and confusion.

Security finally begins surrounding the intruders.

But instead of fighting...

The masked figures back away.

Slowly.

Methodically.

Almost as if they accomplished exactly what they came to do.

One by one they disappear into the shadows surrounding the Neon Graveyard set.

The arena remains in absolute disarray.

Broken equipment litters the floor.

Medical personnel check on cameramen.

Producers attempt to restore order.

The commentators remain standing in shock.

Mia Russo

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"...Ladies and gentlemen..."

"We don't know who those individuals were."

"We don't know why they targeted AWS personnel."

"But tonight has officially begun in complete chaos."

Daniel Greene III

"And if that's how this night is starting..."

"I don't even want to imagine how it's going to end."

The camera slowly zooms out.

Showing the damaged ringside area.

The six-sided ring.

The confused crowd.

And security desperately searching every corner of the arena.

Monday Night Ward #363 (Night 2) officially begins.

AJ Flare vs. TJ Alexander

AJ Flare's music echoes throughout The Crow's Nest as "The Greatest" steps through the curtain to a thunderous ovation from the Las Vegas crowd.

The athletic superstar points toward the fans before sprinting down the ramp and sliding into the six-sided ring.

The atmosphere remains tense following the earlier attack by the masked intruders, but the fans are eager for competition.

Moments later, the lights shift to blue and gold.

"The Game Changer" TJ Alexander emerges from the tunnel.

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Alexander confidently walks onto the stage, staring directly into the ring.

He raises both arms as pyrotechnics explode behind him.

The crowd gives a respectful reaction.

TJ nods and makes his way to ringside.

Mia Russo

"This is exactly what AWS needs right now."

"A great wrestling match."

Gidget Stephenson

"Two future stars looking to make a statement."

Daniel Greene III

"And neither one can afford a loss."

TJ enters the ring.

The official calls both competitors to the center.

A quick set of instructions.

The bell rings.

DING! DING! DING!

The crowd applauds as both men circle one another.

Collar-and-elbow tie-up.

Alexander quickly transitions into a side headlock.

AJ pushes him into the ropes.

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Alexander rebounds.

Shoulder block.

AJ hits the canvas.

TJ runs again.

AJ pops up.

Leapfrog.

Alexander passes underneath.

AJ drops down.

TJ rebounds once more.

AJ catches him with a beautiful arm drag.

The crowd cheers.

Alexander quickly rises.

Another arm drag.

Then another.

TJ rolls outside to regroup.

Mia Russo

"AJ Flare is starting fast."

TJ shakes his head and re-enters.

The two lock up again.

This time TJ drives a knee into AJ's midsection.

The crowd boos.

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Alexander follows with stiff forearm strikes.

AJ fires back.

Forearm.

Forearm.

Forearm.

The crowd begins counting along.

TJ suddenly rakes the eyes behind the referee's back.

Boos fill the arena.

Alexander immediately capitalizes.

Snap suplex.

Cover.

ONE!

Kickout.

TJ stays aggressive.

A series of stomps keeps AJ grounded.

Alexander drags him up and launches him into the turnbuckles.

TJ charges.

AJ sidesteps.

TJ crashes chest-first into the corner.

The crowd comes alive.

AJ explodes forward.

Flying clothesline.

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Another.

Dropkick.

Alexander staggers backward.

AJ hits the ropes.

Running crossbody.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout.

Gidget Stephenson

"AJ Flare is rolling!"

AJ pulls TJ up.

Irish whip.

Alexander reverses.

AJ rebounds.

Springboards off the middle rope.

Flying back elbow!

Huge reaction.

AJ climbs the turnbuckles.

The crowd rises.

Daniel Greene III

"High risk time!"

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AJ launches.

Missile dropkick!

Alexander flips backward from impact.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TJ barely escapes.

The crowd applauds.

AJ remains focused.

He signals for his finishing maneuver.

The fans roar.

AJ pulls Alexander to his feet.

Alexander suddenly drives a thumb into AJ's throat.

Boos.

AJ stumbles.

TJ capitalizes.

Spinning neckbreaker.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

AJ kicks out.

The fans erupt.

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Mia Russo

"What resilience!"

TJ becomes frustrated.

He begins arguing with the referee.

The delay allows AJ to recover.

Alexander turns.

SUPERKICK!

The crowd explodes.

Both men collapse.

The referee begins counting.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

Both competitors slowly rise.

AJ strikes first.

Forearm.

TJ responds.

Forearm.

AJ.

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TJ.

AJ.

TJ.

The crowd chants with each shot.

The exchange becomes faster.

Both men unload everything they have.

AJ ducks one.

Alexander misses.

AJ springs off the ropes.

Flying forearm smash.

TJ stumbles into the corner.

AJ charges.

Running corner splash.

TJ falls forward.

AJ hooks him.

Sit-out powerbomb!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!

The crowd erupts.

Daniel Greene III

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"That was three!"

Gidget Stephenson

"No it wasn't!"

AJ cannot believe it.

The fans chant.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

AJ heads toward the top rope.

The crowd stands.

TJ slowly rises.

AJ launches.

450 SPLASH--

TJ rolls away!

AJ crashes hard.

The audience groans.

Alexander immediately capitalizes.

Running knee strike to the jaw.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE--NO!

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AJ survives.

Now TJ can't believe it.

Mia Russo

"What a match!"

Alexander drags AJ up.

He attempts his patented Game Changer Driver.

AJ fights free.

Back elbow.

Another.

Alexander charges.

AJ catches him.

Spanish Fly!

The arena explodes.

Both men are down.

The referee begins counting again.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

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SEVEN!

Both competitors rise.

AJ strikes first.

Alexander swings wildly.

AJ ducks.

Superkick.

Alexander staggers.

AJ springs to the ropes.

Springboard Cutter!

The crowd loses its mind.

Daniel Greene III

"THE GREATEST ENDING!"

AJ hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Winner: "The Greatest" AJ Flare

The crowd erupts into cheers.

AJ Flare rolls onto his back, exhausted after a grueling battle.

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TJ Alexander sits in the corner, disappointed but having earned the respect of the audience.

The referee raises AJ's hand.

Mia Russo

"What a way to begin Monday Night Ward!"

Gidget Stephenson

"An incredible performance from both men."

Daniel Greene III

"And tonight, 'The Greatest' proved exactly why he carries that nickname."

AJ climbs the turnbuckles and celebrates with the Las Vegas crowd as fireworks shoot from the stage.

But as the camera pans toward the entrance tunnel, several security officers are still standing watch.

The commentators briefly glance toward the stage.

Nobody says it.

But everyone is thinking it.

The masked intruders may be gone...

For now.

Sol Azteca vs. Sarah Lee Jackson w/ Avery McCullen

As AJ Flare makes his way backstage following his hard-fought victory, the crowd remains energized.

The lights dim slightly before vibrant orange and gold colors fill the arena.

Ancient Aztec imagery flashes across the video screens.

The fans immediately erupt.

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SOL AZTECA emerges onto the stage.

The fiery fan favorite raises a fist into the air before making her way toward the ring.

Mia Russo

"Last week Sol Azteca came within inches of capturing the AWS Goddess Championship."

Gidget Stephenson

"And despite coming up short against Astra Mortis, she showed the entire world why she belongs at the top of this division."

Sol enters the ring to a thunderous ovation.

Moments later country-rock music blasts through the arena.

The reaction instantly changes.

Boos.

Sarah Lee Jackson walks onto the stage.

At her side is none other than Avery McCullen.

McCullen smirks at the crowd while Sarah points toward the ring.

Daniel Greene III

"And here comes trouble."

Mia Russo

"Avery McCullen has had her issues with Sol Azteca for a bit."

Gidget Stephenson

"And with Avery challenging Astra Mortis in the near future, you have to wonder if she's looking to send a

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message tonight."

Sarah and Avery share a few words before Sarah enters the ring.

The referee checks both competitors.

The bell sounds.

DING! DING! DING!

The two women circle.

Sarah immediately talks trash.

Sol simply smiles.

The crowd cheers.

Sarah shoves her.

Sol shoves her back harder.

The crowd pops.

Sarah charges.

Sol catches her with a deep arm drag.

Sarah gets up.

Another arm drag.

Sarah rises again.

Dropkick.

Sarah rolls underneath the bottom rope to regroup.

The crowd cheers loudly.

Mia Russo

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"Fast start from Sol Azteca."

Sarah climbs back inside.

This time she immediately kicks Sol in the stomach.

Sarah drives several forearms into her back.

Irish whip.

Sarah follows.

Running clothesline.

Sol ducks.

Springboard crossbody!

The crowd erupts.

Cover.

ONE!

Kickout.

Sol keeps moving.

Arm wrench.

Kick to the ribs.

Spinning back kick.

Sarah falls into the corner.

Sol charges.

Running meteora in the corner.

The crowd roars.

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Gidget Stephenson

"Sol is on fire!"

Outside the ring Avery begins shouting instructions.

Sarah uses the distraction to catch Sol charging.

Sarah drops her throat-first across the top rope.

Boos fill the arena.

Sarah takes control.

Running knee to the back.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout.

Sarah remains aggressive.

She drives Sol into the mat with a snapmare.

Then a running basement dropkick.

Another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout.

Sarah becomes frustrated.

Daniel Greene III

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"Sarah knows she has to keep Sol grounded."

Sarah locks in a rear chinlock.

The crowd begins rallying.

LET'S GO SOL!

LET'S GO SOL!

Sol fights to her feet.

Elbow.

Another elbow.

A third.

Sarah breaks the hold.

Sol hits the ropes.

Sarah catches her.

Tilt-a-whirl backbreaker.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The crowd erupts.

Mia Russo

"Sol Azteca refuses to stay down!"

Sarah argues with the referee.

Outside the ring Avery applauds sarcastically.

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The distraction allows Sol time to recover.

Sarah turns.

SUPERKICK!

The crowd explodes.

Both women are down.

The referee begins counting.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

Both competitors rise.

Sol unloads.

Forearm.

Forearm.

Forearm.

Spinning back fist.

Sarah staggers.

Running clothesline.

Another.

Flying forearm smash.

The crowd is firmly behind Sol.

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Sarah stumbles into the corner.

Sol charges.

Corner splash.

Snap suplex.

Standing moonsault.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Sarah barely kicks out.

Gidget Stephenson

"What a sequence!"

Sol heads for the top rope.

The crowd rises.

Avery suddenly jumps onto the apron.

The fans immediately boo.

The referee rushes over.

Mia Russo

"Come on, Avery!"

Sol drops from the ropes and points toward Avery.

The distraction allows Sarah to recover.

Sarah charges from behind.

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Roll-up.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Sol escapes.

Sarah can't believe it.

Sarah swings wildly.

Sol ducks.

Spinning heel kick.

Sarah collapses.

The crowd explodes.

Daniel Greene III

"This could be it!"

Sol climbs the ropes once more.

This time Avery again attempts to interfere.

The referee finally catches her.

Referee

"THAT'S IT!"

The crowd erupts.

Mia Russo

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"YES!"

The official points toward the entrance.

Avery is stunned.

The crowd cheers wildly.

Referee

"YOU'RE OUT OF HERE!"

Avery argues.

The fans loudly sing.

HEY HEY HEY!

GOODBYE!

Security arrives and escorts Avery McCullen away from ringside.

Sarah is furious.

She turns around--

SOL AZTECA LEAPS!

SOL RISING!

(A breathtaking top-rope corkscrew splash.)

The arena explodes.

Sol hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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DING! DING! DING!

Winner: Sol Azteca

The Las Vegas crowd erupts.

Sol Azteca rolls to her knees, exhausted but victorious.

The referee raises her hand.

Mia Russo

"What a huge victory for Sol Azteca!"

Gidget Stephenson

"Sarah Lee Jackson fought hard, but once Avery McCullen was removed from the equation, Sol took over."

Daniel Greene III

"Sol Azteca just reminded everyone in AWS that she remains a major threat in the women's division."

As Sol celebrates atop the turnbuckles, the camera briefly catches security personnel still stationed throughout the arena.

The commentators fall silent for a moment.

The memory of the masked intruders still lingers over The Crow's Nest.

But tonight, for at least one moment, the focus belongs entirely to the victorious Sol Azteca.

Monster Mack vs. Orphius Marius

Following Sol Azteca's victory, the atmosphere inside The Crow's Nest shifts dramatically.

The lights dim.

An eerie purple glow fills the arena.

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Smoke begins pouring across the entrance stage.

The fans immediately rise to their feet.

A haunting orchestral theme echoes throughout the Neon Graveyard.

The AWS Parental Advisory Championship glimmers beneath the spotlight.

ORPHIUS MARIUS slowly emerges from the darkness.

The champion methodically walks onto the stage carrying his championship over his shoulder.

The crowd gives a mixed reaction.

Some cheer.

Others boo.

Orphius never acknowledges them.

His eyes remain locked on the ring.

Mia Russo

"One of the most dangerous men in AWS today."

Gidget Stephenson

"And the reigning AWS Parental Advisory Champion."

Daniel Greene III

"His title isn't on the line tonight, but a loss here could dramatically alter the championship picture."

Orphius enters the ring and raises the championship high above his head.

Moments later the arena begins shaking.

A heavy bassline rattles the building.

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The crowd explodes.

MONSTER MACK storms onto the stage.

The monstrous powerhouse wastes no time.

He marches directly toward the ring with an intensity that immediately gets the fans buzzing.

Mia Russo

"This man is a walking natural disaster."

Gidget Stephenson

"Monster Mack has one objective every time he steps into the ring."

Daniel Greene III

"Destroy everything."

Mack climbs onto the apron.

The ring visibly shifts beneath his weight.

He steps through the ropes.

The official immediately backs away.

Orphius removes his championship and hands it to the referee.

The two men stand face-to-face.

The crowd roars.

Neither man backs down.

The bell rings.

DING! DING! DING!

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The arena explodes.

Both men charge forward.

Mack immediately attempts to overpower the champion.

Orphius fires forearms.

Mack barely moves.

Another forearm.

Still nothing.

A third.

Mack smiles.

The crowd reacts.

Mack answers with a thunderous chop across the chest.

WHACK!

Orphius staggers backward.

The audience lets out a collective gasp.

Daniel Greene III

"Good lord!"

Mack charges.

Running shoulder tackle.

Orphius flips inside out.

The crowd erupts.

Mack pulls him up.

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Another massive clothesline.

Orphius crashes to the mat.

Cover.

ONE!

Kickout.

Mia Russo

"Mack nearly ended it right there."

Mack drags Orphius to his feet.

Military press.

The crowd rises.

Mack launches him across the ring.

The champion crashes hard.

Gidget Stephenson

"Monster Mack is rag-dolling the champion!"

Orphius rolls outside the ring seeking refuge.

The crowd boos.

Mack follows.

Orphius suddenly changes strategy.

As Mack approaches, Orphius drives him shoulder-first into the steel ring post.

The giant crashes into the metal.

The crowd gasps.

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Daniel Greene III

"Smart move by the champion."

Orphius immediately attacks.

Repeated kicks to the shoulder.

Forearms to the back.

Then another vicious shot to the injured arm.

The champion finally gains control.

Back inside the ring, Orphius methodically targets the shoulder.

Hammerlock.

Arm wringer.

Running knee strike.

Mack grimaces in pain.

Orphius delivers a diving stomp directly onto the shoulder.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout.

Mia Russo

"You aren't going to beat Monster Mack that easily."

Orphius continues the assault.

Another armbar.

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Another shoulder lock.

The champion is slowly wearing the giant down.

Mack begins powering back to his feet.

The crowd starts rallying.

MACK!

MACK!

MACK!

Orphius drives a knee into his ribs.

Mack absorbs it.

Another knee.

Mack absorbs that one too.

Third knee.

Mack grabs Orphius by the throat.

The crowd explodes.

Gidget Stephenson

"Uh oh."

Orphius attempts to escape.

Too late.

Mack launches him with a massive one-handed throw.

The champion flies halfway across the ring.

The crowd erupts.

Mack begins building momentum.

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Big boot.

Running body avalanche.

Sidewalk slam.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Orphius survives.

Daniel Greene III

"That was close!"

Mack pulls the champion up.

He signals for the end.

The crowd rises.

Mack hooks him for the **Monster Drop**.

Suddenly--

The lights flicker.

Once.

Twice.

Three times.

The crowd immediately begins murmuring.

The commentators look toward the stage.

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Security personnel react as well.

Mia Russo

"Not again..."

For a split second every eye in the building shifts away from the ring.

Including Monster Mack's.

Orphius takes advantage.

A thumb to the eye.

The crowd boos loudly.

Mack stumbles.

Orphius immediately capitalizes.

Jumping knee strike to the jaw.

The giant falls to one knee.

Orphius hits the ropes.

Running bicycle knee.

Mack collapses.

Mack slowly rises.

FINAL MEASURE

(Sit-out powerbomb / spinebuster variant.)

Direct impact.

The crowd gasps.

Orphius hooks both legs.

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ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Winner: Orphius Marius

The crowd showers the champion with boos.

Orphius immediately rolls away from Monster Mack and retrieves his championship.

The referee raises his hand.

Mia Russo

"Monster Mack had this match won."

Gidget Stephenson

"That brief distraction changed everything."

Daniel Greene III

"And Orphius Marius did what champions do."

"He capitalized."

Orphius climbs the turnbuckle and raises the AWS Parental Advisory Championship high above his head.

Monster Mack slowly sits up in the ring.

Frustration visible across his face.

The giant stares directly at the champion.

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Orphius smirks.

Raises the championship again.

And backs up the entrance ramp.

As he disappears backstage, the camera catches security personnel still standing guard throughout the arena.

The fans continue looking toward the shadows surrounding the Neon Graveyard.

Waiting.

Wondering.

Whether the masked intruders are truly gone.

Dirty Dragón vs. JohnZo Scary

The camera returns from a brief commercial break to a wide shot of The Crow's Nest.

The neon lights of Las Vegas continue glowing throughout the arena while security remains posted at every entrance following the earlier attacks.

A graphic appears on the screen.

GOLD RUSH TOURNAMENT

SEMIFINAL MATCH

DIRTY DRAGÓN

vs.

JOHNZO SCARY

The crowd erupts.

Mia Russo

"The stakes couldn't be higher."

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Gidget Stephenson

"The winner advances to the Gold Rush Tournament Finals."

Daniel Greene III

"And with everything that comes with winning Gold Rush, this may be the biggest match either man has ever competed in."

Latin-inspired music fills the arena.

The crowd rises.

Dirty Dragón bursts through the curtain to a tremendous ovation.

The high-flying sensation slaps hands with fans before sprinting toward the ring.

He climbs the turnbuckles and points toward the giant Gold Rush logo hanging above the entrance.

The fans roar.

Moments later the arena suddenly darkens.

The temperature in the building seems to drop.

An eerie choir echoes through the speakers.

Smoke fills the stage.

Then emerges the sinister figure of **JohnZo Scary**.

The fans react with a mixture of boos and unease.

JohnZo slowly makes his way toward the ring, never taking his eyes off his opponent.

Mia Russo

"Every time I see JohnZo Scary, I get chills."

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Daniel Greene III

"He's one of the most unpredictable competitors in AWS."

JohnZo enters the ring.

The referee checks both competitors.

The crowd buzzes with anticipation.

The bell rings.

DING! DING! DING!

The semifinal is underway.

Dirty Dragón immediately takes control.

Quick arm drag.

JohnZo rises.

Another arm drag.

Dropkick.

JohnZo stumbles backward into the corner.

The crowd erupts.

Gidget Stephenson

"Dirty Dragón is flying right out of the gate!"

Dragón charges.

Running corner splash.

He springs to the middle rope.

Moonsault press.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

Cover.

ONE!

JohnZo kicks out.

Dragón keeps the pressure on.

Irish whip.

JohnZo reverses.

Dragón rebounds.

Springboard crossbody.

The crowd roars.

JohnZo rolls outside.

Dragón immediately follows.

SUICIDE DIVE!

The arena explodes.

Both men crash into the barricade.

Mia Russo

"What a risk!"

The crowd chants.

DIRTY!

DIRTY!

DIRTY!

Dragón throws JohnZo back into the ring.

Top rope.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

The fans rise.

Flying missile dropkick.

Direct hit.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

JohnZo barely survives.

Daniel Greene III

"That was nearly it!"

Dragón stays aggressive.

He attempts a tornado DDT.

JohnZo catches him.

Launches him across the ring.

The momentum finally shifts.

JohnZo stalks forward.

Big boot.

Dirty Dragón flips inside out.

The crowd gasps.

JohnZo begins methodically dismantling his opponent.

Short-arm clothesline.

Running knee strike.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

Snap powerslam.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout.

Gidget Stephenson

"JohnZo has slowed this match to his pace."

JohnZo drags Dragón up.

He applies a neck crank.

Then transitions into a grounded choke.

The referee forces a break.

JohnZo doesn't release until four.

The crowd boos loudly.

Mia Russo

"JohnZo knows exactly where the line is."

The match continues.

Dirty Dragón begins mounting a comeback.

Forearm.

Another forearm.

Spinning kick.

Enzuigiri.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

JohnZo staggers.

Dragón heads to the apron.

Springboard cutter!

The crowd erupts.

Both men are down.

The referee begins counting.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

Both competitors rise.

Dirty Dragón explodes.

Flying forearm.

Standing hurricanrana.

Running dropkick.

JohnZo falls into the corner.

The crowd comes alive.

Daniel Greene III

"Dragón can see the finals!"

Dragón climbs to the top rope.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

The fans stand.

JohnZo slowly rises.

MISSILE DROPKICK!

JohnZo crashes into the turnbuckles.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!

The crowd erupts.

Mia Russo

"JohnZo survives!"

Dirty Dragón can't believe it.

He signals for the end.

The crowd cheers loudly.

Dragón hooks JohnZo for a DDT.

JohnZo shoves him away.

The referee is momentarily distracted repositioning himself.

JohnZo reaches into his tights.

Gidget Stephenson

"Wait a minute..."

Dirty Dragón charges.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

JohnZo suddenly spits a cloud of green poison mist directly into his eyes!

The crowd erupts with boos.

Mia Russo

"NO!"

Daniel Greene III

"COME ON!"

Dirty Dragón screams in pain.

Clutching his face.

Completely blinded.

The referee never saw it.

The fans are furious.

Gidget Stephenson

"This is disgusting!"

Dirty staggers around the ring.

Trying desperately to regain his vision.

JohnZo watches.

Smiling.

Waiting.

The crowd rains down boos.

Dirty turns--

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

JohnZo strikes.

Hooks the head.

Lifts.

Drives him violently into the mat.

1st WORLD XERCISM!

(Devil Lock DDT)

The crowd gasps.

JohnZo immediately hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Winner: JohnZo Scary

Advances to the Gold Rush Tournament Finals

The arena erupts with outrage.

JohnZo rolls to his feet and begins laughing as the referee raises his hand.

Mia Russo

"JohnZo Scary just stole this match!"

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

Daniel Greene III

"Dirty Dragón had him beat!"

Gidget Stephenson

"But the official never saw the poison mist!"

Inside the ring, Dirty Dragón remains on the canvas clutching his eyes while medical personnel rush toward ringside.

JohnZo kneels beside his fallen opponent.

A twisted grin spreading across his face.

The giant Gold Rush logo appears on the screen.

JohnZo slowly points toward it.

The crowd boos relentlessly.

Daniel Greene III

"Love him or hate him, JohnZo Scary is headed to the Gold Rush Finals."

The final shot shows JohnZo standing atop the turnbuckles, arms spread wide as the crowd showers him with hatred while Dirty Dragón receives medical attention below.

One semifinal down.

One finalist determined.

KD Feigel vs. David Stryker

Gold Rush Tournament Semifinal

KD Feigel vs. David Stryker

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

The celebration for Dirty Dragón is still ongoing as the tournament bracket appears on the giant video screens.

One finalist has been determined.

Now it is time to determine the second.

The winner will meet Dirty Dragón in the Gold Rush Tournament Finals.

The crowd buzzes with anticipation.

Mia Russo

"We know one half of the finals."

Gidget Stephenson

"And now two of the brightest stars in AWS are about to battle for the other spot."

Daniel Greene III

"This could easily be a main event anywhere in the world."

The lights dim.

A familiar roar erupts from the Las Vegas crowd.

Red and silver lights begin flashing throughout The Crow's Nest.

The giant screen displays one name.

KD FEIGEL

The fans explode.

KD Feigel emerges through the curtain with confidence radiating from every step.

He points toward the Gold Rush Tournament logo displayed above the stage.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

The crowd responds with a thunderous ovation.

Mia Russo

"KD Feigel has called himself a generational talent."

Gidget Stephenson

"And tonight he's one victory away from proving it."

Daniel Greene III

"This tournament could launch him into the biggest opportunity of his career."

KD enters the ring and climbs the turnbuckles.

The crowd chants loudly.

K-D!

K-D!

K-D!

Moments later the arena lights shift.

Blue and black lights illuminate the stage.

The crowd reacts with a mixture of cheers and boos.

DAVID STRYKER

David emerges onto the stage.

Focused.

Intense.

Determined.

He stares directly at the ring.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

Mia Russo

"David Stryker has quietly become one of the most dangerous competitors in AWS."

Gidget Stephenson

"He's earned every bit of his success."

Daniel Greene III

"And tonight could be his breakthrough moment."

David enters the ring.

Both competitors lock eyes.

Neither backs down.

The referee gives final instructions.

The bell sounds.

DING! DING! DING!

The crowd immediately comes alive.

Both men circle cautiously.

Lock-up.

KD muscles David into the corner.

Clean break.

The crowd applauds.

Second lock-up.

David takes KD down with a waistlock.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

KD escapes.

Standing switch.

David reverses.

KD counters.

Both men scramble to their feet.

Huge applause.

Mia Russo

"Technical wrestling at its finest."

The pace quickens.

David catches KD with an arm drag.

KD answers with one of his own.

Dropkick.

David rolls outside.

The crowd cheers.

KD hits the ropes.

Suicide dive.

The audience erupts.

Both competitors crash into the barricade.

Daniel Greene III

"KD came flying!"

Back inside the ring, KD maintains control.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

Running forearm.

Snap suplex.

Cover.

ONE!

Kickout.

KD stays aggressive.

He traps David in a grounded headlock.

David fights back.

Forearm.

Forearm.

European uppercut.

David rebounds off the ropes.

Flying shoulder tackle.

Both men are down.

The crowd applauds.

Gidget Stephenson

"This is exactly what a semifinal should feel like."

David gains momentum.

Running clothesline.

Another.

Spinebuster.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KD kicks out.

The crowd erupts.

David remains focused.

He lifts KD.

Falcon Arrow.

Another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mia Russo

"So close!"

David cannot believe it.

He signals for his finishing maneuver.

The crowd rises.

David attempts the Stryker Effect.

KD escapes.

Back elbow.

Superkick.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

David staggers.

KD explodes forward.

Running knee strike.

The crowd erupts.

KD heads to the top rope.

The audience rises.

Daniel Greene III

"This could do it!"

KD launches.

Diving elbow drop.

Perfect impact.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

DAVID KICKS OUT!

The crowd explodes.

Mia Russo

"Unbelievable resilience!"

KD smiles.

The crowd chants louder.

He begins signaling for the end.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

David slowly rises.

KD hooks him.

Preparing for **Kaos Theory**.

Suddenly--

The lights flicker.

Once.

Twice.

Three times.

The entire arena falls silent.

Gidget Stephenson

"No..."

Several security guards begin running toward the crowd.

The commentators immediately stand.

Fans begin pointing toward the entrance tunnel.

Daniel Greene III

"Not again!"

On the giant video screen--

Static.

The image distorts.

The arena erupts into boos.

KD releases David and looks toward the screen.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

The crowd grows louder.

Then--

Masked figures appear along the entrance platform.

The same black-clad intruders from earlier.

The crowd loses its mind.

Mia Russo

"THEY'RE BACK!"

KD points directly toward them.

Security rushes toward the stage.

The masked intruders simply stand there.

Motionless.

Watching.

Waiting.

KD turns his attention back toward the ring--

David suddenly rolls him up.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

The crowd explodes in shock.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

Winner: David Stryker

Mia Russo

"What?!"

Daniel Greene III

"He got him!"

Gidget Stephenson

"KD was distracted!"

David immediately releases the pin.

For a moment he looks shocked himself.

The bracket graphic appears.

DAVID STRYKER ADVANCES TO THE GOLD RUSH FINALS

The crowd showers the arena with boos.

KD immediately jumps to his feet.

Furious.

The masked intruders begin applauding from the stage.

Slow.

Mocking.

Deliberate.

Mia Russo

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

"They cost him the match!"

KD points toward them.

David looks toward the stage as well.

Suddenly--

The lights go out.

Complete darkness.

The crowd screams.

Several seconds pass.

Then the lights return.

The masked intruders are no longer on the stage.

Daniel Greene III

"Where did they go?!"

Before anyone can answer--

A masked figure slides into the ring.

Then another.

Then another.

Then another.

The crowd erupts.

Mia Russo

"BEHIND THEM!"

KD spins around.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

Too late.

A steel pipe smashes into his ribs.

The crowd gasps.

David turns.

A masked attacker drills him with a running forearm.

The ring immediately erupts into chaos.

Five masked intruders swarm both competitors.

Gidget Stephenson

"This is disgusting!"

KD fights back.

Punch.

Punch.

Another punch.

But the numbers are overwhelming.

One attacker drives a chair into KD's back.

Another levels David with a vicious knee strike.

The crowd rains down boos.

Security races toward ringside.

Daniel Greene III

"Get security out here now!"

KD attempts to stand.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

A masked attacker catches him.

CRACK!

A devastating superkick.

KD collapses.

Meanwhile David Stryker is dragged to his feet.

A double-team powerbomb plants him violently into the mat.

The crowd is livid.

Mia Russo

"They don't care who they're attacking!"

Security finally arrives.

The masked intruders immediately scatter.

Sliding beneath the ropes.

Jumping the barricade.

Disappearing into the sea of fans.

Daniel Greene III

"There they go!"

Gidget Stephenson

"Stop them!"

Security pursues them through the audience.

The attackers vanish among the crowd just as quickly as they appeared.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

The camera returns to the ring.

KD Feigel lies motionless near one corner.

David Stryker is sprawled out near the center.

Medical personnel rush down the ramp.

The Gold Rush Tournament Final has been set.

But nobody is talking about the finals.

Not now.

Not after this.

The final image before commercial is security desperately searching through the Las Vegas crowd while the commentators stand in stunned silence.

The mystery of the masked intruders has only grown darker.

Vin Halsted © vs. Adam Stryker ©

The lights inside The Crow's Nest dim.

A hush falls over the crowd.

The AWS Undisputed Heavyweight Championship graphic fills every screen in the building.

The championship hangs prominently on the giant video wall.

The fans immediately rise to their feet.

Mia Russo

"For weeks this match has been building."

Gidget Stephenson

"Tonight, Vin Halsted finally gets his opportunity."

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

Daniel Greene III

"But standing across from him is one of the most dominant champions in AWS history."

Golden lights flood the arena.

"The Gold Standard" Vin Halsted emerges onto the stage.

The challenger receives a tremendous ovation.

Halsted stands beneath the spotlight and looks around the Neon Graveyard.

The moment is not lost on him.

This is what he has worked for.

The biggest match of his AWS career.

He slowly makes his way to the ring.

Focused.

Confident.

Determined.

Mia Russo

"Vin Halsted has said for months that this isn't about opportunity."

Gidget Stephenson

"It's about destiny."

Vin enters the ring and climbs the turnbuckles.

The crowd cheers loudly.

Then...

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The arena darkens.

Crimson lights begin flashing.

The atmosphere changes.

The champion has arrived.

ADAM STRYKER

The AWS Undisputed Heavyweight Champion steps onto the stage with the title around his waist.

The crowd erupts.

Stryker stares directly into the ring.

Directly at Vin Halsted.

Neither man breaks eye contact.

Daniel Greene III

"Champion."

Mia Russo

"Challenger."

Gidget Stephenson

"One of them is leaving tonight with the richest prize in AWS."

Stryker enters the ring.

The championship is raised.

The crowd roars.

The referee presents the title to both competitors.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

Final instructions.

The championship is handed off.

The bell rings.

DING! DING! DING!

The crowd immediately comes alive.

The two men circle.

Neither willing to make the first mistake.

A collar-and-elbow tie-up.

Stryker powers Vin backward.

Halsted reverses.

Stryker reverses again.

A stalemate.

The crowd applauds.

Daniel Greene III

"These two know exactly what's at stake."

The pace increases.

Vin lands an arm drag.

Stryker answers with one of his own.

Vin sweeps the leg.

Stryker kips up.

Huge reaction.

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Both men smirk.

Mia Russo

"This is championship wrestling."

The match continues building.

Stryker targets the neck.

Vin attacks the legs.

Neither gains a clear advantage.

The crowd remains invested in every exchange.

Twenty minutes pass.

Both men are exhausted.

Both men battered.

Neither willing to surrender.

Gidget Stephenson

"What a war."

Vin gains momentum.

Flying forearm.

Running clothesline.

Back body drop.

The challenger explodes.

The crowd rises.

Stryker staggers into the corner.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

Vin charges.

Corner splash.

Bulldog.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The champion survives.

Daniel Greene III

"So close!"

Vin stays on offense.

Stryker counters.

Spinebuster.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Now it's the champion's turn to be frustrated.

Mia Russo

"They're throwing everything at each other!"

The crowd begins chanting.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

THIS IS AWESOME!

THIS IS AWESOME!

Stryker signals for the end.

He hooks Vin.

Attempting the Stryker Driver.

Vin escapes.

Superkick.

The champion stumbles.

Vin hits the ropes.

Running knee strike.

Stryker falls through the ropes to the floor.

The crowd rises.

Vin looks around.

Then takes off.

SUICIDE DIVE!

The arena explodes.

Both men crash into the barricade.

Gidget Stephenson

"These two are destroying each other!"

The referee begins counting.

Both men barely beat the count.

Back inside the ring.

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Stryker lands a devastating powerbomb.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!

Vin survives.

The crowd erupts.

The champion can't believe it.

Daniel Greene III

"How did he kick out?!"

Minutes later.

Both men are exhausted.

The crowd is standing.

Stryker swings wildly.

Vin ducks.

Superkick.

Another superkick.

The champion drops to one knee.

The crowd senses it.

Mia Russo

"THIS COULD BE IT!"

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Vin points toward the top rope.

The fans explode.

Stryker struggles to stand.

Vin climbs.

One rope.

Two ropes.

Top turnbuckle.

The crowd is losing its mind.

Daniel Greene III

"HALSTED HANGOVER!"

Vin steadies himself.

Stryker turns around.

Suddenly--

CRACK!

The crowd gasps.

A figure in a dark mask appears on the apron.

Nobody saw him coming.

The masked man shoves Vin violently from the top rope.

Vin crashes awkwardly to the mat.

The arena erupts in boos.

Mia Russo

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"WHAT THE HELL?!"

Gidget Stephenson

"THAT'S ONE OF THEM!"

Daniel Greene III

"IT'S ONE OF THE MASKED INTRUDERS!"

The referee immediately sees it.

The official calls for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

The crowd showers the arena with boos.

The masked man disappears through the crowd before security can reach him.

The referee speaks with Song Teng.

Moments later the ring announcer makes it official.

Song Teng

"Ladies and gentlemen..."

"The referee has ruled this contest a result of a disqualification."

The crowd boos.

Song Teng

"Therefore..."

"Your winner..."

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

****VIN HALSTED!"**

Huge reaction.

Song Teng

"HOWEVER..."

The crowd quiets.

Song Teng

"As championships cannot change hands via disqualification..."

"STILL AWS UNDISPUTED HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION..."

****ADAM STRYKER!"**

The crowd gives a mixed reaction.

Vin sits in disbelief.

Stryker leans against the ropes trying to understand what just happened.

Neither man looks happy.

Neither man got the ending they wanted.

Mia Russo

"This isn't right."

Gidget Stephenson

"Not like this."

Daniel Greene III

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

"Not in a championship match."

Suddenly--

The lights go out.

The arena plunges into darkness.

The crowd screams.

Mia Russo

"No..."

Daniel Greene III

"Not again!"

Complete darkness.

Ten seconds.

Fifteen seconds.

Twenty.

Then--

The lights return.

The crowd immediately gasps.

Gidget Stephenson

"OH MY GOD!"

At least ten masked figures now stand inside the ring.

All dressed in black.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

All wearing featureless masks.

Surrounding them--

Adam Stryker.

Vin Halsted.

Both men lie motionless.

Both appear to have been brutally assaulted during the blackout.

The crowd is stunned.

Mia Russo

"HOW DID THEY GET IN THERE?!"

Daniel Greene III

"LOOK AT STRYKER!"

Gidget Stephenson

"LOOK AT VIN!"

The masked figures stand over both men like predators.

Then one figure steps forward.

Taller.

More confident.

Clearly the leader.

The crowd rains down boos.

The leader slowly kneels beside the fallen champion.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

Then beside Vin.

Almost admiring the destruction.

Almost enjoying it.

The leader rises.

Extends both arms.

Soaking in the chaos.

The crowd becomes deafening.

Mia Russo

"This sick son of a bitch..."

Suddenly--

A roar erupts from the crowd.

The camera swings toward the entrance.

CHARLIE FEIGEL storms onto the stage.

Behind him come members of the AWS roster.

Officials.

Referees.

Producers.

Talent from both the men's and women's divisions.

Security floods out from backstage.

Daniel Greene III

"HERE COMES EVERYBODY!"

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The army of AWS personnel rushes toward ringside.

The masked group immediately forms a defensive line.

Ten figures standing shoulder-to-shoulder.

Waiting.

Watching.

Daring someone to make the first move.

Security surrounds the ring.

AWS talent surround the ring.

The masked invaders remain inside.

The crowd is losing its mind.

Mia Russo

"DO SOMETHING!"

Gidget Stephenson

"GET THEM!"

Charlie Feigel stands at the front of the line.

Staring directly at the masked leader.

The leader stares back.

Neither moving.

Neither blinking.

The tension is unbearable.

A standoff.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

An entire company on one side.

A mysterious army on the other.

The masked leader slowly tilts his head.

Almost amused.

Almost mocking everyone surrounding the ring.

The crowd chants.

LET THEM FIGHT!

LET THEM FIGHT!

LET THEM FIGHT!

But nobody moves.

The leader slowly backs away.

The rest of the masked figures follow.

Still standing over the fallen bodies of Adam Stryker and Vin Halsted.

Still refusing to reveal who they are.

The crowd continues to scream as the masked figures stand over the fallen bodies of Adam Stryker and Vin Halsted.

Then the camera catches movement near the barricade.

A lone figure in black steps forward.

Black hoodie.

Black jeans.

A familiar demon-marked mask hanging loosely from one hand.

The crowd begins to murmur.

Mia Russo

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

"...Wait a second."

Danny Greene III

"No... that can't be..."

The camera zooms in.

It's Mia Nygma.

One half of Hard Mode.

Nineteen years old.

Her eyes never leave Vin Halsted.

She doesn't enter the ring.

She doesn't acknowledge the masked figures.

She doesn't even look at Adam Stryker.

Her attention is entirely on the man who helped take Hard Mode's championship dreams away.

Gidget Stephenson

"She's not with them..."

Danny Greene III

"No... look at her. She's here for Vin."

Vin slowly stirs, using the ropes to pull himself onto one knee.

His vision clears just enough to see her standing there.

For a brief moment, the chaos around the ring seems to disappear.

No words are exchanged.

No attack comes.

Mia simply raises the old demon mask slightly in her hand before letting it fall back to her side.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

A reminder.

A debt.

A promise that the ladder match has not been forgotten.

Vin's expression hardens.

Anger.

Recognition.

Understanding.

Mia Russo

"She's not here to save him."

Gidget Stephenson

"And she's not here to finish him either."

Danny Greene III

"She's here to make sure he remembers."

Mia Nygma takes one final look at Vin Halsted before stepping backward into the crowd.

Within seconds, she's gone.

The masked figures remain standing over the ring.

The atmosphere somehow feels even heavier.

Because now Vin Halsted knows that when this war with the masked invaders is over...

Hard Mode is still waiting.

The final image of Monday Night Ward #363 (Night 2) is Charlie Feigel standing at ringside, surrounded by AWS security and roster members, staring down the masked invaders as EMTs desperately check on Adam Stryker and Vin Halsted.

The screen fades to black.

Monday Night Ward: #363 (Part 2)

TO BE CONTINUED...

Show Credits

Segment: "Introduction" - Written by Feigel.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite