

Crown Jewel Perth Results
October 11, 2025

[Scene opens: fireworks explode over a packed Stadium in Perth, Australia. The crowd roars — 70,000 strong — waving signs, chanting, and flashing camera lights. The camera sweeps across the sea of fans, then zooms to the announce table where Wade Barrett and Pat McAfee are standing, hyped and larger than life.]



Pat McAfee: [yelling over the crowd] LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—WELCOME TO THE LAND DOWN UNDER, AND WELCOME TO WWE CROWN JEWEL: PERTH, AUSTRALIA!!!

Wade Barrett: Oi oi oi, listen to this place, Pat! Perth has gone absolutely mental! The energy in here could power the entire Outback tonight!

Pat McAfee: I mean, look at this! This isn't just a premium live event, this is a global spectacle! We've been gone for a month and the wrestling world has been clamoring for some real entertainment — and I've got goosebumps the size of kangaroo fists!

Wade Barrett: You're not wrong, mate. Tonight, careers will be defined and history will be made — all under the bright lights of Western Australia!

Pat McAfee: And speaking of history, Wade — every single seat in this house is sold out as Jesse Ventura attempts to tie Slammu's record tonight for his 25th World title win. You can feel the passion in the air! These Aussie fans have been waiting for this night, and brother... The wait is OVER!

Wade Barrett: Too right, Pat. The WWE Universe has come from every corner of the globe for this. And if anyone thinks they can just walk in here and stroll out with gold or glory — I've got bad news for ya... it's gonna be a fight for the ages!

Pat McAfee: You said it, Wade! Buckle up, folks — grab your Tim Tams, crack open a cold one, and hold on tight... because WWE Crown Jewel Perth starts... RIGHT NOW!

[Cue pyro blast, theme music hits, and the camera zooms toward the entrance ramp as the first superstar's music hits.]

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Opening Contest – Evolve Championship Match



Zen Hogan (c) vs. Braun Strowman (w/ The Wyatt Sicks: Dexter Lumis & Rowan)

Ring Announcer: “Ladies and gentlemen, your opening contest is for the Evolve Championship!”

[The lights fade to a deep blue as fog fills the entrance ramp. The opening chords of “Ordinary” by Alex Warren echo throughout the stadium.]

🎵 “They say the holy waters watered down and this town's lost it's faith...”

The crowd ERUPTS. Phones light up the arena like stars. Zen Hogan emerges through the mist wearing his American Made shirt with the Evolve Championship shining around his waist. He pauses at the top of the ramp, soaking in the electric atmosphere of 70,000 fans chanting his name.

Pat McAfee: “Listen to this crowd, Wade! Perth is on fire for Zen Hogan! The Evolve Champ is in the building!”

Wade Barrett: “You can feel the emotion, the energy — this man has connected with the WWE Universe in a way that very few can. But tonight, he’s got a mountain standing in front of him — and that mountain’s name is Braun Strowman!”

Zen walks to the ring with confidence, slapping hands and hyping up the fans before stepping through the ropes, climbing the turnbuckle, and raising the title high above his head as fireworks blast from the stage.

[The lights cut to black.]

A low growl rumbles through the speakers. A lantern flickers to life on the big screen.
“He’s here...”

The Wyatt Sicks’ eerie theme hits. Out steps Braun Strowman, a behemoth with a menacing look in his eyes, flanked by the haunting presence of Dexter Lumis and Rowan, both motionless, staring ahead like statues.

Wade Barrett: “This isn’t the fun-loving Strowman we once knew — this is a monster reborn under the spell of The Wyatt Sicks! And one has to wonder...who is it that Wyatt Sicks says is coming? Is he or she going to be here tonight or possibly on Raw this coming Monday?”

Pat McAfee: “It’s like a horror movie came to life, Wade. Dexter Lumis looks like he hasn’t blinked since the 90s, and Rowan’s walking like he’s carrying the ghosts of the swamp on his back!”

The trio approaches the ring slowly, deliberate, as the atmosphere grows thick with tension. The crowd hums in anticipation — Zen Hogan bouncing in his corner, ready for war.

Ding Ding Ding!

Strowman charges immediately — a freight train of fury — but Hogan sidesteps, using his agility to dodge and land a few sharp kicks to the ribs. The crowd cheers as Zen keeps moving, ducking and weaving around the big man.

Pat McAfee: “Zen Hogan knows he can’t go toe-to-toe with a man that size — he’s gotta fight smart!”

Strowman eventually catches him mid-springboard and plants him with a powerslam! The ring shakes. The crowd gasps. Strowman roars, raising his arms in dominance.

Wade Barrett: "That's it — that could be over already!"

1... 2... Hogan kicks out!

Rowan smirks at ringside while Dexter Lumis just stares at Hogan, expressionless, drawing eerie chants from the crowd: "Cree-py Dex-ter!"

Zen battles back with heart, connecting with a series of strikes — spinning backfist, jumping knee, and a thunderous superkick that sends Strowman stumbling into the ropes! Hogan runs the ropes and hits a sling blade, bringing the giant to a knee. The crowd goes wild!

But just as Hogan climbs to the top rope — Dexter Lumis grabs his ankle! The ref doesn't see it. Rowan distracts the official. Braun takes advantage and throws Zen across the ring like a ragdoll.

Pat McAfee: "C'mon ref! That's classic Wyatt Sicks nonsense!"

Wade Barrett: "It's not nonsense, Pat, it's strategy — and it's working!"

Strowman sets up for the Running Powerslam, but Hogan slips out the back and pushes him into the turnbuckle — Strowman collides with Dexter Lumis who was climbing the apron! Lumis crashes to the floor!

Zen seizes the moment — springboards off the second rope — and hits a Phoenix Knee Strike right to the jaw of Braun! The big man stumbles, dazed!

Hogan bounces off the ropes one more time and delivers the Zenith Kick — a spinning heel kick that drops Strowman flat!

Pat McAfee: "He got him! He got the monster down!"

Hogan climbs to the top rope again — the crowd rises to their feet — and he leaps with a brand new move that we haven't seen him do yet: the "Moment of Clarity" (450 splash)!

1... 2... 3!

Winner and STILL Evolve Champion: Zen Hogan!

[The crowd explodes! Fireworks shoot into the sky! “Ordinary” hits again as Hogan clutches his title, breathing hard but triumphant.]

Wade Barrett: “What a way to kick off Crown Jewel! Zen Hogan defies the odds — even with The Wyatt Sicks lurking like vultures — and remains your Evolve Champion!”

Pat McAfee: “That’s what heart looks like, Wade! That’s what being extraordinary is all about! This man is the ultimate baby face! No dirt on him like his predecessors! No trans affairs! No being high out of his mind..mind you! Zen Hogan just stared down a monster and walked out stronger!”

As Hogan celebrates on the turnbuckle, Dexter Lumis and Rowan stand at ringside, glaring up at him, unmoving — their pale faces illuminated by the flickering arena lights. The camera pans to Braun, rising slowly, fury in his eyes.

The screen fades to black with Zen Hogan holding his title high, shouting to the crowd: “This is OUR evolution!”

Ring Announcer: “The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the WWE Tag Team Championships!”

[Cue that familiar barroom guitar riff — the APA’s theme hits.]



The crowd explodes as Bradshaw and Faarooq march down the ramp in their classic black vests, scowls on their faces, looking like two men who’ve been waiting all week for a fight.

Pat McAfee: “Business is open, baby! The Acolyte Protection Agency — two of the toughest sons of guns to ever step into a WWE ring — ready to defend those tag titles tonight!”

Wade Barrett: “I’ve said it before and I’ll say it again — if you’re facing the APA, you’re not in a wrestling match... you’re in a bar fight with a referee. Ever since The Rock gave these two studs another shot at wrestling glory, they have delivered!”

Bradshaw and Faarooq enter the ring, hand their titles to the referee, and nod to each other with that unspoken veteran grit.

[Suddenly, the lights dim.]

A heavy, eerie instrumental fills the stadium. Jon Moxley appears from the crowd, hoodie up, eyes locked on the ring, steel chair in hand. Moments later, Roman Reigns emerges on the stage — black vest gleaming, hair slicked back, that trademark confident swagger.

Wade Barrett: “This is a team forged in chaos, Pat — Moxley and Reigns. Brothers in battle, wolves united for one reason: domination.”

Pat McAfee: “And listen, these two know how to fight dirty if they need to. The APA’s about to find out that these hounds of justice burn bright in Perth!”

WWE Tag Team Championship Match

The APA (c) vs. Jon Moxley & Roman Reigns

DING DING DING!

Bradshaw starts against Moxley. The two immediately brawl — fists flying, no finesse, just fury. Moxley laughs through the hits, catching Bradshaw with a headbutt and a lariat of his own.

Pat McAfee: “That’s a bad man right there! You don’t out-brawl the APA, you outlast them!”

Faarooq tags in, levels Moxley with a shoulder block, and plants him with a spinebuster that shakes the mat. He covers —

1... 2... Reigns breaks it up with a stiff kick to the back of Faarooq’s head.

Bradshaw storms in, all hell breaks loose. The ref tries to restore order, but it's no use — fists, boots, and elbows are flying everywhere. The crowd is loving it.

Wade Barrett: "This is turning into an absolute slugfest, McAfee! These four aren't just trying to win — they're trying to break each other!"

After the chaos settles, Moxley isolates Bradshaw in the corner, raining down elbows and biting his forehead — classic Moxley mayhem. Reigns tags in, drives Bradshaw into the mat with a Samoan drop, and stares daggers into Faarooq on the apron.

Reigns: "This is my ring. All of this is mine! That referee is mine! This company is mine!"

He locks in a guillotine choke — Bradshaw fading — but the veteran powers up, hoists Reigns, and slams him into the corner! Faarooq gets the tag!

Faarooq barrels in with clotheslines, then lifts Reigns and drives him down with a Spinebuster from hell! The crowd counts along:

1... 2... Moxley breaks it up again!

Moxley's wild-eyed, unhinged — he grabs a chair from ringside! The ref warns him, but he throws it aside, choosing fists instead. Faarooq ducks a wild swing and levels Moxley with a thunderous right hand!

Pat McAfee: "That's what happens when you step into a fight with the APA, Jon! You get knocked back to Newark, Ohio! Such a scary and dirty place to be!"

Faarooq tags Bradshaw. The APA signals for the Dominator-Clothesline from Hell combo!

They lift Reigns — but Moxley grabs Bradshaw's leg! Reigns slips out — SUPERMAN PUNCH! Bradshaw hits the ropes!

Suddenly —

"HERE COMES THE MONEYYYYY!" 💰💰💰💰

The crowd ERUPTS as Shane McMahon struts out onto the ramp, microphone in hand, wearing sunglasses and a smug grin.

Pat McAfee: "What in the world?! What's Shane O'Mac doing here in Perth?!"

The distraction lets Moxley low-blow Faarooq behind the ref's back! Bradshaw turns, yelling at Shane — but Reigns takes advantage with a Spear!

Moxley slides in — Paradigm Shift to Faarooq!

Reigns covers Bradshaw —

1... 2... 3!!!

Winners and NEW WWE Tag Team Champions: Jon Moxley & Roman Reigns!

[The crowd is in shock.]

Moxley and Reigns stand tall, titles raised high, as Shane McMahon saunters down the ramp clapping slowly.

Wade Barrett: “No way... don’t tell me Shane McMahon just helped these crazy outlaws win gold!”

Pat McAfee: “He’s smirking, Wade — look at him! He just cost the APA the titles! The Rock is going to be furious about this!”

Shane steps into the ring, looks both men over, and extends his hand. Moxley and Reigns glance at each other, then at the crowd — and shake it.

Wade Barrett: “Oh my word... What an unholy alliance! Shane McMahon aligning himself with Moxley and Reigns?! This changes everything!”

The trio stands over the fallen APA as fireworks go off. The camera zooms in on Shane, smirking into the lens.

Pat McAfee: “Oh my gosh! That’s not good news for anyone in that locker room!”

Reigns hoists his belt, Moxley points to the camera with that wild grin, and Shane raises their hands in victory as the screen fades out on the shocking new alliance



Ring Announcer: “The following contest is scheduled for one fall... and it is for the WWE Women’s Championship!”

The lights dim to a neon green glow. The upbeat rhythm of “Amazing” by Naomi hits, and the crowd roars as the glow queen herself dances out from the curtain, glowing gear sparkling under the Perth lights.

Pat McAfee: “Here comes the champion, Wade — the woman who’s been lighting up WWE in every sense of the word! Naomi has fought too hard, too long, to let that title slip away tonight! Toppling Asuka and sending Jade packing to a lesser organization!”

Wade Barrett: “That’s right, Pat, but tonight she’s defending against an Australian juggernaut! Perth is going to lose its mind when their hometown hero shows up!”

Naomi slides into the ring, throwing her arms wide as her glow fills the arena. She holds up the Women’s Championship, confident and radiant, soaking in the cheers and boos.

[Suddenly, the lights go out.]

A haunting purple spotlight hits the stage. The screen flickers with the words: “MAMI’S HOME.”

Then — “Demon in Your Dreams” hits, and the crowd explodes.

Rhea Ripley steps out onto the stage, black leather coat draped over her shoulders, her signature smirk curling into a grin. The roar from her home country is deafening — 70,000 fans chanting, “MAMI! MAMI! MAMI!”

Pat McAfee: “Perth has absolutely erupted! You can feel this energy! Rhea Ripley — the hometown hero, the powerhouse, the nightmare herself — back where it all began!”

Wade Barrett: “And this isn’t just about gold, Pat. This is about pride, redemption, and proving that Rhea Ripley is the most dominant force in women’s wrestling — period.”

Rhea marches to the ring with that trademark intensity, staring daggers into Naomi. The referee holds the title high, and the crowd is on their feet.

WWE Women’s Championship Match

Naomi (c) vs. Rhea Ripley

DING DING DING!

They circle, the crowd chanting “Let’s go Rhea!” and “Glow time!” in dueling waves. Naomi tries to outpace Rhea early with speed — ducking clotheslines, hitting springboard kicks, and landing a sharp dropkick to the champion’s hometown hero.

Naomi dances for a moment, hyping the crowd — but Rhea charges, smashing her with a brutal shoulder tackle that nearly flips her inside out!

Wade Barrett: “That’s what Rhea Ripley brings to the table — raw power and precision!”

Rhea tosses Naomi across the ring like a ragdoll, then hits a deadlift suplex, holding her in the air for several seconds before slamming her down. She goes for a cover —

1... 2... Naomi kicks out!

Naomi fights back with her resilience — a flurry of forearms, a jumping enziguri, and then a rear view out of nowhere! The crowd gasps as Rhea stumbles backward! Naomi rushes to the top rope, launching a split-legged moonsault —

1... 2... Rhea powers out!

Pat McAfee: “That’s why she’s the champion, Wade — Naomi doesn’t quit, she goes harder and glows harder! Nobody is on her level! Not Becky Lynch, Ronda Rousey or even Sasha Banks!”

Naomi tries for another attack, but Rhea catches her midair, transitioning into a powerbomb! Then another! And another! The ring shakes under the impact.

Wade Barrett: “Triple powerbombs! The brutality of Rhea Ripley on full display — this is what she was born to do!”

Rhea signals for the Riptide, but Naomi counters — spinning into a Bulldog! Naomi hooks the leg again —

1... 2... Rhea kicks out at two and a half!

The crowd’s going wild — both women are exhausted, drenched in sweat, giving everything. Naomi charges for another springboard, but this time —

Rhea CATCHES HER!

She swings Naomi around into the Prism Lock! Naomi screams, trying to crawl toward the ropes. The fans chant her name — “NA-O-MI! NA-O-MI!”

She’s inches away — but Rhea drags her back to the center of the ring!

Naomi’s hand hovers — she’s fighting, fighting — but finally, with tears in her eyes... she taps.

DING DING DING!

Winner and NEW WWE Women’s Champion: Rhea Ripley!



The Perth crowd erupts into deafening cheers. Confetti bursts from the rafters. Rhea Ripley collapses to her knees, clutching the championship to her chest.

Pat McAfee: “She did it! MAMI DID IT! In her hometown of Perth, Rhea Ripley just became the WWE Women’s Champion!”

Wade Barrett: “What a moment, Pat. You can see it — she’s overcome, she’s emotional — this isn’t just a win, this is destiny fulfilled.”

Naomi, heartbroken but proud, rolls to the corner. Rhea gets to her feet, and in a moment of respect, Naomi walks over and extends her hand. The crowd cheers louder. Rhea looks at her — then nods — and shakes it. The two embrace, the crowd chanting “Thank you, Naomi!”

[Suddenly — “The Judgment Day” theme hits!

Finn Bálor, Damian Priest, “Dirty” Dominik Mysterio, and JD McDonagh walk out, all grinning ear to ear. They make their way to the ring, clapping and shouting in celebration for their leader.

Finn and Priest hug Rhea; Dom throws up the “too sweet,” and JD hands her a black-and-purple towel that says “MAMI RULES THE WORLD.”

Rhea, holding her title, has tears in her eyes. She looks around the massive Perth crowd chanting “YOU DESERVE IT!”

Pat McAfee: “This is beautiful, Wade — Rhea Ripley, the hometown hero, standing tall as champion, surrounded by her Judgment Day family! Perth is losing its mind!”

Rhea raises the belt high, confetti still falling, while Finn and Priest hoist her on their shoulders. Dom stands beneath her, pointing and yelling, “THAT’S MY MAMI!”

Wade Barrett: “From Adelaide to Perth, from underdog to unstoppable — Rhea Ripley has conquered it all. This is her moment, Pat. This is her era.”

The camera zooms in on Rhea, tears streaming down her face, clutching the title and mouthing to the crowd:

“This is for you.”

The shot fades to black with Rhea holding the championship high, her Judgment Day family surrounding her in triumph.

[– the crowd is still electric from Rhea Ripley’s emotional victory. The lights dim, and the announcer’s voice booms through the arena.]

Owen Hart Memorial Championship Match

Bill Goldberg (c) vs. Bret “The Hitman” Hart

Ring Announcer: “The following contest is scheduled for one fall and it is for the Owen Hart Memorial Championship!”

The crowd is laughing — amused by this ridiculousness that Goldberg has brought upon them. The title’s design glistens on the titantron, featuring Owen’s face surrounded by angelic wings. It’s a title meant to honor his legacy... but as we all know...Owen is not dead.

[Cue the guitar riff of “Hitman” — Bret Hart’s classic theme.]



The crowd erupts! Out steps Bret “The Hitman” Hart, calm, focused, wearing his signature shades and pink-and-black gear. He looks out at the crowd, then at the ring — his expression unreadable.

Pat McAfee: “The Excellence of Execution. A legend. A technician. And tonight, he’s not here for gold — he’s here for something far deeper.”

Wade Barrett: “You can see it in his eyes, Pat. This isn’t about titles or trophies for Bret Hart. This is about shutting Bill Goldberg’s mouth.”

Bret enters the ring, hands his shades to a young fan, and stares at the entrance ramp.

[Then—BOOM!]

Fire and sparks explode as “Invasion” by Chris Daughtry (Goldberg’s current theme) hits. The crowd roars as Bill Goldberg stomps out, the Owen Hart Memorial Championship draped over his shoulder. He looks intense, but there’s a hint of anger in his eyes tonight. He nods toward Bret — almost disrespectful.

Pat McAfee: “Goldberg looks all business tonight, Wade. And maybe a little reflective too. You can tell he knows what this match represents.”

Wade Barrett: “Absolutely. Goldberg’s been carrying that title with pride, saying it’s about honoring Owen’s spirit... but Bret Hart’s made it very clear — Owen isn’t dead and Goldberg is an asshat.”

Goldberg steps into the ring, and the tension is palpable. The crowd goes silent as the two legends stand face-to-face.

DING DING DING!

The match begins with a long stare-down. Goldberg grits his teeth, ready to explode. Bret stays calm, pacing methodically.

Goldberg charges — spear attempt! — but Bret sidesteps and Goldberg crashes into the corner. Bret immediately goes to work — quick jabs, elbow strikes, and a Russian leg sweep. He transitions into a headlock takedown, controlling the pace.

Wade Barrett: “Classic Bret Hart — slow it down, dissect the man piece by piece.”

Goldberg powers out and hits a spinning slam. The crowd pops. He roars, calling for the Jackhammer. He lifts Bret — but Bret counters mid-air into a small package!

1... 2... kick out!

Bret stays on him — DDT! Then the second-rope elbow drop!

Pat McAfee: “Bret Hart’s in full control! The technician is schooling the powerhouse!”

Goldberg fights up again, adrenaline pumping. He snaps! — Spear! Bret is down! Goldberg pounds his chest and signals for the Jackhammer again. He lifts Bret...

...but Bret rakes the eyes and slides down behind! Low dropkick to the knee! Goldberg crumbles!

Wade Barrett: “He’s going for it! He’s setting him up!”

Bret locks in the Sharpshooter!

The crowd erupts! Goldberg roars in pain, reaching for the ropes — but Bret drags him back to the center!

Goldberg taps out!

Winner: Bret “The Hitman” Hart

The referee raises Bret’s hand, but Bret doesn’t celebrate. He pulls away, shaking his head, looking down at the Owen Hart Memorial Championship that’s being presented to him.

He takes a long breath... then picks up a mic.

Bret Hart:

(quietly, but firmly)

“I didn’t come here for this. This—” he looks at the belt “—this is complete bullshit. Owen’s alive. He is just somewhere right now where nobody ever sees him. People don’t watch the show that he is on!”

The crowd gasps. Bret drops the mic, leaves the belt in the ring, and starts walking up the ramp — calm, solemn, almost ghostlike. The camera pans to Goldberg, who’s sitting in the corner, rubbing his neck, looking utterly confused.

Pat McAfee: “Wait... what did Bret just say? Did he just say Owen’s alive?! What is going on here?!”

Wade Barrett: “Gimme a break, Pat! ... my word, look at Goldberg.”

Goldberg gets to his feet slowly, looking at the title on the mat. He picks it up, staring at Owen’s face on the center plate. He looks around — confused, shaken.

He walks to the ropes, calling out, “Bret! Bret, wait!”

He slides out of the ring, title in hand, and starts heading up the ramp, limping but determined. The cameras follow him backstage as he searches for Bret.

Goldberg: “Bret! You forgot your belt!”

He turns corners, walking past stagehands and refs, still calling for Bret — but he’s nowhere to be found. The hallway is eerily empty. Goldberg stops, looking around, puzzled.

He looks down at the championship again... and the camera zooms in.

Goldberg stares, frozen.

Pat McAfee (softly): “...Okay, Bill is losing his mind.”

Wade Barrett: “Whatever just happened... that wasn’t just a wrestling match. That was something else entirely.”

[Backstage — following Rhea Ripley’s emotional homecoming victory.]

The camera cuts to a bustling backstage area, the atmosphere still buzzing from the energy of the crowd. Rhea Ripley, still glistening with sweat and wearing her newly reclaimed Women’s World Championship over her shoulder, is surrounded by The Judgment Day — Damian Priest, Finn Bálor, and Dominik Mysterio. The group is laughing, celebrating, and soaking in the moment.

Suddenly—

“Oj!”

A loud voice cuts through the noise. The camera swings around to reveal Buddy Murphy, the United States Champion, storming into the frame. His eyes are wild with emotion, his title slung over his shoulder, his jaw tight as a vice.

Buddy Murphy:

“Are you serious right now, Rhea? Really?! Out here celebrating with these guys after I told you I’d meet you after your match?”

The Judgment Day members instantly stop smiling. Finn raises an eyebrow. Damian steps slightly forward, protective. Rhea’s smile fades into a tense frown.

Rhea Ripley:

“Mate, it’s my home crowd. I’m celebrating with my family. Don’t make this a—”

Buddy Murphy (cutting her off):

“Family? Nah, nah, see that’s the problem right there. You call these guys your family, but where were they when you were hurting? When you were trying to get back to this moment? I’ve been there every step, Rhea. Every step!”

Dominik smirks, clearly amused.

Dominik Mysterio:

“You sure about that, bro? ’Cause it looks like she’s celebrating with the ones who actually—”

Before he can finish, Buddy gets right up in his face. The tension skyrockets. Finn and Priest quickly step in between them, but Buddy’s not backing down.

Buddy Murphy:

“You shut your mouth, Dom! ’Cause tonight, when I step in that ring with you, I’m not just defending my United States Championship — I’m defending my girl’s honor. I’m gonna pound you into oblivion and make sure everyone knows that Rhea Ripley doesn’t belong to some wannabe convict — she belongs to a champion!”

The crowd watching on the big screen in the arena lets out an audible “OHHHH!”

Rhea’s face drops. She looks angry and hurt all at once. She shakes her head slowly, stepping closer to Buddy, her voice calm but icy.

Rhea Ripley:

“Buddy... Don’t you ever talk about me like I’m a prize you can win. You wanna prove something? Then go out there and do it — but don’t you dare drag my name into it.”

Finn smirks knowingly.

Finn Bálor: “Sounds like you’re sleepin’ on the couch tonight, champ.”

Buddy glares at him, then looks back at Rhea. His tone softens for just a moment.

Buddy Murphy:

“After I beat Dom tonight, Rhea, we’re leaving together. You and me — the hottest championship couple in all of wrestling. Just like it was meant to be.”

He stares at her, waiting for some sign of agreement. Rhea doesn’t answer. She just crosses her arms, her eyes filled with a storm of emotion — confusion, frustration, maybe even doubt.

Rhea Ripley (quietly):

“Do what you gotta do, Buddy. But don’t expect me to stand beside you while you lose yourself.”

Buddy’s jaw tightens. He turns sharply, walking off down the hallway toward gorilla position, title gleaming under the harsh lights. The camera lingers on Rhea, who’s still standing there, staring after him, the Judgment Day silent around her.

She finally exhales and mutters under her breath:

Rhea Ripley:

“Bloody hell...”

Fade out on Rhea’s conflicted expression — the celebration suddenly felt a lot colder.

[United States Championship Match – Buddy Murphy (c) vs. Dominik Mysterio – WWE Crown Jewel: Perth]

The lights in the Perth Arena dim as the crowd hums with anticipation. A low guitar riff cuts through the air — and then the Judgment Day’s theme hits.

Wade Barrett: “Here comes trouble, McAfee! Dominik Mysterio... looking like he’s ready to cause a family-sized problem for Rhea Ripley’s boyfriend tonight!”

Pat McAfee: “Buddy Murphy’s in the fight of his life — not just for that United States Title, but maybe for Rhea’s heart too!”

Dominik Mysterio walks out, flanked by Finn Bálor and JD McDonagh. He’s cocky, grinning, soaking up the crowd’s loud boos. He points to his shirt that says “MAMI’S FAVORITE.”

The boos grow deafening, but Dom seems to love it. He slides into the ring, blows a kiss toward the camera, and waits smugly.



The lights flicker again. The crowd erupts as Buddy Murphy's theme hits — a storm of intensity and pyro. He strides to the ring, the U.S. Championship glinting around his waist, jaw tight, fury in his eyes.

Wade Barrett: "Buddy Murphy looks like a man on a mission. He said he's gonna pound Dominik into oblivion — and judging by that look, he meant it!"

Pat McAfee: "If Dom's smart, he'll try to crawl under the ring and stay there!"

The referee presents the title, the crowd chants "AUSSIE! AUSSIE! AUSSIE!" and we're underway!

The Match:

DING DING DING!

Buddy charges straight at Dom — taking him down with a flurry of punches! The crowd roars! Murphy whips Dom into the ropes and clotheslines him out of the ring!

Dom stumbles to the floor, where Finn and JD immediately rush over. Murphy doesn't hesitate — he hits the ropes and dives through the ropes with a suicide dive that wipes out all three!

Pat McAfee: "Buddy Murphy is possessed! That man's running on anger and adrenaline!"

Murphy drags Dom back into the ring, hoists him up — vertical suplex into the turnbuckle! Dom crashes hard. Murphy covers —

1... 2... NO! Dom barely kicks out!

Murphy yells, “This is for Rhea!” before slamming Dom’s head into the mat. He goes for Murphy’s Law, but Dom wriggles free, drops to his knees, and low-blows Buddy while the ref’s back is turned!

The crowd boos furiously.

Wade Barrett: “That’s the Dom Mysterio special — a masterclass in underhanded tactics!”

Dom grins wickedly, drops Buddy with a neckbreaker, and then climbs to the top rope. He goes for a frog splash, but Murphy rolls out of the way! Dom crashes to the mat clutching his ribs!

Murphy springs up — knee strike to the jaw! He follows it up with a Brainbuster! He covers again —

1... 2... Finn pulls the referee out of the ring!

The crowd explodes in boos! The ref yells at Finn, threatening ejection, while JD distracts Murphy from the other side.

Murphy turns and clocks JD off the apron — but that gives Dom the chance to grab the U.S. Title off the mat. He swings — but Buddy ducks! Superkick!

Dom collapses! Buddy picks up the title, ready to strike—

...and then, suddenly, the crowd goes wild.

Rhea strides down the ramp, Women’s Championship over her shoulder, still sweaty from her earlier match. Her expression is unreadable — torn between pride and frustration.

Pat McAfee: “Oh boy... this is about to get real complicated!”

Murphy’s face softens when he sees her. “Rhea, I’m doing this for you!” he shouts.

He turns back toward Dom — but Rhea suddenly jumps onto the apron.

Murphy pauses, confused. “Rhea? What are you doing?”

She looks conflicted... but then — just for a second — her eyes flick toward Dom. That tiny hesitation is all it takes.

Dom rolls Buddy up from behind!

1... 2... Rhea grabs Buddy’s leg — holds it down! 3!!!

DING DING DING!

The arena erupts in shock and boos!

Samantha Irvin: “Here is your winner... and NEWWWWW United States Champion... DOMINIK MYSTERIO!!!”

Aftermath:

Buddy sits in the ring, stunned, clutching his head. He looks up at Rhea, who’s now standing outside the ring, emotion washing over her face — guilt, sadness, confusion.

Dom rolls out of the ring, clutching the title, laughing maniacally as Finn and JD swarm him, celebrating.

Pat McAfee: “I don’t believe it! Rhea Ripley — SHE helped Dom win! What did we just see?!”

Wade Barrett: “That’s Judgment Day loyalty right there, McAfee. Family over feelings.”

Buddy crawls to the ropes, staring at Rhea. “Why?” he mouths, his voice trembling.

Rhea doesn’t answer. She just looks at him, eyes glistening, and whispers something the cameras barely catch:

> “I’m sorry, Buddy...”

She turns away and walks up the ramp, standing beside Dom — the Judgment Day now complete, draped in gold.

Dom throws his arm around her shoulders, grinning ear to ear, while Rhea stares straight ahead, emotionless.

Buddy stays in the ring, broken-hearted and furious as the camera zooms in on his face — a storm brewing in his eyes.

Pat McAfee (somerly):

“Buddy Murphy just lost everything — his title, his girl, and maybe a piece of himself.”

Wade Barrett:

“And the Judgment Day is stronger than ever. Perth may never forget this night — but for Buddy Murphy, it’s gonna haunt him forever.”

Fade to black with the camera lingering on Rhea and Dom holding their titles high, purple lights glowing around them.

[NXT Tag Team Championship Match – Stacks & Tony D’Angelo (c) vs. Andre Chase & Duke Hudson (Chase U)]



The crowd is buzzing — the energy is that perfect blend of chaotic NXT intensity and pure Australian hometown pride. Duke Hudson, representing his home country, is soaking it in as “CHASE U” chants echo through the rafters.

The Entrances

Samantha Irvin: “The following contest is scheduled for one fall... and it is for the NXT Tag Team Championships!”

First out are the champs — the Family — Tony D’Angelo and Channing “Stacks” Lorenzo. They arrive in full “business mode”: slick suits over their ring gear, gold chains glinting under the lights, looking every bit like mob bosses fresh outta Brooklyn.

Wade Barrett: “These two are NXT’s version of The Sopranos, and business has been booming! Tony D and Stacks have been dominant champions.”

Pat McAfee: “But tonight, they face a fired-up Chase U — and you can feel this Australian crowd behind Duke Hudson!”

“CHASE U” flashes across the tron. The crowd roars as Andre Chase and Duke Hudson step out waving the big red-and-white Chase U flag.

The crowd goes wild. Duke pumps up the fans while Andre claps his hands rhythmically, leading a chant:

“CHASE U! CHASE U! CHASE U!”

The Match Begins

DING DING DING!

Tony D starts with Andre Chase. They circle each other — Tony’s smirk versus Andre’s determination. Tony goes for a lock-up, but Chase ducks and hits a quick arm drag, then another! He pops up and shouts:

Andre Chase: “THAT’S A TEACHABLE MOMENT!”

The crowd chants it with him! Tony D looks annoyed and tags in Stacks.

Stacks rushes in — fast and scrappy. He lands some sharp strikes, but Chase fires back with a back body drop, sending Stacks flying. He tags in Duke, and the place erupts!

Hudson barrels into Stacks with a massive shoulder tackle followed by a spinebuster!

Pat McAfee: “Listen to this Melbourne crowd! Duke Hudson is on fire!”

Tony D tags himself in and tries to slow the pace. He taunts Duke, saying, “You don’t mess with the Family!” and throws a right hand — but Duke blocks it and delivers one of his own.

Tony and Duke exchange blows until Tony nails a swinging neckbreaker. He goes for the cover—

1... 2... kickout!

The champs take control. They isolate Duke in their corner, tagging in and out like a well-oiled machine. Tony D taunts Andre every time he reaches for the tag.

Tony D’Angelo: “You want your guy back, teach?! Not gonna happen!”

Stacks hits a running knee strike to Duke's temple — cover!

1... 2... Hudson kicks out again!

The crowd rallies: "LET'S GO DUKE! LET'S GO DUKE!"

The Hot Tag

Finally, Duke fights back — clotheslining Stacks and shoving Tony off the apron. He lunges... and tags in Andre Chase! The crowd explodes!

Andre rushes in like a man possessed — dropkick! Flying forearm! Russian leg sweep!

He drops to one knee and starts spelling it out:

"G! I! V! E! ME! A! C! H! A! S! E! U!"

The crowd shouts each letter with him!

Stacks stumbles to his feet — Chase nails the Chase U Kick right to the jaw!

He tags Duke back in — Double-team suplex! Cover—

1... 2... Tony breaks it up!

Chaos Breaks Out

Tony D drags Duke outside and slams him into the barricade. Stacks recovers, grabs Chase, and tosses him into the steel steps! The ref's losing control.

Tony rolls Duke back into the ring and signals for the Forget About It double-team finisher. Stacks climbs the turnbuckle—

But the crowd starts buzzing.

The camera cuts to the stage... and The Heart Break Punk (HBP) walks out! Leather jacket, shades, and a trademark cocky smirk. The crowd erupts!

Pat McAfee: "Wait a second... that's THE HEART BREAK PUNK! What's he doing here?!"

Wade Barrett: "This guy's been making waves in NXT for weeks — but he's got no business in this match!"

Tony D freezes mid-setup, glaring up the ramp.

Tony D'Angelo: "Hey! This ain't your business, old man! Get outta here before you regret it!"

HBP slowly walks down to ringside, smirking. Stacks yells, "We got this, boss!" and leaps off the top rope — but Duke sidesteps, sending Stacks crashing into the mat!

Tony turns back toward the ring... and BAM!

HBP slides in and superkicks Tony D'Angelo square in the jaw!

The crowd explodes as Tony collapses like a marionette with its strings cut.

Wade Barrett: "Superkick! Right on the button! What the hell did Tony D do to deserve that?!"

Pat McAfee: "Deserve's got nothing to do with it, Wade — that man just made a statement!"

HBP rolls out of the ring, hands up innocently, and backs up the ramp as the ref turns around, confused but not sure what happened.

Tony's groggy... Duke tags in Andre!

Chase and Hudson hit Frat Row — the double team finisher (Hudson with the electric chair, Chase hits a flying clothesline!)

1... 2... 3!!!

DING DING DING!

Winners and NEW NXT Tag Team Champions: Andre Chase & Duke Hudson (CHASE U)!

The crowd goes wild — Australian flags waving, chants of "CHASE U! CHASE U!" echoing around the arena.

Pat McAfee: “They did it! Andre Chase and Duke Hudson have done it! Chase U are the NEW NXT Tag Team Champions!”

Wade Barrett: “And they owe it all to The Heart Break Punk! That guy just cost The Family their gold!”

Meanwhile, Tony D sits on the mat outside the ring, holding his jaw, looking furious and confused as Stacks helps him up. His eyes burn with revenge.

Pat McAfee: “The Family just got rocked... and something tells me Tony D’Angelo isn’t going to forget that superkick anytime soon.”

Cut to HBP at the top of the ramp — smirking, tapping his temple, mouthing the words:

> “Class dismissed.”

Fade out with Chase U celebrating in the ring, the new NXT Tag Team Champions.

[NXT Championship Match – Trick Williams (c) vs. Ethan Page]

Entrances

Samantha Irvin (ring announcer):

“The following contest is scheduled for one fall, and it is for the NXT Championship!”

Ethan Page’s music hits first — a haunting, dark bassline paired with his trademark swagger. The crowd boos heavily as “All Ego” struts down to the ring in a tailored jacket, smirking, pointing to himself and mouthing, “I am NXT.”

Pat McAfee: “Ethan Page got that arrogance, that slick talk... but sometimes that ego cashes checks his body can’t afford.”

Then, the place goes crazy. The lights pulse gold and purple — “WHOOOP THAT TRICK!” chants explode through the crowd as Trick Williams bursts through the curtain, the NXT Championship shining around his waist.

He stops at the top of the ramp, throws his arms wide, and shouts:

> “Whoop that Trick! WHOOOP THAT TRICK!”

The crowd chants it louder and louder, and you can feel the energy.

The Match Begins

DING DING DING!

The two circle — Ethan smirking, Trick fired up. They lock up. Trick uses his size and strength to push Ethan into the corner. The ref calls for a break. Trick pats Ethan on the cheek — a little disrespectful swagger.

Ethan glares, then SLAPS Trick across the face!

Crowd: “OHHHHH!!!”

Trick explodes — firing off with heavy right hands! He clotheslines Ethan over the top rope, then hits the ropes himself and leaps over with a flying plancha! The crowd goes wild!

Wade Barrett: “Trick Williams flying through the air like a man possessed!”

Trick rolls Ethan back into the ring and covers —

1... 2... kickout!

Trick keeps up the pressure with a spinebuster, followed by a springboard leg drop. He goes for another cover—

1... 2... Ethan kicks out again!

Momentum Shifts

Ethan rolls to the outside, holding his ribs, trying to slow the match down. Trick follows, but Ethan smartly trips him, slamming his leg into the steel steps!

Pat McAfee: “Uh oh, that’s that veteran IQ, man! He’s tryin’ to ground Trick, take away them hops!”

Ethan zeroes in — working Trick's leg, twisting it in a heel hook, stomping on the knee, even slamming it into the mat.

Ethan Page (taunting): "You can't whoop anything without a leg, big man!"

The crowd boos. Trick grimaces, trying to fight out, but Ethan's surgical. He hits a shinbreaker, then a chop block from behind, sending Trick down again.

Ethan hooks the leg and goes for the Ego's Edge (his crucifix powerbomb finisher), but Trick fights out with elbows to the head!

The Comeback

Trick stumbles, clutching his knee — Ethan rushes him, but Trick counters with a Trick Shot enzuigiri! The crowd erupts!

Wade Barrett: "TRICK SHOT! TRICK SHOT!"

Both men are down — the crowd starts chanting "WHOOOP THAT TRICK!" louder and louder, the sound rolling through the arena like thunder.

Trick feeds off it, slowly pulling himself up, limping but determined. He blocks Ethan's punch, fires off a right of his own — then another — then a huge clothesline!

He whips Ethan into the corner and follows with a running splash!

Ethan staggers out — Tilt-a-whirl slam! Cover—

1... 2... NO!

Closing Stretch

Ethan rakes Trick's eyes behind the ref's back, then low-blows him while the ref's view is obstructed!

Wade Barrett: "Oh come on! The ref didn't see it!"

Ethan grabs Trick and hits Ego's Edge!

1... 2... TRICK KICKS OUT!!!

The place goes absolutely insane! Ethan can't believe it. He yells at the ref, slamming his hand on the mat.

Ethan picks Trick up again — trash-talking him the whole time.

Ethan Page: "You don't belong in my ring! This is my spotlight!"

Trick suddenly springs to life — firing off rapid punches! The crowd counts them out — 1! 2! 3! 4! 5! — then Trick hits a massive Book End–style slam!

He backs up, fires himself up with the crowd — his leg's hurting, but he shakes it off — and hits the ropes for the finish.

Trick Williams: "WHOOOP! THAT! TRICK!"

He smashes Ethan with a Trick Shot spinning kick right on the jaw!

1... 2... 3!!!

DING DING DING!

Winner and STILL NXT Champion: TRICK WILLIAMS!

The arena explodes! Gold confetti rains down from the ceiling as Trick clutches his NXT Championship, lying on the mat in exhaustion and triumph.

Pat McAfee (shouting): "That's my guy! That's the champ! Trick Willy still holdin' it down, baby!"

Ethan rolls out of the ring, furious, holding his jaw, yelling "I had him!" over and over.

Trick slowly gets to his feet, the crowd chanting "WHOOOP THAT TRICK!" in rhythm. He climbs the ropes, raises the title high, and pounds his chest, shouting to the fans:

> "This is for everybody who ever believed in me! We still up, baby!"

The camera zooms in on Trick, sweat dripping, smiling wide. He points to the camera.

> “Ain’t no tricks here — just hard work and heart.”

Wade Barrett: “Trick Williams survives another war and proves again why he is the face of NXT!”

Trick stands tall on the turnbuckle, gold glimmering in the spotlight as the crowd chants his name — the reigning, defending, undeniable NXT Champion.

[Backstage — NXT Interview Area]

Cameras focus on Carmelo Hayes, NXT North American Champion, standing under the bright lights. He’s in full gear, title gleaming across his shoulder, mic in hand. His expression is intense — a mix of fire and disdain.

Interviewer: “Carmelo, there’s been talk that The Heart Break Punk could be coming after your North American Championship soon. What are your thoughts?”

Carmelo smirks, shaking his head slowly, pacing a bit like a predator sizing up his prey.

Carmelo Hayes:

“Thoughts? Let me tell you something... I’ve had enough. I’ve had enough of these relics from the past waltzing into my ring, trying to steal my spotlight, trying to act like they’re relevant in today’s world. HBP? Cool old guy, talented, whatever — but he better understand one thing: I don’t just defend this title, I dominate it. I make a statement every time I step into that ring.”

He leans closer to the camera, voice dropping low, venomous.

Carmelo Hayes:

“I don’t understand it, man. I don’t understand why guys like Lex Luger — who, let’s be real, was actually a janitor back in the ancient WCW days — still have contracts. Jesse Ventura? You’re telling me he has a contract? How? How does that make any sense?”

He steps back, waving his hands like he’s losing patience with the world itself.

Carmelo Hayes:

“I wouldn’t even be surprised if next week they handed Stripper and Nippers from the Monstars a contract! Pull them straight out of the brick house brawl retirement home, throw them into my ring, and expect me to treat them like they matter. Guess what? They don’t. Nobody matters in my ring except me.”

The camera zooms in on Hayes, eyes blazing, tone cold and electric.

Carmelo Hayes:

“HBP, whoever else thinks they can waltz in here and make a name off my championship... Midget Habib, Johnny Question Mark, or that Ron Simmons copycat Iron Cunt..bring it. But when you step in that ring with The Prince of NXT, don’t expect mercy. Don’t expect respect. And don’t expect to walk out alive... because I’m not just defending this title. I’m taking it personally.”

He lifts the North American Championship, letting the gold glint in the light as the camera pans out, the crowd audibly cheering in the background from the arena outside.

Carmelo Hayes (smirking):

“Welcome to my kingdom, boys. But remember... every kingdom has its king — and I don’t take kindly to tourists.”

He drops the mic, turns sharply, and walks off as the camera fades out, leaving his intensity hanging in the air like a challenge waiting to be answered.

[World Championship Match – John Cena (c) vs. Jesse Ventura – WWE Crown Jewel: Perth]

The arena is electric, the crowd buzzing with anticipation. There’s an air of disbelief and excitement, because tonight... legends collide.

Entrances

The lights dim, and the familiar thunderous beat of “In The Air Tonight” by Phil Collins hits the arena. A hush falls over the crowd, then the cheers erupt like a tidal wave.

Pat McAfee: “That’s Jesse Ventura — The Body — walking to the ring to Phil Collins! I haven’t seen an entrance like this in decades!”



Jesse Ventura steps out, wearing his classic wrestling attire but with an aura of supreme confidence. The crowd is on their feet, giving him a hero's welcome. Ventura waves, soaking in the applause, pointing to the fans with a grin. This isn't just nostalgia — this is history in the making.

John Cena's theme hits. The World Champion strides out, focused, championship gleaming. The arena erupts again, divided between the Cena faithful and the thunderous ovation for Ventura. Cena enters the ring, eyes locked on his opponent, ready for war.

Wade Barrett: "This is unreal — John Cena defending the World Championship against Jesse Ventura in Perth, Australia! Are we witnessing the impossible?"

The Match

DING DING DING!

The two men lock up. Cena uses his strength to shove Ventura into the corner, but Jesse counters with his veteran savvy, pushing Cena back and delivering a precise forearm shot.

Booker T: "This is classic Jesse — smart, methodical, and he knows how to use every inch of that ring!"

Cena fires back with rapid strikes, landing a shoulder tackle and a clothesline that sends Ventura stumbling. Cena hits the ropes — running shoulder smash! Ventura barely stays on his feet.

They exchange strikes, counters, and reversals — every near fall is met with the crowd screaming and jumping to their feet. Ventura locks in an armbar; Cena counters into a slam,

then climbs the top rope — but Ventura rolls out of the way at the last second, sending Cena crashing to the mat!

Wade Barrett: “My god! Cena just missed the flying attack — Jesse Ventura alive and kicking!”

Momentum Shifts

Cena rallies, hitting a Five Knuckle Shuffle, then signals for the Attitude Adjustment. He lifts Ventura high — but Jesse wriggles free and lands a gut-wrench suplex, showing he still has that raw power.

The crowd is on their feet, chanting “This is awesome! This is awesome!” as Ventura hits a series of elbow strikes, followed by a spinning back fist that staggers Cena. Ventura goes for the cover —

1... 2... kickout!

Cena shakes his head in disbelief, barely getting his shoulder up. Ventura pulls him up — a snap suplex, then another. The ring shakes under the impact.

Pat McAfee: “These two juggernauts are giving it everything they’ve got! Five stars? Easily five stars!”

Cena climbs the turnbuckle again — for a flying AA, but Ventura sidesteps! Cena crashes to the mat. Ventura seizes the moment, lifting Cena for a classic Body Slam. The crowd gasps!

The Climax

Both men are exhausted. The match spills to the outside briefly — Cena counters a dive from Ventura, sending Jesse into the barricade! The crowd roars. Back in the ring, both men are barely standing, trading stiff strikes in the center of the ring.

Cena goes for a second Attitude Adjustment — lifts Ventura... but Jesse counters with a reverse slam, landing on his feet! He signals for his finishing maneuver — the AkroCrane! He lifts Cena high — the crowd counting along, “ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!” — and drops him back electric chair style! He hooks the leg.

1... 2... 3!!!

DING DING DING!

Winner and NEW World Champion: Jesse Ventura

The arena erupts into absolute chaos. Fans are on their feet, screaming, clapping, and cheering as Jesse Ventura, at this stage in his legendary career, shocks the world and claims the World Championship.

Wade Barrett: "I cannot believe what I just saw! Jesse Ventura... your new World Champion! And this is his 25th world title win!"

Pat McAfee: "25 WORLD TITLES! Can you believe it, man? And this is happening with only 20 dates left on his retirement tour! Jesse Ventura, the Body, proving why he's a living legend!"

Ventura climbs the turnbuckle, raising the World Championship high. The crowd chants his name, applause echoing through the arena. Cena sits in disbelief in the ring, exhausted, nodding in respect.

Wade Barrett: "History has been made tonight in Perth, Australia! Jesse Ventura, at the tail end of his incredible career, has stunned the world!"

Jesse stands in the center of the ring, gold in hand, eyes blazing — a legend solidifying his legacy one final time as confetti rains down and the crowd continues to roar.

[Backstage – WWE Production Room – TV Screens Show Jesse Ventura Celebrating His World Championship Win in Perth]

The camera pans to The Rock, leaning against a console, arms crossed, eyes locked on the screen. The celebrations echo in the monitors, but The Rock's expression is a mix of disbelief and simmering amusement.

The Rock (looking directly into the camera):

"You just saw it. Jesse Ventura... a man with absolutely no heart... beat John Cena in Perth. And you know what? I am surprised he did it without his old manager, Car, giving him a little bit of... heart. Stupidest shit I have ever seen!"

He shakes his head slowly, smirking as he starts walking toward the camera, voice rising with that trademark intensity.

The Rock:

"You just saw a man with no heart defeat John Cena. Now, it's time to watch a man with all the heart... go to the ring, lay the smack down on Gunther's candy ass, and leave Perth... STILL WWE Champion!"

The camera follows him as he walks past production staff, pacing like a predator stalking his prey. The Rock stops in front of the camera, leaning in closer, voice dropping into that mix of arrogance and sheer confidence that sends chills.

The Rock:

"Well, The Rock is well on his way to being the longest reigning champion in any company... in any era... in any life. And if you think Jesse Ventura just shocked the world, then just wait. Because tonight, The Rock proves why The People's Champion... has all the heart!"

He smirks, points directly at the camera, then spins on his heel and walks off down the hallway, the screen cutting to footage of him striding confidently toward the arena ramp as his theme music hits. The roar of the live Perth crowd fades in, mixing with The Rock's intensity, promising an explosive confrontation with Gunther ahead.

[Main Event – WWE Championship Match: The Rock (c) vs. Gunther – WWE Crown Jewel: Perth]

The arena is absolutely electric. After witnessing Jesse Ventura shock the world earlier in the night, the crowd is buzzing to see the reigning WWE Champion, The Rock, in action. The pyro hits and the Rock's theme blasts through the arena as he sprints down the ramp, his championship gleaming in the lights. Fans chant and scream, waving signs: "THE ROCK" and "CAN YOU SMELL WHAT THE ROCK IS COOKIN'?"



Pat McAfee: "The atmosphere is insane! Perth has seen history tonight, but it is far from over!"

Wade Barrett: "The Rock is about to go to war with Gunther. And trust me, Gunther isn't backing down!"

Entrances

Gunther's theme hits. He marches to the ring, his imposing frame cutting through the crowd's roar like a tank. Behind him, to shock and surprise, Triple H and Stephanie McMahon accompany him, dressed in their classic executive attire, looking smug and confident. The crowd boos loudly at the sight of the duo.

Wade Barrett: "Triple H and Stephanie are right there at ringside! Looks like they are trying to tilt the odds in Gunther's favor! I guess we know now what Trips thinks about The Rock being in charge!"

The referee signals for the bell.

The Match

DING DING DING!

The two men lock up immediately. Gunther uses his size and strength to push The Rock into the corner, but Rock counters with a series of sharp punches to Gunther's chest. The crowd roars with every strike.

Gunther fires back with heavy European chops, each one echoing through the arena, and sends Rock into the ropes. Rock rebounds and hits a shoulder block, staggering the Austrian powerhouse.

Wade Barrett: "This is classic Rock! Even with Gunther's size advantage, The Rock is turning up the heat!"

Gunther grabs Rock and delivers a punishing gutbuster. He signals for a powerbomb, but Rock wriggles out and delivers a thunderous spinebuster! Cover—

1... 2... kickout!

The crowd erupts.

Gunther grows frustrated, signaling to Triple H and Stephanie at ringside. Suddenly, Triple H slides a steel chair into the ring while the referee is momentarily distracted. Gunther grabs it and swings — but Rock ducks and reverses it, hitting Gunther in the gut. The Rock follows up with a Rock Bottom!

Wade Barrett: "Rock Bottom! Could this be it?"

1... 2... Gunther kicks out!

The crowd gasps, fans on their feet. Rock looks shocked but quickly regains composure, shaking his head at Triple H and Stephanie.

Gunther rallies, clotheslining Rock across the ring and hitting a powerful lariat. Gunther goes for his finisher, but Rock blocks and hits a second Rock Bottom — this time covering Gunther.

1... 2... 3!!!

DING DING DING!

Post-Match Chaos

The Rock's music hits. He is still the WWE Champion, standing tall, chest heaving, as the crowd chants his name. He grabs a microphone, pointing at Triple H, his eyes blazing.

The Rock:

“Triple H! You think sliding chairs into my ring, hiding behind Stephanie, makes a difference? You want to try and cheat your way into taking this from The People’s Champion? IT DOESN’T MATTER!”

Rock charges and delivers a Rock Bottom to Triple H, sending him crashing to the mat. The crowd explodes.

Stephanie McMahon steps back, screaming, trying to intervene, but The Rock turns to her, pointing menacingly —

The Rock:

“And Stephanie... YOU think your fast ass is safe?”

Before Rock can strike, Shane McMahon, Jon Moxley, and Roman Reigns rush the ring. They attack The Rock with coordinated strikes, taking him down. The arena erupts in chaos as The Rock fights back but is outnumbered.

The camera pans to the ramp. Triple H slowly stands, brushing himself off. Stephanie regains her composure, looking victorious. Shane, Moxley, and Reigns surround The Rock, standing over him as he struggles to rise. The Rock glares up at them, exhausted but defiant.

Pat McAfee: “Absolute chaos! The Rock successfully defended the WWE Championship... but now he’s been ambushed by Triple H, Stephanie, Shane, Moxley, and Roman Reigns!”

Wade Barrett: “This is insane! Perth has seen one hell of a night — history, shocking wins, and now total mayhem! What in the hell will happen when we come back for Monday Night Raw in less than 48 hours?!”

The final shot freezes on Triple H, Stephanie, Shane, Moxley, and Roman standing tall around The Rock’s prone body, the WWE Championship gleaming nearby. The crowd’s stunned reactions echo through the arena as the screen fades to black.

[SHOW CLOSES]