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Tournament C on Live

Episode 2: Emi vs. The Heel

Written by Casey Sparks

ALFRED: And we're back with more coverage of Tournament Con 77'. I'm Fireball Alfred and I'm here with Tournament Con founder, Victor Bezada. Mr. Bezada, your daughter Cassie ended her last fight with some sort of declaration of war on you. What are your feelings on that?

VICTOR: Cassie has always been... a rebellious kid. She always turned down my offers to train and would go out into the streets to practice there. *Victor laughs to himself.

ALFRED: So you're really not worried about any of this?

VICTOR: Oh, hardly. My daughter is a strong kid. Whoever wins the tournament gets the honor of facing me, so it would be an honor as a warrior and a father to see how far she's come.

ALFRED: Well I hope for your sake and hers that Cassie makes it to the end of the tournament. It's not every day you get a chance to beat your daughter...

VICTOR: Can you... can you maybe rephrase that? Maybe just edit that line out-

ALFRED: My brother Kool-As-Ice-KC is currently interviewing Cassie Bezada herself to get her side of the story. KC?

SFX: TV STATIC TRANSITION

KC: Cassie, do you have anything to say about your declaration of war on your father?

CASSIE: ... No.

SFX: CASSIE WALKS AWAY

SFX: TV STATIC TRANSITION

ALFRED: ... Well we may not have much to report on Cassie's front, but keep in mind there is no main character here at Tournament Con; only a series of warriors all burning to

fight! In the next hour, a tournament newcomer will be going up against one of the most iconic pro wrestlers of all time! I'm talking about the big man himself, The Ultimate Heel! But for those of you who have been living under a rock all your lives, here's a recap of who Mr. Heel is...

SFX: TV STATIC TRANSITION

MUSIC: SLOW AND DRAMATIC BUILD-UP MUSIC

PROMO NARRATOR: You know him...

WRESTLING ANNOUNCER: And now, stepping up to challenge The Hungry Wolf for the championship title...

PROMO NARRATOR: You hate him...

SFX: CROWD BOOING

PROMO NARRATOR: But YOU. CAN'T. STOP HIM.

MUSIC STOPS

HEEL: *gravelly masculine voice* I AM THE ULTIMATE HEEL!

MUSIC: BADASS DEATH METAL THEME ERUPTS

HEEL: I'm here to take the belt for myself, and none of you little babies masquerading as pros can stop me!

SFX: METAL SLAMMING

WRESTLING COMMENTATOR: Oh my god! The Ultimate Heel has ambushed The Hungry Wolf and slammed his ass to the ground!

SFX: CROWD BOOING

HEEL: MORE! GIVE ME MORE! Your hatred fuels me...

PROMO NARRATOR: When you face him...

HEEL: You've just opened up the gates of heel and a can of whoopass from yours truly!

PROMO NARRATOR: Always remember...

HEEL: I hope you brought a poncho... BECAUSE YOUR ABOUT TO ENTER THE SPLASH ZONE!

PROMO: YOU. ARE. NOT. SAFE.

HEEL: This federation was built on my back, but I'll make sure it ends up under my heel!

SFX: TV STATIC TRANSITION

ALFRED: Spectacular! But The Ultimate Heel isn't going up against your average wrestler this time... I understand my brother KC has Heel's opponent with him right now?

KC: That's right Brother. I'm here wi-

SFX: KC IS CUT OFF BY EMI WRESTLING THE MIC OUT OF HIS HAND

EMI: LISTEN UP! HEEL, FIREBALL ALFRED, AND ANYONE ELSE LISTENING! I'M EMI QUIAMBAO, AND I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHO YOU ARE! I'M WINNING THIS TOURNAMENT, NO CAP!

SFX: EMI DROPS THE MIC

KC: Please don't drop that, these are very expensive. Back to you brother.

ALFRED: Wow, it looks like Heel's going up against a literal child! Thank god for that waver. Speaking The Ultimate Heel, I think I see him right now! Heel! Heel!

HEEL: *much more normal voice* Huh?

ALFRED: Does The Ultimate Heel have anything to say to his opponent?

HEEL: *under his breath* Oh for god's sake. I told them not to register me under that name.

ALFRED: Wait, what are you talking about? You're The Ultimate Heel, right?

HEEL: My name's Mike. You put together that whole promo and couldn't even check my wikipedia page?

ALFRED: ... Sooooo you're not fighting as-

HEEL: No! I thought I had that settled at registration.

SFX: TV STATIC TRANSITION

HEEL: No, I already told you, it's Mike Walsh.

REGISTRATION GUY: Yeah, you're marked down here.

HEEL: This says Ultimate Heel.

REGISTRATION GUY: Yeah. You're The Ultimate Heel.

HEEL: No, I told you to put down my real name.

REGISTRATION GUY: Uh-huh.

HEEL: Do you actually think my real name is "The Ultimate Heel?"

REGISTRATION GUY: ... is it not?

HEEL: *under his breath* oh my god...

REGISTRATION GUY: Soooo... you want to go by an alias?

HEEL: No, I don't want to go by an alias, I want to go by my real name!

REGISTRATION GUY: And I already marked you down as The Ultimate Heel.

HEEL: Say Mike.

REGISTRATION GUY: Mike.

HEEL: Now say Walsh

REGISTRATION GUY: Walsh.

HEEL: Now say Mike Walsh.

REGISTRATION GUY: Ultimate Heel.

HEEL: I'm this close to killing you and everyone else in a five mile radius.

REGISTRATION GUY: Hahaha, that's just like when The Ultimate Heel wanted to commit mass homicide!

HEEL: *sigh* Okay, you know what? Do you have a sheet of paper?

SFX: REGISTRATION GUY HANDS OVER A SHEETS OF PAPER, HEEL RIPS IT IN HALF AND STARTS WRITING

HEEL: Here, just write down this name. Okay?

REGISTRATION GUY: Okay.

HEEL: Alright.

SFX: HEEL WALKS AWAY AND THE REGISTRATION GUY WAITS A MOMENT AND THEN STARTS WRITING

REGISTRATION GUY: *under his breath as he's writing* ultimate... heel...

SFX: TV STATIC TRANSITION

ALFRED: I gotta say, this is a surprising development. What made you come to this decision?

HEEL: I'm just... tired. The booing, the harassment, the death threats, it's just a lot.

I feel like I'm never gonna be respected if I keep doing the same thing over and over again...

ALFRED: Wow, it seems like you're going through a lot right now. You know what you could use? Therapy. Luckily, this episode of Tournament Con Live is sponsored by Psychiatrist Go: the mobile therapy app!

HEEL: Are you serious?

ALFRED: *talking over Heel* Use code tournamentcon77 to get 15% off Therapy Go Premium. We'll be right back after these messages.

MUSIC: TOURNAMENT CON THEME SONG PLAYS THEM OFF FOR THE COMMERCIAL BREAK

MUSIC: TV STATIC TRANSITION

ALFRED: *quietly* Okay, so at the end, I'll give you the sign and you just read that. *normal voice* And we're back. I'm here with The Ultimate Heel's opponent, Emi Quiambao!

EMI: Hi Alf!

ALFRED: It's Alfred actually. Anyway, you're certainly one of the youngest newcomers we've ever had. Care to tell us about yourself.

EMI: Okay! Uh... My name's Emi, I'm 10 and a half, I'm from the Bronx, my address is-

SFX: ALFRED CUTS EMI OFF BY COVERING HER MOUTH

ALFRED: Okay maybe not that much, *nervous laughter.* How about your fighting style? Who taught you how to fight?

EMI: Oh, that's easy! I've trained under masters from all over the world. Kick Master Ken, Professor Judo, Blacksun the Demon Lord, you know, all the greats.

ALFRED: ... Those are video game characters.

EMI: Yup! I found a bunch of old fighting games in my big sis's closet and I thought doing that kind of stuff for real would be fun. Wait, that reminds me. Hi sis! If you're listening, I got here safe! Sorry for taking your wallet, I needed money for snacks. Also, hi Zuri! Hi Jamie! Hi Levi! Listen to big sis while I'm gone!

ALFRED: Wait, are you really here alone?

EMI: Yeah, but it's fine. I can take care of myself.

ALFRED: What's your reason for competing in Tournament Con?

EMI: To show everyone I'm the best, duh. Soon the whole sea will know my name!

ALFRED: That's the spirit! Anything else you'd like to say?

EMI: Uuuuuh nope. I don't think so.

ALFRED: *ahem

EMI: What, why are you looking at me like that? What do those hand signs mean? OH RIGHT!

SFX: PAPER CRINKLING

EMI: *robotically* When I feel depressed about my 9 to 5 job and can't get... prah... professioh... professor?

ALFRED: *whispers* professional.

EMI: professional help, I use Therapy Go. Use code tournamentcon77 to get 15% off Therapy Go Premium. Okay how was that?

SFX: TV STATIC TRANSITION CUTS EMI OFF

ELI: Welcome to Tournament Con Lore, the segment where we take a look at what the contestants are up to in their down time. I'm your host Electric Eli, bringing you all the dramatic highlights you aren't intended to see.

SFX: TV STATIC TRANSITION

HEEL: THIS is who I am! ... No. This IS who I am! ... Nah, the delivery still feels off. This is who I am... YOU FUCK- nope, too evil. Man, writing good-guy dialogue is hard.

SFX: TV STATIC TRANSITION

SFX: CASSIE WALKS DOWN THE HOTEL HALLWAY

CASSIE: Hey, quit loitering in front of my room.

CLAY: Relax, I won't be here long.

CASSIE: You're right. You won't.

SFX: KNUCKLE CRACK

CLAY: You made a mistake challenging your father.

CASSIE: Another Bezada fanboy, huh? What, you think I can't take you?

CLAY: I think you can't take HIM. Not alone at least. Here's my card. Call me if you want your dad gone.

□CASSIE: Fascinating.

SFX: PAPER RIPS

CASSIE: Unfortunately for you, I'm not paying some washed up bounty hunter to do the job I can and will do myself. Now get the fuck out of my face before I decide to tear up more than your cheap business cards.

SFX: CASSIE OPENS HER HOTEL ROOM DOOR AND SLAMS IT SHUT

SFX: CLAY DIALS A NUMBER ON HIS PHONE

CLAY: She's not interested... Don't worry, we still have that other job.

SFX: TV STATIC TRANSITION

SFX: EMI WALKS DOWN THE HOTEL LOBBY

RECEPTIONIST: Excuse me, miss Emi?

EMI: That's me, I'm Emi.

RECEPTIONIST: Someone called earlier. She said she's your foster mom. I told her you weren't here at the moment so she left a message. Would you like to hear it?

EMI: Sis called? ... Sure.

SFX: EMI PICKS UP THE PHONE

EMI'S SISTER: Emi, come home now! I don't care how strong you think you are, you're still just a kid and you're going to get yourself-

SFX: EMI HANGS UP

RECEPTIONIST: I can call her back if you want.

EMI: Nah, don't worry about it.

RECEPTIONIST: She sounded really scared earlier.

EMI: Well she shouldn't be. She should know I've been through worse.

SFX: EMI WALKS AWAY

SFX: TV STATIC TRANSITION

ELI: Thank you for tuning into Tournament Con Lore, I've been your host, Electric Eli. And now back to the tournament.

SFX: TV STATIC TRANSITION

MUSIC: TOURNAMENT CON FANFARE

ALFRED: It's time for the second match of round 1! On the left, she's our youngest contestant to date and is ready to show us what she's made of, open your heart for Emi Quiambao!

SFX: THE CROWD CHEERS

SFX: SWISHES AND BREATHING AS EMI PRACTICES HER PUNCHES

EMI: All right! Time to get this show started!

ALFRED: And on the right, we have everyone's favorite piece of shit, give it up for The Ultimate Heel!

SFX: THE CROWD ENTHUSIASTICALLY BOOS

ALFRED: Okay, that was unnecessary.

REF: You two know the rules?

EMI: There are rules?

REF: Perfect. Shake hands... stances ready... BEGIN!

EMI: *roars

SFX: EMI THROWS A KICK. IT'S BLOCKED

KC: And Emi starts the fight off with an explosive round kick, only for The Ultimate Heel to effortlessly parry it with a single hand...

EMI: *continuous grunts

SFX: SERIES OF QUICK AND CONTINUOUS SWISHES AND SWIPES

ALFRED: Emi continues her attack on Heel with a flurry of punches and...

SFX: HEAVY IMPACT

□

HEEL: *winces in pain

ALFRED: OH! And Emi lands one right in Heel's stomach! She may be limited in what she can hit with her height, but you can't deny she knows how to find an opening!

HEEL: *angry grunt

KC: With Emi still in range, it looks like Ultimate Heel is readying his signature double hammerfist.

EMI: Oh crap!

SFX: EMI JUMPS AWAY

ALFRED: But it looks like he waited too long! Emi has now jumped out of range!

EMI: *continuous breaths

KC: And it seems as though she's now repeatedly doing handsprings. I get that she's trying to gain more distance but there's no way that conserves energy.

ALFRED: Can't deny it looks stylish as hell!

KC: Still, Heel has been given many opportunities but has refused to take all of them. Let's hope this doesn't come back to bite him.

HEEL: Not half bad.

EMI: I'm just getting started!

SFX: RAPID TAPPING

□EMI: *rapid breathing

ALFRED: Now what's she doing?!

KC: It seems as though Emi has taken a break from fighting to do some side steps. She's good at it, I'll give you that, but it seems like she's only wasting more energy.

ALFRED: Don't be so sure brother. Look closer.

KC: ... I don't believe my eyes. It would seem as though steam is now emitting steam!

SFX: ZIP

SFX: HEAVY IMPACT

SFX: HEEL FALLS TO THE GROUND

HEEL: *loud grunt

ALFRED: Unbelievable! In the blink of an eye, Emi has closed the gap and delivered a juicy uppercut to The Heel!

EMI: *out of breath* That was my signature technique: Blood Rush. If I can speed up my blood flow, I can move faster and hit harder.

HEEL: A bit bold of you to reveal your hand like that.

EMI: Well yeah, that's what cool heroes do.

HEEL: ... Interesting

SFX: HEEL TAKES OUT A NOTEPAD AND BEGINS WRITING

□ EMI: What the hell are you doing?

HEEL: Taking notes.

EMI: Are you kidding me?! I finally get to fight a professional and you won't even take this seriously?! You can literally attack me right now while I'm regaining my regular blood flow!

HEEL: There's no honor in hitting someone who's already down, especially a little kid I know I can beat.

MOMENT OF SILENCE

SFX: STEAM SIZZLING

EMI: *quiet laugh that gradually becomes louder and more deranged

HEEL: Hm?

EMI: You just made a big mistake... There's nothing that gets my blood boiling more than PISSING ME OFF!

SFX: ZIP

□HEEL: What the-

SFX: HEAVY IMPACT

SFX: CROWD GASPS

ALFRED: Astounding! Emi has done the impossible again and landed a devastating punch, this time launching herself straight into The Heel's jaw!

SFX: SERIES OF ZIPS FOLLOWED BY IMPACTS THAT PROCEED TO GET FASTER EACH TIME

ALFRED: And she just keeps going! In the blink of an eye, Emi keeps vanishing to find new openings! I can barely keep up, can you brother?

KC: Barely. It seems Emi's found her stride with this high-risk high-reward technique.

SFX: ZIP AND SKIDD AS EMI STOPS

KC: It seems as though Emi has come to a stop, looking more exhausted than ever.

ALFRED: I wouldn't worry too much about her. Heel doesn't look like he can fight much longer either.

EMI: *out of breath* What the hell? I just got here. No way it's this easy.

HEEL: *out of breath* A real man never goes all out against someone so inexperienced. This is who I-

EMI: Bullshit. You haven't landed a single hit on me. Hell, I'm the only one tiring me out. Why aren't you fighting for real?

HEEL: ... Because no one respects me when I do. You don't know what it's like to be treated like a joke just for being you. I worked so hard to get where I am, all to be casted as some guy who gets the shit beaten out of him by the same guy every week. What's wrong with not wanting that?

EMI: ... You're right about one thing... YOU ARE A JOKE!

HEEL: ... Huh?

EMI: And, uh, I bet you peaked in college!

HEEL: What are you talking about?

EMI: I don't know, my sister says that a lot. BUT I BET YOUR PARENTS NEVER LOVED YOU!

HEEL: What the hell is wrong with you?!

EMI: But the worst thing about you, is that I have never met someone so desperate for attention, you... you... YOU SELLOUT, SHIFTY, SOUL-SUCKING, SACK OF SUFFERIN SUCCOTASH!

SFX: CRICKET CHIRPS

HEEL: That... was... the WORST heel monologue I've ever heard!

EMI: That bad?

HEEL: Oh my god, where do I even begin? First off, what are you even building these claims on? There's so much material you can be riffing on. My outfit, fighting, my recent divorce, you gotta research before you roast.

EMI: I see-

HEEL: And your delivery really needs work. The stuttering, the filler words, it's all very unprofessional. And another thing! Where the hell did you even get that sufferin succotash bit? I don't even know what sufferin succotash is, and I doubt you do either.

EMI: You really know a lot about this stuff.

HEEL: Well of course I do! It's the only thing I lo- ... oh...

EMI: I get it. It's... hard when no one takes you seriously. I'm only here cuz I wanna prove someone wrong. That's why you're here too, right?

HEEL: You're a lot smarter than I gave you credit for.

EMI: Hehe, I have my moments.

HEEL: I'm... sorry I looked down on you earlier.

EMI: Don't be. I don't need you to respect me. I already do.

HEEL: I see...

EMI: Pound it out?

HEEL: ... Hell yeah.

SFX: THE TWO WALK UP TO EACH OTHER

ALFRED: It looks like the melodrama's coming to a close as Emi is reaching a friendly fist bump out to her new brother in crime!

HEEL: Just one last piece of advice...

EMI: What?

SFX: CLUTCH

SFX: AUDIENCE GASPS

SFX: EMI STRUGGLES

□HEEL: Don't leave yourself open. □

KC: In a fitting turn of events, it looks like Mike Walsh has turned heel, grabbing Emi by the wrist in what was supposed to be a moment of truce!

ALFRED: Unbelievable! I mean, it is believable, he did just kinda say all that stuff, BUT WHO CARES?! THE ULTIMATE HEEL IS BACK!

SFX: DEEP SWOOSHES THAT GET CONTINUOUSLY FASTER

EMI: *in sync with each swoosh* Woah, WOAHH, WOAHH, WOAHH!

ALFRED: And now The Ultimate Heel is swinging Emi over his head like a lasso!

HEEL: Alright, I'll let you down now.

SFX: HEEL LIGHTLY PLACES EMI DOWN ON THE GROUND

□EMI: *dizzy and delirious* Yes Annika and Annika's twin

sister, I ate all my school and went to vegetables. Hey, is that a folding chair-

SFX: HEEL HITS EMI WITH A METAL CHAIR AND SENDS HER FLYING INTO A WALL AND IS BURIED UNDER RUBBLE

EMI: ow.

KC: And in a classic move, Heel has given his opponent a chance to recover, only to hit her while she's still down.

ALFRED: I don't even know where he got that folding chair! We don't keep any near the ring and he certainly didn't bring it in!

KC: Just goes to show how you never know what to expect with these wrestlers...

ALFRED: *deadpan* Seriously, where the fuck did he get that chair?

SFX: CROWD BOOS

HEEL: MORE! GIVE ME MORE! YOUR HATRED FUELS ME! THIS IS WHO I AM! *maniacal laugh

SFX: EMI COMES OUT FROM UNDER THE RUBBLE

EMI: Geez, that woke me up.

HEEL: Give up yet? Cuz you don't wanna walk into the gates of hell with me! I'll tear you limb from limb!

EMI: Not if I tear me limb from limb first! Alright Emi, think. You probably only have enough energy for one more blood-rush. How do you get past that folding chair... I got it!

KC: What's this? It looks like Emi's climbing into the crowd!

EMI: Hey mister, you're sitting on my weapon.

SFX: EMI SHOVES A GUY OUT OF HIS SEAT, GRIPS THE CHAIR, AND RIPS IT OUT OF THE GROUND

ALFRED: It looks like Emi's chosen to fight fire with fire! She now wields someone else's chair and is ready to take the fight to The Heel!

SFX: EMI LEAPS IN THE AIR

KC: She leaps into the air to get the high ground and...

EMI AND HEEL: *yelling

SFX: CLANG

□KC: The Hell gets the counter in just in time!

SFX: SERIES OF GRUNTS AND METAL CLANGS

ALFRED: The two are now dueling in a way we've never seen! Emi's got the heavier, Tournament Con-approved seat, but The Heel is much more well-versed in the art of chair-fu!

KC: It's not looking too good for Emi. The Heel is overwhelming her and it looks like she's being worn down.

HEEL: Ready to give in?!

EMI: Hell nah!

HEEL: Fine! You won't have to when you're dead!

SFX: METAL CLANG

SFX: EMI STUMBLES BACK

KC: Uh-oh! The Heel's knocked Emi back and is raising his chair for the finishing blow!

HEEL: *roars

SFX: METAL COLLIDES AND BREAKS

ALFRED: And in a last minute save, Emi uses her chair to block! Although now it's snapped clean in two!

EMI: You're wide open!

SFX: TWO HEAVY IMPACTS

ALFRED: Holy shit! Emi used the opportunity to land not one, but two blows on The Ultimate Heel!

SFX: SERIES OF GRUNTS AND METAL CLANGS AS THE TWO FIGHT WITH CHAIRS

KC: Emi has now taken the upper hand, dual wielding the two halves of her chair to overwhelm and outspeed The Heel.

SFX: EMI KNOCKS THE CHAIR OUT OF THE HEELS HANDS

□ALFRED: And Emi disarms The Heel!

SFX: SERIES OF GRUNTS AND METAL SLAPS AS EMI BLITZ'S THE HEEL

EMI: You call yourself The Ultimate Heel?! THIS is an ultimate heel! BLOOD RUSH!

SFX: STEAM BURST

SFX: HEAVY IMPACT

HEEL: *loud grunt

SFX: HEEL FLIES AWAY AND CRASHES INTO A WALL

ALFRED: And Emi lands a devastating kick to The Ultimate Heel! Can we get a 10-count?!

HEEL: *dilirious* No need. I have been the wheat thins...

KC: You mean "defeated?"

HEEL: Yeah, that.

ALFRED: In that case, THE WINNER IS EMI!

SFX: CROWD APPLAUDS

EMI: LET'S GOOOOOOOOOO! Hey Mike!

HEEL: Huh?

EMI: Let's do this again sometime!

HEEL: Heel yeah dawg! Aight, imma to bed now.

SFX: Whack as Heel's head falls to the ground

KC: After the downer that was the match between Terry and Cassie, I'd say this helped reignite some spirits, wouldn't you brother?

SFX: ALFRED SNORTS A LINE OF COCAINE

ALFRED: *screams at the top of his lungs

KC: Indeed brother, indeed. Tune in tomorrow folks because we've got some exciting fights for you as we'll be kicking off day 3 with Poison the British Alien vs. Santa Clause.

MUSIC: OUTRO THEME PLAYS THEM OFF