

Ascension: 04.03.2026

April 3, 2026 | Carlson Center - Fairbanks, Alaska

Introduction

The screen is black.

A low, haunting wind howls in the distance.

A faint *cracking* sound echoes... like ice fracturing under pressure.

BOOM.

A pulse of icy blue light flashes across the screen.

Quick-cut visuals begin:

- Snow whipping violently across a frozen tundra
- Steel chains rattling against a cage wall
- A close-up of frost crawling across cold gun metal
- Boots stomping through snow, leaving deep, deliberate prints
- A wrestling ring, barely visible through a blizzard of white

A distorted voice cuts through the storm:

"Survival isn't given..."

"It's taken."

"Welcome... to ASCENSION."

CUT TO: ARENA -- NIGHT

Pyro erupts in a cascade of icy blue and white sparks as the camera bursts into the **Carlson Center**, revealing a packed, roaring crowd.

The lighting is cold and atmospheric--deep blues, sharp whites--giving the entire arena a frozen, unforgiving aesthetic. Snowflake-like projections drift across the stage and ring canvas.

The camera sweeps wide--

Fans on their feet, bundled in heavy gear, screaming and waving signs:

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"WELCOME TO THE DOJO"

"ASCEND OR FALL"

"ADX HAS ARRIVED"

The shot glides toward the entrance stage--

Twin tunnels glow with alternating ice-blue and gunmetal lighting, fog spilling out like breath in freezing air.

The camera pans again--

Close-ups of fans pounding the barricade. A child wearing an ADX hoodie jumps up and down. A group of diehards chant:

"A-D-X! A-D-X! A-D-X!"

CUT TO: RINGSIDE -- BROADCAST BOOTH

Salvatore Marino adjusts his headset, composed but intense.

Beside him, Keith "Groucho" Marx leans forward, a grin creeping across his face as he scans the electric crowd.

SALVATORE MARINO:

"Ladies and gentlemen... the world has finally arrived at the proving ground. We are LIVE in Fairbanks, Alaska inside the Carlson Center--and this... is Asylum Dojo X: ASCENSION!"

KEITH "GROUCHO" MARX:

"You can feel it, Sal! This isn't just another show--this is a battlefield carved out of ice and steel. These competitors aren't here to compete... they're here to survive."

SALVATORE MARINO:

"And survival is exactly what it's going to take tonight. Five matches are scheduled--five opportunities for warriors to make a statement on the very first chapter of ADX Ascension."

KEITH "GROUCHO" MARX:

"Opportunities? No, no, no--this is where careers are either born... or buried under the snow. I've been around this business a long time, and something about tonight feels different."

SALVATORE MARINO:

"History will be written in this ring. And at the center of it all--new faces, dangerous alliances, and a level of intensity that only Asylum Dojo X can deliver."

CUT TO: RING -- CENTER

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Spotlights converge as **Ciara Wheeler** stands poised in the middle of the ring, microphone in hand.

Her presence commands attention as the crowd continues to buzz with anticipation.

The camera slowly circles her--

The ropes gleam under the cold lights. The canvas pristine. The atmosphere heavy.

CUT BACK TO: BROADCAST BOOTH

KEITH "GROUCHO" MARX:

"Five matches, Sal... but I've got a feeling we're going to see a whole lot more than that before the night is over."

SALVATORE MARINO:

"Buckle up. Because right here... right now... Ascension begins."

The camera pulls back--

A wide, breathtaking shot of the arena.

The lights dim slightly.

The crowd roars louder.

The tension builds--

CUT TO BLACK.

[OPENING THEME MUSIC HITS]

JohnZo Scary versus Daemon Vile

The bell rings, and the atmosphere inside the Carlson Center tightens immediately.

JohnZo Scary stands in his corner, twitching slightly, his head tilted at an unnatural angle, eyes locked on his opponent. Across the ring, Daemon Vile remains still--calm, composed, and radiating a cold, calculated menace. The contrast is stark: chaos versus control.

At ringside, Salvatore Marino leans in.

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"Two very different philosophies about violence, Groucho."

Keith "Groucho" Marx nods.

"Yeah--Scary thrives in unpredictability... Vile thrives in precision. Somebody's getting dragged into unfamiliar territory tonight."

The two circle.

Slow.

Measured.

Then--Scary bursts forward with a sudden, erratic lunge.

Vile sidesteps instantly.

Scary stumbles past, spins wildly--Vile cracks him with a sharp forearm to the jaw. The impact snaps Scary upright, but he doesn't fall. Instead... he grins.

That unsettling grin.

Vile narrows his eyes and fires again--another forearm, then a third. He grabs Scary by the wrist and whips him hard into the ropes--Scary rebounds--

Vile catches him with a perfectly timed dropkick.

Scary hits the mat and rolls to the outside, landing on his feet but staggering.

Groucho:

"That right there--that's Vile dictating pace early."

Vile doesn't wait. He exits the ring, stalking Scary around the apron. Scary suddenly ducks low and sweeps Vile's legs out from under him on the floor. Vile crashes hard, his back echoing against the thin padding.

Scary immediately shifts gears--he mounts Vile and begins hammering him with wild, unstructured strikes. Not clean punches--scratching, clawing, clubbing blows that feel more like survival than technique.

Marino:

"That's where Scary becomes dangerous--he breaks the rhythm completely."

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Scary drags Vile up and slams his head against the ring post--once--twice--Vile blocks the third attempt, driving an elbow back into Scary's ribs. He follows with a sharp knee to the midsection and rolls Scary back into the ring.

Vile slides in after him and hooks the leg.

ONE--

Scary kicks out instantly.

Vile doesn't hesitate. He transitions into a grounded headlock, cinching it tight, slowing the pace deliberately. Scary writhes, his body twisting in unnatural angles, trying to slip free.

The crowd begins to rally.

Scary plants a foot, then another--he pushes up, lifting Vile with him. He stumbles backward and drives Vile into the corner, breaking the hold. Before Vile can recover--Scary charges--

Corner splash!

Vile staggers out--

Scary grabs him and spikes him with a sudden DDT.

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Vile kicks out.

Scary sits up immediately, his head twitching again, as if processing something only he can hear. The crowd buzzes.

Groucho:

"That was close--and Scary didn't even waste a second reacting."

Scary pulls Vile up again, attempting another quick strike--but this time Vile counters. He traps the arm, spins behind, and delivers a brutal back suplex that folds Scary in half.

Vile rises slowly, methodically.

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He drags Scary up... hooks him...

Snap brainbuster.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Scary kicks out.

Vile exhales through his nose, frustration beginning to show.

Marino:

"You don't outlast someone like JohnZo Scary--you have to put him down."

Vile lifts Scary again, looking to end it. He sets for a devastating finishing maneuver--but Scary suddenly goes limp. Dead weight.

Vile hesitates.

Just for a second.

And that's all it takes.

Scary drops down behind him--rolls through--

ROLL-UP!

He hooks both legs tight!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings.

For a split second, the crowd is stunned--

Then erupts.

Marino:

"He stole it! JohnZo Scary stole it!"

Groucho:

"That's not just luck--that's instinct! He baited him into that hesitation!"

Scary immediately scrambles backward after the three, retreating to the corner with that same eerie grin stretching across his face. He doesn't celebrate in a traditional sense--he just stares, rocking slightly, eyes wide.

In the ring, Daemon Vile sits up slowly, realization washing over him. His jaw tightens. He pounds the mat once in frustration.

Ciara Wheeler steps forward.

"Here is your winner... JOHNZO SCARY!"

The crowd reaction is loud, mixed with awe and unease.

Scary rises to his feet, arms hanging loosely at his sides, head tilted as he backs toward the ropes--never taking his eyes off Vile.

Marino:

"JohnZo Scary survives--and advances his standing here in ADX--but you have to wonder... this isn't over."

Groucho:

"Not a chance. Daemon Vile doesn't forget--and he definitely doesn't forgive."

The camera lingers on the contrast:

Scary--grinning, erratic, victorious.

Vile--seething, composed, and already plotting.

Fade out.

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David Stryker versus Jason Knight

The bell sounds, and the energy inside the Carlson Center shifts into a focused intensity.

David Stryker stands tall in his corner, rolling his shoulders, eyes locked forward with a cold, calculated stare. Across from him, Jason Knight bounces lightly on the balls of his feet, loosening up, confidence written all over his face. Where Stryker is methodical and grounded, Knight is fluid and explosive.

Salvatore Marino:

"This one is all about contrast--power and precision versus speed and adaptability."

Keith "Groucho" Marx:

"And if Knight can keep this match moving, he's got the advantage. But if Stryker plants him... it's a different story."

They circle.

Knight strikes first--quick collar-and-elbow tie-up, immediately transitioning into a waistlock. Stryker plants his feet, halting the momentum, then powers backward into the ropes, forcing a break.

Knight smirks.

They reset.

Knight darts in again--this time ducking low, slipping behind, chaining into a hammerlock. Stryker reaches back, grabs Knight by the wrist, and flips the pressure, reversing it with brute force into a wristlock of his own.

Knight rolls forward, flips through--kips up--arm drag!

Stryker hits the mat but pops back to a knee, eyes narrowing.

The crowd pops for the exchange.

Groucho:

"Knight's not letting him settle--not even for a second."

Knight rushes in again, going for a second arm drag--but Stryker blocks it. He yanks Knight in and levels him with a heavy shoulder tackle that nearly flips Knight inside out.

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Knight rolls to the ropes, shaking out the impact.

Marino:

"And that's the danger--one clean shot from Stryker changes everything."

Stryker advances, dragging Knight up and whipping him hard into the corner. The thud echoes through the arena. Stryker follows in with a crushing corner clothesline, then hoists Knight up onto the top turnbuckle.

He climbs.

Looking for something big early.

But Knight fires back--sharp punches to the midsection, then a quick headbutt. Stryker stumbles backward--

Knight leaps--

Missile dropkick connects!

Stryker crashes to the mat.

Cover!

ONE!

Stryker powers out.

Knight wastes no time. He stays on him, pulling Stryker up and hitting the ropes--springboard--

Flying forearm smash!

Stryker is rocked, stumbling to his feet.

Knight hits the ropes again--

Running hurricanrana!

Stryker rolls through and ends up on his feet--but he's disoriented. Knight spins around and catches him with a spinning heel kick that drops him to a knee.

The crowd is fully behind Knight now.

Groucho:

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"This is exactly the pace Knight wants!"

Knight signals, feeding off the energy. He pulls Stryker up, looking to string together another sequence--but Stryker suddenly shoves him away with authority.

Knight rebounds--

STRAIGHT INTO A BIG BOOT.

The impact is brutal.

Knight flips and lands hard.

Marino:

"And just like that--momentum gone."

Stryker rises slowly, breathing steady, back in control. He drags Knight up and drives him into the mat with a spinebuster that shakes the ring.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Knight kicks out.

Stryker remains composed. He pulls Knight up again, hooks him--

Vertical suplex--held--delayed--

Then dropped with force.

Another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Knight gets the shoulder up again.

Stryker exhales, slightly irritated now.

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Groucho:

"You can see it--he expected that to be enough."

Stryker pulls Knight up once more, setting him for what looks like a finishing maneuver--he hooks both arms--

But Knight slips out the back.

Quick shove--

Knight hits the ropes--

Running knee strike catches Stryker flush.

Stryker staggers--

Knight follows with a snap DDT!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Stryker kicks out.

The crowd groans, then rallies.

Knight pushes himself up, adrenaline surging. He heads to the apron, eyes locked on Stryker as he slowly rises.

Knight springboards--

Crossbody!

But Stryker catches him.

Mid-air.

The crowd gasps.

Stryker adjusts his grip--

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Fallaway slam--launching Knight across the ring.

Knight crashes hard, rolling toward the corner.

Marino:

"That might have taken everything out of him."

Stryker stalks forward, sensing the finish. He pulls Knight up, setting him--

Hooks him for a devastating slam--

But Knight fights--rapid elbows to the side of the head.

Stryker's grip loosens--

Knight drops down--

Superkick!

Stryker staggers backward into the ropes--

Knight charges--

Stryker ducks--

Knight rebounds--

Stryker spins--

LARIAT.

Knight is nearly turned inside out.

Stryker drops to a knee from the impact but quickly crawls into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings.

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Marino:

"David Stryker puts him away!"

Groucho:

"But what a fight from Jason Knight--he pushed Stryker to the limit tonight."

Stryker rolls off slowly, rising to his feet with a controlled, focused expression. He doesn't celebrate wildly--just a nod, a quiet acknowledgment of the victory.

Ciara Wheeler steps forward.

"Here is your winner... DAVID STRYKER!"

Stryker raises a hand briefly as the crowd responds with a mix of respect and intensity.

Across the ring, Jason Knight pulls himself up using the ropes, disappointment on his face--but also determination. He nods slightly, already processing the loss.

Marino:

"Knight may have lost tonight--but performances like that don't go unnoticed."

Groucho:

"And David Stryker? He just reminded everyone exactly how dangerous he is."

The camera lingers on both men--one victorious, one resilient--as the scene fades.

Lian Hua Chen versus Lindsey Flare

The bell rings, and the atmosphere inside the Carlson Center sharpens with anticipation.

Lian Hua Chen stands poised in her corner, calm and centered, her breathing controlled, eyes focused with quiet intensity. Across from her, Lindsey Flare bounces with energy, flashing a confident grin to the crowd, feeding off their reaction. Flare throws her arms wide, soaking in the moment--charisma radiating.

Salvatore Marino:

"Two completely different mindsets--discipline versus fire."

Keith "Groucho" Marx:

"And Lindsey Flare is going to try to turn this into a spectacle. But Lian Hua Chen? She's going to turn it into a lesson."

They step forward.

Flare offers a quick, almost playful lock-up--then immediately transitions into a side headlock, wrenching tight. Chen doesn't panic. She plants her feet, shifts her hips, and methodically pushes Flare toward the ropes.

Flare bounces off--

Shoulder tackle!

Chen barely budges.

Flare hits the ropes again--another shoulder tackle--still nothing.

Flare pauses, blinking in surprise.

The crowd reacts.

Groucho:

"Yeah... that didn't go how she thought it would."

Flare tries again--this time going for speed. She darts in, looking for a quick arm drag--but Chen blocks it, maintaining her base. With a smooth motion, Chen counters into a wristlock, twisting the arm and dropping her weight to control the pace.

Flare winces but quickly rolls forward, flipping through to relieve the pressure. She kips up and snaps off a sharp kick to Chen's thigh.

Then another.

Then a third.

Chen absorbs them, expression unchanged.

Flare smirks--then fires a spinning back kick--

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Chen catches the leg.

The crowd pops.

Chen sweeps the standing leg out from under Flare, dropping her cleanly to the mat. Without hesitation, Chen transitions into a grounded armbar, applying pressure with precision.

Marino:

"That's the difference--every movement from Chen has purpose."

Flare struggles, twisting her body, reaching for the ropes--but Chen rolls her back toward the center, tightening the hold.

Flare finally manages to slip her grip free, scrambling backward to create space.

They reset.

Flare's demeanor shifts slightly--less playful now.

She charges--ducking low, slipping behind--rolling Chen up quickly!

ONE!

Chen kicks out immediately and rolls through to her feet.

Flare pops up--superkick attempt--

Chen ducks.

Flare spins--

Chen counters with a sharp palm strike to the chest that echoes through the arena.

Flare staggers.

Chen steps in--rapid combination: forearm, elbow, then a precise spinning backfist that drops Flare to a knee.

Groucho:

"That was surgical."

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Chen pulls Flare up and whips her into the corner. She follows with a running knee strike to the midsection, then lifts Flare up onto the turnbuckles.

Chen climbs.

Looking for control.

But Flare fights back--punch after punch, desperation building. She hooks Chen--

Sunset flip off the top!

Both crash down hard!

Flare rolls through into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Chen kicks out.

The crowd erupts.

Marino:

"Flare almost stole it there!"

Flare scrambles up, adrenaline kicking in. She hits the ropes--springboard--

Crossbody connects!

Chen hits the mat--Flare hooks the leg again!

ONE!

TWO!

Chen powers out.

Flare slaps the mat in frustration but doesn't stop. She pulls Chen up, going for another quick strike--but Chen intercepts--

Arm drag into a seamless transition--

Fujiwara armbar.

Dead center of the ring.

Flare screams, trying to fight through it, kicking her legs, twisting her body. The crowd rallies behind her, urging her to escape.

Groucho:

"She's got nowhere to go!"

Flare inches forward--fingertips stretching--

Chen shifts her weight, pulling her back, increasing the pressure.

Flare tries one last roll--

Chen transitions again--rolling through into a tight cross-arm breaker.

Flare has no choice--

She taps.

The bell rings.

Marino:

"Lian Hua Chen does it!"

Groucho:

"That's not just a win--that's domination through discipline."

Chen releases the hold immediately, rising to her feet with composed calm. She bows her head slightly, centering herself again as the crowd applauds.

Ciara Wheeler steps forward.

"Here is your winner... LIAN HUA CHEN!"

Flare rolls to the ropes, clutching her arm, frustration visible--but there's also respect in her expression. She nods subtly toward Chen.

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In the center of the ring, Chen stands tall--focused, unshaken.

Marino:

"Lindsey Flare brought the fight--but tonight belonged to Lian Hua Chen."

Groucho:

"And if this is the level she's operating at? The rest of the division should be paying very close attention."

The camera lingers on Chen, calm amidst the chaos, as Arctic Ascension rolls forward.

Monster Mack & J'Marcus Boothe versus Battle Beasts (DEADMARSH & Balístico)

The arena lights dim slightly as a low, rumbling bass pulses through the Carlson Center. The crowd buzzes with anticipation as all four competitors stand in their respective corners.

On one side: Monster Mack & J'Marcus Boothe--an imposing, powerhouse duo. Mack paces like a caged animal, his sheer size overwhelming, while Boothe stands tall and focused, a southern grit etched into his expression.

Across from them: Battle Beasts--DEADMARSH & Balístico. DEADMARSH remains eerily still, head slightly lowered, an ominous presence. Balístico, in contrast, bounces with explosive energy, eyes darting, ready to strike at any moment.

Salvatore Marino:

"This is a collision of worlds--raw power versus controlled chaos."

Keith "Groucho" Marx:

"And if Battle Beasts can isolate one of these giants, they might just pull off something big."

The bell rings.

J'Marcus Boothe starts for his team, while Balístico steps in for the Battle Beasts.

They circle briefly--then Balístico darts in with lightning speed, firing off quick kicks to Boothe's legs. Boothe absorbs the first few, then lunges forward--

Balístico slips behind--

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Dropkick to the back of the knee!

Boothe drops to one knee--

Balístico hits the ropes--springboard--

Enzuigiri connects!

Boothe stumbles backward into his corner--

Tag!

Monster Mack storms in.

The crowd roars.

Groucho:

"Here comes the problem."

Balístico charges--Mack doesn't move. Balístico leaps--

Mack catches him mid-air.

The arena gasps.

Mack hoists him--

Massive powerslam!

Balístico bounces off the canvas.

Mack drags him up and tosses him into the corner like dead weight. Boothe tags back in, and the two begin methodically breaking Balístico down--heavy body shots, crushing shoulder thrusts in the corner.

Marino:

"This is exactly what Mack and Boothe want--slow it down, wear him out."

Boothe whips Balístico across the ring--big boot connects, flipping him inside out. Boothe hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Balístico kicks out.

Boothe pulls him up again, but Balístico fires back--quick strikes to the ribs, trying to create space. Boothe shuts it down with a thunderous forearm that drops him again.

Boothe drags him toward the corner--

Tag to Mack.

Mack steps in, grabbing Balístico by the throat and lifting him high--

Delayed choke slam--

But Balístico wriggles free mid-air, slipping down behind him!

He shoves Mack forward--

Mack turns--

Balístico dives--

Hot tag!

DEADMARSH enters.

And everything changes.

The pace slows--but the impact increases.

DEADMARSH steps forward and absorbs a charging Mack's attack--then counters with a crushing lariat that staggers the giant. Mack fires back--another lariat--but DEADMARSH doesn't go down.

They collide again--

This time DEADMARSH drops Mack.

The crowd erupts.

Marino:

"I don't think Mack expected that!"

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Boothe charges in--DEADMARSH turns--

Spine-rattling back elbow.

Boothe stumbles--

DEADMARSH grabs him--

Uranage slam.

Both opponents are down.

Groucho:

"DEADMARSH just flipped this entire match on its head!"

Balístico is back on the apron, calling for the tag. DEADMARSH obliges.

Tag!

Balístico springs in--immediately scaling the ropes--

Springboard corkscrew splash onto Mack!

He rolls through--charges Boothe--

Running dropkick sends Boothe to the outside!

The crowd is on fire now.

Balístico turns--Mack is rising--

Balístico hits the ropes--

Tilt-a-whirl DDT spikes Mack!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Mack powers out.

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Balístico wastes no time. He drags Mack up, but Mack shoves him off violently. Balístico rebounds--

Boothe blind tags himself in.

Balístico doesn't see it.

He springboards again--

Boothe catches him mid-air--

Powerbomb!

Boothe holds on--

Deadlift powerbomb again!

He stacks him up--

ONE!

TWO!

DEADMARSH breaks it up at the last second.

The crowd explodes.

Chaos breaks out.

Mack storms in--DEADMARSH meets him--

Both men trading heavy shots in the center of the ring.

Boothe turns back to Balístico--

Lifts him again--

But Balístico slips out--

Shoves Boothe into Mack!

They collide!

DEADMARSH grabs Mack--

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Drives him over the top rope to the floor!

Boothe turns--

Balístico leaps--

Hurricanrana sends Boothe into the ropes--

DEADMARSH tags himself in.

Boothe staggers forward--

DEADMARSH hoists him--

Devastating sit-out slam.

Balístico immediately heads to the top rope.

Marino:

"This could be it!"

Balístico launches--

Diving double stomp to the chest!

DEADMARSH hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings.

The Carlson Center erupts.

Marino:

"Battle Beasts do it!"

Groucho:

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"They survived the power--and then they took over!"

DEADMARSH rises slowly, expression unchanged, while Balístico pops up, fired up, pounding his chest as the crowd roars.

Ciara Wheeler steps forward.

"Here are your winners... the team of DEADMARSH and BALÍSTICO... THE BATTLE BEASTS!"

Balístico climbs the turnbuckle, throwing his arms wide, feeding off the energy. DEADMARSH stands in the center of the ring like an immovable force.

At ringside, Mack and Boothe regroup, frustration written across their faces after letting control slip away.

Marino:

"A statement victory for Battle Beasts tonight."

Groucho:

"And if I'm the rest of the tag division? I'm watching very carefully--because these two just proved they can take down giants."

The camera captures the contrast--Battle Beasts celebrating in controlled chaos, while Mack and Boothe seethe on the outside.

Fade out.

Tetsuzan versus Blackthorne

The lights dim across the Carlson Center as a deep, resonant tone hums through the arena. The energy shifts--this is no longer just another match.

This is the main event.

A cold white spotlight falls over the ring as Tetsuzan stands motionless in his corner, head slightly bowed, fists clenched. His presence is disciplined, unwavering--like a warrior carved from stone.

Across from him, Blackthorne leans against the ropes, a shadowed smirk creeping across his face. His aura is darker, unpredictable--calculated malice simmering beneath the surface.

Salvatore Marino:

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"This is what it all comes down to. Two forces, two philosophies--and only one leaves standing."

Keith "Groucho" Marx:

"Tetsuzan is precision, discipline, honor. Blackthorne? He's chaos with intent. And that combination is dangerous."

The bell rings.

They don't rush.

They circle slowly, eyes locked.

Blackthorne strikes first--quick kick to the midsection, followed by a sharp forearm to the jaw. Tetsuzan absorbs it, barely reacting. Blackthorne fires again--another forearm, then a spinning back elbow--

Tetsuzan blocks it.

In one fluid motion, he counters with a stiff palm strike to the chest that echoes through the arena. Blackthorne staggers back a step.

The tone is set.

They engage again--this time a collar-and-elbow tie-up. Blackthorne tries to muscle him into the corner, but Tetsuzan pivots, reversing the pressure and forcing Blackthorne into the ropes. Clean break.

Blackthorne smirks.

Then slaps Tetsuzan across the face.

The crowd gasps.

Groucho:

"Well... that was a mistake."

Tetsuzan slowly turns his head back.

Then explodes.

A barrage of strikes--precise, lightning-fast--body shots, forearms, a brutal spinning backfist that sends Blackthorne stumbling across the ring. Tetsuzan follows--running knee to the midsection, folding Blackthorne in half.

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He grabs him--

Snap suplex.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Blackthorne kicks out.

Tetsuzan rises immediately, staying focused. He pulls Blackthorne up again, but Blackthorne rakes the eyes--referee momentarily blocked--then drives a knee into Tetsuzan's ribs.

Momentum shifts.

Blackthorne unloads--hard strikes, a whip into the corner--running clothesline. He drags Tetsuzan out and plants him with a swinging neckbreaker.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Tetsuzan kicks out.

Marino:

"Blackthorne bending the rules just enough to stay in control."

Blackthorne slows things down, dragging Tetsuzan into a grounded hold, grinding his forearm across the face, wearing him down. Tetsuzan fights, pushing up, feeding off the crowd's energy.

He rises--

Breaks free--

Fires back with a series of sharp kicks to the legs.

Blackthorne staggers--

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Tetsuzan spins--

Roundhouse kick connects clean!

Blackthorne drops to a knee.

The crowd erupts.

Tetsuzan wastes no time--he pulls Blackthorne up, hooks him--

German suplex!

Bridges--

ONE!

TWO!

Blackthorne barely kicks out.

Groucho:

"That was close!"

Both men are slow to rise now, the toll of the match evident.

Blackthorne swings wildly--Tetsuzan ducks--

Backfist!

Blackthorne rebounds--

Lariat!

Both men collapse.

The crowd roars, rallying behind the chaos.

They stir.

Slowly.

Blackthorne crawls to the ropes, pulling himself up. Tetsuzan rises across from him.

They charge at the same time--

Collision.

Strikes exchanged in the center of the ring.

Forearm.

Forearm.

Kick.

Elbow.

Back and forth.

Tetsuzan gains the edge--rapid strikes--

Spinning kick--

Blackthorne ducks--

Grabs--

Uranage slam!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Tetsuzan kicks out.

Blackthorne slams the mat in frustration.

He drags Tetsuzan up, signaling for the end. He hooks him--

But Tetsuzan resists.

Elbows to the side of the head--

Break free--

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Tetsuzan spins--

Devastating knee strike to the jaw!

Blackthorne crumples.

Tetsuzan pulls him up one final time--

Hooks him--

Drives him down with a thunderous finishing slam.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings.

Marino:

"Tetsuzan wins the main event!"

Groucho:

"What a battle--what a performance!"

The crowd rises to their feet in a thunderous ovation.

Tetsuzan slowly sits up, breathing heavily, then pushes himself to his feet. He stands tall in the center of the ring, composed despite the war he's just endured.

Ciara Wheeler steps forward.

"Here is your winner... TETSUZAN!"

Tetsuzan nods slightly, acknowledging the crowd--

Then--

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The lights go out.

Instant darkness.

The crowd murmurs, confusion spreading.

A low, ominous chant begins to echo faintly through the arena.

Then...

Dim crimson lights flicker on.

At the entrance ramp--figures emerge.

Dozens of them.

Clad in crimson and black robes, faces obscured, moving in slow, synchronized steps.

Groucho (quietly):

"...What the hell is this?"

They wheel something with them.

A large casket.

Black and crimson.

A glass lid reflecting the dim lighting.

Marino:

"This... this doesn't feel right."

The procession moves methodically down the ramp, the chant growing louder, more unsettling. The crowd is hushed now, watching in uneasy silence.

They reach ringside.

Carefully.

Deliberately.

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They position the casket beside the ring.

Tetsuzan stands inside the ropes, eyes locked on them, body tense, ready--but outnumbered.

The robed figures surround the ring.

Then--

The lights go out again.

Total darkness.

The chanting stops.

For a brief moment--

Silence.

Then chaos erupts.

Thuds.

Movement.

A struggle.

The unmistakable sounds of bodies colliding, something heavy being dragged.

The crowd reacts in shock, unable to see.

Then--

The lights return.

And the arena gasps.

Tetsuzan is gone from the ring.

At ringside--

The casket.

Now open.

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Inside--

Tetsuzan lies motionless.

Laid out.

The glass lid slowly begins to close.

The robed figures stand still, surrounding it like sentinels.

Marino (hushed):

"...What have we just witnessed?"

Groucho:

"This wasn't an attack... this was a message."

The lid seals shut.

The crimson lights pulse one final time.

Then fade.

The camera zooms in on the casket--Tetsuzan unmoving beneath the glass.

And as the screen lingers--

Arctic Ascension fades to black.

Show Credits

Segment: "Introduction" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite