

The Great Southern Trendkill Tour: Lafayette, Louisiana

September 5, 2025 | Cajundome - Lafayette, Louisiana

Introduction

We open on a black screen.

Then--

A haunting, slow-motion replay package rolls. Static and grain overlay highlight the carnage from Little Rock: Maxx Mayhem swinging a steel chain with reckless fury. Graysie Parker bleeding but rising from the wreckage. A flash of the Veil Breaker from El Fantasma Oscuro. The sound of boots crashing through tables. The roar of a stunned crowd.

Quick cuts show the pain, the glory, and the chaos. And then...

GRAPHIC: "Tonight - Lafayette, Louisiana"

The screen shatters to live footage as we go inside the CAJUNDOME. Thousands of fans on their feet, signs in the air. A chant is already swelling--

"WRES-TLE-U-TA! WRES-TLE-U-TA!"

Commentary ringside - John Phillips and Mark Bravo

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to *The Great Southern Trendkill Tour*--and tonight, WrestleUTA invades the Cajundome in beautiful Lafayette, Louisiana!"

Mark Bravo: "The air's thick, the tempers are hotter, and after what went down last Friday in Duluth, I don't know if anyone's walkin' into this building without a target on their back."

John Phillips: "That No-Disqualification war between Graysie Parker and Maxx Mayhem shocked the world--and left both competitors changed. And while we don't yet know the full fallout of that encounter, we do know one thing..."

Camera cuts to wide shot of the crowd. A chant begins: "JAR-VIS! JAR-VIS!"

John Phillips (serious tone): "Tonight... the WrestleUTA Championship is on the line."

Mark Bravo: "Oh, buddy. Let 'em hear it."

GRAPHIC: MAIN EVENT - UTA Championship Match

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John Phillips: "The champion, *Jarvis Valentine*, defends against *Chris Ross*--the self-proclaimed 'Bastard of the Bayou,' in the very state where he cut his teeth. This is a powder keg waiting to blow."

Mark Bravo: "You've got one guy who's become obsessed with legacy and perception... and the other? A loaded shotgun wearing a smirk. Ross didn't get the win in Little Rock--but he's comin' for Jarvis with bad intentions."

Crowd shot: Fans waving "ROSS IS GONNA KILL YOU" and "VALENTINE BLEEDS FOR THIS" signs

John Phillips: "One championship match. One guaranteed explosion. Tonight's main event could redefine the landscape of this company."

Mark Bravo: "And if that's just the main event? Who knows what else could go down tonight..."

[CAMERA: Wide shot of the Cajundome pulsing with energy]

Pyro erupts across the stage as the tour logo flashes across the LED boards: "THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL."

John Phillips: "The Southern storm continues--"

Tonight. Starts. NOW."

Two Graves

The screen fades in with the low hum of wind. Fog curls over cracked gravestones. Branches creak. Somewhere in the distance, a raven cries out and is abruptly silenced.

Suddenly-- a flicker of movement.

Slow pan reveals El Fantasma Oscuro, unmoving, cloaked in black, face hidden beneath his death mask. He stands inches from a freshly dug grave. No name. No flowers. Just disturbed earth.

He says nothing. The wind howls louder.

El Fantasma Oscuro (softly, low rasp): "All who chase shadows eventually become them."

He lifts a single skeletal finger, pointing down toward the grave. The camera begins to shake--just slightly--as the fog rises thicker.

QUICK FLASH - *The screen white-outs for half a second.*

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Wide shot. El Fantasma is no longer near. He now stands at the far end of the graveyard--silhouetted by moonlight, unmoving.

The camera pulls back. The fog thickens again. Another flash.

*New shot. There are now **two** El Fantasma's... standing side by side in the distance.*

Identical masks. Identical stillness. One turns his head ever so slightly, the other does not.

Voice (unseen, whispered like wind): "Two graves. Two souls. One reckoning."

The fog consumes the screen entirely.

Back at Ringside

Back inside the Cajundome. The lights are still low. A chill lingers in the air. John Phillips and Mark Bravo sit at the commentary table, visibly unsettled by what just played on the screen.

John Phillips: "Uhhh... folks, I... I don't really know how to follow that. I--are we seeing double? Was that... was that confirmation of what we suspected last night in Little Rock?"

Mark Bravo: "Y'know, I thought maybe the fog was getting to my brain in Arkansas, but no--John, there are two of 'em. Two El Fantasma Oscuros. One was bad enough. This? This is something else entirely."

John Phillips: "In Duluth, during the match against Chris Ross, fans swore they saw another figure ringside. A shadow in the corner. A duplicate--lurking in the smoke. We brushed it off as tricks of the light, but tonight... this confirms it."

Mark Bravo: "Two identical monsters. Two masks. Two sets of eyes watching from the dark. The question is--what does this mean for the UTA?"

John Phillips: "Is this a twisted game? A supernatural force? Or something even worse--some sort of alliance? A deception? Either way... the balance just shifted."

Mark Bravo: "And if I'm Chris Ross, if I'm anyone in that locker room? I'm locking my door. Twice."

The camera lingers on the commentary table as the arena begins to re-light. Fans murmur nervously. A buzz fills the Cajundome.

John Phillips: "Two graves. Two ghosts. One reckoning. The UTA just stepped into a nightmare."

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Susanita Ybanez vs Nancy Rhodes

John Phillips: "We're live from the Cajundome here in Lafayette, Louisiana -- and folks, up next, we've got a clash between two women making waves in the United Toughness Alliance!"

Mark Bravo: "You got that right! Susanita Ybanez -- hot off her impressive debut last night -- and the hard-hitting Detroit bruiser, Nancy Rhodes. I don't expect this one to be pretty. I expect it to be mean."

John Phillips: "Susanita's rise has been meteoric. Her background is nothing short of inspiring. But tonight, she's got a Detroit buzzsaw in her way."

The house lights dip as the intro to "Black Honey" by Thrice begins to rumble through the Cajundome. Bright crimson lights slash across the stage as a spotlight hits the ramp. Nancy Rhodes appears, stalking down the ramp with her trademark intensity, fists taped and ready.

Ring Announcer: "Making her way to the ring, from Detroit, Michigan... weighing in at 142 pounds... NANCY RHODES!"

She rolls into the ring under the bottom rope, cracks her neck, and paces the squared circle like a caged predator.

Mark Bravo: "She looks like she woke up and chose bloodshed, John."

John Phillips: "When doesn't she?"

Suddenly, the arena darkens again. A low rumble begins to shake the sound system. Red lights bathe the entrance stage as violins swell dramatically. Then--BOOM!--an eruption of fire as Susanita Ybanez walks through the flames, stoic and focused. The crowd roars for the "Silent Queen."

Ring Announcer: "And her opponent... from Lambaré, Paraguay... weighing in at 111 pounds... 'LA REINA SILENCIOSA'--SUSANITA YBANEZ!"

She walks straight to the ring, fire rising behind her, never breaking eye contact with her opponent. The pyro explodes as she reaches the apron, leans back with arms out, and steps inside the ropes.

John Phillips: "That entrance STILL gives me chills. Talk about a presence."

Mark Bravo: "And she's only been here 48 hours! Lafayette is already falling in love with her. But Nancy Rhodes might break her jaw just for smiling wrong."

The referee calls for the bell--DING DING DING--and the match begins.

John Phillips: "And here we go! Susanita Ybanez, the pride of Paraguay, against Nancy Rhodes, the

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Detroit destroyer."

The two women circle, feeling each other out. Nancy lunges first with a spinning elbow--Susanita ducks and counters with a quick arm drag! She rolls up, nods her head, and resets her stance.

Mark Bravo: "Quick thinking from Ybanez! That's that street-born instinct right there."

Nancy snarls and charges in again--this time connecting with a vicious knife-edge chop to the chest! The sound echoes in the Cajundome as Susanita winces and backs into the ropes. Nancy grabs her arm and whips her into the opposite side--but Susanita rebounds with a springboard arm drag that flips Nancy halfway across the ring!

John Phillips: "What agility! Susanita showing off some of that hybrid lucha offense!"

Mark Bravo: "Don't blink. That's how fast she can change the pace."

Nancy rolls to her feet, her chest heaving, and now she's grinning. Not out of joy--but because she likes the fight. She rushes in again--this time faking high and hitting low with a leg sweep that drops Susanita hard to the mat. Then she drops a sharp knee across the thigh and immediately transitions into a leglock attempt.

John Phillips: "Smart. Rhodes always targets limbs. She's trying to slow Susanita down early."

Susanita kicks and struggles--she reaches the ropes! The ref calls for the break and Nancy gives it... just before the five-count, wrenching one final twist for good measure.

Mark Bravo: "Veteran move. You use that full five. It's not cheating--it's just education from the school of pain."

As Susanita uses the ropes to pull herself back up, the camera briefly cuts to a shot in the crowd. A woman in a dark coat, sunglasses on despite the arena lights, is scribbling something in a small notebook while watching the match closely.

John Phillips: "Hey... wait a minute. We've seen her before. That's the same mysterious woman we saw last night during the tag match. She's here again--taking notes?"

Mark Bravo: "Scouting? Recruiting? Or something stranger? That's twice now, and I don't believe in coincidence."

Back in the ring, Susanita explodes with a snap DDT that plants Nancy Rhodes face-first into the mat! She floats over--1...2... kickout!

John Phillips: "Close! And she didn't hook the leg fully--that might've made the difference."

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The crowd begins rallying behind Susanita. She points to the top rope, signaling for something big. She climbs... takes aim...

Mark Bravo: "Here comes that corkscrew moonsault!"

She leaps--twisting in mid-air--but Nancy rolls just out of range and Susanita crashes hard! The crowd gasps as she bounces on impact, clutching her ribs.

John Phillips: "Nobody home! And that might be the opening Nancy Rhodes needs!"

Nancy seizes the moment, grabbing the downed Susanita by the leg and dragging her center-ring... locking in the Scarlet Scissors!

Mark Bravo: "Figure-four into a scissors choke--she's got it sunk in deep!"

John Phillips: "This could be it right here--Susanita is trapped!"

Susanita Ybanez is locked in the Scarlet Scissors, Nancy Rhodes arching back, eyes wild with intensity. The referee drops to check for a tapout, but Susanita grits her teeth, shaking her head violently.

John Phillips: "You can see the pain etched on her face, but Susanita's refusing to give up!"

Mark Bravo: "She might not tap... but how much longer can she stay conscious? That hold is crushing airflow and tearing at her knee."

The crowd starts to rally, clapping and stomping. Susanita balls a fist, raises it--then plants both palms on the mat and uses every ounce of core strength to twist her body just enough... SHE ROLLS THROUGH!

John Phillips: "She reverses the pressure! Nancy's shoulders are down!"

ONE... TWO... NO! Nancy breaks the hold and kicks out at the last moment!

Mark Bravo: "Wow! She almost pinned her while trapped! That's resilience, brother."

Both women scramble to their feet--Nancy goes for a clothesline but Susanita ducks, springs to the second rope--back elbow catches Nancy on the chin! The Cajundome erupts!

John Phillips: "What a shot! Susanita is ALIVE again!"

Susanita now hits the ropes, rebounds into a running single-leg dropkick that sends Nancy reeling into the turnbuckles. Susanita charges--

Mark Bravo: "Watch out!"

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BAM! Leaping double knees into the chest! Rhodes crumples into a seated position. Susanita doesn't wait--she sprints corner-to-corner--

John Phillips: "This is the rhythm she thrives on--BOOM! Basement dropkick to the jaw!"

The crowd is on their feet as Susanita drags Nancy out, hooks the leg!

ONE...

TWO...

THR--NO!!

Mark Bravo: "Rhodes stays in it! Barely! But she's rattled, no question."

As Susanita pushes to her knees, the camera again cuts briefly to the crowd. The mysterious woman in the sunglasses has stood up, now scribbling faster, clearly intrigued by Susanita's rally. The lens lingers--just long enough to unsettle.

John Phillips: "There she is again. Watching Susanita's every move like it's a science project."

Mark Bravo: "It's starting to feel like she's not just a fan. That woman has a plan, and it might involve Ybanez."

Back in the ring, Susanita calls for the end. She grabs Nancy's wrist, pulling her into position--goes for her ripcord knee strike--

NO! Nancy ducks! Spins around into a release German suplex that folds Susanita like a lawn chair!

John Phillips: "Good God! Susanita might be out cold!"

Mark Bravo: "That looked like it broke time in half. That's the Rhodes kill switch!"

Nancy crawls over, throws an arm across--

ONE...

TWO...

NO!! Susanita kicks out again!

John Phillips: "She's still in this match! This rookie has the heart of a champion!"

Mark Bravo: "But for how long, John? She's taken a beating--and Rhodes smells blood."

Rhodes slaps the mat, furious. She yanks Susanita up by the hair, shoves her into the corner, and unloads a flurry of stiff forearms and shoulder thrusts. The ref tries to break it, and Rhodes shoves him aside--earning a

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warning.

John Phillips: "Nancy's unraveling. She thought this would be over minutes ago."

Rhodes backs up for a running lariat in the corner--but Susanita steps out--superkick to the jaw! Nancy staggers! Susanita hooks the head--

Mark Bravo: "Snap brainbuster! She spiked her!"

Both women are down. The crowd is roaring. The referee begins the count--1...2...3...

John Phillips: "This has turned into a war!"

4...5... both begin to stir... 6...7... Susanita is up to one knee, clutching her ribs... Nancy crawls to the ropes...

Susanita Ybanez pulls herself up using the ropes, chest heaving. Nancy Rhodes stumbles upright, dazed. They meet mid-ring and trade forearms--hard, echoing shots as the Cajundome swells with noise!

John Phillips: "Back and forth! Toe-to-toe! Susanita and Nancy are putting it all out there tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "It's a straight-up slugfest now--and I didn't think Susanita could hang in a fight like this!"

Another forearm from Rhodes--Susanita fires back. Another from Rhodes--Susanita spins into a sharp back elbow! Nancy reels, and Susanita charges--

BAM! She connects with a flying corkscrew neckbreaker!

John Phillips: "Susanita caught her clean! That's the spark she needed!"

She covers--

ONE...

TWO...

NO!! Nancy gets the shoulder up!

Mark Bravo: "Rhodes is still kicking, but she's starting to fade. You can see the light dimming in her eyes."

On the outside, the camera once again lingers on the mysterious woman. She's still jotting notes--but now, she looks... interested. Like a plan is forming. Her eyes don't leave Susanita for even a second.

John Phillips: "You see that? She didn't even flinch at that neckbreaker. Just... calculated silence."

Mark Bravo: "It's like she's scouting her. For what though? Competition? Recruitment? Or something else

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entirely?"

Back in the ring, Susanita rises to her feet and lets out a breathless shout--the crowd answers with a wave of support. She backs into the corner and starts slapping her knee--calling her shot.

John Phillips: "She's loading the chamber--could be looking for that finishing knee strike!"

Nancy Rhodes slowly stumbles to her feet--Susanita sprints forward--

BAM! GALE FORCE KNEE!

Mark Bravo: "No--WAIT! That's Brandon Henderson's move!"

John Phillips: "She just pulled a page out of Brandon's playbook--maybe as tribute, maybe as a warning!"

Nancy collapses in a heap. Susanita falls into the cover--

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!

John Phillips: "She did it! Susanita Ybanez with a statement win in Lafayette!"

Mark Bravo: "I don't care if you're new to this game or not--when you beat Nancy Rhodes clean in the middle, you put the whole women's division on notice."

The referee raises Susanita's hand as the crowd cheers. She stumbles to the ropes, clutching her ribs, visibly shaken but glowing with pride.

Once more, we cut to the mystery woman. She lowers her notepad, finally. A small smirk plays across her lips. And then... she disappears into the crowd, without another glance.

John Phillips: "There she goes again. Still no name. Still no idea what she wants."

Mark Bravo: "But one thing is crystal clear: she's watching Susanita Ybanez very, very closely. And I've got a feeling... we haven't seen the last of her."

Susanita climbs the turnbuckle and throws up her fist. A new name. A new win. And a growing shadow watching her every move.

Last Night

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The screen fades to black as haunting piano chords begin to play. Static flickers across the screen. Then--

VOICEOVER: "Last night... chaos reigned in Little Rock."

Clips flash rapidly--Graysie Parker hoisting the WrestleZone Championship high in the Barton Coliseum. Maxx Mayhem stalking the ring like a rabid animal. Then--chairs, kendo sticks, broken tables.

John Phillips (voice over): "It was billed as no disqualification... but nobody was ready for the kind of destruction we witnessed."

Cut to: Maxx Mayhem wrapped in barbed wire, laughing maniacally as blood trickles down his cheek. Graysie Parker spearing him through the barricade. Fans on their feet, screaming in disbelief.

Mark Bravo (voice over): "Graysie Parker was fighting for everything. Her pride. Her legacy. Her title. But Maxx? Maxx was fighting for pain."

Slow motion clip: Graysie Parker powers Maxx up and drills him onto thumbtacks. She collapses across his body for a near fall--TWO COUNT!

Cut to: Maxx grinning as he drags a shard of glass across his own chest. A scream. Graysie caught in a triangle of pain. The lights flickering as the brawl spills to the entranceway.

Then--the final moment: Graysie Parker, battered, bloodied, standing tall atop a stack of broken plunder. She delivers the Decapitator Lariat and collapses across Maxx for the three-count. Her hand raised. Her body trembling.

VOICEOVER: "In the end... the Champ endured. But nothing... will ever be the same."

The video ends with Graysie slumped against the bottom rope, title in her lap, staring into the abyss... while Maxx Mayhem lies unconscious, a smile still on his face.

Final text fades in:

WrestleZone Championship: Graysie Parker (c) def. Maxx Mayhem

The Champion Arrives

We cut to a live feed from the loading dock area of the Cajundome. A sleek black SUV rolls to a stop. The crowd inside the arena reacts with a low rumble of anticipation.

The rear door swings open and out steps the UTA Champion--Jarvis Valentine. He's dressed sharp as ever in a black designer suit, the UTA Championship draped over his shoulder like royalty. He adjusts the strap,

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smirks confidently, and begins walking toward the entrance corridor.

John Phillips: "There he is! The UTA Champion--Jarvis Valentine--arriving in Lafayette, and looking like a man who knows his title isn't going anywhere tonight."

Mark Bravo: "That's the look of a champion who's three steps ahead, JP. Smooth. Collected. Unbothered. The guy's got Ross in the main event tonight, and he's walking in like it's a fashion show."

Jarvis glances at a nearby production assistant and offers a slight nod. Suddenly--

CRACK!

A sickening echo reverberates as a kendo stick EXPLODES across Jarvis' back! He drops to one knee, the title belt skidding across the pavement. The camera pans hard left--

It's MAXX MAYHEM.

Still bandaged from head to toe after last night's war with Graysie Parker. His ribs are wrapped, his forehead stitched, but his eyes? His eyes burn with chaos.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute--THAT'S MAXX MAYHEM! What the hell is he doing here?! He just ambushed the UTA Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "Mayhem's a walking horror movie right now! He should be in a hospital! What's he doing swinging lumber backstage?!"

CRACK! Another shot. This time across Jarvis' shoulder. The Champion groans and tries to crawl away, but Maxx stalks him, like a wolf to blood.

He grabs Jarvis by the hair and yanks him to his feet, then with a guttural roar, Maxx SLAMS him spine-first into a stack of metal production cases. The Champion crumples.

John Phillips: "Oh my GOD! He just folded Jarvis Valentine in half! That man has a world title match to defend tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "This isn't just chaos--this is sabotage! And don't think for one second this isn't some twisted favor to Chris Ross."

John Phillips: "But does Ross even want it?! The man earned his shot! He's been on a tear! Does he really need... this kind of help?"

Security finally rushes in, but Maxx has already dropped the kendo stick and backed away, arms raised like he's just completed a holy mission. He sneers at the camera, mouthing something inaudible--something

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unsettling.

Medics tend to Jarvis, who clutches his side, his title belt still lying inches away, untouched... but the damage has already been done.

John Phillips: "Our main event tonight is in serious jeopardy. The UTA Champion may have just been broken in half before he even stepped into the ring!"

Mark Bravo: "And Maxx Mayhem? He just lit the fuse and walked away laughing. What the hell kind of night are we in for, JP?"

The screen fades to black as we return to ringside...

Malachi Cross vs. Magnus Wolfe

The lights dim as the haunting drone of Gregorian chants hums through the Cajundome. Thick fog seeps onto the ramp, curling around the steel like smoke from the underworld. A slow, heavy bass line kicks in. Malachi Cross steps through the mist like a figure from a dark vision--head lowered, arms crossed like a corpse, every movement deliberate. He walks down the ramp with tombstone eyes, never blinking, never swaying from his path. He climbs the steps, enters the ring, and lowers himself to one knee in the corner, hands clasped in silence.

John Phillips: "He calls it the *Burial Rite*. And honestly, Mark, it doesn't just sound ominous--it feels like something final."

Mark Bravo: "I don't think Malachi Cross believes in wins or losses. I think he believes in rituals. In *judgment*. And tonight, Magnus Wolfe might be his next sermon."

Suddenly, red strobe lights slice through the fog. A wolf howl echoes through the arena, drawing jeers from the crowd. Magnus Wolfe emerges beneath the flickering beams, scarred brow glistening with sweat. He's calm, confident, smirking as he traces the scar down his face. His steps are slow, yet calculating, as he stalks toward the ring like a predator who already knows how this ends.

John Phillips: "And here comes the limb executioner from Reno. Magnus Wolfe is surgical. He doesn't need chaos--he creates it through control."

Mark Bravo: "He's the guy that makes your shoulder pop and smiles like it's a handshake. He's cold-blooded. Dangerous. But he's stepping into a tomb tonight."

The bell rings. The two men remain still in their corners, eyes locked. The tension is thick. Magnus smirks again. Malachi doesn't blink.

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John Phillips: "No movement yet. This is chess. They're studying. Calculating."

Mark Bravo: "Two guys who believe in pain as language. Neither wants to speak first."

They finally circle. Magnus goes low, shooting for a leg. Malachi sprawls, counters with a front facelock, but Wolfe spins out and slaps the back of Malachi's head before retreating to his feet. A classic disrespectful smirk follows. Malachi stares... then nods.

John Phillips: "Wolfe playing mind games early. Testing the ego. But Malachi doesn't show ego. He shows intent."

Mark Bravo: "You can't crack a statue, JP. Malachi's carved from stone."

Lock-up. Magnus grabs a wrist and quickly rolls into a hammerlock, wrenching tight. Malachi reaches behind, snaps a back elbow, and reverses into a standing switch. He pushes Wolfe into the ropes--goes for a back elbow--but Wolfe ducks, rebounds--and hits a shoulder block. Neither man falls. Both glare. The crowd pops.

John Phillips: "It's not just about control now. It's about dominance."

They go again. Magnus ducks a clothesline and clips the knee from behind with a dropkick. Malachi drops to a knee, and Wolfe wastes no time--he grabs the ankle and drops an elbow onto the thigh before twisting it into a leg grapevine.

Mark Bravo: "There it is! Wolfe wasting zero time targeting the lower body. That's what he does. He finds a joint, and he wrings it out like a dishrag."

Malachi grits his teeth, slowly pulling them both toward the ropes. He finally reaches out and grabs the bottom strand. The referee counts, and Wolfe releases--at four, naturally--before backing off and brushing imaginary dust off his hands with a smirk.

John Phillips: "He's trying to frustrate Malachi. But the problem is... I don't think Malachi gets *frustrated*."

Malachi slowly rises. He stalks forward again. Wolfe feigns a test of strength but ducks and hits a dragon screw! Malachi winces as the leg gets yanked again. Wolfe stands over him, booting him in the back of the head with disrespect.

Mark Bravo: "That's not smart. That's not smart at all. You don't mock the priest of pain."

*Wolfe goes for another knee drop--but Malachi rolls out of the way! He rises and grabs Wolfe--**Yakuza Kick**! The sound echoes. Wolfe hits the mat and rolls to the outside, dazed.*

John Phillips: "And Malachi strikes like a guillotine from the shadows!"

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The referee begins to count as Wolfe regroups on the outside, holding his jaw. Malachi stays in the center, arms folded, waiting. Unmoving. Unbothered.

Mark Bravo: "He's not chasing. He's not rushing. He's inviting the next chapter of pain."

Suddenly, the camera cuts to a mysterious woman seated near the barricade. She's been seen before--blonde, steely-eyed, wearing all black, jotting notes furiously in a leather-bound journal as she studies the match with intensity.

John Phillips: "That woman again. Same one who watched Brick Bronson. Now she's back, locked in on Magnus and Malachi."

Mark Bravo: "What's she scouting? Is she talent? A manager? A scout? That's three matches in a row she's been watching like a hawk."

*Back in the ring, Malachi turns his gaze toward her. Brief. Intentional. Then--snap--he's back on Wolfe, who reenters the ring just in time to be caught in a side headlock and driven down with a *falling gutwrench slam!**

John Phillips: "We are just getting started. These two are playing a dangerous game of physical chess."

Back in the ring, Malachi Cross remains methodical, never rushing. He drags Magnus Wolfe to the center and sits him up slowly--then locks in a suffocating chinlock. His knuckles grind into the jawbone while his forearm presses across the bridge of Wolfe's nose. There's no wasted motion, just an eerie devotion in how he controls the body.

John Phillips: "Cross doesn't apply holds--he *communes* through them. Every inch of this man is calculated punishment."

Mark Bravo: "He's like a preacher of pain, man. You either repent, or you pass out."

*Wolfe struggles, fighting to his knees. He throws two hard elbows to the ribs and scrambles free--but eats a sudden Muay Thai knee to the gut for his effort. Malachi pushes him into the ropes, rebounds--**Yakuza Kick**! Wolfe goes down in a heap.*

*The camera cuts to the front row--*there she is again.* The same woman seen during their entrances. Pale coat. Pen scribbling in a worn notebook. Her eyes never blink. She doesn't cheer. Doesn't flinch.*

John Phillips: "I... I don't think that woman in the front row has looked away once. She's just... writing."

Mark Bravo: "Scouting? Or... documenting? Either way, it's creeping me the hell out."

*Back in the ring, Malachi lifts Wolfe up for a **Stalling Spinebuster**, but Magnus wriggles free and lands behind--**Dragon Screw** to the leg! Malachi stumbles. Wolfe hits the ropes--**Running Knee Trembler**!*

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Malachi goes down!

John Phillips: "Right to the temple! Wolfe with a violent equalizer!"

Mark Bravo: "You can see the switch flip in Magnus' head. He's back in this--and he's got Cross limping!"

*Wolfe wastes no time--he grabs Malachi's arm and spikes it into the canvas with a **Single-Arm DDT**, targeting the shoulder. He floats into a short-arm scissors, stretching ligaments with surgeon-like intent.*

The referee kneels to check for a submission--but Malachi's face doesn't change. His lips barely move. A whisper. A prayer?

John Phillips: "Malachi Cross might be in pain, but it's like he's *welcoming* it."

*Wolfe releases at four when Malachi reaches the ropes, then stomps the shoulder with fury. He drags Cross across the mat, positioning him against the corner ropes. He climbs the apron and locks in an **Apron-Hung Guillotine**, using the five-count to suffocate before releasing just in time.*

Mark Bravo: "He's breaking the rules, but only so far. Wolfe loves that gray area--loves watching the ref count."

The camera finds the mystery woman again. She's circled something on her page. Her eyes lock on Magnus Wolfe now. Her expression remains empty, analytical. Almost... clinical.

John Phillips: "Who *is* she? She hasn't looked at anyone else--not the fans, not the ref. Just... them."

Mark Bravo: "UTA might need to start checking ticket *intent*, not just names."

*Wolfe rolls back inside and stalks Malachi. **Snap German Suplex!** Malachi folds up on his neck. Wolfe covers--*

Referee: "One! Two--"

Kickout! Wolfe slams the mat in frustration, then smirks. He grabs Malachi by the head and locks in a cravate, twisting the neck viciously, forcing Malachi to bend awkwardly as he's held in place. The crowd buzzes, split between tension and curiosity.

*Malachi starts to stir--slowly, mechanically. With the cravate still locked in, he *rises*. His body creaks upright like a marionette pulled by strings, unsettling the crowd.*

John Phillips: "This is... this is something else. Malachi Cross isn't just surviving--he's *ascending*."

*Suddenly--**Dark Harvest!** He drops Wolfe back-first across his knee out of nowhere. Wolfe screams.*

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Malachi drops to one knee, breathing like a man who's tasted ash and liked it.

As the two men lie near the ropes, the woman in the front row stops writing. She closes her notebook. And smiles.

Mark Bravo: "Now **that's** more unsettling than anything these two've done in the ring tonight."

John Phillips: "Whoever she is... she seems satisfied. And that should terrify us all."

Both men lie on the mat--bodies twitching with the aftershock of blunt trauma. Magnus Wolfe's spine contorts unnaturally after that Dark Harvest. Malachi Cross remains on one knee, unmoving, like a statue carved from grief.

John Phillips: "We're witnessing a study in anguish tonight. Neither man is built for speed--this is control, cruelty, and collapse."

Mark Bravo: "This ain't ballet, John. This is a sermon... and the gospel is suffering."

*Malachi slowly rises, looming over Wolfe like a shadow come to life. He reaches down--but Wolfe grabs the injured arm and ****bites**** it! The referee yells at Wolfe, but the damage is done--Cross recoils instinctively.*

*Wolfe springs to his feet with a flash of adrenaline and launches a stiff ****Knee Lift to the Jaw**** that snaps Malachi's head back. He rushes in--****Corner Knee-Smash Flurry!**** Shot after shot connects as Malachi slumps in the corner.*

John Phillips: "Magnus Wolfe is turning up the volume here in Lafayette!"

Mark Bravo: "And it's all knees, all targeted, all vicious! If Cross has any molars left after this I'll be shocked!"

*Magnus pulls Malachi from the corner--****Scar Struck!**** The swinging neckbreaker plants Cross hard. Wolfe goes for the pin!*

Referee: "ONE! TWO!--"

Kickout!

*Wolfe doesn't argue. He grins. The predator's teeth are out. He drags Malachi up into position--underhooks the arms, preparing for the ****Predator Plex****...*

*But Malachi drops his weight--deadlifting against the momentum. With a guttural shout, he counters--****Back Body Drop!**** Wolfe crashes spine-first into the turnbuckles he meant to send Cross into!*

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John Phillips: "The Predator Plex backfires! And Malachi Cross just bought himself a second wind!"

Mark Bravo: "If that wind smells like brimstone, it wouldn't surprise me!"

*Malachi advances with slow, haunting steps. He lifts Wolfe and executes a **Falling Gutwrench Slam**, rattling the ring. Wolfe arches in pain, clutching his lower back.*

And once again... the camera finds her.

The mystery woman has stood now. Still expressionless. But her hand is pressed lightly to the glass barrier. Her lips move--just barely. Whispering something.

John Phillips: "That woman... she's chanting now?"

Mark Bravo: "She's either calling on spirits or reading a Yelp review on these guys' souls."

In the ring, Malachi looks up toward her. Just for a beat. His head lowers. He slowly crosses his arms over his chest... and then turns back toward Wolfe.

*He grabs Magnus--**Purgatory Clutch!** The sit-out arm triangle is locked in with brutal precision. Wolfe's face turns red immediately. He kicks, thrashes, claws for the ropes.*

John Phillips: "The Purgatory Clutch! Malachi wants to *cleanse* this ring!"

Magnus squirms--he nearly rolls the hold--but Malachi grapevines the leg to cut off leverage! The referee is asking Wolfe if he wants to submit, but he refuses. His eyes go wide, his hand hovering...

Finally--he uses his boot to drape across the bottom rope! The hold is broken, but barely. Wolfe gasps for air like a man yanked from drowning.

Mark Bravo: "That was a religious experience I don't wanna relive, John."

*Malachi doesn't hesitate. He lifts Wolfe up again, slowly... almost reverently. He mutters something--unintelligible--before hoisting Wolfe into position for the **Burial Rite**...*

But before he can finish the move--

*--**Wolfe rakes the eyes!** A desperation move! He drops behind and throws Malachi forward into the ropes. As Malachi turns--**Lupine Bite!** The painful, twisting submission locks in around Malachi's arm and neck!*

John Phillips: "Lupine Bite out of nowhere! And now it's Malachi who's in danger!"

The crowd buzzes with tension. Is this it? Can Cross escape?

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Malachi's body contorts. His fingers scratch toward the canvas. But again... no panic. Just patience.

Mark Bravo: "That's not a man trying to survive, John. That's a man letting it *breathe*."

And somehow--inch by inch--Malachi forces his way to the ropes. The referee forces Wolfe to break. Both men collapse to the mat--wrecked, breathless... but not finished.

The camera zooms in on the woman in the crowd.

She is gone.

John Phillips: "...What the--where did she go?"

Mark Bravo: "She was right there! I'm not imagining this, am I? John, tell me she was there!"

John Phillips: "She was. And now she's gone. What kind of game is being played here tonight?"

The arena lights flicker. Not from any electrical issue--just atmosphere. The air feels heavier now. The crowd, hushed for a moment, begins to rally behind the sheer violence of what they're witnessing.

John Phillips: "What began as a tactical chess match has turned into something far darker--far more... ritualistic."

Mark Bravo: "That's not sweat on these men anymore, John. That's penance."

Both Wolfe and Malachi stir, faces contorted in pain and focus. They slowly rise in sync, like mirror images warped by trauma. A stiff forearm from Wolfe. A rebuttal from Malachi. Another from Wolfe. Another from Malachi--harder this time. Then a third. And a fourth. Neither man backing down.

*Suddenly, Magnus fakes a forearm and drops low--**Dragon Screw!** Malachi's leg twists violently, and he crashes down clutching his knee.*

John Phillips: "There's the cunning! Wolfe attacks the leg, possibly setting up for another submission!"

*Wolfe stalks him. Like the apex predator his moniker suggests, he circles with intent--seizing Malachi's leg and attempting the **Wolf Trap**, a twisting knee bar modified with joint isolation. But Malachi fights it, kicking Wolfe in the face with his free boot!*

The hold slips. Wolfe stumbles back--

*And Malachi explodes up--**Yakuza Kick!** It connects flush under Wolfe's jaw!*

Mark Bravo: "Ohhh! Baptized by boot leather!"

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Malachi doesn't cover. He doesn't even look at the referee. He stands over Wolfe, chest heaving, arms out... and slowly lowers his head. Arms cross once more over his chest.

John Phillips: "It's time, Mark."

*He lifts Magnus with solemn, ritualistic precision. The camera closes in--Malachi lifts him into the ****Inverted Crucifix****...*

*--and slams him down with an unforgiving, soul-rattling ****Burial Rite****!*

John Phillips: "BURIAL RITE! And Wolfe may be exorcised from consciousness!"

Malachi sits upright after impact--expression still void of emotion--then leans back into the cover.

Referee: "ONE! TWO! THREE!"

The bell tolls. The crowd erupts--not with cheers, but with a reverent, uneasy roar.

Mark Bravo: "This wasn't a victory. This was an **anointing** by violence."

Gregorian-style music returns faintly beneath the commentary. The ring is a battlefield--Wolfe motionless, Malachi standing with eerie composure.

John Phillips: "Malachi Cross once again walks away not just as a winner... but as a man untouched by the pain he inflicts."

Mark Bravo: "But what about the woman, John? What was she taking notes for? Who does she serve? And why now?"

Malachi steps through the ropes, never looking back. The camera lingers on Wolfe, still down... and then cuts to the crowd--

...where a folded piece of paper now sits on the vacant seat the mystery woman once occupied.

John Phillips: "We're not done with this story. Not by a long shot."

The Champion Refuses

We cut to the backstage medical area. The camera pushes through a curtain where UTA medical personnel are tending to a battered and bruised Jarvis Valentine. His gear is scuffed. His ribs are taped hastily. One eye is swelling. He's seated on the edge of a treatment table, jaw clenched, breathing heavy--but seething with determination.

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Scott Stevens, General Manager of the UTA, storms into frame, pointing to the EMTs.

Scott Stevens: "Stop. Just stop. Jarvis, we've got a hospital ten minutes away. You need real treatment. You're not cleared. This match isn't happening."

Jarvis waves off the medics, struggling to his feet.

Jarvis Valentine: "No. Not like this. I don't care if Maxx Mayhem tried to break my spine--I'm walking into that ring tonight. That title isn't staying back here with an asterisk next to it."

Scott Stevens: "You can't even stand straight! I'm the GM. I've got a duty to protect you from yourself!"

Jarvis, grimacing, glares Stevens in the eyes.

Jarvis Valentine: "You *named* me champion, Scott. You said I was the standard bearer. So let me bear it. Chris Ross is out there. And if he wants this belt, he's gonna have to take it off me with both hands."

There's a long pause. Stevens looks down at the floor, weighing the liability... then reluctantly sighs and nods.

Scott Stevens: "Fine. But if you collapse in that ring tonight, it's on you. Not me."

Jarvis adjusts the UTA Championship draped over his shoulder. His hand is shaking--but not from fear. From fury.

Jarvis Valentine: "Then ring the damn bell when it's time. I'll do the rest."

The segment fades with a close-up of Jarvis, bruised but unwavering, as commentary takes over.

John Phillips: "The champion won't back down. But at what cost?"

Mark Bravo: "He's walking into a fight with Chris Ross on one leg and half a lung! Brave? Sure. Smart? We'll find out."

Unwanted Gifts

The camera cuts to the hallway outside the locker room marked "Chris Ross." The door creaks open--no knock. Maxx Mayhem steps in, still visibly bruised and bandaged from his war with Graysie Parker the night before. A stitched cut sits above his brow, and his shoulder is wrapped tight. But that manic glint in his eyes? Untouched.

Inside, Chris Ross is seated on a bench, elbows on knees, fists clenched, his eyes locked forward. Stoic.

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Unblinking. Breathing slow and heavy.

Maxx Mayhem: "Did you see it, Chrissy boy?"

He paces like a madman who just got away with something sinister.

Maxx Mayhem: "The carnage. The beauty. The *orchestrated chaos* I painted with a kendo stick and a broken dream!"

Ross doesn't move. Just glares from under his brow. Maxx leans in, grinning.

Maxx Mayhem: "I delivered you Jarvis Valentine... bruised, battered, ribs cracked like old vinyl--gift wrapped! A walking bullseye! This is your moment, my friend. You don't have to lift a finger until it's time to put the nail in the coffin!"

Finally, Ross stands. Tall. Silent. Towering over Mayhem, who still grins like a dog expecting praise. But Ross doesn't flinch. Doesn't blink.

Chris Ross: (Low growl) "I don't need help."

Maxx's grin twitches. It falters for a moment... but not fully.

Maxx Mayhem: "No, no... of course not. Not help. Just... an *opportunity*... violently pre-heated!"

Ross doesn't respond. He turns his back to Maxx and sits back down, refocusing. Mayhem steps back, smile lingering, then raises both arms like an unbothered artist stepping away from a finished painting.

Maxx Mayhem: "Suit yourself, Champ-to-be. I just hope you don't waste my masterpiece."

*He backs out of the room, cackling under his breath. The door closes with a slow *click.* Ross remains still, but that snarl never leaves his face.*

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem is clearly proud of his destruction earlier tonight--but Chris Ross didn't ask for any of it."

Mark Bravo: "And he didn't thank him either! Ross doesn't want shortcuts. He wants blood... earned the hard way."

Angela Hall vs. Juno Sage

Electric blue lightning bolts streak across the Tron as the arena darkens. The crowd pops hard as Angela Hall strides out with steel-eyed focus. The U.S. Women's title gleams across her waist, her presence like thunder

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rolling across the canvas.

Moments later, the soundscape shifts--minimalist electronic pulses hum through the PA system as the lights go icy blue. Juno Sage emerges slowly from behind the curtain. Her expression is calm, clinical. She doesn't look at the crowd. She cracks her knuckles like toggle switches, calculating. Watching.

John Phillips: "Champion versus challenger. Speed versus science. Explosive motion versus meticulous dissection. This has all the makings of a dark horse classic!"

Mark Bravo: "I don't like that Sage doesn't blink. She doesn't flinch. I watched her snap a girl's elbow clean outta socket back in Boulder before breakfast. Angela better stay frosty."

The bell rings and the two circle. Angela lowers her stance, coiled like a spring. Juno doesn't budge--she simply watches, like inputting variables into her mental formula.

Angela strikes first--darting forward with a drop step into a tight clinch, trying to push momentum early--but Juno slips out and immediately rolls into a fake low sweep, forcing Angela to hop back. They reset.

*The champ goes airborne early, launching into a smooth **Gale Force Knee** that clips Juno under the chin. The crowd responds with excitement as Juno stumbles back--but she uses that momentum to spring off the ropes with a **Reactive Stomp**, narrowly missing as Angela dives under it!*

John Phillips: "Both women moving like lightning--Angela with the fury, Juno with the flow chart. This isn't a brawl--it's a chess match at 100 miles per hour!"

*Angela hits the ropes, leaps, and nails a textbook **Storm Surge Moonsault!** Cover!*

1! --Kickout at one.

*Angela doesn't waste time. She hooks Juno for a suplex, but the challenger deadweights and counters--**Snapmare Driver!** She plants Angela to the canvas and smoothly floats into a front facelock, driving her forearm across the bridge of Angela's nose like a scalpel.*

Mark Bravo: "Juno doesn't just want to win--she wants to pick the champion apart and see what makes her tick!"

*Angela twists her hips and powers up, lifting Juno with a roar and slamming her into the turnbuckle!
Thunderclap Spear! The ring shakes as Angela connects, and she lifts Juno up again--*

John Phillips: "Here comes the double powerbomb setup--Angela Hall looking to rattle the core of Juno's clinical game plan!"

Angela slams Juno down with the first, yanks her up--

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--but Juno hooks the arm mid-lift and turns it into a **Cold Equation** out of nowhere!! The trap is sprung!

Mark Bravo: "That was instant! She snatched Angela outta mid-motion!"

1! 2! KICKOUT!

John Phillips: "That was almost it! Sage nearly dissected the champion's title reign right there on the slab!"

The crowd is split now--some rallying for the champ, others fascinated by the cold precision of the challenger. The two roll to their knees across from one another... breathing heavy... glaring with intensity.

Both women rise to their knees, locked in a chilling staredown. Angela's nostrils flare--battle-tested resolve in her eyes. Juno's gaze is fixed and void, like she's calculating oxygen levels and bone alignment in real time. The crowd rises, sensing the shift coming.

*Juno suddenly fires off a pinpoint **Low Roundhouse Kick** to Angela's ribs--then another. Then one to the thigh. Angela eats them all and fires back with a slap that echoes through the arena!*

Mark Bravo: "You heard that across the parking lot! Juno just got flash-fried!"

*Angela explodes off her knees and bursts forward--**Lightning Bolt Lariat!**--but Juno ducks it and spins around--**Standing STO!** The champion's back bounces off the mat!*

Juno mounts her, trapping one arm and twisting the wrist at a grotesque angle. She transitions with eerie ease into an inverted Fujiwara armbar, then begins grinding the elbow backward like she's testing joint resistance in a lab.

John Phillips: "Look at the angle of that wrist! Juno Sage is trying to delete Angela Hall's ability to strike, one tendon at a time!"

The champion screams but doesn't tap. She scrapes her knee to the ropes... closer... closer... and hooks the bottom rope with her boot! The ref calls for the break!

Juno breaks at 4.8 seconds--almost smug in her delay. She adjusts her hair calmly, then glances at her wrist like she's checking the data.

Mark Bravo: "She's not checking the time--she's running calculations like this is a freakin' spreadsheet! Angela needs to shake this off, and fast!"

*Angela crawls to the corner, clutching her arm--but her eyes stay sharp. She explodes from the corner with a desperate **Gale Force Knee**--and it lands!*

John Phillips: "Still has fire left in the engine! Angela Hall can take a beating and return it with interest!"

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*Angela follows up with a whip into the ropes--Juno rebounds, and Angela catches her mid-spin into the **Twister Slam!** The champion shouts, summoning strength, then hits the ropes--*

STORM SURGE MOONSAULT!

The cover!

1! 2! *Shoulder up!*

Mark Bravo: "Angela's swinging for the fences now! She knows she can't let Juno start processing again or she'll wake up without that title!"

Juno's jaw is clenched. Her offense may be mechanical, but now there's a glimmer of frustration under the surface. Angela sees it. She stands tall, cradling her arm, and beckons the challenger to get up--

*And Juno does, methodically--before faking a lock-up and going right back to the injured arm with a **single-arm drag into Equation Breaker!** Angela drops like she's been electrocuted!*

*Juno floats over--**Binary Lock!**--arm trapped, shoulder wrenched back, Angela's eyes go wide in agony!*

John Phillips: "She's got it locked in! The Binary Lock! The title might slip away right here!"

Angela claws the mat with her free hand, fighting with everything she has. She twists, bridges, rolls--finally flipping Juno's leverage just enough to stack her shoulders!

1! 2! *Juno lets go to escape!*

Mark Bravo: "Close call! Angela may be fighting on instinct at this point--pure muscle memory and heart keeping her alive!"

The crowd claps in rhythm now--half in support of Angela, half impressed by Juno's surgical dismantling. Both women lie on the mat, breathing hard. The war isn't over--but the battle is wearing on them.

Angela Hall pulls herself up using the ropes, arm dangling slightly from the extended time in the Binary Lock. Her chest rises and falls in short, sharp breaths. Juno Sage rises opposite her, not charging, not rushing--just calmly approaching like she's lining up the next line of code.

The crowd buzzes as they circle. The tempo slows, but the stakes only rise.

John Phillips: "Juno Sage has done what few women in UTA have--she's taken Angela Hall off her rhythm. But that doesn't mean the storm's over. Sometimes it's just the eye."

Juno fakes a lock-up again, this time going low for the leg. Angela steps back--but Juno expected that. She

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*shoots forward with a left elbow feint, then blasts a crushing right into Angela's jaw--***Calculated Precision!**

Angela crumbles to a knee!

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't instinct--that was predatory software running real-time adaptation! She scouted Angela's retreat and landed the killshot!"

Juno doesn't cover. She stands over the champion and kneels slowly beside her... whispering something, almost inaudible. Then she presses her forearm to Angela's neck and shoves her back to the mat--

1! 2! *Angela kicks out!*

John Phillips: "The champion's still breathing! But how much longer can she hold out?"

*Juno pulls Angela to her feet--goes for a **Snapmare Driver**--but Angela flips out! She lands on her feet and immediately retaliates--***Eye of the Storm Cutter!**

Juno hits the canvas hard! Both women are down!

Mark Bravo: "That was from nowhere! Angela Hall pulling victory from the static!"

The referee begins the double count. 1... 2... 3... Angela claws toward the ropes. 4... Juno stirs. 5... 6... Both women get to a knee. 7...

*Angela launches to her feet and yells--***Thunderclap Spear!***--cutting Juno in half!*

She rolls back up, feeds off the crowd and hits the corner... she climbs... the blue lights pulse--

Storm Surge Moonsault--but Juno MOVES!

Angela crashes! Air sucked from the room!

John Phillips: "High-risk! High-cost!"

*Juno rises, slowly, methodically. She traps the arm--***Binary Lock--REAPPLIED!**

This time, center of the ring. Angela screams, hand trembling over the mat...

She pushes up--tries to roll--but Juno traps the leg too! Modified version! The champion's options are vanishing!

Mark Bravo: "She's locked it tighter than a bank vault--Angela might pass out before she taps!"

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Angela shifts her weight... swings her body... BARELY manages to tilt Juno's shoulders--

1! 2! *Juno lets go again--frustrated now!*

*She pounds the mat once, just once--but the crack echoes like thunder. She lifts Angela and tries again for the **Cold Equation**--but Angela wriggles free--*

DOUBLE POWERBOMB SETUP!

*She lifts her... SLAMS her down! Holds on... LIFTS AGAIN--**SECOND POWERBOMB!***

*Angela roars and spins her opponent--**HURRICANE HAMMER!!***

John Phillips: "Championship instincts! TITLE-SEALING OFFENSE!"

The cover!

1! 2! 3!!

DING DING DING!

Winner and STILL UTA Women's United States Champion: ANGELA HALL!

The crowd erupts as the referee hands her the title. Angela clutches her arm, breathing hard but victorious. She climbs to the second rope and raises the championship high above her head under the blue spotlights.

Mark Bravo: "She weathered the storm, ran the math, and still came out champion. Angela Hall is on another level!"

John Phillips: "If that was a test, Angela passed with flying colors. Juno Sage may have been the smartest opponent she's ever faced... but the storm still reigns."

Next Week

The screen flickers to black. A soft orchestral swell begins to rise -- building tension under a series of rapid-fire cuts.

First: a flash of red nails tightening wrist tape.

Next: gold boots stepping into the frame.

Then: a spotlight silhouette -- a woman standing with her arms crossed, head slightly tilted.

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VOICEOVER: "Next week... the spotlight returns to those who made it shine."

*We cut to a slow-motion shot of **Amy Harrison** delivering her Picture Perfect superkick, followed by **Marie Van Claudio** spinning through the air, landing her classic split-legged moonsault.*

VOICEOVER: "Two legends. One stage. The First Lady. The Perfect Storm."

*The vignette ends with a split screen of **Amy Harrison** and **Marie Van Claudio**, each glaring into the camera with fierce intensity.*

ON SCREEN TEXT: "Next Week - Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio in action!"

Cut back to ringside.

John Phillips: "Whoa! That's huge news -- both Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio will be in action next week!"

Mark Bravo: "That's not just action, John -- that's legacy. That's two women who have helped define what this division is all about."

John Phillips: "And with both of them on the card... you have to wonder -- how long before their paths cross again?"

Mark Bravo: "That tension's already bubbling, my man. Two icons. One eventual collision. And I'm buying a front-row seat the second that bell rings!"

U.S.A vs. Velocity Vanguard

John Phillips: "Coming up next, it's a tag team showcase with implications for the future of the division--and maybe something even stranger."

Mark Bravo: "You're not kidding, JP. Both these teams are hungry, and with the tag division heating up, this one's got fireworks written all over it!"

The lights drop. A rhythmic Latin EDM track hits, pulsing red and white strobes through the arena. Tyler Cruz spins out from behind the curtain, dancing down the ramp with a showman's flair. Behind him, Jet Lawson bursts through a fog of CO2, flipping onto the ramp, then tagging hands with fans. They jog toward the ring, slapping palms before scaling opposite turnbuckles, pumping the crowd up in unison.

John Phillips: "Velocity Vanguard has flair for days and speed to match. They've dazzled crowds from Orlando to Vegas--tonight, they get their toughest test yet."

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Suddenly, the arena's mood shifts--bright patriotic red, white, and blue lights wash over the stage. An energetic alt-rock chorus blasts as Jaxson Ryder and Carter Durant charge out together. Ryder throws a confident salute; Durant sprints ahead, slapping hands with fans. They hit the ring simultaneously, standing back-to-back with fists raised, nodding to each other before peeling off toward their corners.

Mark Bravo: "You can't fake chemistry like that. These two are clicking. If they stay locked in, we might be looking at the next breakout tag team."

The bell rings, and it's Ryder starting for U.S.A. against Tyler Cruz. A test of agility versus control begins. Cruz goes low with a leg sweep--Ryder hurdles it and hits the ropes. Springboard crossbody--caught! Ryder rolls through, lifting Cruz into a fallaway slam, but Cruz flips mid-air and lands on his feet!

John Phillips: "Are you kidding me?! Cruz just defied gravity!"

They circle again. Ryder shoots in for a double-leg, Cruz leapfrogs, rebounds--Ryder leapfrogs--Cruz leaps again--suddenly both collide mid-air in an accidental double crossbody. They crash hard in the center.

Mark Bravo: "Two high-speed missiles. No guidance system. That's what happens."

The crowd roars as both men crawl to their corners... and tag.

Jet Lawson leaps over the ropes and immediately brings the pace back up--springboard knee strike to Carter Durant! Carter stumbles but fires back with a sharp arm drag, flipping Jet hard. Lawson kips up. Durant backflips into a dropkick--connects! Jet rolls to his corner, grinning, and tags back in Tyler Cruz.

John Phillips: "No wasted motion from Carter Durant. He's crisp, calculated--and fast."

Mark Bravo: "But he's up against Tyler Freakin' Cruz. The man treats ropes like monkey bars. Watch this."

Tyler Cruz springboards from the second rope, whirling into a Tornillo--Durant ducks and hits the ropes, comes back with a cyclone kick! Tyler eats it flush and drops! Cover!

John Phillips: "COVER! ONE--TWO--NO!"

Cruz powers out. Durant tags in Ryder, who muscles Cruz into the corner. Jaxon unloads with rapid fire shoulder thrusts. One, two, three--springboard clothesline into the opposite corner! Cruz stumbles right into a pop-up hurricanrana from Jaxon!

Mark Bravo: "The rhythm between these two is nuts. Like a military drill with flips!"

Suddenly, a subtle shift in crowd energy. The camera catches a woman seated alone in the third row--sunglasses, black leather jacket, and a clipboard in hand. She leans forward, studying the ring intently, expression unreadable.

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John Phillips: "Wait--who's that at ringside? She's been jotting notes all match."

Mark Bravo: "Is that a scout? Talent agent? Or maybe someone with their own tag aspirations. Weird timing, JP."

Back in the ring, Jet tags himself in. He darts at Jaxon--springboard sling blade! The crowd pops. He yanks Jaxon up--snap rana! Lawson points to the sky and hits the ropes--slingshot spear through the ropes! Jaxon collapses, stunned. Cover!

John Phillips: "Another cover! ONE--TWO--NO!"

Mark Bravo: "We're at DEFCON 2 now. This match is heating up like a microwave burrito!"

Jet goes to the top rope--

--but the lights flicker.

A momentary buzz in the air. Jet hesitates.

John Phillips: "Uh oh... not this again."

Mark Bravo: "Look under the ring! LOOK!"

The crowd erupts in shrieks--on one side of the ring, a masked figure in black and white slowly emerges--El Fantasma Oscuro. On the opposite side--another one. Identical. Simultaneous. Jet freezes on the top rope. Carter shouts from the apron. The referee whirls around in confusion.

John Phillips: "There's TWO of them?! TWO El Fantasma Oscuros?! What the hell does this mean for the tag division!?"

Mark Bravo: "It means we've been bamboozled, haunted, hoodwinked--call the Ghostbusters, JP!"

Neither El Fantasma interferes--they stand still, ghostlike, arms folded. And just as quickly as they appeared...

--the lights flicker again--

--and both vanish. Either back under the ring, or into the ether.

John Phillips: "I don't even know what to say anymore."

Mark Bravo: "You don't have to. The whole division's gonna be talking after this one."

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In the aftermath of the ghostly distraction, Jet leaps for his maneuver--

--but Carter Durant springboards in with a mid-air dropkick, knocking him clean out of the sky!

John Phillips: "Intercepted like a missile! Carter came out of nowhere!"

Both men crawl. Both teams shout. Jaxon and Tyler tag in--final flurry incoming!

Tyler Cruz bursts through the ropes, a blur of motion. He ducks a clothesline from Jaxon Ryder, rebounds--springboard corkscrew crossbody! Ryder goes down hard. Tyler's up quick, firing off a standing shooting star press! The pin!

John Phillips: "ONE--TWO--NO! Jaxon still has fight in him!"

Tyler yanks Ryder up--but Ryder breaks free and nails a surprise Northern Lights Suplex! The bridge!

Mark Bravo: "Look at the form on that! Beautiful suplex from Ryder!"

John Phillips: "ONE--TWO--Tyler kicks out!"

Both men are slow to their feet. Jaxon shouts and tags in Carter Durant. Cruz scrambles to Jet Lawson--tag!

Jet vaults the ropes and sprints right into a spinning back elbow from Durant! Jet hits the mat and rolls. Durant lifts him up for a belly-to-back suplex--Jet flips out of it mid-air and lands behind him. Dropkick to the spine!

Mark Bravo: "Jet's running on fumes and instinct now."

Jet grabs Carter's arm and pulls him into a knee lift. Tag back to Tyler Cruz. The Vanguard has that rhythm again. Tyler springboards--Jet slingshots--FLYING DOUBLE KNEES from opposite angles!

John Phillips: "That might do it! DOUBLE IMPACT! Cover!"

ONE!

TWO!

TH--NO! Durant kicks out just in time!

Mark Bravo: "The patriot power lives on, but how much more can he take?"

Jet shouts a signal. Tyler grabs Durant and yanks him up--Jet climbs to the top rope again. But just before Jet leaps--

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--the camera cuts to the woman in the crowd. Still scribbling notes. She nods. Calm. As if what she expected just happened.

--Jet flies--MOONSAULT CUTTER!

John Phillips: "OH MY--MOONSAULT CUTTER! CONNECTS!"

Carter is out. Tyler hooks the leg.

John Phillips: "ONE--TWO--THREE!"

The bell rings as the crowd erupts.

Mark Bravo: "Velocity Vanguard WINS IT!"

John Phillips: "They've done it! What a match--and what a turning point for this division! But I can't get over those two El Fantasma Oscuros earlier."

Mark Bravo: "And what about that woman in the crowd? Is she recruiting? Scouting? Planning a takeover? There's a lot more going on than what we're seeing between the ropes, JP."

Jet and Tyler celebrate on the turnbuckles, arms raised. Behind them, the mystery woman stands and exits the arena, disappearing into the shadows of the aisle--her notepad still in hand.

Wont Back Down

The camera cuts to the backstage hallway just outside Gorilla. The air is tense. Fluorescent lights hum overhead. Jarvis Valentine walks into frame--slow, deliberate steps. He's battered. His left eye is swollen, a deep purple bruise blossoming beneath it. His torso is tightly wrapped in medical bandages. The UTA Championship rests on his shoulder, glinting under the flickering light. Determination burns in his eyes.

From the left, UTA General Manager Scott Stevens rushes into frame, stepping in front of him, hands raised in protest.

Scott Stevens: "Jarvis, no! No--don't do this. I'm telling you, as your boss, as someone who respects the hell out of what you've done--I implore you to reconsider!"

Jarvis doesn't slow. He tries to step around him, but Stevens grabs his arm.

Scott Stevens: "You're not cleared! You're not one hundred percent. Hell, you're not even seventy-five! Chris Ross is dangerous--"

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Jarvis Valentine: "And I'm the UTA Champion."

He says it plainly. No bravado. Just truth.

Jarvis Valentine: "A champion doesn't hide. Doesn't stall. Doesn't wait for a better day. He fights."

Stevens lowers his hand, clearly conflicted. His jaw clenches. Jarvis shifts the title on his shoulder, his voice steely.

Jarvis Valentine: "Chris Ross wants a war? Fine. But he better be ready to kill a dead man walking."

With that, Jarvis moves past him--slow, but unshaken. The camera follows from behind as he heads toward the curtain. Stevens exhales, running a hand through his hair, helpless to stop what's about to unfold.

John Phillips (voice-over): "The champ is hurt, but he's not backing down. You have to respect the heart of Jarvis Valentine... but at what cost?"

Mark Bravo (voice-over): "This ain't gutsy. This is suicide! You've seen what Chris Ross can do! Jarvis is walking into a damn slaughter!"

Every Week

We cut backstage where Melissa Cartwright stands with a microphone, a bright smile on her face. Beside her, the UTA Women's United States Champion Angela Hall adjusts the championship belt across her shoulder, still glistening with sweat after her hard-fought win.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time--fresh off her victory over Juno Sage--the UTA Women's United States Champion, Angela Hall!"

The crowd cheers from inside the arena as Angela nods, a confident but humble grin forming.

Melissa Cartwright: "Angela, congratulations on the win tonight. That was no easy challenge against Juno Sage. How are you feeling after another successful defense?"

Angela shifts the title, tapping its faceplate with pride before speaking.

Angela Hall: "Thank you, Melissa. You know, every single week I step into that ring, I do it with one goal in mind--prove I belong here and prove I can hang with anybody. Tonight was no different. Juno Sage is smart, dangerous, and clinical in the ring... but I'm the Women's Champion for a reason."

She straightens her posture, eyes narrowing with determination.

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Angela Hall: "Week in and week out, I show this division--and the world--why I'm the champion to watch. And I'll keep doing it, no matter who steps up next. This championship doesn't slow me down. It only drives me to get better, to fight harder, and to represent this company the way a champion should."

The crowd reacts with cheers inside the arena as Melissa nods approvingly.

Melissa Cartwright: "Well said, Angela. Congratulations again on your victory tonight."

Angela raises the title high for the camera, her determined expression locking in as the scene fades back toward ringside.

Chris Ross vs. Jarvis Valentine

Back inside the arena, the crowd buzzes with tension. There's no hype package. No commentary voiceover. Just a foreboding silence under the house lights.

And then--

--the speakers explode to life.

"BLACK FLAME!" by Bury Tomorrow.

A thick wall of black smoke rolls across the entrance stage as the crimson lighting floods the arena like a crime scene. The crowd responds--not with cheers or boos, but a collective murmur of anxiety. They know what's coming.

Out steps the man himself.

The Keystone State Killa.

Chris Ross.

His eyes are down. His face is blank--expressionless. Unshaven. Disheveled. His walk is slow, deliberate. In his right hand, that familiar companion: the screwdriver. The handle is worn. The steel dulled by god-knows-what. It's not for intimidation anymore--it's ritual. An extension of his broken psyche.

John Phillips: "There's a certain weight in this building right now, folks. A darkness... and it walks like a man."

Mark Bravo: "That ain't a man, JP. That's a loaded weapon wrapped in skin. That's trauma in boots. And it's comin' for blood."

The Great Southern Trendkill Tour: Lafayette, Louisiana

Ross trudges toward the ring. No posturing. No glance at the fans. No smile. Not even hatred. Just silence. One hand clenched. The other gripping steel. His t-shirt is ragged and faded--white letters across black fabric read: "25 to Life".

As he reaches ringside, Ross walks up the steel steps, then ducks in through the ropes with eerie stillness. He doesn't climb a turnbuckle. He doesn't motion to the crowd.

He walks directly to the far corner and drops down into a seated position. Back against the bottom turnbuckle. Elbows resting on knees. Eyes fixed on nothing.

John Phillips: "The man's not even looking at the curtain. It's like he's already played this out in his mind. A thousand ways it ends. And none of them have a happy finish."

Mark Bravo: "He don't care about titles. Don't care about glory. He cares about hurtin' people, and Jarvis Valentine... is limping into a goddamn car crash."

As "Black Flame" fades out, the only sound left is the tense murmur of the Duluth crowd. Chris Ross hasn't moved.

He's not waiting for a fight.

He's waiting for a sacrifice.

The arena remains steeped in silence as Chris Ross stays seated in the corner, unmoving, expressionless. Then--

"AMERICAN FLAGS" by Tom MacDonald.

Red. White. Blue. The lights flash across the arena like distressed signals, pulsing with the rhythm of the opening beat. Fireworks streak the stage. The Duluth crowd leaps to its feet--not with thunderous cheers, but with a conflicted, worried reverence. This isn't a triumphant entrance. This is a war march.

From the curtain emerges Jarvis Valentine.

The UTA Champion.

His stride is labored. His body wrapped in bandages, bruised and broken from the earlier attack. His left arm hangs slightly stiff at his side. His ribs are taped. The UTA Championship belt is slung over his shoulder, but it looks heavy tonight--like it's weighing him down more than usual.

John Phillips: "The heart of a champion, ladies and gentlemen... on full display. Jarvis Valentine could've stayed in the back. Hell, Stevens begged him not to do this. But here he is. He's going to fight. Even if it breaks him."

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Mark Bravo: "I ain't gonna lie to ya, JP. This ain't brave. This is stupid. You don't walk into a bear trap because you're too proud to crawl."

Valentine pauses at the top of the ramp. The fans begin to chant:

"JAR-VIS! JAR-VIS! JAR-VIS!"

He raises his right hand slowly... forming the Q-shape his loyal followers know well. The crowd roars louder, but it's still tinged with anxiety. They admire him. But they're scared for him.

He continues his walk--one foot in front of the other--every step deliberate. He's not running to the fight. He's dragging his heart toward it.

John Phillips: "This isn't just about the UTA Championship. This is about proving that a man can be bloodied, battered, and still stand for something. Jarvis Valentine doesn't back down."

Mark Bravo: "He should've. Because Chris Ross ain't here to win a belt. He's here to end careers."

As Valentine reaches the bottom of the ramp, he looks up into the ring. Ross hasn't moved. Still seated. Still calm. Still terrifying.

The Champion climbs the steel steps--wincing--and steps through the ropes, gripping them tightly with his good arm. He stares across the ring at the man waiting to tear him apart.

The title is handed to the referee. The bell hasn't rung yet. But there's already a sense that something irreversible is about to happen.

John Phillips: "The champion stands. The monster waits. The main event... is next."

The referee holds the UTA Championship high for the world to see. Jarvis, bruised but standing tall, rolls his shoulders and nods. Chris Ross... doesn't move. He just stares.

DING DING DING!

And like a bomb detonating--CHRIS ROSS CHARGES!

The Keystone State Killa explodes from the corner, sprinting full tilt--

CRACK!

A running elbow smashes Jarvis in the side of the head before the champion even lifts his arms!

John Phillips: "OH GOD--what an elbow to start! Ross just BULLDOZED him!"

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Mark Bravo: "That wasn't a wrestling move, JP. That was a damn mugging!"

Jarvis collapses to one knee, and Ross immediately follows up--

FOREARM SHOTS! MOUNTED! UNPROTECTED!

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Ross is hammering away like he's trying to cave the champion's skull in. The ref starts yelling, but Ross doesn't stop. He doesn't care.

John Phillips: "This is animalistic! Someone get in there!"

Mark Bravo: "You get in there, Phillips! That man's gone feral!"

Ross finally pulls away--not from mercy, but to DRAG Jarvis up by the taped ribs. He shouts something unintelligible at the crowd, spit flying from his mouth--

SLAM! Sidewalk Smash--right out of the gate!

John Phillips: "He just planted Jarvis face-first! That's one of his setups already! This could be over in two minutes!"

Jarvis is dazed, clutching his side, barely conscious. Ross circles like a shark. And then...

...he kneels down and pulls something out of his boot.

Mark Bravo: "Aw, hell. That's the screwdriver. He's got the screwdriver!"

John Phillips: "No! Not this! He can't--"

The referee IMMEDIATELY jumps between them, arms raised, shouting at Ross to drop the weapon. The crowd is on their feet, booing, some screaming for the bell. Ross... smirks.

He raises the screwdriver in the air like an executioner's blade--

--and then **tosses it out of the ring.**

John Phillips: "Wait... he threw it away?"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, that's worse. That means he doesn't think he needs it. He's not gonna cheat tonight--he's gonna beat Jarvis's ass straight-up."

*Ross grabs Jarvis by the wrist and hurls him into the corner. Jarvis slams into the turnbuckles with a thunderous **THUD**, his body folding. The champion drops to a seated position in the corner, gasping for air.*

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John Phillips: "The injuries from earlier, the damage from this assault... Jarvis might not be able to recover if this keeps going."

Chris Ross sprints again--

RUNNING CANNONBALL SENTON INTO THE CORNER!

Mark Bravo: "HE MIGHT BE DEAD!"

The whole ring shakes. Jarvis's head slumps to the side. Ross sits beside him for a moment, breathing heavily, eyes wide and cold.

The crowd is in a stunned hush. Some are even chanting "Stop the match." But Ross isn't done.

John Phillips: "He's not going for the pin. He's going for the statement. Chris Ross doesn't just want the title. He wants to make sure Jarvis never holds it again."

Ross stands slowly, methodically, towering over the broken champion.

Mark Bravo: "I don't even think this is about championships anymore."

Chris Ross yanks the UTA Champion out of the corner by his wrist, dragging him to the center like discarded luggage. Jarvis flops to his knees, barely conscious, ribs heaving.

John Phillips: "This is hard to watch. Jarvis isn't just fighting Ross... he's fighting the pain from earlier, the kendo stick assault, the slams, the internal injuries."

Ross grabs Jarvis under the chin, forcing him to look up. A cruel grin spreads across his face.

Chris Ross (off mic): "You ain't the future, kid. You're roadkill."

He winds up--

SLAP! A brutal, open-handed shot echoes across the arena.

Jarvis sways... but doesn't fall.

Mark Bravo: "Wait a minute--look at that. He's still up!"

Ross slaps him again--harder.

SLAP!

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Jarvis drops to one hand, head down. Then...

...he slams his fist into the mat and roars.

John Phillips: "There it is! That fire! That HEART! Jarvis Valentine is still alive!"

Ross goes for a third strike--but Jarvis ducks under, surges to his feet--

PELE KICK!

Out of nowhere, Ross eats boot to the temple and drops like a sack of bricks!

Mark Bravo: "HOLY--Jarvis just kicked the soul outta Ross!"

The crowd ERUPTS. For the first time in the match, Ross is down and the champ is standing--barely, but standing.

Jarvis stumbles into the ropes, uses them to steady himself. The referee checks on him. Jarvis pushes him away--he's not done. He's NEVER done.

John Phillips: "He's running on fumes, adrenaline, and guts--but he's still in it!"

Ross crawls to all fours, shaking his head. Jarvis charges--

RUNNING KNEE STRIKE!

Right to the jaw! Ross rolls backward into the corner, dazed.

Jarvis climbs the ropes--top turnbuckle. The crowd is roaring now. Hands in the air. Flashbulbs popping.

Mark Bravo: "Don't do it, kid! That's high risk!"

Jarvis leaps--

DIVING CROSSBODY!

Connects! Lateral press! The first cover of the match--

ONE!

TWO!

NOOO!

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Ross kicks out with power, shoving Jarvis off like a ragdoll.

John Phillips: "He got him down! But not for long. Ross is still too fresh... and Jarvis is burning out."

Jarvis crawls toward the ropes, exhausted but fueled by the chants of "VAL-EN-TINE! VAL-EN-TINE!"

Across the ring, Ross rises slowly. His face is bleeding from the mouth. His expression is pure rage.

Mark Bravo: "Oh no. Now you've done it. Ross looks like he just tasted his own blood... and liked it."

Jarvis doesn't see Ross sprinting at him--

BRUTAL LARIAT!

Jarvis flips head over heels and crashes hard to the mat.

John Phillips: "The comeback may have lit the crowd on fire, but Ross just put a damn extinguisher to it."

Ross stands over Jarvis, seething, chest heaving.

The momentum is shifting again. Jarvis lit a flame--but it may not be enough.

Chris Ross circles Jarvis Valentine like a vulture waiting for the final breath. The UTA Champion stirs, clutching his ribs, a crimson smear now evident on the white tape wrapping his torso.

John Phillips: "Jarvis may be on his feet, but he's walking on the edge of consciousness. Ross smells the finish."

Mark Bravo: "And don't forget--this is all happening after Maxx Mayhem left Jarvis for dead earlier. He's already survived more than most could endure in one night."

Ross grabs Jarvis by the neck and screams into his face, spittle flying.

Chris Ross (off mic): "I TOLD YOU... YOU'RE NOT HIM!"

He hoists Jarvis up for a Powerbomb--

--but Jarvis suddenly comes alive! He rains down desperate, wild punches from above! One! Two! Three! Ross stumbles backward--

HURRICANRANA!

Jarvis flips Ross head-first into the mat! The crowd ERUPTS!

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John Phillips: "Valentine digs into the well again! He's not done yet!"

Jarvis crawls to the ropes, pulling himself up like a man escaping a grave. Ross rises, dazed. Jarvis takes a breath--then runs--

FLYING FOREARM! He connects!

Ross drops! Jarvis pops up--

SPINNING HEEL KICK!

Ross hits the mat again!

Mark Bravo: "You've GOT to be kidding me! Jarvis Valentine is running on pain and pride!"

Jarvis climbs the corner turnbuckles. The fans are on their feet.

John Phillips: "Don't do it, Jarvis! Your body can't take much more--"

--he leaps--

TOP ROPE ELBOW DROP!

RIGHT TO THE HEART! Ross spasms from the impact!

John Phillips: "HE HIT IT! NEW MOMENTUM! COVER HIM, JARVIS!"

Jarvis crawls across Ross' body. He hooks the leg--

ONE!

TWO!

TH--NO!!

Ross kicks out with a violent shove that sends Jarvis rolling halfway across the ring.

Mark Bravo: "He got out! Ross is still alive--but barely! Both of these guys are just throwing what's left in the tank at each other!"

Both men are down, eyes glazed. The arena buzzes with anticipation.

John Phillips: "This match is no longer about gold. It's about survival. Pride. Legacy."

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The referee checks both men as they begin to stir. Jarvis clutches the ropes, blood staining his tape. Ross wipes blood from his mouth, eyes twitching. They both rise to one knee... then both to their feet--

Face to face. The fans rise to their feet. The energy shifts.

Mark Bravo: "This is the tipping point, John. Whoever strikes next... might just walk out with that UTA Championship."

The crowd begins a dueling chant:

"LET'S GO JAR-VIS!" -- "ROSS IS GONNA KILL YOU!"

The war continues...

Jarvis Valentine and Chris Ross stand toe-to-toe, swaying. The lights above seem to dim with the weight of exhaustion crushing both warriors. The fans are electric. Jarvis fires the first shot--

SLAP TO THE FACE!

Ross replies with a thunderous forearm. Jarvis reels--comes back with a European uppercut! Ross stumbles!

John Phillips: "They're digging into reserves they didn't know they had! This is pure will now!"

Suddenly, the crowd noise shifts--BOOS begin to rain down. From the top of the ramp--

Maxx Mayhem emerges, limping, ribs bandaged, eyes wild.

Mark Bravo: "Oh no. No. No! What the hell is HE doing back out here?!"

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem! After everything he did to Jarvis earlier tonight--he's back again?! Why?! This isn't your fight!"

Mayhem storms down the ramp with purpose, a steel chair clutched in his hands. Ross sees him coming and yells from the ring, shaking his head.

Chris Ross (off mic): "Get outta here! I don't need you!"

Mark Bravo: "Ross wants no part of this assist! He's trying to win this straight!"

Maxx doesn't listen. He circles the ring like a hyena, steel in hand. Jarvis, sensing danger, tries to focus, but he's already bleeding, barely upright.

John Phillips: "Ross said he didn't want help... but Maxx doesn't care. He wants Jarvis destroyed. Period."

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The referee warns Maxx to stay out--but he's on the apron now! Ross spins around, furious--

Ross: "GET DOWN!"

Mayhem grins and steps down...

--but not before tossing the chair into the ring at Ross's feet.

Mark Bravo: "He's baiting Ross into doing it! He's handing him the weapon! Silver platter!"

Ross stares down at the chair. The crowd holds its breath.

Behind him--Jarvis stirs. He grabs the chair--

WHAM!

Chair to the gut--Jarvis folds Ross in half!

John Phillips: "VALENTINE STRUCK FIRST!"

Mark Bravo: "Desperation move! He's still alive in this!"

Jarvis throws the chair aside and hauls Ross up--

VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE! (Hammerlock DDT)

Ross is SPIKED into the mat!

John Phillips: "He hit it! The champ hit it! COVER HIM!"

Jarvis collapses on Ross' chest--

ONE!

TWO!

THREE--NO!!!

Ross kicks out at the last possible heartbeat!

Mark Bravo: "You have GOT to be kidding me! Maxx's chaos almost cost Jarvis the match--but Ross still found a way to stay in it!"

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Jarvis pounds the mat in frustration. Maxx is still at ringside, clapping. Ross is out cold, but breathing. The match isn't over yet.

John Phillips: "This is getting out of hand. And Maxx Mayhem? He's the match's shadow. Whether Ross wants him or not, he may decide how this ends."

The crowd remains split, caught between admiration for Jarvis' resilience... and fear of how far Maxx Mayhem will go to put him down for good.

Ross stares down at the chair. The crowd holds its breath. The steel glints under the arena lights like an unsheathed blade. He picks it up slowly... hands trembling. His chest rises and falls like a man standing at the edge of something permanent.

He glances toward Jarvis, who's crawling on all fours, barely upright, blood trailing from his temple. Then he looks out toward the crowd. Then--

To Maxx Mayhem.

John Phillips: "He's thinking about it... he's really thinking about it."

Mark Bravo: "C'mon Ross, don't sell your soul here. You don't need to do this!"

Maxx is pacing at ringside, eyes wild, shouting up at Ross.

Maxx Mayhem (shouting): "Do it! FINISH HIM! That's the KILL SHOT! You wanna be THE guy? BE THE GUY!"

Ross glares down at the chair. His fingers tighten around the grip. He looks like he might drop it...

But then, Maxx claps loudly and hollers again, pulling the referee toward him and screaming about a phantom wrist injury.

John Phillips: "What's Maxx doing now--oh come on, not again!"

The referee turns his back, yelling at Mayhem.

Ross turns back to Jarvis... pauses one more beat... then--

CRACK!

The steel chair slams across Jarvis Valentine's skull with a sickening echo.

Mark Bravo: "NO!!"

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Jarvis collapses face-first. Dead weight. The crowd erupts in fury.

John Phillips: "He did it. Dammit, he did it. Ross made his choice."

Ross doesn't celebrate. He just stands there... chair dangling from his hand, expression unreadable. He made the decision. And now he owns it.

Maxx is on the floor, laughing. Pounding the apron in glee as the referee turns back to see Jarvis Valentine down and the chair, now on the mat.

Mark Bravo: "This... this wasn't how it had to end."

Chris Ross stares down at Jarvis Valentine's unconscious body. The crowd's jeers begin to drown out his thoughts. This could be it--the moment he proves everything they said was wrong. That he was right. That he was meant to sit atop this kingdom of violence.

Then--

"MADE YOU LOOK" by NAS.

The arena loses its collective mind. The noise explodes like a cannon blast.

John Phillips: "WHAT THE HELL--?! IT'S ERIC DANE JR.! HE'S BACK!"

From the curtain bursts Eric Dane Jr.--no sequins, no showboating, just purpose in motion. He doesn't pose. He doesn't look around. His eyes are locked on the ring, and his pace is relentless. The usual smirk is gone. In its place: fury and focus. He's not here to perform. He's here to fight.

Maxx Mayhem steps away from the ring, confused. Then angry. Then posturing like a pitbull.

Mark Bravo: "Ohhh boy. Maxx looks like he's gonna meet him halfway--"

WHAM!

Dane Jr. barrels into Maxx Mayhem with a clothesline that folds the chaos-loving madman in half. The crowd pops hard. Maxx is down--flopping into the guardrail like a tossed bag of bricks.

John Phillips: "MAYHEM JUST GOT FLATTENED!"

Ross is still in the ring. He watches Dane slide in under the ropes, face twisted with fire and grit. Jarvis is still down. This... this could be his moment. No more interference. No more Maxx. Just Ross. Just the belt. Just the legacy...

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But then there's Eric Dane Jr., standing right there. Alive. Ready. Daring him.

Ross's eyes dart back to Valentine. Then to Dane. Then to the UTA Championship. A storm brews behind his expression. Rage. History. Jealousy. Purpose.

Mark Bravo: "What's it gonna be, Ross? Your glory? Or one more war?"

Chris Ross makes the decision--

John Phillips: "He chooses WAR!"

Ross lunges forward with a wild swing, but Eric Dane Jr. ducks beneath it with a burst of speed. Both men spin, and suddenly Dane is unloading with rapid-fire rights and lefts! One! Two! Three! Four! The crowd is coming unglued as the referee immediately waves for the bell--

Mark Bravo: "We're not getting a winner here tonight!"

John Phillips: "The match is thrown out! Eric Dane Jr. has snapped!"

Fueled by rage, Eric Dane Jr. drives Ross into the corner, fists flying like a man possessed. Chris Ross tries to cover up, tries to push back--he finally starts swinging back and catches Dane with a big forearm that staggers him--

And then all hell breaks loose.

The backstage hallway ****empties****. Wrestlers, producers, security--everyone pours out from the curtain in a mad rush toward the ring. Maxx Mayhem, now upright on the ramp, raises his hands and tries to wave them off, shouting, "He's got it! He's got it!" But nobody listens. They sprint past him like he doesn't exist.

Mark Bravo: "Maxx is trying to stop this? Since when!?"

John Phillips: "Too late now! Here comes the cavalry!"

Angela Hall. B.R. Ellis. Carter Durant. Tyler Cruz. Even Dahlia Cross. The ring floods as bodies slide in from every side, swarming the chaos. A dozen arms try to hold back Dane Jr. A dozen more try to restrain Ross. The two men roar past the grasp of order--swinging wildly, legs kicking, teeth bared.

John Phillips: "It's an all-out brawl! Dane and Ross won't stop! They WON'T STOP!"

Mark Bravo: "This was never about the match. This was never about the title. This is hate. This is legacy. This is pride. And it's damn sure not over."

It's a storm of bodies--security, staff, and fellow superstars pushing, pulling, yelling--trying to peel back the

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chaos. Eric Dane Jr. is in one corner, being held down by four people. His eyes burn with fury. Chris Ross thrashes in the opposite corner, blood boiling, still shouting curses no one can hear over the deafening crowd.

John Phillips: "This is madness. This is absolute anarchy!"

In the corner of the screen, Jarvis Valentine is being helped to his feet. His face bloodied, his body bruised, the UTA Championship clutched tightly against his chest. He doesn't look like a winner. He looks like a survivor.

Mark Bravo: "Look at him... the champ is still standing. Somehow. Someway."

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine is still your UTA Champion, but I don't know if he'll ever be the same after tonight!"

The camera cuts to the ramp--Maxx Mayhem stands just beyond the fray. He doesn't interfere. He doesn't yell. He simply watches with a crooked grin and a twinkle in his eye... like a man who lit the match and walked away from the explosion.

Mark Bravo: "Maxx Mayhem didn't come to compete tonight--he came to destroy."

John Phillips: "He handed Chris Ross a weapon... and turned Eric Dane Jr. into a warhead. And now--now there's nothing but wreckage!"

The scene cuts back to the ring as Ross is finally dragged under the ropes, kicking the barricade, trying to break free. Eric Dane Jr. breaks loose for half a second--lunging toward him again--

But no. It's over. For now.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. and Chris Ross... this isn't over. Not by a long shot."

Mark Bravo: "Not by a country mile. And something tells me--when it does end--somebody's not going to walk out."

Jarvis, still groggy, climbs to the second rope with help. He holds the UTA Championship weakly above his head. The crowd roars behind the carnage. The lights dim. The screen begins to fade--

John Phillips: "Chaos reigns in the UTA. What happens next... may tear the whole damn place apart."

Fade to black.

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Show Credits

Segment: "Introduction" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Two Graves" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Back at Ringside" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Susanita Ybanez vs Nancy Rhodes" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Last Night" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "The Champion Arrives" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Malachi Cross vs. Magnus Wolfe" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "The Champion Refuses" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Unwanted Gifts" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Angela Hall vs. Juno Sage" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Next Week" - Written by Ben.

Match: "U.S.A vs. Velocity Vanguard" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Wont Back Down" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Every Week" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Chris Ross vs. Jarvis Valentine" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite